

Sandra Moore

PARK'S

TALES OF
INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT.

**UNCLE PHILIP'S
TALES.**

FOR

YOUNG CHILDREN.



BEAUTIFULLY COLOURED.

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Miss Marion Lang.

UNCLE PHILLIP'S TALES
FOR
YOUNG CHILDREN.



THE PEEP SHOW.

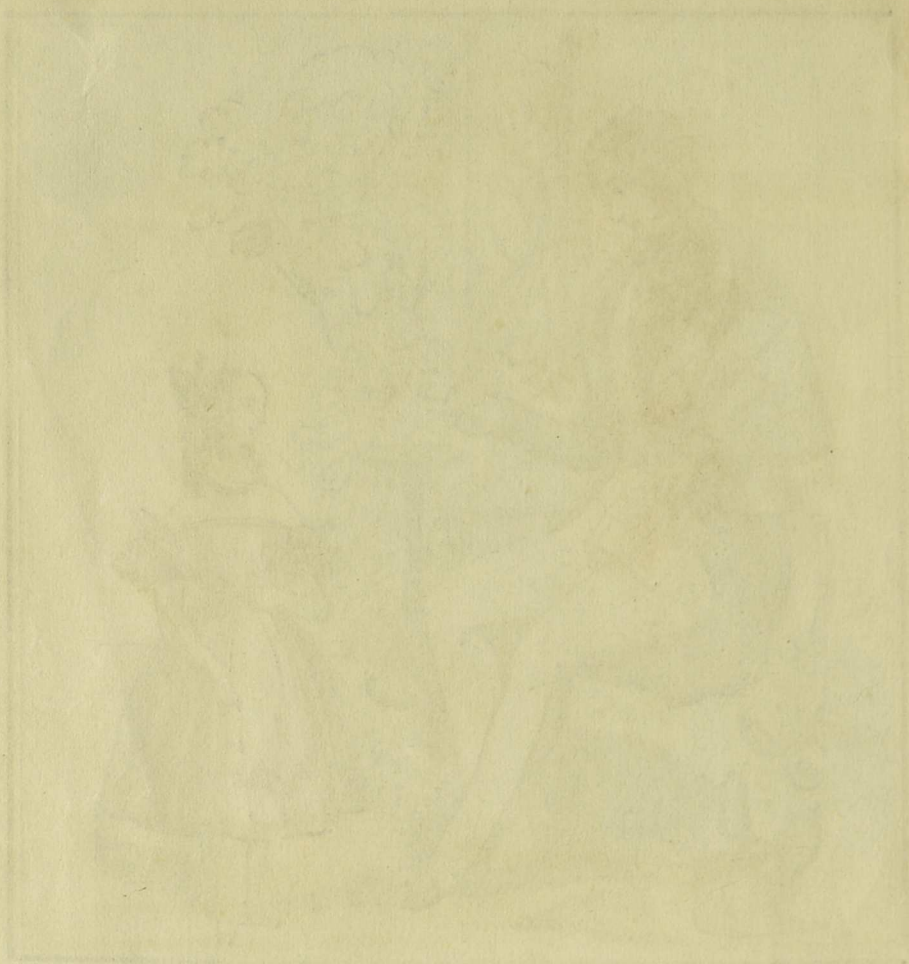
Hark ' to the trumpet's loud call,
Therefore run one and all,
And some money bring if you've got any.
Now, my young lads and lasses,
Look straight through the glasses,
All my wonders I'll show for a penny.

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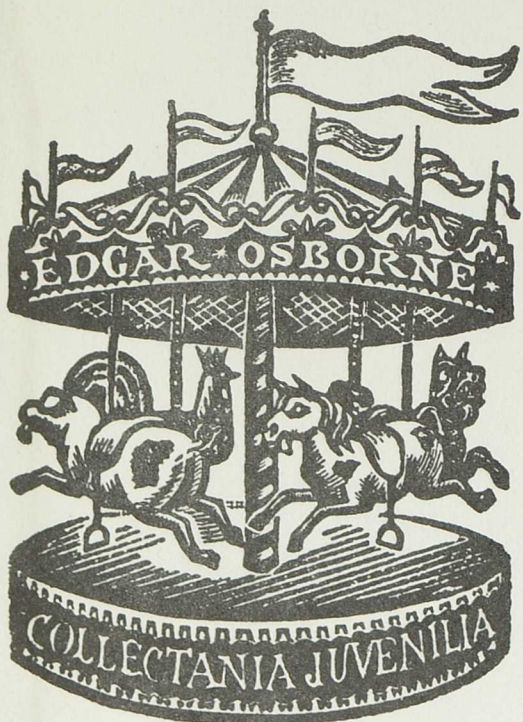
THE MORNING LESSON.

Clara had ever made a rule,
Each morn before she went to school,
Her lesson learnt the night before,
To her father she repeated o'er;
Then gaily tript along the green,
Nor ever loitering was seen,
Like girls and boys who vainly play,
And idle all their time away.



The Morning Lesson.

China had ever made a rule,
To sit more before she went to school,
Her lesson learnt the night before,
To her father she repeated o'er;
Then early, with the green,
Not over-tiring was seen,
The girl and boy went merrily play,
And the old man sat by.



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RETURN FROM SCHOOL.

Clara from school has just returned,
And mamma is pleas'd to say,
As she her lessons so well learned,
A wax doll for her she'd buy.
Thus, see how happy they can be,
Who learn in time their A B C;
And all who knowledge have in view,
This practice wisely should pursue.



THE PLOUGHMAN.

How pleasant when hill and hedge are green,
And warbler's throats are all in tune,
To wander in the verdant scene,
When brightened by the beams of noon;
And see, to yonder rustic stile,
The sturdy ploughman doth repair,
While watching with an anxious eye,
His dog the frugal meal doth share



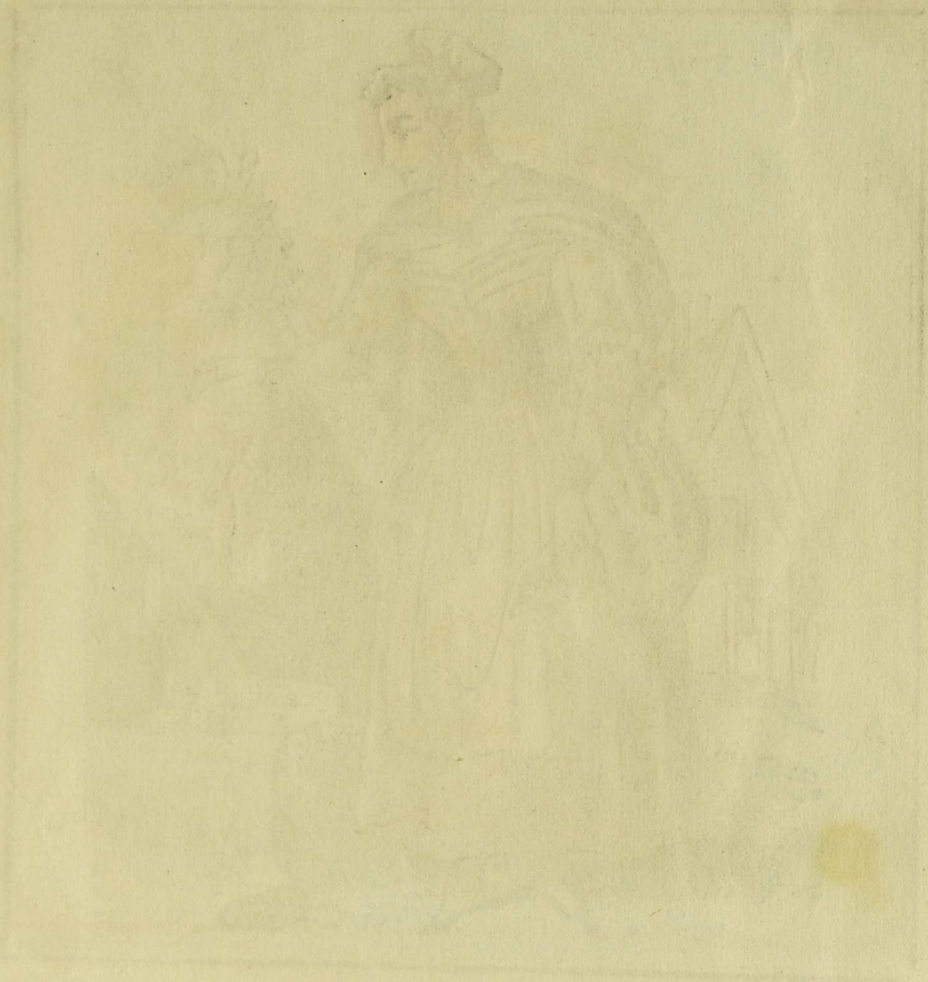
THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

The loud drum beats to arms, to arms !
Fly, then, my son, from war's alarms ;
In thy mother's care, within yon cot,
Be peace and happiness thy lot ;
And when from the battle-field I come,
To greet me home my boy shall run,
While by his side, my faithful hound
Shall skip, and bark, and frolic round .



THE ANXIOUS MOTHER.

With anxious gaze see Marian stand,
To watch her love's return ;
While little Helen shakes her hand,
Crying—" Where is father gone ?"
To the chase at early dawn he went,
Heaven shield him from all harm ;
See, see ! he gains the steep ascent,
Run, child. and guide him home.



The Seaside.

How sweet to rise at early dawn,
To walk the dew-dampened lawn,
When the light wind whistles on the beach,
And the white sand shivers beneath the feet,
When the waves murmur at the rocks,
And the gulls scream in their glee,
With a picture in every eye,
And home a flash of light in the sky.



THE SPRING.

How sweet to rise at early dawn,
To walk the dew-bespangled lawn,
When the blackbird warbles on the bough,
And the milk-maid sings beside the cow ;
When the breeze scents of the new-mown hay
And the cottage maiden bends her way,
With pitcher in hand, unto the spring,
And home a fresh supply doth bring.



THE BEGGAR.

Oh! lady, hear an old man's prayer,
Who charity now craves,
A trifle from your purse pray spare,
To cheer his latter days;
My tatter'd clothes, my locks so white.
Proclaim how sad I live,
Thanks, lady, thanks, may heaven requite
The bounty you now give.

