

THE
BETH BUDD BENTLEY
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FROM
BETH BUDD BENTLEY

(P) dr
LANGBRIDGE
WAGTAIL [1881-
1895]

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This bookplate, designed by Eric Beddows, was commissioned by The Friends of the Osborne and Lillian H. Smith Collections in honour of Beth Budd Bentley.



by
Frederick Langbridge.

Illustrated by

Helena Maguire, etc.

The Story of a
Naughty Lamb,
And other Rhymes
for little Folks.

RAPHAEL TUCK & SONS,

London, Paris, New York.


Designed at the Studios in England

and printed by the "Rapholith" Process
at the Fine Art Works in Saxony.


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She christened him
"Wagtail", for, when he was young
His tail kept a-wagging
like Kitty's
own tongue.





He would drink from her
milk-bowl (and empty it soon),
Disdaining the help from
his mistress's spoon;

He would nestle beside
her in sunshiny hours,
While she wove him a necklace
of rosy-tipt flow'rs;

"Oh, Wagtail", sang Kitty,
"how happy I am

To have for my own such
a lamb of a lamb!"

But it happened
one morning, when Wagtail was grown,



He was off
to the meadow
with friends of his own.



“Come hither, come, Wagtail,
as quick as you can!”
The louder she shouted, the
faster she ran.
“Oh, it’s wrong to play truant-
I’ll tell my Mama;”
He pleaded for answer-
it sounded like “Bah!”
“Oh, Wagtail,” wept Kitty,
“how wretched I am
To have for my own such
a pig of a lamb!”



What? "Feasting your eyes,
and That cannot be wrong"-

You'll be feasting your throat,

Puss, I know before long.

Go play with a bobbin, run after your tail,

Curl up on the sofa,

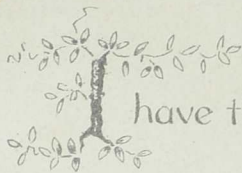
as snug as a snail;



For looking
makes longing,
and wise
people say



Temptation's
best passed
'tother side of the way.



I have three little bunnies,
Punch, Whisker and Fiddle -
Yes, Whisker's the saucy one,

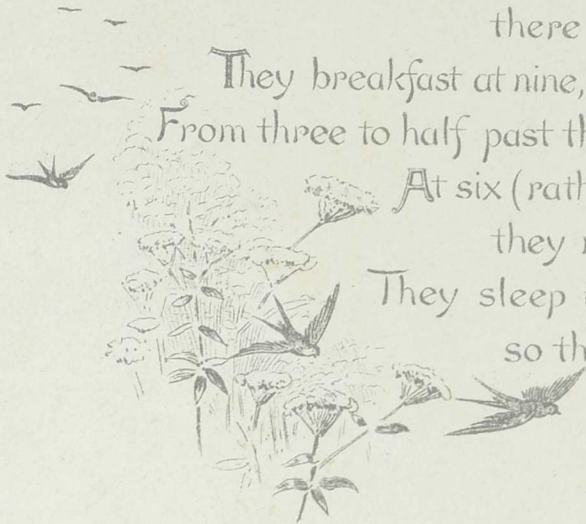
there in the middle;

They breakfast at nine, they have dinner at one;
From three to half past they are out for a run.

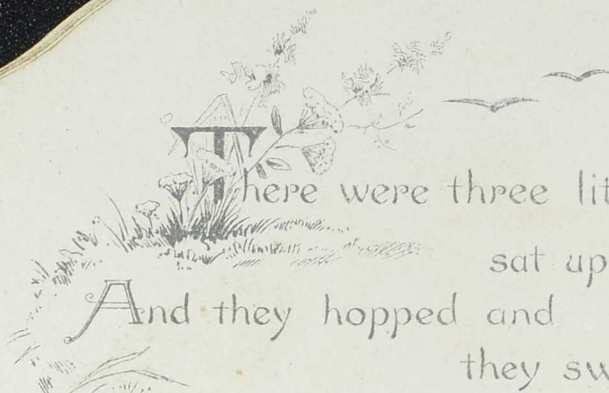
At six (rather soon)

they retire for the night;


They sleep in their clothes,
so they have not
a light.







There were three little finches
sat up in a tree,
And they hopped and
they swung
and they twittered in glee;
And their song had a
meaning I well understood—
“The way to be happy
is just to be good.”



Frederick Langbridge.







