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LITTLE RHYMES

FOR

LITTLE READERS.



PUBLISHED BY JOHN METCALF,
WENDELL, MASS.

15

Smith Store

LITTLE RHYMES

FOR

LITTLE READERS.



J. METCALF....WENDELL, MASS.

1832.

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CHARITY.

I BOUGHT four apples, only see!
 My sister gave the cents to me.
 This is for you, dear Emmeline,
 And this for George, and this is mine.

Who shall I give this other to?
 There is poor little Billy Drew,
 He has no cents—O then I'll run
 And carry him the largest one.



GRATITUDE.

Every morning when I wake,
I'll praise my God who keeps my
breath,

And kindly guards me when I sleep,
And saves me every night from death.

Each day I'll read his blessed word,
To learn what he would have me do,
And all his dear and kind commands
With thankful love I will pursue.



AFFECTION.

Here, Amelia, take these posies,
 Do but see how fresh and fair!
 And this little bunch of roses;
 Do but smell how sweet they are.

Carry this white rose to mother,
 She will smile upon you cheerly;
 Give the pinks to little brother,
 For he loves to see them dearly.



PLEASURE.

I love to see the cows come home ;
I love to see the hens at rest ;
I love to see the sleepy birds
Seek their little peaceful nest.

I love to see a little group
Of children, at the close of day,
Eat their bread and milk in love,
And smile the pleasant hour away.



TRUTH.

I have to go abroad to day ;
 I promis'd Mary I would go ;
 I thought 'twould be a pleasant walk,
 But now the path is wet with snow.

You should not promise, said mamma,
 How did you know but it would
 storm ?

True, I should not have pass'd my
 word,
 But since I did, I must perform.



IDLENESS.

Vacation—one whole week has pass'd,
 Another is to come,
 And I have done no single thing,
 But loiter round at home.

Give me some work, I will not waste
 My precious hours again ;
 I'd rather pick up chips all day,
 Than spend my time so vain.



CONTENTMENT.

If I have but a thankful heart,
I don't care what I eat ;
The blessing of my gracious God
Makes every morsel sweet.

I'd rather have the meanest food,
With his dear love the crown,
'Than all the dainties earth can give
Beneath my Father's frown.



SABBATH.

'Tis Sabbath day, a day of rest,
 A day which my dear Lord has blest ;
 I will not do a wicked thing,
 But try to serve my heavenly King.

God is my best, my only friend,
 On whom forever I depend ;
 I'll love and praise him till I die,
 And praise him then above the sky.



THANKSGIVING.

Thanksgiving—'tis a welcome morn,
 I love to see its smiling dawn ;
 How many meet this joyful day,
 With thankful hearts to praise and
 pray.

From many a table richly spread,
 How many poor this day are fed !
 Ten thousand blessings on the good,
 Who fill the hungry mouths with food.



INGRATITUDE.

Mary, what makes you fret and scold,
 You certainly grow worse,
 Pray leave that naughty habit, dear,
 'Tis wicked to be cross.

You have ten thousand blessings, child
 Then why do you complain?
 O think how kind your Maker is,
 And never fret again.



DEATH.

Sarah, do you hear that bell ?

'Tis for a pretty babe that's dead ;
 In the cold and narrow grave
 Must be laid its little head.

That's the end of all the world ;
 Every one on earth must die ;
 But the child who loves its God,
 Will live again beyond the sky.



BIRDS.

Only hear the little bird
Try to sing away its care,
Though it snows and though it blows,
See him mounting in the air.

Fly away, my pretty bird,
To your shelter quickly haste,
And hide your bill, and keep you still,
Till the driving storm is past.



POVERTY.

To day a little ragged boy
 Came weeping in at our back door,
 And ask'd me for a piece of bread
 That had just fallen on the floor.

What a wicked child I was,
 To pout this morning, and to cry,
 And leave my bowl of bread and milk,
 Because I could not have some pie.



LIBERALITY.

Dear Charley, don't spend every cent
 For fruit, and sugar plums, and cake,
 But save one half of all your cash
 For little needy children's sake.

Do you not want to help them, Charles?
 We both can do it if we try;
 Let us henceforth take half we get,
 Most cheerfully, and lay it by.



