

THE
POETICAL GARLAND;

OR,

PLEASING TALES

IN EASY VERSE.



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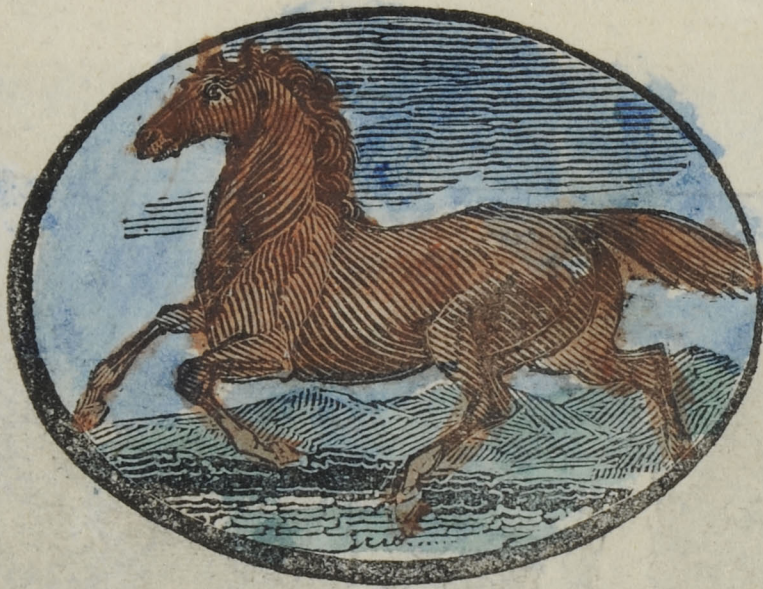
Poetical Garland.

THE
POETICAL GARLAND.



THE POOR BOY.

I'm hungry, thirsty, cold, and poor,
Obliged to beg from door to door;
No cot have I to lay my head,
Nor mother's care to give me bread.
Mid hail and rain, in frost and snow,
The sport of all the winds that blow,
Forlorn I rove, from day to day,
Along this rough and rugged way.



THE WAR-HORSE.

The fiery courser, when he hears from far
The sprightly trumpets, and the shouts of war,
Pricks up his ears, and trembling with delight,
Shifts place, and paws, and hopes the promised
fight:

On his right shoulder his thick mane reclined,
Ruffles at speed,—and dances in the wind.
Eager he stands,—then, starting with a bound,
He turns the turf, and shakes the solid ground.
Fire from his eyes, clouds from his nostrils, flow,
He bears his rider headlong on the foe!



THE BUTTERFLY AND THE BEE.

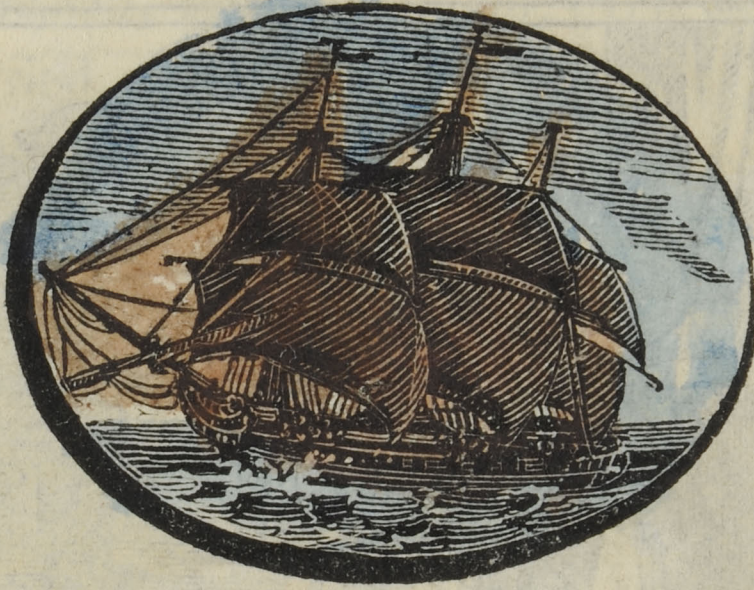
A Butterfly of haughty race
 Upon a rose-bush took its place:
 "How charming am I to behold,
 My wings adorned with shining gold!
 All colours that can charm the sight,
 Upon my varied wings unite!
 Beauties, like mine, must have their charms,
 For beauty every breast alarms.
 I other insects view with scorn,
 That are for menial purpose born;"

As thus, for instance, yonder Bee,
 What is he, compared to me?"

"Hold, prating fool," the Bee replies,
 "Attend to me,—for once be wise;
 The lab'ring bees, your pride disdains,
 Bring from their labours noble gains;
 And when the summer seasons die,
 Their labour winter's wants supply.
 They live upon their toil-bought store,
 When your vain race are known no more;
 And when your boasted beauty dies,
 Their prudence every want supplies.
 Then learn from this, think as you will,
 Prudence surpasses beauty still."

RELIGION.

Religion! what treasure untold
 Resides in that heavenly word!
 More precious than silver or gold,
 Or all that this earth can afford.



THE SHIP.

With gallant pomp and beauteous pride
 The floating pile in arbour rode;
 Proud of her freight, the swelling tide
 Reluctant left the vessel's side,
 And raised it as it flowed.

The waves, with eastern breezes curled,
 Had silvered half the liquid plain;
 The anchors weighed, the sails unfurled,
 Serenely moved the wooden world,
 And stretched along the main.



THE OLD MAN'S COMFORTS.

“ You are old, father William,” the young man
cried,

“ And pleasures with youth pass away,
And yet you lament not the days that are gone;
Now tell me the reason, I pray.”

“ In the days of my youth,” father William
replied,

“ I remembered that youth could not last!
I thought of the future, whatever I did,
That I never might grieve for the past,”

“ You are old, father William,” the young man
cried,

“ The few locks that are left you are grey:
You are hale, father William, a hearty old man:
Now tell me the reason, I pray.”

“ In the days of my youth,” father William re-
plied,

“ I remembered that youth would fly fast,
And abused not my health and my vigour at first,
That I never might need them at last.”

“ You are old, father William,” the young man
cried,

“ And life must be hastening away;
You are cheerful, and love to converse upon
death:

Now tell me the reason, I pray.”

“ I am cheerful, young man,” father William
replied,

“ Let the cause thy attention engage;
In the days of my youth I remembered my God,
And he hath not forgotten my age.”



THE BLIND BOY.

O say, what is that thing called light,
Which I must ne'er enjoy?

What are the blessings of the sight?

O tell your poor blind boy!

You talk of wond'rous things you see;

You say the sun shines bright:

I feel him warm, but how can he

Make it or day or night?

My day or night myself I make
 When'er I sleep or play;
 And could I always keep awake
 With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear
 You mourn my hapless woe;
 But sure with patience I can bear
 A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
 My cheer of mind destroy;
 While thus I sing, I am a king,
 Although a poor blind boy.

WEALTH COMPARED WITH MIND.

Wealth is substantial good, the fates allot;
 We know we have it, or we have it not.
 But all the graces, which men highly rate,
 The minds themselves imagine and create.



THE LITTLE FISH

THAT WOULD NOT DO AS IT WAS BID.

“Dear mother,” said a little Fish

“Pray, is not that a fly?

I’m very hungry,—and I wish

You’d let me go and try.”

“Sweet innocent!” the mother cried,

(And started from her nook),

“That seeming fly is made to hide

The sharpness of the hook.”

Now (as I've heard) this little Trout
 Was young and foolish too;
 And so he thought he'd venture out,
 To see if it were true.

And round about the bait he played,
 With many a longing look,
 And, "Dear me," to himself he said,
 "*I'm sure that's not a hook.*"

"I can but give one little pluck,"

Thought he, "and so I will:"

So on he went, when, lo! it stuck

Quite through his little gill.

And as he faint and fainter grew,

With hollow voice he cried—

"Dear mother! had I minded you,

I should not now have died!"





THE ORPHAN BOY.

Alas! I am an orphan boy,
 With nought on earth to cheer my heart;
 No father's love, no mother's joy,
 Nor kin nor kind to take my part.
 My lodging is the cold, cold ground;
 I eat the bread of charity;
 And when the kiss of love goes round,
 There is no kiss, alas! for me.

Yet once I had a father dear,
 A mother too I wont to prize,



With ready hand to wipe the tear,

If chanced a transient tear to rise:

But cause of tears was rarely found,

For all my heart was youthful glee;

And when the kiss of love went round,

How sweet a kiss there was for me!

But ah! there came a war, they say,

What is a war I cannot tell:

But drums and fifes did sweetly play,

And loudly rang our village bell.

In truth it was a pretty sound

I thought, nor could I thence foresee
That when the kiss of love went round,
There soon would be no kiss for me.

A scarlet coat my father took,

And sword as bright, as bright could be;
And feathers that so gaily look,
All in a shining cap had he.

Then how my little heart did bound!

Alas! I thought it fine to see;
Nor dreamt that when the kiss went round,
There soon should be no kiss for me.

At length the bell again did ring;

There was a victory, they said;
'Twas what my father said he'd bring;
But ah! it brought my father dead.

My mother shriek'd: her heart was woe:

She clasp'd me to her trembling knee.

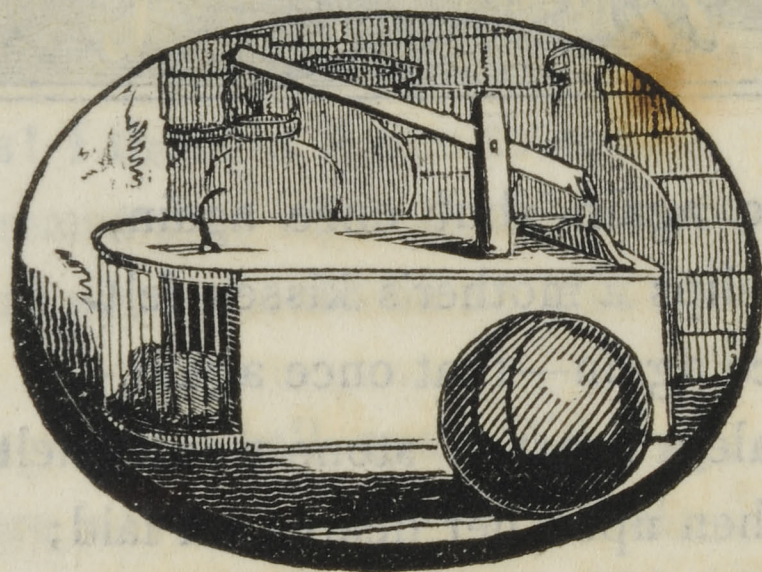
O God! that you may never know

How wild a kiss she gave to me!



But once again—but once again,
 These lips a mother's kisses felt.
 That once again—that once again,—
 The tale a heart of stone would melt—
 'Twas when upon her death-bed laid;
 O God! O God! that sight to see!
 “My child!—my child!” she feebly said,
 And gave a parting kiss to me.
 So now I am an orphan boy,
 With nought below my heart to cheer:

No mother's love, no father's joy,
Nor kin nor kind to wipe the tear.
My lodging is the cold, cold ground;
I eat the bread of charity;
And when the kiss of love goes round,
There is no kiss of love for me!



THE MOUSE'S PETITION.

O hear a pensive prisoner's prayer,
For liberty that sighs;
And never let thine ear be shut
Against the wretch's cries!

For here forlorn and sad I sit
Within the wiry grate;
And tremble at the approaching morn,
Which brings impending fate.

If e'er thy breast with freedom glowed
And spurned a tyrant's chain,
Let not thy strong oppressive force
A free-born mouse detain.

The scattered gleanings of a feast

My frugal meals supply:
But, if thine unrelenting heart
That slender boon deny,

The cheerful light, the vital air,

Are blessings widely given;
Let nature's commoners enjoy
The common gifts of heaven.

The well-taught philosophic mind

To all compassion gives,
Casts round the world an equal eye,
And feels for all that lives.



THE BEGGAR MAN.

“ So faint I am—these tottering feet
 No more my palsied frame can bear;
 My freezing heart forgets to beat,
 And drifting snows my tomb prepare.

“ Cold blows the blast across the moor;
 The sleet drives hissing in the wind;
 Yon toilsome mountain lies before:
 A dreary trackless waste behind.



“ My eyes are weak and dim with age;
 No road, no path, can I descry;
 And these poor rags ill stand the rage
 Of such a keen inclement sky.

THE SUMMER EVENING WALK.

When day declining sheds a milder gleam,
 What time the may-fly haunts the pool or stream;
 When the still owl skims round the grassy mead,
 What time the tim'rous hare limps forth to feed;



Then be the time to steal adown the vale,
 And listen to the vagrant cuckoo's tale;
 To hear the clamorous curlew call his mate,
 Or the soft quail his tender pain relate;
 To see the swallow sweep the dark'ning plain,
 Belated, to support her infant train;
 To mark the swift, in rapid giddy ring,
 Dash round the steeple, unsubdued of wing:—
 Amusive birds! say, where your hid retreat
 When the frost rages, and the tempests beat?
 Whence your return, by such nice instinct led,
 When spring, soft season, lifts her bloomy head?



Such baffled searches mock man's prying pride;
 The God of nature is your secret guide.

While deepening shades obscure the face of day,
 To yonder bench, leaf-sheltered, let us stray.
 Till blended objects foil the swimming sight,
 And all the fading landscape sinks in night;
 To hear the drowsy dorr come brushing by,
 With buzzing wing, or the shrill cricket cry;
 To see the feeding bat glance thro' the wood;
 To catch the distant falling of the flood;



While o'er the cliff th' awaken'd churn owl hung
 Thro' the still gloom protracts his chattering
 song;

When high in air, and poised upon his wings,
 Unseen, the soft enamoured woodlark sings:
 Each rural sight, each sound, each smell, com-
 bine,
 The tinkling sheep-bell, or the breath of kine;
 The new-mown hay that scents the swelling
 breeze,
 Or cottage chimney smoking thro' the trees.



TO THE LILY.

When day has closed his dazzling eye,
 And dying gales sink soft away;
 When eve steals down the western sky,
 And mountains, vales, and woods, decay;
 Thy tender cups, that graceful swell,
 Droops sad beneath her chilly dews;
 Thy odours seek their silken cell,
 And twilight veils thy languid hues.

But soon, fair flower! the morn shall rise,
 And rear again thy pensive head;
 Again unveil thy snowy dyes,
 Again thy velvet foliage spread.

THE FIELD DAISY.

I'm a pretty little thing,
 Always coming with the spring,
 In the meadows green I'm found, hung
 Peeping just above ground. tering
 And my stalk is covered flat,
 With a white and yellow hat.

Little lady, when you pass
 Lightly o'er the tender grass,
 Skip about, but do not tread
 On my meek and healthy head,
 For I always seem to say,
 "Surely Winter's gone away."

When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene;
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumbered gild the glowing pole;
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
And tip with silver every mountain's head;
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
And floods of glory burst from all the skies.

THE END.

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