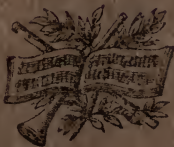


JUVENILE POEMS.



SOLD BY J. METCALF,
WENDELL, MASS.

A decorative border with a repeating floral and vine motif surrounds the text.

CHILDREN'S BOOK
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LOS ANGELES

JUVENILE POEMS.



WENDELL, MASS.

PRINTED AND SOLD BY J. METCALF.

1828.

A B C D E F G

H I J K L M N

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JUVENILE POEMS.



PORK AND BEEF.

LITTLE Jane thinks she can tell
What pork is when alive ;
She knows their squeaking noise quite
well,
When pigs to market drive.



Well, Jane is right, for pork is pig,
But does she know beside,

That when they older grow, and big,
Bacon they make, if dried.

And what is beef? sure James must know,
For often have we seen
The creature running to and fro,
When in the fields we've been.



She cannot guess, I must explain,
The ox is then its name ;
And other countries try in vain,
To equal ours in fame.

WHAT IS VEAL.

WILLIAM ask'd how veal was made,
His little sister smil'd,

It grew in foreign climes, she said,
And call'd him silly child.

Eliza, laughing at them both,
Told to their great surprise,
The meat cook boil'd to make the broth,
Once liv'd, had nose and eyes ;

Nay, more, had legs, and walk'd about ;
William in wonder stood,
He could not make the riddle out,
But begg'd his sister would.

Well, brother, I have had my laugh,
And you shall have yours now,
Veal, when alive was call'd a calf—
Its mother was a cow.



WHAT IS MUTTON.

If veal is calf, what's mutton, pray;
That cannot be calf too?

No, William, no, but step this way,
And mutton is in view.



Eliza, I see nothing there,
But flocks of woolly sheep;
Yet stay, I think some lambs there are
Grazing down yonder steep.

True, brother, and when sheep we kill,
Mutton becomes its name;

When young we call it lamb, but still
The taste is much the same.

The wool which from its back we shear,
Makes nice warm coats for you,
Flannel for Jane and I to wear,
And other uses too.



THE VALUE OF ORDER.

SISTERS, make haste, young Frank ex-
claims,
The coach is at the gate ;



Hark ! now papa repeats your names,
He says he will not wait.

Coming, my dear papa, said Ann,
 We are almost ready now;
 And in a moment down she ran,
 Complete from head to toe.

But why did careless Emma stay?
 The reason soon is known;
 She could not find her gloves that day,
 Her tippet too was gone.

Ten minutes pass'd, she did not come,
 Papa grew angry quite,
 And left the careless girl at home
 To find them as she might.

BRICKS.

HOUSES are made of bricks, we know,
 And what must bricks be then?
 I think indeed they cannot grow,
 Pray are they made by men?

Yes, Edward, bricks are made of clay,
 With water mix'd, and sand;

It's dirty work I needs must say,
For this is done by hand.

Bricks, when moulded neat, and made,
In kilns are put to burn ;
And then in rows with mortar laid,
Soon into houses turn.



Thus what we treat as dirty earth,
Where every insect treads,
By art may prove of greatest worth—
A shelter to our heads.

TO A LITTLE GIRL THAT LIKED TO LOOK
IN THE GLASS.

WHY'S my silly girl so vain,
Looking in the glass again ;
For the meekest flower of spring,
Is a gayer little thing.

Is your merry eye so blue
As the violet wet with dew ?
Yet it loves the best to hide
By the hedge's shady side.

Is your bosom half so fair
As the modest lilies are ?
Yet their little bells are hung
Broad and shady leaves among.

When your cheek the warmest glows,
Is it redder than the rose ?
But its sweetest buds are seen
Almost hid with moss and green.

Little flowers, that open gay,
Peeping forth at break of day,

In the garden, hedge or plain,
Have more reason to be vain.



THE BEE.

MARIA hears the humming bee,
And shrinks with fear his form to see ;
Maria need not be afraid ;
It will not hurt the little maid.

Though on her arm it choose to light,
The noisy insect will not bite ;
Unless she tries to strike it down ;—
Be wise, and leave it quite alone,

If kindly us'd, bees seldom sting ;
 There see, again it spreads its wing ;
 'Tis going home to leave its store,
 Then back will come, to seek for more.

Look in the hive—observe their plan,
 And find a lesson there for man :
 No idle inmate will you see,
 Forever active is the bee.

THE BEGGAR.

A POOR old man is at the gate,
 Alas! he has a wooden leg ;
 How hard, how very hard his fate
 To be so lame, yet forc'd to beg.

I wish my little purse was full ;
 And so it might had I been wise ;
 To think upon it makes me dull,
 And brings the tears into my eyes.

A few days back I had a store,
 Why was I tempted cakes to buy?

Nor save a penny for the poor,
To ease one want, to check one sigh.

Ah! dear mamma a trifle spare,
Send not the beggar man away;
Give him a dinner, ail my share,
I don't deserve a meal to day.



THE NEST.

ARTHUR to Robert made a sign,
That check'd his merry tongue,
And whisper'd, "Robert, what luck is
mine,
A blackbird and its young,

Look through the bush, see there's the
nest,

The mother, brood, and all ;
You shall have her—I'll take the rest,
But hold me lest I fall."



Stay, Arthur, for a moment stay,
And think upon the deed ;
When you were young and helpless, say,
Did you a mother need ?

If so, you soon will comprehend
How these poor birds will fare,
When you have gain'd your cruel end,
They, lost a mother's care.

DAYS, HOURS, AND MINUTES.

How many days are in a week?

Can John or Edward tell?

Eager they both appear to speak,

I hope they'll answer well.

John says there's seven, and he is right ;

Now tell their length, both day and night.

"The hours, papa, I think they say,

Are number'd twenty-four ;

These are divided into day,

And night when day is o'er.

Twelve days, twelve nights, if right I
know ;"

Yes, John, it is exactly so.

How many minutes, may I ask,

Are reckon'd in an hour ?

"Papa, that is an easy task—

Why, sixty, or three score ;

And each owns seconds just the same,

Though moments be their common name."

MAMMA AND THE BABY.

WHAT a little thing am I,
Hardly higher than the table ;
I can eat, and play, and cry,
But to work I am not able.

Nothing in the world I know,
But mamma will try and shew me,
Sweet mamma, I love her so,
She's so very kind unto me.

And she sets me on her knee
Very often, for some kisses ;
O, how good I'll try to be,
For such a dear mamma as this is.





