

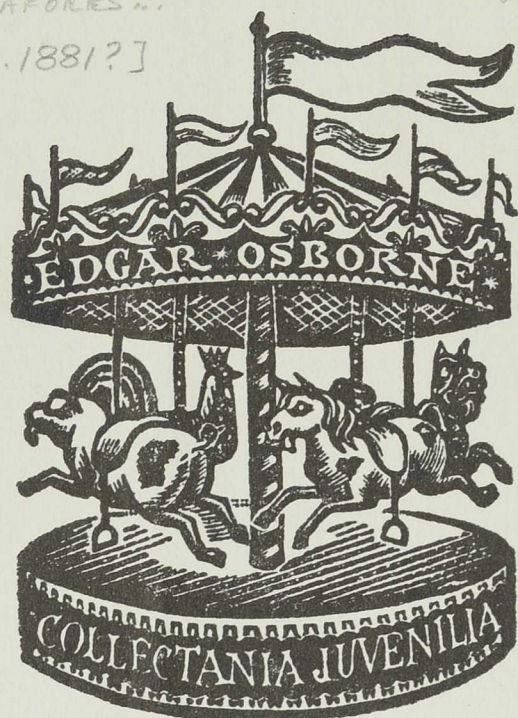
PINAFORES RED-COATS AND BLUE-JACKETS



NR (TBC)...
PINAFORES...

fol

[ca. 1881?]



37131 062 431 556

Edmond Culland
avec les bons souhaits
de Madame Bell

Le Hoch. 1881







PINAFORES

RED COATS

Blue Jacks

A NURSERY
Toy Book

F. Warne & Co. Bedford St. London W.C.

Andre.



Old
Nursery
Rhymes:

: OLD
NURSERY
SONGS:

The
SOLDIER'S
Alphabet:

The
SAILOR'S
Alphabet:

Chromolithographed by
Emrik & Binger
15, Holborn Viaduct London: E.C.

André:





Tom with his pipe made such a noise
That he pleased both girls and boys,
Who often stopped to hear him play
"Over the Hills and Far Away."



Tom, Tom, the Piper's son,
Learnt to play when he was young ;
But the only tune that he could play
Was "Over the Hills and Far Away."



Tom with his pipe played with such skill
That those who heard him could never keep still ;
Whenever they heard they began to dance,
E'en pigs on their hind legs would after him prance.



He met Dame Trot with a basket of eggs,
He played his pipe, and she used her legs ;
She danced about till the day was done,
And Tom laughed merrily at the fun.



As Dolly was milking her cow one day,
Tom took out his pipe and began to play,
So Doll and the cow they danced a tilt,
Till the pail fell down and the milk was spilt.



Tom saw a cross fellow was beating an ass
Heavily laden with pans and glass ;

He took out his pipe and played them a tune,
And the donkey's load was lightened soon.



"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?"
 "I'm going a-milking, sir," she said.



"May I marry you, my pretty maid?"
 "That's just as you please, kind sir," she said.



"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
 "You're kindly welcome, sir," she said.



"What is your Father, my pretty maid?"
 "My father's a farmer, sir," she said.



"What is your Mother, my pretty maid?"
 "She's the wife of my father, sir," she said.



"What is your Fortune, my pretty maid?"
 "My face is my fortune, sir," she said.



"Then I can't marry you, my pretty maid."
 "There's nobody asked you, sir," she said.



Simple Simon met a Pieman,
Going to the fair ;
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
Let me taste your ware.



Says the pieman to Simple Simon,
"Show me first your penny."
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Indeed I have not any."



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



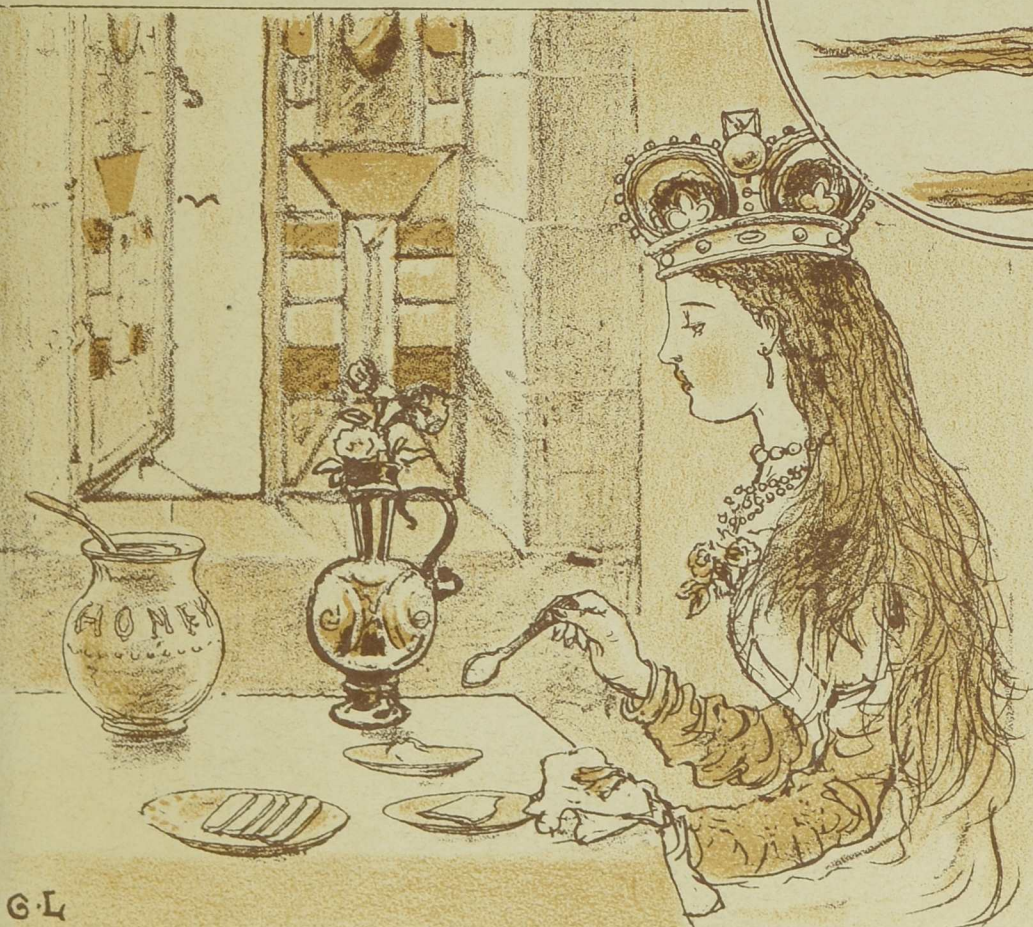
He went to shoot a wild duck,
But the wild duck flew away ;
Says Simon, "I can't hit him,
Because he will not stay."



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 dainty dish to set before a King?



The King was in the Counting-house, counting out his money
The Queen was in the Parlour, eating bread and honey ;



The Maid was in the Garden, hanging out the clothes,
By came a Blackbird and snapped off her nose.



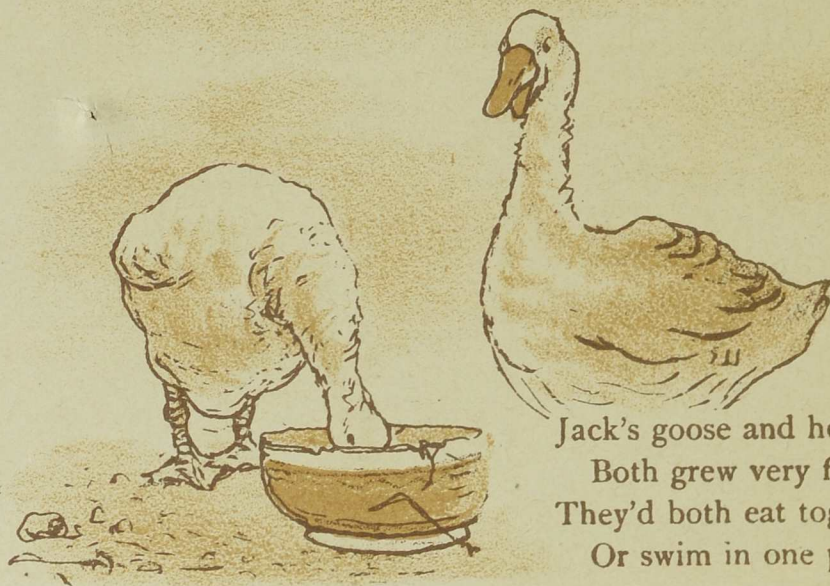
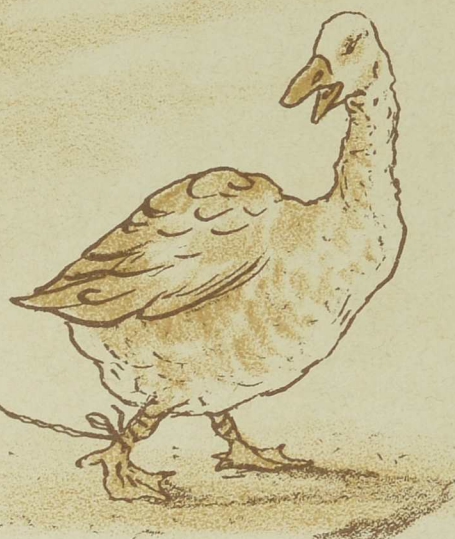
Old Mother Goose, when
She wanted to wander,
Would ride through the air
On a very fine gander.



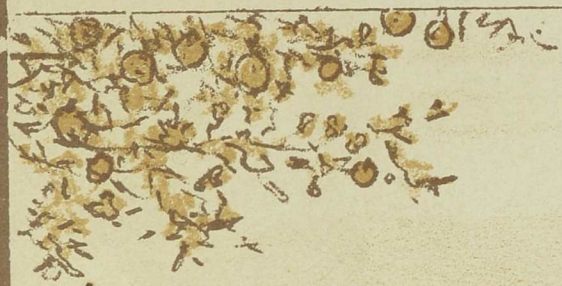
Mother Goose had a house,
'T was built in a wood,
Where an owl at the door
For a sentinel stood.



Her son Jack went to market,
A live goose he bought.
"Here, Mother," says he,
"It will not go for nought."



Jack's goose and her gander
Both grew very fond,
They'd both eat together,
Or swim in one pond.



Jack found one morning,
As I have been told,
His goose had laid for him
An egg of pure gold.



G.L.

Jack rode to his Mother,
The news her to tell ;
She called him a good boy,
And said it was well.

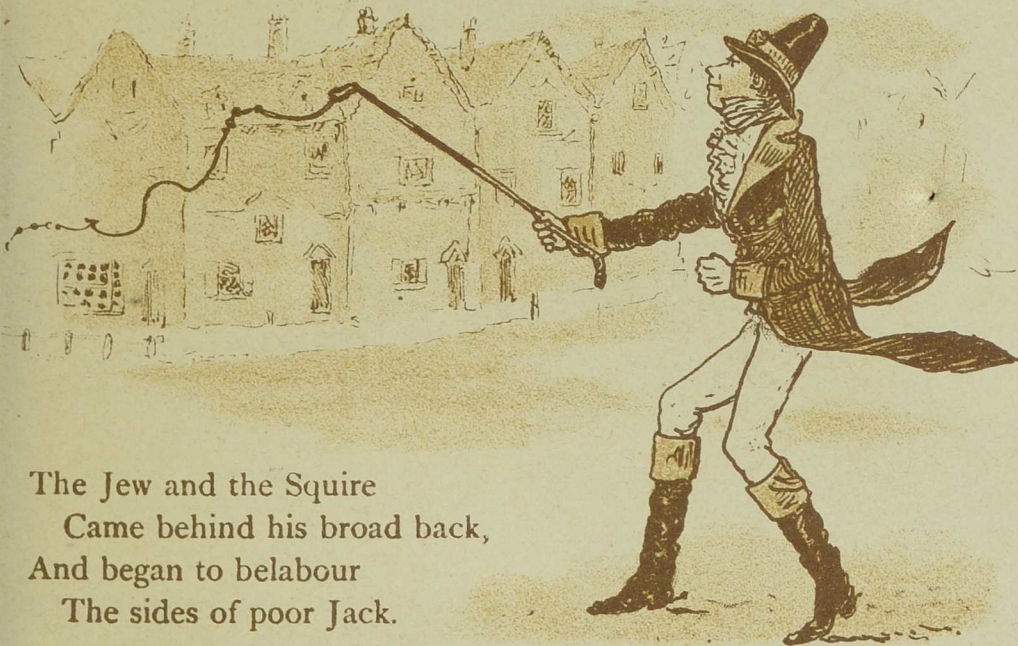




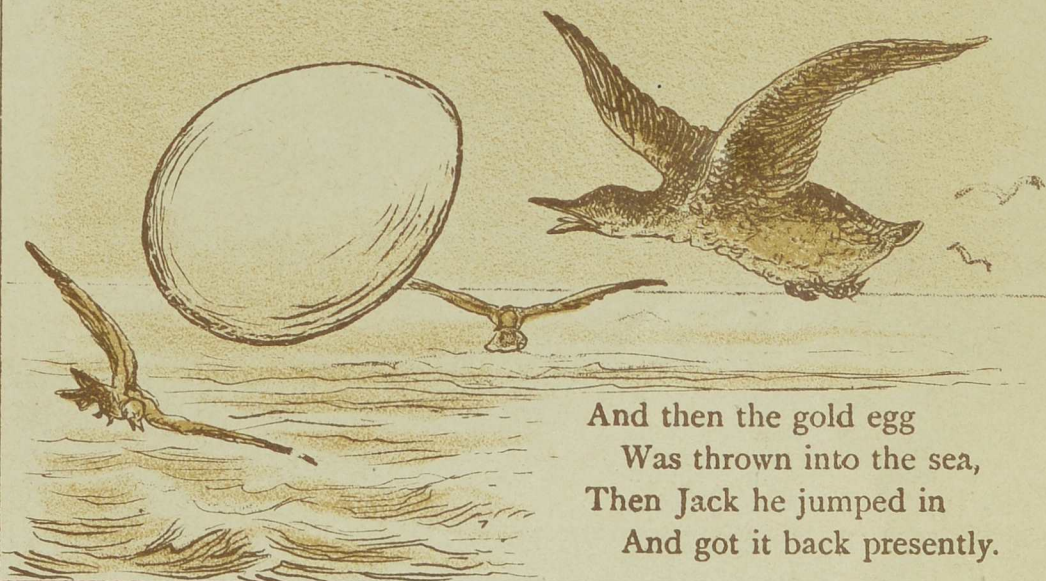
Jack sold his gold egg
To a rogue of a Jew,
Who cheated him out of
The half of his due.



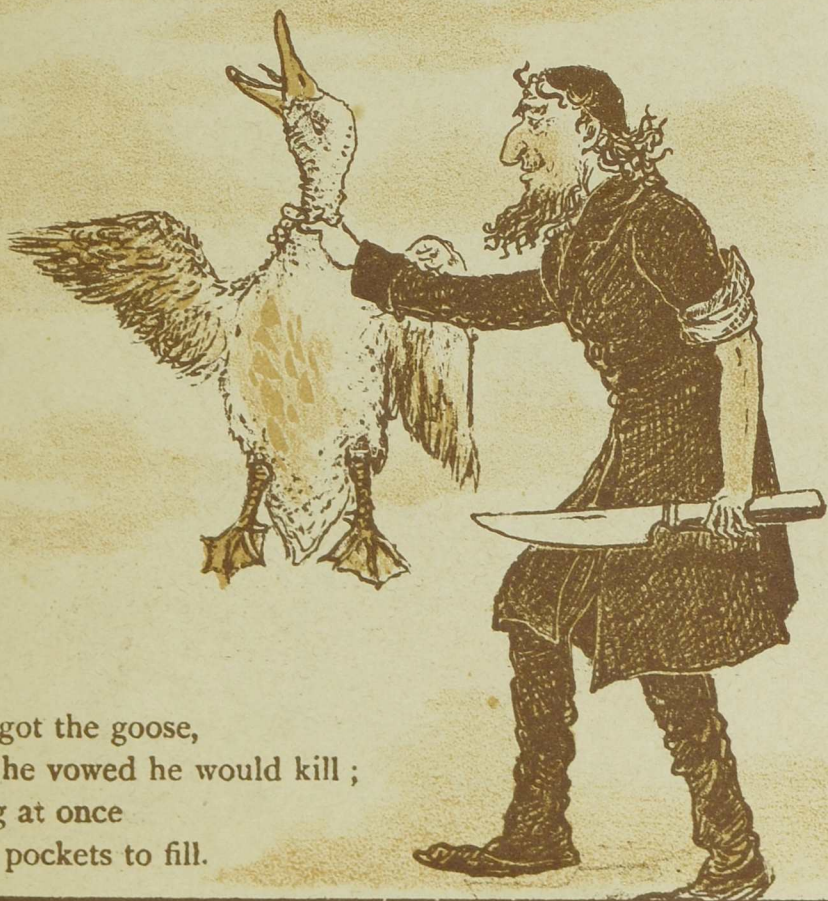
Jack went and made love
To a lady so gay,
As fair as the lily,
And sweet as the may.



The Jew and the Squire
Came behind his broad back,
And began to belabour
The sides of poor Jack.



And then the gold egg
Was thrown into the sea,
Then Jack he jumped in
And got it back presently.



The Jew got the goose,
Which he vowed he would kill ;
Resolving at once
All his pockets to fill.



Jack's Mother came in,
And caught the goose soon,
And, mounting its back,
Flew away to the moon.



Little Bo-peep has lost her sheep,
And cannot tell where to find them ;
Leave them alone, and they'll come home,
And bring their tails behind them.



Little Bo-peep fell fast asleep,
And dreamt she heard them bleating ;
But when she awoke she found it a joke,
For still they all were fleeting.



Then up she took her little crook,
Determined for to find them ;
She found them indeed, but it made
her heart bleed,
For they'd left their tails behind them.



It happened one day as Bo-peep did stray
Unto a meadow hard by,
There she espied their tails, side by side,
All hung on a tree to dry.



Then she heaved a sigh and wiped her eye,
And ran o'er hill and dale-o,
And tried what she could, as a shepherdess should,
To tack to each sheep his tail-o.



Bull's eyes and targets,
Say the bells of St. Marg'ret's.
Brickbats and tiles,
Say the bells of St. Giles'.
Halfpence and farthings,
Say the bells of St. Martin's.

Gay go up and gay go down,
Soring the bells of London town.
Oranges and lemons,
Say the bells of St. Clement's.
Pancakes and fritters,
Say the bells of St. Peter's.

Pokers and tongs, say the bells of St. John's.
You owe me ten shillings, say the bells of St. Helen's.
When will you pay me? say the bells of Old Bailey.
When I grow rich, say the bells of Shoreditch.



Old Father Baldpate, say the slow bells of Aldgate.
Kettles and pans, say the bells of St. Ann's.
Two sticks and an apple, say the bells of Whitechapel.

Pray when will that be? say the bells of Stepney.
I am sure I don't know, says the great bell of Bow.

Here comes a Candle to light you to bed,
And here comes a Chopper to chop off your head.

George Lambert



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.
So up Jack got, and home did trot,
As fast as he could caper.



Dame Jill had the job to plaster his nob
With vinegar and brown paper.
When Jill came in she began to grin
To see his paper plaster,
Then mother, vex'd, did whip her next,
For causing Jack's disaster.



Old King Cole
Was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he ;



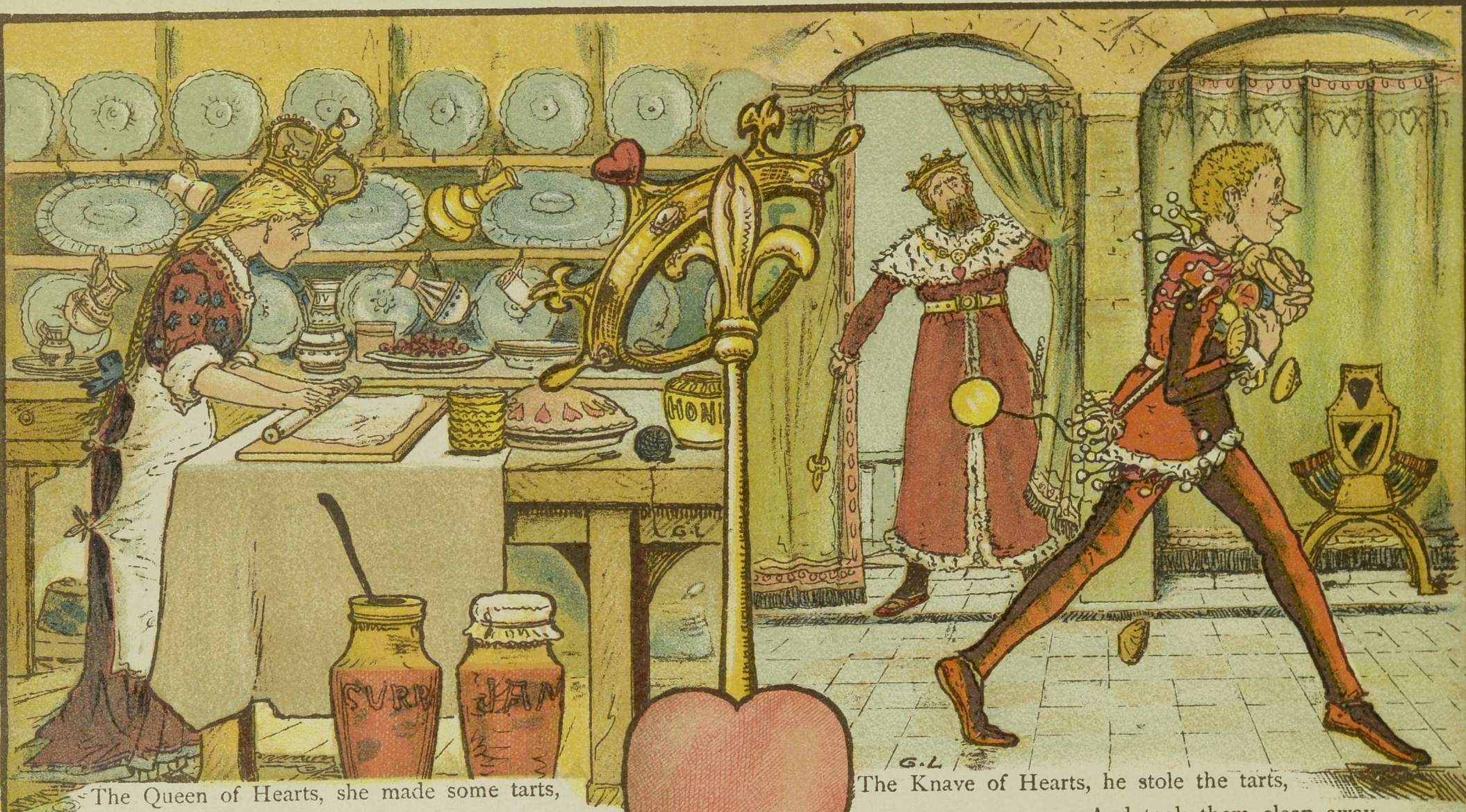
And he called for his pipe,
And he called for his glass,
And he called for his fiddlers three.



Georgie Porgie, pudding and pie,
Kissed the girls and made them cry.

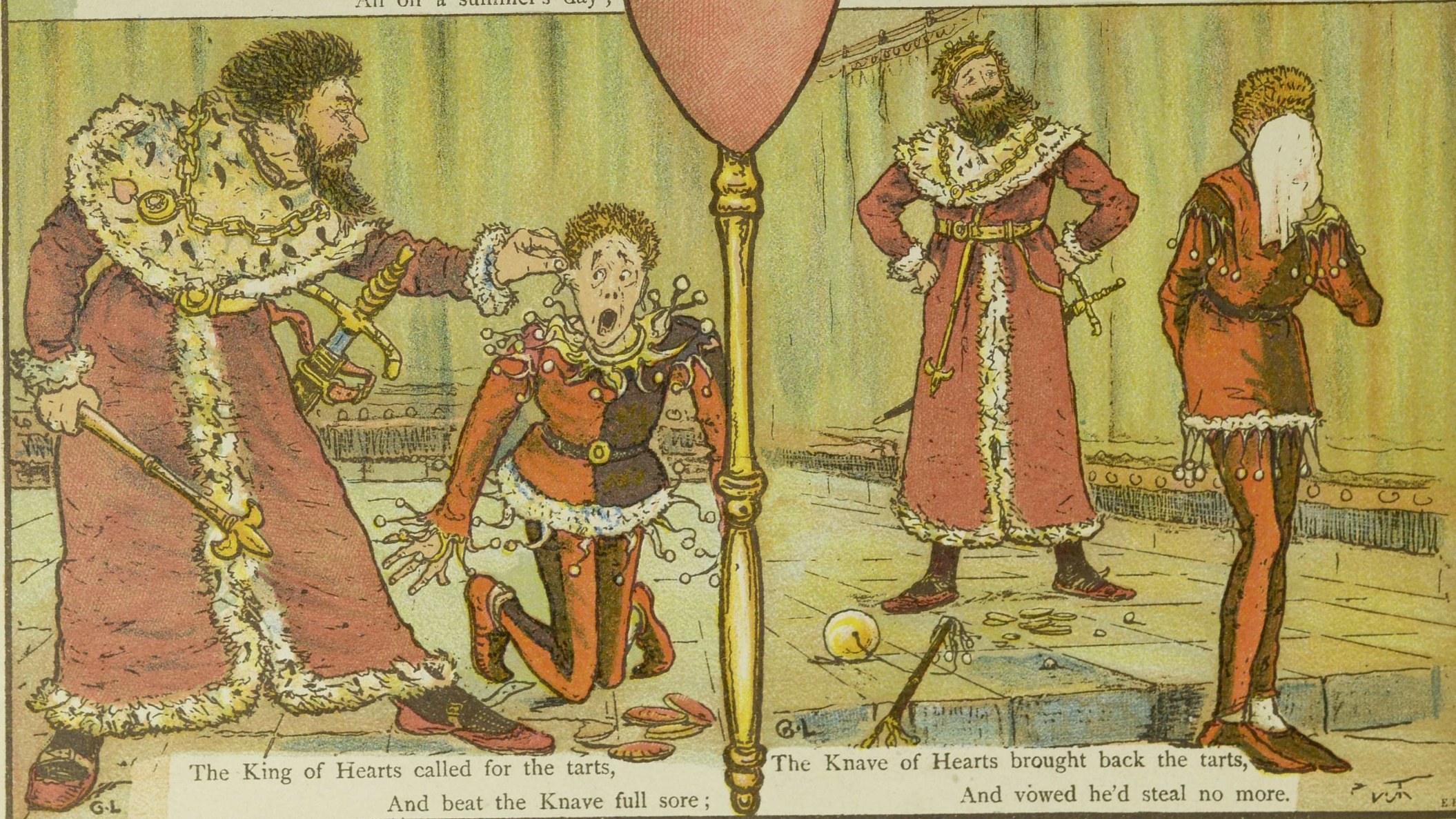


When the girls came out to play
Georgie Porgie ran away.



The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts,
All on a summer's day ;

The Knave of Hearts, he stole the tarts,
And took them clean 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.

There was an old woman, as I've heard tell,
She went to market her eggs for to sell;
She went to market all on a market day,
And she fell asleep on the king's highway.



There came by a pedlar whose name was Stout,
He cut her petticoats all round about;
He cut her petticoats up to the knees,
Which made the old woman to shiver and freeze.



When the old woman first did wake,
She began to shiver, and she began to shake;
She began to wonder, and she began to cry,
"Lauk a daisy on me; this can't be I!"



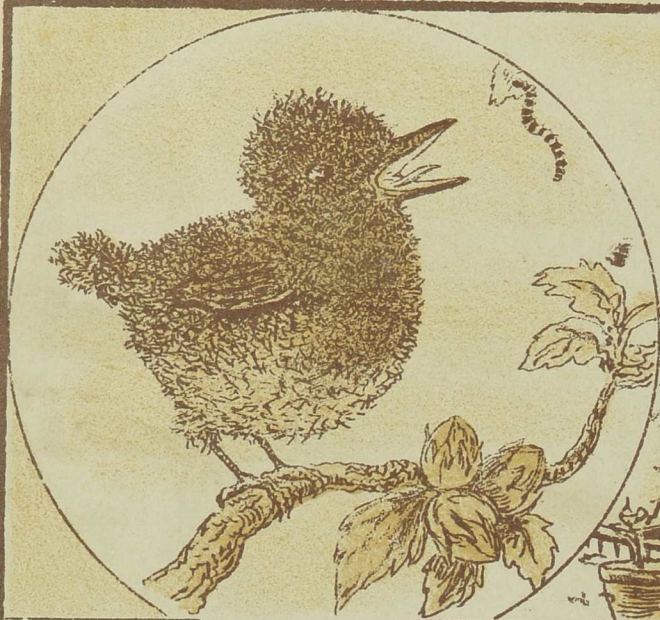
"But if it be I, as I hope it be,
I have a little dog at home, and he'll know me;
If it be I, he will wag his little tail,
But if it be not I, he will loudly bark and wail."



Home went the little woman all in the dark,
Up got the little dog, and he began to bark;
He began to bark, so she began to cry,
"Lauk a daisy on me, this is none of I!"







Snail, snail, come out of your hole,
Or else I will beat you as black as a coal.



Little Bob Robin, where do you live?
Up in yon wood, sir, on a hazel twig.

There was a rat, for want of stairs,
Went down a rope to say his prayers.



Thirty white horses upon a red hill,
Now they tramp, now they champ, now
they stand still.

Three straws on a staff
Would make a baby cry and laugh.

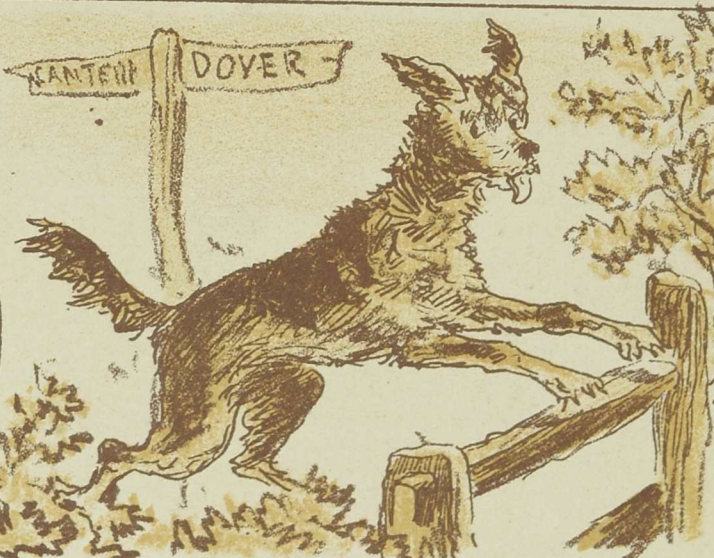
Jack be nimble, Jack be quick ;
And Jack jump over the candlestick.



I can make white bread thick and thin ;
I can make white bread fit for a king.



Daffy-down-Dilly has come up to town,
In a yellow petticoat and a green gown.



Leg over leg, as the dog went to Dover ;
When he came to a stile, jump he went over.



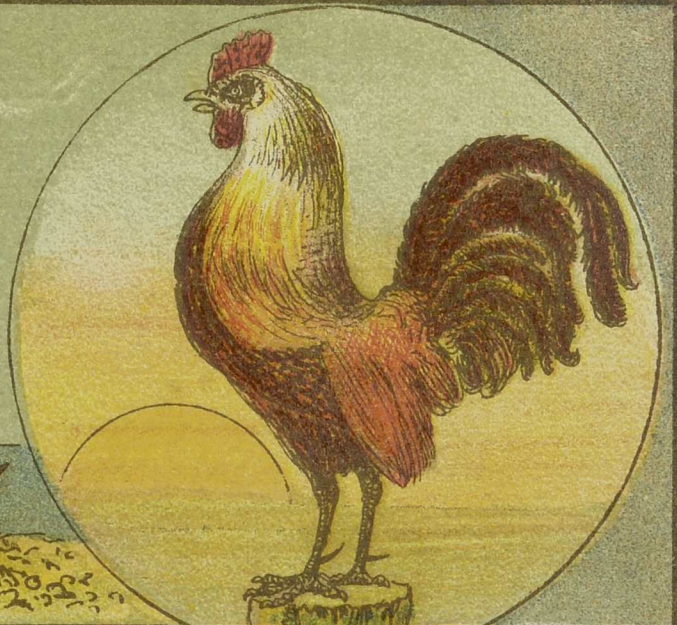
To market, to market, to buy a plum bun ;
Home again, come again, market is done.



Bow-wow-wow, whose dog art thou?
Little Tom Tucker's dog, Bow-wow-wow.



You shall have a fish, in a little dish,
You shall have a fish when the boat comes in.



The cock doth crow to let you know,
If you be wise, 'tis time to rise.



'Little boy, pretty boy, where were you born?
In Lincolnshire, master; come blow the cow's
horn.



Great A, little A, bouncing B,
The cat's in the cupboard, and can't see me.

What's the news of the day, good neighbour, I pray?
They say the balloon is gone up to the moon.



Little Tommy Tittlemouse lived in a little
house;
He caught fishes in other men's dishes.



A Sunshiny shower
Won't last half an hour.



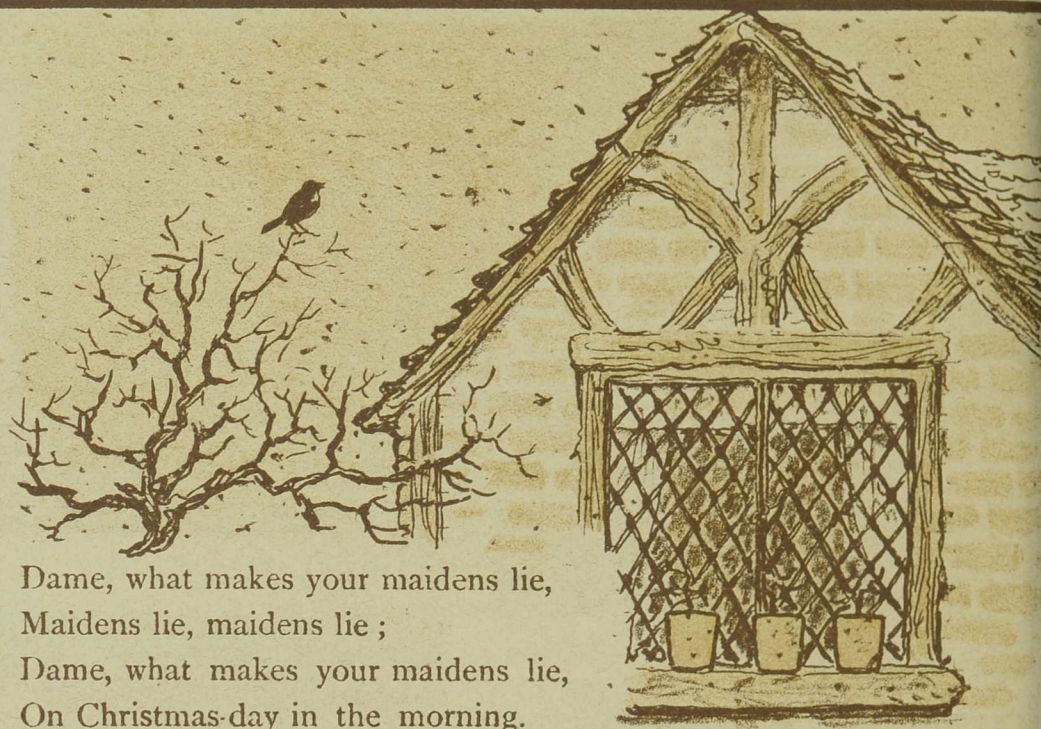
Pussy sits beside the fire. How can she be fair?
In walks a little doggy, "Pussy, are you there?"



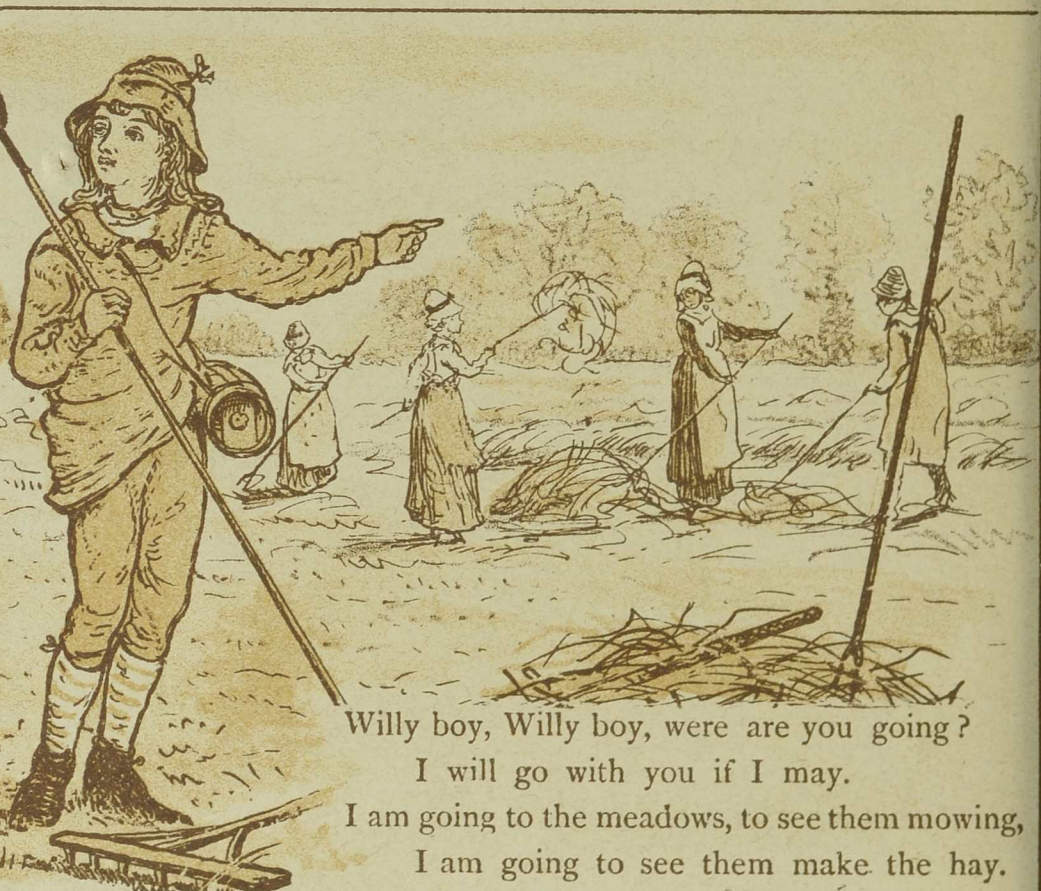
An old woman was sweeping her house, and
she found a little crooked sixpence. E.B.



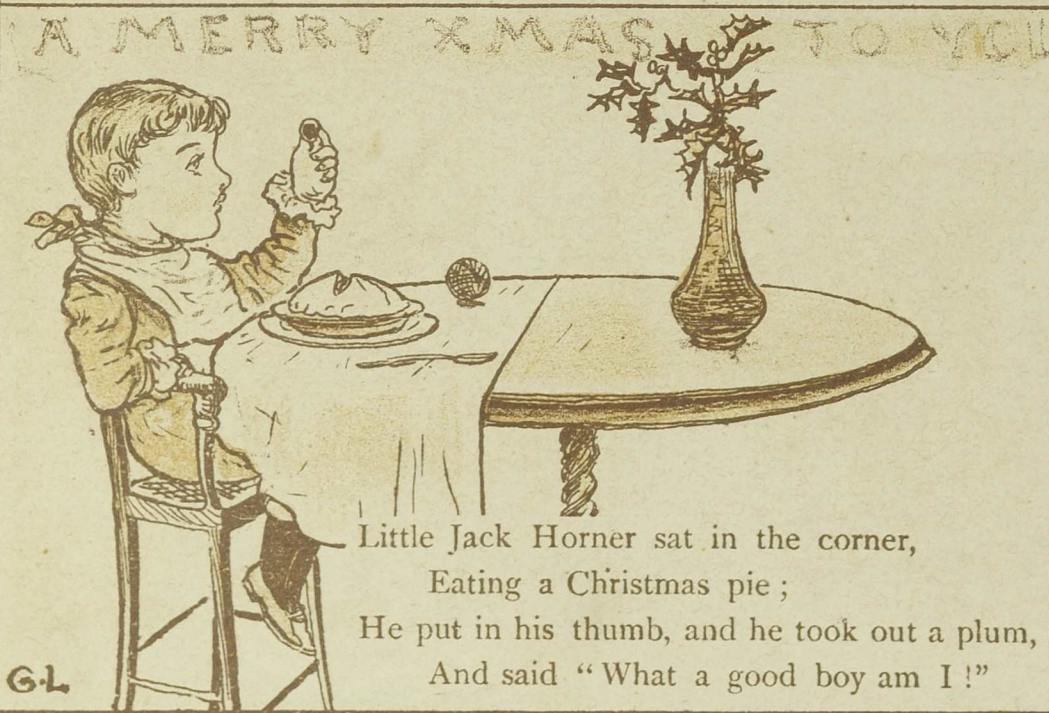
Dame get up and bake your pies,
Bake your pies, bake your pies ;
Dame, get up and bake your pies,
On Christmas-day in the morning.



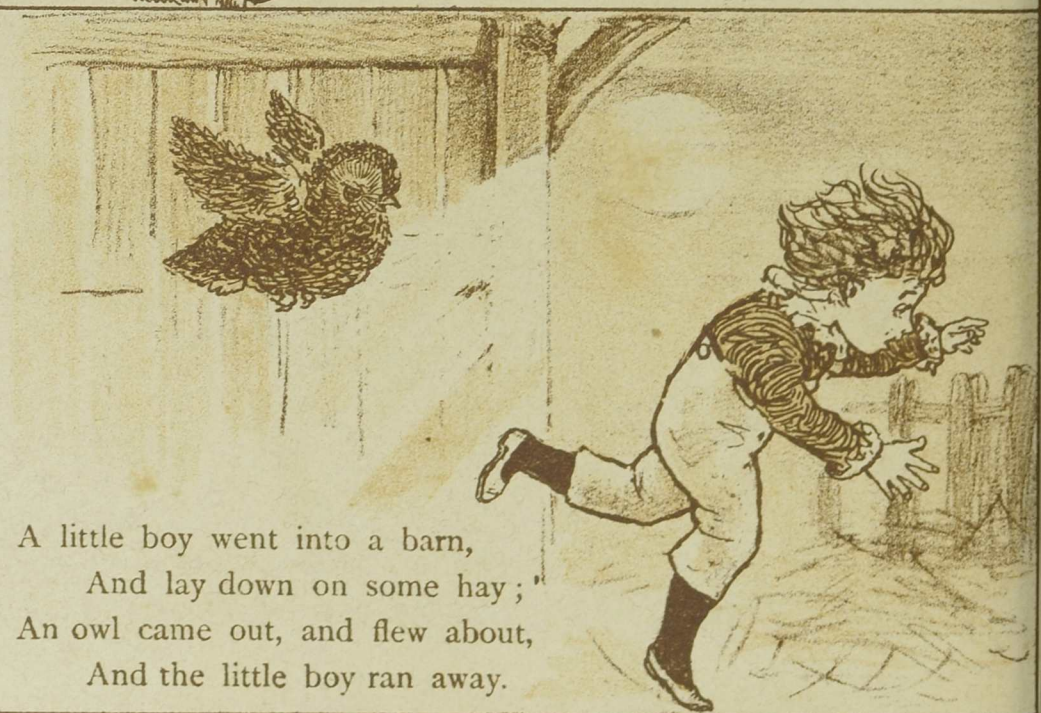
Dame, what makes your maidens lie,
Maidens lie, maidens lie ;
Dame, what makes your maidens lie,
On Christmas-day in the morning.



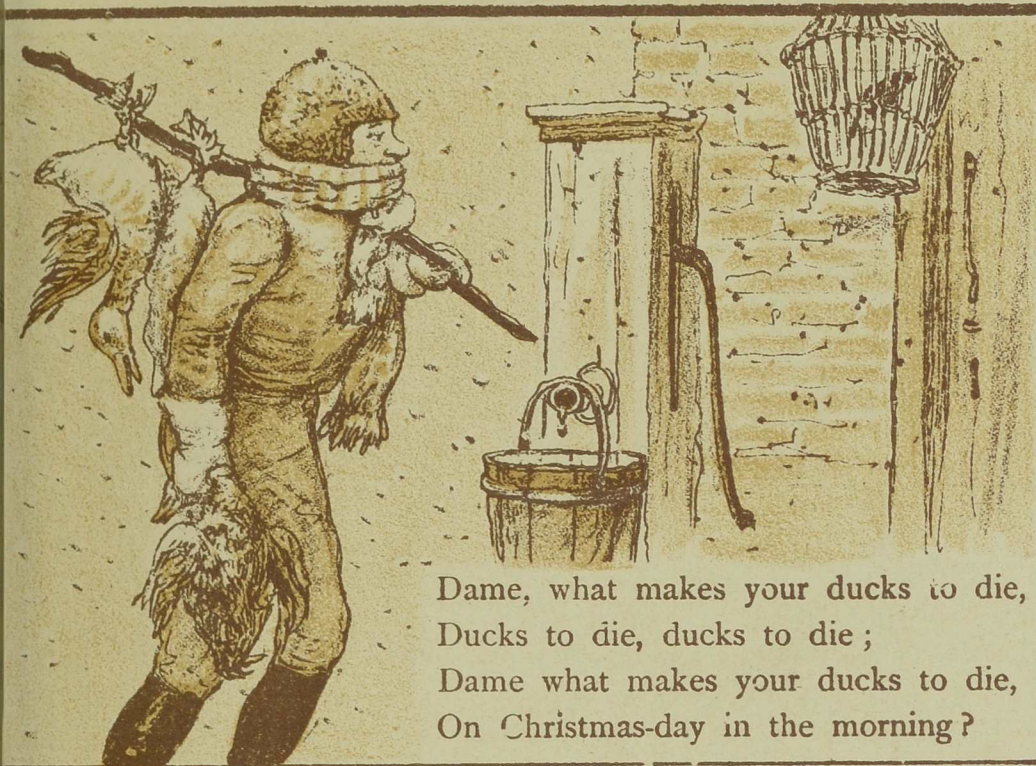
Willy boy, Willy boy, were are you going ?
I will go with you if I may.
I am going to the meadows, to see them mowing,
I am going to see them make the hay.



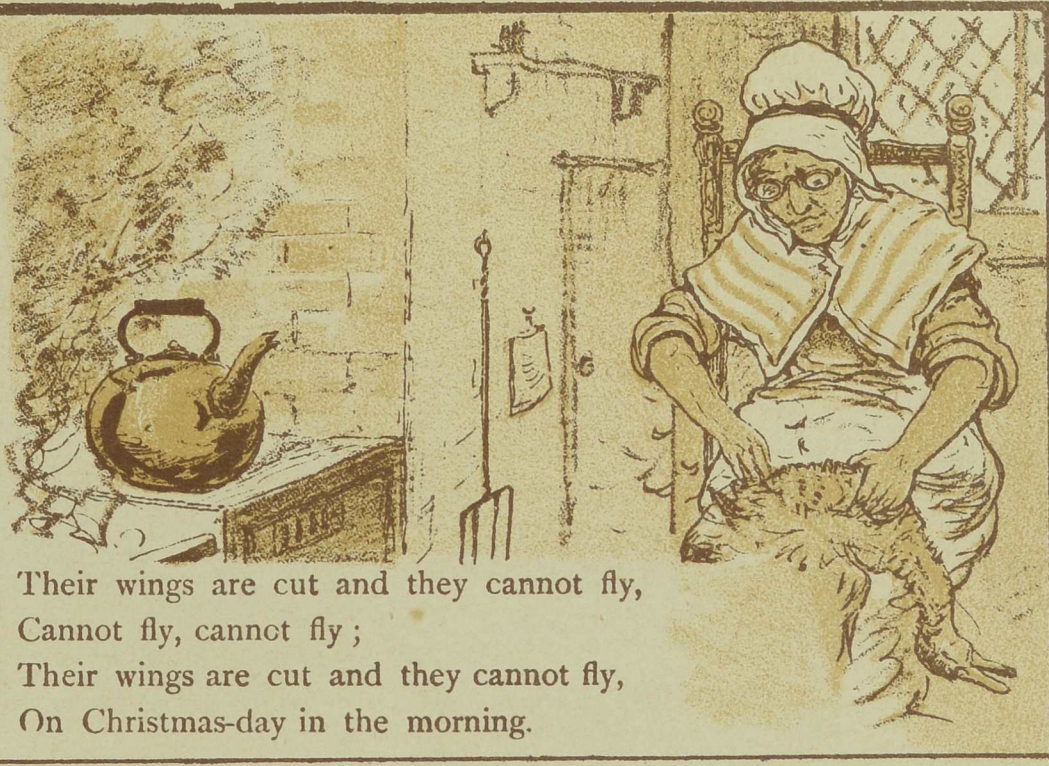
Little Jack Horner sat in the corner,
Eating a Christmas pie ;
He put in his thumb, and he took out a plum,
And said "What a good boy am I !"



A little boy went into a barn,
And lay down on some hay ;
An owl came out, and flew about,
And the little boy ran away.

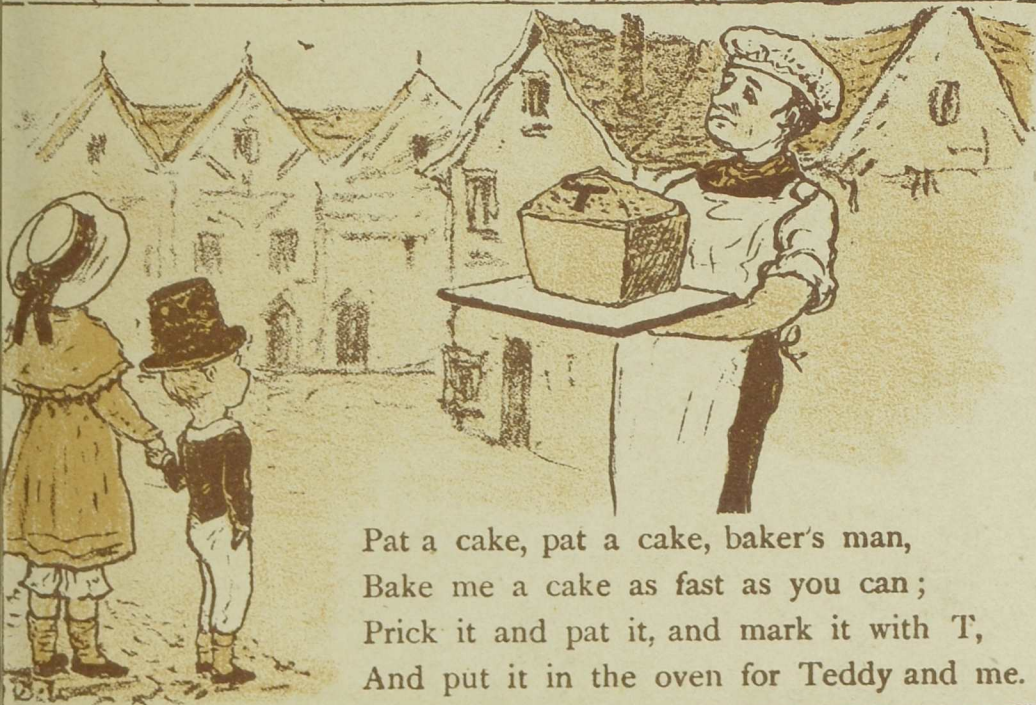


Dame, what makes your ducks to die,
Ducks to die, ducks to die ;
Dame what makes your ducks to die,
On Christmas-day in the morning ?

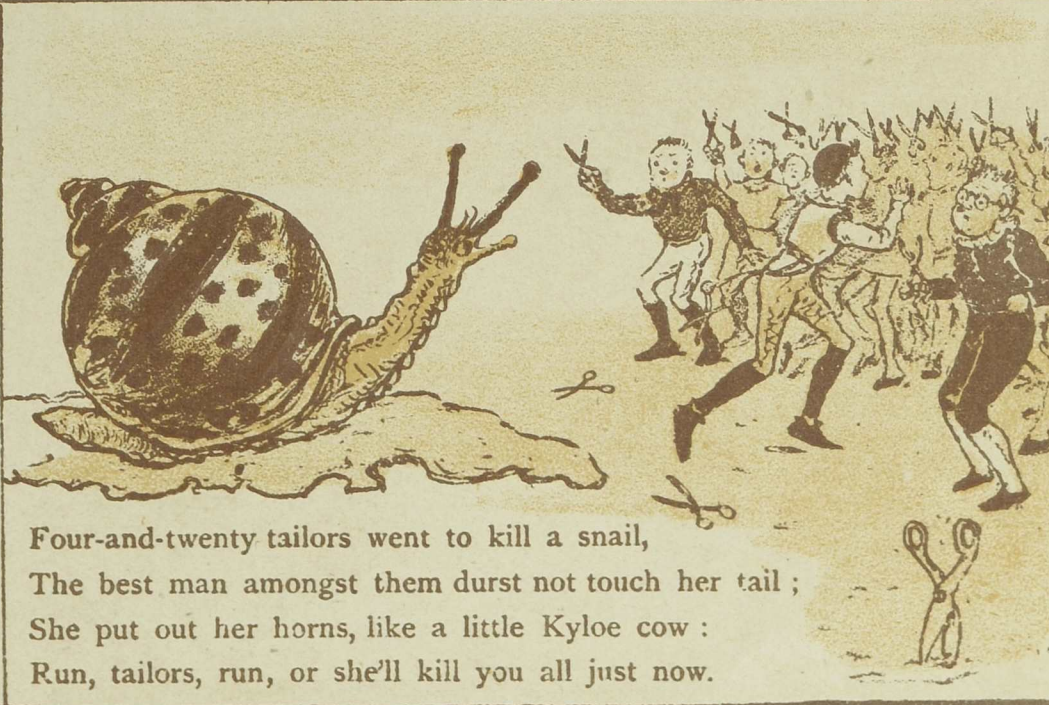


Their wings are cut and they cannot fly,
Cannot fly, cannot fly ;
Their wings are cut and they cannot fly,
On Christmas-day in the morning.

Ba-a ba-a, black sheep, have you any wool ?
Yes, sir ; yes, sir, three bags full :
One for my master, one for my dame,
And one for the little boy that lives in our lane.



Pat a cake, pat a cake, baker's man,
Bake me a cake as fast as you can ;
Prick it and pat it, and mark it with T,
And put it in the oven for Teddy and me.



Four-and-twenty tailors went to kill a snail,
The best man amongst them durst not touch her tail ;
She put out her horns, like a little Kyloe cow :
Run, tailors, run, or she'll kill you all just now.



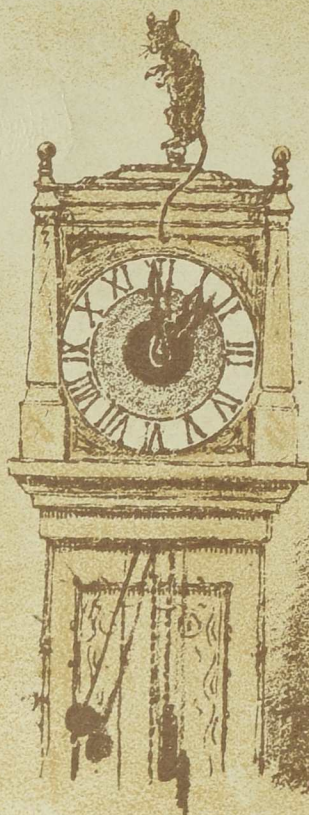
Bless you, bless you, bonny bee ;
Say, when will your wedding be ?
If it be to-morrow day,
Take your wings and fly away.



Jack Sprat could eat no fat,
His Wife could eat no lean ;
And so betwixt them both, you see,
They made the platter clean.



Rain, rain, go away,
Come again another day ;
Little Harold wants to play.



64

Dickery, dickery, dock ; the mouse ran
up the clock ;
The clock struck one, and the mouse
did run,
Dickery, dickery, dock !



Little Miss Muffett she sat on a tuffet,
Eating of curds and whey ;
There came a great spider, who sat
down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffett away.



Lady-bird, lady-bird, fly away home,
Thy house is on fire, thy children all
gone ;
All but one, and her name is Ann,
And she crept under the pudding-pan.



Cock Robin got up early,
At the break of day,
And went to Jenny's window,
To sing a roundelay.

He sang Cock Robin's love
To the pretty Jenny Wren,
And when he got unto the end,
Then he began again.



There was an Old Woman who lived in a
Shoe,
She had so many children she didn't know
what to do ;
She gave them some broth without any bread,
She whipped them all round and put them
to bed.



There was a Fat Man of Bombay,
Who was smoking one sunshiny day ;
When a bird called a Snipe,
Flew away with his pipe,
Which vexed the fat man of Bombay.



There was an old woman of Leeds,
Who spent all her time in good deeds ;
She worked for the poor
Till her fingers were sore,
This pious old woman of Leeds !



There was a jolly miller
Lived on the river Dee ;
He worked and sang from morn till night,
No lark so blithe as he.
And this the burden of his song
For ever used to be—
I care for nobody—no ! not I,
Since nobody cares for me.



Robert Barnes, fellow fine,
Can you shoe this horse of mine ?
“ Yes, good Sir, that I can,
As well as any other man :
There's a nail, and there's a prod,
And now, good sir, your horse is shod.

Some little mice sat in a barn to spin ;
 Pussy came by, and popped her head in ;
 "Shall I come in, and cut your threads off?"
 "Oh no, kind sir, you will snap our heads off!"

Multiplication is Vexation,
 Division is as bad ;
 The Rule of Three doth puzzle me,
 And Practice drives me mad.



Merry are the bells, and merry would they ring,
 Merry was myself, and merry could I sing ;
 With a merry ding dong, happy, gay and free,
 And a merry sing-song, happy let us be !
 Merry have we met, and merry have we been,
 Merry let us part, and merry meet again ;
 With our merry sing-song, happy, gay, and free,
 And a merry ding-dong, happy let us be !

Plum-pudding hot, plum-pudding cold,
 Plum-pudding in the pot, nine days old ;
 Some like it hot, some like it cold,
 Some like it in the pot, nine days old.

My maid Mary, she minds her dairy,
 While I go hoeing and mowing each morn ;
 Merrily run the reel little spinning wheel,
 Whilst I am singing and mowing my corn.

A milking, a milking, my maid,
 "Cow, take care of your heels," she said ;
 "And you shall have some nice new hay,
 If you'll quietly let me milk away."

The man in the moon came tumbling down,
 And asked his way to Norwich ;
 He went by the South, and burned his mouth
 With supping cold pease-porridge.



Here we come a piping,
 First in Spring, and then in May :
 The queen she sits upon the sand,
 Fair as a lily, white as a wand.

King John has sent you letters three,
 And begs' you'll read them unto me.
 We cannot read one without them all,
 So, pray, Miss Bridget, deliver the ball !

Driddlety drum, driddlety drum,
 There you see the beggars are come ;
 Some are here, and some are there,
 And some are gone to Chidley Fair.

In the month of February,
 When green leaves begin to spring,
 Little lambs do skip like fairies,
 Birds do couple, build, and sing.



Little Robin Red-breast
Sat upon a rail :
Niddle naddle went his head,
Wiggle waggle went his tail.



I had a little cow ; to save her,
I turned her into the meadow to graze
her ;

There came a heavy storm of rain,
And drove the little cow home again.



A little cock-sparrow sat on a tree,
Looking as happy as happy could be,
Till a boy came by, with his bow and arrow,
Says he, "I will shoot the little cock-sparrow.

His body will make me, a nice little stew,
And his giblets will make me a little pie too."
Says the little cock-sparrow, "I'll be shot if
I stay."

So he clapped his wings and then flew
away.



Elizabeth, Elspeth, Betsy, and Bess,
They all went together to seek a bird's nest.
They found a bird's nest with five eggs in,
They all took one, and left four in.



Pussy Cat ate the dumplings, the
dumplings ;
Pussy Cat ate the dumplings.
Mamma stood by, and cried, "Oh, fie !
Why did you eat the dumplings?"



A carrion-crow sat on an oak,

Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hey ding do,
Watching a tailor shape his coat !

Sing he, sing ho, the old carrion crow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hey ding do.



Riddle me, riddle me, ree,
A Hawk sate upon a tree ;
And he says to himself, says he,
"Oh, dear ! what a fine bird I be !"



Of all the gay birds that e'er I did see,
The owl is the fairest by far to me ;
For all the day long she sits on a tree,
And when the night comes away flies she.



A long-tail'd pig, or a short tail'd pig,
Or a pig without e'er a tail;
A sow-pig or a boar-pig,
Or a pig with a curly tail.



The cuckoo's a fine bird,
He sings as he flies;
He brings us good tidings,
He tells us no lies.



A pie sate on a pear tree,
Once so merrily hopp'd she,
Twice so merrily hopp'd she,
Thrice so merrily hopp'd she,
Heigh O, heigh O, heigh O!



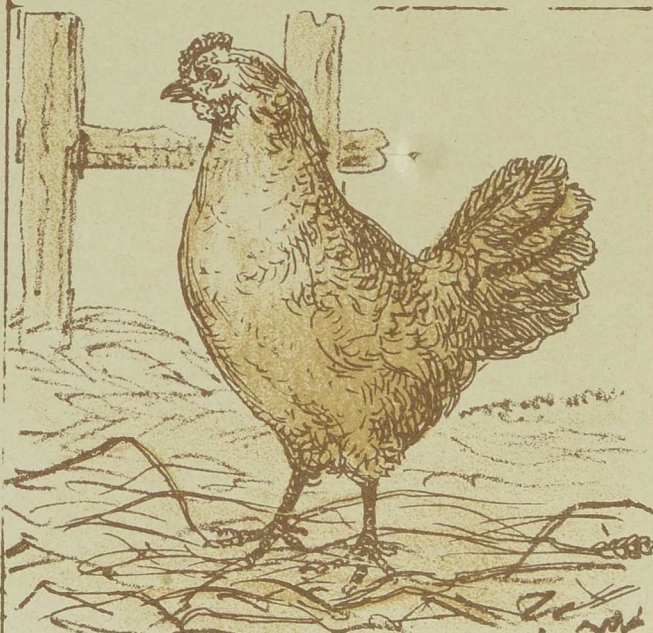
Little Robin Red-breast
sat upon a tree,
Up went Pussy-cat, and
down went he;
Down came Pussy-cat
and away Robin ran;

Says little Robin Redbreast. "Catch me if you can."

Little Robin Redbreast flew upon a wall,
Pussy-cat jumped after him, and almost got a fall;

Little Robin chirp'd and sang, and what did Pussy say?

Pussy-cat said "Mew," and Robin flew away.



I have a little hen, the prettiest ever seen,
She washed me the dishes, and kept the house clean:
She went to the mill to fetch me some flour,
She brought it home in less than an hour.



I had two pigeons bright and gay,
They flew from me the other day;
What was the reason they did go?
I cannot tell, for I do not know.



Birds of a feather flock together,
And so will pigs and swine;
Rats and mice will have their choice,
And so will I have mine.



There was an owl lived in an oak,
Whiskey, whaskey, weedle;
And all the words he ever spoke
Were Fiddle, faddle, feedle.

Hey, my kitten, my kitten,
And hey, my kitten, my deary?
Such a sweet pet as this
Was neither far nor neary.



He that would thrive, must rise at five ;
He that hath thriven, may lie till seven ;
And he that by the plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive.



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 little house.

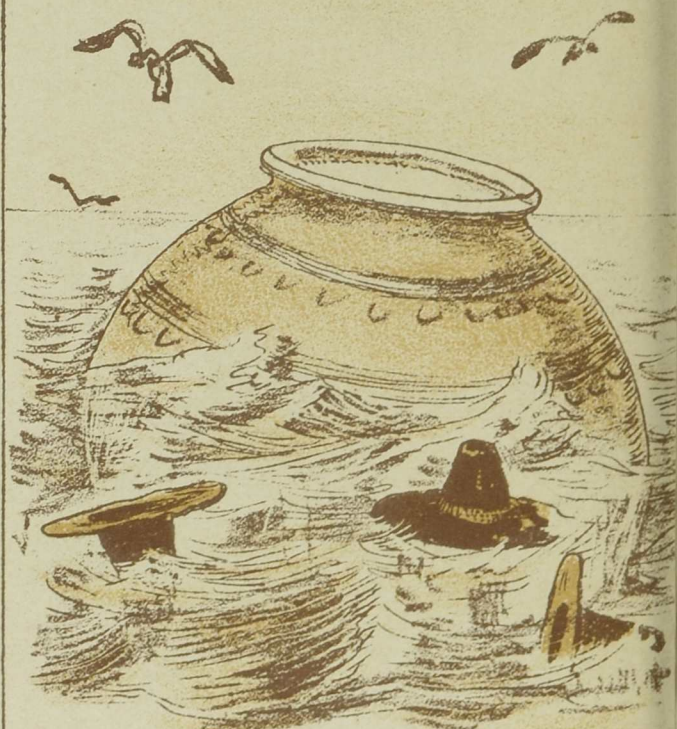


G.L.

Handy Spandy, Jack-a-dandy,
Loves plum-cake and sugar-candy ;
He bought some at a grocer's shop,
And out he came, hop-hop-hop.



There was an old woman lived under a hill,
She put a mouse in a bag, and sent it to mill ;
The miller declared, by the point of his knife,
He never took toll of a mouse in his life.



Three wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl :
And if the bowl had been stronger,
My song would have been longer.

The man in wilderness asked me.
How many strawberries grew in the sea ;
I answered him, as I thought good,
As many as red herrings as grew in the wood.

St. Swithin's-day, if thou dost rain,
For forty days it will remain :
St. Swithin's-day, if thou be fair,
For forty days 't will rain na mair.



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.



See-saw, Sacradown,
Which is the way to London town?
One foot up, and one foot down,
And that is the way to London town.



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.



G.L.
My little old man and I fell out,
I'll tell you what it was all about ;
I had money and he had none,
And that's the way the noise begun.

Birch and green holly, boys,
Birch and green holly,
If you get beaten, boys,
'T will be your own folly.



I'll sing you a song, though not very long,
Yet I think it as pretty as any;
Put you hand in your purse, you'll
never be worse,
And give the poor singer a penny.



A diller, a dollar, a ten o'clock scholar,
What makes you come so soon?
You used to come at ten o'clock,
But now you come at noon.



G.L

There was an old woman tossed up in a basket.
Ninety times as high as the moon;
And where she was going, I couldn't but ask it,
For in her hand she carried a broom.



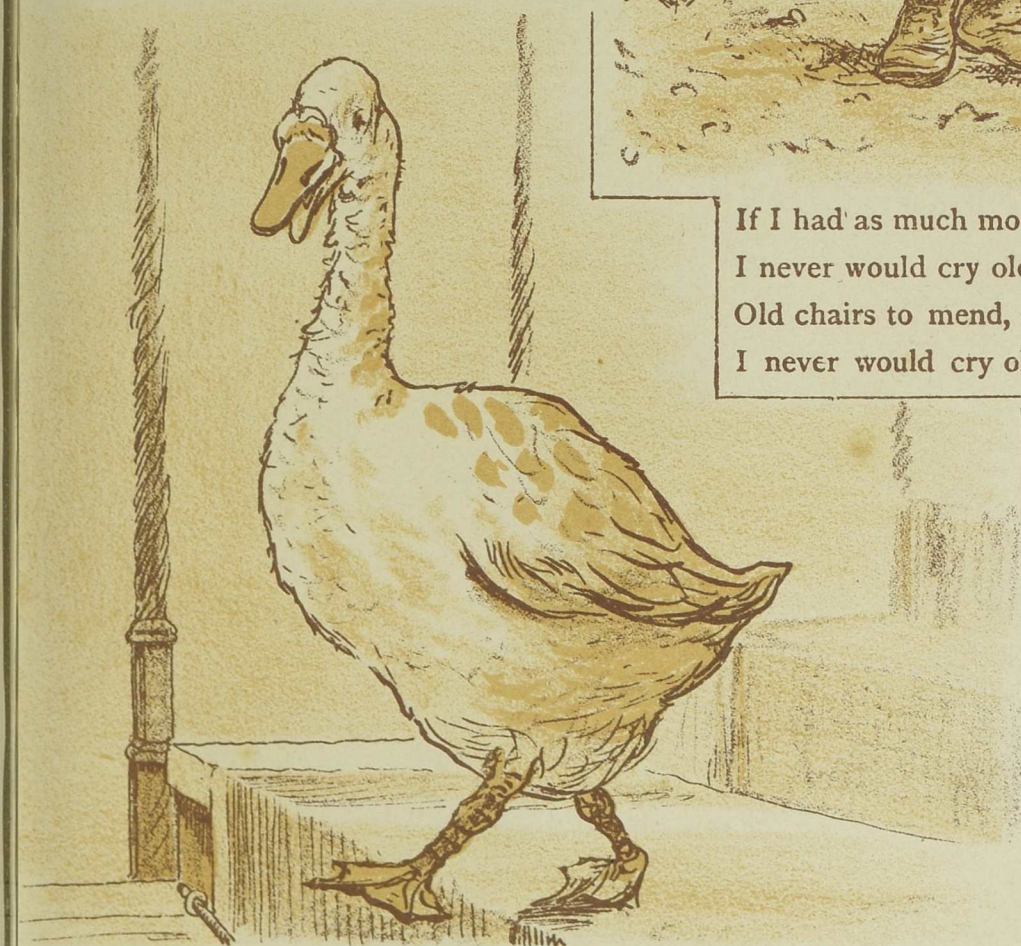
Old woman, old woman, old woman, quoth I,
O whither, O whither, O whither so high?
To sweep the cobwebs off the sky!
Shall I go with you? Aye, by-and-by.

Cushy cow bonny, let down thy milk,
And I will give you a gown of silk;
A gown of silk and a silver
tee,
If thou will let down thy
milk to me.

To market, to market to buy a fat pig,
Home again, home again, jiggety jig.
To market, to market, to buy a fat
hog,
Home again, home again,
jiggety jog.



If I had as much money as I could spend,
I never would cry old chairs to mend;
Old chairs to mend, old chairs to mend;
I never would cry old chairs to mend.



Goosey, goosey, gander, whither shall I wander?
Upstairs, and downstairs, and in my lady's chamber.
There I met an old man, who would not say his
prayers,
I took him by the left leg, and threw him down stairs.



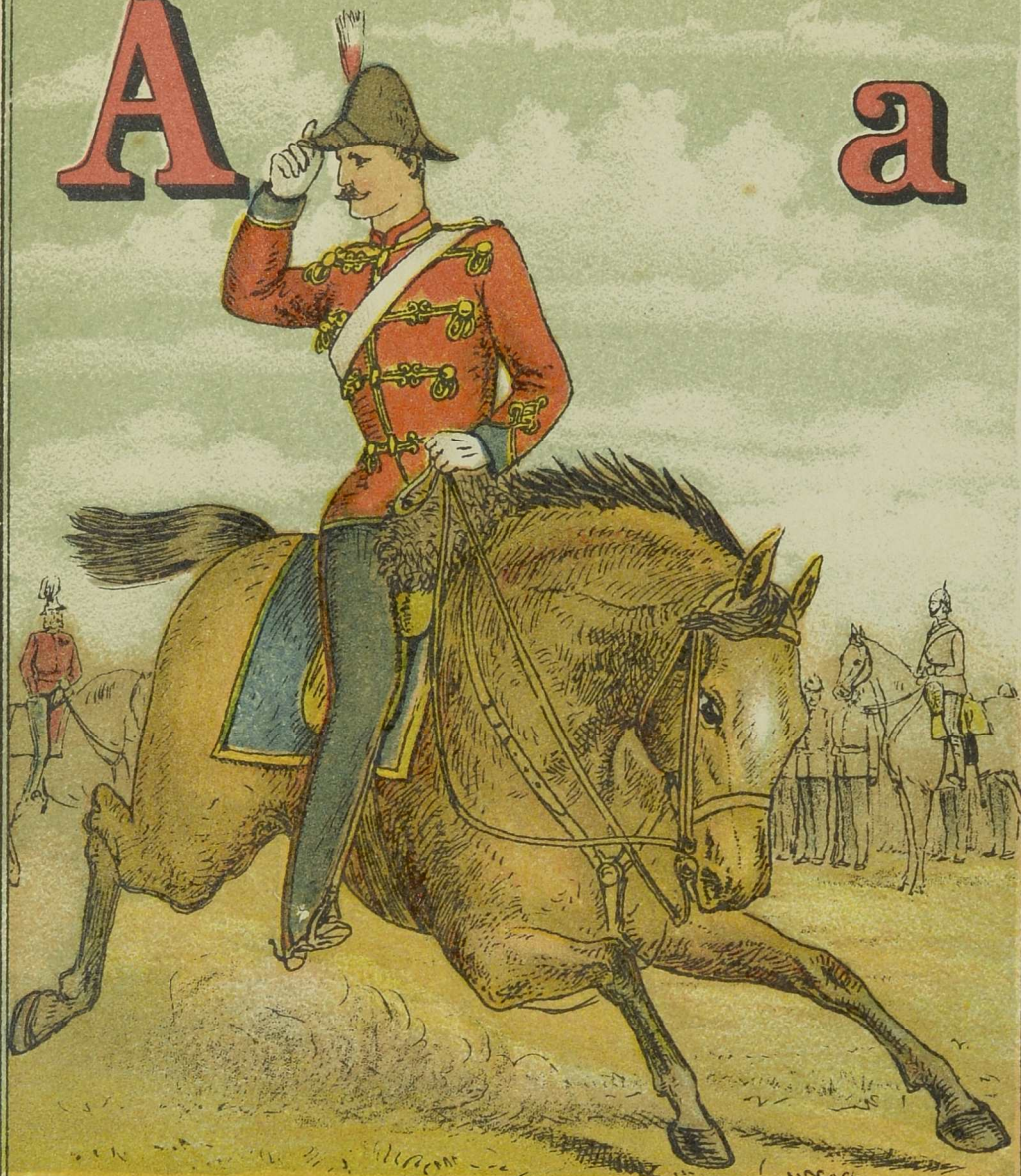
Young lambs to sell, young lambs to sell;
If I had as much money as I could tell.
I never would cry, young lambs to sell.
Young lambs to sell, young lambs to sell,
I never would cry, young lambs to sell.

G.L.

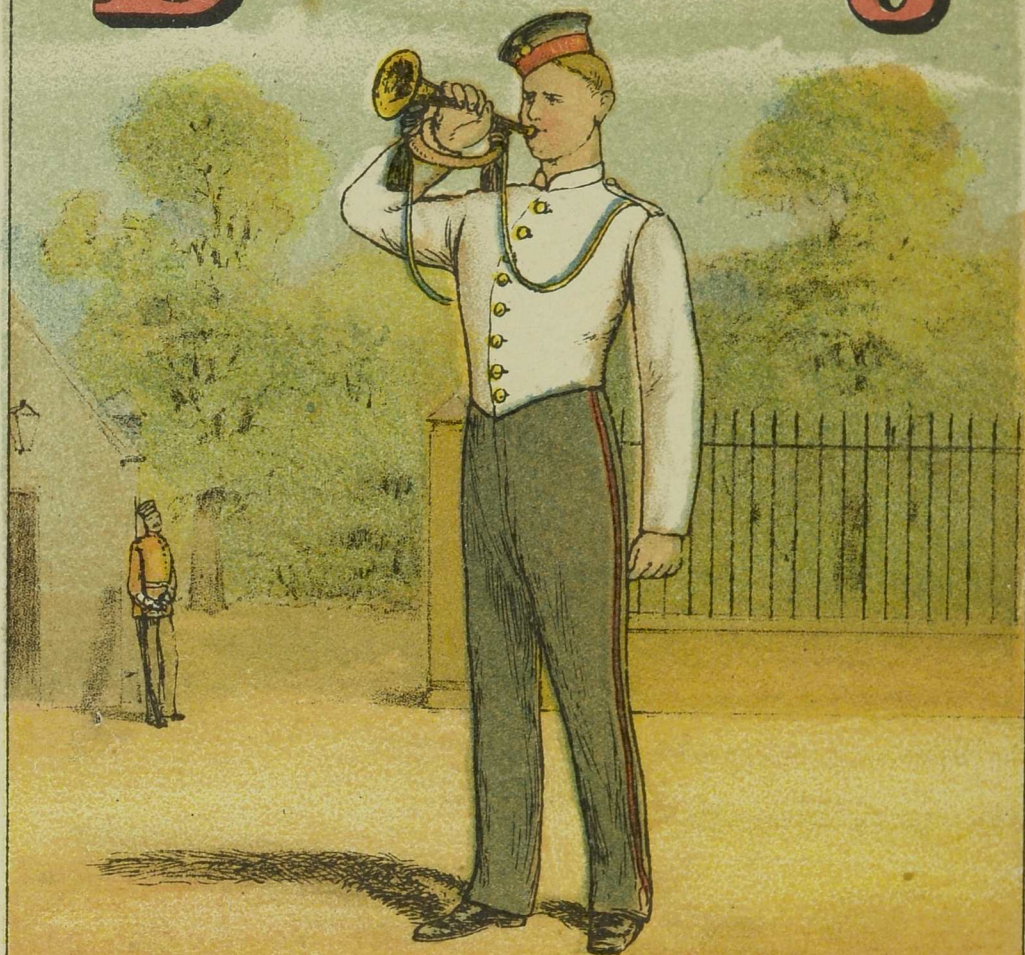




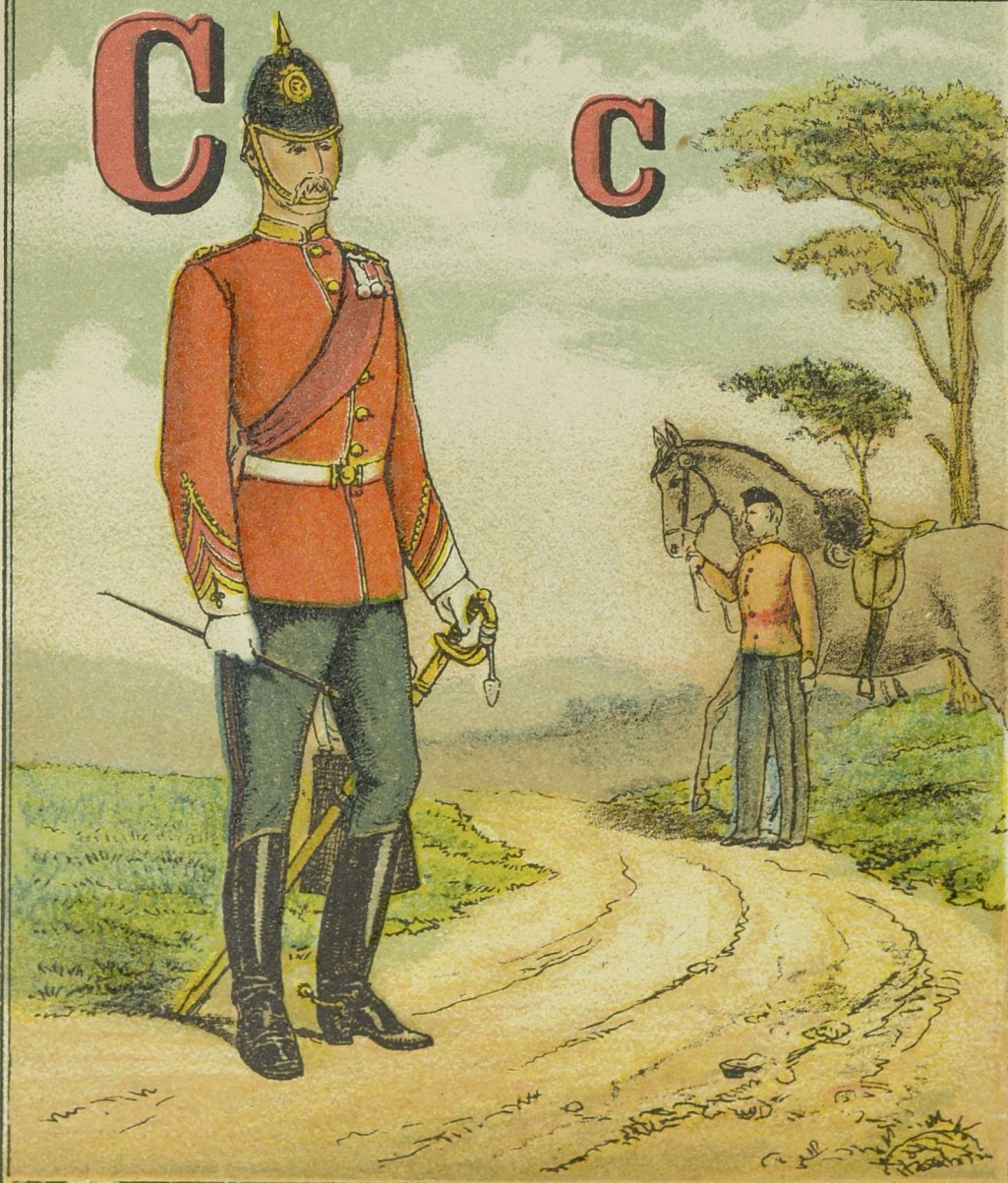
A a



B b



C c



D d





A is the AIDE-DE-CAMP, galloping round
With his General's orders to all on the ground.

B is the BUGLER, who sounds
"Dinner Call,"
And the men must look sharp, or they'll
get none at all.

C is the COLONEL, with hair
iron-grey,
Many a battle he has seen in his
day.

D is the DRUMMER, who plays
the big drum,
Beating time for the soldier's as marching
they come.

E

e

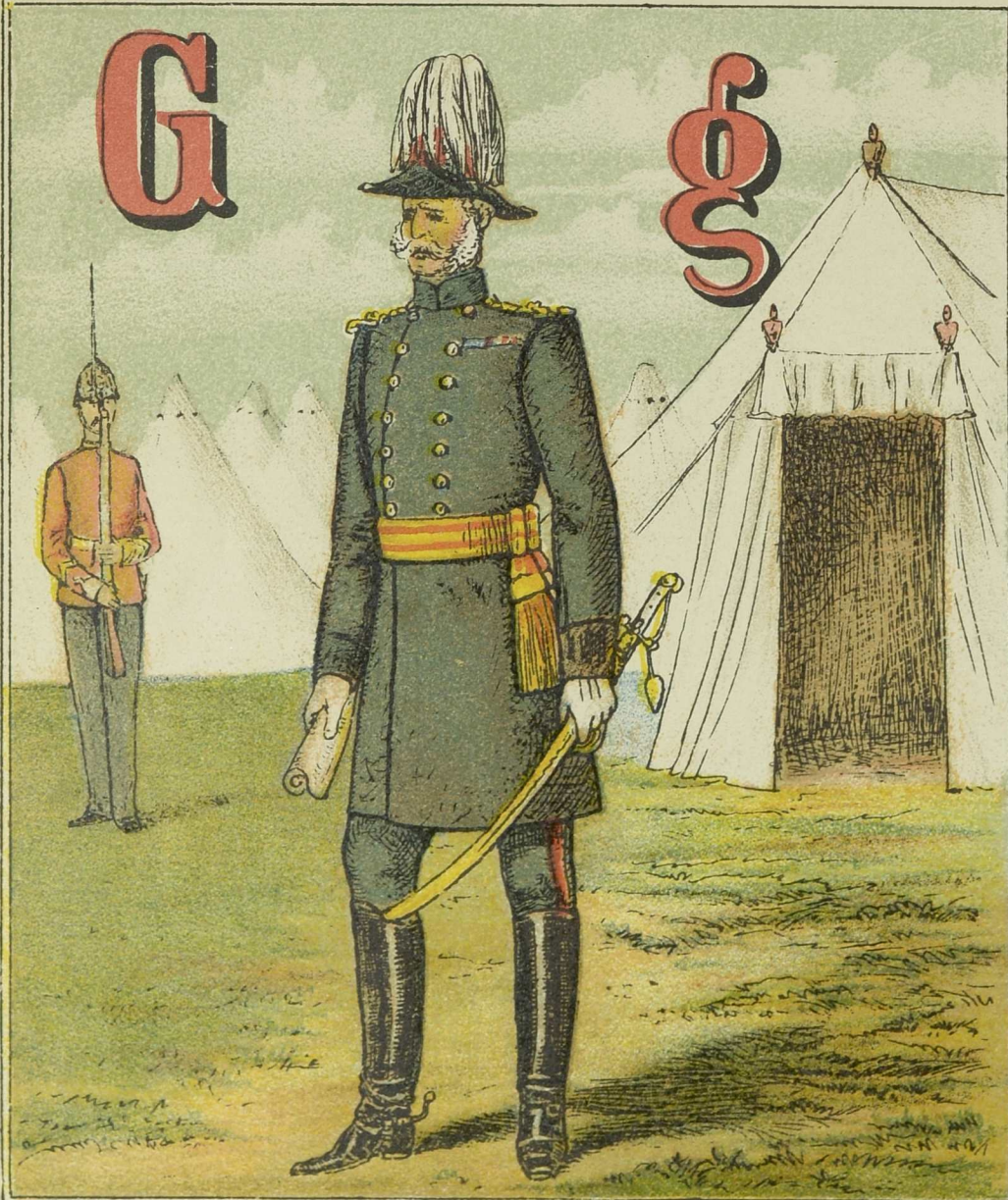


F f



G

g



H

h





E is the ENGINEER, working
out plans
Of trenches and curtains, redoubts and
redans.

F is the FUSILIER. See his
grenade!
Of hard work and fighting he's never
afraid!

G is the GENERAL; out from
his tent
He has stepped, and the sentinel comes
to "present."

H is a HIGHLANDER, of the
"Black Watch."
No army boasts soldiers more brave
than the Scotch.

I

i



K

k



L

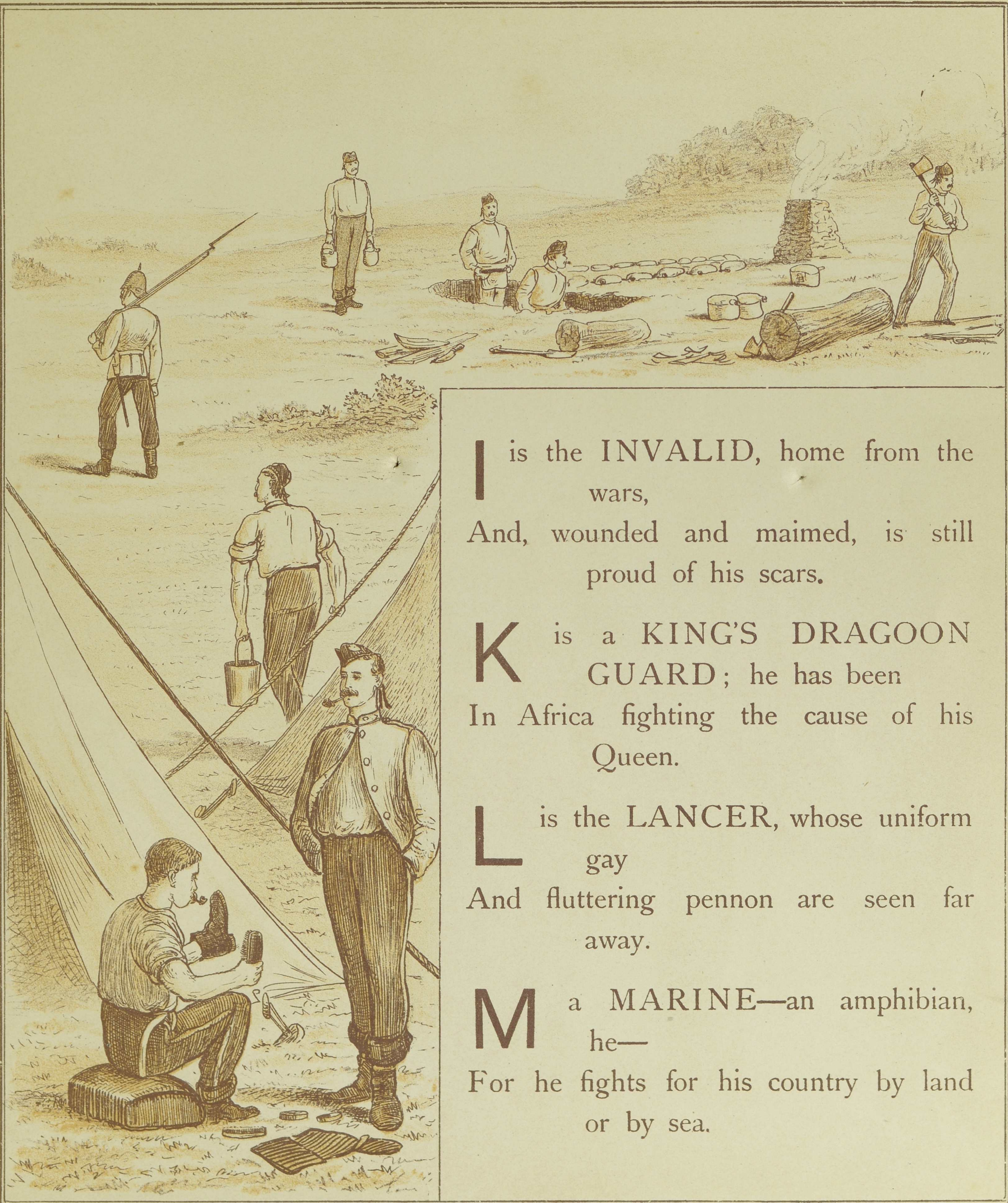
l



M

m





I is the INVALID, home from the wars,
And, wounded and maimed, is still proud of his scars.

K is a KING'S DRAGOON GUARD; he has been
In Africa fighting the cause of his Queen.

L is the LANCER, whose uniform gay
And fluttering pennon are seen far away.

M a MARINE—an amphibian, he—
For he fights for his country by land or by sea.





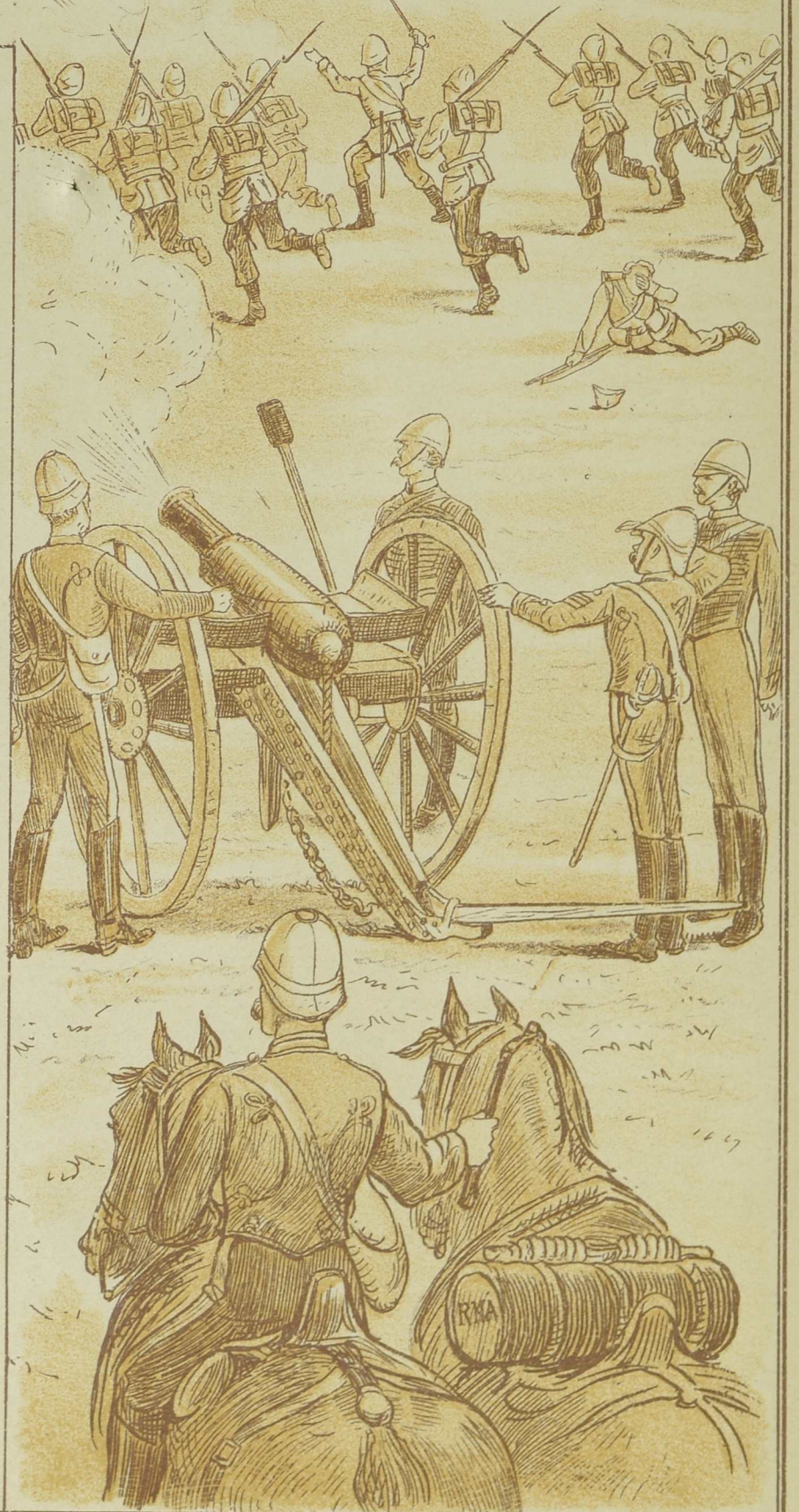


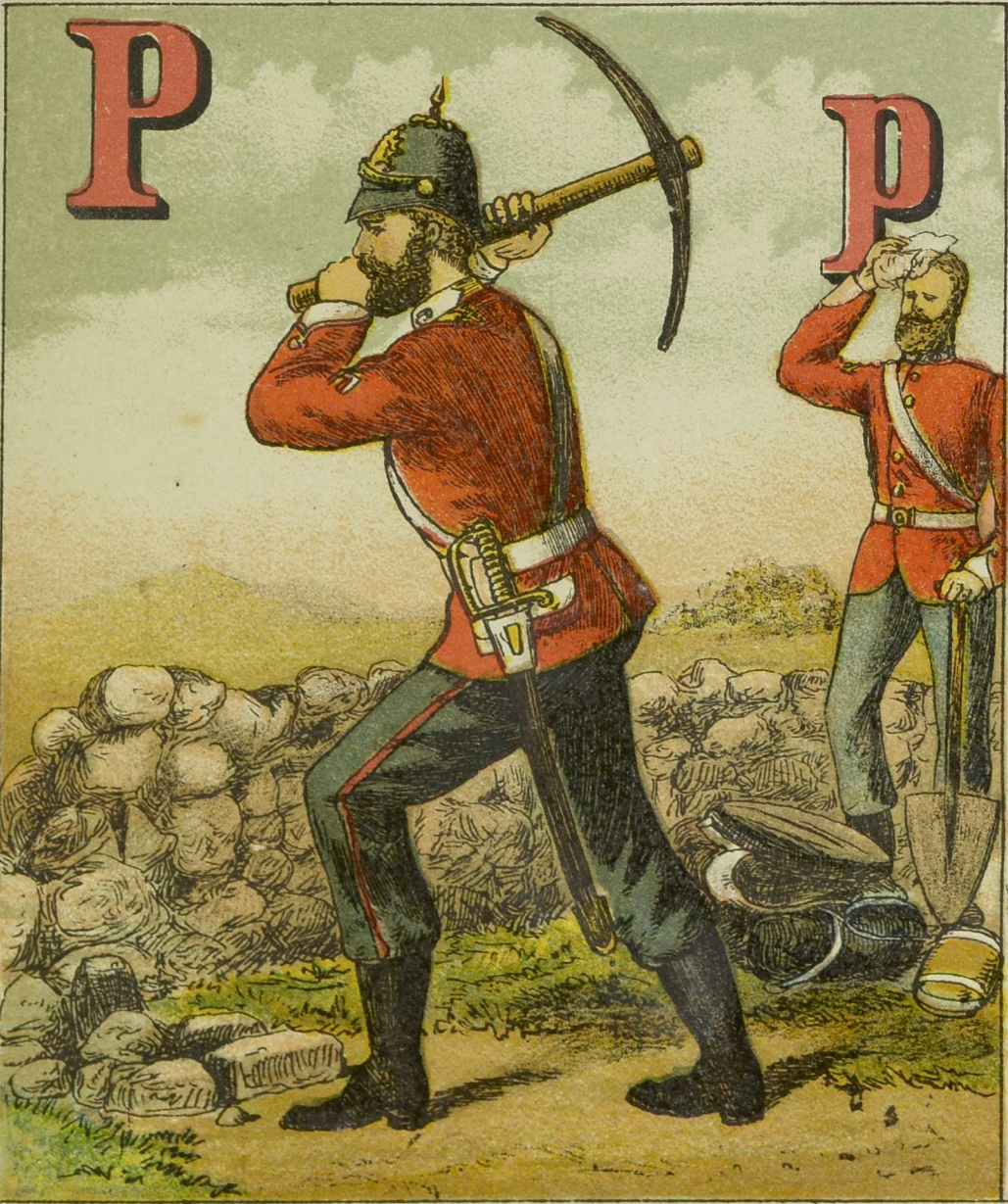
N is a NATIVE of sunny
Bengal,
And who as a "Sepoy" is known by
us all.

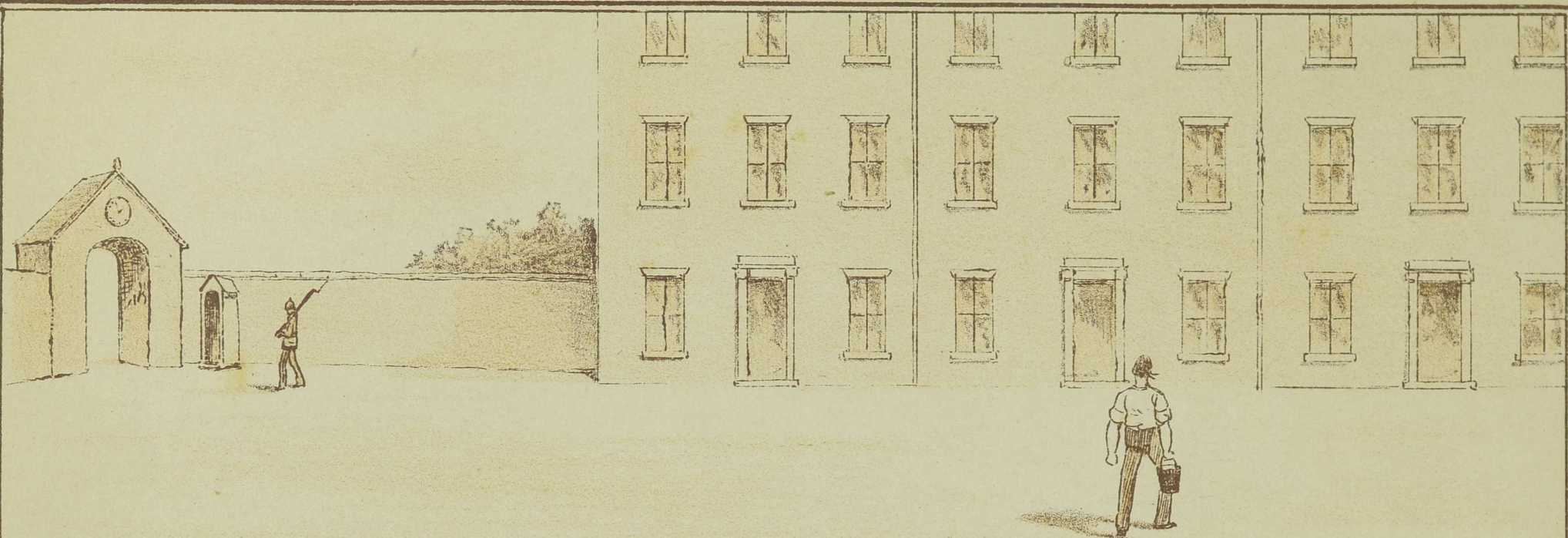
O is the OFFICER, going his
round
To see at their posts all the sentries
are found.

P is the PIONEER, pickaxe on
high;
He's clearing the road for the troops
to march by.

Q's QUARTERMASTER, with
plenty to do,
To see to the clothing and victualling
too.







R is the RIFLEMAN, clad in
dark green,
An uniform oft in the battle-field
seen.

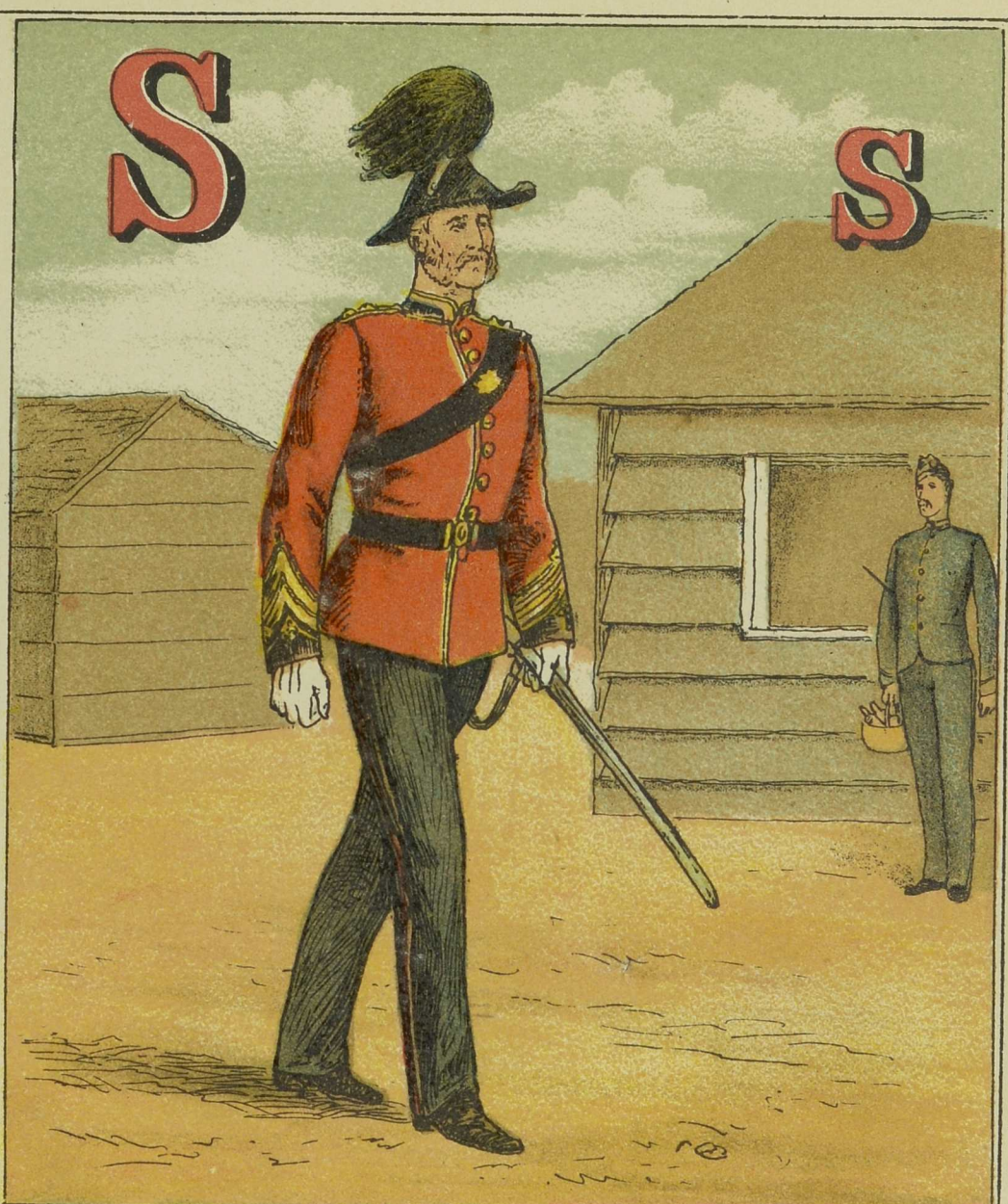


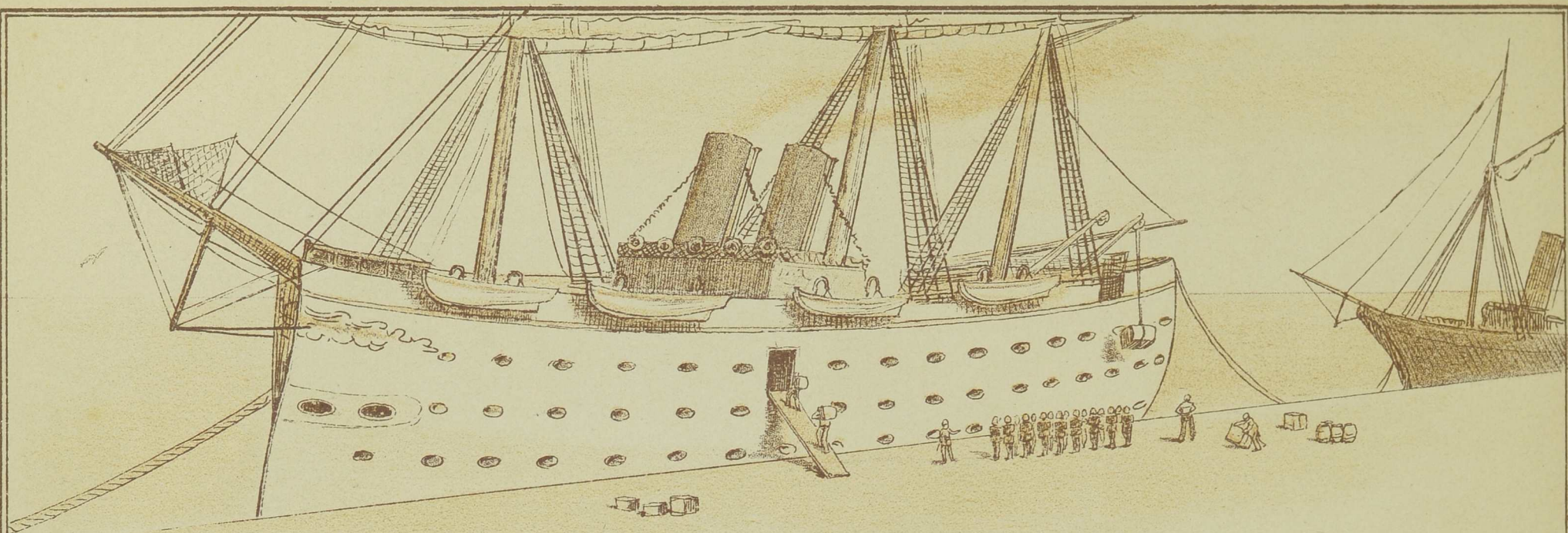
S is the SURGEON, who hurries
away ;
He has many poor patients to look to
to-day.

T is the TRUMPETER, trumpet
in hand,
And ready to sound when he gets the
command.

V is a stalwart and brave VOLUN-
TEER,
Who would fight for his country, should
danger draw near.







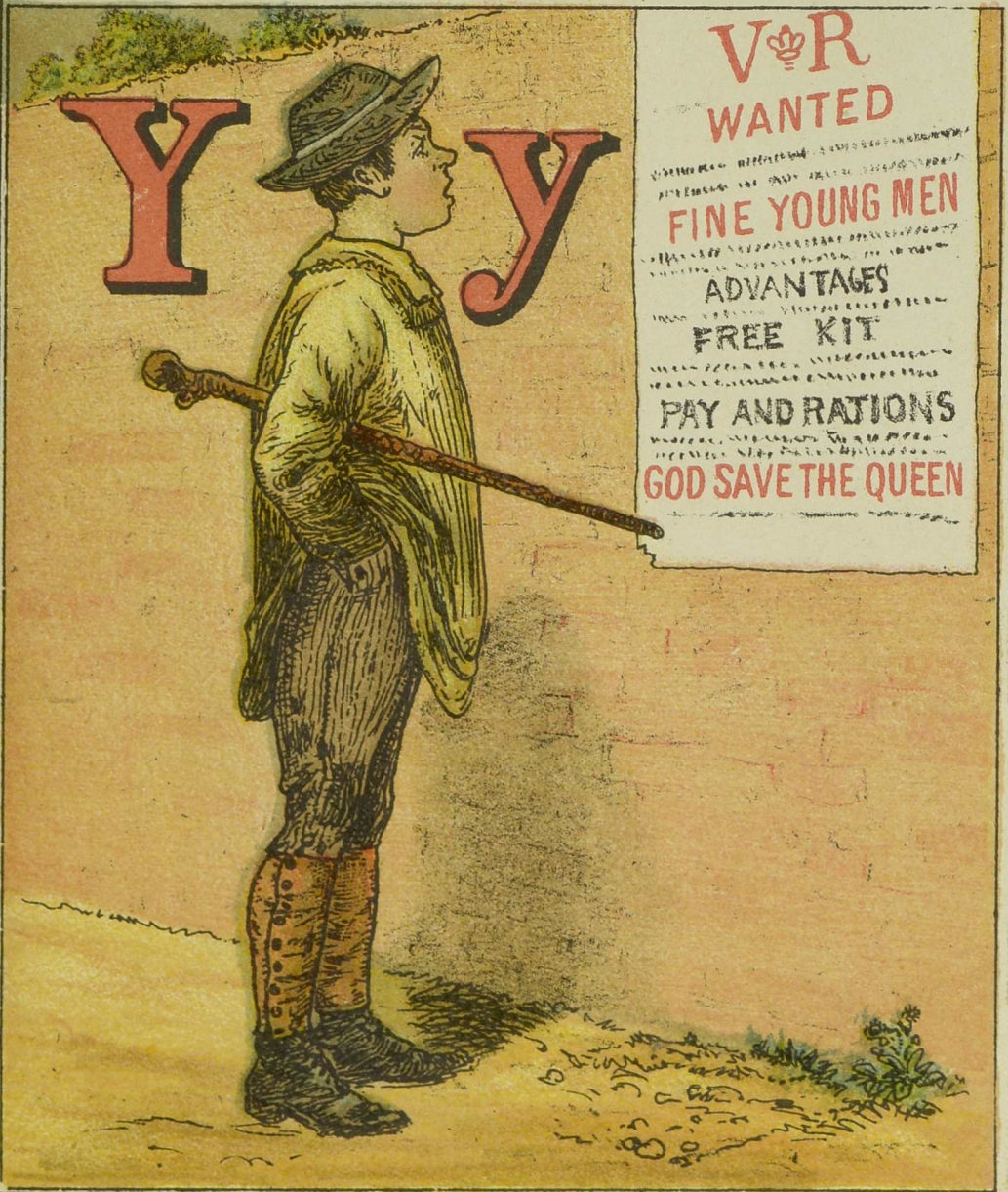
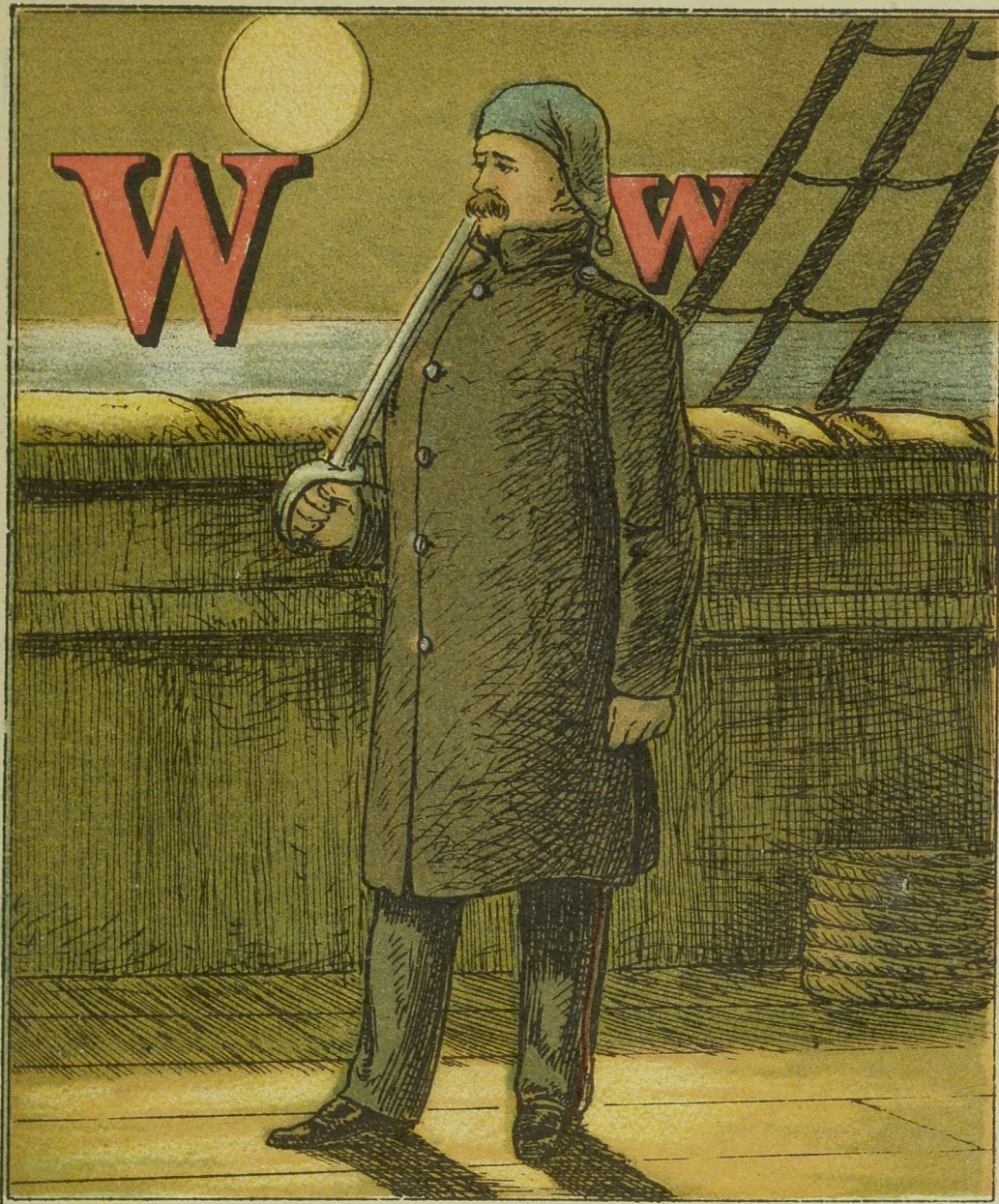
W is the WATCH, or the sentry
at sea,
But a sentry on shore he would much
rather be.

X is an EXILE, in lands far
away
A letter he writes, but scarce knows
what to say.

Y is a YOKEL, with funds getting
low ;
He thinks, as he reads, to the wars he
will go.

Z a ZOUAVE of West-Indian
Isles ;
His face lighted up with the widest of
smiles.

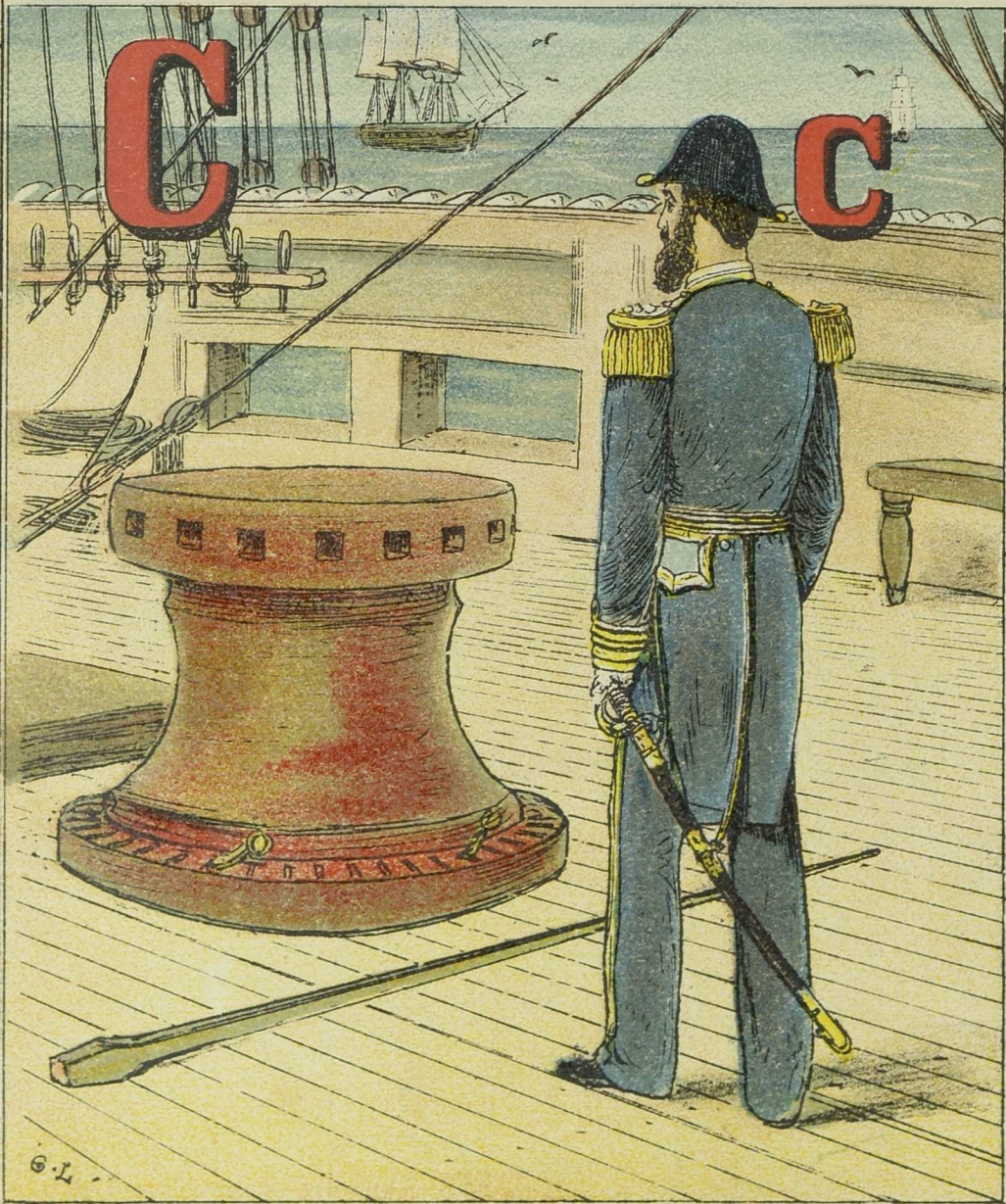


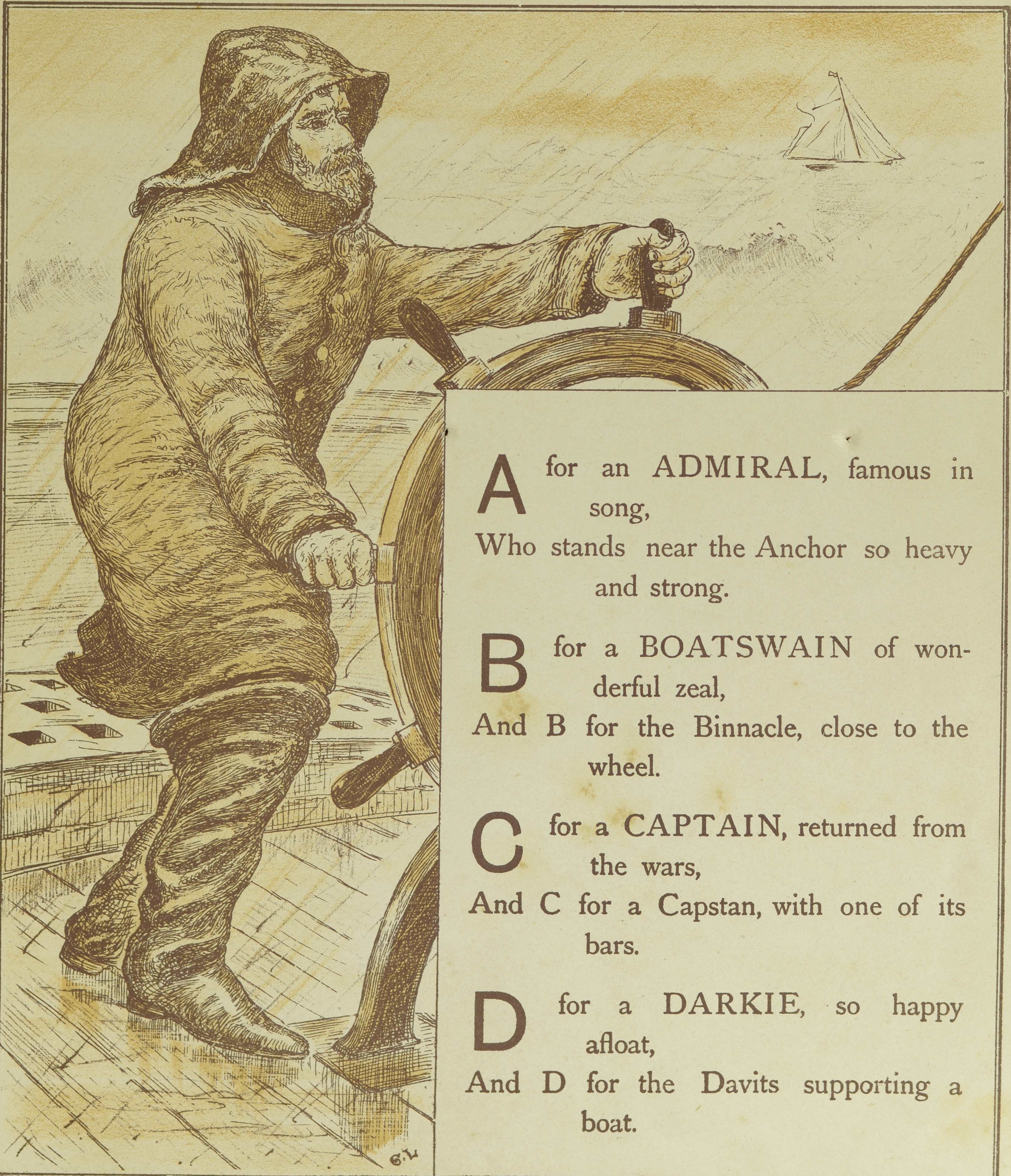


Colt's
Cavalry







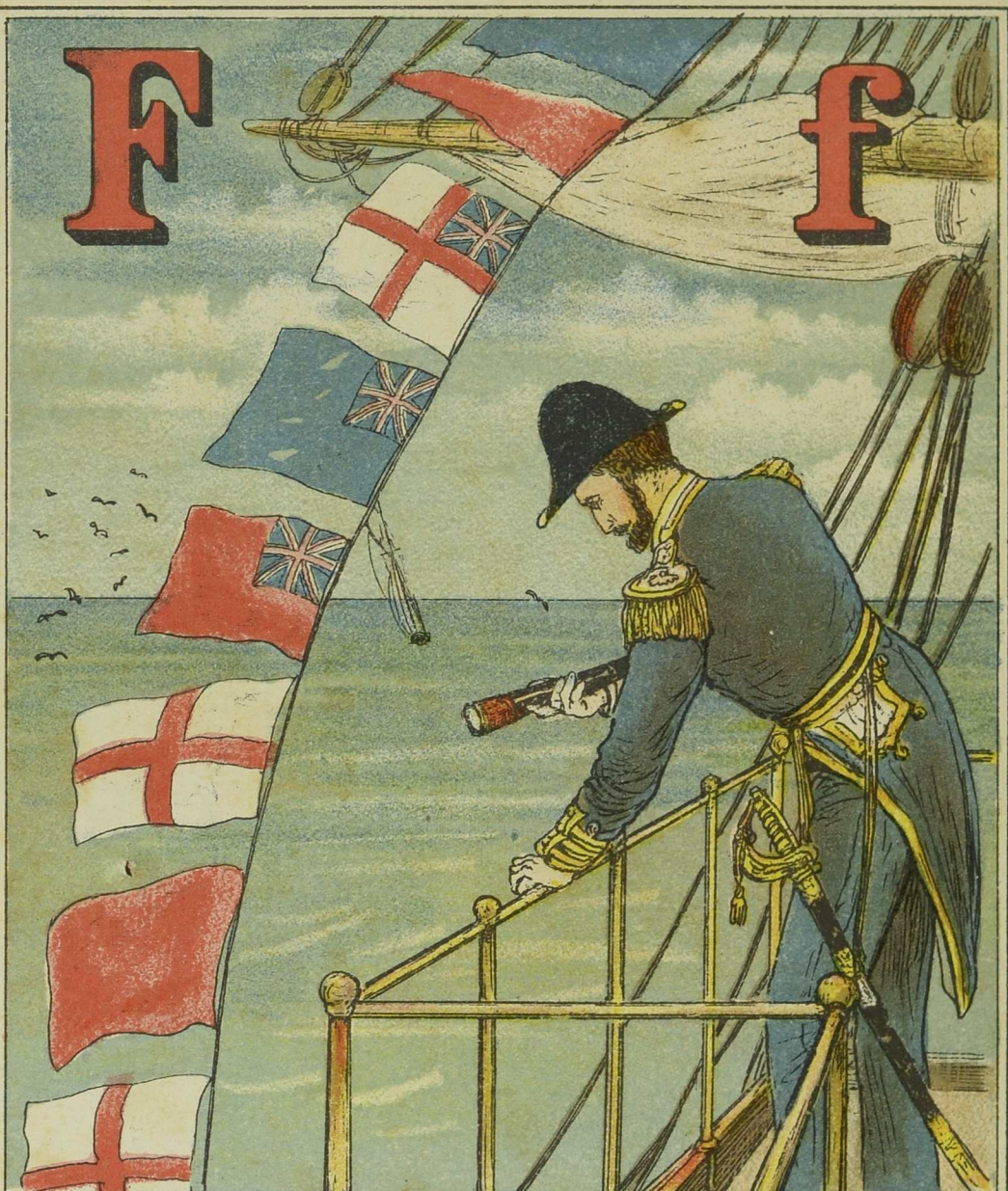


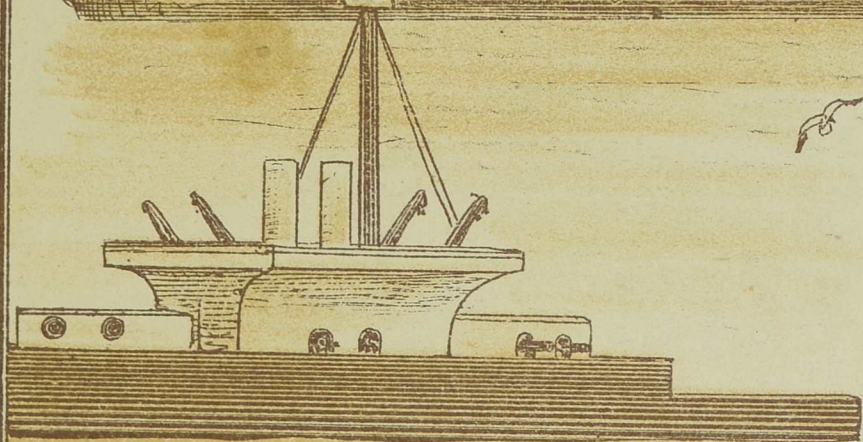
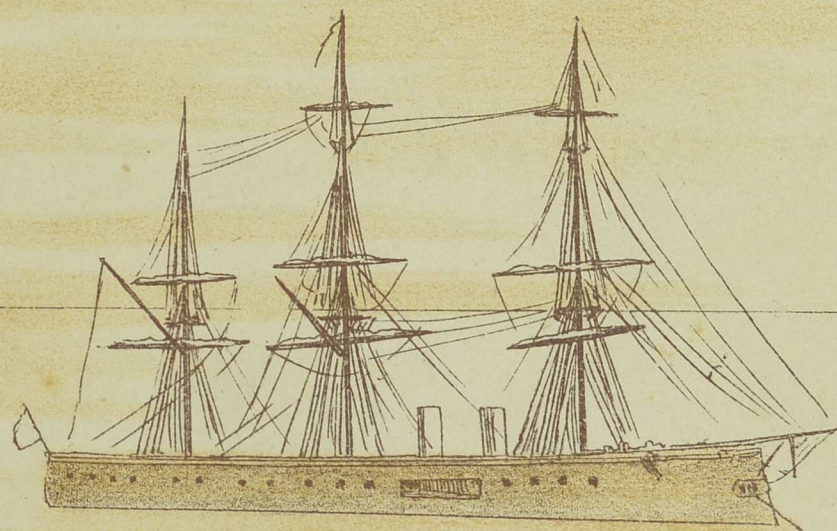
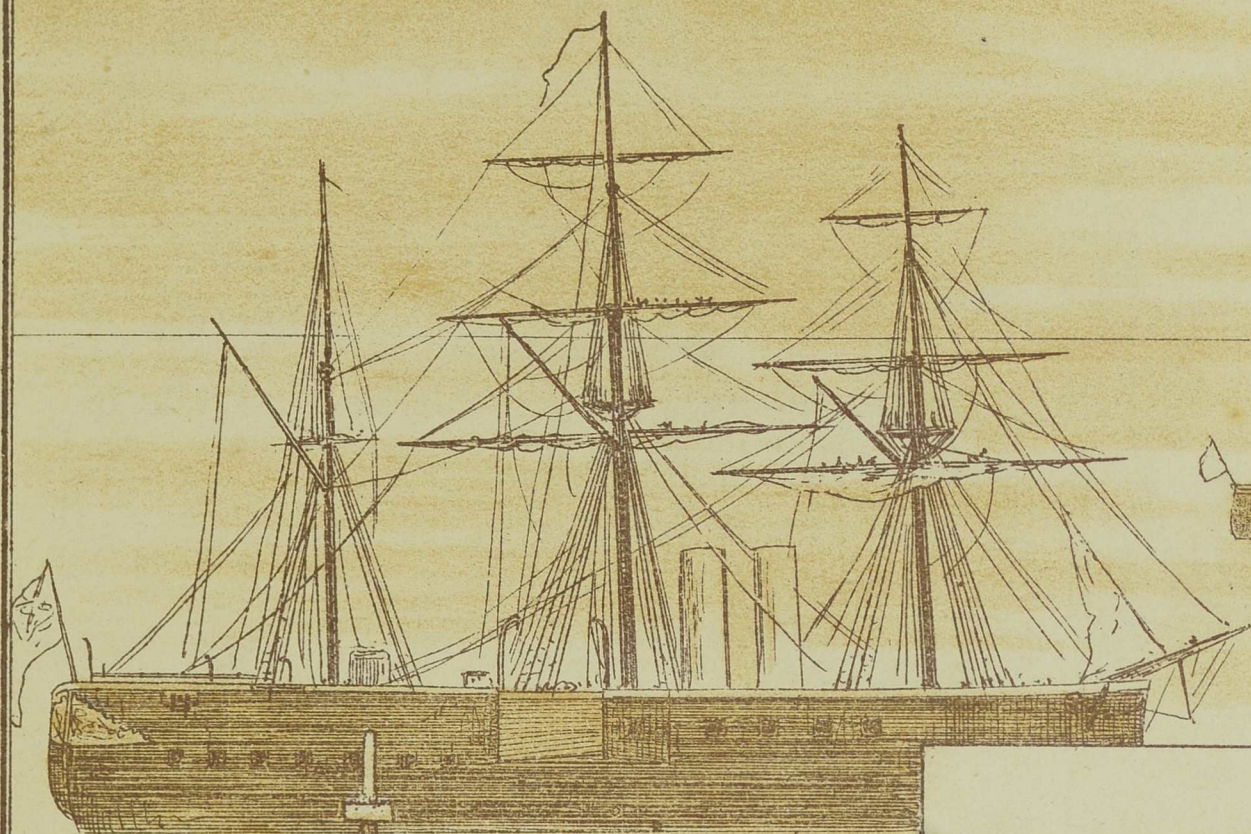
A for an ADMIRAL, famous in
song,
Who stands near the Anchor so heavy
and strong.

B for a BOATSWAIN of won-
derful zeal,
And B for the Binnacle, close to the
wheel.

C for a CAPTAIN, returned from
the wars,
And C for a Capstan, with one of its
bars.

D for a DARKIE, so happy
afloat,
And D for the Davits supporting a
boat.



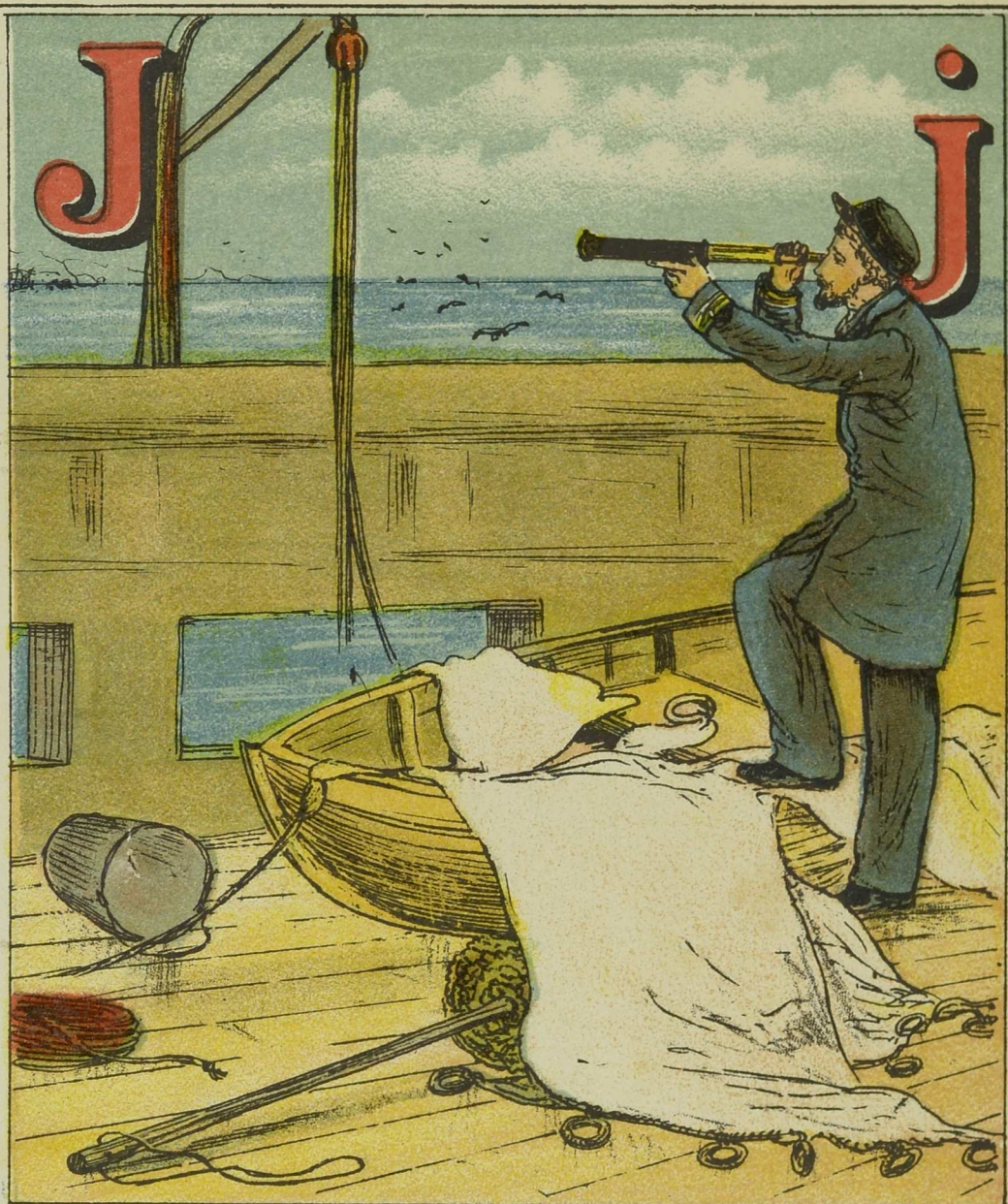
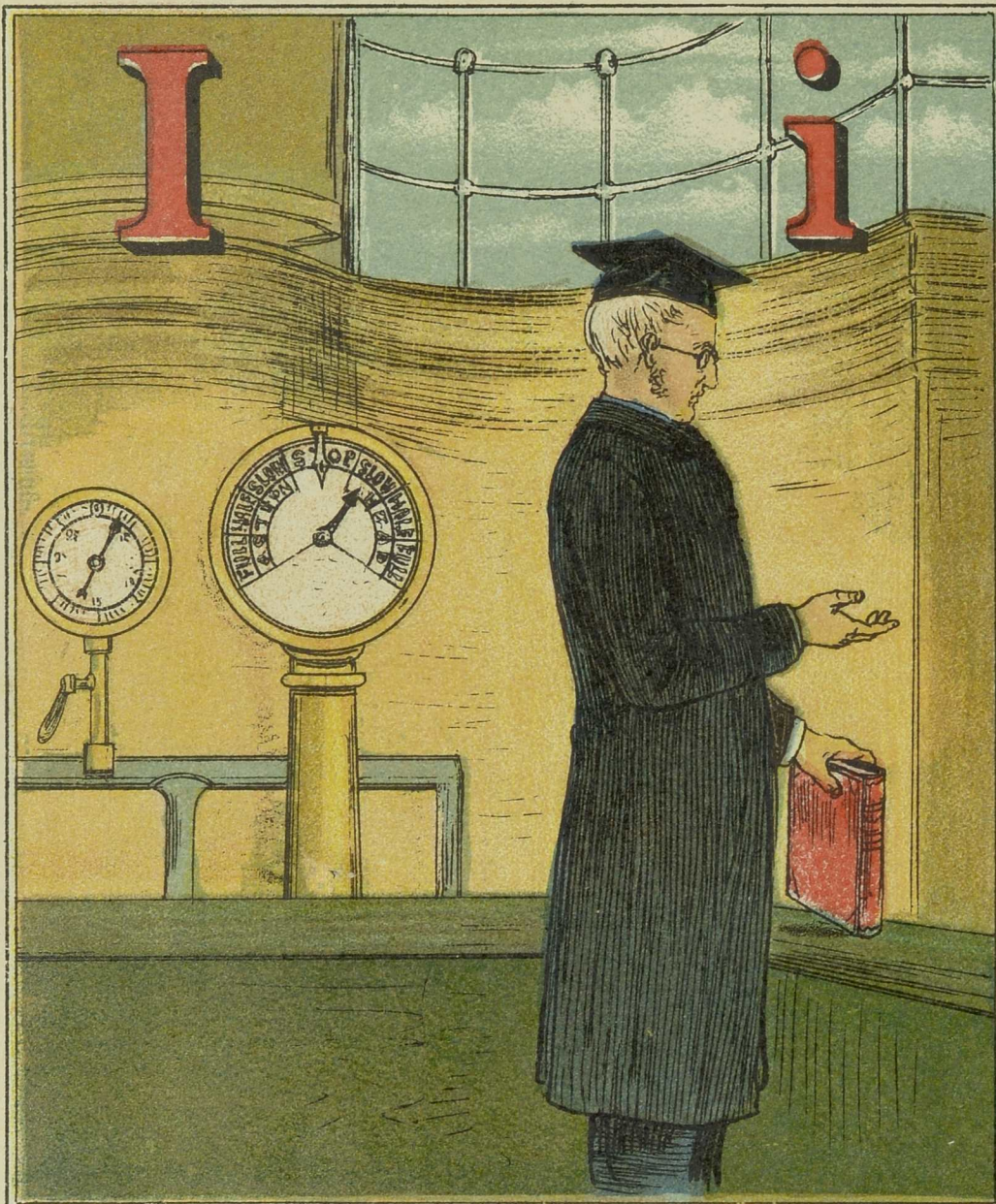


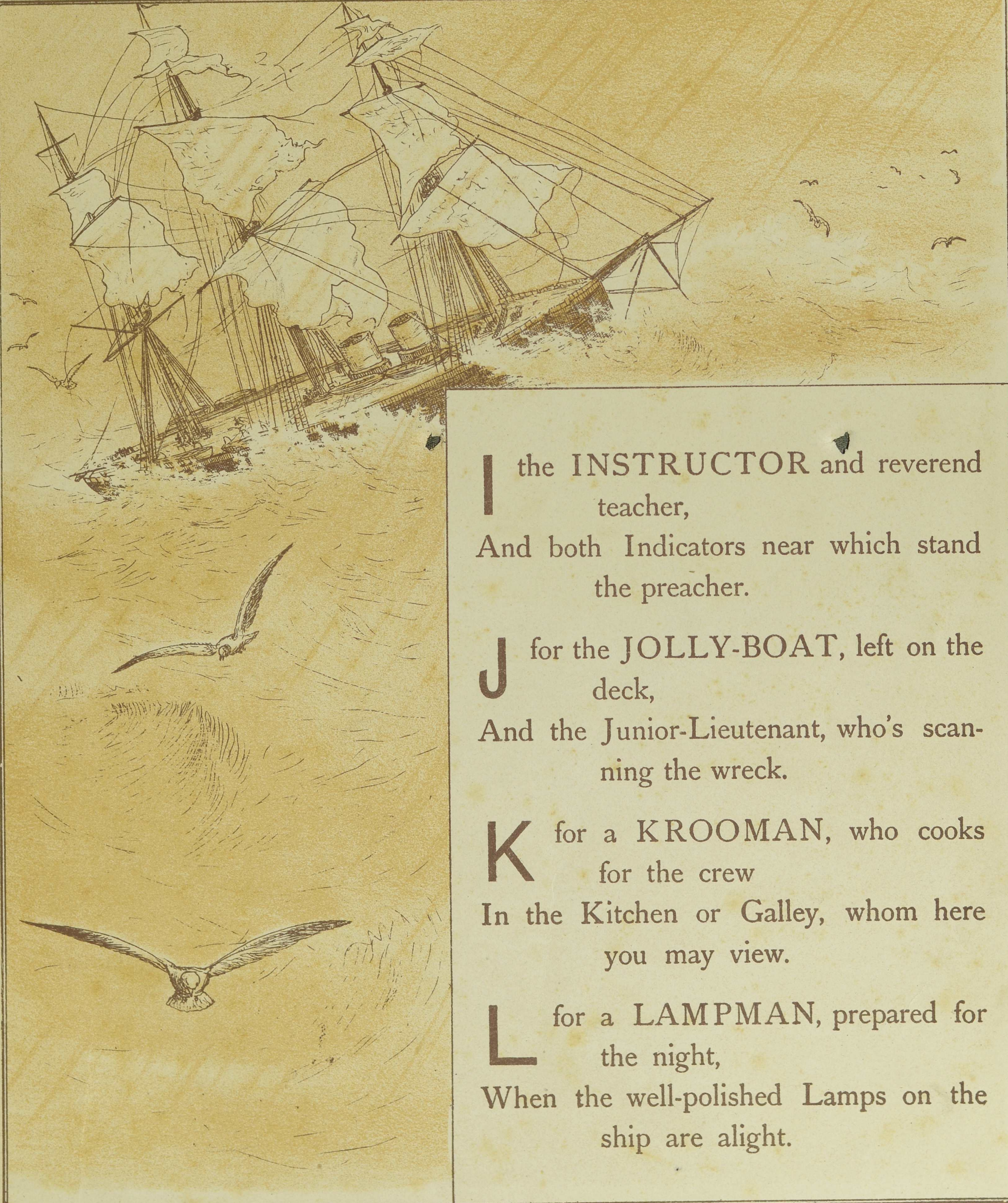
E for an ENGINEER, summoned
up aft,
Away from the Engine that's driving the
shaft.

F for the FLAGS, by the land-
breezes fanned,
And the Flag-Lieutenant, with glass in
his hand.

G for a GUNNER, and G for a
Gun,
Which shines in the light of the mid-day
sun.

H for the HOSPITAL-MAN,
down below,
And H for the Hammocks, which close
to him show.



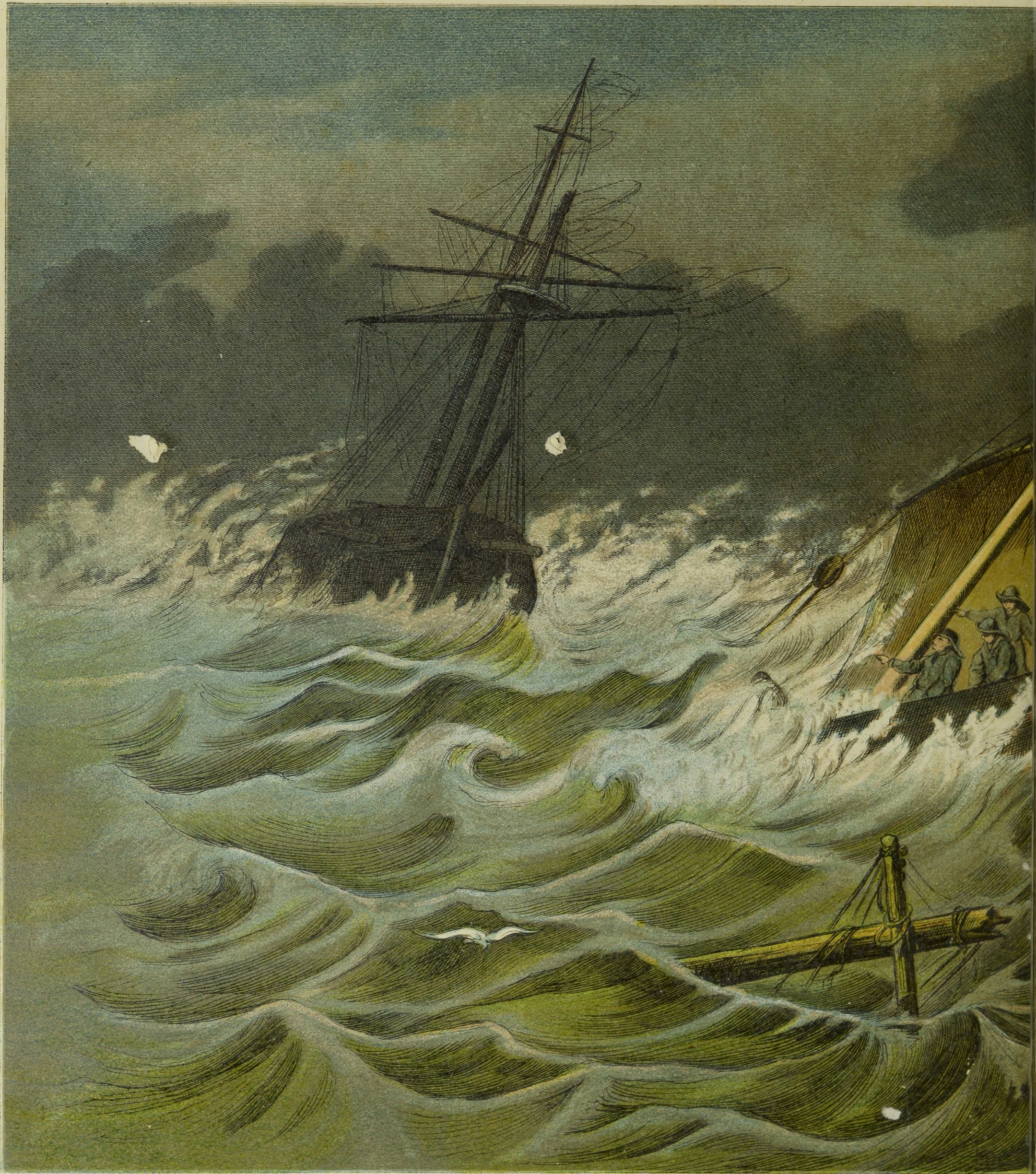


I the INSTRUCTOR and reverend
teacher,
And both Indicators near which stand
the preacher.

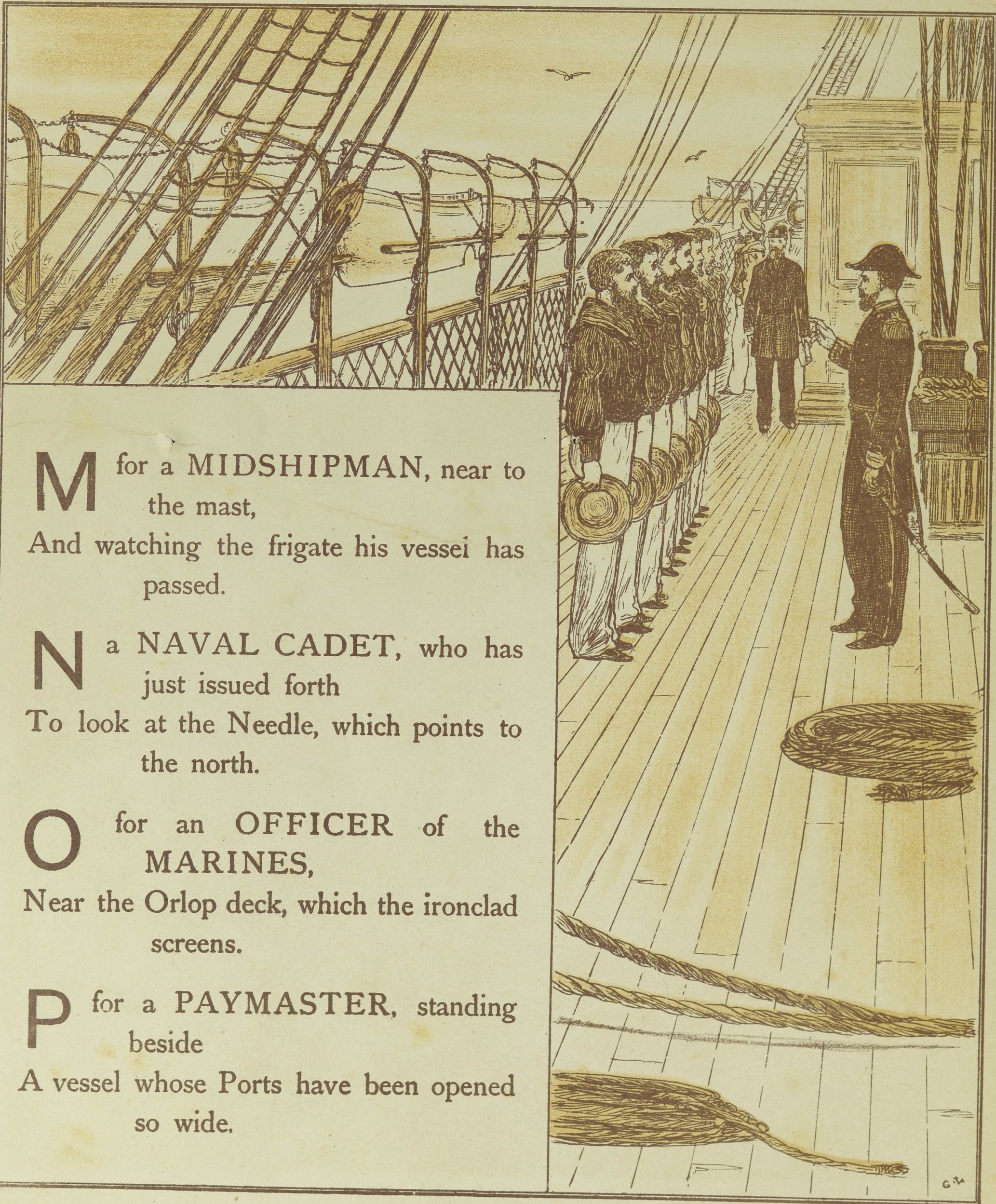
J for the JOLLY-BOAT, left on the
deck,
And the Junior-Lieutenant, who's scan-
ning the wreck.

K for a KROOMAN, who cooks
for the crew
In the Kitchen or Galley, whom here
you may view.

L for a LAMPMAN, prepared for
the night,
When the well-polished Lamps on the
ship are alight.





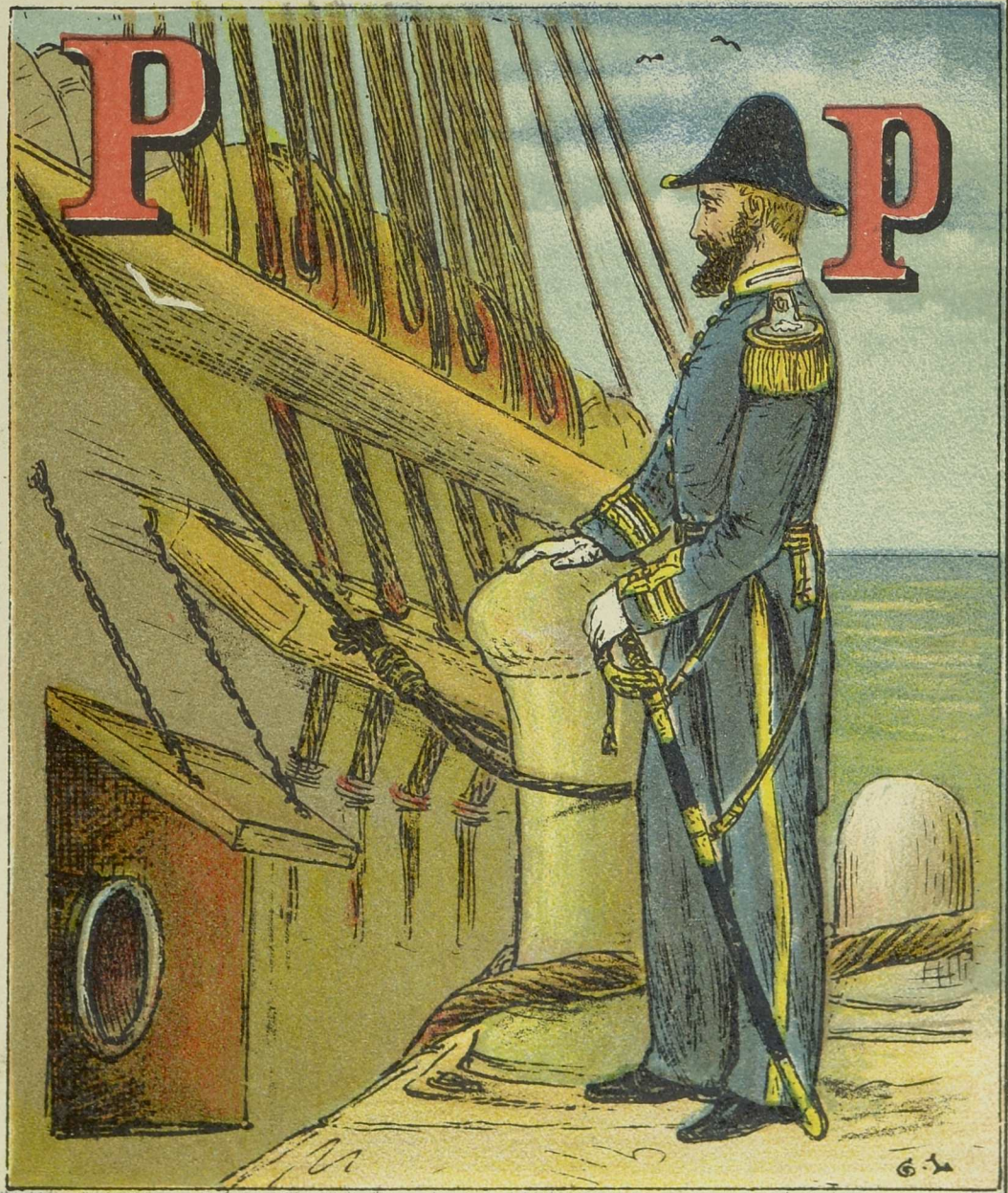


M for a MIDSHIPMAN, near to
the mast,
And watching the frigate his vessel has
passed.

N a NAVAL CADET, who has
just issued forth
To look at the Needle, which points to
the north.

O for an OFFICER of the
MARINES,
Near the Orlop deck, which the ironclad
screens.

P for a PAYMASTER, standing
beside
A vessel whose Ports have been opened
so wide.

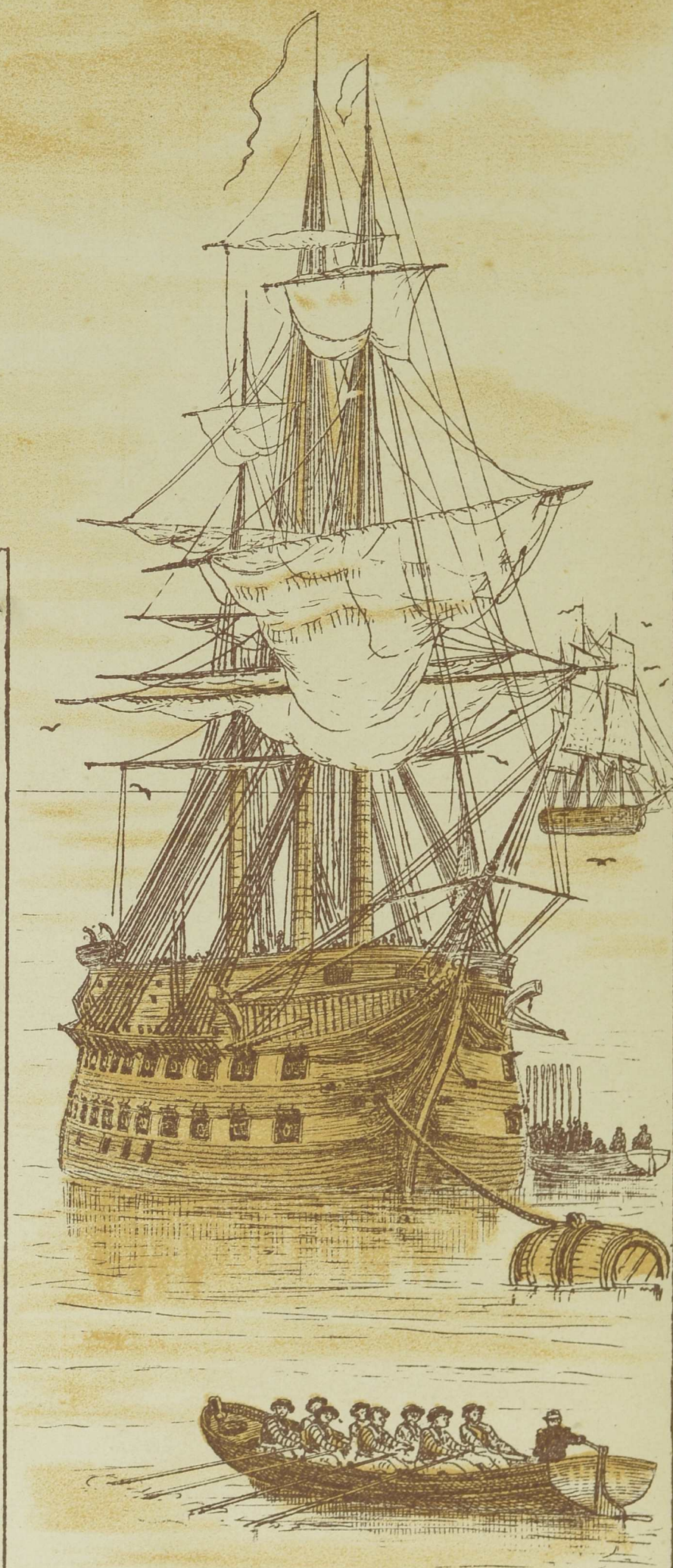


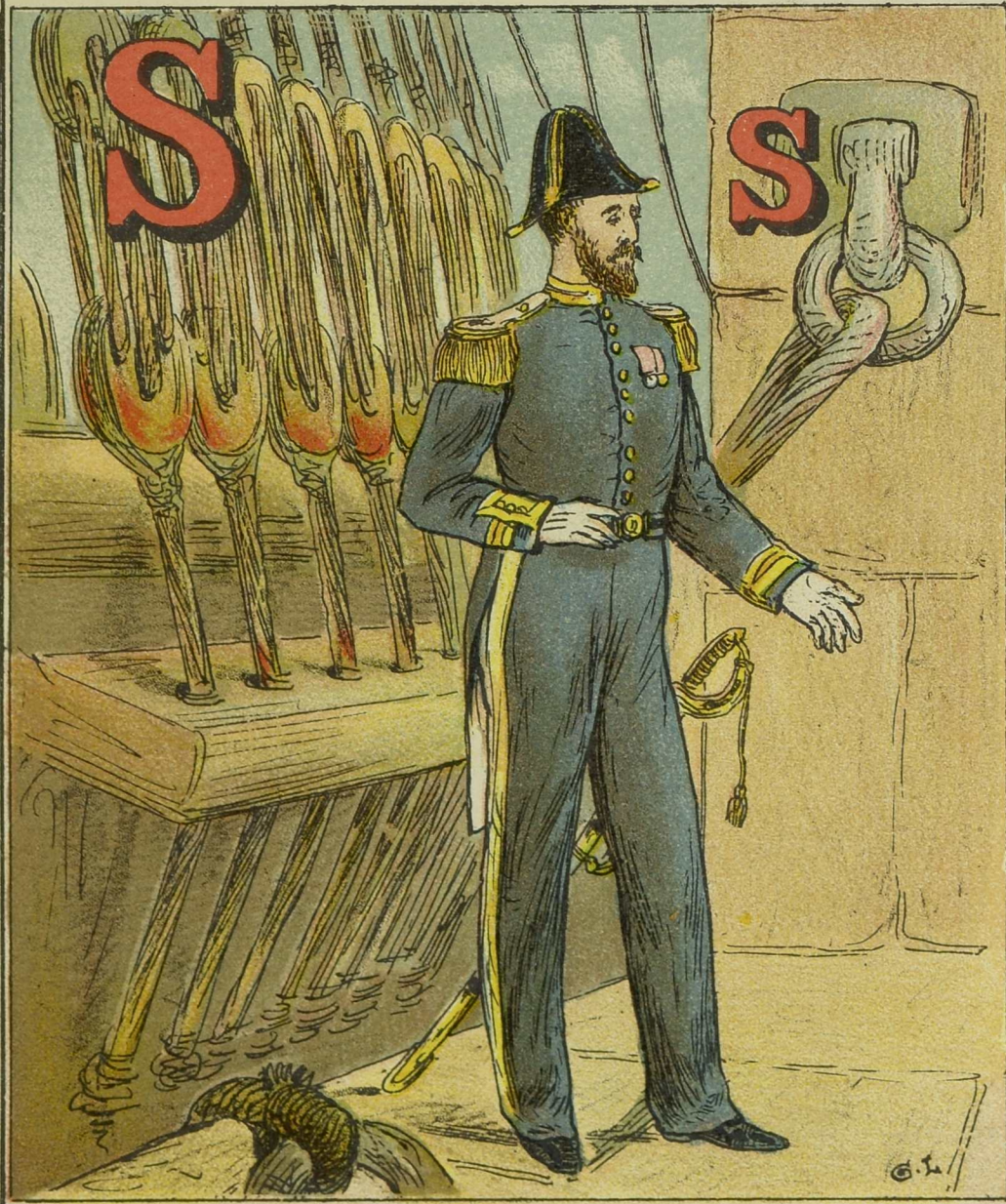
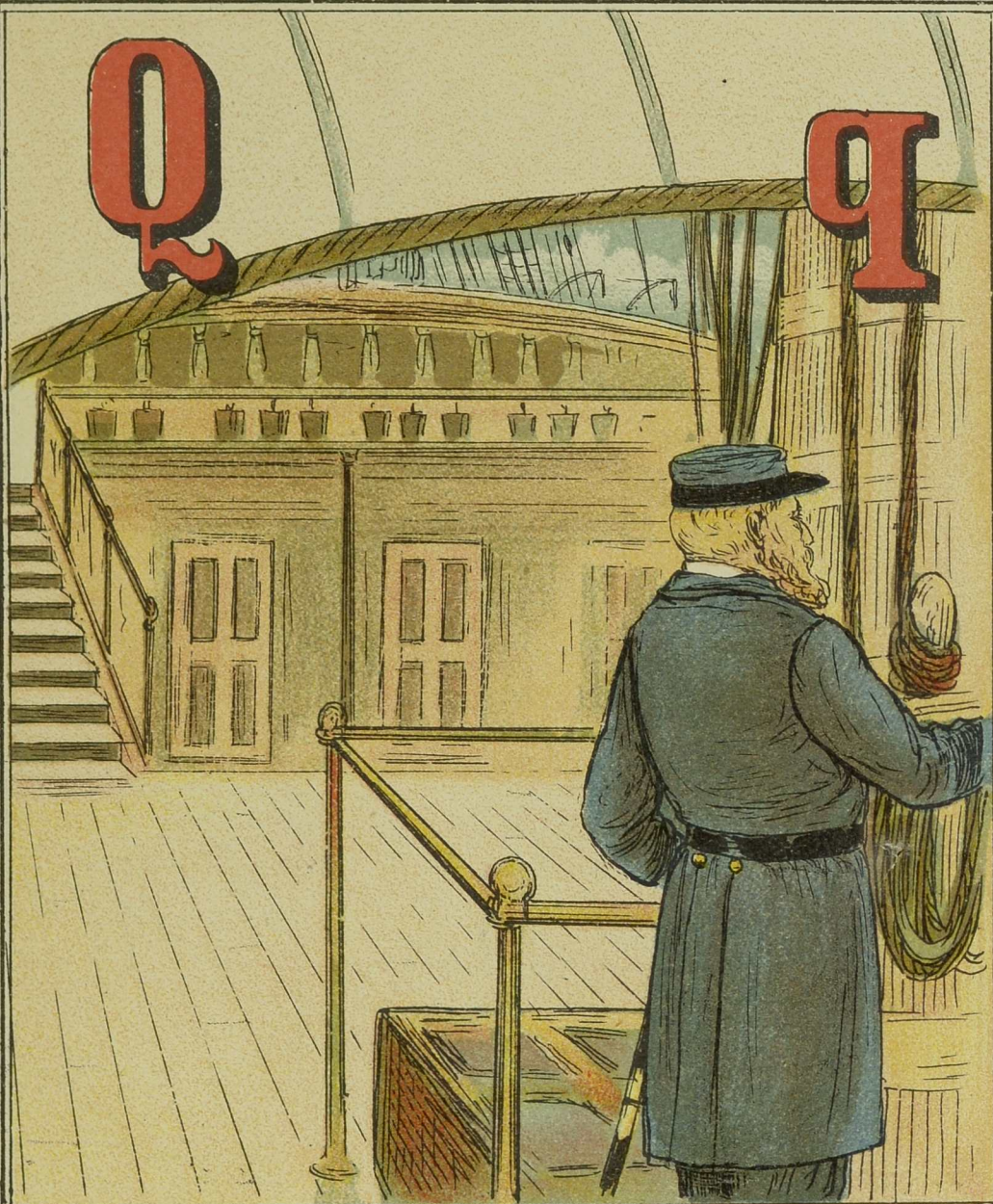
Q for the QUARTERDECK, spot-
less and clean ;
An old Quarter-master close by it is
seen.

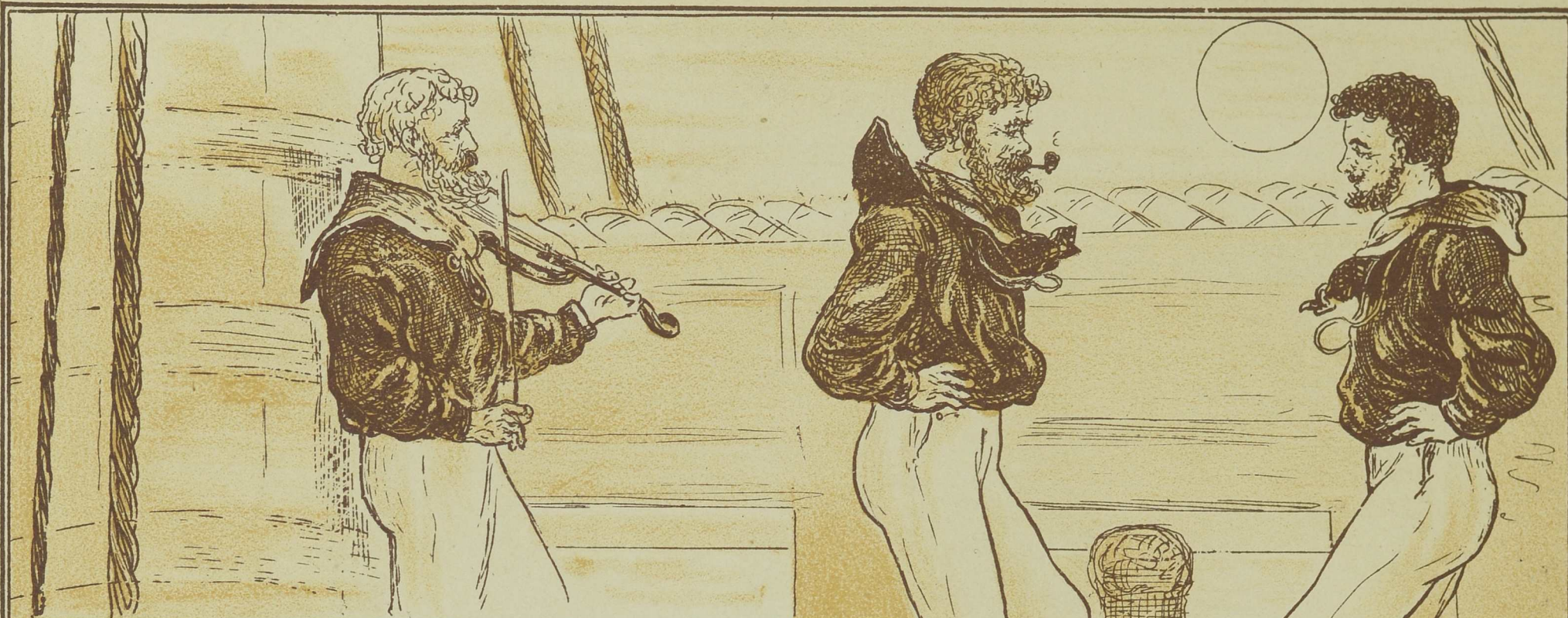
R for the RATLINES, which lead
up aloft,
And bend 'neath the Reefer, who travels
them oft.

S for the SURGEON, in charge of
the crew,
So smart near the Shrouds, in his tunic
of blue.

T a TOP-GALLANT MAST,
towering high,
While a Topman at work on the yard we
espy.







U NDER - STEWARD, just
going afloat,
Near the Union Jack on the mast of a
boat.

V a VICE-ADMIRAL, cautious
yet bold,
Near the white Ventilator which comes
from the hold.

W for the WHISTLE, the boat-
swain's delight ;
And the Officer of the next Watch for
the night ; and

X the XEBECQ, concealed by the
deck.

Y for the YARD, which is crossing
the mast,

And the Yeoman whose portrait must
serve for our last ; as

Z is advisedly unpictured passed.



