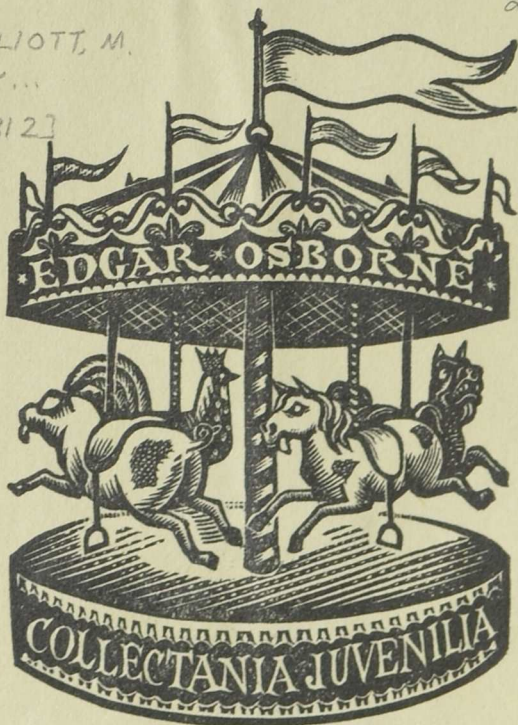


MY BROTHER
BY
MARY BELSEN

P
ELLIOTT, M.
MY...
[1812]

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MY BROTHER.

by Mary Belson.

Who held the tempting cherry nigh,
Now dropped it low, now raised it high
Yet gave it 'ere his pet could cry?

MY BROTHER.



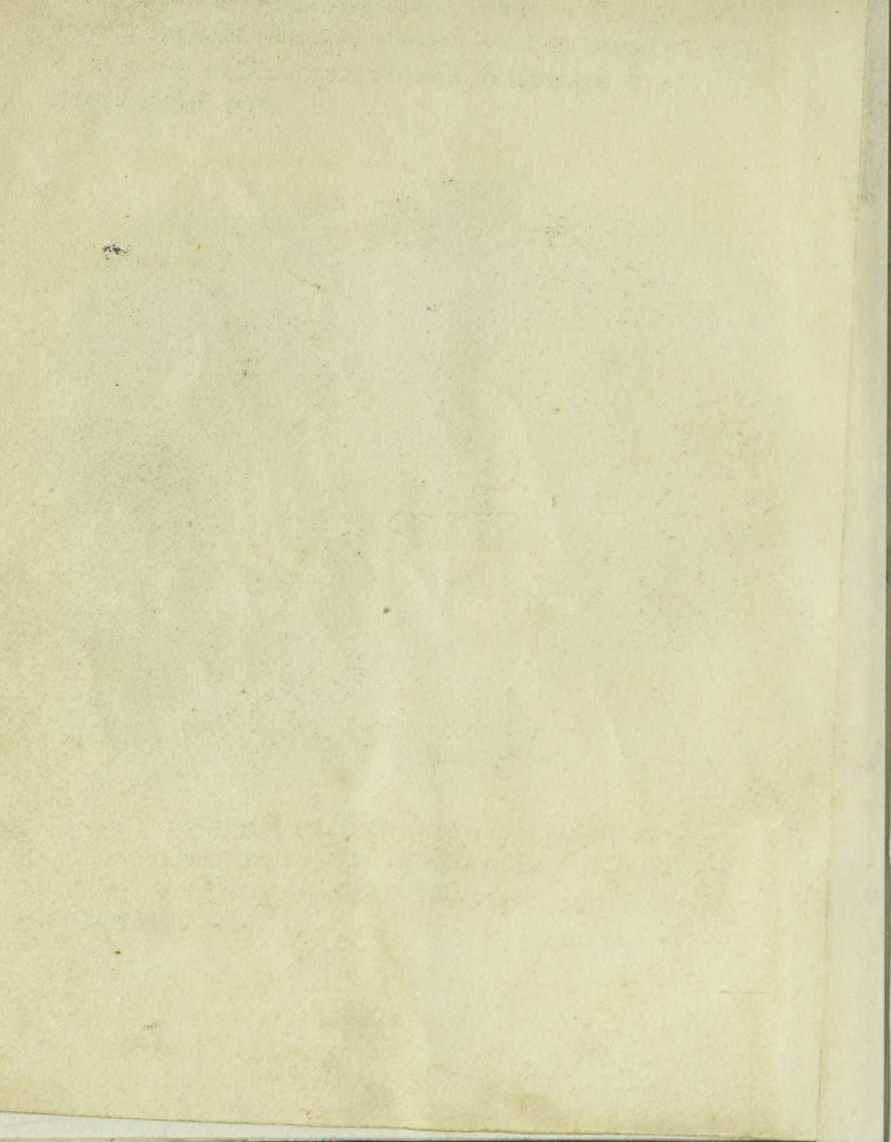
Who hid beside my cradle bed,
Peep, Mary peep, he softly said
While every way I turned my head?

FOR BROTHER.

Who up the tree has nimbly flown,
And thrown the rosy apple down,
While I spread forth my little gown,
MY BROTHER.



Yet whole, it ever did remain,
Till he was safely down again,
And I was out of all my pain
FOR BROTHER.



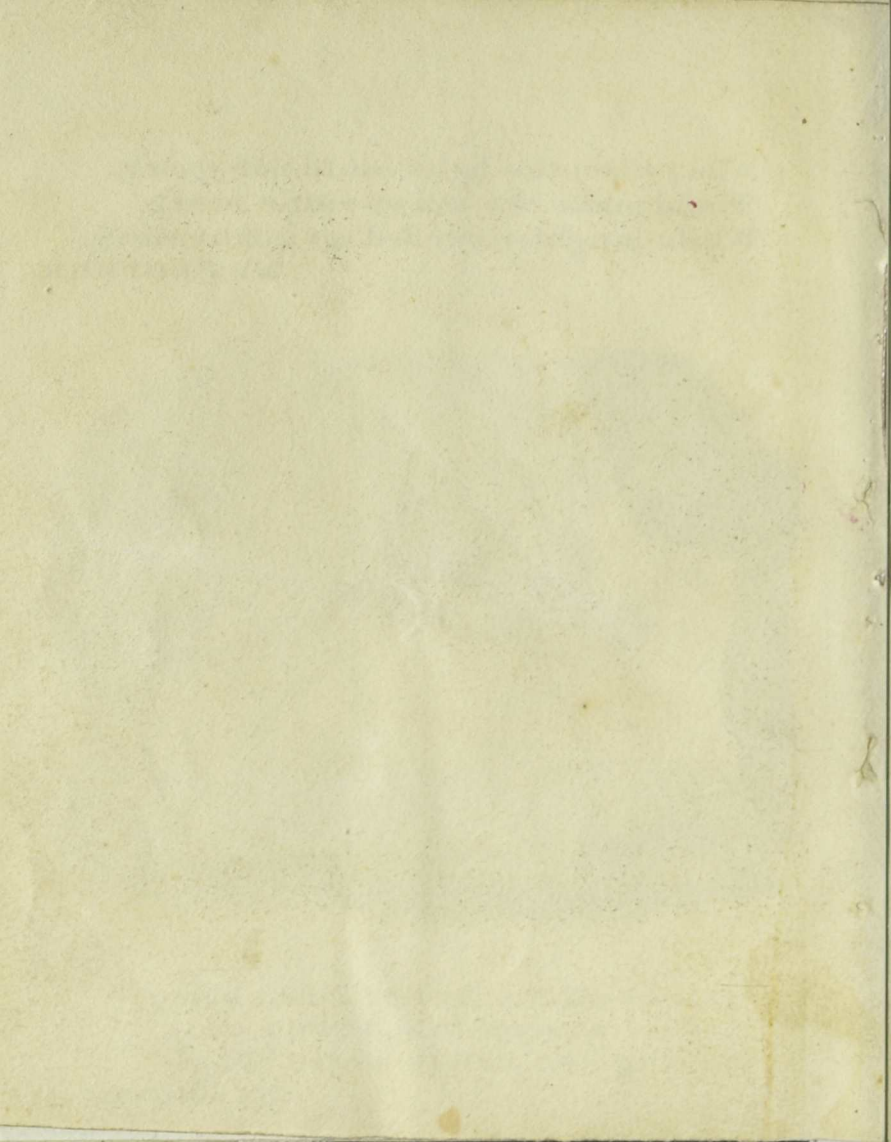
Who, when the baby could not speak,
Would make the noisy rattle creak,
While laughter swelled my infant cheek?

MY BROTHER.

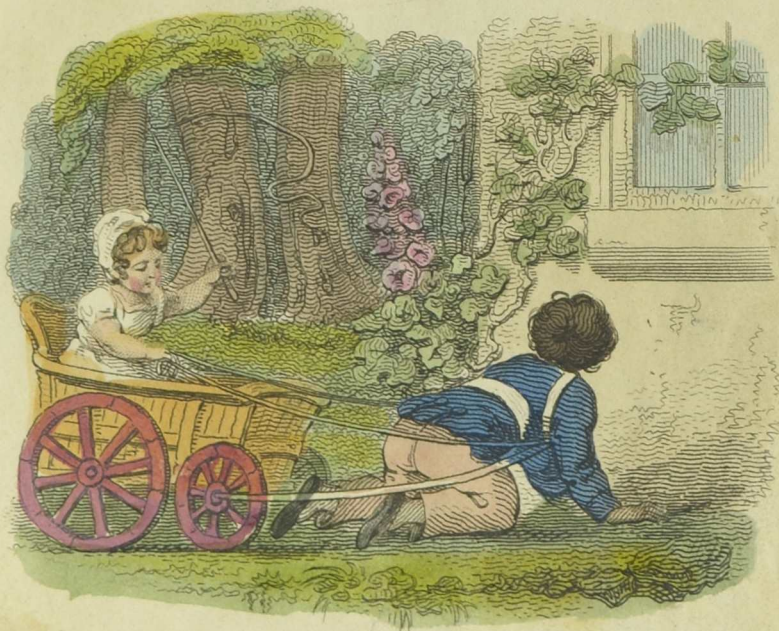


Who, would his fav'rite Kitten bring,
And tie a paper to a string,
Making her run in merry ring?

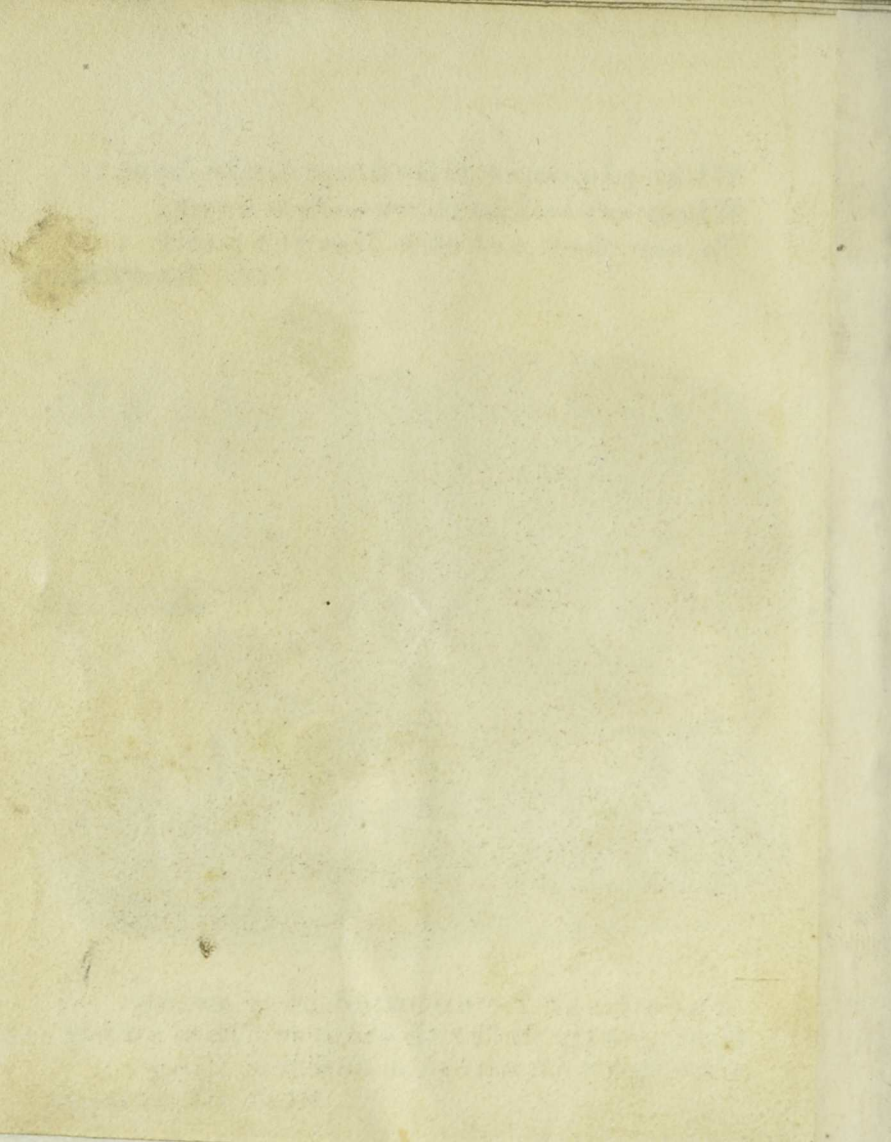
MY BROTHER.



What pleasure filled my little heart,
When seated in thy wooden cart,
To see thee act the Horses part
MY BROTHER.



When first I ventured in a swing,
How gently didst thou move the string,
Nor gave it once, a sudden fling
KIND BROTHER.



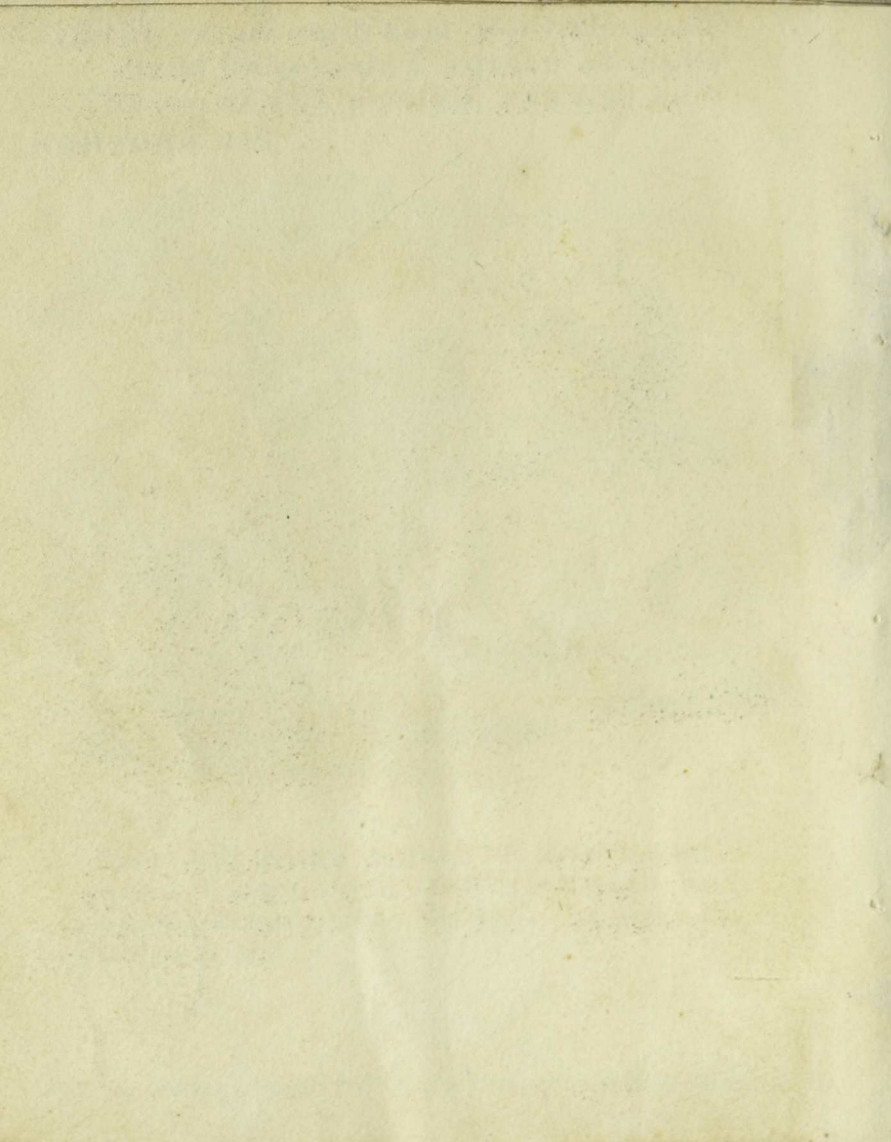
When ROVER seiz'd me in the yard,
While to escape I struggled hard,
Who ran his Sister's life to guard?

MY BROTHER.



When I was ill, who shed the tear,
And crept without his shoes, for fear
The noise should reach his Sisters ear

MY BROTHER



At times I own I used to pout,
And throw my Bread and Milk about,
Who gave me his, and went without,
MY BROTHER.



And when my new shoes made me fall,
Who was the first to hear my call,
And coax me, with his cup and ball?
MY BROTHER.

