

WILLIE WINKIE  
SERIES

# Frances AND Henry,

AND  
OTHER TALES



McLOUGHLIN BROS. NEW-YORK.

Title: Frances And Henry And Other Tales

Author: Anonymous

Language: English

Subject: Fiction, Literature, Children's literature

Publisher: World Public Library Association

(c) **worldLibrary.net**<sup>tm</sup>



## World Public Library

The World Public Library, [www.WorldLibrary.net](http://www.WorldLibrary.net) is an effort to preserve and disseminate classic works of literature, serials, bibliographies, dictionaries, encyclopedias, and other reference works in a number of languages and countries around the world. Our mission is to serve the public, aid students and educators by providing public access to the world's most complete collection of electronic books on-line as well as offer a variety of services and resources that support and strengthen the instructional programs of education, elementary through post baccalaureate studies.

This file was produced as part of the "eBook Campaign" to promote literacy, accessibility, and enhanced reading. Authors, publishers, libraries and technologists unite to expand reading with eBooks.

Support online literacy by becoming a member of the World Public Library, <http://www.WorldLibrary.net/Join.htm>.

(c) **worldLibrary.net**<sup>tm</sup>



[www.worldlibrary.net](http://www.worldlibrary.net)

\*This eBook has certain copyright implications you should read.\*

This book is copyrighted by the World Public Library. With permission copies may be distributed so long as such copies (1) are for your or others personal use only, and (2) are not distributed or used commercially. Prohibited distribution includes any service that offers this file for download or commercial distribution in any form, (See complete disclaimer <http://WorldLibrary.net/Copyrights.html>).

World Public Library Association  
P.O. Box 22687  
Honolulu, Hawaii 96823  
[info@WorldLibrary.net](mailto:info@WorldLibrary.net)



(c) **worldLibrary.net**<sup>tm</sup>



FRANCIS AND HENRY.

Sister Francis is sad,  
Because Henry is ill;  
And she lets the dear lad  
Do whatever he will will.

Left her own little chair  
And got up in a minute,  
When she heard him declare  
That he wished to sit in it.

Now from this we can tell,  
He will never more tease her,  
But when he is well,  
He will study to please her.

## WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST?

To-wurr! To-whit! To-whee!  
Will you listen to me?  
Who stole four eggs I laid,  
And the nice nest I made?

Bob-a-link! Bob-a-link!  
Now what do you think?  
Who stole a nest away  
From the plumb tree to-day?

Not I, said the sheep. Oh, no!  
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so.  
I gave wool the nest to line,  
But the nest was none of mine.  
Baa! Baa! said the sheep. Oh, no!  
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so.

Coo-coo! Coo-coo! Coo-coo!  
Let me speak a word, too—  
Who stole that pretty nest  
From little yellow-breast?

Not I, said the cow. Moo-oo!  
Such a thing I'd never do.  
I gave you a wisp of hay,  
But didn't take your nest away.  
Not I, said the cow. Moo-oo!  
Such a thing I'd never do.

Caw! Caw! cried the crow—  
I should like to know  
What thief took away  
A bird's nest to-day.

Not I, said the dog. Bow-wow!  
I wouldn't be so mean, I vow,  
I gave hairs the nest to make,  
But the nest I did not take.  
Not I, said the dog. Bow-wow!  
I wouldn't be so mean, I vow

Cluck! Cluck! said the hen—  
Don't ask me again.  
Why I haven't a chick  
Would do such a trick.

We all gave her a feather,  
And she wove them together.  
I'd scorn to intrude  
On her and her brood.  
Cluck! Cluck! said the hen—  
Don't ask me again.

A little boy hung down his head,  
And went and hid behind the bed—  
For he stole that pretty nest  
From poor little yellow-breast;  
And he felt so full of shame  
He didn't like to tell his name.



MAMMA, HOW HAPPY I CAN BE.

Mamma, how happy I can be,  
Whilst sitting face to face with thee,  
I hear you gently speak, and see  
Your needle quickly fly!

'Tis then you teach my little heart  
That virtue is the fairest part,  
And thinking on how good thou art,  
To be as good I try.

Then speaking of God's awful power,  
His care and kindness every hour,  
I learn to love and to adore  
This Father in the sky.



And, taught no bad or idle ways,  
I try to gain your love and praise,  
And wonder whilst on you I gaze,  
Why any fear to die.

Since God's indulgent care is shown,  
In calling each good child his own,  
We'll happy be before his throne,  
When called up on high.

And there, mamma, may I and you  
Love God's commands as here we do,  
And love each other ever too,  
Together in the sky.



HORROR! here's a dreadful case!  
 A little girl with ne'er a face,  
 No cheeks, nor eyes, nor nose.  
 How came she so? The tale, though sad,  
 I'm forced to tell, to warn the bad  
 Before too late it grows.

The little girl whom here you see,  
 Was once as pretty as could be—  
 Her cheeks were like the rose,  
 Her teeth like beads of iv'ry bright,  
 Her forehead smooth as marble white,  
 Her eyes as black as sloes.

But she was vain! Whole hours, they say,  
 She spent before the glass each day;  
 Till (so the story goes)  
 One day she'd look'd so long, alas!  
*Her face remain'd stuck in the glass!*  
 And here my tale must close.

## BOYS WANTED.

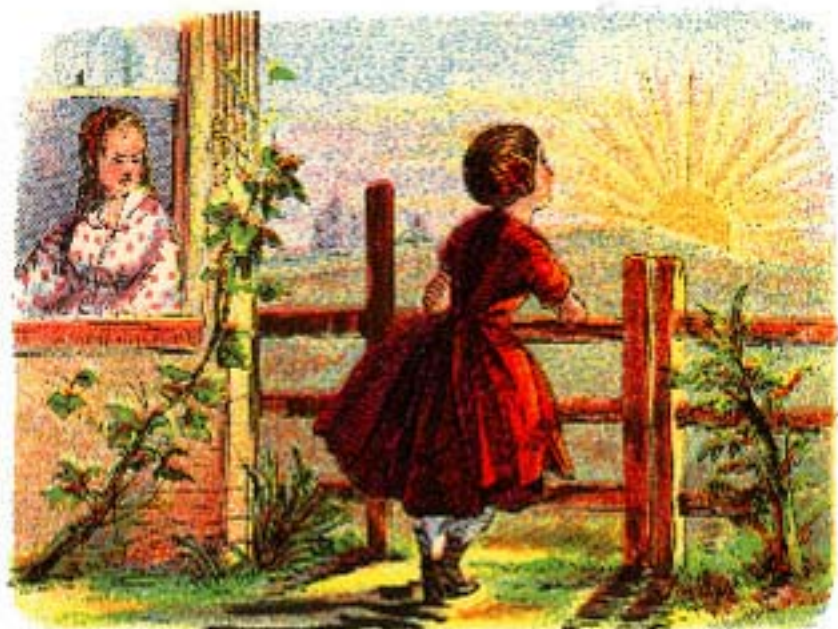
Boys of spirit, boys of will,  
Boys of muscle, brain, and power,  
Fit to cope with anything—  
These are wanted every hour.

Not the weak and whining drones,  
That all trouble magnify;  
Not the watchword of "I can't,"  
But the nobler one, "I'll try."

Do whate'er you have to do  
With a true and earnest zeal;  
Bend your sinews to the task,  
Put your shoulder to the wheel.

Though your duty may be hard,  
Look not on it as an ill;  
If it be an honest task,  
Do it with an honest will.

At the anvil or the farm,  
Wheresoever you may be  
From your future efforts, boys,  
Comes a nation's destiny.



### A FINE THING.

Who am I, with noble face,  
Shining in a clear blue place?  
If to look at me you try,  
I shall blind your little eye.

When my noble face I show  
Over yonder mountain blue,  
All the clouds away do ride,  
And the dusky night beside.

Then the clear wet dews I dry,  
With the look of my bright eye;  
And the little birds awake,  
Many a merry tune to make.

Cowslips then, and harebells blue,  
And lily-cups their lips undo,  
For they shut themselves up tight,  
All the dark and foggy night.

Then the busy people go,  
Every one his work unto;  
Little girl, when your's is done,  
Guess if I am not the Sun.

### SLEEPY TOM.

Get up, little boy,  
You are sleeping too long;  
Your brother is dressed,  
He is singing a song,  
And Tom must be wakened,  
O, fie!

Come, open the curtains,  
And let in the light;  
For children should only  
Be sleepy at night,  
When stars may be seen  
In the sky.



POSITIVE PETER.

All little boys who contradict,  
Who good advice detest,  
And, careless of Papa's regrets,  
Think they must know the best;

Come, give an ear to Peter's fate,  
And hear this story true,  
How Peter was so positive,  
How Peter came to rue.

How Peter came to rue the day  
He answered his Papa,  
And spoke so crossly, looked so black,  
At his kind Grandmamma.

That very day he went upstairs,  
For Jane to brush his hair,  
And, looking in the glass, beheld  
A sight that made him stare—

That made the nursemaid stare as well,  
And shriek, and cry Alack!  
For, lo! in two great rigid locks  
His hair grew stiffly back.

His nose grew long, and straight and coarse,  
And longer grew his head;  
Whene'er he tried to speak a word,  
He said, Hee-Haw! instead.

He loathed his meat and pudding, too,  
No more sweet jam he'd steal,—  
A ragged, prickly thistle now  
He found the sweetest meal.

His rigid locks grew into ears,  
His eyes grew large and dim,  
A brownish hair grew o'er his face,—  
I almost pity him.

For still, from day to day, increased  
That fearful Donkey's jaw,  
And, day to day, he never ceased  
To bray the loud Hee-Haw!

To bray the loud Hee-Haw! until  
He came to love its sound,  
As fondly as the thistle rough  
He searched for on the ground.



THE LITTLE FISH THAT WOULD NOT DO AS IT WAS BID,

Dear mother, said a little Fish,  
Pray, is not that a fly?  
I'm very hungry, and I wish  
You'd let me go and try.

Sweet innocent, the mother cried,  
And started from her nook,  
That horrid fly is put to hide  
The sharpness of the hook!

Now, as I've heard, this little Trout  
Was young and foolish too,  
And so he thought he'd venture out,  
To see if it were true.



And round about the hook he played,  
With many a longing look,  
And, Dear me, to himself he said  
I'm sure, that's not a *hook*.

I can but give one little pluck:  
Let's see; and so I will.  
So on he went, and lo, it stuck  
Quite through his little gill.

And as he faint and fainter grew,  
With hollow voice he cried,  
Dear mother, if I'd minded you,  
I need not now have died.

#### THOUGHTLESS JULIA.

Julia did in the window  
stand;

Mamma then sitting by,  
Saw her put out her little  
hand,

And try to catch a fly.

O do not hurt the pretty  
thing,

Her prudent mother said;  
Crush not its leg or feeble  
wing,

So beautifully made.



POOR Robin Redbreast, lying in the snow!  
 How the trees do shiver, how the winds do blow!  
 Dear little Robin, feels his end draw near,  
 Thinks that he is going, with the dying year.

Robin can remember quite a different scene, [green.  
 When the birds were merry, when the leaves were  
 Now the snow is falling—Oh! so cold and chill!  
 Robin chirrups faintly, though he feels so ill;

For he hears two women say good words of cheer—  
 "Merry Christmas greeting, and a glad New Year."  
 Entering the kitchen, they converse with cook,  
 Knowing not that Robin sighed, and mourned, and  
 shook.

Now he hops, and flutters feebly towards the light,  
 Which for one brief moment made the path so bright,  
 But his wings are stiffened, and he cannot fly—  
 All his limbs seem useless—*Must poor Robin die?*

But again it opens—that enchanted door—  
 Robin sees the fire-light, playing on the floor.  
 And as Susan passes, she can see him lie;  
 In her hand she takes him,—Robin *will not* die!

In that pleasant kitchen he is warmed and fed,  
 Till, his strength returning, he can lift his head;  
 But he is too sleepy now to think and sing  
 So his head he nestles underneath his wing.

In the master's kitchen now he lives at his ease,  
Going and returning, just as he may please ;  
But poor foolish Robin grows self-satisfied,  
And his many blessings fill his heart with pride.

When the same kind Susan, who had brought him in,  
Found another Robin, starved, and cold, and thin.  
By the fire she put him, gave him crumbs of bread,—  
We will call him Rufus, from his vest of red.

Rufus, for her kindness, tried to sing a song—  
In came Master Robin, bade him hold his tongue ;  
Flew upon poor Rufus, pecked him in the eye.  
Called him wicked names, and said he might go or die.

Susan told the master, on that very day,  
And then in his parlor did our Rufus stay—  
Told of Robin's anger, and his bitter strife,  
How he pecked poor Rufus—tried to take his life.

"But a bird," he answered, to be kindly used ;  
"But a bird," and therefore to be much excused ;  
Not because his merit was so very great,  
Had he been uplifted to this high estate ;

But because the inmates of that mansion grand  
Love to feed the hungry with a liberal hand ;  
Love to help the needy, love the poor and small,  
Knowing that our Father loves and cares for all.



### THE GIDDY GIRL.

Miss Helen was always too giddy to heed  
What her mother had told her to shun;  
For frequently, over the street in full speed,  
She would cross where the carriages run.  
And out she would go to a very deep well,  
To look at the water below;  
How naughty! to run to a dangerous well,  
Where her mother forbade her to go!  
One morning, intending to take but one peep,  
Her foot slipped away from the ground;  
Unhappy misfortune! the water was deep,  
And giddy Miss Helen was drown'd.

The End.



