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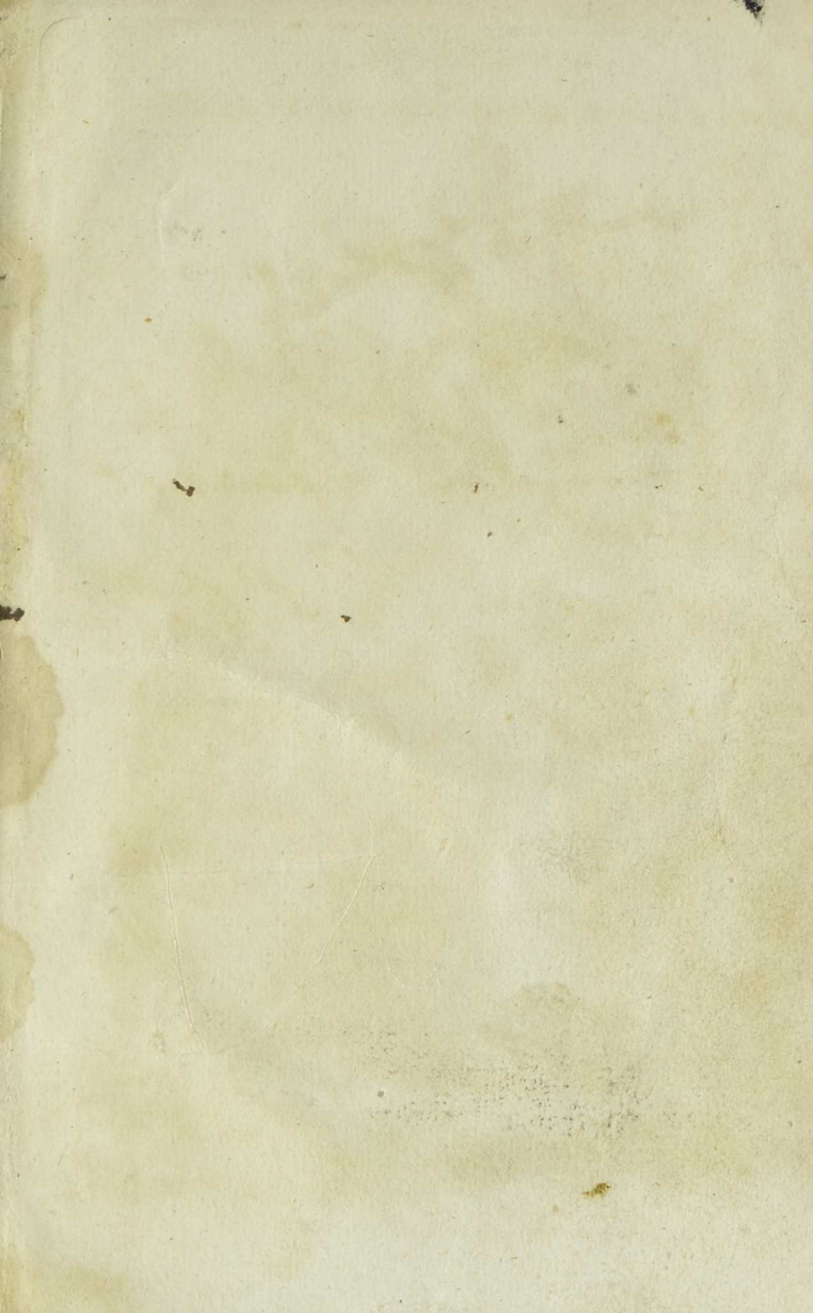
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Elizabethanna
Bastick Hamilton
from her dearest
Anna C. S. B. Hamilton



ENGRAVED FOR RHYMES FOR THE NURSERY.



RHYMES

FOR

THE NURSERY.

BY THE AUTHORS

OF

'ORIGINAL POEMS.'

LONDON:

*Printed and sold by DARTON & HARVEY,
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1806.

W. H. LITTLE

T. H. MURPHY

BY THE AUTHOR

LONDON:

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at the

1800

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P R E F A C E.

IN the simple title of "Rhymes for the Nursery," the pretensions of this little Volume are fully explained.—In the *Nursery* they are designed to circulate; and within its sanctuary walls, the writers claim shelter from the eye of criticism: though, should they appear to have admitted any *sentiment*, injudicious, erroneous, or dangerous, they ask not such an indulgence.

It has been questioned, by authority they respect, Whether ideas adapted to the comprehension of infancy, admit the restrictions of rhyme and metre? with humility, there-

fore, the present attempt has been made; should it, however, in any degree, prove successful, the writers must certainly acknowledge themselves indebted rather to the plainness of prose, than to the decorations of poetry.

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RHYMES

RHYMES

FOR THE

NURSERY.

THE COW.

THANK you, pretty cow, that made
Such nice milk, to soak my bread ;
Ev'ry day, and ev'ry night,
Warm, and fresh, and sweet, 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 purple violet grows,
Where the bubbling water flows,
Where the grass is fresh and fine,
Pretty cow, go there and dine,

RHYMES



GOOD NIGHT.

BABY, baby, lay your head
 On your pretty cradle bed ;
 Shut your eye-peeps, now the day,
 And the light, are gone away ;
 All the clothes are tuck'd in tight ;
 Little baby dear, good night.

Yes, my darling, well I know
 How the bitter wind doth blow ;
 And the winter's snow and rain,
 Patter on the window-pane ;
 But they cannot come in here,
 To my little baby dear :

For the curtains warm, are spread
 Round about her cradle bed ;
 And her little night-cap hides
 Every breath of air besides ;
 So, till morning shineth bright,
 Little baby dear, good night.

~~~~~  
 GETTING UP.

BABY, baby, ope your eye,  
 For the sun is in the sky,  
 And he's peeping once again  
 Through the frosty window-pane ;  
 Little baby do not keep,  
 Any longer, fast asleep.

There now, sit in mother's lap,  
 That she may untie your cap,  
 For the little strings have got  
 Twisted into *such* a knot ;  
 Ah ! for shame,—you've been at play  
 With the bobbin, as you lay.

There it comes,—now let us see  
 Where your petticoats can be ;  
 O !—they're in the window seat,  
 Folded very smooth and neat :  
 When my baby older grows  
*She* shall double up her clothes.

Now one pretty little kiss,  
 For dressing you so nice as this,  
 And before we go down stairs,  
 Don't forget to say your prayers,  
 For 'tis God who loves to keep  
 Little babies, while they sleep.

MAMMA AND THE BABY.

WHAT a little thing am I!  
 Hardly higher than the table;  
 I can eat, and play, and cry,  
 But to work I am not able.  
 Nothing in the world I know,  
 But mamma will try and show me;  
 Sweet mamma, I love her so,  
 She's so very kind unto me.  
 And she sets me on her knee  
 Very often, for some <sup>2</sup> ~~some~~ kisses  
 O! how good I'll try to be,  
 For such a dear mamma as this! *10.*



~~~~~

THE SPARROWS.

HOP about pretty sparrows, and pick up the hay,
 And the twigs, and the wool, and the moss ;
 Indeed, I'll stand far enough out of your way,
 Don't fly from the window, so cross.

I don't mean to catch you, you dear little Dick,
 And fasten you up in a cage ;
 To hop all day long on a straight bit of stick,
 Or flutter about in a rage :

I only just want ? to stand by you and see
 How you gather the twigs for your house ;
 Or sit at the foot of the jenneting-tree,
 While you twitter a song in the boughs.

O ! dear, if you'd eat a crumb out of my hand,
 How happy and glad I should be ;
 Then come pretty bird, while I quietly stand
 At the foot of the jenneting tree.

GOOD MAMMA.

Love, come and sit upon my knee,
And give me kisses, one, two three,
And tell me whether you love me,
My baby.

For this I'm sure, that I love you,
And many, many things I do,
And all day long I sit and sew
For baby.

And then at night I lay awake,
Thinking of things that I can make,
And trouble that I mean to take
For baby.

And when you're good, and do not cry,
Nor into wicked passions fly,
You can't think how papa and I
Love baby.

But, if my little girl should grow
 To be a naughty child, I know
 'Twould grieve mamma to serve her so,
 My baby.

And when you saw me pale and thin,
 By grieving for my baby's sin,
 I think, you'd wish that you had been
 A better baby.

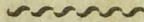
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LEARNING TO GO ALONE.

Come, my darling, come away,  
 Take a pretty walk to day;  
 Run along, and never fear,  
 I'll take care of baby dear;  
 Up and down, with little feet,  
 That's the way to walk my sweet.

Now it is so very near,  
 Soon she'll get to mamma dear,

There she comes along at last,  
 Here's my finger, hold it fast ;  
 Now one pretty little kiss,  
 After such a walk as this.



THE LITTLE GIRL THAT BEAT HER  
 SISTER.

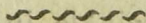
Go, go, my naughty girl, and kiss  
 Your little sister dear ;  
 I must not have such things as this,  
 Nor noisy quarrels here.

What ! little children scold and fight,  
 That ought to be so mild !  
 O ! Mary, 'tis a shocking sight  
 To see an angry child.

I can't imagine, for my part  
 The reason of your folly,  
 As if she did you any hurt,  
 By playing with your dolly !

See, how the little tears do run  
 Fast, from her wat'ry eye ;  
 Come, my sweet innocent, have done,  
 'Twill do no good to cry.

Go, Mary, wipe her tears away,  
 And make it up with kisses ;  
 And never turn a pretty play,  
 To such a pet as this is.



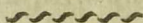
#### THE LITTLE GIRL TO HER DOLLY.

THERE, go to sleep dolly, in own mother's lap ;  
 I've put on your night-gown and neat little cap ;  
 So sleep, pretty baby, and shut up your eye,  
 Bye bye, little dolly, lie still, and bye bye.

I'll lay my clean handkerchief over your head,  
 And then make believe that my lap is your bed ;  
 So hush, little dear, and be sure you don't cry,  
 Bye bye, little dolly, lie still, and bye bye.

There,—now it is morning, and time to get up,  
 And I'll crumb you a mess, in my doll's china cup;  
 So wake little baby, and open your eye,  
 For I think it high time to have done with bye bye.

A.T.



+

THE STAR.

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

When the blazing sun is gone,  
 When he nothing shines upon,  
 Then you show your little light,  
 Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

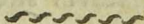
Then the trav'ler in the dark,  
 Thanks you for your tiny spark,  
 He could not see which way to go,  
 If you did not twinkle so.

*Simon*

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

'Tis your bright and tiny spark,  
 Lights the trav'ler in the dark :  
 Tho' I know not what you are,  
 Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

*Linnæus*



COME AND PLAY IN THE GARDEN.

LITTLE sister come away,  
 And let us in the garden play,  
 For it is a pleasant day.

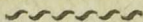
On the grass-plat let us sit,  
 Or, if you please we'll play a bit,  
 And run about all over it.

But the fruit we will not pick,  
 For that would be a naughty trick,  
 And, very likely, make us sick.

Nor will we pluck the pretty flow'rs,  
That grow about the beds and bow'rs,  
Because, you know, they are not ours.

We'll pluck the daisies, white and red,  
Because mamma has often said,  
That we may gather them instead.

And much I hope we always may  
Our very dear mamma obey,  
And mind whatever she may say.



#### ABOUT LEARNING TO READ.

HERE'S a pretty gay book, full of verses to sing,  
But Lucy can't read it,—O, what a sad thing!  
And such funny stories,—and pictures too,—look!  
I'm glad I can read such a beautiful book.

But come, little Lucy, then, what do you say?  
Shall I begin teaching you pretty great A?  
And then all the letters that stand in the row,  
That you may be able to read it, you know?



A great many children have no good mamma  
 To teach them to read, and poor children they are;  
 But Lucy shall learn all her letters to tell,  
 And I hope by and by she will read very well.



NO BREAKFAST FOR GROWLER.

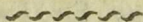
No, naughty Growler, get away,  
 You shall not have a bit ;  
 Now when I speak, how dare you stay !  
 I can't spare any, Sir, I say,  
 And so you need not sit.

Poor Growler ! do not make him go,  
 But recollect, before,  
 That he has never serv'd you so,  
 For you have given him many a blow,  
 That patiently he bore.

Poor Growler ! if he could but speak,  
 He'd tell, (as well he might,)  
 How he would bear with many a freak,  
 And wag his tail, and look so meek,  
 And neither bark nor bite.

Upon his back he lets you ride,  
 And drive about the yard,  
 And now, while sitting by your side,  
 To have a bit of bread deny'd  
 Is really very hard. —

And all your little tricks he'll bear,  
 And never seem to mind,  
 And yet you say you cannot spare,  
 One bit of breakfast for his share,  
 Altho' he is so kind !



#### POOR CHILDREN.

WHEN I go in the meadows, or walk in the street,  
 Very often a many poor children I meet,  
 With no shoes or stockings, to cover their feet.

Their clothes are all ragged, and let in the cold,  
 And they have very little to eat, I am told,  
 O dear ! tis a pitiful sight to behold.

And then, what is worse, very often they are  
 Quite naughty and wicked,—I never can bear,  
 To hear how they quarrel together, and swear.

For often they use naughty words in their play ;  
 And I might have been quite as wicked as they,  
 If I'd not been taught better, I heard mamma say.

O, how very thankful I always should be,  
 That I have kind parents to watch over me,  
 Who teach me from wickedness ever to flee !

And as mamma tells me, I certainly should,  
 Mind all that is taught me, and be very good,  
 For if those poor children knew better,—*they*  
 would.



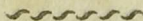
### LEARNING TO DRAW.

Come, here is a slate and a pencil, and string,  
 So now sit you down, dear, and draw pretty thing ;  
 A man, and a cow, and a horse, and a tree,  
 And when you have finish'd, pray show them to  
 me.

What! cannot you do it? Shall I show you how?  
 Come, give me your pencil, I'll draw you a cow.  
 You've made the poor creature look very forlorn,  
 She has got but three legs, dear, and only one horn.

Now look, I have drawn you a beautiful cow,  
 And see, here's a dicky-bird, perch'd on a bough,  
 And here are some more, flying down from above:  
 There now, is not that very pretty, my love?

O yes, very pretty! now make me some more,  
 A house with a gate, and a window, and door,  
 And a little boy flying his kite with a string;  
 O, thank you mamma! now I'll draw pretty thing.



#### WHAT CLOTHES ARE MADE OF.

Come here to papa, and I'll tell my dear boy,  
 (For I think he would never have guess'd,)  
 How many poor animals we must employ,  
 Before little Charles can be drest.

The pretty sheep gives you the wool from his  
sides,

To make you a jacket to use ;

And the dog or the seal, must be stripp'd of their  
hides,

To give you a couple of shoes.

And the little grey rabbit contributes his share;

He helps to provide you a hat ;

For this must be made of his delicate hair,

And so you may thank him for that.

And many poor animals suffer besides,

And each of them give us a share,

Pull off their warm clothing, or give us their  
hides,

That we may have plenty to wear.

Then as the poor creatures are suffer'd to give

So much for the comfort of man,

I think 'tis but right, that, as long as they live,

We should do all for *them* that we can.

~~~~~

LITTLE GIRLS MUST NOT FRET.

WHAT is it that makes little Harriet cry?

Come, then, let mamma wipe the tear from her
eye;

There,—lay down your head on my bosom, that's
right,

And now tell mamma what's the matter to-night.

What, baby is sleepy, and tired with play?

Come, Betty, make haste then, and fetch her
away;

But do not be fretful, my darling, because

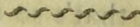
Mamma cannot love little girls that are cross,

She shall soon go to bed, and forget it all there,

Ah! here's her sweet smile come again, I declare,

That's right, for I thought you quite naughty be-
fore,

Good night, my dear girl, but don't fret any more.


THE POOR LITTLE BABY.

Down, down, in the pit-hole poor baby is gone,
The cold earth did rattle its coffin upon,
And there they have left it for ever to keep,
And a little green hillock shows where it doth
sleep.

Poor baby! I saw it beginning to play,
And smile at mamma, in her lap as it lay,
And hold out its little hands joyfully, thus,
To go to her arms when she took it from nurse.

But its little hands never will move any more,
And it never will smile, as it used before,
For it panted, and struggled, and drew a hard
breath,

And then it laid still,—and they called it death!

Ah, dear little baby, it was a sad sight;
Its eyes they were shut, and its face it was white;
I went up to kiss it, and bid it good bye,
And its cheek felt so cold, I was ready to cry!

Now down in the pit-hole it resteth its head,
 With only the earth, that's so cold, for its bed;
 And let me remember, that I too shall die,
 And then in the pit-hole I also must lie.

~~~~~

CHARLES AND ANIMALS.

The cow has a horn, and the fish has a gill;  
 The horse has a hoof, and the duck has a bill;  
 The bird has a wing, that on high he may sail;  
 And the lion a mane, and the monkey a tail;  
 And they swim, or they fly, or they walk, or  
 they eat,  
 With fin, or with wing, or with bill, or with  
 feet.

And Charles has two hands, with five fingers to  
 each,

On purpose to work with, to hold and to reach;  
 No birds, beasts, or fishes, for work or for play,  
 Have any thing half so convenient as they;  
 But if he don't use them, and *keep* them in use,  
 He'd better have had but two legs, like a goose.



~~~~~

BREAKFAST AND PUSS.

Here's my baby's bread and milk,
 For her lip, as soft as silk;
 Here's the bason, clean and neat,
 Here's the spoon of silver sweet,
 Here's the stool, and here's the chair,
 For my little lady fair,

No, you must not spill it out,
 And drop the bread and milk about;
 But let it stand before you flat,
 And pray, remember pussy cat:
 Poor old pussy cat, that purrs
 All so patiently, for hers.

True, she runs about the house,
 Catching, now and then, a mouse,
 But, though she thinks it very nice,
 That only makes a *tiny* slice,
 So don't forget, that you should stop,
 And leave poor puss a little drop.

Saura



THE FLOWER AND THE LADY, ABOUT
GETTING UP.

PRETTY flower, tell me why
All your leaves do open wide,
Every morning, when on high
The noble sun begins to ride.

This is why, my lady fair,
If you would the reason know,
For betimes, the pleasant air
Very cheerfully doth blow.

And the birds on every tree
Sing a merry, merry tune,
And the busy honey bee,
Comes to suck my sugar soon.

This is all the reason why
I my little leaves undo,
Lady, lady, wake and try,
If I have not told you true.

~~~~~

THE BABY'S DANCE.

DANCE little baby, dance up high,  
 Never mind baby, mother is by ;  
 Crow and caper, caper and crow,  
 There little baby, there you go ;  
 Up to the ceiling, down to the ground,  
 Backwards and forwards, round and round ;  
 Dance little baby, and mother shall sing,  
 With the merry coral, ding, ding, ding.

~~~~~

FOR A LITTLE GIRL THAT DID NOT
 LIKE TO BE WASHED.

WHAT! cry to be wash'd, and not love to be clean!
 There, go and be dirty, not fit to be seen,
 And till you leave off, and I see you have smil'd,
 I won't take the trouble to wash such a child.

Suppose I should leave you now, just as you are,
 Do you think you'd deserve a sweet kiss, from
 papa,
 Or to sit on his knee, and learn pretty great A,
 With fingers that have not been wash'd all the
 day!

Ay, look at your fingers, you see it is so,
 Did you ever behold such a black little row?
 And for *once*, you may look at yourself in the
 glass.

There's a face, to belong to a good little lass!
 Come, come, then, I see you're beginning to clear,
 You won't be so foolish again, will you, dear?



THE CUT.

WELL, what's the matter? there's a face!
 What! has it cut a vein?
 And is it quite a shocking place?
 Come, let us look again.

I see it bleeds, but never mind
 That tiny little drop;
 I don't believe you'll ever find
 That crying makes it stop.

'Tis sad indeed to cry at pain,
 For any but a baby;
 If *that* should chance to cut a vein,
 We should not wonder, may be.

But such a man as you should try
 To bear a little sorrow:
 So run along, and wipe your eye,
 'Twill all be well to-morrow.



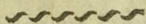
THE LITTLE GIRL THAT COULD NOT
 READ.

I DON'T know my letters, and what shall I do?
 For I've got a nice book, but I can't read it
 through;
 O! dear, how I wish that my letters I knew!

I think I had better begin them to day;
 For 'tis like a dunce, to be always at play;
 Mamma, will you teach little baby great A?

And then, B, and C, as they stand in the row,
 One after another, as far as they go,
 For then, I can read my new story, you know.

So pray, mamma, teach me at once, and you'll see,
 What a very good child little baby shall be,
 To try and remember, her A, B, C, D.



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

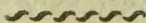
Who show'd the little ant the way
 Her narrow hole to bore?
 And spend the pleasant summer day,
 In laying up her store!

The sparrow builds her clever nest
 Of wool, and hay, and moss;
 Who told her how to weave it best,
 And lay the twigs across?

Who taught the busy bee to fly
 Among the sweetest flowers,
 And lay his store of honey by,
 To eat in winter hours?

'Twas God, who show'd them all the way,
 And gave their little skill,
 And teaches children, if they pray,
 To do his holy will.

Linnæus



PLAYING WITH FIRE.

I'VE seen a little girl, mamma,
 That had got such a dreadful scar,
 All down her arms, and neck, and face,
 I could not bear to see the place.

Poor little girl! and don't you know
 The shocking trick that made her so?
 'Twas all because she went and did
 A thing her mother had forbid.

For once, when nobody was by her,
 This silly child would play with fire,
 And long before her mother came,
 Her pinafore was all in flame!

In vain she try'd to put it out,
 Till all her clothes were burnt about,
 And then she suffer'd ten times more,
 All over, with the dreadful sore.

For many months, before 'twas cur'd,
 Most shocking torments she endur'd,
 And even now, in passing by her,
 You see what 'tis to play with fire!

~~~~~

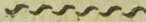
THE FIELD DAISY.

I'm a pretty little thing,  
 Always coming with the spring,  
 In the meadows green, I'm found,  
 Peeping just above the ground,



And my stalk is cover'd flat,  
With a white and yellow hat.

Little lady, when you pass  
Lightly o'er the tender grass,  
Skip about, but do not tread  
On my meek and healthy head,  
For I always seem to say,  
"Surly winter's gone away."



THE MICHAELMAS DAISY.

I AM very pale and dim,  
With my faint and bluish rim;  
Standing on my narrow stalk,  
By the litter'd gravel walk,  
And the wither'd leaves, aloft,  
Fall upon me, very oft.

But I show my lonely head,  
When the other flowers are dead,

And you're even glad to spy  
 Such a homely thing as I;  
 For I seem to smile, and say,  
 "Summer is not quite away."

A. T.

~~~~~  
 DUTIFUL JEM.

THERE was a poor widow, she liv'd in a cot,
 And scarcely a blanket to warm her she'd got,
 Her windows were broken, her walls were all
 bare,
 And the cold winter-wind often whistled in
 there.

Poor Susan was old, and too feeble to spin,
 Her forehead was wrinkled, her hands they were
 thin,
 And she must have starved, as many have done,
 If she had not been bless'd with a good little son.

But he loved her well, like a dutiful lad,
 He thought her the very best friend that he had,

And now to neglect or forsake her, he knew,
Was the wickedest thing he could possibly do.


For he was quite healthy, and active, and stout,
While his poor mother hardly could hobble about,
And he thought it his duty, and greatest delight,
To work for her living, from morning to night.

So he went ev'ry morning, as gay as a lark,
And work'd all day long in the fields till 'twas
dark,

Then came home again to his dear mammy's cot,
And joyfully gave her the wages he got.

And O, how she lov'd him! how great was her joy,
To think her dear Jem was a dutiful boy;
Her old wither'd arm round his neck she would
cast,
And kiss his red cheek, while the tears trickled
fast.

O then, was not little Jem happier far,
Than naughty, and idle, and wicked boys are?
For as long as he liv'd, 'twas his comfort and joy,
To think he'd not been an undutiful boy.


THE ANT'S NEST.

It is such a beautiful day,
And the sun shines so bright, and so warm,
That the little ants, busy and gay,
Are come from their holes in a swarm.

All winter together they sleep,
Or in underground passages run,
Not one of them daring to peep
To see the bright face of the sun.

But now the snow's melted away,
And the trees are all cover'd with green,
And the little ants, busy and gay,
Creeping out from their houses are seen,

They've left us no room to go by,
So we'll step aside on to the grass,
For a hundred poor insects might die,
Under your little feet as they pass.

SLEEPY HARRY.

I do not like to go to bed,
 Sleepy little Harry said,
 So, naughty Betty, go away,
 I will not come at all, I say.

O what a silly little fellow!
 I should be quite asham'd to tell her;
 Then Betty, you must come and carry,
 This very foolish little Harry.

The little birds are better taught,
 They go to roosting when they ought;
 And all the ducks and fowls, you know,
 They went to bed an hour ago.

The little beggar in the street,
 Who wanders with his naked feet,
 And has not where to lay his head,
 O, he'd be glad to go to bed.



GOING TO BED.

Down upon my pillow warm,
I do lay my little head,
And the rain and wind and storm,
Cannot come a-nigh my bed.

Many little children poor,
Have not any where to go,
And sad hardships they endure,
Such as I did never know.

Dear mamma, I'll thank you oft,
For this comfortable bed,
And this pretty pillow soft,
Where I rest my little head.

I shall sleep till morning light,
On a bed so nice as this,
So, my dear mamma, good night,
Give your little girl a kiss,

IDLE MARY

O MARY, this will never do!

This work is sadly done, my dear,
And such a little of it too!

You have not taken pains, I fear.

O! no, your work has been forgotten,
Indeed you've hardly thought of that,
I saw you roll your ball of cotton
About the floor, to please the cat.

See, here are stitches, straggling wide,
And others reaching down so far!
I'm very sure you have not try'd,
At all to day, to please mamma.

The little girl who will not sew,
Should neither be allow'd to play;
But then I hope, my love, that you
Will take more pains another day,

ONE LITTLE BOY.

I'm a little gentleman,
And exceeding smart I am,
Very handsome clothes I wear,
And I live on dainty fare;
And whenever out I ride,
I've a servant by my side.

And I never, all the day,
Need do any thing but play,
Nor even soil my little hand,
Because I am so very grand;
O! I'm very glad, I'm sure,
I need not labour, like the poor.

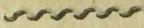
For I think I could not bear,
Such old shabby clothes to wear;
To lie upon so hard a bed,
And only live on barley bread;
And what is worse, too, every day
To have to work as hard as they.


~~~~~  
ANOTHER LITTLE BOY.

I'm a little husbandman,  
Work and labour hard I can;  
I'm as happy all the day  
At my work as if 'twere play;  
Tho' I've nothing fine to wear,  
Yet for that I do not care.

When to work I go along,  
Singing loud my morning song,  
With my wallet at my back,  
Or my waggon whip to smack;  
O, I am as happy then,  
As the idle gentlemen.

Iv'e a hearty appetite,  
And I soundly sleep at night,  
Down I lie content, and say,  
"Iv'e been useful all the day.  
I'd rather be a plough-boy, than  
A useless little gentleman."

  
THE LITTLE CHILD.

I'm a very little child,  
Only just have learnt to speak;  
So I should be very mild,  
Very tractable and meek.

If my dear mamma were gone,  
I should perish soon, and die,  
When she left me all alone,  
Such a little thing as I!

O, what service can I do,  
To repay her for her care?  
For I cannot even sew,  
Nor make any thing I wear.

O, then, I will always try,  
To be very good and mild;  
Never now be cross and cry,  
Like a little fretful child.

For I often cry and fret,  
 And my dear mamma I tease,  
 Often vex her while I sit  
 Dandled pretty on her knees.

O, how can I serve her so,  
 Such a good mamma as this!  
 Round her neck my arms I'll throw,  
 And her gentle cheek I'll kiss.

Then I'll tell her, that I will  
 Try, not any more to fret her;  
 And as I grow older still,  
 I hope that I shall serve her better.

~~~~~

THE UNDUTIFUL BOY.

LITTLE Harry, come along,
 And mamma will sing a song,
 All about a naughty lad,
 Tho' a mother kind he had.

He never minded what she said,
 But only laugh'd at her instead ;
 And then did just the same, I've heard,
 As if she had not said a word.

He would not learn to read his book,
 But wisdom's pleasant way forsook ;
 In wicked boys he took delight,
 And learnt to quarrel and to fight.

And when he saw his mother cry,
 And heard her heave a bitter sigh,
 To think she'd such a wicked son,
 He never car'd for what he'd done !

I hope my little Harry will
 Mind all I say, and love me still ;
 For 'tis his mother's greatest joy,
 To think he's not a wicked boy.

THE OLD BEGGAR MAN.

I SEE an old man sitting there ;
His wither'd limbs are almost bare,
And very hoary is his hair.

Old man ! why do you sit so !
For very cold the wind doth blow,
Why don't you to your cottage go ?

Ah, master ! in the world so wide,
I've no home wherein to hide,
No comfortable fire side !

When I, like you, was young and gay,
I'll tell you what I us'd to to say,
That I would nothing do but play.

And so, instead of being taught
Some useful bus'ness, as I ought,
To play about was all I sought.

And now that I am old and grey,
 I wander on my lonely way,
 And beg my bread from day to day.

But oft I shake my hoary head,
 And many a bitter tear I shed,
 To think the useless life I've led!

J. T.

THE LITTLE COWARD.

WHY, here's a foolish little man!
 Laugh at him, Donkey, if you can,
 And cat, and dog, and cow, and calf,
 Come, ev'ry one of you, and laugh:

For only think, he runs away,
 If honest Donkey does but bray!
 And when the bull begins to bellow,
 He's like a crazy little fellow!

Poor Brindle cow, can hardly pass
 Along the hedge, to nip the grass,
 Or wag her tail to lash the flies,
 But off the little booby hies!

And when old Tray comes running too,
 With bow, wow, wow, for how d'ye do,
 And means it all for civil play,
 'Tis sure to make him run away!

But all the while you're thinking, may be,
 "Ah! well, but this must be a baby."

C! cat and dog, and cow, and calf,
 I'm not surpris'd to see you laugh,
 He's five years old, and almost half!

~~~~~

THE SHEEP.

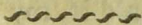
LAZY sheep, pray tell me why,  
 In the fields you all day lie,  
 Eating grass, and daisies white,  
 From the morning till the night?  
 Every thing can something do,  
 But what kind of use are you?

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, and very cold you'd get,  
If I did not give you it.

True, it seems a pleasant thing,  
To nip the daisies, in the spring ;  
But many chilly nights I pass  
On the cold and dewy grass,  
Or pick a scanty dinner, where  
All the common's brown and bare.

Then the farmer comes at last,  
When the merry spring is past,  
And cuts my woolly coat away,  
To warm you, in the winter's day :  
Little master, this is why  
In the pleasant fields I lie.





## THE SICK LITTLE BOY.

Ah ! why's my sweet fellow so pale ?

And why do the little tears fall ?

Come tell me, love, what do you ail,

And mother shall cure him of all.

There, lay your white cheek on my lap,

With your pin-a-fore over your head,

And perhaps, when you've taken a nap,

Again your white cheek may be red.

O ! no, don't be kind to me yet,

I do not deserve to be kiss'd ;

Some gooseb'rries and currants I eat,

For I thought that they would not be miss'd ;

And so, when you left me alone,

I took them, altho' they were green !

But is not it better to own

What a sad naughty boy I have been ?

O! yes, I am sorry to hear  
 The thing that my Richard has done ;  
 But as you have own'd it, my dear,  
 You have not made two faults of one :  
 Be sure that you never again  
 Forget that God watches your way,  
 And patiently bear with the pain,  
 That does but your folly repay.



TO A LITTLE GIRL THAT LIKED TO  
 LOOK IN THE GLASS.

WHY is my silly girl so vain ?  
 Looking in the glass again ;  
 For the meekest flower of spring,  
 Is a gayer little thing.

Is your merry eye so blue  
 As the violet, wet with dew ?  
 Yet, it loves the best to hide  
 By the hedge's shady side.

Is your bosom half so fair  
 As the modest lilies are?  
 Yet, their little bells are hung,  
 Broad and shady leaves among.

When your cheek the warmest glows,  
 Is it redder than the rose?  
 But its sweetests buds are seen  
 Almost hid with moss and green.

Little flow'rs, that open gay,  
 Peeping forth at break of day,  
 In the garden, hedge, or plain,  
 Have more reason to be vain.



#### THE CRUEL BOY AND THE KITTENS.

WHAT, go to see the kittens drown'd,  
 On purpose, in the yard?  
 I did not think there could be found  
 A little heart so hard!

Poor kittens! no more pretty play

With pussy's wagging tail:

Oh! I'd go far enough away,

Before I'd see the pail.

No mother kind, nor pleasant bed,

Nor merry games again!

But there to struggle till you're dead,

And mew with bitter pain.

Poor things! the little child that can

Be pleas'd to look and see,

Most likely, when he grows a man,

A cruel man will be.

And many a wicked thing he'll do,

Because his heart is hard;

A great deal worse than killing you,

Poor kittens, in the yard.

## THE WORK-BAG.

COME here, I've got a piece of rag,  
To make you quite a pretty bag:  
Not make believe,—no no, you'll see  
The clever bag that it shall be.

And when 'tis done, I'll show you what  
A handsome present I have got;  
A needle-book, and scissars too,  
Right earnest ones, and all for you.

And then, you know, you'll keep them in it,  
So that you need not lose a minute,  
In hunting up and down, to say,  
“Where can my scissars be to day?”

“Pray, somebody, do try and look  
“To find my thread, and needle book;”  
No, no,—but, “I know where they are,  
“They're in my little work-bag there.”



THE BEST WAY TO BE HAPPY.

I THINK I should like to be happy to-day,  
 If I could but tell which was the easiest way;  
 But then, I don't know any pretty new play :

And as to the old ones,—why, which is the best?  
 There's fine hot boil'd beans, hoop and hide, and  
 the rest;

Or make-believe tea-time, with all my dolls  
 drest.

But no,—let me see,—now I have thought of a  
 way,

That really I think will be better than play,  
 I'll try to be good, if I can, the *whole day*.

No passion, no pouting, no crying; no, no,  
 They make me unhappy wherever I go,  
 And it *would* be a pity to spoil a day so.

I don't chuse to be such a baby, not I,  
 To quarrel, and sulk, and be naughty, and cry,  
 So now I'll begin, for at least I can try.

THE FROLICSOME KITTEN.

DEAR kitten, do lie still, I say,  
 For much I want you to be quiet,  
 Instead of scampering away,  
 And always making such a riot!

There, only see, you've torn my frock,  
 And poor mamma must put a patch in;  
 I'll give you a right-earnest knock,  
 To cure you of this trick of scratching.

—Nay, do not scold your little cat,  
 She does not know what 'tis you're saying;  
 And every time you give a pat,  
 She thinks you mean it all for playing.

But if your pussy understood  
 The lesson that you want to teach her,  
 And did not *chuse* to be so good,  
 She'd be, *indeed*, a naughty creature.

## A FINE THING.

Who am I, with noble face,  
Shining in a clear blue place?  
If to look at me you try,  
I shall blind your little eye.

When my noble face I shew  
Over yonder mountain blue,  
All the clouds away do ride,  
And the dusky night beside.

Then the clear wet dews I dry,  
With the look of my bright eye;  
And the little birds awake,  
Many a merry tune to make.

Cowslips then, and harebells blue,  
And lily-cups, their leaves undo,  
For they shut themselves up tight,  
All the dark and foggy night.



Then the busy people go,  
 Every one his work unto;  
 Little girl, when your's is done,  
 Guess, if I am not the sun.



A PRETTY THING.

Who am I that shine so bright,  
 With my pretty yellow light;  
 Peeping through your curtains grey;  
 Tell me, little girl, I pray.

When the sun is gone, I rise  
 In the very silent skies;  
 And a cloud or two doth skim,  
 Round about my silver rim.

All the little stars do seem,  
 Hidden by my brighter beam;  
 And among them I do ride,  
 Like a queen in all her pride.

Then the reaper goes along,  
Singing forth a merry song ;  
While I light the shaking leaves,  
And the yellow harvest sheaves.

Little girl, consider well,  
Who this simple tale doth tell ;  
And I think you'll guess it soon,  
For I only am the moon.

A. T.



#### LITTLE BIRDS AND CRUEL BOYS.

A LITTLE bird built a warm nest in a tree,  
And laid some blue eggs in it, one, two, and three,  
And then very glad and delighted was she.

So, after a while, but how long I can't tell,  
The little ones crept, one by one, from the shell ;  
And their mother was pleas'd, and she loved them  
well.

She spread her soft wings on them all the day  
long,

To warm and to guard them, her love was so  
strong;

And her mate sat beside her, and sung her a  
song.

One day the young birds were all crying for  
food,

So off flew their mother, away from her brood;

And up came some boys, who were cruel and  
rude.

So they pull'd the warm nest down away from  
the tree;

And the little ones cry'd, but they could not get  
free;

So at last they all dy'd away, one, two, and  
three!

But when back again the poor mother did fly,

O then, she sat up a most pitiful cry!

So she mourn'd a long while, and then laid down  
to die!



## THE SNOWDROP.

Now the spring is coming on,  
Now the snow and ice are gone,  
Come, my little snow-drop root,  
Will you not begin to shoot?

Ah! I see your little head,  
Peeping on my flower bed,  
Looking all so green and gay,  
On this fine and pleasant day.

For the mild south wind doth blow,  
And hath melted all the snow,  
And the sun shines out so warm,  
You need not fear another storm.

So, your pretty flower shew,  
And your leaves of white undo;  
Then you'll hang your modest head,  
Down upon my flower bed.

## ROMPING.

WHY now, my dear boys, this is always the way,  
You can't be contented with innocent play,  
But this sort of romping, so noisy and high,  
Is never left off, till it ends in a cry.

What! are there no games you can take a de-  
light in,  
But kicking, and knocking, and boxing, and  
fighting?

It is a sad thing to be forc'd to conclude,  
That boys can't be merry, without being rude.

Now what is the reason you never can play,  
Without snatching each others playthings away?  
Would it be any hardship to let them alone,  
When ev'ry one of you has toys of his own?

I often have told you before, my dear boys,  
That I do not object to your making a noise;  
Or running and jumping about, any how,  
But fighting and mischief I cannot allow.

But if any more of these quarrels are heard,  
 I tell you this once, and I'll keep to my word,  
 I'll take every marble, and spintop, and ball,  
 And not let you play with each other at all.

~~~~~  
 WORKING.

WELL, now I will sit down, and work very fast,
 And try if I can't be a good girl at last:
 'Tis better than being so sulky and haughty,
 I'm really quite tired of being so naughty.

For as mamma says, when my bus'ness is done,
 There's plenty of time left to play and to run;
 But when 'tis my work-time, I ought to sit still,
 I know that I *ought*, and I certainly will.

But for fear, after all, I should get at my play,
 I'll put my wax-doll in the closet away;
 And I'll not look to see what the kitten is doing,
 I won't think of any thing now but my sewing.

I'm sorry I have idled so often before,
 But I hope I shall never do so any more :
 Mamma will be pleas'd when she sees how I
 mend,
 And have done this long seam, from beginning
 to end.



THE SELFISH SNAILS.

It happen'd that a little snail,
 Came crawling with his slimy tail,
 Upon a cabbage stalk ;
 But two more little snails were there,
 Both feasting on this dainty fare,
 Engag'd in friendly talk.

“ No, no, you shall not dine with us,
 How dare you interrupt us thus !”

The greedy snails declare ;
 So their poor brother they discard,
 Who really thinks it very hard,
 He may not have his share.

But selfish folks are sure to know,
 They get no good by being so,
 In earnest or in play ;
 Which these two snails confess'd, no doubt,
 When soon the gardener spy'd them out,
 And threw them both away.



GOOD DOBBIN.

O THANK you good Dobbin, a long way you've
 been,
 And now you're come back with an appetite keen ;
 You shall have some nice oats, faithful Dobbin,
 indeed,
 For you've brought papa home to his darling with
 speed.

The howling wind blew, and the pelting rain
 beat,
 And the thick mud has cover'd his legs and his
 feet,
 But yet on he gallop'd, in spite of the rain,
 And has brought papa home to his darling again.

The sun it was setting a long while ago,
 And papa could not see the road where he
 should go,

But Dobbin kept on thro' the desolate wild,
 And has brought papa home again safe to his
 child.

Now go to the stable, the night is so raw,
 Go Dobbin, and rest your old bones on the straw;
 Don't stand any longer out here in the rain,
 For you've brought papa home to his darling
 again.

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 SULKING.

Why is Mary standing there?  
 Leaning down upon a chair,  
 With pouting lip, and frowning brow:  
 I wonder what's the matter now!

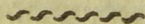
Come here, my dear, and tell me true,  
 Is it because I scolded you?

For doing work so bad and slow,  
That you are standing sulking so ?

Why then, indeed, I'm griev'd to see,  
That you can so ill-temper'd be,  
You make your fault a great deal worse,  
By being angry and perverse.

O, how much better it appears,  
To see you melting into tears,  
And then to hear you humbly say,  
You'll not do so another day.

But when you stand and sulk about,  
And look so cross, and cry, and pout,  
Why that, my little girl, you know,  
Is *worse* than working bad and slow.



TIME TO GO TO BED.

THE sun at evening sets, and then  
 The lion leaves his gloomy den ;  
 He roars along the forest wide,  
 And all who hears are terrify'd ;  
 There he prowls at evening hour,  
 Seeking something to devour.

When the sun is in the west,  
 The white owl leaves his darksome nest ;  
 Wide he opes his staring eyes,  
 And screams, as round and round he flies ;  
 For he hates the cheerful light,  
 He sleeps by day, and wakes at night.

When the lion cometh out,  
 When the white owl flies about,  
 I must lay my sleepy head,  
 Down upon my pleasant bed ;  
 There all night I'll lay me still,  
 While the owl is screaming shrill.




## TIME TO RISE.

THE cock, who soundly sleeps at night,  
Rises with the morning light,  
Very loud and shrill he crows ;  
Then the sleeping ploughman knows,  
He must leave his bed also,  
To his morning work to go.

And the little lark does fly,  
To the middle of the sky ;  
You may hear his merry tune,  
In the morning very soon ;  
For he does not like to rest,  
Idle, in his downy nest.

While the cock is crowing shrill,  
Leave my little bed I will,  
And will rise to hear the lark,  
For it is no longer dark ;  
'Twould be a pity there to lie,  
While the lark mounts up so high.



THE POOR FLY.

So, so, you are running away, Mr. Fly,  
 But I'll come at you now, if you don't go too  
 high ;  
 There, there, I have caught you,—you can't get  
 away,  
 Never mind, my old fellow,—I'm only in play.

O Charles! cruel Charles! you have kill'd the  
 poor fly,  
 You have pinch'd him so hard, he is going to die,  
 His legs all are broken, and he cannot stand:  
 There now, he has fallen down dead in your  
 hand!

I hope you are sorry for what you have done,  
 You may *kill* many flies, but you cannot *make*  
 one.

No,—you can't set it up,—as I told you before,  
 It is dead,—and it never will stand any more.

Poor thing! as it buzz'd up and down on the  
glass,

How little it thought what was coming to pass!  
For it could not have guess'd, as it frisk'd in  
the sun,

That a child would destroy it, for nothing but  
fun.

The spider, who weaves his fine cobweb so neat,  
*Might* have caught him, indeed, for he wants him  
to eat;

But the poor flies must learn to keep out of *your*  
way,

As you kill them, for nothing at all but your  
play.

J. T.

~~~~~  
TUMBLE UP!

TUMBLE down, tumble up, never mind it, my
sweet,

No, no, never beat the poor floor;

'Twas your fault, that could not stand straight on
your feet:

Beat yourself, if you beat any more.

O, dear ! what a noise: will a noise make it well ?

Will crying wash bruises away ?

Suppose that it should bleed a little, and swell,

'Twill all be gone down in a day.

That's right, be a man, love, and dry up your
tears,

Come,—smile, and I'll give you a kiss ;

If you live in the world but a very few years,

You must bear greater troubles than this.

Ah ! there's the last tear, dropping down from
your cheek ;

All the dimples are coming again ;

And your round little face looks as ruddy and
meek,

As a rose that's been wash'd in the rain.

THE LITTLE FISH THAT WOULD NOT DO
AS IT WAS BID.

DEAR mother, said a little fish,

Pray, is not that a fly?

I'm very hungry, and I wish

You'd let me go and try.

Sweet innocent, the mother cry'd,

And started from her nook,

That horrid fly is put to hide

The sharpness of the hook!

Now, as I've heard, this little trout

Was young, and foolish too,

And so he thought he'd venture out,

To see if it were true.

And round about the hook he play'd,

With many a longing look,

And "Dear me," to himself he said,

"I'm sure, that's not a *hook*."

“ I can but give one little pluck :

“ Let's see, and so I will.”

So on he went, and lo ! it stuck,

Quite through his little gill !

And as he faint and fainter grew,

With hollow voice he cry'd,

“ Dear mother, if I'd minded you

“ I need not now have dy'd !”

~~~~~

THE TWO BABIES.

WHAT is this pretty little thing,

That nurse so carefully doth bring,

And round its head her apron fling ?

A baby !

O ! dear, how very soft its cheek ;

Why nurse, I cannot make it speak,

And it can't walk, it is so weak,

Poor baby.

Here, take a bit, you little dear,  
 I've got some cake and sweetmeats here,  
 'Tis very nice, you need not fear,  
 You baby.

O! I'm afraid that it will die,  
 Why can't it eat as well as I,  
 And jump, and talk? do let it try,  
 Poor baby.

Why, you were once a baby too,  
 And could not jump, as now you do,  
 But good mamma took care of you,  
 Like baby.

And then she taught your pretty feet,  
 To pat along the carpet neat,  
 And call'd papa to come and meet,  
 His baby.

O! good mamma, to take such care,  
 And no kind pains and trouble spare,  
 To feed and nurse you, when you were!  
 A baby!

## WHAT CAME OF FIRING A GUN.

Ah ! there it falls, and now 'tis dead ;  
The shot went through its pretty head,  
And broke its shining wing !  
How dull and dim its closing eyes !  
How cold, and stiff, and still it lies !  
Poor harmless little thing !

It was a lark, and in the sky,  
In mornings fine it mounted high,  
To sing a merry song ;  
Cutting the fresh and healthy air,  
It whistled out its music there,  
As light it skimm'd along.

How little thought its pretty breast,  
This morning, when it left its nest,  
(Hid in the springing corn,  
To find some victuals for its young,  
And pipe away its morning song,)  
It never should return.

Those pretty wings shall never more  
 Its callow nestlings cover o'er,  
 Or bring them dainties rare :  
 But long their gaping beaks will cry,  
 And then, with pinching hunger die,  
 All in the bitter air.

Poor little bird !—if people knew  
 The sorrows little birds go through,  
 I think, that even boys,  
 Would never call it sport and fun,  
 To stand and fire a frightful gun,  
 For nothing but the noise.

~~~~~  
 THE LITTLE NEGRO.

Ah! the poor little blackamoor, see there he goes,
 And the blood gushes out from his half frozen
 toes,
 And his legs are so thin you may see the very
 bones,
 As he goes shiver, shiver, on the sharp cutting
 stones.

He was once a negro boy, and a merry boy
was he,

Playing outlandish plays, by the tall palm tree;
Or bathing in the river, like a brisk water rat,
And at night sleeping sound, on a little bit of
mat.

But there came some wicked people, and they
stole him far away,

And then good bye to palm-tree tall, and merry
merry play ;

For they took him from his house and home, and
ev'ry body dear,

And now, poor little negro boy, he's come a beg-
ging here.

And fie upon the wicked folks who did this
cruel thing !

I wish some mighty nobleman would go and
tell the king ;

For to steal him from his house and home must
be a crying sin,

Though he was a little negro boy, and had a
sooty skin.

~~~~~

POOR DONKEY.

Poor Donkey, I'll give him a handful of grass,  
 I'm sure he's a good-natured, honest old ass ;  
 He trots to the market to carry the sack,  
 And lets me ride all the way home on his back ;  
 And only just stops by the ditch for a minute,  
 To see if there's any fresh grass for him in it.

'Tis true, now and then, he has got a bad trick  
 Of standing stock still, but he never does kick,  
 And then, poor old fellow, you know, he can't  
 tell

That standing stock still is not using me well ;  
 For it never comes into his head, I dare say,  
 To do his work first, and then afterwards play.

No, no, my good Donkey, I'll give you some  
 grass,

For *you* know no better, because you're an ass ;  
 But what little Donkies some children must look,  
 Who stand, very like you, stock still at their book,  
 And waste every minute of time, as it passes,  
 A great deal more stupid and silly than asses !

THE SPRING NOSEGAY.

COME, my love, 'tis pleasant spring,  
 Let us make a posy gay;  
 Every pretty flower we'll bring,  
 Daisy white, and prickly May:  
 Then along the hedge we'll go,  
 Where the purple violets grow.

After that the primrose fair,  
 Looking very pale and dim;  
 And we'll search the meadows, where  
 Cowslips grow, with yellow rim;  
 With a buttercup or two,  
 Holding little drops of dew.

Then the snowdrop, hanging low  
 On its green and narrow stalk;  
 And the crocuses, that blow  
 Up and down the garden walk:  
 All these pretty flowers we'll bring,  
 To make a posy for the spring.



## THE SUMMER NOSEGAY.

Now the yellow cowslips fade,  
All along the woody walk ;  
And the primrose hangs her head  
Faintly, on her tiny stalk ;  
Let us to the garden go,  
Where the flowers of summer grow.

Come, and make a nosegay there,  
Plucking every flower that blows ;  
Briar sweet, and lily fair,  
That along the valley grows ;  
With a honeysuckle red,  
Round the shady arbour led.

Then a budding rose or two,  
Half, in mossy leaves enroll'd ;  
With the larkspur, red and blue,  
Streaky pink, and marygold :  
These shall make our posy gay,  
In the cheerful summer day.





## THE AUTUMN NOSEGAY.

Now the fog has risen high,  
Through the chilly morning air ;  
And the blue and cheerful sky  
Peeps upon us, here and there ;  
Once again we'll gather sweet,  
Every pretty flower we meet.

Ah ! the yellow leaves are now  
Over all the garden spread,  
Scatter'd from the naked bough  
On the lonely flower bed ;  
Where the autumn daisy blue  
Opens wet with chilly dew.

Lavender, of darksome green,  
Shows its purple blossoms near ;  
And the golden rod is seen  
Shooting up his yellow spear :  
These are all that we can find  
In our posy gay to bind.



## THE WINTER NOSEGAY.

Now the winds of winter blow  
Fiercely, through the chilly air;  
Now the fields are white with snow,  
Can we find a posy there?  
No, there cannot all around  
A single blade of grass be found!

Nothing but the holly bright,  
Spotted with its berries gay;  
Lauristinus, red and white;  
Or the ivy's crooked spray;  
With a sloe of darksome blue,  
Where the ragged blackthorn grew.

Or the hips of shining red,  
Where the wild rose us'd to grow;  
Peeping out its scarlet head,  
From beneath a cap of snow:  
These are all that dare to stay  
Through the cutting winter's day.

## THE LITTLE LARK.

I HEAR a pretty bird, but hark !

I cannot see it any where.

O, it is a little lark,

Singing in the morning air.

Little lark, do tell me why

You are singing in the sky ?

Other little birds at rest,

Have not yet begun to sing ;

Every one is in its nest,

With its head behind its wing ;

Little lark, then, tell me why

You sing so early in the sky.

You look no bigger than a bee,

In the middle of the blue ;

Up above the poplar tree,

I can hardly look at you :

Come, little lark, and tell me why

You are mounted up so high.

'Tis to watch the silver star,  
 Sinking slowly in the skies ;  
 And beyond the mountain far,  
 To see the glorious sun arise :  
 Little lady, this is why,  
 I am mounted up so high.

'Tis to sing a merry song,  
 To the pleasant morning light :  
 Why linger in my nest so long,  
 When the sun is shining bright ?  
 Little lady, this is why,  
 I sing so early in the sky.

To the little birds below,  
 I do sing my merry tune ;  
 And I let the ploughman know,  
 He must come to labour soon,  
 Little lady, this is why  
 I am singing in the sky.

## THE QUARRELSOME DOGS.

OLD Tray and rough Growler are having a fight,  
So let us get out of their way ;

They snarl, and they growl, and they bark, and  
they bite :

O dear, what a terrible fray !

Why, what foolish fellows !—now is it not hard,  
They can't live together in quiet ?

There's plenty of room for them both in the yard,  
And always a plenty of diet.

But who ever said to old Growler and Tray,  
It was naughty to quarrel and fight ?

They think 'tis as pretty to fight as to play,  
Nor know they the wrong from the right.

But when little children, who *know* it is wrong,  
Are angrily fighting away ;  
A great deal more blame unto them must belong,  
Than to quarrelsome Growler and Tray.



## THE HONEST PLOUGHMAN.


Poor Tom is a husbandman, healthy and strong;  
He follows his plough as it hobbles along,  
And as he plods after it, sings him a song.

He's up in the morning before the cock crows,  
For he should not be idle, he very well knows,  
Tho' folks who *are* idle know that, I suppose.

And when the sun sets, and his work is done soon,  
He finds his way home by the light of the moon:  
She shines in his face, and he whistles a tune.

So when he gets home, (and he never delays,)  
And sees his neat cot, and the cheerful wood  
blaze,  
His heart glows within him with pleasure and  
praise.

'Tis those who won't work, that mayn't eat, it is  
said;  
But Tom, with good appetite, takes his brown  
bread,  
And cheerful and happy he goes to his bed.



THE GREAT LORD.

A VERY great lord lives near Thomas's cot,  
Who servants, and coaches, and horses, has got ;  
And yet his poor neighbour, Tom, envies him not.

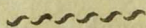
For coaches, and horses, and delicate food,  
Can't make people happy unless they are good ;  
But then he is idle, and wicked, and rude.

He never does any thing all the day long,  
Altho' he is able, and healthy, and strong :  
He does nothing right, but he often does wrong.

And then he's as vain as he ever can be,  
He wears gaudy clothes, that poor people may see ;  
And laughs at good folks, that are better than he.

And tho' he's so rich, and so great, and so high,  
He does no more good than a worm or a fly ;  
And no one would miss him, if he were to die.

I think 'tis much better, for all that I see,  
 A poor honest ploughman, like Thomas, to be,  
 Than a fine wealthy lord, but as useless as he.



THE LITTLE BEGGAR GIRL.

THERE'S a poor beggar going by,  
 I see her looking in,  
 She's just about as big as I,  
 Only so very thin.

She has no shoes upon her feet,  
 She is so very poor ;  
 And hardly any thing to eat :  
 I pity her, I'm sure !

But I have got nice clothes, you know,  
 And meat, and bread, and fire ;  
 And you, mamma, that love me so,  
 And all that I desire.



If I were forc'd to stroll so far,  
 O dear, what should I do !  
 I wish she had a dear mamma,  
 Just such a one as you.

Here, little girl, come back again,  
 And hold your ragged hat,  
 For I will put a penny in ;  
 So buy some bread with that.



POOR PUSS.

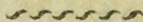
O HARRY, my dear, do not kick the poor cat,  
 For pussy I'm sure will not thank you for that ;  
 She was doing no harm, as she sat on the mat.

Suppose some great giant, amazingly strong,  
 Were often to kick you, and drive you along ;  
 Now, would not you think it exceedingly wrong ?

And Harry, I think, you're as greatly to blame,  
 When *you* serve poor pussy exactly the same,  
 For she's very gentle, and quiet, and tame.

She's under the table, quite out of your way,  
 But why should you tease her and drive her away ;  
 She takes it in earnest, if you think it play.

There now, go and call her, and stroke her again ;  
 And never, my love, give poor animals pain,  
 For you know, when you hurt them they cannot  
 complain.



#### THE LITTLE ANTS:

A LITTLE black ant found a large grain of wheat,  
 Too heavy to lift or to roll ;  
 So he begg'd of a neighbour he happen'd to meet,  
 To help it down into its hole.

I've got my own work to see after, said he,  
 You may shift for yourself, if you please ;  
 So he crawl'd off, as selfish and cross as could be,  
 And laid down to sleep at his ease.

Just then a black brother was passing the road,  
 And seeing his neighbour in want,  
 Came up and assisted him in with his load ;  
 For he was a good-natur'd ant.

Let all who this story may happen to hear,  
 Endeavour to profit by it ;  
 For often it happens that children appear  
 As cross as the ant, ev'ry bit.

And the good-natur'd ant, who assisted his brother,  
 May teach those who choose to be taught,  
 That if little insects are kind to each other,  
 Then children most certainly ought.



## SECOND THOUGHTS ARE BEST.

I HATE being scolded, and having a rout,  
 I've a good mind to stand in the corner and pout;  
 And if mamma calls me, I will not come out.

Yes, yes, here I'll keep, I'm resolv'd on it quite,  
 With my face to the wall, and my back to the  
 light,  
 And I'll not speak a word, if I stand here all night.

And yet mamma says, when I'm naughty and cry,  
 She scolds me to make me grow good by and by,  
 And that, all the time, she's as sorry as I.

And she says, when I'm naughty and will not obey,  
 If she were to let me go on in that way,  
 I should grow up exceedingly wicked one day.

O then, what a very sad girl I should be,  
 To be sulky because she was angry with me,  
 And grieve such a very kind mother as she!

Well, then, I'll go to her directly and say,  
 Forgive me this once, my dear mother, I pray;  
 For that will be better than sulking all day.



THE MEADOWS.

WE'LL go to the meadows where cowslips do  
 grow;

And buttercups, looking as yellow as gold;  
 And daisies and violets, beginning to blow;  
 For it is a most beautiful sight to behold!

The little bee humming about them is seen,  
 The butterfly merrily dances along;  
 And the grasshopper chirps in the hedges of  
 green,

And the linnet is singing his liveliest song.

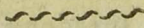
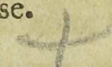
The birds and the insects are happy and gay,  
 The beasts of the field they are glad and re-  
 joice,

And we will be thankful to God ev'ry day,  
 And praise his great name in a loftier voice,

He made the green meadows, he planted the  
flowers,

He sent his bright sun in the heavens to blaze;  
He created these wonderful bodies of ours,

And as long as we live we will sing of his  
praise.



#### A WASP AND A BEE.

A WASP met a bee that was just buzzing by,  
And he said, little cousin, can you tell me why,  
You are lov'd so much better by people than I?

My back shines as bright and as 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 were 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-natur'd they are,  
 They will never be lov'd, if they're ever so fair.

J. T.



PASSION AND PENITENCE.

HERE'S morning again, and a good fire side,  
 And a breakfast so nice in a bason so full ;  
 How good, dear mamma, for my wants to provide,  
 I ought to be good too,—but sure you are dull.

You don't smile to meet me, nor call me your  
 dear;

Nor place your arms round me so kind on your  
 knee;

Nor give the sweet kiss, as I climb up your chair :  
 Nay, sure that's a frown, are you angry with me?

Oh, now I remember,—quite naughty last night,  
 I left you in passion, nor came for a kiss ;  
 I bounc'd from the room in vexation and spite :  
 Indeed 'twas ungrateful, I did act amiss.

My fretful ill-temper, so naughty and rude,  
 To you 'twas unkind, before God it was wrong :  
 I'm asham'd to come near, when I know I'm not  
 good:

You ought not to kiss me for ever so long.

Yet, indeed I do love you, and stoutly will try,  
 To subdue ev'ry passion that moves me amiss :  
 I'll pray God to pardon my sin, lest I die :  
 When you see my repentance, I know you will  
 kiss.



~~~~~  
THE DUNCE OF A KITTEN.

COME, pussy, will you learn to read,
I've got a pretty book :
Nay, turn this way, you must indeed.
Fie, there's a sulky look.

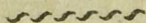
Here is a pretty picture, see,
An apple, and great A :
How stupid you will ever be,
If you do nought but play.

Come, A, B, C, an easy task,
What any fool can do :
I will do any thing you ask,
For dearly I love you.

Now, how I'm vex'd, you are so dull,
You have not learnt it half :
You will grow up a downright fool,
And make all people laugh.

Mamma told me so, I declare,
 And made me quite asham'd;
 So I resolv'd no pains to spare,
 Nor like a dunce be blam'd.

Well, get along, you naughty kit,
 And after mice go look:
 I'm glad that I have got more wit,
 I love my pretty book.



A VERY SORROWFUL STORY.

I'LL tell you a story, come sit on my knee;
 A true, and a pitiful one it shall be.
 About an old man, and a poor man was he.

He'd a fine merry boy, (such another as you,)
 And he did for him all that a father could do;
 For he was a kind father as ever I knew.

So he hop'd, that one day, when his darling should
 grow

A fine hearty man, he'd remember, you know,
 To thank his old father for loving him so.

But what do you think came of all this at last ?
Why, after a great many years had gone past,
And the good-natured father grew old very fast :

Instead of rememb'ring how kind he had been,
This boy did not care for his father a pin,
But bade him be gone, for he should not come in !

So he wander'd about in the frost and the snow ;
For he had not a place in the world, where to go ;
And you'd almost have cry'd to have heard the
wind blow.

And the tears, poor old man, oh ! how fast they
did pour !

So he fell down and died at this wicked child's
door.

Did you ever, now, hear such a story before ?

But what do you think names of all this at last?
 Why, when a great many are named after you,
 And the good natured father grew a little
 Instead of being angry, how kind he had been,
 This boy did not care for his father's plan,
 But bade him be gone, for he would not come in,
 So he wandered about in the forest and the snow,
 For he had not a place in the world, where to go,
 And would almost have died, if he had not seen the
 Wind blow.

And the tears poor old man and his faithful
 Did pour,
 So he fell down and died in the winter child's
 door,
 Did you ever see a man such a story before?



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