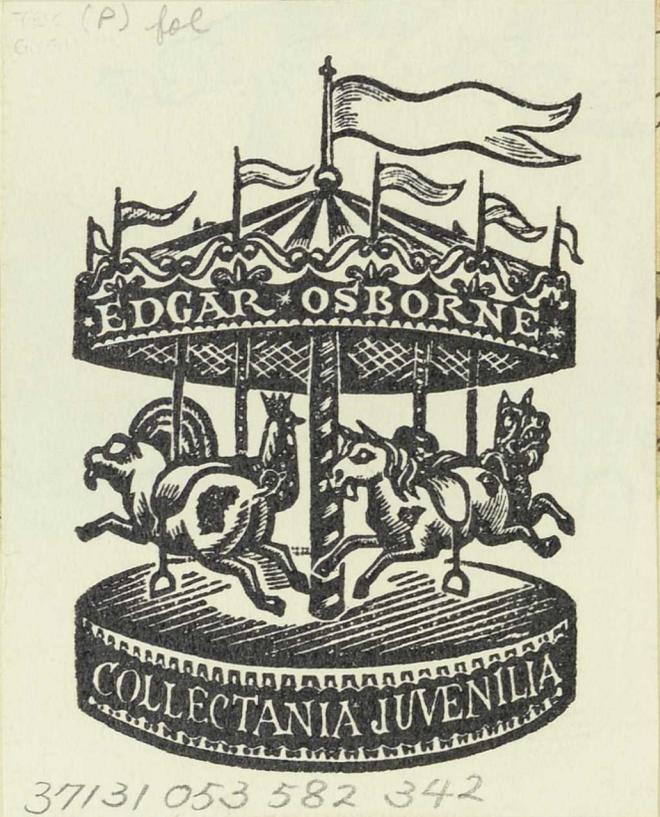




MOTHER DUCK'S CHILDREN

by

Gugu.



To.
Dear little Paul
from
His good Mother.



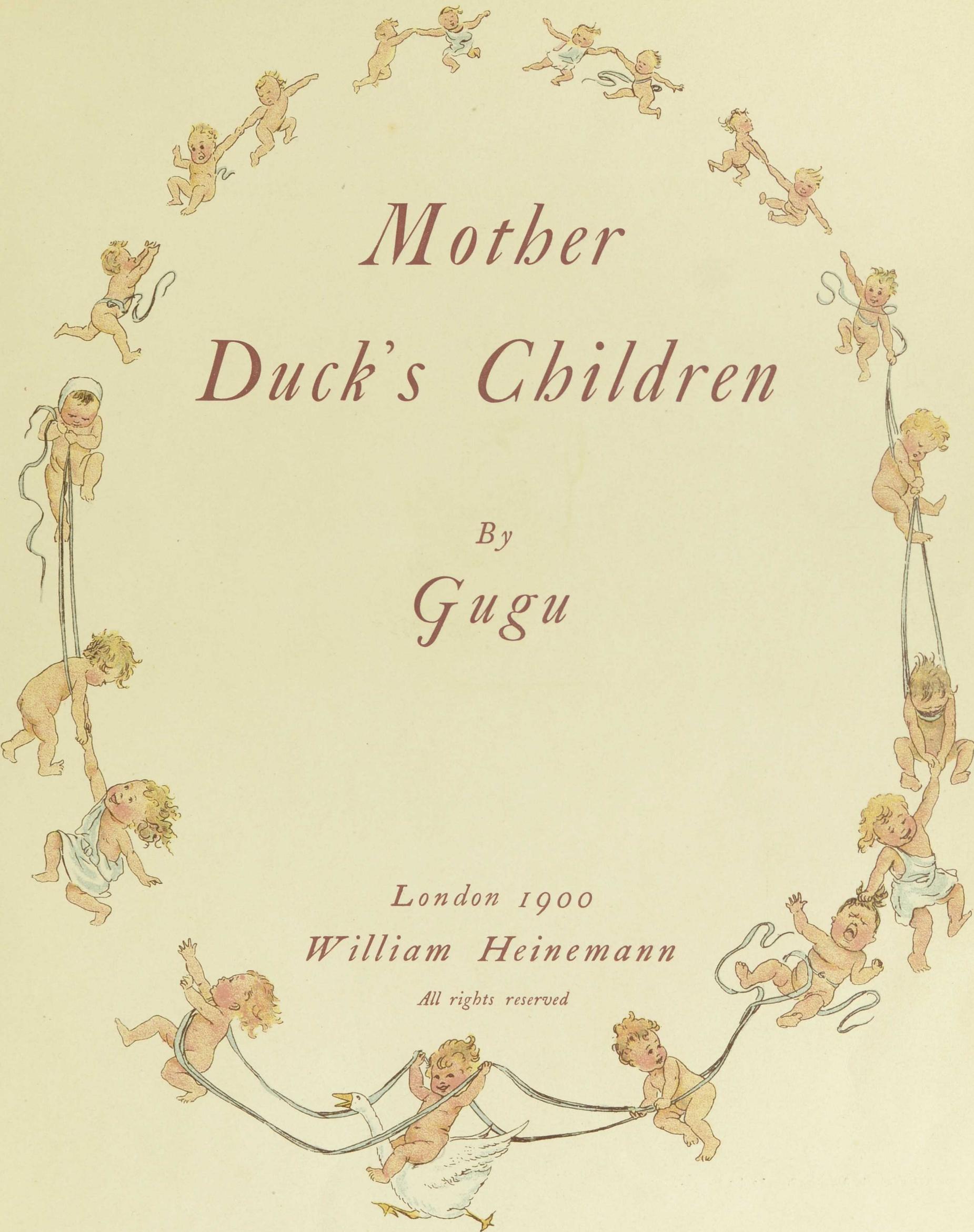
At the same Publishers'

Mr. Nicholson's Square Book of Animals

For Big and Little Children

With Rhymes by Arthur Waugh





*Mother
Duck's Children*

By
Gugu

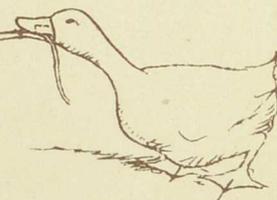
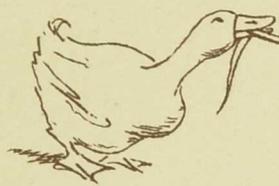
*London 1900
William Heinemann*

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Text Printing by Ballantyne Press, London

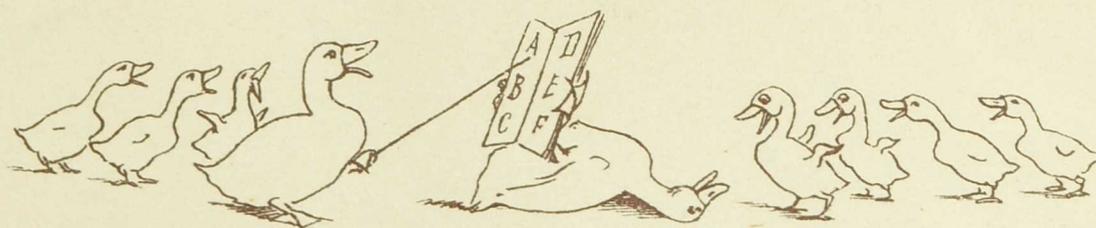
Mother Duck's Picture-Book



*What is this pretty volume?—look!
It's Mother Duck's own picture-book.*

*And who is Mother Duck, my dear?
Attend to me, and you shall hear.*

*In every house, in every land,
The cottage and the palace grand,
Wherever little children play,
Dear Mother Duck will come to stay!
You cannot see her—oh dear no!
For if you saw her she would go;
She hides from Nurse and Papa,—
A sort of fairy godmamma!
Beneath the wardrobe is her nest,
And sometimes in the silver-chest,
Or if it's cold she lays her eggs
Above the hat- and ulster-pegs.
By day and night, by night and day,
Where children sleep, where children play,
She sits and watches such a lot,
To see if they are good or not.
If they are good, then she is glad:
If they are naughty, she is sad:
And when they're very bad—ah me!
She flies away across the sea,
To France and Germany and Spain,
And never, never comes again!*







*Baby just arrived to-day—
Must have come a long, long way :
He's so tired he only lies
Shutting tight his tiny eyes.*



*Three days now since baby's birth,
He's accustomed to the earth,
Who would have supposed that he
Cried—the very same as we !*

*Ten days he has lived with us,
Everybody makes a fuss ;
Everybody asks the same—
“ What is going to be his name ? ”*



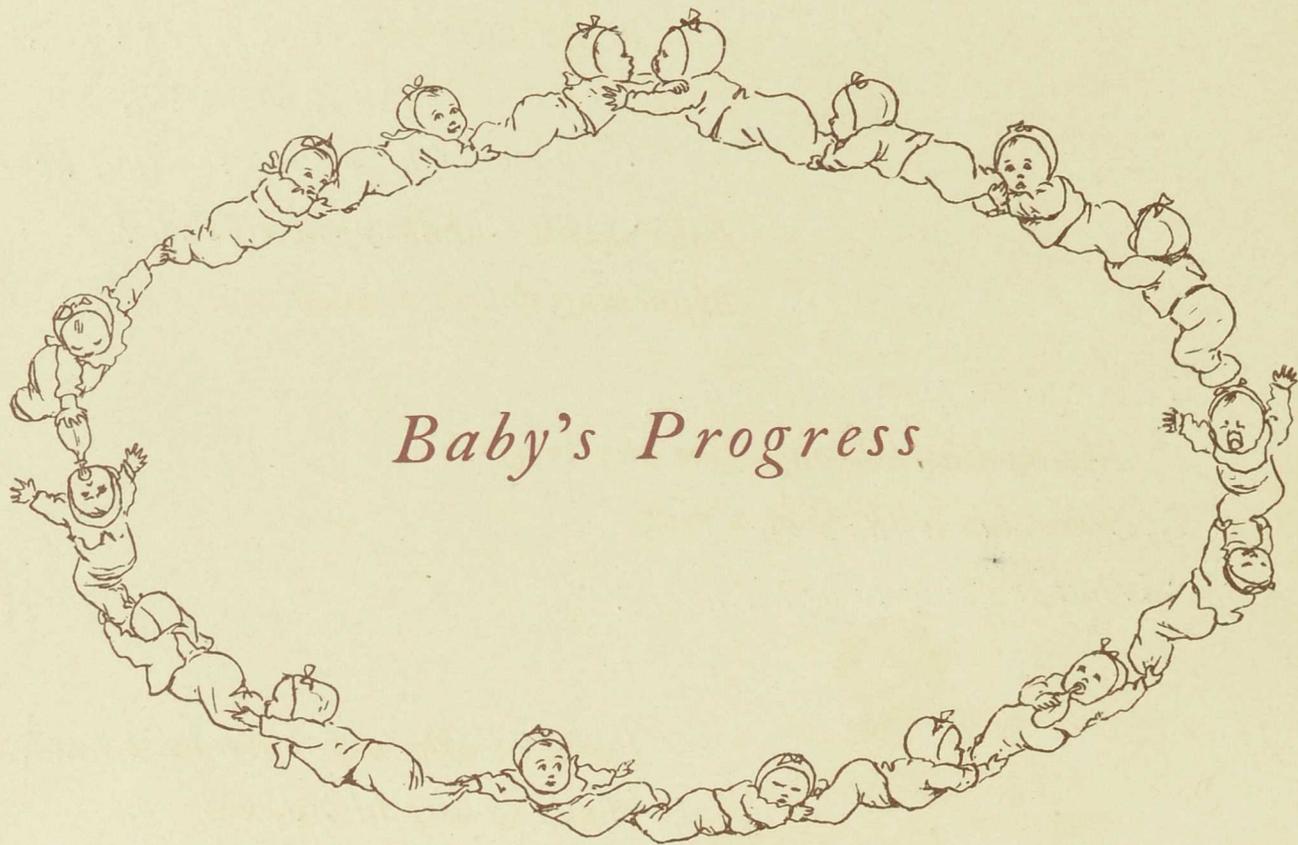
*Twenty days have crossed his head,
Lazily he lies in bed,
Never tries to kick or shout—
What can Baby think about ?*



*Still he lies and never speaks,
Though he's lived for six whole weeks.*



*Two full months have passed away—
“ Goo, Goo's,” all that he can say.*



*Three months—with his string of beads
Tries to count but ne'er succeeds.*



*Four months—lolls upon his bed,
Munching dolly's wooden head.*



*Six months—throned like any king,—
Tries his teeth upon a ring.*



*Eight months now have passed and gone—
Hates to keep his stockings on.*

*Ten months—rolling on the floor
Never seems to make him sore.*

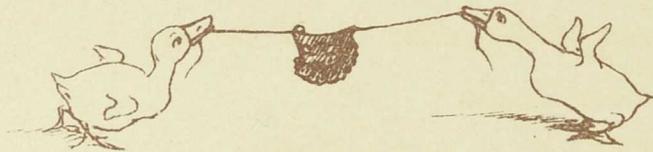


*One whole year, and hip, hooray!
Baby walked alone to-day!*





Mother Duck Arrives





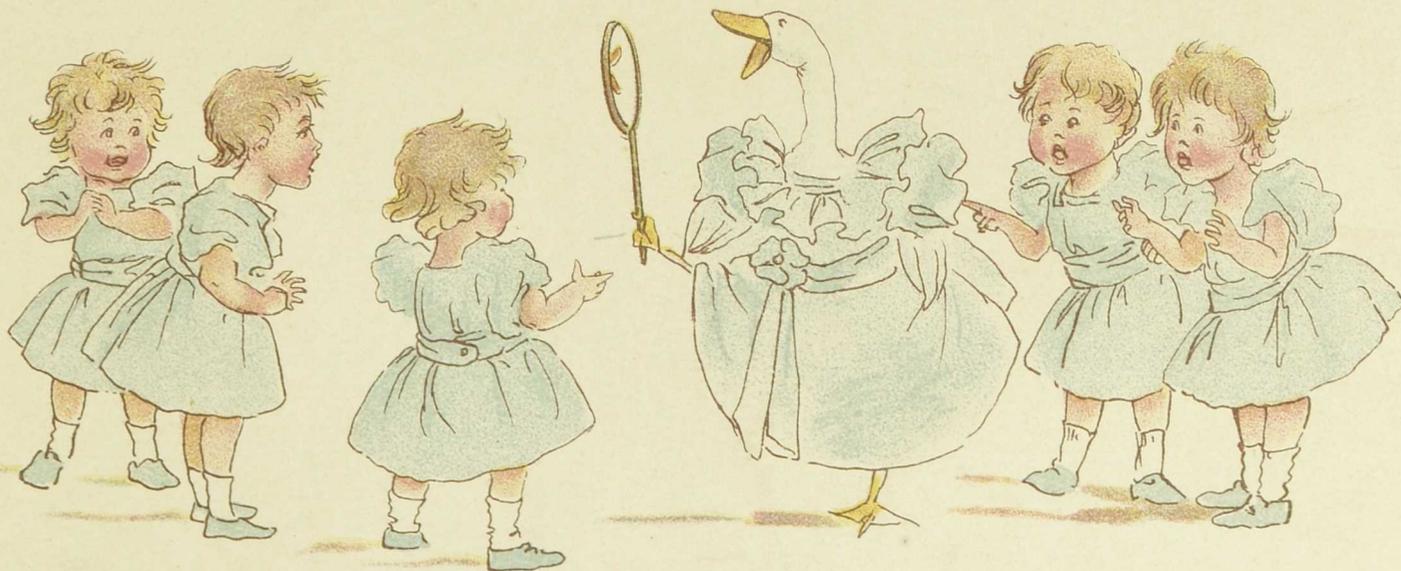
“ Where are you going, dear Duck, we pray ? ”
“ To the Ducklings’ Ball at the set of day ! ”
“ And where are you going to dance to-night ! ”
“ On the nursery floor in the pale moonlight.”
“ May we come too ? ” “ Oh no ! Oh no !
Nobody here is allowed to go,
But Mother Duck !



“ But perhaps if you wake when the white stars peep,
And the shutters are shut, and the house is asleep,
You will see us dance, dance, dance in the dark
With the geese and the turkeys from Noah’s Ark,
And Noah himself will lead the way ! ”

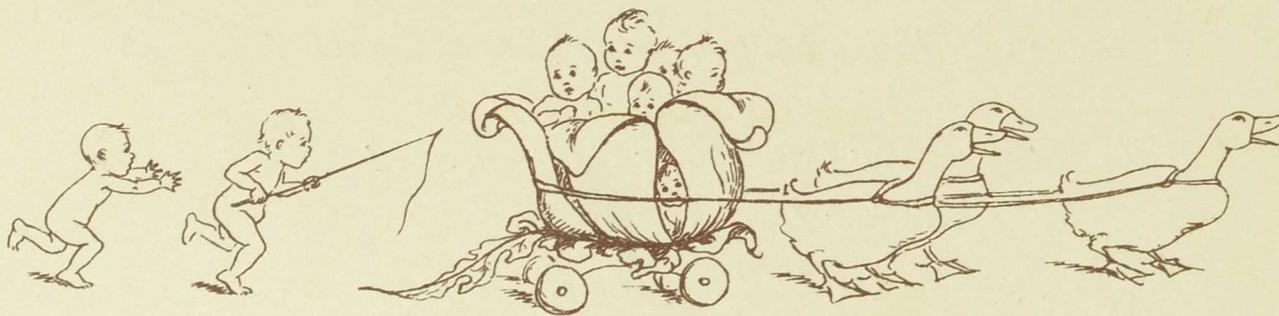
“ And who will be his partner, pray ? ”

“ Well, whom do you think, dear children, say !
Why, Mother Duck !
For the Queen of the Ball and the revels gay
Is Mother Duck ! ”





Preparing for the Ball





*“ Then Mother Duck, dear Mother Duck,
We’ve something else to say :—
We bring you, wishing you good luck,
A wonderful bouquet !
And darling Mother Duck, we hope,
When Nurse has done with brush and soap,
And we are safely put to bed,
And you are at the ball instead,
You won’t forget our little gift
But wake us one and all,
To join the lark with Noah’s Ark,
And help the Ducklings’ Ball.
Please don’t forget : we’re all so set
Upon the Ducklings’ Ball ! ”*





The Loomaloos



*We're looking for the Loomalooos,
We thought we heard them somewhere near ;
You know the naughty Loomalooos
That nightly play their pranks so queer.
They scamper underneath the floor,
And up and down the chimney run ;
The more we shout, they laugh the more—
The Loomalooos are fond of fun.*

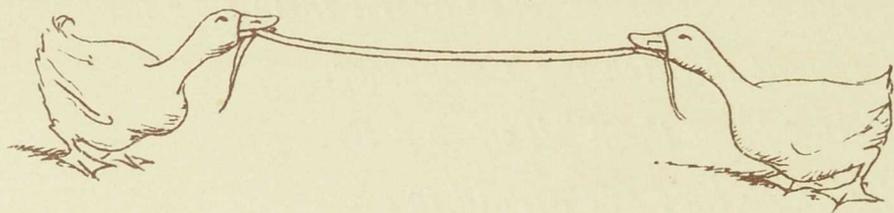


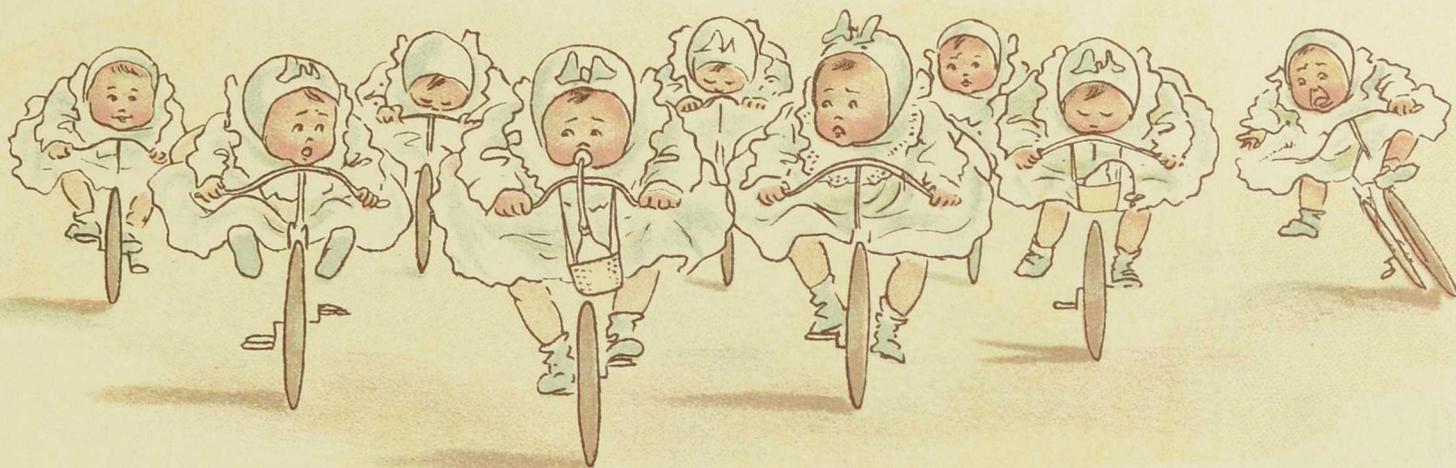
*We never saw the Loomalooos,
But, oh, at night we've heard them sing :
We want to catch the Loomalooos,
And hang them all upon a string.
We know they are afraid to come—
They're cowardly and will not fight ;
For in the daytime they are dumb—
The Loomalooos don't like the light.*

*We greatly hope the Loomalooos
Will come to join the Ducklings' ball :
But three whole nights we've watched for them
And haven't seen them dance at all !
P'raps Mother Duck will look askance
Because they break her fairy rings !
But, if they've spoilt the Ducklings' Dance,
The Loomalooos are nasty things !*



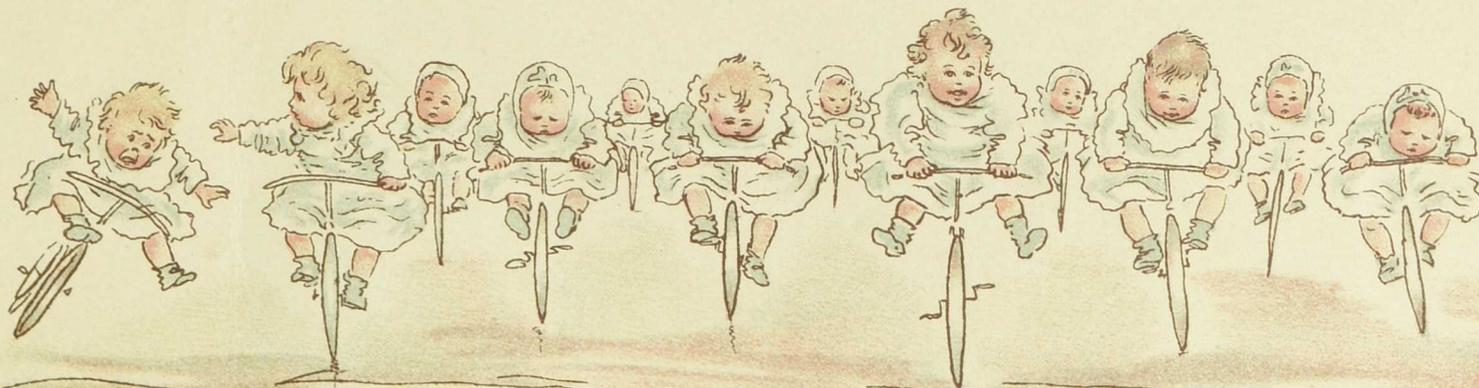
The Bicycling Babies

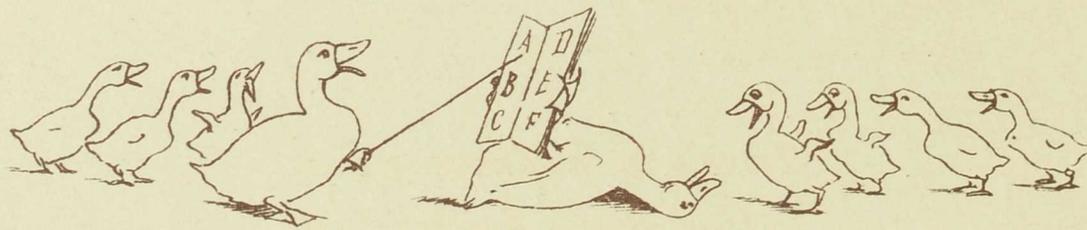




*Nine little babies out for a spin—
Which do you think is the one that will win?
Look at that poor little Jack on the right—
(Mother would be in a terrible fright)
Tried to go quicker and tumbled instead:
Oh! how I hope he won't fall on his head!
Tommy is leading—the fastest by far—
Look how his bottle is strapped to the bar—
Whatever happens, whoever is first—
Tommy, I'm certain, won't suffer from thirst!*

*Now there are twelve: so three more must have come.
(Nine and three's twelve: can you manage the sum?)
Oh, what a race!
Wonderful pace!
Tommy, I fear, isn't getting a place!
Poor little chap—did he faint? did he fall?
Or was that bottle too much after all?*





The Drawing Lesson

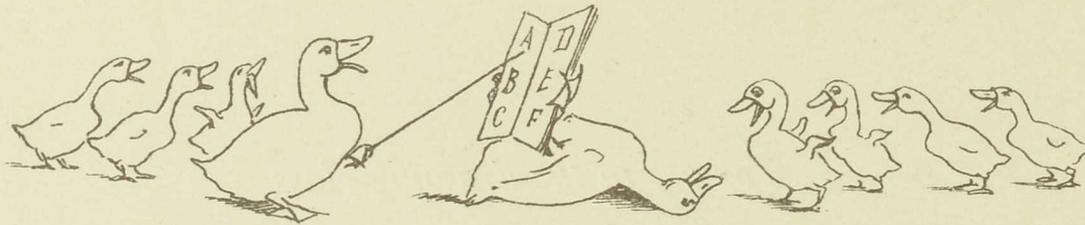




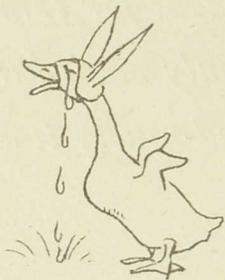
*Tommy in the drawing class
Had always finished first:
But the teacher said, alas!
His work was quite the worst!*

*Did she give him, then, the whip—
Punishment for crimes!
No! she only made him skip
Nine-and-ninety times!*





Work and Play





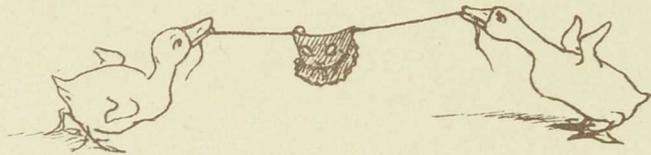
*When you learn your A B C
Through to X Y Z,
It's as easy as can be
If you use your head.
Learn it then by hook and crook,
And you'll read your fairy book.*



*Now you only understand
What the pictures mean ;
Pictures on the picture-stand,
Pictures on the screen ;
When you've learnt your letters through,
You can read the reading too !*



The Dancing Lesson





The Dancing Lesson

*First on heel and then on toe,
That's the way to dance, you know ;
It's as easy as can be
If you only follow me !*

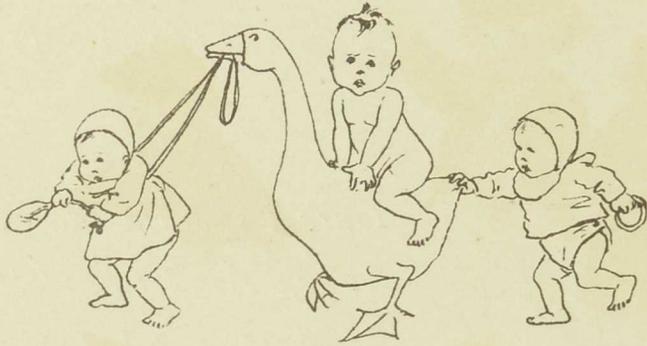
*Once I saw the ladies tall,
When Aunt Charlotte gave a ball—
Very stiff and stupid dancers*

*Doing something called " The Lancers."
If you saw them, you'd agree—
None can dance so well as ME !*

Dirty Dolly

*You're the dirtiest Dolly I ever have seen !
Why can you never keep nice and clean ?
Why don't you comb and brush your hair ?
You sit quite dumb and you do not care !
But these are things we have got to do,
Dirty dolly, why shouldn't you ?*





The Hunt





*Who's for the hill to-day?
Over the fields and away!
Hark to the shout,
For the hunt is out,
And all the world is gay!*

*Our horses are fresh as paint,
Our hounds will never faint,
For we hunt with cats
For mice and rats,
Which older people mayn't!*

Frost



*Too frosty to hunt, I fear!
The great Big Snowman's here!
But we can skate
At a terrible rate,
Though our legs feel rather queer!
Here's Mother Duck, you can tell,
Looking a wonderful swell,
With a hood of fur
To comfort her,
And woolly socks as well.*



Our Pets



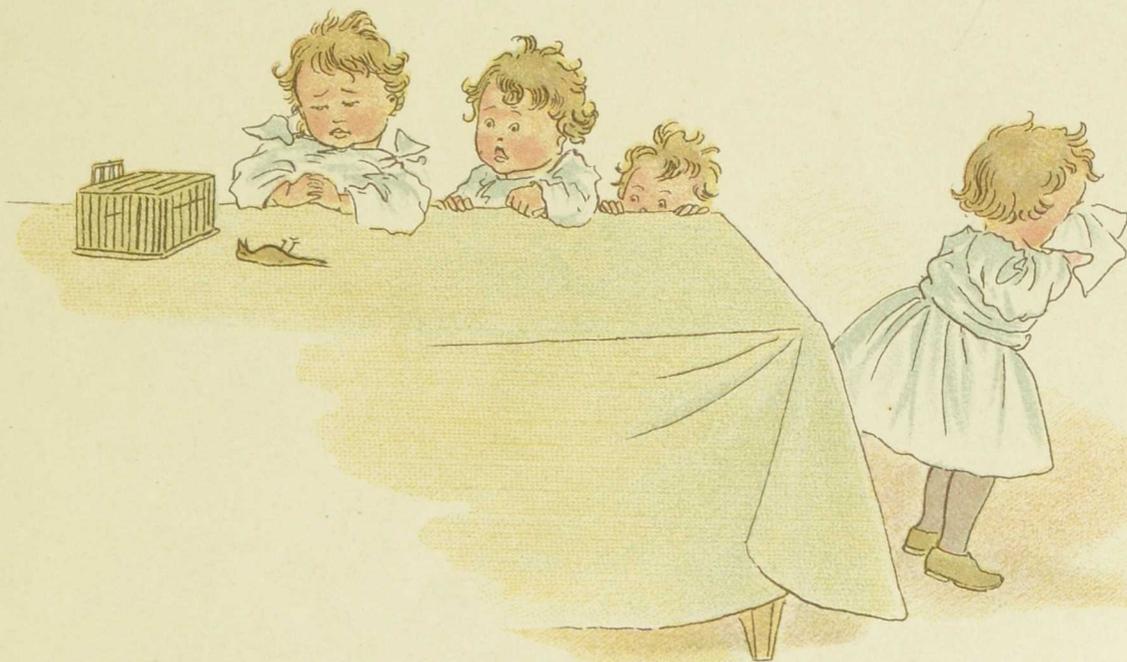


*These silly babies are afraid of a
snow-white pussy-cat,—
I'm sure it's true when I was two I
had more pluck than that!*

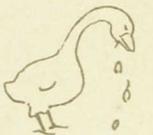
*But come along, dear Mother Duck, walk carefully
and wary,
And we will show you such a dear—our little pet
canary!*



*O Mother look! O Mother dear!
A dreadful thing has happened here!
The cage is empty—ah! alack!
Our birdie lies upon his back!*



*He cannot hop; he cannot sing!
He simply can't do anything!
His little limbs are stiff as lead;
Our darling little bird is dead!
O Mother, get my stick and hat,
I'll go and beat that pussy-cat!*





The Seashore



Very hot by the sea,—

Three babies together!

They all agree

It is thirsty weather!

But oh! naughty May,

How greedy she's grown,

She wants Elsie's bottle—

She's finished her own!

And look how she's crying

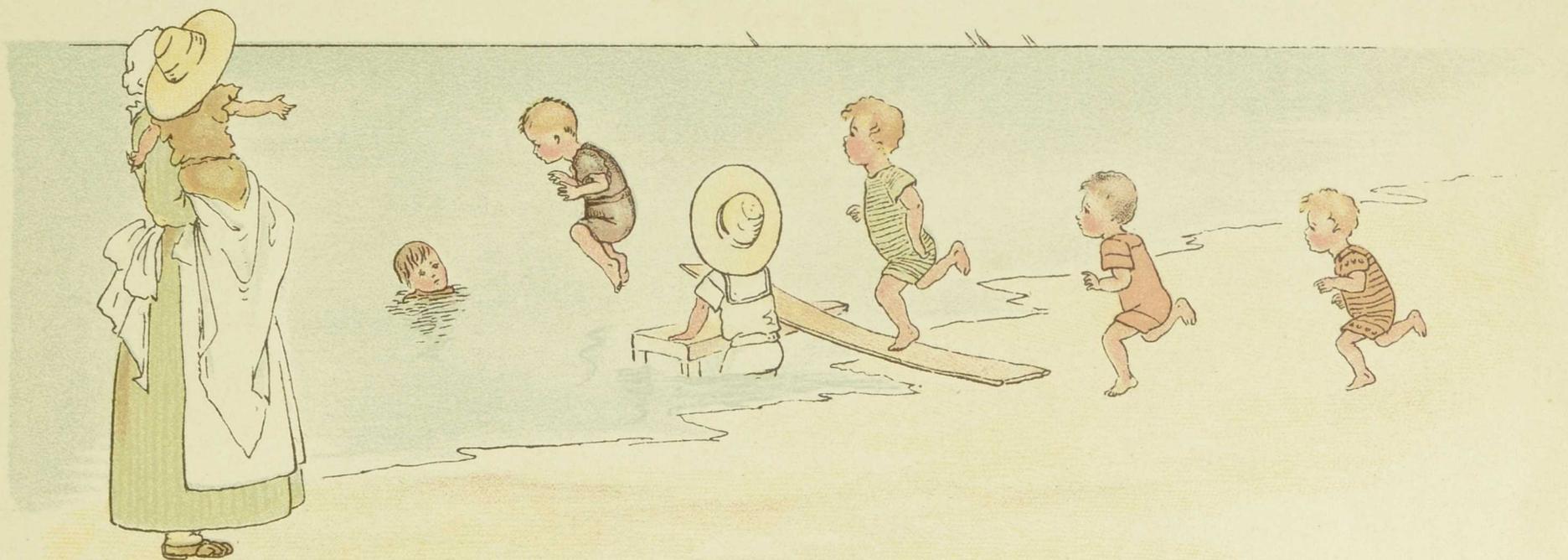
And fighting with tears;

If Mother Duck hears her,

She'll vanish for years!



The Swimming Lesson



We're not afraid of sharks or whales,

And other things with great big tails;

They never call around this way,

Or interfere with us at play.

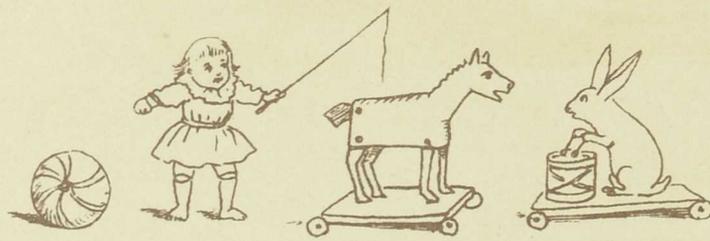
So bright the sun, so warm the sea,

Oh, who will dare to follow me?

Come, Mother Duck, it's really true

That I can swim as well as you.





Games





The Croquet Match

*Your turn to play!
Your turn to play!*

*You always keep us waiting long,
And when you play, you will play wrong;
I wish you would remember, pray,
Whenever it's your turn to play.*



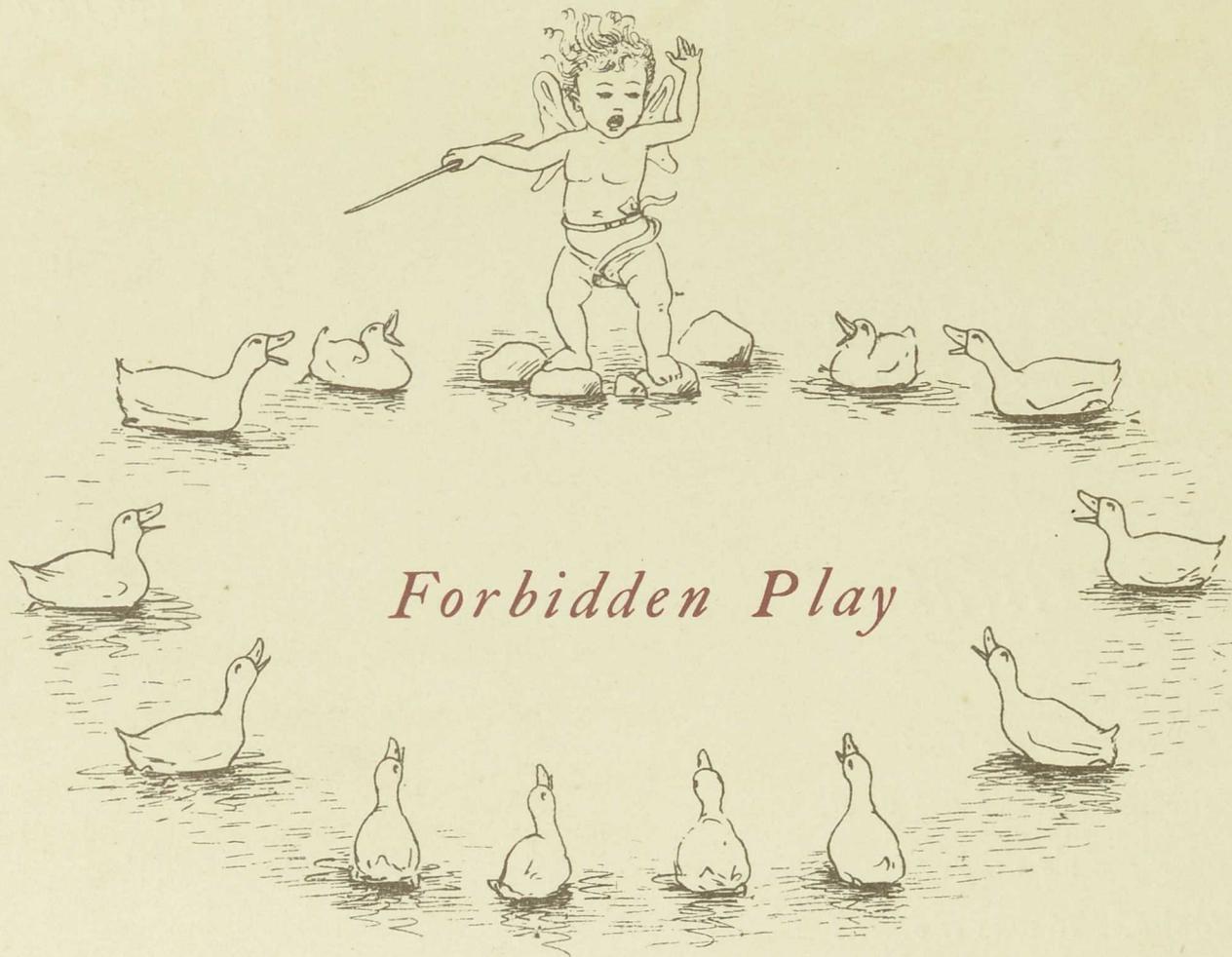
Doggie's Mistake

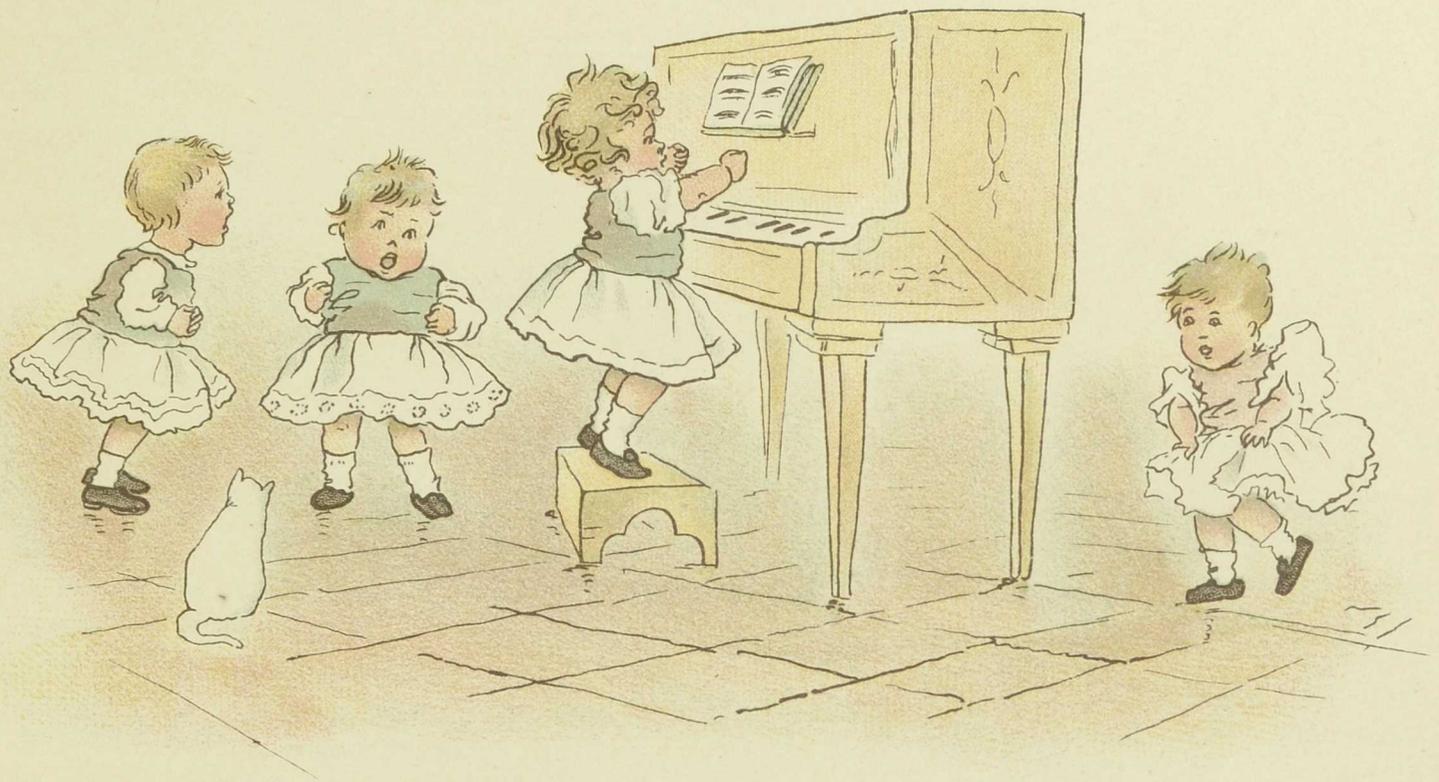
*This silly dog would always run
Away with something not his own,
He even stole poor baby's ring,
Because he thought it was a bone!*



Seven Chickie Biddies

*Seven chickie biddies
Hopping all around;
Seven chickie biddies
Pecking on the ground.
Seven chickie biddies
Every one alive;
Seven chickie biddies—
How did you arrive?
Seven chickie biddies
Yesterday were eggs.
Mother Duck has taught you
How to use your legs!*



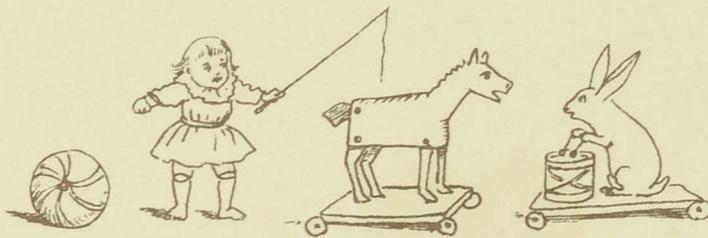


*Music or bubbles? which shall it be?
Music for you, and bubbles for me!
Music is jolly for girls and for boys,
Mother declares that it makes too much noise!*

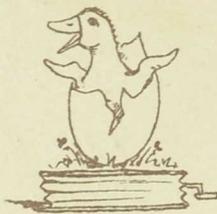
*If we play bubbles, Nurse cries out, "Oh lor!
See what a mess on my nursery floor!"
I am afraid, that whatever we play,
Some one will find that we get in the way!*

*Isn't it hard that the jolliest games
End in Nurse calling us horrible names?
We'd be as good as they want us to be,
If we played bubbles from breakfast to tea!*





More Games





*We're playing at afternoon call:
I really don't like it at all!
You sit up so stiff
That it's curious if
You don't get so tired you fall!*



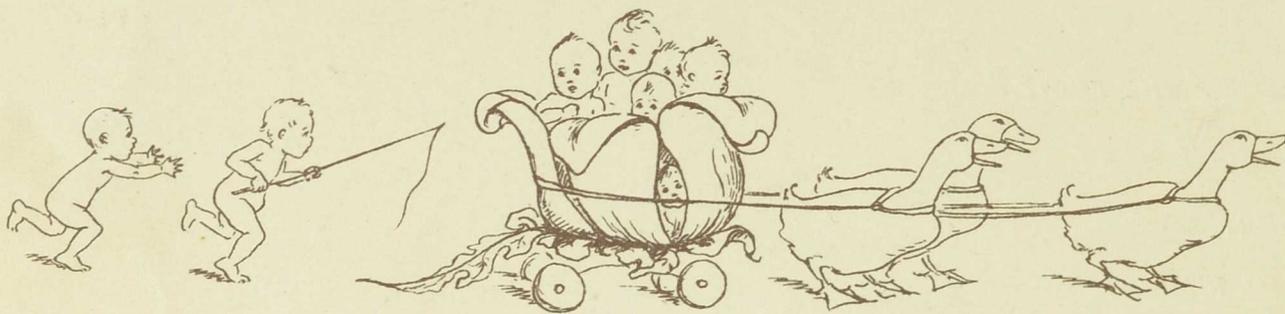
*Now, what do you think of our choir?
We've voices that never will tire!
We've only one song,
And the tune is all wrong,
But the tone of it couldn't be higher!*



*O Lucy, it's really too bad:
That's the only clean paper I had!
Such a scribble and scrawl!
Now it's no good at all—
I'll complain in the evening to Dad!*



The Last Games





The Last Games

*The evening comes at the end of the day:
While we have time, let us hurry and play.*

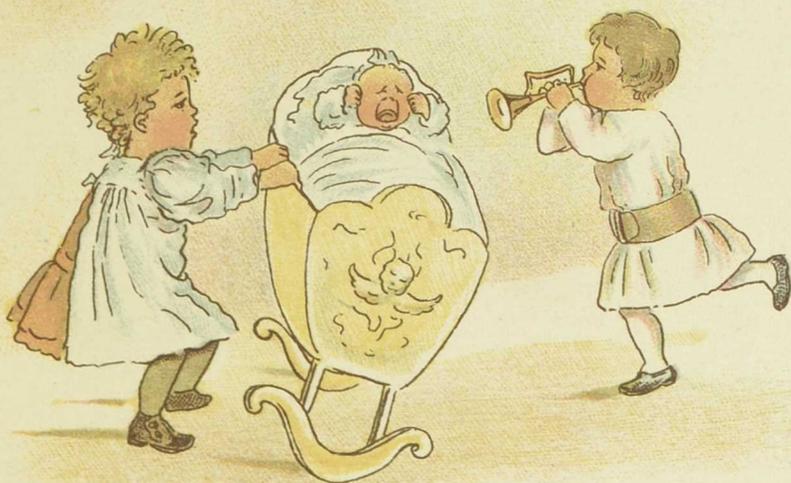


This is the way we wash our hands—

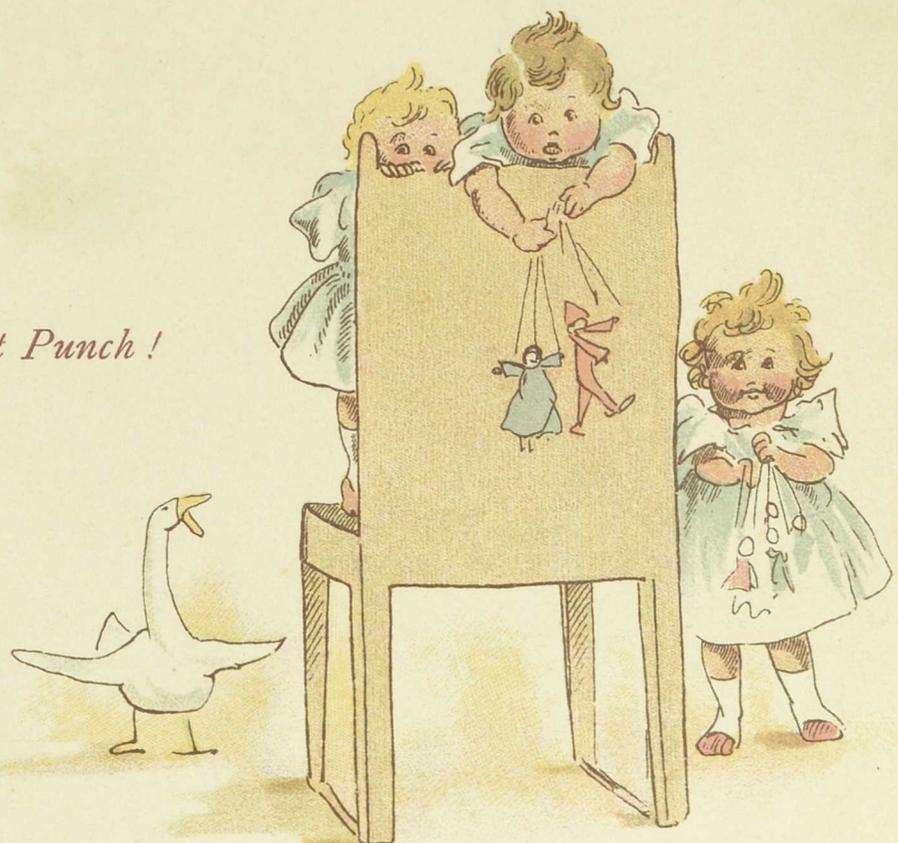


Now at our bottles we munch—

Baby must learn to be fond of bands—



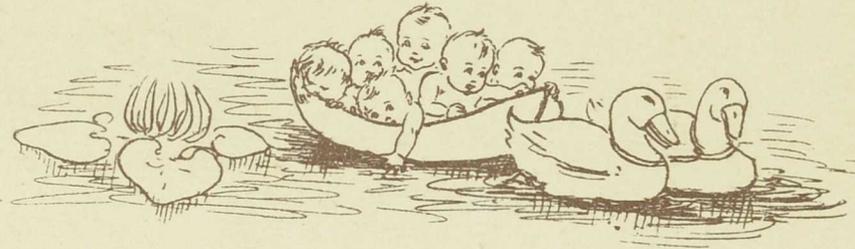
Also to look at Punch!



*The evening's coming—and much too soon—
I wish it was always afternoon!*



The Concert



The Concert

Mamma has gone out visiting, and Nurse is down at
tea,—

No one in the drawing-room but just we three!

We're too little, don't you know? to sit on stools and
play,

But we've found an easier and more amusing way!



Cecil in the middle; he's the eldest and will lead,—
Cissie on the left; and she sings very well indeed!
She will play the great big drum! what Mother calls
"The Bass"—

Cecil holds the music, with a very solemn face.
Only Little Kennie, who's the tiniest of all,
Cannot reach the treble with his tootsicums at all!

One foot, tra-la-la!

Two, three, four!

Oh, I say! is that Papa

Listening at the door?

If Papa or Nurse should come

In instead,—

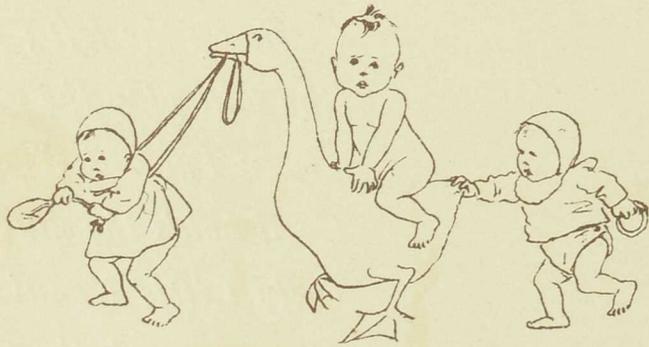
We shall be certainly

Sent to bed!

At the circus we have been,
Many funny things we've seen.
We can jump about like cats,
And we're playing acrobats.
You should see us when in bed
Standing on each other's head!
We would do it on the floor,
But it's hard and makes us sore.
If we had a high trapeze
We would hang on by the knees.
But we mean to do it when
We are real grown-up men!

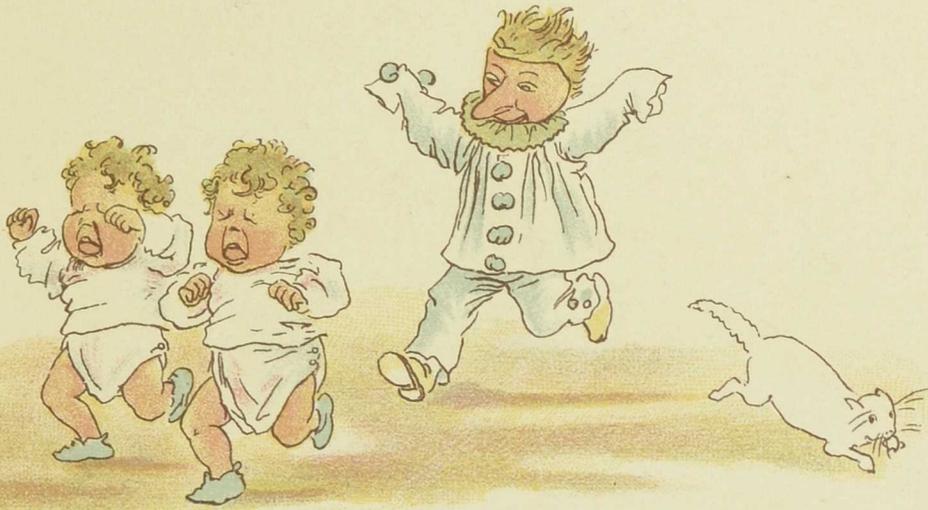


Home from the Circus



Naughty Play





Tommy put a mask on—
 What d'you think of that?—
 Both the twins were frightened,
 So was pussy-cat!

Tommy would be captain,—
 Fought to have the gun;
 Then he got a whipping—
 Such a nasty one!



Tommy then was better—
 Let the baby ride—
 While that naughty Kennie
 Broke the doll's inside!

'Twas the poor twins' dollie,
 And she's very ill:
 Take her off to Doctor Bung
 For a horrid pill!





Six o'clock





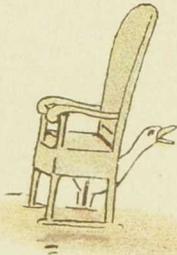
Waiting for Mary

*Mary, Mary, what does she mean?
I wonder, I wonder where can she have been?
Perhaps she is out with her Prince in the street,
The Prince who comes with the butcher meat.
He has a horse and a pretty van,
And Mary says he's a wonderful man—
But that's no reason why he should keep
Mary from putting us off to sleep.*

Who's at the Door

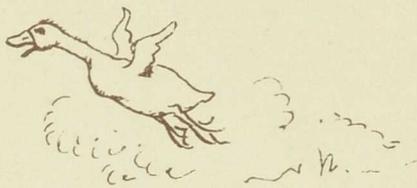
*We thought we heard somebody knock—
Perhaps it was only the clock;
Hark, there again I hear the sound—
Oh! is it the Ducklings coming round?*

*Perhaps it's the Loomalooos
Or Pixies with wooden shoes:
O Mother Duck, do open the door!
We've never been so afraid before!*





Undressing-Time



*We thought so: we feared so: there comes Nurse;
Time for undressing, and what could be worse?*



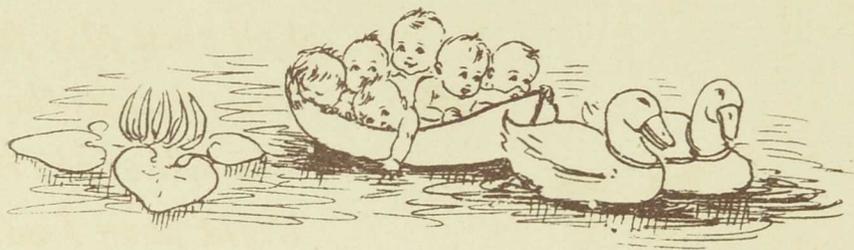
*Swash! swish! swash! swish!
Hark how the water pours!
Six o'clock, and don't we wish
We were out of doors?
Saturday night, and it isn't fair—
Just when the sun's so bright—*

*Nurse should be washing and combing our hair,
Horrible Saturday night!
Swish! swash! swish! swash!
Look at the water—how deep!
When we're grown up we'll never wash
Till the sun has gone to sleep!*





Nursery Mischief



*Kennie is teasing the baby, I see,
Because he can't walk like you and me!*



*He's trying to capture the pussy-cat,
If he hadn't his cage on, he'd tumble down flat:
But Kennie forgets—(he's a terrible dunce)—
That he was a wee little baby once!*

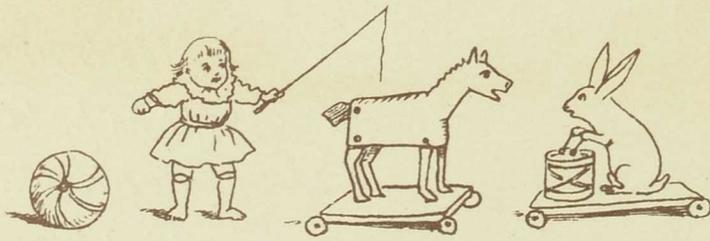
*The doll or the trumpet—which do you choose?
Right hand I win; and the left hand you lose!*

*No, not at all! you must choose for yourself!
Now you are peeping, you mischievous elf!
You must play fair, or deserve to be scolded:
Guess just as though you were really blindfolded.
The doll or the trumpet, which do you choose?
Right hand I win; and the left hand you lose!*



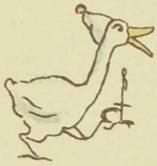
*All the three babies are laughing—I never!
Thinking that I am so awfully clever!
All of them see I am certain to win;
Tommy, you silly! I'm taking you in!*





Bedtime

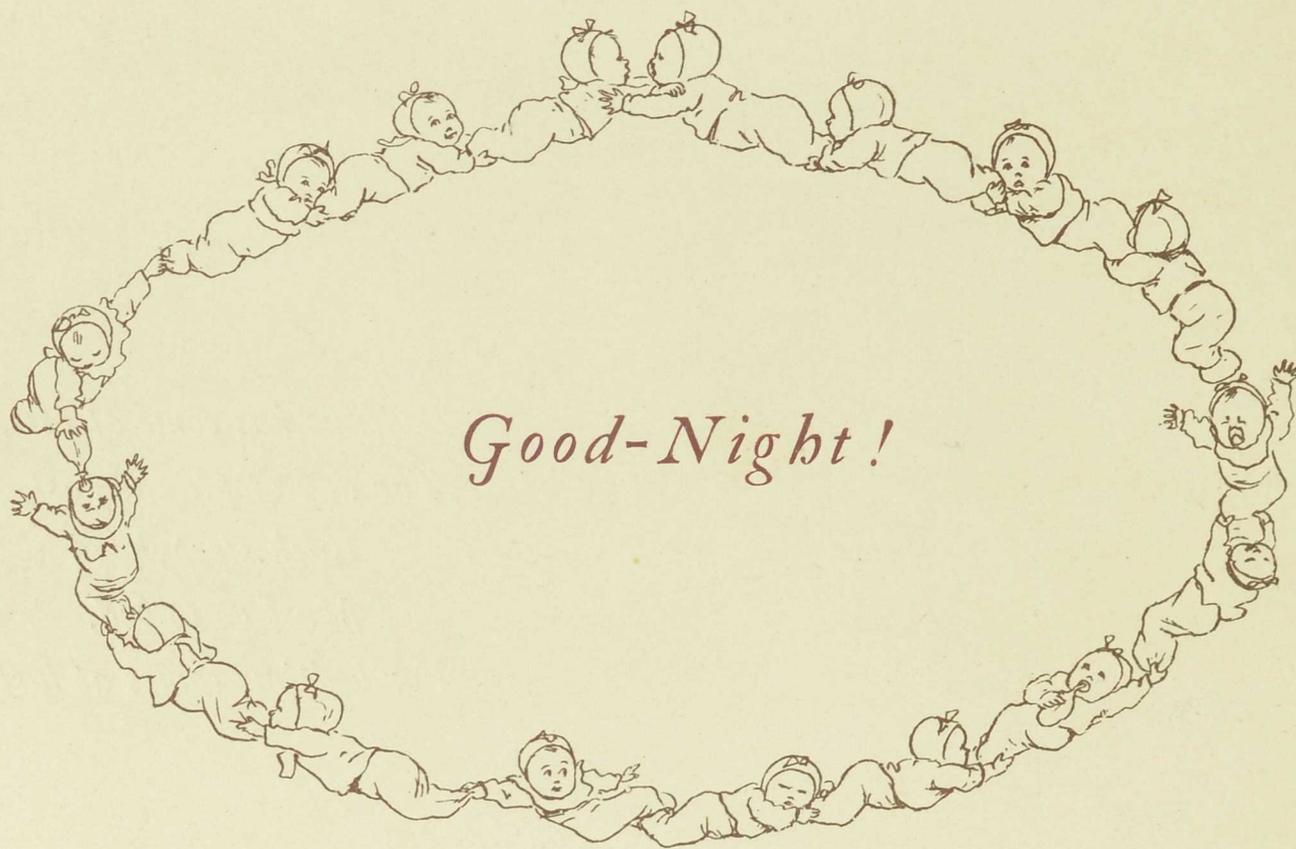




*Bedtime has come at last,
The day of play is past,—
Each sleepyhead
Must go to bed,
For bedtime comes at last!*

*And so good-night, good-night!
Sweet dreams and slumbers light—
For you and me
And all we see
Sleep comes at last—Good-night!*









with me - 1/2 1 1/2 1/2 1/2 1/2

