



## UNDER THE WINDOW



Under the window is my garden,  
Where sweet, sweet flowers grow ;  
And in the pear-tree dwells a robin,  
The dearest bird I know.

Tho' I peep out betimes in the morning,  
Still the flowers are up the first :  
Then I try and talk to the robin,  
And perhaps he'd chat—if he durst



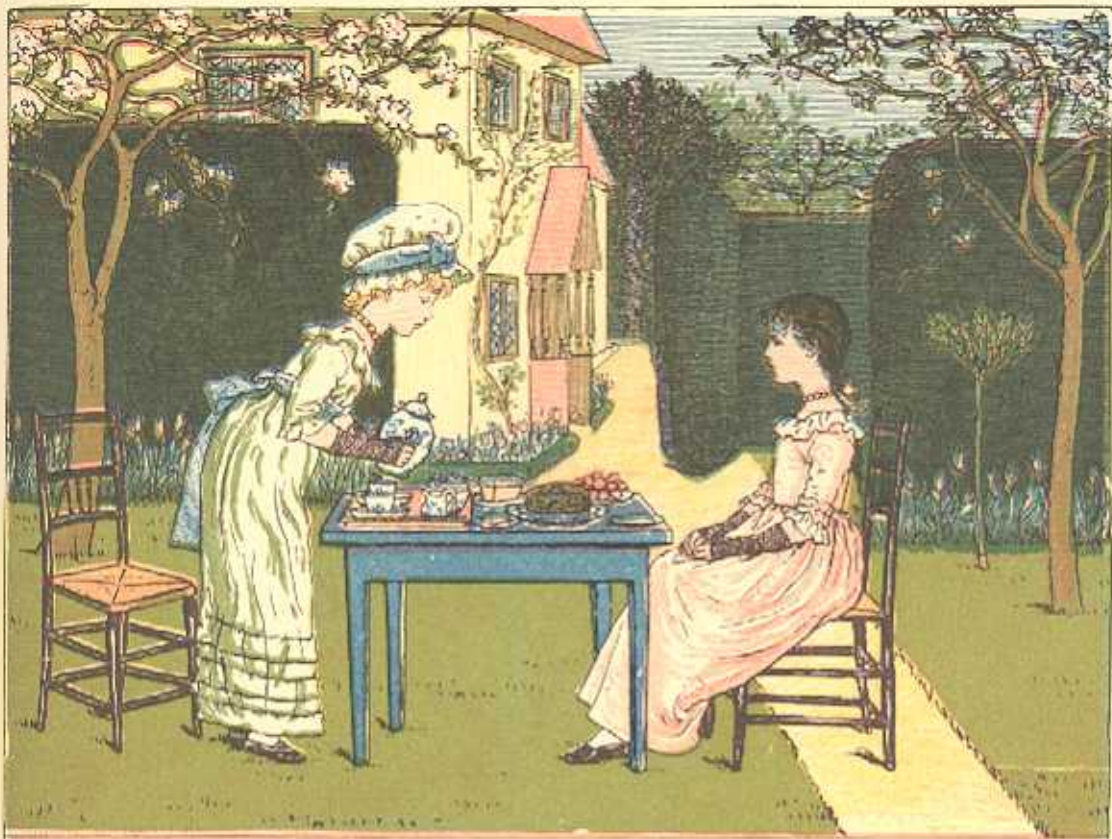
KG



Will you be my little wife,  
If I ask you? Do!  
I'll buy you such a Sunday frock,  
A nice umbrella, too,  
And you shall have a little hat,  
With such a long white feather,  
A pair of gloves, and sandal shoes,  
The softest kind of leather.  
And you shall have a tiny house,  
A beehive full of bees,  
A little cow, a largish cat,  
And green sage cheese.



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You see, merry Phillis, that dear little maid,  
Has invited Belinda to tea ;  
Her nice little garden is shaded by trees—  
What pleasanter place could there be ?  
There's a cake full of plums, there are strawberries too,  
And the table is set on the green ;  
I'm fond of a carpet all daisies and grass—  
Could a prettier picture be seen ?  
A blackbird (yes, blackbirds delight in warm weather,)  
Is flitting from yonder high spray ;  
He sees the two little ones talking together—  
No wonder the blackbird is gay !





THREE tabbies took out their cats to tea,  
As well-behaved tabbies as well could be:  
Each sat in the chair that each preferred,  
They mewed for their milk, and they sipped and purred.  
Now tell me this (as these cats you've seen them)—  
How many lives had these cats between them?

LITTLE Fanny wears a hat  
Like her ancient Grannie;  
Tommy's hoop was (think of that!)  
Given him by Fanny.





"MARGERY BROWN, on the top of the hill,  
Why are you standing, idle still?"  
"Oh, I'm looking over to London town;  
Shall I see the horsemen if I go down?"

"Margery Brown, on the top of the hill,  
Why are you standing, listening still?"  
"Oh, I hear the bells of London ring,  
And I hear the men and the maidens sing."

"Margery Brown, on the top of the hill,  
Why are you standing, waiting still?"  
"Oh, a knight is there, but I can't go down,  
For the bells ring strangely in London town."





LITTLE wind, blow on the hill-top,  
Little wind, blow down the plain;  
Little wind, blow up the sunshine,  
Little wind, blow off the rain.



INDEED it is true, it is perfectly true ;  
Believe me, indeed, I am playing no tricks ;  
An old man and his dog bide up there in the moon,  
And he's cross as a bundle of sticks.



KG.





SCHOOL is over,  
Oh, what fun!  
Lessons finished,  
Play begun.  
Who'll run fastest,  
You or I?  
Who'll laugh loudest?  
Let us try.

K. G.



"LITTLE Polly, will you go a-walking to-day?"  
"Indeed, little Susan, I will, if I may."  
"Little Polly, your mother has said you may go;  
She was nice to say 'Yes,' she should never say 'No.'"

"A rook has a nest on the top of the tree—  
A big ship is coming from over the sea:  
Now, which would be nicest, the ship or the nest?"  
"Why, that would be nicest that Polly likes best."



KG





As I was walking up the street,  
The steeple bells were ringing;  
As I sat down at Mary's feet,  
The sweet, sweet birds were singing

As I walked far into the world,  
I met a little fairy ;  
She plucked this flower, and, as it's sweet  
I've brought it home to Mary.

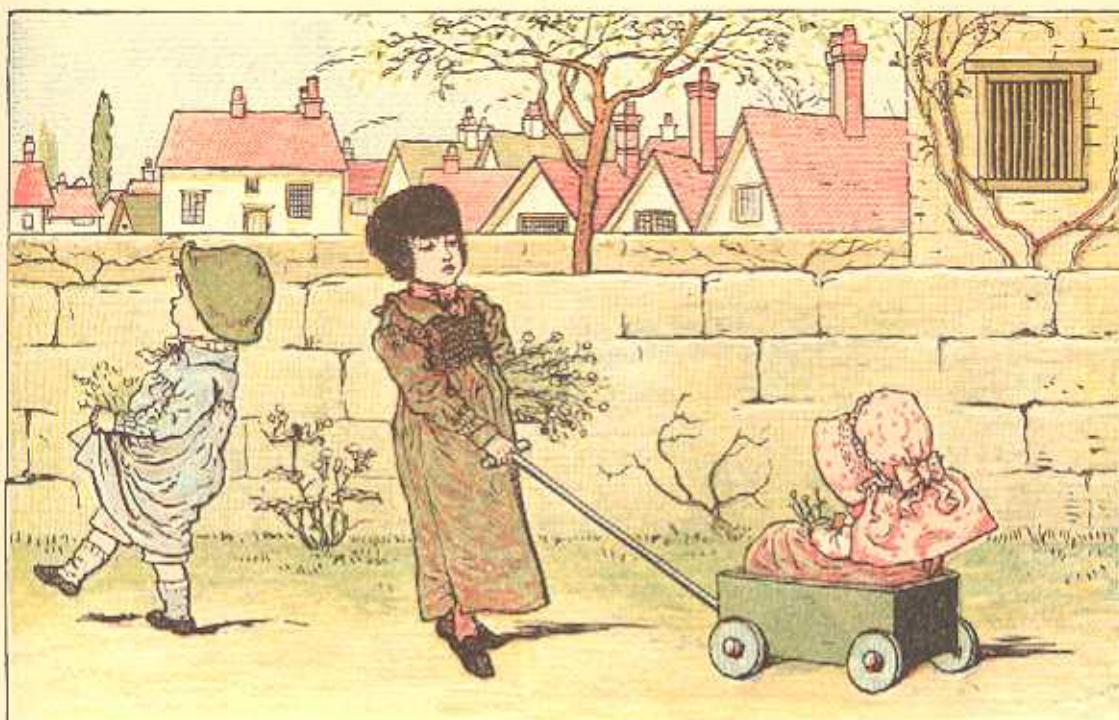


FIVE little sisters walking in a row ;  
Now, isn't that the best way for little girls to go ?  
Each had a round hat, each had a muff,  
And each had a new pelisse of soft green stuff.

Five little marigolds standing in a row ;  
Now, isn't that the best way for marigolds to grow ?  
Each with a green stalk, and all the five had got  
A bright yellow flower, and a new red pot.



KG



In go-cart so tiny  
My sister I drew;  
And I've promised to draw her  
The wide world through.

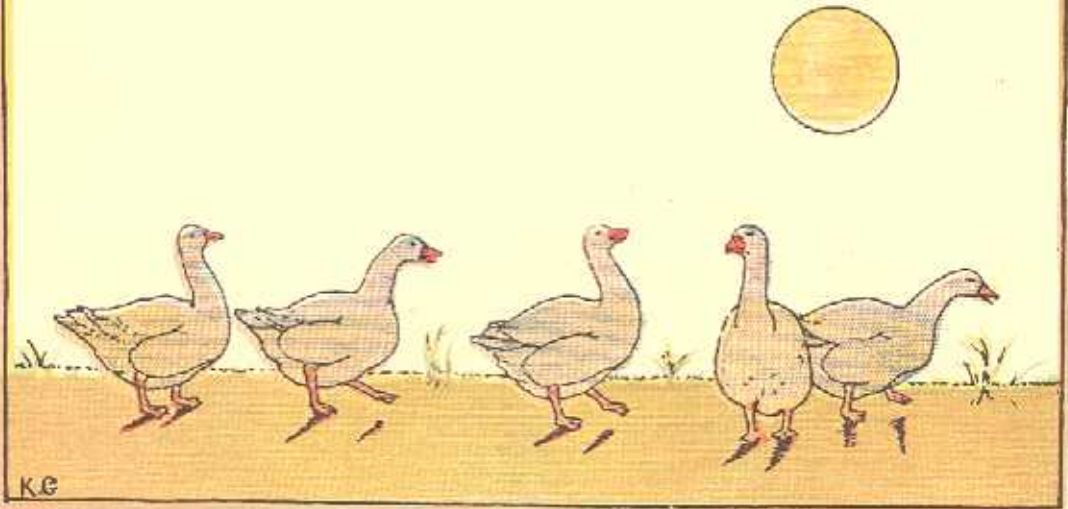
We have not yet started—  
I own it with sorrow—  
Because our trip's always  
Put off till to-morrow.





Some geese went out a-walking,  
To breakfast and to dine ;  
They craned their necks, and plumed themselves—  
They numbered four from nine ;  
With their cackle, cackle, cackle !  
They thought themselves so fine.

A dame went walking by herself,  
A very ancient crone ;  
She said, " I wish that all you geese  
Were starved to skin and bone !  
Do stop that cackle, cackle, now,  
And leave me here alone."



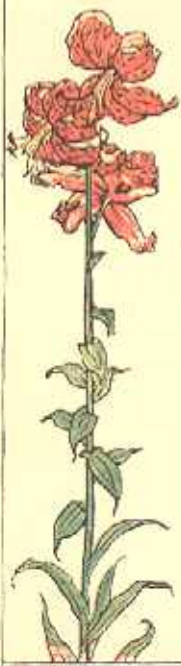


You are going out to tea to-day,  
So mind how you behave ;  
Let all accounts I have of you  
Be pleasant ones, I crave.

Don't spill your tea, or gnaw your bread,  
And don't tease one another ;  
And Tommy mustn't talk too much,  
Or quarrel with his brother.

Say " If you please," and " Thank you, Nurse : "  
Come home at eight o'clock ;  
And, Fanny, pray be careful that  
You do not tear your frock.

Now, mind your manners, children five,  
Attend to what I say ;  
And then, perhaps, I'll let you go  
Again another day.



Poor Dicky's dead!—The bell we toll,  
And lay him in the deep, dark hole.  
The sun may shine, the clouds may rain,  
But Dick will never pipe again!  
His quilt will be as sweet as ours—  
Bright buttercups and cuckoo flowers.



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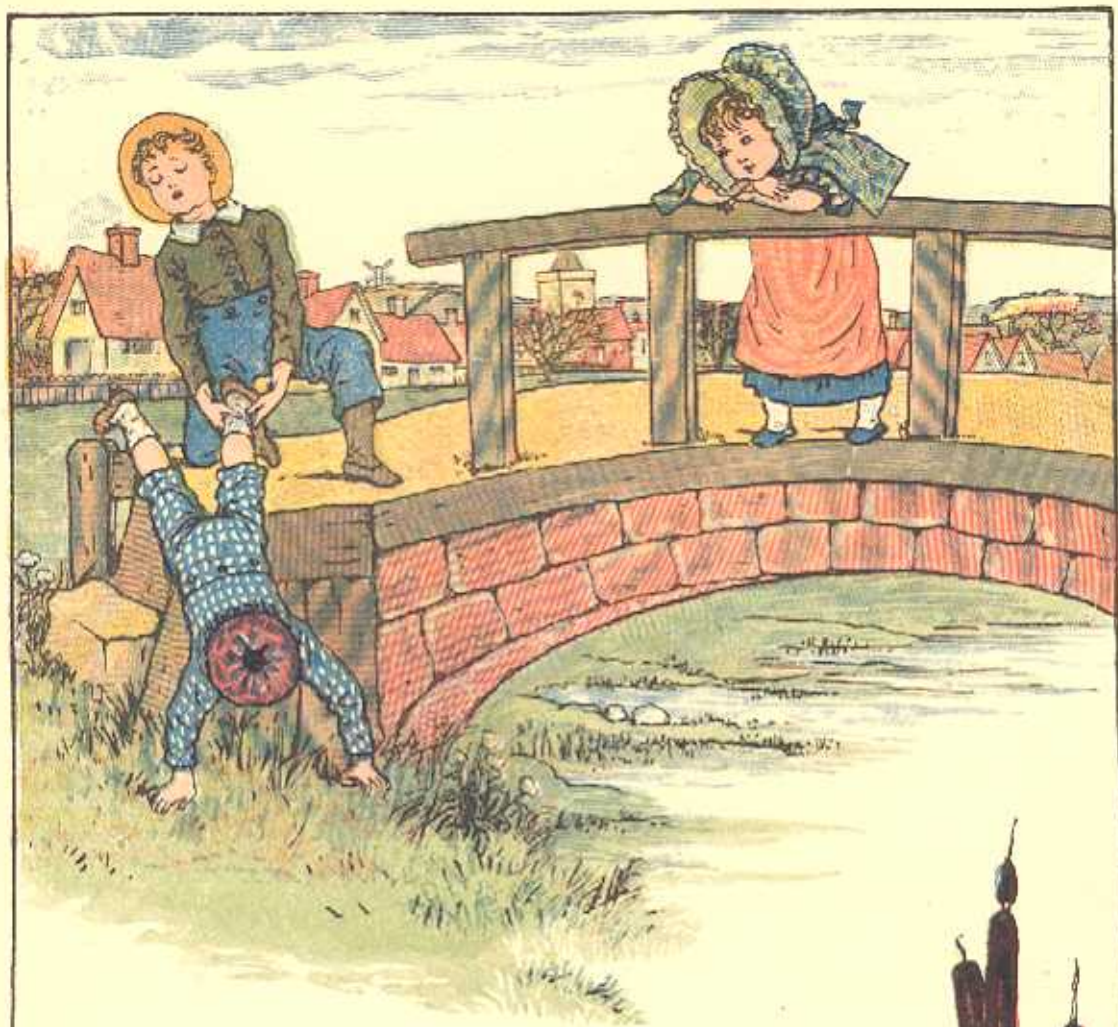




Up you go, shuttlecocks, ever so high!  
Why come you down again, shuttlecocks—why?  
When you have got so far, why do you fall?  
Where all are high, which is highest of all?



K.G.



TOMMY was a silly boy,  
"I can fly," he said;  
He started off, but very soon,  
He tumbled on his head.

His little sister Prue was there,  
To see how he would do it;  
She knew that, after all his boast,  
Full dearly Tom would rue it!

KG

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Higgledy, piggledy ! see how they run !  
Hopperty, popperty ! what is the fun ?  
Has the sun or the moon tumbled into the sea ?  
What is the matter, now ? Pray tell it me !

Higgledy, piggledy ! how can I tell ?  
Hopperty, popperty ! hark to the bell !  
The rats and the mice even scamper away ;  
Who can say what may not happen to-day ?



Which is the way to Somewhere Town?

Oh, up in the morning early;  
Over the tiles and the chimney-pots,  
That is the way, quite clearly.

And which is the door to Somewhere Town?

Oh, up in the morning early;  
The round red sun is the door to go through,  
That is the way, quite clearly.



The boat sails away, like a bird on the wing,  
And the little boys dance on the sands in a ring.  
The wind may fall, or the wind may rise —  
You are foolish to go; you will stay if you're wise.  
The little boys dance, and the little girls run:  
If it's bad to have money, it's worse to have none.





Pipe thee high, and pipe thee low,  
Let the little feet go faster;  
Blow your penny trumpet—blow!  
Well done, little master!



K.G



POLLY'S, Peg's, and Poppety's  
Mamma was kind and good ;  
She gave them each, one happy day,  
A little scarf and hood.

A bonnet for each girl she bought,  
To shield them from the sun ;  
They wore them in the snow and rain,  
And thought it mighty fun.

But sometimes there were naughty boys,  
Who called to them at play,  
And made this rude remark—" My eye !  
Three Grannies out to-day ! "

