

TELLER'S

TALES.

THE

# POETIC GARLAND,

A  
COLLECTION  
OF

# NURSERY RHYMES.

EDITED BY THOMAS TELLER.

Embellished



with new and

BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS.

NEW HAVEN.

PUBLISHED BY S. BABCOCK.

CHAPEL STREET.

NEW SERIES.

NUMBER FIVE.

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TAYLOR, JANET  
POETIC...  
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Christina Duff Stewart

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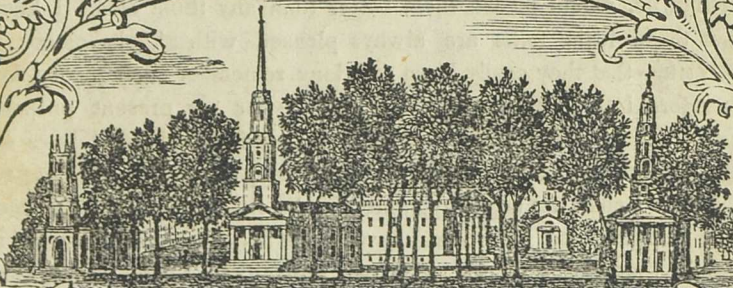


THE  
**POETIC GARLAND:**

A COLLECTION OF

**NURSERY RHYMES.**

BY THOMAS TELLER.



NEW HAVEN.  
PUBLISHED BY S. BABCOCK.

## TO MY YOUNG READERS.



*My dear little Friends :*

I have been thinking that perhaps among the many little ones who would like to read "TELLER'S TALES," there may be some who have but just learned their letters. Now as I intend to make at least TWELVE books of this size and shape, and as I wish to suit children of all ages, I must have a few of them very easy and very simple, for these little beginners. It would be difficult for them to read and understand such books as "SANDFORD AND MERTON," "THE HISTORY OF A DAY," "PARENT'S OFFERING," "BUYING EXPERIENCE," and several others of this series. So I have concluded that some SIMPLE RHYMES, with a great many BEAUTIFUL PICTURES, would please them better than any thing else. I know that these little folks are always pleased with simple pieces in RHYME,—that they easily learn and long remember such pieces, and therefore I think them the most suitable for my present purpose. From a very pretty book, written by a lady in England, I have selected the NURSERY RHYMES which make up this little "GARLAND."

I hope I shall not be disappointed in the expectation that this book will delight those for whom I have made it. The pieces are all so simple that the youngest child can understand them, and so carefully written that their effect upon the HEADS and HEARTS of my youngest readers, must be such as will gratify their parents, and all others who love them, as well as their

Old friend and well-wisher,

*Roseville Hall, 1845.*

THOMAS TELLER.



THE  
POETIC GARLAND.

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GETTING UP.

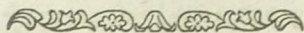
Now my baby, ope your eye,  
For the sun is in the sky,  
And he's peeping once again  
Through the frosty window-pane ;  
Little baby, do not keep  
Any longer fast asleep.

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 :  
Oh ! 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 you go down stairs,  
Don't forget to say your prayers ;  
For 'tis God who loves to keep  
Little babies while they sleep.



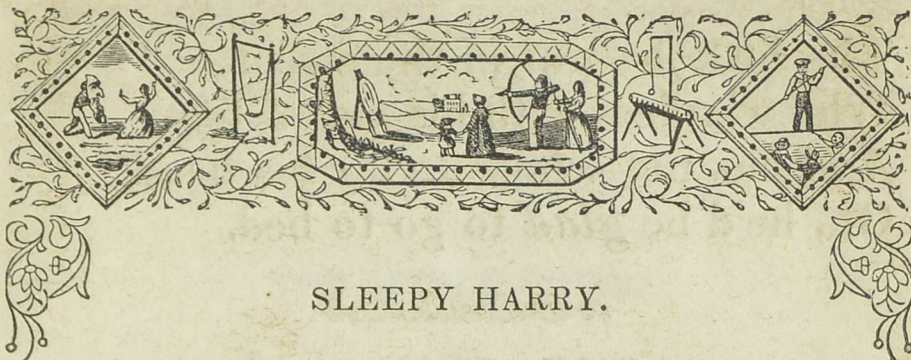






SLEEPY HARRY,

Page 7.



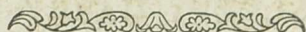
SLEEPY HARRY.

“I do not like to go to bed,”  
 Sleepy little Harry said,  
 “Go, naughty Betty, go away,  
 I will not come at all, I say !”

Oh, what a little silly fellow !  
 I should be quite ashamed 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,  
 Oh, he'd be *glad* to go to bed.



BABY AND MAMMA.

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 kisses:  
 Oh! how good I'll try to be,  
 For such a dear mamma as this is.



THE LITTLE CHILD.

I'm a very little child,  
 Only just have learned 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 !

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

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

For sometimes I cry and fret,  
And my dear mamma I tease ;  
Or I vex her, while I sit  
Playing pretty on her knees.

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

Then I'll tell her that I will  
Try not any more to fret her,  
And as I grow older still,  
Try to show I love her better.



THE KIND MAMMA.

Come, dear, and sit upon my kneec,  
 And give me kisses, one, two, three,  
 And tell me whether you love me,  
My baby.

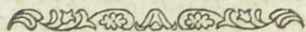
For this I'm sure, that I love you,  
 And many, many things I do,  
 And all day long I sit and sew  
For baby.

And then at night I lie 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 naughty passions fly,  
You can't think how papa and I  
Love baby.

But if my little girl should grow,  
To be a naughty child, you know,  
'Twould grieve mamma to see 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!





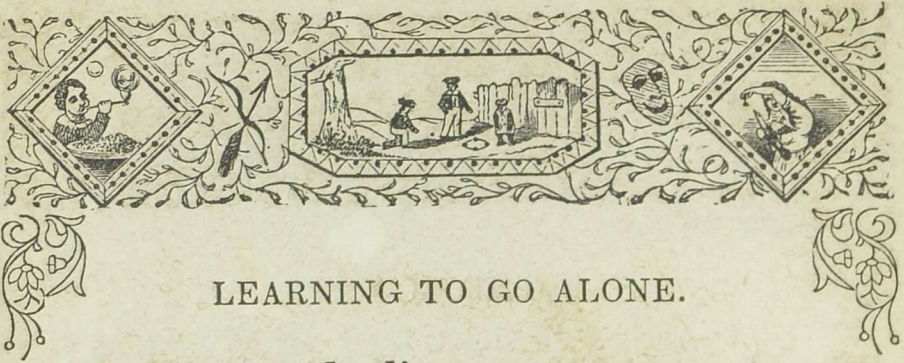


THE COW.

Thank you, pretty cow, that made  
 Pleasant milk to soak my bread,  
 Every day and every 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.

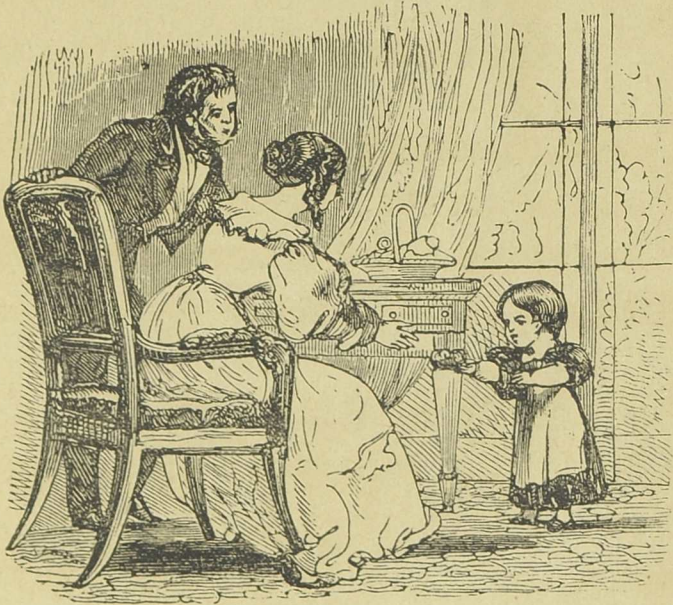


## LEARNING TO GO ALONE.

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 mother 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.



LEARNING TO GO ALONE

Page 14.





## THE STAR.

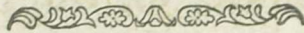
Twinkle, twinkle, little star,  
How I wonder what you are!  
Up above the world so high,  
Like a diamond in the sky.

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

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

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

As your bright and tiny spark  
Lights the traveller in the dark,  
Though I know not what you are,  
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.



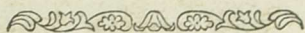


## GOOD NIGHT.

Little baby, lay your head  
 On your pretty cradle-bed ;  
 Shut your eye-peeps, now the day  
 And the light has gone away ;  
 All the clothes are tucked 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 can not come in here  
 To my little baby dear :

For the window shutteth fast,  
 Till the stormy night is past ;  
 And the curtains warm are spread  
 Round about her cradle-bed :  
 So, till morning shineth bright  
 Little baby dear, good-night.



THE BABY'S DANCE.

Dance, little baby, dance up high :  
 Never mind, baby, mother is nigh ;  
 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,  
 Then dance, little baby, and mother  
     shall sing,  
 While the gay merry coral goes ding,  
     ding a-ding, ding.

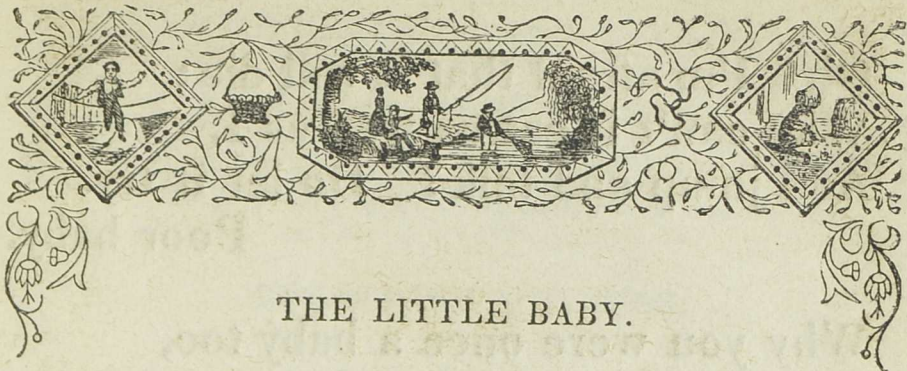






THE LITTLE BABY.

Page 23.



THE LITTLE BABY.

What is this pretty little thing,  
 That nurse so carefully doth bring,  
 And round its head her apron fling?  
A baby!

Oh! dear, how very soft its cheek:  
 Why, Nurse, I can not make it speak,  
 And it can't walk, it is so weak,  
Poor baby.

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

Oh! 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 papa to come and meet  
His baby.

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



## BREAKFAST AND PUSS.

Here's my baby's bread and milk,  
 For her lip as soft as silk ;  
 Here's the basin 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 her's.

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.



THE MICHAELMAS DAISY.

I am very pale and dim,  
 With my faint and bluish rim,  
 Standing on my narrow stalk,  
 By the littered gravel walk,  
 And the withered leaves aloft,  
 Fall upon me very oft.

But I show my lowly 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."





LOOKING IN A GLASS.

Page 29.





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

What! looking in the glass again!  
Why is my silly child so vain?  
Do you think yourself as fair  
As the gentle lilies are?

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

When your cheek the brightest glows,  
Is it redder than the rose?  
But the rose's buds are seen  
Almost hid with moss and green.

Little flowers that open gay,  
 Peeping forth at break of day,  
 In the garden, hedge, or plain,  
 Do you think that *they* are vain?

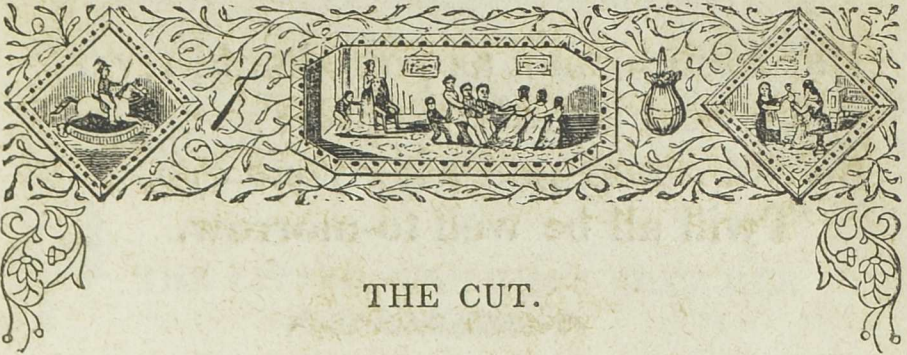


GOING TO BED.

Down upon my pillow warm,  
 I do lay my little head,  
 And the rain, and wind, and storm,  
 Can not come too nigh my bed.

Dear mamma, I 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.



## THE CUT.

Well, what's the matter? there's a fa- c!  
 What! have you 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 about and wipe your eye,  
 'Twill all be well to-morrow.



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 covered flat,  
 With a white and yellow hat.

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



THE LITTLE GIRL THAT BEAT HER  
SISTER.

Go, go, my naughty girl, and kiss  
Your little sister dear ;  
I must not have such scenes as this,  
And noisy quarrels here.

What ! little children scratch and fight,  
That ought to be so mild !  
Oh ! Mary, its a shocking sight  
To see an angry child.

I can't imagine, for my part,  
The reason of your folly ;  
She did not do you any harm,  
By playing with your dolly.

See, see the little tears that run  
 Fast from her watery eye :  
 Come, my sweet innocent be 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.



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 pick the pretty flowers  
That grow about the beds and bowers,  
Because you know they are not ours.

We'll take 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.





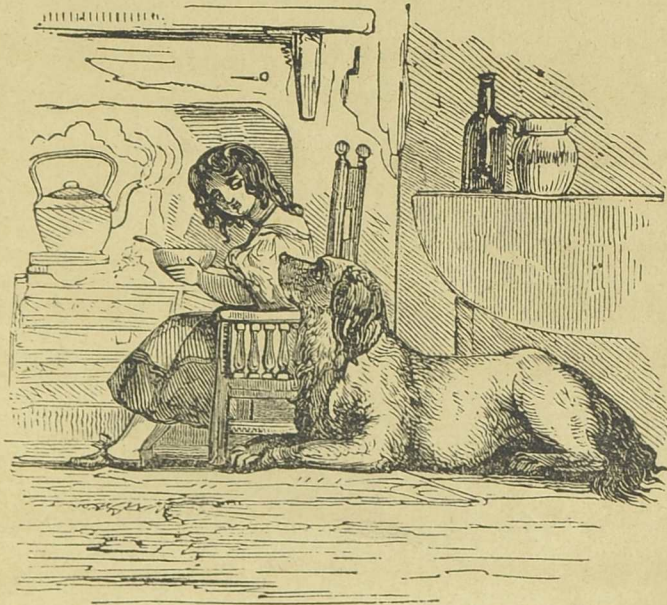
NO BREAKFAST FOR GROWLER.

Go, 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 served 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)





NO BREAKFAST FOR GROWLER. Page 36.



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,  
All round and round the yard ;  
And now, while sitting by your side,  
To have a bit of bread denied,  
Is really very hard.

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





ABOUT LEARNING TO READ.

Here's a gay pretty book, full of verses  
to sing,  
But Lucy can't read it; oh! what a  
sad thing!  
And such funny stories—and pictures,  
too—look:  
I am glad I can read such a beautiful  
book.

But come, little Lucy, now what do  
you say,  
Shall I begin teaching you pretty great  
A?

And then all the letters that stand in a  
row ?

That you may be able to read it, you  
know ?

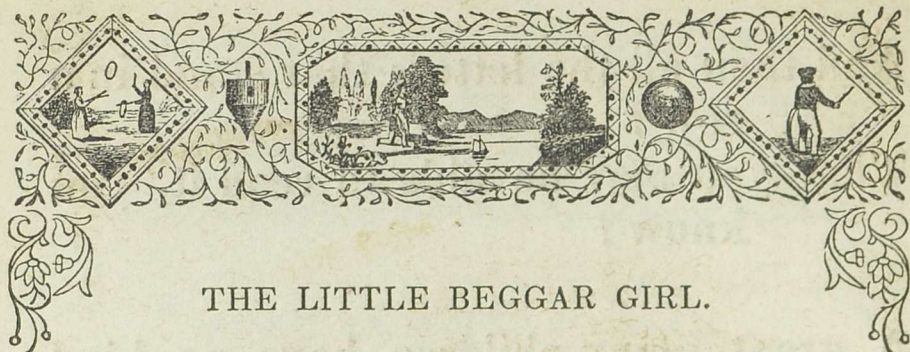
A great many children have no kind  
mamma

To teach them to read, and poor chil-  
dren they are ;

But Lucy shall learn all her letters to  
tell,

And I hope bye and bye she will read  
very well.



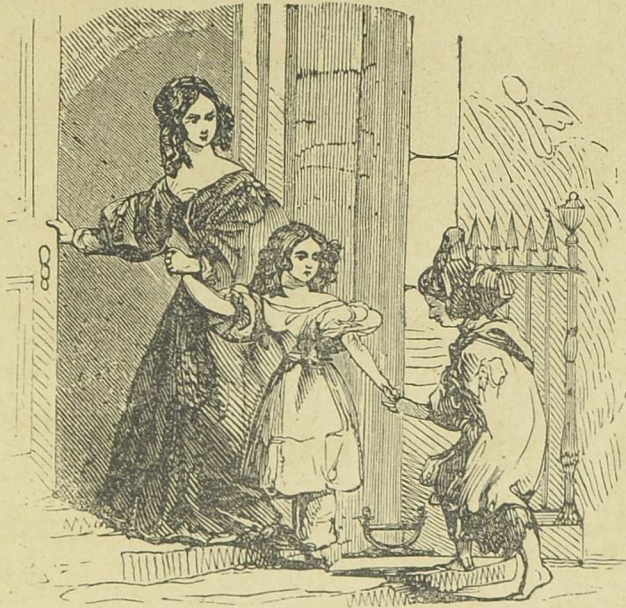


THE LITTLE BEGGAR GIRL.

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 dear mamma, that loves me so,  
 And all that I desire.



BEGGAR GIRL.

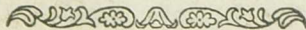
Page 42.





If I were forced to stroll so far,  
 Oh dear, what should I do!  
 I wish she had a kind mamma,  
 Just such a one as you.

Here, little girl, come back again,  
 And hold that ragged hat,  
 And I will put a penny in,—  
 There, buy some bread with that.



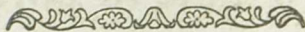
QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Who showed 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 build 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 showed them all the  
way,  
And gave their little skill,  
And teaches children, if they pray,  
To do His holy will.





THE LITTLE COWARD.

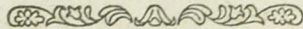
Why, here's a foolish little man !  
 Laugh at him, donkey, if you can ;  
 And cat, and dog, and cow, and calf,  
 Come every one of you and laugh.

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.

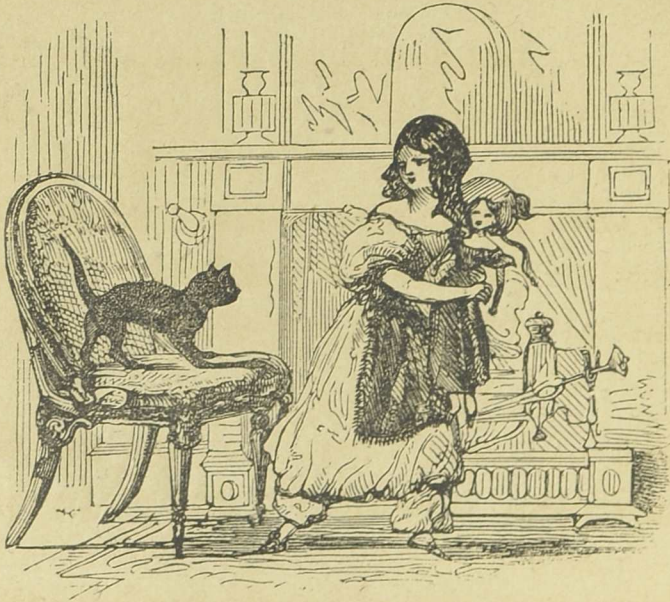
Poor Brindle cow can hardly pass  
 Along the hedge to nip the grass,  
 Or wag her tail to lash the flies,  
 But off he runs and loudly cries !

And when old Tray comes jumping 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."  
 Oh! cat, and dog, and cow, and calf,  
 I'm not surprised to see you laugh,  
 He's five years old and almost half.







THE FROLICHSOME KITTEN. Page 51.



THE FROLICHSOME KITTEN.

Dear kitten, do lie still, I say,  
 I really 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 the 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 play-  
ing.

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



THE TUMBLE.

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.



Oh 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,

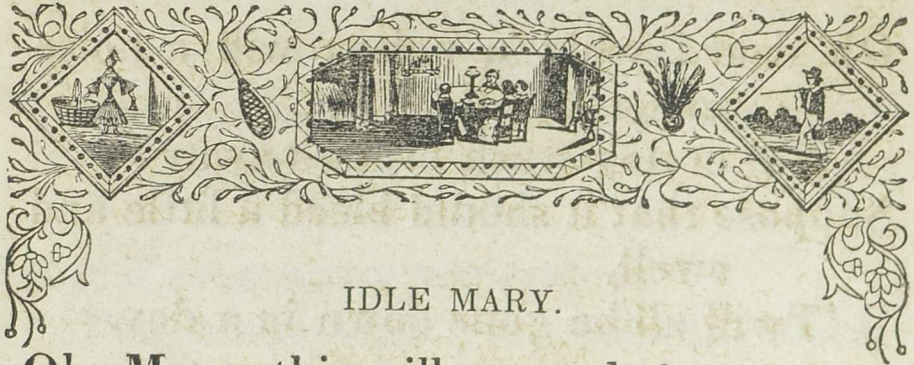
You must bear greater troubles than  
this.

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 washed in the  
rain.



## IDLE MARY.

Oh, Mary, this will never do !

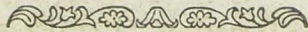
This work is sadly done, my dear,  
And then so little of it too !

You have not taken pains, I fear.

Oh 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 tried  
In this at least, to please mamma.

The little girl who will not sew,  
 Must neither be allowed to play ;  
 And then I hope, my love, that you  
 Will take more pains another day.



POLITENESS.

Good boys and girls will never say,  
 “ *I will,*” and “ *Give me these ;*”  
 Oh, 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.



THE LITTLE GIRL THAT DID NOT LIKE  
TO BE WASHED.

What ! cry when I wash you, not love  
to be clean !

Then go and be dirty,—not fit to be  
seen :

And till you leave off, and I see you have  
smiled,

I can'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 washed  
all the day?

Ay, look at your fingers, you see it is  
so :

Did you ever behold such a black little  
row ?

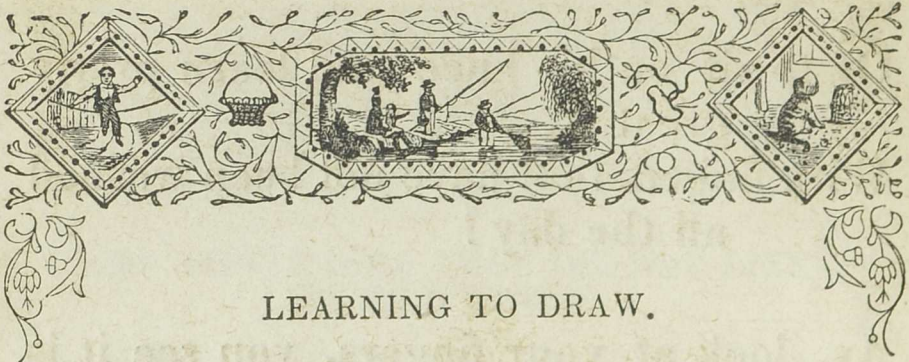
And for *once* you may look at yourself  
in the glass;

There's a face to belong to a good little  
lass !

Come, come then, I see you're begin-  
ning to clear ;

You wont be so foolish again, will you,  
my dear ?





## LEARNING TO DRAW.

Come, here is a slate, and a pencil, and  
 string,  
 So let us sit down and draw some pretty  
 thing ;  
 A man, and a cow, and a horse, and a  
 tree,  
 And when you have finished, pray show  
 them to me.

What ! can not you do it ? Shall I show  
 you how ?  
 Come, give me your pencil, *I'll* draw  
 you a cow.



LEARNING TO DRAW.

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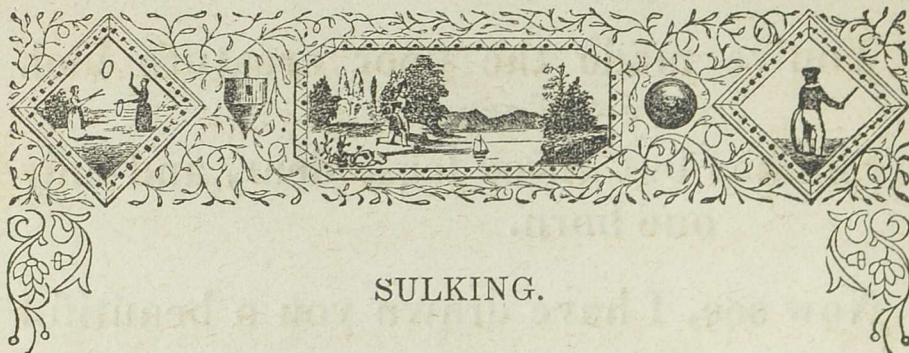




You've made the poor creature look  
very forlorn ;  
She has but three legs, dear, and only  
one horn.

Now see, I have drawn you a beautiful  
cow ;  
And here is a little bird, perched 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,  
For you know, dear mamma, you can  
draw any thing !



## SULKING.

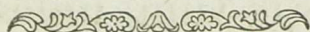
Why is Mary standing there,  
 Leaning down upon a chair,  
 With such an angry lip and brow?  
 I wonder what's the matter now.

Come here, my dear, and tell me true,  
 Is it because I spoke to you  
 About the work you've done so slow,  
 That you are standing fretting so?

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

Oh, how much better 'twould appear  
To see you shed a humble tear,  
And then to hear you meekly say,  
"I'll not do so another day."

For you to stand and look so cross,  
(Which makes your fault so much the  
worse)  
Is far more naughty, dear, you know,  
Than having done your work too slow !



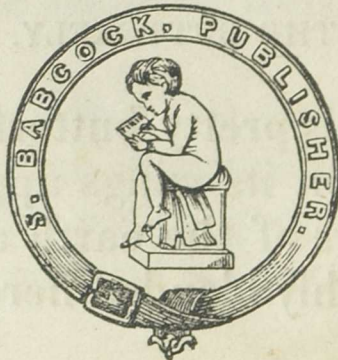
#### THE BUTTERFLY.

Behold this pretty butterfly,  
How soft its wings appear !  
The colors of the earth and sky  
Are richly blended here.

And yet this little butterfly  
 Is neither proud nor vain,  
 Though gold and jewels seem to lie  
 In gay spots o'er its train.

See how it flies from flower to flower;  
 No guilt disturbs its breast ;  
 At eve it hails the tranquil hour,  
 And calmly sinks to rest.

Learn of this happy butterfly,  
 Though finely dressed and smart,  
 That dress is vain, unless we try  
 To wear an *honest* heart.









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