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the M1225 OVER

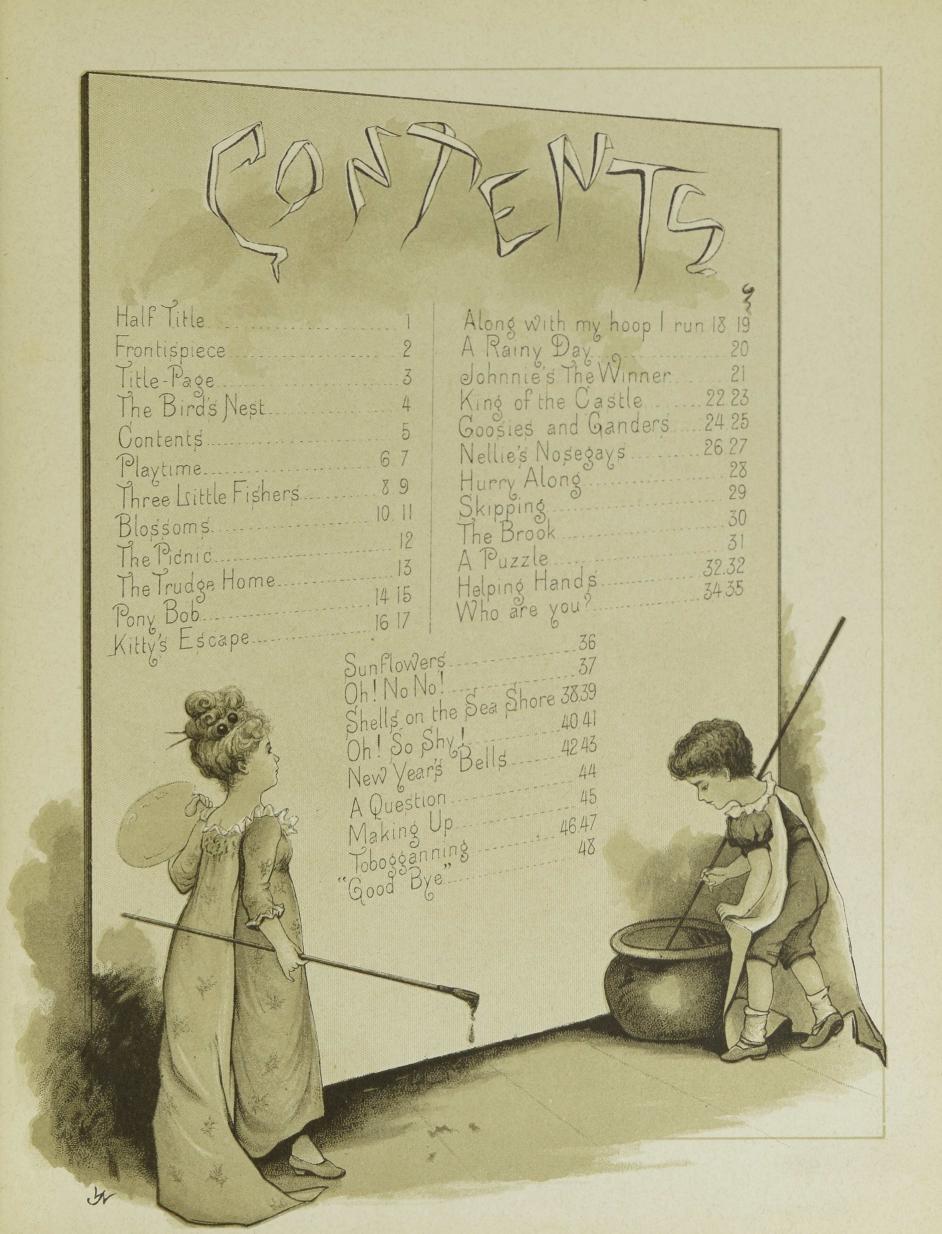




E. S. SHUTE.









We've done our tasks and put away

Our School-books neatly for the day,

We've given to the little boys

Strict orders not to make a noise;

And put their whips into their hands,

With many warnings and commands

That they should not in any way

Spoil their nice clothes while out at play.

We've taken off our pinafores'

And laid them folded in the drawers;

So do not think for all our twirls'

We can be giddy little girls.





Chree Little Fishers.

One two and three Fishers are we,

Fishing since morning early.

The very best twine

We've got for our line,

But Oh! these fishes are surly.

For never a fin

Comes near our pin

Though it's bent all nice and handy;

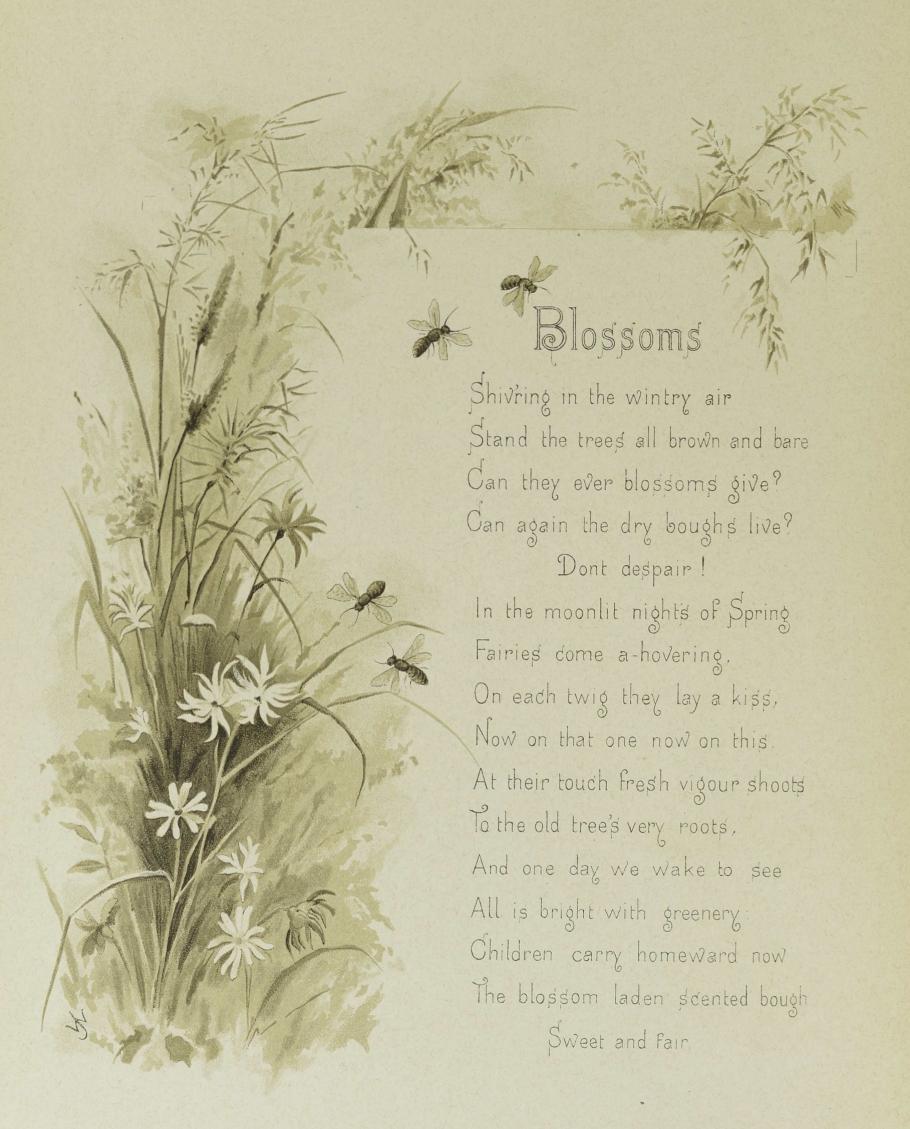
And what more we can do

We don't know-do you?_

Since we've baited our hooks with candy.











The Picnic

There is a thing I clearly see. Things are what you pretend they be.

We like to picnic in the wood, dane's apple is a rich plum cake.

But only may when all are good; My bun a pie that nurse did bake, And so we often just pretend, While Nannie's empty basket holds And tis the same thing in the end. Chicken and tongue and jelly moulds.

There is a thing I clearly see, You wont be much inclined for tea.





Home to tea,

You and me,

Dollies must come along.

Milk in a jug,

Tea in a mug,

That's the end of my song.



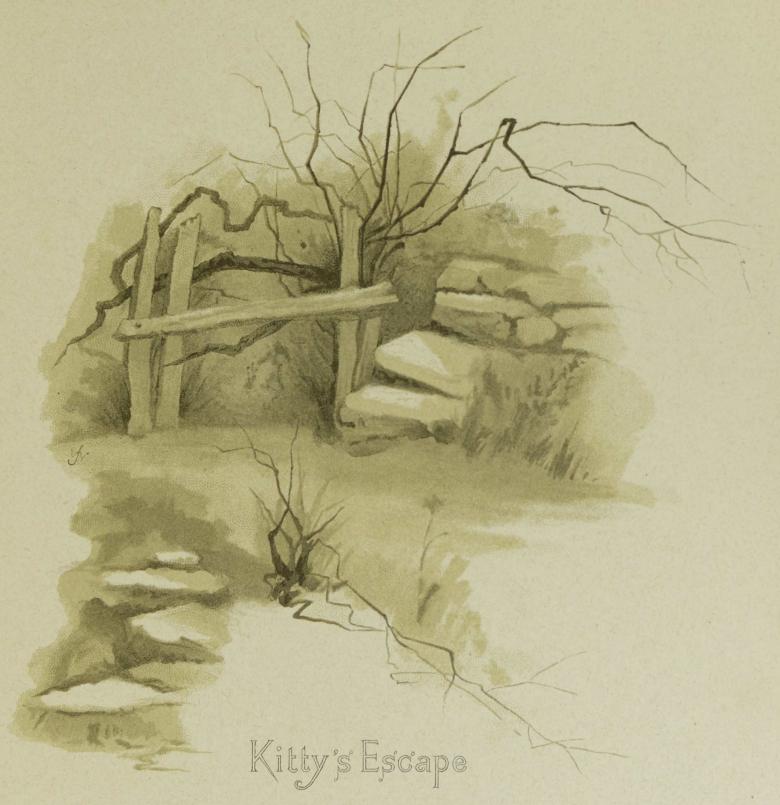


Bob of our Stables is best of all,

A mettlesome pony he! Capers and jumps and neer gives a fall And drags the hoop-dart and me.

Sometimes we harness baby Joan, But she soon sets tired and dries, And nothing amusing can well be done, With a horse that wipes it's eyes.





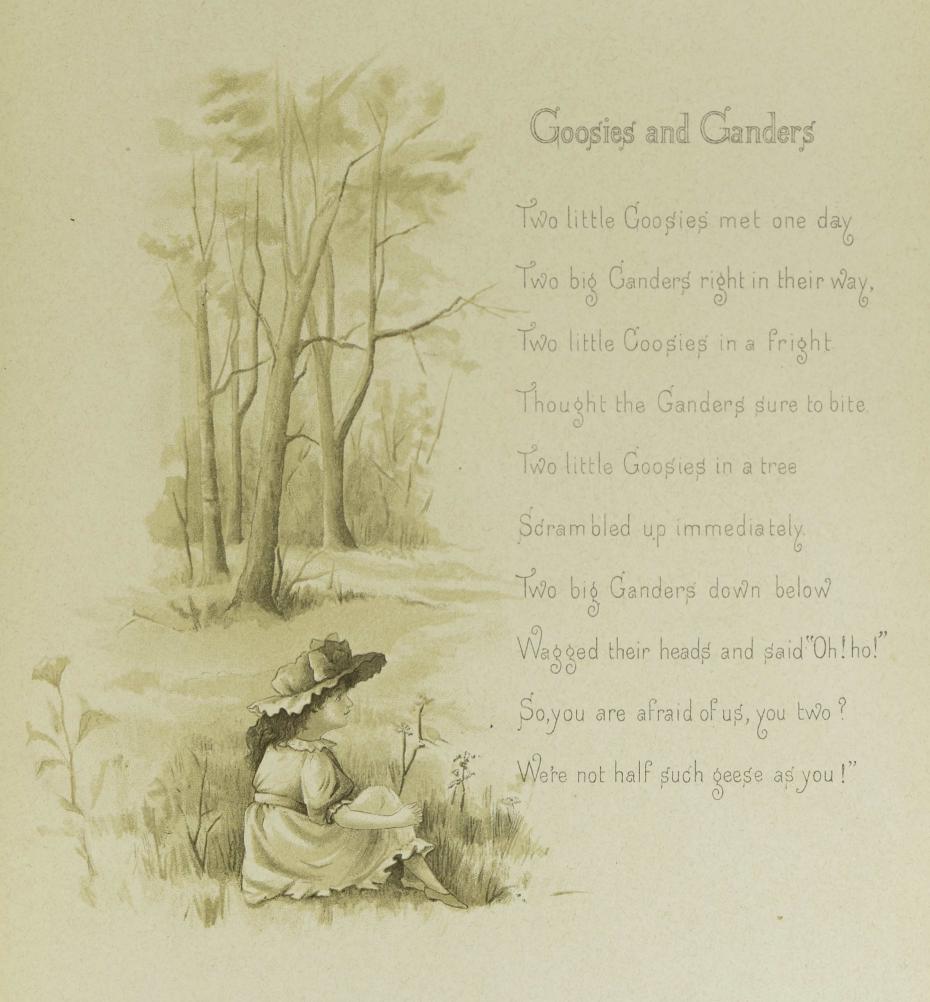
Kitty thought she'd like to stray, O'er the hills and far away.

See some other kits and dats, Eat up birds and fight with rats.

But she quite forgot she'd meet, Horrid dogs in every street.

Pussy soon dame rushing home, Cured of her desire to roam.

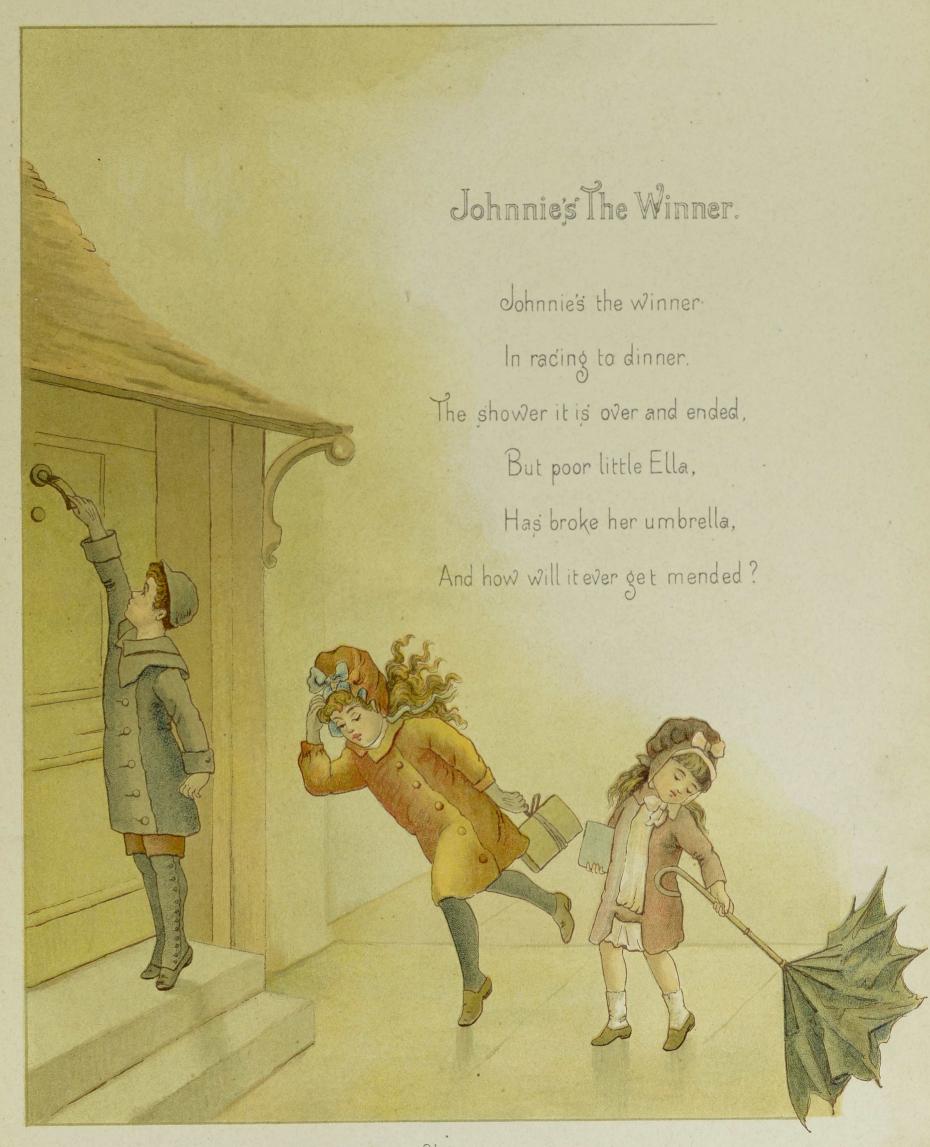








Patter, clatter, It's no matter, If the rain Beat the pane While in school (Strictest rule) We must stay And not play. But when we Are set free Then, dear sky! Please, be dry.





King of the Castle

Some build their castles in the air, Some build them in the sand, Some have no castle anywhere, Some have one on dry land

And here you see on sandy Wall, A happy sailor King, Monarch of dastle, moat, and all; Until the tide domes in.

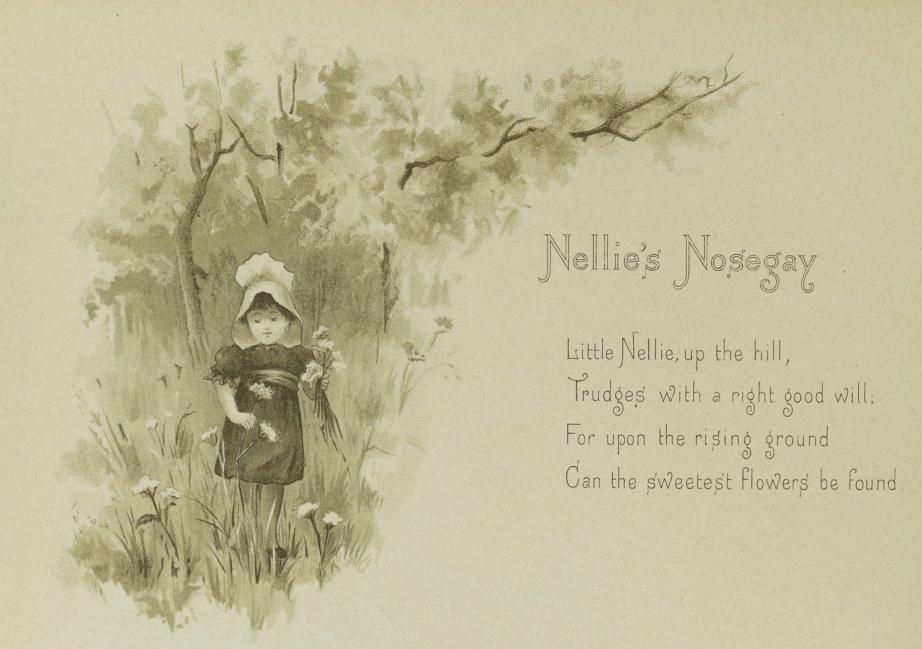




"Along with my hoop Irun"

Along with my hoop I run, I run,
While the trees in the wind do blow,
And Oh! it is very good fun, good fun.
As long as I've breath to go.
When I've none left I stop, I stop,
(I dan't run much more than a mile,)
And take a good rest on the top, the top,
Of a neighbouring gate or stile.





She must make a nosegay bright,
Flowers all yellow, red and white,
Ferns and grasses round outside,
All together safely tied.
Brother Eddie too is there
Gathering his little share.







Daddy Wants a buttonhole.

Cause he's dining out,

But dont tell the gardener,

What I've been about.

I have picked these near the walk,
Without thorns or spikes,
Got them with a nice long stalk,
Just as Daddy likes.



The Brook

Lilywhite Ducks, who look so prim,

As up and down you gravely swim,

If an old tale I know

be true,



A Puzzle

Oh river dear, you puzzle me,

As on your banks I walk,

And I do wish most heartily
You had a tongue to talk.

You're always, always running by

And yet you here still wind!

How do you manage? Why can't!

Both run and stay behind?

Oh River! If you'll only tell,

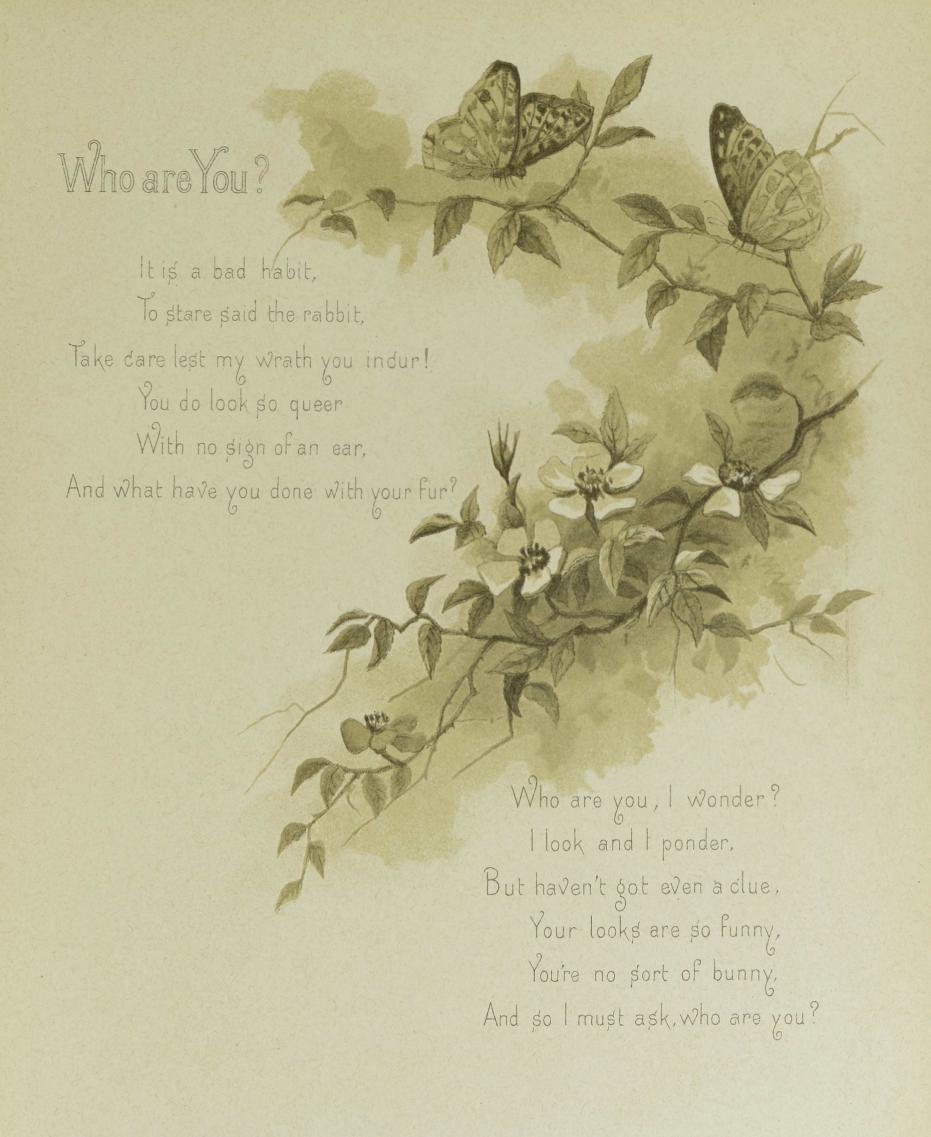
I vow to keep the secret well.

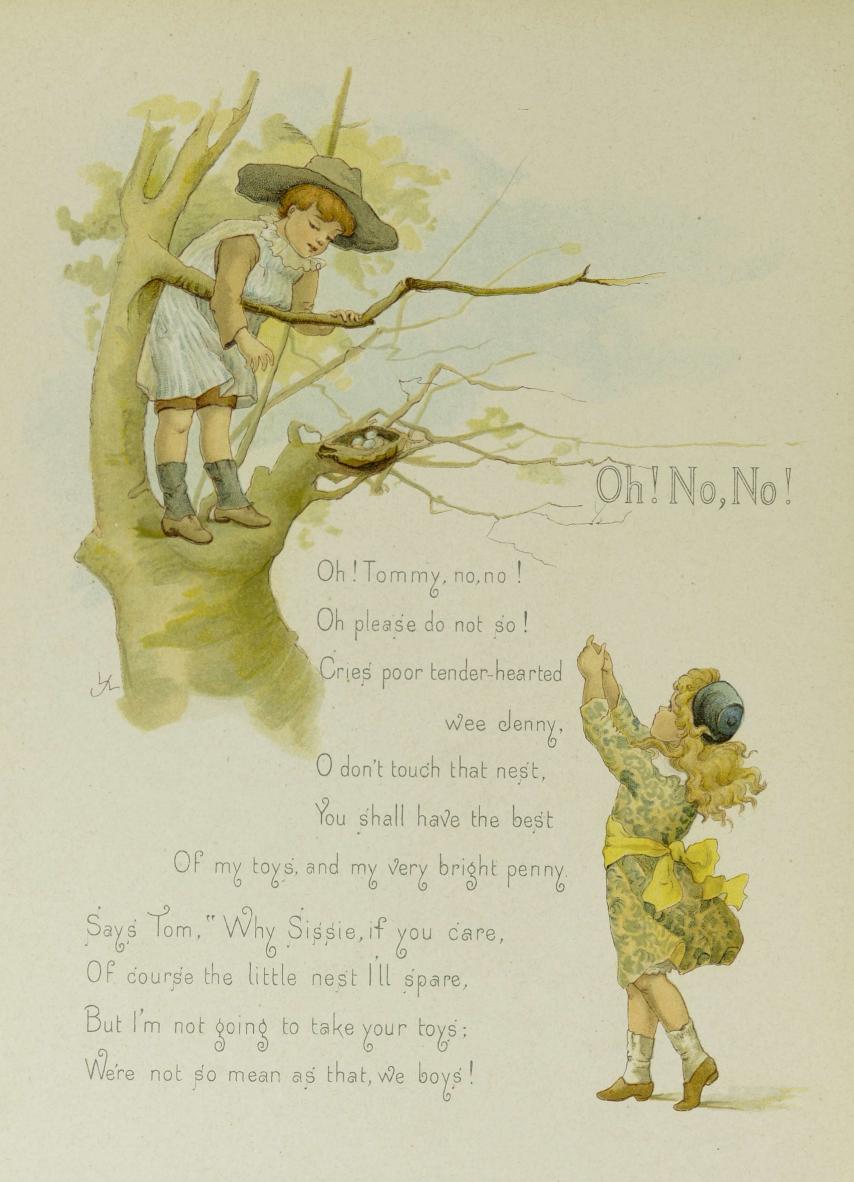












Hurry Along.

Nutting we go! we're in front of the rest,

Hurry along, along;

It's, "come first, and pick first" so we'll get the best,

Hurry along, along.

Maggie! don't loiter! upon the way back

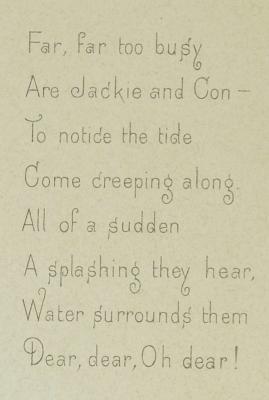
Hurry along, along;

The flowers you may gather, while our nuts we crack

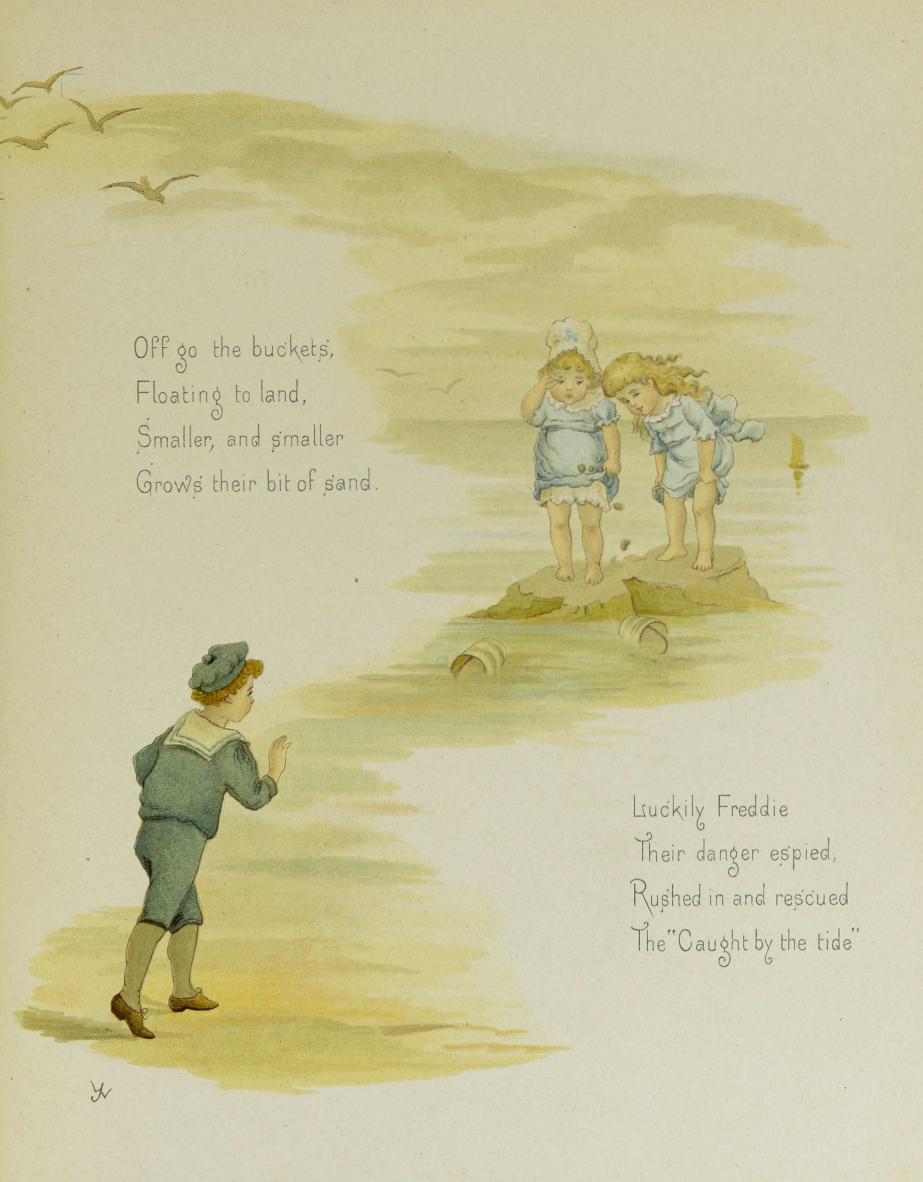


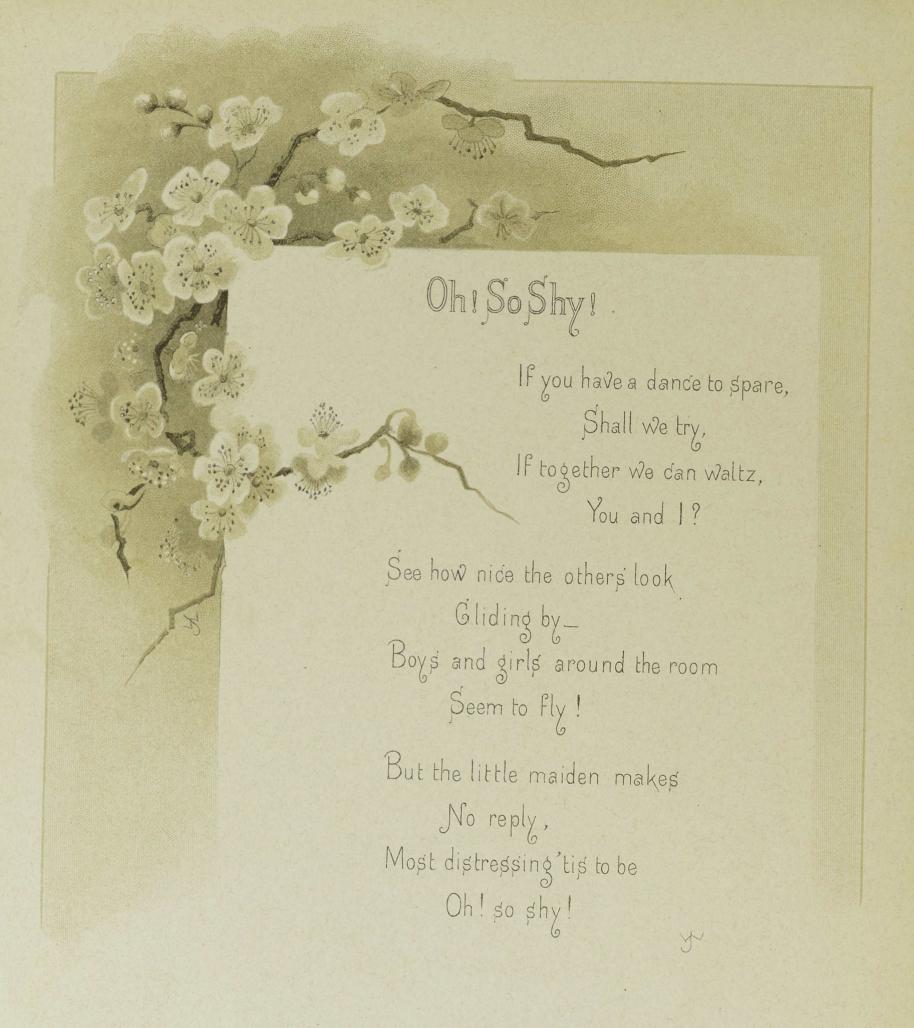
Caught by the Gide

Shells on the seashore,
Shining in the sun,
dack and Connie Want them all,
Want them every one.
Down on the seashore
Where the nidest lurk,
dack and Connie sit them down.
And begin their work.













New Year's Bells

Ding, ding, ding,
Ring the New Year in,
Dong, dong, dong,
The poor Old Year is gone.

Ding, ding, ding,
Goodwill and Peace we ring,
Dong, dong, dong,
Away with all thats wrong.

Ding dong, Ding dong,

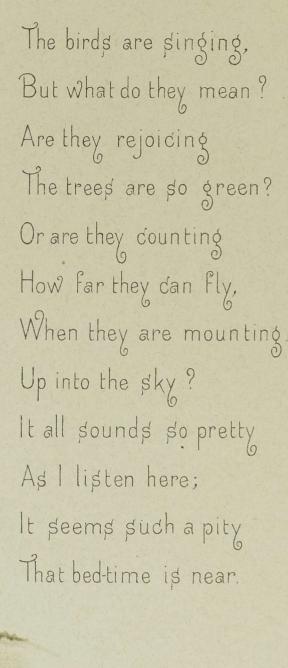
Evermore the same song;

Gay chime; sad knell_

Welcome Year, and Year farewell.









Oh! give me a kiśś, My dear little Śiś,

And then let us go back and play,
I'm sorry I said
Your doll's nose was red,

And that she had green eyes, not grey.

A boy doesn't know

How dolls should look, so

Dear Sissy, lets friends be again;

You know you said too,

My black horse was blue,

And hadn't got much of a mane.





Gobogganning

Over the śnow,
Whirr-rr we go
With the speed of a lightning flash,
The very wind,
We leave behind,
And it shrieks-as we onward dash!

Straight down we glide
The steep hillside,
Our course makes never a bend;
And the snow lies deep,
A nice soft heap,
If we should upset in the end.







