

THE
DAISY;
OR
LITTLE LESSONS,
FOR
LITTLE LEARNERS.



NEW HAVEN.
SIDNEY BABCOCK.

True of old

THE
DAISY;
OR
LITTLE RHYMES,
FOR
LITTLE READERS.



NEW HAVEN.
Published by S. Babcock.





THE DAISY.



THE FIELD DAISY.

I'm a pretty little thing,
Always coming with the
spring ;
In the meadows green I'm
found,
Peeping just above the ground,
And my stalk is cover'd flat,
With a white and yellow hat.

Little Lady, when you pass
Lightly o'er the tender grass,
Skip about, but do not tread
On my meek and lowly head,

For I always seem to say,—
 “Chilly winter’s gone away.”

THE BIRD.

A little bird one day in June,
 In our pear-tree sang a tune ;
 Sweet and simple was the
 song,

And repeated all day long,—
 Chip, chip.

Then a while he went away,
 But he came another day ;
 And a little mate he brought,
 And to her his song he
 taught,—

Chip, chip.

Now the two did build a nest,
 And they both seemed doubly
 blest,

THE BIRD.



6 THE GOOD LITTLE BOY.

When some little birds had
they,
And the pretty things did say
Chip, chip.

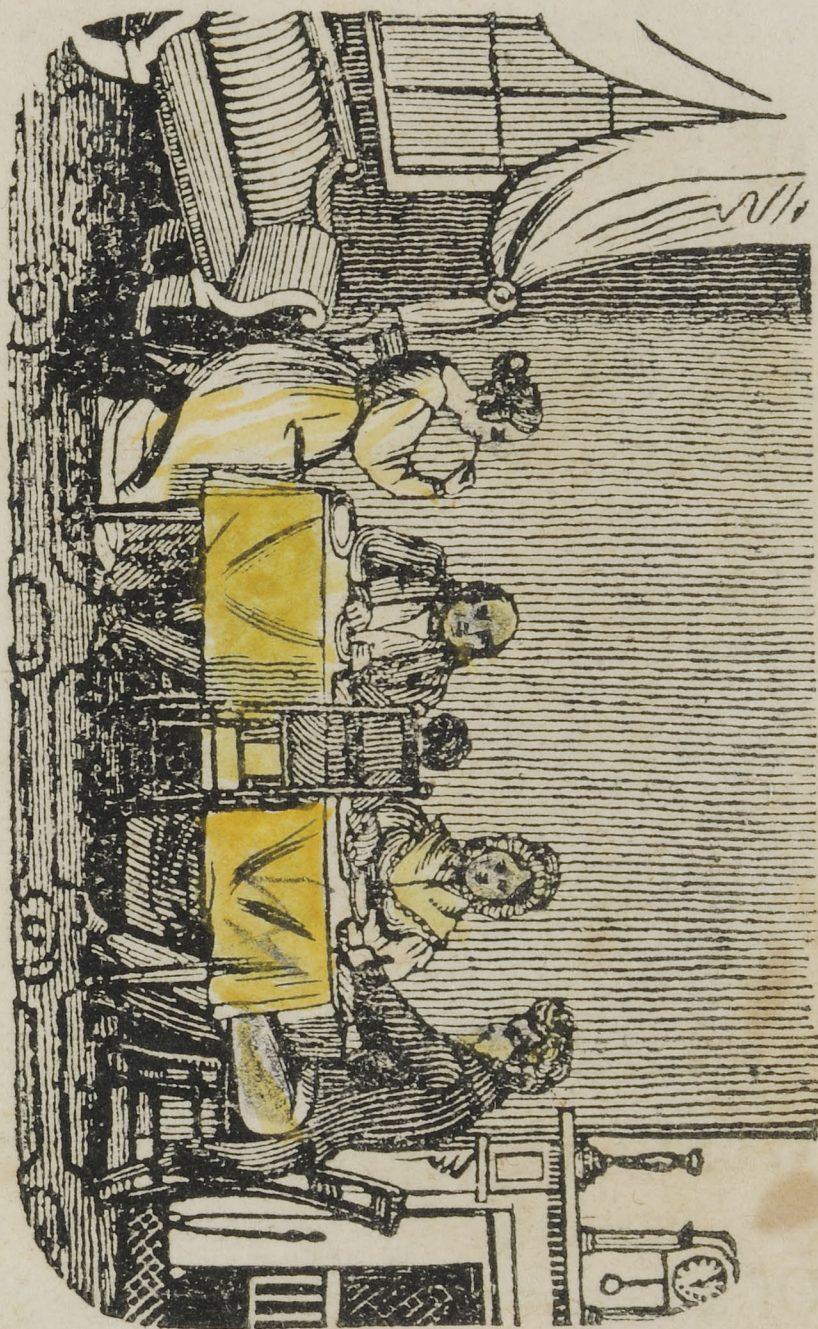
But a cruel puss one night,
Killed the little birds outright,
So their parents mourned the
day,
And sighing sadly went
away,—
Chip, chip.

THE GOOD LITTLE BOY.

I will tell a little story,
About a little boy ;
He is his father's comfort,
He is his mother's joy.

When they send him on an
errand,
He thinks of what is said.

THE GOOD LITTLE BOY. 7



Pulls down his little jacket,
And holds up his little head.

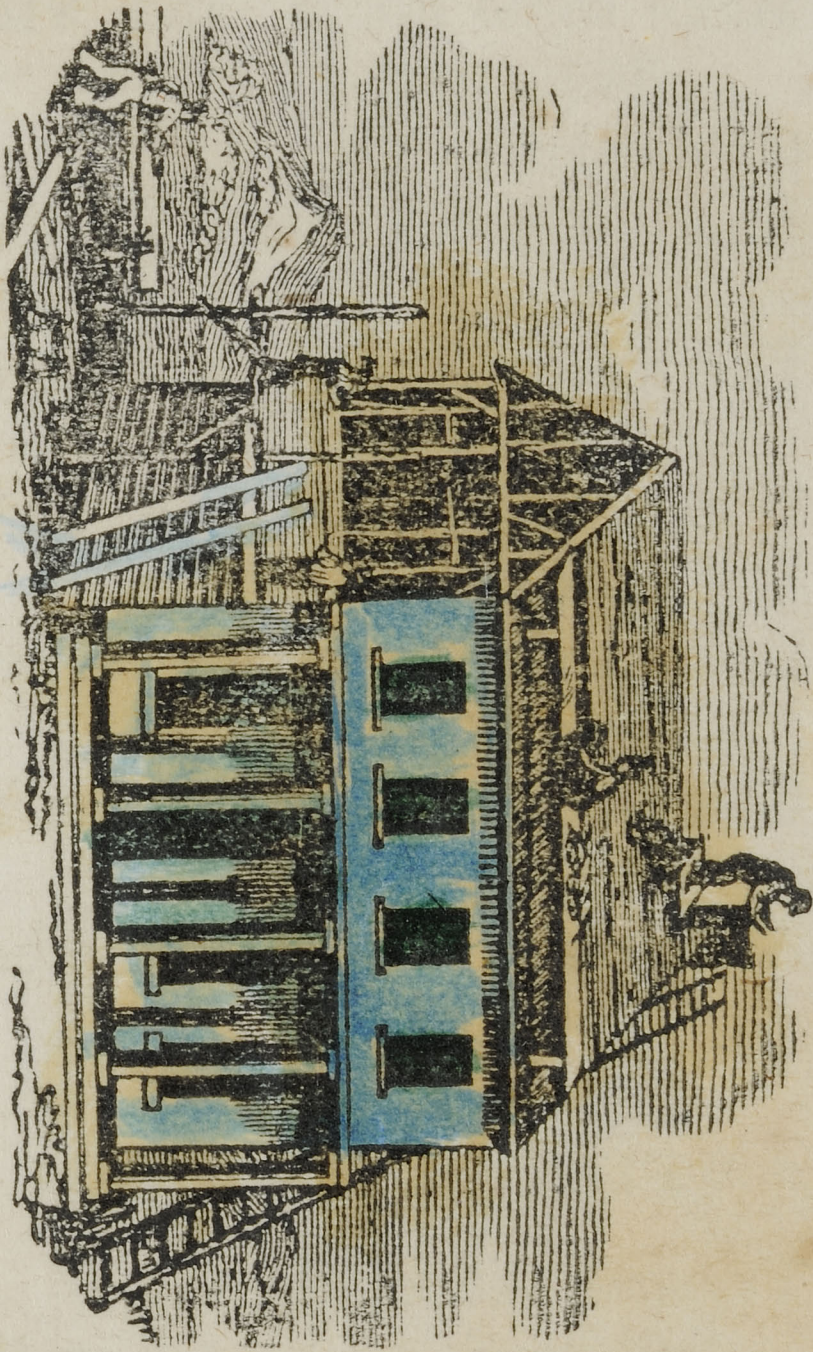
He hold his knife and fork
By their handles, as he
should,
And never spills his coffee,
Nor drops about his food.

His face is very pleasant,
What he says is ever true ;
Now tell me, my young read-
er,
If this little boy is you.

THE NEW HOUSE.

Work away, good men, with
speed,
Of a house we stand in need ;
When 'tis done be not afraid
But you shall be amply paid

THE NEW HOUSE.



10 FIVE YEARS OLD.

Make some doors, and win-
dows too ;
Of the latter not a few ;
Build it good and tight and
strong,
For we hope to need it long.

When 'tis finish'd, in we'll
move ;
Room there 'll be for all we
love ;
Come our nice new home to
see,—
And you all will welcome be.

FIVE YEARS OLD.

Try me, father, try me,
And mark me on the wall ;
Let little sis stand by me,
And see if I'm not tall.



Hear me, mother, hear me,
 How very well I read ;
 O, now you need not fear me,
 I know I can, indeed.

Meet me, brother, meet me,
 And let us run a race ;
 Last year you used to beat me
 In every little chase.

Dinah, you need not mind me,
 I'm not so very small,
 That you must stand behind
 me
 To catch me if I fall.

Why, what can make me
 grow so,
 And talk in such a way ?
 I'm a man and you must
 know so,—
 I'm *five years old to-day*

THE MOON.

Oh! look at the moon,
She is shining up there!
Oh, mother, she looks
Like a lamp in the air.

Last week she was smaller,
And shaped like a bow,
But now she's grown bigger,
And round as an O.

Pretty moon! pretty moon!
How you shine on the door
And make it all bright
On my nursery floor.

You shine on my play-things
And show me their place,
And I love to look up
At your pretty bright face.

And there is a star
Close by you, and may be



That small twinkling star
Is your little baby !

THE RIDE.

Pretty poney, gently trot,
Shun with care each rugged
spot,

Lest you stumble in alarm,
And your rider come to harm

Little rider sit with care,
Don't forget how high you
are ;

Should you tumble from your
seat,

Pray beware the poney's feet

Faithful Dick walks by your
side,

While you take your little
ride ;

Now you surely need not fear,
With his ready hand so near.

He will guide the poney's
 track,
And bring the little rider back
Safely to his mother dear,
Then what should my darling
 fear ?

LITTLE MARY.

The weather was fair,
Little Mary was good ;
She went with her mother
To taste the fresh air.

The birds they were singing,
Mary chatted away,
And she felt as merry
And happy as they.

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