



THE
MAY-BLOSSOM

OR THE
PRINCESS
AND HER
PEOPLE.

ILLUSTRATED BY

H. H. EMMERSON.

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MAY BLOSSOM:
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THE PRINCESS AND HER PEOPLE.



STANDARD AND PRESS

DAVID BROTHERS,





THE
MAY BLOSSOM

OR
THE PRINCESS AND HER PEOPLE.

WITH
ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS

BY
H. H. EMMERSON.

WITH VERSES

BY
MARION M. WINGRAVE.

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DEDICATION.



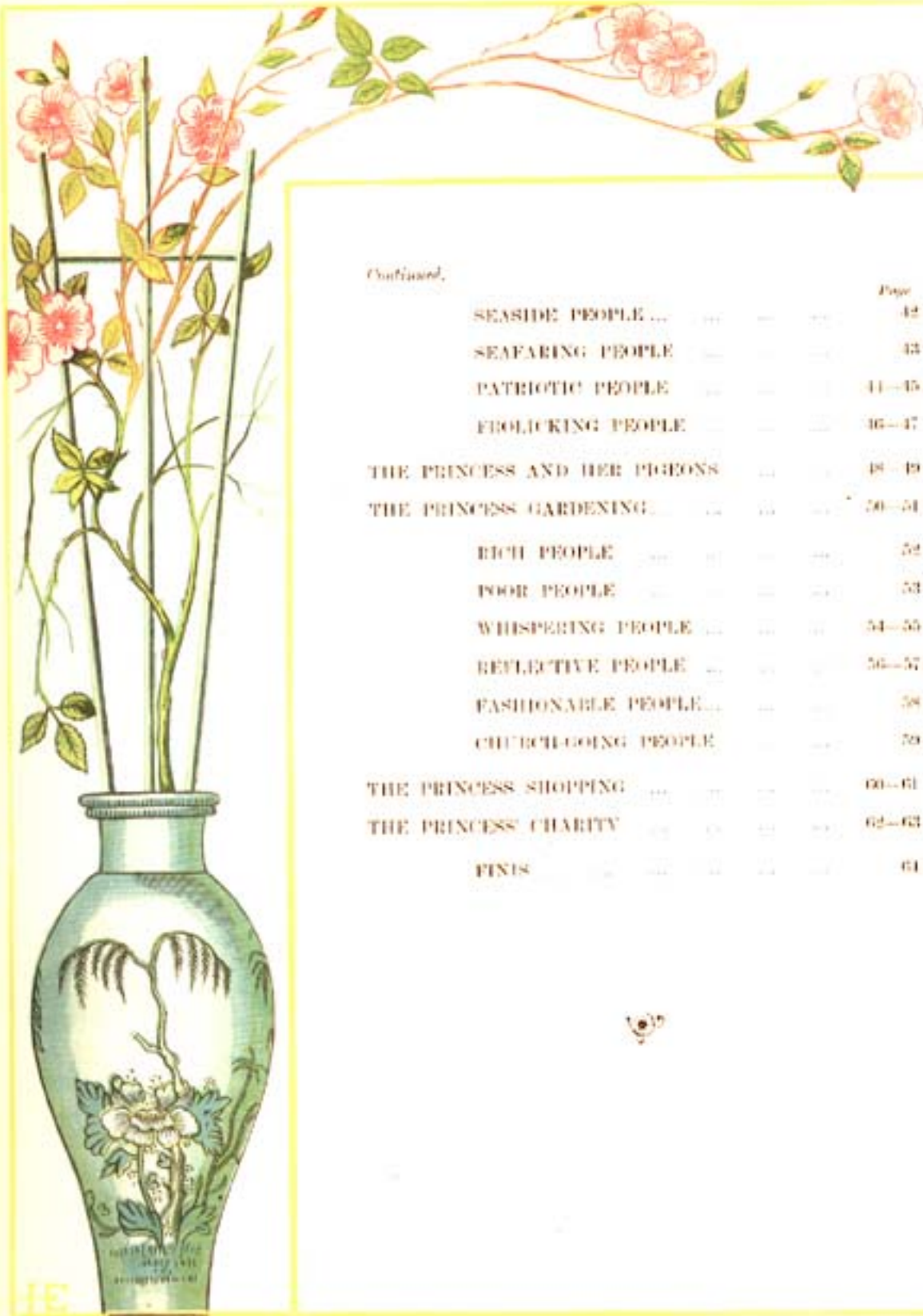
To you, sweet little children
We dedicate this book,
In which, we trust, with pleasure
The darling ones may look;
Learning from the Child-Princess
All good and noble ways—
A royal little maiden,
In these her childhood's days;
Or laughing at the mimics
Who, grouped around her here,
As "people" of importance
Would everywhere appear.
Oh, happy little children
To whom Life is a jest!
Be now our "Reading People,"
We on your favour rest,



CONTENTS

	<i>Page</i>
THE PRINCESS AND THE BISHOP	8—9
RUNNING TO SEE THE PRINCESS	10—11
CRITICAL PEOPLE	12
ARTISTIC PEOPLE	13
CLASSICAL PEOPLE	14—15
CONFIDENTIAL PEOPLE	16—17
HUNTING PEOPLE	18
" THE WHIFFER-IN	19
" THE MEET	20—21
" THE RETURNS FROM THE MEET	22—23
THE PRINCESS AND HER KITTENS	24—25
THE PRINCESS AT PLAY	26
THE PRINCESS AND THE LAMB	27
COURTING PEOPLE	28—29
" THE LOVER'S DEAT	30
NEIGHBOURLY PEOPLE	31
TALKATIVE PEOPLE	32—33
GOSSIPING PEOPLE	34—35
SUPERSTITIOUS PEOPLE	36—37
THE PRINCESS AND HER PETS	38—39
THE PRINCESS AND HER GUARDIAN	40
THE PRINCESS' GLEANINGS	41





Continued.

	<i>Page</i>
SEASIDE PEOPLE ...	42
SEAFARING PEOPLE	43
PATRIOTIC PEOPLE	44-45
FROLICKING PEOPLE	46-47
THE PRINCESS AND HER PIGEONS	48-49
THE PRINCESS GARDENING	50-51
RICH PEOPLE	52
POOR PEOPLE	53
WHISPERING PEOPLE	54-55
REFLECTIVE PEOPLE	56-57
FASHIONABLE PEOPLE	58
CHURCH-GOING PEOPLE	59
THE PRINCESS SHOPPING	60-61
THE PRINCESS CHARITY	62-63
FINIS	64





THE PRINCESS AND THE BISHOP.

All! who is this baby so pretty and sweet
The handsome old Bishop is bending to greet.
In cloak of pure ermine and beautiful lace,
The rich veil thrown back from her grave
little face? [sky

With eyes calm and blue as the bright summer
She looks at my lord with his glass to his eye,
But why do the people all quicken their pace,
And children set off as if running a race?
It can't be the Bishop they're coming to see!
Then who is it? Why is it? What can it be?
'Tis a Princess they follow! the infant is royal!
The people are running because they are loyal;
And you would have run, through sun and
through shower,
To see Princess Victoria—England's May-
flower.





RUNNING TO SEE THE
PRINCESS.

WHEN this little Princess
Goes to take the air,
All the eager people
Run, and at her stare.

There's a great tall soldier
Walking at a rate,
In a dreadful hurry,
Lest he be too late.

All the merry children
Towards the palace run,
Going to see the Princess
Is such famous fun!

One poor old Pensioner
Cannot go so fast;
All the rest are running,
He will be the last.

All the children tease him,—
"Grandpa, why so slow?"
"I am old, my children,
I can't run, you know!"



CRITICAL PEOPLE.

"I CALL it a great deal too blue."

"Oh, no! Now, / call it too green!"

"I think it is rubbish, don't you?"

"Oh, yes! It's not fit to be seen!"

"I think it a great deal too wide."

"No, Clara, / think it too tall."

"The perspective all goes to one side."

"It's not fit to hang on a wall!"



ARTISTIC PEOPLE.

WHAT is Randolph drawing there, something very pretty?
I wish I knew, but then I don't,—is it not a pity?
Perhaps it is a picture, to give his sister Mabel;
I think he'd paint it better if it rested on a table.



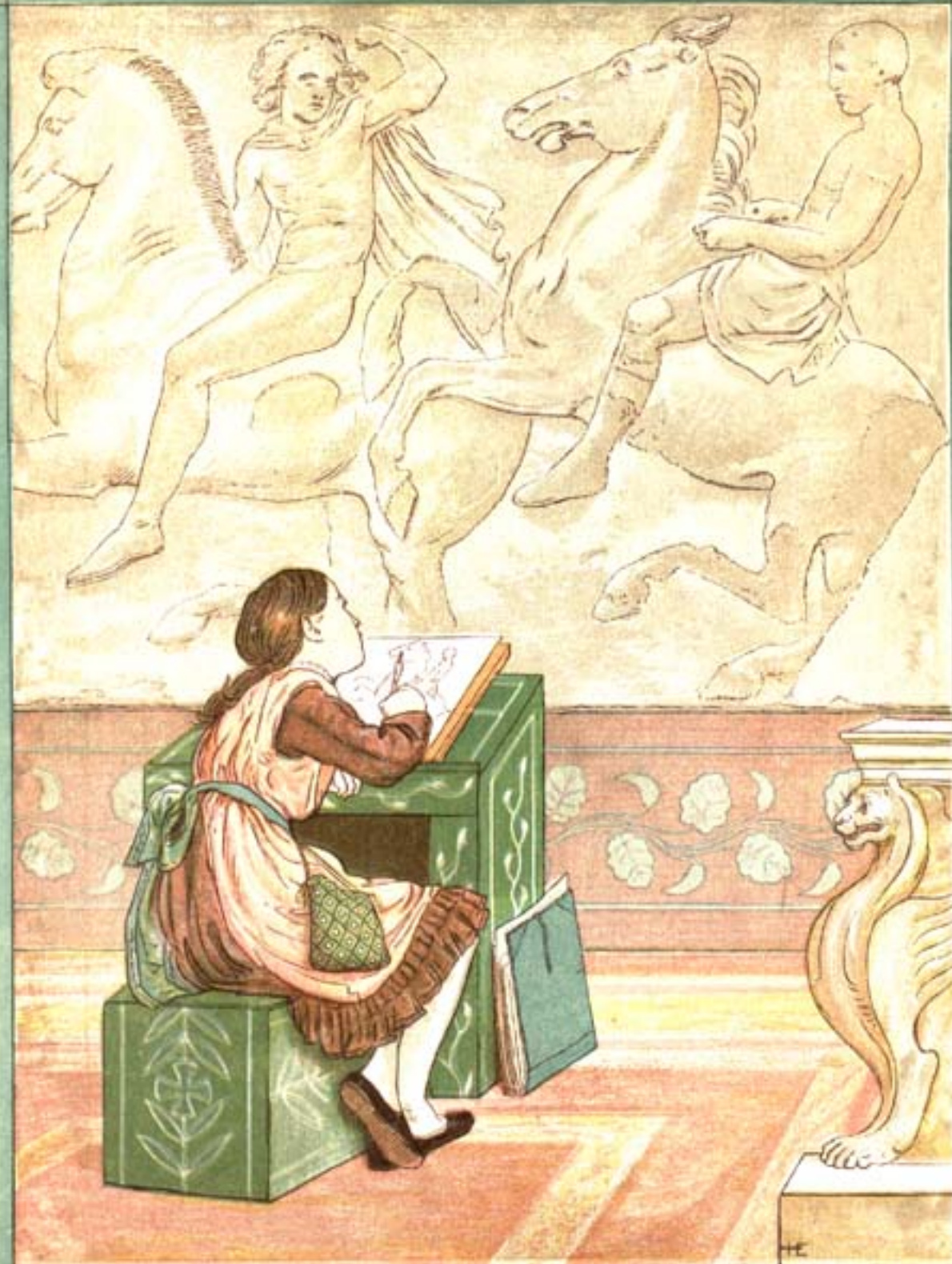
HE

Oh! Mabel is a darling child, with wavy curling hair,
A little dimpled cheek and chin, and forehead very fair.
How patiently she gazes on every tiny touch!
Oh, the brother and the sister love each other much.
"Goosey" was his pet name, he's still called so in play:
I don't think Mabel has one, but I call her "Fairy May."



CLASSICAL PEOPLE.

GLORIOUS warriors! such as Greece saw!
These are what Amy is learning to draw;
The horses with fury are pawing the air,
Where are they going? The girl does not care;
But they are difficult—dreadful—to draw,
Those mighty heroes that ancient times saw.



CONFIDENTIAL. PEOPLE.

I WILL tell you a secret I know,
If you will keep it quite safe, my dear ;
Well, I've got such a sweet little beau,
And we're going to be married next year!

The honeymoon tour has all been planned,
With a coach and six horses, my dear,
We are going to Lilliput Land—
That's when we are married next year, next year.

And then you'll pay a visit to me,
When we are quite settled down, my dear ;
We will often have afternoon tea
When I am married, next year, next year.







AWAY they go galloping, racing, and leaping,
The dogs through the fences are cleverly creeping;
Away go the hats, and the people so dashing,
O'er hedges and ditches, and barricades crashing.
Away goes the fox, for the dear life he's running,
I fear they will catch him, although he's so cunning.
Now away up the hillside he wearily plods,
But one against many,—such terrible odds!



HE



THE WHIPPER-IN.

Oh! the crack of my hunting-whip,
And the sound of the merry horn,
With "Tally-ho!" away we go,
Away in the cold early morn.

With my coat bright red,
And my cap on my head,
Heigh-ho for a hunting morn!



HE

THE MEET.

THE huntsman's horn sounds,
Away go the hounds,
Away in the breezy morning.
The sport has begun,
They'll have a good run ;
Will no one give Reynard warning ?

This sweet little dame
To the cover came,
By his Lordship duly attended ;
And thus side by side
The two always ride
Till the long day's hunt is ended.

Now, who will be in
At the death, and win
The brush that's the crown of the day ?
This sweet little dame,
Who a-hunting came,
That honour will carry away.



The End.

