

UNDER THE
MISTLETOE



by Lizzie Lawson

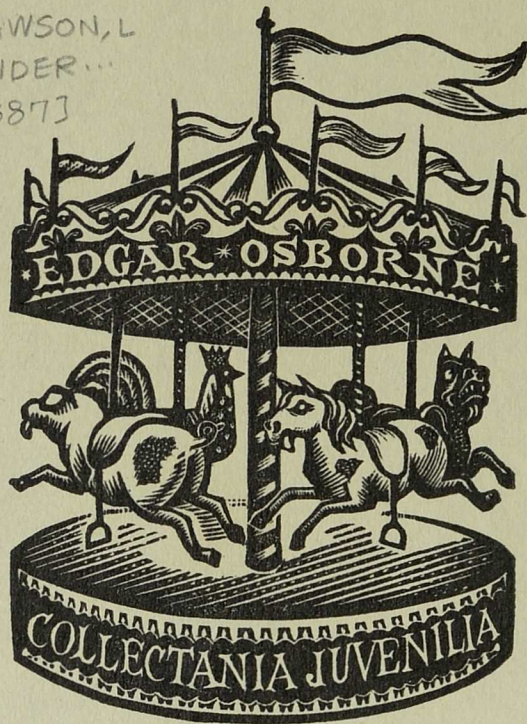
and

Robert Ellice Mack



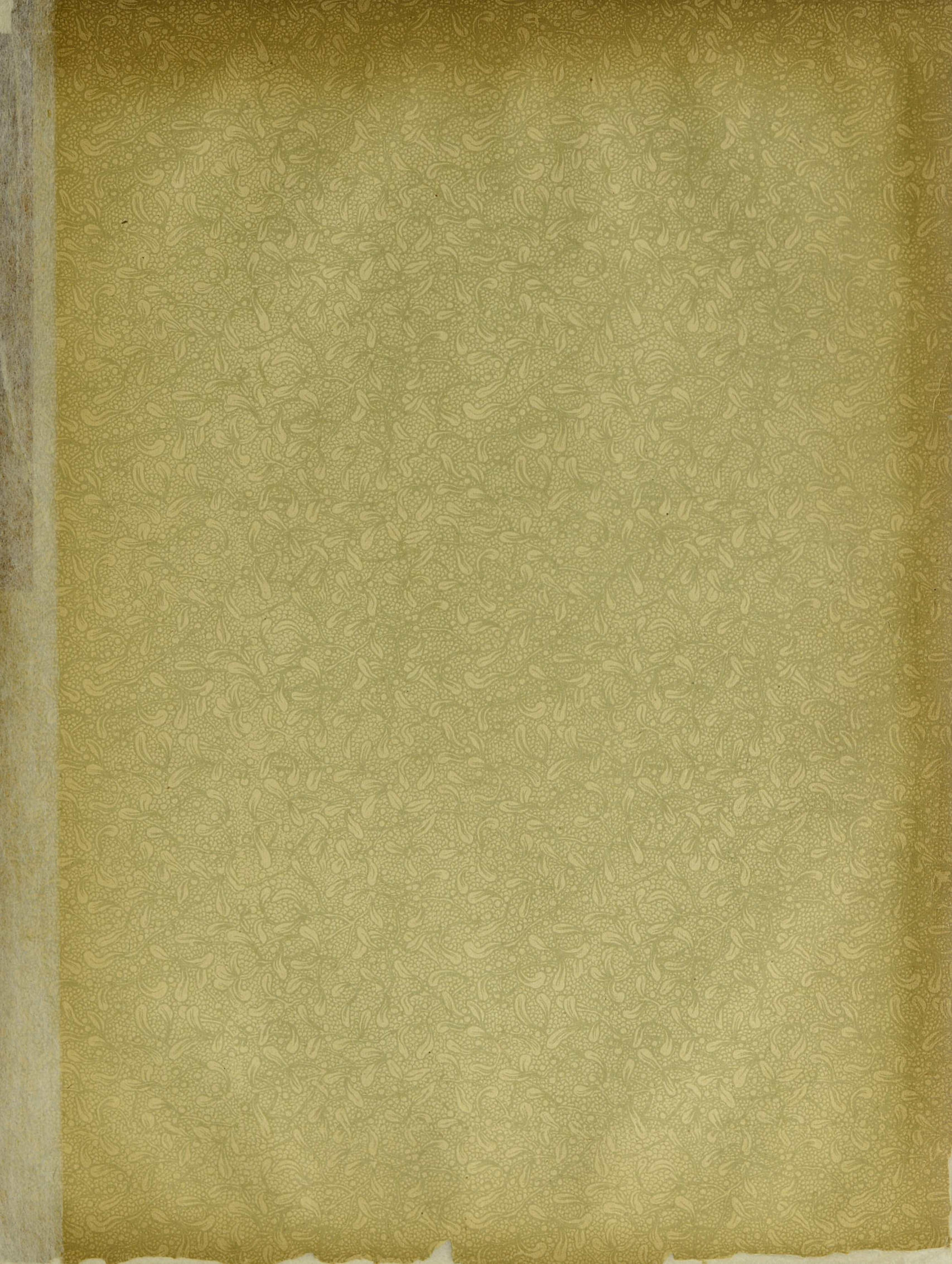
Griffith, Farran & Company.

P
LAWSON, L
UNDER...
[1887]



37131 039 918 644

II, 651




Kathleen Barnett
Christmas 1886



Under
the
Mistletoe



UNDER THE MISTLETOE.



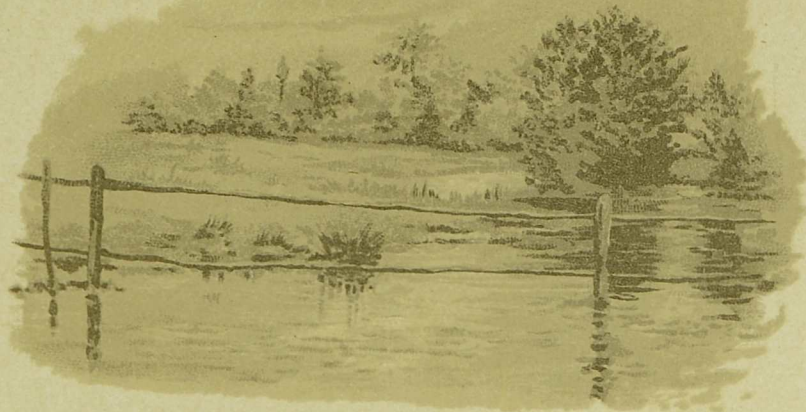
Under
the
Mistletoe

by

Lizzie Lawson

and

Robert Ellice Mack.



London:

Griffith, Farran & Company

St. Paul's Churchyard.



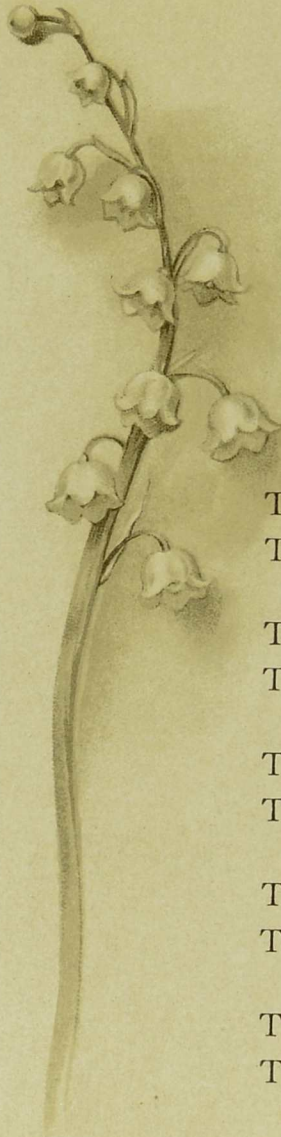
• Lithographed •
and
• printed • by •

• Ernest Rister •
of Nuremberg •



Contents

	<i>TEN LITTLE PIGGY WIGS</i> page 6.
	<i>THE QUEEN OF THE MAY</i> page 8.
	<i>SYMPATHY</i> page 10.
<i>UNDER THE MISTLETOE</i> page 12.	
	<i>REST</i> page 13.
<i>THE FLYING DUTCHMAN</i> page 15.	
<i>A GREAT UNDERTAKING</i> page 17.	
	<i>MOTHER'S KISS</i> page 18.
<i>THREE LITTLE FISHERS</i> page 20.	
<i>PRISONERS</i> page 21.	
	<i>THE GOOD SHEPHERD</i> page 23.
<i>THE TINIES</i> page 24.	
	<i>LILLIES</i> page 26.
<i>HOW TO GET PEARS DOWN</i> page 29.	} by kind permission of Messrs Cassell & Co., from Little Folks
<i>A LESSON IN MANNERS</i> page 30.	
<i>DAISY</i> page 31.	
	<i>WHAT THEY SAY</i> page 33.
<i>OUT IN THE MEADOWS</i> page 35.	
	<i>THREE LITTLE FOLK</i> page 36.
<i>THE EVENING PRAYER</i> page 38.	
	<i>GOOD BYE</i> page 40.



IN THE TENS.

TEN little tiny toes all trotting in a row,
Ten little piggy wigs to market you must go.

Ten great big elephants with tusks because they need 'em,
Ten trunks already packed with buns by boys who feed 'em.

Ten little girls and boys who know their lessons well,
Ten little boys and girls who haven't learnt to spell.

Ten burly brown bears, I hope you'll never meet 'em,
Ten well-made walking sticks for any one who'll beat 'em.

Ten little babies too, with twice five tiny toes,
Ten little dear mammas to mind them I suppose,

Ten big papas to buy the jam and bread and butter,
Ten naughty boys to make the mud pies in the gutter.

Ten little lilies sweet who leant upon a stalk,
Ten baby fairies who haven't learnt to talk.


Ten pretty picture books with colored pictures through them,
Ten little poets who will write the verses to them.

Ten little times you say these verses o'er and o'er,
Ten little dances you dance all round the floor.

Ten little tiny toes all trotting in a row,
Ten little piggy-wigs, and so on don't you know!



THE PIG THAT WENT TO MARKET.



THE QUEEN OF THE MAY.

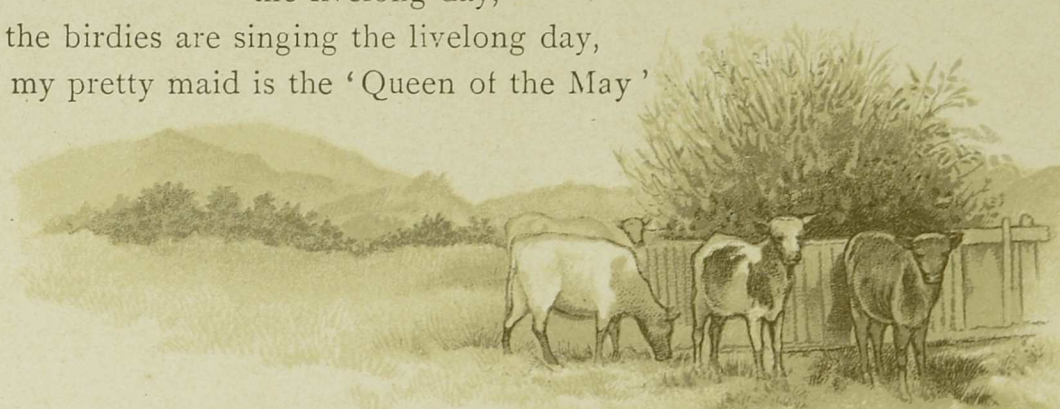
“ PLEASE can you tell me my pretty maid,
my pretty maid,
my pretty maid,
Please can you tell me my pretty maid,
Who is the ‘Queen of the May’ ” I said.

“ *My name is May* kind sir ” she said,
sir she said,
sir she said,
“ *My name is May*, kind sir ” she said,
“ And mother she calls me Queenie ” she said.

“ Then you are the May Queen my pretty maid,
my pretty maid,
my pretty maid,
Then you are the May Queen my pretty maid,
A dear little ‘Queen of the May’ ” I said.

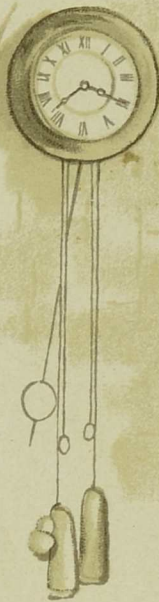
And the soft little baby buds whisper and say,
whisper and say,
whisper and say,
And the soft little baby buds whisper and say,
We know who is the ‘Queen of the May.’

And the birdies are singing the livelong day,
the livelong day,
the livelong day,
And the birdies are singing the livelong day,
That my pretty maid is the ‘Queen of the May’





THE QUEEN OF THE MAY.



SYMPATHY.

“**T**ICK-a-tick, tic-a-tic, tick-a-tick, Tock,
My poor little man” said the kind little clock,
“I fear you have broken your toy.
There’s a hole in your drum, and your heart’s full of pain,
You say you will never be happy again,
The tears are falling as fast as the rain,
I am sorry for you, little boy.”
And more than one tear trickled over it’s face,
For the clock keeps a very soft heart in its case.

“Bow-wow-wow, bow-wow-wow, bow-wow-wow, Wow,”
Said the dog, “little Master I can’t tell you how
Unhappy I feel at your sorrow.
There’s a hole in the drum that was perfectly new,
And your heart, I am sure, must be broken in two,
But I am your doggie so faithful and true,
I think you’ll be better to morrow;”
He finally added, “and as for the drum,
Perhaps we can manage to mend it with gum.”

Tick a tick, tic-a-tic, tick-a-tick, Tock,
I fancy the hands of this kind little clock,
Are pointing a moral to-day.
With a hole in your drum, and your heart full of pain,
You may feel that you’ll never be happy again,
But you’ll soon find that sunshine will follow the rain,
At least that’s the usual way.
And sympathy this is the finest of gum,
To mend up a hole in your heart or your drum.
Tick a tick, tic a tic, tock.



THE BROKEN DRUM.

UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

*U*NDER the Mistletoe:
What happened there?

Under the Mistletoe,
This happened there,
In the dark passage,
Close by the stair,
Under the Mistletoe,
This little pair, were.

*But under the Mistletoe,
What happened there?*

Under the Mistletoe,
This little pair,
Met with each other;
What happened there,
Under the Mistletoe?
That's *their* affair. There.



REST.



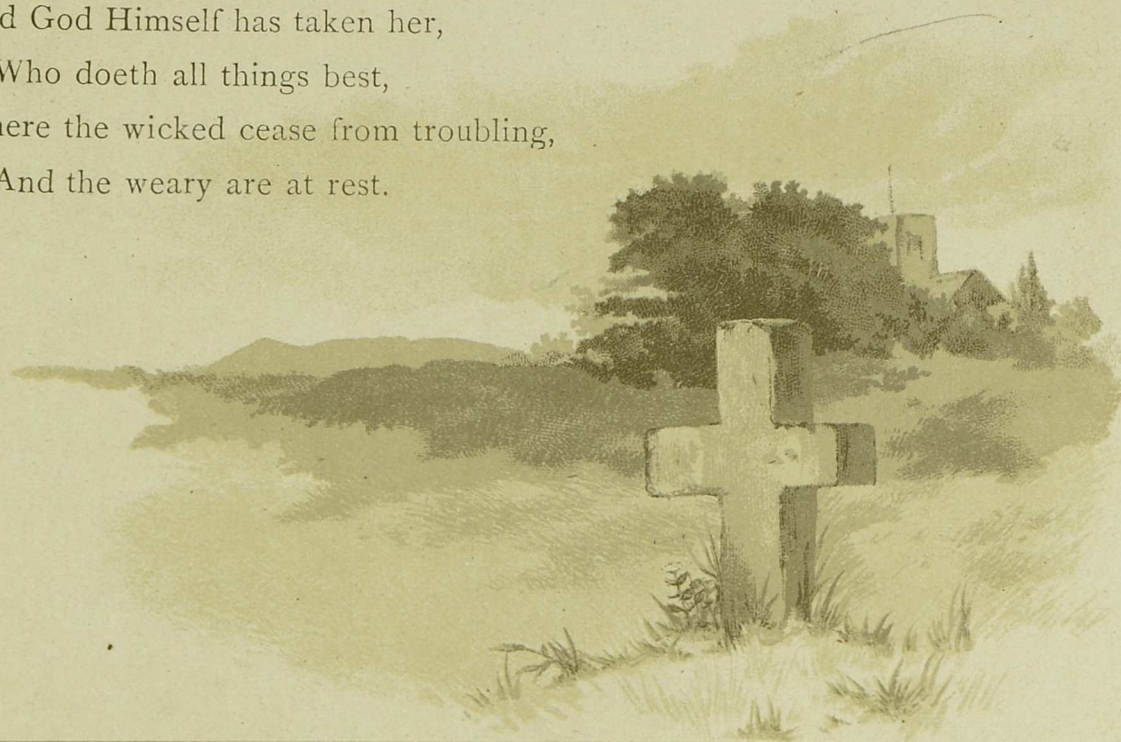
ONLY a mossy pillow,
Whereon to lay one's head.

Only a weeping willow,
Only a Daisied Bed.

Only a sigh of sorrow,
Only a tear-drop's start,
Only a sad to morrow,
Only a breaking heart.

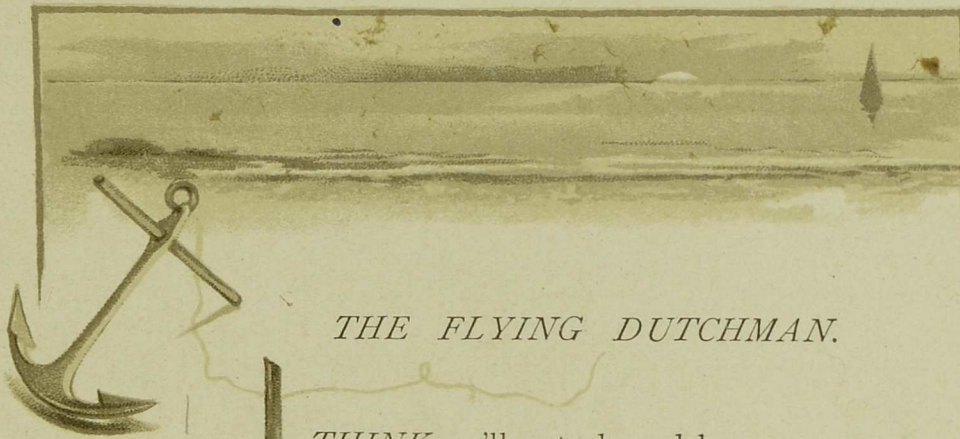
Dear heart, you must not sorrow,
Your loved one lives again,
Beyond the reach of sadness,
Of sorrow, or of pain.

And God Himself has taken her,
Who doeth all things best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.





ON THE ROCKS.



THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

THINK we'll get aboard her,
You and me,"
Said Willie to his sister,
Who was three.

"I must be the captain,
'Of course, you know,
You can be the cook
And go below.

We will stand the roughest tossing,
Both together,
And the ship will ride so bravely,
Wind or weather."

Then a daring little breeze,
Wicked rover,
Caught the 'Flying Dutchman,'
Blew her over.

Sank with her that morning,
All in sight of shore
Willie's fond ambitions,
Never rising more.





A GREAT UNDERTAKING.



A GREAT UNDERTAKING.

A *DEAR* little boy in the garden below,
Has begged for a broom to sweep up the snow,
Through with cold his fingers are aching ;
I hope he is able to do it, although
I think with the Robin, and *he* ought to know,
That it *is* a great undertaking.

But there are other folk much bigger than he,
Not a hundred miles off, who are trying to see
If they cannot be overtaking,
Some task in a day that will take them a year ;
I hope they may do it, I must say I fear
They will find it a great undertaking.

There's the dear old woman who thinks that she'll try,
To brush off the cobwebs she's found in the sky,
That some wicked spider's been making ;
She's bought a big broom and a new one to do it,
I only remark that she's likely to rue it,
She'll find it a great undertaking.

The folk on the shore who have carefully planned,
To keep back the tide with their spadefuls of sand ;
Or planted an acorn expecting to see
It grow in a night to a great big oak tree,
(A mistake we are all of us making ;)
That they may succeed in their plan, I am sure,
I fervently hope, but as I said before,
There's no doubt it's a *great undertaking*.

MOTHER'S KISS.



THE stars that light
The sky at night,
The dew drops in the grass,
The violets blue
And daisies too,
That curtsey when you pass,
And flutter when you meet,
And shyly kiss your feet;
Stars and dew drops, violets, daisies,
Who can ever sing your praises?
'Tis you that make life sweet;
But sweeter than the sweets you bring,
Summer, autumn, winter, spring,
Sweeter this,
Mother's Kiss!

The birds that fly,
By sea and sky,
Their young ones in the nest,
The mother sheep,
The lambs that leap,
And near their mother's breast
Seek rest with piteous bleat
Through summer nights so fleet,
Lambs and lambkins, birds and birdies,
For you sweet enough no word is;
'Tis you that make life sweet;
But sweeter than the sweets you bring .
Summer, autumn, winter, spring,
Sweeter this,
Mother's Kiss!





MOTHERS KISS.

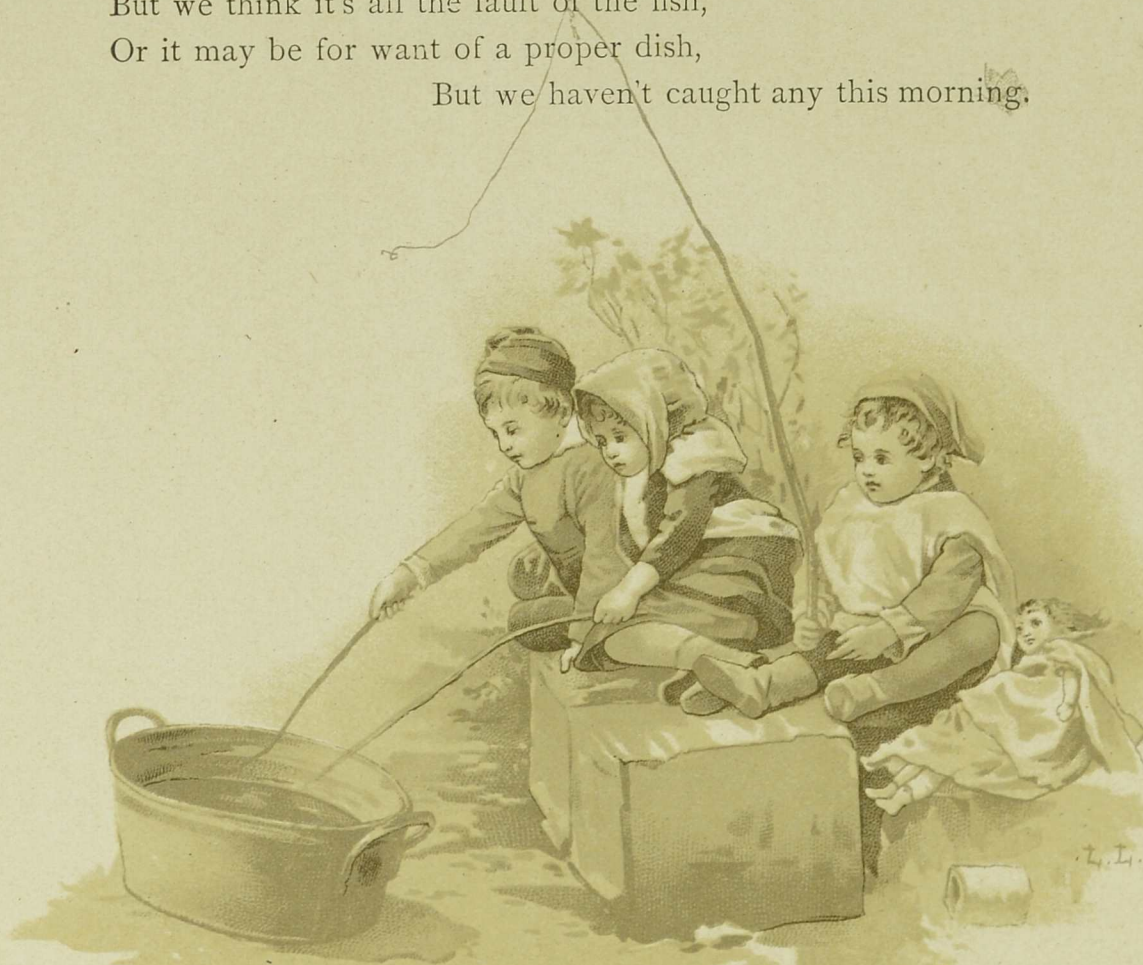
THREE LITTLE FISHERS.

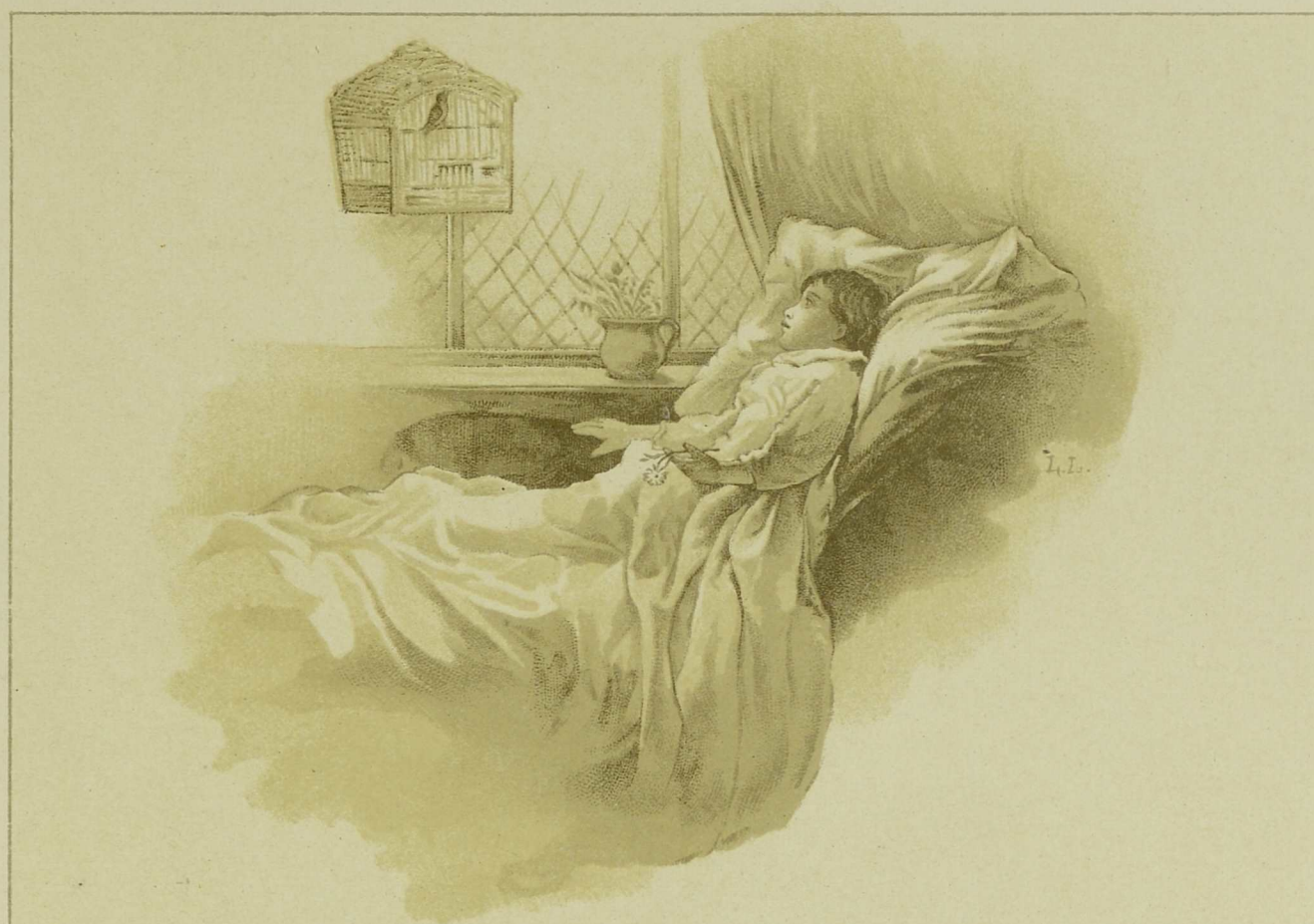
THIS is the way we catch the fish, we catch the fish,
we catch the fish,
We know quite well how to catch the fish,
We three of a sunny morning.

This is the way we cast the line, we cast the line,
we cast the line,
A stick and a pin and a piece of twine,
We've each got a line this morning.

And when we've caught 'em, we cook the fish, we cook the fish,
we cook the fish,
We cook all the fish in a china dish,
But we haven't a dish this morning.

We don't catch as many as we could wish,
But we think it's all the fault of the fish,
Or it may be for want of a proper dish,
But we haven't caught any this morning.





PRISONERS.

*W*HEN the summer sun is shining through the window where I lie,
I can only see the tree tops that reach up to the sky,
I cannot see the flowers that bloom when I am in my bed,
And I cannot see the robins or the rabbits in my shed.

But through the latticed window I can see from where I lie
A thousand little sheep and lambs that flock across the sky;
All night the great black bears came out, and they would eat the sheep,
Unless the moon and stars a very careful watch did keep.

And I've a little cage bird in the window where I lie
That hops about and sings to me, and often tries to fly;
I give him sugar every day, he pecks it from my hands,
And sometimes when I talk to him I think he understands.
How happy, little birdie, if we could only fly
Together to the meadows through the window where I lie!



THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

THE NIGHT IS COMING.

OVER the hills the night is coming, coming,
Homewards the busy bees are humming, humming,
Yes homewards and heavenwards lammie.

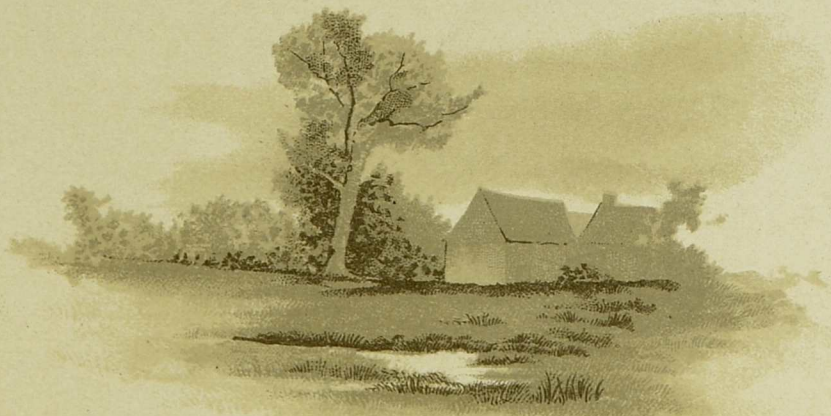
Over the dales the darkness is falling, falling,
Over the tree-tops the rooks are calling, calling,
Their little ones nestwards, lammie.

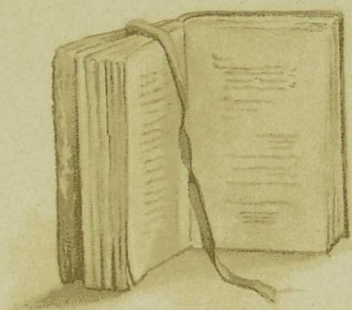
Over the fold night-winds are sighing, sighing,
Close to the sheep the lambs are lying, lying,
Yes closer and closer my lammie.

Low in the sky the sun is sleeping, sleeping,
High in heaven the stars are peeping, peeping,
Yes peeping at you my lammie.

Through all the night, angels are keeping, keeping,
Over the motherless children, sleeping, sleeping,
Guard from every harm my lammie.

Day and night a shepherd is taking, taking,
Whether the sheep are sleeping or waking, waking,
Care of his sheep, little lammie,
He's the Good Shepherd, lammie.





THE TINIES.

A TINY mermaid suits a tiny merman,
A tiny *Mädchen* suits a tiny German,
A tiny text will suit my tiny sermon.

A tiny pew best fits a tiny pair,
A tiny seat these little tinies share,
And tiny clothes of course these tinies wear.

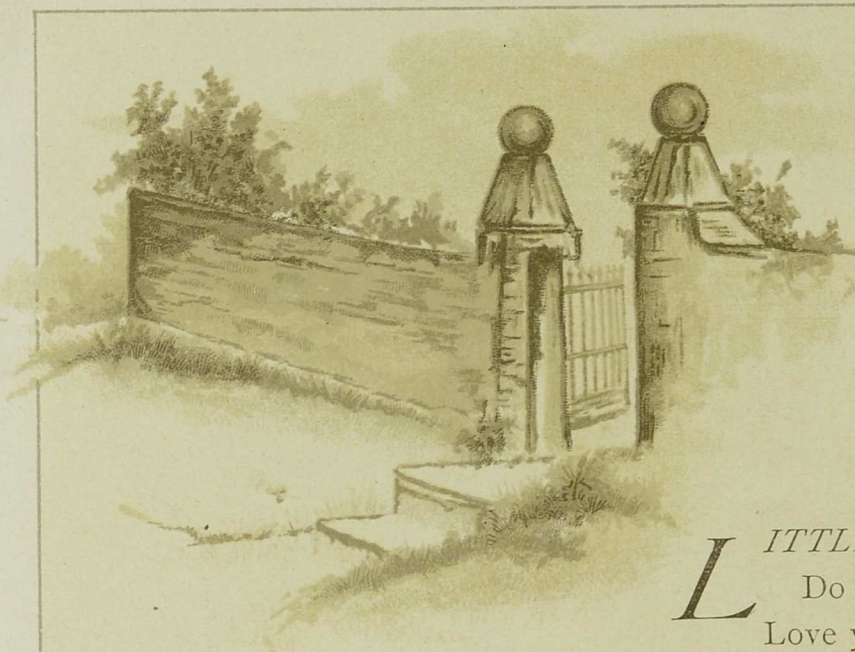
On tiny shoulders tiny capes do sit,
And tiny bonnets tiny heads do fit,
As tiny heads do cover tiny wit.

And tiny shoes best cover tiny feet,
For tiny shoes are tiny gaiters meet,
Whilst tiny muffs these tinies make complete.

A tiny hymn-book fits a tiny song,
A tiny sermon must not be too long,
A tiny church-bell rings ding dong, ding dong.



THE FIRST SERMON.



LILLIES.

LITTLE, laughing, loving Lillie,
Do you love me, *willy nilly*,
Love you as you love your Lily,
Little laughing loving Lillie?

Rose is proud, and May is dead,
Marguerite will never wed,
Brokenhearted, she, 'tis said;
Violet, she shakes her head,

Maidenhair's a gay coquette,
So is mincing Mignonette,
Daffodils they pout and fret,
Buttercup's a baby yet.

Little Sweet Forget-me-Not,
She's engaged to wed, I wot
Heart's Ease too a lover's got,
Heaps of lovers, such a lot!

Standing at your garden gate,
Cap in hand I come to state;
Little laughing loving Lillie,
I do love you *willy nilly*.
Love you as you love your Lily,
Little, laughing, loving, Lillie.



L.L.

LILLIES.



THE WAY TO GET PEARS DOWN.

IGH up in the tree, by the old garden wall,
Hung two rosy pears that seemed ready to fall.
Low down in the path, by the old garden wall,
Wait two little boys 'neath the pear-tree so tall.
And waiting, and waiting, and waiting, they stop,
Just hoping those two little pears p'r'aps may drop.

When suddenly out of the branches came pop,
A dear little bird with a quick little hop.
And he wisely remarked (it was perfectly true),
"You must go to the pears, they won't come to you."
And then, when he'd said it, he hopped and he flew
To call on another small bird that he knew.

On the top of the wall, by the old pear-tree,
Sit two little boys who, it's easy to see,
Are as happy as two little urchins can be,
Who've found out the way to get pears from the tree.
Down low in the valley, by every hedge side,
The sweet flowers are nestling, and violets hide.
They never will come to your call, though you cried
To the earth, and the sea, and the wind, and the tide.
It is so with all things that are under the dew,
The moral I make here is not even new:

As the birdie observed, it is perfectly true,
"You must go to the pears, they won't come to you."



A LESSON IN MANNERS.

“GOOD morning, Hen,” said Mary;
“Good morning, Hen,” said she,
“Why don’t you say ‘Good morning,
Good morning, miss,’ to me.”

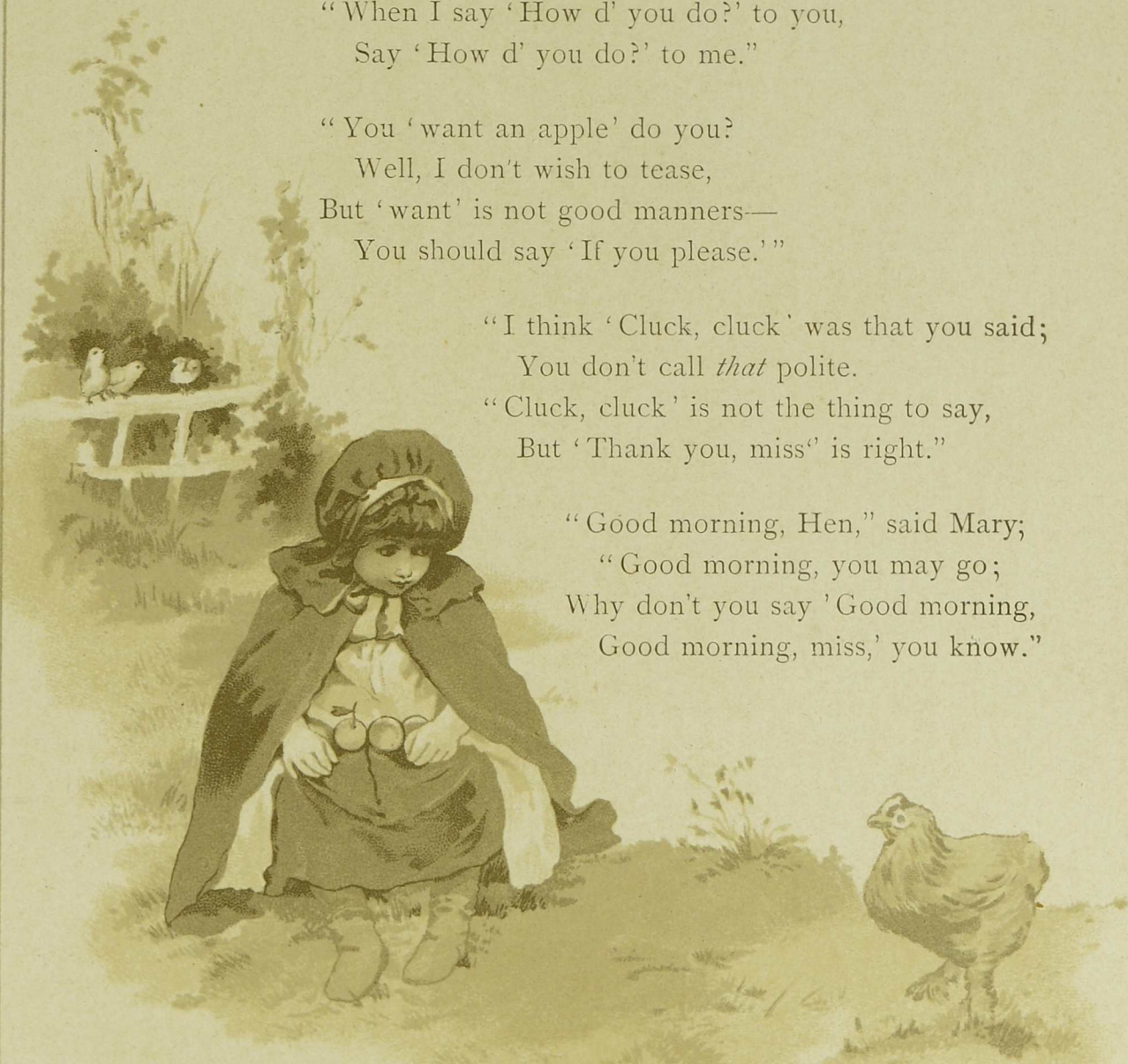
‘How d’ you do?’ said Mary;
“How d’ you do?” said she.
“When I say ‘How d’ you do?’ to you,
Say ‘How d’ you do?’ to me.”

“You ‘want an apple’ do you?
Well, I don’t wish to tease,
But ‘want’ is not good manners—
You should say ‘If you please.’”

“I think ‘Cluck, cluck’ was that you said;
You don’t call *that* polite.

“Cluck, cluck’ is not the thing to say,
But ‘Thank you, miss’ is right.”

“Good morning, Hen,” said Mary;
“Good morning, you may go;
Why don’t you say ‘Good morning,
Good morning, miss,’ you know.”





DAISY.

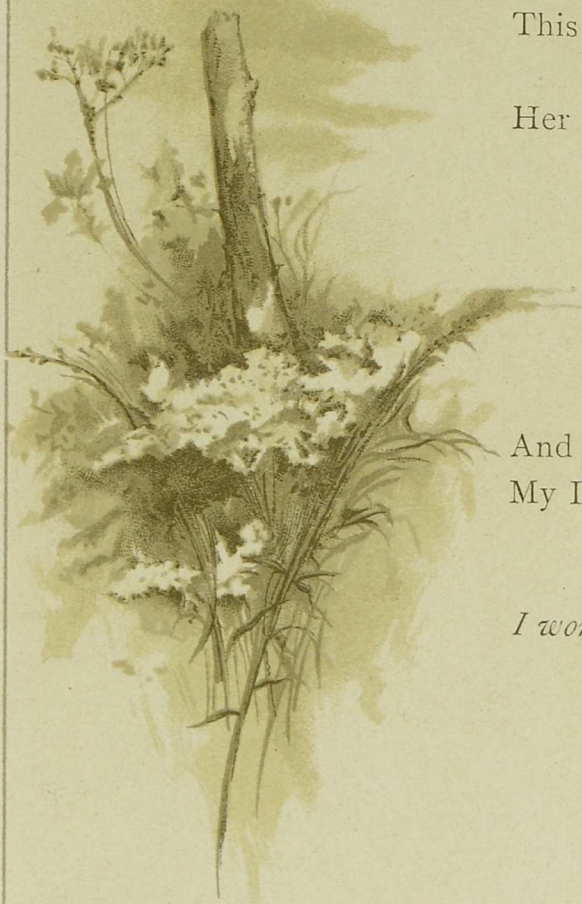


DAISY.

DAINTY little Daisy I do know,
I think her age is seven,
Her dimpled face is full of grace,
Her eyes are blue as heaven,
Yes blue
And true,
Her eyes,
Like skies,
Are just as blue as heaven,
And like a Daisy, pink and white, and gold,
My Daisy came from heaven, one night, I'm told.

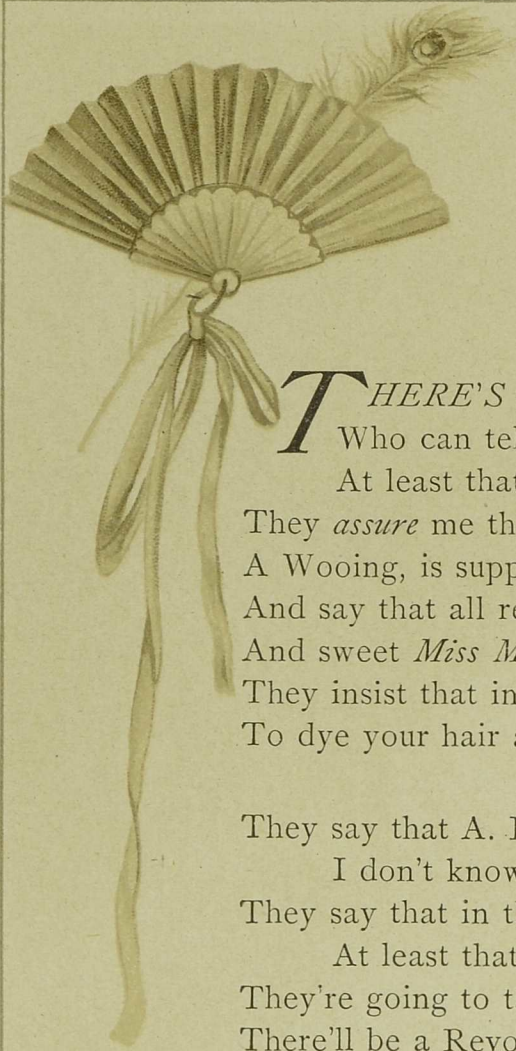
This dainty dimpled Daisy I do know,
I said her age was seven,
Her heart I'm told is made of gold,
The gold that comes from heaven,
It's pure,
I'm sure.
Pure gold,
Not sold,
But sent to us from heaven,
And like a Daisy, pink and white, and gold,
My Daisy came from heaven, one night, I'm told.

*I wonder if the Daisies know they have a sister
Sent from heaven,
Whose age is seven.*





SCANDAL.



WHAT THEY SAY.

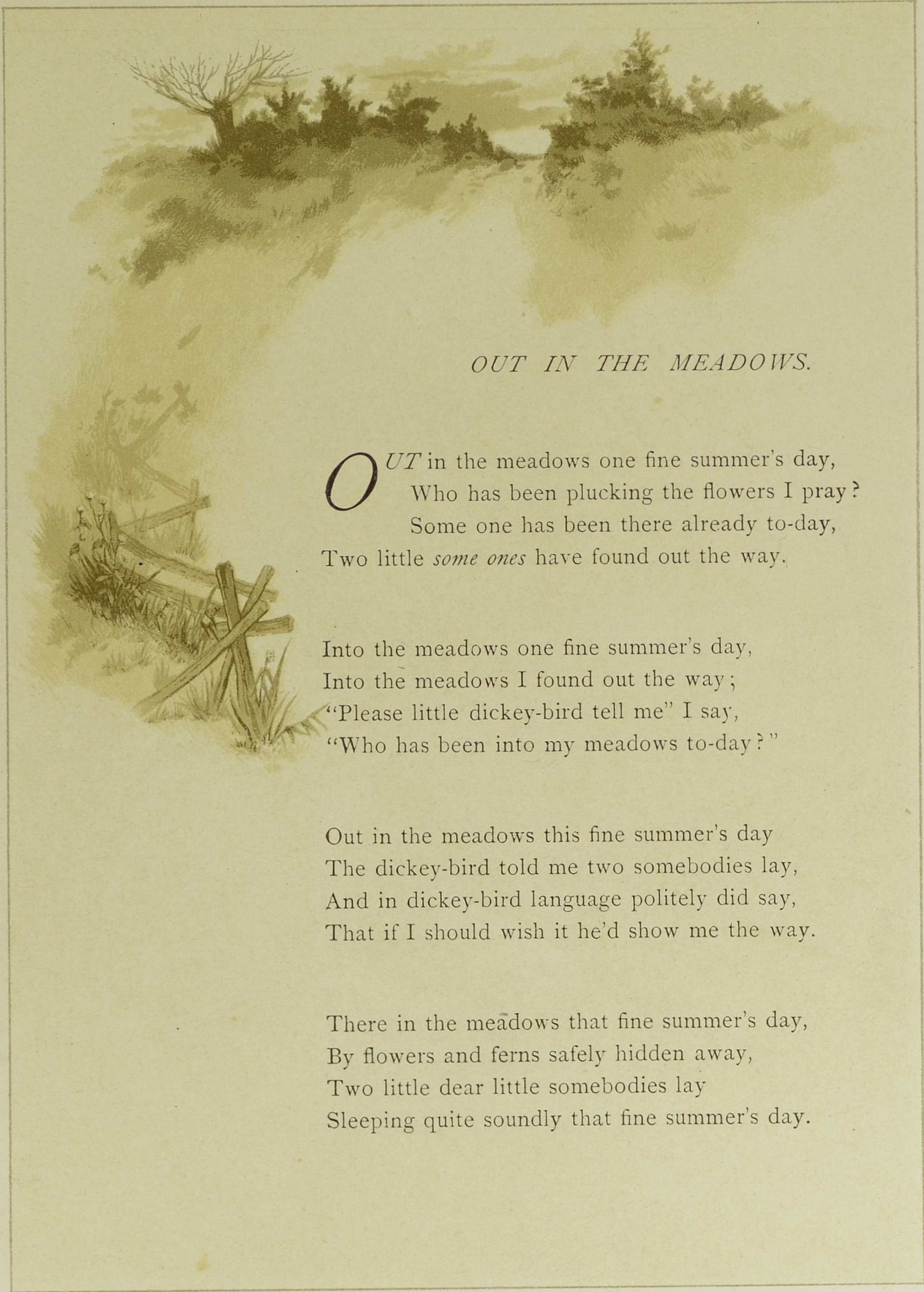
THERE'S a certain curious person whom every one calls *they*,
Who can tell you all the gossip and the scandal of the day,
At least that's what they say, I'm told that's what they say;
They *assure* me that the well-known song of Froggie who would go
A Wooing, is supposed to be by *what's his name*, you know,
And say that all reports about young Master *you know who*
And sweet *Miss Mary So-and-So* perfectly untrue;
They insist that in Society it's now the usual way,
To dye your hair a deep sky blue, at least that's what they say:

They say that A. B. C. is wrong, and C. B. A., is right,
I don't know C. B. A., but that's just what they say,
They say that in the morning, it's the other way at night,
At least that's what they say, I think that's what they say;
They're going to tax the Dollies' Houses, and they say you'll see
There'll be a Revolution in the children's Nursery,
They say that they've discovered the way to make pigs fly,
I don't know how they'll do it but I dare say they will try,
They've started a new company for making bricks of hay,
And that they'll make their fortune at least that's what they say.

The children know him very well this person who's called *they*,
And these two little Gossips, they know him I dare say,
He often comes their way, at least that's what they say,
They say that Santa Claus climbs down the chimney long and steep,
They say my ship's a sailing home o'er waters wide and deep,
They say you catch a Robin with salt spread upon his tail,
And though I've never tried it I am told it cannot fail,
They say that there's a little Bird who listens all the day,
To every word we say, at least that's what they say,
At least that's what they say, I hear that's what they say.



OUT IN THE MEADOWS.



OUT IN THE MEADOWS.

OUT in the meadows one fine summer's day,
Who has been plucking the flowers I pray?
Some one has been there already to-day,
Two little *some ones* have found out the way.

Into the meadows one fine summer's day,
Into the meadows I found out the way;
"Please little dickey-bird tell me" I say,
"Who has been into my meadows to-day?"

Out in the meadows this fine summer's day
The dickey-bird told me two somebodies lay,
And in dickey-bird language politely did say,
That if I should wish it he'd show me the way.

There in the meadows that fine summer's day,
By flowers and ferns safely hidden away,
Two little dear little somebodies lay
Sleeping quite soundly that fine summer's day.



THESE three little folk live down by the sea,
They are'nt really here though they may seem to be,
Their mother said she couldn't spare them to me.

(I had said to myself how well it will look,
To get a real live child to put in my book
I *will* try to get one by hook or by crook.)

Might I then have the baby? She at once said that he,
Was the dearest of all this dear little three,
And the two that were left were as dear as he ;

But she said I might paint them this dear little three,
In my book for all other good children to see.
So they are'nt really here though they may seem to be
But they live with their mother quite close to the sea.





THE EVENING PRAYER.

WHEN the birds have ceased their singing,
When the sun has sunk to rest,
When the flowers have drooped their faces.
And the stars have lit the west,

Then the white-robed children kneeling,
By the bedside reverently,
Folded hands and bended faces,
Whisper low and tenderly:

*“Gentle Jesus, now we pray thee,
Guard us through the coming night,
Grant that we may slumber safely,
Till we see the morning light.”*

Now from care, and want and sorrow,
Keep their happy spirits free,
Let their lives be bright and peaceful
As a silent summer sea.



THE CHILDRENS PRAYER.



Y*OU* have finished your picture-book my little maid,
You are fast asleep in the sun;
God send you a bright sunny life little maid,
'Tis a picture-book just begun.

I have finished my picture-book too little maid,
I must whisper good bye little one;
As you lie in the shade, good bye little maid,
My picture-book stories are done.

