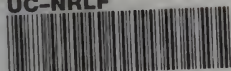


# EVERYDAY CLASSICS

## First Reader

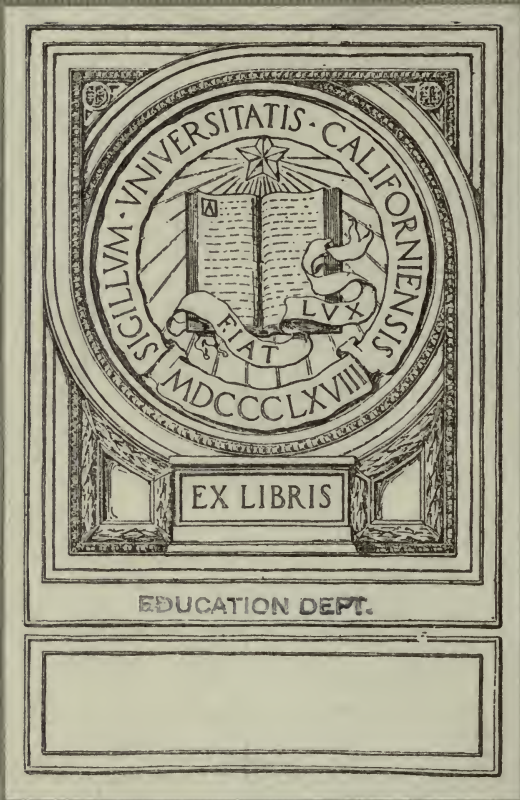
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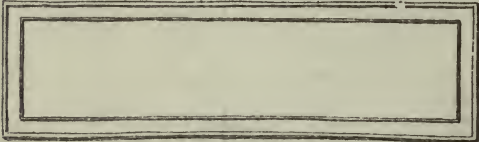


Baker and Thorndike



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# EVERYDAY CLASSICS

## FIRST READER

BY

FANNIE WYCHE DUNN

ASSISTANT PROFESSOR IN RURAL EDUCATION IN TEACHERS COLLEGE

FRANKLIN T. BAKER

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH IN TEACHERS COLLEGE

AND

ASHLEY H. THORNDIKE

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH IN COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

*ILLUSTRATED BY*

MAUD AND MISKA PETERSHAM

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## PREFACE

CHILDREN come to a First Reader after the Primer knowing a few hundred common words, and able to make out, by phonic analysis, some new words of simple form. That is, they have read a little, and acquired the power to read a little more. The problem of the First Reader is to stimulate in the children further interest, to increase their list of known words, and their command of the phonic elements, to quicken their pace and strengthen their confidence in their reading, and so enlarge their powers and add to their pleasure.

For this, as for the other books of the series, the editors have chosen, from the established children's classics, prose and verse which all are expected to know. Much use is made of stories of the repetitive type. Not only do children like the repeated form, but they get from it the most pleasing and effective kind of drill, and a stimulating sense of achievement. The poetry, the fables, and the other stories present ideas that are simple and congenial to young minds. New words are introduced very slowly at first, and are systematically repeated. Sure and immediate control of words is the right foundation for reading.

In the illustrations the artists have not only helped to interpret the literature, but they have satisfied the sense of beauty and the sense of humor. Except for the word list at the end of the book, all "teaching apparatus," helps and suggestions for the teacher, are excluded. These are given in the Manual written to accompany the text.

THE EDITORS.

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## Little Boy Blue

Little boy blue,  
Come blow your horn,  
The sheep's in the meadow,  
The cow's in the corn.

Where is the little boy  
Who looks after the sheep?  
He's under the haycock, fast asleep.

Will you wake him?  
No, not I!  
For if I do,  
He'll be sure to cry.

## I Love Little Pussy

I love little pussy,  
Her coat is so warm,  
And if I don't hurt her,  
She'll do me no harm.

I'll sit by the fire,  
And give her some food,  
And pussy will love me  
Because I am good.

*p*

I love lit - tle Pus - sy, Her coat is so warm,  
And if I don't hurt her, She'll do me no harm.  
I'll sit by the fire, And give her some food,  
And Pus - sy will love me Be - cause I am good.

The musical score is written on four staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a 6/8 time signature, and a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The melody is simple and consists of eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are printed below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across two notes. The score ends with a double bar line.

## Pussy Cat

Pussy cat, pussy cat,  
Where have you been?  
I've been to London  
To look at the queen.

Pussy cat, pussy cat,  
What did you there?  
I frightened a little mouse  
Under her chair.

*f Allegro*

Pus - sy cat, pus - sy cat, Where have you been?

I've been to Lon - don To look at the queen.

Pus - sy cat, pus - sy cat, What did you there?

*cres.* *f*

I fright-ened a lit - tle mouse Un - der her chair.

The musical score is written on four staves in G major (one sharp) and 8/8 time. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a time signature of 8/8. The tempo and dynamics are marked 'f Allegro'. The lyrics are placed below the notes. The second staff continues the melody. The third staff includes a crescendo marking 'cres.' and a forte marking 'f'. The fourth staff concludes the piece with a double bar line.

## Hi, Diddle, Diddle

Hi, diddle, diddle,  
The cat and the fiddle,  
The cow jumped over the moon;  
The little dog laughed  
To see such sport,  
And the dish ran away with the spoon.

*f Allegro*

The musical score is written on four staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a time signature of 6/8. The tempo and dynamics are marked 'f Allegro'. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are printed below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

Hi, did - dle, did - dle, The cat and the fid - dle,  
The cow jump'd o - ver the moon; The  
lit - tle dog laughed To see such sport,  
And the dish ran away with the spoon.

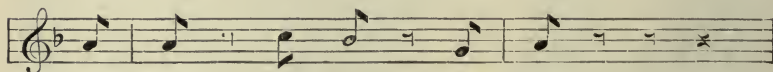


## Hickory, Dickory

Hickory, dickory, dock,  
The mouse ran up the clock.  
The clock struck one,  
The mouse ran down,  
Hickory, dickory, dock.



Hick - o - ry, dick - o - ry, dock,



The mouse ran up the clock.



The clock struck one, The mouse ran down,



Hick - o - ry, dick - o - ry, dock.





## The Three Goats Billy

There were three goats.

There was Little Billy.

There was Big Billy.

And there was Biggest Billy.

They were going across the river.

They were going to eat grass  
and grow fat.

Little Billy went first.



“Trip-trip, trip-trip,” said the bridge.

A giant under the bridge said,

“WHO IS TRIPPING ON MY BRIDGE?”

“I am,” said Little Billy.

“WHERE ARE YOU GOING?”

“I am going to eat grass  
and grow fat,” said Little Billy.



“I WILL EAT YOU,” said the Giant.

“O no,” said Little Billy. “Eat Big Billy. He will come soon.”

“THEN BE OFF,” said the Giant.

Big Billy came next.

“Trip-trap, trip-trap,” said the bridge.

“WHO IS TRIP-TRAPPING ON MY BRIDGE?”  
said the Giant.

“I am,” said Big Billy.

“WHERE ARE YOU GOING?”

“I am going to eat grass  
and grow fat.”

“I WILL EAT YOU.”

“O no, eat Biggest Billy,” said Big  
Billy. “He is coming next.”

“THEN BE OFF,” said the Giant.

Then Biggest Billy came.

“Trap-trap, trap-trap,” said the bridge.

“WHO IS TRAP-TRAPPING ON MY BRIDGE?”

“*I am!*” said Biggest Billy.

“WHERE ARE YOU GOING?”

“*I am going to eat grass  
and grow fat!*”

“I WILL EAT YOU.”

“*Come and eat me, then!*”

So the Giant ran out.



Biggest Billy pushed him into the river.  
The three goats Billy went  
across the river.  
They ate grass and grew fat.



## The Turnip

Once upon a time there lived  
an old man and  
an old woman.

They had a nice garden.

The old man planted a turnip.

It grew and grew until it was time  
to pull the turnip out.

The old man went into the garden,  
and gave the turnip a pull  
But it would not come.  
He gave it another pull,  
a great big pull.  
But the turnip would not come  
out of the ground.

Then the old man called the old  
woman, and said,  
“Come and hold on to me,  
and help me to pull out  
the turnip.”

The old woman came.  
The old man tugged at the turnip.  
The old woman tugged at the old man.  
And they pulled and they tugged.  
And they tugged and they pulled.



But the turnip would not come  
out of the ground.

Then the old woman called a little girl.  
And the old man tugged at the turnip.  
The old woman tugged at the old man.  
The little girl tugged at the old woman.  
And they pulled and they tugged.  
And they tugged and they pulled.





But the turnip would not come  
out of the ground.

Then the little girl called a dog.  
And the old man tugged at the turnip.  
The old woman tugged at the old man.  
The little girl tugged at the old woman.  
The dog tugged at the little girl.  
And they pulled and they tugged.  
And they tugged and they pulled.

But the turnip would not come  
out of the ground.

Then the dog called a cat.  
And the old man tugged at the turnip.  
And the old woman tugged  
at the old man.

The little girl tugged at the old woman.  
The dog tugged at the little girl.  
The cat tugged at the little dog.  
And they pulled and they tugged.  
And they tugged and they pulled.  
But the turnip would not come  
out of the ground.

Then the cat called a mouse.  
And the man tugged at the turnip.  
And the old woman tugged  
at the old man.

The little girl tugged at the old woman.  
The dog tugged at the little girl.  
The cat tugged at the dog.  
And the mouse tugged at the cat.  
And they all stood in line,  
and gave one great big pull,  
and out came the turnip.

*Russian Folk Tale.*





## Baa, Baa, Black Sheep

Baa, baa, black sheep,  
Have you any wool?  
Yes, sir, I have  
Three bags full.  
One for my master,  
One for my dame,  
But none for the little boy  
Who cries in the lane.

## Rock-a-bye

Rock-a-bye, baby,  
On the tree top.  
When the wind blows,  
The cradle will rock.  
When the bough breaks,  
The cradle will fall;  
And down will come baby,  
Cradle, and all.

The musical score is written on three staves in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The first staff begins with a piano (*p*) and slowly (*Slowly*) marking. The second staff includes *cresc.* and *dim.* markings. The third staff includes *cresc.* and *rit.* markings. The lyrics are placed below the notes on each staff.

*p* *Slowly*  
Rock - a - bye, ba - by, On the tree top.

*cresc.* *dim.*  
When the wind blows, The cra-dle will rock. When the bough breaks, The

*cresc.* *rit.*  
cra-dle will fall; And down will come ba-by, Cra-dle, and all.

## The Crooked Man

There was a crooked man,  
And he went a crooked mile,  
He found a crooked sixpence  
Upon a crooked stile;  
He bought a crooked cat,  
Which caught a crooked mouse,  
And they all lived together  
In a little crooked house.

*mf Allegretto moderato*

The musical score is written on a single treble clef staff in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of four lines of music. The first line begins with the tempo and dynamic marking 'mf Allegretto moderato'. The second line includes the dynamic marking 'cres.' (crescendo). The third line includes the dynamic marking 'f' (forte). The fourth line includes the dynamic marking 'dim.' (diminuendo). The lyrics are printed below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

There was a crook-ed man, And he went a crook-ed mile, He  
found a crook-ed six - pence Up - on a crook-ed stile; He  
bought a crook-ed cat, Which caught a crook-ed mouse, And they  
all lived to - geth - er In a lit - tle crook - ed house.



## Humpty Dumpty

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,  
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;  
All the king's horses and all the king's  
men  
Cannot put Humpty Dumpty together  
again.





## The Old Woman and the Pig

An old woman was sweeping.

She found a new sixpence.

She was glad, and she said,

“I will buy a pig.”

So she went out to market,

and she bought a pig.

But the pig would not go home.

He would not get over the stile.

So the old woman went to a dog.

She said,

“Dog, dog, bite pig.

Pig will not get over the stile.

And I shall not get home to-night.”

But the dog said, “No, I won’t.”

So the old woman went to a stick.

She said,

“Stick, stick, beat dog.

Dog will not bite pig.

Pig will not get over the stile.

And I shall not get home to-night.”

But the stick said,

“I won’t.”

So she went to the fire, and said,

“Fire, fire, burn stick.

Stick will not beat dog.

Dog will not bite pig.

Pig will not get over the stile.

And I shall not get home to-night.”

“I will not,” said the fire.

So the old woman went on.

She went to some water.

She said,



“Water, water, put out fire.

Fire will not burn stick.

Stick will not beat dog.

Dog will not bite pig.

Pig will not get over the stile.

And I shall not get home to-night.”

“I will not do it,” said the water.

So the little old woman walked on.



She saw an ox, and she said,  
“Ox, ox, drink water.  
Water will not put out fire.  
Fire will not burn stick.  
Stick will not beat dog.  
Dog will not bite pig.  
Pig will not get over the stile.  
And I shall not get home to-night.”  
“I will not,” said the ox.

And the old woman walked on.  
By and by she met the butcher.  
She said,

“Butcher, butcher, kill ox.  
Ox will not drink water.  
Water will not put out fire.  
Fire will not burn stick.  
Stick will not beat dog.  
Dog will not bite pig.  
Pig will not get over the stile.  
And I shall not get home to-night.”



But the butcher said,

“I will not do it.”

So the little old woman had to go on.

By and by she saw a rope.

She said,

“Rope, rope, hang butcher.

Butcher will not kill ox.

Ox will not drink water.

Water will not put out fire.

Fire will not burn stick.

Stick will not beat dog.

Dog will not bite pig.

Pig will not get over the stile.

And I shall not get home to-night.”

“No, I will not,” said the rope.

Then the old woman went to the rat.



She said,

“Rat, rat, gnaw rope.

Rope will not hang butcher.

Butcher will not kill ox.

Ox will not drink water.

Water will not put out fire.

Fire will not burn stick.

Stick will not beat dog.

Dog will not bite pig.



Pig will not get over the stile.  
And I shall not get home to-night.”  
But the rat said, “No, I will not,”  
and ran away.

Then on walked the old woman.  
By and by she saw a cat.  
“O cat, cat,” she said, “kill rat.  
Rat will not gnaw rope.



Rope will not hang butcher.

Butcher will not kill ox.

Ox will not drink water.

Water will not put out fire.

Fire will not burn stick.

Stick will not beat dog.

Dog will not bite pig.

Pig will not get over the stile.

And I shall not get home to-night."

The cat said,

"Give me some milk."

So the old woman went to the cow.

"Please, cow," she said, "give me  
some milk for the cat."

The cow said,

"Give me some hay, and I will."

So away went the old woman to the  
haycock.

She said, "Please give me some hay  
for the cow."

"Here it is," said the haycock.

The old woman took it to the cow.

The cow gave her some milk.

She took it to the cat.

The cat drank it.

Then the cat began to kill the rat.

The rat began to gnaw the rope.

The rope began to hang the butcher.

The butcher began to kill the ox.

The ox began to drink the water.

The water began to put out the fire.

The fire began to burn the stick.

The stick began to beat the dog.  
The dog began to bite the pig.  
The pig jumped over the stile,  
and went along  
with the old woman.  
And they both got home that night.





## The Little Ant

There was once a little ant  
that was going to Jerusalem.  
She met the snow.  
The snow cracked the paw  
of the little ant  
that was going to Jerusalem.

“O snow, how strong you are  
to crack the paw of the little ant  
that is going to Jerusalem!”

And the snow spoke and said,  
“The sun that melts me  
is stronger than I am.”

“O sun, how strong you are,  
to melt the snow,  
that cracks the paw  
of the little ant  
that is going to Jerusalem!”

And the sun spoke and said,  
“The cloud that hides me  
is stronger than I am.”

“O cloud, how strong you are,  
to hide the sun,

that melts the snow,  
that cracks the paw  
of the little ant  
that is going to Jerusalem!"

And the cloud said,

"The wind that drives me away  
is stronger than I am."

"O wind, how strong you are,  
to drive away the cloud,  
that hides the sun,  
that melts the snow,  
that cracks the paw  
of the little ant  
that is going to Jerusalem!"

And the wind said,

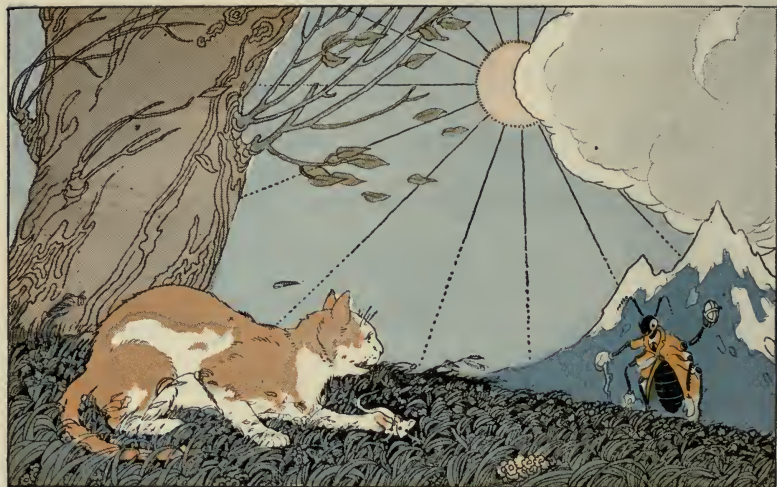
"The mountain that stops me  
is stronger than I am."

“O mountain, how strong you are  
to stop the wind,  
that drives away the cloud,  
that hides the sun,  
that melts the snow,  
that cracks the paw  
of the little ant  
that is going to Jerusalem!”

And the mountain said,

“The mouse that bores through me  
is stronger than I am.”

“O mouse, how strong you are,  
to bore through the mountain,  
that stops the wind,  
that drives away the cloud,  
that hides the sun,  
that melts the snow,



that cracks the paw  
of the little ant  
that is going to Jerusalem!”

And the mouse said,

“The cat that eats me  
is stronger than I am.”

“O cat, how strong you are,  
to eat the mouse,  
that bores through the mountain,



that stops the wind,  
that drives away the cloud,  
that hides the sun,  
that melts the snow,  
that cracks the paw  
of the little ant  
that is going to Jerusalem!"

And the cat said,

"The dog that chases me  
is stronger than I am."

"O dog, how strong you are,  
to chase the cat,  
that eats the mouse,  
that bores through the mountain,  
that stops the wind,  
that drives away the cloud,  
that hides the sun,

that melts the snow,  
that cracks the paw  
of the little ant  
that is going to Jerusalem!"

And the dog said,

"The stick that beats me  
is stronger than I am."

"O stick, how strong you are,  
to beat the dog,  
that chases the cat,  
that eats the mouse,  
that bores through the mountain,  
that stops the wind,  
that drives away the cloud,  
that hides the sun,  
that melts the snow,  
that cracks the paw

of the little ant  
that is going to Jerusalem!"  
And the stick said,  
"The fire that burns me  
is stronger than I am."



"O fire, how strong you are,  
to burn the stick,  
that beats the dog,  
that chases the cat,

that eats the mouse,  
that bores through the mountain,  
that stops the wind,  
that drives away the cloud,  
that hides the sun,  
that melts the snow,  
that cracks the paw  
of the little ant  
that is going to Jerusalem!"

And the fire said,

"The water that puts me out  
is stronger than I am."

"O water, how strong you are,  
to put out the fire,  
that burns the stick,  
that beats the dog,  
that chases the cat,

that eats the mouse,  
that bores through the mountain,  
that stops the wind,  
that drives away the cloud,  
that hides the sun,  
that melts the snow,  
that cracks the paw  
of the little ant  
that is going to Jerusalem!"

And the water said,

"The cow that drinks me  
is stronger than I am."

"O cow, how strong you are,  
to drink the water,  
that puts out the fire,  
that burns the stick,  
that beats the dog,



that chases the cat,  
that eats the mouse,  
that bores through the mountain,  
that stops the wind,  
that drives away the cloud,  
that hides the sun,  
that melts the snow,  
that cracks the paw

of the little ant  
that is going to Jerusalem!"

And the cow said,

"The man that kills me  
is stronger than I am."

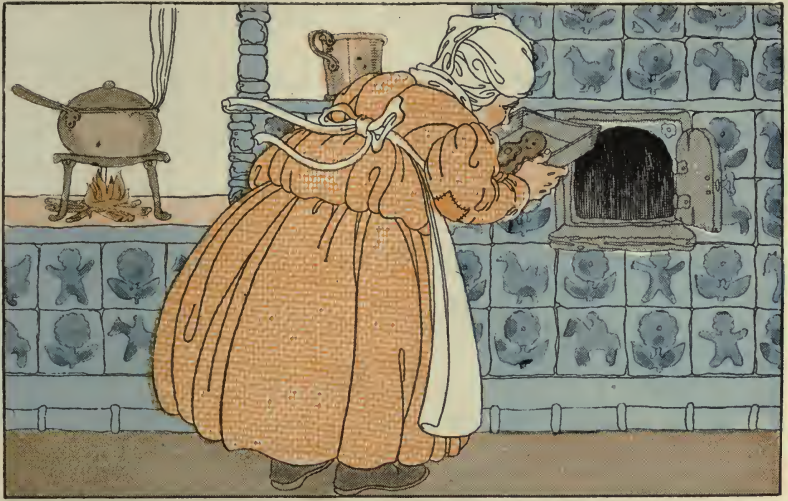
"O man, how strong you are,  
to kill the cow,  
that drinks the water,  
that puts out the fire,  
that burns the stick,  
that beats the dog,  
that chases the cat,  
that eats the mouse,  
that bores through the mountain,  
that stops the wind,  
that drives away the cloud,  
that hides the sun,

that melts the snow,  
that cracks the paw  
of the little ant  
that is going to Jerusalem!”

CARY: *Fairy Legends.*







## The Gingerbread Boy

One day an old woman was making  
gingerbread cookies.

Her little boy was looking on.

She made a Gingerbread Boy for him.

She put sugar on the head for hair.

She put in two raisins for eyes.

Then she went out to call

the old man to his dinner.

She said to her little boy,  
“Stay here and watch the oven.  
See that the cookies do not burn.  
And watch the Gingerbread Boy.  
We do not know what he may do.”

Well, the boy watched the oven  
for a time ;  
but, by and by, he went out  
to get a drink of water.

As soon as he was out of the door,  
the Gingerbread Boy  
hopped out of the pan,  
jumped out of the oven,  
and was down on the floor.

The boy heard him and ran back  
as fast as he could.

He tried to shut the door.

But he was not in time.



In a minute the Gingerbread Boy  
was through the door  
and out in the yard.

He ran through the yard.  
He ran out into the road,  
and he kept running  
as fast as he could go.

The boy ran after him.

He called to his mother.

The old woman saw what had happened,  
and she ran too.

The old man saw them, and he  
ran as fast as he could.

But they could not run fast enough.

They could not catch the Gingerbread  
Boy.

So they walked back home.

The Gingerbread Boy ran on and on.

He felt happy, and he liked to run.

He was pleased with himself.

By and by he came to two farmers.

“Wait a minute,” they cried.

“You look good enough to eat.

Come here, and we will eat you.”

But the Gingerbread Boy did not stop.

He ran on and called out:



“I’ve outrun a woman,  
A boy, and a man.  
I can outrun you, too.  
I’m sure that I can.”

Down the road he ran.

The farmers ran behind him  
as fast as they could.

But they could not catch him.  
So they walked back home.

The Gingerbread Boy ran on and on.  
He came to two puppies by the road.  
First they saw him,

and then they smelled him.

He smelled good enough to eat.

“Wait a minute,” they said.

“You smell good enough to eat.

Wait, so that we can eat you.”

But the Gingerbread Boy ran on.

He called back:

“I’ve outrun two farmers,

As fast as they ran,

A little old woman,

A boy and a man.

I can outrun you, too.

I’m sure that I can.”

Down the road ran the Gingerbread  
Boy.



The puppies ran after him.  
They ran as fast as they could.  
They ran until their legs were tired.  
But they could not run fast enough  
to catch the Gingerbread Boy.  
So they walked back home.

The Gingerbread Boy ran on and on.  
By and by he came to a fox.  
The fox was lying close by the road.



He did not move.

He called to the Gingerbread Boy,

“Good morning.

You seem to be in a hurry.

Where are you going so fast?”



The Gingerbread Boy stopped a minute.  
He wanted to hear what the fox said.

“You are a fine boy,” said the fox.

“Where are you going so fast?”

Then the Gingerbread Boy said:

“I’ve outrun the puppies,

And farmers who ran.

A little old woman,

A boy and a man.

I can outrun you, too.

I’m sure that I can.”

“Oh,” said the fox, “I see.

It’s those fine legs of yours.

I think I never saw such fine legs.

Please come close to me.

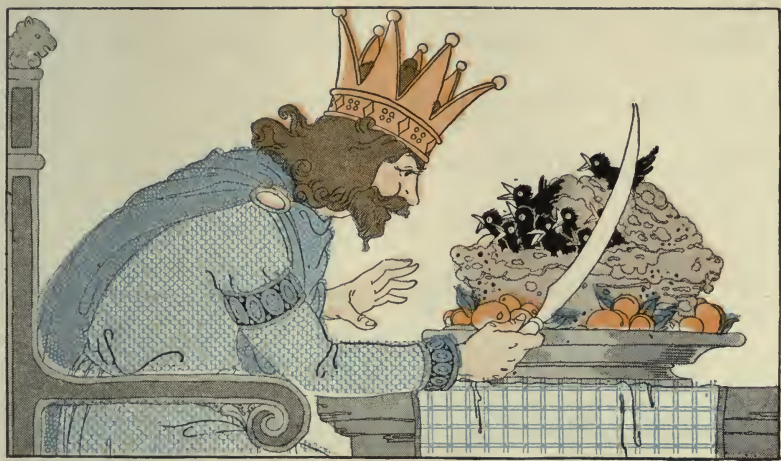
Don’t be in such a hurry.”

No one had ever been so kind

to the Gingerbread Boy before.

So he came nearer and nearer.  
Soon he was close to the fox.  
Then the fox gave one jump,  
and one bite with his teeth.  
That was the end  
of the Gingerbread Boy.





## Sing a Song of Sixpence

Sing a song of sixpence,  
A pocket full of rye;  
Four and twenty blackbirds  
Baked in a pie;

When the pie was opened  
The birds began to sing;  
Was not that a dainty dish  
To set before a king?

The king was in his counting-house,  
Counting out his money,  
The queen was in the parlor,  
Eating bread and honey.

The maid was in the garden,  
Hanging out the clothes,  
There came a little blackbird,  
And nipped her on the nose.





## A Star

I have a little sister ;  
They call her Peep, Peep.  
She wades in the water  
Deep, deep, deep ;  
She climbs the mountains,  
High, high, high —  
Poor little sister !  
She has but one eye.



## The Timid Hare

Once upon a time

there was a timid hare.

All hares are timid; but this one

was more timid than all the others.

She always thought some terrible thing

was going to happen.

She thought the earth might burn up,

or fall to pieces, and she would say,

“If the earth were to fall in,

what should I do?”

At last she began to believe  
that this was going to happen.

One day when she was alone she heard  
a little noise.

It was only a heavy nut falling.

But she became much frightened.

“Now,” she said, “the earth is falling in.”

She was frightened almost to death.

She began to run as fast as she could.

By and by she met another hare, and said,

“The earth is falling in!”

“Where?” said the other hare.

“I don’t know,” she said; “but the earth  
is falling in.”

And off she ran.

Then the other hare also became so  
frightened that he began to run.

He told the story to his brother.  
That brother told the story  
to all the family.  
They told it to other hares.  
At last all the hares in the forest  
were frightened and running about.  
All of them were saying,  
“The earth is falling in!”  
Now the bigger animals heard it,  
and began to be afraid.  
The sheep told one another.  
The elephants told one another.  
The tigers also told one another.





They ran about saying,  
to everyone who passed,  
“The earth is falling in!”

But the lion said,  
“I don't believe it.”

He asked the elephant,  
“How do you know?”

The elephant answered,  
“A tiger told me.”

He asked the tiger,  
“How do you know?”

The tiger answered,  
“A sheep told me.”

He asked the sheep,  
“How do you know?”

The sheep answered,  
“A hare told me.”

He asked a hare, "Who told you?"  
"One of my brothers," said the hare.  
"All the family know it."

By and by the lion found the little hare  
that began it all.

The lion said, "Why did you say  
the earth is falling in?"

"I saw it," said the little hare.

"Come and show me," said the lion.

Now the little hare was afraid to go.  
But she was more afraid of the lion.

So she went.

"Here it is," she said.

"But I see nothing," said the lion.

"O yes," he said, "I do see.

This big nut made the noise.

The earth is *not* falling in.

Now go and tell every other animal.”  
So the little hare went, and called out,  
“The earth is *not* falling in!”

One by one all the other animals  
called to one another,

“The earth is not falling in.”

And the little hare was so tired  
that she lay down and slept  
for twelve hours.

*Hindu Tale.*



## Number Song

One, two, buckle my shoe.  
Three, four, shut the door.  
Five, six, pick up sticks.  
Seven, eight, lay them straight.  
Nine, ten, a good fat hen.

## A Song for Five Toes

This little pig went to market.  
This little pig stayed at home.  
This little pig had roast beef.  
This little pig had none.  
This little pig cried, "Wee, wee!"  
all the way home.

## Foot Soldiers

'Tis all the way to Toe town,  
Beyond the Knee high hill,  
That Baby has to travel down  
To see the soldiers drill.

One, two, three, four, five, a-row —  
A captain and his men —  
And on the other side, you know,  
Are six, seven, eight, nine, ten.

JOHN B. TABB.





## Titty Mouse and Tatty Mouse

Titty Mouse lived in a house.  
Tatty Mouse also lived in a house.  
So they both lived in a house.  
Titty Mouse went stealing.  
Tatty Mouse also went stealing.  
So they both went stealing.

Titty Mouse stole an ear of corn.

Tatty Mouse stole an ear of corn.

So they both stole an ear of corn.

Titty Mouse made a pudding.

Tatty Mouse made a pudding.

So they both made a pudding.

Titty Mouse put her pudding on the fire.

She upset the pudding

and burned herself to death.

Then Tatty Mouse sat down and wept.

Now there was a little chair near by.

And the chair asked,

“Tatty, what is the matter?

Why do you weep?”

“Oh,” Tatty answered, “Titty is dead,  
and so I weep.”

“Then,” said the little chair, “I’ll hop.”

So the chair hopped.

Now there was a broom  
in the corner of the room.

The broom said,

“Little chair, what is the matter?  
Why do you hop?”

“Oh,” said the chair, “Titty is dead,  
and Tatty weeps, and so I hop.”

“Then,” said the broom, “I’ll sweep.”

So the broom swept.

The door saw the broom sweep.

So the door asked,

“Broom, why do you sweep?”

“Oh,” answered the broom,

“Titty is dead, and Tatty weeps,  
and the chair hops,  
and so I sweep.”

“Then,” said the door, “I’ll shut.”

So the door shut.





The window heard the door shut.

So the window said,

“Door, why do you shut?”

“Oh,” said the door, “Titty is dead,  
and Tatty weeps,  
and the chair hops,  
and the broom sweeps,  
and so I shut.”

“Then,” said the window, “I’ll creak.”

So the window creaked.

Now there was an old bench  
outside the house.

The old bench said,

“Window, why do you creak?”

The window said,

“Oh, Titty is dead, and Tatty weeps,  
and the chair hops,  
and the broom sweeps,  
and the door shuts,  
and so I creak.”

“Then,” said the bench, “I’ll run  
around the house.”

So the old bench ran  
around the house.

Now there was a little robin  
sitting in a tree near the house.

When he saw the bench running  
around the house, he said,

“Bench, why do you run  
around the house?”

The old bench stopped  
a minute and said,

“Oh, Titty is dead, and Tatty weeps,  
and the chair hops,  
and the broom sweeps,  
and the door shuts,  
and the window creaks,  
and so I run around the house.”

“Then,” said the robin, “I’ll lose all  
my feathers.”

So the robin lost his pretty feathers.

The tree saw the robin  
losing its feathers.

So the tree said,

“Robin, why do you lose all  
your pretty feathers?”

And the robin said,

“Oh, Titty is dead, and Tatty weeps,  
and the chair hops,  
and the broom sweeps,  
and the door shuts,  
and the window creaks,  
and the old bench runs around  
the house,  
and so I lose all  
my pretty feathers.”

“Then,” said the tree,  
“I’ll shed my leaves.”

So the tree shed all its  
beautiful green leaves.

Just then a little girl came by  
with a pitcher of milk  
for her supper.



And she said,

“Tree, why do you shed all your  
beautiful green leaves?”

The tree said,

“Oh, Titty is dead, and Tatty weeps,  
and the chair hops,  
and the broom sweeps,  
and the door shuts,

and the window creaks,  
and the old bench runs  
around the house,  
and the little bird loses all  
its pretty feathers,  
and so I shed my leaves.”

“Then,” said the little girl,  
“I’ll spill my milk.”

So she dropped the pitcher,  
and spilt all her milk.

Now there was an old man  
on a ladder,  
picking apples from a tree.

And he said,

“Little girl, why did you  
spill your milk?”

The little girl said,

“Oh, Titty is dead, and Tatty weeps,  
and the chair hops,  
and the broom sweeps,  
and the door shuts,  
and the window creaks,  
and the old bench runs  
around the house,  
and the little bird loses all  
its pretty feathers,  
and the tree sheds all  
its beautiful green leaves,  
and so I spill my milk.”

“Then,” said the old man,  
“I’ll fall off the ladder  
and break my neck.”

So he fell off the ladder  
and broke his neck.

The ladder fell against the house,

and over the old bench,  
and upset the door,  
and broke the window.

The house fell down on top of  
the chair and the broom  
and poor Tatty Mouse.

*Old English Folk Tale.*







## Blow, Wind, Blow

Blow, wind, blow!

and go, mill, go!

That the miller may  
grind his corn;

That the baker may take it,  
And into rolls make it,  
And send them in hot  
in the morn.



**Where Are You Going, My Little Cat ?**

“Where are you going, my little cat ?”

“I am going to town to get me a hat.”

“What! A hat for a cat!

A cat get a hat!

Who ever saw a cat with a hat ?”

“Where are you going, my little  
kittens?”

“We are going to town to get us  
some mittens.”

“What! Mittens for kittens!

Do kittens wear mittens?

Who ever saw little kittens with  
mittens?”

“Where are you going, my little pig?”

“I am going to town to get me a wig.”

“What! A wig for a pig!

A pig in a wig!

Who ever yet saw a pig in a wig?”

ELIZA LEE FOLLEN.

## Ding, Dong, Bell

Ding, dong, bell.

Pussy's in the well.

Who put her in?

Little Johnny Green.

Who pulled her out?

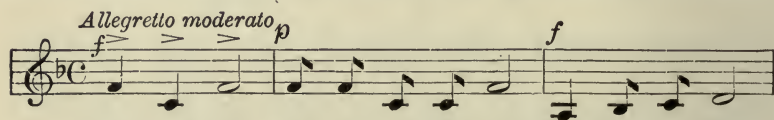
Little Johnny Stout.

What a naughty boy was that,

To try to drown poor pussy-cat,

Who never did him any harm

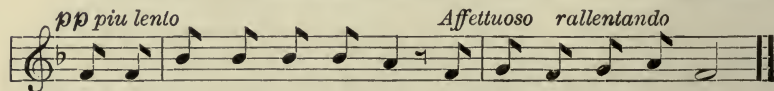
But killed the mice in father's barn.



Ding, dong, bell, Pus - sy's in the well. Who put her in?



Lit - tle John - ny Green. Who pull'd her out? Lit - tle John - ny Stout.



What a naugh - ty boy was that, To drown poor Pus - sy - Cat.

## Little Jack Horner

LITTLE Jack Horner

Sat in a corner

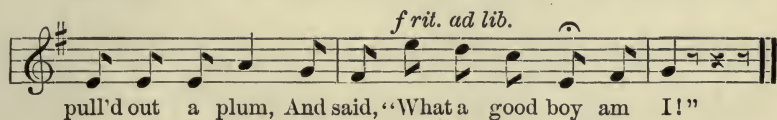
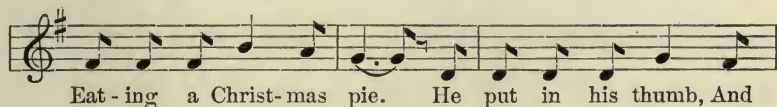
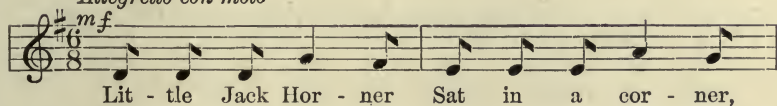
Eating a Christmas pie.

He put in his thumb

And pulled out a plum,

And said, "What a good boy am I!"

*Allegretto con moto*





## A Riddle

As I was going to St. Ives,  
I met a man with seven wives;  
Each wife had seven sacks,  
Each sack had seven cats,  
Each cat had seven kits;  
Kits, cats, sacks, and wives,  
How many were going to St. Ives?



## The Mulberry Bush

Here we go round the mulberry bush,  
The mulberry bush,  
The mulberry bush.

Here we go round the mulberry bush,  
So early in the morning.

This is the way we wash our clothes,  
Wash our clothes,  
Wash our clothes.

This is the way we wash our clothes,  
So early Monday morning.



This is the way we iron our clothes  
Iron our clothes,  
Iron our clothes.

This is the way we iron our clothes,  
So early Tuesday morning.

This is the way we scrub the floor,  
Scrub the floor,  
Scrub the floor.

This is the way we scrub the floor,  
So early Wednesday morning.





This is the way we mend our clothes,  
Mend our clothes,  
Mend our clothes.

This is the way we mend our clothes,  
So early Thursday morning.

This is the way we sweep the house,  
Sweep the house,  
Sweep the house.

This is the way we sweep the house,  
So early Friday morning.

This is the way we bake our bread,  
Bake our bread,  
Bake our bread.

This is the way we bake our bread,  
So early Saturday morning.

This is the way we go to church,  
Go to church,  
Go to church.

This is the way we go to church  
So early Sunday morning.





## Birthdays

Monday's child is fair of face,  
Tuesday's child is full of grace,  
Wednesday's child is full of woe,  
Thursday's child has far to go,  
Friday's child is loving and giving,  
Saturday's child works hard for its  
living,  
And a child that is born on the Sab-  
bath day  
Is fair and wise and good and gay.



## Simple Simon

Simple Simon met a pieman,  
Going to the fair;  
Said Simple Simon to the pieman,  
“Let me taste your ware.”

The pieman said to Simple Simon,  
"Show me first your penny."  
Said Simple Simon to the pieman,  
"Indeed I have not any."

Simple Simon went a fishing,  
For to catch a whale;  
All the water that he had  
Was in his mother's pail.

He went to catch a dicky bird,  
And thought he could not fail,  
Because he had a little salt  
To put upon its tail.



## The Brave Blackbird

Many years ago, Mr. Blackbird and  
his wife sat on a high tree top.  
They were swinging up and down,  
and Mr. Blackbird was singing.  
Mrs. Blackbird was listening.  
Down under the tree  
a man was listening, too.

“Look!” said the man.

“That is Blackbird who is singing.

The King wants him caged  
to sing in the palace.

I will set a trap for him  
under the tree.”

So Mr. Man set a trap for Blackbird.

He caught Mrs. Blackbird,

but he didn't know the difference.

So he carried Mrs. Blackbird off  
to the palace.

There the King put her in a cage  
and hung it in the parlor.

Mr. Blackbird was in a great rage.

He found a sword and a drum  
and ran down the street,  
crying, “War, war, war!”

As he ran he met a cat.



“Where are you going?” asked she.

“To fight the King,” cried Blackbird.

“He has my wife caged  
and hung in his parlor,  
and I am going to find her.”

“I will go, too,” said the cat,

“for the King drowned my kitten.”

“Then jump into my ear,”  
said Blackbird.



So the cat jumped into his ear  
and went to sleep.

On ran Mr. Blackbird,  
crying, "War, war, war!"

Soon he met some ants.

"Where are you going, Mr. Black-  
bird?" cried they.

"To fight the King," said Blackbird.

"He has my wife caged  
and hung in his parlor."

"Let us go, too," said the ants.

"The King had hot water poured  
into our holes.

We will fight him, too."

"Jump into my ear," said Blackbird.

So in jumped the ants,  
and on ran Blackbird,

crying, "War, war, war!"

Soon he met a rope and a club.

“Where are you going, Mr. Blackbird?” called they.

“Off to the palace to fight the King,”  
cried Blackbird.

“He has caged my wife.

I am going to set her free.

The cat and the ants are going  
to help me.”

“Wait for us,” cried the rope  
and the club.

“We will go, too, and help you to  
fight.”

“Then hurry and jump into my ear,”  
said Blackbird.

In jumped the rope and the club,  
and on ran Blackbird,  
crying “War, war, war!”

Near the King's palace was a river,  
and as Blackbird was crossing,  
he heard it say,

“Where are you going so fast, Mr.  
Blackbird?”

Blackbird answered:

“To the palace to fight the King.

He has my wife caged  
and hung in his parlor.

I am going to set her free.”

“Wait for me,” cried the river,

“I will go with you.”

“Then make yourself small and pour  
into my ear,” said Blackbird.

The large river made itself  
into a little stream

and poured into Blackbird's ear.

Then Blackbird marched to the palace.



Blackbird knocked on the door  
with a thump, thump, thump.  
“Who’s there?” called the door-keeper.  
“It is I, General Blackbird.  
I’ve come to find my wife!”  
“Ha, ha,” laughed the door-keeper.  
“You can’t come in.”  
“Then I will fight!” cried Blackbird;  
and he beat his drum loud and long.

Just then the King looked out  
of the window above.

“What do you want?” said the King.

“I want my wife,” said Blackbird.

“You shan’t have her!” said the King.

“Then we will fight,” said Blackbird.

Now this made the King angry.

He called to his men,

“Take this bad bird

and put him in the hen-house.

Let the hens peck him to death.”

So the men locked Blackbird  
in the hen-house.

But when the hens were asleep,

Mr. Blackbird sang:

“Come out, Pussy, from my ear,  
There are hens in plenty here.

Scratch them, make their feathers fly,  
Twist their necks until they die."

So out came pussy.

And then how the feathers flew!

She scratched every hen as dead  
as a stone.

In the morning the King said:

"Ho, men! Bring in Mr. Dead Black-  
bird."

When the men went to the hen-house,  
there sat Blackbird singing sweetly.

And all about him lay the dead hens.

Of course the King was very angry.

"Put this fellow with the wild horses  
to-night," said he.

"They will soon kill him."

So at night Blackbird was shut  
in the stable.

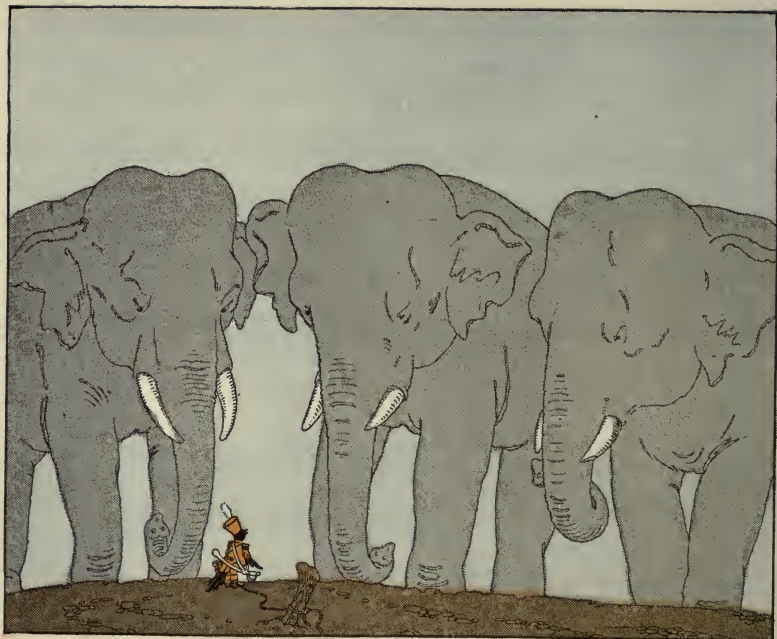
But when all was still, he whispered:  
“Come out, Rope, and come out, Stick,  
Tie the horses, tie them quick;  
Beat the horses on the head,  
Beat them till they fall down dead.”

Then the rope and the club came out.  
The rope tied the horses,  
and the club beat them  
until every horse was killed.

Next morning the King felt very grand.  
He sat high on his throne and said,  
“Ho, men! Get me the pieces  
of Mr. Blackbird.”

So off ran the men to the stable.  
But out in the stable Blackbird  
was singing merrily.

And all the wild horses were as dead  
as stones.



You may guess how angry the King was!

“All right,” said he. “Tie this fellow with the elephants to-night. They will soon finish him.”

So at night Blackbird was tied with the elephants.



But when all was still, he whispered :

“Come out from my ear, you Ants,  
Come and sting the elephants;  
Sting each trunk, and sting each head,  
Sting them till they fall down dead.”

Then the ants came hurrying out.

They bit and stung the elephants  
until every one was dead.

In the morning the King said again,  
“Ho, there, bring in the pieces  
of Mr. Blackbird.”

But down in the elephants' house  
Blackbird was singing away  
and singing away.

And all the elephants were dead.

Then the King was wild with rage.

“To-night I will have this bad bird  
in my own room,” said he.

So they put Blackbird in the King's  
room, and they thought  
he would surely die of fear  
before morning.

But in the middle of the night  
the King heard Blackbird say  
“Come out, River, from my ear,  
Flow about the bedroom here;  
Pour yourself upon the bed,  
Drown the King till he is dead.”

At once the river came pour, pour,  
pouring from Blackbird's ear.

It almost filled the room,  
and the King began to get wet.

“Ho, General Blackbird,” he called,  
“take your wife and go home!”

So Blackbird got his wife from the cage  
in the parlor.

Then he and she and the cat  
and the ants and the club  
and the rope and the river  
all went home.

And the King never troubled them  
any more.

WILLIAM CANTON: *True Annals of Fairy Land.*





## There Was a Little Girl

There was a little girl,  
And she had a little curl,  
Right down the middle of her fore-  
head.

When she was good,  
She was very, very good,  
But when she was bad she was  
horrid.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.



## The Broken Doll

All the bells were ringing,  
All the birds were singing,  
When Molly sat down crying  
    For her broken doll.

O you silly Moll!  
Sobbing and sighing  
    For a broken doll,  
When all the bells are ringing,  
And all the birds are singing.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.



## **Eyvind and His Goat**

Eyvind was a happy little boy.  
He lived in a small house in Norway.  
He had a little white goat that lived  
on the roof of the house.  
He played with the goat, and gave it  
grass and leaves to eat.

One day the goat jumped from the roof,  
and ran up the hill  
behind the house.

Eyvind called, "Goatie, Goatie, come  
down."

But the goat only said, "Ba-a-a,  
ba-a-a!" and would not come down.

Eyvind sat down and cried.

When he looked up again, he saw  
a little girl playing with the goat.  
"Is this your goat?" called the little  
girl.

"Yes," said Eyvind, "he ran away."

"Wait a bit," said the little girl,  
"I'll lead him down to you."

She put her arm around the goat's  
neck, and led him down the hill.



“Here he is,” she said.

“What is your name?” said Eyvind.

“My name is Marit,” said the girl.

“I live at the big farm over there.  
I like your goat.

Will you give him to me?”

“No, I won’t; he is my pet,” said  
Eyvind.



“If I give you a butter cake,  
may I have him then?” said  
Marit.

Now Eyvind had eaten butter cake  
only once in all his life,  
and he thought he had never  
eaten anything so good.

“Let me see the cake,” he said.

So she handed it to him,  
and he took a little piece.

It was so good that he took  
a little more, and then a little more.

Soon he had eaten it all.

“Now the goat is mine,” said Marit.

Then Eyvind saw what he had done.

He had sold his goat for a cake!

He could not bear to see it go.

“Can’t you wait a bit?” he said.



“No, the goat is mine,” said Marit,  
and she led it away  
towards the farm.

Eyvind looked as they went off.

The goat turned and said “Ba-a-a,  
ba-a-a!”

Poor Eyvind felt very sad.

He was left alone. He had no pet.

His mother came out of the house.

She saw him sitting and crying.

“What are you crying for?” she said.

“Oh, my goat, my goat!”

“Well, where is your goat?”

“He will never come back,” said

Eyvind.

“Has the fox taken him?” said his mother.

“No, I sold him for a butter cake.”

Then Eyvind told her all about it.

“What do you suppose the little goat thinks of you?” said his mother.

“You must learn to think what you are doing.”

Eyvind could not answer.

He only sat and cried.

By and by he fell asleep, and dreamed about the goat and the little girl.

“Ba-a-a,” said a voice in his ear.

He opened his eyes and sat up,  
and there was the goat.

He took hold of its two fore feet,  
and boy and goat danced for joy.

Then he saw Marit sitting on the grass.

“Oh, you have come too,” he said.

“Yes, Father sent the goat back to you.

He said I was wrong.

I came to tell you I am sorry.

I am glad you had the cake.

Now we can be good friends.

can we not?”

“Yes, indeed,” said Eyvind.

“We can play with our pet  
together.”

Adapted from BJÖRNSSON'S *A Happy Boy*.



## Why Cats Wash Their Faces after Eating

Once a cat caught a mouse.

The poor mouse was badly frightened.

He did not know what to do.

Then he had a very wise thought.

He said,

“I suppose you will eat me, Kitty.

But you must wash your face first.”

“Why?” said the cat.

“Because,” said the mouse, “all nice persons wash before eating.”

“I suppose that is so,” said Kitty.

“I should like to be a nice person, and I had better wash my face.”

So she began to wash her face, and forgot to hold the mouse.

Away he ran to his nest.

“Good-by, Kitty,” he cried.

“I am glad that you waited to wash your face.”

“Next time, I shall eat first and then wash,” said Kitty.

“I don’t care what people think.”

Ever since then, all cats eat first and then wash their faces.

Have you not seen your cat do it?



## Puss in Boots

A poor miller had three sons.  
When he died he left them all he had.  
To the oldest he left his mill.  
To the second he left his donkey.  
To the youngest he left his cat.

“What shall I do?” said the youngest.  
“My brothers can get on very well.

They have the mill and the donkey.  
But I have only the cat.

I wish I had silver and land.”

But the cat purred and said,

“Do not be sad, master.

We shall do very well.

Bring me a pair of boots to keep  
my feet from mud and briars,  
and get me a bag to carry.

Then we'll see what can be done  
to get silver and land.”

So he brought some fine large boots  
for his cat, and a green bag  
with a red string to it.

Then Puss took the bag and some apples,  
and marched out among the briars.

She put a red apple into the bag,  
and left it open on the ground.



Then she lay down and made believe  
that she was asleep.

Soon a young rabbit came to the place.  
He smelled the apple and looked  
into the bag.

Then he went in to get the apple.  
Puss pulled the string and shut the bag.  
She took the rabbit to the King  
of the country, and said,

“My master is Marquis of Carabas.  
He sends you this rabbit.”

The King took the rabbit, and said,  
“Tell your master I am much  
pleased.”

Then Puss went into a field of corn,  
and sat with the bag open.

Soon two young quails ran into it.  
Puss pulled the string and shut them in.



She took these to the King, and said,  
“My master, the Marquis of Carabas,  
sends you these quails.”

The King said, “Tell your master  
I am much pleased.”

Every day for a month or more

Puss took the King a present.  
And the King said every day,

“Tell your master I am much pleased  
to receive this present.”

One day Puss heard the King say  
he would go riding by the river.  
She told her master to go and swim  
in the river.

Soon the King rode by  
with a company of men.

Puss went to meet him along the bank  
of the river and called,

“Help! Help! my master will drown.”

The King sent his men to help.  
They drew the young man to the bank.

“This is the Marquis,” said Puss.

The King liked the young man.  
He thanked him for all the presents,  
and told his men to bring  
dry clothes for the Marquis.



Then the King asked the Marquis  
to ride in the coach

between himself and his daughter.  
Puss marched on before, in her boots.  
Soon she saw some men cutting grass.  
She spoke to them and said,

“Tell the King that this land belongs  
to the rich Marquis of Carabas.”

So when the King came near and asked,  
“Whose land is this?” they answered,  
“This is part of the land of the  
Marquis. He is very rich.”

Puss marched on before, in her boots.  
She came to some men cutting corn.  
She said to them,

“Tell the King that this land belongs  
to the rich Marquis of Carabas.”

So when the King came by, he said,  
“Whose land is this?”

They answered, “This is part of the land  
of the Marquis of Carabas.

He is very rich.”

Puss walked on before, in her boots.  
Soon she came to a giant's castle.

She stepped in. She saw the giant.

He was big and terrible.

She said,

“They say you can change yourself  
into a lion, or a mouse, or anything.  
Is it true? Can you show me?”



“Yes,” said the giant, “I can.”

Then he changed himself into a lion,  
and roared so loud that  
he almost broke the windows.

Puss was so frightened

that she ran clear up on the roof.

When she came down and peeped  
into the room, there sat the giant.

“That was wonderful,” said Puss.

“They say you can change yourself  
into little things

as small as a rat or a mouse.

Is it true? Can you show me?”

“Yes,” said the giant, “I can.”

Then he changed himself into a mouse.

What do you think Puss did?

Zip! She jumped on the mouse,  
and ate him up, just like that.

Then she went out to meet the King,  
and said,

“This, O King, is the castle  
of the rich Marquis of Carabas.”

The King was pleased with the castle  
and with the land  
and with the young marquis.

So he gave his daughter  
to the Marquis of Carabas.  
The King stayed on a whole week  
at the giant's castle.  
And Puss, and the master, and his wife,  
were happy there ever after.

Adapted from PERRAULT'S *Fairy Tales*.







## A Farmer Went Riding

A farmer went riding upon his gray  
mare,  
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!

With his daughter behind him, so rosy  
and fair,  
Lumpety, lumpety, lump!

A raven cried "Croak!" and they all  
tumbled down,  
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!  
The mare broke her knees and the  
farmer his crown,  
Lumpety, lumpety, lump!

### **Mary Had a Little Lamb**

Mary had a little lamb,  
Its fleece was white as snow;  
And everywhere that Mary went,  
The lamb was sure to go.

He followed her to school one day,  
Which was against the rule ;  
It made the children laugh and play,  
To see a lamb at school.

And so the teacher turned him out,  
But still he lingered near,  
And waited patiently about  
Till Mary did appear.

“ What makes the lamb love Mary so ? ”

The eager children cry ;

“ Why, Mary loves the lamb, you know, ”

The teacher did reply.

SARAH JOSEPHA HALE.

## Little Jack Frost

Little Jack Frost went up the hill,  
Watching the stars and moon so still,  
Watching the stars and moon so  
    bright,  
And laughing aloud with all his  
    might.

Little Jack Frost ran down the hill,  
Late in the night, when the winds were  
    still,  
Late in the fall, when the leaves fell  
    down,  
Red and yellow and faded brown.

Little Jack Frost walked through the  
    trees,  
“ Oh ! ” sighed the flowers, “ we freeze,  
    we freeze.”



“ Oh ! ” sighed the grasses, “ we die, we die.”

Said little Jack Frost, “ Good-by, good-by.”

But when the sun brought back the spring,

Brought back the birds to chirp and sing,

Melted the snow, and warmed the sky,

Then little Jack Frost went weeping by !

The flowers opened their eyes of blue,

Green buds peeped out and grasses

grew ;

It was so warm, and burned him so,

That little Jack Frost was glad to go.

## Christmas Bells

All the bells on earth shall ring  
On Christmas Day,  
On Christmas Day;

All the bells on earth shall ring  
On Christmas Day in the morning.

All the angels in heaven shall sing  
On Christmas Day,  
On Christmas Day;

All the angels in heaven shall sing  
On Christmas Day in the morning.

And everyone on earth shall sing  
On Christmas Day,  
On Christmas Day;

And everyone on earth shall sing  
On Christmas Day in the morning.

## WORD LIST

THIS Word List contains all the new words occurring in the First Reader except those which have been used in the Primer. Out of a total of over 8200 words in the First Reader, a few less than 600 are new. In the Primer and the First Reader 870 different words are used. Checked by E. L. Thorndike's *Teacher's Word Book*, 409 of these are from the 500 words occurring most frequently in reading matter in English; 170 are from the second 500 most commonly used words; 144 are from the second thousand most commonly used words. Less than fifty are outside the 5000 commonest words. These are mostly proper names, or phonic nonsense words such as hickory, dickory.

The words in the following list are arranged by pages and are marked according to the system in *The Teacher's Word Book*. Those from the 500-commonest words are marked *1a*; those from the second 500, *1b*; those from the second thousand are marked *2a*, *2b*; those from the third, fourth, and fifth thousands *3*, *4*, *5*. Other words are not marked. There are no new words on pages whose numbers are omitted.

	<b>7</b>							
blue	<i>1a</i>	hurt	<i>1b</i>	dish	<i>2a</i>		<b>14</b>	
horn	<i>2a</i>	harm	<i>2a</i>	spoon	<i>2b</i>	trip-trip		<i>1b</i>
sheep	<i>1b</i>	food	<i>1a</i>			bridge		<i>1b</i>
meadow	<i>2a</i>	because	<i>1a</i>			giant		<i>2a</i>
corn	<i>1a</i>							
who	<i>1a</i>	<b>9</b>		<b>12</b>				
hay-cock		have	<i>1a</i>	hickory			<b>15</b>	
(cock)	<i>2a</i>	I've	<i>3</i>	dickory		trip-trap		
fast	<i>1a</i>	London	<i>2a</i>	dock	<i>4a</i>	trapping		<i>2b</i>
wake	<i>1a</i>	queen	<i>1b</i>	clock	<i>1b</i>	are		<i>1a</i>
him	<i>1a</i>	frightened	<i>2b</i>	struck	<i>2b</i>	O		<i>1b</i>
be	<i>1a</i>					no		<i>1a</i>
sure	<i>1a</i>	<b>10</b>		<b>13</b>				
cry	<i>1b</i>	Hi		goats	<i>2a</i>		<b>17</b>	
		diddle		Billy	<i>3</i>	pushed		<i>2a</i>
		fiddle		going	<i>1a</i>			
		moon	<i>1b</i>	across	<i>1a</i>		<b>18</b>	
		dog	<i>1b</i>	river	<i>1a</i>	turnip		<i>5</i>
		laughed	<i>1a</i>	grass	<i>1b</i>	upon		<i>1a</i>
		such	<i>1a</i>	grow	<i>1a</i>	time		<i>1a</i>
		sport	<i>2a</i>	fat	<i>1b</i>	old		<i>1a</i>
				first	<i>1a</i>	woman		<i>1a</i>





move	<b>60</b>	1a	deep	1a	<b>70</b>	1a	<b>75</b>	3
only		1a	poor	1a	asked	1a	stole	1a
seem		1a			answered	1a	ear	3
hurry		1b	<b>66</b>	4	why	1a	pudding	1b
			timid	3	show	1a	herself	3
			hare	1a	nothing	1a	wept	2a
			more	1a			weep	1a
fine	<b>61</b>	1a	than	1a	<b>71</b>	1a	<b>76</b>	3
Oh		1b	always	1a	every	3	broom	1b
those		1a	thought	1a	slept	1b	corner	1a
think		1a	terrible	2a	twelve	1a	room	3
never		1a	thing	1a	hours		swept	3
kind		1a	earth	1a	<b>72</b>			
			might	1a	number	1a		
	<b>62</b>		should	1a	buckle		<b>77</b>	
nearer		1a			shoe	1b	windows	1a
teeth		2b	<b>67</b>	1a	five	1a	creak	
			last	1a	six	1b	<b>78</b>	
			believe	1a	seven	1b	bench	2b
sing	<b>63</b>	1a	alone	1b	eight	1b		
song		1b	noise	1a	straight	1b	<b>79</b>	
pocket		2a	heavy	2a	nine	1a	lose	1a
rye		4	nut	1a	ten	3	lost	1b
four		1a	became	1a	toes	2a	losing	
twenty		1b	almost	1a	roast	3		
baked		2a	death	1a	beef	3	<b>80</b>	
dainty		4	also	1a			shed	2a
							leaves	1a
	<b>64</b>				<b>73</b>		beautiful	1a
counting-house			<b>68</b>	1b	soldiers	1a	green	1a
counting		1b	told	1a	'tis	3	pitcher	3
money		1a	story	1a	town	2b	supper	2a
parlor		3	brother	1b	beyond	1a		
bread		1a	family	1b	knee	1b	<b>82</b>	
honey		2a	forest	1b	high	1b	spill	5
maid		2a	kept	1b	travel	2b	spilt	
clothes		1b	animals	1b	drill	1b	ladder	3
nipped		5	afraid	3	row	1b		
nose		1b	elephants	4	captain	1a	<b>83</b>	
			tigers		side		neck	1b
							against	1a
star	<b>65</b>	1b	<b>69</b>	3	<b>74</b>		<b>85</b>	
sister		1a	everyone	1a	Titty		mill	1b
peep		2b	passed	1b	Tatty	2a	miller	3
wades			lion		stealing			

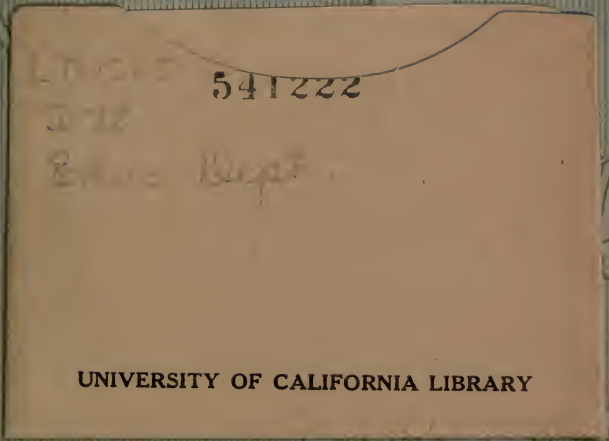


<b>113</b>		danced	1b	much	1a	<b>134</b>	
broken	1b	joy	1b	field	1a	rosy	4
doll	2b	sent	1a	quails		lumpety	
ringing	1b	wrong	1b		<b>126</b>	lump	4
Molly		sorry	2a	these	1a	raven	3b
silly	4	glad	1a	month	1a	croak	5
sobbing	5		<b>121</b>	present	1a	tumbled	3a
sighing	2a	their	1a		<b>127</b>	Mary	2a
		suppose	1b	receive	1a	lamb	2a
<b>114</b>			<b>122</b>	riding	1a	fleece	4
Eyvind		persons	1a	rode	2b		<b>135</b>
happy	1a	better	1a	company	1a	followed	1a
Norway	5	forgot	2b	meet	1a	school	1a
white	1a	nest	1b	bank	1a	rule	1b
roof	1b	good-by	3	dry	1b	children	1a
	<b>115</b>	care	1a		<b>128</b>	teacher	1b
hill	1a	people	1a	coach	2b	lingered	3
lead	1a	since	1a	between	1a	patiently	2b
arm	1a	seen	1a	daughter	1b	appear	1b
led	1b		<b>123</b>	belongs	1b	eager	2b
		boots	2b	rich	1a	reply	1b
<b>116</b>		donkey	4	whose	1b		<b>136</b>
Marit		sons	1a	part	1a	Frost	2a
farm	1b	youngest	1a		<b>129</b>	still	1a
pet	4		<b>125</b>	castle	2a	bright	1a
		wish	1a	change	1a	aloud	3
<b>117</b>		silver	1a	true	1a	late	1a
butter	1b	land	1a		<b>130</b>	yellow	1b
cake	1b	purred		roared	2a	faded	2b
life	1a	bring	1a	clear	1a	brown	1b
anything	1b	pair	1b		<b>131</b>	flowers	1a
handed	1a	feet	1a	wonderful	1b	freeze	2b
took	1b	mud	2b	zip			<b>138</b>
	<b>118</b>	done	1a		<b>132</b>	die	1a
mine	1a	brought	1a	whole	1a	spring	1a
sold	1b	string	2b	week	1a	chirp	5
towards	1b	among	1a		<b>133</b>	sky	1b
sad	1b	place	1a	gray	1b	buds	2b
		drew	2a	mare	4		<b>139</b>
<b>119</b>		country	1a	bumpety		angels	2a
learn	1a	Marquis		bump		heaven	1b
asleep	2a	Carabas					
dreamed	1b						
	<b>120</b>						
voice	1a						
fore	5						





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