

# The Primrose.



NORTHAMPTON:

PUBLISHED BY E. TURNER.



THE  
PRIMROSE.



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## THE PRIMROSE.



Where is Jane? said Papa, as he came in  
one day,  
While a PRIMROSE he held as he spoke—  
Oh! see what a nice flower I've got for my  
child,  
Provided she always speaks pretty and mild;  
I pull'd it just under the oak.  
And I'll pull her some more, if I find she'll  
be good,

And does what she's bid, and speaks mild ;  
 Oh! that's a good girl : how she holds up her  
 head !  
 Here now is the Primrose, come kiss me, he  
 said,  
 Dear me, what a lovely sweet child !

*THE WALK AT NOON.*



Here on this rock we'll sit awhile,  
 The mother said, with kindest smile ;  
 An hour must be our longest stay ;  
 You know we must be back to tea.

Besides, I'm wearied with my walk,  
 So let us have a little talk :  
 Who was it, Mary, love, that said,  
 Here shall your course, proud waves be staid ?

And when the waves and raging storm,  
 Fill'd every breast with dire alarm ;  
 Who was it said, " It is my will,"  
 To these proud waves and storm be still ?

Who is it marks the sparrow's fall,  
 Yet dearly loves my children all ?  
 Who form'd those scenes so grand and wild,  
 Yet dign'd to guard a little child ?

You've answered right—'tis God, may love,  
 Our good, kind God, who lives above :  
 Be good, sweet babes, and when you die,  
 He'll take you up to yonder sky !



## TO BE SAD ON THE SEA-SHORE.



This ocean wide on which we gaze,  
 That does the heart so much amaze,  
     Arose at thy command!  
 And this vast strand, and those dark caves,  
 And those high rocks which bound the waves,  
     Were formed by thy hand

Yon rising sun with splendid ray,  
 Majestic monarch of the day!  
     That lights the vaulted sky,  
 Was form'd by thy all-wondering thought:  
 And then to gild the night, was brought  
     The glitt'ring stars on high!



The lovely moon with silver beam,  
That marks from shade the humble stream,  
And lights yon ruin'd tower ;  
Cannot emit one feeble ray  
To guide the traveller on his way,  
Without thy mighty power !

Thou formed all nature with thy words ;  
Then can'st thou, O ! my God, regard  
An infant such as I ?  
Yes ; thou wilt guide each step along ;  
And then to join thy angel throng,  
Thou'lt take me when I die !



## SLIDING ON THE ICE.



“ By the mountain’s glassy side,  
Nimbly on the ice we’ll slide ;  
Then to yonder rock we’ll go,  
To make a hundred balls of snow.”

Agreed by all ; away they set,  
When lo ! poor Richmond’s corpse they met !  
The ice where he such pleasure found,  
Broke, swiftly broke, and he was drown’d,

Recovering scarcely from this shock,  
They met Tom Evans on the rock ;  
By balls of snow, his head all cut  
With stones, which in these balls were put.

We'll go no further, Henry dear;  
 My heart is fill'd with sudden fear:  
 But home we'll haste, our God to praise,  
 Who saved us from such dreadful ways!

*THE NEW DOLL.*



See what a pretty Doll I've got,  
 Which dear Papa so kindly bought.  
 Look at her neck, and pretty head.  
 And then her cheeks so rosy red.  
 And then her laughing eyes so blue;  
 She looks as tho' she look'd at you.  
 And then her pretty little hands;  
 Oh, dear! see sisters, sure she stands!

I wish, sweet baby, she could read,  
 And learn a little task indeed ;  
 And if she could a copy write,  
 Oh, dear ! 'twould give me much delight !  
 And then, if good old Mistress Trench,  
 Would be so kind, and teach her French,  
 And Spanish, and Italian too ;  
 Dear Mistress Trench, Oh, pray now do.

*KIND FANNY.*



Pray give me, said Fanny, a needle and  
 thread ;  
 And there fell on her bosom a tear :  
 I'm going to make dolls. To make dolls ?  
 said Janette,  
 Why I don't understand you, my dear.

Oh! yes I must go to make dolls for poor Sue ;  
 Perhaps she can sell them again ;  
 For really, Jane, it would go to your heart,  
 To witness her want and her pain.  
 You know the lone cottage that stood in the  
     wood,  
 With the hawthorn trees all around ?  
 'Twas yesterday eve, about half after six,  
 Entirely burnt to the ground !

*ADVICE.*



Be you, sweet boys and girls, inclin'd,  
 With care to cultivate your mind ;  
 But though to this your hours you lend,  
 The "one thing needful" still attend.

Each morning give your earnest care  
 To reading, spelling, writing fair :  
 But though to each your hours you lend,  
 "The one thing needful still attend."

Nor will I check sweet fancy's dream,  
 When listening to the poet's theme ;  
 But though to this your hours you lend,  
 "The one thing needful still attend."

You were not born, my little girl,  
 Merely to bask in folly's whirl,  
 To dance around in pleasure's ring,  
 To dress, to talk, to laugh, to sing.

Ah! no, be yours the nobler aim,  
 The meed of reason's power to claim ;  
 Be yours the grand, important care,  
 Eternal crowns of bliss to wear !



## THE DISOBEDIENT BOYS.



Don't go near that boat, says Mamma to the boys.

And why, now, Mamma? the boys cried.  
 Because the old cable which fastens the boat  
 May burst from its anchor, and set her afloat;  
 And then she'll go off with the tide.

Oh, certainly not, Mamma, says Willam and  
 Joe,

And certainly not, Mamma, says Ned.  
 But soon as she left them, away they all set.  
 Oh! sad naughty children, so soon to forget

What their worthy Mamma had just said.  
 Then into the boat they all hastily got,  
 While the tide around them gently did flow.  
 Says William, let Ned at the helm here sit,  
 And let Tom take this oar, and we'll push off  
 a bit,

And, here, give the other to Joe.

But as soon as they all 'gan to play at the boat,  
 The old cable slip'd from its stay ;  
 And the tide going out with the swiftness of  
 thought,  
 Tom, William and Edward, and Joe, and the  
 boat,

Were all hurried off to the sea.

Conceive their confusion, their grief, and sur-  
 prise !

To tell it indeed would be vain :  
 And to make matters worse, the bright sun  
 hid its light,  
 And the rain it pour'd down, while a bitter  
 cold night

Threaten'd darkness all over the main.

The boat it went up, and the boat it went  
 down,

As over the billow it flew.

Oh! dearest Mamma! cried out William and  
 Ned,

Why were we not willing to mind what you  
 said?

Oh, dear! Oh, dear! what shall we do!

The boat it went up, and the boat it went down,  
 And the tempest it furiously blew ;





And frightful to hear was the roar of the sea,  
While the poor boys cried out, and sobb'd in  
dismay,

Mamma, dearest, what shall we do?

If I live to get over the tempest, says Ned,  
Not one word that she ever can say,  
Oh, even her looks and her winks, said they all,  
And her slaps and her whipping, though ever  
so small,

We'll attend to from this every day.

The boat it went up and the boat it went down,  
While frightful indeed was the shock;  
And just as the clock from the tower had  
struck twelve

A big wave bore down, and the boat gave a  
delve,

And threw them all out on a rock.

Where are you? says William—where are  
you? says Joe;

Where are you, my dear brother Ned?

Till this very moment, says poor frighten'd  
John,

Till this very moment, says every one,

We were certain and sure we were dead.

But what shall we say to papa and Mamma?

Oh, that is the thing, now, says Ned.

I'll tell you, says Tom, to the parlor we'll go,

And we'll fall on our knees. Oh, that never  
will do;

They both go so early to bed.

We'll try at all hazards, says William and  
Tom,

Perhaps they're not gone to bed yet;

For though we've been certainly naughty and  
bold,

There's no use, I'm sure, to stay here in the  
cold.

So away hastened home the whole set.

The moment they enter'd, their father call'd  
out,

That they should not come in his sight;

And gave Jenny orders, their grief to com-  
plete,

For three nights to come, not a bit should they  
eat,

Nor drink for their supper at night.



