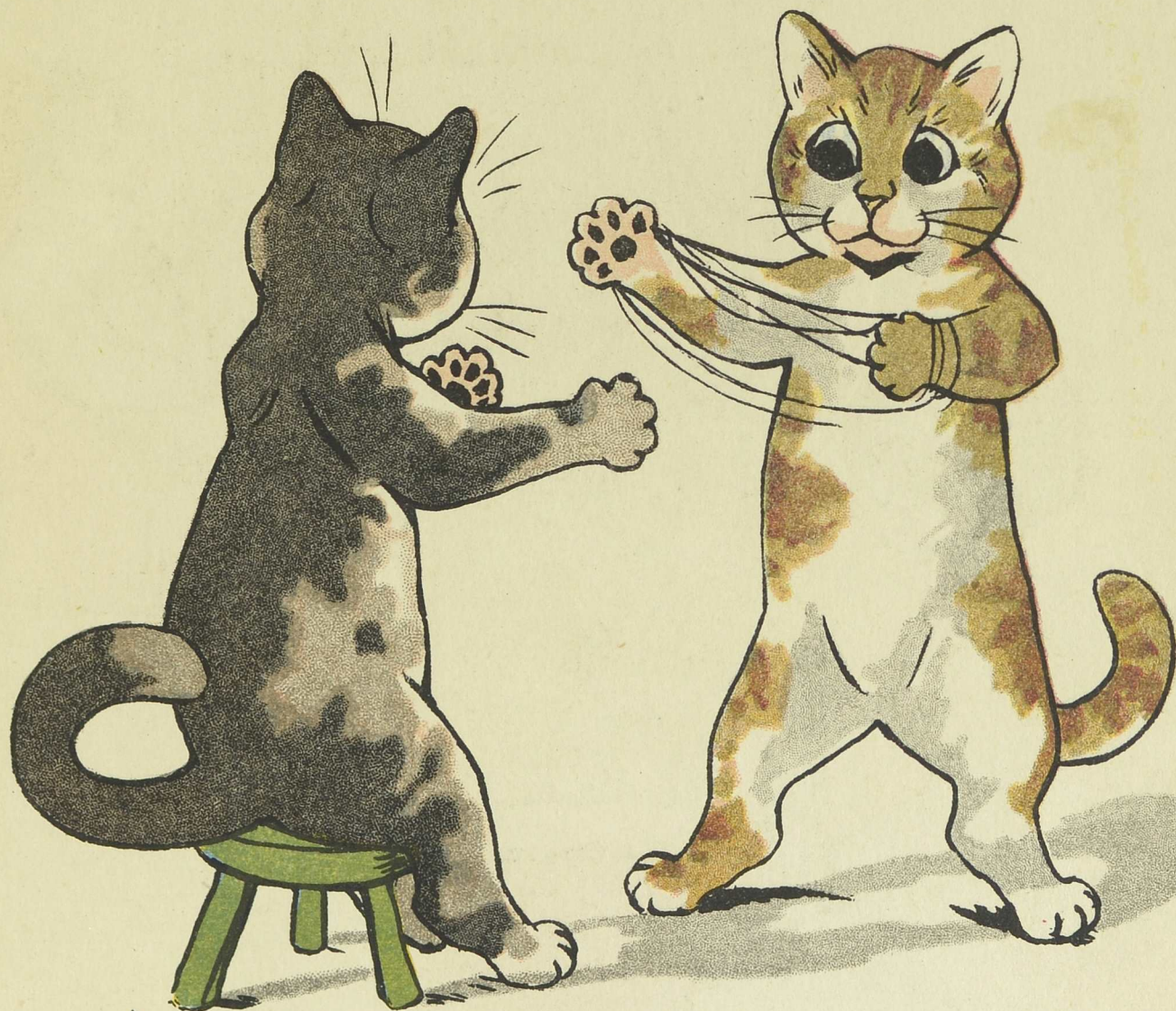


Cat's Cradle

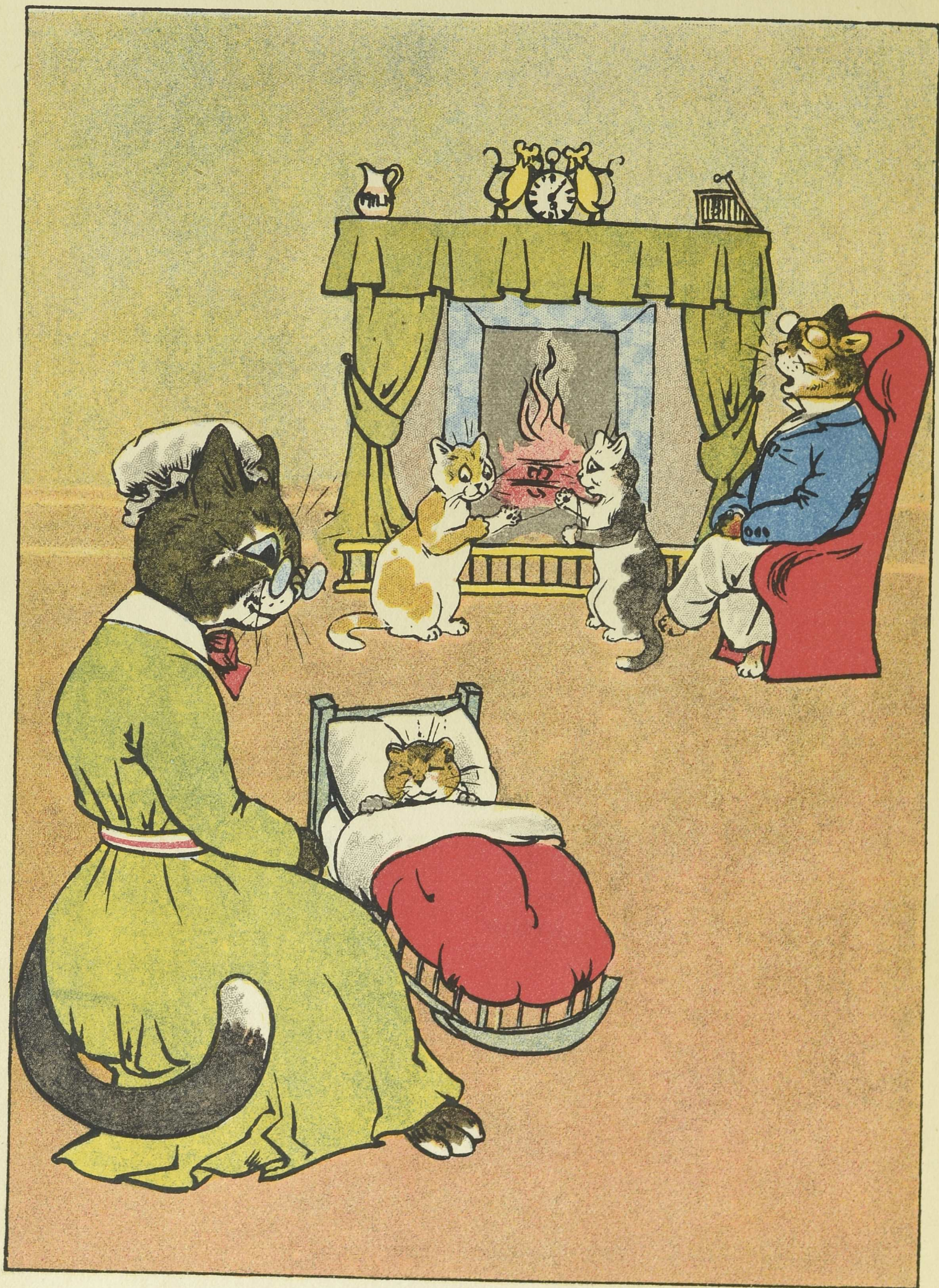


To darling little Frida
from Auntie Bang

Dec 1908



Louis Wain.



CAT'S CRADLE

A PICTURE-BOOK FOR LITTLE FOLK



CATS BY LOUIS WAIN
RHYMES BY MAY BYRON

BLACKIE AND SON LIMITED
LONDON GLASGOW DUBLIN BOMBAY





PLAYTIME IN PUSSY-TOWN

PUSSY-TOWN'S charming, and Pussy-Town's gay,
And there you have
playtime the whole
of the day;

For work is so jolly, and lessons such
fun,
You don't know exactly when playtime's
begun.

So Kits in the Kitchen, and Kits in the
hall,
And Kits in the cradle,
before they can
crawl,

And Kits in the garden,
and Kits in the tree,
The Pussy-Town people
are gay as can be!





MILK O!

DID you hear that funny cry?
Here's the milkman coming by!
Breakfast must be near, I know,
Or he wouldn't shout, "Milk O!"

HALF A PINT, PLEASE

IT makes you
proud when
you're al-
lowed

On the front-
door step to
stand,

Holding up a
jug or a cup,
With a half-
penny in
your hand.



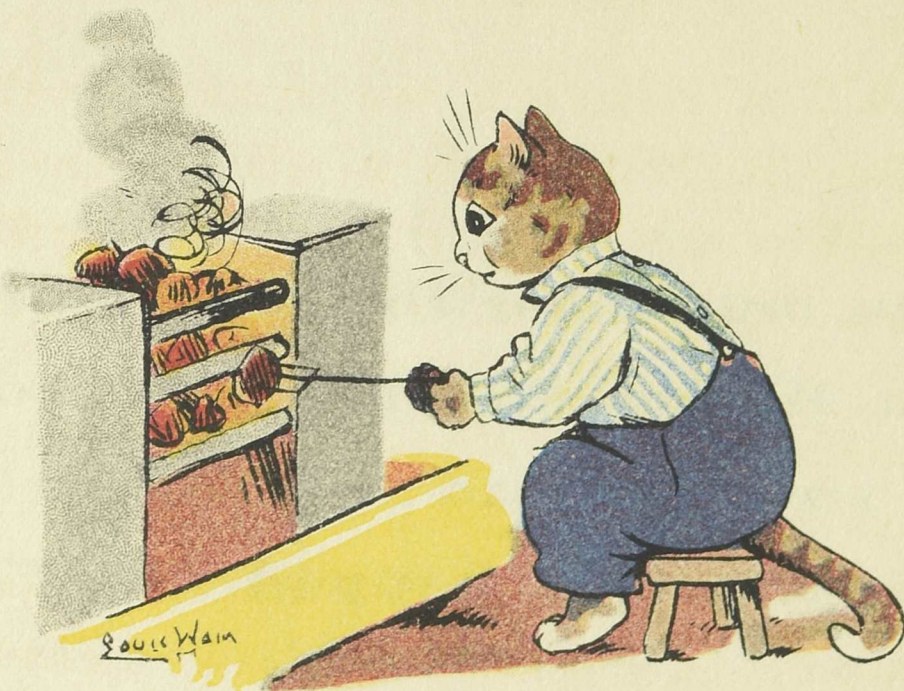
But you must bear the milk with care,
Lest Mother should be vexed:
For if you fall, and spill it all,—
Oh! what will happen next?



BREAKFAST AND TEA

THERE'S milk for breakfast and milk
for tea,

And plenty of it, as you can see,—
But I really think what I like most
Is a fine big piece of buttered toast!





MOUSE-PIE

WHAT a dinner we have got!
Look, Mouse-Pie, all steaming hot!
And a pie's such jolly stuff,
You can never have enough.

Mother, you deserve a Kiss,
For making us a feast like this!
Oh, I say! it is so nice,
Mayn't I have another slice?



THE SCHOLAR

TIMOTHY'S a clever Kitten—
Look how well his copy's written!
And he knows—now this is true—
All his letters down to Q!

THE DUNCE

TINY couldn't do his
sums,
So he purred and
sucked his thumbs,
And his Mother said
at once:
"Tiny, you're a perfect
dunce!"





IN THE INK

WHATEVER do you think
Happened just this minute?
Topsy upset the ink,
And then she tumbled in it!
Topsy and table both,
I don't know which is worst,—
Oh, shall we clean the cloth,
Or wash up Topsy, first?



FATHER

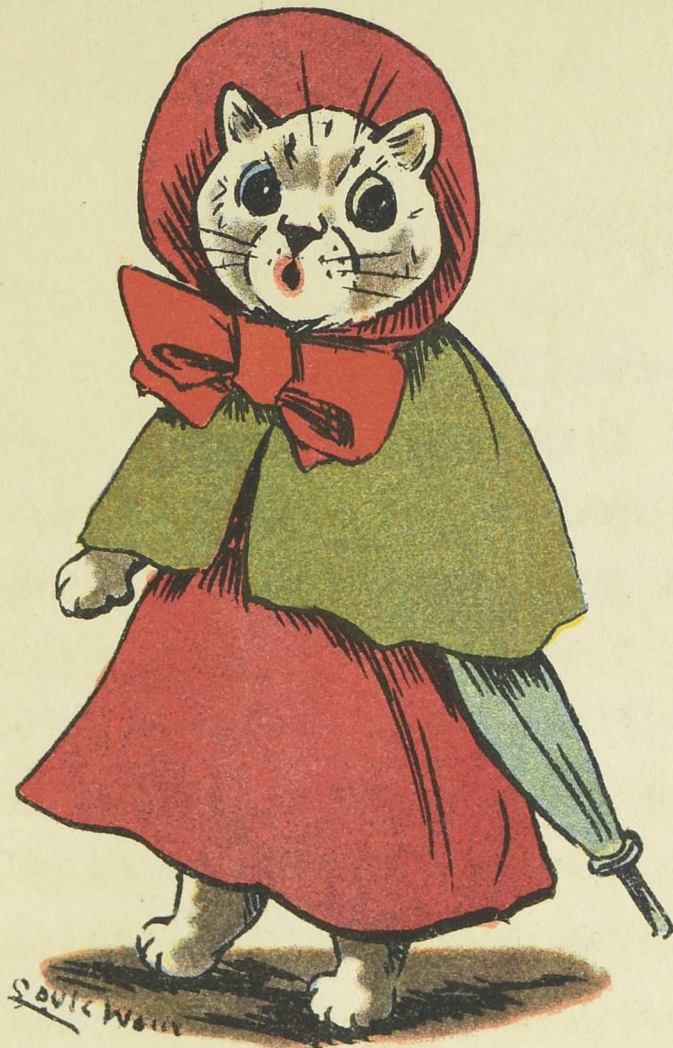
HERE is Mr. Thomas Cat.
Every morn with his Catchat
By the fire he sits to read,
Looking very grave indeed.

He is wonderfully wise—
You can see it in his eyes;
Very likely we shall be,
When we are as old as he!

MOTHER

MOTHER'S gone out a-marketing,
To buy some bread, and wood, and
string,
And cream, and fish, and everything,
At Pussy-Town in the morning.

And if we're good, and make no
noise,
Perhaps she'll bring some lovely
toys,
To please her little girls and boys,
From Pussy-Town in the morning.



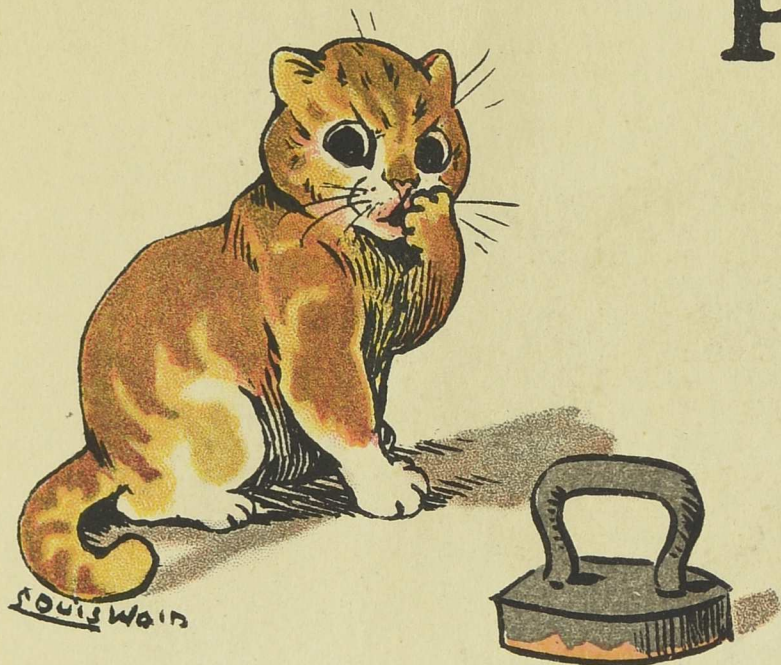


WORK

ISN'T it fun to rub,
Isn't it fun to scrub,
Until you get extremely wet
In front of the washing-tub!

The clothes are clean, I hope,
For I've used up all the soap,
So now I'll take, and wring, and
shake,
And hang them out on a rope!

A BURNT CHILD



POOOR Timothy
into mischief
got,
And now he's
sad, because
Playing with
irons when
they're hot
Is sure to burn
your paws.

PLAY

NOW our lessons all are done,
Now our work is ended,

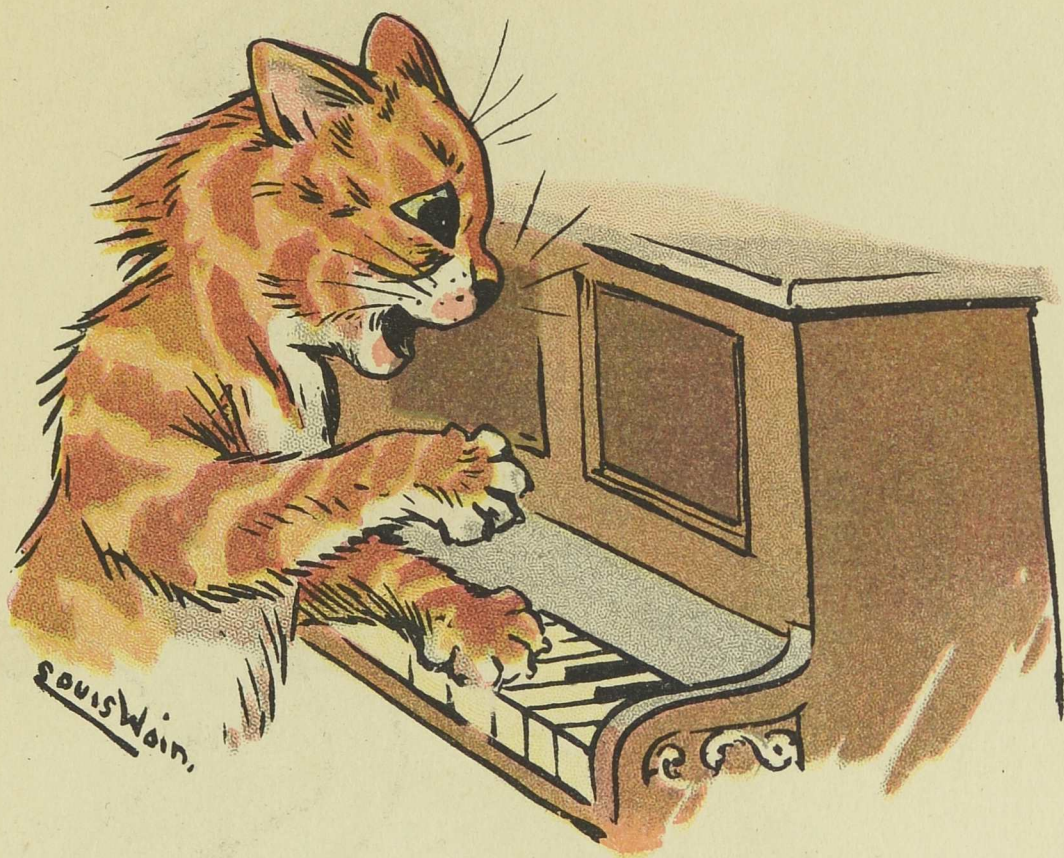
We will play and
have such fun—
Won't it just be
splendid!



First we'll have
a walking race,
Then we'll play at
hockey,
Then we'll have
a steeplechase—
Tim shall be the
jockey!



Louis Wain



MEWSIC

AND now we'll talk to you about
Our friends and all their games:
You've heard of them before, no
doubt,
At least, you'll know their names.

And first there's Mister Caterwaul,—
How charmingly he sings!
And Mrs. Tibs of Tabby Hall,
Who plays such pretty things.



THE NAVY

JOLLY JACK the Tar
Doesn't have to fight—
He has to clean the decks,
And keep the brass-work bright.

This is Jolly Jack,
Whose hair was long and wavy,
Curling down his back,
Before he joined the Navy.



THE ARMY

GOODNESS me!—who's coming here?
It must be Tom the Grenadier.
By the way his drumsticks rattle,
I know he's marching to the battle!



THE BIRD-FANCIER

I FANCY you're charming and sweet,—
I think, if we only could meet,
I'd ask you to tea, dear birdie, with
me,
And I know there'd be something to
eat!



MARY'S LAMB

MARY had a little lamb;
It couldn't walk, and so
She thought, if it were fed on jam,
The lamb was sure to go.

But now—how wretched Mary feels!—
The jam was scarcely tasted,
When the silly lamb kicked up his
wheels,
And all the pot was wasted!



JACK HORNER

LITTLE JACK HORNER

Sat in the corner,

Eating a Christmas pie:

He pulled out the mice,

And said: "Oh, how nice!

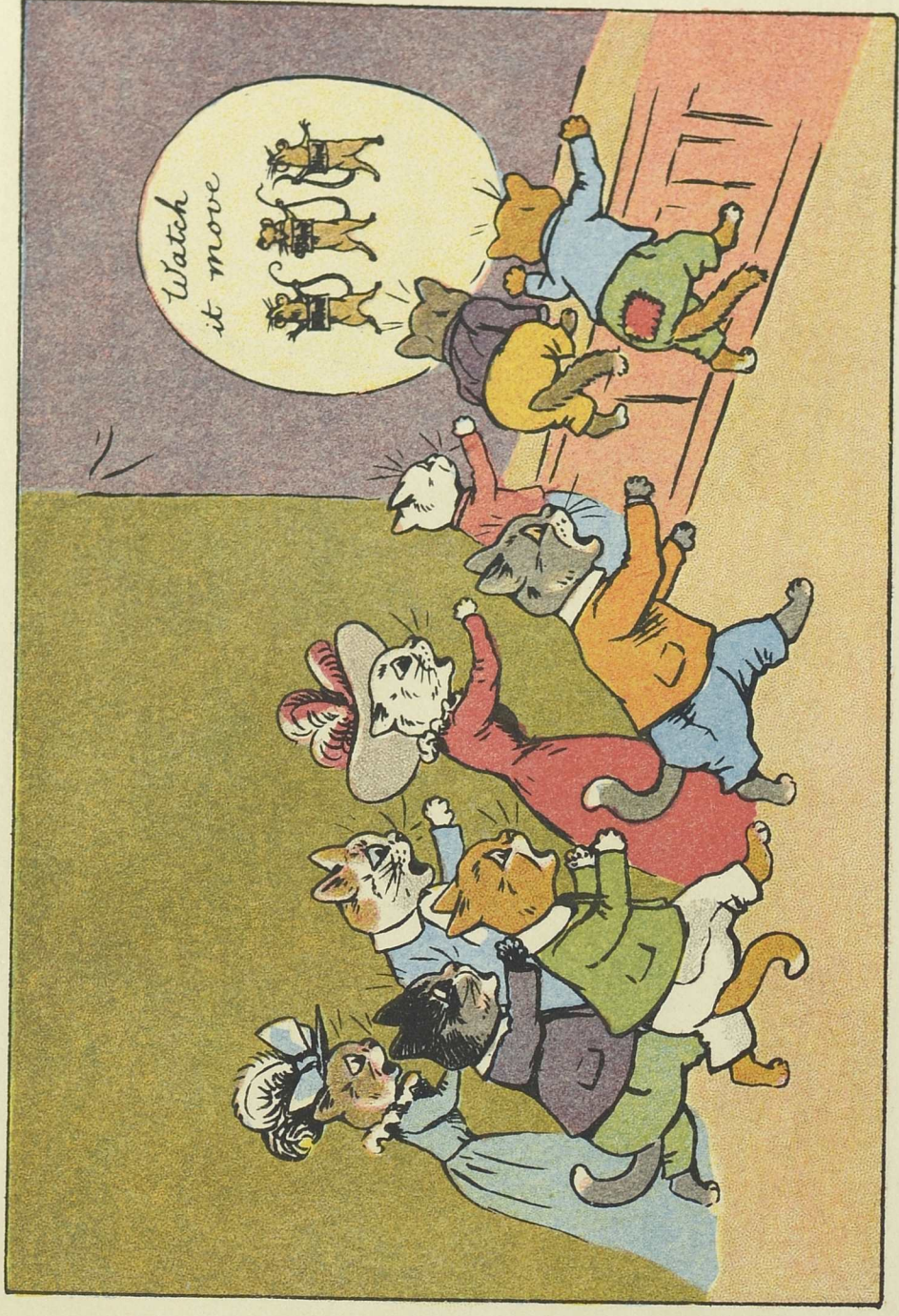
What a fortunate Kitten am I!"



MISS MUFFET

LITTLE MISS MUFFET
Sat on a tuffet

Eating her cream one day:
There came a big spider
And greedily eyed her,
And frightened Miss Muffet away.



THE MAGIC LANTERN



CRICKET

ONE of our friends, young Peter Purr,
He is a famous cricketer:

You must have heard of his renown
At every match in Pussy-Town.

But people often say they wish
He wasn't quite so fond of fish;

Because if he should get much fatter,
He won't be half so good a batter.

And then there's Freddy Furrypoll—
Oh! have you ever seen him bowl?

He sends the ball so very fast,
It makes you blink as it goes past.





FOOTBALL

FOOTBALL is a jolly game,
Everybody says the same:—
But look at what the ball is first,
For some kinds, if they're scratched,
will burst.



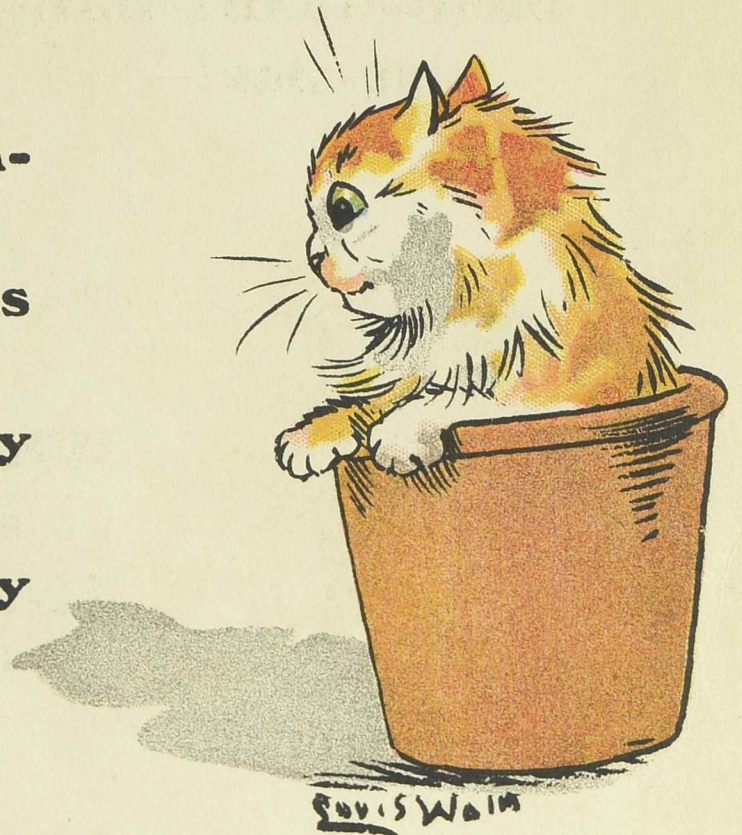
OUR OTHER FRIENDS



SOME of our friends
are grand,
And dress extreme-
ly fine,—
They carry cane in
hand,
And how their boots
do shine!

But Bob works hard all day,—
We often love to go,
And watch him weed away,
And dig, and rake, and hoe.

Yet odd mistakes, in-
deed,
Do happen with his
crops:
He sowed some parsley
seed—
It came up naughty
Tops!



THE SQUIB



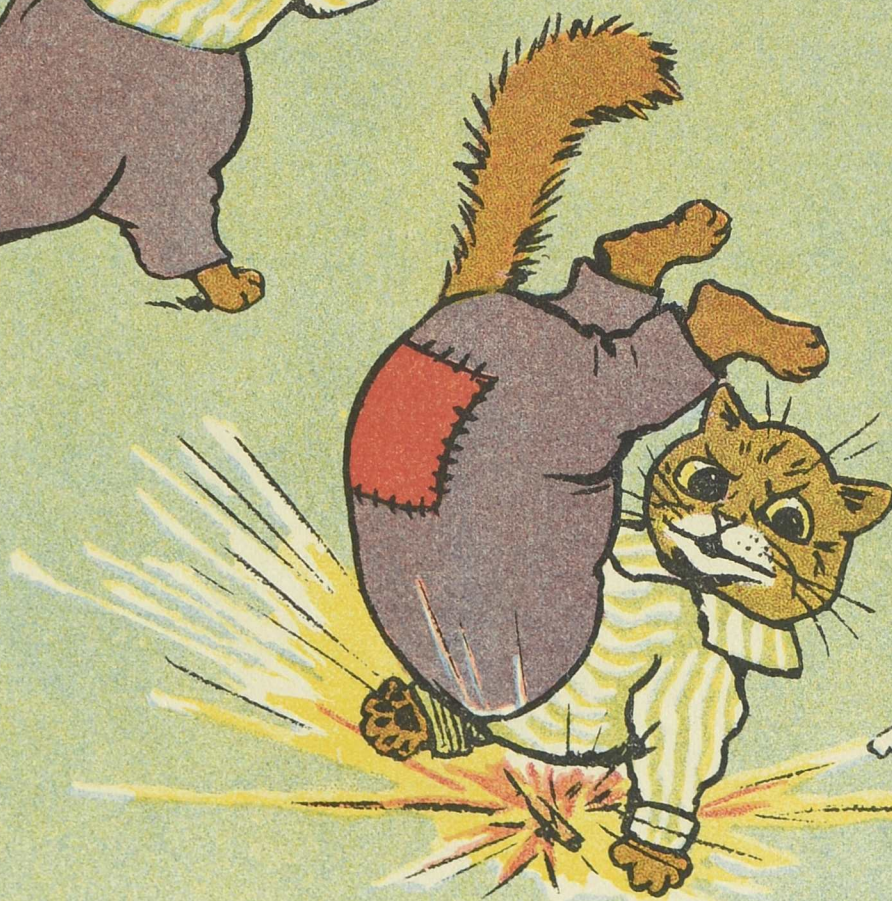
THE penny squib that
Sammy bought
Won't light as quickly
as it ought;

And so he says: "Why won't it catch?
I'll try it with another match!"

Oh, look! oh, quick! oh, dear!
what's this?
Bash-dash! bang-bang! crack-crack!
siss-siss!—



When you get squibs, be
sure you mind
They're not the topsy-
turvy kind.



nois Wain.

THE DAIRY

IT'S much too warm in summer—
I think it would be nice
To go and ask at the dairy
For milk as cold as ice!

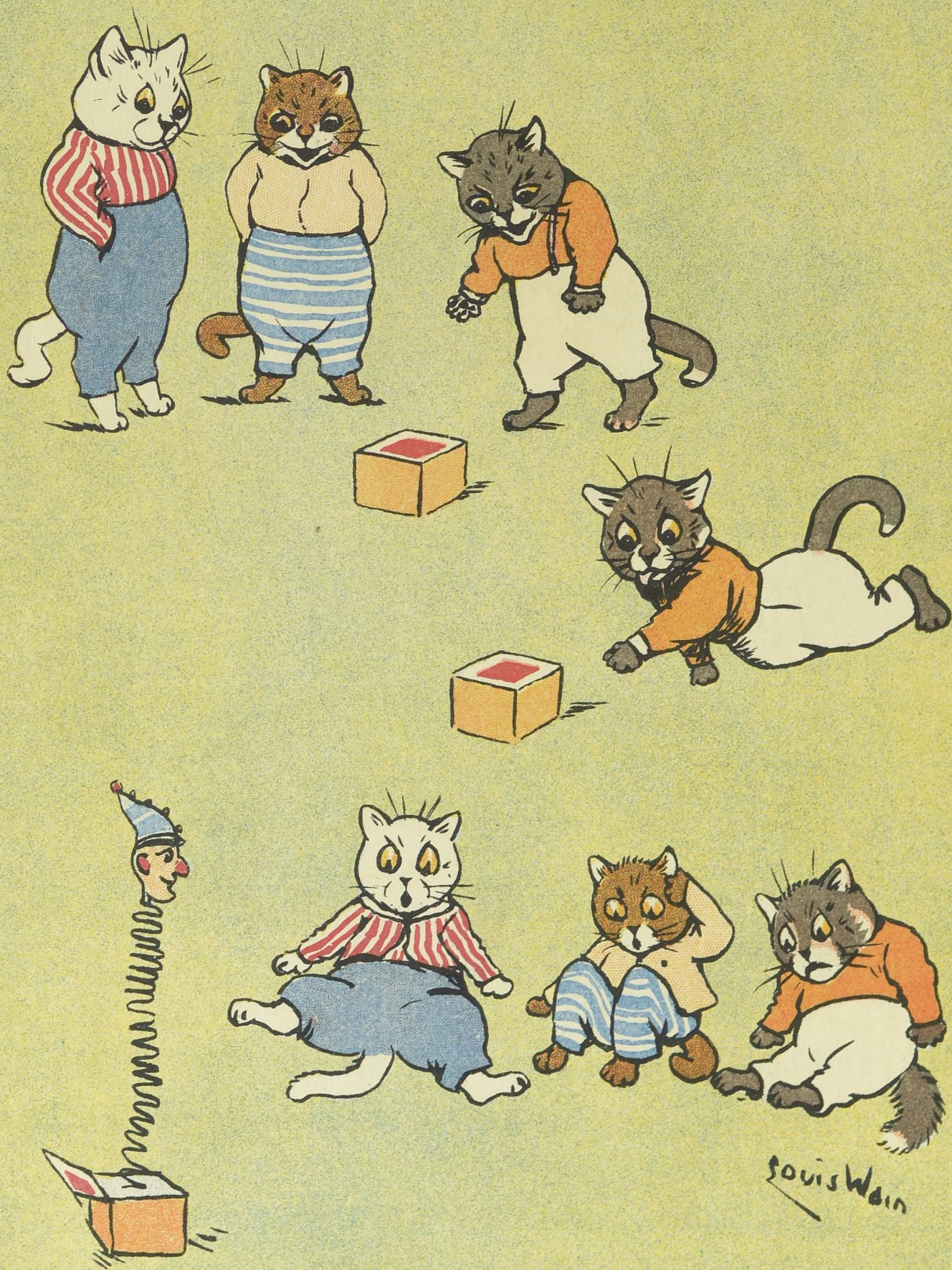
For in these days of bottled milk
You cannot help yourself—
'Twas nicer when the milk was left
In bowls upon the shelf.





CHARITY

THERE was once a poor little Kitty
That got lost in the streets of a city;
But a lady came by,
And told her, "Don't cry!"
And gave her a mouse out of pity.





JACK-IN-THE-BOX

THREE little Kits with a dear little box.

Said one: "Now what's inside it?"
It had no label, it had no locks,
So they cut the string that tied it.

Then three little Kits had three little shocks,
For out with a squeak jumped Jack-in-the-box.



OUR UNCLE'S MOTOR

OUR Uncle has a motor-car,
It goes so fast, it goes so far!
He often lets us sit inside,
And takes us for a lovely ride.

This car is fourteen donkey-power,
It goes at least a mile an hour.
Like lightning down the road we slip,
And cry "Toot-toot!" or else "Pip-
pip!"

THE POLICEMAN

BUT one fine morning, sad to say,
A Bobby stopped us on our way,
And used long words. He said, "You
exceed
The proper rate of motor speed!"

And Uncle said, "All right, I'm willing
To pay the fine. How much? One
shilling?"

Then off again the Bobby tripped,
And we toot-tooted and pip-pipped!

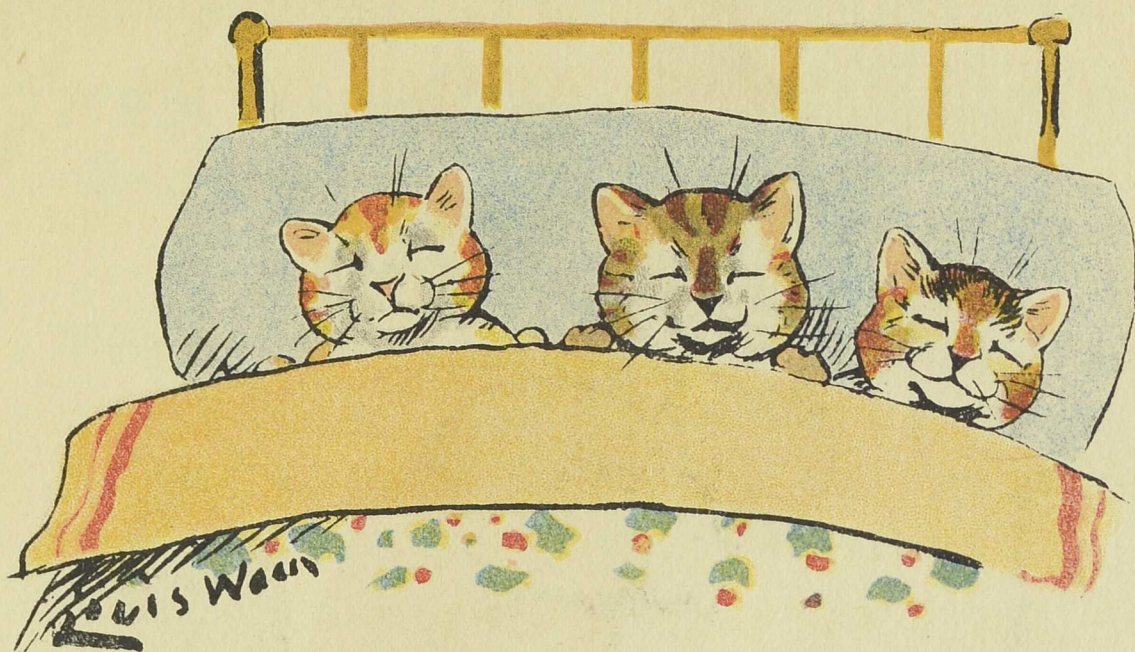


THE LETTER

HERE'S a nicely written letter
Going by the post—
Just to tell old Father Christmas
What we want the most.

Where he lives, I'm not quite cer-
tain,
So I've put it down—
"Father Christmas, Holly Castle,
In Plum-pudding Town!"





CHRISTMAS NIGHT

ON Christmas night we went to bed,
Tucked in all tight, and Mother
said—

“Now do lie still, you Kittens three,
And then you’ll see what you will
see!”

And by and by the waits came
round:

How sweet and high their songs did
sound!

We spoke no word, we didn’t peep;
For though we heard, we were
asleep!



SANTA CLAWS

WHO is walking pit-a-pat
Softly on the tiles?
Santa Claws, the Christmas Cat,
Come a thousand miles.

Down the chimney deep and black
He will go, you'll see;
He has got, inside his sack,
Toys for you and me.

CHRISTMAS MORNING

WHEN we woke on Christmas-Day,
Each of us began to say,

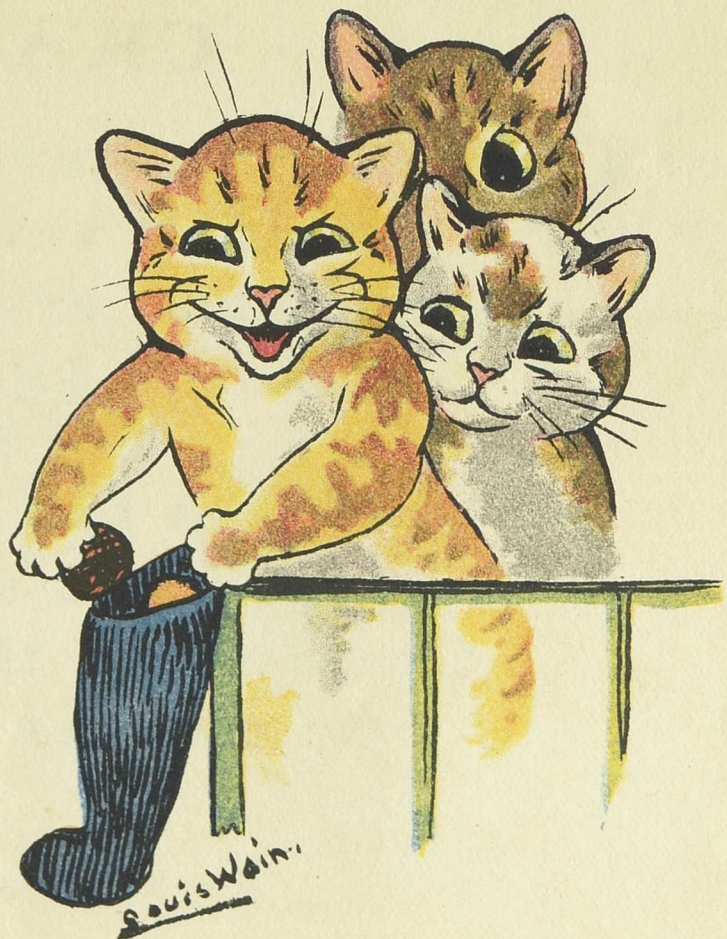
Feeling round the bed with care,
“Do you think the stocking’s
there?”

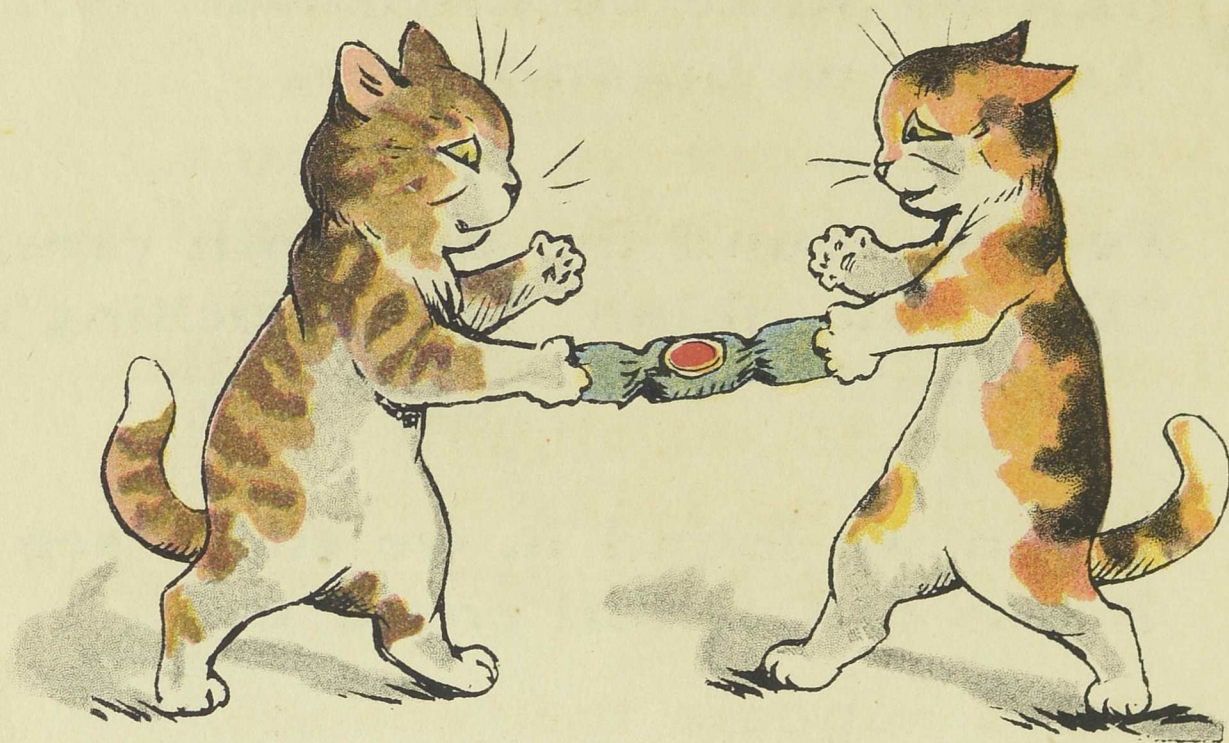
When we found it, we could see
It was full as full could be—

Toys and sweets and crackers,
more
Than we’d ever known before.

First, we couldn’t
think it true—
We were too sur-
prised to mew:

One by one we
pulled them
out,
Then, I tell you,
we did shout!





CRACKERS

WHEN you have a cracker,
Hold it very tight,
Shut your eyes and pull it—
Then it bangs all right.

Don't get too excited,
Don't you sneeze or cough!
Crackers, if they're startled,
Sometimes won't go off!

THE CHRISTMAS TREE

OH, aren't we lucky Kittens?
And isn't our uncle kind,
When he comes in his motor,
With a Christmas-tree behind?

Look, it's covered with candles,
Ready to set alight!
Oh, aren't we lucky Kittens?
Won't we have games to-night?

I don't suppose that anyone,
Not even a grown-up cat,
Has ever had such glorious fun,
Or such a tree as that!





THE PANTOMIME

WE never expected
Mother would say,
“I’ll give you a treat,
If you’re good to-day!”
How jolly for kittens,
At Christmas-time,
To be taken out
To a Pantomime!



HEY DIDDLE DIDDLE

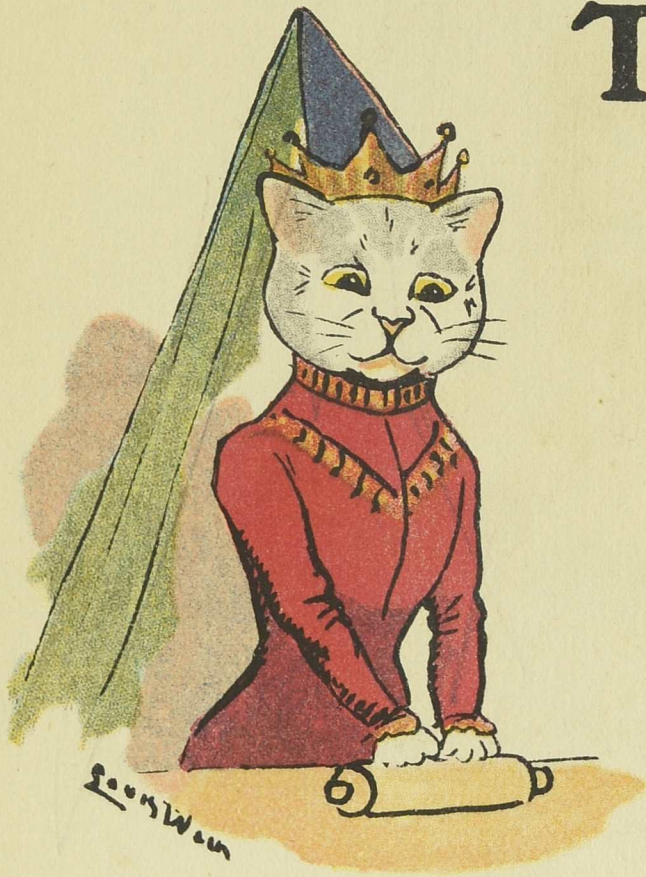
MISTER HEY-DIDDLE-DIDDLE,
He played on the fiddle,
And he played so merry a tune,
That the fiddle-string broke,
And the Clown for a joke
Ran away with the old Pantaloon.



COLUMBINE

MISS KITTY is the Columbine—
Isn't her dress extremely fine?
Her dancing is so light and airy,
You'd take her for a real fairy.

SOME OF THE OTHERS



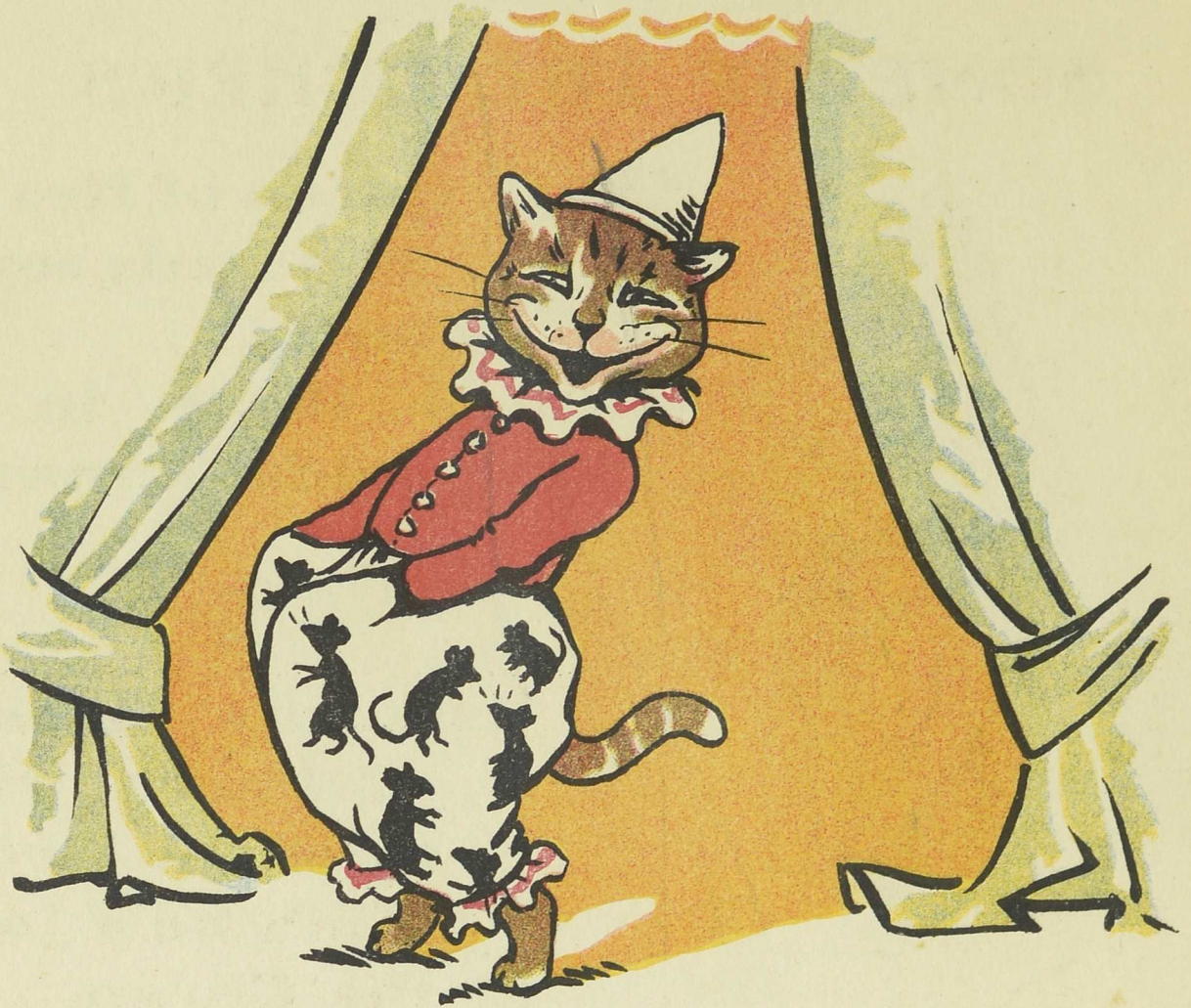
THE Queen of Hearts
who made some
tarts,
Is there in a
golden crown:

But the Knave
of Hearts who
stole the tarts,
I think he's Joey
the Clown.

And Little Bo-peep
who lost her sheep
Is there in a silken
gown:

But Simple Simon
who met the Pie-
man,
I think he's Joey the
Clown.





GOOD-BYE!

NOW they are letting down the curtain,
So we must say Good-bye, that's certain.

We little kits, black, white, and grey,
Have had a lovely Christmas Day!

But how we'd like to be the Clown
At Pantomimes in Pussy-Town!

