The book cover features a highly decorative, dark brown border with intricate floral and scrollwork patterns. The central text is set within a light-colored, arched frame. The title is printed in a bold, serif font with a slight shadow effect.

LITTLE MARY'S
SECOND BOOK OF
ORIGINAL POETRY.

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.



LONDON:
DAVID BOGUE, 86, FLEET STREET.

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Mary Alice Hartwell
Christmas. 1876.



THE PET LAMB.

ORIGINAL POEMS

FOR MY CHILDREN.

BY THOMAS MILLER,

AUTHOR OF "PICTURES OF COUNTRY LIFE," "THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS," &c.

SECOND SERIES.



LONDON:

DAVID BOGUE, 86 FLEET STREET.

MDCCL.

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THE PET LAMB.

PART THE FIRST.

ONCE on a time, a shepherd lived
 Within a cottage small ;
The grey thatched roof was shaded by
 An elm-tree dark and tall ;
While all around stretched far away
 A wild and lonesome moor,
Except a little daisied field
 Before the trellised door.

Now it was on a cold March day,
 When on the moorland wide,
The shepherd found a trembling lamb
 By its dead mother's side ;

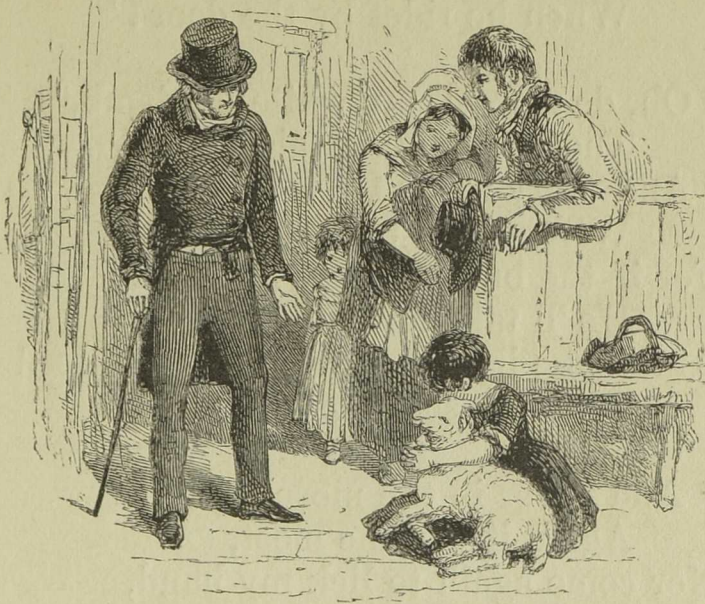
THE PET LAMB.

And so pitiful it bleated,
As with the cold it shook,
He wrapped it up beneath his coat,
And home the poor lamb took.

He placed it by the warm fireside,
And then his children fed
This little lamb, whose mother died,
With milk and sweet brown bread,
Until it ran about the floor,
Or at the door would stand ;
And grew so tame it ate its food
From out the children's hand.

It followed them where'er they went,
Came ever at their call,
And dearly was this pretty lamb
Belovéd by them all.
And often on a market-day,
When cotters crossed the moor,
They stopped to praise this snow-white lamb
Beside the cottage door ;
They patted it upon its head,
And stroked it with the hand,
And vowed it was the prettiest lamb
They 'd seen in all the land.





THE PET LAMB. PART THE SECOND.

Now this kind shepherd was as ill,
As ill, as he could be,
And kept his bed for many a week,
And nothing earnèd he ;
And when he had got well again,
He to his wife did say,
“ The doctor wants his money, and
I have n't it to pay.

“ What shall we do, what can we do ?
The doctor's made me well,
There's only one thing can be done,
We must the pet lamb sell ;
We've nearly eaten all the bread,
And how can we get more,

THE PET LAMB.

Unless you call the butcher in
When he rides by the door?"

"Oh, do not sell my white pet lamb,"
Then little Mary said,
"And every night I'll go up stairs
Without my tea to bed ;
For if the butcher buys my lamb,
He'll take away its life,
And make its pretty white throat bleed
With his sharp cruel knife ;

"And never in the morning light
Again it will me meet,
Nor come again to lick my hand,
Look up to me and bleat.
Oh, do not sell my sweet pet lamb ;
And if you'll let it live,
The best half of my bread and milk
I will unto it give."
The doctor at that very time
Entered the cottage door,
As, with her arms around her lamb,
She sat upon the floor.





THE PET LAMB. PART THE THIRD.

“ WHY do you weep, my pretty girl ?”

The doctor then did say.

“ Because I love my little lamb,
Which must be sold to-day ;

It lies beside my bed at night,

And, oh, it is so still,

It never made a bit of noise

When father was so ill.

“ Oh, do not let them sell my lamb,

And then I'll go to bed,

And never ask for aught to eat

But a small piece of bread.”

“ I'll buy the lamb and give it you,”

The kind good doctor said,

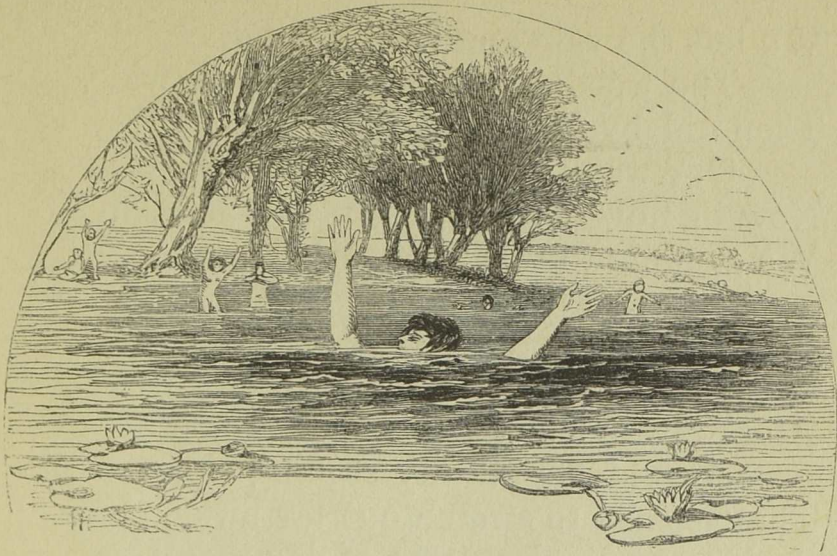
“ And with the money that I pay
Your father can buy bread.

“ As for the bill, that can remain
Until another year.”

He paid the money down, and said,
“ The lamb is yours my dear ;
You have a kind and gentle heart,
And God who made us all,
He loveth well those who are kind
To creatures great and small ;

“ And while I live, my little girl,
Your lamb shall not be sold,
But play with you upon the moor,
And sleep within the fold.”
And so the white pet lamb was saved,
And played upon the moor,
And after little Mary ran
About the cottage floor.

It fed upon the cowslips tall,
And ate the grass so sweet,
And on the little garden walk
Pattered its pretty feet ;
And with its head upon her lap
The little lamb would lay
Asleep beneath the elm-tree's shade,
Upon the summer's day,
While she twined flowers around its neck,
And called it her “ Sweet May.”



THE DROWNED BOY.

THE simple story I relate
Is very sad, but very true ;
And it is of a schoolboy's fate,
A merry lad, whom well I knew,
That I this sorrowful story tell,
Which on his thirteenth birthday fell.

I well remember on that day
His widowed mother's pleasant smile,
How ere we started off to play,
By Ashcroft's green and willowy isle,
To lure us back in time for tea,
The large plum-cake she let us see.

And good advice she to us gave,
Which we aside did reckless throw.
One only promise did she crave,
Into the river not to go.
We gave that promise, went away,
Alas! that we should disobey.

We left the vale and hills behind,
 The wooden mill, and common wide.
 Then did by circling footpaths wind
 Our way up to the river's side.
 Now in, now out, now seen, now hidden,
 We came unto that spot forbidden.

Brightly the rippling river run,
 In light and shadow here and there.
 And quivered in the summer sun,
 A golden pathway shining clear,
 That seemed to stretch out far away,
 As if to reach the gates of day.

“Let's bathe,” said one; “the day is warm,
 We know there is no danger here.”
 So we agreed, and thought no harm,
 For oft before we had bathed there.
 He was the first to lead the way,
 Whose birth we welcomed on that day.

There was no danger near the shore,
 While within depth we did remain,
 Nor ventured where the eddies tore
 The jetty round, then met again;
 'T was said no bottom could be found,
 Where they went ever boiling round.

We who could swim went far away,
 Some plashed beneath the willows dank,
 Others upon the greensward lay,
 Or idly gazed from off the bank,
 Until a shrill cry rent the air,
 Which made our very hearts despair.

THE DROWNED BOY.



THE DROWNED BOY. PART THE SECOND.

ALTHOUGH 'tis many years ago,
I feel my conscience still upbraid,
That I deceived his mother so,
And her strict orders disobeyed.
And I would warn you for his sake,
Never your solemn word to break.

Amid the eddies' boiling roar,
We saw his head move round and round,
And as his eyes turned to the shore,
He sank within that gulph profound.
On rolled the water as before,
Where he had sunk to rise no more.

Mute, horror-struck, we stood aghast!
Looking where the deep eddies lay.

THE DROWNED BOY.

And one poor boy exclaimed at last,
 “ Oh, what will his dear mother say ?”
Another said, “ His birthday too !
Oh, what will his poor mother do ?”

And who will to his mother dear
 The tidings of his death convey,
And home those empty garments bear ?
 (His Sunday-clothes worn on that day.)
Who 'll enter that low cottage door,
And say, “ he will return no more ?”

No more, no more—Oh, never more !
 Thou 'lt hear his merry footstep tread
Upon that white and sanded floor.
 Pillowed is now his curly head
Deep down upon that sandy soil,
O'er which the eddies roar and boil.

Sobbing, we bore his clothes away,
 For each a mournful portion took,
His hat, his boots, the branch of May,
 Which he from the old hawthorn broke ;
And with eyes bent upon the ground,
We walked along in grief profound.

We reached the whitewashed village school,
 And to the master told our tale,
How, 'mid the eddies' dark whirlpool,
 Below the bend of Ashcroft vale,
Deep drowned our little playmate lay.
He sighed, and turned his head away.

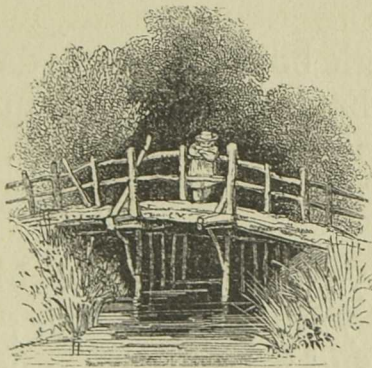
He walked along in awe and dread,
 And unto her the tidings told.

THE DROWNED BOY.

She sat beside his empty bed
All night, until the morning cold.
They said, 't was pitiful to see
That woman in her misery.

The mother, broken-hearted, died
Upon the day her boy was found,
And they were buried side by side,
The Sunday after he was drowned.
Then children all, mind what I say,
Nor once your parents disobey.*

* I scarcely need tell my little readers, that this is a true tale ; that I was present when the poor boy was drowned in the river Trent, that I carried some portion of his clothes to the schoolmaster, and followed his remains to the grave.



THE SUN.

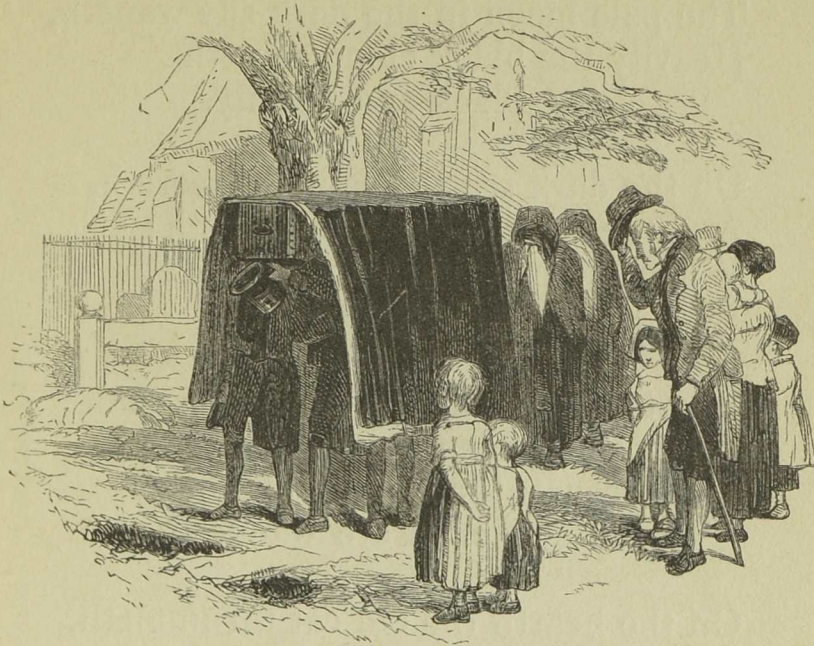
SOMEWHERE it is always light ;
For when 't is morning here,
In some far distant land 't is night,
And the bright moon shines there.

When you 're undressed and going to bed,
They are just rising there,
And morning on the hills doth spread,
When it is evening here.

And other distant lands there be,
Where it is always night ;
For weeks and weeks they never see
The sun, nor have they light.

For it is dark both night and day,
But what 's as wondrous quite,
The darkness it doth pass away,
And then for weeks 't is light.

Yes, while you sleep the sun shines bright,
The sky is blue and clear ;
For weeks and weeks there is no night,
But always daylight there.



WORD PICTURES.

SILENTLY the green grass groweth,
Rapidly the river floweth,
Over the sea the wild wind bloweth
Loud and fearfully.

Low and sweet the throstle singeth,
Sad and deep the death-bell ringeth,
While to the grave the mother bringeth
Her dead mournfully.

High above the eagle soareth,
Far below the torrent roareth,
While a wailing voice deploareth
The loved one mourningly.

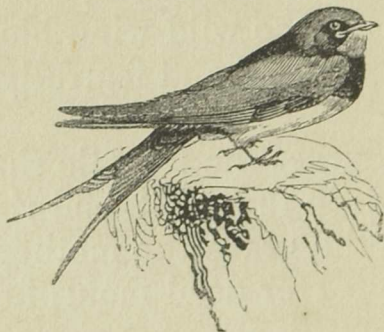
WORD PICTURES.

The raven in his sleep complaineth,
The pale moon in the dark sky waneth,
Heavily the black cloud raineth
Black and heavily.

On the dark sea the captain steereth,
And the sunken rocks he feareth :
When the morning light appeareth
Right glad is he.

O'er the wave the sea-mew screameth :
When the golden dawning beameth,
Then secure, the captain dreameth,
Homeward wandering.

On the hearth the old cat thrummeth,
Round the flower the black bee hummeth,
O'er the sea the swallow cometh
With returning Spring.





DAISIES.

THE daisy smileth everywhere,
No matter if there's no one near,
It looks up quite as pleasantly,
As if a thousand did it see.
No vanity—no courting praises,
Will you find amongst the daisies.
Look upon its honest face ;
In its features you may trace
Open-eyed sincerity.

Let's go out in windy weather,
When millions of them move together,

DAISIES.

Nodding heads, and changing places,
As if they were running races.
Straining on across the field,
Not one at all inclined to yield.
The wind blows off, we look again,
Each in its place doth still remain,
 Though all moved so merrily.

Sometimes the daisies, hand in hand,
Go stretching over miles of land ;
Like children filling the highway,
When they break up for holiday.
Sometimes they play at hide-and-seek,
And with the breeze have many a freak,
While they hide their heads so small
Underneath the grasses tall,
 Where bees murmur pleasantly.

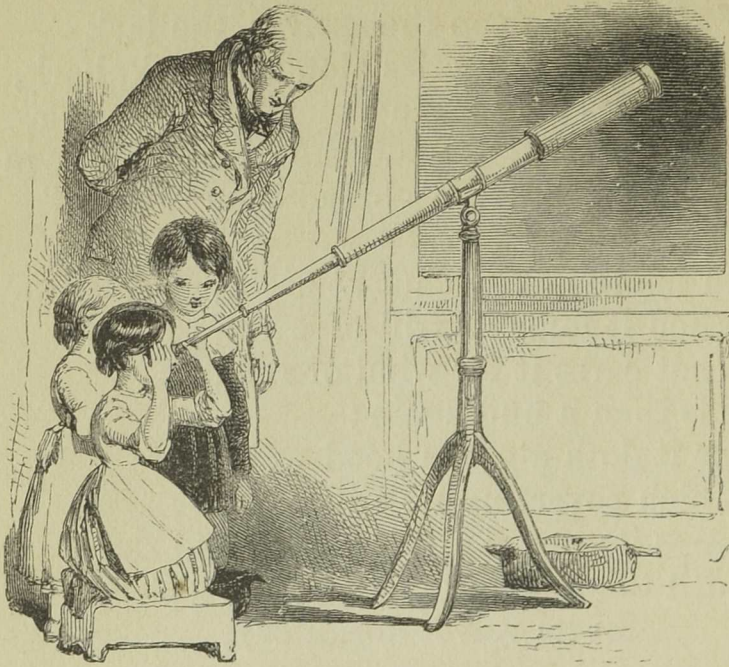
Bill, that scarce can run, can easy
Crawl on his knees, and reach the daisy.
And poor limping Ned, the cripple,
Seeing them tries to hop and hipple ;
For they are flowers of old renown,
And grow up close beside the town.
Children they love to see and greet 'em,
So at the town-end come to meet 'em,
 Far as they can for company.

At night they bend their silver heads,
And there the snow-white lambs find beds.
And when the morning gilds the skies,
Daisies and lambs together rise.

If they o'er-sleep themselves, the lark
Springs up, and cries aloud, "Hark, hark,
The gates of morning they're unbarring,
Night's lamps are out, there's not a star in
All heaven's broad blue canopy."

Go see the daisy shut at night,
When it folds its frill of white ;
What cares it for wind or rain,
It is then a bud again ;
For it doth a green hood wear,
Which covers up its silvery hair ;
Drops its round head and goes to sleep,
Until the new-born day doth peep
In its velvet dormitory.





DISTANT WORLDS.

ABOUT this earth, above the sky,
Worlds beyond worlds unnumbered lie ;
And each around its own bright sun
Year after year its course doth run,
True as the dial to the day,
Each moves in its allotted way.
Uranus hangs so far from earth,
That on the morn of Moses' birth
Had a race-horse from it started,
And through the cloud and sunshine darted,
And never halted in its flight,
But ever galloped day and night,
Without pausing, without sleeping,
Ever onward, downward sweeping,

Not half its journey would be done,
Not half the distance now be run,
Had it set out for this earth
On the morn of Moses' birth.
Oft glittering like the light of noon,
Are seen the mountains in the moon,
On whose tops the sunbeams glow,
While gloomy shadows sleep below ;
We see mount Tycho's towering height
Throw back the sun's reflected light ;
Through Rosse's telescope while gazing,
Some have seen vast volcanoes blazing,
And reddening wide the valleys deep,
Which round the moon's piled mountains sleep.
Comets that travel wide and far,
Perchance have passed by every star,
By every world beyond our sight—
They move with half the speed of light ;
Yet oft some planet's mighty force
Will twist them from their onward course,
Or hurl them quick as lightning's pace
'Mid the immensity of space ;
The sun in Mercury doth appear
Six times larger than seen here,
And it shineth six times brighter,
And makes that planet six times lighter
Than this earth on which we dwell.
Such brilliancy no tongue can tell ;
The stars that hang in Syrian skies
Glitter like gems of richest dyes,
Blazing on high they there are seen,
In ruby, purple, gold, and green ;
Those bright and shooting stars we see
Are still to us a mystery :

EVENING.

Rushing by each golden star,
Which on us shineth from afar,
Whence they come, or whither go,
Mortal man may never know.
Angels may all God's wonders tell,
When in eternity we dwell.



EVENING.

IN WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE.

THE day is past, the sun is set,
And the white stars are in the sky ;
While the long grass with dew is wet,
And through the air the bats now fly.

EVENING.

The lambs have now lain down to sleep,
The birds have long since sought their nests ;
The air is still ; and dark, and deep
On the hill side the old wood rests.

Yet of the dark I have no fear,
But feel as safe as when 't is light ;
For I know God is with me there,
And he will guard me through the night.

For God is by me when I pray,
And when I close mine eyes in sleep,
I know that He will with me stay,
And will all night watch by me keep.

For He who rules the stars and sea,
Who makes the grass and trees to grow,
Will look on a poor child like me,
When on my knees I to Him bow.

He holds all things in His right hand,
The rich, the poor, the great, the small ;
When we sleep, or sit, or stand,
Is with us, for He loves us all.



THE OLD CHARWOMAN.

Do you hear that knock at the door? Hark! hark!
It is the poor old Charwoman come in the dark,
The little girl's mother I mentioned before,
Who in the court waits on the step of the door;
You remember that court, and the high dead wall,
On which the bright sun never shineth at all.
Her mother has come here to scour and clean,
In an old faded brown bonnet she's seen,
And her shawl's stained by the wind and the
weather,
That she wonders herself how it still holds
together.
Till the servant comes down on the door-step
she'll stand,
With two odd old pattens held fast in her hand;
While under her arm a coarse apron she brings,
Which she kneels on to scrub amid all sorts of
things:

In dark cupboards and closets where black-beetles
run,

And cellars which never are lit by the sun ;

Under the grates, and under the sinks,

She rubs and she scrubs, she winks and she blinks ;

And she shades her dim eyes when she reaches the
light,

And seems like a bat that can see best at night.

Each dark hole and corner she rummages out,

And the mice, no doubt, wonder what she's about,

As they hear her hard brush go scrub, scrub, scrub,

And then her large floor-cloth go rub, rub, rub ;

While down all sorts of holes the black-beetles dash,

When in the cellar they hear her splash, splash.

As from the dark nooks she oftentimes brings,

Dead mice or dead crickets, and all sorts of things.

The old cat seems ever to be her friend,

And up stairs and down stairs doth on her attend ;

He sticks up his tail, and he goes purring round,

Rubbing her with his nose while she kneels on the
ground.

And when her work's done in the kitchen she's seen,

Telling Betty "how bad her rheumatics have been,

How this arm has pained her, how bad was that
knee,"

All the while she's enjoying her "nice dish of tea."

But for the old charwoman coming to clean,

The house at times would not be fit to be seen ;

For if she did n't scour the closets and shelves,

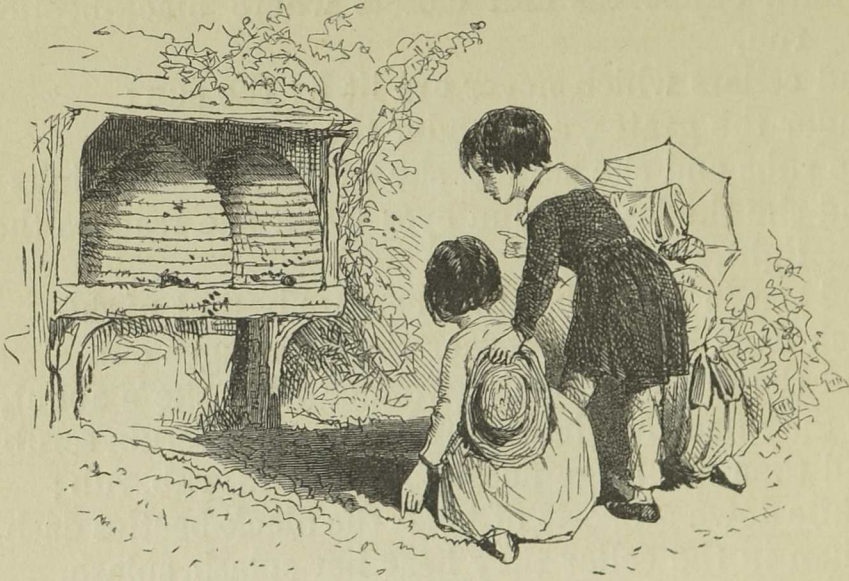
We must lay by all pride and do them ourselves ;

The lady must kneel down and scrub her own floor,

And do her own charring if there were no poor.

That we help one another, bear ever in mind,

And that those serve us best to whom we are kind.



INDUSTRY OF ANIMALS.

THE lute-voiced birds rise with the light,
Their nestling young to feed,
Pursue the insects in their flight,
Or pluck the feathery seed.

The golden-belted humming bee
Goes toiling hour by hour,
Over the moor and distant lea,
Wherever grows a flower.

With weary journeys up and down,
He home his honey brings,
From gardens in the distant town,
And while he labours sings.

The long-tailed field-mouse to the wood
Makes journeys many a score,
And in a granary piles his food,
And hoards his wintry store.

Within the hollow of a tree
The nimble squirrel hides
His meat and nuts right cunningly,
And for the cold provides.

His home the mole makes underground,
With runs and chambers crossed,
And galleries circling round and round,
In which you would be lost.

Although the swallow in her nest
Displays such art and skill,
She has no tools save her white breast,
And small sharp-pointed bill.

There's not an insect crawls or flies
But what has work to do,
And the same God their want supplies
Who watcheth over you.

No single thing did God create,
But he for it gave food,
And whether it be small or great,
"He saw that it was good."



LINCOLN LANE.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE FROG AND THE MOUSE.

A VERY OLD NURSERY RHYME.

THERE was a frog lived in a well,
Fa la, Lincoln Lane.
And a merry mouse lived in a mill,
Faddy O, fa, Lincoln Lane.

This froggy would a wooing go,
Fa la, &c.
But could 'nt walk for the corn on his toe,
Faddy O, fa, &c.

So he mounted, and away did ride,
Fa la, &c.
With a sword and a pistol by his side.
Faddy O, fa, &c.

He rode till he came to Miss Mouse's hall,
Fa la, &c.
And then he did both knock and call.
Faddy O, fa, &c.

“ Pray, Miss Mouse, are you within ?”
Fa la, &c.

“ Oh, yes, kind sir, and going to spin.”
Faddy O, fa, &c.

“ Pray, Miss Mouse, will you marriage make
Fa la, &c.
With a young frog that 's tall and straight ?”
Faddy O, fa, &c.

“ My uncle rat went out this morn,
Fa la, &c.
And I won't consent till his return.”
Faddy O, fa, &c.

Her uncle rat he did come home,
Fa la, &c.
Saying, “ Who's been here since I've been gone ?”
Faddy O, fa, &c.

“ There's been a noble, tall, straight man,
Fa la, &c.
Who vows he'll marry me if he can.”
Faddy O, fa, &c.

“ We'll have the wedding in the mill.”
Fa la, &c.
“ Oh, yes, kind uncle, so we will.”
Faddy O, fa, &c.

Now while they all at dinner sat,
Fa la, &c.
In came the kitten and the cat.
Faddy O, fa, &c.

The cat seized uncle rat by the crown,
Fa la, &c.
The kitten pulled the poor wife down.
Faddy O, fa, &c.

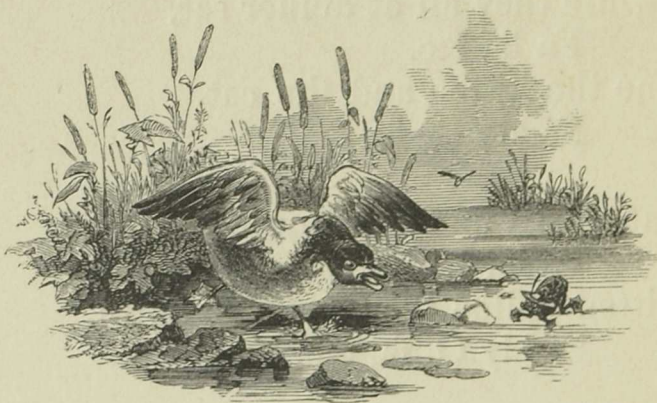
The frog he did run up the wall,
Fa la, &c.
And said, “ Oh dear! they'll kill us all.”
Faddy O, fa, &c.

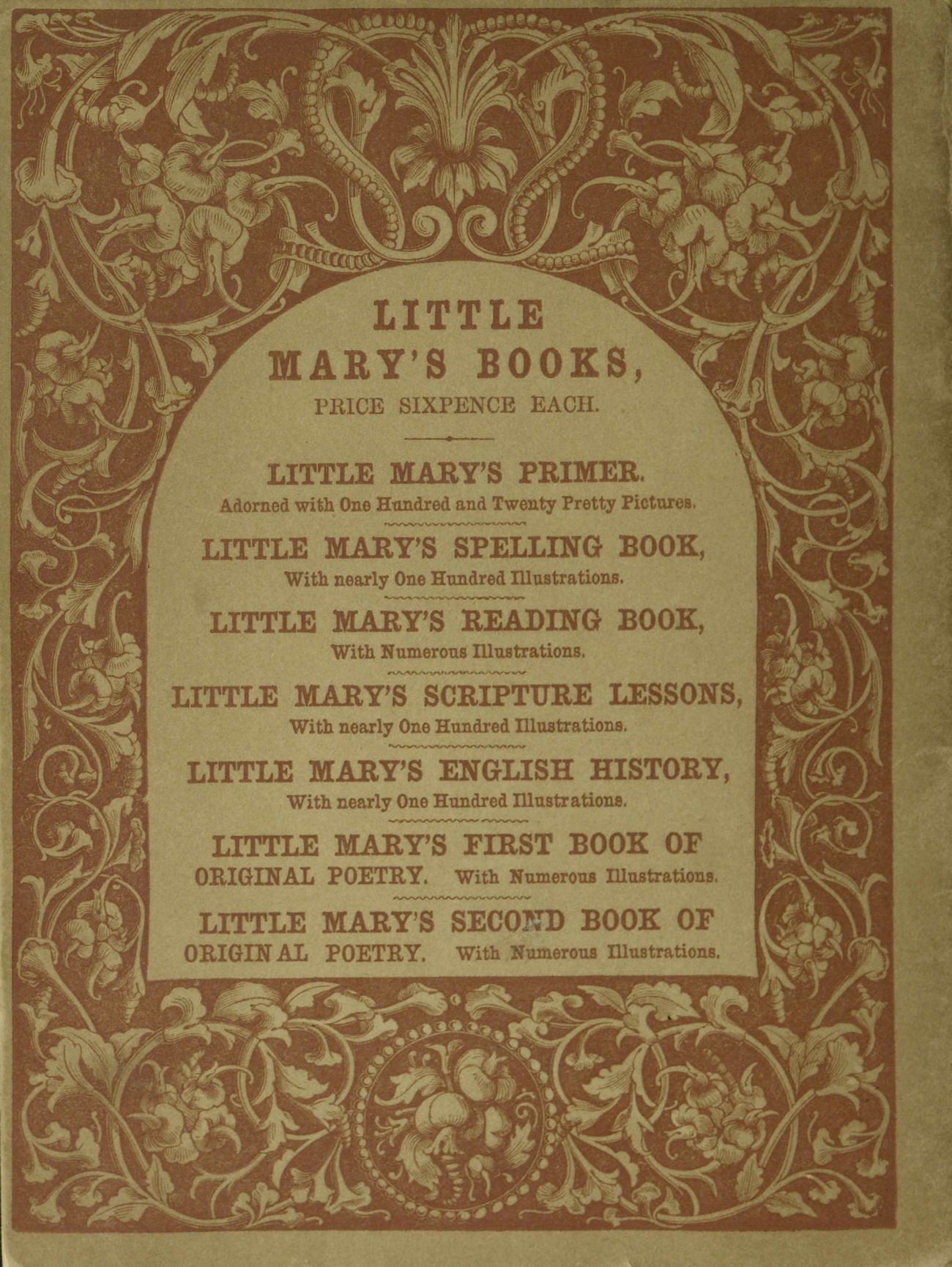
LINCOLN LANE.

The frog he did run up the brook,
Fa la, &c.
And there he met with a hungry duck.
Faddy O, fa, &c.

The duck, he swallowed him down his throat,
Fa la, &c.
Saying, "there's an end of these fine folk."
Faddy O, fa la, Lincoln Lane.

I beg to inform you, my most respected little masters and mistresses, that this merry song was a great favourite in the nurseries of the midland counties of England, above a century and a half ago; and was known to many of your great-great-grandmothers. Having never seen it in print, I humbly beg to be allowed to place it at your very little feet; also to assure you that I have heard it chanted hundreds of times, to the very soothing and drowsy air of "Fa la! Lincoln Lane."





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