

· PRICE · TWO · SHILLINGS · & · SIXPENCE ·



· GLORY ·

THE BOOK OF BOSS.

LANDING OF
JULIUS CESAR.



(P)

BOOK OF BOSH

[1890?]

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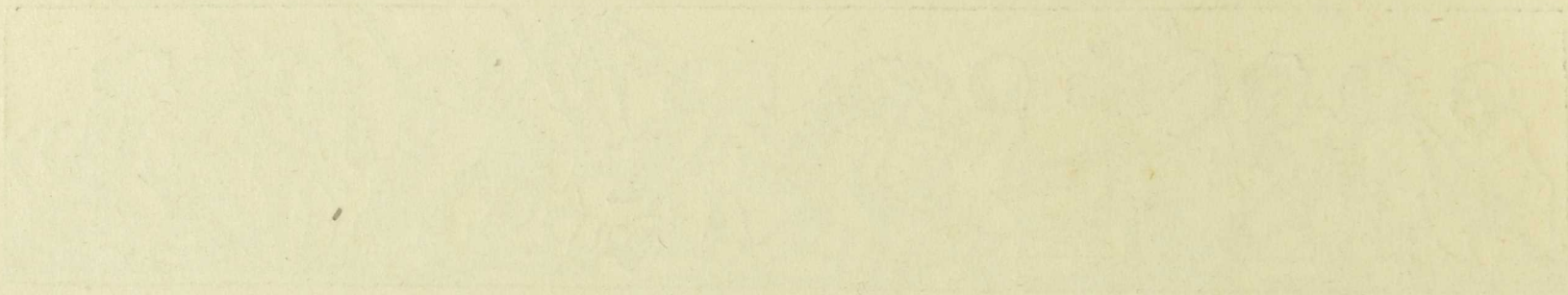
THE
BOOK OF BOSH,

WITH WHICH ARE INCORPORATED
SOME AMUSING AND INSTRUCTIVE
NURSERY STORIES IN RHYME.



[SECOND EDITION.]

LONDON:
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT, & CO.,
LIMITED.



THE
BOOK OF BOSE

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
PRESS

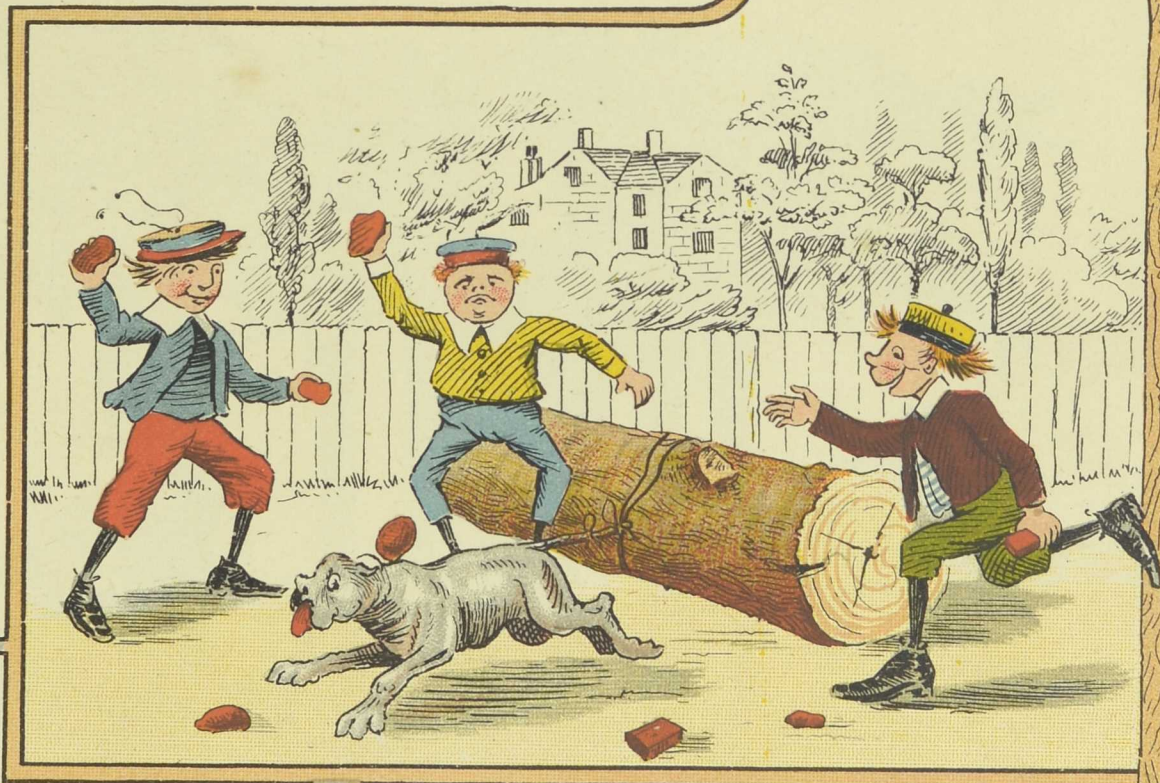
CHICAGO, ILL.

1900
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CHICAGO, ILL.

THE NAUGHTY BOYS WHO TEASED THE DOG




One day, when I was walking down
A country lane, just near a town,
I saw some boys, who to a log
Had tied a wretched helpless dog ;
And as it tried to get away,
The boys threw stones at it for play.



But soon their fun
Is turned to grief—
A Fairy comes
To dog's relief.


TURN
OVER




And now the dog, which first was small,
Begins to grow so fat and tall,
That the round log, which seemed so big,
Is nothing but a little twig.

Before the boys can get away,
This great fat dog has had his day ;
He catches each boy by the hair,
And ties him to a tree trunk there.

Just look at all these naughty boys—
No wonder now, they make a noise !
But they may cry, and they may yelp,
For none will come to give them help !



And if you pass
by that same place,
You'll see each boy
with crying face,
Is fastened there,
and there he sticks,
A warning 'gainst
such cruel tricks.



The Young Girl from Uttoxeter.

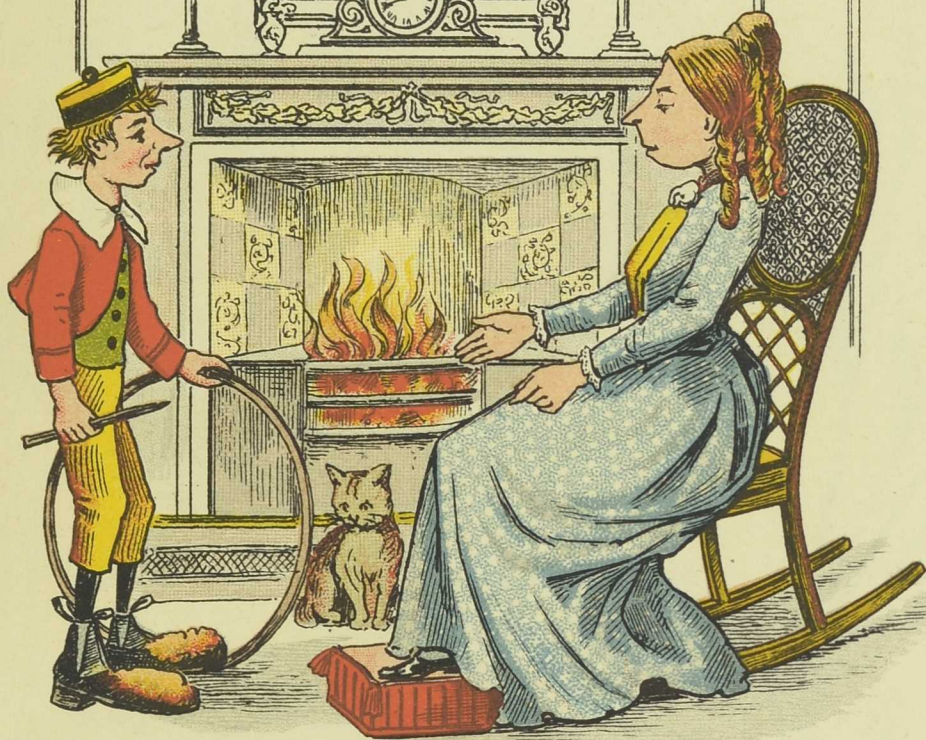
There was a young girl
of Uttoxeter,
Whose brothers one day
on a rock set her,
While they went for a sail,
But were wrecked in a gale ;
So the penguins
and seagulls

in flocks
ate her
!!!!!!
(how awful).

The Piteous Story of Willie Cootes.

Dear me! Dear me! 'Tis truly sad
To tell about a little lad
Who never, never, wiped his boots,
Although his mother, Mrs. Cootes,
Would oft remind her little boy
That cleanliness was life's great joy.
One day when she went into town,
To try and get a pretty gown,
(She never wore a dress if it
Was not turned out a perfect fit)—

One day, I say,
when she was out,
This naughty boy,
with gladsome shout,
Ran to some vacant
land to play,
And came back with
his boots all clay.





The tree now grows to such a weight
That he can neither slide nor skate,
And as he would not take advice
He cannot go upon the ice ;
So he must always stop at home,
And never with his friends may roam.

So thick upon his boots it stands,
It almost reaches to his hands !
But see ! There soon begins to grow
A little rose-tree from his toe,
And quicker still it springs apace,
Until it reaches past his face ;
How sad to think that Willie Cootes
Should suffer so from dirty boots.

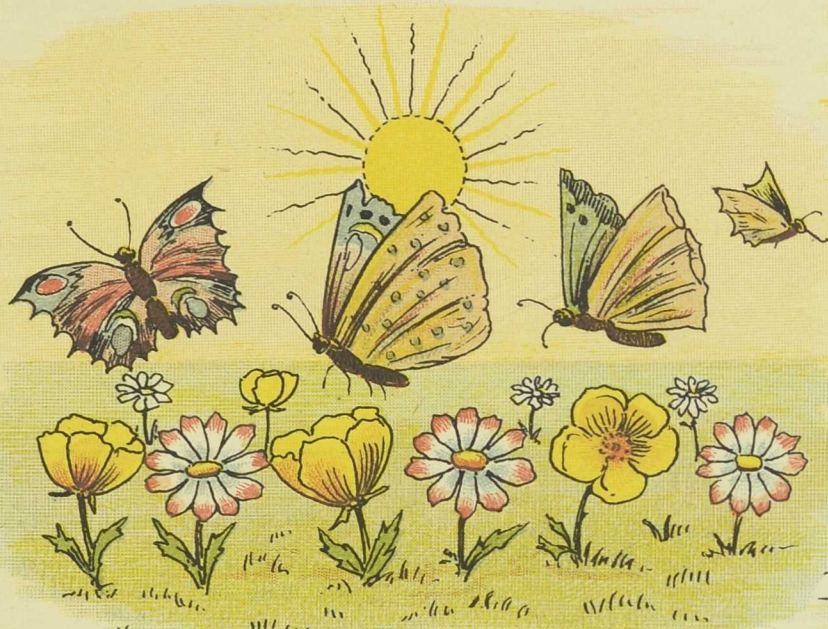


Ah ! If he'd only used the mat,
His shoes would not have been like that ;
With other boys he could have played,
If both his boots he had not clayed!

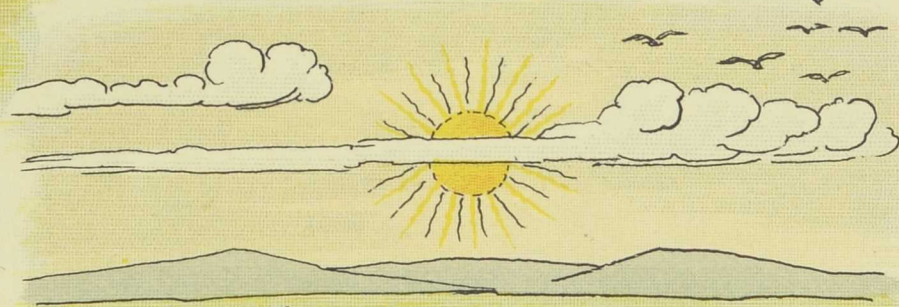


The Daisies and the Buttercups—A Summer Story.

The daisies and the buttercups
Were standing still in rows ;
The sun shone down upon their heads,
The grass kept warm their toes.



They woke up in the morning,
Their breakfast was of dew ;
They chattered to the butterflies
Which round about them flew.



At twelve o'clock 'twas very hot,
They opened wide their leaves,
In order that they might be fanned
By any passing breeze.



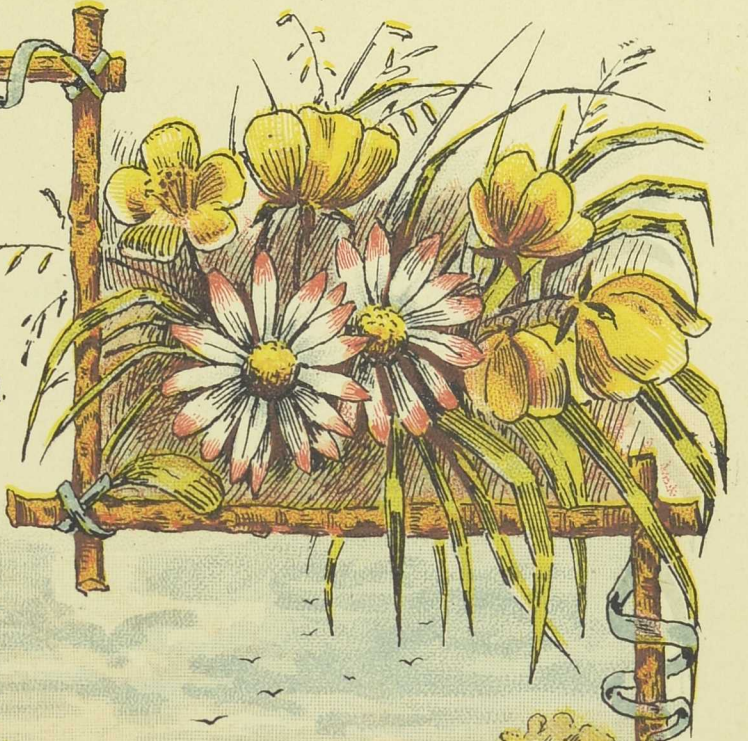
The breezes all had gone to sleep,
And nothing near was cool,
Except the little fish, which swam
Just hard by in a pool.

But bye and bye a little girl
Came out to run and play ;
The daisies and the buttercups
Hoped she would come their way.





She ran right up to look at them—
They were so dry and hot,
That she went off with greatest speed.
To find her watering pot.



She dipped her pot deep in the pool,
The fishes swam away ;
Then watered all the pretty flowers,
Which made them bright and gay.



They wanted much to thank her then,
And as they knew not how,
They thought the best thing they could do
Was just to make a bow !



When bed time came, they bent their heads
Whilst standing still in rows ;
The moon shone down upon their leaves,
The grass kept warm their toes.



Willie West.

Oh ! Willie West, would never rest,
When he beheld a dickey's nest—
Until he got it !

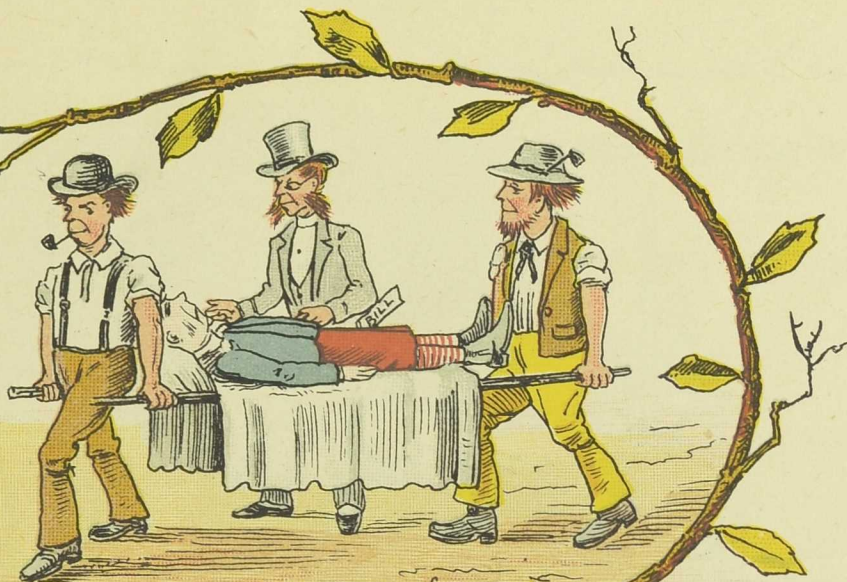
And if he saw, or ever heard
A little, tiny, singing bird—
He went and shot it !

It's very sad, to find a lad
Whose manners are so very bad—
They really shock you !

And when advice is given twice,
It is not either right or nice—
For boys to mock you !

But getting eggs means breaking legs,
When branches snap like rotten pegs—
As we ascend them !





And here poor Will is stretched out ill,
His limbs are bruised—he lies quite still—
And cannot bend them!



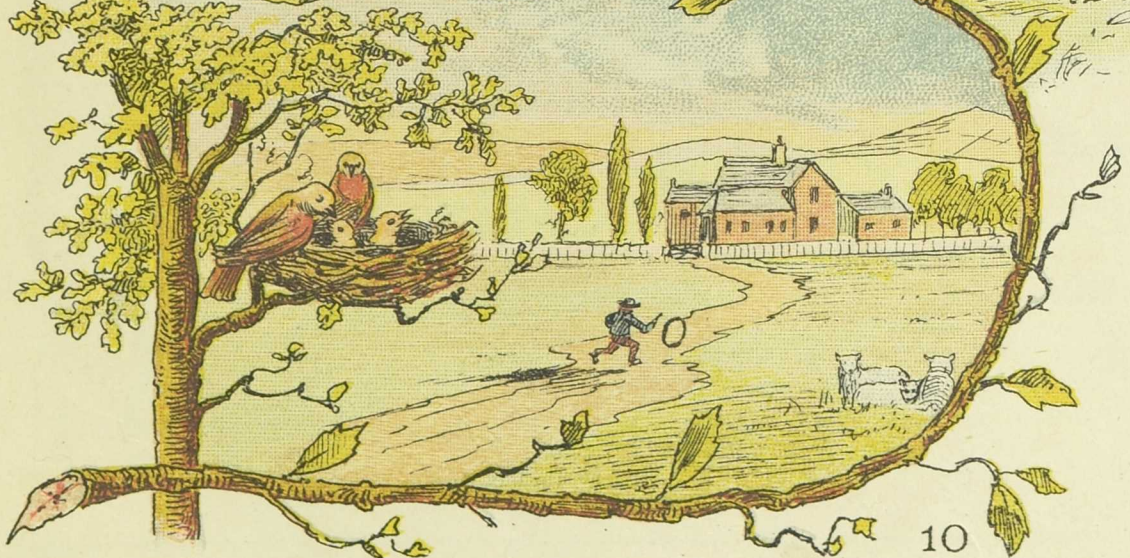
In bed he lay, for many a day ;
The grass grows up and turns to hay—
And, as he lingers,



His thoughts are stirred by a little bird,
Hatched from an egg which fortune spared
From Willie's fingers!



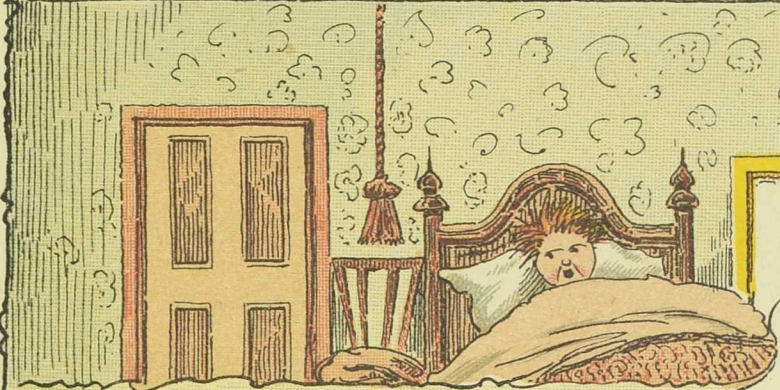
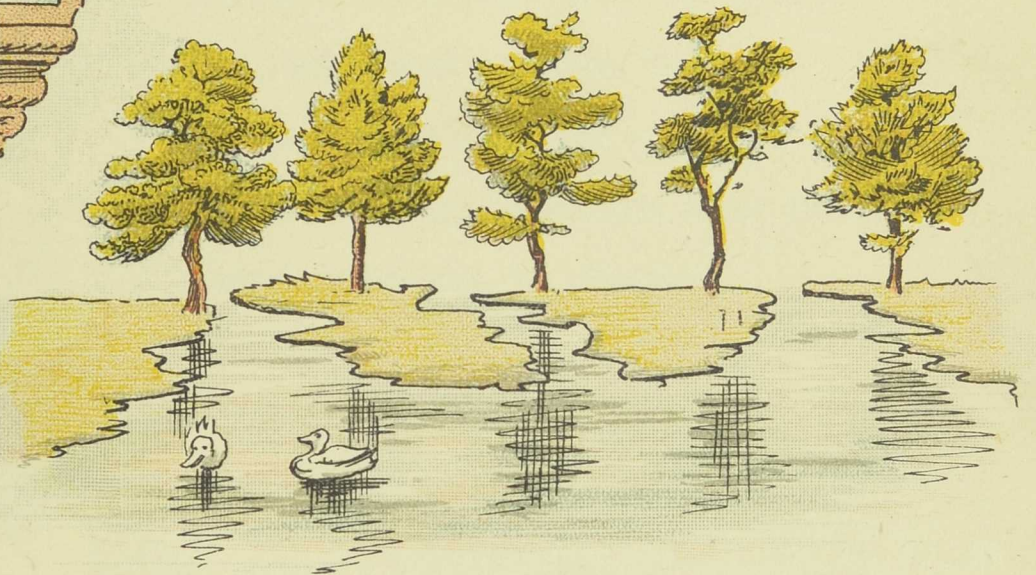
I'm glad to tell, when he got well,
He wandered oft o'er hill and dell—
In meadows straying.



The birds soon found, on Willie's ground,
Their nest and eggs left safe and sound—
When he was playing.

The Old Person who lived near some Streams.

An old person who lived near some streams
Was horribly troubled with dreams,
He woke up in the night
In a terrible fright,
And wakened the house with his screams.



A Riddle

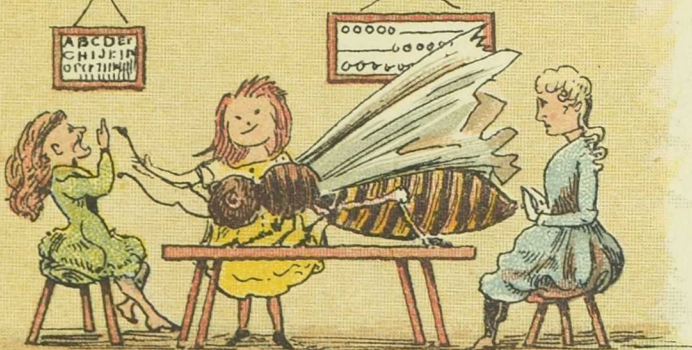
Hey, diddle, diddle,
A queer little riddle
For dear little children to guess;
Get this rhyme in your head,
And then jump into bed,
And the answer will come ere you dress!

THE RIDDLE.

Zephyr, zanny, zigzag, sneeze,
How many z's do you find in *these*?

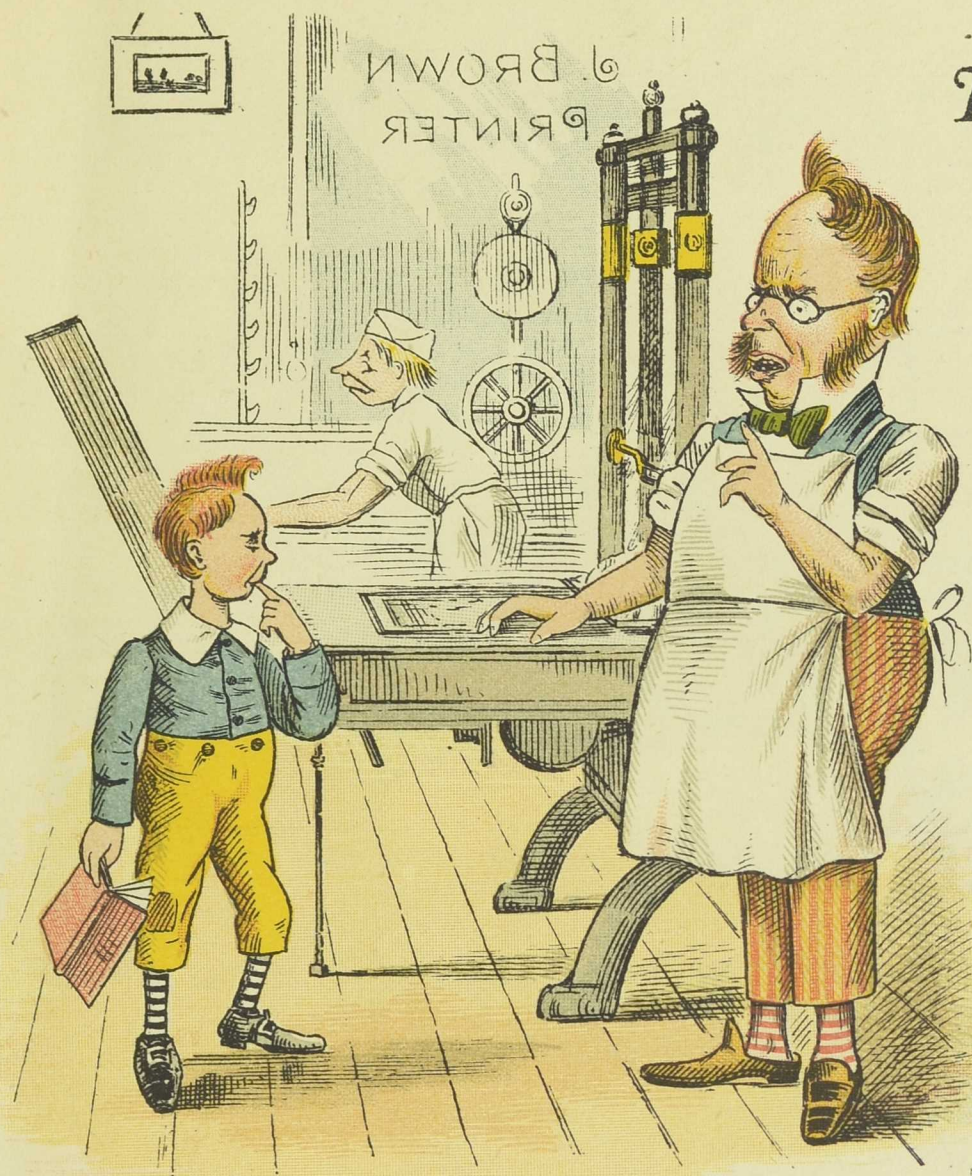


A SPELLING BEE



The Spelling Bee.

Here three little girls you see,
Joining at a Spelling Bee;
One and one and one make three,
Spelt T, H, R, double E.



The terrible Story of the Boy who would tear his Books.

Oh dear! Oh dear! it seems a shame
When there is only one to blame,
To write this awful story down,
About a boy whose name was Brown.
His Father was a Printer, too,
And used to give a hint or two
That books were sometimes made to read;
Although his son, he disagreed.

At Christmas time, his grandmamma,
And aunts, and uncles, near and far,
Would send him pretty books to see
The same as this one on your knee.



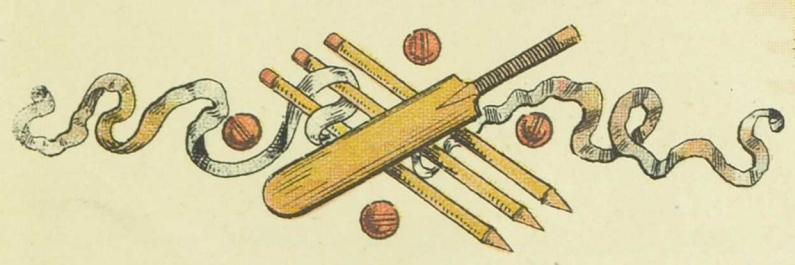
But scarcely had he looked them o'er,
Than backs were smudged, the leaves he tore;
And here behold him in a rage—
He's just demolished half a page!

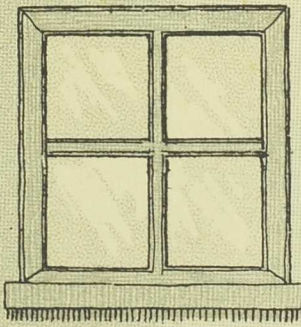
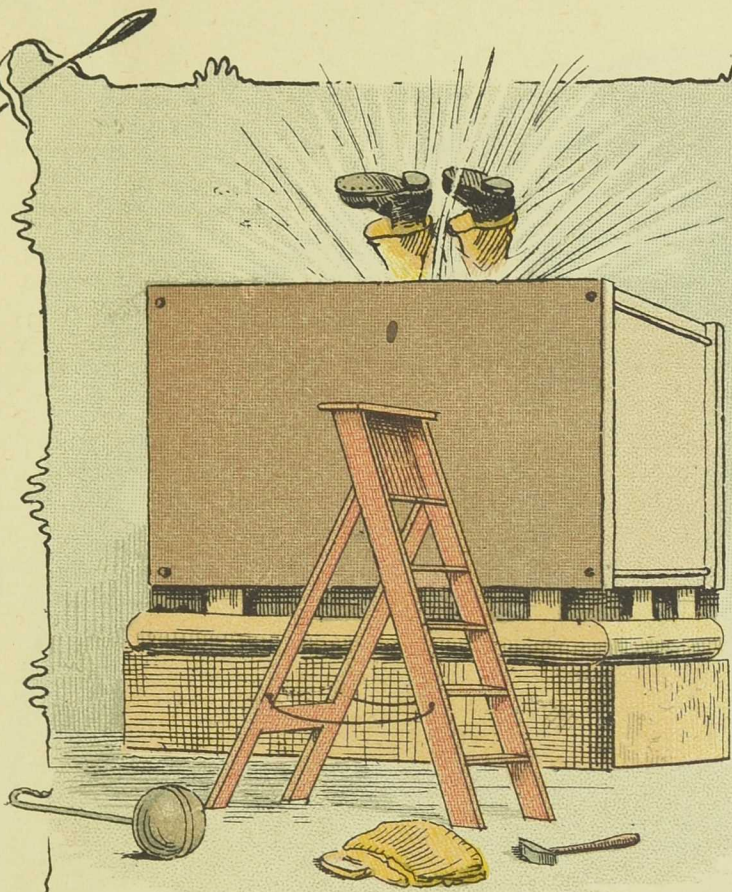


One night, when he had gone to bed,
 The books to one another said,
 "Let's use our leaves like wings, and fly
 As dickey-birds do in the sky ;
 And let us leave him for a spell,
 Until he learns to treat us well !!"
 And so the books, with one accord,
 Flew off and through the window soared,



And here he sits without a toy,
 That very, very, wicked boy.
 His books are gone—he's by himself—
 There's not one left upon the shelf—
 I'm sure he must feel very sad,
 That silly, little, naughty lad !





An old Plumber,
who came from
Carstairs,



Charged remarkably high for repairs ;
One day it was *his* turn
To re-lead the cistern—
He fell in and was ducked unawares.



Rose was playing !
Johnny skating !
Father's bills were coming in !
Each was happy—
Each diverted !
Prospects of a milder spring !



Johnnie and Willie.

Ah! Johnnie and Willie were
two little boys,
Whom for goodness you'd
scarcely select!
Their conduct was such, I am
sorry to say,
One can neither admire,
nor respect.

Just look at their faces—what
haste they are in
To fish where they ought
not; Oh! fie!
Now Johnnie's the one with
the circumflex chin,
And Willie's the one with the eye.

"Your hook is entangled," said Willie to John,
"There's something got on to my line;"
"I do not believe you," said Johnnie to Will,
"I'm sure there's a nibble at mine."



But quarrelling frequently leads to rough ways,
And sometimes to anger—then blows ;
So Johnnie fell up to his neck in the stream
And Willie went over his nose !

Ah ! soon there was kicking and splashing about,
And struggles to get to the bank ;
But all to no purpose, for neither could swim,
In a moment or two, then, they sank !

Farmer Wurzel he chanced to be walking about,
To see if his crops were still there,
When his eye inadvertently fell on a hat
That had floated along to the weir.

“What’s this?” he exclaimed, “where are hats there are heads,”

Then Johnnie and Willie he spied ;

Their heads had popped up, they were gasping for air,

“ Help ! Help !! Farmer Wurzel ! ” they cried.

Farmer Wurzel he took off his shoes and his coat,

And speedily got them ashore ;

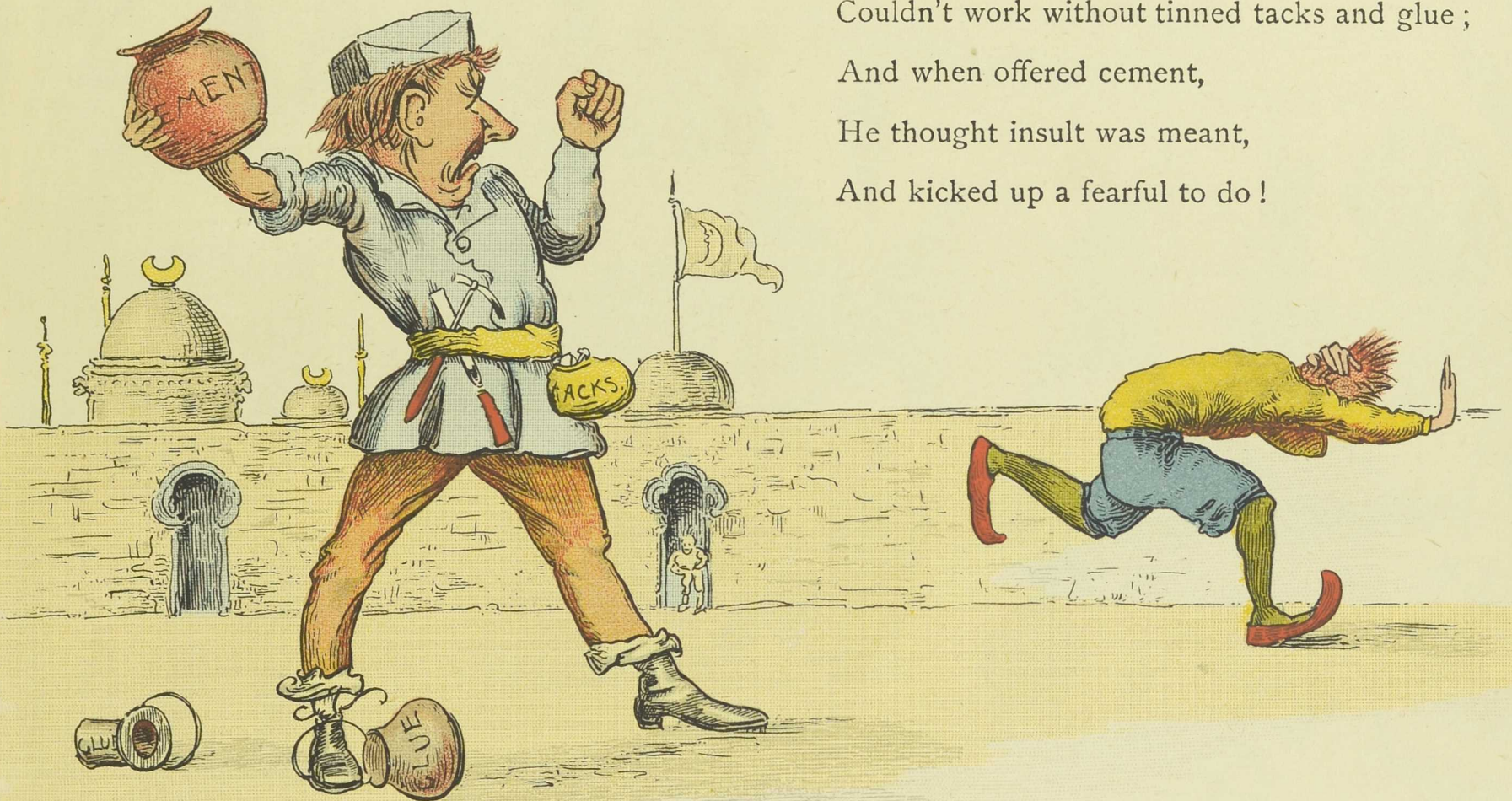
So Johnnie and Willie went home to their beds

Determined to quarrel no more.



The Joiner who went to Peru.

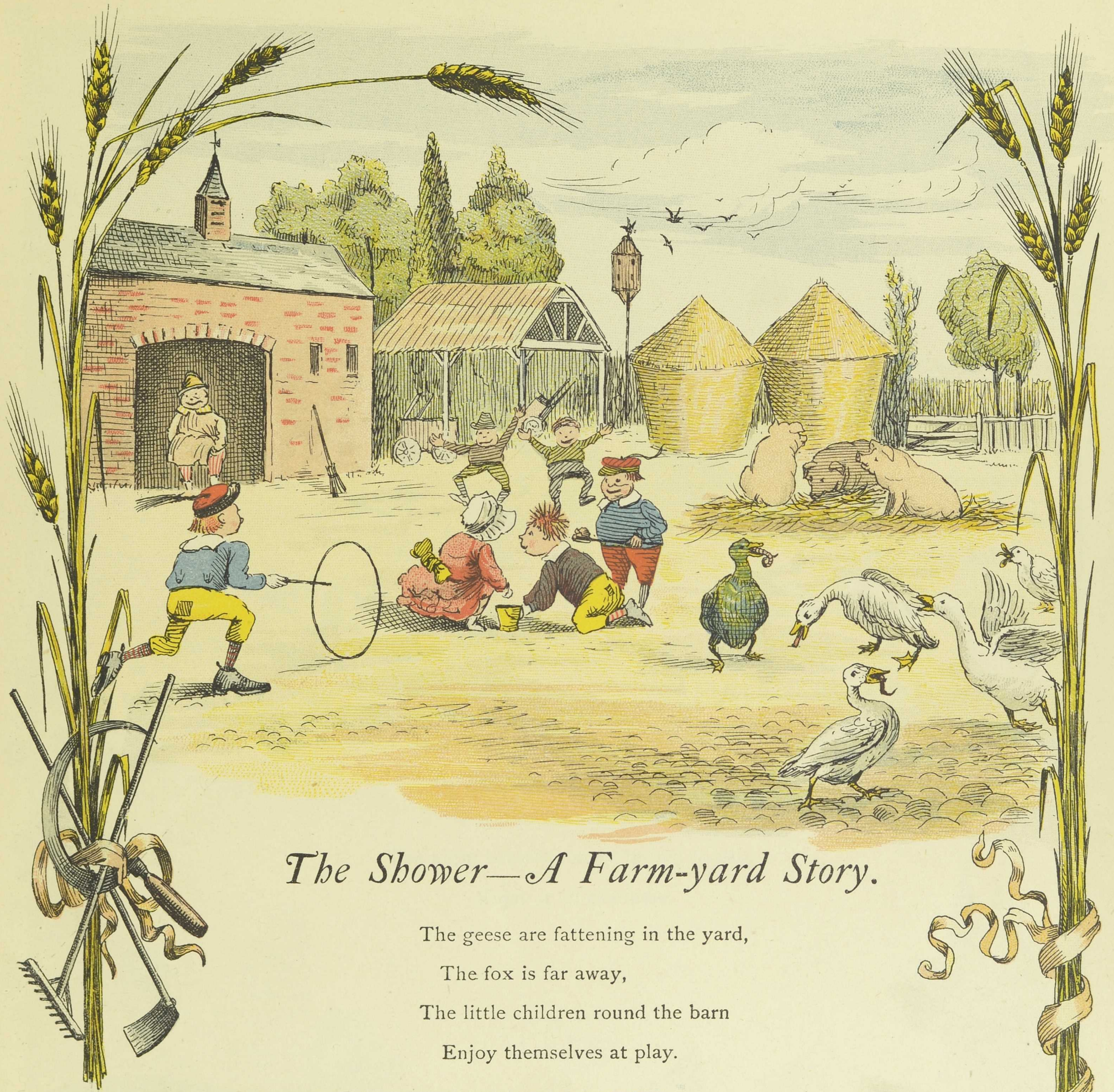
A Joiner, who went to Peru,
Couldn't work without tinned tacks and glue ;
And when offered cement,
He thought insult was meant,
And kicked up a fearful to do !



The Young Lady of Cheadle.

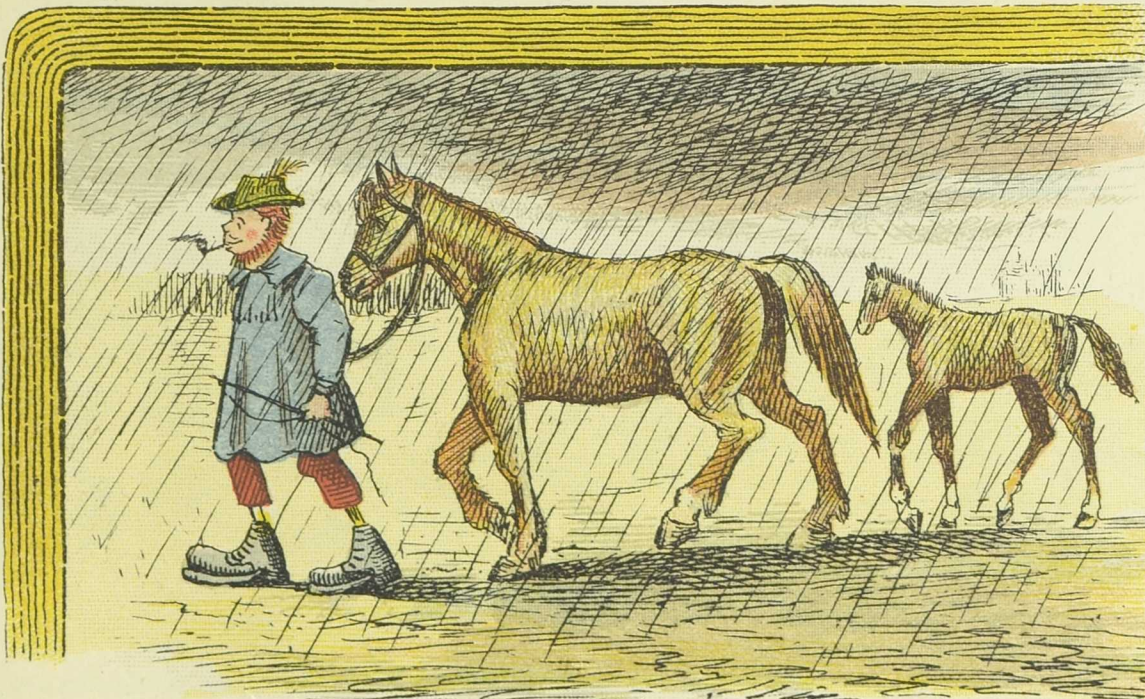
There's a young lady living at Cheadle,
So remarkably fond of her needle,
That she can't condescend
To take tea with a friend,
Without lots of coaxing and wheedle !





The Shower—A Farm-yard Story.

The geese are fattening in the yard,
 The fox is far away,
 The little children round the barn
 Enjoy themselves at play.



But thunder-storms are coming on—
 So children dears, beware,
 And go inside before it rains,
 And watch the light'ning there.
 For through the window you will see
 The pigs trot to their sty,
 The lambs go home, the cocks and hens
 Go off to their bye-bye.



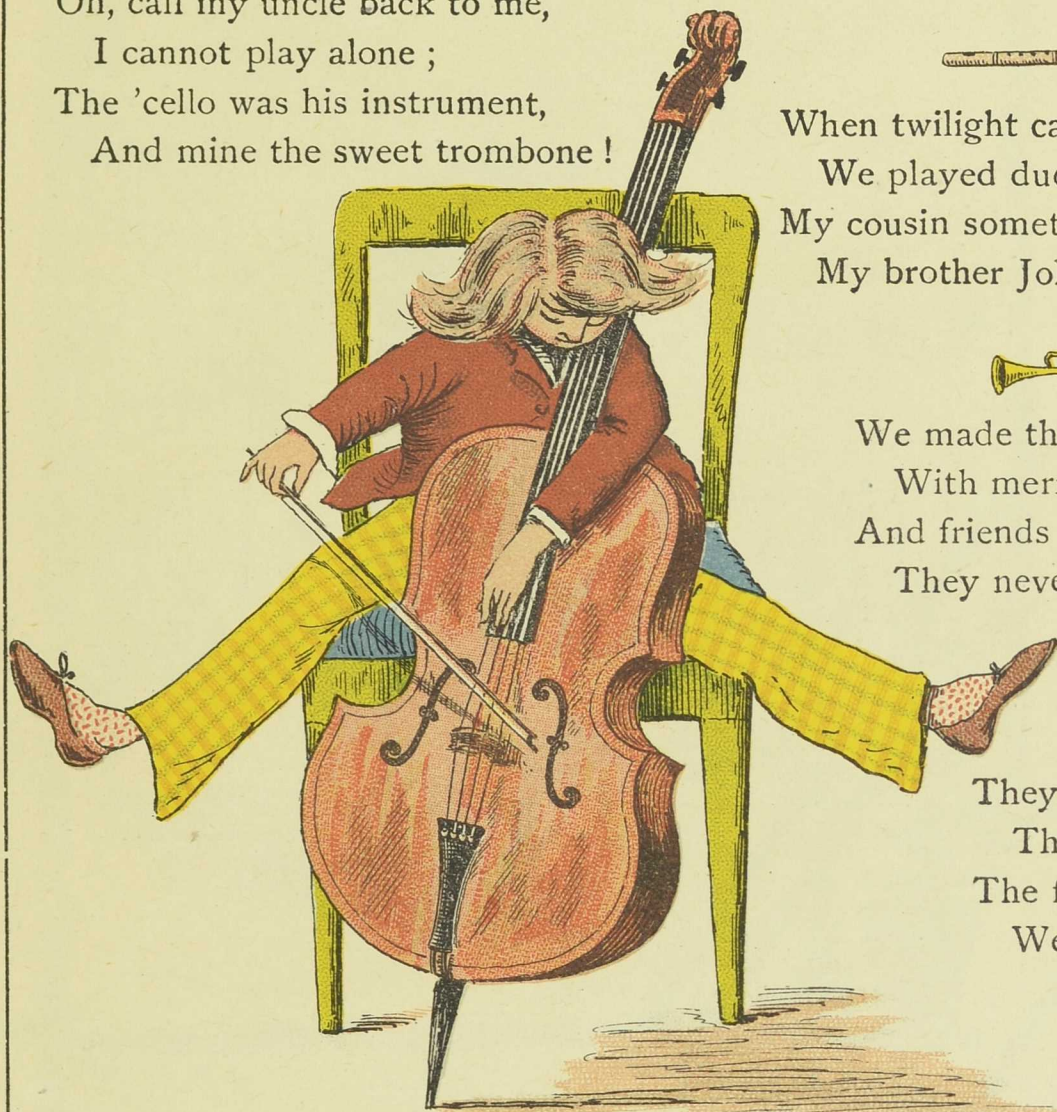
The mare and foal,
with speedy steps,
Are hurrying to the shed,
For all the tenants of the farm
Are rushing off to bed.

But now the sun shines out again,
As lovely as before,
And all the birds and all the beasts
Come out just as of yore.

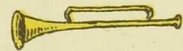
And so may we, so let's away
For now the rain is o'er
The night has once more turned to day,
Enjoy it all the more.

OH CALL MY UNCLE BACK TO ME!

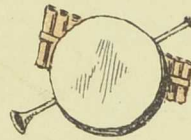
Oh, call my uncle back to me,
I cannot play alone ;
The 'cello was his instrument,
And mine the sweet trombone !



When twilight came, and stars peeped out,
We played duets till morn ;
My cousin sometimes brought his flute,
My brother John, his horn.



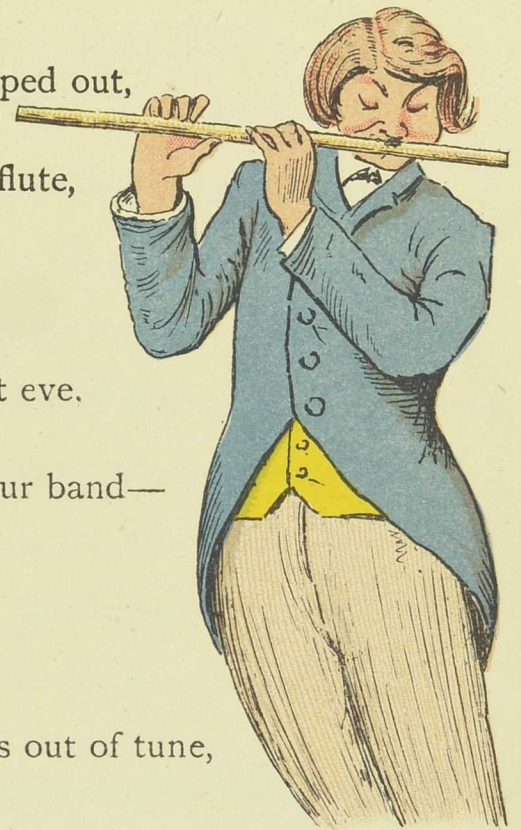
We made the room resound at eve.
With merry music's strain ;
And friends came in to hear our band—
They never came again !!



They said the horn was out of tune,
The 'cello very flat ;
The flute, I know, had lost a key—
We did not care for that !



So long as uncle fiddled bass,
And I the air entwined,
I did not think it mattered much
To be a bar behind !



Two little boys were in a field, when two big cows came up,
Two little boys they got away before the cows could tup.

About Naughty Jane, who bit her Nails.

When I was living down in Wales,
I knew a girl who bit her nails ;
Her finger-ends became so sore,
That blood flowed from them on the floor.
The more she bit the more they bled,
Until upon herself she fed ;
And as she nibbled day by day,
The fingers slowly wore away.

See, here she is ; she sadly stands
With only stumps instead of hands ;
The silly girl can never play,
Yet she was cautioned every day.
Her father said, " You naughty thing,
Some wooden fingers I must bring,
And try to get them fastened to
Your hands with little bits of glue."
So off he went, he didn't stop
Until he reached the chemist's shop.





See how the chemist wildly jumps,
 When Jane holds up those horrid stumps ;
 " Oh fie ! Oh fie !" the chemist cries,
 " How sad a sight for my old eyes ;
 A case like this one seldom sees."
 So down he goes upon his knees ;
 A piece of wood he neatly saws,
 And cuts it up like little claws,
 The fingers then he quickly shapes,
 And makes the joints with strings and tapes.

But girls in time to women grow,
 And here she is—I told you so !
 Now, when she sees a girl or boy
 Their teeth upon their nails employ,
 She shows them what it did for her,
 And don't the children stop and stare.



The Two Young

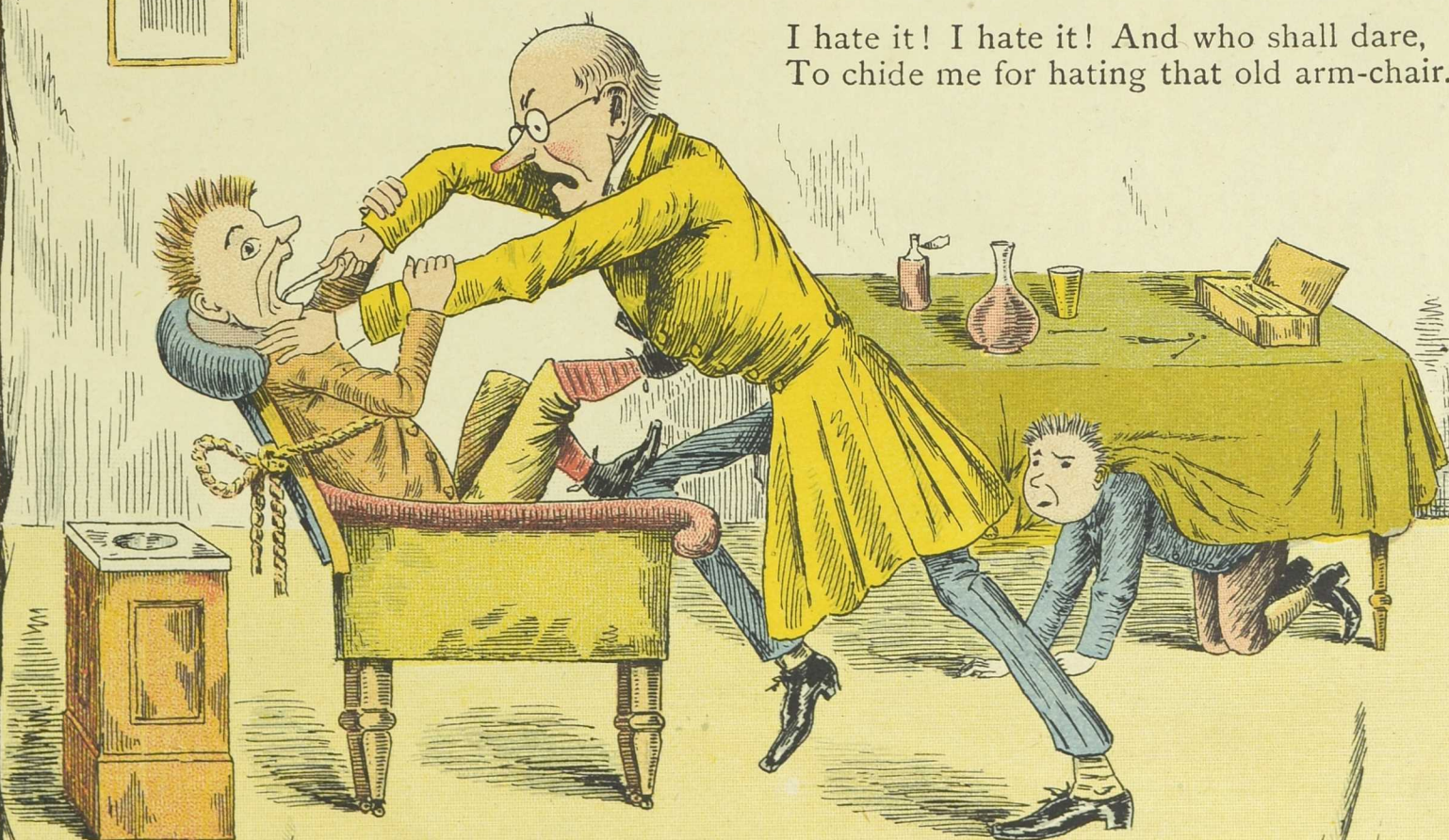
Ladies from Oldham.



Two gradely young wenches o' Owdem,
Would na' do as their mother had tow'd 'em;
So hoo sed to her mon,
Thou mun' tak' 'em in hon',
Fur its ower mich fur me fur to howd 'em.

The Dentist's Chair.

I hate it! I hate it! And who shall dare,
To chide me for hating that old arm-chair.

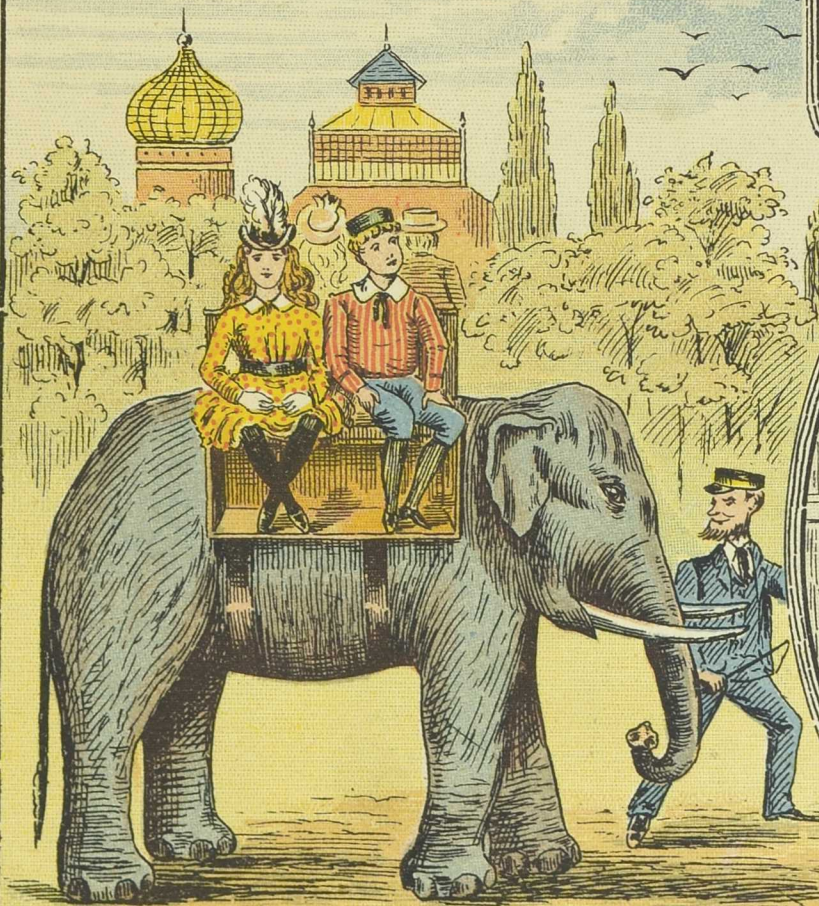


The Tragic Tale of the Boy who teased his Sisters.

It gives me neither mirth nor joy,
To show you here a wicked boy
Who teased his sisters fearfully,
And was as naughty as could be.
His father said "Now Freddie, dear,
You shall go with me, — never fear,
To see the wild beasts at the Zoo ;
Your sister Jane shall join us too."



When Monday came,
and it was fine,
Janey and Fred
were down at nine.
Ah ! Then young Fred
forgot to tease,
So happy was he,
if you please !
The children do not
stop to wait,
But soon pass through
the iron gate ;
They stand with father
near each beast,
Not shy, nor timid
in the least.



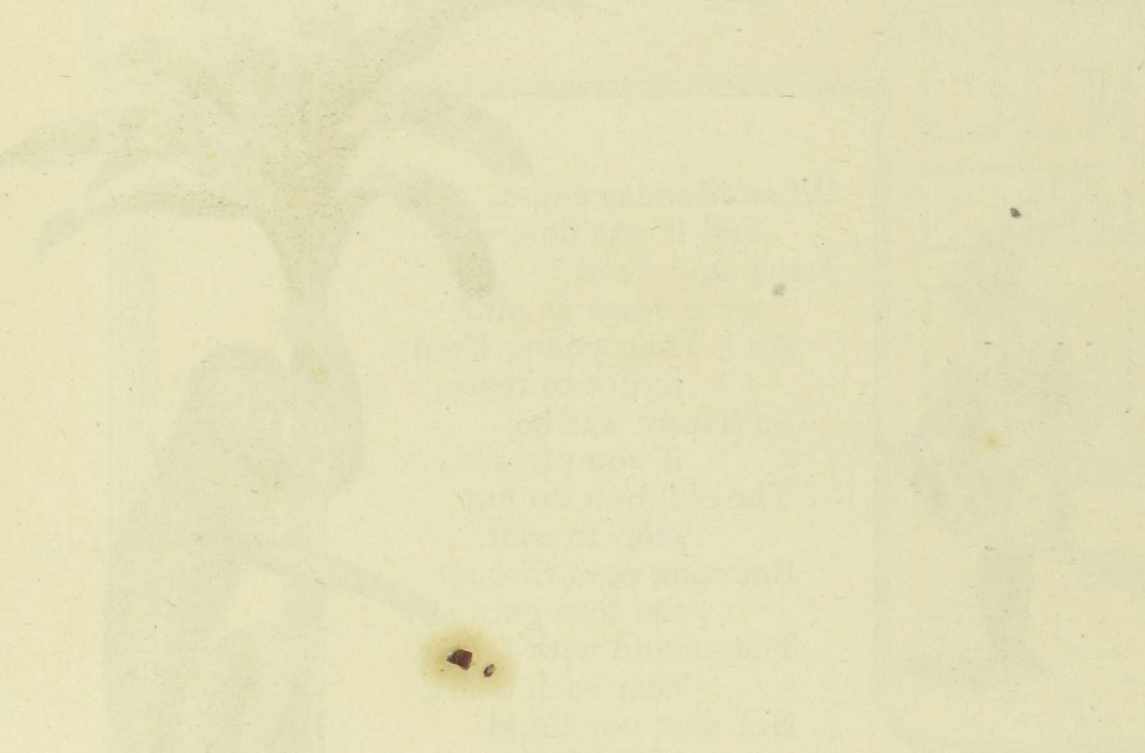
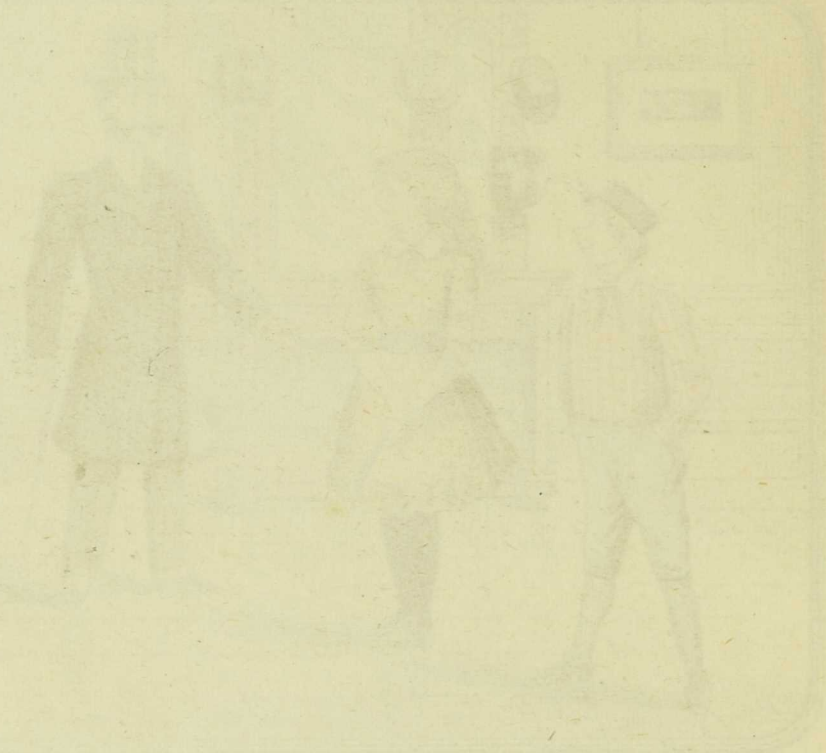
First on the Elephant they ride,
Janey and Fred sit side by side ;
Then all the Monkeys they did see,
As wild and wicked as can be ;



So turning round the father said,
" These Monkeys, here, my little Fred,
Are just like you, my dearest boy,
They seem to live just to annoy."

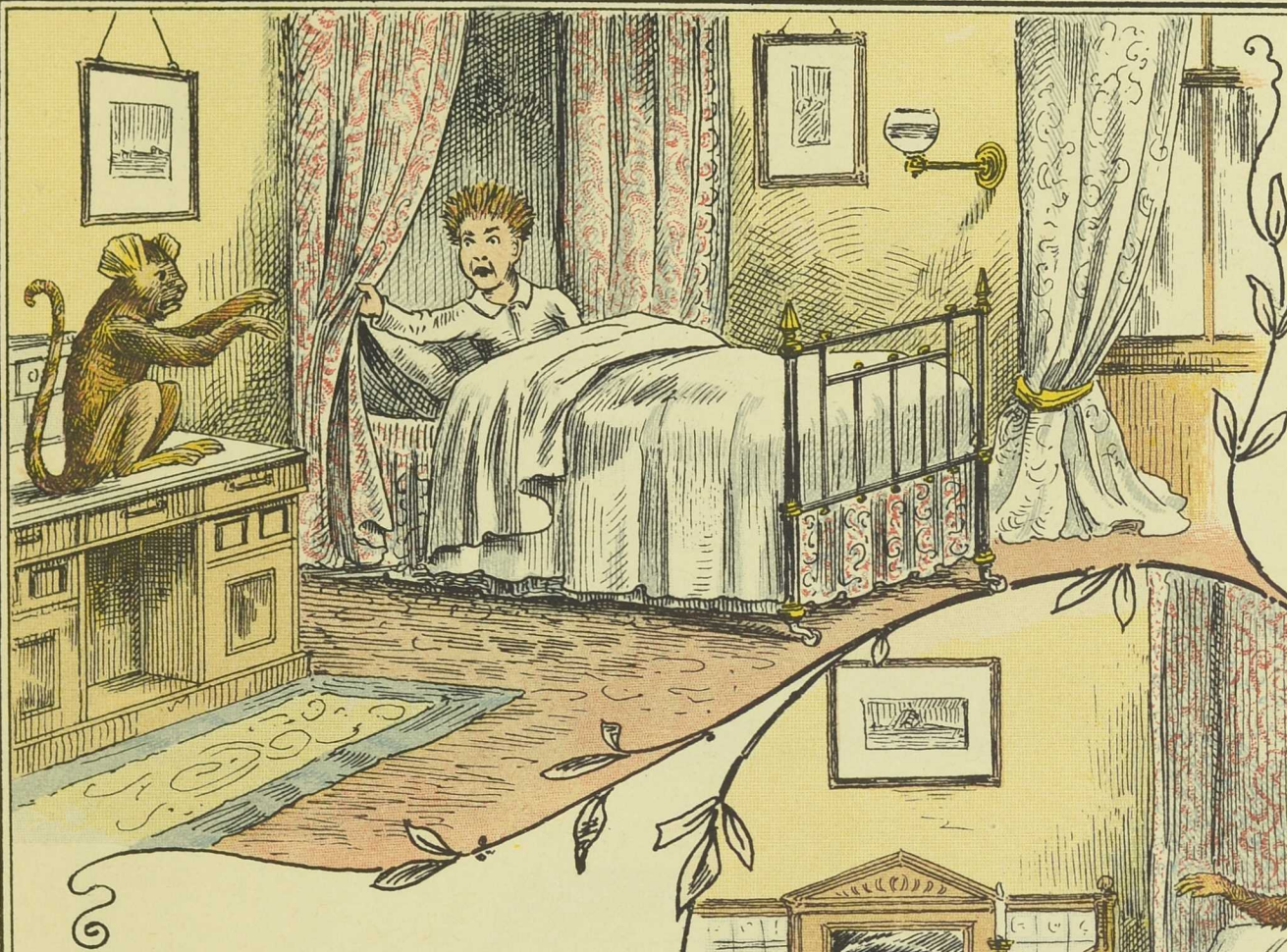
The Virgin Land of the West

It is a land of vast extent and fertile soil
 To show you how a great land
 Was made and how it grew
 And what its people are
 His father said "You know the land
 You shall see it all in a moment
 To see the great heart of the West
 You shall have it all in a moment"



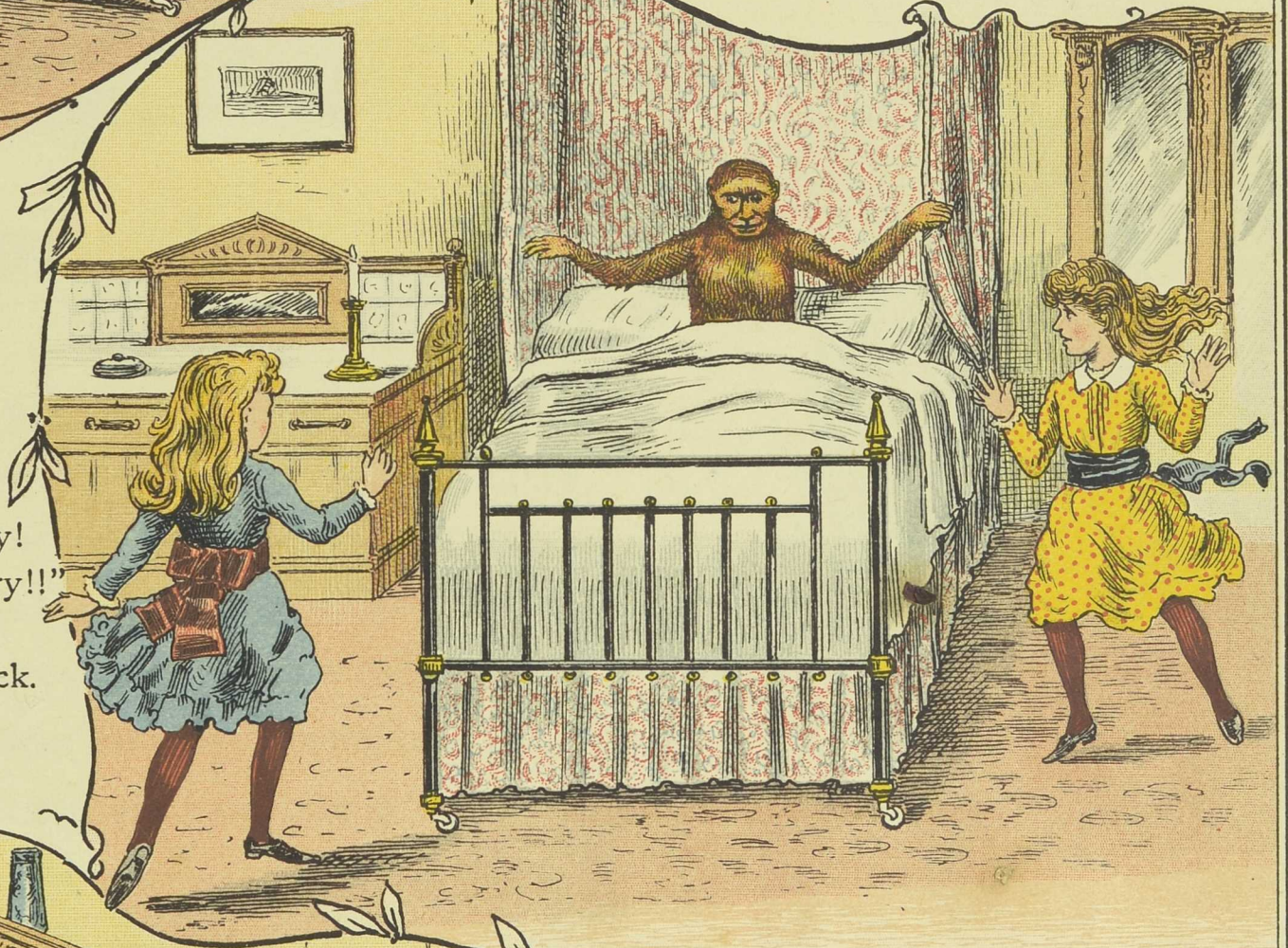
They were the first to see the land
 They were the first to see the land
 They were the first to see the land
 They were the first to see the land

They were the first to see the land
 They were the first to see the land
 They were the first to see the land
 They were the first to see the land



When all the children were in bed,
With eyes near starting from his head,
Our Freddie saw a figure small,
Which at him then began to call—
“The Apes that now live at the Zoo,
Exactly are like such as you ;
So now a Monkey you shall be,
You silly boy, until I see
You stop your teasing ways, and then
You shall be altered back again.”

Next morn the sisters ran to see
If breakfast ready soon would be ;
Then went to tell their brother Fred
To jump out quickly from his bed.
But when they came, they said “Oh, my!
Fred’s turned an Ape! Just hear him cry!!”
They all sat round, but oh, alack,
None of them then could turn him back.



If only he’d not teased each one,
They would have wept, for what was done ;
But now a Monkey he must stay,
Each year, each month, each week, each day.
And that is why there is no joy
In sketching here that wicked boy,
Who teased his sisters fearfully,
And was as naughty as could be.



Here is the man, all bones and ribs—
He comes to children who tell fibs ;
To those who use bad words he comes,
And puts a thumb-screw on their thumbs ;
To those who quarrel when they play,
He comes and takes their toys away.
The picture which you here do see,
Shows you this man—I'm sure that he
Will never come to you and me.



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