

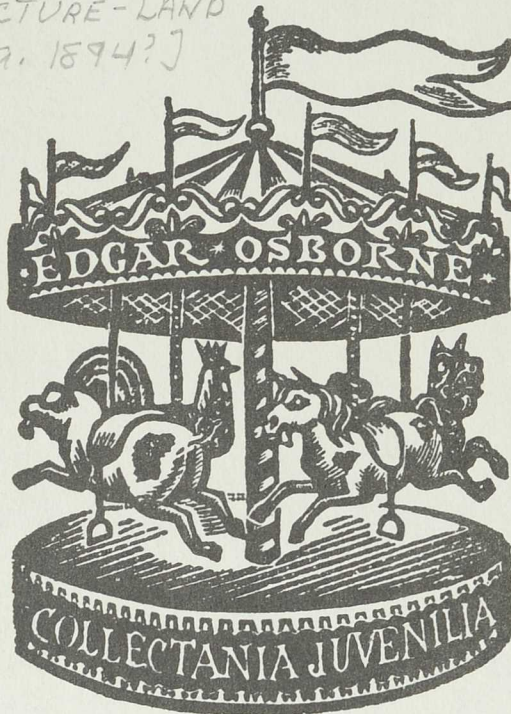
PICTURE-LAND



LONDON: DEAN & SON, 160A, FLEET STREET, E.C.

P
PICTURE-LAND
[ca. 1894?]

fol



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Pussy! Why do you scratch and bite,
You very naughty cat!
You know with dogs you love to fight!
.... What can you say to that?

T'is sad that I should scratch and bite,
Although I'm but a cat;
But SOME SMALL SISTERS love to fight!
.... What can you say to that?

PICTURE- LAND



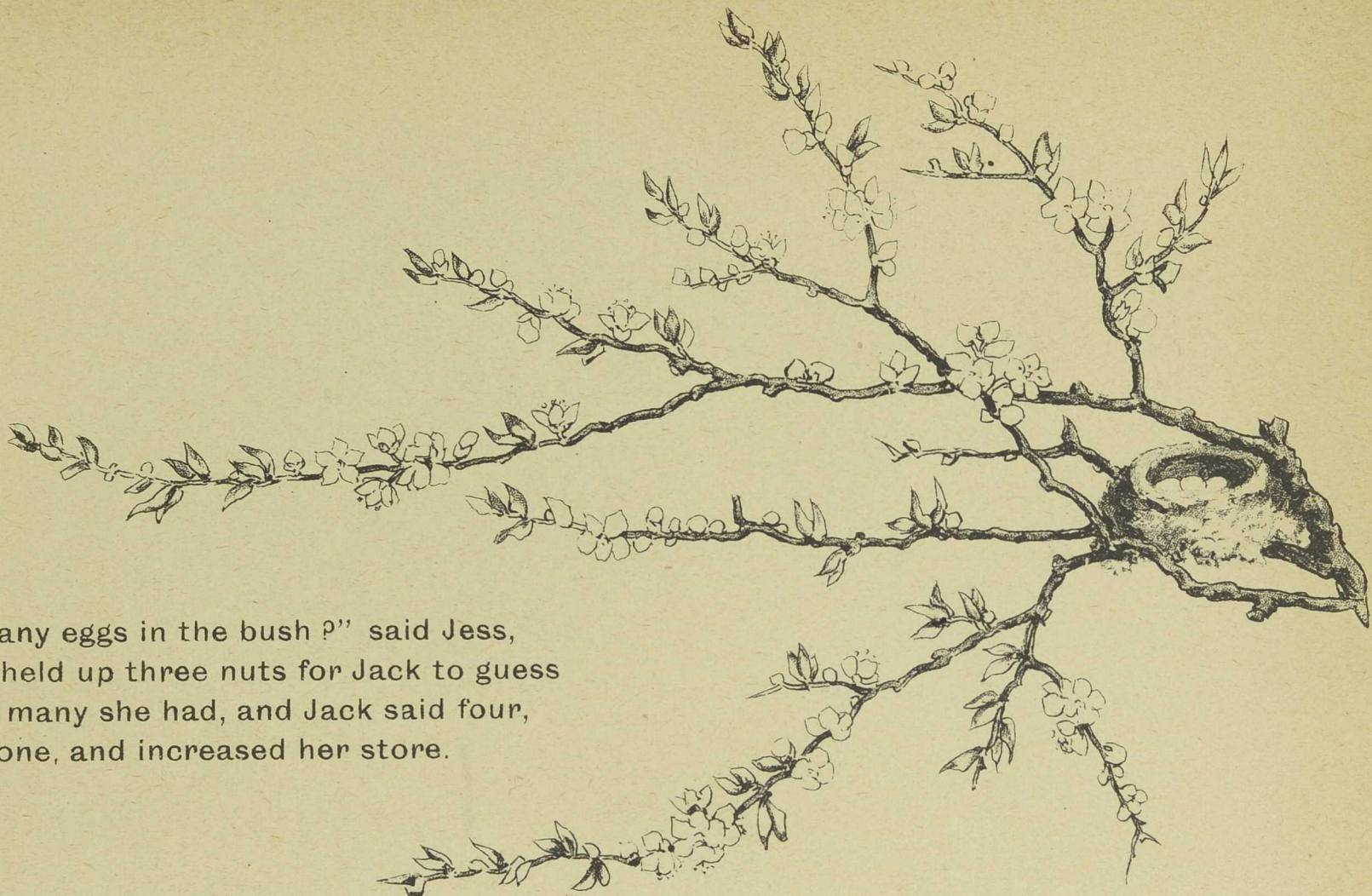
ILLUSTRATED BY
T. NOYES-LEWIS,
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London: Dean & Son: 160^a Fleet Street E.C.
THE ONLY RECIPIENTS OF A GOLD MEDAL FOR CHILDREN'S PUBLICATIONS.



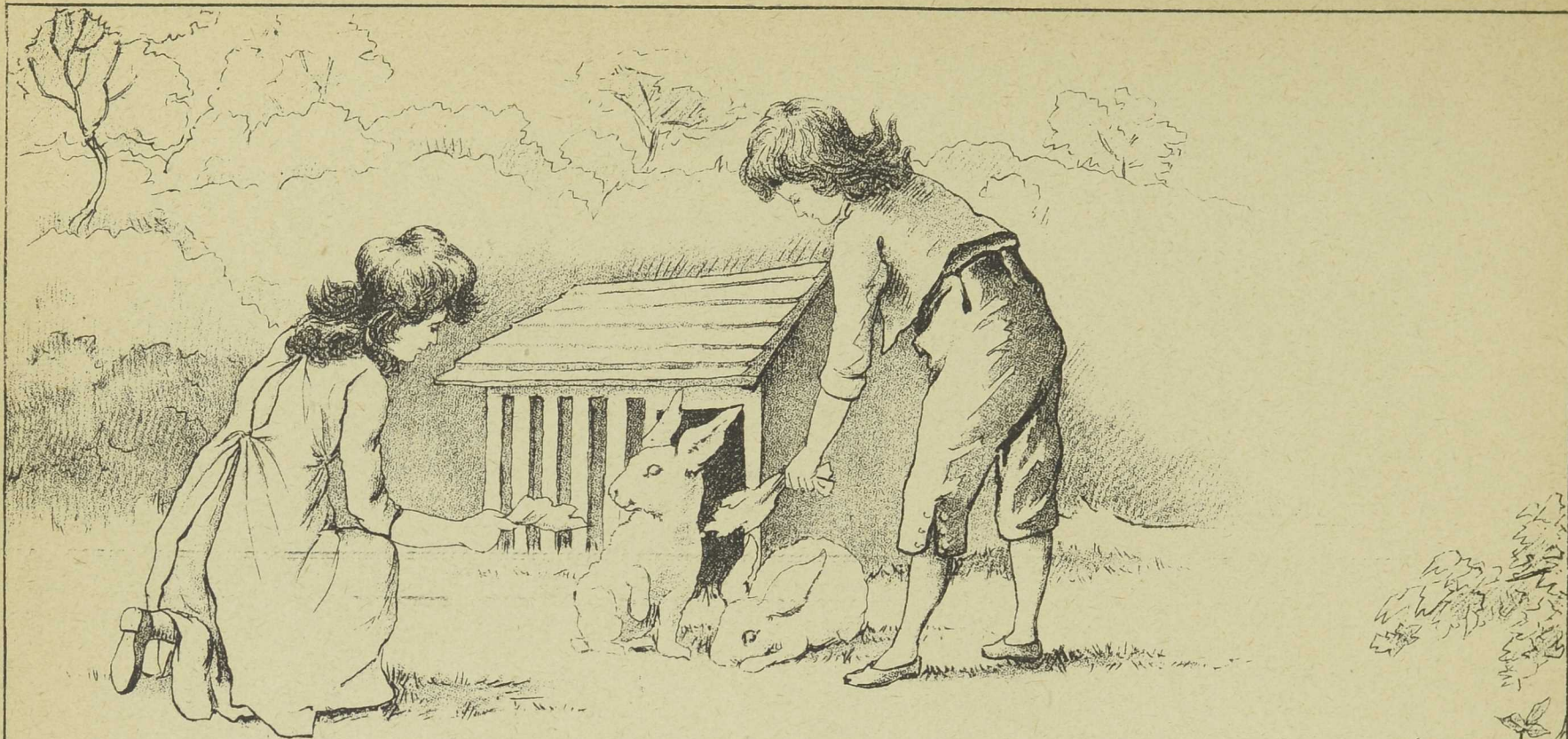
“Good Morning!”



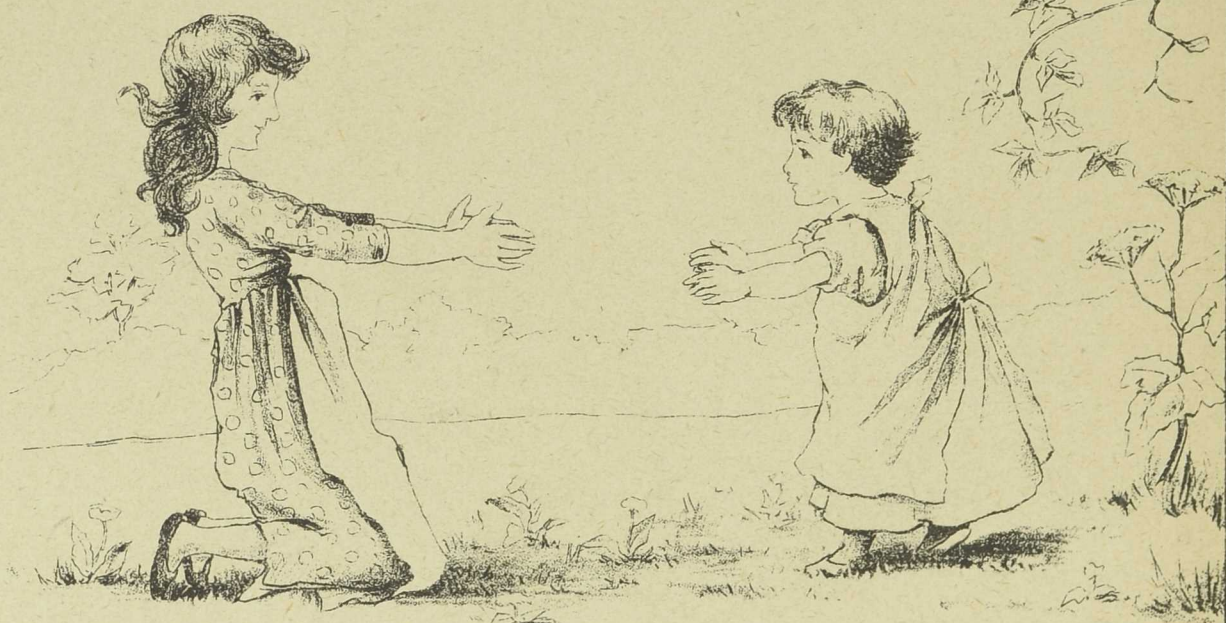
"**H**OW many eggs in the bush?" said Jess,
And held up three nuts for Jack to guess
How many she had, and Jack said four,
So he paid one, and increased her store.



HOW MANY EGGS IN THE BUSH.



Be kind to all the
little pets,
And darling baby
brother ;
When at work and
when at play,
Love one another.





DADDY TOUCH-WOOD.



H! Daddy Touch-Wood,
You are "He,"
Catch me when I leave my tree;

Quick! little Dora, change with me,
Oh! Daddy Touch-Wood,
You are "He."



"WHERE are you going to, my pretty maid?"

"I am going a-milking, sir," she said;

"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"

"You're kindly welcome, sir," she said.

"What is your fortune, my pretty maid!"

"My face is my fortune, sir," she said;

"Then I cannot marry you, my pretty maid,"

"Nobody asked you, sir," she said.



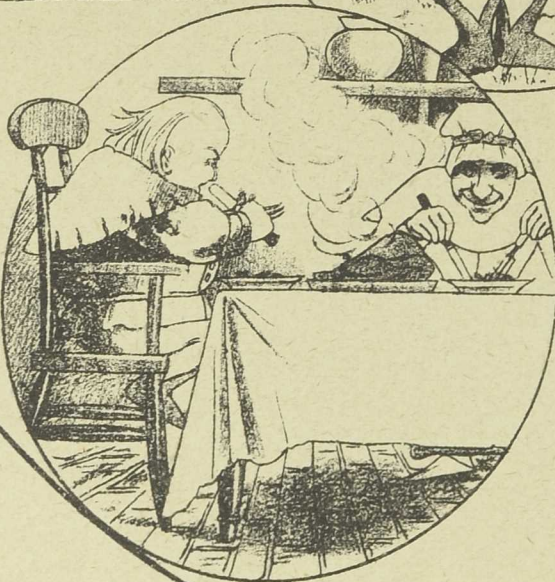
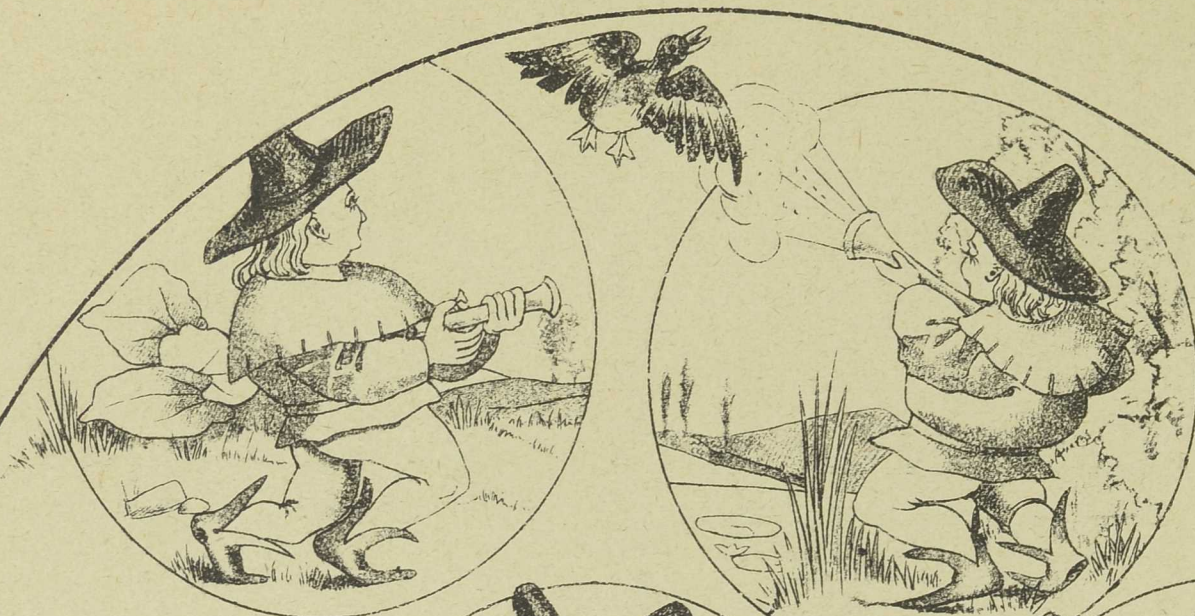
What pleasure in dolls you girls can see,
Is a perfect mystery to me ;
Now if it were boating, or football, or cricket,
Or if it were simply minding a wicket
I might understand it ; but to pet each dolly,
Does seem to me such perfect folly.

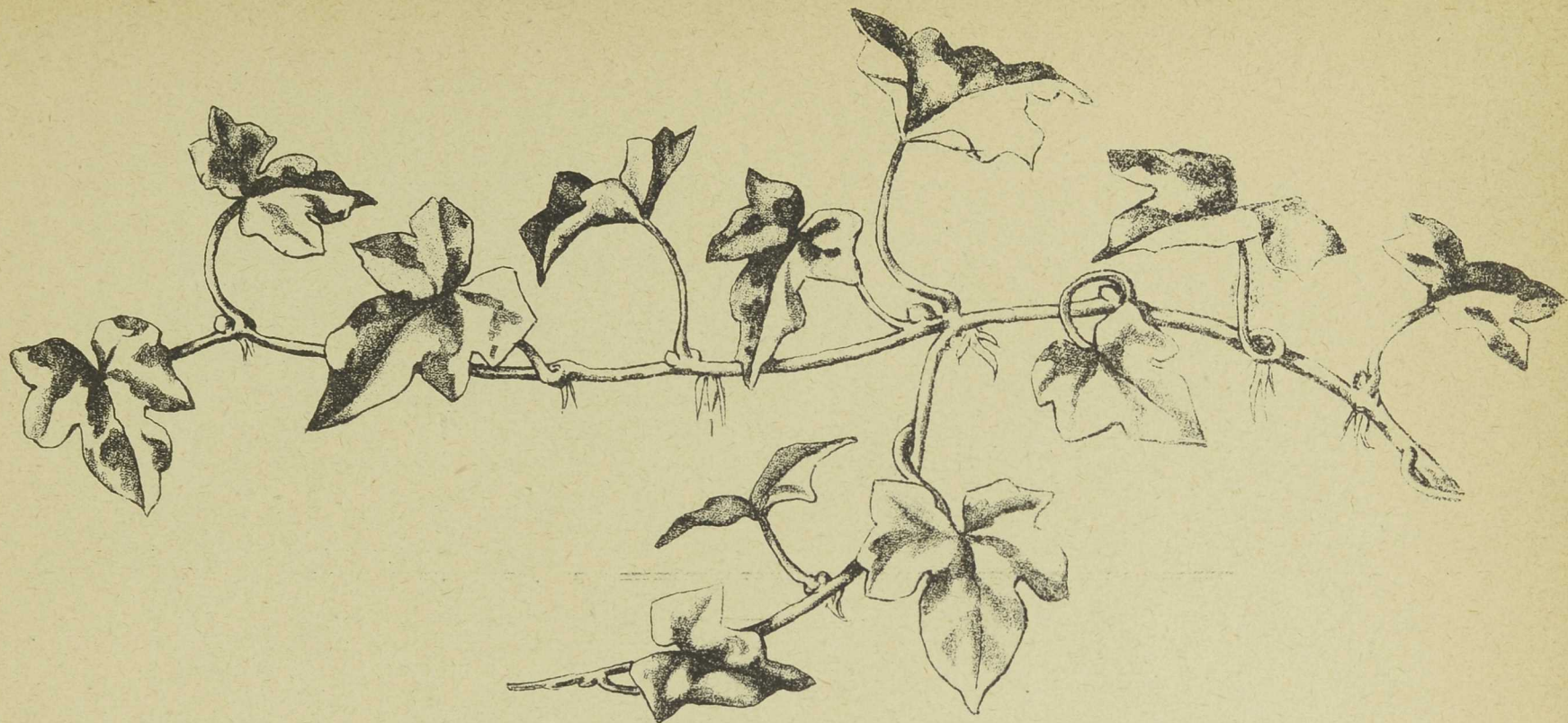
**There was a little
Man.**

There was a little man,
and he had a little gun,
His bullets were made of
lead,
He went to the brook, and
he shot a little duck,
And hit it right on its head

Then he went back,
To shoot the little drake;
But when he got there,
The drake had fled with fear.

He took the duck home to his good
wife, Joan,
To have it cooked for supper,
And he sat down in his arm chair,
And ate it with bread and butter.





Hunt the Slipper.

Oh where! oh where, can the slipper be!
Look very closely and you will see;
For while Kate's looking another way,

Ethel, who's merry and full of the play,
Has passed the slipper on to Jack,
Who cleverly takes it behind his back.



Fly, fly busy bee !
As quick as may be,
And gather us honey for tea ;

While Mary and Mollie
And each little dollie,
Are learning their A B C.

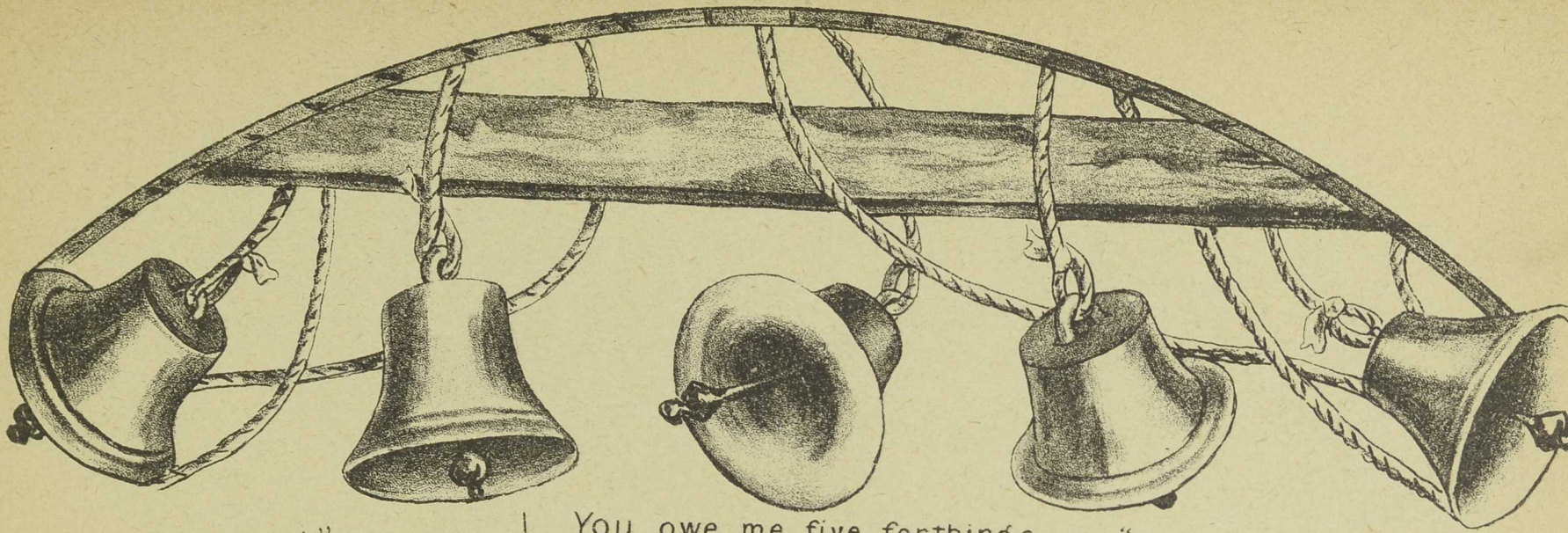


Old King Cole was a merry
old soul,
A merry old soul was he,
He called for his pipe, he called
for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three.

Every fiddler had a fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle had he.
Oh! there's none so rare as can compare
With King Cole and his fiddlers three.



We are drilling the dolls, all in a row,
And how hard it is we are sure you don't know.
They won't sit up nicely, however we pack,
For none of them seem very strong in the back.



“RANGES and lemons!”
Said the bells of St. Clemen’s.

You owe me five farthings
Said the bells of St. Martin’s.

“When will you pay me?”
Said the bells of Old Bailey.



“When I grow rich!” said the bells of Shoreditch.
“When will that be?” said the bells of Stepney.
“I do not know?” said the great bell of Bow.
Here comes a candle to light you to bed;
Here comes a chopper to chop off your head.



There was a Little Man,

And he woo'd a Little Maid,

And he said Little Maid

will you wed, wed, wed,

I have no more to say,

Then will you-yea or nay

For the least said

is soonest mended - ed?

The Little Maid she sighed,

And very soon replied,

"But what shall we have

for to eat, eat, eat,

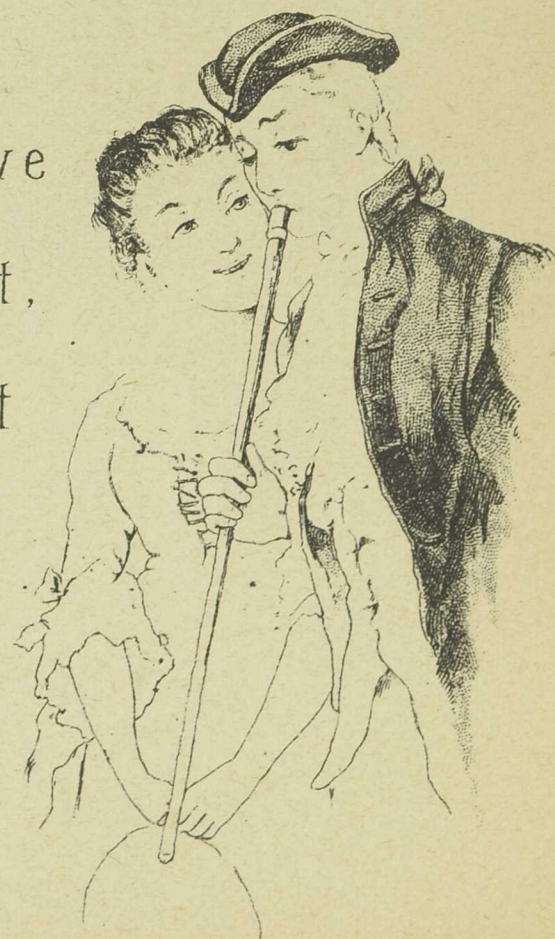
Will the flame that

you're so rich in

Make a fire in the Kitchen,

And the little god of love,

turn the spit, spit, spit, ?





I SENT a letter to my love,
And on the way I dropped it;

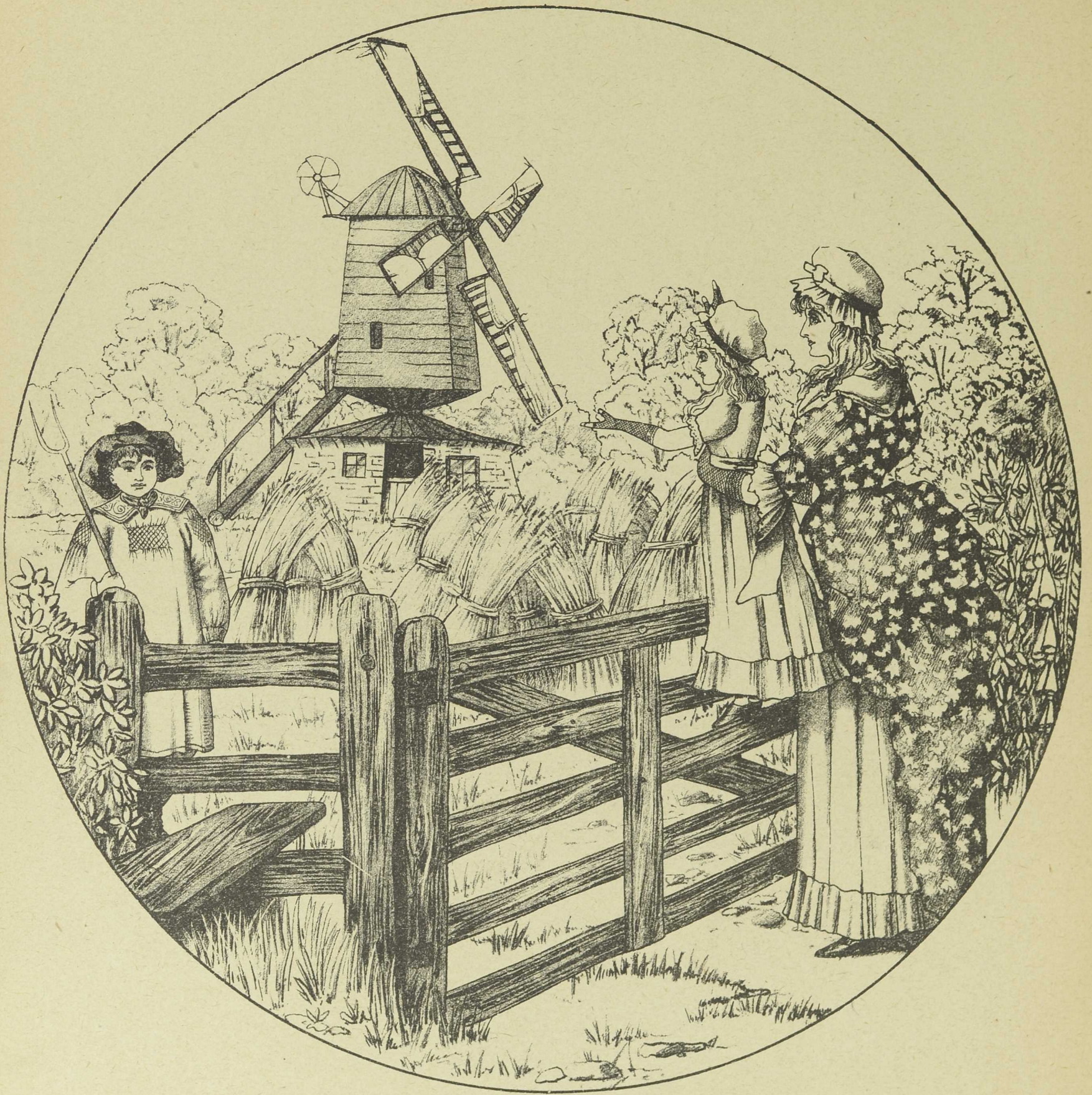
And one of you has picked it up,
And put it in your pocket;




It isn't you, Maude,
And it isn't you, Dollie;

It isn't you, it isn't you,
But it is you, Pollie.

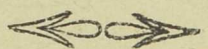
KISS IN THE RING.



Blow, wind, blow, and go mill go,
That the miller may grind his corn;
That the baker may take it, and into rolls make it,
And bring us some hot in the morn.



Jane filled her pail,
And Dick read a tale
To his dog on a rock by the sea,
While a pig full of woe,
Was anxious to know
Was she right in her sum three
and three.





Come dear dollies, come with me,
Under the shade of the old oak tree,
There are cakes and strawberries, milk and tea,
For this is the day of our garden party.

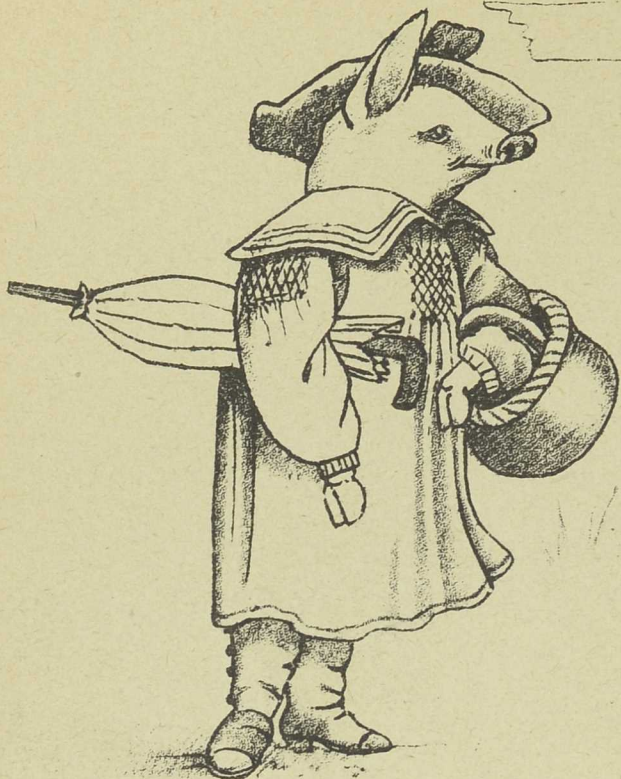


WHOOP! Whoop! Whoop! we call,
Stoop down low, and squeeze up small,

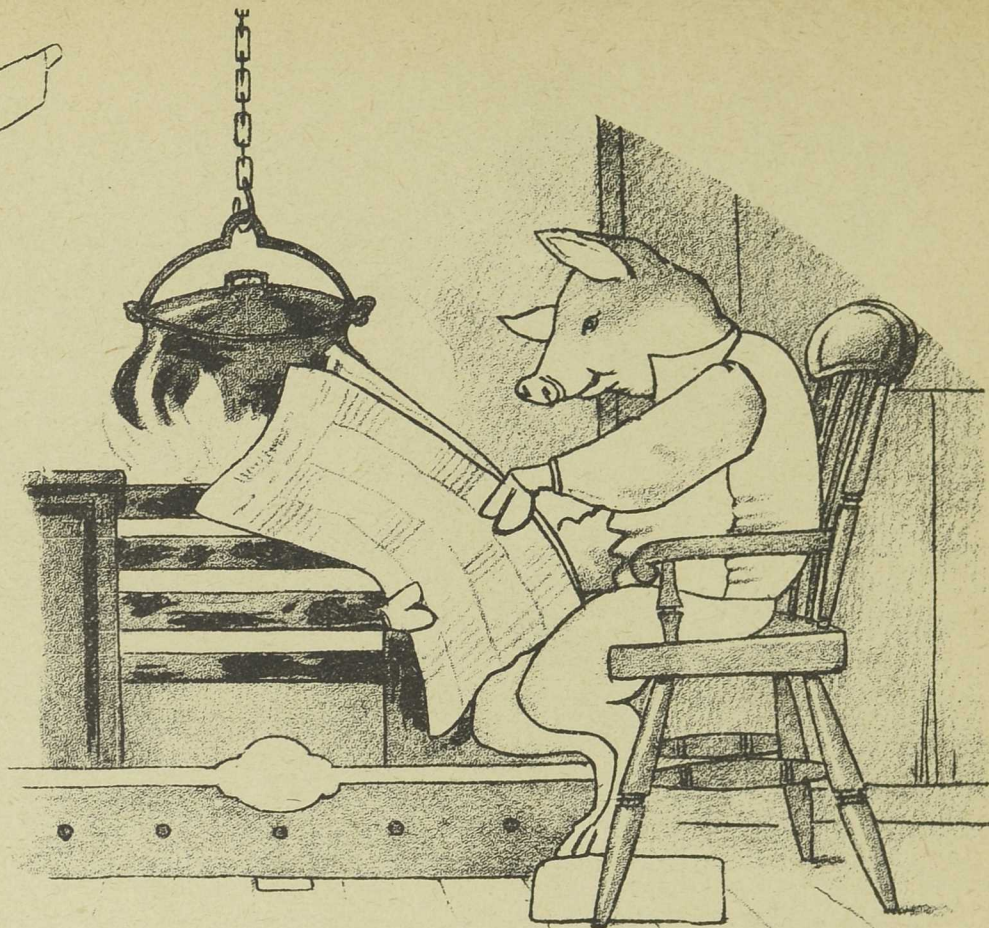
Where we've never hid before,
Close behind the old barn-door.



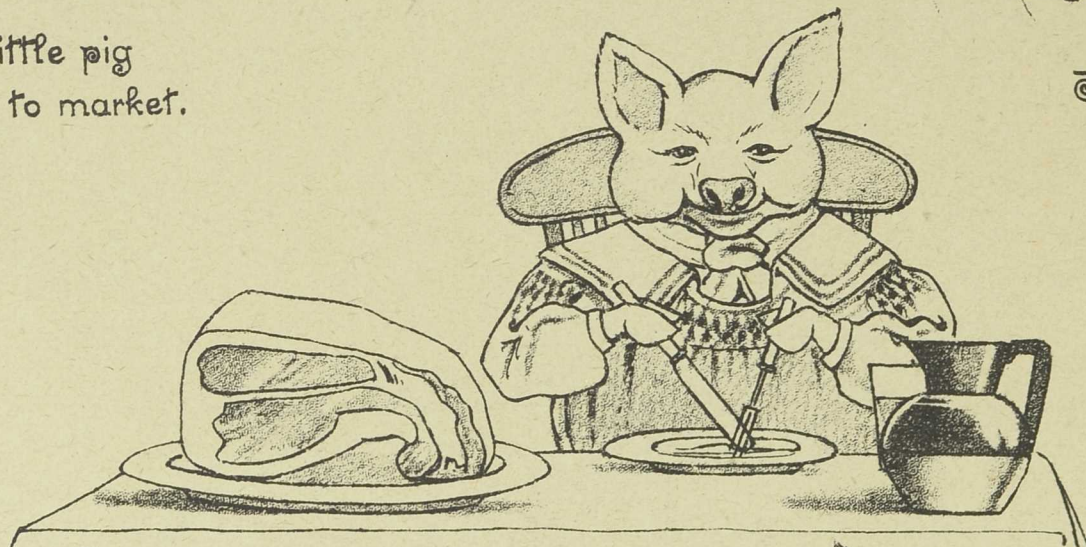
Hide and Seek.



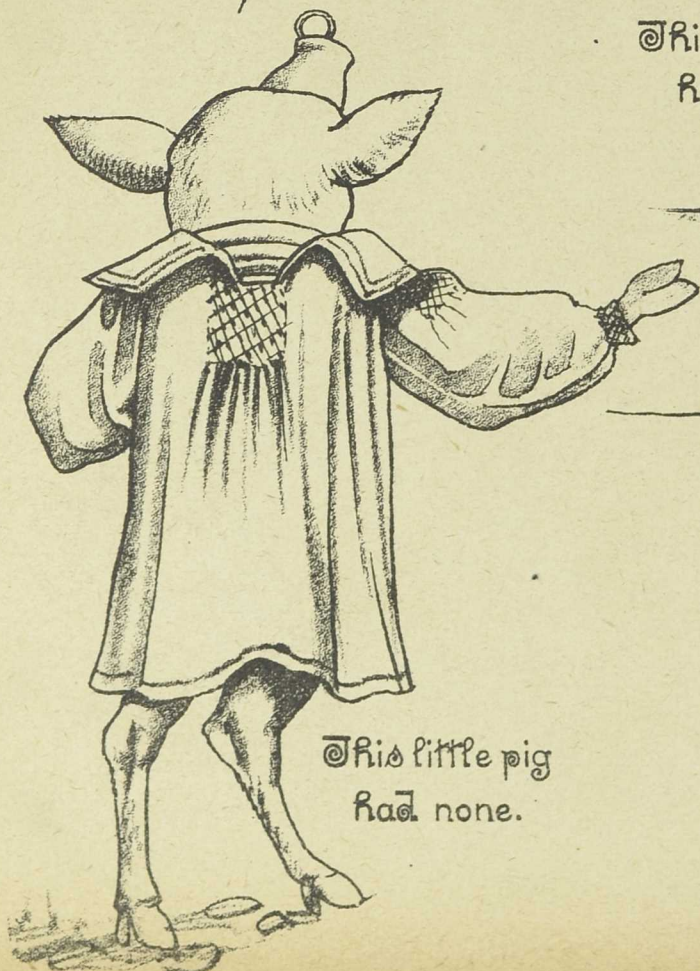
This little pig
went to market.



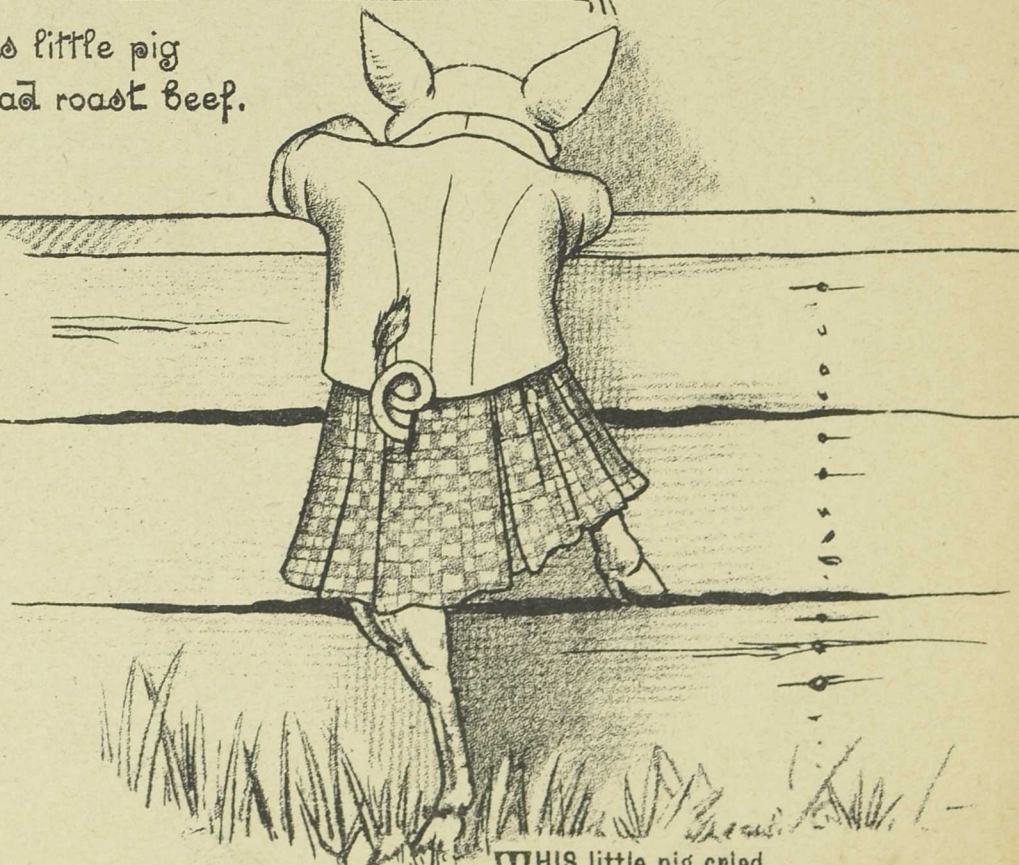
This little pig
stayed at home.



This little pig
had roast beef.



This little pig
had none.



THIS little pig cried
"Wee, wee, wee—
I can't get over the
barn-door-sill."



The calf took her slate,
And opened the gate,
To go to the school on the
hill;
While the goose with delight,
Asked Polly to write,
And at once pulled a beauti-
ful quill.



Dollies large and dollies small,
We are going to wash and dress you all.

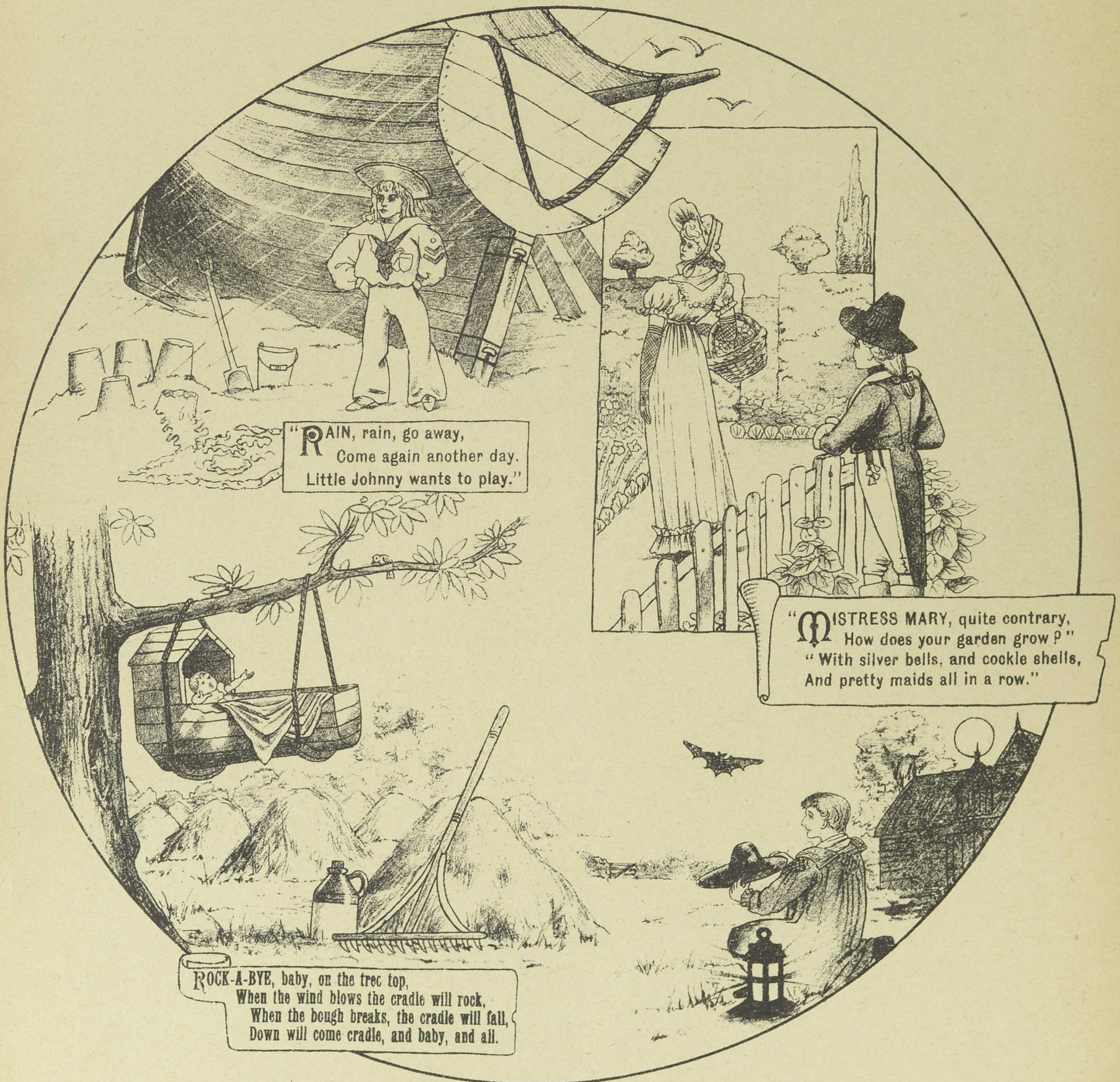


Nuts and May.

We sent little Lucy for "Nuts and May,"
And Arthur he's come to fetch her away;
If she does not mind, he will win the day,
For now he has pulled her most of the way.

Sailor Foster went to Glo'ster,
All in a shower of rain;

He stepped in a puddle, and got in a muddle,
And never went there again.



Rock-a-bye, baby, thy cradle is green;
Father's a nobleman, mother's a queen;
And Betty's a lady, and wears a gold
ring;
And Johnny's a drummer, and drums
for the king.

"Bat, bat, come under my hat,
And I'll give you a slice of bacon,
And when I bake I'll give you a cake—
If I am not mistaken."

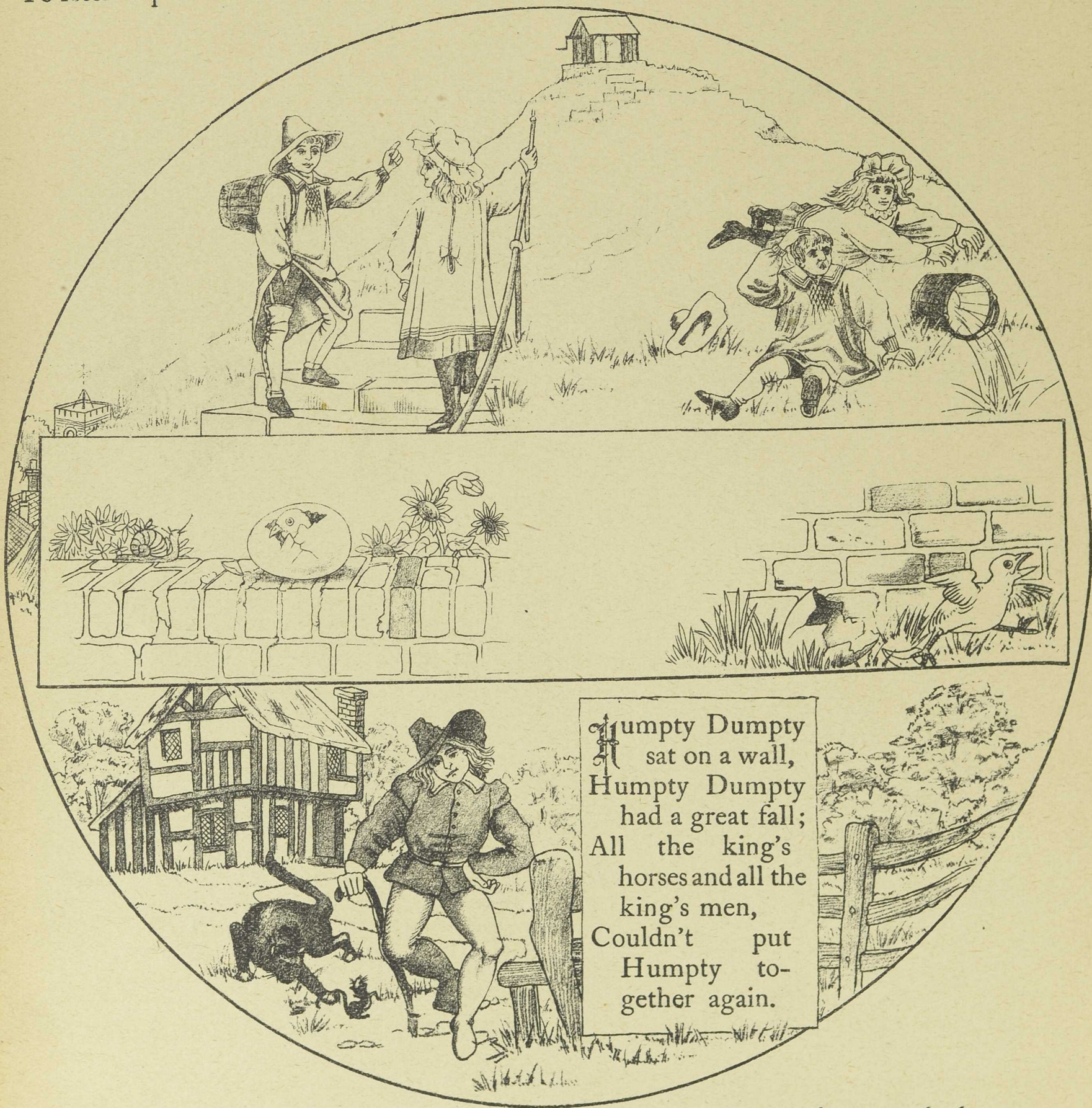


Dolly's Dancing Lesson.

This is the way to dance you know,
One, two, three, point out each toe,
Then turn round gracefully, just like so,
That is the way to dance you know.

Jack and Jill,
Went up a hill,
To fetch a pail of water,

Jack fell down,
And broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.



Humpty Dumpty
sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty
had a great fall;
All the king's
horses and all the
king's men,
Couldn't put
Humpty to-
gether again.

There was a crooked man,
And he went a crooked mile,
He found a crooked Sixpence,
Against a crooked stile.

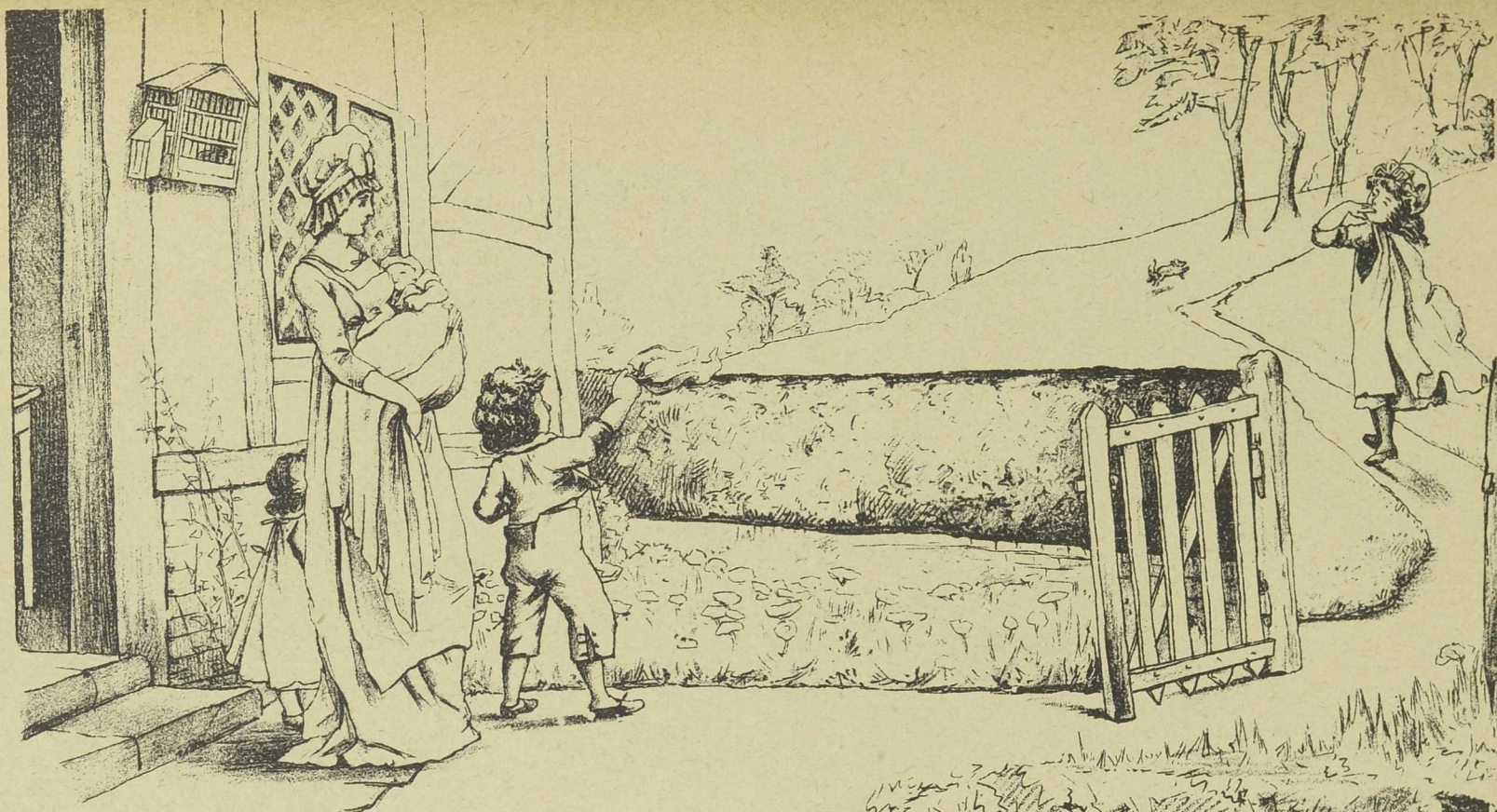
He bought a crooked cat,
Which caught a crooked mouse,
And they all lived together,
In a crooked house.



Fox and Geese.

Old Mother Goose is spreading her
cloak,
To make her goslings a sheltering wing;
While her long train of little folk

To her and each other closely cling;
And Bertie, as Fox, stands 'neath the
oak,
Ready on some little one to spring.



Little Daisy Dimple is going
out to tea,

Up hill, down dale,
Off goes she.

Make haste Daisy or you'll be
late for tea,

Up hill, down dale,
And don't forget me.

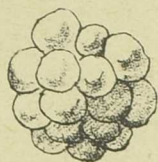
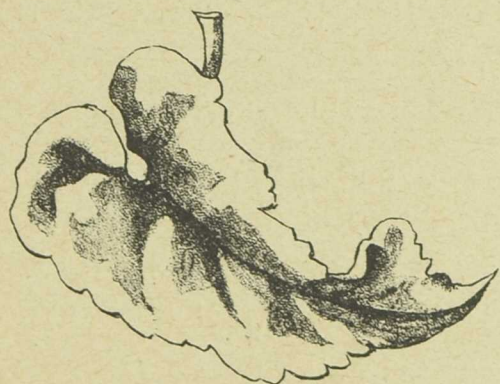
Little Daisy Dimple swinging
on a tree,

Swing high, swing low,
Up goes she.

If the branch should break
where will Daisy be?

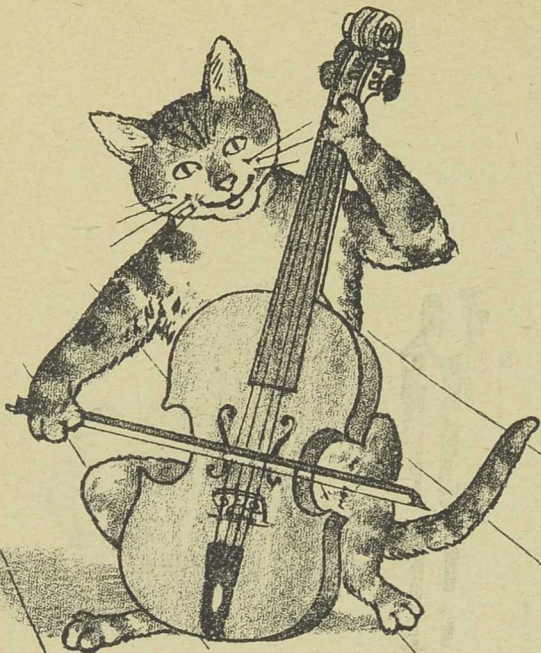
Swing high, swing low,
Down goes she.



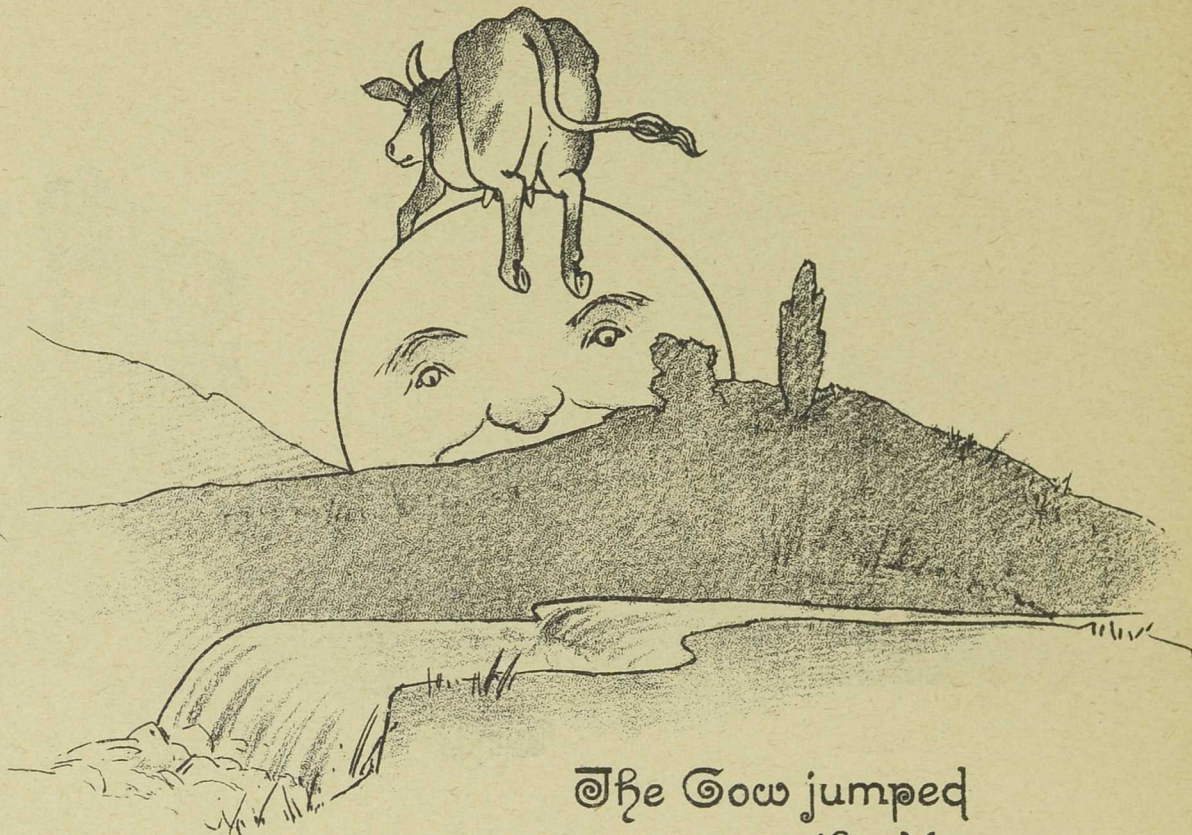


HERE we go round the mulberry bush,
The mulberry bush,
The mulberry bush,
Here we go round the mulberry bush,
On a cold and frosty morning.

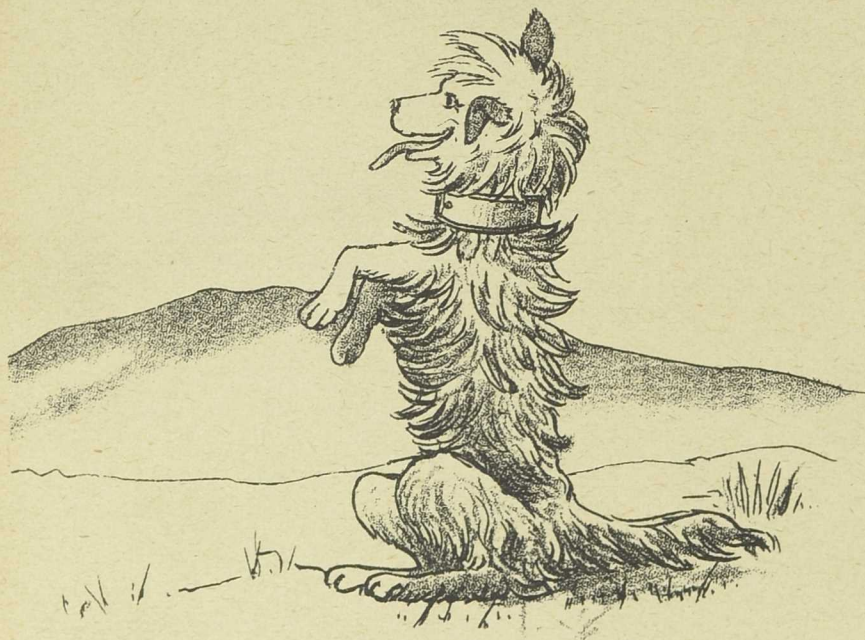
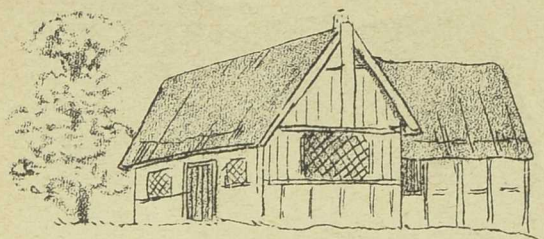
Hey Diddle Diddle!



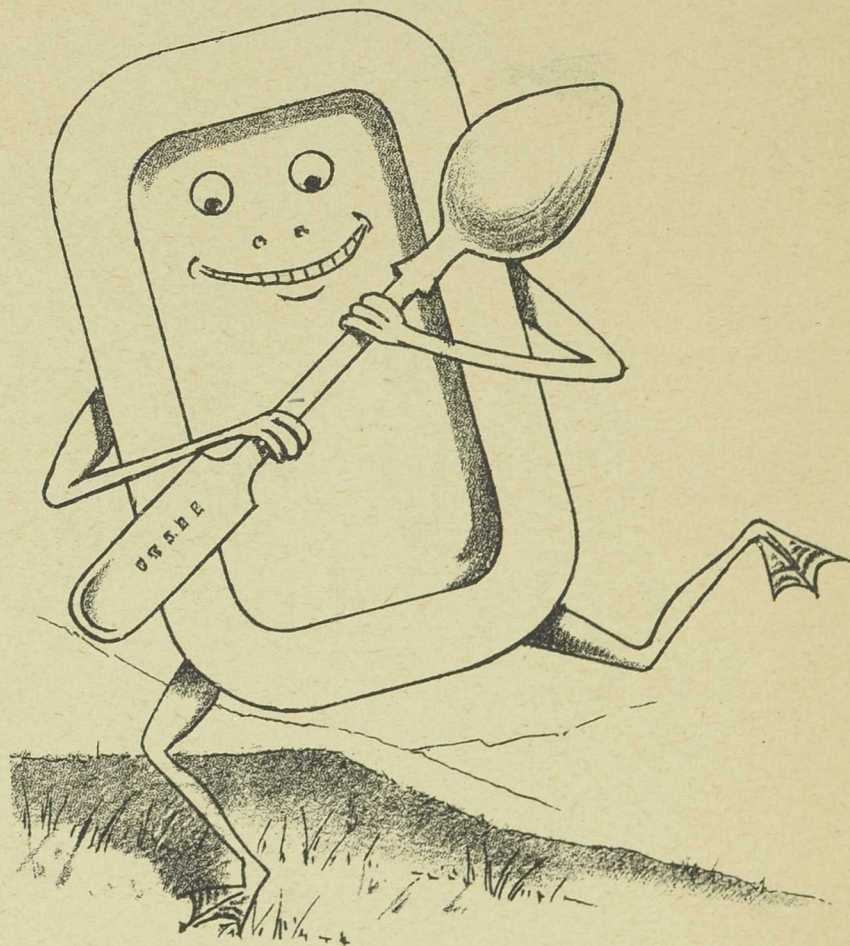
The Cat and
The Fiddle,



The Cow jumped
over the Moon,



The little Dog
laughed to see
such Sport,



And the Dish
ran away with
the Spoon.

1



Archie is taking his cousin,
Nellie,
Some cakes and a jar of red
currant jelly;

2



He just took a peep at the
jelly so clear,

And what happened after,
does not appear.

5



3



But this I do know,
that dear little Nell,
Had to go without jelly
and cakes as well.

4





Sing a song of sixpence, a pocket
 full of rye,
 Four-and-twenty blackbirds baked
 in a pie,
 When the pie was opened, the birds
 began to sing,
 Was not that a pretty dish to set before
 a king?

The king was in his counting house,
 counting out his money,
 The Queen was in her parlour, eating
 bread and honey;
 The maid was in the garden, hanging
 out the clothes,
 When there came a wicked blackbird,
 and pecked off her nose.



Puss in the Corner.

And here is pussy as snug as can be,
Curled up in her corner as you can see;
Should you ask her for water, I very much doubt,
If she'd be at all pleased when you called her out.

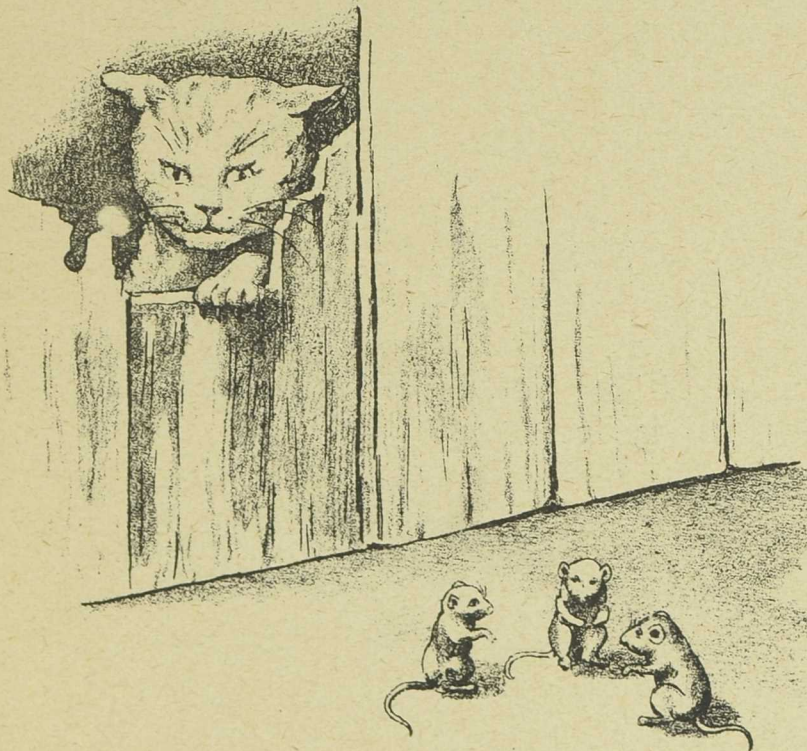


Says one little cook,
"Oh! let me try,
To make the crust for the apple pie."
While Marjorie makes
some nice rice cakes,
And Jessie a journey to market takes.

THREE little mice sat down to spin,
Pussy came by, and she peeped in;



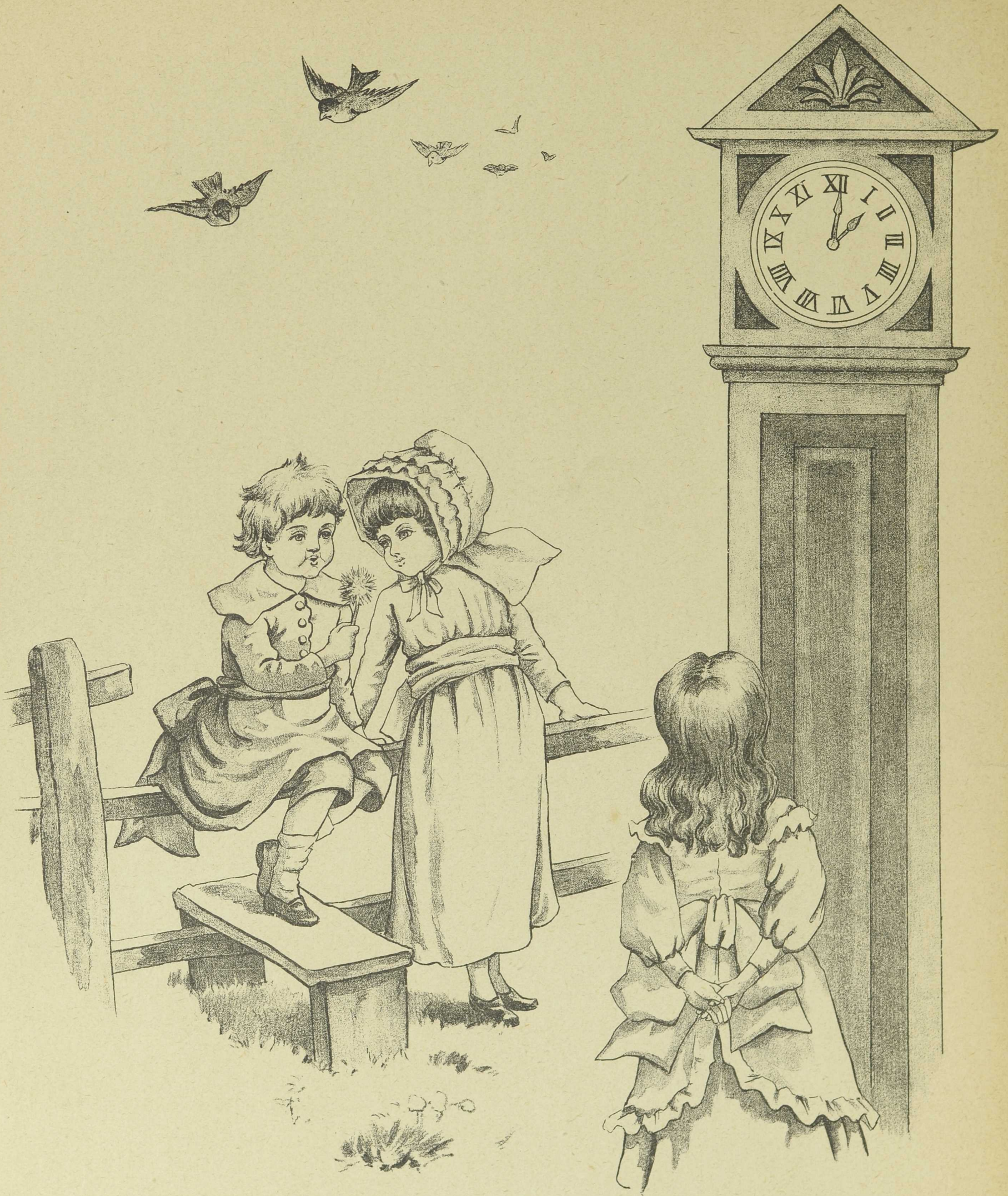
"May I come in, and bite off your threads?"



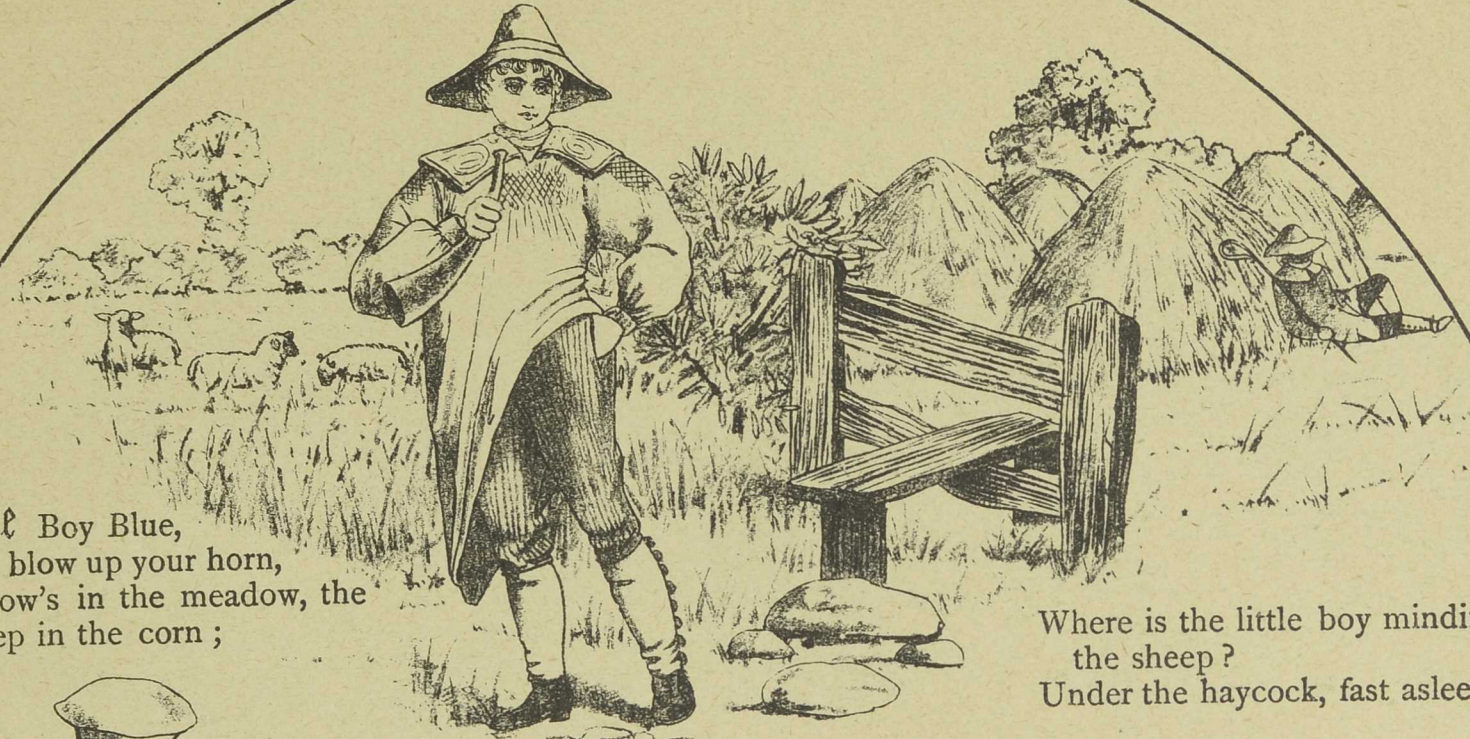
"Oh! no, thank you,
you'll bite off our heads."



Three Little Mice.

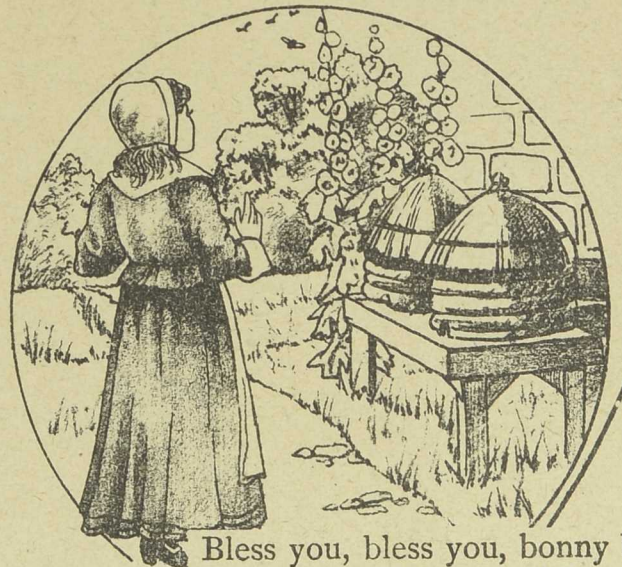


“WHAT’S o’clock?”



Little Boy Blue,
Come, blow up your horn,
The cow's in the meadow, the
sheep in the corn ;

Where is the little boy minding
the sheep ?
Under the haycock, fast asleep.

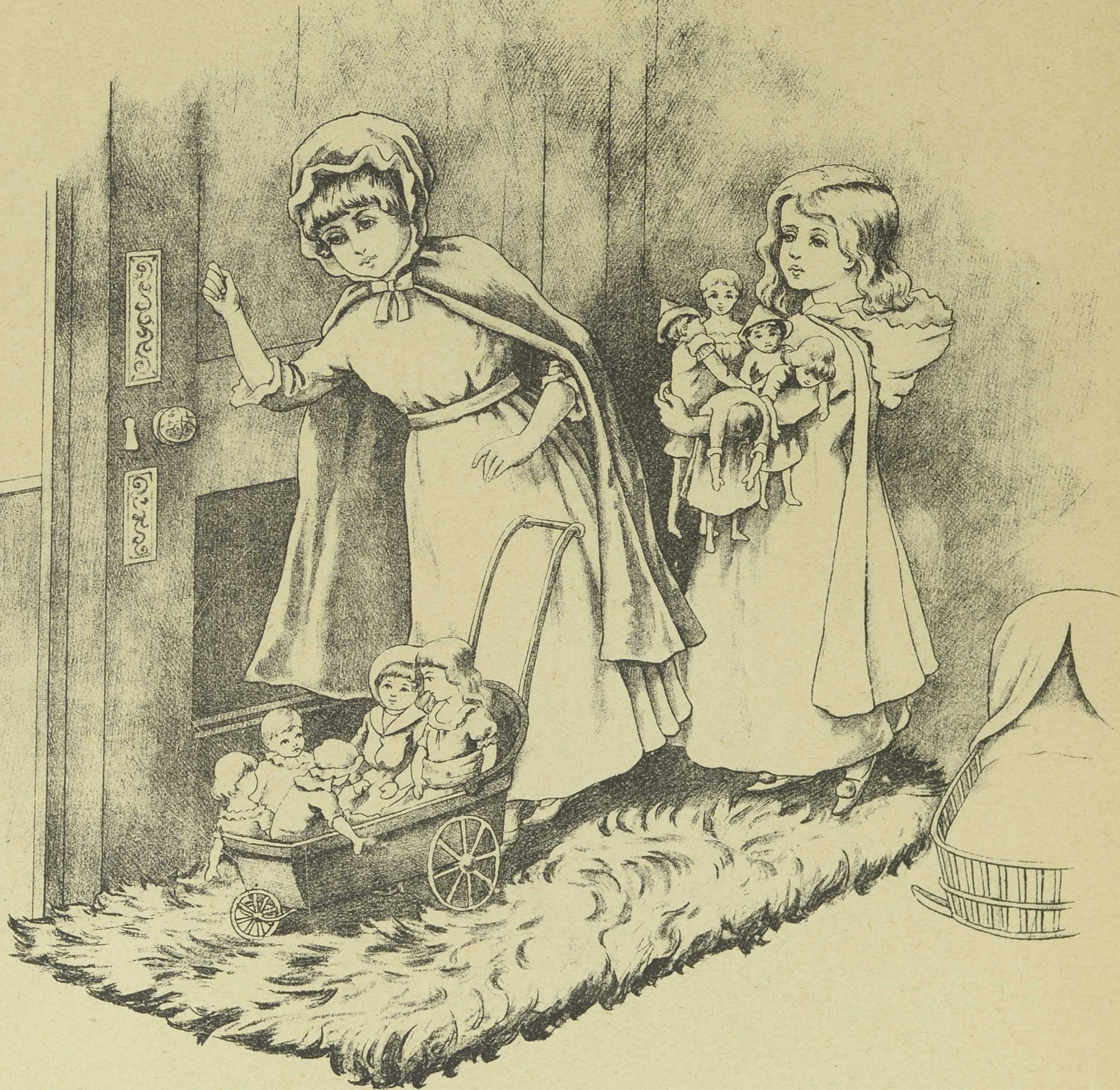


Bless you, bless you, bonny bee,
Say when will your wedding be?
If it be to-morrow—day—
Take your wings and fly away.

Simple Simon, met a Pie-
man,
Going to the fair ;
Says Simple Simon, to the
Pieman,
'Let me taste your ware.'

Simple Simon went a fish-
ing,
For to catch a whale ;
All the water he had got,
Was in his mother's pail.

Says the Pieman, to Simple
Simon,
'Show me first your penny ;'
Says Simple Simon, to the
Pieman,
'Kind Sir, I have not any,'

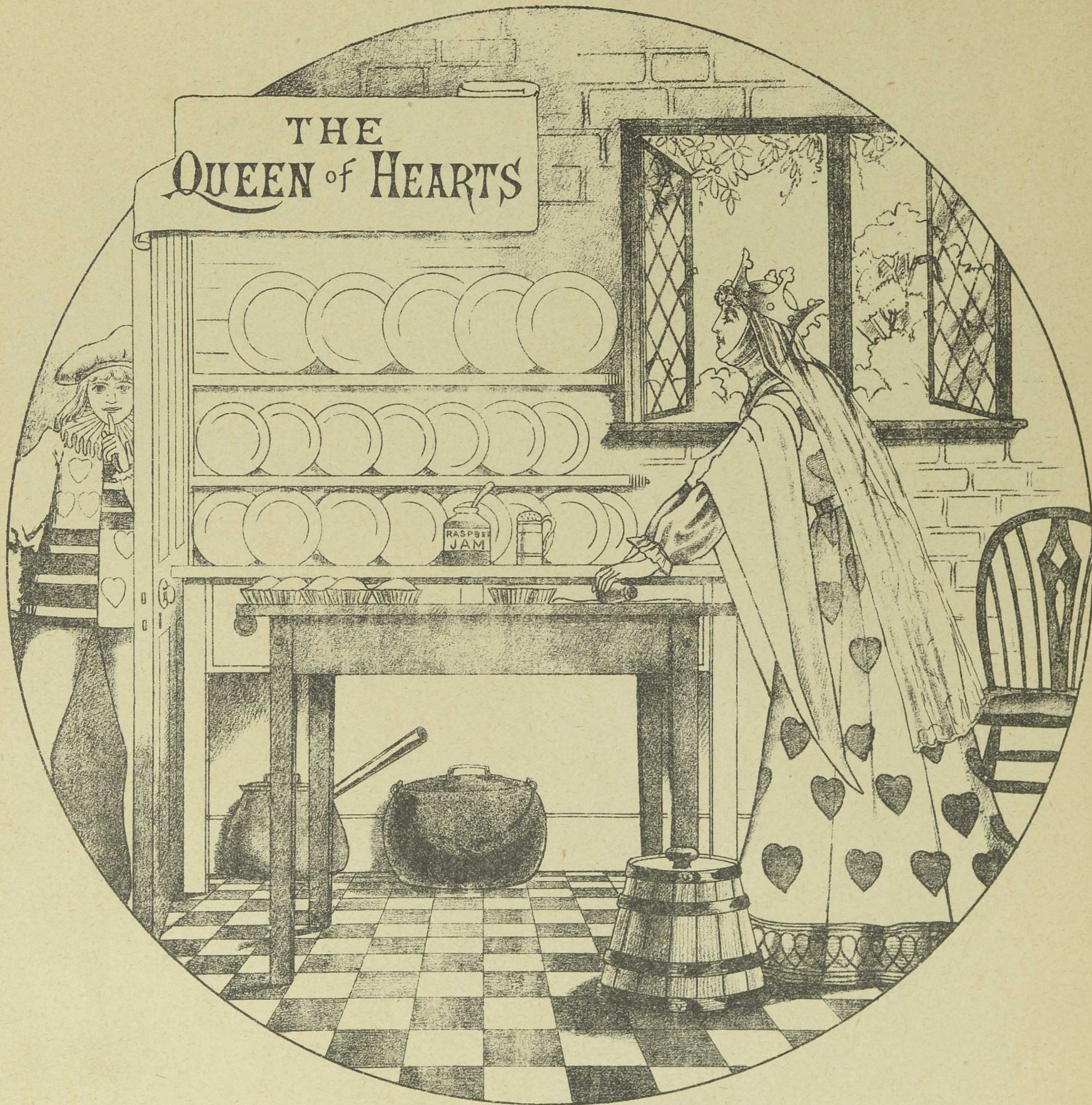


Rat! a tat! tat! The Dolls have come,
Some in their carriages and some in none;
We are going visiting as you see,
And are just in time for afternoon tea.



Battledore and Shuttle-cock.

HARRY has hit the shuttle-cock high,
And Dolly to catch it means to try;
Then she must hit it with might and main,
And sent it back to Harry again.



The Queen of Hearts she made
 some tarts,
 All on a summer's day;
 The Knave of Hearts, he stole those
 tarts,
 And hid them right away.

The King of Hearts called for the tarts,
 And beat the Knave full sore;
 The Knave of Hearts brought back
 the tarts,
 And vowed he'd steal no more.



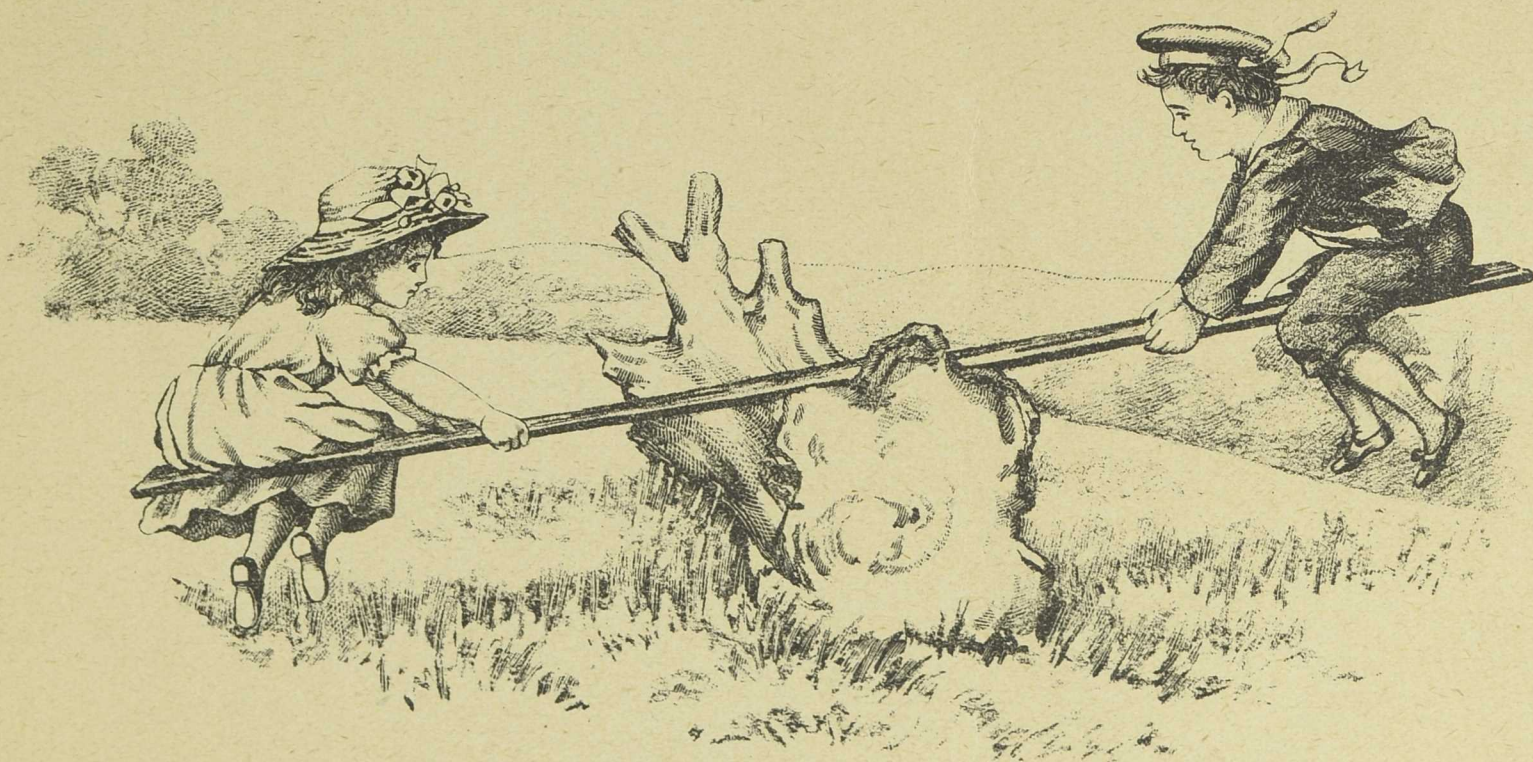
THE WOLF & THE LAMB,



Miss Arabella and Baby Bunting must
stay at home, because their poor Mamma is
too ill to take them to a Party.

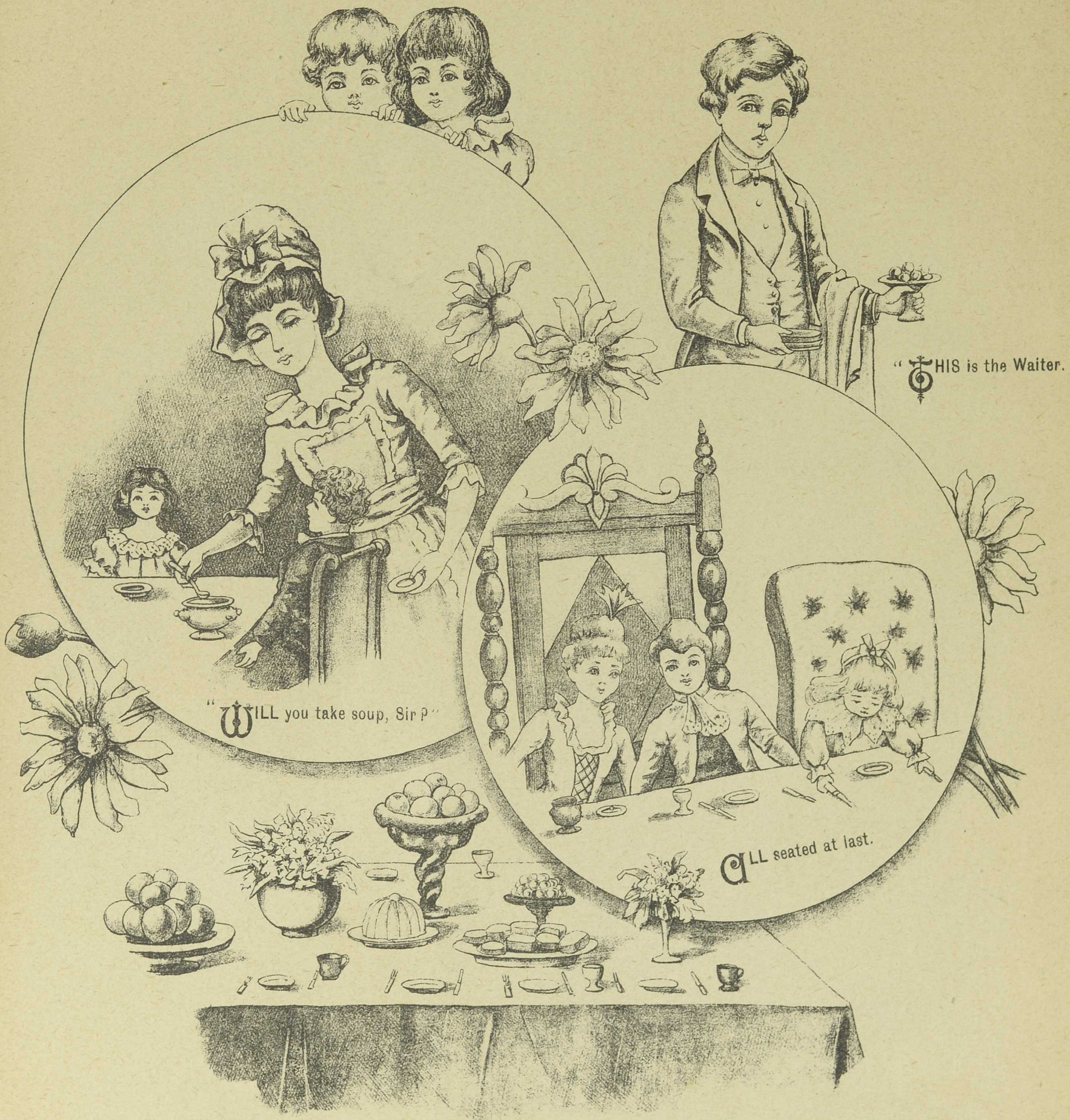


SEE- SAW.



SEE-SAW, Margery-daw!
Johnny shall have a new master;

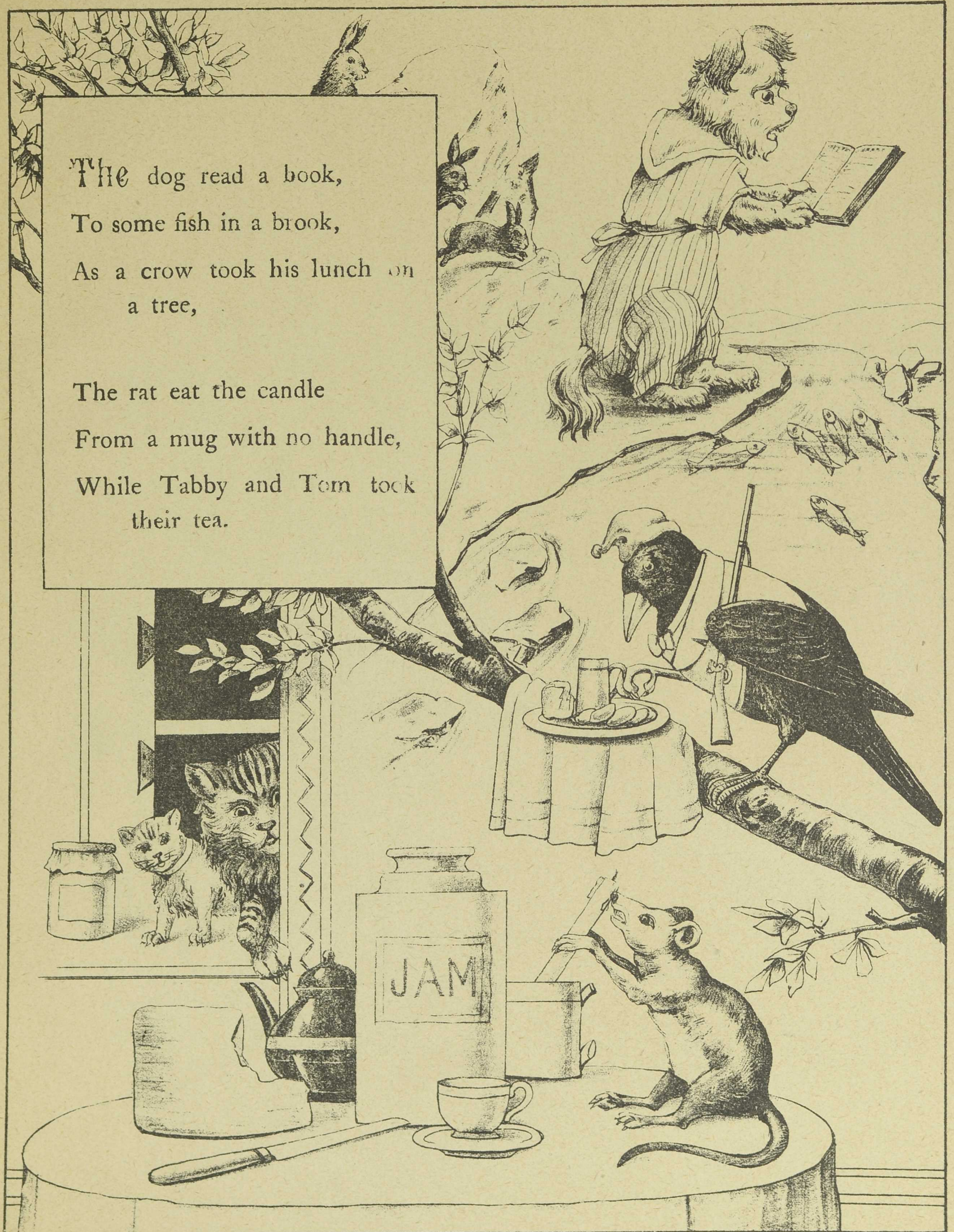
He shall have but a penny a day,
Because he can't work any faster.



OUR DOLLIE'S DINNER PARTY.

The dog read a book,
To some fish in a brook,
As a crow took his lunch on
a tree,

The rat eat the candle
From a mug with no handle,
While Tabby and Tom took
their tea.



2

"LET us try with Dolly, and then she can make a speech about her travels at our next dinner party."



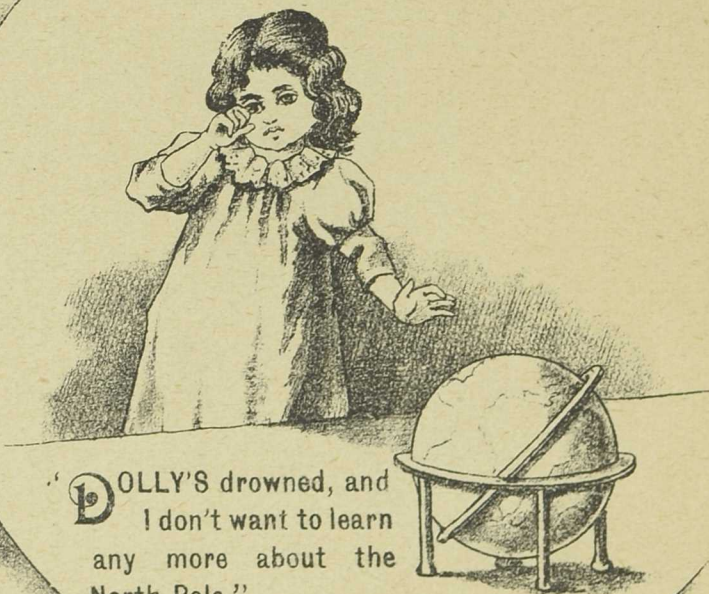
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"Wonder how long it would take to sail from here to the North Pole?"



3

"DOLLY'S drowned, and I don't want to learn any more about the North Pole."



Dolly's travel to the North Pole.

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