

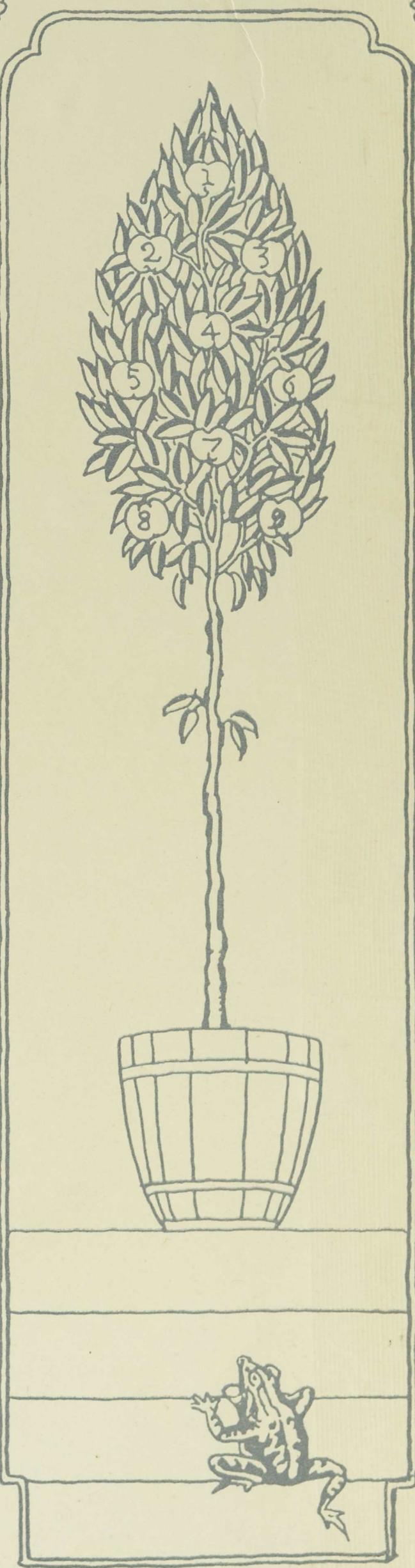
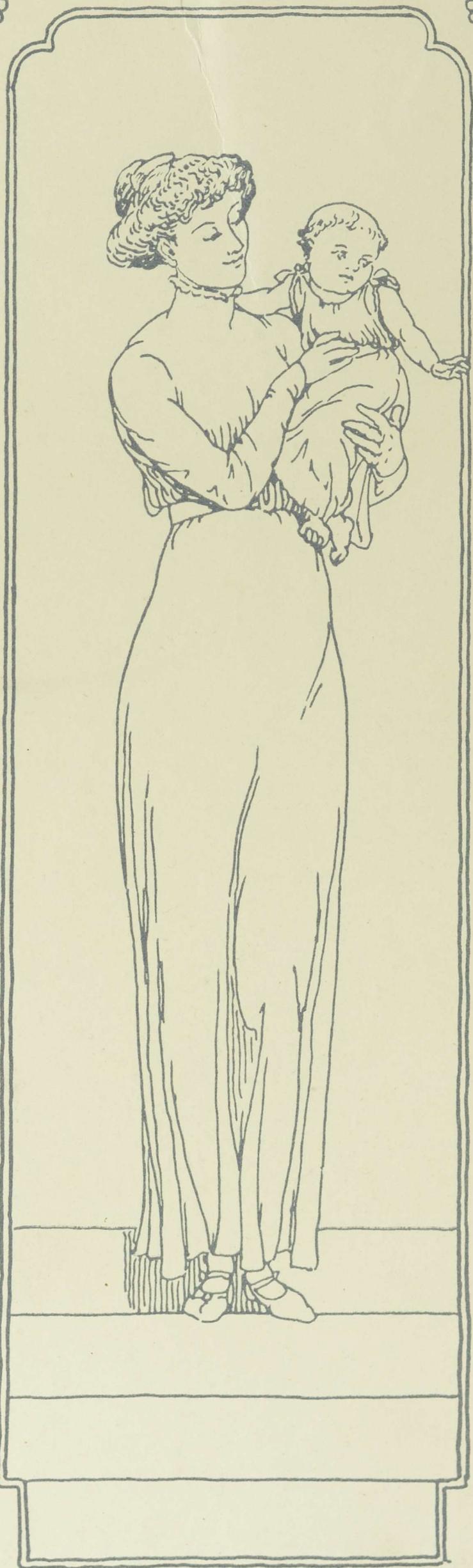
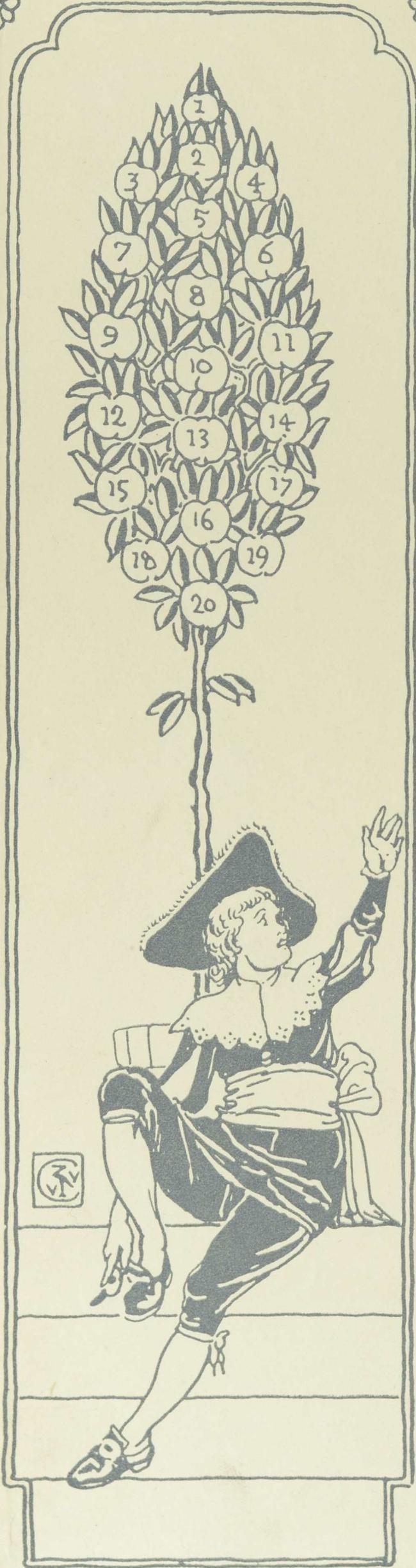
THE BUCKLE MY SHOE PICTURE BOOK

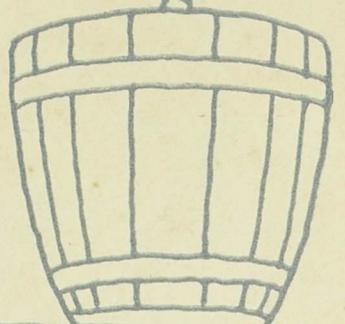
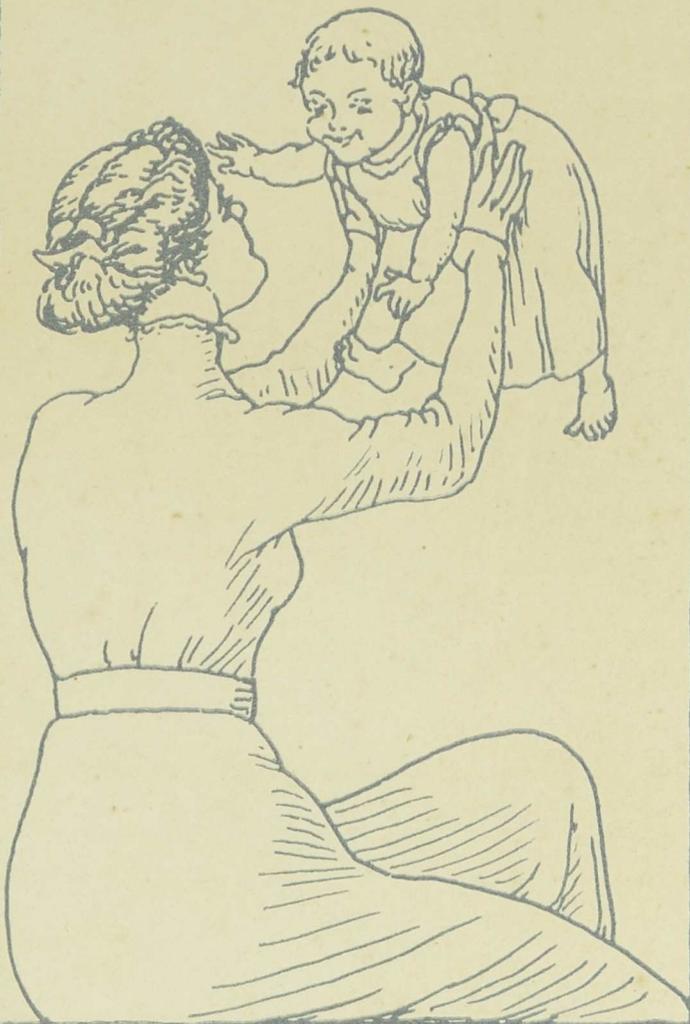
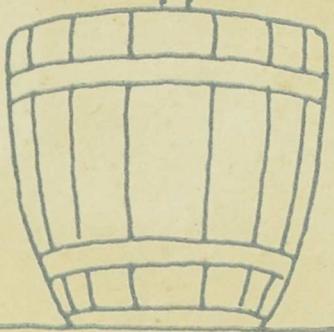
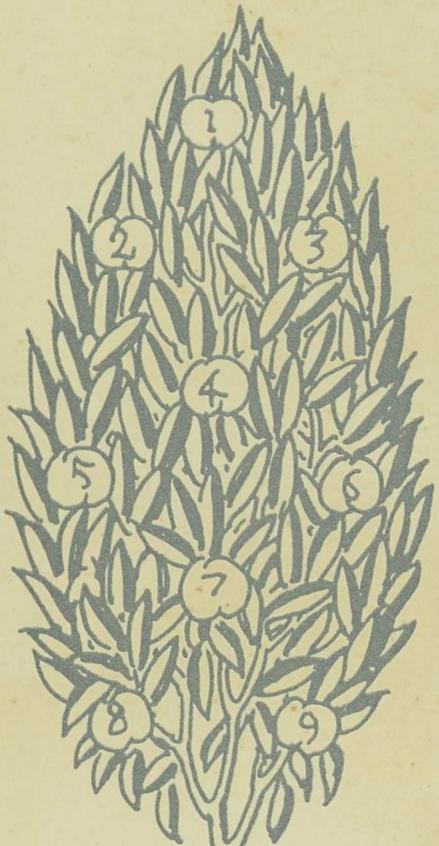
CONTAINING:



LONDON:
JOHN LANE,
THE BODLEY HEAD.

NEW YORK:
JOHN LANE
COMPANY.





THE
BUCKLE MY SHOE
PICTURE BOOK

CONTAINING:

ONE, TWO, BUCKLE
MY SHOE

A GAPING-WIDE-
MOUTH-WADDLING
-FROG

MY MOTHER.

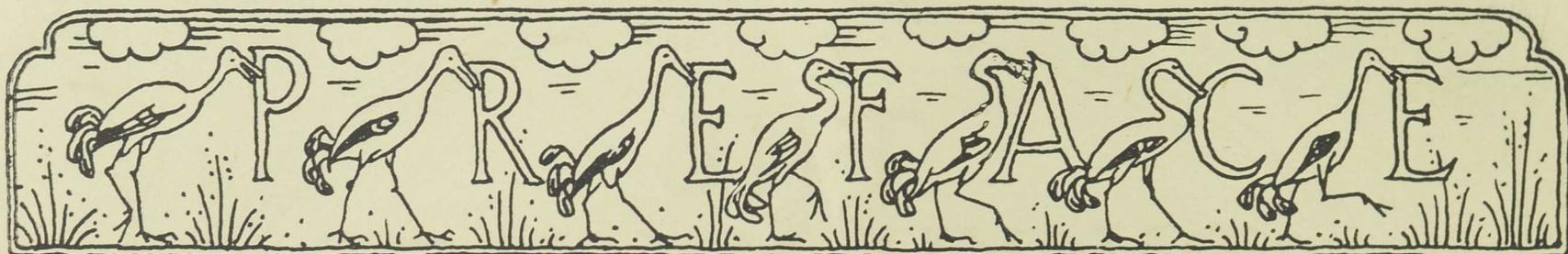
WITH THE ORIGINAL
(AND A PREFACE &
WALTER

COLOURED PICTURES
NEW DESIGNS BY
CRANE &



LONDON:
JOHN LANE
THE
BODLEY HEAD

NEW YORK:
JOHN LANE
COMPANY



WELL, I must buckle to, and put a good face (-pre-face) on the matter as I have to introduce the latest addition to the already considerable family of Crane-reprints.

Here we have those delightful rigmaroles "ONE, TWO, BUCKLE MY SHOE" and "A GAPING-WIDE-MOUTH WADDLING-FROG": but what, it may be asked, is "MY MOTHER" doing in such company? I shrewdly suspect, if we knew the truth, that she is really the author of both. It is probable, however, that both legends have been transmitted through a long line of mothers, assisted, perhaps, by nurses, but I had them direct from my Mother.

A pleasing romance of domestic incident runs through "One, Two, Buckle my shoe", while the "Waddling Frog" shows a rich and sumptuous imagination, if a little inconsequent, except numerically; but if he sets us agape with astonishment, his own "Wide-Mouth" seems capacious enough to swallow all the marvels by land or sea which he enumerates.

These two are quite early Cranes - almost pre-historic (please notice, however, the up-to-date additions):

"My Mother" is mid-Victorian, just after crinolines had gone out - but mothers are always in fashion,

bleſs them, - and you alſo, dear children, whether of
the old or the new world, who, having choſen your
parents wiſely, have become poſſeſſors of this book,
may your ſhoes never want buckling, and if by a-
ny miſchance you ſhould loſe one, may Good Luck
always find a ſpare one for you, and ſo ſet you on
your feet again.

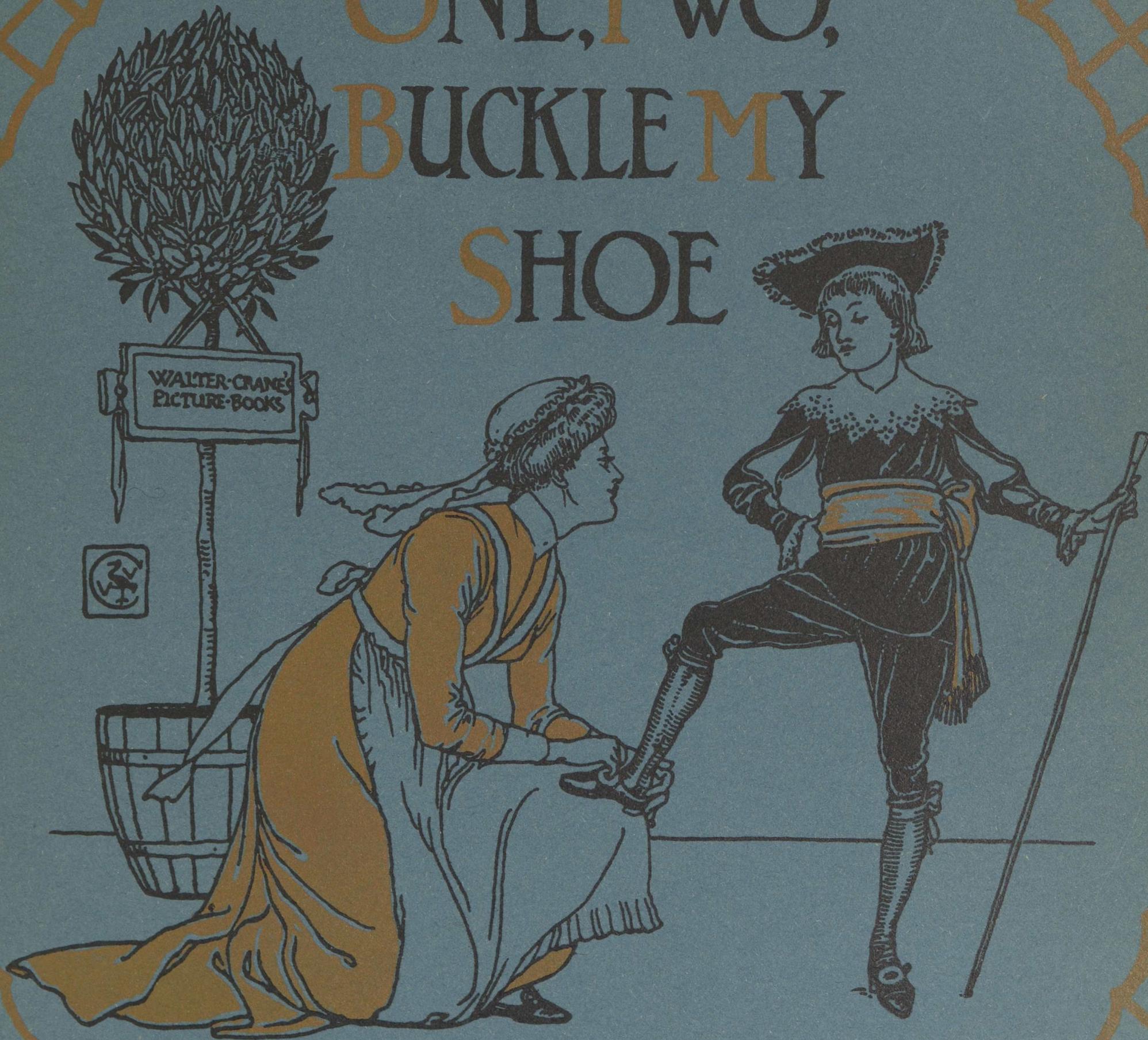
Water Crans



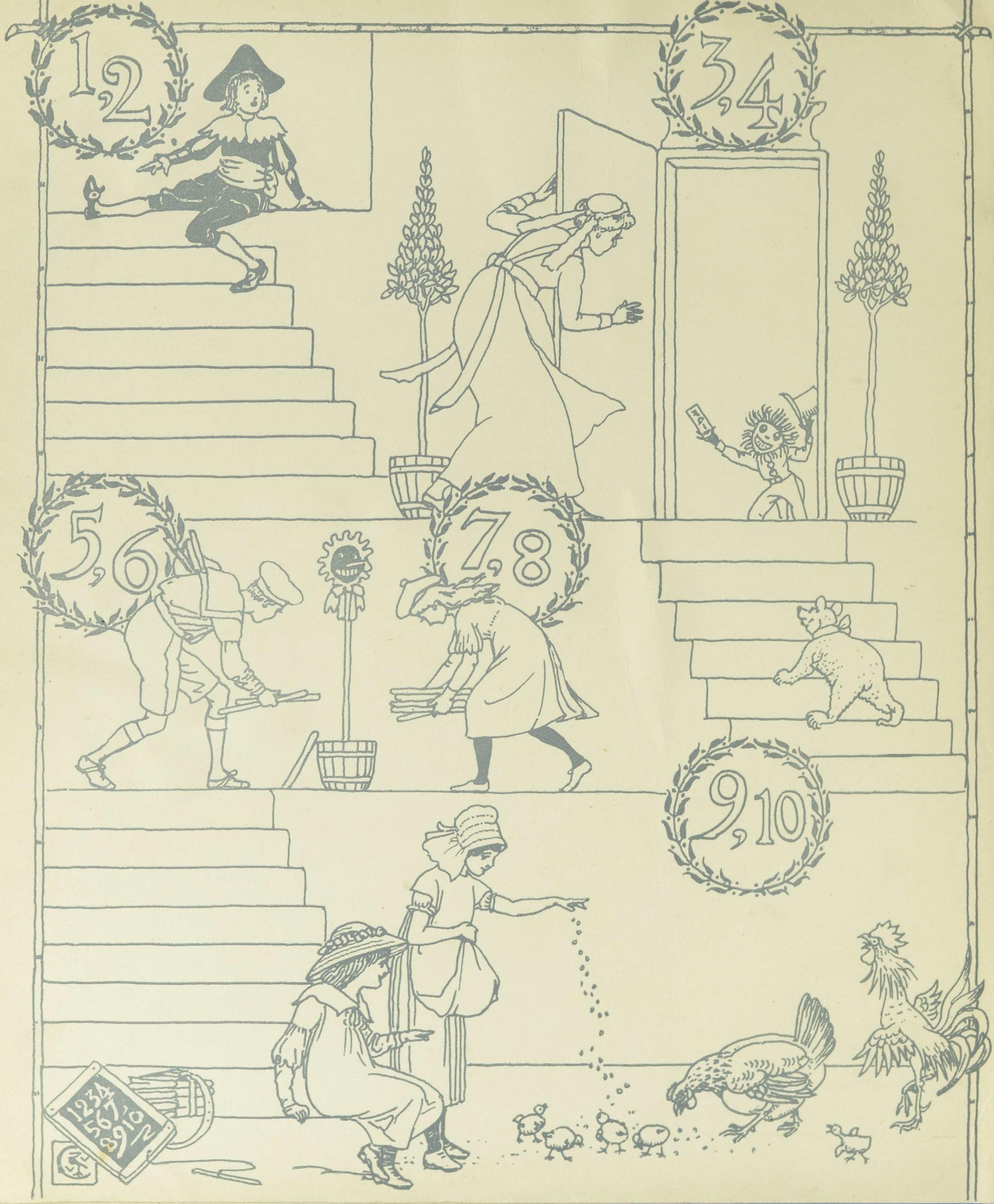
Kensington, June 1910.



ONE, TWO, BUCKLE MY SHOE

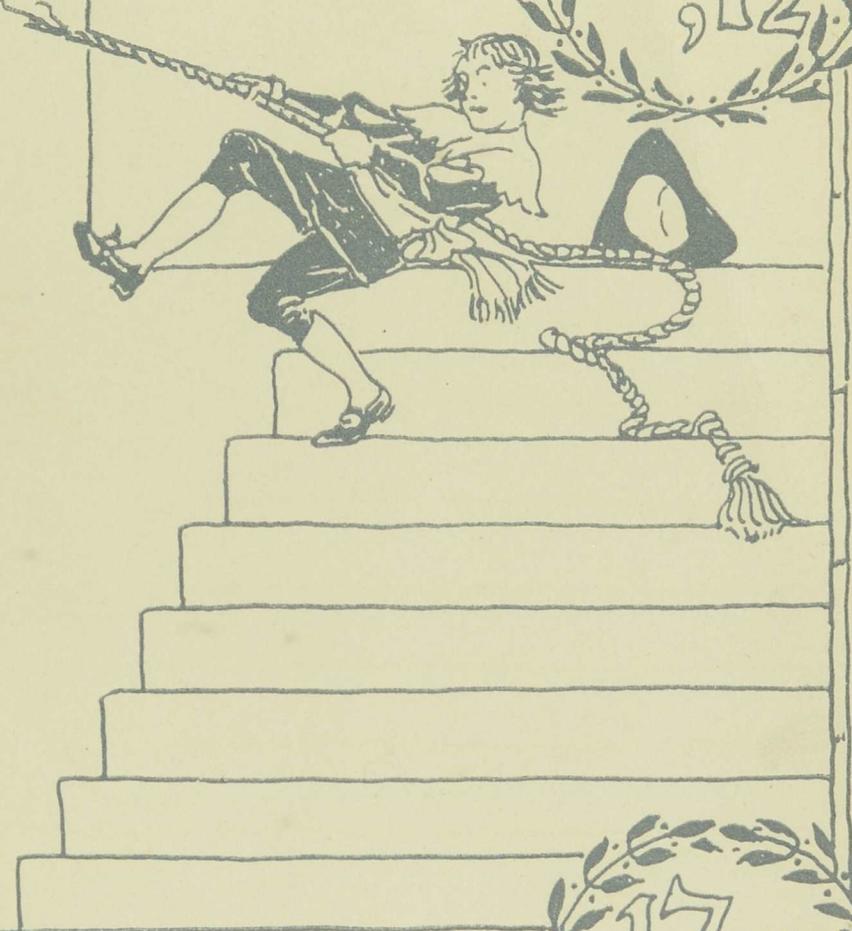
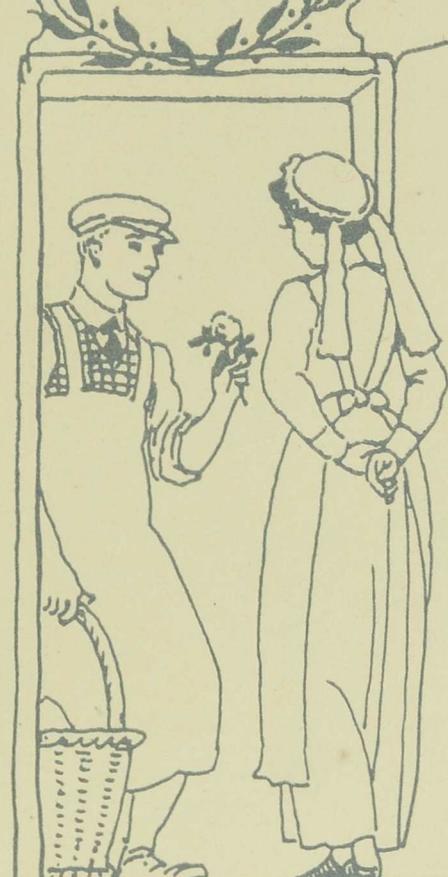


LONDON: JOHN LANE
THE BODLEY HEAD
NEW YORK: JOHN LANE COMPANY



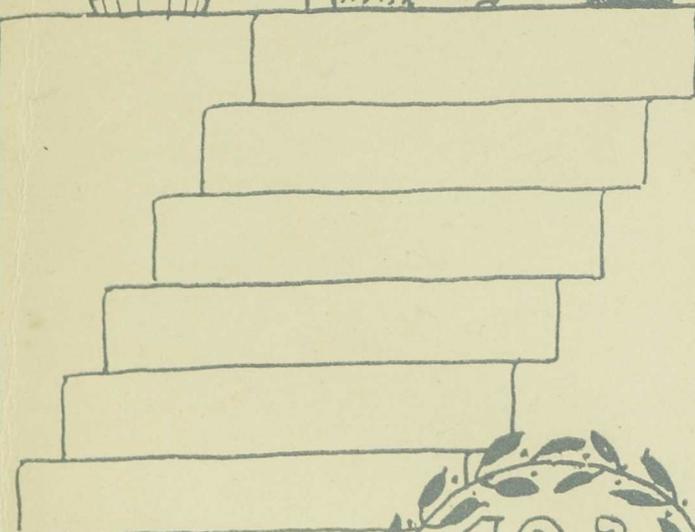
13, 14

11, 12

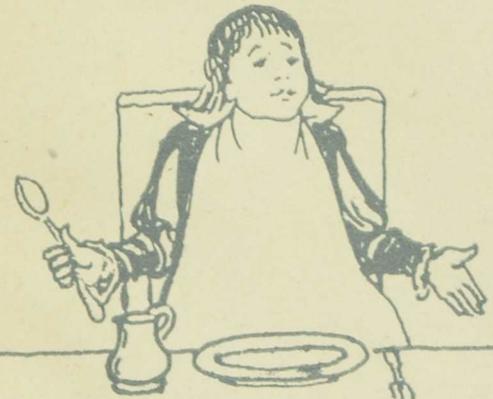


15, 16

17, 18



19, 20



1, 2. One Two,
Buckle my shoe.

3, 4. Three, Four,
Open the door.



5, 6. Five, Six, Pick up sticks. 7, 8. Seven, Eight, Lay them straight.



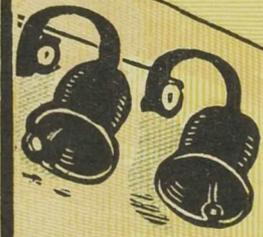
9. 10. Nine, Ten,
A good fat Hen.



11, 12. Eleven, Twelve,
Ring the Bell.



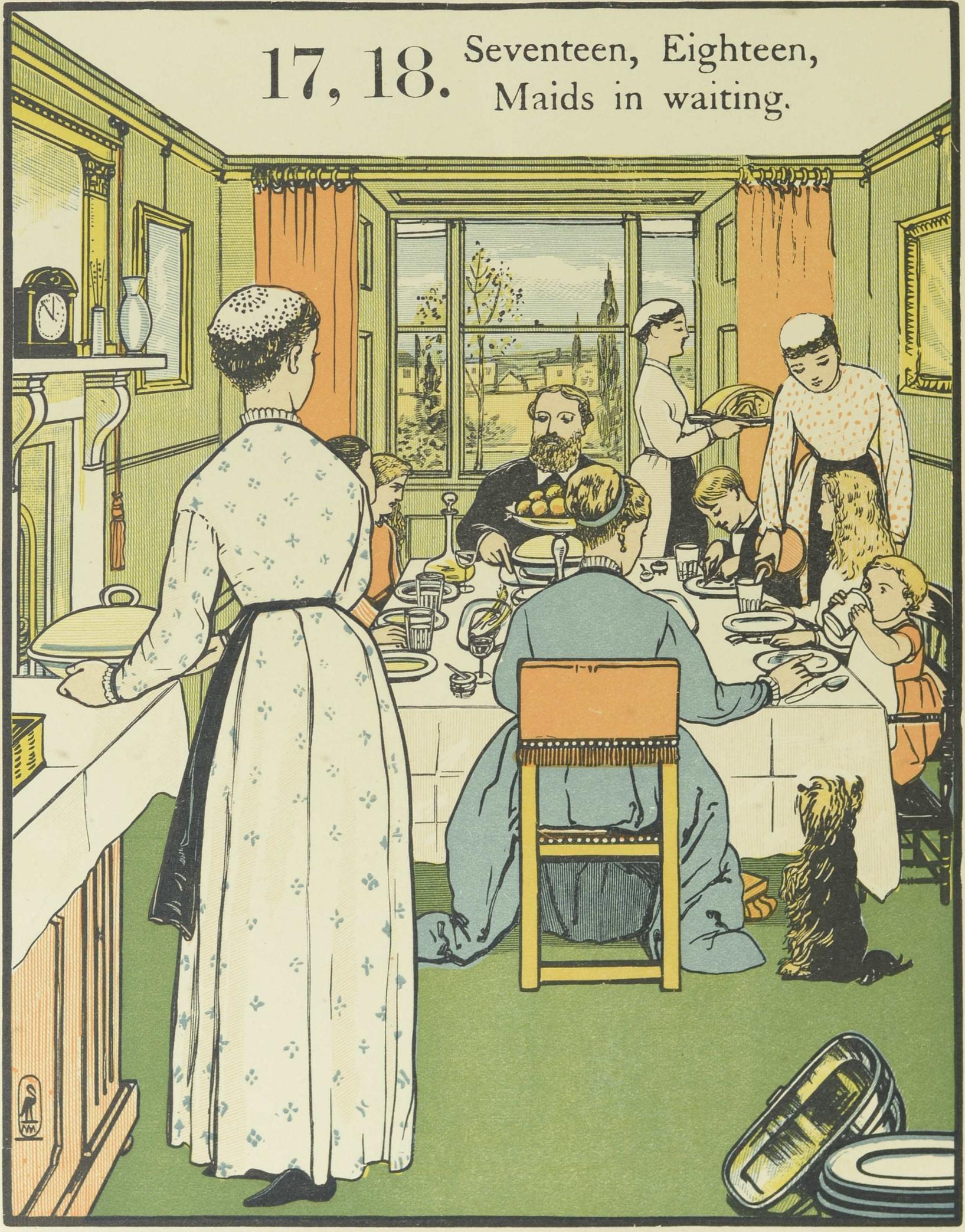
13, 14. Thirteen, Fourteen,
Maids are courting.



15, 16. Fifteen, Sixteen,
Maids in the Kitchen.



17, 18. Seventeen, Eighteen,
Maids in waiting.

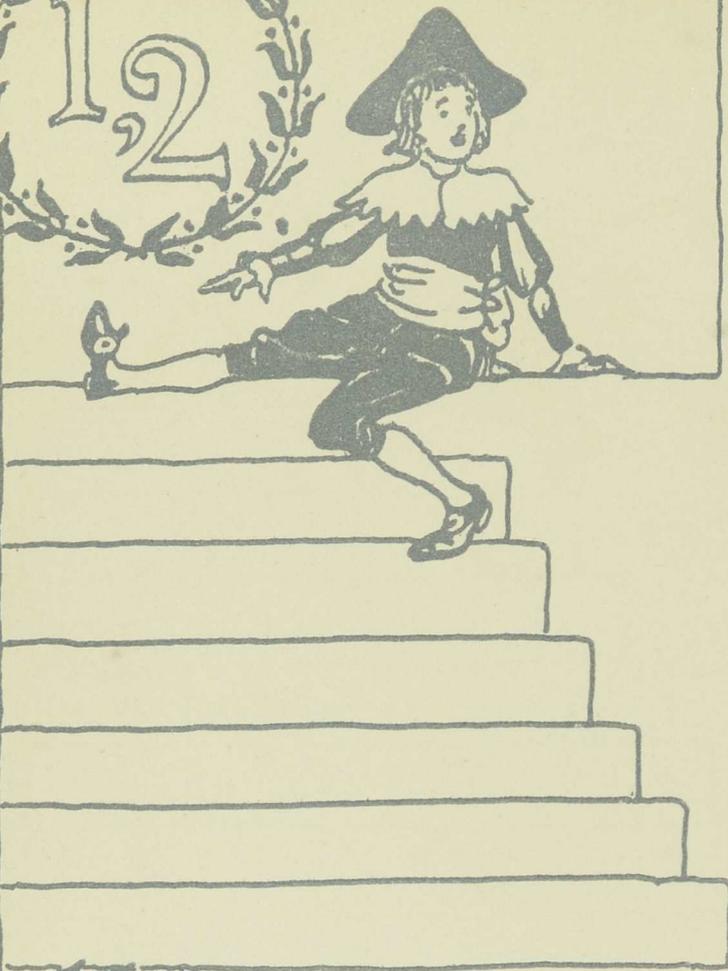


19, 20. Nineteen, Twenty.
My plate is empty.



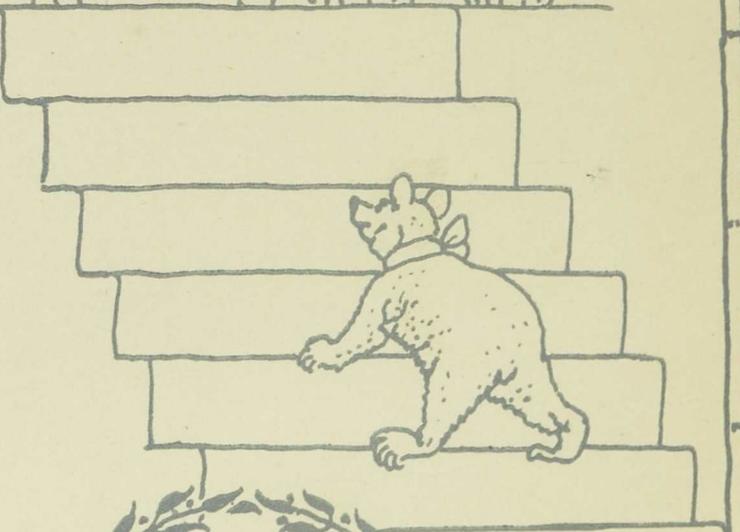
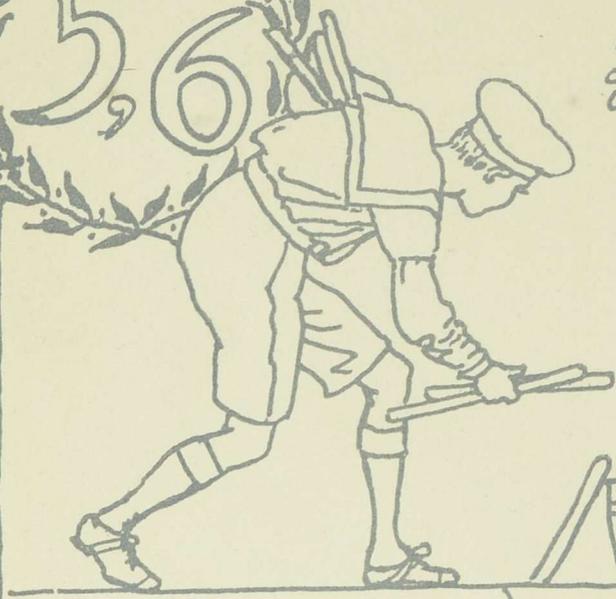
1, 2

3, 4

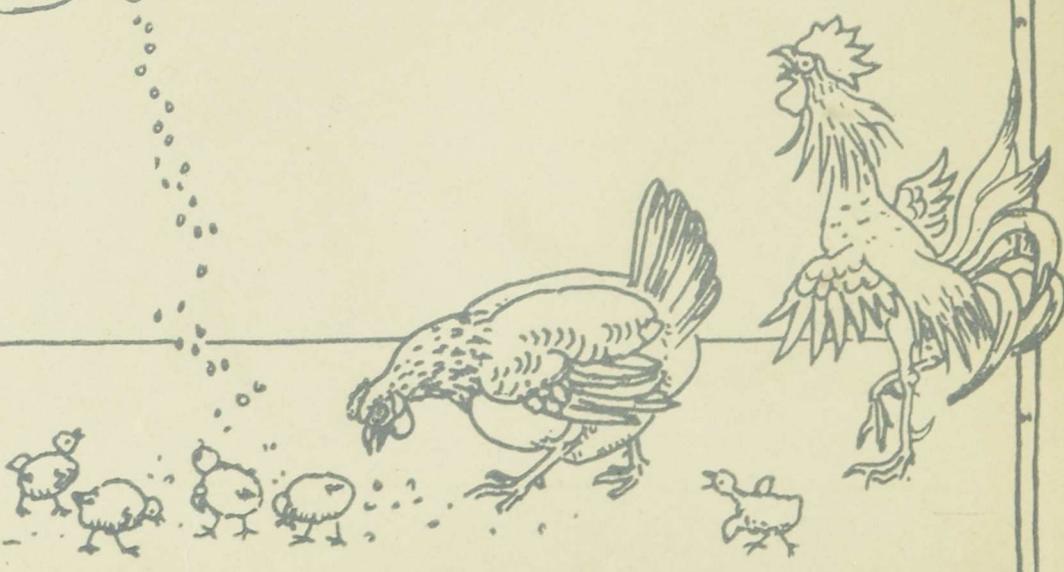
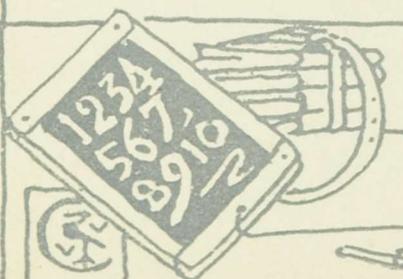
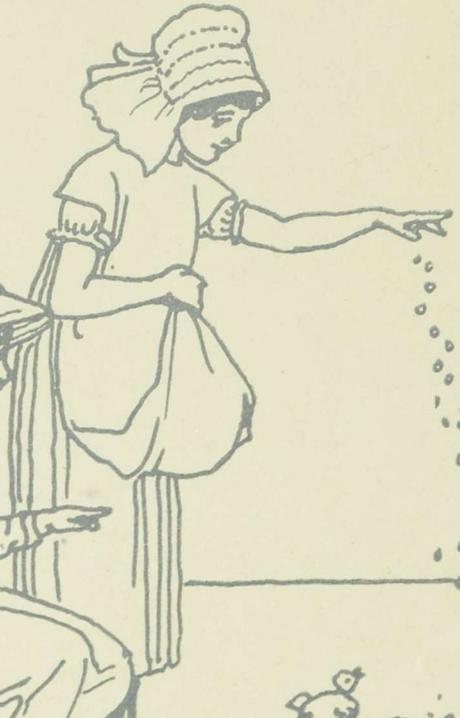
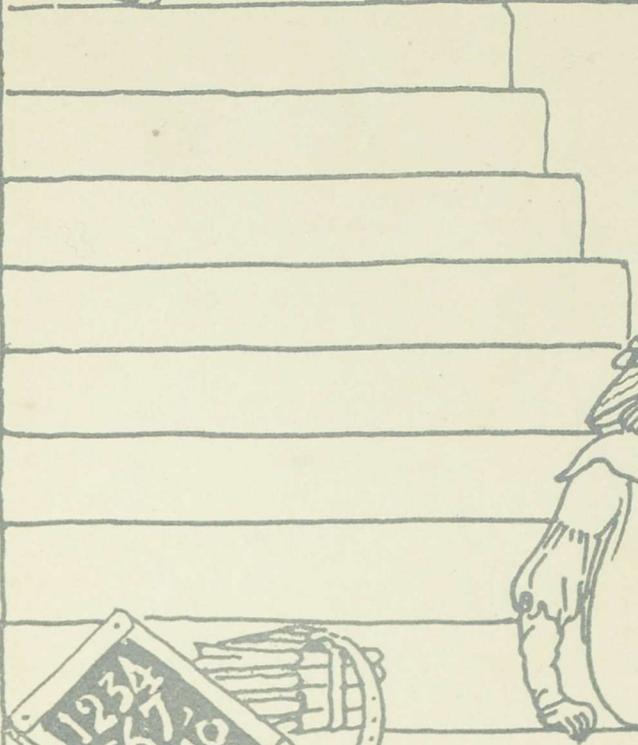


5, 6

7, 8

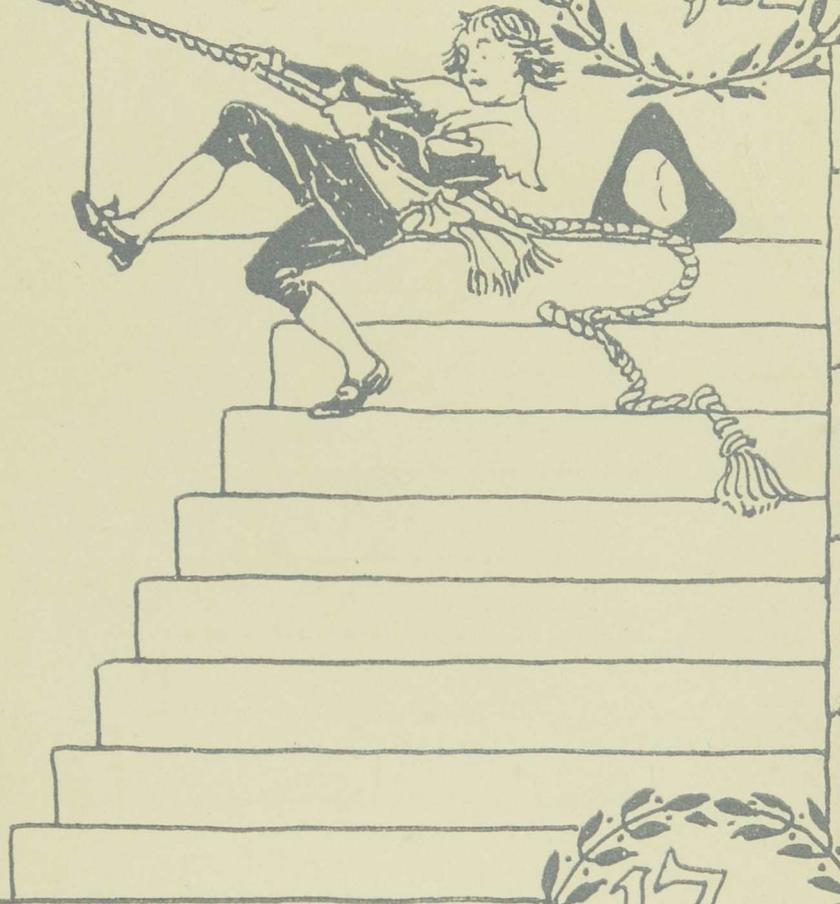
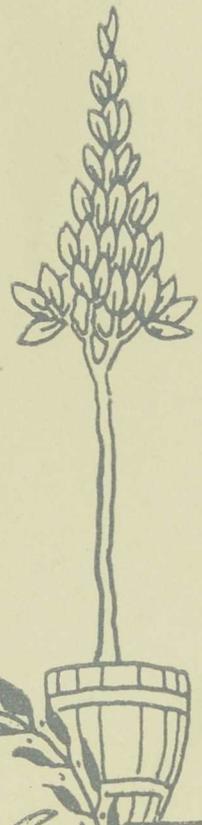


9, 10



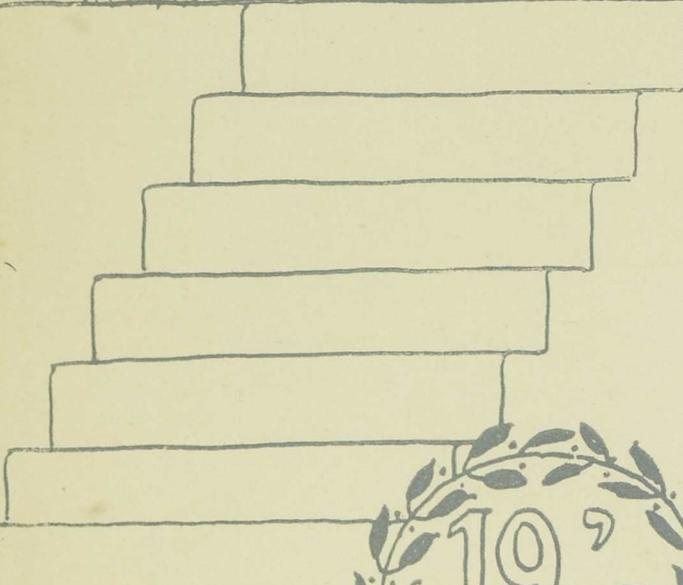
13, 14

11, 12

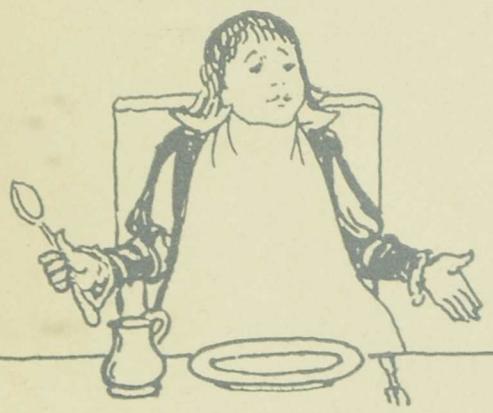


15, 16

17, 18



19, 20



WALTER CRANES
PICTURE BOOKS

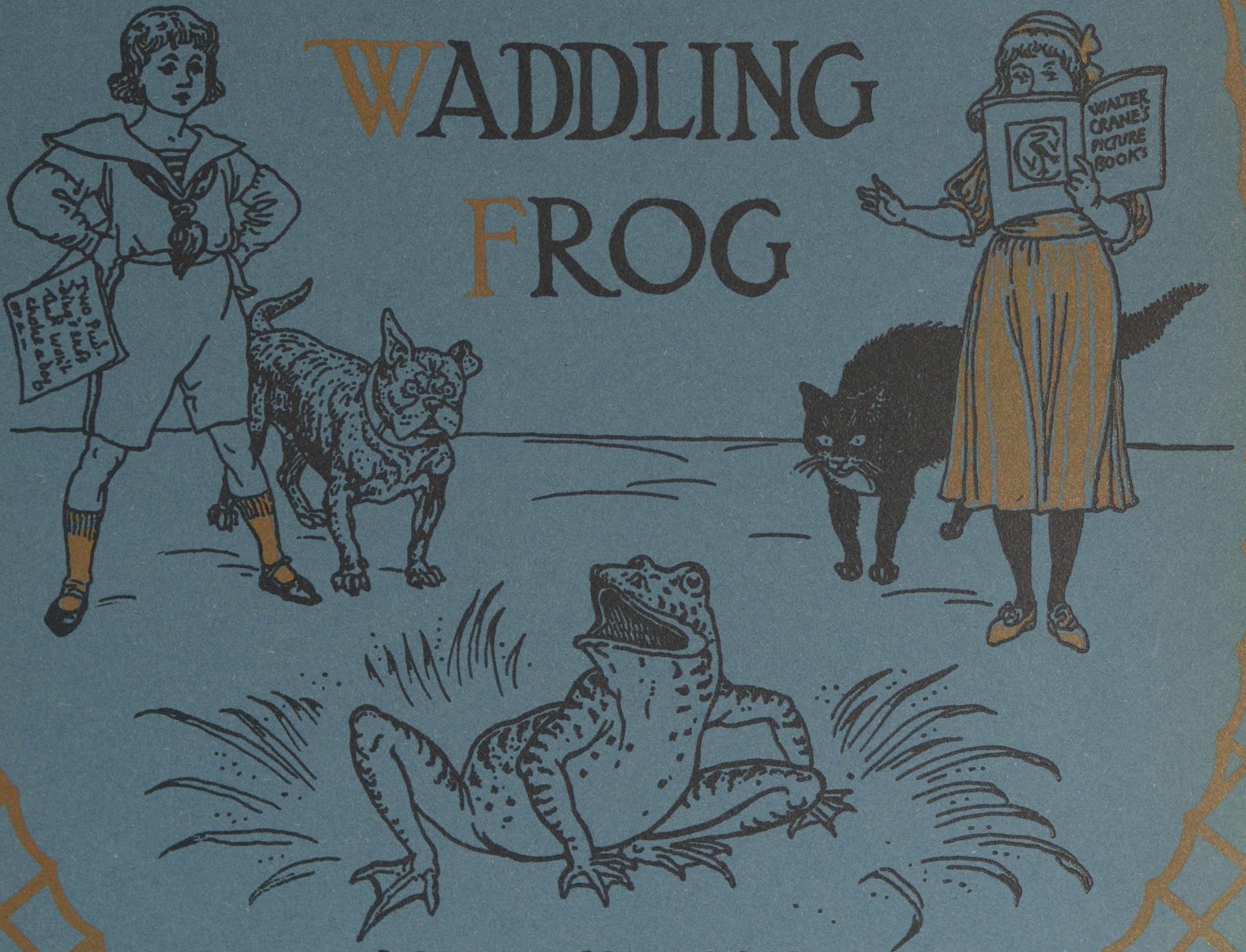
LARGE



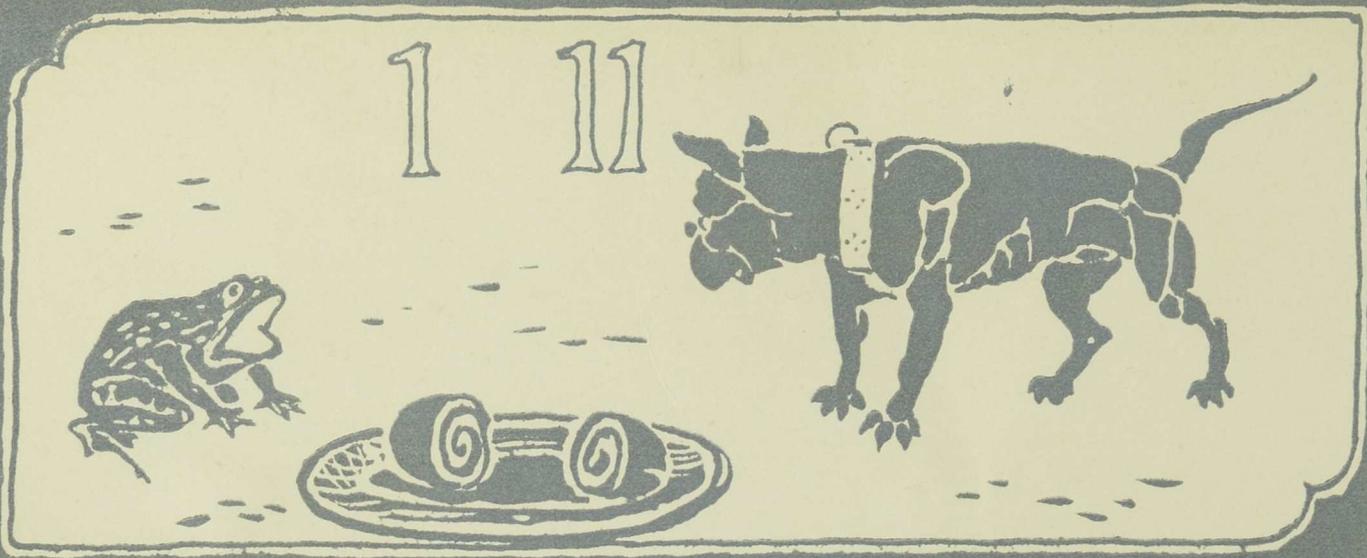
SERIES

ENGRAVED & PRINTED
BY
EDMUND EVANS, LTD.

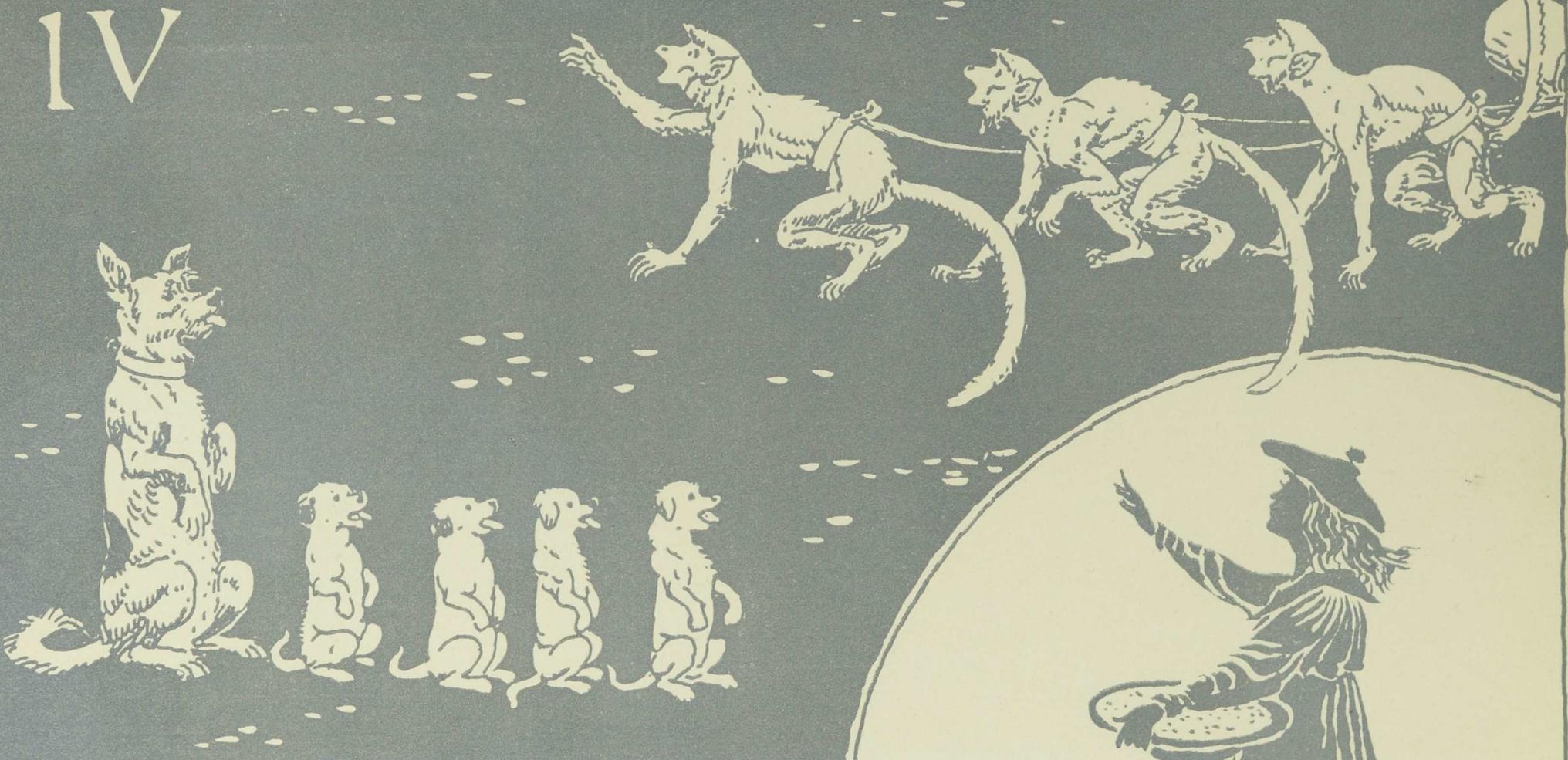
A
GAPING-
WIDE-MOUTH-
WADDLING
FROG



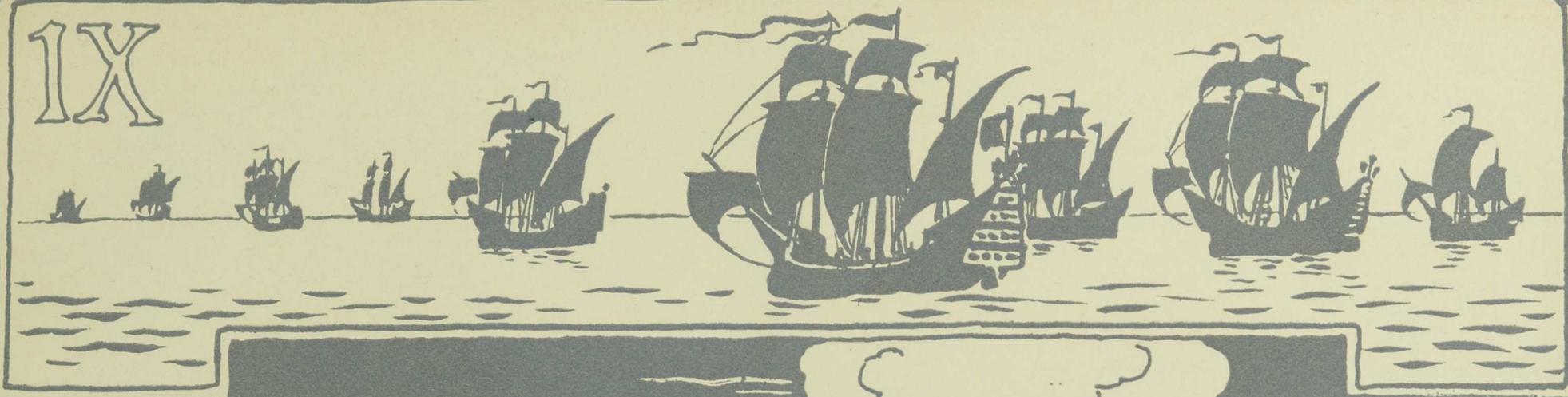
LONDON: JOHN·LANE,
THE·BODLEY·HEAD.
NEW·YORK: JOHN·LANE·COMPY



III



IX



VIII



VI

VII



F gaping-wide-mouth-waddling frog,
Two puddings' ends would
choke a dog,
Or a gaping-wide-mouth-waddling frog.





Three monkeys tied to a log,

Two puddings' ends, would choke a dog,
Or a gaping, wide-mouthed, waddling frog.



Four puppies with our dog Ball,

Who daily for their breakfast call.

Three monkeys tied to a log.

Two puddings' ends, would choke a dog,

Or a gaping, wide-mouthed, waddling frog.



Five beetles against the wall,

Close to an old woman's apple-stall.

Four puppies with our dog Ball,

Who daily for their breakfast call.

Three monkeys tied to a log.

Two puddings' ends, would choke a dog,

Or a gaping, wide-mouthed, waddling frog.





ix Joiners in Joiner's Hall,

Working with their tools and all.

Five beetles against the wall,

Close to an old woman's apple-stall.

Four puppies with our dog Ball,

Who daily for their breakfast call.

Three monkeys tied to a log.

Two puddings' ends, would choke a dog,

Or a gaping, wide-mouthed, waddling frog.



Seven Lobsters in a dish,

As fresh as any heart could wish.

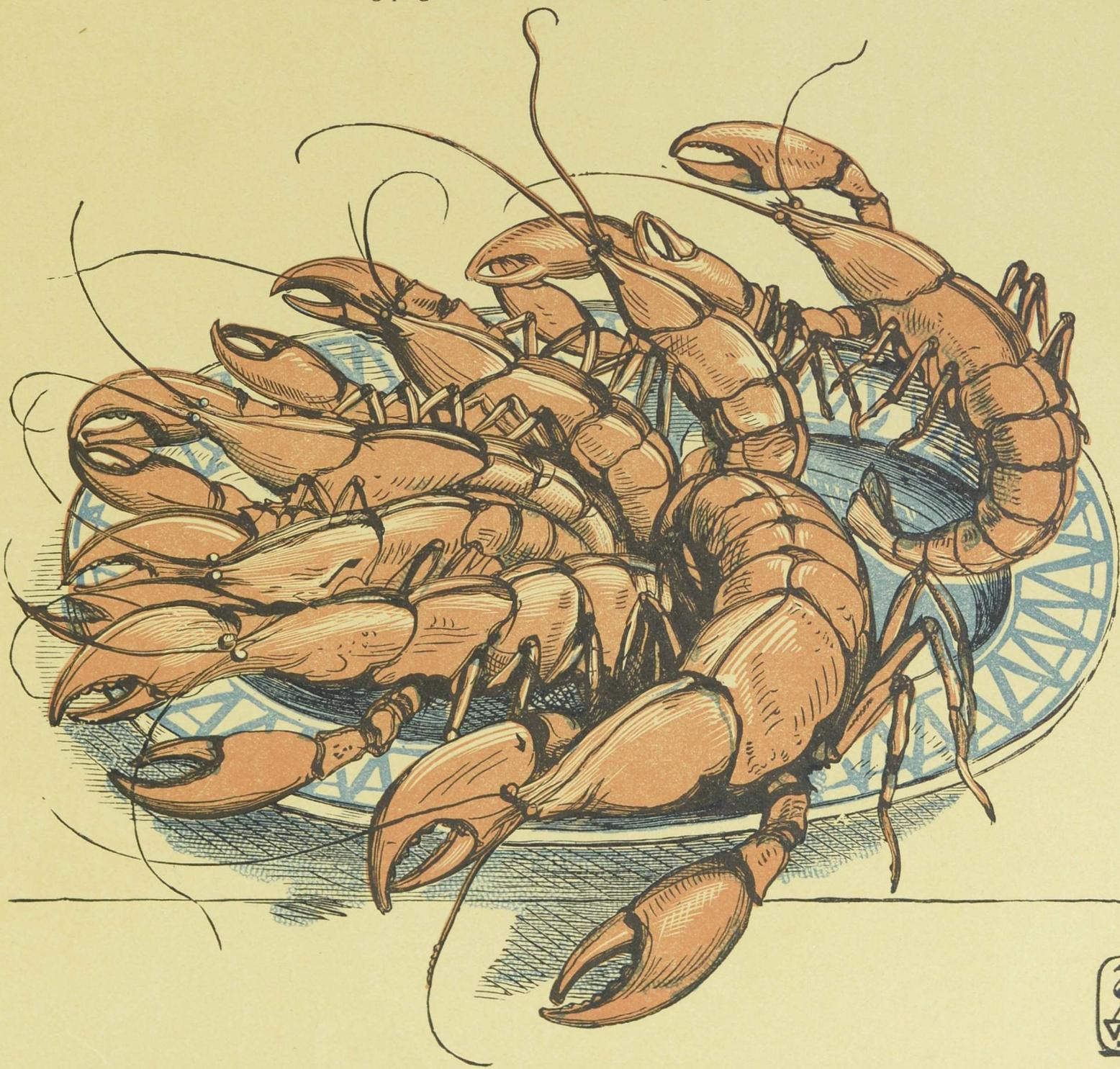
Six joiners in Joiners' Hall,
Working with their tools and all.

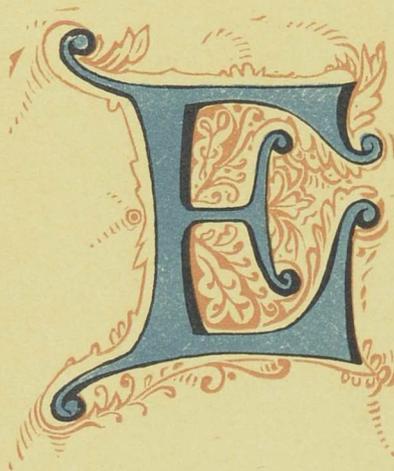
Five beetles against the wall,
Close to an old woman's apple-stall.

Four puppies with our dog Ball,
Who daily for their breakfast call,

Three monkeys tied to a log.

Two puddings' ends, would choke a dog,
Or a gaping, wide-mouthed, waddling frog.





Eight peacocks in the air,



I wonder how they all got there?
You don't know, and I don't care.
Seven lobsters in a dish, as fresh as any heart could wish.
Six joiners in Joiners' Hall, working with their tools and all.
Five beetles against the wall, close to an old woman's apple-stall.
Four puppies with our dog Ball, who daily for their breakfast call.
Three monkeys tied to a log.
Two puddings' ends, would choke a dog,
Or a gaping, wide-mouthed, waddling frog.



Nine ships sailing on the main,

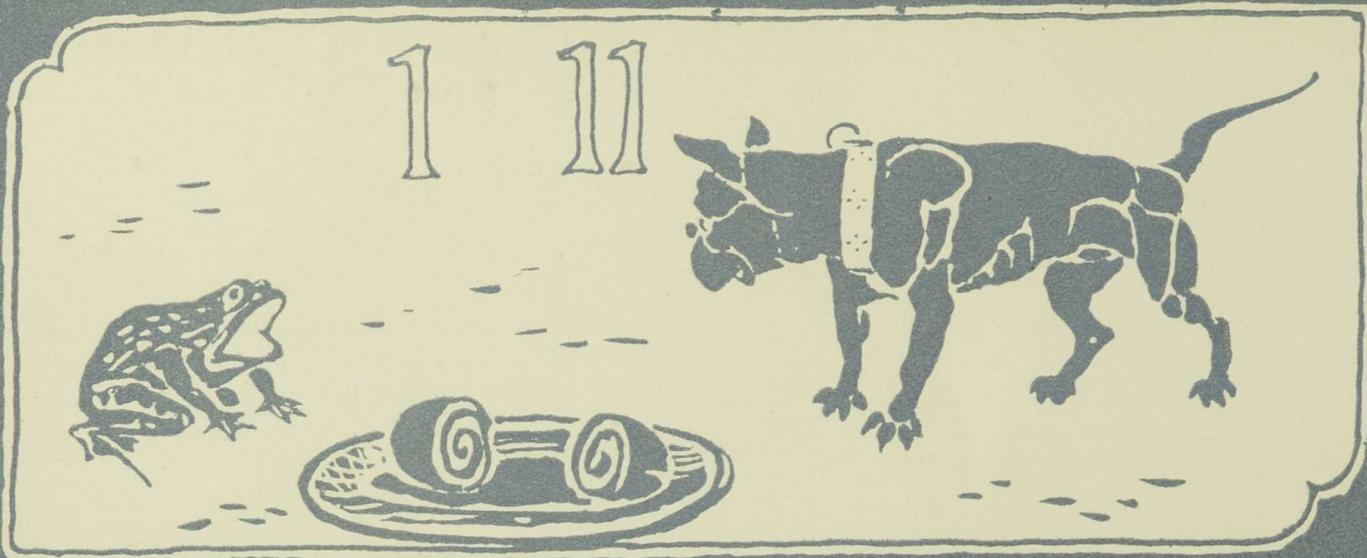
Some bound for France, and some for Spain ;
I wish them all safe back again.

Eight peacocks in the air,
I wonder how they all got there?
You don't know, and I don't care.

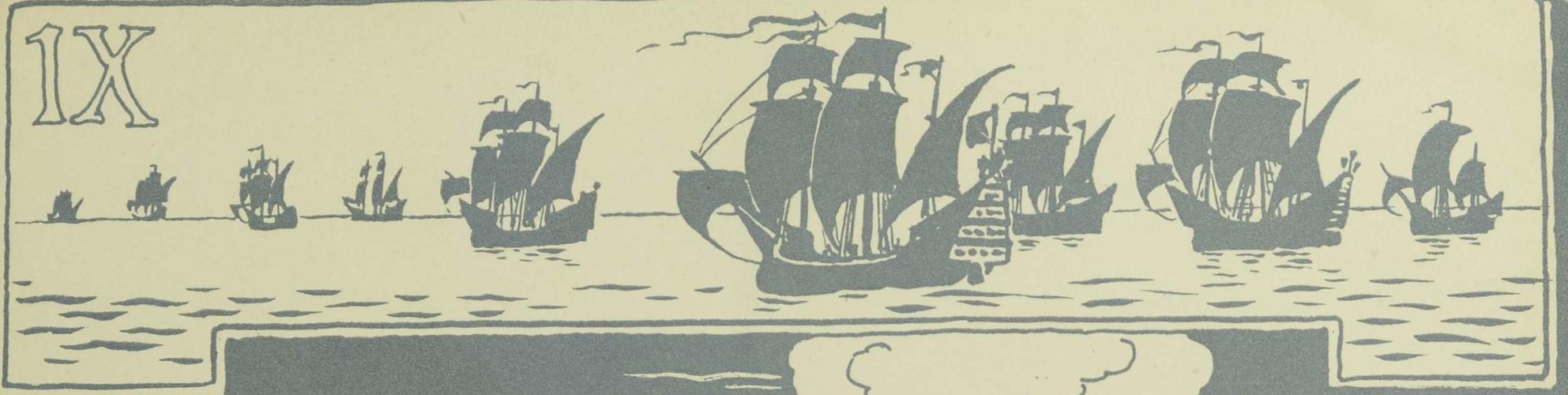
Seven lobsters in a dish,
As fresh as any heart could wish.

Six joiners in Joiners' Hall,
Working with their tools and all.
Five beetles against the wall,
Close to an old woman's apple stall.
Four puppies with our dog Ball,
Who daily for their breakfast call.
Three monkeys tied to a log.
Two puddings' ends, would choke a dog,
Or a gaping, wide-mouthed, waddling frog.





IX



VIII



VII



VI



WALTER CRANES
PICTURE BOOKS



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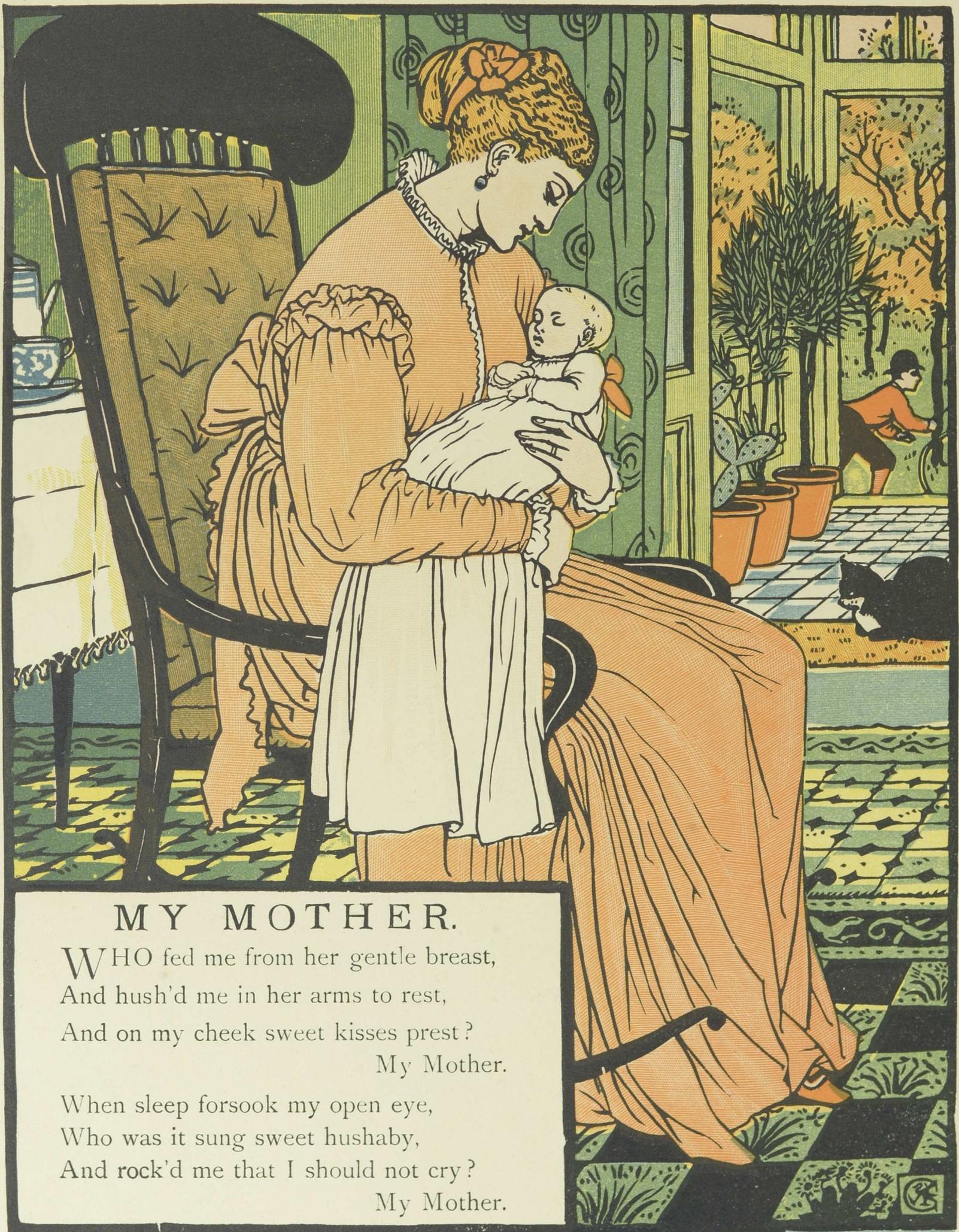
MY MOTHER



LONDON: JOHN LANE
THE BODLEY HEAD.
NEW YORK: JOHN LANE COMPY







MY MOTHER.

WHO fed me from her gentle breast,
And hush'd me in her arms to rest,
And on my cheek sweet kisses prest?

My Mother.

When sleep forsook my open eye,
Who was it sung sweet hushaby,
And rock'd me that I should not cry?

My Mother.

Who sat and watched my infant head,
When sleeping on my cradle bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed?

My Mother.

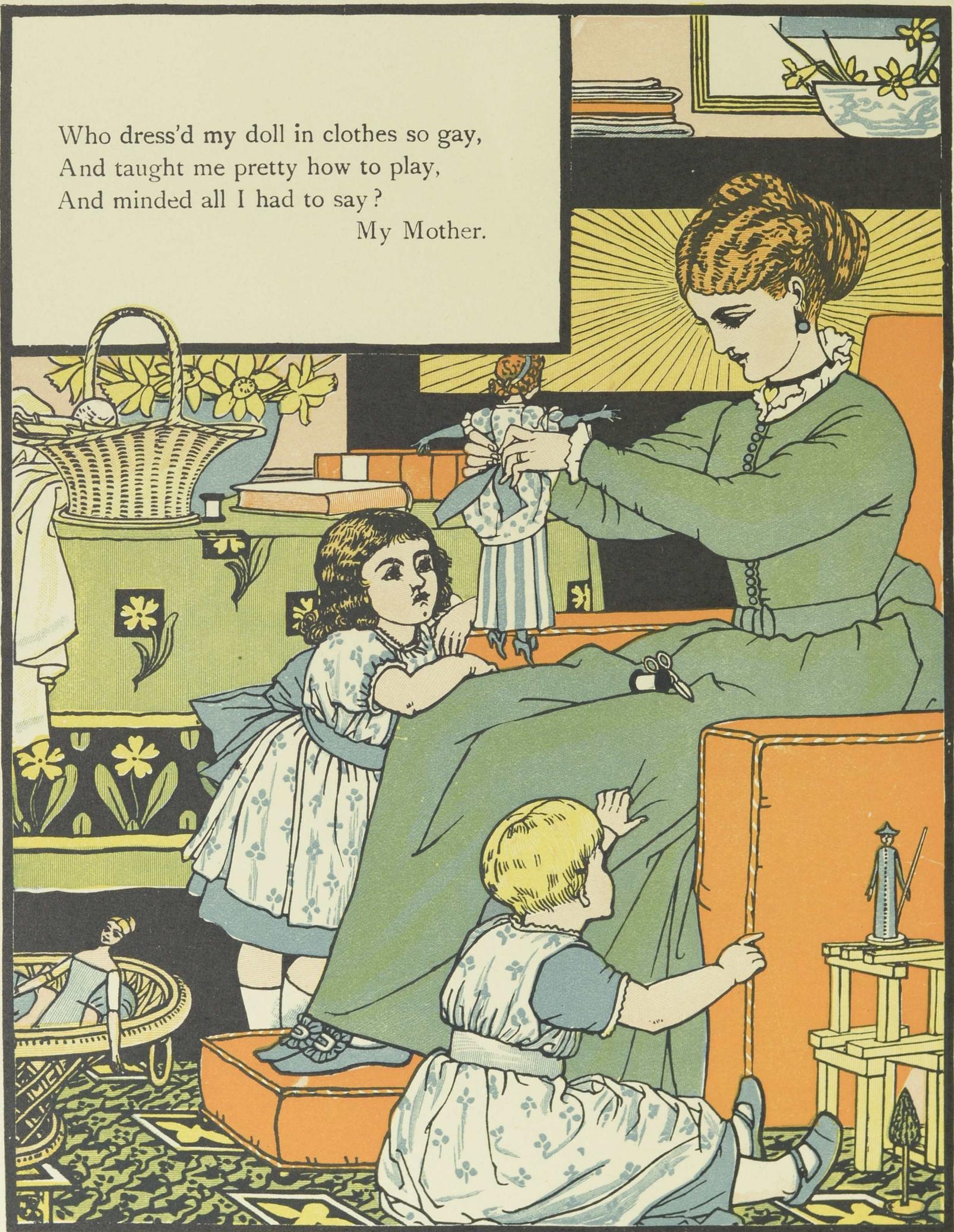
When pain and sickness made me cry,
Who gazed upon my heavy eye,
And wept for fear that I should die?

My Mother.



Who dress'd my doll in clothes so gay,
And taught me pretty how to play,
And minded all I had to say?

My Mother.





Who taught my infant lips to pray,
And love God's holy book and day,
And walk in Wisdom's pleasant way?

My Mother.

Ah, no! the thought
And if God please
I hope I shall receive

And can I ever cease to be
Affectionate and kind to thee,
Who was so very kind to me,
My Mother?

I cannot bear ;
My life to spare,
And thy care,
My Mother.





Who ran to help me when I fell,
And would some pretty story tell,
Or kiss the place to make it well?
My Mother.

When thou art feeble, old, and gray,
My healthy arm shall be thy stay,
And I will soothe thy pains away.
My Mother.

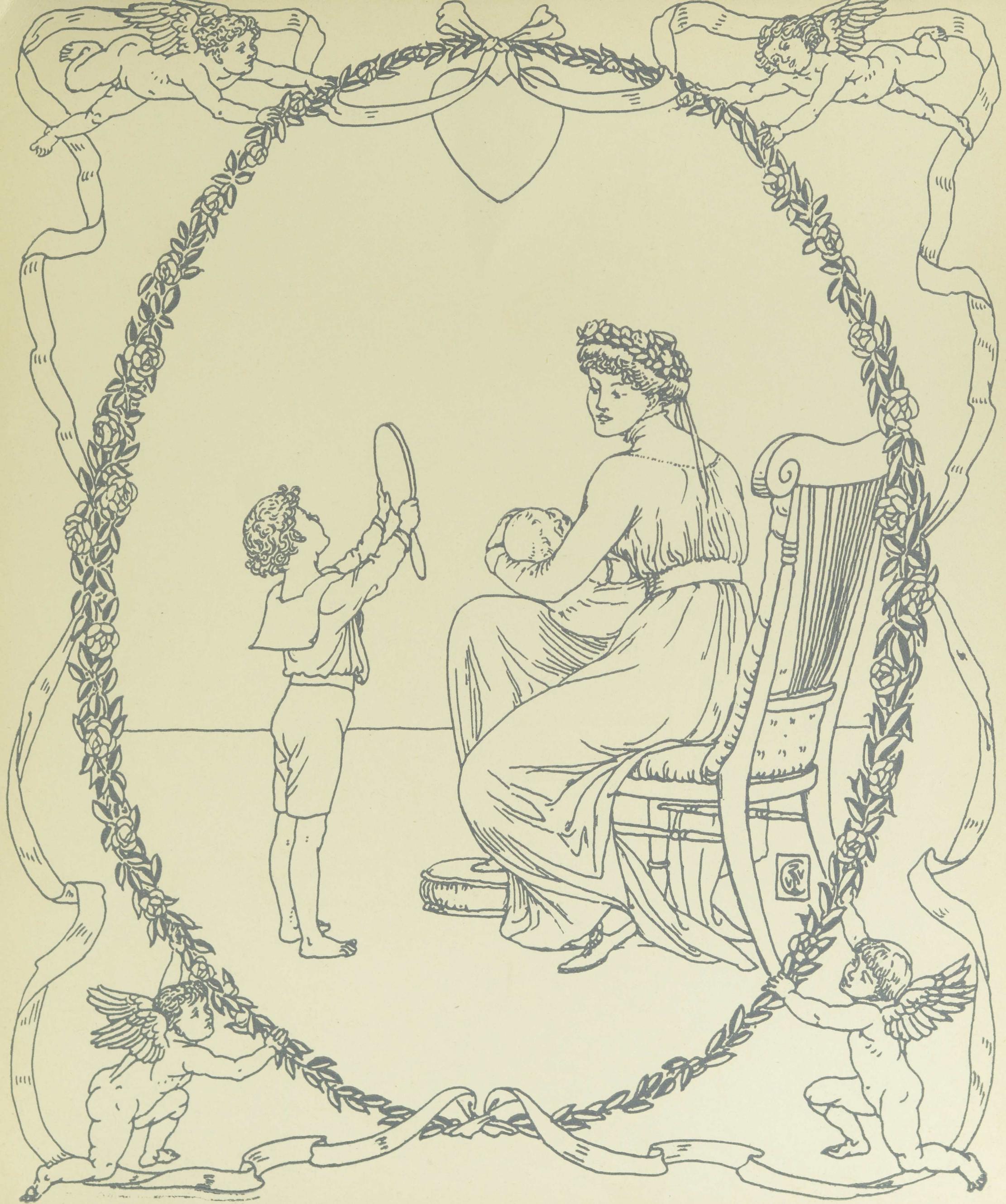


And when I see thee hang thy head,
'Twill be my turn to watch *thy* bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed,
My Mother.

For GOD, who lives above the skies,
Would look with vengeance in His eyes,
If I should ever dare despise
My Mother.







WALTER CRANE'S
PICTURE BOOKS



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CRANE, WALTER
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