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THE  
S N O W D R O P,  
OR  
P O E T R Y  
FOR  
HENRY AND EMILY'S LIBRARY.

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BY A LADY.

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FOURTH EDITION.

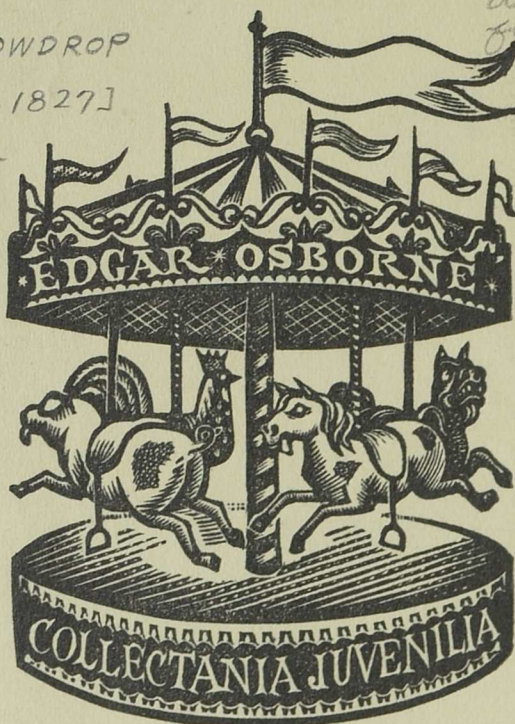
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LONDON:  
JOHN HARRIS,  
CORNER OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

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[ca. 1827]  
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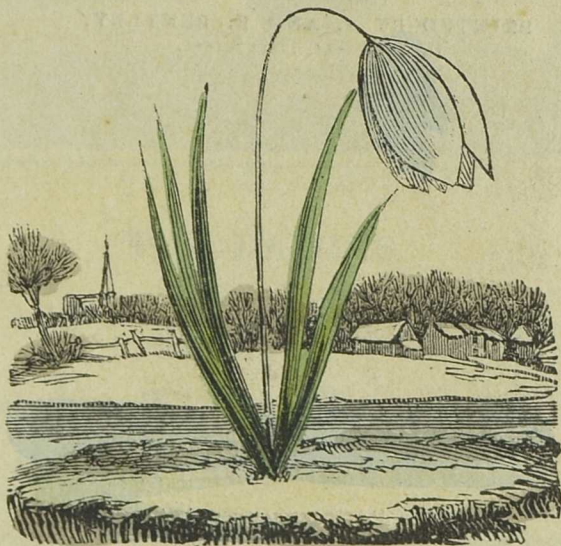
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JOHN HARRIS

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## THE DAISIES.

### I.

OH ! look at these Daisies, Mamma ! said Janette,  
Now are they not sweet little flowers ?

I pull'd them myself by the side of the brook :

Do, Mamma, raise your head from your work,  
and just look

Here ; shake them, they're wet with the showers.

## II.

They are wet with the showers, indeed, said

Mamma,

And they're sprinkled all over with snow :

And see! notwithstanding those cold wint'ry eves,

Look here, Janette! look how their silver-tipp'd  
leaves

Retain all their beautiful glow!

## III.

May you, like those Daisies, be always in bloom,

In Winter as well as in May!

And by decking your mind with the brightness of  
truth,

My Janette will bloom, though the roses of youth

Are stolen by time all away.





## THE BIRD.

I.

Look, what a pretty Bird I've got !  
In yonder island field 'twas caught.  
Just see its breast and painted wings ;  
And listen, John, how sweet it sings !

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## II.

Do let me keep it, I 'll engage  
To mind it safely in this cage ;  
And not a moment will I ask  
To idle from my school or task.

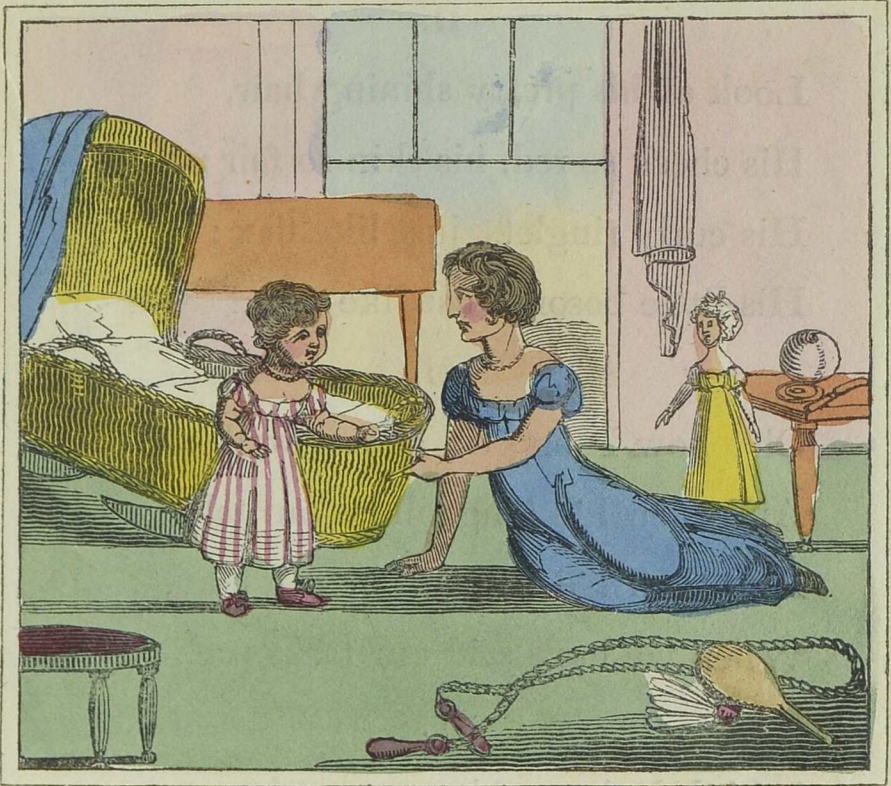
## III.

I 'll feed you well, my pretty Bird !  
With worms, and crumbs of bread, and seed :  
And no ill-natured cat is here,  
To fill your little breast with fear.

## IV.

Said kind Mamma, Oh do not so ;  
But haste, Maria, let it go ;  
And then, among the feather'd throng,  
'Twill treat you with its pretty song.





## THE INFANT BABY.

## I.

Oh! dear Mamma, where are you gone?  
 Come here, the Baby stands alone!  
 And only think, indeed 'tis truth,  
 He has, just feel, a little tooth!

## II.

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

## III.

Oh ! how I long till he can walk !  
And then I 'll long till he can talk ;  
And then I 'll long till he can play,  
When we have said our tasks each day.

## IV.

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 fairy-man.





## THE SLOVEN.

I.

How can you appear such a figure this morn ?

With unwashed hands, neck, and face ;

With your clothes all so rumpled, and hair all  
uncomb'd :

Most truly you 're quite a disgrace !

## II.

Go back to your room, and appear not again  
Till your hands and your face are quite clean.  
Go back, when I bid you ; this moment go back !  
I declare you 're not fit to be seen !

---

## THE BUTTERFLY.

## I.

Why do you frown, and pout, and cry,  
And hurt that pretty Butterfly ?

You naughty boy !

It feels each suffering just like you ;  
Believe me, what I say is true,

Unfeeling boy !

## II.

Oh, dear ! you 'll kill it ; pray take care ;  
Do let it go ; how can you bear

To teaze it so ?

See now the window open here ;  
Dear ! how it moves with pain and fear ;

Haste ! let it go !





## THE LOVE OF FINERY REPROVED.

## I.

It was Sunday morn ; the bell had toll'd,  
When Bess, a child of six years old,  
Said, " Dear Mamma, do not refuse  
" To let me wear my yellow shoes.

## II.

“ You know, Mamma, my crimson sash ;  
“ Oh, dear ! I’ll cut so great a dash !  
“ And then the feathers too I’ll wear ;  
“ Just think how all the folks will stare !”

## III.

Mamma was angry ; yet she smiled,  
And thus address’d her foolish child :  
“ Indeed I wonder much, my love,  
“ Such thoughts your little heart can move.

## IV.

“ Your plain white frock come quickly bring,  
“ And then those shoes that want a string ;  
“ And come, your beaver hat put on :  
“ Make haste, Papa’s already gone.

## V.

“ Let no fine sash, or glittering dress,  
“ Be ever seen on little Bess.  
“ Nor gaudy colouring e’er be thine :  
“ Be neat, my child, but never fine !”





## THE PRIMROSE.

## I.

Where is Jane? said Papa, as he came in one day,  
While a Primrose he held as he spoke.  
Oh! see what a nice flower I've got for my child,  
Provided she always speaks pretty and mild;  
I pull'd it just under the oak.

## II.

And I'll pull her some more, if I find she'll be good,  
And does what she's bid, and speaks mild.  
Oh! that's a good girl: how she holds up her head!  
Here now is the Primrose; come, kiss me, he said.  
Dear me, what a wonderful child!

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## SIMPLE HENRY.

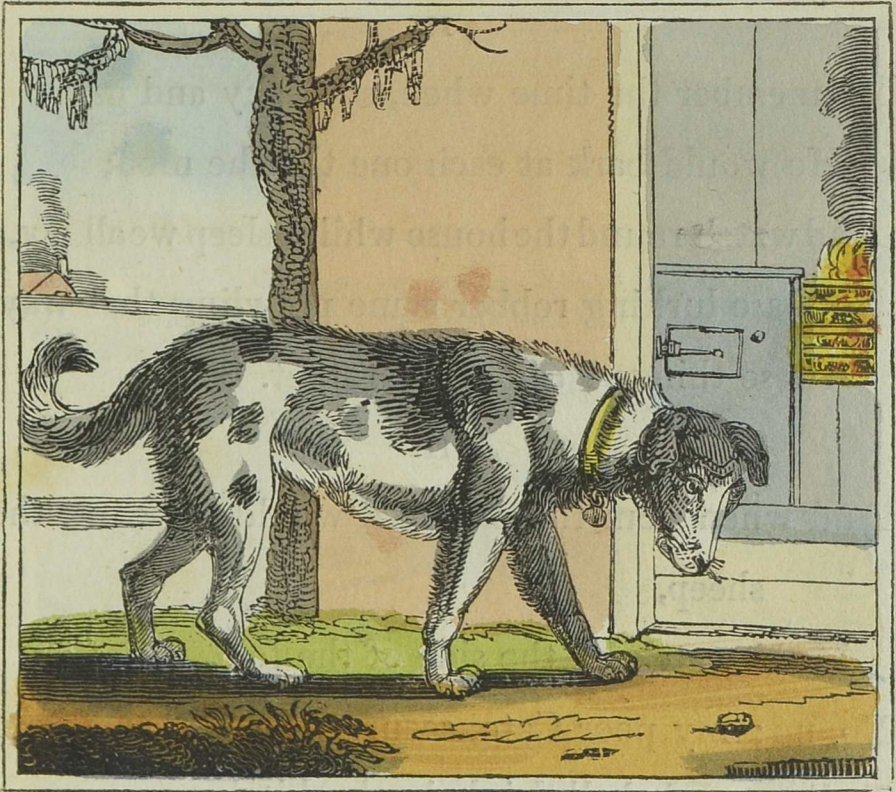
## I.

And why does my Henry look sad?  
And why is the tear in his eye?  
Because his pet sparrow has flown,  
Is this any cause he should cry?

## II.

Alas! my dear Henry will find,  
As time journeys on with his years,  
Such trials and griefs in the world,  
He'll smile when he thinks of these tears.





## OLD CATO.

## I.

Do you think our poor Dog to the stable we'll  
send,

Because he's grown feeble and old?

No, no; every night, quite secure from alarm,

Old Cato must sleep in the kitchen so warm;

He sha'n't be turn'd out in the cold.

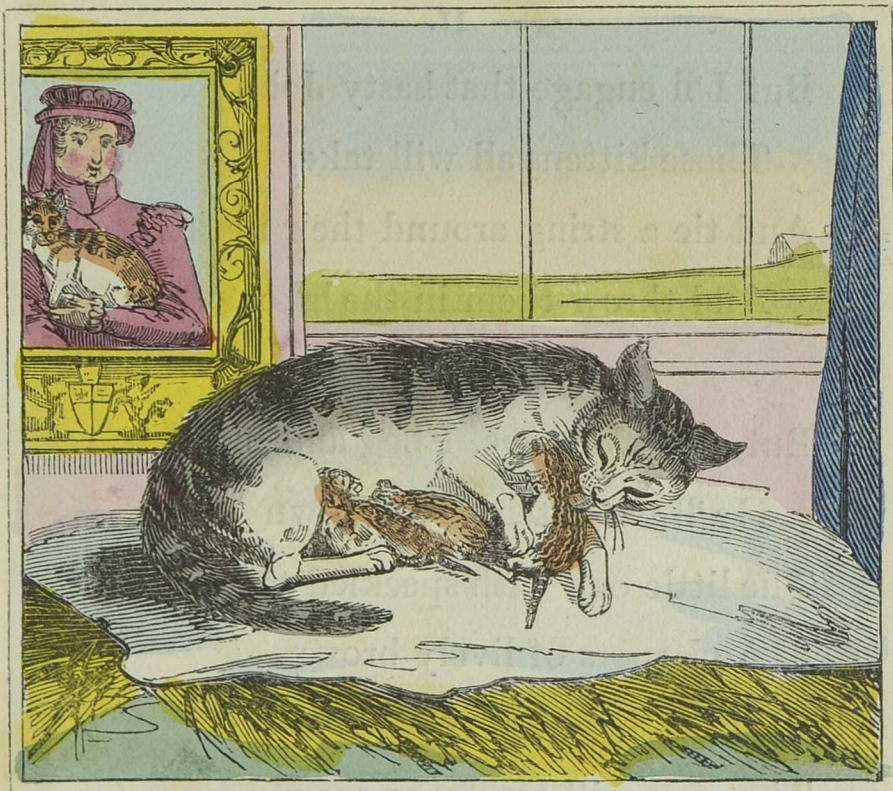
## II.

I remember the time when, so frisky and gay,  
He would bark at each one that he met ;  
And watch round the house while asleep we all lay,  
If a base lurking robber came prowling that way.  
These things I can never forget.

## III.

And when Tom the shepherd would drive out the  
sheep,  
He'd watch by the side of the fold.  
No, no ; my poor Cato, secure from all harm,  
Shall eat and shall drink in the kitchen so warm ;  
He sha'n't be turn'd out in the cold.





## THE KITTENS.

I.

Poor Puss has kitten'd, I declare !

For joy she purs and sings.

In all your life, you never saw

Such pretty little things.

## II.

But I'll engage that hasty John  
Those kittens all will take,  
And tie a string around their necks,  
And throw them in the lake.

## III.

But, dear Mamma, I beg and pray,  
He'll not attempt to drown  
The little one with speckled tail,  
And spots of lively brown.

## IV.

That one will comfort poor old Puss,  
When all the rest are gone :  
Oh ! save it, dear Mamma, make haste ;  
Do run, and speak to John !





## NAUGHTY JOHN.

## I.

Mamma, speak to John, he's so naughty and bold;  
Just see now the face he has on!  
Cock noses he makes, though I beg of him not.  
Mamma! if you please, call to John.

## II.

Not a word that I say but he mimics at once ;  
And then runs away with my book ;  
And to-day in the meadow he gave such a shove,  
I was near falling into the brook.

## III.

He laughs, and he snaps every thing that I have.  
My dear little bird t' other day  
I was feeding, and putting it into its cage,  
When he snatch'd it, and then ran away.

## IV.

You know my new hat with the buckle and band ;  
Such rudeness I never could dream ;  
He steals up behind me, and snatches it off,  
And tosses it into the stream.

## V.

When I came from my room, down to breakfast,  
this morn,  
Such a laugh as I heard round the place !  
Do you know what it was? he stole in while I slept,  
And blacken'd and daub'd all my face.



## VI.

Indeed, said Mamma, I'm so angry, my love,  
I scarcely know well what to say ;  
But we'll break naughty John of these trouble-  
some pranks ;  
Stop, my love, and I'll tell you the way.

## VII.

Be attentive and courteous as ever you can,  
And always obliging and mild ;  
And when brother John wants any thing done,  
Run quickly and do it, my child.

## VIII.

The command of St. Paul, Oh, how lovely and  
sweet !  
Though seldom, alas ! understood :  
Whene'er with resentment our bosoms beat high,  
“ To overcome evil with good.”

## SLIDING ON THE ICE.

## I.

“ By the mountain’s grassy side,  
“ Nimbly on the ice we’ll slide ;  
“ Then to yonder rock we’ll go,  
“ To make a hundred balls of snow.”

## II.

Agreed by all ; away they set,  
When lo ! poor Richmond’s corpse they met !  
The ice where he such pleasure found,  
Broke, quickly broke, and he was drown’d.

## III.

Recovering scarcely from this shock,  
They met Tom Evans on the rock ;  
By balls of snow, his head all cut  
With stones, which in those balls were put.

## IV.

We’ll go no farther, Henry, dear ;  
My heart is fill’d with sudden fear :  
But home we’ll haste, our God to praise,  
Who saved us from such dreadful ways.





## THE NEW DOLL.

I.

See what a pretty Doll I've got,  
Which dear Papa so kindly bought!  
Look at her neck, and pretty head,  
And then her cheeks so rosy red!

## II.

And then her laughing eyes so blue ;  
She's looking, I declare, at you !  
And then her pretty little hands ;  
Oh, dear ! now Ellen, sure she stands !

## III.

I wish, sweet Baby, you could read,  
And say your prayers and say the creed ;  
And if you could a copy write,  
Oh, dear ! 'twould give me such delight !

## IV.

And, maybe, good old Mrs. Trench  
Would be so kind to teach you French,  
And music, and Italian too :  
Dear Mrs. Trench, Oh, pray, now do !



## THE WALK AT NOON.

## I.

Here on this rock we'll sit awhile :  
The Mother said with kindest smile ;  
An hour must be our longest stay ;  
You know we must be back to tea.

## II.

Besides, I'm wearied with my walk,  
So let us have a little talk :  
Who was it, Mary, love, that said,  
Here shall thy course, proud waves be staid ?

## III.

And when the waves, and raging storm,  
Fill'd every breast with dire alarm ;  
Who was it said, It is my will,  
That these proud waves and storm be still ?

## IV.

Who is it marks the sparrow's fall,  
Yet dearly loves my children all ?  
Who form'd these scenes so grand and wild,  
Yet deigns to guard a little child ?

## V.

You've answered right—'tis God, my love,  
Our good kind God, who lives above :  
Be good, sweet babes, and when you die,  
He'll take you up to yonder sky !

---

## TO BE SAID ON THE SEA-SHORE.

## I.

This Ocean wide on which we gaze,  
That does the heart so much amaze,  
Arose at Thy command !  
And this vast strand and those dark caves,  
And those high rocks which bound the waves,  
Were form'd all by Thy hand !

## II.

Yon rising Sun with splendid ray,  
Majestic monarch of the day !  
That lights the vaulted sky,  
Was form'd by Thy all-wondrous thought !  
And then, to gild the night, were brought  
The glitt'ring stars on high !



## III.

The lovely Moon with silver beam,  
That marks from shade the humble stream,  
And lights yon ruin'd tower,  
Cannot emit one feeble ray  
To guide the trav'ler on his way,  
Without Thy mighty power!

## IV.

Thou form'd all Nature with Thy word;  
Then canst thou, O my God, regard  
An Infant such as I?  
Yes! Thou wilt guide each step along;  
And then to join Thy Angel throng,  
Thou 'lt take me when I die!

## KIND FANNY.

## I.

Pray give me, said Fanny, a needle and thread :

And there fell on her bosom a tear :

I'm going to make dolls. To make dolls? said

Janette,

Why I don't understand you, my dear.

## II.

Oh! yes, I must go to make dolls for poor Sue,

Perhaps she can sell them again ;

For really, Jane, it would go to your heart,

To witness her want and her pain.

## III.

You know the lone cottage that stands in the  
wood,

With the hawthorn trees all around :

Well, yesterday eve, about half after six,

Her cottage was burnt to the ground !





## THE DISOBEDIENT BOYS.

## I.

Don't go near that boat, says Mamma to the Boys.

And why, now, Mamma? the Boys cried.

Because the old cable which fastens the boat  
May burst from its anchor and set her afloat,  
And then she'll go off with the tide.

## II.

Oh, certainly not, Mamma, says William and Joe,  
And certainly not, Mamma, says Ned.

But soon as she left them, away they all set.  
Oh! sad naughty children, so soon to forget  
What their worthy Mamma had just said.

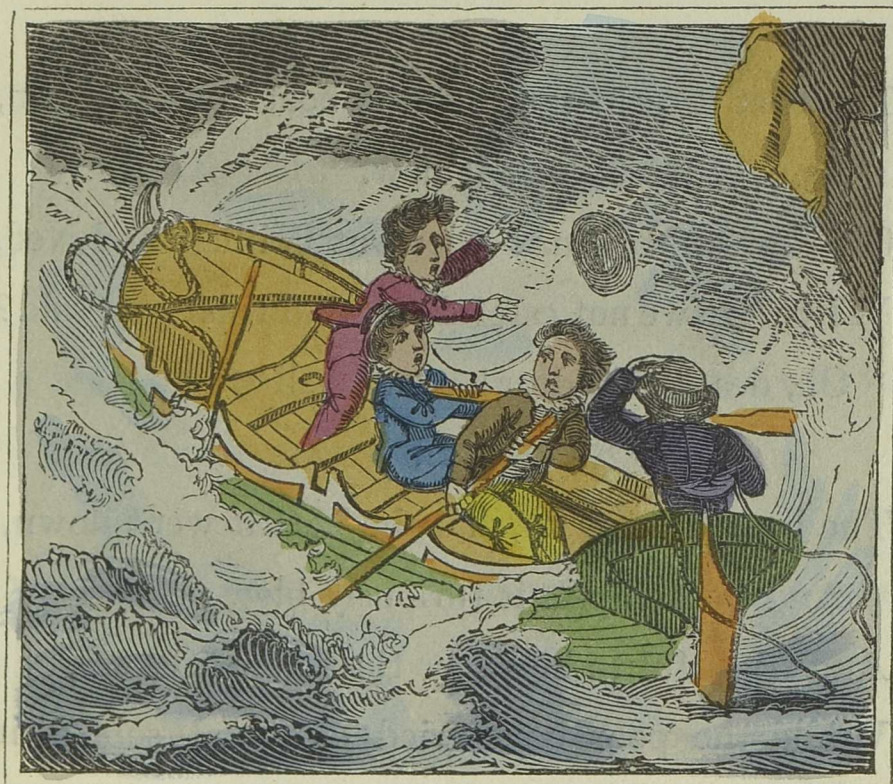
## III.

Then into the boat they all hastily got,  
While the tide round them gently did flow.  
Says William, let Ned at the helm here sit,  
And let Tom take this oar, and we'll push off a bit,  
And, here, give the other to Joe.

## IV.

But soon as they all 'gan to ply at the boat,  
The old cable slipp'd from its stay;  
And the tide going out with the swiftness of  
thought,  
Tom, William, and Edward, and Joe, and the boat,  
Were all hurried off to the sea.





## V.

Conceive their confusion, their grief, and surprise ;

To tell it, indeed, would be vain.

And, to make matters worse, the bright sun hid  
its light,

And the rain poured down, while a bitter cold  
night

Threaten'd darkness all over the main.

## VI.

The boat it went up, and the boat it went down,  
As over the billows it flew.

Oh, dearest Mamma ! cried out William and Ned,  
Why were we not careful to mind what you said ?  
Oh, dear ! Oh, dear ! what shall we do ?

## VII.

The boat it went up, and the boat it went down,  
And the tempest it furiously blew ;  
And frightful to hear was the roar of the sea,  
While the poor boys cried out, and sobb'd in  
dismay,  
Mamma dearest, what shall we do ?

## VIII.

If I live to get over this tempest, says Ned,  
Not one word that she ever can say,  
Oh, even her looks and her winks, said they all,  
And her slaps and her whippings, though ever so  
small,  
We'll attend to from this very day.



## IX.

The boat it went up, and the boat it went down,  
While frightful indeed was the shock;  
And just as the clock from the tower had struck  
twelve,  
A big wave bore down, and the boat gave a delve,  
And threw them all out on a rock.

## X.

Where are you? says William; Where are you?  
says Joe;  
Where are you, my dear brother Ned?  
Till this very moment, says poor frighten'd John;  
Till this very moment, says every one,  
We were certain and sure we were dead.

## XI.

But what shall we say to Papa and Mamma?  
Oh, that is the thing, now, says Ned.  
I'll tell you, says Tom: to the parlour we'll go,  
And we'll fall on our knees. Oh! that never will do;  
They both go so early to bed.

## XII.

We'll try, at all hazards, says William and Tom;  
Perhaps they're not gone to bed yet;  
For though we've been certainly naughty and bold,  
There's no use, I am sure, to stay here in the cold.  
So away canter'd home the whole set.

## XIII.

The moment they enter'd, their father call'd out,  
That they should not come in his sight;  
And gave Jenny orders, their grief to complete,  
For three nights to come, not a bit should they eat  
Nor drink for their supper at night.



## ADVICE.

## I.

Be you, sweet boys and girls, inclined,  
With care to cultivate your mind ;  
But though to this your hours you lend,  
“ The one thing needful still attend.”

## II.

Each morning give your earnest care  
To reading, spelling, writing fair ;  
But though to each your hours you lend,  
“ The one thing needful still attend.”

## III.

Nor would I check sweet Fancy's dream,  
When list'ning to the poet's theme ;  
But though to this your hours you lend,  
“ The one thing needful still attend.”

## IV.

A well-stored mind has wondrous charms ;  
The heart, nay reason's self it warms :  
While Education's polish'd work  
Attracts, and brings the diamond forth.

## V.

You were not born, my little girl,  
Merely to bask in Folly's whirl,  
To dance around in Pleasure's ring,  
To dress, to talk, to laugh, to sing.

## VI.

Ah ! no ; be yours the nobler aim,  
The meed of Reason's power to claim ;  
Be yours the grand, important care,  
Eternal crowns of bliss to wear !

## IV.



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