

6

THE
PET LAMB,

IN RYTHM:

INTENDED AS AN INNOCENT EXERCISE,

FOR THE

Memory of Children.



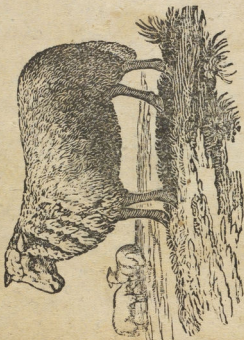
If any little boys or girls,
This Pet Lamb will repeat,
A penny I will give to them,
To buy some cake to eat.

—•••••
NEW-YORK:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY MAHLON DAY,
AT THE NEW JUVENILE BOOK-STORE,
NO. 376, PEARL-STREET.

.....
1829.

FRONTISPIECE.



THE PROPERTY OF

THE
PET LAMB,
IN RYTHM:

INTENDED AS AN INNOCENT EXERCISE,

FOR THE

Memory of Children.



If any little boys or girls,
This Pet Lamb will repeat,
A penny I will give to them,
To buy some cake to eat.



NEW-YORK:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY MAHLON DAY,
AT THE NEW JUVENILE BOOK-STORE,
NO. 376, PEARL-STREET.

.....
1829.

P R E F A C E

TO THE

P E T L A M B.

[FROM THE ENGLISH EDITION.]

The first rudiments of learning are sometimes so laborious and irksome to children as to disgust them exceedingly. When this dislike is once fixed in the mind, it is often a work of years to eradicate it; and learning becomes slow, heavy up-hill work, both to teacher and learner.

In 1786, Thomas Lambert, a schoolmaster in Leeds, compiled a new Reading made Easy for his own child. The merit of this little book is, that the same word is so often repeated in the same line, and in the same lesson, that a child can hardly avoid remembering it; but his first lesson neither conveys knowledge nor amusement.

All children seem delighted with the little book entitled "The House that Jack Built," and without being urged to the task, get it off with pleasure. It embraces the advantages of Lambert's book, while it delights and amuses the child. Its tendency is to strengthen the memory, and greatly to assist in arranging the

thoughts. I was not aware till lately of the admirable architecture and curious construction of this house; it is the reverse of all other buildings I have seen; its form is a pyramid upside down. The common construction of a pyramid is to begin with the largest stone, on a broad foundation, then narrow the pile with lesser stones every course, until it finishes with a single stone at the top. But the architect of "The House that Jack Built," begins his foundation with one little stone, then widens his pile, and increases the size of his stones till his edifice is completed. To be able thus to support such a pile on so narrow a foundation, I trust will convince my readers, that the architect of "The House that Jack Built," was neither a novice at his trade, nor a common builder. But leaving the simile, let us turn to the history itself: our author commences with a very short sentence of monosyllables, which any child who can read can understand; he then increases his sentence by little and little and gradually introduces harder words, adding every time another link to his chain, or what is a better simile, he adds another step to his stairs. How often do we see a child amuse itself on a flight of stairs, mounting the first step, it counts one; and then down again; it then ascends to the second, counts two, and down again; thus ascending and counting, descending and recounting one step more every turn, until the whole climax is performed; so our author, whenever he adds another member to his sentence, recounts them all back to the foundation, and thus familiarizes his subject to the child by a frequent repetition, in a

most enchanting form, which at the same time fixes the attention and allures into action all its thinking powers. The murderous fashion of the times, probably led this author to adopt scenes of cruelty, killing and worrying, for the subject of his tale, (for by the by, it appears to have been written before the Reformation :) this scenery I do not admire; it has a tendency to excite the malevolent passions in children, and therefore should be kept out of sight. In the following jingle, I have endeavored to combine the advantages of both the before mentioned little books. If it tend to put in motion the stagnant intellect of any dull child,—if it strengthen his memory to retain his ideas,—if it help him to rally and manage his thoughts,—if it put him in better humor with his book,—it will accelerate his progress,—smooth his path,—relieve his teacher,—and encourage the builder to add another flight to these little stairs.

J. R.

THE PET LAMB.



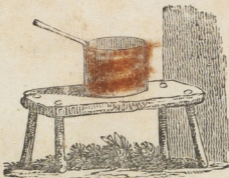
THE LAMB.

This is the Lamb, that lost its dam.



ANN.

This is Ann, who had the Lamb,
that lost its Dam.



THE CAN.

This is the Can, in which little Ann,
did feed the Lamb, that lost its Dam,
and was a Pet Lamb.—



THE MILK.

This is the Milk so rich and so sweet,

that good little Ann, put into the Can,
and then she ran, and fed the Lamb,
that lost its Dam, and was a Pet Lamb.—



THE COW.

This is the Cow which grass did eat,
that gave the Milk so rich and so sweet,
that good little Ann, put into the Can,
and then she ran and fed the Lamb, that
lost its Dam, and was a Pet Lamb—



THE COWSLIPS.

These are the Cowslips so yellow and sweet, that grew in the grass the Cow did eat, that gave the Milk so rich and so sweet, that good little Ann, put into the Can, and then she ran, and fed the Lamb, that lost its Dam, and was a Pet Lamb.—

THE DAISIES.

These are the Daisies so pretty and



neat, mingled with Cowslips so yellow
and sweet, that grew in the grass the
Cow did eat, that gave the Milk so rich
and so sweet, that good little Ann, put
into the Can, and then she ran, and fed
the Lamb, that lost its Dam, and was a
Pet Lamb.—

THE PASTURE.

This is the Green Pasture so lovely
and gay, where Ann and her Pet Lamb
go often to play, among all the Daisies



so pretty and neat, mingled with Cow-slips so yellow and sweet, that grew in the grass the Cow did eat, that gave the Milk so rich and so sweet, that good little Ann, put into the Can, and then she ran, and fed the Lamb, that lost its Dam, and was a Pet Lamb.—

THE GROVE.

This is the Grove where the Black-bird and Thrush, so charmingly sing in



the green Holly Bush, beside the rich Pasture so lovely and gay, where Ann and her Pet Lamb go often to play, among all the Daisies so pretty and neat, mingled with Cowslips so yellow and sweet, that grew in the grass the Cow did eat, that gave the Milk so rich and so sweet, that good little Ann put into the Can, and then she ran, and fed the Lamb, that lost its Dam, and was a Pet Lamb.—



THE LARK.

This is the Lark that ascended so high, still soaring and singing till lost in the sky, right over the Grove where the Blackbird and Thrush, so charmingly sing in the green Holly Bush, beside the green Pasture so lovely and gay, where Ann and her Pet Lamb go often to play, among all the Daisies so pretty and neat, mingled with Cowslips so yellow and sweet, that grew in the grass the Cow did eat, that gave the

Milk so rich and so sweet, that good little Ann, put into the Can, and then she ran and fed the Lamb, that lost its Dam, and was a Pet Lamb.—



THE MEADOW.

This is the Meadow where we may go play, and tumble about on the sweet-smelling hay, while the blithe little Lark is ascending so high, still soaring and singing till lost in the sky, right over the Grove where the Blackbird

and Thrush, so charmingly sing in the green Holly Bush, beside the rich Pasture so lovely and gay, where Ann and her Pet Lamb go often to play, among all the Daisies so pretty and neat, mingled with Cowslips so yellow and sweet, that grew in the grass the Cow did eat, that gave the Milk so rich and so sweet, that good little Ann, put into the Can, and then she ran, and fed the Lamb, that lost its Dam, and was a Pet Lamb.—



THE BLACKBERRIES.

These are the Blackberries whole-

some and good, that grow on the brambles just under the Wood, not far from the Meadow where we go to play, and tumble about on the sweet-smelling Hay, while the blithe little Lark is ascending on high, still soaring and singing till lost in the sky, right over the Grove where the Blackbird and Thrush, so charmingly sing in the green Holly Bush, beside the green Pasture so lovely and gay, where Ann and her Pet Lamb go often to play, among all the Daisies so pretty and neat, mingled with Cowslips so yellow and sweet, that grew in the grass the Cow did eat, that gave the Milk so rich and so sweet, that good little Ann put into the Can, and then she ran, and fed the Lamb, that lost its Dam, and was a Pet Lamb.—

END OF THE PET LAMB.

LITTLE CHARLES.

Well, Charles is highly pleased to-day,
 I gave him leave to go and play
 Upon the green, with bat and ball;
 And when he heard his playmates call,
 Away he sprang across the plain,
 To join the little merry train.
 But here he comes—why, what means this?
 I wonder what has gone amiss,—
 Why, Charles, how came you back so soon?
 I gave you leave to stay till noon.
 “I know it, sir, and I intended
 To play till every game was ended;
 But, to say truth, I could not bear
 To hear them little fellows swear—
 They cast such frightful, horrid oaths,
 From their abominable mouths,
 And cursed so bold and fearlessly,
 That the cold chills ran over me—
 For I was seized with awful dread
 That some of them would drop down dead—
 And so I turned and came away,
 For, pa, I was *afraid* to stay!”

Good boys never will stay among those who
 curse and swear, but will run away from them
 as fast as they can. God is displeased with
 those who take his name in vain.