

LITTLE JANE



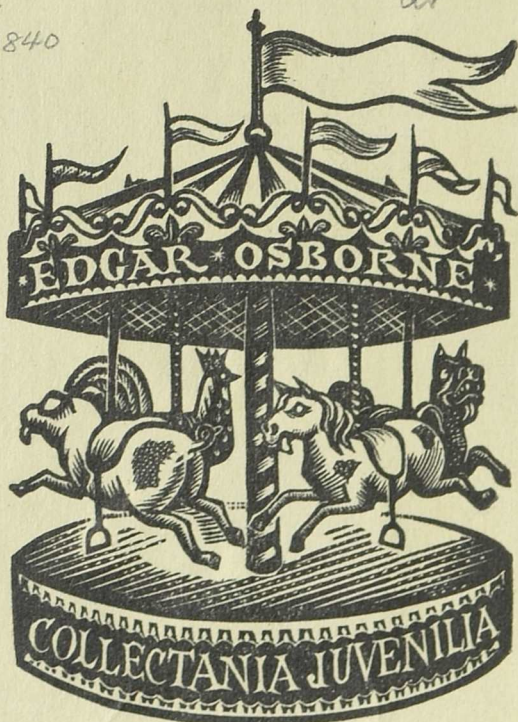
Pickens & Co. New York: 1844



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ca. 1840

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A**B****C**

LITTLE JANE.

It was a lovely summer morn
My heart was light and gay,
I left my home from care withdrawn,
And bent my lonely way.

Fresh beauties bloom'd as on by chance
My path so winding led;
No cloud obscur'd the blue expanse.
That glitter'd o'er my head.

a**b****c**

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The sun beam as it swiftly flew,
 Stole o'er the shadowy green,
 While cowslips and sweet blue bells too
 In varied groups were seen

The winged songster, ever gay
 Pour'd forth their sweetests lays
 All nature clad in bright array,
 Seemed emulous of praise.

I rambled on through bowers of green
 like a romantic wood,
 And 'mid the solemn silent scene.
 A church serenely stood.

The spire with tints so brightly flamed
 Tower'd from the verdant grove;
 In fancy's ear calmly exclaimed
 Eternal life's above

The churchyard 'neath the beautiful green
 Was almost hid from view,
 And over the grass graves was seen,
 The melancholy yew.

Many indeed, alas, too plain,
 There found a clay-cold bed,
 I entered and with pleasing pain,
 Mused o'er the village dead.

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G**H****I**

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Each stone thus spoke, (I felt, I hope)
—Prepare thee for thy own;
Some passing stranger soon will stop
And read alike thy stone.

No stop, however lonely now,
Can stay the fleeting breath;
The rich, the poor, the learned bow
Beneath all conquering death

I met a little cottage girl,
So innocently meek
Her light brown hair in many a curl
Hung o'er her dimpling cheek.

A little hat, once trimmed with green
Was on her forehead flung,
O'er her fair shoulders, scarcely seen.
A tippet careless hung.

A basket, but with rushes formed.
Hung from her little hand
With wildest flow'rets 'twas adorn'd,
Fair as in Eden's land.

Her rustic garb, though coarsely framed,
Yet still was neat and clean;
But ah! a wandering tear proclaim'd
A silent grief within.

g**h****i**

J**K****L**

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Where are you going, my little maid,
With all those pretty flowers,
Pray give me one, don't be afraid,
Or let them all be ours.

A blush evinc'd she could not grant;
And words thus artless ran,
I cannot, sir, indeed I can't,
I cannot spare you one.

Who are they for, my dear, said I,
Surely you may tell me:
They're all for Tommy, sir, I try
To pick the best there be.

Where's Tommy, then, I want to know
O sir, I'll tell you soon,
He's where the sweetest daisies grow,
And shines the pretty moon.

She led me, as my hand I gave,
O'er many a lowly head,
Stopt at a little green grass grave,
And thus pathetic said—

Here's Tommy, sir, her tippet then
Just wiped the falling tear.
This is his bed, speaking again
His little head lies here.

j**k****l**

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And every day when it is fine
I bring him pretty flowers,
I place them all around with care,
I stop for many hours.

And when I'm tired with what I bring,
I sleep beside him too,
Sometimes I talk, and sometimes sing,
As we had used to do.

But ah, he never, never speaks,
No sister now he knows,
I listen, but I only hear
The noisy wind that blows.

Last time when we did come this way
A grave wide open stood,
And what dear Tommy then did say
Forget I never could.

Sister, he said, look at that grave,
And 'tis so little too,
I wonder who 'tis for, I'm glad,
So glad its not for you.

Sister, don't cry, had it been you,
You know how much I dare,
I'm sure they should not put you in,
I would not leave you there.

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But ah! don't think, so don't you cry,
Dear Mother said you know
If we are good, that when we die
We both to Heaven should go.

Come let us kneel, there's no one, stay
To God we'll ever pray,
To him our little hands we'll raise,
And thus we both will say—

Almighty God, we come to thee,
That we may be forgiven,
And when no longer here we be,
Take us both up to heaven.

Oh, then, dear sister, Tommy knows
We never need to sorrow,
Come dry your tears, for when one goes
The other soon will follow.

Osir, he said a deal more then,
Never so much before,
I much do wish he'd come again
And talk to me once more.

I've no one now with me to play,
I'd rather with him lie,
I've none to walk with, none to say
Dear sister don't you cry.

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S**T****U**

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I tried to cheer my little friend,
Talked of the Saviour's love,
Told her when life with her should end
He'd take her up above.

Her little Tommy there she'd see
To part again, no never,
Happy, quite happy, both would be,
For ever and for ever

I bade her then no longer stand,
Ask'd her to be my guide,
Shew me her house, she took my hand
And trotted by my side.

Where do you live, my pretty maid,
Come, tell me, if you please
In yonder cottage, sir, she said,
That peeps between the trees.

Brothers and sisters all not gone,
How many may you be?
Sisters and brothers, sir, I've none
They have but only me.

What do they call my little girl
Mary or Ann, or what,
I want to know, and can you tell,
What other name you've got.

S**t****u**

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10

They call me, Jenny, sir, they do,
The people up the lane;
But mother says, and father too,
Tis properest little Jane.

The lowly cottage soon I knew,
'Twas white, fresh done, I thought,
Flowers bloom'd around, but it was true.
The sweetest I had got.

The woodbine, ivy, evergreen,
Crept o'er the thick clad wall,
The little casement peep'd between,
And roses bloom'd throg' all.

A cot more lovely none could see,
One seem'd to read so clear,—
The hand of industry keeps me,
You'll find contentment here.

Good bye, my dear, so good you've been,
The little gate undone,
Good bye, she said, and trotted in,
And I went slowly on.

I really left her with regret,
See her again I mean;
And shall not soon if e'er forget
The interesting scene.

V

W

X

Y**Z****Æ**

I wish my converse might be such
While here mid toil and pain,
As might impress some heart as much
As that of little Jane.

**y****z****æ**

