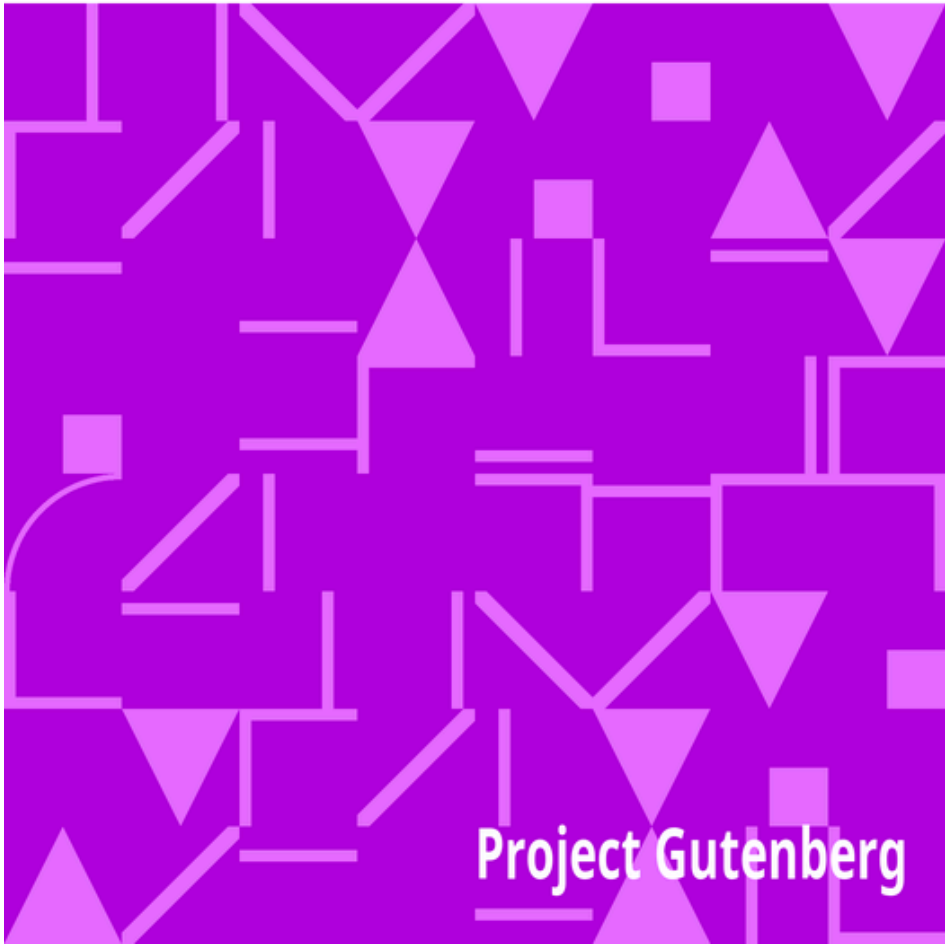
Hymns, Songs, and Fables, for Young People

Eliza Lee Cabot Follen



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Title: Hymns, Songs, and Fables, for Young People

Author: Eliza Lee Cabot Follen

Release date: September 13, 2005 [eBook #16688]
Most recently updated: December 12, 2020

Language: English

Other information and formats: www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/16688

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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HYMNS, SONGS, AND FABLES, FOR YOUNG PEOPLE ***

HYMNS,

SONGS, AND FABLES,

FOR

YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY

ELIZA LEE FOLLEN.

Two Boys Planting a Tree

REVISED AND ENLARGED FROM THE LAST EDITION.

BOSTON:
WM. CROSBY AND H.P. NICHOLS,
118 WASHINGTON STREET.

1851.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1846, by Wm. Crosby and H.P. Nichols, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

CAMBRIDGE:
STEREOTYPED AND PRINTED BY
METCALF AND COMPANY,
PRINTERS TO THE UNIVERSITY.

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PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

BY CHARLES FOLLEN.

This little book is dedicated to parents and children. Most of the poems were written with no other hope, than that they would instruct or please some child. The pleasure they have given in a limited circle has tempted the writer to print them. Some have never before appeared in public, but most of them have been already published in different works; some few, without the author's knowledge.

It will be found that these poems are intended for children of different ages and characters. It may be objected to the book, that gay and serious pieces are bound up together; but so it is in human life and human nature, and it is essential to the healthful action of a child's mind that it should be so. The smile that overtakes its tears is as necessary to the child as the sun after a spring shower is to the young plant; and without it a blight will fall upon the opening blossom.

The natural love that all have for their literary offspring, perhaps, first induced the author to bring the stray little family together. This motive was strengthened by the hope that children might love the book, and that she might have the pleasure of seeing it among their treasures, with the corners of the leaves well worn by their little fingers, and perhaps sometimes placed upon the pillow where "angels hover round."

This success, which must secure to her also the approbation of parents, she does aspire after, and most earnestly desire; this, and this alone, will satisfy her; without this, she would be the first to pronounce it an unworthy offering.

Cambridge, May 19, 1831.

PREFACE

TO THE PRESENT EDITION.

The present edition of Hymns, Songs, and Fables, has been greatly enlarged, by poems either not before printed, or that have had a very limited circulation, and also by a number of translations from the German. If they should have the good fortune to add to the innocent pleasure of the young, and deserve to become associated in their minds with the pure and hallowed recollections of home, and happy early days, my highest ambition with regard to them be entirely gratified.

Eliza Lee Follen.

Cambridge, November 19, 1846.

HYMNS.

"SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME."

"Let little children come to me,"—
This is what the Saviour said;
Little children, come and see
Where these gracious words are read.

Often on these pages look,—
Of the love of God they tell;
'Tis indeed a holy book,—
Learn to read and love it well.

Thus you hear the Saviour speak,—
"Come ye all and learn of me";
He was gentle, lowly, meek,—
So should all his followers be.

When our Saviour from above,
From his Father did descend,
He took them in his arms of love,
And children knew him for their friend.

All little children Jesus blessed,—
Blessed in innocence they are;
Little children he caressed;
Praise him in your infant prayer.

HYMN.

Praise to God! O let us raise
From our hearts a song of praise!
Of that goodness let us sing
Whence our lives and blessings spring.

Praise to him who made the light,
Praise to him who gave us sight,
Praise to him who formed the ear;
Will he not his children hear?

Praise him for our happy hours,
Praise him for our varied powers,
For these thoughts that rise above,
For these hearts he made for love,

For the voice he placed within,
Bearing witness when we sin;
Praise to him whose tender care
Keeps this watchful guardian there.

Praise his mercy, that did send
Jesus for our guide and friend;
Praise him, every heart and voice,
Him who makes all worlds rejoice.

HYMN FOR A LITTLE BOY.

"What, mother, makes it seem to me,
When I am all alone,
As if some one could hear and see,
And all my thoughts were known?

"Sometimes it makes me very glad,
And dance and sing with joy;
Sometimes it makes me very sad,
And frights your little boy.

"O, tell me, mother, tell me why;
For I have never known
Why 'tis I laugh, or why I cry,
When I am all alone."

"My child, you never are alone;
There is a watchful eye
To which your very thoughts are known;
'Tis God is ever nigh.

"He made your little heart for joy,
He tunes your happy song;
O, then, my little timid boy,
Fear only doing wrong.

"For he who makes your heart so glad,
Who bids the good be gay,
With the same love will make it sad,
Whene'er you disobey.

"He is our Father, and he hears
Your weakest, faintest prayer;
He wipes away an infant's tears,
And children are his care."

"THE LORD IS MY STRENGTH."

Almighty Father! I am weak,
But thou wilt strengthen me,

If from my heart I humbly seek
For help and light from thee.

When I am tempted to do wrong,
Then, Father, pity me,
And make my failing virtue strong;
Help me to think of thee!

Let Christian courage guard my youth;
That courage give to me
Which ever speaks and acts the truth,
And puts its trust in thee.

HYMN.

Will God, who made the earth and sea,
The night, and shining day,
Regard a little child like me,
And listen when I pray?

If I am hungry, poor, and cold,
Then will he hear my cry?
And when I shall be sick and old,
O, then will God be nigh?

Yes; in his holy word we read
Of his unfailing love;
And when his mercy most we need,
His mercy he will prove.

To those who seek him, he is near;
He looks upon the heart,
And from the humble and sincere
He never will depart.

He sees our thoughts, our wishes knows,
He hears our faintest prayer;
Where'er the faithful Christian goes,
He finds his Father there.

Obedient children need not fear;
God is a faithful friend,
And when no other help is near,
He will deliverance send.

Then fear not hunger, cold, or pain,
But fear to disobey
That power which does your life sustain,
And guards you every day.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

How sweet to be allowed to pray
To God, the Holy One,
With filial love and trust to say,—
"Father, thy will be done!"

We in these sacred words can find
A cure for every ill;
They calm and soothe the troubled mind,
And bid all care be still.

O, let that will, which gave me breath
And an immortal soul,
In joy or grief, in life or death,
My every wish control!

O, could my heart thus ever pray,
Thus imitate thy Son!

Teach me, O God, with truth to say,—
"Thy will, not mine, be done!"

SABBATH DAY.

How sweet upon this sacred day,
The best of all the seven,
To cast our earthly thoughts away,
And think of God and heaven!

How sweet to be allowed to pray
Our sins may be forgiven;
With filial confidence to say,
"Father, who art in heaven"!

With humble hope to bend the knee,
And, free from folly's leaven,
Confess that we have strayed from thee,
Thou righteous Judge in heaven!

And if to make all sin depart
In vain the will has striven,
He who regards the inmost heart
Will send his grace from heaven.

If from the bosom that is dear
By cold unkindness driven,
The heart that knows no refuge here
Shall find a friend in heaven.

Then hail, thou sacred, blessed day,
The best of all the seven,
When hearts unite their vows to pay
Of gratitude to Heaven.

THE GOOD BOY'S HYMN ON GOING TO BED.

How sweet to lay my weary head
Upon my quiet little bed,
And feel assured, that all day long
I have not knowingly done wrong!

How sweet to hear my mother say,
"You have been very good to-day!"
How sweet to see my father's joy
When he can say, "My dear, good boy!"

How sweet it is my thoughts to send
To many a dear-loved distant friend,
And feel, if they my heart could see,
How very happy they would be!

How sweet to think that He whose love
Made all these shining worlds above
My pure and happy heart can see,
And loves a little boy like me.

A Picnic

GOD IS GOOD.

Thou art good! Each perfumed flower,
Waving fields, the dark green wood,

The insect fluttering for an hour,—
All things proclaim that God is good.

I hear it in each breath of wind;
The hills that have for ages stood,
And clouds with gold and silver lined,
All still repeat that God is good.

Each little rill, that many a year
Has the same verdant path pursued,
And every bird, in accents clear,
Joins in the song that God is good.

The restless sea, with haughty roar,
Calms each wild wave and billow rude,
Retreats submissive from the shore,
And swells the chorus, "God is good."

The countless hosts of twinkling stars,
That sing his praise with light renewed;
The rising sun each day declares,
In rays of glory, God is good.

The moon, that walks in brightness, says,
That God is good! and man, endued
With power to speak his Maker's praise,
Should still repeat that God is good.

EVENING.

How beautiful the setting sun!
The clouds how bright and gay!
The stars, appearing one by one,
How beautiful are they!

And when the moon climbs up the sky,
And sheds her gentle light,
And hangs her crystal lamp on high,
How beautiful is night!

And can it be I am possessed
Of something brighter far?
Glows there a light within this breast
Outshining every star?

Yes; should the sun and stars turn pale,
The mountains melt away,
This flame within shall never fail,
But live in endless day.

This is the soul that God has given,—
Sin may its lustre dim;
While goodness bears it up to heaven,
And leads it back to him.

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S HYMN.

My Heavenly Father! all I see,
Around me and above,
Sends forth a hymn of praise to thee,
And speaks thy boundless love.

The clear blue sky is full of thee,
The woods so dark and lone;
The soft south-wind, the sounding sea,
Worship the Holy One.

The humming of the insect throng,
The prattling, sparkling rill,

The birds, with their melodious song,
Repeat thy praises still.

And thou dost hear them every one,—
Father, thou hearest me;
I know that I am not alone,
When I but think of thee.

HYMN.

It was my Heavenly Father's love
Brought every being forth;
He made the shining worlds above,
And every thing on earth.

Each lovely flower, the smallest fly,
The sea, the waterfall,
The bright green fields, the clear blue sky,—
'Tis God that made them all.

He gave me all my friends, and taught
My heart to love them well,
And he bestowed the power of thought,
And speech my thoughts to tell.

My father and my mother dear,—
He is their father too;
He bids me all their precepts hear,
And all they teach me, do.

God sees and hears me all the day,
And 'mid the darkest night;
He views me when I disobey,
And when I act aright.

He guards me with a parent's care,
When I am all alone;
My hymn of praise, my humble prayer,
He hears them every one.

God hears what I am saying now,—
O, what a wondrous thought!
My Heavenly Father, teach me how
To love thee as I ought.

ON PRAYER.

As through the pathless fields of air
Wandered forth the timid dove,
So the heart, in humble prayer,
Essays to reach the throne of love.

Like her it may return unblest,
Like her again may soar,
And still return and find no rest,
No peaceful, happy shore.

But now once more she spreads her wings,
And takes a bolder flight,
And see! the olive-branch she brings,
To bless her master's sight.

And thus the heart renews its strength,
Though spent and tempest-driven,
And higher soars, and brings at length
A pledge of peace with Heaven.

"THE SPIRIT GIVETH LIFE."

What was in the viewless wind,
Wild rushing through the oak,
Seemed to my listening, dreaming mind
As though a spirit spoke?

What is it to the murmuring stream
Doth give so sweet a song,
That on its tide my thoughts do seem
To pour themselves along?

What is it on the dizzy height,
What in each glowing star,
That speaks of things beyond the sight,
And questions what they are?

What in the rolling thunder's voice,
What in the ocean's roar,
Hears the grand chorus, "O, rejoice!"
Echo from shore to shore?

What in the gentle moon doth see
Pure thoughts and tender love,
And hears delicious melody
Around, below, above?

What bids the savage tempest speak
Of terror and dismay,
And wakes the agonizing shriek
Of guilt that fears to pray?

It is this ever-living mind;
This little throb of life
Hears its own echoes in the wind,
And in the tempest's strife;

To all that's sweet, and bright, and fair,
Its own affections gives;
Sees its own image everywhere,
Through all creation lives.

It bids the everlasting hills
Give back the solemn tone;
This boundless arch of azure fills
With accents all its own.

What is this life-inspiring mind,
This omnipresent thought?
How shall it ever utterance find
For all itself hath taught?

To Him who breathed the heavenly flame,
Its mysteries are known;
It seeks the source from whence it came,
And rests in God alone.

WE NEVER PART FROM THEE.

God, who dwellest everywhere
God, who makest all thy care,
God, who hearest every prayer,
Thou who see'st the heart;

Thou to whom we lift our eyes.
Father, help our souls to rise,
And, beyond these narrow skies,
See thee as thou art!

Let our anxious thoughts be still,
Holy trust adore thy will,

Holy love our bosoms fill,
Let our songs ascend!
Dearest friends may parted be,
All our earthly treasures flee,
Yet we never part from thee,
Our eternal Friend.

"I WILL ARISE AND GO TO MY FATHER."

Help me, O God, to trust in thee,
Thou high and holy One!
And may my troubled spirit flee
For rest to thee alone.

In thee alone the soul can find
Secure and sweet repose;
And thou canst bid the desert mind
To blossom as the rose.

Let not this spirit, formed to rise
Where angels claim their birth,
Forsake its home beyond the skies,
And cling to barren earth.

The bird of passage knows the sign
That warns him to depart;
Shall I not heed the voice divine,
That whispers in my heart,—

"Up! plume thy wings, soar far away!
No longer idly roam!
Fly to the realms of endless day;
For this is not thy home."

This still, small voice, O, may I hear!
Ere clouds and darkness come,
And thunders in my startled ear
Proclaim my final doom.

Father! to thee my spirit cries!
Thy wandering child reclaim.
Speak! and my dying faith shall rise,
And wake a deathless flame.

EVENING HYMN.

Thou, from whom we never part,
Thou, whose love is everywhere,
Thou who seest every heart,
Listen to our evening prayer.

Father! fill our souls with love,
Love unfailing, full, and free,
Love no injury can move,
Love that ever rests on thee.

Heavenly Father! through the night
Keep us safe from every ill;
Cheerful as the morning light,
May we wake to do thy will.

AUTUMN.

Sweet Summer, with her flowers, has past,
I hear her parting knell;
I hear the moaning, fitful blast,

Sighing a sad farewell.

But, while she fades and dies away,
In rainbow hues she glows;
Like the last smile of parting day,
Still brightening as she goes.

The robin whistles clear and shrill;
Sad is the cricket's song;
The wind, wild rushing o'er the hill,
Bears the dead leaf along.

I love this sober, solemn time,
This twilight of the year;
To me, sweet Spring, in all her prime,
Was never half so dear.

While death has set his changing seal
On all that meets the eye,
'Tis rapture, then, within to feel
The soul that cannot die;—

To look far, far beyond this sky,
To Him who changes never.
This earth, these heavens, shall change and die;
God is the same for ever.

THE LORD'S DAY.

This is the day when Jesus woke
From the deep slumbers of the tomb;
This is the day the Saviour broke
The bonds of fear and hopeless gloom.

This is indeed a holy day;
No longer may we dread to die.
Let every fear be cast away,
And tears be wiped from every eye.

Sorrow and pain the Saviour knew;
A dark and thorny path he trod;
But heaven was ever in his view,—
That toilsome path led up to God.

Let every heart rejoice and sing;
Let every sin and sorrow cease;
Let children come this day and bring
Their offering of love and peace.

THE MINISTRY OF PAIN.

Cease, my complaining spirit, cease;
Know 'tis a Father's hand you feel;
It leads you to the realms of peace;
It kindly only wounds to heal.

My Father! what a holy joy
Bursts on the sad, desponding mind,
To say, when fiercest ills annoy,—
"I know my Father still is kind!"

This bids each trembling fear be still,
Checks every murmur, every sigh;
Patience then waits his sovereign will,
Rejoiced to live,—resigned to die.

O blessed ministry of pain!
To teach the soul its real worth;

To lead it to that source again,
From whence it first derived its birth.

"BY FAITH YE ARE SAVED."

Christian! when, overwhelmed with grief and care,
Thou prayest for the help that thou dost need,
As shipwrecked mariner for life will plead,
O, then for faith pour forth the fervent prayer!
'Tis faith alone life's heavy ills can bear.
O, mark her calm, far-seeing, quickening eye,
Full of the light of immortality!
It tells of worlds unseen, and calls us there;
That look of hers can save thee from despair.

When sorrow, like thick darkness, gathers round,
And all life's flowers are fading in the dust,
Faith lifts our drooping vision from the ground,—
Says, that the hand that smites us yet is just;
That human agony hath ever found
The mighty God a never-failing trust.

EVENING PRAYER.

Great Source of being,
Father all-seeing!
We bow before thee;
Our souls adore thee;
Help us obey thee;
Guide us aright;
Keep us, we pray thee,

Through the long night.

Thou kind, forgiving
God of all living,
Thy power defend us,
Thy peace attend us,
While we are closing
This day in prayer,
Ever reposing
Under thy care.

EVENING HYMN.

Before I close my eyes to-night,
    Let me myself these questions ask:—
Have I endeavoured to do right,
    Nor thought my duty was a task?

Have I been gentle, lowly, meek,
    And the small voice of conscience heard?
When passion tempted me to speak,
    Have I repressed the angry word?

Have I with cheerful zeal obeyed
    What my kind parents bid me do,
And not by word or action said
    The thing that was not strictly true?

In hard temptation's troubled hour,
    Then have I stopped to think and pray,
That God would give my soul the power
    To chase the sinful thought away?

O Thou who seest all my heart,

Wilt thou forgive and love me still!
Wilt thou to me new strength impart,
And make me love to do thy will!

LINES WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF A.G. EBERHARD.

The sun in smiles doth dress his face,
As evening comes to take his place;
So looks the parting loved-one, when
He means to quickly come again.

With moon and stars all sparkling bright,
Advances now the silent night;
And with the calm and gentle moon,
Sweet peace doth quietly come on.

Who at the moon and stars can gaze
Without a gush of love and praise?
And now it is the midnight hour,
And sleep asserts her soothing power.

But see, the flickering light is gone,
That from my neighbour's window shone;
His simple household prayer is said,
He rests from toil, on his hard bed.

Yet still the watchman wakes, and still
Faithful till morning watch he will;
But vain, O watchman! is thy care,
If God, the Guardian, be not there.

By my dull lamp, whose light's near gone,

In my small room I sit alone,
And, thinking o'er past joys and pain,
A sweet contentment doth remain.

He's still my trust; he, the true Shepherd, never
Will forsake his sheep,—he watcheth ever;
The mother may forget her child, but yet
Thus saith the Lord,—"Thee I will not forget."

I rest in peace, I trust in Thee;
Thy faithful eye still watcheth me;
For He who ever wakes and lives
To loving hearts no night e'er gives.

"HOPE IN GOD."

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF S.A. MAHLMAN.

Hope, my heart, in patience hope,—
Thou at last thy flowers shalt gather;
God is full of tender love,—
Childlike speak thou to thy Father.
From believing, trusting hearts,
The God of mercy ne'er departs.

Clouds may come, and clouds may go,
Rest upon his goodness always;
To those joyful, sunny heights
Lead these rough and gloomy pathways;
Wakes for aye his Eye of Light,—
Tremble not in storm and night.

Anchored on the Eternal Rock,
To the heart of God fast clinging,

Tell him all thy deepest woes,
Before him all thy sorrows bringing;
He is kind, and comfort gives
To every sorrowing heart that lives.

Let true faith strong courage give;
Strength the Helper now is sending;
Soon thou'lt understand His ways,
Soon thou'lt find thy sorrows ending.
God! who life and goodness art!
In patience hope in Him, my heart.

FAILURE AND SUCCESS.

It is in failure, in distress,
When, reft of all, it stands alone,
And not in what men call success,
The noble, valiant soul is known.

He who perfection makes his aim
Shoots at a mark he may not reach;
The world may laugh, the world may blame.
And what it calls *discretion* preach.

And he will fail to win the goal
Which low ambition makes its own;
But, far beyond, his earnest soul
Stands in the light, though all alone.

It was through insult, pain, and loss
That Jesus won immortal power;
Thus the great failure of the cross
Was his triumphant, glorious hour.

Think not of failure or success;
He fails who has a low desire.
Up to the highest ever press,
Still onward, upward, higher! higher!

Make such thy purpose, such thy aim,
That they who watch thy spirit's flight
Shall look to heaven from whence it came,
And loose thee in celestial light.

SONGS.

THE LITTLE SPRING.

Beneath a green and mossy bank
There flows a clear and fairy stream;
There the pert squirrel oft has drank,
And thought, perhaps, 'twas made for him.

Their pitchers there the laborers fill,
As drop by drop the crystals flow,
Singing their silvery welcome still
To all who to the fountain go.

Then to the river on it glides,
Its tributary drop to bear,
Its modest head a moment hides,
Then rises up and sparkles there.

The touching lesson on my heart
Falls like the gentle dews of heaven,
Bids me with humble love impart
The little treasure God has given.

For from a source as small as this
Full many a cup of joy may flow,
And on the stream of human bliss
Its little ray of gladness throw.

THE LITTLE BOY'S MAY-DAY SONG.

"The flowers are blooming everywhere,
On every hill and dell,
And O, how beautiful they are!
How sweetly, too, they smell!

"The little brooks, they dance along,
And look so glad and gay;
I love to hear their pleasant song,
I feel as glad as they.

"The young lambs bleat and frisk about,
The bees hum round their hive,
The butterflies are coming out,—
'Tis good to be alive.

"The trees that looked so stiff and gray
With green wreaths now are hung;
O mother! let me laugh and play,
I cannot hold my tongue.

"See yonder bird spread out his wings,
And mount the clear blue skies;
And hark! how merrily he sings,
As far away he flies."

"Go forth, my child, and laugh and play,
And let your cheerful voice,
With birds, and brooks, and merry May,
Cry loud, Rejoice! rejoice!

"I would not check your bounding mirth,
My little happy boy,
For He who made this blooming earth
Smiles on an infant's joy."

GUESS WHAT I HAVE HEARD.

Dear mother, guess what I have heard!
O, it will soon be spring!
I'm sure it was a little bird,—
Mother, I heard him sing.

Look at this little piece of green
That peeps out from the snow,
As if it wanted to be seen,—
'Twill soon be spring, I know.

And O, come here, come here and look!
How fast it runs along!—
Here is a cunning little brook;
O, hear its pretty song!

I know 'tis glad the winter's gone
That kept it all so still,
For now it merrily runs on,
And goes just where it will.

I feel just like the brook, I know;
It says, it seems to me,—
"Good by, cold weather, ice, and snow;
Now girls and brooks are free."

I love to think of what you said,
Mother, to me last night,
Of this great world that God has made,
So beautiful and bright.

And now it is the happy spring
No naughty thing I'll do;

I would not be the only thing
That is not happy, too.

SPRING.

Hark! the little birds are singing,—
Winter's gone and summer's near;
See, the tender grass is springing,
And the flowers will soon be here.

Who made the winter and the spring?
Who painted all the flowers?
Who taught the little birds to sing,
And made these hearts of ours?

O, 'tis God! how good he is!
He does every blessing give;
All this happy world is his,—
Let us love him while we live.

THE LITTLE BOY'S GOOD-NIGHT.

The sun is hidden from our sight,
The birds are sleeping sound;
'Tis time to say to all, "Good night!"
And give a kiss all round.

Good night! my father, mother, dear,
Now kiss your little son;
Good night! my friends, both far and near,
Good night to every one.

Good night! ye merry, merry birds,
Sleep well till morning light;
Perhaps if you could sing in words,
You would have said, "Good night!"

To all my pretty flowers, good night!
You blossom while I sleep;
And all the stars, that shine so bright,
With you their watches keep.

The moon is lighting up the skies,
The stars are sparkling there;
'Tis time to shut our weary eyes,
And say our evening prayer.

THE SHEPHERD'S SABBATH-SONG.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

This is the Sabbath day!
In the wide field I am alone.
Hark! now one morning bell's sweet tone,—
Now it has died away.

Kneeling I worship Thee;
Sweet dread doth o'er my spirit steal,
From whispering sounds of those who kneel,
Unseen, to pray with me.

Around and far away,
So clear and solemn is the sky,
It seems all opening to my eye;
This is the Sabbath day!

TO SPRING.

Hail! reviving, joyous Spring,
Smiling through thy veil of showers;
Birds and brooks thy welcome sing,—
Haste, and waken all thy flowers.

Hark! a sweet pervading sound!
From the breathing, moving earth
Life is starting all around,
Sending joy and fragrance forth.

O'er the oak's gigantic form
Blossoms hang their drapery;
Branches that defied the storm
Now are full of melody.

There is not a silent thing
In this joyous company;
Woods, and hills, and valleys ring
With a shout of jubilee.

Wake, my spirit! art thou still?
Senseless things have found a voice;
Shall this throbbing heart be still,
When all nature cries, "Rejoice"?

Wake, come forth, my bounding soul!
Join the universal glee,
Yield to nature's kind control,
Catch her heavenly harmony.

Join the grateful, happy throng,
Cast each selfish care away;

Birds and brooks shall tune your song;
This is nature's holiday.

HER VOYAGE IS AT AN END.

Hushed was the ocean's stormy roar,
Still as an infant's joy;
There sat upon the rocky shore
A father and his boy.

Far off they saw a gallant ship,
It came from foreign lands;
The boy began to dance and skip,
And clap his little hands.

Her wished-for port is near at hand,
The ship is hastening on;
They hear the birds sing on the land;
Her voyage is nearly done.

The boy's glad notes, his shouts of glee,
The rocks with music fill;
But now he cries,—"See, father, see!
The ship is standing still."

Her masts are trembling from the shock.
Her white sails all descend;
The ship has struck upon a rock,—
Her voyage is at an end.

The sailors hurry to and fro,
All crowded is the deck;
She struggles hard,—she's free;—O, no!
She is indeed a wreck.

The boy's young heart is full of grief:
"Father! what will she do?
Let's take the boat to her relief,
O, quickly let us go!"

They went,—and many a stronger hand
Its ready succour gave;
They brought the crew all safe to land,
And the cargo tried to save.

The night comes on, the night is dark,
More dark the billows seem;
They break against the ship, and hark!
The seamew's mournful scream.

The boy upon his pillow lies,
In sweet repose he sinks;
And, as he shuts his weary eyes,
On the poor ship he thinks.

The sun shines o'er the watery main
As it did the day before;
The father and his son again
Are seated on the shore.

With the western wind full many a boat
Their white sails gayly fill,
They lightly o'er the blue waves float,—
But the gallant ship is still.

The sailors now the mournful wreck
Of masts and rigging strip;
The waves are playing o'er the deck
Of the sad and ruined ship.

A crow upon the top branch stood

Of a lone and blasted tree;
He seemed to look upon the flood
With a gloomy sympathy.

The boy now looks up at the bird,
At the sinking vessel now;
He does not speak a single word.
But a shade is on his brow.

Now slowly comes a towering wave,
And sweeps with triumph on;
It bears her to her watery grave,—
The gallant ship is gone.

Hushed is the ocean's stormy roar,
Still as an infant's joy;
The father sits upon the shore
In silence with his boy.

Cohasset Shore, July, 1831.

CHARLEY AND HIS FATHER.

A BALLAD.

The birds are flown away,
The flowers are dead and gone,
The clouds look cold and gray
Around the setting sun.

The trees with solemn sighs
Their naked branches swing;
The winter winds arise,
And mournfully they sing.

Upon his father's knee
Was Charley's happy place,
And very thoughtfully
He looked up in his face;

And these his simple words:—
"Father, how cold it blows!
What 'comes of all the birds
Amidst the storms and snows?"

"They fly far, far away
From storms, and snows, and rain;
But, Charley dear, next May
They'll all come back again."

"And will my flowers come, too?"
The little fellow said,
"And all be bright and new,
That now looks cold and dead?"

"O, yes, dear; in the spring
The flowers will all revive,
The birds return and sing,
And all be made alive."

"Who shows the birds the way,
Father, that they must go?
And brings them back in May,
When there is no more snow?

"And when no flower is seen
Upon the hill and plain,
Who'll make it all so green,
And bring the flowers again?"

"My son, there is a Power

That none of us can see
Takes care of every flower,
Gives life to every tree.

"He through the pathless air
Shows little birds their way;
And we, too, are his care,—
He guards us day by day."

"Father, when people die,
Will they come back in May?"
Tears were in Charley's eye,—
"Will they, dear father, say?"

"No! they will never come;
We go to them, my boy,
There, in our heavenly home,
To meet in endless joy."

Upon his father's knee
Still Charley kept his place,
And very thoughtfully
He looked up in his face.

REMEMBER THE SLAVE.

Mother! whene'er around your child
You clasp your arms in love,
And when, with grateful joy, you raise
Your eyes to God above,

Think of the negro mother, when
Her child is torn away,
Sold for a little slave,—O, then

For that poor mother pray!

Father! whene'er your happy boys
You look upon with pride,
And pray to see them when you're old,
All blooming by your side,

Think of that father's withered heart,
The father of a slave,
Who asks a pitying God to give
His little son a grave.

Brothers and sisters! who with joy
Meet round the social hearth,
And talk of home and happy days,
And laugh in careless mirth,

Remember, too, the poor young slave,
Who never felt your joy,
Who, early old, has never known
The bliss to be a boy.

Ye Christians! ministers of Him
Who came to make men free,
When, at the Almighty Maker's throne,
You bend the suppliant knee,

From the deep fountains of your soul
Then let your prayers ascend
For the poor slave, who hardly knows
That God is still his friend.

Let all who know that God is just,
That Jesus came to save,
Unite in the most holy cause
Of the forsaken slave.

HOME-SICKNESS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

Were I a wild, wild falcon,
I'd soar away on high,
And seek my father's dwelling,
Beyond the far blue sky.

Against that well-known door then
I'd flap my wings with joy;
My mother from the window
Sees and admits her boy.

"Dear son!" she'd say; "O, welcome!
How often has my heart
Longed sadly to embrace thee;
Now here behold thou art!"

Thus memory still is dreaming
Of what can never be.
My long-lost home,—the loved ones,—
These eyes may never see.

HAPPINESS.

What is it makes the morning bright?
What gilds the evening hours?
What makes our hearts seem gay and light,
As if we trod on flowers?

'Tis innocence that makes us gay,

Bids flowers grow everywhere;
Makes it bright sunshine every day.
And every evening fair.

What makes us, when we look above,
See smiling angels there,
And think they look on us in love,
As if we were their care?
'Tis that the soul, all free from sin,
Glows like an inward sun;
And heaven above and heaven within
Do meet and join in one.

CHILDREN IN SLAVERY.

When children play the livelong day,
Like birds and butterflies,
As free and gay sport life away,
And know not care nor sighs;

Then earth and air seem fresh and fair,
All peace below, above;
Life's flowers are there, and everywhere
Is innocence and love.

When children pray with fear all day,
A blight must be at hand;
Then joys decay, and birds of prey
Are hovering o'er the land.
When young hearts weep as they go to sleep,
Then all the world seems sad;
The flesh must creep, and woes are deep,
When children are not glad.

TO GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

How like the morning flower ye are!
Which lifts its diamond head,
Exulting in the mead;
But the rude wind shall steal its gem,
Shall break its tender stem,
And leave it dead.

Frail pledges of the contrite heart,
Wherefore so soon decay?
O, yet prolong your stay!
Until my soul shall boldly rise,
And claim its native skies,
Haste not away.

THANKS FOR A PLEASANT DAY.

Come, let us all, with heart and voice,
To God our Father sing and pray;
In his unceasing love rejoice,
And thank him for this pleasant day.

The clear blue sky looks full of love;
Let all our selfish passions cease!
O, let us lift our thoughts above,
Where all is brightness, goodness, peace.

If we have done a brother wrong,
O, let us seek to be forgiven;
Nor let one discord spoil the song
Our hearts would raise this day to heaven.

This blessed day, when the pure air
Is full of sweetness, full of joy,—
When all around is calm and fair,—
Shall we the harmony destroy?

O, may it be our earnest care
To free our souls from every sin;
Then will each day be bright and fair,
For God's pure sunshine dwells within.

TO A BUTTERFLY.

[Those who are acquainted with this little poem, translated from Herder, will perceive that a slight liberty has been taken with the last two lines.]

Airy, lovely, heavenly thing!
Butterfly with quivering wing!
Hovering in thy transient hour
Over every bush and flower,
Feasting upon flowers and dew,
Thyself a brilliant blossom, too!

Who, with skilful fingers fine,
Purpled o'er those wings of thine?
Was it some sylph whose tender care
Spangled thy robes so fine and fair,
And wove them of the morning air?
I feel thy little throbbing heart;
Thou fear'st e'en now death's bitter smart.

Fly, little spirit, fly away!
Be free and joyful thy short day!

Image thou dost seem to me
Of that which I may one day be,
When I shall drop this robe of earth,
And wake into a spirit's birth.

TO NATURE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FREDERICK LEOPOLD, COUNT OF STALBERG.

Holy nature! fresh and free,
Let me ever follow thee;
By the hand, O, lead me still,
Like a child, at thy sweet will.

When with weariness oppressed,
I will on thy bosom rest,
Breathe in pleasure from above,
In thy mother-arms of love.

O, how well it is for me
Thee to love, with thee to be!
Holy nature! sweet and free,
Let me ever follow thee.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG COMPANION.

Farewell for a time!
Thou hast gone to that clime
Where sickness and sorrow are o'er.
We loved thee when here,
We shed the sad tear

To think we shall see thee no more.

We weep not for thee,
We remember that He
Who made little children his care
In his own fatherland
Will reach you his hand,
And comfort and welcome you there.

Our tears they will flow;
But do we not know
That thou art released from all pain?
Then weep not; for He
Who walked on the sea
Has said we shall all live again.

THE SABBATH IS HERE.

FROM KRUMACHER.

The Sabbath is here, it is sent us from heaven;
Rest, rest, toilsome life,
Be silent all strife,
Let us stop on our way,
And give thanks and pray
To Him who all things has given.

The Sabbath is here, to the fields let us go;
How fresh and how fair!
In the still morning air,
The bright golden grain
Waves over the plain;
It is God who doth all this bestow.

The Sabbath is here; on this blessed morn
No tired ox moans,
No creaking wheel groans,
At rest is the plough;
No noise is heard now,
Save the sound of the rustling corn.

The Sabbath is here; our seed we have sown
In hope and in faith;
The Father he saith
Amen! Be it so!
Behold the corn grow!
Rejoicing his goodness we'll own.

The Sabbath is here; His love we will sing
Who sendeth the rain
Upon the young grain.
And soon all around
The sickle will sound.
And home the bright sheaves we will bring.

The Sabbath is here; in hope and in love
We sow in the dust,
While humbly we trust
Up yonder shall grow
The seed which we sow,
And bloom a bright garland above.

THE CHILD AT HER MOTHER'S GRAVE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

In that little room of thine,

Sweet sleep has come to thee;
Ah, mother! dearest mother mine!
O, call me to that room of thine!
O, shut it not from me!

I would so gladly be with thee,
And be thy child again;
'Tis cold and stormy here with me,
'Tis warm, and, O, so still with thee!
Ah! let me, let me in!

Thou took'st me gladly once with thee,
So gladly held my hand;
O, see, thou hast forsaken me!
Take me this time again with thee
Into the heavenly land.

CHILD'S SONG.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

When at night I go to sleep,
Fourteen angels are at hand;—
Two on my right their watches keep;
Two on my left to bless me stand;
Two hover gently o'er my head;
Two guard the foot of my small bed;
Two wake me with the sun's first ray;
Two dress me nicely every day;
Two guide me on the heavenly road,
That leads to paradise and God.

TO A FOUNTAIN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF RAMLER.

Lo! this fount is flowing ever;
But the fountain prattles never.
Traveller! at this fountain stay;
Learn of it, with pure endeavour,
Good to do, and nothing say.

SONG FOR AN INFANT SCHOOL.

Children go
To and fro,
In a merry, pretty row,
Footsteps light,
Faces bright;
'Tis a happy sight.
Swiftly turning round and round,
Do not look upon the ground.
Follow me,
Full of glee,
Singing merrily.

Birds are free,
So are we;
And we live as happily.
Work we do,
Study too,
For we learn "twice two";
Then we laugh, and dance, and sing,
Gay as birds or any thing.
Follow me,

Full of glee,
Singing merrily.

Work is done,
Play's begun;
Now we have our laugh and fun.
Happy days,
Pretty plays,
And no naughty ways.
Holding fast each other's hand,
We're a little happy band;
Follow me,
Full of glee,
Singing merrily.

THE SUMMER.

A FREE TRANSLATION OF A GERMAN POPULAR SONG.

Go forth, my heart, and seek the bliss
Of such a summer day as this,
Bestowed on all by Heaven;
The beauties of the garden see,
Behold! it is for thee and me
Its glories all are given.

The trees with whispering leaves are dressed,
The earth upon her dusky breast
Her robe of green is wearing;
The flowers are blooming far and wide,—
Not Solomon in all his pride
With them would bear comparing.

The dove from out her nest doth fly;
Far upward in the clear blue sky
The lark her way is winging;
Hark to the lovely nightingale!
With her sweet song each hill and dale,
And woods and rocks, are ringing.

The hen brings out her little brood,
The swallow finds her young ones food,
The stork her house is keeping.
The bounding stag, the timid roe,
Are full of joy, and to and fro,
Through the high grass, are leaping.

The brook is tinkling as it goes,
And with the myrtle and the rose
Its shady banks adorning;
While, from the flowery mead near by,
The sheep and shepherd's joyful cry
Salutes the early morning.

The never idle troops of bees
Fly here and there, and where they please
Their honey food are quaffing;
The sap is running up the vine,
Round the old elm its tendrils twine,
And in the sun are laughing.

And can I, may I, silent be?
When all God's glorious works I see
My soul desires to know him.
When all are singing I must sing,
And to the Highest I must bring
The tribute which I owe him.

Are all things here so bright and fair,
And has he with a loving care
My happy being given?
What, in the glorious world above,
Where all is beauty, all is love,—
What shall I be in heaven?

O, were I there! O, stood I now
In that great Presence! there to bow
In grateful love before him,
Then would I with the angels raise
One never-ending song of praise,
And worship and adore him!

TO A BEAUTIFUL GIRL.

Sweet flower! so young, so fresh, so fair,
Bright pleasure sparkling in thine eye,
Alas! e'en thee time will not spare,
And thou must die.

The heart with youthful hope so gay,
That scarcely ever breathed a sigh,
Must weep o'er pleasures fled away,
For all must die.

But though the rosy cheek may fade,
The virtuous wish, the purpose high,
The bloom with which the soul's arrayed,
Shall never die.

THE LITTLE SLAVE'S WISH.

I wish I was that little bird
Up in the bright blue sky,
That sings and flies just where he will,
And no one asks him why.

I wish I was that little brook
That runs so swift along,
Through pretty flowers, and shining stones,
Singing a merry song.

I wish I was a butterfly,
Without a fear or care,
Spreading my many-colored wings,
Like a flower in the air.

I wish I was that wild, wild deer,
That I saw the other day,
Who through the dark green forest flew,
Like an arrow far away.

I wish I was that little cloud
By the gentle south-wind driven,
Floating along so calm and bright
Up to the gates of heaven.

I'd rather be a savage beast,
And dwell in a gloomy cave,
And shake the forest when I roared,
Than what I am,—a slave.

My mother calls me her good boy,
My father calls me brave;
What wicked action have I done
That I should be a slave?

They tell me God is very good.
That his right arm can save;
O, is it, can it, be his will
That I should be a slave?

O, how much better 'tis to die,
And lie down in the grave,
Than 'tis to be what I am now,—
A little negro slave!

Going to Church

FABLES.

THE HONEST BIRD.

Once on a time, a little bird
Within a wicker cage was heard,
In mournful tones, these words to sing:—
"In vain I stretch my useless wing;
Still round and round I vainly fly,
And strive in vain for liberty.
Dear liberty, how sweet thou art!"
The prisoner sings, with breaking heart:—
"All other things I'd give for thee,
Nor ask one joy but liberty."

He sang so sweet, a little mouse,
Who often ran about the house,
Came to his cage; her cunning ear
She turned, the mournful bird to hear.
Soon as he ceased,—"Suppose," said she,
"I could contrive to set you free;
Would you those pretty wings give me?"

The cage was in the window-seat,
The sky was blue, the air was sweet.
The bird with eagerness replied,—
"O, yes! my wings, and see, beside,
These seeds and apples, sugar, too,
All, pretty mouse, I'll give to you,
If you will only set me free;

For, O, I pant for liberty!"

The mouse soon gnawed a hole; the bird,
In ecstasy, forgot his word;
Swift as an arrow, see, he flies,
Far up, far up, towards the skies;
But see, he stops, now he descends,
Towards the cage his course he bends.
"Kind mouse," said he, "behold me now
Returned to keep my foolish vow;
I only longed for freedom then,
Nor thought to want my wings again.
Better with life itself to part,
Than, living, have a faithless heart;
Do with me, therefore, as you will,
An honest bird I will be still."

His heart seemed full, no more he said,
He drooped his wings and hung his head.
The mouse, though very pert and smart,
Had yet a very tender heart;
She minced a little, twirled about,
Then thus her sentiments threw out:—
"I don't care much about your wings,—
Apples and cakes are better things;
You love the clouds, I choose the house;
Wings would look queer upon a mouse.
My nice long tail is better far,
So keep your wings just where they are."

She munched some apple, gave a smack,
And ran into her little crack.
The bird spread out his wings and flew,
And vanished in the sky's deep blue;
Far up his joyful song he poured,

And sang of freedom as he soared.

SOLILOQUY

OF ELLEN'S SQUIRREL, ON RECEIVING HIS LIBERTY;—OVERHEARD BY A LOVER OF NATURE AND A FRIEND OF ELLEN.

Was that the music of the wind,
That whispered in my trembling ear?
And can I, free and unconfined,
Taste of the joys that still are dear?

And can I skip from tree to tree,
And fly along the flowery plain,
Light as the wind, as fleet, as free,
And make my winter's nest again?

O, yes! my joyful, trembling heart,
The song you heard from yonder tree,
Which made awakening memory start,
Was the sweet sound of Liberty!

Dear Ellen, many thanks I owe
For tenderest care bestowed on me;
But most my gratitude will flow
For your best gift,—sweet Liberty!

Oft in your gayest, happiest hour,
When all your youthful heart beats high,
And, hastening on from flower to flower,
You taste the sweets of Liberty,

The thought that you have set me free,

That I can skip and dance like you,
To your kind, tender heart shall be
As pure a joy as e'er you knew.

Scarce can my wakening sense believe
The sounds I hear, the sights I see;
Dear Ellen, once again receive
Your Squirrel's thanks for Liberty.

THE PIN, NEEDLE, AND SCISSORS.

'Tis true, although 'tis sad to say,
Disputes are rising every day.
You'd think, if no one did deny it,
A little work-box might be quiet;
But 'tis not so, for I did hear,
Or else I dreamed it, 'tis so queer,
A Pin and Needle in the cushion
Maintain the following discussion.

The Needle, "extra fine gold-eyed,"
Was very sharp and full of pride,
And thus, methought, she did begin:—
You clumsy, thick, short, ugly Pin,
I wish you were not quite so near;
How could my mistress stick me here?
She should have put me in my place,
With my bright sisters in the case."

"Would you were there!" the Pin replied;
"I do not want you by my side.
I'm rather short and thick, 'tis true;
Who'd be so long and thin as you?

I've got a head, though, of my own,
That you had better let alone."

"You make me laugh," the Needle cried;
"That you've a head can't be denied;
For *you* a very proper head,
Without an eye, and full of lead."

"You are so cross, and sharp, and thin,"
Replied the poor insulted Pin,
"I hardly dare a word to say,
And wish indeed you were away;
That golden eye in your poor head
Was only made to hold a thread;
All your fine airs are foolish fudge,
For you are nothing but a drudge;
But I, in spite of your abuse,
Am made for pleasure and for use.
I fasten the bouquet and sash,
And help the ladies make a dash;
I go abroad and gayly roam,
While you are rusting here at home."

"Stop," cried the Needle, "you're too much,
You've brass enough to beat the Dutch;
Do I not make the ladies' clothes,
Ere I retire to my repose?
Then who, forsooth, the glory wins?
Alas! 'tis finery and pins.
This is the world's unjust decree,
But what is this vain world to me?
I'd rather live with my own kin,
Than dance about like you, vain Pin.
I'm taken care of every day;
You're used awhile, then thrown away,

Or else you get all bent up double,
And a snug crack for all your trouble."

"True," said the Pin, "I am abused,
And sometimes very roughly used;
I often get an ugly crook,
Or fall into a dirty nook;
But there I lie, and never mind it;
Who wants a pin is sure to find it;
In time I am picked up, and then
I lead a merry life again.
You fuss so at a fall or hurt,
And, if you get a little dirt,
You keep up such an odious creaking,
That where you are there is no speaking;
And then your lackey Emery's called,
And he, poor thing, is pricked and mauled,
Until your daintiness—O, shocking!—
Is fit for what? to mend a stocking!"

The Needle now began to speak,—
They might have quarrelled for a week,—
But here the Scissors interposed.
And thus the warm debate was closed:—
"You angry Needle! foolish Pin!
How did this nonsense first begin?
You should have both been better taught;
But I will cut the matter short.
You both are wrong, and both are right,
And both are very impolite.
E'en in a work-box 'twill not do
To talk of every thing that's true.
All personal remarks avoid,
For every one will be annoyed

At hearing disagreeable truth;
Besides, it shows you quite uncouth,
And sadly wanting in good taste.
But what advantages you waste!
Think, Pins and Needles, while you may,
How much you hear in one short day;
No servants wait on lordly man
Can hear one half of what you can.
'Tis not worth while to mince the matter;
Nor men nor boys like girls can chatter;
All now are learning, forward moving,
E'en Pins and Needles are improving;
And in this glorious, busy day
All have some useful part to play.
Go forth, ye Pins, and bring home news!
Ye Needles in your cases muse!
And take me for your kind adviser,
And only think of growing wiser;
Then, when you meet again, no doubt,
Something you'll have to talk about,
And need not get into a passion,
And quarrel in this vulgar fashion.
Less of yourselves you'll think, and more
Of others, than you did before.
You'll learn, that in their own right sphere
All things with dignity appear.
And have, when in their proper place,
Peculiar use and native grace."

Methought the polished Scissors blushed
To have said so much, and all was hushed.

LEARNED FRED.

FROM THE GERMAN.

One short six months had scarcely gone,
When, full of all he'd learned,
Young Frederick, that hopeful son,
From college home returned.

To his paternal roof restored,
It was not long before
The learned man at table poured
The treasures of his lore.

"Now," said the youngster, "father dear,
You doubtless think you see
Two roasted fowls before us here;
But I say there are three.

"*Atqui* these roasted fowls are two,
And one in two must be;
Ergo,—or logic is not true,—
These roasted fowls are three."

"God bless your studies!" quoth papa;
"'Tis just as you have said;
This is for me, *that* for mamma,
The third for learned Fred."

LITTLE ROLAND.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

Lady Bertha sat in the rocky cleft,

Her bitter woes to weep;
Little Roland played in the free fresh air;
His sorrows were not deep.

"My royal brother, O King Charles,
Why did I fly from thee?
Splendor and rank I left for love;
Now thou art wroth with me.

"O Milon, Milon, husband dear!
Beneath the waves art thou;
For love I have forsaken all,
Yet love forsakes me now.

"O Roland! thou, my dearest boy,
Now fame and love to me;
Come quickly, little Roland, come!
My hope rests all on thee.

"Go to the city, Roland, go!
To beg us meat and bread;
And whoso gives the smallest gift,
Ask blessings on his head."

Now great King Charles at table sat,
In the golden hall of state;
With dish and cup the servants ran,
On the noble guests to wait.

Flute, harp, and minstrelsy now tune
All hearts to joyful mood;
The cheerful music does not reach
To Bertha's solitude.

Before the hall in the court-yard sat
Of beggars a motley throng;

The meat and drink was more to them
Than flute, and harp, and song.

The king looked out, through the open door,
Upon the beggar throng;
Through the crowd he saw a noble boy,
Pushing his way along.

Strange was the little fellow's dress,
Of divers colors all;
But with the beggars he would not stay,—
He looked up at the hall.

Within the hall little Roland treads,
As though it were his own;
He takes a dish from the royal board
In silence, and is gone.

The king he thinks,—"What do I see?
This is a curious way";
But, as he quietly submits,
The rest do nothing say.

In a little while again he comes,
To the king he marches up,
And little Roland boldly takes
The royal golden cup.

"Halloo! stop there! thou saucy wight!"
King Charles's voice did ring;
Little Roland kept the golden cup,
And looked up at the king.

The king at first looked angrily;
But very soon he smiled:—
"You tread here in our golden hall,

As in the green woods wild.

"From the royal table you take a dish,
As they take an apple from a tree;
As with the waters of the brook,
With my red wine you make free."

"The peasant drinks from the running brook,
On apples she may dine;
My mother must have fish and game,
For her is the foaming wine."

"Is thy mother such a noble dame
As thou, my boy, dost boast,
Then surely has she a castle fair,
And of vassals a stately host.

"Tell me, who may her sewer be?
And who cupbearer, too?"
"My own right hand her sewer is;
My left, cupbearer true."

"Tell on; who are her faithful guards?"
"My two blue eyes alway."
"Tell on; who is her minstrel free?"
"My rosy mouth, I say."

"Brave servants has the dame, indeed;
But does strange livery choose,—
Made up of colors manifold,
Shining with rainbow hues."

"From each quarter of the city,
With eight boys I have fought;
Four sorts of cloth to the conqueror,
As tribute, they have brought."

"The best of servants, to my mind,
The dame's must surely be;
She is, I wot, the beggar's queen,
Who keeps a table free.

"The noble lady should not far
From my royal palace be;
Arise, three ladies, and three lords,
And bring her in to me."

Little Roland, holding fast the cup,
From the splendid hall he hies;
To follow him, at the king's command,
Three lords, three ladies, rise.

And after now a little while,
The king sees, far away,
The noble ladies and the knights
Return without delay.

The king he cries out suddenly,—
"Help, Heaven! see I aright?
'Tis my own blood, in open hall,
I have treated with cruel slight.

"Help, Heaven! in pilgrim dress I see
My sister Bertha stand;
So pale in my gay palace here,
A beggar's staff in her hand!"

Lady Bertha sinks down at his feet,
Pale image of despair;
His wrath returns, and he looks on her
With a stern and angry air.

Lady Bertha quick cast down her eyes,

No word to speak she tried;
Little Roland raised his clear blue eyes,—
"My uncle!" loud he cried.

"Rise up, my sister Bertha, rise!"
The king said tenderly;
"For the sake of this dear son of thine,
Thou shalt forgiven be."

Lady Bertha rose up joyfully:—
"Dear brother! thanks to thee;
Little Roland shall requite the boon
Thou hast bestowed on me.

"He of the glory of his king
Shall be an image fair;
The colors of many a foreign realm
His banner and shield shall bear.

"The cup from many a royal board
He shall seize with his free right hand,
And safety and fresh glory bring
To his sighing mother-land."

BILLY RABBIT TO MARY.

[Billy Rabbit was a little rabbit which a boy caught in the woods, and gave to a little girl of the name of Mary. She was very attentive to the little prisoner, gave him an abundance of good things to eat, and tried her best to make him happy; but all in vain. After many attempts, he at last succeeded in

making his escape, and instantly disappeared in the woods. In the course of the day, the following letter, sealed with a sharp thorn, was received by his friend Mary.]

Artichoke Woods.

You thought, my dear Mary, you had Billy fast,
But I tried very hard, and escaped you at last;
The chance was so tempting, I thought I would *nab* it,—
It was not very naughty, I'm sure, in a rabbit.
O, let not your kind heart be angry with me;
But think what a joy it is to be free,
To see the green woods, to feel the fresh air,
To skip, and to play, and to run everywhere.
The food that you gave me was pleasant and sweet,
But I'd rather be free, though with nothing to eat.

O, how glad they all were to see me come back,
And every one wanted to give me a smack.
Dick knocked over Brownie, and jumped over Bun,
And the neighbours came in to witness the fun.
My father said something, but could not be heard;
My mother looked at me, but spoke not a word;
And while she was looking, her eyes became pink,
And she shed a few tears, I verily think.

To him who a hole or a palace inhabits,
To all sorts of beings, to men, and to rabbits,
Ah! dear to us all is sweet Liberty,
Especially, Mary, to you and to me.
So I hope you'll forgive me for sending this letter,
To tell you I'm safe, and feel so much better,
Cut all sorts of capers, and act very silly,
And am your devoted, affectionate

BILLY.

THE OLD AND NEW SHOES.

"Good bye, get away, you ugly old things!"
Said a little boy once to his shoes;
"All stubbed are your toes, all twisted your strings,
You're wrinkled, one-sided, and loose.

"But here are my new ones, so shiny and bright,
They are almost as smooth as my skin;
How stiff they are, too! how straight and upright!
How snug my feet feel now they're in!"

So saying, he gave to his old shoes a kick,
And strutted with pride to the door;
His unkindness had cut the old shoes to the quick,
For nothing contempt can endure.

"Master Frank, Master Frank, stop a while, if you please,"
('Twas one of the shoes he heard call);
"Our *soles* cannot bear such insults as these,
And your pride, Sir, will soon have a fall."

Frank stood still with wonder and looked at the shoe,
But could not see into the matter;
At last he exclaimed,—"As they've nothing to do,
I suppose, like Poll Parrot, they chatter."

So he opened the door, and walked down the stairs;
His shoes were too stiff to go fast;
But let us observe him, and see how he fares,
How repentant poor Frank was at last.

His shoes were so smooth that he could but just stand,
So tight, that they pinched in his toes;
He could only sit still, and try to look grand,
And remember he had on new shoes.

But Fido ran in, who loved little Frank,
And the shoes were remembered no more;
They began to cut capers, but at the first prank
Down tumbled poor Frank on the floor.

He was a brave boy, he thought not of crying,
He said, "Never mind," though in pain;
He whistled to Fido, but there is no denying
He fell down again and again.

He went to his bed with his heart full of sorrow;
He said to the nurse,—"I should choose,
If you please, when I'm dressed, my good Betsey, to-morrow,
To put on my easy old shoes.

"See how red my toes are, and I'm all black and blue;
I don't like my new shoes at all."
"Ah! you see," answered Betsey, "what I told you was true;
Your shoes, Master Frank, are too small."

His old shoes he was glad in the morning to see,
And, forgetting his trouble and pain,
"How happy," said he, "my poor toes will be
To get into the old shoes again."

The voice of the old shoe now once more was heard:—
"Master Frank, will you please to attend?
I wish, with your leave, to say just a word,—
'Tis a word of advice from a friend.

"Never part with old shoes till they part from you;
Let your new ones be always well tried;
Old shoes and old friends are far better than new,
And, trust me, more worthy of pride.

"Our strings and our toes are bad, we must own,
But they can be easily mended.
I have done," said the shoe, in a kind, easy tone,
And it gaped as the lecture was ended.

New toes and new heels now the old shoes have got,
New strings, too, their beauty renew;
Frank wears them in peace, and has never forgot
The words of the friendly old shoe.

THE MONKEYS AND THE BEARS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF GELLART.

The monkeys, 'tis said, once asked of the bears,
How it was that their nation so much surpassed theirs,
And begged that the means they would graciously tell
By which the young bears were kept hearty and well.
"Perhaps it may be," said one of the mothers,
Who seemed more considerate and wise than the others,
"Perhaps," said she, trembling at even the thought,
"We give our dear young ones less food than we ought;
We may be impatient; I have really some fears
That we rock them too little, the poor little dears;
Our milk may cause fever, and their stomachs not suit,
Or perhaps they are weakened and injured by fruit.
Perhaps the whole mischief is caused by the air,
And who 'gainst this evil can ever prepare?

In their earliest years, it may poison instil,
And through their whole lifetime produce every ill.
Perhaps it may be, before we are aware,
They breathe in a pestilence, borne on the air.
Perhaps, for the nerves of us monkeys are weak,
In jumping, or leaping, some bone they may break
In their breasts." Here, for weeping, she scarcely could speak,
And she snatched up her little one long to her breast;
With such vehement love the poor victim she pressed,
That all its complainings and troubles were stilled;
Alas the poor mother! her pet she had killed.

Said the bear,—"No longer I think you need seek
For the cause why your young ones are sickly and weak;
It is not the milk, nor the fruit, nor the air,
Nor fault of the stomach, and 'tis no lack of care.
Your blind fondness it is that cuts short their days.
How is it that we such multitudes raise?
As soon as our young ones are able to run,
We take them out with us to play in the sun.
We take them through floods, through heat, and through cold,
And so they are healthy, and live to be old."

THE END.

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