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Children's Books



HODGE,
HIS WIFE,
AND HIS TWO BOYS.



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OLD HODGE had two children
by MARY his wife,
One the joy, and the other
the plague of his life.

For SAM was assiduous,
and strove to do right,
But TOM was unruly
from morning till night.

Contented he smok'd, and drank
ale with his dame,
And each neighbour was welcome,
whenever he came.

The good Boy Writing.

When SAM went to practise
 to read or to write,
 To tease and disturb him
 was all TOM's delight.

For Tom tho' oft scolded
by father and mother,
Neglected his learning, and
laugh'd at his brother.

SAM pitied his brother, and
thought him a fool,
And soon was the principal
boy in the school.

Was always the first at the
church on a Sunday,
While Tom was as sure to play
truant on Monday.

The naughty Boy at play.

Here's 'TOM, naughty fellow,
 at play you may see,
 With others as careless
 and idle as he.

Who, regardless of all their
good parents' advice,
Become foes to industry and
adepts in vice.

Now they play, now they cheat,
then wrangle and fight,
And nothing can end the
contention but night.

Of his conduct ashamed, of
his parents in dread,
Like a thief he sneaks home,
and goes hungry to bed.

The good Boy sent for from School.



HODGE delighted to hear how
 his son was improv'd,
 How much was esteem'd, and
 how greatly belov'd,

Sent JACK with two presents---
for the master a ham,
And a nice little galloping
pony for SAM.

For he thought as the boy could
read well and could write,
He the workmen might hire,
and pay them at night.

SAM mounted, and galloped as
swift as the wind,
Leaving JACK on his donkey
at distance behind.

The naughty Boy punished.



In vain lazy Tom wished to
 mount up and ride,
 When in anger he roar'd, and
 he stamp'd and he cried.

He rail'd at his father, his
mother, and master,
And the louder he roar'd as
his brother rode faster.

When the master, to curb
his impetuous will,
On his head put the fool's-cap,
and made him sit still.

Thus sneer'd at, and laugh'd at,
he sat on the stool,
Some pitied poor Tom, others
call'd him Tom Fool.

The good Boy at Plough.



With the lark in the morning

SAM rises with glee,

Not more happy the lark at

its rising than he.

When he follows the plough on
the sun-parched heath,
He hears the herds low in
the vallies beneath.

Or when seated at meal-times
beneath an elm tree,
No great ones he envies,
though richer than he.

On their soft beds of down, if
they can, let them rest ;
He thinks that the life of
a farmer is best.

The naughty Boy Bird's-nesting.

But nothing could conquer
 TOM's passion for play;
 He was ready for mischief
 by night or by day.

Whate'er his companions
propos'd he embrac'd,
Though sure in the end to be
flogg'd and disgrac'd.

Was a nest to be taken;
none so ready as he,
Tho' once the bough broke, and
he fell from the tree.

The others affrighted
ran into the wood,
And left him to find his
way home as he could.

The good Boy sowing.

The ground all prepar'd, HODGE
goes forth with his son,
To see that the work has
been properly done.

If right, he with pleasure
instructs him to sow,
Then waits for the blessing
that causes to grow.

For rain is both needful for
ploughing and sowing,
No reaping without it,
without it no mowing.

This blessing, when sought for
no doubt will be granted,
And sent at the time when,
it most will be wanted.

The naughty Boy robbing an Orchard.



No reproofs nor rebukes; no
 entreaties or prayers,
 From his friends can reclaim him,
 for nothing TOM cares;

In sleeping and drinking
 by day his delight,
 And in robbing of hen-roosts
 or orchards at night.

For lately with others he
 travell'd some miles
 To plunder the orchard of
 good farmer GILES.

That Tom was a party
 the neighbours declare,
 And justice will soon
 overtake him I fear.

The Harvest Field.

The harvest well ripened,
 the reapers repair
 With sickles to reap it,
 and bind it with care.

Which when SAM saw well hous'd,
he rejoic'd at the sight,
And promis'd them all a
good supper at night.

Between HODGE and his Wife see
SAM seated already,
At the table to help them, but
hopes they'll be steady.

With beef and plum pudding
he sees them well fed,
Then sends them with plenty
of ale home to bed.

The naughty Boy at the Alehouse!

Now Tom having shar'd all
 the ill-gotten spoils
 Produc'd from the orchards
 of good farmer GILES,

With his wicked companions
he gambles and swears,
Drinks glass after glass, and
forgets all his cares.

Stretch'd at length on the seat, he
sleeps sound without fear,
Though suspicions were stronger,
and danger was near.

Just as Tom rose from sleep, and
the rest still at play,
The officers seized them,
and took them away.

The good Boy going to Market.



HODGE, though aged and grey, was
resolv'd once again
To the market to go, and
dispose of his grain.

For wishing to introduce
SAM to his friends,
He thought it would answer
two very good ends.

SAM mounted the pony, while
HODGE rode old Ball,
And they quickly arriv'd at
the market-town hall.

With joy their friends met them,
and bought all their grain,
Then shook hands and parted,
and rode home again.

The naughty Boy sent to Sea.

Tom confus'd and distracted,
 to think what a fool
 He had been to behave so
 unruly at school;

But, too late he repents
 to justice is brought,
 While trembling he stands,
 and confesses his fault.

But the Court knowing HODGE,
 in compassion agree,
 To save TOM from ruin,
 so sent him to sea.

Then TOM join'd the press-gang,
 to sail on the main,
 And perhaps we shall never
 behold him again.

The Funeral of Hodge and his Wife.



Poor HODGE and his MARY, IT
 now worn out with grief,
 At the loss of their son, though
 SAM gave them relief;

Yet each day and each night,
still so feeble they grew,
That the neighbours perceived
their death was in view:

So it prov'd, for in less than
a fortnight at most,
They left SAM their blessing,
and gave up the ghost.

The village all mourn'd, and the
neighbours would carry
The coffins of HODGE and his
faithful wife MARY.

The good Boy's Wedding.

SAM mourn'd for his father
and mother sincerely,
For SAM by his parents no
doubt was lov'd dearly.

He never forgot them,
the villagers say,
Although a young damsel
appear'd in the way.

He had long lov'd the maid, she
had long lov'd the swain,
Parted oft with regret, and
as oft met again.

He ask'd her consent, she
with blushes replied,
Soon he led her to church, and
there made her his bride.

The naughty Boy drowned.

Whether TOM in a frigate
or sloop went to sea,
Is certainly nothing
to you or to me;

He soon learn'd to drink grog,
as most sailors do,
If his messmates could swear, he
knew how to swear too:

Though Tom as a sailor
was said to be clever,
Yet still he continued as
wicked as ever.

'Midst a storm in which no
human power could save,
Poor Tom sunk, alas! in
a watery grave.

