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OFF TO SCHOOL

PUSSY'S ADVENTURES

by
*Louis
Wain*



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SEEKING
ADVENTURES

PUSSY'S ADVENTURES

THERE was a Cat who longed to roam
And travel round the world.
He did not care to live at home
Before the fire curled.

He talked to other Pussy-Cats
Till two more also thought
They would not catch the mice and rats
Nor do the things they ought.

So off they set. Upon the road
They saw a tall Cat go
With milk-pails slung, a heavy load,
And shouting, "Milk, Yeo-Ho!"

PUSSY'S ADVENTURES

But when they offered pence, and said,
" We'll buy a pint of it,"
They found no milk, but saw instead
In each pail was a kit.

'Twas thus he carried them about,
And had no milk to sell,
The thirsty Cats must do without
The drink they loved so well.

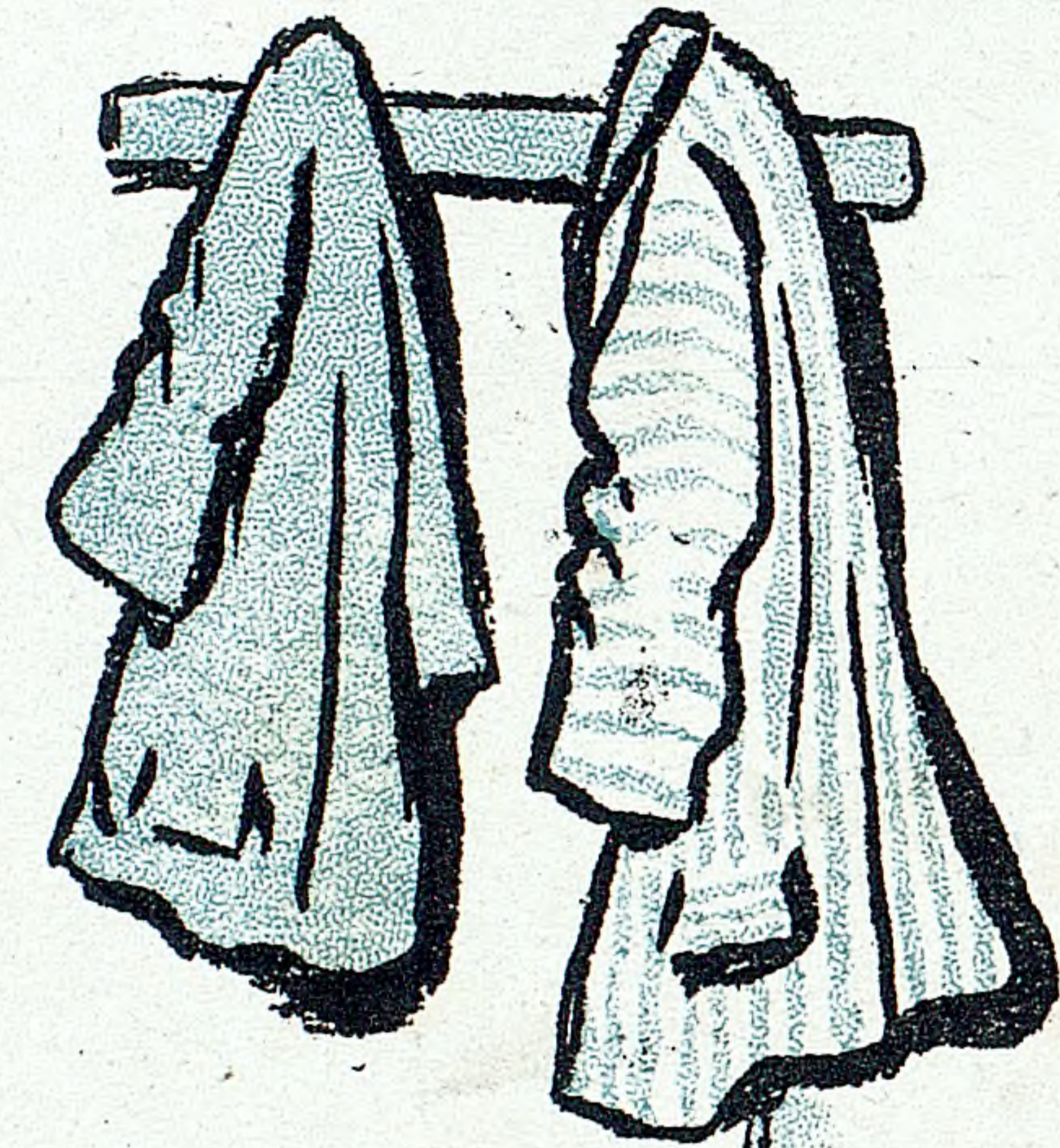


No
MILK,
YEO-
HO!

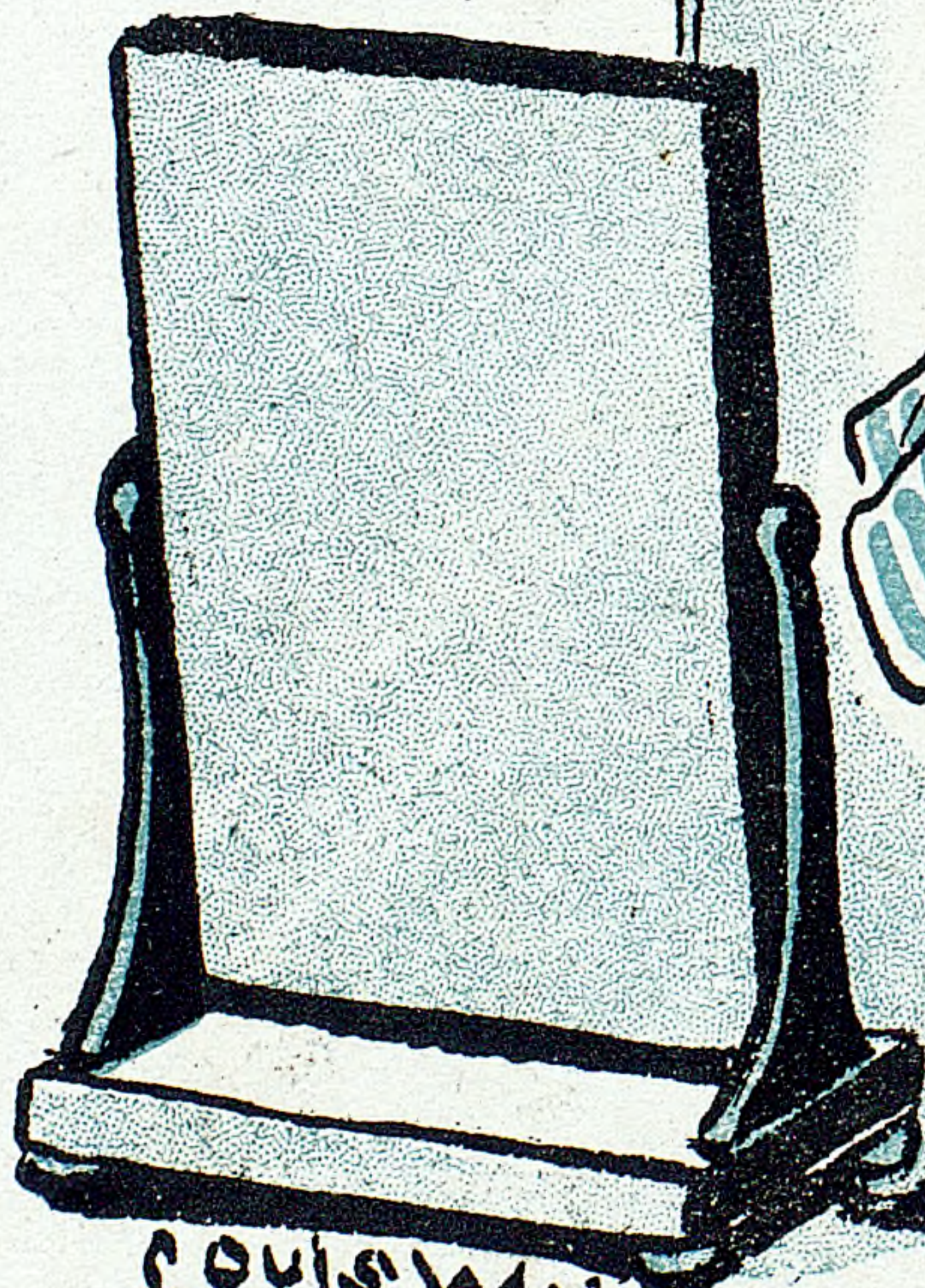
THEY VISIT MISS TABBY PURR

THEY called upon Miss Tabby Purr
Who lived in Catville Town,
She wore a very pretty fur
And such a stylish gown.

They thought she was the loveliest sight
The world could ever see,
And fondly hoped that she'd
invite
Them stay for talk and
tea.



MISS TABBY PURR
AT HOME

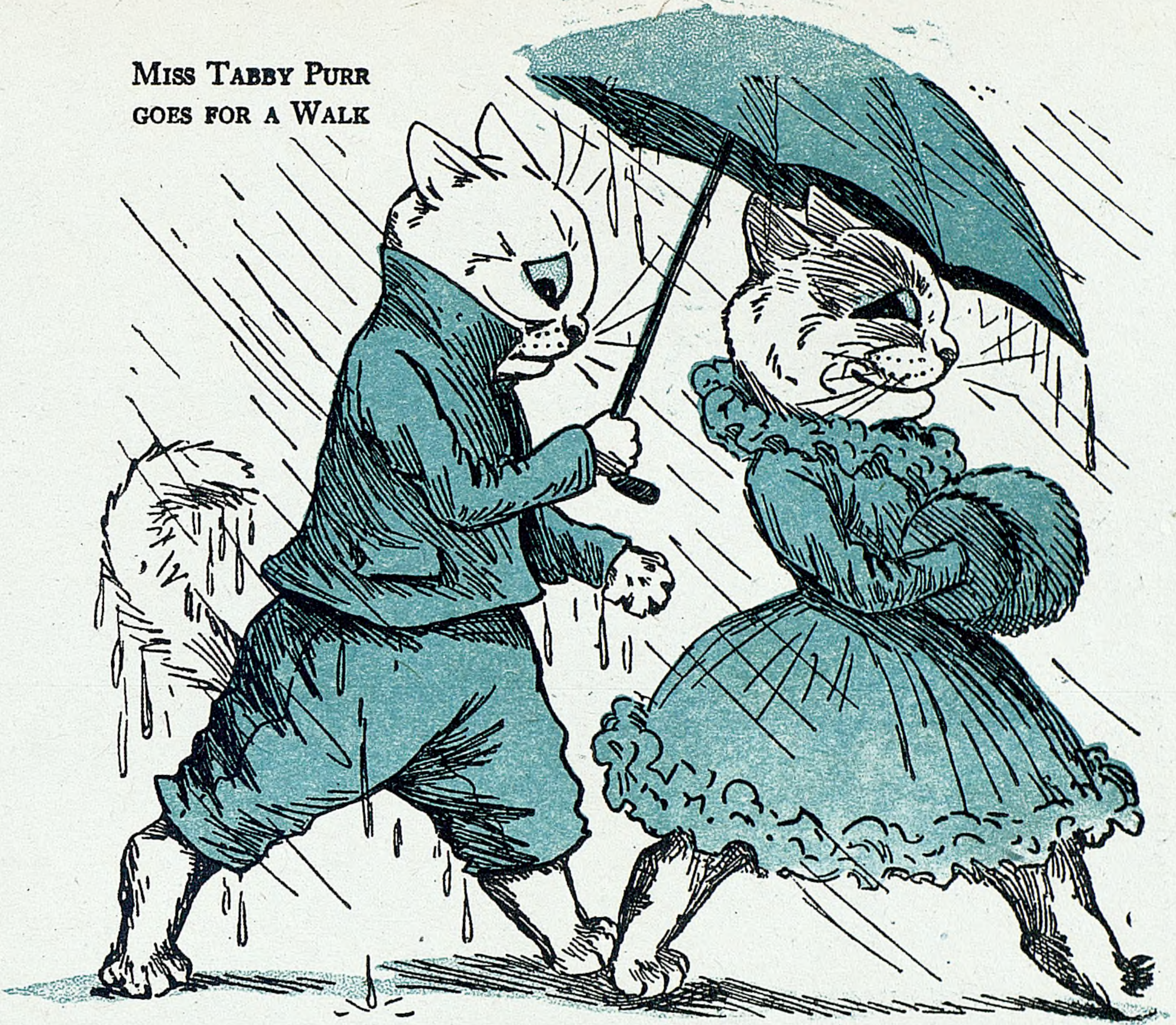


LOUIS WAIN.



OFF TO BEDFORDSHIRE

MISS TABBY PURR
GOES FOR A WALK



Her house was fine—a cushioned chair
As soft as you could wish,
Saucers of cream and milk were there,
And plates of fresh fried fish.

But Tabby with a frown declared
She had no friends like those,
For lazy Cats she'd never cared
But Tom the Ratter chose.

And so their visit soon was done,
The rain began to fall,
They'd no umbrella, raincoat none,
Nor any coat at all.

And Tabby Purr went walking by
With Ratter close behind,
No look for them—her head held high—
They thought her most unkind.

THE INDIAN
CHIEF



THEY GO TO
A CONCERT

AND so to give their
minds relief
They went into a Hall
Where on the stage an
Indian chief
A song began to bawl.

With waving paws and
pointed claws,
And eyes like flam-
ing fire,
From out his widely
opened jaws
Me-ows rose high-
er and higher

Till all the three were
shivering
With terrible
alarm,
They really felt so
wild a thing
Must surely do
them harm.

But presently that dreadful song
Was ended. All around

THEY GO TO A CONCERT

The audience clapped loud and long
As if they'd loved the sound

And after that a chubby
cat

A blaring trumpet
blew,
With staring eyes, and

THE TRUMPETER

cheeks puff-
ed fat,
He played a
tune or two.

And then
the trum-
pet and the
voice
Of Indian
were blen-
ded
Till with a
doubly
deaf-
ening
noise

That noisy concert ended.



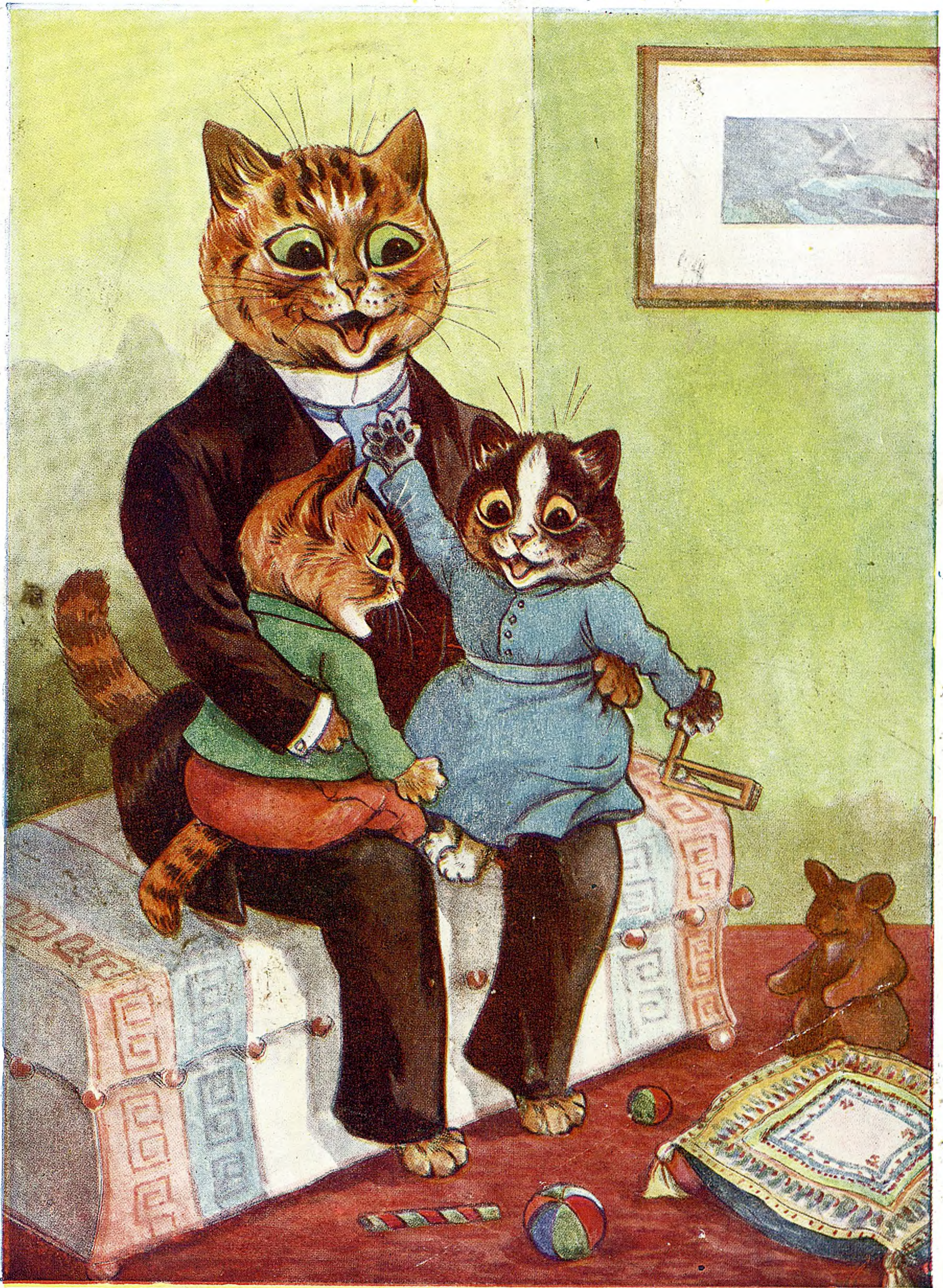
LOUIS WAIN.



THE KINDLY
FARMER

THEY COME TO A FARM

THEY fell asleep, three weary Cats,
All hungry, sad, and damp,
No nice warm milk, no cosy mats,
The hard ground gave them cramp.



DADDY'S DARLINGS

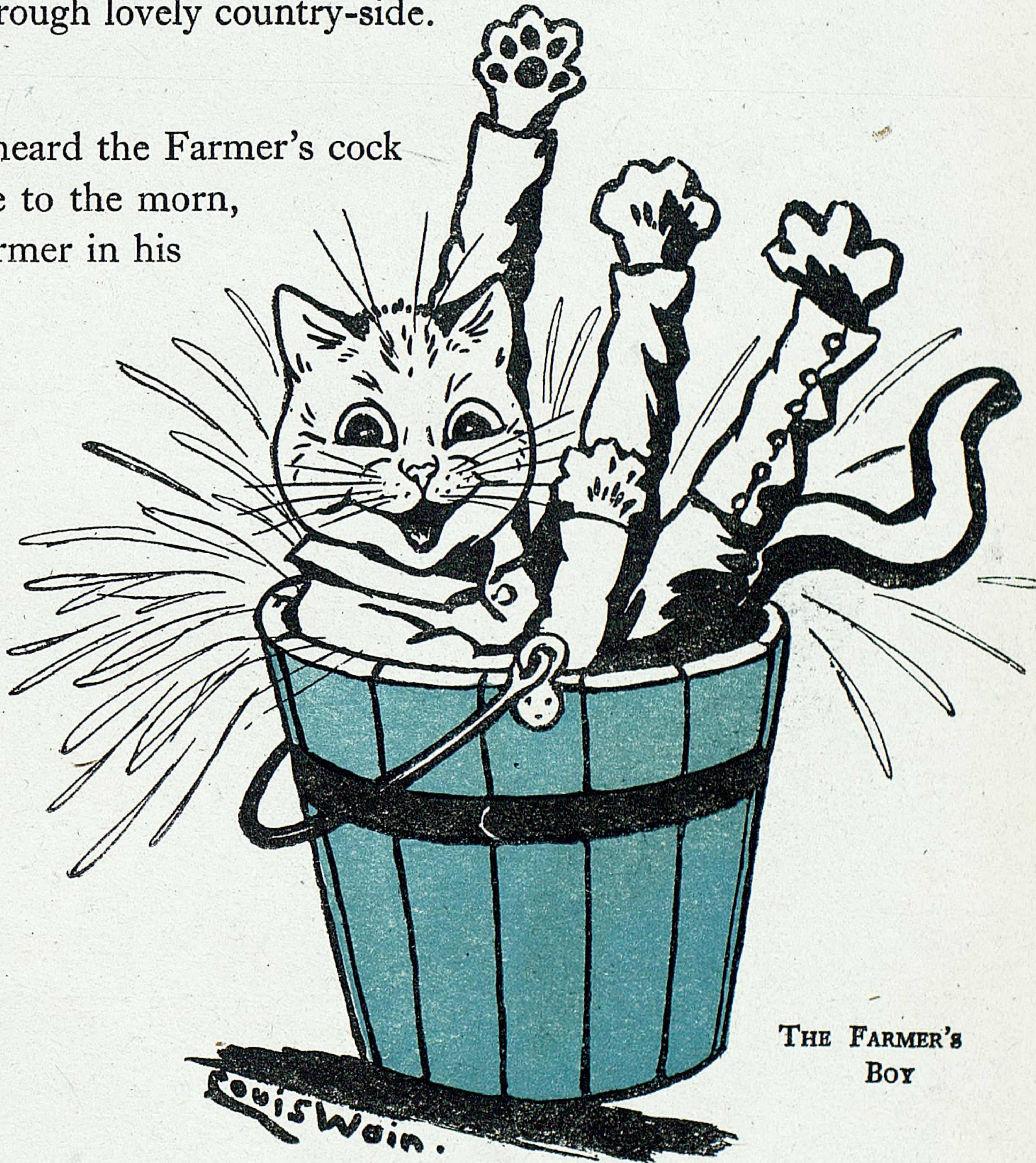
THEY COME TO A FARM

But in the morning early, when
Uprose the golden sun,
They felt that their adventures then
Had only just begun.

They raced and chased with early day
Where fields were far and wide,
A pretty, pleasant grassy way,
Through lovely country-side.

And there they heard the Farmer's cock
Crow welcome to the morn,
And saw the Farmer in his
smock
Bind up the
sheaves of
corn.

The Farmer was
a kindly
soul,
And when he
heard their
tale
He gave them
each a great
big bowl
Of milk from
out a pail.



THE FARMER'S
BOY

THEY GO BURGLING

BUT sad to say, they burgled in
That kindly Farmer's house,
And climbing, stole
from out a tin
Some jam he'd label-
led "MOUSE."

One Cat upon the other stood
And tiptoed to the shelf.
To do this thing, I really
should
Have been ashamed my-
self.

The Farmer Cat had been
so kind
To give them milk to
drink,
How it could enter in their
mind
To rob him, I can't think.

The tins they emptied, all
the row,
And ate up all they saw,
And now to hide, they crept
below
Some curtains on the floor.

They heard the Farmer
come and cry,
"Where are those three
poor Cats?
We'll call them in
and let them
lie
Upon our soft-
est mats ;

HOW THEY
BURGLED



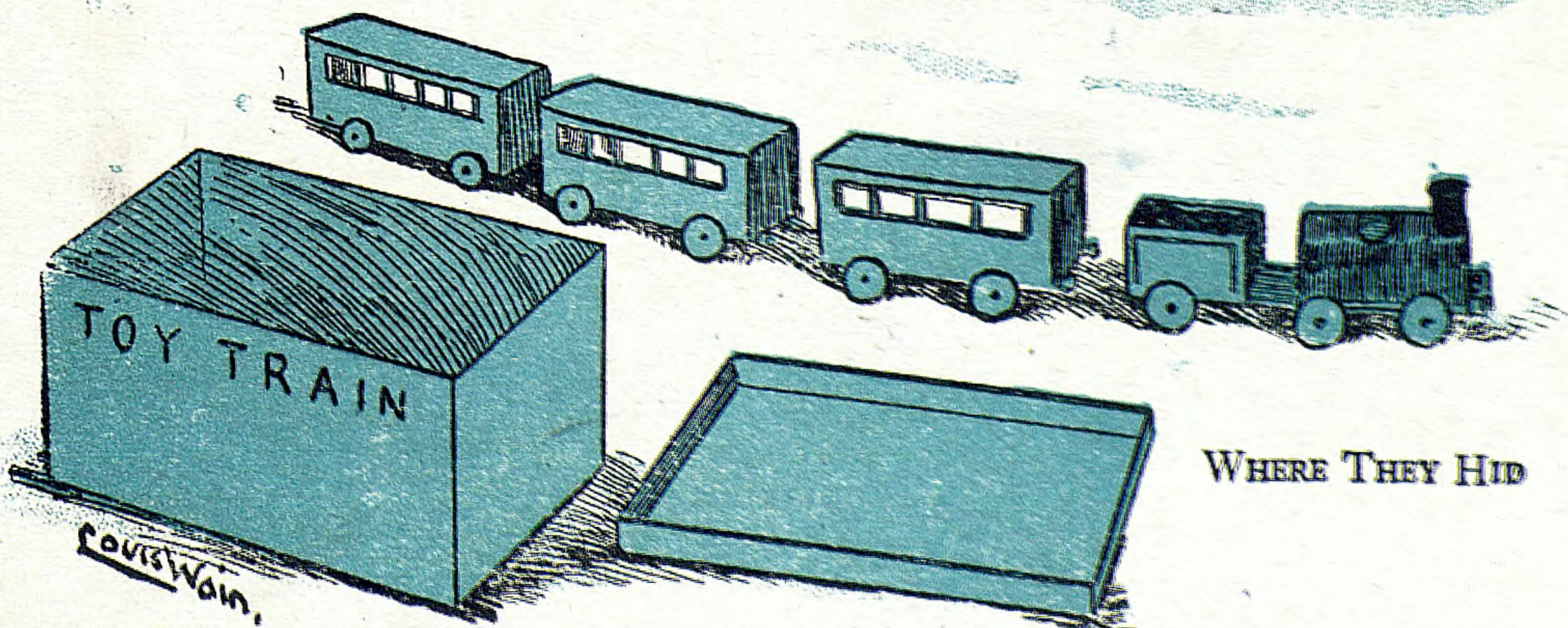
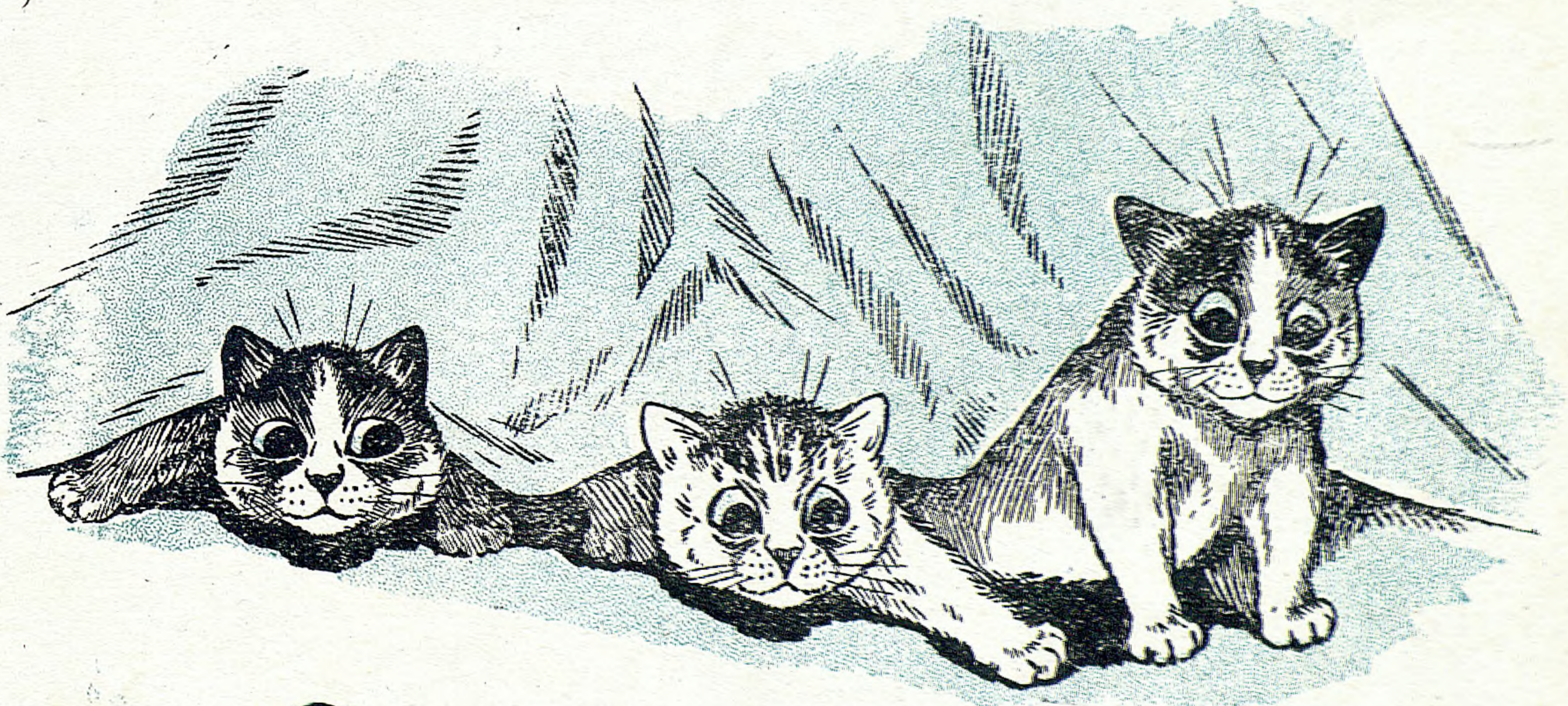
Louis Wain.

THEY GO BURGLING

“ I’m sure they still must hungry feel,
So bring that nice Mouse Jam,
For them ’twill make a splendid meal,
With fish and cream and ham.”

The Farmer’s wife, a handsome Cat,
Ran holding up her paws,
“ They can’t have jam, it’s gone, all that !
From out our larder stores.

“ Quite vanished are the ham and cream,
And every bit of fish,
There’s been some wicked thief, ’twould seem,
And emptied every dish.”



WHERE THEY HID

THEY ARE PUNISHED

THEN sought the Farmer everywhere
And soon the thieves were found,
He thrashed them soundly then and there
And they were strongly bound.



Louis Wain.

HARD AT WORK

THEY ARE PUNISHED

As punishment they had to stay
Shut up and left alone,
With teardrops trickling all that day
Their naughtiness they own.

And so to show their sorrow deep
They said they would remain
To plough and hoe and sow
and reap
Nor ever thief again.

They gladly planted cabbage
patch
And dug potato field,
'Twas quickly seen no one
could match
The crop they'd make them
yield.



They pulled up weed and sowed the seed
Of flowers of every sort,
And fine bouquets were then indeed
To Mrs. Farmer brought.

They worked so well, the Farmer knew
He'd never need to scold,
He gave them for the food they grew
Great sacks of shining gold.

THE FARMER'S SINGING
DAUGHTER

THE
FARMER'S
DAUGHTERS

THE Farmer had
three daughters
fair,
Quite charming,
sweet and neat,
They truly were of
beauty rare,
Complete from head
to feet.

And one could play,
and also sing
A score of songs, or
more,
The windows she
would open fling
And open throw the
door.

For well the Farmer
liked to hear

The lovely trilling note,
The highest C, which came so clear
From his dear daughter's throat.

The second daughter, very gay,
Danced as *you've* never seen,
And while she danced she'd gladly play
Tunes on her tambourine.



THE FARMER'S DAUGHTERS

Her tiny toes were seldom still,
Most gracefully she'd go
Right through the Farm and down the hill
She'd dance both to and fro.

The Farmer's third dear darling child
Could run for miles and
miles,
She truly was a trifle wild,
But had the sweetest
smiles.

She'd fetch and carry any-
thing,
No need to ask her
twice,
And was the first to catch
and bring
You home the rats and
mice.

Three charming daugh-
ters, yes, indeed,
'Twas very hard to
tell
Of which the
Farmer had
most need,
He loved them all
so well.

To our three Cats he made so rich,
Besides the sacks of gold,
He gave a child—but which to which
I've never yet been told.



THE FARMER'S
DANCING
DAUGHTER

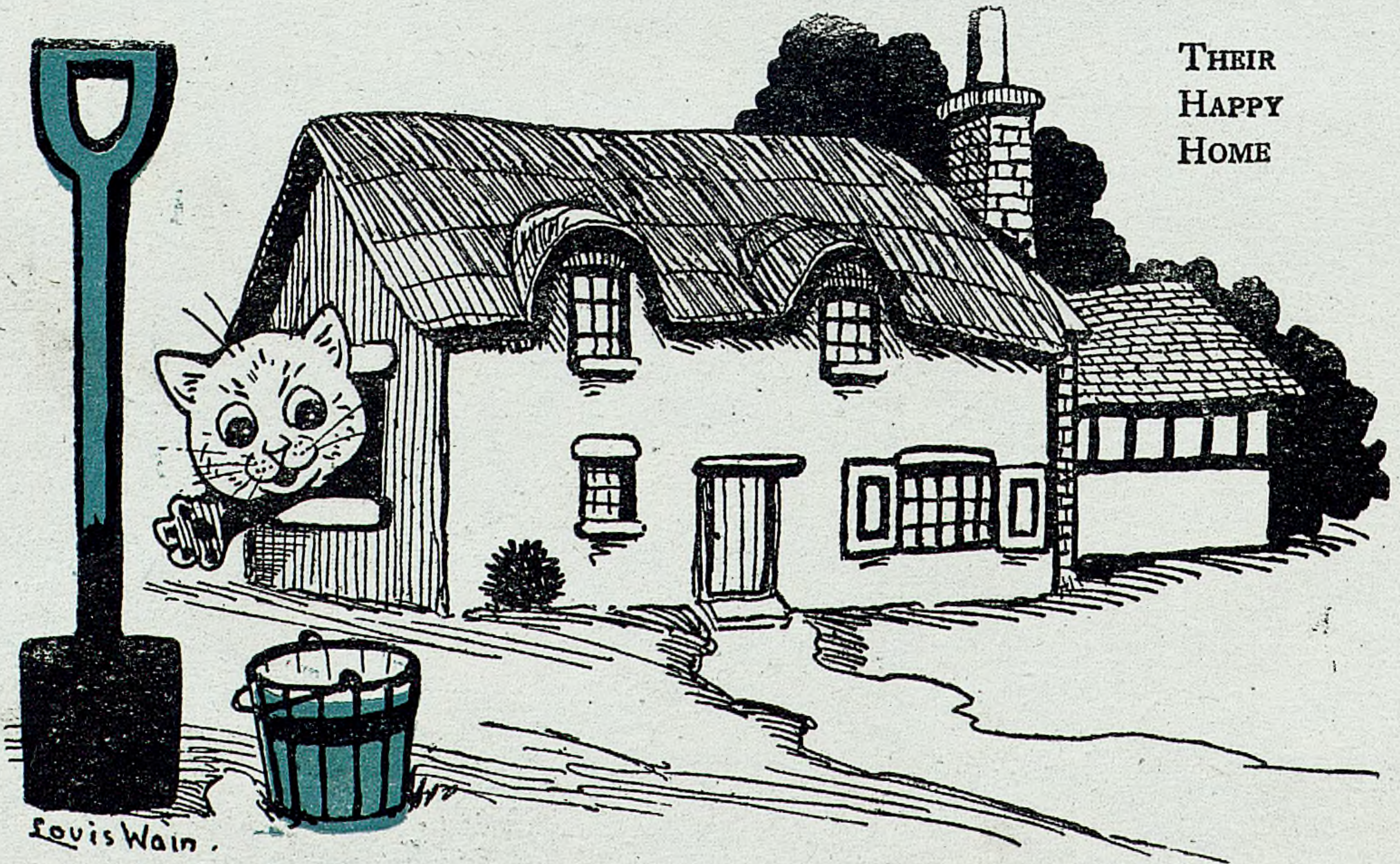
THE FARMER'S RUNNING
DAUGHTER



And so were their adventures o'er,
They never wandering went,
No happier Cats you ever saw,
Filled full with sweet content.

Grace C. Floyd.

THEIR
HAPPY
HOME



Louis Wain.

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