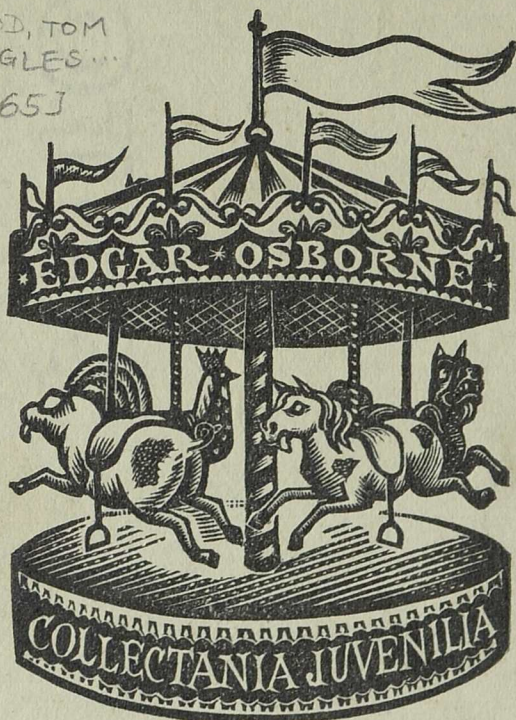




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JINGLES AND JOKES

FOR

THE LITTLE FOLKS.



JINGLES AND JOKES

FOR

THE LITTLE FOLKS.

BY

TOM HOOD.

ILLUSTRATED BY

C. H. BENNETT, W. BRUNTON, PAUL GRAY, AND
T. MORTEN.



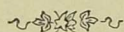
LONDON:

CASSELL, PETTER, AND GALPIN,

LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

LONDON :
CASSELL, PETTER, AND GALPIN, BELLE SAUVAGE WORKS,
LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

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JINGLES AND JOKES

FOR THE

LITTLE FOLKS.

BESSIE AT THE BALL.



LITTLE Miss Bessie has been to a ball—
She danced with one lover—she danced
with them all.

With her dancing eyes and her dancing
curls,

The daintiest dancer of all the girls !

Round her waist was a broad blue band,
Such a tiny white glove was on her hand !
She was dressed in muslin, so white and airy—
Never was seen so sweet a fairy !

Two of her lovers have come to words !
They must fight with popguns, or else tin swords.
What terrible mischief there may arise
From little Miss Bessie's dancing eyes !

THE LAUNCH OF THE LILY LEAF.



WATER LILY leaf afloat
Lies at its moorings like a boat.
We'll raise a sail, and a mast we'll lift,
We'll ship some oars, and we'll go
adrift;

Our vessel we'll rig with many a gift,
And go on a voyage along the moat!

What shall we have for a mast—a mast?
A reed that bends—not breaks—in the blast.

What shall we have for the stays—the stays?
The tendrils the vetch puts out as it strays.

What shall we have for the shrouds—the shrouds?
The lines that the gossamers spin in the clouds.

What shall we have for a yard—a yard?
The spike of the cuckoo-pint, golden-barred.

What shall we have for a boom—a boom?
A stalk of darnel that's out of bloom.

What shall we have for the ropes—the ropes?
The slender grasses that clothe the slopes.

What shall we have for a sail—a sail ?
Oh, a butterfly's wing will never fail.

What shall we have for the oars—the oars ?
The blades of the rushes that fringe the shores.

What shall we have for a helm—a helm ?
A strong-stemmed leaf from the lofty elm.

What shall we have for a flag—a flag ?
A leaf of the wild-rose that climbs the crag.

What shall we have for a lamp—a lamp ?
A glowworm found on the hedge-side damp.

What shall we have at the bow—the bow ?
A golden beetle shall deck the prow.

What shall we have at the stern—the stern ?
A burnished dragon-fly there shall burn.

We'll cut the moorings that hold our boat,
And down with the stream we'll softly float—
With twenty elves for our gallant crew ;
So we'll go sailing—I and you !

LENA.



HAVE you ever—ever seen a
 Dog so pretty as our Lena?
 Lena catches, Lena begs,
 Lena walks on her hind legs;
 Lena talks—she's speaking now—
 “Bow-wow-wow! and bow-wow-wow!”

And the sugar on her nose,
 At a signal, up she throws:—
 Never mind how small a bit,
 Lena's sure of catching it.
 Then she says—what she says now—
 “Bow-wow-wow! and bow-wow-wow!”

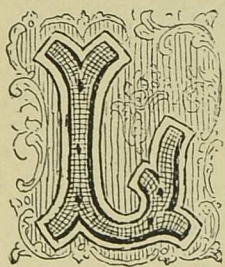
If you speak about a walk,
 By the door she'll sit and talk!
 She'll keep dancing to and fro,
 Whining, “Please to let me go!”
 Saying—what she's saying now—
 “Bow-wow-wow! and bow-wow-wow!”

Lena's hair is tawny pale;
 Lena has a silky tail;
 She's from Pomerania sprung,
 And she speaks the native tongue.
 Listen! She is speaking now—
 “Bow-wow-wow! and bow-wow-wow!”



LINTON.

JACK FROST.



LITTLE Jack Frost
 His road he lost,
 While speeding off to Russia ;
 He asked his way,
 But they all said "Nay,"
 Or sent him away to Prussia.

So he never yet
 Has been able to get
 To the North Pole where he's going ;
 So in winter time
 He scatters the rime,
 And sets the clouds a-snowing.

And very plain
 On each window pane
 He draws his map so clearly,
 As you will see
 If you happen to be
 Up in the morning early.

THISTLEDOWN'S TRAVELS.



HISTLEDOWN set out one day,
On its journeyings to stray !

To a cottage first it came :
“ Get along,” said careful dame.

To a palace next it flew :
“ Ho !” said pages, “ what are you ? ”

To an office then 'twas borne :
“ Hence !” exclaimed the clerks in scorn.

On a ship becalmed it dropped :
Cried the crew, “ Why have you stopped ? ”

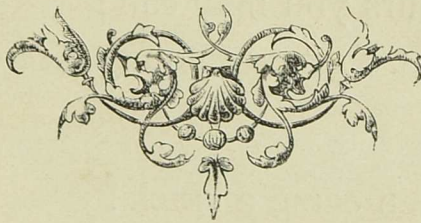
Next it flew into a dairy :
“ Get you gone !” said milkmaid Mary.

Then it flew into a shop :
“ Here,” they cried, “ you cannot stop ! ”

Here and there, up and down,
In the country and the town ;
Each one, gentleman or clown,
On poor Thistledown did frown.

Last of all, it took its course
To a common, bright with gorse.
There a donkey, melancholy,
Flung his heels up and grew jolly—
 Braying,
 Saying,

 “ One nice thing
Now I know that pleasant spring,
When the winter's o'er, will bring !
Rains may fall, and winds may whistle,
But I'm certain of my thistle !”



JACK AND JANE.

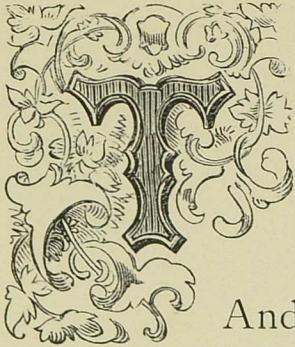
LITTLE Jack Toft,
 Sat up aloft,
 In the bough of an apple tree ;
 Little Jane May
 Said to him, " Pray,
 Throw down an apple for me ! "

Jack answered, " No !
 All that there grow
 Here, I shall want for myself ;
 Any that fall,
 Yours you may call ! "
 Oh, what a greedy young elf !

Then came a crack !
 Crash ! and, good lack !
 Down tumbled Jacky. But, ah !
 Kind little Jane
 Pitied his pain,
 And carried him home to mamma !



THE DIRTY LITTLE BOY, AND WHAT
BEFELL HIM.



HERE was a dirty little boy,
Whose hands were never clean ;
Oh, such a grubby urchin
Had ne'er before been seen !

And how he wore his clothes out,
You hardly would believe :
He used to spit upon his slate,
And wipe it with his sleeve.

He shocked and grieved his parents,
Who did his state deplore,
And said, " If you go on like this,
You'll turn a blackamoor !

" So dark your skin is growing,
You're such a ragged figure,
Your friends will all begin to think
That you're a little nigger ! "

He did not heed the warning,
 But blacker grew his skin ;
 His clothes were all in tatters,
 So ragged, and so thin !

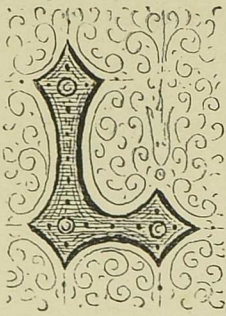
At length a Planter met him,
 And popped him in a sack,
 And set him hoeing sugar,
 Because he was so black.

And still in that plantation
 He toils with grief and pain—
 For though he tends the sugar,
 He only gets the cane.

My little boy, if you are wise,
 You'll scrub your hands with vigour,
 And mind your clothes ; or else you may
 Be taken for a nigger !



A LULLABY.



LULLABY, baby !

Go to sleep ;

Eyes, oh ! how naughty,

Still to peep.

Lullaby, baby !

Curl up your toes ;

Cuddle your little knees

Up to your nose.

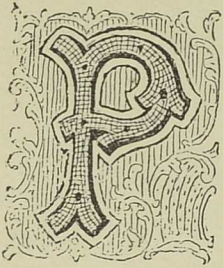
Lullaby, baby !

Eyes shut tight—

Little mouth open—

So, good night !

PETER THE POET AND HIS LITTLE MAID.



PETER the Poet kept house all alone ;
He'd the tiniest servant that ever was
known.

"Go, fetch me," one day said Poetical
Peter,

"A grouse for my dinner ; no bird could be
sweeter."

"I'll forget, I'm afraid,
That name," said the maid.

"There's one way to know it,
And quickly I'll show it :

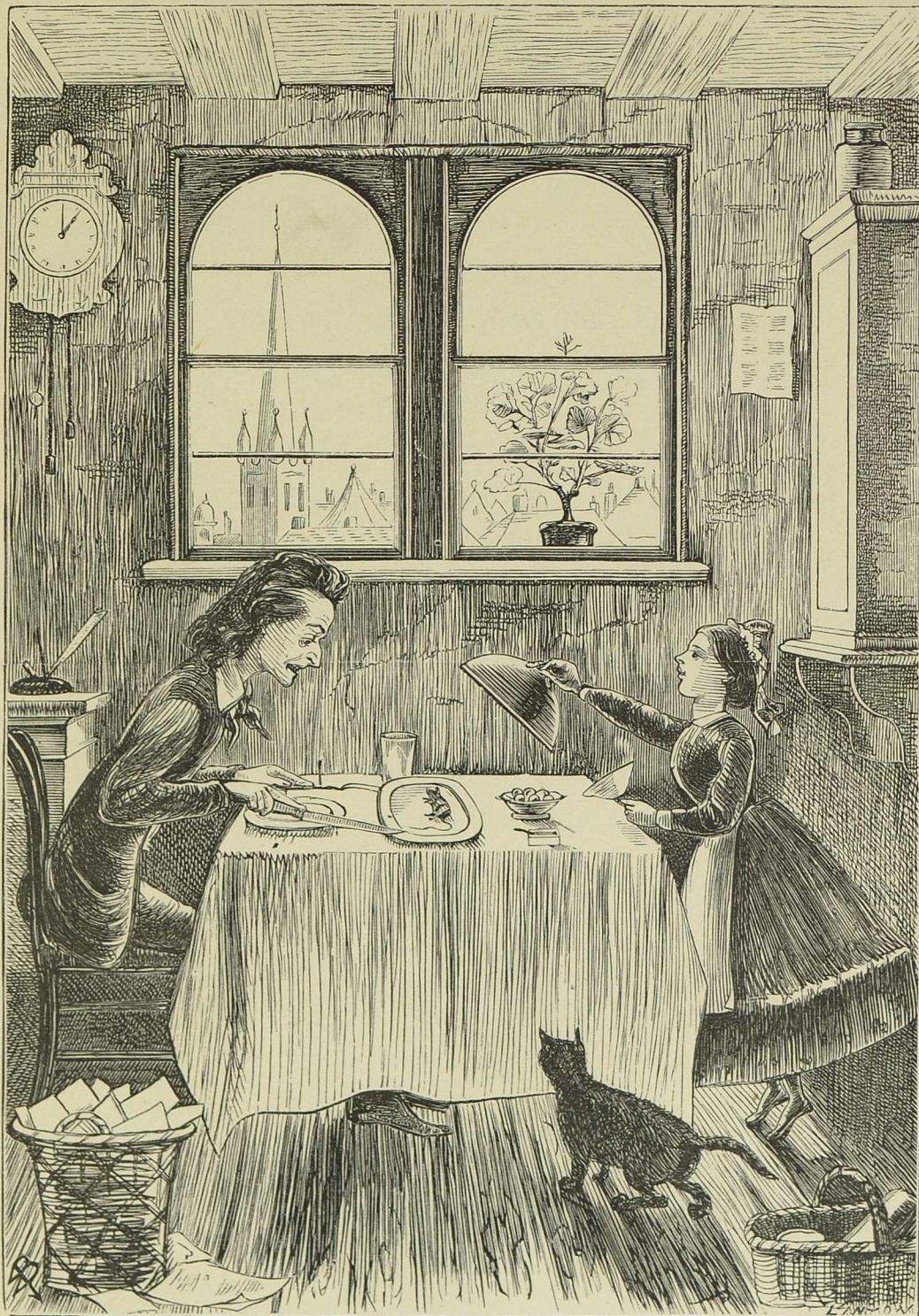
Think, *grouse* rhymes with *house*,"
Said Peter the Poet.

Off went the maid to the market to buy,
But had with her sweetheart a chat on the sly ;
So when she went into the shop for the bird,
She found that she couldn't remember the word.

"I've forgot, I'm afraid,"
Said that very small maid.

And no one could show it,
And she did not know it

Was *grouse*—spite the *nous*
Of Peter the Poet.



Was not the little maid terribly vexed ?
Home she went, utterly posed and perplexed.
What was she to do to remember the dish
That seemed Mr. Peter's particular wish ?

At last, though, the maid
Jumped up and hurrayed :
“ I've got it ; I know it ! ”—
In saucepan below, it
Went *souse*—“ That rhymes *house*,
Mr. Peter the Poet ! ”

Peter the Poet at table was set,
Anxiously waiting his dinner to get ;
Into the room the little maid bore
A cover, and placed it her master before.

But when the small maid
The dinner displayed,
Cried Peter, “ Hullo ! it
Is wrong ! ” Said she, “ Show it !
Don't *mouse* rhyme with *house*,
Mr. Peter the Poet ? ”



RAIN.



RAIN—rain,
 On the pane
 Beat your heavy showers !
 Must you last,
 Hard and fast,
 For so many hours ?
 Yet for every drop you pour
 There will be a blossom more
 In the summer bowers.

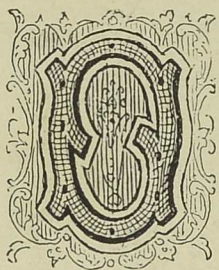
Rain—rain,
 Please refrain
 For a short time merely !
 Clouds will fly,
 And the sky
 Shine out blue so clearly !
 I might walk the showers between,
 In the meadows fresh and green,
 That I love so dearly !

Rain—rain,
 Who'd complain
 If you gave us measure ?

Only you
Really do
Hinder children's pleasure,
When you still will pour away
On the one half-holiday,
Which is all our treasure !

Rain—rain,
Soon again
Will the leaves be thirsting ;
By-and-by
Heat will dry
Buds that should be bursting.
Keep some showers ;
Come again
When the flowers
All complain
In the bowers,
Welcome rain !
Only stop
Now—nor drop,
Drop, drop, drop, on leaf and stalk,
Flower and spray,
Without stay,
Or I shall not have my walk !

DANIEL DUMKIN'S NOSE.



LD Daniel Dumkin

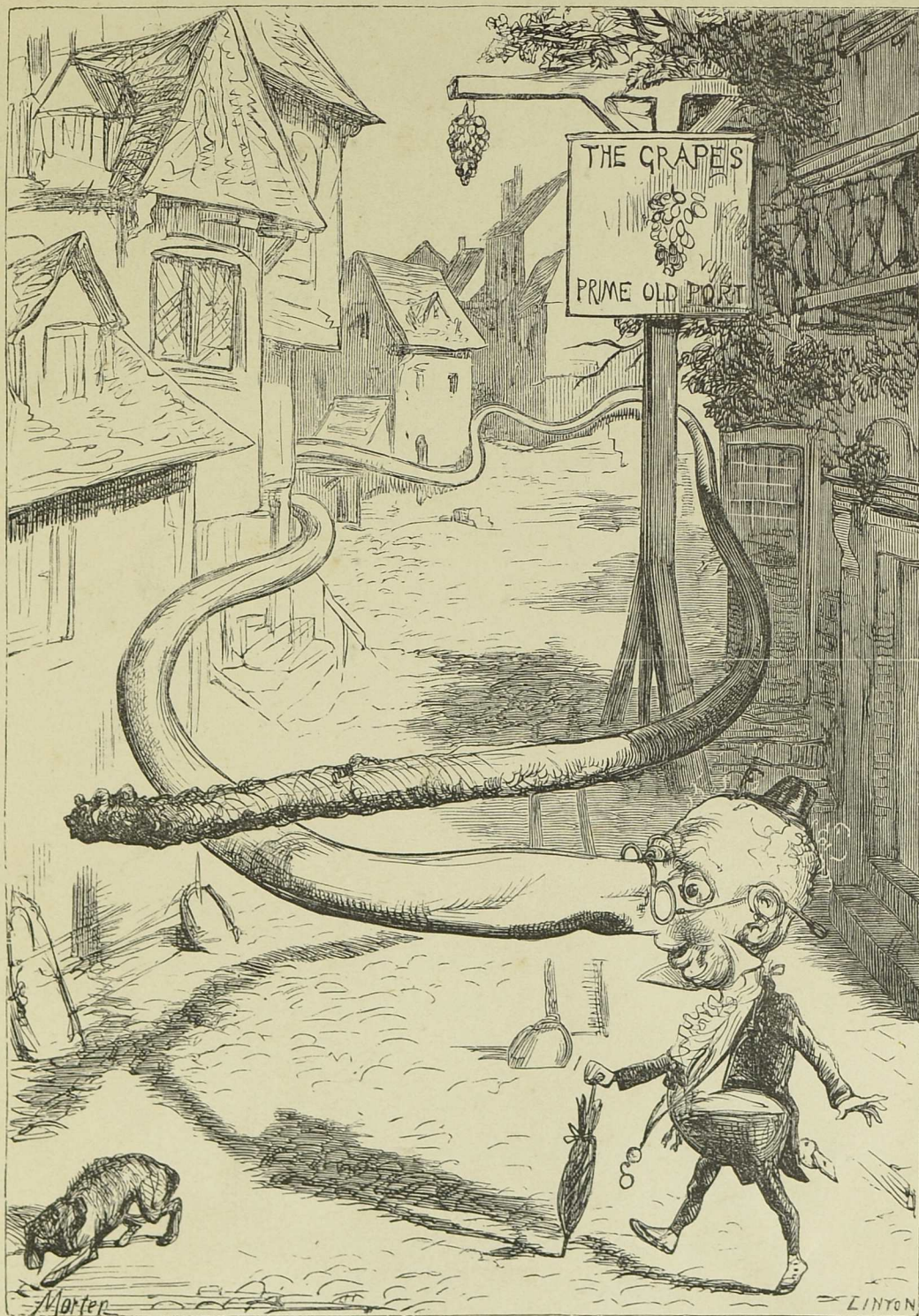
Had a nose so very long,
He followed it where'er he went ;
But it often led him wrong.

He sometimes breaks folks' windows,
Because his mighty nose
Is such a distance from him,
He can't see where it goes.

When he is fast asleep, his nose
Is snoring miles away :
Says Daniel, waking, " Surely,
There's a thunderstorm to-day ! "

One morn he came into a town,
To call upon a friend—
And he ran his nose against a wall
Down at the other end,—

He pushed, and pushed, to get along,
And took a deal of trouble,
Till he thought he'd knocked it down ; but it
Had bent his nose quite double.

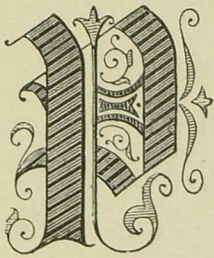


So when he'd got a little way,
 Such hindrances quite spurning,
 To his remarkable surprise,
 He met his nose returning.

He didn't recognise the tip,
 So cried, "I see, with pleasure,
 Here's some one got a nose like mine ;—
 I'll challenge him to measure."



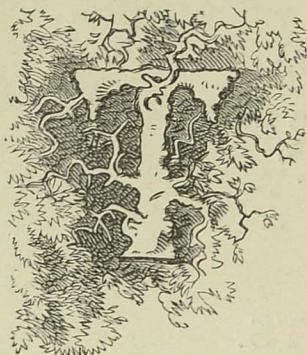
PUSS IN NEW BOOTS.



ATTER, clatter,
 What's the matter ?
 Our Tom Cat, who's such a ratter,
 Two new pair
 Of shoes to wear
 Has been buying at the fair.

Isn't he making a noise in the house !
 Won't he frighten each rat and mouse !
 'Twasn't wise to choose
 Such noisy shoes—
 To be caught his dinner will now refuse !
 To each rat and mouse his approach he tells,
 For he's popped his paws into walnut-shells ;
 Into walnut-shells—into walnut-shells—
 He has popped his paws into walnut-shells !

THE OLD LADY WHO LIVED UP THE FLUE.



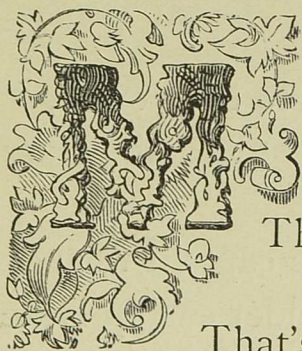
HERE was an old lady lived up a flue,
And when it would smoke,
She began to choke,
And didn't know what to do !

When the little old woman began to
cough,
The sweep put his head
Up the chimney, and said,
“ Old person, you'd better be off ! ”

This little old woman thought it no joke,
She coughed and spluttered,
And out she fluttered
From the chimney-pot in smoke.

If you watch the chimney-top now you'll see
The smoke come out puffing,
And sidling, and huffing.
Well, I fancy that must be she !

THE FOOLISH MOUSIKIN.



MOUSIKIN came to the mother mouse
And said, "I have found such a pretty
house:

The sides are of wood, with a window
before

That's made of wire, and a great wide door ;
And besides, I can smell there is cheese on
the shelf ;

And I'm old enough now to set up for myself."

" Mousikin," gravely said mother mouse,
" If you venture to enter that nice little house,
And taste of the cheese, with a sudden clap
The door will close, and you'll be in a trap.
Your silly words prove, you foolish elf,
You're not old enough yet to set up for yourself."

Mousikin laughed at the mother mouse.
She ventured into the nice little house ;
Bang went the door when she touched the cheese.
" Oh, mother !" she cried, " let me out, if you
please !"
" Alas !" cried the mother, " your love of pelf
Has condemned you to stop there, shut up by yourself."

THE THREE-FOOT VOLUNTEERS.



UT of the way, for here they come,
With a penny trumpet and sixpenny
drum.

A paper cock'd-hat the captain wears,
And a gun on his shoulder each private
bears.

Out of the way, and give three cheers
For the regiment of Three-Foot Volunteers!

They have but one cannon, and that shoots peas :
But what does that matter to heroes like these ?
Such brave little soldiers will never turn back,
While their ensign leads with his Union Jack.

Out of the way, and give three cheers
For the regiment of Three-Foot Volunteers!

With penny trumpet, and sixpenny drum,
They'll face the enemy when they come.
And the wounds they get, in the worst disaster,
Are sure to be cured with sticking-plaster.

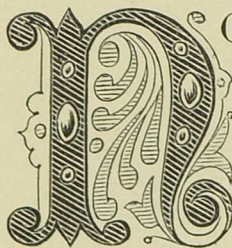
Out of the way, and give three cheers
For the regiment of Three-Foot Volunteers!



Rub-a-dub-dub ! and Tooty-too-too !
March on bravely ! we're proud of you,
With wooden sword, and with paper feather :—
March on gallantly—step together !
Out of the way, and give three cheers
For the regiment of Three-Foot Volunteers !



THE DIFFICULTY OF DIRT.

OW, I am only ten ;
When I'm old, I shall be thirty,
And perhaps shall find out then
How to keep my hands not dirty !

For, I can't tell you how,
They never as they ought are ;
Although I am not now,
Afraid of soap and water.

If children could but grow
Just like the little daisies,
I think we should not show
Mamma such dirty faces !

THE STREAM.



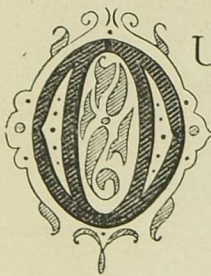
GLIDE down, glide down,
 Your spring we crown
 With wreaths of gorse and heather ;
 You are a brooklet full of glee,
 And merry little children we :
 So let us play together.
 Glide down, glide down.

Glide down, glide down,
 Where mountains frown,
 Where woods and fields surround you :
 Where under willow boughs you creep,
 And o'er your wave the swallows sweep ;
 Where rushy margins bound you.
 Glide down, glide down.

Glide down, glide down,
 By tower and town ;
 With fringing rushes nodding,
 Where runs the ripple by the marge,
 As slowly slides the sleepy barge,
 With grey horse gauntly plodding.
 Glide down, glide down.

Glide down, glide down,
O'er moorlands brown,
Where golden bees are humming ;
For rills that rise among the heather,
And children playing here together,
Have work that waits their coming.
Glide down, glide down.

PUSS AND HER THREE KITTENS.



OUR old cat has kittens three ;
What do you think their names should be ?

One is a tabby with emerald eyes,
And a tail that's long and slender ;
But into a temper she quickly flies,
If you ever by chance offend her.

I think we shall call her this—
I think we shall call her that :—
Now, don't you fancy " Pepper-pot "
A nice name for a cat ?

One is black, with a frill of white,
And her feet are all white fur, too :
If you stroke her, she carries her tail upright,
And quickly begins to purr, too.

I think we shall call her this—
I think we shall call her that :—
Now, don't you fancy " Sootikin "
A nice name for a cat ?

One is a tortoiseshell, yellow and black,
With a lot of white about him :
If you tease him, at once he sets up his back ;
He's a quarrelsome Tom, ne'er doubt him !

I think we shall call him this—
I think we shall call him that :—
Now, don't you fancy " Scratchaway "
A nice name for a cat ?

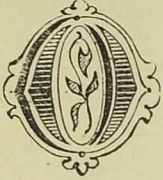
Our old cat has kittens three,
And I fancy these their names will be :
" Pepper-pot "—" Sootikin "—" Scratchaway "—
There !

Were there ever kittens with these to compare ?
And we call the old mother—now, what do you
think ?

" Tabitha Longclaws Tiddleywink ! "



THE LITTLE MAN AND THE LITTLE HOUSE.



NCE upon a time,
When people talked in rhyme,
And all the bluebells in the fields kept up a
merry chime,

There was a little man
No bigger than a mouse,
And he began one day
To build himself a house.

He'd a mushroom roof raised high on
A row of hemlock stalks,
And the down of dandelion
For the carpet, where one walks.

Beneath the mushroom's spreading eaves
He lofty windows built,
And the cornices with yellow leaves
Of buttercups were gilt.

The curtains were of spider-net,
Adorned with laceflies green ;
And never—surely, never yet—
Had such a house been seen.

Oh, dear me !

That ever we should see

What happened to a little house so beautiful as that:

But Farmer Broadfoot walking by,

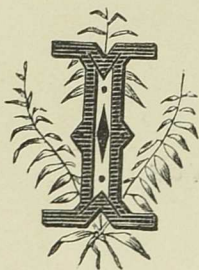
The mansion chanced not to espy,

And—oh, dear me ! it makes me sigh—

He smashed it flat—flat—flat !



ABOUT THE BALLOON THAT WENT UP TO THE MOON.



WENT in a big balloon,
To call on the Man in the Moon ;
And I found him there
In his easy chair,
Playing a lively tune.

His fiddle was made of oak ;
He'd a china pipe to smoke ;
And his wig was made
Of marmalade :
Now was not that a joke ?

Said I, "Good sir, oh, dear !
You must feel deserted here :
 Why not invite
 The world polite
To visit your lonely sphere ?"

But the old man shook his head ;
He winked and wisely said,
 " If I wished to see
 Much company,
I could go down there instead.

" But the boys and girls, you see,
Would grow so fond of me,
 They'd eat my wig,
 If 'twas ever so big ;
And how dreadful that would be !"

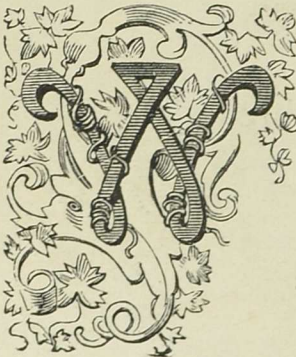
" Oh, dear me, no ! " I said ;
" What they like is jam and bread."
 " Come, come," said he,
 " That's fiddle-de-dee ;
I'm quite clear on that head !

“For the girls’ and boys’ delight
Would make mine a wretched plight,
Since I’ve understood
They like all that’s good!”—
And I think the old man was right.

So come in my big balloon,
And visit the Man in the Moon ;
And, boys and girls,
His marmalade curls
We’ll dispose of very soon !



WICKED WILLY WIMBLE.



WICKED Willy Wimble
Stole his Granny’s thimble,
And she could not
Catch him, I wot,
Because she was not nimble !



So he ran down the meadow,
And in the blacksmith's shed, oh!
He hammered it
To make it fit—
Then stuck it on his head, oh !

With such a helmet handy,
He thought himself a dandy,
Although his legs
Were crooked pegs—
In fact, a little bandy !

Said he, " It's very clear, oh!
That I have nought to fear, oh !
I'll turn out quite
A gallant knight ;
Oh, shan't I be a hero ! "

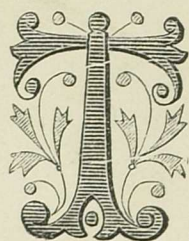
His steed was poor old Brindle,
His lance it was a spindle ;
An old tin pot
For drum he got,
His martial fires to kindle.

As bold as Alexander,
Or any great commander,
So brave and stout
He rode about,
Until he met a gander

Said Will, "I wonder can he
Eat up so brave a manny?"
When it began
To hiss, he ran,
And cried out, "Save me, Granny!"



NICKETY NOCKET AND HIS HEAD.



HERE was an old Nickety Nocket,
Who carried his head in his pocket;
But mistook for a peg
A donkey's hind leg,
Which went off with his coat like a rocket!

Said he, "Oh, how very improper!
Will no one run after and stop her?
Quite lost I shall roam;
I can't find my way home,
Till the donkey comes back with my topper."

Well, 'twas no use complaining about it,
He somehow must manage without it;
But a man with no coat,
Who stopped short at his throat,
Was a very strange object—ne'er doubt it!

So to make a new head, this keen striver
Took off, with a monstrous screw-driver,
The door-handle knob,
And cried, "What a good job!
I am such a clever contriver!"

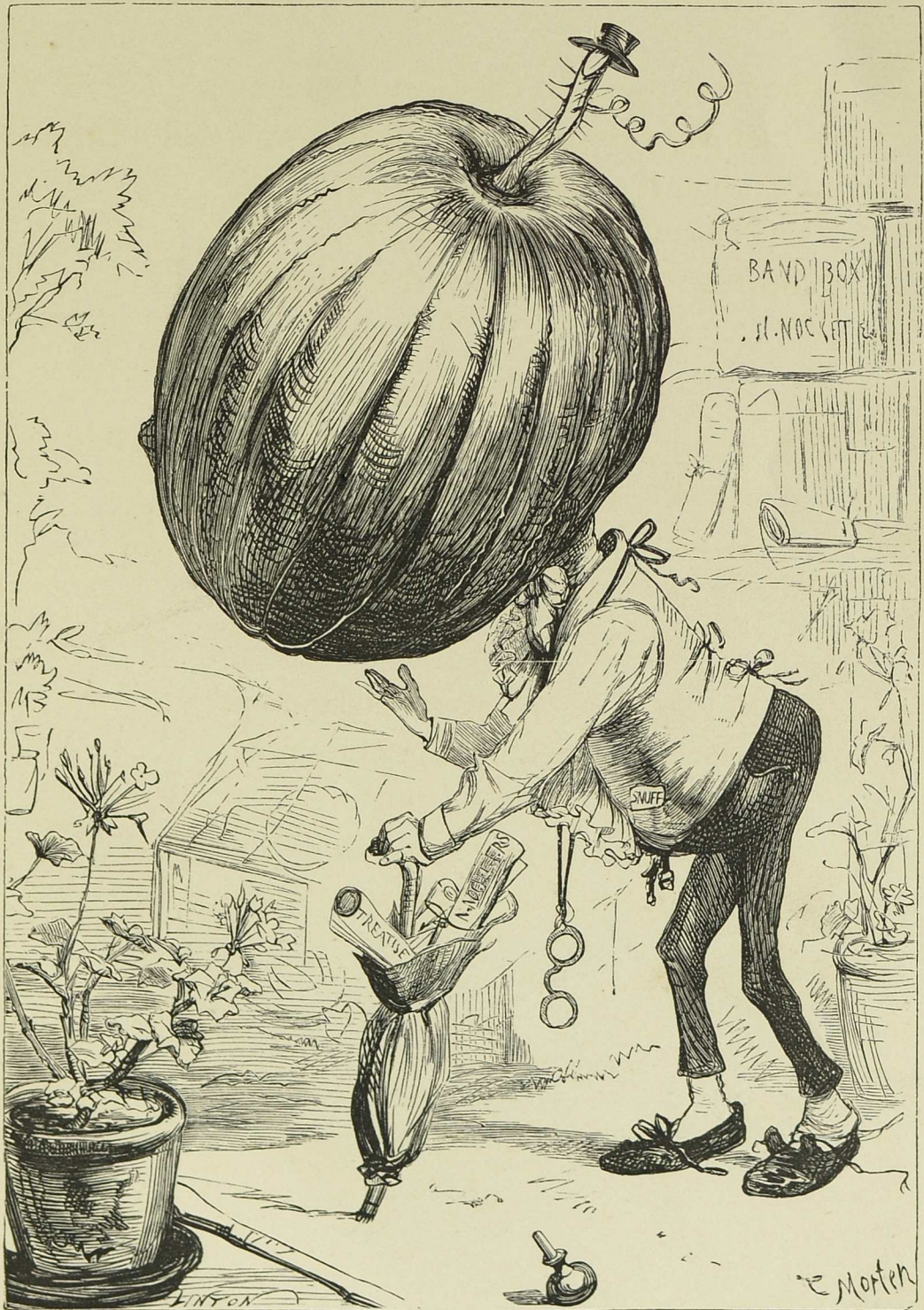
But the door-handle, when made a head of,
The one that had vanished instead of,
Turned out much too small;
Said he, "'Twon't do at all!
This worry I soon shall be dead of!"

The next thing he tried was a melon,
Which got loose, and the gravel-walk fell on ;
And it went such a crash,
'Twas reduced to a mash :
Said he, "'Twas not fixed very well on !"

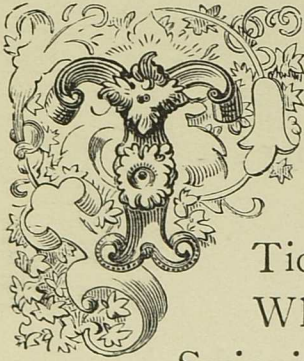
The next thing he tried was a band-box,
Which, no doubt, he believed, was a grand box ;
But the wind, one fine day,
It blew it away.
Said he, "I must try a japanned box !"

But at length, as a sure succedaneum,
A flower-pot that held a geranium
He adopted. And not
A soul knew he'd got
A proxy in lieu of his cranium !





TICK, TOCK.



ICK, tock!

Noisy clock,

How you rattle, how you knock!

Tick, tack,

What a clack,

Swinging forward—swinging back!

How you croak

On the stroke—

You're quite husky, what a joke!

With the key

You will be

Wound up finely, presently!

But until

Then I will

Tease and plague you, all my fill.

Come, strike one!

Then, what fun,

Mousie up the weights will run.

Tack, tick,
 Bob and Dick,
 Pretty men, in bed would stick.

Tick, ting,
 Swing, ring;
 Clock, you are a funny thing !

In disgrace
 Is your case—
 Keep your hands before your face !



PROUD DANDELION.



ADDY DANDELION

Was a splendid fellow,
 With his jacket green,
 And his crest of yellow.

He had lots of gold ;
 He was very lazy ;
 So he chose to scold
 Modest little Daisy.

“ Ah ! you silly flower,
You’re to me beholden,
To your best of power
Aping me, the golden ! ”

When he oped his lips,
Daisy ’gan to flush —
All her leaflets’ tips
Caught the fleeting blush.

“ Pshaw ! ” said Dandelion ;
“ Here’s a nice to-do,
When I cast my eye on
Such a thing as you ! ”

Just then some one passed
Who his stick was swinging :
Chopped off Dandelion,
Stopped his accents stinging !

Daisy, at the sight,
Dropped a tear for sorrow,
Closed her leaves that night,
Opened on the morrow.
People asked her—“ Whence that bright
Dew-drop did you borrow ? ”

THE MELANCHOLY TALE OF THE MOUSE IN THE MILK-JUG.



HE mouse, the mouse,
That belonged to our house,
Has tumbled into the milk-jug—souse!

Pussy cried “Mew!
What can I do,
Poor little mouse, to be useful to you?

“The milk if I drink,
Why, then, don’t you think,
Perhaps, I might save you before you could
sink?”

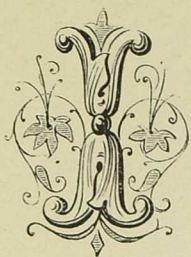
The milk was drunk up,
Yes, every sup;
And mouse reached dry land on the floor of the
cup!

Puss puts in her claws,
And quickly she draws
Mousie at once to her terrible jaws.

Puss, well-to-do,
Had mouse and milk too;
But I don’t think her conduct was pretty. Do
you?



MY LITTLE SOLDIER.




HAD a little soldier
 No bigger than a groat ;
 He had a tiny bearskin,
 And tiny scarlet coat :
 He'd walk about and strut about
 As though a giant he—
 Instead of being but about
 As small as he could be !

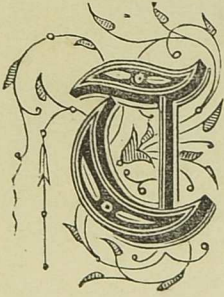
He had a tiny bayonet,
 No bigger than a pin ;
 It made your finger really smart
 Just where he ran it in :
 He'd strut about, and walk about,
 As though a hero he—
 Though he had nought to talk about,
 Except how big he'd be.

He did not grow much bigger,
Though he kept growing old;
He had a splendid figure,
And he was blithe and bold :
He turned about, and twirled about ;
An English lad was he—
And said, “ Come, all the world about,
There’s no one can beat me ! ’

SCOTLAND, IRELAND, AND WALES.

ADDY comes from Ireland,
And carries hods of bricks ;
Sandy comes from Scotland,
And knows some cunning tricks ;
Taffy comes from Wales,
Where they’ve toasted cheese for rabbits ;
So now you’ve heard my tales
Of those people and their habits.

TIMOTHY TIPPENS'S CART.



TIMOTHY TIPPENS drove a cart

To market up in town, oh !

He carried a lot of turnip-tops,

And sold for half-a-crown, oh !

His waistcoat was red, and so was his
head,

But his little coat was brown, oh !

Timothy Tippens's horse was blind,

Because he couldn't see, oh !

He'd two legs in front and two behind,

And that's one more than three, oh !

Though if two be be-four, and behind two more,

It looks very like six to me, oh !

Timothy Tippens's horse it died,

And he cried "Gee," and "Woe," oh !

And sold his cart to his neighbour Jack,

Because it wouldn't go, oh !

Without a horse—and you know, of course,

It was likely it should be so, oh !

JACK THE WHALER.



HERE have you been,
Old Jack, the sailor ? ”

“ Up to the North,
On board a whaler.

“ ‘ Ho,’ said the Captain,
‘ There’s a whale !

Boys, we must catch him
Without fail !’

“ Off was the Captain
Rowed in his gig ;
Took a harpoon
To give him a dig.

“ When he got near,
And threw the harpoon,
Whale knocked the boat
Right up to the moon.

“ Whether they reached it,
Nobody knows :
As they haven’t come back,
They did, I suppose.



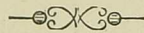
PITY THE SORROWS
OF POOR OLD JACK

BRUNTON

LINTON

“ If you look at the moon,
 You’ll know the Captain
 By his great big nose,
 And the cloak he’s wrapped in.

“ Here I must wait,
 Until he comes back.
 Pity the sorrows
 Of poor Old Jack !”



COUNTING.



NE—two—three
 Birds upon a tree ;
 Four—five—six
 Snails upon the bricks.

Seven—eight—nine
 Stockings on a line ;
 Four pairs, and one odd stocking,
 Oh ! would’nt that be shocking ?

So sing seven—eight—nine—ten,
 Hung out to dry ; and then
 There’ll be enough to clothe the toes of five old
 beggar men.

MY CHERRY TREES.



THREE cherry-stones out of a cherry
pie,

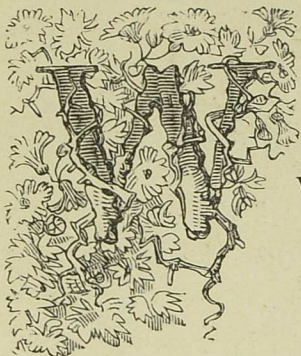
I have set in a garden bed,
And every day I dig them up,
To see that they are not dead.

From three cherry-stones from a cherry pie
Should come three cherry-trees, you know,
So every day I dig them up,
To see how much they grow !

But this doesn't sprout, and that doesn't sprout,
And the other won't grow at all,
And I can't make out what they're about,
For they're still round, hard, and small.

There isn't a bough, and there isn't a leaf,
And there isn't a shoot or a root ;
But some of these days when my cherry-trees grow,
I'll give you a share of the fruit.

THE ARBOUR.



E'VE built ourselves an arbour
 Beneath the walnut tree,
 We've trained a hop across the top,
 And there we take our tea.

When Eva has an apple,
 And Lily has a pear,
 And Agnes has a bit of cake,
 They all agree to share.

They make a splendid banquet,
 And in the arbour lay,
 And if they cannot eat it all,
 They put the rest away.

We've built ourselves an arbour
 Beneath the walnut tree ;
 But sometimes flop ! the nuts will drop
 Into your cup of tea !
 And falling plump, will make you jump,
 And cry out, " Oh, dear me ! "

THE FAT LITTLE MAN.



HERE was once a fat man
 Who wished to be thinner—
 He left off his breakfast,
 His tea, and his dinner.

And as one crumb a day
 Was the whole of his victual,
 You will not much wonder
 To hear he grew little.

He at last was so thin,
 You scarcely could see him ;
 His friends all exclaimed,
 “ That surely can’t be him ! ”

But one day while reading
 A book about fat,
 He fell ’twixt the pages,
 Which shut up quite flat.

And though leaf by leaf
 We have turned the book over,
 We ne’er have been able
 That man to discover.



MORAL.

So take my advice—

If you've friends who are thin,
And you're reading a story book,
Don't slip one in :

For although you mayn't care
To look on his face again,
He'll be of no use
In finding the place again.

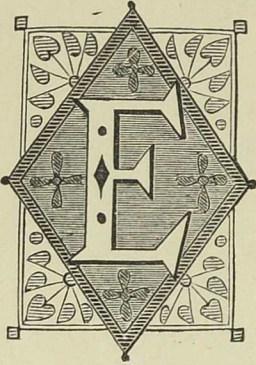
FURTHER MORAL.

The folks who exclaimed,
“ That surely can't be him ;”
Lindley Murray 'd have whipped,
If they'd happened to see him.

For he was a very
Particular Gammer,
And punished all people
Who didn't talk grammar.

And though he'd not find
Fault with you or with me, he
Would teach them to say,
“ That surely can't be he !”

THE DAISY'S WEDDING.



IGHT little bluebells
 Grew under a stone,
 Where one little Daisy
 She lived all alone.

Prince Humblebee came
 In black velvet and gold,
 So splendid a lover
 You ne'er did behold.

He wooed her, he won her !
 Oh, wasn't there glee
 When Daisy was married
 To Prince Humblebee ?

Dingle—dingle—dingle—dingle—
 Dingle—dingle—ding !
 Was the merry wedding peal
 The eight bluebells did ring :
 Dingle, dingle, dingle, dingle, dingle, dingle, ding !

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