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Struwwelpeter

or,

Merry
Rhymes
and

Funny
Picture



By Dr. Heinrich Hoffmann

BLACKIE & SON LIMITED

252. d. 751.







Struwwelpeter

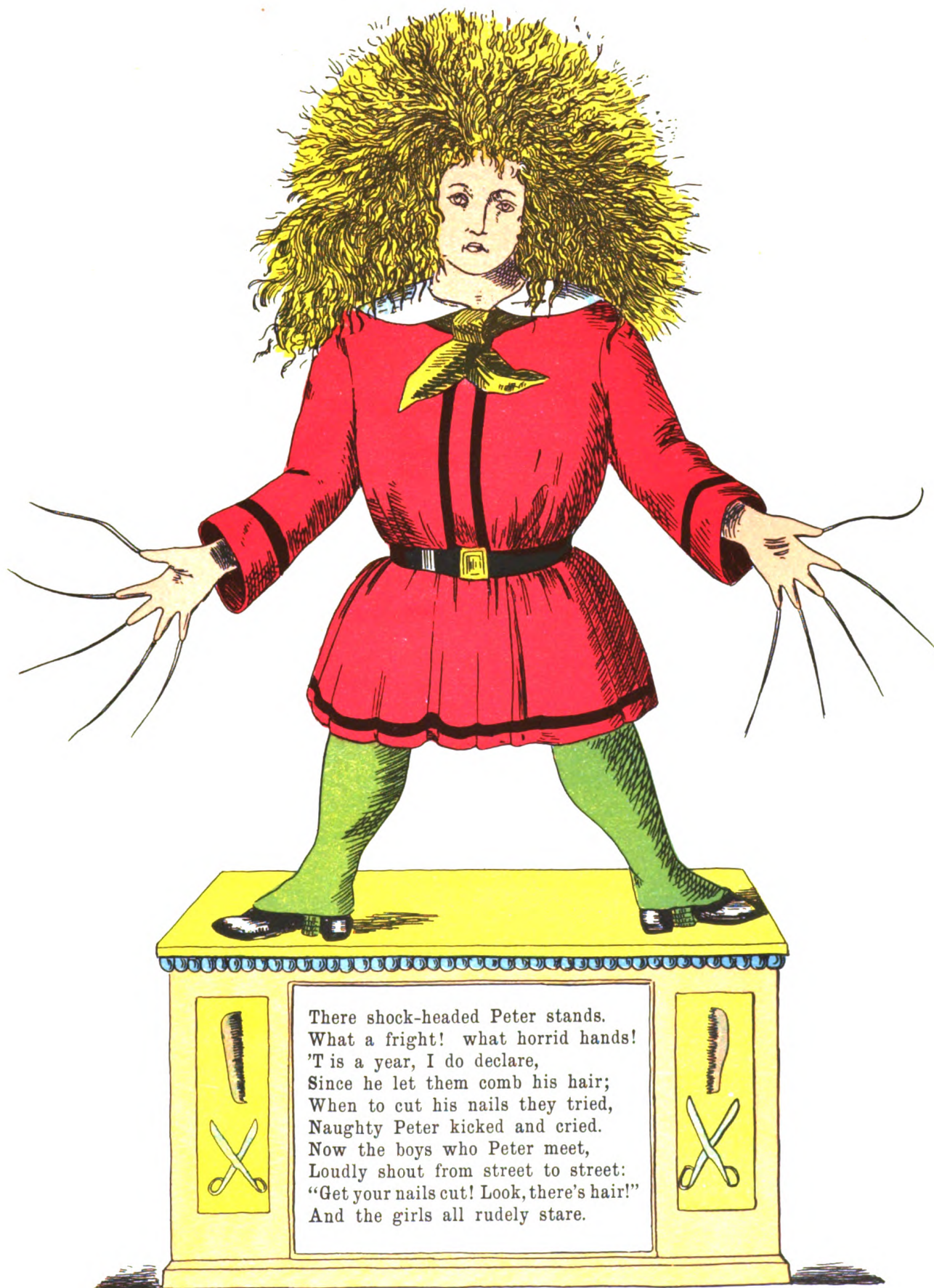
OR
MERRY STORIES
AND
FUNNY PICTURES

For children who are good as gold,
And try to do as they are told;
Who at their meals are never rude,
But eat as little children should;
Are well-behaved indoors and out,
And never cry, or sulk, or pout,
Or scream, or fight, or break
their toys,
And go to bed without a noise—
For little children such as these,
Who say "Thank you" and
"If you please",
Kind Father Christmas brings
a kiss
And a nice picture-book like this.





Untidy Peter



There shock-headed Peter stands.
What a fright! what horrid hands!
'T is a year, I do declare,
Since he let them comb his hair;
When to cut his nails they tried,
Naughty Peter kicked and cried.
Now the boys who Peter meet,
Loudly shout from street to street:
"Get your nails cut! Look, there's hair!"
And the girls all rudely stare.



Cruel Frederick

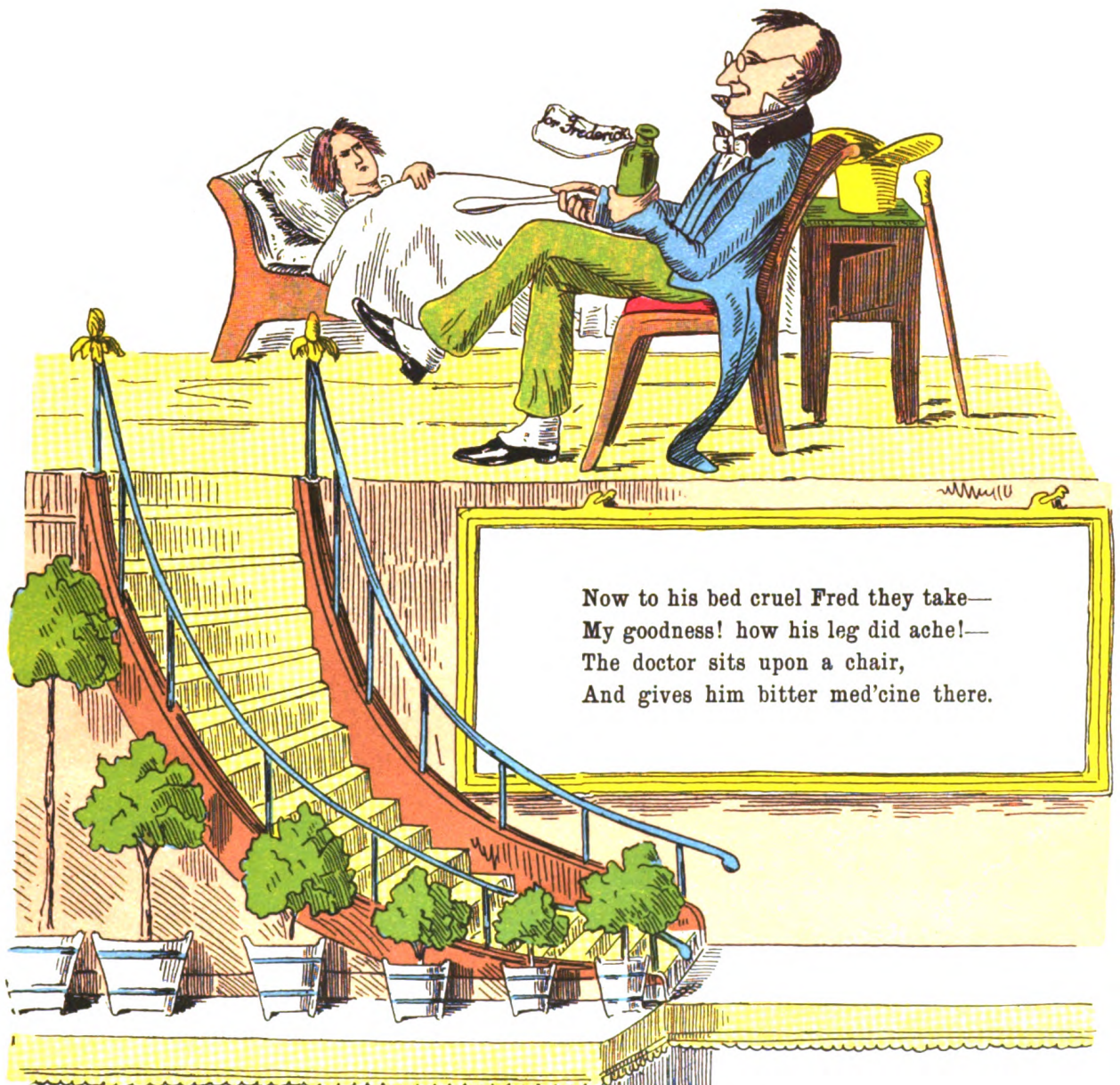


Now listen, children, while I tell
The fate that cruel Fred befell.
He caught the harmless flies, poor
things!
And tore away their tiny wings;
The birds are dead, by chairs smashed
flat,
Fred even killed the pussy-cat,
He whipped poor Madge, his faithful
nurse,
What could this naughty boy do worse?



A big dog stood beside the spring,
And water lapped like anything.
Now as the dog was drinking there,
Fred with his whip crept up the stair.
That dog he whipped, it howled with pain,
But Fred'rick only whipped again.
Quick at his leg the dog now flew,
And fiercely bit it through and through,
Till, when the blood in torrents streamed,
Ill-natured Fred'rick cried and screamed;
Off with the whip the dog ran fast
Until he reached the house at last.





Now to his bed cruel Fred they take—
 My goodness! how his leg did ache!—
 The doctor sits upon a chair,
 And gives him bitter med'cine there.

The happy dog now goes to dine
 At Fred'rick's table, drinks his wine,
 Eats up his cake and sausage too,
 And, what a clever thing to do!
 Hangs up the whip upon the chair;
 No naughty boy can reach it there.





The Dreadful Story of Pauletta and the Matches



Pauletta's parents both went out,
So quite alone she played about.
She jumped and sang with all her might,
And dolly gave her great delight;
When suddenly, see, what a prize!
A pretty match-box caught her eyes.
"Oh! what a lovely toy you 'll make!"
She said, and went the box to take;—
"I 'll strike a match, 't will be such fun;
I know exactly how it's done."

But Tib and Tab, the danger seeing,
To stop Pauletta both agreeing,
Held up their paws and warned her, saying:
"Papa forbids this sort of playing;
Stop it! miaow!" each cried in turn,
"Or else you 'll like a bonfire burn."

To this Pauletta listen'd not;
The match she struck burnt bright and hot,
It gave off sparks, and smoke, and flame,
The picture shows just how they came.
Pauletta this delightful found,
And skipped with pleasure round and round.

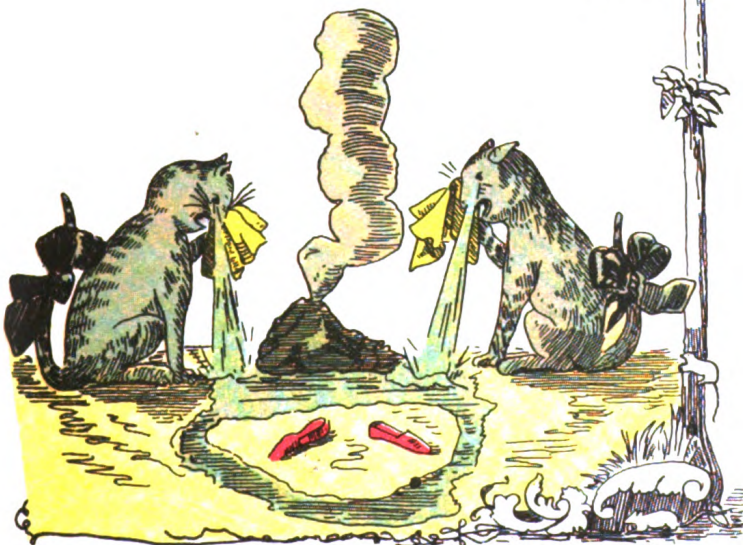
But Tib and Tab, the danger seeing,
To stop Pauletta both agreeing,
Held up their paws and warned her, saying:
"Mamma forbids this sort of playing;
Drop it! miaow!" each cried in turn,
"Or else you 'll like a bonfire burn."



Alas! her dress has caught on fire,
The cruel flames rise high—rise higher!
They burn her hand! they burn her hair!
Alas! they burn her ev'rywhere!

Poor Tib and Tab for help are seeking,
And both at once are sadly shrieking.
“Come quick! come quick!” they loudly cry
“Or else the flaming child will die!
Mee-o! miaow! mee-o! miaow!
She's burning like a bonfire now!”

Now all is burnt with flames and smoke,
Pauletta's but a heap of coke,
Though still her pretty shoes remain,
To tell a tale of dreadful pain.



Now sitting where the shoes are lying,
Both Tib and Tab for grief are crying:
“Miaow! me-ew! miaow! me-ew!
Unhappy parents, where are you?”
Like little brooks, through meadows going
Upon the ground their tears are flowing.

The Story of the Little Black Boys



A pitch-black nigger-boy went out,
Before the door to walk about;
And, as the hot sun hurt his head,
He kept his green umbrella spread.
With flag in hand, at such a sight
Up Arthur ran with all his might;
Quick Charlie came, and, as a treat,
He brought his curly bun to eat;
While William was by no means slow,
But made his hoop more quickly go.
And when the nigger passed close by,
The grinning boys yelled: "Oh, my eye!
There's inky Sambo; what a guy!"



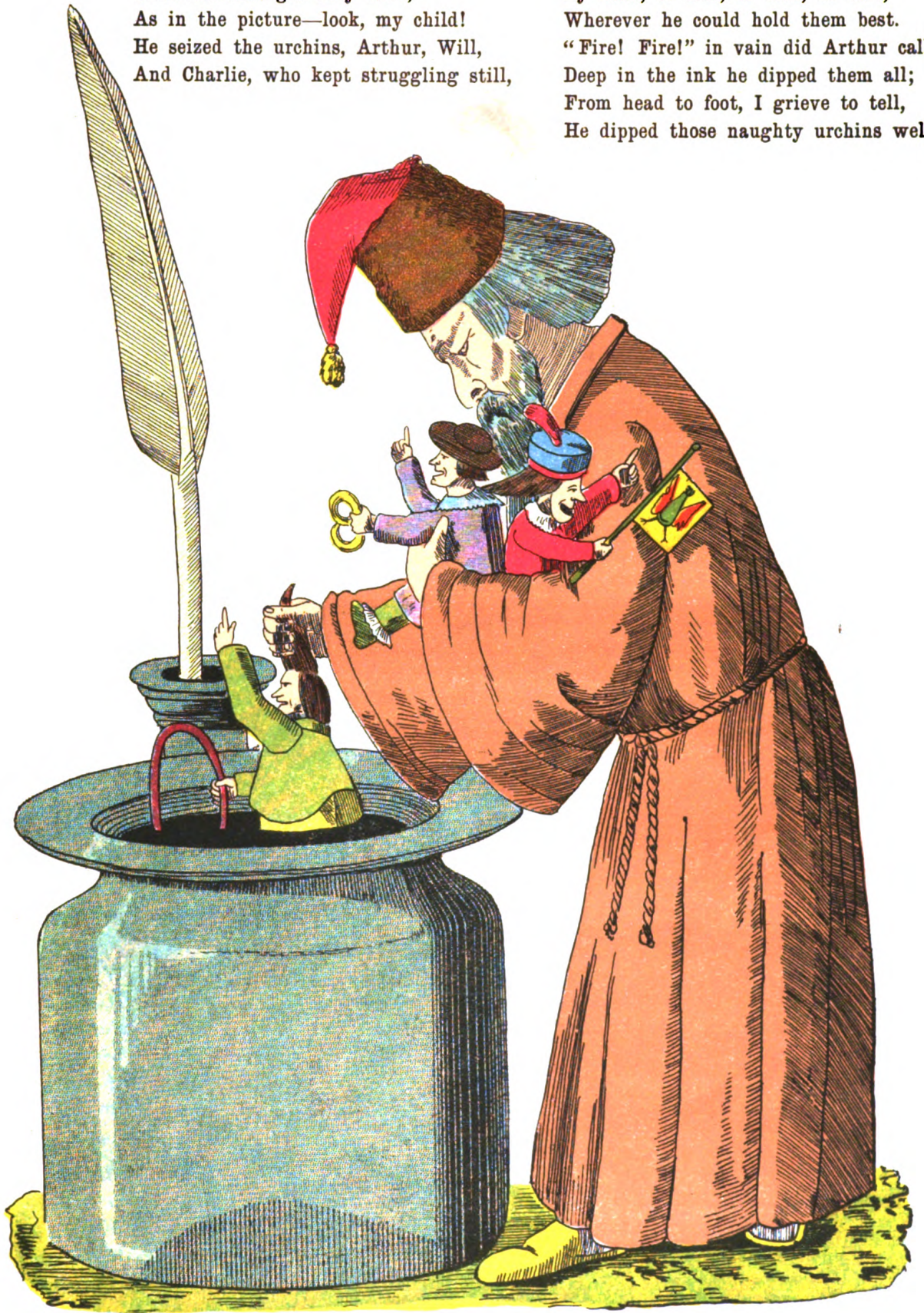
Big Nicholas appeared in view,
And brought his mighty ink-pot too;
He said: "My children, hark to me,
And let the harmless negro be;
That he is not as white as you
He cannot help; so leave him, do!"
To Nicholas they paid no heed,
Laughed rudely in his face indeed,
Tried worse than ever to annoy
The black and helpless negro boy.

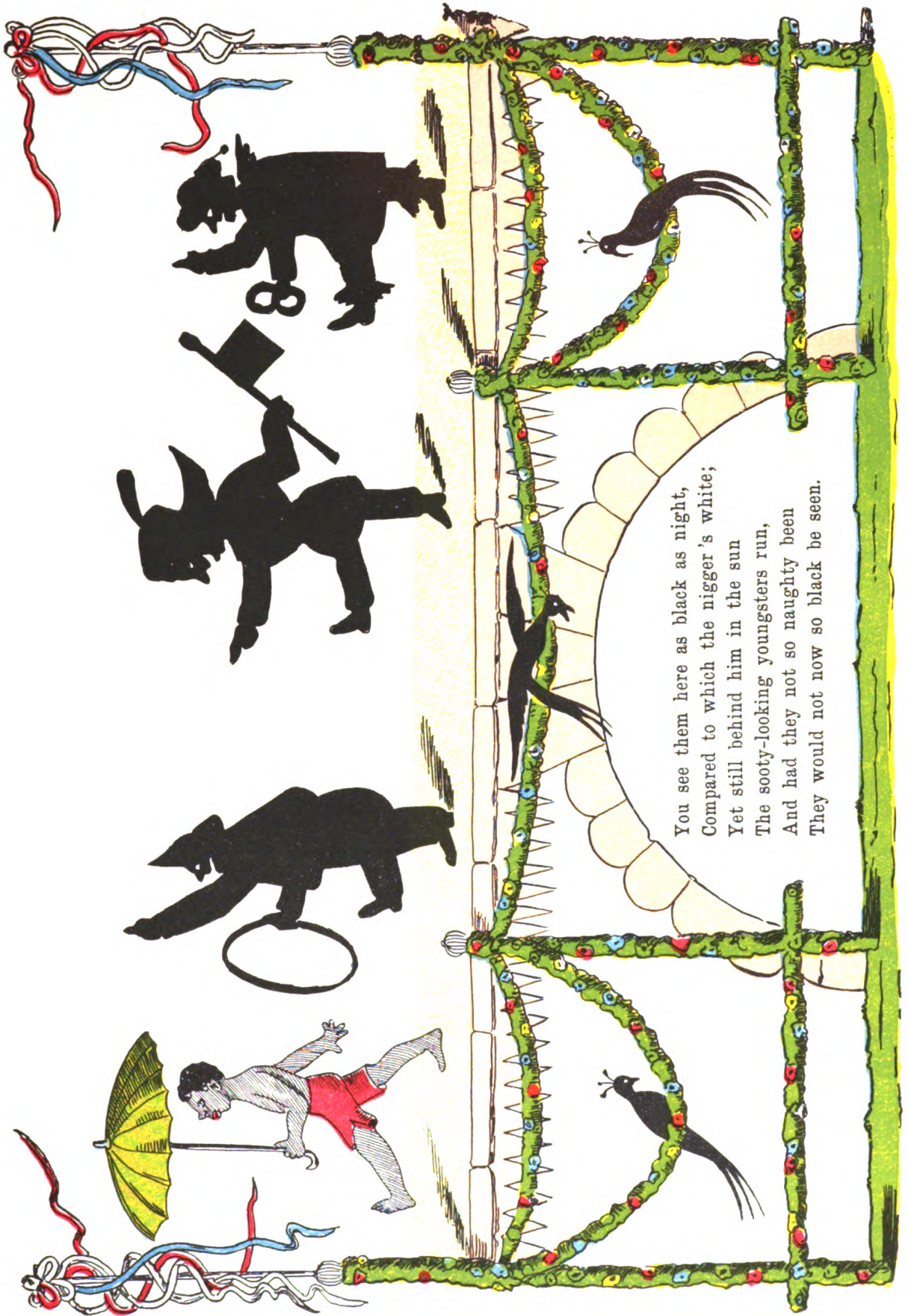


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Then Nicholas got very wild,
As in the picture—look, my child!
He seized the urchins, Arthur, Will,
And Charlie, who kept struggling still,

By head, or arm, or coat, or vest,
Wherever he could hold them best.
“Fire! Fire!” in vain did Arthur call,
Deep in the ink he dipped them all;
From head to foot, I grieve to tell,
He dipped those naughty urchins well.





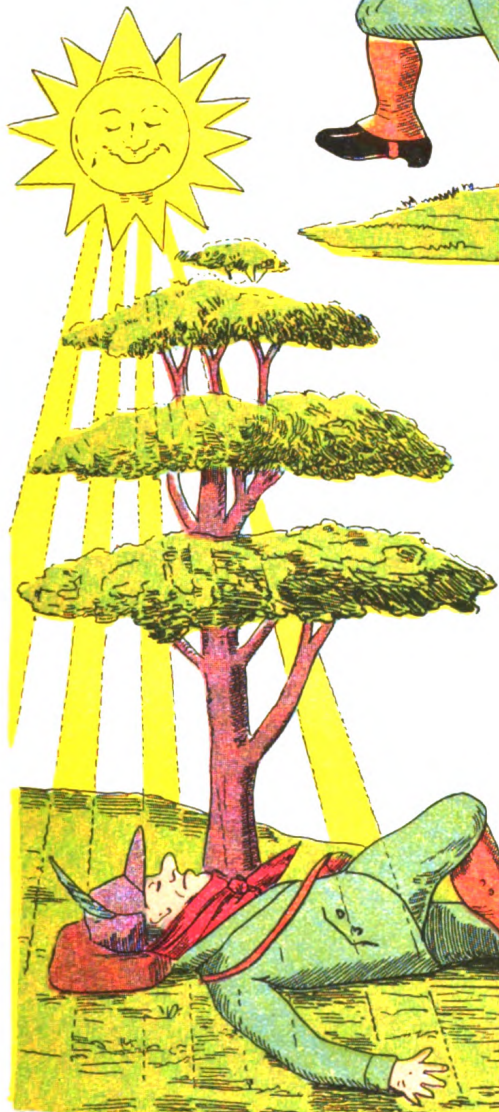
You see them here as black as night,
Compared to which the nigger's white;
Yet still behind him in the sun
The sooty-looking youngsters run,
And had they not so naughty been
They would not now so black be seen.

The Story of the Wild Huntsman

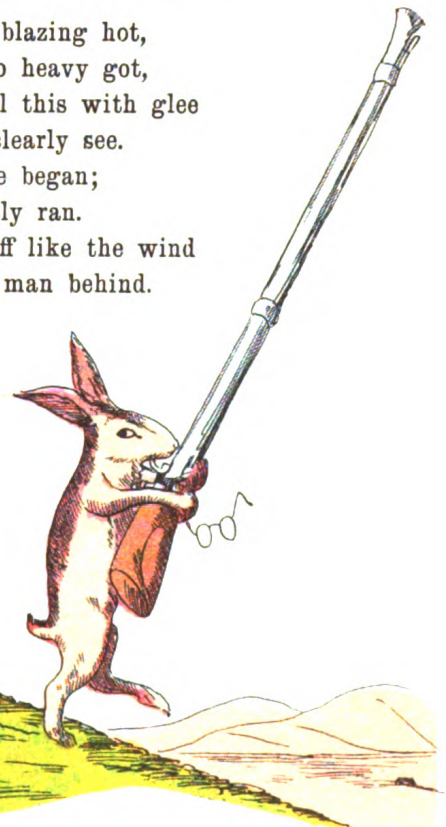
The huntsman wild to shoot has gone,
His new green coat he proud put on,
His powder-flask, and bag, and gun
He took, and hoped to have some fun.

With specs on nose, why, I
declare,
He means quite dead to shoot
the hare!

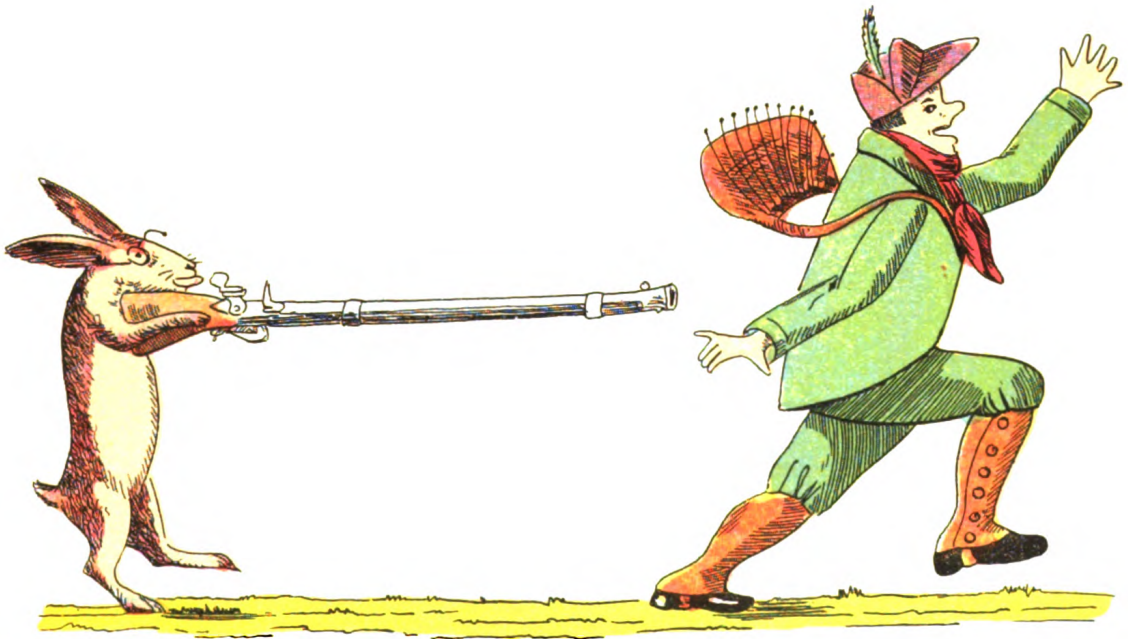
There in the leaves the hare is seen;
He laughs to scorn the huntsman green.



The sun came out all blazing hot,
The huntsman's gun so heavy got,
He stopped to rest—all this with glee
The little hare could clearly see.
He fell asleep, to snore began;
The little hare up softly ran.
With specs and gun, off like the wind
He leapt, and left the man behind.

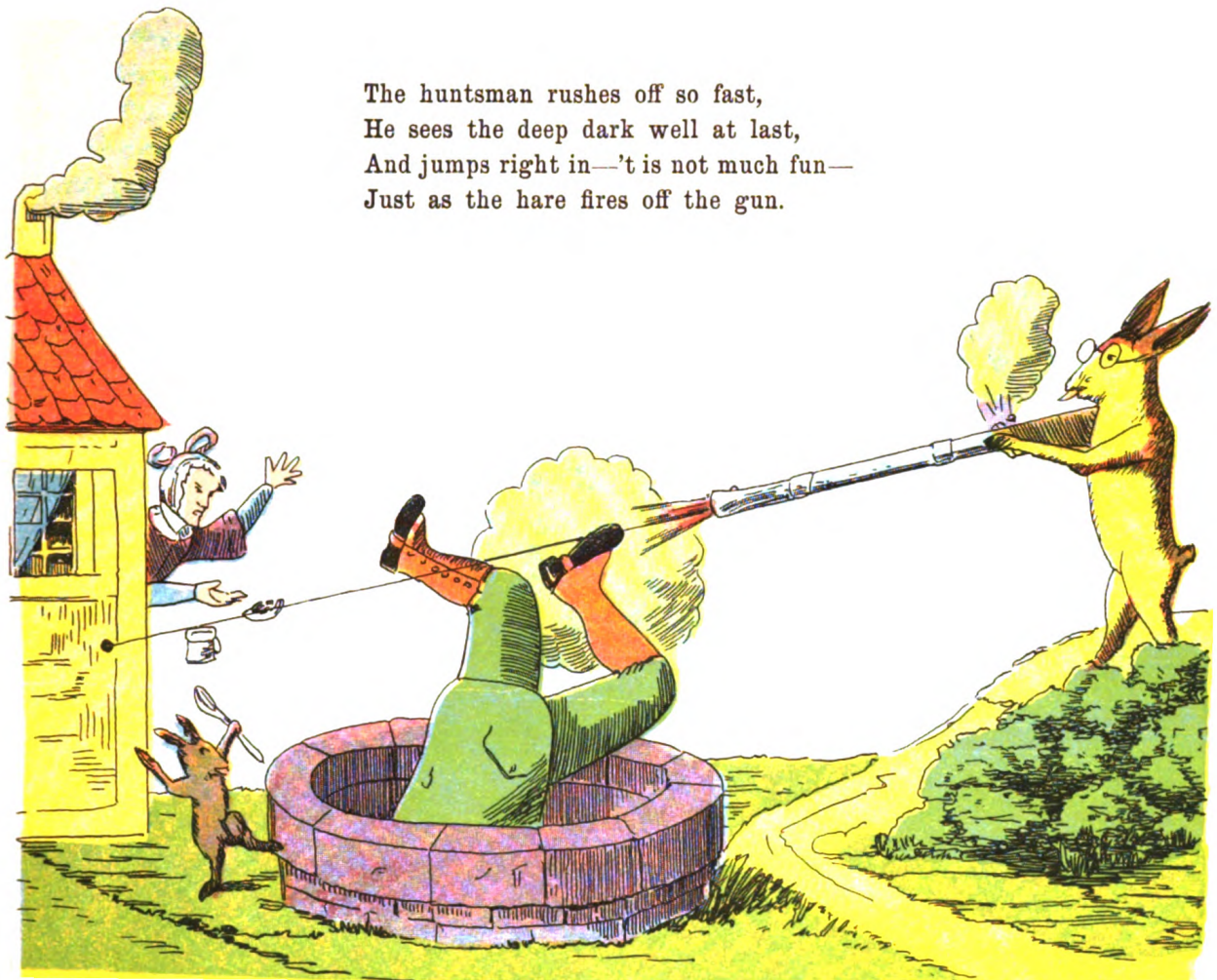


The hare has put upon his nose
The specs, to see with I suppose;
He means to fire that gun so bright.
The huntsman's in a horrid fright,
And runs, and jumps, and loudly calls:
" Help! Help! good people, help!" he bawls.





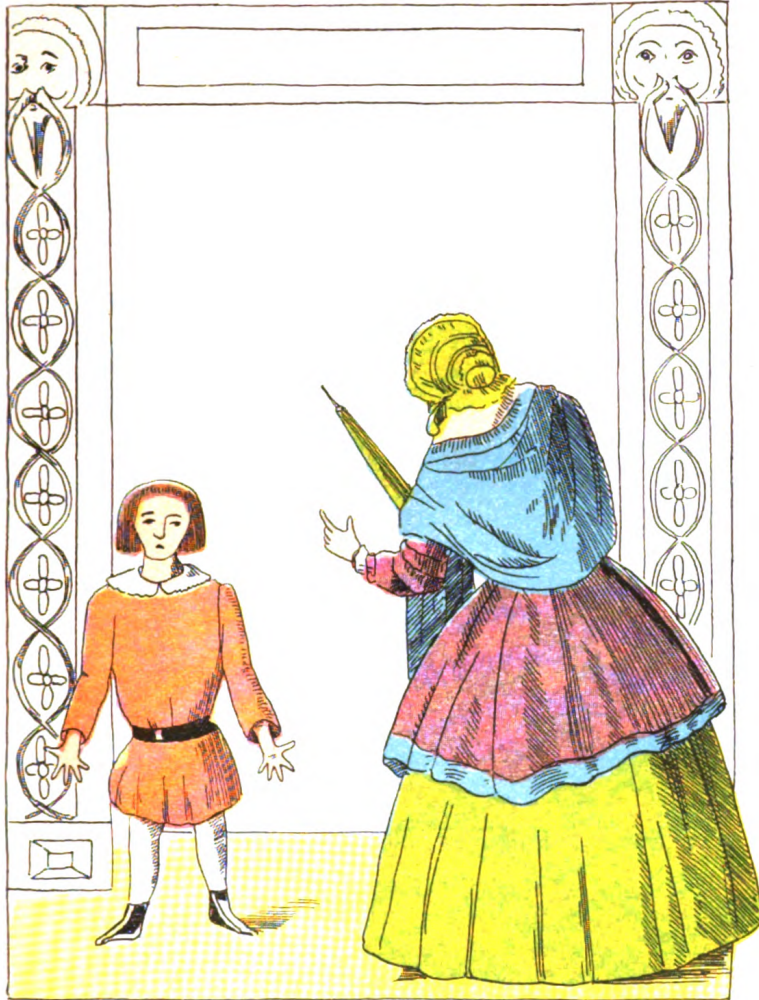
The huntsman rushes off so fast,
He sees the deep dark well at last,
And jumps right in—'t is not much fun—
Just as the hare fires off the gun.



There in the window from a cup
The huntsman's wife drank coffee up;
The hare has shot the cup in two,
The wife called out: "Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo!"
Now by the well was hiding there
The hare's young son, the tiny hare;
He squatted down, until he got
Right on his nose the coffee hot,
Then called: "I'm burning! 't isn't fair!"
And waved the tea-spoon in the air.



The Story of the Boy who Sucked his Thumbs

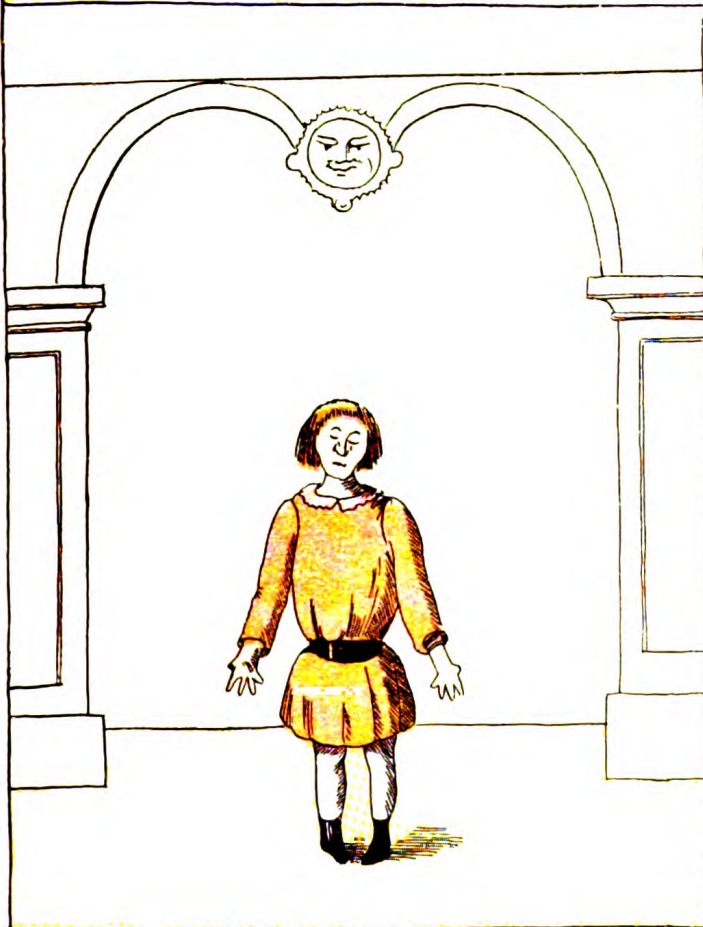
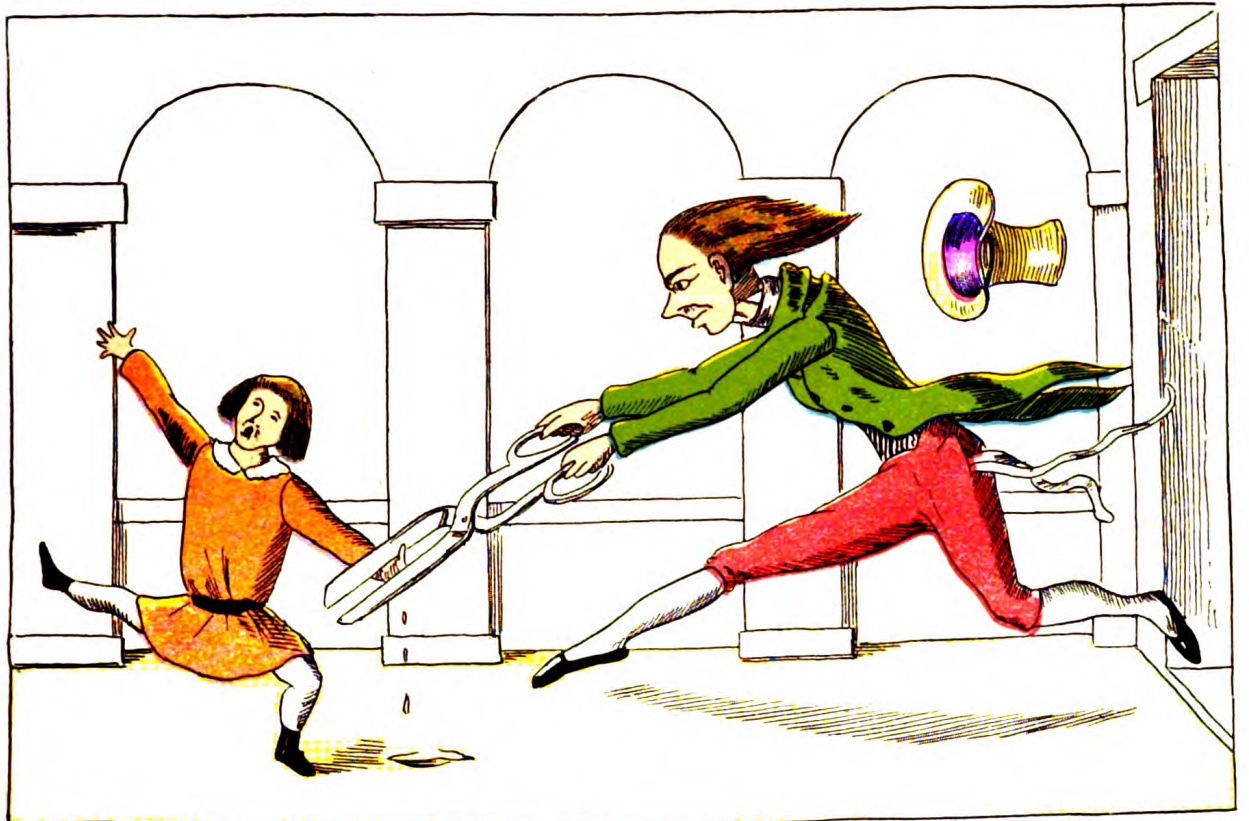


Mamma once said: " Now, Jimmy dear,
I'm going out, while you stop here.
Behave yourself, and good remain,
For I shall soon come back again.
But when I've gone, and shut the door,
Be sure you suck your thumbs no more;
For, if you do, with scissors keen
The tailor will at once be seen;
He'll cut your thumbs like paper through,
So mind, be careful what you do!"



Mother's gone, she spoke in vain,
Gugg! the thumbs are sucked again!



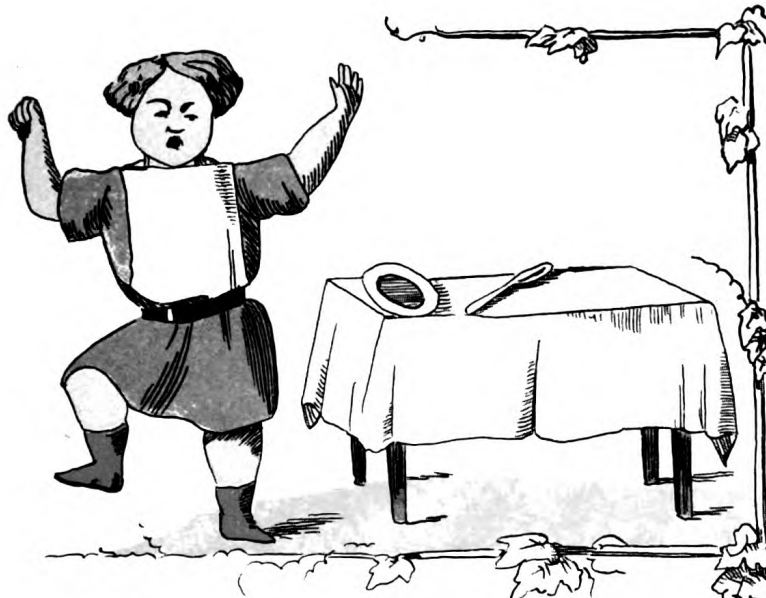


Bang! the door is open'd wide;
Running in with rapid stride
See the tailor; up he comes
To the boy who sucks his thumbs.
Snip! snap! snip! and all is o'er,
Both the thumbs are on the floor.
How it hurt! poor Jimmy cries,
Tears drop down from both his eyes.

When Mamma returns, she sees
Jimmy sad and ill at ease.
There he stands, without his thumbs;
This of disobedience comes!



The Story of Tommy and his Soup



Young Tommy healthy was and fat,
As plump as any pussy-cat,
His cheeks were large, and red, and round.
His soup he most delightful found,
Till one day he began to bawl:
"I do not like this soup at all!
Just take the nasty stuff away!
I will not have it! No, I say!"



The next day came. Look! you'll allow
That Tommy is much thinner now.
But once again we hear him bawl:
"I do not like this soup at all!
Just take the nasty stuff away!
I will not have it! No, I say!"



The third day now we see begin,
Tommy was very weak and thin;
Yet when the soup once more came in,
He once again began to bawl:
"I do not like this soup at all!
Just take the nasty stuff away!
I will not have it! No, I say!"

The fourth day came—most dreadful thing!—
Tommy was like a bit of string,
A quarter-ounce he weighed, they said,
And on the fifth day he was—dead!



The Story of Wriggling Philip



“Can’t you, Philip, for a bit
Quiet at the table sit?”
Said Papa, the meal begun,
Sternly to his little son;
While Mamma, who silent sat,
Looked at this, and looked at that.
Restless Philip paid no heed,
Which was very wrong indeed,
But joggled and jiggled,
And shuffled and wriggled,
Kept springing and swinging,
His fidgets beginning,
Till Papa said, most irately:
“Philip, this annoys me greatly!”





Look, dear children! Now you will
See what happened next to Phil
If you at the picture glance.
See him rock and see him prance,
Back he tips—a moment more
Phil will be upon the floor.
Now he grabs the cloth, and cries;
'Tis no good, for—sad surprise—
Plates, bread, bottle, crash! have gone,
While Papa looks helpless on.
Still Mamma sits in her chair,
Gazing here, and gazing there.





Now is Philip out of sight,
And the table's empty quite.
What Papa was going to eat
All is littered round his feet;
Sausage, soup, and bread are found
Mixed together on the ground,
Smashed the plates and soup-tureen;
Parents both are standing seen,
Angry, too, and very cross
At their dinner's sudden loss.



The Story of Sky-Gazing Jack

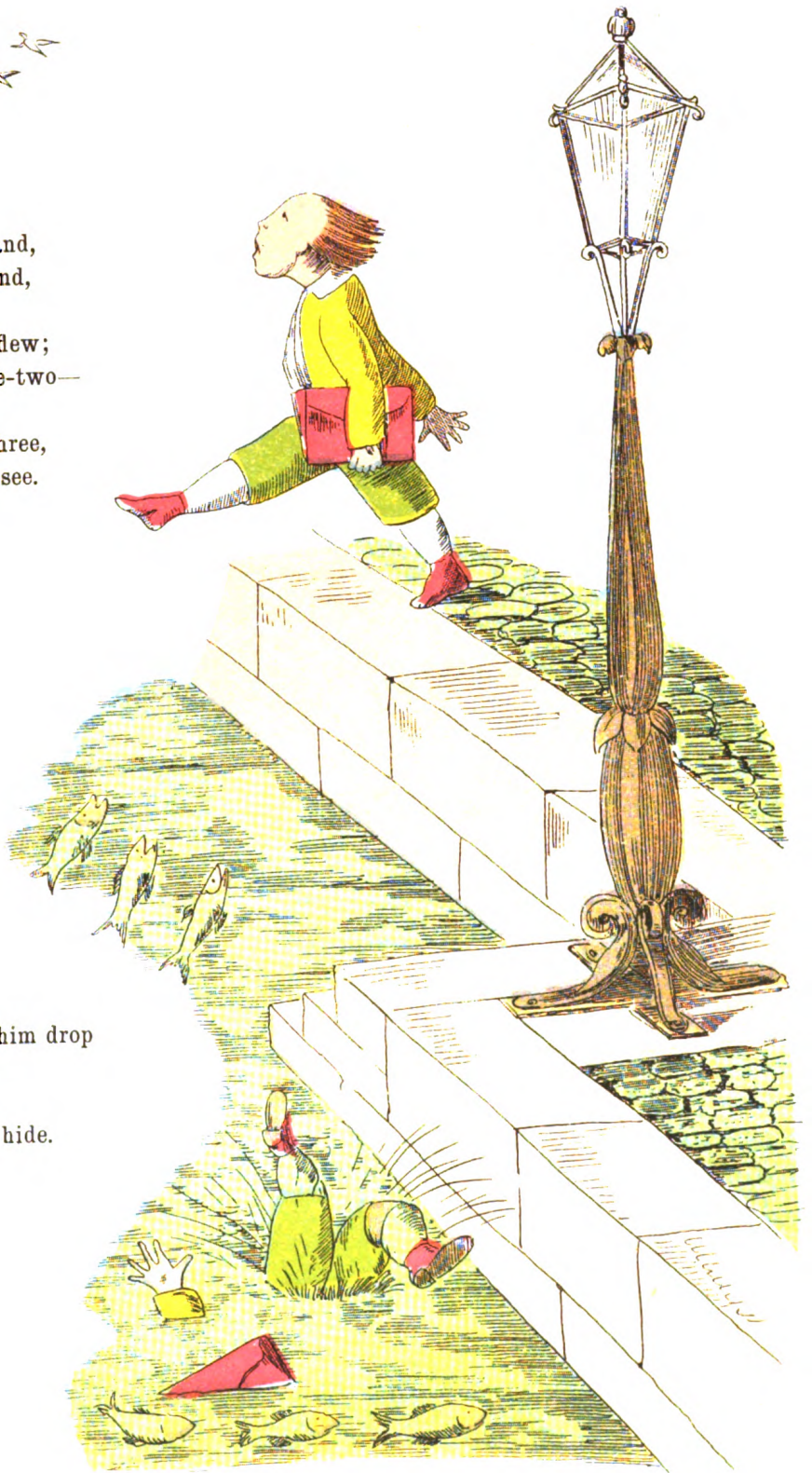


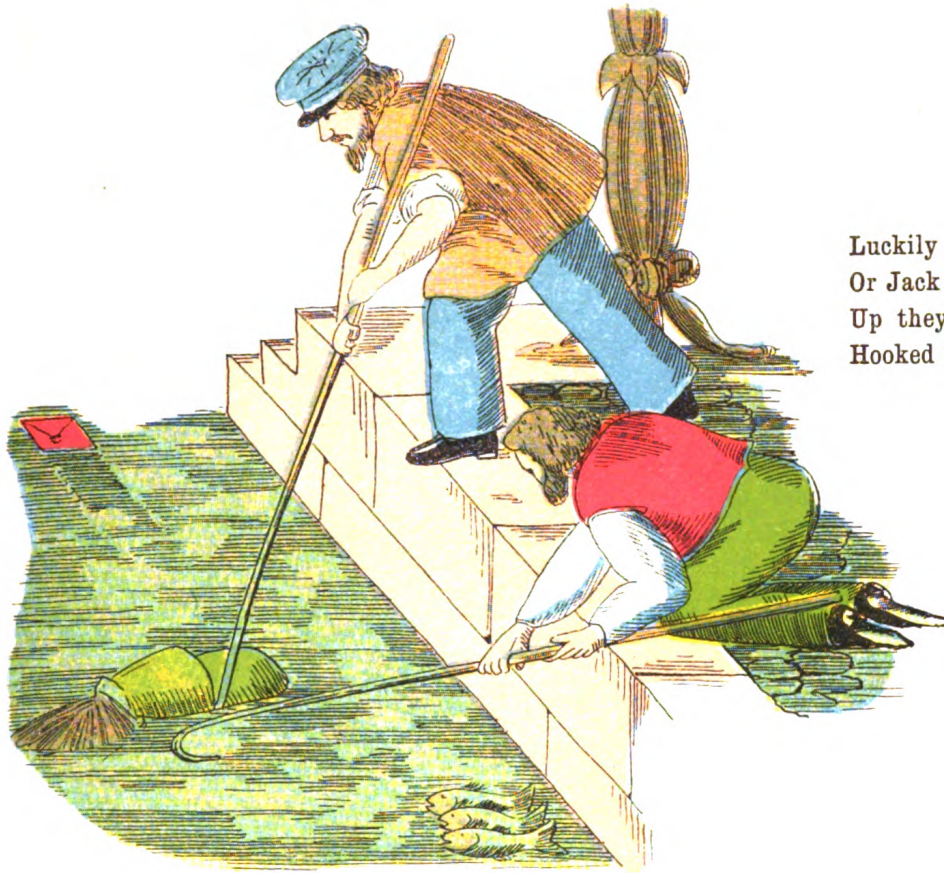
When to school young Jacky went,
Up his head was always bent;
Birds, clouds, roofs, at all he'd stare,
Looking upwards, ev'rywhere.
Jacky never seemed to see
Things that near his feet might be;
Other boys behind his back
Cried: "There goes sky-gazing Jack!"

Once a dog rushed up like mad,
Jack, his eyes, as usual, had
On the sky,
No one nigh
Called: "Look out, the dog is there!
Jack, take care!"
Floppy! flumpy! down they bump,
Boy and dog, with sudden thump.

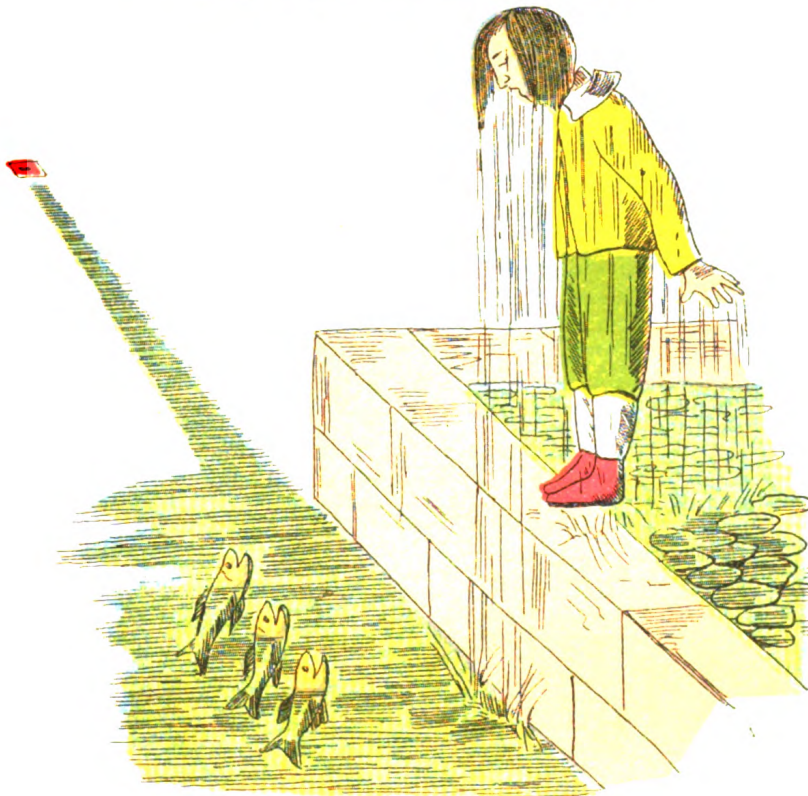
Jack, with satchel in his hand,
Walked along the river strand,
Staring at the sky so blue,
Where the swallows quickly flew;
Stiffly marched—one-two, one-two—
Till the river nearer grew,
And the fishes, one, two, three,
Wonder'd much his foot to see.

One step more—splash! see him drop
In the water with a flop.
All the fishes, terrified,
Swim away in haste to hide.





Luckily two men were near,
Or Jack had been drowned, I fear;
Up they came before he sank,
Hooked him out upon the bank.



See him standing dripping there—
For such games *I* shouldn't care,—
Soaked his clothes, and boots, and all;
See the water streaming fall
From his hands, and head, and hair;
See poor Jacky shiv'ring there.

Now the fishes, one, two, three,
Swim about so merrily,
Peep above the water's swell,
Laugh so loud you hear them well;
There they laugh quite half the day—
Far the satchel floats away.

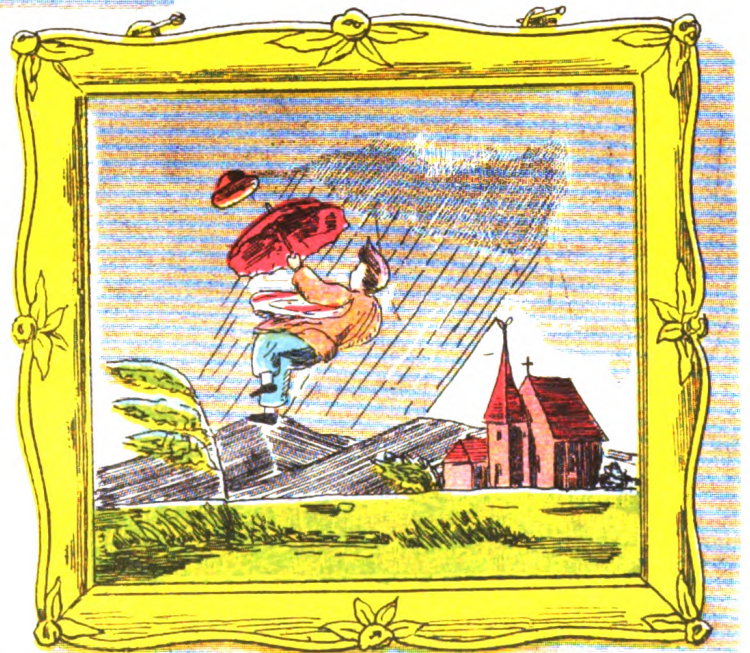


The Story of Flying Robert

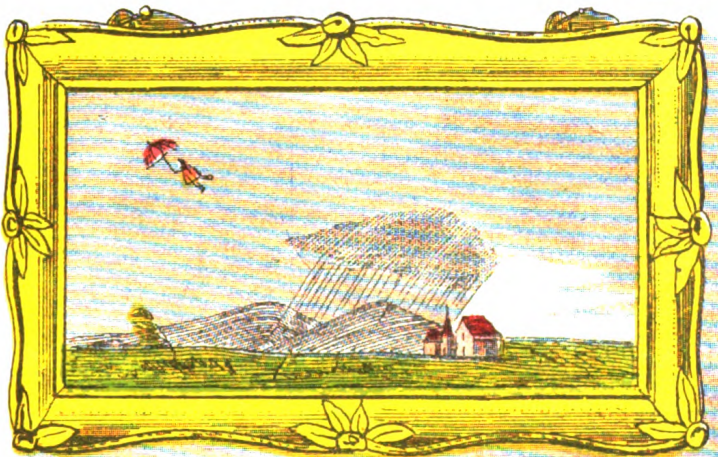


When like cats and dogs the rain
Falls, and fields are soaked again,
Boys and girls are best at home,
'Tis too wet on walks to roam.
Bob, however, said: "No! No!
Oh, how jolly out to go!"
With umbrella opened wide,
Robert splashed about outside.

Whew! the howling storm blows round,
Bends the branches to the ground,
Catches Bob's umbrella till
Off his feet, against his will,
Up he's blown, away he flies.
No one hears his screams and cries;
Now the clouds he strikes upon,
And his little hat is gone.



Bob and his umbrella get
Through the clouds, and higher yet,
Hat in front he still must fly,
Knocks at last against the sky;
Where he's gone, unto this day
Nobody can rightly say.



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