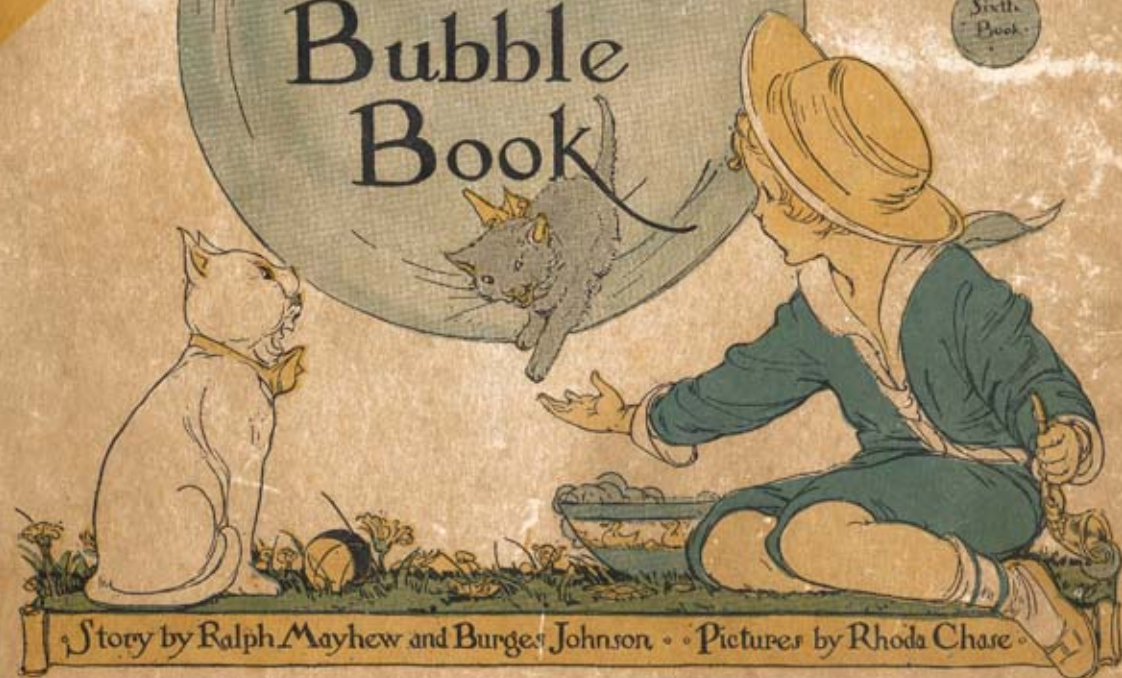


HAPPY COLUMBIA
FROM THE
HAPPY COLUMBIA SINGERS

The Pet Bubble Book

Singing by . . .
• Little Pussy •
• Little Doggie
and
• Cock-a-doodle-
do . . .

Sixth
Book



Story by Ralph Mayhew and Burgess Johnson • Pictures by Rhoda Chase

Title: The Pet Bubble Book

Author: Ralph Mayhew and Burges Johnson; Illustrated by Rhoda Chase

Language: English

Subject: Fiction, Literature, Children's literature

Publisher: World Public Library Association

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THE PET

The Sixth

BUBBLE BOOK

The
HARPER COLUMBIA
Book that Sings

Singing by

The Little Pussy

The Little Doggie

Cock-a-doodle-doo

Story by

Ralph Mayhew and Burges Johnson

Pictures by

Rhoda Chase

Records by

Columbia Graphophone Co.

Harper & Brothers

Publishers

THE BUBBLE BOOKS

- 1 THE BUBBLE BOOK
 - 2 SECOND BUBBLE BOOK
 - 3 THIRD BUBBLE BOOK
Singing Games
 - 4 THE ANIMAL BUBBLE BOOK
 - 5 THE PIE PARTY BUBBLE BOOK
 - 6 THE PET BUBBLE BOOK
 - 7 THE FUNNY FROGGY BUBBLE BOOK
 - 8 THE HAPPY-GO-LUCKY BUBBLE BOOK
 - 9 THE MERRY MIDGET BUBBLE BOOK
 - 10 THE LITTLE MISCHIEF BUBBLE BOOK
 - 11 THE TIPPY-TOE BUBBLE BOOK
 - 12 THE GAY GAMES BUBBLE BOOK
Singing Games
- (Others in Preparation)

The selection of music for the songs in this series of "Books that Sing" has been made only after consulting every available source. The various versions have been sought out, compared and considered in order that the "Books that Sing" might be good and true—with always an authentic as well as an attractive version of each song.

Patented by Ralph Mayhew, Aug. 7, 1917
Other patents pending
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Made in the United States of America

K-U



"The days are too short," the little boy said;

"'Most all of the time it's time for bed! —
The playmates my wonderful pipe can bring

In the bubbles it blows, and the songs they sing,

Can only last while the hours are light.
Oh, why can't a little boy play at night?"
He sat on his bed while he got undressed
And eyed his toys where they lay at rest;

When lo! in a corner his China Cat
Winked both of her eyes, and remarked: "What's that?"
Now, why don't you take your pipe to bed
And blow on it while you're asleep?" she said.

“What a strange idea!” said the little boy,
“But it’s not so strange as a talking toy.
I think I shall take my cat’s advice—
Whatever happens, it must be nice.”
So he climbed into bed with his pipe in hand
And hurried away into slumberland.
He dreamt that his favorite toys all sat
In a solemn row by his China Cat,
And the grass was green and the breeze was gay,
But none of his toys knew how to play.
“Oh, wish with your pipe,” the cat cried out.
“You can bring us to life without a doubt.
And while you’re about it I wish you’d see
If you can’t get a kitten to play with me,—
A real live kitten from fairyland
Who will sing a song to our play-room band.”

The little boy wished, and then right away
His toys all started to talk and play.
Then he blew a bubble, and in it saw
A beautiful pussy waving her paw.
With a merry “Meow” she gave a spring
To the little boy’s lap and began to sing.



The Song Pussy Sang

“I LOVE LITTLE PUSSY”

I love little Pussy,
Her coat is so warm;
And if I don't hurt her
She'll do me no harm.
So I'll not pull her tail,
Nor drive her away,
But Pussy and I
Very gently will play.

She will sit by my side,
And I'll give her some food;
And she'll love me because
I am gentle and good.

I'll pat little Pussy,
And then she will purr,
And thus show her thanks
For my kindness to her.

I'll not pinch her ears,
Nor tread on her paw,
Lest I should provoke her
To use her sharp claw;
I never will vex her,
Nor make her displeased,
For Pussy don't like
To be worried and teased.

While the bubble grew you could plainly hear
A wonderful barking, shrill and clear.
Then the bubble burst with a funny bang,
And a little dog hopped to the grass and
sang:



When the visiting kitten had sung her song
The toys cried merrily, "Come along
And join our fun on the nursery floor,
Unless you're willing to sing some more!"
But the little toy dog refused to play;
He sat and sulked, and they heard him say,
"A dog doesn't care for cats, you see;
I wish I'd a puppy to play with me!"
The little boy chuckled and cocked his head;
"I think I can remedy that," he said.
So he took his magical pipe in hand
And wished for a doggy from fairyland.
Then he blew, while the toys all stopped their game.
(On the very next page you'll see what came!)



The Song the Doggie Sang

“I HAD A LITTLE DOGGIE”

I had a little doggie
that used to sit and beg;
But Doggie tumbled down the stairs
and broke his little leg.
Oh! Doggie, I will nurse you,
and try to make you well,
And you shall have a collar
with a little silver bell.

Ah! Doggie, don't you think
you should very faithful be,
For having such a loving friend
to comfort you as me?

And when your leg is better,
and you can run and play,
We'll have a scamper in the fields
and see them making hay.

But, Doggie, you must promise
(and mind your word you keep)
Not once to tease the little lambs,
or run among the sheep;
And then the yellow chicks
that play upon the grass,
You must not even wag your tail
to scare them as you pass.

Again the toys watched while the bubble grew,
And they all heard a "Cock-a-doodle-do!"
Then a pert little rooster joined the throng
And he flapped his wings while he sang
this song:



He finished his song with a merry bark,
Then he said to the listening toys: "Now, hark!
It's twelve by the big clock in the hall.
Let's all be friends, dogs, cats, and all.
We can play together for all the night,—
I have to go home with the first daylight."
"That's a good idea," said the China Cat,
"I'm sure we all will agree to that.
If only a rooster could join our game
He'd warn us before the daylight came."
"You leave that to me," the little boy cried,
And he took his pipe with an air of pride,
And he wished that a cock might join the band
To tell them when daylight was at hand.

The Song the Rooster Sang

COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO

Cock-a-doodle-doo!

My dame has lost her shoe;

My master's lost his fiddling-stick,

And doesn't know what to do;

And doesn't know what to do,

And doesn't know what to do;

My master's lost his fiddling-stick,

And doesn't know what to do.

Cock-a-doodle-doo!

What is my dame to do?

Till master's found his fiddling-stick

She'll dance without her shoe;

She'll dance without her shoe,

She'll dance without her shoe;

Till master's found his fiddling-stick

She'll dance without her shoe.

Cock-a-doodle-doo!

My dame has found her shoe

And master's found his fiddling-stick—

Sing doodle-doodle-doo!

Sing doodle-doodle-doo!

Sing doodle-doodle-doo!

My master's found his fiddling-stick—

Sing doodle-doodle-doo!

Cock-a-doodle-doo!

My dame will dance with you,

While master fiddles his fiddling-stick

For dame and doodle-doo!

For dame and doodle-doo!

For dame and doodle-doo!

While master fiddles his fiddling-stick

For dame and doodle-doo!

“Now,” cried the cock, “my song is done,
So start right in for your night of fun.
I’ll find a perch on the window-sill
And call the hour with my warning shrill.”
The little boy shouted: “Hurray! Hurray!”
And joined his toys in their hour of play.
The soldiers marched, and the dogs and cats
Romped without any angry spats.
And you may be sure there was noise enough
When all of them joined in a “Blind Man’s Buff.”
But right in the midst of their loudest noise
The rooster crowed, and the lively toys
All stood quite still at the sound they feared
While the magic visitors disappeared;
And the little boy slept, but he dreamt no more,
And nothing stirred on the nursery floor.

