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Illustrator: [Anonymous]

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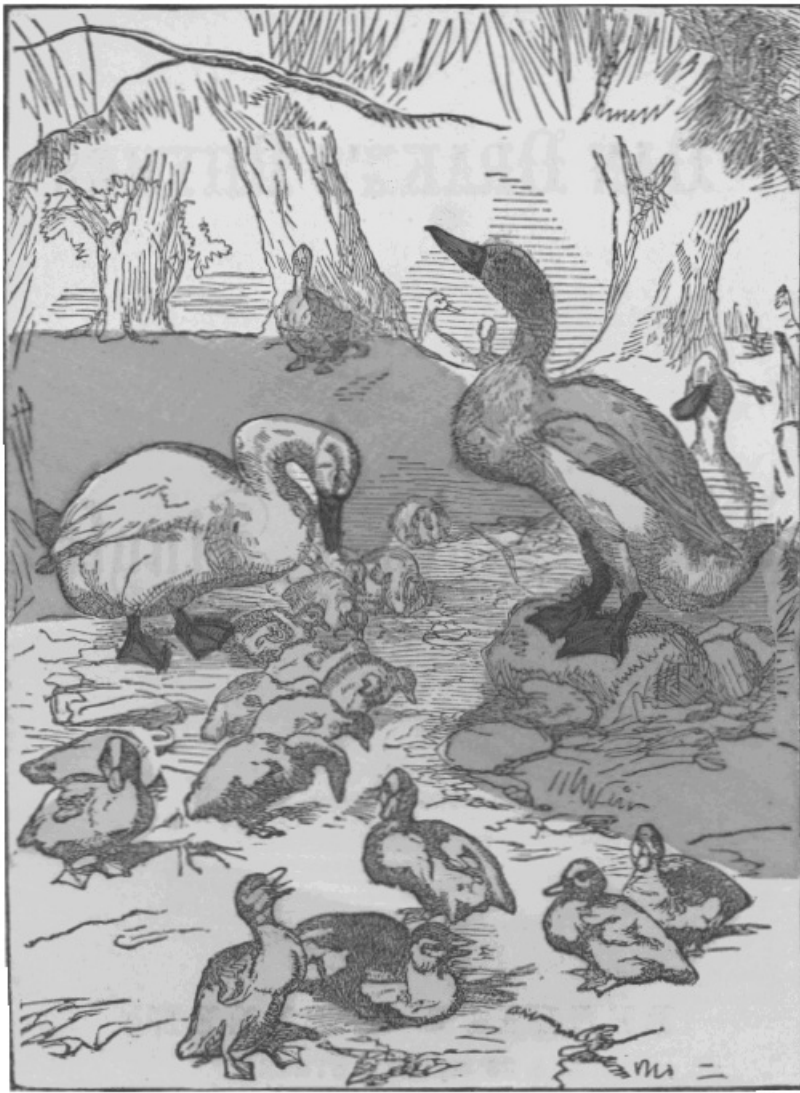
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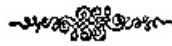
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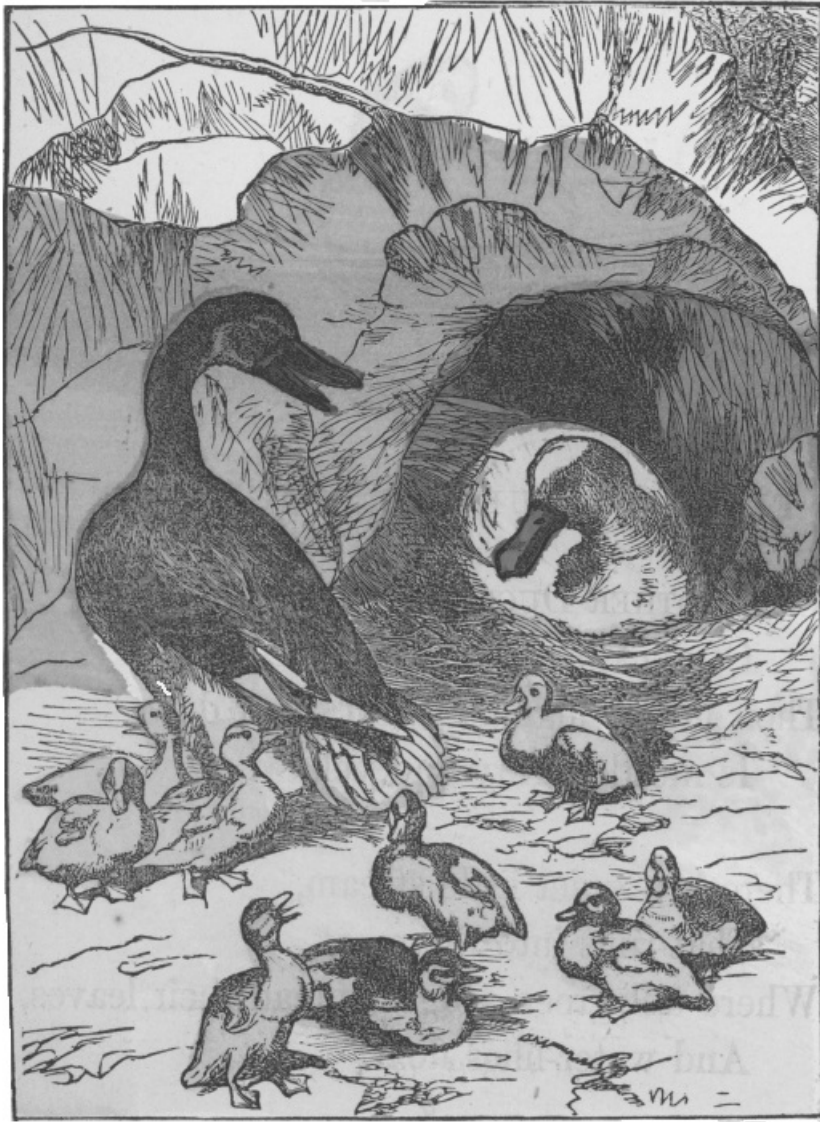
DAN DRAKE'S RHYMES

AND

Dame Duck's Singles.



NEW YORK:
BEAVERS & ALLEN;
21 & 23 MERCER STREET.



DAME DUCK'S

FIRST LECTURE ON EDUCATION.

Old Mother Duck has hatched a brood
Of ducklings, small and callow:
Their little wings are short, their down
Is mottled gray and yellow.

There is a quiet little stream,
That runs into the moat,
Where tall, green sedges spread their leaves,
And water-lilies float.



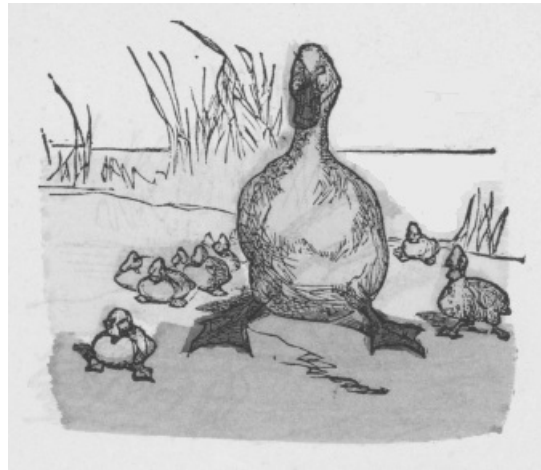
Close by the margin of this brook
The old duck made her nest,
Of straw, and leaves, and withered grass,
And down from her own breast.

And there she sat for four long weeks,
In rainy days and fine,
Until the ducklings all came out,
Four, five, six, seven, eight, nine.



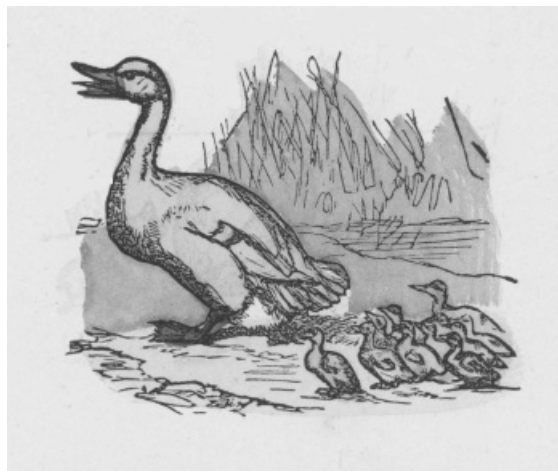
One peeped out from beneath her wing,
One scrambled on her back;
"That's very rude," said old Dame Duck;
"Get off, quack, quack, quack, quack!"

"'Tis close," said Dame Duck, shoving out
The egg-shells with her bill;
"Besides, it never suits young ducks
To keep them sitting still."



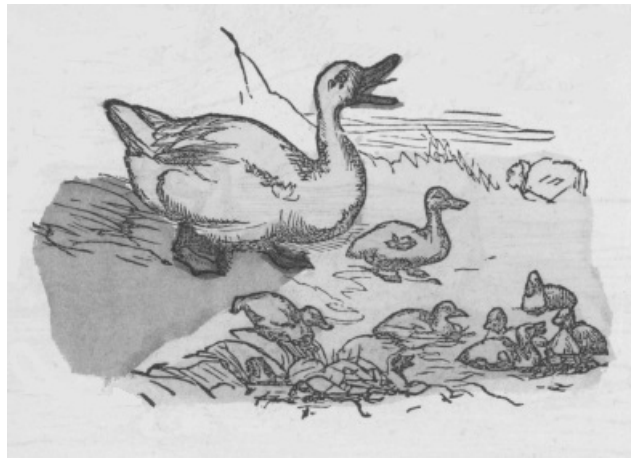
So, rising from her nest, she said,
"Now, children, look at me:
A well-bred duck should waddle so,
From side to side; d'ye see?"

"Yes!" said the little ones; and then
She went on to explain,
"A well-bred duck turns in its toes
As I do;—try again."



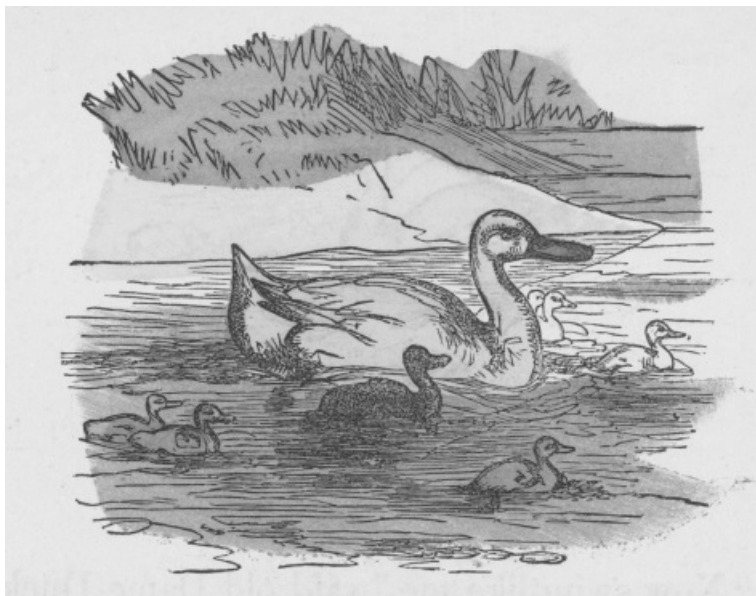
"Yes!" said the ducklings, waddling on.
"That's better," said their mother;
"But well-bred ducks walk in a row,
Straight, one beside the other."

"Yes!" said the little ducks again,
All waddling in a row.
"Now to the pond," said old Dame Duck.
Splash, splash, and in they go.



"Now swim like me," said old Dame Duck:
"To this side, then to that,
And snap at all the flies you see;
They make young ducklings fat.

"Now when you reach the poultry yard,
Our mistress, Mary Ann,
Will feed you, with the other fowls,
On mashed-up bread and bran.



"The hens and chicks will peck and fight,
But let me hope that you
Will gobble up the food as fast
As well-bred ducks should do.

"You'd better get into the dish,
Unless it is too small;
In that case, mount it with both feet,
And overturn it all."

The obedient ducklings practised thus,
And found the plan so good
That from that day the other fowls
Got hardly any food.



DAN. DRAKE, ESQ.,

ADDRESSING

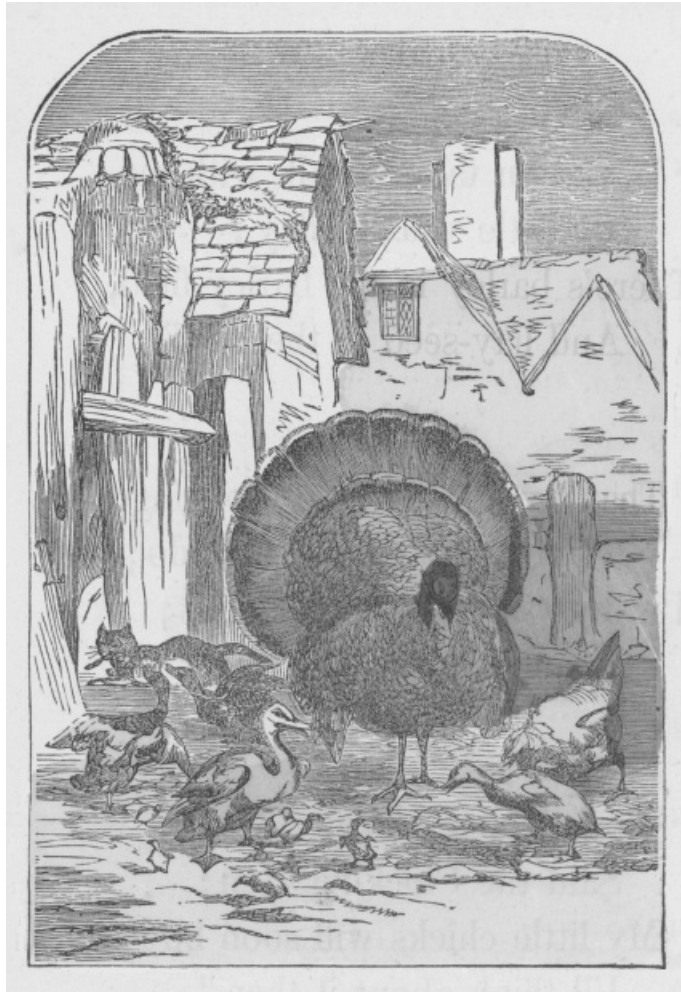
THE DUCK FAMILY.

THE CLOCKING HEN.

"Will you take a walk with me,
My little wife, to-day?
There's barley in the barley-field,
And hay-seed in the hay."

"Thank you," said the Clocking Hen,
"I've something else to do;
I'm busy setting on my eggs;
I cannot walk with you."

"Clock, clock, clock, clock,"
Said the Clocking Hen;
"My little chicks will soon be hatched;
I'll think about it then."



The Clocking Hen sat on her nest;
She made it in the hay;
And warm and snug beneath her breast
A dozen white eggs lay.

Crack, crack, went all the eggs;
Out dropt the chickens small;
"Clock," says the Clocking Hen,
"Now I've got you all.

"Come along, my little chicks;
I'll take a walk with YOU."
"Hollo!" says the barn-door cock;
"Cock-a-doo-dle-doo!"

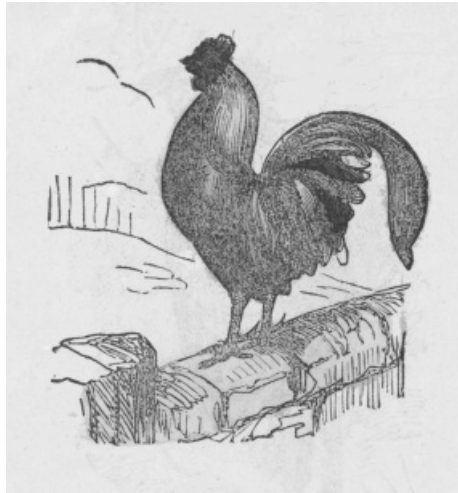


COCK AND HEN.

(To imitate the call of these fowls.)

HEN.

"Cock, cock, cock, cock,
I've laid an egg;
Am I to gang ba-are foot?"



Cock.

Hen; hen, hen, hen,
I've been up and down
To every shop in town,
And cannot find a shoe
To fit your foot,
If I'd crow my hea-art out!

Say the above very quickly, except the two last words in each verse, which prolong and "scream" out.



THE DISAPPOINTED OWL.

All day sat an Owl on an ivy bush,
And she looked wondrous wise,
With her horny beak, 'neath her feathered cowl,
And her great, round, shining eyes.

She sat the whole day on the self-same spray,
From sunrise until sunset;
But the dim, gray light was all too bright
For the Owl to see in yet.

"Ow-let! Ow-let!" said a merry Tom-tit,
"You're the wisest thing that flies;
But you cannot see, though looking at me,
With your great, round, staring eyes."

Night came very soon, and the silvery moon
Rolled high up in the skies;
Says the Owl, "Too-wit!^[1] I'll eat you, Tom-tit;
I see with my shining eyes."

"Too-wit! too-wit!" cried the savage Owlet,
Flying about in surprise;
"Not on bush or tree can I Tom-tit see,
With my great, round, staring eyes!"

^[1]Pronounce *too* long, and *wit* sharp and quick.



WILL-O'-THE-WISP AND THE FROG.

"Yaup, yaup, yaup,"
Said the croaking voice of a Frog;
"The sun has set,
The night is wet,
And nothing like fun in our bog.

"Yaup, yaup, yaup,"
Said Frog, as he splashed about;
"Good neighbors all,
You hear me call;
And 'tis odd you don't come out."

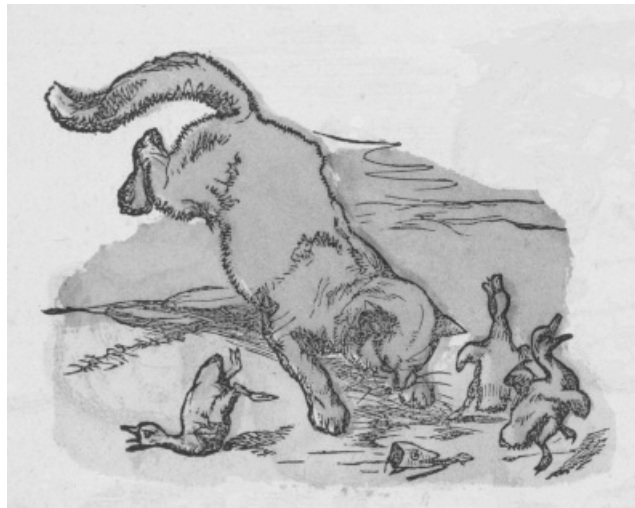
"Yaup, yaup, yaup,"
Said the frogs; "it's charming weather;
We'll come and sup,
When the moon is up,
And all of us croak together."

"Yaup, yaup, yaup;
Here, Will-o'-the-wisp," said the Frog;
"Come, light your lamp,
And we will tramp,
And frighten some fool near our bog."



THE SLY PUSSY-CAT.

The Pussy-cat lives near a great stone barn,
She carries sharp nails in her paw;
The rats have many a nest snug and warm
In the waste beneath the barn-floor.



The rats are chary of taking the air,
Or of filling with grain their maws;
For Pussy-cat says, "Come out if you dare;
I will catch you all with my claws."

Scra-atch, scra-atch, went the rats, one day;
For they smelt Mary's bread and cheese;

The Pussy-cat says, "It smells very nice;
So come, do come out, if you please."



"Sque-eak!" said an old rat; "squeak, squeak!"
And "Squeak!" said the little rats too;
"We never creep out when cats are about,
And surely shall not to please YOU."

Sly Puss took a run, for mischief or fun,
Making hens, ducks, and goslings fly;
Then hurrying back, she saw through a crack
Only this—a rat's laughing eye.

Next, the sly old Cat lay down on a mat,
In the sun, close to the barn-wall:
"If the rats now peep they'll think I'm asleep;
I'll roll myself up like a ball."

"Old Whiskers, run out, creep softly about,
And bring us some bread and some cheese.
That silly old Cat sleeps sound on the mat,
And you can go sup at your ease."

"I can? then I'm off!" and out ran the rat,
But scarce took the bread in his paws,
When the sly old Cat sprung up from the mat,
And had Whiskers safe in her claws.



FARM-YARD CONCERTO.

Arranged by D. DRAKE, ESQ., from the celebrated Opera of "NATURE."

Solo—ROOSTER—Cock-a-doo-dle-doo!

Duett—CHICKEN { Tweet! tweet! tweet! tweet!
and SWALLOW { Peep! peep! peep! peep!

Solo—ROOSTER—Cock-a-doo-dle-doo!



Duett—CALF { Ba-a-ah! Ma-a-ah!
and LAMB { Ma-a-ah! Ba-a-ah!

Solo—COW—Moo-oo-ah, moo-oo-ah!

Duett—DUCK { Qua-ack! qua-ack! qua-ack! qua-ack!
and TURKEY { Gob-ble, gob-ble, gob-ble, gob-ble!

Solo—FARMER—Break-fast's ready! Come, boys, eat.

Solo—MAID—Scat, you puss! Drop that meat!

Trio—BOY, CAT, { Seize her, Rover! Bow-wow-wow!
and DOG { Go it! Phit, phit! Me-ow-ow!



Duett—HEN and { John, take Rover off that cat!
FARMER'S WIFE { Cut-cut-ker-dar-cut—dar-cut!

Solo—ROOSTER—Cock-a-doo-dle-doo!

Duett—HEN { Cut-cut-out—Cock-a-doo
and ROOSTER { -dle-doo!—ker-dar-cut!

Bass Solo—BULL—Boo-oo-oo-oo-ah! Boo-oo-oo-oo-ah!

Quartette—HEN, { Clock-i-ty, clock! Quack! Clock!
DOG, { Me-ow! Qquack-i-ty! Bow-wow!
CAT, { Clock! Bow-wow! Quack-i-ty!
and DUCK { Clock-i-ty! Quack! Me-ow!



Grand Chorus.

By the entire Strength of the Company.

Bow-wow! Clock! Quack! Twit! Peep! Cock-a-doo—Ba-a! Ma-a!—

dle-doo! Me-ow! Scat! Ba-a! Ma-a! Cut—Gob-ble!—ker-dar-cut! Get out, do! Caw, caw! Colt's got loose! Bow-wow! Stop her! Gob-ble, gob-ble! Qua-ack! Peep! Cock-a—Head her—doo—Ro-ver!—dle-doo! Whoa! There goes the beehive! Gob-ble, gob-ble! Phit, phit! Puss is stung! Me-ow!! Ky-ie, ky-ie! Rover's got it, too! Gob-ble, gob-ble! Yough! Me-ow! Twit! Peep! Hold on!

The beauty of the above composition may not at first be apparent to juvenile minds; but let any good sized family divide up the parts, and enter upon its vigorous rehearsal, and they will be sure to *bring down the house*.
D. DRAKE.



PUZZLED FARMER.



DELIGHTED AUDIENCE.



ASTONISHED PAT.





PUSS AT HOME IN THE ROYAL KITCHEN.

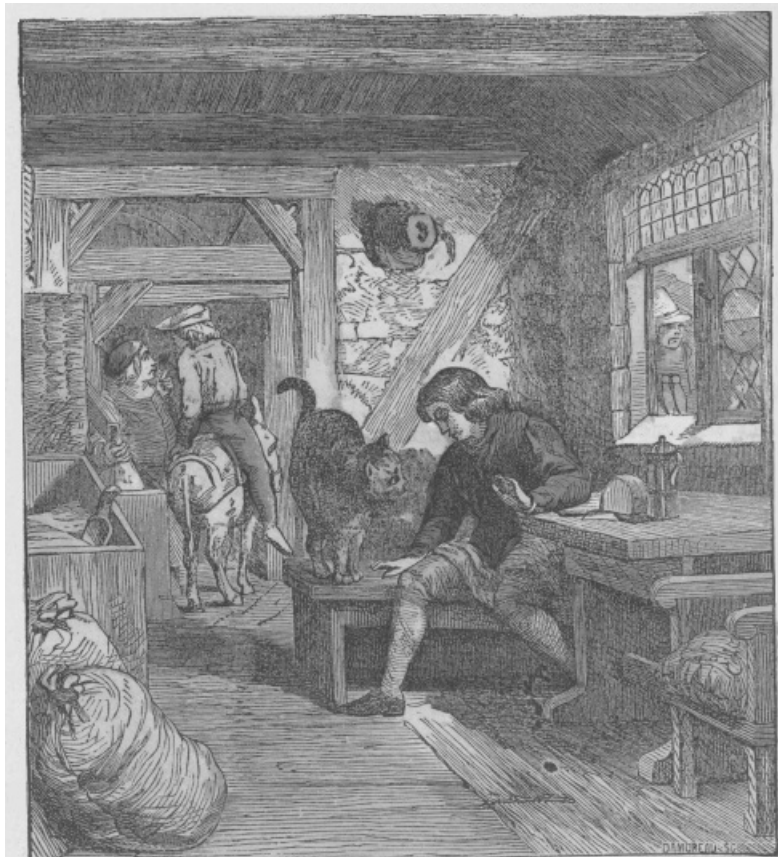
PUSS IN BOOTS.

CHAPTER I.

THE MILLER'S SON AND HIS FORTUNE.

THERE once lived a miller who had three sons; and when he died he divided what he possessed among them in the following manner: He gave his mill to the eldest, his ass to the second, and his Cat to the youngest. Each of the brothers accordingly took what belonged to him, without the help of an attorney, who would soon have brought their little fortune to nothing in law expenses.

The poor fellow who had nothing but the Cat complained that he was hardly used. "My brothers," said he, "by joining their stocks together, may do well in the world; but what am I to do with my Cat? If I make a pair of gloves out of his skin, there's an end of him; nothing more is to be got from him." The Cat, who understood all that he said, hereupon arose, set up his back, and said, "Listen, dear Theophilus: you need not kill me in order to make a pair of worthless gloves out of my skin; only order a pair of boots to be made for me, so that I may be able to go about, and may be fit to be seen by the folks, and your fortune shall soon be made." The miller's son was astonished to hear the Cat speak; but, as the shoemaker happened to pass by at the moment, he called him in.



THE MILLER'S SON AND HIS INHERITANCE.

CHAPTER II.

PUSS FITTED TO A PAIR OF BOOTS.

PUSS jumped upon the great arm-chair. Theophilus explained to the shoemaker that he was required to take his young friend's measure for a pair of boots. The man, although a little astonished, was very glad to get a fresh job: he concealed the slight alarm which he felt; and, even when Puss leaned one paw upon his head, he only requested the young gentleman to draw in his claws a little. In taking the measure, the shoemaker stroked Puss's leg, which set him purring with pleasure, and he addressed his master, "Good Theophilus, I love you; you never stroked me the wrong way; you let me sleep quietly in the sun; and when your brothers wanted to tease me, and carried me into the dark, in order to see what they called electrical sparks from my back, you always opposed it. I will now show my gratitude for all this. You must not, however, look on me as faithless, as other men do; for, in truth, I am not so! The race of cats, it is true, has got a bad name, because we do not choose, like the dog, tamely to put up with all that men do to us. We hate slavery, and preserve our independence; and, opposed to all oppression, we do not show forth our talents at command. For this reason, you have remained ignorant hitherto of my power of speaking. You have many other things yet to learn about me. I make only one condition,—that you put unlimited confidence in me." Theophilus, touched by the nobleness of sentiment displayed by his Cat, shook his paw, and promised to confide implicitly in him.

A few days after, the shoemaker brought the boots. Puss tried them on with great satisfaction. Theophilus shook the last shilling out of his almost empty purse, to pay for them. His two brothers enjoyed a hearty laugh at his simplicity in having ordered boots to be made for a cat; and the eldest in particular, as is the usual practice of elder brothers, rated him soundly for his stupidity in throwing away his last penny upon a cat, who would soon take to his heels, without scruple, and carry off the boots with him. Puss pretended not to hear this; nevertheless, he thought to himself, "You have cheated poor Theophilus: I will not behave so badly to him as you have done; I know very well what I am about." So saying, he flung a sack over his shoulder, took a stick in his paw, and, walking on his hind legs like a man, went out of the door.



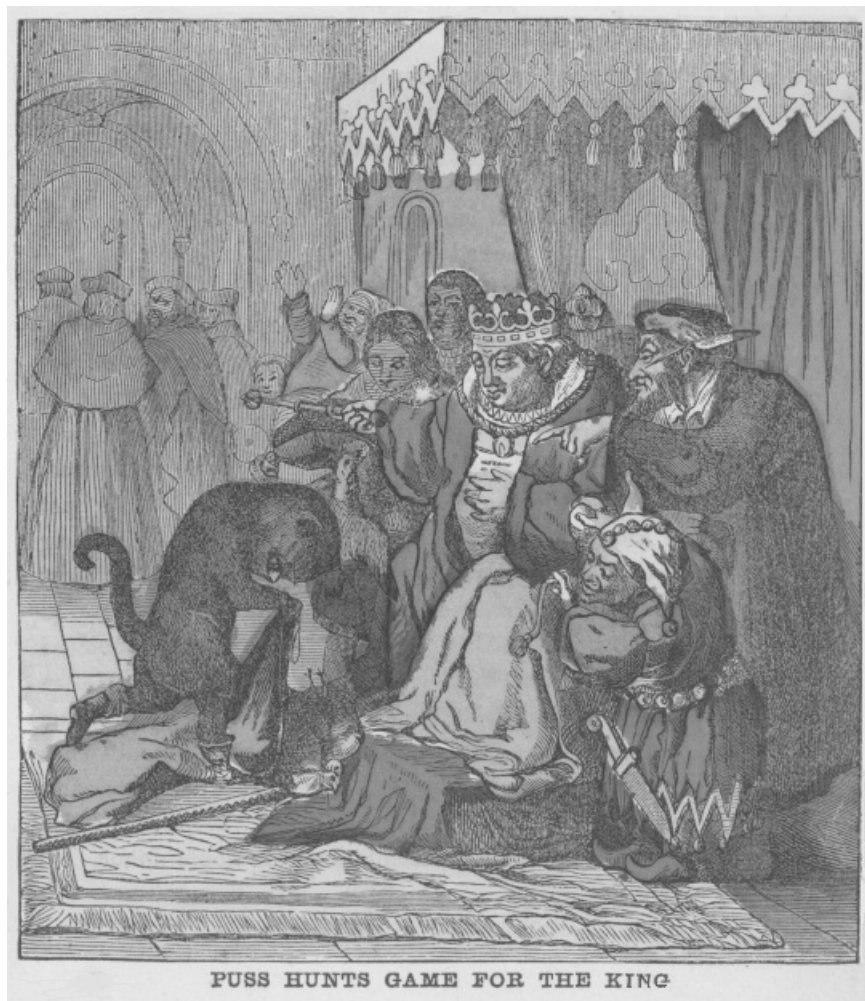
PUSS MEASURED FOR A PAIR OF BOOTS.

CHAPTER III.

PUSS HUNTS FOR GAME.

THE first attempt Puss made was to go into a warren in which there was a great number of rabbits. He put some bran and parsley into his bag, and then, stretching himself out at full length as if dead, waited for some heedless young rabbit to come into the bag to feast on the dainties it enclosed. He succeeded in this, and took home a fine fat one for his master's supper. After this he tried his hand on other game, so that neither Theophilus nor himself was ever in danger of starving.

Puss happened to know that the king of the country had fallen into a fit of melancholy, because he could not procure his favorite dish, partridges; not that there was any lack of them in the fields, but they had become so shy that no sportsmen could get hold of them. Puss went into a corn-field, drew off his boots, in order to approach the birds without noise, spread open his sack to serve as a net, and fastening a string to the end of it, lay down behind the hedge. He waited a long while in vain; but at last the partridges came, and, attracted by some crumbs within the bag, hopped in one after the other; at that moment Puss drew the string, and, whipping the sack, birds and all, over his shoulder, marched off to the palace. The king chanced at the time to have convoked his Parliament, and was consequently in very bad humor, when a lord in waiting announced that a gamekeeper, who looked like a cat, was waiting to offer a present of partridges from his master to the king. His majesty at once dissolved Parliament (you see the members in the background walking off dissatisfied), and ordered in the messenger. Puss made a low bow, and emptied his bag at the king's feet, at the same time turning away his head, lest the birds should provoke his appetite, and said, "My master, the Marquis of Carabas, begs your majesty's acceptance of some game, which he has just taken." The king's mouth watered at the sight; and, regaining his good humor, he inquired after the marquis, said he must make his personal acquaintance, asked why he never came to court, and, sending for the Chancellor of the Exchequer, desired him to give Puss as much money as he could carry. You here see the Chancellor of the Exchequer with his money-bag pointing to the Cat, professing himself much puzzled to comprehend what business a cat can have with money. On the other side, the Cook hurries in from the kitchen, attracted by the news of the partridges, and loading with commendations the noble donor.



CHAPTER IV.

PUSS GETS HIS MASTER INTO ROYAL FAVOR.

THE money which Puss had thus obtained was of great assistance to his master; for before that he had suffered a great deal from dependence upon his brothers. Puss went out sporting regularly, and every day brought in such a large bagful of game that he became quite a favorite with the king, and was permitted to go in and out of the palace, and run about it just as he chose. Here you see him in the kitchen, standing before the fire warming his paws. The cookmaid is plucking the partridges, and the king's fool is playing with some of the birds. At this moment the king's coachman enters, calls for a glass of beer, and exclaims with an oath, "Plague take the king and the princess! I was just going to the public-house to play at cards, when the carriage was ordered to take them a drive to the lake." As soon as the Cat heard this, he slipped away home, and said to his master, "If you wish to become a prince and a rich man, come along with me to the lake, and bathe in it." The miller's son knew not what answer to make, yet he followed his Cat, rather because he cared not what became of himself, than from any expectation of being made a prince.

Theophilus stripped himself naked and jumped into the water: you may observe him under the bush. The Cat meanwhile carried off his clothes and hid them. This was scarcely done when the king drove up. Instantly the Cat began to cry most lamentably, and to wring his paws. No sooner did the king espy his favorite running up and down in such distress than he stopped his carriage and got out. "What is the matter, gamekeeper?" said he. "Alas! your majesty," answered Puss, "one misfortune after another! My master was bathing, when a thief came and carried off his clothes; and there is the marquis up to his neck in the water at this moment. He can't come out; and if he stops in longer he will catch his death of cold."

When the king heard this he ordered one of his people to ride back, and fetch a suit of clothes from the royal wardrobe, and showed his approbation of Puss's fidelity by scratching him good-humoredly under the chin. The king's daughter is seen seated in the carriage, curious to catch a glimpse of the Marquis of Carabas. As soon as the servant returned, and the marquis had put on the splendid suit of clothes, the king invited him to take a seat in his carriage, and thanked him for the fine partridges. The princess, for her part, was by no means dissatisfied to have the marquis in the carriage beside her; for he was young and handsome, and had taken her fancy somewhat.



CHAPTER V.

PUSS RUNNING BEFORE THE ROYAL CARRIAGE.

AS the carriage drove on, the Cat always kept ahead of it, like a running footman; and in this fashion they drove across the frontier of the king's dominions into the territory of a wicked Magician. They first passed through a noble forest, where many hundred people were cutting down and sawing the oaks.

"To whom does this forest belong?" inquires the Cat of the woodman.

"To the great Magician."

"Harkye! the king is coming this way; and, if he asks whose wood this is, mind you answer that it belongs to the Marquis of Carabas. If you don't, you shall all be burnt alive."

The king did not fail to ask the people to whom the forest belonged. "To my lord the Marquis of Carabas," said they all at once; for the threats of the Cat had terribly frightened them.

A little farther, the Cat came to a corn-field filled with reapers.

"Whose corn is that, you people?"

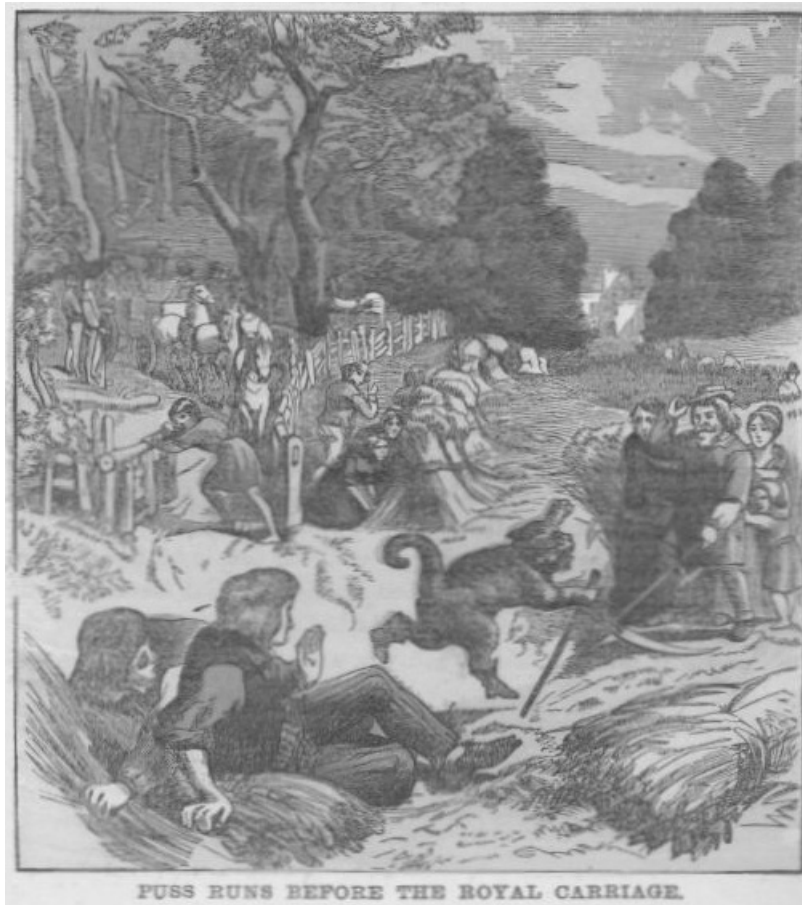
"The Magician's."

"Harkye! The king is coming, and, if he asks whose corn it is, you will answer, the Marquis of Carabas's. If you don't, you shall all be killed outright."

The people were terrified at the sight of the little hairy man, who looked so angry, and wore long claws on his hands, and a long furry tail, and high boots to run in. They imagined he must be the Magician himself, who was in the habit of assuming various shapes; and consequently took off their hats to Puss, and did just as he bade them.

"You have a very fine piece of land, my lord marquis," said the king. "Truly, sire," replied he, "it does not fail every year to bring me in a plentiful harvest."

The Cat ran on farther, and came to a meadow, where he gave the same orders to several hundred haymakers, and was readily obeyed. From here the Cat still continued to run before the king, and gave the same charge to all the people he met, so that the king was greatly astonished at the splendid fortune of my lord the Marquis of Carabas. At last they came in sight of the castle of the Magician, which you will see in the picture behind the trees.



CHAPTER VI.

PUSS CALLS UPON THE MAGICIAN, AND FINISHES HIM.

PUSS still kept ahead of the royal carriage, and ran so far and so fast that he blistered his feet by the time he reached the castle gate. This castle was a very stately one, and belonged to a Magician, the richest ever known; for all the lands the king had passed through and admired belonged to this necromancer. The Cat had taken care beforehand to learn every thing about him, and what he could do. It required all the courage he could muster to venture into the chamber of the wicked Magician; but the thought that he might be the means of raising his master to the height of a throne presented itself, and he instantly entered, made a very humble obeisance, and said, "I am a man of science on my travels, and take the liberty to introduce myself to your Excellency, in order to make the acquaintance of one whose fame has extended all over the globe." The Magician smiled maliciously; but, being rather flattered by this compliment from a brother savant, he allowed the Cat to proceed.

"They tell me," continued Puss, "that you have carried science to such a pitch that you can at pleasure assume the form of any animal you choose. Although I have paid some attention to magic, this does appear to me, I must say, incredible."

"I'll soon give you a proof of it," said the Magician; and instantly stood before him turned into an elephant. The Cat politely requested him to resume his own proper shape, otherwise he should faint with terror; and in a moment the Magician reappeared, seated, as at first, in his arm-chair.

"There's a trick for you!" said he; "you certainly never saw a more wonderful performance than that." The Cat expressed his astonishment, but hinted that he had once seen an artist who could turn himself into the smallest-sized animals, which was certainly even more wonderful, as he could not comprehend what became of the huge human body.

"That is a mere nothing," said the Magician; and at the same instant began leaping about the room in the shape of a mouse. The Cat was after him directly; and before he could recollect the right word to utter, in order to disenchant himself, the Cat had seized him in his teeth, killed him as dead as a door-nail, and eaten him!



THE MARQUIS MARRIES THE PRINCESS

CHAPTER VII.

THE MARQUIS TAKES POSSESSION OF THE CASTLE, AND MARRIES THE PRINCESS.

THE king in his carriage followed the Cat at a short distance, and, whenever he inquired who was the proprietor of the forests and fields which he passed, invariably received the same answer from the people on the road,—that all belonged to the Marquis of Carabas. He was perfectly astonished at the immense wealth of the marquis. At last they reached the castle, at the very moment when the Magician had been eaten up, his spell broken, and the charm entirely destroyed. Owls and owlets, crows and bats, were quitting the building, having no longer any business there. The carriage stopped, the king and his attendants got out, and there on the steps stood the Cat, and said, "Gracious sovereign, you are welcome at the castle of my master, the marquis, who will feel honored for the rest of his life by this visit." At the same time he politely offered his paw to the princess, and handed her up-stairs. Theophilus as yet did not dare to offer her his arm. He felt quite abashed, and did not know what to make of the events which had occurred. He looked inquiringly towards Puss, as if to ask whether he might really trust his ears, and whether all this really belonged to him. The king clapped him on the back, and said, "Upon my word, marquis, you have got a noble estate, and your castle is almost more splendid than my own palace; and our domains join each other in the most convenient manner." Then, pursuing the same train of thought, he muttered to himself, "What an excellent match for my daughter!" As for the princess, she was a little dissatisfied that the handsome and wealthy marquis persisted in giving her such short answers, and that he paid her so little attention.

It is quite certain, however, that the marquis must soon have abandoned his monosyllables and his bashfulness, otherwise he would not have ventured in so short a time to aspire to the hand of the beautiful princess. He did so, and to his great joy his suit was accepted. The marriage took place soon after; the marquis became king, and Puss was made his prime minister. So that Cat became a great lord, and never after chased rats or mice except for his own amusement.

