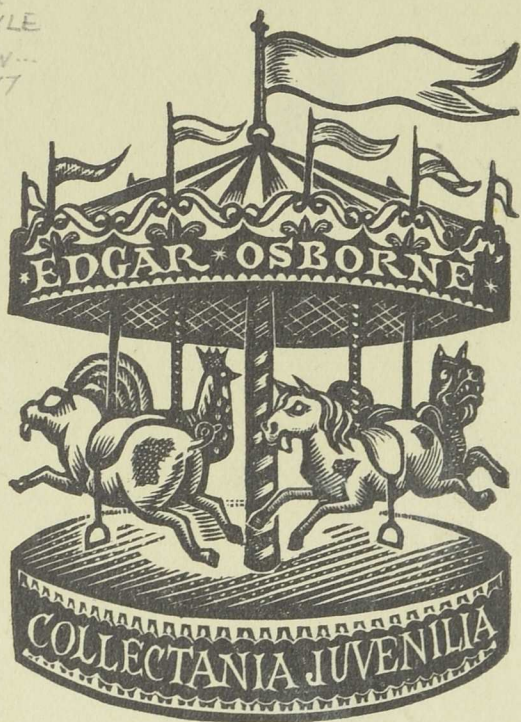


A New

Child's-Play.



NR
BOYLE
NEW---
1877



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A NEW CHILD'S-PLAY.





Our roses bloom and fade away our Infant Lord abides alway.
May we be blest His face to see, and ever little children be.

A NEW
CHILD'S-PLAY

SIXTEEN DRAWINGS

BY

E. V. B.

“ Deep meaning lieth oft in Childish Play.”
SCHILLER.



LONDON :

SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, SEARLE, AND RIVINGTON,

CROWN BUILDINGS, 188, FLEET STREET.

1877.

ELZEVIR PRESS :—PRINTED BY JOHN C. WILKINS AND VERNON,
9, CASTLE STREET, CHANCERY LANE.

TO THE CHILDREN

OF THOSE WHO, TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO, WERE AMUSED

WITH THE ORIGINAL WORK,

E. V. B.

NOW OFFERS A NEW CHILD'S-PLAY, WITH

HER GOOD WISHES FOR

1877.

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*Photographed from the Original Drawings, and printed by the
Heliotype process.*

I.

TRIP AND GO.



RIP and go, heave and hoe,

Up and down, to and fro,

From the Town,

To the Grove,

So merrily trip and go!

So merrily trip and go!



Trip and goe, heave and hoe,
Up and down, to and fro,
From the town, to the grove
So merrily trip and goe

II.

GREEN GRAVEL.



REEN gravel, green gravel,

The grass is so green,

The fairest young maiden

That ever was seen.

Oh, Mary! Oh, Mary!

Your true love is dead ;

He's sent you a green bough,

To tie round your head.

Green gravel, Green gravel,
The Grass is so green,
The fairest young maiden, that ever was seen.
Oh Mary, oh Mary, your true love is dead,
He's sent you a green bough,
To tie round your head.



III.

HUSH-A-BYE, BABY.



USH-A-BYE, Baby,

On the tree top,

When the wind blows

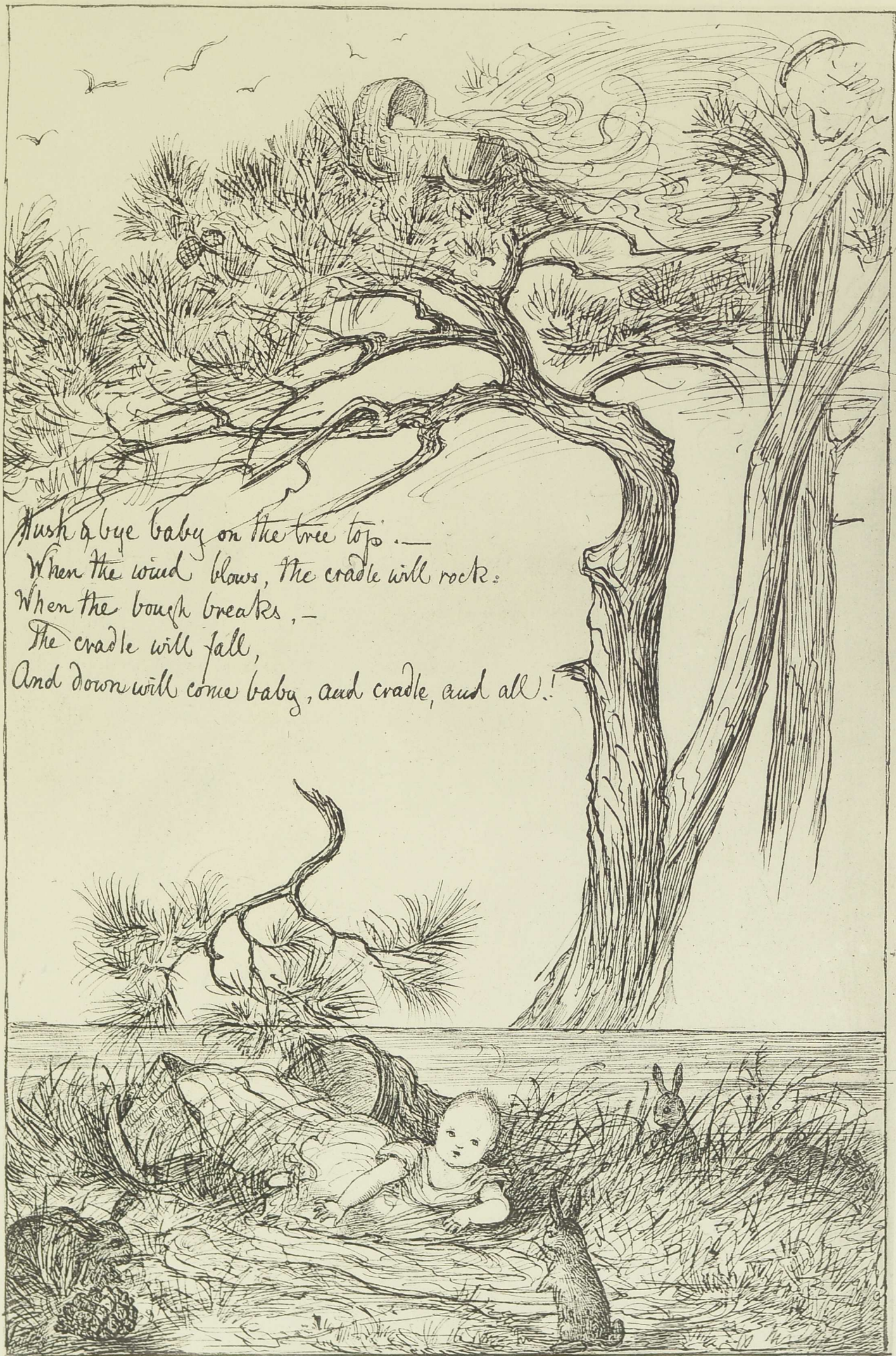
The cradle will rock :

When the bough breaks

The cradle will fall,

Down will come Baby

And cradle and all !



Hush & bye baby on the tree top. —
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock.
When the bough breaks, —
The cradle will fall,
And down will come baby, and cradle, and all.!

IV.

THE MOUSE AND THE CLOCK.



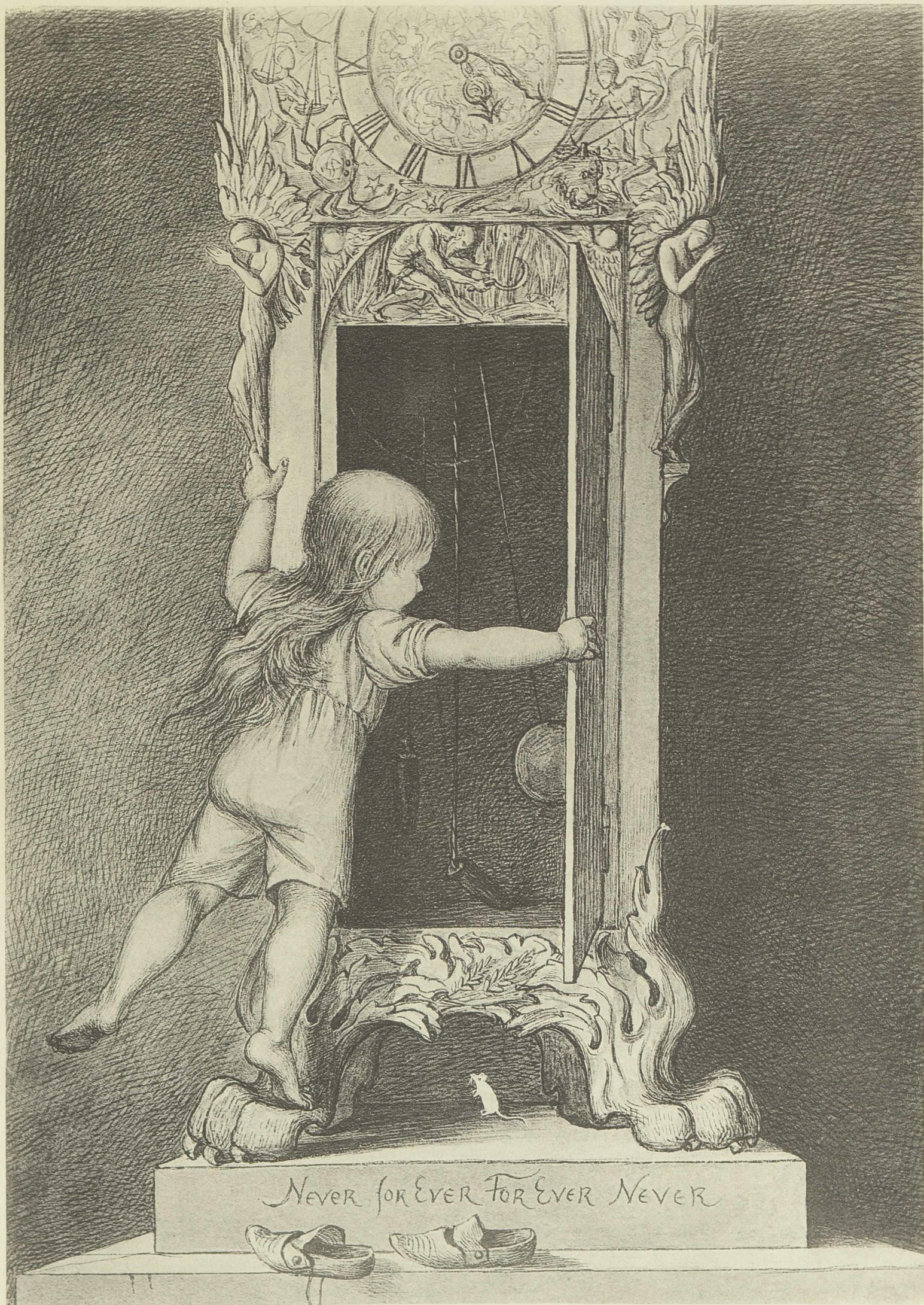
DICKORY, dickory, Dock,

The Mouse ran up the Clock ;

The Clock struck One,

The Mouse ran down,

Dickory, dickory, Dock !

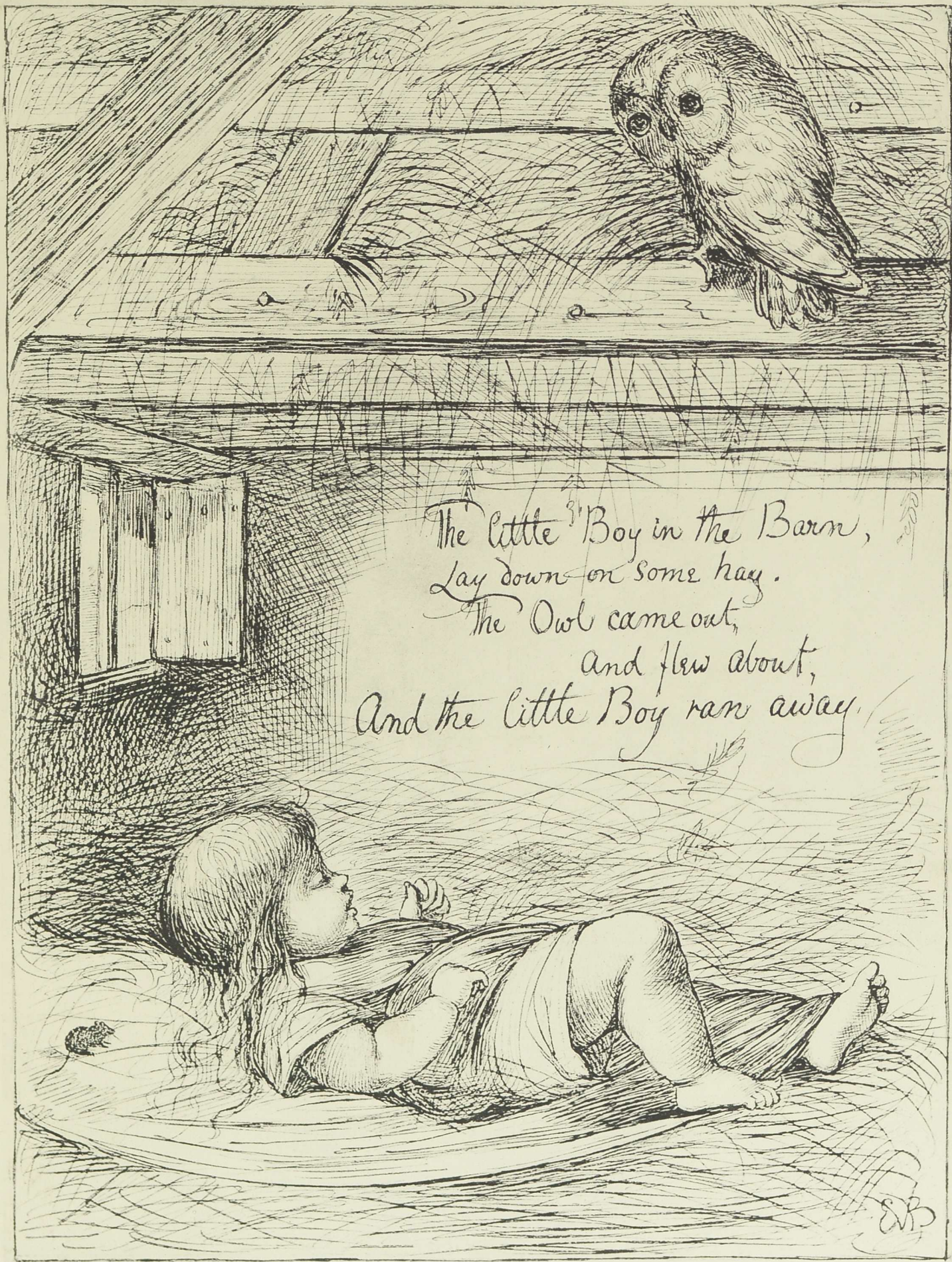


V.

THE OWL IN THE BARN.



THE little Boy in the Barn
Lay down on some hay,
The Owl came out
And flew about,
And the little Boy ran away.



The little Boy in the Barn,
Lay down on some hay.
The Owl came out,
And flew about,
And the little Boy ran away.

EB

VI.

MISS MUFFET.



LITTLE Miss Muffet,
She sat on a tuffet,
Eating of curds and whey;
There came a little Spider,
And sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet away.

Little Miss Muffet, she sat on a tuffet
Eating of curds and whey;
There came a little Spider, and sat down beside her
And frightened Miss Muffet away



VII.

THE LITTLE BROWN OWL.



HE little brown Owl
Sits up in the tree,
And, if you look well,
His big eyes you may see.

He says Whit-a-whoo
When night grows dark,
And he hears the dogs howl
And the little foxes bark.



The little brown owl sits up in the tree
And if you look well
His big eyes you may see.
He says Whita whoo, when the
night grows dark,
And he hears the dogs howl,
And the little foxes bark

VIII.

THE LITTLE NUT-TREE.



HAD a little Nut-tree ;

Nothing would it bear,

But a silver nutmeg

And a golden pear.

The King of Spain's daughter

Came to visit me,

And all because of

My little Nut-tree.



I had a little Nut tree,
Nothing would it bear,
But a silver nutmeg
And a golden pear.

The King of Spain's daughter, came to visit me,
And all because of my little Nut tree. —

IX.

NEW YEAR'S CAKES.

*(Sung by Children from house to house, on New Year's
Morning, in the Isle of Man.)*



Y feet are cauld,

My shoon are thin,

Gi'e me my cakes,

And let me rin.



My feet are cold, my shoes are
Give me my cakes, (Thin,
And let me run."

FAIRY CRAFT.



SAW three ships come sailing by,
 Come sailing by, come sailing by,
 I saw three ships come sailing by,
 New Year's Day in the morning.

And what do you think was in them,
 Was in them, was in them,
 And what do you think was in them,
 New Year's Day in the morning?

Three pretty maids were in them,
 Were in them, were in them,
 Three pretty maids were in them,
 New Year's Day in the morning.



I saw three Ships come sailing by,
 Come sailing by, come sailing by —
 New Year's Day in the morning /

Three pretty maids were in them,
 Were in them, were in them —
 New Year's Day in the morning /

XI.

HOODIE CRAW.



THE Crow's killed the pussy, O!

The Crow's killed the pussy, O!

The mickle cat sat down and grat

In Willie's wee bit housie, O!

The Crow's killed the pussy, O!

The Crow's killed the pussy, O!

And aye and aye the kitten cried,

"Oh, wha'll bring me a mousie, O?"



The crow's killed the pussy O,
 The crow's killed the pussy O.
 The mickle cat sat down and grut
 In Willie's wee bit housie O.
 The crow's killed the pussy O,
 And aye and aye the kitten cried
 O woe'll bring me a mousie O.

Oct. 29. 1876.

EMB

XII.

THE CUCKOO HAS COME!



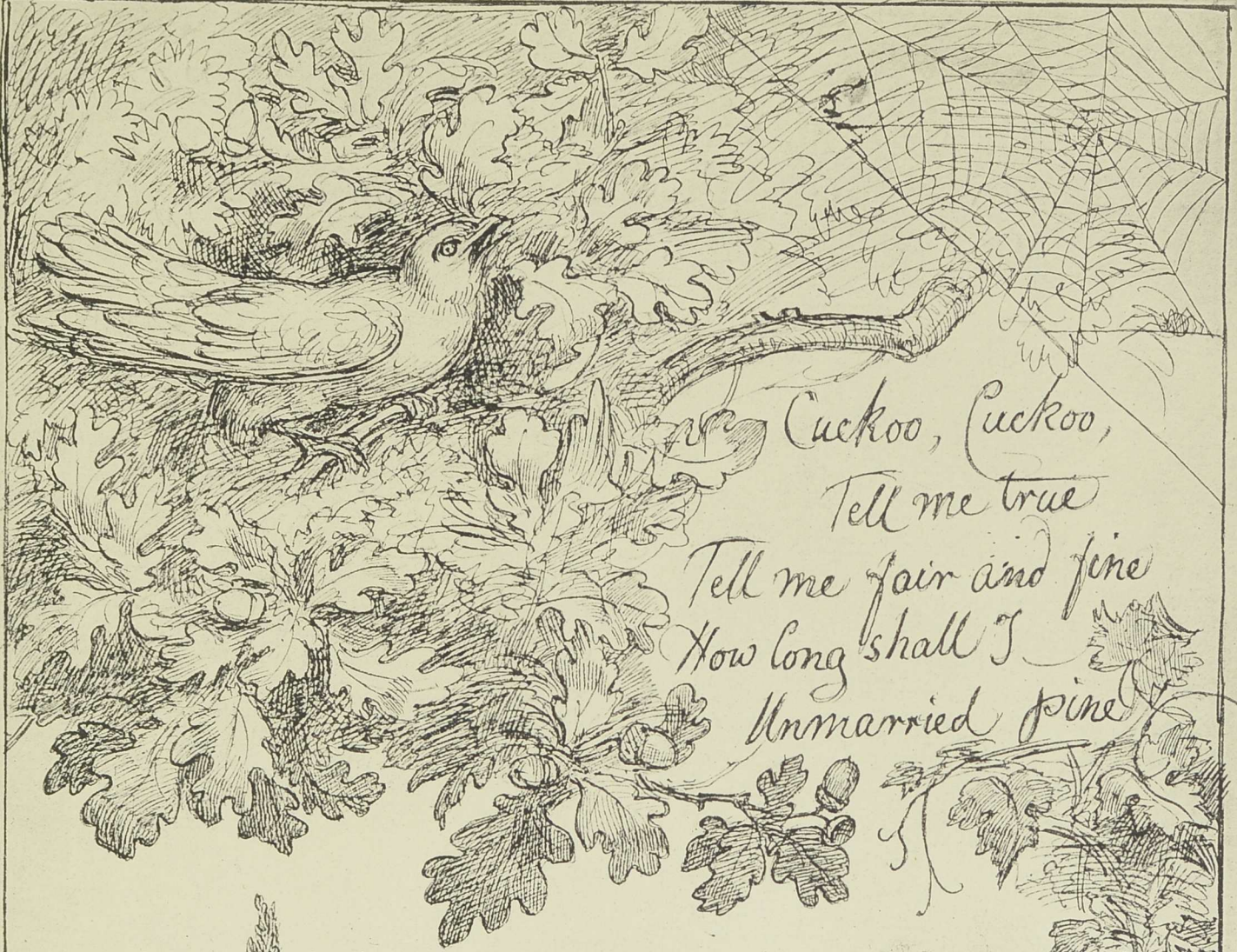
UCKOO, Cuckoo,

Tell me true,

Tell me fair and fine,

How long shall I

Unmarried pine?



Cuckoo, Cuckoo,
Tell me true
Tell me fair and fine
How long shall I
Unmarried pine



XIII.

THE HUNGRY GREEN FROG.



ROAK," said the Frog,
" I'm hungry, I think ;
To-day I've had nothing
To eat or to drink !"

" I'll jump to a garden,
And leap through the pales,
And there I 'll dine nicely
On lovely young snails !"

Croak, said the Frog—
I'm hungry, I think;
To day I've had nothing
To eat or to drink!



XIV.

GONE AWAY!



HAD two Pigeons, bright and gay,
They flew from me the other day.

What was the reason they did go,
I cannot tell,
For I do not know.



I had two pigeons bright and gay;
They flew from me the other day.
What was the reason they did go,
I cannot tell, for I do not know.

XV.

THE GREAT BUZZING BEE.



UZZ, buzz, buzz,"

Says the great buzzing Bee ;

" Go away, Butterfly,

This flower is for me."

" Why, why, why ?"

Says the little Butterfly,

" If you may sit on this flower,

Why mayn't I ?"



Buzz, Buzz, Buzz - says the Great buzzing Bee.
Go away butterfly - this flower is for me.
Why? Why? Why? says the little butterfly
If you may sit on this flower, why mayn't I? -



XVI.

OUR ROSES BLOOM.



OUR Roses bloom and fade away ;
Our Infant Lord abides alway.
May we be blest His face to see,
And ever little children be.

Roses down in the vale are sweet,
There we must go, Child Jesus to meet.

