

SONGS AND STORIES,

FOR

THE LITTLE FOLKS.



SOLD BY

G. W. COTTRELL,

BOOKSELLER AND STATIONER,

No. 38 CORNHILL,

BOSTON.

E Lewis Woodward.

Aug 1859.



ARTHUR'S BIRTHDAY PARTY.

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FOR  
THE LITTLE FOLKS.



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### THE BABY BOY.

BEHOLD! a little baby boy!

A happy babe is he!

His face how bright! his heart how  
light!

His throne his mother's knee.

Now in her face, with laughing eye,

I see him gayly peep;

And now, at rest, upon her breast

He gently sinks to sleep.

His lips are red, his teeth like pearls;

The rogue! he has but two;

His golden hair, how soft and fair!

His eyes, how bright and blue!

His tiny hands are white and plump,

And, waking or asleep,

Beneath his clothes his little toes,

How cunningly they peep!



THE TRUANT GIRL.

### THE TRUANT GIRL.

"WHERE can Emily be?" said Mrs. Blair. "It is nearly school time, and she will hardly be able to get ready." So saying, she passed into the yard, calling her as she went; but she received no answer. As she passed the coal-bin, she shut down the cover and continued her search.

Now, Emily, to escape going to school, had got into the coal-bin, and drawn an old rug over her; and when her mother shut the heavy lid down on her, she was very much frightened. She called aloud, and cried, and sobbed, but in vain, for two hours; when Peggy came, as you see, with her hod, to get some coal, and found her trembling, and covered with dirt. Emily never wished to play truant again.



MY MOTHER.

## MY MOTHER.

My mother, my kind mother,  
I hear thy gentle voice ;  
It always makes my little heart  
Beat gladly and rejoice.

When I am ill, it comes to me  
And kindly soothes my pain ;  
And when I sleep, then in my  
dreams  
It sweetly comes again.

It always makes me happy,  
Whene'er I hear its tone ;  
I know it is the voice of love  
From a heart that is my own.

My mother, my dear mother,  
O, may I never be  
Unkind or disobedient  
In any way to thee.



THE OLD FOX.

### THE OLD FOX.

HERE is the picture of a sly old fox, watching the fowls. Perhaps he is trying to entice them away from home, so that he can kill and eat them more at his leisure. I think they had better run away from the hungry old fellow. The fox is a very cunning animal, and very difficult to catch. In England, he is sometimes hunted with dogs by men on horseback, who think it great sport to chase him across the country, over hedges and ditches. A fox thus chased once ran up to the top of a low house, and from there ran down the chimney plump into the dinner pot, carrying with him a plenty of soot for seasoning. No doubt he was somewhat astonished, as well as the people in the house.



THE BUSY ANTS.

### THE LADY-BUG AND THE ANT.

THE lady-bug sat in the rose's heart,  
And smiled, with pride and scorn,  
As she saw a plain-dressed ant go by,  
With a heavy grain of corn.

But a sudden gust of Autumn came,  
And rudely swept the ground,  
And down the rose with the lady-bug  
bent,  
And scattered its leaves around.

Then the houseless lady was much  
amazed,  
For she knew not where to go,  
Since cold November's surly blast  
Had brought both rain and snow.

But the careful ant was in her nest,  
With her little ones by her side ;  
She taught them all like herself to toil,  
Nor mind the sneer of pride.





THE KING AT THE WELL.

### THE REWARD OF FILIAL LOVE.

THE king of Sweden, in travelling through the country, once stopped at a well to drink. A poor girl, there drawing water, raised her pitcher to his lips, so kindly and yet so modestly, that the king was much pleased, and in return promised to improve her condition if she would come to the city. But she was obliged to refuse; and, on his wishing to know the reason why, she led the way to a small hovel, where her aged mother lay sick and unable to move, requiring the constant attention of her affectionate daughter. The king was much moved by the pious resignation of the mother, and the filial love of the daughter, and promised, on his departure, to see their wants supplied; which promise he afterwards kept.



GOOSEY GANDER.

### GOOSEY GANDER.

WHEN summer showers, like dancing  
pearls,

Fall in the dimpling pool,  
Or glance among the shining curls  
Of children from the school;

Then Goosey Gander waddling goes  
To taste the cooling springs,  
Where rushes grow, and waters flow,  
And flowery verdure clings.

Old Mother Goose, where are your  
young?

How many goslings small  
That skim the pool to you belong?  
Or have you none at all?

Quack! cries the goose, and to the  
flood,

With louder quack, runs she,  
And sails along, in merry mood,  
Just like a ship at sea.



THE TOY SHOP.

## THE TOY SHOP.

AH! what a temptation for a boy who owns half a dollar is this! Kite, top, ball, marbles, and many other things dear to every boy. But it won't do for Frank to gaze too long on the tempting show, thinking how that kite would soar, or that ball bounce; for Frank had secretly resolved to purchase a fine, large doll for his little sister, and surprise her the next day with the present, that day being her birthday. At last, he overcame his selfish wish for toys for himself, and bought the doll; and he felt well rewarded for the sacrifice when he saw the pleasure of little Anne, when she awoke the next morning and found the beautiful doll lying on her pillow. How she kissed him for putting it there!



THE RAINY DAY.

### MY LITTLE SONG.

It shines, it rains, then shines again ;  
What does the weather mean ?  
It hangs in doubt, the sun comes out,  
With drizzling mists between.

Now dark, now light, like day, like  
night,

'T is changing, fickle weather ;  
It mists at times, then rains or shines,  
And sometimes all together.

O! now I see it is like me,  
A wise head and a dunce ;  
I fret, I smile, then cry a while,  
And sometimes all at once.

I pout, I pet, well pleased I get,  
Both diligent and lazy ;  
In my own way, is such a day,  
When rainy, shiny, hazy.



THE SAILOR-BOY'S RETURN.

### THE SAILOR-BOY'S RETURN.

TOM HARRIS was called a bad boy in the village. Folks said he was always in mischief. Tom called it fun; but, if it was, it somehow got him into bad company, and into much trouble.

At last, Tom ran away from home, and went to sea. The voyage was a long one; and, as Tom was sea-sick and home-sick, he bitterly repented his past career, and resolved, on his return home, to become a better boy. How he wished to see his kind, indulgent mother once more! And how he longed for the comforts of home! At length, the voyage was over, and Tom gladly returned to the arms of his mother, who had always dearly loved her wayward boy. He kept his promise, and became a good boy.



THE SUMMER DAY.

### THE SUMMER DAY.

'T is June, 'tis merry, smiling June,  
'T is blushing summer now;  
The rose is red, the bloom is dead,  
The fruit is on the bough.

The bird-cage hangs upon the wall,  
Amid the clustering vine;  
The rustic seat is in the porch,  
Where honeysuckles twine.

The rosy, laughing children play  
Beneath the glowing sky;  
They scoop the sand, or gayly chase  
The bee that buzzes by.

The petted kitten frisks among  
The bean-flower's fragrant maze;  
Or, basking, throws her dappled form  
To court the warmest rays.



THE SILLY FRIGHT.

### THE SILLY FRIGHT.

ONE bright summer's morning, little Mary ran gayly down the garden path, stopping, here and there, to pluck a fresh-blown flower, and singing gayly as she went. But, all at once, she sprang back, in terror, and gave a loud scream. Grandmother, sitting in the house, heard it, and threw down her work; Bridget dropped the dishes, and John let go the horse; and all hastened in the direction of the sound. There they beheld Miss Mary standing, horror-struck, gazing at a huge caterpillar, directly in the path. Bridget brushed the insect aside, and grandmother led the frightened girl toward the house, while John returned to catch the horse; each thinking, no doubt, that Mary was a foolish child, to occasion such trouble.



THE BLIND BOY.

### THE BLIND BOY.

DEAR sister, said a poor blind boy,  
That little bird sings very long;  
Say, do you see him in his joy?  
And is he pretty as his song?

Yes, brother, yes, replied the maid,  
I see the bird on yonder tree.  
The poor boy sighed, and gently said,  
I wish that I could see.

The flowers, you say, are very fair,  
And bright green leaves are on the  
trees,  
And pretty birds are singing there;  
How beautiful for one who sees!

But, sister, God is kind to me,  
Though sight, alas, he has not given;  
And well I know there are no blind  
Among the children up in heaven.





THE NOBLE BOY.

## THE NOBLE BOY.

"COME, Ned; we are going to have a race up the river. 'Tis splendid skating, and such a glorious night, too! Come on," shouted the boys.

"No," said Edward; "mother wished me to be at home early, and I have staid too late now."

"O, never mind that," said the boys; "you won't get such skating every night." But Edward began to take off his skates, the boys sneering at him the while.

"Come along, then," said Harry; "let him go home, and go to bed, if he likes." And away they dashed up the river. An old man told them that the ice was thin under the bridge; but they jeered at him, and kept on, until they found themselves plunged up to their necks in icy water.

FATHER IS COMING.

THE clock is on the stroke of six,  
The father's work is done ;  
Sweep up the hearth, and mend the  
fire,  
And put the kettle on.

He's crossing o'er the wold apace,  
He's stronger than the storm ;  
He does not feel the cold, not he,  
His heart it is so warm.

I know he's coming by this sign,  
That baby's almost wild ;  
See how he laughs, and crows, and  
stares,  
Heaven bless the merry child !

Hark ! hark ! I hear his footsteps now,  
He's through the garden gate ;  
Run, little Bess, and ope the door,  
And do not let him wait !



THE OLD FOX.