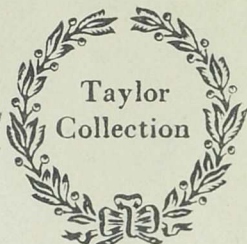


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DAISY

[1856~  
1866]

28th ed.



Christina Duff Stewart

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See Stewart

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From his loving Auntie

Caroline Pys-Smith.

Sep. 1. 1867.

Grandson of Jemima

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# THE DAISY.



## I.

### *Pretty Puss.*

COME, Pretty Cat!

Come here to me,

I want to pat

You on my knee.

Go, naughty Tray ;  
By barking thus,  
You'll drive away  
My pretty Puss





## II.

*The Fairing.*

O DEAR ! what a beautiful Doll

My sister has bought at the Fair !

She says I must call it "Miss Poll,"

And make it a bonnet to wear.

O pretty new Doll ! it looks fine ;  
Its cheeks all covered with red ;  
But, pray, will it always be mine ?  
And, pray, may I take it to bed ?

How kind was my sister to buy  
This Dolly, with hair that will curl !  
Perhaps, if you want to know why,  
She 'll tell you I 've been a good girl.



## III.

*The Good Boy.*

When Philip's good Mamma was ill,  
The servant begg'd he would be still;  
Because the doctor and the nurse  
Had said that noise would make her worse.



At night, when Philip went to bed,  
He kissed Mamma, and whisp'ring said,  
"My dear Mamma, I never will  
Make any noise when you are ill."



## IV.

*Frances and Henry.*

SISTER FRANCES is sad  
 Because Henry is ill ;  
 And she lets the dear lad  
 Do whatever he will.

Left her own little chair,  
And got up in a minute,  
When she heard him declare  
That he wish'd to sit in it.

Now from this we can tell,  
He will never more tease her ;  
But when he is well,  
He will study to please her.





## V.

*The Giddy Girl.*

MISS HELEN was always too giddy to heed

What her mother had told her to shun ;  
For frequently, over the street in full speed,  
She would cross where the carriages run.

And out she would go to a very deep well  
To look at the water below ;  
How naughty ! to run to a dangerous well,  
Where her mother forbade her to go !

One morning, intending to take but one peep,  
Her foot slipp'd away from the ground ;  
Unhappy misfortune ! the water was deep,  
And giddy Miss Helen was drown'd.



## VI.

*The Good Scholar.*

JOSEPH WEST had been told,  
 That if, when he grew old,  
 He had not learned rightly to spell,  
 Though his writing were good,  
 'T would not be understood :  
 And Joe said, "I will learn my task well."



And he made it a rule  
To be silent at school,  
And what do you think came to pass !  
Why, he learnt it so fast,  
That from being the last,  
He soon was the first in the class.





## VII.

*Dressed or Undressed.*

WHEN Children are naughty and will not  
be dress'd,

Pray, what do you think is the way ?

Why, often I really believe it is best

To keep them in night-clothes all day !

But then they can have no good breakfast  
to eat,

Nor walk with their Mother or Aunt ;  
At dinner they 'll have neither pudding nor  
meat,

Nor anything else that they want.

Then who would be naughty, and sit all the  
day

In night-clothes unfit to be seen ?

And pray, who would lose all their pudding  
For not being dress'd neat and clean ?



## VIII.

*Miss Peggy.*

As PEGGY was crying aloud for a cake,  
 Which her mother had said she should fetch  
     from the wake,  
 A gentleman knock'd at the door ;



He enter'd the parlour and show'd much  
surprise,  
That it really was Peggy who made all the  
noise,  
For he never had heard her before.

Miss Peggy ashamed, and to hide her disgrace,  
Took hold of her frock, and quite cover'd  
her face,  
For she knew she was naughty just then ;  
And, instantly wiping the tears from her  
eyes,  
She promised her mother to make no more  
noise,  
And kiss'd her again and again.





## IX.

*The Idle Boy.*

GET up little Boy! you are sleeping too  
long;

Your brother is dress'd, he is singing a song,  
And Tom must be waken'd, O fie!

Come, open the curtains, and let in the  
light,

For Children should only be sleepy at night,  
When stars may be seen in the sky.



## X.

*Playful Pompey.*

COME hither, little dog, to play,  
 And do not go so far away,  
 But stand and beg for food ;  
 And if your tail I chance to touch,  
 You must not snarl so very much ;  
 Pray, Pompey, be not rude.

The dog can eat, and drink, and sleep,  
And help to fetch the cows and sheep ;

O see how Pompey begs !

Hark ! hark ! he says, Bow wow ! bow wow !

But run away, good Pompey, now,

You'll tire your little legs.



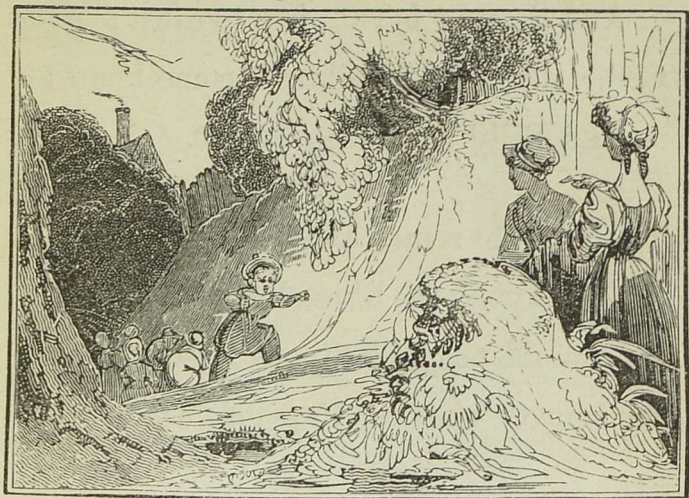


## XI.

*Politeness.*

Good little Boys should never say,  
 "I will," and "Give me these ;"  
 O, no ! that never is the way,  
 But, "Mother, if you please."

And, "If you please," to sister Ann,  
Good Boys to say are ready ;  
And, "Yes, Sir," to a Gentleman,  
And, "Yes, Ma'am," to a Lady.



## XII.

*Come when you are called.*

WHERE 's Susan, and Kitty, and Jane?

Where 's Billy, and Sammy, and Jack?

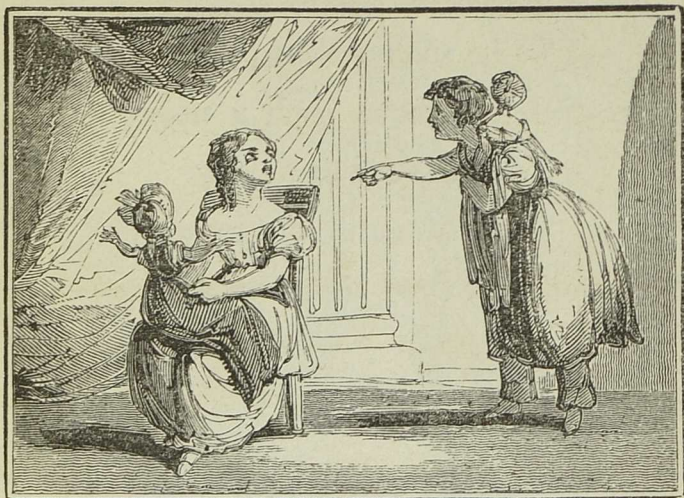
Oh! there they are, down in the lane!

Go, Betty, and bring them all back.

But Billy is rude, and won't come,  
And Sammy is running too fast;  
Come, dear little Children, come home;  
And Billy is coming at last.

I'm glad he remembers what's right;  
For though he likes sliding on ice,  
He should not be long out of sight,  
And never want sending for twice.





## XIII.

*The New Doll.*

MISS JENNY and Polly  
 Had each a new Dolly,  
 With rosy-red cheeks and blue eyes ;  
 Dress'd in ribands and gauze :  
 And they quarrell'd because  
 The Dolls were not both of a size.

O silly Miss Jenny  
To be such a Ninny,  
To quarrel and make such a noise!  
For the very same day  
Their Mamma sent away  
Their Dolls with red cheeks and blue eyes.



## XIV.

*Naughty Sam.*

TOM and Charles once took a walk  
To see a pretty lamb ;  
And, as they went, began to talk  
Of little naughty Sam.



Who beat his younger brother, Will,  
And threw him in the dirt ;  
And when his poor Mamma was ill,  
He teased her for a squirt.

“ And I,” said Tom, “ won’t play with Sam,  
Although he has a top :”  
But here a pretty little lamb  
To talking put a stop.





## XV.

*The Dizzy Girl.*

As FRANCES was playing and turning around,  
 Her head got so giddy she fell to the  
 ground ;

'Twas well that she was not much hurt ;  
 But, O what a pity ! her frock was so soil'd,  
 That had you beheld the unfortunate child,  
 You had seen her all cover'd with dirt.

Her mother was sorry, and said, "Do not cry,  
And Mary shall wash you, and make you  
quite dry,

If you'll promise to turn round no more."

"What, not in the parlour?" the little girl  
said :

"No, not in the parlour ; for lately I read  
Of a girl who was hurt with the door.

"She was playing and turning until her  
poor head

Fell against the hard door, and it very much  
bled :

And I heard Dr. Camomile tell,  
That he put on a plaster, and covered it up ;  
That he gave her some tea that was bitter  
to sup,  
Or perhaps it had never been well."



## XVI.

*Charity.*

Do you see that old beggar who stands at  
the door?

Do not send him away—we must pity the  
poor.



Oh! see how he shivers! he's hungry and  
cold!

For people can't work when they grow very  
old.

Go, set near the fire a table and seat,  
And Betty shall bring him some bread and  
some meat;

I hope my dear children will always be kind,  
Whenever they meet with the aged and blind.





## XVII.

*Careless Maria.*

MARIA was a careless child,  
 And grieved her friends by this:  
 Where'er she went,  
 Her clothes were rent,  
 Her hat and bonnet spoil'd,  
 A careless little Miss!

Her gloves and mits were often lost,  
Her tippet sadly soil'd,  
You might have seen,  
Where she had been,  
For toys all round were toss'd,  
Oh, what a careless child!

One day her uncle bought a toy  
That round and round would twirl,  
But when he found  
The litter'd ground,  
He said, "I don't tee-totums buy  
For such a careless girl!"



## XVIII.

*Frightened by a Cow.*

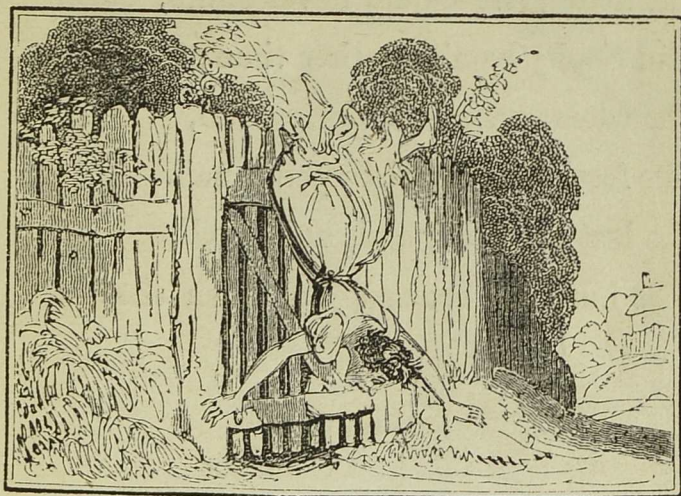
A VERY young lady,  
With Susan the maid,  
Who carried the baby,  
Were one day afraid.



They saw a cow feeding,  
Quite harmless and still:  
Yet scream'd, without heeding  
The Man at the Mill.

Who, seeing their flutter,  
Said "Cows do no harm;  
But send you good butter  
And milk from the farm."





## XIX.

*Miss Sophia.*

MISS SOPHY, one fine sunny day,  
 Left her work and ran away;  
 When soon she reach'd the garden-gate,  
 Which finding lock'd, she would not wait,  
 But tried to climb and scramble o'er  
 A gate as high as any door.

But little girls should never climb,  
And Sophy won't another time ;  
For when, upon the highest rail,  
Her frock was caught upon a nail.  
She lost her hold, and, sad to tell,  
Was hurt and bruised - for down she fell.



## XX.

*The New Penny.*

MISS ANN saw a man,  
 Quite poor, at the door,  
 And ANN had a pretty new Penny;  
 Now this the kind Miss  
 Threw pat in his hat,  
 Although she was left without any.



She meant, as she went,  
To stop at a shop,  
Where cakes she had seen a great many ;  
And buy a fruit pie,  
Or take home a cake,  
By spending her pretty new Penny.

But well I can tell,  
When Ann gave the man  
Her money, she wish'd not for any ;  
He said, "I've no bread,"  
She heard, and preferr'd  
To give him her pretty new Penny.





## XXI.

*The Canary.*

MARY had a little bird,  
With feathers bright and yellow,  
Slender legs,—upon my word,  
He was a pretty fellow!

Sweetest notes he always sung,  
Which much delighted Mary;  
Often where his cage was hung,  
She sat to hear Canary.

Crumbs of bread and dainty seeds  
She carried to him daily :  
Seeking for the early weeds,  
She deck'd his palace gaily.

This, my little readers, learn,  
And ever practise duly;  
Songs and smiles of love return  
To friends who love you truly.



## XXII.

*Lucy and Dicky.*

MISS LUCY was a charming child,  
She never said, "I won't;"  
If little Dick her playthings spoil'd,  
She said, "Pray, Dicky, don't."



He took her waxen doll one day,  
And bang'd it round and round;  
Then tore its legs and arms away,  
And threw them on the ground.

His good mamma was angry quite,  
And Lucy's tears ran down;  
But Dick went supperless that night,  
And since has better grown.





## XXIII.

*Falsehood corrected.*

WHEN Jacky drown'd our poor cat Tib,  
He told a very naughty fib,

And said he had not drown'd her;  
But truth is always soon found out—  
No one but Jack had been about  
The place where Thomas found her.

And Thomas saw him with the cat,  
(Though Jacky did not know of that,)  
And told Papa the trick;  
He saw him take a slender string,  
And round poor Pussy's neck then swing  
A very heavy brick.

His parents, being very sad  
To find they had a boy so bad  
To say what was not true,  
Determined to correct him then;  
And never was he known again  
Such naughty things to do.



## XXIV.

*Going to Bed.*

THE babe was in the cradle laid,  
 And Tom had said his prayers,  
 Whea Frances told the nursery-maid  
 She would not go up stairs.



She cried so loud her mother came

To ask the reason why ;

And said, "Oh, Frances, fie for shame !

Oh fie ! Oh fie ! Oh fie !"

But Frances was more naughty still,

And Betty sadly nipp'd :

Until her mother said, "I will—

I must have Frances whipp'd."

For, oh ! how naughty 'tis to cry,

But worse, much worse to fight,

Instead of running readily

And calling out, Good night !





## XXV.

*The Fan.*

MARIA'S aunt, who lived in Town,  
 Once wrote a letter to her niece ;  
 And sent, wrapp'd up, a new half-crown,  
 Besides a pretty pocket-piece.

Maria jump'd with joy and ran  
To tell her sister the good news ;  
She said, " I mean to buy a fan,  
Come, come along with me to choose."

They quickly tied their hats, and talk'd  
Of yellow, lilac, pink, and green ;  
But far the sisters had not walk'd  
Before the saddest sight was seen.

Upon the ground a poor lame man  
Helpless and old, had tumbled down,  
She thought no more about the fan,  
But gave to him her new half-crown.

## XXVI.

*Dinner.*

MISS KITTY was rude at the table one day,  
And would not sit still on her seat ;  
Regardless of all that her mother could say,  
From her chair little Kitty kept running  
away,

All the time they were eating the meat.

As soon as she saw that the beef was removed,  
She ran to her chair in great haste ;  
But her Mother such giddy behaviour re-  
proved,  
By sending away the sweet pudding she  
loved,

Without giving Kitty one taste.





## XXVII.

*The Chimney Sweeper.*

“SWEEP! sweep! sweep! sweep!” cries little  
Jack,

With brush and bag upon his back,

And black from head to foot ;

While daily, as he goes along,

‘Sweep ! sweep ! sweep ! sweep !’ is all his  
Beneath his load of soot.

[song,



But then he was not always black,  
Oh, no! he once was pretty Jack,  
And had a kind Papa;  
But, silly child! he ran to play  
Too far from home, a long, long way,  
And did not ask Mamma.

So he was lost, and now must creep  
Up chimneys, crying, Sweep! sweep! sweep!

## XXVIII.

*The Rose.*

“DEAR MOTHER,” said a little boy,  
“This rose is sweet and red ;  
Then tell me, pray, the reason why  
I heard you call it dead ?

“I did not think it was alive,  
I never heard it talk,  
Nor did I ever see it strive  
To run about or walk !”

“My dearest boy,” the Mother said,  
“This rose grew on a tree :  
But now its leaves begin to fade,  
And all fall off you see.

“Before, when growing on the bough  
So beautiful and red,  
We say it lived ! but, withering now,  
We say the rose is dead.”



## XXIX.

*Poisonous Fruit.*

As Tommy and his sister Jane  
Were walking down a shady lane,  
They saw some berries, bright and red,  
That hung around and overhead.



And soon the bough they bended down,  
To make the scarlet fruit their own ;  
And part they ate, and part in play  
They threw about and flung away.

But long they had not been at home  
Before poor Jane and little Tom  
Were taken, sick and ill, to bed,  
And since, I've heard, they both are dead.

Alas ! had Tommy understood  
That fruit in lanes is seldom good,  
He might have walked with little Jane  
Again along the shady lane.



## XXX.

*Dangerous Sport.*

POOR PETER was burnt by the poker one  
day,

When he made it look pretty and red!  
For the beautiful sparks made him think it  
fine play,  
To lift it as high as his head.

But somehow it happen'd, his finger and  
thumb

Were terribly scorched by the heat ;  
And he scream'd out aloud for his Mother  
to come,

And stamp'd on the floor with his feet,

Now if Peter had minded his Mother's com-  
mand,

His fingers would not have been sore ;  
And he promised again, as she bound up his  
hand,

To play with hot pokers no more.





## XXXI.

*The Stranger.*

Who knocks so loudly at the gate?  
The night is dark, the hour is late,  
And rain comes pelting down!  
Oh, 'tis a stranger gone astray  
That calls to ask the nearest way  
To yonder little town.

Why, 'tis a long and dreary mile,  
For one o'ercome with cold and toil ;  
Go to him, Charles, and say,  
“ Good stranger ! here repose to-night,  
And with the morning's earliest light  
We'll guide you on your way.”



## XXXII.

*Hymn.*

O LORD! my infant voice I raise,  
 Thy holy name to bless!  
 In daily songs of thanks and praise,  
 For mercies numberless.



For parents who have taught me right,  
That Thou, art good and true,  
And though unseen by my weak sight,  
Thou seest all I do.

Let all my thoughts and actions rise  
From innocence and truth ;  
And Thou, O Lord! wilt not despise  
The prayer of early youth.

As through Thy power I live and move,  
And say, "Thy will be done ;"  
O keep, in mercy and in love,  
The work Thou hast begun.

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