



PRICE SIX-PENCE.



THE LILY.

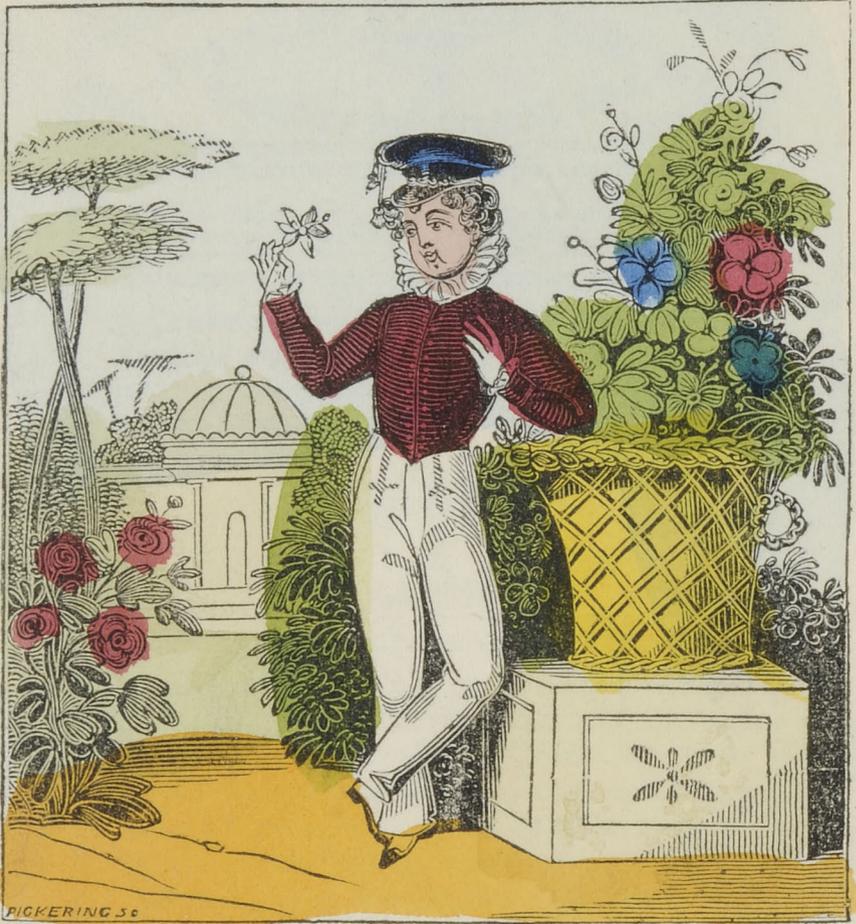
LONDON:

DEAN AND MUNDAY,

THREADNEEDLE-STREET.



FRONTISPIECE.



LITTLE WILLIAM.

General

THE LILY;

OR,

LITTLE WILLIAM AND HIS MAMMA:

AND,

THE GOOD CHILDREN.

*Autism
May 6/24.*

BY MRS. BAKER,

AUTHOR OF ORIGINAL POETRY FOR YOUNG MINDS, &c. &c.



LONDON:

DEAN AND MUNDAY, THREADNEEDLE-STREET.

Price Six-pence.

May 21/24

[c. 1825 ?]

THE LILY;

LITTLE WILLIAM AND HIS MAMMA;

THE GOOD CHILDREN.

LONDON:

BEAN AND NEWBY, THREAD-BEDDING.

1825.

THE LILY.

LITTLE WILLIAM AND HIS MAMMA.

THE daisy peeps out
Of its pretty green bed,
And the buttercup, yellow and gay,
Above the soft grass
High raises its head,
And shines through the bright
sunny day.

The little birds chirp,
In their nest on the tree,
As if longing to be on the wing;
The lambs, too, are sporting
In frolic and glee;
All are pleased with return of the
Spring.

Then come, little William,
We'll hasten away
To the fields, all the beauties to see;
Perchance the poor cake man
We saw t'other day,
May be sitting again 'neath the tree.



Perchance the poor cake man
We saw t'other day,
May be sitting again 'neath the tree.



We saw the day
The day the day
The day the day

'Twill be kind, just to buy
A few cakes, as we pass,
For he seems to be feeble and poor:
And his basket so clean,
As it stands on the grass,
Is to both of you tempting, I'm sure.

And then we'll go over
To good farmer Drake's,
And get some warm milk from his
cow,

'Twill be very nice,
When we've eaten our cakes,
And he's begun milking, 'ere now.

And if Pompey will promise
That he will be good,
And not bark again at the sheep,
And not run away,
And behave very rude,
I think we will give him a peep

At the fields, and the flowers,
And blue sunny sky;
To him it great pleasure will be,
To swim in the pond,
And then rub himself dry,
And gambol around you and me.



And if Pompey will promise
That he will be good,
And not bark again at the sheep.



And Mr. Popsy will promise
That he will be good,
And not bark again at the sheep.

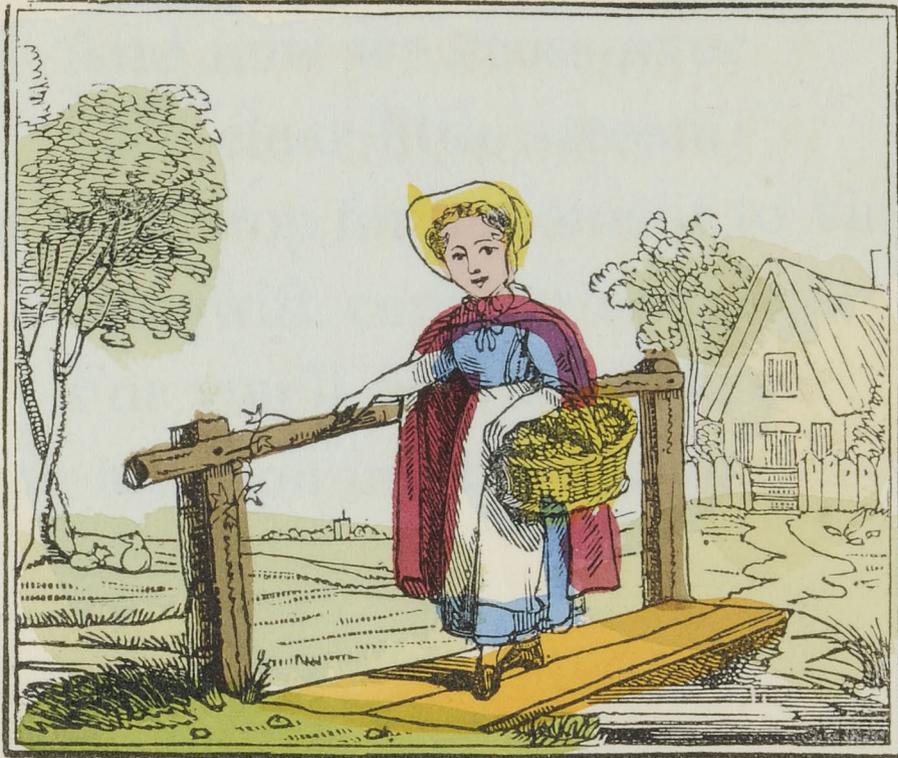
He knows what I say,
For he's run to the door:
And there he has taken his place,
Quite ready to promise,
And thinks it is sure
He shall not get into disgrace.

I suppose he must go:
So now for your hat;
Your kite you may fly, if you please;
Nay, go along, pussy.
We can't take a cat,
For you'll run away up the trees.

And now we've got out;
What a beautiful day!
There, Pompey, poor fellow, down!
down!

He jumps up upon us,
As much as to say,
Your kindness I gratefully own.

How soft is the turf!
And how lovely its green,
In this pretty lane in our way;
In its hedge on each side,
The young leaves are now seen
To mix with the blossoms of May



And now we cross over
This clear little stream;
But we'll stop for a moment, to view.



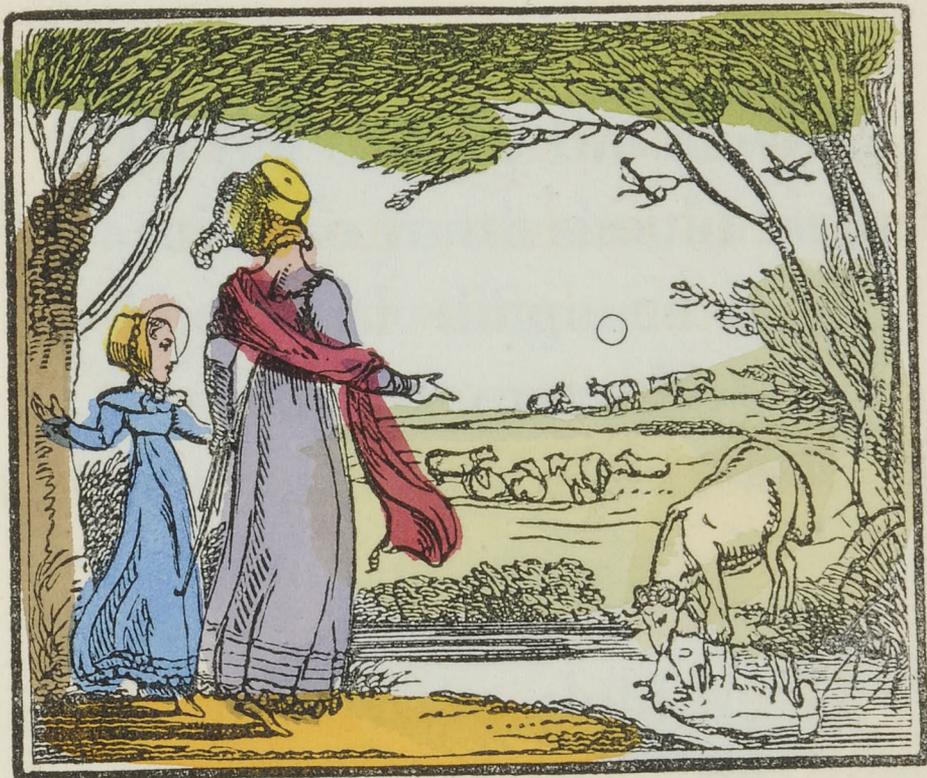
And now we cross the
This clear little stream
But will stop for a moment

And now we cross over
This clear little stream;
But we'll stop for a moment to view
It's swift running course,
For you'll find it will teem
With a lesson most useful and true.

As these waters pass on,
In silence and shade,
So Time, oft unheeded, goes by;
No lesson is learnt,
No improvement is made,
We care not how quick it may fly.

You may think that this stream,
As it flows down the vale,
Is idle and useless, my dear;
But the shrubs in its couse,
Tell a different tale,
As in verdure and bloom they appear.

It moistens the roots,
Deep sunk in the mould,
Giving beauty and strength to the
tree;
Without moisture, all yellow
Those leaves you'd behold,
And scanty the blossoms would be.



You may think that this stream,
As it flows down the vale,
Is idle and useless, my dear:



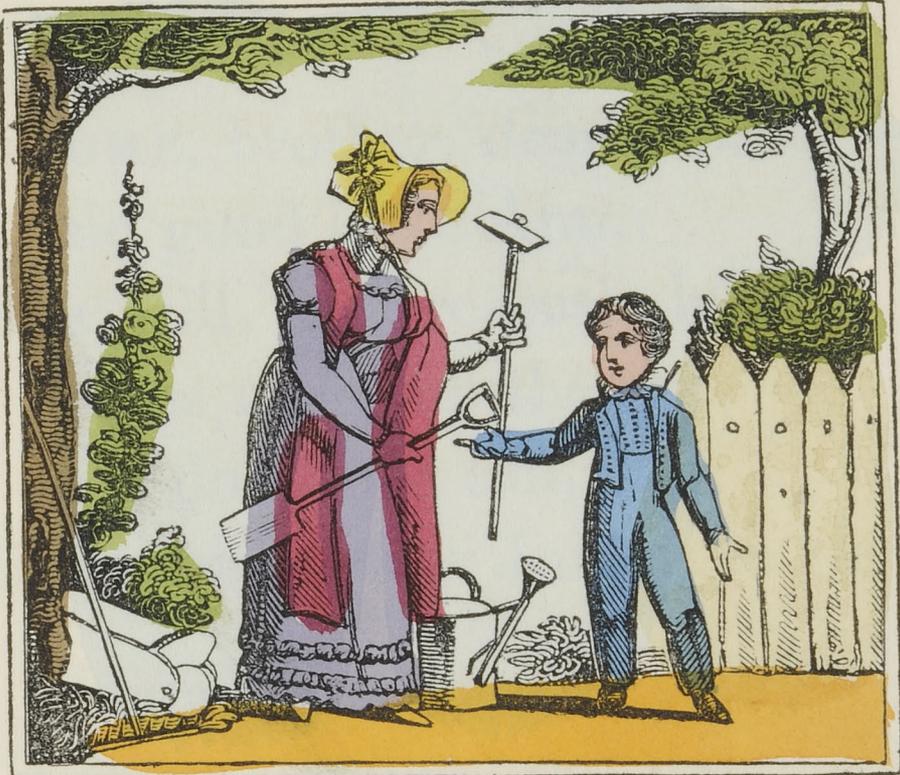
You may think that this stream,
As it flows down the vale,
Is idle and useless, my dear;

As this stream, or the rain,
To the tree or the flower,
So learning to youth should be dear;
Then with diligence seek
To improve every hour,
If of knowledge the fruits you
would bear.

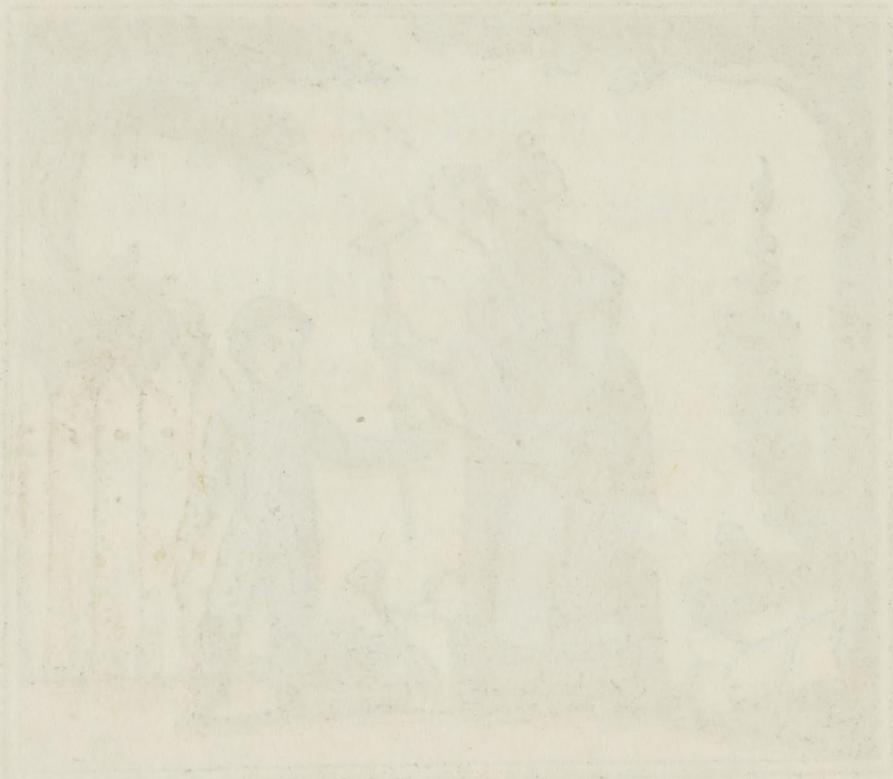
How silly the child is,
Who idles away
The time he in learning should spend;
Who thinks it quite hard
That, on every day,
He should to some lesson attend.

Besides, too, the pleasure
Of growing more wise,
Each day, as it passes away,
Some little reward, dears,
Will often arise,
For those who instruction obey:

If you, now, this morning
Had idled in bed,
Or loitered to play or to talk,
Your tasks, by this time,
Would not have been said,
And you would have lost this nice
walk.



Some little reward, dears,
Will often arise,
For those who instruction obey.



Some hills reward, dear,

Will often miss,

For those who lastly rest,

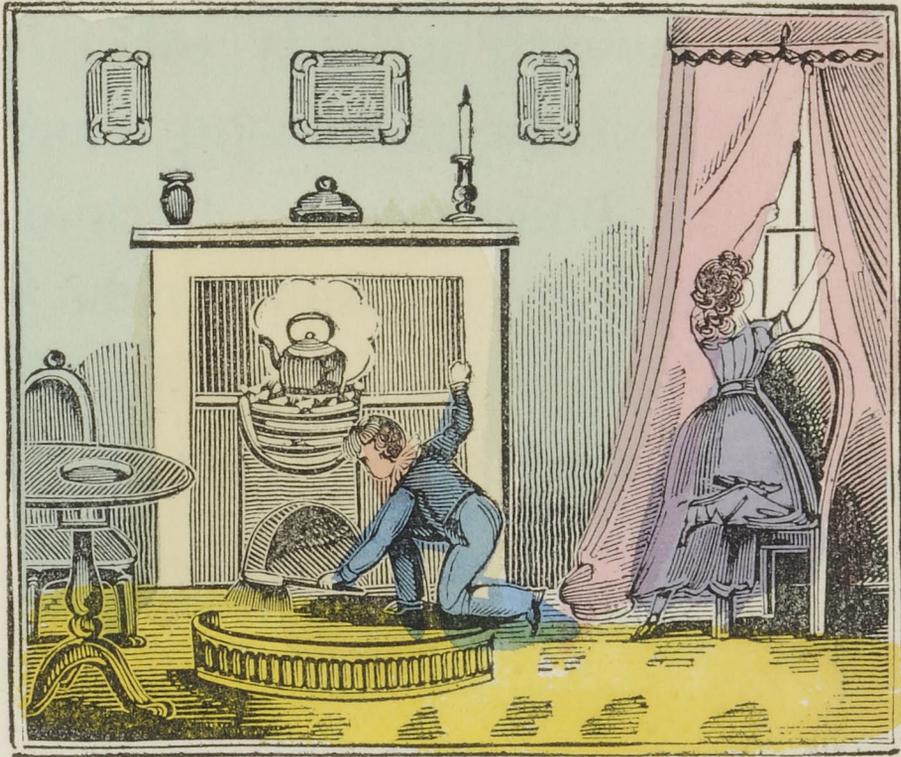
THE GOOD CHILDREN.

COME, brother, dear brother,
Said good little Ann,
Papa will be presently here;
Let us make up the fire,
And do all we can,
His evening, dear Julian, to cheer.

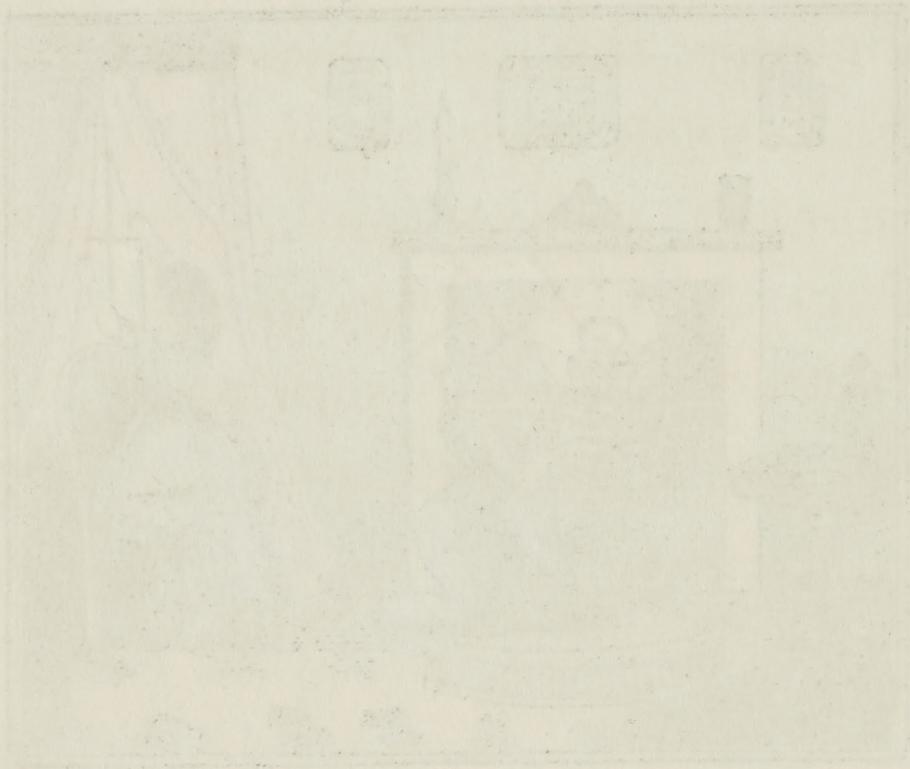
Though papa now is poor,
Let us, Julian, try
To make him forget he is so;
He has no servants, now,
But old Nanny and I,
Yet he many comforts shall know.

You look out the tea-things,
And I'll place his chair
All ready for him to sit down;
His boot-jack and slippers
I'll get out to air,
He'll be tired in walking from town.

We the curtains will draw,
To keep out the cold,
And the hearth we'll sweep tidy
and clean;
For Nanny, you know,
Is now feeble and old,
Though once young and strong she
has been.



We the curtains will draw
To keep out the cold,
And the hearth we'll sweep tidy and clean.

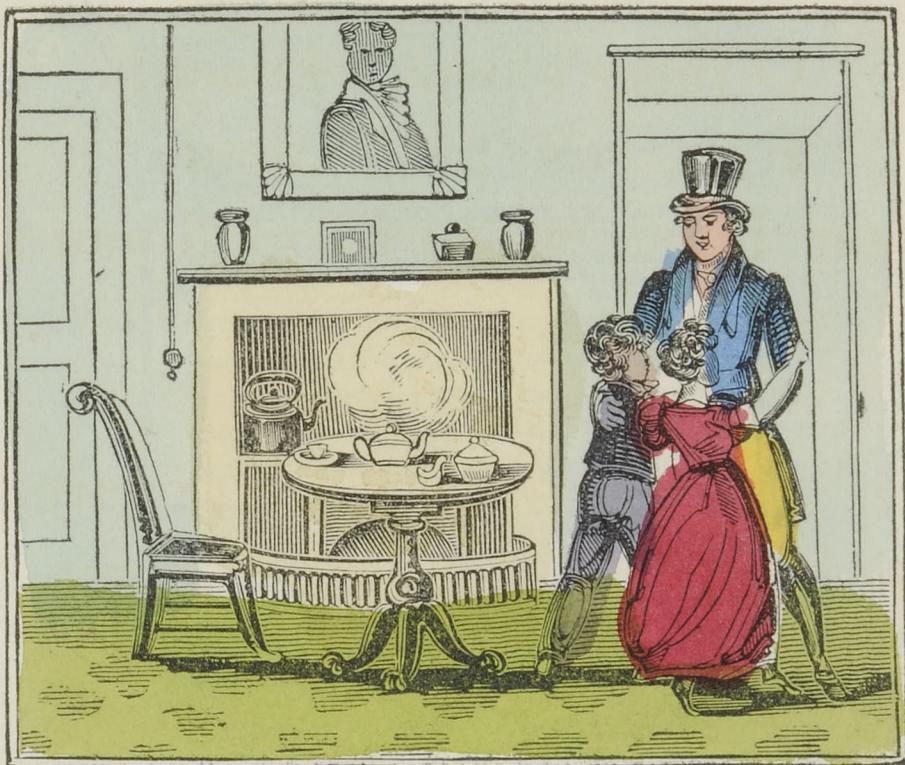


We the curtains will draw
To keep out the cold,
And the hearth will sweep tidy and clean.

Besides, she has proved,
Since poor mamma died,
A mother to you and to me;
And we, dearest brother,
Should make it our pride,
That useful to her we can be.

The toast is now ready,
The tea, too, is made:
There's nothing for Nanny to do:
She'll call us good children,
Besides, we'll be paid
With a smile, dearest father, from
you.

O there's papa's knock!
Run, run, to the door:
Dear Papa, we're so glad you are
home;
And I am as glad,
My dear children, I'm sure,
To your very kind welcome to
come.



And I am as glad,
My dear children, I'm sure,
To your very kind welcome to come.



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