THE BOOK OF SONGS

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THE TOYMAN.

JAN 15 1925

The Illustrated BOOK OF SONGS

FOR CHILDREN.

The Engravings from Designs by Birket Foster.

NEW-YORK:
ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH, No. 683 BROADWAY.
1857.

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THE EDITOR TO HIS YOUNG FRIENDS.

O sunrise and the blooming spring
Should happy thoughts belong;
Then Nature's voice delights to sing,
Enjoyments powers are strong;
So, dear young friends, to you I bring
Befitting tale and song.

Ah ! little children ! if ye knew
How angel-eyes, in love,
Look down upon you from the blue
Of the calm skies above,
Ye would be careful what ye do,
And eager to improve.

A joyous host, a countless band,
In robes of snowy white,
Around the Throne, with harp in hand,
Take ever fresh delight,
Young tender souls to their sweet land
To beckon and invite.

They sorrow o'er you suffering,
They smooth your couch of sleep,
In danger's hour they succor bring,
O'er you a watch they keep :
In you, then, 't were a cruel thing
To make those blest ones weep !

Each, like yourself, a little child
Once walked this earth beneath,
Saw what you see, and talked and smiled,
Till suddenly came Death,
And churchyard turf was o'er them piled—
Cold clay—devoid of breath.

But all the good went up to God,
To dwell with him for aye;
Their road is now a thornless road,
And bliss is theirs alway;
To golden harps by Him bestowed,
They carol night and day.

Brothers and sisters on that coast
Have met to part no more;
Why then should parents, sorrow-tost,
With sighs and tears deplore?
The lost are not for ever lost—
They have but gone before!

Then keep your hearts from error free;
Down oft they look on you;
Your thoughts they watch, your ways they see,
And joy when you are true:
To think that ye condemned should be,
Would their high bliss subdue!

To little children, who are pure
In thought, and word, and deed,
And shun what might to ill allure,
The Bible hath decreed
A glorious portion, ever sure,
And help in time of need.

Of themes befitting simple song,
There surely is no dearth,
If we but cast our eyes along
The Sea—the Air—the Earth;
Nor can the verse be reckoned wrong,
Which wakens harmless mirth.

Man has his seasons, and to each
Congenial thoughts pertain,
And pleasures lie in childhood's reach
That life ne'er knows again;
Keep then your white souls, I beseech,
From guilt's polluting stain.

Creation's charms then doubly fair
Appear; for all is new,
And, in romance's morning air,
Like diamonds shines the dew,
Balm loads that air, no cloud of care
Dims the serene of blue.

Then mar not ye God's gracious plan,
But, furthering his intent,
Grow up from Childhood unto Man,
Through cheerful years well spent;
So shall life's eve be like its dawn,
Serene and innocent.

THE TRAVELLER AND THE LARK.

TRAVELLER.

" Sweet lark, why take you so
early a flight,
Carolling thus in the sun's
first light ? "

" I sing God's praise for life renew'd,
And thus I show my gratitude.
Always has this sweet taste been mine ;—
Is it not, Traveller, also thine ? "

And ever so loud in the air sang she,
And ever so glad on the earth went he ;
Her wing was strong and his step was light,
In the lovely morn with its sun so bright ;
And God in heaven deign'd to bless,
Their offering of thankfulness.

THE OWL.

I.

THE Owl he hath an earnest look,
He studieth much I fear;
For he never leaveth his hollow tree,
Till the dark night draws near.

II.

In darkest night he opes his eyes,
But naught by day can see;
So all the birds, though they know him wise,
Dislike his company.

THE CUCKOO AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

I.

The Cuckoo he has dropp'd down dead,
From the hollow willow tree;
Who shall the summer hours beguile
With pleasant minstrelsy?

II.

To the slender twig in the thicket green,
Dame Nightingale shall come;
And merrily will she hop and sing,
When other birds are dumb.

WHAT A CHILD HAS.

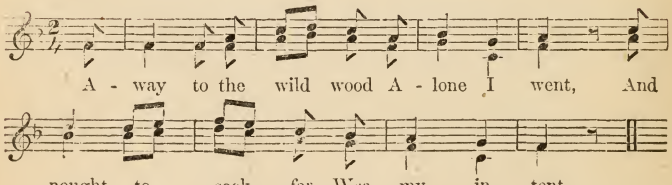
The snail, see, has a house ;
A fur coat has the mouse ;
The sparrow has its feathers brown ;
The butterfly its wings of down.

Now tell me, darling, what have you ?
"I have clothes, and on each foot a shoe ;
Father and mother, life and glee ;
So good has God been unto me."

LAUS DEO.

No creature on the earth
Is scorn'd by God above ;
All owe to Him their birth,
To all He shows His love.
Not man alone
His care doth own ;
The bird sweetly singing,
The fish swiftly springing,
The honey bee,
The mouse so wee,
All in their own appointed ways,
Unite to hymn their Maker's praise.

THE DISCOVERY.



I.

WAY to the wild wood
Alone I went,
And nought to seek for
Was my intent.

II.

I saw 'mid its shadows
A flower rare—
No star more gleaming,
No eye more fair.

III.

I thought to pluck it,
Then softly it said,
"Must I be broken
And withered ?"

IV.

Its roots far spreading
I raised with care,
And home I brought it,
That flower rare.

V.

In my quiet garden
I found it room ;
Where now it groweth
In beauteous bloom.

A PRAYER FOR A PURE HEART.

I.

Lord ! make me a clean heart within ;
Close my soul's door 'gainst every sin.
Drive all things evil from my breast,
Let no ill spirit in me rest.

II.

To Thee my gate I open wide,
Oh come and with me, Lord, abide !
All wickedness far from me chase,
And make my heart Thy dwelling-place.

III.

And grant me, Lord, through faith, to see
The bliss of Heaven prepared for me ;
That I forever may be Thine,
Hear, gracious God, this prayer of mine !

THE HEART A BELL.

I.

Your heart is beating day by day:
If it could speak, what would it say?
The hours of night its pulses tell.
Have you, my child, consider'd well,
What means this restless little heart,
That doth so well perform its part?

II.

It is a little bell, whose tone
Is heard by you and God alone.
At your soul's door it hangs; and there
His spirit stays with loving care,
And rings the bell, and deigns to wait
To see if closed remains the gate.

He rings and waits. Oh! then begin
At once your prayer, "Lord, enter in!"

III.

So when its time on earth is past,
Your heart will beat no more at last;
And when its latest pulse is o'er,
'Twill go and knock at heaven's door,
And stand without and patient wait,
To see if Christ will ope the gate,
And say, "Here endless joys begin,
Here, faithful servant, enter in!
I was on earth thy cherished guest,
And now in Heaven I give thee rest.
Receive at length thy due reward,
Enjoy the blessings of thy Lord."

THE BIRD'S FUNERAL.

I.

HERE, in these rosy bowers,
Sleep, little bird! We crave
A spot beneath the flowers
To dig thy early grave.

II.

So charming was thy singing !
Thou wast to us so dear,
Thy voice hast ceased its ringing,
And we are weeping here.

III.

Sweet May waked all her roses
Thy thrilling notes to hear ;
And now with mourning posies
We strew thy silent bier.

THE FOX AND THE GOOSE.

FOX.

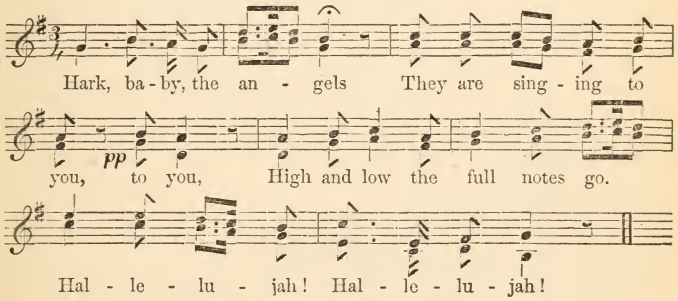
"Mrs. Goose, it is such lovely weather ;
We ought to take a walk together."

GOOSE.

"Mr. Fox, I prefer to remain at home.
Just now 't was so fine I was tempted to roam ;
But since you've been standing near my door,
I don't think it so fine as it was before."

The weather was fine enough, 't was true,
The sun was shining, the sky was blue ;
But the Goose, you must know, was a little afraid,
For she knew what tricks Master Fox had played ;
And had she consented with him to roam,
She would certainly never again come home.

THE ANGELS' SONG.



HARK, baby, the angels,—
They are singing to you ;
High and low the full notes go,
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah.

NOW MAIDENS, WE PRESS ON
YOUR NOTICE A LESSON.

THE finest cloth that man can sell
Wears out when years are past;
The pitcher oft goes to the well,
But it is broke at last;
And both alike this moral tell—
Virtue alone stands fast.

THE TOYMAN.

I.

THE Toyman comes from Germany,
His shop contains rich stores;
Both dwarfs and giants there you see,
And Turks, and Jews, and Moors.

II.

And there a prancing steed I 'spy
Bearing a haughty knight,
Whose castle crowns the rock on high,
With grate and drawbridge bright.

III.

A curious wooden figure begs
A nut to crack beneath;
He spreads his arms and sprawls his legs,
And shows his monstrous teeth.

IV.

Seeking his prey, his very glance
Has something savage in it:
"Ho! nuts from England, Spain, and France,
I'll crack you in a minute."

V.

And here a regiment appears
Of lancers and huzzars;
And there a file of grenadiers,
With banners from the wars.

VI.

Drums, trumpets, pistols, swords, and guns,
With fifes and marching band;
The boy who to the Toyman runs
May have all from his hand.

VII.

Rocking and hobby-horses stand
Hard by for boys to ride;
And there, for girls, dolls' houses grand,
And furniture beside.

VIII.

With jointed dolls, so slim and spruce,
And sofas, chairs, and settles ;
And tea-things bright, for Dolly's use,
And tubs, and pails, and kettles.

IX.

And near a sheepfold all complete,
With shepherd, dog, and flock,
A Merry Andrew stands, whose feet
Can give his head a knock.

X.

The Toyman makes him scratch his ear,
And preach a sermon after ;
While he a roguish look doth wear
As if he'd burst with laughter.

XI.

Seeing such things, the children join
To raise a joyous cry ;
But they whose purse is bare of coin
Can no fine playthings buy.

XII.

Oh, happy Toyman! if I had
The wealth which in this place is,
I would not stand and look so sad,
And make such queer grimaces.

XIII.

If I had every pretty thing
That you see round you daily,
Like to the merry lark I 'd sing,
And snap my fingers gaily.

THE BIRDS AND THE ANGELS.

I.

High the feathered warblers fly,
Singing in the clear blue sky ;
Higher still the angels soar,
And sing in heaven evermore.

II.

Birds, come rest your wings awhile,
With me here the hours beguile ;
Angels, downward turn your love,
Tell me of the joys above.

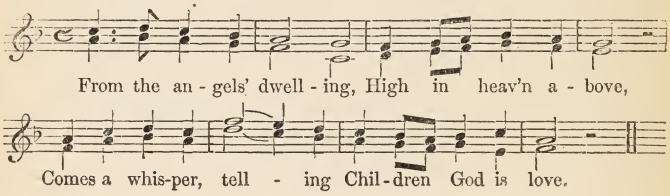
THE FISHERMAN.

THE Fisherman shows his patience good
Afloat or on the strand ;
Whether he sails on the clear bright flood,
Or wades 'mid the mud and sand.

Dripping he comes from the running brook,
The breeze his garments dries ;
The sea tempts *him*—and his baited hook
Tempts that which in it lies.

What 's that ?—Hush !
A hare in a bush ?
No, no,—well !
A snail in a shell ?
No—I guess
A silver fish.—Yes.

OUR FATHER.



I.

From the angels' dwelling,
High in heaven above,
Comes a whisper, telling
Children God is love.

II.

Graciously He heareth
Night and day their prayer ;
Father-like appeareth
His unceasing care.

III.

He with hand paternal
Gives their daily bread ;
Helps from foes infernal ;
Lifts the drooping head.

IV.

In His Scripture truly
Is this promise set—
Those who serve Him truly
Ne'er will He forget.

THE ORPHAN.

I.

I AM a poor and orphan child,
Father and mother both are dead;
The cold and hunger drive me wild,
My clothes are rags—I have no bread.

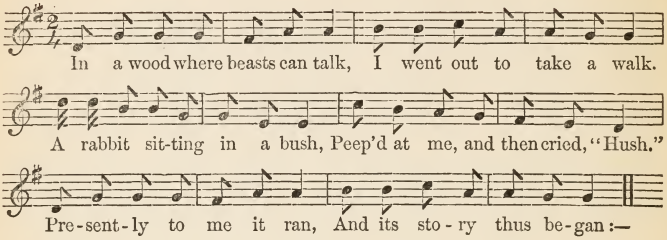
II.

Oh ye who rich and happy are,
And bless'd with parents fond and good,
Give me, I pray, some clothes to wear,
A morsel spare of wholesome food.

A BOY'S DUTY.

All good boys must every day
What their teacher says obey,
Pray and sing, and read and write—
These make heart and spirit light;
And, with the grace of God, each can
Thus become a worthy man.

LISTEN TO A SPORTSMAN'S FUNNY TALE,



I.

In a wood where beasts can talk,
I went out to take a walk.
A rabbit, sitting in a bush,
Peeped at me, and then cried, "Hush."
Presently to me it ran,
And its story thus began :—

II.

"You have got a gun I see ;
Perhaps you 'll point it soon at me,
And when I am shot, alack !
Pop me in your little sack.
When upon my fate I think,
I grow faint—my spirits sink."

III.

"Pretty rabbit, do not eat
Gardener's greens or Farmer's wheat.
If such thieving you begin,
You must pay it with your skin.
Honestly your living get,
And you may be happy yet."

THE DOLL'S CRADLE SONG.

I.

Sleep, Dolly, sleep,
You have time for a nap,
Need not either read or write,
May remain both day and night
In your nightgown and cap.

II.

That you may have a quiet sleep,
I 'll sing to you about Bo-peep;
And then I 'll tell you of Goosey-gander,
Who with Wiggle-waggle loves to wander.

POOR GOOSEY.

I.

Hey diddle diddle,
What's that in the straw?
Poor Goosey goes barefoot with no shoes at a';
The cobbler has leather,
But no last that's meet
To make for poor Goosey
Some shoes to her feet.

II.

Hey diddle diddle,
Let's kill Goosey dead;
She lays me no eggs now, and nibbles my bread.

We 'll pluck off her feathers
And make a nice bed,
On which my dear Dolly
Shall lay down her head.

III.

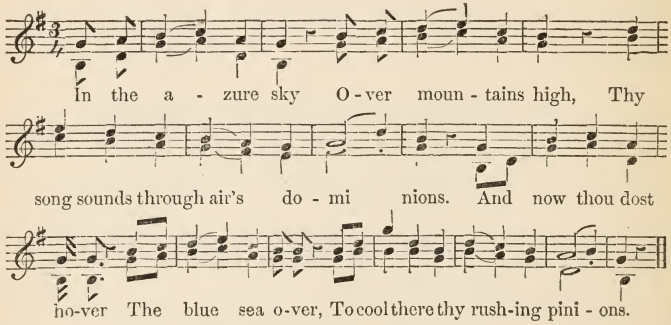
Hey diddle diddle,
Some trouble 't will take,
To beg for a penny to buy me a cake ;
I' ll sell my bed, and lie
Down in the straw,
With no feathers to prick me,
And no fleas to gnaw.

THE BOY AND THE BIRD'S NEST.

The boy climbed up in the tree so high—
Who could go higher? In truth, not I.
Bravely he strides
Over branch and bough;
Softly he slides
To the bird's nest now.

"I have it! Ha!"
The bough breaks—ah!
He tumbles down,
And cracks his crown.

TO A BIRD.

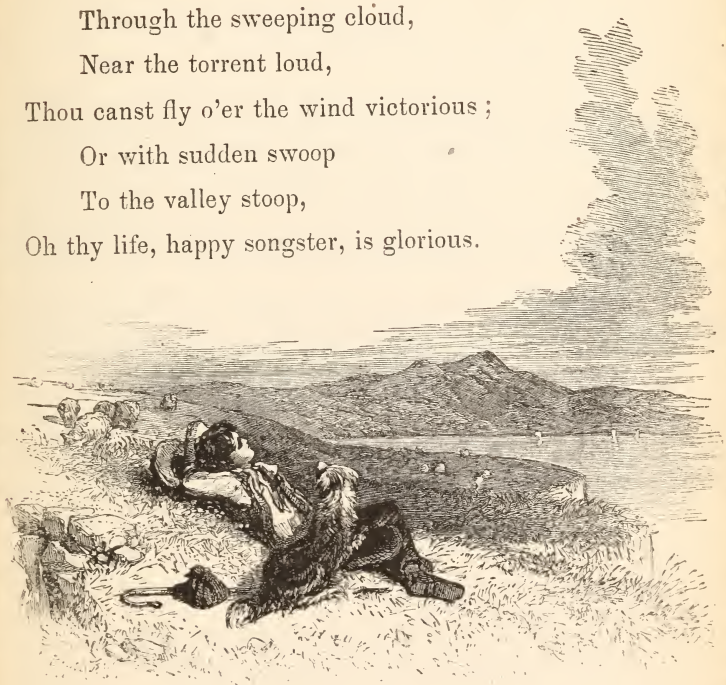


I.

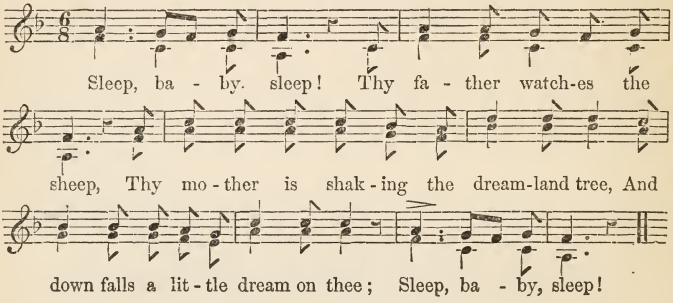
In the azure sky
Over mountains high,
Thy song sounds through air's dominions.
And now thou dost hover
The blue sea over,
To cool there thy rushing pinions.

II.

Through the sweeping cloud,
Near the torrent loud,
Thou canst fly o'er the wind victorious;
Or with sudden swoop
To the valley stoop,
Oh thy life, happy songster, is glorious.



CRADLE SONG.



I.

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Thy father watches the sheep,
Thy mother is shaking the dreamland tree,
And down falls a little dream on thee;
Sleep, baby, sleep!

II.

Sleep, baby, sleep!
The large stars are the sheep,
The little stars are the lambs, I guess,
The fair moon is the shepherdess;
Sleep, baby, sleep!

III.

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Our Saviour loves his sheep;
He is the Lamb of God on high,
Who for our sakes came down to die.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

IV.

Sleep, baby, sleep!
I 'll buy for thee a sheep,

With a golden bell so fine to see,
And it shall frisk and play with thee,
Sleep, baby, sleep!

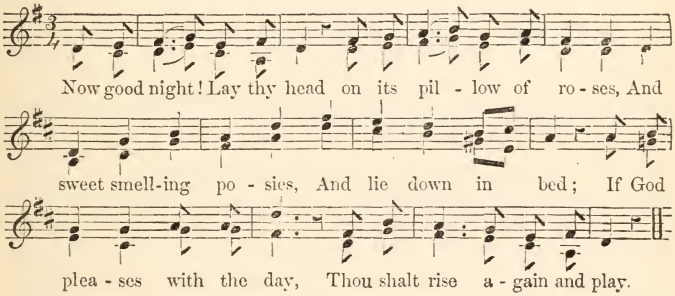
v.

Sleep, baby, sleep!
And cry not like a sheep;
Else will the sheep-dog bark and whine,
And bite this naughty child of mine.
Sleep, baby, Sleep!

vi.

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Away! and tend the sheep.
Away, thou black dog, fierce and wild,
And do not wake my little child!
Sleep, baby, sleep!

GOOD-NIGHT.



I.

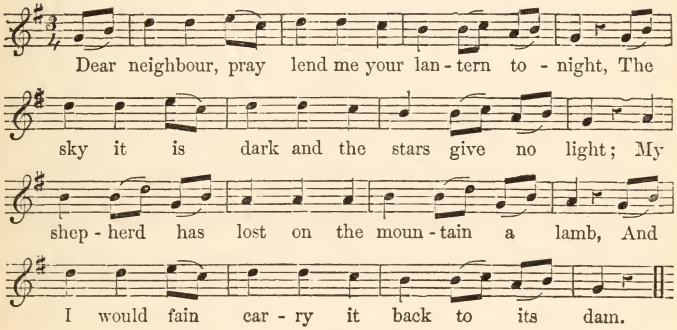
Now good night! Lay thy head
On its pillow of roses,
And sweet smelling posies,
And lie down in bed;

If God pleases, with the day
Thou shalt rise again and play.

II.

Now good night! O'er thy sleep,
Holy angels filled with love,
Bringing visions from above,
Their calm watch shall keep;
Thou shalt dream of joys divine,
Slumber sweetly, baby mine.

THE NEIGHBOR.



I.

Dear Neighbor, pray lend me your lantern to-night,
The sky it is dark and the stars give no light;
My shepherd has lost on the mountain a lamb,
And I would fain carry it back to its dam.

II.

Dear Neighbor, pray lend me your lantern to-night,
If the glasses are dirty I 'll rub them all bright;
And if one is broken, why never mind that,
I 'll cover the hole with the brim of my hat.

III.

And then in return I to help you will come,
When you from the ale-house again toddle home;
I 'll keep you from stumbling 'mid darkness and storm,
And bring you home safely, and wrap you up warm.

THE WATCHMAN.

I.

LL around is darksome night,
Through the streets till morning
Goes the Watchman—lonely wight!
Wind and weather scorning.
Silence! Hist!
List, boys, list!
Let us not lose his warning.

II.

"Hark and mark, young masters mine!
Talking won't avail ye,
Now the clock is striking nine,
Off to bed go gaily;

Till morning bright
Puts out my light,
And makes the stars burn palely.

III.

" But then cheerfully arise
In the morning early;
Briskly wash both ears and eyes,
That your senses clearly
May discern
How to learn,
And no rod tickle you queerly.

IV.

" Misses all and masters mine!
A last good wish I send you—
Moon and stars all calmly shine,
Sleep—and God defend you.
Far and nigh
May His eye
Compassionately tend you! "

THE SANDMAN.

Two boots have I, dear girls and boys,
With wondrous soles that make no noise;
Upon my back a little scrip,
And hark, how softly I can trip!
But when I 'm heard upon the stairs
'T is time for you to say your prayers.

I drop with care from out my hand
Into your eyes two grains of sand,
And then throughout the night you sleep,
And angels near their vigils keep.

AN EVENING PRAYER.

I.

LORD, thine eye is closed never,
When night casts o'er earth her hood,
Thou remainest wakeful ever,
And art like the shepherd good,

Who, through every darksome hour,
Tends his flock with watchful power.

II.

Grant, O Lord, that we Thy sheep,
May this night in safety sleep;
And when we again awake,
Give us strength our cross to take;
And to order all our ways
To Thine honor and Thy praise.

III.

Or, if Thou hast willed that I
Must before the morning die,
Into Thy hands to the end,
Soul and body I commend.

Amen.

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

When good children go to sleep
Then wake up the stars so bright,
And the holy angels keep
Watch through all the livelong night.
Down from heaven they descend
All good children to befriend.

THE FARM YARD.

I.

The hen sometimes comes out and does
A noisy cackling make,
The housewife understands and goes
The new laid egg to take.

II.

The cock, at early morn, the men,
Master, and maids, awakes ;
They turn and stretch themselves, and then
Snore on 'till daylight breaks.

III.

The bairns wake not ; each little phiz
Is fast in slumber bound ;
They think, of all things, good sleep is
The best that can be found.

IV.

Let rest due strength and vigor bring,
Then be your tasks begun ;
There is a time for every thing
Beneath the glorious sun.

THE SUN.

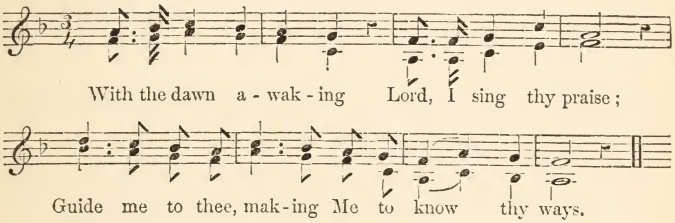
I.

Get up, dear children, see! the sun
His shining course has just begun!
So like a giant he comes forth
To run his course and light the earth.

II.

Welcome, thrice welcome, lovely day!
Thou chasest darksome night away;
Oh that our hearts, like thee, were bright
With heaven's own purifying light!

MORNING SONG.



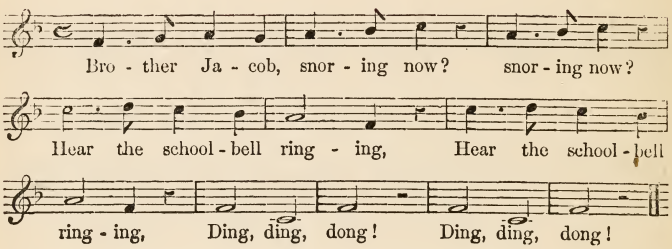
I.

With the dawn awaking
Lord I sing thy praise;
Guide me to thee, making
Me to know thy ways.

II.

All thy precepts keeping
Whole and undefiled,
Waking, Lord, or sleeping
Let me be thy child.

BROTHER JACOB.



I.

Brother Jacob, snoring now?
Hear the school bell ringing;
Ding, ding, dong!
Ding, ding, dong!

You 're a lazy lout I trow,
To your pillow clinging ;
Dullest ass
In the class !

II.

Sleep and make your cheeks more red,
All your thoughts bestowing
On see-saw,
Top and taw,
Dream of cakes and gingerbread
On the hedges growing.
So good night,
Lazy wight.

NOW I WILL TELL, YOUR ATTENTION TO JOG.

BOY.

"Come here, little Puppy, and cease those cries,
'T is time to begin your exercise."

PUPPY.

" Oh, master, I am but a little pup,
I can learn much better when I am grown up."

BOY.

" No, Puppy, 't is best to begin, d' ye see,
For the longer you wait the harder 't will be."

The puppy soon learned ; 't was a pleasant sight
To see him both sit and stand upright ;
Then into the water he learned to spring,
And back to his master a stick to bring.
The little boy saw what the puppy could do,
And so he worked hard, and was clever too.

THE WAGONER.

I.

The clock has struck, the school is up,
The boys and girls run home to sup,
Slate, books, and pens in hand;
"I am not in such haste as they,
My supper will not run away,"
Says lazy Peter Bland.

II.

And slowly, slowly home he flits,
And with his bread and honey sits
Down near the garden gate;
He hears his poor goats' plaintive cry,
"Aha! you 're hungry—so am I,
And you, my friends, must wait."

III.

He eats his supper at his ease;
Some fruit, too, would his palate please
If he knew how to take it;
But ah! it drops not 'twixt his teeth,
And 't were hard work to stand beneath
The apple tree and shake it.

IV.

At length the goats' complaining call
Disturbs his rest, and to their stall
Right slowly strolls the lout;
"Ah! lazy beasts, you sought fresh food,
You should have seized it while you could,
Now you must go without."

V.

So says he—and so said, so done,
He harnesses in turn each one,
The black goat and the white;

The wagon 's in the court hard by,
He yokes the hungry beasts, who try
The very trees to bite.

VI.

" See what a wagoner I be ! "
He cries, and urging rapidly
His weary beasts, they pass
Out through the gate, across the fields
To where the spacious meadow yields
Its store of new mown grass.

VII.

And while he loads his wagon, lo !
The farming man, who long ago
Came home, now looks about ;
Nowhere the wagon can he see,
And so he grumbles moodily,
" Who dared to take it out ? "

VIII.

He shuts the gate ; but on the road
He hears a cracking whip ; their load
The goats can hardly drag on ;
Peter the lazy—not the great—
Is singing, " Open wide the gate,
I 'm coming with my wagon."

WINTER AND THE CHILDREN.

Old Winter in his coat so white
Is knocking at the door to-night.

CHILDREN.

"Ah, Mr. Winter, is that you?
We're not glad to see you,—but how d' ye do?
We thought you a long way off, you know,
And here you are all covered with snow;
But since you are come, you may just as well
What you have brought for us children tell."

WINTER.

"Oh, I have brought you some presents fine,
A merry Christmas with cakes and wine.

Plenty of nice
Smooth slippery ice,
Now you may slide,
And make snowballs beside,
And soon you can
Make up a snow man."

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

1.

Christ is of Christmas gifts the cause ;
And children who obey His laws,
Who to their elders reverence bear,
Are neat and clean, and learn with care,

At early morn, their warm beds leave,—
Such children will his gifts receive.

II.

But children who their parents scorn,
Who do not pray at early morn,
Who snarl and fight with one another,
With sister or with little brother,—
In short, all those who are not good,—
The old man will take to the wood,
Bundled together in his sack,
And tumble them from off his back
Among the savage wolves and bears,
Where for their crying no one cares.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

I.

With flowers the lowly manger dressing,
We 'll watch by Him the livelong night;
His hands with reverent kisses pressing,
Such thanks His gracious gifts incite.

II.

And from Him we will wander never,
But ceaselessly to Him will pray;
With heartfelt love exclaiming ever,
"Oh, Lord, remain with us alway."

THE VIEW IN THE MILL.

One, two, three,
Merry boys are we.
Clipper, clapper, peppercorn,
The Miller's wife is all forlorn:
Nowhere is she to be found,
I think she has vanished from off the ground.

Look at the mill now, what do you see?
The mice from the window peep at me;
The stork is stirring the soup with a spoon;
The cat is sweeping the floor with a broom;
To carry the dust the rat has come;
The dog sits up and beats the drum.

A little man sits the eaves beneath,
And nearly has laughed himself to death.

THE OBSTINATE CHICKEN,

WHOSE FATE SO GORY,

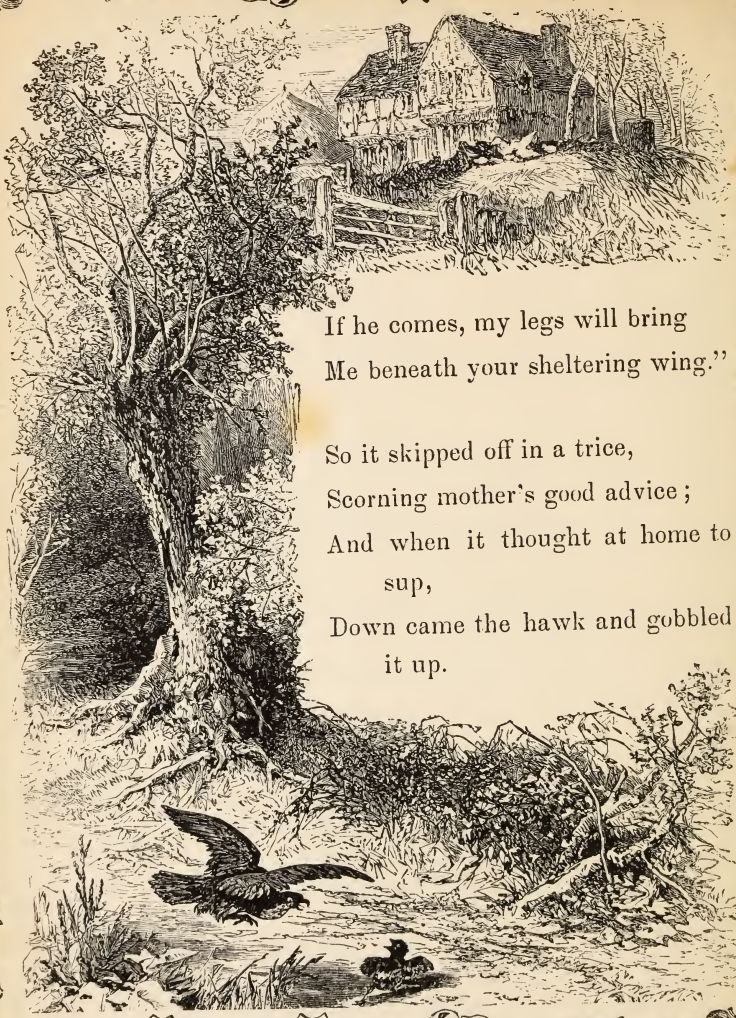
MAKES THIS A MELANCHOLY STORY.

HEN.

" Go not down that distant walk ;
Yonder flies the savage hawk ;
His sharp eyes will quickly meet you,
If you go I 'm sure he 'll eat you."

CHICKEN.

" Nasty hawk is far away,
I may safely go and play ;



If he comes, my legs will bring
Me beneath your sheltering wing."

So it skipped off in a trice,
Scorning mother's good advice;
And when it thought at home to
sup,
Down came the hawk and gobbled
it up.

FOR BOYS AT PLAY.

I.

Little Jack comes gaily running
From the merry land of funning;
To our neighbor's house retreats,
From the pot the honey eats;
Leaves the spoon within it sticking,
Who will give the spoon a licking?
Who, boys, who?

II.

We a wager bold will lay,
Of three chains of gold so gay,
And of wine a measure small,
That it will be, of us all,
You, Jack, you.

COME HITHER AND LISTEN, I'LL TELL YOU A TALE.

I.

A GALLANT steed, with a rider tall,
Halted beneath a castle wall;
To the window did the Lady come,
And said, "My Lord is not at home.

II.

"Here there is none to welcome you
Save me alone with my children two."
The horseman cried from out the wood
"Are your children gentle? Are they good?"

III.

The Lady said, with a heavy sigh.
"Ah! no such happiness have I,
"My children follow evil ways,
"And heed not what their mother says."

IV.

Then spoke the horseman—and frown'd he too—
"They shall their naughty conduct rue;
"I may not with such children stay
"Who their kind parents disobey.

V.

"Nor can I give them toys or rings,
"Nor make them glad with pretty things:
"Such gifts I keep for Children who
"Are good, and what they 're bidden do."

VI.

So spoke the horseman in his wrath,
And spurr'd his horse along the path;
And the gallant steed with his rider tall
Pass'd far away from the castle wall.

THE STORK.

STORK, stork, long legs,
What are you about?
Stork, stork, long beak,
With your forky snout.

Shall we hurt your feelings, pray,
Laughing at your stockings gay ?
There you are at home, at rest,
Safe within your lofty nest.
Why last night did you not bring
A baby underneath your wing ?
If you had left it in the yard,
We had there kept watch and ward ;
If you had left it on the stair,
We had rocked its cradle there.
But, since you have nothing brought,
Mind what you 're about ;
Stork, stork, long beak,
With your forky snout.

THE PRESENT.

I.

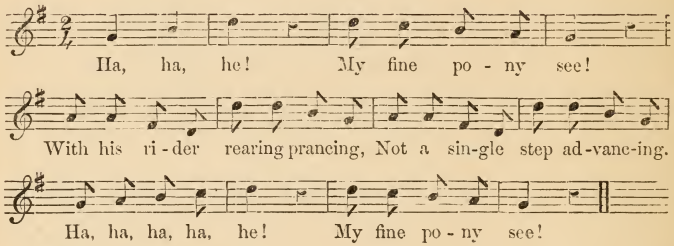
Heaven bless my little Jessie!
I 've been walking in the wood;
For you I 've found a bird, Jessie;
It would leave me if it could.

Will you then accept a present?
Take it, Jessie, kindly take!
It will ever sing a pleasant
Cheerful song for thy dear sake.

II.

With one favor may I task you?
Yes—you 'll grant it I 'll engage.
For the little bird I ask you
Just to buy a little cage.
And do n't forget, now that 't is caught, a
Little trough to hold its seed,
Another little trough for water,
And a happy life 't will lead.

THE ROCKING HORSE.



I.

A, ha, he!
My fine pony see!
With his rider rearing, prancing,
Not a single step advancing,
Ha, ha, ha, ha, he!
My fine pony see.

II.

Skip, jump, hop!
Stop, my pony, stop!
Ere again so gaily spring we,
We a feed of corn will bring thee.
Skip, and jump, and hop,
Stop, my pony, stop.

III.

Well-a-day!
Pony eats no hay;
We will buy some oats or borrow,
Then he 'll trot right well to-morrow.
Ohone! well-a-day!
Pony eats no hay.

THE COURIER.

A HAPPY life doth the courier lead,
Riding all day on a gallant steed.

His spurs are the brightest that can be worn,
And merrily rings his lusty horn ;

And hill and valley echo back
The noise of his long whip's sounding crack.

Oh, if a Courier I might be,
I 'd gallop away right merrily ;
Hurra ! hurra ! hurra !

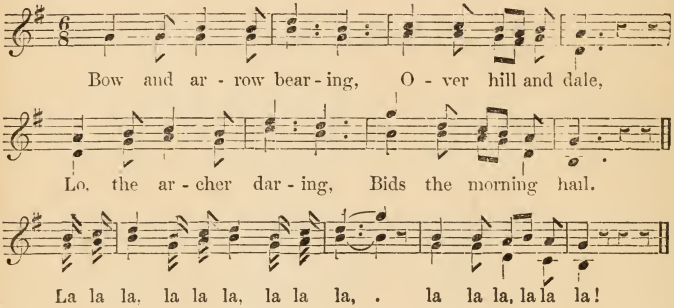
SONG FOR BOYS AT PLAY.

THE rider is riding
Over the ditch ;
If he rides that way,
In he must pitch.
Eyes and nose !
Down he goes.

CHORUS.

A man has fallen in the stream,
Quickly down he sunk ;
The foolish fellow safe had been,
If he had not been drunk.

THE ARCHER.



I.

Bow and arrow bearing.
Over hill and dale,
Lo, the archer daring,
Bids the morning hail.

II.

As the eagle soaring
Seems a king to be,
To the wilds exploring,
Like a king goes he.

III.

He rules o'er the distance,
Where his arrows fly;
Vain is all resistance,
Beast or bird must die.

SIT DOWN ON THE TURF WITH ME.

I.

The lambkin in the pasture green
Has wool as soft as silken sheen,
And round its neck a bright red band;
It eats crumbs from the children's hand,
Merrily, lambkin, play!

II.

Jump! see how high the lambkin springs!
The bell upon its neck it rings:
That bell which on the bright red band
Was fastened by Mamma's own hand.
Jump high, my lambkin gay!

III.

Ma ! ma ! it cries for very joy ;
No one would dare its peace annoy,
Its innocence all hearts doth warm,
Oh ! let me stroke thy pretty form,
My little pet, I pray !

WHEN THE SNAIL IN ITS SHELL KEEPS STILL ITS HEAD.

Snail, put your horns out quick, I say,
Or I will crack your shell so gay ;
Or I will throw you in yon deep ditch,
Where you may hear the raven screech ;
Or I will fling you behind the house.
To be nibbled at by a hungry mouse ;
Or I will seek the deepest of bogs,
And leave you to fatten the toads and frogs.
Out with your horns, snail, quick, I say,
Out with your horns, snail, while you may.

NOW LIST TO WHAT THE LAZY MAID.

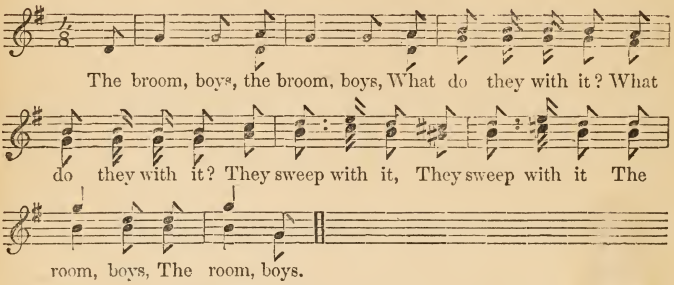
I.

I am thinking, night and day,
That mine 's a weary place ;
With a fan I drive the flies
From off the baby's face.

II.

While the rest are dancing gay,
I must by the cradle stay,
On its rocking fix my thought ;
Sleep, you little good for nought !

THE BROOM AND THE ROD COME FROM THE SAME TREE.



I.

The broom, boys, the broom, boys—
What do they with it?
They sweep with it
The room boys.

II.

The rod, boys, the rod, boys—
What do they with it?
They flog with it,
Yes, flog, boys.

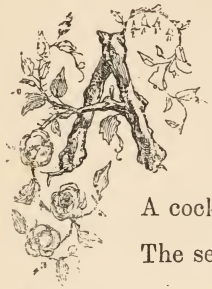
III.

Lads only, not lasses;
For girls' care, you see,
Boys' industry
Surpasses.

NOW, MY DEARS, I'D HAVE YOU KNOW.

My name 's little Joe,
Very little I know.
Mother to me a story tell,
And I will try to learn it well:
So when I 'm asked another day,
I may then with courage say,—
"My name 's little Joe,
A fine story I know."

NOW HEAR BEHIND THE ARM-CHAIR'S BACK.



SWORD and a gun,
The sermon's begun;
A cow and a calf,
You now have heard half;
A cock and hen dead,
The sermon is ended.

Now go home good people all,
And hold a feast both great and small.
Have you aught?
Now eat it.
Have you naught?
Forget it.

If you have plenty, be not greedy,
But share it with the poor and needy;
If you have little, take good care,
To give the little birds a share.

THE BEWILDERED COOK.

For my dumpling I 've got
Neither salt nor suet;
And without e'er a pot
How am I to do it?
To the potter I will go,
Another pot to buy you know.
While I am running through the town
A little hunchback knocks me down.

ROUND RING.

Ring, round ring,
The children sing.
Under the holly bush,
All cry out, Hush! hush! hush!
Hear our call!
Sit down all!

There sat in a ring a lady tall,
And round her seven children small.
What like they to eat?
Fish so fine.
What drink they? Neat
Currant wine.
Hear our call,
Sit down all.

IF ANY BOY FOR A SOLDIER WOULD GO.

I.

The lad who would a soldier be
Must have a musket tall,
And learn to load it cleverly.
With powder and with ball.

II.

By his left side, in leathern band,
A sword he must not lack;
So both far off and hand to hand
The foe he may attack.

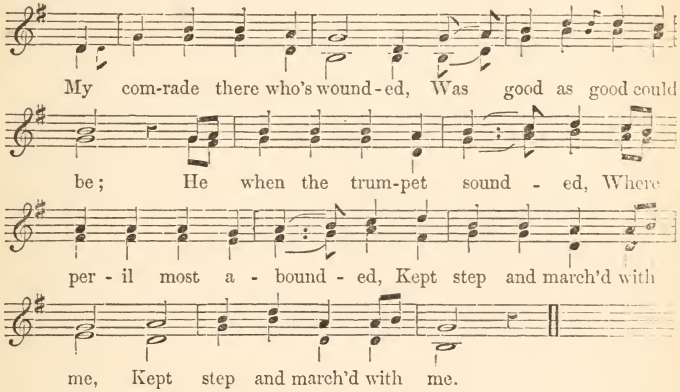
III.

A horse he 'll want to ride a-field,
With spurs of silver bright,
And bit and rein, to make it yield,
When restive in the fight.

IV.

A fine moustache beneath his nose,
A helmet on his head;
Else, when the martial trumpet blows,
He were as good as dead.

THE GOOD COMRADE.



I.

My comrade there who 's wounded
Was good as good could be,
He when the trumpet sounded,
Where peril most abounded,
Kept step and marched with me.

II.

There came a bullet flying,—
Must I or he be slain?
It struck him—there he 's lying,
Close by my feet he 's dying,
Upon the blood-stained plain.

III.

Our lot that ball did sever;
Henceforth, where'er I be,
My hand may touch his never.
And so farewell for ever,
My comrade brave, to thee.

JACKY AND DOLLY YOU HERE MAY SEE.

I.

Little Jacky Sprat to
Dolly Dumpling said—
"We 'll go in the garden
'Neath the pear tree's shade.

II.

"I'll shake down the big pears
You shake down the small,
And then we'll run back home, with
Pears and bags and all."

THE BEE

I.

See how the laboring honey-bee,
Both late and early flies;
Each flower she visits carefully,
And every blossom tries.

II.

Busily goes she far and wide,
And, with industrious care,
Doth in the sunny summer tide
Her winter food prepare.

WHAT I SHOULD NOT LIKE.

I.

I would not for a thousand pound
To lose my head consent;
For then I should run round and round,
Not knowing where I went.

II.

The people all who walked about
Would stare, I bet a guinea,
And say, "Hilloa! good folks look out!
There goes a silly ninny."

DRESSING THE HAIR.

My darling, hold your head quite still,
Your hair with neatness plait I will ;
With ribbons red the bands I 'll tie,
And violets blue, and rosemary.

II.

Stand still, my darling, like a lamb ;
The comb about to fix I am,
Then place the rosy wreath above,
And so you will be dressed my love.

TO-DAY, YESTERDAY, AND TO-MORROW.

I.

O–DAY, which yesterday its name
Did from *To-morrow* borrow,
Will its ephemeral title claim
From *Yesterday* to-morrow.

II.

To-morrow—which we never see,
Though never far away—
What will its name to-morrow be?
'T will then be called *To-day*.

COME HERE, MY JESSIE! TELL TO ME.

I.

I would not be an eagle fierce,
With nest upon a rock,
Stealing the harmless little lambs
From the poor shepherd's flock.

II.

I would not be a moping owl,
Snoring in bed all day,
And pouncing on the mice at night,
When they come out to play.

III.

No—I would be a lark, and mount
From the daisy spangled sod,
With twinkling wings to Heaven's gate,
Singing the praise of God.

THE FAIRIES.

I.

In the summer night,
When the moon shines bright,
And the air is calm and still,
The fairies wake
By stream and lake,
In valley and on hill.

II.

From the pale blue-bell,
In the forest dell,
From the water lily's cup;
And from sweet repose
In the fragrant rose,
The tiny fays spring up.

III.

With mirth and glee,
And minstrelsey,
Their revels they renew;
The feast they eat
Is honey sweet,
And they quaff the glistening dew.

IV.

And round and round,
On the mossy ground,
They dance with might and main;
But at morning's light
They flee from sight,
And hide in the flowers again.

THE OWL AND THE HAWK.

A GREEDY young Hawk, very early one day,
Accosted an Owl in the following way :—
" Good day, Mrs. Owl, may I know why you roam ?
I thought in the day-time you never left home."
" Last night, Mr. Hawk, I could meet with no mice,
And my owlets are longing for something that 's nice ;
You too, I suppose, are in search of some food ;—
Your politeness, I 'm sure, will protect my young brood."
" Oh ! certainly, ma'am ; but for fear of mistakes,
Describe them :—my want of experience makes
Me ask you this favor. I 'm curious in fowls,
But ne'er in my life have I met with young owls."
" The task is a pleasure as well as a duty,
They are easily known by their exquisite beauty :

Last Monday, dear sir, was the day of their birth,
And such lovely young creatures were ne'er seen on earth."

They parted ; and, passing an old ruin's side,
The Hawk heard a squeaking—"here's something," he cried.
And spying a hole he at once entered in,
And found the young birds who occasioned the din.
"Tis clear these are not my friend's nestlings," said he,
"For such hideous monsters I never did see."
So he ate the poor owlets all up in a trice,
And when the old mother came back with her mice
She found the nest empty, and cried "well-a-day!
I now see how justly my father did say—
'Remember, my child, in old age or in youth,
There is no good excuse for not telling the truth.'"

THE ASS.

I.

THE Ass is scorn'd by thoughtless boys,
And passes weary days,
And all cry, "What a horrid noise!"
When the poor creature brays.

II.

But patiently he bears his load,
Or draws his master's cart
Along the rough and hilly road
From town or village mart.

III.

And children who refuse to walk
The way their teacher asks,
And spend their time in foolish talk,
When they should learn their tasks,

IV.

Will be hereafter, as in youth,
The lowest of their class,
And may be called, with perfect truth,
More stupid than an ass.

THE BUTTERFLY

I.

Yon Butterfly, whose airy form
Flits o'er the garden wall,
Was once a little crawling worm,
And could not fly at all.

II.

The little worm was then enclosed
Within a shell-like case,
And there it quietly reposed
Until its change took place.

III.

And now on red and purple wings
It roves, as free as air,
Visiting all the lovely things
That make the earth so fair.

IV.

And we—if humbly we behave,
And do the will of God,
And strive to follow, to our grave,
The paths the saints have trod—

v.

Shall find a change more glorious far
Than that which came to light
When, bursting through its prison bar,
The butterfly took flight.

vi.

Through Christ, who reigns above the skies,
To us it will be given
Aloft on angels' wings to rise
And taste the joys of Heaven.