

LITTLE PIGS LIBRARY VOL. 4
GOOD

THE FROG

WHO

WOULD AWOING GO.

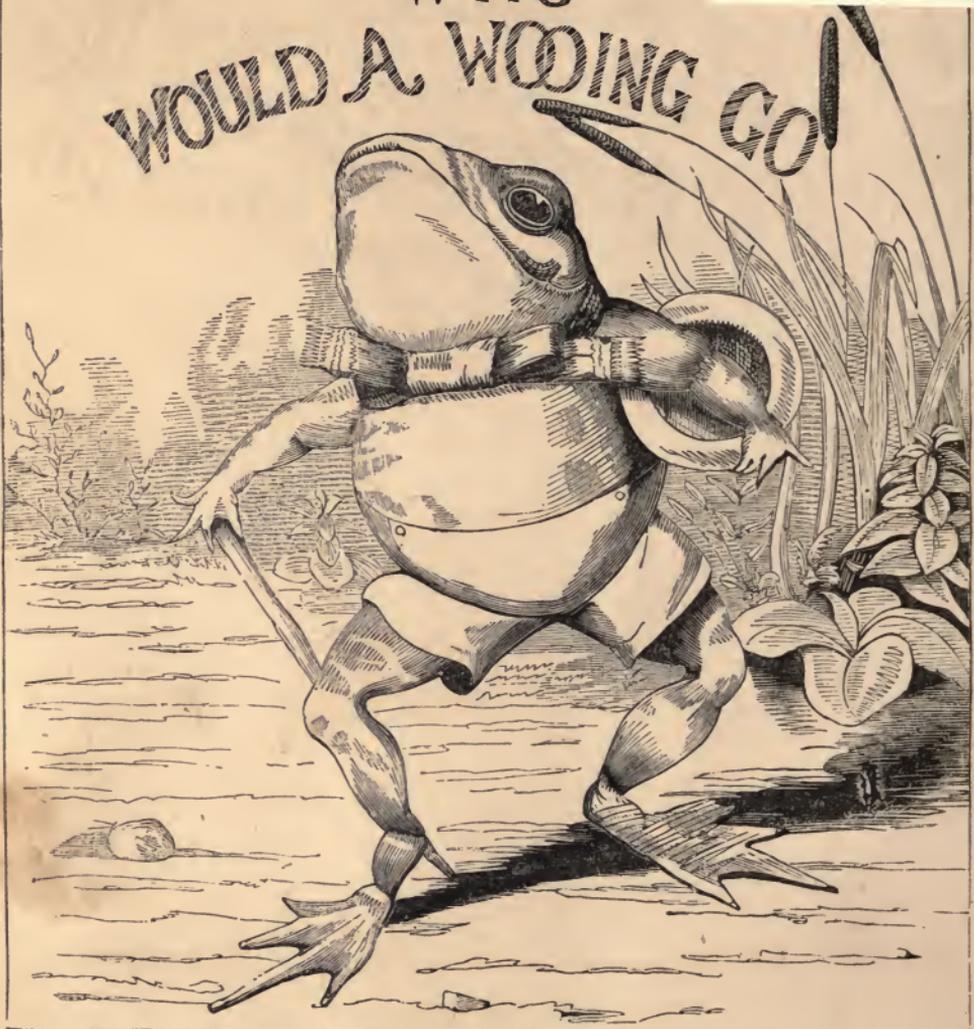


BROWN, TAGGARD & CHASE, 25 & 29 CORNHILL, BOSTON.

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ELYAH KARSHNER

THE FROG WHO WOULD A WOODING GO!

CHILDREN'S BOOK
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LOS ANGELES





A FROG HE WOULD A-WOOING GO,
WHETHER HIS MOTHER WOULD LET HIM OR NO.
OFF HE SET WITH HIS OPERA HAT ;
ON THE ROAD HE MET WITH A RAT.

BROWN, TAGGARD & CHASE, 25 & 29 CORNHILL, BOSTON.

ELECTROTYPED BY HOBART & ROBBINS, BOSTON.

THE FROG WHO WOULD A-WOOING GO.

A FROG he would a-wooing go,
Whether his mother would let him or no.
Off he set with his opera hat ;
On the road he met with a rat.
He asked Mr. Rat to make a call,
And soon they arrived at Mousey's hall.
" Pray, Mrs. Mouse, are you within ?"
" I am, kind sirs, and sitting to spin."
" Pray, Mrs. Mouse, now give us some beer,
That Froggy and I may have good cheer."
" Pray, Mr. Frog, will you give us a song ?
Let the subject be something that's not very long."
" Indeed, Mrs. Mouse," replied the frog,
" I caught a bad cold, last night, in the fog."
" Since you have caught cold, Mr. Frog," Mousey said,
" I'll sing you a song that I have just made."
As they were in glee, and making a din,
A cat and her kittens came tumbling in.
The cat she seized the rat by the crown,
The kittens they pulled the little mouse down.
This put Mr. Frog in a terrible fright ;
He took up his hat, and he wished them good-night.
As Froggy was crossing it over a brook,
A lily-white duck came and gobbled him up.
And here is the end of one, two, three, —
The rat, the mouse, and the little froggy.

THE FROG

WHO WOULD A-WOOING GO.



A frog he would a-woeing go,
Whether his mother would let him or no.

ON the quiet, sedgy bank of a stagnant
pool, and under the shadow of rank reeds

and bulrushes, sat two frogs. They had retired from the shoal who were disporting themselves in the water, and were earnestly talking. The elder of the two, an old matron, addressing the younger, who, by-the-by, was her son, said, —

“My dear Froggy, you had better stop quietly with me. You do not know what dangers you may encounter if you leave your secluded home.”

“Croak, croak!” said Froggy.

“Ah, my son!” continued the old one, “I see that, like most young frogs,

THE FROG WHO WOULD A-WOOING GO.



Off he set, with his opera hat ;
On the road he met with a rat.

you are very obstinate, and will not listen
to reason. But why on earth you should

wish to go gadding after a poor, hungry little mouse, is more than I can tell;— you, with your beautiful legs and speckled coat, born to a splendid estate of reeds and water, the heir of nine bulrushes and a water-lily. I thought you were more of a frog.”

“Croak, croak!” said Froggy again.

“Have you thought of the boys who throw stones?”

“Croak!”

“Or the birds with long beaks?”

“Croak!”

“Or the ducks?”

THE FROG WHO WOULD A-WOOING GO.



He asked Mr. Rat to make a call,
And soon they arrived at Mousey's hall;

“Croak!”

“If you want to go a-woosing, there

are frogs in your own station in life; indeed, with your personal appearance, you might even aspire to an eft or a lizard."

"Croak!" persisted the sulky little frog.

"You are no better than a tadpole!" said his mother, getting very angry at last.

No sooner were the words out of her lips, than up jumped Master Froggy, in a passion; and taking his opera hat under his arm, and his cane in his hand, off he went at a rapid pace,

THE FROG WHO WOULD A-WOOING GO.



“Pray, Mrs. Mouse, are you within?”

“I am, kind sirs, and sitting to spin.”

singing at the top of his voice, in
order to hide his rage,—

“Rowley, powley, gammon and spinach.

‘Heigh O!’ says Anthony Rowley.”

Froggy had not walked very far when he saw, jogging on before him, a brown little fellow, in a long-tail coat and Blucher boots, who carried an old cotton umbrella.

“Dear me,” thought Froggy, “that looks like my friend Mr. Rat;” and sure enough it was.

“How do you do?” asked Master Froggy, when he had at length overtaken him.

“Pretty well! — How’s yourself? —

THE FROG WHO WOULD A-WOOING GO.



“Pray, Mrs. Mouse, now give us some beer,
That Froggy and I may have good cheer.”

Where are you going? — Fine day! —
Squeak!” replied Mr. Rat, in a suc-

cession of short, shrill sentences, which made Froggy smile.

“I am going,” said Master Froggy, “to see the pretty little Widow Mousey, who lives in that snug cottage yonder. Pray come with me, Mr. Rat; for I feel rather bashful at going by myself.”

“With all my heart,” replied Mr. Rat; and off they went together.

They soon arrived at the cottage; and Mr. Rāt having given a loud knock, while Froggy gave a loud croak, Mrs. Mousey put away her spinning-wheel

THE FROG WHO WOULD A-WOOING GO.



“Pray, Mr. Frog, will you give us a song?
Let the subject be something that’s not very long.”

in a great hurry, and admitted her
guests.

“Good morning, Mrs. Mouse,” said Froggy; “we were out walking, and thought we would give you a friendly call.”

“You are very kind, I am sure,” replied Mrs. Mousey. “Pray sit down and rest yourselves; I dare say you are tired.”

“And here — I say — squeak! — Mrs. Mousey — some beer! — We’re thirsty,” said Mr. Rat.

“Croak! — yes, let’s enjoy ourselves while we can,” observed Froggy.

“Certainly,” said Mousey; “if you

THE FROG WHO WOULD A-WOOING GO.



“Indeed, Mrs. Mouse,” replied the frog,
“I caught a bad cold, last night, in the fog.”

will excuse me I’ll go draw you some
of the last brew.”

So Mousey drew some beer, and they sat down very coseyly; and soon were chatting so comfortably that Master Froggy thought he should soon get rid of his bashfulness, and then should be able to ask pretty Mrs. Mousey to marry him. Presently their little hostess proposed a song, and called upon Froggy to oblige them.

“Really,” he replied, “I must beg to decline, for the fog last night gave me such a cold that — croak! — I’m quite hoarse.”

He didn’t forget that he had been

THE FROG WHO WOULD A-WOOING GO.



“Since you have caught cold, Mr. Frog,” Mousey said,
“I’ll sing you a song that I have just made.”

singing “Rowley, powley,” as he came
along, but he was afraid that his voice

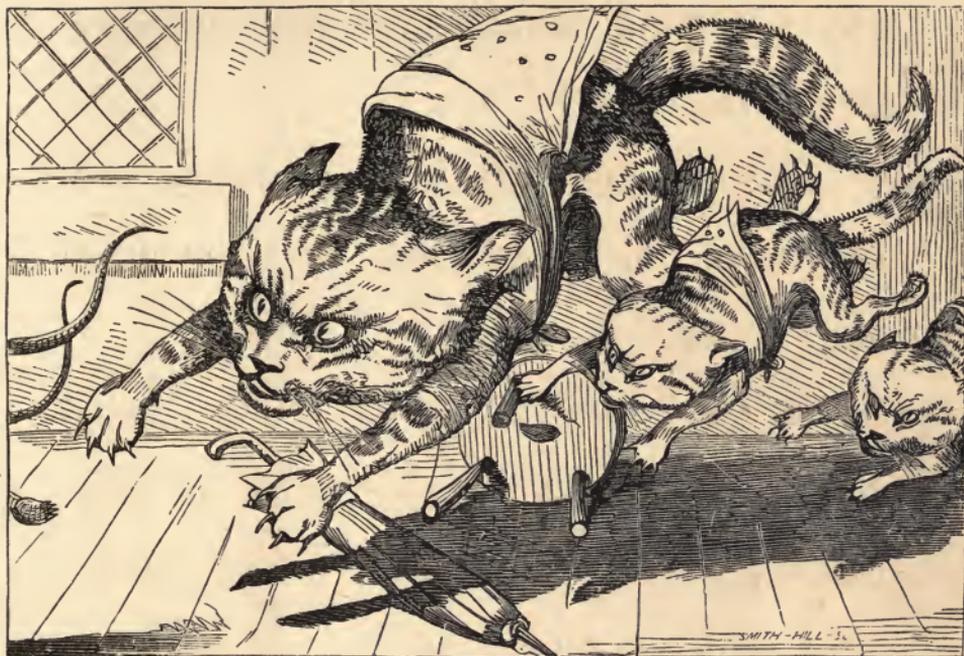
was not good enough for the company he was in.

“Well,” said Mousey, laughing, “I am sorry for that; but if you won’t sing, I will.”

So she sang a pretty little song she had just composed; and a very charming ditty it was — rather shrill, perhaps, if anything, but very well sung indeed.

After this, I need hardly tell you that they enjoyed themselves amazingly. Perhaps Mr. Rat drank rather too much beer; but altogether it was a very

THE FROG WHO WOULD A-WOONG GO.



As they were in glee, and making a din,
A cat and her kittens came tumbling in.

pleasant little party ; and Master Froggy
had so far got over his bashfulness as

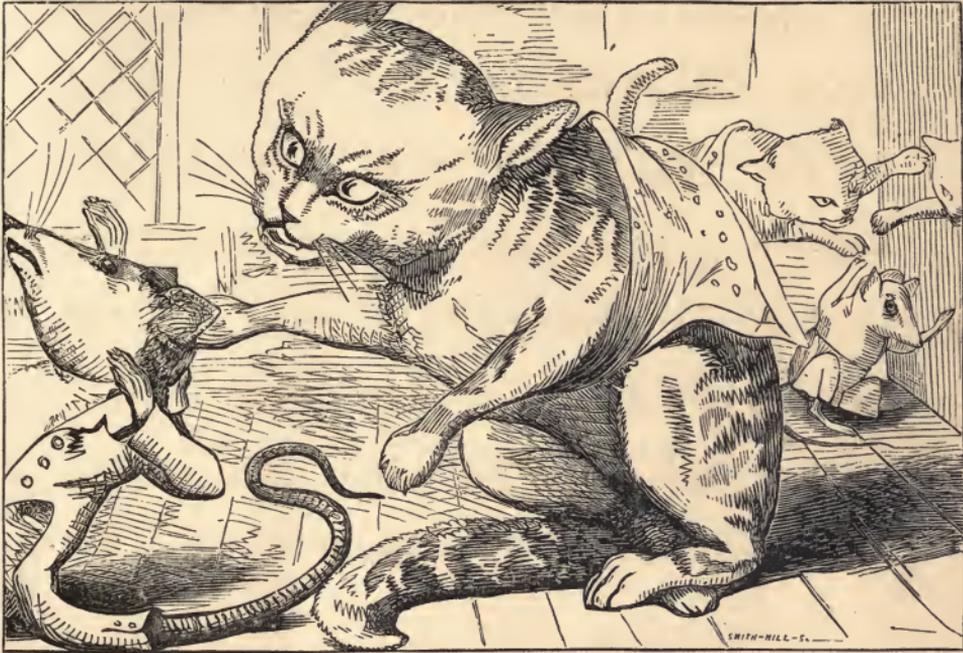
to squeeze Mrs. Mousey's paw once or twice rather tenderly.

But while they were thus happily employed, a terrible old cat who lived in the neighborhood, and went by the name of "Browzer," was tying on her shawl, calling to her little kittens, and saying,

"Come, my children, it is a fine day; let us go for a walk. Make haste, for something tells me we shall find some dinner on our way."

And sure enough they did; for after looking after little birds, and trying to

THE FROG WHO WOULD A-WOING GO.



The cat she seized the rat by the crown,
The kittens they pulled the little mouse down.

get in at the windows of all the pantries
they knew,—

“B-row!” said Mrs. Cat, snuffing the air; “do you know—I’m not quite certain—but—yes, really—yes, I smell mouse.”

“Mew!” said the kittens; “we’re so glad!”

“And I think, also, rat.”

“O, come, then, mother!” said the kittens.

“Don’t make a noise,” whispered Mrs. Cat.

Slowly and cautiously they crept on towards Mrs. Mousey’s cottage, till, at an unexpected moment, and just as

THE FROG WHO WOULD A-WOING GO.



This put Mr. Frog in a terrible fright ;
He took up his hat, and he wished them good-night.

Mrs. Mousey was going to get a fresh
mug of beer, in tumbled the cat and

her kittens. Down went Mr. Rat under the cat's paw — up in a corner the two kittens got Mousey.

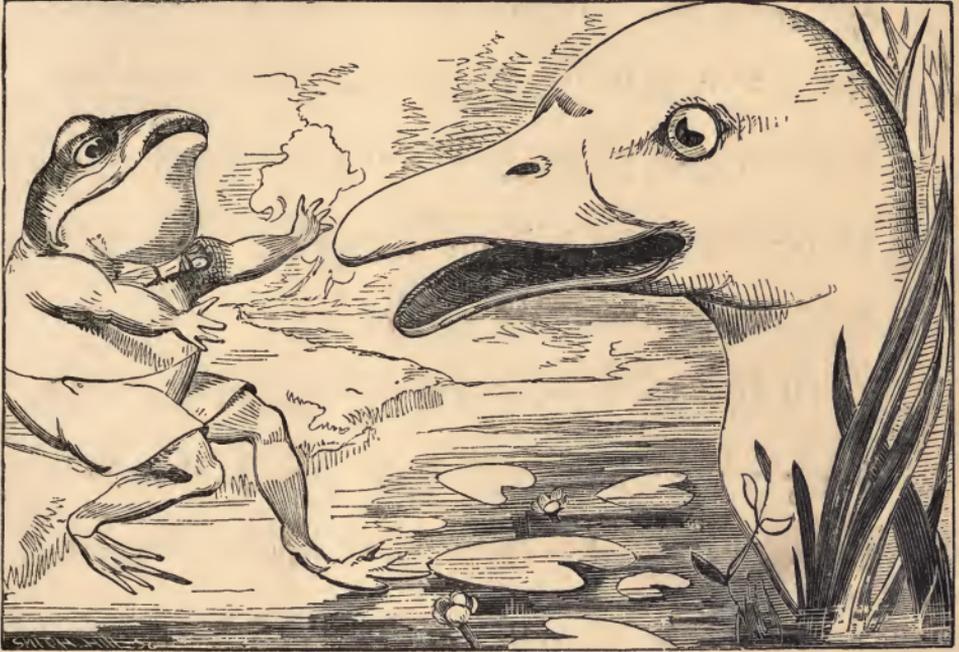
“M-row-ow, fit-z-z!” — “Mew!” — and rat and mouse were killed.

“Hollo!” says Froggy; “this won't do! Perhaps they'll be after me in a minute. I must be off home to my mother.”

And sure enough off he went, trembling like a leaf, but as rapidly as he could.

“O! why did I ever leave home?” said foolish Master Froggy; “I should

THE FROG WHO WOULD A-WOOING GO.



As Froggy was crossing it over a brook,
A lily-white duck came and gobbled him up.

have been safe enough if I had staid
with my mother. I'll never leave home

again. Never! never! never! Croak!
croak! croak!”

“Quack! quack!” observed a Mrs. Duck, who had been watching him from behind a bunch of rushes.

“O, my goodness gracious!” said Froggy; “what shall I do now? There’s the very duck that ate up my uncle who went abroad! Now, if I can’t cross over this brook in a single jump, I shall never get home alive. Here goes!”

But, alas! since it must be told, he could not cross the brook in one jump.

In he fell—splash! Up came the duck.

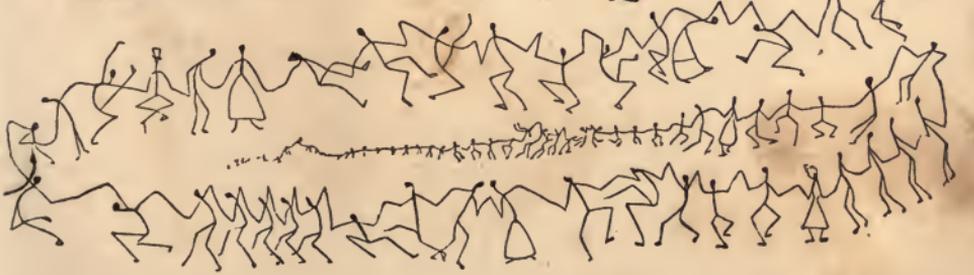
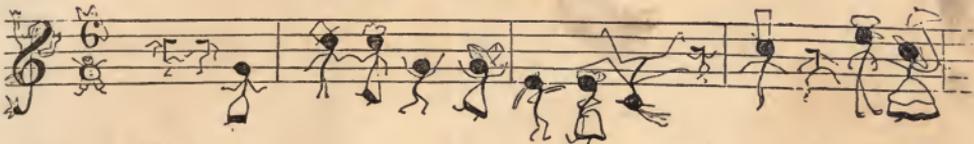
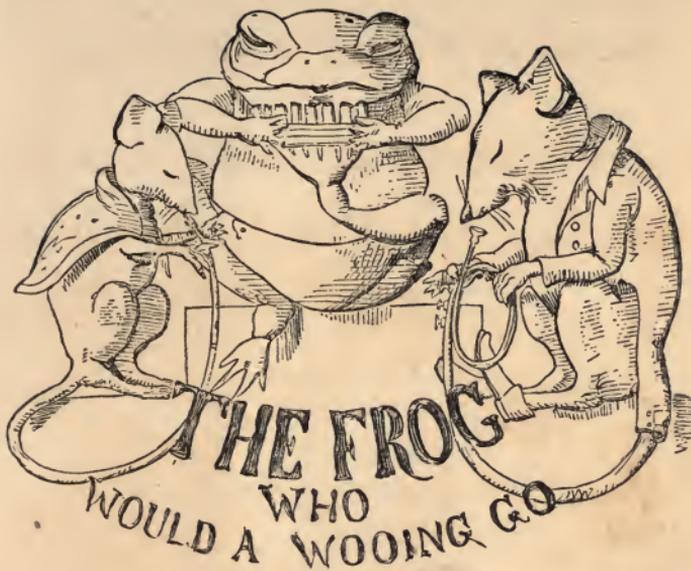
“Quack! quack!” gobble, gobble, gobble; and poor Froggy never got home at all.

We are all sorry for his untimely end, and wish that Mrs. Duck had not gobbled him up; but we must not forget that if he had been less self-willed and obstinate,—if he had only paid attention to what his mother told him, he might have been safe at home; and perhaps in due course of time been married to some amiable Miss

Frog, and become the father of a large and interesting family of innocent little tadpoles.

And here is the end of one, two, three,—
The rat, the mouse, and the little froggy.





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