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# LITTLE FOLKS.

TWENTY PICTURES BY

OSCAR PLETSCH.



LONDON.

FREDERICK WARNE AND CO.

BEDFORD STREET COVENT GARDEN.

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CHARACTERISTIC PICTURES

BY

OSCAR PLETSCH.

WITH POETICAL TRANSLATIONS BY L. V.

LONDON:

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### A SHY CHILD.

**G**OOD morning, Rose; give me your little hand.  
Why do you turn away and silent stand?  
When loving little playmates early meet,  
Their morning greeting should be warm and sweet.  
Give me a kiss, dear; all the livelong day  
With our wax babies you and I will play.  
Let us at once our merry games begin;  
Don't linger outside longer—pray come in.



### A PEEP INTO THE WORLD.

**O**UR blue-eyed darling, from his cushion throne,  
A peep gets at the world he deems his own.  
Grasping his sceptre bravely in his hand,  
He reigns, a King in happy Babyland.  
Whether he wakes, or sleeps, or cries, or plays,  
He's "Monarch," still "of all that he surveys,"  
Although he knows not well, dear little boy,  
How best he can his wondrous world enjoy.



## LOVING.

**S**HE will never leave off kissing to-day,  
The sweet little pussy! It's just her way.  
"Oh, Daisy, another soft kiss," she prays,  
And her dimpled cheek to her sister's lays.  
Like a lamb, meek Daisy quietly sits,  
And to all her "loving" gladly submits,  
Shutting her pretty blue eyes to let her,  
And secretly thinking, "the more the better."



### ILL-HUMOUR.

**A**LTHOUGH I ride upon my gallant steed,  
And gambol as I please upon the mead;  
Although my hat and plume I proudly wear,  
And the gay horn I purchased at the fair,  
Nothing can please me—not a single toy!  
Because I am a discontented boy.  
Why am I discontented? I can't say!  
But so I am, and it spoils all my play.



### QUIET ENJOYMENT.

**W**HO comes near Baby Fred had need beware;  
The little fellow is my special care.  
You hear my growl; obey the warning tone,  
And leave my precious little charge alone.  
Securely let him play with Dolly here—  
The helpless infant has no cause for fear.  
Who comes near *him* will have to do with *me*,  
The trusty guardian of his infancy.



### BASHFULNESS.

**T**HEY tell me you are seven years old to-day;  
I wish you joy upon your birthday, May!  
Tightly your small hand on that basket closes,—  
Was it Mamma who gave those lovely roses?  
My gift is nothing but a simple cake:  
Do not be bashful—take it for my sake;  
When of nice things we may—if we like—choose,  
It really is quite childish to refuse!



### SHYNESS.

**T**HIS very modest-looking little maid  
Never knows what it is to be afraid:  
Should a spring bubble up across her way,  
For help to ford it she will never stay,  
But leaps right over it with secret joy;  
Her gallant spirit might befit a boy.  
Why does she droop her head so shyly now?  
Because a wreath of roses crowns her brow!



## CURIOSITY.

“**W**HAT’S in the basket? Look in, Arthur, pray;  
Are there cakes inside it, or toys for play?”

“Sister, there are flags, and drums, and rattles,  
And a horse just fit for hunts or battles!

A drum to beat and a brave steed to ride—

And, Clara, stay!—yes, down here, at the side,  
There’s something for *you*—I see it clearly.

Oh, don’t you love merry Christmas dearly?”



### VAIN LIZZIE.

**F**AIR Lizzie they call me; the neighbours say  
My face is as fresh as a summer day;  
In tiny red shoes I go tripping on;  
I've tenpence in my pocket, all my own!  
Very pretty indeed I wish to be,  
But it's all for the sake of somebody!  
For honest young Frank, who lives near the wood,  
I wish to be pretty, and rich, and good.



## NOT HUNGRY.

I don't like cabbage, I don't like meat,  
There is nothing here that I can eat!  
Why lay the cloth, or the dinner bring?  
I tell you, I don't like anything!  
I can't eat ven'son; on milk and bread  
Unlucky children are always fed.  
Eat those who can! Once again I say  
That *I* can't eat anything to-day.



### THE LITTLE HOUSEWIFE.

**A**S Mary carried the dinner away,  
Her Mamma heard the dear child softly say,  
“Oh, how very delightful it will be,  
When cooking the dinner is left to me!”  
And then, as she folded the cloth, she sighed,  
“I know it would be both my joy and pride  
To see that the cloth was daintily spread  
With hot rolls and coffee, and fresh-made bread.”



### IDLE.

**T**HE golden summer day in vain is fair  
For Paula, dreaming in an easy chair;  
Her book and work upon the floor are thrown,  
The ball of worsted Pussy makes her own.  
“Look out!” her eyes say, full of idle glee;  
“Do nothing,” say her hands, clasped lazily.  
Ah, Paula! youth and sunshine quickly flee:  
Have you once thought of what the end will be?



### DAY-DREAMS.

**H**AD I not read it in this wondrous story,  
I never should have dreamed of so much  
glory:

Such giants slain, such noble actions done,  
Such risks encountered, and such conquests won!  
I cannot bear to leave these witching pages;—  
Would *I* had lived in those heroic ages!  
But vain the wish; now common sense bears rule;  
Sadly I know I must return to school!



THERE IS NO FORESEEING WHAT WILL HAPPEN.

**O**H! the cup is broken! How was it done?  
It was surely a very brittle one!  
They will miss it soon, and I wish I knew  
What in such a case it is best to do.  
Many things will break, and in atoms fall,  
When we don't expect such a thing at all.  
I was only letting it slip in fun;  
And I ask again, oh! how *was* it done?



### OBLIGING.

“**Y**OU hold the thread so nicely! I am sure  
I never wound a ball so well before.”  
Wee Lizzie says this, a sweet little girl,  
Making the worsted o’er his fingers twirl.  
Ah! by and bye, my little Frank, you’ll see  
Her winsome net may chance to capture thee.  
Forewarned, forearmed! I whisper this in time,  
Although I know you will not heed my rhyme.



“MAKING BELIEVE.”

A board, a chair, a little string,  
With bits of cloth and stuff,  
Will make for me and little Kate  
A room quite large enough;  
And greatly I enjoy myself,  
While Kate her best song sings,  
My little pipe so brightly glows,  
And smoke around us flings.



### MISCHIEVOUS.

“**T**HERE, now! down she tumbles! oh, dear me!  
Have you really hurt your little knee?”

“Yes; falling over hard roots of trees,  
Perhaps might have broken both *your* knees.”

“You are awkward! pray look where you go,  
And don’t gaze upwards, but down below;  
Or you will find, child, that on the earth  
There are stones and roots, may mar your mirth.”



### SPOILT.

**T**HE boy who gaily roams about,  
And heeds not if the wild wind blows,  
Will find himself in perfect health  
In summer heat or winter snows.  
But this poor laddie by the fire,  
Who stays at home for days together,  
Is never well; he'd better far  
Have dared the storm and wintry weather.



### THE DUSTMAN.

**T**HE dustman came early this evening,  
The clock has not yet struck eight:  
When bright summer sunsets are gleaming,  
The dustman comes very late;  
But when winter is cold and dreary,  
And the dark long nights are come,  
Then the dustman calls very early,  
For he longs to hasten home.

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