

**VERSES
FOR
LITTLE
CHILDREN
1616**

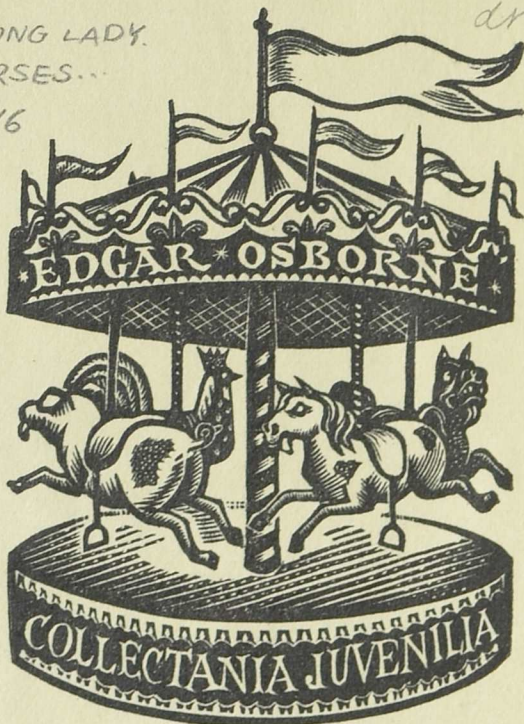
DARTON HARVEY DARTON

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YOUNG LADY.
VERSES...

1816



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FRONTISPIECE



LITTLE ANN

See Page 3.

VERSES

FOR

LITTLE CHILDREN.

WRITTEN BY A YOUNG LADY,

For the Amusement of her junior Brothers and Sisters.

WITH

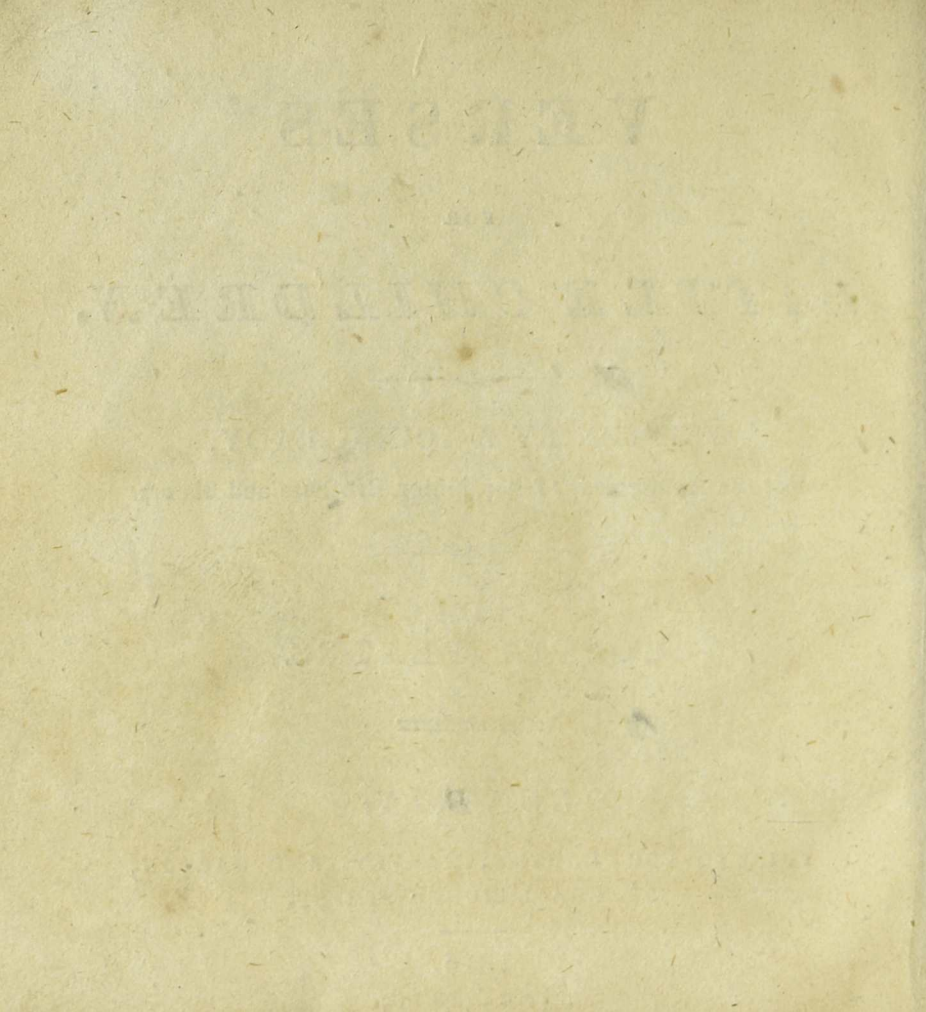
COPPER-PLATES.

LONDON:

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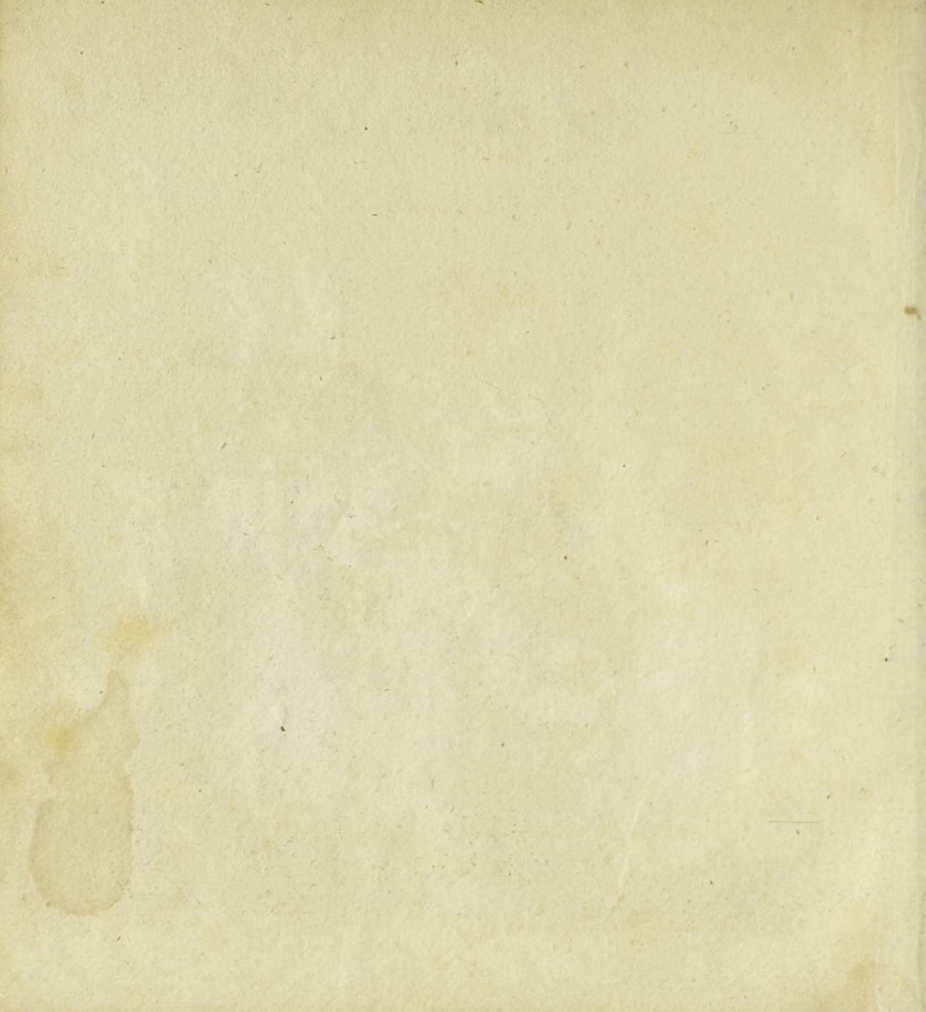
1816.

Price Sixpence.



THE CROSS CHILD





VERSES, &c.



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 ev’ry tree,
Pour forth their 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 !”

GOOD CHILDREN.

SAID William to Lucy, on looking one day

At a shop full of beautiful toys ;

“ With a doll, my dear sister, how nice you could play,
And here’s top, whip, or bat, for us boys.

“ Last Monday my aunt gave me six-pence, you know,
For repeating my lessons so clear ;

So into the shop I declare I will go,
For, I dare say, the toys are not dear.”

“ Stop, William,” said Lucy, “ for do not you see,
A poor little girl standing by.”—

“ Sweet Master and Miss, O, have pity on me,
Or with hunger I surely shall die.

“Do, pray, give me something, tho’ ever so small;
No food have I tasted this day.”—
“Take this sixpence,” said William, “I give it you all;”
Then with Lucy tript happy away.



A CRUEL CHILD.

MARY ANN a brother had,
Who was indeed a pretty lad;
But what will very much surprise,
He had a trick of teasing flies.

One day his sister was from home,
And little James was quite alone;
A fly upon the table flew;
“Oh, Oh!” said he, “I’ll soon have you.”

And

And then he tortur'd the poor thing,
By pulling off a leg and wing :
He thought, as nobody was near,
He had no other cause of fear.

But soon, this naughty boy to cure,
A wasp (he had not seen before)
His hands and face so sorely stung,
That with the pain his hands he wrung.

He cried, and stamp'd, and ran about ;
His father soon the cause found out :
“ It serves you right, my son,” said he ;
“ I hope it will a warning be.

“ But if again I find that you
The little harmless flies pursue,
Some other method I shall find,
Nor will the whip be far behind.”

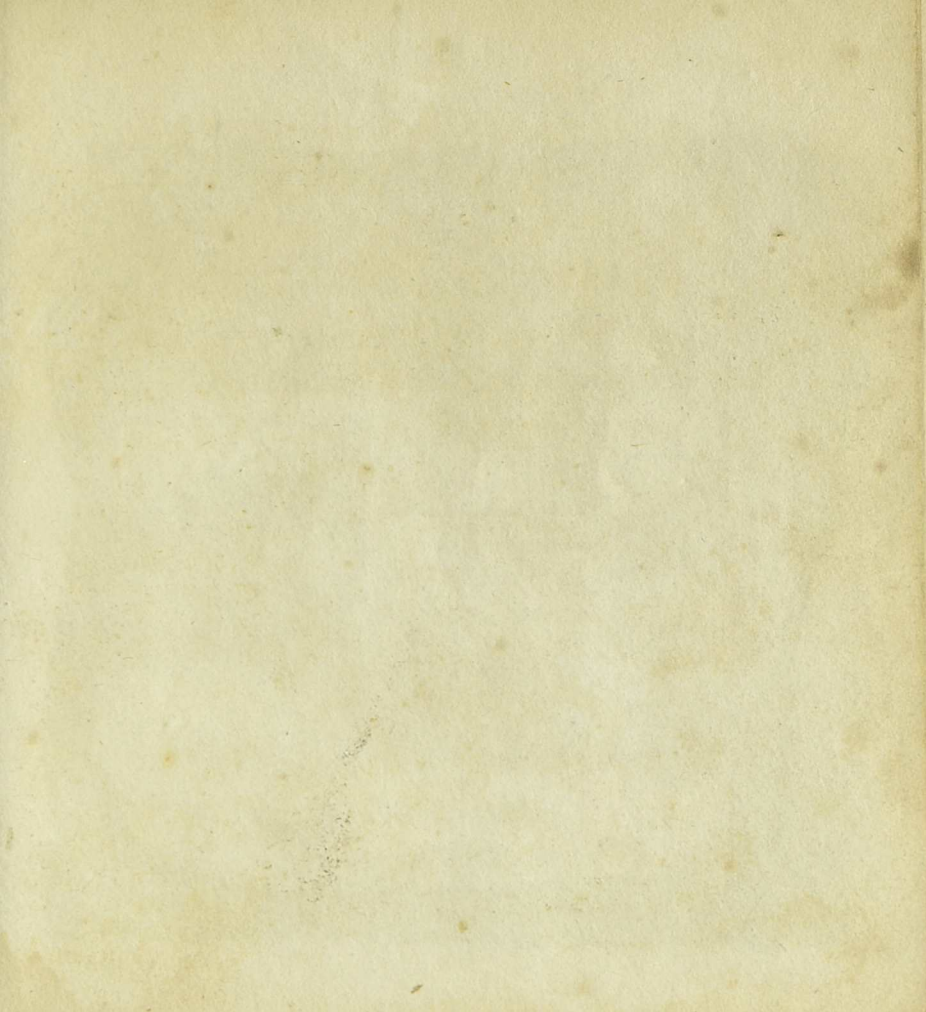
THE GLOW-WORM.

“ Oh ! 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



THE ROBIN



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



THE ROBIN.

ONE winter's day the wind blew high,
 And fast came down the snow ;
 A Robin, much too weak to fly,
 Hopp'd in the yard below.

While Emma at the window stood,
 Nor ran the bird to take,
 Who, when he'd peck'd a little food,
 Began his wings to shake.

He soon reviv'd, and from that day
Kind Emma's guest has been;
And often, when the children play,
Sweet little Bob is seen.



THE BIRD'S NEST.

“WHAT makes my Robert look so bright,
And clap his hands with joy;
Those eyes his mother's heart delight:
Come here, my darling boy.”

“Oh, I have got the sweetest nest!
The birds can almost fly!
I want to know what food is best
To give them when they cry.

“Dick

“ Dick took the nest and gave it me ;
 I hope they will not die :
 Do, mother, come with me and see
 How prettily they lie.”

“ Oh, cruel child ! how could you take
 The little birds away ?
 Listen ! what piteous cries they make !
 To me they seem to say—

‘ Come, dearest mother, bring us food
 And warmth, or we shall die :
 A monster took us from the wood :
 Shiv’ring with cold we lie.’

“ Poor little things, you cry in vain !
 Your parents cannot hear !”—
 “ Indeed, I’ll not do so again,”
 Said Robert, with a tear.

And faithfully he kept his word ;
For, even to this day,
If Richard offers him a bird,
He always walks away.



A CROSS CHILD.

YOUNG NANCY had a baby-house,
And tables, beds, and chairs,
And cups, and plates, and baskets too
Of apples, plums, and pears.

But Nancy was a naughty child,
And spoil'd her sister's play ;
She flew in passions loud and wild,
When Mary wish'd to stay.

One day she made her sister cry,
 She gave her such a blow ;
 Their mother, who was passing by,
 Came in the cause to know.

Nancy to bed was sent away ;
 Not so her little sister,
 For when she was quite tir'd with play,
 Her mother nurs'd and kiss'd her.



MY FATHER.

Who taught me on a stick to stride,
 Or on his fav'rite nag to ride,
 And guide the bit on either side?

My Father.

Who

Who drove the hoop to make me gay,
And show'd me how at taw to play,
Or spun the top to cheer the day?

My Father.

When first a whimpering school-boy, I
At leaving home would often cry,
Who wip'd the tear from off my eye?

My Father.

And bade me strive the prize to gain,
A sweet reward for all the pain
Of learning, which the good obtain?

My Father.

When next youth's flow'ry paths I trod,
And lost the fear of cane and rod,
Who taught my soul to fear my God?

My Father.

And

And bade me shun the Syren wiles
 Of Pleasure, ne'er to court her smiles,
 Which often end in pain and toils?

My Father.

And when my little bark first sail'd
 On life's gay stream, with joy I hail'd
 The port, my home, where love ne'er fail'd,

My Father.

Surely, when pain or age assail,
 My love shall cheer thee down the vale
 Of sinking life, nor ever fail,

My Father.

And when at length thou'rt call'd away
 To realms of everlasting day,
 My tears shall wet thy mouldering clay,

My Father.

O, never

O, never may one deed of shame,
 Of mine, disgrace thy honour'd name,
 To rob thee of thy spotless fame,

My Father.



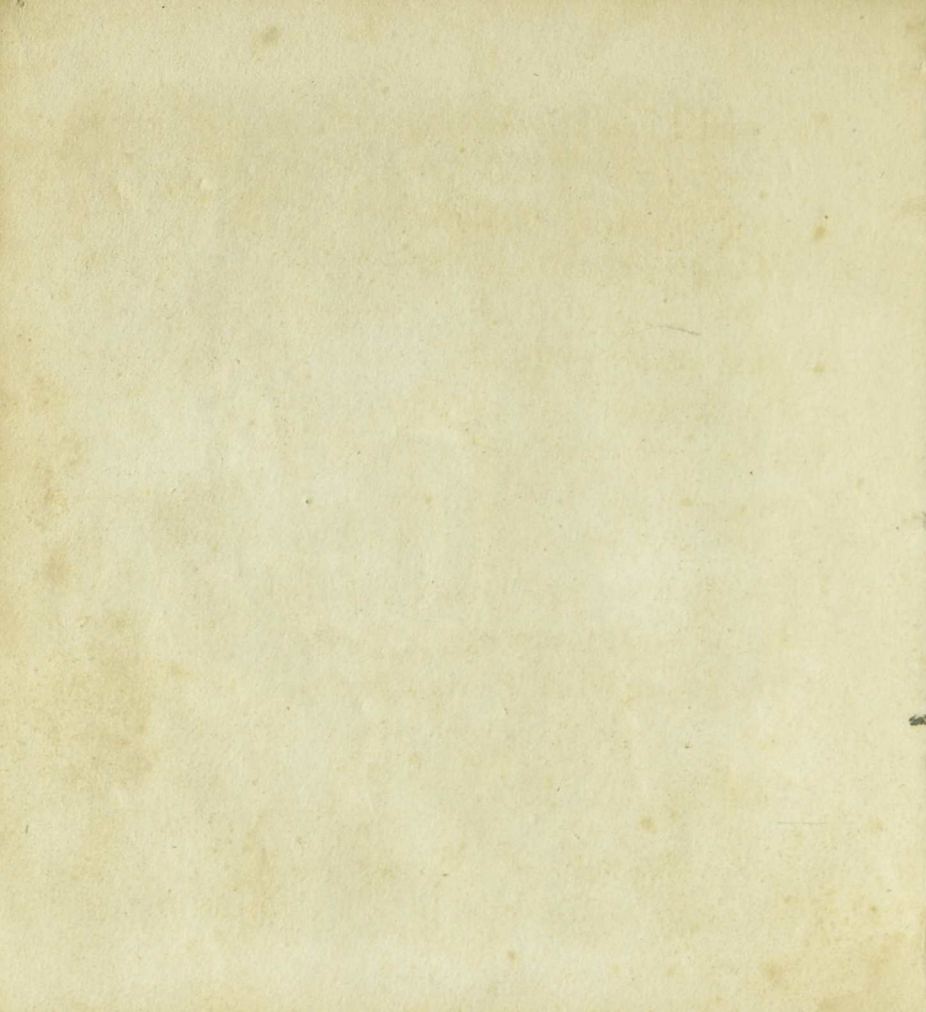
ANNA.

HOMELY, but clean, is Anna's cot,
 And briskly burns the little fire ;
 Contented with her humble lot,
 Ne'er do her thoughts to wealth aspire.

And while her wheel goes quickly round,
 With heart-felt joy she sits and sings ;
 No tiresome langour there is found,
 Her moments fly with fairy wings.

But,





But, would you know what makes her glad?—

An aged mother with her dwells :

A nephew, too, a little lad,

Who all her work at market sells.

Thus she, with gratitude, repays

The debts she to a parent owes ;

And by a thousand tender ways,

Strives to alleviate her woes.

Mind, Richard, well remember this,

And think to Anna much is due ;

When grown a man, be not remiss,

But work for those who work'd for you.

THE POOR SAILOR.

“ Oh, pity a sailor, kind ladies, I pray,
Who wanders in darkness amid the broad day!
My eyesight I lost in a battle at sea:
Will no one have pity—have pity on me?

“ My children, in vain to your father you cry!
With sorrow he hears, while he cannot supply
The cravings of hunger; for helpless is he,
And no one has pity, has pity on me!”

’Twas thus a blind sailor bewail’d his sad plight,
While a dog ran before, to direct him aright;
And oft to this friend of his path murmur’d he,
“ ’Tis hard, my poor Tray, thou shouldst suffer with me?”

Not

Not long had he wander'd, when quick from the door
 Of a cottage came forth a kind friend of the poor,
 Who heard his sad tale, then from want set him free,
 And whisper'd, "Kind Heaven has pity on thee!"



A PROUD BOY.

"I TELL you again, as I told you before,
 I have nothing to give you : so ask me no more :
 Have gentlemen's sons nothing else, then, to do
 With their money, than give it to poor folks like you ?"

"Oh, be not so cross, Sir, I would not offend !
 I thought by your looks that you would be a friend ;
 For my father is sick, and my mother is dead :
 I wish I were able to work for my bread."—

"And

“And is that your wish then, my good little man?”
Said a voice from behind; “will you work if you can?”
“Oh, yes,” was the answer, “I would with great joy.”—
“Then come to my gard’ner, he’ll give you employ.”

“But you, my young gentleman, what have you done?”
“I am sorry I’ve reason to blush for my son:
Fine clothes and kind treatment are badly bestow’d,
For I see they have made you ill-natur’d and proud.”

“This poor little boy, tho’ so shabbily drest,
Has more of true greatness than you in his breast;
For, believe me, that pride sinks you far beneath those
Who work for their parents, their food, and their clothes.”

A GOOD GIRL.

“DON’T cry, little girl, for you make me cry too :
We soon shall reach good mamma’s door,
Who will give me, I’m certain, some victuals for you,
As she has done for many before.

“There, dry up your tears now, and don’t look so sad,
Your mother will soon be quite well ;
Eat this cake, it is part of a great one I had,
For learning to read and to spell.

“Do you learn to spell, and to read, and to write?”

“O no, Miss, my friends are too poor,
My father is working from morning till night,
And my mother will never work more.”

Then

Then the tears ran afresh down poor Fanny's pale cheek :
Just then they had reach'd Mary's home,
Who ran to the parlour, unable to speak,
Where her mother was sitting alone.

"What ails you, my Mary? come, answer my child?"
"Oh, Fanny is waiting below :"
And then thro' her tears with such sweetness she smil'd,
When her mother said, "Fetch her up, go."

No sooner the lady poor Fanny's tale heard,
Than she went to the cottage of woe;
When soon, by her kindness, distress disappear'd,
And Fanny to school is to go.



MY FATHER

THE IDLE BOY.

DIRTY and ragged Richard goes,
In idleness he spends the day ;
He will not work to get him clothes,
But loves about the streets to play.

His parents toil from morn till night,
To clothe and feed their darling son,
Who will not make it his delight
To cheer them when their work is done.

In vain his mother's tears will flow ;
Nor threats, nor promises can move ;
No hour of comfort can they know,
For Dick does not repay their love.

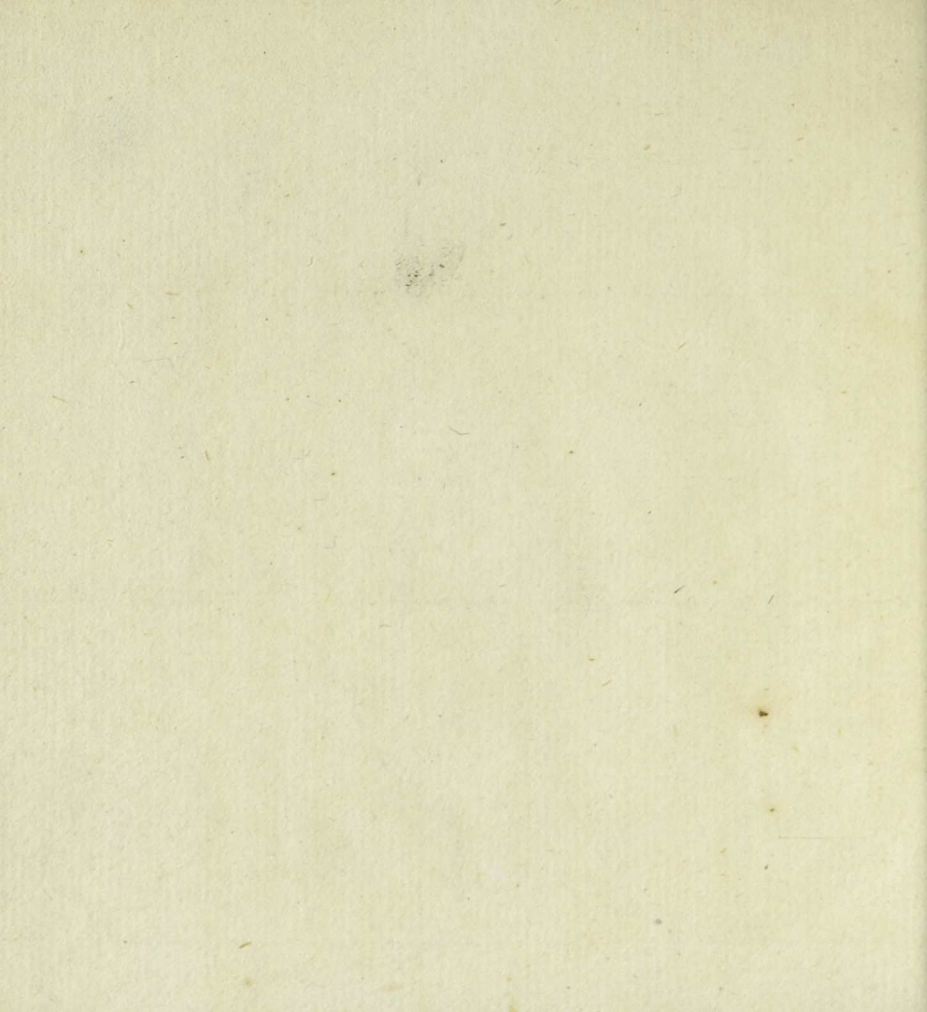
Ah,

Ah, cruel child ! a day will come,
When both your parents are at rest,
When through the streets with grief you'll roam,
And feel no joy within your breast.

THE END.



IDLE BOY



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