



VILLAGE GREEN;

OR

SPORTS OF YOUTH.



NEW HAVEN.

PUBLISHED BY S. BABCOCK.



THE

VILLAGE GREEN



On the cheerful Village Green, Round which are scattered nouses neat,

All the boys and girls are seen, Playing there with busy feet.



At Battledore and Shuttlecock
Each little maid her skill she
tries,

And to and fro, with skillful knock,

The rapid shuttle swiftly flies.

Now they frolic hand in hand,
Making many a merry chain;
Then they form a warlike band,
Marching o'er the level plain.



Now ascends the favorite ball:
High it rises in the air,
Or against the cottage wall,
Up and down it bounces there

Now a knock, and swift it flies, O'er the plain the troop are flying,

Joy is sparkling in their eyes, As to catch it all are trying.



Here with Skipping Rope fast swinging,

Sports a merry group of girls, Whose glad laugh is loudly ringing,

As they skip in giddy whirls.

Near them, seated on the grass, Faces shine, that show no sadness,



But each merry romping lass
Shouts aloud her infant gladness.

Here the Hoop, with even pace, Runs before the merry crowd; Joy is seen in every face, Joy is heard in clamors loud.

For among the rich and gay,
Fine and grand and deck'd in
laces,

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None appear more glad than they,

With happier hearts or happier faces.

Then contented with my state, Let me envy not the great, Since true pleasure can be seen, On a cheerful Village Green,



