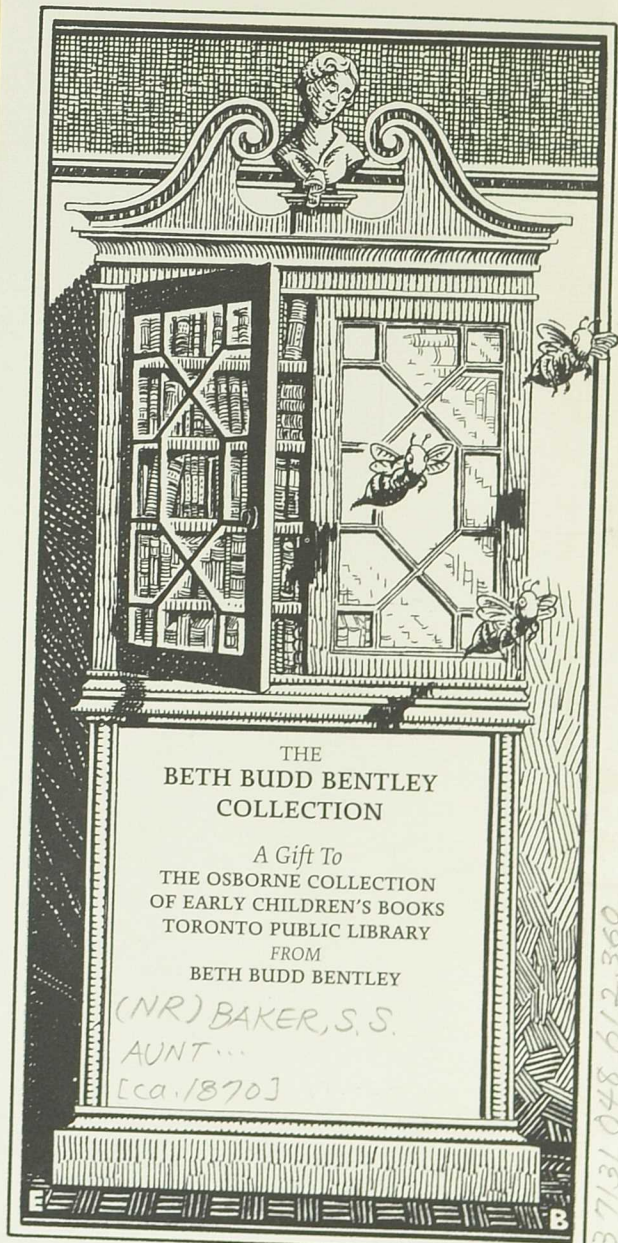


AUNT FRIENDLY'S
NURSERY
FAVOURITE.



36 Pages of Coloured Illustrations.



This bookplate, designed by Eric Beaddows, was commissioned by
The Friends of the Osborne and Lillian H. Smith Collections
in honour of Beth Budd Bentley.

AUNT FRIENDLY'S
NURSERY FAVOURITE.



PAT-A-CAKE, &c.

AUNT FRIENDLY'S
NURSERY FAVOURITE.

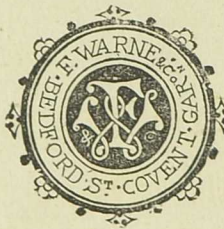
CONTAINING

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WITH

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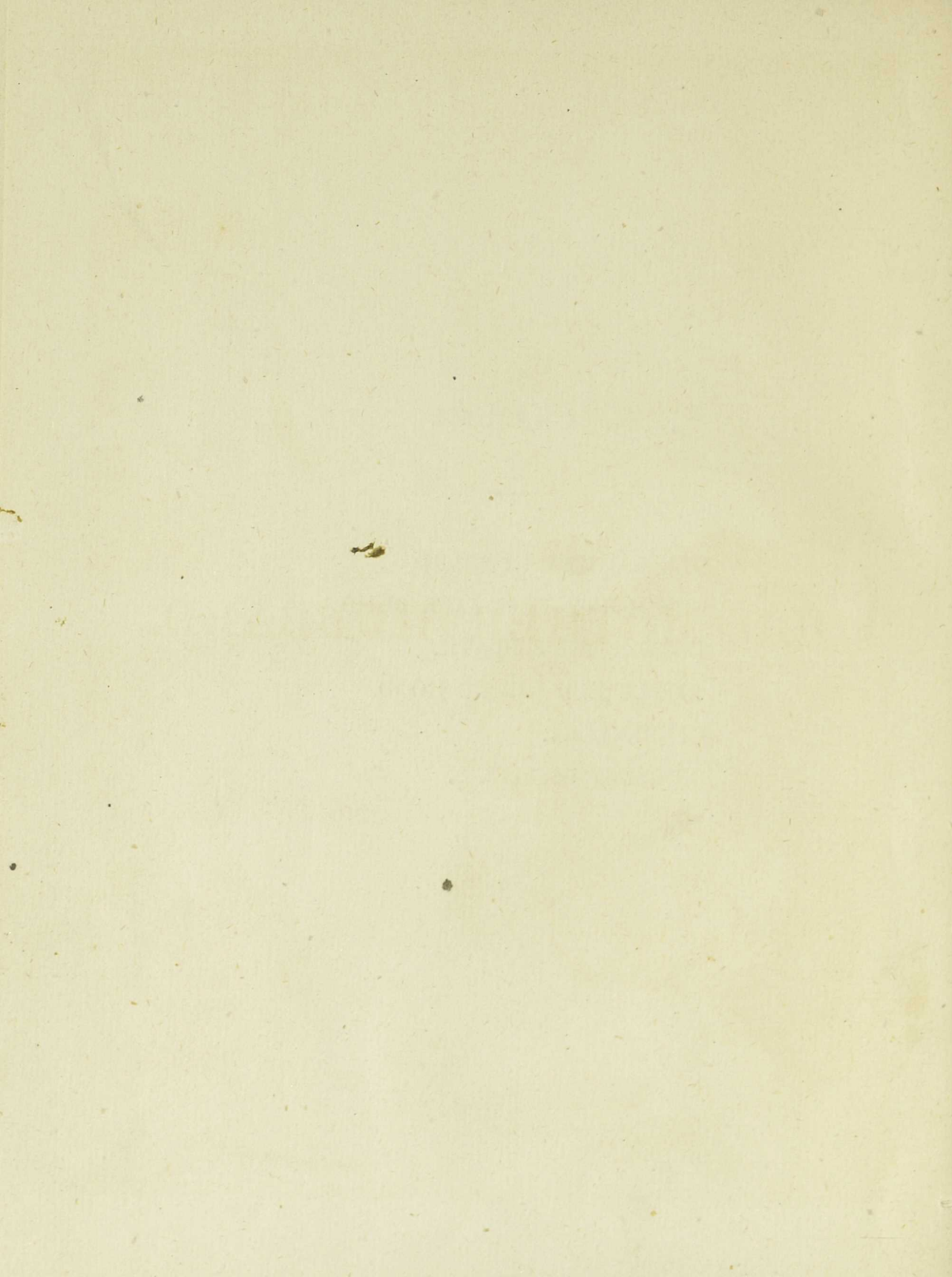
Preface.

IN this little Book, old favourites of the children of the past—and we trust also of the present—are offered to the Publishers' little friends. Old Mother Hubbard's Dog will again make them laugh; The House that Jack Built will puzzle them to repeat; Cock Robin and Red Riding Hood will, we hope, make new friends; and Cinderella's flight make fresh little hearts beat; while Nursery Ditties will be Baby's share of little sister's pretty book.

Contents.



- OLD MOTHER HUBBARD.
- THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.
- COCK ROBIN'S DEATH.
- LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.
- CINDERELLA.
- NURSERY DITTIES.



OLD MOTHER HUBBARD.



OLD MOTHER HUBBARD AND HER DOG.

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD.

OLD Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard,
 To get her poor Dog a bone ;
But when she came there,
The cupboard was bare,
 And so the poor Dog had none.

She went to the baker's,
 To buy him some bread,
But when she came back,
 The poor Dog looked dead.

She went to the joiner's,
 To buy him a coffin,
But when she came back,
 The poor Dog was laughing.

She took a clean dish,
 To get him some tripe,
But when she came back,
 He was smoking a pipe.



THE DOG LOOKING DEAD.

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD.

She went to the ale-house,
To get him some beer,
But when she came back,
The Dog sat in a chair.

She went to the tavern,
For white wine and red,
But when she came back,
The Dog stood on his head.

She went to the hatter's,
To buy him a hat,
But when she came back,
He was feeding the cat.

She went to the barber's,
To buy him a wig,
But when she came back,
He was dancing a jig.



THE DOG SMOKING A PIPE.



THE DOG PLAYING THE FLUTE.

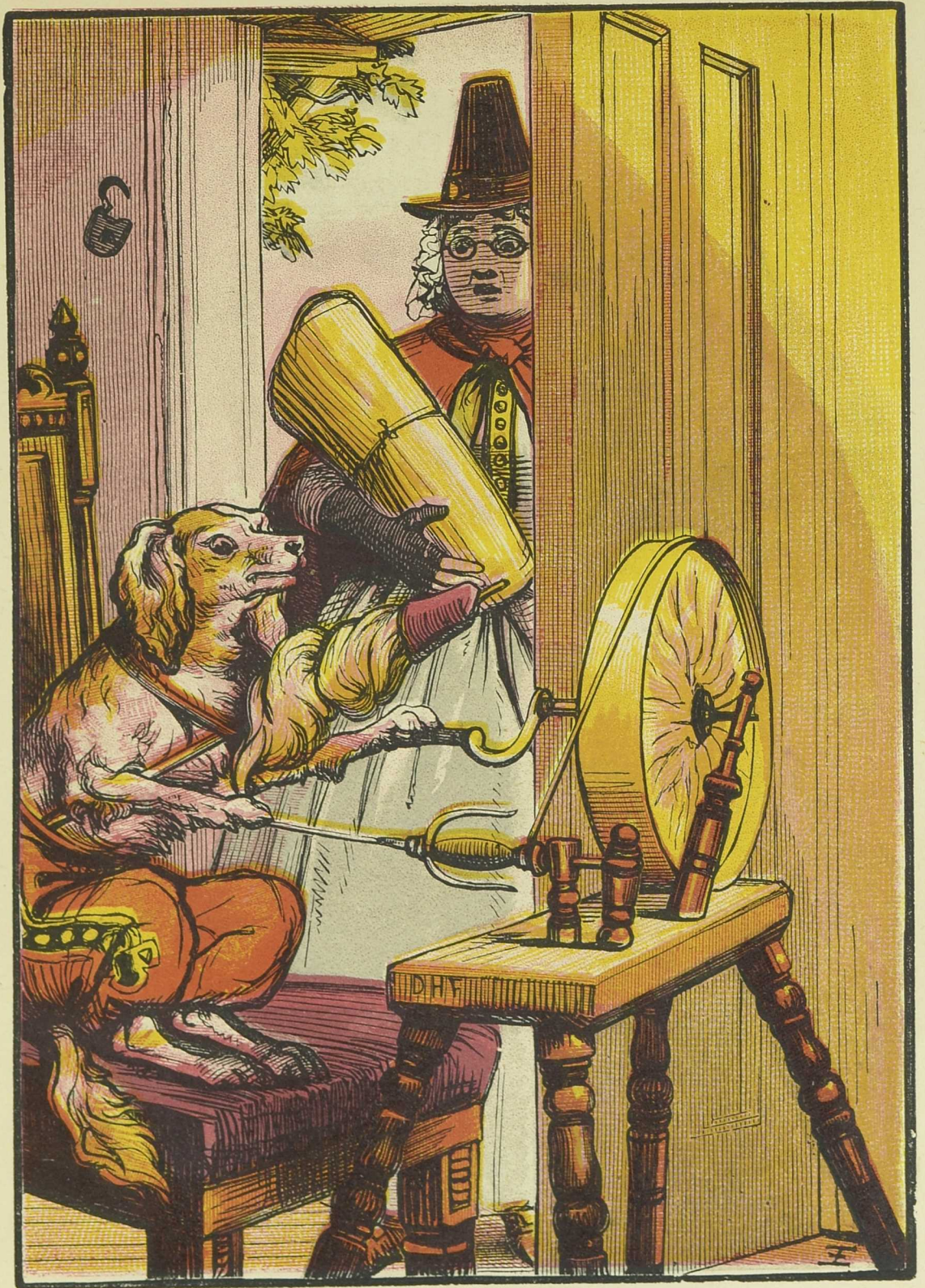
OLD MOTHER HUBBARD.

She went to the fruiterer's,
To buy him some fruit,
But when she came back,
He was playing the flute.

She went to the tailor's,
To buy him a coat,
But when she came back,
He was riding a goat.

She went to the sempstress,
To buy him some linen,
But when she came back,
The Dog was a-spinning.

She went to the hosier's,
To buy him some hose,
But when she came back,
He was dressed in his clothes.



THE DOG SPINNING.

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD.

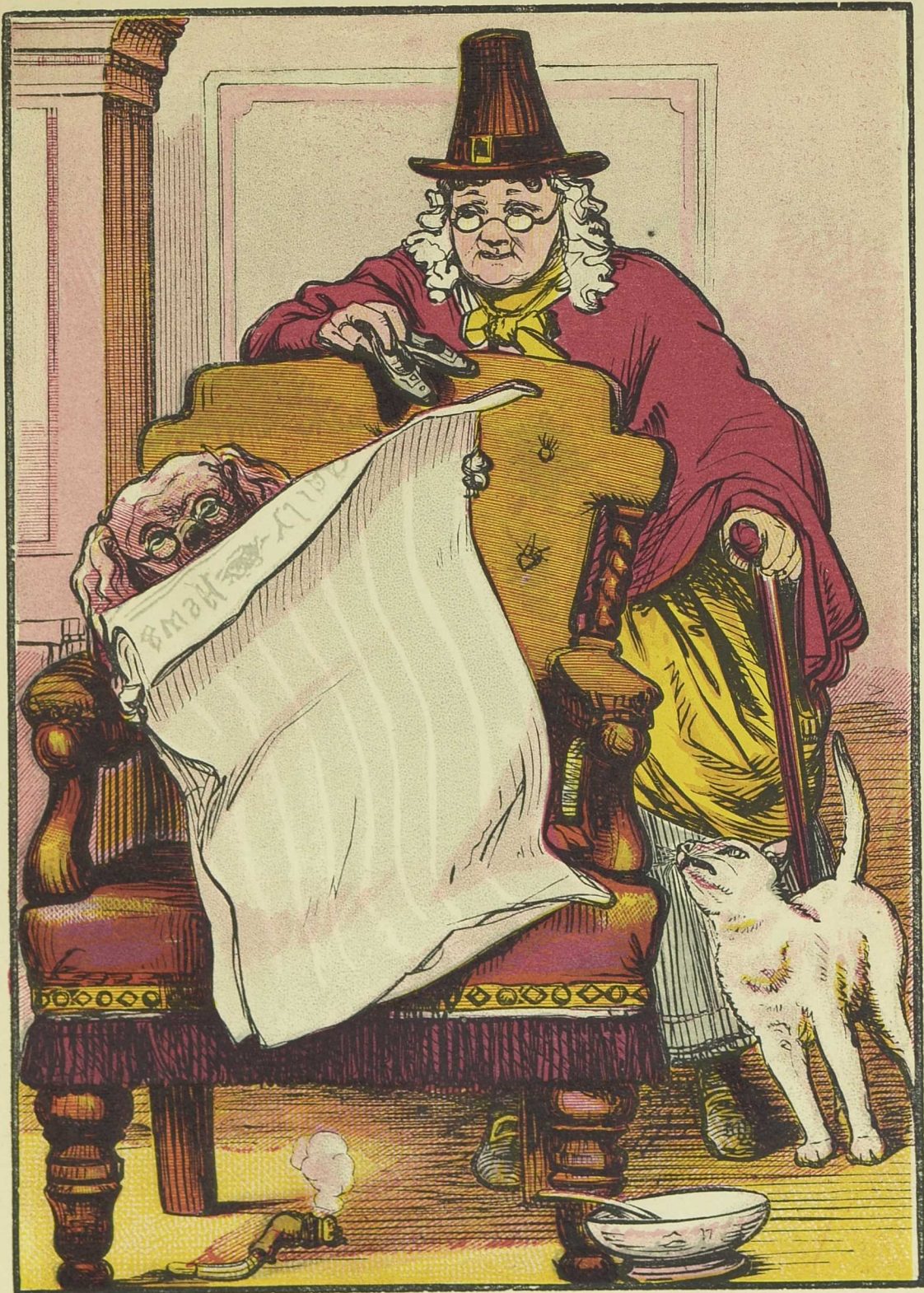
She went to the cobbler's,
To buy him some shoes,
But when she came back,
He was reading the news.

The Dame made a curtsy,
The Dog made a bow;
The Dame said, "Your servant;"
The Dog said, "Bow-wow!"

This wonderful Dog
Was Dame Hubbard's delight;
He could sing, he could dance,
He could read, he could write.

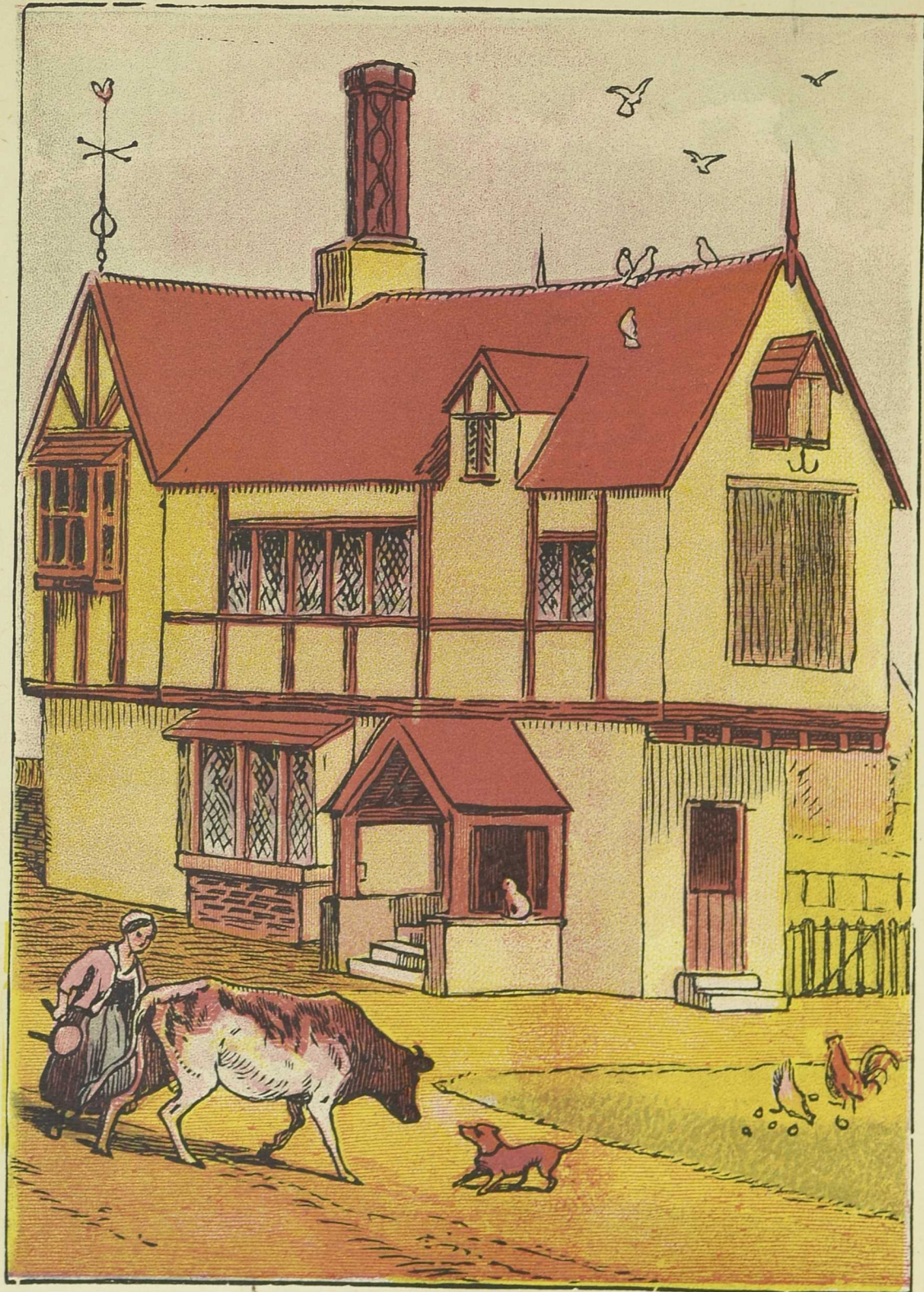
So she gave him rich dainties
Whenever he fed,
And erected a monument
When he was dead.





THE DOG READING THE NEWS.

THE
HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.



THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

THE
HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

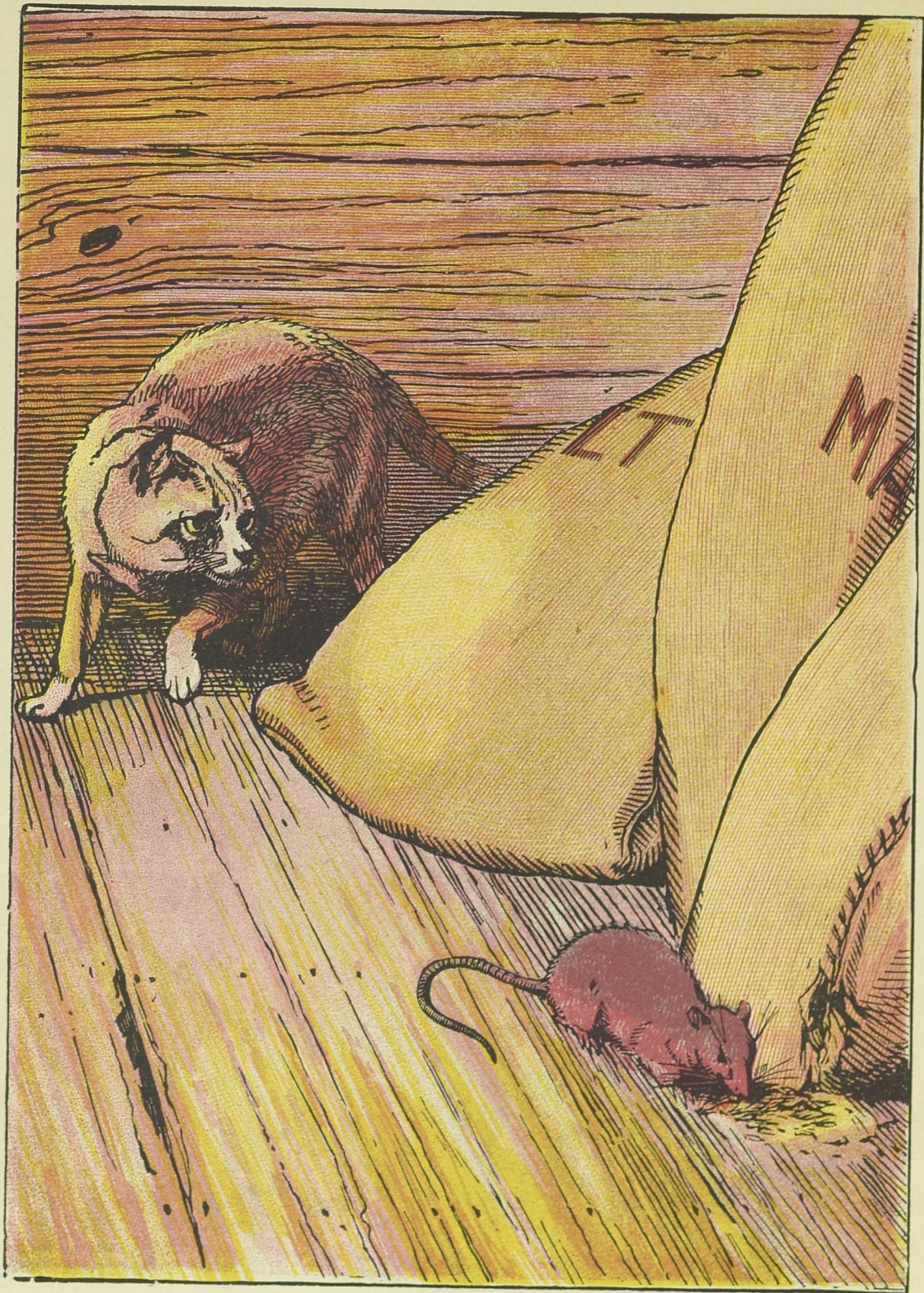
THIS is the House that Jack built,

This is the Malt
That lay in the House that Jack built.

This is the Rat,
That ate the Malt
That lay in the House that Jack built.

This is the Cat,
That killed the Rat
That ate the Malt
That lay in the House that Jack built.

This is the Dog,
That worried the Cat
That killed the Rat,
That ate the Malt
That lay in the House that Jack built.



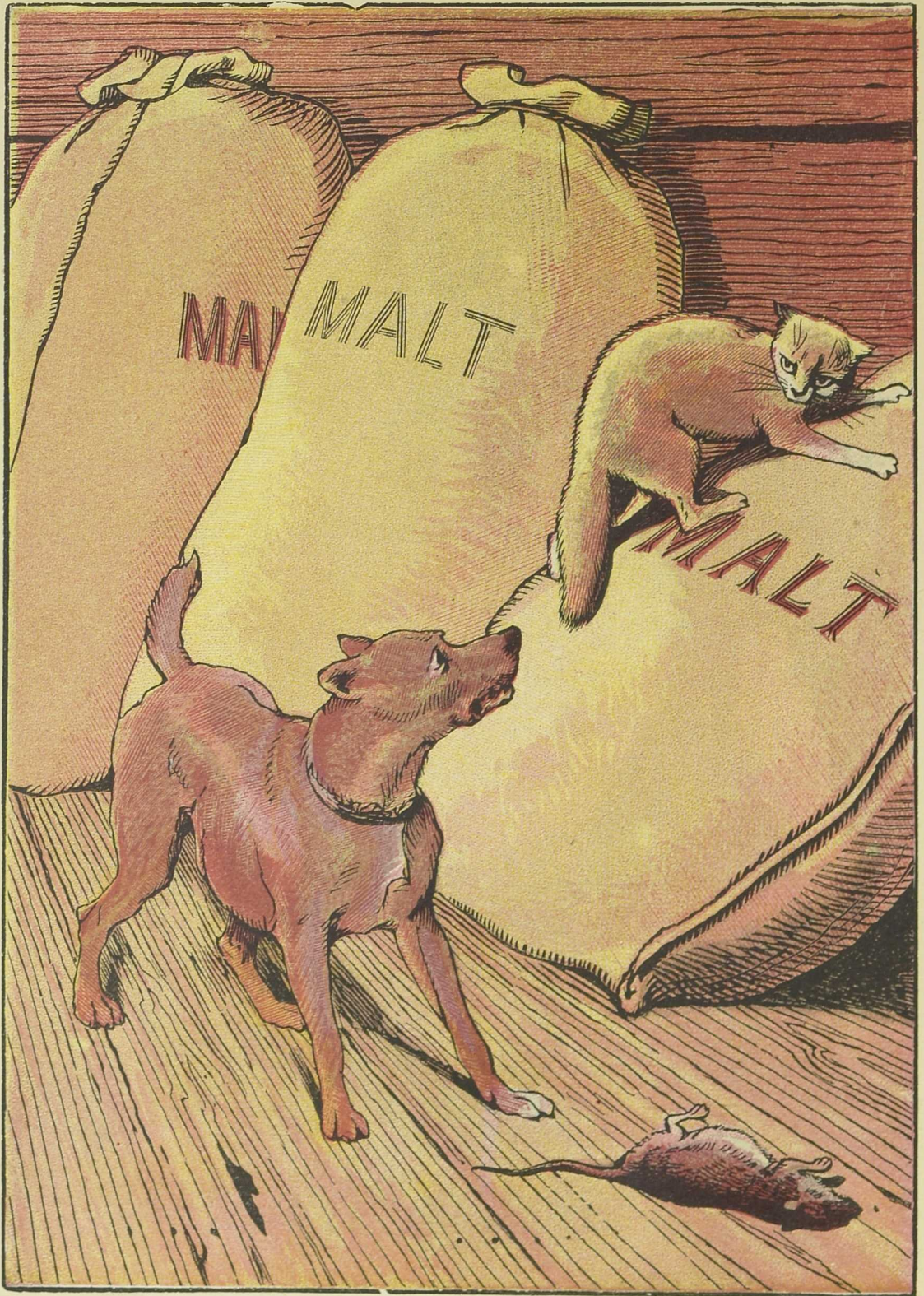
THE MALT, THE CAT, AND THE RAT.

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

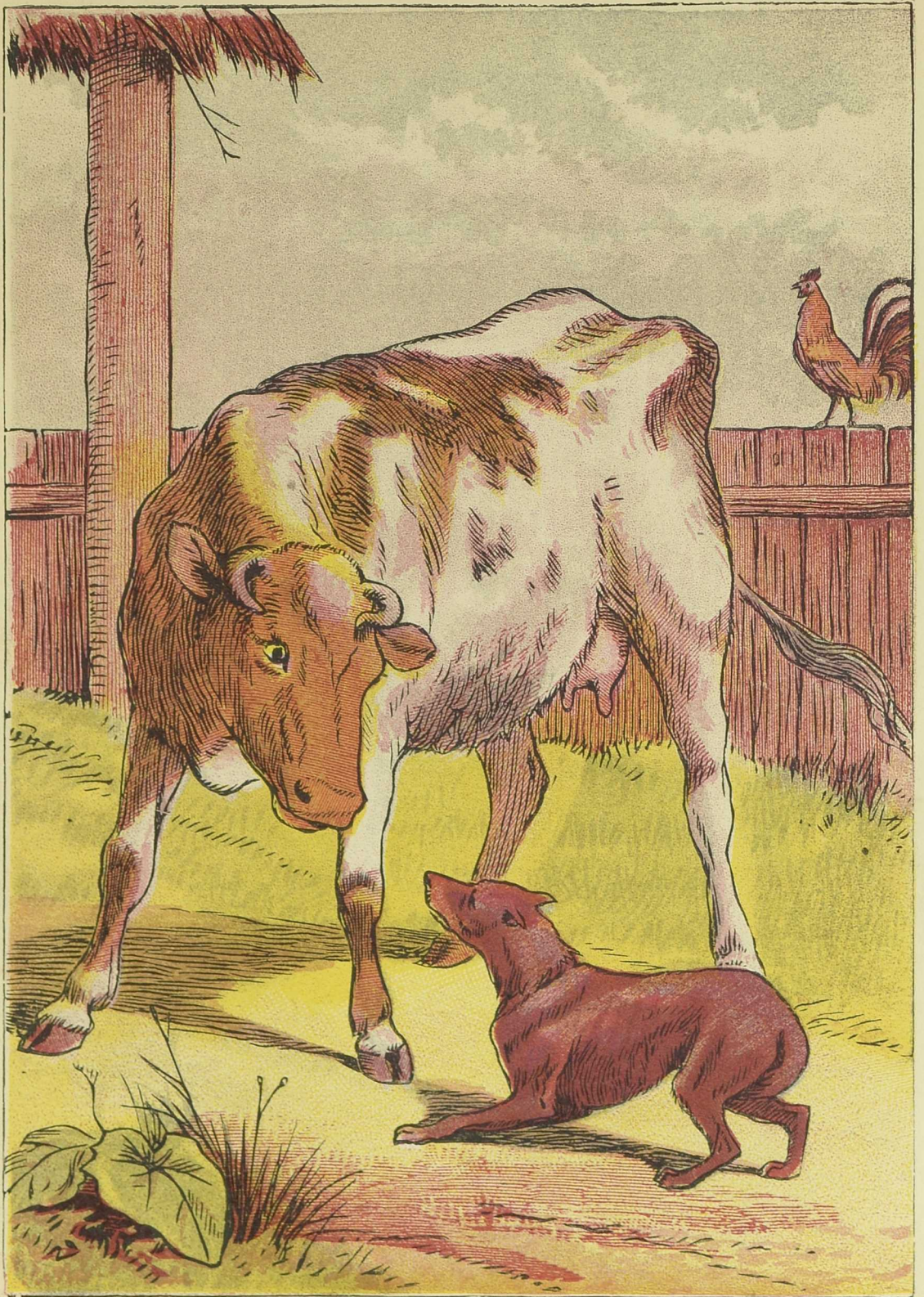
This is the Cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the Dog
That worried the Cat,
That killed the Rat
That ate the Malt
That lay in the House that Jack built.

This is the Maiden all forlorn,
That milked the Cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the Dog
That worried the Cat,
That killed the Rat
That ate the Malt
That lay in the House that Jack built.

This is the Man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the Maiden all forlorn,
That milked the Cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the Dog
That worried the Cat,
That killed the Rat
That ate the Malt
That lay in the House that Jack built.



THE MALT, THE CAT, THE DOG, AND THE RAT.

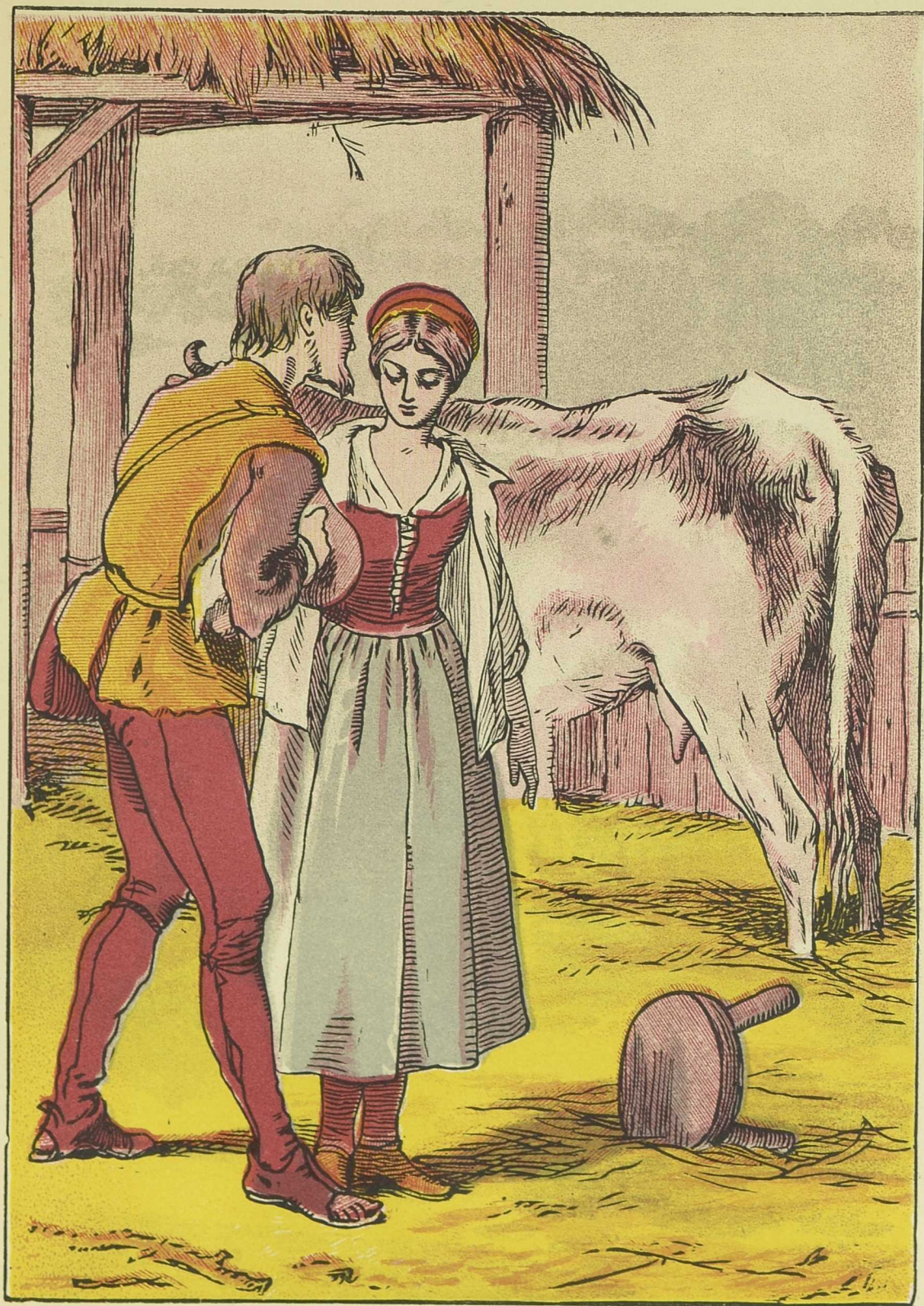


THE DOG, THE COW, AND THE COCK.

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

This is the Priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the Man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the Maiden all forlorn,
That milked the Cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the Dog
That worried the Cat,
That killed the Rat
That ate the Malt
That lay in the House that Jack built.

This is the Cock that crowed in the morn,
That waked the Priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the Man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the Maiden all forlorn,
That milked the Cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the Dog
That worried the Cat,
That killed the Rat
That ate the Malt
That lay in the House that Jack built.



THE MAIDEN, THE MAN, AND THE COW.

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

This is the Farmer sowing his corn,
That kept the Cock that crowed in the morn,
That waked the Priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the Man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the Maiden all forlorn,
That milked the Cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the Dog
That worried the Cat,
That killed the Rat
That ate the Malt
That lay in the House that Jack built.





THE COCK AND THE PRIEST.

COCK ROBIN.



THE SPARROW, COCK ROBIN, AND THE FISH.

COCK ROBIN.

Who killed Cock Robin ?

I, said the Sparrow ;

With my bow and arrow

I killed Cock Robin.

Who saw him die ?

I, said the Fly ;

With my little eye

I saw him die.

Who caught his blood ?

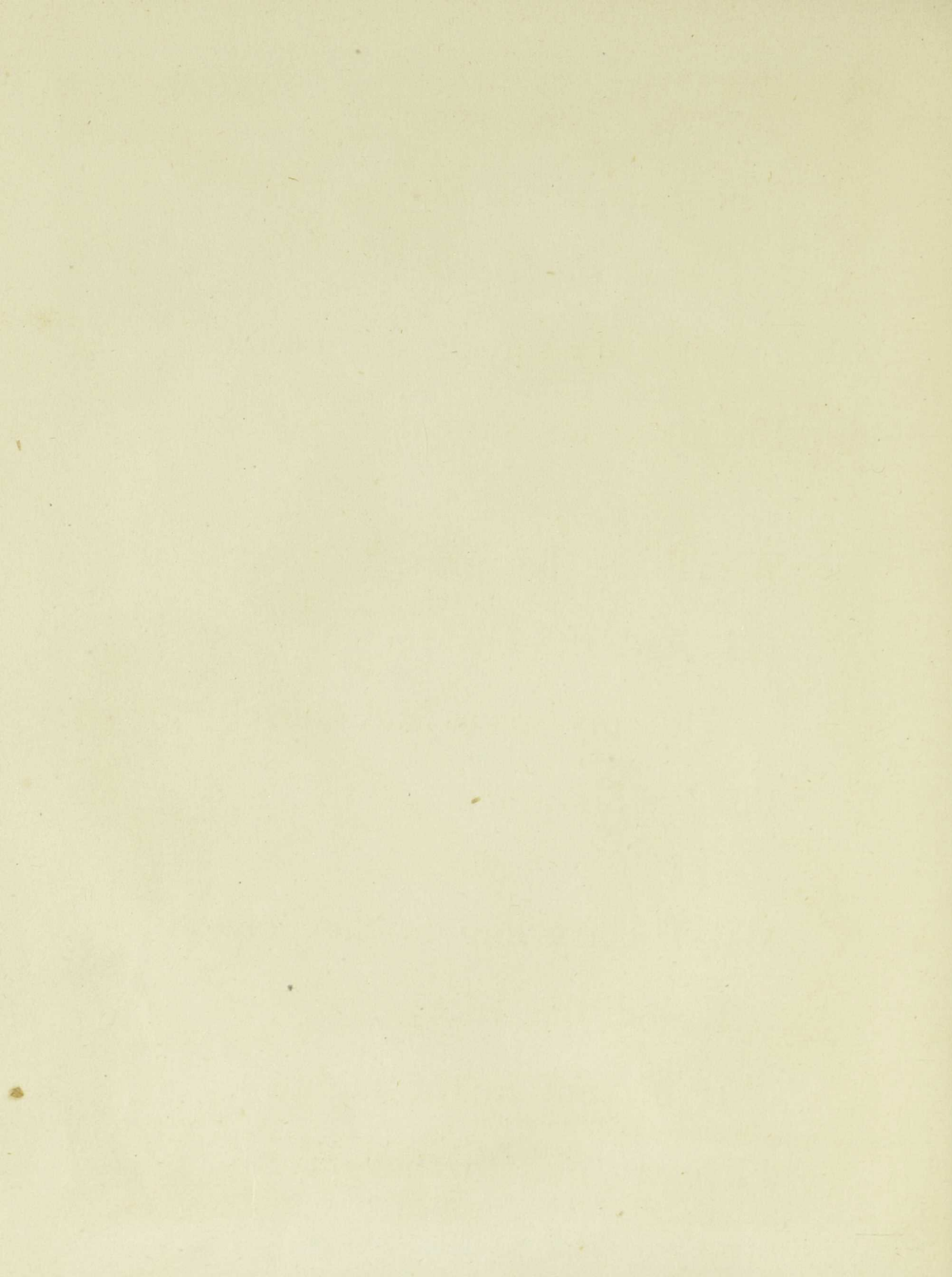
I, said the Fish ;

With my little dish

I caught his blood.



THE OWL THE BEETLE, AND COCK ROBIN.



COCK ROBIN.

Who'll make his shroud ?

I, said the Beetle ;

With my thread and needle

I'll make his shroud.

Who'll dig his grave ?

I, said the Owl ;

With my spade and shovel

I'll dig his grave.

Who'll carry him to the grave ?

I, said the Kite ;

If it's not in the night,

I'll carry him to the grave.



THE KITE AND COCK ROBIN.



THE LINNET, THE DOVE, THE THRUSH, AND COCK ROBIN.

COCK ROBIN.

Who'll carry the link?

I, said the Linnet;

I'll fetch it in a minute;

I'll carry the link.

Who'll be the Parson?

I, said the Rook;

With my little book,

I'll be the Parson.

Who'll be the Clerk?

I, said the Lark;

If it's not in the dark,

I'll be the Clerk.



THE ROOK AND THE LARK.

COCK ROBIN.

Who'll be chief mourner?

I said the Dove;

For I mourn for my love;

I'll be chief mourner.

Who'll sing a psalm?

I, said the Thrush,

As she sat in a bush;

I'll sing a psalm.

Who'll toll the bell?

I, said the Bull,

Because I can pull;

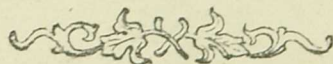
So, Cock Robin, farewell.

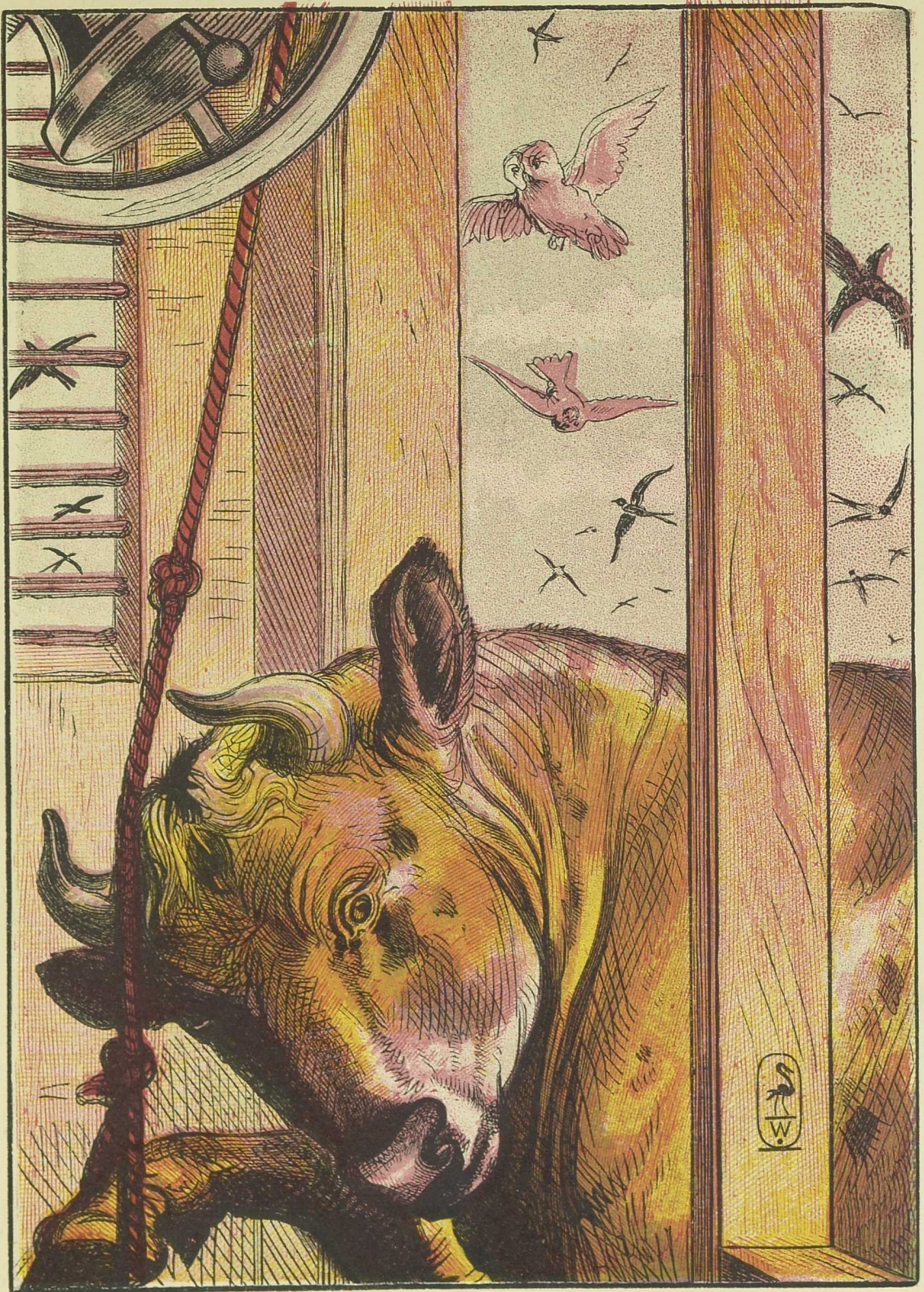
All the birds of the air

Fell a-sighing and sobbing,

When they heard the bell toll

For poor Cock Robin.





THE BULL TOLLING THE BELL.

LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD.



LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD PREPARING FOR HER JOURNEY.

LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD.

ONCE upon a time there was a dear little girl, whose mother made her a scarlet cloak, with a hood to tie over her pretty head; so people called her (as a pet name) "Little Red Riding-Hood." One day her mother tied on her cloak and hood, and said,

"I wish you to go to-day, my darling, to see your grandmamma, and take her a present of some butter, fresh eggs, a pot of honey, and a little cake, with my love."

Little Red Riding-Hood loved her grandmother, and was very glad to go. So she ran gaily through the wood, gathering the wild flowers and gambolling among the ferns as she went; and the birds all sang their sweetest songs to her, and the bluebells nodded their pretty heads, for everything loved the gentle child.

By and bye a great hungry Wolf came up to her. He wished to eat her up, but as he heard the wood-



THE WOLF FOLLOWS LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

man Hugh's axe at work close by, he was afraid to touch her, for fear she should cry out and he should get killed. So he only asked her where she was going. Little Red Riding-Hood innocently told him (for she did not know he was a wicked Wolf) that she was going to visit her grandmother, who lived in a cottage on the other side of the wood. Then the Wolf made haste, and ran through the wood, and came to the cottage of which the child had told him. He tapped at the door.

"Who's there?" asked the old woman, who lay sick in bed.

"It is Little Red Riding-Hood, Grandmamma," answered the Wolf in a squeaky tone, to imitate the voice of her grandchild.

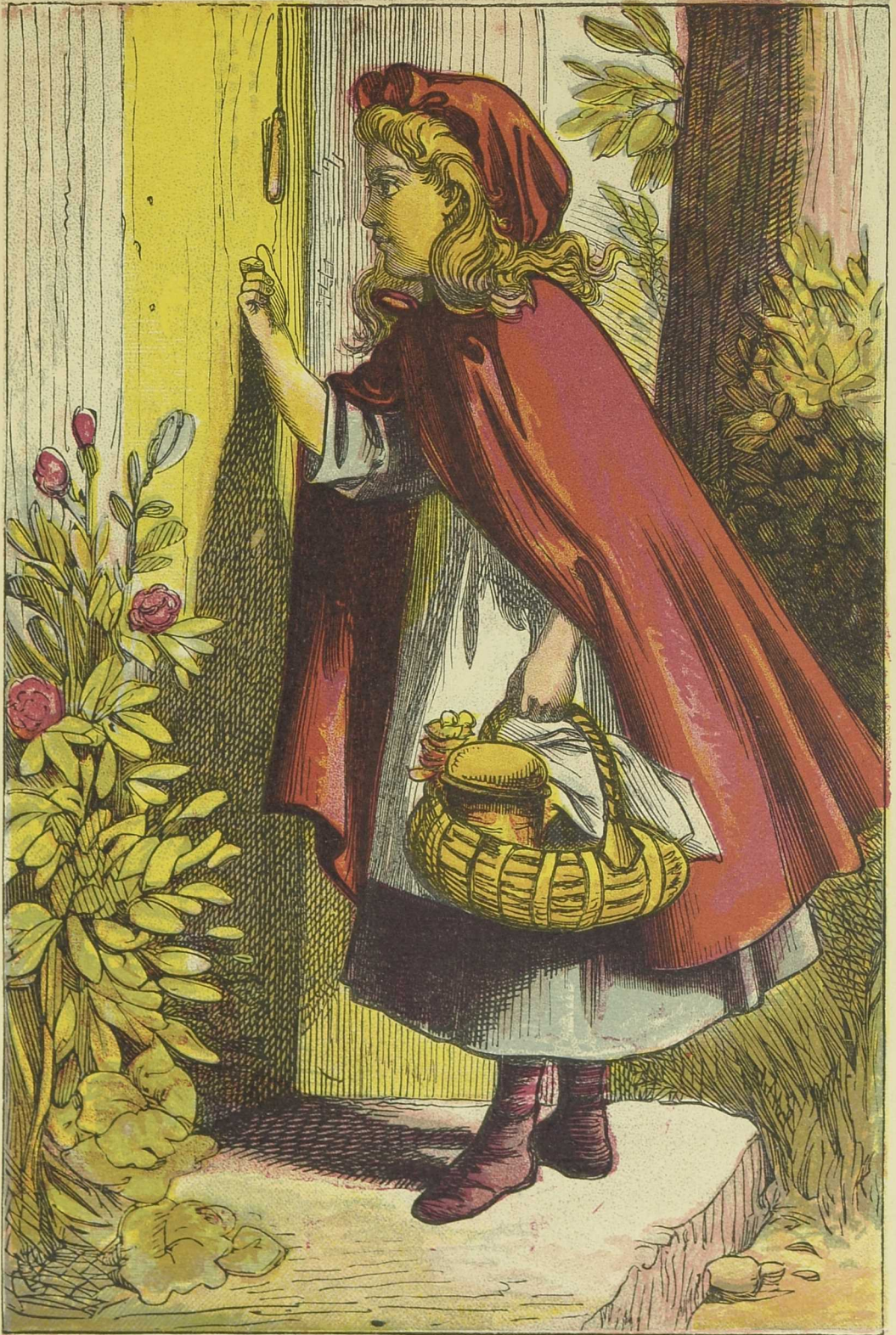
"Pull the string, and the latch will come up," said the old lady, "for I am ill, and cannot open the door."

The cruel Wolf did so, and jumping on the bed, ate the poor grandmother up.

Then he put on her nightcap and got into her



THE WOLF AT THE GRANDMOTHER'S COTTAGE.



LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD AT HER GRANDMOTHER'S DOOR.

bed. By and bye Little Red Riding-Hood, who had lingered gathering flowers as she came along, and so was much later than the Wolf, knocked at the door.

“Who’s there?” asked the Wolf, mimicking her grandmother’s voice.

“It is Little Red Riding-Hood, dear Grandmamma,” said the child.

“Pull the string, and the latch will come up,” said the Wolf.

So Red Riding-Hood came in, and the Wolf told her to put down her basket, and come and sit on the bed. When Little Red Riding-Hood drew back the curtain and saw the Wolf, she began to be rather frightened, and said,

“Dear Grandmamma, what great eyes you have got!”

“All the better to see with, my dear,” said the Wolf, who liked a grim joke.

“And what a large nose you have, Grandmamma!” cried the child.

“All the better to smell with, my dear.”



LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD DISCOVERS THE WOLF.

“And, oh! Grandmamma, what long white teeth you have!”

Alas! she reminded the greedy Wolf of eating!

“All the better to eat you with!” he growled, and, jumping out of bed, sprang at Red Riding-Hood.

But just at that moment Hugh the woodman, who had seen the sweet child go by, and had followed her, because he knew there was a Wolf prowling about the forest, burst the door open, and killed the wicked animal with his good axe. Little Red Riding-Hood clung round his neck, and thanked him, and cried for joy; and Hugh took her home to her mother; and after that she was never allowed to walk in the greenwood by herself.

It was said at first that the Wolf had eaten the child, but that was not the case; and everybody was glad to hear that the first report was not correct, and that the Wolf had not really killed Little Red Riding-Hood.



THE DEATH OF THE WOLF.

CINDERELLA.



CINDERELLA LEFT WITHOUT A MOTHER.

CINDERELLA.

CINDERELLA'S mother died while she was a very little child, leaving her to the care of her father and her step-sisters, who were very much older than herself; for Cinderella's father had been twice married, and her mother was his second wife. Now, Cinderella's sisters did not love her, and were very unkind to her. As she grew older they made her work as a servant, and even sift the cinders; on which account they used to call her in mockery "Cinderella." It was not her real name, but she became afterwards so well known by it that her proper one has been forgotten.

She was a very sweet-tempered, good girl, however, and everybody except her cruel sisters loved her.

It happened when Cinderella was about seventeen years old, that the King of that country gave a ball, to which all ladies of the land, and among the rest the young girl's sisters, were invited. So they made



CINDERELLA DRESSING HER SISTERS.

her dress them for this ball, but never thought of allowing her to go there.

“I wish you would take me to the ball with you, sisters,” said Cinderella, meekly.

“Take you, indeed!” answered the elder sister, with a sneer; “it is no place for a cinder-sifter: stay at home and do your work.”

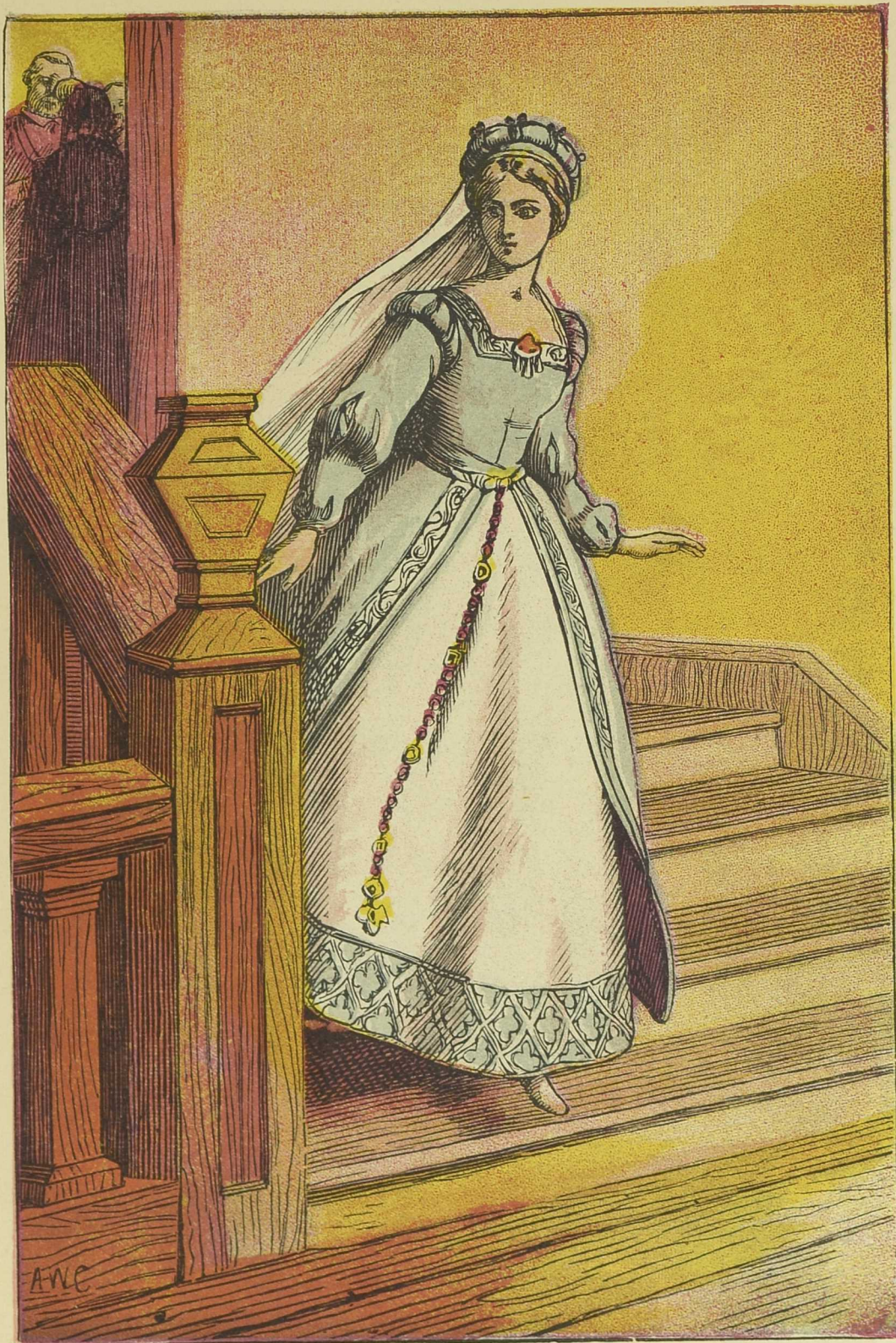
When they were gone, Cinderella, whose heart was very sad, sat down and cried bitterly; but as she sat sorrowful, thinking of the unkindness of her sisters, a voice called to her from the garden, and she went out to see who was there. It was her god-mother, a good old Fairy.

“Do not cry, Cinderella,” she said; “you also shall go to the ball, because you are a kind, good girl. Bring me a large pumpkin.”

Cinderella obeyed, and the Fairy, touching it with her wand, turned it into a grand coach. Then she turned a rat into a coachman, and some mice into footmen; and touching Cinderella with her wand, the poor girl’s rags became a rich dress trimmed with



THE KING'S SON WELCOMES CINDERELLA.



ANC

CINDERELLA LEAVING THE BALL.

costly lace and jewels, and her old shoes became a charming pair of glass slippers, which looked like diamond. The Fairy told her to go to the ball and enjoy herself, but to be sure to leave the ball-room before the clock struck eleven.

“If you do not,” she said, “your fine clothes will all turn to rags again.”

So Cinderella got into the coach, and drove off with her six footmen behind, very splendid to behold, and arrived at the King's Court, where she was received with delight. She was the most beautiful young lady at the ball, and the Prince would dance with no one else. But she made haste to leave a little before the hour fixed, and had time to undress before her sisters came home. They told her a beautiful Princess had been at the ball, with whom the Prince was delighted. They did not know it was Cinderella herself.

Three times Cinderella went to royal balls in this manner, but the third time she forgot the Fairy's command, and heard eleven o'clock strike. She



A.W.C.

CINDERELLA TRIES THE SLIPPER.

darted out of the ball-room and ran down stairs in a great hurry. But her dress all turned to rags before she left the palace, and she lost one of her glass slippers. The Prince sought for her everywhere, but the guard said no one had passed the gate but a poor beggar girl. However, the Prince found the slipper, and in order to discover where Cinderella was gone, he had it proclaimed that he would marry the lady who could put on the glass slipper. All the ladies tried to wear the slipper in vain, Cinderella's sisters also; but when their young sister begged to be allowed to try it also, it was found to fit her exactly; and, to the Prince's delight, she drew the fellow slipper from her pocket, and he knew at once that she was his beautiful partner at the ball. So she was married to the Prince, and children strewed roses in their path as they came out of church.

Cinderella forgave her sisters, and was so kind to them, that she made them truly sorry for their past cruelty and injustice.



THE MARRIAGE OF CINDERELLA.

NURSERY DITTIES.

SEE-SAW, Margery Daw,

Jenny shall have a new master ;
She shall have only a penny a day,
Because she can work no faster.

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow ?
Silver bells, and cockle shells,
And pretty maids all in a row.



JACK AND JILL, &c.

NURSERY DITTIES.

Jack and Jill went up the hill,
To fetch a pail of water ;
Jack fell down, and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after

Little Tommy Tucker,
Sing for your supper.
What shall he sing for ?
White bread and butter.
How shall he cut it,
Without e'er a knife ?
How shall he marry,
Without e'er a wife ?



LITTLE TOM TUCKER, &c.



LITTLE JACK HORNER, &c.

NURSERY DITTIES

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,

Eating his Christmas pie ;

He put in his thumb, and pulled out a plum,

And said, " What a good boy am I ! "

Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross,

To see an old lady upon a white horse ;

Rings on her fingers, and bells on her toes,

And so she makes music wherever she goes.



RIDE A COCK-HORSE, &c.

NURSERY DITTIES.

Pat-a-Cake, Pat-a-Cake, baker's man,
Make me a cake as fast as you can ;
Pat it, and prick it, and mark it with T,
And send it home for Tommy and me,

Little Betty Blue lost her holiday shoe ;
What can little Betty do ?
Give her another to match the other,
And then she may walk in two.



