

MARIA ARTHINGTON

RHYMES FOR HARRY
AND HIS NURSE-MAID

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**Rhymes for Harry
and His Nurse-Maid**

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Rhymes for Harry and His Nurse-Maid

A simple tale will oft prevail,
When sober prose is spurn'd;
The charm of rhyme beguiles the time,
And still a lesson's learn'd.

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When sober prose is spurn'd;
The charm of rhyme beguiles the time,
And still a lesson's learn'd.

Thus lines for youth, in simple truth,
We never will despise;
For maxims old, tho' frequent told,
May still assist the wise.

PREFACE

It is with feelings of great humility, from a sense of her own deficiency in the important duties of a mother, that the writer of the following rhymes submits them to the public. Her wish is to convey a few useful hints to nurse-maids, as well as to those mothers who have had but little experience in the care of children.

Many young mothers, more especially in the middle circles of life, have scarcely leisure to make education a study; while others, perhaps, do not reflect on the very great importance of early habits; to such persons, the few practical observations contained in the notes, may not be unacceptable.

The subjection of the will, in the first place, by *mild* yet firm and persevering conduct, will generally ensure success to the parent, and will save the child *hours* and even *days* of fretfulness and sorrow.

The employment of a nurse-maid is a responsible one; those who really perform their duty from pure and conscientious motives, will not lose their reward; and though such may feel *themselves* to be placed in a very humble situation, they are, in reality, laying the foundation for future happiness or misery. In the first three years of childhood, that basis is often formed upon which the conduct of future life is built. If self-will, and a spirit of contradiction, be allowed to take deep root in the infant mind, Divine Grace *only* can counteract their evils. But, on the other hand, if good feelings be cherished, and the evil passions (which *all* have more or less, by nature,) be gradually subjected, early blossoms of virtue will appear; and, by the blessing of Providence, those beautiful fruits will be matured, by which the tree may be known to be good; and by which, from the cradle to the grave, the designs of the benevolent Creator will be accomplished.

The writer only wishes to say, that these rhymes were undertaken at the particular request of a valued friend of hers, who has bestowed much of his time, with truly benevolent intentions, in adding to the instruction and amusement of the rising generation; and she cannot but acknowledge the obligation she feels for the kind assistance he has lent her in several of the subjects which occupy the following pages.

The design of the writer is, that *each piece* shall convey some hint which may tend to the physical or moral advantage of the child, in those duties which immediately devolve upon a mother, and her nurse-maid; so that, while they are amusing their little ones with the recital of a simple narrative, adapted to the most humble capacity, they may sometimes be pleasantly reminded of their own obligations.

M. A.

NURSE'S FIRST THOUGHTS ABOUT HER BABY

Little Baby, just new born,
Naked, trembling, and forlorn,
My hand the willing help supplies,
To ease thy pain, and soothe thy cries;
Nor can I tell thee little dear,
How much we're pleased to see thee here.
O, it will be my sweet delight
To serve thee with this milk so white!
But tho' my babe so nicely feeds,
I'll only give just what it needs;
If I the spoon too often fill,
'Twould make my baby sick and ill.
Mamma too will be able soon
To feed her babe without a spoon,
And *that* we know is better far
Than milk and barley-water are.

FINDING A PIN WHICH HAD PRICKED BABY

Hark! I hear my baby weeping,
Tho' it seemed so nicely sleeping;
Sure its wrapping is not right!
I fear there is some string too tight.
Ah! now I find the reason why, —
My precious baby well might cry.
Upon its bosom, close within
The barrow-coat, I've found a pin;
But I can tell thee o'er and o'er,
No pin shall ever prick thee more;
Some buttons shall be snugly set
Upon the flannels of my pet.
Ah, baby dear, so feeble, fair!
Thou call'st forth many an anxious care!
Thou canst not speak thy pain or wo,
Or tell me whence thy pleasures flow;
Then o'er my babe a watch I'll keep,
And guard it when 'tis fast asleep.

BABY ASLEEP AGAIN IN THE COT

Should any cause of inward pain
Make baby cry or start again,
I'll warm its feet before the fire,
Or see what else it may require;
Over my shoulder gently throw
And rock my baby to and fro.
And now, asleep within the cot,
It must be neither cold nor hot.
If cold, I know it shortly will
Awake, and feel itself quite ill;
And if 'tis wrapp'd too tight and warm,
Tho' babe may feel no present harm,
'Twill be relax'd, and feeble grow,
And shortly lose its healthy glow.
But with a blanket *warm*, yet *light*,
And pillow not too great a height,
With nothing else to tease or cumber,
Baby will most sweetly slumber.

WASHING

My baby must be clean and neat,
With cap and pinafore complete;
I'll daily sponge its little head,
And wash its skin, so soft and red.
My seat must not be over high,
Lest babe roll off my lap, and cry:
Upon my knee, I'll safely hold,
And do it quick for fear of cold.
Hush, hush, my dear! I'll not be long;
Washing will make thee stout and strong:
Thy little nerves 'twill help to brace,
'Twill make thee have a rosy face.
Some helpless babes scarce ever get
A wholesome washing, like my pet;
Then weak, and weaker still, they grow,
No sprightliness or pleasure show;
Whereas, by constant daily care,
With skin so fresh, and clean brush'd hair,
They might have stouter grown, and stronger,
And liv'd in cheerful health much longer.

RESTLESS NIGHTS

When a babe is uneasy and restless in bed,
"Child's cordial" will soothe it to sleep, it is said;
And ignorant people, who know not its harm,
Think this dangerous stuff has a powerful charm.
But *one drop* of such poison I never will give,
Because I would rather my darling should live;
And I know very well, if this cordial I try,
That baby will want more and more, till it die.
Tho' made with such art as to lull and give ease,
It lays the foundation for lasting disease;
No mother deserves a sweet babe for her prize,
Who would poison her infant, to silence its cries.
And a nurse who loves baby, or values her place,
Will ne'er use this drug; 'tis a sin and disgrace;
Well then, I will try with much patience and care,
To soothe my dear babe, or some food to prepare;

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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