



THE
CHILD'S
DREAM.



O you know whom I saw last night,
When sleeping in my bed, mamma?
A shining creature all in white,
She seem'd a heavenly maid,
mamma.

I saw her tripping o'er the dew,
Fair as the queen of May, mamma,



She look'd, she smil'd, and to me flew,
And bade me come away, mamma.

She gently drew my curtains wide,
And whisper'd sweetly mild, mamma,
While graceful kneeling at my side,
That I should be her child, mamma.

And then she beckon'd me on high,
In purest joys to dwell, mamma,
Where, in bright mansions of the sky,
Are joys no tongue can tell, mamma.

I look'd, I lov'd, I blush'd awhile,
O! how could I say no, mamma;
She spoke so sweet, so sweet did smile,
I was oblig'd to go, mamma.

For love my infant heart beguil'd,
I hail'd the rapt'rous theme, mamma,
My infant fancy turn'd as wild,
As you may think my dream, mamma.

Methought we wander'd in a grove,
And then thro' pleasant fields, mamma,
In joyful converse we did move,
As music rapture yields, mamma.

And as the beauteous flow'rs we press'd
And as their odours flew, mamma,
A fervent wish rose in my breast,
To share those sweets with you, mamma.

I was, I was, I know not how,
O! had you been with me, mamma,
Such wonders open'd to my view,
As none but angels see, mamma

She took me in her snow-white hand,
And led me through the air, mamma,
We soon lost sight of sea and land,
And rang'd I know not where, mamma.
Yet to the verdant fields of earth,
I cast a look of care, mamma,
To think that you who gave me birth,
And all my friends were there, mamma
The heavenly maid my sorrow saw,
And sweetly chas'd all gloom mamma,
Me to her breast did gently draw
And whisper'd you should come, mamma.
Swift as our thoughts in youthful day
We glanc'd beyond the spheres, mamma,
There music sounding by the way,
Heaven rush'd upon our ears, mamma.
Far through the realms of boundless space
We pass'd in rapid flight, mamma ;
I saw the angels anxious gaze,
And hail us with delight, mamma.
Sun, moon, and stars we knew before,
Were lost unto our view, mamma,
The former things were now no more,
But all things now were new, mamma
For we had gain'd the arch of heaven,
Where glory full appears, mamma,
And saw the source whence motion given
Impels the distant spheres, mamma.
And music's most seraphic tone
Swell'd in angelic strains, mamma,





תזנתו שמו



As we approach'd the radiant throne
 Where God supremely reigns, mamma.
 One universal blaze of light,
 Shone thro' the wide expanse, mamma,
 And not one shade of cheerless night
 Could cloud the raptur'd sense, mamma.
 The pearly gates were open'd wide,
 Soon as we knocked there, mamma---
 But oh! but oh! on every side,
 What heavenly glories were, mamma.
 The happy spirits flocked around
 To welcome me above, mamma,
 And loud the golden harps did sound,
 In praise of Him they love, mamma.
 I heard the heavenly hymning host,
 A holy happy train, mamma,
 Praise Him whose form in glory lost
 Is by reflection seen, mamma.
 They clad me in a shining vest,
 And crown'd my head with light, mamma.



Clasp'd round my shoulders and my breast,
The robe of glory bright, mamma.

As o'er the heavenly plains we pass'd,
Our heavenly joy increas'd, mamma,
I wish'd! I wish'd! it long might last,
So charming was the feast, mamma.

No age can tip the head with snow,
Nor numbness seize the limbs, mamma
But vigour doth more vig'rous grow
As each up Zion climbs, mamma.

No sickness, death, nor sorrow there,
To damp their heavenly bliss, mamma
These fruits of sin with sorrow are,
Deep buried in the abyss, mamma.

The rushing tears which do arise
When we are sick, you know, mamma;
Are wip'd by Jesus from all eyes,
Such love he then doth show, mamma.

All who his precepts shall obey,
And virtue's paths do tread, mamma,

Shall rise to realms of endless day,
And children be of God, mamma.

With wintry storms the ground ne'er pines,
The fields are ever green, mamma;
For there the sun of glory shines
In skies the most serene mamma.

I saw my sister Anna there,
A virgin in full blow, mamma,
Such things to me she did declare
As only angels know, mamma.

Her robes were all a flowing stream,
Of silver dipp'd in light, mamma,
But ah! it wak'd me from my dream,
It shone so clear and bright, mamma.

Now I will walk with Anna's God,
And be an angel too, mamma;
For in yon high and bright abode,
They constant pleasure know, mamma.

Then teach me now the happy way
To gain a throne above, mamma,
That I with them in endless day,
May praise the God of love, mamma.

Then you and I, and father dear,
Will join our Anna there, mamma,
In presence of the Lamb appear,
And dwell for evermore, mamma.

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