

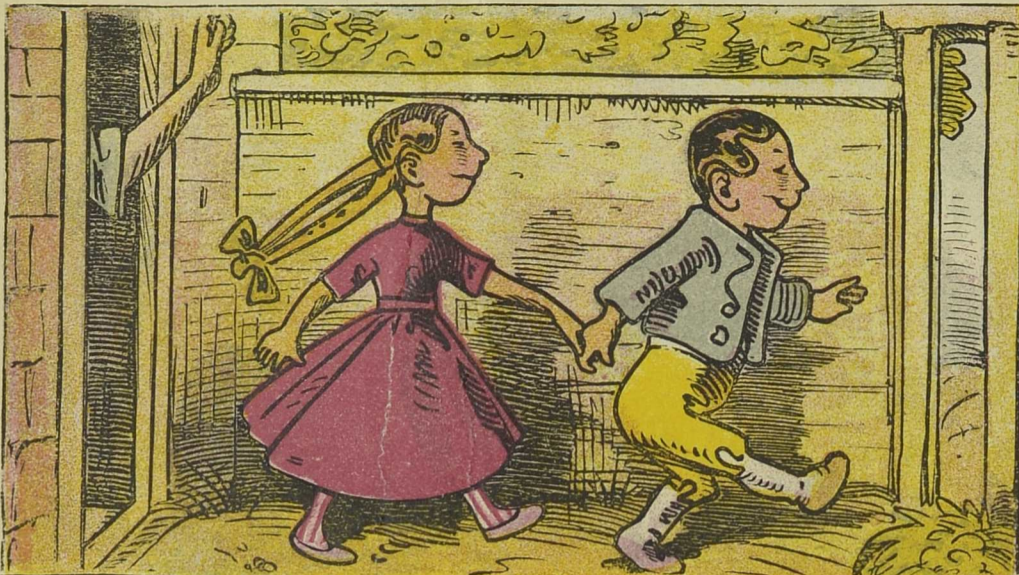
ONE SHILLING; OR, MOUNTED ON CLOTH, TWO SHILLINGS.

GINGERBREAD



GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS,

GINGERBREAD.



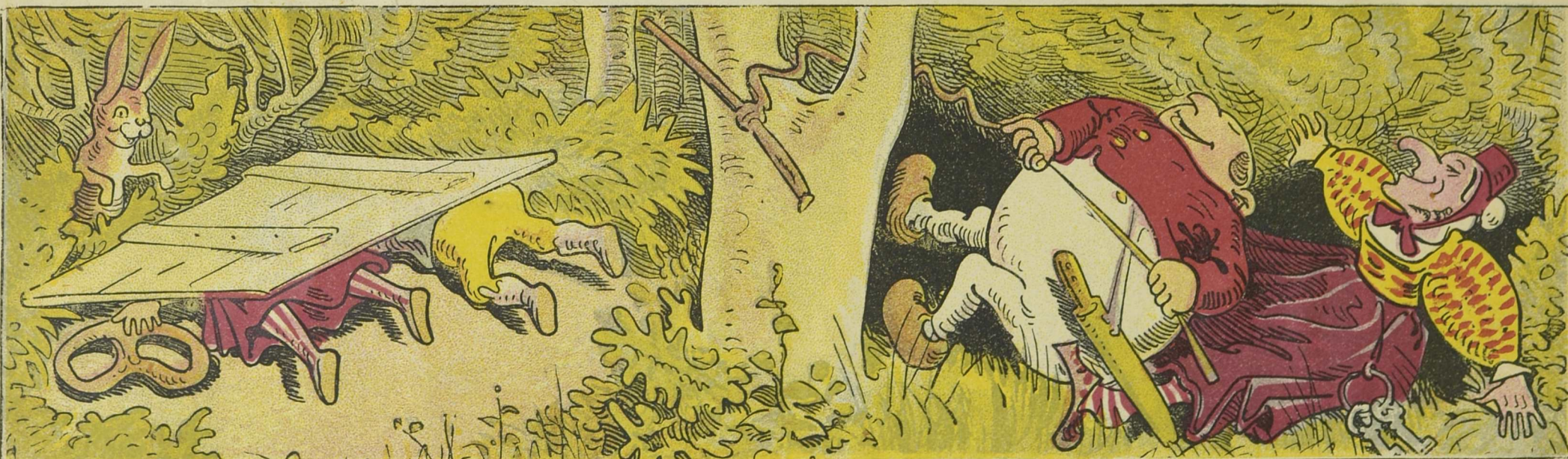
'Now, children,' said the mother, 'mind, be good,
And promise me you won't go near the wood.'

They promise; but, when soon a hare in view
Enters the wood, alas! they enter too.



Now strolling joyous 'neath the greenwood tree,
Hands joined, it isn't long before they see

A trap supplied with Gingerbread within,
Constructed to decoy small children in.



The bait attracts, for nothing, as I've read,
Tempt little boys and girls like Gingerbread.

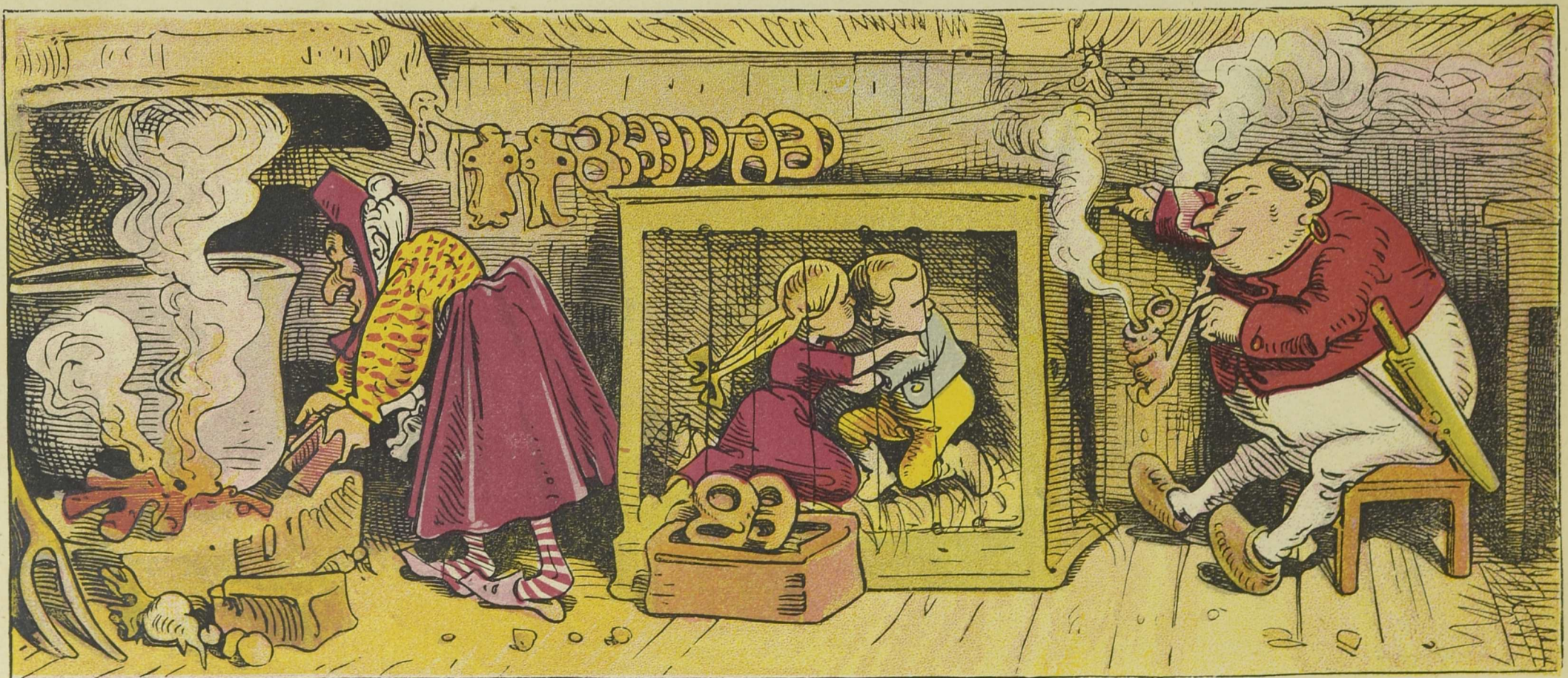
They snatch, and what in the wide world more odd is
Than the trap tumbling on their little bodies?

GINGERBREAD.



The Hare looks on, and watches in dismay
The children by the Ogres dragged away.

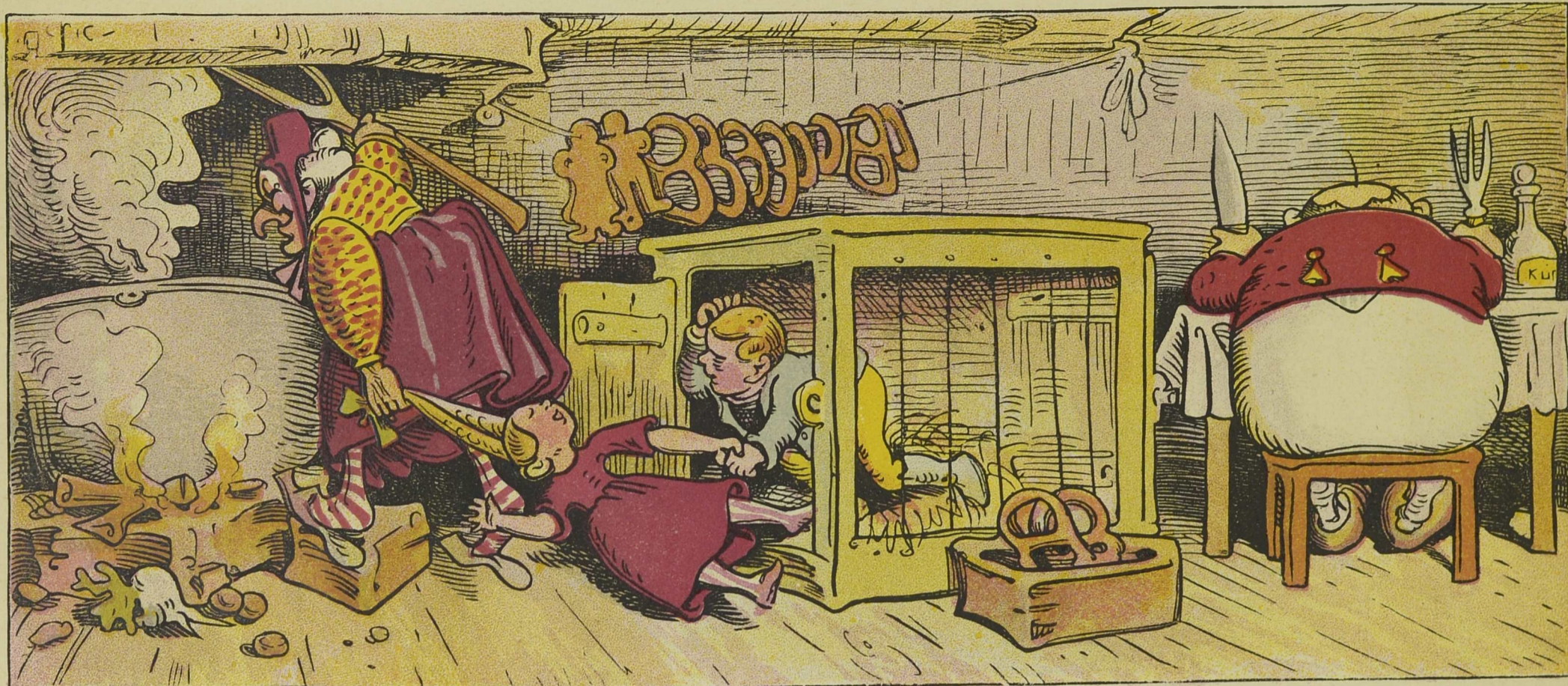
He takes the boy, *she* takes the little girl,
One by the breech, the other by the curl.



When on their plump cheeks then the Ogre looked,
He cried, 'Now let these little dears be cooked!'

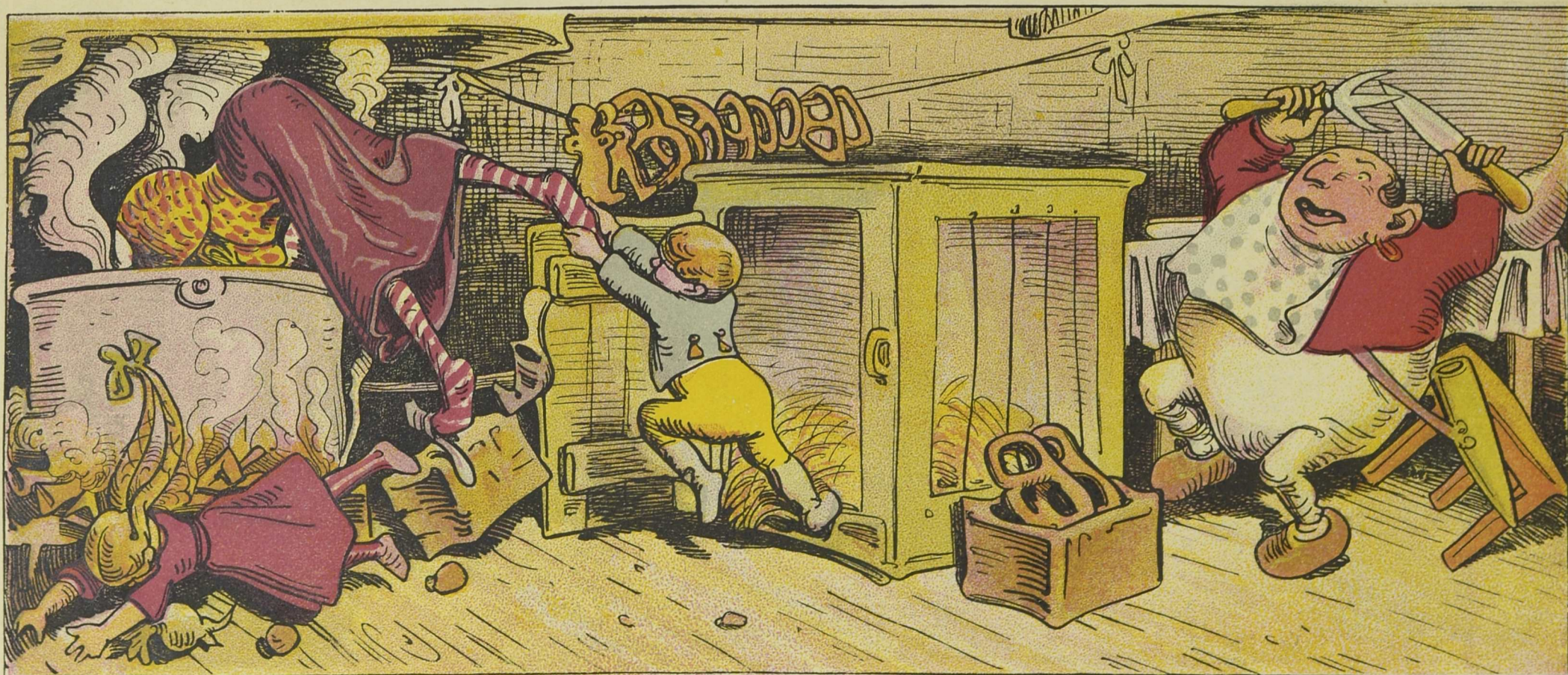
His wife, imbued with just the same desire,
To boil the babes made up a roaring fire.

GINGERBREAD.



The bloated ruffian to the table sits,
Longing to chop his relish into bits,

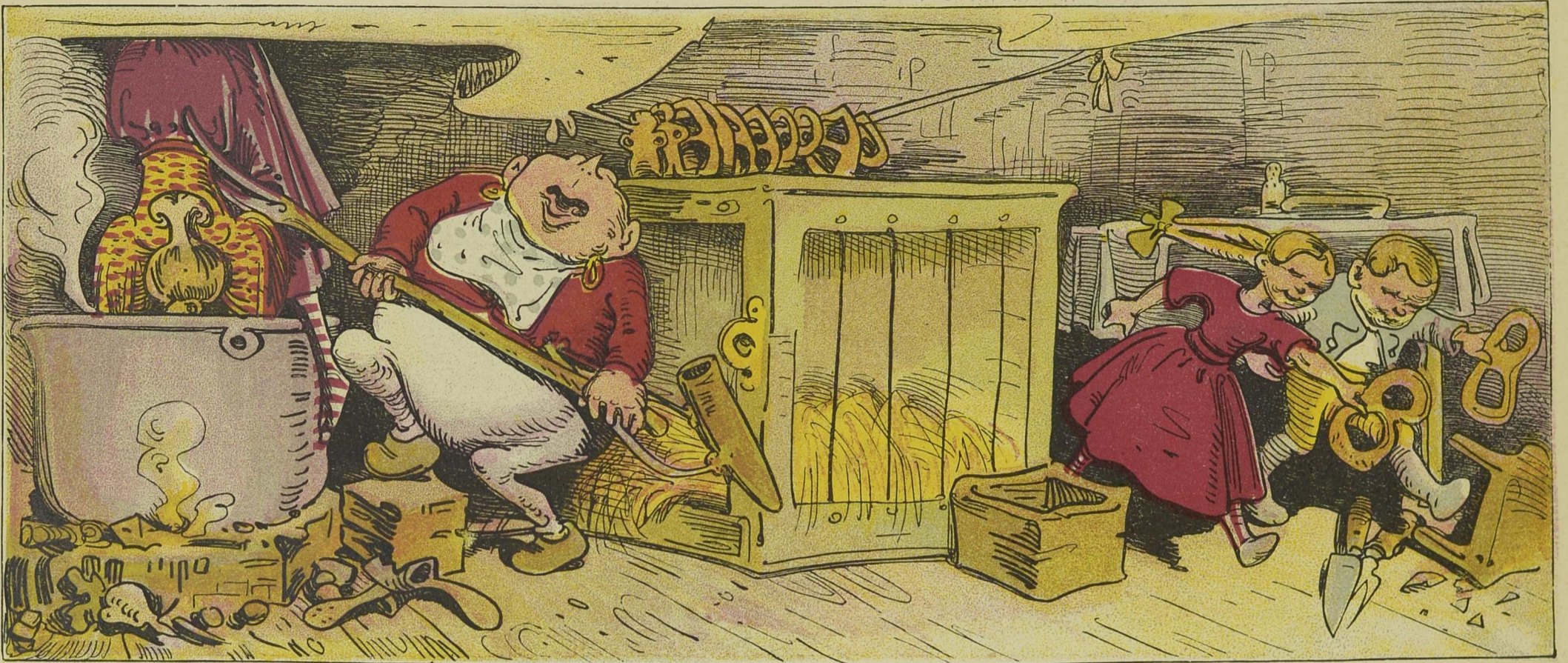
While the bad wife, his dinner to prepare,
Seizes the little Darling by her hair.



But little Darling's brother thought and said,
'Twere better some one should be boiled instead;

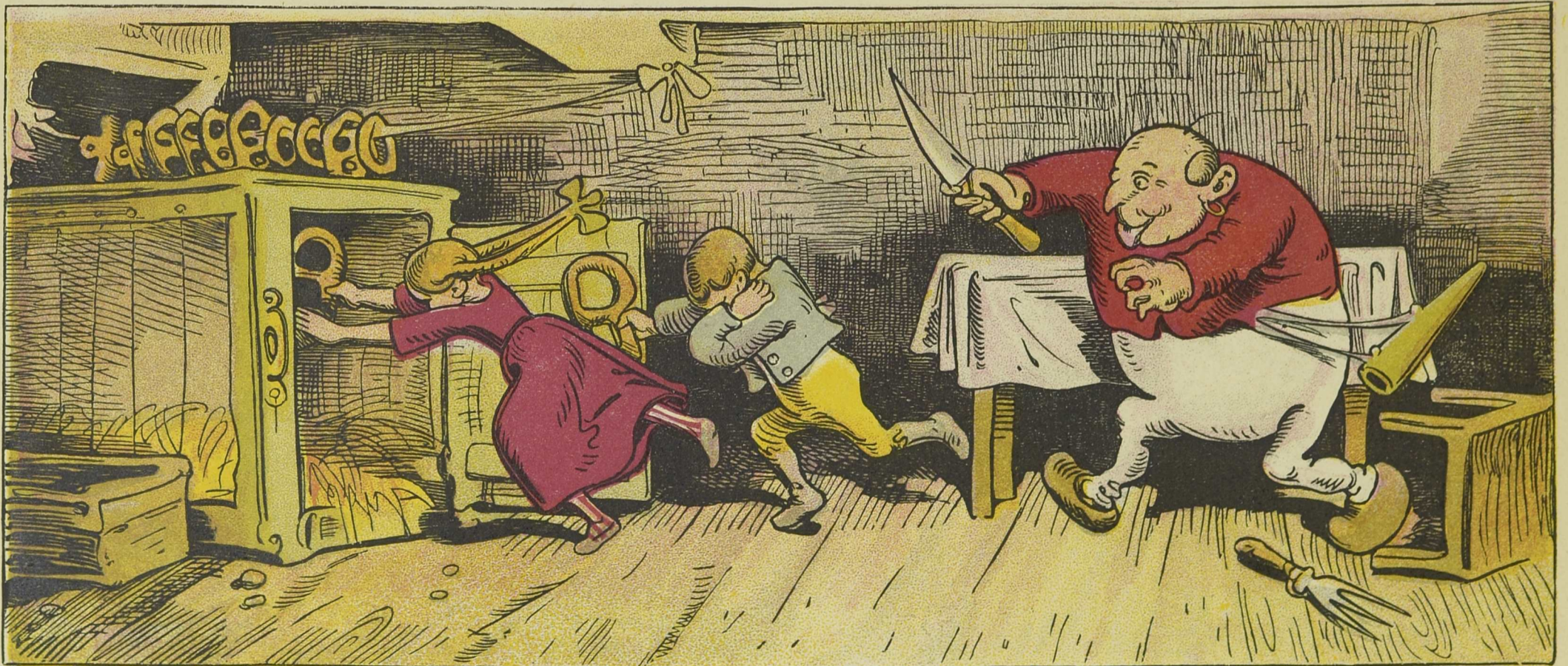
So from his cage the youthful hero got,
And tipped the bad wife plump into the pot.

GINGERBREAD.



The Ogre, hoping still for signs of life,
With a great prong forked out his wicked wife;

While at the same time both the children fed
With gusto on their favourite Gingerbread.



The hungry Ogre now, with sharpened knife,
Rushes to take the little creatures' life;

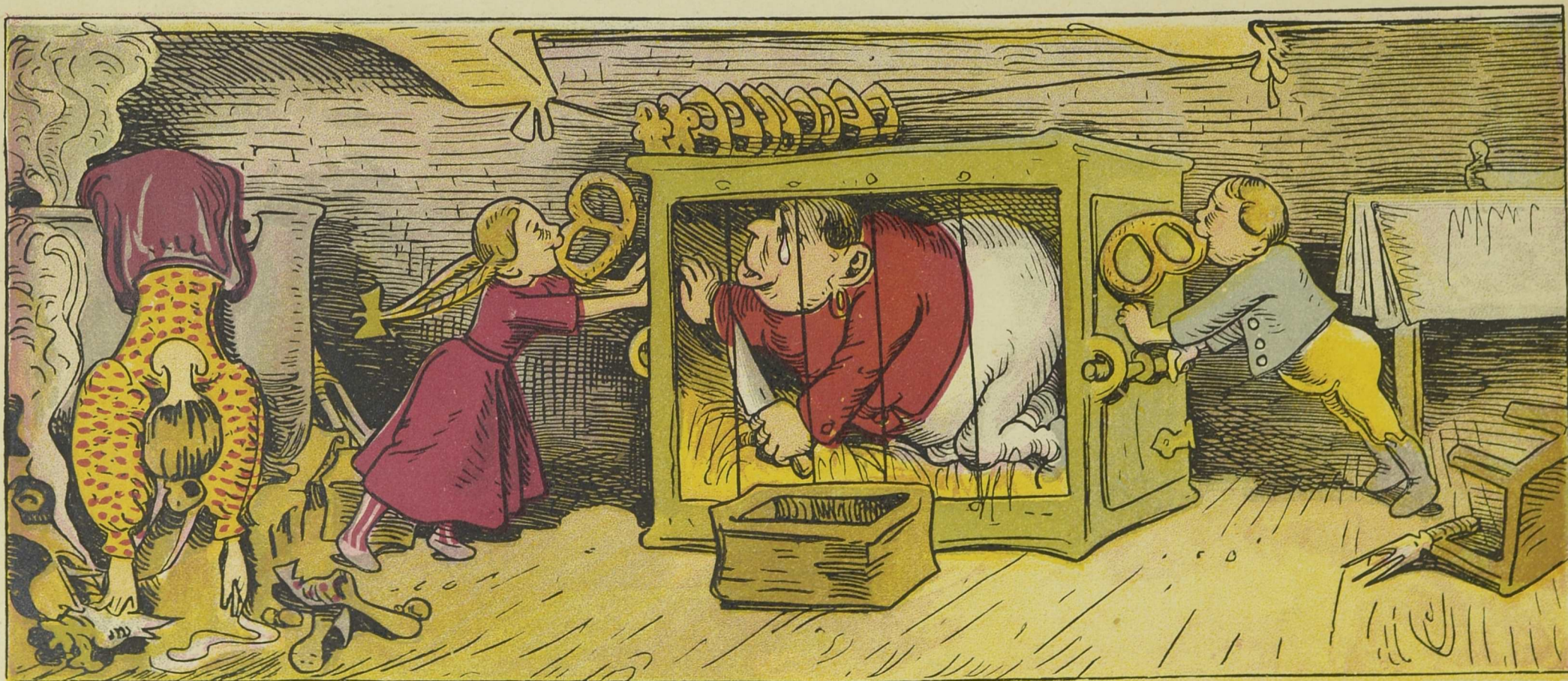
They seeking refuge from his murderous rage
In their uncomfortable baby cage.

GINGERBREAD.



Now baby cages always have, you'll find,
One door in front, another door behind,

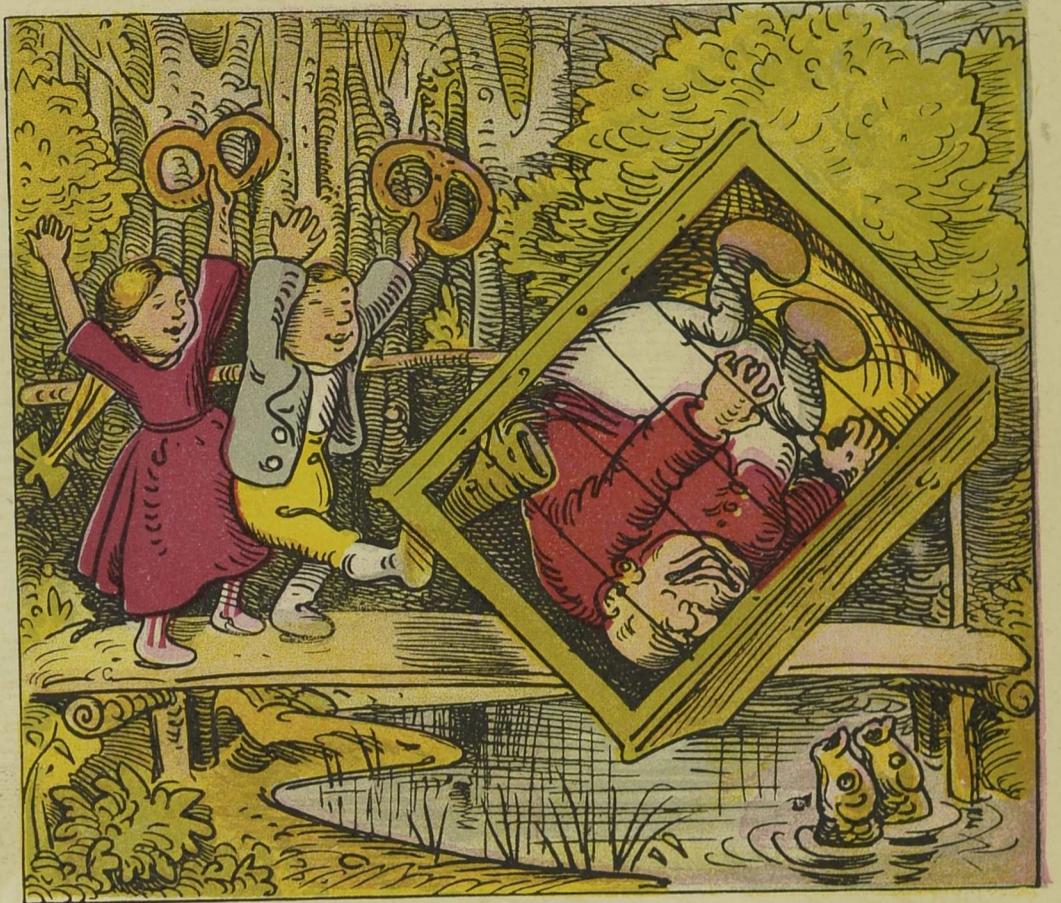
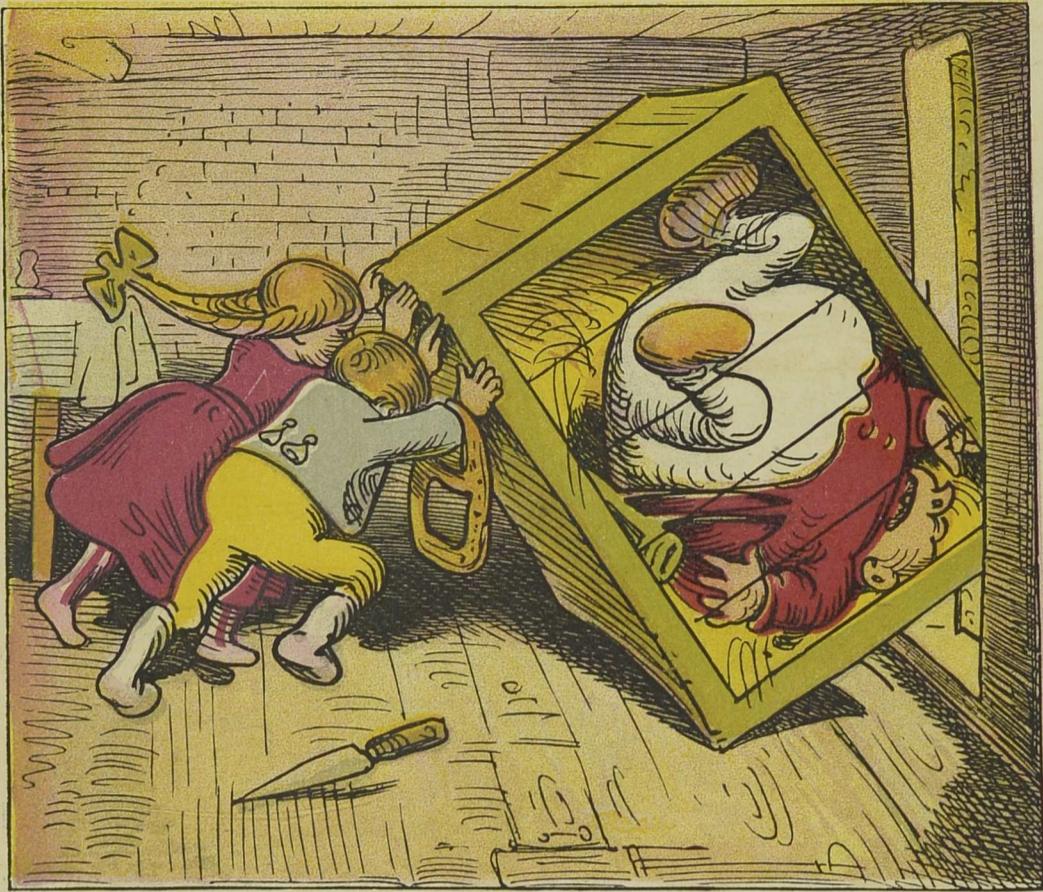
Which proved a godsend to our little chicks,
But put the greedy Ogre in a fix.



For now they plan a way to help each other—
Darling this side, the other side her brother.

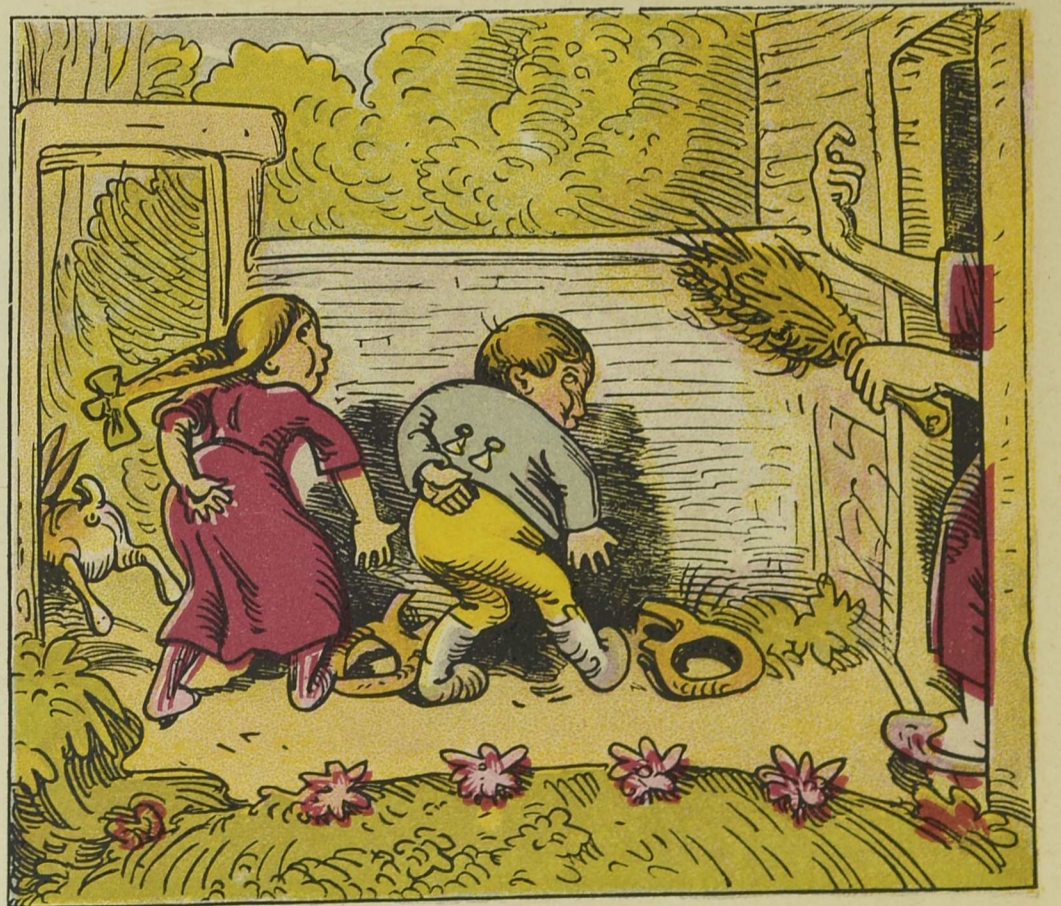
How hard they push you'll see upon this page,
Till safe the Ogre's bolted in the cage.

GINGERBREAD.



And then they roll the cage along like steam,
Resolved to pitch the Ogre in the stream ;

And, as he overturns, their only wish is
That he'll be well digested by the fishes



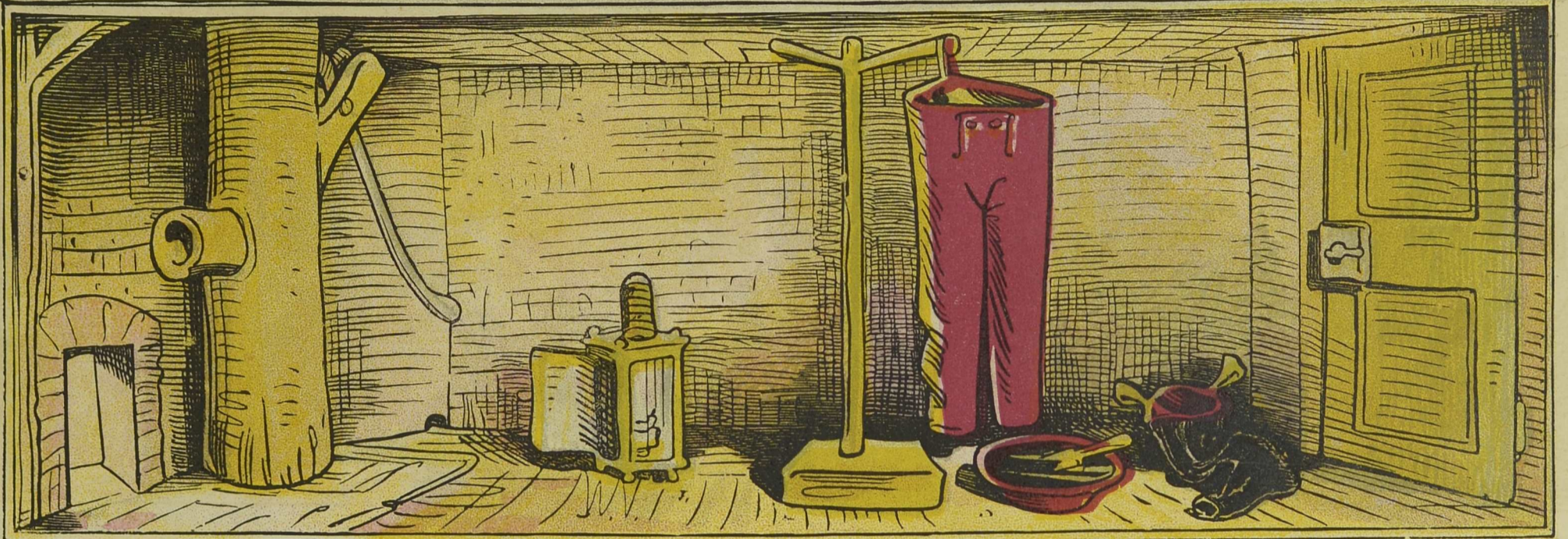
Think how delighted were they when they could
Be now once more 'The Children in the Wood ;'

But what they got at home I won't express,
But rather leave my little friends to guess.

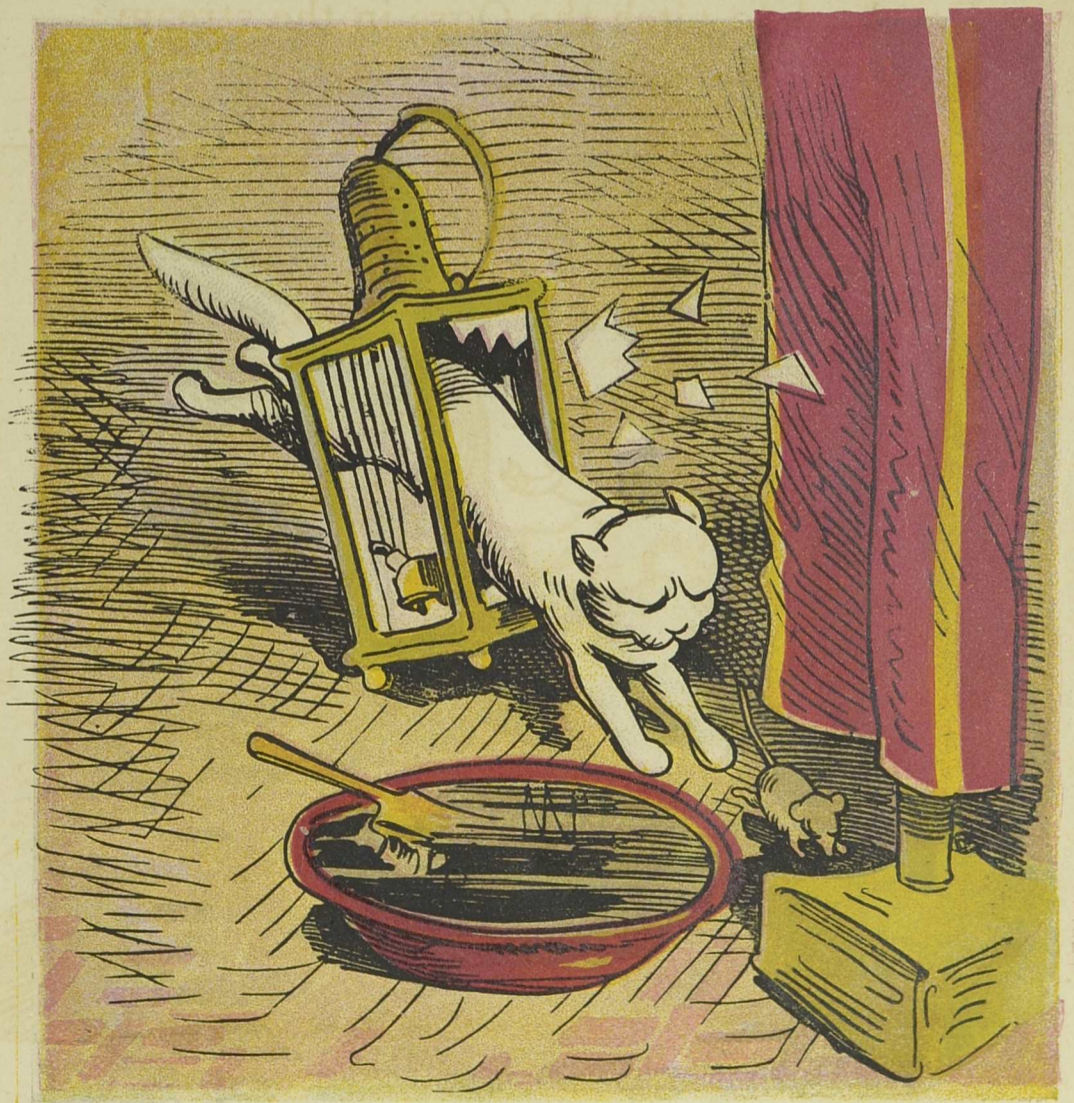
CAT AND MOUSE.

SCENE—THE KITCHEN.

To the left a Mouse-hole; to the right a Boot-hole. A Pump. A Clothes-prop supporting a Pair of Trousers. A Lantern and a Blacking-pot.



A MOUSE her way towards the lantern wends,
To make a quiet meal off candle-ends,



But Pussy sees—springs—jumps—and then, alas!
She misses Tiny, but she breaks the glass.



The clothes-prop now the Mouse takes refuge at,
And running up, still hunted by the Cat,



Makes a diversion through the trousers hollow,
And Puss on no account forgets to follow.



Then down they come, all better fortune lacking,
First Mouse, then Cat, head-foremost in the black-
ing.



The Mouse emerges, looking like a nigger—
Puss looking very much the same, but bigger.



Into a boot, post-haste, our Tiny scrambles,
And Pussy says, 'I'll end that mouse's gambols.'



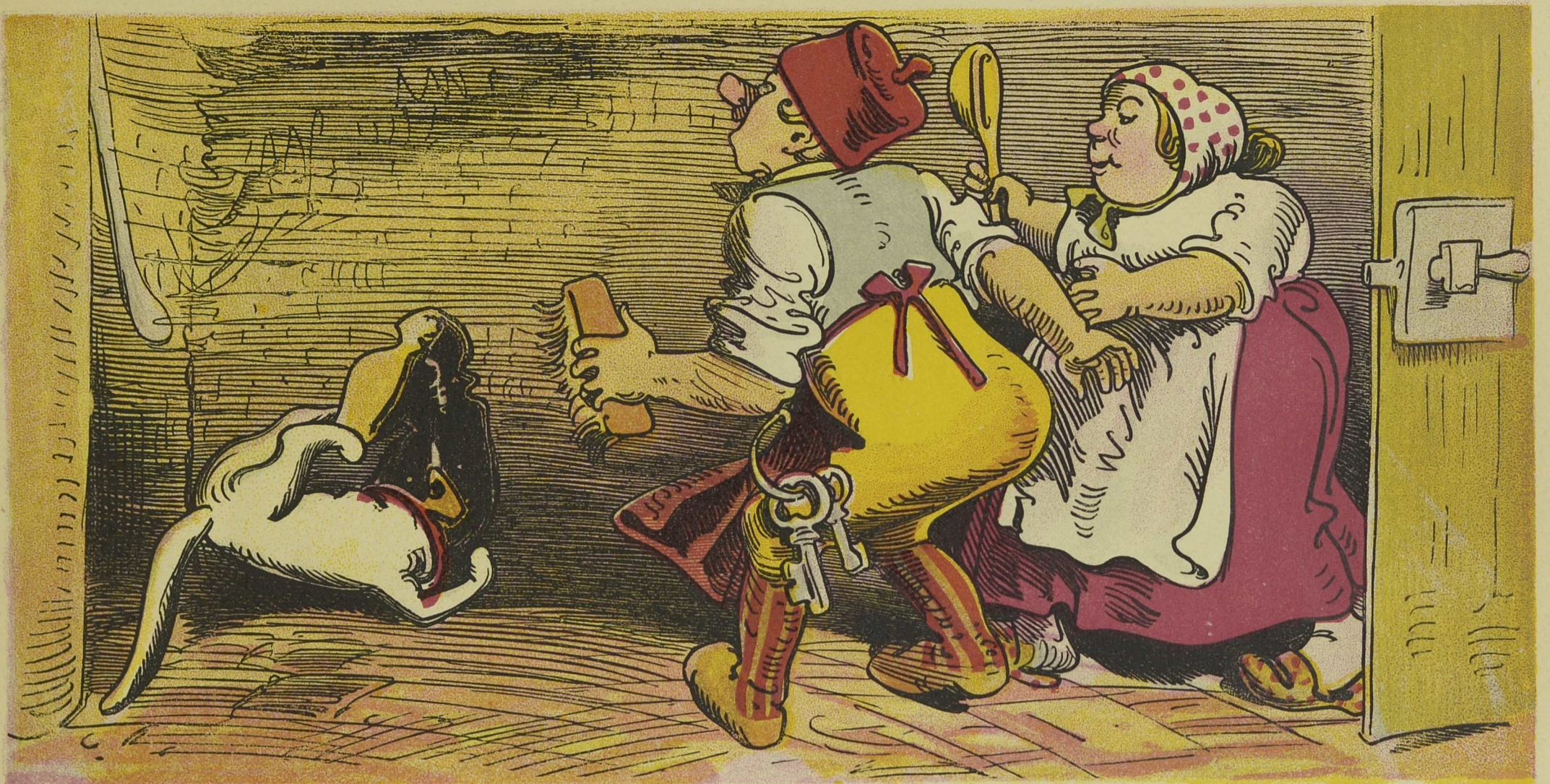
Not for an instant reckoning, you know,
That sometimes boots want mending at the toe.



Out through the hole rushed Mouse, in rushed the
Cat—
At least thus far, but forced to stop at that.

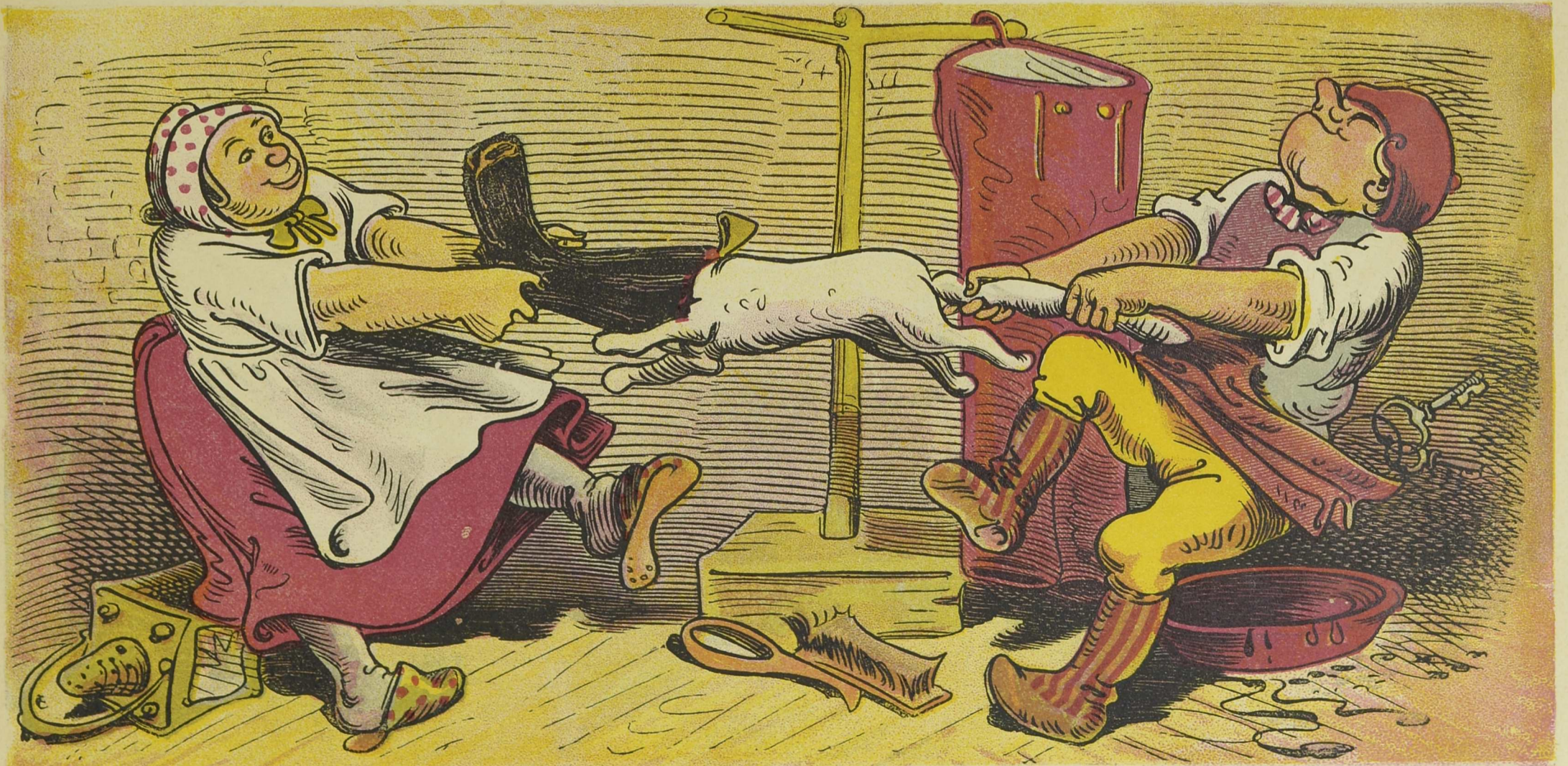


With head stuck fast, she wildly leaps about ;
She can't get in, still less can she get out.



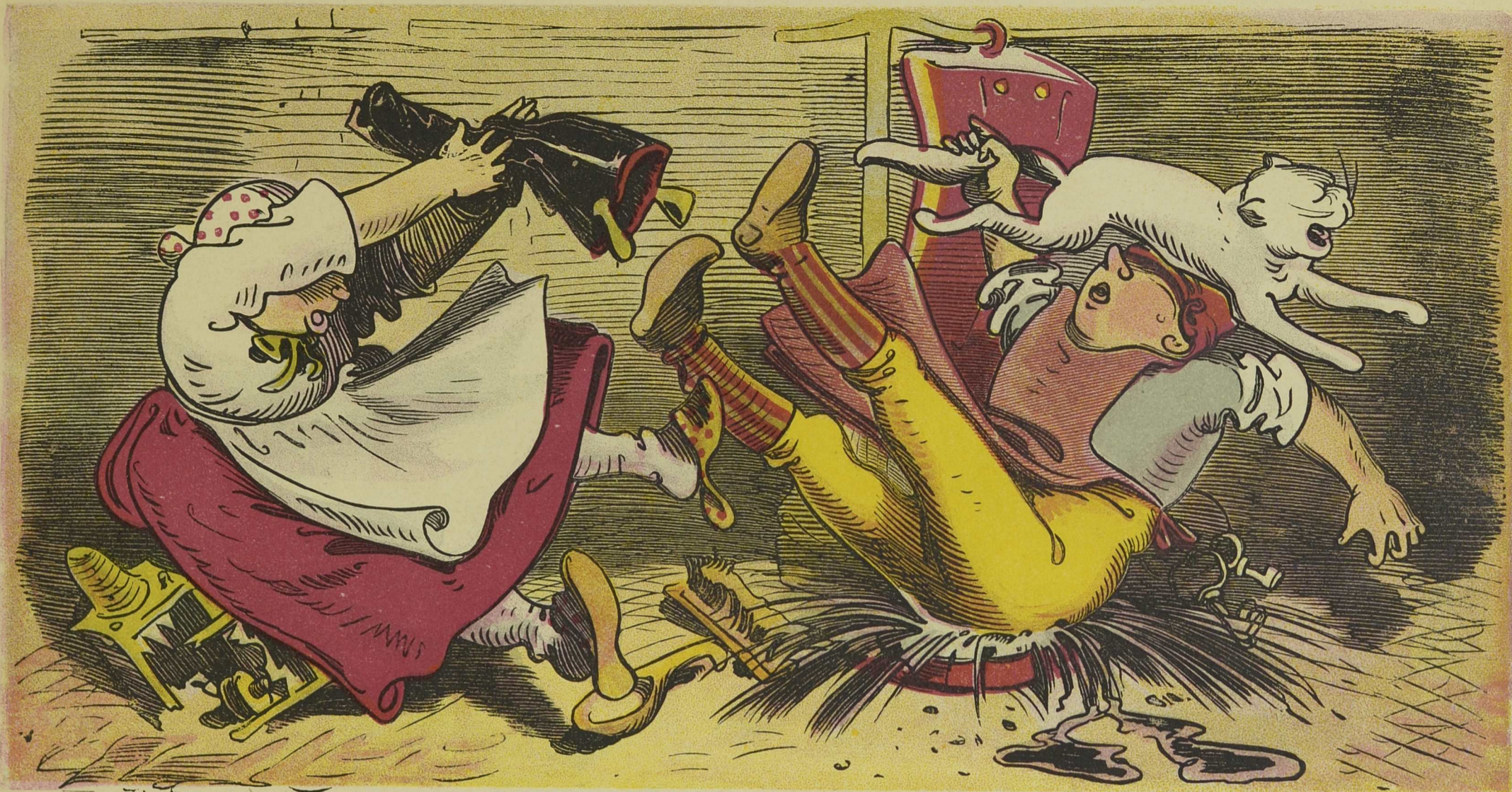
The Cook and Johnny coming in exclaim,
'See! here's a most extraordinary game.'

'What in the world's the matter? Look, my lad!
The Cat and boot have both gone rattling mad.'



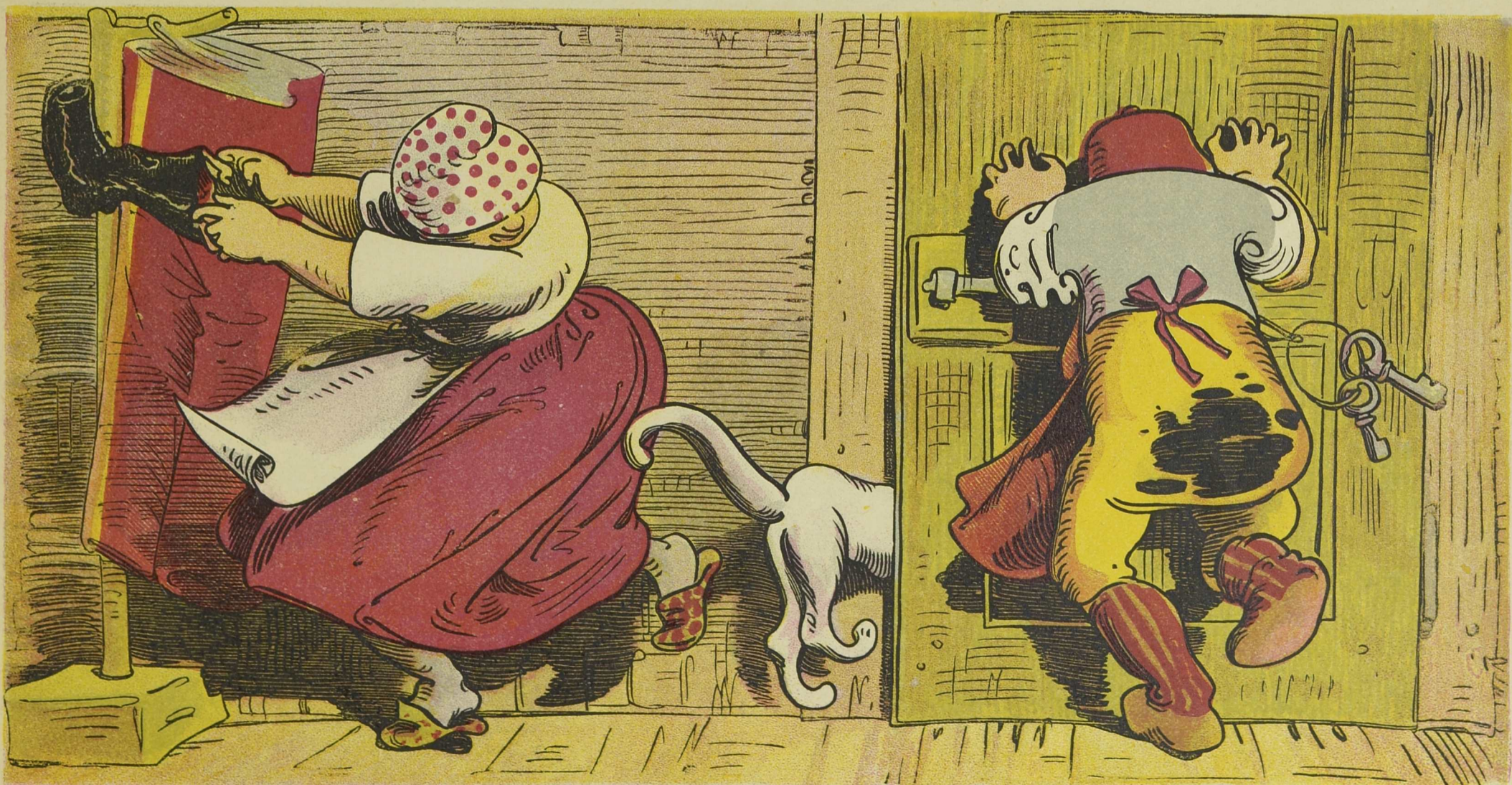
'Let's lift her out,' says Johnny. 'Right!' says she:
And thought hey pulled as hard as hard could be,

Johnny and Cook—it took an hour at least
Before the wretched creature was released.



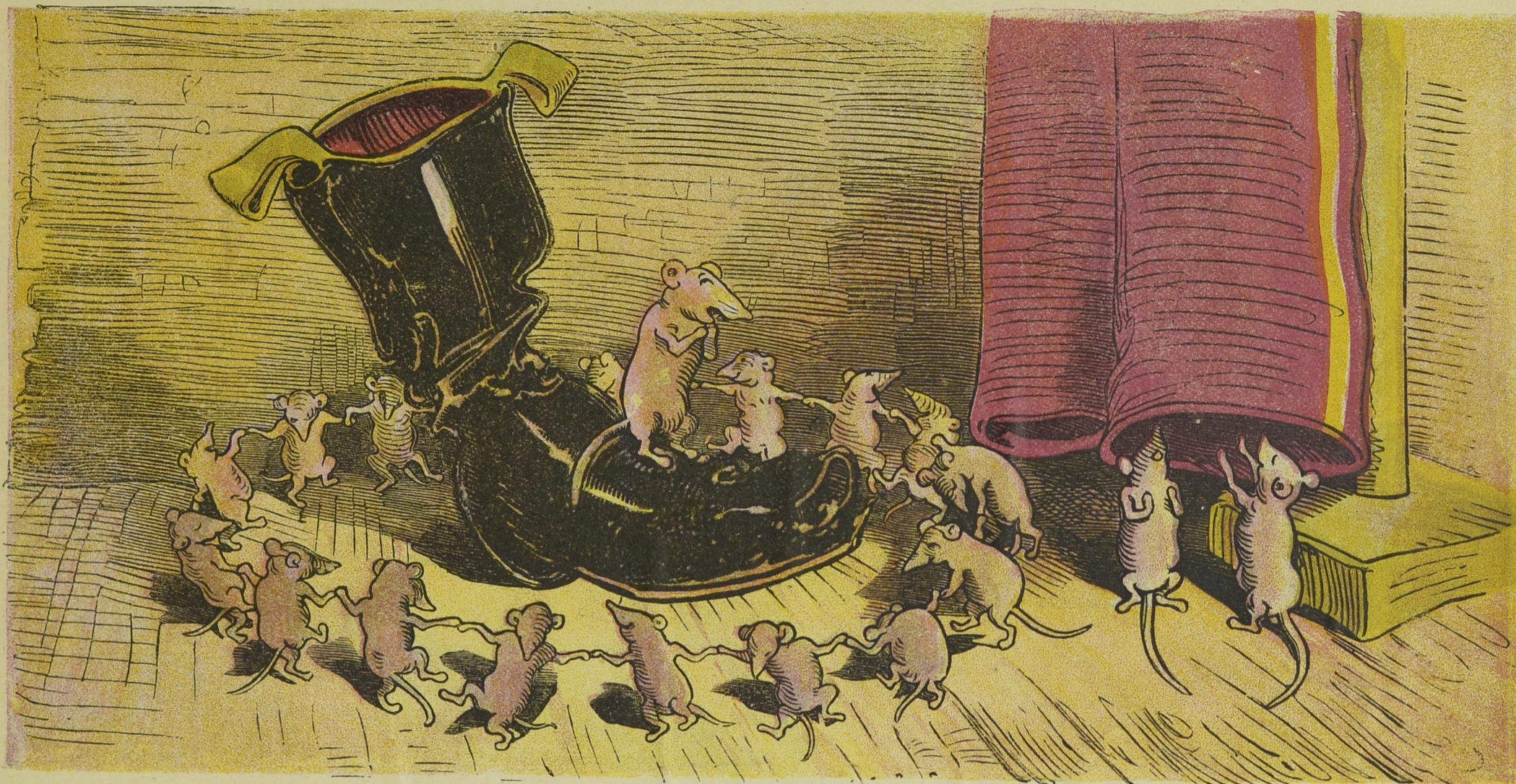
Smash in the lantern falls the Cook, all hot ;
 Splash goes our Johnny in the blacking-pot!

And as they lie in their amazement there,
 Don't they just make an interesting pair?



Released at last, the Cat attempts to go,
 But fate determines it shall not be so ;

And Puss is doomed to one misfortune more,—
 Namely, a squeezing in the kitchen door.



Now all the rescued Mouse's brothers, cousins,
Aunts, uncles, dance around the boot by dozens,

Singing a song with this appropriate ending,
'Long live the glorious boot that wanted mending!'

MORAL.

WELL, children, I suppose that we shall quarrel
If to my story I don't tag a moral;
So here it is: that nothing is so rich in
Mishaps as having an untidy kitchen.
Lanterns should rather be on shelves than floors,
And trousers never should be dried indoors.

Don't leave the blacking-pot too near your clothes,
And keep your boots well mended at the toes.
Don't harbour mice to nibble things away,
And that, I think, is all I have to say—
Except a hint to Pussy just to keep
In mind this motto:



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