

There was a lit-tle boy who was a sad cow-ard. He al-ways cri-ed if a dog bark-ed, and ran a-way. What a fool-ish boy he was ! for dogs do not hurt lit-tle boys ; they love lit-tle boys, and play with them.

Well, when this lit-tle boy was by him-self, a pret-ty black dog came out of a house, and said Bow wow, wow, wow, and came to the lit-tle boy, and jump-ed up-on him, and want-ed to play with him ; but the lit-tle boy ran a-way. The dog ran af-ter him, and cri-ed loud-er, Bow, wow, wow, as if mean-ing to say, How do you do ? But the boy was sore a-fraid, and ran a-way with-out look-ing be-fore him, and he tum-bled in-to a ver-y dir-ty ditch, and there he lay cry-ing, as if he had been kill-ed, sil-ly lit-tle cow-ard !

But the good dog went to the house where the lit-tle boy liv-ed, to tell them where he was. So, when he came to the house, he said, Bow, wow ; for a dog can-not speak a-ny plain-er.

What do you want, you black dog ? We can-not tell what you want. Then the dog went to the ser-vant and pull-ed him by the coat, and pull-ed him all the way to the ditch ; and the dog and the ser-vant to-gether got the lit-tle boy out of the ditch ; but he was all o-ver mud, and quite wet : and he look-ed ver-y fool-ish, the sil-ly lit-tle cow-ard.

Catch
hon'-ey
i'-dle

mam-ma'
morn'-ing
no'-bod-y

pa-pas
school
shone