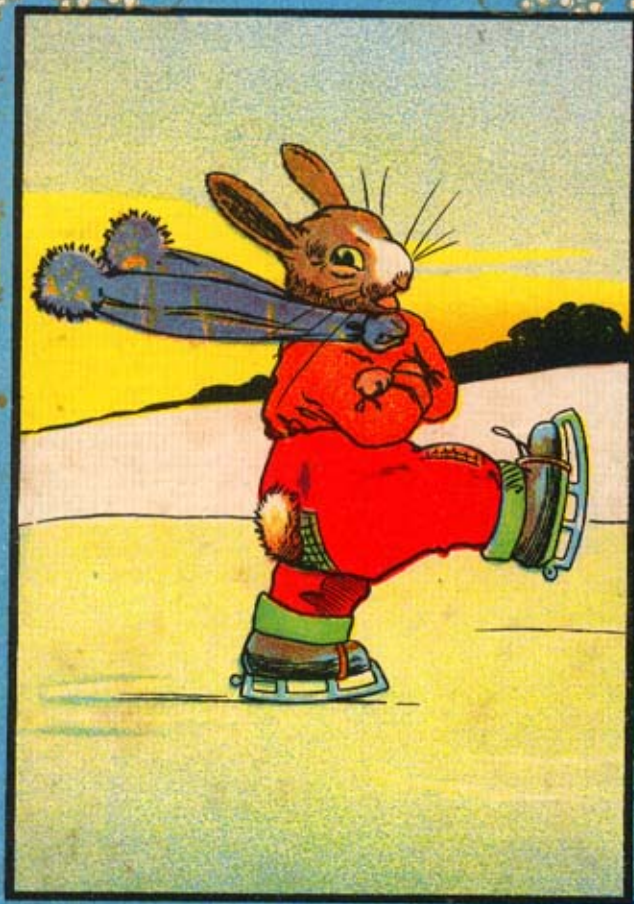


# Little Br'er Rabbit



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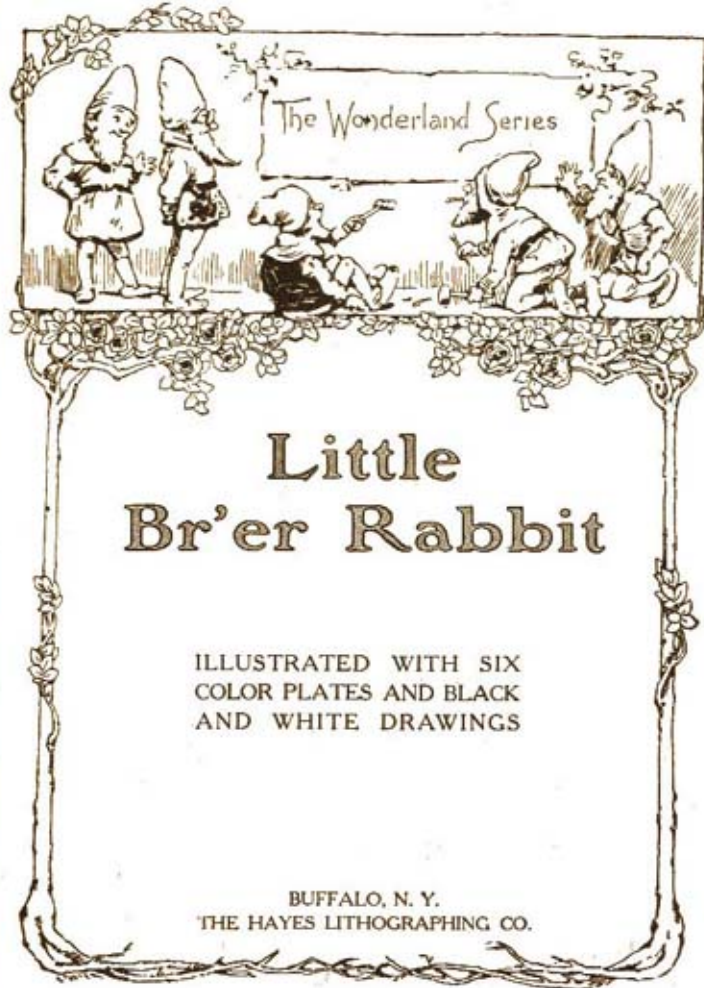


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*Little Br'er Rabbit*



The fire at Billy Bunny's.



The Wonderland Series

# Little Br'er Rabbit

ILLUSTRATED WITH SIX  
COLOR PLATES AND BLACK  
AND WHITE DRAWINGS

BUFFALO, N. Y.  
THE HAYES LITHOGRAPHING CO.

# The Fire at Billy Bunny's

WHEN Billy Bunny burnt some matches—  
You know how bad that is—  
He wanted just to hear the scratches,  
And see the blaze and fizz.

But all at once and in a minute  
The room was blazing too,  
And there was Billy locked up in it,  
Whatever could he do?

But firemen are such splendid people,  
They rushed and rang their bell;  
With ladders higher than the steeple  
They rescued him quite well.

They brought him down, all wet and choky,  
And nearly baked and boiled;  
His hair was singed, his clothes were smoky,  
And all his toys were spoiled!

His father scolds, his mother's crying,  
Poor Billy gasps for breath—  
Their pretty home in sparks is flying,  
The neighbors scared to death.

Now, don't you think it's very silly  
To play with fire? *I do!*  
The firemen came to rescue Billy—  
They mightn't come for you!

## True to Life

"I T isn't true to life,  
I said they;  
"We rabbits never run  
away;  
And from a dog, too—how  
absurd!  
Why, such a thing was  
never heard!  
Whoever such a big Dog  
saw?  
This artist cannot ever  
draw!"



Just then a strange event occurred—  
A bark was in the distance heard.  
Said Bunny, "That's a Dog, I know!"  
And fast as ever they could go,  
In spite of all they had to say,  
Those frightened Bunnies ran away.

Boasting is a silly  
habit,  
Not becoming child or  
rabbit;  
When you say you  
never fear,  
Be sure no dog is draw-  
ing near,  
Do not boast at all I  
say,  
That is much the saf-  
est way.



## *Little Br'er Rabbit's Bicycle*

**B**R'ER RABBIT was a clever child,  
And good as gold was he;  
He worked to please his dear papa  
And all his family.

He worked his brain from morn 'till night  
On little schemes to please;  
You never saw him scratch or bite,  
You never heard him tease.

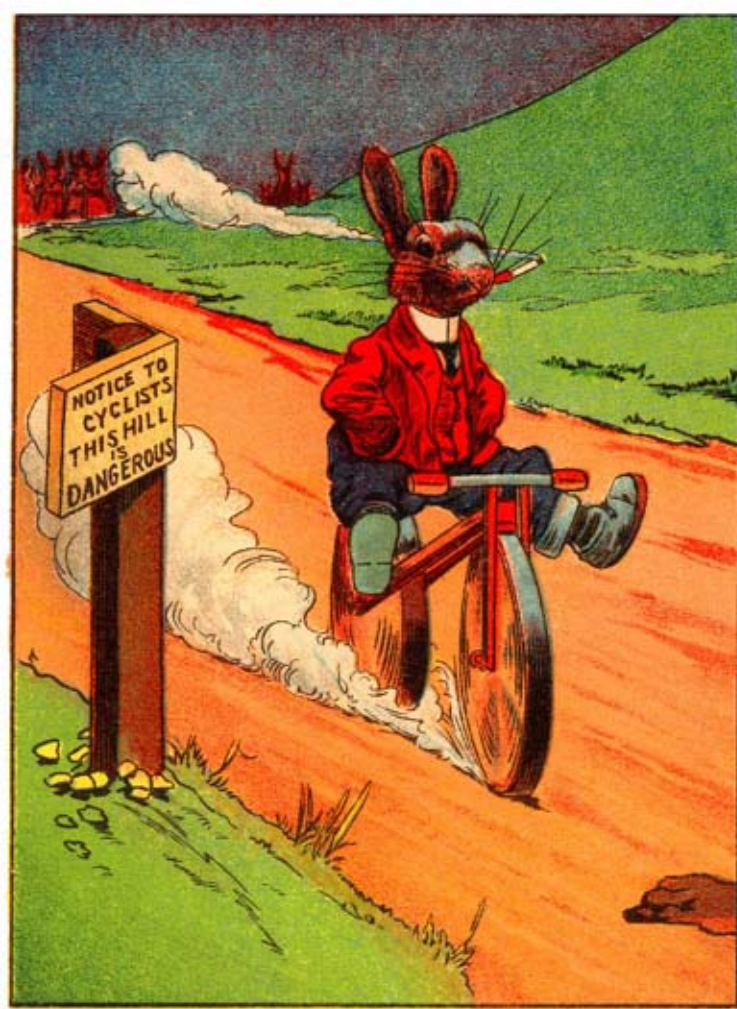
He made a bicycle one day  
Of wood, and wire, and steel;  
Oh, it would be a joyful day  
To see his sisters wheel!

He rolled it to the highest hill,  
His sisters followed after—  
He mounted with the greatest skill  
Amid their gentle laughter.

He thought 'twere well to make first trip  
To see that all were sound.  
He'd hate to see his sister slip  
And fall upon the ground.

He started gently off to glide  
As smoothly as a swallow.  
His sisters envy him his ride  
And wish that they might follow.

The hill grows steep, the wheel rolls fast,  
And faster, faster, faster!  
The sisters wonder if 'twill last,  
And look for some disaster.



“Isn't it great.”



Br'er Rabbit's heart begins to thump,  
'Tis hard to keep his scat,  
With many a thrilling, horrid bump  
The stones beneath him fleet.

The turn at last, Br'er Rabbit tries  
To steer his wooden steed—  
Br'er Rabbit rises to the skies  
A sorry sight, indeed.

He turns a flip-flop in the air  
And lands upon his head;  
His sisters run in sad despair—  
They fear he may be dead.

His sisters run with anxious fears,  
The young ones almost weep;  
Br'er Rabbit says, "My precious dears,  
That hill was far too steep.

"The wheel is strong and good as new,  
We'll try again, I hope;  
But the next hill I'll ride for you  
Will have a gentler slope."

### *Bunnies in Winter*

WHEN the winter winds are howling,  
And the snow has fallen white,  
The bunnies sit by their fireside  
And wink at the rosy light.

Father puts on his glasses;  
And they all sit quiet to hear  
Him read a tale of the forest,  
Of the fox, and weasel, and deer.



Of the fox, so cunning and creepy,  
Fierce eyes and bushy tail,  
They feel their fuzzy fur rise up  
And they know they are turning pale.

Then Mother Bunny arises  
And puts her children to bed.  
Then she scolds poor Father Bunny  
For the terrible tales he's read.

But Father Bunny is smiling,  
And says, "You know, my dear,  
The safest thing for our children  
Is the terrible fox to fear."

"So, I read these tales as a warning,  
That our children may know just why  
The safest thing when they meet a fox  
Is simply to turn and fly."

## *If all the World was Apple Pie*

MR. AND MRS. BUNNY were a happy pair, but they disagreed about one thing, and that was their apple tree.

"When the apples are ripe," said Mrs. Bunny, "I shall make jelly for the winter."

"No," said Mr. Bunny, "We'll have apple pies and eat them."

"I call that greedy," she answered.

"That's because you like jelly best yourself," said he. Then they quarrelled, and called each other silly; and Mrs. Bunny sat sadly under the apple tree, and Mr. Bunny went and ate so many lettuces in someone else's garden, that he fell fast asleep. Lettuces always make you sleepy. And he dreamed that all the world was apple pie. The hard part, rocks and things, was the crust; and the soft part, earth and grass, was apple; and the seas and rivers were juice. It was very jolly, and he lived on apple pie for years and years, as it seemed, till he got rather tired of it. Then he thought, "But where is Mrs. Bunny?" He searched and searched, but he couldn't find her anywhere.

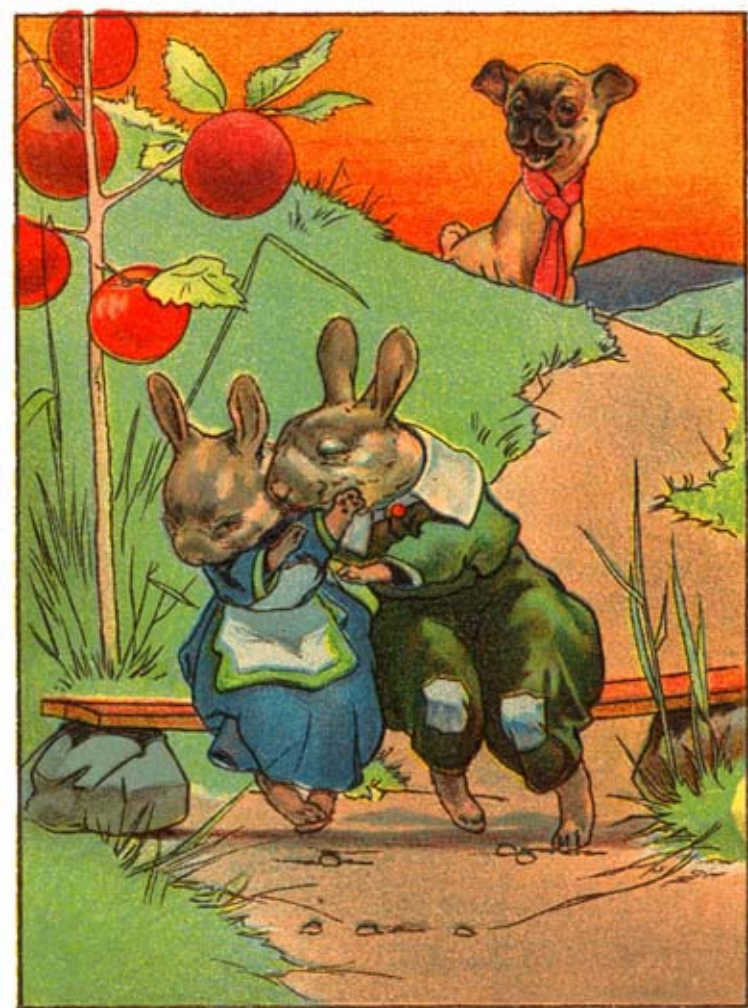
"Oh!" he cried, "I'd rather have Mrs. Bunny back than apple pie—truly I would," and then he awoke.

He hurried home, and, to his great joy, there was Mrs. Bunny, quite real, still sitting sadly under the apple tree. He kissed her, and said, "I'm sorry I was cross." "So am I," said she.

"If all the world was apple pie," he continued, "I wouldn't care for it without you."

So they made up their quarrel. But a sly gypsy dog had been listening to every word and laughing to himself. "I'm surprised," he said. "When the Bunnys are gone I won't leave them anything to quarrel about," he said. And he went off with every apple on the tree.

"I'm surprised."



## The Guinea-pig and the Rabbit

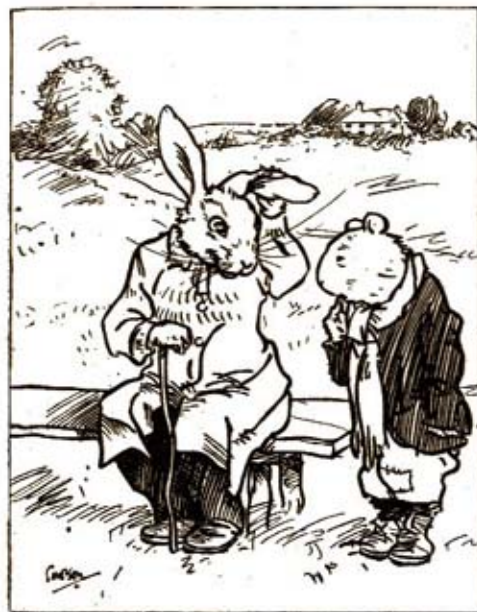
SAID the Guinea-pig to the Rabbit,  
His friend so true and dear:  
"I've something dreadful, Bunny,  
For your own private ear.  
You'll never, never tell it?"  
The Rabbit said: "No fear!"

"It makes me nervous, Bunny;  
I cannot sleep at night,  
And all day long I tremble  
And simply shake with fright.  
You'll not repeat it? Promise!"  
Said Bunny: "Honour bright!"

The Guinea-pig drew closer  
(His voice was none too clear)  
To pour his secret trouble  
Into his comrade's ear.  
"The left one, please," said Bunny;  
"The right one does not hear.

"Now, tell me what's the matter,  
And why you look so sad."  
The Guinea-pig, distracted,  
Cried: "Oh, the shock I've had!  
'Tis what those boys were saying  
That nearly drives me mad.

"The big one told the younger—  
They sat there on the rail:  
'Ted, if you hold that fellow  
Up by its little tail,  
Its eyes will drop out, *certain*  
The trick won't ever fail!'"



While sitting on the rail.  
How can they hold you up when  
*You haven't got a tail?"*

The Guinea-pig stood staring,  
And not a word he spoke,  
Till, with a jump, he shouted:  
"Oh, what a splendid joke!"  
And laughed until the Rabbit  
Was half afraid he'd choke.

"I saw the look Ted  
gave me;  
He means to try,  
I know,  
And then, oh, dear-  
est Bunny,  
My precious eyes  
will go!"  
The Rabbit gave a  
chuckle,  
"Ha ha, ho ho,  
ho ho!"  
"You poor, dear,  
foolish Piggy,  
No need to turn  
so pale,  
Or trouble what the  
boys said,

And ever since that morning,  
Whene'er they fraternize,  
Bun tries to tease his neighbor,  
And does it in this wise:  
"I hope," says he, "dear Piggy,  
*You've still your precious eyes.*"

### *Br'er Rabbit's Skating*

"THE ice is fine," Br'er Rabbit said,  
"The wind blows keen and shrill.  
I think I'll take my Christmas skates  
To the pond beyond the hill."

Br'er Rabbit took his Christmas skates,  
And begged his brother Peter  
To don his coat and come along  
To make his joy completer.

Quickly they donned their overcoats,  
Then climbed the hills sedately,  
To where a frozen pond stretched out  
'Neath trees so tall and stately.

With joyful shout and merry laugh  
They tore across the snow;  
They found the ice was firm and smooth  
Sparkling in sunset glow.



"Now, Peter," good Br'er Rabb  
said,  
And strapped his skates mear  
while,  
"You've got to be my donkey dea  
And draw me many a mile."





Poor Peter thought this rather hard,  
But a cheerful rabbit he;  
So he put the tippet round his waist,  
And they started merrily.

They started merrily, but soon  
Poor Peter was worn out,  
Br'er Rabbit cried, "I'll go alone,"  
And started with a shout.

With many a graceful sweep and curve  
He skated for a while  
Till bump, crash, thump, he struck a  
stump,  
Poor Peter could but smile.



Br'er Rabbit spun upon his head,  
Oh, he was badly scared!  
"I think we'd better home to bed,"  
He mournfully declared.

### *A Matter of Habit*



**A**LL the morning he rakes and  
hoes,  
Then at dinner-time home he goes.  
"Give me a carrot on which to  
dine;  
Nothing," says he, "is half so fine!  
Some folks talk of mutton and beef,  
Pork and veal, but it's my belief,  
Eating meat is a very bad habit—  
Carrots are best for a hungry  
rabbit!"



### *"Manners"*

**M**R. BUNNY when walking out one winter's day  
Was snowballed by some of the youngsters, they say;  
But he took them all home, and in manner most grave,  
He read them a lecture on how to behave!

### *Field Mouse Farm*

**M**R. AND MRS. THOMAS CAT had gone away for  
a trip to the sea, especially Mrs. Cat. Field Mouse  
Farm was delighted; so were the field mice.

"We will have a fine time," they said to each other. And they did, too!

First of all, they dragged Master and Miss Cat out of their peaceful sleep, and harassed them to a cart.

"We will make you do some work," said the field mice. And they did, too.

I have heard of a dog-cart, often, but never of a cat-cart, much less a kitten-cart. But the field mice said they would invent one, in less than three wags of a kitten's tail. And they did, too. If you don't believe it, look for yourself.

Then they piled that cart with hay. It is true some mice got mixed up with the hay, but that did not matter.

"We're all right," they said, "we can soon find a peeping hole and see the kittens doing some work." And they did, too.

And they made those kittens drag that hay-cat-kitten-dog-cart home. They were so tired when they had finished, that they went fast asleep. Fancy kittens working so hard.

Then the field mice had a cheese feast and danced and sang. "We mean to enjoy our little selves," they said, and they did, too.

In the midst of it all, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Cat came home. Oh!!!

"We had better run home as fast as we can," said the field mice to one another. And they did, too.

### *The Wise Bunny*

THERE was once a bunny who lived in a comfortable burrow on a hillside. She was a very wise bunny, and took good care to keep out of the way of guns, and trap, and dogs, and foxes. So while many more careless rabbits were shot, or snared, or eaten, she remained safe and well, and grew plumper every day.

One autumn, a young fox came to this hillside to hunt. He was a clever fellow, though not quite so clever as he fancied. He soon saw the bunny, and fell in love with her plumpness. "What a good dinner she will make!" thought he.

But he was not long in finding out that it was not easy to catch so wise a rabbit as this one. He could never manage to creep near enough to pounce upon her, while she was eating her breakfast just before sunrise, or taking her supper just after sunset, for her eyes and ears were very quick to see and to hear. Then she could run so fast, and she knew so many secret places on the hillside, that he could neither catch her when he chased her nor find her when she hid herself.



A heavy load.



At last he thought his chance had come, for by good fortune, as he lay hidden in a ditch, he saw her pop into her own burrow one morning, just after breakfast.

"I shall soon have her, now that I know where she lives," said he. All through that day he lay in the ditch thinking and thinking, and when evening came, shortly before sunset he crept quietly be-

hind the rabbit's burrow, and hid himself in the fern just above her doorway. "This fern is brown, like my coat," thought he; "so if I lie quite still, no one will notice me here, and give warning to Madam Bunny. And the wind is blowing from her towards me, so she will not be able to smell me. And the sun is behind me, so the light will not dazzle my eyes, but when she comes out of her hole I shall be able to see her at once, and to pounce upon her before she has time to look round."

He certainly was a clever fellow.

The sun sank lower and lower, the air became cooler, and the shadows grew longer moment by moment. Still and

silent, among the fern the fox lay, watching with keen eyes, and ears for the smallest sign of movement in the burrow below him.

And by and by, just before the sun sank out of sight behind the hilltop, the bunny awoke from the long nap, which she always took in the daytime, and stretched herself and shook her fur. Then she crept up her long passage, meaning to go out to look for supper. But, being very prudent, she stopped when she reached the doorway, to look and listen if all were safe.

And there, stretched upon the ground just before her burrow, she noticed a shadow, very long and black, which she did not remember to have seen before.

"What can that be?" she said to herself, drawing back a little farther into the safety of the passage.

At this moment, the fox, who fancied he had heard a slight sound, pricked up his ears and crouched ready for a spring. Then the strange shadow pricked up its ears and crouched too, and the bunny understood what it was.

"Aha, Sir Fox!" cried she; "go home and teach your shadow to be wise."

### *One at a Time*

WHEN Mother Bear picked oranges  
To make her marmalade,  
She took her littlest, youngest bear  
To help her in the shade.

She counted them, and said with glee;  
"Oh, what a splendid lot!"  
There were exactly ninety-nine  
To put into the pot.

The littlest bear was mild and meek,  
His fur was soft as wool;  
He carried fruit and didn't speak,  
Because his mouth was full.

The oranges were very large,  
And very, very sweet;  
How many dozen, do you think,  
A littlest bear could eat?

One at a time, and going slow,  
He sucked them in the shade;  
Poor Mother Bear had only *ten*  
To make her marmalade.

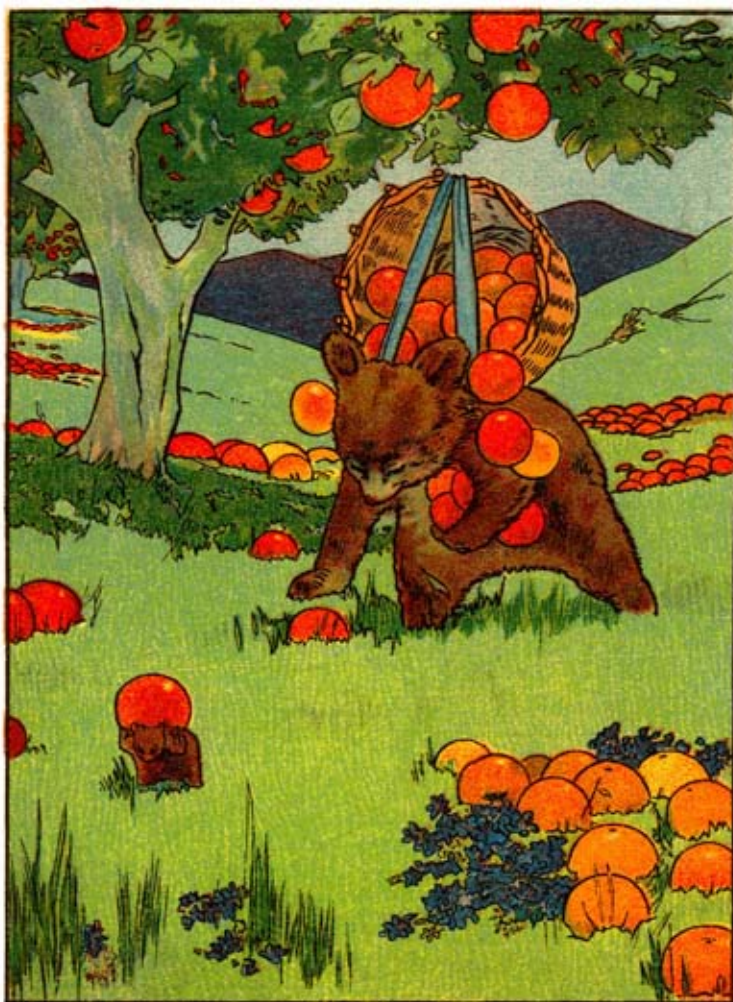
### *Rosy's Tea Party.*

**R**OSY, darling little maid—  
You don't know her, I'm afraid,  
But she's sweet as sweet can be—  
Took her dollies out to tea.

Presently, so I am told,  
Mr. Bunny near there strolled;  
When to come to tea invited  
Bunny said he'd be delighted.

"What!" said he, "no nice green food,  
Plainly you don't know what's good:  
Only milk and cream and tea—  
Things that don't agree with me!"

Off he scampered, in a huff—  
Rosy stared: "that's quite enough—  
Next time that I give a tea,  
You will not be asked!" said she.



Under the Marmalade Tree.





## *The Bunnykins' Football Game*

THE Bunnykins, a Football Club  
Have started, so they say,  
And all the Bunnies from their holes  
Come out to see them play.

The other day they had a match  
Against another team;  
When Whiskers really kicked a goal,  
You should have heard them scream!

They won the match by just one goal,  
So, now, as you can guess,  
All true sport-loving Bunnies wish  
The Football Club success.





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