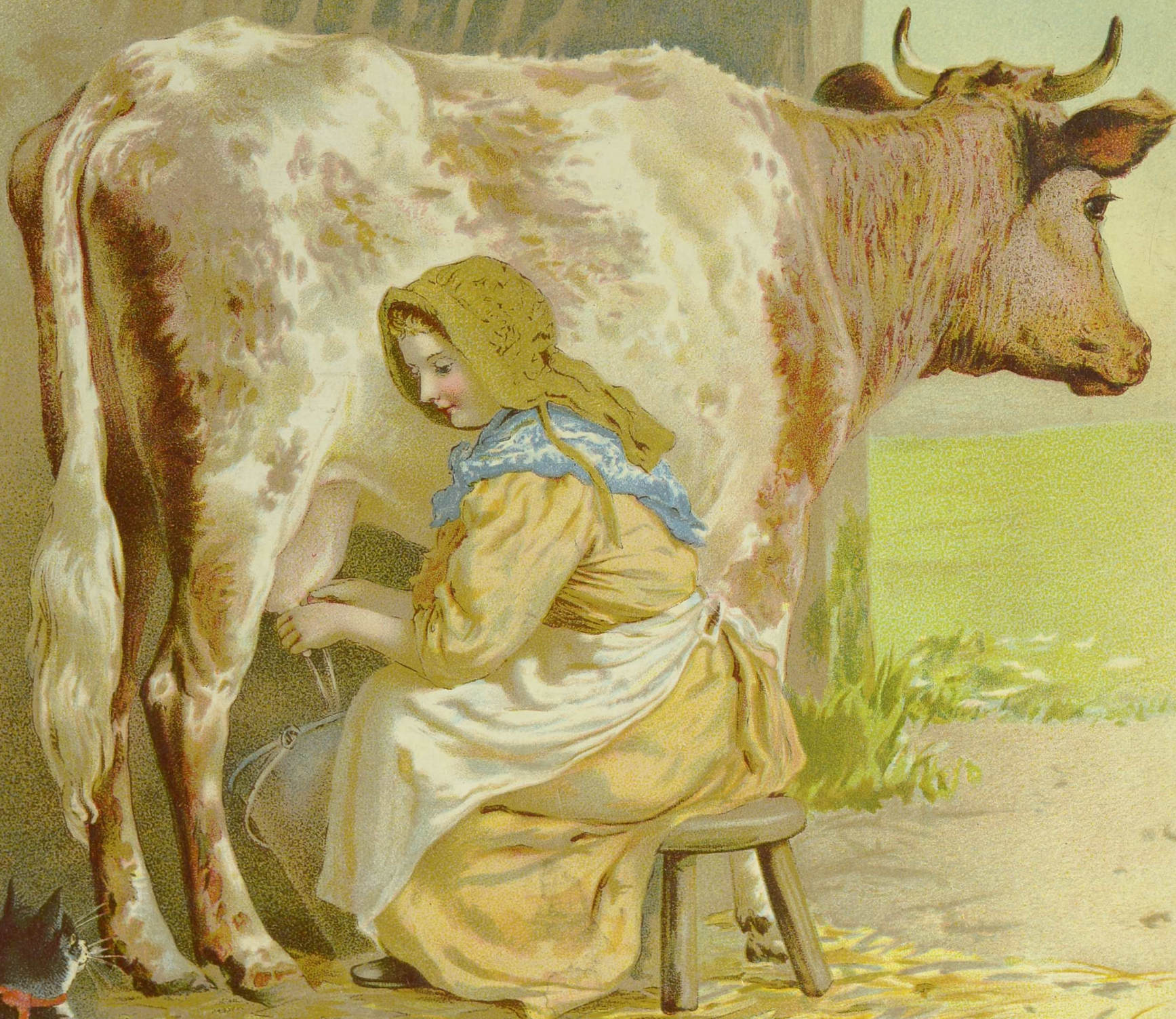


UNTEARABLE.

Country Friends



London.
Ernest Nister

Printed in Bavaria.
559

New York.
E. P. Dutton & Co.

Country Friends.



The Day They Went into the Country.

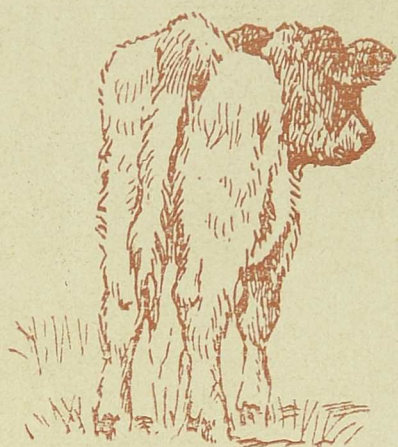
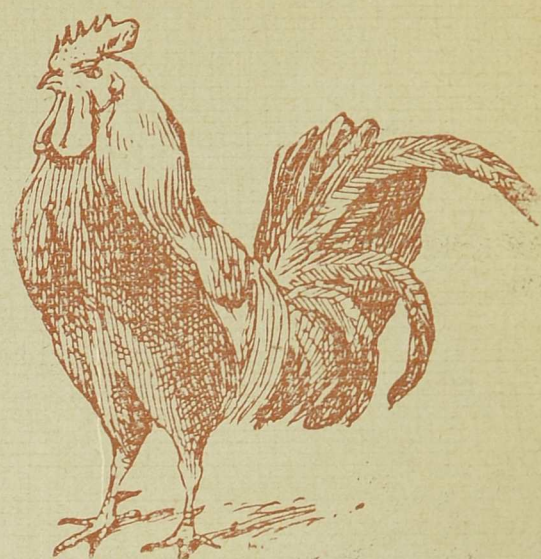
THEY woke in the morning
and jumped out of bed;
The sun was shining
bright overhead.
“It’s going to be lovely
and fine,” they said—
The day they went
into the country.



They put on their hats
and caught the train;
Mother brought an umbrella
in case of rain.

They cried: "Oh, can't we
smell the hay plain!"—

The day they went
into the country.

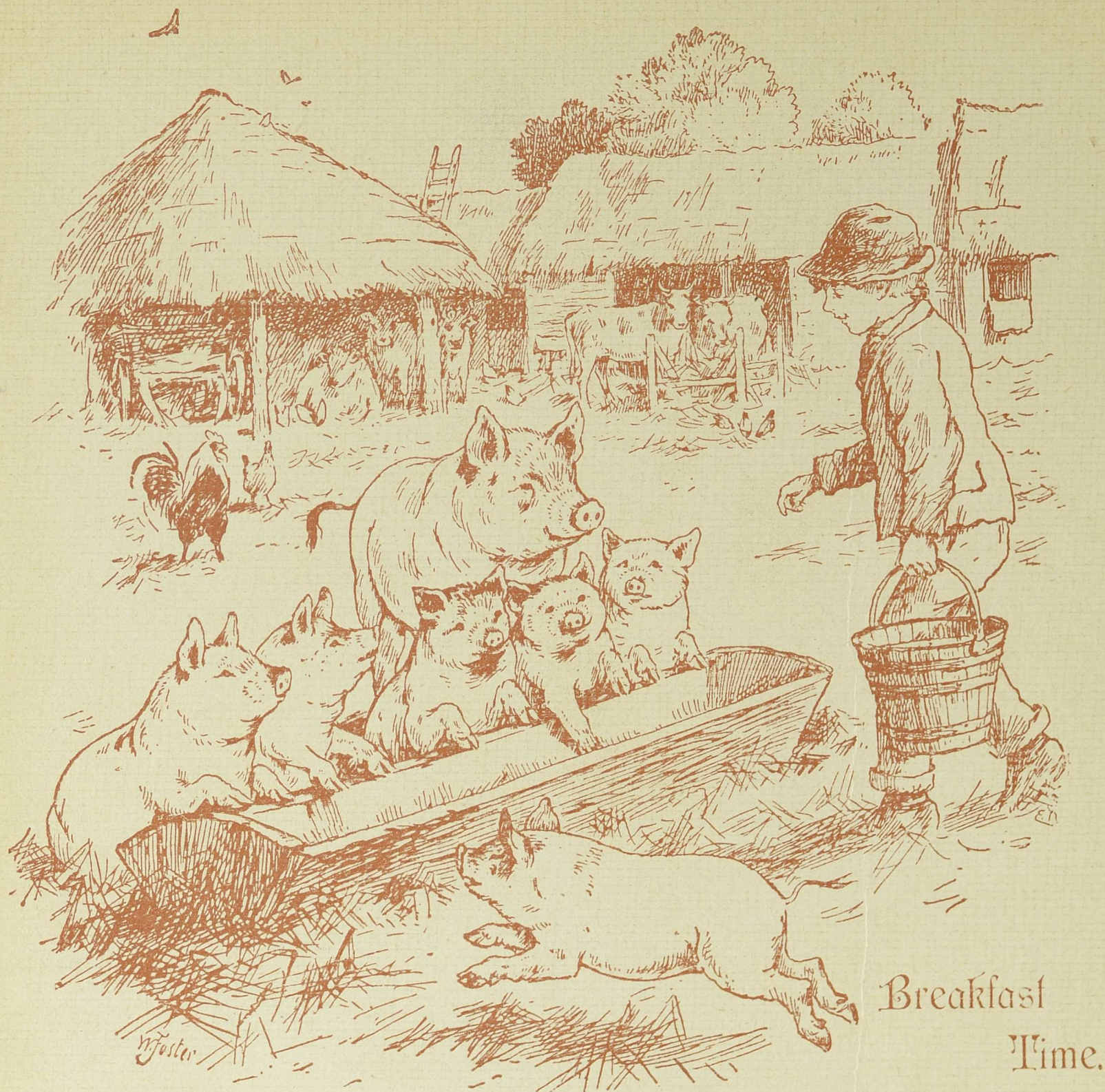


They went all over
Buttercup Farm;
The turkeys filled
Baby with much alarm:

Mother said they would do no harm—
The day they went into the country.

They talked to the cows,
who answered: "Moo,"
They saw them milked and drank some too,
And they met Lord Cock-a-doodle-doo—
The day they went into the country.





Breakfast
Time.

TOM'S bringing the piggies
their breakfast, you see;
They're all ready waiting,
as good as can be.



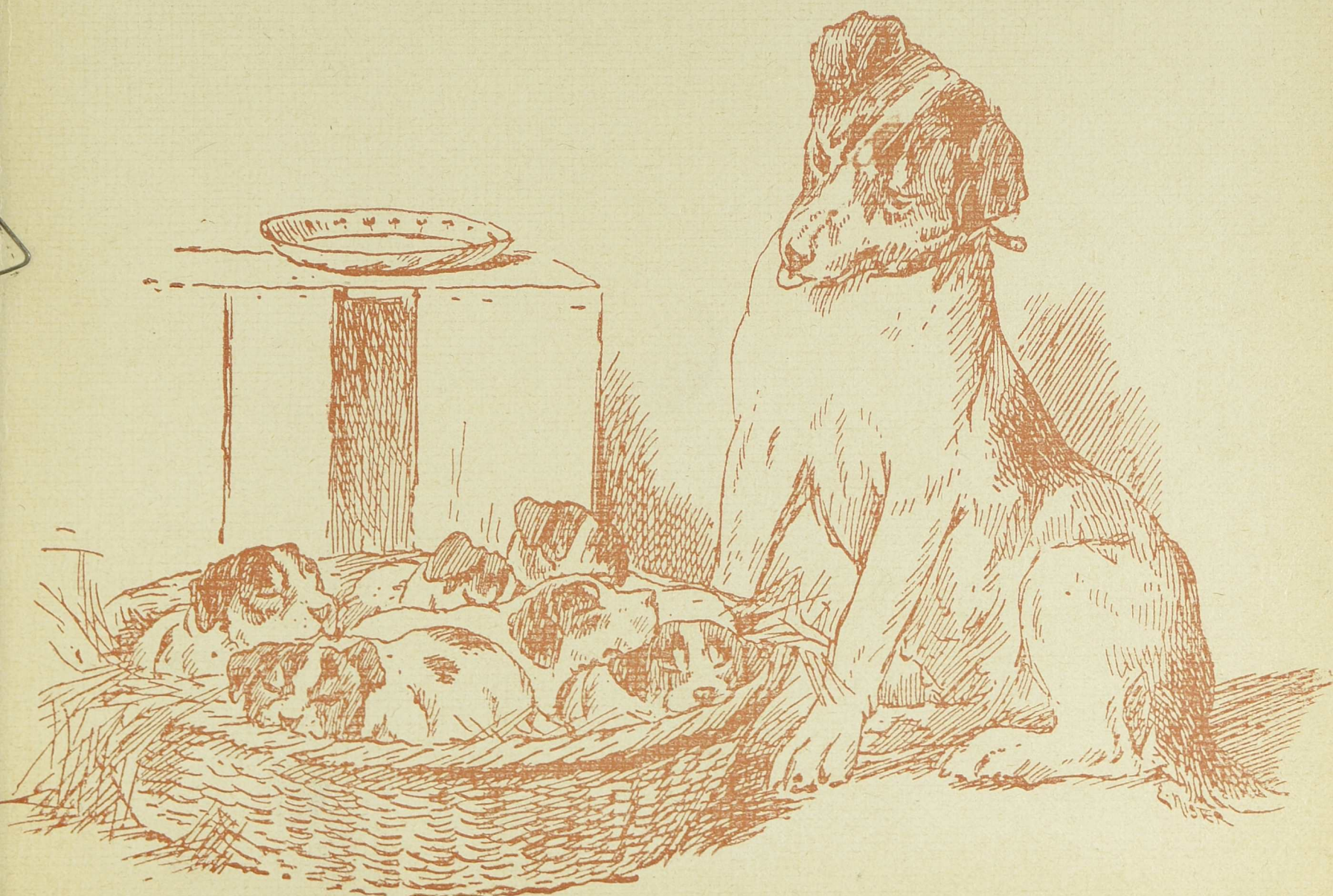


A Jolly
Ride.

SWEET little Nelly is always ready
To take a ride to the pond on Neddy.

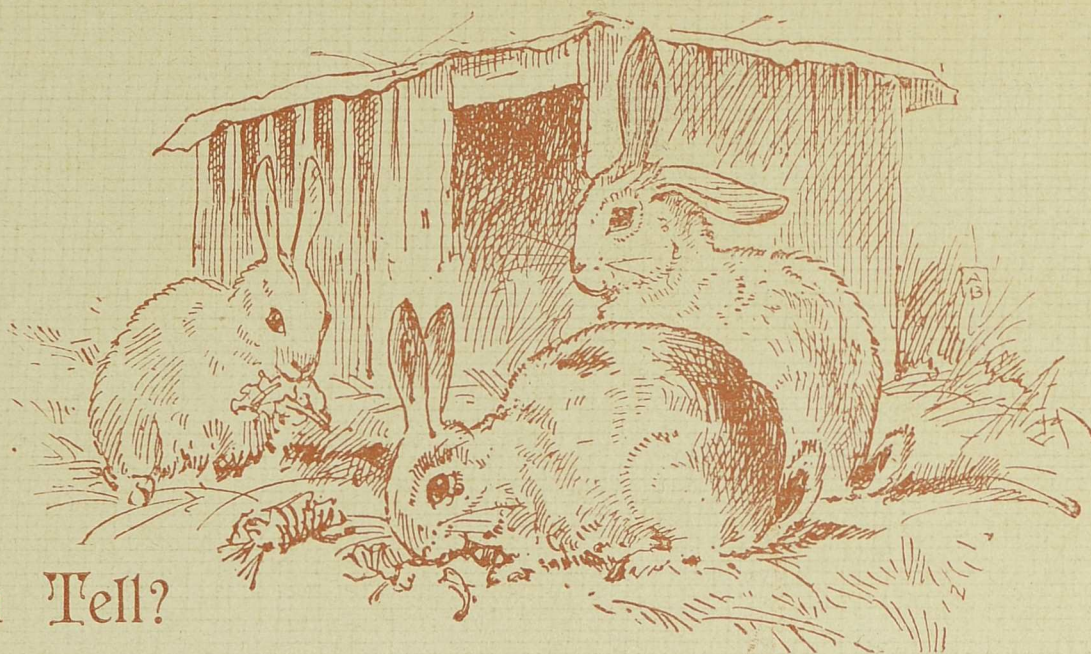
Our Jim.

JIM is our fox-terrier: he is
white and slim;
Cats and pups and children
all are fond of him—
When folk talk of darlings,
then I think of Jim.





Can
You Tell?



“ONE is brown, and one is black;
One’s called Billy, one’s called Jack.

“My two bunnies,” said Miss Milly.

“Can you tell me which is Billy?”

Though I must seem very silly,
I don’t know, miss, which is Billy;

Is he brown, or is he black?
Also which of them is Jack?

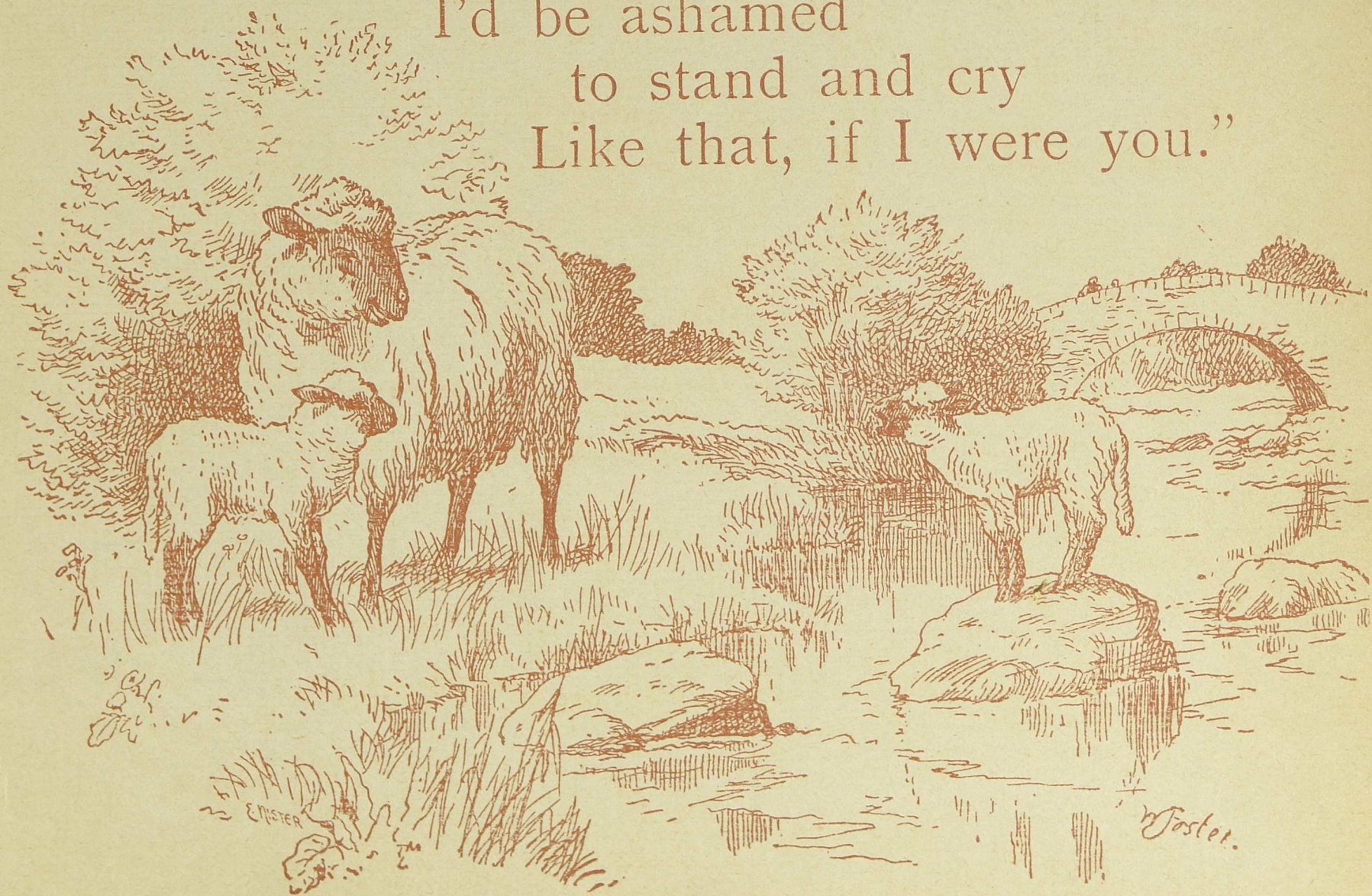
Which is Billy? Who is black?
Who is brown? and which is Jack?





The Stepping-Stones.

“THE brook is wide, the stepping-stones
Are, oh! so wide apart;
Still, Mother’s on the other side,
So, lambie dear, take heart.
If little Snow-white jumped as far,
I’m sure that you can too.
I’d be ashamed
to stand and cry
Like that, if I were you.”



The Doll's Lullaby.

OH! hush-a-by, Dolly!

the sun

sinks low,

The flowers fall

asleep in the

garden below,

Each dear little daisy

has closed its sweet eye—

Hush-a-by!



See Crosspatch, the terrier,

and Tibby, the cat,

Are sleeping together
curled up on the mat;

So down in
your cradle, you,

Dolly must lie—

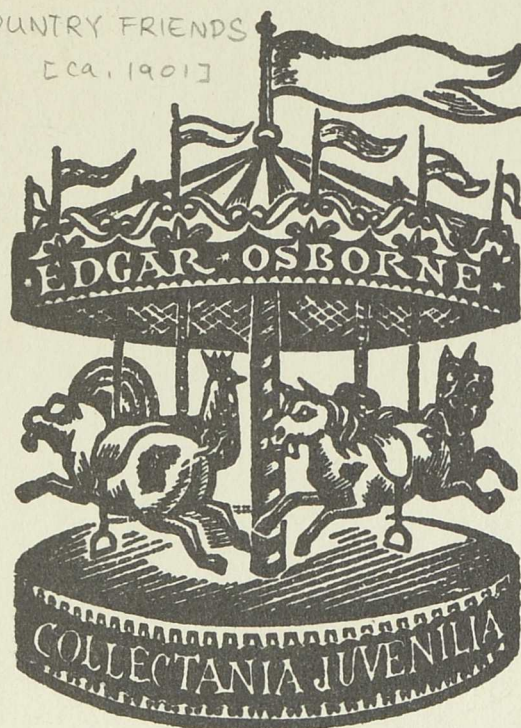
Hush-a-by!



(P)

COUNTRY FRIENDS

[ca. 1901]



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