



# THE THREE LITTLE KITTENS

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Dear Winifred with Jessie's  
love

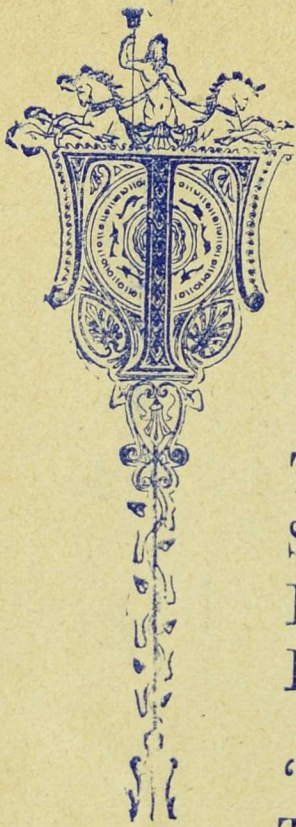


The Three Little Kittens have lost their Mittens.



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## Three Little Kittens.

THREE little Kittens in sunshiny weather,  
Were keeping their birthday all together,  
And their mother had given each one of these kittens,  
That very morning, a smart pair of mittens.

To tell the tale truly, as every one should,  
Sometimes they were naughty, sometimes they were good;  
But one thing is certain—these three little Kittens  
Looked charmingly pretty, when dressed in their mittens.

“I think,” said their mother, “to-day, I will try  
To make, for your dinner, a big birthday pie,  
With a thick crust well flavoured with sugar and spice,  
And the inside well filled with small birds and fat mice.”

The pie was fast baking, and smelling so nice,  
With the mice and the bird, the sugar and spice,  
When quickly down stairs came the three little Kittens,  
Dressed ready for dinner in ribbons and mittens.

All smiling and happy they sat in a row,  
Their tails hanging down, ribbons tied in a bow,  
And whispering softly, “Which do you like best?  
A mouse or a bird?—I like milk with the rest.”

Mrs. Pussy was shocked, “My dears, you are thinking  
A great deal too much of your eating and drinking:—  
Run out in the garden, till dinner is ready,  
Don’t tear your new mittens,—be quiet and steady,”

They went to the spot where the trees in a ring,  
Stood all round the grass, and here was a swing,  
Into it scrambled the three little Kittens,  
Completely forgetting their bows and their mittens.









The Three Little Kittens, in search of their Mittens.







### *Three Little Kittens.*

The Kittens swung low, the Kittens swung high,  
They swung till their toes nearly touched the blue sky,  
And when they were tired they jumped down to look  
At the yellow old duck, that swam in the brook.

They thought it was such a curious whim,  
That a bird should not fly, but prefer to swim;  
As they stood watching, one of the Kittens  
Exclaimed in a fright, "What's become of my mittens?"

"And mine?" cried the second, "And mine?" cried the third.  
Then they looked at their paws, without saying a word,  
They certainly were the most careless of Kittens,  
Not one of the three had got on its mittens.

At length, when their speech they began to recover,  
They said to each other, "Let's go and tell mother!  
She'll know what to do." So the three little Kittens  
Ran back to the house without any mittens.

Now the Kittens, though careless, did wisely in this,  
For it's best to tell mother, whatever's amiss;  
She will certainly know how to smooth out the tangle,  
Which is better than stopping to cry or to wrangle,

Mrs. Puss was astonished, as well she might be,  
"I really don't know what to say to you three,  
To lose your new mittens!—a terrible thing!  
Perhaps they fell off while you sat in the swing?

Better go there and look! It is no use to cry,  
But till you have found them, you shall have no pie.  
I cannot give pie to three naughty Kittens,  
Who have lost in ten minutes, three pairs of mittens!"









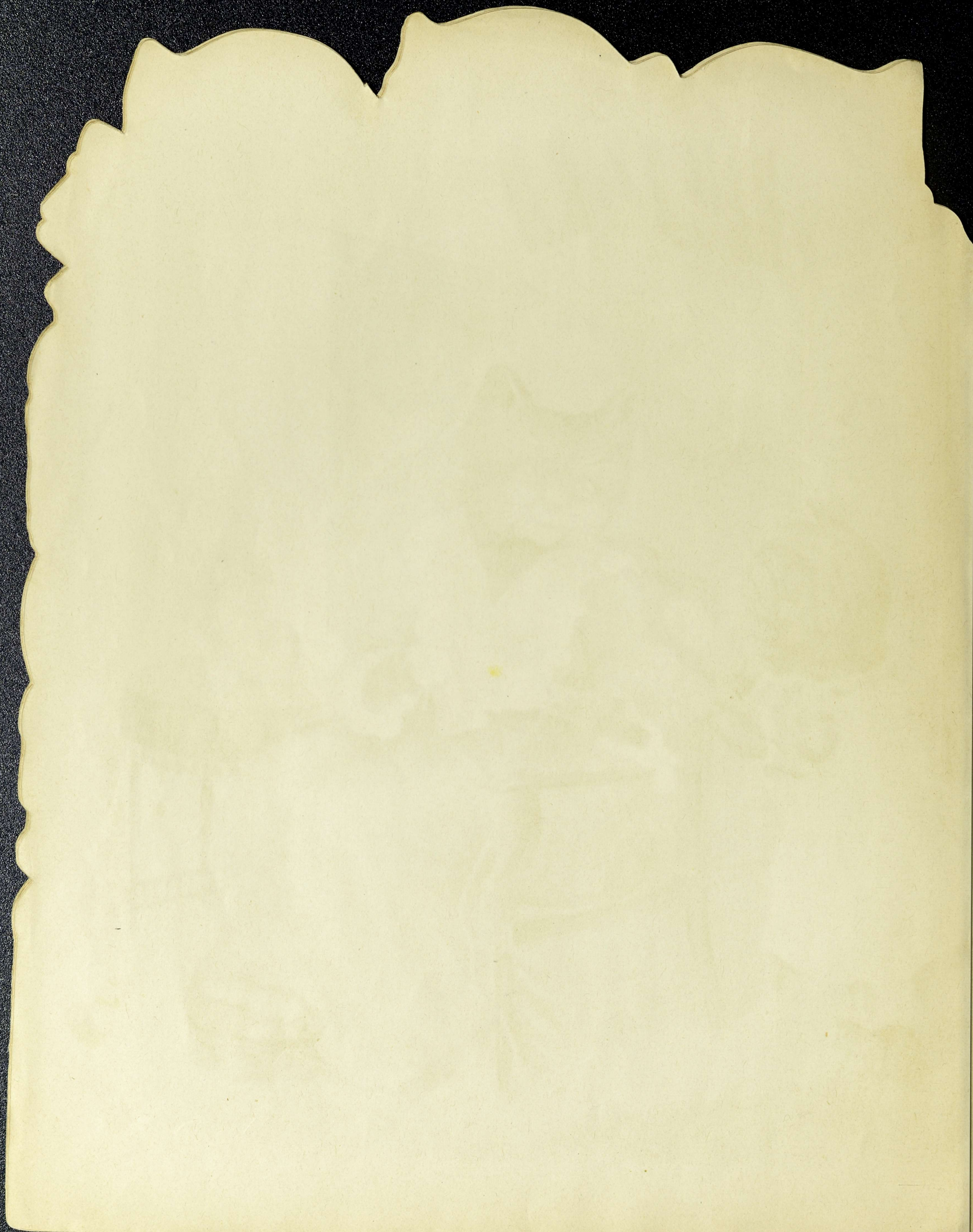
The Three Little Kittens





have found their Mittens.







### *Three Little Kittens.*

Sobbing and crying went these careless Kittens,  
Back to the garden to search for their mittens,—  
In the coach-house, the stable, and heedless of danger,  
They even turned over the oats in the manger.

They looked in the kennel—the dog was away,—  
They climbed to the loft and searched in the hay,—  
In the cucumber-frame, the orchard, the vinery,—  
Nowhere could they find a trace of their finery.

They hunted about in neat flower-beds,  
They sat down and puzzled their dear little heads,  
“They are not by the swing. Where can they be?  
Why, there they are up in the top of that tree!”

Up the tree joyfully clambered the Kittens,  
And brought down triumphantly three pairs of mittens,  
“The wind must have blown them up ever so high,  
Oh, mother, we’ve found them! Where is the pie?”

“Ah, I thought you would find them if only you tried,  
You see you were silly, you need not have cried.  
If you can’t do a thing at once, it is plain,  
The very best plan is to try it again.

Now come in to dinner, tie up your bows,  
Put on your mittens, turn out your toes.”  
Down they sat gaily, the pie was a treat,  
The birds were so fat, and the sugar so sweet.

At last it was eaten, and then the three Kittens,  
Were rather dismayed at the state of their mittens,  
All sticky with sugar and smeared with the spice;  
Mrs. Pussy frowned severely, “That’s not at all nice.









The Three Little Kittens eating their Pie.







### *Three Little Kittens.*

To put pie on your mittens. Pray what do you mean?  
You are the naughtiest Kittens that ever were seen!  
I thought you were eating too quickly, dear! dear!  
Your mittens are ruined completely, I fear."

The nursery was at the top of the house,  
Up stole each Kitten as soft as a mouse,  
They poured out warm water, they got lots of soap,  
They hung near the fire a short piece of rope.

They washed and they washed!--Oh, how those three Kittens  
Rubbed, pounded, and scrubbed those three pairs of mittens,  
Then wrung them out well and hung up to dry,  
And sat down to watch them with hope raising high.

The mittens dried quickly, the mittens dried clean,  
There wasn't a smear nor a speck to be seen,  
They put them on carefully, dancing with glee,  
Rushed into the drawing-room—"Dear mother, see!

"We've washed all our mittens as spotless as ever,  
Don't you think, mother, for once we've been clever?"  
"What my darling children, washed all your mittens?  
Let me look! Yes, I see. You are very good Kittens!

I hope you have not made your clothes at all damp,  
Get ready for tea, and ring for the lamp.  
You shall each have some cream and a large slice of cake,  
Then go early to bed and don't lie awake.

Here ends the tale of the three little Kittens,  
And the story of losing and finding their mittens.  
Though they were careless, they tried to be good,  
And to mend their mistake, as everyone should.









The Three Little Kittens washing their Mittens.





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