

# MY FATHER.





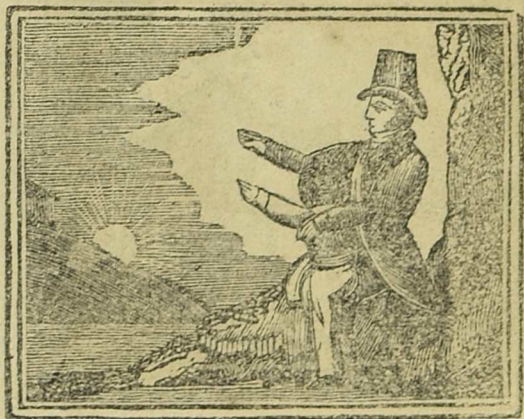
A good child will quickly learn to read the pretty books that are put into his hand, which will not only amuse and instruct him, but cause his parents to love and reward him, like the little girl in the picture, who has had a nice pie given to her for her diligence in learning her task.

Who took me from my mother's arms,  
 And, smiling at her soft alarms,  
 Showed me the world and nature's  
 charms? My Father,



Who made me feel and understand  
 The wonders of the sea and land,  
 And mark through all the Maker's  
 hand? My Father

Who climb'd with me the mountain's  
 height,  
 And watch'd my look of dread delight,  
 While rose the glorious orb of light?  
 My Father.

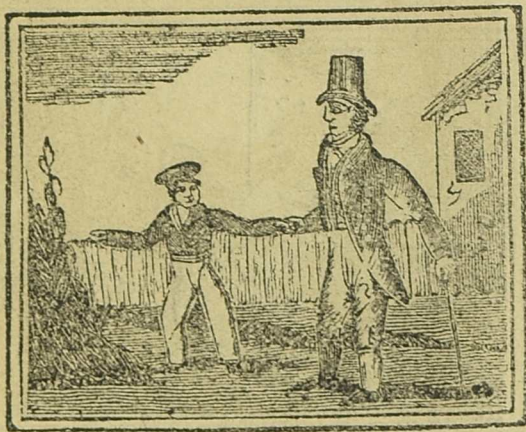


What made a barren rook so dear,  
 "My boy, he had a country there,"  
 And who then dropt a precious tear?  
 My Father.

Who, from each flower and verdant  
stalk,

Gather'd a honey'd store of talk,  
To fill the long delightful walk?

My Father.

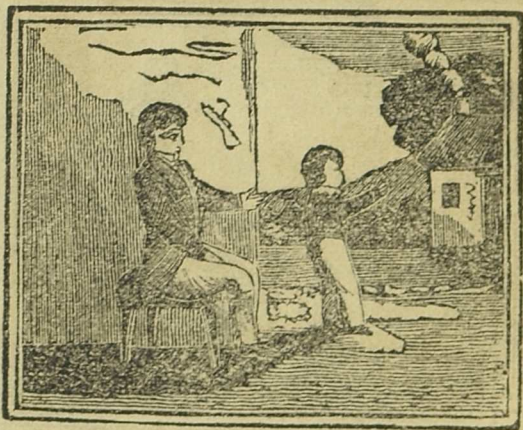


Not on an insect would he tread,  
Nor strike the stinging nettle dead,  
Who taught at once my heart and  
head

My Father.

Who smiled at my supreme desire,  
 To see the curling smoke aspire,  
 From Ithaca's domestic fire?

My Father.



O teach me still thy Christian plan,  
 Thy practice with thy precept ran,  
 Nor yet desert me now a man.

My Father.

Who wrote upon that heart, the line  
 Paideia graved on Virtue's shrine,  
 To make the human race divine?

My Father.



Who fired my breast with Homer's  
 flame,

And taught the high heroic theme,  
 That nightly flash'd upon my dream?

My Father.

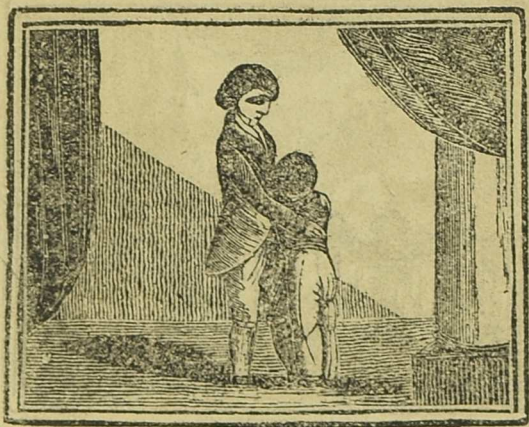
Upon the raft, amidst the foam,  
 Who with Ulysses, so me roam,  
 His head still raised to look for home?  
 My Father.



Still let thy scholar's heart rejoice ;  
 With charms of thy angelic choice,  
 Still prompt the motive and the choice,  
 My Father.



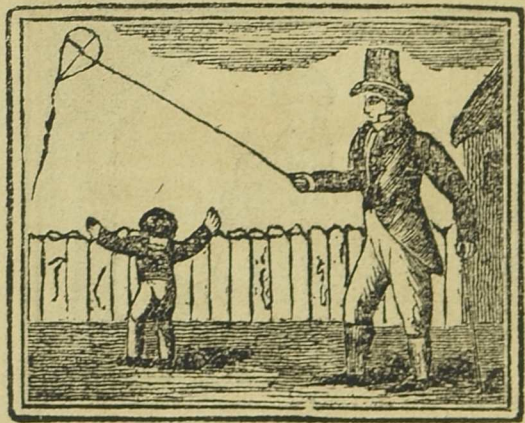
For yet remains a little space,  
 Till I shall meet thee face to face,  
 And not as now in vain embrace,  
 My Fa'her.



Should sickness overtake thy age,  
 My care shall every pain assuage,  
 And sooth thee from the sacred page,  
 My Father.

Who took me in the fields to walk,  
And listen'd to my infant talk,  
Making me chains of thistle stalk ?

My Father.



And when my kite I wish'd to try,  
Who held the string and let it fly,  
While pleasure sparkled in my eye,

My Father.

Who bade me never shut the door,  
To shun the sorrows of the poor,  
Or slight the woes my power could  
cure.

My Father.

