

Nursery PLAY HOUR BOOK



THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY.

56, PATERNOSTER ROW; 65, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, AND 164, PICCADILLY.

MY BABY BROTHER.

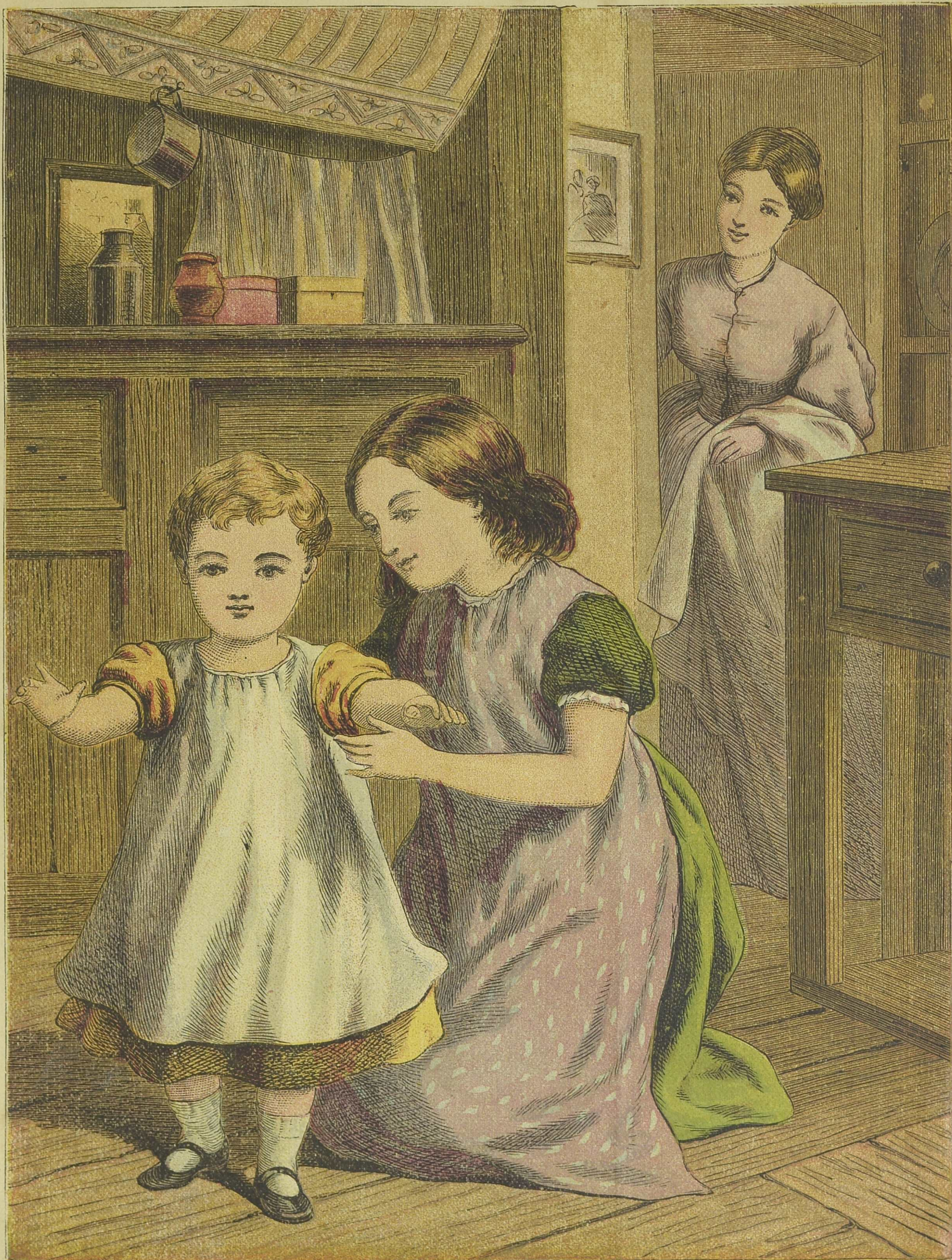
O DEAR mamma, where are you gone?
Come, see the baby stand alone;
And only think—indeed, 'tis truth—
I can just feel a little tooth.

“Look at his pretty shining hair,
His cheeks so red, his skin so fair;
His curly ringlets, just like flax;
His little bosom, just like wax.

“I think he's growing very wise;
Now don't you think so?” Julia cries:
Then to the cradle off she ran,
To kiss the little baby-man.

NAUGHTY TEMPER.

BAD temper, go,
You never shall stay with me;
Bad temper, go,
You and I shall never agree.
For I will always kind and mild
And gentle pray to be,
And do to others as I wish
That they should do to me.
Temper bad
With me shall never stay;
Temper bad
Can never be happy and gay.



A
Christmas Present
for
Miss Elizabeth Sargent
from

Her Affectionate Parents
1846
3

THE DUNCE OF A KITTEN.

COME, pussy, will you learn to read?

I've got a pretty book;

Nay, turn this way, you must, indeed:

Fie, there's a sulky look.

Here is a pretty picture, see,

An apple and great A:

How stupid you will ever be,

If you do nought but play.

Come, A, B, C, an easy task,

What any one can do:

I will do anything you ask,

For dearly I love you.

No, no, your lesson is not done,

You have not learnt it half:

You'll grow a downright simpleton,

And make the people laugh.

Mamma told me so, I declare,

And made me quite ashamed;

So I resolved no pains to spare,

Nor like a dunce be blamed.

Well, get along, you naughty kit,

And after mice go look;

I'm glad that I have got more wit:

I love my pretty book.



MARY'S LITTLE LAMB.

MARY had a little lamb,
It's fleece was white as snow ;
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.

He followed her to class one day—
That was against the rule ;
It made the children laugh and play,
To see a lamb at school.

So the teacher turned him out,
But still he lingered near,
And waited patiently about
Till Mary did appear.

“What makes the lamb love Mary so?”
The eager children cry.
“Oh, Mary loves the lamb, you know,”
The teacher did reply.

And you each gentle animal
In confidence may bind,
And make them follow at your will
If you are only kind.

We are little children,
Weak and apt to stray ;
Saviour, guide and keep us
In the heavenly way.

ROBIN REDBREAST.

COME, robin, so merry,
With breast like a cherry,
For now 'tis the blossoming spring;
Stretch open your throat,
Pour forth a glad note,
And spread out your beautiful wing.

Now the morning is clear,
Skim through the fresh air,
Your breakfast is ready in store;
Come, cheerily sing,
And your crumbs we will bring,
And scatter them all round the door.

Now light on the ground,
And hop all around,
And peck 'till you've eaten your fill;
Then think of the nest
Where your little ones rest,
And carry home some in your bill.

TRY AGAIN.

IF you find your task is hard,
Try, try, try again.
Time will bring you your reward,
Try, try, try again.
All that other people do,
Why with patience should not you?
Only keep this rule in view—
Try, try, try again



THE SNOW MAN.

Oh, see! the snow is falling now,
It powders all the trees;
Its flakes abound, and all around
They float upon the breeze.

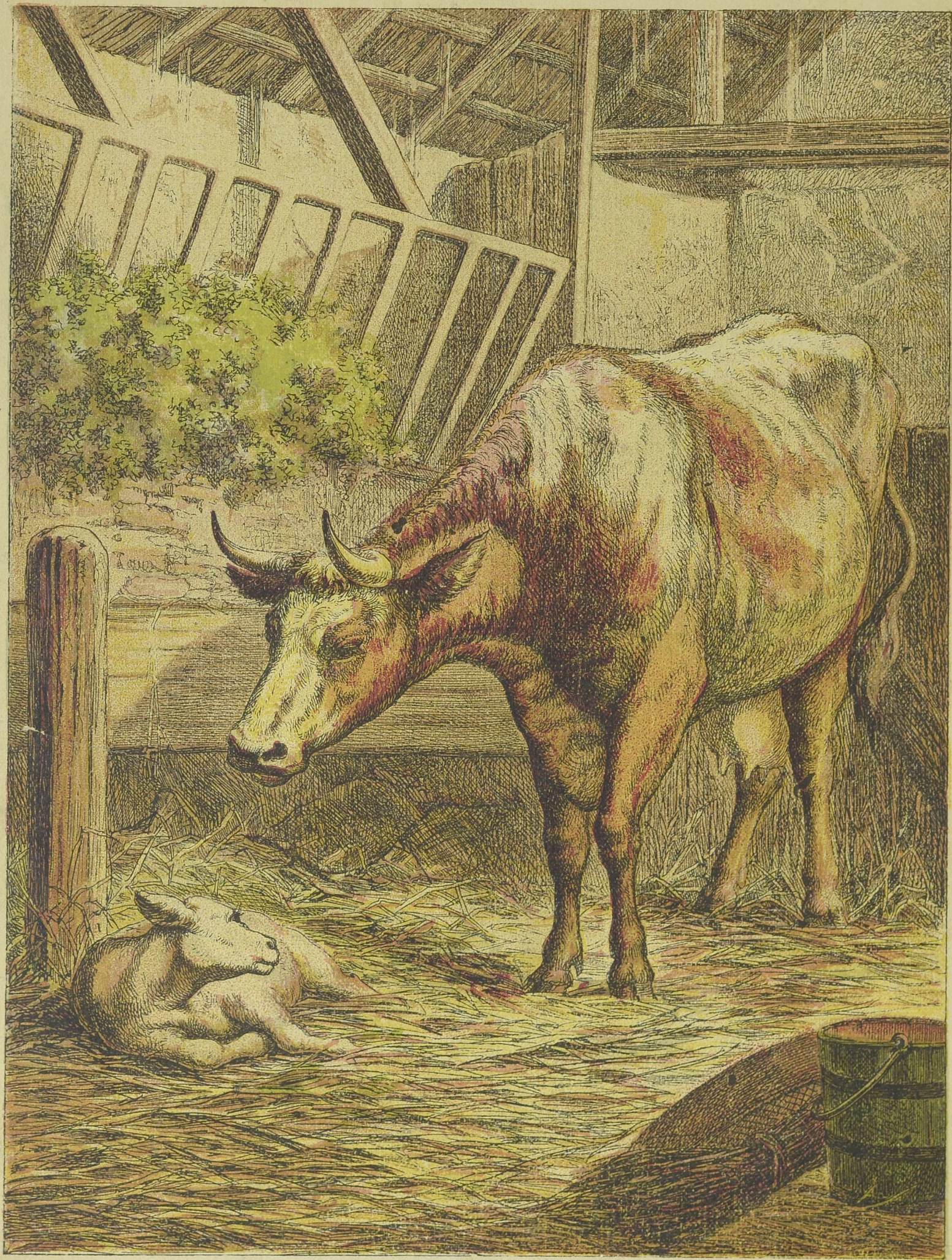
'Tis snowing fast, and cold the blast,
But yet I hope 'twill stay:
Oh, see it blow the falling snow,
In meadows far away.

Jack Frost is near, we feel him here,
He's on his icy sled;
And covered deep, the flowers sleep
Beneath their snowy bed.

Come out and play, this winter day,
Amid the falling snow;
Come, young and old, nor fear the cold,
Nor howling winds that blow.

THE HAPPY FAMILY.

JESUS, Lord, we look to thee;
May we in thy name agree.
Make us one in heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind,
Lowly, meek, in thought and word,
That we may be like our Lord.



THE COW.

THANK you, pretty cow, that made
Pleasant milk to soak my bread,
Every day and every night,
Warm and fresh, and sweet and white.

Do not chew the hemlock rank,
Growing on the weedy bank ;
But the yellow cowslip eat,
That will make it very sweet.

Where the purple violet grows,
Where the bubbling water flows,
Where the grass is fresh and fine,
Pretty cow, go there and dine.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

HARK, I hear my Saviour speak,
To me, so very young and weak,
With a tender voice and mild,
“Dost thou love me, little child?”

Blessed Saviour, thou dost know
That I would not answer, “No.”
Weak and sinful though I be,
With my *heart* I do love thee.

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