



LITTLE

HEARTS.



By
Flourence K. Upton

Words by
*Bessie
Upton.*

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS, Limited

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UPTON, BERTHA
LITTLE
1897



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LONDON

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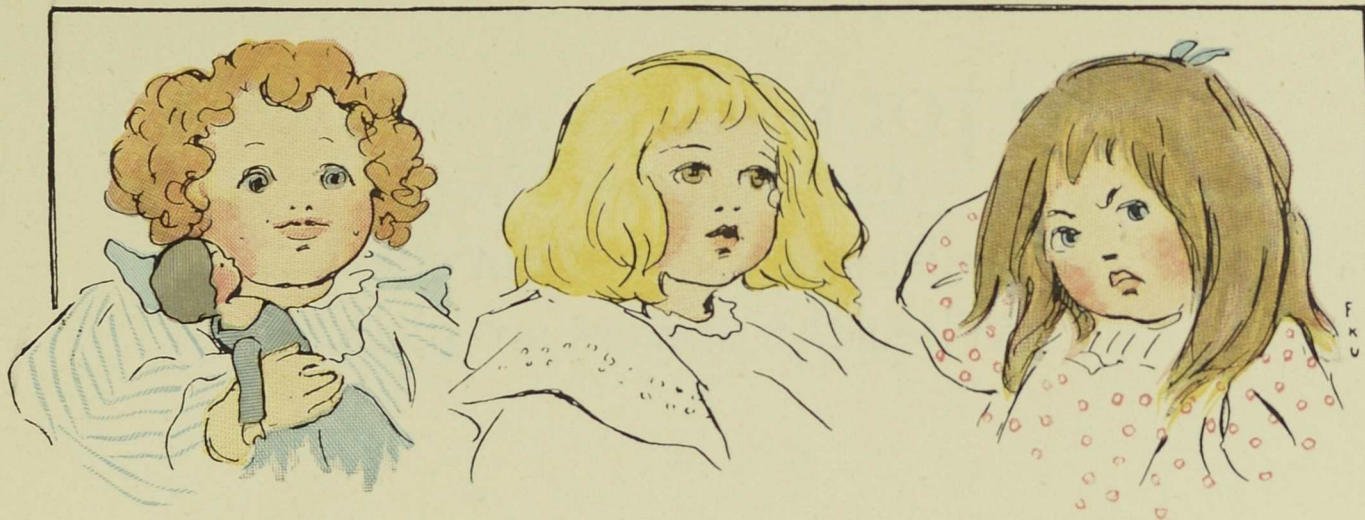
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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	9
GOING TO CHURCH	10
A WEE LAUNDRESS	12
KIND-HEARTED	14
INDUSTRIOUS	16
HELPING MOTHER	19
MARJORY	21
BESSIE'S TOY BOX	22
GOOD-NIGHT	25
BROTHER'S BICYCLE	26
JESS'S WISH	29
CHARLOTTE'S DOLL	30
DREAMLAND	32
ESMOND'S MAMMA	34
TWIRLAWAY! WHIRLAWAY!	37
THE BIRDIES' MOVING DAY	38
GOOD-BYE, AUNTIE	40
THE NEW BONNET	42
ROCK-A-BYE	44
DAD'S PARTNER	46
GENEROUS GERTRUDE	48
ANXIOUS HEART	50
"MINE!"	52
VIOLET'S BUTTERFLY	54
UNKIND	57
OLD-FASHIONED	58
I VO THE BOLD	60



A SONG of hearts
In many parts
I'll try to piece together ;
Sunny hearts,
Stormy hearts,
Mingled like the weather.

Brave hearts ! kind hearts !
Tender ones and true,
Hearts that feel for others
I would choose for you.

Angry hearts ! selfish hearts !
Banish altogether !
Keep the sunshine
Always there,
Unlike the weather.

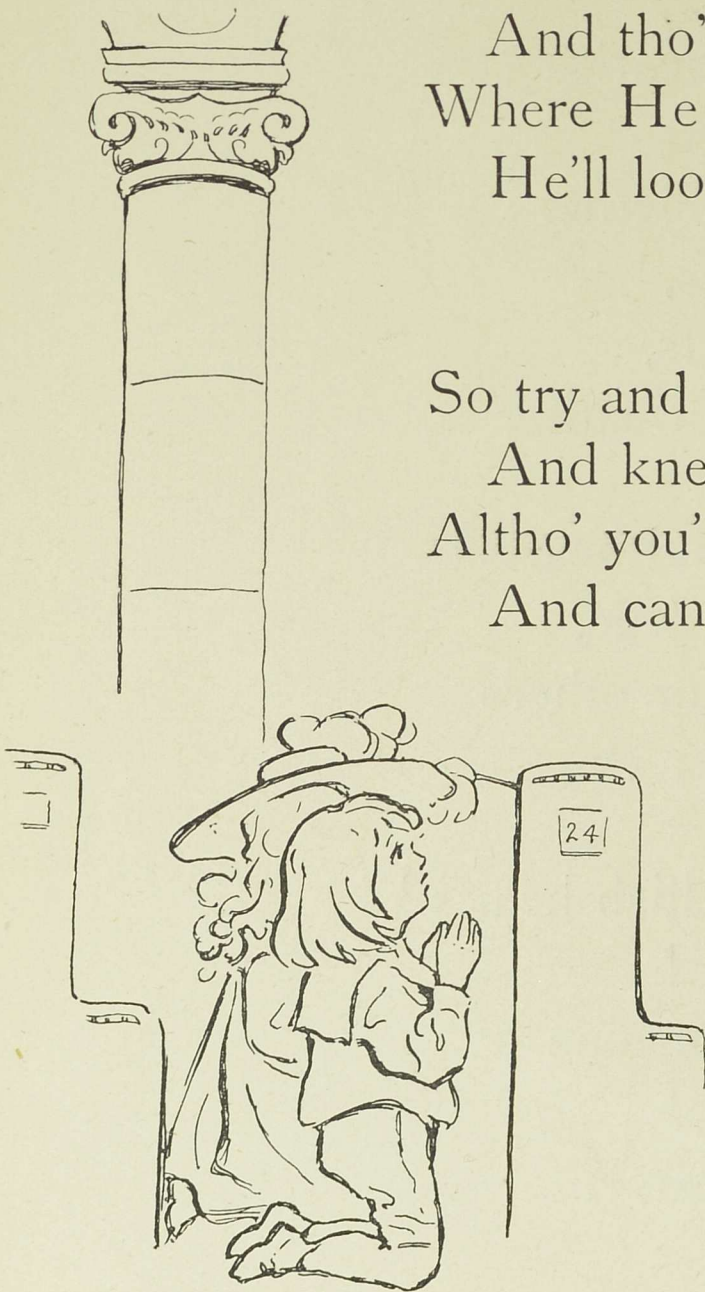
GOING TO CHURCH.

“**H**OLD your prayer-book very tight
Little brother Fred,
Promise me you will not speak
When the prayers are read.

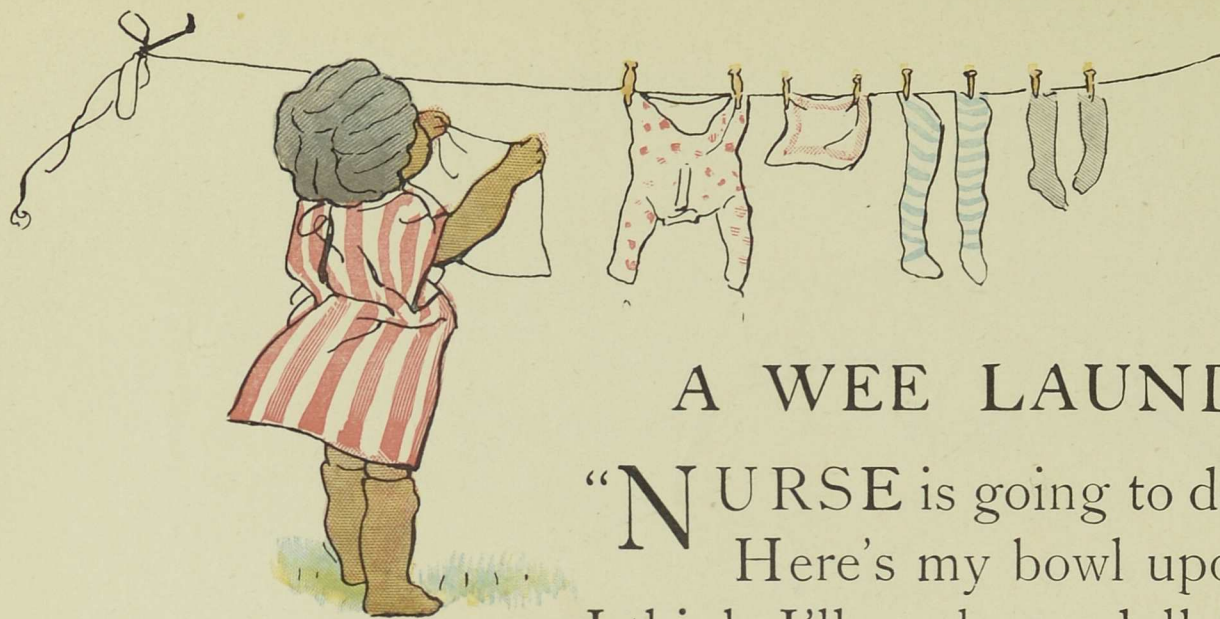
God lives in our church you know,
And tho' you cannot see
Where He sits, I'm very sure
He'll look at you and me.

So try and stand up very straight,
And kneel down when they pray,
Altho' you're such a little boy
And can't know *all* they say.

But if you get too tired Fred,
Just whisper in my ear,
And I'll ask God to let us go
Home to our mother dear.”







A WEE LAUNDRESS.

“**N**URSE is going to dress me soon,
Here’s my bowl upon the chair ;
I think I’ll wash my dolly’s clo’es,
These dirty ones she mustn’t wear.

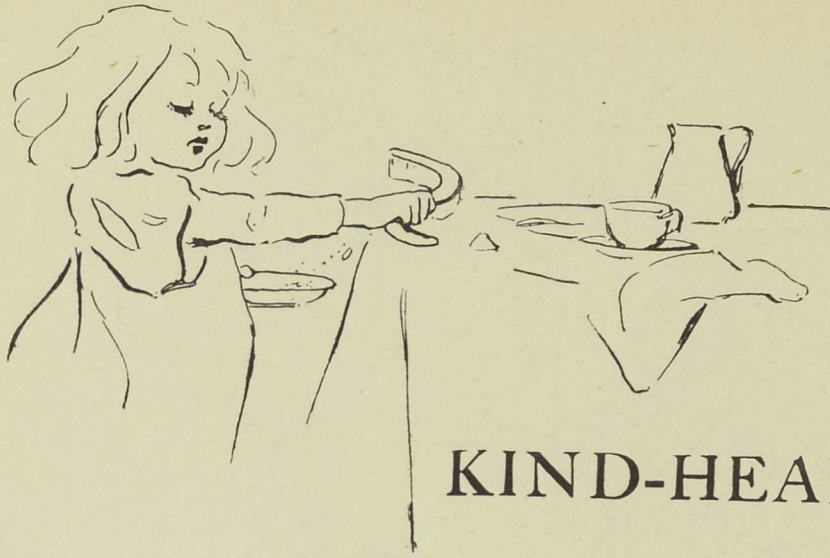
I’ve got a great big lump of soap
To rub upon my dolly’s gown,
Nursey won’t scold if I don’t spill,
I never like to make her frown.

My mamma said the other day,
We always must be sweet and clean ;
When dolly wakes I’ll show her just
How awful busy I have been !

Dollies are drefful lazy things,
Mine often stays asleep all day ;
Mothers ’most always have to work
While children only have to play.

But just you wait ’till I grow up,
I’ll learn to be so good and clever,
Mamma shan’t have a thing to do
But rest for ever and for ever.”





KIND-HEARTED.

THANKFUL birds at early dawn,
Hopped about and ate the bread
Little Susie kindly spread
Every day upon the lawn.

When the winter snow was white,
Scarce a seed could birdie find,
Now he never needs to mind
Getting up an appetite.

After every meal each day,
From the table and the floor—
Often begging cook for more
Till she's filled her little tray,

—Susie picks each wasted crumb,
Not a scrap is ever lost ;
Just a little thought the cost
To relieve God's creatures dumb.



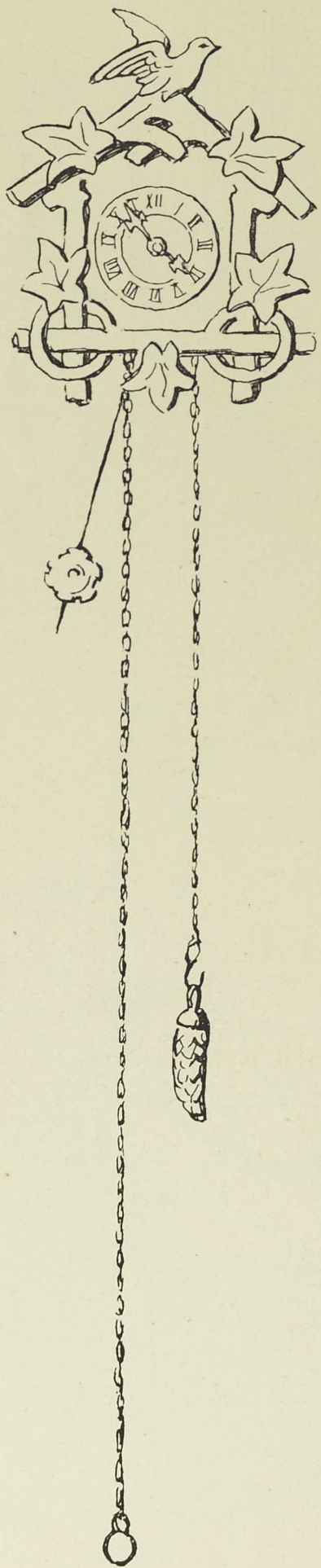


INDUSTRIOUS.

CALMLY seated on a stool,
See industrious Polly,
In her hand a tiny skirt,
Property of dolly,
Thimble on
Finger tight,
Needle held
All right.

Bright blue eyes, both looking down,
Sober, earnest face,
Only thoughts of tidiness,
Mending dolly's lace—
Thinking how
Careless Jane
Trouble made,
That's plain.





Mothers often scold and fret,
Not so our Polly,
Never word of blame has she
For her careless dolly
Sitting wrapped
In a sheet
Very near
Mother's feet.

Father Time stands closely by
Watching hours well spent,
Saying with his loudest tick
As she sews the rent—
“Happy friends
You and I
Busy both,
That's why.”



HELPING MOTHER.

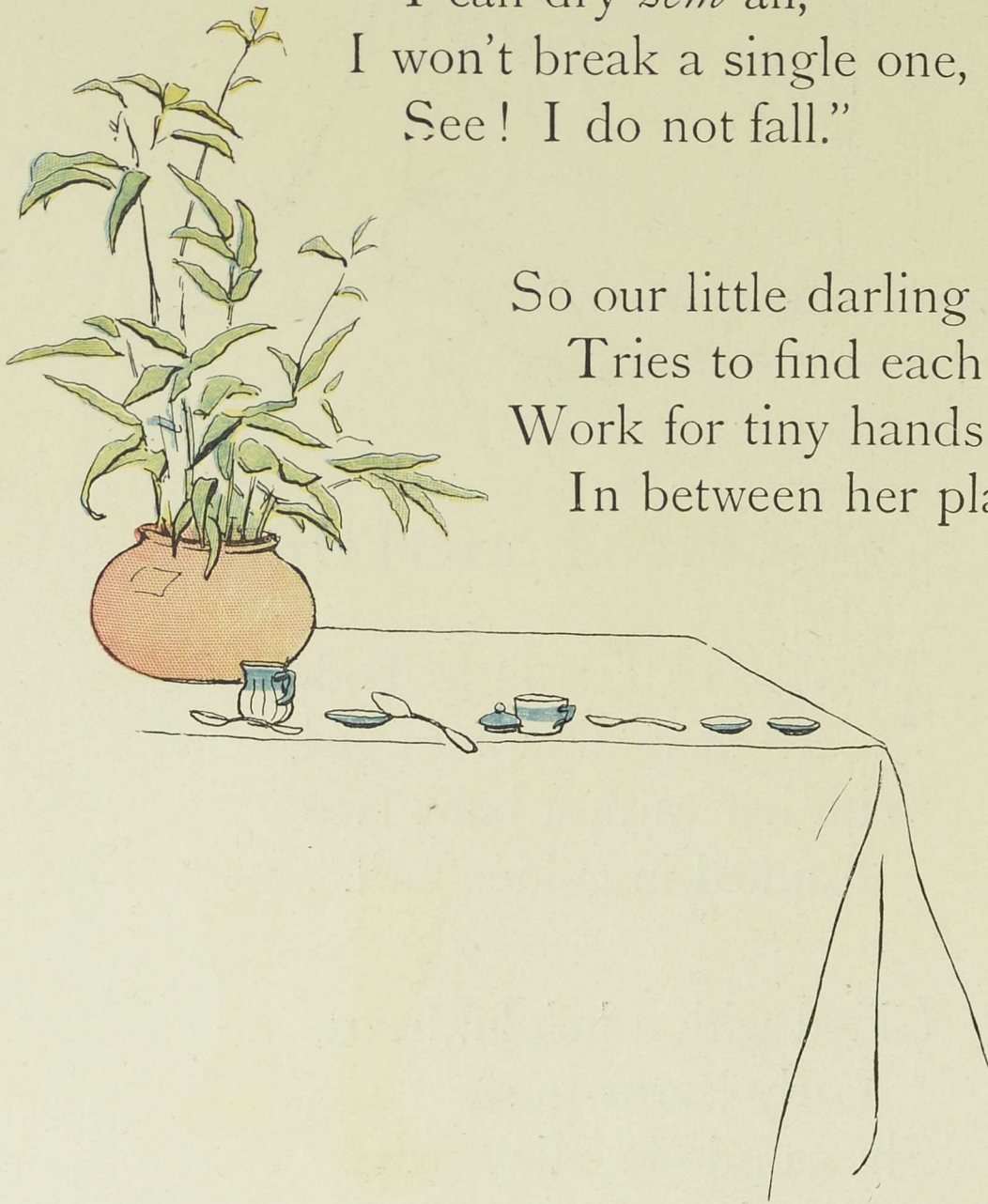
PRECIOUS little Toddlekin,
Mother's first-born girl,
With her earnest baby face
Framed in golden curl.

Gifted with a helpful heart,
Early learns to see
She can do her tiny part
Clearing after tea.

Swiftly o'er the kitchen floor
Skim those baby feet,
“ Let me help 'oo *muvver* dear ”
Hear her oft repeat.

“ Now *anuzzer* butter *diss*,
I can dry *zem* all,
I won't break a single one,
See! I do not fall.”

So our little darling one
Tries to find each day
Work for tiny hands to do
In between her play.



MAR JORY.

AIRY feet, fairy feet
Dancing a measure,
Fluttering like butterflies
Always for pleasure ;

Out on the velvet sward
I watch her daily,
Flitting here, tripping there,
Taking life gaily.

Airy feet, fairy feet,
My greatest
treasure,
Tread ye in duty's
path,
Always for pleasure.



BESSIE'S TOY BOX.



“ I WONDER which I'd better choose
From all these pretty toys
To give away on Christmas day
To those poor girls and boys.

I mustn't pick the *old* ones out
'Cause *I* think they're no use ;
Tho' Cecil said, “ Don't give the best,
You silly little goose ! ”

But Cecil's just a boy you see,
And rather selfish too,
For Santa Claus is sure to bring
Us many fresh and new.

I mean to give what I like *best*,
So they may have them all,
My merry clown, this rosy doll
My biggest bouncing ball ;

And here's my little woolly lamb
I've kept so clean and white,
I know they'll like to stroke and hold
It in their arms at night.

And now my cart is full, I'll take
Them down for nurse to pack
With lots of things she's going to send,
And then I'll drag it back

To get some more—all I can find
To make these children gay,
So gee-up horsey! run along!
I like this kind of play.”





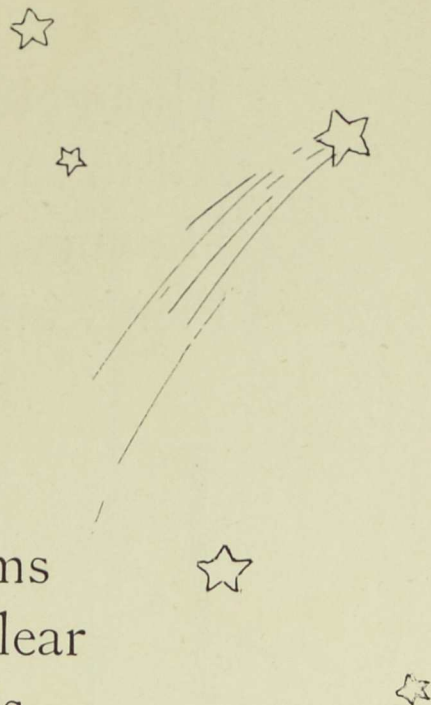
GOOD-NIGHT.

GOOD-NIGHT my pet!
The stars come out
To see what children
Are about:

And when those eyes
So wondrous bright
Look in your window
Every night,

Their silver beams
So pure and clear
Light holy angels
To our sphere,

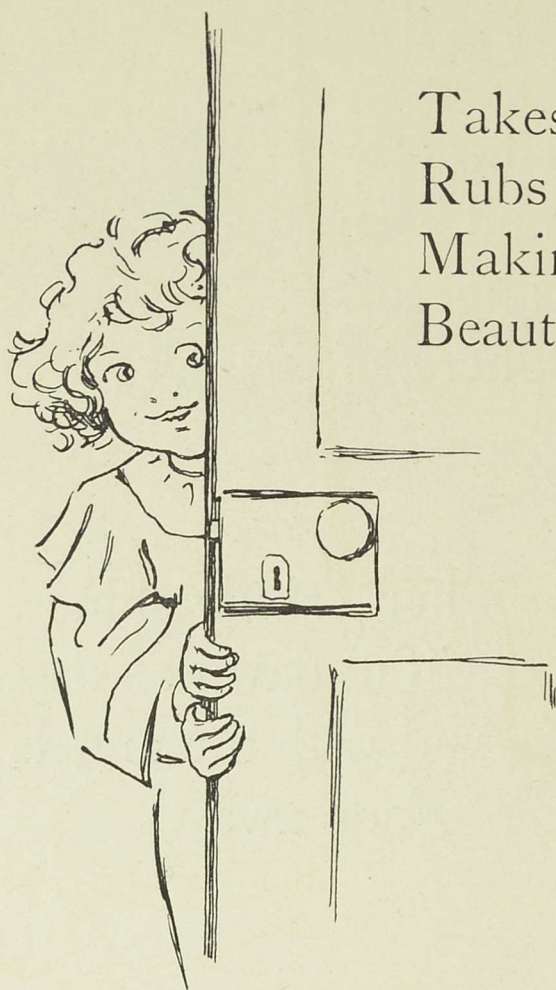
Then calmly shine
'Till dawn of day,
And with the angels
Fade away.



BROTHER'S BICYCLE.

ETHEL sees Ned's bicycle
Standing there all day,
Needing badly to be cleaned
So she heard him say.

Thoughtful-hearted little one,
All to save him care,
Having time upon her hands,
Plenty and to spare,



Takes a duster soft and clean,
Rubs with all her might,
Making brother Ned's machine
Beautiful and bright !

Then behind the door-way stands
Watching his surprise,
With a look of happiness
In her beaming eyes.





JESS'S WISH.

“I’VE wanted a doll
Ever since I was small,
But now I’m grown up
I’d have no time at all ;

For minding the baby
And working all day
Doesn’t give me a chance
To be thinking of play.

But oh ! what a beauty
Young Missy has got,
I’d like if she’d change her
With my sister Dot ;

For Dotty will cry
Often all the night through,
As if her tired sister
Had nothing to do

But pat her and rock her
Till daylight appears,
While pretty wax dollies
Don’t shed any tears—

They stay where you put them
No matter how long,
So to wish for a dolly
I don’t think is wrong.’





CHARLOTTE'S DOLL.

STURDY Charlotte is shaking her
dolly,
And what think you causes her rage?
Only listen to what she is saying,
I'll write it all down on this page.

“Naughty Molly! why do you not
answer
When I scold you for spilling your
tea,
I should like you to kick and to scream
too
And be saucy as saucy can be.

You're just only a rag and kid baby,
There's never a tear in your eye,
Why don't you turn into a real one
So that slapping you hard makes
you cry!

I will change you away for a 'live one
When I take you out walking
to-day,
And I'll ride *her* about in your best
clothes,
Now mind! do you hear what I
say!”





DREAMLAND.

I N a hammock
Gladys sleeping,
Little birdie
Soft watch keeping.

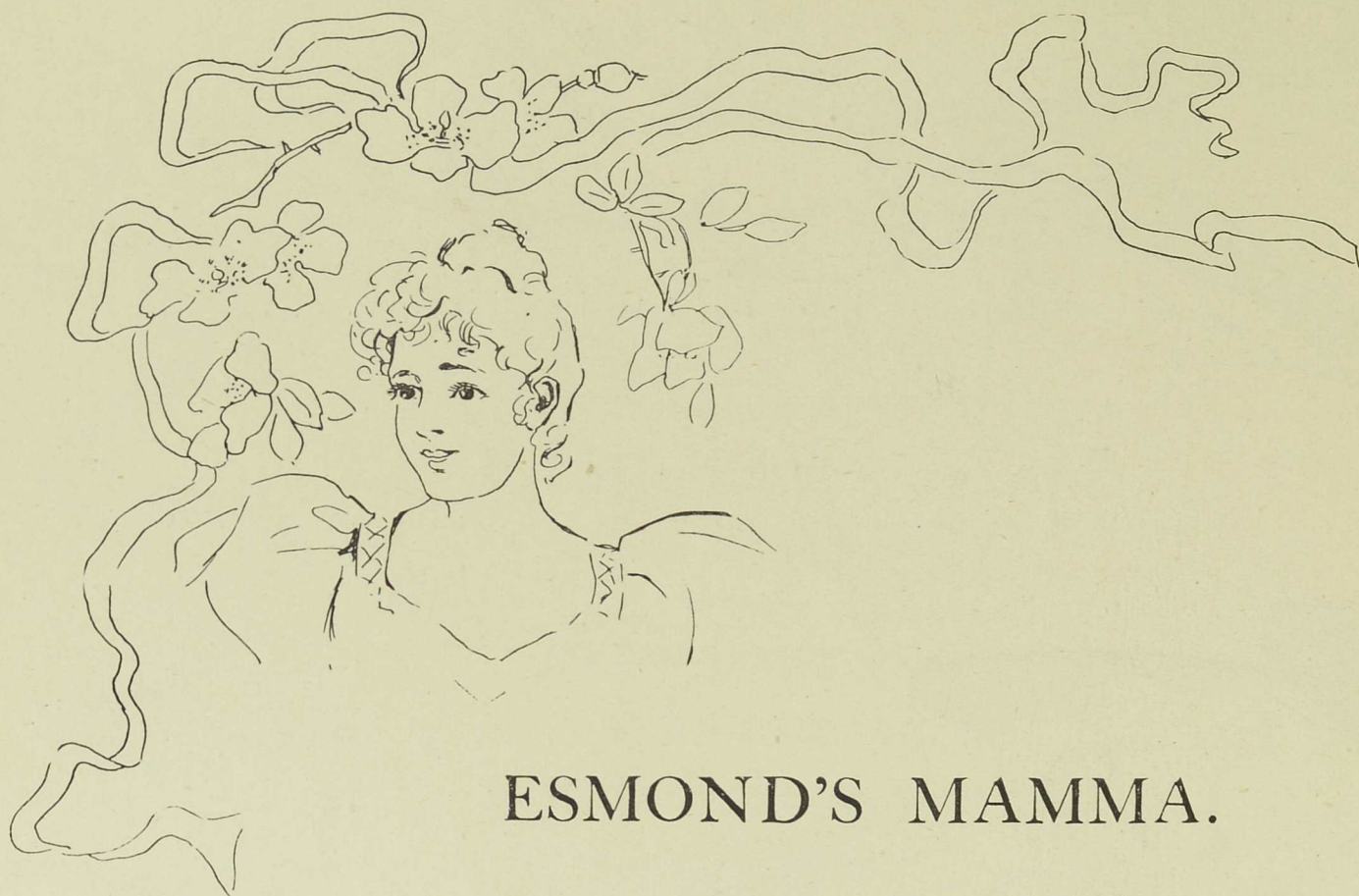
Fluffy playing
With a string,
And the hammock's
Gentle swing

Lulled our darling
To repose,
As this dreamy
Picture shows.

Tho' the tea-bell
Rings out clear,
Slumb'ring Gladys
Does not hear.

Grandma seeking,
Smiling sees
Sleeping beauty
'Neath the trees.





ESMOND'S MAMMA.

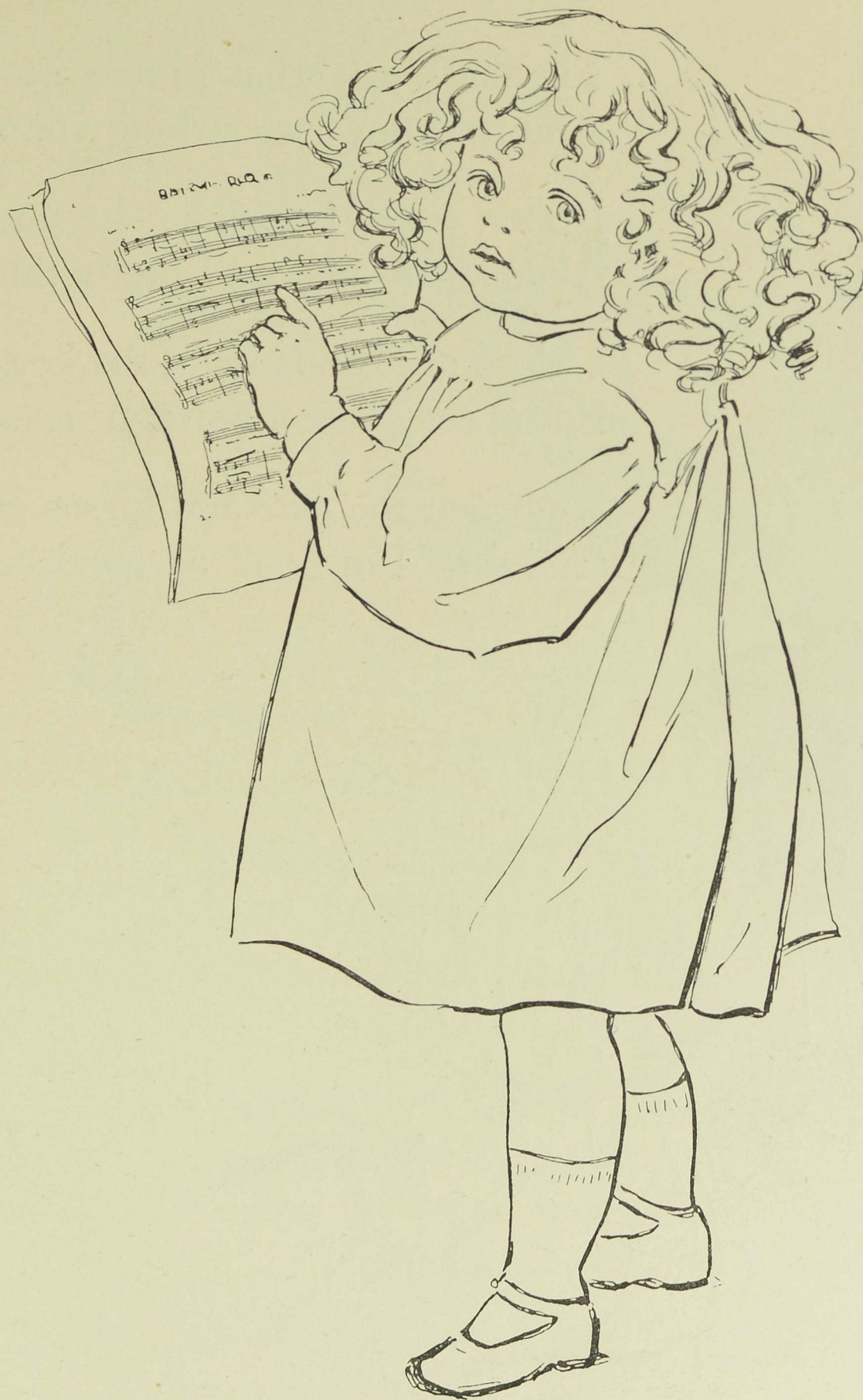
“MAMMA can sing this pretty song
I'll show you how—it won't
take long.

I asked her what it's all about,
You'll want to know I have no doubt,

And French is quite too hard for *me*
Which my mamma sings easily.

This song tells how the birds *don't* sing,
The sky gets dark, the bells *won't* ring,

The flowers have no colours bright
While everything seems dark as night,



And don't you see no one is gay
'Cause—little Esmond's going away!

For that's just what Mamma told me
And she knows everything you see.

I often watch her while she sings
About these nice and pretty things,

I place my hands upon the keys
But never make a noise, or tease—

And then she pets and kisses me
And says I'm good as good can be."





TWIRLAWAY! WHIRLAWAY!

TWIRLAWAY! whirlaway!
Dolly and I,
All round the nursery
Madly we fly!

Happy-go-lucky girls
As you may see,
Playing the whole day long,
Dolly with me.

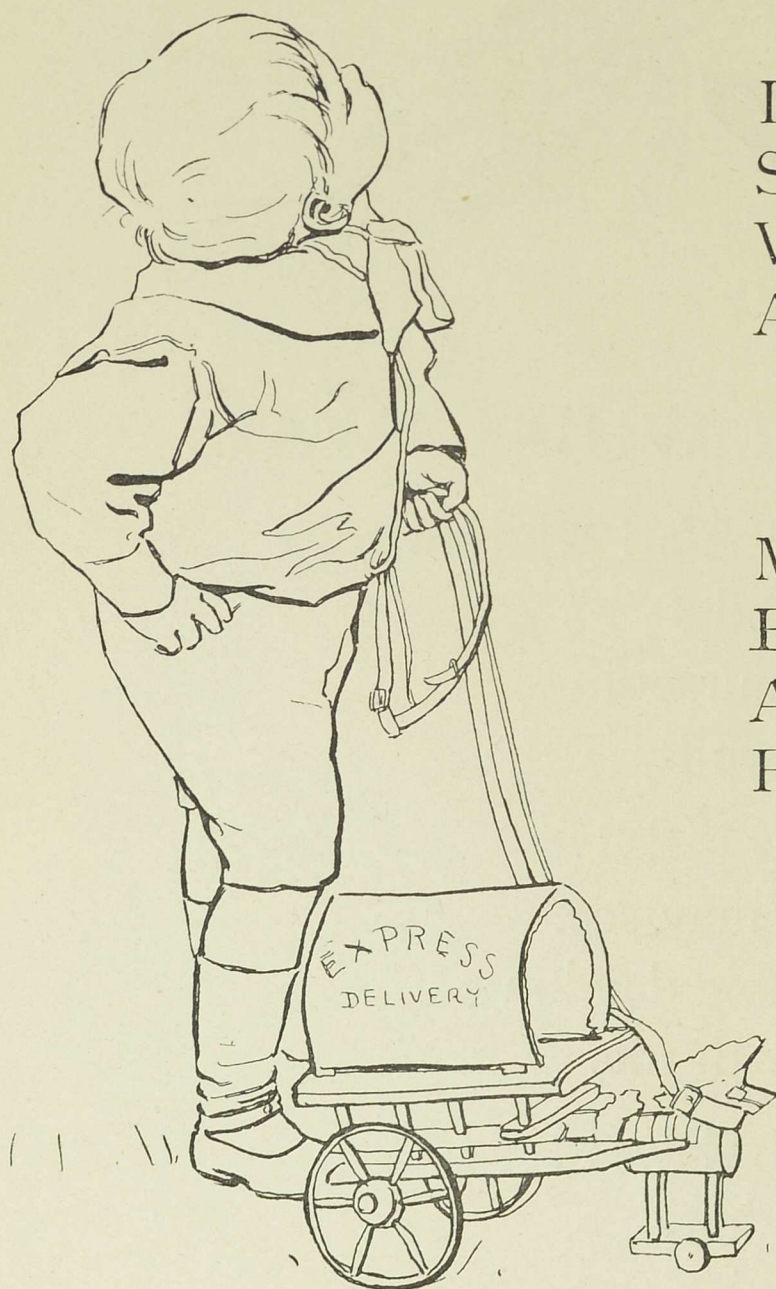
Twirlaway! whirlaway!
Only half drest,
Some one our picture took,
That tells the rest.

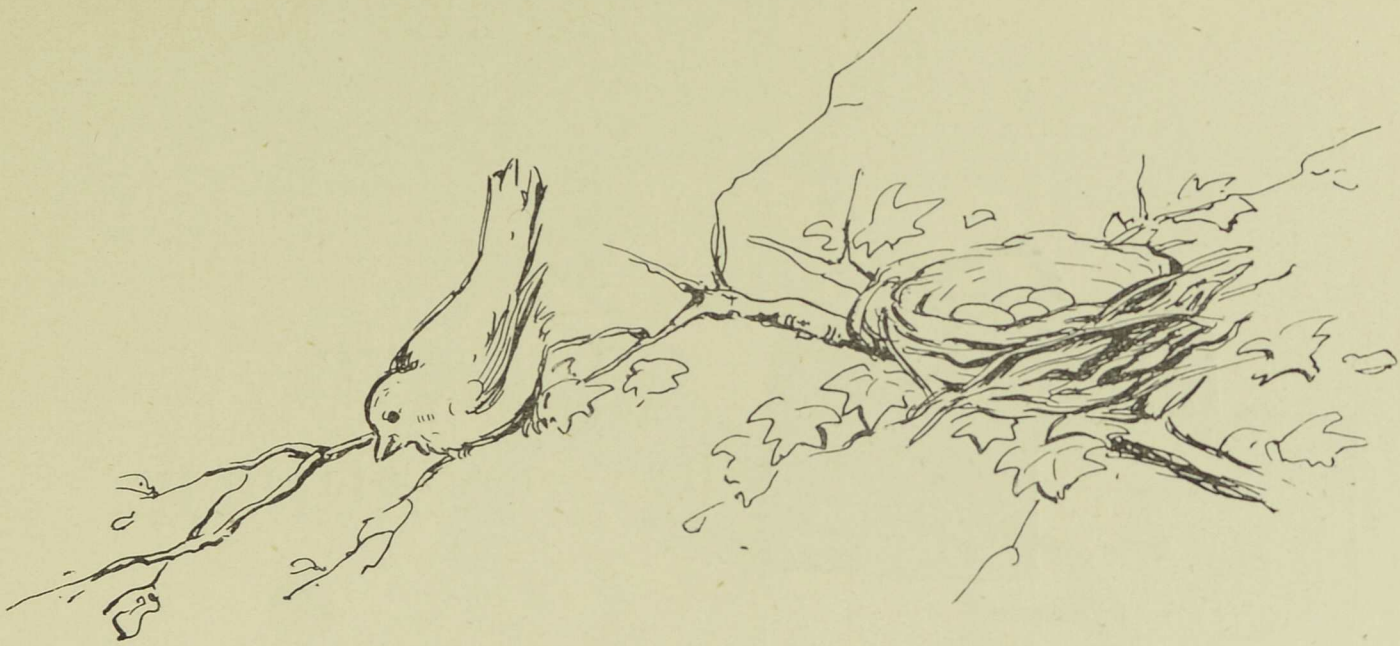
THE BIRDIES' MOVING DAY.

“COME birdies all,
The spring is here,
You ought to move,
That's very clear.

I've found a pretty
Sunny spot
Where you can live
As well as not.

My cart has nothing
Else to do,
And I won't charge
For moving you ;

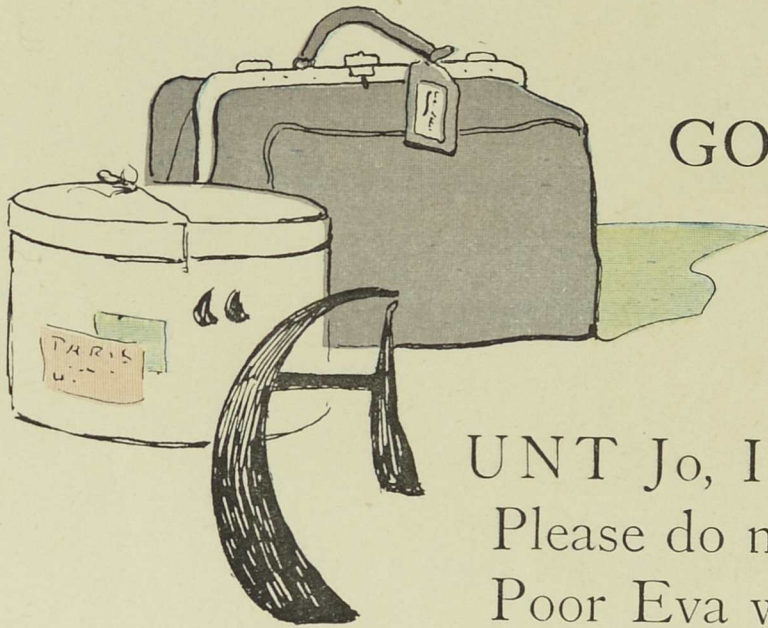




Your nests I'll place
So carefully,
No eggs shall break
As you will see ;

And when your baby
Birds fly out,
They'll get to know me
I've no doubt.

So come along,
Jump in I say !
For this is birdies'
Moving day."



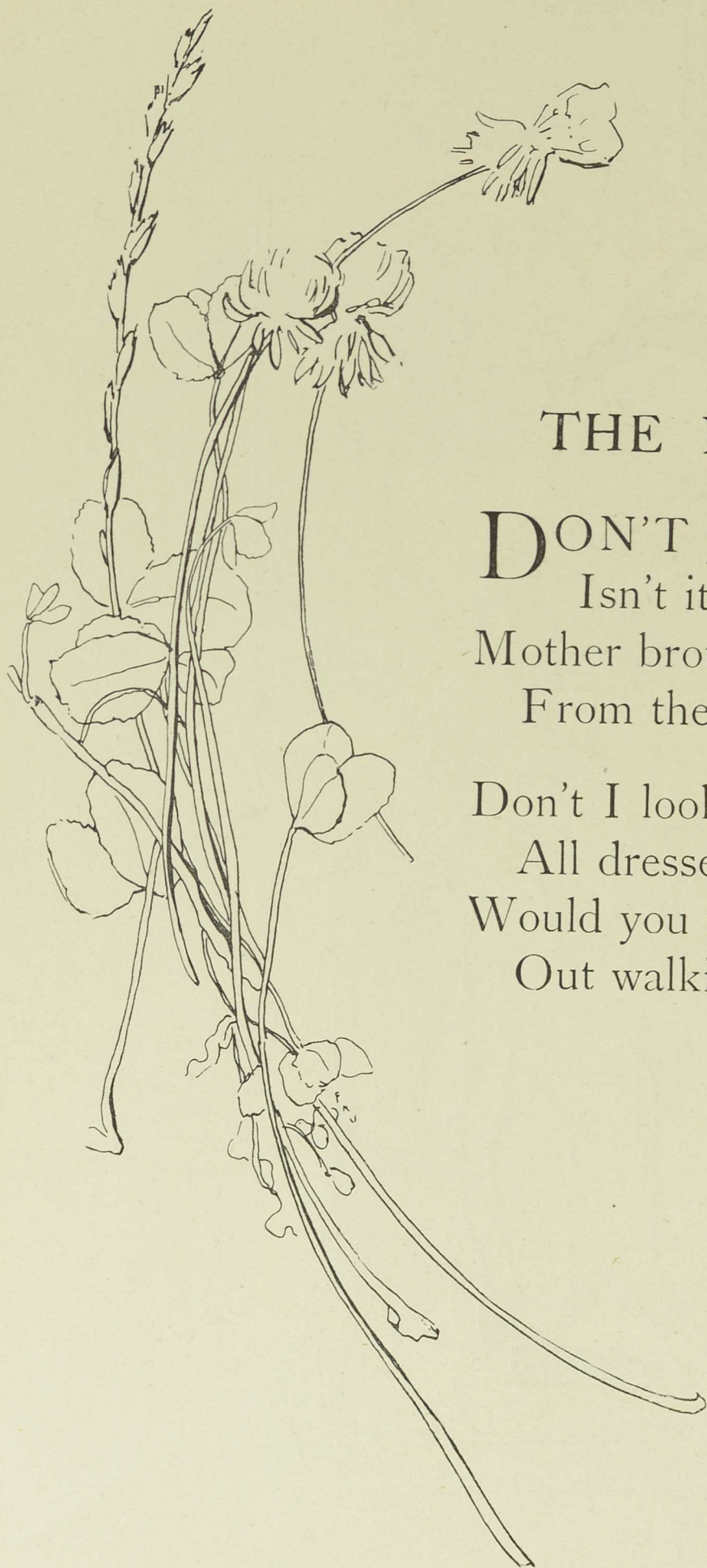
GOOD-BYE,
AUNTIE.

AUNT Jo, I love 'oo very much,
Please do not go away,
Poor Eva will be all alone,
I wish 'oo'd try to stay.

Or let me go back home with 'oo,
'Cause mamma's in the sky,
And baby sister never speaks
Excepting just to cry.

I'm going to hold 'oo very tight
'Oo boo'ful Auntie Jo,
'Oo's made for little girls to love
So please don't ever go!"



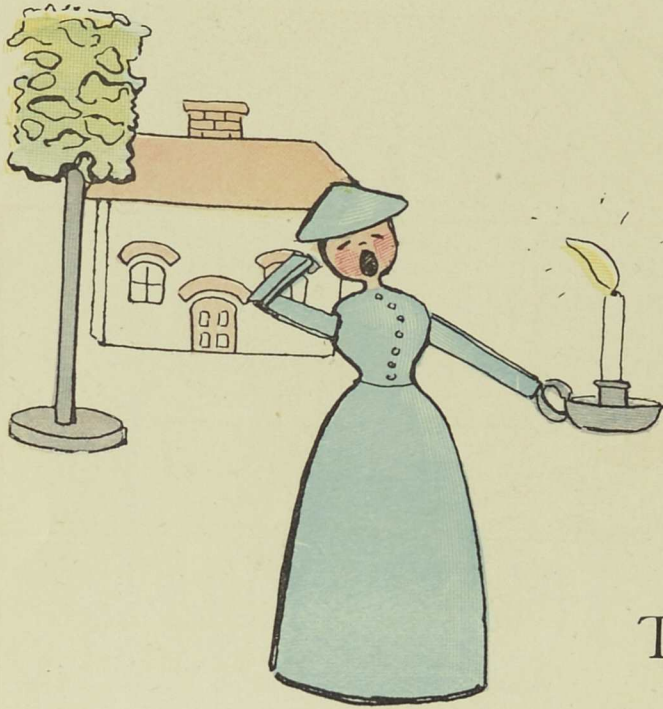


THE NEW BONNET.

DON'T you like my bonnet new,
Isn't it quite pretty?
Mother brought it home you know
From the busy city.

Don't I look just like a rose
All dressed up in pink?
Would you take me for a flower
Out walking—do you think?"





ROCK-A-BYE.

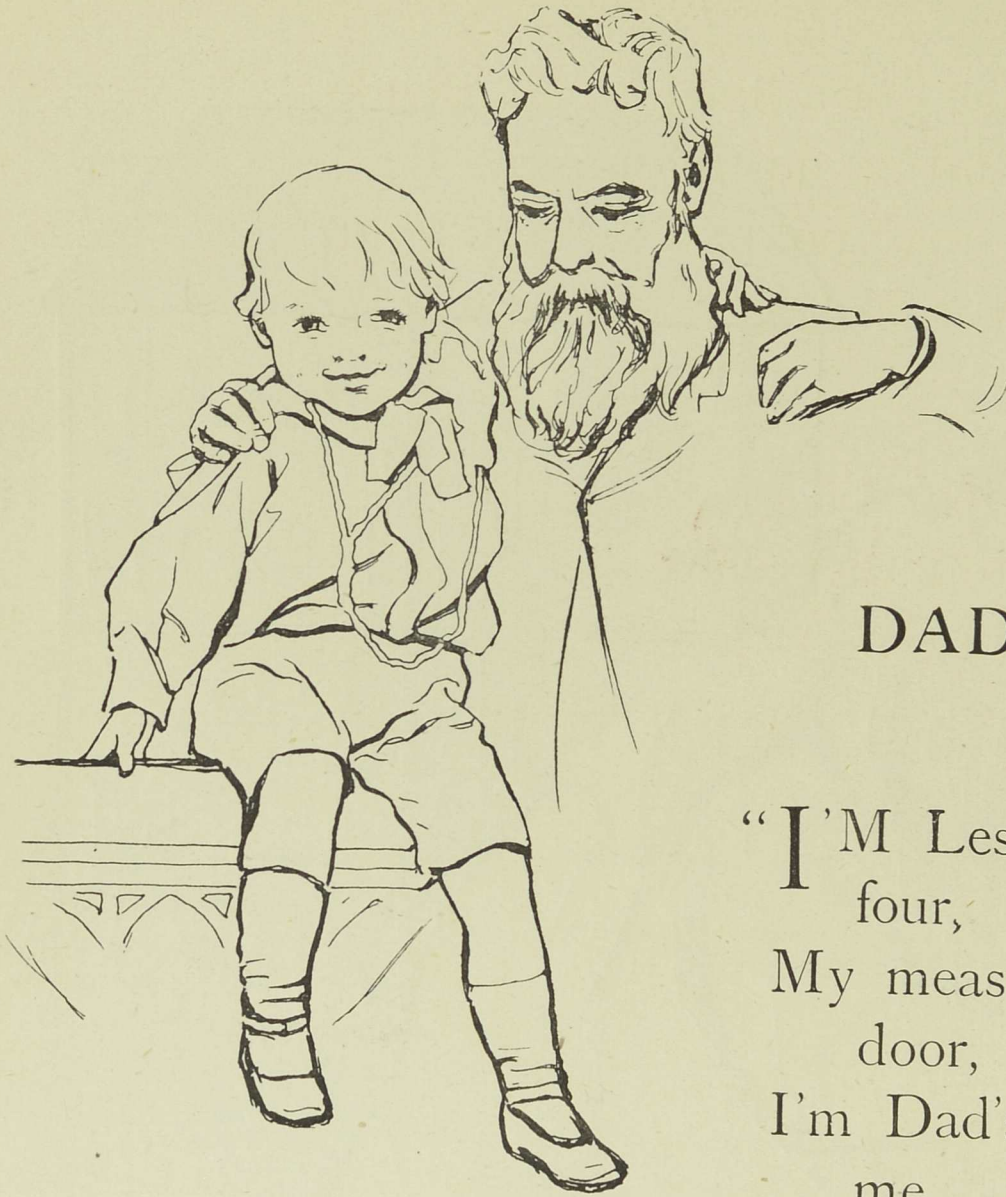
“ROCK-a-bye baby,
A drowsy good-night,
The moment you lie down
Your eyes shut up tight ;

The candle burns brightly
But what do you care ?
If I left it all night
You'd sleep on, I declare.

I've tucked you in tightly
Close up to your chin,
For I want to be sure
No cold air can get in.

There's a lot to be thought of
To bring you up right,
And mothers get tired too,
So once more—good-night.”





DAD'S PARTNER.

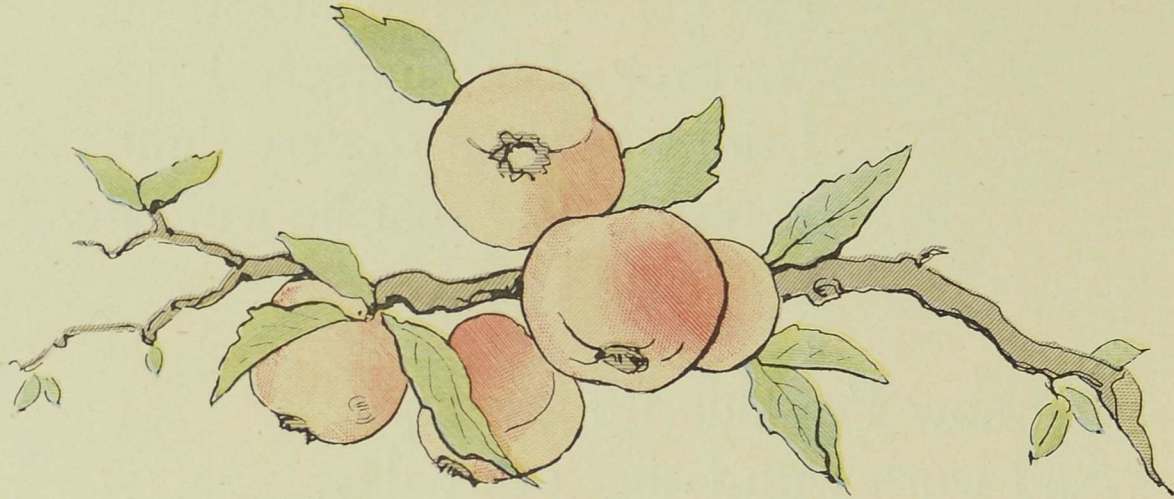
“I’M Leslie, and I’ve just turned
four,
My measure’s marked upon the
door,
I’m Dad’s big boy and he loves
me,
I’m going to work for him you’ll
see.

I’ve learned to make a great, big O,
To school I shall not need to go,
And I can count one, two, three, four,
But pretty soon I’ll know some more.

I've got a horse to sit astride,
And round the nursery I ride,
I don't hold on so very tight,
Nor do I fear that he will bite.

But now I'm four I'll give up play
And work with father every day,
There isn't any time to lose
For my profession I must choose."





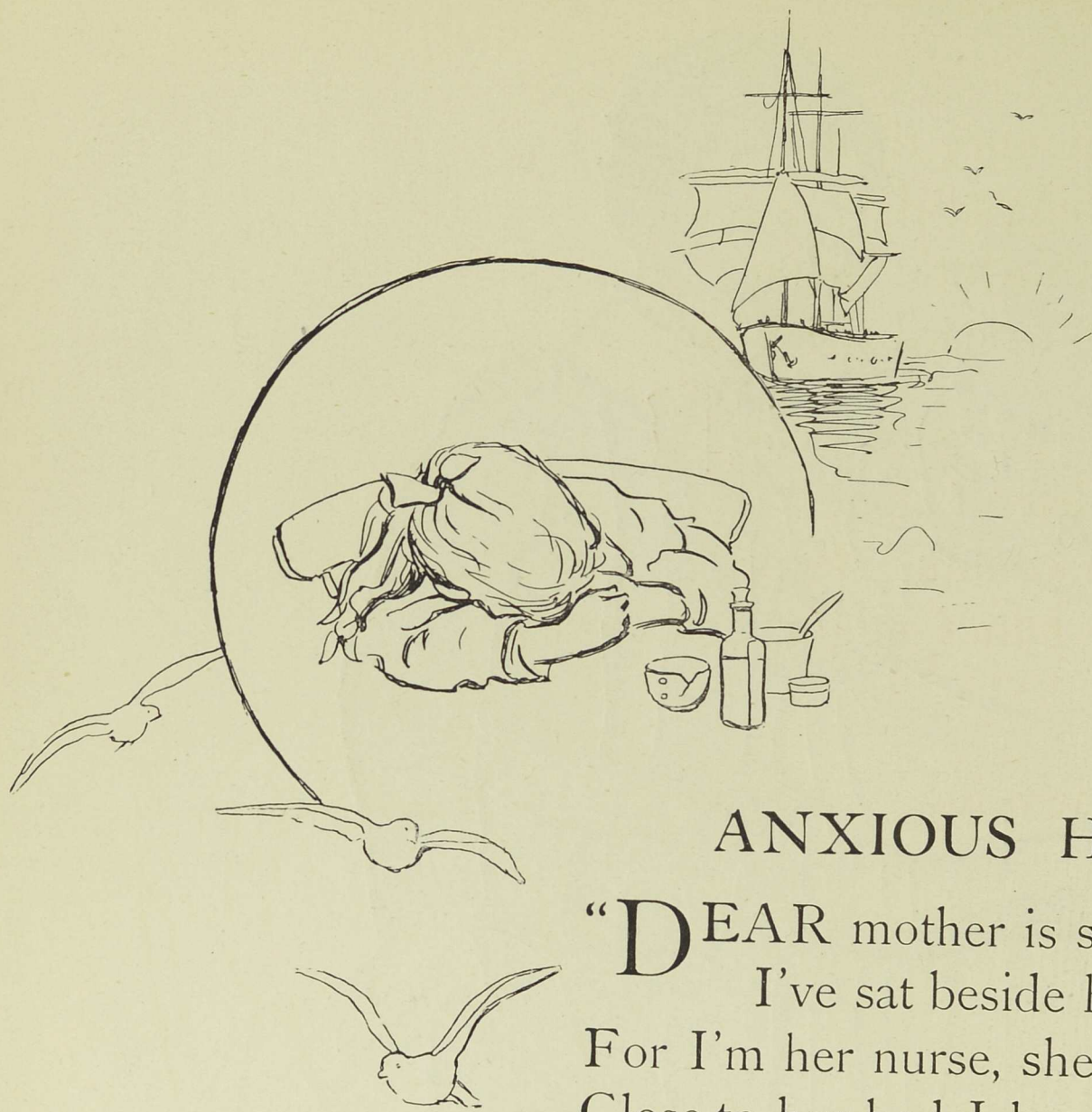
GENEROUS GERTRUDE.

“OPEN your mouth
And shut your eyes,
For sister's got
A lovely prize!

And all those teeth
So sharp and white
Are sure to get
A great big bite!

I'd just as soon
You ate it all,
So open wide
Dear brother Paul.”





ANXIOUS HEART.

“**D**EAR mother is so very ill,
I've sat beside her all to-day,
For I'm her nurse, she's no one else,
Close to her bed I love to stay.

She's been asleep a little while,
And Kitty said to keep so still—
Kitty's our neighbour, and she comes
To help along now mother's ill.

She brought this bowl of bread and
milk
And said 'twas time I had my tea,
But I shall hold it on my lap
'Till mother wakes—for don't you see

She may be very hungry then,
She didn't eat a thing to-day,
I'll feed her from this little spoon
Because last night I heard them say

Mother might die, she is so weak,
And I should be left all alone,
I cried so much I couldn't sleep,
And prayed that father might come
home.

For he's been gone a long, long
time
To countries far across the
sea,
I hope his ship will sail
quite fast
And bring him back to
her and me."



“MINE!”

SAD is my song,
For it must tell
That selfish hearts
In children dwell.

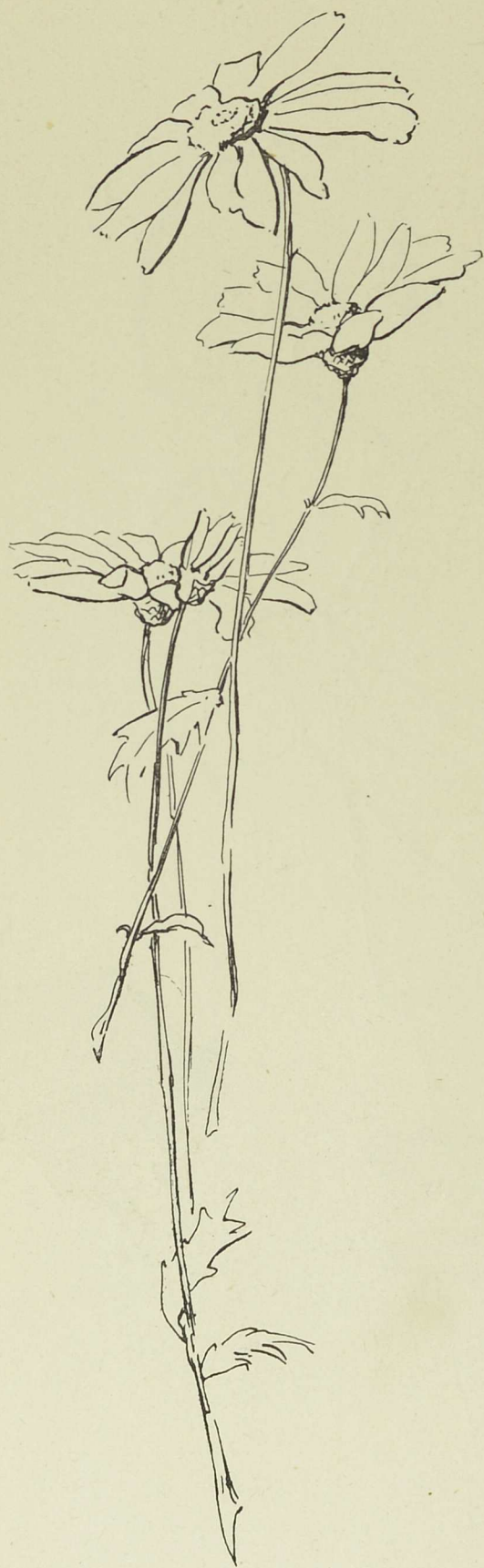
This little maid
Must learn to know
She cannot treat
Her brother so,

Must let him take
And use her toys,
God means them both
To share their joys.



“Mine!” is a word
No one may say,
’Twill trouble bring
Where children play.





VIOLET'S BUTTERFLY.

BUTTERFLY! Butterfly!
Do you like me?

Stay on my finger
That sister may see.

Am I so *sweet* that
You stop by the way?
Maybe you think that
Together we'll play

Over the green grass where
Sweet flowers grow,
In the gay meadows
Where waterbrooks flow.

Ah! now you're going,
I can't make you stay
While your gay brothers
Are flitting this way."



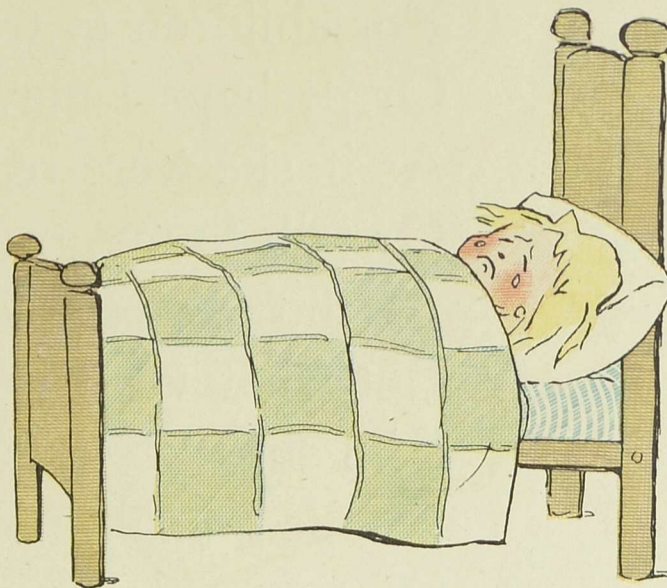


UNKIND.

“’O’O naughty, naughty ’ittle girl,
I’ll *s’ap* ’oo *welley* hard,
Oo’ve been and torn ’oor nice best *d’ess*
Playing out in *ze* yard!

Zere! stop ’oor c’ying—or I’ll make
’Oo c’y a g’a’ deal more,
’Oo’s going to be put *yite* to bed.
I told ’oo *zat* before.

So if ’oo spoil ’oor *pitty clo’es*
I’ll take *zem* all away,
And shut ’oo in *ze* cupboard too
Until oo’s *dood* I say!”





OLD-
FASHIONED.

“THEY call me the old-fashioned
girlie,
I’d like to know just what they mean,
Perhaps it has gone out of fashion
For children to try and keep clean :
Or perhaps I may play with my dolly
As if she were really alive,
Or talk to my grandma and aunties
As tho’ I were older than five.
But whatever I do that is funny
(I’m sure I *would* change if I could,)
I hope I shall keep the old fashion
Of being obedient and good.”





IVO THE BOLD.

“A SAILOR brave
I mean to be,
This fine new suit
Has started me ;

From nurse I'm going
To run away,
For I'm just tired
Of baby play.

I'm quite a man,
My childhood's past,
I'm sure that I
Can climb the mast ;

And if we fight
I'll bang away
At my big cannon
All the day.




I fairly long
To shoot and kill,
And naughty people's
Blood to spill !

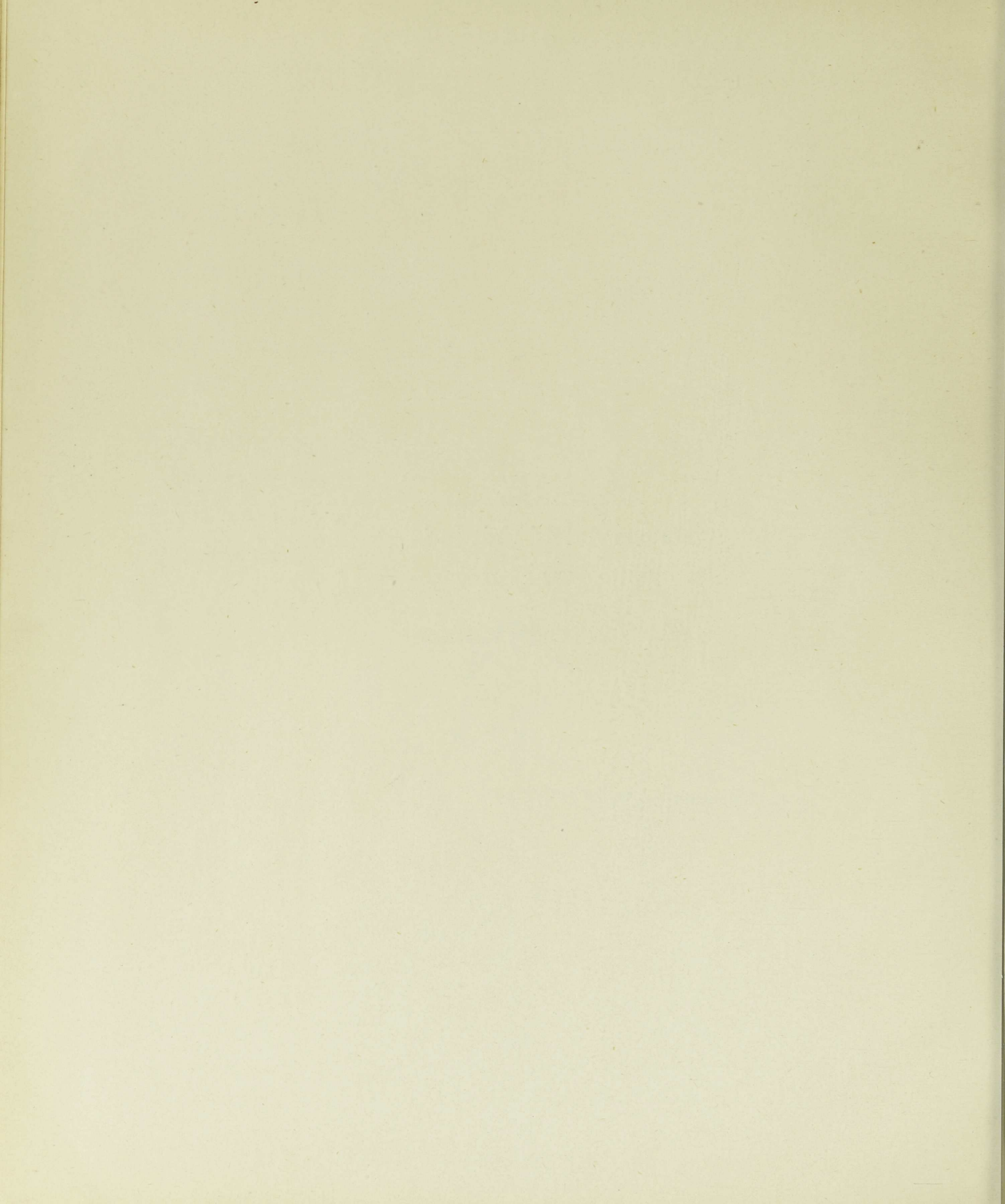
I'm really *thirsting*
Don't you see—
—O nurse dear
Is that my tea ?”

Then smiling sweet
This spirit bold
Sat down and ate
As he was told.



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MEARTS.



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