

Pierre l'Ebouriffé

Struwwelpeter (Transl. Mark Twain)

<p><b>See this frowsy "cratur" - Pah ! its's Struwwelpeter ! On his fingers rusty, On his tow-head musty, Scissors seldom come; Let his talons grow a year, - Hardly ever combs his hair, - Do any loathe him ? Some ! They hail him "Modern Satyre - Disgusting Struwwelpeter."</b></p>	<p><b>Regardez un peu, le voici: Pierre l'Ebouriffé ! Fi ! Fi ! Quand on veut leu peigner la tête Le sale dit: Non ! et s' entête A ne pas se laisser tailler Les ongles, un an tout entier. Oh ! vilain Pierre, oh ! sale Pierre ! Il devrait se cacher sous terre !</b></p>
<p><b>OThe Story of Ugly Frederick</b></p> <p><b>waly me ! O waly me ! Just such a boy I ne' er did see. He caught the flies, poor helpless things, Made hoppers of them, minus wings. He killed the birds, where'er he could, And catless made the neighborhood; And worst of all that he did do, He banged the housemaid black and blue.</b></p>	<p><b>L' Histoire du Méchant Frédéric</b></p> <p><b>C' etait un bien méchant garçon Que Frédéric, un polisson ! Le brigand, de ses mains cruelles Aux Mouches arrachait les ailes, Cassait les chaises en morceaux Tuait les chats et les oiseaux; Puis, avec son fouet ou sa canne Battait sa Bonne Marianne.</b></p>
<p><b>A dog stood drinking at a pump - The way he made that doglet jump ! He sneaked upon him unaware, He whacked him there, he whacked him there, He whacked with all his might and main, He made him howl and dance with pain,</b></p>	<p><b>Un jour, à la fontaine, un chien Buvait et ne pensait à rien. Le méchant Frédéric se cache Et puis vient avec sa cravache Frapper le chien. Le chien d'abord Aboie; il frappe encor plus fort.</b></p>
<p>Until, o' ercome by woe and grief, The dog, desiring some relief, Did bite that brutal boy full sore, Which made the latter prance and roar. And then the dog did grab the whip, And with it homeward he did skip.</p>	<p><b>Alors le chien, tout en furie, Le mord jusqu' au sang. L' enfant crie, Et le chien s' enfuit lestement. Avec le fouet du garnement</b></p>
<p><b>And all this time the dog below Sings praises soft and sweet and low O' er Fred' rick's dinner waiting there For Fred'rick (or for Fred'rick's heir). The dog's his heir, and this estate That dog inherits, and will ate. *</b></p>	<p><b>Et, pendant ce temps, à la place De Frédéric le chien se place, Mange le dîner du vaurien Avec un appétit de chien; Et, pour manger plus à son aise Il a mis le fouet sur la chaise.</b></p>

**He hangs the whip upon the chair,  
And mounts aloft and seats him there;  
He sips the wine, so rich and red,  
And feels it swimming in his head.  
He munches grateful at the cake,  
and wishes he might never wake  
From his debauch; while think by think  
His thoughts dream on, and link by link  
The liver-sausage disappears,  
And his hurt soul relents in tears.**

**\* My child, never use an expression like that.**

**It is utterly unprincipled and outrageous  
to say  
ate when you mean eat, and you must  
never  
do it except when crowded for a rhyme.  
As you grow up you will find that poetry  
is a sandy road to travel, and the only  
way  
to pull through at all is to lay you  
grammar  
down and take hold with both hands.  
MARK TWAIN**

**The Sad Tale of the Match-Box  
Histoire**

**Paulinchen was alone at home,  
The parents they down-town did roam.  
as she now through the room did spring,  
All light of heart and soal a-wing,  
she saw wherewith one strikes a light.  
"Oho," says she. "My hopes awake;  
Ah what a plaything these will make !  
I'll rake them on the wall, h'oo !  
As oft I've seen my Mother do."**

**And Mintz and Mountz, the catties,  
Lift up their little patties,  
They threaten with their pawses:  
"It's against the lawses !  
Me\_yow ! Me-yo ! Me-yow ! Me-yo !  
You'll burn yourself to ashes, O !"**

**Lamentable de La Boite D' Allumettes**

**Pauline était seule au logis:  
Ses père et mère étaient sortis.  
Tandis qu' en la chambre elle saute,  
se trémousse et chante à voix haute,  
Une agréable bôte à feu  
Apparaît devant son oeil bleu.  
Ah ! cette boîte, qu' elle est belle !  
Je vais bien m' amuser , dit-elle.  
J' allumerai des petits bois,  
Comme maman fait quelque fois.**

**Et les chats Minz et Tristapatte  
La menacent avec leur pattes  
Et disent, le doigt étendue:  
Ton père te l' a défendu !  
Miau ! jette cela par terre,  
Ou tu vas brûler tout entière.**

<p>Paulinchen heard the catties not, The match did burn both bright and hot, It crackled gaily, sputtered free, as you it in the picture see. Paulinchen waltzed and whirled and spun, Near mad with joy for what she'd done.</p> <p>Still Mintz and Mountz, the catties, Lift up their little patties, They threaten with their pawses: "It is against the lawses ! Me-yow ! Me-yo ! Me-yow ! Me-yo ! Drop it or you are ashes, O !"</p>	<p>Mais Pauline n' écoute rien. Le Bois s' allume bel et bien Et fait un très-bel éclairage Comme c'est marqué sur l' image Et Pauline jouyeusement Saute et court dans l' appartement.</p> <p>Mais les chats Minz et Tristapatte La menacent avec leur pattes Et disent, le doigt étendue: Ta mère te l' a défendu ! Miau ! jette cela par terre, Ou tu vas brûler tout entière.</p>
<p>But ah, the flame it caught her clothes, Her apron, too; and higher rose; Her hand is burnt, her hair's afire, Consumed is that child entire.</p> <p>And Mintz and Mountz wild crying, The while the child was frying, "Come quick !" they said. "O Sire. Your darling child's afire ! Me-yow ! Me-yo ! Me-yow ! Me-yo ! She's cinders, soot, and ashes, O !"</p>	<p>O mal heur ! Voilà que la flamme Prend à la robe : tot s' enflamme. Les mains, les cheveux, tout flambait; L' enfant tout entière brûlait !</p> <p>En voyant ces choses horribles Les chats poussent des cris terribles : Au secours ! pour l' amour de Dieu ! La malheureuse ! elles est en feu. Miau ! miau ! hommes et femmes, Au secours ! l' enfant est en flammes !</p>
<p>Consumed is all, so sweet and fair, The total child, both flesh and hair, a pile of ashes, two small shoes, Is all that's left, and they're no use.</p> <p>And Mintz and Mountz sit sighing, With breaking hearts and crying, "Me-yow ! Me-yo ! Me-yow ! Me-yo ! How could we let the parents know !" While round that ash-pile glowing In brooks their tears keep flowing.</p>	<p>Et bientôt son corps tout entier Est brûlé comme du papier. Et de Pauline, ô sort du funeste ! Deux souliers, voilà ce qui reste. Et près des cendres de l' enfant Les chats s' asseyent en pleurant, Avec un crêpe par derrière ! Miau ! les pauvres père et mère ! Et des ruisseaux de pleurs coulsient De leurs gros yeux qu' ils essuyaient.</p>
<p>The story of the inky boys</p>	<p>L'histoire du garçon noir</p>
<p>There came a-walking past the door A coal-pitch-raven-black young Moor. The sun it smote him on his smeller, And so he hoisted his umbrella.</p>	<p>Un nègre plus noire qu' un corbeau Se promenait par un temps beau. Il avait ouvert son ombrelle, Car la chaleur était mortelle.</p>

<b>Now came young Ludwig running by, A-waving, he, his flag on high.</b>	<b>Louis accourt sur son chemin Avec son drapeau dans la main.</b>
<b>And Kaspar flew to join the band, his toothsome pretzel in his hand.</b>	<b>Au pas de course arrive ensuite Gaspard et sa galette cuite;</b>
<b>While in his wake skips William free, With hair neat-combed and hoop, you see.</b>	<b>Wilhelm, son cerceau sous le bras;</b>
<b>The three they laugh and scoff and wink, And mock at that poor Missing Link, Because his skin is black as ink.</b>	<b>Et tous trois riant aux éclats Du pauvre Noir qui va là-bas.</b>
<b>Forth stepped the mighty Nicholas, - Who hates rude ways and slang and sass, - And brought his ink-stand too, alas ! Says he, "You children list' to me - Pray let the little stranger be; He cannot help his sooty hue; Bleach out at will, be white like you." But still these urchins, lacking grace, Did scoff and laugh right in the face, And laughed yet heartier than before At that poor pitch-black piteous Moor.</b>	<b>Mais le grand Lustucru s' avance Avec son encrier immense. "Enfants, ne soyez pas mauvais, Dit-il, laissez ce nègre en paix ! Est-ce qu' il en oeut quelque chose, s' il est noir au lieu d' être rose ?" Mais ses gamins, l' aruriez-vous cru ? Rirent au nez de Lustucru, se moquaient encor davantage Du pauvre nègre au noir visage.</b>
<b>Then Nich'las he did rave and rage - as per the picture on that page - And grabbed those urchines trembling there, By arm and crop and coat and heir ! Grabb'd William first and Ludwig next, And Kaspar third (as per the text), And quicker than the three could wink He soused them in the turbid ink ! Soused them down with holy spite, Soused them down with grim delight, Soused them down clean out of sight !</b>	<b>lors Lustucruise fâcha, Et comme vous le voyez là, Il vous empoigne la marmaille Par les bras, les cheveux, la taille: Wilhelm et Louis avec lui, Gaspard qui se débat aussi, Et les plonge dans l' encre grasse. Gaspard avait beau crier: Grâce ! Tous les trois avaient beau crier; Il les trempe dans l' encrier.</b>
<b>You see them here, all black as sin - Much blacker than that Niggerkin -</b>	<b>A présent, voyez sur l' image ! Ils sont plus noirs que du cirage.</b>

<p><b>The Moor a-marchin in the light, The Ink-Blot following dark as night. Now if they had but hid their glee, They'd still be white and fair to see.</b></p>	<p><b>Voyez ! le nègre va devant, Les enfants tout noirs le suivant. Et les voilà devenus pire Que le noir qui les faisait rire</b></p>
<p>The Tale of the Terrible Hunter</p>	<p>L' Histoire du Fameux Chasseur</p>
<p><b>Behold the dreadful hunterman In all his fateful glory stand ! He took his game-bag, powder, gun, And fiercely to the fields he spun. *</b></p> <p><b>Brer Rabbit spied him, smug and trim, And made the grossest fun of him.</b></p> <p>* Baby, you must take notice of this awkward form of speech and never use it, except in translating. MARK TWAIN</p>	<p><b>Le fier chasseur met sa jaquette, son habit vert et sa casquette, Prend son fusil, et sur-le-champ s'en va chasser à travers champs.</b></p> <p><b>Mais le lièvre se moque bien Du fier chasseur qui ne vait rien.</b></p> <p><b>Il a sur nez jusqu' aux lèvres Des lunettes pour voir les lièvres.</b></p>
<p><b>Full soon the sweat begun to run, And mortal heavy grew his gun; He sought the sod, that green old boy, (Which filled the spy with evil joy); And as he dreamed and snored and slept, The furry rascal to him crept, And stole his gun and smooched his specs, And hied him with these effects.</b></p>	<p><b>Le soleil cuit, le fusil pèse; Le chasseur est mal à son aise, Il s' étend sur le gazon vert. Mais notre lièvre a oeil ouvert, Et quand il entend ronfler l' homme, Tout doucement pendant son somme Il prend le fusil du chasseur Et ses lunettes, le farceur !</b></p>
<p><b>The specs he set across his nose, And as his joke upon him grows He thinks it would be darling fun To see that hunter skip and run In front of his own stolen gun. He drew a bead, the hunter fled, And fled ! and fled ! and fled ! and FLED !</b></p> <p><b>And howled for help as on he sped, Howled as if to raise the dead; O'er marsh and moor, through glade and dell, The awful clamor rose and fell, And in its course where passed this flight All life lay smitten dead with fright.</b></p>	<p><b>Alors sans tambour ni trompettes, Il met sur son nez les lunettes, Et puis vise avec le fusil. Le chasseur a peur : les lunettes, tout saisi, il se sauve, bride abatue, Et il crie: Au secours ! On me tue !</b></p>

<p>At last the hunter struck a well, And in he plump'd with final yell, The very moment that there rang O'er all the place the loud "cheBANG !"</p> <p>The hunter's wife, with window up, Sat sipping coffee from her cup; The bullet split the saucer clean And scared her to a pallid green. Now by the well in hiding lay The rabbit's child, and saw the fray, And glanced aloft with aspect gay (Unwatchful of the coffee spray); And would have laughed, but changed his mind When that hot coffee struck him blind. He snatched the spoon and capered out With many a baleful murd'rous shout, To club to death the clumsy lout Who'd brought this accident about; But when he saw it was his pa, He changed his mind again, aha !</p>	<p>Le fier chasseur, de bond en bond, Arrive au bord d' un puits profond, Et fou de peur, s' y précipite, Le lièvre tire encor plus vite.</p> <p>A la fenêtre se tenait La femme de l' homme, et buvait Du bon café dans une tasse. Hélas ! le lièvre a lui casse. Cependant près du puits était Le fils du lièvre qui broutait Et bati folait sur la mousse. Au nez le café l' éclabousse. Il dit: Qui me brule ? et dans l' air Il attrape au vol la cuiller.</p>
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### Story of the Thumb-Sucker

### L' Histoire du Suceur de Pouces

<p>"Konrad !" cried his mamma dear, "I'll go out, but you stay here, Try how pretty you can be Till I come again," said she. "Docile be, and good and mild, Pray don't suck your thumb, my child, For if you do, the tailor 'll come And bring his shears and snip your thumb From off your hand as clear and clean As if paper it had been."</p>	<p>« Konrad ! » parla la Dame Maman, « Je sors et tu restes là. Sois bien ordonné et pieux Jusqu'à à la maison je revienne. Et surtout, Konrad, écoute ! Ne suce au pouce plus ; Car le tailleur avec les ciseaux Vient sinon très vite ici, Et te coupe les pouces Comme si du papier c'était. »</p>
<p>Before she'd turned the south, He'd got his thumbkin in his mouth !</p>	<p>La maman part, et woup ! et wouche ! Le pouce est déjà dans la bouche.</p>
<p>Bang ! here goes the door ker-slam ! Whoop ! the tailor lands her-blam ! Waves his shears, the heartless grub, and calls for Dawmen-lutscher-bub. Claps his weapon to the thumb, Snips it square as head of grum,</p>	<p>Mais la porte s' ouvre ! ô malheur ! Et dans la chambre le tailleur Entre en courant, se jette aux trousses De l' enfant qui tette ses pouces; Et clip ! et clap ! en deux morceaux Il les coup avec ses ciseaux,</p>

<p><b>While that lad his tongue unfurled And fired a yell heard 'round the world.</b></p>	<p><b>Avec ses grands ciseaux terribles ! L' enfant pousse des cris horribles.</b></p>
<p><b>Who can tell mother's sorrow When she saw her boy the morrow ! There he stood all steeped in shame, And not a thumbkin to his name.</b></p>	<p><b>Et lorsque la maman rentra, Quelle figure avait Conrad ! Il gémit, il sanglote, il glousse; Ses deux mains n' avaient plus de pouce !</b></p>

### **The Tale of Soupy-Kaspar**

### **L' Histoire de la Soupe de Gaspard**

<p><b>Young Kaspar he was kernel-sound, A fleshy cub and barrel-round; Had cheeks all rosy-red and fresh, Was fond of soup - it added flesh. But finally, with scowling brow, He said he'd strike, and make a row: "No swill for me; I'm not a cow; I will not eat - loathe it now; I can't ! I won't ! I shan't, I vow !"</b></p>	<p><b>Gaspard était tout frais, tout beau, Tout rond comme un tonneau, Et sa force était remarquable: Il mangait bien sa soupe à table. Mais un beau jour il s' ´cria: Je ne veux plus de soupe, na ! Non ! non ! je ne veux plus de soupe ! El la laisse dans sa soucoupe.</b></p>
<p><b>A day rolled slowly o'er his head - Behold, his flesh began to shed ! Yet still his strike he did maintain, And screamed as erst with might and main: "No swill for me; I'm not a cow, I will not eat it - loathe it now; I can't ! I won't ! I shan't, I vow !"</b></p>	<p><b>Le jour suivant, voyez-le là ! Comme il était maigre déjà ! Il laisse encor dans sa soucoupe La soupe, et dit: Non plus de soupe ! Quelqu' un d'autre la mangera; Je ne veux plus de soupe, na !</b></p>
<p><b>The third day came - lo, once so sleek, Observe him now, how thin and weak ! Yet still his flag he feebly flew And hailed that humble dish anew: "No swill for me; I'm not a cow, I will not eat it - loathe it now; I can't ! I won't ! I shan't, I vow !"</b></p>	<p><b>Le jour suivant, maigreur complète ! Il était comme une allumette; Pourtant lorsque la soupe entra De nouveau Gaspard s' ´cria: Je ne veux plus de soupe, na ! Non, non ! je ne veux plus de soupe ! Et la laisse dans sa soucoupe.</b></p>
<p><b>The fourth day came, and here you see How doth this little busy bee; He weighed perhaps a half a pound - Death came and tucked him in the ground.</b></p>	<p><b>Le jour suivant, voyez encor ! On l' aurait cassé sans effort, C' etait un fil ! plaignez son sort ! Le jour suivant, il était mort.</b></p>

<p>"Philip, if 'twon't make you ill, Try to sit a minute still." So, in earnest tone and rough, While the mother's troubled glance Prophesied a present dance When these two should get a start. And so it made her sick at heart To see the boy hadn't heard His restive father's warning word. He jiggered, And sniggered, And joggled, And boggled, On his chair and squirmed galore: "Philip this doth irk me sore !"</p>	<p>Ah ça ! Philippe va, j'espère, Rester tranquille, dit le père D' un ton sévère et menaçant, tu petit garçon remuant. La mère, sans ouvrir la bouche , Regardait tout d' un air farouche. Mais Philippe n' écoutait pas Ce que lui disait son papa. Il se balance, il se ballotte, Il gigotte, et des pieds tricote. Sur sa chaise, sans s'arrêter. "Philippe tu vas m' irriter !"</p>
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<p>See, ye darling little chaps, Number Two of Phil's mishaps: Observe, the picture shows the fact; See ! he tilts his chair aback - See ! he's going - going - gone ! Grabs the cloth and what's thereon, Sprawls heels upward on the floor. Dishes follow, crash and roar, Down they clash and plash and slash, Down come soup and cheese and hash, And under them the boy they mash ! Father stares in consternation, Can't size up the situation, While the mother's troubled glance Notes fulfilled the promised place.</p>	<p>Chers enfants, en haut de la page Regardez, voyez sur l' image Ce qu' à Philippe il arriva: Tant et si bien se balanca Qu' en arrière tomba sa chaise. Il est en l'air mal à son aise. Se tient à la nappe en criant. C' est inutile: en un instant, Tout le couvert tombe par terre. Le père ne sait plus que faire. La maman toujours sans parler Regarde les plats s' en aller.</p>
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### The History of Hans Stare-in-the-Air

### L' Histoire de Jean le Nez-en-l'Air

<p>Now when this lad to school did go, He never saw what's here below; His eyes were always in the sky, 'mong roofs and clouds and things that fly; He never saw, along the street, The common things about his feet, So people used to cry, "Ah, there ! That is Hans Stare-in-the Air !"</p>	<p>Lorsque Jean allait à l' école, Il regardait l' oiseau qui vole, Et les images et le toit, Toujours en l' air, jamais tout droit Devant lui comme tout le monde Et chacun disait à la ronde, En le voyant marcher: "Mon cher ! Regardez Jean le Nez-en-l'Air !"</p>
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<p>There came a dog a-tearing by, Hans was gawking at the sky Just as ca'm As a ham - No one warned him with a yell. What befell ? What ! Ker-blim ! and down they go - Boy and doglet in a row !</p>	<p>Un jour en courant un chien passe, Et Jean regardait dans l' espace, Tout fixament; Et personne là justament Pour crier: "Jean ! le chien ! prends garde ! Le voilà près de toi, regarde !" Paf ! petit Jean est culbuté Et le chien, lui, tombe à côté.</p>
<p>Once he snooped along the strand With his atlas in the hand, And his pug-nose tilted back So he could watch the swallow's track; and never got it through his gourd That he was walking overboard, although the fishes, frightened, shout, "We are orphans, please look out !"</p>	<p>Un jour au bord d' un rivière Il allait, tenant en arrière Son carton, et ses yeux suivant Les cigagnes qui voltigeaient; Et comme un i, droit, en silence , Vers la rievère Jean s' avance, Et trois poissons, fort étonnés, Ont pour le voir levé le nez.</p>
<p>Another step - another yet - And finds himself amazing wet ! The fishy orphans, scared full sore Turned tail and travel for the shore.</p>	<p>Encore un pas ! Dans la rivière Jean tombe, tête la première. Les trois poissons, effarouchés, En le voyant se sont cachés.</p>
<p>Now by luck two men arrive, And with their hooks and sticks contrive The struggling dunderhead to hive, and soon they fish him out alive.</p>	<p>Deux braves gens du voisinage Par bonheur viennent au rivage. Avec des perches tous les deux Tirent de l' eau le malheureux.</p>
<p>Stands he now, the dripping bloke, And sees no humour in the joke; Water steams from hair and clothes, And flows in rivers down his nose; He's water-soaked from head to heels, But can't express half what he feels.</p> <p>Those little fish go swimming by And up at him they cock their eye, And stick their heads out full aspan, And laughs as only fishes can; Laugh and giggle, jeer and snort - How strange to see them thus cavort ! Meantime the atlas, gone astray, Has drifted many yards away.</p>	<p>Il sort tout trempé ! Quelle pluie ! Ah la triste plaisanterie ! L' eau lui ruisselait des cheveux Sur la figure et sur les yeux, et, tout monillé, le pauvre diable Grelottait; c' etait pitoyable !</p> <p>Les petits poissons à la fois Nagent vers le bord tous les trois. Ils sortent de l' eau la figure, Riant tout haut de l' aventure De l' imprudent petit babonin. Et son carton, il est bien loin.</p>

**The Story of Flying Robert**  
**L' Histoire de Robert qui s' envolé**

<p><b>When the rain comes down a-dash,  When the storms the meadows lash,  Boys and girls stay snug at home  Preferring to let others roam;  But Roberts thinks, "Ah, me,  It's just the time outside to be !"  and so, umbrella'd safe and sound,  Takes to the fields and slops around.</b></p>	<p><b>Quand il pleut et quand sur la terre  Le vent mugit avec colère,  Garçons et filles gentiment  Restent dans leur appartement.  Mais Robert pensait: "Non, je gage  Que c' est magnifique, un orage !"  Et dehors, parapluie en main,  S' en va patauger le gamin.</b></p>
<p><b>My ! how shrieks the windy storm,  and how the big tree bows its form !  Hoho ! the 'brella's caught the breeze,  And Robert sails above the trees !  Above the houses, church and steeple,  and out of sight of all people !  Above the clouds he spins at last,  His hat is gone, and he's aghast !</b></p>	<p><b>Hui ! le vent souffle avec la pluie,  Si fort, si fort, que l' arbre plie.  Voyez, le parapluie est pris  Par le vent, et, malgré ses cris,  Le vent emporte dans l' espace  Robert qui monte en criant grâce.  Jusqu' aux nuages il volait,  Et son chapeau le précédait.</b></p>
<p><b>And so he sails and sails and sails,  Through banks of murky clouds, and  wails,  And weeps and mourns, poor draggled  rat,  Because he can't o'ertake his hat.  Oh, where on high can that hat be ?  When you find out, pray come tell me.</b></p>	<p><b>Toujours plus haut, aie ! aie !  Robert suivant son parapluie  Le chapeau toujours en avant  S' envole au ciel avec le vent,  Et l' on n' en plus de leurs nouvelles.  Entendez-vous ? petits rebelles !</b></p>
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<b>*FOREWORD</b>	<b>*AVANT-PROPOS</b>
<p><b>When the children gentle be,  Then the Christchild they shall see;  If they eat their soup and yet  Still their bread they don't forget,  Handle silently their toys,  Taking pains to make no noise,  And when a pleasure-walk is planned,  Let Mother lead them by the hand,  For every blessing they may look,  And get, besides, a Picture Book.</b></p>	<p><b>On donne aux enfants qui sont sages  De beaux joujoux et des images.  Quand ils ne font pas trop de bruit  Le jour, et dorment bien la nuit,  Qu' ils mangent tout sur leur assiette  Sans rien verser sur leur serviette,  Qu' ils se promènent gentiment  Tenant la main de leur maman,  On leur donne à ces enfants sages  Un superbe livre d' images.</b></p>