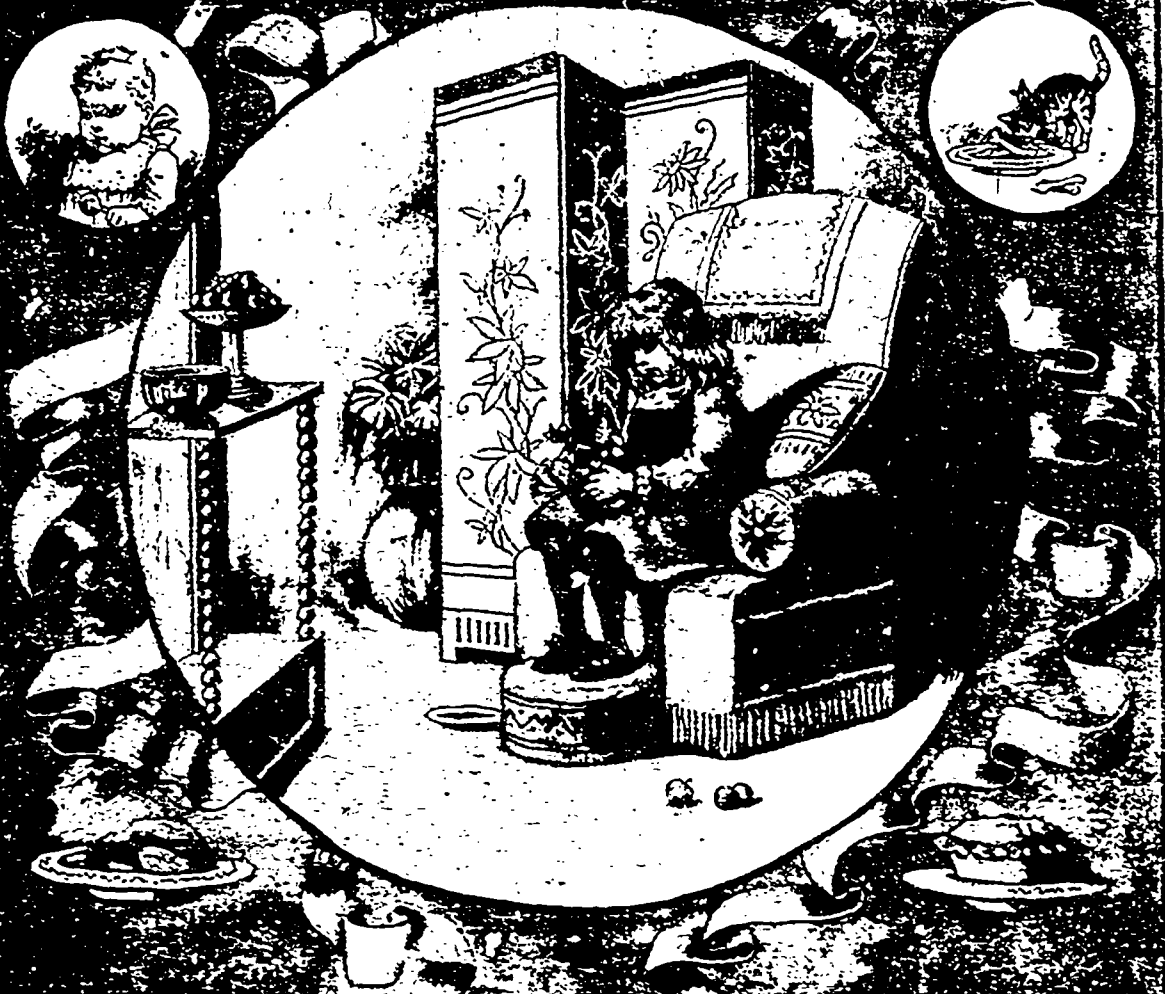


# To Daisy

Now kitten cat Daisy, just hear me,  
And 'tend to each word that I say;  
And don't frisk around so 'bout nothing:  
To-morrow'll be Thanksgiving Day  
And if you don't chew up your ribbon,  
Nor bubble it round in the snow,  
But behave all the time just as pretty,  
You'll have som' thing splendid, you know.

There's another thing, Daisy, I'll tell you.  
Aunt Mary is coming to-day,  
To show us a sweet, 'darling' baby,  
That's named just like me, Allie May.  
And if she should happen to squeeze you  
Or pull your long tail the least mite,  
You are not to scratch her nor bite her,  
For that wouldn't be just polite.



We must do all we can that'll please her,  
She being our company so;  
Besides, such a new little baby  
Aint had time to learn better, you know.  
So if she does tease you, dear Daisy,  
Though of course I don't say it is right,  
Please just get away from her easy,  
Not scratching the least little mite.

I s'pose you don't know 'bout Thanksgiving  
Cause you haven't had one before,  
I'll tell you there'll be a big turkey,  
And pie made of chickens and more,  
And puddings all full of sweet raisins,  
And jelly and jam - such a treat!  
And if you're a good kitten, Daisy,  
You'll get a nice plateful to eat!

