THREE LITTLE KITTENS.

THREE little kittens
Lost their mittens,
And they began to cry,
"Oh, mammy dear,
We sadly fear
Our mittens we have lost!"
"What! lost your mittens,
You naughty kittens;
Then you shall have no pie!"
Miew, miew, miew, miew,
Miew, miew, miew, miew.

The three little kittens
Then sought their mittens,
Upon the table high;
Indoors and out
They scampered about,
For they were very spry;
Now high, now low,
The three in a row,
And oh! how they made things fly.
Miew, miew, miew, miew,
Miew, miew, miew, miew.
THREE LITTLE KITTENS.

The three little kittens
Found their mittens,
And they began to cry,
"Oh mammy dear,
See here, see here,
Our mittens we have found!"
"What! found your mittens,
You darling kittens;
Then you shall have some pie."
Purr, purr, purr, purr,
Purr, purr, purr, purr.

The three little kittens
Put on their mittens,
And soon ate up the pie.
"Oh mammy dear,
We sadly fear
Our mittens we have soiled."
"What! soiled your mittens,
You naughty kittens!"
Then they began to sigh,
Miew, miew, miew, miew,
Miew, miew, miew, miew.
SEARCHING FOR THE MITTENS.
WASHING THE MITTENS.
THREE LITTLE KITTENS.

The three little kittens
Washed their mittens,
And hung them up to dry.

"Oh, mammy dear,
Look here, look here,
Our mittens we have washed!"

"What! washed your mittens,
You good little kittens!
But I smell a rat close by!
Hush! hush!" Miew, miew,
Miew, miew, miew, miew.

These kittens so gay
Were invited one day
To feast by a running stream,
Where they had as much meat
As they wanted to eat,
And plenty of nice ice-cream;
And each went to sleep
Curled up in a heap
And had a most lovely dream.
Purr, purr, purr, purr,
Purr, purr, purr, purr.
THREE LITTLE KITTENS.

One night in the Fall
They went to a ball,
And danced to a lively tune,
With a leap and a bound
And a merry-go-round,
And the sound of a big bassoon;
And with holes in their mittens
These careless kittens
Came home by the light of the moon.
Miew, miew, miew, miew,
Miew, miew, miew, miew.

These kittens 'twas said
Were soon to be wed;
The cards had been out some days;
And cat-birds, no doubt,
Spread the news about
As they flew o'er the great high-ways;
And cats, one and all,
The great and the small,
Were loud in the kittens' praise.
Miew, miew, miew, miew,
Miew, miew, miew, miew.
SIR MOUSER’S ARRIVAL.
THREE LITTLE KITTENS.

At last came the day,
And in splendid array
The guests soon began to arrive,
   The aunts and the cousins
   By sixes and dozens,
All buzzing like bees in a hive;
   And among them Sir Rouser,
   A famous old mouser,
And the handsomest Maltese alive.
   Purr, purr, purr, purr,
   Purr, purr, purr, purr.

Then after the marriage
   Each groom called his carriage,
And, oh, they rode off in fine style;
   The brides beaming brightly,
   And bowing politely,
To friends every once in a while,
   Who kept up a squalling
   And great caterwauling
That might have been heard for a mile.
   Miew, miew, miew, miew,
   Miew, miew, miew, miew.
THREE LITTLE KITTENS.

The guests kept on dancing,
Now leaping and prancing;
The band still continued to play;
And "Puss-in-the-corner,"
And "Little Jack Horner,"
Were games very much in their way;
With singing and screeching,
And laughter far-reaching,
They had a good time, I dare say.

Miew, miew, miew, miew,
Miew, miew, miew, miew.

The three pretty brides,
And their husbands besides
Took rooms in a very nice flat;
Not a rat nor a mouse
Was e'er seen in the house,
Nor any one heard to cry Scat!
So they lived and looked pleased--
They were petted not teased--
Now what do you think of that?
Purr, purr, purr, purr,
Purr, purr, purr, purr.