THE DAISY.

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THE

DAISY,

OR

CAUTIONARY STORIES,

IN VERSE.

ADAPTED TO THE IDEAS OF CHILDREN FROM FOUR TO EIGHT YEARS OLD.

EMBELLISHED WITH

ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD,

FROM NEW DESIGNS.

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THE DAISY.

I.

The Good Scholar.

JOSEPH WEST had been told,
That if, when he grew old,
He had not learned rightly to spell,

Though his writing were good,
'Twould not be understood:
And Joe said, "I will learn my task well."

And he made it a rule
To be silent at school,
And what do you think came to pass?
Why, he learnt it so fast,
That, from being the last,
He soon was the first in the class.

II.

Pretty Puss.

Come, Pretty Cat!
Come here to me!
I want to pat
You on my knee.

Go, naughty Tray!
By barking thus,
You'll drive away
My pretty Puss.

III.

The Fairing.

O DEAR! what a beautiful Doll
My sister has bought at the Fair!
She says I must call it "Miss Poll,"
And make it a bonnet to wear.

O pretty new Doll! it looks so fine;
Its cheeks are all cover'd with red;
But, pray, will it always be mine?
And pray, may I take it to bed?

How kind was my sister to buy
This Dolly, with hair that will curl!
Perhaps, if you want to know why,
She'll tell you I've been a good girl.

IV.

The Good Boy.

When Philip's good Mamma was ill,
The servant begg'd he would be still;
Because the doctor and the nurse
Had said that noise would make her worse.

At night when Philip went to bed,
He kiss'd mamma, and whisp'ring said,
"My dear mamma, I never will
Make any noise when you are ill."

V.

Frances and Henry.

Sister Frances is sad,
Because Henry is ill;
And she lets the dear lad
Do whatever he will.

Left her own little chair,
And got up in a minute,
When she heard him declare
That he wished to sit in it.

Now, from this we can tell,
He will never more tease her,
But when he is well,
He will study to please her.

VI.

Naughty Sam.

Tom and Charles once took a walk,
To see a pretty lamb;
And, as they went, began to talk
Of little naughty Sam,

Who beat his youngest brother, Bill,
And threw him in the dirt;
And when his poor Mamma was ill,
He teased her for a squirt.

And "I," said Tom, "won't play with Sam,
Although he has a top:"
But here the pretty little lamb
To talking put a stop.

VII.

Dressed or Undressed.

When children are naughty, and will not
be drest,
Pray what do you think is the way?
Why, often I really believe it is best
To keep them in night clothes all day!

But then they can have no good breakfast
to eat,
Nor walk with their mother or aunt,
At dinner they'll have neither pudding nor
meat,
Nor any thing else that they want.

Then who would be naughty, and sit all the
day
In night-clothes unfit to be seen?
And pray, who would loose all their pudding
and play,
For not being dressed neat and clean?

VIII.

Miss Peggy.

As Peggy was crying aloud for a cake,
Which her mother had said she would fetch
from the wake,
A gentleman knock'd at the door;
He enter'd the parlour and show'd much
surprise,
That it really was Peggy who made all the
noise,
For he never had heard her before.

Miss Peggy ashamed, and to hide her dis-
grace,

Took hold of her frock, and quite cover'd
her face,
For she knew she was naughty just then;
And, instantly wiping the tears from her
eyes,
She promised her mother to make no more
noise,
And kiss'd her again and again.

IX.

Charity.

Do you see that old beggar who stands at the door?

Do not send him away—we must pity the poor.

Oh! see how he shivers!—he's hungry and
cold!
For people can't work when they grow very
old.

Go, set near the fire a table and seat:
And Betty shall bring him some bread and
some meat.
I hope my dear children will always be kind,
Whenever they meet with the aged and
blind.

X.

The Idle Boy.

GET up, little boy! you are sleeping too
long,
Your brother is dress'd, he is singing a song,
And Tom must be waken'd, O fie!
Come, open the curtains, and let in the light,
For children should only be sleepy at night,
When stars may be seen in the sky.

XI.

Playful Pompey.

Come hither, little dog, to play,
And do not go so far away,
But stand and beg for food;
And if your tail I chance to touch,
You must not snarl so very much;
Pray, Pompey, be not rude.

The dog can eat, and drink, and sleep,
And help to fetch the cows and sheep.
O, see how Pompey begs!
Hark! hark! he says Bow wow! bow wow!
But run away, good Pompey, now,
You'll tire your little legs.

XII.

Politeness.

Good little boys should never say
"I will," and "Give me these;"
O, no! that never is the way,
But, "Mother, if you please."

And, "If you please," to sister Ann,
Good boys to say are ready;
And, "Yes, Sir," to a gentleman,
And, "Yes, Ma'am," to a lady.

XIII.

Come when you are called.

WHERE's Susan, and Kitty, and Jane?
Where's Billy, and Sammy, and Jack?
O! there they are, down in the lane!
Go, Betty, and bring them all back.

But Billy is rude, and won't come,
And Sammy is running too fast;
Come, dear little children, come home—
And Billy is coming at last.

I'm glad he remembers what's right,
For though he likes sliding on ice,
He should not be long out of sight,
And never want sending for twice.

XIV.

The New Penny.

Miss Ann saw a man,
Quite poor, at a door,
And Ann had a pretty new penny;
Now this the kind Miss

Threw pat in his hat,
Although she was left without any.

She meant, as she went,
To stop at a shop,
Where cakes she had seen a great many;
And buy a fruit-pie,
Or take home a cake,
By spending her pretty new penny.

But well I can tell,
When Ann gave the man
Her money she wished not for any;
He said, "I've no bread,"
She heard, and preferr'd
To give him her pretty new penny.

XV.

The New Dolls.

Miss Jenny and Polly
Had each a new Dolly,
With rosy-red cheeks and blue eyes;
Dress'd in ribands and gauze;
And they quarrell'd because
The Dolls were not both of a size.

O silly Miss Jenny!
To be such a ninny,
To quarrel and make such a noise!
For the very same day
Their Mamma sent away
Their Dolls with red cheeks and blue eyes.

XVI.

The Dizzy Girl.

As Frances was playing, and turning around,
Her head grew so giddy, she fell to the ground;
'Twas well that she was not much hurt:
But, O what a pity! her frock was so soil'd,
That had you beheld the unfortunate child,
You had seen her all cover'd with dirt.

Her mother was sorry, and said, "Do not cry,
And Mary shall wash you, and make you quite dry,

If you'll promise to turn round no more."
"What, not in the parlour?" the little girl said:
"No, not in the parlour; for lately I read
Of a girl who was hurt with the door.

"She was playing and turning, until her poor head
Fell against the hard door, and it very much bled.
And I heard Dr. Camomile tell,
That he put on a plaster, and cover'd it up,
That he gave her some tea, that was bitter to sup,
Or perhaps it had never been well."

XVII.

The Giddy Girl.

Miss Helen was always too giddy to heed
What her mother had told her to shun;
For frequently, over the street in full speed,
She would cross where the carriages run.

And out she would go to a very deep well,
To look at the water below;
How naughty! to run to a dangerous well,
Where her mother forbade her to go!

One morning, intending to take but one peep,
Her foot slipt away from the ground,
Unhappy misfortune! the water was deep,
And giddy Miss Helen was drown'd.

XVIII.

The Canary.

Mary had a little bird,
With feathers bright and yellow,
Slender legs,—upon my word,
He was a pretty fellow!

Sweetest notes he always sung,
Which much delighted Mary;
Often where his cage was hung,
She sat to hear Canary.

Crumbs of bread and dainty seeds
She carried to him daily;
Secking for the early weeds,
She deck'd his palace gaily.

This, my little readers, learn,
And ever practise duly;
Songs and smiles of love return
To friends who love you truly.

XIX.

Careless Maria.

Maria was a careless child,
And grieved her friends by this:
Where'er she went,
Her clothes were rent,
Her hat and bonnet spoil'd,
A careless little Miss!

Her gloves and mits were often lost,
Her tippet sadly soil'd;
You might have seen,
Where she had been,
For toys all around were toss'd.
Oh, what a careless child!

One day her uncle bought a toy,
That round and round would twirl;
But when he found
The litter'd ground,
He said, "I don't tee-totums buy
For such a careless girl!"

XX.

Frighted by a Cow.

A VERY young lady,
With Susan the maid,
Who carried the baby,
Were one day afraid.

They saw a Cow feeding,
Quite harmless and still:
Yet scream'd, without heeding
The Man at the Mill;

Who, seeing their flutter,
Said, "Cows do no harm;
But send you good butter
And milk from the farm."

XXI.

Miss Sophia.

Miss Sophy, one fine sunny day,
Left her work and ran away;
When soon she reach'd the garden gate,
Which finding lock'd, she would not wait,
But tried to climb and scramble o'er
A gate as high as any door.

But little girls should never climb,
And Sophy won't another time;

For when upon the highest rail,
Her frock was caught upon a nail,
She lost her hold, and, sad to tell,
Was hurt and bruised—for down she fell.

XXII.

Falsehood Corrected.

When Jacky drown'd our poor cat Tib,
He told a very naughty fib,
And said he had not drown'd her;

But truth is always soon found out—
No one but Jack had been about
The place where Thomas found her.

And Thomas saw him with the cat,
(Though Jacky did not know of that,)
And told Papa the trick;
He saw him take a slender string,
And round poor pussy's neck then swing
A very heavy brick.

His parents, being very sad
To find they had a boy so bad,
To say what was not true,

Determined to correct him then;
And never was he known again
Such naughty things to do.

XXIII.

Lucy and Dicky.

Miss Lucy was a charming child,
She never said, "I won't!"
If little Dick her playthings spoil'd,
She said, "Pray, Dicky, don't!"

He took her waxen doll one day,
And bang'd it round and round;
Then tore its legs and arms away,
And threw them on the ground.

His good Mamma was angry quite,
And Lucy's tears ran down;
But Dick went supperless that night,
And since has better grown.

XXIV.

Going to Bed.

The babe was in the cradle laid,
And Tom had said his prayers;
When Frances told the nursery-maid
She would not go up stairs.

She cried so loud, her mother came
To ask the reason why;
And said, "Oh Frances, fie for shame!
Oh fie! Oh fie! Oh fie!"

But Frances was more naughty still,
And Betty sadly nipp'd;
Until her Mother said, "I will,
I must have Frances whipp'd."

For, Oh how naughty 'tis to cry,
But worse, much worse to fight,
Instead of running readily,
And calling out, Good night!

XXV.

Dinner.

Miss Kitty was rude at the table one day,
And would not sit still on her seat;
Regardless of all that her mother could say,
From her chair little Kitty kept running away,
All the time they were eating the meat.

As soon as she saw that the beef was removed.
She ran to her chair in great haste;

But her Mother such giddy behaviour reproved,
By sending away the sweet pudding she loved,
Without giving Kitty one taste.

XXVI.

The Fan.

Maria's aunt, who lived in town,
Once wrote a letter to her niece;

And sent, wrapp'd up, a new half-crown,
Besides a pretty pocket-piece.

Maria jumped with joy, and ran
To tell her sister the good news;
She said, "I mean to buy a fan,
Come, come along with me to choose."

They quickly tied their hats, and talk'd
Of yellow, lilac, pink, and green;
But far the sisters had not walk'd,
Before the saddest sight was seen!

Upon the ground a poor lame man,
Helpless and old, had tumbled down!
She thought no more about the fan,
But gave to him her new half-crown.

XXVII.

The Chimney Sweeper.

SWEEP! sweep! sweep! sweep! cries little
Jack,
With brush and bag upon his back,
And black from head to foot;
While daily as he goes along,
Sweep! sweep! sweep! sweep! is all his
song,
Beneath his load of soot.

But then he was not always black:
Oh, no; he once was pretty Jack,

And had a kind Papa;
But, silly child! he ran to play
Too far from home, a long, long way,
And did not ask Mamma.

So he was lost, and now must creep
Up chimneys, crying Sweep! sweep! sweep!

XXVIII.

The Stranger.

Who knocks so loudly at the gate?
The night is dark, the hour is late,
And rain comes pelting down!

Oh, 'tis a stranger gone astray!
That calls to ask the nearest way
To yonder little town.

Why, 'tis a long and dreary mile
For one o'ercome with cold and toil;
Go to him, Charles, and say,
"Good Stranger! here repose to-night,
And with the morning's earliest light
We'll guide you on your way."

XXIX.

The Rose.

"Dear Mother," said a little boy,
"This rose is sweet and red;
Then tell me, pray, the reason why
I heard you call it dead?

"I did not think it was alive,
I never heard it talk,
Nor did I ever see it strive
To run about or walk!"

"My dearest boy," the Mother said,
"This Rose grew on a tree:
But now its leaves begin to fade,
And all fall off, you see.

"Before, when growing on the bough
So beautiful and red,
We say it lived; but, with'ring now,
We say the Rose is dead."

XXX.

Poisonous Fruit.

As Tommy and his sister Jane
Were walking down a shady lane,
They saw some berries, bright and red,
That hung around and over head.

And soon the bough they bended down,
To make the scarlet fruit their own;
And part they eat, and part in play
They threw about and flung away.

But long they had not been at home
Before poor Jane and little Tom
Were taken, sick and ill, to bed,
And since, I've heard, they both are dead.

Alas! had Tommy understood
That fruit in lanes is seldom good,

He might have walk'd with little Jane
Again along the shady lane.

XXXI.

Dangerous Sport.

Poor Peter was burnt by the poker one day,
When he made it look pretty and red;
For the beautiful sparks made him think it fine play,
To lift it as high as his head.
But, somehow it happen'd, his finger and thumb.
Were terribly scorched by the heat;

And he scream'd out aloud for his Mother
to come,
And stamp'd on the floor with his feet.

Now if Peter had minded his Mother's
command,
His fingers would not have been sore;
And he promised again, as she bound up his
hand,
To play with hot pokers no more.

XXXII.

The Butterfly.

Behold this pretty Butterfly,
How soft its wings appear!
The colours of the earth and sky
Are richly blended here.

And yet this little Butterfly
Is neither proud nor vain,
Tho' gold and jewels seem to lie
In gay spots o'er its train.

See how it bounds from flow'r to flow'r,
No guilt disturbs its breast;
At eve it hails the tranquil hour,
And calmly sinks to rest.

Learn of this happy Butterfly,
Tho' finely dress'd and smart,
That dress is vain, unless we try
To wear an *honest* heart.

XXXIII.

Hymn.

O Lord! my infant voice I raise,
Thy holy name to bless!

In daily songs of thanks and praise,
For mercies numberless.

For parents, who have taught me right,
That Thou art good and true!
And though unseen by my weak sight,
Thou seest all I do.

Let all my thoughts and actions rise
From innocence and truth;
And Thou, O Lord! wilt not despise
The prayer of early youth.

As through Thy power I live and move,
And say, "Thy will be done;"
O keep, in mercy and in love,
The work Thou hast begun.

END OF THE DAISY.

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