

F.E.Weatherly

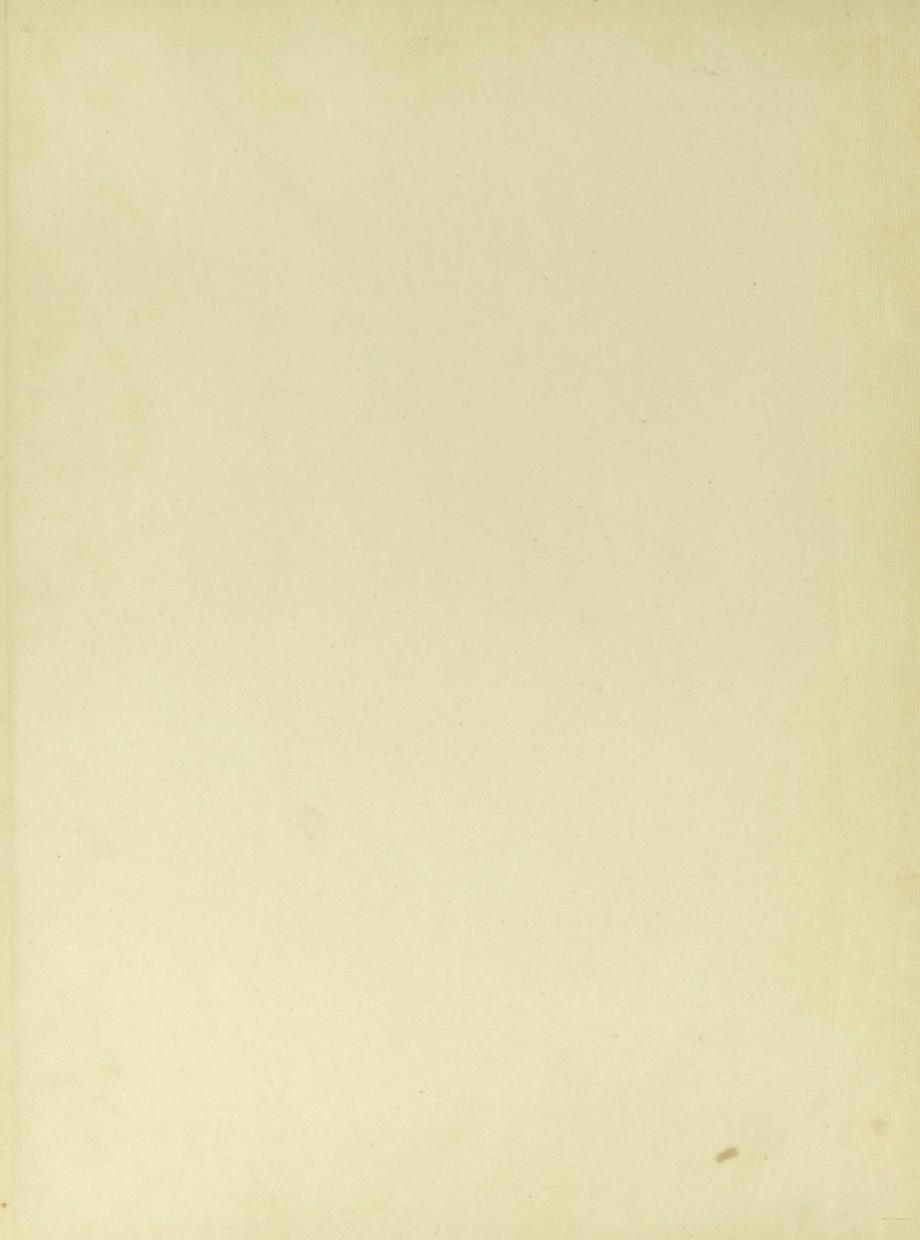
LLUSTRATED

By

M. ELLEN EDWARDS & OTHERS.

HILDESHEIMER & FAULKNER LONDON E.C.

GEO C. WHITNEY, NEW YORK.



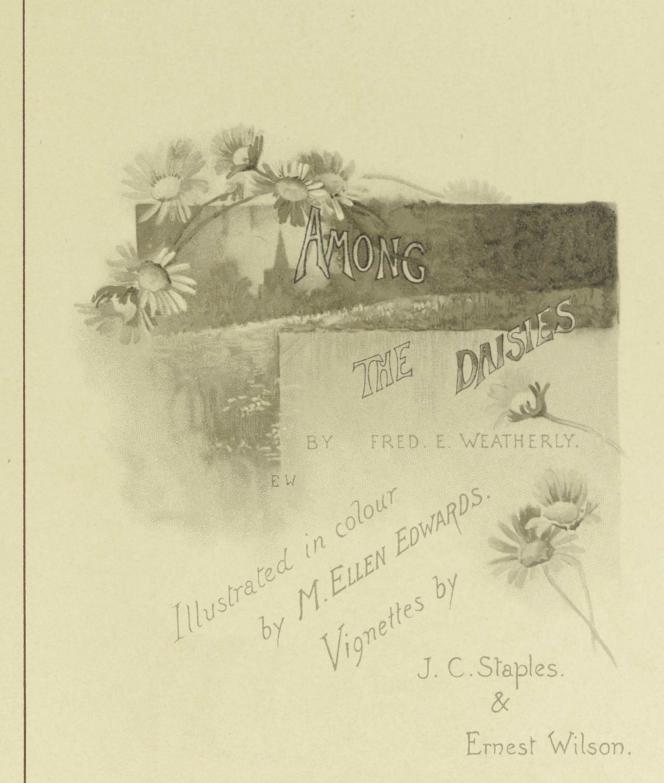
7,00

Hew Tear 92.

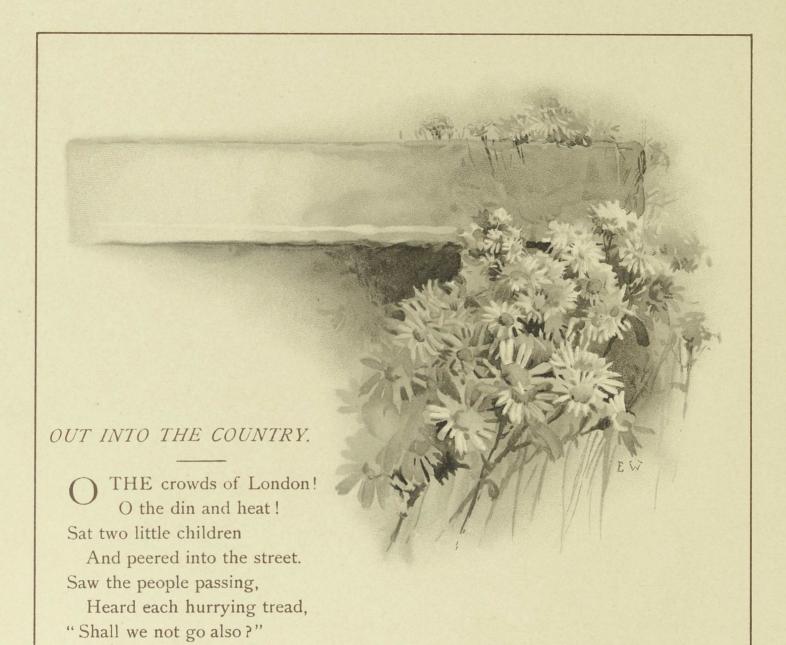








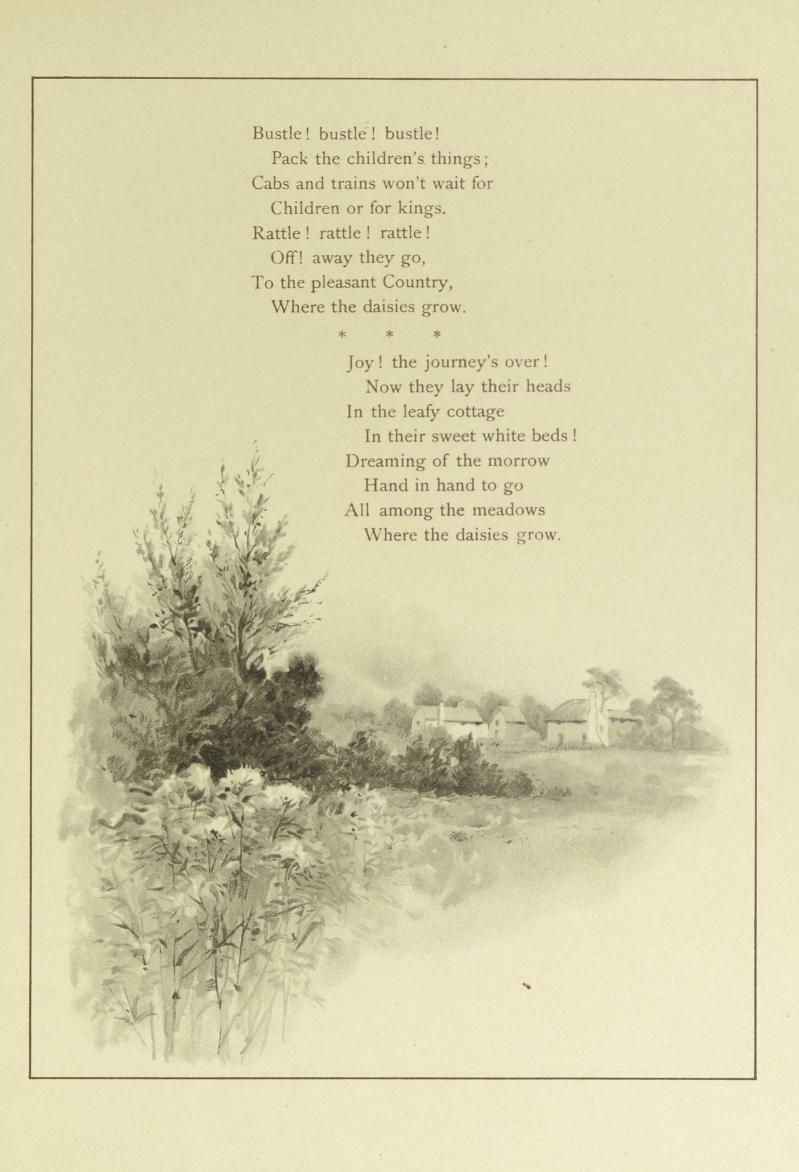
HILDESHEIMER & FAULKNER, LONDON. E.C.
GEO. C. WHITNEY, NEW-YORK.



Little Mother listening,
Asked them soft and low,
"Whither then, my darlings,
Whither would you go?"
Laughed the merry children,
"Mother, don't you know?
Out into the Country,
Where the daisies grow!"

Wistfully they said.

Home at last came Father,
When the sun was low;
"What is it my darlings
Ask and long for so?"
On his knees they clamber,
"Father, don't you know?
Take us to the Country
Where the daisies grow!"





NEXT MORNING.

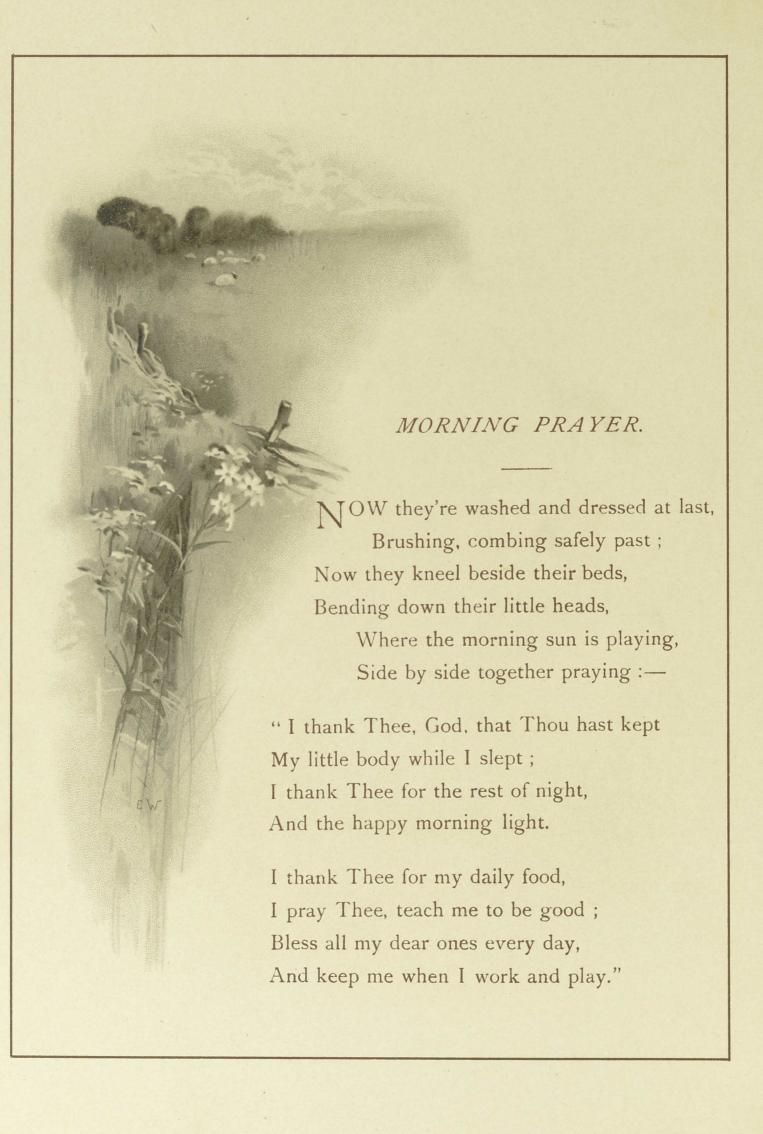
"WAKE up! wake up! wake up and play,
The morning's quite begun;
The little stars have run away
Before the big bright sun.

"There's Mother up and dressed and neat,
Making tea, you know,
And Father, in the garden sweet,
Is walking to and fro.

"The cows and lambs have all been up
At least an hour or two,
And all the rest of people drest
But only I and you.

"There's robin on a myrtle bough Singing 'Come and play!' We're all among the daisies now, London's far away!"





OFF TO THE FIELDS.

BREAKFAST is over! grace is said!
Out of the house they run,
Goodbye to Father, goodbye to Mother,
Goodbye to every one!

The lark is singing "'Tis late, 'tis late."

As he soars away to the sun.

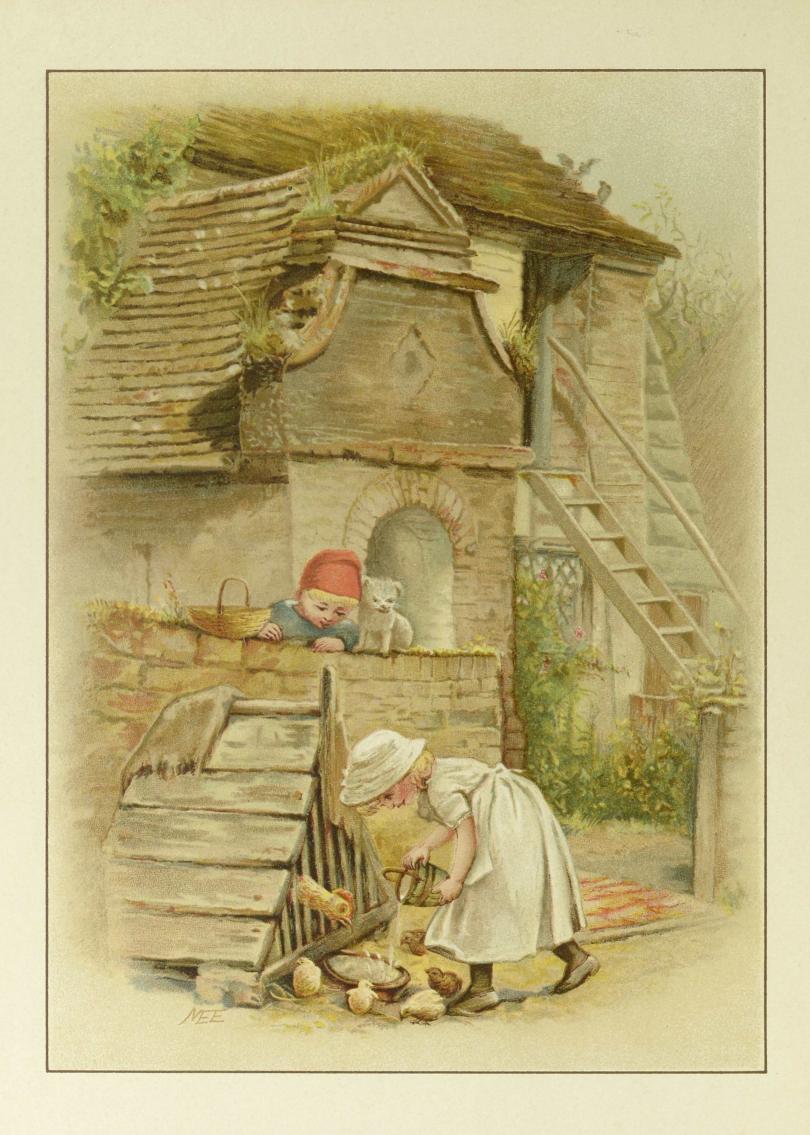
"Don't wait! don't wait!" cries the little

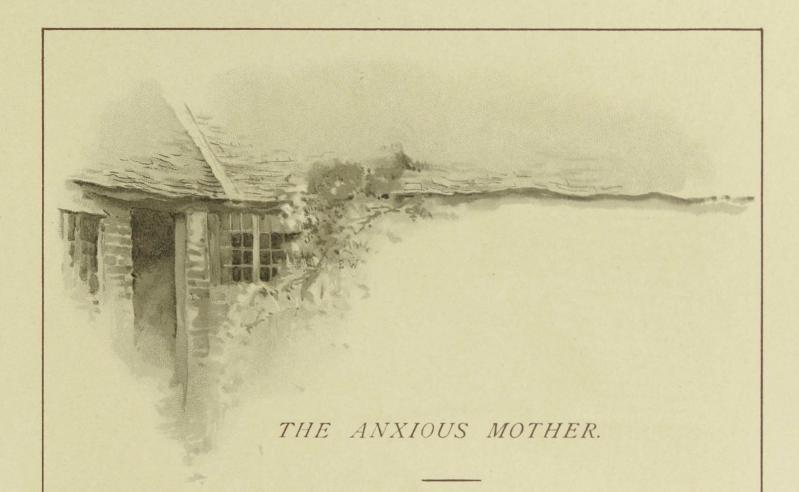
white gate,

As into the fields they run.

And the dragon-fly calls as he floats along
On his wings of glittering hue,
"The lambs are awake in meadow and brake,
And the flowers are waiting for you."







"NOW Bobbie, if you please,

Let us feed the chickadees,

We must get some food and make it nice and hot, hot, hot,

For indeed it would be wrong

If we played the whole day long,

And the little starving chickens we forgot-got-got."

So they filled a little can,
And away together ran,
Till behind a barn they lighted on the spot, spot, spot;
And each little chickadee
Came running up in glee,
And their breakfast in the can, piping hot, hot, hot.

But the poor old mother hen,
She screamed and cackled then,
"It will burn my darlings' throats, if it's hot, hot, hot;
Do be careful, if you please,
Or you'll choke my chickadees,
If you will persist and give them such a lot, lot, lot."



"Do not worry! do not fear!"

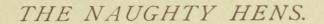
Cried the chickens, "mother dear!"

As they chirped and cheeped so gaily on the trot, trot trot;

"For we've really had indeed

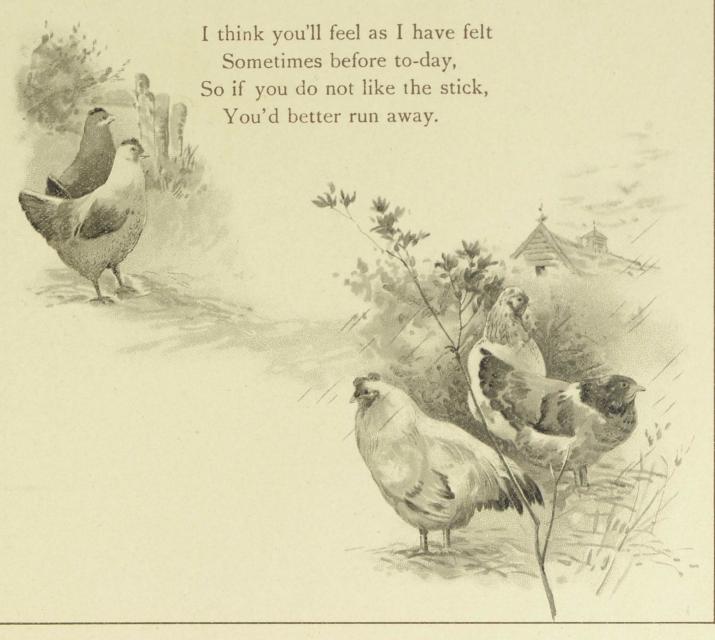
Quite a comfortable feed,

And as for being choked!—we are not, not, not!"



You've rooted up the cauliflowers,
And eaten every one.

When Robin comes and beats you,
As he most likely may,
Whatever will your dear mamma
And little sisters say.



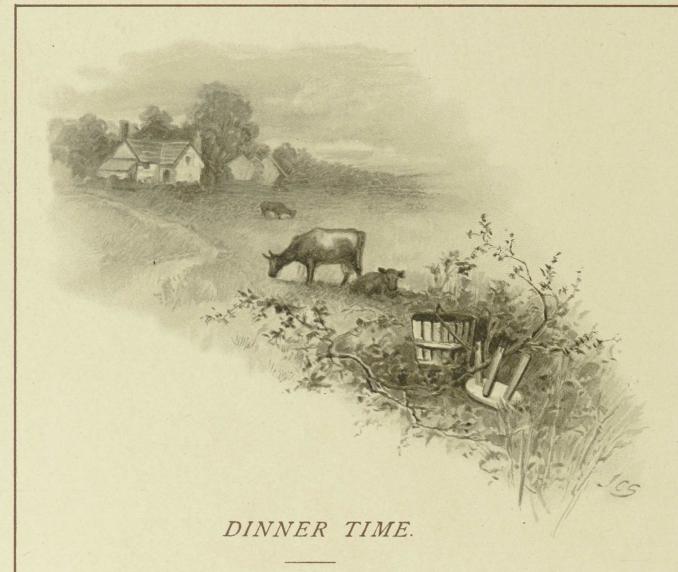
MARY AND ROBIN.

O ROBIN is the gardener,
He never makes a fuss,
And Mary is the milking-maid,
Who milks the cows for us.
She wears the prettiest bonnet
That ever you have spied,
And Robin ties the strings for her,
Whene'er they come untied.

She takes us out a-milking,
When the dew is on the grass,
And Robin at his mowing
Looks up to see us pass.
And though the cows are waiting,
We always have to stay,
For Robin seems, and Mary too,
To have so much to say.

I think when they are married,
If they've so much to say,
They'll find no time to mow the grass.
And milk the cows each day;
But we'll be able
then to mow,
And milk the cows,
you see,
So they can stay and
talk away,
As happy as can be.





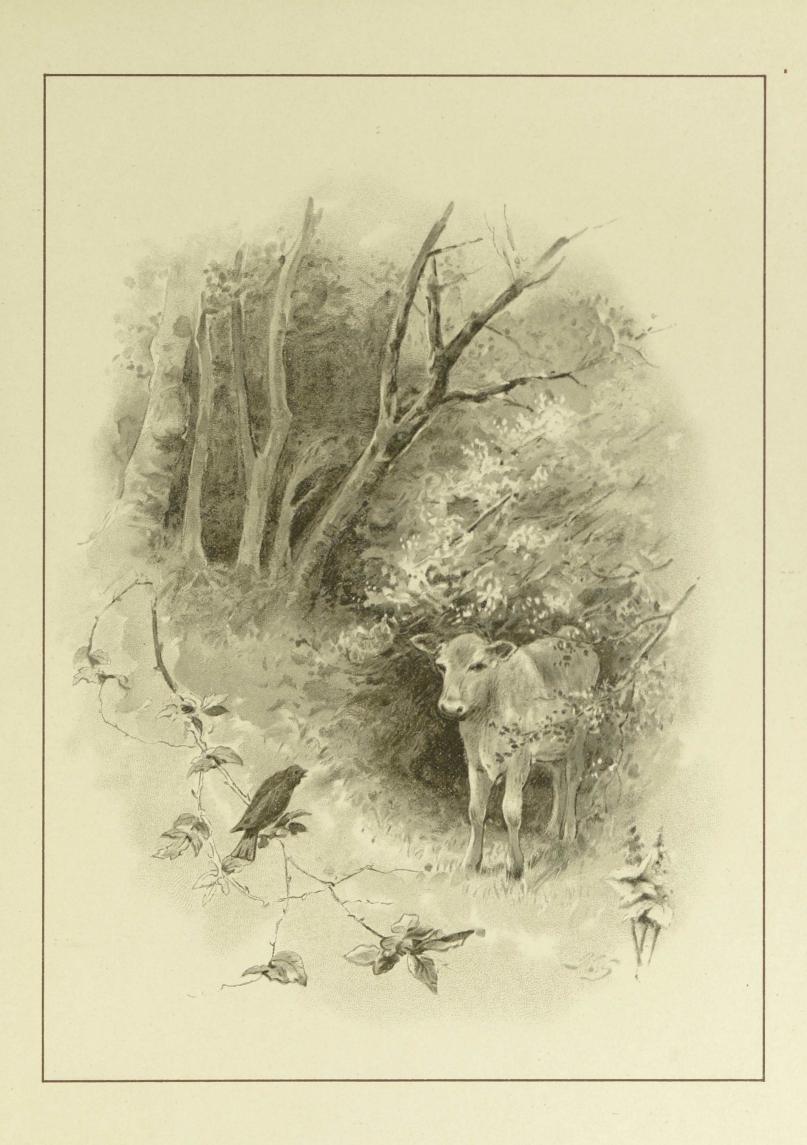
"What is the gossip the bees repeat
From flower to flower in the garden sweet?

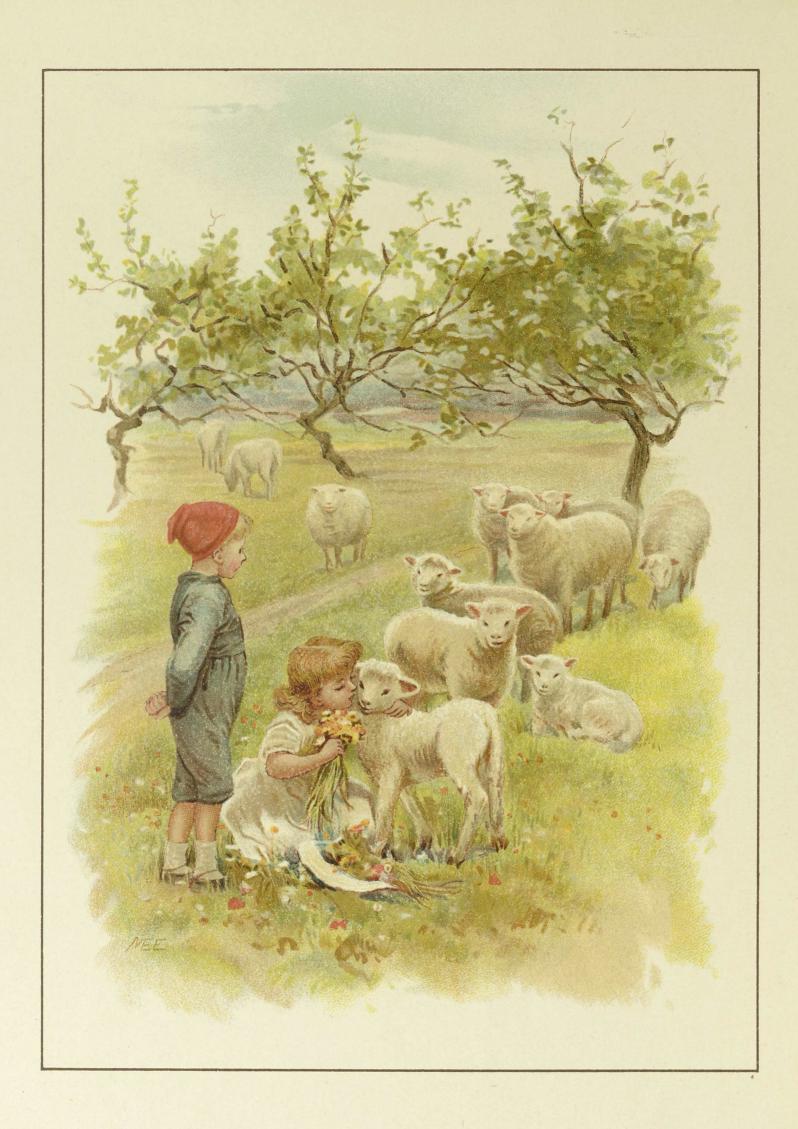
What is the song the little birds make
Over the meadow and deep in the brake?"

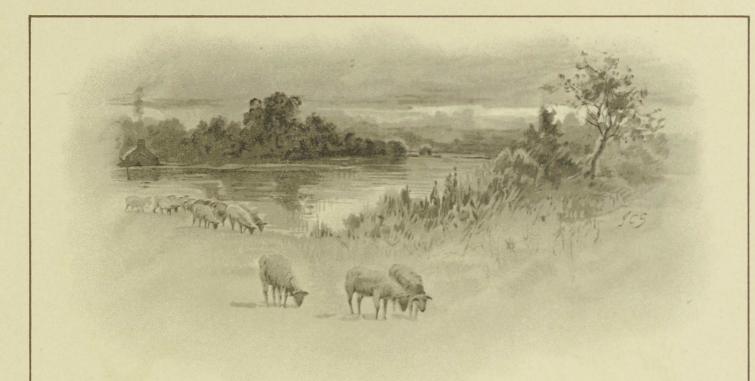
Bobbie looked up and shook his head,
"I don't know what it is," he said.

"How should ever a child, like me,
Know what the thoughts of a cow may be?

But I know what I think, and that's my song,
'It's time for dinner,' so come along!"





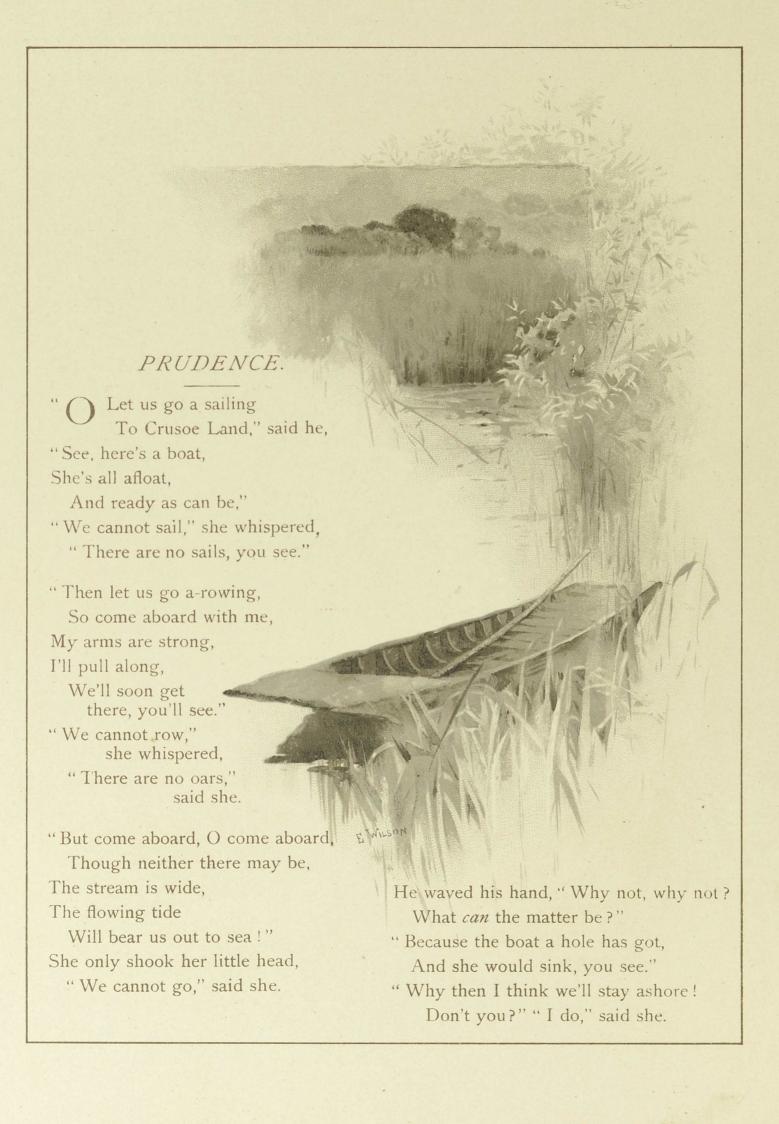


JUST AS WE ARE.

GOOD morrow to you, little lamb,
I want to kiss you so,
I love to see you frisk about.
I love your coat of snow.
See here! I've brought some flowers for you,
The best that I could find,
So kiss me, kiss me, little lamb,
And do not be unkind.

O little lamb, O little lamb,
How happy you should be,
To live upon the pleasant grass
'Neath many a shady tree:
To crop away the grass all day,
Amid the sunny hours,
While I must live in London town
And scarcely see the flowers.

Amid the deep cool grass,
And see the humming bees at play
And hear the birdies pass.
But where I live the streets are hard,
The sky is never blue,
O little lamb, O little lamb,
I wish I were like you.



FROGGY.

CR-OOK cr-ook, cr-ook!
Froggy is singing away in a brook;
And he sighs to his love on the bank above,
"O when will you marry me, my little love?"

Quack! quack! quack!
A lily-white duck came up on his track,
And before he had finished his sweet little lay,
She swallowed up Froggy and travelled away.

Then his sad little lover hopped down from the bank,

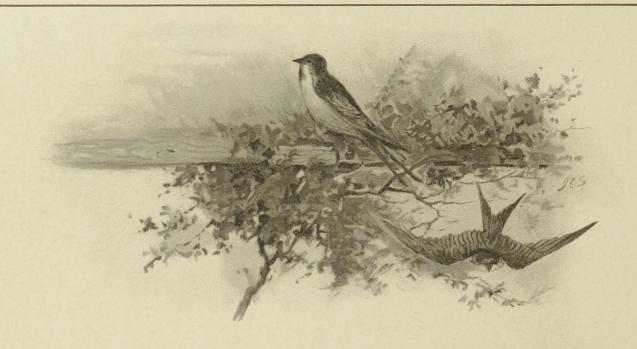
And into the water she plunged and she sank.

And the sweet summer days came and went by the score,

But she never was seen on the bank any more.

But sometimes at night when
the moon's all agleam,
A circle appears on the lone little stream,
And a sad voice ascends to
the surface above,

"Ah! when will you marry me, Froggy, my love?"



THE DISCONTENTED ELM-TREE.

COME, Bobbie, let us stop a bit, This corner cool is handy, And if you'll listen while we sit, I'll read to you and Dandy.

You must be quiet, both of you,
Like yonder little swallows;
You'll like the tale, and Dandy too,
That is—if Dandy follows.

"Within a meadow once there grew An elm-tree tall and stately, The birdies sang and summer flew So sweetly and sedately.

"The breezes whispered night and day
Their tender little stories,
The dew-drops gave their diamond spray,
The sunlight all its glories.

"But yet the silly elm-tree sighed
And thus began to ponder,

'If all the world is fair and wide,
Why, why should I not wander?'



"He saw along the meadows dim
The waggons rolling daily,
That once were only elms like him
But now were painted gaily.

"How grand (he mused) to fly on wheels
Through sunlight and through shadow,
It is a waste of life, he feels,
To mope in this old meadow!

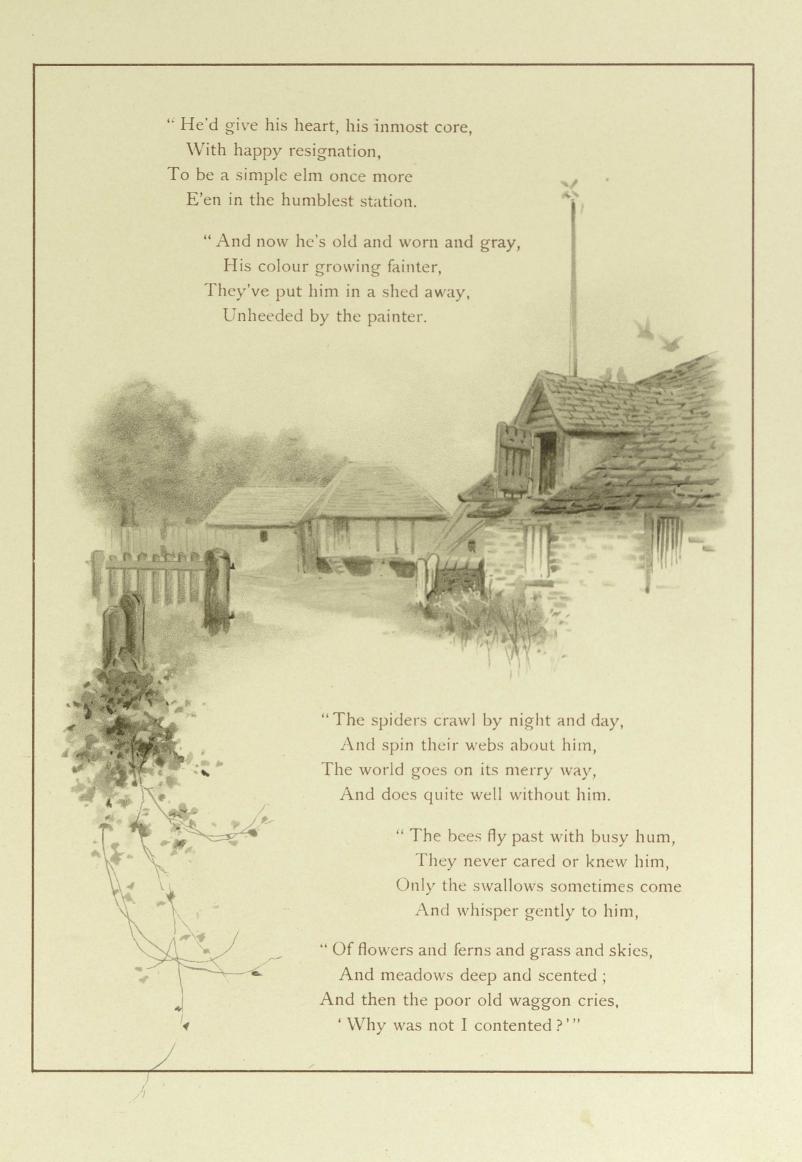
"And so one morn they laid him low,
And proudly down he tumbled,
He felt the axes, blow on blow,
But never even grumbled.

"They cut him up, they let him dry,
They sawed him and they planed him,
He would not groan, he would not sigh,
No matter how it pained him.

"His dearest, brightest dream was nigh, And he would be a waggon! And like his wheels his hopes would fly, And never have a drag on!

"They painted him all red and blue,
They varnished and they oiled him,
And then, alas! the elm-tree knew,
Too late, that they had spoiled him!

"And though he rolls and swings away,
Through meadow, wood, and dingle,
And carries corn and carries hay,
And hears the horse bells jingle,



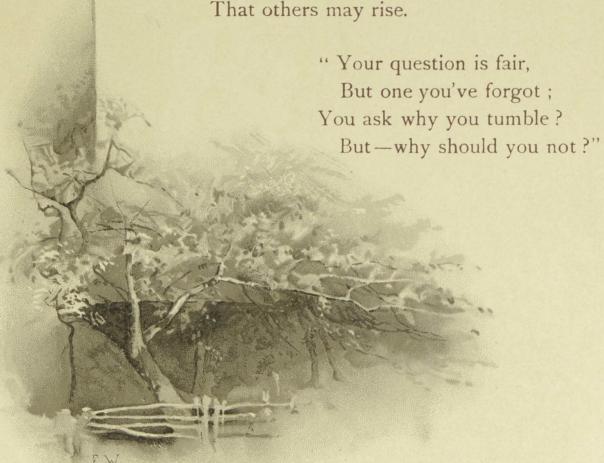


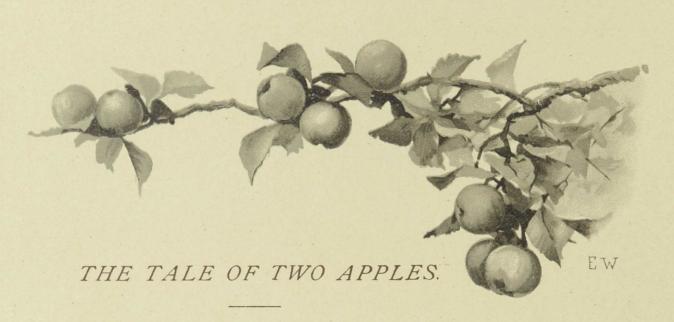
WHY NOT?

'O HERE come the apples,
See one, two, and three,
The rosy, fat apples
For you and for me.''

"Yes! yes!" said the apples,
"It's all very fine,
But why should we tumble
To help you to dine?"

"My dear little apples,
The reason is wise,
Some people must tumble,
That others may rise.





HE was an apple and she was an apple,
And they hung on an old brown tree,
And a fonder little couple
I trow you never would see.

But alas, this little couple

They could not contented be,

"I should like to travel," she whispered,

"I wish that we could," said he.

But the summer went by so quickly,
And they still hung there on the tree;
For people can't always travel,
And apples are apples, you see.

And they sighed and they groaned and grumbled
At the home that they once loved well,
Till there came a great wind through the orchard,
And down on the ground they fell.

"Oh, dear, what a bump," she whispered,
"I'm bruised all over," said he;
But if people at home won't tarry,
They must get a few bumps, you see.

Then they found themselves put in a basket, "We're off to the world," said she; "I wish we were back in the orchard If this is the world," said he.

And then this poor little couple

Were put in a dark big pie,

"O love," sighed the wife to her husband,
"I think we are going to die."

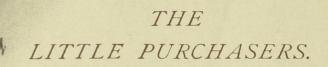


And the oven grew hotter and hotter,

And they died with a dream of home,

"Why didn't we stay in the orchard,

Oh why did we want to roam?"



ERE is twopence! Here's another,
In each little handy-pandy,
So let us stop, for here's the shop,
Of dear old Mary Candy.
How much will fourpence purchase?
Let us reckon, you and I;
For we're going to have a picnic
In the meadows by and by.

There are cheese-cakes by the dozen,

There are tarts and creams and ices,
And toffee-drops and lollipops,
And everything that nice is;
Oh, what will fourpence purchase,
Let's ask her, you and I,
For we're going to have a picnic
In the meadows by and by.





THE YOUNG HAY-MAKERS.

I SAY, you merry hay-makers, We're got no work to do, We'd like to stay with you and play And haul the hay with you.

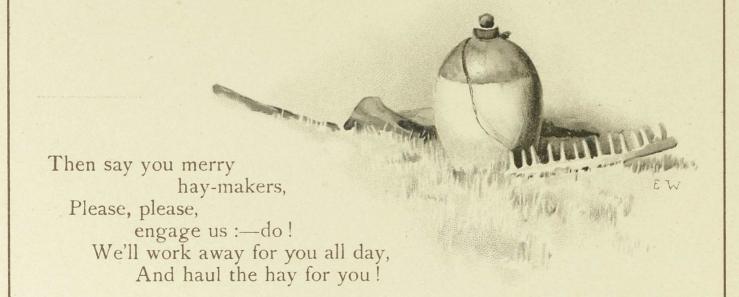
And when you want your dinners,
As you will surely do,
Sit down and rest as you like best,
We'll haul the hay for you!

They call me Farmer Bobbie,

Though not a farmer true.

But you will find I'm to your mind,

Can haul the hay for you.



HAULING THE HAY.

COME lads and lassies, stir about, While still the weather's gay, The rain may put the sunshine out, So haul away the hay;

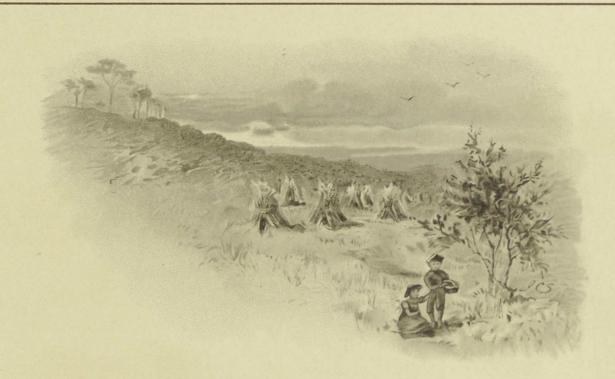


There's Tom and Sue, and
Will and Prue,
And Dick with pretty May,
And everyone enjoys the fun
A-hauling of the hay!

Then up and down and round we go,
And round the field away,
So there's the last of every row,
A-hauling of the hay!

And when it's all been carted in,
The fiddler he shall play,
Upon the green, "God save the Queen,"
A-hauling of the hay!





THE PICNIC.

NOW let us have a party,
Here's a corner cool and shady,
And I will be the gentleman,
And you shall be the lady.
And here are all the visitors,
So ask them to sit down,
I'm sure they must be weary
If they've come to-day from town.

And here's the table and the cloth,

That is you must pretend it,

I'm grieved to say the meat's not come,

The butcher said he'd send it.

So if you like we will not wait,

I think we shall not hurt,

If we just change the order,

And begin with the dessert.

Here's butter-scotch and candy,
And tarts and apples twenty,
And toffee-drops and lollipops,
I hope there will be plenty.
But if you really want some more
I think there'll be no lack,
For you'll find the shop and orchard
If you look some pages back.

WHAT ARE THEY DOING AT HOME?

O WHAT are they doing at home I am thinking,
In that stuffy old dingy square?
There's pussy a-blinking, and purring, and winking,
At her window under the stair;
And it's fusty and dusty, and every one crusty,
To be kept in the city all day;
O wouldn't they like to be out in the meadows,
Out with us here at play?

There's the sun trying hard to get down from the attics,
And peep through the dining-room panes,
And the old apple-woman who has the rheumatics,
And the blind man who never complains.
I can see them all there in the dreary old shadows,
They never seem going away,

O what would they give to be out in the meadows, Out with us here at play?



THE OLD CHURCH.

I CAN see it, I can see it,
As of old, the church I love,
Standing in the golden valley,
Pointing to the skies above.
And the morning bells are chiming
As the people pass along,
But a mother and her little child
Are plainest in the throng.
I can see her gentle glances,
I can hear her accents mild,
For that mother was my mother,
And I that little child.

I can see a quiet corner, And a grassy sleeping-place, And the wreath we laid upon it, And her sad and tender face. And then into the church we go, And side by side we pray, The very words she taught me then Come back to me to-day. I can hear her sweet voice ringing, I can see her upturned brow, And the hymn she sang beside me She sings with angels now.



BIRDIE'S ANSWER.

What is your little song?

Are you singing of work or play,

Singing the whole day long?

What do you dream of, birdie, dear,

Up in your brown warm nest.

When the world is still and the night is near,

And the sun is low in the west?

O birdie dear, did you ever fly,

To the beautiful gates of gold,

And hear the angels in heaven on high

Singing their songs of old?

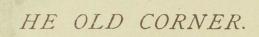
O birdie, say, shall I find the way

To the land where all is fair?

"Yes," sang birdie, "some day, some day

You shall go also there!"





THERE was once a dim old corner
In a garden far away,
With roses and with hollyhocks,
And a dial worn and gray.
And the sunshine lay upon it,
And the birds sang bright and gay,
I can see it, I can see it,
As if it were to-day.

And about that crumbling dial
Two children played and ran;
They saw the golden visions
That only children can.
They never thought of parting,
Or growing old and gray,
I can see them, I can see them,
As if it were to-day.

I stand beside the dial,

Where we played in days of yore;

But the gentle blue-eyed sister

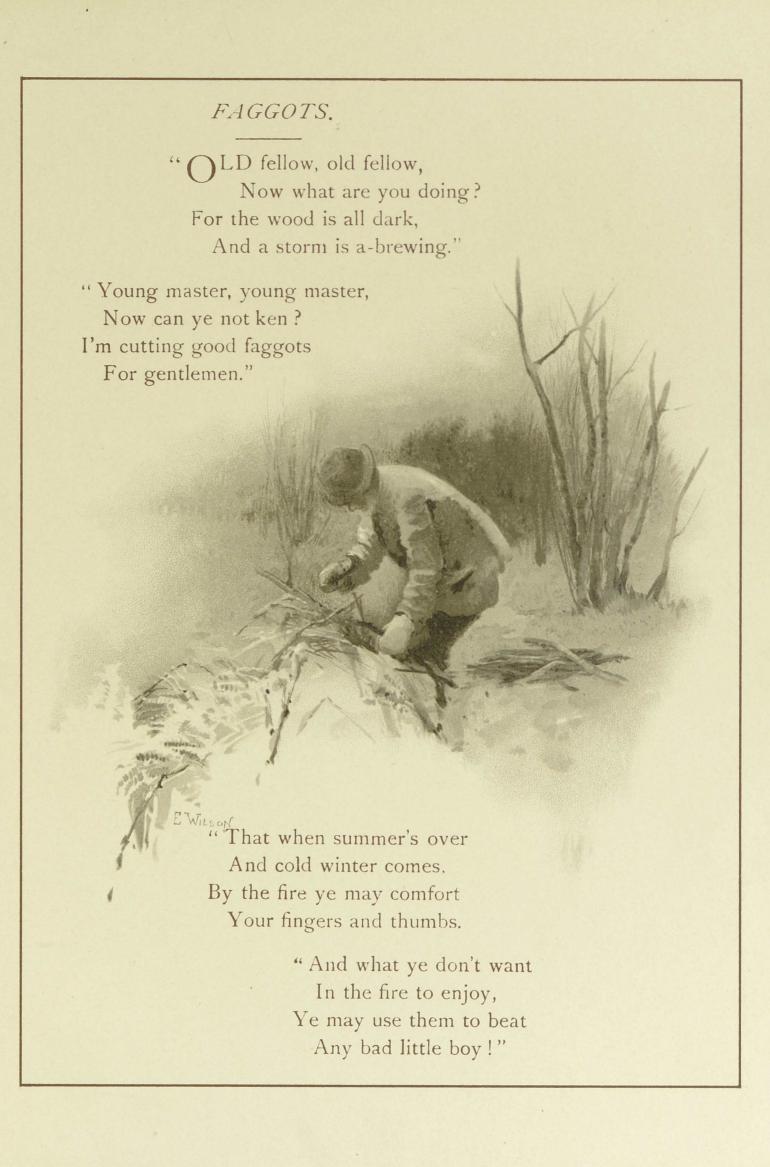
Is there with me no more.

But the finger on the dial

Seems to point to heaven and say

"Where the shadows fall no longer

Ye shall meet again one day."





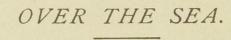


UNLESS.

" WISH, I wish I were a fish,"
Said Bobbie to his sister,
As in his net he chanced to get
A little speckled twister.

- "Precisely so," the fish replied,
 As he kept twisting faster,
- "Unless you find in your inside A hook, my little master!"

"I wish, I wish I were a fish,
With all my dear relations,
No need to go to school, you know,
And never do dictations.
And never have to wash or dress,
And never to be beaten!"
"Quite so," the fish remarked, "unless
You happen to be eaten."



NOW here's a little Nautilus,
Then say good-bye to me,
The breezes blow, and I must go
Across the deep blue sea.

The sails are all of gossamer,

The ropes are threads of gold,

And I shall hear the mermaids fair

Singing their songs of old.

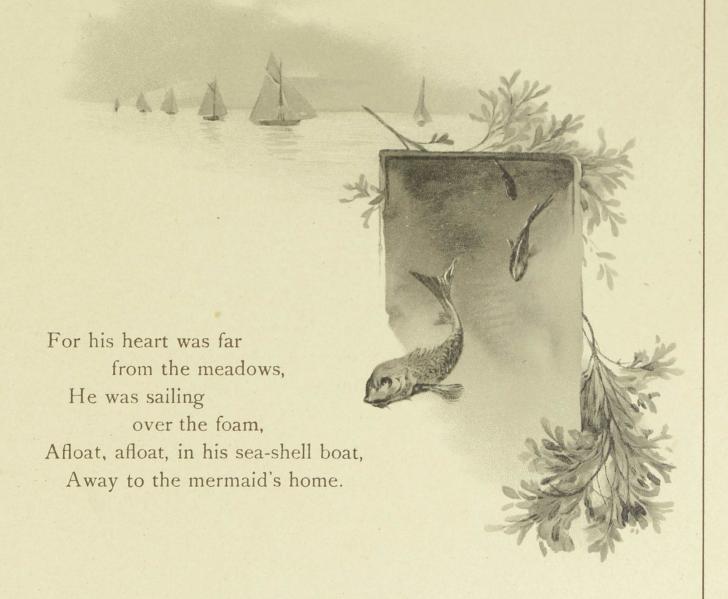
I'll bring you amber for your neck,
And pearls and opals fair,
And old sea-shells and silver bells,
And coral for your hair.

Good-bye! good-bye! the Nautilus
Is dancing on the blue,
And ere the light in heaven is bright,
I'll come again to you.

BOBBIE'S DREAMS.

"Why Bobbie, you're only dreaming,"
Whispered his sister May,
"There's never a nautilus here, dear,
The sea is so far away."

But Bobbie made never an answer,
Sat watching the clear blue sky,
Where the little white clouds for ever,
Like ships went sailing by.





RIVALS.

O YOU lovely little beauties, you fluffy, silky darlings,
There is no one else beside you half so dear to me;
Not the pigs and lambs and chickens, not the butterflies and starlings,

Half so sweet as you, my kitties, half so sweet can be?
"Well, really," in amazement, said Dandy, at the casement,
"The taste of certain persons is astonishing to see!"

O you pet, you pretty darling, how I doat on you and love you,

What should I do without you, if parted we should be; If you died I'd make a little grave, and put a stone above you, And write Here sleeps my Kitty, the dearest dear to me! "Well, really!" muttered Dandy, "as the water-butt is handy, "There's no reason why that little tomb we should not quickly see!"



TIP.

HERE sits Tip,
And here sits he,
A very pretty dog,
As everyone can see.

Here sits Tip,

All through the day,

And if he didn't do so,

He would run away.

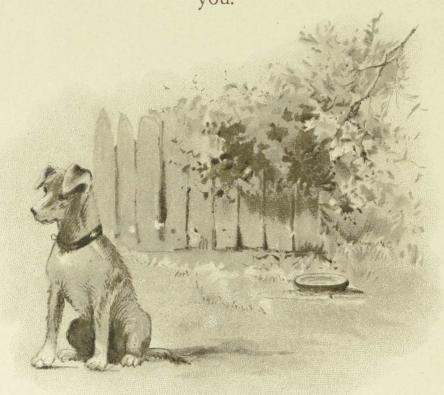
But if he ran away,

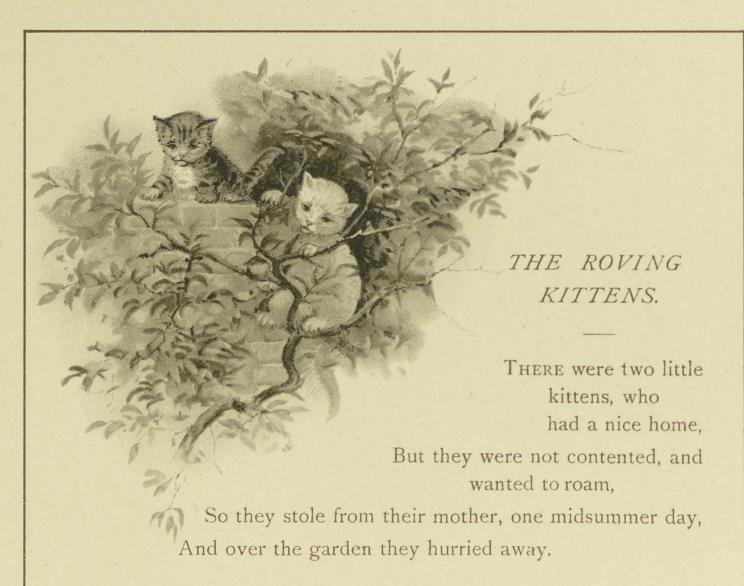
Whatever should we do?

We shouldn't have a little dog,

To look at, I and

you.





They flew past the dog, with a whisk of their tails,

They crawled thro' the bushes, and under the rails,

Till a wall in their way made these kittens to stare,

But they would not be daunted, this mad little pair.

So they scrambled and clambered, and got to the top,
But being ambitious, they still wouldn't stop,
Down scrambled Winkin, and down scrambled he,
Till he found himself stuck in a brambly tree.

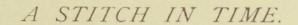
A moral you'll find, if you like, to my song,

It is perfectly easy, and not very long:—

"Whenever you happen to have a nice home,

Be content where you are, don't be anxious to roam."





'M a busy little girl, you see,

As busy as a bee can be,

For there's a little rhyme

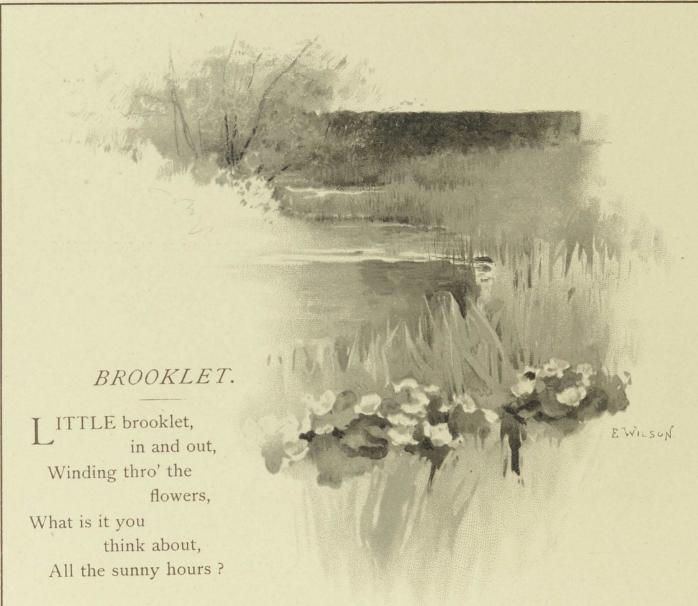
That says, "A stitch in time

Saves nine in the end," you see!

Dolly's got a wound, alas!

I don't know how it came to pass,
And the sawdust ebbs away,
It's been doing so all day,
For I found it on the garden grass!

And she's hanging down her little head,
Just exactly as if she were dead;
Oh, whatever shall I do
If I cannot bring her to?
I shall never love another doll instead!



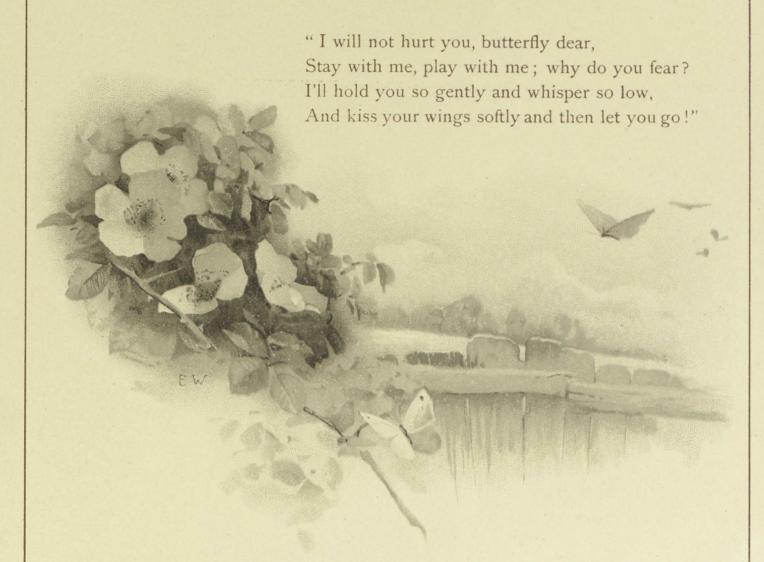
As you wash each little stem,
What is it they say?
Do they bid you stop with them
Just a while to play?

As you leave each mossy shelf,
As you drift away,
You are talking to yourself,
What is it you say?

Brave and busy on you flee,
Bright and good and true;
Teach me, little brook, to be
More and more like you!

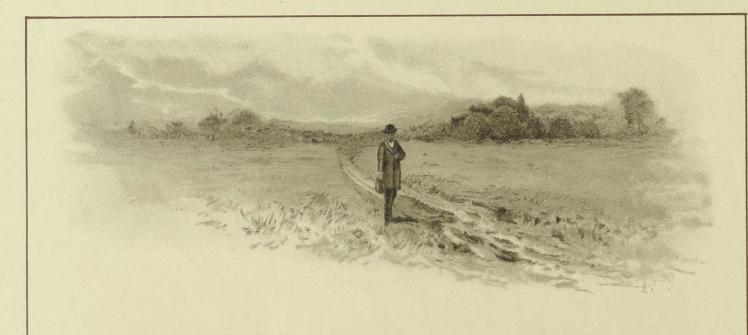
THE BUTTERFLY'S JOURNEY.

"BUTTERFLY, butterfly, stay with me, Your beautiful colours I want to see. Butterfly, butterfly, whither away, Why won't you linger awhile and play?



But over the valley and over the down
The butterfly flew to a far-away town,
And lit on a window bright and gay,
Where a poor soul sat stitching the long,long day!

And she lifted her face with a wan, sad smile: "Butterfly, butterfly, stay a while; For you bring me my childhood sweet and far, And the scent of fields where the birdies are."



DADDY'S COMING.

NOW the sun is in the west,
Daddy's coming,
'Tis the hour we love the best,
Daddy's coming:
For he tells us tales, you know,
Of the brave days long ago,
And we love him, love him so,
Daddy's coming.

Hark! the clock is striking six!

Daddy's coming,

Hark! the little wicket clicks!

Daddy's coming;

Come along, let's run and meet him,

Hold his hands, and kiss and greet him,

In the old oak chair we'll seat him,

Daddy's coming.

Tell him all we've done to-day,
Daddy's coming,
All our work and all our play,
Daddy's coming.

And he'll take us on his knee,
O how happy we shall be,
We and he and mother dear.—
Look! he's come!
He's here! he's here.



INTENTIONS.

WHEN we are grown up, Bobby dear My darling little brother,
We'll build ourselves a pretty house,
And never leave each other.
We'll have late dinner every day;
No spelling, no dictation;
And make our jokes like other folks,
As doth befit our station.
And as for marrying, Bobby dear,
Well, I shall never marry;
That is—unless—perhaps you guess—
Unless it might be—Harry.

"I never mean to do so;
I mean to sail across the sea,
And settle down like Crusoe.
I'll have an island to myself,
A cabin snug and tidy,
With lots of buns and dogs and guns,
A parrot and old Friday.

A wife would be a tie to me,
For girls are so contrary,
That is—unless—perhaps you guess—
Unless it might be—Mary."



"Well, Bobby, as you've changed your mind,
And after all will marry,
I mean to do the same as you,
And settle down with Harry."



HOME AT LAST.

NOW the toil of day is done,
Slowly sinks the setting sun;
Weary feet no more must roam,
And the twilight brings me home.

See the door is open thrown,

Loving faces meet my own,

Loving arms around me cast,

Home again, at home at last!

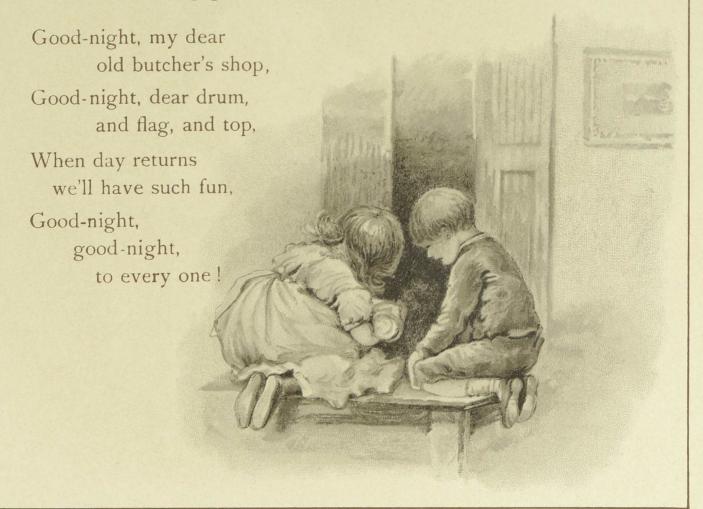


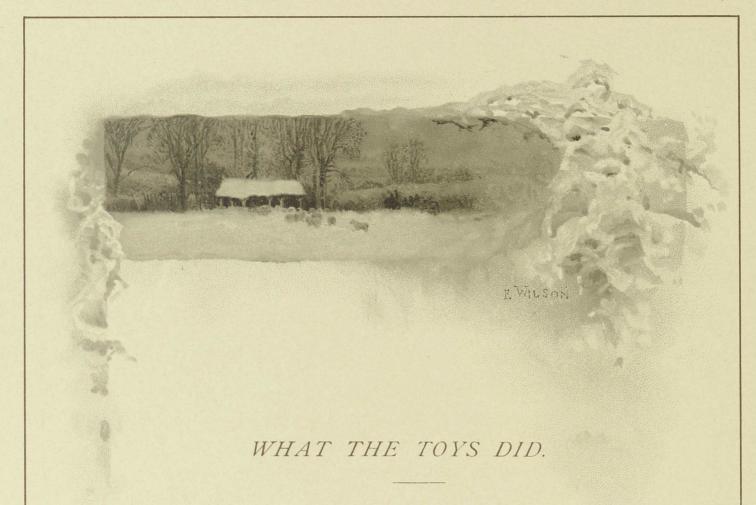
CUPBOARD LAND.

GOOD-NIGHT, dear toys, we love you so,
But mother's calling, we must go,
The day has been so sweet and bright,
So go to sleep till morning light.

Good-night, dear Dolly, do not fear, For good old Dobbin's watching near, And now and then he'll give a bray, And that will keep the ghosts away.

Good-night, dear Dobbin, stay awake
And watch o'er Dolly for my sake,
Don't let her fear—you understand,
But keep good watch in Cupboard Land.





THE cupboard was closed and the children had gone,
There were only the stars in the sky looking on;
When up jumped the toys and peeped out on the sly,
For they always awake—when there's nobody by.

The children were far away saying their prayers, So the toys lightly stole down the shadowy stairs, And each said to each, "We'll be off, you and I," For the toys—they can speak,—when there's nobody by.

So off to the city they went, two and two,
To see if, perchance, any good they could do,
To cheer the poor children whose lives are so sad,
For the toys always try to make every one glad.

A SONG AT BED-TIME.

SING to us, dear mother,
Sing us sweet and low,
Just a little song
Before to bed we go,
Father loves to hear you
Every twilight-tide,
We are listening, mother,
Sitting at your side.

Sing about the river,

Mother, don't you know?

Where you went with father,

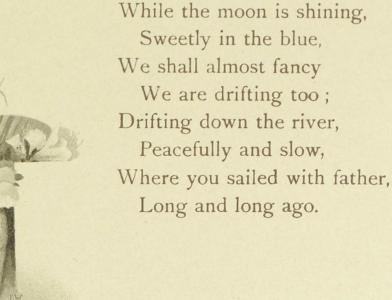
Long and long ago.

Sing about the meadows,

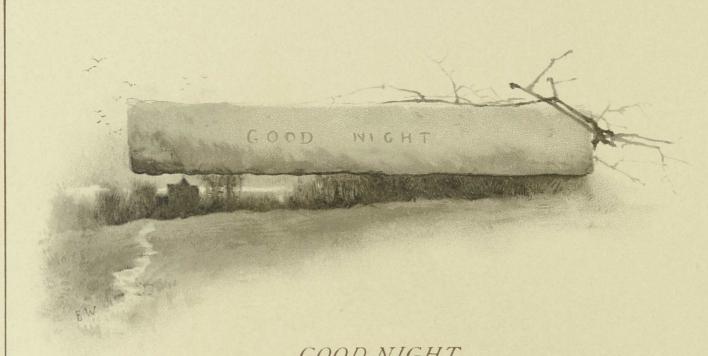
And the restless mill,

And the church-bell ringing

Softly down the hill.







GOOD-NIGHT.

NOW the happy day is done, Up to bed the children run, Every bird is in its nest, Little children too must rest.

> All the toys are put away, They are tired of play to-day, Little lambs to shelter creep, Little children too must sleep.

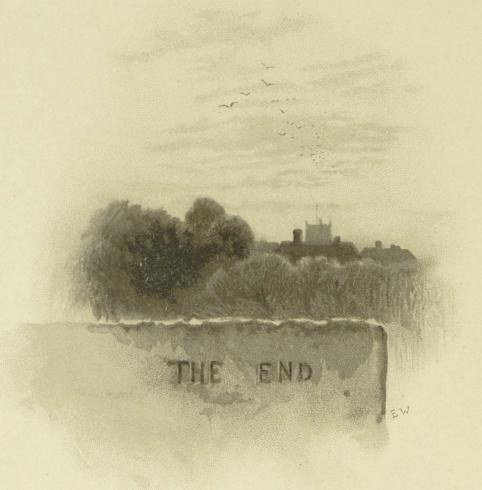
Now at mother's knee they bend, Up to heaven their prayers ascend; Then on mother's neck they fall, For they love her best of all

> God who understands and cares, Grudges not that love of theirs, For He knows-in Heaven above-Earth's best joy is mother's love.

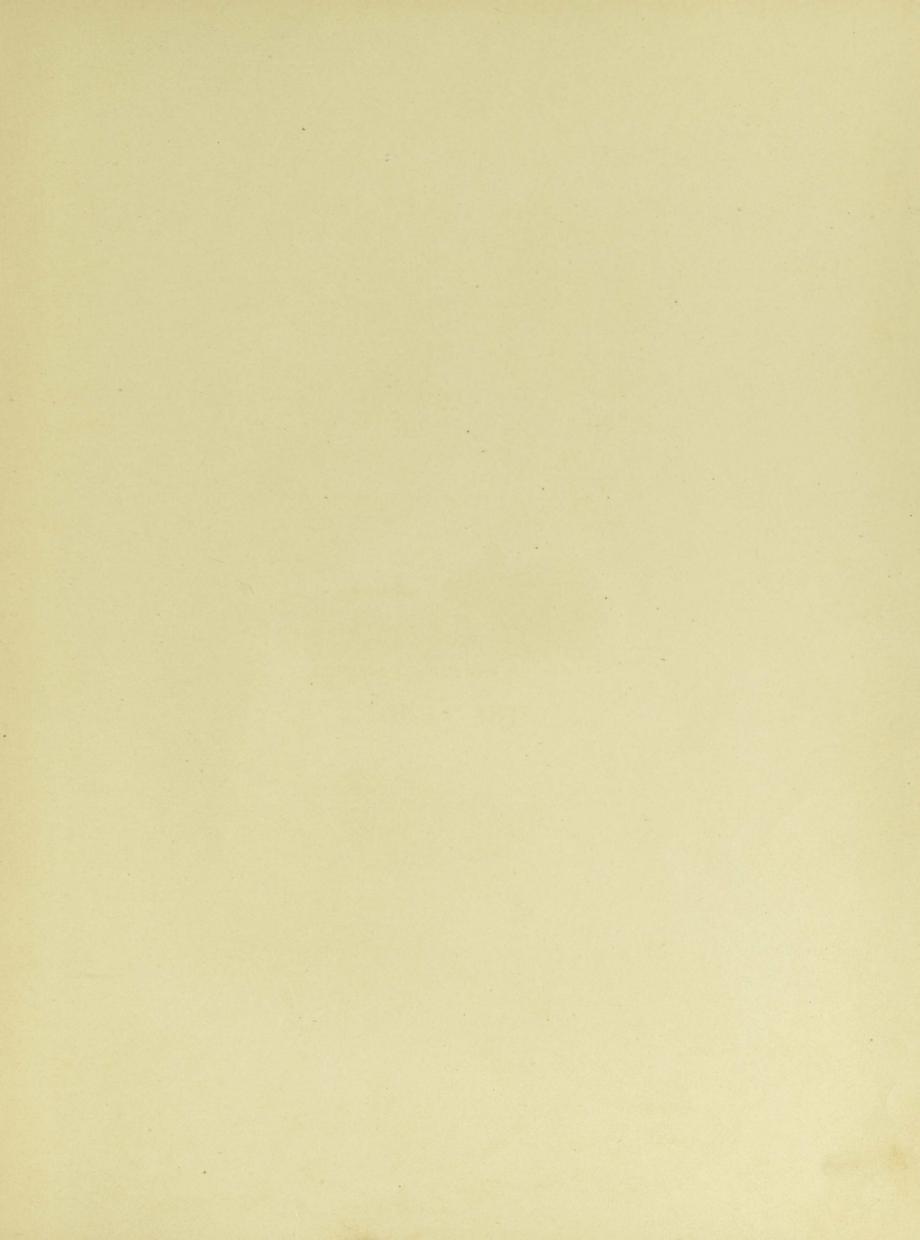


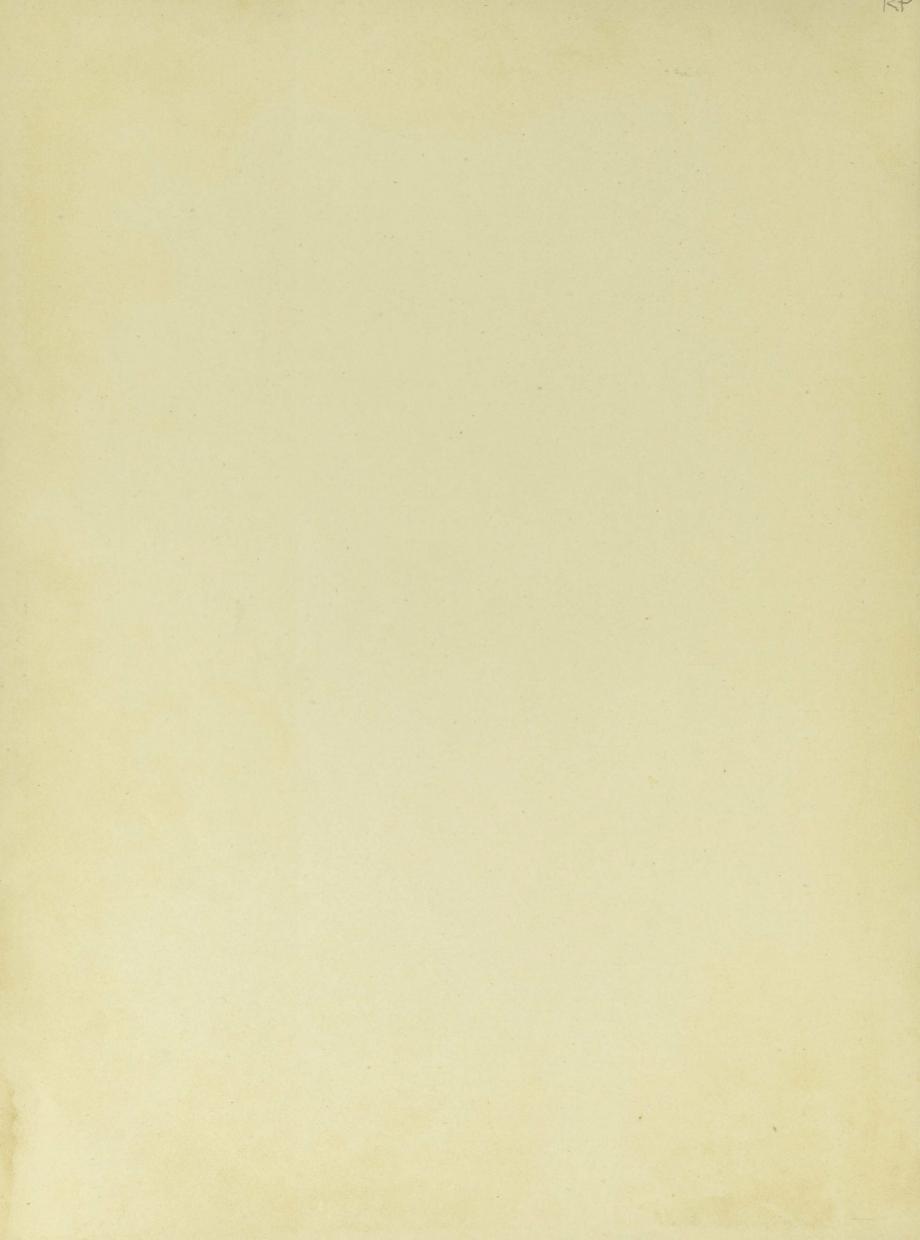
GOOD-BYE.

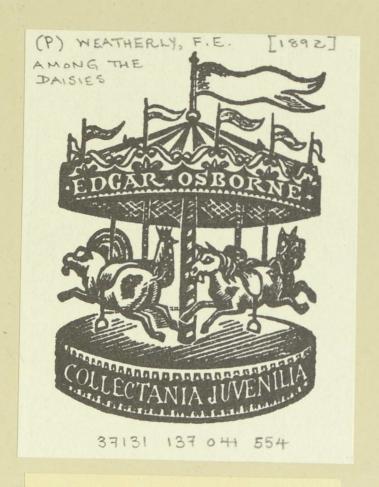
DAISIES and darlings, sweet good-night,
Little eyes and petals white;
Slumber each in your own beds,
Daisies white and golden heads!



Then take my thanks before we part,
And take the love of my fond heart,
For while each happy face I see
My own young days come back to me







Toronto public Library

This book is the gift of

Edward Janiszewski

