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**BUDS AND FLOWERS  
OF  
CHILDISH LIFE.**

**WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY  
OSCAR PLETSCHE.**

**Beautifully Printed in Colours.**

**LONDON:  
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND  
SONS,  
THE BROADWAY, LUDGATE HILL.**

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**LONDON:  
LEIGHTON, BROTHERS, MILFORD LANE, STRAND.**



# BUDS AND FLOWERS OF CHILDISH LIFE.

Here's Emily, saying good night,  
O what a sweet little Miss!  
She's not sleepy but dolly is quite,  
Come dear and give me a kiss.

She's been running about all the day,  
She's had tea with some jam on her  
bread,  
There's a time both for tea and for play,  
And now it is time for her bed.



My little baby  
Is so very small  
That she can scarcely toddle,  
And can't speak at all.

But she can stand a-tip-toe,  
If she can't walk,  
And she can look at pictures,  
Though she can't talk.

Come little baby,  
    Sit on mother's knee,  
She shall look at a pretty book,  
    And then have tea.







Din, din, din,  
We're ready to begin.  
Were so hungry that we can't wait.

O what a clatter

Of spoon and platter!  
What's Mary doing that she's so late?

Drum, drum, drum,  
Now she's come.  
Look at naughty Ned with his plate upon  
his head!

Din, din, din,  
Now we'll begin.  
Mary brings the soup and father cuts the  
bread.



I am his mother,  
And he is your brother,  
There's ne'er such another  
In all the world round.

His smile is the queerest,  
His eyes are the clearest,  
His face is the dearest,  
That ever were found.









This is my birthday,  
O what a mirth-day!  
    And O how lucky I am!  
I have dollies and carts,  
I have eaten three tarts,  
    And now here's a big pot of jam.



Emma! just look,  
What a wonderful cook!  
Currant and raisin  
She puts in the basin,  
Only see how her hand throws in the  
    flour.

Sugar and suet,  
She knows how to do it.  
Now then crumbs,  
Now more plums,  
She puts everything good into our  
    Christmas pudding.

Eggs half a score,  
And many things more,  
Lemon-peel candied,  
And everything brandied,  
O what a treat it will be when  
    completed.







O Fanny, dear Fanny,  
Make haste with the bed,  
My doll is so tired  
That she cant raise her head.



Your doll is so old,  
She can sit up till eight,  
But mine is quite ill  
If she stays up so late.



We've set out the tea things,  
We've coffee and tea,  
There is no one to drink them  
But dolly and we.

We've muffins and crumpets,  
We've biscuit and cake,  
If no one will eat them,  
Our hearts they will break.

So I'll go out this way,  
And you go out that,  
We will ask all our neighbours  
To come in and chat.







I have an apple,  
Which hand has got it?  
Left hand or right hand?  
No, Sir, that's not it.

Now then, try again,  
Don't look so grave,  
This or that, Sir,  
Which will you have?

Left or right, now, tell me quick?  
There's either an apple or nothing for  
Dick.



Here's master Jack,  
With his bag at his back,  
What do you think he is at?  
Two gay butterflies,  
With their wings full of eyes,  
He's trying to catch in his hat.







The chaise is at the door my dear,  
Are you quite ready?  
How restive these new horses are!  
Now then—steady.  
Gee wo, gee wo.

Take care how you get in my dear,

And mind our lovely child,  
It would only take a little thing  
To make these horses wild.  
Ge wo, gee wo.

---

Here's little Freddy,  
He sits in his tub,  
He is quite ready  
To have a good rub.  
He is the little man for me  
Waiting there so patiently.

While master Harry  
Does nothing but squall,  
And says when he's older  
He won't wash at all.  
What a naughty little man  
Who will be dirty if he can.







Fast asleep lies little May  
With dolly on her breast,  
Tread gently as you come away,  
And don't disturb her rest.

Her little soul it knows no fear,  
No thought of sin or sorrow,



And God will take good care of her  
Until she wakes to-morrow.



Fanny loves,  
Her pretty doves,  
Fan, and Puff, and Plum,  
Cream and Brown,  
They flutter down,  
And all around her come.  
Coo, coo,  
How d'ye do?  
Quite well, thank you, how are you?







Those rude little boys,  
They do nothing but stare,  
As I ride through the snow  
In my pretty sledge chair.



My muff and my bonnet,  
They eye them all o'er,  
As though they had not seen  
A lady before.



Jack has pulled a tooth out,  
What a clever boy!  
He shall have a sixpence,  
Or a nice new toy.

Without doctor helping  
He loosened it so well,  
When he gave a great tug,  
On the ground it fell.

Maggie put it in the drawer,  
And when papa comes back,  
We'll show it him, and he will say,  
"What a brave boy is Jack!"









The queen of the summer,  
She sits on her throne,  
And every new comer  
Her beauty must own.

Dick waits upon her,  
A minister sage,  
I'm maid of honour,  
And pussy's her page.



Lets have a game of play,  
But Jane shan't come,  
She told of Walter  
Because he picked a plum.

“O I'm very sorry,  
I won't do it again,”  
“We can't trust you,  
Tell-tale Jane.”





Underneath the soft green grass  
Little birdie lies,  
Who used to sing so merrily  
Above in summer skies.



Sadly we have made his grave  
Where the roses blow,  
Never more he'll sing to us  
As to school we go.

Press the sod so firmly down,  
And smooth it o'er with care,  
Then we'll water it again,  
And leave poor birdie there.



My dear little Lizzie,  
Pray mind you don't fall,  
You're too weak to climb up  
That tub by the wall.

For you may turn dizzy,  
And go in like a fly,  
And brother and sister,  
Will sit down and cry.









---

Two boys beyond the mill,  
Their kites are flying,  
Two more who climb the hill  
Will soon be trying.

Which of them will higher fly,  
Tom's blue tail or Bob's red eye?

---

Left—right—stand at ease.  
Hands out of pocket, Sir!  
Such lazy habits ill become  
A British Volunteer.

Right about face! now, left wheel! halt!  
Mary does it best.  
If you are so tired, you lazy boy,  
You had better fall out and rest.







In the early morning,  
When the air is cool,  
Look at little Emily,  
Going off to school.

Flowers for the mistress,  
And books in a bag,  
Run away, Emily,  
And mind you don't lag.



A. B. C. D. E. F. G.  
Little Robin Redbreast sitting on a tree.

H. I. J. K. L. M. N.  
He made love to little Jenny Wren.

O. P. Q. R. S. T. U.  
Dear little Jenny I should like to marry  
you.

V. & W. X. Y. Z.  
Poor little Jenny she blushed quite red.





Let's have a slide,  
Haven't you tried?  
You must mind if you fall.

Now a good run,  
That's well done,  
Plump we go into them all.



---

A saucy boy,  
Had got no toy,  
And didn't know what to do,  
So he rumbled his frock,  
And tore his sock,  
And tried to eat his shoe.

Is not Mary clever?  
Now Mamma has taught her,  
She makes the ducks swim where she  
will,  
Upon a dish of water.







Father is a soldier,  
In a coat of red,  
He takes me and throws me  
Right above his head.

Down upon the green grass,  
Up above his cap,  
Now he throws me like a ball  
Into mother's lap.

Do it again Papa,  
High as you can,  
I'd be a soldier  
If I were a man.



In a summer garden  
Little son and daughter,  
Oh dear, how hot it is!  
A penny for some water.

Mary to the pump ran,  
And tucked up her gown,  
She has pushed the handle up  
And can't get it down.

Jump upon the tub then,  
Pull with might and main,  
Up and down, and up and down,  
Now it comes like rain.









---

Dear me children what a rout,  
Tell me how it all fell out.

“Please Mamma, it's Tommy's fault,”  
“No it isn't, its Theresa's.”  
“He filled the baby's mouth with salt.”  
“She plucked the kitten with the  
tweezers.”  
“They won't let me do my sum.”  
“Bob I wish you'd stop that squealing.”  
“Willie's hit me on the thumb.”  
“Look at Charlotte, she is stealing.”

Dear me what a horrid noise,  
Go to bed both girls and boys.

---

Jenny, come again and play,  
And don't so sulky be,  
I merely took your ball away,  
And hid it in a tree.

Lily's waiting at the stile,  
In her hand a basket,  
Jenny, raise your head and smile,  
Won't you, when I ask it?

That's right,  
Come away,  
Sun's bright,  
We will play

Merrily, merrily all the day.





Transcriber's Notes: Obvious printer errors, including punctuation have been silently corrected. All other inconsistencies have been left as in the original.

**Changed:** Your too weak to climb up  
corrected **to** You're too weak to climb up

[The end of *Buds and flowers of childish life* illustrated  
by Oscar Pletsch]