

No. 2.

COLOURED, SIXPENCE; PRINTED ON CLOTH, ONE SHILLING.

WHAT A LITTLE BIRD

TOLD



ABOUT
THE
VERY NAUGHTY HABITS

OF CERTAIN OF HER GRANDCHILDREN, NAMED,

DAN TY DAN,

SAMMY SLOPS,

PATTY TOKE,

AND
HAL NEEDLESS;

AND WHAT BECAME OF THEM.

LONDON: WARD AND LOCK, 118, FLEET STREET.

WHAT A LITTLE BIRD TOLD GRANDMA GRUNDY.



DAINTY DAN AT DINNER.

WHAT GRANDMA GRUNDY'S BIRD KNEW ABOUT DAINTY DAN.

GRANDMA GRUNDY says to the children :

You've heard all about the bad habits
Of Davy and slow Tommy Crawl,
Of Ruth Rippit and noisy young Noel
(I hope you've remembered them all) ;

But, since I have told you about them,
Of certain bad tricks I have heard,
And now you shall hear some new stories,
As told by my dear little bird :—

There once was a boy who was dainty,
And turned up his nose at his food ;
Who always was sighing for tit-bits,
Or for some chosen dish he called good.

WHAT A LITTLE BIRD TOLD GRANDMA GRUNDY.

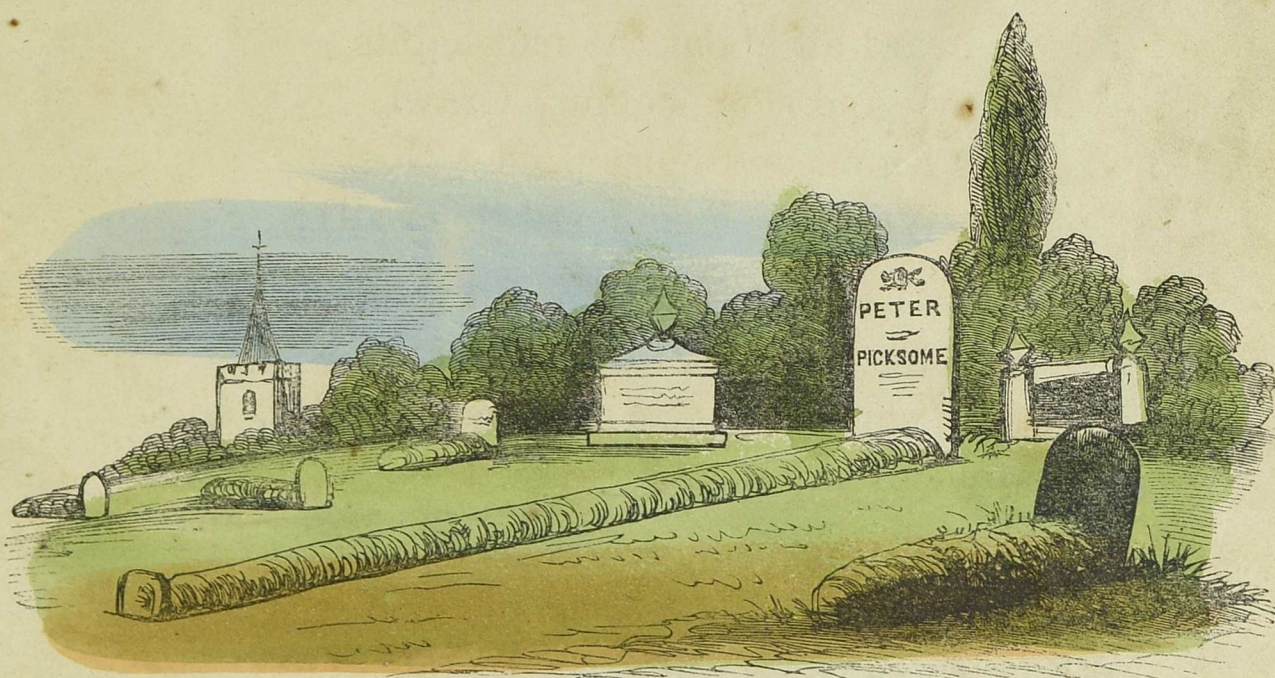
While his brothers could eat suet pudding,
And his sisters made dinners of rice,
Master Dan would be sulky and captious,
Till humoured with sugar and spice.

His father worked hard as a joiner,
His mother made clothes for them all,
And yet, at a plain wholesome dinner,
Master Daniel would fume and would bawl—

“I can’t eat the hard suet dumplings,
I want some plum pudding—I do ;
The rice isn’t good—no, it’s nasty ;—
I won’t eat it—I won’t—boo—hoo—hoo !”

At last, through this fretting and fuming,
Young Dan grew so thin and so spare,
Unless it had been for his shadow,
You’d hardly have known he was there.

I hope he will change his behaviour,
And rectify what is amiss ;
Or he may still come to be buried—
In a grave long and thin—just like this.



WHAT DAN MIGHT HAVE COME TO.



PATTY POKE.

THE LITTLE BIRD'S STORY ABOUT PATTY POKE.

HEADS up!—shoulders back, my dear children ;
My little bird says it's no joke
To be cured of bad tricks by the doctor,
As happened to poor Patty Poke.

A good little maiden was Patty,
But one ugly trick she still had,
She'd often been told to sit upright,
But would not attend—which was bad.

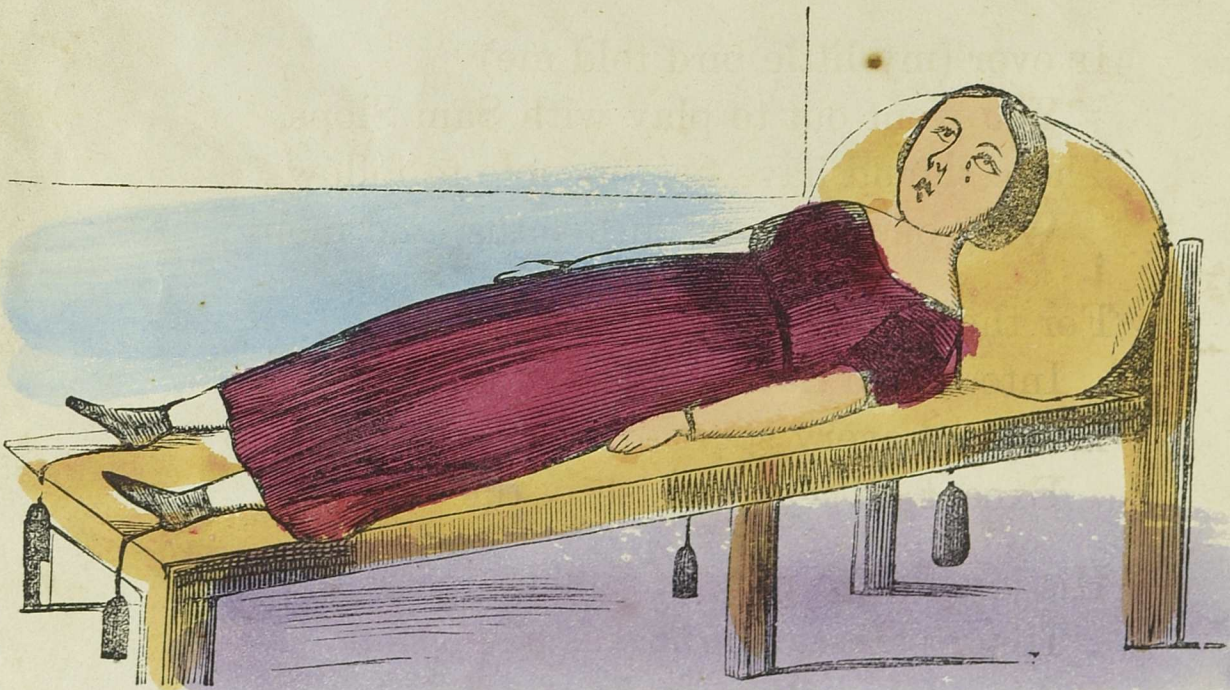
When working, she stuck up one shoulder ;
When sitting, she poked out her head ;
When walking, she shuffled and stumbled,
Till you'd think she would have to be led.

At last (for, though frequently cautioned,
These habits were never reformed),
Our poor Patty Poke, to her terror,
Grew weak, and completely deformed.

Papa had to summon the doctor—
The doctor, when summoned, soon came ;
And said—"Yes, I see, this young lady
Must be put for twelve weeks in my frame."

And thus for three months our poor Patty,
In spite of her tears and her grief,
Had to lie on a board, to be straightened,
And vainly she sighed for relief.

At last she was cured—and in future,
No doubt she took heed what was said ;
For she found the hard frame of the doctor
A terribly comfortless bed.



PATTY IN THE DOCTOR'S FRAME.

WHAT A LITTLE BIRD TOLD GRANDMA GRUNDY.



SAMMY SLOPS IN THE WET.

WHAT GRANDMA HEARD ABOUT MASTER SAMMY SLOPS.

If ever (my little bird told me)
You went out to play with Sam Slops,
There should have been people to follow
With buckets, and dishcloths, and mops ;

For there was a species of mischief
Into which Sammy always would get ;
He found every sport dry and stupid,
Except he could splash in the wet.

His joy was to play in a puddle ;
His greatest delight was a splash ;
He'd watch, with a squirt, for his playmates,
And o'er them the water he'd dash.

One day, when they'd turned on the water
From a plug, in the midst of the street,
Of course Master Sam must come running,
And press on the hole with his feet.

The water splashed up all around him,
Like fountains that played in the square ;
And Sammy stood there in his glory,
All wet, to the roots of his hair.

He ran home, all dropping and dripping,
As if he'd been dipp'd in the sea ;
But soon he looked blue and unhappy,
For a terrible headache had he.

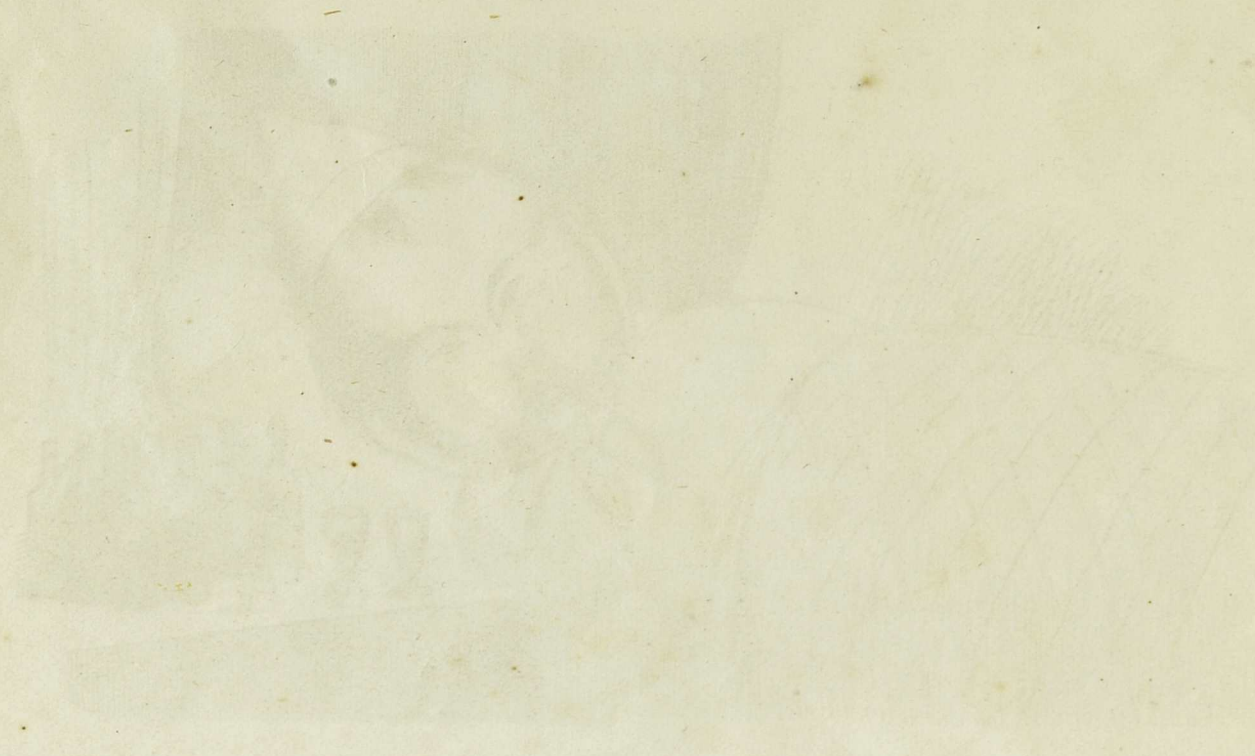
He'd caught such a cold from his wetting,
They had to remove him to bed ;
His eyes were all aching and heavy,
His nose was all swollen and red.

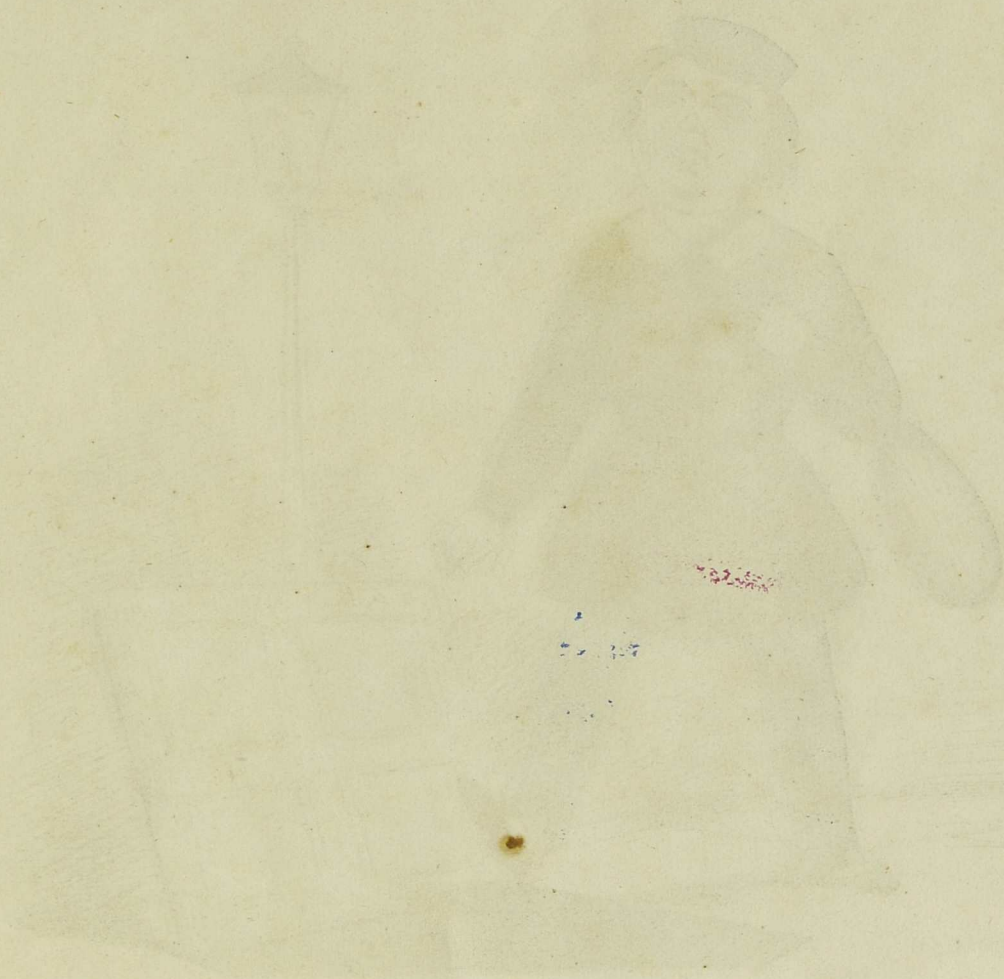
For months he has had to take physic ;
For weeks in his bed he must lie ;
And I think, when he comes to get better,
Young Sammy will keep himself dry.



SAM IN BED.

One day when the wind blew on the water
I saw a place in the distance of the water
Of course I went there and found some things
And gave of the water with the rest
The water splashed on the ground
Like diamonds that were in the water
And I saw some things in the water
All well to the water of the water
The sun shone on the water and the water
As it had been in the water
But soon he was in the water and the water
For a while he was in the water
He caught with a net and the water
They had to move him to bed
His eyes were red and heavy
His nose was all swollen and red
For months he had had to take physic
For weeks in the water he had to
And I think when he comes to get better
Young Sam will keep himself dry





WILL THE LITTLE ONE YOUR MOTHER AND MOTHERS

There are two families in the
world who are not content with
the things of this world. One is the
family of the rich and the other is the
family of the poor.

The rich family is the family of the
world. They are the family of the
rich and the family of the poor.

The poor family is the family of the
world. They are the family of the
rich and the family of the poor.

WHAT A LITTLE BIRD TOLD GRANDMA GRUNDY.



HAL HEEDLESS.

WHAT THE LITTLE BIRD TOLD ABOUT HAL HEEDLESS.

AMONG the most dangerous habits
On which any child can be bent,
I must mention the case of Hal Heedless,
Who never took care where he went.

His eyes were half shut, and looked sleepy,
While his mouth was wide open, agape ;
And, for want of due caution, Hal Heedless
Most frequently got in a scrape.

He'd often been told and been cautioned,
But still every warning was vain ;
And one day, indeed, Master Heedless
Walked bodily into a drain.

With a great deal of toil and of trouble
Some good passers-by got him out ;
But his legs were both hurt, and long after
He limped like a man with the gout.

But, spite of this dreadful disaster,
Hal Heedless no wisdom did gain ;
But went on as careless as ever,
With his head in the air, like a crane.

One day, while thus carelessly walking,
He tumbled right over a hill ;
And, unless some kind person has raised him,
He's probably lying there still.

I think, in this story, the moral
With very great plainness appears :
Remember the words of old Grandma,
And mind where you're going, my dears.



HAL FALLING OVER THE HILL.

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