

No. 11 MARCH'S

PENNY
LIBRARY.

MERRY
MAKING

HOLIDAYS

AND

JOLLY DAYS

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GUNPOWDER PLOT.

HOLYDAYS AND JOLLYDAYS.



THE TWELFTH CAKE.

Holla boys! Holla boys! "God save the Queen;"
For as noble a cake, as ever was seen,
With plenty of sugar, plums, currants and spice;
Take your seats quickly, you'll each have a slice.

Pompey I see has put up his nose
Expecting a nice piece of cake I suppose,
I'll give him a piece, though he'll find it no treat,
But would much rather relish a nice bit of meat.

Now for a song, and then you shall see
What I have in reserve, a nice Christmas tree.
Then of my magic lantern, I'll give you a sight;
And then with snap dragons we'll finish the night.



VALENTINE'S DAY.

Most folks very well, can answer the bell
To visitors, shabby or fine;
But hearts get a shock, from Cupid's loud knock,
On the saint day of dear Valentine.

There's a letter for Sue, for Cookey there's two;
One for Bob, one for Joseph, no doubt,
To pretty Miss Lee, the boy he has three,
I wonder what they are about.

But Joe calls out! "Cupid, you really are stupid;
Two-pence to charge for this letter;"
It's your Photograph, said the boy with a laugh,
The likeness, it could not be better.

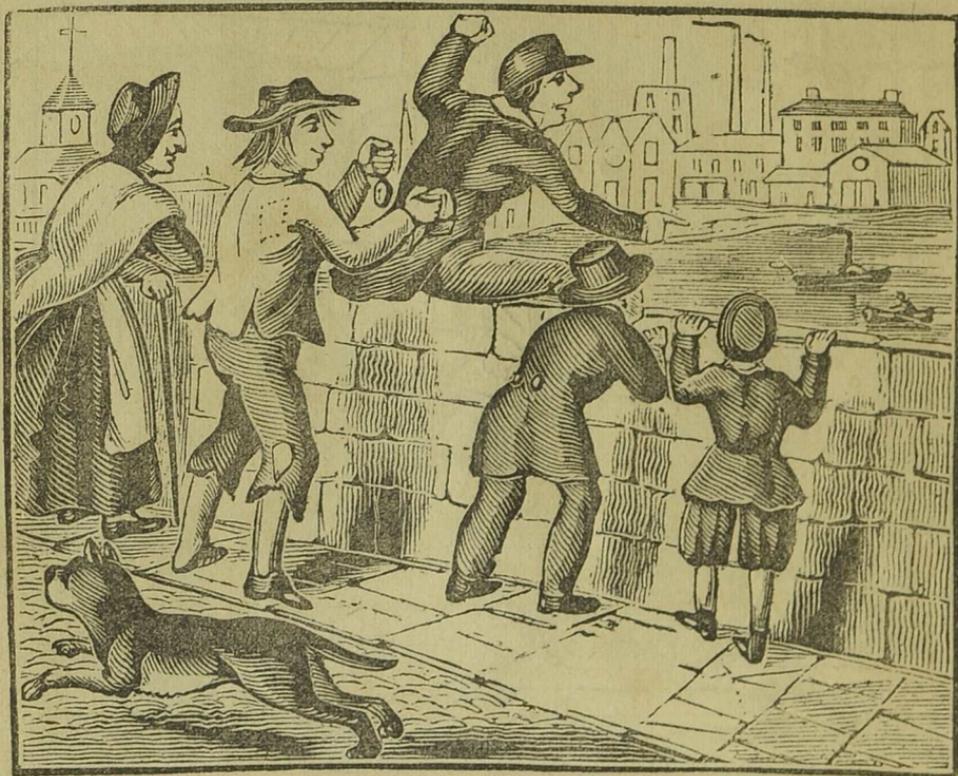


SHROVE TUESDAY.

A holiday for books, a busy day for cooks,
The kitchen now will be the place for fun,
Where so gay and jolly, our little fat cook Dolly,
To make the dainty pancake has begun.

Having done one side, to toss it then she tried,
But did not catch it right in its place,
So a piece of boiling fat was spilt upon the cat,
And pussy left the room in disgrace.

We then stood aside, while another turn she tried,
When better luck her efforts attended,
The rest were all well done so then the feast begun,
And right merrily in sport the day was ended.



ALL FOOL'S DAY.

Joe Banks though he made no hand at his trade,
At mischief would beat his friends hollow;
With some stupid joke his friends would provoke;
Not caring what trouble might follow.

'Twas April the first when he suddenly burst
On his Aunt with a sad wicked lie.
Crying "Oh dear! Uncle's kill'd I much fear;
Make haste, or you'll not see him die."

Then carelessly said "There's another fool made;"
To the river off then with a shout,
He cried, "He'll be drown'd" and got a mob round,
While the Fool had his pockets clean'd out.



GOOD FRIDAY.

When Good Friday comes,
The old woman runs,
With a basket on her arm
Crying, "Hot Cross Buns."

One a penny buns,
Two a penny buns,
One a penny. two a penny,
Hot Cross Buns.

Good Friday, (the Friday before Easter) is a fast held in solemn commemoration of the day on which our Lord and Saviour was crucified by order of Pontius Pilate, the Romish governor of Judea.



MAY DAY.

In times of old as we are told,
 With sport and pastime gay;
Round flowery pole, each lusty soul,
 Bade welcome to sweet May.

But now alas! how changed the scene,
 Clowns, shovels, sticks, and noise,
Jack in the green, a sooty queen,
 And half a dozen boys.

Still May comes forth in bright array,
 Clean wash'd by April's showers;
With sweet perfumes and blossoms gay,
 To ornament our bowers.



LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

Who has not been to London, and seen
A sight that gives cause to remember?
It does not appear, but once in the year,
And then on the ninth of November.

The Mayor he approaches and Sheriffs in coaches,
All sparkling with silver and gold,
Servants so dashing, in mud and fog splashing,
A beautiful sight to behold.

There's music and flags, and people in rags,
Some in armour, and some crinoline:
Policemen a few, and pickpockets too,
In plenty may always be seen.



CHRISTMAS DAY.

The smoking pudding now appears,
With good roast beef, and ale;
A cheerful fire and round the hearth,
The merry Christmas tale.

Postmen, Beadles, Girls and Boys
For Christmas boxes plead;
If you have plenty, give to those
Who come to you in need.

Then at forfeits, Blind-man's buff,
Or other harmless play;
With thankful hearts to HIM above,
Enjoy the happy day.



GUY FAWKES DAY.

Pray remember the fifth of November,
For why? I will give you the reason
Guy Fawkes (a sharp fellow,)
Got down in a cellar
To manage a fine bit of treason.

The cunning fox swore,
He would blow up the floor, (score;
Where taxes and troubles were made by the
But this cruel chap
Was caught in the trap
He had fancied so clever a moment before.

So now with one voice
Let us sing and rejoice
Round a bonfire under old Guy,
With fireworks gay,
All blazing away,
And rockets that reach to the sky.

FINIS.

March's Penny Library.

- 1 Guy's Infant Spelling.
- 2 The Picture Alphabet.
- 3 Aladdin.
- 4 Forty Thieves.
- 5 Fairy Tales.
- 6 Blue Beard.
- 7 Little Jack and his Goat.
- 8 Toby Ticklepitcher.
- 9 Book of Trades.
- 10 Book of Sports.
- 11 History of England.
- 12 Book of Fun.
- 13 New Cries of London.
- 14 Peter Puzzle's Riddles
- 15 Puck's Riddles &c.
- 16 Watts's Moral & Divine Hymns
- 17 The Butterfly's Ball.
- 18 Remarkable Characters.
- 19 Little Red Riding Hood.
- 20 Cock Robin.
- 21 Mother Hubbard and her Dog.
- 22 Old Woman and her Silver Penny.
- 23 Children in the Wood.
- 24 Jack and his Bean-stalk.
- 25 Cinderella.
- 26 Jack the Giant Killer.
- 27 Mother Shipton's Fortune Teller.
- 28 The Dremers True Friend.
- 29 The Art of Swimming.
- 30 Napoleon's Book Fate.
- 31 Fun and Fire-works.
- 32 The Boy's Own Hand book of Angling.