AUNT LOUISA'S GOLDEN GIFT

COLOURED ILLUSTRATIONS

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VALENTINE, L.
AUNT...
[ca. 1878]
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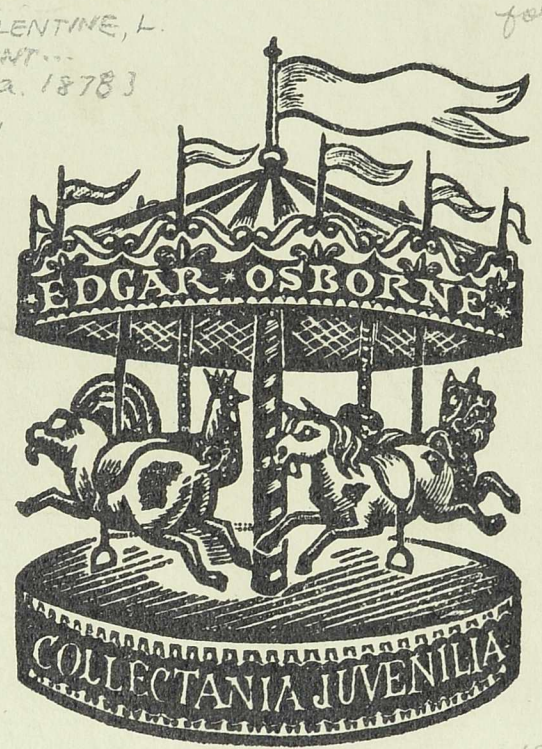

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AUNT LOUISA'S

GOLDEN GIFT.

COMPRISING

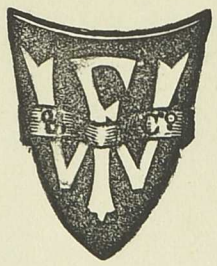
LITTLE DAME CRUMP.
HUSH-A-BYE BABY.
CHILDHOOD'S DELIGHT.
TOTTIE'S NURSERY RHYMES.

WITH

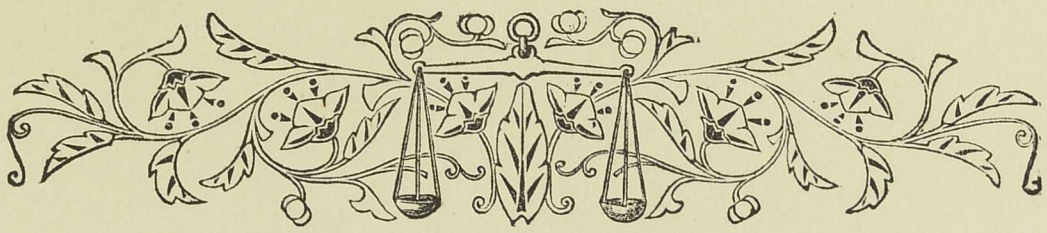
TWENTY-FOUR PAGES OF ILLUSTRATIONS,

PRINTED IN COLOURS AND GOLD,

From Original Designs by M. TILSLEY.



LONDON:
FREDERICK WARNE AND CO.,
BEDFORD STREET, STRAND.



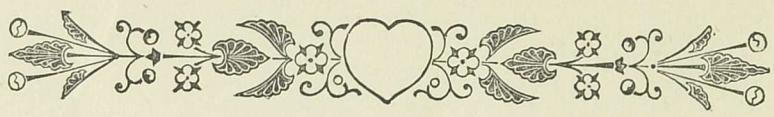
PREFACE.

A GOLDEN GIFT is one that we cannot expect every day. Well, here is one, resplendent in gold and colours! "Little Dame Crump and her Pig" will, we hope, delight those young people who do not yet know her, while nearly everybody will welcome "Hush-a-bye Baby," "Childhood's Delight," and "Tottie's Nursery Rhymes" as old friends; though they are so very splendid now in gold and colours; and we have no doubt that they will be doubly valued, because such pains have been taken to give them a new dress.

LITTLE DAME CRUMP.

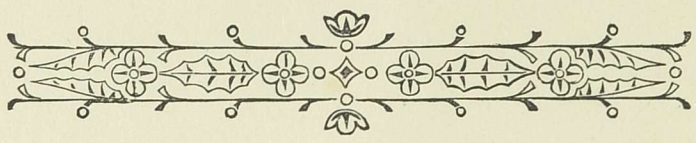
Little Dame Crump

NEAT little Dame Crump, with her little hair broom,
One morning was sweeping her nice little room,
When casting her little grey eyes on the ground,
In a sly little corner a florin she found.



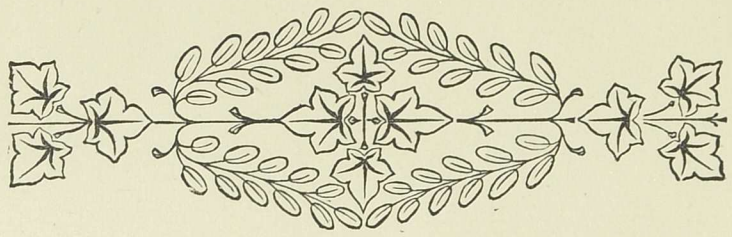
The Dame picked it up, and exclaimed with surprise,
"How lucky I am! Oh, dear me, what a prize!
To market I'll go, and a pig I will buy,
And little John Gubbins shall build it a sty."

She put on her hat, and she tucked up her gown,
And locked up her house, and set off to town;
Across the green meadows she took her glad way,
Where the hedges were white with the blossoms of May.



At the market arrived, she looked well about,
The very best pig she could find to pick out:
A white one she chose, and a bargain she made,
And only a florin for Piggy she paid.

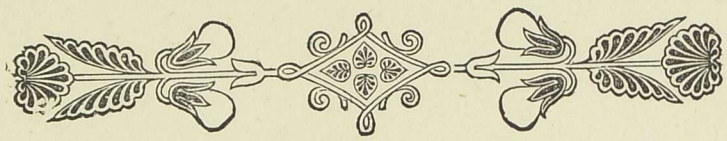
Her money thus spent, she was puzzled to know
How both would get home if the pig wouldn't
go;
And fearing the creature might play her a trick,
She bought there, to drive him, a little crab-
stick.



Through streets and through highways the little
Dame went,
With Piggy's behaviour at first quite content;
Till, just as they came to the banks of a brook,
An obstinate fit little white Piggy took.

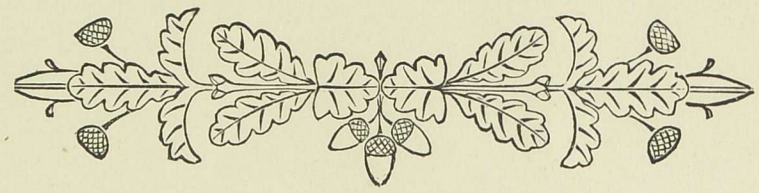
IX

He stood still and grunted, and on wouldn't
go,—
Now, wasn't he naughty to tease the Dame so?—
She, finding that coaxing and scolding were
vain,
Used her stick on his back till he went on
again.

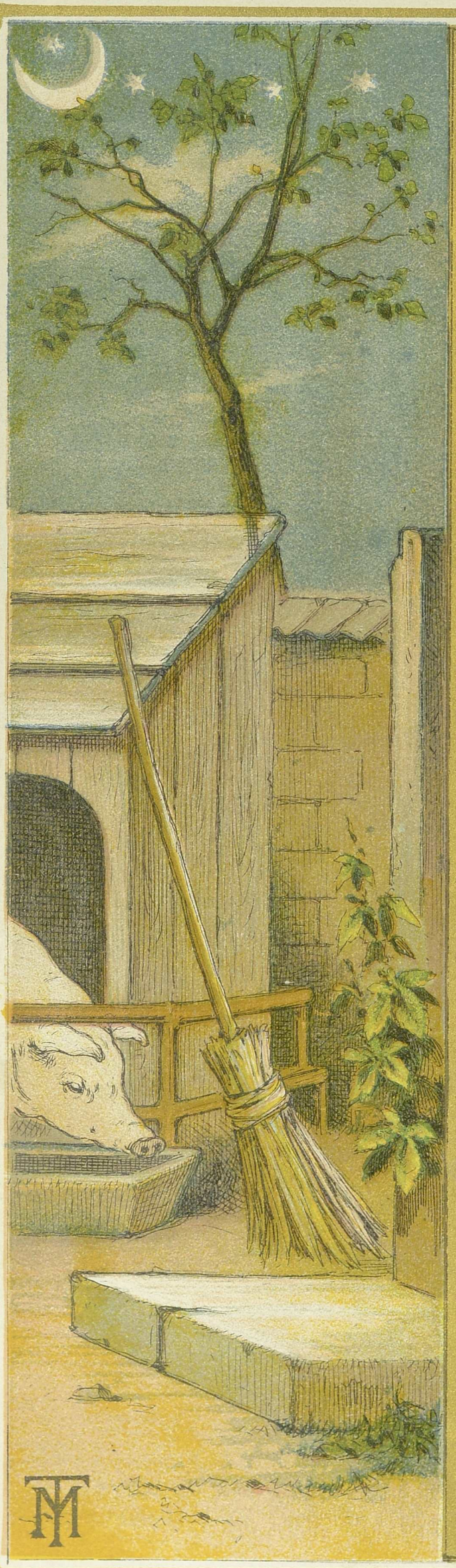


But, oh, not for long! at the foot of the hill,
Where the pathway runs up to the neighb'ring
mill,
Once more he refused to proceed on his way,
And even the stick would no longer obey.

"Now, what shall I do?" said the poor little Dame,
"Night draws on apace; it is really a shame!
Well, Piggy, since thus you're resolved to stand still,
I'll leave you and go up for help to the mill."

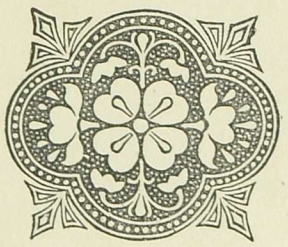


Piggy gave just a grunt; as if he would say,
"Pray do as you like, *I* shall have my own way."
So she went to the mill and borrowed a sack,
Which she popped Piggy in, and placed on her back.

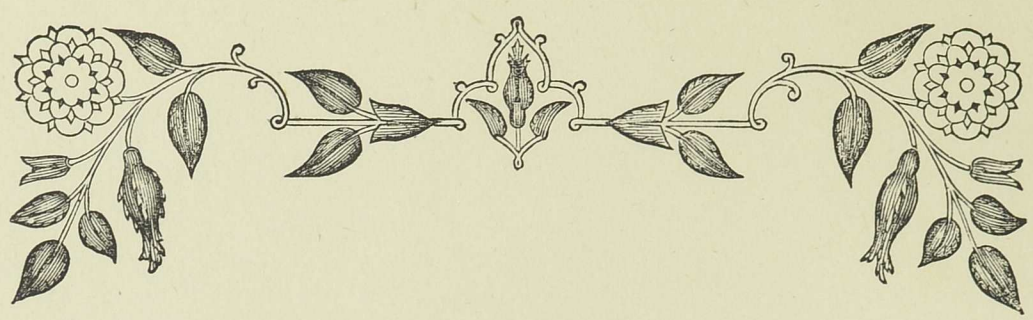


She carried him thus to his neat little sty,
And made him a litter of straw, fresh and dry;
With a handful of peas the Piggy was fed,
And soon fell asleep on his snug little bed.

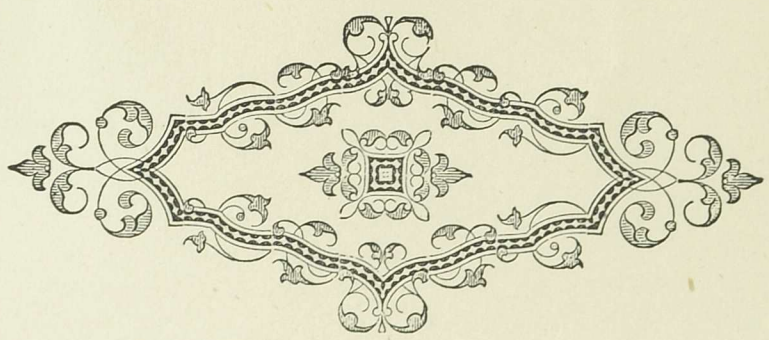
The Dame, very tired, as you well may believe,
Was glad little Pig to his slumbers to leave:
She went straight to bed, and she put out the light,—
(But first said her pray'rs)—here we'll wish her "Good night."

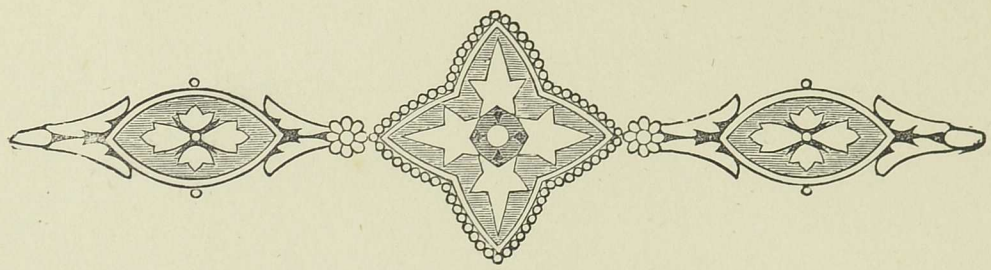


HUSH-A-BYE BABY.

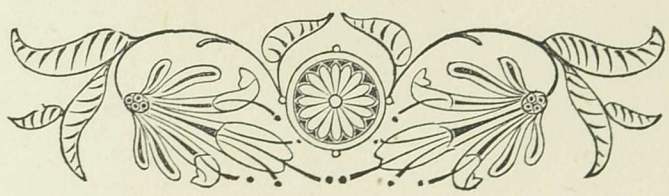


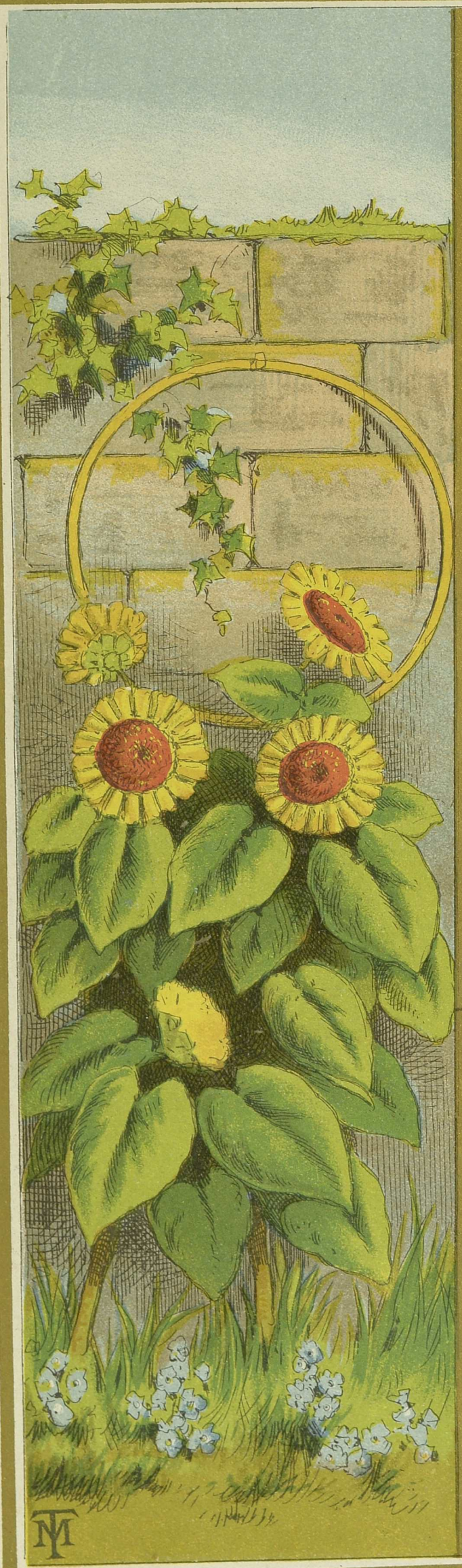
HUSH-A-BYE, Baby,
Mother's a lady,
Father has gone to the mill;
And if you don't cry
He'll be back by-and-bye,
So hush-a-bye, Baby, lie still!





WHEN Charley's done reading his book every day,
He goes with his hoop in the garden to play;
With his whip in his hand he mounts up across,
And gallops away on his fine rocking horse.





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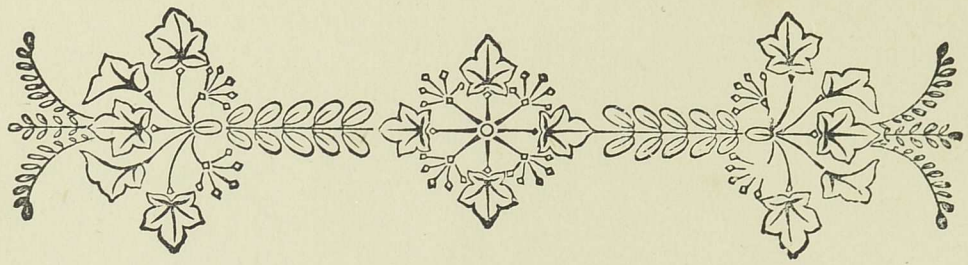
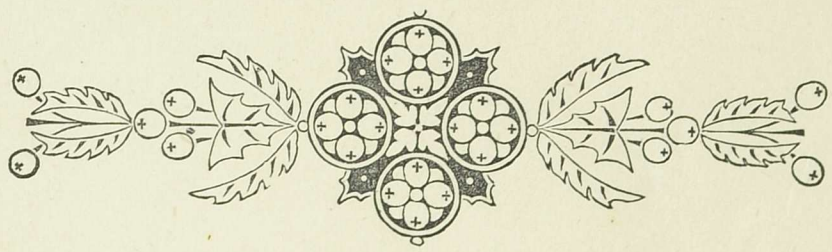


COME here, little Puss, and I'll make
you quite smart;
You shall wear this gold chain, and
I'll wear this fine heart;
And when we are dressed, my dear
Auntie shall see
Who then will look best, little Pussy
or me.



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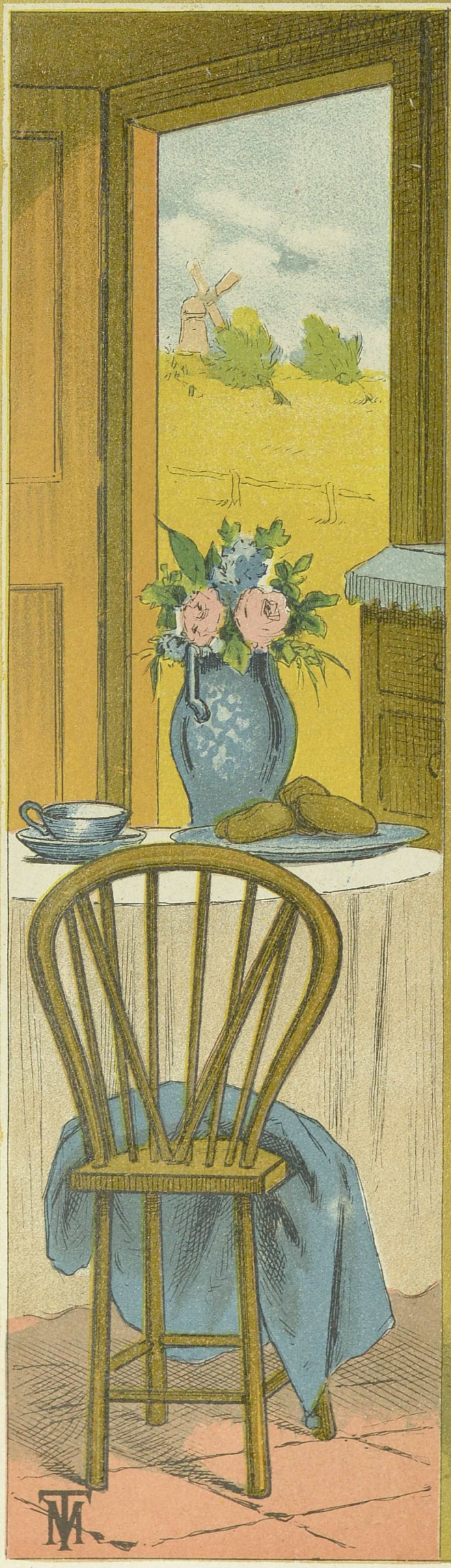

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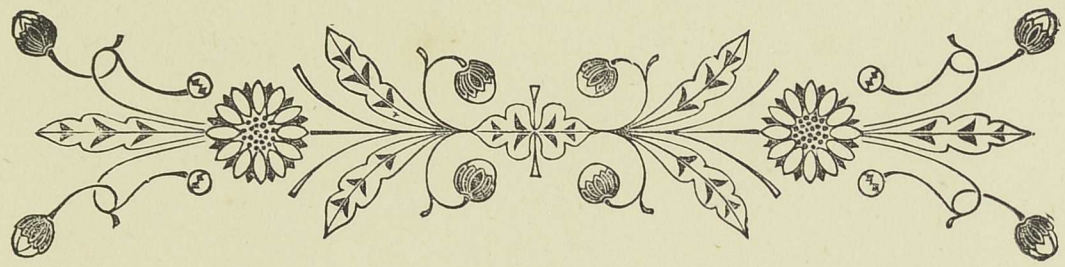
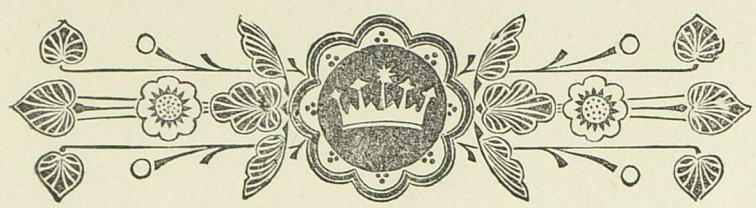


BLOW, wind, blow! and go, mill, go!
That the miller may grind the corn;
That the baker may take it, and into
rolls make it,
And send us some hot in the morn.



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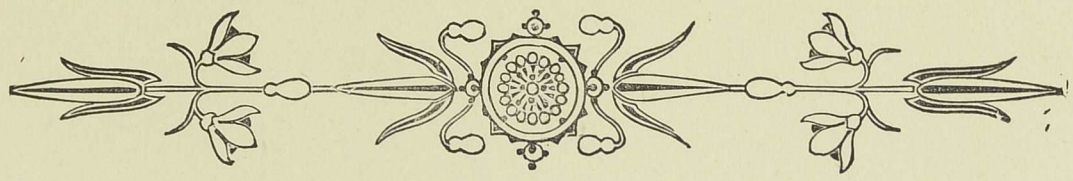
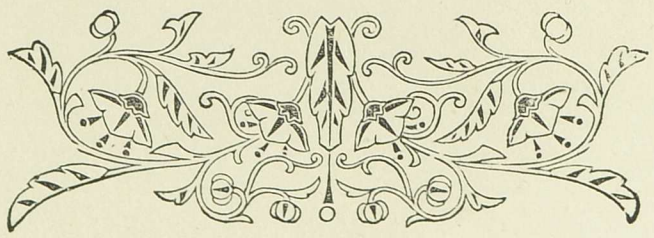


Look at dear Frank in his pretty
new clothes;
Boots, knickerbockers, and little blue
hose;
To school he must go, and do all he
can
To be good and clever, and grow up
a man.



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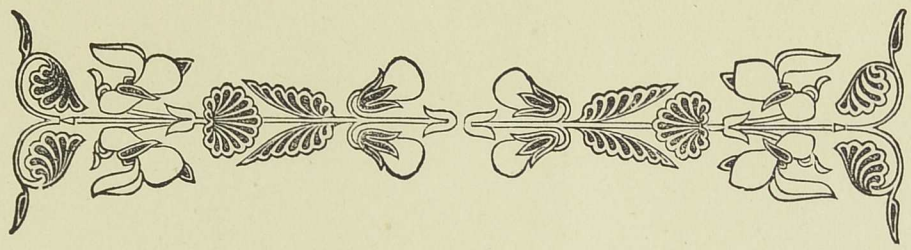
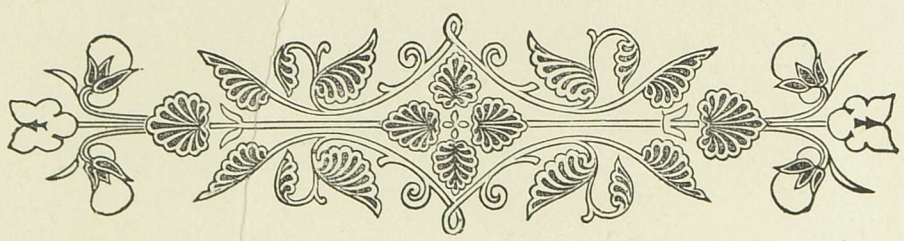
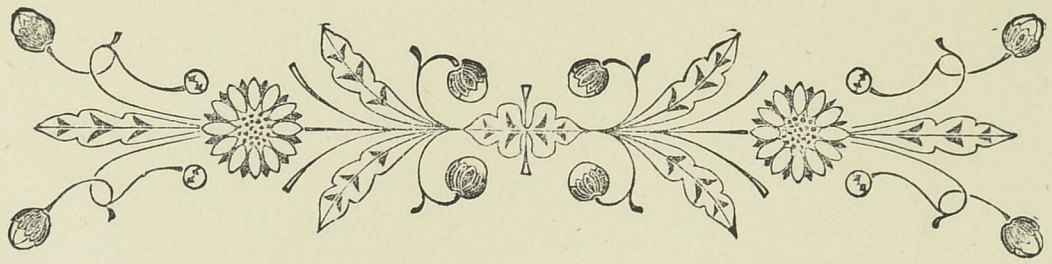


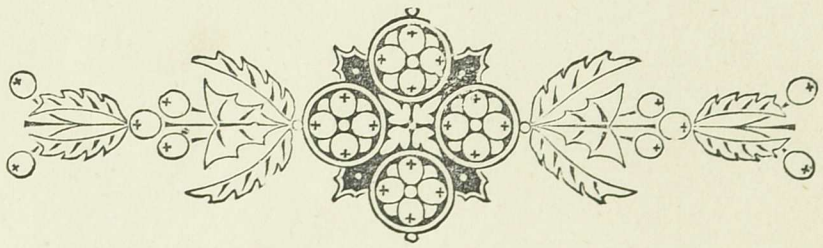
DEAR little lambs, how pretty you
look!
Drinking or standing beside the
brook;
Good bye! I wish I could with you
stay:
I'll see you again some other day.

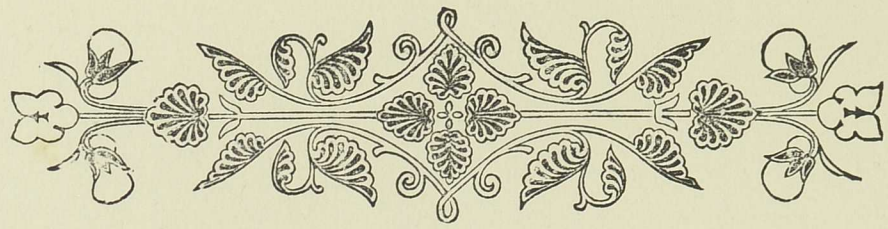


CHILDHOOD'S DELIGHT.

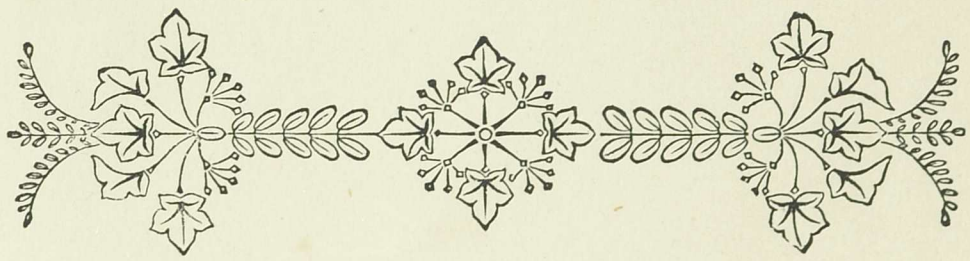


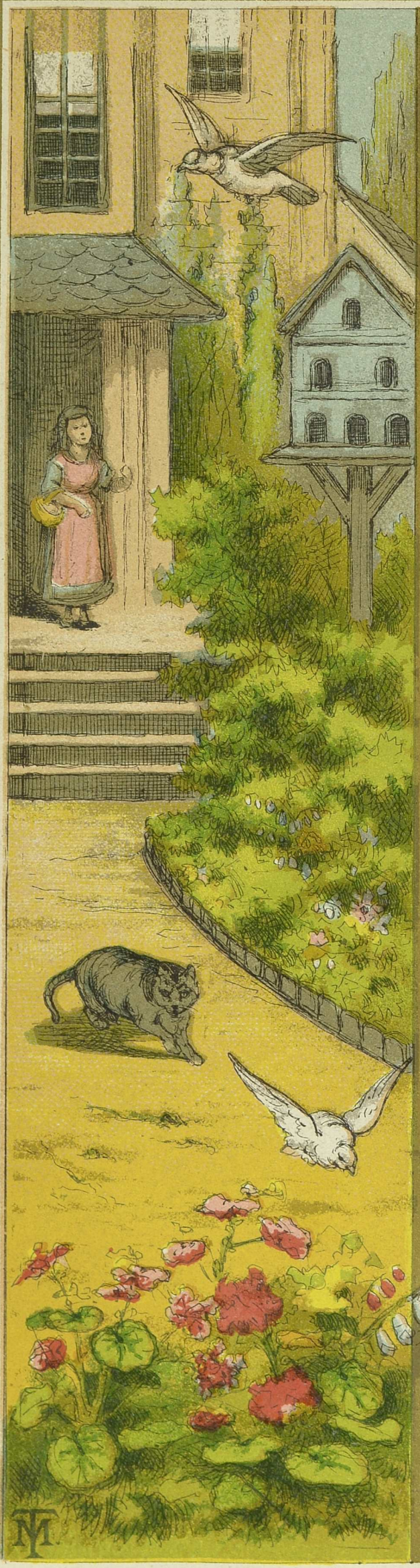
LITTLE girl, little girl! where have you been?
Gathering roses to give to the Queen.
Little girl, little girl! what gave she you?
She gave me a diamond as big as my shoe.





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.





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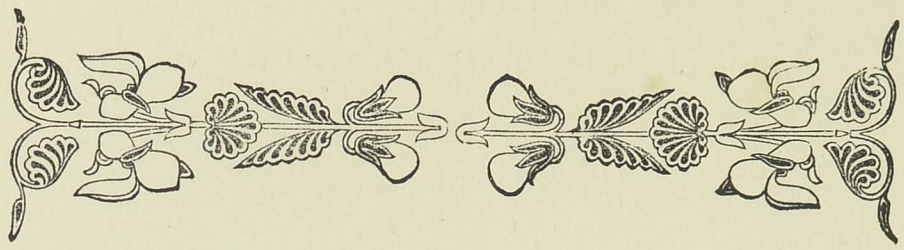
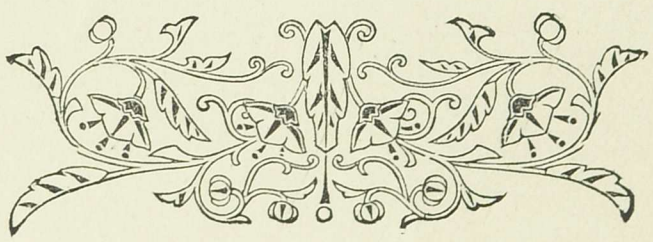
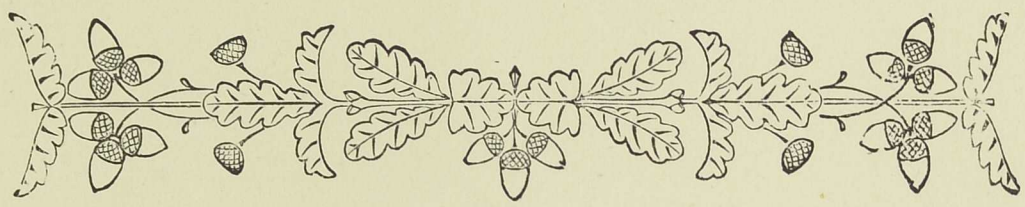


SEE-SAW, Margery Daw,
Little Jackey shall have a new
master.
Little Jackey shall have but a penny
a day,
Because he can't work any faster.



DIEU ET MON DROIT



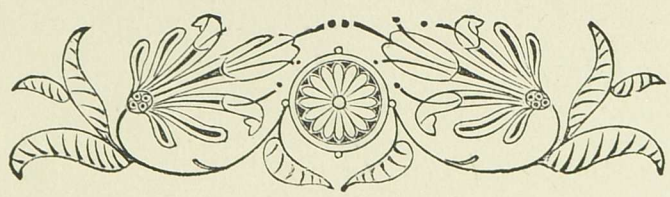
Cock-a-doodle-doo!

The Princess dropped her shoe;

The fiddlers stopped,—

Her Highness hopped,—

They didn't know what to do!



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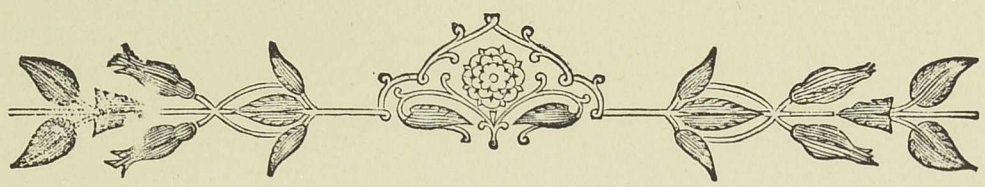
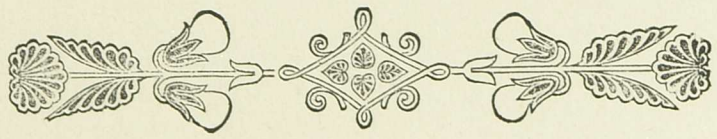
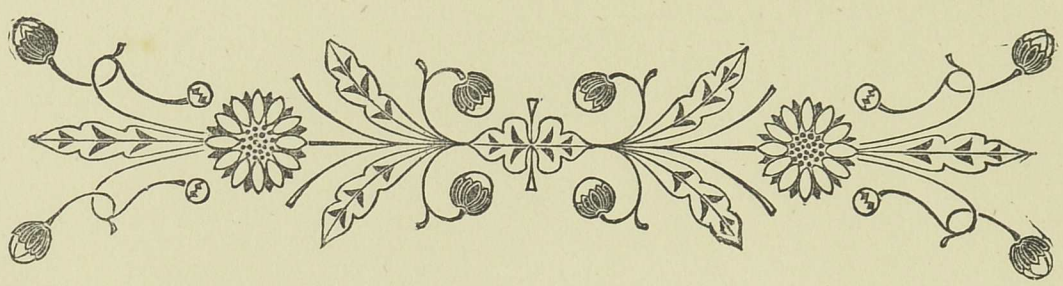


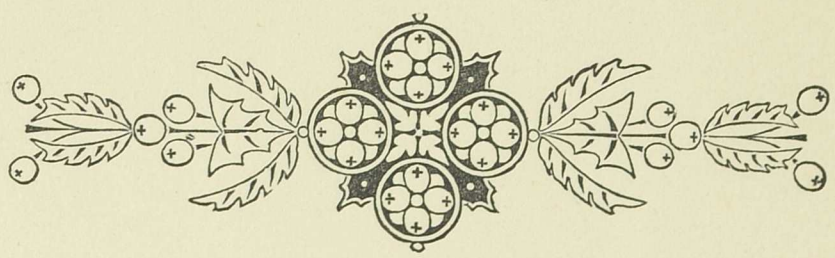
When I was a bachelor, I lived by myself;
All the bread and cheese I got I put upon a shelf;
But the rats and the mice, they made such a strife,
I was forced to go to London to get me a wife.
The roads were so bad, and the lanes were so narrow,
I was forced to bring my wife home in a wheel-barrow:
The wheel-barrow broke, and my wife had a fall;
Down came the wheel-barrow, wife, and all!



TOTTIE'S NURSERY RHYMES.



MARY, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With silver bells and cockle-shells,
And pretty buds all in a row.



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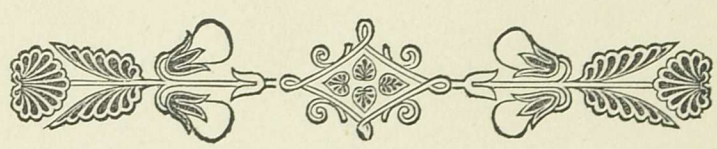
QUEEN ANNE, Queen Anne! you sit
in the sun,
As white as a lily, as fair as a swan:
I send you these letters; I pray you
read one.
"I cannot read one unless I read all;
So pray, little darling, deliver the
ball."



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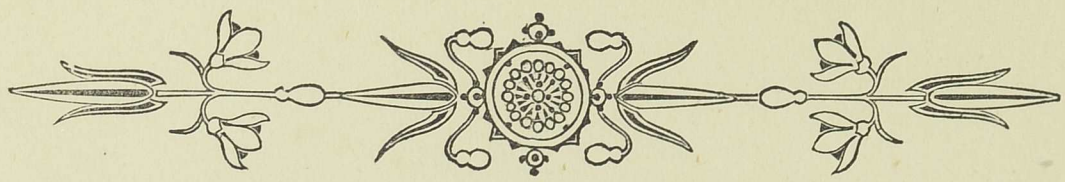
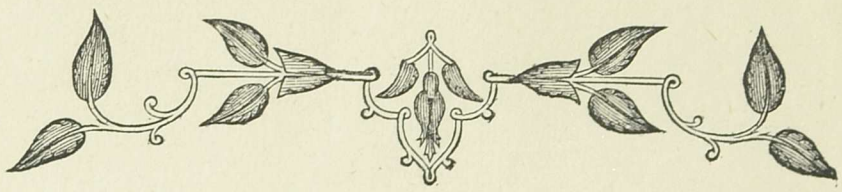
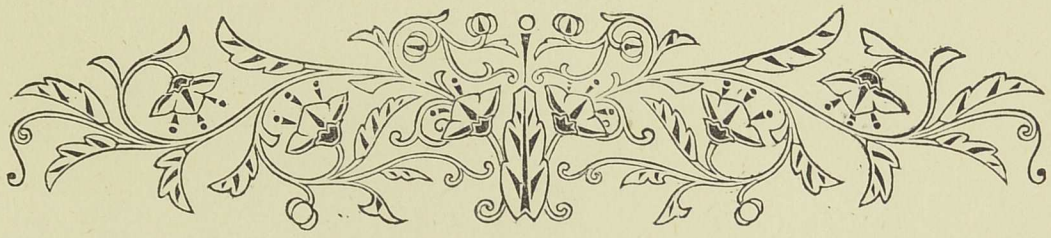
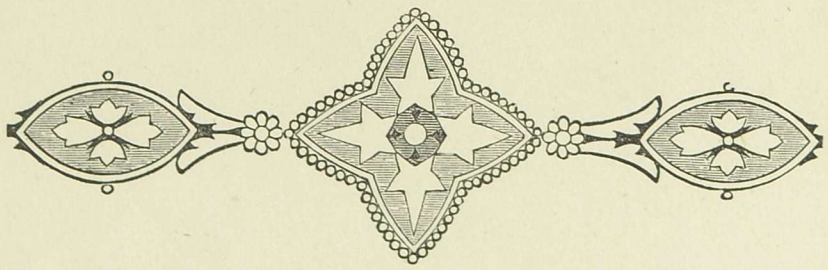


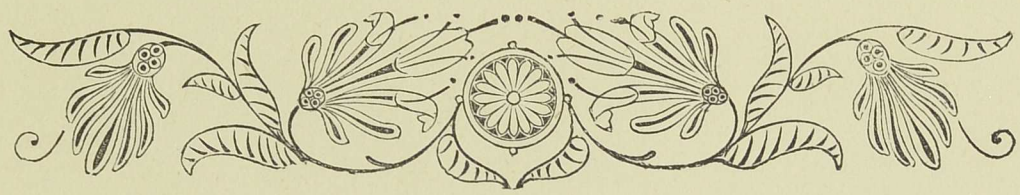
HERE comes a poor woman from
Babyland,
With three small children in her
hand:
One can brew, and one can bake,
And one can make a pretty round
cake;
One can sit in the garden and spin,
Another can make a fine bed for a
King:
Pray, ma'am, will you take one in?



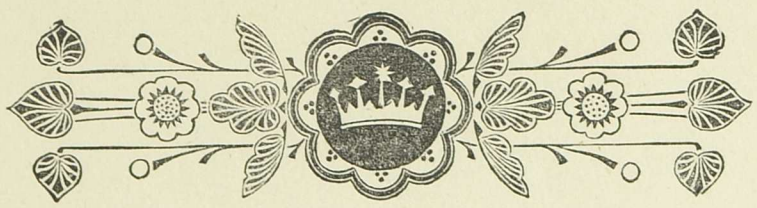


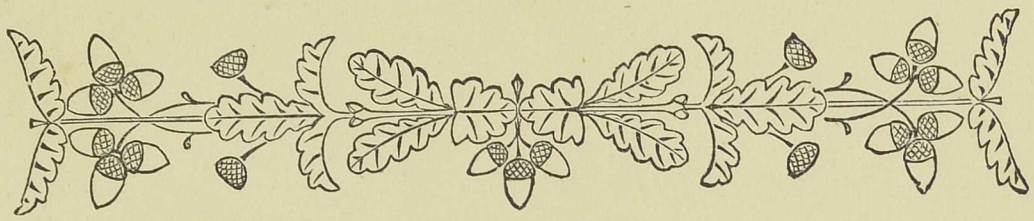
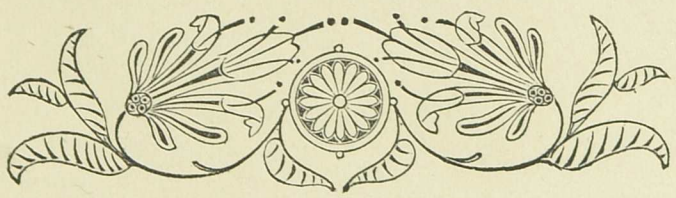
THE man in the wilderness asked of
me,
How many strawberries grew in
the sea;
I answered him, as I thought, good,—
As many as red-herrings grow in
the wood.





DANCE, little Baby, dance up high!
Never mind, Baby, Mother is nigh;
Crow and caper, caper and crow!
There, little Baby, there you go,
Up to the ceiling, down to the gound,
Backwards and forwards, round and round!
Dance, little Baby, Mother will sing,
With the merry coral, ding-a-ding, ding!





WHERE are you going, my pretty maid?
"I'm 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 can't marry you, my pretty maid.
"Nobody asked you, sir!" she said.