

THE
PLEASURE BOOK
OF THE YEAR



157-
Scarcely

Y
For dear. Evelyn.

from Aunt Annie.

Great day - 1873.

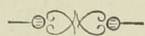
THE
PLEASURE BOOK
OF THE YEAR.

IN WORDS AND COLOURED PICTURES.



LONDON:
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS,
BROADWAY, LUDGATE.

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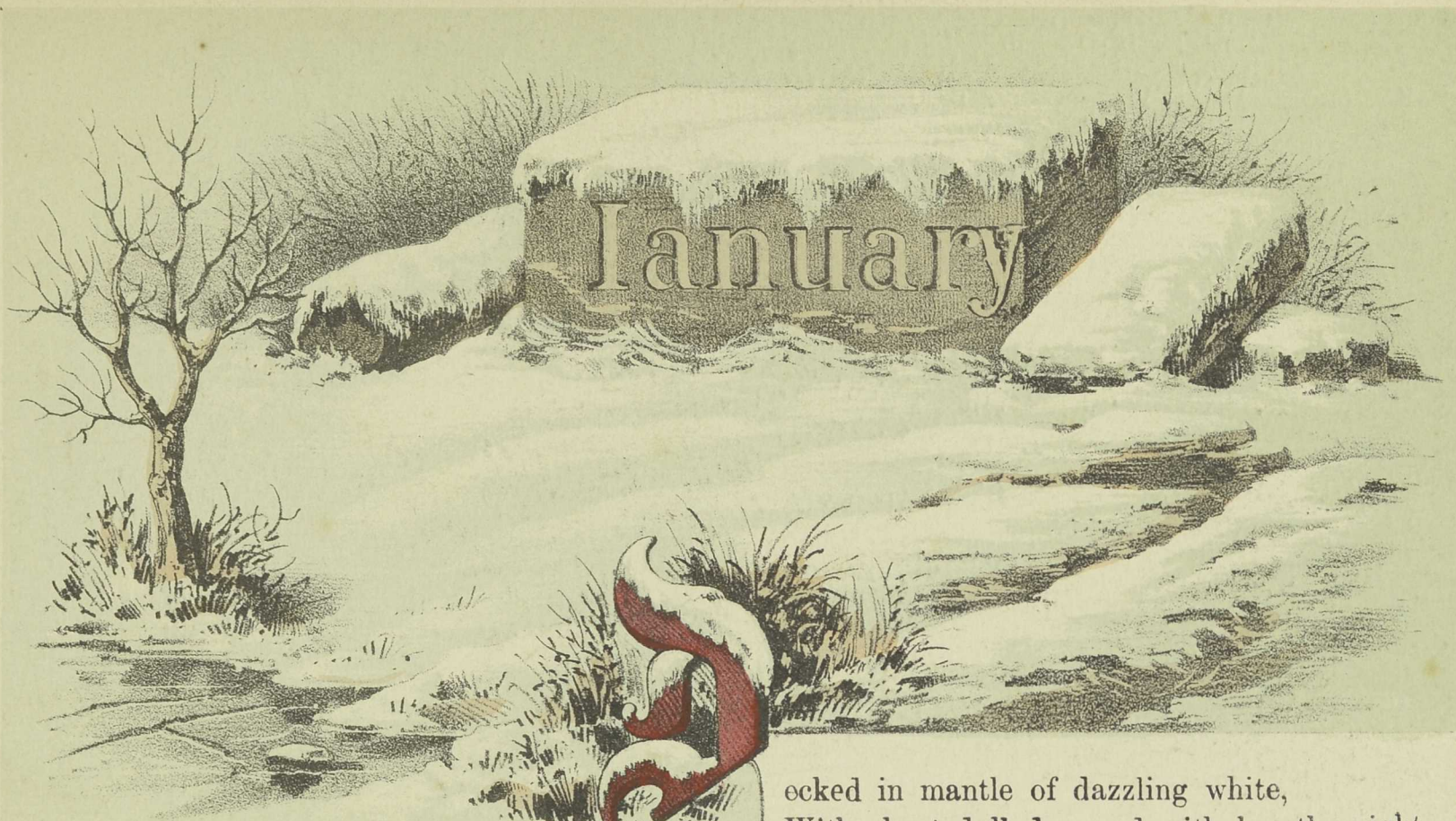
EARLY FROST.

A HARD FROST.

CARRYING WOOD.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

The opening Year



ecked in mantle of dazzling white,
With short dull day and with lengthy night,
January again is here:

Rough rude month that opens the year.
In the furrow the seed-corn sown
Slumbers out in the fields alone.
Resting under its robe of snow,
Till with spring it shall rise and grow.
Icy winter hath laid his hand
Far and wide over all the land,
But the seeds, in their cloak so warm
Snugly sleeping, are safe from harm.



Winter-Flowers

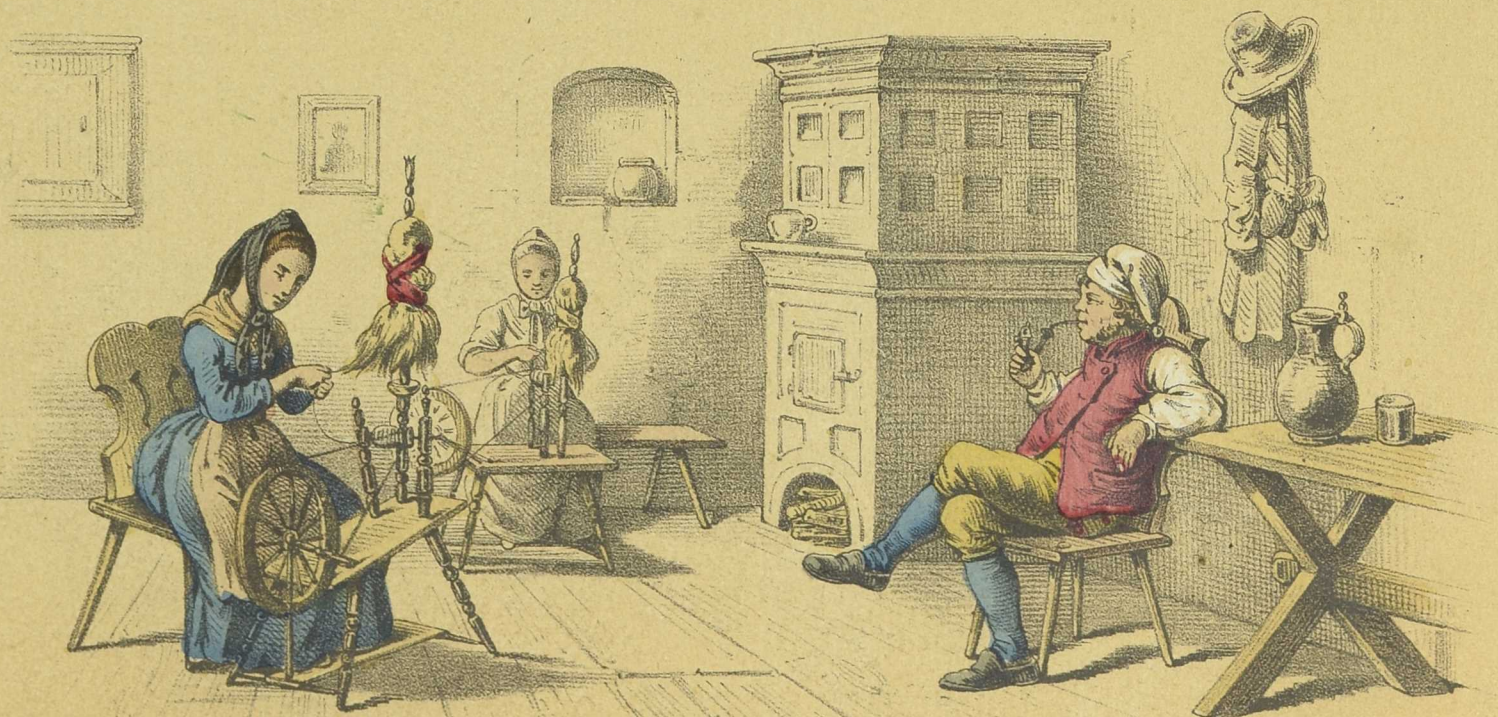
Spring and summer for flowers, we say,
Ere winter cometh, they fade away; —
And now the garden lies all forlorn,
With never a blossom to pluck at morn.
Not in the garden are flowers, 'tis true,
But winter bringeth us blossoms too;
He paints our windows with might and main,
And rattles the panes till they shake again;
And where on the window his breath doth freeze,
Are wonderful forms of flowers and trees.



With Dog and Gun



When snow lies deep on all the ground,
And hides the country far around,
The huntsman boldly forth must go,
And face the winds that wildly blow.
With gamebag, pouch and gun he'll wend
Till the short winterday doth end.
He seeks throughout the silent wood,
The beasts that serve mankind for food,
And those whose fur, when well prepared,
The wearer from the cold will guard.
The faithful dog will be his guide,
To show where hares and rabbits hide;
For Rover searches all the place,
And aids his master in the chase.
The thrifty maids, meanwhile, within
Sit by the fire to knit and spin,
For now's the time the housewife chooses,
To spin the flax for summer uses.



Skating and Sleighing



It has been freezing all the week,
It snowed last night, I see;
And now the ice is firm and thick,
And safe as ice need be.

Now good Jack Frost he never waits
For any lazy one;
So up my boys, put on your skates,
Before the ice is gone.

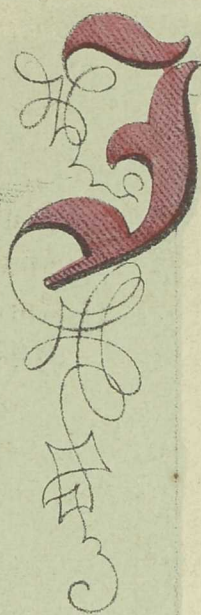
And bring me out our fine new sledge,
To whisk us o'er the snow;
Now, ladies, not too near the edge.
Sit firm — and off we go!



Cold February



February

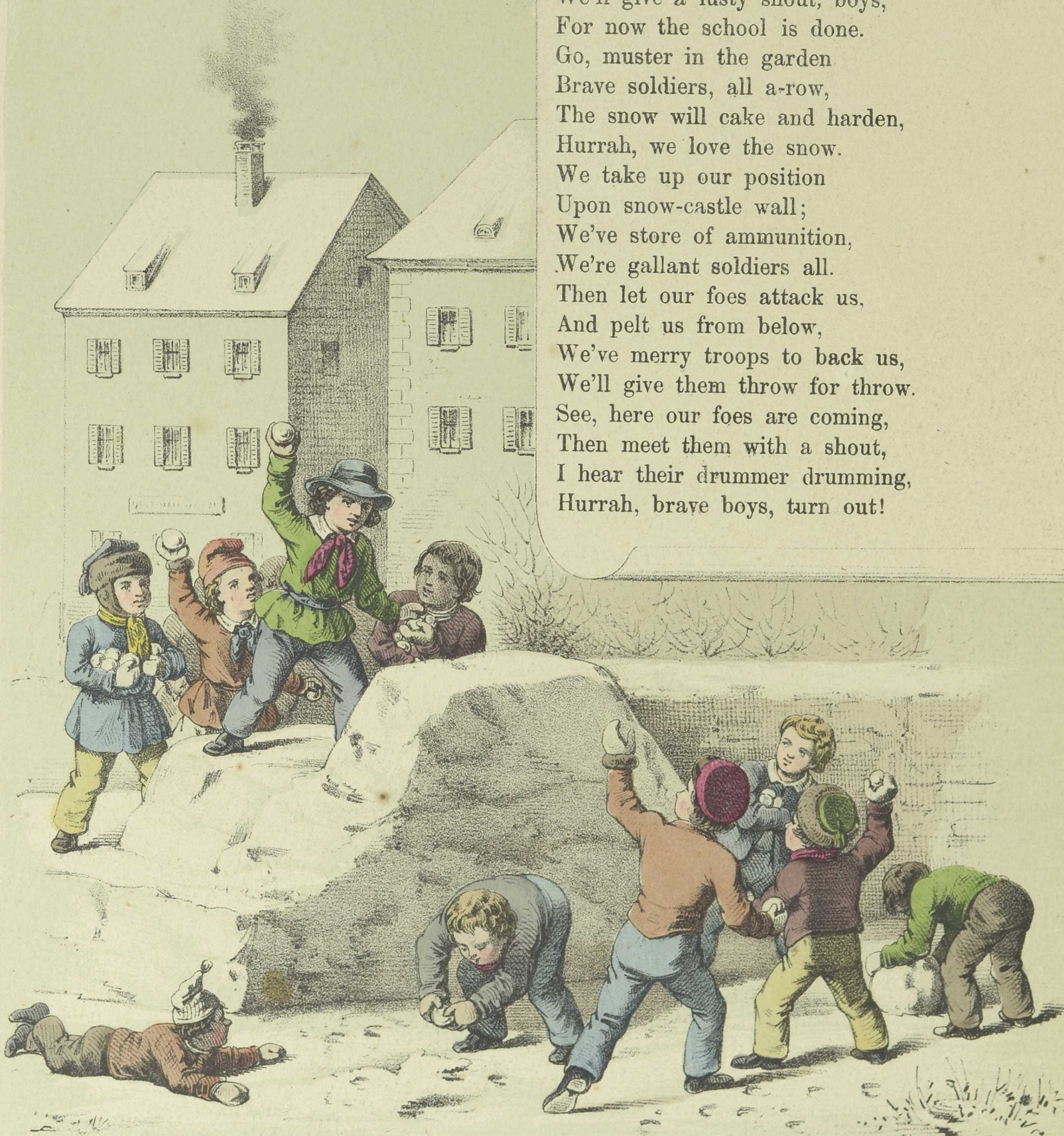


s January past and gone,
Cold February next comes on —
He binds with iron frost the ground
And ice and snow he strews around;
He plagues us oft with bitter cold,
And rightly saith the proverb old:
»When February's days grow longer,
The wintry cold is fierce and stronger.«
Now comes the time to pile the fire,
And warm us to our hearts' desire.
Good grand-sire by the fire now stays,
And warms him at the cheerful blaze,
But young ones must be brisk and bold,
And in the fields defy the cold.
Into the forest forth go they,
To bring the heavy logs away,
Which Jack the woodman, long before,
Has piled up for the winter store.



Snow-Castle

Hurrah! turn out, turn out, boys,
The clock has just struck one.
We'll give a lusty shout, boys,
For now the school is done.
Go, muster in the garden
Brave soldiers, all a-row,
The snow will cake and harden,
Hurrah, we love the snow.
We take up our position
Upon snow-castle wall;
We've store of ammunition,
We're gallant soldiers all.
Then let our foes attack us,
And pelt us from below,
We've merry troops to back us,
We'll give them throw for throw.
See, here our foes are coming,
Then meet them with a shout,
I hear their drummer drumming,
Hurrah, brave boys, turn out!



A merry Party

Cold without and warmth within,
Wintry silence, and jovial din;
Darkness without, in the wintry night,
Mirth within, and a blaze of light. —
Now there's plenty of fun and sport,
Where king Laughter doth hold his court,
Here in hall assembled you see
A very worshipful company.
Soldiers who never fired a gun,
Monarchs with subjects never a one,
Peasants who cannot do harvest work,
Black man and white man, Indian and Turk.
What's the meaning of all this rout?
Guess for a week and you won't find out.
Why are we dressed in garments bright?
Our grand Charade is acted to-night.



The Snowman



The snow will hold, the snow will hold,
Then build our snowman fast;
Now lose no time, for ere the night,
The frost may all be past.
So bear a hand now, ev'ry one,
And set him up to stand
With two black coal-eyes in his head
And a big stick in his hand.
Then build him up, and pile him up,
And set about it straight,
For work that should be done to-day,
May not till morning wait.



March

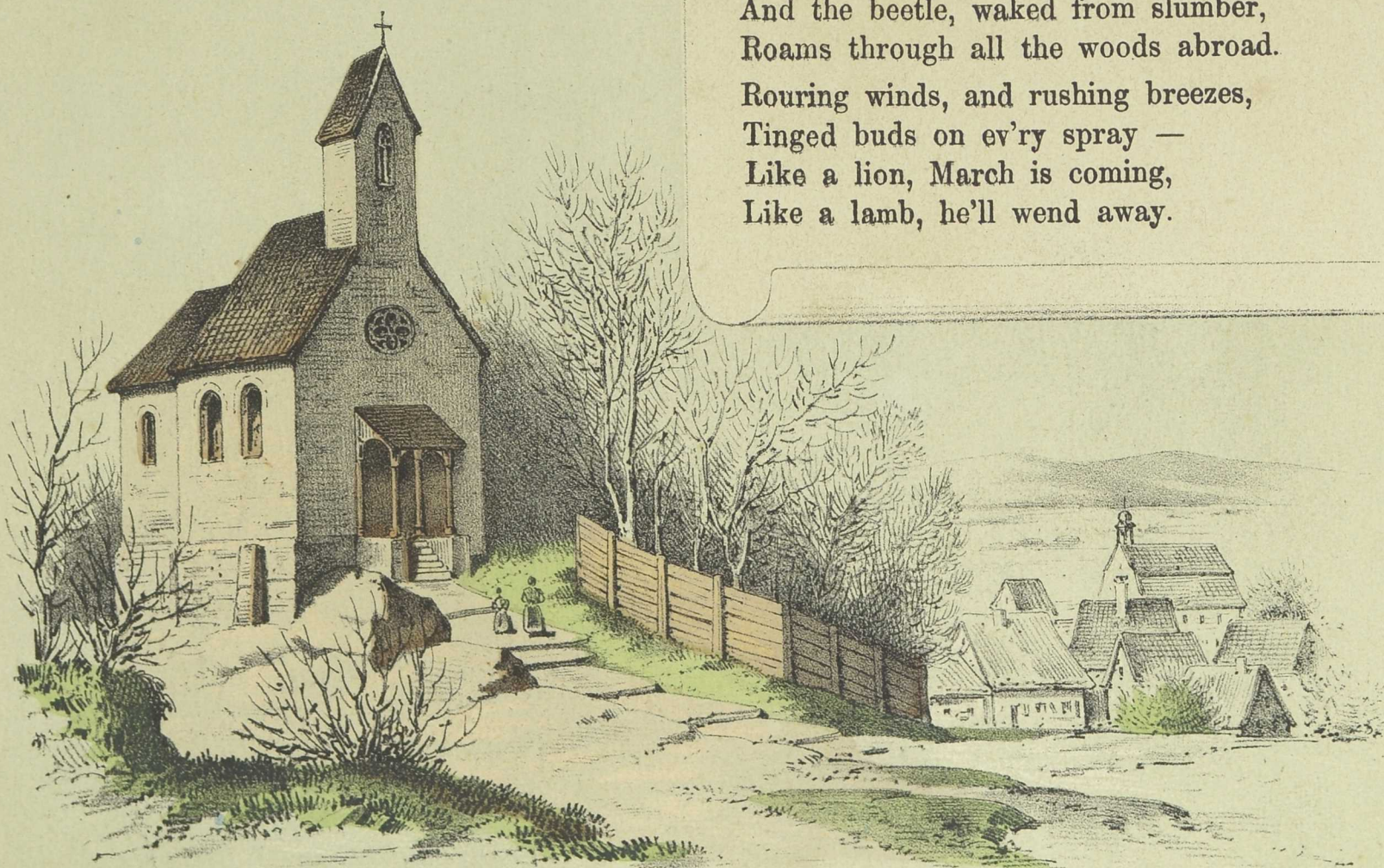


READY winter now, departing,
Leaves the world to beauteous spring.
Now the year is newly wakened,
Songs of birds through woodlands ring.

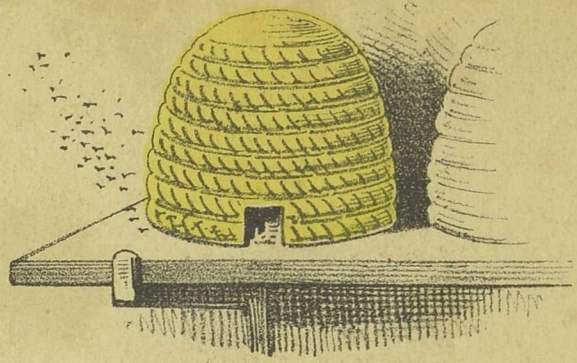
See the crocus, hardy flow'ret,
In the sheltered glade peeps forth,
And the snowdrop in the hedgerow,
Hiding from the searching north.

Now the brooks and streams are purling,
Freed from all their icy load;
And the beetle, waked from slumber,
Roams through all the woods abroad.

Rouring winds, and rushing breezes,
Tinged buds on ev'ry spray —
Like a lion, March is coming,
Like a lamb, he'll wend away.



Work for March



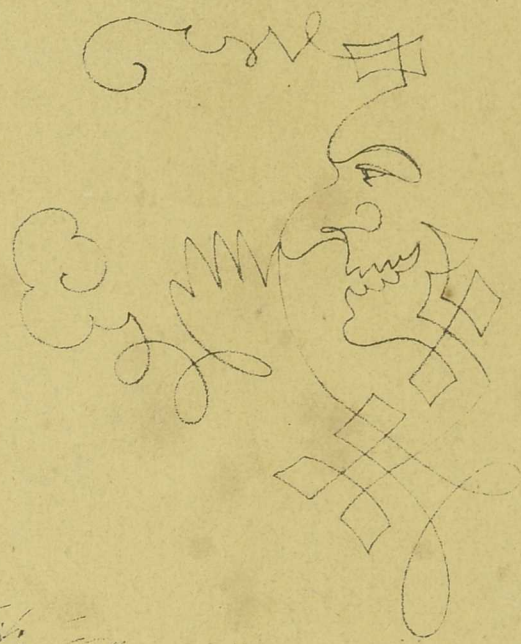
Who looks for harvest in autumn,
In spring must sow his lands;
He cannot expect a blessing,
Who slothfully folds his hands.
The bee is seeking for honey,
He never his task will shirk,
The birds their nests are all building,
And March is a month for work.
Abroad in the fields the sower,
To scatter the seed doth go;
The gardener now is busy,
With spade, with rake and with hoe;
The labourer in the vineyard
Must carefully tend the vine;
Labour and toil in the spring-time,
And autumn brings corn and wine.



March

When on the mountain melts the snow,
The brooklets run, the streamlets flow,
The mighty river, next, set free,
Rolls grandly onward to the sea.
But when, beneath the sun's warm ray,
The snow too quickly melts away,
Then angry floods cause wild alarm,
And bring much danger, loss and harm.
The brooks, now changed to torrents wide,
Rush down the rocks in roaring tide,
No river in its banks remains,
The headlong current whelms the plains,
The fields are spoiled with sand and mud,
And houses sink beneath the flood.





boy may think himself so wise,
Because he gets his tasks at school,
Done by a boy of smaller size —
Poor April fool.

A girl may think that all is done.
If she is only dressed to rule,
And has fine silks and satins on —
Poor April fool.

Boys of their strength and wit may prate,
And try by boasting to find tools,
The truth will come out, soon or late —
Poor April fools.

A selfish greedy boy we see,
Who wonders why his friends grow cool,
And why they shun his company —
Poor April fool.

April-Walks



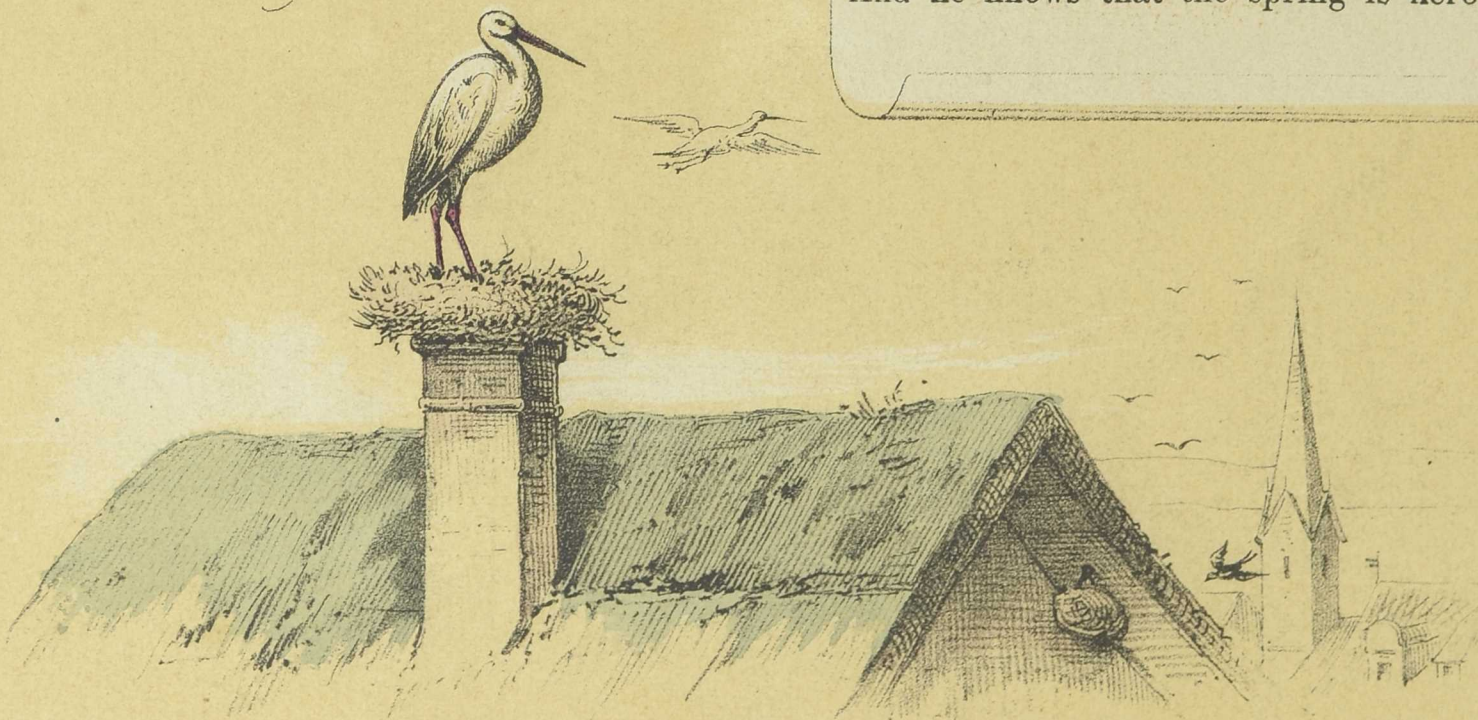
Now the trees are thick with blossom,
White and pink the twigs are crown'd;
And the sweet refreshing showers
Soft are falling all around.
Now the trees must well be tended,
Freed from vermin ev'ry shoot,
Well they will repay the trouble,
When they bend 'neath autumn fruit.
Now from dusky streets emerging
Come the good folks from the town;
Glad to tread the fragrant meadow
With its carpet soft as down.
See the children gaily singing,
Walking by their parents' side,
Spring has brought them buds and flowers,
All the meads are well supplied —
E'en the poor old broken soldier
With his crutch walks forth to day;
Young and old rejoice in April,
And expect the coming May.



Spring-Flowers



The Spring has fairly now begun,
And the leaves are on the trees,
The blust'ring wild march-winds are done,
Now comes the mild April-breeze.
The violet peeps from its mossy home,
The primrose looks forth from its bower,
The butterfly over the fields doth roam,
Enjoying the noontide-hour.
April is come with a merry call,
And its treasures the spring discloses, —
The boys bowl the hoop, and toss the ball,
While the girls seek flowers for posies.
And see, on the rooftree, I declare
Master Stork once more doth appear;
All solemn and grave he is standing there,
And he knows that the spring is here.



The Month of Flowers

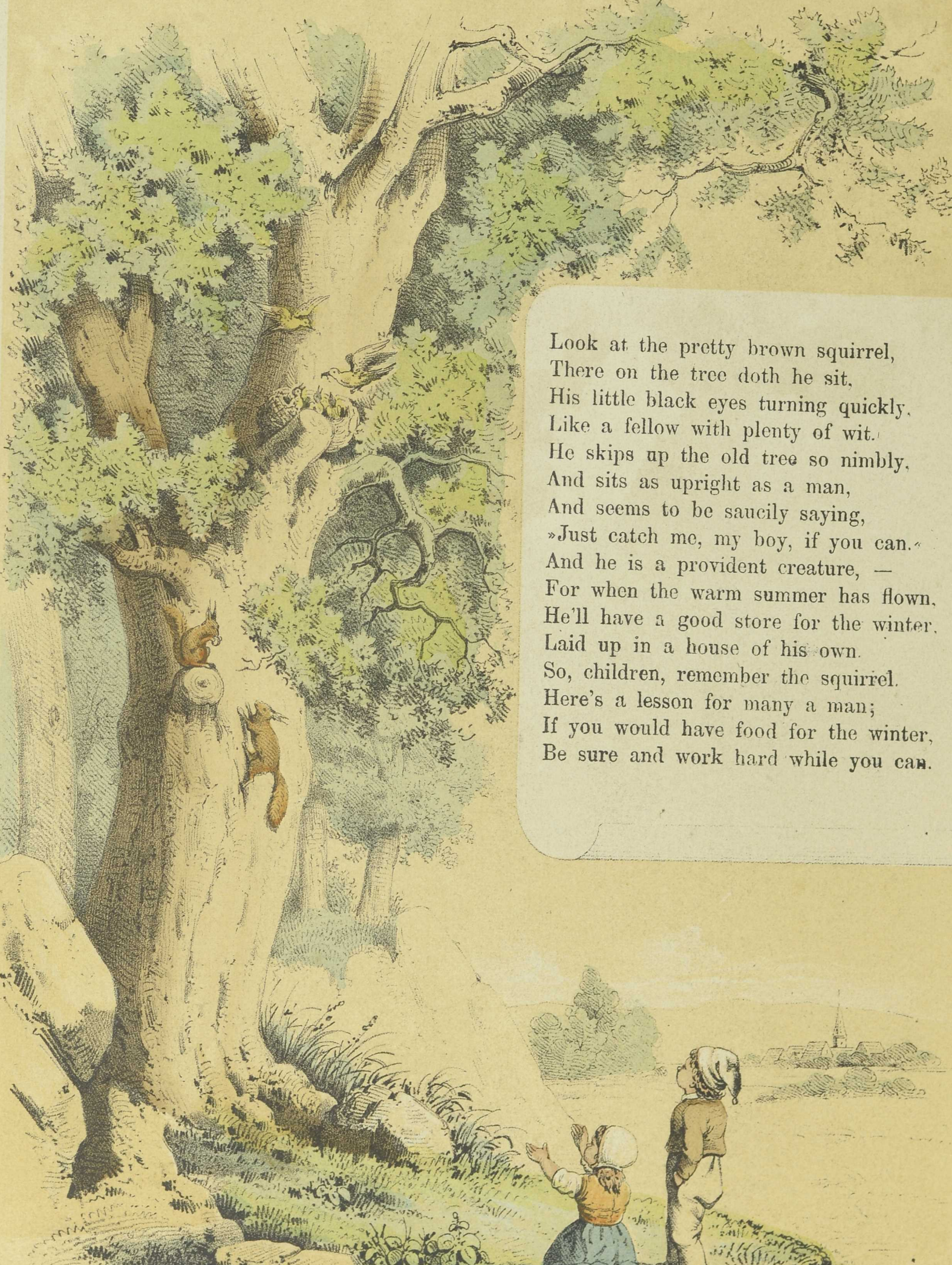
May

W

ays of lengthened brightness,
Nights calm and clear,
Flowers of snowy whiteness.
May time is here —
Gardens bloom in freshness
Brooks gently flow,
Roses blush in richness
Gardens all a-glow.
Now the little swallow
Once more is come
Many more will follow,
May brings them home.
Busy lives they're leading,
Little birds all,
Hungry nestlings feeding
By the old wall.
See the hawthorn flushing
Pink, bright and gay
See the roses blushing,
Hail, lovely May!



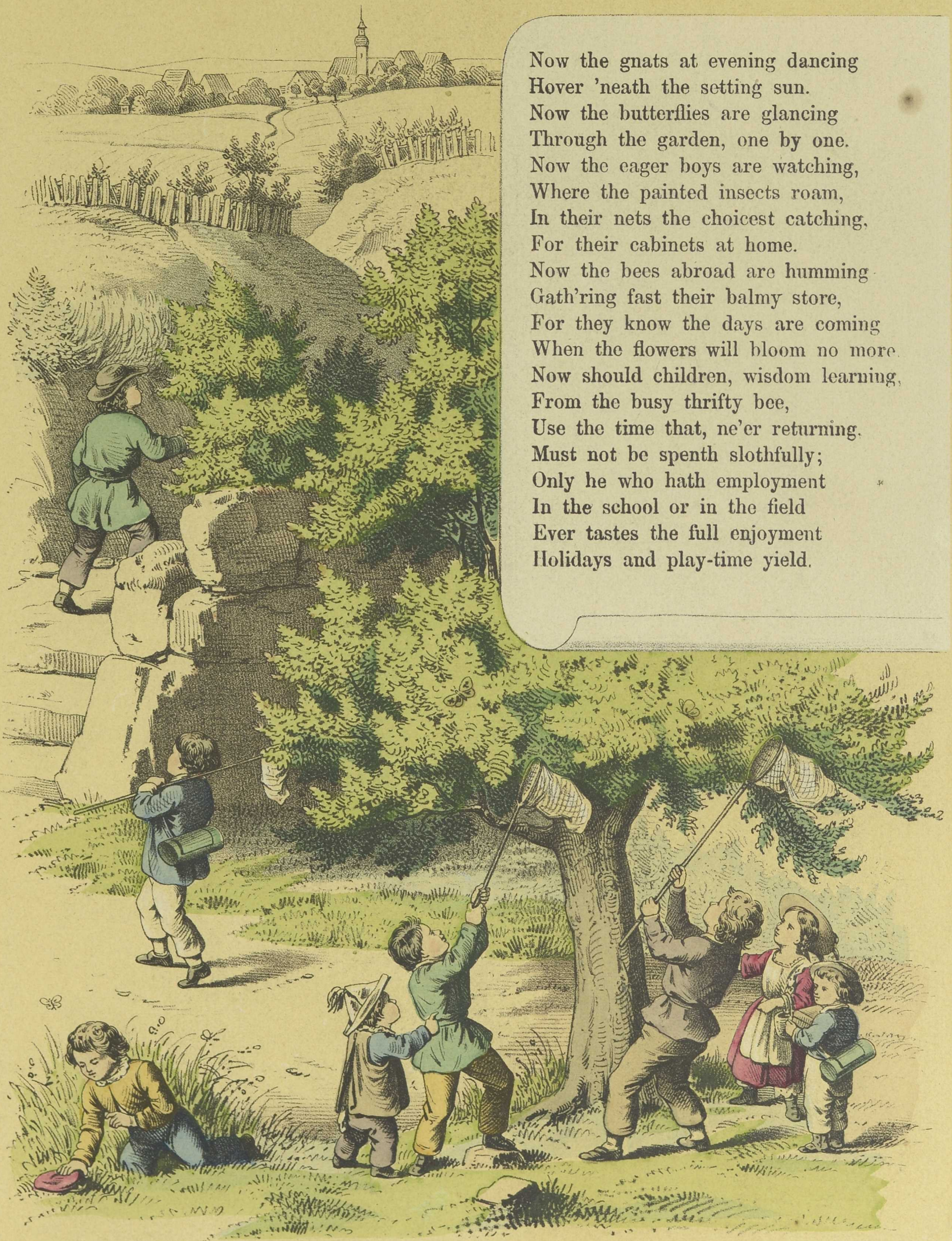
The Squirrel



Look at the pretty brown squirrel,
There on the tree doth he sit,
His little black eyes turning quickly,
Like a fellow with plenty of wit.
He skips up the old tree so nimbly,
And sits as upright as a man,
And seems to be saucily saying,
»Just catch me, my boy, if you can.«
And he is a provident creature, —
For when the warm summer has flown,
He'll have a good store for the winter,
Laid up in a house of his own.
So, children, remember the squirrel.
Here's a lesson for many a man;
If you would have food for the winter,
Be sure and work hard while you can.

Butterflies and Bees

Now the gnats at evening dancing
Hover 'neath the setting sun.
Now the butterflies are glancing
Through the garden, one by one.
Now the eager boys are watching,
Where the painted insects roam,
In their nets the choicest catching,
For their cabinets at home.
Now the bees abroad are humming
Gath'ring fast their balmy store,
For they know the days are coming
When the flowers will bloom no more.
Now should children, wisdom learning,
From the busy thrifty bee,
Use the time that, ne'er returning,
Must not be spent slothfully;
Only he who hath employment
In the school or in the field
Ever tastes the full enjoyment
Holidays and play-time yield.



Work for May



The merry month of May
May be time for sport and play,
As many of our poets tell.
But this is likewise true,
It brings us work to do,
And it must have its work done well.
There are sheep that must be washed,
There is linen must be bleached,
There's a task to be done ev'ry day
Then early we'll begin,
That each task be fitted in,
And nothing left undone in May



The Cherry Orchard

June



aniel, Master Daniel,
Yonder in the tree,
Shaking down the cherries
Won't you think of me?

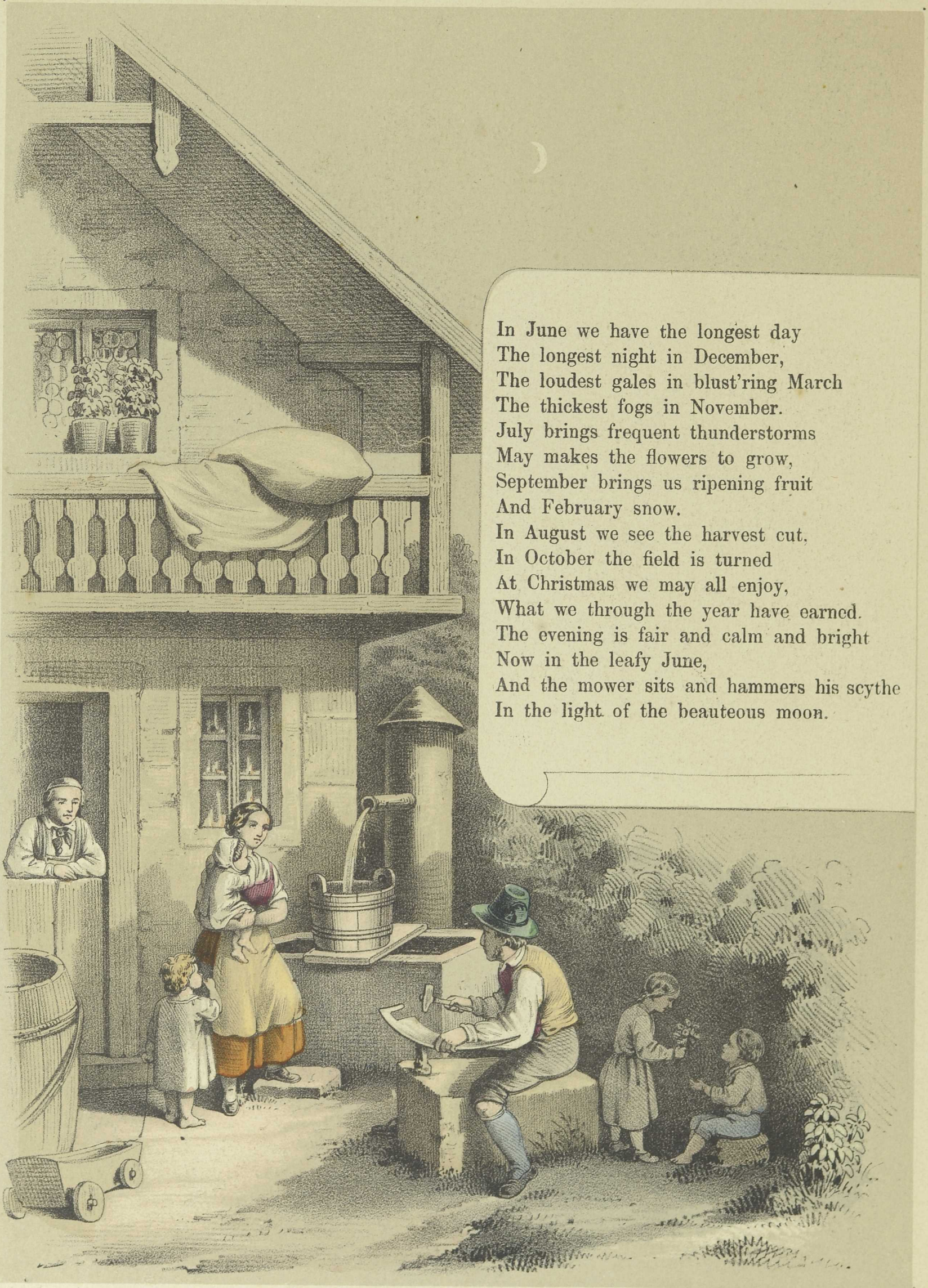
I've a little sister
Lies at home in bed,
She's so weak and sickly
She can't lift up her head.

Give me bright red cherries
I'll take them to her soon,
That she may rejoice in
The gifts of bounteous June.

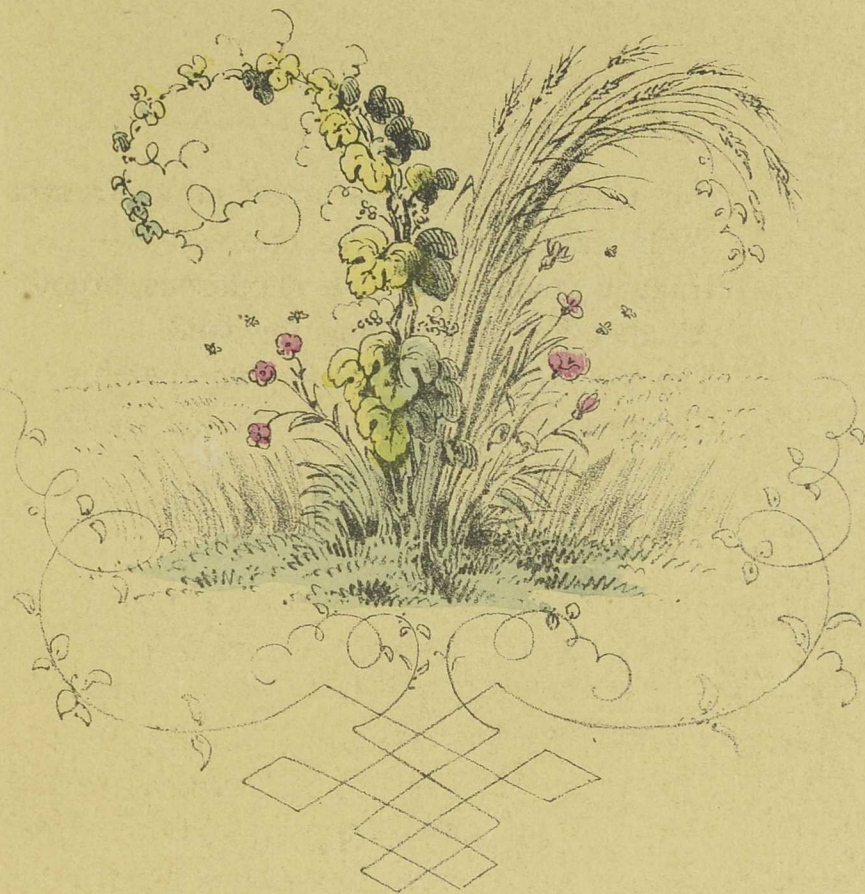


A Night in June

In June we have the longest day
The longest night in December,
The loudest gales in blust'ring March
The thickest fogs in November.
July brings frequent thunderstorms
May makes the flowers to grow,
September brings us ripening fruit
And February snow.
In August we see the harvest cut,
In October the field is turned
At Christmas we may all enjoy,
What we through the year have earned.
The evening is fair and calm and bright
Now in the leafy June,
And the mower sits and hammers his scythe
In the light of the beauteous moon.



Haymaking



With scythe and with rake
Afield our way we take,
At early morning's call,
Merry haymakers all.
The mower cuts the grass,
Then onward we must pass
With our rakes, all a-row,
To toss it to and fro;
In the field when it hath lain
We load it on the wain,
And in the home field
A mighty stack we build,
And when we've stored our hay,
Our grateful thanks we pay,
To Him, whose bounty yields
A blessing to our fields.

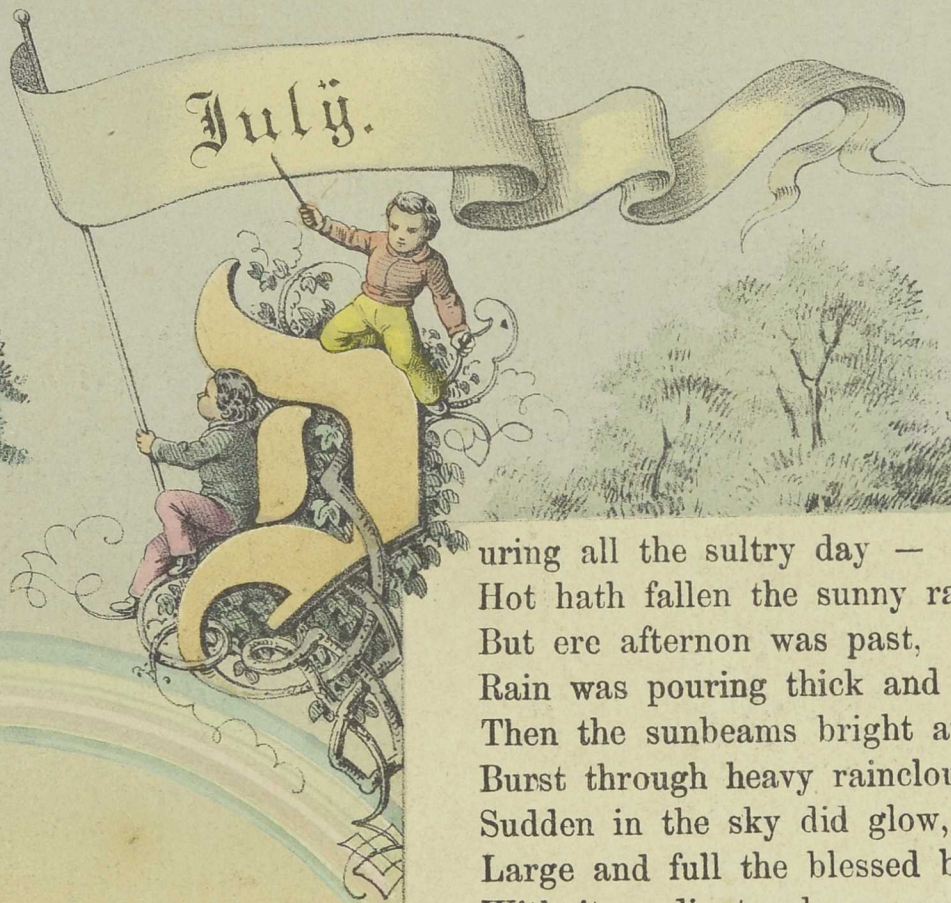


Animals and their Young

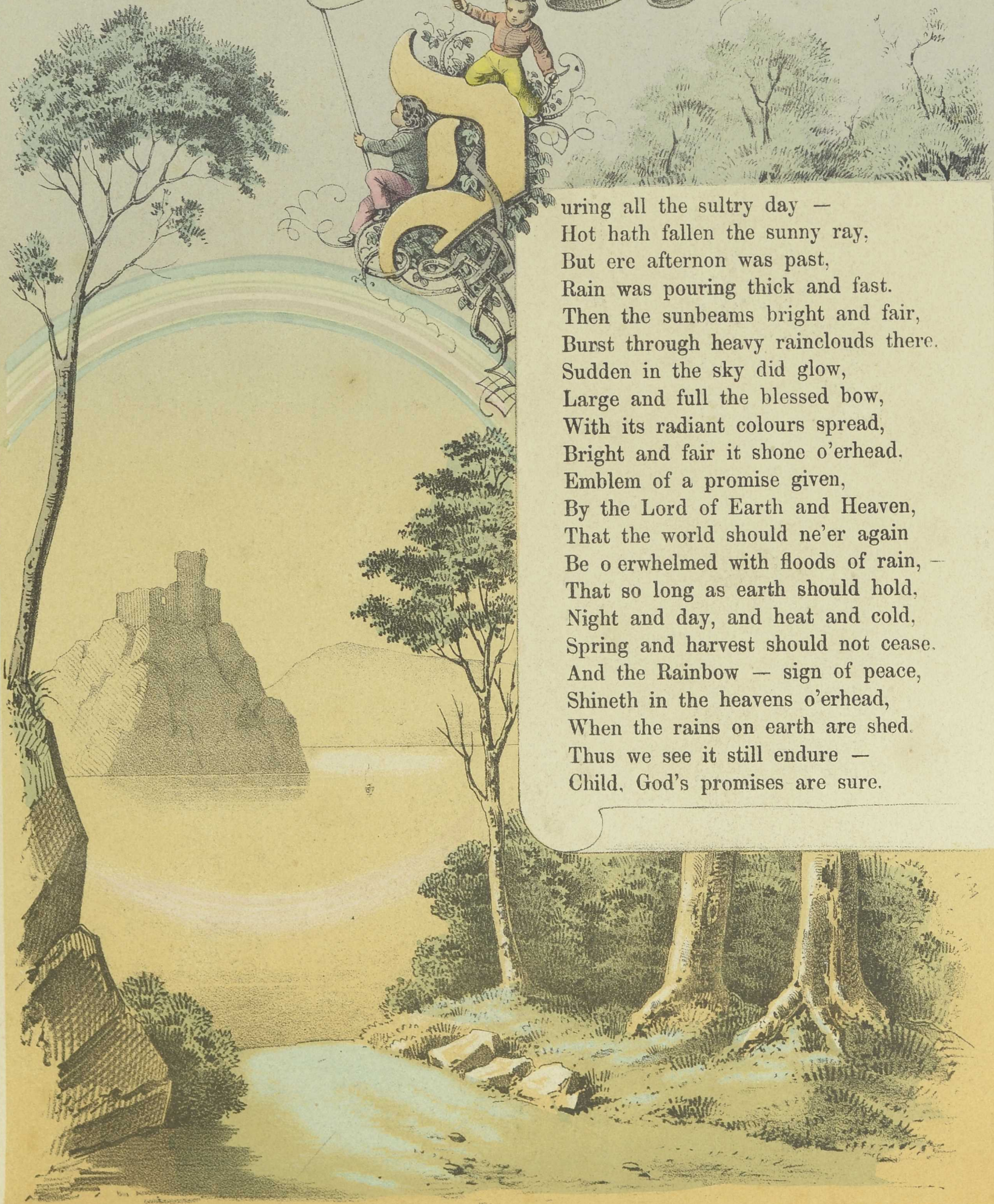


Our friends the storks stand on their nest
With many family cares oppressed —
Hungry young storks, a clamorous brood
All day long are crying for food.
The swallows too, beneath the thatch,
The livelong day must be on the watch,
Catching the insects as they fly,
And feeding their nestlings tenderly.
In the garden, our good old hen
Walks forth with her chickens, nine or ten,
Carefully teaching each little chick
For worms and insects to peck and pick.
The mare has a foal, a lamb each sheep,
The duck has a brood of ducklings to keep,
Thus hath each creature its children small
And each one loves and cares for them all.

The Rainbow



uring all the sultry day —
Hot hath fallen the sunny ray,
But ere afternoon was past,
Rain was pouring thick and fast.
Then the sunbeams bright and fair,
Burst through heavy rainclouds there.
Sudden in the sky did glow,
Large and full the blessed bow,
With its radiant colours spread,
Bright and fair it shone o'erhead.
Emblem of a promise given,
By the Lord of Earth and Heaven,
That the world should ne'er again
Be overwhelmed with floods of rain, —
That so long as earth should hold,
Night and day, and heat and cold,
Spring and harvest should not cease.
And the Rainbow — sign of peace,
Shineth in the heavens o'erhead,
When the rains on earth are shed.
Thus we see it still endure —
Child, God's promises are sure.



Field and Forest



The corn, the splendid yellow corn
Is rip'ning in the sun
Already the farmer thinks, each morn
When harvest may be begun —
The bearded barley now waves high
And shakes in the summer breeze,
And as the reaping time draws nigh
The little birds take their ease —
For now the cares of the nest are o'er.
Their young ones can fly alone,
And old and young are hovering o'er
The fields where the corn is grown.
Among the corn-ears tall and long
They flutter and fly all day,
For how should little birds know 'tis wrong
To steal the corn away? —
So the farmer makes the scarecrow stand,
In the cornfield high in view —
But what he is worth they understand
After a day or two.



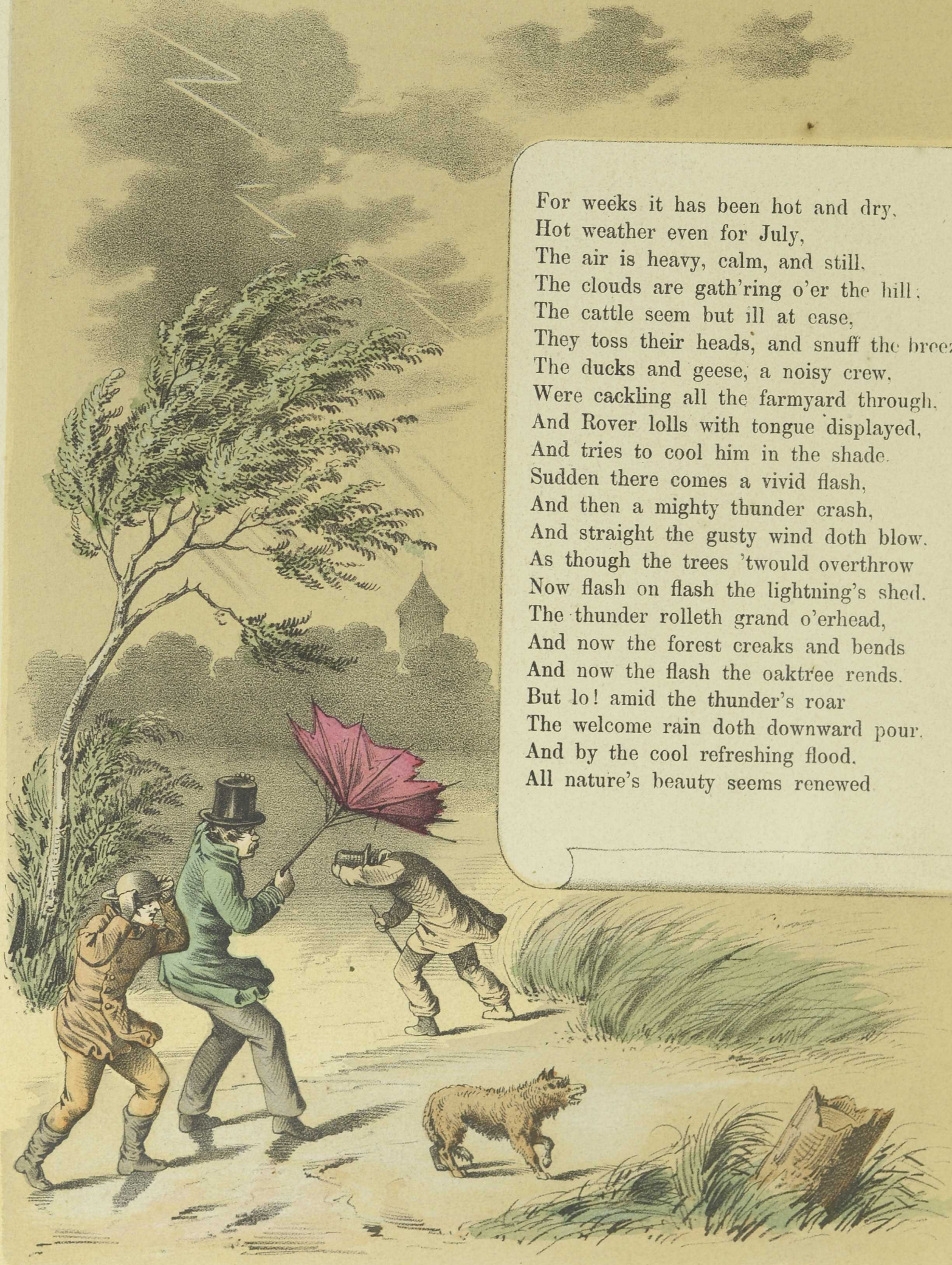
Bathing and Swimming

Beautiful limpid river,
How quietly glides it by,
Cool and inviting ever,
All through the hot July.
How in the sultry weather
Rippling it seems to say
»Come little boys, come hither.
Who's for a bath today?«
Stand not debating gravely
In with you one and all,
Plunge in and strike out bravely;
Boys should not mind a fall.
E'en should the stream strike coldly.
'Tis but a plunge and it's done.
In with you all, then, boldly,
In with you, every one.



A Storm in July

For weeks it has been hot and dry,
Hot weather even for July,
The air is heavy, calm, and still,
The clouds are gath'ring o'er the hill;
The cattle seem but ill at ease,
They toss their heads, and snuff the breeze.
The ducks and geese, a noisy crew,
Were cackling all the farmyard through,
And Rover lolls with tongue displayed,
And tries to cool him in the shade.
Sudden there comes a vivid flash,
And then a mighty thunder crash,
And straight the gusty wind doth blow.
As though the trees 'twould overthrow
Now flash on flash the lightning's shed.
The thunder rolleth grand o'erhead,
And now the forest creaks and bends
And now the flash the oaktree rends.
But lo! amid the thunder's roar
The welcome rain doth downward pour.
And by the cool refreshing flood,
All nature's beauty seems renewed.



Harvest time



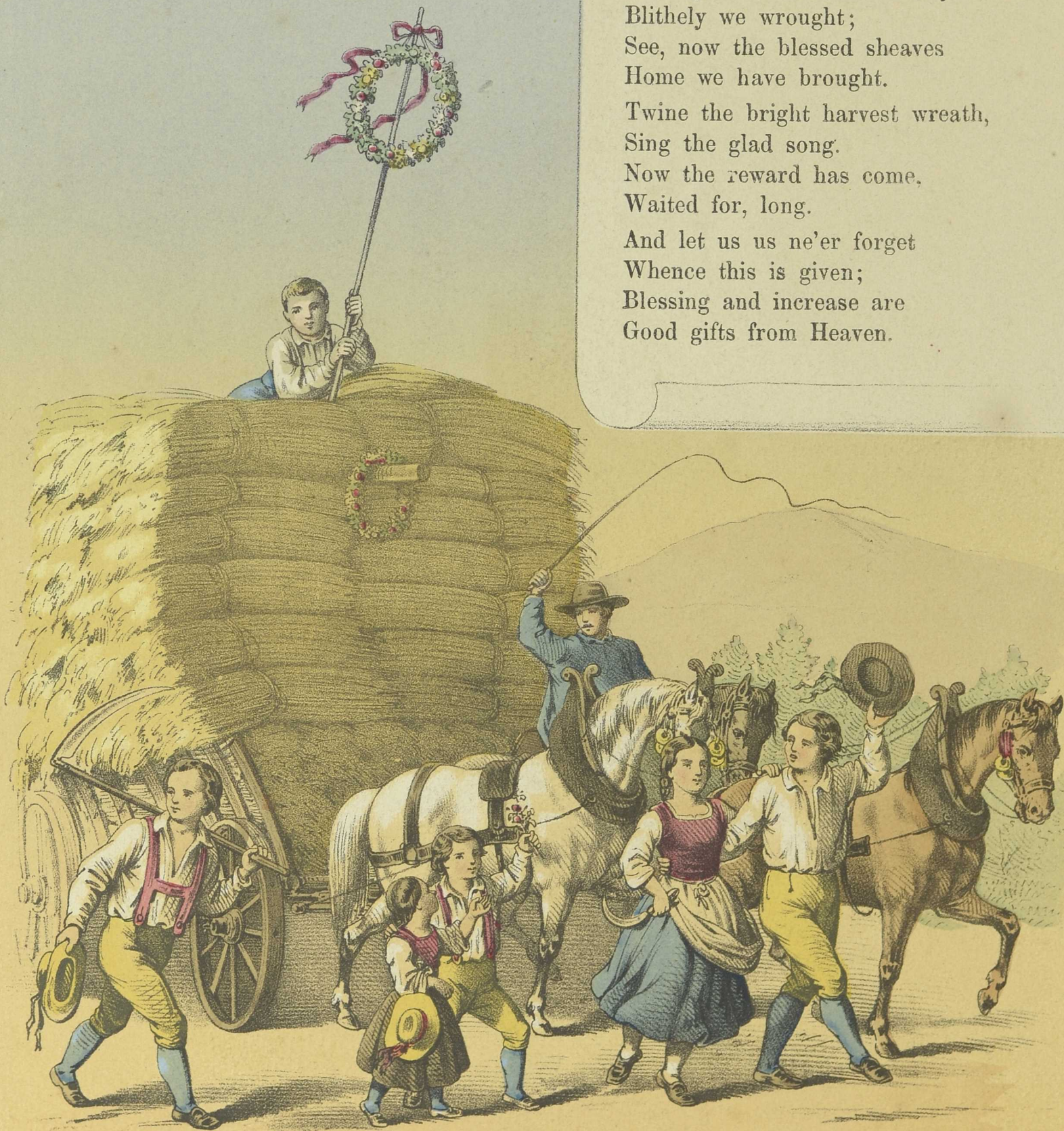
When August comes the corn-ears stand
Smiling o'er all the pleasant land;
They nod their heads, and seem to say:
»The harvest can begin today.«

The farmer now may hope to see
Return for all his industry;
Nor pains nor labour hath be spared
And all things now are well prepared.
The reapers, 'mid the bearded grain,
Now with the sickle toil amain;
Till dewy night at work they keep,
Who sow in spring, in autumn reap.



Harvest home

With the last waggon load
Onward we come ;
Gaily we now shall hold
Our harvest home.
Through the hot summer day
Blithely we wrought ;
See, now the blessed sheaves
Home we have brought.
Twine the bright harvest wreath,
Sing the glad song.
Now the reward has come,
Waited for, long.
And let us us ne'er forget
Whence this is given ;
Blessing and increase are
Good gifts from Heaven.



The woods in August



The Stag in August, with the doe,
Proud through the leafy woods doth go:
He now looks fat, and richly fed,
With branching antlers on his head.
From forest green he'll sometimes break,
And through the fields his way he'll take:
His trampling doth the corn destroy
And gives the farmer much annoy —
Then, in the leafy covert green,
The stout wild boar is sometimes seen;
He trots along with heavy pace,
Nor thinks that autumn brings the chase.



The village feast



In the warm August weather
We've stowed all our corn away,
And now we may meet together,
There's time now for sport and play.

Still it is bright warm summer,
Hedges and fields still gay, —
Welcome we every comer,
Hold we our feast to day.

Now in a crowd advancing,
See, all the village throng;
Now doth begin the dancing.
Mingled with mirthful song.

So, with a welcome hearty,
Call we our neighbours in;
Now comes a joyful party,
Now shall our sports begin.



T

he tree the boys love best to see,
 It is the good old apple tree,
 That hangeth now its branches down,
 Laden with fruit from branch to crown.
 The harvest in the fields is o'er;
 But now there comes one harvest more,
 A harvest that the children wait,
 With song and shout to celebrate.
 For all the leafy orchard now
 Doth with the ruddy apples glow,
 And purple plum and golden pear
 In ripened fulness too are there.
 We now with poles and baskets speed,
 And bring the ladder forth with heed:
 Right carefully it must be set,
 Or some a fall may chance to get.
 The branches shake, be ready now,
 And guard your heads, you boys below,
 Else you may find the falling fruit
 May give you but a rough salute;
 Now bear your baskets brimming o'er
 With apples ripe, for winter store,
 And see how from the rising pile,
 The jolly fruit doth seem to smile; —
 No wonder children love to see
 The hearty kind old apple tree.

Going to school



Holiday time is over,
All joys of earth must end;
Therefore each merry rover,
Back to his school must wend.
Holiday time brought pleasure
All the bright August through,
And in no stinted measure,
Have we enjoyed it, too.

We've climbed up many a mountain,
We've rested by many a lake,
We've drunk at many a fountain,
And wandered through bush and brake.

Now this gay journey's over,
No earthly joys can last,
Back comes each merry rover,
Holiday time is past.



Young marksmen



Now that the harvest fields are bare,
No shelter finds the timid hare,
He seeks a covert all in vain,
And scuds along the stubbly plain:
The pheasant in the thicket hides,
The partridge through the stubble glides,
While sportsmen keen, with dog and gun,
From morn to night seek ev'ry one:
We boys can likewise shooting go, —
For have we not our good crossbow?
And have we not a target too,
Which we've pierced often, through and through?
You'll say — »Eight paces I dont find,
A mighty distance« — Never mind, —
Each thing should gently be begun,
First learn to walk, and then to run.



Boys' play and girls' play



One, two, three, and away!
 We'll have a race today —
 Twice round the field, and then to the goal,
 Five yellow apples stuck on a pole;
 One, two, three and away —
 This is a fine boys' play —
 Little maids, work away,
 Weave we a chain today —
 A chain of poppystalks green and fair,
 That he who winneth the race shall wear —
 Garlands well weave today,
 That is a good girls' play.



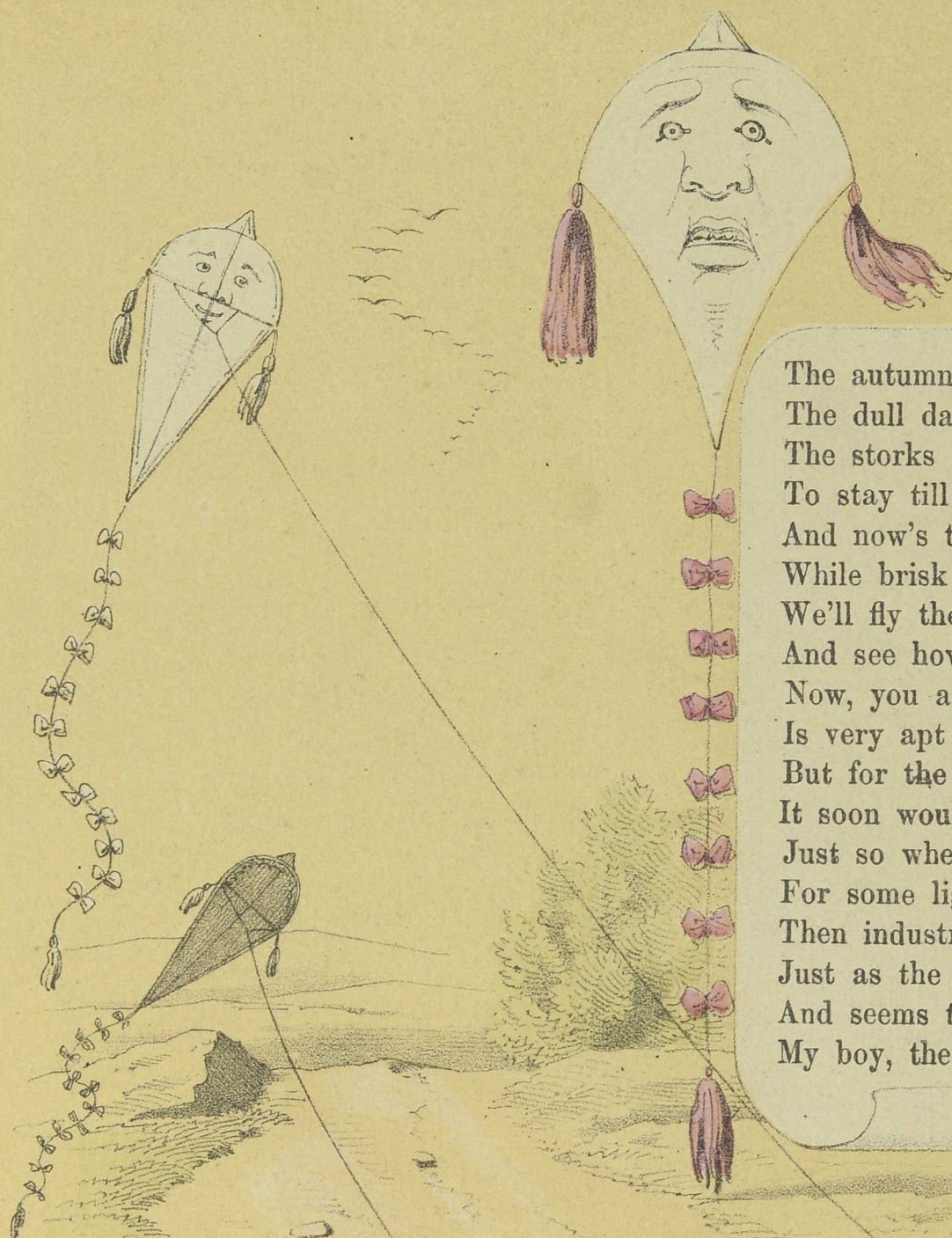
Autumn days



ays of Autumn, fruitful time,
Show'ring gifts on ev'ry clime,
Glad and grateful we receive
All the gifts that thou dost give.
Apple-gath'ring hardly done,
Now another crop comes on,
Walnuts in their cradles green
Peep, the russet leaves between.
Now with stones and sticks, our boys
Pelt the tree, 'mid gleeful noise,
Welcoming with joyful shout,
Each new nut that tumbles out.
Bitter is the thick green skin,
Sweet the nut that lurks within,
Just like learning: »First take pains,
Afterwards you reap the gains.«



Kite flying



The autumn winds are blowing loud,
The dull days shorten fast;
The storks are flying southward all,
To stay till winter's past;
And now's the time to fly our kites,
While brisk the breezes blow,
We'll fly them all together, boys,
And see how high they'll go.
Now, you all know, a paper kite
Is very apt to stray, —
But for the string that holds it back
It soon would fly away
Just so when we would quit our tasks
For some light, pleasing thing —
Then industry doth steady us,
Just as the kite the string,
And seems to tell us, ev'ry one,
My boy, there's work that must be done.



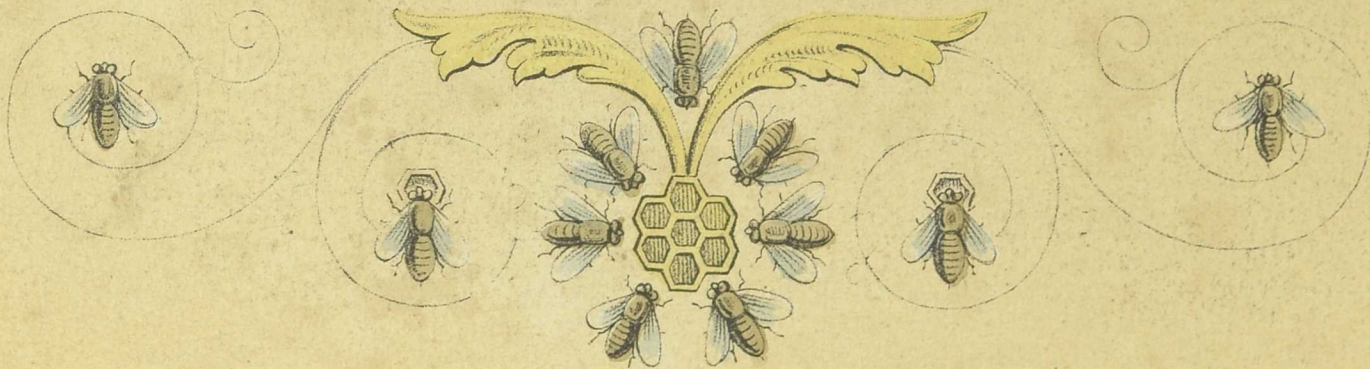
The vintage

The grapes of green or purple hue
Have ripened all the summer through,
And even through the autumn day
Are warmed by many a sunny ray;
The bunches that hang thickly there
Richly repay the vintner's care.
With tubs and baskets see him come,
For now begins his harvest home:
The grapes in large round vats are placed,
And in the winepress next are pressed,
Then crushed, they yield, for man's delight
The sparkling wine, both red and white —
The children all rejoice to hear
That vintage time is drawing near
And now right sumptuously they fare,
With purple bunches for their share.



Poor bees

Now that the summer is over,
Now that the bright days have fled,
And mists lie cold on the chilly wold
And the year's bright flowers are dead, —
The bees wrought through the summer, —
They wrought to increase their store,
Flying each hour from flower and flower, —
In the fields they find no more.
And now comes the bee-keeper
And takes down each well stored hive,
To sell for money, he wants the honey,
Whereon the poor bees should live;
With smoke of sulphur he kills them,
Placed 'neath each hive by turns;
Alas! poor bee — not each one, you see,
Enjoys the food he earns.



The threshing floor

November.

III

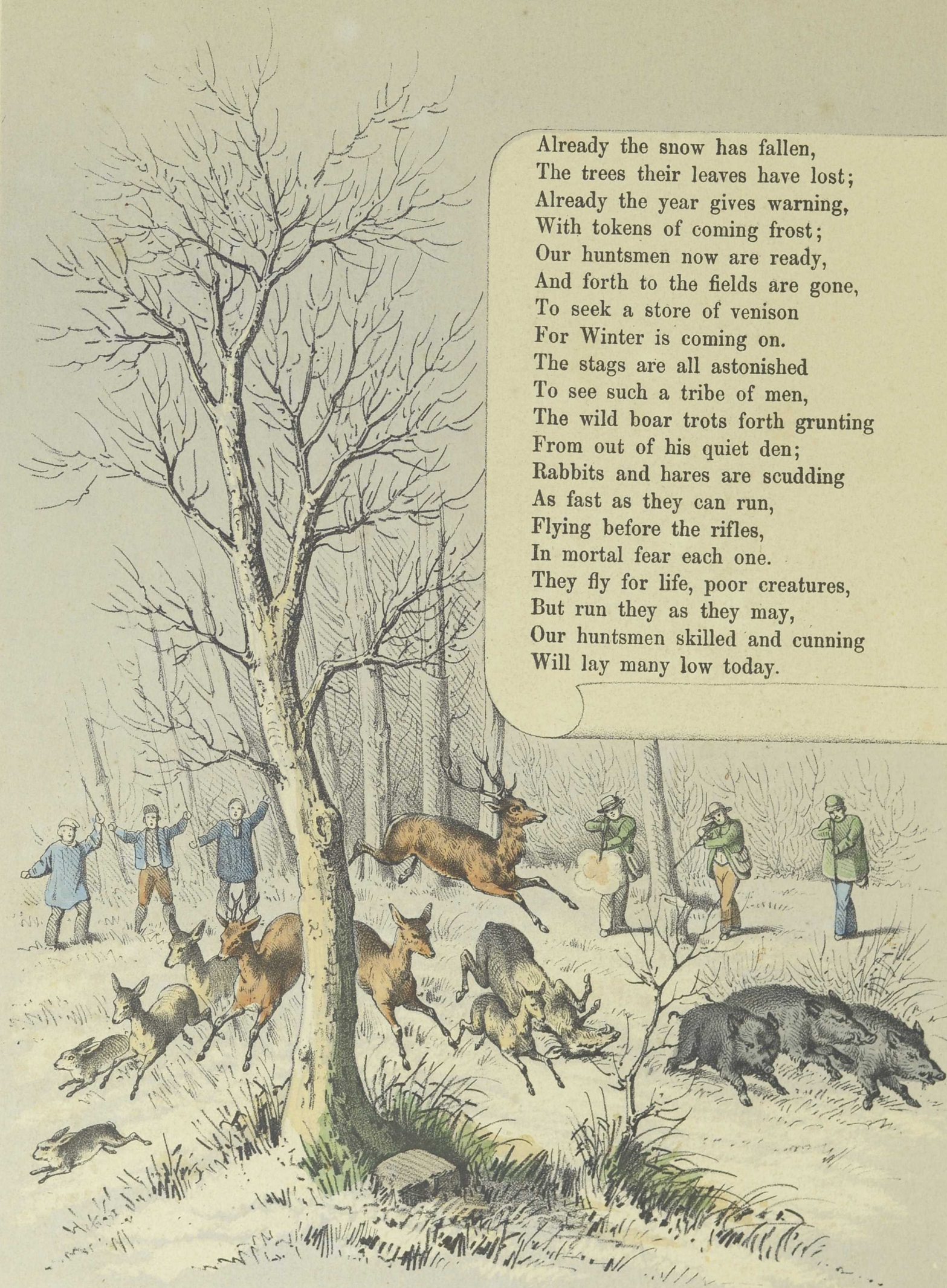
erry young threshers
Take pattern from me,
Swing deftly your flails, boys,
Keep time — »One, two, three« —
The flail should be lifted,
Brought round with a swing,
Then down on the straw, till
The barnfloor doth ring.

My merry young threshers
Keep time good and true;
My honest young readers
Here's something for you; —
Remember the lesson
That's told here in rhyme
All work, to be well done,
Must be done in time.



The grand hunt

Already the snow has fallen,
The trees their leaves have lost;
Already the year gives warning,
With tokens of coming frost;
Our huntsmen now are ready,
And forth to the fields are gone,
To seek a store of venison
For Winter is coming on.
The stags are all astonished
To see such a tribe of men,
The wild boar trots forth grunting
From out of his quiet den;
Rabbits and hares are scudding
As fast as they can run,
Flying before the rifles,
In mortal fear each one.
They fly for life, poor creatures,
But run they as they may,
Our huntsmen skilled and cunning
Will lay many low today.



Early frost



Here's an early frost boys,
Winter scarce begun,
And rivers frozen over,
And windows closed, each one.

Let us have our game, boys,
Quickly while we may, —
Throw the hearty snowball,
Ere it melts away.

On the frozen river
Cut we out the slide,
In a merry line, then,
Quickly o'er it glide.

But while gay and merry
Thus we sport and play,
Much the poor must suffer
Through the wintry day.

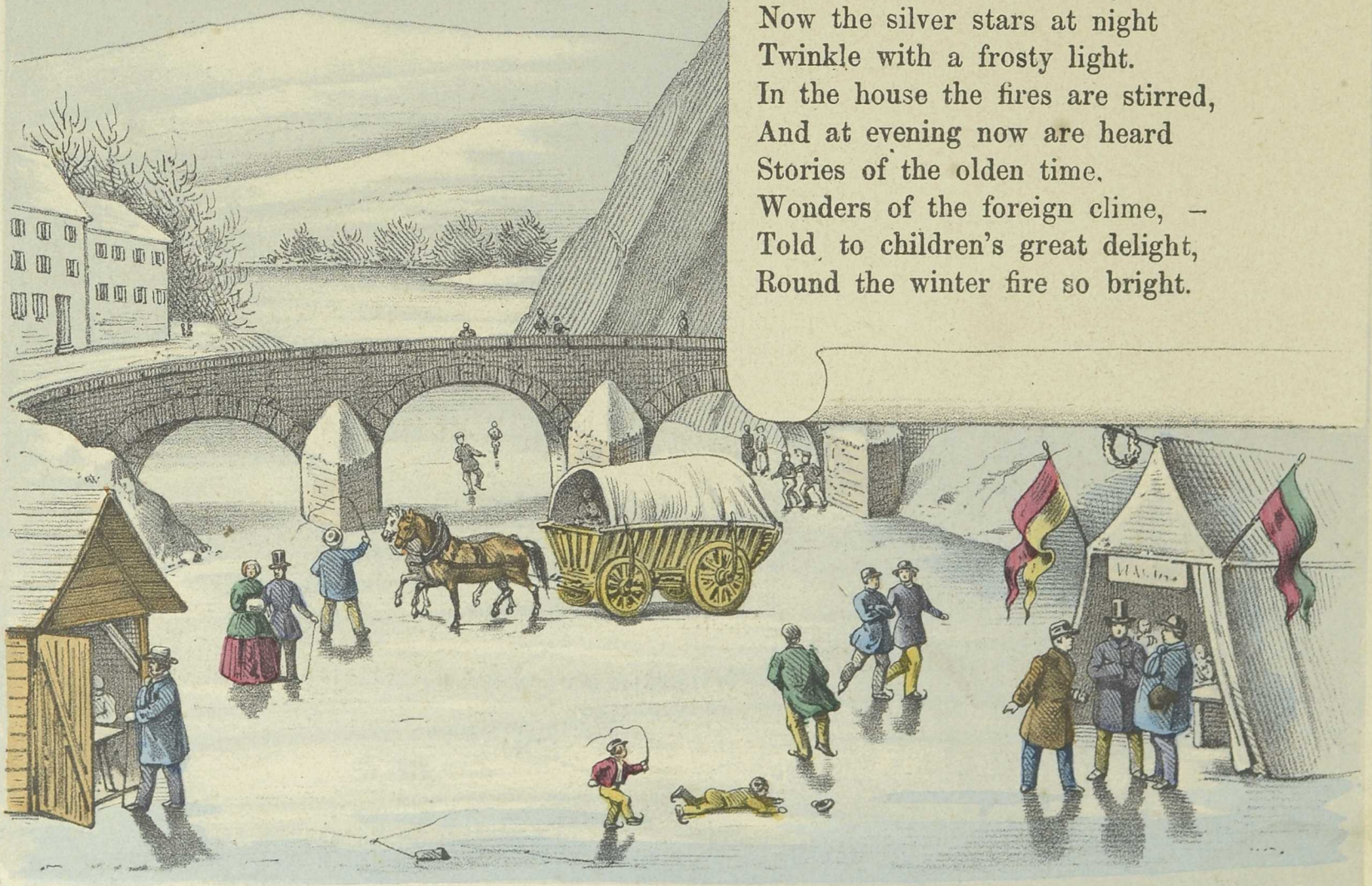
Let us not forget them, —
Ev'ry one should do
What he can to help them,
All the winter through.



A hard frost

December.

Zealous work and cheerful play,
Duties varying day by day,
Now have brought us through the year,
Till our old December's here.
He this year has ushered in
Such a frost as ne'er was seen.
See, the waggon with its load
Rolls along, as on a road,
Where, until the frost began,
Swift the rapid river ran.
Now the skater shows his skill,
Now the hare from copse and hill
Timid yet must venture down
To the gardens near the town,
For the snowclad frozen field
Not a scrap of food will yield.
Now the silver stars at night
Twinkle with a frosty light.
In the house the fires are stirred,
And at evening now are heard
Stories of the olden time.
Wonders of the foreign clime, —
Told to children's great delight,
Round the winter fire so bright.

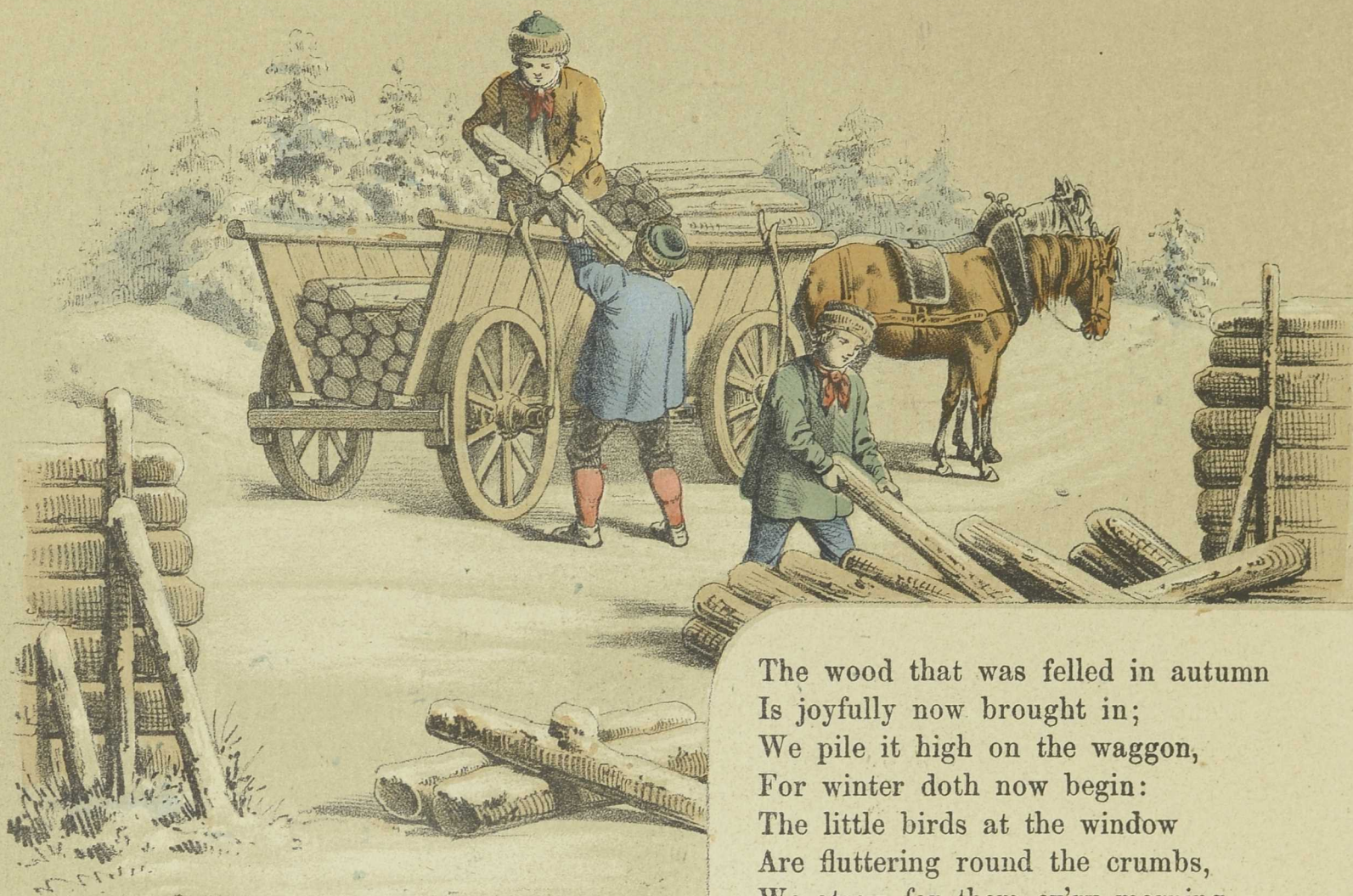


Christmas Eve

The year is nearly past and gone, —
The best of all its days comes on, —
The day that comes in old December
The day whereon we all remember
How once our Saviour Christ was born,
How here he suffered pain and scorn —
Salvation to this earth to bring —
And now He rules in heaven, our king.

The Christmas tree, with blaze of light,
Now in the cheerful room burns bright,
With presents, more than I can tell,
For all the children who've done well.
The idle naughty boy, they say,
Is by a rough man driven away,
None of my friends may this befall,
And so, a fair good night to all.





The wood that was felled in autumn
Is joyfully now brought in;
We pile it high on the waggon,
For winter doth now begin:
The little birds at the window
Are fluttering round the crumbs,
We strew for them ev'ry morning,
When the cold season comes.
It's good to be kind and ready,
It's good to remember the poor,
From the little bird at the window,
To the orphan child at the door.



P.
PLEASURE...
[1890]

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