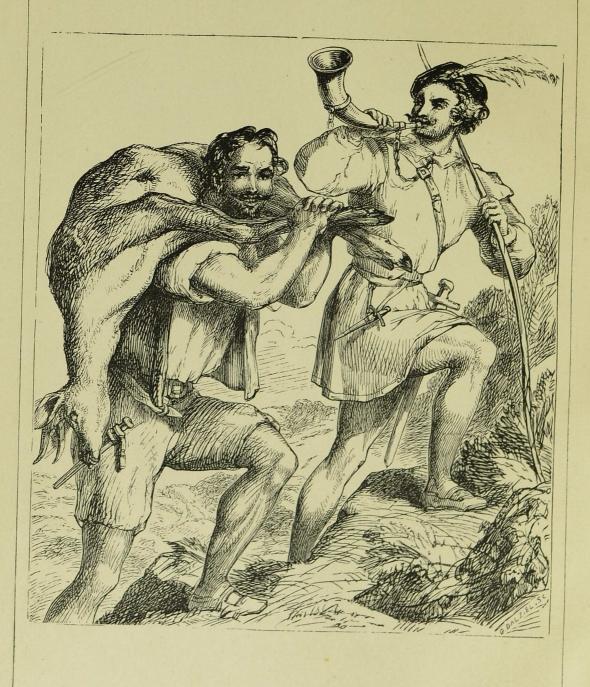


Rafford





MERRY RHYMES AND STORIES

FOR

MERRY LITTLE LEARNERS.

WITH NUMEROUS LAUGHABLE PICTURES.



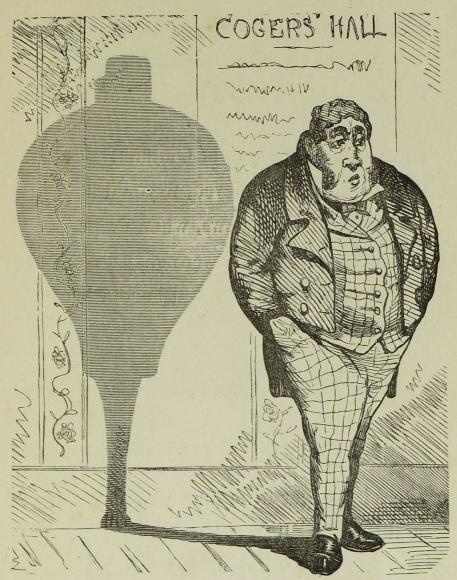
LONDON:

WARD, LOCK, AND TYLER,

WARWICK HOUSE, PATERNOSTER ROW.

BELLEVICE THE SHEET HERE

THE STANDARD OF THE STANDARD STANDARDS



THE COMICAL FELLOWS OF OLDHAM.

In Oldham, some comical fellows, As some of our nurses can tell us,

1

In pocket each hand,
Would all of them stand,
Till each looked like a big pair of bellows.

These comical fellows of Oldham,

Would not have believed, if you'd told 'em,

That their shadows, when draped,

Like the bellows were shaped,

Unless they could turn and behold 'em.



THE LITTLE GREY MAN.

Look here! a queer little man you may see,
A little man all in grey;
Rosy and round as an apple is he,
Content with the present, whate'er it may be,
While from care and from cash he is equally free,
And merry both night and day.



When the rain comes in through the broken panes,
This little man all in grey
Goes to bed content, and never complains,

Blows his frost-bitten fingers, and merrily feigns
Not to care for a fire to-day!

"Ha, ha! I laugh at the world," says he,

"I laugh at the world, and the world laughs at me!

Ho, ho, ho, ho! ha, ha! he, he!"

What a gay little man in grey!





THE YOUNG SULKY OF WYCOMBE.

There was a young yokel of Wycombe,
When his friends gathered round, he would kick 'em

Or, too surly by half, he would bleat like a calf, This benighted young sulky of Wycombe.

Till at last, when this young sulky's shadow,

So very unlike his old dad, oh!

Was cast on the wall, all the people did call,

"Like a calf is that young sulky's shadow!"



JOHN.



Here's our man, John,
With his livery on,
Waistcoat white, and
Velvet breeches,
Silver lace and golden stitches,
Big cane he often switches,
Our man, John.



THE TWO EXQUISITES.

Master Magnet and Miss Needle,
When they met upon the road,
Were as nice a looking couple
As you'd wish to see abroad.
Master Magnet and Miss Needle
Soon to greet each other ran;
She was true as steel, and Magnet
Was a most attractive man.



THE YOUNG LADY OF RUGELEY.

There was a young lady of Rugeley, Who grew in a fortnight most hugely,

And she soon got so stout,

She could scarce move about,

This unfortunate lady of Rugeley.

Till one day, as she walked unprotected,
On a wall was her shadow projected,
Then she threw up her eyes,
"I'm an Elephant's size!
Oh, I'm fatter than e'er I suspected!"



THE CANNIBAL CHIEF.



Okee-Pokee-Crack-me-Crown,

King of the island of Gulp-'em-down,

Was thought the finest young fellow in town,

When drest in his best for a party.

Oka-Poka-Chinga-ma-ring,

Eighteenth wife of this mighty King,

Loved her lord above everything,

And dressed him out for the party.

Satins and silks the Queen did lack,
But she'd some red paint, that looked well upon black,
So she painted her lord and master's back
Before he went out to the party.

Crowns, and stars, and ships with sails,

And flying dragons with curly tails—

"That's a dress," said the Queen, "that never fails

"Ca charm all the folks at a party."

So, painted up till he looked his best,
With pipe in mouth and feather in crest,
Okee-Pokee marched out without coat or vest,
But yet in full dress, to the party.





THE FOOLISH MAN OF GOOLE.

There was a young fellow of Goole, Was suspected of being a fool,

For he lounged all the day,
And his time smoked away,
This foolish young party of Goole.

But his shadow, one fine day appearing,
Put an end to all carping and sneering;
When the shadow did fall,
His poor brain showed so small,
It might have been worn for an earring.



LAZY BETTY.

Betty, our maid, her duties would shirk, Fonder of idling than doing her work; Latest at morning her task to begin, Soonest at night to give wearily in.

Betty, our maid, sat by the hearthstone,
Snoring away like a pocket trombone.
It was in the evening, and gone was the sun,
But her kitchen was dirty, her work wasn't done.



All of a sudden our Betty up sprang,
And through the kitchen her voice out rang;
For a goblin with eyes of fiery red,
Sat on the fender, and thus he said:

"You see this poker—it's hot—red-hot!
Now will you clean your kitchen, or not?"
Our Betty fell fainting, but since that night,
Her kitchen always looks tidy and bright.



THE CONTRADICTORY LADY OF HEXHAM.

There was a young lady of Hexham, Contradicted her friends, just to vex 'em.

She talked about horses,
And rode on race-courses,
This rapid young lady of Wrexham.

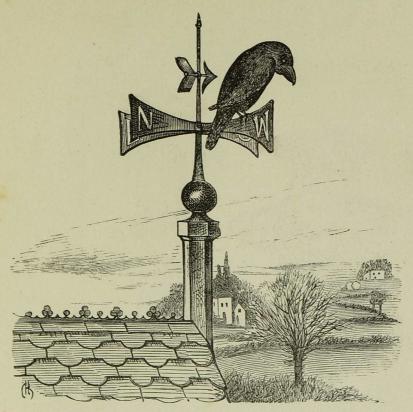
Till one day, as she talked in the stable,
As fast as she ever was able,
Her shadow did fall,
As a horse on the wall,
Which cured all her love for the stable.



THE JACKDAW.

There is a bird, who by his coat,
And by the hoarseness of his note,
Might be supposed a crow;
A frequent visitor of the church,
Where, bishop-like, he finds a perch,
And has a bedroom, too.

Above the steeple shines a plate,
That turns and turns, to indicate
From what point blows the weather;



Look up—your brains begin to swim, 'Tis in the clouds—that pleases him, He chooses it the rather.

He sees that this great roundabout,
The world, with all its motley rout,
Church, army, physic, law,
Its customs and its business,
Is no concern at all of his,
And says—why, he says—Caw!



THE STINGY PERSON OF PERTH.

THERE was an old person of Perth,
The stingiest fellow on earth;

He fed—oh! 'twas cruel— On sea-weed and gruel, This stingy old person of Perth.

In a tub of hot water, at Perth,
Once he sat—not a subject for mirth;
And his habit to crave all,
Turned into a save-all
This short-sighted person of Perth.



MR. GRUNTER AND MISS PIGGEEWEE.

SLIM Miss Piggeewee,
And stout Mr. Grunter,
Went out to order
A supper from Gunter.

"Now please to take notice,"
The gentleman, says he,
"That I'm Mr. C.

"That I'm Mr. Grunter,
And this, Miss Piggeewee.



"To wed this fair lady
Is my present design;
So get a breakfast worthy
Of the great house of 'Swine.'

"Some turnip-tops, a trifle
Of grains for the centre dish;
Plenty of fragrant hog-wash,
And heads and tails of fish.

"To provide wedding-favours
I trust you'll not fail—
A white satin ribbon,
For ev'ry pig's tail."



THE GENTLEMAN OF MONAGHAN.

A GENTLEMAN hailing from Monaghan,
Sat down, and refused to go on again,
Till they gave him a crown
For leaving the town,
This extortionate person of Monaghan.

But when he'd got up to go on again,
In beer soon his money was gone again,
Till, as full as a pitcher,
But not a groat richer,
He set out, to go back to Monaghan.



THE KNIGHT AND THE SQUIRE.

A Knight, who in ancient warfare

Full many a blow did strike,

A fancy he took, at the earth to look,

To see what it all was like.

He met with a little fellow

He could not greatly admire;

"What's thy name?" he did cry, and he got for reply,
"I'm Whipper Snapper, Esquire."



- "What, thou an Esquire? Where's thy armour? Thou art but a weak-looking cub."
- "I'm a member," says he, "of an old family,
 And invite you to come to my club."
- "Thy club! Here is mine, with the spikes at the end," Said the Knight, and his weapon swung high.
- "The best club of mine, is the club where I dine,"
 The little Esquire made reply.



THE CONTRADICTORY MAN OF SHOREHAM.

A DOGMATIC old fellow of Shoreham,
Would snub his companions, and bore 'em,

By flat contradiction,
Which was an affliction,
To the friends of this party of Shoreham.

Till some wags, who once met him near Shoreham, Saw his shadow displayed just before 'em;

Like a bull-dog it seemed,

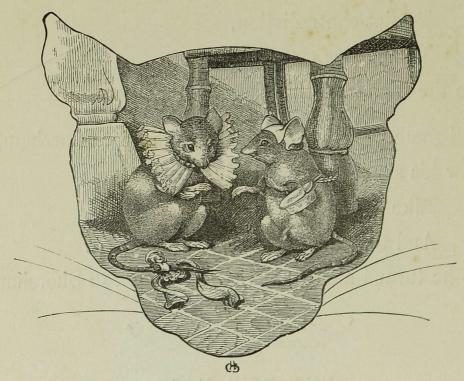
And they laughed till they screamed, So he turned and walked straight back to Shoreham.



THE TWO MICE.

There once was a mouse,
A funny little mouse,
Who dwelt in an outhouse shed;
And she had a nest,
A cosy little nest,
And some nice warm hay for a bed.

She'd a friend, another mouse, A dainty town mouse, As proud as a mouse could be;



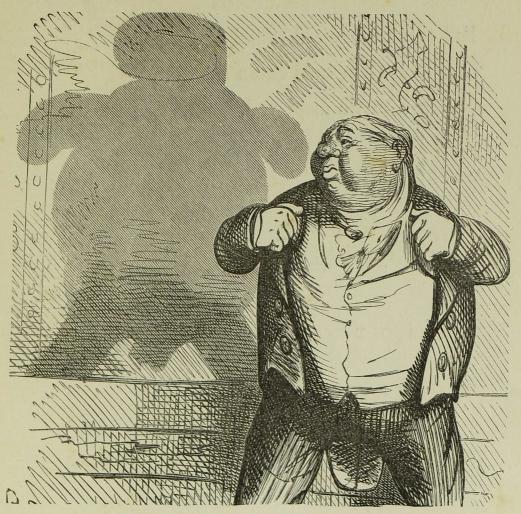
And her tail she was given
To tying up with ribbon,
And a point-lace collar wore she.

Now, since the first mouse

Admitted to her house

This fine town lady unawares,
She hasn't any peace,
For the other won't cease

To give herself haughty airs.



THE GREEDY MAN OF PINNER.

THERE was an old fellow of Pinner,
Who liked turtle-soup for his dinner,
And he'd snap up the whole
Of a two-gallon bowl,
That insatiable fellow of Pinner.

But this greedy old rascal of Pinner,
One day when he'd eaten his dinner,
Saw a turtle displayed,
In the shadow he made,
"Why, that's me!" cried the greedy old sinner.



ABOUT SOME STRANGE FELLOWS.

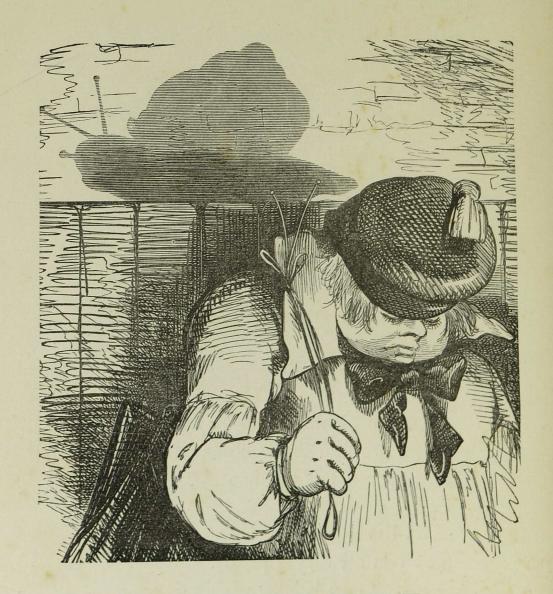
I know some fellows,
Who are just like bellows—
Now, you'll say that's a strange idea;
But listen unto me,
And you quickly shall see,
How soon I can make it clear.

The bellows, as you know,
Are made to puff and blow,
And in that way are useful enough;



And the comical fellows,
Who are like the bellows,
Talk nothing but windy stuff.

And the bellows, again
(To you all this is plain),
Are empty and hollow within;
And the heads of the fellows
Who are just like the bellows,
Are empty where brains should have been.



THE LAZY BOY OF HARWICH.

THERE once was a schoolboy of Harwich, (It's a pity he hadn't a carriage),

Who'd go fast asleep,
As to school he did creep,
The lazy young schoolboy of Harwich.

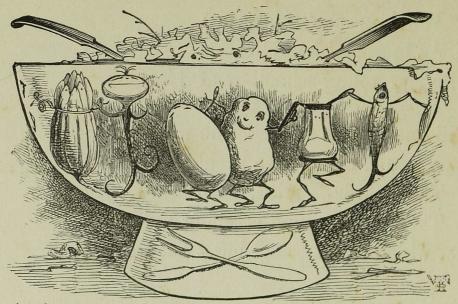
Till one day, as to school he was creeping—
And you'd really have thought he was sleeping—
The rude boys cried, "Oh dear!
There's some snail creeping here;"
On which the poor lad burst out weeping.



THE SALAD BOWL.

One day, around the salad bowl,
I saw in a row advance,
Master Lettuce, Miss Onion, and Mr. Hen-Egg,
All determined to have a dance.

Master Potato and Sir Mustard Pot
Came quickly advancing, too;
And Miss Ann Chovy, who no partner had got,
And who seemed not to know what to do.



And this is the way the fine party paired off,
To dance on the blooming heather:
First Lettuce said to fair Onion, "My dear,
Come, let us have a dance together."

Then said Mr. Egg to Potato, "Fair dame, Come on, let us not be late, oh; Remember, Potato must be boiled in the pot, Although, I know, you the pot hate, oh!"

And then came the prettiest pair of all,
Miss Ann Chovy and Mustard Pot,
And surely he made her look down and sneeze,
His manner it was so hot.



THE STORY OF DICK WHITTINGTON.

DICK WHITTINGTON, a clever lad, One who sage counsel heeded, Resolved to London he would go, To earn the bread he needed.

He took his wallet and his staff,

For he'd been often told

That all the streets in London town

Were paved with solid gold.

Alas for poor Dick Whittington!

He found of stones right many,

And sharp ones, too, that hurt his feet,

But gold he found not any.

He wandered here, he wandered there,
His shoes were all in tatters;
At last a cook-maid took him in,
To wash her plates and platters.

It was a burgher's stately house,
A merchant rich, of London;
But cook did treat poor Dick so ill,
He thought himself quite undone.

At last, worn out with sore abuse,
He would no longer stay:
One morning he his bundle took,
And to Highgate ran away.



He sat down on a stone to rest,
Amid the blooming heather,
And heard the bells of London town
All chiming out together.

The bells seemed ringing, "Turn again— Of harm thou yet hast none done; So turn again, Dick Whittington, Turn again, Mayor of London!"

Poor Dick right gladly heard these words, Which comfort did afford him; And straight went back, resolved to wait Till fortune should reward him.

He had a Cat, that shared his meals—
Much care he lavished on her;
He little thought this little Cat
Would bring him wealth and honour.

His master sending out a ship,
Said all might share the adventure;
Poor Dick had nothing but his Cat,
So on the voyage sent her.

The ship touched at a distant port,
Where all by rats were smitten;
The rats ate all, and even the King
Had not a cat or kitten.



But when they brought Dick's Cat, she killed
The rats and mice—'twas funny:
Out spoke the King: "I'll buy that Cat,
The rate of manay."

And with this money Dick did trade,
And richer grew and richer:
They say small pitchers have long ears—
He'd used his well, this pitcher.

His honesty and industry
Soon made him much respected;
And never was Dick Whittington
In any lie detected.

His master's daughter on him looked Soon with an eye of favour; Her father let her marry Dick, And a great fortune gave her.

And in due time the bells came true,
His good deeds were requited,
And good Sir Richard Whittington
Was made Lord Mayor, and knighted.





THE STORY OF LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

A LITTLE maiden, demure and good,
Obtained the name of Red Riding Hood,
Because of a cloak of red cloth rare,
And a pretty hood that she used to wear.

One day, her mother called her down,
And said: "You must go to yonder town;
For I wish this basket with cheesecakes to fill,
For poor old Granny, who's lying ill.
But now, child, listen to what I say:
Don't talk to anyone by the way."

Then off she set through a pleasant wood,
With her little basket, Red Riding Hood;
But in the midst of the wood she met
(The very thought makes me shudder yet)
A hungry Wolf, of tremendous size,
With sharp white teeth, and with fierce red eyes,
Who long for prey had been prowling there,
And came to the child, and spoke her fair.

Now, little Red Riding Hood little knew With what a bad beast she had to do; And she told the Wolf, with the best intent, Where she was going, and why she went. "Aha!" said the Wolf, "I can run fast; I shall be there first, and you'll be last: This way go I, and that way go you, For I want to see old Granny too." He grinned, and his eyes gave a greenish light; In an instant more he was out of sight.



So the Wolf ran on as fast as he could,
To distance little Red Riding Hood—
He ran as he never had run before,
Until he came to the old Gran's door.
He tapped, and cried, with a furtive grin,
"I'm little Red Riding Hood—let me in!"

And the poor old Granny, in bed who lay, Thinking her grandchild had come that way, Cried, "Pull the bobbin; come in, my child!" And into the room leapt the Wolf so wild.

When the Grandmother this fierce Wolf did see, She was frightened sore, as she might well be; For the hideous Wolf sprang on the bed, And bit the poor lady till she was dead. She had not the time for help to call, For the Wolf ate her up, skin, bones, and all. And after this cruel deed was done, Says the Wolf to himself, "My supper's begun, And I'll end it soon, with a tit-bit good, And that shall be little Red Riding Hood." So wicked Wolf he crawled into bed, With the Grandmother's nightcap hiding his head, And summoned up what patience he could, To wait for little Red Riding Hood.

Not long in the bed had he hidden been,
When the little maiden came tripping in,
With her little basket upon her arm,
And never thinking of danger or harm.
"Sit down by me, my sweet little dear,"
Said the artful, wicked old Wolf; "come here,



Sit down by the bed, that I may see
The little grand-daughter who's come to me."
Little Red Riding Hood quickly obeyed;
But presently, "Grandmamma, dear," she said,
And a little cry of surprise she gave,
"What very, very large ears you have!"

"Have I, indeed?" said the Wolf, and smiled; "Then that is the better to hear you, my child."

"And, Grandmamma," the little girl cries,

"Why, I declare, you have such large eyes!"

"Have I, my dear?" the sly Wolf said;

"That's the better to see you, my little pet."

"And, oh! Granny dear, what large teeth you have!" A horrible snarl the Wolf then gave,

And off in a trice he the bed-clothes threw;

"Aha! those big teeth are for eating you!" And faster than I can tell it to you, The wicked Wolf from the bed up flew, And hungry for such delicious food, He ate up little Red Riding Hood,

Who screamed and struggled—so they say— But she never was heard of from that day.

That I may not have told this sad tale in vain, I'll give you the moral, and make it plain. The moral is this: Where'er you go, And whatever business you have to do, Take heed of the words you to strangers say, And beware of loitering on your way. Don't consort with the bad, but with the good, And take warning by little Red Riding Hood.



THE STORY OF ROBIN HOOD.

I'll tell you a story; so, children, draw near, It's all about Robin Hood,

Who was a bold outlaw, so careless and free, In the forest of bonny Sherwood.

He'd a hundred archers, who came at his call,
And a merry leader was he;
And they all of them led a merry life
Under the greenwood-tree.

One day, bold Robin went out to walk, 'Twas as fine as heart could require; And as he passed by a river broad, He met with a burly Friar.

"Now carry me over this water, thou Friar," Bold Robin cried speedily;

"Now carry me over this water broad, Or it shall go hard with thee."

So the Friar took Robin Hood on his back, And carried him over amain; But when they got over, the Friar said, "Now carry me back again."

So Robin carried the Friar back,
But he said, when his task was done,
"Thou'rt twice as heavy as I, I trow,
So I'll have two rides to thy one."



So the Friar took up Robin Hood again,
But soon had revenge on him,
For he soused him into the water clear,
And left him to sink or swim.

Another day, when bold Robin Hood
Had been out killing the deer,
He saw a youth weeping under a tree,
And said he, "What dost thou here?"

This fair youth's name was Allen-a-Dale,
And he was in sorrowful plight;
For his love had been taken away from him,
A maiden fair and bright.

For her uncle would have her wed an old man, With money and lands beside.

"Now take good comfort," said bold Robin Hood, "For, in faith, thou shalt have thy bride."

So off went Robin into the town,
With his merry men blithe and gay;
And they found the bride of Allen-a-Dale,
And brought her with them away.

And angry was the old uncle then,

But blithe and glad was she;

And the pair were married by Friar Tuck,

Under the greenwood-tree.



Another day, when Robin went out,
To roam through the forest wide,
He met an Abbot, so portly and rich,
Who on a fine mule did ride.

Now the Abbot had in his saddle-bags Good store of silver and gold,

17 G 2

And very sorry, in truth, was he Our Robin Hood to behold.

"Good morrow, Sir Abbot," said bold Robin Hood,
"Come hither to me, I pray;

We'll have good cheer 'neath the greenwood-tree, And thou shalt dine with me to-day."

So Robin Hood's men prepared a feast, With venison good store;

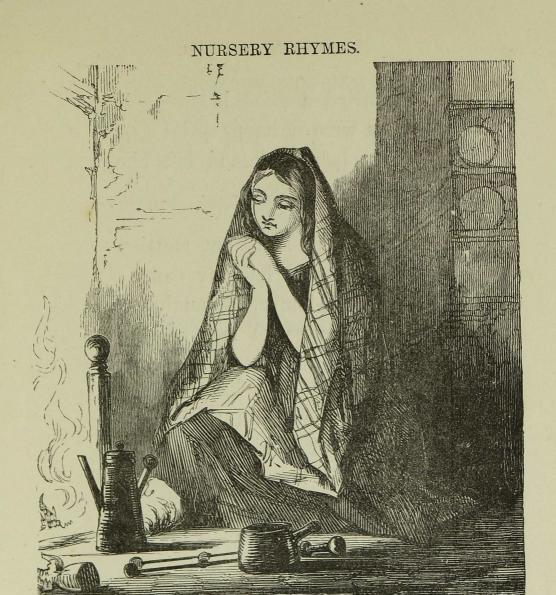
But they took from the Abbot, his dinner to pay, Two hundred marks or more.

Many good jests played bold Robin Hood,
With his merry Sherwood clan;
And he'd a tall fellow named "Little John,"
Who was his right-hand man.

And Friar Tuck was his chaplain bold,
Maid Marian was his wife,
And together beneath the greenwood-tree

They led a jovial life.

But the many things that bold Robin did,
And many tricks he did play,
Would take me too long to tell just now;
You shall hear them another day.



THE STORY OF CINDERELLA.

There was once a Merchant,
In a splendid town,
A great and noble Merchant,
Of wealth and good renown.

He married a good lady—
They were a happy pair;
But the lady died, and left him
A little daughter fair.

And now the Merchant married
A proud and haughty dame,
And two ill-tempered daughters
With this proud lady came.

They scorned their little sister;

To the poor child they gave
The name of Cinderella,

And used her like a slave.

The Prince soon gave a party,
The sisters to it went;
To leave poor Cinderella
At home was their intent.

But a kind-hearted Fairy
Sent Cinderella too,
And gave her bright glass slippers,
All sparkling fair and new.



The Prince saw Cinderella,

Who looked so fresh and bright,

That he admired her greatly,

And danced with her all night.

But when the clock struck twelve, then
She quickly hied away,
Because the Fairy told her
She must not longer stay.

Next night again, her sisters

Were at the royal ball,

But the Prince saw Cinderella,

And liked her more than all.

He danced with her so gladly;

He tried to learn her name;

But not one guest could tell it,

Or knew from whence she came.

When twelve o'clock was striking,
Again she fled in haste,
But dropped one little slipper
In her hurry as she passed.

The Prince picked up the slipper,
And a herald sent next day,
To say, "She, whom it fitted,
Should be his bride so gay."



Her sisters tried the slipper,

But it would not fit, although
One crushed her heel in trying,

And one cut off her toe.

But Cinderella tried it,
As calmly as you please,

And all were much astonished, It fitted her with ease.

Her sisters stood dumbfounded,
And still their wonder grew,
When coolly from her pocket
She drew the other shoe.

The Prince he heard the story,
And he was satisfied;
He said, "The slipper fits you,
And you shall be my bride."

And to her haughty sisters
She proved a real friend;
And now, of Cinderella
The tale is at an end.





THE STORY OF JACK AND THE BEAN-STALK.

There was a Widow poor and old,
Who had a son and a cow;
She would sell the cow—which begins the tale,
Which I will tell you now.

Her son she sent to the market-town,

To sell the cow at the fair,

But Jack he sold his cow for some beans,

Before ever he got there.

The Dame, in a pet, threw the beans away;
But, very strange to say,
They grew up into a great bean-stalk,
All in a single day.

Bold Jack out into the garden went,

Where his bean-stalk tall did stand;

He climbed to the top, and it brought him to

A strange and unknown land.

There dwelt a Giant, savage and grim,
Who took men's goods by stealth,
Who'd killed the father of valiant Jack,
And taken away his wealth.

This Giant had a wondrous thing,
A large and handsome hen—
A hen that laid him eggs of gold,
Over and over again.



The Giant's wife took pity on Jack,
And hid him in the house,
And in his corner he remained
As quiet as a mouse.

The Giant ate his supper soon,
And called for his wondrous hen;
And every time that he said "Lay!"
She laid a gold egg again.

Then the Giant called for his golden harp.
And his wife she brought it soon;
And when the Giant said to it, "Play!"
The harp played a pretty tune.

By this the Giant drowsy grew—
He'd eaten so much, no wonder;
He laid his head on the table down,
And slept, and snored like thunder.

When bold Jack saw the Giant fast,

He crept from his hiding-place;

He seized the hen, and he seized the harp,

And fled with rapid pace.

But oh! the harp was a wondrous thing,
It could speak as well as play,
And cried, "Oh, master! here's a thief,
Who's carrying me away!"



And then the Giant soon up sprung,
Gave the table a sounding thwack;
"Aha!" he cried, "I shall catch you soon!"

And he ran off after Jack.

When Jack saw that the Giant came,
You may fancy he was not slow;
He ran away to the bean-stalk's top
As quickly as he could go.

He slid down the bean-stalk all in haste,
Not a moment would he stop;
But when he came to the base of the stalk,
The Giant appeared at the top.

And frightened was Jack's mother then,
For the Giant was coming down,
Swearing that when he touched the earth
He'd quickly crack Jack's crown.

But valiant Jack knew what to do:

"Give me the axe!" he said;

And he cut the bean-stalk off at the root,

And the Giant fell down dead.





JACK, THE GIANT-KILLER.

Here's another Jack,
On the Giant's back;
He's called the Giant-killer,
And no other name doth lack.

He conquered many Giants,
I think full twelve or more;
And among them was a surly one
Whom they called Blunderbore.

Another, a Welsh Giant,

Had two great heads—what fun!

Because he thought—so I suppose—

Two heads are better than one.

Another of these Giants,

A very cruel knave,

Had carried many captives off,

And kept them in a cave.

But Jack was never frightened,
He had no fear, not he;
He slew the Giant valiantly,
And set the captives free.





THE FRETFUL MAN OF NEWCASTLE.

A MAN of Newcastle-on-Tyne— He wasn't a great friend of mine—

II

Was so fretful and rude
In his quarrelsome mood,
They called him the Porcupine.

This person did always incline,

Especially after his wine,

To contradict flatly,

And argue so hotly,

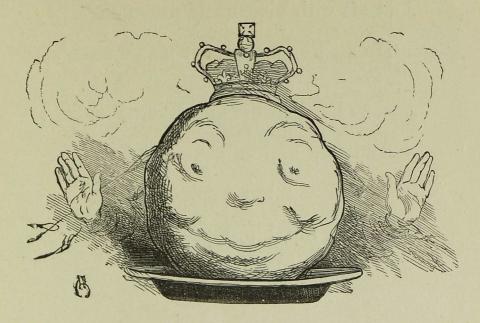
That no one would ask him to dine.



KING APPLE-PUDDING.

Here's good King Apple-pudding,
You see the crown on his brow;
And why is he King of Puddings?
Now listen, and you shall know.

You cannot crown Plum-pudding, For all his citron and spice;



For you may get indigestion

If you take too much by a slice.

Besides, he's the rich man's pudding,
And keeps from the poor away,
Or once a year pays a visit
To their table, on Christmas Day.

But jolly King Apple-pudding

Is a dish that all may afford;

And oft with his comely presence

He smiles on the poor man's board.

And so we'll crown him King Pudding,
And talk of him near and far;
So health to King Apple-pudding,
With a hip, hip, hip, hurrah!



RIDDLE

Why's an ill-tempered man, with a memory bad,

Like one with whom avarice is a sin most besetting?

Because, Sir, if no better answer be had,

He's never for-giving, but always for-getting.





THE VAIN MAN OF BRIGHTON.

THERE was a vain person of Brighton,
Whose garments did never seem right on;

A new coat he'd seek

For each day in the week,

This dandified person of Brighton.

This dandy the people cried fie on,

For each day a new waistcoat he'd try on;

And he wore a fresh flower

For every hour,

So they cried out, "There goes Dandelion!"



HUBBLE-BUBBLE.

Here's the man who blows a bubble:
Says he, "Life, with all its trouble,
In spite of its woes,
Is pleasant for those
Who don't their sorrows double.



"You see, I've a timber toe;

Do I fret about that? oh, no;

For I stump about,

And my stick helps me out;

Where I want, I manage to go.

"I'm poor, but is that a trouble?

No, no; all wealth's a bubble;

So I sit and laugh,

Am content with a half,

So my money, you see, counts double."



A WARNING.

What became of tyrannical Pat,
Who pelted the dog, and beat the cat?
Why, Puss scratched his face, and tore his hat,
And Dash knocked him over as flat as a mat,
Mind that!





THE FOOLISH MAN AT RYSWICK.

A foolish old person of Ryswick,

Took a very great deal too much physic;

"Oh, dear me!" he cried,
"I've a pain in my side,"
This nervous old person of Ryswick.

He fancied—poor person of Ryswick—
He'd the gout, measles, ague, and phthisic;
And he went about groaning,
And sighing, and moaning,
And bothered the people of Ryswick.

But he soon heard the fame, while at Ryswick,
Of a doctor established at Chiswick,
Who cured all diseases.
"If it hails or it freezes,"

Said he, "I'll go over to Chiswick."

So he packed his effects up at Ryswick, And soon paid his passage to Chiswick.



Said he, "I dare say

He'll cure me in a day,

That famous fine doctor at Chiswick."

Now, here's what the doctor of Chiswick

Told this nervous old person of Ryswick:

"You deserve to be taken,

And thoroughly shaken,

You foolish old person of Ryswick."

And thus said the doctor of Chiswick:

"You want exercise, Sir, and not physic."

So the man went away,

And became from that day

The healthiest man in all Ryswick.

Here's the moral: Let no man drink physic, Until he is certain he is sick;

For a good doctor can see When illness is fancy,

As it was with this poor man of Ryswick.





THE POOR LITTLE SLAVE.

A poor little servant at Minster (She was just turned thirteen, and a spinster)

Was in a very bad case,
For she'd taken a place,
As a servant of all-work, at Minster.

This harassed young person of Minster,
Though none could a word say against her,
Was worked like a slave,
And your pity I crave,
For the poor little slavey of Minster.



THE LOVING COUPLE.

Mr. Barber Block,
In his scarlet coat so gay,
Went out for a walk with
Miss Sprat, the other day.

Says Mr. Barber Block,
"I'm not very wise, it's true;



The people call me Blockhead,
But still I love you."

And then replied Miss Sprat:

"I'm thinking of you daily;
Though people are so rude,
To say I'm rather scaly."

So they agreed to marry,

But to go to no expense,

For she was rather scaly,

And he had not much sense.

And as for the wedding,

It cost them not a groat,

For she'd her scaly gown,

And he'd his new coat.

And they had many children,

And, if truth the people tell,

They were not the first blockheads,

Who 've got on very well.





THE MAID OF SURAT

An old maiden, who dwelt at Surat, Had a horror of getting too fat;

17

So she pinched in her waist,—
'Twas very bad taste,

To screw in so tightly as that.

One day, she walked out at Surat,

(And she wore quite a juvenile hat);

Like an hour-glass so thin,

Her waist was pinched in,

And there was not much beauty in that.

But I've heard that this maid of Surat
Left off wearing her juvenile hat,
And sought for relief
In good beer and beef;
And now she's quite jolly and fat.





THE BOY AND THE BEES.

Who's this funny boy?

Come, and you'll see;
This is Bill, who was

Stung by the bee.

Bright Master Bill
Thought he'd earn money,
By keeping bees,
Who should make him honey.

He set up a hive

Near the garden gate,

And the bees they were humming

Early and late.

They built their cells,

And they stored them well;

And says Bill, "I shall have

Much honey to sell."

But Bill did not know

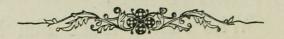
How the honey to seize,
Without spoiling the hive,
And hurting the bees.

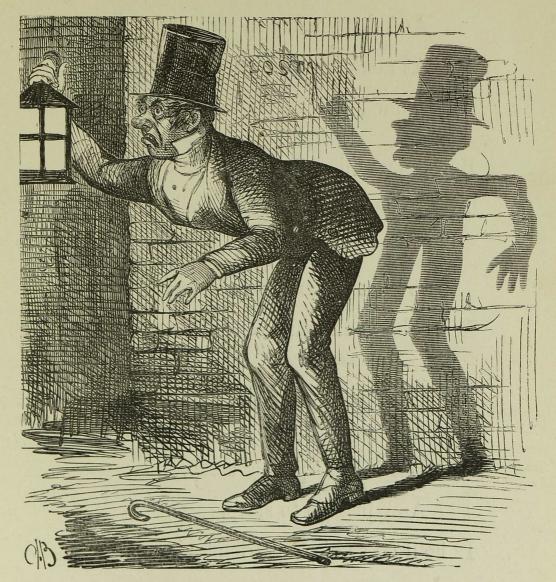
So Bill he ran home,

All stung through and through.

He should have known better;

I think so—don't you?





THE MAN OF DEVIZES.

An industrious man of Devizes

Kept ducks, geese, and fowls of all sizes;

And this poultry so rare,

At market and fair,

Had gained him all manner of prizes.

But at last this young man of Devizes Took to purchasing bolts of all sizes,

And to prowling at night
With a lantern so bright,
Lest robbers should take off his prizes.

This insecure man of Devizes

Had best think no more of his prizes;

But to bed quickly creep,

And just go to sleep,

If he'll do as his best friend advises.





THE FOOLISH MEN.

One day, two testy fellows

Were walking through a field,

And soon a third man passed them,

Who was carrying a shield.

One said that it was yellow, The other it was blue.

One said, "Why, you can't see, Sir." Said the other, "Nor can you."

So hotly they disputed,

That, as the story goes,

These testy, foolish fellows

Had almost come to blows.

At last, the man who carried

The shield appeared in sight.

"Aha!" cried each old fellow,

"You'll see now who was right."

So up they ran all eager,

To where the shield was seen;

And one side of it was yellow,

And the other side was green.





THE PRYING MAN OF SKYE.

There dwelt in the island of Skye,
A man who was given to spy;

At his neighbours he'd look,

And note down in a book,

What he thought they did wrong, like Paul Pry.

In the school sat this person of Skye,

One day, with the sun shining high,

And his shadow did fall

On the whitewashed wall,

And the boys laughed, and said, "Here's a Guy!"

This angered the person of Skye,

Who by nature was haughty and high;

So he went to the shore,

And a boat took him o'er,

Away from the island of Skye.





THE TWO TRAVELLERS.

Two travellers started to walk one day,
On a common wide and breezy;

- The one was a man who took things hard,
 While the other took things easy.
- "Aha!" cried the one, with a jolly loud laugh,
 "I love yonder sun shining bright."
- Says the other, "I know it's dreadfully hot,
 And we both shall faint before night."
- "How gaily the breeze blows among the leaves," Said the jolly pilgrim again.
- "I know," says the other, "it blows up the dust." Said his jolly friend, "What then?
- "Come, come, be cheerful, and let us step out, On this beauteous sunlit morn."
- "How can I step out?" said the other, and groaned;
 "Don't you know I've a very bad corn?"





THE NURSE'S UMBRELLA.

You know our kind Aunt Arabella:
One day a sad sickness befel her;

As she quickly grew worse,

We sent for a Nurse,

Who came with a cotton umbrella.

This Nurse of our Aunt Arabella,

No one needed her duty to tell her;

But sometimes we'd find

She was absent in mind,

For she thought of her cotton umbrella.

Nurse thought: "Now, suppose some bad fellow,
While I'm waiting on Miss Arabella,
Should creep in some day,
When I'm out of the way,
And steal my dear cotton umbrella!"

All day thus poor Nursey was fretting, And not for one instant forgetting

Her cotton umbrella;
Though each one did tell her,
Her gingham was not worth such petting.

She hid it away in a cellar,

And no one among us could quell her

Suspicion and fear,

For she longed to be near

Her darling old cotton umbrella.

But there were big rats in the cellar,

And one day our man came to tell her

That nothing remained

For her, when it rained,

But the ribs of her cotton umbrella.

And now poor old Nurse grew quite yellow, At this dire mishap that befel her;



She sat in her chair

With a desolate air,

And pined for her cotton umbrella.



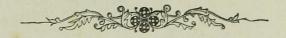


THE PRYING LADY.

A LADY of Chandernagore
Was often considered a bore;

She went prying about,
And would always cry out,
"Ah! I knew how it would be, before."

So the people of Chandernagore
Resolved to endure this no more;
So with stick, flail, and bat,
This prying old cat
They drove out of Chandernagore.



COOKEY.

Here's our Cook,

How charming she does look,
With her fat arms a-kimbo,
Jolly old Cook!

She's a fine temper, Cook,
But, I counsel you, don't look



At her while she's "dishing up," Fiery old Cook!

For if you then "drop in,"
She has a rolling-pin,
And she'll drop down upon you,
With a crack upon your shin.

But after dinner's done,
There's not a better one
In all the house than jolly Cook,
Or one more full of fun.

If you're a little child,
She'll take you on her knee,
And toss you such a pancake,
Shall joy your heart to see.

If you're a growing boy,
And, of course, say "If you please,"
She'll give you a great hunch of bread,
And a mighty bit of cheese.

It's only in the morning
She's cross enough, you'll find,
When the joint, and the soup,
And the pudding's on her mind.

And ah! her plum-puddings,
How glorious they look!
So, long may she prosper,
Though she's a plain Cook.





THE CRAWLING MAN.

A Scotchman, who dwelt at Kilbrodie, Was what people call a great "toady;"

He'd crouch to the rich,

Like a toad in a ditch,

This crawling old man of Kilbrodie.

Now, all the good folks of Kilbrodie

Disliked much this fawning old toady;

They said, "We will send

Him to live at Crouch End,

And he shall not come back to Kilbrodie."



TOO MUCH TALKING.

Miss Belinda Cackleton

Was charming, fair, and young;

She played and sang divinely,

But she had a restless tongue.



Miss Belinda Cackleton

Had the sense and art

To captivate a gentleman,

And win his youthful heart.

Miss Belinda Cackleton,
So blooming, young, and fair,
Soon took her swain to church, and they
Became a married pair.

He was delighted with his wife,
So blooming, fair, and young;
But quickly he found out, alas!
She had a restless tongue.

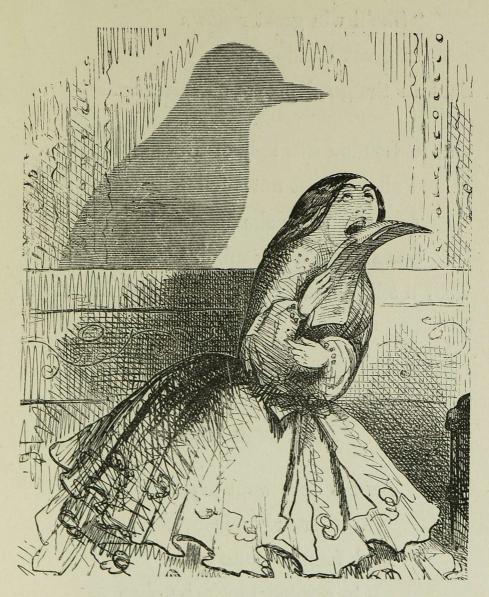
For it was ever going, going,

Just like a mill-clack;

So, whereas they first went arm-in-arm,

They now sit back to back.





THE SONG-BIRD.

THERE was a young lady of Beverley,
Whose friends said she sang very cleverly;

"She'll win great renown
In great London town,"
Said all the good people of Beverley.

But in London this lady of Beverley

Found all her best notes fell but heavily;

And when this she did find,

She said, "Never mind,

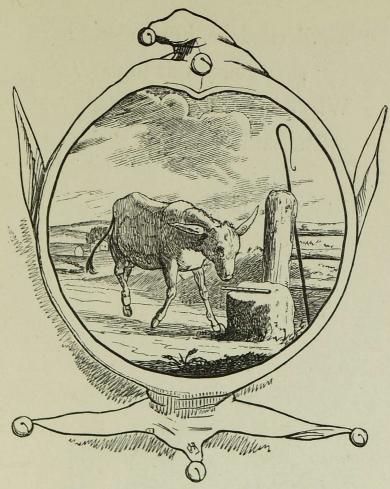
They'll still think me a song-bird at Beverley."



JUST BY CHANCE.

An ass once went prying,
With steady advance,
And found a flute lying
On a wood block, by chance.

Old Neddy he started,
And gave it a glance,



Then came on, and snorted Upon it, by chance.

The breath of the brute, then,
As round he did prance,
Just entered the flute, then,
And blew it, by chance.

"Ah!" cried he, in wonder,
"How comes this to pass?
Who'll now dare to slander
The skill of an ass?

"And asses in plenty
I see at a glance,
Who, one time in twenty,
Succeed, just by chance."





THE SHARP YANKEE.

A Yankee, who dwelt at Poughkeepsie,
Made money in hatfuls and heaps; he
Was so very 'cute,
That it no one would suit
To trade with this man of Poughkeepsie.

So, when no one will trade at Poughkeepsie,
He sits in a chair, and out peeps he,
Just like a sly fox,
Or sits watching the stocks
Of money he's made at Poughkeepsie.



POOR POLLY.

A LADY had a parrot,
As gay as e'er was seen,
With yellow long tail-feathers,
And wings of brightest green.

His beak was very sharp,

And his eyes were very round

There was no prettier parrot

In all the country found.

His mistress gave him dainties, White almonds, cake, and wine,



And dressed him in a cocked hat, That made him look quite fine.

She gave him, too, a walking-cane,
And soon he clutched it tight;
He screamed and he chattered,
And he chuckled with delight.

He was a clever parrot,

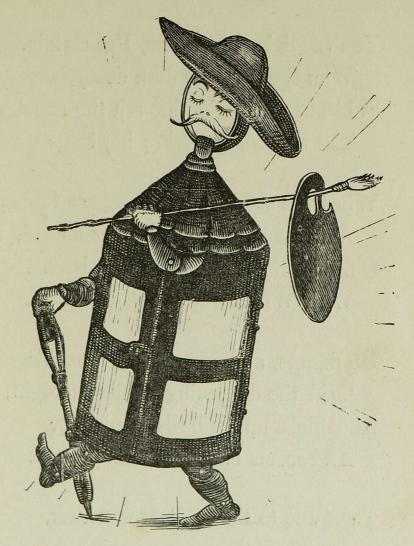
From all that I have heard;
His mistress taught him verses,
He learnt them every word.

But if you asked the meaning
Of all the words he'd sing,
Or ask him to explain them—
That's quite another thing.

Then thought I, "This green parrot
Is like some folks I know,
Who strut about in fine clothes,
And in talking are not slow:

"But if you ask the meaning
Of the fine words they say,
Why, they can no more tell you,
Than this parrot can to-day."

So my moral is: Talking at random is folly, And can't be permitted, except in poor Polly,



JACK O' LANTERN.

Master Jack O'Lantern

Here a walk does take,

With a wide-awake hat upon his head,

To show that he's wide awake.

17

You've all heard of him, I'm certain,
Who the traveller doth decoy,
Whisking his light through the marshes,
The wicked, deceiving boy!

When the shades of evening are falling,
And the autumn day's near its end,
Oh, then he's out on the moorland,
With Will o' the Wisp, his friend.

He dances, and jumps, and gambols,
'Mid the deepening shades of night,
And kicks up his heels so nimbly,
And seems half wild with delight.

Then woe to the careless wanderer,
Astray on the mountain side,
Who follows young Jack o' Lantern,
Mistaking him for a guide.

The faithless fellow will lead him O'er meadow and moorland fast,

And probably leave him floundering In some muddy ditch at last.

Such a leader is Jack o' Lantern;
But I'd ask, if ask I may,
Is his the only light now,
That dazzles and leads astray?

There's the light of a "little learning,"
That shines very bright at first,
But is useless, like Jack o' Lantern,
When things have come to the worst.

There's the light of a given promise,

Made on a sunshiny day,

That will vanish like Jack o' Lantern,

When the sunshine has passed away.

There's gratitude for past service,

That should shine for ever and aye,
But, like Jack o' Lantern, will vanish,

When most it's wanted, away.

So keep your promises, children,
And hold your gratitude fast;
Or you will be no more trusted
Than Jack o' Lantern at last.





Here's my Lord Beerbottle;

Don't he look big?

With his shining black doublet,

And his foam for a

wig



BLOWING HIS OWN TRUMPET.

There was a young man of Balbriggan,
Told stories, and each was a big 'un;

For he'd brag on and on
Of the feats he had done,
This boastful young man of Balbriggan.

One day, to this man of Balbriggan

A wise fellow, came with a wig on;

He heard him awhile,

Then observed, with a smile,

"You don't tell those tales in Balbriggan."



QUESTION AND ANSWER.

"Now, what are you doing here little boy? That's what I want to know."

"Why, I'm standing here,
Is sufficiently clear,
Because I've nowhere to go."



"Why don't you go out and work, little boy,
And so get a home for you?"

"Why, I'll tell you at once
That I am a dunce,
And I've got no work to do."

"Little boy, little boy! and do you not know That idleness ends in sorrow?"

"Yes; but better, I say,
'T were to teach me to-day,
And then you might scold me to-morrow."



QUACK, QUACK, QUAW!

A DUCK that can quack
Has a feathered back,
And a long, flat, yellow bill;
But I know a quack—
A man that can quack—
Who's dressed in black,
Wears broadcloth on his back,
And can make up a very long bill.
And I likewise know,
That this man who can quack



Is the wrong man to see when you're ill, So don't take his draught or his pill.

WHO LIKES FLIES?

One evening, three good people sat

Around an oaken table;
Their purpose was to drink some punch,
As well as they were able.

The first was named John Twisticum,
The second Tom Twiddledee,
The third Tobias Twirlabout,
And a learned man was he.

John Twisticum dealt out the punch
With a ladle from the bowl,
And a good wine-glass brimming full
He gave each thirsty soul.

And when they'd drank the punch, those three
All felt of merry mood;
For all the three they smacked their lips,
And all the three said "Good!"



John Twisticum had finished first;
And so it came to pass,
He took the ladle up, to give
Himself another glass.

Some flies had fallen in the bowl, And John Twisticum was fain

To put those he ladled into his glass Back in the bowl again.

Then Twiddledee and Twirlabout,
Oh, they were angry men;
They cried, "Why put'st thou, Twisticum,
Those flies in the bowl again?"

But then did honest Twisticum

Make answer fair and grave:

"If I have angered you," he said,

"Your pardon I must crave.

"You say 'twas wrong to put back flies;
I answer, it was right:
I don't like flies in punch, myself,
But I thought, perhaps you might!"

Then loudly laughed the other two,

Till their cheeks began to swell;

And they forgave John Twisticum,

For he had answered well.



MY MOTHER; OR, LOVE TO PARENTS.

Who fed me from her gentle breast,
Who hushed me in her arms to rest,
And on my cheek sweet kisses prest?

Му Mother.

7

When sleep forsook my heavy eye,
Who was it sung sweet lullaby,
And soothed me that I should not cry?
My Mother.

Who sat and watched my infant head,
When sleeping on my cradle bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed?

My Mother.

Who an to help me when I fell,
And would some pretty story tell,
Or kiss the place to make it well?
My Mother,

Who loved to see me pleased and gay,
And taught me sweetly how to play,
And minded all I had to say?

My Mother.



When pain and sickness made me cry,
Who gazed upon my heavy eye,
And wept for fear that I should die?

My Mother.

Who taught my infant heart to pray,

And love God's holy book and day,

And taught me wisdom's pleasant way?

My Mother.

And can I ever cease to be
Affectionate and kind to thee,
Who wert so very kind to me,—
My Mother?

Ah, no! the thought I cannot bear;
And if God please my life to sparc,
I hope I shall reward thy care,
My Mother.

When thou art feeble, old, and grey,

My healthy arm shall be thy stay;

And I will soothe thy pains away,

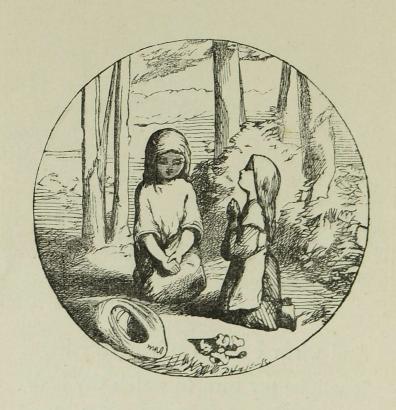
My Mother.



And when I see thee hang thy head,
'Twill be my turn to watch thy bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed,
My Mother.

For God, who lives above the skies,
Would look with vengeance in His eyes,
If I should ever dare despise

My Mother.





THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

Once on a time, a gentleman in Norfolk did reside, Who with his loving wife fell ill, and shortly after died; The lady she was gentle, her husband good and brave, They loved each other tenderly, and both possessed one grave.

Two little babes they left behind—a boy of three years old,

And younger still, a little girl, whose name was Jane, we're told;

- They both were, with a blessing, to their uncle's care resigned,
- Who promised they should find in him a friend both true and kind.
- The uncle had not kept these babes a twelvemonth and a day,
- Ere for their wealth he laid a plan to take their lives away;
- He bargained with two ruffians to slay them in the wood, And told his wife to London town he sent them for their good.
- The worst of men will sometimes of their wicked deeds repent,
- And innocence will sometimes make the hardest heart relent;
- And thus these cruel ruffians like convicted felons stood, Afraid to kill the children when they got into the wood.
- Yet one of them, more hard of heart, resolved to do the deed,
- As with the cruel uncle they had previously agreed;



And he that took the children's part the other man did slay,

And left him in a lonely spot, all bleeding as he lay.

He took the children by the hand, while tears stood in their eye,

And bade them take a walk with him, and mind they did not cry;

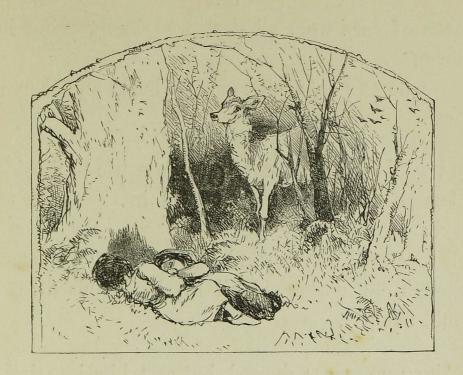
And two long miles he led them on, while they for food complain:

"Stay here," said he; "I'll bring you cakes when I come back again."

- These pretty babes then, hand in hand, went wandering through the wood,
- Expecting soon to see the man returning with some food; Their little lips with blackberries were all besmeared and dyed,
- And when they saw the darksome night, they sat them down and cried.
- They never saw the wicked man—he never came again, Nor brought them any food to eat, nor shelter from the

rain;

- They thought upon their mother kind, their father good and brave,
- Who both had long been dead and gone, and buried in the grave.
- Their little limbs were stiff and chill—awake they could not keep,
- And underneath a branching tree they laid them down to sleep;
- But never more their laughing eyes beheld the sun again,
- For death had ended all their joys, their suffering and pain.



No friend attends their burial, no tear their fate receives, But Robin Redbreast mournfully doth cover them with leaves;

When in the Spring the robin comes to beg for crumbs of food,

You'll not forget his kindness to the Children in the Wood.

The wicked never prosper long, as you shall quickly hear:
The uncle's conscience haunted him, and made him
quake for fear;

- His barns of corn were all destroyed by lightning in a storm,
- His house he saw soon afterwards a burnt and shapeless form.
- His land would yield no provender his cattle to provide, They thus grew thin and sickly, and in the fields they died;
- His only sons, who went abroad, both perished while away, And though he mortgaged all his lands, his debts he could not pay.
- His creditors no mercy showed, but cast him into jail, Where many years in misery he did his crimes bewail; No sympathising friend had he, in whom he could confide, And thus—a dreadful warning—this wicked uncle died.
- The cruel man who left the babes, and never brought them food,
- For wicked deeds condemned to die, did, in repentant mood,
- Confess his crimes; and thus came out, as it is understood,
- The melancholy story of "The CHILDREN IN THE WOOD."



THE NEW BALLAD OF JOHN GILPIN.

John Gilpin was a citizen
Of credit and renown;
A Trainband Captain eke was he,
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's wife said to her dear:

"Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

"To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And so we will repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
All in a chaise and pair.

"My sister and my sister's child,
Myself and children three,
Will fill the chaise, so you must ride
On horseback after we."

John Gilpin said: "My dearest dear, In faith it shall be so; And my good friend the Calender Will lend his horse to go."

The morning came, the chaise was brought;
Were never folks so glad!
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

Now see John Gilpin mounted fair Upon his nimble steed, Full slowly pacing o'er the stones, With caution and good heed.

And "Fair and softly!" John he cried,
But John he cried in vain;
The trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought— Away went hat and wig; He little dreamt, when he set out, Of running such a rig.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
Up flew the windows all;
And ev'ry soul cried out, "Well done!"
As loud as he could bawl.

At Edmonton, his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wond'ring much
To see how he would ride.

But yet his horse was not a whit Inclined to tarry there—
For why? his owner had a house Full ten miles off, at Ware!

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the Calender's
His horse at last stood still.

The Calender, amazed to see

His neighbour in such trim,

Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,

And thus accosted him:

- "What news? what news? Your tidings tell— Tell me you must and shall; Say why bareheaded you are come, Or why you come at all?
- "But let me scrape the dirt away That hangs upon your face;

And stop and eat, for well you may Be in a hungry case."

Said John: "It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware."

So, turning to his horse, he said:

"I am in haste to dine;

'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine."

Ah, luckless speech! and bootless boast,

For which he paid full dear;

For, while he spake, a braying ass

Did sing most loud and clear.

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Now, Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pulled out half-a-crown;

And thus unto the youth she said,
Who drove them to the Bell:
"This shall be yours, when you bring back
My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back again,
Whom, but in vain, he tried to stop
By catching at his rein.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went postboy at his heels,
The postboy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road, Thus seeing Gilpin fly,

With postboy scampering in the rear, They raised a hue and cry;

"Stop thief! stop thief! a highwayman"
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit.

He ran a race, and won it, too;

For he got first to town,

Nor stopped, till where he had got up

He did again get down.

Now let us sing, long live the King,
And Gilpin, long live he;
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see!





This is little Mary, going through the wood,

To take to poor sick Bessie some broth to do her good.

You see our little Mary looks happy, blithe, and gay;

And so will you, if you only do a good deed every day.



THE STORY OF THE FROG WHO WOULD A-WOOING GO.

A Frog he would a-wooing go,

Heigho! says Roley,

Whether his mother would let him or no,

With a Roley-poley, gammon and spinach,

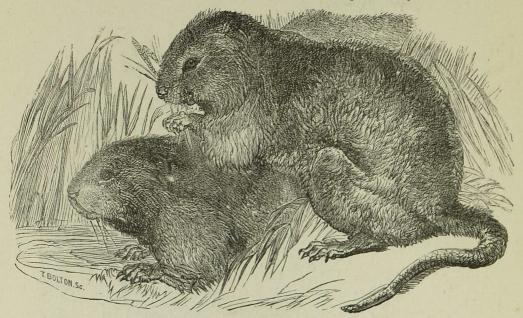
Heigho! says Antony Roley.

So off he set, with his opera-hat,

Heigho! says Roley;

And on the way he met with a Rat,

With a Roley-poley, &c.



"Now pray, Mr. Rat, won't you come with me, Heigho! says Roley, Kind Mistress Mousey for to see?" With a Roley-poley, &c.

And when they came to Mousey's hall,

Heigho! says Roley,

They gave a knock, and they gave a call,

With a Roley-poley, &c.

"Pray, Mrs. Mouse, are you within?"
Heigho! says Roley;

"Yes, kind Sirs, I'm sitting to spin," With a Roley-poley, &c.

"Pray, Mrs. Mouse, will you give us some beer?

Heigho! says Roley,

For Froggy and I are fond of good cheer,"

With a Roley-poley, &c.

"Pray, Mr. Frog, will you give us a song?

Heigho! says Roley;

But let it be something that's not very long,"

With a Roley-poley, &c.

"Indeed, Mrs. Mouse," replied Mr. Frog, Heigho! says Roley,

"A cold has made me as hoarse as a hog,"
With a Roley-poley, &c.

"Since you have caught cold, Mr. Frog," Mousey said, Heigho! says Roley,

"I'll sing you a song that I have just made,"
With a Roley-poley, &c.



But while they were all a-merrymaking,

Heigho! says Roley,

A Cat and her kittens came tumbling in,

With a Roley-poley, &c.

The Cat she seized the Rat by the crown,

Heigho! says Roley,

And the kittens they pulled the little Mouse down,

With a Roley-poley, &c.

This put Mr. Frog in a terrible fright,

Heigho! says Roley;

He put on his hat, and he wished them good night,

With a Roley-poley, &c.

Now, as Mr. Frog was crossing the brook,

Heigho! says Roley,

A lily-white Duck came and gobbled him up,

With a Roley-poley, &c.

So there was an end of one, two, and three,

Heigho! says Roley,

The Rat, the Mouse, and little Froggee,

With a Roley-poley, &c.





PROTECTION.

Here are Polly and Becky,
Awaiting Papa's return,
Who's gone a long way over the fields,
Some dinner for them to earn.

Polly, the elder's, protecting
Becky, the younger, you see:
That's the elder sister's duty,
And just as it should be.



CHARITY.

Some are born rich,
And some are born poor;
Some have food in plenty,
While hunger tries some sore.

But the best use of riches

That ever made can be,

Is to impart to those who need,

With cheerful charity.



DANGER.

The fierce storm is raging,
The rain streaming free;
The lightning has shattered
The fine old oak-tree.

But we'll sit in the cottage,
And feel no alarm;
For we know Who's protection
Will keep us from harm.



REWARD.

How to stand upright,
And to take his first steps
O'er the floor so light.

Courage, little Baby!—
All first steps are hard;
But when the task is finished,
Then comes the reward.



IDLENESS.

Look at the sparrow,

By the window-pane;

Here the saucy fellow

Has come to beg again.

We'll give him some crumbs,
Although he does deserve,
Who will not work in summer,
In winter-time to starve.



SULKING.

Come, we've had a quarrel,
Each has said his say;
Now let us be friends again,
And make it up to-day.

It's very rude to quarrel,
It's very wrong to fight;
But it's worse to keep our anger
Until to-morrow's light.



CHILD'S PLAY.

Here's a foolish man,
With a feather on his nose;
Now he tries to balance it—
See how he goes!

It seems rather foolish;
But, when work is done,
There's nothing wrong, I think,
In play and harmless fun.







