

NURSERY POETRY

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Nursery Poetry by Emily Augusta Patmore (Mrs. Motherly)

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EMILY AUGUSTA PATMORE (MRS. MOTHERLY)

NURSERY POETRY



THE NURSERY.

Nursery **P**oetry,

BY

MRS. MOTHERLY.



LONDON :

BELL AND DALDY, 186, FLEET STREET.

1859.

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Nursery Poetry.

The Nursery.



WHY does the fire burn so bright ?

To warm us all on a frosty night.

Why does the kettle make a noise ?

To boil the water for girls and
boys.


Why does the kitten play on the rug ?

To make our room so merry and snug.

Why does Mamma take us up on her knee ?

To give us kisses, one, two, and three.

The Dickey-bird.

 HE Dickey-bird lived in a tree by the
wall ;
The wind it blew loud and the nest
had a fall.

The Dickey-bird cried, " All my darlings are dead !"
But the dear little Dickey-birds jump'd up and said,
" Oh, Mother, dear Mother, we're not hurt at all !"
So they flew up again in the tree by the wall,
There they make pretty music all the day long :
So open the window, and let's hear their song.

Flying Flowers.



COME to the window, Mamma, and
look out ;
Now what is that white thing, I
pray ?
It looks like a flower, flying about,
And I see it there every day.

See, there are two of them, now there are three.
Ah, there they go, over the wall ;
No, here they come back again, just by the tree,
I don't think they're flowers at all !