

LITTLE BEN BUTE



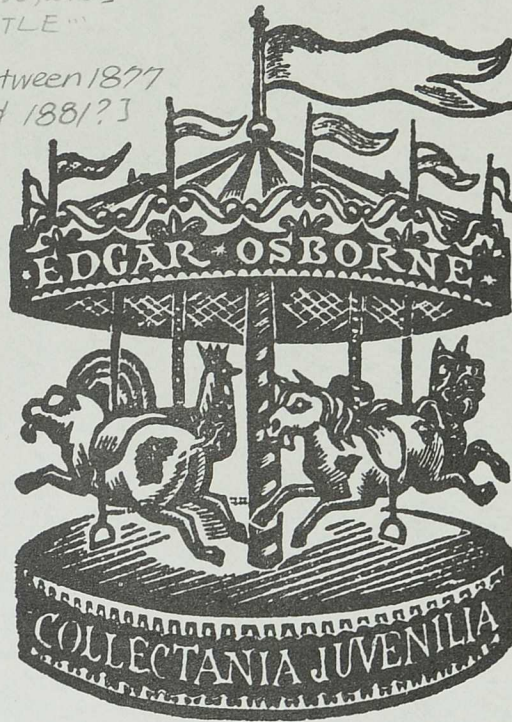
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By
ARTHUR HUGHES
& Others

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LITTLE

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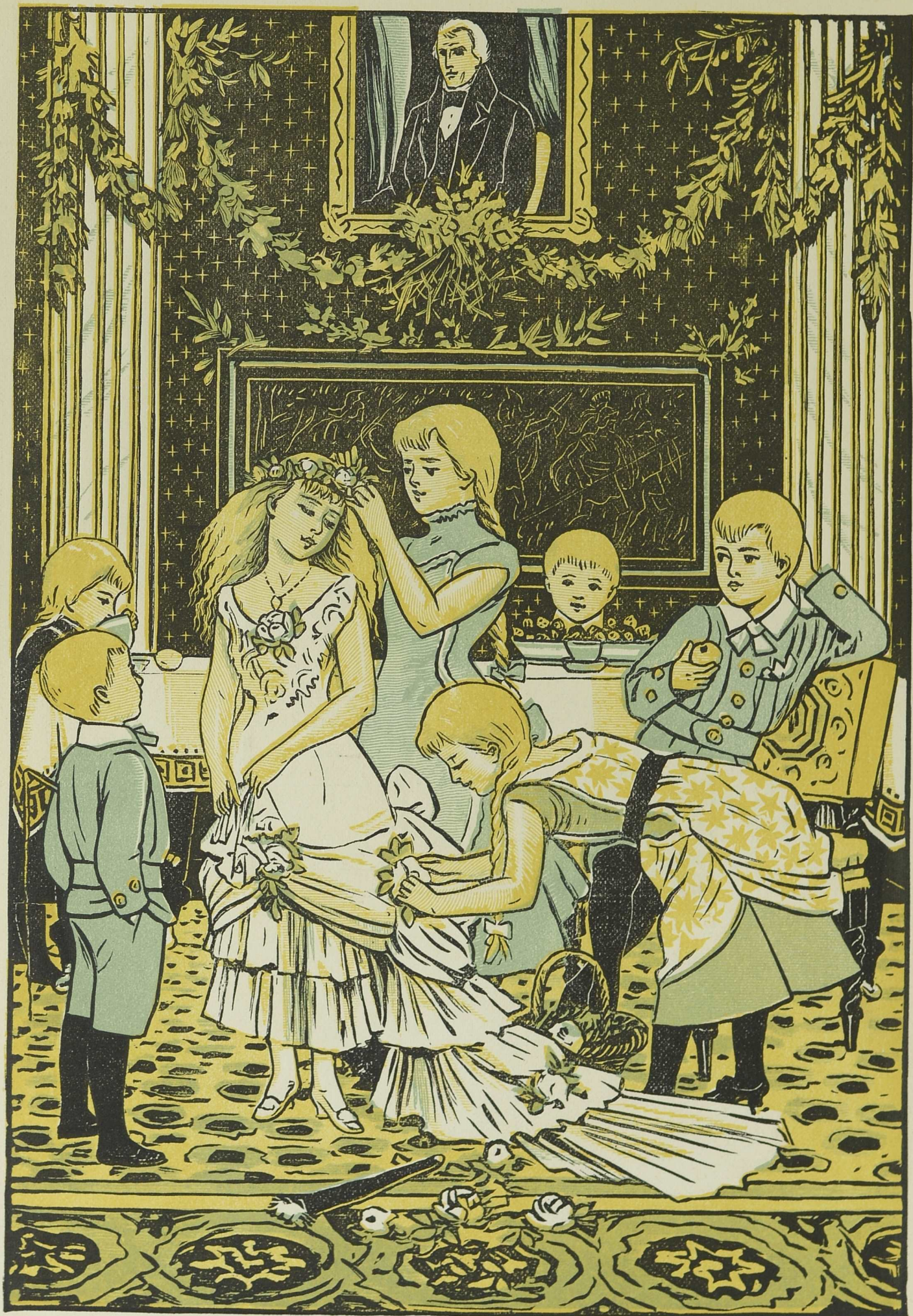


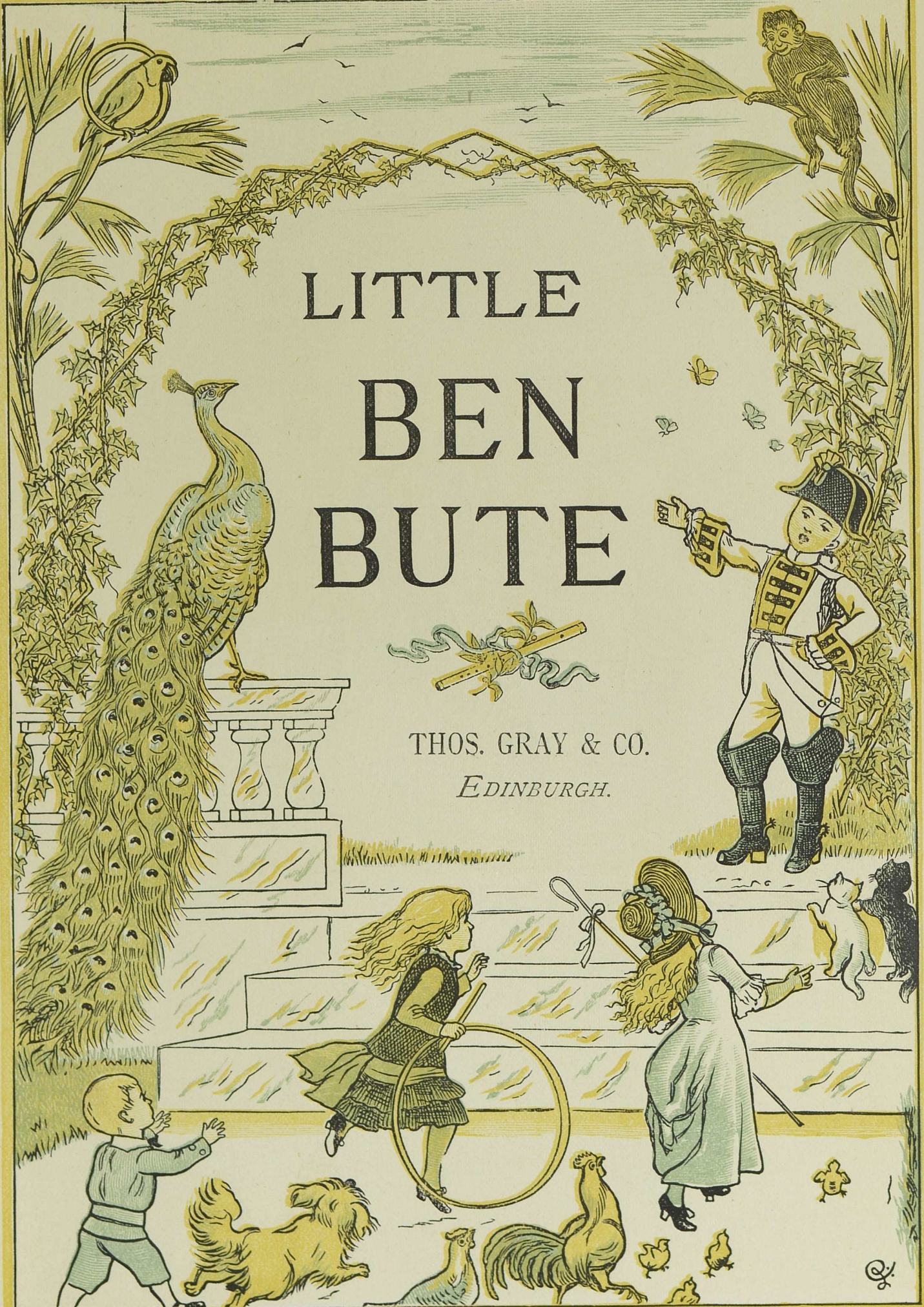
Poems by Matthew Browne.

PICTURES BY W. J. WIGAND AND OTHERS









LITTLE BEN BUTE

THOS. GRAY & CO.
EDINBURGH.





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LITTLE BEN BUTE.

LITTLE Ben Bute
Had a flute, flute, flute,
And went about the world in a knickerbocker
suit ;
Down, up and down,
Round about the town,
He played and he played tootle-too, toot, toot !
Tootle-too, tootle-too-ey !

He could not play it well,
So the notes rose and fell,
Tootle, tootle-too, with a twirl and a squeak ;
The wind, puff, puff,
Was forty times enough,
That he sent into the flute from his cheek
cheek, cheek.
Tootle-too, tootle-too-ey !

Then people to the lad
Said, " This is very bad !
Our ears they are splitting, with your toot, toot, toot ;
Is there no one within reach—
What, no one ! who will teach
Little Bute how to play upon the flute, flute, flute ? "
Tootle-too, tootle-too-ey !

AT THE FAIR.

HURLY BURLY
And Curly Wurly
Went to the fair together ;

It rained in the night
For mere delight,
And it was windy weather.

Hurly Burly jumped the stiles,
Laughed and in-and-outed ;
Hurly Burly ran for miles,
Hurly Burly shouted.

Curly Wurly went off in smiles,
Except just when she pouted !
The Quakeress peeped from under
the tiles,
Saying, "If I could smile as thou
did !"



Hurly Burly's talk was mad,
Like Singlestick and Latin ;
Curly Wurly a sweet tongue had,
And she was as soft as satin.

Then Hurly Burly and Curly Wurly,
When they had their airing,
Came home betimes, like a poet's
rhymes,
Each of them with a fairing.

For he had a monstrous popgun got,
That went with a noise like thunder ;
And she had a beautiful true-love
knot,
That never would come in sunder.



LILY WHITE, ROSE RED.

LILLY white, rose red,
Standing in the garden-bed ;
Wind from the south, wind from the west,
Can you tell me which is best ?



THE SOUND OF THE BELL.

WHEN the bell sounds
Over land and sea,
And the wind, in its rounds,
Blowing fresh and free,
Carries the ringing
Far out of sight,
There where the clinging
Sails are white,
White on the sea; and into the valley,
And over the hills,
And musically

By farms and mills,
Soft and soft,
Aloft and aloft,
How far does the sound
Of the sweet bell go?
Over the round
Where the waters flow,
And up to the bound
Where the winds can blow,
Is it lost, is it found,
Is it gone, do you know?

LUMPY LOGGERHEAD.

THERE is a curious boy, whose name
Is Lumpy Loggerhead ;
His greatest joy is, oh for shame !
To spend his time in bed.

They fit with gongs alarum clocks
That make your blood run chill ;
And they encourage crowing cocks
Beneath his window-sill.

In vain the gongs—his eyes are shut—
In vain the cocks do crow ;
Empty on him a water-butt,
And he will say, “Hallo !”



But only in a drowsy style,
And in a second more,
He sleeps—and oh ! to see him smile,
And oh ! to hear him snore !

He seems to carry, all day long,
Sleep in his very shape ;
And though you may be brisk and strong,
You often want to gape

When Lumpy Loggerhead comes near,
Whose bed is all his joy ;
How glad I am he is not here,
That very sleepy boy !



SULKING.

THE maid went out a-milking,
The birds began to sing,
But John and Jane were sulking
About some silly thing ;
Some almond-rock, or a shuttlecock,
Or a kite tied to a string ;
The maid came back from milking,
And with her the milk did bring.
“ I never could guess,” says Jane to John,
“ Why bees should have a sting !”
And John and Jane they kissed again,—
And the bells began to ring.
John and Jane are safe and sound,
And over their heads, and under the ground,
And in and out, and round about,
The bells are ringing and making a rout,
Ting, ting, wobble, wobble, ding-dong-bell,
John and Jane have made it up, please to go and tell



THE NORTH WIND.

Down the chimney, Master Wind,
You may rumble and hoot,
And I wish you joy, good Master Wind,
Of the company of the soot !

With a pillow for my head, Master,
Warm as warm can be,
I am snug in bed, Master,
You cannot get to me !

Hoot away, North Wind,
Make the windows shiver,
Hoot away, enjoy your play,
I shall be warm as ever !



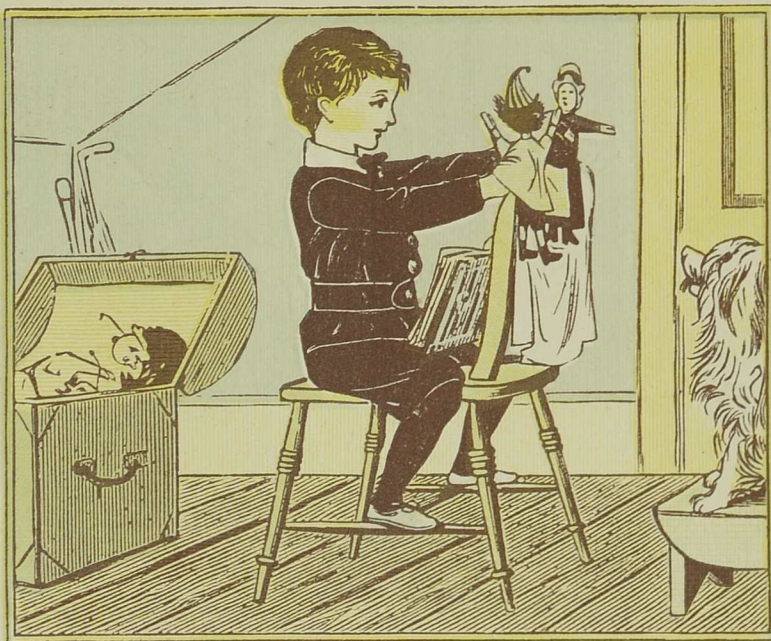
THE MARIONETTES.

I.

MASTER Garrick Shakspeare Jones,
Of the Théâtre des Marionnettes,
Played the banjo and the bones
In a style you never would forget ;
He could draw tears from Mr Stones
And laughs from Mrs Etiquette ;
He read with such appropriate tones
From the book of the play before him
set ;—
The joy of Garrick Shakspeare Jones
Was the Théâtre des Marionnettes.

II.

You've seen him, have you? If you
please,
His drawing-room performances,
Perhaps you may,—and they are splendid:
But tell me, when have you attended
One of his rehearsals, hey,
Up in his room with dear dog Tray?



III.

Now, I've been there, and I thought that Tray,
Intelligent beast, was as good as the play ;
You could not take in Tray, not you,
Even if you tried. He always knew
Mere stage rant from honest art,
As well as Thespis in his cart,
Or even as Garrick Shakspeare Jones,
Who played the banjo and the bones ;
Knew the weak point from the strong point,
Never applauded at the wrong point.
Oh! but you should hear his hiss,
Which means, "I cannot look over this!"—
Oh! but you should hear his bark,
His bark of applause, which plainly says :
"Come! this recalls, though days are dark,
The Art in its high and its palmy days!"
He knew his mind, he would not budge,
He was something like a judge ;
And we will visit, if you please,
A few of these performances
Of Master Shakspeare Garrick Jones,
Who plays the banjo and the bones.



CAN'T YOU DO YOUR SUM?

“ FEE, faw, fum !
Can't you do your sum ? ”
Little girl teasing and dog looking glum.

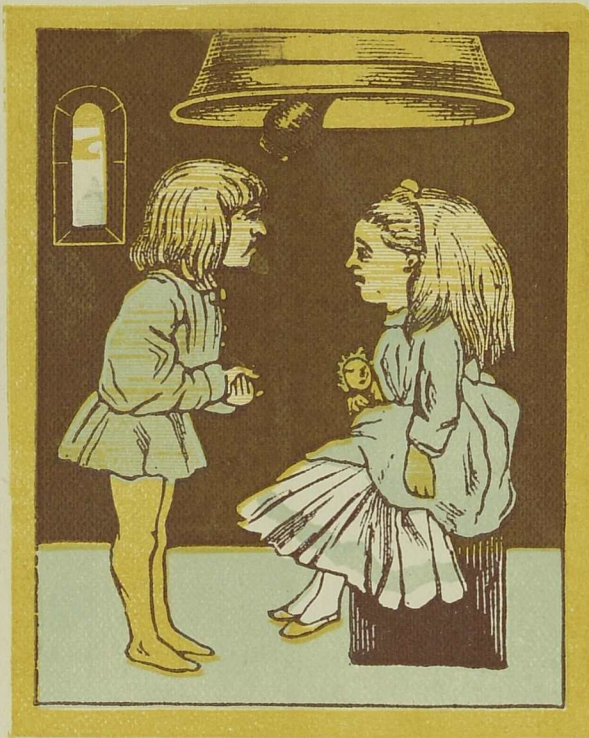
Wait, wait, wait !
How he rubs his pate !
When the sum is over, he shall put away
his slate.

Run, run, run,
Give him a plum-bun,
Hang up a pretty flag, and fire off a
gun !



THE MERRY STARLING.

WHAT makes the starling so merry ?
The starling has had a cherry,
A cherry as soft as a baby's cheek,
I can see the pulp hanging out of his beak.
This is the lass, this is the lad,
That likes to see the starling glad !



DING, DONG, AND DELL.

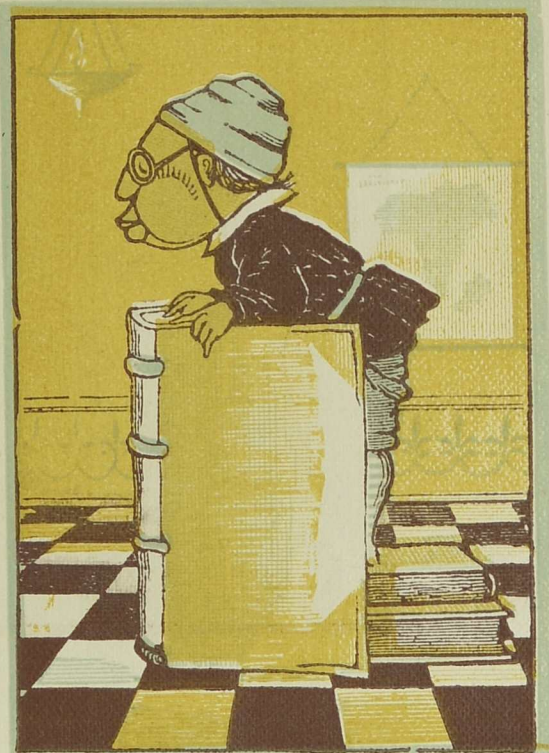
DING, Dong, and Dell,
Went and sat under the bell,
Saying "Bell, bell, bell,
What have you got to tell?"
And the clapper rose and fell,
And the bell rang well
Over Ding, Dong, and Dell,
As they sat under the bell.

Here is pencil, and here is pen,
Walk up, ladies and gentlemen!
Here are their pictures, as you see,
Ding, and Dong, and Dell make three,
There they are, and here are we.

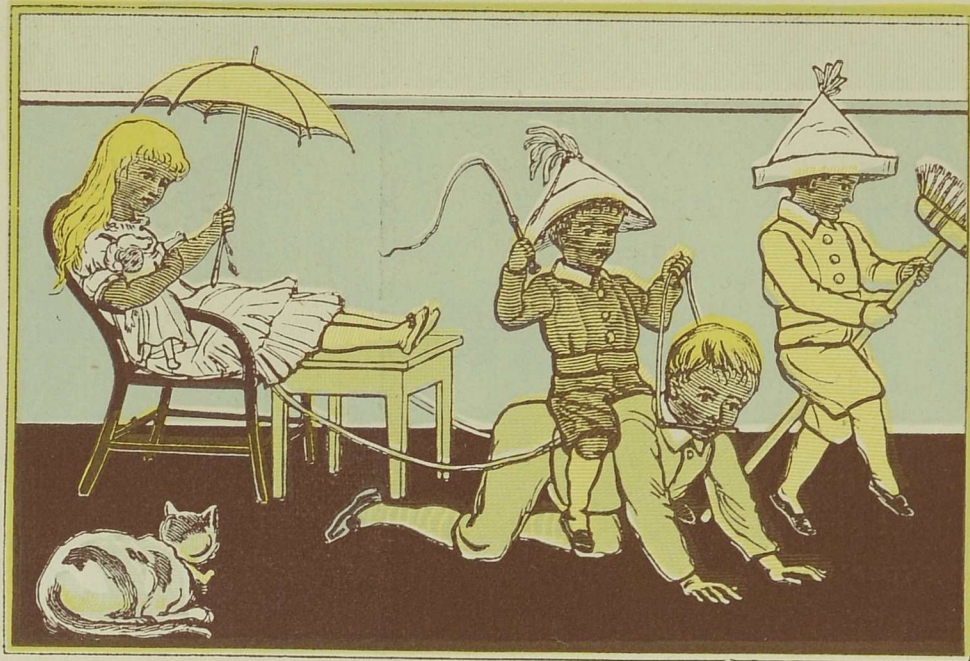
First there is Ding, a dot of a thing,
And not to go wrong, her brother Dong,
A little older and ever so much bolder,
And both of them seem ready to sing,
And Dell will belong, and take part in the song.

Now, Dell—I am not so sure about Dell—
Dell wears a mask, and hides till you ask,
And peeps at you from over a screen ;
But if you must know the truth of it,—well !—
I really am not so sure about Dell.

So Ding, Dong, and Dell
Went and sat under the bell,
Saying, “ Bell, bell, bell,
What have you got to tell ? ”
And the clapper rose and fell,
And the bell rang well,
Over Ding, Dong, and Dell,
As they sat under the bell.



Ding and Dong, because they find
Dell so very clever,
Say they have made up their mind
To go in masks forever.
Is there wisdom in a mask ?
They are none the wittier yet ;
Is there beauty ? do not ask,
They are none the prettier yet !



TOTTY'S TRIUMPH.

HERE is Totty ;
Her brother Trotty
Carries a broom
All round the room
In a beautiful manner,
Just for a banner.

Robert the horse,
Pursues his course,
While 'Gus, the driver—
A great contriver—
Says, " Come on, chariot !
There's nothing to tarry at ;

And dance away, Trotty,
In honour of Totty,
Who sits in a chariot,
With nothing to tarry at,
Looking as grand
As the queen of the land."



MISS HOOPER.

MISS HOOPER was a little girl,
Whose head was always in a whirl;
For she had hoop upon the head—
“My precious, precious hoop!” she said.

Trundling a hoop was her delight
From breakfast time to nearly night,
She loved it so! and truth to tell,
At last she drove her hoop too well.

That hoop began to go one day
As if it never meant to stay;
Of course the girl would not give in,
But followed it through thick and thin.

The King and Queen came out to see
What sort of hoop this hoop might be;
My Lady said, “I think, my Lord,
That hoop goes of its own accord.”

This vexed the little girl, and so
She gave the hoop another blow,
And off it went—oh, just like mad!
She ran with all the strength she had.

Her hat-strings slipped, her hat hung back,
And soon she felt her waistband crack,
Her dear long hair flew out behind her,—
Her parents sent forth scouts to find her.

The King leapt on his swiftest horse,
And followed her with all his force;
Her father cried, “A thousand pound
To get my girl back safe and sound!

Some people came and made a dash,
To pull her backward by the sash,
But all in vain—she did not stop;
At last she fainted with a flop.

When she came to, she sighed with pain,
“I’ll never touch a hoop again!”
Is it not sad, when girls and boys
Go to excess like this with toys?

As for the hoop, the people say
It kept on going night and day,
Turning the corners, quite correct,—
A thing which you would not expect.

And so it lived, a hoop at large,
Which no one dared to take in charge;
Of course it thinned, but kept its shape,
A sort of hoop of wooden tape.

It thinned till people took a glass
To see the ghostly circle pass,
And only stopped—the facts are so—
When there was nothing left to go.

WARRIOR AND ARTIST.

I.

THERE was a little fellow
Who lived across the sea,
His hair was brown and yellow
As any honey-bee.
Sometimes he was the smartest
Of warriors in the van;
He was a Bonapartist,
And a Republican.
A fort of cards he builded,
Though now and then they slid;
With ammunition filled it,
Or made believe he did;
And when the fort was wrought up,
This little man amain
His big artillery brought up,
And blew it down again!



II.

This little Bonapartist,
Or, say, Republican,
Would sometimes play the artist,—
The busy little man!
Sometimes he was untidy,
Though often he was smart;
He thought that he was mighty
In many kinds of Art.

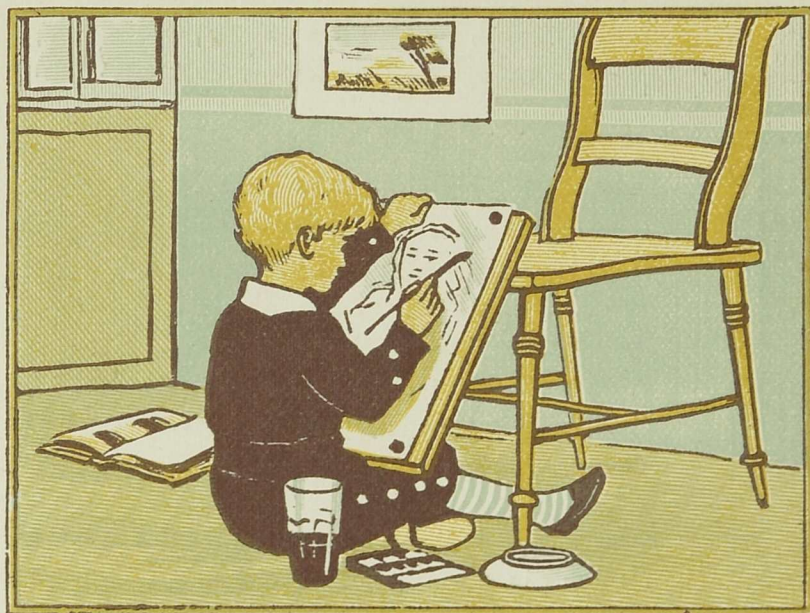
He sat like any fixture,
The drawing board before;
And, oh, to see the mixture
Of colours on the floor!
Such was this little fellow,
Who lived across the sea,
Whose hair was brown and yellow,
Just like a honey-bee.

III.

Seven-and-seventy mothers,
This side of the sea,
Said, "We know some others
Quite as nice as he!"
Seven-and-seventy brothers
Said, "And so do we!"
Seven-and-seventy sisters,
Hearing this acclaim,
Said to those young misters,
"We think just the same;
Let us kiss to blisters,—
That will be a game!"

IV.

Such a kissing-party
Not till now had been,
When the fathers hearty
Came upon the scene:
Seven-and-seventy of them
Kissed the girls and boys,
Saying, "How we love them!
Mercy, what a noise!"



THE ROUND OF LIFE.

SIT in the sun
Till the day is done,
Reading and working and making fun :
Then look at the moon,
And eat with a spoon
A basin of sop that is made from a bun.



THE SCULPTOR.

Look at little Matthew !
He is going to make a statue
Out of a lump of clay—
He can do it any day.
Why, he once made a bust of Plato
Out of a cold potato.



PETER POTTER'S WISDOM.

PETER Potter
He was a trotter
And galloper bold,
When the weather was cold :
But Peter Potter
When the weather was hotter
Went more slowly
Rollypolly,
From side to side,
If the path was wide :

Thus did Potter
When it was hotter,
And 'twas wise of Peter
Not to be fleeter :
For who would run
In a blazing sun,
Unless he was made,
Or very well paid ;
Or out of duty,
Or for love, or beauty ?



THE TRAVELLERS AND THE ROBBERS.

Now, then, let us tell a tale—
Six travellers in a dale,
Feeling weak about the knees,
Resting under six elm-trees :
Six robbers, after them,
Draw their swords, and say “ Ahem ! ”
Then the travellers, who have not
Any weapons with them got,
Shake and shiver in their boots,
And they play upon their flutes ;
Then the robbers six remark
To the travellers, “ It is dark ; ”
“ No,” say they, “ it is not quite— ”
Every traveller strikes a light !
“ Will you see some conjuring tricks ? ”
“ Yes,” say all the robbers six ;
Then six tigers and six lions
Came along and roared defiance ;
And the thieves and travellers too
Could not tell what next to do ;
“ This,” said they, “ is very sad ! ”
Then there came an earthquake bad,
And the air was very hot,
And it swallowed up the lot.



REUBEN RAMMER.

O HAVE you heard of Reuben Rammer,
The little fellow that *would* stammer?
He talked at such a headlong rate
That at last he got through Stuttering Gate.

If fellows will talk madly fast,
They come to Stuttering Gate at last;
Some boys take warning and they pause,—
Not thus with Reuben Rammer 'twas.

He made a plunge, dashed past the bar,
He went on stuttering fast and far;
And what was the result? why now,
He speaks no better than a cow!

He has been trying,—how absurd,—
For several months to speak a word;
His mouth works open like a door,
His arm goes like a semaphore.

He strives to say what he desires;
His jaws jolt up like jaws on wires;
But Reuben Rammer could not speak
When last I saw him this day week!

How awkward to be driven to use
A pencil to express your views,
Try to say "Hallo, Johnny Brown!"
And yet be forced to write it down!

DROWSY-DROWSE.

A drowsy little boy I know,
Who, when 'tis time to bed to go,
Cries, "Oh! there must be some mis-
take ;
For oh! I feel so wide awake."
Oh! the naughty sun and moon!
Now too late, and now too soon!
Late to bed and late to rouse,
That's the way with Drowsy-Drowse!



A drowsy little boy I know,¹
Who, when 'tis time abroad to go,
Cries, "What bad time the clock must
keep ;
For oh! I feel so sound asleep."
Oh! the naughty sun and moon!
Now too late, and now too soon!
Late to bed and late to rouse,
That's the way with Drowsy-Drowse



MISS PROUD.

LITTLE Miss Proud
Looked as black as a cloud
When I asked her to play bob-cherry ;
But the fresh wind plays with the boughs of the tree,
And the river laughs as it runs to the sea—
I wish Miss Proud would be merry !



THE TALL MAN.

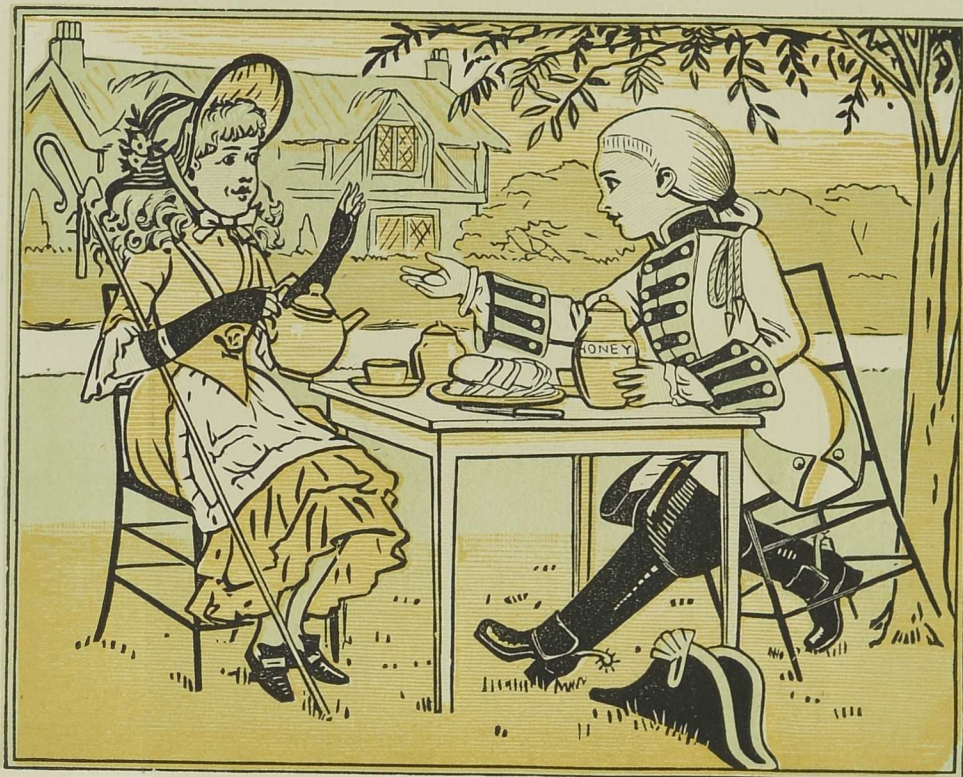
THERE was a man so very tall,
That when you spoke you had to bawl
Through both your hands put like a cup ;
His head was such a long way up !

But there was something even sadder,
His wife had to go up a ladder
Whenever she desired a kiss—
And he, alas, was proud of this !

Said he, " I am the tallest man
That ever grew since time began, "
As down on a house-top he sat ;
Well, he *was* tall ; but what of that ?

This monstrous man, as we shall see,
Was punished for his vanity
He grew and grew,—the people placed
A telescope to see his waist.

He grew and grew,—you could not see
Without a telescope his knee ;
He grew till he was over-grown,
And seen by over-sight alone !



HURLY BURLY AND CURLY WURLY.

HURLY BURLY and Curly Wurly,
The bread was mellow, the honey was yellow,
And they were having tea.

Said Hurly Burly to Curly Wurly,
"Let me take this honey!"
Said Curly Wurly to Hurly Burly,
"First show me your money!"

Then Hurly Burly to Curly Wurly
Showed a silver penny;
Curly Wurly laughed, and said,
"I will not have any."

So Hurly Burly and Curly Wurly
Sat under the walnut-tree,
The bread was mellow, the honey was yellow,
And they enjoyed their tea.



BABY BOWLING.

BABY, baby bowling,
Set the hoop a-rolling
The hoop will wait
At the turnpike gate,
And the man will take the toll in.



MARY'S BIRDIE.

OUT of all the birds you know,
Underneath the sky that go,
Which would you prefer to be?
"That's a poser. Let me see:
I would not be an eagle,
An ostrich, or a sea-gull,
A falcon, or a pigeon,
Or a jackdaw, whose religion
Is all outside the church,
Or a parrot on a perch,
Or a vulture, or a stork,
Or a swift, as light as cork,
Nor a peacock, for all his tail,
Nor even a nightingale,
Nor any in the aviary;
I would be the gold canary
Of Mary, sister Mary;
For sister Mary feeds it,
And talks to it, and heeds it;
And sometimes she would kiss me,
And then, some day, would miss me,
And then my sister Mary
Would call upon a fairy
To change me to a boy again,
In trousers, for a joy again!
Good luck to you, canary,
And kiss me, sister Mary!"



DISPUTES ABOUT THE FRUITS.

A BEAUTIFUL apple,
 As large as a chapel !
 A beautiful nut,
 In his little brown hut ;
 What looks more merry
 Than a Kentish cherry ?
 A snipe or a plover
 Is nice all over.
 But a strawberry red and ripe
 Is considered as good as a snipe,
 Or any manner of game,
 And a raspberry pretty much the same.
 Blackberries are styled
 Common, you know, and wild.
 They *are* wild, like the fishes,
 But really they are most delicious,
 And excellent, like red mullet,
 In any human being's gullet.
 The bravest of knight-errants
 Might very well fight over currants
 To decide which of 'em was right,
 The black, the red, or the white ;
 But really, in my opinion,

They are all of the same dominion,
 And all three alike proper !
 Therefore, when I have a copper,
 I mean a spare penny,
 I am ready for all or any.
 So, let us have no disputes
 About the niceness of the fruits.
 We will eat, according to our wealth,
 As many as are good for our health,
 No *more*, for fear of physic,—
 Not even if we live at Chiswick
 Or Evesham, or any place round,
 Where market-gardens abound.—
 But of all sorts of fruit, I repeat,
 As many as are good we will eat,—
 Pine-apples, if we can get 'em—
 And praise 'em after we've ate 'em ;
 With three cheers and a pardon
 For the man of the market-garden,
 When he does not give as many
 As we should like for a penny ;
 For it stands to reason and reasons
 That he cannot control the seasons



AUNT MARY ANN.

OH, do you know Aunt Mary Ann,
The dearest Aunt since time began,
Aunt Kate, Aunt Jane, Aunt Edith Ellen,
Aunt—oh, but never mind the spelling !

She lives up North, she lives down South,
Sweet are the kisses of her mouth ;
She lives out East, she lives out West,
Bona puella Auntie est !

Always, about the time of year,
When Christmas-day is drawing near,
Auntie goes in for treats and toys,
And things, you know, for girls and boys.

Then, with a smile upon her lips,
She sits and thinks of tops and tips,
And takes her pen and writes to us,
My sister Fan, and me—that's 'Gus.

She goes and finds out picture books,
And jewellery hung on hooks ;
She knows the games we like to play,
She buys things, all to give away !

The loveliest things in every part
She goes and gets them all by heart,
And then sits down, with time to think,
And writes to us with pen and ink.

I know her thoughts,—she thinks of us,—
She thinks, “What would be nice for 'Gus?”
She dips in Santa Klaus's pouch :
“What shall I send that scaramouch?”

She keeps it dark, but writes to say
She will be here for Christmas-day ;
And when I know that Aunt will come,
Quam felix puer ego sum !



JOHNNY.

JOHNNY has finished his lessons
All in good time ;
Then, in his very presence,
The bells set up a chime ;

All round the schoolroom
The bells began to ring,
All round the schoolroom,
“ Johnny is a king ”



NIDDY NODDY NURSEY.

DIDDY Doddy Dumpling,
Muslin all a-crumpling ;
 Cap like an arch,
 Stiff with starch—
Diddy Doddy Dumpling !

Niddy Noddy Nursey,
How shall we make her see?
 Bobs and blinks,
 Wobbles and winks—
Niddy Noddy Nursey



NAUGHTY NANCY.

OH, the naughty Nancy,
For she had a wicked fancy,
And on a day in the spring
Or the summer, went wandering
To do this naughty thing !
Look at the artful girl,—
Her head is all in a whirl,
And any one can see
How naughty she is going to be !
She skipped down the lane pell-mell,
Hoping that nobody would tell ;
But the little creeping plants
That grow by the hedges and ditches,
Are knowing, like fairy aunts
Or (*you know*) fairy godmothers,
Or, likewise, fairy witches,
Or trolls, or any of the others.
And, knowing of the naughty fancy
That had got into the head of Nancy,
They immediately came out from the hedges,
Over stocks and stones and ledges,
In the most extraordinary coils,
And caught the girl in their toils !

The briony, and all those things
That make such ingenious rings,
Caught her by the hand
And the foot, and compelled her to stand ;
How ever could she be a rover
When they tied her up all over ?
Not a step could she move
Either for money or love,
Tied up in a million of rings
Made by those creeping things !
She tries to bounce and flounce,
But until she agrees to renounce
For ever that naughty fancy,
There is very little hope for Nancy !
They are very self-willed, those creepers,
And the sharpest sickle of the reapers
Could never set her free
Without cutting her somewhere, you see,—
Perhaps her nose or her finger,—
So there she appears to linger
Confined to this one station,
By all that vegetation !



LITTLE BUNTING FRED.

BUNTING Fred Brown,
He lived in a town
Close up by the sea, and his father lived by fishing ;
And little Bunting Fred
Had dreams in his head
Of being a great admiral, and so he went a-wishing.

A-wishing for a ship,
And a big ocean-trip,
With an epaulet a-shining on his shoulder ;
And may Bunting Fred acquire
The whole of his desire
When Bunting Fred has got a little older !



BETSY BOUNCE.

BETSY BOUNCE—her taste was such—
Of her bonnet thought too much ;
Strutting up and down she went
(People wondered what she meant).

In the villages and towns,
Folks said, "Look how Betsy Bounce
Takes her walks around the nation !"—
She thought this was admiration.

"Oh, that all the world," says she,
"Could my lovely bonnet see,
See my bonnet, but without
All this walking round about !"

For in truth the girl got tired,
Though her bonnet was admired,
Of this walking round the nation
After people's admiration.

Now, observe what came to pass—
One fine day this foolish lass
Found her bonnet growing, growing
On her head like flowers a-blowing !

Higher still, and higher piled
Grew the bonnet on the child,
Farther back and farther out,
Farther down and round about !

Rivers sprawling to the sea
Both the strings appeared to be,
Till the bow beneath her chin
Shut her up and shut her in.

O, how foreigners did stare,
When her bonnet filled the air,
Russian, Turk, and Mexican,
Folks in India and Japan !

Betsy Bounce has her desire ;
All the world can now admire ;
Yet, perhaps she will not pout
When the bonnet is worn out.

But her parents, being poor,
Cannot, for a time, procure
Betsy Bounce another hat,
So she must keep on with that.



CLEVER FANNY.

HURLY BURLY and Curly Wurly,
Went up and down the Fair,
Hurly Burly bought Curly Wurly
Ribbons for her hair.

On the stand, before a show,
A little maid was playing ;
What was her name, does any one know?
Tell us, without any praying !

Her name was Fanny, clever Fanny !
Fanny played the fiddle,
There were not many, if there were any
But her, who played the fiddle!

Says Curly Wurly to Hurly Burly,
“ Look at this musician !
For half a pin, the violin
I would learn with your permission.”



NATHAN NOBB.

NATHAN NOBB,
Oh, what a job!
Always walked on his head;
His mother would sob
To his brother Bob,
And his father took to his bed.

They made him a boot
His head to suit,
But a horrible thing must be said,—
His hair took root,
And began to shoot,
One day, in the garden bed!

So there he stands
With the help of his hands,
And a little support from his nose,
The gardener man,
With the watering-can,
Says, "Gracious, how fast he grows!"



THE OLD WOMAN WHOSE NAME IT IS GREY.

THERE is an old woman whose name it is Grey,
Lives in an old town in an old fashioned way ;
You cross an old bridge and go up an old road,
And down an old lane to find out her abode.

She wears an old cap that stands ever so high ;
She looks through old goggles as round as the sky ;
She keeps an old dog and a very old cat ;
She sits in an arm-chair much older than that.

She crosses her old arms ; she shakes her old pate ;
She only hears half of the tale you relate ;
She puts her old ear-trumpet up and cries "*What ?*"
And when you say Freezing ! she thinks you say Hot !

She thinks as she sits that she hears a bell ring,
As even and slow as a rook on the wing ;
It booms in her old ear ; she shakes her old head ;
That old bell says, "*Put out the lights and go to bed !*"

JOHNNY AND JESSY.

O JOHNNY he was a pleasant boy, and Johnny he was a
rover,
And Johnny knew a green hill, past a field of purple
clover,
And Johnny went to the foot of the hill to see the sun
come over.

And who was it that Johnny met all in the morning
early,
When the sun came up behind the hill, and the clover
with dew was pearly?
O Jessy she was a pretty girl, and her hair was bright
and curly!



And pleasant John, he says to her, "I love you like my
sister!"

"Oh no, you don't!" said curly Jess. "I do!" said
John, and kissed her—

O clever John, to be out betimes, or else you might have
missed her!

Ah, I know a hill that the sun will climb to-morrow
beyond some clover,

And if I thought that Jess would be there, I too would
be a rover—

But John is at sea, and Jess is at home, and kissing-time
is over!

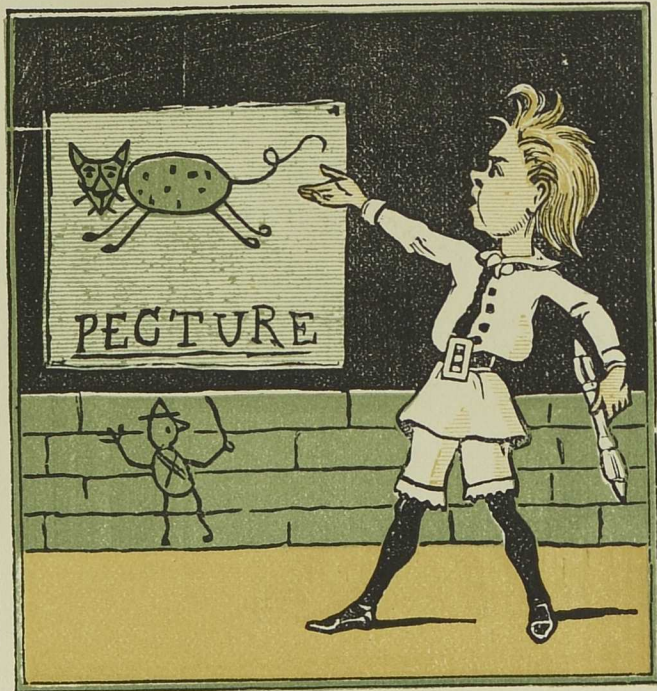


DING AND DONG.

DING and Dong went out a-walking,
Ding and Dong were gaily talking :
“ My eyes are strong
You know,” says Dong,
“ And once on a time I saw through a wall.”
“ And so did I,” says little Ding,
“ I also can do a wonderful thing.”

Thus they disputed, and by and by
Poor little Ding began to cry :
“ You didn’t,” says Dong, “ it isn’t true—”
“ I did !” “ You didn’t !” “ No more did you !”
“ You didn’t !” “ I did !” “ You didn’t, pooh.”

So they came squabbling to Dell, who said,
“ You both deserve to be put to bed.
When Ding saw through a wall, the wall
Was made of glass, and that is all !
When Dong saw through a wall, it had
A hole in it.” Then both were glad,
Ding and Dong, that they thought to ask
Dell of the screen, who wore the mask,
And Ding and Dong said, “ Clever Dell,
Who would have thought that Dell could tell ?”



JOHNNY'S "PECTURE."

JOHNNY drew a picture, but Johnny couldn't spell :
What he wrote under it I'm ashamed to tell ;
All in large capitals Johnny wrote PICTURE,
Stuck it up upon the wall, and said that he would lecture ;
What a funny lecture, though, Johnny will deliver ;
While, with aches at his mistakes, all the people shiver.



DAINTY DAN.

DAINTY DAN was thin and cross,
Said he had not food enough ;
And what do you think the reason was ?
My lord found nothing good enough !
Dainty Dan, Dainty Dan,
Nothing was good enough for Dan !

He turned away in rage and grief
When they served up the best of beef,
Sirloin, and the prime of the ribs,
Sold by a butcher whose name was Gibbs ;
And he was a very respectable man,
And never could satisfy Dainty Dan !

Then they tried him with saddle of mutton,
Sold by a butcher whose name was Button,
Also highly respectable,
And the mutton was most delectable ;
But Daniel declined his ration,
With tears of indignation !

And so it went on. There was teal,
There was ham, there was hare, there was
veal,
In fact, all manner of viands
Known to culinary science,
Served up by the best of cooks,
Who had studied these things in books,



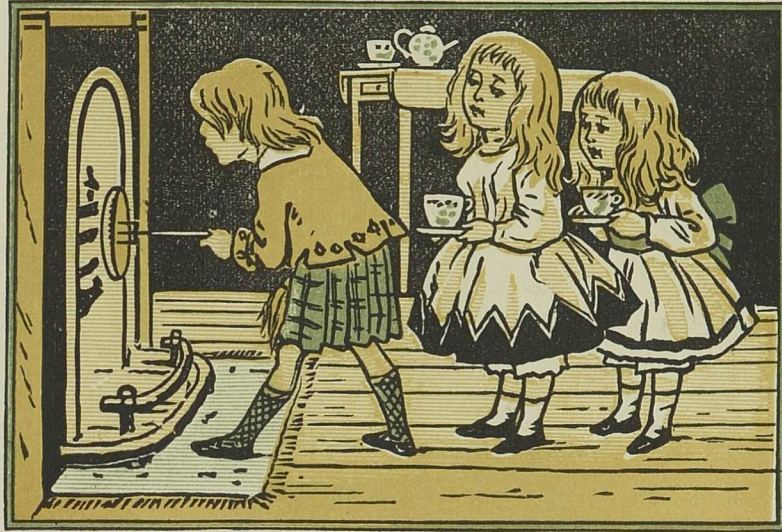


And practised the art for years ;
But dotterel and ortolan
Were not good enough for Dan,
Who would only burst into tears,
And say, " I can eat no food,
For nothing that you get me is good ! "

Well ! after a time it appears
This conduct came to the ears
Of a bullock, with fine short horns,
Who, angry at all these scorns
And huffs, and the fellow's grief
When served with the prime of the beef,
Waited for Dan at a stile,
Chased him for nearly a mile,
And tossed him, head over heels,
In a manner which plainly meant,
" Take *that* for your discontent ! "

Since that time Daniel feels
What he used to be told by his teachers,
That the different kinds of creatures,
Oxen, and sheep, and pigeons,
Hares, and salmon, and widgeons,
Pies, and puddings, and vension,
Which are good enough for the Queen and Mr
Tennyson,
Are good enough even for *him* !

And thus he was cured of his whim,
While the bullock that gained the battle,
Won a prize at a show of cattle,—
A prize which he really merited,
For his conduct had been most spirited ;
I saw him adorned with rosettes,—
He was fatted by a Mr Betts.



TOAST A SALLY-LUNN.

ONE, two, three,
Put the cups for tea ;
Two, three, one,
Toast a Sally-Lunn ;
Fanny sat down
In a new gown ;
Emma spilt the milk
Over the satin and silk,
One, two, three,
“ Never wear silk at tea,”
(Two, three, one),
So said Dimity Dunn ;
Ever so many slices,
Bread and butter and niceys,
One, two, three,
White sugar for me !
Two, three, one,
Now the tea's done.



JUST BEFORE THE SNOW TIME.

Six saucy sparrows, all of a row,
Perched upon the eaves in the morning,
Saying to each other, " We shall have snow ! "—
Who gave the little sparrows warning ?

Down came the snow in the bitter, bitter weather,
The winds they were sharp as any arrows ;
Round the fire the boys and girls sat cuddling all together ;
And then what became of the sparrows ?

Oh, I saw a little maid, who, just before the snow-time,
Spread a feast of crumbs for the saucy little things ;
Down flew the six and carried off the crumbs in no time—
" Ah ! " says the little maid, " I wish that I had wings ! "



GODFREY GORDON GUSTAVUS GORE.

GODFREY Gordon Gustavus Gore—
No doubt you have heard the name before—
Was a boy who never would shut a door !

The wind might whistle, the wind might roar,
And teeth be aching, and throats be sore,
But still he never would shut the door.

His father would beg, his mother implore,
“ Godfrey Gordon Gustavus Gore,
We really *do* wish you would shut the door ! ”





They rigged out a shutter with sail and oar,
And threatened to pack off Gustavus Gore
On a voyage of penance to Singapore.

But he begged for mercy, and said, "No more!
Pray, do not send me to Singapore
On a shutter, and then I will shut the door!"

"You will?" said his parents; "then keep on shore
But mind you do! for the plague is sore
Of a fellow that never will shut the door,
Godfrey Gordon Gustavus Gore!"

Their hands they wrung, their hair they tore,
But Godfrey Gordon Gustavus Gore
Was deaf as the buoy out at the Nore.

When he walked forth the folks would roar,
"Godfrey Gordon Gustavus Gore,
Why don't you think to shut the door?"



OUT BY THE FORELAND.

“AN August day; an August night;
A morning in September;
A lily red; a jasmine white;
What more do you remember?”

“A harvest moon; a hunter’s moon;
A partridge on the moorland:
A stack of wheat; an afternoon
In a yacht out by the Foreland.

“A foxglove faded, a brook to be waded,
Apples and pears grown redder;
And the ways of the birds, which, without any words,
Say, ‘Come let us consider!’”



THE SAILOR, THE TAILOR, AND THE JAILOR.

Now this is Tar, the Sailor,
And this is Slit, the Tailor,
And this is Job, the Jailor.

The Tailor quarrelled with the Sailor,
The Sailor quarrelled with the Tailor,
And they both got locked up by the Jailor.

I would not be the Sailor,
I would not be the Tailor,
And I would not be the Jailor,
That had to lock up the Tailor,
And had to lock up the Sailor,—
“ Oh, bother you both ! ” says the Jailor.



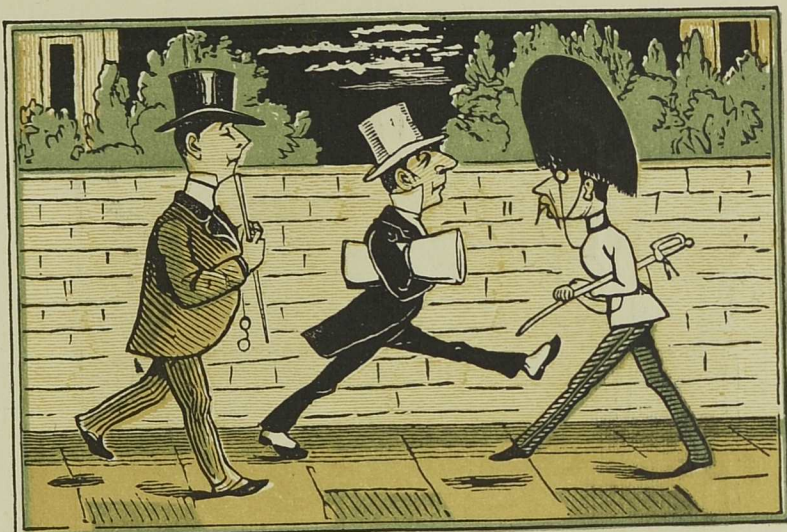
THE SEASONS.

WHICH would you rather be without,
The winter, the summer, the autumn, the spring?
Oh, do not leave either of them out,—
Who ever heard of such a thing?

The spring is good before the summer;
And then the autumn is a pleasant comer;
Next is winter, with cold, and rain;
And then it begins all over again!

Violets, primroses,
Big roses, slim roses,
Tiger lilies, and hollyhocks bold;
And soon comes the snow, the white flower of the cold.

Springs, summers, autumns, winters,
Make up the years and their adventures;
The tale is telling, and never is told!



IN THE STREET.

ALL day long in the street
The people pass to and fro,
And what a clatter of feet,
As up and down they go !

Here comes Mister Gentleman,
And here comes Mistress Lady,
One on the side that's in the sun,
And one on the side that's shady.

CHORUS—*How d'ye do ? How d'ye do ?
Nicely, thank you ; how are you ?*

Some are abroad on business,
And some are abroad on pleasure,
Some go quickly, all in a press,
And some go more at leisure.

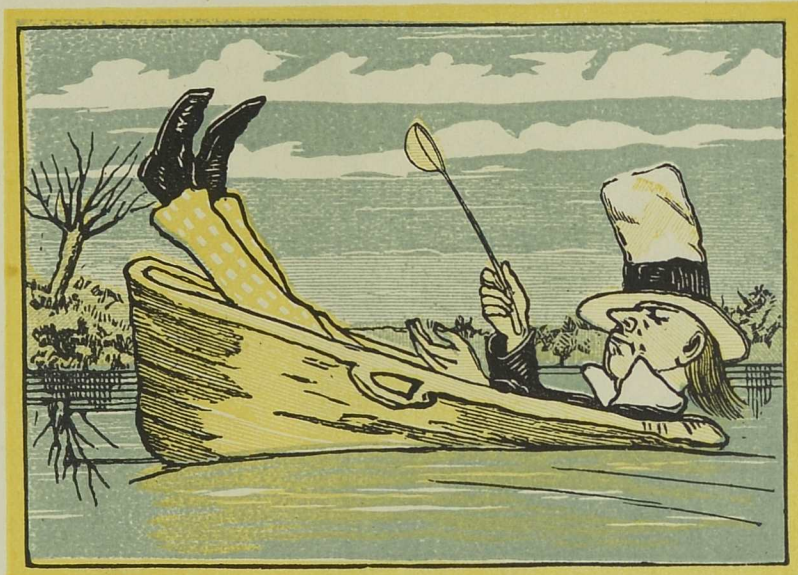
Here comes Captain Fightaway,
Here comes Doctor Pillbox,
Here comes Mister Writeaway,
And here comes Lawyer Willbox.

CHORUS—*How d'ye do ? How d'ye do ?
Nicely, thank you ; how are you ?*



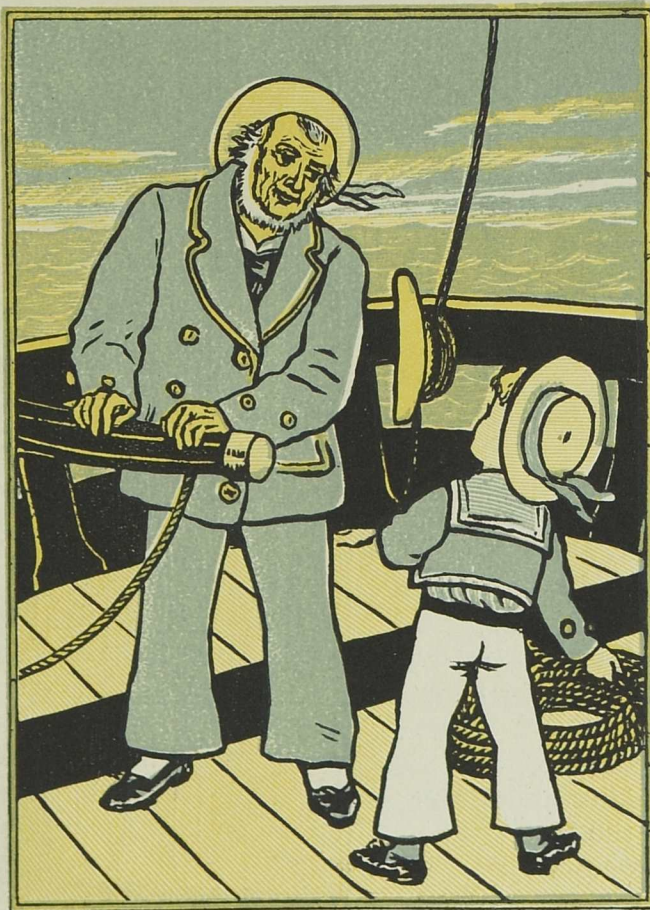
LAZY PUSSY.

“LAZY pussy, in my lap,
Listen ! we must keep a trap ;
Once you were a clever mouser,
Now you are a well-fed drowser ;
Half the mice escaped you lately ;
Mend your manners, mend them greatly !”
Lazy pussy winks and blinks—
Who can tell what pussy thinks ?



GONE TO SEA.

My man John
To sea is gone
All in a wicker cradle;
The cradle creaks,
The cradle leaks,
But John has got a ladle.





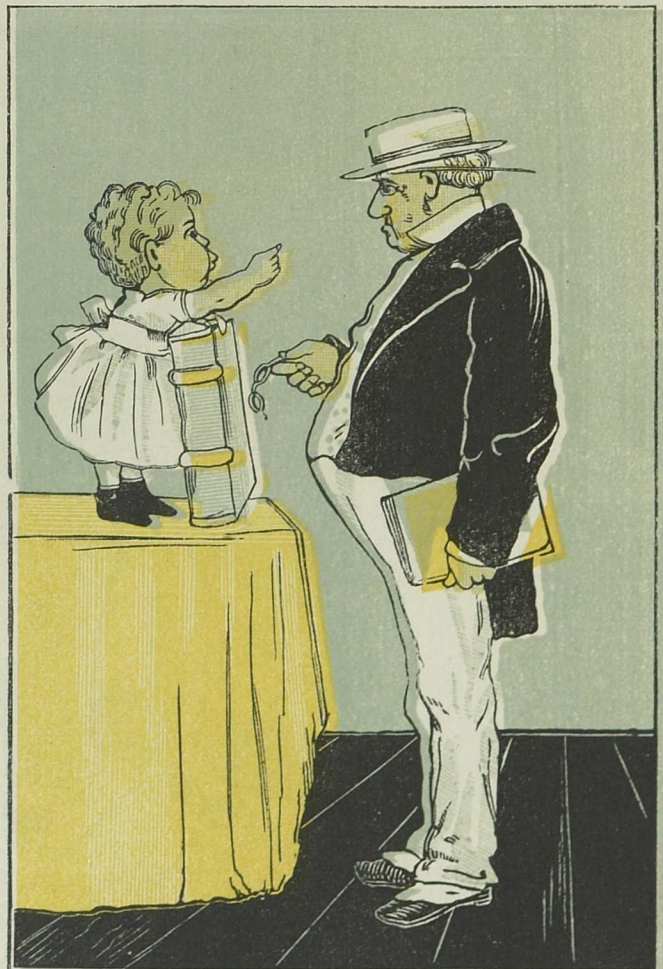
While their studies they thus pursue
 In the manner which here you view,
 Science, Languages, and Art,
 All that colleges impart,
 And things that colleges never can
 (For this is a learned family,
 As must be plain to you and me),
 In their walks a School-Board man,
 With a pen in his ear, with a book
 compact,
 An ink-bottle to his waistcoat tacked,
 And an air as if he would leave a tract
 Along with a note of the water-rate,
 And put the whole creation straight ;
 And says he, " By the Education Act,
 Attendance Clause, Clause 73——"

He did not speak another word,
 At least, not one that could be heard,
 For from the learned family,
 Who at their lessons all agree,
 Arose a mingled noise, a shout
 Which seemed like " Bonnet him !
 get out !"
 What do you want, you rude old
 man ?"
 Then all that family began

THE LEARNED FAMILY.

THIS is the Learned Family,
 Round the fire at home, you see ;
 At their lessons they all agree.
 Here they are, like hungry lions,
 Except that they do not tear each other,
 Greedy for food—that is, for Science,
 And also Art. Sister and brother
 All alike, as you may see,
 At their studies they all agree,
 Oh, what a learned family !

Mary is studying plants and berries,
 That is botany, of course.
 Tom bends all his mental force
 To the breaking up of the monasteries,
 And the fate of abbots and abbesses ;
 Jane reads Xenophon's Anabasis ;
 Joseph is digging for Hebrew roots ;
 Baby only does Latin words,
 Except that she tries to unlace her boots
 Harriet is rather deep in Surds ;
 John, the one with the artist-face,
 Is drawing the line of Beauty and Grace.
 Scarcely we need pursue the story,
 Or go through all the inventory ;
 With half an eye you now may see
 It is a learned family.



To give him a notion of what they knew.
 "Tupto, tuptein," says one (that's Greek);
 "Comment?" says one (that's French).
Parbleu!"

"Now, from the middle of next week,
 How far to Aldgate pump?" says one
 (That's mathematics). It was fun!

Then, to that shivering School-Board man,
 Another studious one began,
 "What's a marine ascidian?"
 (That's biology). "Protoplasm
 Describe at once. Explain the chasm
 That separates a rhizopod
 From one of the higher vertebrates?"
 That School-Board man said, "This is odd,
 Clause 73 distinctly states——"
 That School-Board man said, "Let me see
 Really by section 73——"



Then Joseph said, "O, School-Board man,
 Inform this party, if you can,
 What was the tongue the Etruscans spoke?"
 "Yes," said the artistic boy, "impart
 Your notion of Etruscan art
 (Unless your visit is a joke),—
 Was it derived from native forces,
 Or gathered at Hellenic sources?"
 And Baby cried, with laugh and crow,
 "Excede, erump, skedaddle, go!"

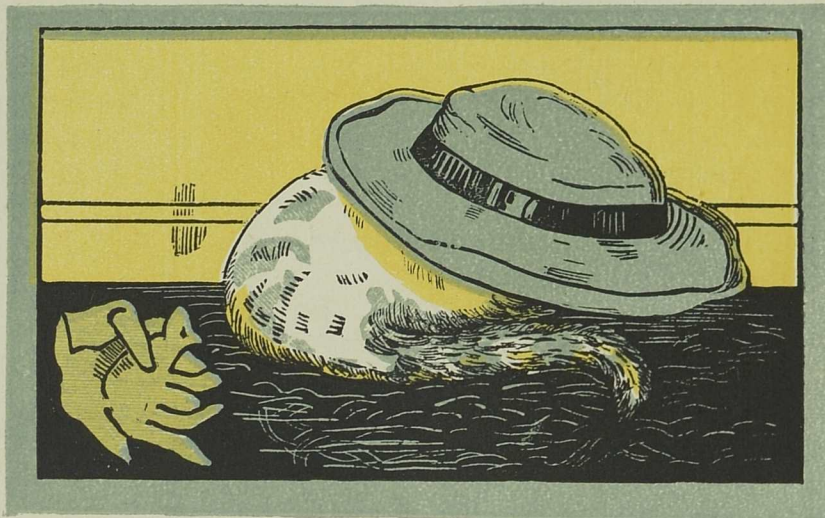
That School-Board man turned hot and
 cold,
 And rushed out into the open wold.
 Cold blew the blast; he wildly fled;
 In fact, he had been bonneted;
 That School-Board man felt very bad,
 That School-Board man went raving
 mad!



Hark to his incoherent words;
 He raves of Indices and Surds,
 Of "learned boys and learned gals,"
 Of fierce Recurring Decimals;
 He weeps, he says he wants a slate—
 "Let me add up a vertebrate!"
 I will divide two future tenses!"
 Poor man! he never got his senses;
 He lived for years a madman grim,
 The School-Board said, "We'll pension
 him;"
 But folks cried, "That would swell the
 rates,"
 And then there were some hot debates,
 Extending far into the night:
 Coals being dear, this was not right,
 And so the nation rose in mass,
 And said "Let us turn off the gas!"
 So said, so done: they hit the mark,
 And left the School-Board in the dark.

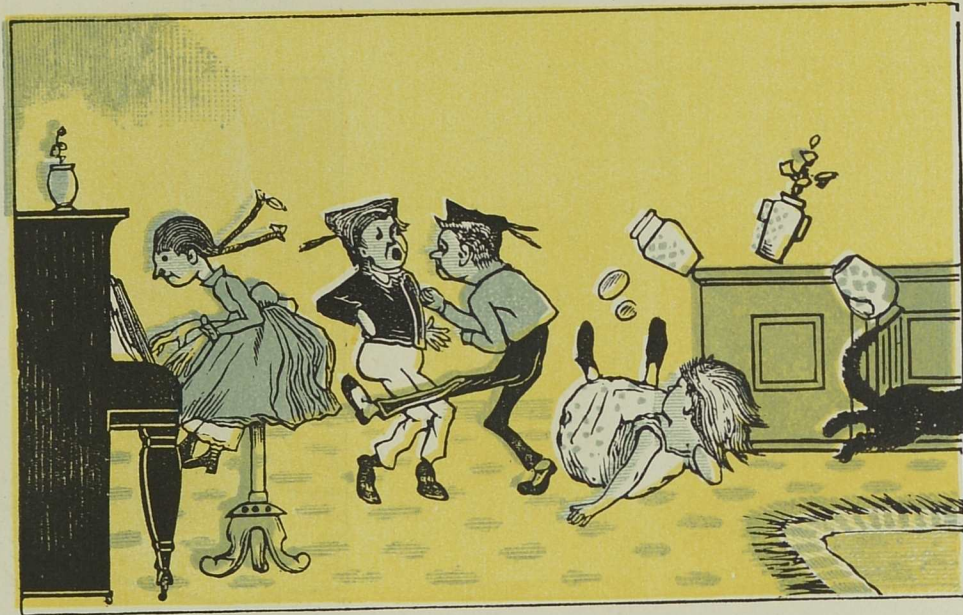
WHERE IS THE CAT?

MIND the cat,
Find the cat
Who will be first behind the cat?
The cat's on the mat,
In a billycock hat,
And that's the way to find the
cat.



NICK SPENCE.

NICK SPENCE, Nick Spence,
Sold the cow for sixpence !
When his master scolded him
Nicky didn't care.
Put him in the farm-yard,
The stable-yard, the stack-yard,
Send him to the pig-sty,
And Johnny to the fair !

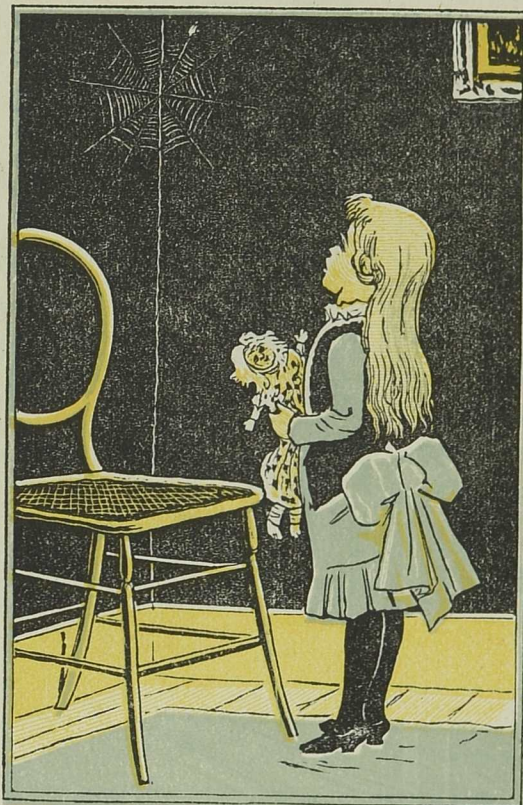


RIOT AND WRANGLE.

JINGLE, jangle !
Riot and wrangle !
How shall we name such people as you ?
Here's Jingle,
There's Jangle,
Here's Riot,
There's Wrangle,
And what, I wonder, is best to do ?
You, North must go,
To a hut of snow ;
You, South in a trice,
To an island of spice ;
You, off to China,
And sit on a hill ;
And you to that chair,
And be five minutes still !

THE SPIDER'S WEB.

THE web of the spider
Grows wider and wider,
Up in the corner of Betsy's room ;
Says Poppety-petsy,
" I wonder if Betsy
Has seen it, and thinks of the use of a
broom ?"



DOLLY'S ACCIDENT.

LARGE eyes, little eyes, brown
eyes, blue eyes,
My doll has had an accident, and
wants a pair of new eyes ;
Strong legs, long legs, one leg
and two legs.
My doll has had an accident, and
wants a pair of new legs ;
Dribble dribble, trickle trickle,
what a lot of raw dust,
Dolly had an accident, and out
came the saw dust.



THE KING OF THE BLACKAWAYS.

“THIS is the King of the Blackaways,
And very black is he,
So black you cannot see his face,—
Not you! No more can we!

Black, black,
Breast and back ;
Teeth and eyes,
Lips likewise ;
Just like a blot
Tied in a knot !

And oh, the land of the Blackaways,
Where this King reigns, is a very black place.
The grass is black, and so are the trees,
The chalk is black, and so are the geese ;
The milk, the eggs, the flour, and the cheese ;
The sheets and the shirts ; for it all agrees !”
Get you gone, Blackaway King, if you please !
And dine off black bread, and flesh of black geese,
Where the grass grows black on the Blackaway leas



THE WICKED GIANT.

THERE was a Giant walked out one day,
To eat whatever came in his way ;
This giant was greedy, this giant was grim,
And the people were all afraid of him.

He crossed the field and came into the street,
And a dainty damsel he there did meet :
“ What is your name ? ” says he to her,
And she says, “ Lucy Locket, sir.

“ A very nice name is Lucy Locket,
And you will just fit my waistcoat pocket
So said the giant, and popped her in,
And the pocket was more than up to her chin.

The giant says, “ Oh, this is the street ;
Your father and mother I mean to eat ; ”
But Lucy, she thought, “ You wicked man ! ”
And then to tickle him she began.

Her hand was light, her hand was small,
He scarcely felt it at first at all ;
She tickled and tickled, and by degrees,
He felt as if he should like to sneeze !

This giant could growl, and shout, and roar,
But he never had laughed in his life before,
And now he began to look less grim,
As Lucy kept on tickling him.

The people heard, and the people saw,—
“He, hee!” says the giant, “ha hah! haw haw!”
Oh, they were puzzled, but Lucy Locket
Made signs to them out of his doublet-pocket.

His mad guffaws for a mile they hear,
His mouth is stretched from ear to ear;
Thinks he, “to laugh is a pleasant plan,
So now I will laugh as long as I can.”

He laughed till he ached, and his eyes grew dim,
As Lucy kept on tickling him;
He laughed till the tears ran down his face,
And he fell down flop, in the market-place;

Then out of his pocket Lucy leapt,
And close behind him the people crept;
With twisted cables and iron bands
And things of that sort they tied his hands.

They tied his hands and they tied his feet,
They said, “Pray, what would you like to eat?”
And Lucy got into his pocket again,
And made him laugh like a thousand men!

He laughed all day, he laughed all night,
He laughed when they woke in the morning light,
He laughed that week and the fortnight after,—
Travellers came to hear his laughter!

They let him laugh on to his heart's content
In a show as high as the Monument;

They gave to Lucy a penny clear
For every person who came to hear,
So now the girl is as rich as a prince,
For he has been laughing ever since.



JEREMIAH THE COBBLER.

SING a song of cobbler !
 Jeremiah Hobbler
 Mended boots and shoes
 By ones and by twos :
 His room had a floor and a ceiling,
 And he did soling and heeling ;
 But oh, he *was* so funny !
 He always expected his money ?
 And—oh, would anybody believe it ?
 He generally used to receive it
 When the boots and shoes were mended—
 And now the song is ended,
 The song of Jeremy Hobbler,
 Who followed the trade of a cobbler.

WINDY WEATHER.

JANUARY,
 Bitter, very !
 February damp too ;
 March blows
 On April's nose,
 May has caught a cramp too ;
 June,
 Without a sun or moon !
 July, August,
 Many a raw gust.
 September, October, November, December,
 Ten times worse than I ever remember.
 No apples, or hay, or honey, or corn,—
 It surely wasn't a fat year !
 In ——— I was born ;
 I'm glad it wasn't in *that* year.





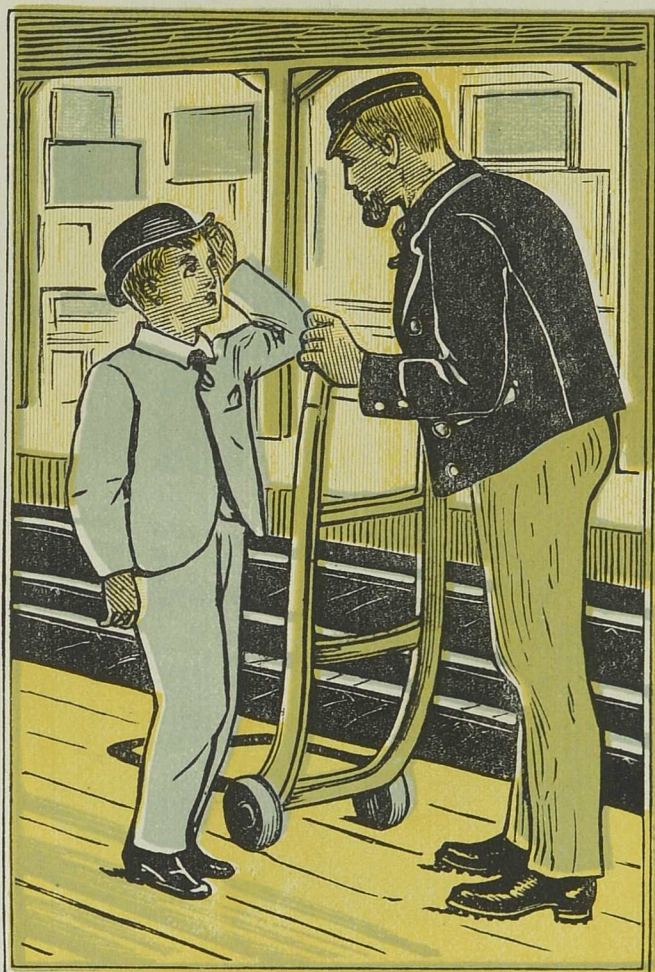
WHAT THE PRIMROSE SAID.

“ ON a spring day walking
In a windy wood,
There I fell a-talking,
Talking as I could.

“ It was not to a little boy,
Or another little maid,
The dove on the bough was much too coy,
The squirrel was afraid.

“ I spoke to the primrose blossom,
The primrose spoke to me ;
A thought crept into my bosom—
And what may that thought be ?”

Now who that is wise and witty,
Will tell this little maid
The thought—(it must have been pretty)—
And what the primrose said ?



THE ABSENT-MINDED BOY.

I KNOW an absent-minded boy,
To meditate is all his joy ;
He seldom does the thing he ought,
Because he is so wrapt in thought.

At marbles he can never win ;
He wears his waistcoat outside in ;
He cannot add a sum up right ;
And often he is not polite.

His mother cries, " My poor heart breaks,
Because the child makes such mistakes ;
He never knows," she says with sighs,
" Which side his bread the butter lies ! "

One day, absorbed in meditation,
He roamed into a railway station,
And in a corner of a train
Sat down, with inattentive brain.

They rang the bell, the whistle blew,
They shook the flags, the engine flew ;
But all the noise did not induce
This boy to quit his mood abstruse.

And when three hours were past and gone,
He found himself at Something-ton ;
“ What is this place ? ” he sighed in vain,
For railway men cannot speak plain.

When he got home his parents had
To pay his fare, which was too bad ;
More than two hundred miles, alas !
The Absent Boy had gone first-class.

Wanting a trip, Ingenious Jim
One morning imitated him,
And while Jim’s parents paid the fare,
Absence of mind the blame must bear !

The Absent Boy went past a shop
Where a machine the meat did chop ;
The man, who thought the joke was neat,
Said, “ Will you be made sausage-meat

In my machine ? ” and, as you guess,
Our meditative friend said “ Yes.”
Of course, the notion was absurd,
But if the man had meant the word,

And just that very day had been
In want of meat for his machine,
The boy might have incurred a fate
Too horrible for me to state !

For fear he should, in absentness,
Forget his own name and address
Whilst he pursues his meditations,
And so be lost to his relations,

Would it be best that he should wear
A collar like our Tray ? or bear
His name and home in indigo
Pricked on his shoulder, or below ?

The chief objection to this plan
Is, that his father is a man
Who often moves. If we begin
To prick the boy’s home on his skin,

Before long he will be tattooed
With indigo from head to foot ;
Perhaps a label on his chest
Would meet the difficulty best.



LUCY LOCKET.

WHAT ! you do not know who this is?
Why, one of the little misses
That came to the Giant-Show,—
The giant that put in his pocket
The child whose name was Locket ;
And, of all those little misses,
The one that I like best.

The one that I like best !
I could smother her with kisses !
Not because she is drest
So nicely, though she is,—
But because she is such a little *dear* !
Oh, if I had her here,
I would cosset her, tickle her, and treat her.



IN THE WATER.

“ DAUGHTER, daughter,
Mind the water !”

She said she never should,
So she went in,
Right up to her chin,
And did not find it good.

For the water was bitter,
And made her twitter,
As nobody thought she could !
She cried in haste,
“ What a nasty taste !
I wish I had understood !”

Oh, send and save her !
A beautiful flavour
Is not to be found in the flood ;
And wine or tea
Is the drink for me
As a picnic in the wood !



PLAYING AT A WEDDING.

I.—AT TEN O'CLOCK A.M.

HARRY and Carry
Are going to marry,
So dress the bride with roses
Bob she refused,
So he, bemused,
To eat the grapes proposes.

Leave Bob alone
For picking a bone,
Or finishing off a ration!
And happy's the lover
Who can discover
So simple a consolation!

We'll have ringing of bells,
And everything else,
That people have for marriages;
Horses all ready,
Drivers all steady,
And oh, what beautiful carriages!

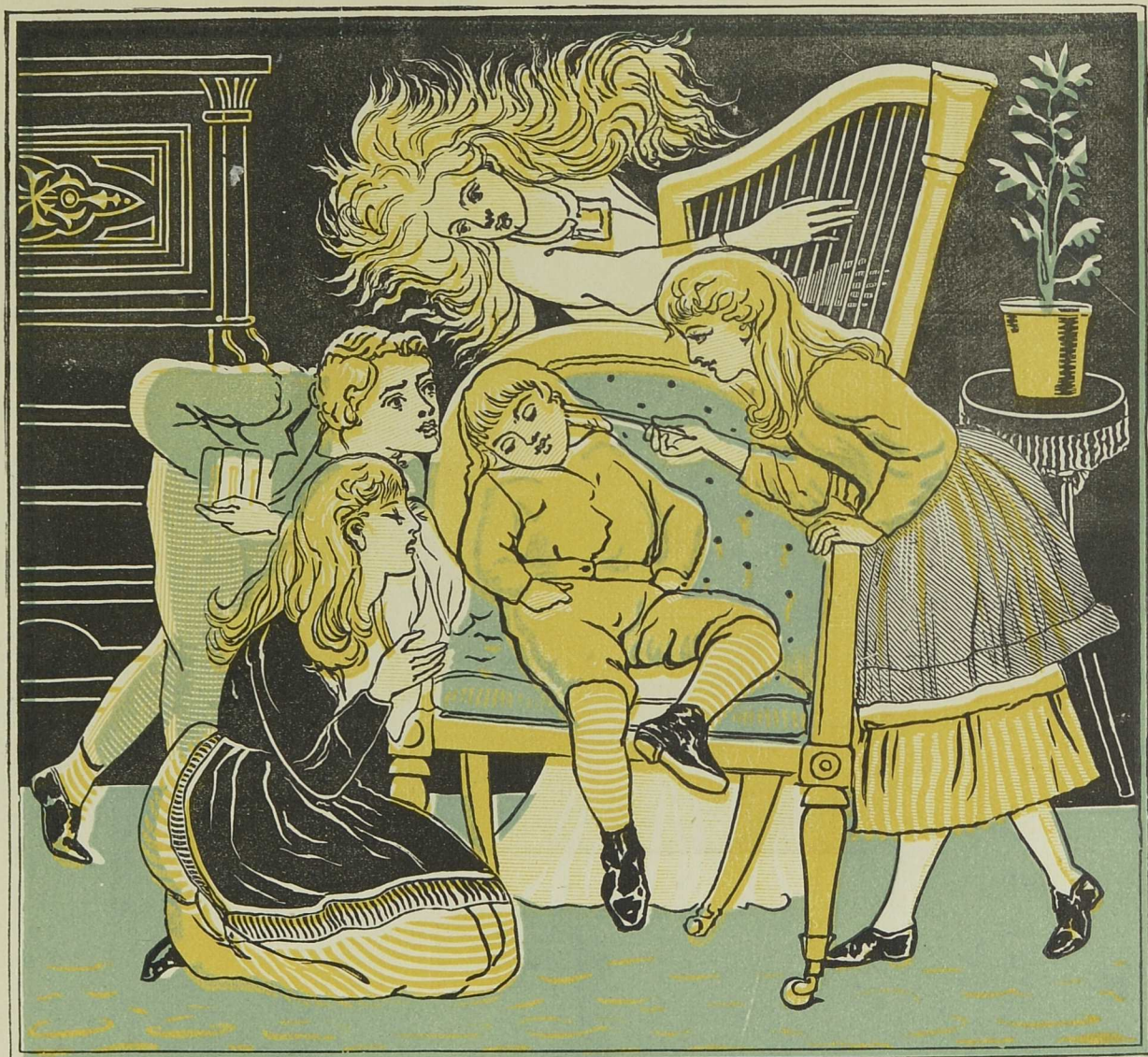
The bridegroom stands
With a whip in his hands,
And the silver top is burnished;
We drive from the wedding
To a rural stading,
With a cottage elegantly furnished.

II.—AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK A.M.

Dear me, how sad,
They are not to be had!
We can't have the horses and coaches!
And so we must walk—
But how people will talk
And stare at our flowers and brooches!

Worse still! On the pane
Comes a patter of rain,—
The bridegroom looks all sorrow;
It would injure our pet
To go in the wet,
So we must be married to-morrow.

But look after Bob,
For perhaps to rob
The bridegroom Bob is hoping;
Take care of the bride,
For the world is wide,
And Bob is the boy for eloping!



YOUNG LAZYBONES.

YOUNG Lazybones is smooth and sleek,
Young Lazybones is fat;
His eye sits drowsing in his cheek,
And many a day has sat.

Young Lazybones he keeps his state,
All in his easy-chair,
And though the time is getting late,
He does, not seem aware.

Musical Maggie sings to him,
And plays upon the harp;
While Rapid Robert, keen and slim,
Cries, "Lazybones, look sharp!"

And Laughing Lucy with her hand
Tickles this lazy boy,
While Mourning Maud, you understand,
Makes weeping her employ.

Outside, a dozen brewers' drays
Rumble across the stones,
But all the row that you can raise
Disturbs not Lazybones!



TO-MORROW AND TO-DAY.

THE clock goes *tick!* the clock goes *tack!*
Let me look at the almanack!
What does it say,
For to-morrow and to-day?
Tick, tack! tick, tack!
What does it say on the almanack?

What's for to-day?
Why, work and play;
To-morrow is the same;
But yesterday's game,
Like yesterday's work, is over and done—
So, now for the work, and then for the fun!

The clock goes *tick!* the clock goes *tack!*
The hours and the days can never come back;
But there's work and play
For to-morrow and to-day,
Whatever the clock and the almanack say.

I LOVE YOU, DEAR!

I LOVE you, dear; I love you,
dear;
You can't think how I love you,
dear!

Supposing I
Were a butterfly,
I'd waver round and above you
dear!

A long way off I spied you,
dear;
No hat or veil could hide you,
dear;

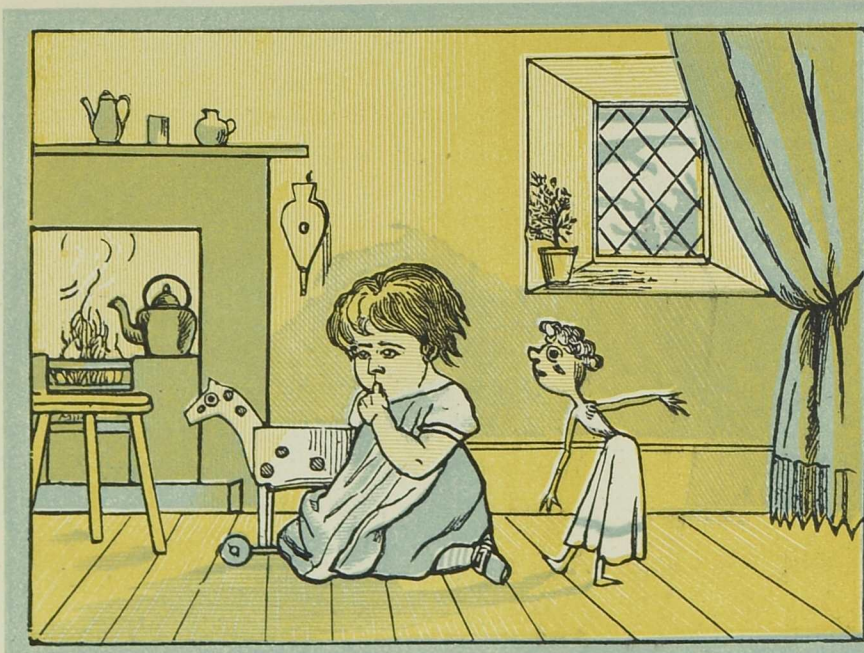
If I were a bird,
Believe my word,
I'd sing every day beside you,
dear.

I love you, dear; I love you,
dear;

My Jane, I truly love you, dear;
And I ask you to take
This flower for my sake,
To say that indeed I love you,
dear.



UNDECIDED BARNABY.



YES or No?
Stay or go?
He never can, he never will know!
We must not wait;
We'll all be late,
While Barnaby puzzles his queer
little pate!

What do you say?
Off and away!
Make your mind up to go or to stay
Fix on your plan,
Step out like a man,
And follow your nose as fast as you
can.



THE BLUNDERING BOY AND AWKWARD GIRL.

OH, do you know the Blundering Child,
 Whatever is his name ;
 Brown eyes or grey, or rough or mild,
 Who often gets the blame

When he deserves no blame at all,
 Though crimson be his cheek,
 And though he looks towards the wall,
 And though he cannot speak ?

Oh, do you know that clumsy child,
 Who never can explain ;
 Whose ears burn red, whose heart beats wild,
 Whose fingers twitch with pain ;

Who cannot get his lips to speak
 " I love you," when he tries ?
 He thinks you cannot read his cheek,
 Or see behind his eyes !

And do you know the Awkward Girl
 (So like the Clumsy Boy),
 Whose fancies like a windmill whirl
 At any grief or joy ?

She flushes when some kindly word
 To say her mind is bent ;
 She looks, she speaks,—but, oh, absurd !—
 It is not what she meant !

She droops, she slips out at the door,
 She cannot eat or sup,
 She stamps, and wishes that the floor
 Would swallow her right up.

Next time you go, she keeps behind,
 And holds her little tongue ;
 And " That girl has a sulky mind,—
 How sad in one so young ! "

Says Mrs Dull, says Mrs Slow ;
 But still the Awkward Girl
 Will eat again some day, and grow,
 And keep her hair in curl :

And still, likewise, the Blundering Boy
 Will mix his goods and bads,
 And sometimes laugh and jump for joy,
 And often do your dads.

LITTLE MAID'S DREAMS.

LITTLE Maid talked in her sleep last night,
And it seemed that her thoughts were hav-
ing a fight,
And giving her soft little heart a fright.
But why will not Little Maid's thoughts
agree?
If I could settle her dreams to-night,
How sweet her dreams should be!

She should dream of the almond-tree
Blooming as pink as pink can be,
And primroses wherever she went,
Because they are so innocent;—
So Little Maid shall dream of these,
And then of flowering currant-trees,

And then of pear-trees ' powdered with
blossom
As white as Little Maid's dear little bosom :
But we must not forget the chesnut tall,
The straightest, or nearly the straightest
of all,
Looking so much like a candlestick,
With a hundred branches rising thick
And then come the apple-trees, pink and
white,
All for Little Maid's delight ;
And the lilacs are ready, though not at
their best ;
But the showers fall soft, and the winds are
at rest,

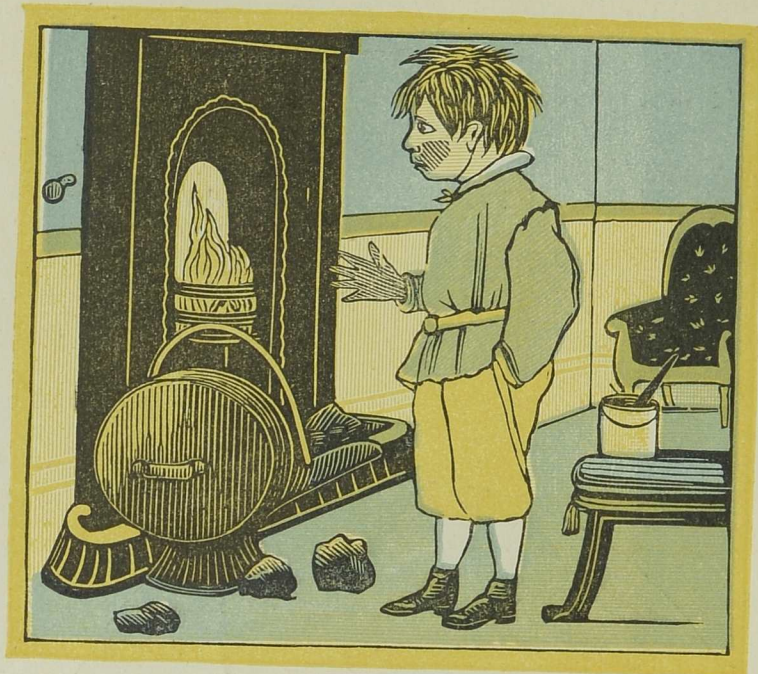


And up in the elm or the oak, if you look,
There's a nest on the bough, and there's
birds in the nest,
And music enough for a music-book
To go into Little Maid's dream to-night.

And what shall we do for heart's delight
To go into Little Maid's dream to-night
When the birds are asleep and the moon is
white?

Little Maid shall have a cake,
All her own to cut and to break ;
The cake shall be for Little Maid's sake,
And Father's love the cake shall make,
And Mother's love shall sugar it through,
And mix the spice and put in the plums
For little Maid to pick out with her thumbs

Or fingers (which will she please to do?).
And every plum shall be a kiss,
And the bloom of the fruit-trees shall be
in it,
And all the singing of lark and linnet,—
Little Maid, can you make out this?—
The innocence of the primroses,
And the softness of the rain no less,
And every raindrop shall be a kiss—
Little Maid, can you make out this?
No, indeed, you never can,
But dreams are never dreamt on a plan.
Sleep, dear! sleep soft, dear!
Angels are watching aloft, dear!
If dream you must, let your dreams be
sweet,
And heaven be round you from head to feet!



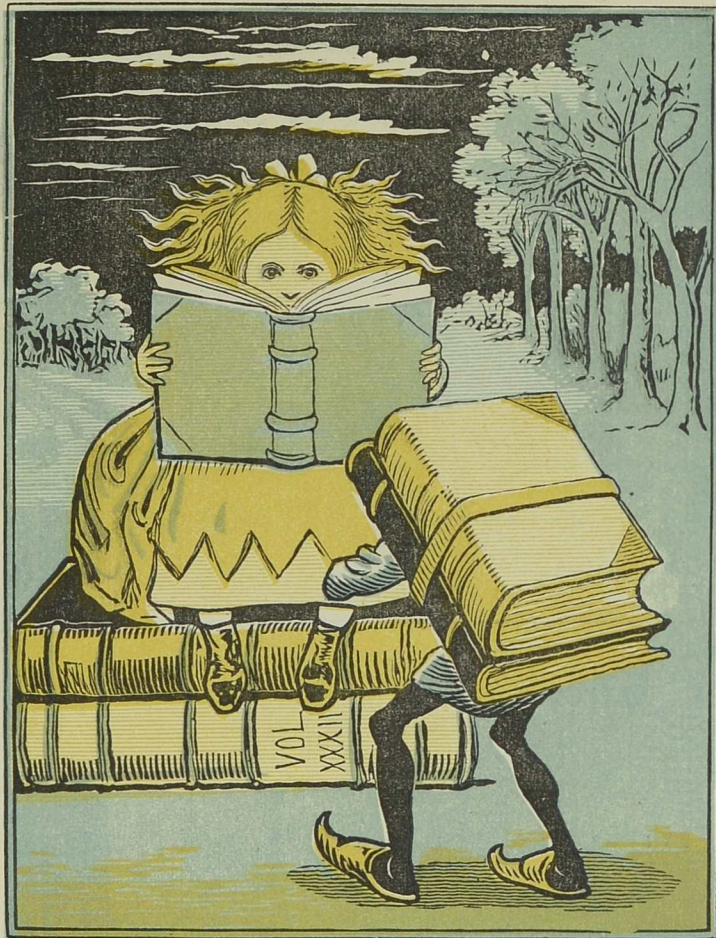
TIMOTHY TIGHT.

TIMOTHY TIGHT, Timothy Tight,
Says he will neither have sup nor bite,
Nor comb to his hair, nor sleep in his bed,
Till he has done what he thinks in his head.

What is it poor little Timothy thinks
To do before he eats, or drinks,
Or combs, or sleeps? Why Timothy Tight
Thinks in his head to turn black into white!

He caught a crow, and he tried with that,
He tried again with a great black cat,
He tried again with dyes and inks ;
He keeps on trying to do what he thinks !

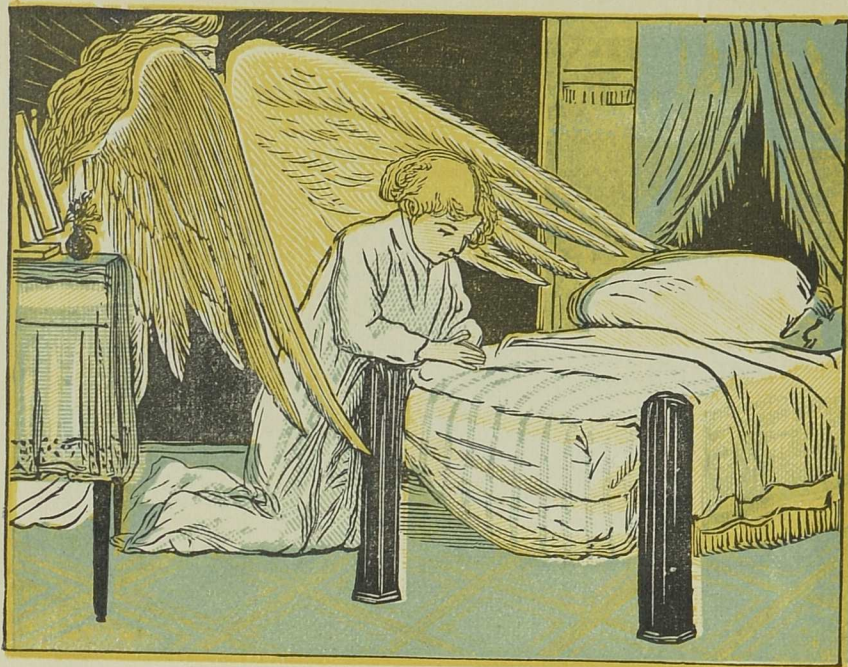
He tried with lumps of coal a score,
He tried with jet, and a blackamoor,
He tried with these till he got vext—
He means to try the Black Sea next.



WINIFRED WATERS.

WINIFRED WATERS sat and sighed
Under a weeping willow ;
When she went to bed she cried,
Wetting all the pillow ;
Kept on crying night and day,
Till her friends lost patience ;
“ What shall we do to stop her, pray ? ”
So said her relations.
Send her to the sandy plains,
In the zone called torrid ;
Send her where it never rains,
Where the heat is horrid !
Mind that she has only flour
For her daily feeding ;

Let her have a page an hour
Of the driest reading, —
Navigation, logarithm,
All that kind of knowledge, —
Ancient pedigrees may go with 'em
From the Herald's College.
When the poor girl has endured
Six months of this drying,
Winifred will come back cured,
Let us hope, of crying.
Then she will not, day by day,
Make those mournful faces,
And we shall not have to say,
“ Wring her pillow-cases.”



THE ANGELS' WATCH.

Do all your sleeping at night, at night,
For then niddy-noddy is right, right ;
 But awake you must keep,
 And it won't do to sleep
In the middle of broad daylight, light,
In the middle of broad daylight.

The Sun at the end of the day, the day,
Takes his King of all Candles away, away ;
 The curtain on high
 Is drawn over the sky,
And the Stars peep through if they may, may,
And the Stars and Moon if they may.

There's the curtain of night over all, all ;
There's our own window-curtain so small, small ;
 And, least in their size,
 Over Emily's eyes
Her eyelids for curtains will fall, fall,
Those fringed little curtains will fall.

She kneels at the side of her bed, her bed,
And softly her prayers are said, said ;
 Now a kiss, my dear ;
 Come, angels, near
And keep watch round my darling's head.





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LITTLE BEN BUTE



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