

SECOND SERIES.—No. 12.

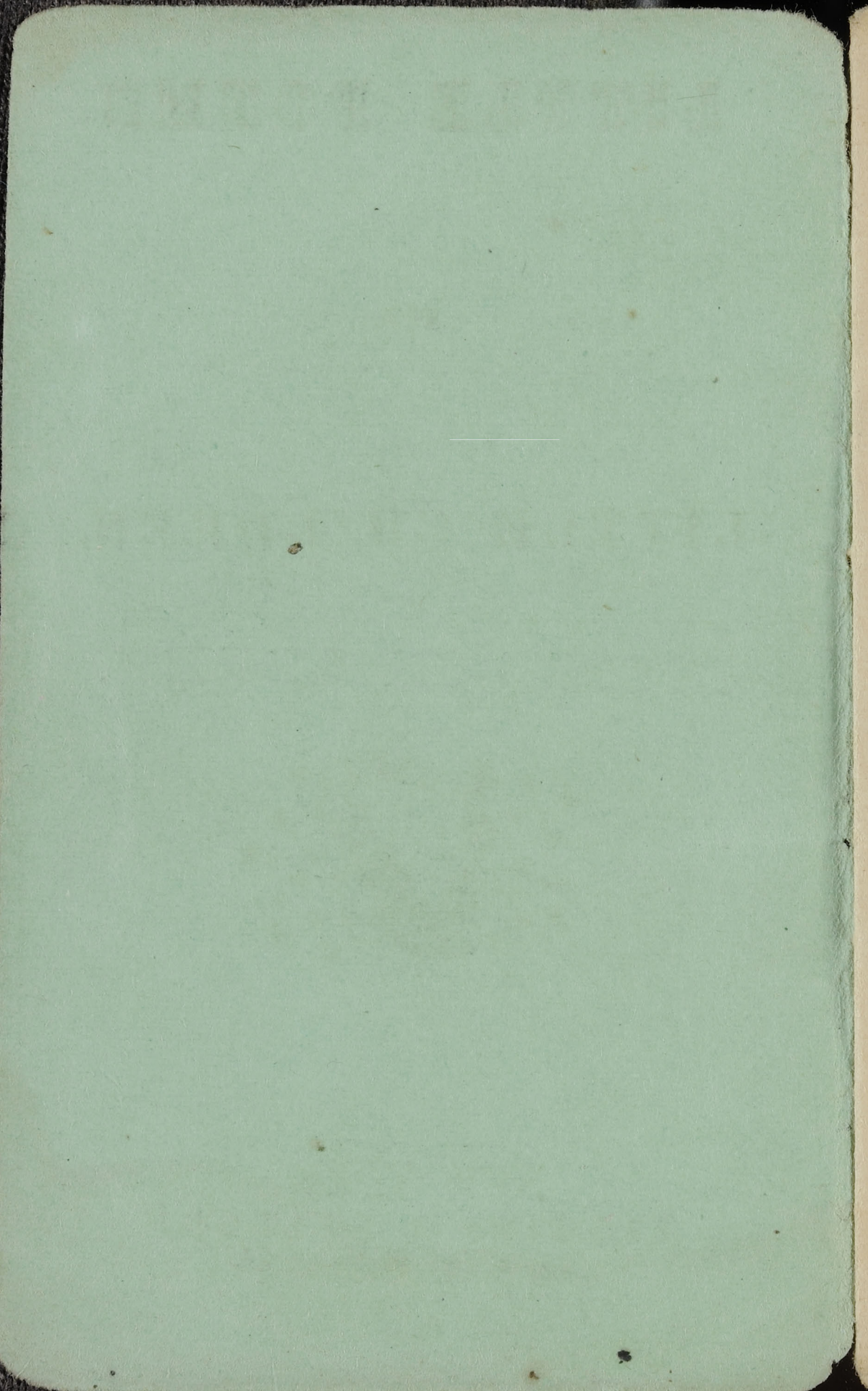
LITTLE POEMS

FOR

LITTLE CHILDREN.



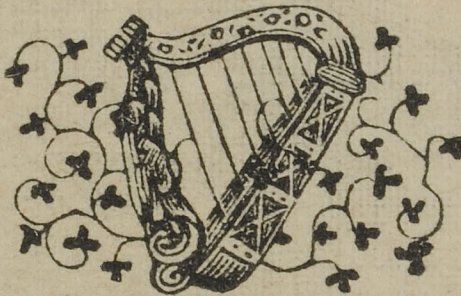
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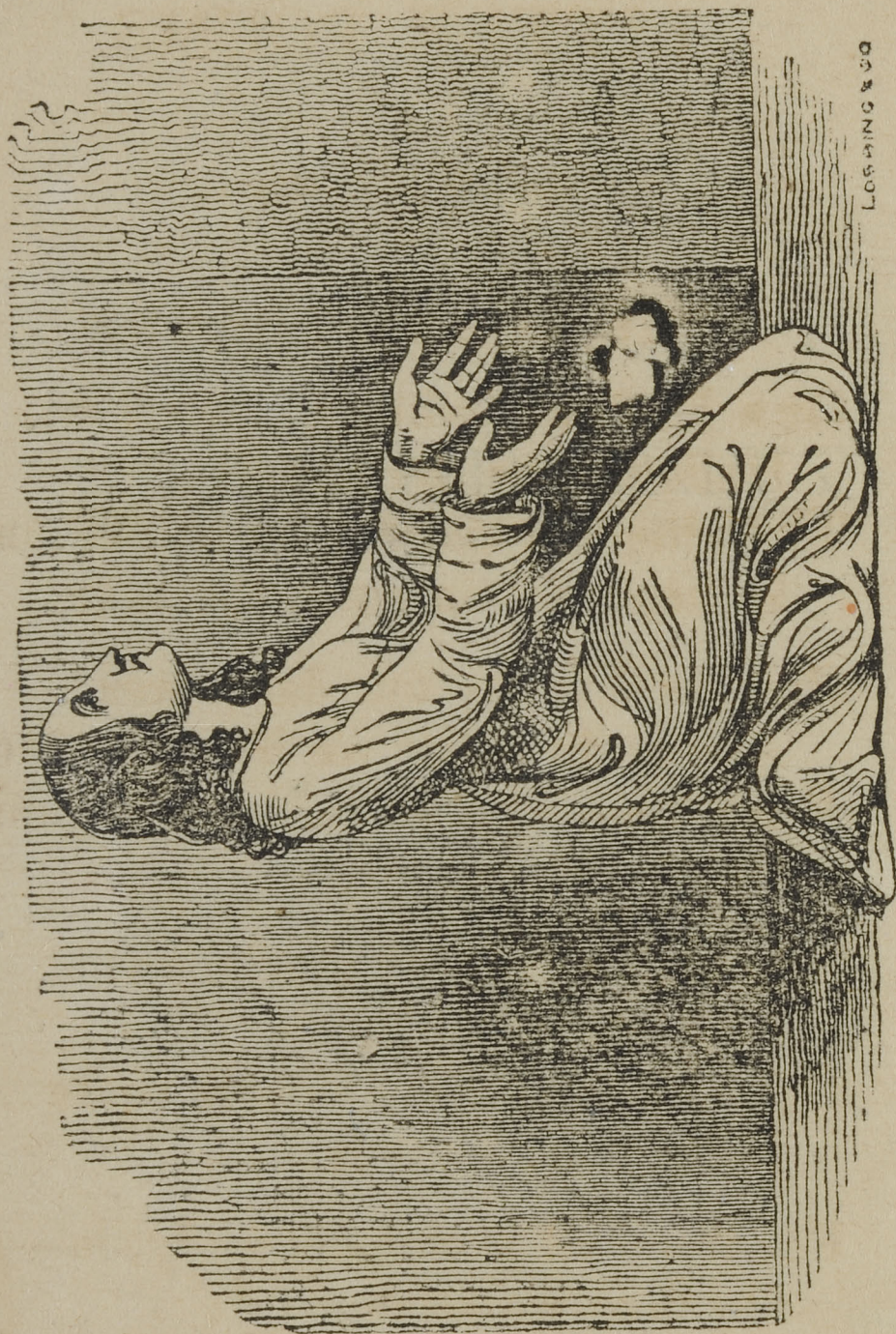
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NEW YORK:
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D. & G. S. 507

LITTLE POEMS.



THE LORD'S PRAYER.

OUR FATHER, who in heaven art,
Hallowed be thy name!
Thy kingdom come—thy will be done
In heaven—on earth the same.

Give us this day our daily bread,
And as in peace we live [us,
With those who've trespassed against
Our trespasses forgive.

And lead us not, O gracious God,
Into temptation's way!
But safe from every deadly snare
Deliver us, we pray.

For thine all power, all glory, is—
On thee we all depend;
And as it no beginning had,
Thy kingdom ne'er shall end.

LITTLE POEMS.

MY MOTHER.

Who fed me from her gentle breast,
And hushed me in her arms to rest,
And on my cheek sweet kisses prest ?

My mother.

When sleep forsook my open eye,
Who was it sang sweet hushaby,
And rocked me that I should not cry ?

My mother.

Who sat and watched my infant head,
When sleeping on my cradle-bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed ?

My mother.

When pain and sickness made me cry,
Who gazed upon my heavy eye,
And wept for fear that I should die !

My mother.

Who ran to help me when I fell,
And would some pretty story tell,
Or kiss the place to make it well ?

My mother.

LITTLE POEMS.

Who taught my infant lips to pray,
And love God's holy book and day,
And walk in wisdom's pleasant way
My mother.

And can I ever cease to be
Affectionate and kind to thee,
Who wast so very kind to me,
My mother.

Ah, no! the thought I can not bear,
And if God please my life to spare,
I hope I shall reward thy care—
My mother.

When thou art feeble, old, and gray,
My healthy arm shall be thy stay,
And I will soothe thy pains away,
My mother.

And when I see thee hang thy head,
'T will be my turn to watch thy bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed,
My mother.

For God, who lives above the skies,
Would look with vengeance in his eyes,
If I should ever dare despise
My mother

MY FATHER.

Who took me from my mother's arms,
And, smiling at her soft alarms,
Showed me the world and nature's
 charms ? My father.

Who made me feel and understand
The wonders of the sea and land,
And mark, in all, the Maker's hand ?
 My father.

Who, from each flower or verdant stalk,
Gathered a honeyed store of talk,
To fill the long, delightful walk ?
 My father.

Not on an insect would he tread,
Nor strike the stinging nettle dead ;
Who taught at once my heart and
 head ? My father.

Who wrote upon that heart the line
Religion graved on Virtue's shrine,
To make the human race divine ?
 My father.

Who taught my early mind to know
The God from whom all blessings flow,
Creator of all things below ?

My father.

Who, now, in pale and placid light
Of memory's gleams upon my sight,
Bursting the sepulchre of night ?

My father.

Oh, teach me still the Christian plan !
Thy practice with thy precept ran,
Nor yet desert me when a man,

My father.

Still let thy scholar's heart rejoice,
With charms of thy angelic voice,
Still prompt the motive and the choice,

My father.

For yet remains a little space,
Till I shall meet thee face to face—
And not, as now, in vain embrace,

My father.

Soon, and before the mercy-seat—
Spirits made perfect—we shall meet:
Thee with what transport shall I greet,

My father !



THE GOOD-NATURED GIRLS.

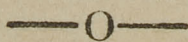
Two good little girls,
Marianne and Maria,
As happily lived as
Good girls could desire ;
And though they were neither
Grave, sullen, nor mute,
They seldom or never
Were heard to dispute.

If one wants a thing
That the other could get,
They don't go to scratching
And fighting for it;
But each one is willing
To give up her right,
For they'd rather have nothing
Than quarrel and fight.

If one of them happens
To have something nice,
Directly she offers
Her sister a slice;
And acts not like some
Greedy children I've known,
Who would go in a corner
To eat it alone.

When papa or mama
Had a job to be done,
These good little girls
Would immediately run--
And not stand disputing
To which it belonged,
And grumble and fret,
And declare they were wronged.

Whatever might happen
In their work or their play,
They are willing to yield
And give up their own way :
Then let us all try
Their example to mind,
And always, like them,
Be obliging and kind.



GOING TO BED AT NIGHT.

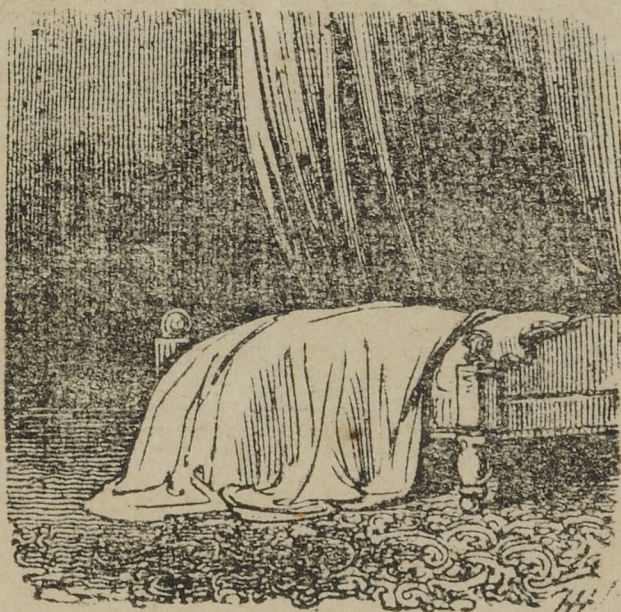
Receive my body, pretty bed ;
Soft pillow, O receive my head,
And thanks, my parents kind :
Those comforts who for me provide,
Their precept still shall be my guide,
Their love I'll keep in mind.

My hours mispent this day I rue,
My good things done how very few !
Forgive my faults, O Lord !
This night if in thy grace I rest,
To-morrow I may rise refreshed,
To keep thy holy word.

RISING IN THE MORNING.

Thrice welcome to my opening eyes,
The morning beam, which bids me rise
To all the joys of youth :
For thy protection while I slept,
O Lord, my humble thanks accept,
And bless my lips with truth.

Like cheerful birds, as I begin
This day, oh keep my soul from sin—
And all things shall be well. [food,
Thou gav'st me health, and clothes, and
Preserve me innocent and good,
Till evening curfew bell.





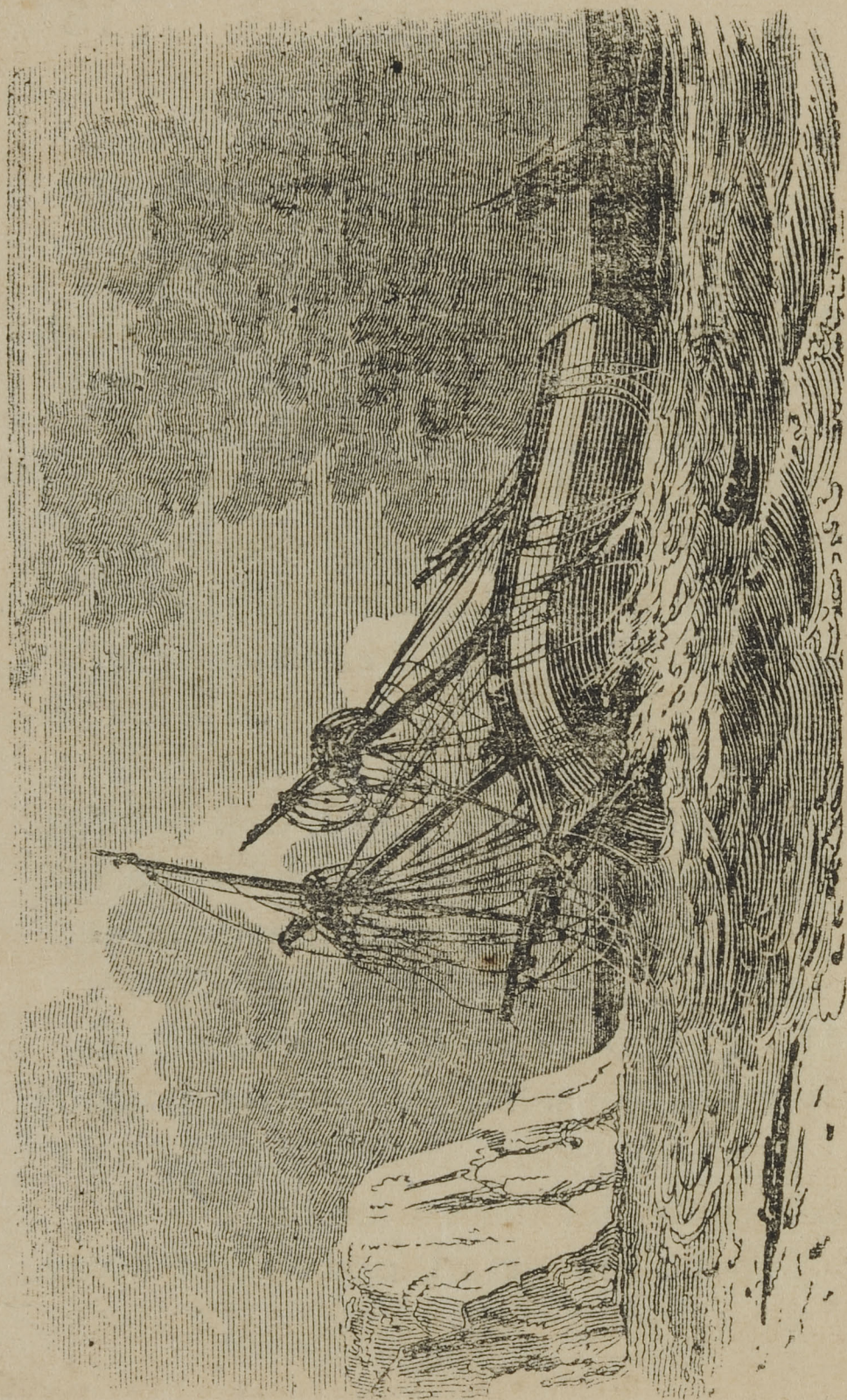
THE DOLL.

What a stupid toy is that,
It can not say a word to me ;
And though its eyes do open and shut,
I'm certain that they can not see.

Why should I play with such a thing ?
It does not speak, nor can it hear
It will not cry, it can not sing—
Such sulky folks I can not bear.

Away with it! I can not see
What pleased me in a doll before ;
Some better plaything get for me,
For such I play with never more.

My mind for something wiser looks,
Than senseless dolls that nothing
say,
So, sister, let me go for books -
To Clinton Hall, now, right away.



THE TEMPEST.

Hark ! 't is the tempest's hollow sound
The bursting thunder and the rain ;
While dark and heavy clouds unbound,
In torrents fall upon the plain.

See, too, the lightning's vivid flash,
In quick succession fire the sky :
All form a universal crash
Of elements at enmity.

The solid earth, as if with fear,
Trembles beneath the mighty war ;
The waters, too, in mountains rear,
Loosed from the yoke of nature's law.

Behold the bellowing herds the heath
Forsake with haste, for shelter fled ;
And shepherds fly, with panting breath,
In equal speed and greater dread.

And see yon ancient massive oak,
The forest's pride for ages stood,
Its sturdy stem in shivers broke,
Its head driven downward in the flood.

Tossed by the waves the wretched bark,
Alternate see it sink and rise ;
Now fixed on rocks, a shattered mark
For furious winds and billows, lies.

In vain the drowning sailors cry,
Their shriek is lost while thunders
roar ;

In vain their moans—no help is nigh,
Or ship, or hospitable shore.

And does this tempest rage in vain ?
And does no power, with potent arm,
Its fury suffer or restrain, [harm ?
From injuring hold, or guide the

Ah, yes ! a Power indeed presides ;
Yes, there's a potent Being reigns :
Above the storm the Almighty rides :
These awful scenes, 'tis he ordains.

Then calm each fear, and silent stand,
To learn his wisdom and his care :
The flash, unloosed from out his hand,
Proclaims in thunder—God is there !

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