

HOLLY

BERRIES

By

IDA WAUGH

M. S. Tupper.

1881.



with original illustrations.

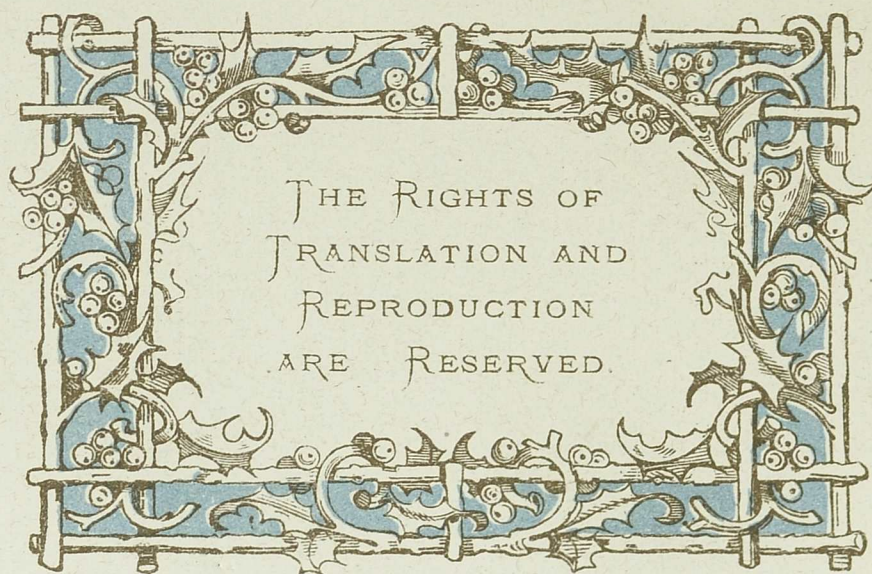
BY

Ida Waugh



LONDON:

GRIFFITH & FARRAN,
ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.





THE LITTLE HOLLY GATHERERS.

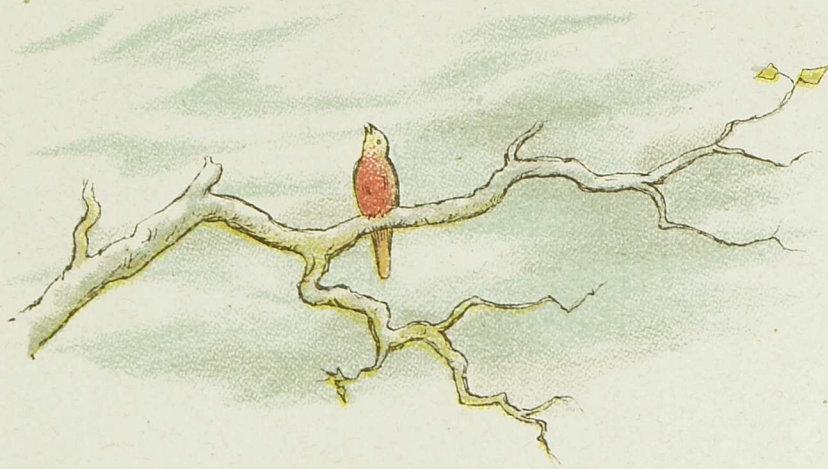
WANDERING through wintry forest,
 Somebody went one day,
 Seeking green boughs for Christmas,
 Not very far away.

Red-breasted, clear-voiced robin,
 Chirped on a bare brown limb;
 Chirped so loudly, that some one
 Stopped to listen to him.

Children like holly berries,
 Dear little robin said;
 Gather them, bunch them together.
 Mix with the green, the red.

For if you love the children,
 It has been said some time,
 In ev'ry holly berry
 Santa Claus hides a rhyme.

Somebody pulled an armful,
 Ran quickly home to look;
 Found, for she so loves children,
 Rhymes enough for a book.



ZOE'S LETTER.

WHAT do you think?
This is for me,
All my own,
Pa wrote it; see
With Z, and O, and E,
That means me.

Went to the door,
The postman said
"Who's this for?"
Ma shook her head;
"Z—O—E"—that means me,
I said.

Pa's coming home,
Going to bring—
He said so—
Me a gold ring.
Maybe a dolly,
I don't believe I know,
I guess so.

I think I'll write,
Nobody 'll know;
Then I want
A new one so,
Like Sister Virginia's,
Her's named Flo.

'Course I can write,
I know how,
Take a pen
And do just so.
That's how to make letters,
Don't I know?

'Spose pa can't read it.
Well, I guess
If he can't,
He'll say yes,
Then sister will make her,
A beautiful dress.





GRANDMA.

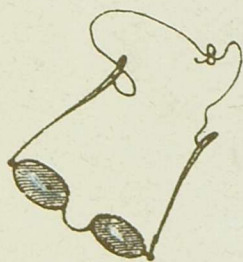
"TELL us a story, Grandma,
All about long ago,
How you sat by the fire,
And how it used to snow;
Were you as little as we?"
'Just as little as you.'

"When I was young," said Grandma,
"So big was the fire-place,
I could sit up in the corner,
And never burn my face."
"Were you as little as we?"
"Just as little as you."

"It snowed so hard in winter,
And drifted up so high,
We could not reach the stable,
Or see a bit of sky."
"Were you as little as we?"
"Just as little as you."

"We used to read by candles,
I went to bed at dark,
And got up in the morning,
As early as the lark."
"Were you as little as we?"
"Just as little as you."

"I did my stint of knitting,
I read my spelling book,
I waited on my mother,
And learned to spin and cook."
"Were you as little as we?"
"Just as little as you."





NOBODY'S DOG.

ONLY a poor little street cur,
 Dirty and shaggy and rough,
 Getting, at best, but a parting jest,
 A heartless kick or a cuff,
 As if he were only a log,
 Poor little "Nobody's Dog."

Patient he sits on the door-step,
 Looking with wistful brown eyes,
 From the outside night, to the inside
 light,
 And the hearth where the pussy
 cat lies—
 In the rain, the snow, and the fog
 Poor little "Nobody's Dog."

Hungry and worried and frightened,
 A can to his tail is tied;
 They make such a noise, these dread-
 ful boys,
 Alas! for a place to hide;
 How he tries to run from the clog—
 Poor hunted "Nobody's Dog."





CALL him "nice doggie," just see him,
Give him a crust and a pat,
Poor little fellow, you're ugly and yellow,
But then we don't care for that.

If some one would pet you, if the bad world would
let you,
How faithful and true you would be, would not you?
Never mind, we will see through the fog
Some day, poor "Nobody's Dog."

NEIGHBOURS.



"ITTLE dirl, ittle dirl, what's oo name?
I see oo in zare, saw oo when oo came.
My name is Ralph, I am mamma's dear love,
Box of diamonds, sweetheart, ittle white dove.

"Zat is my name, what is oors, come in here.
Ask oo mamma, won't she say, yes, my dear;
I've got lots of p'aysings, and all so nice,
'Spress wagon, jump-jack, and one ittle mice.

"Got a ittle dog too, ittle white one,
He's name P'ince, and he loves to eat my bun,
He won't hurt oo, 'cause he's dear ittle sing,
He'll let oo lead him, wis a dreat long string.

"Ittle dirl, ittle dirl, won't oo p'ease come?
I'll show oo evlysing zats in my home.
Kiss me froo the fence, How do oo do,
I'm mamma's ittle Ralph, and I love oo."



BED TIME.

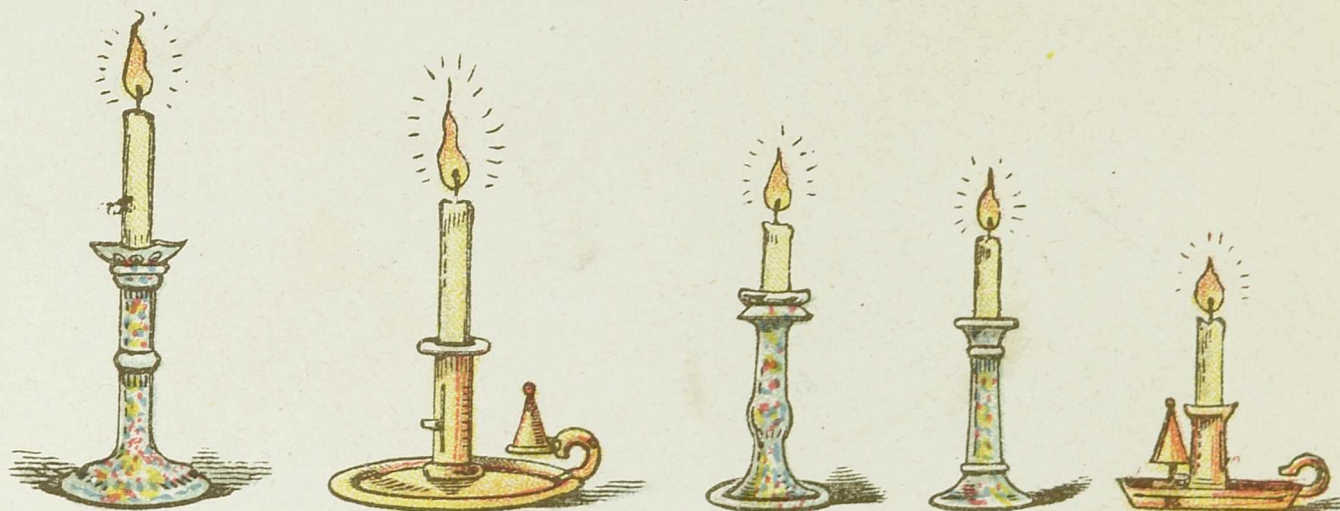
SLEEPY boys, sleepy boys, come off to bed,
Don't you hear what the big clock said :
"Eight o'clock! eight o'clock! Philip and Fred,
It's time little boys were in bed.

The land of Nod has opened wide its gate,
Come my boys, you musn't be late ;
Don't you know, dears, the good dreams won't wait,
You'll never get there at this rate.

The sand man is here, somebody has found
Such sleepy eyes, he is around :
Come along now, you can sleep just as sound
In your beds, without turning round.

Eight o'clock, boys, come along, come along,
It's time the owl begins his song.
I'll tell you something you may think wrong,
They are all wide awake in Hong Kong."

GOOD NIGHT EVERYBODY.



OUR BOYS.

The funniest boy that ever you saw!
His face is so red;
He can't lift his head;
Such squirmy wee toes;
Such a mite of a nose;
And would you believe, he's precious as gold?--
This bit of humanity, three weeks old.



The loveliest boy that ever you saw!
Such kicking and cooing,
Such funny goo-gooing,
Such great big blue eyes
Made round with surprise;
One minute he laughs, next minute he'll scold,
This morsel of loveliness, three months old.

The cunningest boy that ever you saw!
He's beginning to talk,
He is learning to walk,
He is "big man" to pa,
And dear baby to ma;
And you think, when round him your arms you fold,
What a lap full of comfort for one year old.



The naughtiest boy that ever you saw!
He breaks up his toys
To find what makes the noise;
He makes faces at you,
Then hugs you and pats you;
You'll end with a kiss, where you meant to scold
This mischievous lover of five years old.



The noisiest boy that ever you saw!
He whistles and calls;
He stamps through the halls;
He is out at the knees;
He's a terrible tease;
He's about as much as the house will hold,
And yet we are proud of our ten year old.

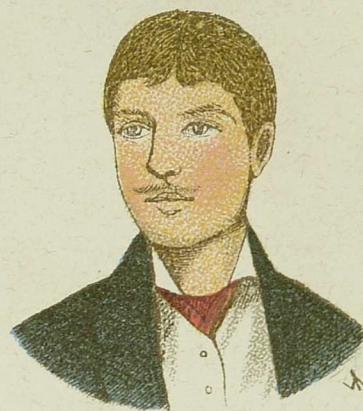


OUR BOYS.



THE biggest boy that ever you saw!
 He's wonderful wise
 (That's in his own eyes);
 By the way he behaves,
 I am sure that he shaves;
 He calls you "a brick," and tells you "you're
 sold."
 He's our dear boy still, though fifteen years old.

O, where is my boy! he's grown out of sight!
 He's so big and tall,
 He is no boy at all;
 He is such a great beau,
 Says "we fellows do so;"
 And before the rest of his story's told,
 He will be a grown man of many years old.



COME AND KISS ME.

"COME and kiss me." "No, no, no."—
 "Yes, yes, yes,—I want one so;
 Can't spare any, when you've so many?
 Why no one misses twenty kisses."



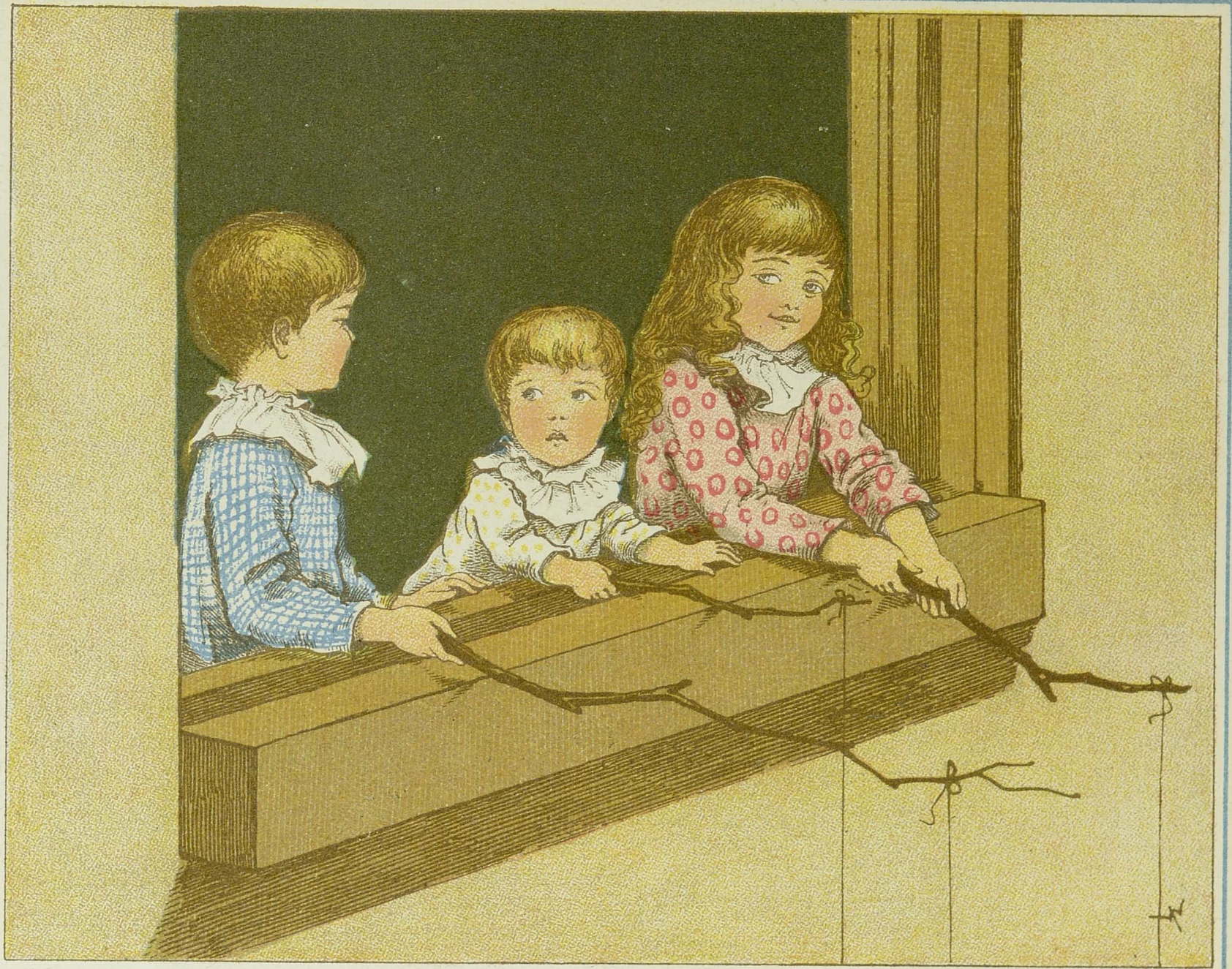
TALLY HO!

TALLY ho! Tally ho!
 How fast the horses go!
 Blow the horn, and crack the whip,
 Run fast, but don't you trip,
 Tally ho! Tally ho!

Blow! Blow! Blow!
 To let the folks know
 The coach is coming up the road,
 Bringing in a heavy load,
 Tally ho! Tally ho!

Slow! Slow! Slow!
 Up the hill we go!
 Amy, you must hold on fast
 Till the steep hill is past.
 Tally ho! Tally ho!





FISHING.

THREE small children were fishing,
Fishing with rod and line,
One was three, and one was six,
And one was nearly nine.

What do you think they fished for?
One of them really thought,
Out of a nurs'ry window,
Real live fish could be caught.

One of them just pretended
Fish could be caught that way;
He stood by the window and listened,
Just because it was play.

One of them thought 'twas funny,
Because the others wished,
So she stood with her brothers,
And that's the way they fished.

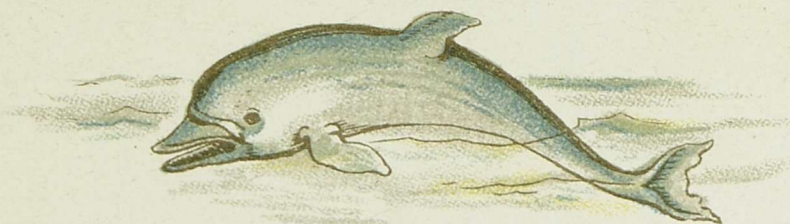




ON THE BEACH.

SPLASH, splash, splash, and roar, roar, roar
Hark to the waves on the long sea shore.
Weeds, and rocks, and shells and sand,—
See what the water gives to the land.

Roar, roar, roar, and splash, splash, splash!
Up on the sea shore the wild waves dash
Driftwood, straws, leaves from the tree,—
See what the land gives up to the sea.





GEORGIE.

Poor, disappointed Georgie!
Life seems so terribly sad,
That, birds, and trees, and blossoms,
Can't comfort the little lad.

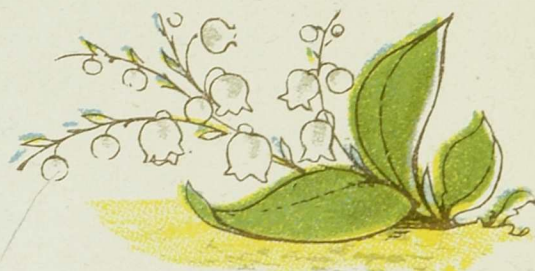
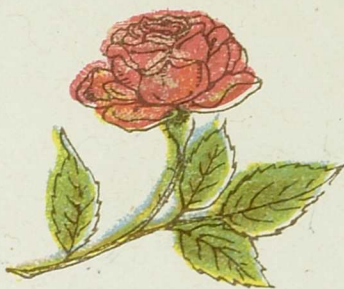
And this is what's the matter,
The circus has come to town;
With horses, tents, and music,
And funny old frisky clown.

All of the boys are going,
But Georgie; and this is why
He crept away to the orchard,
And threw himself down to cry.

Never to see the horses
Go dashing around the ring;
Not to look at the monkeys,
The lions, or anything;

How on earth can he stand it?
Can he ever smile again?
So many tears are falling,
The grass thinks it must be rain.

Never mind, little Georgie,
I wouldn't shed one more tear;
You will forget all about it,
When you are a man, my dear.





THE BONFIRE.

FIRE! Fire! Fire! What a big fire!
Let's build it higher—
Give it a poke,
To send up the smoke.

See the sparks fly
Up to the sky—
Everybody run quick,
Bring a barrel, bring a stick.

How it crackles! how it roars!
What fun out of doors!
Let's build it higher,
Fire! Fire! Fire! What a big fire!

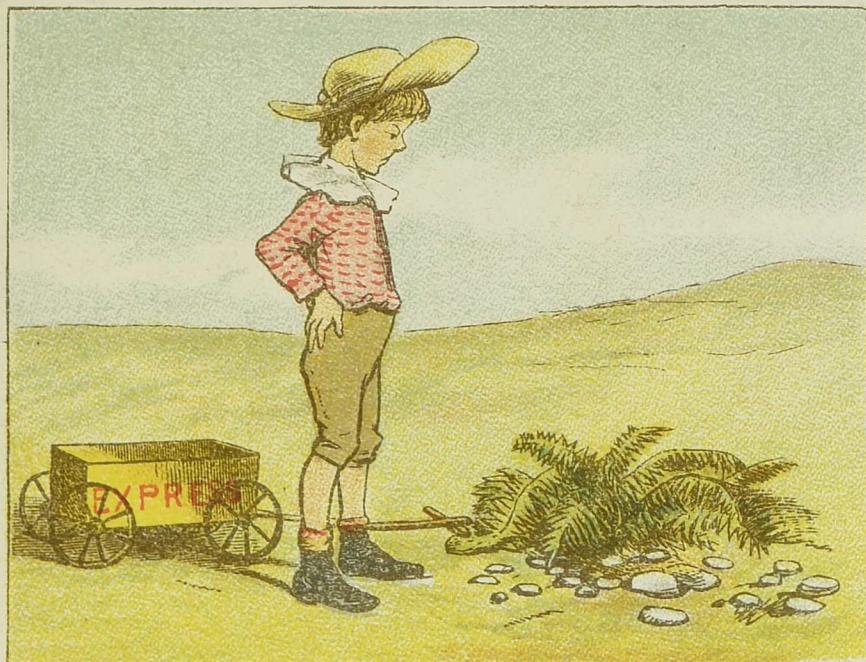


LOOK IN THE GLASS.

Look in the glass,
What a puckered up face!
Where's the boy come in my boy's place?
Let's get an iron to smooth out the crumples;
Then we won't see any more rumples;
Smooth out the rumples, and smooth out the frown,
Then a sweeter little boy won't be found about town.

HORATIO HAMILTON HARRIS.

HORATIO Hamilton Harris
Wanted to go to Paris;
So what did he do,
But make a canoe;
Though, strange to repeat,
He soon found his feet
Were not on the road to Paris.



Horatio Hamilton Harris
Carted with very great care, his
Pieces of crockery
To make a rockery;
But his ferns, they say,
Soon faded away—
Forlorn was H. Hamilton Harris.

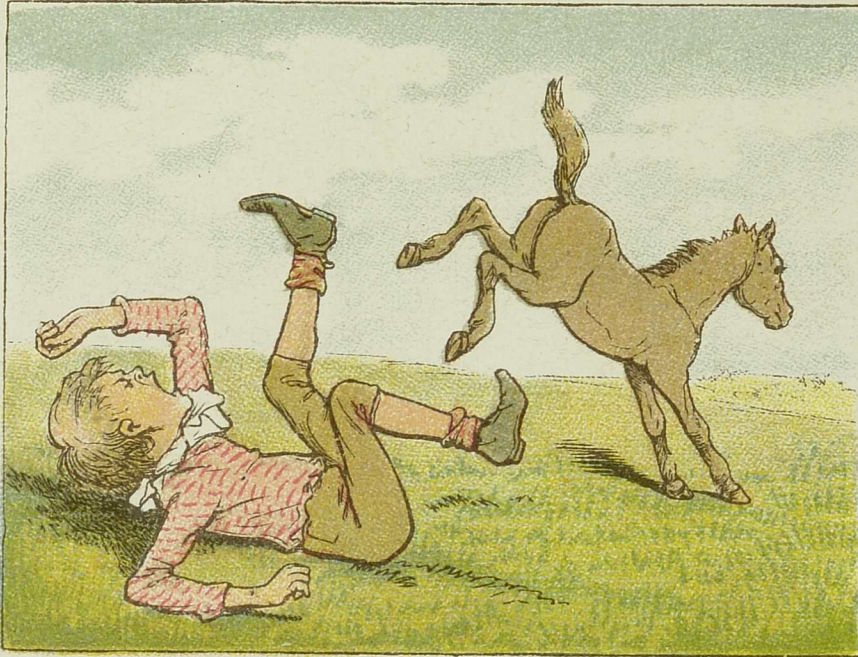
Horatio Hamilton Harris
Loved little Claribel Clarisse;
He gave her a taste
For red ju-jube paste;
He said "Marry me,"
She replied, scornfully,
"At our age nobody marries."



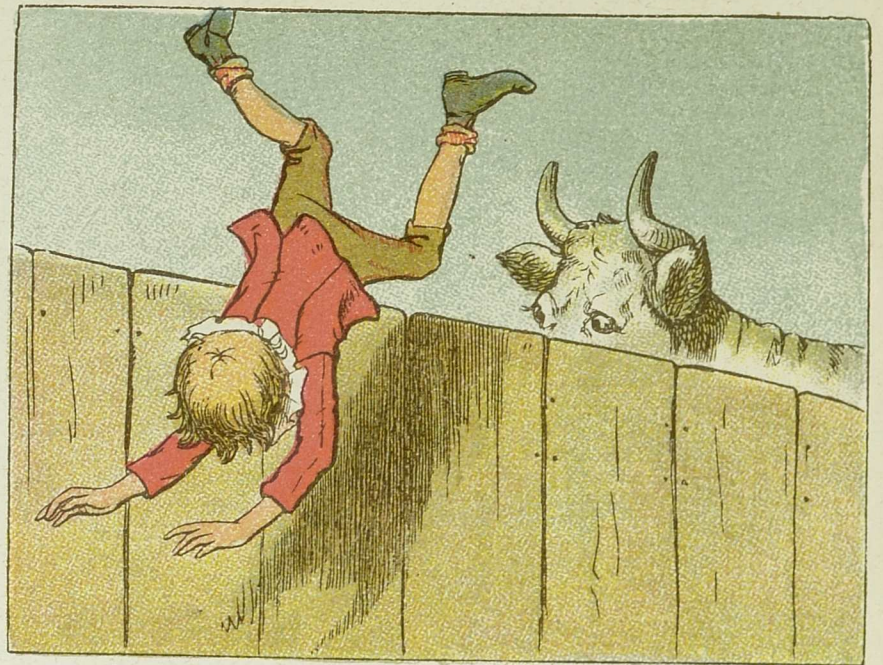
HORATIO HAMILTON HARRIS.

Continued.

HORATIO Hamilton Harris ;
Said "I don't know what a scare is ;"
I think I will try
A ride, by-and-bye,
On my gay little colt.
You will say that the dolt
Knows very well now what a scare is.



Horatio Hamilton Harris
Thought it a good plan to wear his
New coat inside out ;
I think you will doubt
If this were an act
Evincing much tact
In Horatio Hamilton Harris.



Horatio Hamilton Harris
Thought he would worry the fairies ;
A very long pole
He poked in a hole ;
You cannot help seeing
How this came near being
The end of H. Hamilton Harris.





THE BOAT.

HORACE and Aleck went to the brook,
To sail their beautiful boat;
Pebbles and peach-stones the cargo was,
Just ballast enough to float.

They waded in, the water was clear,
The fishes darted away;
The birds looked down from their hiding-place,
And watched the boys at play.

Fairly, and swiftly the boat sailed on
Pebbles, and peach-stones, and all
Carried ahead by the running brook,
On to the water-fall.

The naughty, frolicsome little brook,
Gabbled in mischievous glee;
Hurried along with the precious boat,
To its dreadful destiny.

The boys ran too, but the boat ran best.
The boat went on with the brook,
That danced and twinkled among the stones.
With many a quirk and crook.

Suddenly caught in the whirling tide,
Flung over the waterfall,
A wretched wreck was the little boat,
And that's the end of it all.



THE WELL DIGGERS.

We'RE going to dig a well,
Away down in the ground;
We're going to dig it deep,
And pave it all around.

And when we come to water,
We'll let a bucket down,
And then, if we should fall in,
We would not have to drown.

Perhaps we'll find a gold mine,
Or diamonds, while we dig,
We'll give 'em all to mamma,
If they are bright and big.

Maybe the gnomes won't let us,
They live 'way in the ground;
But we can run and hide us,
When they come peeping round.

And when our well is finished,
The water fresh and clear,
If you will come and see it
You shall have a drink next year.

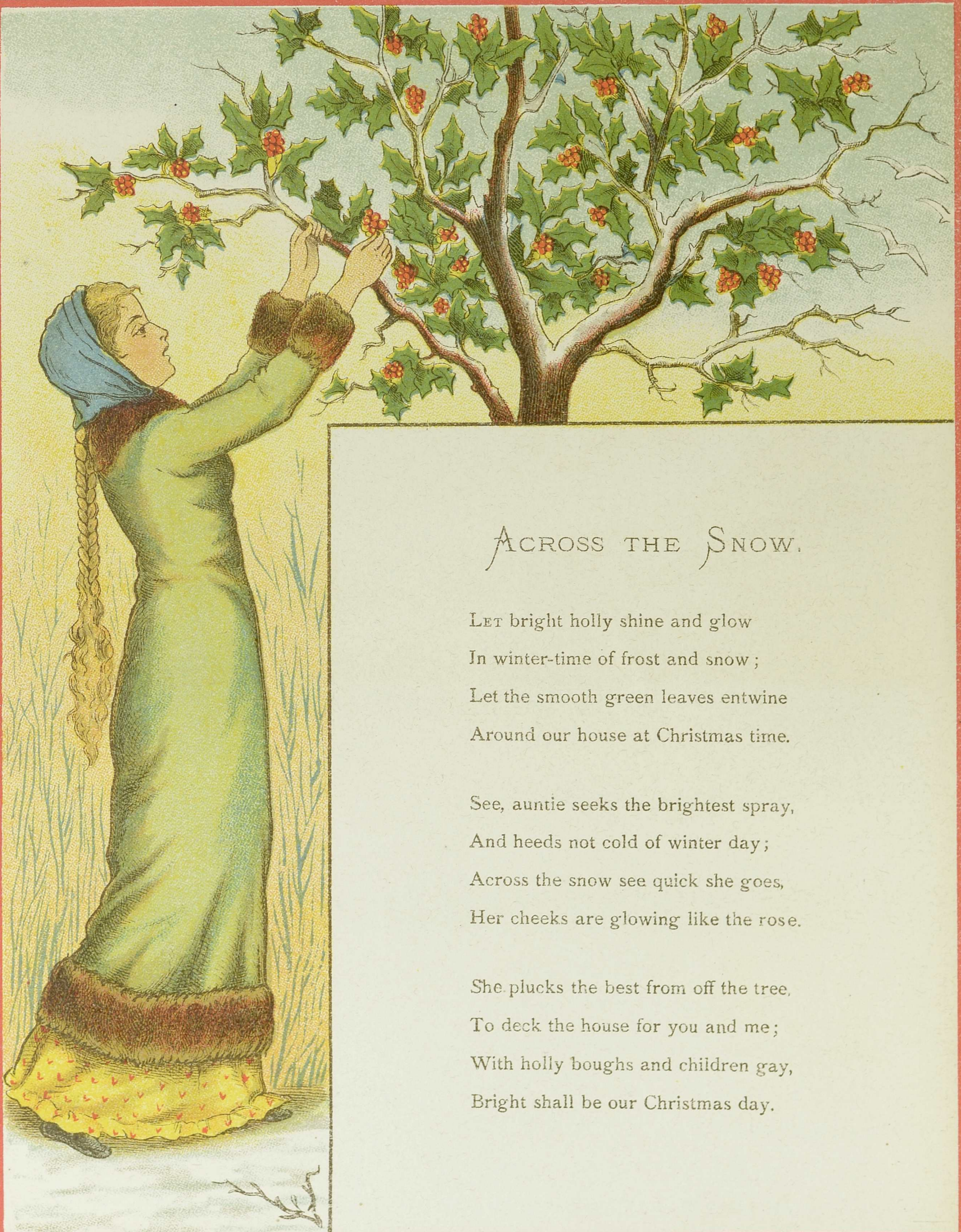


THE GARDEN.

"LITTLE Maid Mabel, pray what are you doing?"
 "Weeding my flowers, sir, see how they're growing."
 "Which do you like best?" "Indeed I can't tell, sir,
 'Tis hard to know which, I love all so well, sir."

"If for the sweetest one I should implore you?"
 "I should be sorry I had not more for you:"
 "Good bye, then, good bye, some day when I'm able
 I will come back for it, little Maid Mabel."



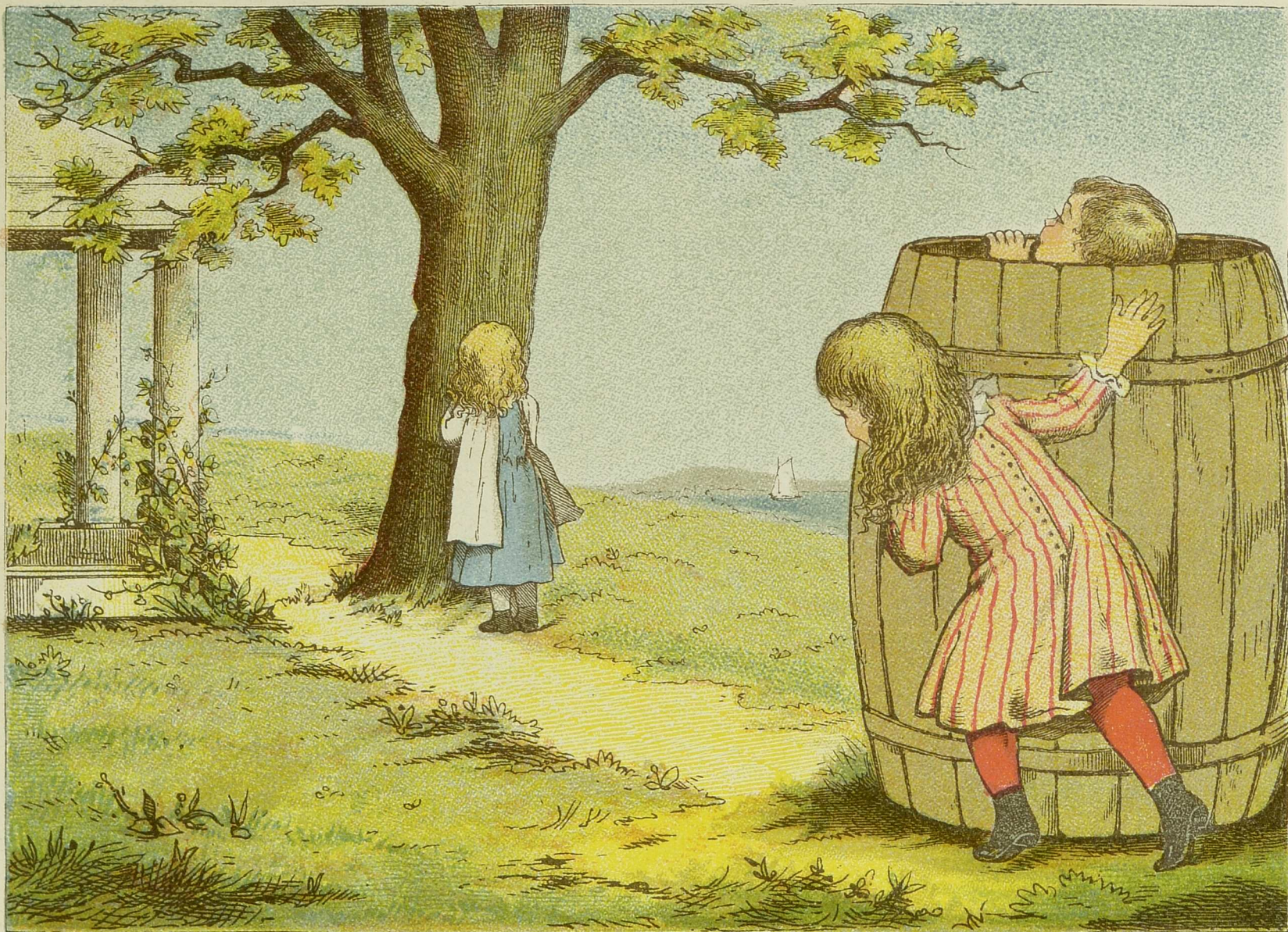


ACROSS THE SNOW.

LET bright holly shine and glow
In winter-time of frost and snow ;
Let the smooth green leaves entwine
Around our house at Christmas time.

See, auntie seeks the brightest spray,
And heeds not cold of winter day ;
Across the snow see quick she goes,
Her cheeks are glowing like the rose.

She plucks the best from off the tree,
To deck the house for you and me ;
With holly boughs and children gay,
Bright shall be our Christmas day.



HIDE AND SEEK.

HARRY'S in the hogshead,
Mamie, don't you tell.
Whoop! Whoop! Find them, Sallie,
You'll have to search well.

Eighteen, nineteen, twenty,
Look here, and look there,
You have counted plenty,
Now look ev'ry where.

What a place to hide in!
Peeping all about,
Getting in is easy
How will he get out?

Sallie, Sallie, Sallie,
Mamie never mind,
Harry in the hogshead,
You will never find.





CHRISTMAS MORNING.

CHRISTMAS morning, and broad daylight!
Who do you think was here last night,
Bundled in furs from top to toe?
I won't tell, for I think you know.

Who was it came from cold Snowland,
Driving gaily his eight in hand,
Sleigh piled up with wonderful toys?
Who was it? Tell me, girls and boys.

Who was it down the chimney crept,
While ev'ry body soundly slept,
Filled the stockings, and tapped them all
With, "Merry Christmas, one and all"?

Who went back 'neath the bright starlight,
Reindeers scamp'ring with all their might?
I won't tell, for it's very clear,
If you are good, he'll come next year.



NAMING THE KITTENS.

"I WANT to have this one," said Rosy,
 "It's the prettiest in the lot,
 With that speck on its dear pink nose.
 I am going to call it Dot."

"I'm goin' to have this one," said Posy,
 "And I guess I will call it Spot:
 It's cunning as can be, so cosy,
 And I like it better than Dot."

"Well! I don't care a bit," said Josy,
 "I'd rather have this one than not,
 I'll rhyme mine with you, and with Rosy
 And call my dear kitty-cat Tot."

"One left for Aunt Ida," said Rosy,
 "What will rhyme with Dot, and with Tot?"
 Let's all go ask her," said Josy,
 "Now, don't you believe that we ought?"

"Aunt Ida, Aunt Ida," said Posy,
 "Here's Spot, and here's Tot, and here's Dot,
 And this with black feet, awfully sweet,
 The last kitty left that we've got."

"It's for you, Aunt Ida," said Josy,
 "Won't you name it to rhyme with Tot?"
 "Dot and Spot," said Rosy and Posy,
 "We don't know, for we've thought and thought."

"Oh! Josy, and Posy, and Rosy,
 Bring my thinking cap on the spot."
 How they laughed, and ha-ha'd,
 While the kits mewed and clawed,
 'Cause she said, "Call it Poly-glot."



WINKIE.

Cousin Lulie went out one day,
Left little Winkie at home to play;
She gave her some milk, and a nice little bone,
So she would want nothing, while she was alone.

"Now, little kitty, be good," said she,
"Curl yourself up on the warm settee;
You can drink up your milk, and play with your tail,
But don't poke your nose in the fresh water pail."

Miss Kitty looked up, and winked one eye,
Purring as much as to say "good bye,"
And then Cousin Lulie went out of the door,
And left little Winkie quite still on the floor.

Miss Pussy thought she would take a nap,
She yawned, and shut her mouth with a snap,
Then she curled round her tail, and tucked in her paws,
So no one would think she ever had claws.

Cat naps are short, she didn't sleep long,
Though the tea kettle sang a sleepy song,
Soon she opened her eyes, and humped up her back,
And stretched out her claws, then she took a slight snack.

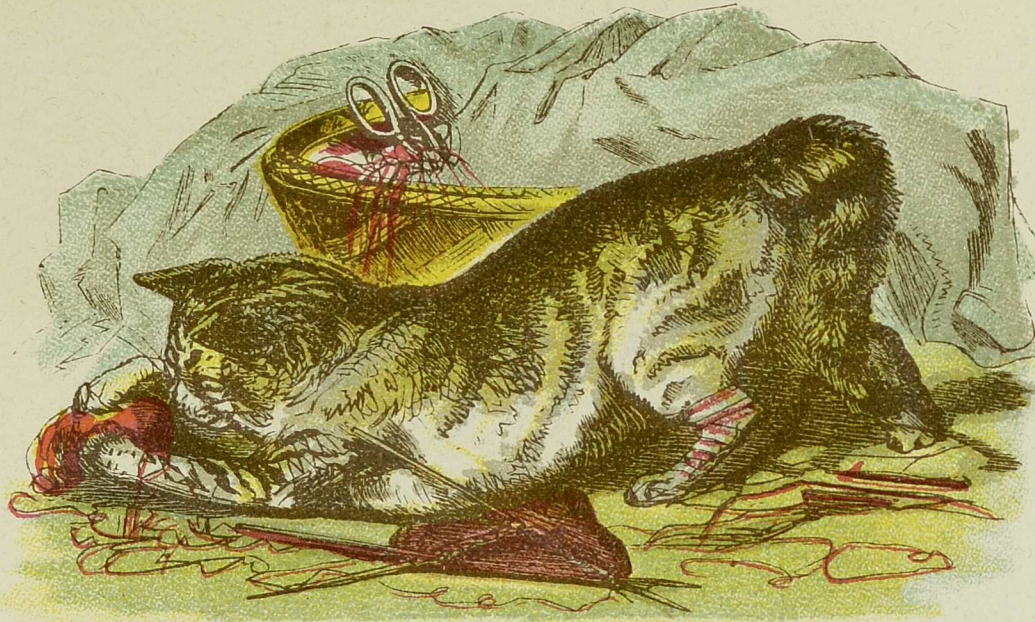
Then she washed her face; when this was done,
Looked about, thought, "now for some fun;"
She went to the water pail, seeing in there
A figure that certainly did make her stare.

"Another kitten," thought she, "oh, dear!
'Twill have to have a box on the ear,"
She made a dab at the other cat, letting
Her paw go in, so she got a bad wetting.

She didn't like that, so walked around,
Sniffed in the corners, all on the ground,
Until she came to a cosy work basket,
"Here's fun," thought she, "without having
to ask it."

Oh dear! what a dreadful mess she made,
Spilled the needles, lost some, I'm afraid;
She unwound all the spools, and chased them about,
And turned the things generally inside out,





WINKIE.

And upside down, made such an ado,
I'm most ashamed to tell it to you,
Such a naughty, frolicsome, mischievous cat,
I'm sure I don't know what she didn't get at.

Only this, that when we came in at the door,
Winkie was not to be seen on the floor;
But quietly sleeping, curled up in a ball,
In the empty basket, not caring at all.

We could not scold, she's only a kitty,
And thought she'd found something nice and pretty,
But now when we leave little puss by herself,
We put the work basket up high on the shelf.

Kittens don't know when they're doing wrong,
And can't chase their tails the whole day long:
When Winkie is bigger she'll learn to catch mice,
That nibble our good things; then that will be nice.

A BITE.

"I say,
Give me a bite."
"Go 'way."
"You might,
So far."
"All right,
There you are."

"Take care,
Don't take it all,
Be fair,"
"That's too small,
You're bright,
If you call
That a bite."

"Look now,
Take to there."
"That's how
To be square."

"I'm ready
To share."
"Hold steady."





LOOK AT JACK.

Look at Jack, isn't he funny?
 All dressed up for a walk;
 He would be the nicest dolly
 If he could only talk.

He just barks, so we will tell them,
 He has a dreadful cough,
 He must go to see the doctor,
 We'll take him there right off.

Come, my son, you must go with us
 Or else you will be ill;
 The whooping cough will surely catch you
 Unless you take a pill.

Stand up straight, don't miss your rib-bone.
 We will not let you fall,—
 Morning air is good for children,
 So come and make your call.





THE BUTTERFLIES.

BUTTERFLY, butterfly, danger is near you!
 Lassie and laddie the butterflies hear you;
 White weeds, white weeds, stand in the field you,
 Butterflies, butterflies, white weeds will shield you
 Yellow-wings, yellow-wings, fly to the blue skies,
 Lassie and laddie, fleet are the butterflies;
 White weeds, white weeds, in the field growing,
 The butterflies love you, but yet they are going.
 Butterfly, butterfly, you are a ranger
 Lassie and laddie, who told there was danger?
 White weeds, white weeds, butterfly is a rover.
 He loves too many to make a true lover





THE BIRDS' NEST.

Two little birds, in the spring time,
Busily builded a nest,
Hid it away in a pear tree
That leaned to the golden West.

Then, when the nest was completed,
Inside and out, warm and dry,
Five little eggs were laid in it,
Delicate-hued as the sky.

Happy from morning till evening,
Singing and chirping their best,
Proud were the birds of their labor,
Proud of the eggs in the nest.

But, on a pitiless moment,
Willie espied it one day,
Climbed to the nest in the pear tree,
Frightened the birdies away:

Ran to his brothers and sisters,
"Johnnie and Agnes, come see,
Look what I found in the orchard,
Hid in the crotch of a tree."

Johnnie and Stanley, and Agnes,
Crowded up close round the lad;
Katie and Ethel, and Daisy,
Wondered what Willie boy had.



"Take it back, Willie," cried Ethel,
"What will the poor birdies do?
They will have no bed to sleep in,
Willie, how could you do so?"



THE BIRDS' NEST.

"TAKE it back! never!" said Willie,
"I'll do something better yet;
I'll give it to Uncle Norman
To put in his cabinet."

"I'm going to-morrow morning,
Off to the city, you know,
So I will take it to Uncle,
That's what I'm going to do."

Ethel crept out to the orchard,
Flung herself down on the moss;
What could she do for the birdies,
Grieving so over their loss?

Singing and whistling so gaily,
Willie went off down the lane.
'I'll go get the nest," thought Ethel,
"The birdies shall have it again."

Quickly she ran to his bedroom,
Crept softly down the stair,
Ran back again to the orchard,
Guarding the nest with care;

Climbed to the crotch in the pear tree,
Fluttering birds overhead,
Fixed the nest back in the branches—
Never a word was there said.

Off in the morning went Willie,
Never the secret once guessed;
Only the birdies and Ethel
Knew what became of the nest.





WAITING FOR PAPA.

OPEN the gate,
Papa is late,
The bell has rung for tea ;
See, there they come,
Hurrying home,
How hungry pa must be !

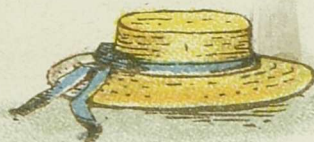
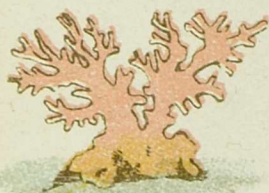
Trot, Dolly, trot,
Muffins are hot,
Mamma is waiting too ;
Papa, I know,
Thinks you are slow,
Every one waits for you.





THE LOST HAT.

LITTLE Nat, lost his hat,
Sailing on the bay,
Something knocked it off his head,
And it floated far away.





NELLIE SWINGING.

OVER the daisies,
Under the trees,
Backward and forward
Stirring a breeze,
Nellie is swinging.

Grass scarcely touches
Dear little feet,
Wide-eyed the daisies,
She is so sweet,—
Nellie is swinging.

Whistle the robins
High overhead.
Bees find the clover
Sweet, white and red.
Nellie is swinging.

Golden locks blowing
Over her face,
Golden locks blowing
Back from their place,
Nellie is swinging.

Glad are the robins
Up in the trees,
Having a good time
Swayed by the breeze,
They too, are swinging.

Under the branches
Over the grass,
Backward and forward,
Dear little lass,
Nellie is swinging.



SEWING FOR DOLLY.

I'm making a dress for dolly,
A beautiful dress of blue;
She's going away to the sea-shore,
And she must have something new.

Her name is Florella Flower,
And she is my eldest child;
She's very much of a lady,
Well-mannered, polite and mild.

Her sister, Rosella Ruby,
Fell down on the steps to-day,
And "dislocated her shoulder,"
My Papa told me to say.

So she can't go to the sea-shore,
I'm sorry too, for you know
She has such a lovely bonnet
I made her a week ago.

However, I think Florella
Will be quite enough to take,
I shall have to write her letters,
And that makes my fingers ache.

LINTY LOCKS.



LITTLE Miss Linty Locks,
Under the hollyhocks,
Plays as she pleases,
With make-believe cheeses,
That grasshopper comes to try.
Her sweet honeysuckles,
She weighs out and chuckles,
When she says the bees will buy.

Little Miss Linty Locks,
Clambering over the rocks,
Cares never at all
Should she happen to fall,
But says she'll try it again.
She goes bump on her nose,
And she stumps her big toes,
Never once cries at the pain.

Little Miss Linty Locks,
Stands at the gate and knocks,
'Moo-cow, let me in,
For I know where you've been,
The sun is going to bed.
You should give me, I think,
Some of your milk to drink,
So please ma'am don't shake your head.'

Little Miss Linty Locks,
Listens to all the clocks,
And knows by the sound,
She must kiss all around,
And go, the good girl, to rest.
Like a dear little bird,
Without saying a word,
She snuggles right down in her nest.



CHRISTMAS CAROL.

"GLORY be to God on high,"
Sweetly childish voices sing,
While the bells from far, and near,
Greetings to the children bring.

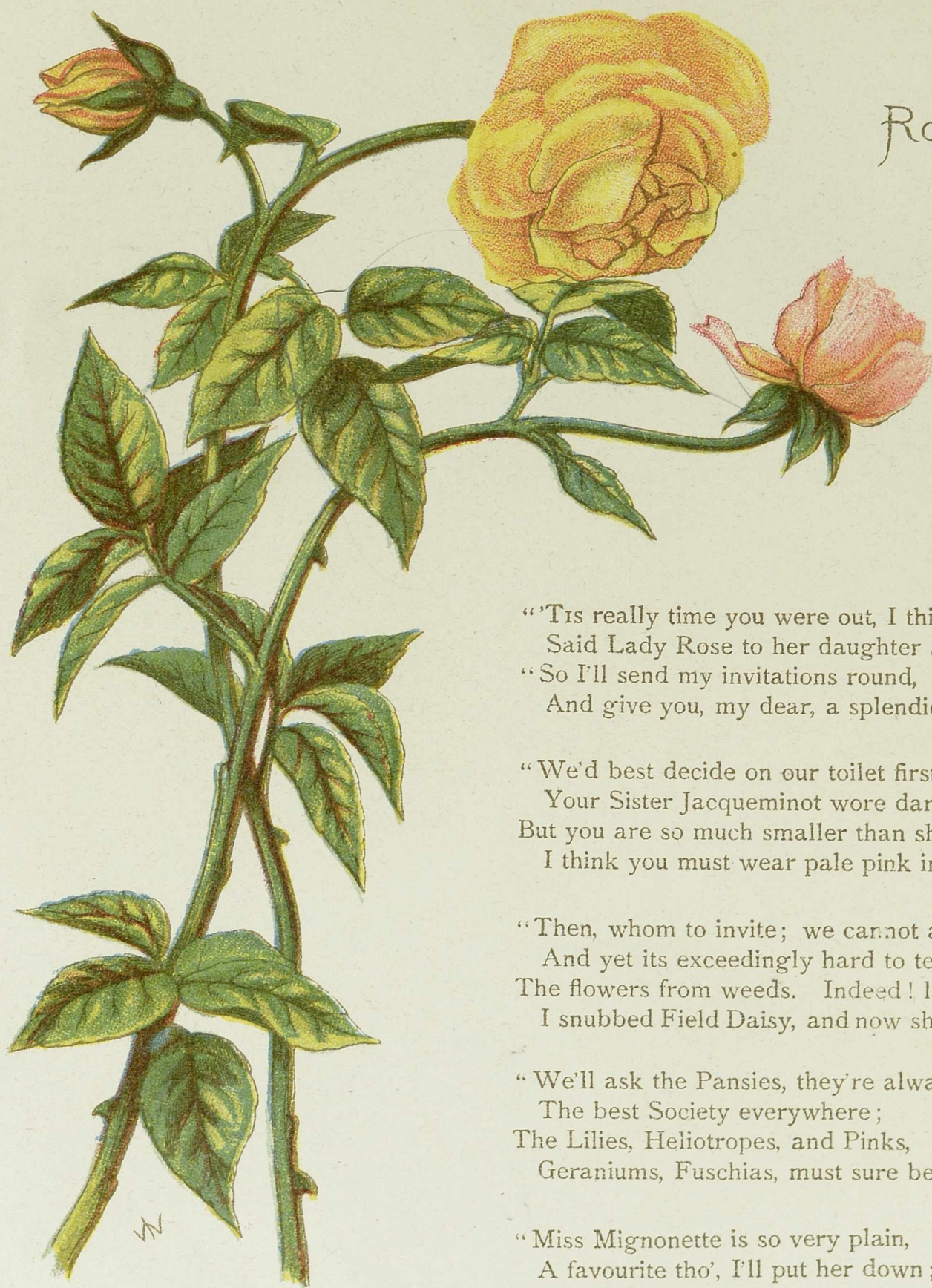


"Peace on earth, good-will towards men,"
Peaceful messengers are they,
Snowflakes, falling from the sky,
Sent to earth on Christmas Day.



Sing your sweetest, children dear,
And be glad you have good-will,
Christmas Day is children's day,
Sing, for you are children still.

Christmas robes as white as snow,
Christmas hymns, for Christmas praise,
Louder let your voices ring,
Christmas is your day of days.



ROSEBUD'S

FIRST

BALL.

"'Tis really time you were out, I think,"
Said Lady Rose to her daughter small,
"So I'll send my invitations round,
And give you, my dear, a splendid ball.

"We'd best decide on our toilet first:—
Your Sister Jacqueminot wore dark red,
But you are so much smaller than she,
I think you must wear pale pink instead.

"Then, whom to invite; we cannot ask all,
And yet its exceedingly hard to tell
The flowers from weeds. Indeed! last year
I snubbed Field Daisy, and now she's a belle.

"We'll ask the Pansies, they're always in
The best Society everywhere;
The Lilies, Heliotropes, and Pinks,
Geraniums, Fuschias, must sure be there.

"Miss Mignonette is so very plain,
A favourite tho', I'll put her down;
The Violets I think are away,
They're always the first to leave for town

"The Larkspurs are such old-fashioned things,
It's not worth while asking them to come;
The Zinnias are coarse, Bergamots stiff—
The Marigolds better off at home.

ROSEBUD'S FIRST BALL.

"Miss Morning Glory, I'd like to ask,
But then, she never goes out at night;
She's such a delicate thing, she says
She scarce can bear a very strong light.

"The Verbenas I know will be put out,
If we don't ask them, the Petunias too.
They're not quite *au fait*, but then, my dear,
They're such near neighbours, what's one to do?

"I'll make out my list at once, for there
A Butterfly is coming this way;
I'll send out my invitation by him,
He'll go the rounds without delay.

"Dear! Dear! to think that to-morrow night
You'll really be out: now listen, my child,
Don't go with your cousin Sweet Brier much,
He's very nice, but inclined to be wild."



THE STAINED DRESS.

Dess all dirty,
Oh my! my!
Never mind, Fwank,
I wouldn't kwy,
We'll go wass it,
You and I,
All come out,
By-and-bye.

I did so once,
Day 'fore to-day,
Went in the garden
Just to 'pay'-pay.
P'ay'd wiss some berries,
Buful and red;
Defful looking d'ess
My mamma said.

Wassed it out wiss water,
All nice and white;
Let's do your's so,
Then will all be right.
"Nice litty boy,"
Your mamma will say,
My mamma said so,
Day before to-day.

THE VILLAINOUS SPIDER.

A SPIDER grim, and old, and grey,
Lived in an apple tree :
He spun his web, and watched for prey—
“Aha! Oho!” said he.

And when he captured, unaware,
A moth, or home-bound bee,
He hastened down his fine-spun stair—
“Aha! Oho!” said he.

Many, many, a gauzy wing,
In vain tried to get free :
This spider was a wicked thing—
“Aha! Oho!” said he.

And when his silken web was spun,
Up in the apple tree,
I'll tell you what he did for fun—
“Aha! Oho!” said he.

When little Tot was walking out,
One day with Nancy Lee,
He thought he'd show he was about—
“Aha! Oho!” said he.

So down he pounced on one fine thread
Poor little Tot to see,
And almost touched her curley head—
“Aha! Oho!” said he.

“Go 'way,” she said, “you ugly thing,
Go 'way, you frighten me,
We can't go by, for there you swing”—
“Aha! Oho!” said he.

So little Totty turned away,
With lovely Nancy Lee,
And could not go to walk that day—
“Aha! Oho!” said he.

And when he found this fun was past,
He scampered up the tree,
And saw a dismal fly caught fast—
“Aha! Oho!” said he.





LADY BIRD.

"LADY bird, lady bird, fly away home,
Your house is on fire, your children will burn,"
There's a waving light over there in the dark.
On the ground is lying a glittering spark,
There's a fi'ry spot on the edge of your leaf,
And your babies I fear will come to grief;
So fly away, fly away, fly away fast,
For the night is coming, and daylight is past!

The stars are all lighting their lamps up above,
And there is one falling towards yonder green grove.
The fireflies hasten to show you the way
With their lanterns they'll make it as light as day;
The katydids jangle the shrillest alarm,
And I fear your babies will come to harm:
So fly away, fly away, fly away now,
To your snug little home in the green tree's bough!

The grasshoppers make such a dreadful ado,
I'm sure they are telling the sad news to you;
The leaves are all rustling, and whispering low,
The night birds cry out to you "go now, oh go."
I hear the wild wind 'mid the tall tree tops sigh,
And your poor little babies I fear will die:
So fly away, fly away, fly away soon,
By the trembling light of the slow rising moon!

Oh why do you stay here, with folded-up wings,
When ev'ry one tells you such heartrending things;
Why don't you fly off to the wild sweet brier,
And gather some dew-drops to put out the fire?
Your poor little babies I know are afraid,
They will be wondering where you have stayed:
So fly away, fly away, fly away pray,
You will have no home if you longer stay!



SNOW.

Two little birdies out on a tree,
Breasts of white, and backs of grey,
And what do you think they said to me,
When they were ready to fly away?
Something, I'm sure, you would like to know—
"It's going to snow!"—"It's going to snow!"

Two little birdies close to the door,
Backs of grey, and breasts of white,
Two little birdies, not any more,
Looking at me with their eyes so bright;
They chipped and chirped where the berries grow,
"It's going to snow!"—"It's going to snow!"

Two little birdies hopping around,
Looking at me with eyes so bright,
And what do you think lay on the ground?
Something so pure, so soft and so white,
Floating from heaven to earth below,
Two flakes of snow, two flakes of snow!
Two little birds, how they twittered then,
Baby laughed, and chattered too,
For faster, faster, faster again,
The snow flakes fell. Oh! the birdies knew;
For when they made up their minds to go,
All the ground was covered with snow.



FOR MAY.



A BIRD, and a tree,
And a busy bee,
And a flower that flaunts all day—
The bird it sings,
The bee it stings,
The flower has but to look gay.

A wee little mouse,
In a wee little house,
And a wee little girl there too—
The mouse is grey,
The house is grey,
But the little girl's eyes are blue.

Said the bird in the tree
To the busy bee,
"For whom is the flower so gay?"
Said the bee to the bird,
"I think I've heard
It's growing for dear little May."



A RAINY DAY SONG.

DEAR little tippy-toes,
Dear little nippy-nose,
Little hands and feet,
Dimpled, sweet, sweet, sweet;
Little rosy lips, and baby eyes brown,
Go to sleep, dearie, while the rain comes down.

Old mother Henny Hen,
Little mother Jenny Wren,
Take their babies small,
Little wee ones all.
Cover them up snug, for fear they will drown,
Under warm feathers, while the rain comes down.

So little tippy-toes,
Dear little nippy-nose,
Baby eyes so clear,
Shut them up, my dear,
Cuddle up closer in your fair white gown,
Mother 'll hold you, darling, while the rain comes down.

Mrs. Red Mooly Cow,
Under an apple bough
Moo's to her calf—
So frisky, you'd laugh—
Stands in the meadow, where the grass is mown,
Keeps her baby safe, while the rains come down.

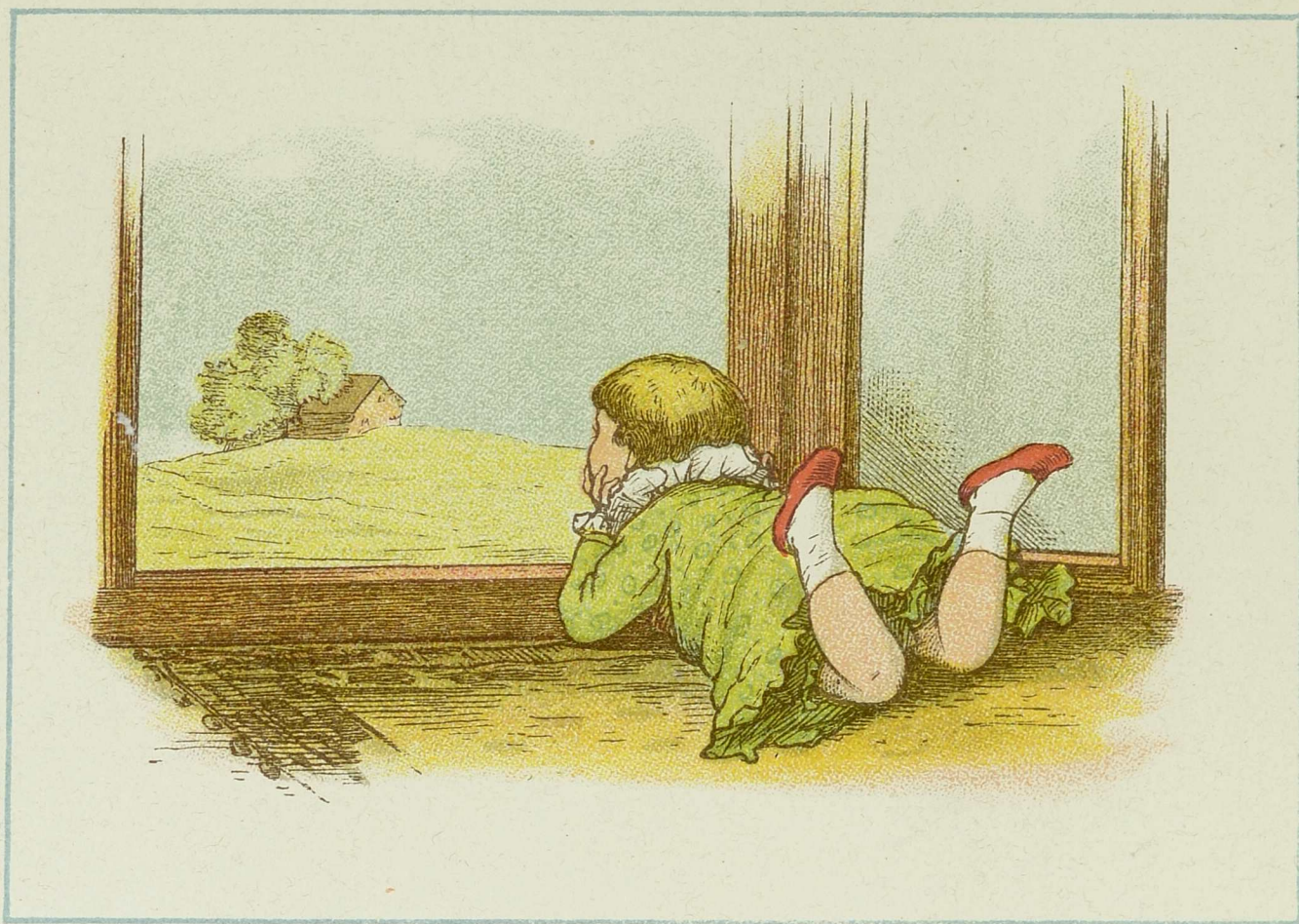
Grey coated kitty Cat,
Gives little kits a pat.
Don't want one to get
Furry soft paws wet,
So she purrs gently, keeps them till they're grown,
Safe under shelter, while the rain comes down.



LULLABY.

WHEN the little young moon shines up in the sky,
Bye, little baby, bye, oh bye!
The little horned moon drops into the deep
And my little baby must drop off to sleep.
When the golden half moon shines up in the sky,
Bye, little baby, bye, oh bye!

Half down the hill tops the moonbeams creep,
And my little baby's but half gone to sleep.
When the great round moon shines up in the sky
Bye, little baby, bye, oh bye!
The moon is the shepherd, the stars are the sheep,
And my little baby is sound asleep.



T I R E D O U T .

Oh, dear! I'm tired of summer.
I can't go out to play;
The sun shines hot in the garden
All through the live-long day.

I wish I could be a birdie,
And live up in the trees,
'Twould be such fun to go swinging
Back and forth with the breeze.

I see a butterfly dancing
Over the flower bed;
He won't find any more vi'lets,
They're all dried up and dead.

Nor any more roses, either,
That have their dresses on;
Their little heads look so funny
When all their clothes are gone.

I don't want to play with dolly,
She isn't a righty child;
She won't eat the cake I give her,
And then, her hair's so wild.

I wish I could ask my mamma
To 'muse me some nice way,
To show me pictures, or sumsin,
It's such a tired day.

T I R E D O U T .

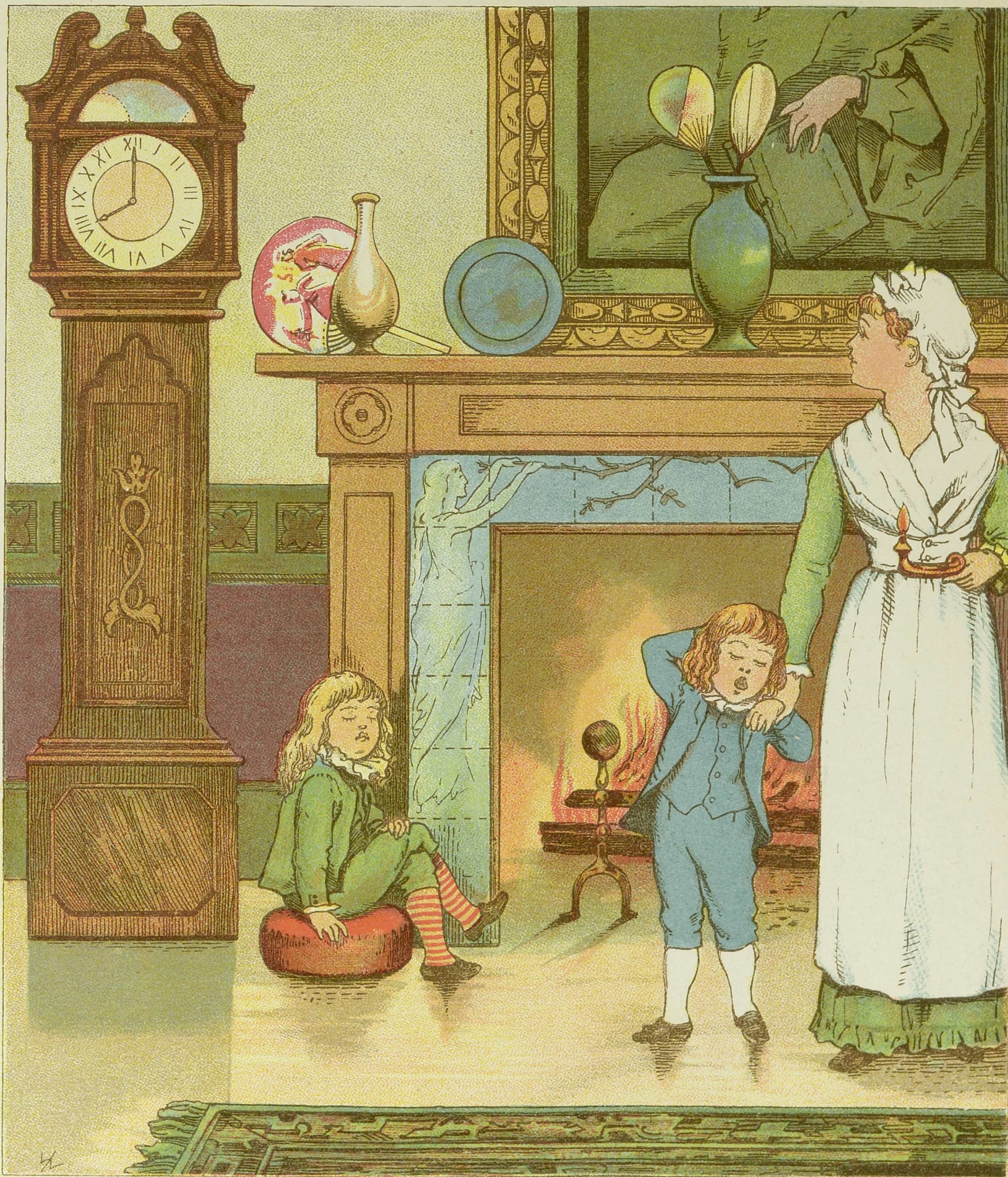
BUT she says I must'nt 'sturb her
When she's taking her nap,—
Nursey can't possibly rock me,
She hasn't any lap.

What a funny little beetle,
Such shiny, hard black wings,
I wish I dared to touch it,
But I so 'faid it stings.

I wish I was like big folkses,
I'd go without my shoes,
I'd wade in the nice cold water,
And do just what I choose.

Oh, dear! I'm tired of summer,
Winter's nicer a heap;
I wish I knew how to 'muse me,
I 'dess I'll go to s'leep.





GOOD-NIGHT

OSB

P

BLANCHARD, AMY

HOLLY...

[1881]



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GOOD-NIGHT