

# MY BROTHER.



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# MY BROTHER.

Who shar'd with me our parents' love,  
And when my tender limbs could move,  
Would all my infant ways approve?

My Brother.



Who held the tempting cherry nigh,  
Now dropt it low, now rais'd it high,  
Yet gave it ere his pet could cry?

My Brother.

Who strove to give my heart delight,  
Would blow for me balloons so bright,  
And fly his flutt'ring paper kite?

My Brother.



Who would his fav'rite kitten bring,  
And tie a paper to a string,  
Making her run in merry ring?

My Brother.

For he was never rude nor rough,  
 And who would make me laugh enough,  
 To see him playing blindman's buff?

My Brother.



What pleasure fill'd my little heart,  
 When seated in thy wooden cart,  
 To see thee act the horse's part?

My Brother.

And if perchance he heard me cry,  
O! who would to my succour fly,  
And gently wipe my streaming eye?

My Brother.



And who would tell me pleasing tales,  
How vice the wrath of heaven assails,  
And virtue ev'ry where prevails?

My Brother.

He made me love my books indeed,  
And who delighted heard me read,  
Those tales he could recite with speed?

My Brother.



When first I ventur'd in a swing,  
How gently didst thou move the string,  
Nor gave it once a sudden fling,

My Brother.

And when a present he had got,  
O! who was it that ne'er forgot  
To share with me his happy lot?

My Brother.



And when my new shoes made me fall,  
Who was the first to hear my call,  
And coax me with his cup and ball?

My Brother.



Then I do love thee very well,  
Yes, more than any words can tell ;  
Thy name shall in my bosom dwell,  
My Brother.



For well I know thee void of guile ;  
When others frown'd, thy soothing smile  
Would many a little woe beguile,  
My Brother.

For thou wert always good and kind,  
And I could speak to thee my mind,  
Sweet solace from thy lips to find,  
My Brother.



O! may I live to see thee rise  
To man's estate, rever'd and wise,  
To glad our friends' delighted eyes,  
My Brother.

May virtue be thy constant guest,  
And sweet contentment charm thy breast,  
And every gen'rous wish be blest,  
My Brother.



# THE BIBLE.



WHAT taught me that a great First Cause  
Existed ere creation was,  
And gave a universe its laws ?

The Bible.

What guide can lead me to this Power,  
Whom conscience calls me to adore,  
And bids me seek him more and more ?

The Bible.

When all my actions prosper well,  
And higher hopes my wishes swell,  
What points where truer blessings dwell ?

The Bible.

When passions with temptations join  
 To conquer every power of mine,  
 What leads me then to help divine ?

The Bible.

When pining care and wasting pain,  
 My spirits and my life-blood drain,  
 What soothes and turns e'en these to gain ?

The Bible.

When crosses and vexations tease,  
 And various ills my bosom seize,  
 What is it that in life can please ?

The Bible.

When horror chills my soul with fear,  
 And nought but gloom and dread appear,  
 What is it then my mind can cheer ?

The Bible.

When impious doubts my thoughts per-  
 plex,

And mysteries my reason vex,  
 Where is the guide which then directs ?

The Bible.

And when affliction's fainting breath  
 Warns me I've done with all beneath,  
 What can compose my soul in death ?

The Bible.

## EVENING.



Now the plaintive bird of night  
 Sweetly warbles o'er the glade,  
 And the sun's refulgent light  
 Sinks beneath the ev'ning shade.

And the flow'r-enamell'd bed  
 Blushes with enliven'd hue ;  
 Whilst the lily rears its head,  
 Watered by the falling dew.

At the foot of yonder hill  
 Colin's humble cottage peeps,  
 And a soft pellucid rill  
 At its margin gently creeps.

O'er the meadow now he's pacing,  
Grateful for domestic bliss ;  
View the lovely children racing,  
Eager for the greeting kiss !

Blithsome is the village maiden,  
Dancing o'er the well-trod lawn !  
Whilst for her the swain is laden  
With the blossoms of the thorn.

Breaking over yonder tow'rs,  
View the moon's reflected beams ;  
See its rays illumine the bow'rs  
By its soft and silver gleams.

Whilst the traveller, benighted,  
Hails the lustre of its light,  
When no longer he's affrighted  
By the sable shade of night.

THE END.

MY BROTHER.



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