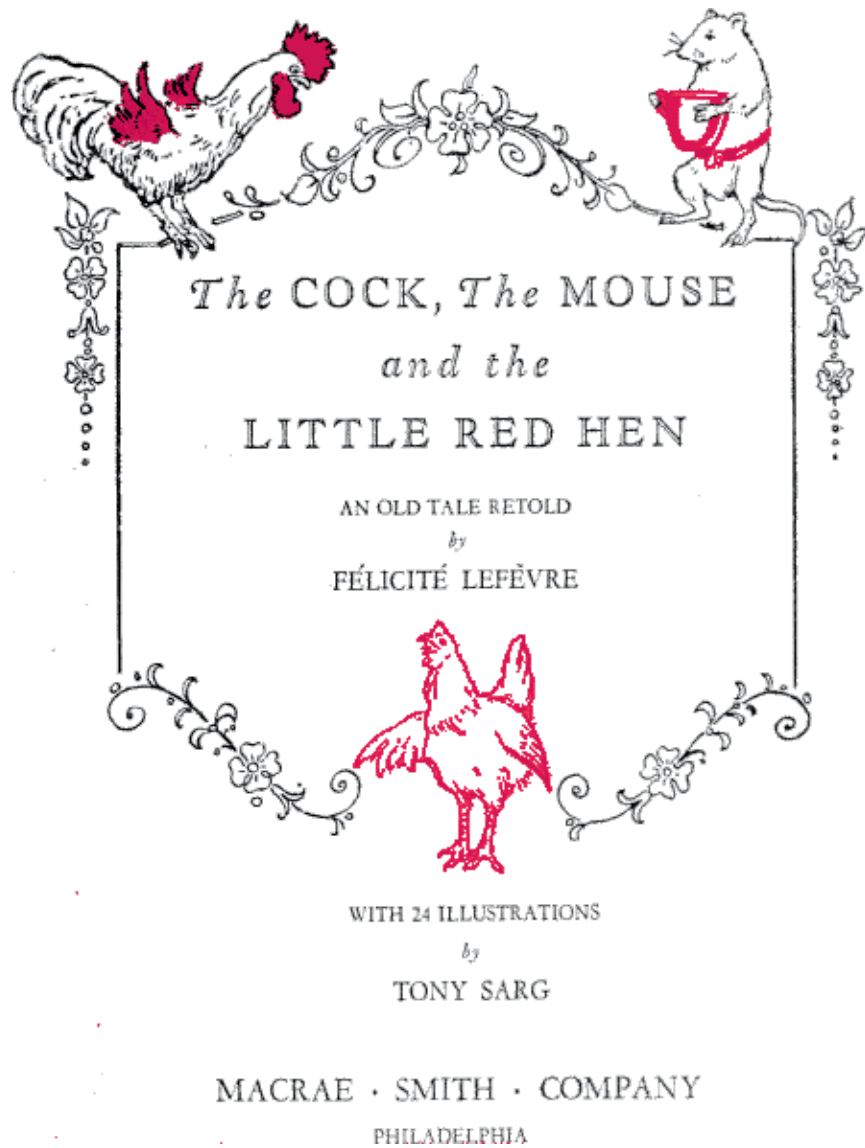




THE COCK
THE MOUSE
AND THE
LITTLE RED HEN



TO MY NIECES
CECILIA GARRY and NELLY MELVILLE
AND
TO MY LITTLE FRIEND

HARFORDLURY
THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED
WITH MY LOVE

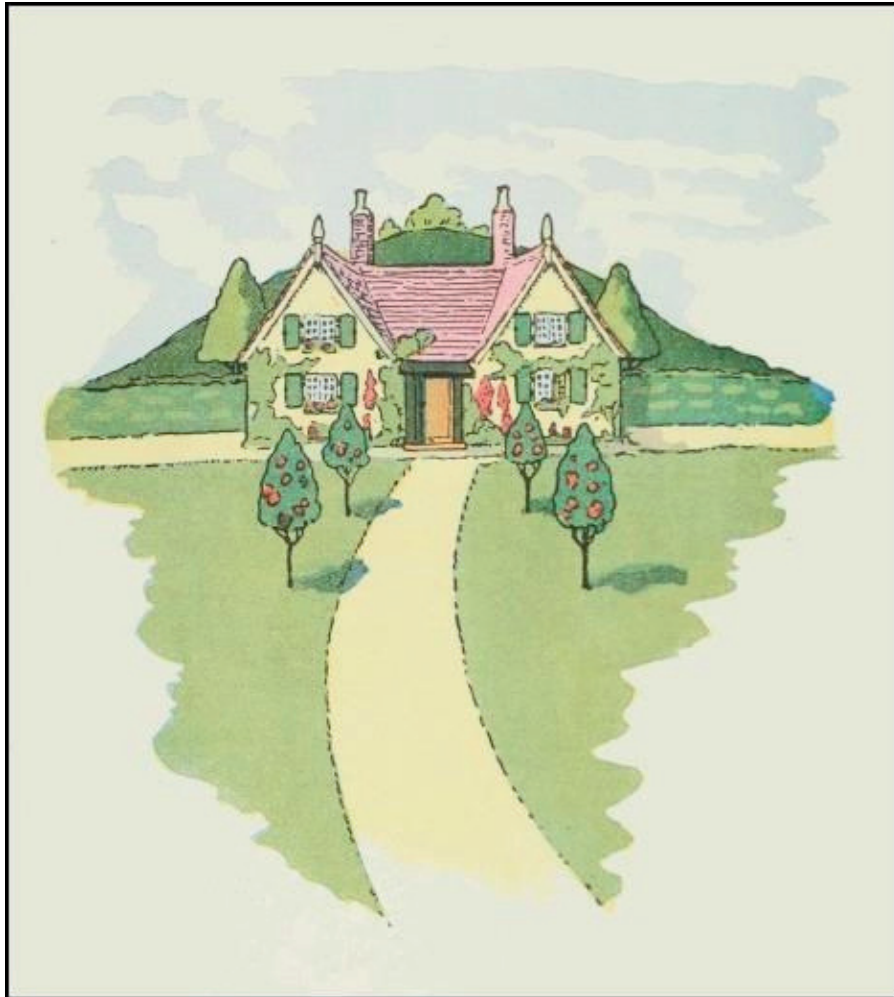
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THE COCK, THE MOUSE
AND THE LITTLE RED HEN

Once upon a time there was
a hill, and on the hill there
was a pretty little house.

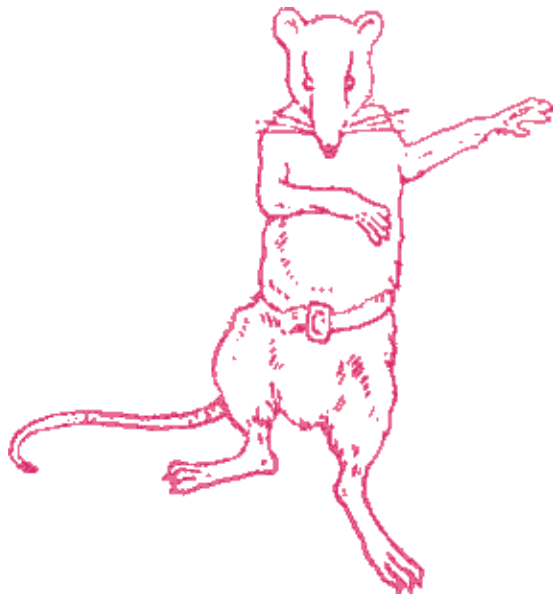
It had one little green
door, and four little windows

with green shutters,
and in it there lived





A Cock



and A Mouse

and

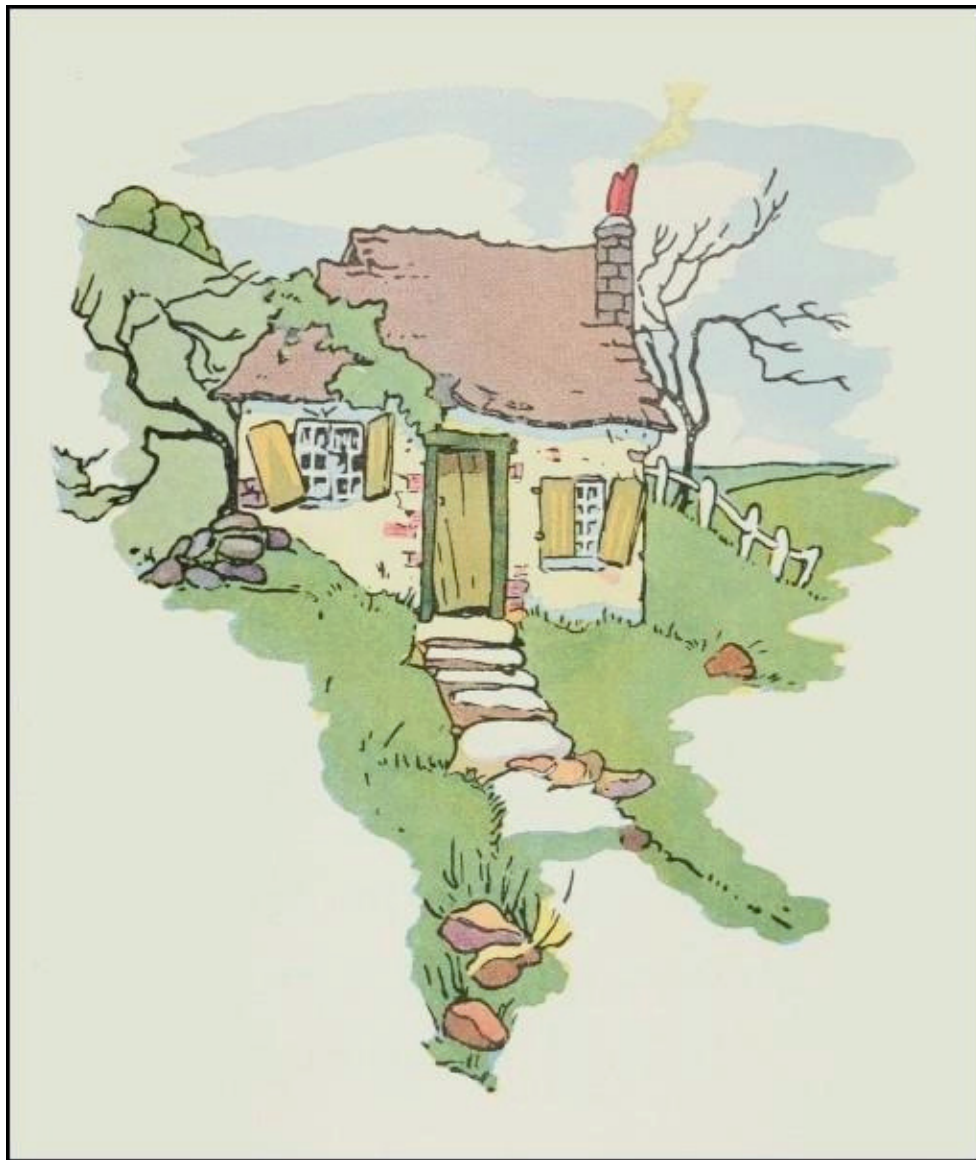
A Little

Red

Hen



On another hill close by
there was another little
house. It was very ugly.



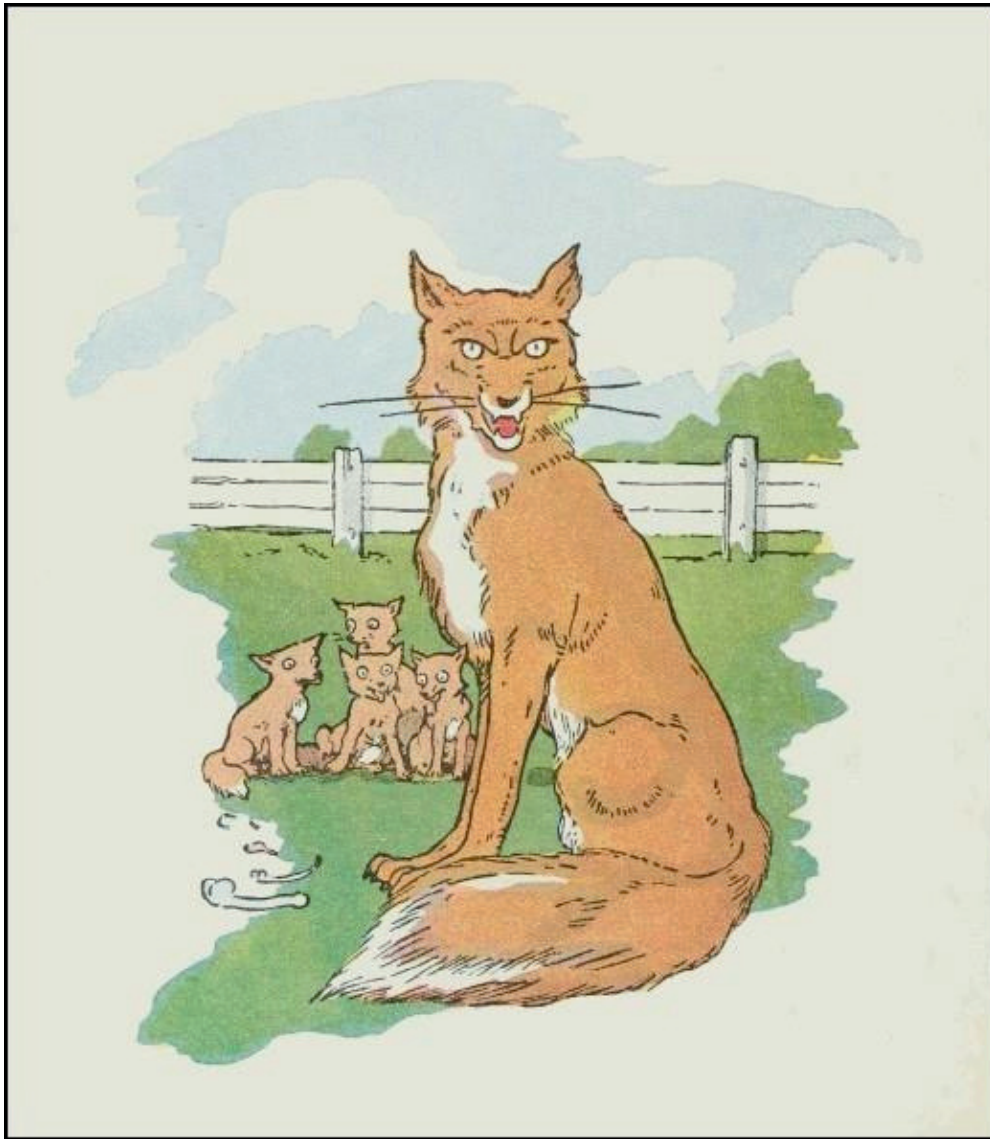
It had a door
that wouldn't shut,



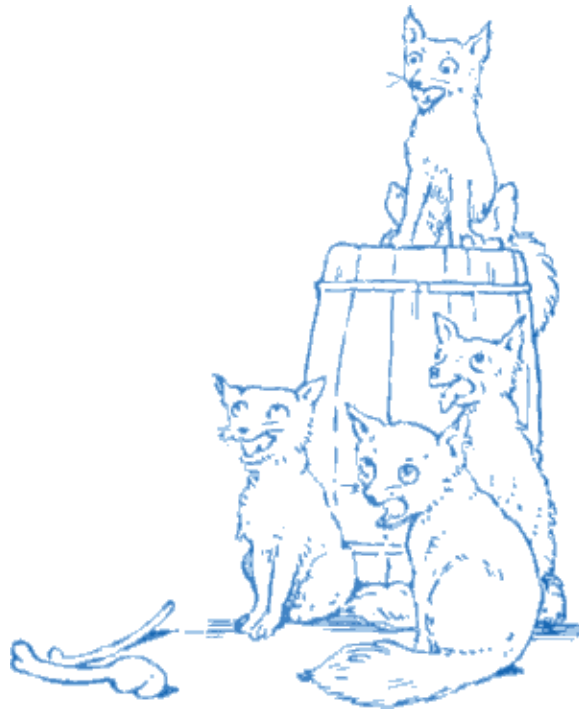
and two broken windows,
and all the paint
was off the shutters

And in this house
there lived

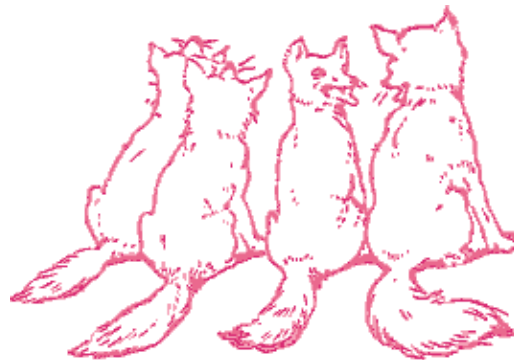




A BOLD BAD FOX
and FOUR BAD
LITTLE FOXES



One morning these
four bad little foxes



came to the
big bad Fox
and said:



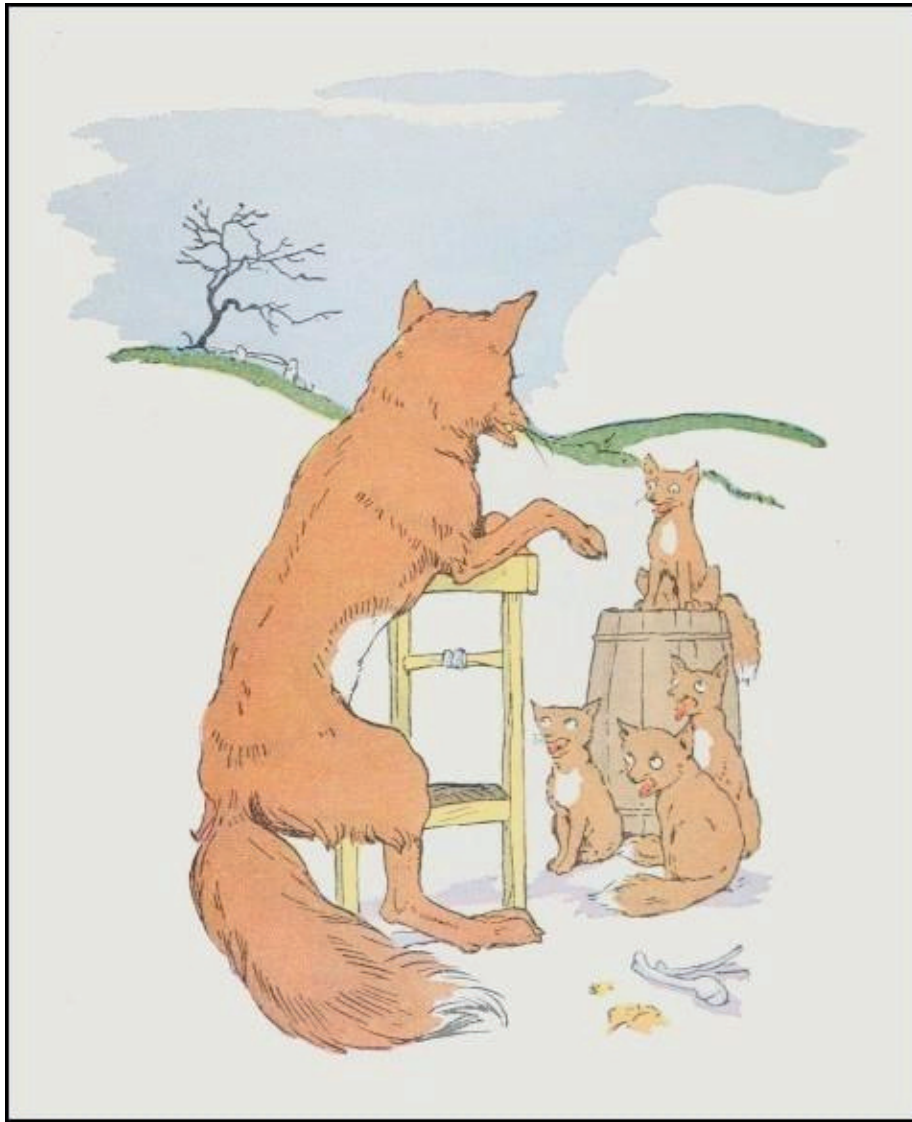
“Oh, Father, we’re so
hungry!”

“We had nothing to eat
yesterday,” said one.

“And scarcely anything
the day before,” said another.

“And only half a chicken
the day before that,” said
the third.

“And only two little
ducks the day before that,”
said the fourth.



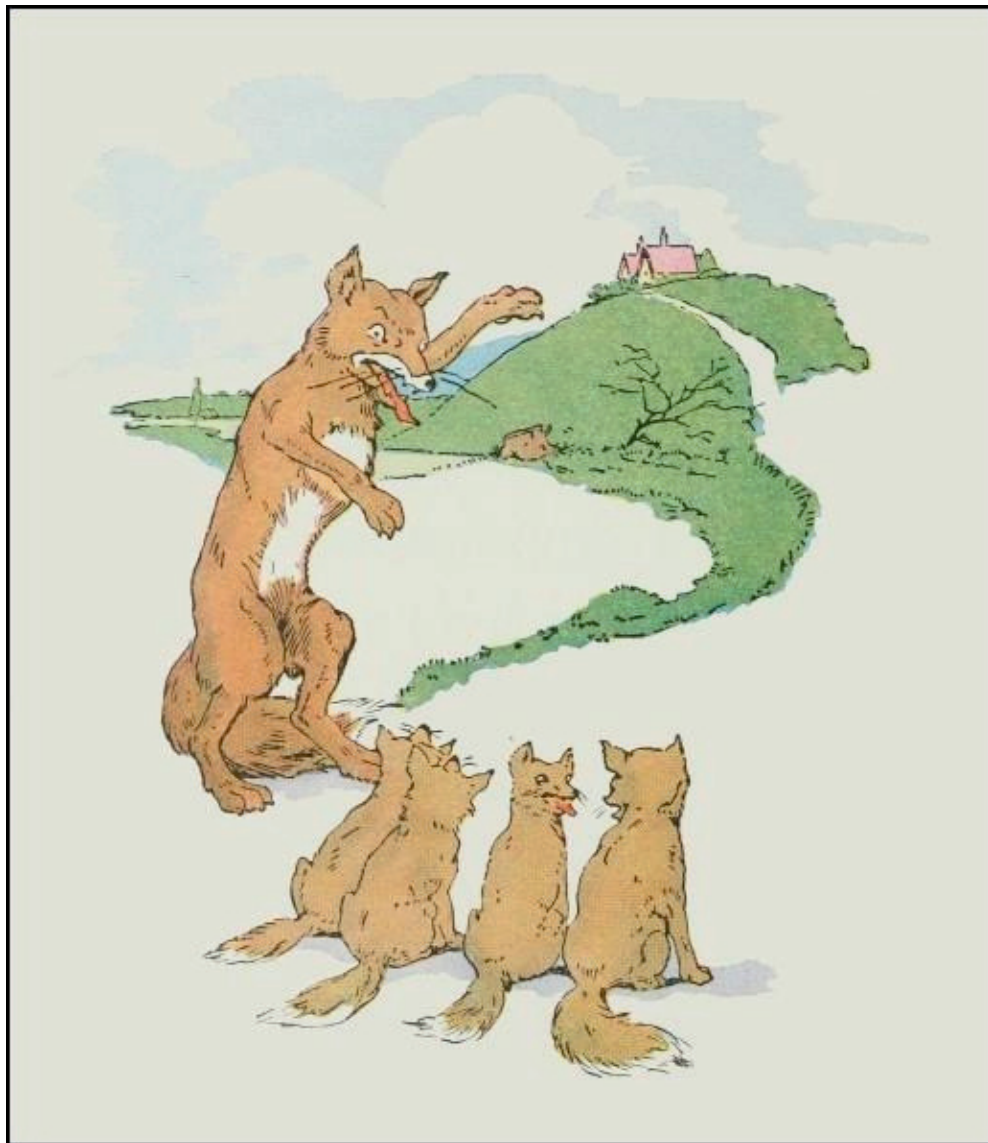
The big bad Fox shook
his head for a long time,
for he was thinking.



At last he said in a
big gruff voice:

“On that hill over there I
see a house. And in that
house there lives a Cock.”

“And a Mouse,” screamed
two of the little foxes.



“And a little Red Hen,”
screamed the other two.

“And they are nice and fat,”
went on the big bad Fox.

“This very day, I’ll take my
great sack, and I will go up
that hill, and in at that door,
and into my sack I will put
the Cock, and the Mouse,
and the little Red Hen.”

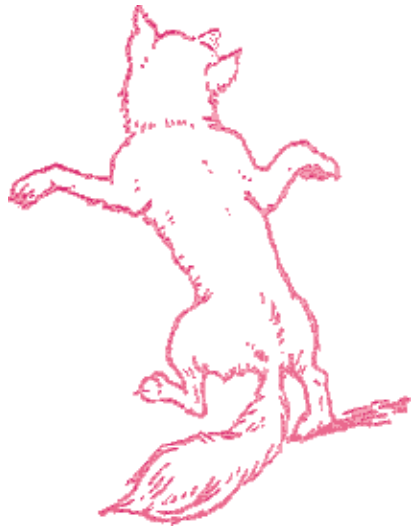


“I’ll make a fire
to roast the Cock,”
said one little fox.

“I’ll put on the saucepan
to boil the Hen,”
said the second.

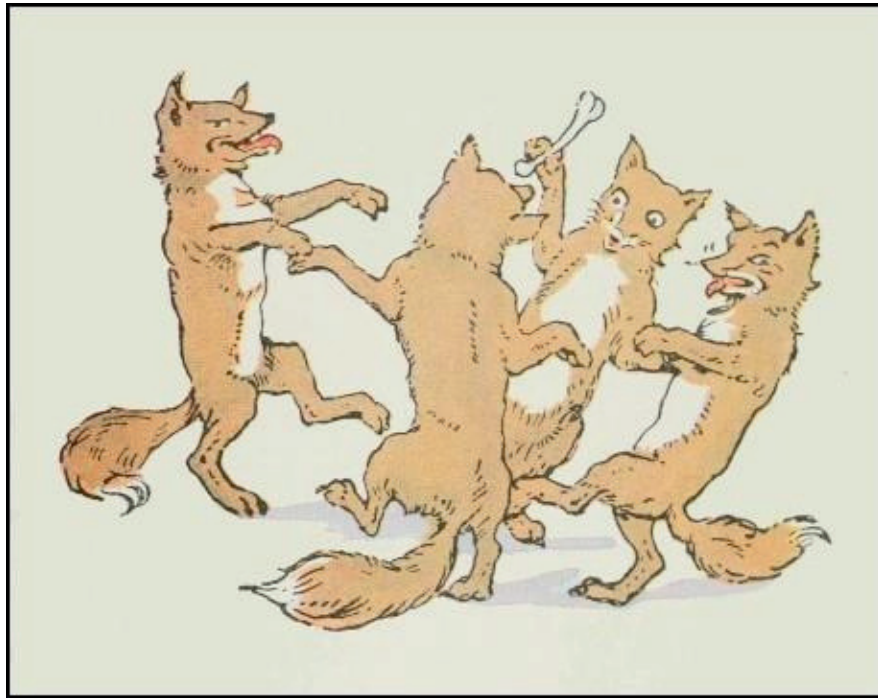


“And I’ll get the frying
pan to fry the Mouse,”
said the third.



“And I’ll have the biggest
helping when
they are all cooked,”
said the fourth, who
was the greediest of all.

So the four little foxes
jumped for joy, and the
big bad Fox went to get
his sack ready to start
upon his journey.

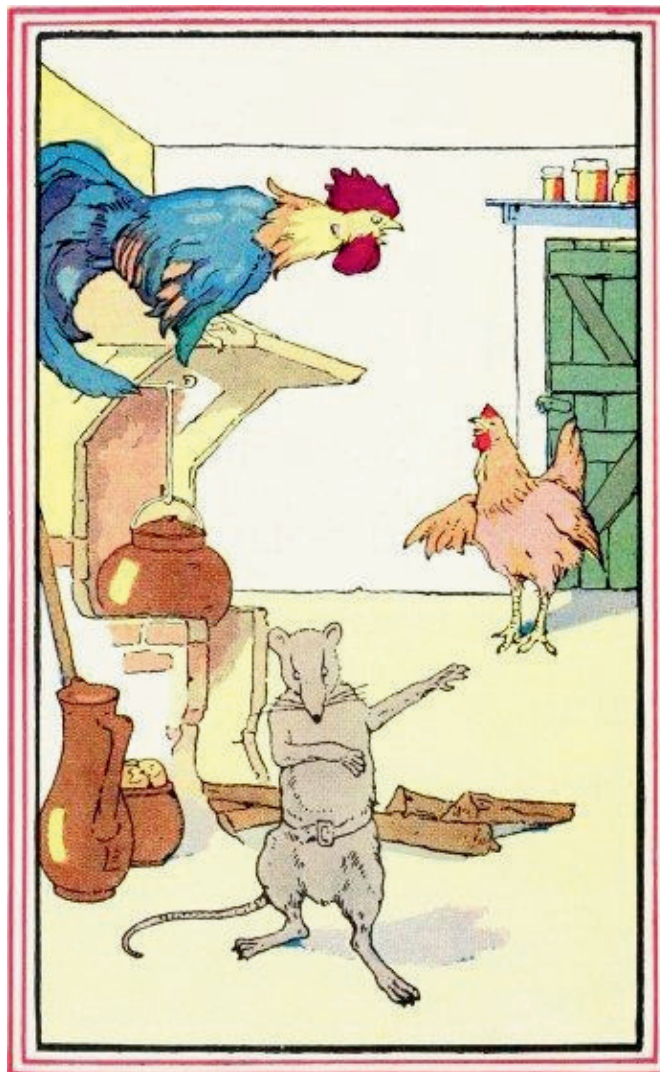


But what was happening
to the Cock and the Mouse,
and the little Red Hen, all
this time?



Well, sad to say, the Cock and the Mouse had both got out of bed on the wrong side that morning.





The Cock said the day was too hot, and the Mouse grumbled because it was too cold.

They came grumbling down to the kitchen, where the good

little Red Hen, looking as bright
as a sunbeam, was bustling about.

“Who’ll get some sticks to
light the fire with?” she asked.

“I shan’t,” said the Cock.

“I shan’t,” said the Mouse.

“Then I’ll do it myself,” said
the little Red Hen.

So off she ran to get the sticks.



“And now, who’ll fill
the kettle from the
spring?” she asked.



"I shan't,"

said the Cock.

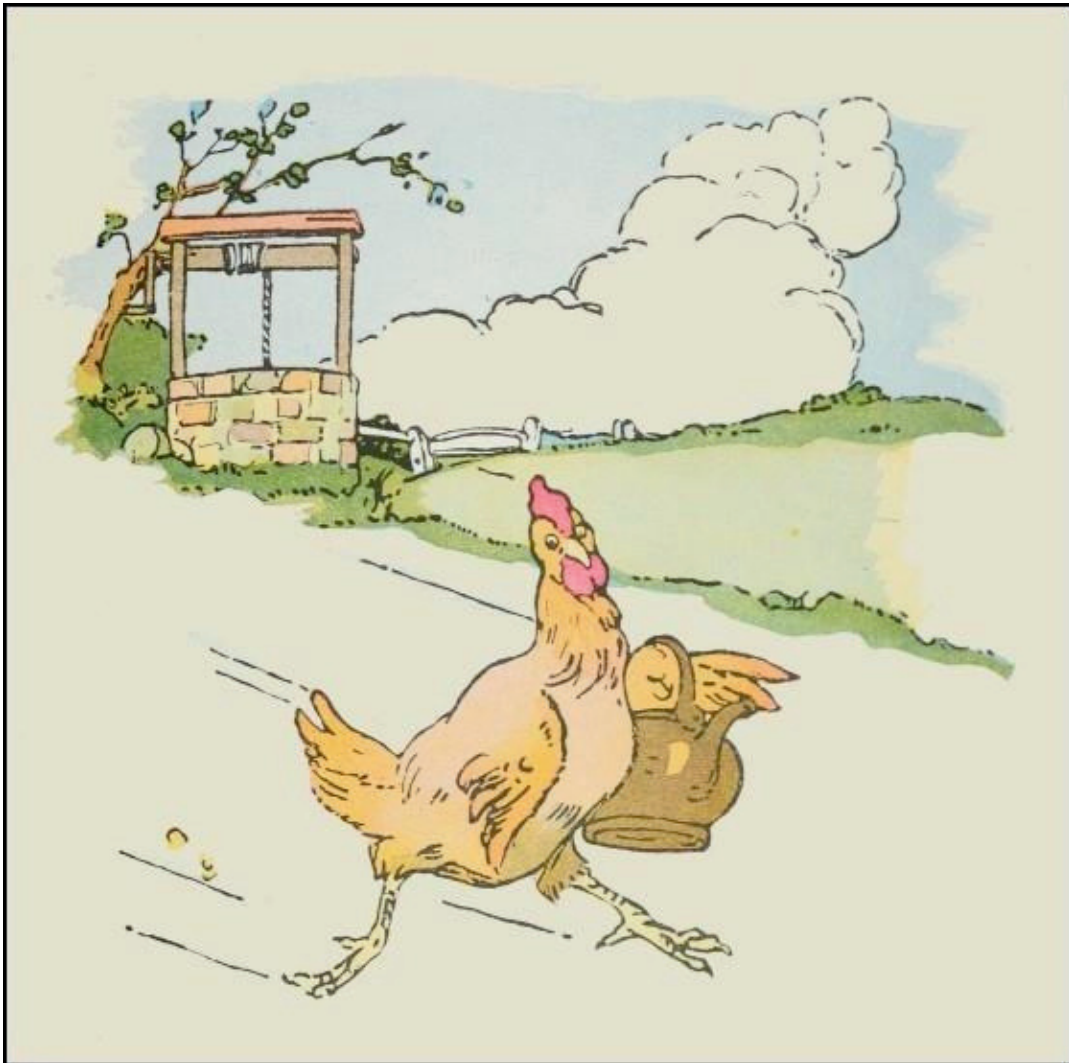
"I shan't," said

the Mouse.



"Then I'll do it myself,"
said the little Red Hen.
And off she ran to
fill the kettle.





“And who’ll get the
breakfast ready?” she
asked, as she put the
kettle on to boil.



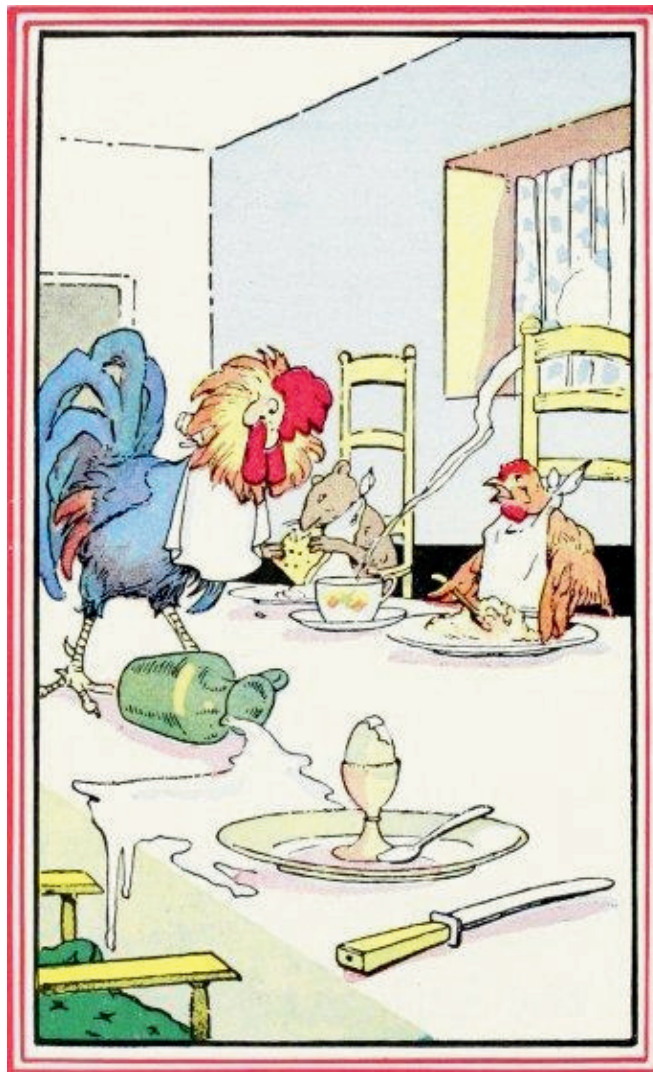
"I shan't,"
said the Cock.



"I shan't,"
said the Mouse.



"I'll do it myself,"
said the little Red Hen.



All breakfast time the
Cock and the Mouse quarrelled
and grumbled. The
Cock upset the milk jug,

and the Mouse scattered
crumbs upon the floor



“Who’ll clear away the
breakfast?” asked the poor
little Red Hen, hoping



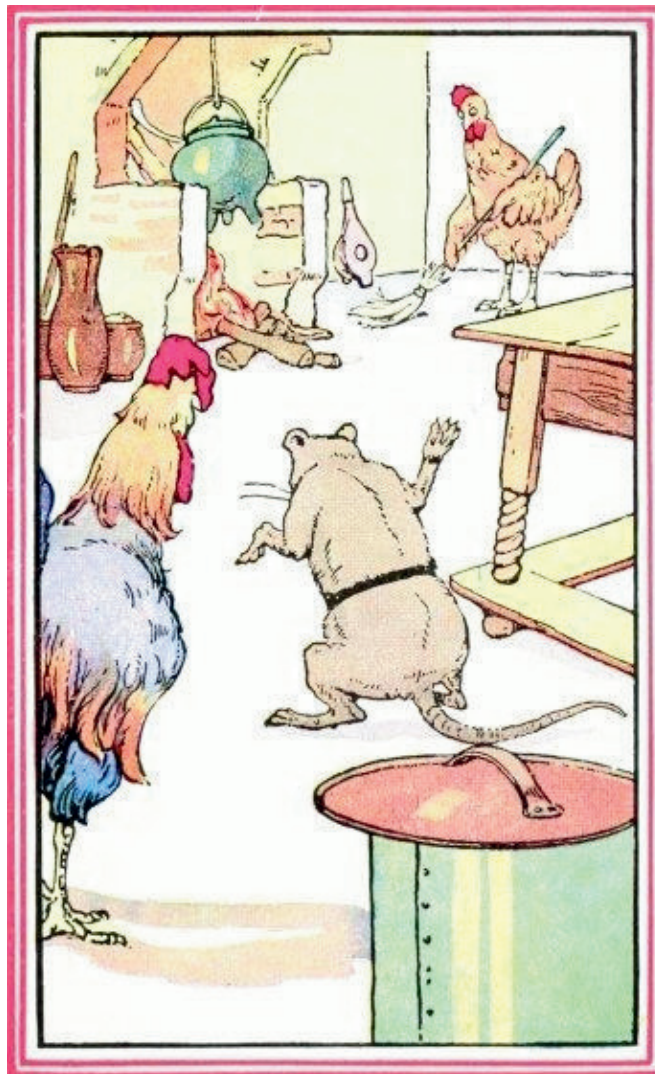
they would soon leave
off being cross.

"I shan't," said the Cock.

"I shan't," said the Mouse.

"Then I'll do it myself,"
said the little Red Hen.

So she cleared everything
away, swept up the crumbs,
and brushed up the fireplace.





“And now, who’ll help
me to make the beds?”

“I shan’t,” said the Cock.

“I shan’t,” said the Mouse.

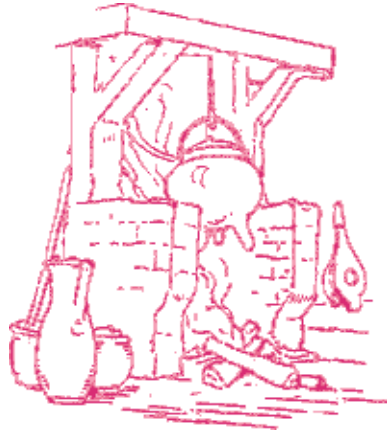




“Then I’ll do it myself,”
said the little Red Hen.

And she tripped away
upstairs.

But the lazy Cock and
Mouse each sat down in a
comfortable arm-chair by
the fire



and soon fell
fast asleep.





Now the bad Fox had
crept up the hill, and into
the garden, and if the Cock

and Mouse hadn't been
asleep, they would have seen
his sharp eyes peeping in
at the window.

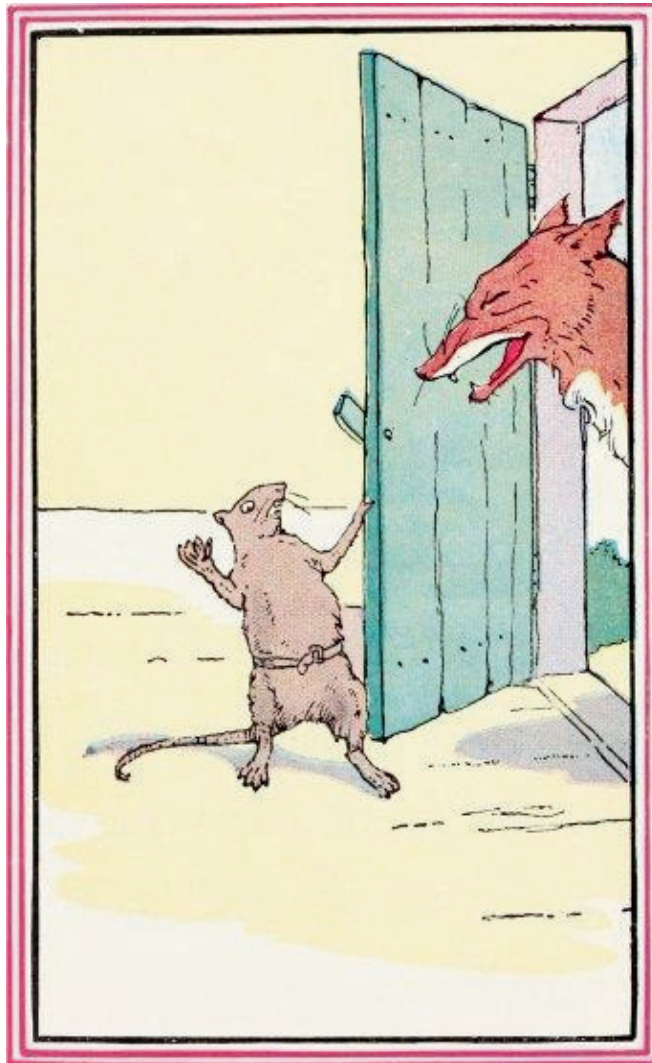
"Rat tat tat, Rat tat tat", the Fox knocked at the door.





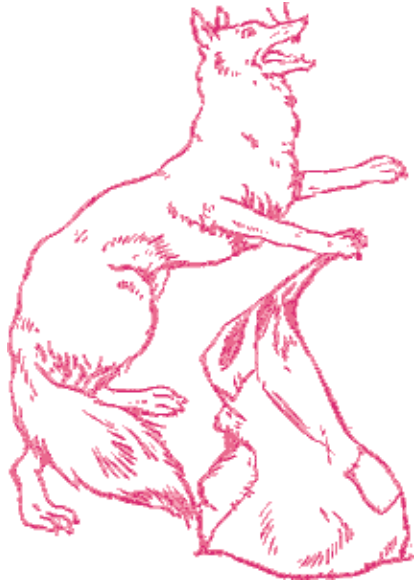
“Who can that be?” said the
Mouse, half opening his eyes.

“Go and look for yourself, if
you want to know,” said the
rude Cock



“It’s the postman perhaps,”
thought the Mouse to himself,
“and he may have a letter
for me.” So without waiting to
see who it was, he lifted the
latch and opened the door.

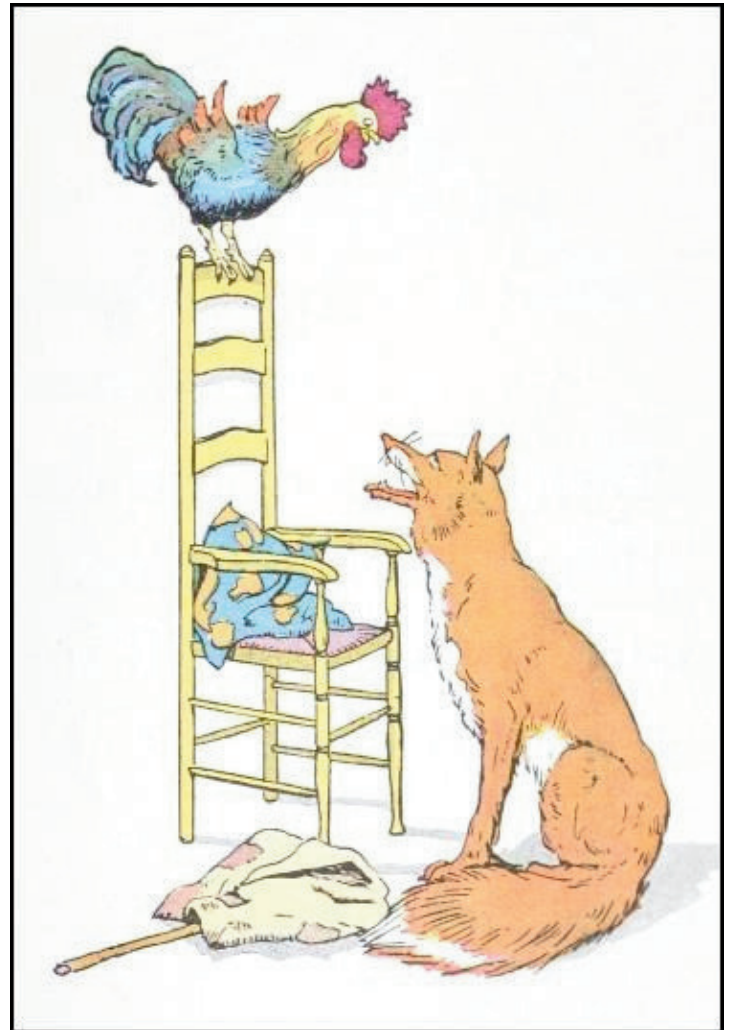
As soon as he opened it
in jumped the big Fox, with
a cruel smile upon his face!



“Oh! oh! oh!” squeaked the Mouse as he tried to run up the chimney.

“Doodle doodle do!” screamed the Cock, as he jumped on the back of the biggest arm-chair

But the Fox only laughed, and without more ado he took the little Mouse by the tail, and popped him into the sack, and seized the Cock by the neck and popped him in too.





Then the poor little Red
Hen came running down-stairs
to see what all the
noise was about,

and the Fox caught her
and put her into the sack
with the others.



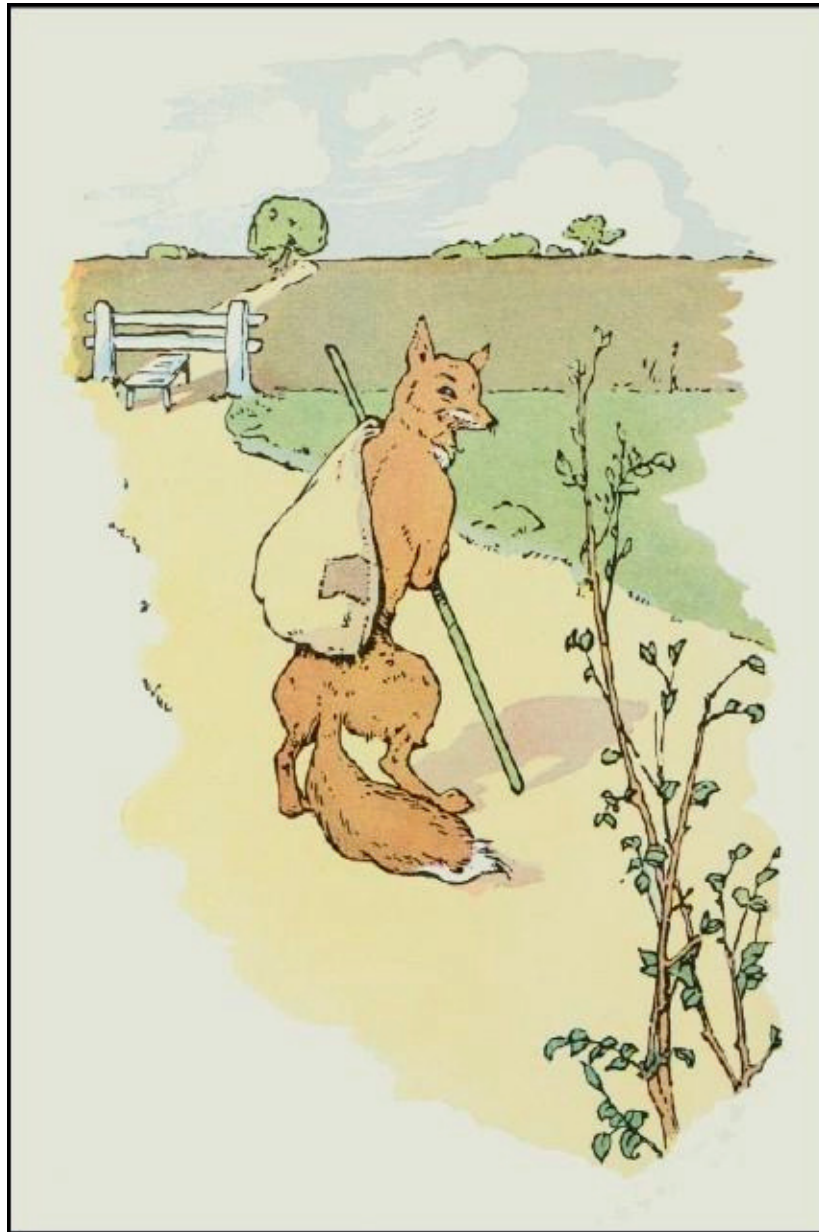


Then he took a long piece of
string out of his pocket, wound
it round and round and
round the mouth of

the sack, and tied it very
tight indeed.



After that he threw the sack
over his back and set off down
the hill.



“Oh! I wish I hadn’t been
so cross,” said the Cock, as
they went bumping about.

“Oh! I wish I hadn’t been
so lazy,” said the Mouse, wiping
his eyes with the tip of his tail.
“It’s never too late to mend,”
said the little Red Hen. “And
don’t be too sad.

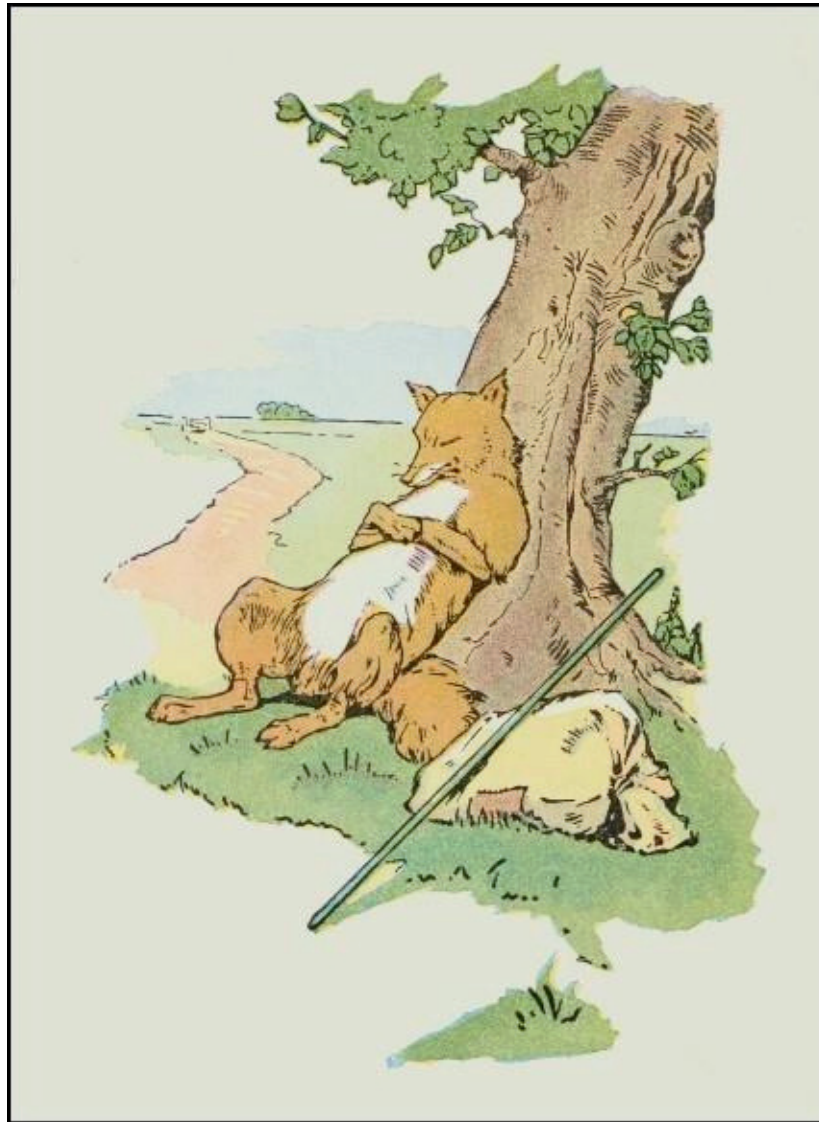


See, here I have my little
work-bag, and in it there is
a pair of scissors, and a
little thimble, and a needle
and thread. Very soon you
will see what I am going
to do.”

Now the sun was very hot,
and soon Mr. Fox began to

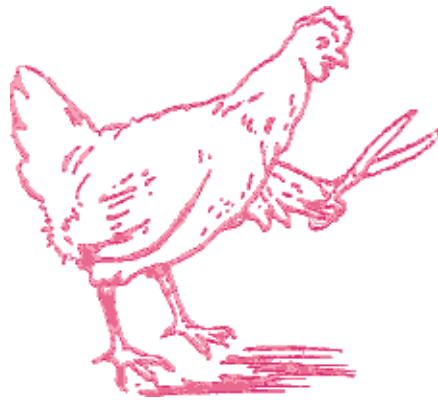
feel his sack was heavy,
and at last he thought he
would lie down under a
tree and go to sleep for
a little while.





So he threw the sack down
with a big bump, and very
soon fell fast asleep.

Snore, snore, snore, went
the Fox.

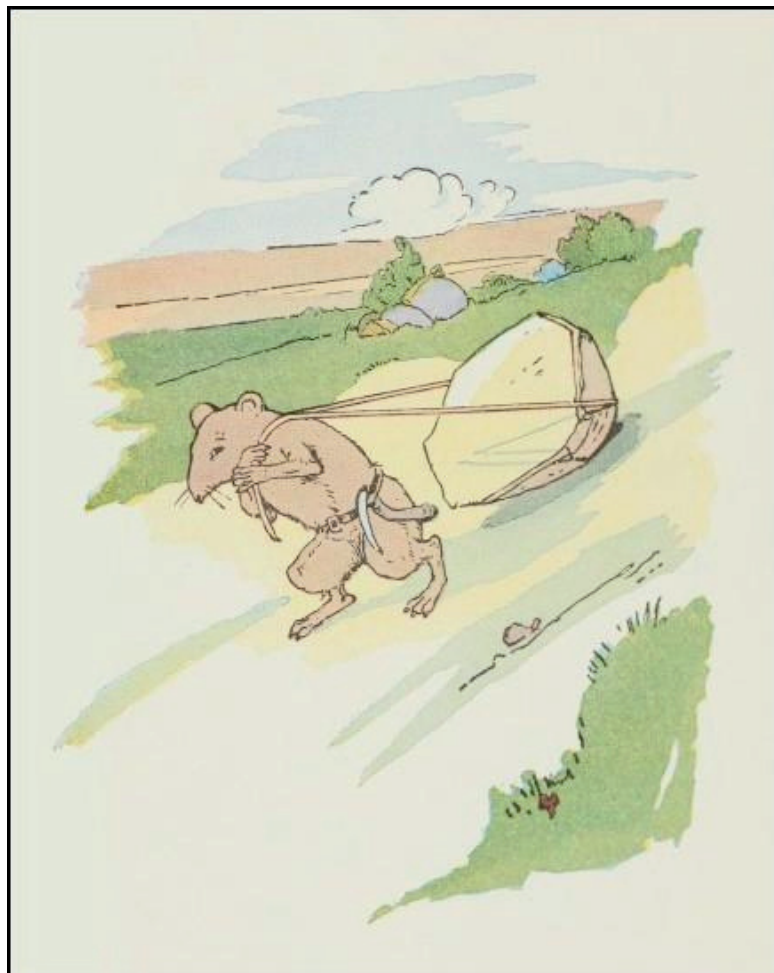


As soon as the little Red
Hen heard this, she took
out her scissors, and began
to snip a hole in the sack,
just large enough for the
Mouse to creep through.

“Quick,” she whispered to
the Mouse, “run as fast as you
can and bring back a stone
just as large as yourself.”



Out scampered the Mouse,
and soon came back, dragging
the stone after him.

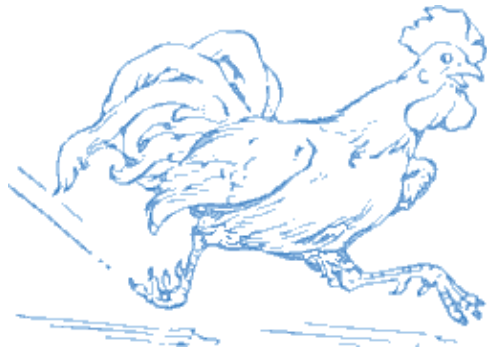




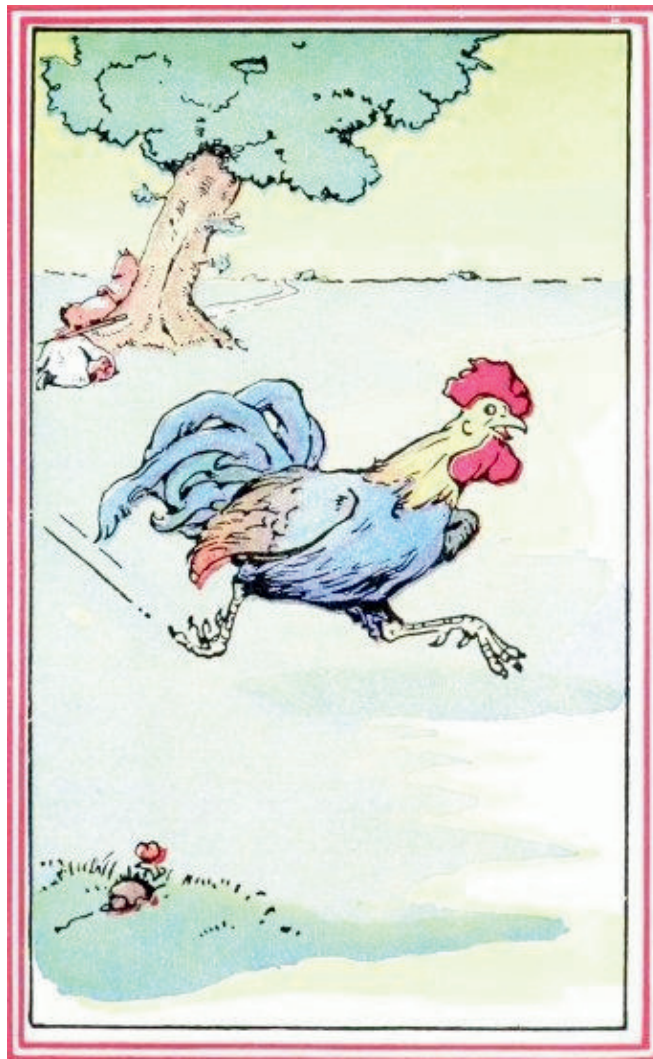
“Push it in here,” said
the little Red Hen, and he
pushed it in in a twinkling.

Then the little Red Hen
snipped away the hole, till
it was large enough for the
Cock to get through.

“Quick,” she said, “run
and get a stone as big as
yourself.”



Out flew the Cock, and
soon came back quite out
of breath, with a big stone,
which he pushed into the
sack too.

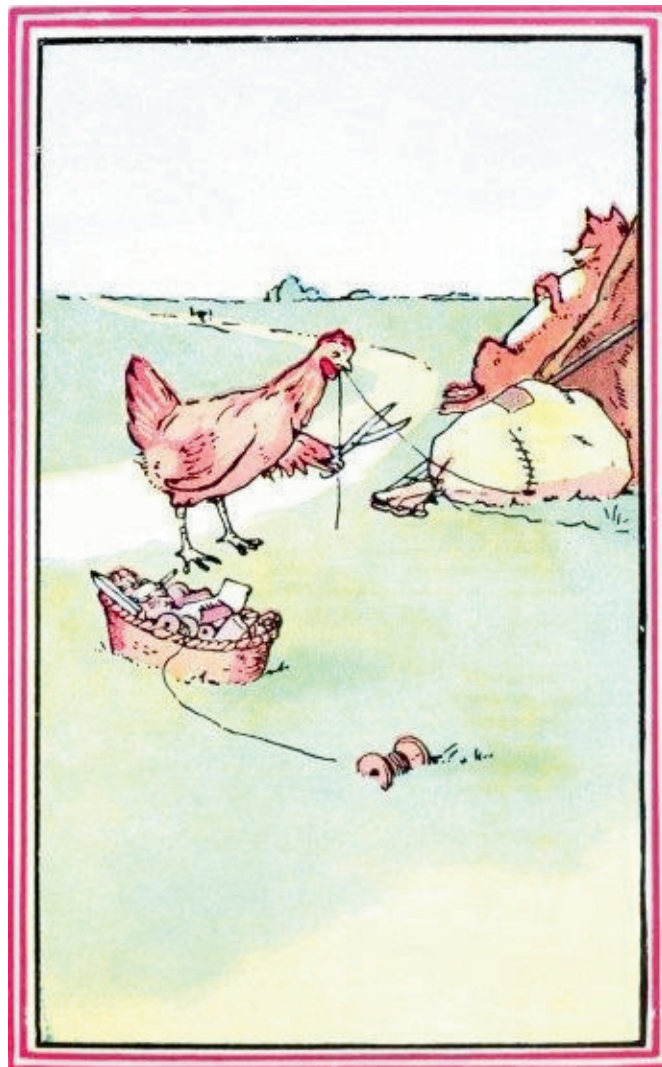


Then the little Red Hen
popped out,



got a stone as big as
herself, and pushed it in.

Next she put on her thimble,
took out her needle and thread,
and sewed up the hole as
quickly as ever she could.

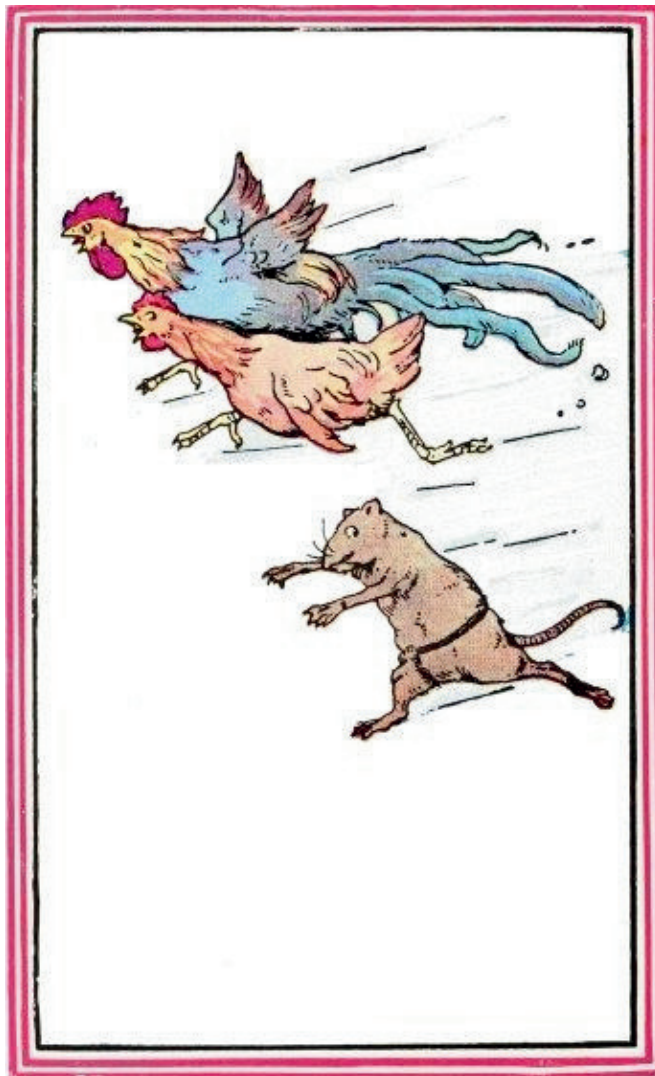


When it was done, the
Cock and the Mouse and
the little Red Hen ran home
very fast, shut the door



after them, drew the bolts,
shut the shutters, and drew
down the blinds and felt
quite safe.





The bad Fox lay fast asleep
under the tree for some time,
but at last he woke up.

“Dear, dear,” he said, rubbing
his eyes and then looking at

the long shadows on the grass,
“how late it is getting. I must
hurry home.”

So the bad Fox went
grumbling and groaning
down the hill



till he came to the
stream.

Splash! In went one foot.
Splash! In went the other,
but the stones in the sack
were so heavy that at the

very next step down tumbled
Mr. Fox into a deep pool.



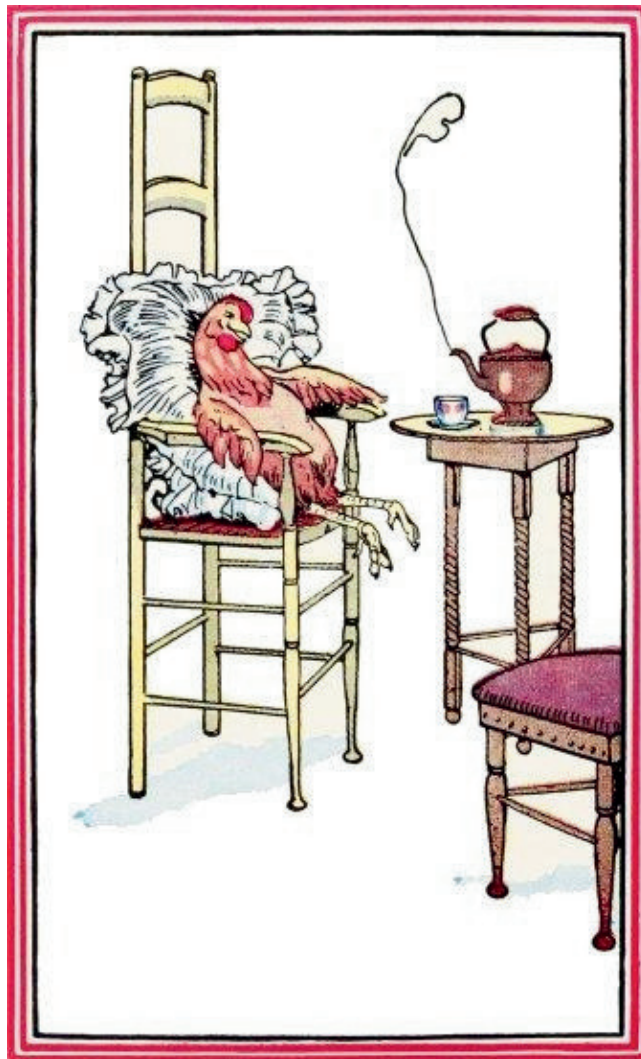
And then the fishes carried
him off to their fairy caves

and kept him a prisoner there,
so he was never seen again.



And the four greedy
little foxes had to go
to bed without any
supper.





But the Cock and the
Mouse never grumbled
again. They lit the fire,
filled the kettle, laid the
breakfast, and did all the
work, while the good little

Red Hen had a holiday, and
sat resting in the big arm-chair.

No foxes ever troubled
them again, and for all I
know they are still living
happily in the little house
with the green door and
green shutters, which stands
on the hill.

