



Bodleian Libraries

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

For more information see:

<http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks>



This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.

BLACK SAMBOS









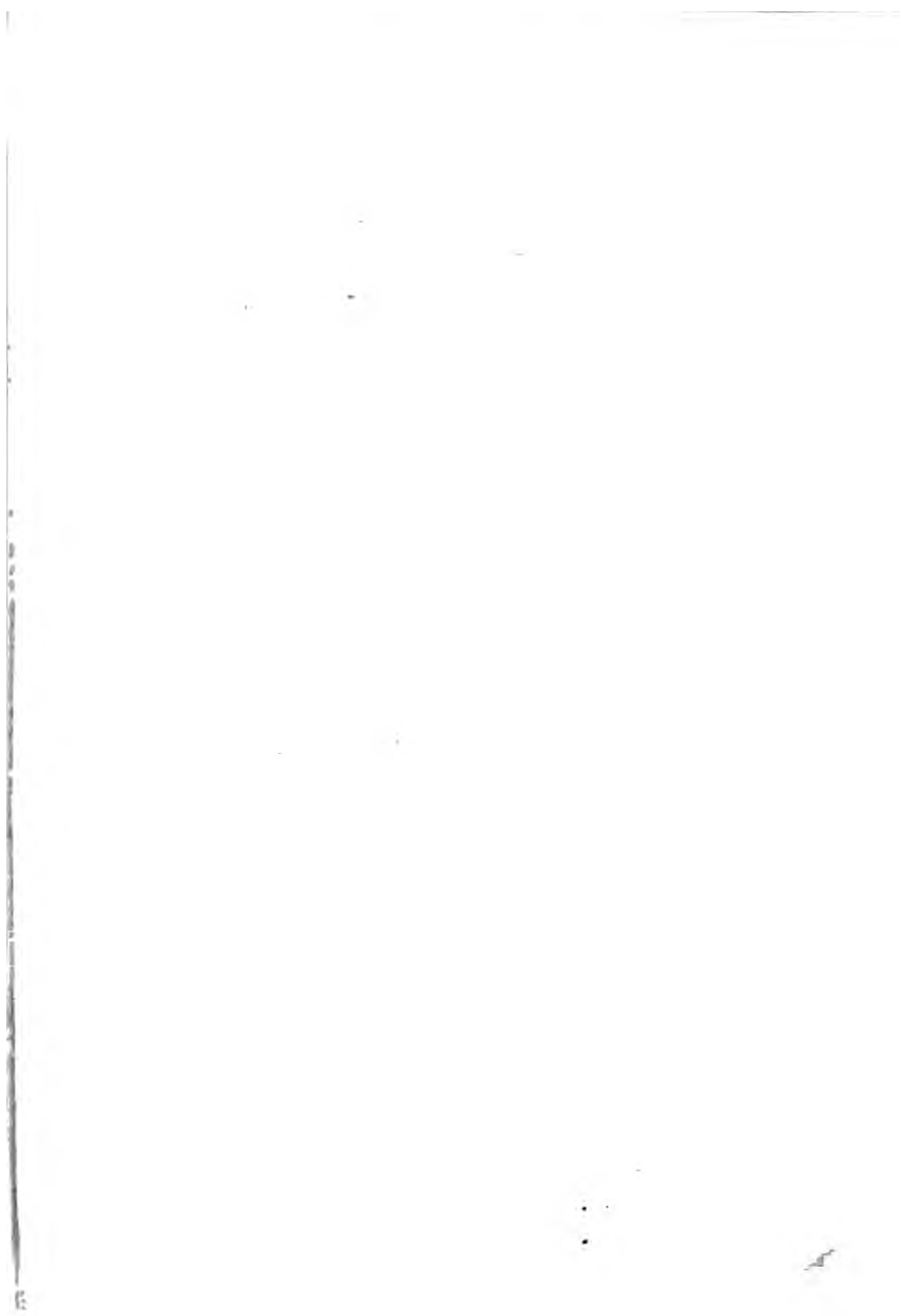
BLACK*
SAMBOS
By Charles.
Robinson.



London. Blackie & Son. L^{td}.

25210. f. 161







Here is
little
Sambo,
He thinks it
lots of fun
To have a race
with doggie
I wonder
which has won.





Here is
little
Sambo

Going off to
lead

A band of
fellow soldiers

To do some
doughty deed.





Here is
little
Sambo
Marching down
the street,
Warning all the
other boys
To keep off
Bobby's beat.





Pussy's Di



anner



Here is
little
Sambo,
Proud and
jolly chap,
He says, "I am
a Postman
Who wears
a bag and cap."





Here is
little
Sally

Starting out
to make
The place all neat
and tidy

For little
Sambo's sake.





Here is
little
Sambo,
He says that he
will show
The other
little darkies
How painting's
done—just so!





Sambo and



the Baby



The New S



Suit



Here is
little
Sambo,
He says, "I've
got a coat,
And when I've got
a motor
You'll see how
I will mote".





Here is
little
Sambo.

He tries to play
the flute,

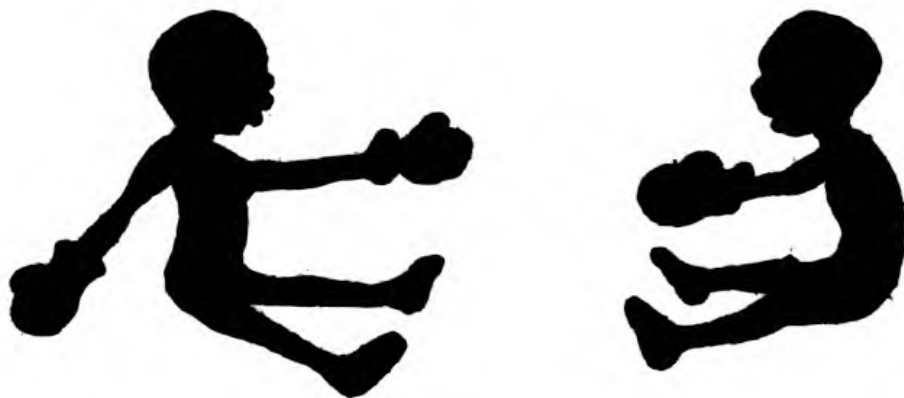
Till his little

doggie howls:

“I wish you

wouldn't do 't!”





Here is
little
Sambo

Ready for
a fight;

When two boys knock
each other down

It is a
funny sight.





Here is
little
Sambo,
Just about
to blow
The trumpet
very loudly,
To frighten
young Jim Crow.





The At-Hon



ne HILLY



Here is
little
Sally,
With her
darkie doll:
She dresses her,
and kisses her,
And calls her
“Lubly Poll.”





Here is
little
Sambo.

He tries to show
to you
Some of just
those little tricks
He saw
the conj'ror do.





Here is
little
Sally,

Also

little Sam,
Saying: "In our
bestest dress
How very sweet
we am!"





Here is
little
Sambo.

A splendid
ostrich he
Has chased to beg
a feather for
His splendid
H A T.





The Jig





Here is
little
Sambo.

Having learned
to skip,
He kept at it
for half a day,
And never
had a trip.





Here is
little
Sambo.

With his
banjo he
Tries to play
the darkie songs
And sings
right merrily.





Here is
little
Sambo,
Whom we
all admire,
When with helmet
on his head
He goes to fight
the fire.





Here is
little
Sambo

Playing “wid
de bones.”

Tink-a-link

he makes them go

In tink-a-

link-a tones.





Leap-Frog





Here is
little
Sambo
Walking down
the street.
He takes his hat
politely off
His Sally dear
to greet.





Here is
little
Sambo,
Who in school time
once
Said he knew
twice two was five,
So wore the cap
as dunce.





Here is
little
Sambo,
Very spruce
and gay,
Taking to his
Sally dear
A very fine
bouquet.



