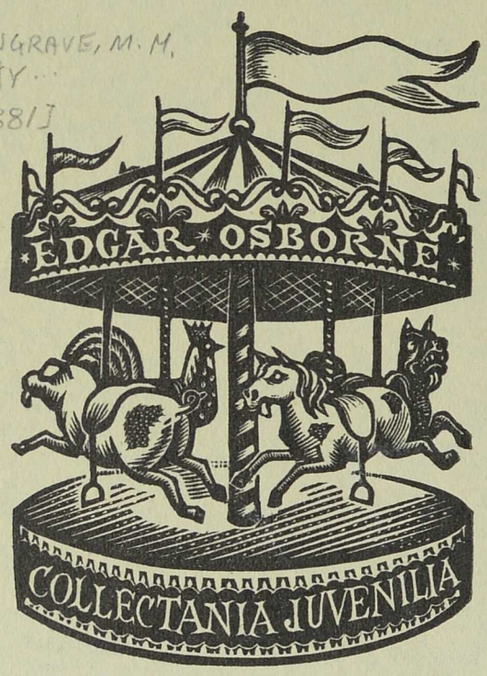
THE MAY-BLOSSOM

OR THE PRINCESS AND HER PEOPLE

ILLUSTRATED BY H. H. EMMERSON

LONDON:
FREDERICK WARNE & Co.

P
WINGRAVE, M. M.
MAY...
[1881]



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THE

MAY BLOSSOM;

OR

THE PRINCESS AND HER PEOPLE.

ENGRAVED AND PRINTED

BY

DALZIEL BROTHERS.

THE MAY BLOSSOM;

OR

THE PRINCESS AND HER PEOPLE.

FROM

ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

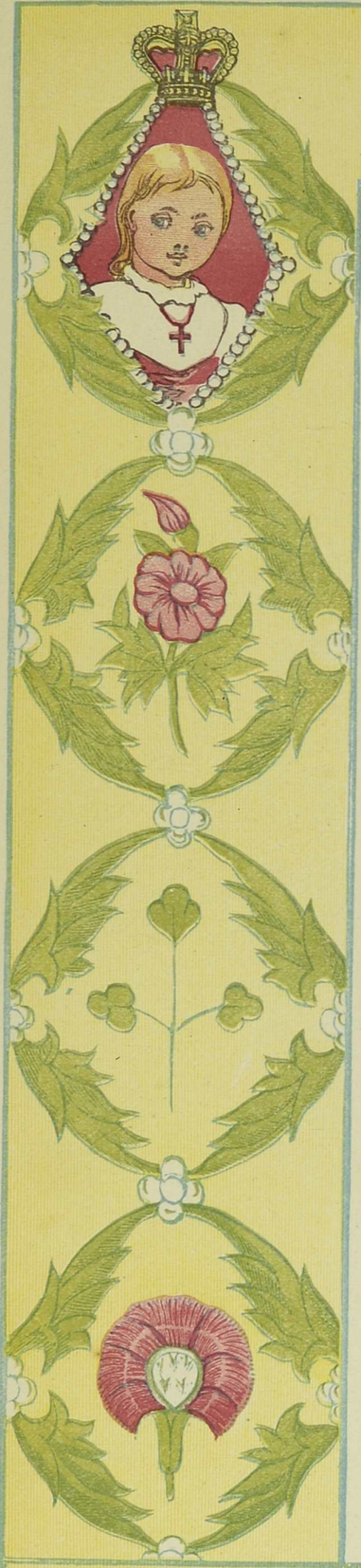
H. H. EMMERSON.

WITH VERSES

BY

MARION M. WINGRAVE.

LONDON:
FREDERICK WARNE AND CO.,
BEDFORD STREET, STRAND.



DEDICATION.

To THE sweet little children
  We dedicate this book,
In which, we trust, with pleasure
  The darling ones may look;
Learning from the Child-Princess
  All good and noble ways—
A royal little maiden,
  In these her childhood's days;
Or laughing at the mimics
  Who, grouped around her here,
As "people" of importance
  Would everywhere appear.
Oh, happy little children
  To whom Life is a jest!
Be now our "Reading People,"
  We on your favour rest.

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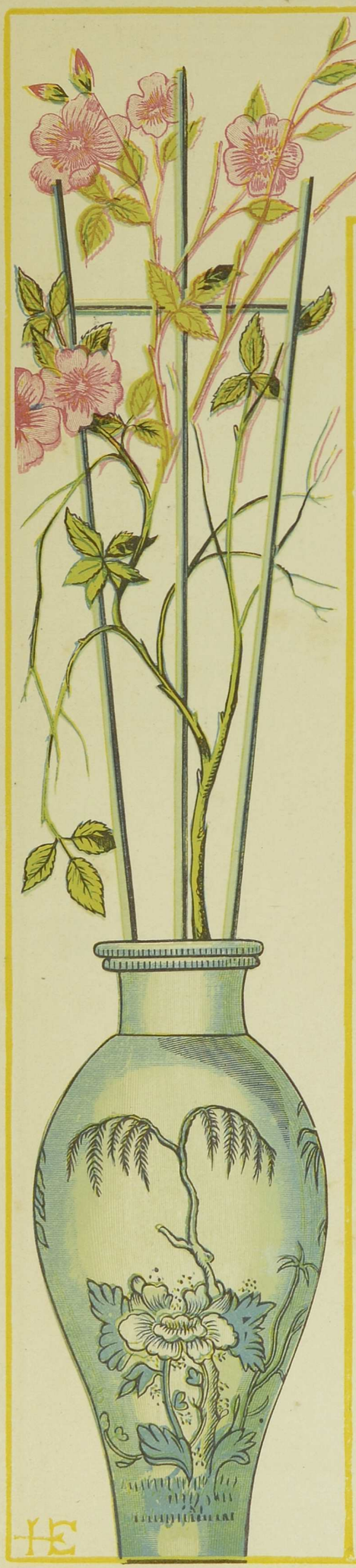

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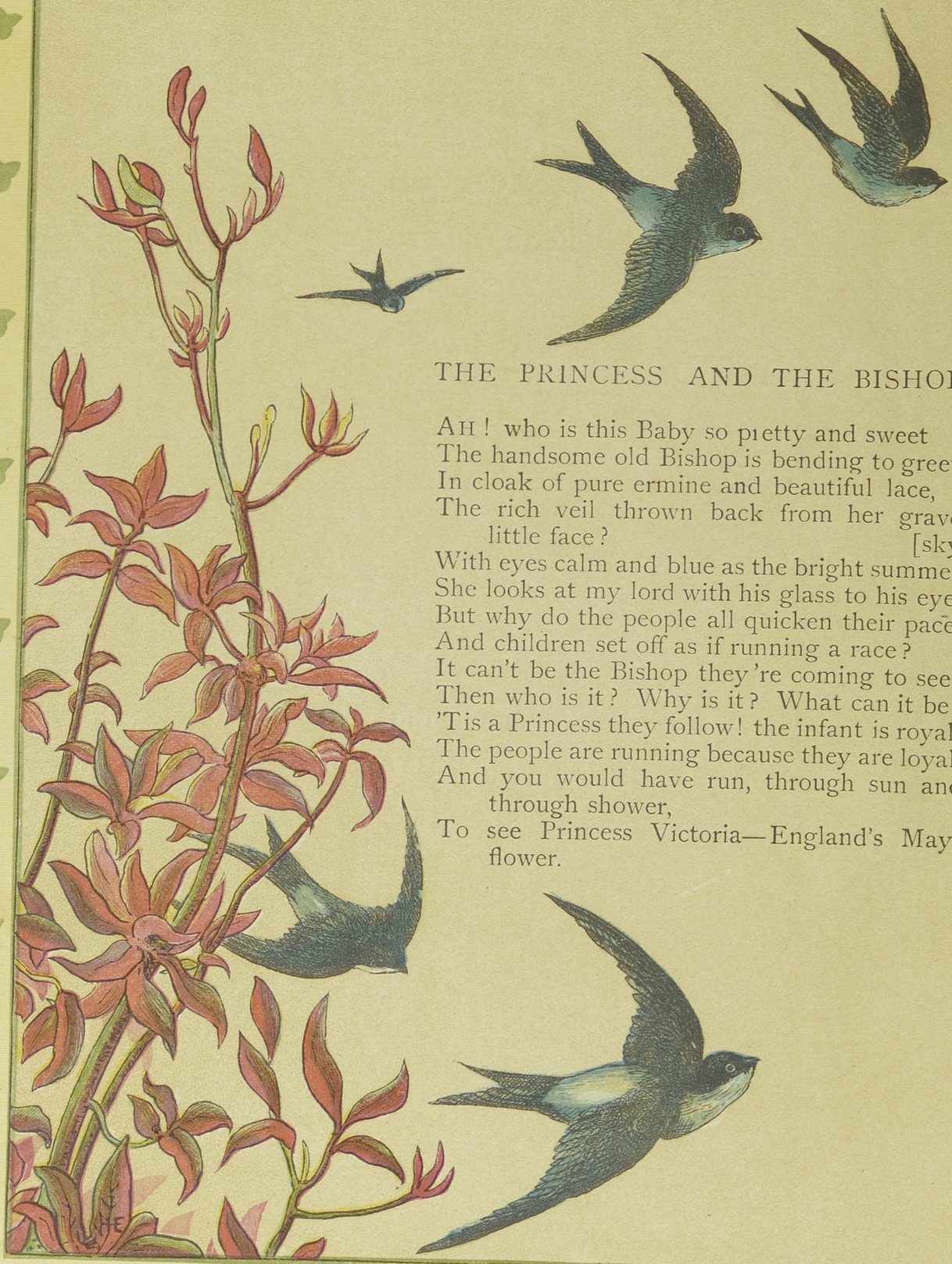


THE PRINCESS AND THE BISHOP.

AH! who is this Baby so pretty and sweet
The handsome old Bishop is bending to greet,
In cloak of pure ermine and beautiful lace,
The rich veil thrown back from her grave little face?
With eyes calm and blue as the bright summer sky
She looks at my lord with his glass to his eye.
But why do the people all quicken their pace,
And children set off as if running a race?
It can't be the Bishop they're coming to see!
Then who is it? Why is it? What can it be?
'Tis a Princess they follow! the infant is royal!
The people are running because they are loyal;
And you would have run, through sun and through shower,
To see Princess Victoria—England's May-flower.

HE

RUNNING TO SEE THE PRINCESS.

WHEN this little Princess
Goes to take the air,
All the eager people
Run, and at her stare.

There's a great tall soldier
Walking at a rate,
In a dreadful hurry,
Lest he be too late.

All the merry children
Towards the palace run,
Going to see the Princess
Is such famous fun!

One poor old Pensioner
Cannot go so fast;
All the rest are running,
He will be the last.

All the children tease him,—
"Grandpa, why so slow?"
"I am old, my children,
I can't run, you know!"

CRITICAL PEOPLE.

"I CALL it a great deal too blue."
"Oh, no! Now, *I* call it too green!"
"I think it is rubbish, don't you?"
"Oh, yes! It's not fit to be seen!"

"I think it a great deal too wide."
"No, Clara, *I* think it too tall."
"The perspective all goes to one side."
"It's not fit to hang on a wall!"

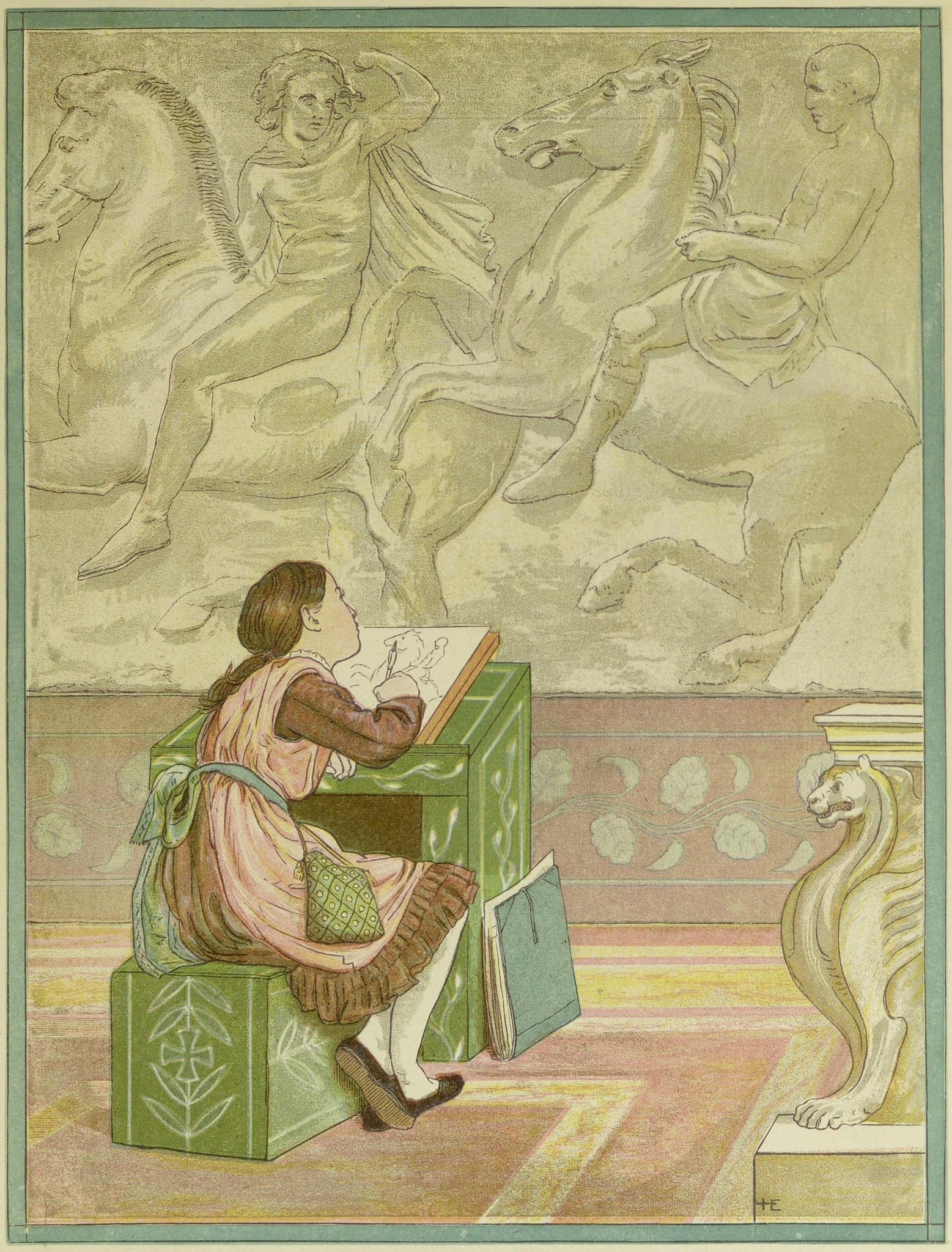
ARTISTIC PEOPLE.

WHAT is Randolph drawing there, something very pretty?
I wish I knew, but then I don't,—is it not a pity?
Perhaps it is a picture, to give his sister Mabel;
I think he'd paint it better if it rested on a table.

Oh! Mabel is a darling child, with wavy curling hair,
A little dimpled cheek and chin, and forehead very fair.
How patiently she gazes on every tiny touch!
Oh, the brother and the sister love each other much.
"Goosey" was his pet name, he's still called so in play;
I don't think Mabel has one, but *I* call her "Fairy May."

CLASSICAL PEOPLE.

GLORIOUS warriors! such as Greece saw!
These are what Amy is learning to draw;
The horses with fury are pawing the air,
Where are they going? The girl does not care;
But they are difficult—dreadful—to draw,
Those mighty heroes that ancient times saw.


HE

CONFIDENTIAL PEOPLE.

I WILL tell you a secret I know,
  If you will keep it quite safe, my dear;
Well, I 've got such a sweet little beau,
  And we 're going to be married next year!

The honeymoon tour has all been planned,
  With a coach and six horses, my dear,
We are going to Lilliput Land—
  That 's when we are married next year, next year.

And then you 'll pay a visit to me,
  When we are quite settled down, my dear;
We will often have afternoon tea
  When I am married, next year, next year.

HE

AWAY they go galloping, racing, and leaping,
The dogs through the fences are cleverly creeping;
Away go the hats, and the people so dashing,
O'er hedges and ditches, and barricades crashing.
Away goes the fox, for the dear life he's running,
I fear they will catch him, although he's so cunning.
Now away up the hillside he wearily plods,
But one against many,—such terrible odds!

THE WHIPPER-IN.

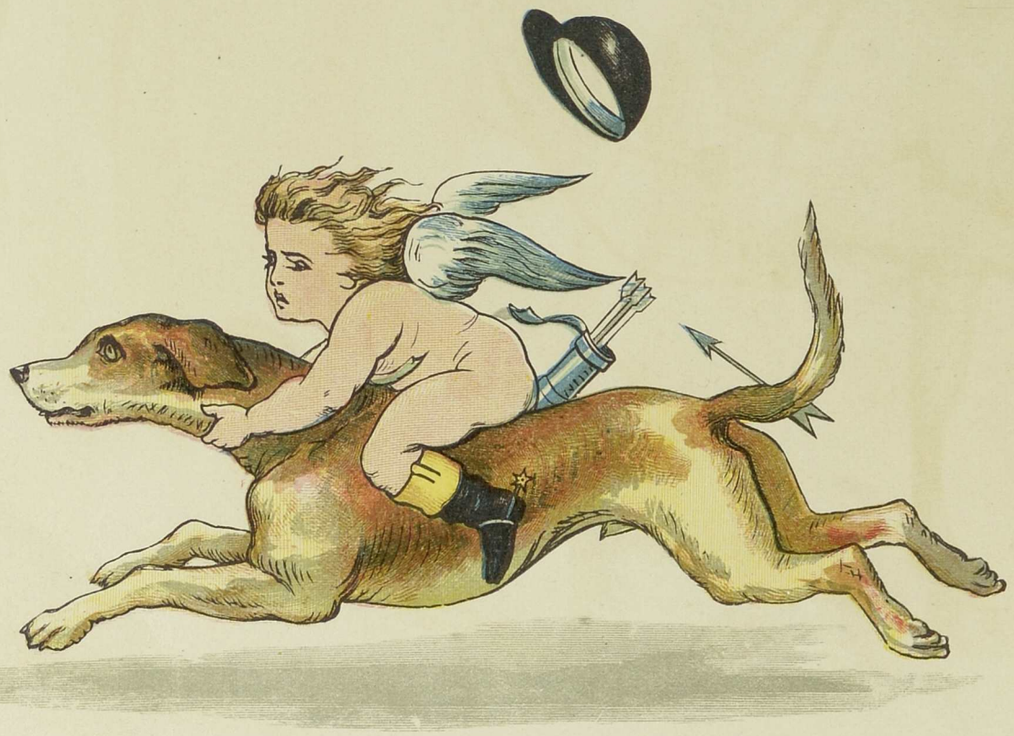
Oh! the crack of my hunting-whip,
And the sound of the merry horn,
With "Tally-ho!" away we go,
Away in the cold early morn.
With my coat bright red,
And my cap on my head,
Heigh-ho for a hunting morn!

THE MEET.

THE huntsman's horn sounds,
Away go the hounds,
Away in the breezy morning.
The sport has begun,
They 'll have a good run;
Will no one give Reynard warning?

This sweet little dame
To the cover came,
By his Lordship duly attended;
And thus side by side
The two always ride
Till the long day's hunt is ended.

Now, who will be in
At the death, and win
The brush that 's the crown of the day?
This sweet little dame,
Who a-hunting came,
That honour will carry away.



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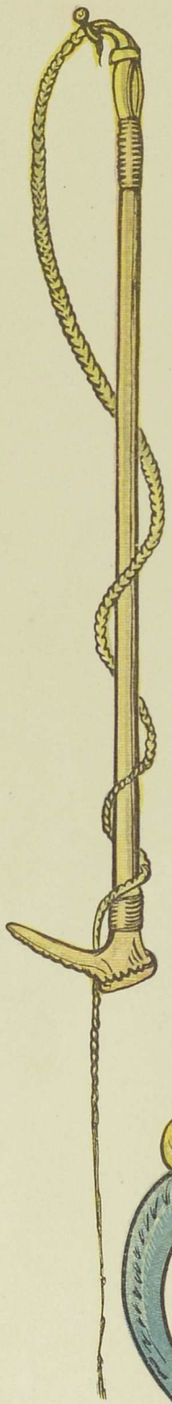


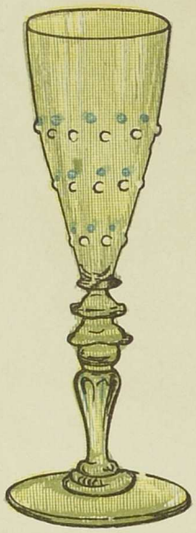
RETURN FROM THE MEET.

ALL torn and tattered,
Your bonnet battered,
With mud bespattered,
And hair so forlorn!

I fear that, indeed,
Your galloping steed
Must have quite "gee-geed
When he heard the horn!

You don't care at all
For scramble or fall;
There's the "brush," that's all
You care to possess!

The next time you go
A-hunting, you know,
Take *more* time, and oh!
More care of your dress!



THE PRINCESS AND HER KITTENS.

Oh, happy little kittens! Mew-mew-mew!
And who is so proud, old Pussy, as you?
It's few little kittens, or proud old cat,
Have a Princess to pet them—think of that!
The Princess's mother has closed her book,
On the dear little group to cast a look.
Little May-blossom loves her kittens well,
While they with their frolics their pleasure tell.
Who wouldn't be *her* kitten? Mew-mew-mew!
I would like to be—surely so would you!

THE PRINCESS AT PLAY.

I'VE been far away in the woods to-day,
Where the happy brown bees were all humming;
The butterflies too were brilliant and gay,
And the little birds sang, "We are coming."

I saw a brown squirrel merrily leap,
Away in the top of a tall fir-tree!
I found a small hedgehog quite fast asleep,
So sound asleep that he never saw me.

Now, would you like some of my branch of May?
But what in return would you give to me?
A kiss I shall want at least once a day,
And a squirrel to live in a Christmas-tree.

THE PRINCESS AND THE LAMB.

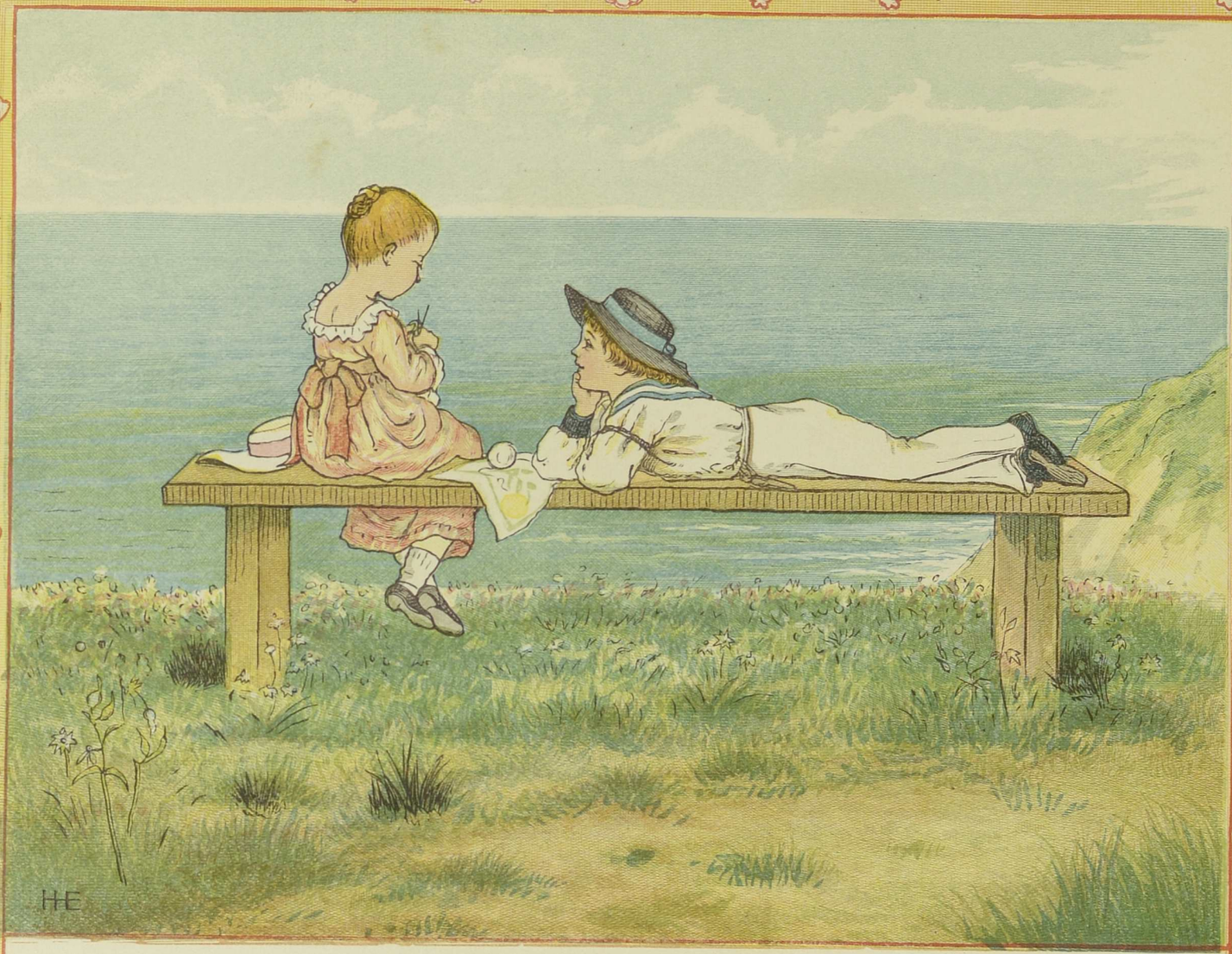
SHE said to this baa-lamb, "Oh, go away."
But the baa-lamb replied, "I want to stay ;
Oh, let me come under your tent, I pray."
But she said, "No, no, my dolls are asleep.
And I'd rather *not* converse with a sheep.
Pray go away, and find little Bo-Peep."
So that baa-lamb gave a leap and a start,
And trotted away with a saddened heart,
To think that he and the Princess must part.
But she said, "I'll let you come back some day,
When I and my dollies have gone away ;
Then you and your Bo-Peep may come and play."

COURTING PEOPLE.

"Do you not love me, Cousin Bell?"
"I think I love my doll as well!"
"But won't you be my wife?" he said.
She sighed, and slowly shook her head.

"I've bought a cottage, Cousin Bell,
And bought a little clock as well,
A looking-glass, and two arm-chairs,
And cups and saucers all in pairs."

"I love you dearly, Cousin Bell,
And I will love your doll as well."
"If you'll love Dolly all your life,
Then I will be your little wife!"



THE LOVERS' SEAT.

"Oh! I have seen a mermaid,
Her cheeks were rosy red."
"There are no real mermaids,
You know quite well," she said.

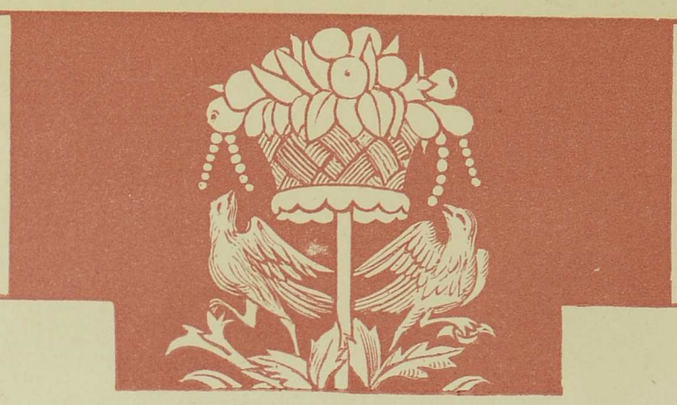
"But I *have* seen a mermaid,
And she was just like you."—
"Oh, did you really, Johnnie?
And are you sure it's true?"

"Yes, she was knitting stockings,
I think they were for me,
Like those that you are doing;
She looked like you," said he.

"Oh, will you be my mermaid,
My fair Undine?" he cried.
"Oh, yes, we will be sea-twins,
And swim out with the tide."

NEIGHBOURLY PEOPLE.

"GIVE me a flower—just one," said he,
She answered nothing, but turned her head.
"Haven't you even *one* rose for me?"
"I've not quite made up my mind," she said.



TALKATIVE PEOPLE.

TOBY, Toby, what is the news,
And what have you heard to-day?
"Cousin Judith, the strangest thing
Has happened over the way."

Toby, Toby, come now, be quick;
What is it you have to tell?
"Cousin Judith, the leaves grow thick;
Some one else might hear as well."

Toby, Toby, don't tease me so—
Nobody's listening here.
"Cousin Judith, I think I know
That somebody else is near.

"The birds might listen when I talk;
That dog is listening too—
The very snail upon the walk
Might hear me as well as you."

HE

GOSSIPING PEOPLE.

WHAT sort of bonnets can these be, I wonder?
They are so romantic, and funny, and old:
They look as if made to hide secrets under,
A great many more than we ever were told.

I think they're exchanging secrets this minute,
By the way the forefinger's held in the air.
Oh! how I should like to know what is in it—
They look so delightful, this bonneted pair!

The dog seems to understand all that they say;
I never saw such an intelligent stare.
I really believe they will talk there all day;
So "Good afternoon" we will say to the pair.

THE
PEOPLE's RE
JOHN BULL
PROPRIETO
TALES of my
GRAND
A. TATLER
TEAS &
HOT WATER
SUPPLIED
HE

SUPERSTITIOUS PEOPLE.

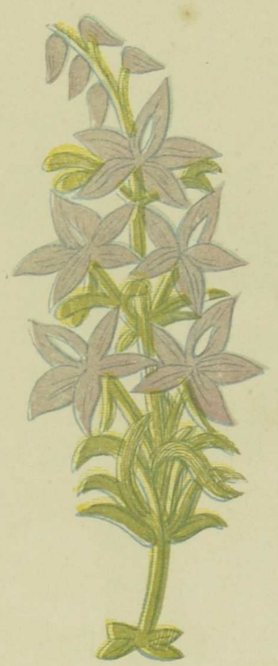
(WHAT SARA SAID.)

WHAT do you think? I have seen a ghost!—
Sitting erect on a garden post,
With yellow eyes, and a feathery head;
And this is the thing that strange ghost said:
"I'm dreadfully hungry, tre-whit, tre-whoo!
Who'll bring me a mouse for supper, will you?"
"How can I catch you a mouse?" I said.
Then it winked its eyes and nodded its head.
"Tre-whit, tre-whoo!" said the feathery ghost,
As it sat straight up on the garden post.
Now what do you think it can have been
That in the moonlight I have seen?

(WHAT MARION SAID.)

You may be sure it was an owl,
For nothing has feathers except a fowl,
And owls eat mice because they are nice.
"Tre-whit, tre-whoo!" meant "How do you do?"
Your ghost was nothing but an owl,
And thought you were another fowl!

HE

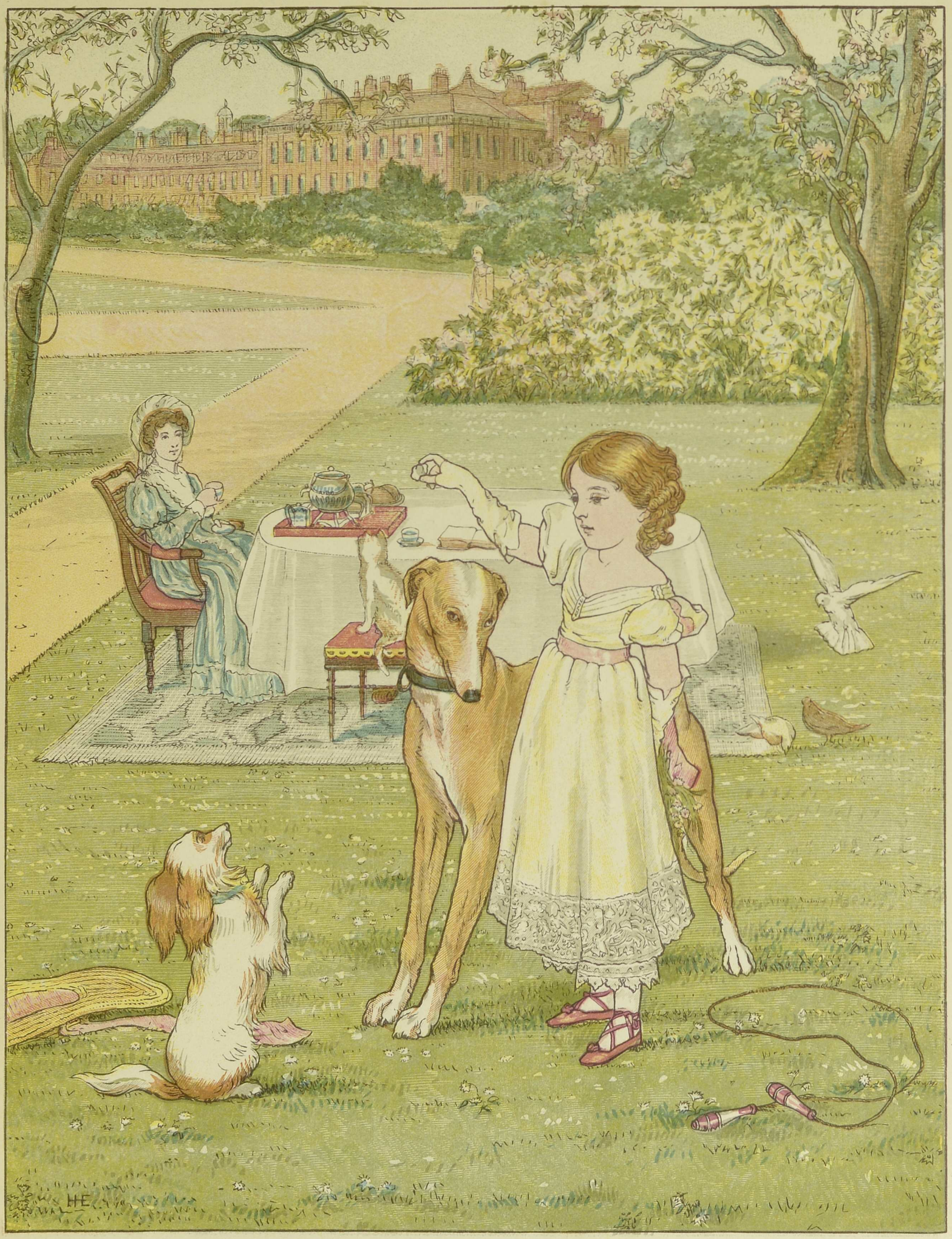


THE PRINCESS AND HER PETS.

HERE is a picture both sunny and bright,
Where could be found any prettier sight?
The Princess and her mother, thus, together
Breakfasted oft in the summer weather.

Come, doggie, beg to the May-blossom sweet,
In her hand is something for you to eat.
The pretty greyhound is jealous, I fear,—
Just see how he stands with his head so near.

Pussy has jumped on the Princess's chair,
Do you not wonder that thus she can dare?
Round her the pigeons are daintily flying
To pick up the crumbs on the green lawn lying.



THE PRINCESS AND HER GUARDIAN.

THE faithful hound with loving eyes
Marks where the little Princess lies;
She 's safe beneath his guardian care—
To touch her, none will rashly dare.
What does she read?—A Roman story
Of conquests grand and martial glory?
Perhaps a tale of ancient Britain,
Or one about a little kitten;
In a charmed world she seems to be:
Sweet Princess, will you tell to me
The tale that keeps you there so still?
You are so kind, I think you will.

THE PRINCESS'S GLEANINGS.

THE Princess has been in
the woods to-day,
To gather these crim-
son berries.
Are they not lovely? oh,
are they not gay?
Just like the red sum-
mer cherries.

We all love to feast on
the ruby fruit,
When the trees are
full of cherries;
And thus in the time of
the winter snow
The birds will feast
on the berries.

SEASIDE PEOPLE.

I'M a merry little sailor,
I'm looking for a sail;
I'm very fond of going to sea
Excepting in a gale!

See yonder is a noble ship,
'T is sailing fast away,
So we shall have to stay at home,
And go another day!

SEAFARING PEOPLE.

My name is Peter Prettyman,
And I've just returned from sea,
With my walking-stick and bundle,
And a pocket-full of tea.

I've brought a comic parrot home,
That I taught when very young
To whistle "Rule Britannia,"
And to speak the Chinese tongue.

He knows the English alphabet;
Oh! you really never heard
A more sagacious creature
Than this most accomplished bird.

I lead a very merry life,
And I'm off again to sea.
Who'll turn into a little Tar,
And go sailing off with me?

PATRIOTIC PEOPLE.

I HAVE not yet sailed very far,
  But I dearly love the sea;
I 'm but a very tiny Tar,
  Yet a Nelson I would be.

He was the hero, great and bold,
  Of many a brave sea-fight;
I will be like him when I 'm old.
  Mab, don't you think I 'm right?

A boy should love his native land:
  When I go again to sea
I 'll try, like Nelson, to command
  A glorious Victory.

NELSON
TRAFALGAR
HE

FROLICKING PEOPLE.

SCAMPERING, scampering, running, and skipping,
Brimful of laughter, and frolic, they're tripping.
Oh! to be one of them, gleefully racing,
The great round hoops to go bowling and chasing.
Oh, what a dust! what a shouting and calling
One little girl, in the hurry, is falling.
The neglected old doll sits under the tree,
And sighs, "I'm afraid they've forgotten poor me!"
This is the kingdom of racket and riot;
Wait till the stars come, *then* all will be quiet!

HE

THE PRINCESS AND HER PIGEONS.

BEAUTIFUL pigeons with round bright eyes,
And plumage tinted with many dyes,
Flying down from your perch on the tree,
Is it the Princess you've come to see?

She has brought something for you to eat.
Will it be cake, or sugar, or wheat?
I cannot tell you which it will be,
Six sweet pigeons are waiting to see

THE PRINCESS GARDENING.

OUT of the water-pot comes a shower
To water the Princess's own sweet rose;
Bright sun, oh, shine on the lovely flower!—
Except May-blossom, the sweetest that grows.
The Princess loves all things pretty and gay,
She is Queen of the flowers to-day!

RICH PEOPLE.

I HAVE been away for a long, long walk,
And I feel quite dull for want of a talk;
For I can't converse with the dogs all day,
And indeed I shouldn't know what to say
Even to Juno, who walks by my side
With a stately step and an air of pride.
I watched the haymakers up on the hill,
And I have no doubt they're busy there still.
I saw a green frog jump under a gate
And leap away at a very great rate;
And I saw a bird peep out of a tree,—
A great white owl,—but it didn't see me.
But the dogs, and owl, and frog cannot talk,
So I'm going home after my long, long walk.

POOR PEOPLE.

Oh! the fruit so pretty and bright,
It is golden, and green, and red;
Is it not a most lovely sight?
"But it is not for me," she said.

She gazed, with eyes wistful and sad,
At the pumpkins tempting and sweet;
Is there no one to make her glad,
And to buy her *some* for a treat?

For she has not money enough
To purchase the gay-tinted fruit;
It is only plain "garden stuff"
Her poor empty pocket will suit.

See! the *pig* does not wait to buy,
But he helps himself from the stall;
Oh, piggie, go back to your sty,
And do not eat carrots and all!

WHISPERING PEOPLE.

DICKERY dock, come listen to me,
I have a secret for you:
I found a nest in an apple tree
With six little eggs so blue.

On these blue eggs a little bird sat,
With such merry bright black eyes;
Promise you won't tell Tabby the cat,
Lest she takes it by surprise.

"And I have a secret, Margery Ann,
But it's only meant for me,
I'll let you guess it though, if you *can;*
It's in my pocket, you see!"

HE

REFLECTIVE PEOPLE.

(WHAT GERADA DREAMT.)

I WAS standing quite still in a midsummer dream
On the banks of a wonderful fairyland stream,
When I dreamt that a grand knight emerged from the wave,
With most glittering armour and banner so brave;
And he said, "I have come from the land of romance
With my gallant war-horse, and my shield, and my lance;
I have come to look out for a Queen for the Fays,
For a lady with stately and beautiful ways;
And you are the prettiest young maiden I've seen,
Oh, come with me then, and be crowned Fairy Queen!"
But I said, "I prefer to remain on the bank,
Not to live under water for titles and rank!"
But 'twas no sooner said, than the knight swam away,
With a gleam and a splash and a shower of spray.
And it's oh for my dream of the sweet knight so brave,
It was only a fish that leapt out of the wave

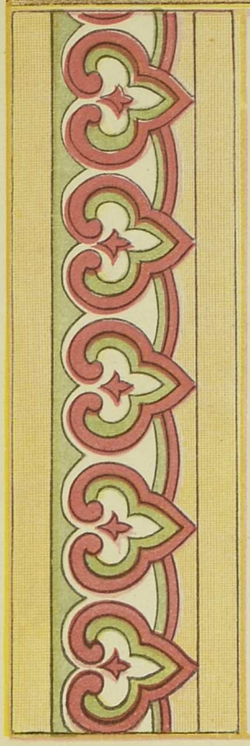
HE

FASHIONABLE PEOPLE.

HERE is Fairyland in disguise,—
'T is a fancy dress ball, you say,
Smiling faces, and laughing eyes,
And costumes old-fashioned and gay.

Here is a Watteau shepherdess
And a nice little Shakespeare man,
Powdered hair, and wonderful hats,
And many a fluttering fan.

Dance to the music; laugh, and sing,
Oh! the merry night speeds away;
At twelve the great church bells will ring,
For to-morrow is Christmas Day.

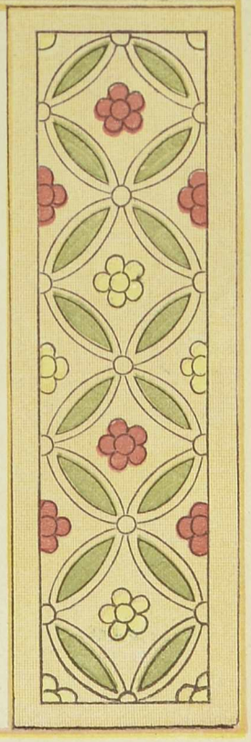


CHURCH-GOING PEOPLE.

THESE young people to church are going,
  Walking along with a stately air;
Bernard looks quite terribly knowing,
  With yellow stockings, and head quite bare.

He'll take his sisters a long, long walk,
  When the service is over and done.
Of the Bluecoat School they will laugh and talk,
  He'll tell them of prizes lost or won.

And tales of school-days, merry and rare,
  Wonderful feats at cricket and play.
I fear for sermons they will not care,
  They won't remember the text to-day!



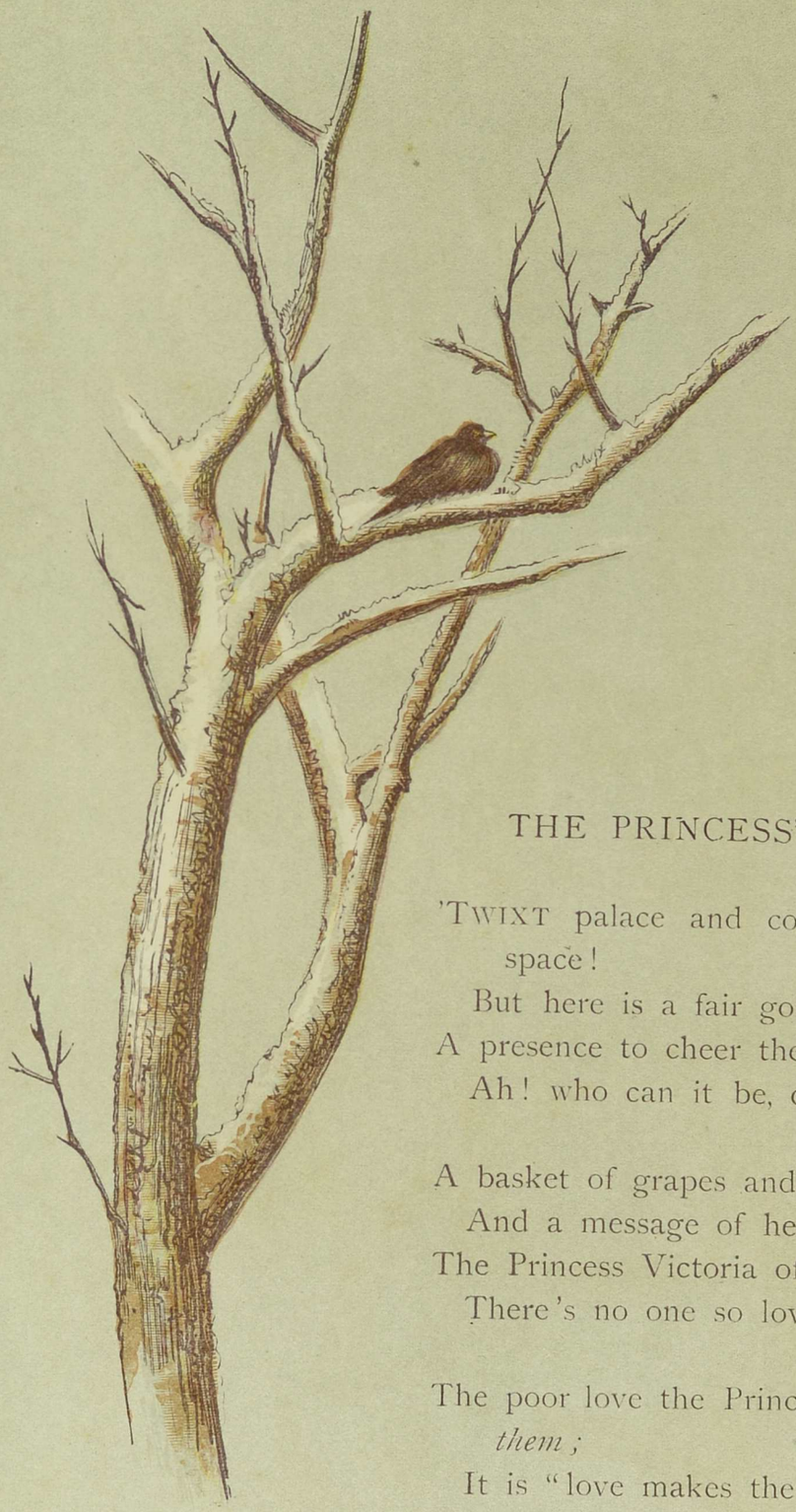
THE PRINCESS SHOPPING.

THE little May-blossom went shopping one day
To buy many nice things for giving away;
There was but one present remaining unsold
When the Princess found out she had spent all her gold.

So the purchase was left till another fine day,
And here is the May-blossom just on her way,
Her purse freshly stocked with gold new and bright,—
No wonder the little dog begs at the sight.

The donkey is waiting, saddled and ready,
Looking so grave, and knowing, and steady;
On his great hairy brow is a tiny spray
Of the Princess's favourite flower of May.

HHE



THE PRINCESS' CHARITY.

'TWIXT palace and cottage, oh, what a space!
But here is a fair golden link;
A presence to cheer the homeliest place:
Ah! who can it be, do you think?

A basket of grapes and delicate things,
And a message of hearty cheer,
The Princess Victoria often brings;
There's no one so loving and dear.

The poor love the Princess, and she loves *them;*
It is "love makes the world go round."
Oh, love is a chain so golden and true,
Rich and poor in its links are bound.

THE MAY-BLOSSOM

OR THE

PRINCESS

AND HER

PEOPLE

ILLUSTRATED BY

H. H. EMMERSON

LONDON:
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