

No. 4.

A LITTLE  
BOOK OF POETRY  
FOR CHILDREN.



PITTSFIELD, MASS.  
E. WERDEN.  
1847.



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A. M. Harris.



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A LITTLE  
**BOOK OF POETRY,**  
FOR CHILDREN.

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The only trap we wish to see  
Is one to catch the mind,  
Knowledge the tempting bait should  
be,  
And all a bit should find.

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PITTSFIELD, MASS :  
PUBLISHED BY E. WERDEN.  
1847.





The cock who soundly sleeps at night,  
Rises with the morning light,  
Very loud and shrill he crows,  
Then the sleeping plowman knows,  
He must leave his bed also,  
To his morning work to go.  
And the little lark does fly,  
To the middle of the sky.





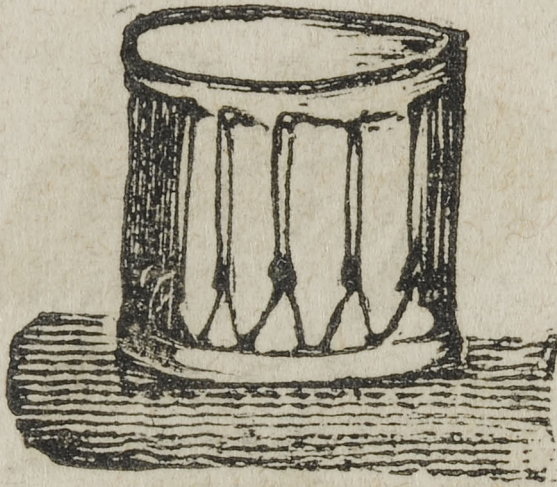


## The Owl.

When the sun is in the west,  
The owl leaves his darksome nest ;  
Wide he opens his staring eyes,  
And screams as round and round he  
flies ;

For he hates the cheerful light,  
He sleeps by day, and wakes at night,  
But I will lay my little head,  
Down upon my pleasant bed.





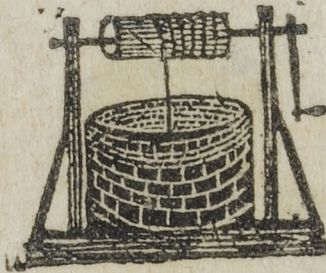
## Riddle.

My head is white,  
My body is light,  
With cords I am faced around ;  
I am beaten with sticks,  
But not for bad tricks,  
But to animate by my sound.





Jenny good spinner,  
Come down to your dinner,  
And taste the leg of a frog.  
Then all you good people,  
Look over the steeple,  
And see the cat play with the dog.







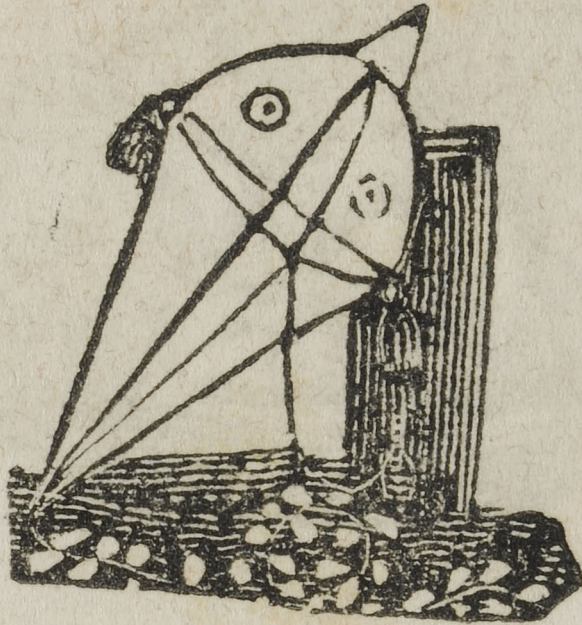
## The Little Fish.

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 startled from her nook,  
 That horrid fly is put to hide  
 The sharpness of the hook.



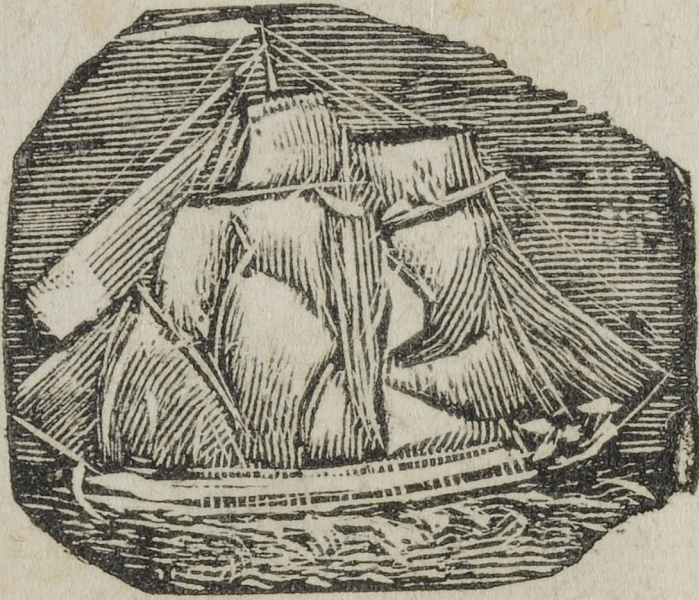




## The Kite.

No head, nor eyes, nor wings have I,  
 And yet I mount up far on high;  
 A tail I have, my flight to guide,  
 Which is my beauty, boast and pride.  
 A prisoner keep me; for if free,  
 I'm rarely seen again by thee;  
 And if I were, my tattered state,  
 For me your value would abate.

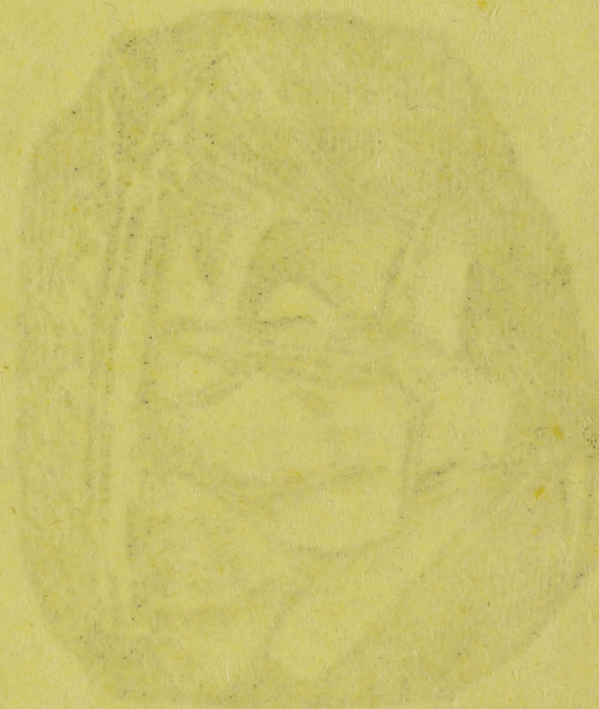




## Riddle.

I fly to many foreign parts,  
 Assisted by my spreading wings ;  
 My body holds a hundred hearts—  
 Nay, I will tell you stranger things.  
 When I am not in haste, I ride,  
 And then I mend my pace anon ;  
 Fire oft issues from my side—  
 Ye yankee youths, this riddle con.





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