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POETICAL PRESENT.

WITH BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS,



WORCESTER:

PUBLISHED BY J. GROUT, JR.



CHILDREN'S BOOK

COLLECTION

UBBRAY OF THE

CNIERRITY OF CHIEFWIA

LOS ANGELES

COLLECTION



THE DEAD ROBIN.





PARLEY'S

POETICAL PRESENT.

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THE POETICAL PRESENT.

THE DEAD ROBIN.

SEE, Charles, how little robin lies. The film is on his gentle eyes, His pretty beak is parted wide, And blood is flowing from his side; He never, never will come more, To perch before the open door, And never on the window pane You'll hear him softly tap again. Oh! what a very wicked thing It was, to break his tender wing, And deeper dye his breast of red, And kill my darling robin dead. You well may cry, my own dear brother, We never shall have such another; I'm sure I never saw or heard So beautiful and sweet a bird: And Willy, when from school he comes, Will run and get some little crumbs, And fling them round and wait to see Robin hop lightly from the tree, To pick the crumbs up, one by one, And sing and cherup when he'd done. Then, when I show him robin dead, How many bitter tears he'll shed!

Oh dear! how much I'd freely give, To make my little robin live; To hear once more the joyful note Trill sweetly in his swelling throat; To see him skip from spray to spray, And sing his happy hours away.

HEN AND CHICKENS.

See, sister, where the chickens trip, All busy in the morn; Look how their heads they dip and dip, To peck the scattered corn.

Dear sister, shall we shut our eyes?
And to the sight be blind?
Nor think of Him, who food supplies
To us and all mankind?

Whether our wants be much or few, Or fine or coarse our fare, To heaven's protecting care is due The voice of praise and prayer.

BUTTERFLIES.

BUTTERFLIES are pretty things, Prettier than you or I; See the colors on his wings, Who would hurt a butterfly?

'Softly, softly, girls and boys;
He'll come near us by and by;
Here he is, don't make a noise,—
We'll not hurt you, butterfly.'





Not to hurt a living thing, Let all little children try; See again he's on the wing; Good by! pretty butterfly.

BUTTERFLY AND BEE.

METHOUGHT I heard a butterfly Say to a laboring bee, 'Thou hast no colors of the sky On painted wings like me.'

'Poor child of vanity, those dyes And colors bright and rare, (With mild reproof the bee replies) Are all beneath my care.

'Content I toil from morn till eve, And scorning idleness, To tribes of gaudy sloth I leave The vanities of dress.'

THE PLOUGH-BOY.

Where winds blow pure and freely,
And blossoms load the air,
And green leaves wave their leafy boughs,
And all around looks fair;
I ply my daily labor,
And work till night has come,
And then return contented

To rest myself at home.





How sweet unto the weary,
Is such unvexed repose,
When evening's lengthening shadows
Around our cottage close;
And with quiet in our bosoms,
We sit in twilight's shades,
And watch the crimson radiance,
As from the west it fades.

And then, how fresh the slumber,
Which falls upon our eyes;
When night's clear dews are falling,
And stars are in the skies!
No feverish dreams affright us,
And make us start and weep;
But trusting in God's kindly care,
We gently sink to sleep.

And then ere morning flashes
Along the eastern skies,
We bless the care that watched us,
And nerved to labor rise.
We see the day-star fading,
We see the vapors glide
Along the misty vales below,
And up the mountain's side.

Again our hardy sinews
Are bent to manly toil;
Again we mow the waving grass,
Or plough the dewy soil.
And ever when our labors,
For the day, are past and done,
We sit before our cottage door,
And watch the setting sun.

WE ARE SEVEN.

A simple child, dear brother Jim, That lightly draws its breath, And feels its life in every limb, What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl; She was eight years old, she said; Her hair was thick with many a curl, That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic woodland air,
And she was wildly clad;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair,
Her beauty made me glad.

'Sisters and brothers, little maid, How many may you be?'
'How many? Seven in all,' she said, And wondering, looked at me.

'And where are they? I pray you tell.'
She answered, 'Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

'Two of us in the church-yard lie, My sister and my brother; And in the church-yard cottage, I Dwell near them with my mother.'

'You say that two at Conway dwell, And two are gone to sea, Yet ye are seven; I pray you, tell, Sweet maid, how this may be?'







Then did the little maid reply,
'Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the church-yard lie,
Beneath the church-yard tree.'

'You run about, my little maid, Your limbs they are alive; If two are in the church-yard laid, Then ye are only five'.

'Their graves are green, they may be seen,'
The little maid replied,

'Twelve steps or more from mother's door, And they are side by side.

'My stockings there I often knit, My kerchief there I hem; And there upon the ground I sit— I sit and sing to them.

'And often after sunset, sir, When it is light and fair, I take my little porringer, And eat my supper there.

'The first that died was little Jane; In bed she moaning lay, Till God released her of her pain; And then she went away.

'So in the church-yard she was laid; And all the summer dry, Together round her grave we played, My brother John and I.

'And when the ground was white with snow, And I could run and slide, My brother John was forced to go, And he lies by her side.'

'How many are you then,' said I,
'If they two are in heaven?'
The little maiden did reply,
'O master! we are seven.'

'But they are dead; those two are dead! Their spirits are in heaven!'
'Twas throwing words away: for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, 'Nay, we are seven.'

I'M POOR AND ALONE.

Take pity, I pray, on a poor orphan child, Who has not, like you, got a home; I once was beloved, and I often have smiled, But now I am poor and alone.

I once had a father, so joyful and gay,
Till the war came to make him his own;
He fought and he died—and Oh! sad was the day,
When he left us to weep all alone!

I once had a mother, so watchful and kind, Oh, why is such happiness flown! She bore all her sorrows and never repined, But she died—and she left me alone.

I once had a brother—he too was so kind.
Oh, none seemed so good as my own!
On the wide Indian sea by a merciless wind
He was shipwrecked, and I am alone.





My good mother taught me to work and to pray,
To be joyful with what was my own!
But sickness and hunger both tempt me to-day
To beg—for I'm poor and alone.

Weep not, little child, for a friend is still near; Thy wishes and wants are all known; Thy Father in heaven each meek suppliant will

hear;
Thou art poor—but thou art not alone.

STOP! STOP! PRETTY WATER.

'Stop! Stop! pretty water,'
Said Harry one day,
To a frolicksome brook
That was running away.

'You run on so fast, I wish you would stay; My boat and my flowers You will carry away.

'But I will run after,
Mother says that I may;
For I want to know where
You are running away.'

So Harry ran on;
But I have heard say
That he never could find
Where the brook ran away.





THE LITTLE TROUT.

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

Now as I've heard, this little trout
Was young, and foolish too;
And so he thought he'd venture out
To see if it were true,

And round about the hook he play'd With many a longing look,
And 'Dear me,' to himself he said,
'I'm sure that's not a hook.

'I can give one little pluck, Let's see, and so I will;' So on he went, and lo! it stuck Quite through his little gill!

And as he faint and fainter grew,
With hollow voice he cr.ed,
Dear mother, if I'd minded you,
I need not now have died.

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 confessed, That I careless and idle have been; I lay down, as usual, to 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.

THE INFANT HERO.

'Tis school time, mother, do you know The first bell rang an hour ago?' A little boy said this—his name I'll whisper in your ear quite plain, If for a moment you'll come here. But then you'll tell of it I fear, And that you know, would never do, As what I tell is strictly true. He held his sister by the hand—His twin sister—and there they stand

LE CONTRACTOR



With baskets, and a little book On which they both delight to look. Their mother answered, 'you must wait, Although I know 'tis rather late; I dare not trust you now alone, Nor till you've somewhat older grown.' Why, mother, I am almost four And in six months I shall be more: I'm sure I'm a great boy now. We'll go alone, I'll tell you how. If we may start, we will not play, Nor stop one moment on the way ; I'll take good care of Helen dear, So for her you need not fear; I'll keep the stages off-just so-Say, my dear mother, shall we go?'

I saw them start, and watched the boy, His face all bright with smiles of joy; He walked erect, his eager eye Glanced round, the danger to espy; And ever and anon, he told His sister he was now so old, She never need to be afraid, By day or night, in sun or shade.

My moral's short—'tis this: that boys Who, we all know, delight in noise, Should love their sisters more than play, And kindly treat them every day.

IT IS A PLEASANT DAY.

Come, my children, come away, For the sun shines bright to-day; Little children, come with me, Birds and brooks, and posies see; Get your hats and come away, For it is a pleasant day.

Every thing is laughing, singing, All the pretty flowers are springing; See the kitten full of fun, Sporting in the pleasant sun; Children too, may sport and play, For it is a pleasant day.

Bring the hoop, and bring the ball, Come with happy faces all; Let us make a merry ring, Talk and laugh, and dance and sing; Quickly, quickly, come away, For it is a pleasant day.

NANCY RAY.

My bird is dead, Said Nancy Ray, My bird is dead, I cannot play.

Go put his cage, Far, far away, I do not love His cage to-day. He sang so sweetly Every day— He sings no more, I cannot play.

She wiped her eyes, Poor Nancy Ray, And sat and sighed, But could not play.





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 silvery clear, Think of me then—I loved it well.

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 stirred,
Think of me then!—I go, I go.







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