

G E M S

FOR

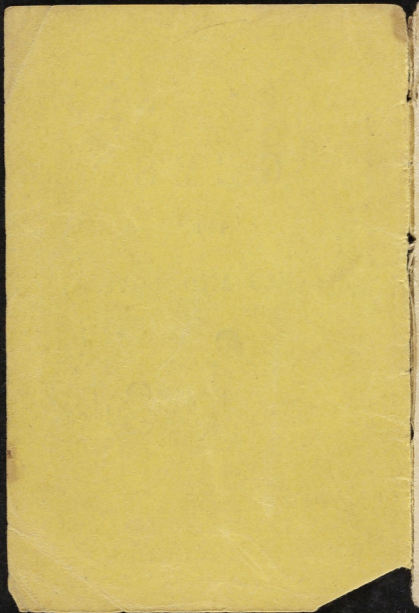
GIRLS AND BOYS.



RUFUS MERRILL, CONCORD, NH.

CAETMAN DEL.

MOORELY SC.



PART IV.



GEMS FOR GIRLS AND BOYS.



Belted Kingfisher.

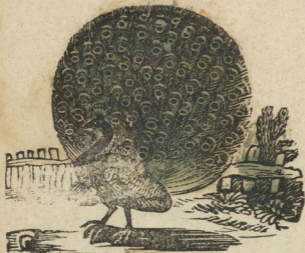
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FOR

GIRLS AND BOYS.

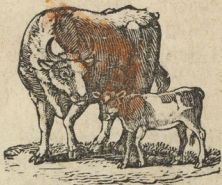
IF I were a little bird,
To rise upon the wing,
In the sky would I be heard,
Where larks in summer sing.

Dear little warbler, soon I'd be
On every spray beside of thee.
Alas! I cannot mount so high,
And so, dear little bird, good-
by!



A RIDDLE.

In gold and silver
I shine most bright;
Guess this riddle,
And guess it right.
When I spread my feathers
To catch the gale,
An hundred eyes
You may count in my tail.



THE GOOD MOOLY COW.

COME! supper is ready,
Come! boys and girls, now,
For here is fresh milk
From the good mooly cow.

Have done with your fife,
And your row-de-dow-dow,
And taste this sweet milk
From the good mooly cow.

Whoever is fretting
Must clear up his brow,
Or he 'll have no milk
From the good mooly cow.

And here is Miss Pussy;
She means by *mee ow*,
Give me too some milk
From the good mooly cow!

When children are hungry,
Oh, who can tell how
They love the fresh milk
From the good mooly cow.

So when you meet mooly,
Please say, with a bow,
"Thank you for your milk,
Mrs. Good Mooly Cow."



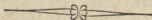
ALFRED POOLE.

WHEN Alfred Pool
 F'irst went to school,
 He was but scarcely seven;
 Yet knew as well
 To read and speli
 As most boys of eleven.

took his seat,
 wrote quite neat,

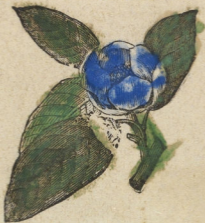
Nor ever idly acted;
 And then, beside,
 He multiplied,
 Divided and subtracted.

The master said,
 And stroked his head,
 "If thus you persevere,
 My little friend,
 You may depend
 Upon a prize next year."



THE GOOD BOY.

THE good boy learns
 To read and spell,
 And tries to get
 His lessons well.



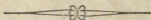
THE ROSE.

PRETTY flower, tell me why
All your leaves do open wide,
Every morning, when on high
The noble sun begins to ride.

'This is why, my lady fair,
If you would the reason know,
For betimes the pleasant air
Verv cheerfully doth blow.

And the birds on every tree
 Sing a merry, merry tune,
 And the busy honey-bee
 Comes to suck my sugar soon.

This all the reason why
 I my little leaves undo:
 Lady, lady, wake and try
 If I have not told you true.



SPRING.

THE pleasant Spring has come
 again,
 The pretty birds are here;
 The grass grows in the gentle
 rain,
 And buds and flowers appear.

I love to see the sky so clear,
 And all things look so gay;
 The fairest month in all the year
 Is sweet and sunny May.



The Robin.

ROBIN REDBREAST.

LITTLE robin redbreast
Sat upon a tree ;
Up went pussy-cat,
And down went he ;
Down came pussy-cat,
And away robin ran :
Says little robin redbreast,
Catch me if you can.

Little robin redbreast
Jumped upon a wall,
Pussy-cat jumped after him,
And almost got a fall.
Little robin chirped and sang,
And what did pussy say ?
Pussy-cat said mew,
And robin jumped away.

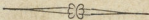


HERE are two little boys. They
 have staid from school to go and
 catch the poor fish.

Poor little fish!
 I know you wish
 To live as much as I;
 I will not hook
 You from the brook,
 Nor even wish to try.

And you, old frog
 Behind the log,

I will not stop your song,
Your great green eyes
May watch the flies,
I will not do you wrong.



GOOD CHILDREN.

WHAT a pretty sight to see
A little brother, every day
As he travels to the school,
Lead his sister in the way!



THE ROBIN.

THERE came to my window,
ONe morning in spring,
A sWEET little robin;
SHE came there to sing.

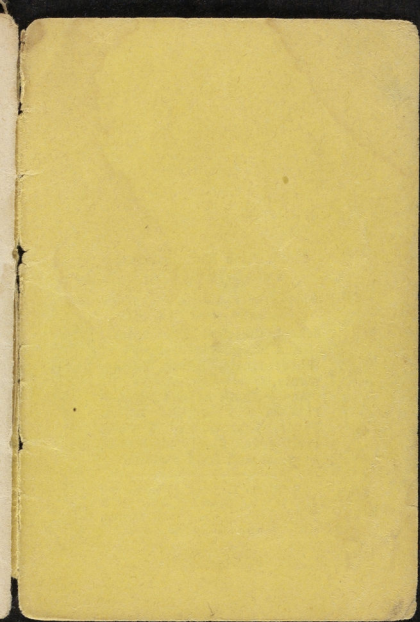
The tune that she sung,
It was prettier far
Than ever I heard
On flute or guitar.

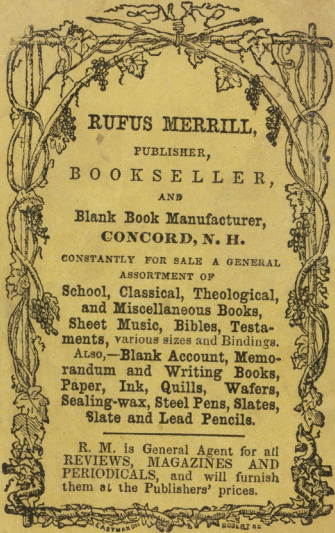
She raised her light wings,
To soar far away ;
Then, resting a moment,
Seemed sweetly to say :

O happy, how happy,
This world seems to be ;
Awake, little girl,
And be happy with me.

The sweet bird then mounted
Upon a light wing,
And flew to a tree-top,
And there did she sing.

I listened delighted,
And hoped she would stay,
And come to my window,
At dawn of the day.





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