



THE ROSE-BUD:
A FLOWER
IN THE
JUVENILE GARLAND.
CONSISTING OF
SHORT POEMS,
ADAPTED TO THE UNDERSTANDING OF
YOUNG CHILDREN.

FOURTH EDITION.

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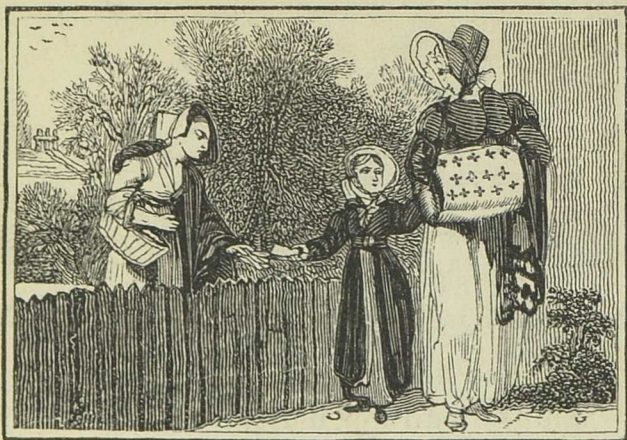
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I.

The Match-Girl.

YON poor little Match-Girl,
 Not seven years old ;
 Ah ! see how she trembles,
 And shivers with cold.
 Some bread and some cheese
 I will ask of the cook,
 And give her with these
 This pretty new book.

“Dear Jane,” said her mother,
“The first you may take,
And buy all her matches
For charity’s sake. —
But the book she’ll refuse,
She will, love, indeed ;
It can be of no use,
As I know she can’t read.”

“I pity the Match-girl,
How wretched she looks !
With no friend to teach her
To read these nice books ;
For indeed, dear mamma,
It must be confess’d,
Of my pleasures, by far,
I love reading the best.”



II.

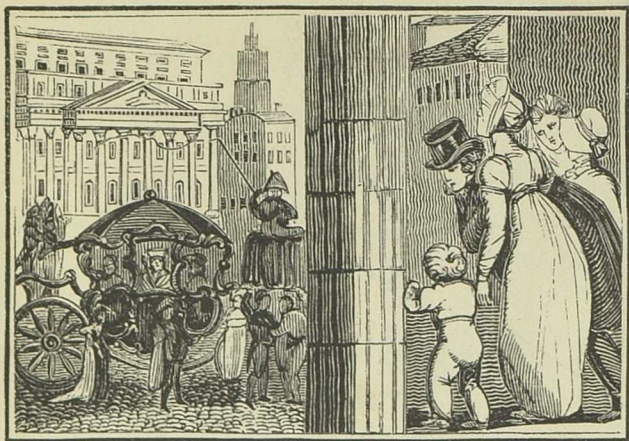
The Humane Boy.

“How can you bear to use him so,
 You little cruel monkey?
 O give him not another blow,
 But spare the patient Donkey.”

“I own,” his mother said, “dear James,
 You please me by your feeling;
 But you do wrong to call him names;
 Your anger, too, revealing.”

“Well, then,” said James, “if what I say,
Poor Donkey, won’t relieve you—
Here, boy, don’t beat him all to-day,
And sixpence I will give you.”

“You now behave,” said she, “my dear,
Like many much above you ;
In these kind actions persevere,
And all your friends will love you.”



III.

Lord Mayor's Show.

“O DEAR papa!” cried little Joe,
 “How beautiful is Lord Mayor’s Show!
 In that gold coach the Lord Mayor see—
 How *very* happy he must be!”

“My dear,” the careful parent said,
 “Let not strange notions fill your head:
 ’Tis not the gold that we possess
 That constitutes our happiness.

“The Lord Mayor when a little boy
His time did properly employ ;
And as he grew from youth to man,
To follow goodness was his plan.

“And that’s the cause they love him so,
And cheer him all the way they go ;
They love him for his smiling face
More than for all his gold and lace.”



IV.

Money well spent.

At a pastry-cook's shop,
 While Louisa did stop,
 A woman and child at the door,
 Both shivering stood,
 The child crying for food,
 And the woman seem'd hungry and poor.

The good girl did not miss
An occasion like this,
But cheerfully paid for a bun ;
And said, “ My poor dame,
You shall both have the same ;
Yes, you, little dear, shall have one.”

The poor little child
Seem'd delighted, and smiled,
And Louisa had never before
Such pleasure enjoyed,
As from money employed
In drying the tears of the poor.



V.

Little Harry.

SAID good Mamma, "My Harry dear,
 'Tis nine o'clock, and school-time's near;
 Go, comb your hair, and fetch your book,
 And go to school with pleasant look."

"I will not go to school to-day,"
 Said naughty Harry, "but will play;
 Pray, dear Mamma, buy me a ball,
 That I may play against the wall."

Mamma was vex'd he thus denied,
But kind and mildly she replied ;
“ My dearest boy, you ought to know
'Tis for your good to school you go.

“ Now if you go, and, when return'd,
Repeat me that which you have learn'd,
I'll go with you, and buy to-day
A handsome ball, and let you play.”

Harry, quite pleased, then went to school,
And ever since has made a rule
To please Mamma, and hopes, he says,
To make her happy all her days.



VI.

What is best for Children.

“ MAMMA, why mayn’t I, when we dine,
 Eat ham and goose, and drink white wine ?
 And pray, why may not I, like you,
 Have soup and fish, and mutton too ? ”

“ Because, my dear, it is not right
 To spoil a youthful appetite ;
 By things unwholesome, though enjoy’d,
 The infant appetite is cloy’d.

“ A slice of mutton, roast or boil’d,
Or good roast beef, best suits a child;
A bread, or ground-rice, pudding too
Is food adapted well for you.

“ From eating highly-flavour’d things,
Illness and inconvenience springs;
You lose the love of common food,
Nor relish what will do you good.”



VII.

Four little Girls, or the Plum-Cake.

"Let us buy,"
 Said Sally Fry;
 "Something nice,"
 Said Betsy Price;
 "What shall it be?"
 Said Kitty Lee;
 "A nice plum-cake,"
 Said Lucy Wake.

"I'll save some cake,"
 Said Lucy Wake;
 "And so will I,"
 Said Sally Fry;
 "Well, I'll agree,"
 Said Kitty Lee;
 "'Twill do for twice,"
 Said Betsy Price.

“ A piece for me,”
Said Kitty Lee ;
“ A slice I’ll take,”
Said Lucy Wake ;
“ Give me a slice,”
Said Betsy Price ;
“ All buy-and-buy.”
Said Sally Fry.

“ A piece with ice,”
Said Betsy Price ;
“ I’ll put some by,”
Said Sally Fry ;
“ The third for me,”
Said Kitty Lee ;
“ The fourth I’ll take,”
Said Lucy Wake.



VIII.

Careful George.

ON George's birthday
 Was such a display !
 He was dress'd in a new suit of clothes,
 And look'd so genteel,
 With his buttons of steel,
 And felt quite like a man, I suppose.

Now at tea, with much care,
He partakes of his share,
Nor spills it, as careless boys do;
He is always so clean,
And so fit to be seen, [new.
That his clothes, you would think, were just

Yet George loves to play,
And is lively and gay,
But is careful of spoiling his dress;
So a pinafore wears,
Which he likes, he declares,
And I think he is right, I confess.



IX.

The Butterfly.

“ O, WHAT a pretty Butterfly!
 How beautiful its wings !
 How quick it flies ! now low, now high—
 From flower to flower it springs.

“ O catch it for me, sister, pray;
 It sits on yonder rose :
 How I should like to have it !—stay :
 Now catch it—there it goes.”

“ I may not catch it, dearest child ;
If once it was your own,
Its wings would be completely spoil'd,
And all its beauty flown.”

“ O still, then, sister, let it fly,
Poor little playful thing !
I could not bear to see it die,
Nor spoil its pretty wing.”



X.

Books better than Toys.

“MY dear, as Robert is so good,
 I’ll give him what I said I would,
 Two shillings for himself to spend,
 He knows the shop of our good friend.”

“Yes, I know Mrs. Pearson’s shop,
 Where folks, you know, so often stop,
 To see the men in Dunstan’s tower,
 Strike every quarter of an hour.

“ She has a hundred books and toys,
For little girls and little boys ;
At toys, indeed, I love *to look*,
But I prefer to *buy* a book.

“ These two bright shillings, I suppose,
Will buy ‘The Cowslip’ and ‘The Rose ;’
And when two more I get, I think
I’ll buy ‘The Daisy’ and ‘The Pink.’ ”



XI.

A Morning in Spring.

“ How now, brother Ned,
 Not yet out of bed?
 Why, the Sun has been shining two hours;
 In the garden I’ve been,
 ’Tis a beautiful scene,
 And have gather’d this nosegay of flowers.

“ I think you are wrong
To lie dozing so long ;
For so early our bedtime they fix,
After ten hours rest,
It is certainly best
For us both to be stirring at six.

“ Come hither and see
The sweet busy bee,
And hear the birds merrily sing ;
The flowers smell sweet,
O, how many things meet
To make lovely a morning in Spring !”



XII.

Sad Effects of Gunpowder.

“ I HAVE got a sad story to tell,”
 Said Betty one day to Mamma :
 “ ’Twill be long, Ma’am, before John is well,
 On his eye is so dreadful a scar.

 “ Master Wilful enticed him away,
 To join with some more little boys ;
 They went in the garden to play,
 And I soon heard a terrible noise.

“ Master Wilful had laid a long train
Of Gunpowder, Ma'am, on the wall ;
It has put them to infinite pain,
For it blew up, and injured them all.

“ John's eyebrow is totally bare ;
Tom's nose is bent out of its place ;
Sam Bushy has lost all his hair,
And Dick White is quite black in the face.”



XIII.

A Greedy Boy punished.

WILLIAM has a silly trick,
 On every thing his hand he lays;
 He made himself extremely sick
 One morning by his greedy ways.

I promised him I'd write it here,
 (Although he owns he's much to blame;)
 That all may read it far and near,
 Lest other boys should do the same.

No scatter'd bits his eye can pass,
He tastes and sips where'er he comes ;
He empties ev'ry body's glass,
And picks up ev'ry body's crumbs.

He'll not do so again, I hope ;
He has been warn'd enough, I think ;
For once he eat a piece of soap,
And sipp'd for wine a glass of ink.



XIV.

The Baby is asleep.

“ MARY’s lying fast asleep :
 Make no noise, but softly creep ;
 Only whispers let me hear,
 Do not wake the little dear.”

“ Pray, Mamma, now tell me why,
 If Mary sleeps, why do not I ?
 I rise at eight, and all the day
 I run and dance, and jump and play.”

“ When Mary is as old as you,
She’ll keep awake the whole day too ;
But babies of a year, perhaps,
Take daily several little naps.

“ But when they strong and older grow,
They do as other children do ;
And now, my dear, I beg you will
Be very quiet, and sit still.”



XV.

Four little Boys.

" COME, let us play,"
 Said Tommy Gay ;
 " Well, then, what at ?"
 Said Simon Pratt ;
 " At trap and ball,"
 Said Neddy Hall ;
 " Well, so we will,"
 Said Billy Gill.

" What a hot day !"
 Said Tommy Gay ;
 " Then let us chat,"
 Said Simon Pratt ;
 " On yonder hill,"
 Said Billy Gill ;
 " Ay, one and all,"
 Said Neddy Hall.

“ For cakes I’ll play,”
Said Tommy Gay ;
“ I’m one for that,”
Said Simon Pratt ;
“ I’ll bring them all,”
Said Neddy Hall ;
“ And I’ll sit still,”
Said Billy Gill.

“ Come with me, pray,”
Said Tommy Gay ;
“ Trust me for that,”
Said Simon Pratt ;
They eat them all,
Gay, Pratt, and Hall ;
And all were ill
But Billy Gill.



XVI.

A Christmas Pudding.

Now, little Sophy, come with me,
 To make a pudding you shall see;
 Now sit quite still, and see me do it;
 See, here's the flour and the suet.

The suet must be chopp'd quite small,
 For it should scarce be seen at all;
 A pound of each will nicely suit,
 To which I put two pounds of fruit.

One is of currants, one of plums,
(You'll find it good when boil'd it comes;)
Then almonds, sugar, citron, spice,
And peel, will make it very nice.

Now see me stir and mix it well,
And then we'll leave the rest to Nell;
Now see, the pudding-cloth she flours,
Ties it and boils it full five hours.



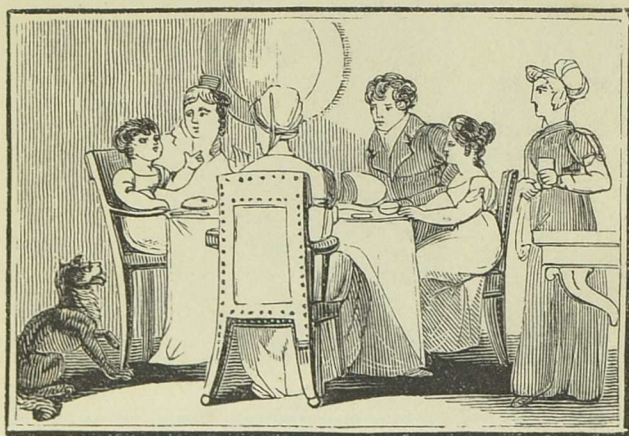
XVII.

Sixpennyworth of Kindness.

AS SUSAN and her maid, one morn,
 Were walking through a field of corn,
 They met a troop of boys ;
 A bird's-nest one of them had got ;
 The little pris'ners mourn'd their lot,
 By plaintive chirping noise.

“How can you, boys, be so unkind
To the parents they have left behind?
O, think what pain they feel,”
Said little Susan: “how they shake!
What cries they give! with cold they quake;
You must have hearts of steel.

“I’ll give you sixpence for the nest,
If you’ll agree to my request,
And place it as before;
That the old birds, who fly about,
May find their little young ones out,
And mourn their loss no more.”



XVIII.

Always speak civilly.

“GIVE me some beer!” cried little Jane ;
 At dinner-table as she sat.
 Her mother said, “Pray ask again,
 And in a prettier way than that.”

“For ‘give me that,’ and ‘give me this,’
 Is not a sure way to be heard :
 To make Ann hear, a little Miss
 Must add another little word.”

“ Pray give me, Ann, a glass of beer ;”
Jane blushing said ;—her Mother smiled :
“ Now Ann will quickly bring it here,
For you ask properly, my child.”

You little misses, masters too,
Who wish to have a share of praise,
Pray copy Jane, and always do
Directly what your Mother says.



XIX.

Hunting the Hare.

O! SEE in our garden a poor timid Hare
 Has escaped from the huntsmen and hounds,
 I declare.

Poor thing! you are safe; they no longer
 pursue;

I am glad you've escaped from the riotous
 crew.

Poor Puss ! how she pants ! how exhausted
 she lies ! [loud cries.
 She still hears the horn, and the huntsman's
 Lie under the celery, hid from their view,
 You're welcome to lie there, and eat a bit too.

I wonder what pleasure can gentlemen share
 In hunting a nice little innocent Hare ;
 The fox and the stag are indeed noble game,
 But a poor timid Hare ! O, my countryman,
 shame !

A fox, to be sure, plays us mischievous tricks ;
 He steals our young ducklings, our turkeys,
 and chicks.

Sly Renard I never shall ask you to spare,
 But you get little honour in hunting a Hare.



XX.

Pleasures of the Country.

How pleasant I find it, whene'er I walk out,
To see the tall buttercups scatter'd about,
And the sweet little daisies, that cover the
ground ; [found ?

Ah ! where can such pleasures in London be

I taste every morning some milk from the cow,
And see the dew glisten on every green bough ;



XXI.

Grateful Carlo.

“O, do not drown that pretty thing,”

One morn I heard Matilda say—

“Do now untie that cruel string,

And do not drown him, Robert, pray.

“His feet how drolly marked they are ;

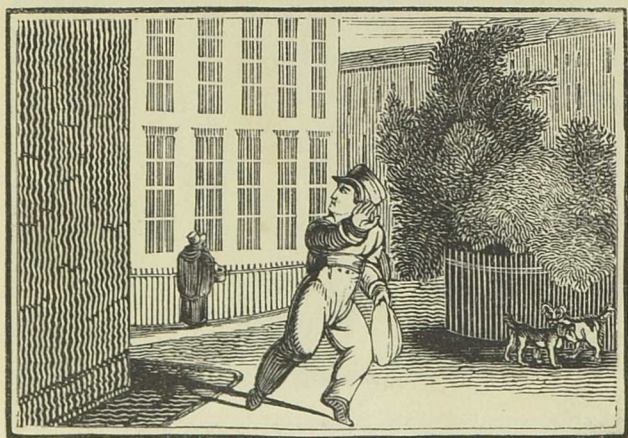
And feel his coat, as soft as silk ;

O, let me have him, dear Mamma,

And let him share my bread and milk.”

Now little Carlo wagged his tail,
And, looking up, he seem'd to say,
“ My gratitude shall never fail
To you for saving me to-day.”

And some months after so it proved,
Carlo, the grateful, strong and brave,
His mistress (whom he dearly loved)
Deliver'd from a watery grave.



XXII.

Throwing Stones (founded on fact).

LITTLE Tom Jones
 Would often throw stones,
 And often had had a good warning ;
 And now I will tell
 What Tommy befell,
 From his rudeness, one fine summer's morn-
 ing.

He was taking the air
Upon Trinity Square,
And, as usual, large stones he was jerking ;
Till at length a hard cinder
Went plump through a window,
Where a party of ladies were working.

Tom's aunt, when in town,
Had left half a crown
For her nephew (her name was Miss Frazier),
Which he thought to have spent,
But now it all went
(And it served him quite right) to the glazier.



XXIII.

Dirty Hands.

“ O, BLESS me ! Mary, how is this ?
Your hands are very dirty, Miss ;
I don’t expect such hands to see
When you come in to dine with me.”

“ Mamma,” said little Mary, “ pray,
Shall we have company to-day,
That I should be *so very* clean ?
By whom, pray, am I to be seen ?”

“ By whom, my girl? why, by Mamma,
By Brothers, Sisters, and Papa;
Pray do you not most love to see
Your parents, and your family ?

“ Be cleanly and polite at home,
Then you're prepared if friends should come ;
Make it your habit to be clean,
No matter then by whom you're seen.”



XXIV.

The Affectionate Brother.

LITTLE James, full of play,
 Went shooting one day,
 Not thinking his Sister was nigh ;
 The arrow was low,
 But the wind raised it so,
 That it hit her just over the eye.

This good little lad
Was exceedingly sad
At the sorrow he caused to his sister;
He look'd at her eye,
And said, "Emma, don't cry;"
And then, too, he tenderly kiss'd her.

She could not then speak;
And it cost her a week
Before she recover'd her sight;
And James burn'd his bow
And his arrows, and so
I think little James acted right.



XXV.

Sensible Charles.

WHEN Charles was only ten years old,
 His uncle took him to the play;
 The night was bad, he caught a cold,
 And laid in bed the following day.

When Charles was well enough to rise,
 He gently oped his uncle's door;
 And, to his very great surprise,
 Begg'd he would take him there no more.

“ But take me to your country seat,
Dear uncle,” said the smiling boy ;
“ There, every day will prove a treat ;
There, every hour be full of joy.

“ I love to see them shear the sheep ;
To walk the rows of hops between ;
To join when ‘ Harvest Home ’ you keep,
And dance so merry on the green.

“ The country pleasures I partake,
Improve my health, and make me strong ;
They never cause my head to ache,
Nor make me lie in bed so long.”



XXVI.

Better Play than Fight.

IN the school-room, the boys
 All heard a great noise ;
 Charles Moore had just finish'd his writing ;
 So ran out to play,
 And saw a sad fray :—
 Tom Bell and John Wilson were fighting.

He cried, " Let's be gone,
O, come away, John,
We want you to stand at the wicket ;
And you, Master Bell,
We want you as well,
For we are all of us going to cricket.

" Our playmates, no doubt,
Will shortly be out,
For you know that at twelve study ceases ;
And you'll find better fun
In play, ten to one,
Than in knocking each other to pieces."



XXVII.

The Boys and the Ducks.

As TOM and JAMES, one summer's day,
 Threw stones into the water
 Among the ducks, there pass'd that way
 The 'Squire and his daughter.

The 'Squire said, " What naughty boys
 Are those whom I see yonder ?
 My ducks seem frighten'd by their noise ;
 Whose sons are they, I wonder ?

“ Here, beadle, go, those youngsters seize,
And take them to my garden.”
But now they fell upon their knees,
And begg’d the fault he’d pardon.

And he then promised that he would,
So Tom and James bethought them,
How wrong they’d acted, and how good
A lesson it had taught them.



XXVIII.

John's First Question.

DEAR Mother," John, one evening, said,
 " Pray tell me where you get your thread ?
 It is so very small a thing ;
 It can't be made like rope or string.

" I've seen our foreman, Thomas Kemp,
 Walk backward making string with hemp ;
 But surely you will never say
 That thread is made in such a way."

“ My dear, thread’s made of flax that grows ;
And almost every woman knows
How to prepare (his mother said),
And how to make it into thread.

“ Some years ago, the old and poor
Would spin before the cottage-door ;
And e’en the blind were taught to feel,
And daily used, their spinning wheel.

“ One morning I will read to you
The whole account of all they do,
From gath’ring flax to making thread ;
But now ’tis time to go to bed.”



XXIX.

John's Second Question.

NEXT day, said John, and made his bow,
 "Mamma, are you at leisure now?
 Tell me, for much I wish to know,
 Tell me, do pins and needles grow?"

"No," said Mamma; "sit down, my dear,
 And we will read about them here;
 This book says, pins require the aid
 Of many men before they're made.

“ Some cut off little bits of wire,
Some hold them o’er a burning fire ;
Some grind the points, some make the heads,
Some lay them in their paper beds.

“ When you grow older, you shall see
A needle manufactory ;
But now get up, and go and play,
I’ll tell you more another day.”



XXX.

Pride reproved.

"To-MORROW is our dancing-day,
 Miss Splendid will be there ;
 Mamma, do lend me something gay,
 As ornaments, to wear.

"She has a watch, a locket, rings,
 A necklace, bracelets too ;
 Besides a hundred other things,
 Most beautiful to view."

“My dear,” her mother said, and smiled,
“Miss Splendid may do so ;
I think she is an only child,
And I have six, you know.

“Perhaps you wish I had them not,
But that the rest had died,
That you with what your friend has got,
May gratify your pride.”

“No, Mother, no,” said she, with tears,
“I could not bear to part
With all the pretty little dears ;
I love them from my heart.

“I see, dear Mother, I’ve been wrong ;
You know what’s best for me ;
And, from this day, I’ll never long
For any thing I see.”



XXXI.

News from the Nursery.

“O, WE have had a sad mishap !
 As Clara laid in nurse’s lap,
 Too near the fire the chair did stand,
 A coal flew out, and burnt her hand.

“It must have flown above the guard,
 It came so quick, and hit so hard ;
 And, would you think it, raised a blister.
 O, how she cried ! poor little sister !

“Poor thing! I grieved to see it swell;
What will you put to make it well?”

“Why,” said Mamma, “I really think,
Some scraped potato, or some ink,

“A little vinegar, or brandy,
Whichever nurse can find most handy;
All these are good, my little daughter,
But nothing’s better than cold water.”



XXXII.

The little Party, and Good Night.

“MAMMA will go to take her tea
 In Portman Square with Mrs. Pugh,
 And so she kindly suffers me
 To have a little party too.

“I hope, dear Edward, you will come
 With Fanny to assist my plan,
 And we’ll amuse ourselves at home,
 As well, perhaps, as ladies can.

“ For we can play till six o’clock
 (As it till then quite light will be)
 At battledore and shuttlecock,
 And then, you know, we go to tea.”

The little party met, and spent
 Four happy hours in friendly play ;
 And just at nine the maid was sent
 To fetch the merry guests away.

The parting smile and kiss were sweet ;
 With cheerful hearts away they flew :
 “ Good night ! farewell ! till next we meet ;”
 And I must now say “ farewell ” too.

And if my “ Rose-bud ” and my “ Pink ”
 Have gain’d me many a little friend,
 I need not hesitate, I think,
 To tell them what I next intend.

One flower the Garland yet may take,
 “ Heart’s-ease,” will render it complete ;
 A “ Heart’s-ease,” then, I’ll try to make,
 With pictures *bright*, and subjects *sweet*.

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