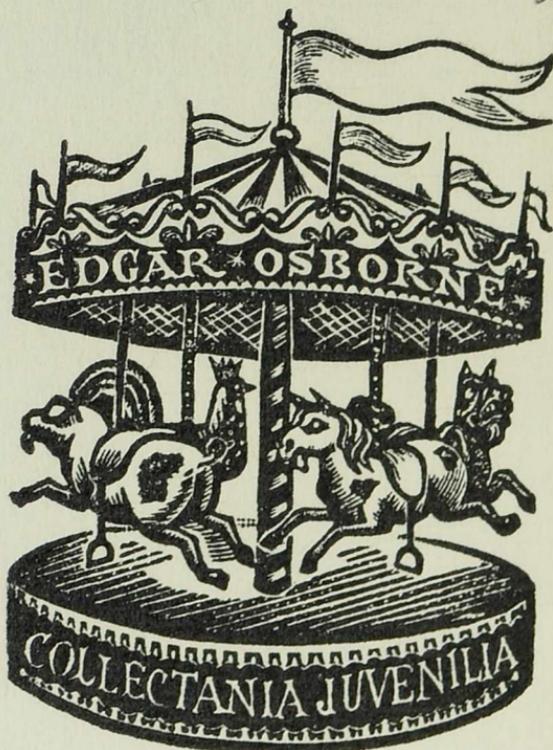


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Many Please Tell
the gift of deer Paper

1830.

FRONTISPIECE.



THE FLOWER BASKET.

THE
FLOWER BASKET;

OR,

NURSERY RHYMES AND TALES:

By the Author of

ADVENTURES OF A FIELD-MOUSE, TELL-TALE, DISOBEDIENCE,
LESSONS FOR THE NURSERY,

&c.

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LONDON:

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DEAN AND MUNDAY, THREADNEEDLE-STREET.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

THE
FLOWER BASKET.

THE CRADLE SONG.

Oh! lullaby, baby, your nurse is away,
And your brothers and sisters are gone out to play;
But I by your cradle, sweet baby, will keep,
And guard you from danger, and sing you to sleep.
Then slumber, my darling, secure from all fear,
No harm can befall you while I am so near;
The flies shall not teaze you, nor shall the rude boys
Bounce in, and disturb your soft sleep, with their noise.
Fie, fie! naughty pussy, you shall not go there;
Would you jump on the cradle, the baby to scare?
There, go to your kitten, and gambol with her,
Or sit by the fire, on that cushion, and purr.



Then lullaby, baby, and slumber awhile;
 You are happy in sleep, I can see, for you smile:
 There is not a care in your innocent breast;
 How I love to sit by you, and watch your sweet rest!
 If I was as good, pretty creature, as you,
 I should not commit half the faults that I do;
 How I wish, dearest baby, again I could be
 As guiltless as you, and from sorrow as free.



LEARNING TO READ.

Come, throw aside that foolish toy,
And bring your book, my darling boy,
And I will teach you how to read;
You must not play all day, indeed;
For such an idle waste of time,
My dearest William, is a crime;
And you are often dull, I know,
And cross, because you spend yours so.

You tease me sadly to amuse;
And when I'm busy, or refuse,
You pout, and say "You wish you could
Tell a nice story, or *I* would."
Now all those tales you love to hear,
And more, are found in books, my dear;
And when you once can read, you may
Enjoy them all the live long day;
And learn, in God's own blessed book,
With pious care, each morn to look,
And find, dear child, what pleasure lies
In being good, and growing wise.

ELLEN AND HER BIRD.

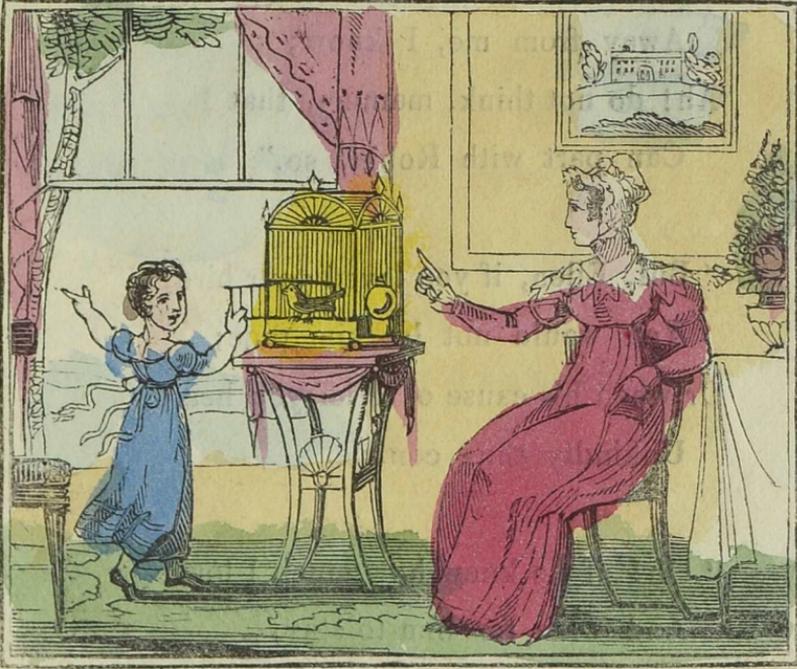
"Mamma, what ails my pretty bird?"

Said little Ellen Grey.

"He looks so sad, nor have I heard
The darling sing all day."

"I wonder not," mamma replied,

"Poor little captive thing!"



When forced within a cage to bide,
That he should cease to sing.

“ For he can from his prison see,
In this sweet summer weather,
The other birds, so gay and free,
Who fly about together.

“ But if you wish again to hear
Your pretty Robin’s voice,
Unclose his cage, and then, my dear,
See how he will rejoice.”

“ If I unclose his cage, he'll fly
Away from me, I know;
Ah! do not think, mamma, that I
Can part with Robin, so.”

“ But, Ellen, if you loved your bird,
You would not let him pine;
Or when his cause of grief you heard,
Unkindly thus confine.”

“ Oh! if he knew how much I love,
And wish for him to stay,
He never from my sight would rove,
But sing to me all day.”

“ My Ellen, say, were you to be
A lonely captive, pent
From all your friends, papa, and me,
Could you be so content?”

“ Oh! no, mamma; for I should cry,
And break my heart, I know;
Ah! now I see the reason why
My Robin wants to go.

“ Then fly, my darling! you are free,
Be happy as before;
Oh, dear! how glad he is to see
His little friends once more.

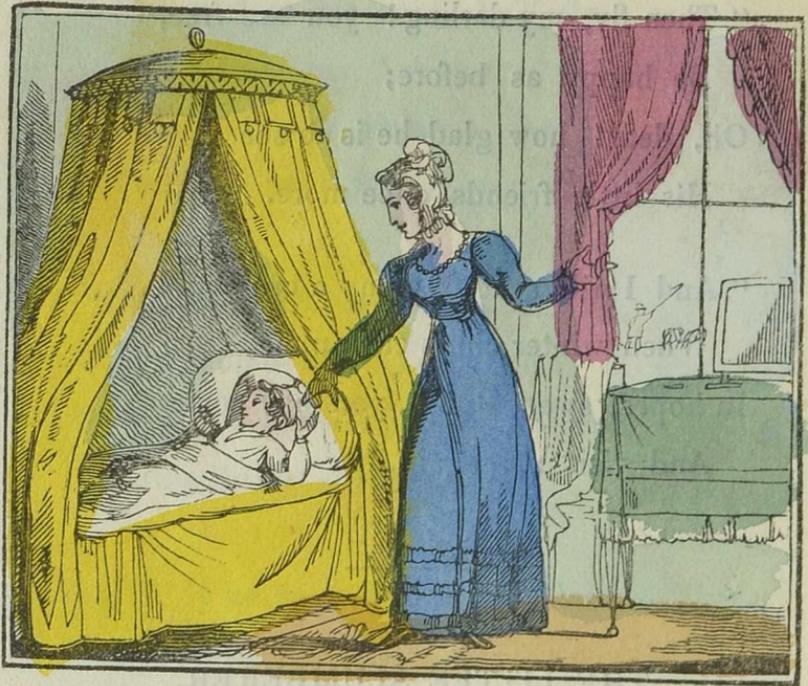
“ And I will scatter many a crumb,
When winter chills each plain,
In hopes, sweet Robin, you may come
And visit me again.”

THE LITTLE SLUMBERER.

Awake! awake! the sun is high,
And you have slept so long,
The lark has, in the morning sky,
Poured forth his first sweet song.

The shepherd to the upland lawn
His gentle flock has led,
But you, with curtains closely drawn,
Are slumbering still in bed.

The bee has now for many hours,
Been busy on the wing,



To gather from the opening flowers,
The honied sweets of spring.

The little birds from bush and brake,
Their tuneful voices raise,
And should *you* be the *last* to wake,
And sing your maker's praise?

Then rise, and labour to improve
Your mind's unfolding powers,
For you must give to God above,
Account for all your hours.



THE LITTLE GIRL AND HER CAT.

What naughty boy has used you thus,
And hurt your ear, my pretty puss?
Ah! Robert, it was you, I know;
How could you treat poor pussy so?
She never hurts you, though she might,
If she was cross, both scratch and bite,
As to your cost you soon might find;
But she is gentle, good and kind.

Come, pussy! I will coax your fur,
And comfort you, and make you purr,
Good nurse has given me in a cup,
Some milk, and you may lap it up;
There, you are pleased;—I understand;
You rub your head against my hand,
You cannot speak, but fondling thus,
You try to thank me, pretty puss!

ANNA AND THE LAMB.

One day, a silly little lamb,
Had wandered from its careful dam,
And from the sheepfold far away,
Across the common went astray.
At first he liked his ramble well,
And frisked about, and shook his bell,
And chased the wild bee on the wing,
Or paused to hear the linnet sing,
Then cropped the sweetest flowers that grew
On the hill side, among the dew.

At last, he tried to leap across
An orchard fence, but in the pass
He fell, poor thing! and on a stone
He struck his leg, and broke the bone!
And there in great distress he laid,
Till little Anna, and her maid,
Came there to gather cowslips sweet,
And heard him shake his bell, and bleat.
And Anna said, "How glad I am!
Look Sarah, I have found a lamb!
Come, pretty creature, come to me,
Oh dear! its leg is hurt, I see;
Poor little thing! it cannot rise,
And yet how patiently it lies.
Ah, Sarah! it will die, I fear,
If it remains so helpless here."
Then Sarah took it home, and put
It in the gardener's rubbish hut,
And laid it on some soft warm hay,
And Anna fed it every day,
With grass the nicest she could find,
And brought it drink, and was so kind,
The grateful lamb soon loved her well,
And learnt her little step to tell,



And he would raise his head, and cry
 Ba-a, ba-a, whenever she went by:
 And when his leg was strong once more,
 And he could gambol as before,
 He was so very, very tame,
 He always to caress her came,
 And followed her from place to place,
 And licked her feet, her hands, and face,
 And never all his life forgot
 The kindness of Miss Anna Scott.



THE NEGRO'S PETITION.

Have pity on a poor black man,
 Whose eyes are full of tears;
 And give him something, if you can,
 My pretty little dears.

You need not be afraid, or stare
 So much at Negro Jack,
 For God, who gave you skins so fair,
 Was pleased to make his black.

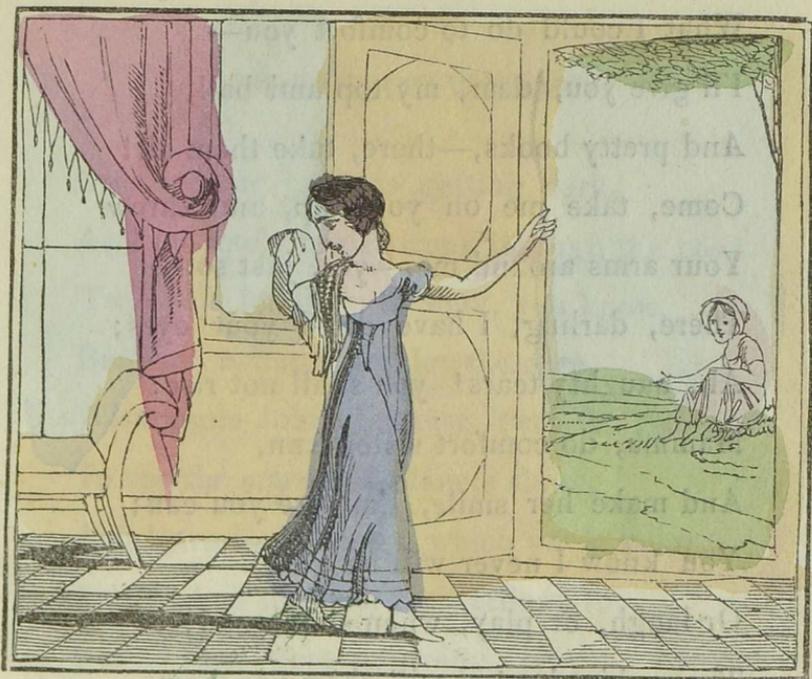
The white men came, a cruel band,
In ships across the sea,
And took me from my native land,
And made a slave of me.

My wife, and little children ran,
All screaming, to the shore;
They loved, my dears, the poor black man,
But never saw him more.

To tell you all the griefs I had,
For many wretched years,
Would make your little hearts too sad,
And fill your eyes with tears.

And now that I have grown so old,
And am both sick and poor,
I have no shelter from the cold,
But beg from door to door.

Ah! then don't send me from your gate,
If money you have any,
But take compassion on my state,
And give black man a penny.



THE LITTLE COMFORTER.

Ah, dearest sister! tell me why
You look so sorrowful, and cry?
Mamma has chidden you, I know,
But do not let it vex you so.
Come, lay your cheek on mine,—do, pray,
And let me kiss your tears away:
You always are so kind to me,
I cannot bear your grief to see.

I only wish, dear Ann, I knew
What I could do to comfort you—
I'll give you, dear, my top and ball,
And pretty books,—there, take them all!
Come, take me on your lap, and throw
Your arms around me,—yes, just so.—
There, darling, I have dried your eyes;
Ah, naughty tears! you shall not rise;
Mamma, do comfort sister Ann,
And make her smile, I'm sure you can;
You know I never will be glad,
Or laugh, or play, when she is sad:
There, kiss her! I will shew you how,
And say you are not angry now.
Oh! thank you, dear mamma. Come, Ann,
Look up, and smile!—Ah, now you can.



THE GLOWWORM.

One evening, it was getting dark,
As Jane and Charles came through the park.
'Twas late for them to walk, you know,
But then mamma had let them go,
With uncle John, because 'twas fine,
To see the stars and planets shine,
And learn their names, which uncle knew,
And wished to teach his darlings too.
But as they were returning, they
Saw on a bank a glow-worm lay,
Which glittered like a diamond spark,
Beneath an oak-tree's shadow dark;
And little Jane believed it was
A star, just fallen on the grass;
And cried, "Dear uncle, only see!
There lies a star! do fetch it me."
"A star!" her uncle smiling said,
"That is an insect, little maid!"
"No, no!" said Charles, "it shines too bright,
Why, uncle, look, it gives a light!"



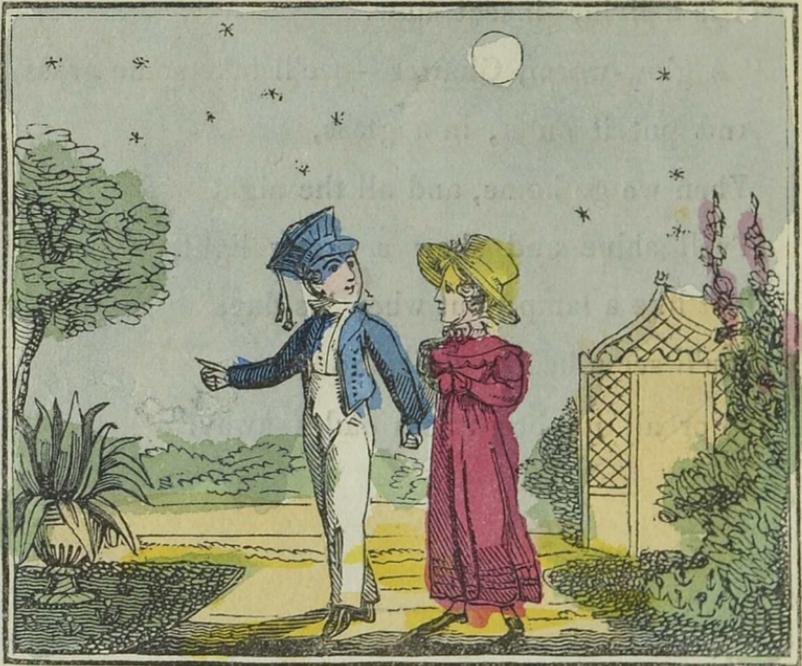
It can't be that, but I'm by far
 Too wise to take it for a star,
 Like little Jane, who does not know
That stars are worlds, though small they show;
 But this is quite another thing,
 'Tis dear mamma's best diamond ring."
 "I'm glad that you are grown so wise,"
 His uncle said, "but as it lies
 Among the grass, so very near,
 Go take it up, and bring it here!"

“ Dear uncle, you are right, I vow,
It is a living insect now.”

“ A glow-worm, Charles,—we’ll take some grass,
And put it on it, in a glass,
When we go home, and all the night
’Twill shine and shew a pretty light,
Just like a lamp; but when ’tis day,
You’ll see a beetle, dull and grey,
“ For all its brightness fades away.”

THE MOON.

Ah, pretty moon! you shine so bright,
I love to see your peaceful light,
You do not warm me, but you are
So beautiful, and mild, and fair;
When in the clear blue evening skies,
With all your glorious beams you rise,
I sit and watch you from the stile,
And sometimes, almost think you smile,



For all the woods and waters seem
Rejoicing in your silver beam;
And then the little stars peep out,
And shine, and sparkle all about:
I cannot count them, as they're spread
In beauteous order o'er my head,
But God, whose power has formed them all,
And by their proper names can call,
Does every one distinctly know,
Of stars above, and worlds below,

He tells their numbers, and they are
All objects of his gracious care.
Sun, moon, and stars, and earth, obey
Their great Creator's heavenly sway,
They all his mighty power confess;
Then let me join with to bless
His name, who formed both them and me,
And lives, and reigns eternally.

THE NEW BOOK.

“ See, dear mamma, this nice new book
Papa has given me;—sisters, look;
He says you each shall have one too,
When we have all read this quite through,
Which was so very, very kind;
This is a present to my mind,
And will our leisure hours employ,
More pleasingly than any toy;
And I shall always be so proud,
While you all work, to read aloud;

And thus, dear sisters, you will find
Amusement with your tasks combined,
And all my pleasure may partake;
What a nice party we shall make,
In the oak grove, or hawthorn bower,
To read before the breakfast hour,
And mutually our minds improve,
In knowledge, industry, and love.

THE LITTLE TRUANTS.

Two little boys, one wintry day,
Whose names I do not know,
Agreed from school to run away,
And play among the snow.

They slipped out at the hour of noon,
When other boys went home,
And got into the country soon,
About the fields to roam.

They went into a wood, at last,
That skirted round a park,



And staid so long the snow fell fast,
And it was getting dark.

And then, how they were frightened, when
They could not find their way;
And had no other prospect then,
But there all night to stay,

And cold and piercing was that night,
The north wind shrilly blew,
They ran and screamed with all their might,
At last, they weary grew.

And when they could no further go,
They sat down, side by side,
Among the heaps of frozen snow,
And wrung their hands and cried.

And much they wished, but 'twas in vain,
That they had been content,
With their good master to remain
At school where they were sent.

And oh! how many tears that night,
These little truants shed,
But long before the dawn of light,
They both were cold and dead!

THE THOUGHTLESS BUTTERFLY.

One morning, when the sun shone bright,
A butterfly first took his flight,
He skimmed o'er meadow, hill, and vale,
And sported in the summer gale;
Then in the garden, many an hour,
He idly rov'd from flower to flower,

And spread his bright wings, to display
Their colours in the morning ray.
At last, he wandered near the hive,
Where busy-bees together live;
He watched them flying in and out,
And gathering honey all about,
And thought it but a tiresome thing,
To spend in labour all the spring.
And said, "I'm very glad that I
Have nothing else to do, but fly
From place to place, where'er I please,
Not like those stupid ugly bees,
Who work and toil the livelong day,
And never have an hour for play."
So said this proud, and silly thing,
Nor thought that time was on the wing,
And was as idle, gay, and free,
As any butterfly could be.

But when the summer days were past,
And dull, cold winter, came at last,
When frost and snow were on the ground,
And not a blossom could be found,

I saw this butterfly lie dead,
With faded plumes, and wings outspread,
A lily's withered bell beneath,
Where he had been quite starved to death;
For he neglected to provide
For winter, when in all his pride.
While the wise bees within their hive,
Were all quite merry and alive;
And you will see them on the wing,
The first fine morning in the spring.

THE LITTLE NURSE.

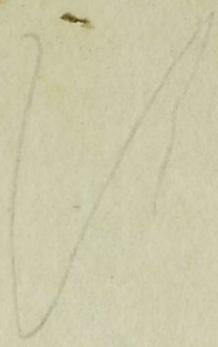
Don't clap the door, or make a noise,
Because mamma is ill, dear boys;
She cannot bear to hear you talk;
So go and take a quiet walk;
But I will sit beside her bed,
And give her drink and hold her head;
I will not from her pillow stir,
But watch all day and night by her;



For oh! how many times has she,
When I was sick, done so for me;
And with such tender patient love,
To sooth my infant sufferings strove,
And when my cries disturbed her rest,
She used to lull me on her breast,
And by my restless couch would keep,
Whole nights, to watch my broken sleep,
How much to her fond love we owe,
Dear brothers, we can never know,

Nor can we, all our lives, repay;
Then let us study every way,
Now she is ill; to give her ease,
To cheer, to comfort her, and please;
That dear mamma may find we are
All grateful for her love and care.

THE END.



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