

# THE BEDTIME BOOK.



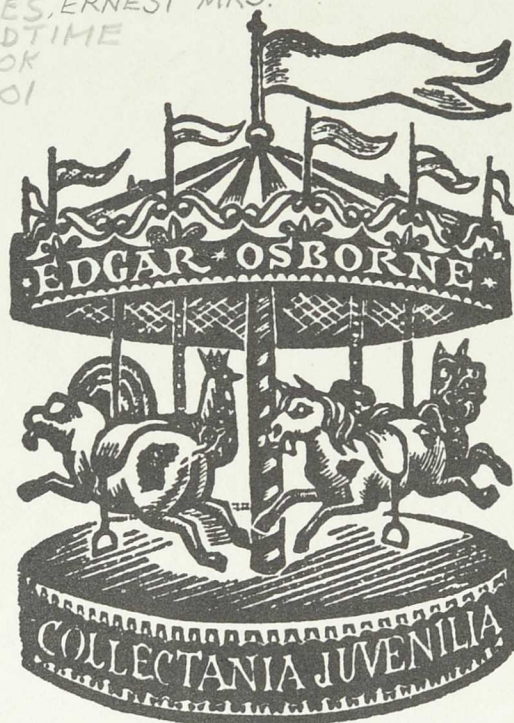
BY  
**M<sup>RS</sup>. ERNEST AMES.**

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



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BEDTIME  
BOOK  
1901

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# THE BEDTIME BOOK.











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- 

London: GRANT RICHARDS,  
9 Henrietta Street, W.C.



# THE BEDTIME BOOK.

BY MRS. ERNEST AMES.

AUTHOR OF "THE TREMENDOUS TWINS,"  
"THE MAIDS PROGRESS," Etc.

Second Edition.

LONDON:

GRANT RICHARDS,

9 HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

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.



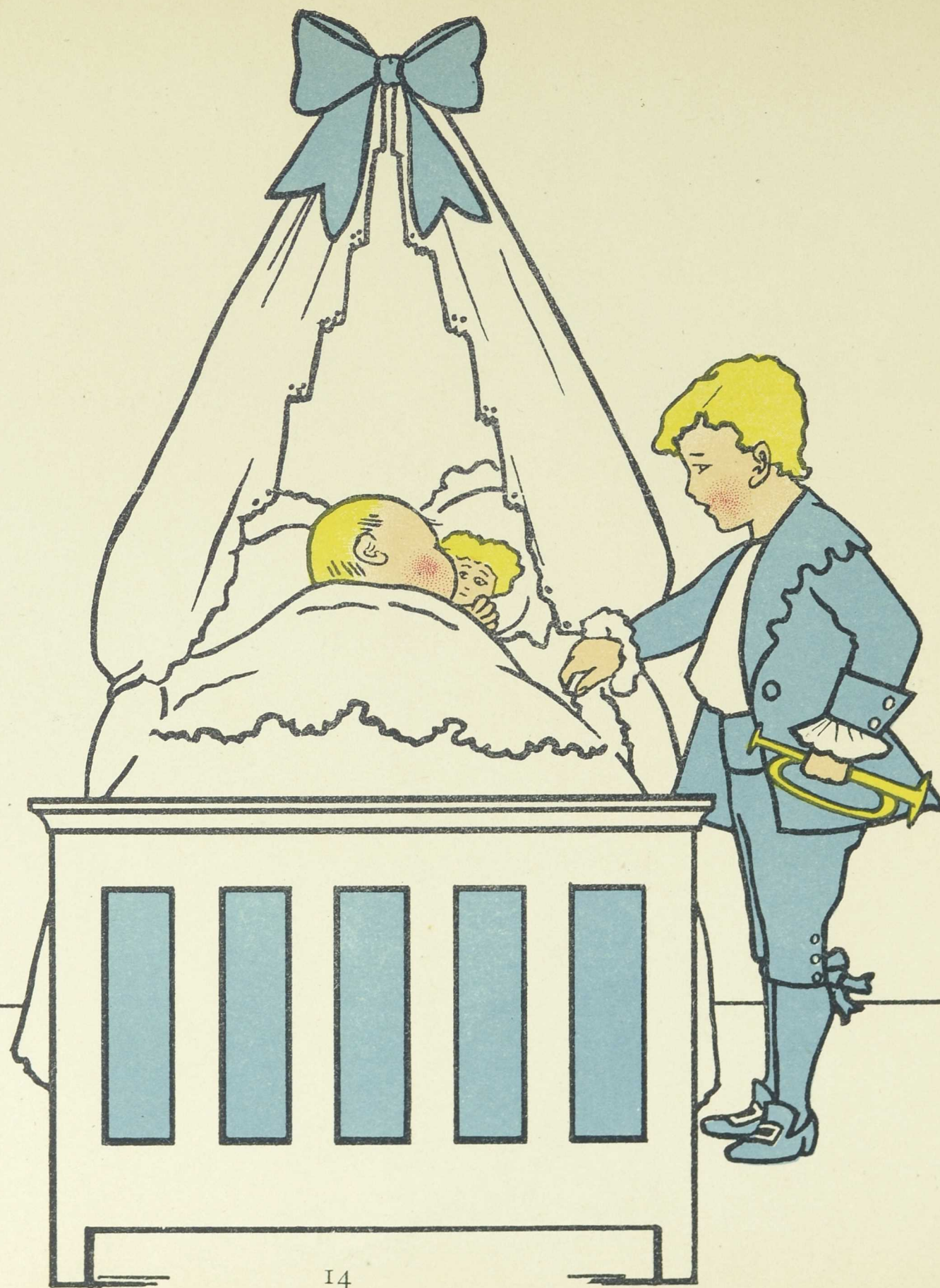
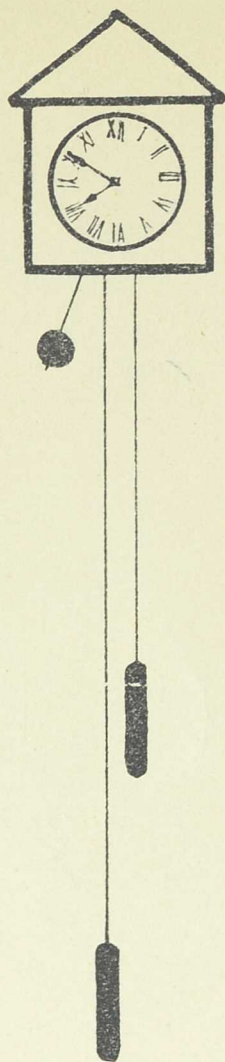














John is asleep !  
I am certain it's true  
That he soon gets a visit  
From Little Boy Blue.







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





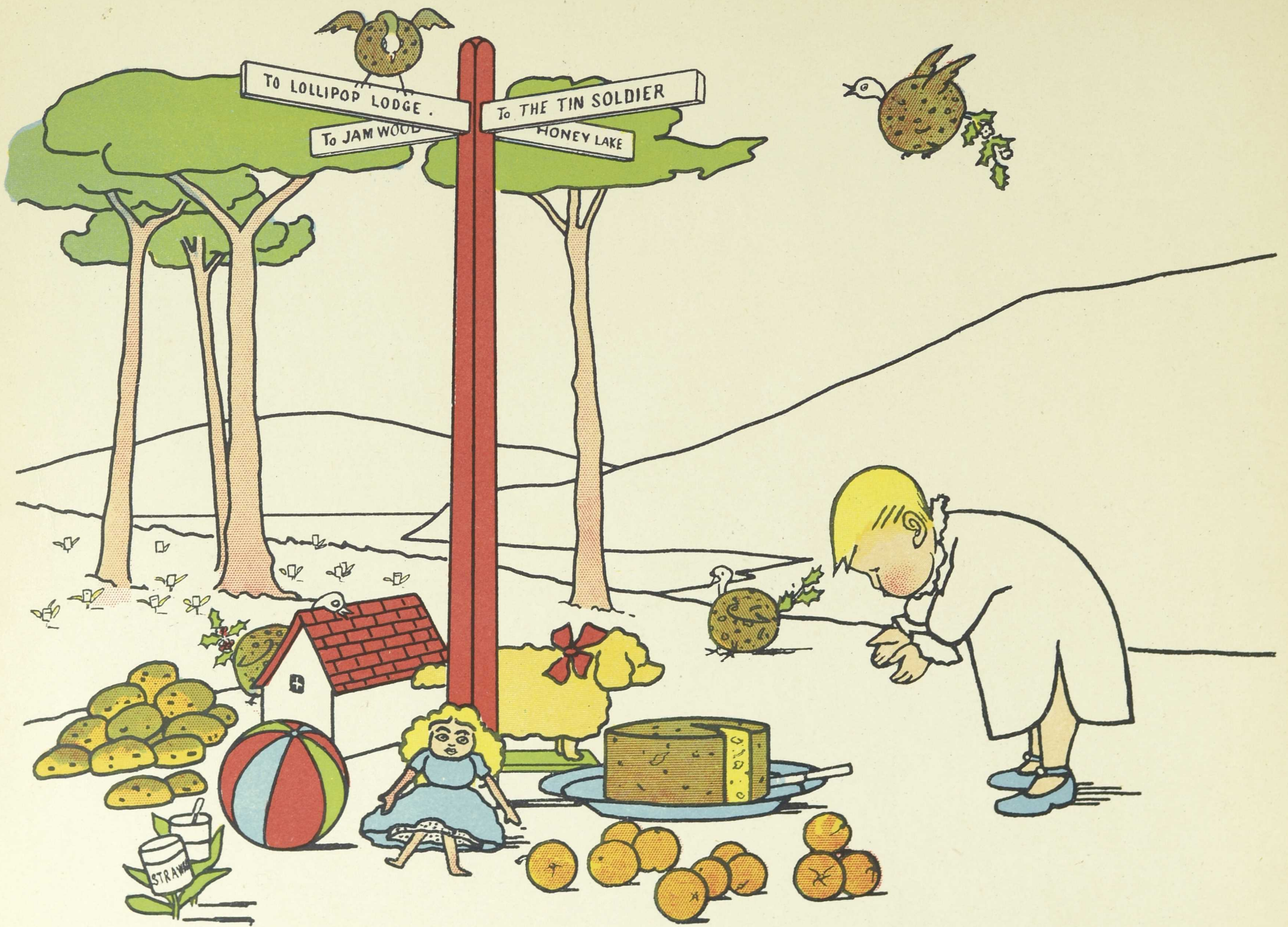














Off they go  
In the Four-in-hand,  
And gallop along  
To the beautiful land.

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.”





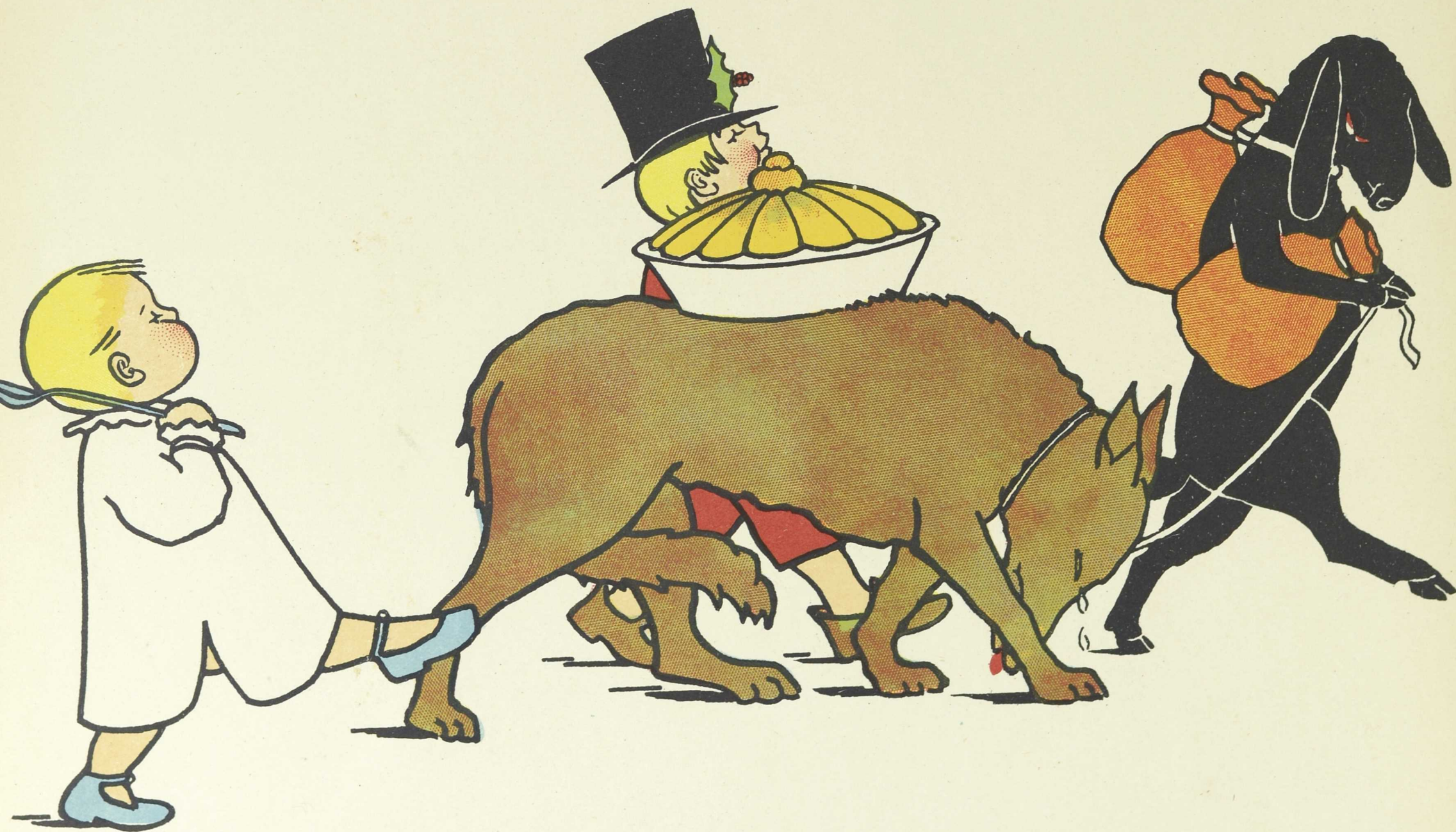














A moment later  
They found his house.  
The wolf was sleeping  
As snug as a mouse.

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.



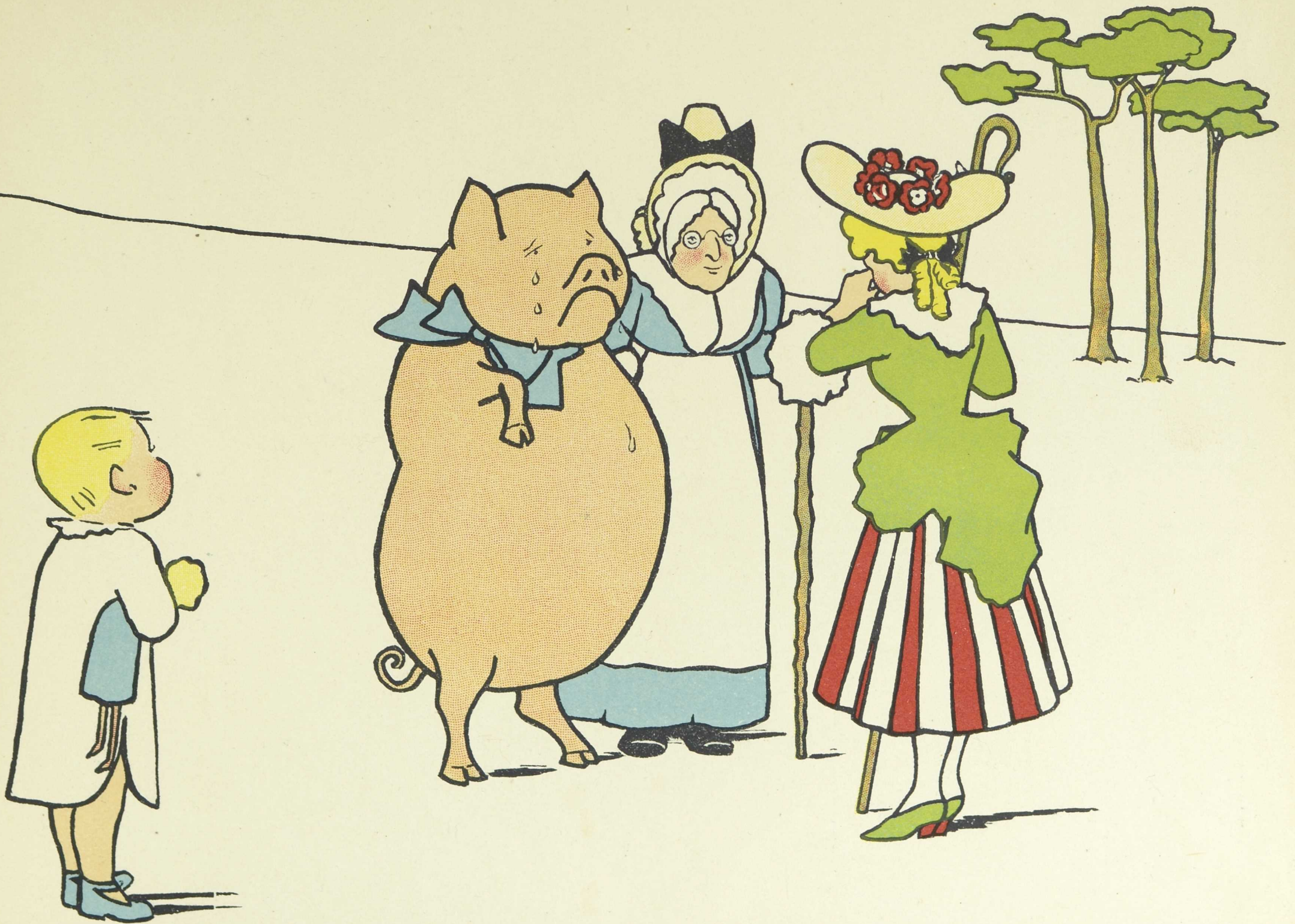




Here's Dame Trot  
With her learned Pig.  
The tears he is shedding  
Are hot and big.

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



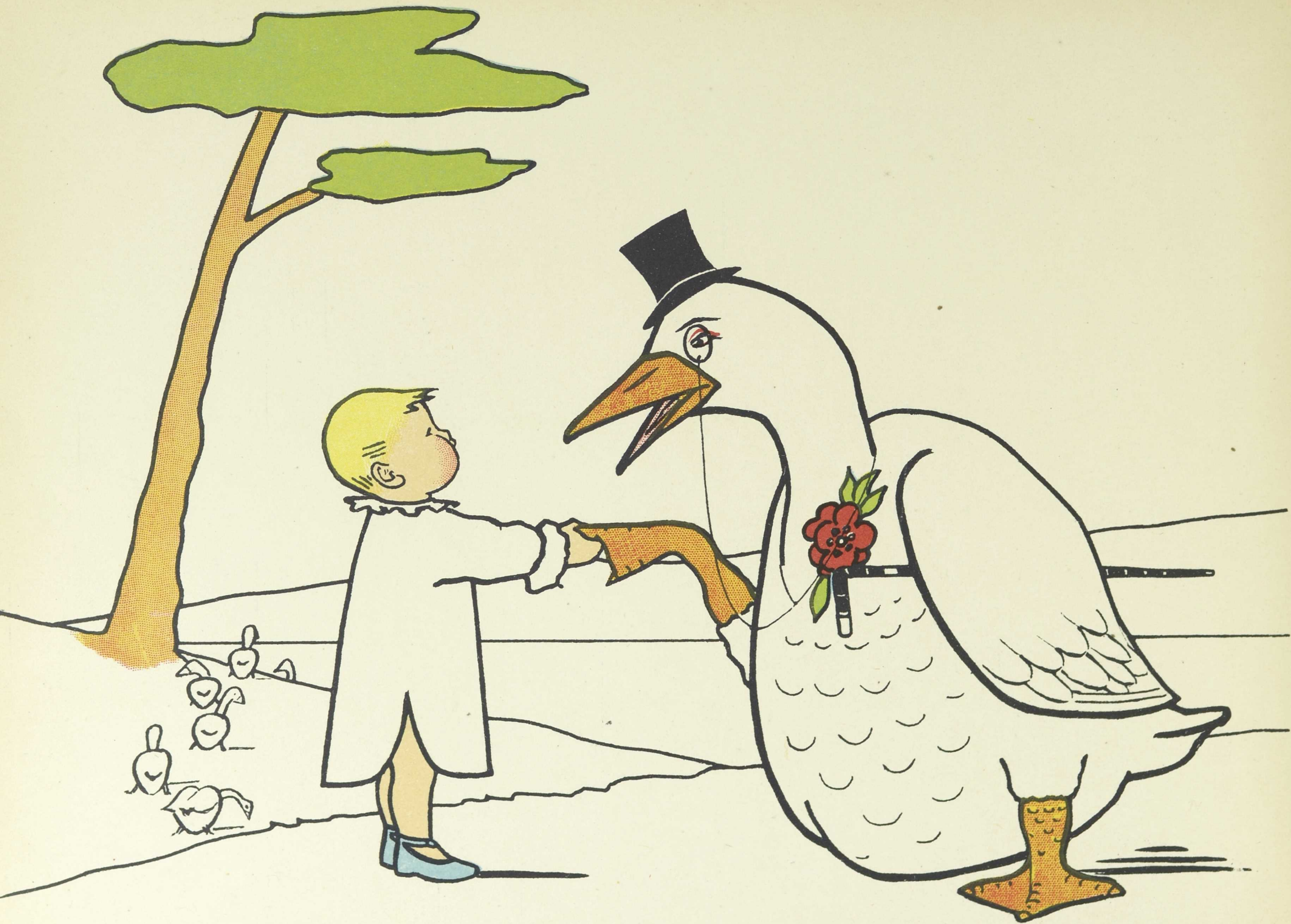














Presently, whom  
Should he chance to meet,  
But Goosey-Gander  
With orange feet.

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."

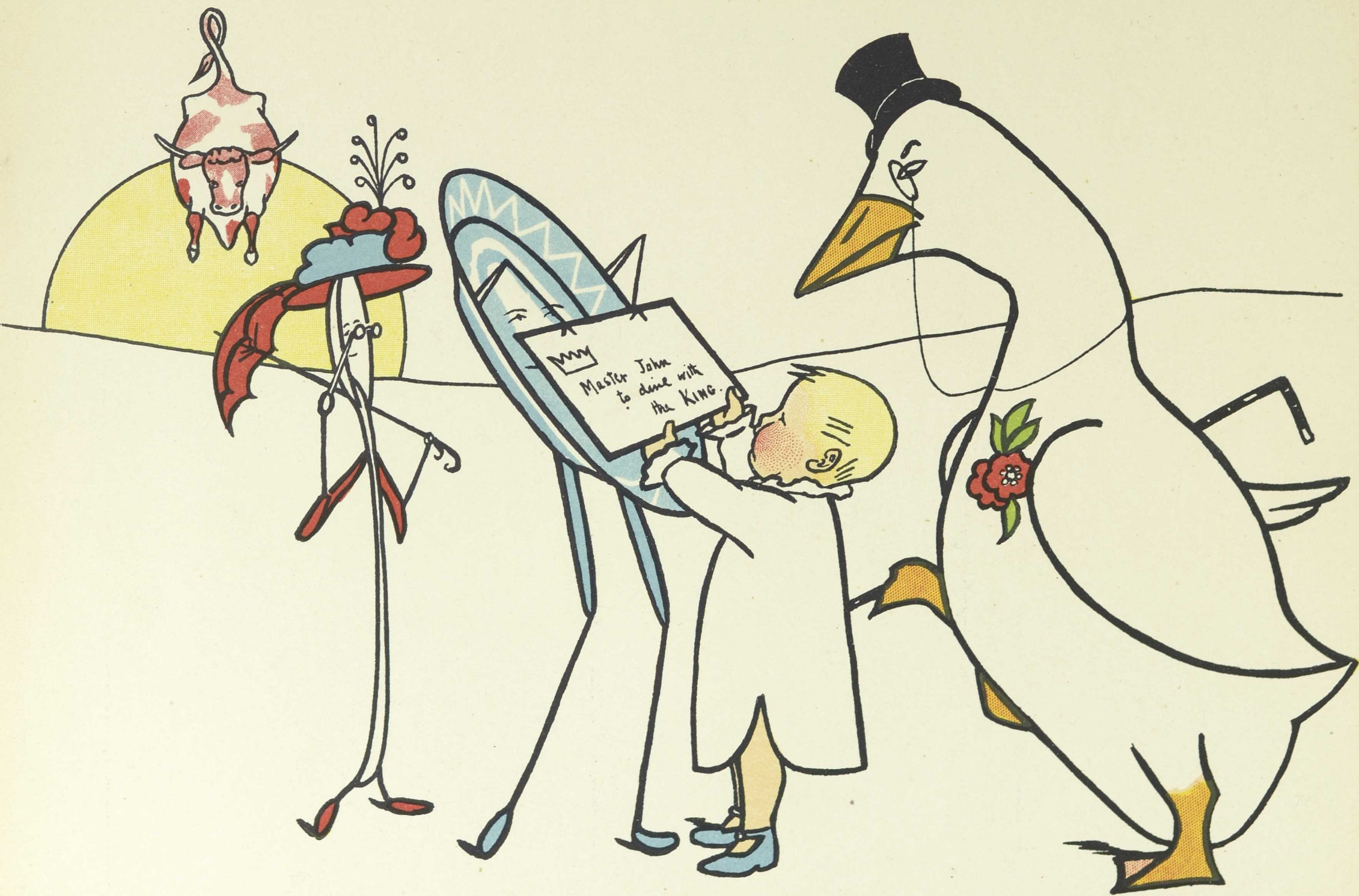














Then came a cow,  
And a winsome spoon,  
And a beautiful dish,  
All under the moon.

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.

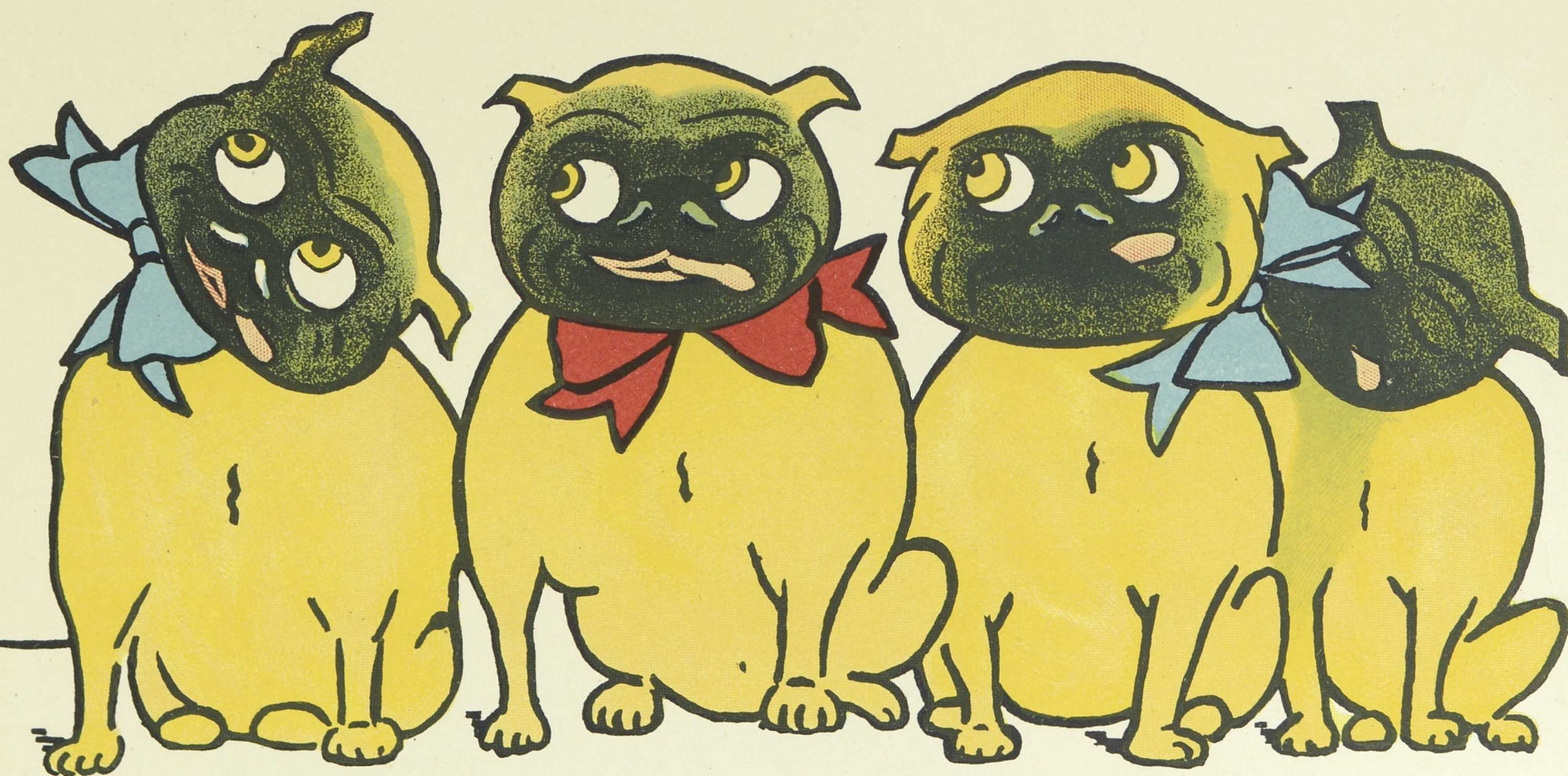






At which remarkable  
Marvellous sight,  
The little dogs laughed  
With all their might.



















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.







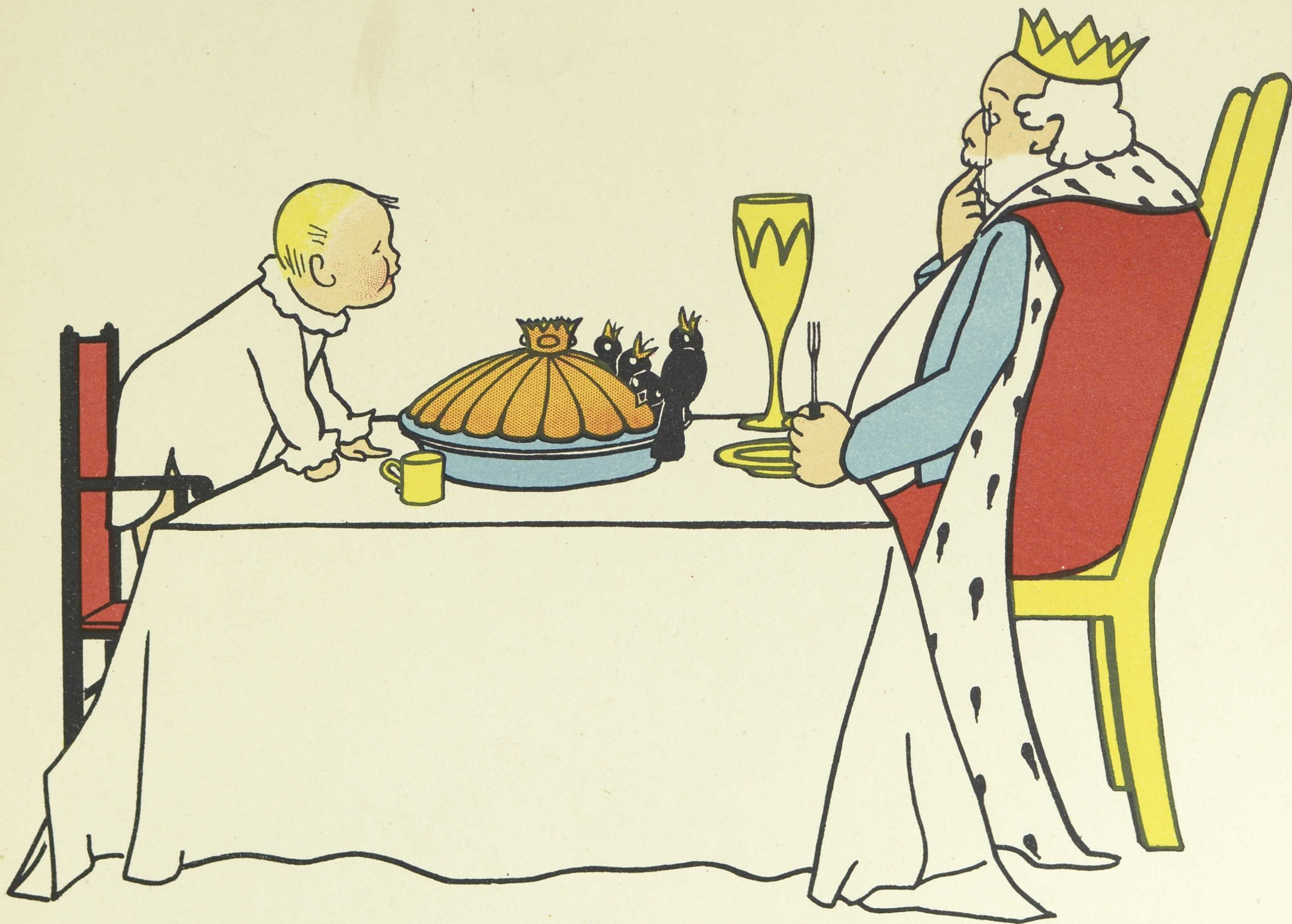
Here's the table,  
With dinner spread ;  
John at the bottom,  
The King at the head.

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.

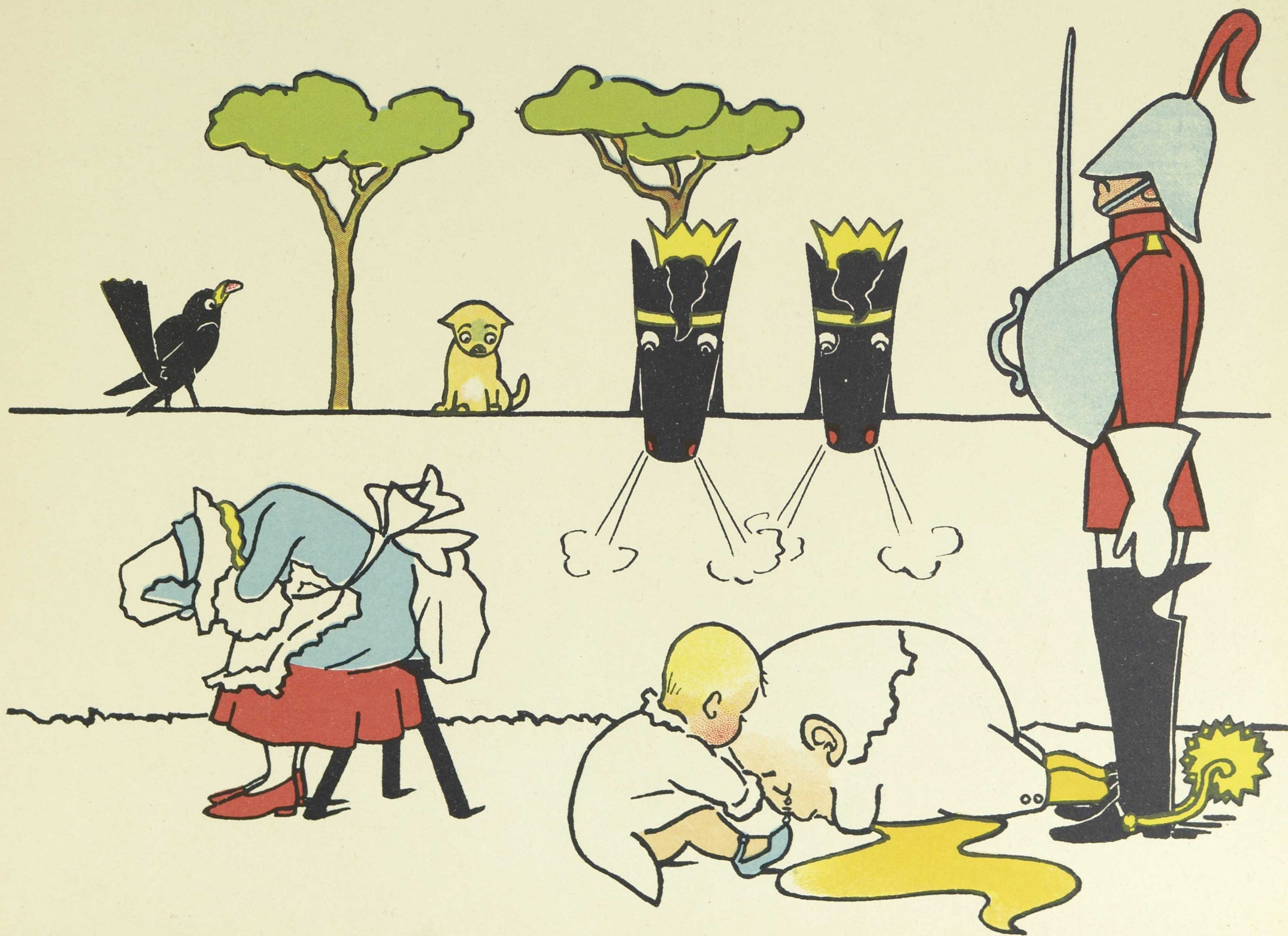
Which so appalled  
Poor Humpty-Dumpty,  
That he fell to the ground,  
With a bumpty-bumpty.

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.





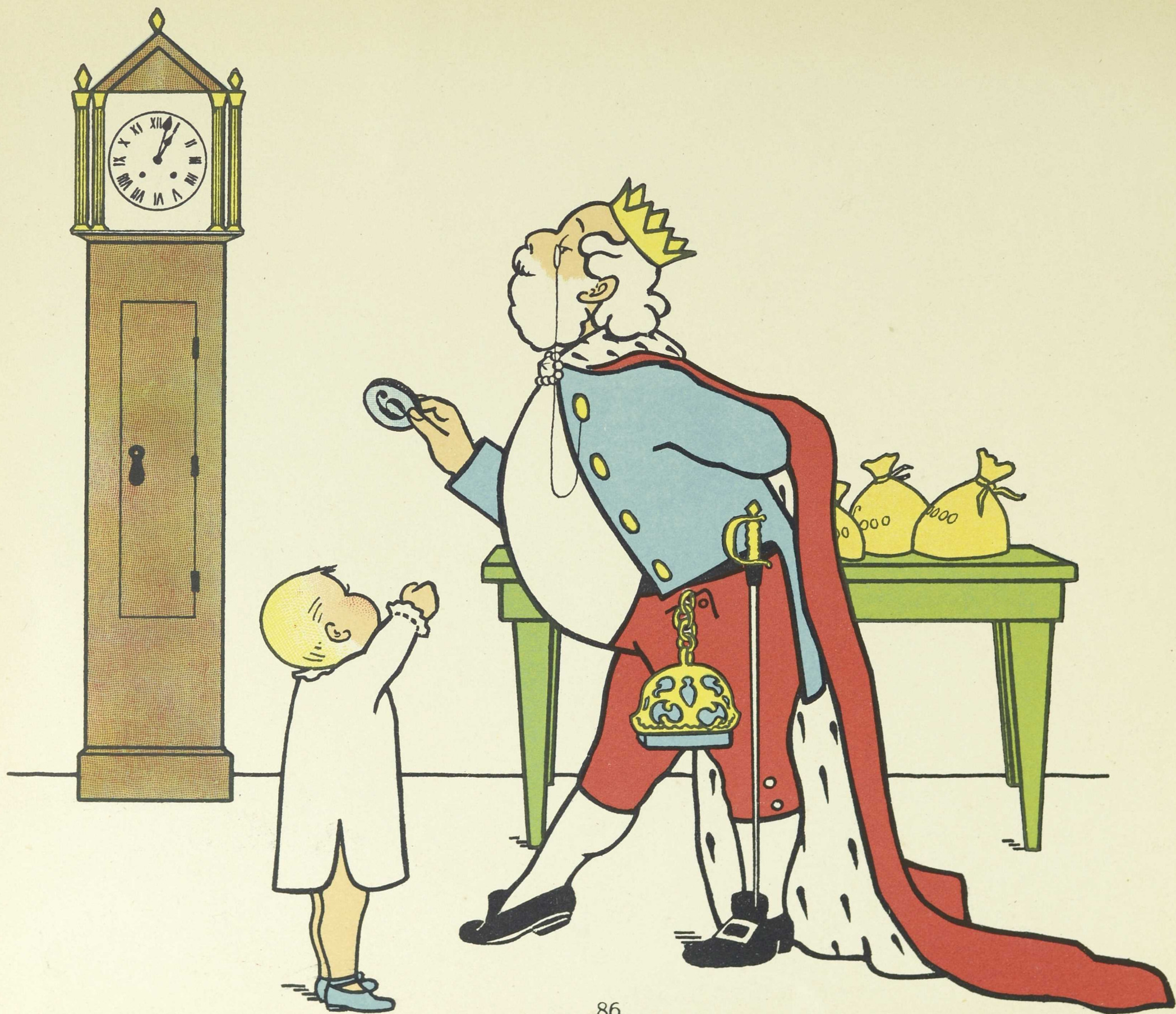














But the King was pleased  
He had worked so hard,  
And thought him deserving  
A big reward.

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





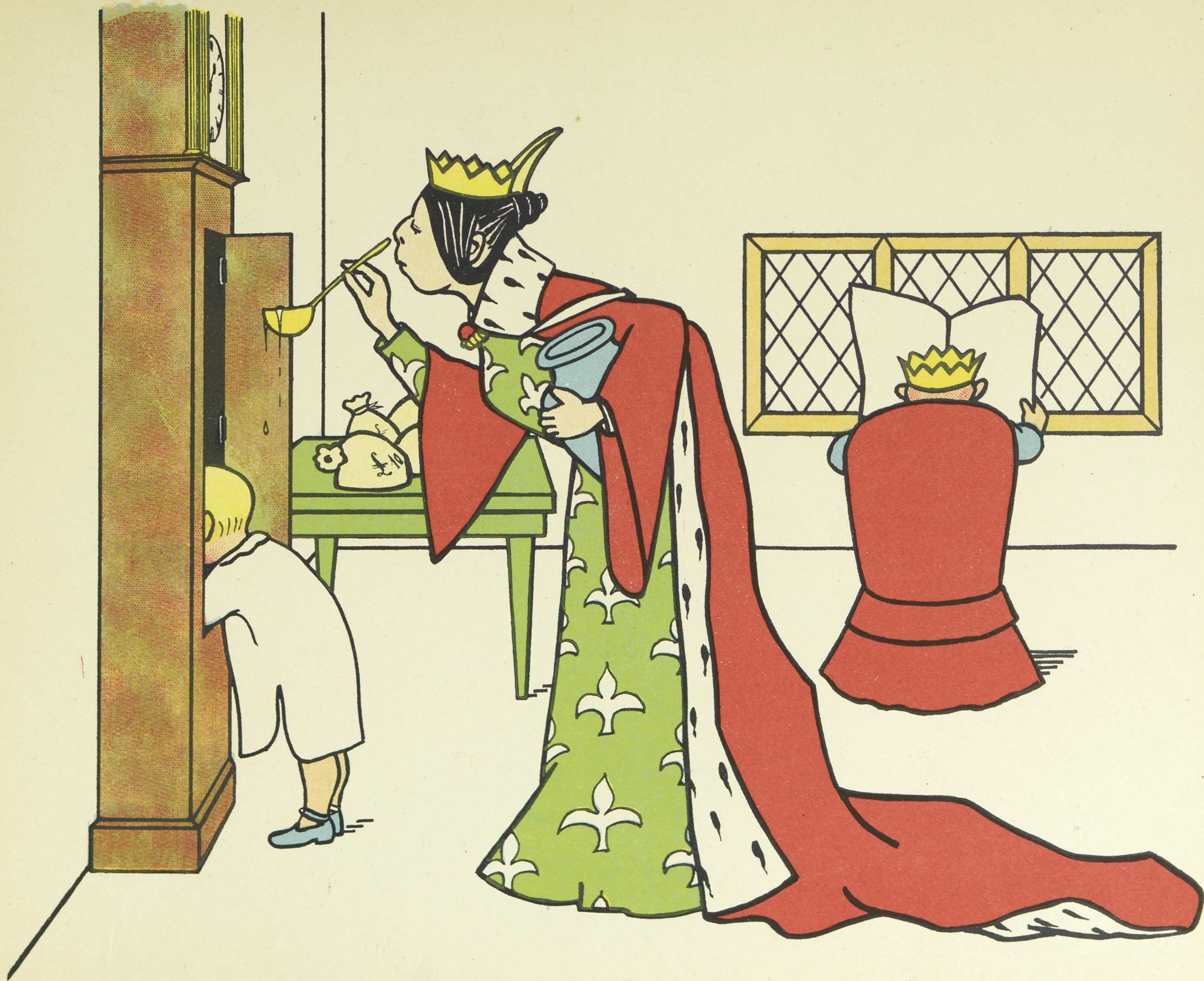


Into his chair  
The King then dropped,  
And rang for the Queen,  
As the clock had stopped.

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.

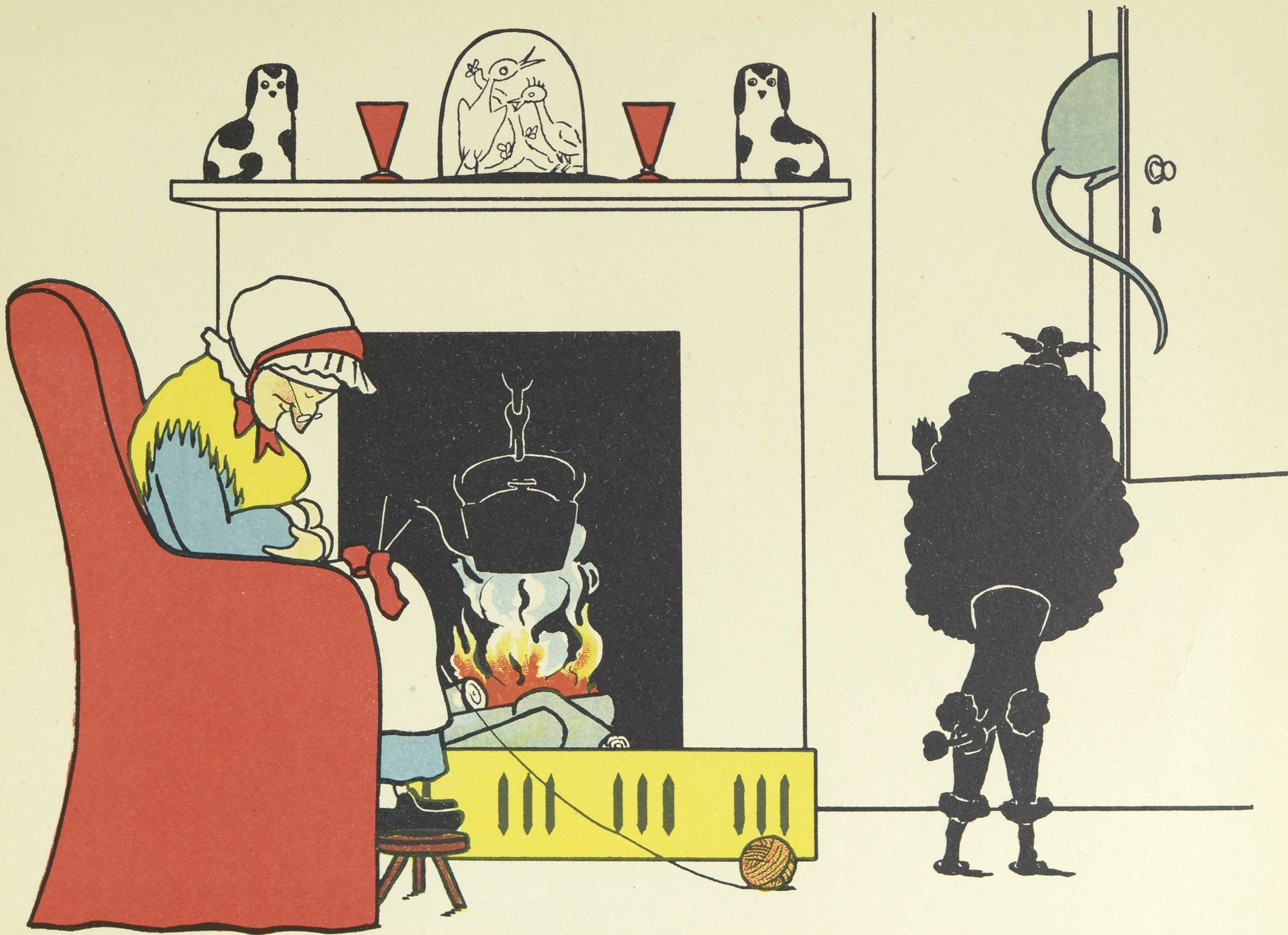






And into the cottage  
Of Old Mother Hubbard,  
Where the mouse took refuge  
Inside her cupboard.



















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.



















