

# **THE FIRST READER**



**READING-LITERATURE**  
**FIRST READER**

**BY**

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**AND**

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## PREFACE

For years the most progressive educators have been urging that only good literature should be used in school readers. Some authors of primers and first readers have thought it impossible to provide such material within the vocabulary that beginners can learn with ease. Others have used a little real literature with a large amount of unrelated and uninteresting material specially prepared for the sake of word repetition and phonic drill.

Experience proves that all children are interested in and enjoy the simple folk tales, which are the literary products of many minds, and which have survived the centuries because they represent universal human experiences and satisfy certain common needs of childhood. Through countless repetitions, from one generation to another, they have assumed a form marked by simplicity and literary charm.

Equally interesting and wholesome are the nursery rhymes and jingles by Mother Goose, Christina G. Rossetti and others. After the Primer has been mastered, these bits of language-play, interspersed in little groups among the stories, add much to the delight of a child's reading book.

THE AUTHORS.



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**TO LITTLE CHILDREN  
LEARNING TO READ**



## **The Three Little Pigs**

Once upon a time there were  
three little pigs.

One morning the mother said,  
“You must go out  
and make your living.”

So they all set out.

The first little pig met a man  
with some straw.

He said, “Please give me some straw,  
I want to build a house.”

The man gave the little pig some straw.  
Then the little pig made a house.



Soon an old wolf came along.  
He knocked at the door and said,  
“Little pig, little pig, let me come in.”

The little pig said,  
“No, no, by the hair  
of my chinny, chin, chin.  
I won’t let you in.”

The wolf said,  
“Then I’ll huff and I’ll puff,  
and I’ll blow your house in.”  
So he huffed and he puffed,  
and he blew the house in.  
Then he ate up the little pig.

The second little pig met a man  
with some sticks.

He said, "Please give me some sticks,  
I want to build a house."

The man gave the little pig some sticks,  
and he built a house.

Then the old wolf came along.

He knocked at the door and said,

"Little pig, little pig, let me come in."

The little pig said,

"No, no, by the hair  
of my chinny, chin, chin.  
I won't let you in."



The wolf said,

“Then I’ll huff and I’ll puff,  
and I’ll blow your house in.”

So he huffed and he puffed,  
and he blew the house in.

Then he ate up the little pig.

The third little pig met a man  
with some bricks.

He said, “Please give me some bricks,  
I want to build a house.”

The man gave the little pig some bricks,  
and he built a house.

Then the old wolf came along.

He knocked at the door and said,

“Little pig, little pig, let me come in.”

The little pig said,

“No, no, by the hair  
of my chinny, chin, chin.

I won’t let you in.”

“Then I’ll huff and I’ll puff,  
and I’ll blow your house in,”  
said the wolf.

“You may huff and you may puff,  
but you can not blow my house in,”  
said the little pig.

The wolf huffed and he puffed,  
and he huffed and he puffed.  
But he could not blow the house in.

Then the wolf said, “Little pig,  
I know of a fine field of turnips.”

“Where is it?” said the pig.

“Down in the field,” said the wolf.

“Will you go with me?

I will call for you in the morning.

Then we can get some for dinner.”

“I will be ready,” said the pig.

“What time shall we go?”

“At six o’clock,” said the wolf.

The little pig got up at five o’clock,  
and he went to the field.

He got some turnips and ran home.

The wolf came at six o’clock.

He knocked at the door and said,

“Little pig, are you ready?”

“I went at five o’clock,” said the pig,

“and I have a pot full of turnips.”

The wolf was angry, but he said,

“Little pig, I know of a fine apple-tree.”

“Where is it?” said the pig.

“Down in the garden,” said the wolf.

“Will you go with me in the morning?”

I will come at five o’clock.

Then we can get some apples.”

“I will go,” said the pig.



This time the little pig got up  
at four o'clock.

He went to the garden,  
and filled his bag with apples.

He was getting down,  
when he saw the wolf.

The wolf was very angry, but he said,  
"Little pig, are the apples good?"

"Very good," said the little pig.

"Let me throw you some."

The pig threw the apples far away.  
The wolf ran to get them.  
Then the little pig ran home.

The next day the wolf came again and said,  
“Little pig, let us go to the fair.”

“I will go in the morning,” said the pig.  
“What time shall we go?”

“Let us go at three o’clock,” said the wolf.

The next morning the pig got up  
at two o’clock.

He went to the fair and got a churn.  
He was going home when he saw the wolf.  
The little pig was frightened.  
So he jumped into the churn to hide,  
and it rolled down the hill.

The wolf saw the churn rolling  
down the hill.

He was frightened, too, and ran home.



Next morning the wolf went  
to the little pig's house.  
He said, "Little pig, I went to the fair.  
I met a great round thing on the way.  
It was rolling down the hill.  
It frightened me and I ran home."

“I frightened you,” said the pig.

“I went to the fair at two o’clock,  
and I got a churn.

On the way home I saw you coming.

So I jumped into the churn,  
and it rolled down the hill.”

The wolf was now very angry.

“I shall come down the chimney,” he said,  
“and I shall eat you up.”

The little pig made a fire.

He hung a pot of water over it.

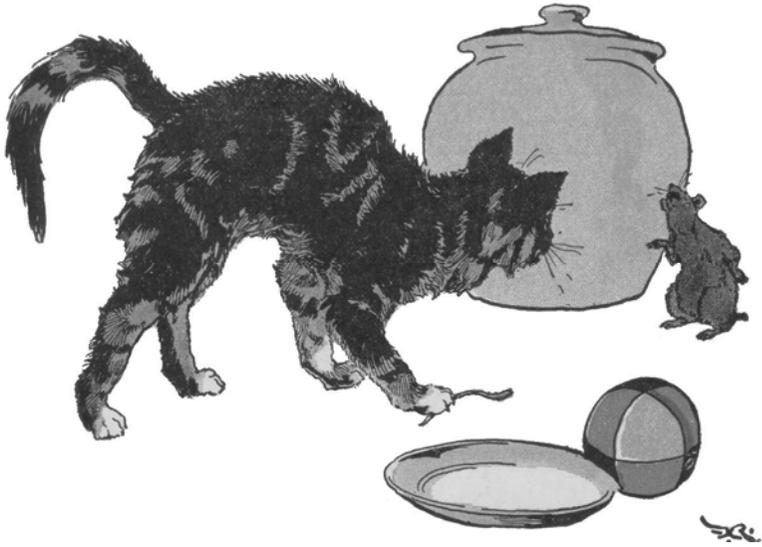
Soon he heard the wolf coming  
down the chimney.

He took the lid off the pot.

The wolf fell into it.

And the little pig had a good supper.

—*English Folk Tale.*



## **The Cat and the Mouse**

Once there was a cat and a mouse.

They lived in the same house.

The cat bit the mouse's tail off.

“Pray, puss,” said the mouse,

“give me my long tail again.”

“No,” said the cat,

“I will not give you your tail

till you bring me some milk.”

First she leaped,  
And then she ran,  
Till she came to the cow,  
And thus she began:

“Pray, cow, give me some milk for the cat.  
Then she will give me my long tail again.”

“No,” said the cow,  
“I will give you no milk  
till you bring me some hay.”

First she leaped,  
And then she ran,  
Till she came to the farmer,  
And thus she began:

“Pray, farmer, give me some hay  
for the cow.  
Then she will give me some milk  
for the cat,  
And then the cat will give me  
my long tail again.”

“No,” said the farmer,  
“I will give you no hay  
till you bring me some meat.”

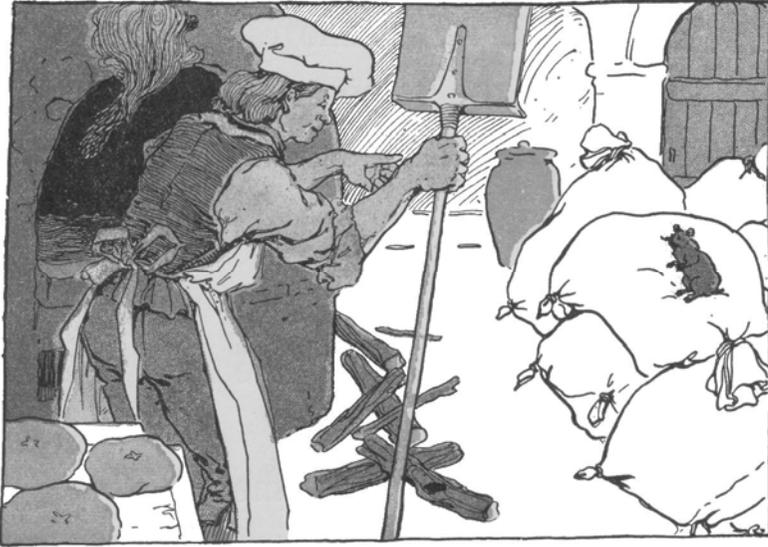
First she leaped,  
And then she ran,  
Till she came to the butcher,  
And thus she began:

“Pray, butcher, give me some meat  
for the farmer.

Then he will give me some hay  
for the cow,  
The cow will give me some milk  
for the cat,  
And then the cat will give me  
my long tail again.”

“No,” said the butcher,  
“I will give you no meat  
till you bring me some bread.”

First she leaped,  
And then she ran,  
Till she came to the baker,  
And thus she began:



“Pray, baker, give me some bread  
for the butcher.

Then he will give me some meat  
for the farmer,

The farmer will give me some hay  
for the cow,

The cow will give me some milk  
for the cat,  
And then the cat will give me  
my long tail again.”

“Yes,” said the baker,  
“I will give you some bread.  
But if you eat my flour,  
I will cut off your head.”

The baker gave the mouse some bread,  
and she took it to the butcher.  
The butcher gave the mouse some meat,  
and she took it to the farmer.  
The farmer gave the mouse some hay,  
and she took it to the cow.  
The cow gave the mouse some milk,  
and she took it to the cat.  
And then the cat gave the mouse  
her long tail again.

—*English Folk Tale.*



## Little Boy Blue

Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn,  
The sheep's in the meadow,  
the cow's in the corn.  
Where's the boy  
that looks after the sheep?  
He's under the haystack, fast asleep.  
Will you wake him? No, not I;  
For if I do, he'll be sure to cry.

—*Mother Goose.*

## **Baa, Baa, Black Sheep**

Baa, baa, black sheep,  
    Have you any wool?  
Yes, I have, sir,  
    Three bags full.

One for my master,  
    And one for my dame,  
And one for the little boy  
    Who lives in the lane.

—*Mother Goose.*

## **Pussy Cat**

Pussy cat, pussy cat, where have you been?  
I have been to London to see the queen.  
Pussy cat, pussy cat, what did you there?  
I frightened a little mouse under her chair.

—*Mother Goose.*

## **Blow, Wind, Blow**

Blow, wind, blow!  
    and go, mill, go!  
That the miller may  
    grind his corn;  
That the baker may take it,  
And into rolls make it,  
And send us some hot  
    in the morn.

—*Mother Goose.*

## **If All the World Were Apple-pie**

If all the world were apple-pie,  
    And all the sea were ink,  
And all the trees were bread and cheese,  
    What should we have to drink?

—*Mother Goose.*



## Once I Saw a Little Bird

Once I saw a little bird  
Come hop, hop, hop;  
So I cried, "Little bird,  
Will you stop, stop, stop?"

I went to the window  
To say, "How do you do?"  
But he shook his little tail,  
And far away he flew.

—*Mother Goose.*

## **A Little Sister**

I have a little sister;  
    they call her Peep, Peep.  
She wades in the water  
    deep, deep, deep;

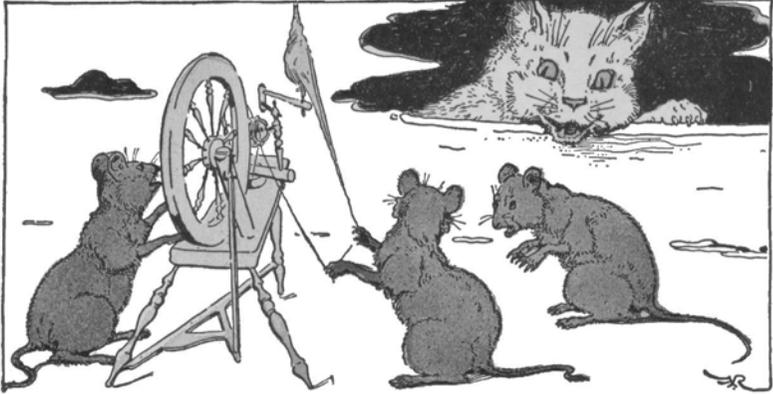
She climbs the mountains,  
    high, high, high—  
Poor little thing!  
    She has but one eye.

—*Mother Goose.*

## **The Old Woman Under the Hill**

There was an old woman  
    lived under a hill;  
And if she's not gone,  
    she lives there still.

—*Mother Goose.*



## Some Little Mice

Some little mice sat in a barn to spin,  
Pussy came by, and put her head in;  
“Shall I come in and cut your threads?”  
“No, Miss Puss, you will bite off our heads.”

—*Mother Goose.*

## Hush-a-bye Baby

Hush-a-bye, baby, on the tree top,  
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock,  
When the bough breaks, the cradle will fall.  
Down will come baby, cradle, and all.

—*Mother Goose.*



## **The North Wind**

The north wind doth blow,  
And we shall have snow,  
And what will the robin do then,  
poor thing?

He'll sit in a barn,  
And keep himself warm,  
And hide his head under his wing,  
poor thing!

The north wind doth blow,  
And we shall have snow,  
And what will the bee do then,  
    poor thing?

In his hive he will stay,  
Till the cold's passed away,  
And then he'll come out in the spring,  
    poor thing!

The north wind doth blow,  
And we shall have snow,  
And what will the dormouse do then,  
    poor thing?

Rolled up in a ball,  
In his nest snug and small,  
He'll sleep till warm weather comes back,  
    poor thing!

—*Mother Goose.*