

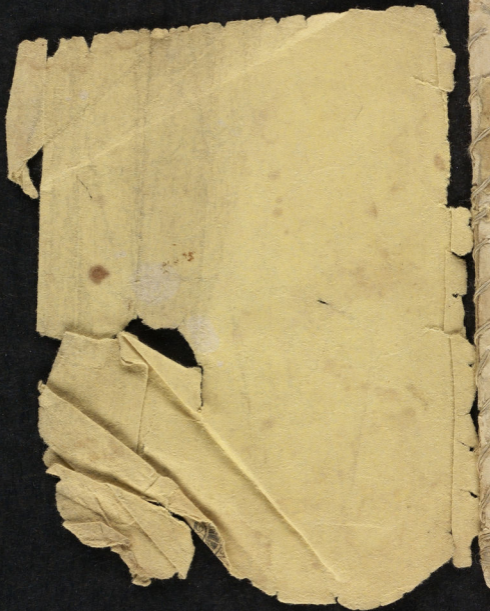
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CHILD'S BOOK
OF
POETRY.

WITH ENGRAVINGS.



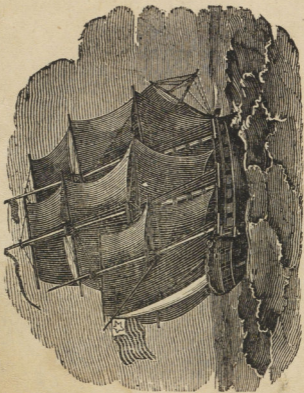
WORCESTER:
PUBLISHED BY J. GROUND



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CHILD'S BOOK

OF

POETRY.



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P O E T R Y .



THE SAILOR BOY.

I am a little sailor boy
And would you know my story ?
I've been across the ocean blue,
And seen it in its glory :
I've seen it in its summer play,
As gentle as a child,
I've seen it in a tempest
Like a giant fierce and wild.
I've been in a ship,
When the waters were asleep,
And she seemed, like a rock,
Her steady place to keep :



I have been in the ship,
When driven by the gale ;
She ploughed the foaming billows
With a sad riven sail ;
When the masts bent like twigs,
And the water o'er the deck
Like thunder seemed to rush,
And we staggered like a wreck.

And now I'll tell my story,
Of the many things I've seen,
For I am a little sailor boy,
And my name is Patrick Green ;
My home was in the mountains,
Where bright rivers shone,
But my father and my mother
They left me all alone ;
They died, and I was but a child,
And so I went to sea ;
I left the hills and valleys
So very dear to me :
With many, many tears,
I bade them all adieu ;
My brown little home,
And the rivulet so blue,
The meadow and its flowers,
The forest and the dell,
The orchard and its pretty flowers,
I bade them all farewell.
I got a little shiny hat,

My waiscoat it was new,
And the buttons they were bright,
On my jacket all so blue ;
And then I went to see
My pretty cousin Nell,
And we wept as we parted,
For we loved each other well.
We parted, and I went away
With sorrow in my heart ;
For Ellen loved me best,
And 'twas very hard to part.

And now the ship was ready
In the bright shining bay,
And so the sails we hoisted,
And swiftly went away.
Away upon the waters,
Like a proud bird she flew,
And soon the distant shore
All faded from our view ;
My home among the hills

Seemed to sink behind the sea,
And I fancied it was lost,
Forever lost to me ;
And then I looked around
On the far spreading deep,
And it seemed so lone and dreary,
That I hid myself to weep.
Behind a cask of water,
I hid myself for hours,
And wished myself at home again,
Among the birds and flowers.
I longed to see the green hills,
Where once my father dwelt,
I longed to see the swift rill
Where often I had knelt
At summer noon to drink,
And cool my heated brain ;
And many other things,
I longed to see again.
I could have kissed the very rocks.
They seemed so dear to me,

The rocks among my own hills—
But I was far at sea.

And now the vessel shook,
And the wind grew fierce and loud,
The waves began to toss,
And gloomy was the cloud;
But I grew very sea sick,
And staggered like a child,
And though the night was dark,
And the tempest swift and wild,
I heeded not the storm,
For I was in my bed,
And I cared not a rush,
So giddy was my head.
I heard the billows dash,
And the loud winds roar,
I heard the sails clash,
And the heavy rain pour;
I heard the captain call,
And the sailors answer shrill,
I heard the ropes rattle,

But I lay snug and still.
At length the storm was o'er,
And my sickness passed away;
And so I went above,
Upon the deck to play.
The gloomy clouds were gone,
And gentle was the breeze,
But like a sailing hawk,
We swept o'er the seas,
And I begun to love
The bright sparkling main,
And the swift-sailing ship,
That rode the watery plain;
I loved to mark the sails,
And see the stooping masts,
And I loved the brisk gale
That drove us on so fast,
I loved to climb the ropes,
Like a squirrel on a tree,
And nothing seemed so happy
As the sailor boy at sea.



MARY DOW.

'Come in, little stranger,' I said
As she tapped at my half open door ;
While the blanket pinned over her head,
Just reached to the basket she bore.

A look full of innocence fell
From her modest and pretty blue eye,
As she said, 'I have matches to sell,
And I hope you are willing to buy.

'A penny a bunch is the price ;
I hope you'll not find it too much ;
They're tied up so even and nice,
And ready to light at a touch.'

I asked, 'What's your name, little girl,'
'Tis Mary,' she said, 'Mary Dow ;'
And carelessly tossed off a curl,
That played o'er her delicate brow.

'My father was lost in the deep,
The ship never got to the shore ;
And mother is sad and will weep,
When she hears the wind-blow and sea roar,

' She sits there at home without food,
Beside our poor sick Willy's bed :
She paid all her money for food,
And so I sell matches for bread.

' For every time that she tries
Some things she'll be paid for, to make,
And lays down the baby, it cries,
And that makes my sick brother wake.

' I'd go to the yard and get chips,
But then it would make me too sad,
To see men there building the ships,
And think they had made one so bad.

' I've no other gown, and with care,
We think it may decently pass,
With my bonnet, that's put by to wear
To meeting and Sunday-school class.

I love to go there, where I'm taught
Of One, who's so wise and so good,
He knows every action and thought,
And gives e'en the raven his food.

‘ For he, I am sure, who can take
Such fatherly care of a bird,
Will never forget or forsake
The children who trust to his word.

‘ And now if I only can sell
The matches I brought out to-day,
I think I shall do very well,
And mother rejoice at the pay.’

‘ Fly home, little bird,’ then I thought,
‘ Fly home, full of joy to your nest !’
For I took all the matches she bought,
And Mary may tell you the rest.

THE SHEEP.

LAZY sheep, pray tell me why
In the pleasant fields you lie,
Eating grass and daisies white,
From the morning till the night ?
Every thing can something do,
But what kind of use are you ?

Nay, my little master, nay,
Do not serve me so, I pray ;



Don't you see the wool that grows
On my back to make your clothes?
Cold, and very cold, you'd get,
If I did not give you it.

Sure it seems a pleasant thing
To nip the daisies in the spring,
But many chilly nights I pass
On the cold and dewy grass,
Or pick a scanty dinner where
All the common's brown and bare.

Then the farmer comes at last,
When the merry spring is past,
And cuts my woolly coat away
To warm you in the winter's day;
Little master this is why
In the pleasant fields I lie.

LUCY GRAY.

OFt had I heard of Lucy Gray :
And when I crossed the wild,

I chanced to see, at break of day,
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade, Lucy knew ;
She dwelt on a wild moor,
The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door.

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green ;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

‘ To-night will be a stormy night—
You to the town must go ;
And take a lantern, child, to light
Your mother through the snow.’

‘ That, father, will I gladly do ;
’Tis scarcely afternoon ;
The minster clock has just struck two
And yonder is the moon.’

At this, the father raised his hook,
And snapped a faggot band ;

He plied his work ;—and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe ;
With many a wonton stroke,
Her feet dispersed the powdery snow,
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time ;
She wandered up and down ;
And many a hill did Lucy climb,
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents, all that night,
Were shouting far and wide ;
But there was neither sound nor sight,
To serve them for a guide.

At day-break on a hill they stood,
That overlooked the moor ;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood ;
A furlong from their door.

And, turning homeward, now, they cried,
In heaven, we shall all meet !

When, in the snow, the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downward from the steep hill's edge,
They tracked the foot marks small:
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone-wall.

They followed from the snowy bank
The foot-marks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank,
And further there were none.

Yet some maintain, that, to this day,
She is a living child;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind;
And sings a solitary song,
That whistles in the wind.

LITTLE CHILDREN.

Sporting through the forest wide,
Playing by the water side



LITTLE CHILDREN.

Wandering o'er the heathy fells,
Down within the woodland dells,
All among the mountains wild,
Dwelleth many a little child!

In the Baron's hall of pride,
By the poor man's dull fire-side,
'Mid the mighty, 'mid the mean,
Little children may be seen;
Like the flowers that spring up fair,
Bright and countless every where!

In the far isles of the main,
In the desert's low domain,
In the savage mountain glen,
'Mong the tribes of swarthy men,
Wheresoe'er the sun hath shone,
On a league of peopled ground,
Little children may be found!

Blessings on them!—they in me
Move a kindly sympathy,
With their wishes, hopes, and fears,
With their laughter and their tears,

With their wonder so intense,
And their small experience !

Little children, not alone
On the wide earth you are known ;
' Mid its labors and its cares,
' Mid its sufferings and its snares ;
Free from sorrow, free from strife,
In the world of love and life,
Where no sinful thing hath trod
In the presence of our God !
Spotless, blamless, glorified,
Little children, ye abide !

A FAREWELL SONG.

I go, sweet friends ; yet think of me,
When spring's low voice awakes the flowers,
For we have wandered far and free,
In those bright hours—the violet hours.

I go ; but when you pause to hear,
From distant hills, the Sabbath bell
On summer's wind float silver clear,
Think of me then—I loved it well.

BOOK OF POETRY.

Forget me not around your hearth,
When clearly shines the ruddy blaze ;
For dear hath been its hours of mirth
To me, sweet friends ! in other days.

And oh ! when music's voice is heard,
To melt in strains of parting woe,
When hearts to tender thoughts are stired,
Think of me then ! I go, I go.

