

OLD FATHER CHRISTMAS

His
Picture
Book.

By
Mrs Mack.
and Robert Ellice Mack.



LONDON:
ERNEST NISTER
24 ST. BRIDE STREET E.C.
PRINTED AT NUREMBERG.



Church of England High School

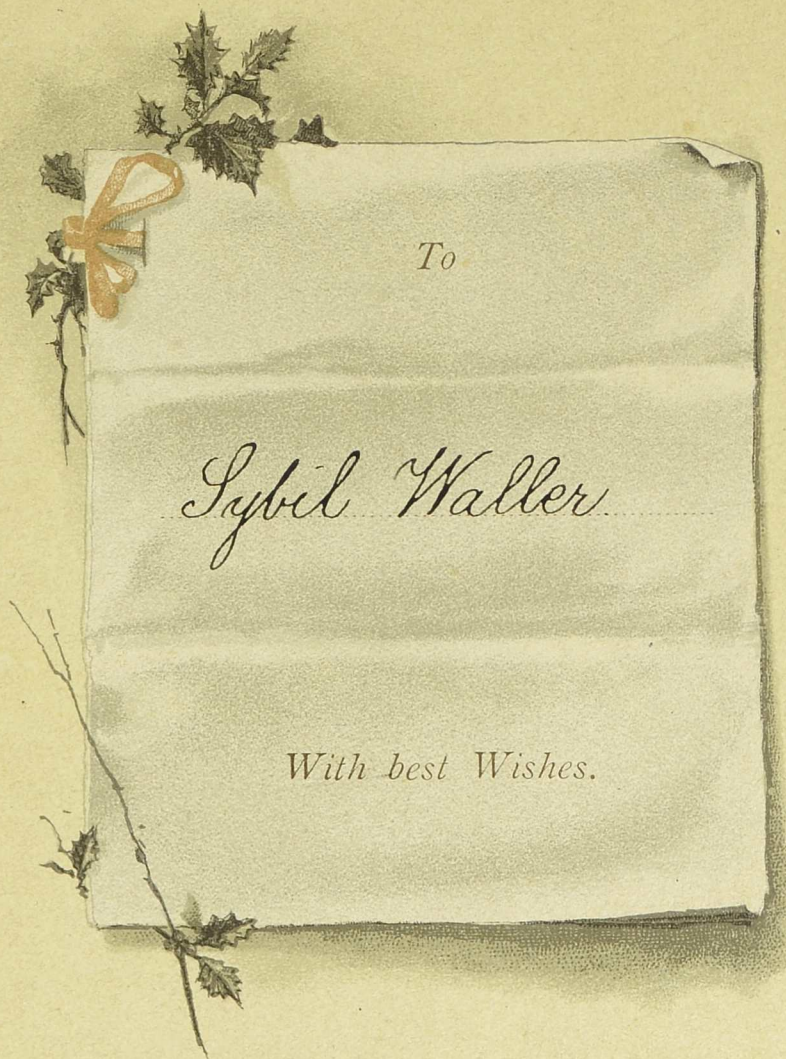
Presented to

Sybil Waller

3rd class Prize

Christmas 1888

Head Mistress F. J. Turner



To

Sybil Waller

With best Wishes.



THE NEW PICTURE BOOK.



OLD

FATHER

CHRISTMAS

PICTURE - BOOK

By Lizzie Mack
and
Robert Ellice Mack.

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OLD FATHER CHRISTMAS.



SAID two little people dressed in white :
“Old Father Christmas will come to-night ;
But lest he forgets, or makes a mistake,
We'd better listen and be awake.”

But when the nursemaid put
 out the light,
 These two little people dressed
 in white
 Rolled themselves up in the
 counterpane,
 And did not dare to look out again.



L.M.

So carefully did they wrap the clothes,
 You couldn't see the tip of a nose.

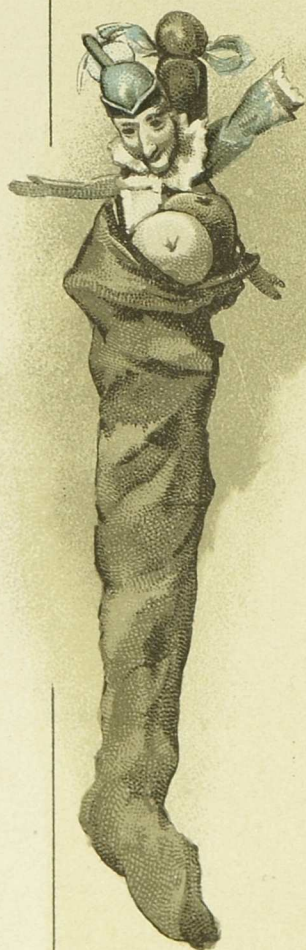
But when the bells were ringing ding-dong,
 Old Father Christmas passed along;
 "Whish," he said, brushing the snow from his nose,
 "Whew! how the east wind blusters and blows."

Then through the window he spied the bed;
 "I have to call at this house," he said;
 "The chimney's the proper way for me,
 Why are they built so narrow," said he.

In at the window he went instead—
 Seated himself at the foot of the bed—
 Filled the stocking with sweetmeats and toys--
 All without making the slightest noise.

.

*Now wake little people dressed in white,
 Old Father Christmas came last night;
 He crammed your stocking—and, children, look!
 He brought you a coloured picture book.*





THIS is the game we like to play,
We like to play,
We like to play—
To carry the holly on Christmas Day,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

We'll gather the holly with berries so gay,
With berries so gay,
With berries so gay—
Plenty of holly on Christmas Day,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

We'll give the baby a ride to-day,
A ride to-day,
A ride to-day—
For Christmas only comes once in a way,
Christmas Day in the morning.

We'll carry the holly on Christmas Day,
And give the baby a ride on the way;
There isn't a pleasanter kind of a play
On Christmas Day in the morning.



BABY'S RIDE.



PUSSY TO TEA.

"PUSSY cat, pussy cat,
What are you at?
Where are your manners,
You bad little cat?"

"Miou," said the pussy;
"Please, may I stay
To afternoon tea, ma'am,
For once in a way?"

"Pussy cat, pussy cat,
What can I do?
There's no cup and saucer,
There's no tea for you."

"Miou," said the pussy;
"Miou, ma'am," said she.
"I don't need a tea-cup,
I never take tea;
Some milk in a saucer
Is better for me."





WHO INVITED YOU.



OH the Clothes-basket was a gallant boat,
And a very merry crew were we ;
We took the cat and our father's coat,
With a "Yeo-heave-ho !" we went afloat
On the Brussels-carpet Sea.

Now, I was the captain, and Jill the mate,
And Jack was the cabin-boy ;
I sat in the stern, and I steered her straight,
We hove ahead at a splendid rate,
Till the cat mewed "*Ship ahoy !*"

We looked out over the good ship's side,
And what do you think we found ?
'Twas a small, small wreck on the flowing tide,
We couldn't save her, although we tried,
But we watched her run aground.

So we sailed away for Sideboard Bay,
And went to the native's shops ;
And we stored our hold with butter-scotch,
With biscuits and candy-drops.



THE GOOD SHIP "CLOTHES-BASKET."



We touched at desolate Sofa Head,
On the north of Timbuctoo ;
The sharks were something *terrible* there,
And the monkeys red and blue.
There were lions and eels, and shrimps and seals,
And a growley-wowley, too !
You 'd never believe what a trip we had,
Or the perils we went through.

But on we went, till the cakes were spent,
And the butter-scotch was gone,
And Pussy-cat cried, and jumped over the side,
And left us there alone.
Then the cabin-boy cried, "Land ahoy !"
And merrily out skipped we ;
For our gallant bark brought us back by dark,
Exactly in time for tea !

H. J. W.

A DILEMMA.

*I*f your boot-lace is tied in a bow,
It 's apt to come undone you know ;
And then, if you tie it up tight,
It 's hard to undo it at night.

So, one, two,
Bother my shoe ;
What is a poor little
Maiden to do.

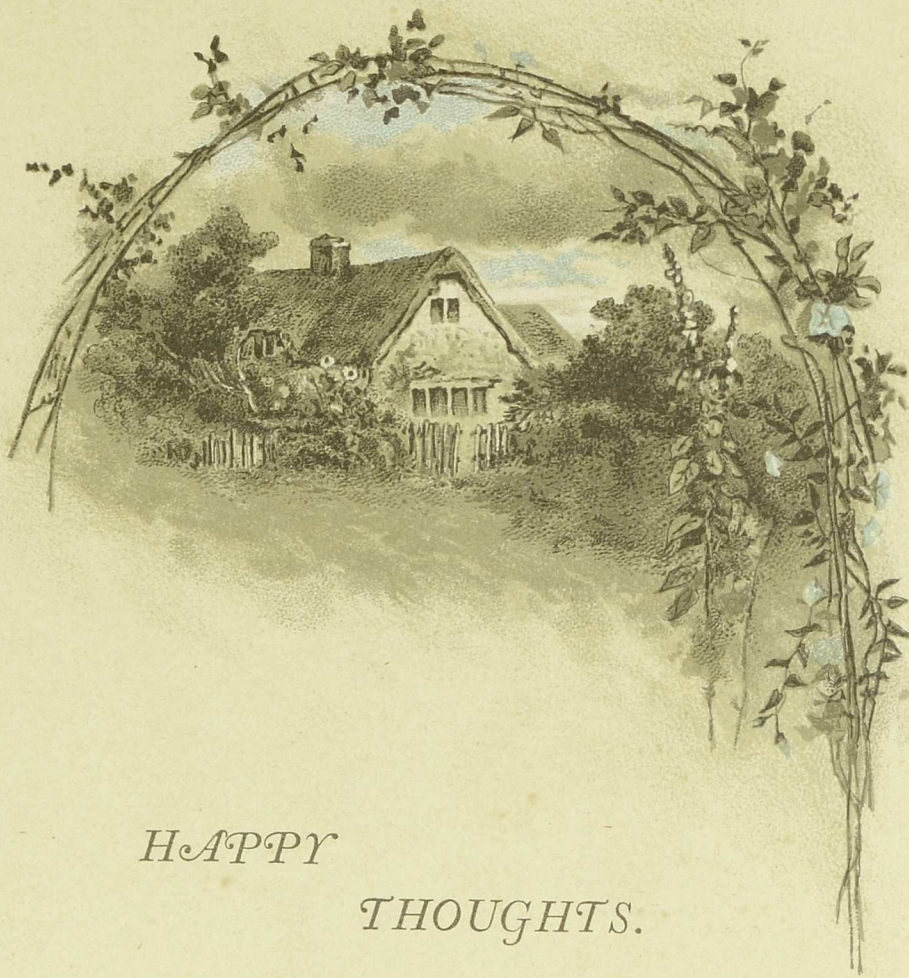
AMBITION.

I'M a pawn in white
And plain Esquire,
To be a Knight
Is my strong desire.





HAPPY THOUGHTS.



*HAPPY
THOUGHTS.*

“*W*HAT are you thinking of, my little maid,
My little maid,
My little maid?”

“I’m thinking how happy I am,” she said.

“And what is your happiness, my little maid,
My little maid,
My little maid?”

“Oh! flowers, and summer, and sunshine,” she said.

“And what will you do when the flowers are dead,
The flowers are dead,
The flowers are dead?”

“I’ll try to be happy without them,” she said.



PUSSY AT THE WELL.



LITTLE PITCHERS HAVE LONG EARS

(OLD PROVERB.)

*B*ARBARA BELL

Was sent to the well,
To fetch me a pitcher of water ;
She stayed there at play
The whole of the day—
She was not a good little daughter.

Barbara Bell
Thought no one would tell,
For no one could possibly see ;
But pitchers have ears,
And they use them, my dears—
Twas the pitcher who told it to me.



AT A PARTY.

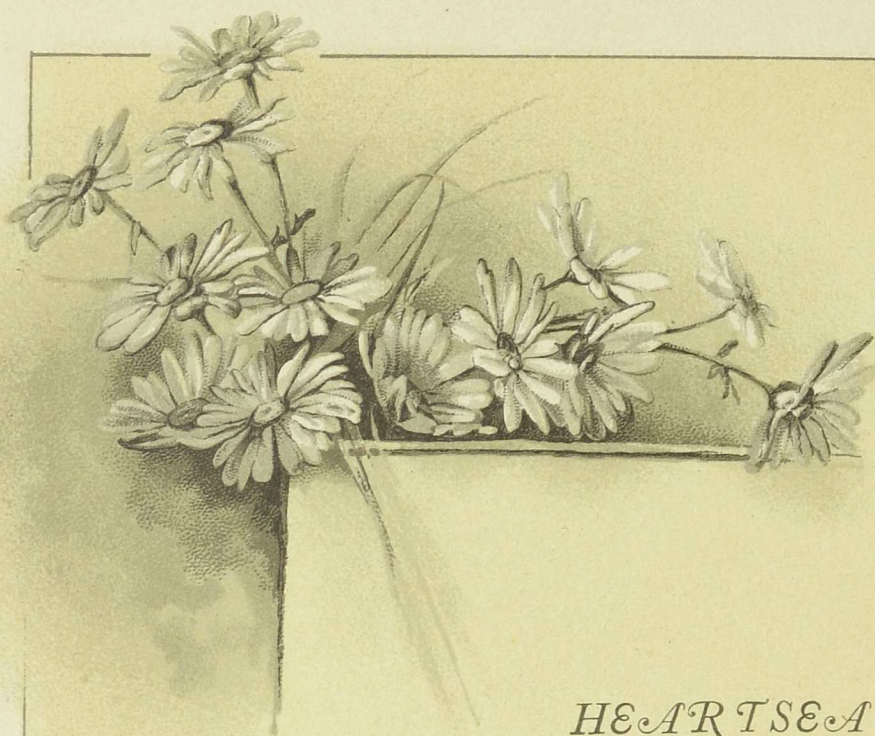
LITTLE Miss Dorothy Dimple,
So neat, and so sweet, and so simple ;
I'm almost afraid
I shall frighten the maid
If I speak to Miss Dorothy Dimple.

I think I might venture on a
Remark, that it is a fine day ;
But if she is shy,
And doesn't reply,
I cannot think what I shall say.





THE FIRST PARTY.



HEARTSEASE.

LITTLE Louise,
You're a terrible tease,
I'm bound to say,
In a general way ;
You tear your frocks
And soil your socks
Quite twice a day,
You chatterbox.
What ! head on my knees ?
A kiss, mummy, please.
Little Louise,
You're a terrible tease,
But you are my heartsease,
Little Louise.

A TEAR,
My dear,
Rain
Again.

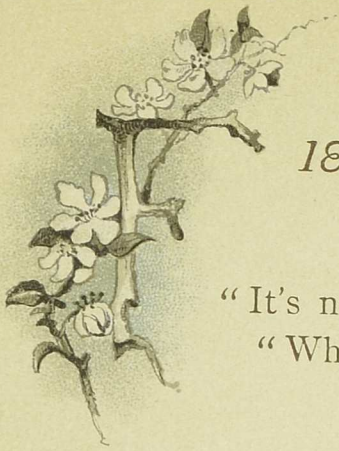
Dry your eye,
And don't cry.
Don't go to sleep,
Look for your sheep.
You'll find 'em,
Tails behind 'em;
Full of fun,
Every one.
There they go,
Told you so.



L.M.



AMONG THE FLOWERS.



O! little butterfly, why do you go,
Just when I want you to stay
with me so?"

"It's not very likely!" the butterfly said;
"Who'll put my butterfly-babies to bed?"

*I*N June the lanes and fields are sweet,
In June the hours pass swift and fleet;
So, children, children, haste to play,
And pluck the flowers while you may.

For flowers come and flowers go,
And poppies fade and roses blow;
So, children, children, haste away,
And pick your posies while you may.



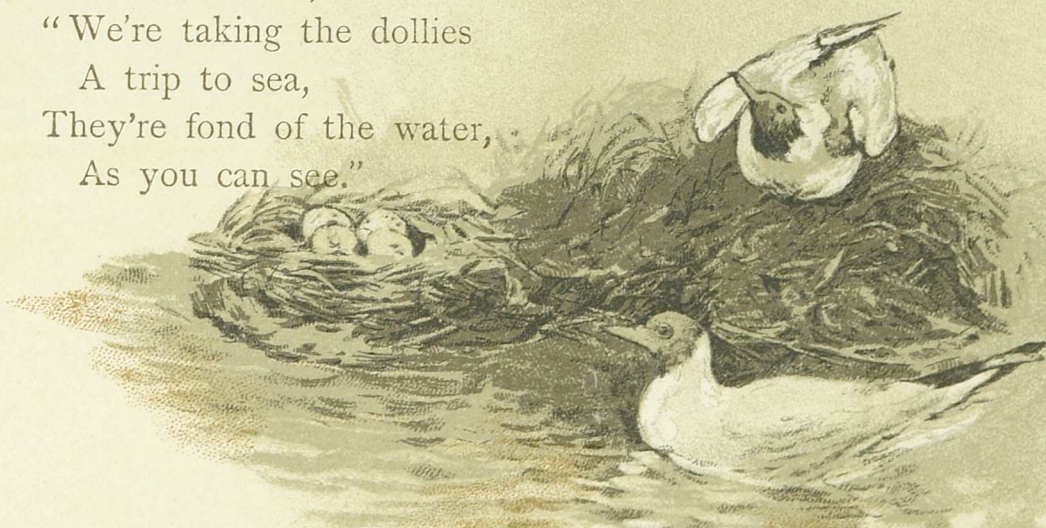


*S*HIP ahoy!
Ship ahoy!
"What is the name
Of your ship, my boy?"

"Her name" said he,
"Is the Annabelle Lee,
The smartest craft
Upon the sea;
And I am the skipper
As you can see."

Ship ahoy!
Ship ahoy!
"Your pardon, cap'n,"
Says I to the boy.

"And Polly's the mate
Of the Annabelle Lee,
And also the cook,
And the crew," said he.
"We're taking the dollies
A trip to sea,
They're fond of the water,
As you can see."



J. M.



DOLLY'S TRIP TO SEA.

LITTLE lamb, why didst thou
Leave thy mother's side?
In the shelter of thy fold
Thou had'st best abide,
For the fields are deep with snow,
And the moor is wide.



We will give thee of our food
Bread and milk to spare,
And our fireside shelter
Thou, poor lamb, shalt share
Till the shepherd brings thee
To thy mother's care.



A WANDERER.

ISAAC WALTON JUNIOR.

IT was a little fisherman,
And he did take his way
Down to the rippling river side
One lovely summer's-day.

He took with him a fishing rod,
He took with him a can,
He took with him his little dog,
Did this young fisherman.

.

It was a tired fisherman,
Returning home at night;
His heart was very heavy,
But his can was very light.





H dear, oh dear, oh dear !
What a nice little girl is here !
She's richer than money,
And sweeter than honey,
Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear !

Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear !
What a sweet little dolly is here !
She's daintily drest
In her very best,
Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear !

*T**HIS* is Dolly's cape, dear,
All tied with silken tape, dear,
It's lined with fur,
And just suits her,
The very latest shape, dear.





JACK IN THE BOX.



POOR JACK.

AN you tell me, little Jack,
What's the matter with your back ?
Do you think that it requires
New wires ?

" You don't jump as once you did,
Quickly when we lift the lid ;
Have you given yourself a whack,
Dear Jack ? "

" Yes, I know too well," said Jack,
" What's the matter with my back ;
I am, if the truth be told,
Getting old ! "

STAR LIGHT.

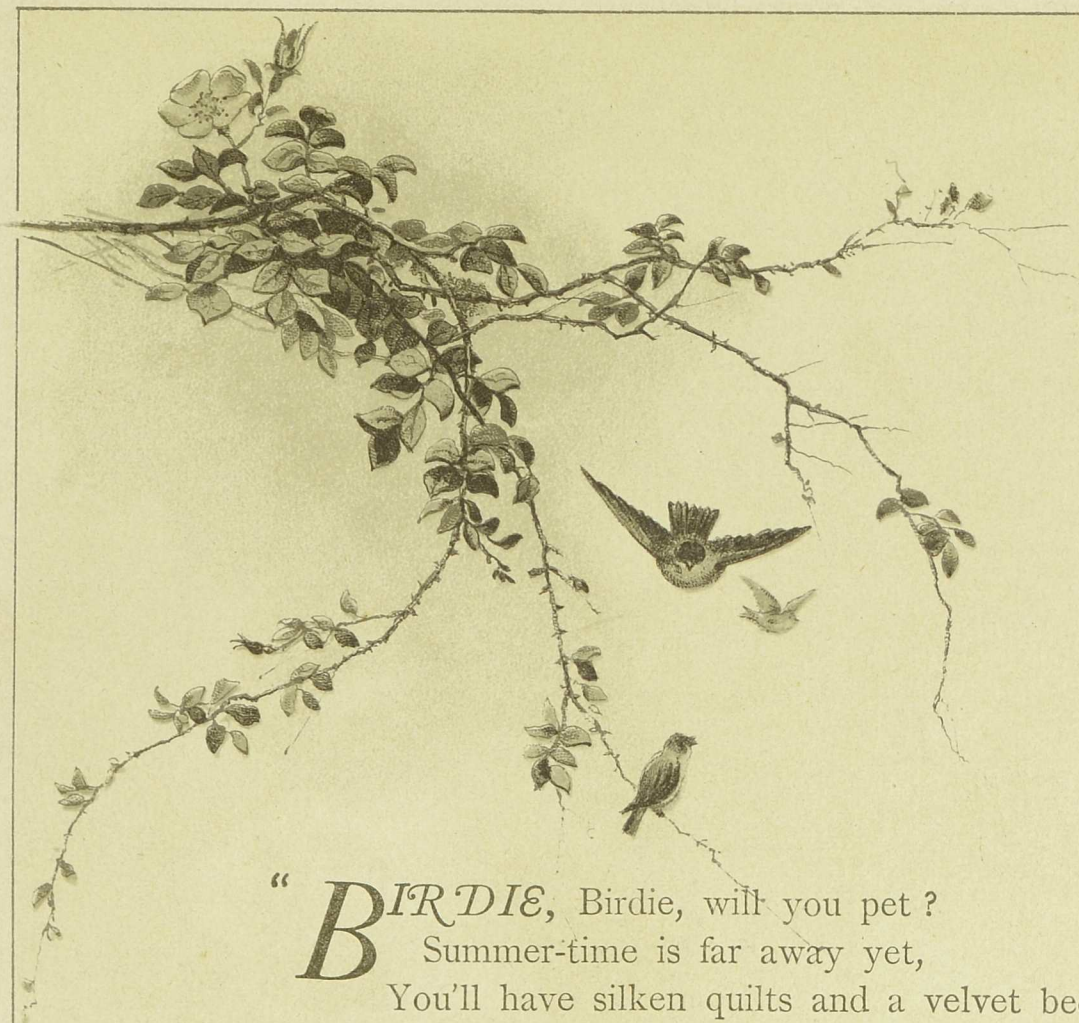
*W*HENCE comes each tiny little spark
That twinkles brightly in the dark ?

*The stars are lights upon the road
That leads, my child, to God's abode.*



L.M.

AN INVITATION.



“*B*IRDIE, Birdie, will you pet ?
Summer-time is far away yet,
You'll have silken quilts and a velvet bed
And a pillow of satin for your head !”

“ I'd rather sleep in the ivy wall ;
No rain comes through, tho' I hear it fall ;
The sun peeps gay at dawn of day,
And I sing, and wing away, away !”

“ O Birdie, Birdie, will you pet ?
Diamond-stones and amber and jet
We'll string for a necklace fair and fine
To please this pretty bird of mine !”

“ O thanks for diamonds, and thanks for jet,
But here is something daintier yet,—
A feather-necklace round and round,
That I wouldn't sell for a thousand pound !”



UNDER THE ROSES.

"O Birdie, Birdie, won't you pet?
We'll buy you a dish of silver fret,
A golden cup and an ivory seat,
And carpets soft beneath your feet!"

"Can running water be drunk from gold?
Can a silver dish the forest hold?
A rocking twig is the finest chair,
And the softest paths lie through the air,—
Good-bye, good-bye to my lady fair!"

William Allingham.



ROSA ANN.

I *HAVE* a little Dolly
Her name is Rosa Ann,
I take the greatest pains with her
To teach her all I can.

She's learning how to read and write,
She's learning how to walk;
I wish that it were possible
To teach her how to talk.



MASTER BUNNY

THIS

*W*EEET little Bunny above,
Now isn't he really a love.
He's yours, my dear,
He'll always be here;
I know he can't possibly move.

These dickey-birds, dear, I'll engage
There's no need to find them a cage;
You need have no fear,
They'll always be here,
Whenever you come to this page.

AS I was walking along,
A singer was singing a song ;
As I was walking away,
A child was crying at play ;
As I was lying in bed,
This rhyme came into my head.

Miou, miou, miou !
I'm ready for breakfast now ;
I want to be fed
On milk and bread,
Miou, miou, miou !





A LITTLE PRAYER.

GOD make my life a little light,
Within the world to glow :
A little flame that burneth bright,
Wherever I may go.

God make my life a little flower
That giveth joy to all,
Content to bloom in native bower,
Altho' the place be small.

God make my life a little song
That comforteth the sad ;
That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the singer glad.

Matilda B. Edwards.



SAYING PRAYERS.

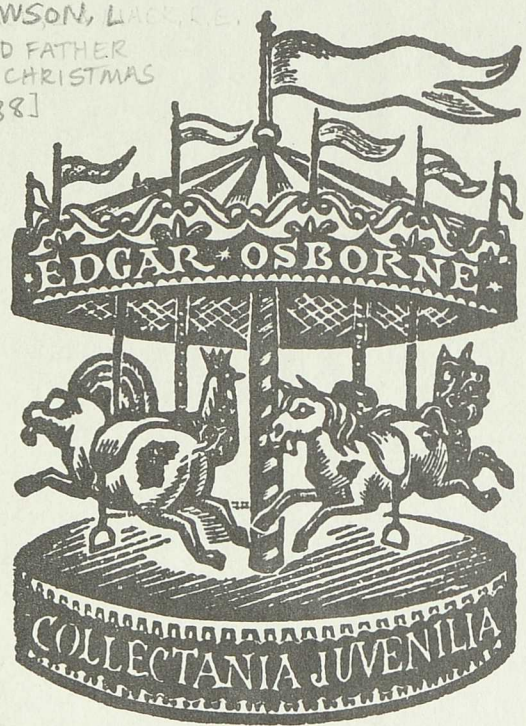
*G*OOD bye, sweet one,
May life's best happiness attend
And make your life one bright
Sweet picture to the end.



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