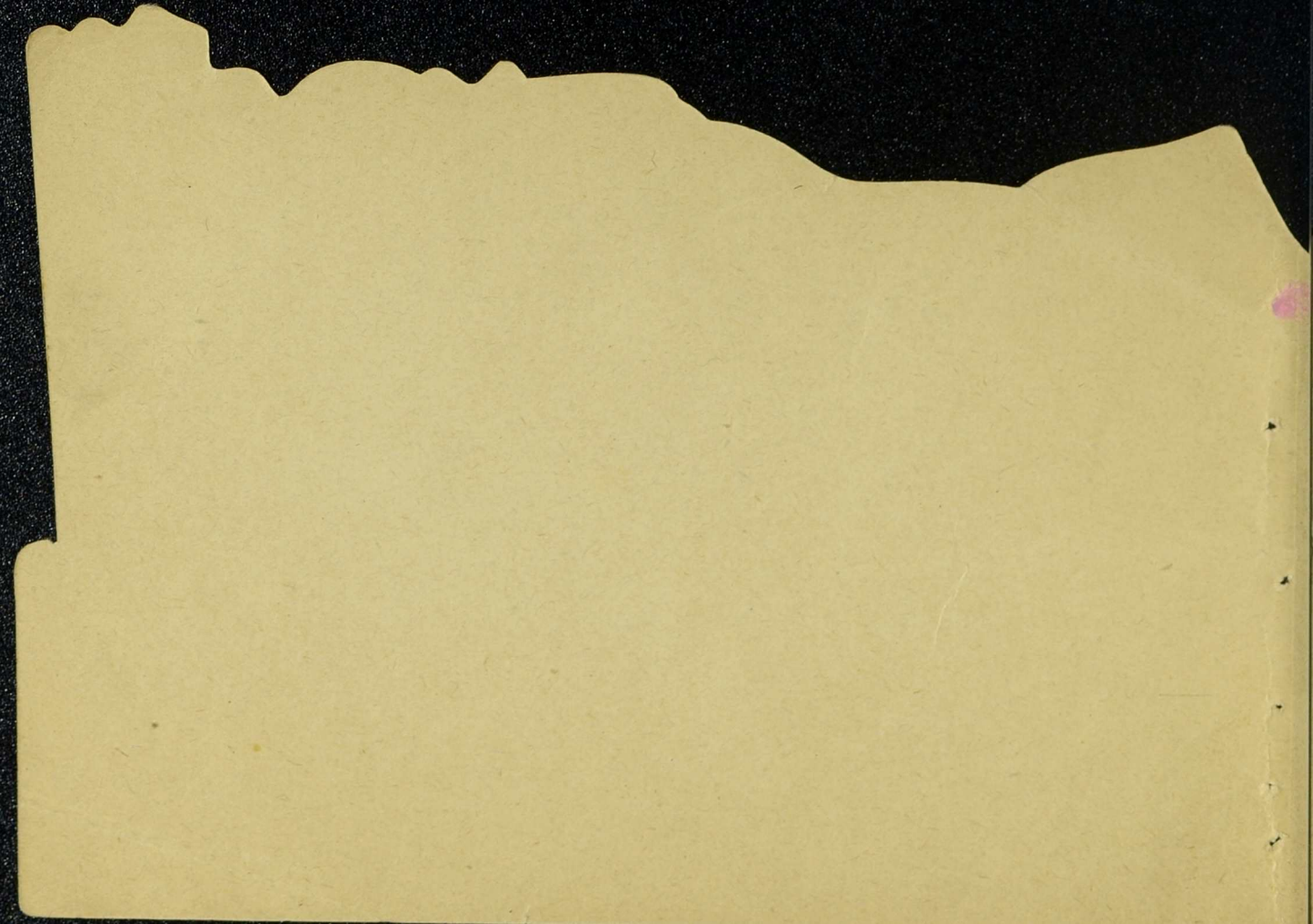


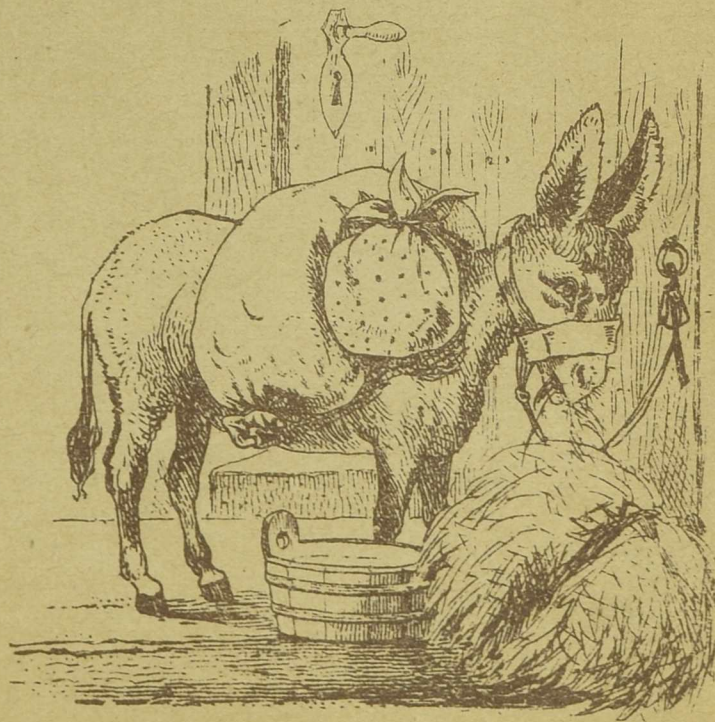


Hush-a-by  
Baby.

RAPHAEL TUCK & SONS  
LONDON, PARIS & NEW YORK

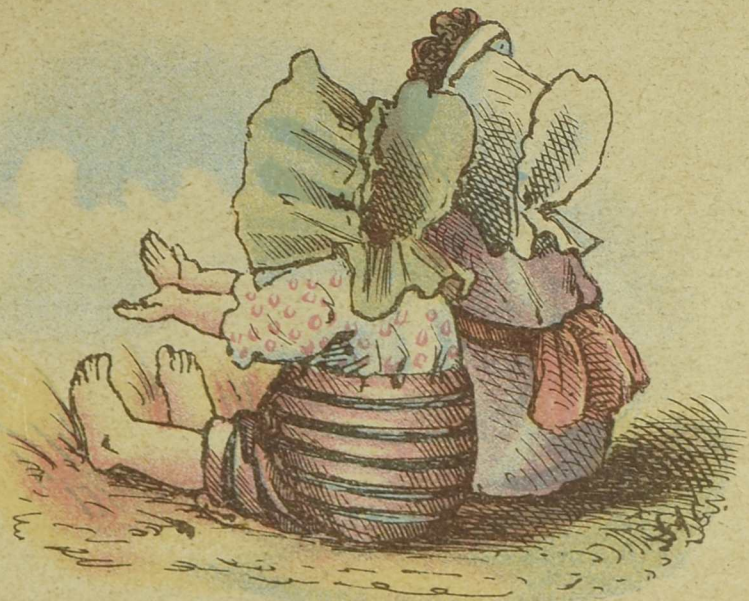


It is a Jenny or it is a  
Neddy,  
This donkey that looks for  
a journey quite  
ready—  
A pack on its back and a  
bag at the crupper,  
Ah, where will it go when  
it's finished its supper?





At the seaside one day Ted and Tom and little Jem played at being minstrels with a doll for a baby, while their



two little sisters sat opposite and clapped their hands  
with glee.



Little Bill has tumbled  
down,  
Foolish little fellow,  
I fear he's cracked his  
little crown  
And sadder still to  
tell, O—  
He's soiled his knicker-  
bockers neat  
By taking on the grass  
a seat.



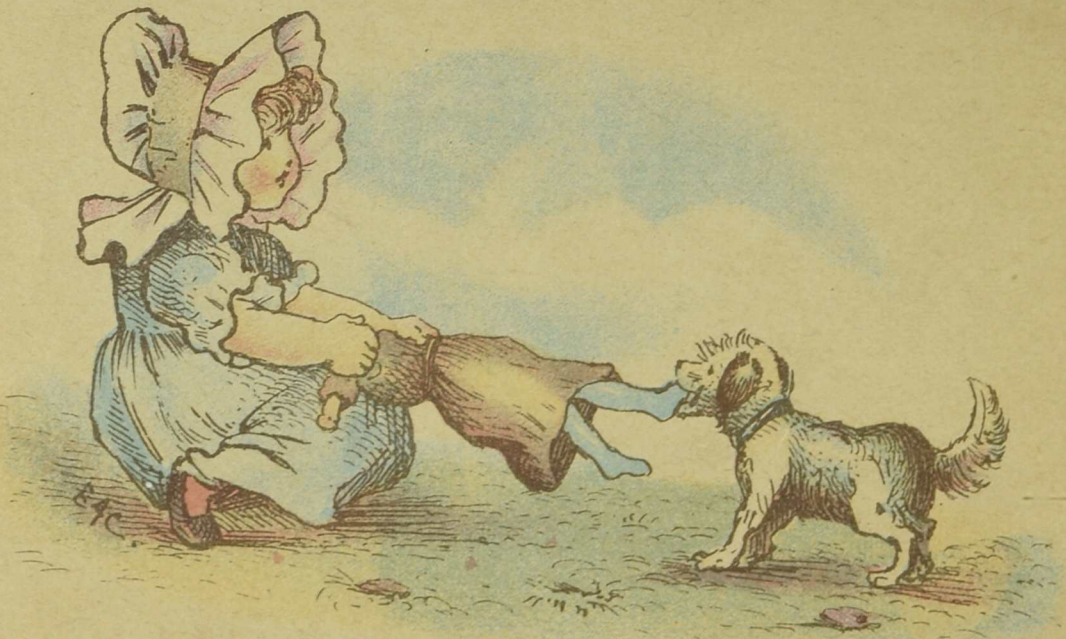
I've got a sword, a shining  
sword,

I've got a helmet grand  
and tall,

I've got a horse. but on my  
word

It will not gallop—not  
at all—

What shall I do to make it go?  
Shall I whip it—ho ho-ho!





Hush-a-by-baby — rock-a-by-baby  
And when you awake we will walk in  
the garden.



Tommy has a pretty lamb,  
A bantam hen, and chickens too,  
What shall Tommy feed them with,  
Grass and corn, I think, don't you?

