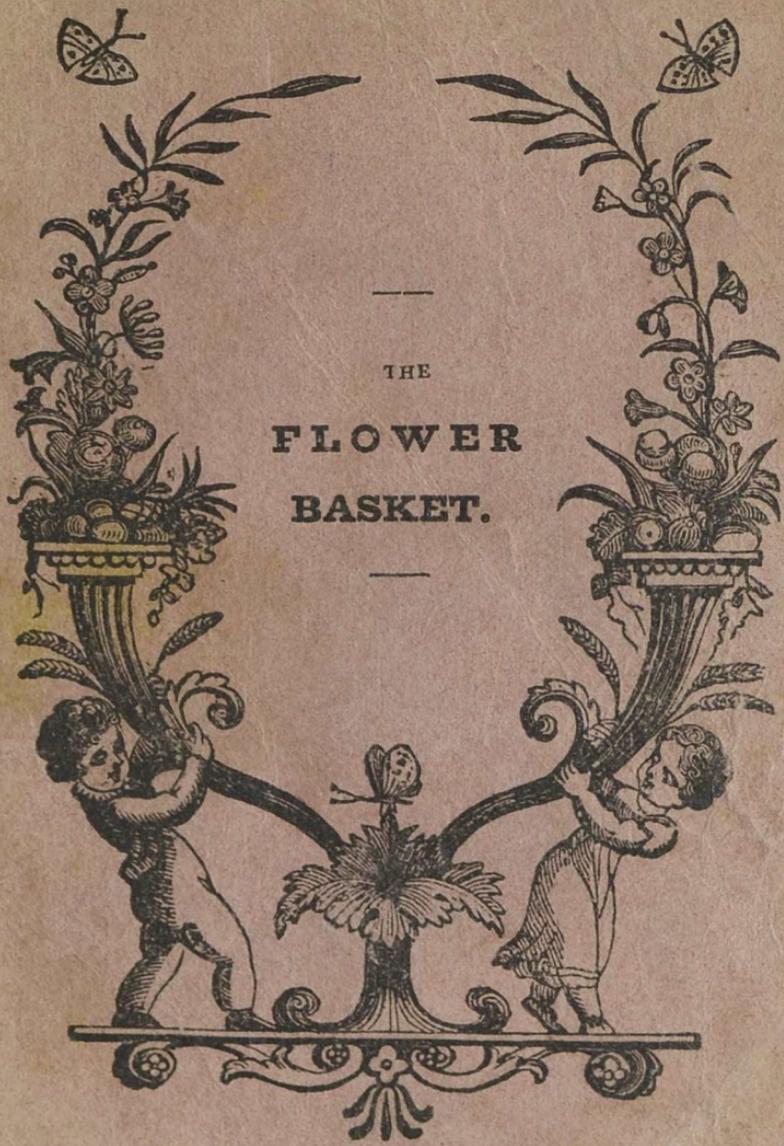


THE
FLOWER
BASKET.



Lucretia D. Goddard.
THE *Sept. 28th 1830*

Flower-Basket;

OR

POETICAL BLOSSOMS:

ORIGINAL

NURSERY RHYMES AND TALES.

By the Author of

ADVENTURES OF A FIELD-MOUSE, LESSONS FOR THE NURSERY
TELL-TALE, &c.

Embellished with Fifteen coloured Engravings.

LONDON :

PUBLISHED BY A. K. NEWMAN & Co., LEADENHALL-STREET.

Price One Shilling.

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POETICAL BLOSSOMS:

ORIGINAL

NURSERY RHYMES AND TALES

By the Author of

ANALOGIES OF A THIRD-MOUSE, REMOVED FOR THE MOUNTAIN
WILLIAMS & CO.

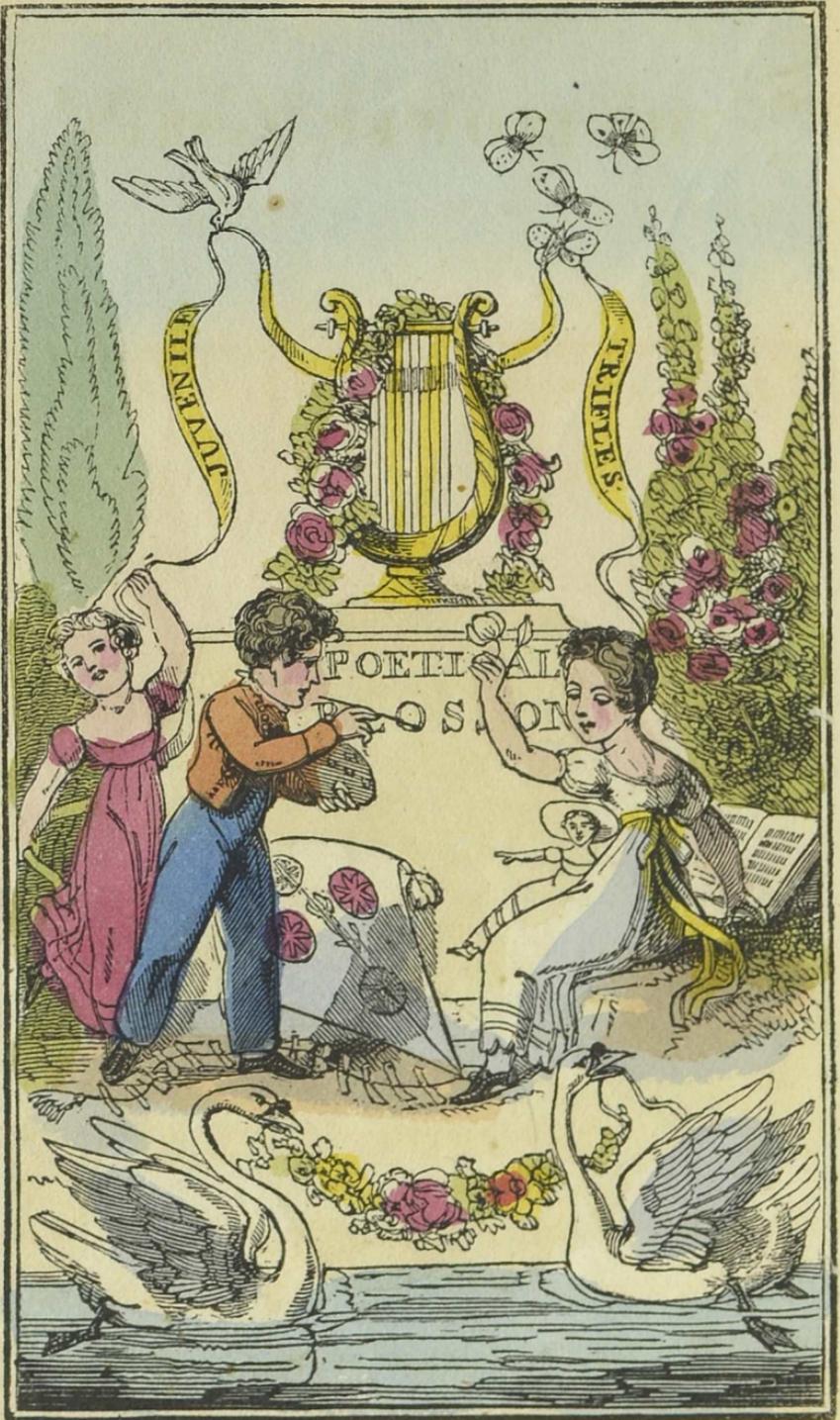
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1854.

FRONTISPIECE.



THE FLOWER-BASKET.



THE CRADLE SONG.

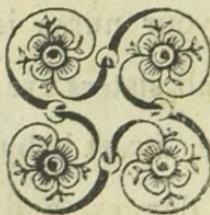
Oh! lullaby, baby, your nurse is away,
And your brothers and sisters are gone out to play;
But I by your cradle, sweet baby, will keep,
And guard you from danger, and sing you to sleep.

Then slumber, my darling, secure from all fear,
No harm can befall you while I am so near;
The flies shall not tease 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 were as good, pretty creature, as you,
I should not commit the sad faults that I do:
How I wish, dearest baby, once more I could be
As innocent, happy, and faultless, as thee.





THE CHILD'S NEW-YEAR'S WISH.

Good morning, friends, and parents dear,
I wish you all, a happy year :
I wish you, pleasure, peace, and health,
Increase of comfort, joy, and wealth;
That all your cares may soon be o'er,
And blessings given you more and more.
May all your years in peace be past,
And each be happier than the last.
And may I every year improve,
And be more worthy of your love,

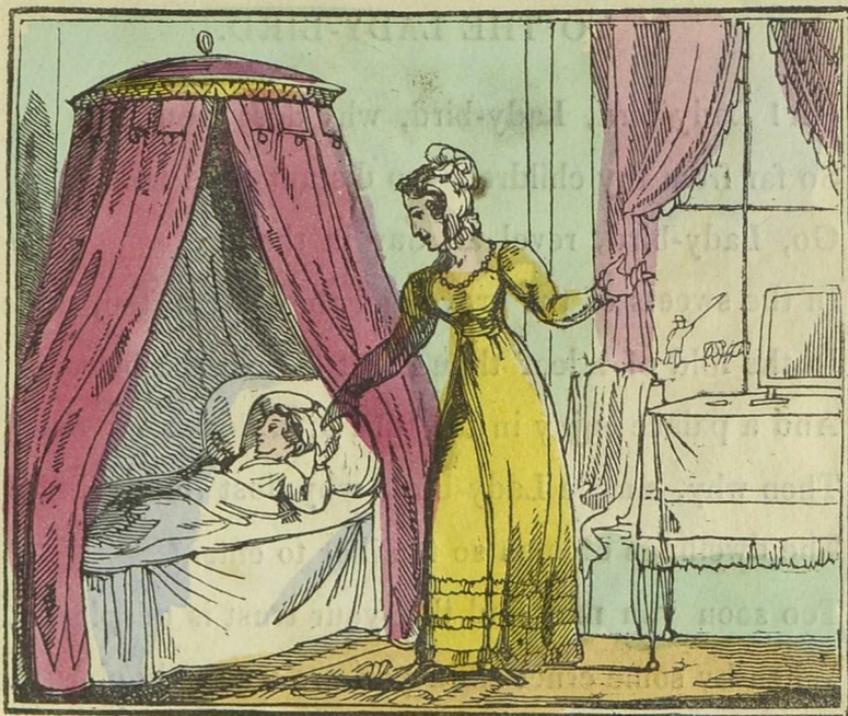
That you may, in my youthful mind,
In each revolving season, find
Increase of virtue, and each good
That can be felt and understood ;
That my advance in knowledge fair
May be proportioned to your care :
And, last, I wish you often may
Enjoy the sight of New-Year's day.

THE LITTLE SLUMBERER.

Awake!—awake!—the sun is high,
And you have slumbered much too long ;
The lark has, in the morning-sky,
Poured forth to heaven its first sweet song.

The shepherd to the upland lawn
His gentle flock has some time led ;
Yet you, with curtains closely drawn,
Are lying still asleep in bed.

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



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

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

Then rise, and labour to improve
Your youthful mind's expanding powers:
For you must give to heaven above,
A true account of all your hours.

TO THE LADY-BIRD.

OH! Lady-bird, Lady-bird, why dost thou roam
So far from thy children—so distant from home?
Go, Lady-bird, revel all day in the air,
In the sweets of the grove and the garden, too, share;
In the fold of a leaf thou canst find thee a bower,
And a palace enjoy in the tube of a flower.
Then why, simple Lady-bird, why dost thou venture
The dwellings of man so familiar to enter?
Too soon you may find that your trust is misplaced,
When by some cruel child you are wantonly chased,
And your bright scarlet coat, so bespotted with black,
May be torn by his barbarous hands from your back,
And your smooth jetty corslet be pierced with a pin,
That the urchin may see you in agonies spin:
For his bosom is shut against pity's appeals,
He has never been taught that a Lady-bird feels.
Ah, then you'll regret you were tempted to rove
From the tall-climbing hop, or the hazel's thick grove,
And will fondly remember each arbour and tree,
Where lately you wandered contented and free.
Then fly, simple Lady-bird, fly away home,
No more from your nest, and your children to roam.



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.”

“ My Ellen, say,—were you to be
A lonely captive, pent
From all your friends, papa, and me,—
Could you be then 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 pleased he seems to see
His little friends once more!”

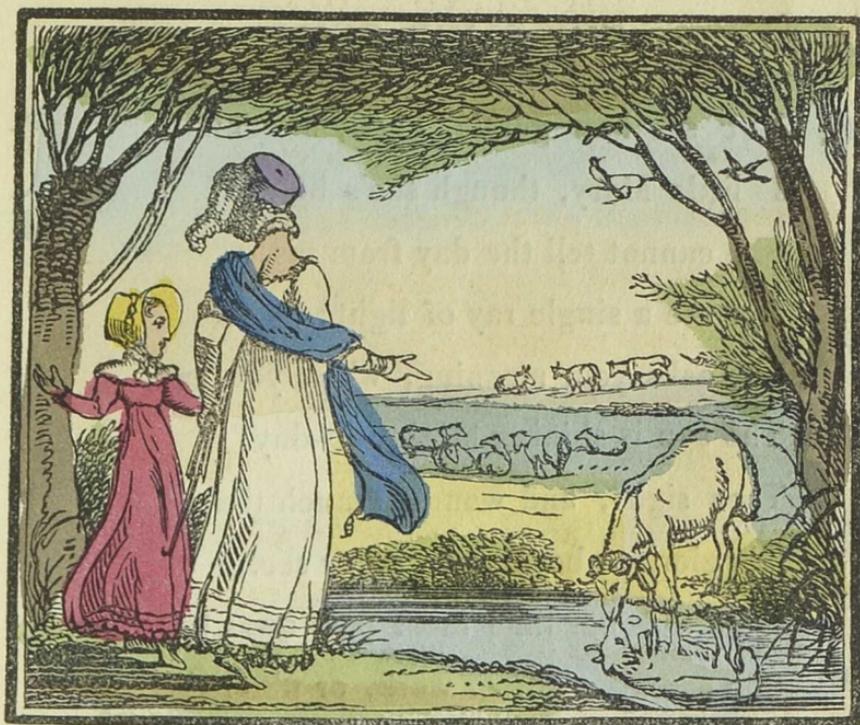


ANNA AND THE LAMB.

A TALE.

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,
Then cropped the sweetest flowers of spring,
Or chased the wild-bee on the wing.

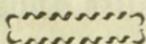
At last, he tried to leap across
An orchard fence, but in the pass
He fell, poor thing! and on a stone
He struck his leg, and broke the bone!
And there in great distress he lay,
Till Ann and Emma came that way,—
They came to gather cowslips sweet,
When Anna heard his piteous bleat;
“Oh!” she exclaimed, “how pleased I am!
Look, Emma, look, I’ve 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!
Run, Emma, ask our man to come,
And help us take the poor lamb home.”
The man soon 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;

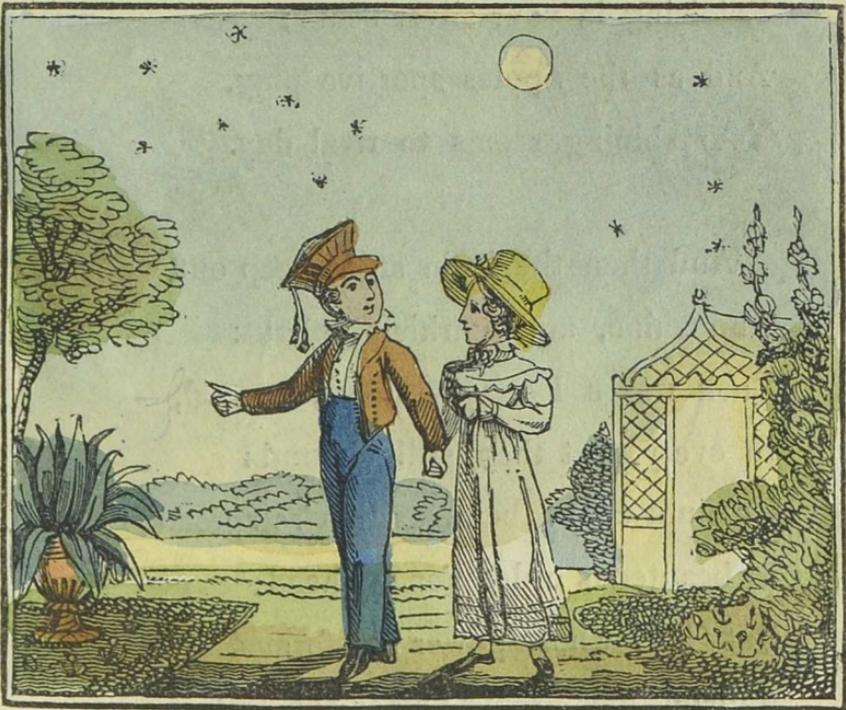


And he would raise his head, and cry
Ba-a! ba-a! whenever she went by:
And when his leg was strong once more,
And he could gambol as before,
He was so very, very tame,
He always to caress her came,
And followed her from place to place,
And licked her feet, her hands, and face,
And never through his life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

THE BLIND CHILD.

You see how gentle, good, and kind,
Is little Mary, though she's blind:
She cannot tell the day from night,
Nor see a single ray of light:
She asks your meaning, when you say,
“The sun is shining bright, to-day!”
Then sighs, and wonders much that she
His glorious beams can never see.
How sad her time must pass away!
She cannot read, or work, or play,
But oh! how patient will she sit
Beside her dear mamma, and knit.
She does not fret, though she can hear
The other children playing near,
And knows how merrily they are,
Enjoying sports she cannot share:
For little Mary, though quite blind,
Has constant sunshine in her mind,
And is so patient, meek, and mild,
I do not know so sweet a child.





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 as the ripples sportive play,
Your shining seems to rival day.

And then the little stars peep out,
And shine, and sparkle all about:
Look where I may,—above, around,—
In every part they still abound:
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,
And all his mighty power confess;
They let me join with them to bless
His name, who formed both them and me,
And lives, and reigns eternally.



THE LITTLE TRUANTS.

Two little boys, one wintry day,
Whose names I do not know,
Agreed from school to run away,
And ramble in 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 strayed into a wood, at last,
That skirted round a park,
And staid so long, the snow fell fast,
And it was getting dark.

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



THE GLOW-WORM.

ONE evening,—it was getting dark,—
As Jane and Charles came through the park,
With Uncle John 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 yet I'm 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.”

“ Yes, Charles, a glow-worm : 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 an insect dull and grey,

For all its brightness fades away.”



THE LITTLE NURSE.

Don't clap the door, nor make a noise,
For dear mamma is ill, my boys:
She cannot bear to hear you talk;
So get your hats, and take a walk.

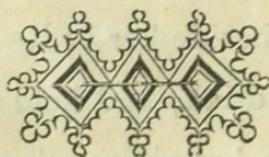
But I will sit beside her bed,
And give her drink, and hold her head:
I will not from her pillow stir,
But watch all day and night by her.

For oh! how many times has she,
When I was sick, done so for me;
And with maternal tender love,
To soothe our infant sufferings strove.

And when our cries disturbed her rest,
She used to lull us on her breast,
And by our restless couch would keep
Whole nights, to watch our broken sleep.

How much to her fond love we owe,
Dear brothers, we can never know:
Then let us study every way
Our debt of gratitude to pay.

And now she's ill, to give her ease,
We'll strive to comfort her, and please;
That dear mamma may find we are
All grateful for her love and care.





THE FOUR SEASONS.

SPRING.

Mamma, the Spring is drawing near,
 The swallow is already here ;
 The blackbird sings from every bush,
 And yesterday I heard the thrush.
 The meadows now are emerald green,
 And leaves on trees will soon be seen ;

The sun shines bright between soft showers,
And all the banks are full of flowers ;
The modest primrose blossoms fair,
And daisies peep out every where ;
The violet scents the morning gale,
And bluebells open in the vale ;
The garden now is growing gay,
And in the fields the lambkins play ;
And earth, and air, and every thing,
Proclaim the sweet return of Spring.

Ah! see how the ice is now melting away,
The rivers have burst from their chain ;
The woods and the hedges with verdure look gay,
And the daisies enamel the plain.
The sun rises high, and shines warm o'er the dale,
The orchards with blossoms are white ;
The voice of the blackbird is heard in the vale,
And the cuckoo returns from her flight.



SUMMER.

Come, let us take a walk to-day,
Among the fragrant new-mown hay;
See, every thing is pleasant, now,
The birds are singing from each bough;
The roses, pinks, and lilies, bloom,
And fill the gardens with perfume;
The cherries now are ripe and red,
And tempting looks the strawberry-bed;

The cuckoo calls the whole day long,
At eve we hear the linnet's song;
The sun shines cheerful, warm, and bright,
And all things seem to feel delight;
For lovely Summer now is here,
The sweetest season of the year.

The heat of the summer comes hastily on,
The fruits are transparent and clear;
The buds and the blossoms of April are gone,
And the deep-coloured cherries appear.
The blue sky above us is bright and serene,
No cloud on its bosom remains;
The forests, the fields, and the hedges are green,
And the hay-cocks smell sweet from the plains.
Then since joy and glee with activity join,
This moment to labour I'll rise;
While the idle love best in the shade to recline,
And waste precious time as it flies.



WINTER.

Come, stir the fire, and make it bright,
For all the fields with snow are white ;
The streams and ponds are frozen all,
And ice upon the roof and wall ;
Our feet and hands are pinched with cold ;
I pity now the poor and old,
For oh ! how bitterly must they
Feel this inclement wintry day,

When I, who am so warmly drest,
And am with every comfort blest,
To leave the fire can scarcely bear,
And shiver in the piercing air ;
Yet Winter, you are welcome here,
For Christmas now is drawing near,
And we shall have for many a day,
No tasks, but pleasant holiday,
And our dear friends and homes shall see,
And all be happy, then, and free ;
And with our sports and pastimes gay,
Too soon will Winter pass away.

Behold the grey branches that stretch from the trees,
Nor blossom nor verdure they wear ;
They rattle and shake to the northerly breeze,
And wave their long arms in the air.

The Sun hides his face in a mantle of cloud,
Dark vapours roll over the sky ;
The wind thro' the woods bellows hoarsely and loud,
And sea-birds across the land fly.



AUTUMN.

The reapers now, at early morn,
Go forth, to cut the ripened corn ;
And every hill, and field, and plain,
Are full of sheaves of golden grain :
And see, the humble gleaners are
All spread abroad, with busy care,
To gather up each scattered ear
That falls, now harvest crowns the year.

But harvest soon will pass away,
With all that makes the landscape gay.
The winds will strip the fading woods,
And drenching rains increase the floods;
While scattered leaves bestrew the ground,
And Robins sing in plaintive sound,
To tell they feel chill Autumn's blast,
And warn us, winter hastens fast.

But lately the gardens in splendour were drest,
But where is their gaiety now!
The Michaelmas-daisy blows lonely and late,
And the faded leaf drops from the bough.
Last night, the glad reapers their harvest-home sung,
And filled all the garners with grain;
The vallies and echoes with merry shouts rung,
As they bore the last sheaf from the plain.

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