



# BIRTHDAY BOOK

BY KATE GREENAWAY

CREATED ESPECIALLY FOR  
ANNA





*Presented to Anna*

*Enjoy reading this book*

*Love from Kevin xxx*



“KATE GREENAWAY’S”  
BIRTHDAY BOOK

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS,  
DRAWN BY KATE GREENAWAY,

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VERSES BY MRS. SALE BARKER.

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LONDON  
FREDERICK WARNE AND CO.  
AND NEW YORK

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## PUBLISHER'S NOTE

The well-loved children's illustrator, Kate Greenaway began her career creating greetings cards and calendars which became hugely popular due to her distinctive images of children and young people dressed in clothing from the early nineteenth century. Liberty of London even adapted Greenaway's drawings as designs for a line of old-fashioned children's clothes, which were extremely popular.

Other common themes throughout Kate Greenaway's drawings were flowers and fairies; many of her illustrations were often accompanied by short rhyming verses, often written by Greenaway herself. This exquisite book is a reproduction of Kate Greenaway's Birthday Book for Children, which was first published 1890 by Frederick Warne & Co. The book contains 382 unique illustrations by Greenaway along with an individual rhyme for each day of the year, all of which include writing space next to them to record the birthdays of friends and relatives.





January

# KATE GREENAWAY'S BIRTHDAY BOOK

## JANUARY 100.

What are the bells about? what do they say?  
Ringing so sweetly for glad New-Year's Day  
Telling us all that Time never will wait,  
Holding us out to wait, ere it's too late.



## JANUARY 250.

A large brown snail, for cold, cold hands,  
So dainty, too, trimmed up with bows;  
Of all comforts the best, when you have  
no go-out,  
On a day when it freezes or blows.



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## JANUARY 300.

There was an old woman who shook,  
The wind her umbrella it took;  
She cried, "The wind is strong,  
I can't hold it long;  
And that's why she tumbled and shook."



## JANUARY 400.

A great big snuff and feathered hat,  
Four little legs look bare;  
A curious little figure this,  
Enough to make you stare.



## JANUARY 500.

The joys of the tea-pot who will not sing?  
The warmest and coziest comforting thing!  
Who does not enjoy a good cup of tea?  
Without taste or reason I'm sure they must be.



**JANUARY 6TH.**

*So bright, so fresh, so delightfully nice,  
To slide along on the hard smooth ice!  
What fun to fly as your skates away,  
Skating or gaily the whole of the day!*



**JANUARY 7TH.**

*Oh! Mrs. Big bonnet, little Miss Wren,  
Out for an airing, as you may see;  
Chatter and chatter, and pleasantly talk,  
Enjoying together their nice winter's walk.*



**JANUARY 8TH.**

*Who wouldn't go to a Fancy Ball?  
High-heeled shoes to make us tall;  
Ribbons, and laces, and powdered hair,  
And then to dance a waltz or ball.*



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**JANUARY 9TH.**

*I've seen many Quakers, and Gays a few,  
And I think this a delightful Guy—don't you?  
Just look at her bonnet, and look at her back!  
To dress herself well she hasn't the knack.*



**JANUARY 10TH.**

*A Turk with a hookah, I declare!  
I think this will make you little ones stare,  
Perhaps he's the Sultan, come over to see  
If he is in this Birthday Book will be.*



**JANUARY 11TH.**

*Dear little Baby! he's wrapped up so warm,  
And just beginning to crawl;  
Out in the frosty day, comes to win,  
Fresh air, and plenty of fun.*



**JANUARY 12TH.**

A jug and a basin—for what, do you think?  
Wash water to wash little fingers from ink,  
For some little children, alas! are so  
Fond of teaching such things, you know.



**JANUARY 13TH.**

Roly-Poly with a snowball,  
Thrusting it or nothing at all;  
Roly-Poly round about,  
It seems to me he's very stout.



**JANUARY 14TH.**

So worried with her heavy load?  
So ragged, old, and cold?  
Dear children, always pity show  
To those who're poor and old.



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**JANUARY 15TH.**

A clown, or a jester, I fancy this man,  
For really I can't be sure, think as I can;  
His hair stands on end, and his waist's very long,  
And he looks just as if he was singing a song.



**JANUARY 16TH.**

A cottage so rustic, and pretty, and warm;  
Would you like to live in it, pray?

Little children, I dare say, are living  
there now,

And, though poor, are happy all  
day.



**JANUARY 17TH.**

My dear little lady, now why turn you back?  
I am sure that your face is fair;  
Yet we see but your dress, and the sound of your  
step.



'Tis even a smudge of ink.

**JANUARY 1800.**

If you have eyes, here's something  
to find them,  
Something most jolly and sweet ;  
A few mangoes-would be what eyes  
delight in,  
To them 'tis a wonderful treat.



**JANUARY 1900.**

Small black-haired child, with a shabby  
round face,  
Two little round eyes, and round nose ;  
Little fat nose, and little white frock,  
And our jump the dear little toes !



**JANUARY 2000.**

There was an old woman whose hat  
Was all peaked, and not so all flat ;  
On her back was a horse,  
That stuck out in a hoop,—  
'Twas a trouble to her when she sat.



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**JANUARY 2100.**

Of an empty chair, when it's ugly, too,  
Why, what can we say, between me and you  
We only can fancy some lady fair  
In coming to sit in the empty chair.



**JANUARY 2200.**

A very good lady, come out for a walk,  
What a feather, and huge behind hat !  
So very important, yet only a child,—  
We all very well can see that.



**JANUARY 2300.**

Just see what a poor he is rushing along !  
Just look at his nose and his chin !  
His hat, and his pig-tail, his curious legs,  
And his nose, too, so awkward and thin.



End of Sample.