

POEMS

FOR

INFANT SCHOOLS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

“THE BROTHER,” AND OTHER POEMS,

FOR

THE INSTRUCTION OF YOUTH.

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—
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ADDRESS TO MOTHERS, FROM THE FRIENDLY
VISITOR FOR 1828.

THERE was a pious mother near Philadelphia, in America, who had the happiness of seeing her children, in very early life, brought to the knowledge of the truth, walking in the fear of the Lord, and ornaments in the Christian church. A clergyman who was travelling, heard this circumstance respecting the mother, and wished to see her. He went to visit her, and inquired into the manner of teaching her children. After a little conversation she said: “While my children were infants on my lap, as I washed them, I raised my heart to God, that he would wash them in that blood which cleanseth from all sin; — as I clothed them in the morning, I asked my heavenly Father to clothe them with the robes of Christ’s righteousness; — as I provided them food, I prayed that God would feed their souls with the bread of heaven, and give them to drink the water of life; — When I have prepared them for the house of God, I have prayed that their bodies might be fit temples for the Holy Ghost to dwell in; — when they

left me for the week-day school, I followed their infant footsteps with a prayer, that their path through life might be like that of the just which “shineth more and more unto the perfect day;” and as I committed them to the rest of the night, the silent breathing of my soul has been, that their Heavenly Father would take them to his embrace, and fold them in his arms.”

This mother felt that she received her children from God, and was accountable to Him for the manner in which she trained them up. She knew that her labours would be in vain unless God should in mercy grant her the aid of His Spirit; therefore, through all the duties of the day she looked up to God who is ever near to those who will call upon him, and who *will listen* to their cries. How happy must that household be whose God is the Lord: what heavenly joy beams from every countenance, and with what glorious hope do they look beyond the grave, to that mansion provided for them in heaven; and thrice happy must be that mother, who, in the fear of God, and in the prospect of eternity, has thus done her duty.

P O E M S
FOR
INFANT SCHOOLS.

FOR A CHILD ON AWAKING IN THE MORNING.

I HAVE slept very well all the night I am sure,
No pain to disturb me, no thieves to affright;
Who was it that kept me so warm and secure,
And once more allows me to see the day light.

'Twas my dear heavenly Father, who will, I
believe,
Preserve me all day, if I try to be good;
And I hope he will give me each day that I live,
The comforts of lodging, of clothing, and food.

Then I'll try to be good, and so now to begin,
I'll pray to this dear heavenly Father and
Friend;

And beg him to keep me the whole day from sin,
Nor let me himself nor his creatures offend.

But who are his creatures ? why children like
me,

And father, and mother, and schoolfellows dear,
All that move on the earth, or that swim in the
sea,

And the sweet little songsters that fly in the air.

Then I'll love them the better, because they are
His,

And be kind to whatever I find in my way ;
For I know very well it is pleasant to please,
I like to be happy, and why should not they ?

If I see a poor donkey sink under his load,
I'll run to assist him, and help him to rise ;
I'll never fling stones at the poor crawling toad,
Nor tread on the beetles, nor torture the flies.

And when I have finished the work of the day,
And tried to be good both at school and at
home,

With a heart well contented, and cheerful, and
gay,

I'll play half an hour before supper-time come.

Then I'll look to my dear heavenly Father and
Friend,

And beg that He'll bless me and keep me all
night ;

That while I am sleeping from harm He'll de-
fend,

And once more allow me to see the day light.

THIEVES TAKEN.

As once in the street I was walking,

A very great crowd I did see ;

The people were running and talking,

The bustle and noise frighten'd me.

And I ask'd what was all this about,

They said that two boys had been stealing ;

But the constables soon found them out,

And them to a prison were leading.

To a prison, perhaps cold and dark,
With nothing but straw for their beds ;
Of warm cheering fire not a spark,
Nor a pillow, at night, for their heads.

And when they are hungry, their fare
Will be only dry bread for their eating ;
And when they are thirsty, I fear,
They'll have only cold water for drinking.

Had these boys who thus robb'd their poor
neighbour,
But pray'd to be kept from such sin ;
And honestly kept to their labour,
How happy and loved they had been.

But, oh ! 'twas a sorrowful sight,
And sorrow for them I am feeling ;
May I pray to the Lord every night,
To keep me from picking and stealing.

SUNDAY.

THIS is Sunday, I'll not go to play,
At home it is better to stay,

And read in my Bible, which is the best way
Of passing my time on the good Sabbath day.

My heavenly Father did say,

“Keep holy my own Sabbath day;”

And oh! may I often and heartily pray
To be good on the Sabbath and every day.

FOR A LITTLE GIRL WHO GOES TO SCHOOL.

MY mistress teaches me to read,
And teaches me to sew ;
She's very kind to me, and I
To school am glad to go.

She speaks of heaven sometimes to me,
In words so kind, and mild ;
Tells me that God will care for me,
Though I'm a little child.

She says that I must speak the truth
In every thing I say ;
And pray to this dear heavenly Friend,
To bless me every day.

She teaches me to read the Word,
The sacred Word of Truth,
That I may have a treasure stored,
To guide me in my youth.

Oh may I have a grateful heart,
For all the blessings given !
Prepared to share a joyful part,
In praises sung in Heaven.

FOR A LITTLE BOY WHO GOES TO SCHOOL.

Now I'm ready, I'll go to my school,
Nor loiter at all by the way ;
My father says 'tis a good rule,
To be in good time every day.

I look'd at my lesson last night,
And think I can say it quite well ;
I'm learning to read, and to write,
And also to cipher and spell.

My master I will not displease,
For he is a kind master to me ;
Nor will I my schoolfellows tease,
But try with them all to agree.

I ought to have love in my heart
For each fellow creature I see ;
And cheerfully do unto them,
As I would they should do unto me.

And when school is past I shall see
My father and mother with joy ;
And, oh ! how well pleased I shall be,
If they tell me I am a good boy.

TO A CAT.

PRETTY Pussey ! come to me,
I have got some milk for thee ;

Milk, my cat, that is as nice
For thee, I think, as little mice :
'Tis a dainty little sup,
All for thee, so drink it up.

Stay with me, and softly pur,
While I stroke thy tabby fur ;
Do not try away to go,
I'll not hurt thee, Pussey, no :
At dinner time, I'll not forget
To give a bit to little pet.

Sometimes when I'm in the street,
Cats and dogs I often meet,
Who look so very poor and thin,
Their bones almost come through their skin :
Poor dumb creatures 'tis a sin
To keep them thus so poor and thin.

Wicked boys I often see
Treat them very cruelly ;
Kick them, make them bite and fight ;
Oh ! this is a shocking sight.

Heavenly Father, give to me
A heart that cannot cruel be.
If these wicked boys loved thee,
Never would they cruel be.

FOR A LITTLE GIRL WHO LIKES BETTER TO
STAY WITH HER SICK MOTHER THAN
TO GO TO PLAY.

MOTHER, may I go to play,
I have read and work'd to-day ;
All my lessons I did say,
Mother, may I go to play ?

I will not go far away,
Nor with naughty children play ;
Wicked words I will not say,
Mother, may I go to play ?

See how brightly shines the sun !
How I long away to run !
Mother, look at me, and say,
Yes, you may go out to play.

Do you wish that I should stay
At home, and not go out to play ?
Is there any thing to do,
For father, brother, or for you ?

Then at home with you I'll stay,
Try to please you all the day ;
Kind to you I ought to be,
You are always kind to me.

Mother, you are sick, I fear,
Let me stand beside your chair ;
I would rather with you stay,
Till you are well, than go to play.

THE BUTTERFLY.

Do not catch the butterfly,
Fluttering round that pretty flower ;
Let it live, its wings to try,
Glittering in the sunny hour.

Do not catch the butterfly,
Let it go from spray to spray ;
Let it in the tulip lie,
Or on the rose or jas'mine stay.

Red and blue, like velvet fine,
On its wings so brightly glow ;
Beautifully gay they shine,
Tell me who has made them so.

It was our dear heavenly Friend,
He who lives in light above ;
If we love this heavenly Friend,
We shall all his creatures love.

A LITTLE CHILD TO ITS MOTHER.

DEAR mother, I've been a good child all the day,
Very neatly I work'd, and my lessons did say,
So give me a kiss, my dear mother, I pray.

I rose up this morning quite happy and gay,
And you know very well that my prayers I did
say ;

It was God's Holy Spirit that taught me to pray.

And as I have been a good child all the day,
I think I may go for an hour out to play,
But first let me kiss you, dear mother, I pray.

SOME LINES RECOMMENDING NEATNESS.

MY hands I must keep very clean,
My face I must wash every day ;
And always be fit to be seen,
At home, or at school, or at play.

I hope I shall never endure
Either ragged or dirty to go ;
There's water in plenty I'm sure,
And I know very well how to sew.

My needle-work must not be soil'd,
And whenever I go out to play, .

Lest my work or my books should be spoil'd,
I'll put them all neatly away.

That when I return from my play,
And want either book, work, or pen,
I may know where I put them away,
And find them all safely again.

ADVICE TO A LITTLE CHILD AGAINST STEALING.

WHATEVER you borrow, my dear little child,
Though it be but a needle or pin,
Be sure to return it, nor think it your own,
It may be the beginning of sin.

And always be honest, my dear little child,
Oh ! think what distress you will feel,
Should you ever so wicked become, my poor
child,
As to dare from your neighbour to steal.

Then pray every morning, my dear little child,
The love of your Maker to feel ;

Be kind to your neighbour, good humour'd, and
mild,
And never, oh, never dare steal.

A BROTHER TO HIS LITTLE SISTER.

COME, my sister, come and play,
We have got a holiday,
So I heard my mother say,
Come, my sister, come and play.

Let us walk in yonder fields,
See what pretty flowers it yields ;
Cuckoo flower, and pansy blue,
I will gather them for you.

In the fields I'd rather stay,
Than with boys at marbles play ;
Naughty words they often say,
So I will not with them stay.

I love you, and you love me,
Never may we disagree;

I'm your brother, and you know,
I should be your friend also.

Jesus, from his throne above,
Bids his children live in love;
We cannot go to him above,
If we do not live in love.

MORNING.

RISE, my child, 'tis morning light,
See, the day is fine and clear;
See, the sun is shining bright,
Let us take a walk, — my dear.

Hark! the lark begins to sing,
(You will sleep too long I fear,)
High in air it loves to spring,
Listen to its song, — my dear.

See the early traveller nigh,
Gazing on the river clear;
See the distant mountain high,
See the glorious sun, — my dear.

Look on all the beauties round,
And thy infant mind prepare ;
Thankfully His praise to sound,
Who has made them all, — my dear.

And remember, little child,
Mountain, sun, and flowery sod,
Are not, lovely though they be,
Half so lovely as thy God.

Gladly would I teach thee, child,
Him to honour, love, and fear ;
Make thee pious, gentle, mild,
Fit to go to heaven, — my dear.

A THOUGHT IN A PLACE OF WORSHIP.

To the Father of mercy and love,
Though a child, I'm allow'd to repair ;
To seek for the blessings that come from above,
To ask for the spirit of prayer.

The Saviour says, Come unto me,
Little children, you've nothing to fear ;
Your Father, your guardian, your friend, I will
be,
And I'll give you the spirit of prayer.

I'll save you from sin and from woe,
If you give yourselves up to my care ;
Then to Him may I always be willing to go,
And ask for the spirit of prayer.

For whether at church, or away,
His Spirit is every where,
And if in my heart I desire to pray,
He will give me the spirit of prayer.

FOR A LITTLE CHILD WHO IS IN GOOD HEALTH.

How happy am I, who can run, and can play,
And can hear, and can speak, and can see ;
And though I well know I can never repay
Him who gave all these blessings to me.

Yet I know I can love Him, and think of His
love,
And to others can speak in his praise ;
And can wish in my heart, He would look from
above,
And teach me to walk in his ways.

He sees my whole heart, and he knows every
thought ;
He hears every word that I say ;
He likes little children to do as they ought,
And to pray to him every day.

Then while I'm in health, and can run, and can
play,
And can hear, and can speak, and can see,
Oh ! may I remember each night and each day,
Him who gave all these blessings to me.

FOR A LITTLE CHILD WHO IS FOND OF
GATHERING FLOWERS.

I'LL go to the fields for some flowers,
The fields are so pretty and gay ;

How sweet they are after the showers ;
I could play in them all the long day.

Dont run from me, dear pretty lambs,
I never will hurt you indeed ;
You may play by the side of your dams,
Or totter about in the mead.

Perhaps the sweet cowslip is here,
That hangs down its pale yellow head ;
The cuckoo flower, lovely and fair,
And the daisy, encircled with red.

In the wood I shall find the blue bell,
And the pretty anemone too ;
The meadow-sweet down in the dell,
And the violet with beautiful blue.

The sweet-scented hawthorn I see,
And the roses that sweeten the breeze ;
But not one of them sweeter to me
Than the woodbine that twines round the
trees.

But who made these beautiful trees,
And who made these delicate flowers ;
Who sweetens with roses the breeze,
And refreshes the fields with his showers ?

'Twas my dear heavenly Father above,
Who made every thing that I see ;
And who with compassion and love,
Regards a poor infant like me.

But how many sweet flowers are here,
The best I will give to my mother,
And some to my schoolfellows dear,
And some to my sister and brother.

SPRING.

THE pretty white snowdrop I see
Just springing above the dark ground ;
And the primrose beneath the tall tree,
Peeping out with the violets around.

The tulip so gay will appear,
And the dark polyanthus will blow ;

The auricula too will be here,
And the bells of the hyacinth glow.

It is spring, oh, how sweet is the air,
How lovely the green of the trees ;
While I walk may I raise up a prayer,
With thanks for such beauties as these.

SUMMER.

It is summer, the roses of June
Are as lovely as ever they were ;
The blackbird and thrush are in tune,
And their nests have begun to prepare.

They will peck at our cherries and pears,
And our currants and gooseberries too ;
But, oh ! do not drive them away,
There is plenty for them and for you.

The sun that now shines in the sky,
With such brightness, such warmth, and
such power,

That ripens and sweetens the fruit,
And gives colour to every flower ;

By our heavenly Father was given,
Who loves little children I hear,
And if they are good he will take them to hea-
ven

Where summer will last all the year.

AUTUMN.

THE bloom of the roses is past,
That sweetened the porch at the door ;
The woodbine is fading quite fast,
And the song of the blackbird is o'er :

The harvest is all carried home,
And carefully stored to make bread ;
And many to buy it will come,
For many there are to be fed.

And when I sit down to my food,
May I try to be thankful, and say,
Thou Giver of all that is good,
Thus nourish me every day.

WINTER.

How chilly and cold is the air,
And the streams are beginning to freeze ;
The trees are all leafless and bare,
And winter is felt in the breeze.

The snow gently falls on the ground,
The robin comes close to the door ;
He looks for a crumb all around,
And a crumb I will give him and more.

Not a flower to be seen on our plains,
Not a daisy nor buttercup there ;
But the fine laurustinus remains
Evergreen through each change of the year.

And the laurel is evergreen too,
And shines in our gardens around ;
And the ivy, the fir, and the yew,
Are lovely wherever they're found.

Not a shrub nor a flower do I see,
No creatures around, or above ;
How great, or how small they may be,
But are given by all powerful love.

Oh ! thankfully would I adore
That Jesus by whom they are given ;
And joyfully look to the store,
Far brighter with Jesus in heaven.

WE'LL LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

I'LL put on my bonnet, my tippet, and gloves,
And go out to walk with my brother,
We are always as happy as two little doves,
For I'm sure that we love one another.

My little new basket I'll take with me too,
And gather some flowers for my mother ;

The cowslip, the primrose, the hyacinth blue,
For *she* taught us to love one another.

And, oh ! what a pleasure it is to obey,
So good and so tender a mother ;
I'd rather be with her than running to play,
For I'm sure that we love one another.

In the street I saw naughty boys fighting one
day.

So silly for this, that, and t'other ;
They never had got in this terrible fray,
If they had but loved one another.

But perhaps these poor children had never been
taught,

Like me by a sensible mother,
Not to quarrel and fret, but do as they ought,
And always to love one another.

Then wherever I go, and wherever I stay,
I'll try naughty tempers to smother ;
For God will not love us we very well know,
If we do not love one another.

FOR A LITTLE BOY AND GIRL WHOSE FATHER
IS DEAD.

How bright is the sun in that lovely blue sky,
The morning is pleasant and warm ;
With my sister I'll go to the meadows, and try
To glean a few handfuls of corn.

Come, come, little girl, let me lead you along,
You know you may come with your brother ;
Let us make haste to mix the poor gleaners
among,
And pick up some wheat for dear mother.

Poor Mother! she works very hard for her
bread,
And little she earns every day ;
She has no one to help her now father is dead,
Her comforts are all gone away.

Poor mother ! if ever I grow up a man,
I hope I shall dutiful be ;

And for such a kind mother do all that I can,
Nor forget all her kindness to me.

But now let us pick up as much as we may,
And carry it home to poor mother ;
These handfuls will make us some bread and
she'll say,
“ What a good little sister and brother.”

SOME VERSES FOR A LITTLE BOY.

THE haymaking now is begun,
To the meadows away we will run ;
Men, women, and children, are working away :
When I'm grown up a man I will learn to make
hay.

This hay is for horses to eat,
To them 'tis a very great treat ;
To the stable in winter how glad they will go,
When the trees and the fields are all covered with
snow.

Poor horses, they ought to be fed,
And have some clean straw for their bed ;
And after the labour and toil of the day,
It were hard, very hard, not to give them good
 hay.

When we want, we can ask for some bread,
But dumb creatures ought to be fed :
You know neither donkies nor horses can say,
“ I am hungry, so give me some victuals, I
 pray.”

I hope I shall be a good man,
And be kind to whatever I can ;
And always be willing to work the right way,
For very good workmen get very good pay.

GOING TO CHURCH.

I go to Church, the prayers I hear,
But, ah ! my naughty heart, I fear,
 I do not always pray ;

I look too much about to see
The fine, the well-dressed company,
And mind not what I say.

I like to hear the *psalms* they sing,
And in my hand a book I bring,
That I might sing myself;
But 'tis the music pleases me,
My book would just as useful be
At home upon the *shelf*.

Now this is sinful, oh! may I
In all the prayers and praises try
To bear a faithful part;
The good desire, not outward show,
Will please my God, for well I know,
“His eye is on my heart.”

TO LITTLE CHILDREN WHO GO TO THE INFANT
SCHOOL.

MY dear little Boys and Girls, I hope you will learn to read the verses that are in this little book ; and not only to read them, but to learn to repeat them ; and I hope you will mind what your schoolmaster and mistress say to you : they wish to see you good children, they will teach you how to behave to your father and mother, and to your brothers and sisters, and to your schoolfellows : they will tell you that you ought to love your father and mother, and brothers and sisters, if you have any ; and that you ought to love your schoolfellows, and never to vex or tease them, but to do all that you can to please them. I hope you will be obedient to your master and mistress ; that you will never tell lies, nor steal, nor say wicked words. You ought not to hurt any thing : you ought not to be cruel to dumb creatures : God Almighty made them. He sees every thing you do, and will not love you if you are cruel to the creatures he has made. I hope you will very often think on this great God Almighty, who is

your Father in heaven, and wish with your whole heart to love him more than you love any thing in the world. Do, my dear children, think on Him as soon as you awake in the morning; think on Him as you are going to school; think on Him when you are at school; and every night and morning pray to Him. Ask Him to keep you from sin, to take care of you, to bless you, and to make you fit to go to heaven when you die.

your father is heaven, and with your
mother's heart to love him more than you love
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and every night and morning pray to Him
Ask Him to keep you from sin, to take care
of you, to bless you, and to make you happy
in heaven when you die.

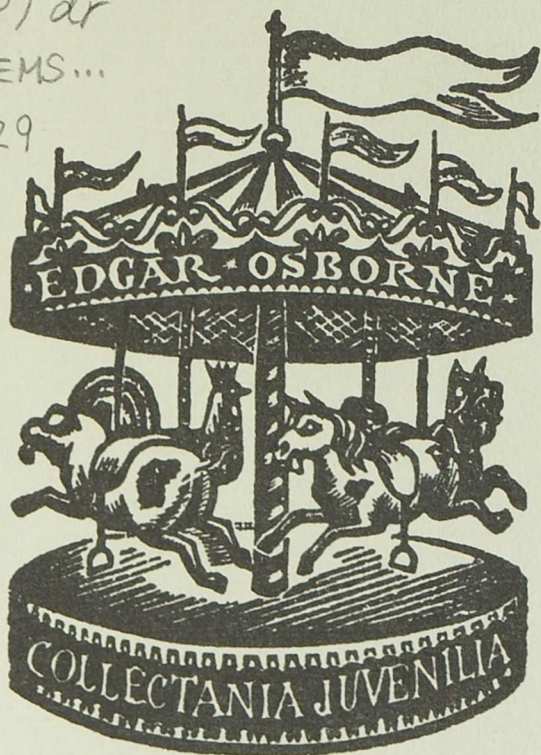
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