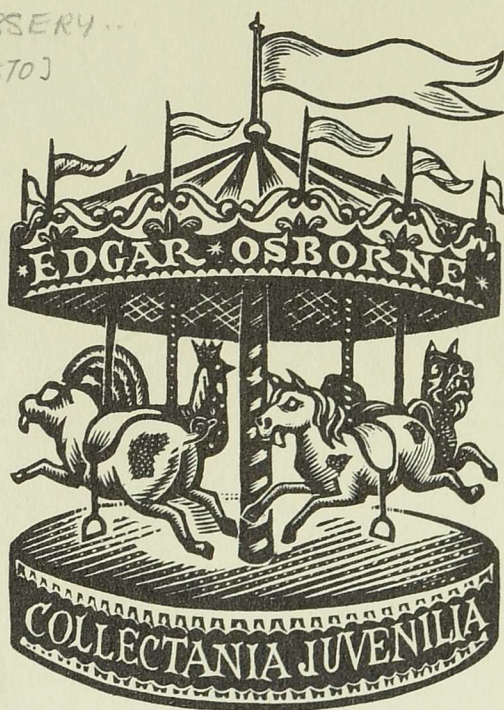




THE NURSERY PLAYMATE

WITH FORTY EIGHT PAGES
OF
COLOURED ILLUSTRATIONS

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NURSERY..
[ca. 1870]



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THE
NURSERY PLAYMATE.

COMPRISING

Nursery Lullabies.

Nursery Numbers.

The Tiny Tea Party.

The Banquet of Birds.

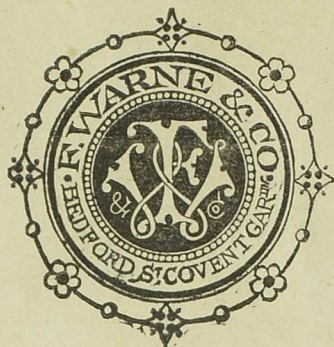
The Robins.

The Silly Little Baa.

WITH

FORTY-EIGHT PAGES OF ILLUSTRATIONS,

Printed in Colours.



London:

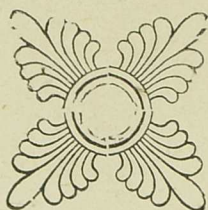
FREDERICK WARNE AND CO.

BEDFORD STREET, STRAND.

NEW YORK: SCRIBNER, WELFORD AND ARMSTRONG.

Preface.

ONCE more we offer a new PICTURE PLAYMATE to our little friends. They will find in it LULLABIES to hush Baby or Dolly to sleep; NURSERY NUMBERS to teach them to count well. The Stories of a TINY TEA PARTY of little boys and girls, and of a feast which the Birds gave to KING EAGLE. THE ROBINS once more come to delight new playfellows, and the SILLY LITTLE BAA teaches its lesson of obedience in our new PLAYMATE.



NURSERY LULLABIES.

NURSERY LULLABIES.

FIRST PICTURE.

Oh, slumber my darling! thy sire is a
Knight;
Thy Mother a lady, so lovely and
bright;
And the hills and the dales and the
woods which we see,
They all shall belong, my dear Baby,
to thee.

SECOND PICTURE.

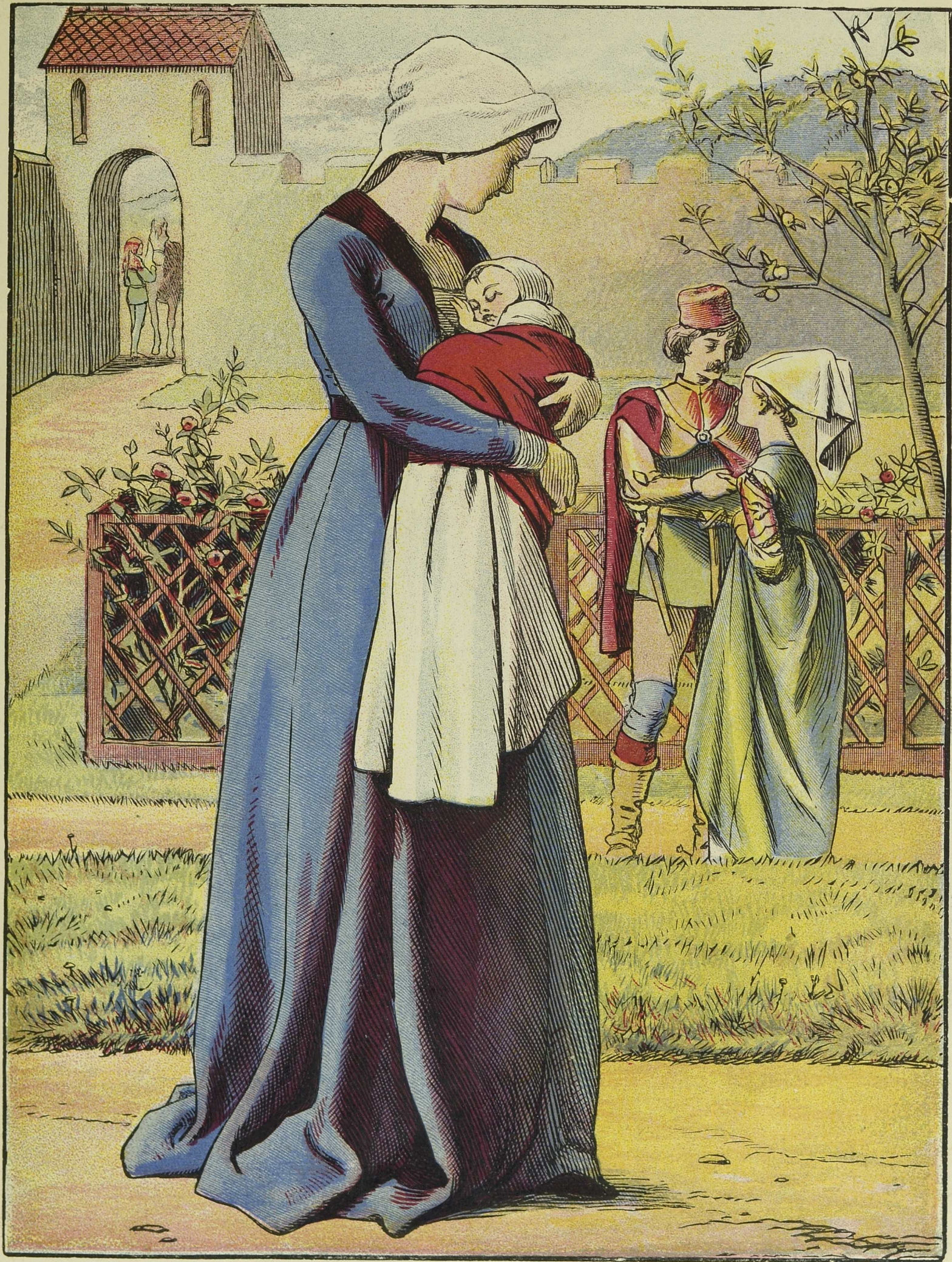
Hush-a-bye, Baby, on the tree-top!
When the wind blows the cradle will
rock;
When the bough bends, the cradle will
fall,—
Down will come Baby, bough, cradle
and all!

THIRD PICTURE.

Hush-a-bye, a Baa Lamb,
Hush-a-bye, a milk Cow;
You shall have a little stick
To beat the naughty Bow-wow.

FOURTH PICTURE.

Rock-a-bye, Baby, thy cradle is green,
Father's a Nobleman, Mother's a
Queen,
Betsy's a Lady, and wears a gold
ring;
And Johnnie's a Drummer, and drums
for the King.

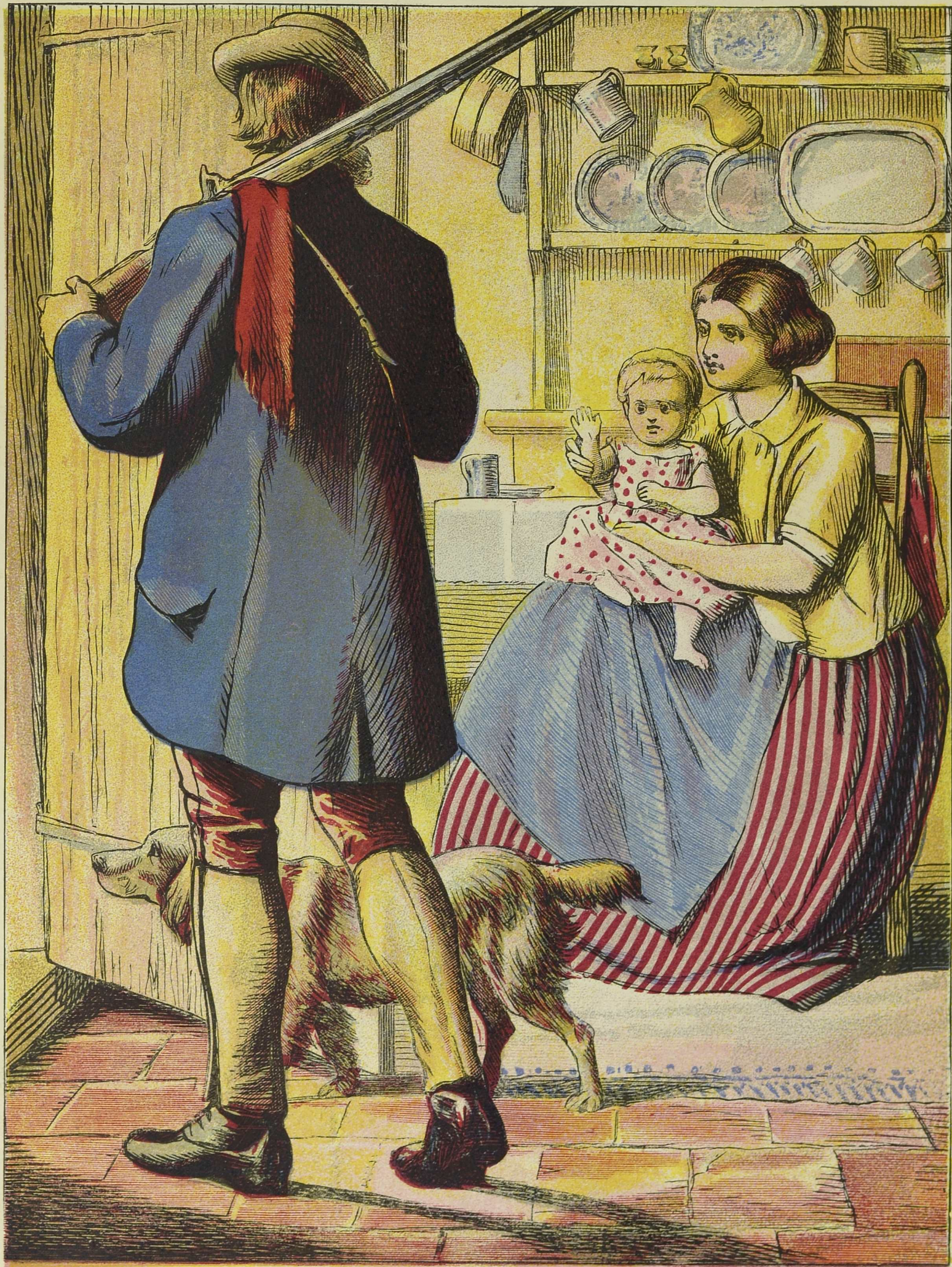
















NURSERY LULLABIES.

FIFTH PICTURE.

Dance to your Daddy, my little Baby,
Dance to your Daddy, my little Lamb.
You shall have a fishey in a little
dishy—
You shall have a fishey when the boat
comes in.

SIXTH PICTURE.

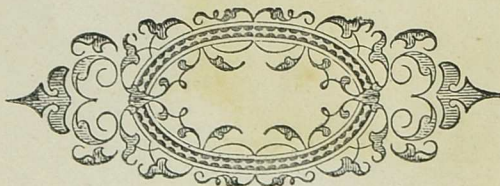
Bye, Baby bunting,
Daddy's gone a-hunting,
To get a little Rabbit-skin,
To wrap the Baby bunting in.

SEVENTH PICTURE.

Ride, Baby, ride!
Pretty Baby shall ride,
And have a little Puppy Dog tied to
her side,
And little Pussy Cat tied to the other,
And away she shall ride to see her
Grandmother.

EIGHTH PICTURE.

Dance, little Baby, dance up high!
Never mind, Baby, Mother is by;
Crow and caper, caper and crow;
There, little Baby, there you go!



NURSERY NUMBERS.

NURSERY NUMBERS.

FIRST PICTURE.

ONE, ONE! I can but spy one
Poor little Daisy, to smile in the sun!
Two, two Forget-me-nots blue
Gaze at the sky, with their own soft
hue.

THREE, THREE Kittens we see,
Play with their tails 'neath the chest-
nut tree!

SECOND PICTURE.

FOUR, FOUR Roses, and more,
Bloom on the trellis surrounding the
door.

FIVE, FIVE Bees, all alive,
Are crowding at once in the door of
the hive!

SIX, SIX nice little Hay-ricks
The Haymakers close to the farm-yard
will fix.

THIRD PICTURE.

SEVEN, SEVEN! (a number uneven)
Of dear little eggs to the Robin are
given.

EIGHT, EIGHT little Birds lie in wait
To pick up the crumbs at the old gar-
den gate.

NINE, NINE little Ducklings fine
Come out of the pond with the Chickens
to dine.

FOURTH PICTURE.

TEN, TEN little Lambs in the pen
Are folded up safe from the mists of
the fen.

ELEVEN, ELEVEN bright stars this even
Shine on the dark blue mantle of
heaven.

TWELVE, TWELVE! your tools you may
shelve,
For a dozen stout Beetles more nimbly
can delve.



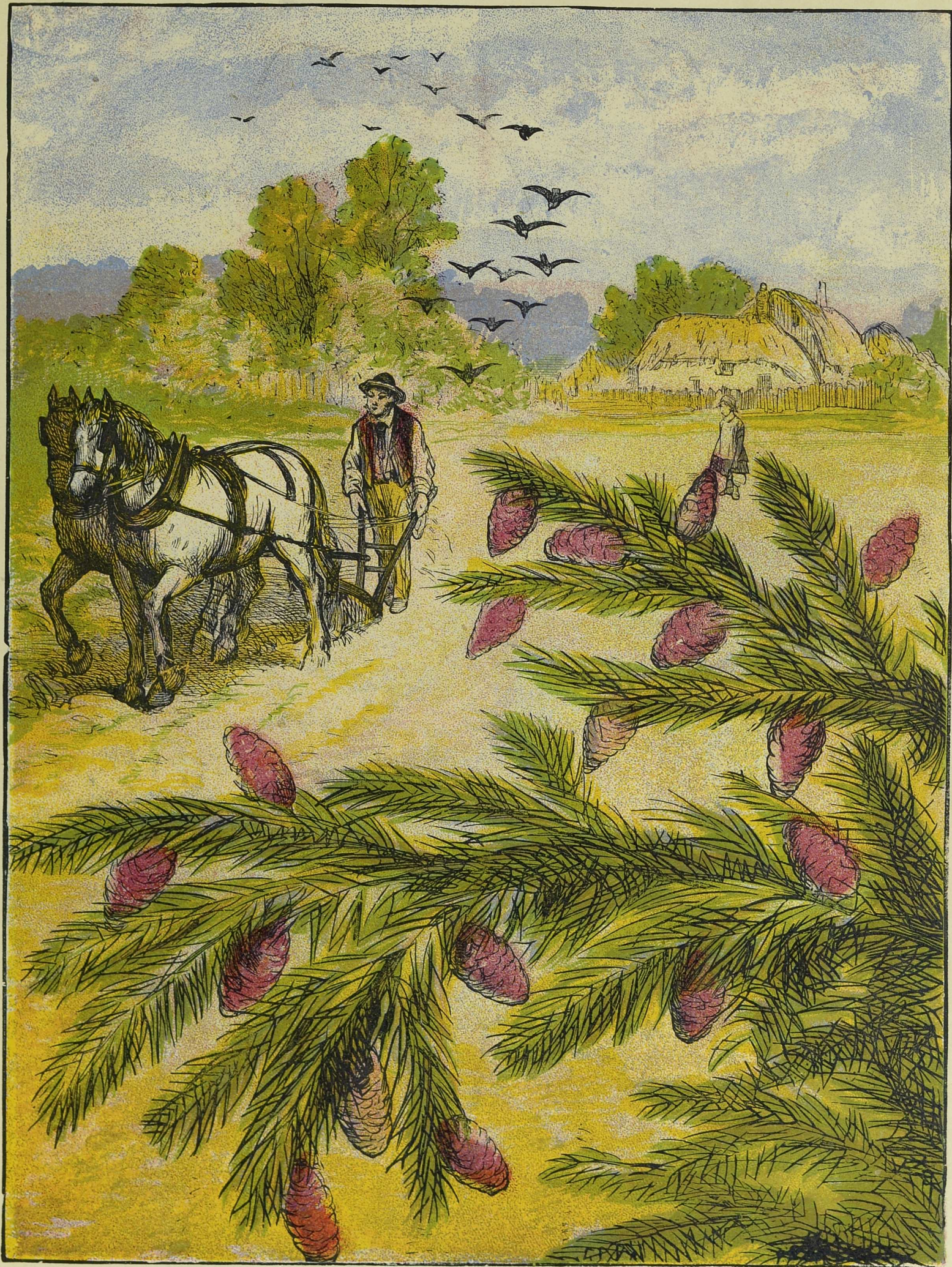














NURSERY NUMBERS.

FIFTH PICTURE.

THIRTEEN busy Flies are sipping, thirteen,
The honied store of the fragrant bean.
FOURTEEN Ducklings are swimming,
fourteen,
In yonder pond 'mid the duckweed
green.

SIXTH PICTURE.

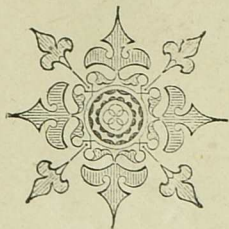
FIFTEEN Troutlets—I counted fifteen—
Glance thro' the reeds in the brook's
clear sheen.
SIXTEEN beautiful Hips, sixteen,
Grow on the bush where roses have
been.

SEVENTH PICTURE.

SEVENTEEN pinky Cones, seventeen,
On the fir-tree's topmost bough I've
seen.
EIGHTEEN Rooks, in all eighteen,
Follow the plough, as the worms they
glean.

EIGHTH PICTURE.

NINETEEN bunches of Berries, nineteen,
Peep like red coral the ash-leaves be-
tween.
TWENTY Bulrushes, more than twenty,
Grow in the river. I'll get you plenty.



THE TINY TEA PARTY.

THE TINY TEA PARTY.

FIRST PICTURE.

Oh, Nursey! you know it's my birth-day to-day,
And all my dear cousins are coming to play;
My *own* cups and saucers get ready then, please,
For a tiny tea party beneath the old trees.

SECOND PICTURE.

Now, Fido, be quiet! and Pussy, sit straight!
For here are our friends coming in at the gate;

Behave well; and when I shall say,
"How d'ye do?"
You, Fido, must bark, and you, Pussy, must mew.

THIRD PICTURE.

Well, here we are seated! I beg you will take
A bun, bread and jam, or a nice slice of cake,
And, dears, if you can (only just to please me),
Let me pour out for each *many* small cups of tea.

















THE TINY TEA PARTY.

FOURTH PICTURE.

Oh, Nurse! come and scold, please,
this very bad boy,
Who is trying my poor little Maude
to annoy;
He has found a great spider and taken
it up,
And—ah! he has dropped it right
into her cup!

FIFTH PICTURE.

Don't cry, Maudie dear, we will choose
you our Queen,
And deck you with flowers to dance
on the green.
Look! here is Mamma, and the man
who will play
Pretty tunes for our dance round the
Queen of the May.

SIXTH PICTURE.

“Sir Roger de Coverley” let us dance
now,
The blackbird will whistle it too, on
his bough;

With a bow and a curtesy we meet in
the middle,
While Pussy, astonished, looks up at
the fiddle.

SEVENTH PICTURE.

We're weary of dancing; we'll play
now “I spy,”
And hide in the bushes; to find us
please try;
You and I, Maude, will go, and if any
should come
Near our hiding-place, darling, well,
then we must run!

EIGHTH PICTURE.

Ah! look, dears, the great sun is going
to bed
Where the clouds have made pillows
of purple and red.
'Tis bed-time for us too! I'm sorry
our play
And our tiny tea party must end with
the day.

THE BANQUET OF BIRDS.

45

THE BANQUET OF BIRDS.

FIRST PICTURE.

In Parliament met, the sweet birds of
the air
Begg'd the Owl, their Speaker, to
make it his care
A feast to prepare for the Eagle their
King,
To which ev'ry subject an off'ring
should bring.

SECOND PICTURE.

The "Bill" by the members was loyally
pass'd,
And Magpie requested to fly very
fast,

And carry a letter to ev'ry bird's nest,
Commanding its owner to bring in his
best.

THIRD PICTURE.

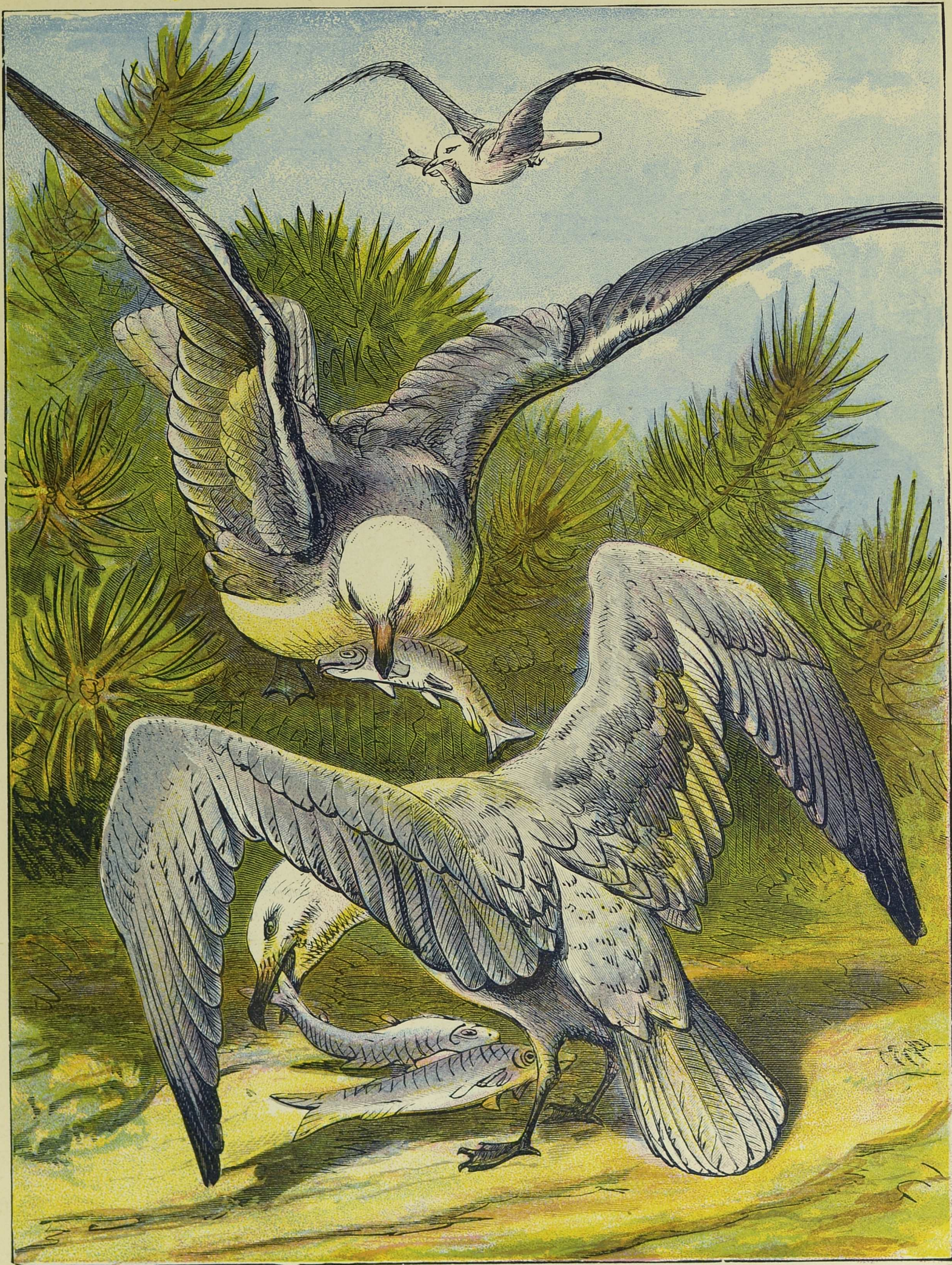
The Dove was appointed to manage
the treat;
The birds very soon brought their gifts
to her feet,
Each anxious the best from his larder
to bring,
A banquet to make for the Eagle their
King.

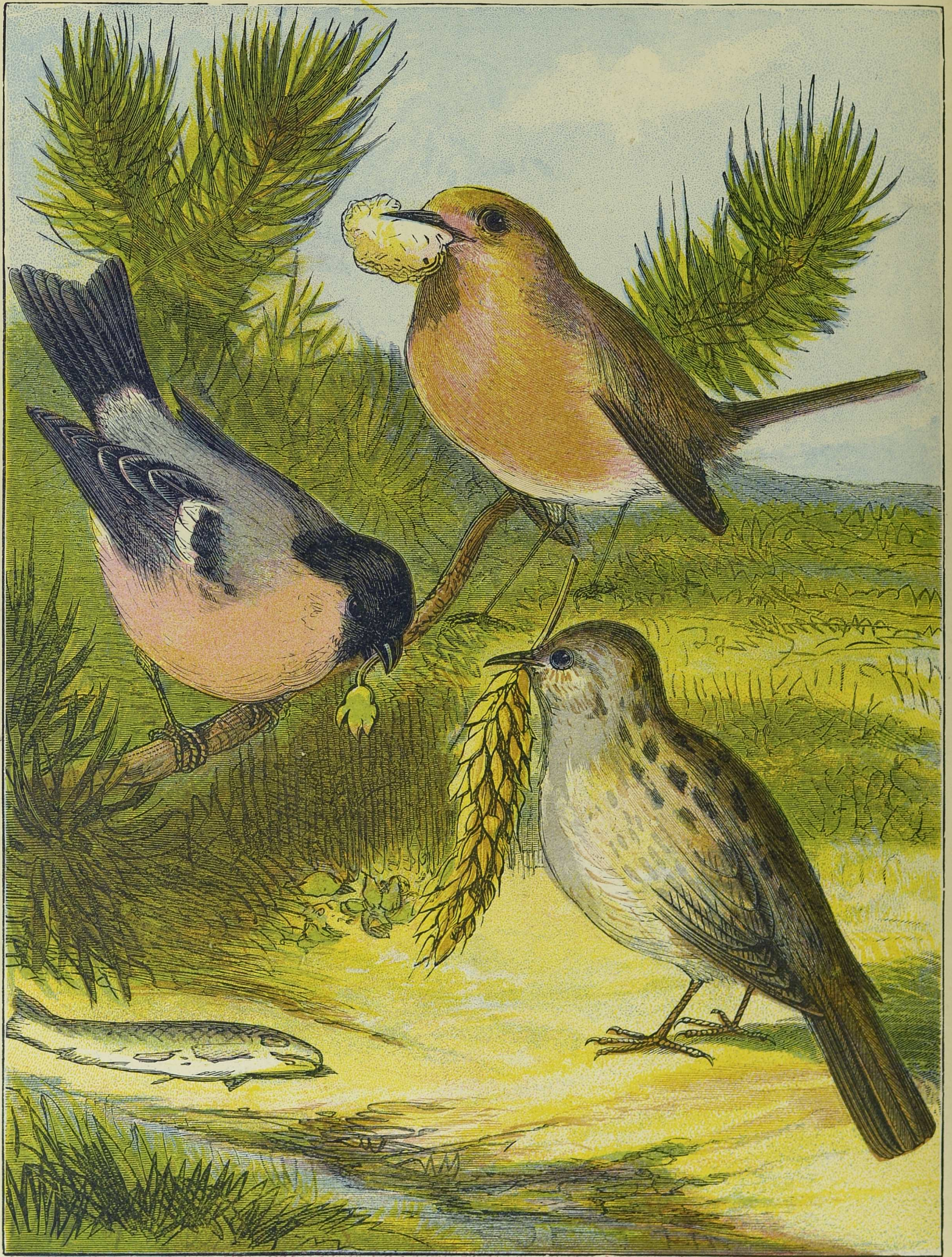
















THE BANQUET OF BIRDS.

FOURTH PICTURE.

Mr. Speaker Owl a rich offering
brings—

Three very fat mice at the Dove's feet
he flings ;

“There, Madam,” he cries, “is young
delicate meat,
Just fit for our gracious King Eagle
to eat.”

FIFTH PICTURE.

“I don't think fat mice are quite food
for a King,”

Cooed the Dove : “something better I
hope the Gulls bring ?”

“Yes, Lady, we offer a nice little dish,
Quite fit for King Eagle—some very
choice fish !”

SIXTH PICTURE.

A large piece of bread Robin Red-
breast has brought ;

And flow'r-buds good food by the
Bullfinch are thought ;

The Hedge-Sparrow gives as his share
of the treat

(To Dame Dove's contentment) a fine
ear of wheat.

SEVENTH PICTURE.

The Kite who pretends that he knows
the King's taste,

Because he's a cousin, drags hither
in haste

A rabbit just killed—sure the Eagle
to please ;

The Pigeon contributes some very
choice peas.

EIGHTH PICTURE.

Then King Eagle came, and with
perfect good breeding,

Pretended on all the birds' gifts to be
feeding

(However unfit for his Majesty's table),
And praised the kind hearts that gave
all they were able.



THE ROBINS.

THE ROBINS.

A FAMILY HISTORY.

FIRST PICTURE.

In a hole which time had made in a wall covered with ivy, a pair of Red-breasts built their nests. The wall was in an orchard where no idle schoolboy could dare to enter. Here the hen Redbreast laid four eggs, and sat on them, while Papa Robin sang to cheer her, on a neighbouring bough.

SECOND PICTURE.

One bright morning in Spring, when Robin came back to his nest after a good breakfast of worms, he was delighted to find four pretty nestlings instead of the little eggs; and very gladly the good father flew away again to get a nice little soft worm, or a grub, for each of his darlings.

THIRD PICTURE.

The four nestlings had very good appetites, and it was rather hard work for Robin and his mate to feed them. But good parents do not mind working for their little ones. One day, when the hen came back with a fine worm, she found the nestlings all huddled together in a great fright.

FOURTH PICTURE.

“What is the matter, my chicks?” said the hen: she thought it grand to call them “chicks.”

“Oh, mother, mother!” they all chirped together, “we have seen something dreadful! A hideous round face as big as the moon, with a terrible beak!”

















THE ROBINS.

"It must have been an owl," said the mother, trembling. But, as you see, it was not.

FIFTH PICTURE.

It was the gardener, honest Joe, who found the nest. But the Robins did not know that, and they were glad when the time came to teach the little ones to fly. The three eldest learned easily, but Flapsy, the youngest, was very awkward, and tumbled right over the edge of the nest.

SIXTH PICTURE.

"Now, my chicks," said the Mother Robin, "we will take you to see the finest place in the world, where food is to be had for the picking up, and where all the birds are great people."

And she hopped away, followed by her family, into the farmyard, which was next to the orchard.

SEVENTH PICTURE.

The nestlings were very happy all

the Summer; but one morning Flapsy awoke them all up from roosting on a bough, by chirping,

"Oh, what shall we do? the world has turned white, and it is so cold!"

The young birds were very frightened, but their mother said,

"There is no cause for fear; this is Winter, the time when men grow kind."

EIGHTH PICTURE.

And she bade them prune their feathers, and follow her. They obeyed, and the hen Robin and their father flew over the snow till they reached the farmhouse window. It was open: the old birds flew in, but the young ones, who were a little shy, contented themselves with picking up the crumbs on the sill, and with pecking at a fine bunch of red berries which lay on the snow close by; and they all thought that Christmas was rather a good time (in spite of the snow) for Robins.



THE SILLY LITTLE BAA.

THE STORY

OF THE

SILLY LITTLE BAA.

FIRST PICTURE.

What do you think a silly little Baa
Said one day to his own Mamma?

“I want to go away to those hills
afar.”

“I want to go out when the moon
shines bright,

And the pretty little stars give a pretty
little light;

I want to go and play on those hills at
night.”

“Oh, you must not go, dear little Baa,
Wandering away from your own
Mamma,

And the safe safe fold where the little
lambs are.”

SECOND PICTURE.

But when night came, this silly little
Baa

Slipp'd away from the side of his own
Mamma,

And ran away for the hills afar.

THIRD PICTURE.

He skipped and he played in the bright
moonlight,

And the pretty little stars gave a pretty
little light;

And he thought, “Oh, how pleasant to
be out at night!”

FOURTH PICTURE.

But by-and-by he came to a dark wood,

















THE STORY OF THE SILLY LITTLE BAA.

And then, oh, *how* he wished he had
been good,
For the cruel Wolf nearly had made
him his food.

FIFTH PICTURE.

The cruel Wolf leaped on the poor
little Baa,
And he cried so loud for his own
Mamma,
That the kind good Shepherd heard
him from afar.

SIXTH PICTURE.

Then he made haste, that Shepherd
kind and good,
And swiftly sped away to the dark dark
wood,
And snatched the little Lamb from
being the Wolf's food.

SEVENTH PICTURE.

"But why are you here, my poor little
Baa,

Wandering away from your own
Mamma,
And the safe safe fold where the little
Lambs are?"

"I have done very wrong," said poor
little Baa,

"I left the side of my own Mamma
To wander away to the hills afar.

"Please forgive me, Shepherd, kind
and good,

And save me from being the cruel
Wolf's food,

And take me away from this dark dark
wood."

EIGHTH PICTURE.

Then the kind Shepherd took up the
little Baa,

Over the hills where he'd wandered so
far,

Back to the side of his own Mamma,

In the safe safe fold where the little
Lambs are.



