

JUVENILE POEMS.



NORTHAMPTON.
A. R. MERRIFIELD.

C. White

Victoria Bk Slip

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NORTHAMPTON—1841.

A. R. MERRIFIELD.

JUVENILE POEMS

A B C D E F G H I J
K L M N O P Q R S
T U V W X Y Z &

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o
p q r s t u v w x y z.

—

A B C D E F G H I J
K L M N O P Q R S
T U V W X Y Z &

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o
p q r s t u v w x y z

A. W. MERRILL

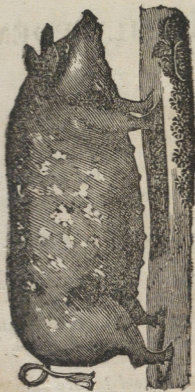
JUVENILE POEMS.

PORK AND BEEF.

LITTLE Jane thinks she can tell
What pork is when alive ;
She knows their squeaking noise quite
well,
When pigs to market drive.

Well, Jane is right, for pork is pig,
But does she know beside,
That when they older grow, and big,
Bacon they make, if dried.

And what is beef ? sure James must
know,
For often have we seen
The creature running to and fro,
When in the fields we've been.



She cannot guess, I must explain,
 The ox then is its name ;
 And other countries try in vain
 To equal ours in fame.



WHAT IS VEAL ?

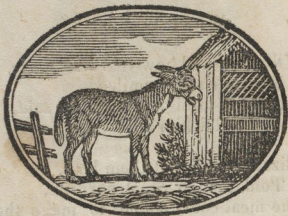
William asked how veal was made,
 His little sister smiled,
 It grew in foreign climes, she said,
 And call'd him silly child.

Eliza, laughing at them both,
 Told, to their great surprise,
 The meat cook boiled to make the
 broth,
 Once lived, had nose and eyes ;

Nay, more, had legs, and walked
about ;

William in wonder stood,
He could not make the riddle out,
But begged his sister would.

Well, brother, I have had my laugh,
And you shall have yours now,
Veal, when alive was call'd a calf—
Its mother was a cow.





The taste is much the same,
 If you young we call it lamb, but still
 Mutton becomes its name,
 Till
 True, brother, we are deep we

It real is
 That
 No. W
 And
 Elias
 Yet
 Gray

What is Mutton?

WHAT IS MUTTON ?

If veal is calf, what's mutton, pray ;
 That cannot be calf too ?
 No, William, no, but step this way,
 And mutton is in view.

Eliza, I see nothing there,
 But flocks of woolly sheep ;
 Yet stay, I think some lambs there are
 Grazing down yonder steep.



True, brother, and when sheep we
 kill,
 Mutton becomes its name ;
 When young we call it lamb, but still
 The taste is much the same.



The wool which from its back we
shear

Makes nice warm coats for you,
Flannel for Jane and I to wear,
And other uses too.

THE VALUE OF ORDER.

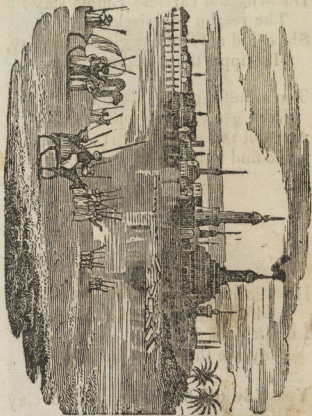
SISTERS, make haste, young Frank
exclaims,

The coach is at the gate;



Hark! now papa repeats your names,
He says he will not wait.

Coming, my dear papa, said Ann,
We are almost ready now;
And in a moment down she ran,
Complete from head to toe.



It is not I who have done this
but this is done by hand.

But why did careless Emma stay?

The reason soon is known,
She could not find her gloves that day,
Her tippet too was gone.

Ten minutes pass'd, she did not come,
Papa grew angry quite,
And left the careless girl at home
To find them as she might.

BRICKS.

HOUSES are made of bricks, we know,
And what must bricks be then?
I think indeed they cannot grow,
Pray are they made by men?

Yes, Edward, bricks are made of clay
With water mix'd and sand;
It's dirty work I needs must say,
For this is done by hand.



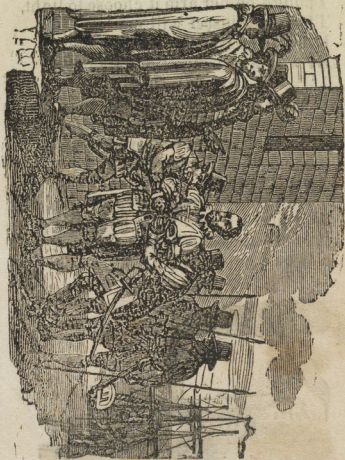
Bricks, when moulded neat, and made,
 In kilns are put to burn ;
 And then in rows with mortar laid,
 Soon into houses turn.



Thus what we treat as dirty earth,
 Where every insect treads,
 By art may prove of greatest worth,
 A shelter to our heads.

THE BEE.

MARIA hears the humming bee,
 And shrinks with fear his form to see;
 Maria need not be afraid ;
 It will not hurt the little maid.



Though on her arm it choose to light,
The noisy insect will not bite;
Unless she tries to strike it down;
Be wise and leave it quite alone.

If kindly us'd, bees seldom sting;
There see, again it spreads its wing;
'Tis going home to leave its store,
Then back will come to look for more.

Look in the hive, observe their plan,
And find a lesson there for man:
No idle inmate will you see,
For ever active is the bee.

