

Making Her Will

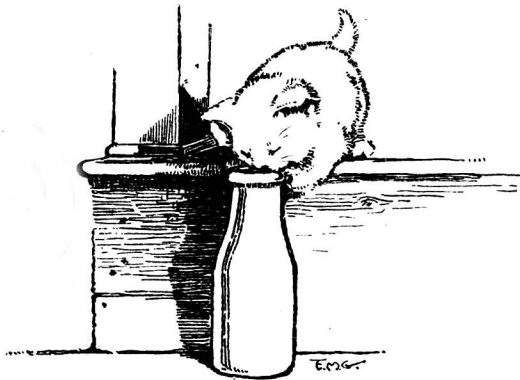


I'd like to make my Will today
'Cause I'm not feeling well,
And the family that I'm leaving
Is not old enough to tell
The things I know they really need
To help them on in life,
And so I thought I'd make my Will
To ward off care and strife.

They say that cats have nine lives-
Sometimes, perhaps, 'tis true;
But one is quite enough for me-
Just one, to live like you;
For catching mice and dodging dogs
And saving fur, you see,
Has made my life a busy one
For Folks, as well as me

Now, to my Will, this thing I ask:
 Don't drown my kittens, please,
If they must die, use chloroform
 And send them off in ease.
But if you think they can be spared
 And any pleasure give,
Please educate my kittens dear,
 And make them glad to live.

Just one more thing before I go
 And leave these little cats:-
They must be sure to live on mice
 Instead of vulgar rats;
Nice, tender, little bright-eyed mice-
 The kind that Mother caught;
And Oh, I pray they'll not forget
 The things their Mother taught.



The Kitten and The Cream.

CARRIE JACOBS - BOND.

Moderato.

mf

I'm

out here on the back porch, I hear them call - ing

p

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“stop!” Of course I like my

nice warm milk, But oh! this bot - tle with the cream on

ad lib.

colla voce

top!

p

rit.

pp

The Dog's Soliloquy



“Lucky dog,” that’s what they called me,
 ’Twas before cats came my way,
Long before I learned the adage-
 “Every dog will have his day.”
Education’s spoiled my pleasure;
 I would rather heathen be,
Than to see that cat a-reading,
 When she should be up a tree.

Once I was dear Katherine’s playmate
 All her time she spent with me;
When a cat came near my Katherine
 She’d say, “Scat ’em up a tree.”
But that little Katherine Swisher
 Changed her mind one summer’s day;
Now she holds that selfsame kitten-
 I’m the one she “scats” away.

My! but that cat likes to chase me,
Rather scratch poor me than eat,
Jumps upon my back and claws me,
Feels as tho' she had ten feet.
And does Katherine Swisher scold her?
No; she'd say, "Now, Kittie dear,
Don't you know that dog would bite you
If your mistress wasn't near?"

And she's teaching that cat poems,
Reads them from her little books.
Deceitful cat pretends to listen,
Fools poor Katherine with her looks.
Tells me I am educated
When she sees me feeling bad.
I could eat that cat with pleasure,
That cat drives me nearly mad.