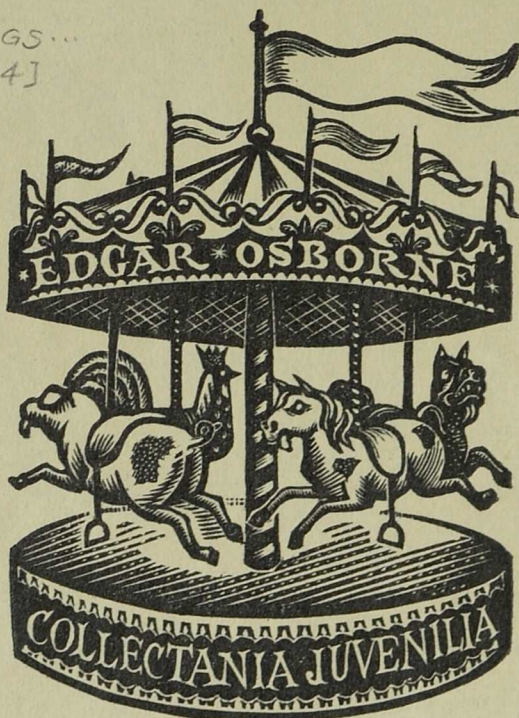




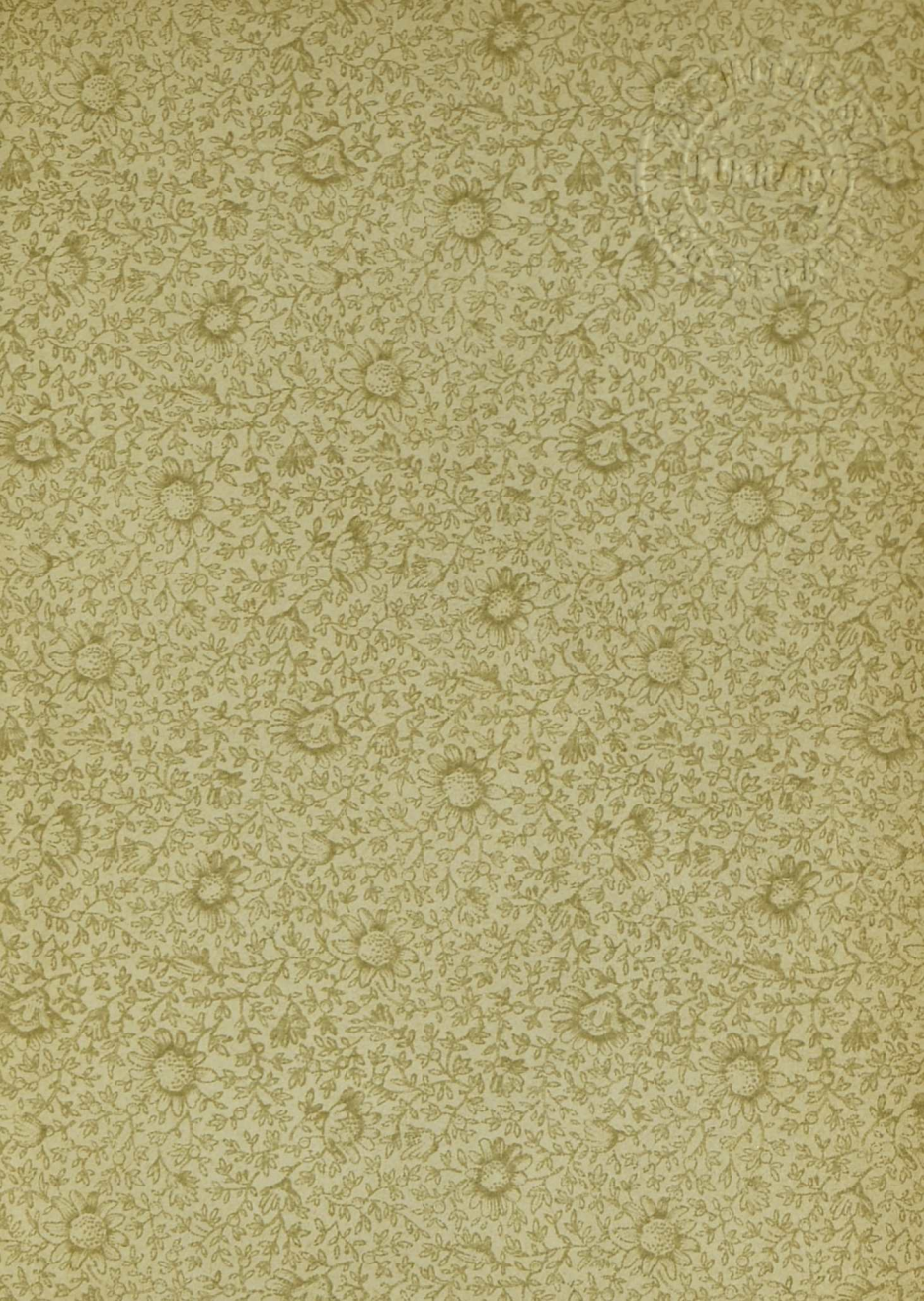
SONGS
for the NURSERY

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SONGS...
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Songs for the Nursery :

A Collection of

CHILDREN'S POEMS,

Old and New.

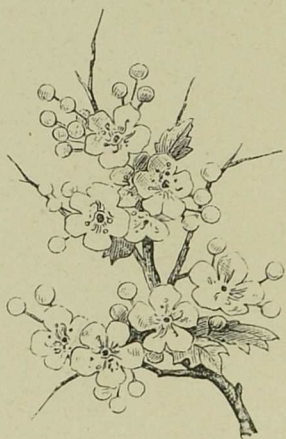
EDITED BY ROBERT ELLICE.



With Illustrations by

KATE GREENAWAY, MISS BENNETT, ROBERT BARNES, ETC.

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MY GOOD FOR NOTHING.

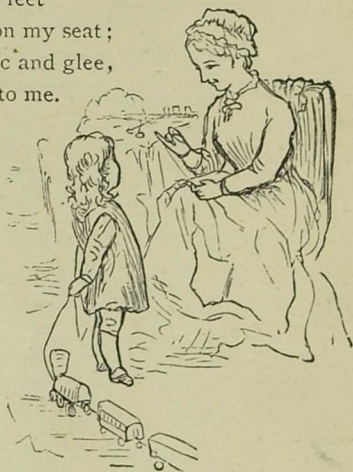
“WHAT are you good for, my brave little man?
Answer that question for me, if you can.

You, with your fingers as white as a nun,
You, with your ringlets as bright as the sun.

All the day long, with your busy contriving,
Into all mischief and fun you are driving;
See if your wise little noddle can tell
What you are good for, now ponder it well.”

Over the carpet the dear little feet
Came with a patter to climb on my seat;
Two merry eyes, full of frolic and glee,
Under their lashes look up unto me.

Two little hands pressing soft
on my face,
Drew me down close in a loving
embrace;
Two rosy lips gave the answer
so true,
“Good to love you, mamma—
good to love you.”



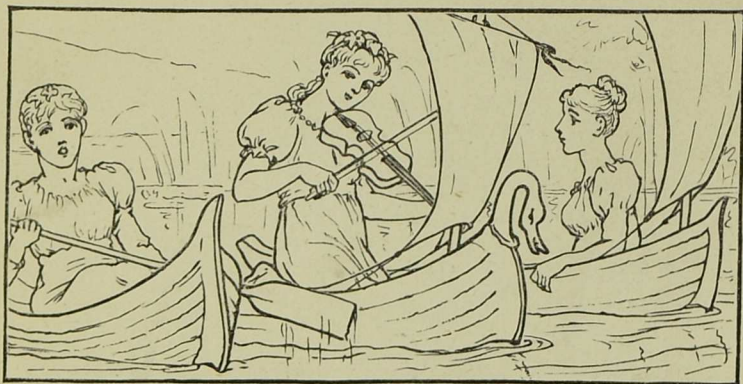
NEW YEAR'S DAY.

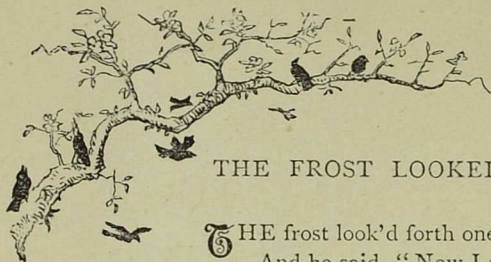
I SAW three ships come sailing by,
Sailing by, sailing by;
I saw three ships come sailing by,
On New Year's day in the morning.

And what do you think was in them then,
In them then, in them then;
And what do you think was in them then,
On New Year's day in the morning.

Three pretty girls were in them then,
In them then, in them then;
Three pretty girls were in them then,
On New Year's day in the morning.

And one could whistle and one could sing,
And one could play on the violin;
Such joy there was at my wedding,
On New Year's Day in the morning.





THE FROST LOOKED FORTH.

THE frost look'd forth one still clear night,
And he said, "Now I shall be out of sight,
So through the valley, and over the height,
In silence I'll take my way ;
I'll not go on like that blust'ring train,
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
They make so much bustle and noise in vain,
But I'll be as busy as they."

He went to the windows of those who slept,
And over each pane like a fairy crept,
Wherever he breath'd, wherever he stepp'd,
By the light of the moon were seen
Most beautiful things ; there were flowers and trees,
There were beves of birds, and swarms of bees.
There were cities with temples and towers ! and these
All pictured in silver sheen.

But he did one thing that was hardly fair,
He went to the cupboard, and finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare,
"Now just to set them a-thinking,
I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he ;
This costly pitcher I'll burst in three,
And the glass of water they've left for me,
Shall t'chick to tell them I'm drinking."



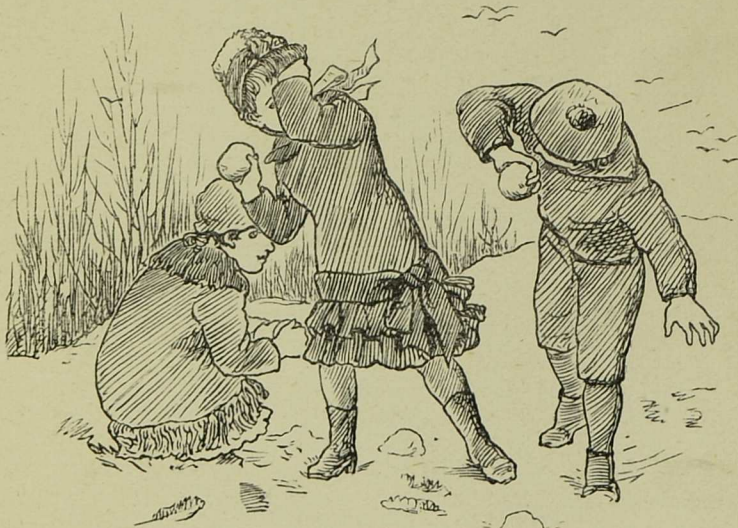
THE NORTH WIND.

THE north wind doth blow, and we shall have snow,
And what will the robin do then, poor thing?
He'll sit in the barn and keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing, poor thing.


The north wind doth blow, and we shall have snow,
And what shall the honey bee do, poor thing?
In his hive he will stay till the cold's passed away,
And then he'll come out in the spring, poor thing.

The north wind doth blow, and we shall have snow,
And what will the dormouse do then, poor thing?
Rolled up like a ball in his nest snug and small,
He'll sleep till warm weather comes back, poor thing.


The north wind doth blow, and we shall have snow,
And what will the children do then, poor things?
When lessons are done, they'll jump skip and run,
And that's how they'll keep themselves warm, poor things.



I LIKE LITTLE PUSSY.



LIKE little pussy, her coat is so warm ;
And if I don't hurt her she'll do me no harm ;
So I'll not pull her tail, nor drive her away,
But pussy and I very gently will play ;
She shall sit by my side, and I'll give her some
food ;
And she'll love me because I am gentle and good.



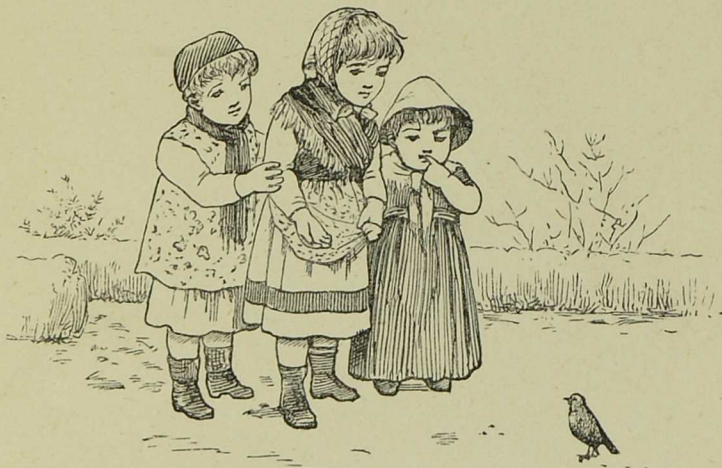
I'll pat little pussy, and then she will purr,
And thus show her thanks for my kindness to her ,
I'll not pinch her ears, nor tread on her paw,
Lest I should provoke her to use her sharp claw ;
I never will vex her, nor make her displeased,
For puss doesn't like to be worried or teased.



COME here little birdie, and don't be afraid,
I would not hurt even a feather :
Come here, little birdie, and pick up some bread
To feed you this very cold weather.

I don't mean to hurt you, you poor little thing,
And Pussy-cat is not behind me ;
So hop about, pretty, and put down your wings,
And pick up the crumbs, and don't mind me.

Cold winter is come, but it will not last long,
And summer we soon shall be greeting ;
Then remember, sweet birdie, to sing me a song,
In return for the breakfast you're eating.



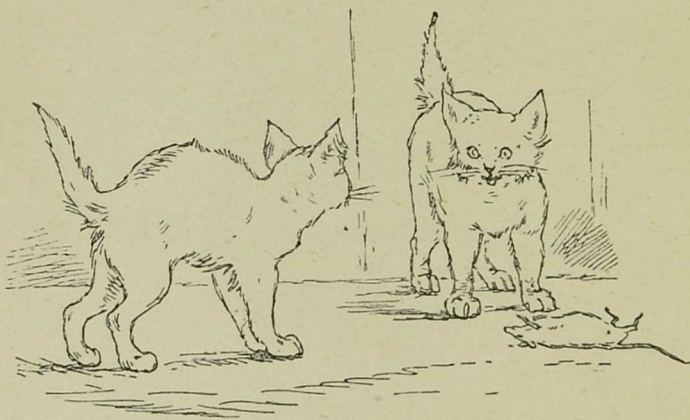
THE QUARRELSOME KITTENS.

TWO little kittens,
One stormy night,
Began to quarrel,
And then to fight.

One had a mouse,
And the other had none ;
And that's the way
The quarrel begun.

" I'll have that mouse,"
Said the biggest cat.
" You'll have that mouse ?
We'll see about that ! "

" I *will* have that mouse,"
Said the tortoise-shell ;
And, spitting and scratching,
On her sister she fell.



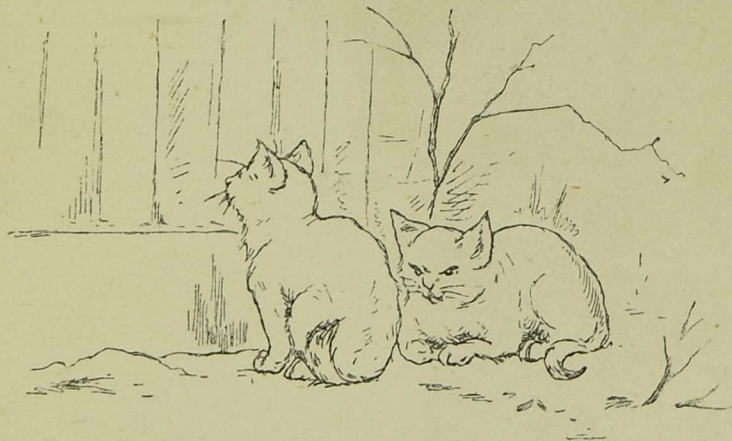
The old lady took
The sweeping-broom,
And swept them both
Right out of the room.

The ground was covered
Thick with snow,
They had lost the mouse,
And had nowhere to go.

So they lay and shivered
Beside the door,
Till the old lady finished
Sweeping the floor.

And then they crept in
As quiet as mice,
All wet with snow
And cold as ice ;

And found it much better,
That stormy night,
To lie by the fire,
Than quarrel and fight.

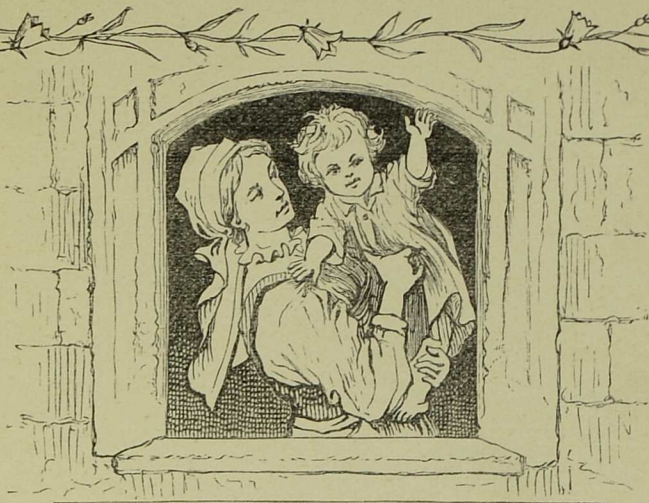


BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES.

BUTTERCUPS and daisies, oh the pretty flowers!
Coming ere the spring time, to tell of sunny hours.
While the trees are leafless, while the fields are bare,
Buttercups and daisies spring up everywhere.



Ere the snowdrop
peepeth, ere the
crocus bold,
Ere the early prim-
rose opes its paly
gold,
Somewhere on a sunny
bank, buttercups
are bright,
Somewhere 'mong the
frozen grass, peeps
the daisy white.
Welcome yellow butter-
cups, welcome,
daisies white,
Ye are in my spirit
visioned, a delight
Coming ere the spring-
time of sunny hours
to tell,
Speaking to our hearts
of Him who doeth
all things well.



TWINKLE, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the glorious sun is set
When the grass with dew is wet,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle all the night.

In the dark blue sky you keep,
And often through my curtains peep ;
For you never shut your eye
'Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and tiny spark
Guides the traveller in the dark,
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle little star.



A MERRY SLIDE.

THIS is the day for a merry slide,
A merry slide,
A merry slide ;
This is the day for a merry slide,
On a wintry day in the morning.

This is the day to skate and glide,
To skate and glide,
To skate and glide ;
This is the day to skate and glide,
On a frosty day in the morning.



This is the day on a sleigh to ride,
On a sleigh to ride,
On a sleigh to ride :

This is the day on a sleigh to ride,
On a snowy day in the morning.

This is the day for a merry slide,
It is also the day to skate and glide,
As well as a day on a sleigh to ride,
On a wintry day in the morning.



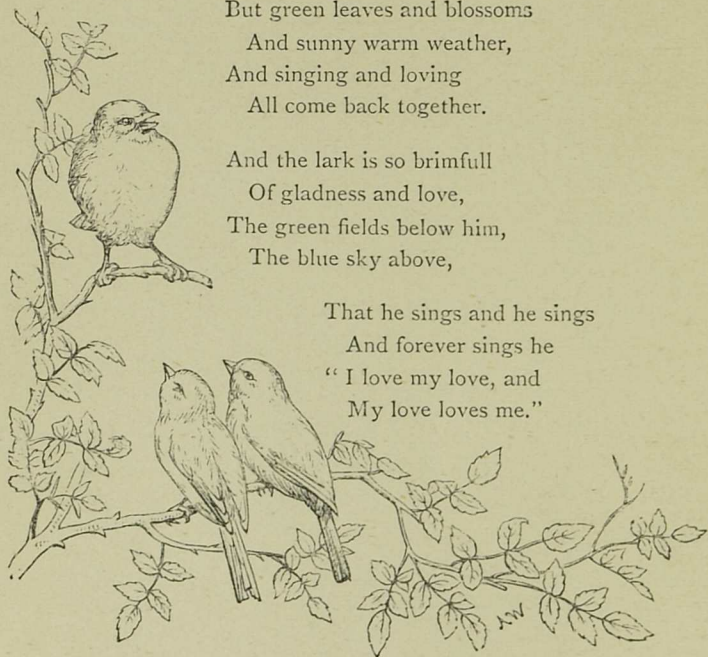
DO you ask what the birds say?
The sparrow, the dove,
The linnet, the thrush say
"I love! I love!"

In winter they're silent,
The wind is so strong,
What it says I don't know,
But it sings a loud song.

But green leaves and blossoms
And sunny warm weather,
And singing and loving
All come back together.

And the lark is so brimfull
Of gladness and love,
The green fields below him,
The blue sky above,

That he sings and he sings
And forever sings he
"I love my love, and
My love loves me."



SLEEP, baby, sleep !
Thy father guards his sheep,
Thy mother shakes the dreamland tree,
Down falls a little dream for thee,
Sleep, baby, sleep !

Sleep, baby, sleep !
The large stars are the sheep,
The little stars are the lambs, I guess,
The gentle moon is the shepherdess.
Sleep, baby, sleep !

Sleep, baby, sleep !
And cry not like a sheep,
Else the sheep-dog will bark and whine,
And bite this naughty child of mine.
Sleep, baby, sleep !

Sleep, baby, sleep !
Away to tend the sheep,
Away, thou sheep-dog fierce and wild,
And do not harm my sleeping child.
Sleep, baby, sleep !

Sleep, baby, sleep !
Our Saviour loves His sheep ;
He is the Lamb of God on high,
Who for our sakes came down to
die.

Sleep, baby, sleep !



A KISS when I wake in the morning,
A kiss when I go to bed,
A kiss when I burn my fingers.
A kiss when I bump my head.

A kiss when my bath is over,
A kiss when my bath begins,
My mamma is as full of kisses
As nurse is full of pins.

A kiss when I play with my rattle,
A kiss when I pull her hair ;
She covered me over with kisses
The day that I fell down stair.

A kiss when I give her trouble,
A kiss when I give her joy;
There's nothing like mamma's kisses
To her own little baby boy.



MY MOTHER.

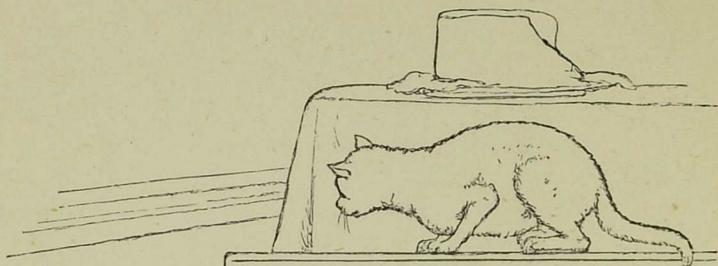
WHO sat and watch'd my infant head,
When sleeping on my cradle bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed?
My Mother.

When pain and sickness made me cry
Who gazed upon my heavy eye,
And wept for fear that I should die?
My Mother.

Who dressed my doll in clothes so gay,
And taught me pretty how to play,
And minded all I had to say?
My Mother.

Who ran to help me when I fell,
And would some pretty story tell,
Or kiss the place to make it well?
My Mother.





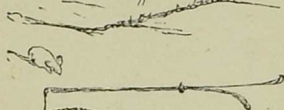
SCRABBLE, scrabble, scrabble! went all the little Mice,
For they smelt the Cheshire cheese;
The Pussy-Cat said, "It smells very nice,
Now do come out, if you please."



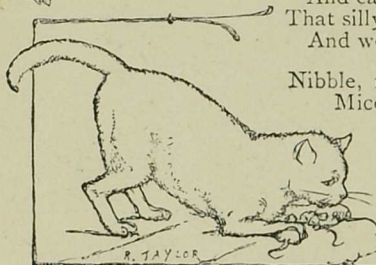
"Squeak!" said the little mouse. "Squeak, squeak, squeak!"
Said all the young ones too;
"We never creep out when cats are about,
Because we're afraid of you."



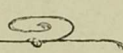
So the cunning old Cat lay down on a mat
By the fire in the servant's hall:
"If the little mice peep, they'll think I'm asleep;"
So she rolled herself up like a ball.



"Squeak!" said the little Mouse, "we'll creep out
And eat some Cheshire cheese;
That silly old Cat is asleep on the mat,
And we may sup at our ease."

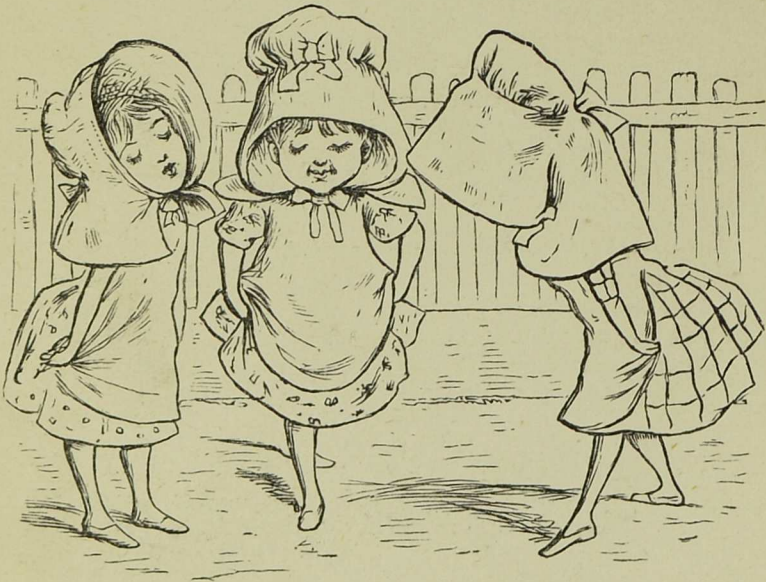


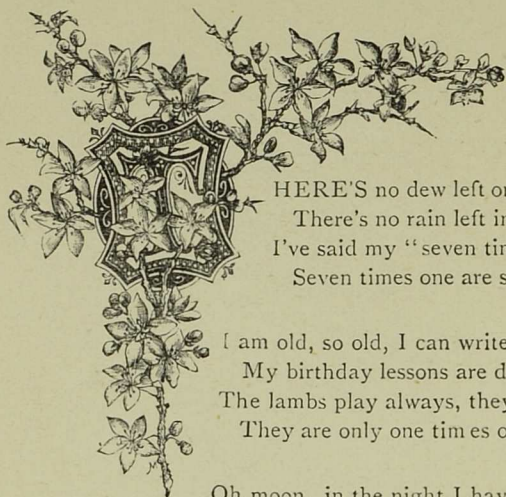
Nibble, nibble, nibble! went all the little Mice,
And they licked their little paws;
Then the cunning old Cat sprang up from the mat,
And caught them all with her claws.



THREE LITTLE MAIDENS OF CHERTSEY.

THESE were three little maidens of Chertsey,
Who said "how d'you do" with a curtsy,
They said it's polite,
And I think they were right,
These dear little maidens of Chertsey.



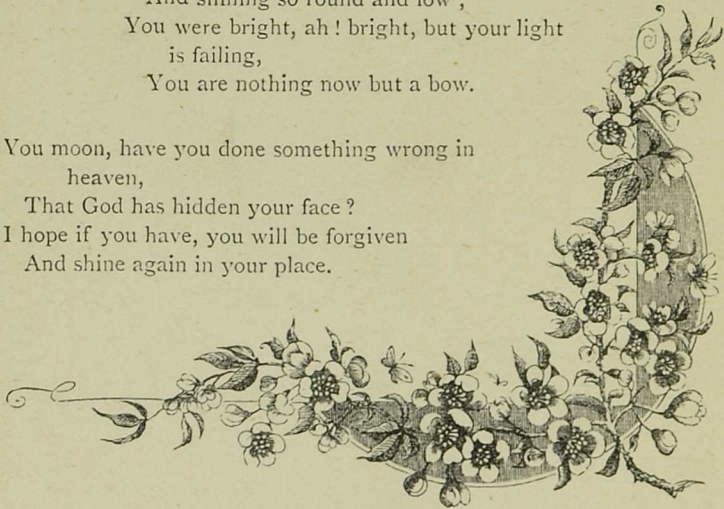


HERE'S no dew left on the daisies and clover,
There's no rain left in heaven :
I've said my "seven times" over and over ;
Seven times one are seven ?

I am old, so old, I can write a letter ;
My birthday lessons are done ;
The lambs play always, they know no better,
They are only one tim es one.

Oh moon, in the night I have seen you sailing,
And shining so round and low ;
You were bright, ah ! bright, but your light
is failing,
You are nothing now but a bow.

You moon, have you done something wrong in
heaven,
That God has hidden your face ?
I hope if you have, you will be forgiven
And shine again in your place.





O velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow,
You've powder'd your legs with gold !
O brave marshmary buds, rich and yellow,
Give me your money to hold !

O columbine, open your folded wrapper,
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell !
O cuckoopint, toll me the purple clapper
That hangs in your clear green bell !

And show me your nest with the young ones in it :
I will not steal them away ;
I am old ! you may trust me, linnnet, linnnet, —
I am seven times one to day.

JEAN INGELOW.

TWO little red breasts
One wintry day
Began to wonder,
And then to say,
"How about breakfast
This wintry day?"

Two little maidens
One wintry day,
Into the garden
Wended their way,
Where the snow lay deep
That wintry day.

One with a broom
Sweeps the snow away,
One scatters crumbs,
Then away to play,
And the robins breakfasted
That wintry day.



I LOVE to pick the primroses
Beneath the hedges green ;
I love to seek the violets
Beneath their leafy screen ;
The daisies and the buttercups,
The bluebells rich and tall ;
I love them well, but yet I love
The cowslips best of all.

The cowslips nod upon the grass,
And hang each golden cup ;
They gleam like jewels as I pass,
And all their scent comes up.
I gather them and treasure them,
Nor let one blossom fall,
But take them home and make myself
A glorious cowslip ball.

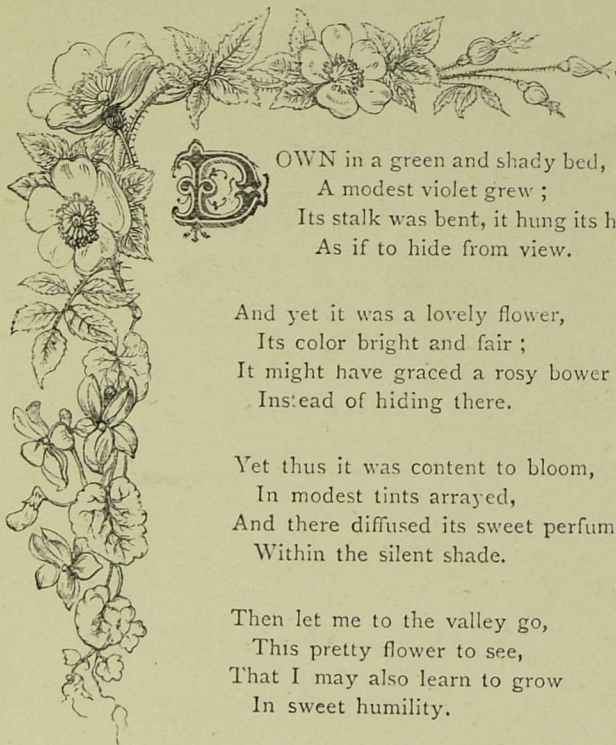


TOORILETOO.

Oh! Tooriletoo
Was a bonnie cock-robin,
He tied up his tail
With a piece of blue bobbin.
His tail was no bigger
Than the tail of a bee,
Tooriletoo thought it pretty
As tail could be.

Oh! Tooriletoo
Was so proud of his tail,
To show it off better
He stood on a rail,
An old grey cat
Came over the wall,
And she ate up poor Tooriletoo,
Tail and all.





DOWN in a green and shady bed,
A modest violet grew ;
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,
As if to hide from view.

And yet it was a lovely flower,
Its color bright and fair ;
It might have graced a rosy bower
Instead of hiding there.

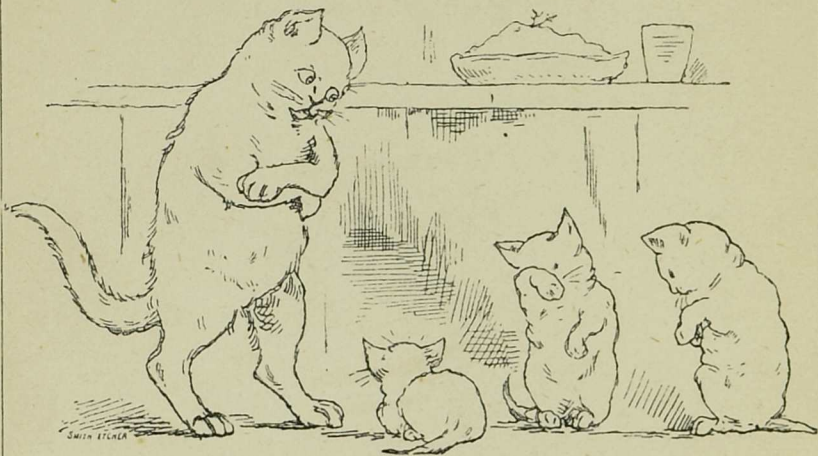
Yet thus it was content to bloom,
In modest tints arrayed,
And there diffused its sweet perfume
Within the silent shade.

Then let me to the valley go,
This pretty flower to see,
That I may also learn to grow
In sweet humility.

THREE LITTLE KITTENS.

THREE little kittens lost their mittens ;
And they began to cry,
“ Oh mother dear
We very much fear
That we have lost our mittens ! ”
“ Lost your mittens !
You naughty kittens !
Then you shall have no pie.”
Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow !
“ No, you shall have no pie.”
Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow !

The three little kittens found their mittens ;
And they began to cry,
“ O ! mother dear,
See here, see here !
See, we have found our mittens ! ”
“ Put on your mittens you silly kittens,
And you may have some pie.”
Pur-r, pur-r, pur-r,
“ Oh, let us have the pie ! ”
Pur-r, pur-r, pur-r !



The three little kittens put on their mittens,
And soon eat up the pie.

“O mother dear,
We greatly fear
That we have soiled our mittens!”

“Soiled your mittens!
You naughty kittens!”

Then they began to sigh,
Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow!

Then they began to sigh,
Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow!

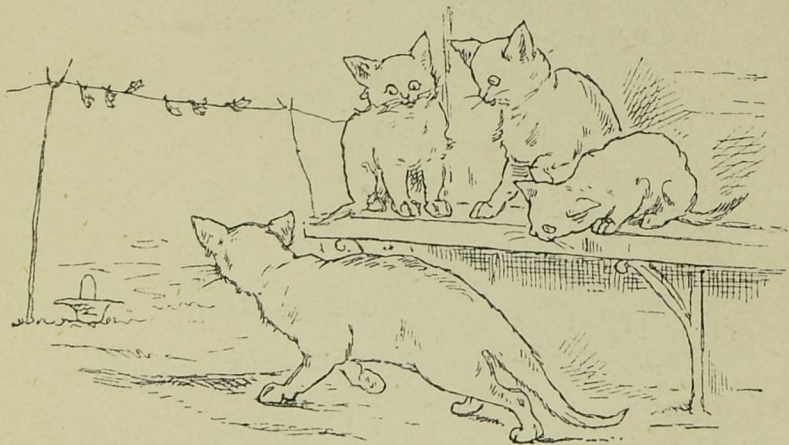
The three little kittens washed their mittens,
And hung them out to dry.

“O mother dear,
Do you not hear
That we have washed our mittens?”

“Washed your mittens!
Oh, you're good kittens,

But I smell a rat close by.”
Hush! hush! mee-ow, mee-ow!

We smell a rat close by,
Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow!

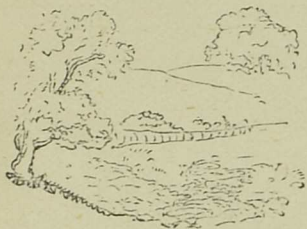


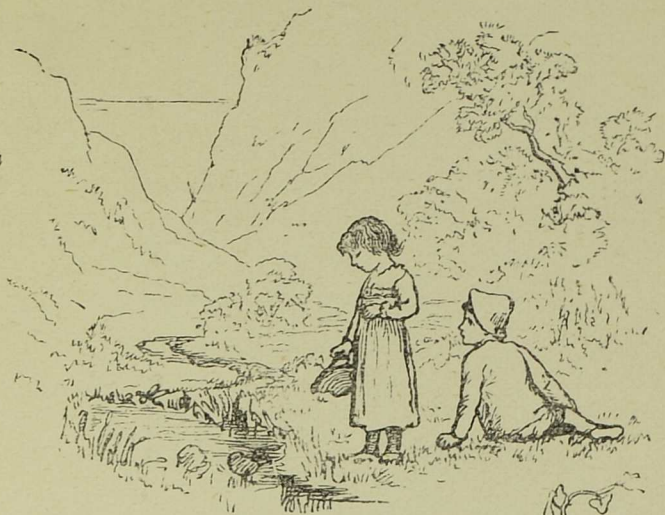


GIRLS and boys
Come out to play,
The sun is shining
Away, away.

Into the meadow
Over the way,
Tumbling and tossing
The new mown hay.

Into the hedgerow
Picking the may.
Over the hills
And far away.





DOWN by the brook
Where the ripples play,
Whirling and winding
Their silvery way.



Wider and wider,
Until they lay
In the peaceful breast
Of the far off bay.

Then home again
By a different way,
Picking an armful
Of wild flowers gay.





For mother dear
To gladden her way
And wake in her heart
A cheerful lay.

For every leaf
Has its sunny ray,
All nature is happy
And seems to say :

Girls and boys
Come out to play,
The sun is shining
Away, away.



A LITTLE.

LITTLE seed best fits a little soil,
A little trade best fits a little toil,
As my small jar best fits my little oil.



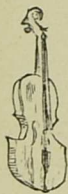
A little stream best fits a little boat,
A little lead best fits a little float,
As my small pipe best fits my little
note.



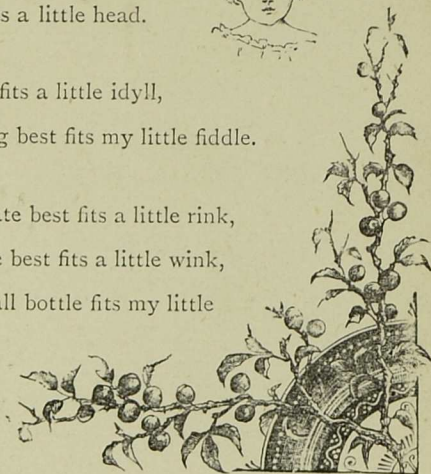
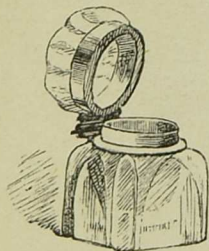
A little bin best fits a little bread,
A little garland fits a little head.



A little song best fits a little idyll,
As my small string best fits my little fiddle.



A little skate best fits a little rink,
A little eye best fits a little wink,
As my small bottle fits my little
ink.



THE FROG.

HOW happy the life of a frog must be,
Thro' the summer days so long,
He sits alone on his mossy stone,
And sings his favourite song
Ker-chug! Ker-chug!
O, that is the life for me.

He knows no sorrow, nor want, nor care,
As he dreams the hours away,
To rest on the brink, and solemnly wink,
And watch the flies at play.
Ker-chug! Ker-chug!
'Tis sweet in the balmy air.

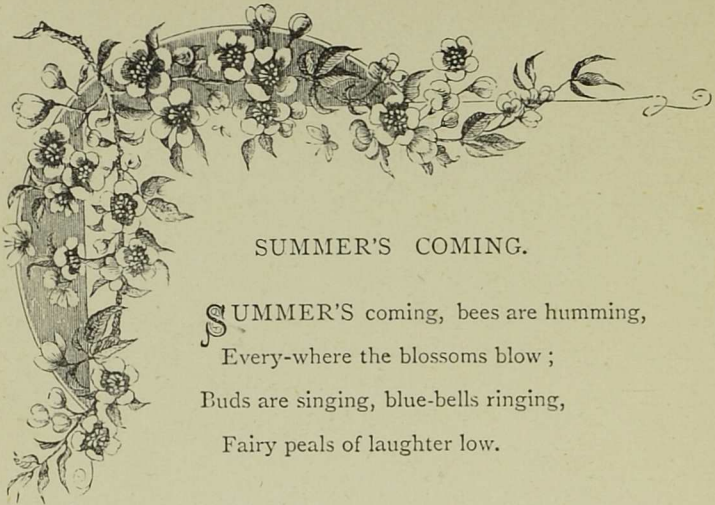
And when the joy of his blissful dream
Is broken by boist'rous tones,
And heartless boys with shouts and noise
Begin to pelt him with stones,
Then dash! Ker-splash!
He's swimming away in the stream.



THREE BLIND MICE.

THREE blind mice,
Three blind mice,
Three blind mice,
See how they run,
See how they run,
See how they run,
They all ran after the farmer's wife,
She cut off their tails with a carving knife,
Did you ever see such a thing in your life
As three blind mice.

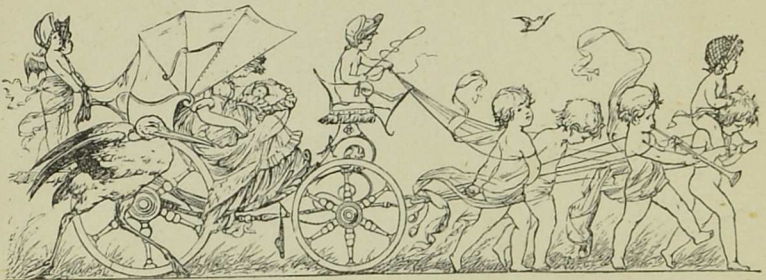


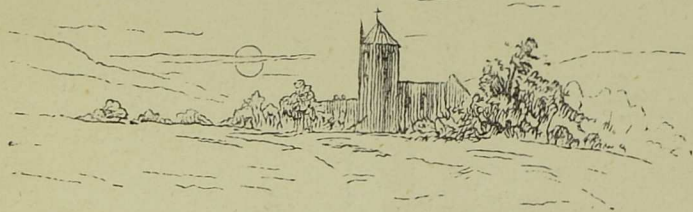


SUMMER'S COMING.

SUMMER'S coming, bees are humming,
Every-where the blossoms blow ;
Buds are singing, blue-bells ringing,
Fairy peals of laughter low.

Comes the tiny maiden driving
Golden car with fairy team,
Summer's coming, summer's coming,
Springtime's fading like a dream.





THE SETTING SUN.

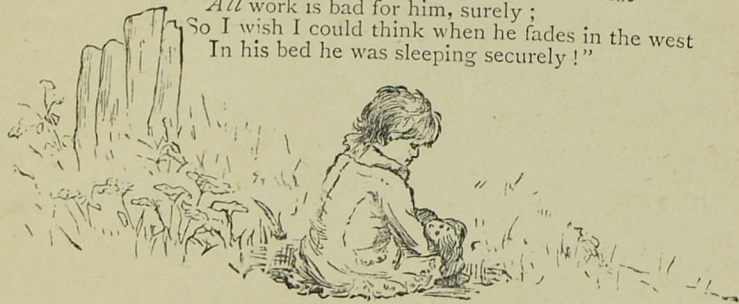
THE Sun had set beyond the hills
In a flood of red and yellow.
Said Maud with a smile, "He'll be back in a while,
He never rests, poor fellow !

"The birds are sleeping in their nests,
The flowers their buds are closing ;
But the poor old Sun ! he never rests,
You never find him dozing.

"I'm bound to have sleep myself, I know
I cannot do without it ;
'We all,' it is said, 'must be put to bed,'
Indeed, I never doubt it.

"Why even my dollies go to sleep,
And if ever from rest I borrow,
And keep them up late on occasions of state
They're dreadfully ill on the morrow !

"And the dear old Sun must be like the rest
All work is bad for him, surely ;
So I wish I could think when he fades in the west
In his bed he was sleeping securely !"





THE QUEEN OF HEARTS.

THE Queen of Hearts
She made some tarts,
All on a summer's day ;
The knave of hearts
He stole those tarts,
And with them ran away.

The King of Hearts
Called for those tarts,
And beat the knave
full sore ;
The Knave of Hearts
Brought back those
tarts,
And vowed he'd steal
no more.





THE KING OF SPADES.

THE King of Spades
He kissed the maids,
Which vexed the Queen full sore,
The Queen of Spades
She beat those maids,
And turned them out of door.

The Knave of Spades
Grieved for these jades,
And did for them implore,
The Queen so gent
She did relent,
And vowed she'd ne'er strike
more.



LITTLE SUNSHINE.

WHERE have you been
Little Christine?

Picking a posy in meadows green?
Run away home,
Don't stay and roam,
Mother is waiting, little Christine!



Quick! ere the rain
Wet you again,
Quick o'er the bridge, and up thro'
the lane.
Mother will fret
If you get wet,
Run along, run along, up thro' the
lane!

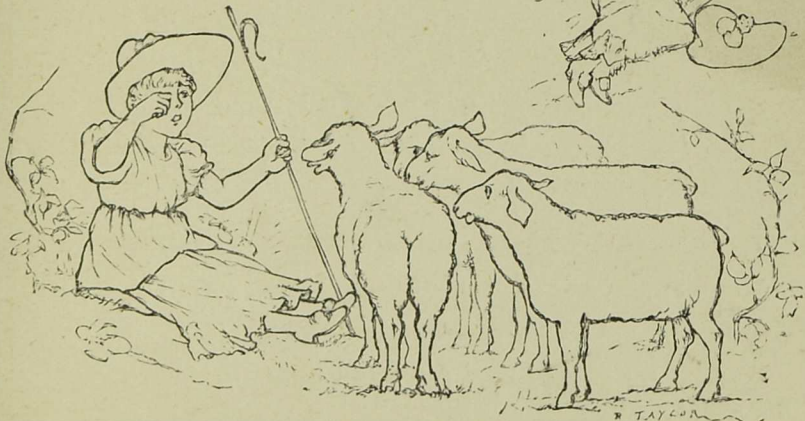
Little you ween
What April days mean,
Ask your dear mother, my little
Christine.
She has her April showers
Many long lonely hours,
But you are her sunshine, my little
Christine.

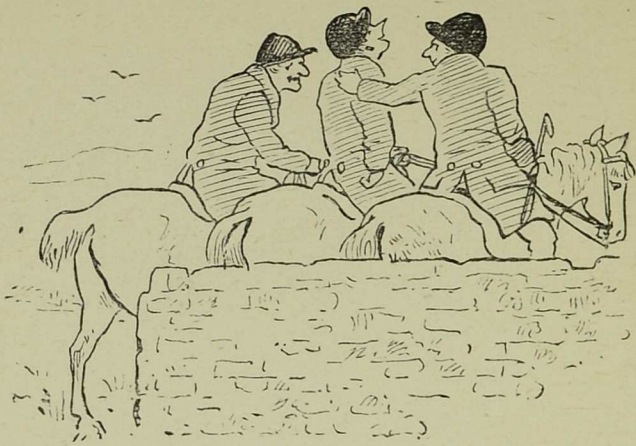
LITTLE BO-PEEP.

LITTLE Bo-peep
has lost her sheep
And can't tell where to find them ;
Leave them alone, and they'll come
home,
And bring their tails behind them.

Little Bo-peep fell fast asleep,
And dreamed she heard them bleating ;
But when she awoke, she found it a joke,
For they were still a-fleeing.

Then up she took her little crook,
Determined for to find them ;
She found them indeed, but it made her heart
bleed,
For they'd left all their tails behind them.





T'S of three jovial huntsmen, an' a hunting they did go,
 An' they hunted, an' they hollo'd, an' they blew their horns also.
 Look ye there.
 An' one said, "mind yo's e'en, an' keep yo's noses reet i' th' wind,
 And then by scent or seet, we'll leet o' summat to our mind.
 Look ye there!"



They hunted an' they hollo'd, an' the first thing
 they did find,
 Was a tattert boggart, in a field, an' that they
 left behind. Look ye there!
 One said it was a boggart, another he said,
 "Nay,
 It's just a ge'man farmer that has gone and lost
 his way." Look ye there.

They hunted an' they hollo'd, and the next thing
 they did find,
 Was a gruntin' grindin' grindlestone, and that
 they left behind. Look ye there.
 One said it was a grindlestone, another he said,
 "Nay,
 It's nowt but an ow'd fossil cheese that some-
 body's roll't away." Look ye there.





They hunted and they hollo'd, an' the next thing they did find,
Was two or three children leaving school,
an' these they left behind.

Look ye there!
One said that they were children, but
another he said, "Nay,
They're no but little angels, so we'll leave
em to their play." Look ye there.

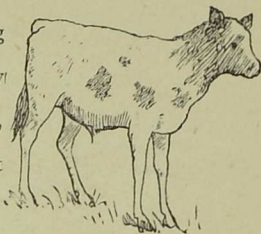
They hunted an' they hollo'd an' the next thing they did find,

Was a bull calf in a pen fold, an' that, too, they left behind.

Look ye there!
One said it was a bull calf, an' another he said,

"Nay,
It's just a painted jackass, who has never larnt to bray."

Look ye there.



They hunted an' they hollo'd, and the next thing they did find,

Was a fat pig sitting in a ditch, and that, too, they left behind.

Look ye there.
One said it was a fat pig, but another he said, "Nay,
It's just a Lunnon alderman, whose clothes are stole away."

Look ye there."

They hunted an' they hollo'd, and the next thing they did find,

Was two young lovers in a lane, an' these they left behind.

Look ye there.
One said that they were lovers, but another he said, "Nay,

They're two poor wanderin' lunatics—come let us go away."

Look ye there!



So they hunted and they hollo'd till the setting of the sun;
And they'd nought to bring away at last, when the huntin'-day was done.
Then one unto the other said, "This hunting doesn't pay;
But we've powtert up an' down a bit, and had a rattlin' day.

Look ye there."

LITTLE Miss Muffett,
She sat on a Tuffett,
All on a Summer's day ;
A Fairy who spied her,
Danced alongside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet away.

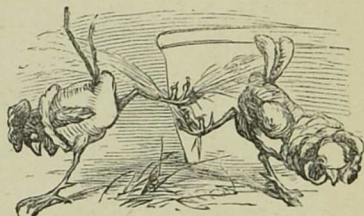
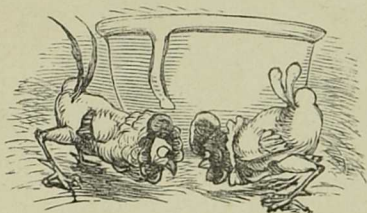
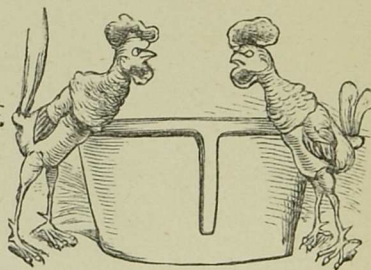
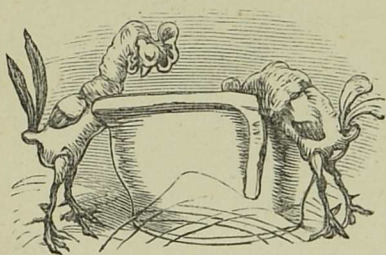
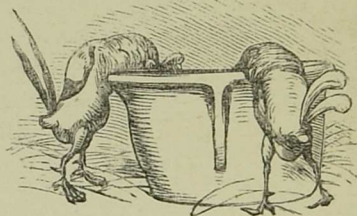
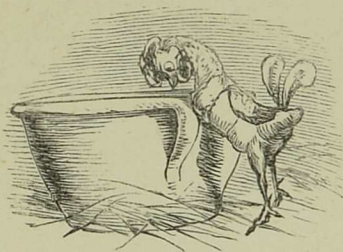


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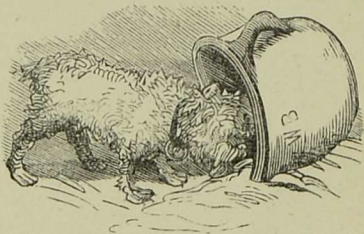
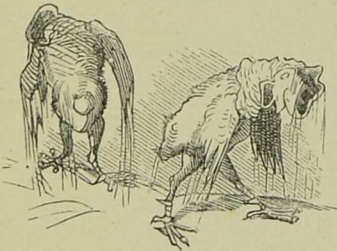
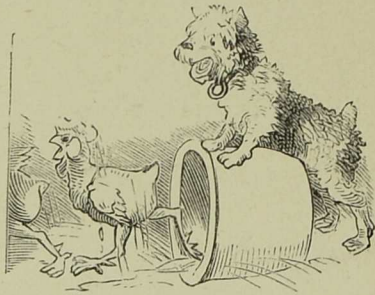
BUSHY, baby, my doll,
I pray you don't cry,
And I'll give you some bread
And some milk by and by ;
Or perhaps you like custard,
Or may be a tart,—
Then to either you're welcome,
With all my whole heart.

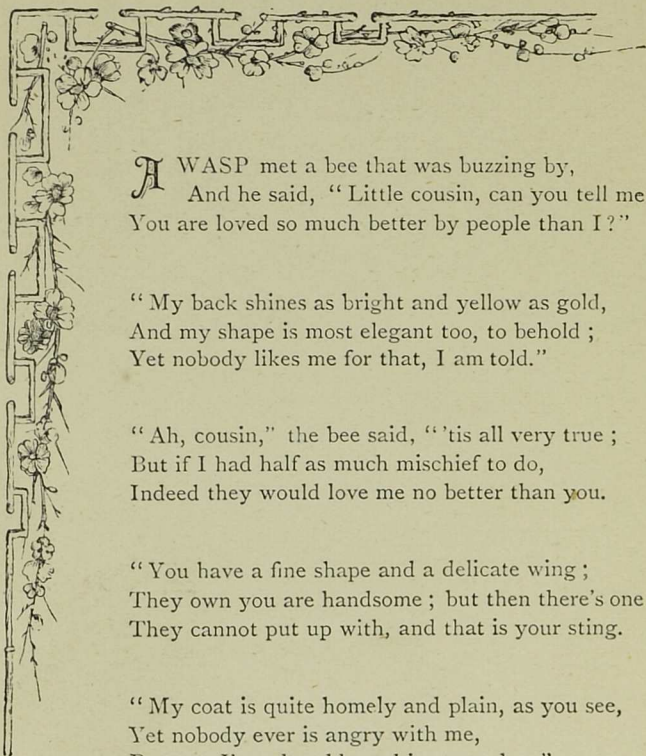


THE BATTLE OF DORKING.



A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.





A WASP met a bee that was buzzing by,
And he said, "Little cousin, can you tell me why
You are loved so much better by people than I?"

"My back shines as bright and yellow as gold,
And my shape is most elegant too, to behold ;
Yet nobody likes me for that, I am told."

"Ah, cousin," the bee said, "'tis all very true ;
But if I had half as much mischief to do,
Indeed they would love me no better than you.

"You have a fine shape and a delicate wing ;
They own you are handsome ; but then there's one thing
They cannot put up with, and that is your sting.

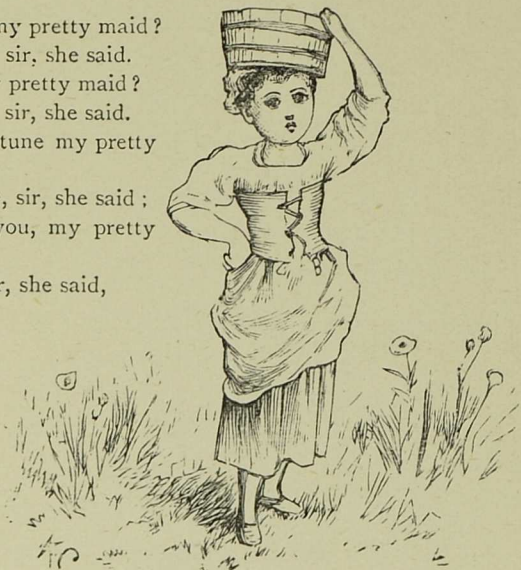
"My coat is quite homely and plain, as you see,
Yet nobody ever is angry with me,
Because I'm a humble and innocent bee."

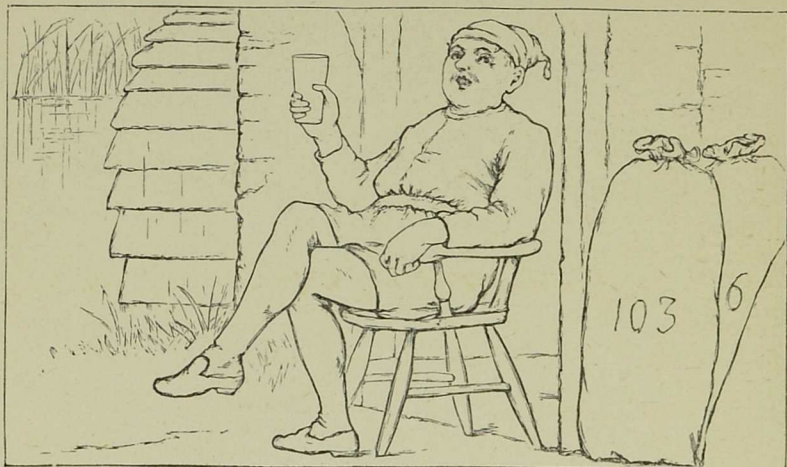
From this little story let people beware,
Because, like the wasp, if ill-natured they are,
They will never be loved if they're ever so fair.

MY PRETTY MAID.

WHERE are you going my pretty maid ?
I'm going a milking, sir, she said.
Shall I go with you my pretty maid ?
O yes, if you please, kind sir, she said,
Sir, she said, sir, she said,
O yes, if you please, kind sir, she said.

What is your father, my pretty maid ?
My father's a farmer, sir, she said.
Shall I marry you my pretty maid ?
Oh thank you kindly, sir, she said.
But what is your fortune my pretty
maid ?
My face is my fortune, sir, she said ;
Then I can't marry you, my pretty
maid.
Nobody asked you, sir, she said,
Sir, she said, sir, she
said,
Nobody asked you,
sir, she said.





THE MILLER OF THE DEE.

THERE was a jolly miller,
Lived on the river Dee.
He worked and sung from morn to night,
No lark so blithe as he.
And this the burden of his song
For ever used to be,
I jump mejerrime jee,
I care for nobody, no not I,
Since nobody cares for me.

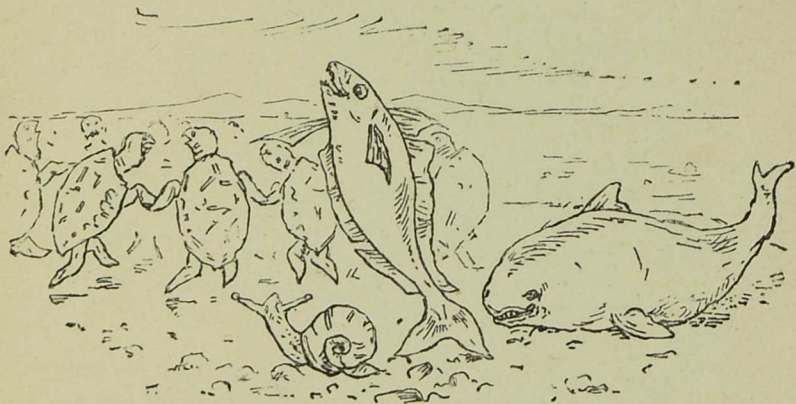
THE WHITING AND THE SNAIL.

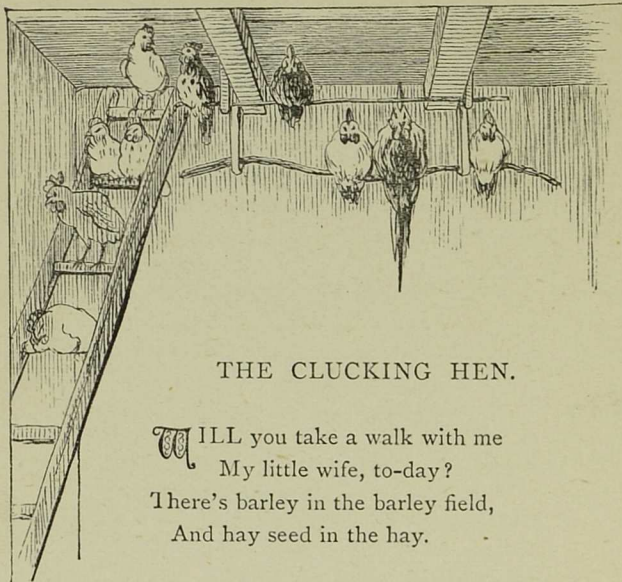
“WILL you walk a little faster?” said a whiting to a snail,
“There’s a porpoise close behind us, and he’s treading on
my tail.”

See how eagerly the lobsters and the turtles all advance!
They are waiting on the shingle, will you come and join the dance?
Will you, won’t you, will you, won’t you, will you join the dance?

“You can really have no notion how delightful it will be,
When they take us up and throw us, with the lobsters out to sea?”
But the snail replied, “Too far, too far!” and gave a look askance—
Said he thanked the whiting kindly, but he would not join the dance.
Would not, could not, would not, could not, could not join the dance.

“What matters it how far we go?” his scaly friend replied,
“There is another shore, you know, upon the other side.
The further off from England the nearer ’tis to France—
Then turn not pale, beloved snail, but come and join the dance.
Will you, won’t you, will you, won’t you, will you join the dance?”





THE CLUCKING HEN.

WILL you take a walk with me
My little wife, to-day?
There's barley in the barley field,
And hay seed in the hay.

Thank you, said the clucking hen,
I've something else to do,
I'm busy sitting on my eggs,
I cannot walk with you.

Cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck,
Said the clucking hen,
My little chicks will soon be hatched,
I'll think about it then.



W

HAT does the brook say, flashing its feet
Under the lilies' blue brimming bowls,
Brightening the shades with its tender song,
Cheering all drooping and sorrowful souls !
It says not, " Be merry ! " but deep in the wood,
Rings back, " Little maiden, be good, be good ! "

What does the wind say, pushing slow sails
Over the great troubled path of the sea ;
Whirling the mill on the breezy height,
Shaking the fruit from the orchard tree ?
It breathes not, " Be happy ! " but sings, loud and long,
" O bright little maiden, be strong, be strong ! "

What says the river, gliding along,
To its home on far-off Ocean's breast ;
Fretted by rushes, hindered by bars,
Ever weary, but singing of rest ?
It says not, " Be bright ! " but in whisperings grave,
" Dear little maiden, be patient, be brave ! "

What do the stars say, keeping their watch
Over the slumbers, the long lone night ;
Never closing their bonnie bright eyes,
Though great storms blind them, and tempests fright ?
They say not, " Be splendid ! " but write on the blue,
In clear silver letters, " Maiden, be true ! "



DANCE, little Dolly, dance up high,
Never mind Dolly, mother is nigh,
Sometimes up, sometimes down,
Out of the country, into the town,
Up to the ceiling, down to the ground,
In and out and round and round,
Dear little Dolly, dance up high,
Never mind Dolly, mother is nigh.



WHAT are little girls made of?
What are little girls made of?
Sugar and spice,
And all that's nice,
'That's what little girls are made of!

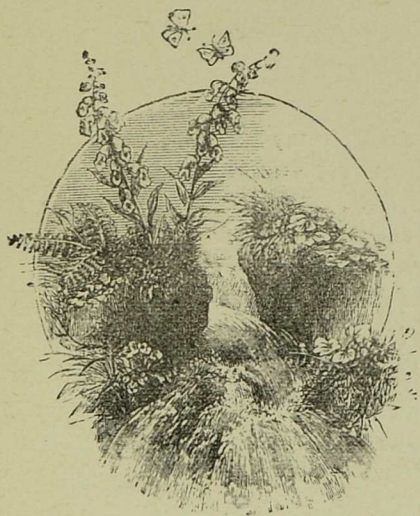




EACH flower has wept
And bowed towards the East
Above an hour since, and you not drest ;
Nay, not so much as out of bed,
When all the birds have matins said.
There's not a budding girl or boy
But is got up and gone to bring in May.
A deal of youth, ere this is come
Back, and with white thorn laden home ;
Some have despatched them cakes and cream,
Before that we have left to dream.



THE CRYSTAL SPRING.



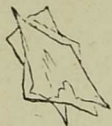
GIVE me a draught from
the crystal spring
When the burning sun is
high,
When the rocks and the
woods their shadows
fling,
Where the pearls and
pebbles lie.

Give me a draught from the
crystal spring,
When the cooling breezes
blow ;
When the leaves and the
trees are withering
From the frost or the
fleecy snow.

Give me a draught from the crystal spring,
When the wintry winds are gone,
When the flowers are in bloom, and the echoes ring
From the woods o'er the verdant lawn.

Give me a draught from the crystal spring,
When the ripening fruits appear ;
When the reapers the song of harvest sing,
And plenty has crowned the year.

MR. NOBODY.



I KNOW a funny little man,
As quiet as a mouse,
Who does the mischief that is done
In everybody's house :
There's no one ever sees his face,
And yet we all agree
That every plate we break was cracked
By Mr. Nobody.



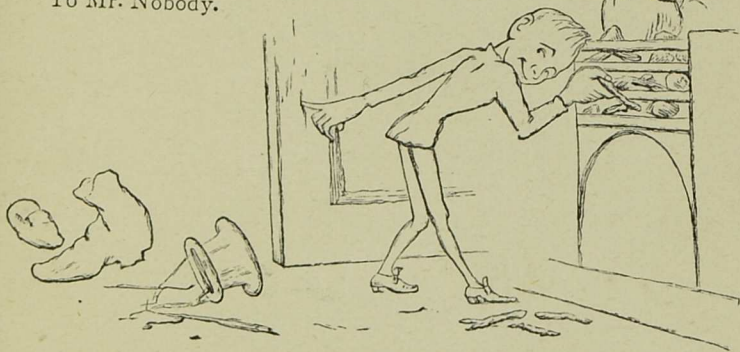
'Tis he who always tears our books,
Who leaves the door ajar,
He pulls the buttons from our shirts,
And scatters pins afar.
That squeaking door will always squeak
For, prithee don't you see,
We leave the oiling to be done
By Mr. Nobody.



He puts damp wood upon the fire,
That kettles cannot boil ;
His are the feet that bring in mud,
And all the carpets soil.
The papers always are mislaid,
Who had them last but he ?
There's no one tosses them about
But Mr. Nobody.



The finger-marks upon the door,
By none of us are made ;
We never leave the blinds unclosed,
To let the curtains fade.
The ink we never spill, the boots
That lying round you see
Are not our boots ; they all belong
To Mr. Nobody.



LITTLE robin in the tree, in the tree, in the tree,
Little robin in the tree, sing a song to me.
Sing about the roses on the garden wall,
Sing about the bird-swing on the tree-top tall.

Little linnet in the tree, in the tree, in the tree,
Little linnet in the tree, sing a song to me.
Sing about the cloudland way off in the sky;
When you go there calling, do your children cry?

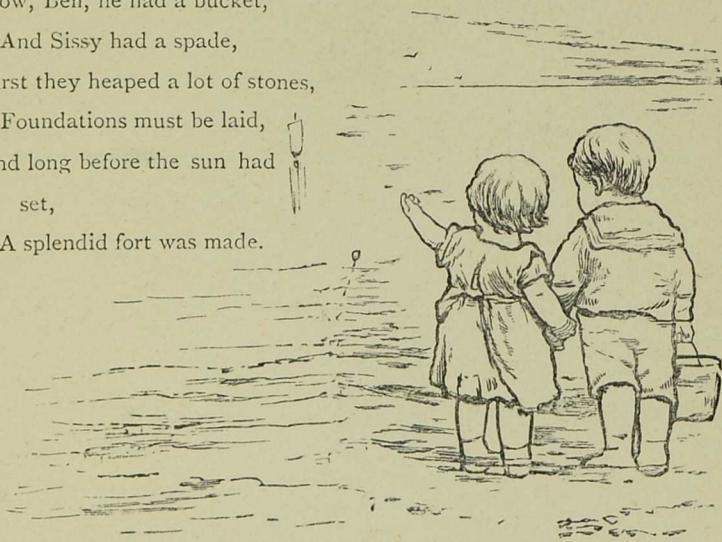
Little blackbird in the tree, in the tree, in the tree,
Little blackbird in the tree, sing a song to me.
Sing about the farmer planting corn and beans,
Sing about the harvest—I know what that means.



A DARING ENTERPRISE.

TWO little folk one summer day
Were walking hand in hand,
And soon a daring enterprise
These two brave hearts had planned.
It was to stop the rising tide
From coming on the sand.

Now, Ben, he had a bucket,
And Sissy had a spade,
First they heaped a lot of stones,
Foundations must be laid,
And long before the sun had
set,
A splendid fort was made.

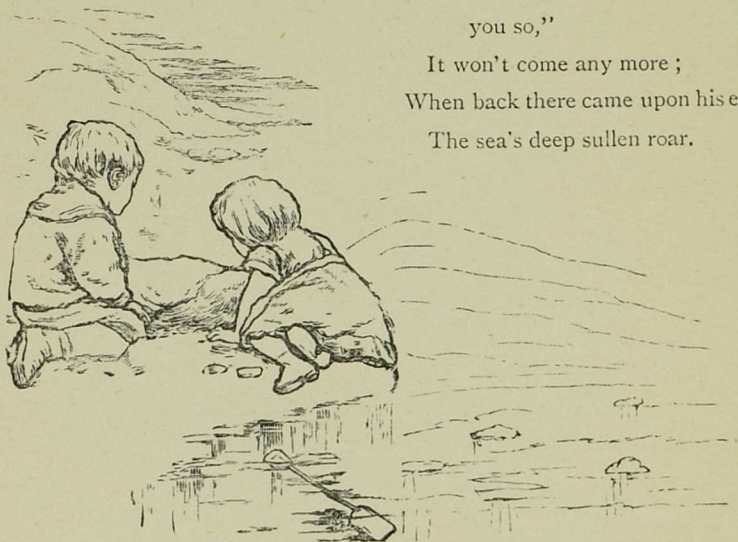


Now that's the sort of fort," said Ben
"Where you and I can hide,
The sea won't come along the sand
For we shall stop the tide ;"
At that a wicked little wave
Laughed as it licked the side.

It laughed until it broke in two,
And ran back down the shore ;

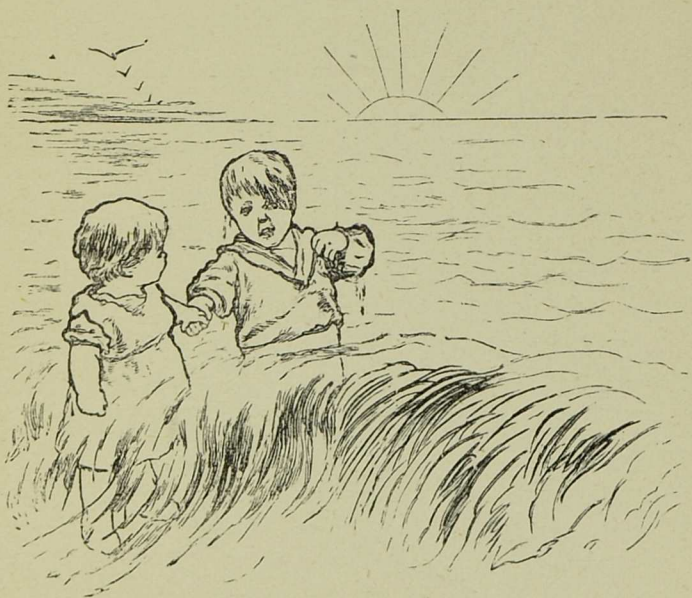
"There now," said Den, "I told
you so,"

It won't come any more ;
When back there came upon his ear
The sea's deep sullen roar.



Then louder roared the angry tide,
And higher rose the sea,
Till by and bye there came a wave,
As big as any three ;
And stormed the fort and garrison,
As clean as clean could be.

The sun smiled sadly as he set,
Whilst homeward hand in hand
Went two unhappy victims
Of an enterprise they'd planned ;
Which was to stop the rising tide
From coming on the sand.



TWO MERRY MEN.

TWO merry men
One summer day,
Forsook their toys,
And forgot their play.

Two little faces
Full of fun,
Two little hearts
That beat as one.

Four little hands
At work with a will,
Four little legs
That can't keep still.

For labour is sweet,
And toil is fun,
When Mother wants
Any work to be done.





INTO FAIRYLAND.

THE winds are blowing,
And the river flowing,
O, white, white swan ; now whither are you going ?
And the grey reeds bending sighed,
And methought the swan replied :
“ I carry them by peaceful streams,
Where only light of childhood gleams,
Where the rude world shall not break their dreams.
A pleasant, pleasant way,
For childhood will not stay,
They shall be happy while they may.





THE wall is high, they cannot reach
The flower they long to get,
So every day they clamber up,
And watch their lovely pet.

We cannot always have a thing,
However we desire it,
But if it's out of reach we can,
Contentedly admire it.

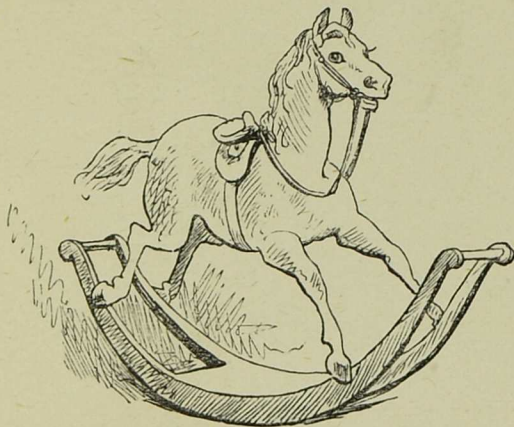


BANBURY CROSS.

RIDE a cock-horse to Banbury-cross,
To see a fine lady ride on a white horse,
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes
She shall have music wherever she goes.

Ride a cock-horse to Banbury-cross,
To buy little Johnny a galloping horse
It trots behind and it ambles before,
And Johnny shall ride till he can ride no more.

Ride a cock-horse to Banbury-cross
To see what Johnny can buy ;
A penny white loaf, a penny white cake,
And a two-penny apple-pie.

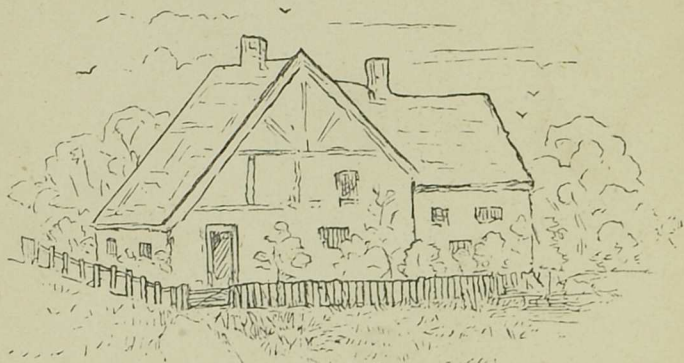


If the old woman who lived in a shoe,
Had lived in a cottage instead,
Her children could have played at hide and seek,
And needn't have been sent to bed.

If little Bo-peep hadn't lost her sheep,
She would'nt have had to find them.
If little Boy Blue had not any sheep,
He would'nt have had to mind them.

If the Goose that laid the golden eggs,
Had not been killed that day,
She'd still be laying golden eggs
As hard as she could lay.

In fact, if we could manage things,
How different they would be,
But as we can't, we'll let them stay,
Just as they are, you see.



THANK you, pretty cow, that made
Pleasant milk to soak my bread,
Every day and every night,
Warm and sweet and fresh and white.

Do not chew the hemlock rank
Growing on the weedy bank,
But the yellow cowslips eat ;
They will make it very sweet.

Where the bubbling water flows,
Where the purple violet grows,
Where the grass is fresh and fine,
Pretty cow, go there and dine.



THE ECHOING GREEN.

THE sun does arise,
And make happy the skies ;
The merry bells ring
To welcome the spring ;
The skylark and thrush,
The birds of the bush,
Sing louder around
To the bells' cheerful sound ;
While our sports shall be seen
On the echoing green.

Till the little ones, weary,
No more can be merry ;
The sun does descend,
And our sports have an end.
Round the laps of their mothers
Many sisters and brothers,
Like birds in their nest,
Are ready for rest,
And sport no more seen
On the darkening green.



ONLY ONE

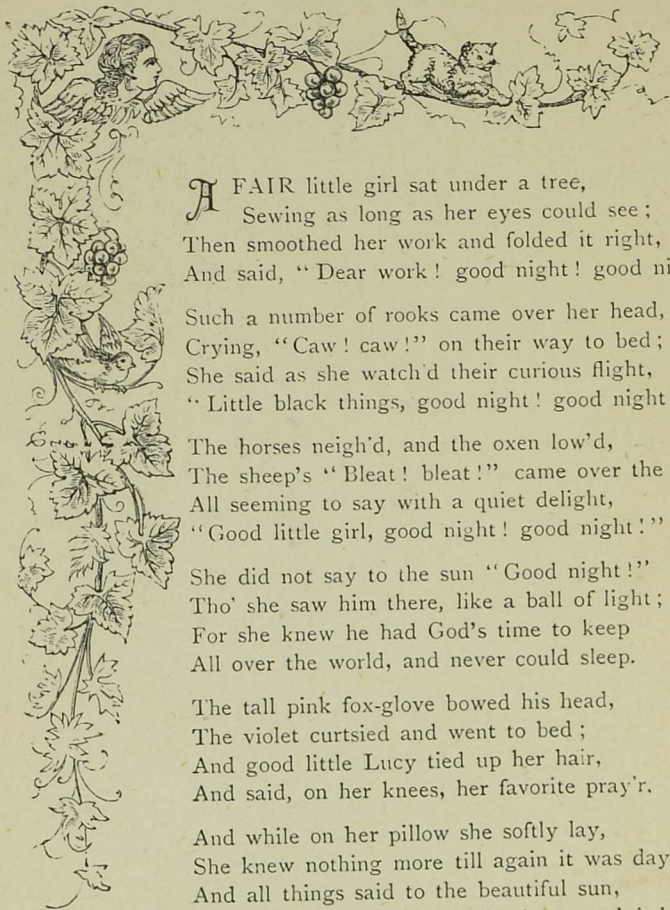
HUNDREDS of stars
in the pretty sky ;
Hundreds of shells on
the shore together ;
Hundreds of birds that
go singing by ;
Hundreds of bees in
the sunny weather.



Hundreds of dewdrops to greet the dawn ;
Hundreds of lambs in the purple clover ;
Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn ;
But only one mother the wide world over.

G. Cooper.

(From Harper's "Young People.")



A FAIR little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as her eyes could see;
Then smoothed her work and folded it right,
And said, "Dear work! good night! good night!"

Such a number of rooks came over her head,
Crying, "Caw! caw!" on their way to bed;
She said as she watch'd their curious flight,
"Little black things, good night! good night!"

The horses neigh'd, and the oxen low'd,
The sheep's "Bleat! bleat!" came over the road—
All seeming to say with a quiet delight,
"Good little girl, good night! good night!"

She did not say to the sun "Good night!"
Tho' she saw him there, like a ball of light;
For she knew he had God's time to keep
All over the world, and never could sleep.

The tall pink fox-glove bowed his head,
The violet curtsied and went to bed;
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
And said, on her knees, her favorite pray'r.

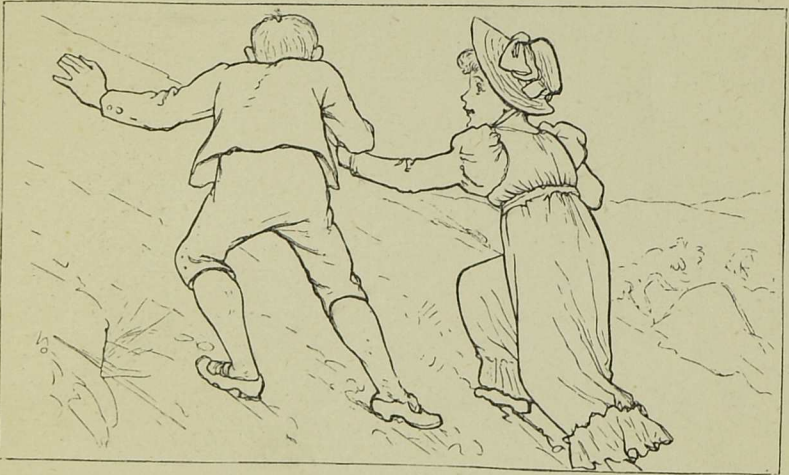
And while on her pillow she softly lay,
She knew nothing more till again it was day—
And all things said to the beautiful sun,
"Good morning! good morning! our work is begun!"

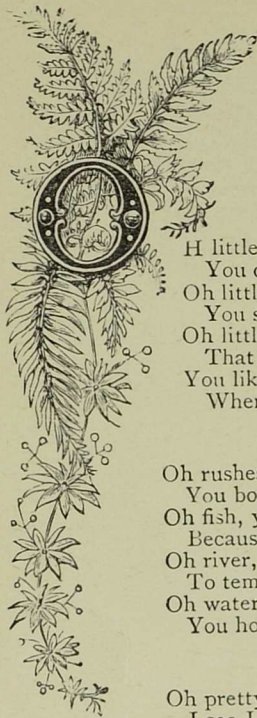
JACK AND GILL.

JACK and Gill
Went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water,
Jack fell down
And broke his crown,
And Gill came tumbling after.

Up Jack got,
And home did trot
As fast as he could caper ;
Went to bed
To mend his head
With vinegar and brown paper.

Gill came in
And she did grin
To see his paper plaster :
Mother, vexed,
Did whip her next,
For causing Jack's disaster.

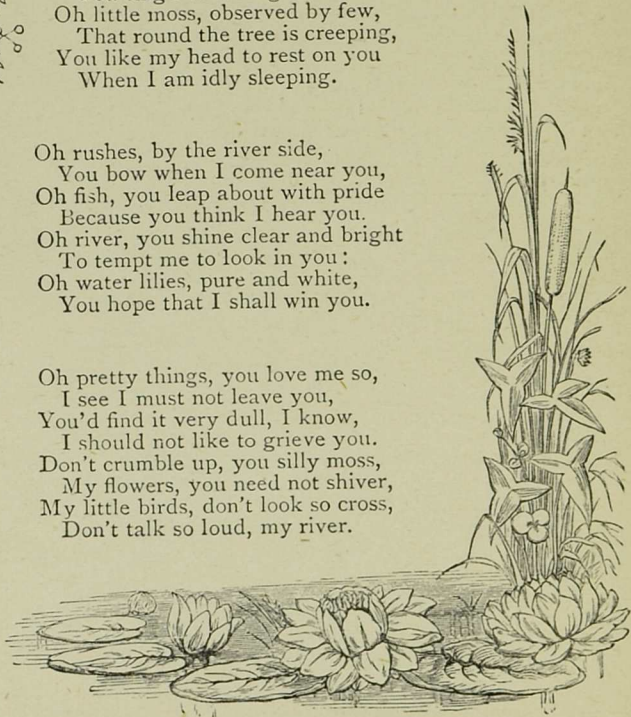




H little flowers, you love me so
You could not do without me:
Oh little birds that come and go,
You sing sweet songs about me.
Oh little moss, observed by few,
That round the tree is creeping,
You like my head to rest on you
When I am idly sleeping.

Oh rushes, by the river side,
You bow when I come near you,
Oh fish, you leap about with pride
Because you think I hear you.
Oh river, you shine clear and bright
To tempt me to look in you:
Oh water lilies, pure and white,
You hope that I shall win you.

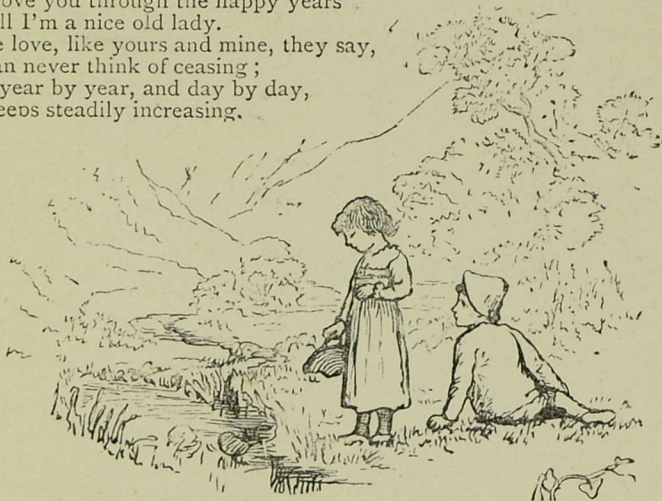
Oh pretty things, you love me so,
I see I must not leave you,
You'd find it very dull, I know,
I should not like to grieve you.
Don't crumble up, you silly moss,
My flowers, you need not shiver,
My little birds, don't look so cross,
Don't talk so loud, my river.





I'm telling you I will not go,
It's foolish to feel slighted,
It's rude to interrupt me so,
You ought to be delighted.
Ah! now you're growing good I see,
Though anger is beguiling,
The pretty blossoms nod at me,
I see a robin smiling.

And I will make a promise, dear,
That well content you may be—
I'll love you through the happy years
Till I'm a nice old lady.
True love, like yours and mine, they say,
Can never think of ceasing;
But year by year, and day by day,
Keeps steadily increasing.



WHAT CAN LITTLE HANDS DO ?

Oh what can little hands do
To please the King of heaven?
The little hands some work may try
To help the poor in misery ;
Such grace to mine be given.

Oh, what can little lips do
To please the King of heaven?
The little lips can praise and pray,
And gentle words of kindness say ;
Such grace to mine be given.



OH, what can little eyes do
To please the King of Heaven?
The little eyes can upward look,
Can learn to read God's Holy Book :
Such grace to mine be given !

Oh, what can little hearts do
To please the King of Heaven ?
The hearts, if God his Spirit send,
Can love and trust the children's Friend :
Such grace to mine be given !

Though small is all that we can do
To please the King of Heaven,
When hearts and hands, and lips
unite
To serve the Saviour with de-
light,
They are most precious in His
sight :
Such grace to mine be given !



A PEACE-MAKER.

LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

A LITTLE girl with a happy look,
Sat slowly reading a ponderous book,
All bound with velvet, and edged with gold,
And its weight was more than the child could hold ;
Yet dearly she loved to ponder it o'er,
And every day she prized it more ;
For it said—and she looked at her smiling mother—
It said, “ Little children, love one another.”

She thought it was beautiful in the book,
And the lesson home to her heart she
took ;

She walked on her way with a
trusting grace,

And a dove-like look in her
meek young face,

Which said, just as plain as
words could say,

“ The Holy Bible I
must obey ;

So, mamma, I'll be
kind to my darling

brother,
For little children must
love each other.”



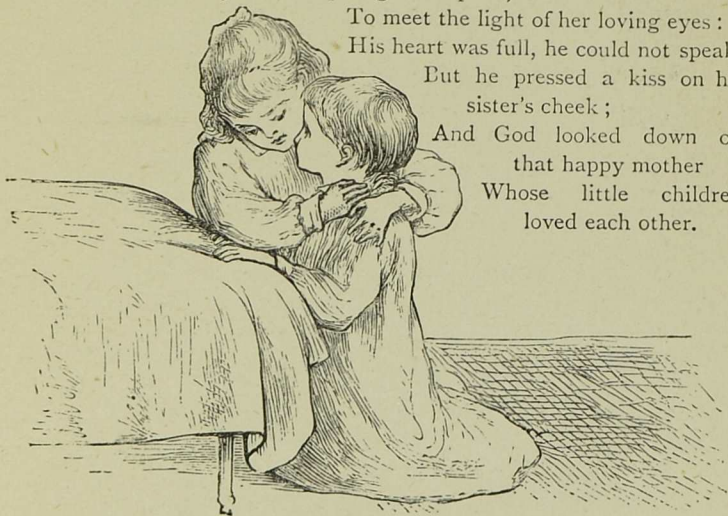
“ I’M sorry he’s naughty, and will not play :
But I’ll love him still, for I think the way
To make him gentle and kind to me
Will be better shown if I let him see
I strive to do what I think is right ;
And thus when I kneel in prayer to-night,
I will clasp my hands around my brother,
And say, ‘ Little children love one another.’ ”

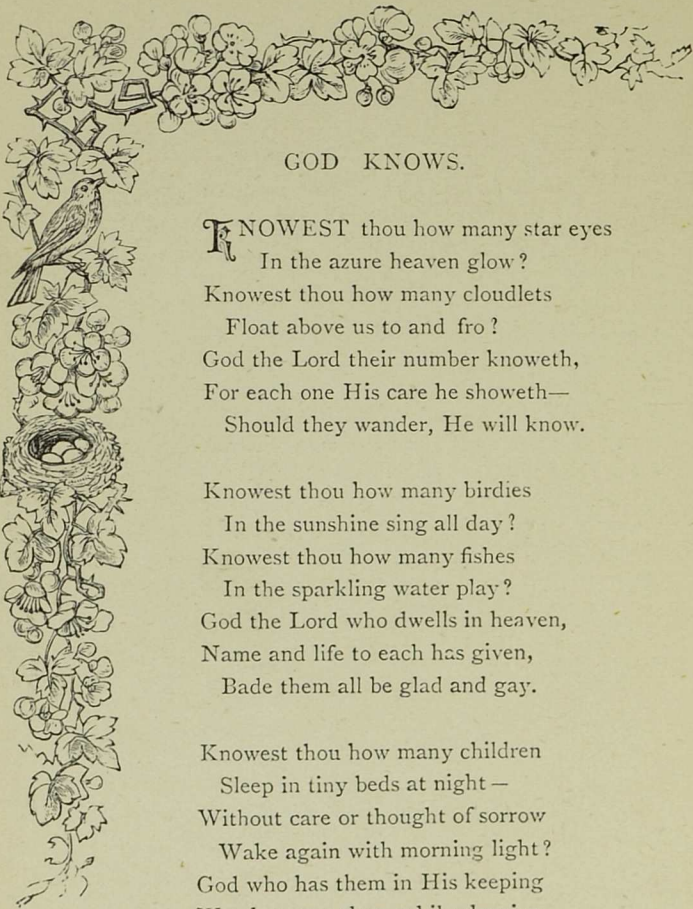
The little girl did as her Bible taught,
And pleasant indeed was the change it wrought,
For the boy looked up in glad surprise,

To meet the light of her loving eyes :
His heart was full, he could not speak.

But he pressed a kiss on his
sister’s cheek ;

And God looked down on
that happy mother
Whose little children
loved each other.



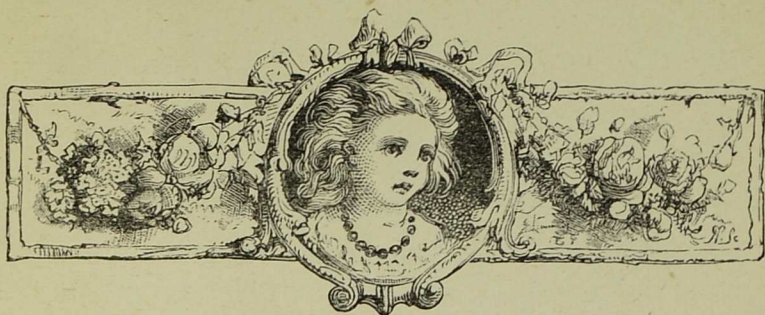


GOD KNOWS.

KNOWEST thou how many star eyes
In the azure heaven glow?
Knowest thou how many cloudlets
Float above us to and fro?
God the Lord their number knoweth,
For each one His care he showeth—
Should they wander, He will know.

Knowest thou how many birdies
In the sunshine sing all day?
Knowest thou how many fishes
In the sparkling water play?
God the Lord who dwells in heaven,
Name and life to each has given,
Bade them all be glad and gay.

Knowest thou how many children
Sleep in tiny beds at night—
Without care or thought of sorrow
Wake again with morning light?
God who has them in His keeping
Watches over them while sleeping.
Finds them precious in His sight.



MY LOVE, ANNIE.

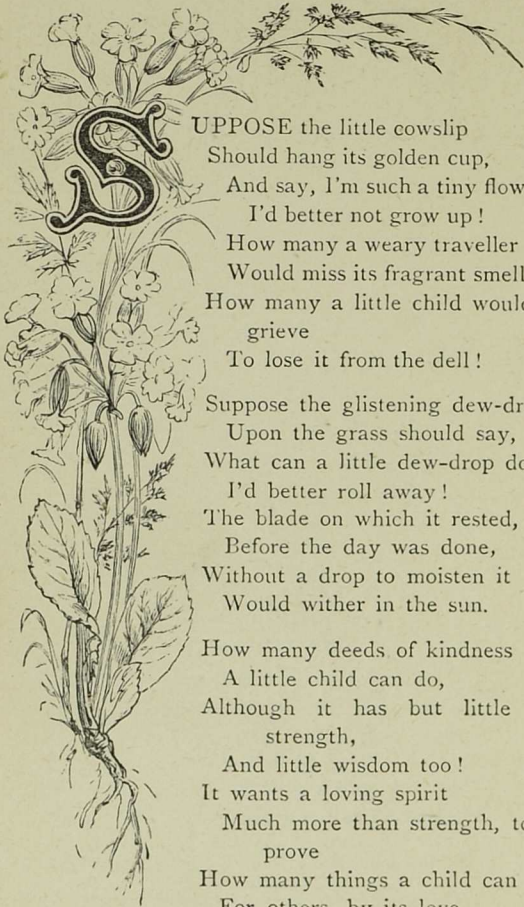
SOFT of voice, and light of hand,
As the fairest in the land,
Who can rightly understand
My love, Annie ?

Simple in her thoughts and ways,
True in every word she says,—
Who shall even dare to praise
My love, Annie ?

'Midst a naughty world, and rude,
Never in ungentle mood,
Never tired of being good—
My love, Annie.

Hundreds of the wise and great
Might o'erlook her meek estate,
But on her good angels wait—
My love, Annie.

Many or few the loves that may
Shine upon her silent way—
God will love her night and day,
My love, Annie.



SUPPOSE the little cowslip
Should hang its golden cup,
And say, I'm such a tiny flower,
I'd better not grow up!
How many a weary traveller
Would miss its fragrant smell!
How many a little child would
grieve
To lose it from the dell!

Suppose the glistening dew-drop
Upon the grass should say,
What can a little dew-drop do?
I'd better roll away!
The blade on which it rested,
Before the day was done,
Without a drop to moisten it
Would wither in the sun.

How many deeds of kindness
A little child can do,
Although it has but little
strength,
And little wisdom too!
It wants a loving spirit
Much more than strength, to
prove
How many things a child can do
For others, by its love.

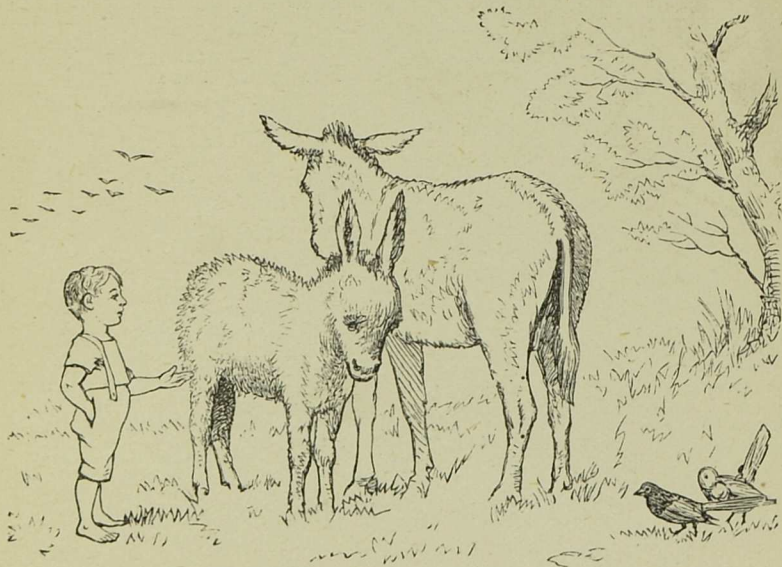


“NOW you know as well as I do,”
Said Tom to little Ned,
“A thistle can't be half as good
As a nice big crust of bread.

“Then why do you go and do it,”
As Neddy drooped his head,
“You really do annoy me so,
'He! haw!' What's that you said?”

“There's magpie here, will say the same,
I feel quite sure she will,
And if you don't do what we say
You see, if you won't get ill.”

We all can teach our neighbour,
What best will suit his need,
Forgetting, that the frower he likes
May seem to us a weed.





ELVES AT PLAY.

WEE folk,
Merry folk,
Lighter than a feather,
Hiding in a harebell,
Nestling in the heather.
Wee folk,
Merry folk,
Trooping altogether.

Wee folk,
Merry folk,
Now in Brownie's hair,
Like a million sunbeams
Darting here and there.
Wee folk,
Merry folk,
Dancing light as air.

Wee folk,
Merry folk,
Riding on the wind,
Nought you care, anywhere,
Not a look behind,
Wee folk,
Merry folk,
Riding on the wind.

Wee folk,
Merry folk,
Lighter than a feather,
Hiding in a harebell,
Nestling in the heather.
Wee folk,
Merry folk,
Trooping altogether.

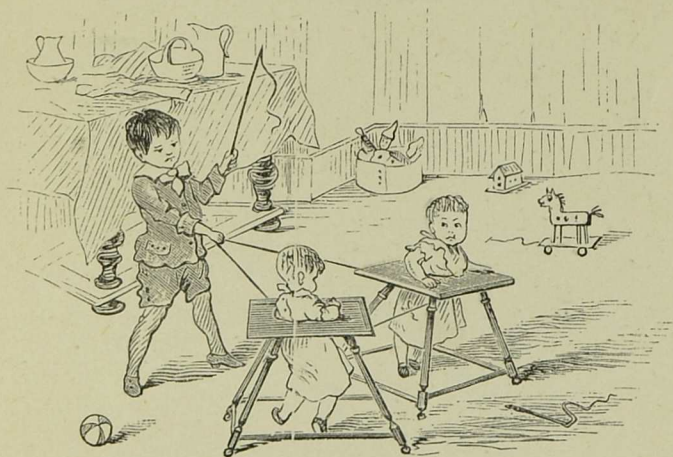
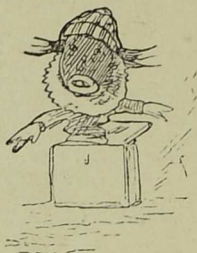
W E'VE o'ten been to Banbury Cross,
There's nothing there to see,
To-day we'll go to Charing Cross,
What splendid fun it'll be.

Of course we'll have a coach and pair,
And everything complete ;
I will hold the reins you know,
And take the driver's seat.

They started off that morning
With the driver's fierce, gee-gee,
Jacky popped out of his box,
Quite anxious for to see.

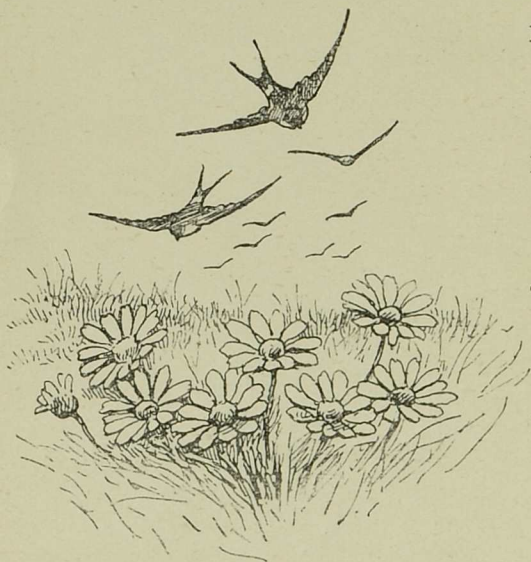
The wooden horse stuck out his ears,
And bristled up his mane,
And trotted on his little wheels
To see them turn the lane.

They dashed around the corner
To a turning on the right,
And then I saw no more of them,
For they passed out of sight.



THE DAISY.

I'D choose to be a daisy, if I might be a flower,
My petals closing softly at twilight's silent hour ;
And waking in the morning, when falls the early dew,
To welcome heaven's bright sunshine, and heaven's bright
tear-drop too.



I love the gentle
lily, it looks so
meek and fair,
But daisies I love
better, for they
grow everywhere.
The lilies bloom so
sadly, in sunshine
or in shower,
But daisies still look
upward, however
dark the hour.

THEY built a fort upon the shore,
With merry heedless din,
They never spied the evening tide
Was rolling, rolling in.

They made it firm and fast without,
They made it firm within,
But evermore along the shore
The tide was rolling in.

Without a fear they slept that night,
But when they went next day
They found no sign, no stone, no line ;
The fort was washed away.



'Tis ever so, my little folk : You'll find it, one and all,
That forts, not only those of sand, are very apt to fall,
But if they fall, why, let them fall : away with doubt and dread
And build again with might and main a better fort instead.



ETIQUETTE.

“DON'T you introduce me,”
Said the Cygnet to the Swan,
“I've never met these folks before,
Though I've seen them off and on.”

“And I couldn't think of eating
Until I know them well ;
For it isn't etiquette you know,
At least so I've heard tell.”

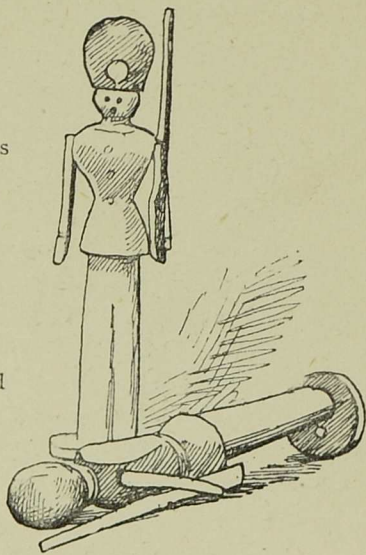
But the Swan was far too busy
With the food around him set,
And the Cygnet lost his breakfast
For the sake of etiquette.

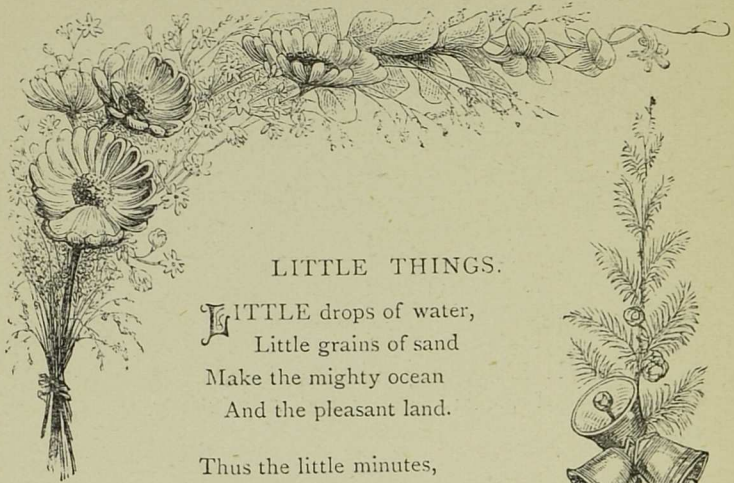


TOMMY'S ARMY.

I'VE got two hundred soldiers,
An army brave and true ;
And some are dressed in blue and red,
And some in white and blue.
I put them in the window seat
And make them drill in line ;
March, march, stiff as starch,
Little soldiers mine.
Marching along, marching along,
Little lead soldiers gallant and strong.

I'd like to be a soldier,
And wear the red and blue,
I suppose the shots don't hurt as
much
As people say they do.
My soldiers never mind the peas
Although they hit so strong,
And when they fall I pick them up
And make them march along.
Marching along, marching along,
Little lead soldiers, gallant and
strong.





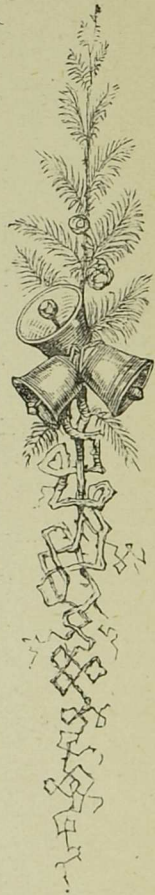
LITTLE THINGS.



LITTLE drops of water,
Little grains of sand
Make the mighty ocean
And the pleasant land.

Thus the little minutes,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

So our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the path of virtue
Of in sin to stray.

Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above.





WHAT shall we render,
Thou heavenly friend to Thee,
For care so tender,
For grace so free?
What can we bring for all the love
Thy rich and bounteous hand bestows?
From Thee, the source of joy above,
All life and blessing flows.

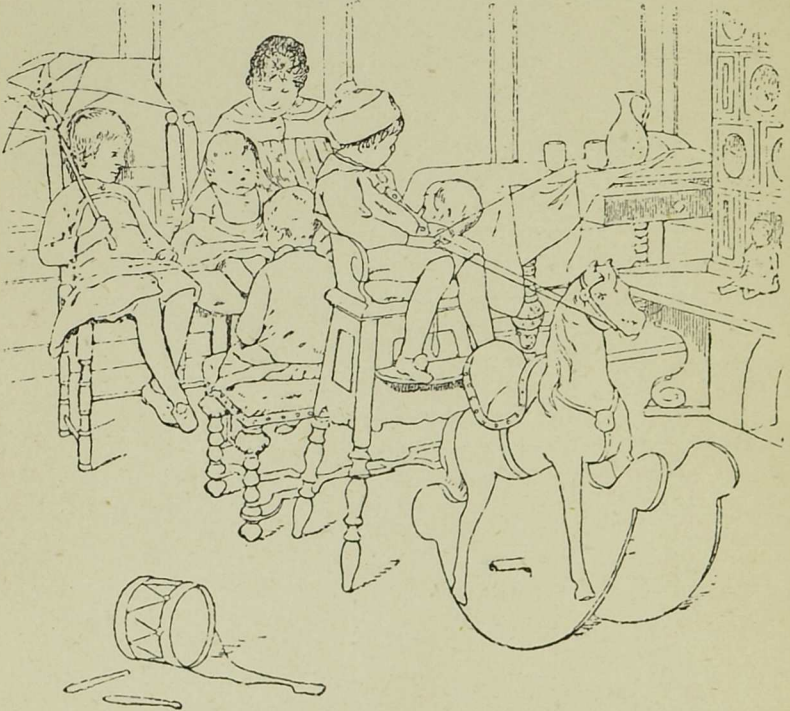
Lo! the lofty mountains
High to Thee their summits raise,
Sweet sparkling fountains
Whisper Thy praise.
The pleasant fruits, the smiling flowers,
To Thee their grateful offering bring;
And cheerful birds, with all their powers,
To Thee sweet anthems sing.

Earth's thousand voices
Warble thy lovely name;
Nature rejoices,
Praise to proclaim.
Since we have spirits that must live,
When all things else shall fade and die,
May we eternal honour give,
And sing Thy praise on high!
Then we shall render
True honour, Lord, to Thee,
For care so tender,
For grace so free.

THE COACH.

“ CONDUCTOR, are you ready?
We shall be very late,
The horses won't keep steady,”
Said the driver to his mate.

“ Now just you wait a minute,
Came the answer from behind,
“ I must find a seat for Winnett,
I'm sure the horse won't mind.”





At last back comes the answer,
 “ All right, I'm ready, go ! ”
And off the horses started,
 Where to I do not know.

Or whether they ever got there,
 And how they fared that day,
You really must not ask me
 For I wont pretend to say.

I only know that at bed time,
 When the coach was put away,
When the merry eyes were closing,
 And the feet were tired of play,



I know as I kissed the curly head,
 And the nursery lights were low,
A tired whisper came from the bed,
 “ All right, —I'm ready, —go ! ”



ON one pillow, sweet and deep,
Side by side like flowers,
Let the little brothers sleep,
Through their baby hours.

With one purpose, hand in hand,
Brave to meet the strife,
Let the loving brothers stand
In the after-life.

So—when all the toil is past—
Let them side by side
Find in Heaven their rest at last—
Rest at eventide.



OF COURSE.

“YOU must be the wagon,
I shall be the horse,”

“Why must you be the wagon?”

“I’m the *biggest* of course.”

‘Of course’ is a good enough reason
If *you* happen to be bigger than *I*,
But by far the best way children
Is to do as you’d be done by.

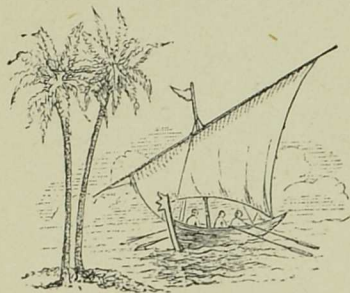
A LITTLE ship was on the sea,
It was a pretty sight,
It sailed along so pleasantly,
And all was calm and bright.

When lo! a storm began to rise,
The wind grew loud and strong;
It blew the clouds across the skies,
It blew the waves along.

And all, but One, were sore afraid
Of sinking in the deep;
His head was on a pillow laid,
And He was fast asleep.

Master we perish! Master save!
They cried,—their Master heard;
He rose, rebuked the wind and wave,
And stilled them with a word.

He to the storm says, "Peace—be still!"
The raging billows cease;
The mighty winds obey His will,
And all are hushed to peace.



Oh! well we know it was the Lord,
Our Saviour and our Friend,
Whose care of those who trust His
word
Will never, never end.

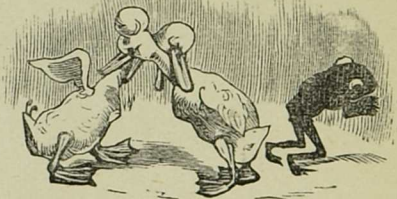
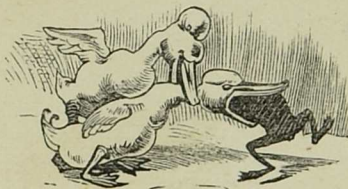
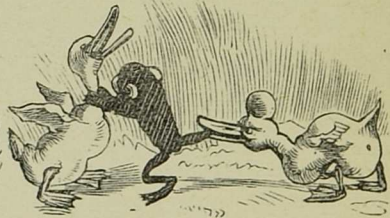
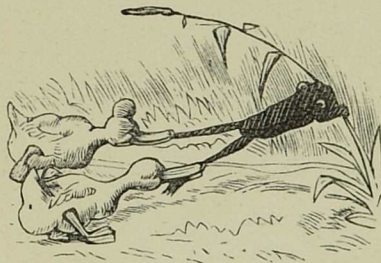
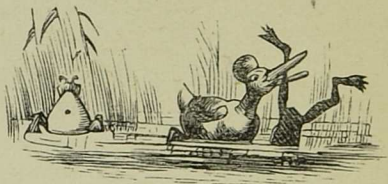
HEAR the birdies singing,
What is it they say?
Little happy children
In the country gay.
Think of the poor pent children
Who cannot join your play.

See the flow'rets decking
Meadow, lane, and bower,
Pluck them, they were meant for you,
Blowing hour by hour ;
But think of the poor pent children
Who ne'er have seen a flower.

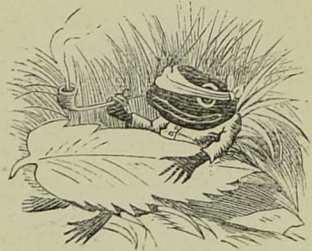
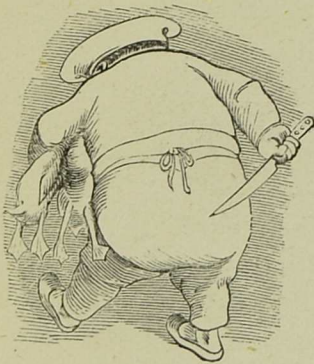
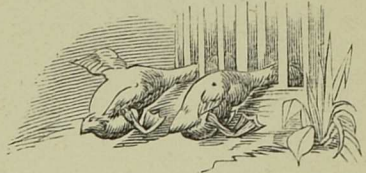
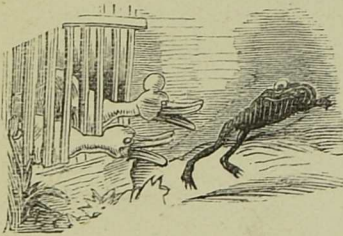
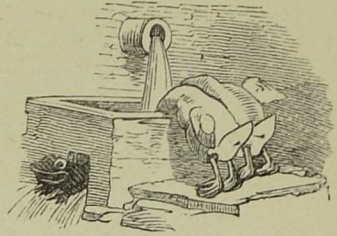
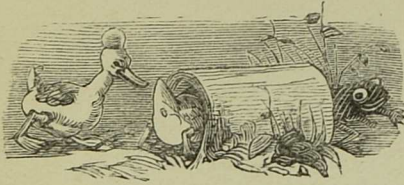
Birds and flowers and meadows
God has given to you,
And surely something in return
You will try to do.
Try to make others happier,
Who are not blest like you.



THE QUARRELSOME DUCKLINGS.



A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.



THE LITTLE ORPHAN.

LIE still my pretty one,
Lie still and rest,
You shall be snug and warm,
You are quite sa'fe from harm,
Safe on my breast.

Though you are motherless,
Though you are lone,
I will be kind to you,
Temper the wind to you,
Pretty, my own.

Lie still my pretty one,
Lie still and rest,
You shall no longer roam,
You shall be safe at home,
Safe on my breast.



SING, sing,
What shall we sing,
A gate is a capital
Sort of thing.
If you have not a horse,
Or haven't a swing,
A gate is a capital
Sort of thing.

Cry, cry,
Finger in eye,
Go home to mother
And tell her why ;
You've been riding,
And why not I ?
Each in turn, is n't that the rule
For work or play, at home or school.

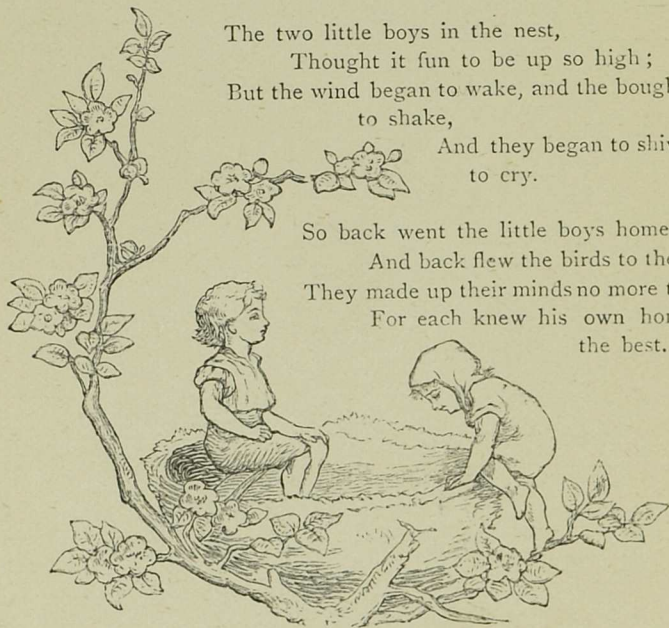


TWO little boys had a home,
Two little birds had a nest,
And these four young folks decided to roam
To see whose home was best.

So the two little birds crept in
To the two little boys' little beds,
But the nurse she made such a terrible din,
And drew the clothes over their heads.

The two little boys in the nest,
Thought it fun to be up so high ;
But the wind began to wake, and the bough began
to shake,
And they began to shiver and
to cry.

So back went the little boys home,
And back flew the birds to their nest,
They made up their minds no more to roam,
For each knew his own home was
the best.



THE EVENING HYMN.

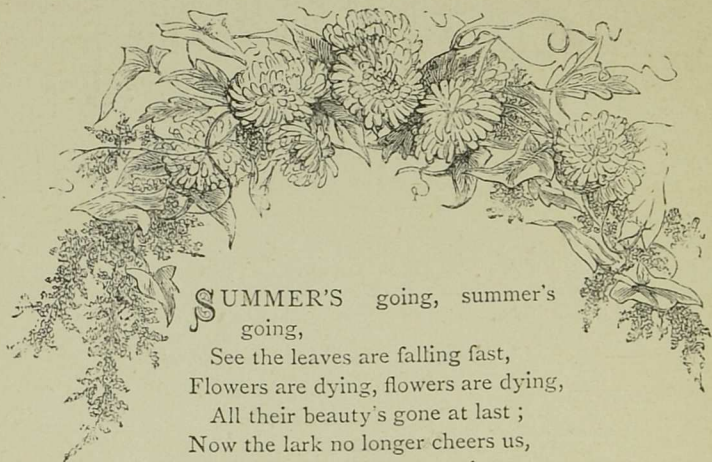
WHEN the birds have ceased their singing,
When the sun has sank to rest,
When the flowers have drooped their faces,
And the stars have lit the west.

Then the white-robed children gather,
Gather round the nurse's knee,
Folded hands and bended faces,
Whispering low and tenderly.

“Gentle Jesus, now we pray thee,
Guard us through the coming night,
Grant that we may slumber safely,
Till we see the morning light.”

Now from care, and want and sorrow,
Keep their happy spirits free,
Let their lives be bright and peaceful
As a lovely summer sea.





SUMMER'S going, summer's
going,

See the leaves are falling fast,
Flowers are dying, flowers are dying,
All their beauty's gone at last ;
Now the lark no longer cheers us,
Warbling birds forget to sing,
And the bees have ceased to wander,
Sipping sweets on airy wing.

Winter's coming, winter's coming,
Now his hoary head draws near,
Winds are blowing, winds are blowing,
All around looks cold and drear ;
Hope of spring must now support us,
Winter's reign will pass away,
Flowers will bloom, and birds will warble,
Making glad each summer's day.

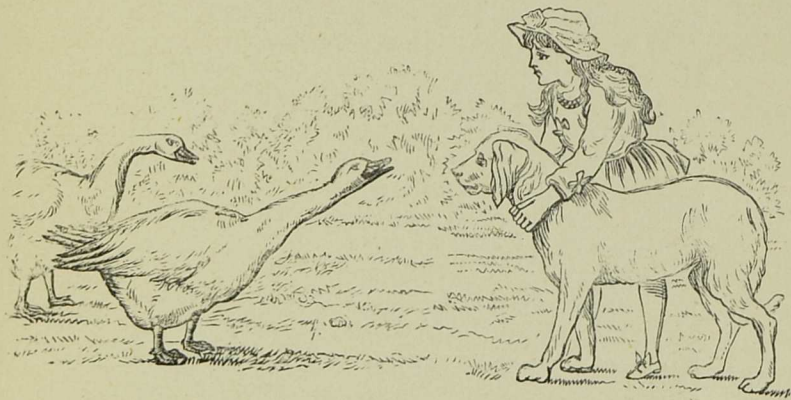


DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.

Now Rover, don't you mind them,
They're silly geese you see,
They'd fly away like anything
If I should let you free.

For those who talk so bravely
Are always first to run,
And first to claim the honor
As soon as victory's won.

And you can well afford to smile
At these indignant tones,
For ere another week has flown,
You'll lunch upon their bones.





WE'LL march and sing, we'll march and sing,
We'll march and sing together,
Though summer flee, and winter bring rough weather ;
With happy hearts and footsteps light, we'll meet him,
With merry songs and smiles so bright, we'll greet him
Not less we love sweet summer skies,
Sweet summer skies and flowers,
Because with all our hearts we prize, we prize these hours.
If skies are dark, if skies are dark,
And nought but gloom without us,
Warm hearts within, and light of home about us ;
We'll join our hands and loudly sing together,
Nor care though winter skies should bring rough weather.

(For Music to this and other pieces, see page 144.)

LIGHTLY row, lightly row,
O'er the glassy waves we go ;
Smoothly glide, smoothly glide,
On the silent tide.
Let the woods and waters be
Mingled with our melody ;
Sing and float, sing and float,
In our little boat.



Far away, far away,
Echo, in the rocks at play,
Calleth not, calleth not
To this lonely spot.
Only with the sea-bird's mate,
Shall our dying music float ;
Lightly row, lightly row,
Echo's voice is low.

SING, gaily sing !
Let gladness round us ring ;
This little simple cheerful lay,
Shall be our parting hymn to-day.
Sing, gaily sing !

Sing, sweetly sing !
What joys from home do spring !
The happy faces there we meet !
The kindly smiles we always greet !
Sing, sweetly sing !

Sing, softly sing !
When dusky night doth bring
Its shadows o'er our drowsy heads,
In heavenly peace we'll seek our beds.
Sing, softly sing !

Sing, boldly sing !
When cheerful lark takes wing,
We'll rise as brisk and merry, too,
Resolved our lessons well to do.
Sing, boldly sing !

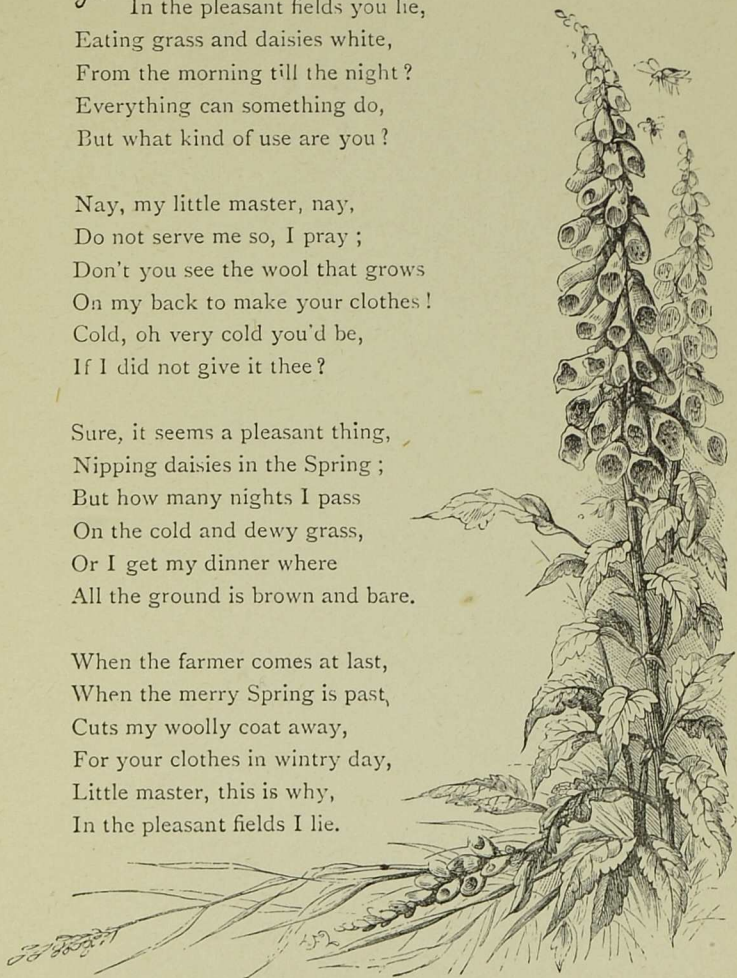


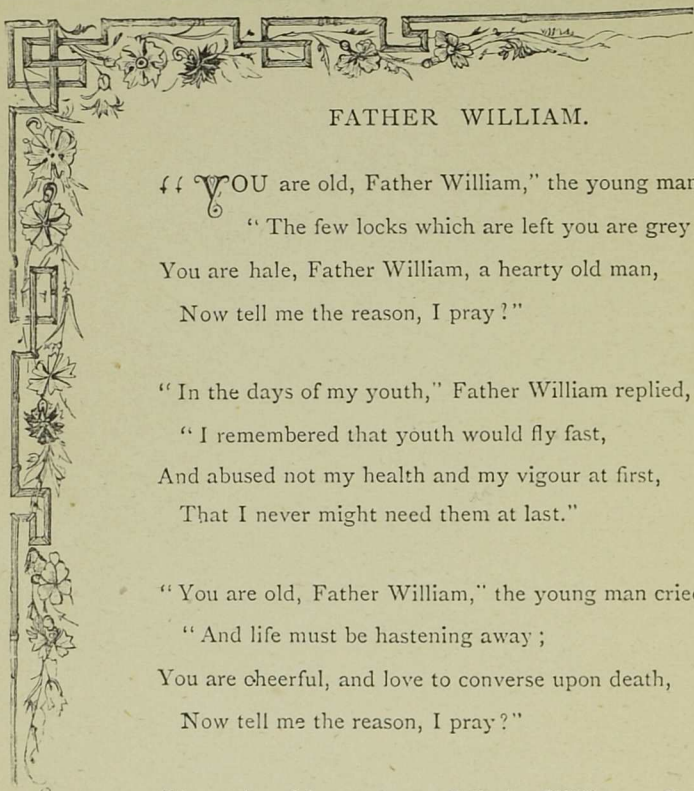
LAZY sheep, pray tell me why,
In the pleasant fields you lie,
Eating grass and daisies white,
From the morning till the night?
Everything can something do,
But what kind of use are you?

Nay, my little master, nay,
Do not serve me so, I pray;
Don't you see the wool that grows
On my back to make your clothes!
Cold, oh very cold you'd be,
If I did not give it thee?

Sure, it seems a pleasant thing,
Nipping daisies in the Spring;
But how many nights I pass
On the cold and dewy grass,
Or I get my dinner where
All the ground is brown and bare.

When the farmer comes at last,
When the merry Spring is past,
Cuts my woolly coat away,
For your clothes in wintry day,
Little master, this is why,
In the pleasant fields I lie.





FATHER WILLIAM.

“YOU are old, Father William,” the young man cried,
“The few locks which are left you are grey ;
You are hale, Father William, a hearty old man,
Now tell me the reason, I pray ?”

“In the days of my youth,” Father William replied,
“I remembered that youth would fly fast,
And abused not my health and my vigour at first,
That I never might need them at last.”

“You are old, Father William,” the young man cried,
“And life must be hastening away ;
You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death,
Now tell me the reason, I pray ?”

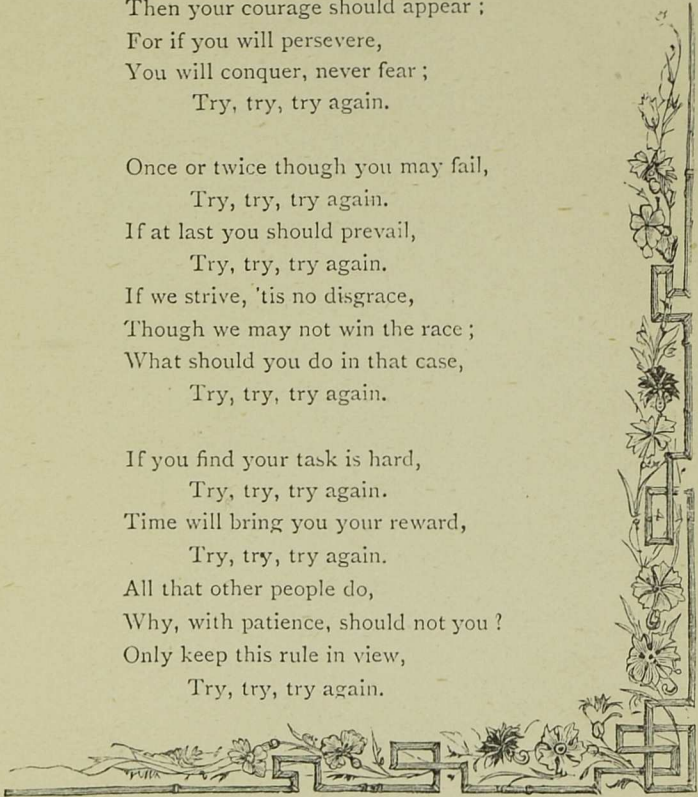
“I am cheerful, young man,” Father William replied,
“Let the cause thy attention engage ;
In the days of my youth I remembered my God !
And He hath not forgotten my age.”

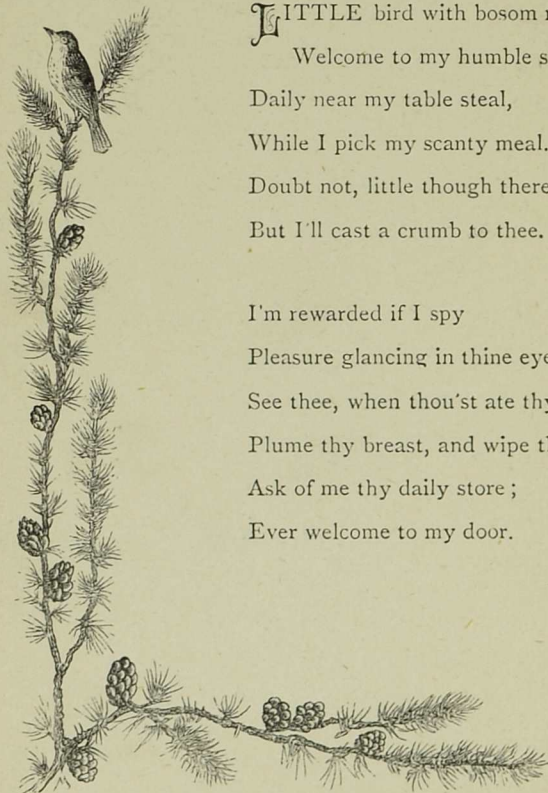
TRY AND TRY AGAIN.

THIS a lesson you should heed,
Try, try, try again.
If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try, try again.
Then your courage should appear ;
For if you will persevere,
You will conquer, never fear ;
Try, try, try again.

Once or twice though you may fail,
Try, try, try again.
If at last you should prevail,
Try, try, try again.
If we strive, 'tis no disgrace,
Though we may not win the race ;
What should you do in that case,
Try, try, try again.

If you find your task is hard,
Try, try, try again.
Time will bring you your reward,
Try, try, try again.
All that other people do,
Why, with patience, should not you ?
Only keep this rule in view,
Try, try, try again.





LITTLE bird with bosom red,
Welcome to my humble shed ;
Daily near my table steal,
While I pick my scanty meal.
Doubt not, little though there be,
But I'll cast a crumb to thee.

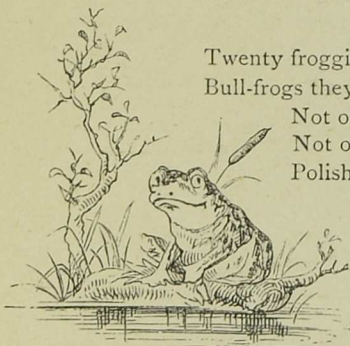
I'm rewarded if I spy
Pleasure glancing in thine eye ;
See thee, when thou'st ate thy fill,
Plume thy breast, and wipe thy bill.
Ask of me thy daily store ;
Ever welcome to my door.

FROGS AT SCHOOL.

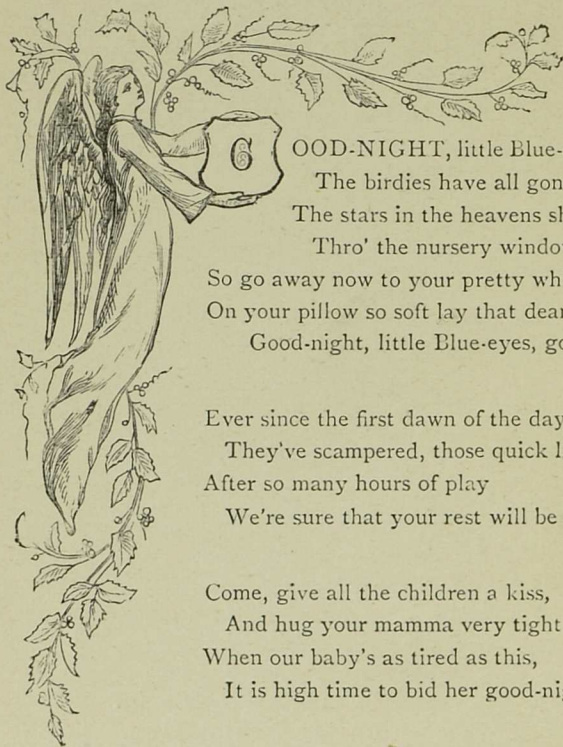
TWENTY froggies went to school,
Down beside a rushy pool :
Twenty little coats of green,
Twenty vests all white and clean.
" We must be in time," said they ;
" First we study, then we play ;
That is how we keep the rule
When we froggies go to school."

Master Bull-frog, grave and stern,
Called the classes in their turn ;
Taught them how to nobly strive,
Likewise how to leap and dive ;
From his seat upon the log,
Showed them how to say " Ker-chog !"
Also how to dodge a blow
From the sticks that bad boys throw.

Twenty froggies grew up fast :
Bull-frogs they became at last ;
Not one dunce among the lot,
Not one lesson they forgot ;
Polished in a high degree,
As each froggie ought to be.
Now they sit on other logs,
Teaching other little frogs.



SLUMBER SONG.



GOOD-NIGHT, little Blue-eyes, good-night,
The birdies have all gone to sleep ;
The stars in the heavens shine bright,
Thro' the nursery window they peep.
So go away now to your pretty white bed,
On your pillow so soft lay that dear tired head :
Good-night, little Blue-eyes, good-night !

Ever since the first dawn of the day,
They've scampered, those quick little feet ;
After so many hours of play
We're sure that your rest will be sweet.

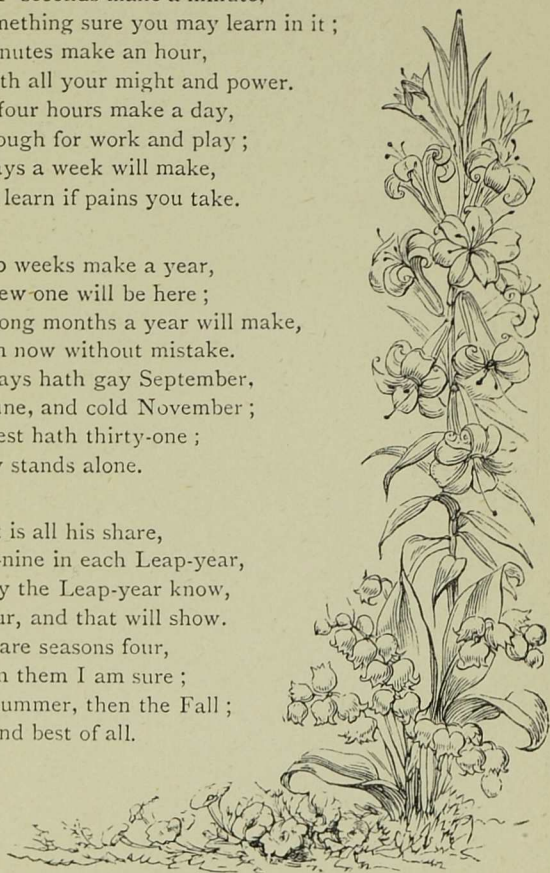
Come, give all the children a kiss,
And hug your mamma very tight ;
When our baby's as tired as this,
It is high time to bid her good-night.

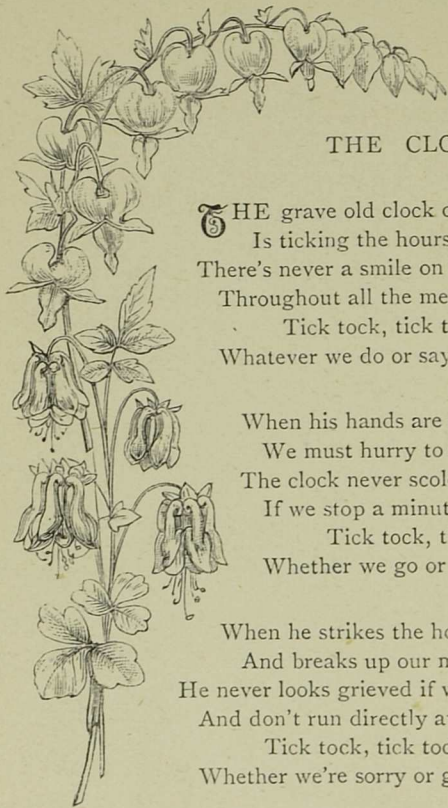
CALENDAR SONG.

SIXTY seconds make a minute,
Something sure you may learn in it ;
Sixty minutes make an hour,
Work with all your might and power.
Twenty-four hours make a day,
Time enough for work and play ;
Seven days a week will make,
You will learn if pains you take.

Fifty-two weeks make a year,
Soon a new one will be here ;
Twelve long months a year will make,
Say them now without mistake.
Thirty days hath gay September,
April, June, and cold November ;
All the rest hath thirty-one ;
February stands alone.

Twenty-eight is all his share,
With twenty-nine in each Leap-year,
That you may the Leap-year know,
Divide by four, and that will show.
In each year are seasons four,
You will learn them I am sure ;
Spring and Summer, then the Fall ;
Winter last and best of all.





THE CLOCK.

THE grave old clock on the mantel-piece
Is ticking the hours away ;
There's never a smile on his solemn face
Throughout all the merry day.
 Tick tock, tick tock,
Whatever we do or say.

When his hands are showing a quarter to nine,
We must hurry to school away ;
The clock never scolds nor gives us a frown,
If we stop a minute to play.
 Tick tock, tick tock,
Whether we go or stay.

When he strikes the hour of bedtime sad,
And breaks up our merry play ;
He never looks grieved if we pet or cry,
And don't run directly away.
 Tick tock, tick tock,
Whether we're sorry or gay.

By his steady tick on the mantel-piece
The old clock seems to say :
" My duty is plain, to count the hours
That measure the passing day,
 Tick tock, tick tock,
That is the only way.

PUSSY'S LESSON.

WHEN your voice is low and sweet,
My little mistress dear,
How quick I run on nimble feet,
Your gentle, loving call to meet :
“ My pretty Puss, come here.”
But when you say “ Where is the cat ?”
I do not like rough tones like that !

See I curve my velvet paws
Your coloured ball to catch ;
But under this soft fur are claws,
And, if you ever give me cause,
Most sharply will they scratch ;
So heed the words I speak to you,
And don't say “ Cat ” when “ Pussy ” will do.



WORK AND PLAY.

WORK while you work,
Play while you play,
That is the way
To be cheerful and gay.



All that you do
Do with your might,
Things done by halves
Are never done right.

One thing each time,
And that done well,
Is a very good rule,
As many can tell.

Moments are useless
Trifled away ;
Work while you work,
And play while you play.



THE BETTER LAND.



“HEAR thee speak of the better land :
Thou callest its children a happy band ;
Mother ! oh, where is that radiant shore ?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more ?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies glance through the myrtle
boughs ?”

“Not there, not there, my child !”

“Is it where the feathery palm trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies,
Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange bright birds on their starry wings
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things ?”

“Not there, not there, my child !”

“Is it far away in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold—
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand—
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land ?”

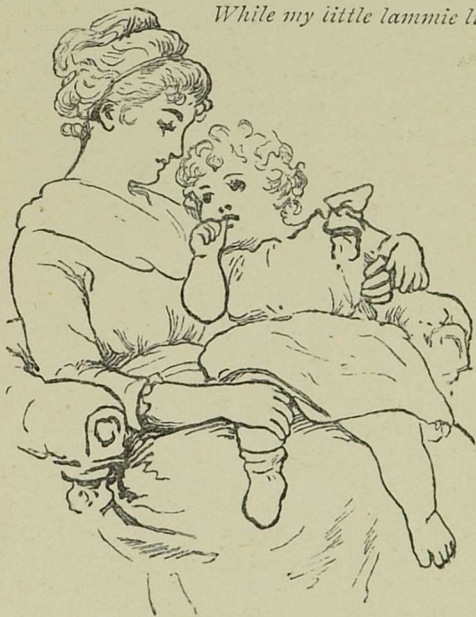
“Not there, not there, my child !”

“Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy,
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy ;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair—
Sorrow and death may not enter there ;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
For beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb,
It is there, it is there, my child !”



NURSERY SONG.

AS I walked over the hill one day,
I listened and heard a mother-sheep say :
“ In all the green world there is nothing so sweet
As my little lammie, with his nimble feet ;
With his eye so bright,
And his wool so white,
Oh, he is my darling, my heart’s delight ! ”
And the mother-sheep and her little one,
Side by side, lay down in the sun ;
And they went to sleep on the hill-side warm,
While my little lammie lies here on my arm.



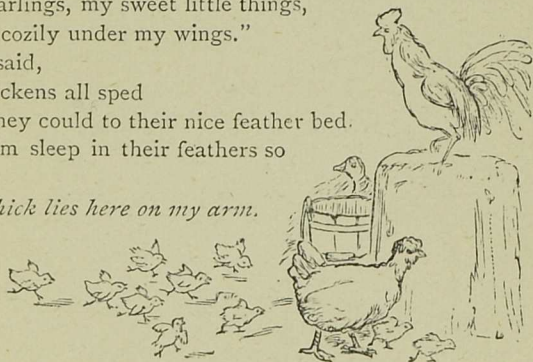
I went to the kitchen, and
what did I see,
But the old gray cat with
her kittens three !
I heard her whispering soft :
said she,
“ My kittens, with tails so
cunningly curled,
Are the prettiest things that
can be in the world.
The bird on the tree,
And the old ewe sheep,
May love their babies
exceedingly ;
But I love my kittens
there,
Under the rocking chair.

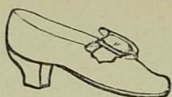
“ I love my kittens with all my might,
I love them at morning, noon and night ;
Now I'll take up my kitties, the kitties I love,
And we'll lie down together beneath the warm stove.”
Let the kittens sleep under the stove so warm,
While my little darling lies here on my arm.

I went to the yard, and I saw the old hen
Go clucking about with her chickens ten ;
She clucked, and she scratched, and she bustled away,
And what do you think I heard the hen say ?
I heard her say, “ The sun never did shine
On anything like to these chickens of mine.
You may hunt the full moon and the stars if you please,
But you never will find ten such chickens as these !
My dear downy darlings, my sweet little things,
Come, nestle now cozily under my wings.”

So the hen said,
And the chickens all sped
As fast as they could to their nice feather bed.
And there let them sleep in their feathers so
warm,

While my little chick lies here on my arm.





ONE, two,
Buckle my shoe,

Three, four,

Shut the door,

Five, six,

Pick up sticks,

Seven, eight,

Lay them straight,

Nine, ten,

A good fat hen,

Eleven, twelve,

Who will delve?

Thirteen, fourteen,

Maid's a courting,

Fifteen, sixteen,

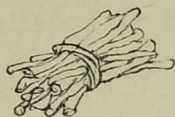
Maid's a kissing,

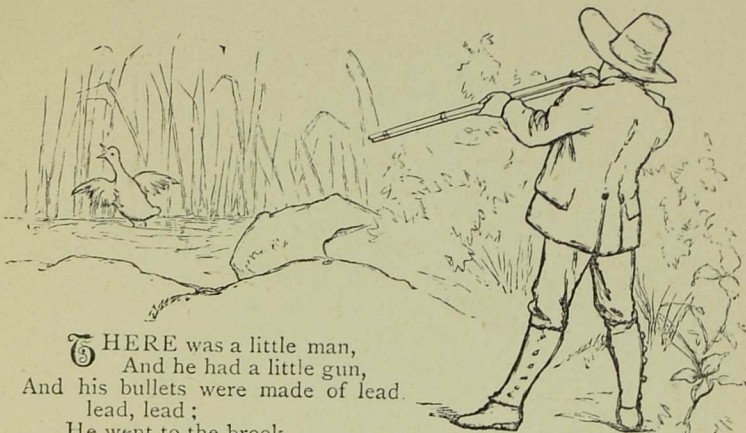
Seventeen, eighteen,

Maid's in waiting,

Nineteen, twenty,

My stomach's empty.

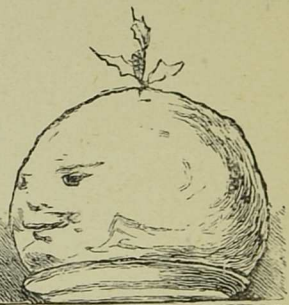




HERE was a little man,
And he had a little gun,
And his bullets were made of lead,
lead, lead ;
He went to the brook,
And saw a little duck,
And shot it through the head, head, head.
He carried it home
To his old wife Joan,
And bade her a fire to make, make, make,
To roast the little duck
He had shot in the brook,
And he'd go and fetch the drake, drake, drake.



LITTLE Johnnie ran off from his nurse
 one day,
 And into the pantry he went
 To find a plum pudding, placed out of
 his way,
 'Twas one a kind Auntie had sent.



"I really must taste it, just *one* little
 bite,"

Looking up at the pudding the while,
 As he looked, strange to say, it seemed
 to invite,
 And the currants appeared to smile !

So he piled up some boxes, climbed to
 the top—

Forgot he'd been told not to touch !
 Cut slice after slice, and, alas ! did not
 stop
 Until he had eaten too much.

Poor Johnnie was sorry, and then came
 the wish,

(As sadly he tried to get down),
 That he'd left the pudding alone on its
 dish,

For its smile had changed to a frown !

"Stolen pleasures are always most sweet"
 'tis said,

Believe me, they do not last long,
 For Johnnie, disgraced, was sent early
 to bed,
 And suffered for doing so wrong.

AUTUMN TIME.

SING a song of Autumn time,
When the leaves are turning brown,
When ripens the wine in the clustering vine,
And the apples are falling down.

Sing a song of autumn time,
When the golden grain is high,
When the blossoms blow and the sun in a glow
Sails over a cloudless sky.

Sing a song of Autumn time,—
The ripest of the year,
When days are bright and hearts are light,
And the skies are blue and clear.



LITTLE HELPERS

PLANTING the corn and potatoes,
Helping to scatter the seeds,
Feeding the hens and the chickens,
Freeing the garden from weeds ;
Driving the cows to the pasture,
Feeding the horse in the stall,—

We little children are busy ;
Sure there is work for us all,
Helping Papa.



Spreading the hay in the sunshine,
Raking it up when it's dry,
Picking the apples and peaches
Down in the orchard hard by,
Picking the grapes in the vineyard,
Gathering the nuts in the fall,—
We little children are busy ;
Yes, there is work for us all,
Helping Papa.

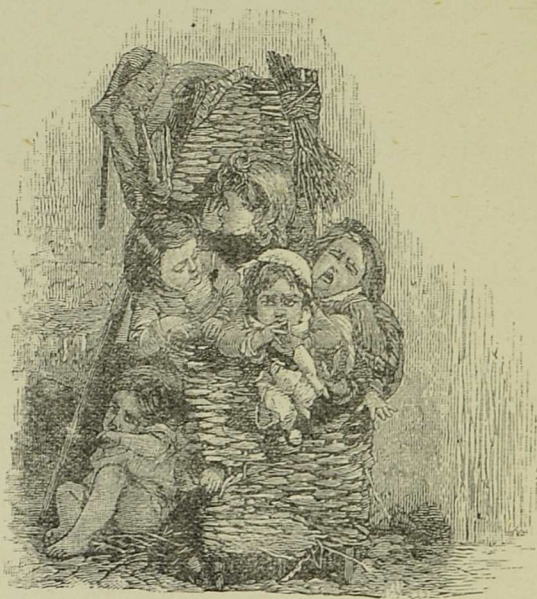
Sweeping, and washing the dishes,
Bringing the wood from the shed,
Ironing, sewing, and knitting,
Helping to make up the beds,
Taking good care of the baby,
Watching her lest she should fall,—
We little children are busy ;
Oh, there is work for us all,
Helping Mamma.

Work makes us cheerful
and happy,
Makes us both active and
strong ;
Play we enjoy all the better
When we have laboured
so long.
Gladly we help our kind
parents,
Quickly we come to their
call,
Children should love to be
busy.—
There is much work for
us all,
Helping Papa and Mamma.



SING a song of six o'clock,
Wonder what's the noise?
Wedged into a hamper,
Four big baby boys.

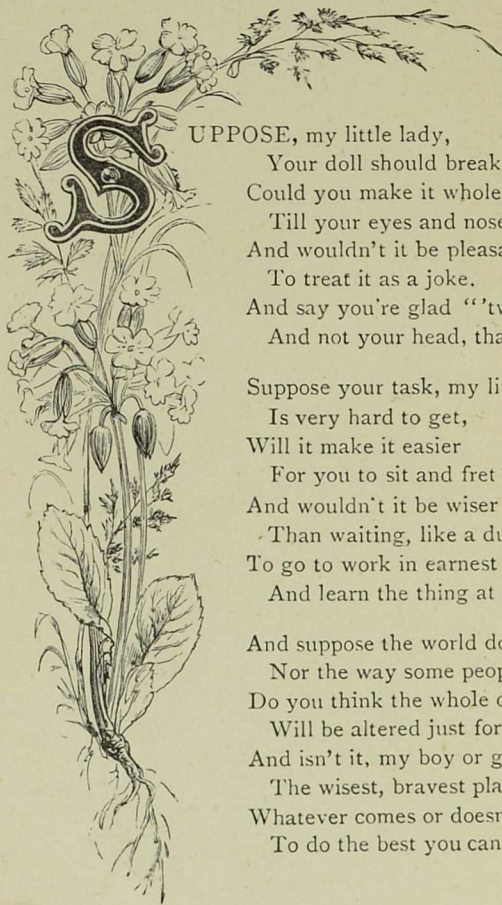
Tuck their little feet in,
Bend each little head,
Send them off to London Town
Instead of going to bed.



GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child ;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.

Fain I would to Thee be brought,
Gracious God, forbid it not :
In the kingdom of Thy grace
Grant a little child a place.





SUPPOSE, my little lady,
Your doll should break its head,
Could you make it whole by crying
Till your eyes and nose are red?
And wouldn't it be pleasanter
To treat it as a joke.
And say you're glad "'twas Dolly's,
And not your head, that broke?"

Suppose your task, my little man,
Is very hard to get,
Will it make it easier
For you to sit and fret?
And wouldn't it be wiser
Than waiting, like a dunce,
To go to work in earnest
And learn the thing at once?

And suppose the world don't please you,
Nor the way some people do,
Do you think the whole creation
Will be altered just for you?
And isn't it, my boy or girl,
The wisest, bravest plan,
Whatever comes or doesn't come,
To do the best you can.

THE POODLE.

ONCE there lived a little poodle, with a coat as white as snow,
And his master loved him dearly, and his mistress loved him so
That whenever she was eating, she gave him the nicest bit,
Till the poodle, one fine morning, had an apoplectic fit.

Oh my poodle ! darling poodle ! his mistress then did cry ;
Oh my sweetest little Bow-wow-wow, for goodness' sake dont die !
But the poodle gave a little yelp, and then he softly sighed,
Then wagged his fluffy little tail and quietly he died.

Then she fretted, and she fretted, but all,
 alas, in vain,
So she made a vow she never would keep
 poodle dogs again ;
But how weak is human nature, ere three
 months had gone past
She had bought another poodle dog
 exactly like the last.

Scott Gatty





SING a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye,
Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie.

When the pie was opened
The birds began to sing,
Was not that a dainty dish
To set before the king?

The king was in his counting house,
Counting out his money,
The queen was in the parlour,
Eating bread and honey.

The maid was in the garden,
Hanging out the clothes :
Down came a blackbird
And pecked off her nose.





OLD King Coal was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he,
He dwelt in a den
With four Merry Men,
Who laughed till they couldn't see.

They laughed ha ! ha ! they laughed ho ! ho !
They laughed ha ! ha ! he ! he !
They laughed till they cried,
I thought they'd have died,
They laughed so much you see.

Now old King Coal was a wise old soul,
And a wise old soul was he,
You could tell by his eyes
He was merry and wise,
And merry and wise was he.

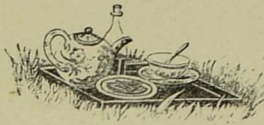
And again and again it appeared quite plain,
(As I said before), in his eyes,
That old King Coal
Was a merry old soul,
Because he was Merry *and* Wise.

DAINTY maidens, merry boys,
Here you are, all sorts of toys,
Boxes filled with wooden Bricks,
Monkeys climbing yellow sticks.



Dollies' Houses painted red,
Tiny Soldiers made of lead,
Noah's Arks, and Ninepins too,
Jack in boxes, painted blue.





Cups and Saucers, Pots and Pans,
China figures, Chinese fans,
Railway trains, with Tops and Tables,
Fairy tales, and Æsop's fables.



Clockwork Mice, and colored Marbles,
Painted Bird that sweetly warbles,
Dolls of every age and size,
With flaxen curls and moving eyes.



Cows and Horses, Chickens, Cats,
Rattles, Windmills, Boats and Bats,
Ducks and Geese, and golden Fishes,
Skipping ropes, and copper Dishes.



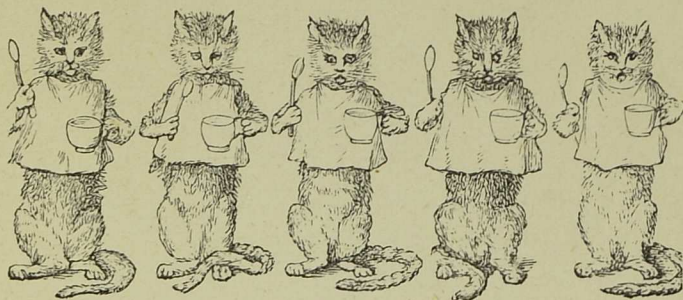
Books with colored pictures, too,
And a thousand other things for you ;
Dainty maidens, merry boys,
Here you are, all sorts of toys.



ORANGES and lemons,
Said the bells of St. Clemens,
I'll be an orange, and which will you be?
Oranges and lemons, said the bells of St. Clemens.
I'll be a lemon! a lemon for me.
Hold your arms higher, then, under we run,
Round, round, and round again, isn't it fun?

Oranges and lemons,
Said the bells of St. Clemens,
Lemons go left, and oranges right.
Oranges and lemons, said the bells of St. Clemens.
Steadily, Baby pet! Alec, hold tight.
Now all the choosing's o'er, hold one by one;
Then comes the tug of war; is'nt it fun





THE CATS' TEA PARTY.

FIVE little pussy-cats, invited out to tea
Cried: "Mother, let us go. Oh, do! for good we'll surely be,
We'll wear our bibs and hold our things as you have shown us how—
Spoons in right paws, cups in left—and make a pretty bow;
We'll always say 'Yes, if you please,' and 'only half of that.'"
"Then go, my darling children," said the happy Mother Cat.
The five little pussy-cats went out that night to tea,
Their heads were smooth and glossy, their tails were swinging free;
They held their things as they had learned, and tried to be polite;—
With snowy bibs beneath their chins they were a pretty sight.
But, alas for manners beautiful, and coats as soft as silk!
The moment that the little kits were asked to take some milk,
They dropped their spoons, forgot to bow, and—oh, what do you think?
They put their noses in the cups and all began to drink!
Yes, every naughty little kit set up a *miou* for more,
Then knocked the tea-cups over, and scampered through the door.

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