A CHILD'S BOOK OF OLD VERSES

WITH PICTURES BY
JESSIE WILLCOX SMITH

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A CHILD'S BOOK OF OLD VERSES

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JESSIE WILLCOX SMITH

A CHILD'S GRACE

"SOME hae meat and canna eat,
And some wad eat that want it;
But we hae meat and we can eat,
And sae the Lord be thankit."

Acknowledgment is made to Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons for their courteous permission to use the verse from "A Child's Garden of Verses" on the fly-leaf.

A CHILD'S BOOK OF OLD VERSES

SELECTED AND ILLUSTRATED
BY
JESSIE WILLCOX SMITH

NEW YORK
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1910

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A CHILD'S BOOK OF OLD VERSES

A THOUGHT

IT is very nice to think
The world is full of meat and drink,
With little children saying grace
In every Christian kind of place.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

A CHILD'S BOOK OF OLD VERSES

GOOD-NIGHT AND GOOD-MORNING

A FAIR little girl sat under a tree
Sewing as long as her eyes could see;
Then smoothed her work and folded it right,
And said, "Dear work, good-night, good-night!"

Such a number of rooks came over her head
Crying, "Caw, caw!" on their way to bed;
She said, as she watched their curious flight,
"Little black things, good-night, good-night!"

The horses neighed, and the oxen lowed;
The sheep's "Bleat, bleat!" came over the road,
All seeming to say, with a quiet delight,
"Good little girl, good-night, good-night!"

She did not say to the sun, "Good-night!"
Though she saw him there like a ball of light;
For she knew he had God's own time to keep
All over the world, and never could sleep.

The tall, pink Fox-glove bowed his head—
The Violets curtsied, and went to bed;
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
And said, on her knees, her favourite prayer.

And while on her pillow she softly lay,
She knew nothing more till again it was day,
And all things said to the beautiful sun,
"Good-morning, good-morning! our work is begun."

LORD HOUGHTON.
(*Richard Monckton Milnes.*)

SPRING SONG

SPRING comes hither,
  Buds the rose;
Roses wither,
  Sweet spring goes.

Summer soars,—
  Wide-winged day;
White light pours,
  Flies away.

Soft winds blow,
  Westward born;
Onward go,
  Toward the morn.

GEORGE ELIOT.

QUEEN MAB

A LITTLE fairy comes at night;
  Her eyes are blue, her hair is brown,
With silver spots upon her wings,
  And from the moon she flutters down.

She has a little silver wand,
  And when a good child goes to bed,
She waves her wand from right to left,
  And makes a circle round its head.

And then it dreams of pleasant things—
Of fountains filled with fairy fish,
And trees that bear delicious fruit,
And bow their branches at a wish;

Of arbours filled with dainty scents
From lovely flowers that never fade,
Bright flies that glitter in the sun,
And glow-worms shining in the shade;

And talking birds with gifted tongues
For singing songs and telling tales,
And pretty dwarfs to show the way
Through fairy hills and fairy dales.

THOMAS HOOD.

WATCHING ANGELS

ANGELS at the foot,
And Angels at the head,
And like a curly little lamb
My pretty babe in bed.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

OUR MOTHER

HUNDREDS of stars in the pretty sky,
Hundreds of shells on the shore together,
Hundreds of birds that go singing by,
Hundreds of birds in the sunny weather.

Hundreds of dewdrops to greet the dawn,
Hundreds of bees in the purple clover,
Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn,
But only one mother the wide world over.

UNKNOWN.

TO THE LADY-BIRD

LADY-BIRD! Lady-bird! fly away home;
The field-mouse is gone to her nest,
The daisies have shut up their sleepy red eyes,
And the birds and the bees are at rest.

Lady-bird! Lady-bird! fly away home;
The glow-worm is lighting her lamp,
The dew's falling fast, and your fine speckled wings
Will flag with the close-clinging damp.

Lady-bird! Lady-bird! fly away home;
The fairy-bells tinkle afar;
Make haste, or they'll catch you and harness you fast
With a cobweb to Oberon's car.

UNKNOWN.

AULD DADDY DARKNESS

AULD DADDY DARKNESS creeps frae his hole,
Black as a blackamoor, blin' as a mole:
Stir the fire till it lowes, let the bairnie sit,
Auld Daddy Darkness is no wantit yet.

See him in the corners hidin' frae the licht,
See him at the window gloomin' at the nicht;
Turn up the gas licht, close the shutters a',
An' Auld Daddy Darkness will flee far awa'.

Awa' to hide the birdie within its cosy nest,
Awa' to lap the wee flooers on their mither's breast,
Awa' to loosen Gaffer Toil frae his daily ca',
For Auld Daddy Darkness is kindly to a'.

He comes when we're weary to wean's frae oor waes,
He comes when the bairnies are getting aff their claes,
To cover them sae cosy, an' bring bonnie dreams,
So Auld Daddy Darkness is better than he seems.

Steek yer een, my wee tot, ye'll see Daddy then;
He's in below the bed claes, to cuddle ye he's fain;
Noo nestle in his bosie, sleep and dream yer fill,
Till Wee Davie Daylicht comes keekin' owre the hill.

JAMES FERGUSON.

CRADLE HYMN

AWAY in a manger, no crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus laid down his sweet head.
The stars in the bright sky looked down where he lay—
The little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay.

The cattle are lowing, the baby awakes,
But little Lord Jesus, no crying he makes.
I love thee, Lord Jesus! look down from the sky,
And stay by my cradle till morning is nigh.

MARTIN LUTHER.

THE COW AND THE ASS

BESIDE a green meadow a stream used to flow,
So clear, you might see the white pebbles below;
To this cooling brook the warm cattle would stray,
To stand in the shade on a hot summer's day.

A cow, quite oppressed by the heat of the sun,
Came here to refresh, as she often had done,
And, standing quite still, stooping over the stream,
Was musing, perhaps; or perhaps she might dream.

But soon a brown ass, of respectable look,
Came trotting up also, to taste of the brook,
And to nibble a few of the daisies and grass:
"How d'ye do?" said the Cow;—
"How d'ye do?" said the Ass.

"Take a seat," said the Cow, gently waving her hand;
"By no means, dear Madam," said he, "while you stand."
Then, stooping to drink, with a complaisant bow,
"Ma'am, your health," said the Ass:
"Thank you, Sir," said the Cow.

When a few of these compliments more had been passed,
They laid themselves down on the herbage at last;
And waiting politely, (as gentlemen must),
The ass held his tongue, that the cow might speak first.

Then with a deep sigh, she directly began,
"Don't you think, Mr. Ass, we are injured by man?
'Tis a subject which lies with a weight on my mind:
We really are greatly oppressed by mankind.

"Pray, what is the reason—I see none at all—
That I always must go when Jane chooses to call?
Whatever I'm doing—'tis certainly hard—
I'm forced to leave off, to be milked in the yard.

"I've no will of my own, but must do as they please,
And give them my milk to make butter and cheese;
Sometimes I endeavour to kick down the pail,
Or give her a box on the ear with my tail!"

"But, Ma'am," said the Ass, "not presuming to teach—
Oh, dear! I beg pardon—pray finish your speech;
Excuse my mistake," said the complaisant swain;
"Go on, and I'll not interrupt you again."

"Why, Sir, I was just then about to observe,
Those hard-hearted tyrants no longer I'll serve;
But leave them for ever to do as they please,
And look somewhere else for their butter and cheese."

Ass waited a moment, his answer to scan,
And then, "Not presuming to teach," he began,
"Permit me to say, since my thoughts you invite,
I always saw things in a different light.

"That you afford man an important supply,
No ass in his senses would ever deny:
But then, in return, 'tis but fair to allow,
They are of some service to you, Mistress Cow.

"'Tis their pleasant meadow in which you repose,
And they find you a shelter from winterly snows.
For comforts like these, we're indebted to man;
And for him, in return, should do all that we can."

The cow, upon this, cast her eyes on the grass,
Not pleased to be schooled in this way by an ass:
"Yet," said she to herself, "though he's not very bright,
I really believe that the fellow is right!"

JANE TAYLOR.

THE BOY WHO NEVER TOLD A LIE

ONCE there was a little boy,
With curly hair and pleasant eye—
A boy who always told the truth,
And never, never told a lie.

And when he trotted off to school,
The children all about would cry,
"There goes the curly-headed boy—
The boy that never tells a lie."

And everybody loved him so,
Because he always told the truth,
That every day, as he grew up,
'Twas said, "There goes the honest youth."

And when the people that stood near
Would turn to ask the reason why,
The answer would be always this:
"Because he never tells a lie."

ANONYMOUS.

THE FAIRY FOLK

COME cuddle close in daddy's coat
Beside the fire so bright,
And hear about the fairy folk
That wander in the night.
For when the stars are shining clear
And all the world is still,
They float across the silver moon
From hill to cloudy hill.

Their caps of red, their cloaks of green,
Are hung with silver bells,
And when they're shaken with the wind
Their merry ringing swells.
And riding on the crimson moth,
With black spots on his wings,
They guide them down the purple sky
With golden bridle rings.

They love to visit girls and boys
To see how sweet they sleep,
To stand beside their cosy cots
And at their faces peep.

For in the whole of fairy land
They have no finer sight
Than little children sleeping sound
With faces rosy bright.

On tip-toe crowding round their heads,
When bright the moonlight beams,
They whisper little tender words
That fill their minds with dreams;
And when they see a sunny smile,
With lightest finger tips
They lay a hundred kisses sweet
Upon the ruddy lips.

And then the little spotted moths
Spread out their crimson wings,
And bear away the fairy crowd
With shaking bridle rings.
Come bairnies, hide in daddy's coat,
Beside the fire so bright—
Perhaps the little fairy folk
Will visit you to-night.

ROBERT BIRD.

ANSWER TO A CHILD'S QUESTION

DO you ask what the birds say? The sparrow, the dove,
The linnet, and thrush say, "I love and I love!"
In the winter they're silent, the wind is so strong;
What it says I don't know, but it sings a loud song.
But green leaves and blossoms, and sunny warm weather,
And singing and loving, all come back together;
Then the lark is so brimful of gladness and love,
The green fields below him, the blue sky above,
That he sings and he sings and forever sings he,
"I love my love and my love loves me."

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

THE PIN

"DEAR me! what signifies a pin!
I'll leave it on the floor;
My pincushion has others in,
Mamma has plenty more:
A miser will I never be,"
Said little heedless Emily.

A CHILD'S QUESTION

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THE PIN

"DEAR me! what signifies a pin!
I'll leave it on the floor;
My pincushion has others in,
Mamma has plenty more.
A miser will I never be,"
Said little heedless Emily.

So tripping on to giddy play
  She left the pin behind,
For Betty's broom to whisk away,
  Or some one else to find;
She never gave a thought, indeed,
To what she might to-morrow need.

Next day a party was to ride,
  To see an air-balloon!
And all the company beside
  Were dressed and ready soon:
But she, poor girl, she could not stir,
For just a pin to finish her.

'Twas vainly now, with eye and hand,
  She did to search begin;
There was not one—not one, the band
  Of her pelisse to pin!
She cut her pincushion in two,
But not a pin had slidden through!

At last, as, hunting on the floor,
  Over a crack she lay,
The carriage rattled to the door,
  Then rattled fast away.

Poor Emily! she was not in,
For want of just—a single pin!

There's hardly anything so small,
  So trifling, or so mean,
That we may never want at all,
  For service unforeseen:
And those who venture wilful waste,
May woful want expect to taste.

ANN TAYLOR.

PRETTY COW

THANK you, pretty cow, that made
  Pleasant milk to soak my bread,
Every day and every night,
Warm, and fresh, and sweet, and white.

Do not chew the hemlock rank,
Growing on the weedy bank;
But the yellow cowslip eat,
That will make it very sweet.

Where the purple violet grows,
Where the bubbling water flows,
Where the grass is fresh and fine,
Pretty cow, go there and dine.

JANE TAYLOR.

A LITTLE BOY'S POCKET

DO you know what's in my pottet?
  Such a lot of treasures in it!
Listen now while I bedin it:
Such a lot of sings it holds,
And everysin dats in my pottet,
And when, and where, and how I dot it.
First of all, here's in my pottet
A beauty shell, I pit'd it up:
And here's the handle of a tup
That somebody has broked at tea;
The shell's a hole in it, you see;
Nobody knows dat I dot it,
I teep it safe here in my pottet.
And here's my ball too in my pottet,
And here's my pennies, one, two, free,
That Aunty Mary dave to me,
To-morrow day I'll buy a spade,
When I'm out walking with the maid;
I tant put that here in my pottet!
But I can use it when I've dot it.
Here's some more sings in my pottet,

Here's my lead, and here's my string;
And once I had an iron ring,
But through a hole it lost one day,
And this is what I always say—
A hole's the worst sing in a pottet,
Be sure and mend it when you've dot it.

UNKNOWN.

CRADLE HYMN

HUSH, my dear, lie still and slumber;
Holy angels guard thy bed;
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe, thy food and raiment,
House and home, thy friends provide;
All without thy care, or payment,
All thy wants are well supplied.

How much better thou'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from heaven He descended,
And became a child like thee!

Soft and easy is thy cradle;
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay,
When His birthplace was a stable,
And His softest bed was hay.

See the kindly shepherds round him,
Telling wonders from the sky!
When they sought Him, there they found Him,
With his Virgin-Mother by.

See the lovely babe a-dressing;
Lovely infant, how He smiled!
When He wept, the mother's blessing
Soothed and hushed the holy child.

Lo, He slumbers in His manger,
Where the honest oxen fed;
—Peace, my darling! here's no danger!
Here's no ox a-near thy bed!

Mayst thou live to know and fear Him,
Trust and love Him all thy days;
Then go dwell forever near Him,
See His face, and sing His praise!

I could give thee thousand kisses,
  Hoping what I most desire;
Not a mother's fondest wishes
  Can to greater joys aspire.

ISAAC WATTS.

DO YOU KNOW HOW MANY STARS?

DO you know how many stars
  There are shining in the skies?
Do you know how many clouds
Ev'ry day go floating by?
God in heaven has counted all,
He would miss one should it fall.

Do you know how many children
Go to little beds at night,
And without a care or sorrow,
Wake up in the morning light?
God in heaven each name can tell,
Loves you, too, and loves you well.

FROM THE GERMAN.

WHERE DO ALL THE DAISIES GO?

WHERE do all the daisies go?
  I know, I know!
Underneath the snow they creep,
Nod their little heads and sleep,
In the springtime out they peep;
  That is where they go!

Where do all the birdies go?
  I know, I know!
Far away from winter snow
To the fair, warm South they go;
There they stay till daisies blow,
  That is where they go!

Where do all the babies go?
  I know, I know!
In the glancing firelight warm,
Safely sheltered from all harm,
Soft they lie on mother's arm,
  That is where they go!

UNKNOWN.

A PRAYER

FATHER, we thank Thee for the night
And for the pleasant morning light,
For rest and food and loving care,
And all that makes the world so fair.
Help us to do the thing we should,
To be to others kind and good,
In all we do, in all we say,
To grow more loving every day.

UNKNOWN.

THE LARK AND THE ROOK

"GOOD-NIGHT, Sir Rook!" said a little lark.
"The daylight fades; it will soon be dark;
I've bathed my wings in the sun's last ray;
I've sung my hymn to the parting day;
So now I haste to my quiet nook
In yon dewy meadow—good-night, Sir Rook!"

"Good-night, poor Lark," said his titled friend,
With a haughty toss and a distant bend;

"I also go to my rest profound,
But not to sleep on the cold, damp ground.
The fittest place for a bird like me
Is the topmost bough of yon tall pine-tree.

"I opened my eyes at peep of day
And saw you taking your upward way,
Dreaming your fond romantic dreams.
An ugly speck in the sun's bright beams;
Soaring too high to be seen or heard;
And I said to myself: 'What a foolish bird!'

"I trod the park with a princely air,
I filled my crop with the richest fare;
I cawed all day 'mid a lordly crew,
And I made more noise in the world than you!
The sun shone forth on my ebon wing;
I looked and wondered—good-night, poor thing!"

"Good-night, once more," said the lark's sweet voice.
"I see no cause to repent my choice;
You build your nest in the lofty pine,
But is your slumber more sweet than mine?
You make more noise in the world than I,
But whose is the sweeter minstrelsy?"

UNKNOWN.

HOW DOTH THE LITTLE BUSY BEE

HOW doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flow'r!

How skilfully she builds her cell!
How neat she spreads the wax!
And labours hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labour or of skill,
I would be busy too;
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play,
Let my first years be passed,
That I may give for ev'ry day
Some good account at last.

ISAAC WATTS.

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ISAAC WATTS.

THE CITY MOUSE AND THE GARDEN MOUSE

THE city mouse lives in a house;—
The garden mouse lives in a bower,
He's friendly with the frogs and toads,
And sees the pretty plants in flower.

The city mouse eats bread and cheese;—
The garden mouse eats what he can;
We will not grudge him seeds and stocks,
Poor little timid furry man.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

GRASSHOPPER GREEN

GRASSHOPPER green is a comical chap;
He lives on the best of fare.
Bright little trousers, jacket, and cap,
These are his summer wear.
Out in the meadow he loves to go,
Playing away in the sun;
It's hopperty, skipperty, high and low,
Summer's the time for fun.

Grasshopper green has a quaint little house;
It's under the hedge so gay.
Grandmother Spider, as still as a mouse,
Watches him over the way.
Gladly he's calling the children, I know,
Out in the beautiful sun;
It's hopperty, skipperty, high and low,
Summer's the time for fun.

UNKNOWN.

A GRACE FOR A CHILD

HERE a little child I stand,
Heaving up my either hand;
Cold as paddocks though they be,
Here I lift them up to Thee,
For a Benison to fall
On our meat, and on us all. Amen.

ROBERT HERRICK.

THE POPPY

HIGH on a bright and sunny bed
A scarlet poppy grew;
And up it held its staring head,
And thrust it full in view.

Yet no attention did it win,
By all these efforts made,
And less unwelcome had it been
In some retired shade.

For though within its scarlet breast
No sweet perfume was found,
It seemed to think itself the best
Of all the flowers around.

From this I may a hint obtain,
And take great care indeed,
Lest I appear as pert and vain
As does this gaudy weed.

JANE TAYLOR.

STITCHING

A POCKET handkerchief to hem—
Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear!
How many stitches it will take
Before it's done, I fear.

Yet set a stitch and then a stitch,
And stitch and stitch away,
Till stitch by stitch the hem is done—
And after work is play!

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

THE VIOLET

DOWN in a green and shady bed
A modest violet grew;
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,
As if to hide from view.

And yet it was a lovely flower,
No colours bright and fair;
It might have graced a rosy bower,
Instead of hiding there.

Yet there it was content to bloom,
In modest tints arrayed;
And there diffused its sweet perfume,
Within the silent shade.

Then let me to the valley go,
This pretty flower to see;
That I may also learn to grow
In sweet humility.

JANE TAYLOR.

SONG

I HAD a dove and the sweet dove died;
And I have thought it died of grieving:
O, what could it grieve for? Its feet were tied
With a silken thread of my own hand's weaving;
Sweet little red feet! why should you die—
Why should you leave me, sweet bird! why?
You lived alone in the forest-tree,
Why, pretty thing! would you not live with me?
I kiss'd you oft and gave you white peas;
Why not live sweetly, as in the green trees?

JOHN KEATS.

A CHILD'S FANCY

O LITTLE flowers, you love me so,
You could not do without me;
O little birds that come and go,
You sing sweet songs about me;

O little moss, observed by few,
That round the tree is creeping,
You like my head to rest on you,
When I am idly sleeping.

O rushes by the river side,
You bow when I come near you;
O fish, you leap about with pride,
Because you think I hear you;
O river, you shine clear and bright,
To tempt me to look in you;
O water-lilies, pure and white,
You hope that I shall win you.

O pretty things, you love me so,
I see I must not leave you;
You'd find it very dull, I know,
I should not like to grieve you.
Don't wrinkle up, you silly moss;
My flowers, you need not shiver;
My little buds, don't look so cross;
Don't talk so loud, my river.

And I will make a promise, dears,
That will content you, maybe;
I'll love you through the happy years,
Till I'm a nice old lady!

True love (like yours and mine) they say
Can never think of ceasing,
But year by year, and day by day,
Keeps steadily increasing.

" A.

LITTLE GIRLS

IF no one ever marries me,—
And I don't see why they should,
For nurse says I'm not pretty,
And I'm seldom very good—

If no one ever marries me
I shan't mind very much,
I shall buy a squirrel in a cage,
And a little rabbit-hutch;

I shall have a cottage near a wood,
And a pony all my own,
And a little lamb, quite clean and tame,
That I can take to town;

And when I'm getting really old,—
At twenty eight or nine—
I shall buy a little orphan girl
And bring her up as mine.

LAURENCE ALMA TADEMA.

CHOOSING A NAME

I HAVE got a new-born sister;
I was nigh the first that kissed her.
When the nursing woman brought her
To papa, his infant daughter,
How papa's dear eyes did glisten!—
She will shortly be to christen:
And papa has made the offer,
I shall have the naming of her.

Now I wonder what would please her,
Charlotte, Julia, or Louisa?
Ann and Mary, they're too common;
Joan's too formal for a woman;
Jane's a prettier name beside;
But we had a Jane that died.
They would say, if 'twas Rebecca,
That she was a little Quaker.
Edith's pretty, but that looks
Better in old English books;
Ellen's left off long ago;
Blanche is out of fashion now.

None that I have named as yet
Are so good as Margaret.
Emily is neat and fine.
What do you think of Caroline?
How I'm puzzled and perplext
What to choose or think of next!
I am in a little fever
Lest the name that I shall give her
Should disgrace her or defame her;
I will leave papa to name her.

CHARLES LAMB.

LADY MOON

LADY MOON, Lady Moon, where are you roving?
"Over the sea."
Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?
"All that love me."

Are you not tired with rolling, and never
Resting to sleep?
Why look so pale and so sad, as forever
Wishing to weep?

"Ask me not this, little child, if you love me:
You are too bold:
I must obey my dear Father above me,
And do as I'm told."

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?
"Over the sea."
Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?
"All that love me."

LORD HOUGHTON.

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE THE ROSE

THE lily has an air,
And the snowdrop a grace,
And the sweet-pea a way,
And the heart's-ease a face,—
Yet there's nothing like the rose
When she blows.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

I LIKE LITTLE PUSSY

"I LIKE little Pussy,
Her coat is so warm."

"Ask me not this, little child, if you love me?
You are too bold:
I must obey my dear Father above me,
And do as I'm told."

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?
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CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

I LIKE LITTLE PUSSY

I LIKE little Pussy,
Her coat is so warm;
And if I don't hurt her
She'll do me no harm.
So I'll not pull her tail,
Nor drive her away,
But Pussy and I
Very gently will play;
She shall sit by my side,
And I'll give her some food;
And she'll love me because
I am gentle and good.

I'll pat little Pussy,
And then she will purr,
And thus show her thanks
For my kindness to her;
I'll not pinch her ears,
Nor tread on her paw,
Lest I should provoke her
To use her sharp claw;

I never will vex her,
Nor make her displeased,
For Pussy can't bear
To be worried or teased.

JANE TAYLOR.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS

LITTLE children, never give
Pain to things that feel and live:
Let the gentle robin come
For the crumbs you save at home,—
As his meat you throw along
He'll repay you with a song;
Never hurt the timid hare
Peeping from her green grass lair,
Let her come and sport and play
On the lawn at close of day;
The little lark goes soaring high
To the bright windows of the sky,
Singing as if 'twere always spring,
And fluttering on an untired wing,—
Oh! let him sing his happy song,
Nor do these gentle creatures wrong.

UNKNOWN.

THE ANT AND THE CRICKET

A SILLY young cricket, accustomed to sing
Through the warm, sunny months of gay summer and spring,
Began to complain, when he found that at home
His cupboard was empty and winter was come.
Not a crumb to be found
On the snow-covered ground;
Not a flower could he see,
Not a leaf on a tree:
"Oh, what will become," says the cricket, "of me?"

At last by starvation and famine made bold,
All dripping with wet and all trembling with cold,
Away he set off to a miserly ant,
To see if, to keep him alive, he would grant
Him shelter from rain:
A mouthful of grain
He wished only to borrow,
He'd repay it to-morrow:
If not, he must die of starvation and sorrow.

Says the ant to the cricket, " I'm your servant and friend,
But we ants never borrow, we ants never lend;
But tell me, dear sir, did you lay nothing by
When the weather was warm?" Said the cricket, " Not I.
My heart was so light
That I sang day and night,
For all nature looked gay."
" You *sang*, sir, you say?
Go then," said the ant, " and *dance* winter away."
Thus ending, he hastily lifted the wicket
And out of the door turned the poor little cricket.
Though this is a fable, the moral is good:
If you live without work, you must live without food.

UNKNOWN.

MR. NOBODY

I KNOW a funny little man,
As quiet as a mouse,
Who does the mischief that is done
In everybody's house!
There's no one ever sees his face,
And yet we all agree
That every plate we break was cracked
By Mr. Nobody.

'Tis he who always tears our books,
Who leaves the door ajar,
He pulls the buttons from our shirts,
And scatters pins afar;
That squeaking door will always squeak,
For, prithee, don't you see,
We leave the oiling to be done
By Mr. Nobody.

He puts damp wood upon the fire,
That kettles cannot boil;
His are the feet that bring in mud,
And all the carpets soil.
The papers always are mislaid,
Who had them last but he?
There's no one tosses them about
But Mr. Nobody.

The finger-marks upon the door
By none of us are made;
We never leave the blinds unclosed,
To let the curtains fade.
The ink we never spill; the boots
That lying round you see
Are not our boots;—they all belong
To Mr. Nobody.

UNKNOWN.

A CHILD'S GRACE

SOME hae meat and canna eat,
And some wad eat that want it;
But we hae meat and we can eat,
And sae the Lord be thankit.

ROBERT BURNS.

GOOD-NIGHT

LITTLE baby, lay your head
On your pretty cradle-bed;
Shut your eye-peeps, now the day
And the light are gone away;
All the clothes are tucked in tight;
Little baby dear, good-night.

Yes, my darling, well I know
How the bitter wind doth blow;
And the winter's snow and rain
Patter on the window-pane:
But they cannot come in here,
To my little baby dear;

For the window shutteth fast,
Till the stormy night is past;

And the curtains warm are spread
Round about her cradle-bed:
So till morning shineth bright,
Little baby dear, good-night.

JANE TAYLOR.

THE LOST DOLL

I ONCE had a sweet little doll, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world;
Her cheecks were so red and white, dears,
And her hair was so charmingly curled.
But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
As I played on the heath one day;
And I cried for her more than a week, dears,
But I never could find where she lay.

I found my poor little doll, dears,
As I played on the heath one day;
Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,
For her paint is all washed away,
And her arms trodden off by the cows, dears,
And her hair not the least bit curled;
Yet for old sake's sake, she is still, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

LITTLE JACK FROST

LITTLE Jack Frost went up the hill,
Watching the stars and the moon so still,
Watching the stars and the moon so bright,
And laughing aloud with all his might.
Little Jack Frost ran down the hill,
Late in the night when the winds were still,
Late in the fall when the leaves fell down,
Red and yellow and faded brown.

Little Jack Frost walked through the trees,
" Ah," sighed the flowers, " we freeze, we freeze."
" Ah," sighed the grasses, " we die, we die."
Said Little Jack Frost, " Good-by, Good-by."
Little Jack Frost tripped 'round and 'round,
Spreading white snow on the frozen ground,
Nipping the breezes, icing the streams,
Chilling the warmth of the sun's bright beams.

But when Dame Nature brought back the spring,
Brought back the birds to chirp and sing,
Melted the snow and warmed the sky,
Little Jack Frost went pouting by.

The flowers opened their eyes of blue,
Green buds peeped out and grasses grew;
It was so warm and scorched him so,
Little Jack Frost was glad to go.

UNKNOWN.

LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHIEF

OH, hush thee, my babie, thy sire was a knight,
Thy mother a lady, both lovely and bright;
The woods and the glens from the tower which we see,
They all are belonging, dear babie, to thee.

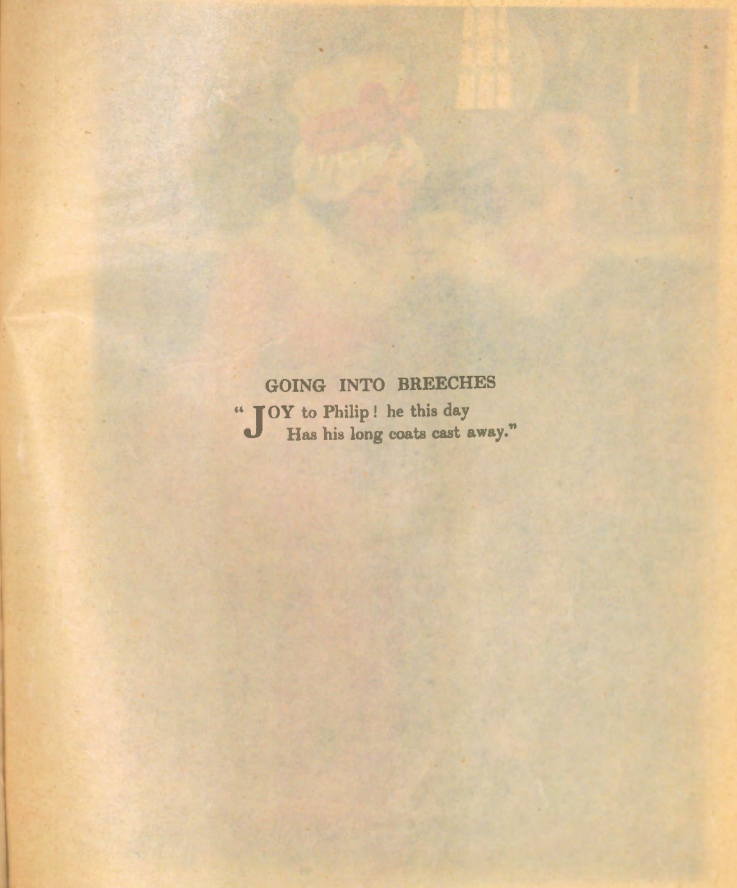
Oh, fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows,
It calls but the warders that guard thy repose;
Their bows would be bended, their blades would be red,
Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed.

Oh, hush thee, my babie, the time will soon come,
When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum;
Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you may,
For strife comes with manhood, and waking with day.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

GOING INTO BREECHES

JOY to Philip! he this day
Has his long coats cast away,
And (the childish season gone)
Put the manly breeches on.
Officer on gay parade,
Red-coat in his first cockade,
Bridegroom in his wedding-trim,
Birthday beau surpassing him,
Never did with conscious gait
Strut about in half the state
Or the pride (yet free from sin)
Of my little MANIKIN:
Never was there pride or bliss
Half so rational as his.
Sashes, frocks, to those that need 'em,
Philip's limbs have got their freedom—
He can run, or he can ride,
And do twenty things beside,
Which his petticoats forbade;
Is he not a happy lad?
Now he's under other banners
He must leave his former manners;
Bid adieu to female games
And forget their very names;



GOING INTO BREECHES

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GOING INTO BREECHES

JOY to Philip! he this day
Has his long coats cast away,
And (the childish season gone)
Put the manly breeches on.
Officer-like, and grave, and wise,
Red-coat in his new disguise,
Bridegroom-like, and fresh, and fine,
Birthday beau surpassing him,
Never did with conscious gait
Strut about in half the state
Or the pride (yet free from sin)
Of my little MANIKIN:
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He must leave his former manners;
Bid adieu to female games
And forget their very names.

Puss-in-corners, hide-and-seek,
Sports for girls and punies weak!
Baste-the-bear he now may play at;
Leap-frog, foot-ball sport away at;
Show his skill and strength at cricket,
Mark his distance, pitch his wicket;
Run about in winter's snow
Till his cheeks and fingers glow;
Climb a tree or scale a wall
Without any fear to fall.
If he get a hurt or bruise,
To complain he must refuse,
Though the anguish and the smart
Go unto his little heart;
He must have his courage ready,
Keep his voice and visage steady;
Brace his eyeballs stiff as drum,
That a tear may never come;
And his grief must only speak
From the colour in his cheek.
This and more he must endure,
Hero he in miniature.
This and more must now be done,
Now the breeches are put on.

CHARLES AND MARY LAMB.

THE CITY CHILD

DAINTY little maiden, whither would you wander?
Whither from this pretty home, the home where mother dwells?
"Far and far away," said the dainty little maiden,
"All among the gardens, auriculas, anemones,
Roses and lilies and Canterbury bells."

Dainty little maiden, whither would you wander?
Whither from this pretty house, this city-house of ours?
"Far and far away," said the dainty little maiden,
"All among the meadows, the clover and the clematis,
Daisies and kingcups and honeysuckle-flowers."

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

LITTLE WHITE LILY

LITTLE white Lily
Sat by a stone,
Drooping and waiting
Till the sun shone.
Little white Lily
Sunshine has fed;
Little white Lily
Is lifting her head.

Little white Lily
Said, "It is good—
Little white Lily's
Clothing and food."
Little white Lily
Drest like a bride!
Shining with whiteness,
And crownéd beside!

Little white Lily
Droopeth with pain,
Waiting and waiting
For the wet rain.
Little white Lily
Holdeth her cup;
Rain is fast falling
And filling it up.

Little white Lily
Said, "Good again—
When I am thirsty
To have fresh rain!
Now I am stronger;
Now I am cool;
Heat cannot burn me,
My veins are so full."

Little white Lily
Smells very sweet:
On her head sunshine,
Rain at her feet.
"Thanks to the sunshine,
Thanks to the rain!
Little white Lily
Is happy again!"

GEORGE MACDONALD.

THE BOY AND THE SHEEP

LAZY sheep, pray tell me why
In the pleasant field you lie,
Eating grass and daisies white,
From the morning till the night:
Everything can something do;
But what kind of use are you?"

"Nay, my little master, nay,
Do not serve me so, I pray!
Don't you see the wool that grows
On my back to make your clothes?
Cold, ah, very cold you'd be,
If you had not wool from me.

"True, it seems a pleasant thing
Nipping daisies in the spring;
But what chilly nights I pass
On the cold and dewy grass,
Or pick my scanty dinner where
All the ground is brown and bare!

"Then the farmer comes at last,
When the merry spring is past,
Cuts my woolly fleece away,
For your coat in wintry day.
Little master, this is why
In the pleasant fields I lie."

ANN TAYLOR.

LAMBS IN THE MEADOW

O LITTLE lambs! the month is cold,
The sky is very gray;
You shiver in the misty grass
And bleat at all the winds that pass;
Wait! when I am big—some day—
I'll build a roof to every fold.

But now that I am small I'll pray
At mother's knee for you;
Perhaps the angels with their wings;
Will come and warm you, little things;
I'm sure that, if God knew,
He'd let the lambs be born in May.

LAURENCE ALMA TADEMA.

MINNIE AND WINNIE

MINNIE and Winnie
Slept in a shell.
Sleep, little ladies!
And they slept well.

Pink was the shell within,
Silver without;
Sounds of the great sea
Wandered about.

Sleep, little ladies!
Wake not soon!
Echo on echo
Dies to the moon.

Two bright stars
Peeped into the shell.
"What are they dreaming of?
Who can tell?"

Started a green linnet
Out of the croft;
Wake, little ladies!
The sun is aloft.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

A LOBSTER QUADRILLE

"WILL you walk a little faster?" said a whiting to a snail,
"There's a porpoise close behind us, and he's treading on my tail.
See how eagerly the lobsters and the turtles all advance!
They are waiting on the shingle—will you come and join the dance?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance?

"You can really have no notion how delightful it will be
When they take us up and throw us, with the lobsters, out to sea!"

But the snail replied, "Too far, too far!" and gave a look askance—
Said he thanked the whiting kindly, but he would not join the dance.
Would not, could not, would not, could not, would not join the dance,
Would not, could not, would not, could not, could not join the dance.

"What matters it how far we go?" his scaly friend replied,
"There is another shore, you know, upon the other side.
The further off from England the nearer is to France—
Then turn not pale, belovéd snail, but come and join the dance.
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance?"

LEWIS CARROLL.

A HAPPY CHILD

MY house is red—a little house,
A happy child am I,
I laugh and play the livelong day,
I hardly ever cry.

I have a tree, a green, green tree,
To shade me from the sun;
And under it I often sit,
When all my work is done.

My little basket I will take,
And trip into the town;
When next I'm there I'll buy some cake,
And spend my bright half-crown.

KATE GREENAWAY.

STRANGE LANDS

WHERE do you come from, Mr. Jay?
"From the land of Play, from the land of Play.
And where can that be, Mr. Jay?
"Far away—far away."

Where do you come from, Mrs. Dove?
"From the land of Love, from the land of Love."
And how do you get there, Mrs. Dove?
"Look above—look above."

Where do you come from, Baby Miss?
"From the land of Bliss, from the land of Bliss."
And what is the way there, Baby Miss?
"Mother's kiss—mother's kiss."

LAURENCE ALMA TADEMA.

THE WORM

NO, little worm, you need not slip
Into your hole, with such a skip;
Drawing the gravel as you glide
On to your smooth and slimy side.
I'm not a crow, poor worm, not I,
Peeping about your holes to spy,
And fly away with you in air,
To give my young ones each a share.
No, and I'm not a rolling-stone,
Creaking along with hollow groan;

Nor am I of the naughty crew,
Who don't care what poor worms go through,
But trample on them as they lie,
Rather than pass them gently by;
Or keep them dangling on a hook,
Choked in a dismal pond or brook,

Till some poor fish comes swimming past,
And finishes their pain at last.

For my part, I could never bear
Your tender flesh to hack and tear,
Forgetting that poor worms endure
As much as I should, to be sure,
If any giant should come and jump
On to my back, and kill me plump,
Or run my heart through with a scythe,
And think it fun to see me writhe!

O no, I'm only looking about,
To see you wriggle in and out,
And drawing together your slimy rings,
Instead of feet, like other things:
So, little worm, don't slide and slip
Into your hole, with such a skip.

ANN TAYLOR.

THE LAMB

NOW, Lamb, no longer naughty be,
Be good and homewards come with me,
Or else upon another day
You shall not with the daisies play.

Did we not bring you, for a treat,
In the green grass to frisk your feet?
And when we must go home again
You pull your ribbon and complain.

So, little Lamb, be good once more,
And give your naughty tempers o'er.
Then you again shall dine and sup
On daisy white and buttercup.

KATE GREENAWAY.

THE FAIRY

OH, who is so merry
As the light-hearted fairy?
He dances and sings
To the sound of his wings,
With a hey, and a heigh, and a ho!

Oh, who is so merry
As the light-hearted fairy?
His nectar he sips
From the primrose's lips,
With a hey, and a heigh, and a ho!

Oh, who is so merry
As the light-hearted fairy?
His night is the noon,
And his sun is the moon,
With a hey, and a heigh, and a ho!

UNKNOWN.

IF I HAD BUT TWO LITTLE WINGS

IF I had but two little wings
And were a little feathery bird,
To you I'd fly, my dear!
But thoughts like these are idle things
And I stay here.

But in my sleep to you I fly:
I'm always with you in my sleep!
The world is all one's own.
And then one wakes, and where am I?
All, all alone.

SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE.

LITTLE THINGS

LITTLE drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the pleasant land.

Thus the little minutes,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

EBENEZER COBHAM BREWER.

CLEANLINESS

COME, my little Robert, near—
Fie! what filthy hands are here!
Who, that e'er could understand
The rare structure of a hand,
With its branching fingers fine,
Work itself of hands divine,
Strong, yet delicately knit,
For ten thousand uses fit,
Overlaid with so clear skin
You may see the blood within,—

LITTLE THINGS

"LITTLE drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the pleasant land."

LITTLE THINGS

LITTLE drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the pleasant land.

Thus the little minutes,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

EBENEZER COBHAM BREWER

CLEANLINESS

COME, my little Robert, near—
Fie! what filthy hands are here!
Who, that e'er could understand
The rare structure of a hand,
With its branching fingers fine,
Work itself of hands divine,
Strong, yet delicately knit,
For ten thousand uses fit,
Overlaid with so clear skin
You may see the blood within,—

Who this hand would choose to cover
With a crust of dirt all over,
Till it look'd in hue and shape
Like the forefoot of an ape!
Man or boy that works or plays
In the fields or the highways,
May, without offence or hurt,
From the soil contract a dirt
Which the next clear spring or river
Washes out and out for ever—
But to cherish stains impure,
Soil deliberate to endure,
On the skin to fix a stain
Till it works into the grain,
Argues a degenerate mind,
Sordid, slothful, ill-inclined,
Wanting in that self-respect
Which does virtue best protect.
All-endearing cleanliness,
Virtue next to godliness,
Easiest, cheapest, needfull'st duty,
To the body health and beauty;
Who that's human would refuse it,
When a little water does it?

CHARLES AND MARY LAMB.

THE LAMB

LITTLE lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee,
Gave thee life, and bade thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee;
Little lamb, I'll tell thee;
He is callèd by thy name,
For He calls Himself a lamb;
He is meek and He is mild,
He became a little child.
I a child and thou a lamb,
We are callèd by His name.
Little lamb, God bless thee!
Little lamb, God bless thee!

WILLIAM BLAKE.

LONG TIME AGO

ONCE there was a little kitty,
White as the snow;
In a barn she used to frolic
Long time ago.

In the barn a little mousie
Ran to and fro,
For she heard the little kitty
Long time ago.

Two black eyes had little kitty,
Black as a sloe;
And they spied the little mousie
Long time ago.

Four soft paws had little kitty,
Paws soft as snow;
And they caught the little mousie
Long time ago.

Nine pearl teeth had little kitty,
All in a row;
And they bit the little mousie
Long time ago.

When the teeth bit little mousie,
  Mousie cried out, "Oh!"
But she slipped away from kitty
  Long time ago.

UNKNOWN.

FOUR PETS

PUSSY has a whiskered face,
  Kitty has such pretty ways,
Doggie scampers when I call,
And has a heart to love us all.

The dog lies in his kennel,
  And Puss purrs on the rug,
And baby perches on my knee
  For me to love and hug.

Pat the dog and stroke the cat,
  Each in its degree;
And cuddle and kiss my baby,
  And baby kiss me.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

THE TABLE AND THE CHAIR

I

SAID the Table to the Chair,
  "You can hardly be aware
How I suffer from the heat
And from chilblains on my feet.
If we took a little walk,
We might have a little talk;
Pray let us take the air,"
Said the Table to the Chair.

II

Said the Chair unto the Table,
"Now, you *know* we are not able:
How foolishly you talk,
When you know we *cannot* walk!"
Said the Table with a sigh,
"It can do no harm to try.
I've as many legs as you:
Why can't we walk on two?"

III

So they both went slowly down,
And walked about the town
With a cheerful bumpy sound
As they toddled round and round;
And everybody cried,
As they hastened to their side,
"See! the Table and the Chair
Have come out to take the air!"

IV

But in going down an alley,
To a castle in a valley,
They completely lost their way,
And wandered all the day;
Till, to see them safely back,
They paid a Ducky-quack,
And a Beetle, and a Mouse,
Who took them to their house.

V

Then they whispered to each other,
"O delightful little brother,

What a lovely walk we've taken!
Let us dine on beans and bacon."
So the Ducky and the leettle
Browny-Mousy and the Beetle
Dined, and danced upon their heads
Till they toddled to their beds.

EDWARD LEAR.

MEDDLESOME MATTY

ONE ugly trick has often spoiled
The sweetest and the best;
Matilda, though a pleasant child,
One ugly trick possessed,
Which, like a cloud before the skies,
Hid all her better qualities.

Sometimes she'd lift the tea-pot lid,
To peep at what was in it;
Or tilt the kettle, if you did
But turn your back a minute.
In vain you told her not to touch,
Her trick of meddling grew so much.

Her grandmamma went out one day,
And by mistake she laid
Her spectacles and snuff-box gay
Too near the little maid;
"Ah! well," thought she, "I'll try them on,
As soon as grandmamma is gone."

Forthwith she placed upon her nose
The glasses large and wide;
And looking round, as I suppose,
The snuff-box, too, she spied:
"Oh! what a pretty box is that;
I'll open it," said little Matt.

"I know that grandmamma would say,
'Don't meddle with it, dear';
But then, she's far enough away,
And no one else is near:
Besides, what can there be amiss
In opening such a box as this?"

So thumb and finger went to work
To move the stubborn lid,
And presently a mighty jerk
The mighty mischief did;

For all at once, ah! woful case,
The snuff came puffing in her face.

Poor eyes and nose, and mouth beside,
A dismal sight presented;
In vain, as bitterly she cried,
Her folly she repented.
In vain she ran about for ease;
She could do nothing now but sneeze.

She dashed the spectacles away,
To wipe her tingling eyes,
And as in twenty bits they lay,
Her grandmamma she spies.
"Hey-day! and what's the matter now?"
Says grandmamma, with lifted brow.

Matilda, smarting with the pain,
And tingling still, and sore,
Made many a promise to refrain
From meddling evermore.
And 'tis a fact, as I have heard,
She ever since has kept her word.

ANN TAYLOR.

SHE WAS A TREASURE

SHE was a treasure; she was a sweet;
She was the darling of the Army and the Fleet!

When—she—smiled
The crews of the line-of-battle ships went wild!

When—she—cried
Whole regiments reversed their arms and sighed!

When she was sick, for her sake
The Queen took off her crown and sobbed as if her heart would break.

WILLIAM CANTON.

TO J. H.

FOUR YEARS OLD:—A NURSERY SONG

ONE cannot turn a minute,
But mischief—there you're in it,
A-getting at my books, John,
With mighty bustling looks, John;
Or poking at the roses
In midst of which your nose is;
Or climbing on a table,
No matter how unstable,

And turning up your quaint eye
And half-shut teeth with "Mayn't I?"
Or else you're off at play, John,
Just as you'd be all day, John,
With hat or not, as happens,
And there you dance, and clap hands,
Or on the grass go rolling,
Or plucking flowers, or bowling,
And getting me expenses
With losing balls o'er fences;
And see what flow'rs the weather
Has render'd fit to gather;
And, when we home must jog, you
Shall ride my back, you rogue you.
Your hat adorn'd with fir-leaves,
Horse-chestnut, oak, and vine-leaves;
And so, green o'erhead, John
Shall whistle home to bed, John.
—But see, the sun shines brightly;
Come, put your hat on rightly,
And we'll among the bushes,
And hear your friends the thrushes.

LEIGH HUNT.

LET DOGS DELIGHT TO BARK AND BITE

LET dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature to.

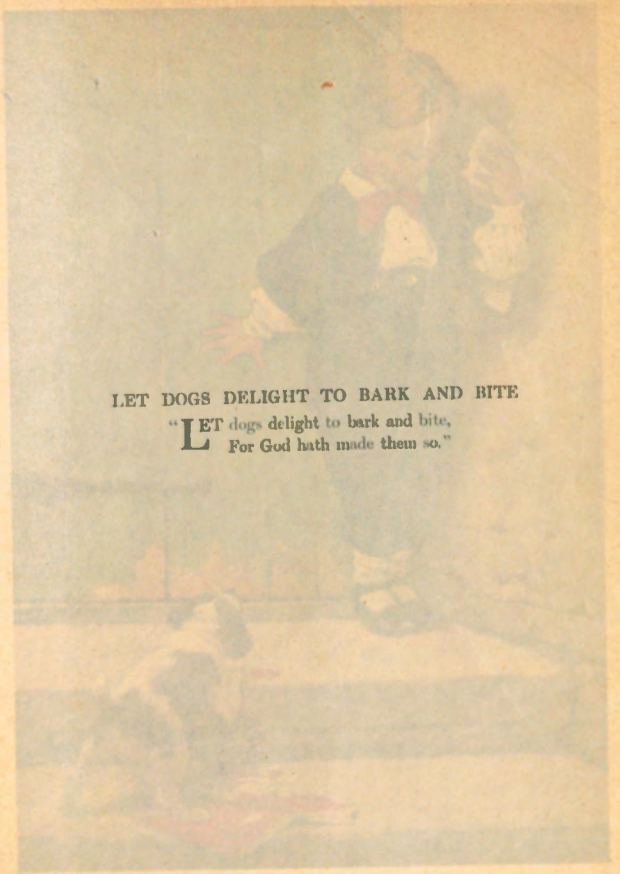
But, children, you should never let
Such angry passions rise;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes.

ISAAC WATTS.

THE WIND AND THE MOON

SAID the Wind to the Moon, "I will blow you out;
You stare
In the air
Like a ghost in a chair,
Always looking what I am about—
I hate to be watched; I'll blow you out."

The Wind blew hard, and out went the Moon.
So, deep
On a heap
Of clouds to sleep,



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LET DOGS DELIGHT TO BARK AND BITE

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Such arguments were never made
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To tear each other's eyes.

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You stare
In the air
Like a ghost in a chair,
Always looking what I am about—
I hate to be watched; I'll blow you out."

The Wind blew hard, and out went the Moon.
So, deep
On a heap
Of clouds to sleep,

Down lay the Wind, and slumbered soon,
Muttering low, " I've done for that Moon."

He turned in his bed; she was there again!
On high
In the sky,
With her one ghost eye,
The Moon shone white and alive and plain.
Said the Wind, " I will blow you out again."

The Wind blew hard, and the Moon grew dim.
" With my sledge,
And my wedge,
I have knocked off her edge!
If only I blow right fierce and grim,
The creature will soon be dimmer than dim."

He blew and he blew, and she thinned to a thread.
" One puff
More's enough
To blow her to snuff!
One good puff more where the last was bred,
And glimmer, glimmer, glum will go the thread."

He blew a great blast, and the thread was gone.
In the air
Nowhere
Was a moonbeam bare;
Far off and harmless the shy stars shone—
Sure and certain the Moon was gone!

The Wind he took to his revels once more;
On down,
In town,
Like a merry-mad clown,
He leaped and hallooed with whistle and roar—
"What's that?" The glimmering thread once more!

He flew in a rage—he danced and blew;
But in vain
Was the pain
Of his bursting brain;
For still the broader the Moon-scrap grew,
The broader he swelled his big cheeks and blew.

Slowly she grew—till she filled the night,
And shone
On her throne
In the sky alone,

A matchless, wonderful silvery light,
Radiant and lovely, the queen of the night.

Said the Wind: "What a marvel of power am I!
With my breath,
Good faith!
I blew her to death—
First blew her away right out of the sky—
Then blew her in; what strength have I!"

But the Moon she knew nothing about the affair;
For high
In the sky,
With her one white eye,
Motionless, miles above the air,
She had never heard the great Wind blare.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

GOOD ADVICE

SELDOM "can't,"
Seldom "don't";
Never "shan't,"
Never "won't."

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

THANKSGIVING DAY

OVER the river and through the wood,
To grandfather's house we go;
The horse knows the way
To carry the sleigh
Through the white and drifted snow.

Over the river and through the wood—
Oh, how the wind does blow!
It stings the toes
And bites the nose,
As over the ground we go.

Over the river and through the wood,
To have a first-rate play.
Hear the bells ring,
"Ting-a-ling-ding!"
Hurrah for Thanksgiving Day!

Over the river and through the wood
Trot fast, my dapple-gray!
Spring over the ground,
Like a hunting-hound!
For this is Thanksgiving Day.

Over the river and through the wood,
And straight through the barn-yard gate.
We seem to go
Extremely slow,—
It is so hard to wait!

Over the river and through the wood—
Now grandmother's cap I spy!
Hurrah for the fun!
Is the pudding done?
Hurrah for the pumpkin-pie!

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

BABY CORN

A HAPPY mother stalk of corn
Held close a baby ear,
And whispered: "Cuddle up to me,
I'll keep you warm, my dear.

"I'll give you petticoats of green,
With many a tuck and fold
To let out daily as you grow;
For you will soon be old."

A funny little baby that,
For though it had no eye,
It had a hundred mouths; 'twas well
It did not want to cry.
The mother put in each small mouth
A hollow thread of silk,
Through which the sun and rain and air
Provided baby's milk.

The petticoats were gathered close
Where all the threadlets hung.
And still as summer days went on
To mother-stalk it clung;
And all the time it grew and grew—
Each kernel drank the milk
By day, by night, in shade, in sun,
From its own thread of silk.

And each grew strong and full and round
And each was shining white;
The gores and seams were all let out,
The green skirts fitted tight,
The ear stood straight and large and tall,
And when it saw the sun,
Held up its emerald satin gown
To say: "Your work is done."

"You're large enough," said Mother Stalk,
"And now there's no more room
For you to grow." She tied the threads
Into a soft brown plume—
It floated out upon the breeze
To greet the dewy morn,
And then the baby said: "Now I'm
A full-grown ear of corn!"

UNKNOWN.

HOW THEY SLEEP

SOME things go to sleep in such a funny way:
Little birds stand on one leg and tuck their heads away;

Chickens do the same, standing on their perch;
Little mice lie soft and still as if they were in church;

Kittens curl up close in such a funny ball;
Horses hang their sleepy heads and stand still in a stall;

Sometimes dogs stretch out, or curl up in a heap;
Cows lie down upon their sides when they would go to sleep.

But little babies dear are snugly tucked in beds,
Warm with blankets, all so soft, and pillows for their heads.

Bird and beast and babe—I wonder which of all
Dream the dearest dreams that down from dreamland fall!

UNKNOWN.

THE LITTLE FISH THAT WOULD NOT DO AS IT WAS BID

"DEAR mother," said a little fish,
"Pray is not that a fly?
I'm very hungry, and I wish
You'd let me go and try."

"Sweet innocent," the mother cried,
And started from her nook,
"That horrid fly is put to hide
The sharpness of the hook."

Now, as I've heard, this little trout
Was young and foolish too,
And so he thought he'd venture out,
To see if it were true.

And round about the hook he played,
With many a longing look,
And—"Dear me," to himself he said,
"I'm sure that's not a hook.

"I can but give one little pluck:
Let's see, and so I will."
So on he went, and lo! it stuck
Quite through his little gill.

And as he faint and fainter grew,
With hollow voice he cried,
"Dear mother, had I minded you,
I need not now have died."

JANE AND ANN TAYLOR.

TO HIS SAVIOUR, A CHILD; A PRESENT BY A CHILD

GO, pretty child, and bear this flower
Unto thy little Saviour;
And tell him, by that bud now blown,
He is the Rose of Sharon known.
When thou hast said so, stick it there
Upon his bib or stomacher;

And tell him, for good hansel too,
That thou hast brought a whistle new,
Made of a clean strait oaten reed,
To charm his cries at time of need.
Tell him, for coral thou hast none,
But if thou hast, he should have one;
But poor thou art, and known to be
Even as moneyless as he.
Lastly, if thou canst win a kiss
From those mellifluous lips of his;
Then never take a second one
To spoil the first impression.

ROBERT HERRICK.

MARCH

THE cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;
There are forty feeding like one.

Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill;
The ploughboy is whooping—anon—anon!
There's joy on the mountains;
There's life in the fountains;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing;
The rain is over and gone.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

TREES

THE Oak is called the King of Trees,
The Aspen quivers in the breeze,
The Poplar grows up straight and tall,
The Pear-tree spreads along the wall,
The Sycamore gives pleasant shade,
The Willow droops in watery glade,
The Fir-tree useful timber gives,
The Beech amid the forest lives.

SARA COLERIDGE.

HOW THE LITTLE KITE LEARNED TO FLY

"I NEVER can do it," the little kite said,
As he looked at the others high over his head;
"I know I should fall if I tried to fly."
"Try," said the big kite; "only try!
Or I fear you never will learn at all."
But the little kite said, "I'm afraid I'll fall."

The big kite nodded: "Ah, well, good-bye;
I'm off"; and he rose toward the tranquil sky.
Then the little kite's paper stirred at the sight,
And trembling he shook himself free for flight.
First whirling and frightened, then braver grown,
Up, up he rose through the air alone,
Till the big kite looking down could see
The little one rising steadily.

Then how the little kite thrilled with pride,
As he sailed with the big kite side by side!
While far below he could see the ground,
And the boys like small spots moving round.
They rested high in the quiet air,
And only the birds and clouds were there.

"Oh, how happy I am!" the little kite cried;
"And all because I was brave, and tried."

UNKNOWN.

WHAT BECAME OF THEM

HE was a rat, and she was a rat,
And down in one hole they did dwell,
And both were as black as a witch's cat,
And they loved one another well.

He had a tail, and she had a tail,
Both long and curling and fine;
And each said, "Yours is the finest tail
In the world, excepting mine."

He smelt the cheese, and she smelt the cheese,
And they both pronounced it good;
And both remarked it would greatly add
To the charms of their daily food.

So he ventured out, and she ventured out,
And I saw them go with pain;
But what befell them I never can tell,
For they never came back again.

UNKNOWN.

SWEET AND LOW

SWEET and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dropping moon and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT

THE Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat;
They took some honey, and plenty of money
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the moon above,
And sang to a small guitar,
"O lovely Pussy! O Pussy, my love,
What a beautiful Pussy you are,—
You are,
What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl!
How wonderful sweet you sing!
O let us be married,—too long we have tarried,—
But what shall we do for a ring?"
They sailed away for a year and a day
To the land where the Bong tree grows
And there in a wood, a piggy-wig stood
With a ring at the end of his nose,—
His nose,
With a ring at the end of his nose.

"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring?" Said the piggy, "I will."
So they took it away, and were married next day
By the turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined upon mince and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon,
And hand in hand on the edge of the sand
They danced by the light of the moon,—
The moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.

EDWARD LEAR.

"ONE, TWO, THREE"*

IT was an old, old, old lady
And a boy that was half-past three,
And the way that they played together
Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go romping and jumping,
And the boy, no more could he;
For he was a thin little fellow,
With a thin little twisted knee.

* From "The Poems of H. C. Bunner." Copyright, 1889, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

They sat in the yellow sunlight,
Out under the maple tree,
And the game that they played I'll tell you,
Just as it was told to me.

It was Hide-and-Go-Seek they were playing.
Though you'd never have known it to be—
With an old, old, old, old lady
And a boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down
On his little sound right knee.
And he guessed where she was hiding
In guesses One, Two, Three.

"You are in the china closet!"
He would cry and laugh with glee—
It wasn't the china closet,
But he still had Two and Three.

"You are up in papa's big bedroom,
In the chest with the queer old key."
And she said: "You are warm and warmer;
But you are not quite right." said she.

"It can't be the little cupboard
Where mamma's things used to be—
So it must be in the clothes press, Gran'ma,"
And he found her with his Three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers,
That were wrinkled and white and wee,
And she guessed where the boy was hiding,
With a One and a Two and a Three.

And they never had stirred from their places
Right under the maple tree—
This old, old, old, old lady
And the boy with the lame little knee—
This dear, dear, dear old lady
And the boy who was half-past three.

HENRY C. BUNNER.

THE CHILD AND THE FAIRIES

THE woods are full of fairies!
The trees are all alive:
The river overflows with them,
See how they dip and dive!

What funny little fellows!
What dainty little dears!
They dance and leap, and prance and peep,
And utter fairy cheers!

I'd like to tame a fairy,
To keep it on a shelf,
To see it wash its little face,
And dress its little self.
I'd teach it pretty manners,
It always should say "Please";
And then you know I'd make it sew,
And curtsey with its knees!

ANONYMOUS.

THE TREE

THE Tree's early leaf-buds were bursting their brown;
"Shall I take them away?" said the Frost, sweeping down.
"No, leave them alone
Till the blossoms have grown,"
Prayed the Tree, while he trembled from rootlet to crown.

The Tree bore his blossoms, and all the birds sung:
"Shall I take them away?" said the Wind, as he swung.
"No, leave them alone
Till the berries have grown,"
Said the Tree, while his leaflets quivering hung.

The Tree bore his fruit in the midsummer glow:
Said the girl, "May I gather thy berries now?"
"Yes, all thou canst see:
Take them; all are for thee,"
Said the Tree, while he bent down his laden boughs low.

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON.

SNOWDROPS

LITTLE ladies, white and green,
With your spears about you,
Will you tell us where you've been
Since we lived without you?

You are sweet, and fresh, and clean,
With your pearly faces;
In the dark earth where you've been
There are wondrous places:

Yet you come again, serene,
When the leaves are hidden;
Bringing joy from where you've been,
You return unbidden—

Little ladies, white and green,
Are you glad to cheer us?
Hunger not for where you've been,
Stay till Spring be near us!

LAURENCE ALMA TADEMA.

THE SNAIL

THE Snail he lives in his hard round house,
In the orchard, under the tree:
Says he, "I have but a single room;
But it's large enough for me."

The Snail in his little house doth dwell
From week's end to week's end:
You're at home, Master Snail; that's all very well,
But you never receive a friend.

UNKNOWN.

THE MELANCHOLY PIG

THERE was a Pig, that sat alone,
  Beside a ruined Pump.
By day and night he made his moan:
It would have stirred a heart of stone
To see him wring his hoofs and groan,
  Because he could not jump.

LEWIS CARROLL.

I'LL TRY

TWO Robin Redbreasts built their nest
  Within a hollow tree;
The hen sat quietly at home,
  The cock sang merrily;
And all the little robins said:
  "Wee, wee, wee, wee, wee, wee."

One day the sun was warm and bright,
  And shining in the sky,
Cock Robin said: "My little dears,
  'Tis time you learned to fly";
And all the little young ones said:
  "I'll try, I'll try, I'll try."

I know a child, and who she is
  I'll tell you by and by,
When mother says "Do this," or "that,"
  She says "What for?" and "Why?"
She'd be a better child by far
  If she would say "I'll try."

UNKNOWN.

BED-TIME

'TIS bed-time; say your hymn, and bid "Good night,
  "God bless mamma, papa, and dear ones all."
Your half-shut eyes beneath your eye-lids fall;
Another minute you will shut them quite.
Yes, I will carry you, put out the light,
And tuck you up, although you are so tall.
What will you give me, Sleepy One, and call
My wages, if I settle you all right?
I laid her golden curls upon my arm,
I drew her little feet within my hand;
Her rosy palms were joined in trustful bliss,
Her heart next mine beat gently, soft and warm;
She nestled to me, and, by Love's command,
Paid me my precious wages,—Baby's kiss.

LORD ROSSLYN.

WILLIE WINKIE

WEE WILLIE WINKIE rins through the town,
Up-stairs and doon-stairs, in his nicht-gown,
Tirlin' at the window, cryin' at the lock,
"Are the weans in their bed?—for it's now ten o'clock."

Hey, Willie Winkie! are ye comin' ben?
The cat's singin' gay thrums to the sleepin' hen,
The doug's speldered on the floor, and disna gie a cheep;
But here's a waukrife laddie that winna fa' asleep.

Onything but sleep, ye rogue! glow'rin' like the moon,
Rattlin' in an airn jug wi' an airn spoon,
Rumblin' tumblin' roun' about, crowin' like a cock,
Skirlin' like a kenna-what—wauknin' sleepin' folk.

Hey, Willie Winkie! the wean's in a creel!
Waumblin' aff a body's knee like a vera eel,
Ruggin' at the cat's lug, and ravellin' a' her thrums,—
Hey, Willie Winkie!—See, there he comes!

Wearie is the mither that has a storie wean,
A wee stumpie stoussie that canna rin his lane,
That has a battle aye wi' sleep before he'll close an ee;
But a kiss frae aff his rosy lips gies strength anew to me.

WILLIAM MILLER.

WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST

TO-WHIT! to-whit! to-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Not I," said the cow, "Moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do.
I gave you a wisp of hay,
But didn't take your nest away.
Not I," said the cow, "Moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do."

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Bob-o'-link! Bob-o'-link!
Now what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum-tree, to-day?"

"Not I," said the dog, "Bow-wow!
I wouldn't be so mean, anyhow!
I gave hairs the nest to make,
But the nest I did not take.
Not I," said the dog, "Bow-wow!
I'm not so mean, anyhow."

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Bob-o'-link! Bob-o'-link!
Now what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum-tree, to-day?"

"Coo-coo! Coo-coo! Coo-coo!
Let me speak a word, too!
Who stole that pretty nest
From little yellow-breast?"

"Not I," said the sheep; "Oh, no!
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so.

I gave wool the nest to line,
But the nest was none of mine.
Baa! Baa!" said the sheep, "Oh, no,
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so."

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Bob-o'-link! Bob-o'-link!
Now what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum-tree, to-day?"

"Coo-coo! Coo-coo! Coo-coo!
Let me speak a word, too!
Who stole that pretty nest
From little yellow-breast?"

"Caw! Caw!" cried the crow;
"I should like to know
What thief took away
A bird's nest, to-day?"

"Cluck! Cluck!" said the hen;
"Don't ask me again,
Why I haven't a chick
Would do such a trick.
We all gave her a feather,
And she wove them together.
I'd scorn to intrude
On her and her brood.
Cluck! Cluck!" said the hen,
"Don't ask me again."

"Chirr-a-whirr! Chirr-a-whirr!
All the birds make a stir!
Let us find out his name,
And all cry 'For shame!'"

"I would not rob a bird,"
Said little Mary Green;
"I think I never heard
Of anything so mean."

"It is very cruel, too,"
Said little Alice Neal;
"I wonder if he knew
How sad the bird would feel?"

A little boy hung down his head,
And went and hid behind the bed,
For he stole that pretty nest
From poor little yellow-breast;
And he felt so full of shame,
He didn't like to tell his name.

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

THE YARN OF THE "NANCY BELL"

'TWAS on the shores that round our coast
From Deal to Ramsgate span,
That I found alone on a piece of stone
An elderly naval man.

His hair was weedy, his beard was long,
And weedy and long was he,
And I heard this wight on the shore recite,
In a singular minor key:

"Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

And he shook his fists and he tore his hair,
Till I really felt afraid,
For I couldn't help thinking the man had been drinking,
And so I simply said:

"Oh, elderly man, it's little I know
Of the duties of men of the sea,
And I'll eat my hand if I understand
However you can be

"At once a cook, and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

Then he gave a hitch to his trousers, which
Is a trick all seamen larn,
And having got rid of a thumping quid,
He spun this painful yarn:

"'Twas in the good ship *Nancy Bell*
That we sailed to the Indian Sea,
And there on a reef we come to grief,
Which has often occurred to me.

"And pretty nigh all the crew was drowned
(There was seventy-seven o'soul),
And only ten of the *Nancy's* men
Said 'Here!' to the muster-roll.

"There was me and the cook and the captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And the bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig.

"For a month we'd neither wittles nor drink,
Till a-hungry we did feel,
So we drawed a lot, and accordin' shot
The captain for our meal.

"The next lot fell to the *Nancy's* mate,
And a delicate dish he made;
Then our appetite with the midshipmite
We seven survivors stayed.

"And then we murdered the bo'sun tight,
And he much resembled pig;
Then we wittled free, did the cook and me,
On the crew of the captain's gig.

"Then only the cook and me was left,
And the delicate question, 'Which
Of us two goes to the kettle?' arose,
And we argued it out as sich.

"For I loved that cook as a brother, I did,
And the cook he worshipped me;
But we'd both be blowed if we'd either be stowed
In the other chap's hold, you see.

"'I'll be eat if you dines off me,' says TOM;
'Yes, that,' says I, 'you'll be,—
'I'm boiled if I die, my friend,' quoth I;
And 'Exactly so,' quoth he.

"Says he, 'Dear JAMES, to murder me
Were a foolish thing to do,
For don't you see that you can't cook *me*,
While I can—and will—cook *you!*'

"So he boils the water, and takes the salt
And the pepper in portions true
(Which he never forgot), and some chopped shalot,
And some sage and parsley too.

"'Come here,' says he, with a proper pride,
Which his smiling features tell,
'T'will soothing be if I let you see
How extremely nice you'll smell.'

"And he stirred it round and round and round,
And he sniffed at the foaming froth;
When I ups with his heels, and smothers his squeals
In the scum of the boiling broth.

"And I eat that cook in a week or less,
And—as I eating be
The last of his chops, why, I almost drops,
For a wessel in sight I see!

* * * * *

"And I never larf, and I never smile,
And I never lark nor play,
But sit and croak, and a single joke
I have—which is to say:

"'Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig!'"

W. S. GILBERT.

SEVEN TIMES ONE

THERE'S no dew left on the daisies and clover,
There's no rain left in heaven;
I've said my "seven times" over and over—
Seven times one are seven.

I am old! so old I can write a letter;
My birthday lessons are done:
The lambs play always, they know no better;
They are only one times one.

O Moon! in the night I have seen you sailing,
And shining so round and low;
You were bright! ah, bright! but your light is failing;
You are nothing now but a bow.

You Moon! have you done something wrong in heaven,
That God has hidden your face?
I hope, if you have, you will soon be forgiven,
And shine again in your place.

O velvet Bee! you're a dusty fellow,
You've powdered your legs with gold;
O brave marsh Mary-buds, rich and yellow!
Give me your money to hold.

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O velvet Bee! you're a dusty fellow,
You've powdered your legs with gold;
O brave marsh Marybuds, rich and yellow!
Give me your money to hold.

O Columbine! open your folded wrapper
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell;
O Cuckoo-pint! toll me the purple clapper,
That hangs in your clear, green bell.

And show me your nest with the young ones in it—
I will not steal them away,
I am old! you may trust me, Linnet, Linnet,—
I am seven times one to-day.

JEAN INGELOW.

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS

'TWAS the night before Christmas, when all through the house.
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap—
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.

Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutter, and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave a lustre of midday to objects below;
When what to my wondering eyes should appear
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick!
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted and called them by name.
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donder and Blitzen!—
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall,
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky,
So, up to the housetop the coursers they flew,
With a sleigh full of toys—and St. Nicholas, too.
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound:
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot:

A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a pedler just opening his pack.
His eyes, how they twinkled! his dimples, how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face and a little round belly
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf:
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself;
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings: then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, ere they drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"

CLEMENT C. MOORE.

DIRTY JIM

THERE was one little Jim,
'Tis reported of him,
And must be to his lasting disgrace,
That he never was seen
With hands at all clean,
Nor yet ever clean was his face.

His friends were much hurt
To see so much dirt,
And often they made him quite clean;
But all was in vain,
He got dirty again,
And not at all fit to be seen.

It gave him no pain
To hear them complain,
Nor his own dirty clothes to survey:
His indolent mind
No pleasure could find
In tidy and wholesome array.

The idle and bad
Like this little lad,
May love dirty ways, to be sure;
But good boys are seen
To be decent and clean,
Although they are ever so poor.

JANE TAYLOR.

FROST

THE flowers in the garden
Are very cold at night;
When I look out of window
Their beds are hard and white.

The primrose and the scilla,
The merry crocus too—
O! Jane, if we were flowers,
What should we children do?

We'd have to sleep all naked
Beneath the windy trees;
Yet we should die, I know it,
With even a chemise. . . .

LAURENCE ALMA TADEMA.

A CHILL

WHAT can lambkins do
All the keen night through?
Nestle by their woolly mother
The careful ewe.

What can nestlings do
In the nightly dew?
Sleep beneath their mother's wing
Till day breaks anew.

If in field or tree
There might only be
Such a warm soft sleeping-place
Found for me!

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

THE SLUGGARD

'TIS the voice of the Sluggard; I heard him complain,
"You have waked me too soon; I must slumber again";
As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed
Turns his sides, and his shoulders, and his heavy head.

"A little more sleep and a little more slumber";
Thus he wastes half his days, and his hours without number;
And when he gets up he sits folding his hands,
Or walks about saunt'ring, or trifling he stands.

I pass'd by his garden, and saw the wild brier,
The thorn and the thistle, grow broader and higher;
The clothes that hang on him are turning to rags;
And his money still wastes till he starves or he begs.

I made him a visit, still hoping to find
That he took better care for improving his mind.
He told me his dreams, talk'd of eating and drinking:
But he scarce reads his Bible, and never loves thinking.

Said I then to my heart, "Here's a lesson for me,
This man's but a picture of what I might be;
But thanks to my friends for their care in my breeding,
Who taught me betimes to love working and reading."

ISAAC WATTS.

WHAT WOULD YOU SEE

WHAT would you see if I took you up
To my little nest in the air?
You would see the sky like a clear blue cap
Turned upside downwards there.

What would you do if I took you there
To my little nest in the tree?
My child with cries would trouble the air,
To get what she could but see.

What would you get in the top of the tree
For all your crying and grief?
Not a star would you clutch of all you see—
You could only gather a leaf.

But when you had lost your greedy grief,
Content to see from afar,
You would find in your hand a withering leaf,
In your heart a shining star.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

THE OWL

WHEN cats run home and light is come,
And dew is cold upon the ground,
And the far-off stream is dumb,
And the whirring sail goes round;
And the whirring sail goes round;
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

When merry milkmaids click the latch,
And rarely smells the new-mown hay,
And the cock hath sung beneath the thatch
Twice or thrice his roundelay,
Twice or thrice his roundelay;
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

A CRADLE SONG

WHAT does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?
Let me fly, says little birdie,
Mother, let me fly away.
Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger.
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
Let me rise and fly away.

Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger.
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby too shall fly away.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

LOVE BETWEEN BROTHERS AND SISTERS

WHATEVER brawls disturb the street,
There should be peace at home;
Where sisters dwell and brothers meet,
Quarrels should never come.

Birds in their little nests agree;
And 'tis a shameful sight,
When children of one family
Fall out and chide and fight.

ISAAC WATTS.

FATHER WILLIAM

"YOU are old, Father William," the young man said,
"And your hair has become very white;
And yet you incessantly stand on your head—
Do you think, at your age, it is right?"

"In my youth," Father William replied to his son,
"I feared it might injure the brain;
But now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,
Why, I do it again and again."

"You are old," said the youth, "as I mentioned before,
And have grown most uncommonly fat;
Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door—
Pray, what is the reason of that?"

"In my youth," said the sage, as he shook his gray locks,
"I kept all my limbs very supple
By the use of this ointment—one shilling the box—
Allow me to sell you a couple."

"You are old," said the youth, "and your jaws are too weak
For anything tougher than suet;
Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the beak:
Pray, how did you manage to do it?"

"In my youth," said his father, "I took to the law,
And argued each case with my wife;
And the muscular strength which it gave to my jaw
Has lasted the rest of my life."

"You are old," said the youth; "one would hardly suppose
That your eye was as steady as ever;
Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose—
What made you so awfully clever?"

"I have answered three questions, and that is enough,"
Said his father, "don't give yourself airs!
Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff?
Be off, or I'll kick you down-stairs!"

LEWIS CARROLL.

THE STAR

TWINKLE, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the blazing sun is gone,
When he nothing shines upon,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

Then the traveller in the dark
Thanks you for your tiny spark:

THE STAR

"TWINKLE, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky."

He could not see which way to go,
If you did not twinkle so.

In the dark-blue sky you keep,
And often through my curtains peep,
For you never shut your eye
Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and tiny spark
Lights the traveller in the dark,
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

JANE TAYLOR.

THE ROBIN

WHEN father takes his spade to dig
Then Robin comes along
He sits upon a little twig
And sings a little song.

Or, if the trees are rather far,
He does not stay alone,
But comes up close to where we are
And bobs upon a stone.

LAURENCE ALMA TADEMA.

MILKING TIME

WHEN the cows come home the milk is coming;
Honey's made while the bees are humming;
Duck and drake on the rushy lake;
And the deer live safe in the breezy brake;
And timid, funny, pert little bunny
Winks his nose, and sits all sunny.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

BABY

WHERE did you come from, baby dear?
"Out of the everywhere into here."

Where did you get those eyes so blue?
"Out of the sky as I came through."

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?
"Some of the starry spikes left in."

Where did you get that little tear?
"I found it waiting when I got here."

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
"A soft hand stroked it as I went by."

What makes your cheek like a warm white rose?
"I saw something better than any one knows?"

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
"Three angels gave me at once a kiss."

Where did you get this pearly ear?
"God spoke, and it came out to hear."

Where did you get those arms and hands?
"Love made itself into bonds and bands."

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
"From the same box as the cherubs' wings."

How did they all just come to be you?
"God thought about me, and so I grew."

But how did you come to us, you dear?
"God thought about you, and so I am here."

GEORGE MACDONALD.

THE BIRDS IN SPRING

SPRING, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king;
Then blooms each thing, then Maids dance in a ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing—
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The Palm and May make country houses gay,
Lambs frisk and play, the Shepherds pipe all day,
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay—
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The Fields breathe sweet, the Daisies kiss our feet,
Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,
In every Street these Tunes our ears do greet—
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!
Spring, the sweet Spring!

THOMAS NASHE.

EMPLOYMENT

WHO'LL come and play with me here under the tree,
My sisters have left me alone;
My sweet little Sparrow, come hither to me,
And play with me while they are gone.

O no, little lady, I can't come, indeed,
I've no time to idle away,
I've got all my dear little children to feed,
And my nest to new cover with hay.

Pretty Bee, do not buzz about over the flower,
But come here and play with me, do:
The Sparrow won't come and stay with me an hour
But stay, pretty Bee—will not you?

O no, little lady, for do not you see,
Those must work who would prosper and thrive,
If I play, they would call me a sad idle bee,
And perhaps turn me out of the hive.

Stop! stop! little Ant—do not run off so fast,
Wait with me a little and play:
I hope I shall find a companion at last,
You are not so busy as they.

O no, little lady, I can't stay with you,
We're not made to play, but to labour:
I always have something or other to do,
If not for myself, for a neighbour.

What then, have they all some employment but me,
Who lie lounging here like a dunce?
O then, like the Ant, and the Sparrow, and Bee,
I'll go to my lesson at once.

JANE TAYLOR.

A LETTER

(TO LADY MARGARET CAVENDISH HOLLES-HARLEY, WHEN A CHILD)

MY noble, lovely, little Peggy,
Let this my First Epistle beg ye,
At dawn of morn, and close of even,
To lift your heart and hands to Heaven.
In double duty say your prayer:
Our Father first, then *Notre Père.*

And, dearest child, along the day,
In every thing you do and say,
Obey and please my lord and lady,
So God shall love and angels aid ye.

If to these precepts you attend,
No second letter need I send,
And so I rest your constant friend.

MATTHEW PRIOR.

A FAREWELL

MY fairest child, I have no song to give you;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray;
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them all day long:
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

ARIEL'S SONG

FULL fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,

But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell;
(Ding-dong,
Hark! now I hear them,—
Ding-dong, bell.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

AFTER THE STORM

AND when,—its force expended,
The harmless storm was ended,
And as the sunrise splendid
Came blushing o'er the sea—
I thought, as day was breaking,
My little girls were waking,
And smiling and making
A prayer at home for me.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

NOT TO CIRCULATE