

NURSERY TILES

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THE BOYS AND GIRLS PAINTING BOOK.
D. LOTHROP & CO. BOSTON.

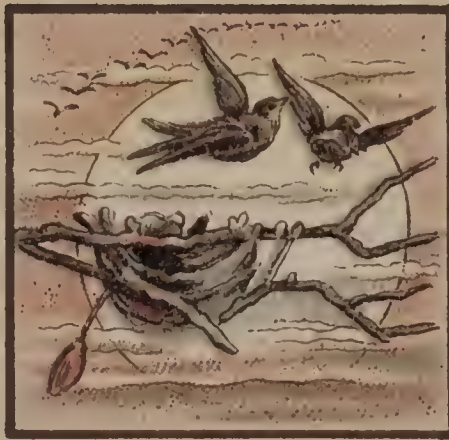
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NURSERY TILES.

THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' PAINTING BOOK.

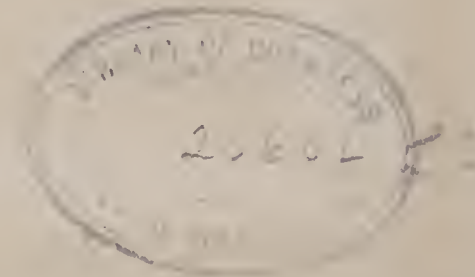
DRAWINGS BY

G. F. BRYCES



VERSES BY

C. D. BATES



BOSTON :

D. LOTHROP & COMPANY, PUBLISHERS.

FRANKLIN STREET, COR. HAWLEY.

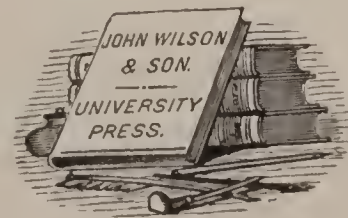
1880

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NOTE.

My dear Boys and Girls: — If you have never painted a tile, and wish to do so, the best way to begin is to learn how.

You will need a box of water-colors and a few good brushes ; and those who prefer to copy the tiles, rather than color the book, should procure a “sketch-block,” which comprises several sheets of water-color painting-paper.

Let us suppose you begin with the January set of tiles, the three together representing a youngster about your own size offering “A Christmas Dinner” to some birds. If you are to copy it you will draw the outlines, lightly, with a soft lead-pencil on the outer sheet of your sketch-block.

Then, on either the copy or the picture in the volume, you will wash, or brush, a pale tint all around the bird and boy, carrying it carefully up to the outlines, but not over. When this is dry go over the upper portion with a darker tint to produce the division you observe in the background.

Next, color the birds with a flat broad wash of color. When this is dry go over the outlines of the birds with a finely-pointed brush filled with some rich strong color to define the feathers and other markings.

The boy on the cover of the book will be a good model by which to color the boy in the tile. However, you can make his eyes, hair, coat and hat in the colors you like best. Be particular not to blur or destroy the outlines of either lips or eyes.

The frontispiece shows how the September tiles may be colored.

You can also color, with delicate tints, the pictures on the poem-pages, thus giving your pretty volume a very gay appearance.

By the time you have completed the book you will have acquired a knowledge of matching colors which will be very useful to you all your lives.

Your friend,

OLIVE GREEN.



JANUARY.

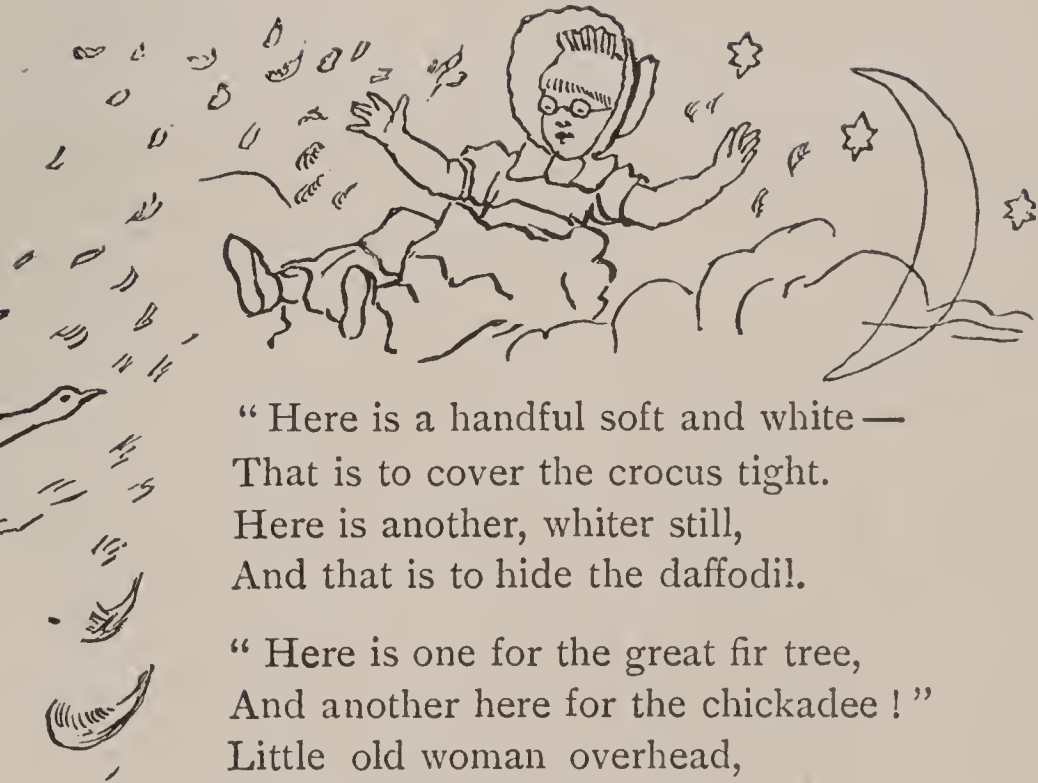


A CHRISTMAS DINNER.

Little old woman up in the sky,
See how she makes the feathers fly!
She sits in the twilight overhead
And picks her geese for a feather-bed.



The gray geese flap their heavy wings ;
The little old woman sings and sings :
“How strange that the people down below
Should call my bits of feather, snow!



“ Here is a handful soft and white —
That is to cover the crocus tight.
Here is another, whiter still,
And that is to hide the daffodil.

“ Here is one for the great fir tree,
And another here for the chickadee ! ”
Little old woman overhead,
What will become of your feather-bed ?

FEBRUARY.

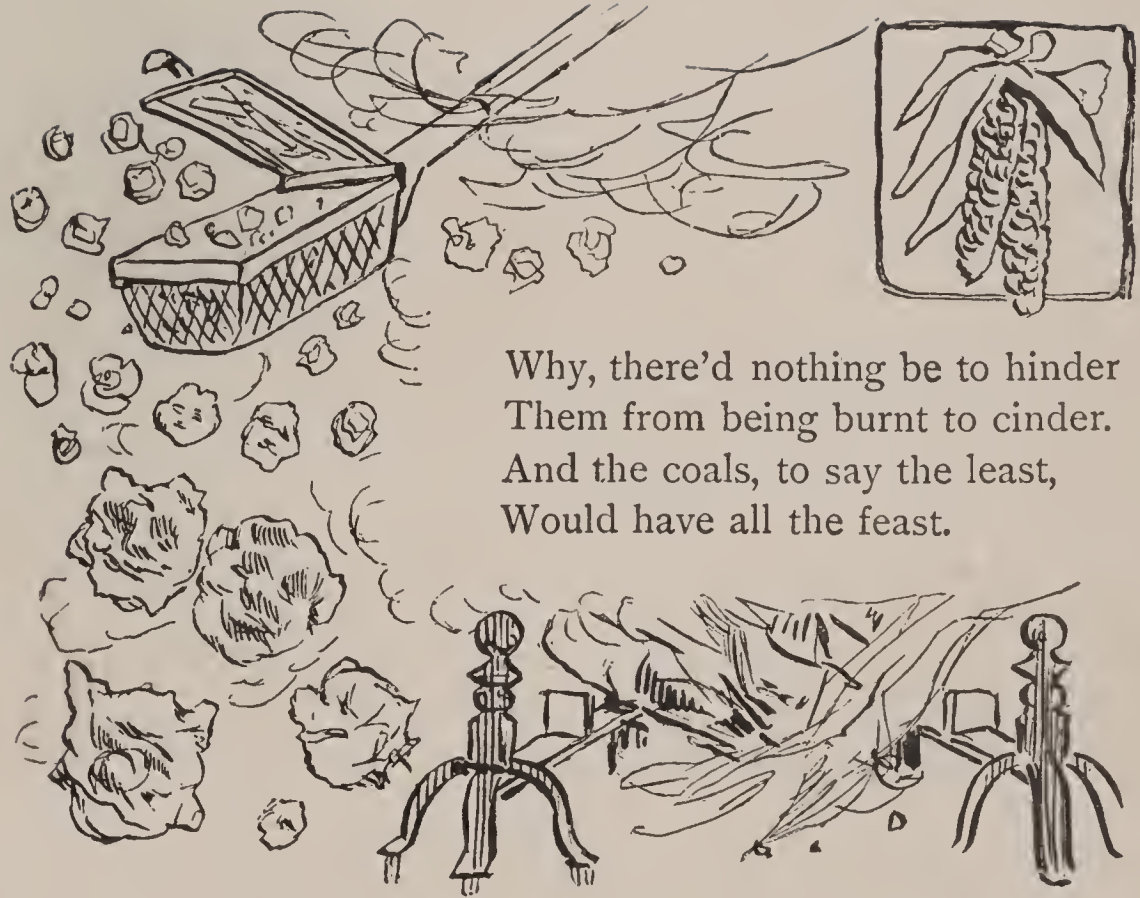


POP CORN.

In this little cage of wire,
Hung above the glowing fire,
See the kernels skip and hop!
Corn begins to pop!

Every funny little fellow
Wore at first a coat of yellow;
Now he blossoms out in white —
Such a pretty sight!

What if in this fine commotion
Each should take a sudden notion,
As he bobs and leaps about,
To come jumping out?



Why, there'd nothing be to hinder
Them from being burnt to cinder.
And the coals, to say the least,
Would have all the feast.

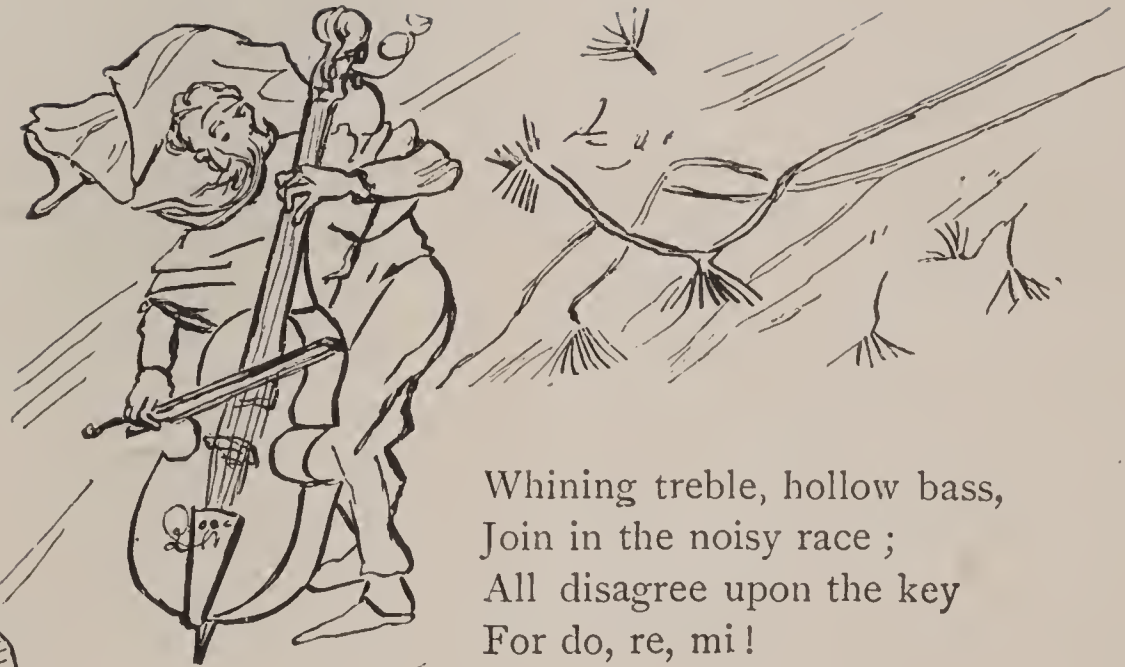
MARCH.



“THE MARCH WINDS DO BLOW.”

An old-fashioned roundelay
The wind begins to play ;
He opens up the jubilee
With do, re, mi !

Cries the leader of the choir,
“ Pitch the measure higher !
You're all too low and all too slow,
Fa, si, la, si, do ! ”



Whining treble, hollow bass,
Join in the noisy race ;
All disagree upon the key
For do, re, mi !

Yet all the more they roar and roar,
Louder than before !
Low they go, and high they blow,
Fa, si, la, si, do !

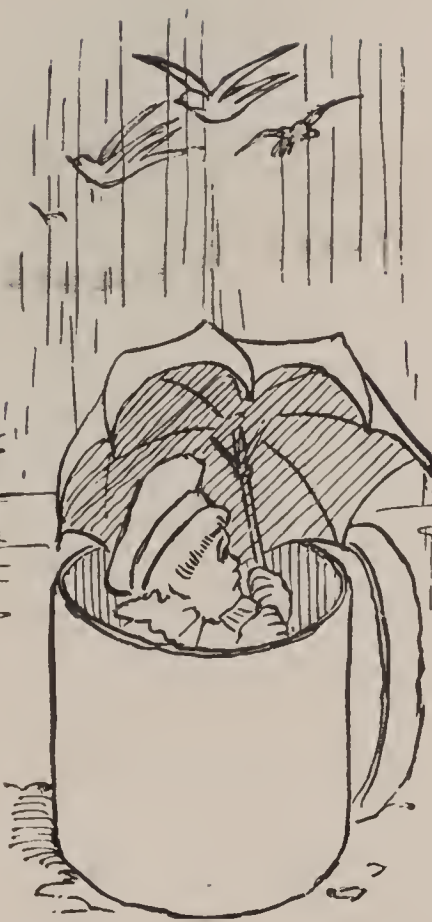
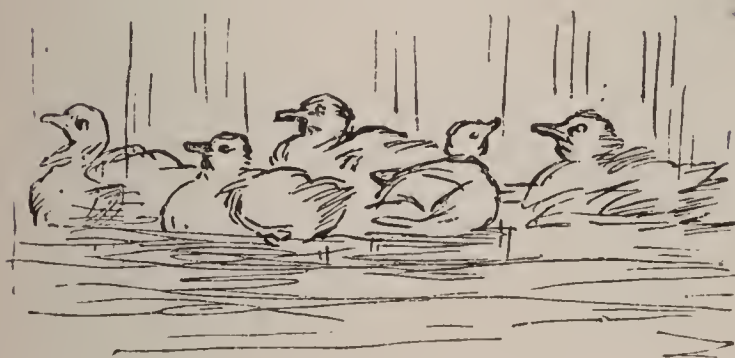
APRIL.



APRIL SHOWERS AND APRIL SUNSHINE.

The little gray duck's daughter
Lives in a pool of water,
And wears the pretty three-toed shoes
Her careful mother bought her.

Yet I know a lazy fellow —
But who I'll never tell a
Single soul — who when it rains
Calls out for an umbrella.



And in the showery weather
The goslings dance together,
And cry, "If it should pour a week
We'd never turn a feather."

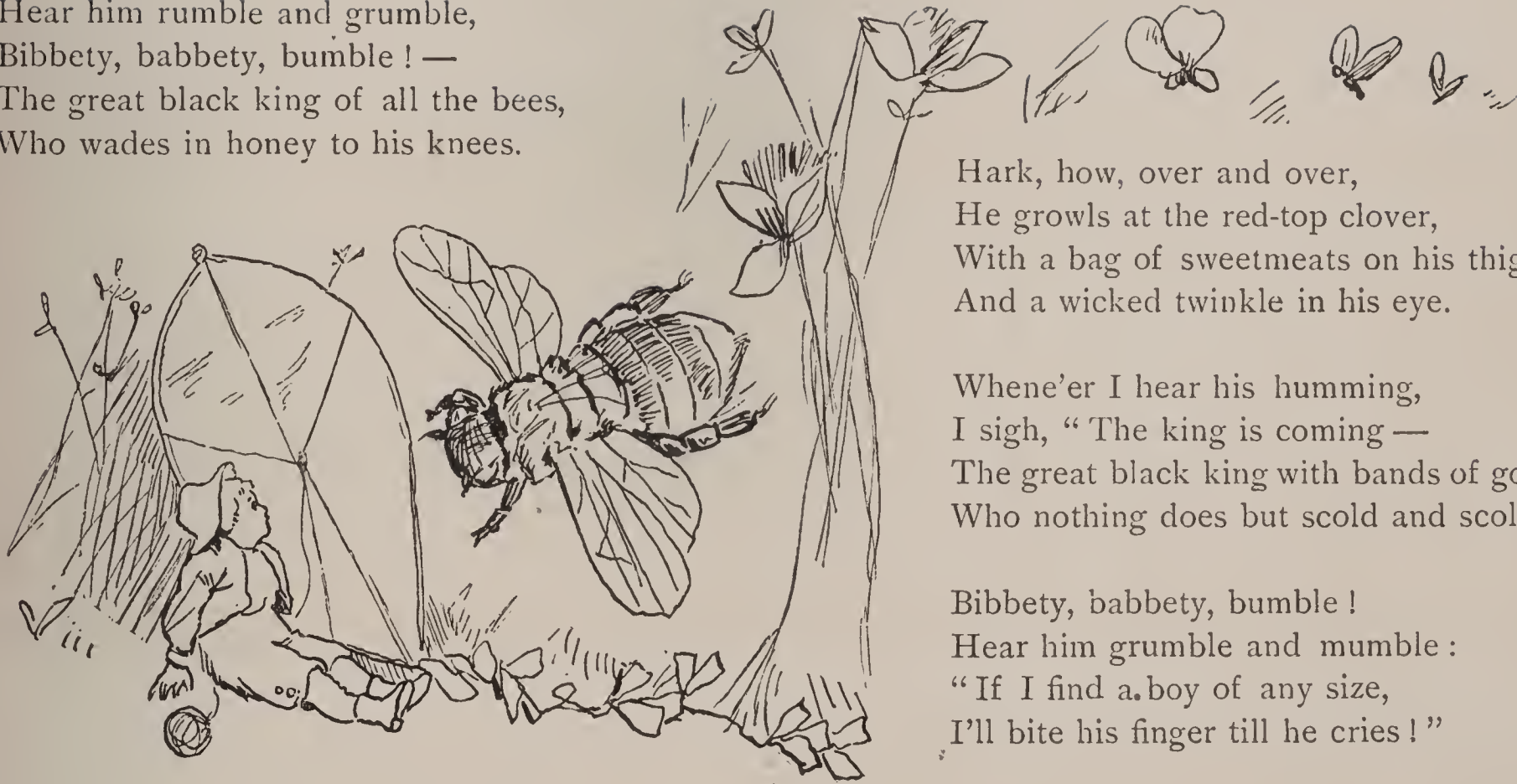
A bandbox would be handy,
In which to put this dandy ;
I'm sure he must be made of salt,
Or else of sugar candy.

MAY.



FRESH GRASS.

Hear him rumble and grumble,
Bibbety, babbety, bumble! —
The great black king of all the bees,
Who wades in honey to his knees.



Hark, how, over and over,
He growls at the red-top clover,
With a bag of sweetmeats on his thigh,
And a wicked twinkle in his eye.

Whene'er I hear his humming,
I sigh, "The king is coming —
The great black king with bands of gold,
Who nothing does but scold and scold."

Bibbety, babbety, bumble!
Hear him grumble and mumble:
"If I find a boy of any size,
I'll bite his finger till he cries!"

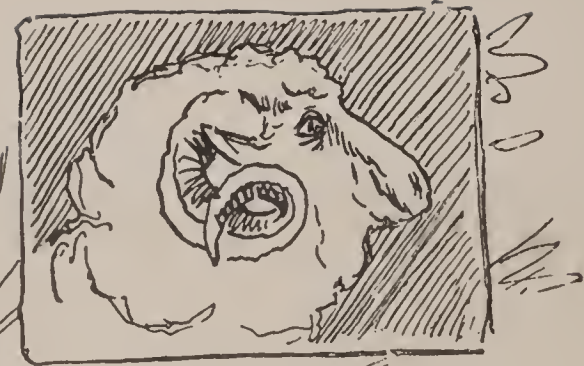
JUNE.



THE SHEPHERD BOY.

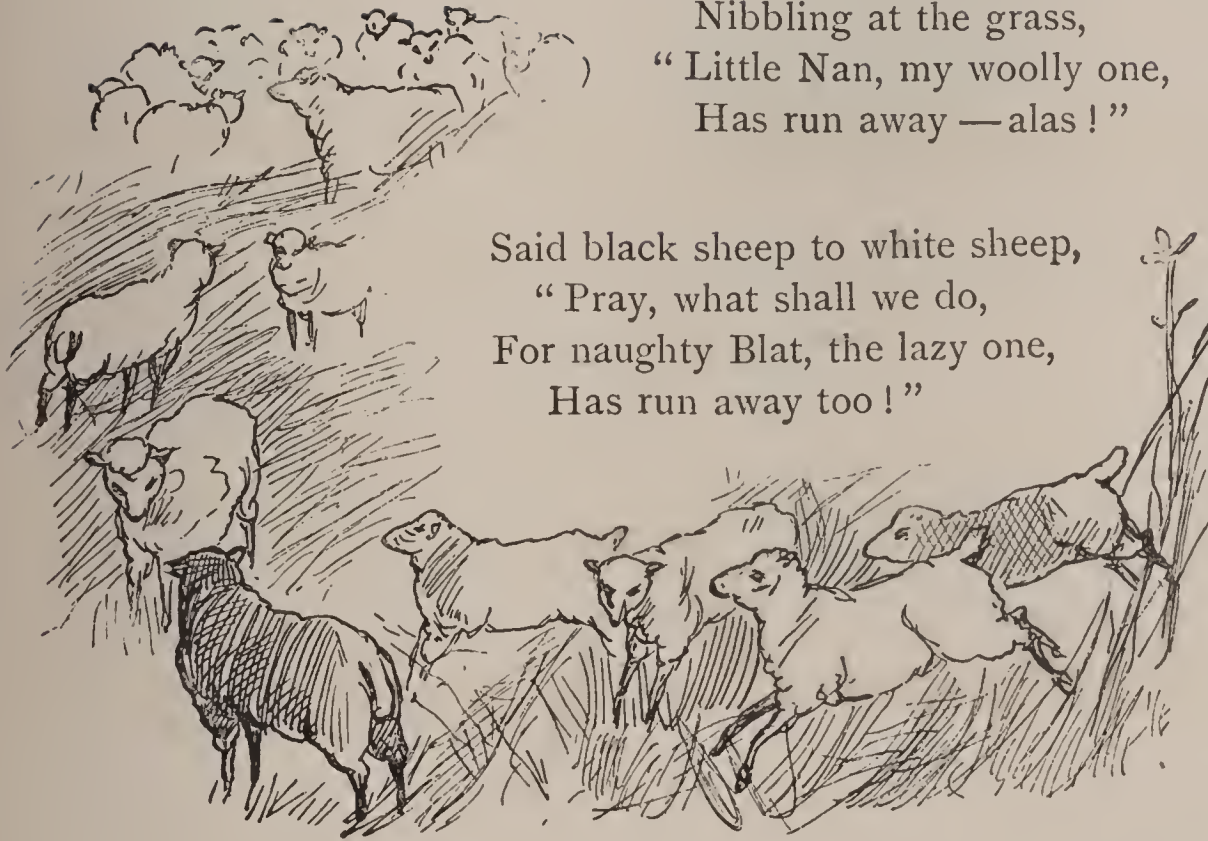
Said white sheep to black sheep,
Nibbling at the grass,
“Little Nan, my woolly one,
Has run away — alas !”

Said black sheep to white sheep,
“Pray, what shall we do,
For naughty Blat, the lazy one,
Has run away too !”



Get a lantern from the barn,
B-a-a, b-a-a !
Tell the boys to blow the horn,
M-a-a, m-a-a !

Home comes hobbling lazy Blat,
Tired enough to drop !
While in skips the nimble Nan,
Hippity, hippity. hop !



JULY.



UNDER THE OLD APPLE TREE.

Now, then, the orchard is our forest,
Silent and thick and green ;
Here I swing my birch-bark cradle
Leafy trunks between.



Put them in it, the dusky children,
Safe as birds in a nest ——
What, little Indians, are you laughing ?
Hush ! — lie still and rest !

Tie it fast with a thong of deer-skin ——
This is my babies' bed.
(Were ever the locks of papoose golden ?
Was ever one named Ted ?)

Swing, O, swing, my white papooses,
Birch-bark cradle and all ! ——
Gold Locks, what *is* the matter with you ?
Ted, look out, you'll fall !

AUGUST.



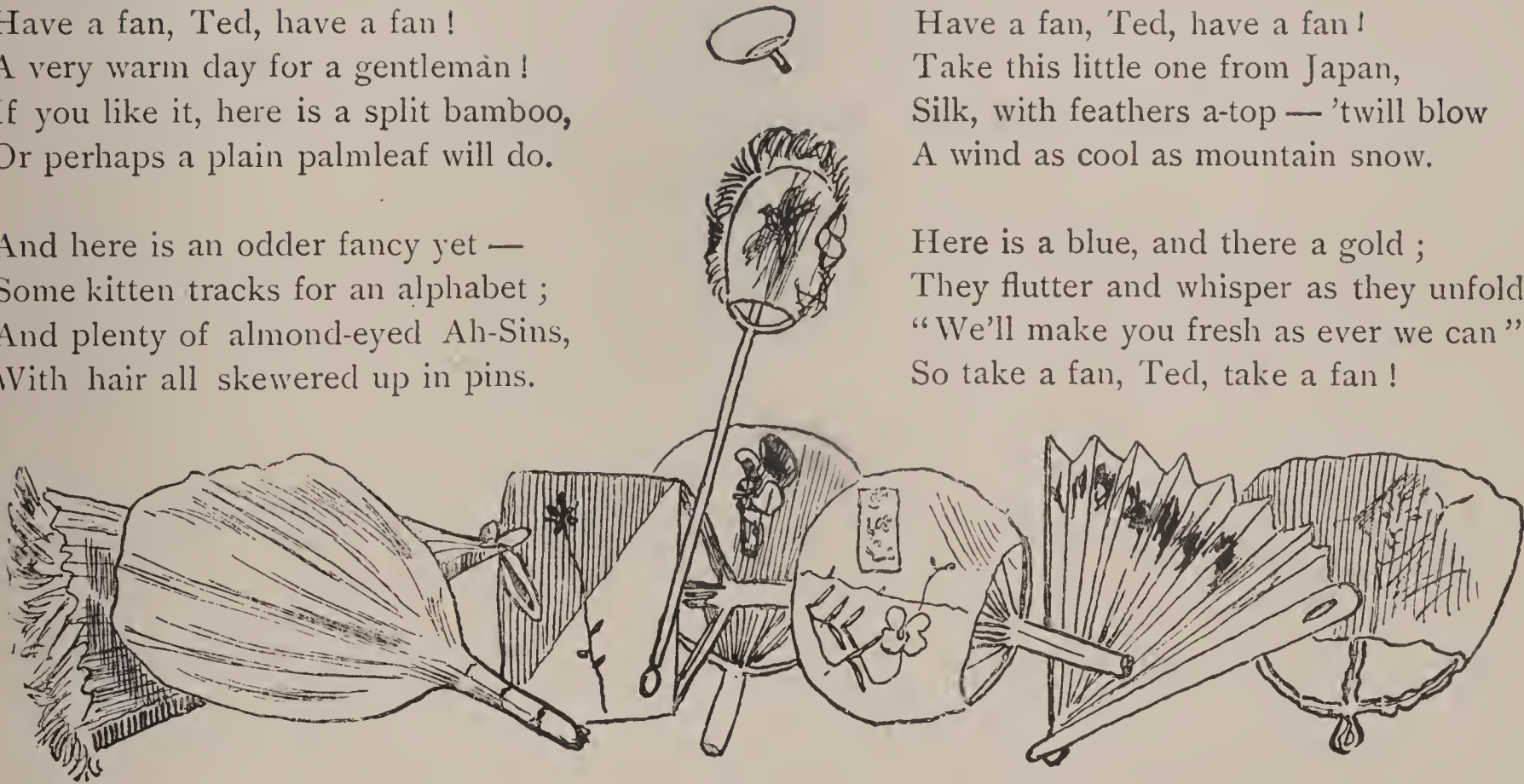
ON A MIDSUMMER DAY.

Have a fan, Ted, have a fan !
A very warm day for a gentleman !
If you like it, here is a split bamboo,
Or perhaps a plain palmleaf will do.

And here is an odder fancy yet —
Some kitten tracks for an alphabet ;
And plenty of almond-eyed Ah-Sins,
With hair all skewered up in pins.

Have a fan, 'Ted, have a fan !
Take this little one from Japan,
Silk, with feathers a-top — 'twill blow
A wind as cool as mountain snow.

Here is a blue, and there a gold ;
They flutter and whisper as they unfold :
“We'll make you fresh as ever we can” —
So take a fan, Ted, take a fan !



SEPTEMBER.



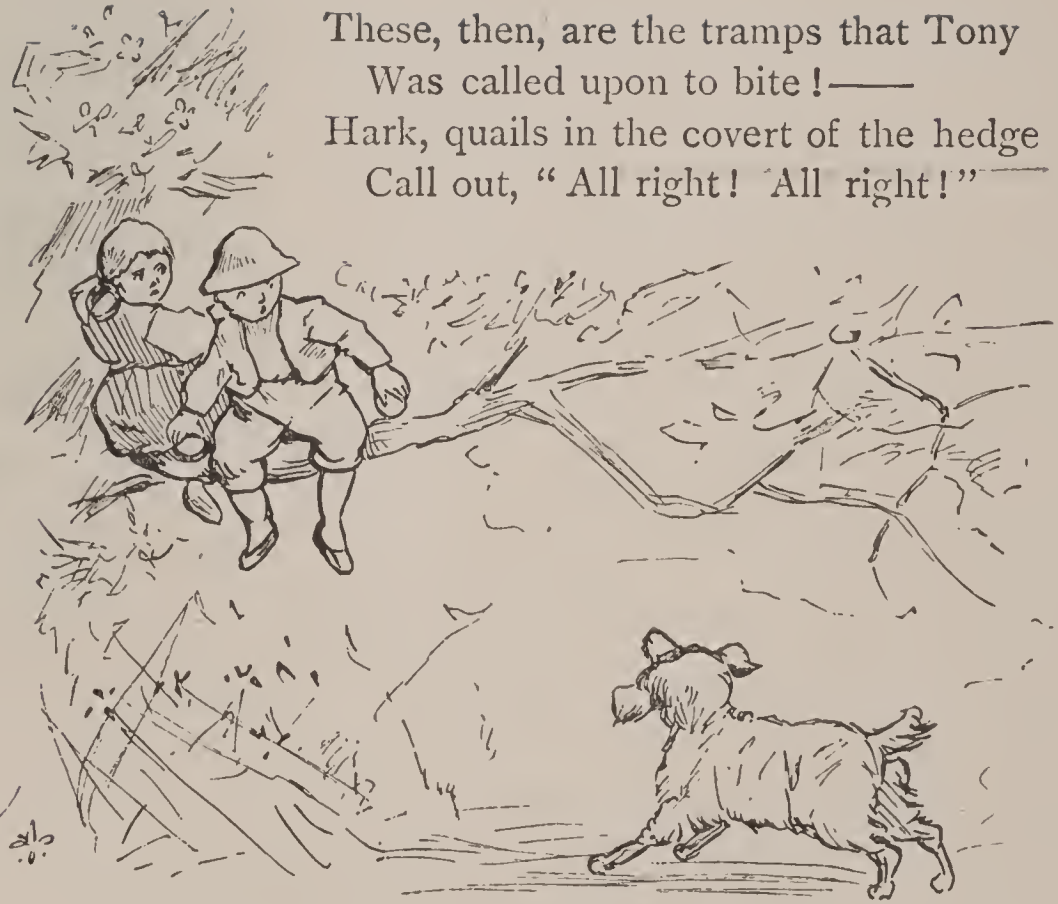
SOUTHWARD HO!

Something in grandpa's garden!
Call Tony from the house!
I'm sure I saw a robber move
High up in the apple boughs!

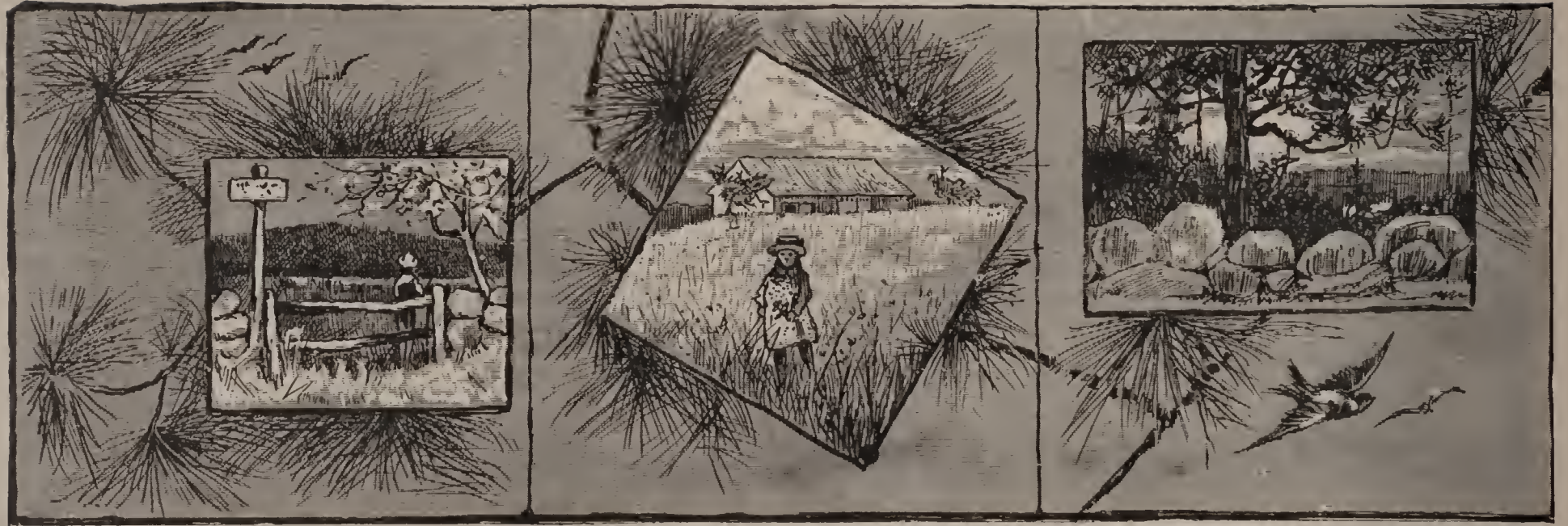
Come, Tony! a tramp! You know, sir,
What we expect of you! —
To growl and bark your very best —
And I hope you'll bite him too! —

Will you and can you believe it?
There, perched upon a limb,
Is Ted with an apple in each hand,
And Gold Locks close to him!

These, then, are the tramps that Tony
Was called upon to bite! —
Hark, quails in the covert of the hedge
Call out, "All right! All right!" —



OCTOBER.

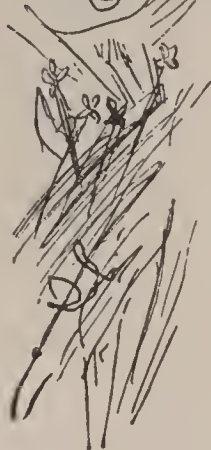


FALLING LEAVES AND DROPPING NUTS.



Out in the grass are the crickets
Tuning up ready to begin ;
Squeak, squeak, squeak goes the fiddle,
And s-c-r-a-p-e, the second violin.

An old darkey in the corner,
Tall and shiny and lean,
Stands six feet in his stockings,
And plays on the tambourine.



One little fellow has a bugle,
And one beats the big bass drum,
Another picks away at the banjo —
Hi ! how he makes it hum !

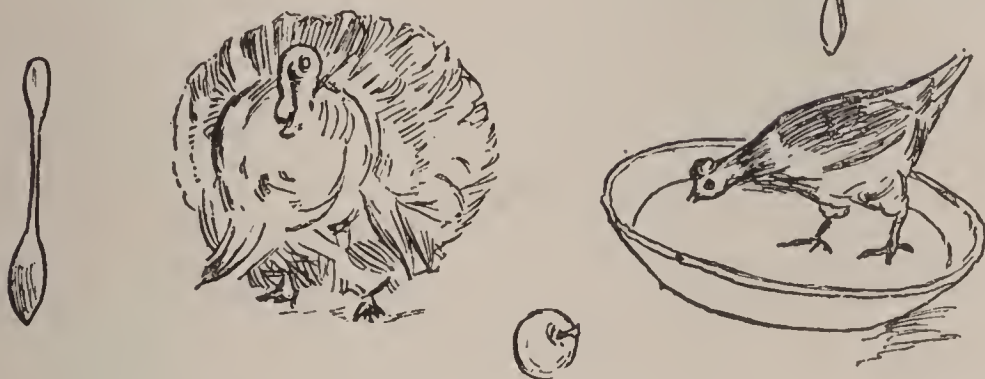
So all night long in the moonlight,
And even to the break of day,
'Tis twang-twang, pipe and twitter,
From the cricket orchestra.

NOVEMBER.

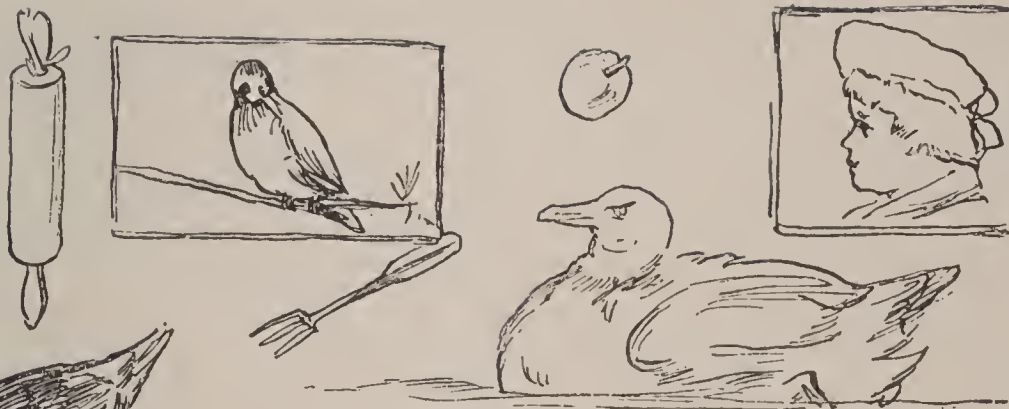


THANKSGIVING.

Turkey, turkey, gobble-ty gee,
 I'll roast you brown as brown can be ;
 I'll mince your liver, bit by bit,
 And a nice sweet gravy make of it!



Duck in the water, quack-e-ty, quack,
 When every feather is off your back,
 I'll tie your little fat wings across
 And roast and serve with apple-sauce !



Pigeon, pigeon, coo, coo, co-o,
 Such a dainty dish I'll make of you —
 The flakiest crusts that ever were seen
 In a pie, and you stewed in between !



Turkey, and duck, and pigeon, and then
 One thing more — the little black hen !
 Cackle-ty cackle, with comb so red,
 I'll broil her over the coals for Ted.

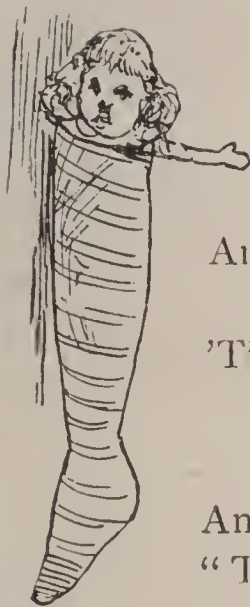
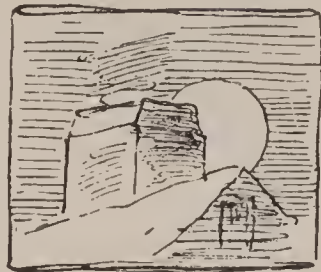
DECEMBER.



WISH YOU "MERRY CHRISTMAS!"

Old Santa Claus, when he comes to-night
Down the open fire-place,
And sees what I see in the fire-light,
Will laugh all over his face.

And will say with finger upon his nose,
And a wag of his wise old head :
“ I wonder whose are the little blue toes,
And whose the cardinal red ? ”



And when he lowers his monstrous pack,
I'll take a peep at the show —
'Tis the greatest wonder his dear old back
Wasn't broken long ago ! —

And I'll whisper to him before he goes :
“ The little ones are in bed ;
It is Gold Locks' stockings that have blue toes,
And Ted's are cardinal red . ”





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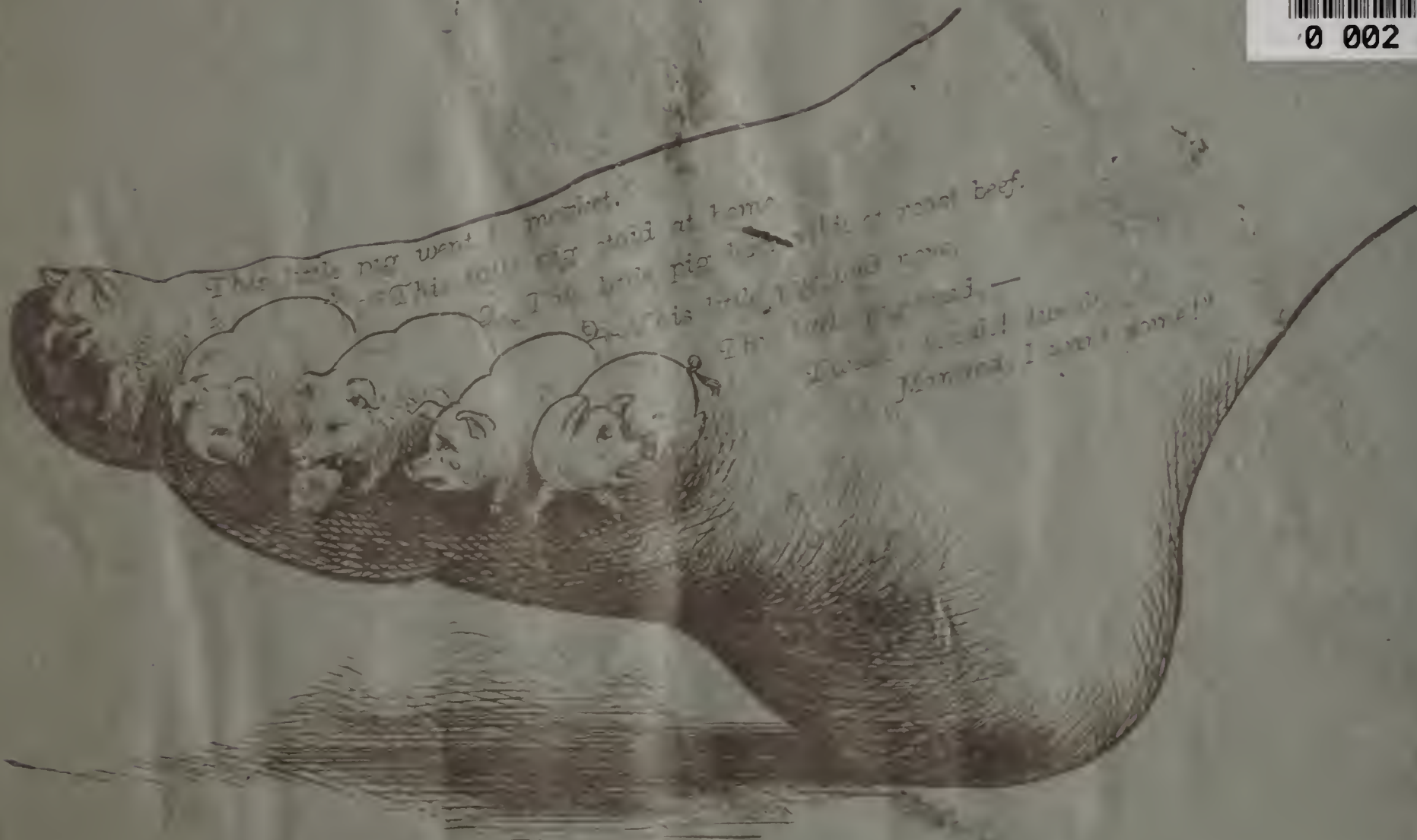
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STORY OF THE FIVE LITTLE PIGS.

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The little pig went to market.
This little pig stood at home
The little pig had a little of roast beef.
The little pig had a little of
The little pig had a little of
The little pig had a little of
The little pig had a little of
The little pig had a little of