

Quaker nursery rhymes.

Contributors

American Cereal Co.

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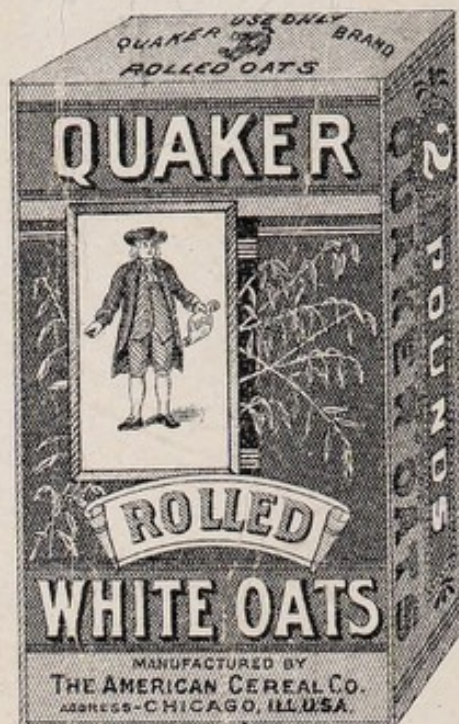


PUZZLE
HOW MANY
PACKAGES
CAN YOU COUNT?
SEE NEXT PAGE

QUAKER NURSERY RHYMES

MADE IN U.S.A.

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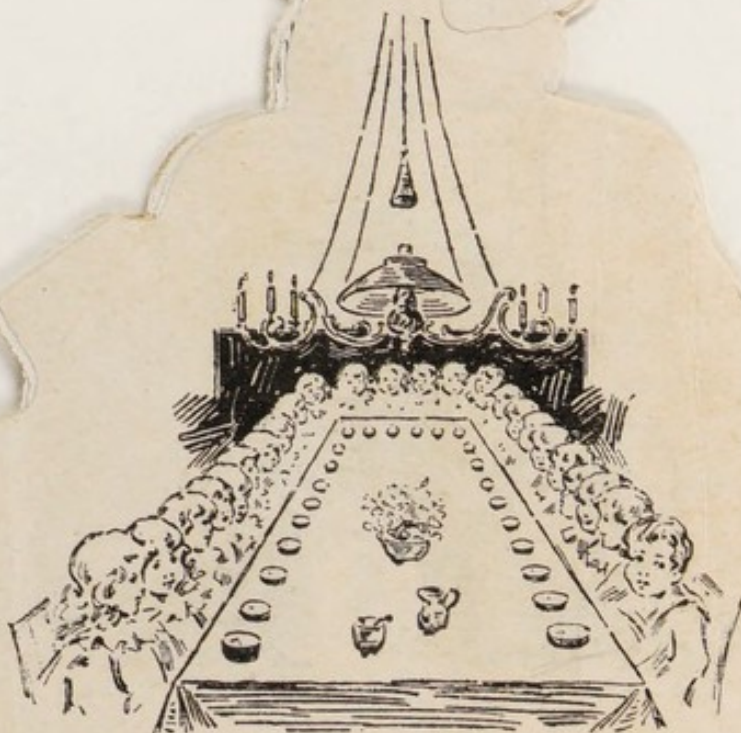
HOW MANY PACKAGES *CAN YOU COUNT* ON THE COVER?

An Optical Illusion.

Hardly any two people agree as to the number of packages on the cover, but every one agrees that

***Quaker Oats is the Best
Cereal Food.***

Instructions: Gaze steadily at the target in the centre of the cover and you will see a magical transformation. If you cannot see all of the packages this way, turn the book wrong side up.



Four and Twenty Jingles.

Four and twenty pages
In this little book,
Four and twenty pictures
At which you may look ;
Four and twenty jingles, —
Four and twenty rhymes, —
For your little ears to hear
Four and twenty times.

Four and twenty children
Eating Quaker Oats,
Four and twenty little mouths,
Four and twenty throats ;
Four and twenty children,
Happy as can be,
For four and twenty little folks
Have what they want, you see !



Our Boy.

Our boy has a drum,
And a top that will hum,
Some skates, and a bicycle, too, sir ;
A cravat, and a hat,
And a ball, and a bat,
And a sword that is all bright and new, sir ;
And a kite that will fly
Way up in the sky,
And a wagon and two spotted goats, sir ;
Don't you think that he should
Be happy and good ?
He is, — for he eats Quaker Oats, sir !



I's A Bid Boy Now.

I's gettin' to be a gwate bid boy!
An' what do you tink o' dat?
I can almos' wear my papa's coat,
An' almos' wear his hat!
His s'oes is a 'ittle bit too bid,
An' his toat is some too tall,
But if I teep eatin' my Twaker Oats,
I dess zey 'ill fit in ze fall!

Boy Blue and Robbie Rotes.

Poor little Boy Blue
Could only boo! — hoo! —
When his sheep all got lost,
He nothing could do;
But smart Robbie Rotes,
Who eats Quaker Oats,
When his sheep were lost,
Found them all with the goats!



A New Story by Mother Mory.

If old Mother Mory
Were to tell a new story,
I expect like this it would sound, —
When good Mother Hubbard
Looked into her cupboard,
She smiled as she gazed all around ;
For in less than a minute
She saw what was in it, —
Some sweet Quaker Oats there she found

There was a Sick Boy in Ohio.

There was a sick boy in Ohio,
Who got sick from eating of pie, O !
And when he was sick
He cried, " Give me quick
Some good Quaker Oats, or I die, O ! "



Poor Timid Miss Coates.

Poor timid Miss Coates
Never had any oats,
So I bought and I cooked some to take her !
I refused all the rest,
And accepted the best, —
Which, of course, simply means I took Quaker !

A Little Quaker Boy.

There was a little Quaker Boy,
His name was Thomas True ;
He did not pine,
Nor sit and whine,
When something was to do ;
O no ! not he, because, you see,
On both work and play he doted !
Now, this little lad
Scarce ever was sad,
For his breakfast it was Quaker Oat-ed !



Bad Tommy Totes.

Tommy Totes, a bad boy, he! —
He's just as bad as he can be! —
So very bad is he, alas!
He struck himself in the looking-glass!
Now, what shall we do with bad Tommy
Totes?
Make a good boy of him, —
Let him have Quaker Oats!

How Do You Do?

Why, how do you do?
I'm glad to see you!
Your smiling good-nature denotes
That you are feeling first rate,
And for breakfast you ate
Some cream and some sweet Quaker Oats!



The Quaker's Big Hat.

A wee pussy-cat
Got into a hat,
And a beautiful bed
It did make her ;
But how she did cry
When to get out she did try,
For it was the big hat
Of a Quaker !

The Good Old Quaker, Mr. Baker.

The good old Quaker,
Mister Baker,
Found a wife,
And so did take her ;
She loves him,
On her he dotes,
And both are fond
Of Quaker Oats.



Fairy-Land.

If flowers were dollies,
And acorns were toys,
And broomsticks were cycles
For girls and for boys ;
If pebbles were candies,
And water were milk ;
If all work were play,
And cotton were silk ;
If sand were all sugar,
And chips were all boats ;
And wishes were dishes
Of sweet Quaker Oats, —
How nice it would be !
And what fun it would seem !
Just like a bright Fairy-land
Seen in a dream !



The Kind That Mamma Buys.

Now, Dolly, don't oo cwy !
Dess look me in the eye,
While I tells oo som'sing
What is dood fo' naughty dollies ;
Mamma says 'at 'fo' I's bid,
I were kwoss as any pid,
An' cwy'd dess like a kitten squallies !
Now, I'm dess a-doin' to do
Dess the 'xackly same to oo
As my mamma did to cure me of my cwy'n —
I s'all b'ing oo up on oats, —
'Licious, teenty, weenty gwoats, —
Quaker Oats — dat mamma's allus buyin' !



A Boy Who Forgot.

A boy, one time, forgot
To tell the grocer what
His dear mamma
Had cautioned him
To say,

Say,

Say ;

So he started home, to take her
Something else, instead of "Quaker,"
Then remembered what she told him,
And fearing she would scold him,
He turned and trotted back again
The whole

Way,

Way.



***There Was an Old Woman
Who Lived in a Flat.***

There was an old woman
Who lived in a flat,
Who had so many children,
She couldn't keep a cat ;
It cost so much to feed them,
She scarce knew what to do,
For she was very, very poor,
And loved her children, too ;
But one day to the market
She went to buy some bread, —
She bought, instead, some Quaker Oats,
And now they're all well fed !



The Best Boy of All.

Did you ever chance to see
Little Willie Nilly?
He is not so very smart, —
In fact, sometimes is silly.
And, too, did you ever know
Romping Robbie Rattle?
He can make more noise, they say,
Than a dozen cattle.
Then, there is that Peter Prim,
And tiny Tommy Tearful, —
But best of all the boys I know
Is charming Charlie Cheerful!
Charlie Cheerful is the boy
Whose happy smile denotes
That every morning of his life
He eats sweet Quaker Oats!



A Wise Old Frog.

A wise old frog sat on a log,
And sang among the grasses ;
He sang a song, but not for long,
For the little froggie lasses, —
“Quake — Quake — Quaker !”
Sang the wise old Frog ;
“Quake — Quake — Quaker !”
Sang another from the bog ;
“Quake — Quake — Quaker !”
Sang the froggie lads and lasses,
Until “Quake — Quake — Quaker !”
Sounded all among the grasses.



Little Miss Muffet.

When little Miss Muffet
Sat on her tuffet,
Eating her curds and whey,
Along came the Quaker, —
The good old health-maker, —
And she threw all her curds away ;
Then he killed the bad spider,
And sat down beside her,
And whispered a word in her ear ;
So she learned what we taught her,
And ate what he brought her,
And grew healthier year after year.



A Very Strange Thing.

Now, I'm going to sing
Of a very strange thing, —
Of a good and honest old Quaker, —
He refused firm and flat
To take off his hat,
And his wife wouldn't take off her shaker!

The First Quaker.

A lad named George Fox
Looked after the flocks
Of his master, who was a shoemaker,
And so great was his fame,
That in time he became
The first man who was ever called Quaker.



There Is a Man in Every Town.

There is a man in every town
Who never yet was known to frown ;
It is also understood
He is very, very good ;
Not another man you find
Is one half so good and kind, —
Helping boys and girls to grow,
Making teeth as white as snow, —
Here's his sweet and honest face,
Of deceit there is no trace! —
Your mamma should try to make her
Breakfast nice by serving "Quaker."



This is the Quaker,~

Now tell your mamma,
Quaker Oats is the best
For her and papa;
For you and for them,
And for them and for you,
It is healthful and wealthful,
And tastes the best, too !

