

3
LITTLE POEMS.



NORTHAMPTON.

A. R. MERRIFIELD.

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LOS ANGELES

Anna L. ...

My dear ...



THE
POETIC PRESENT



NORTHAMPTON.

A. R. MERRIFIELD—1842.

A B C D E F G H I J K L
M N O P Q R S T U
V W X Y Z &

a b c d e f g h i j k l m
n o p q r s t u v w
x y z &

A B C D E F G H I J K
L M N O P Q R S T
U V W X Y Z &

a b c d e f g h i j k l m
n o p q r s t u v
w x y z &

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0

POETIC PRESENT.

CREATION.

God made the sky that looks so blue,
God made the grass so green,
God made the flowers that smell so sweet
In pretty colors seen.

God made the sun that shines so bright,
And gladdens all I see ;
It comes to give us heat and light,
And thankful should we be !

God made the pretty bird to fly,
How sweetly has she sung ;
And though she soars so very high,
She won't forget her young.

God made the cow to give nice milk,
The horse for me to use ;
I'll treat him kindly, for his sake,
Nor' dare his gifts abuse.

God made the water for my drink ;
 God made the fish to swim ;



God made the trees to bear nice fruit,
 Which does my taste so nicely suit ;
 O how should I love him !

ANN.

‘MOTHER, how can the flowers grow?’
 Said little Ann one day ;
 “ The garden is all over snow,
 When will it go away ?”
 “ The sun, my love, will melt the snow,
 And warm the frozen ground ;

But many a wintry wind will blow
Before the flowers are found.

In a few months, my Ann will view
The garden now so white,
With yellow cowslip, violet blue,
And daffodil so bright.

The birds will then from every tree,
Pour forth a song of praise;
Their little hearts will grateful be,
And sweet will sound their lays.

For God who dwells in yonder sky,
Made them as well as you;
He gave them little wings to fly,
And made their music too.

He gave my little girl her voice,
To join in prayer and praise;
Then may she evermore rejoice
To learn her Maker's ways!"

SPRING.

O, 'tis Spring! 'tis the beautiful Spring!
 And the trees are all blooming around,
 And see how the tender young grass
 Covers over the face of the ground.

The birds are all building their nests,
 And can scarce spare a moment to eat,
 Yet they now and then stop on the spray,
 And pour forth a carol most sweet.

The sheep are releas'd from the fold,
 To nibble their delicate meal;
 While the lambkins as merry as May,
 Are gamboling over the hill.

The oxen are loos'd from the barn,
 And patiently bend to the yoke;
 While the stubble is burning in piles,
 And be-clouds all the field with its smoke.

Every creature that lives is at work,
 To provide for the season to come,
 And he must be tilling the ground,
 Who would have loaded wagons go home.



Then I will be idle no more,
 But study as hard as I can;
 And a good stock of knowledge lay up,
 To use when I'm grown to a man.

As this is the spring of my life,
 The seeds of all goodness I'll sow,
 That as fast as my years shall increase,
 In my heart every virtue may grow.

And to do all the good in my power,
 Shall be every minute's employ,
 And then when my seasons are past,
 I shall reap a rich harvest of joy.



THE IDLE BOY.

THOMAS was an idle lad,
And loung'd about all day ;
And though he many a lesson had,
He minded nought but play.

He only car'd for top or ball,
Or marbles, hoop or kite :
But as for learning, that was all
Neglected by him quite.

In vain his mother's kind advice,
In vain his master's care,

He follow'd ev'ry idle vice,
And learnt to curse and swear!

And think you, when he grew a man,
He prosper'd in his ways?
No! wicked courses never can
Bring good and happy days.

Without a shilling in his purse,
Or coat to call his own,
Poor Thomas grew from bad to worse,
And harden'd as a stone.

And O! it grieves me much to write
His melancholy end,
Then let us leave the dreadful sight,
And thoughts of pity send.

But may we this important truth
Observe and ever hold,
"All those who're idle in their youth,
Will suffer when they're old."

THE GLOW WORM.

“ O, what is that which shines so bright,
My mother, on the ground ;
And sheds a ray of pale blue light
On every thing around ?”

“ It is the glow-worm’s light you see,
A simple grub at most ;
But yet it has a quality
No other creatures boast.

If you observe this worm by day,
No beauty you will find ;

’Tis darkness only can display,
The wonders there combin’d,

A useful lesson you may glean
From this poor simple worm ;
There’s not a creature e’er so mean,
But goodness may adorn.”





Beauties of Nature.

WE'LL go to the meadows where cowslips
do grow,

And butter-cups looking as yellow as gold,
And daisies and violets beginning to blow,
For 'tis a most beautiful sight to behold!

The little bee humming about them is
seen,

The butterfly merrily dances along;
The grasshopper chirps in the hedges of
green,

And the linnet is singing his liveliest song.

The birds and the insects are happy and
 gay,
 The beasts of the field they are glad and
 rejoice,
 And we will be thankful to God ev'ry day,
 And praise his great name in a loftier
 voice.

He made the green meadows, he planted
 the flowers,
 He sent his bright sun in the heavens to
 blaze ;
 He created these wonderful bodies of
 ours,
 And as long as we live we will sing of his
 praise.

EVENING.

LITTLE Girl, it is time to retire to thy rest,
 The sheep are put into the fold,
 The linnet forsakes us and flies to her nest,
 To shelter her young from the cold.

The owl has flown out from his lonely
retreat,
And screams through the tall shady
trees ;



The nightingale takes on the hawthorn
her seat,
And sings to the evening breeze.



The sun, too, now seems to have finish'd
his race,

And sinks once again to his rest;
But though we no longer can see his bright
face,

He leaves a gold streak in the west.

Little girl, hast thou finished thy daily
employ,

With industry, patience and care?
If so, lay thy head on thy pillow with joy,
No thorn to disturb shall be there.

The moon through thy curtains shall
cheerfully peep,

Her cheerful beams dance on thy eyes;
And mild evening breezes shall fan thee
to sleep,

Till the bright morn bids thee arise.





MORNING.

WELL, my dear, the cheerful sun
 Shines upon the world again,
 And the little drops of dew
 Glitter on the grassy plain.

Who has guarded you, my son,
 Through the dangers of the night?
 Who has brought you safe again
 To the pleasant morning light?

While you sleep, no raging flame
 Caught the house, and seiz'd your bed;
 And no frightful robber's hand
 Laid you with the murder'd dead.

Soft and quiet was your rest,
Pain and sickness kept away,
And the peaceful hours roll'd on,
To another smiling day.

God protected you, my child,
Nothing could your life destroy,
For the eye that never sleeps
Kindly watch'd my slumb'ring boy.

Go, and on the bended knee,
Pour the humble, filial prayer,
Lift your little heart in praise,
Thank him for his guardian care.

And when death's dark night is past,
And the ~~fast~~ bright morn shall rise,
Beg him to receive you then
To his palace in the skies.





The Shepherd Boy.

UPON a mountain's grassy side,
 Where many a tall fir grew,
 Young Colin wander'd with his flocks,
 And many a hardship knew.

No downy pillow for his head,
 No shelter'd home had he,
 The green grass was his only bed,
 Beneath some shady tree.

Dry bread, and water from the spring,
 Compos'd his temp'rate fare ;
 Yet Colin ate with thankful heart,
 Nor felt a murmur there.

A cheerful smile upon his face
Was ever seen to play,
He envied not the rich or great,
More happy far than they.

While, 'neath some spreading shade he sat,
Beside his fleecy flocks,
His soft pipe warbled through the wood,
And echo'd from the rocks.

An ancient castle on the plain,
In silent grandeur stood
And there the young lord Henry dwelt;
The proud, but not the good.

And oft he wander'd o'er the plain,
Or on the mountain's side,
And with surprise and envy too,
The humble Colin ey'd.

“And why,” said he, “am I denied
That cheerfulness and joy,
That ever smiles upon the face
Of this poor shepherd boy?”



No titles, honors, or estates,
 Or wealth or power has he,
 And yet, though destitute and poor,
 He seems more blest than me."

For this lord Henry did not know,
 That pleasure ne'er is found
 Where angry passions reign and rule,
 And evil deeds abound.

Colin, though poor, was humble too,
 Benevolent and kind:
 While passion, anger, rage, and pride,
 Disturb'd lord Henry's mind.

Thus Colin, though a shepherd boy,
 Was ever glad and gay;
 And Henry, though a noble lord,
 To discontent a prey.

WINTER.

SPRING, Summer, and Autumn have fled,
 And the flowers and fruits disappear,
 The trees are disrobed of their dress,
 For this is the night of the year.

Not a bird wings its way through the air;
 Not a spire of green grass can be found:
 The icicles hang from the bough,
 And the snow mantles over the ground.

The river that gurgled so sweet,
 Is confined with a bandage of ice,
 And the villagers crowd into sleighs,
 And scour o'er the plain in a trice.

The husbandman looks with delight
 To see how his garners are stor'd,

He spared not the sweat of his brow,
And now he enjoys his reward.

To break the hard soil of his farm,
He toiled in the morn of the year,
And now has his crib fill'd with corn,
Enough for himself and to spare.

Beneath the fierce rays of the sun,
He mow'd through the long summer's day
And now he rejoices to see
His barn crowned full of sweet hay.

The Being, who governs mankind,
And prospers the work of their hands,
Will certainly smile on the child,
Who tries to obey his commands.



'Then let me look back on the year,
And if I have wasted my time,
I will double my diligence now,
To improve what remains of my prime.

And if every hour is employ'd
In improving the benefits given,
At each closing year I shall find
I've advanced a year nearer to heaven.



