



Little Lily's Alphabet

By Oscar Pletsch

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LITTLE LILY'S ALPHABET.

WITH

RHYMES BY S. M. P.

AND

PICTURES BY OSCAR PLETSCH.



LONDON:
FREDERICK WARNE & CO.,
15 BEDFORD STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

PREFACE.



Come, little people,
attend to me,
This is a book you will
like, I see;
Here are the letters,
every one,
Verses and pictures full of fun,
All about little girls and boys,
With apples, and cakes, and pretty
toys;
You must learn the Alphabet
quickly, too,
That you may be able to read it
through.

A



A a Apples, mamma! how very nice!
May I just have one little slice?
No, darling, they are hard and sour,
You will have dinner in an hour.
I am paring some for an apple-pie,
To be baked in the oven by and by.

A



B



B b

Birds! pretty birds, are here with
me.

Both are as different as can be;
One can fly—the other can walk;
One can sing—the other can talk;
One is a Robin, who sings a song

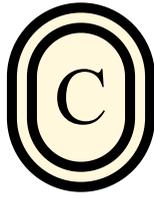
—
The other our Kate, with her
prattling tongue;

One goes to sleep with his wing
o'er his head—
The other lies snug in her warm
little bed.





C c Clocks and watches are curious
things,
Full of wheels, and chains, and
springs!
Open the watch, and let me see
What it is ticks so funnily.
When you are older you will know
What makes the clocks and
watches go.



D



D d

Dolly is going to have a ride.

Come on, Nelly, and sit by her
side.

Your letter, papa! The post goes
out,

My horses will prance and jump
about.

Where is the letter? I cannot stay;
I shall blow my horn, and gallop
away!



E



E e Emma, how can you be so silly!
Are you afraid of cousin Willie?
Look at the cap pull'd o'er his eyes,
The long white beard to make him
wise;
Papa's great stick is very long,
See how he carries it along,
Trying to be a wise old man—
Yet learn his book he never can!



F



F f Fishes, fishes, out of the sea,
Springing and jumping about with
glee.
You've splash'd the water over the
floor,
And wetted my clean white
pinafore!
Suppose I should put my finger in

Would you bite it, I wonder, you
little thing?
Stay where you are, poor foolish
fish,
Or else you'll be fried and put in a
dish!



G



G gg Grandpapa, dear grandpapa!
We're come to-day with dear
mamma;
We have learnt some verses to say
to you,
To wish you joy on your birthday
too.
Even Carlo looks as if he could
say,
"Many happy returns of the day!"



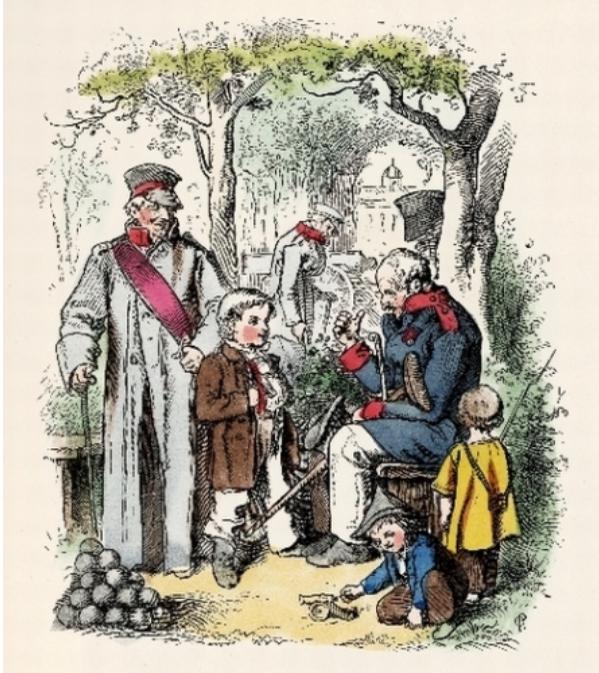
H



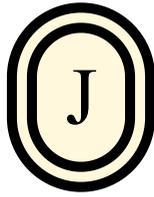
H h Hens and chickens, come along!
I have something here for you;
Here they come, oh, what a throng!
Cocks and hens and puppies too!
Dash, the house-dog looks quite
grave.—
Poor old doggy, you must wait;
Don't you know I always save
Bones for you upon my plate.



I



I i I for a soldier would like to go,
To fight and shoot with a gun, you
know.
Alas! my boy, I once felt the same,
And fought for glory and love of
fame;
Now I am lame, and a cripple, you
see,
That is all fighting has done for
me.



K



K k Katie is two years old to-day,
Her new white frock is very gay;
Her birthday presents are all quite
new,
A rabbit, a cake, and a doll's house
too.
Katie will give mamma a kiss,
For such pretty toys and a cake like
this.



L



L Lucy, won't you come in and play?
No, I should like to listen all day;
Here's a man with an organ, who
 plays a tune,
I am very glad I came out so soon.
I have a penny to spend to-day,
I shall give it to him when he goes
 away.





M m

Madam, any milk to-day?
Come, I have no time to stay.
Knock! knock! does no one hear?
You lazy thing, you do not care.
Knock! knock! Oh, I cannot stay!
Oh, there's a mouse! how it runs
away!

Ah! now I can hear a noise and see
A light, which is a pleasure to me.

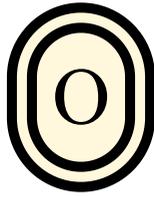


N



N n Nelly! I can the lock undo!
Do let me in to play with you.
No, no, Sir! no; you are not good;
You are always naughty, and so
rude!
Stay where you are, outside the
door,
Well play by ourselves, as we did
before.





P



P p Pancakes, mamma! Oh, may I try
To mix the eggs, and milk, and
flour?
Then you can fry them by and by,
They will be ready in an hour.
Well, stir it quickly, Isabel,
You must work hard to do it well.



Q



Q q Quiet and still dear Annie stands,
While I brush her hair in glossy
bands;
Sometimes I pull, and she always
tries
To bear it well, and she never cries.
I can plait her hair very quickly
now,
And tie the ends with a pretty bow.



R

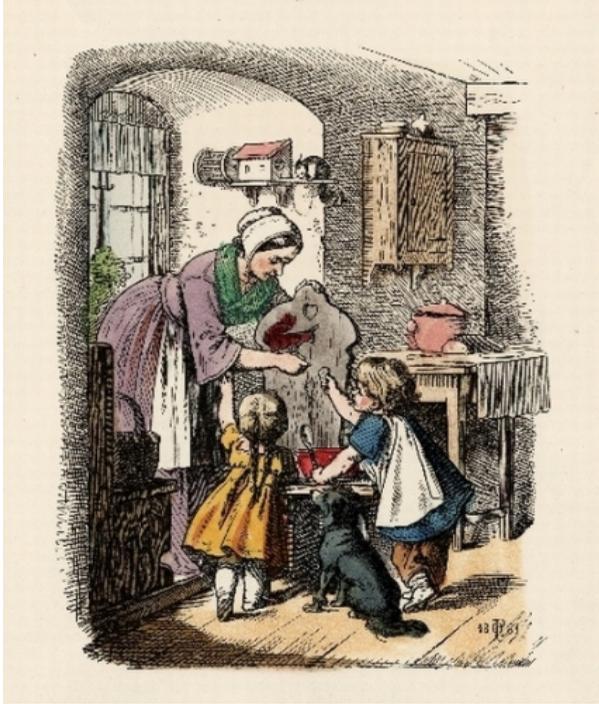


R r Rain! rain! 'tis raining yet!
Oh, dear, our dinner will be wet;
We'll never mind it, let us try
To find out where the path is dry.
We must go now, so do not stay,
We shall be late at school to-day.

R



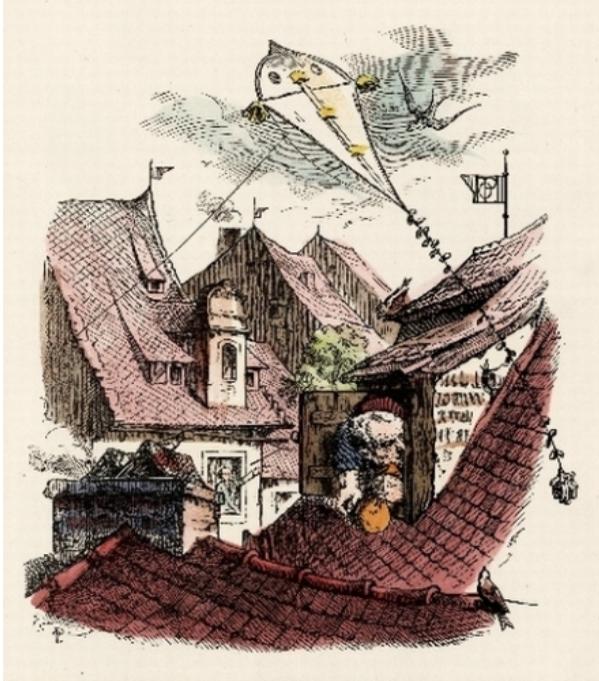
S



S s Squirrel, squirrel, do look at me,
I have my breakfast here, you see,
It is bread and milk, and I like it so,
You will not eat a piece, I know.
Here is something else that I like as
well,
It is almond nut just out of the
shell.



T

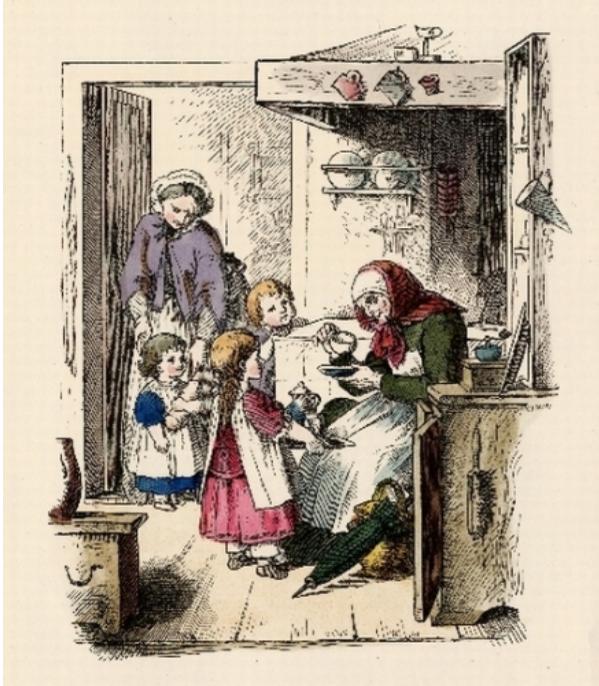


T t Thieves! on the roof, I do declare!
Oh, dear, how could they get up
there!
Here's my bag of money, I'll hold it
tight,
I'm sure I shall have no sleep to-
night.
I hear them knocking! what shall I
do?

Must I open the window and
scramble through?
You silly man, to be in a fright;
Don't you see it is only a paper
kite!



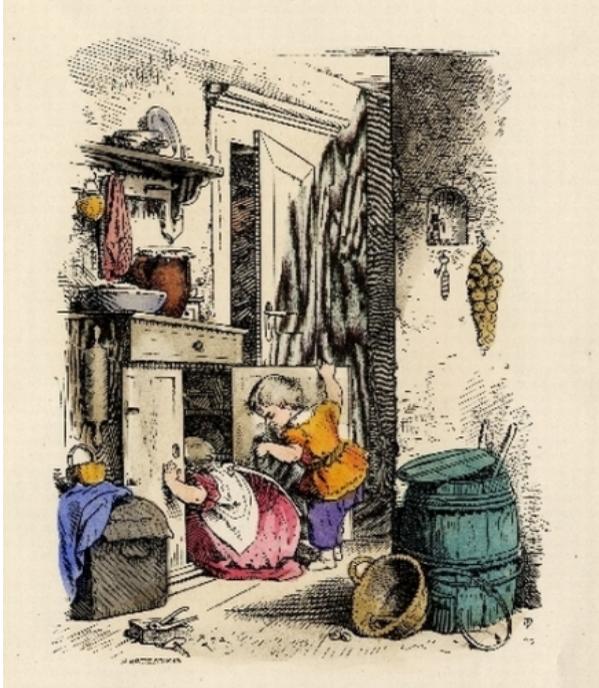
U



U u Untie your bonnet, dear nurse; and
see,
Here is nice coffee for you and me!
Sit down, I have brought it on a
tray;
You must let me wait on you to-
day;
I am not a baby now, you know;
Don't you see how tall and strong I
grow.

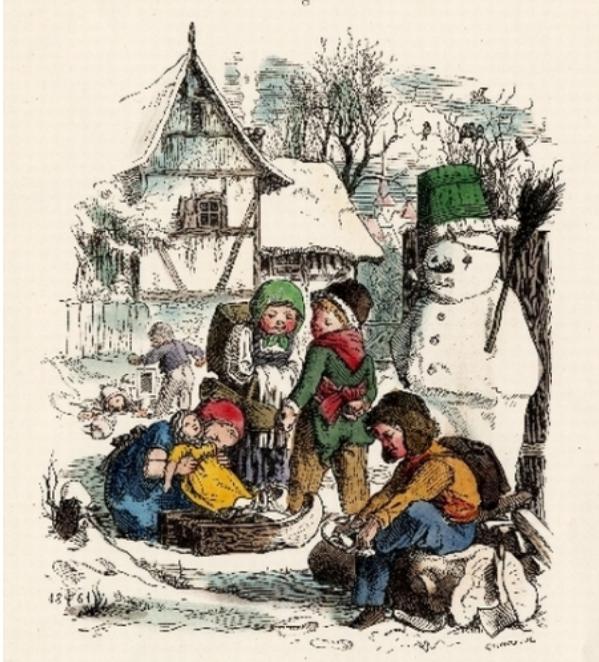


V



V v Very naughty children are here,
They do not know mamma is near!
She has been looking through the
door—
I'm afraid if they do it any more—
After all that mamma has said—
They will be punish'd and sent to
bed.





W w Winter is everywhere,
And bitter the north winds blow;
And look, they have made up there
A capital man of snow!
He has a pail on his head,
And a broom stuck in for a gun;
Let us go out—Willie said
There would be plenty of fun.



Y



Y y You are worse than ever, dear
Harry! How
Can I wash your face while you
struggle so?
Ah, dear mamma, it is only fun,
You tickle me so! Will you soon
have done?
Well, what do you think papa
would say?
If I left you dirty and black all day?



X



X x Z z

Dear Sir, before we go to bed,
We want you just to look;
You've left the letters X and Z
Out of your pretty book.
Ah! so I have; well, never mind,
To tell the truth, I could not find
Words that would do for X and Z,
To suit my picture book.

Z



[The end of *Little Lily's Alphabet* by Oscar Pletsch]