


NEW COLORED TOYS.



LITTLE
POEMS,
FROM THE GERMAN.
Part First.

BOSTON: BROWN, TAGGARD & CHASE, 24 CORNHILL.

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LITTLE POEMS.



THE MOUSE AND LADY.

LADY.

MOUSEY, what are you doing there?
 Stealing my sugar?—Ah, mousey, take care;
 Pussy-cat sits on the garden wall,
 And she will come if she hears me call.

MOUSE.

Dear, kind lady, forgive me, I pray
 My four little children are starving to-day.
 I've nothing to give them—believe me, 'tis
 true,
 O, give me the sugar ' kind lady, do!

LADY.

Run, run, little mouse, if your need is such,
 And keep the sugar—it is not much.
 I too came to the pantry here
 To get these pears for my children dear.
 Ah! if they were starving, I dare not to say
 I should stop, first to beg, with the food in
 my way.
 Run! carry your children that sugar so fine,
 And I will carry this fruit to mine.

The mouse, with her sugar, ran off like a
 dart,
 And the lady went back with a light, bounding
 heart.



THE LITTLE BOY AND BOOK.

DEAR little book,
 So small and gray,
 Are you as wise
 As people say ?

My father dear
 Would like it well,

If you some good
To me would tell.

Come, little book,
Close to my ear!
Now whisper, soft,
And I will hear

But, tell it quick,
Dear book; you see
My hoop and horse
Stand still for me.

Why! what a naughty book are you
You see how much I have to do,
Yet not a single word you speak,
But are as dumb as long-eared Jack.
And now, I don't believe you know
As much as people think you do.
No, you're a stupid book, 't is plain;
Go, lie in the corner there again
My mother never serves me so,
But tells me all I ask to know.



DOG AND GOAT.

DOG.

TAKE care, Nanny-goat, or perhaps I shall bite.

GOAT.

TAKE care, little dog, or perhaps I shall smite.

DOG.

I have sharp teeth in my mouth, so red.

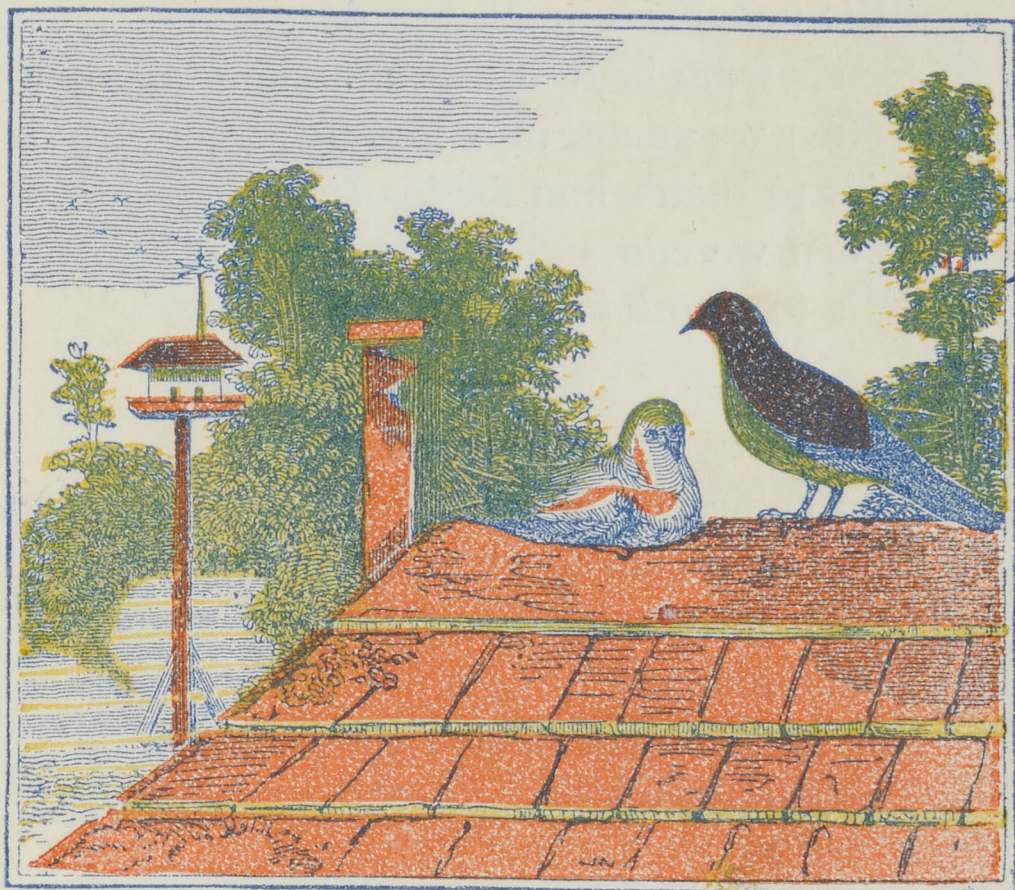
GOAT.

I have sharp horns, on the top of my head.

DOG.

I did not mean, Nanny, uncivil to be—
Pray make up the quarrel, and play here
with me.

They played among the blooming heats,
And o'er the grassy lawns,
But Nanny thought of Jowler's teeth,
And he, of Nanny's horns.
And though they raced the fields about,
And bounded many a bound,
He never vexed the butting goat,
Nor she the biting hound.



THE PIGEONS.

BOY.

PRETTY pigeons, on the roof.
What makes you bill and coo,
And turn your heads this way and that,
And change from red to blue?

PIGEON.

'Tis because our Maker dear,
Sends from heaven this sun-shine clear.
When we shine, in colors bright,
'Tis to thank him for his *light*.
When we coo and gaily move,
'Tis to *thank him for his love*.

The doves again began to coo,
And shine in colors bright ;
The boy began to play anew,
And it must cheer each heart to view
Their innocent delight :
For every heart of man should know
The source whence all their pleasures flow.



SNOW-MAN.

SEE the white giant! how he stands,
 With upraised cudgel in his hands,
 And threatens all with blows.
 He threatens friend and foe alike,—
 But never fear—he cannot strike,
 Nor even guard his nose.

Snow-man, I think you are unwise,
 With kimboed arm, and great coal eyes,
 To try to frighten folk
 For if the sun shines warm, to-day,
 You'll drop your club, and steal away
 Into a dirty brook.

“The man whose house is made of glass,
 Should not throw stones at those who pass,”
 But make each man his friend :
 And you, poor, helpless, pelted elf,
 Who cannot run, nor guard yourse f,
 Had better not offend.



THE FOUR KITTENS.

KITTIES ! you are now so old,
 You must be named, you know.
 In each one's name it must be told
 What she loves best to do.

You, my dear, are Velvet-fur,
 She is Stealthy-foot,

She shall Catch-mouse be, and her
I call Miss Lick-the-pot.

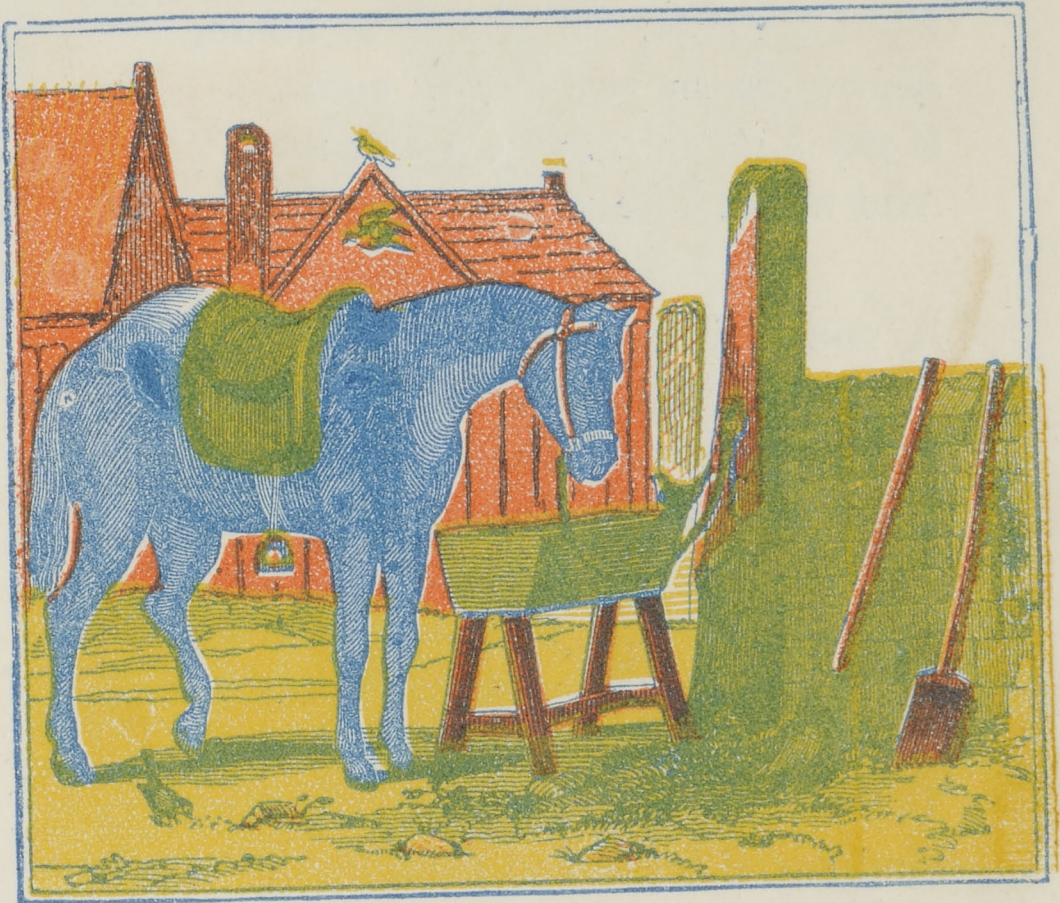
Velvet-fur, the cushion loves,
And there she sits all day ;
Stealthy-foot, whene'er she can,
Slips out, and steals away.

Catch-mouse, sily round the house
And corn-barn, loves to go ;
See, she has caught a little mouse,
And brought it in, to show.

Lick-pot in the kitchen sits,
With sly and greedy look ;
And ah ! I fear she often gets
A whipping from the cook.

A lesson wise is oft conveyed
In trifles, play, or fun,
And, pusses, with your names to aid
I'll try your faults to shun.

I will not be a greedy puss,
Nor cruel in my play,
Nor doze in sloth before the fire,
Nor steal from work away.



THE HORSE AND SPARROW.

SPARROW.

Good horse, your crib is full, I see,
So give a little grain to me!
A corn, or may be three or four,
You will not miss, good horse, I'm sure.

HORSE.

Bold sparrow, eat and be at home,
And often as you like it, come.
Here is enough for you and me,
And well I like your company.

If you had seen them, head to head,
As there like brothers true they fed,
I think you would have smiled, to see
Two friends so different in degree ;
And would have thought no mates at all,
The horse so large, and bird so small.
But when the summer sun grew warm,
And flies and gnats began to swarm,
The sparrow plied his beak and wings,
And saved his friend from many stings ,
Guarding by turns limbs, flanks, and head,
By littleness more useful made.



BOY AND DUCK.

BOY.

Duck! good gray duck, now tell me true,
How many small yellow duckies have you?

DUCK

I cannot count them—I never learned how,
But you would not steal one, my darling, I
know.

And here, as many as they may be.
They all come waddling after me.

The gray duck paused, and looked fondly
back,
And hurried them on with a pleasant quack ;
Then off they swam, through the clear blue
pool,
And the little boy went to the infant school.

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