EASY RHYMES.

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Elizabeth

1828

THE BUTTERFLY.

THE PRETTY SHEEP.

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EASY RHYMES

FOR

CHILDREN

FROM FIVE TO TEN YEARS OF AGE.

WITH EIGHT ENGRAVINGS.

BY A LADY,

Author of "CATO, or the ADVENTURES OF A DOG;" "THE INFANT'S FRIEND," "LITTLE RHYMES FOR LITTLE FOLKS," &c. &c. &c.

LONDON:

JOHN HARRIS, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

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PREFACE.

The intention of this little volume is to exercise the memory with such subjects as may prove useful, as well as entertaining to the minds of Children; who are often more impressed by what they learn from a book than what they hear from a parent or a nurse; as circumstances will frequently call to their recollection what they retain upon a similar subject, and awaken them to a sense of right and wrong, according to what has been represented in the tales which they have read or learnt to repeat; in such representations there being an appearance of reality which not only arrests their attention at the time, but which also serves as a caution to them in their own conduct. This opinion has been verified in the remarks of two very charming little

THE PRETTY COW.

Stop, stop, pretty Cow, do stop now, I pray,
Indeed I won't hurt you, so don't go away.
Your coat, pretty Cow, looks as soft as silk,
And then you're so kind, you give us nice milk,
To eat for breakfast, to make butter, or cheese,
Or custards, or puddings, whichever we please.
When winter comes on, and snow covers the ground,
I'll send you nice hay, when no grass can be found.
Good bye, pretty Cow; and, I love you so well,
How useful you are, I with pleasure shall tell.

A LITTLE BOY AND HIS CAT.

Once Freddy was heard very gravely to say
To his favourite Cat, who went to him to play,

"They tell me, dear Pussy, you're cruel to mice;
That you catch them and eat them all up in a trice;
But surely, my Pussy, that cannot be true;
Indeed, if I thought so, I could not love you.
Only think now, dear Puss, should old Growler come in
And bite off your head, tear your pretty soft skin,
What pain you would suffer, and how I should grieve,
I should always hate Growler, I really believe;
So I beg, my dear Cat, whilst with me you remain,
If so cruel you've been, you'll not do it again."

THE GOOD LITTLE SISTER.

"Dear Martha," said Fanny,
"Will you come and play?"
"To be sure, little darling,
"Come, show me the way."
Then taking her hand,
Martha smiled, and kissed her;
So happy to please
Was this good little Sister.

THE ROBIN'S GOOD NIGHT.

There's a little Robin-Redbreast,
Just perched in yonder tree;
To sing before he goes to rest
I very plainly see.

How soon you are, my pretty bird,
The sun still shines quite bright;
Yet, when your little song we've heard,
You then will say good night.

THE FALL.

And did he fall, and hurt himself,
My pretty love? come here and tell;
And show Mamma the shocking place,
That she may kiss and make it well.

Then he shall sit upon her knee—
So grieved she is, when darling cries;
She'll teach him to forget his pain,
And wipe his pretty little eyes.

BEING WASHED.

"WHAT! cry, little Boy, when you're
washed!
To be sure," said Mamma, "you're in joke!"
Then Edward looked up much ashamed,
And was quiet as soon as she spoke.
"Why, would you be dirty," said she,
"And keep filthy clothes on to wear?
Who'd kiss my dear Boy's pretty face;
Or love him, or like to come near?
Be washed then, and made a nice child."
And offering her hand, as she stood,
He kissed her, and smiled at his Nurse,
And promised them both he'd be good.

THE NOSEGAY.

Come, buy of poor Mary
A pretty Nosegay;
Primroses and daisies,
And sweet-scented may;
With cowslips so yellow,
And violets so blue;
Fresh gathered this morning,
On purpose for you.

POOR LUCY.

Poor Lucy was so ill one day,
That she could neither work nor play
And felt so heavy in her head,
She was obliged to keep her bed.

When doctors sent her stuff to take,
She did not cry nor faces make;
But took her draught, and bitter pill,
As soon as brought, and then lay still.
So good she was, I scarce need tell
That little Lucy soon got well.

THE YOUNG MOUSE.

A young Mouse, do you know,
Once a walking would go,
So away from his mother he stole;
But on seeing a cat
Try to give him a pat,
He gladly ran back to his hole

LITTLE ELLEN.

Little Ellen, when young,
  Was a troublesome child;
Grandpapa had indulged her,
  Till she was quite spoiled.
If the Maid went to wash
  Or to dress her, do you know,
She would scream, and would fight,
  And would bid the Maid go.
Or peevish and angry,
  Would cry, and would pout;
Throw herself on the ground,
  Or her things all about.
But this, to be sure,
  Was a very sad thing,
And sometimes would cause
  Her Mamma's bell to ring;

And then she was carried,
  In the midst of her riot,
To Mamma, to be scolded
  Or beat, and made quiet.
Till at length little Ellen,
  As she became older,
Began to grow wise,
  And do all that was told her.
At these sad naughty ways
  She then blushed with much shame,
And grew such a sweet girl
  She was not like the same;
So pleasing, and mild,
  It was soon understood
That every one loved her,
  Because she was good.

THE SWING.

"Come with me, little Harry, we'll have a nice Swing:"
"No, no," said Mamma, "you must do no such thing."
Yet a few minutes after, the naughty boy went,
And soon he had reason enough to repent.
The Swing rose so high, though he begged Tom to stop,
His hold quick he lost, and was dashed from the top;
His face was so cut, and his bones were so sore,
He cried for Mamma, who was so kind before.
Yet, how could he see her, and what would she say;
Who could pity a child, who would thus disobey?

THE BABY.

Hush, hush, pretty Baby,
Then pray do not cry,
My sweet little love
Shall get up by-and-by.

We'll go to the meadows,
And look at the Cows,
And rest ourselves under
The pretty green boughs.

So hush, pretty Baby,
Then pray do not cry,
My sweet little love
Shall get up by-and-by.

LEARNING TO WORK.

Pray look for the scissors,
  The needles, and thread,
That dear Harriet may work
  When her book she has read.
Now the pieces are ready,
  She'll come and sit down,
And make little dolly
  A pretty new gown.

THE IDLE BOY.

Look at that naughty little Boy,
  Some call him idle Billy ;
He cries because he's sent to school ;
  Now is not that quite silly ?

He'd rather waste his time in play,
  And be a dunce for ever,
Instead of learning all he can,
  That he may grow up clever.

And when he comes to be a man,
  Then nothing he will know,
And nobody will notice him,
  Wherever he may go.

His Parents, too, how they will grieve,
  To witness such neglect;
That he is not like other sons,
  More worthy of respect.

LEARNING TO READ.

Said Mamma to good Mary,
" I've bought you a book
Full of nice little pictures,
My dear, come and look :
I've bought it on purpose
To teach you to read."
Mary thanked her Mamma,
And felt grateful, indeed ;
And she soon took such pains,
All her letters to tell,
In a very short time
She could read very well.

How much better it is
To be such a good child,
To be clever, attentive,
Obliging, and mild ;
Than like idle children,
Who think ev'ry day
Of nothing but wasting
Their time in rude play.

EMILY.

The little dog comes when he's called,
  And so does pussy too;
I wish my little Emily
  Always the same would do.

'Tis very naughty, don't you know,
  To let me call you twice;
I meant to dress, and take you out,
  And give you something nice.

But as you made me wait so long,
  And chose to treat me so,
The nice plumcake I cannot buy,
  For now I shall not go.

'Tis your own fault, my Emily,
  So do not cry and fret;
'Tis best to come as soon as call'd,
  My dear, do not forget.

THE PRETTY SHEEP.

I LOVE to see the pretty Sheep
  Eating the grass where'er it grows;
They are so useful, Nursey says,
  Their soft wool made my nice new clothes.

First Sheep are wash'd well in a pond,
  Then turned into a field to dry;
Next day a man cuts off the wool,
  Although they are so very shy.

The wool is spun, and made to cloth,
  Such cloth as men and boys both wear;
I did not think that pretty Sheep
  Had been so useful as they are.

THE CHILD AND DOLL.

If I'm a good child
Mamma will love me,
And buy toys to amuse me at play ;
But if I am naughty,
She cannot love me,
And will take my nice playthings away.

So to please dear Mamma,
Every day I will try,
And do every thing that I'm bid ;
That I may deserve
All her kindness to me,
And then I shall never be chid.

Such little weak things
As young children are,
So unfit for themselves to provide ;
What should we all do,
Were it not for the care
Of good parents, whose love is their pride ?

THE SUN.

How good God is to send the Sun
  To light the world by day;
If it had always been quite dark,
  How could we find our way?

He made the Sun to warm the earth,
  And cheer us here below;
To nourish all the trees and plants,
  Make all things thrive and grow.

To raise up plenty for our use,
  What ought we then to do
To God who is so very good,
  But love and fear him too!

THE MOON.

How good God is to make the Moon,
  To light us on our way by night;
And all those little twinkling Stars,
  That look so pretty and so bright.

Once I was riding very late,
  'Twas close along the river side;
But I was not at all afraid,
  Although it was so deep and wide.

The Moon it shone so very clear,
  I saw the water all the way;
The trees, the hills, the road as plain
  As I could see them all by day.

Oh! what a lovely ride it was,
  I never shall forget the night;
I like to see the pretty Moon,
  It always gives me such delight.

THE ROBIN AND HIS YOUNG ONES.

Pray open the window,
And throw out some crumbs;
And look for the Robin :—
Oh, see, there he comes!

How d'ye do, pretty bird?
What makes you so late?
I suppose you've been tending
Your young ones and mate.

How hungry he seems!
And how quickly he eats!
And scarcely to-day
A sweet chirp he repeats.

And yet for our care,
Though he cannot stay long,
He will give us his thanks
In a sweet little song.

There, hush! don't you hear?
  Oh, how softly he sings!
Now, he's ready to fly,
  Watch his dear little wings.

Good bye, pretty Robin,
  There, go to your nest,
And comfort your young
  With your soft downy breast;

And when they can fly,
  Pray then teach them the way
To come to this window,
  With you every day.

For to know your young brood,
  And to see them all feed,
And gain their sweet love,
  Will delight us, indeed.

THE HEN AND CHICKENS

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THE NEW BOOK.

" So, my dear little Charles
" You have bought a new book;
" And pray, will you show it to me?
" You can read it, no doubt;
" Just allow me to look
" At the many fine pictures I see."

" Yes, directly I will,
" Though I like it so much,
" I could look at it every minute;
" The pictures and tales,
" I assure you, are such,
" You'll admire every one that is in it."

" I can now read and spell,
" I am happy to tell;
" And when I can read rather better,
" I shall then learn to write;
" Oh! 'twill be such delight,
" For then I can send you a letter."

THE SICK CHILD.

When Louisa was sick,
Her Mamma was so kind,
She held her all day on her knee;
For her poor little head,
And her dear little hands,
Were as hot as they well could be.

Then she put her to bed,
Gave her something to take,
And watched by her side all night;
And nursed her herself,
The poor child was so ill,
She would not go out of her sight.

In a very short time
Then she made her quite well,
All the trouble she did not mind;
And Louisa soon found
What a comfort it was
To have a dear Mamma so kind.

TWO LITTLE INDIAN GIRLS.

A LITTLE girl, whose name was Patty,
Good tempered, lively, kind, and chatty,
Said one day to her little Sister,
After having kindly kissed her :
" I go to-morrow, I believe,
" To school ; dear Fanny, do not grieve !
" You'll come and see me very soon,
" And, perhaps, you'll stay the afternoon ;
" For 'tis not far, you know, my dear :
" How glad I am it is so near !"

" No, no, dear Patty," Fanny said,
As on her neck she laid her head,
" I cannot spare you ;—pray don't go,
" For I shall be so dull, you know ;
" When sister Martha's gone away,
" Then who will with poor Fanny play ?"

" Oh bless your little heart, my dear !"
Said Patty as she wiped a tear :
" Our Aunt will play with darling Fanny ;
" And she's the favourite of so many,
" They'll come to see their little pet ;
" And then, I hope, she will not fret ;
" 'Tis only just at first you'll miss me,
" Look up, my love, come, smile, and kiss me ;
" Why, don't you know the more we learn
" The sooner we shall both return ?
" Our Parents too, so far away,
" Are wishing for us every day :
" Think, then, Fanny, how much 'twill please
" Our dear Mamma across the seas,
" To have from me a pretty letter,
" To tell her that we don't forget her !"

" Oh ! yes," said Fanny, " so it will,"
As her sweet eyes began to fill ;
" Go, Patty, dear, and learn to write,
" I'll let you go to school to-night."

THE GARDEN.

Now the cold winter's gone,
And mild spring's coming on,
How smart our nice Garden will be;
There are roots all about,
With their buds coming out,
And soon many fine flowers we shall see.

Then our baskets so gay
Will be filled every day,
And they'll give such a beautiful smell;
There's the rose and jonquil,
And the sweet daffodil,
With some others whose names I can't tell.

THE SELFISH BOY.

"Why, Robert, dear, what makes you cry?
"Tell me, I pray, do tell me why?"
"No, no," said Robert, "go along,"
As on a chair himself he flung.

Now Robert was ashamed to tell
His Sister (who loved him so well)
The reason of his sad disgrace,
And so he hid his guilty face.

For naughty Robert was inclined
To be greedy, selfish, and unkind;
And would not lend his little Brother
A top, although he had another.

But slapped his back, because he cried,
And then the whole affair denied;
So when poor John was called to tell,
His father whipped young Robert well.

SPEAKING THE TRUTH.

Those children who a promise give,
Should always keep their word;
And stories from their little mouths
Of course should ne'er be heard.

For when a child a fib has told,
He cannot be believed;
Not even when the truth he speaks,
Because he once deceived.

Who then would like such shocking ways,
To feel in such disgrace;
And dread lest every one should know
Who looks him in the face?

THE BOY AND THE BUTTERFLY.

" Come here, my pretty Butterfly,
And let me see your wings ;"
" Oh, no, I thank you all the same ;
I don't do such foolish things,
As go so near to little Boys,
Who'd kill me in their play ;
Besides, I've something else to do,
And therefore cannot stay.

" I like to have my liberty,
And fly about the air,
Enjoy the lovely sunshine,
And other pleasures share ;
Amuse myself from tree to tree,
Or settle on a flower,
And make my short life happy,
As long as I've the power."

"But if you'll come and live with me,
My pretty Butterfly,
To make you feel quite happy then,
From day to day I'll try;
About the garden you may fly,
And rest where e'er you please,
'Mong flowers, or in the summer-house,
Where nobody shall teaze

My pretty little Butterfly,
Or do you any harm;
Where, in cold or showery weather, you
Will be so snug and warm.
To admire and to protect you,
Shall be my great delight;
So pray now, pretty Butterfly,
Don't go then from my sight."

THE BOWER.

Now summer's come, we'll have a Bower
Decked with every pretty flower;
We'll sow the seeds without delay,
To smell so sweet, to look so gay;
And when our studies all are done,
'Twill nicely shade us from the sun;
Our dolls we'll take there every day,
And sit and read, or work or play.

LITTLE CHARLES.

Little Charles, do you know,
But a short time ago
Was showing such sad naughty airs,
That Mamma rung the bell,
His good Nursey to tell,
To take him again up stairs.

THE BOY AND PONY.

THANK you, Pony, my dear,
For my very nice ride,
And now I will give you some hay;
No doubt you are tired,
And quite hungry too,
For you've trotted a very long way.

Yet I hope some day soon,
You will take me again,
And then I will give you some more;
After each time we go,
I will never forget
To feed you the same as before.

EARLY RISING.

All those who wish for rosy cheeks,
And for a clever head,
Should make a point to get up soon,
Not waste their time in bed;

For if they do they'll stupid be,
Grow pale and idle too,
And never find they've time enough
For what they have to do.

THE PETTISH GIRL.

Oh! how foolish you are
Thus to vex and to scold,
When you cannot do just as you please;
Dear Mamma knows the best
What is most for our good,
And 'tis naughty to cry so and teaze.

If she thinks it will rain,
'Tis quite reason enough
For refusing our walking to-day;
When your anger is past,
How ashamed you will be;
Say no more that she's cross then, I pray.

'Tis our duty to love
Our kind Parents, you know,
To attend to whatever they say;
While there's nothing we do
But God knows it above,
Who wo'n't love us if we disobey.

THE IMPATIENT BOY.*

There was a sad impatient Boy,
Who often stamped and cried
When he could not get what he wished,
Or found he was denied.

* The child was known to the author.

One day, he would not wait the while
  His soup was put to cool,
But cried, and said, he'd have it then,
  And went and fetched his stool.

Then up he got, and raised his hand,
  When down he pulled the plate
Of boiling soup upon his neck,
  In such a shocking state.

Oh! how he screamed and begged for ease!
  And groaned, poor thing, and cried;
So ill he was, and in such pain,
  That very soon he died!

But had he minded what was said,
  Been mild, and patient too,
He might have been as happy now,
  And quite as well as you.

THE HEN AND CHICKENS.

Little Fanny walked out
  One very fine day,
When a Hen and some Chickens
  She met in her way ;
The Chicks looked so pretty,
  And so did the Hen,
Fanny stopped to admire them
  Again and again ;
Till a good little Boy
  Strewed some crumbs on the ground,
And the Hen called her dear
  Little Chickens around,
To come all together,
  And pick up the bread ;
Fanny then had the pleasure
  Of seeing them fed.

But the good little Hen,
As dear Fanny observed,
Not a crumb would pick up,
Till her Children were served.

Not so kind were the Chicks,
I am sorry to say,
For one pecked his brother,
And drove him away;
And what is still worse,
I assure you 'tis true,
The Hen could not part him
With all she could do;
Till he'd pecked his poor brother
So hard on the head,
That when he left off,
It nearly had bled.

His mother so grieved,
'Twas a very sad thing!
Then soothed and protected him
Under her wing.

How naughty for Brothers
To quarrel and fight;
To be loving and kind
Should be their delight;
Whether Children or Chickens,
Whatever they be,
Little Brothers and Sisters
Should always agree.

THE BROTHER AND SISTER.

" Pray take a bit of my plum-cake,
It is so very nice,
I'll spare you, Sister, more than that,
I have so large a slice.

" Do take some more," said little John,
" That bit's so very small!"
" Indeed," said Ann, " 'tis quite enough,
Unless I take it all."

" Why, if you were to do so, Ann,
I'm sure I should not mind;
You're welcome to the whole," said John,
" If to eat it you're inclined:

" For children should be good, you know,
And kind to one another."
" I hope," said Ann, " we always shall
Be so, my dearest Brother!"

THE YOUNG BIRDS.

Once a sweet singing Bird,
By name called a Thrush,
Built a nest for her young,
In a high pleasant bush.
At length being feathered,
And anxious to fly,
All longing to raise
Their little wings to the sky.
One day, their kind mother
To please them, agreed
To instruct them, and watch
How they all would proceed.
Then these dear little Birds,
How they chirped their delight,
And how soon they prepared
To set out on their flight!

First they went with their Mother
  To the end of a spray,
Trembling and fluttering
  The whole of the way.
After praising the view,
  And the scene all around,
She ventured with one
  To alight on the ground;
Then prevailed on another
  To do just the same;
So that in a short time
  By her side they all came.
But oh, if you'd seen
  How delighted they were,
How they twittered and chirped,
  And enjoyed the fresh air:
Then they took little flights
  Along with their Mother,
Or flew a short way
  By the side of each other;

Or one called the rest
  To a sweet little flower,
When she watched all their wings,
  And with joy saw their power.
One found a young worm,
  And another a seed,
So these dear little Birds
  Were most happy indeed.
After pecking, and hopping,
  And flying about,
And the Thrush seemed to think
  They'd been long enough out;
That 'twas time for young Birds
  To go all to their rest,
She called them, and then
  Led the road to the nest:
When away they all flew
  One after another,
And crept under the wings
  Of their dear good Mother.

THE ANT AND BEE.

Who, without delight, can see
The little happy active Bee;
When seeking flowers from day to day,
She gathers honey in her way,
That she may take it to her cell,
Which she has formed so neat and well?

Or who can see and not admire,
The earnest labour and desire
Of little Ants, e'en smaller still,
Who toil so much their house to fill;
That useful stores they may provide,
'Gainst wet comes on, and snow beside?

In winter Ants can't go about,
They'd die with cold if they went out;

So during summer, old and young
Work hard—then close their house up strong.

Ought children then, their time to waste,
And for indolence show a taste?
Seem stupid, ignorant, or slow,
Whilst little insects so much do?
Oh, no, it surely cannot be;
The disgrace they must too plainly see;
Children have sense, and parents too,
Who teach them what 'tis right to do.

From idle ways may I be free,
And ne'er forget the Ant and Bee.

POOR PINCHER.

WHAT! tread on Poor Pincher on purpose!
Oh, fie!
How can you delight, John, to make your dog cry!
Though he's only a brute, yet when hurt he feels pain;
Go, pat him, and pray do not hurt him again.
How pleased he appears if you give him a bone,
Or when you desire him to fetch you a stone,
How gladly he runs, to do all that he's bid,
And humbly begs pardon, whenever he's chid.
Such a good, faithful creature, 'tis quite a disgrace
To hurt him; poor dog, how he looks in your face,
And wags his fine tail, while he's trying to say,
"I love you, dear Master, be kinder, I pray!"

THE ROBIN'S RETURN.

THERE's our pretty little Robin,
Come to say that winter's near;
How loud the little fellow chirps,
To let us know that he is here.

Oh! see his breast, how soft and red,
His sparkling eyes, how clear and black;
Oh! you pretty little fellow,
How glad I am that you're come back.

No doubt, you find the days grow short,
And the nights both dark and long;
Stay with us, then, we will feed you,
And our pay shall be your song.

HOLDING A MOTH BY ITS WING.

Oh, how you hold that little thing!
I fear you'll break its pretty wing;
How can you like to give such pain?
Pray, George, dear, let it go again!

Ah, cruel Boy! see what you've done!
No more 'twill flutter in the sun,
Or fly about, by candle-light,
For now 'tis killed; sad, painful sight!
Its horns are curled close to its head,
Its wing is off, and it is dead!

If with a fly a Boy begins
To steel his heart, by sticking pins
To run its little body through,
Or pull its legs, or wings, off too;
He'll do as much, when grown a man,
To fellow creatures, if he can;
Not e'en his nearest friends he'll spare,
But *all* his tyranny will share.

A PLEASANT WALK.

"My dear Mamma," once Arthur said,
When all his lessons he had read,
"May I go in the fields to-day,
And see the people make new hay?
For, oh Mamma, it smells so sweet;
And then you know 'tis such a treat
To hear the birds sing all the way,
I like it better much than play."

"Yes, Arthur, love," Mamma replied,
Whilst he stood waiting at her side;
"Because you are so good a child
I will oblige you."—Arthur smiled,
And then, at his Mamma's request,
He sought his maid, and soon was drest.

Mamma now led her happy Boy,
Who ran, and skipped along with joy;
On all he saw found much to talk,
Delighted with his pleasant walk.

THE BURNT CHILD.

"Oh! pray come farther from the fire,
Emma, my little dear,
You know it is Mamma's desire,
We do not stand so near."

'Twas thus the careful Lucy cried,
Who was not very old;
But yet she wished, and always tried,
To do what she was told.

But dear kind Lucy spoke in vain,
For Emma had no fear;
And afterwards she went again,
And stood so very near.

Her frock was soon on fire, poor child,
Flames rose above her head;
And then she ran about quite wild,
Screaming with pain and dread.

THE BURNT CHILD.

COMING FROM PLOUGH.

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"Oh, Sister, Sister, save me, pray!"
The little sufferer cried;
Then struggling on the ground she lay,
As if she would have died.

At length they took her to her bed,
Her skin much burnt away,
And all her hair quite off her head,
In agony she lay.

How good in future she would be,
Then she began to tell,
For the poor thing did not foresee,
She never could get well.

Her kind Mamma, and Sister, too,
Both watched by her bedside,
And as they saw how ill she grew,
At her great sufferings cried.

In that sad state she lay a week,
  Loud groaning in her bed,
Then all at once she did not speak,
  Poor Emma, she was dead.

Children with fire should never play,
  Nor ever stand too nigh,
For fear they should be burnt some day,
  And like poor Emma die.

*** The Author having known two lovely children who were burnt to death, a girl eight years old, from standing too near the fire, and a boy four years and a half, from lighting paper, particularly recommends the above tale to be read in the nursery, to serve as a caution to young children.

LITTLE TOM TRIP.

Once little Tom Trip
Had a terrible slip,
Jumping over a very high gate;
As he fell on the ground,
He most painfully found
He'd done wrong, when, alas! 'twas too late.

For poor little Tom Trip,
Had now put out his hip,
And had broken some ribs too, beside;
And declared that no more
He would jump as before,
As he lay on the ground, and he cried.

I am sorry to say,
Some boys like such rude play,

As to risk even breaking their bones,
In climbing a tree,
Or whatever they see,
In jumping, or throwing of stones.

Till it happens some day,
In their dangerous play,
Without any thought or alarm;
That some action they do
Which they've reason to rue,
As it ends in sad mischief or harm.

CHARLES AND JANE.

"I WISH, Mamma, you'd speak to Charles,"
Said Jane, "I'll tell you why,
He really hits so very hard,
He often makes me cry.

" He grows so rude, and very strong,
Just now he threw me down,
And pushed and kicked, and laughed at Nurse,
And tried to tear her gown."

Then in came Charles, still laughing on,
Just after Jane had spoke,
Saying, " pray, don't mind what she has said,
Mamma, 'twas all in joke."

" In joke, indeed," replied Mamma,
Her eyes fixed on his face;
" To fight with one, who can't fight you,
Is mean,—is a disgrace.

" When boys with little timid girls,
Or younger children play,
They should be tender, gentle, mild,
Not act in such a way."

Charles now looked shamed, and sorry too,
That he had hurt his Sister;
Then told Mamma, he'd be more kind,
And went to Jane and kissed her.

THE GOOD SISTER.

"Come here, little Mary,
I want you to play:"
"Not now, Miss, I thank you,
Indeed, I can't stay.

"I'm going of an errand,
For tea for my Mother,
Who bid me make haste,
And return to my Brother.

" For she is so busy,
  Should any thing wake him,
He must lie still, and cry,
  For there's no one to take him.

" Then my Father leaves work,
  And comes home at sun-set,
And my Mother will want me,
  His supper to get.

" 'Tis my duty to help,
  If I can, Miss, you know;
Mother works for us all,
  And has so much to do.

" But my poor little Brother,
  Oh, dear, should he cry!
I can stay, Miss, no longer;
  I wish you good bye."

THE PRESENT.

As William is always a very good boy,
His Uncle has bought him another new toy;
How pleasing it is for good children to know
That every one loves them wherever they go.

Last week he'd a present sent home from the fair,
By a very kind lady who chanced to go there;
And his Father has promised to give him beside
A nice little pony, and teach him to ride.

Who would not be William, or such a good boy,
The love of his parents and friends to enjoy?
Ever happy, good tempered, and open, and free,
What a very nice boy little William must be!

THE CRUEL BOYS.

A sweet little bird, who was perched on a tree,
Had just finished his evening song,
And thought not of danger, so happy was he,
As he chirped the green branches among.

Until some rude boys, who were passing that way,
Espied the dear bird, and as near him they came,
Each picked up a stone: for so cruel were they,
At his life, pretty fellow, to aim.

At the very first throw down he fell from the spray;
Alas! how he screamed, how he fluttered, and bled;
The sweet bird, who before was so cheerful and gay,
Then closed his sad eyes,—in a moment was dead!

Ah, dear little bird, who ne'er did any harm,
Whose sweet little song was so pleasing to hear;
Like other gay warblers, the groves formed to charm,
Who can view thy sad end, and not drop a tear!

Or think of thy fate, oh, thou poor little bird!
Without shame for the boys who thus caused thee to die;
How wrong to forget, what they sure must have heard,
To do always to others as they'd be done by.

THE LITTLE FRIENDS.

"How fond I am of summer!"
Said the little Harriet Hay,
"I wish that we could always have
Fine weather every day.

So many more nice walks we'd take,
  How pleasant then to go,
If all the pretty flowers and trees
  At all times were to grow;
And little birds and butterflies
  We could but always see;
What happy little children then,
  Dear Susey, we should be."

"Oh, yes," said little Susan Mills,
  "I wish it was so too;
For I am fond of summer, dear,
  I think, as well as you:
Though I like to see the butterflies,
  Sweet flowers, and all the rest,
I had rather see the fruit ripe,
  I like it much the best.
If we could in the garden go,
  And pick it off the trees,
And never mind at all, you know,
  When any body sees;

But every day might gather just
As much as we could eat,
And take the sort we like the most:
Oh, Harriet, what a treat!"

"Not any treat to me," replied
Good little Harriet Hay,
"For too much fruit makes children ill,
I've heard my Mother say.
It made me once so very sick,
And in such dreadful pain,
I never shall attempt to eat
So many plums again.
And then to see me lie so ill,
Mamma she was so grieved,
She would not stir from my bedside
Until I was relieved.

I never, never shall forget,
  How much she sat and cried,
How good she is to love me so,
  Only think, if I had died !"

" Oh, dear !" her little friend exclaimed,
  " How shocking if you had !
I did not think, that eating fruit,
  Could make us feel so bad ;
For though Mamma has told me so,
  I own, whene'er she spoke,
I did not then believe her much,
  I thought she was in joke.
But now I hope that I shall try
  To mind all she may say,
And not be greedy any more,
  But grow better every day."

ON A. T.'s MEETING HIS MAMMA,

AFTER THREE WEEKS' SEPARATION.

PRETTY little Alic,
Ah, dearest little boy!
To see Mamma again,
How great will be his joy!

Around her welcome neck
His little arms he'll throw,
And clasp, and hug her tight,
Lest she again should go.

And on her much loved cheek
He'll press his pretty face;
All his little heart would say,
He'll tell in fond embrace.

The happy Mother, too,
No less elate with joy,
Runs forth with tender love
To meet her darling boy.

She folds him to her breast,
  What extacy! what bliss!
'Tis nature's sweetest impulse
  Directs the tender kiss.

With all a mother's love
  She views him o'er and o'er,
And thinks that he is grown
  More charming than before.

So welcome to her heart
  His winning ways appear,
Upon his blooming cheek
  She drops a falling tear:

That soft endearing tear,
  Which from affection flows;
That pledge of sweet emotion
  A mother only knows.

LITTLE MARY-ANN.

"Come, Jane," said Mary-Ann, one day,
"I wish you'd go with me;
I've bought a doll, and other things,
I wish you much to see."

"Not now, excuse me, dear," said Jane,
"I have not learnt my task;
Till that is said I must not stir,
And therefore dare not ask."

"Why, can't you try to go without,
And then, when you return—
You need not tell you have been out—
Your lessons you could learn."

"I would not, for the world," said Jane,
"I'd rather never play
Than break my word, and vex Mamma,
And learn to disobey.

"She could not love me afterwards,
If I were to deceive;
And I should feel unhappy, dear,
To go without her leave.

"Nor could I run again to her,
To kiss her dear sweet face;
You would not, surely, Mary-Ann,
Then wish me such disgrace."

Away ran little Mary-Ann,
Now holding down her head;
For though she was a sad spoiled child,
She blushed at what she'd said.

COMING FROM PLOUGH.

See, there is young Robert
  Just coming from plough;
I wonder what else
  He is going to do now.

First the harness he'll leave
  At the stables, I think,
And then to the pond
  Take the horses to drink.

How rosy he looks,
  And how happy and gay,
Although he's been working
  The whole of the day.

I'll tell you the reason
  Why Robert is so:
He leads not the life
  Of a sluggard, you know;

But every morning
  Gets up with the sun,
And never leaves off
  Till his work is quite done.

Being always employed
  Makes him healthy and gay;
And he whistles, or sings,
  Through the whole of the day.

SUMMER.

Now the bright sun shines warm,
  And the days are quite long,
And the dear little birds
  Fill the air with their song;
Young lambs sportive play,
  And sweet flowers deck the fields,
And the earth her new fruits
  Most abundantly yields;

While gay butterflies come
In their splendid array,
To enjoy the delights
Of a fine summer's day.

DISOBEDIENCE.

How little do some children think
The sins they may commit,
If they persist in doing what
Their parents don't permit.

Whilst God, who watches from above,
Knows all they do and say,
And won't love them if they tell fibs,
Deceive, or disobey.

For God takes care of children here,
Though he lives in Heaven above,
And those who strive to please him most,
He favours with his love.

Our dear kind Parents he protects,
  Provides for all their wants;
And if we study to be good,
  Whate'er we ask he grants.

To be worthy of his holy care
  Should be a child's delight;
That God would please to make him so,
  Should pray each morn and night.

Oh! may I then for ever try
  To deserve my Parents' love,
And pass my time in such a way
  My Maker will approve.

That I may ne'er offend my God,
  Who lives above the sky,
And then I hope that I shall go
  To heaven whene'er I die.

THE WATER-CRESS GIRL.

Oh ! look at that poor little Girl,
So ragged, 'tis shocking to see,
All shivering and dripping with wet,
How thankful then I ought to be,

That I am not, like that poor child,
Oblig'd to earn all that I eat;
And if I could not sell my cress,
Be scolded, be starved, and be beat.

My parents are always so kind,
I have every thing I require;
A good bed to rest on at night,
And when cold in the day, a good fire.

How different with her, poor thing!
Obliged every morning to rise;
Regardless of rain, or of cold,
Through fields to the ditches she flies,

To seek for her fresh Water-cress,
  To bring home, and sell about streets;
Crying, "pray buy my young Water-cress,"
  To every one that she meets.

She offers two bunches a penny,
  Yet, those who are willing to buy,
Unmindful how hard she has toiled,
  To get them still cheaper they try.

Alas! poor unfortunate child,
  Though hard, very hard is thy lot,
There's a Being who watches above,
  By whom thou art never forgot.

Put your trust then in Him, poor child,
  Endeavour your troubles to bear;
And some day he'll take you to Him,
  His goodness in Heaven to share.

THE LITTLE LAMB.

A SHEPHERD missed a little Lamb,
  Which from the flock had strayed,
And could not bring the wanderer home
  With all the search he made.

For the little Lamb was far away
  Before he found him gone,
Grieving for his tender dam,
  Repenting what he'd done.

To take a little walk alone
  From the flock he gently stole,
Although he dearly loved them all,
  And did not mind controul.

So pleased at first he skipped along,
  Intending to return;
But soon his little heart so gay
  Was filled with deep concern.

THE LITTLE LAMB.

LITTLE JOHN SPRIG.

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For when he'd passed through pleasant fields
  And o'er a heath had crossed,
And thought of going back again,
  He found that he was lost.

In vain he trembled, ran about,
  Called loudly for his dam ;
Then stopped and listened, moaned again,
  Did this poor little Lamb.

Till so fatigued, as if he'd die,
  He laid down on the ground,
Under a fine green hawthorn hedge,
  Alarmed at every sound.

Grieving as if his heart would break,
  He thought he heard a noise,
He started, listened, then looked up,
  Before him stood two boys.

" Oh, here he is, our pretty Lamb !
  How glad I am," said one,
A kind and tender-hearted boy,
  The Farmer's only son.

" You naughty little Lamb," said he,
  " How could you run away,
And leave your mother pining so,
  That you had gone astray ?"

And then he took him in his arms,
  And kissed his pretty face,
And gently carried him to the fold,
  That dear most welcome place.

With joy he sought his tender dam,
  What pleasure when they met ;
And how delighted she caressed
  Her dearest little pet !

For having lost this pretty Lamb
  Had grieved her all the day;
But then he was come home again,
  And no more went astray.

THE LAME BEGGAR.

"Pray, Miss, bestow your charity,
  For I am lame and poor,
And all I have to live upon
  I beg from door to door."

"Oh, poor old man," Eliza said,
  Whilst taking out her purse,
"He does, indeed, look very sad,
  Pray stop a moment, Nurse."

"No, no," replied the servant-maid,
  As on she quickly went,
"You must not give your money so,
  For fear you should repent."

"If this will buy him something, Nurse,
That he will like to eat,
I cannot spend it better, sure,
Or have a greater treat.

"Perhaps this poor old beggar-man
Has had no food to-day;
Think how unhappy he must feel,
To live in such a way.

"He looks so ill, and ragged too,
And asks of all he meets;
How very shocking it must be,
To beg about the streets.

"For me there is good food prepared
In plenty every day;
Then why need I buy cakes or fruit?
Oh! do turn back, I pray.

"Stop, stop, poor, friendless, pale old man,
Here, take my money all;
I'm sure it grieves me very much,
This trifle is so small."

"Oh, thank your generous little heart,"
The grateful Beggar said,
"May Heaven all through your life pour down
Its blessings on your head."

THE VAIN GOOSE.

Said a Goose to a Cat
And a Rabbit one day,
"Suppose that we all run a race;
For really I think
'Twould be excellent sport,
As each goes very near the same pace."

"Very well," said the Cat,
And the Rabbit agreed;
But asked from what place they should start;
"From the roost to the barn,
And the Cow shall decide,
So prepare every one for his part."

Then the Cock gave the word,
And the contest began,
But the Goose was soon left far behind;
Though the Cat arrived first,
The good Rabbit was near,
For to beat neither felt much inclined.

Then they smiled at the Goose,
Truly foolish and vain,
Amazed she could be so deceived,
To suppose she could equal
The speed of her friends,
Which till then they all thought she believed.

But the Goose crept along,
And at length reached the barn,
Pretending much blushing and shame;
Then owned she was late,
But the heat was so great,
She had felt herself grow rather lame.

Then they looked at each other,
All filled with surprise,
To hear such a shocking excuse;
Hoped they ne'er should attempt
What they could not perform,
To appear like their neighbour the Goose.

LITTLE JOHN SPRIG.

Though the little John Sprig
Was not grown very big,
Yet he oft rode his father's grey mare;
He could gallop or trot
When on horseback he got,
And could ride to a neighbouring fair.

Once this poor little Jack
As he rode on horseback,
A very narrow escape had, indeed;
For in passing a mill,
Which but seldom stood still,
The mare, frightened, ran off at full speed.

Though her breeding was good,
And on four legs she stood,
The same number most horses required;
Being not very young,
She was not very strong,
And John hoped that she soon would be tired.

But the mare and John Sprig,
Soon fell over a pig,
And away they all rolled in the mire;
Oh, the poor Johnny Sprig,
The grey mare and the pig;
This was more than their hearts could desire.

Now kicking and crawling,
And grunting and squalling,
They lay, rolling all down in a ditch
One over the other;
John thought they would smother,
And lamented this terrible pitch.

But though short, John was stout,
And contrived to creep out,
And to help the old mare and the pig;
And while shaking the mud,
Johnny cried, "Lud, oh, lud!
"Who would think this was poor Johnny Sprig?"

As the mare with one eye,
Who was waiting close by,
Viewed the plight of her poor little master;
With much sorrow she felt,
That she often had knelt
And had caused this most shocking disaster.

Whilst John owned with much pride,
As he stood by her side,
Though no hunter, no racer, no beauty;
He loved her as much,
As if she were such,
Being faithful in friendship and duty.

Then he stroked her old face,
Bid her go her own pace,
And mounted more willing than able;
When little John Sprig
Bid good bye to the pig,
And the mare trotted back to the stable.

THE OX AND THE COW.

As an Ox once went out, just to take a short walk,
He met a young Cow, and he ventured to talk;
Said the Ox, "Ma'am, I think it is very fine weather:"
"Yes, Sir," said the Cow, and they walked on together.

" But last week we'd a great deal of rain," said the Cow,
" Yes, Ma'am," said the Ox, " but 'tis very fine now.'
As they strutted along and became more chatty,
The Ox held up his head, and felt very natty;
They conversed upon hay, and the fine fields of grass,
And admired the corn they'd occasion to pass;
Till at length said the Cow, " I must wish you good bye,
For my sweet calf is waiting, I fear he may cry."
" Oh, dear," said the Ox, " What! so soon must we
part!"
That the walk had been longer he wished from his heart;
" But you're partial to music, dear Ma'am, I believe,
Will you do me the favour to join us this eve
At a sociable party, at Jessamine Farm,
Where I'm sure your sweet company can't fail to charm?"
The Cow said she would with a great deal of pleasure,
As soon as she'd done with her dear little treasure.

The Ox made his bow, hoped she would not be late;
The Cow curtsied and smiled, and then passed through
the gate.

THE CONCERT.

The Ox, on returning, was full of delight
That his new friend had promised to see him at night;
When the Cow was in sight, he went out to meet her,
And the company rose to be ready to greet her.
As she entered the barn with her slow stately pace,
Each admired her step, her politeness, and grace;
When remarks in her praise through the circle had ran,
The whole being ready, the concert began.
A young Heifer and Donkey first sang a duet,
The words to Italian sweet music were set;
Yet some Kids and young Lambs, with their innocent
faces,
Sat tittering and watching the donkey's grimaces;

But some catches and glees were selected the while,
All of which were allowed to go off in fine style,
By Pigeons and Turkeys, Fowls, Ducks, and some Geese,
A charming variety, and all of a piece.
Yet an old Sheep observed, it might be the fashion,
But to her, the Goose seemed to sing in a passion;
The Turkey's cadence was fine, and the rest very soft,
For those not accustomed to sing very oft;
Though to be a great judge she did not pretend,
As 'twould grieve her, indeed, mistress Goose to offend.
In a rondo a Goat and a Pig played the fiddle,
And a Dog played the flute, and stood up in the middle;
Whilst the sweetest young Fawn, perhaps, that ever was seen,
Stood in front, and performed on a new tambourin.
Then a beautiful Horse, full of elegant grace,
Came forward, and sang "the Delights of the Chace;"

His brother, a Racer, very handsome indeed,
Gave " the Sports of the Turf; may they ever succeed."
'Twas greatly admired, such a very sweet thing,
All joining in chorus, they made the barn ring;
Whilst the good Ox beat time with one of his feet,
And the Cow said the whole was a musical treat.
Thus ended the Concert, with real delight,
All equally pleased, wished each other good night.

THE MAGPIE.

At the top of a tree, which had grown rather high,
In a very snug nest once there lived a Magpie;
But the Magpie, so curious, often peeped out,
To watch all her neighbours what they were about:
If they'd any thing nice, and worth taking away,
It too often became Mrs. Magpie's own prey.

Down below dwelt a Jackdaw, a Rook lived just by,
Who were frequently robbed from their being so nigh;
Till one day the good Daw brought a plump little mouse,
And put into his nest, which you know is his house;
Where he thought 'twould be safe whilst he went for another,
Which was to have been little mouse's own brother;
But he'd scarcely set out on his regular flight,
Than he instantly spied, with much real delight,
A fine set of young mice that he hoped to obtain,
Which that night had been drowned in a cold heavy rain;
Therefore thinking they'd prove very tender and sweet,
He wished to present some kind friend with a treat.
Having carried up one, put it safe in his nest,
He descended again to secure all the rest;
But a Hawk was in sight, and approaching that way,
Being hungry, no doubt, and in search of some prey,

Who, perceiving the prize, seized the dead little things,
And kept off the poor Daw with his great flapping wings.
Then the Daw flew again to his nest very fast,
With intention to join in a moderate repast;
But guess his surprise, when at home he arrived,
To find of his mouse he had there been deprived;
Round his wide empty nest with what wonder he gazed,
Robbed in such a short time, he was shocked and amazed.
To the Rook then he went, who he found was gone out,
And he looked for Magpie, who was no where about;
But while he was thinking what course to pursue,
The Magpie returned, with, "Ah, friend, how do you do?
Why really, good Daw, now you quite make me stare,
For you're looking as doleful as one in despair!"
Then she heard of his loss, and pretended with grief
Her regret, that he could not discover the thief.
In the midst of her speech the good Rook re-appeared,
At the sight of his friend the Daw seemed rather cheered;

And the Magpie continued her false artful strain,
Which the Rook only answered with looks of disdain;
Then addressing the Daw, said, "I've found out the thief,
The deception of whom is almost past belief;
Whilst resting this morn in yon large chesnut-tree,
And waiting some Rooks, who do you think I should see
Flying past to the rock, and slip into a hole,
But our neighbour Magpie, with the mouse she had stole!
Who, after she'd dined, washed her beak in the brook,
For my friend and I watched," said the good honest Rook,
"Then we flew to the rock, and as we went in
Many lost things we saw, and the young mouse's skin."
The good Daw was struck mute, whilst the Magpie, confused,
Instead of owning her crimes, the Rooks both abused,
And made such a noise, with her ravings and chatter,
Birds came in large flights to know what was the matter;

Who declared, when they heard that so treacherous
she'd been,
'Twould disgrace even birds such bad conduct to screen;
So dishonest, deceitful, so greedy, and sly,
They resolved to get rid of this wicked Magpie;
Crows, Ravens, and Owls, and a great many others,
United and earnest, as if they were brothers,
All hissing, and screaming, and pecking, and flapping,
Such confusion of voices, such hooting and clapping,
The intention of each being well understood,
They drove the vile Magpie quite out of the wood.

FINIS.

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