Little Poems for Little Readers

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LORD, I am poor, yet hear my call;  
Afford me daily bread;  
Give me at least the crumbs that fall,  
From tables richly spread.

Thou canst for all my wants provide,  
And bless my homely crust;  
The ravens cry, and are supply’d,  
And ought not I to trust?
Behold the lilies how they grow,
Though they can nothing do;
And will not God, who clothes them so,
Afford me raiment too?

But, seeing, Lord, thou dost withhold
The riches some possess,
Grant me, what better is than gold,
Thy grace and righteousness.

O, may I heavenly treasures find,
And choose the better part;
Give me an humble, pious mind,
A meek and lowly heart.

Forgive my sins, my follies cure,
And grant the grace I need;
And then, though I am mean and poor,
I shall be rich indeed.

FINIS.
Little Poems

for

Little Readers.

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Little Poems

for

LITTLE READERS.

"OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN."

GREAT God, and wilt thou condescend,
To be my Father and my friend?
I, a poor child, and thou so high,
The Lord of earth, and air, and sky!

Art thou my Father? Canst thou bear
To hear my poor imperfect prayer?
Or, stoop to listen to the praise,
That such a little one can raise?
Art thou my Father? let me be,
A meek, obedient child to thee:
And try, in word, and deed, and thought,
To serve and please thee as I ought.

Art thou my Father?—I'll depend,
Upon the care of such a friend;
And only wish to do and be,
Whatever seemeth good to thee.

Art thou my Father?—then at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down, and take me, in thy love,
To be thy better child above.
MY Linnet's nest, Miss, will you buy?  
They're nearly fledg'd—Ah! no, not I—  
I'll not encourage wicked boys  
To rob a parent of its joys;  
Those darling joys, to feed its young,  
To see them grow up brisk and strong.

With care the tender brood to nourish,  
And see them plume, and perch and flourish:
To hear them chirp, to hear them sing,
To see them try the little wing,
To view them chanting on the tree
The charming song of liberty.

I do not love to see them mope
Within a cage devoid of hope,
And all the joys that freedom gives:
The pris’ner’s sonnet only grieves.
I love their song, yet give to me,
The cheerful note that sings, “I’m free!”
THE OAK.

THE oak, for grandeur, strength, and noble size,

Excels all trees, that in the forest grow;
From acorns small, that trunk, those branches rise,
To which such signal benefits we owe.

Behold what shelter in its ample shade,
From noon-tide sun, or from the drenching rain;
And of its timber, staunch, vast ships are made,
To sweep rich cargoes o'er the wat'ry main.

THE VIOLET.

DOWN in a green and shady bed
A modest violet grew;
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head
As if to hide from view.
And yet it was a lovely flower,
Its colours bright and fair;
It might have grac’d a rosy bower,
Instead of hiding there.

Yet there it was content to bloom,
In modest tints array’d;
And there it spread its sweet perfume,
Within the silent shade.

Then let me to the valley go,
This pretty flower to see;
That I may also learn to grow,
In sweet humility.
A BIT of wool sticks here upon this thorn,
Ah, cruel thorn, to tear it from the sheep!
And yet, perhaps, with pain its fleece was worn,
Its coat so thick, a hot and cumb'rous heap.
The wool a little bird takes in his bill,
And with it up to yonder tree he flies;
A nest he's building there with matchless skill,
Compact and close, that cold and rain defies.

To line that nest, the wool so soft and warm,
Preserves the eggs which hold its tender young;
And when they're hatch'd, that wool will keep from harm
The callow brood, until they're fledg'd and strong.

Thus birds find use for what the sheep can spare:
In this, my child, a wholesome moral spy,
And when the poor shall crave, thy plenty share:
Let thy abundance thus their wants supply.
THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

HOW pleasant it is at the end of the day,
   No follies to have to repent;
But reflect on the past, and be able to say,
   That my time has been properly spent.

When I've done all my business with patience and care,
   And been good, and obliging, and kind;
I lay on my pillow, and sleep away there,
   With a happy and peaceable mind.

But instead of all this if it must be confess,
   That I careless and idle have been;
I lay down as usual and go to my rest,
   But feel discontented within.
Then, as I don't like all the trouble I've had,
In future, I'll try to prevent it;
For I never am naughty without being sad,
Or good—without being contented.
DARK and dismal is the night,
Beating rain and wind so high;
Close the window shutters tight,
And the cheerful fire come nigh.

Hear the blasts in dreadful chorus,
Roaring through the naked trees,
Much like thunder bursting o'er us,
Now they murmur, now they cease.
Think how many o'er the wild,
Wander in this dreadful weather;
Some poor mother with her child,
Scarce can keep her rags together.

Or, a wretched family,
'Neath some mud-wall ruin'd shed,
Shrugging close together, lie
On the earth—their only bed.

While we sit within so warm,
Shelter'd, comfortable, safe;
Think how many 'bide the storm,
Who no home or shelter have.

Sad their lot is, wretched creatures!
How much better off are we;
Discontent, then, on our features,
Surely never ought to be.
On a cheerful Village Green,
Scatter'd round with houses neat;
There the boys and girls are seen,
Playing there with busy feet.

Now we see them hand in hand,
Making many a merry chain;
Next behold the little band,
Marching o'er the level plain.
Then ascends the worsted ball,
High it rises in the air;
Or against the cottage wall,
Up and down it bounces there.

Or the hoop with even pace,
Runs before the merry crowd;
Joy is seen in every face,
It is heard in clamours loud.

For among the rich and gay,
Fine and grand, and deck'd in laces,
None appear more glad than they,
With happier hearts, or happier faces.

Then contented with my state,
Let me envy not the great;
Since such pleasures may be seen,
On a cheerful Village Green.
About God, who made the Sun and Moon.

CHILD.

I saw the glorious sun arise,
From yonder mountain gray;
And as he travel'd through the skies,
The darkness fled away:
And all around me was so bright,
I wish'd it would be always light.
But, when his shining course was done,
The gentle moon drew nigh,
And stars came twinkling one by one,
Upon the shady sky—
Who made the sun to shine so far,
The moon, and every twinkling star?

MAMMA.

'Twas God, my child, who made them all,
By his almighty hand:
He holds them that they do not fall,
And bids them move or stand:
That glorious God who lives afar,
In heaven beyond the highest star.

CHILD.

How very great that God must be,
Who rolls them through the air!
Too high, mamma, to notice me,
Or listen to my prayer!
I fear he will not condescend,
To be a little infant's friend.

MAMMA.

O, yes, my love; for though he made
Those wonders in the sky,
You never need to be afraid,
He should neglect your cry;
For, humble as the child may be,
A praying child he loves to see.

Behold the daisy where we tread,
That useless little thing!
Behold the insects overhead,
That gambol in the spring:
His goodness bids the daisy rise,
And every insect's wants supplies

And will he not descend to make
A feeble child his care?
Yes! Jesus died for children's sake,
And loves the youngest prayer.
God made the stars and daisies too,
And watches over them and you.

For a Child, who has been very naughty.
Lord, I confess before thy face,
How naughty I have been;
Look down from heaven, thy dwelling place,
And pardon this my sin.

Forgive my temper, Lord, I pray,
My passions and my pride,
The wicked words I dar’d to say,
And wicked thoughts beside.

I cannot lay me down to rest,
In quiet on my bed,
Until with shame I have confess,
The naughty things I said.
The Saviour answered not again,
    Nor spoke an angry word,
To all the scoffs of wicked men,
    Although he was their Lord!

And, who am I, a sinful child,
    Such angry words to say?
Make me as mild as he was mild,
    And take my pride away.

For Jesus' sake, forgive my crime,
    And change this stubborn heart;
And grant me grace another time,
    To act a better part.
COME, my love, and do not spurn
From a little flower to learn.
See the lily on the bed,
Hanging down its modest head;
Whilst it scarcely can be seen,
Folded in its leaf of green.
Yet we love the lily well,
For its sweet and pleasant smell,
And would rather call it ours,
Than a many gayer flowers;
Pretty lilies seem to be
Emblems of humility.

Come, my love, and do not spurn
From a little flower to learn:
Let thy temper be as sweet
As the lily at thy feet:
Be as gentle, be as mild;
Be a modest, humble child.

*Tis not beauty that we prize—
Like a summer flower it dies;
But humility will last,
Fair and sweet when beauty's past;
And the Saviour from above,
Views an humble child with love.
HOW many poor indigent children I see,
Who want all the comforts bestow'd upon me!
But though I'm preserv'd from such want and distress,
I'm quite as unworthy of all I possess.

While I am partaking a plentiful meal,
How many the cravings of appetite feel!
Poor children, as young and as helpless as I, 
Who yet have no money their wants to supply!
If I were so destitute, friendless and poor, 
How could I such hardship and suffering endure!
Then let me be thankful and humbly adore, 
My God who has graciously given me more.

And, since I with so many comforts am blest, 
May it be my delight to relieve the distrest: 
For God has declar’d, and his promise is sure; 
That blessed are they that consider the poor.