

THE
BEDTIME
BOOK.

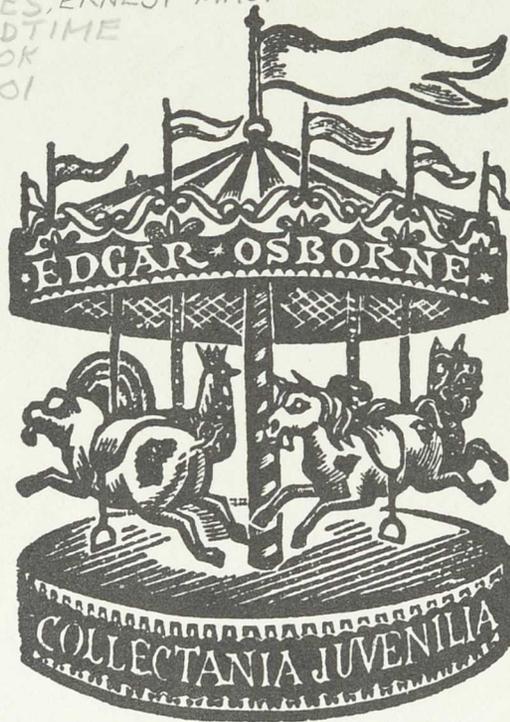


BY
M^{RS}. ERNEST AMES.

LONDON: GRANT RICHARDS, 9, HENRIETTA ST. W.C.

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BEDTIME
BOOK
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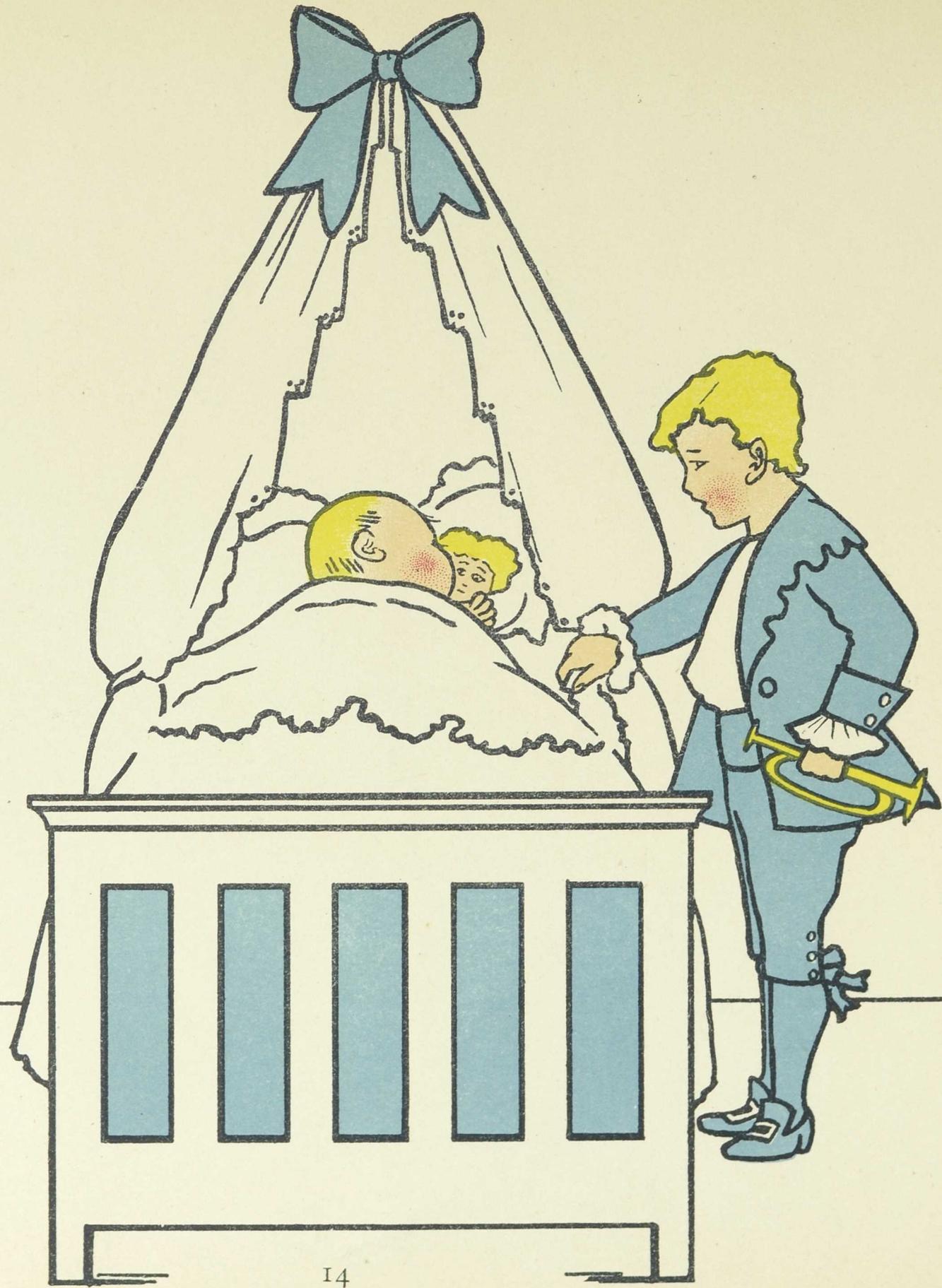
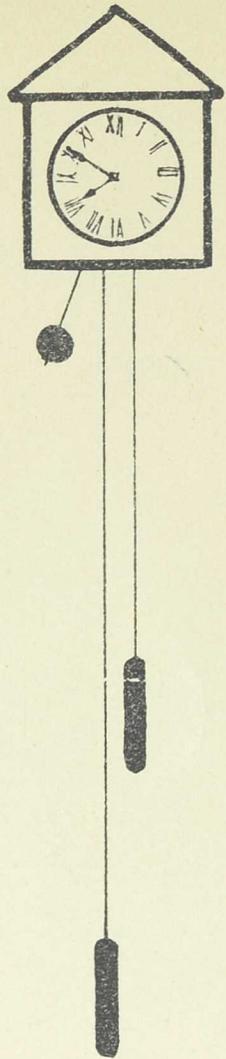
1901.

PROLOGUE.

When tiny hands are folded,
And tiny eyelids sleep,
Nursery friends come forth, dears,
Their welcome tryst to keep.
The pain of going to bed, dears,
Is soon lost in the joy
Of playing with these friends, dears,
Of fun without alloy.

Here is the Nurse
With a sash on her head.
She comes to take good
Master Johnnie to bed.

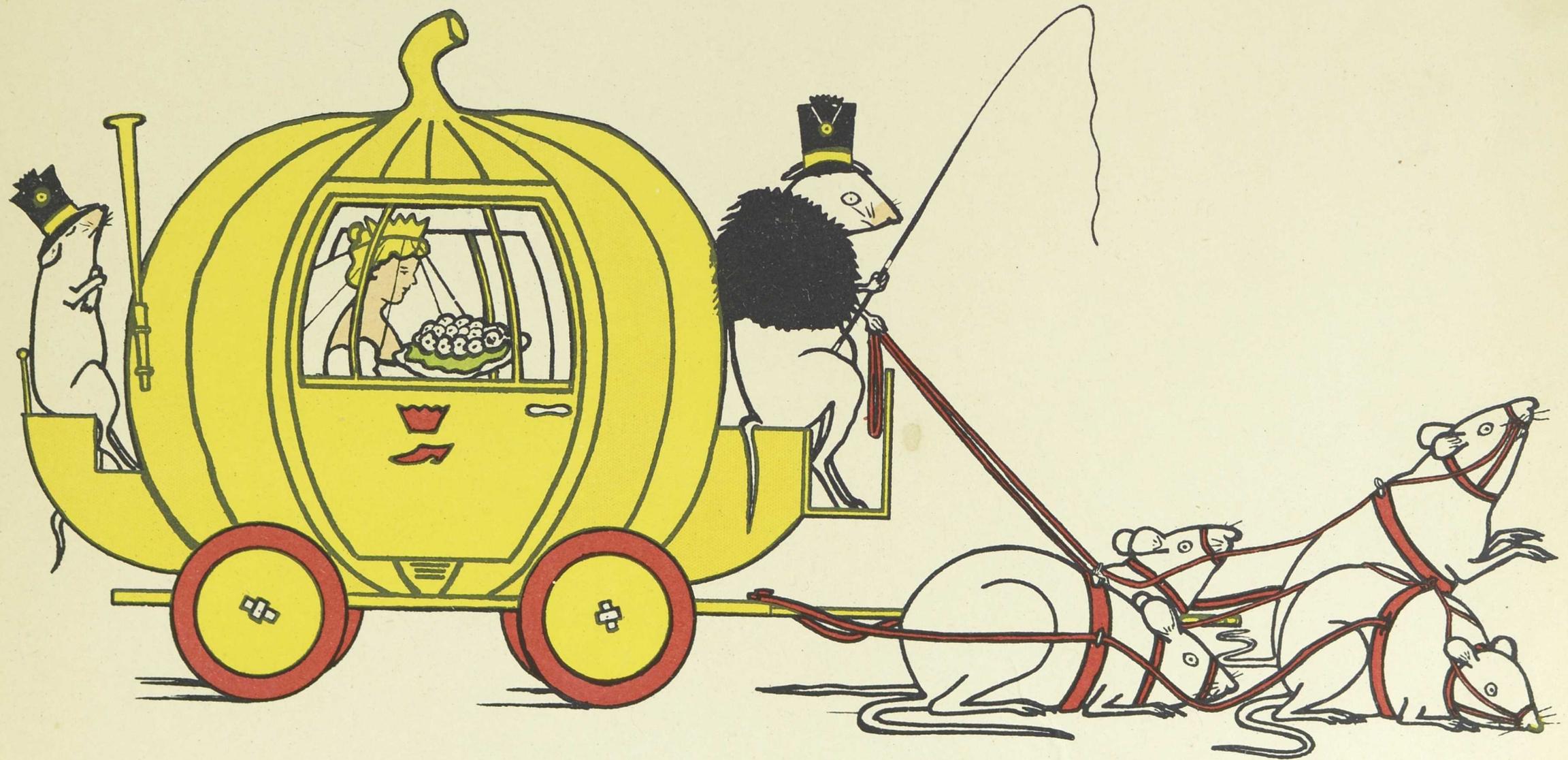


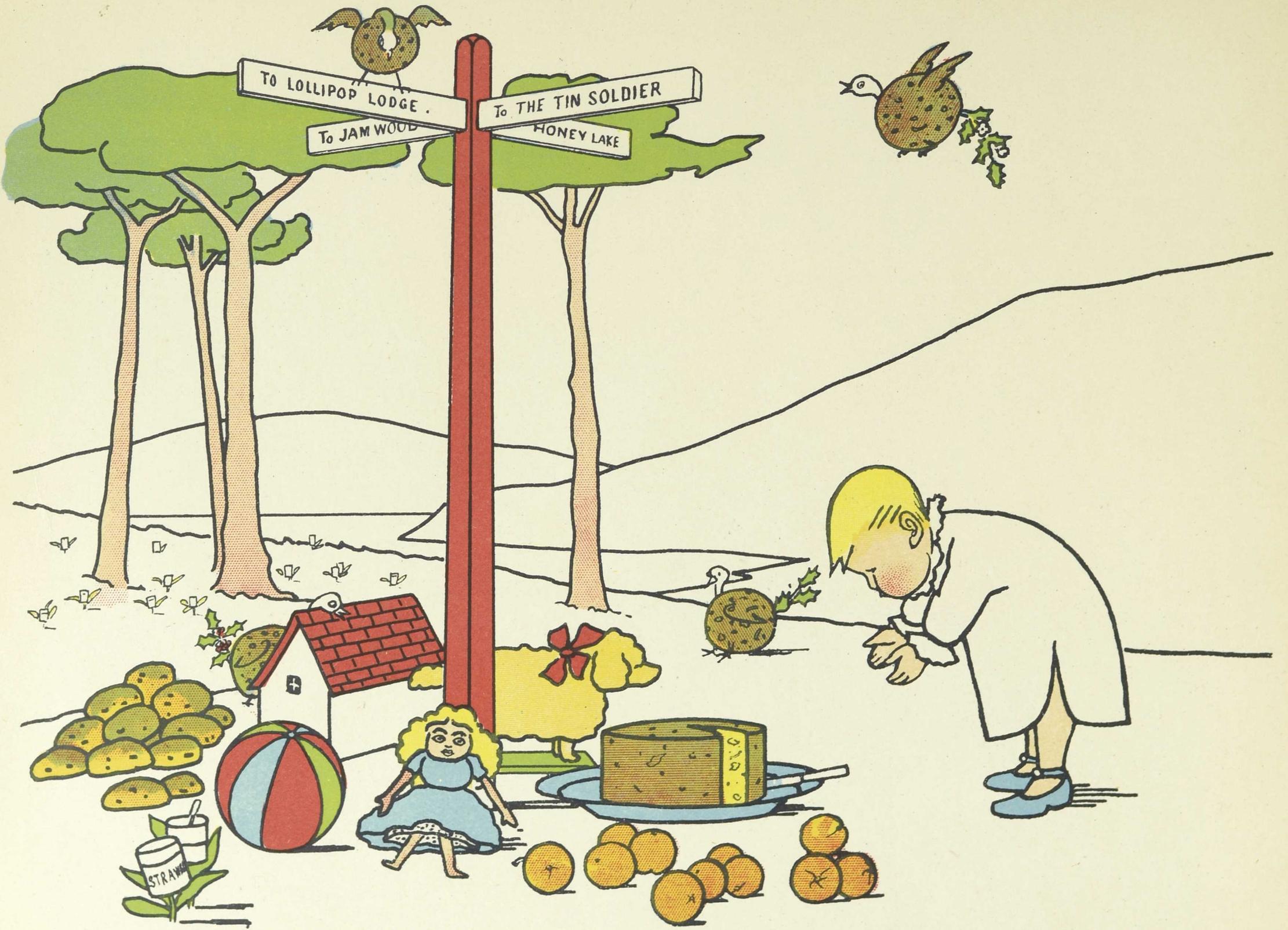


John is asleep!
I am certain it's true
That he soon gets a visit
From Little Boy Blue.



Here is the Coach
With the four white mice.
Cinderella is waiting ;
Now isn't that nice ?





Off they go
In the Four-in-hand,
And gallop along
To the beautiful land.

Where pots of jam
Grow on the ground ;
Plum-pudding birds
Fly all around.

And buns and cakes,
And dolls and sheep,
Lie side by side
In a lovely heap.

This is Jack Horner
Who then walks by.
And that is no doubt
His Christmas Pie.

Baa Baa Black Sheep
Carries his wool,
Carefully packed,
In three bags full.





Baa Baa Black Sheep
Wanted his tea,
And so did Johnnie,
Behind the tree.

They asked Jack Horner
To share his pie.
Little Jack Horner
Began to cry.

Then comes a maid
Who rides, of course,
What you would imagine
To be a horse.

But no ! it's a wolf,
And I hope he's good,
For on his back
Is Red Riding Hood.





And then what happened,
I scarce can tell.
The wolf said : “ Really,
I don’t feel well.”

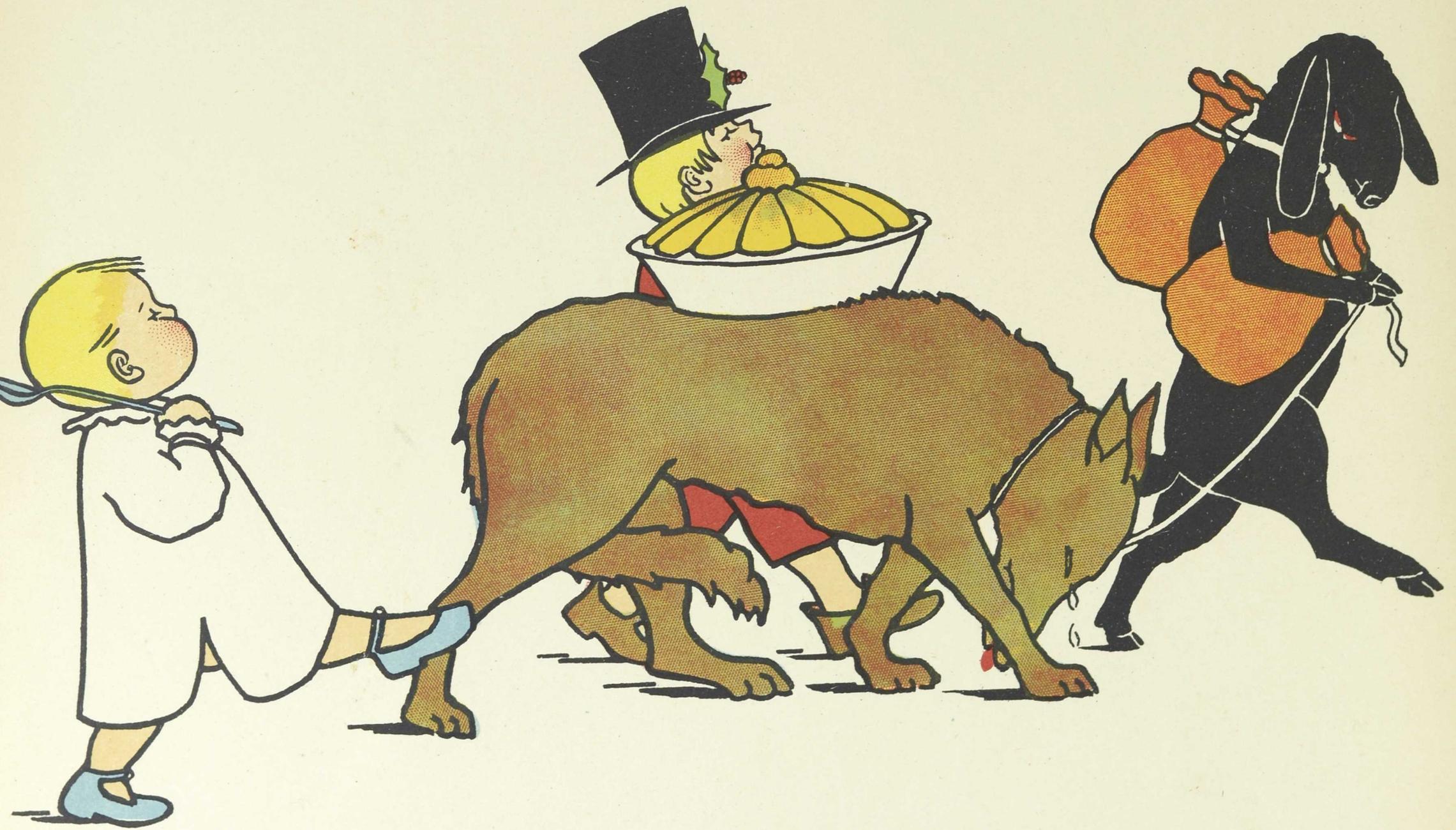
“ Perhaps your pie
Might do me good !”
So he carried it off
To his house in the wood.

The wolf disappeared,
But, luckily, soon
They heard a shout
From the Man-in-the-Moon.

Said Master John :
“We’ve lost our pie ;
Did you see a wolf
Go walking by ?”

Said the Man-in-the-Moon :
“ Good watch I keep,
Make haste, and you’ll find
The wolf asleep.”





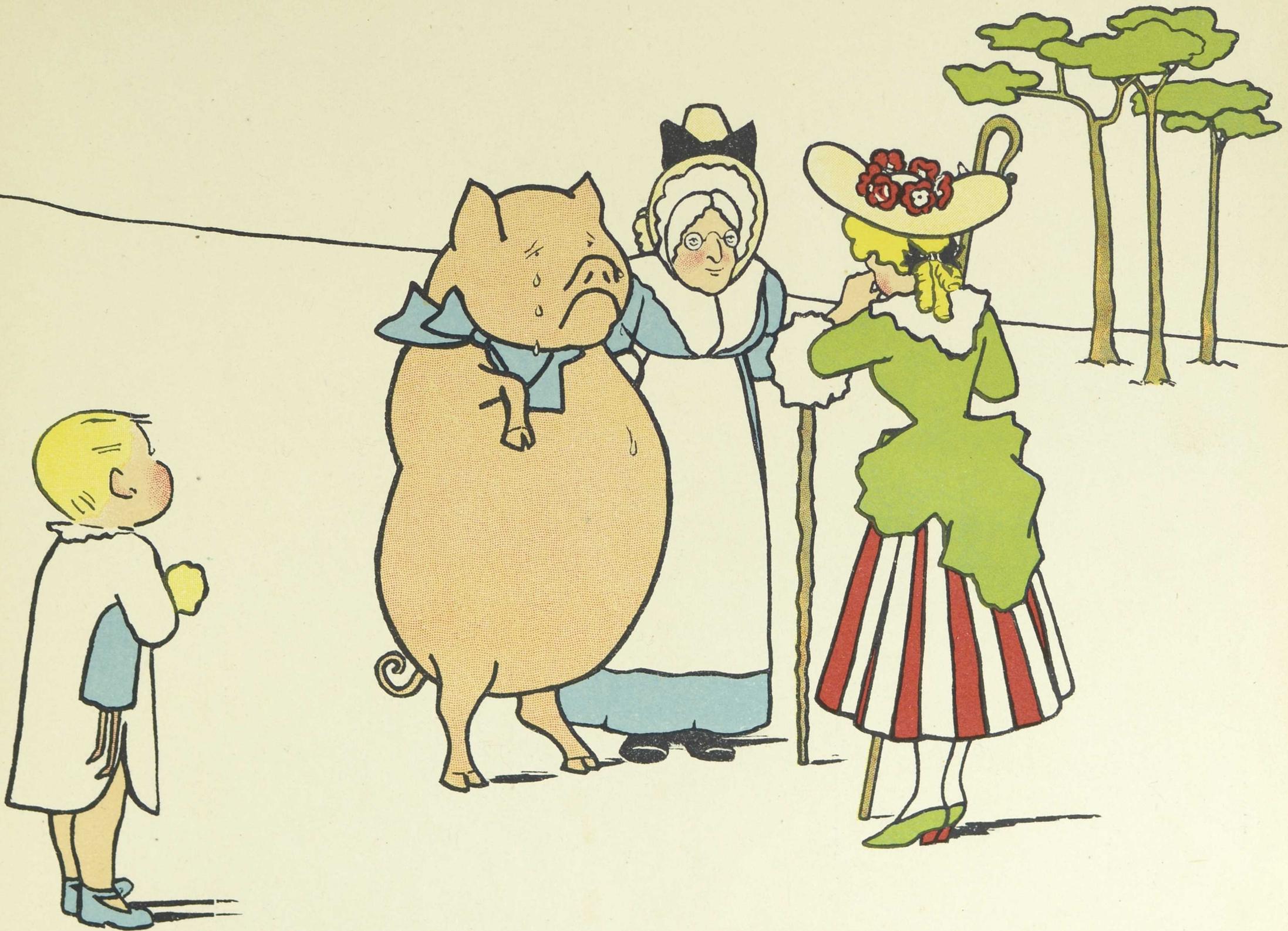
A moment later
They found his house.
The wolf was sleeping
As snug as a mouse.

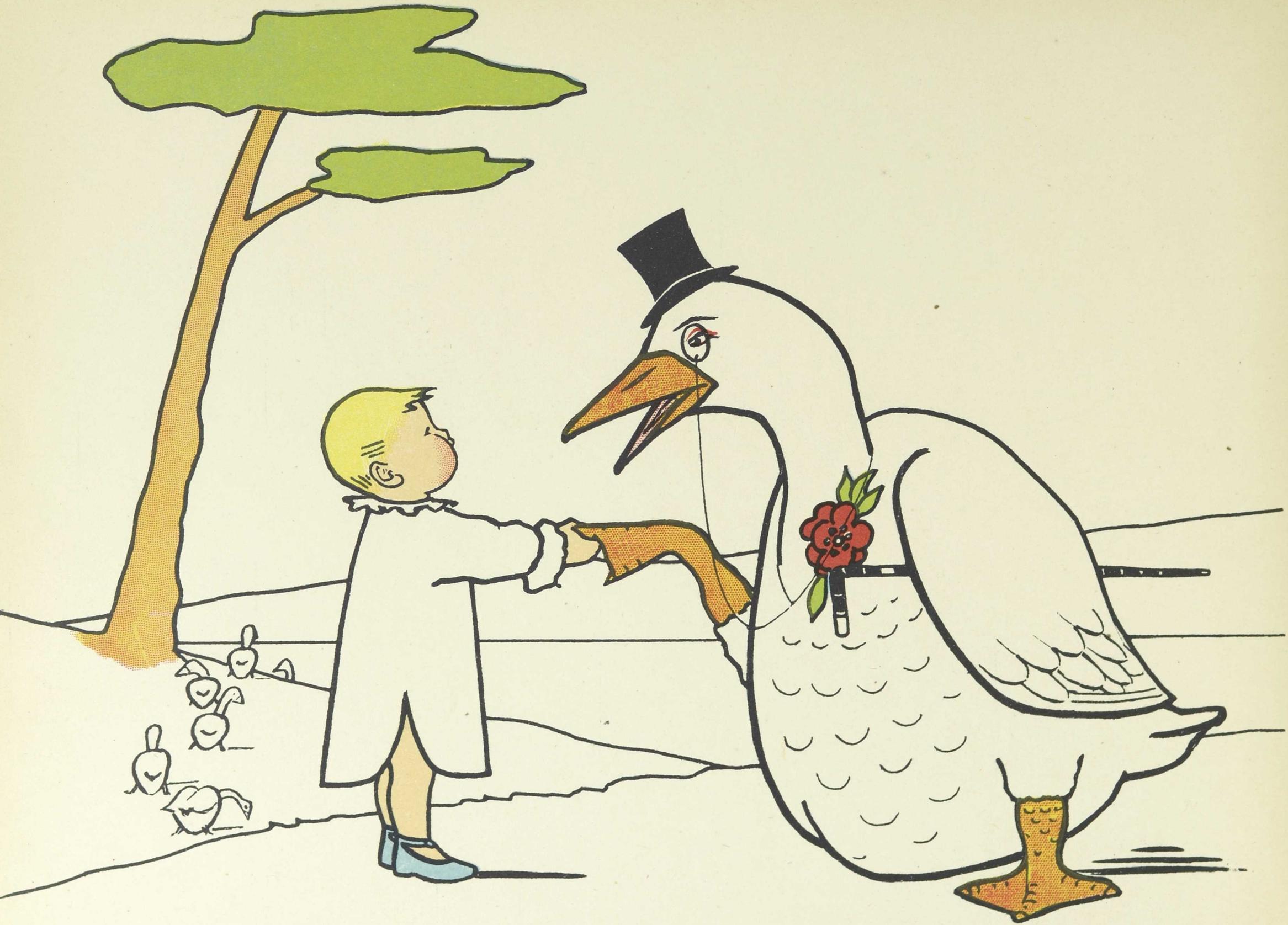
They woke him up,
And gave him a smack ;
And fastened the pie
Across his back.

And here you see
How they drove him on
Little Jack Horner
And Master John.

Here's Dame Trot
With her learned Pig.
The tears he is shedding
Are hot and big.

He cannot endure
That Miss Bopeep
Should have the misfortune
To lose her sheep.





Presently, whom
Should he chance to meet,
But Goosey-Gander
With orange feet.

Goosey looked smart
In a brand new hat,
And he walked with a stick,
As he'd got so fat.

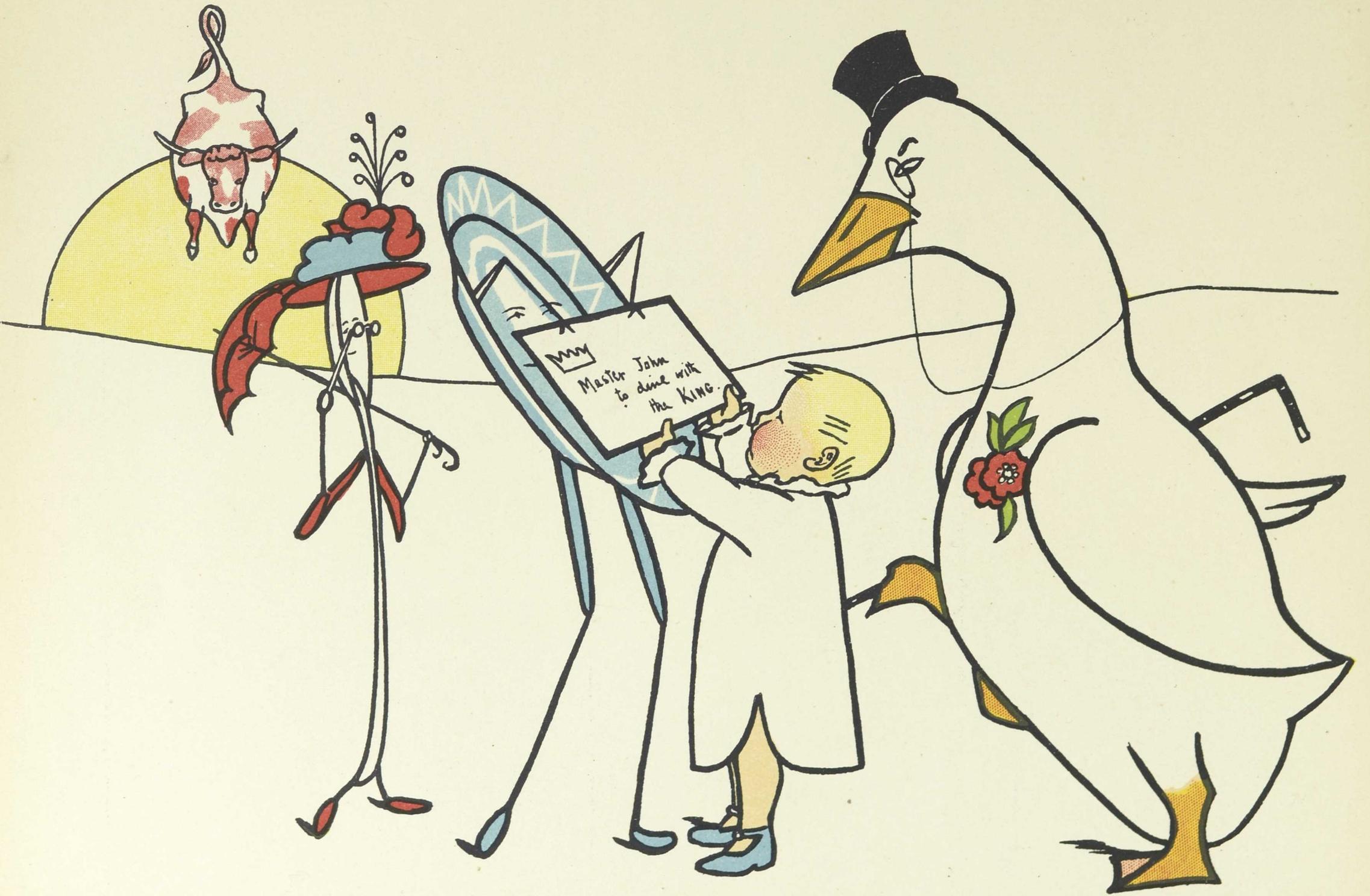
Said he to John :
“ If you want to wander,
Just come along
With old Goosey-Gander.”

So Master John
On the gander sat,
And later they met
A delightful cat.

She was fanning herself
With a scarlet fan,
And was arm-in-arm
With a queer young man.

Whereupon the gander
Said: "Hey diddle-diddle!
Of course these two
Are the cat and the fiddle."





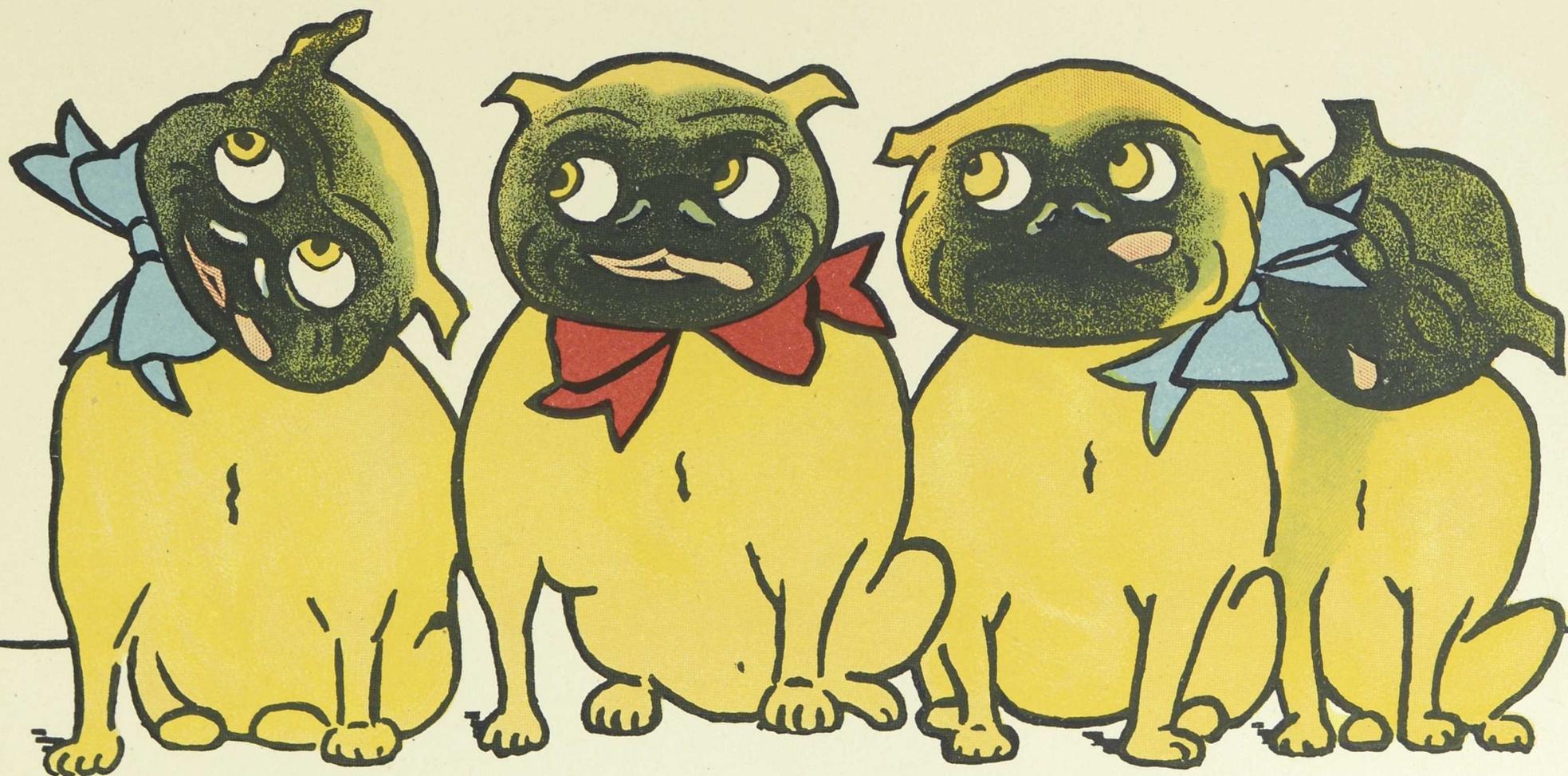
Then came a cow,
And a winsome spoon,
And a beautiful dish,
All under the moon.

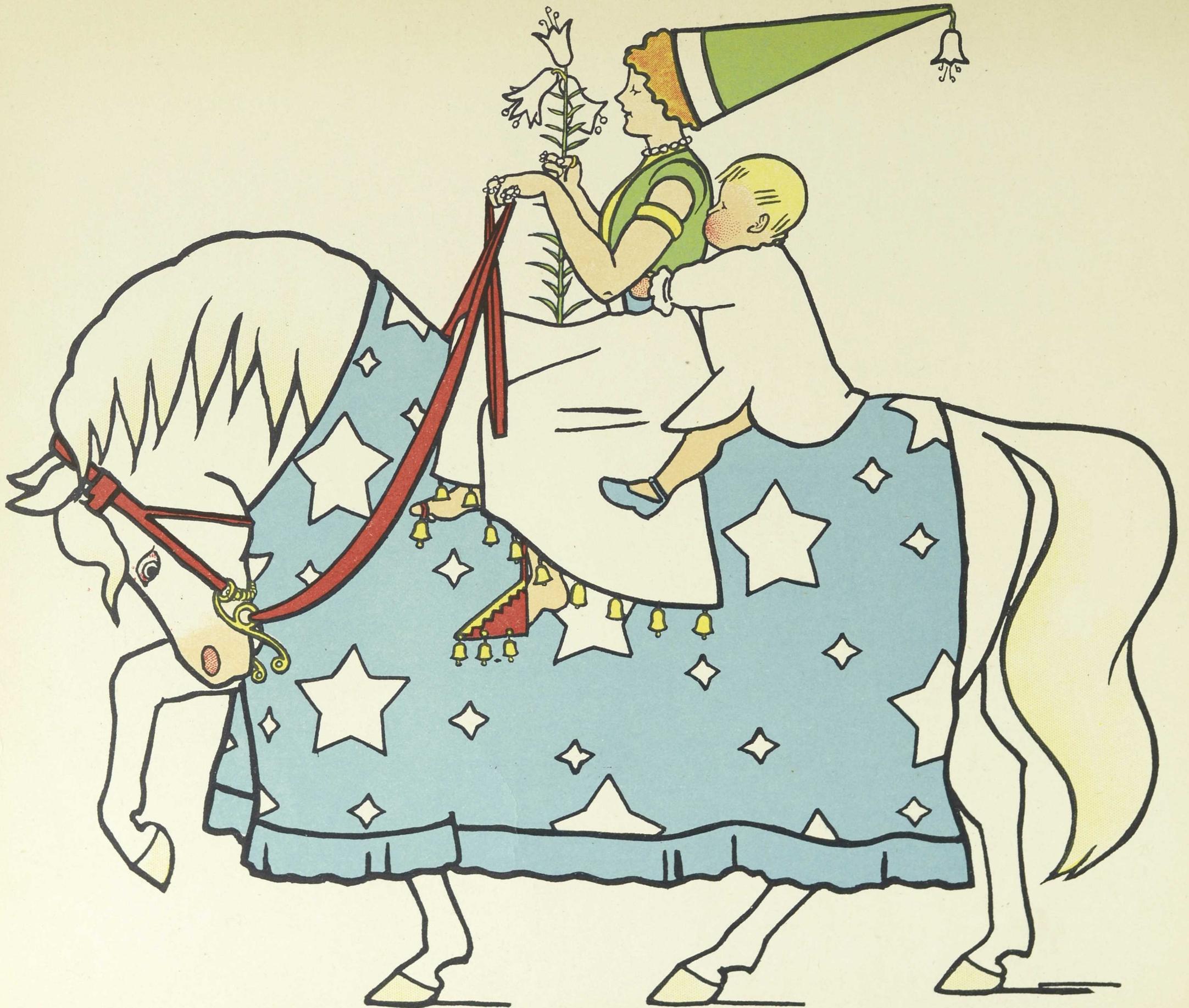
And the gander said :
“ What a splendid thing,
It’s an invitation
To dine with the King!”

The dish first handed
A note to John,
Which the gander read,
While the spoon looked on.

Which alarmed the cow,
Who jumped over the moon,
And the dish ran away
With the winsome spoon.

At which remarkable
Marvellous sight,
The little dogs laughed
With all their might.





At last they arrived
At Banbury Cross,
And saw the young lady
Who rides a white horse.

So up he climbed
Where you see him placed,
With both arms hugging
The lady's waist.

Said John to the lady :
“If you don't mind,
I should very much like
To ride behind.”

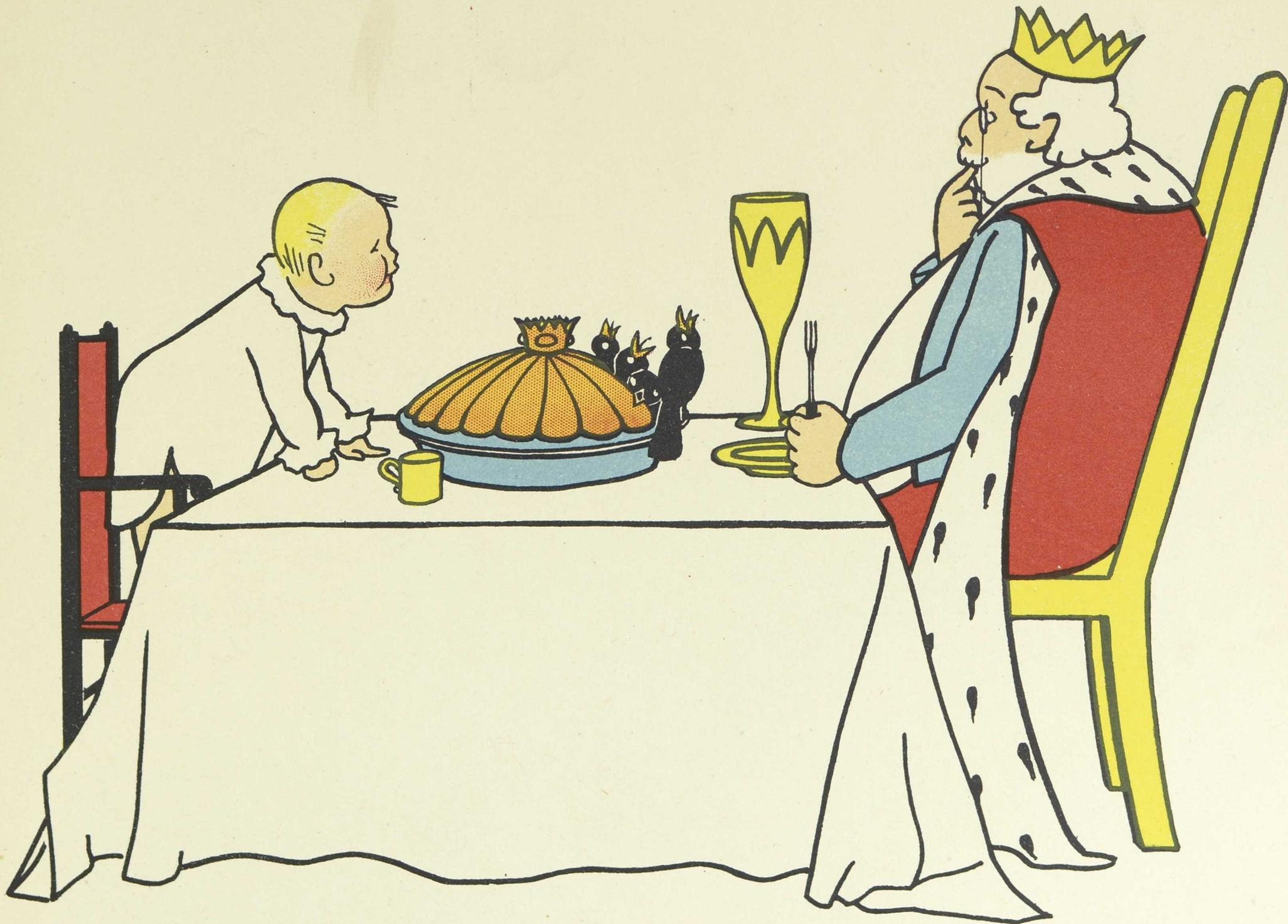
And thus to the sound
Of her jingling bells,
He reached the house
Where the great King dwells.

Here's the table,
With dinner spread ;
John at the bottom,
The King at the head.

He carved it ; and oh !
What a wonderful thing.
The blackbirds all
Began to sing.

Said the King to John :
“ I hope you'll try
This beautiful home-made
Blackbird Pie.”

The King said: “ Bother !
They're underdone.”
Of course, John thought it
Tremendous fun.





Then to the garden
He found his way,
Where the maid was drying
The clothes all day.

And Humpty-Dumpty
Sat on the wall,
Boasting that nothing
Could make him fall.

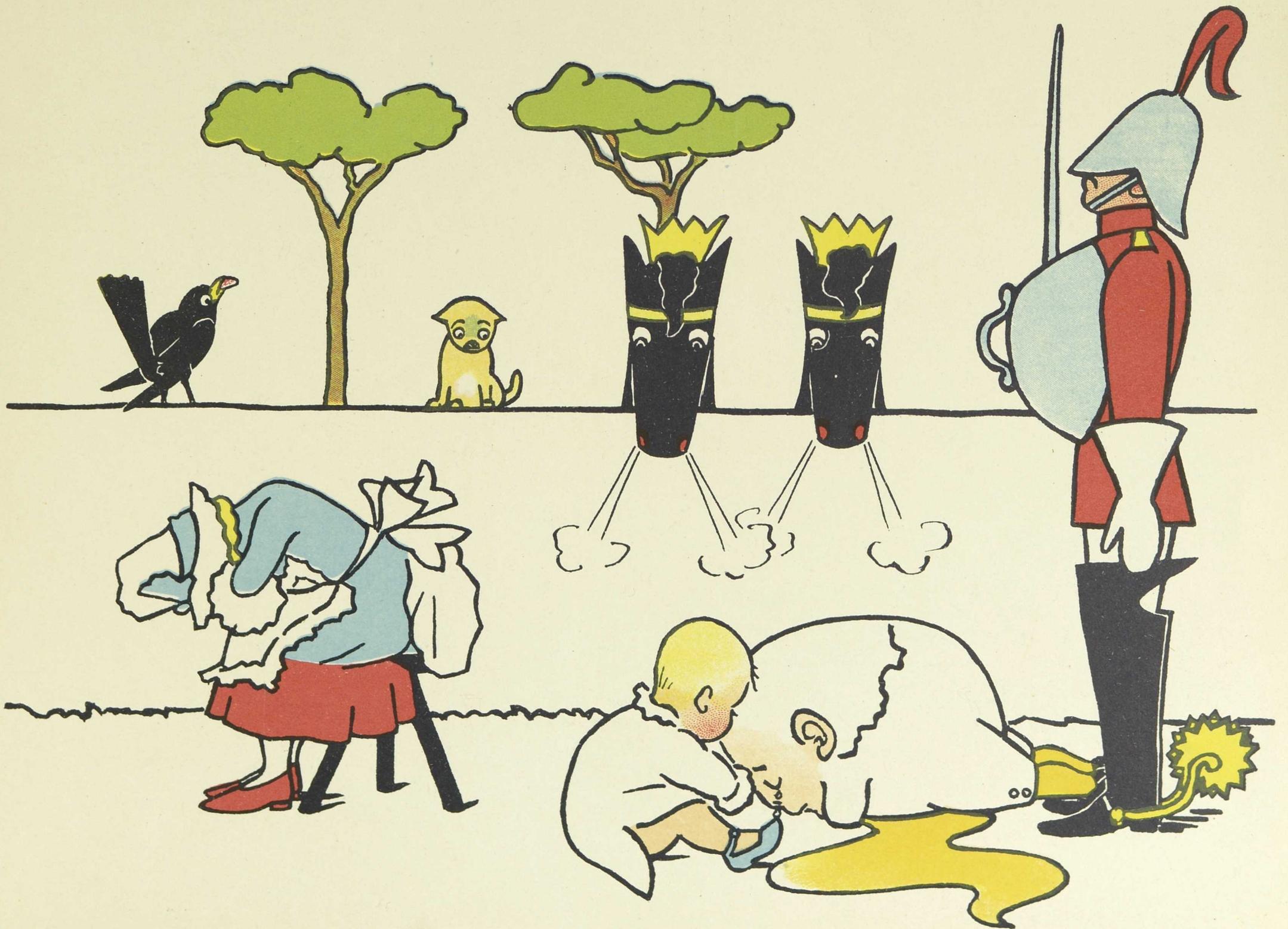
Just then a blackbird
Flew close by ;
He was probably one
Of the blackbird pie.

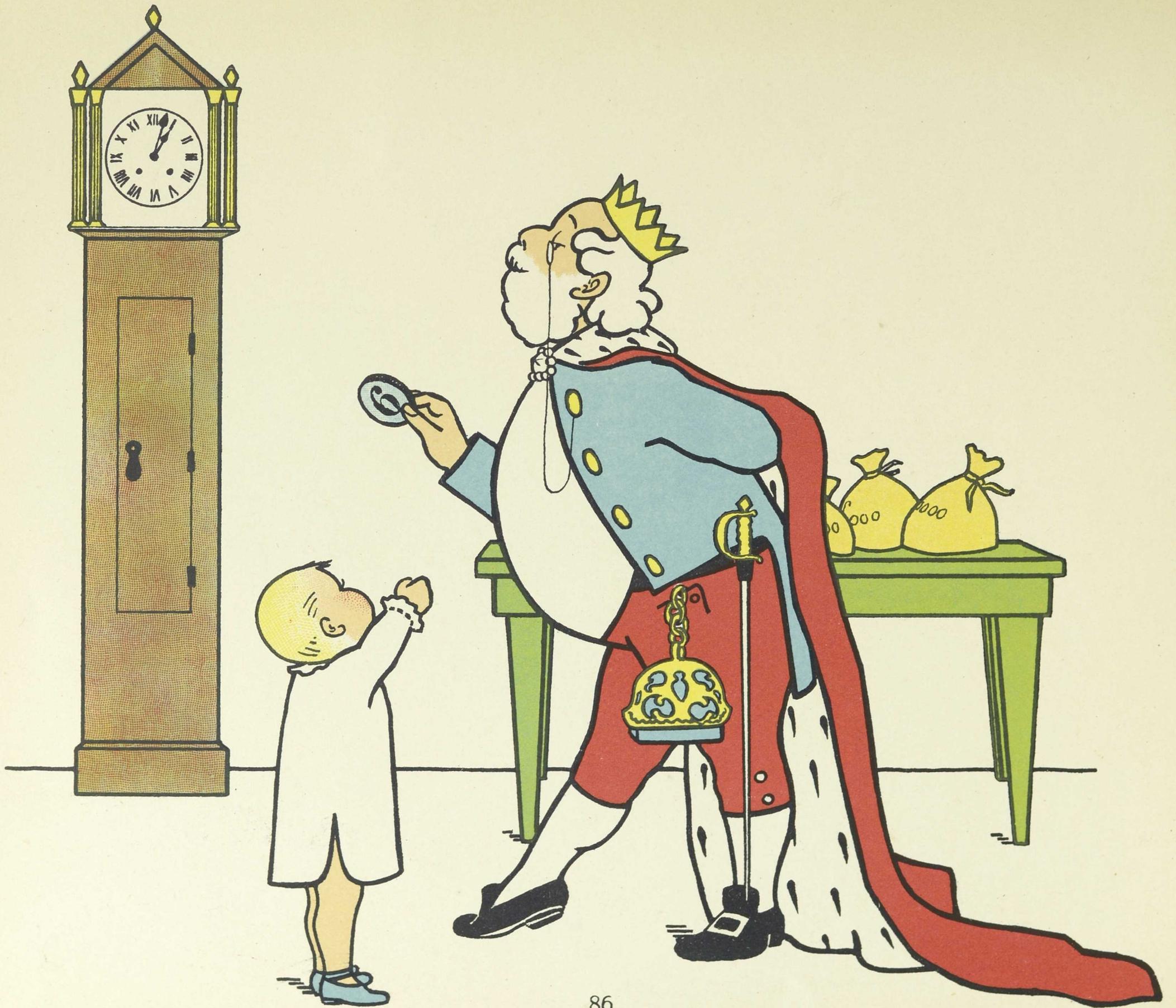
Which so appalled
Poor Humpty-Dumpty,
That he fell to the ground,
With a bumpty-bumpty.

And seeing the maid
Who hung out the clothes,
Gave her a peck,
And bit off her nose.

All the King's horses,
And all the King's men,
Couldn't set Humpty
Up again.

So Master Johnnie
Did all he could,
But nothing he did
Was the slightest good.





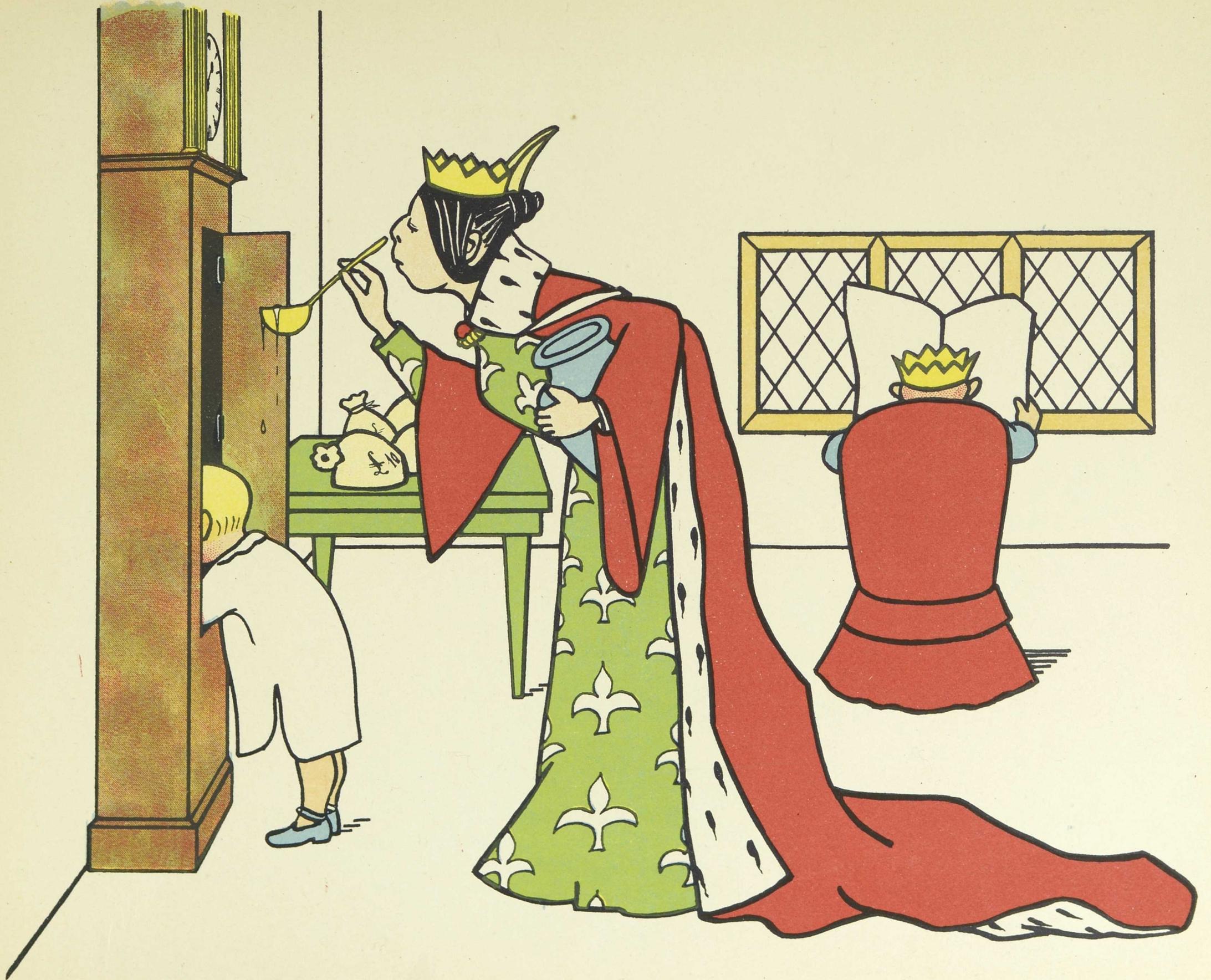
But the King was pleased
He had worked so hard,
And thought him deserving
A big reward.

So gave him the sixpence,
Which all along
Has given the name
To this tragic song.

Into his chair
The King then dropped,
And rang for the Queen,
As the clock had stopped.

The Queen said : “ This
Is extremely funny ;
It must want oiling,
I’ll try some honey.”

She poured the honey
Inside the clock,
And muttered some words,
Like “ Dickory Dock.”



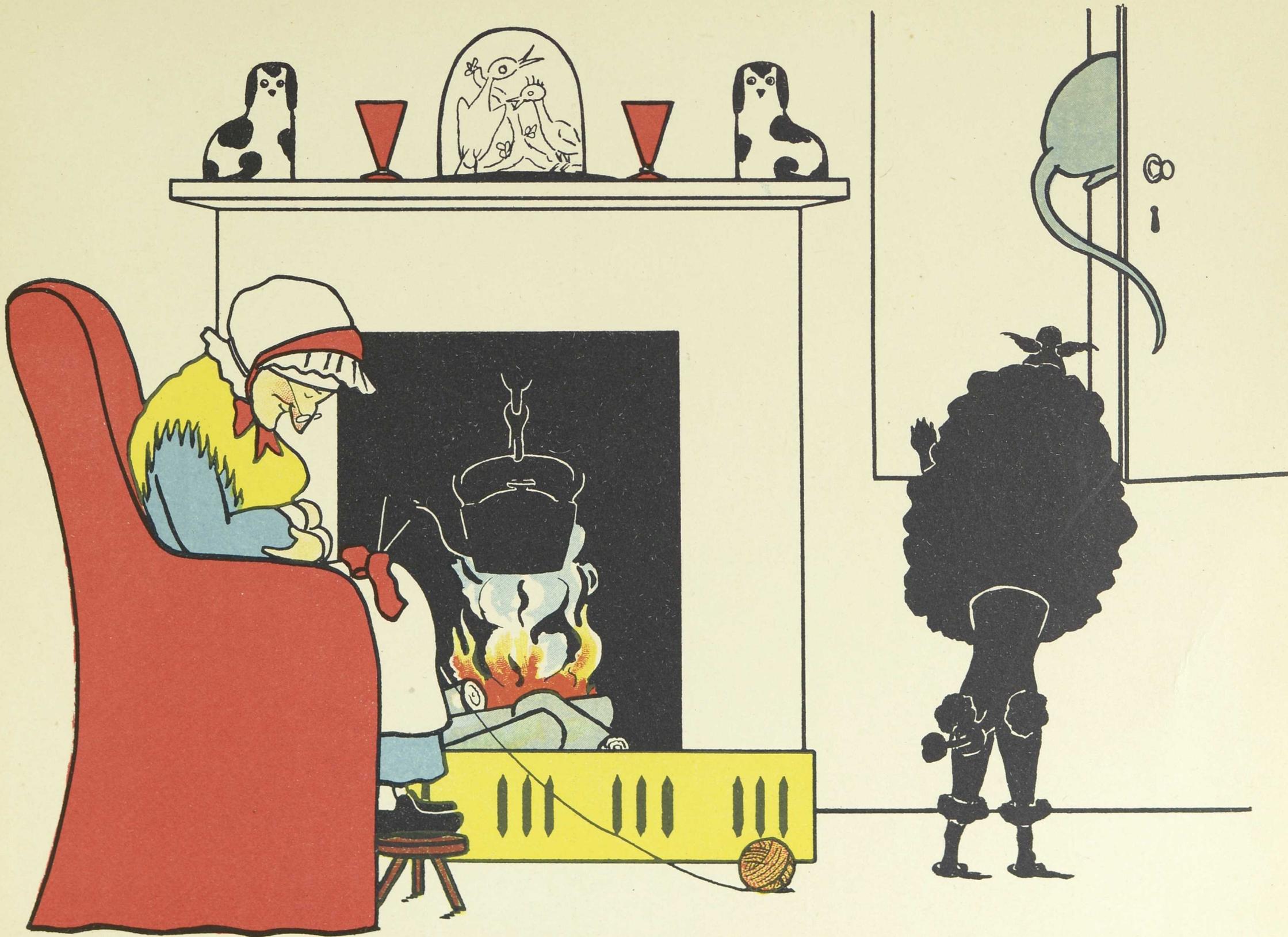


The clock struck one,
With a loud deep boom,
And out sprang a mouse,
Across the room.

And Master Johnnie,
The King and the Queen,
Flew after the mouse,
As here is seen.

But the King came tumbling
Down on the floor,
And the mouse disappeared
Beneath the door.

And into the cottage
Of Old Mother Hubbard,
Where the mouse took refuge
Inside her cupboard.





Then in a garden
Bright and gay,
He saw a lovely show
Of Silver Bells,
And Cockle Shells,
And pretty maids all in a row.

And Mary, Mary,
Quite contrary,
Invited him to come
And ring the Bells,
And kiss the Maids,
Before returning home.

And now the dream is ended,
The lovely night is done,
And little folks awake, dears,
To greet the rising Sun.

For we all must go when we're called, dears,
The night may be far or near,
But we all shall awake in the light, dears,
To a dawn that is free from fear.

