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POETIC GIFT:

CONTAINING

BARBAULD'S HYMNS

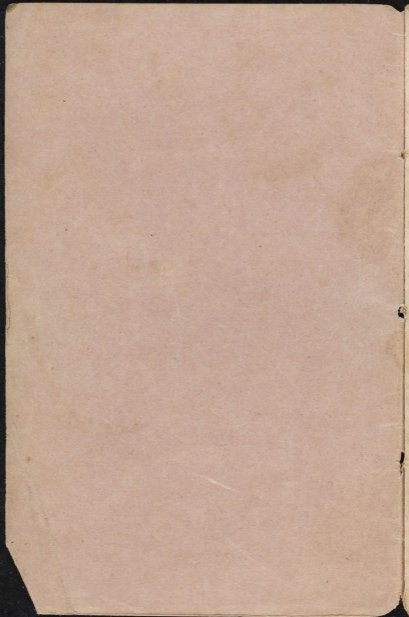
IN VERSE.

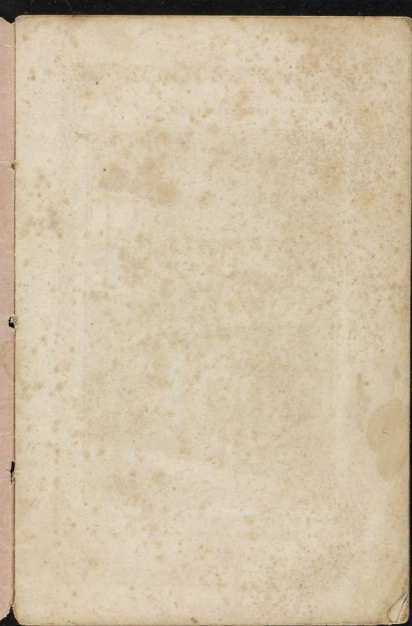


NEW HAVEN.

PUBLISHED BY S. BABCOCK







FRONTISPIECE.



RECEIVE MY INSTRUCTION, AND NOT SILVER; AND KNOWLEDGE  
RATHER THAN CHOICE GOLD.



POETIC GIFT:  
CONTAINING  
MRS. BARBAULD'S HYMNS,  
IN VERSE.

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BY MARY BELSON,  
Author of "Innocent Poetry," "Grateful Tributes" "The Orphan Boy, &c.

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ILLUSTRATED BY APPROPRIATE ENGRAVINGS.



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## PREFACE.

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THE following Poems are from Mrs. Barbauld's beautiful Hymns in prose. The originals have been long and deservedly admired by the youthful reader: the author of the present production feels somewhat timid in submitting her humble attempt to public inspection, after the unbounded success of her predecessor; but she trusts that she has adhered to the subject, though she may have failed in manner. The whole of the Hymns have not been copied, the size of the book not permitting such an increase; but the author has selected the most simple, and such as she imagines are familiar to most children, few of whom have not delighted and improved themselves by a perusal of their favorite author, Mrs. Barbauld.

MRS. BARBAULD'S  
HYMNS FOR CHILDREN.  
IN VERSE.



HYMN I.

UNIVERSAL PRAISE DUE TO THE CREATOR.

THE Sun's bright beams that cheer the sight,  
And make all nature look so gay,  
The Moon, who, in the gloom of night,  
Kindly emits her silver ray ;

The Whale, great monster of the sea,  
And Elephant, so great on land,  
The Worm, which creeps so sluggishly—  
All spring from a superior hand.

The Birds, whose songs we love to hear,  
In every note sing grateful praise ;

The murmuring Brooks, the River clear,  
Seem to unite their humble lays.

Shall I, though but a child in years,  
Forget the source of all—is God?  
Whose power the universe reveres,  
From gifted man to humblest sod.

When older, I will praise him more,  
Still more his greatness I shall know;  
The infant lips which praised before,  
With greater eloquence shall flow.



H Y M N II.

THE BEAUTIES OF SPRING.

SEE Nature's carpet, fresh and green;  
See new-born flowers spring around;  
Let us enjoy the rural scene,  
And sport upon the daisied ground.

The blossoms bud ; the green leaves sprout ;  
The yellow cowslips hang their heads ;  
The violet from the bank peeps out,  
And in the air its fragrance sheds.

The goslings young, run to and fro ;  
The patient hen sits o'er her brood ;  
With tottering steps the young lambs go,  
And timid crop their grassy food.

Poor little lambs ! ye need not fear,  
The grass is soft, though you should fall ;  
Your watchful mother too is near,  
To hear your tender bleating call.

Young animals of every kind  
Seem as if glad to be alive ;  
And thank by action, though not mind,  
The hand which causes them to thrive.



## H Y M N I I I .

## G R A T I T U D E T O G O D .

THE trees can bud, the birds can sing,  
The little lambs can bleat ;  
These are their thanks, and every Spring  
Such praises they repeat.

Ah ! could they speak, as we can do,  
Like us they would rejoice,  
And, as each beauty met their view,  
Would raise the grateful voice.

Since, trees, and lambs, and little birds,  
Your thanks you cannot speak,  
We, who are blessed with speech and words,  
Must help the dumb and weak.

Your blossoms, sports, and cheerful song,  
Alone we do require ;  
But praise shall issue from our tongue,  
Your aid, the song inspire !



## HYMN IV.

THE SHEPHERD WHO WATCHES OVER ALL.

BEHOLD the shepherd's anxious care,  
To guard his helpless fold ;  
For them he breathes the sultry air,  
For them endures the cold.

HYMNS FOR CHILDREN.

The weary in his arms he shields,  
And, if by chance they roam,  
He rambles o'er the distant fields,  
To lead them to their home.

But, should this careful shepherd stray  
In paths beset with pain,  
Is there no hand to guide his way,  
And bring him back again ?

Ah! yes,—a tender Shepherd's eye  
Hath watched him from his birth ;  
God is a Father ever nigh,  
Shepherd of all the earth !



H Y M N V.

GOD THE PARENT OF ALL.

ON the tender mother's breast,  
See the infant of her love ;  
Her mind is fixed on what is best  
To feed and make her child improve.

When sleep steals o'er its heavy eye,  
She watches at its pillow side ;  
In sickness, hear her heart-felt sigh,  
And mark the tears in silence glide.

Her care, her love, may do it good ;  
But who for her will do the same ?

Strengthen her strength, and give her food,  
Say who will own the mother's claim ?

A Parent still more kind than she,  
Views all she does, and all approves ;  
And who can this fond parent be,  
But God, who all his creatures loves.



H Y M N V I.

THE KING OF KINGS.

THE king his scepter bears in hand,  
Wears on his head a golden crown,  
He sendeth forth his high command,  
His people tremble at his frown.

He orders, they obey his will,  
He punisheth their crimes,  
Protecteth them from every ill,  
In war or peaceful times.

But yet a greater sovereign reigns,  
One crowned with rays of light ;  
Who every earthly king sustains,  
Though far removed from sight.

Monarchs may fear his awful power  
He views them but as men,  
And marks the action of each hour,  
With Time's recording pen



This King of kings we will obey,  
Yet as a Father love ;  
Nor from our holy Shepherd stray,  
Who watcheth from above.



## HYMN VII.

THE ALMIGHTY MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN HIS WORKS.

COME, little children, let me show  
What is lovely to the eye,—  
A rose of beauty in full blow,  
Her blushing tints of softest dye

She sits upon her mossy stem,  
And queen of all the flowers appears ;  
She is indeed our summer's gem,  
Where'er her fragrant head she rears.

But, fair and fragrant as she seems,  
 Still fairer He who made the rose,  
 His very name with fragrance teems,  
 More beautiful than all that grows.

Not to the wandering eye alone,  
 But to the heart his name is dear -  
 Matchless he sits upon his throne,  
 The source of love, of hope, and fear.



## HYMN VIII.

GOD'S STRENGTH AND POWER.

You have seen what is fair,  
 Now behold what is strong :  
 See the lion,—who dare  
 To examine him long.

From his lair see him rise ;  
 How he shaketh his mane !  
 Hark ! he roars, and his cries  
 Are not echoed in vain.

The field's peaceful guest  
 Flies quick at the sound ;  
 Even the wild take no rest  
 While he scents the same ground.

But more terrible still,  
 He who made him so strong,

Who cuts off, at his will,  
Both the aged and young;

Who can stop at a breath,  
The life which he gave ;  
From whose sentence of death  
No resistance can save.



## HYMN IX.

## THE SUN LESS GLORIOUS THAN THE CREATOR.

THOUGH strong the lion, and fair the rose,  
More bright the beaming sun ;  
His glorious rays a brilliance throws  
That human eye must shun.

We can behold no sight so great,  
As when at broad noon-day,  
He sits upon his throne of state,  
Darting his fiery ray.

But far more glorious He who made  
This sun to beam with fire ;  
No eye His brightness can evade,  
At whose glance all retire.

The name this wondrous Being bears,  
This great and perfect whole,

Is God—the granter of our prayers,  
Preserver of our souls.

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H Y M N X.

GOD THE GUARDIAN OF HIS CREATURES.

THE Sun is set, the night-dews fall,  
And cool the sultry air ;  
The chickens at their mother's call,  
To sheltering wing repair.

Their color'd leaves the flowers fold ;  
The birds their warbling cease ;  
The bees have sought their waxen hold ;  
While all seem hush'd in peace.

The bleating sheep no more are heard,  
Or children's busy feet ;

No human voice emits a word,  
Where darkness takes her seat.

But who, in this dark silent scene,  
Will guard us from all harm?  
Who, but that God, whose care we've been,  
Whose name dispels alarm.



## H Y M N X I .

## THE DAILY MERCIES OF GOD.

Now the darkness is pass'd, so open your eyes,  
And see the bright beams of the sun from the skies,  
Have you nothing to offer your God for his care,  
No song of thanksgiving, no gratitude's prayer?

Shall the flowers again spread their fragrance  
sweet?

Shall the birds with their warble another day greet,  
While you, who his mercies can best understand,  
Are the last to give thanks for the gifts of his hand?

In our hearts be his praise, when we lie down to  
rest;

And, when we awake, be it still more impress'd.  
Not a moment elapses, but proves more and more,  
That we can not too much our Creator adore.

If to-day he is gracious, to-morrow we find  
Some new-bestow'd bounty, and equally kind;  
Our prayers may not equal the transports we feel,  
What's deficient in words let us make up by zeal



## HYMN XII.

GOD THE CAUSE OF ALL GOOD.

CHILD of Reason, whence comest thou,  
 And whither dost thou stray ?  
 All that thine eye hath seen, avow,  
 For thou hast marked the way.

My walk has through the meadows been,  
 The cattle round me fed ;  
 The corn sprang up, the furrows between ;  
 The poppy shew'd its head.

And didst thou see no more of good,  
 Nor see the hand which gave  
 The pasture for the cattle's food,  
 And corn, with graceful wave ?

His smile enlighten'd all the scene ;  
 His bloom o'er it was spread ;  
 But for his presence, all had been  
 As nature's self were dead

## HYMN XIII.

THE HAND OF THE ALMIGHTY PERCEPTIBLE IN ALL THINGS.

I HAVE walk'd through the forest, and heard the  
 wind sigh ;  
 The brook fell in murmuring sound ;  
 From the bough leap'd the squirrel,—now low, and  
 now high,  
 And the birds sang from branches around.

And was there no murmur but that of the brook ?  
 No whisper but that of the wind ?  
 Child of Reason return, and in Nature's great book,  
 Far greater than these you will find.

In the trees, in the water that murmur'd so sweet,  
 In the warbling notes of the shade,  
 There was but One Hand, that had made it complete,  
 One Being alone gave his aid.

But that Being was God ;—he blended with all,  
 Gave beauty, and softness and grace ;  
 From the tree to its leaf, which in autumn will fall,  
 Some proof of His beauty we trace.



## HYMN XIV.

GOD RULETH THE STORM.

BEHIND the trees, I saw the rising moon,  
 It seem'd a lamp of gold unto mine eyes ;  
 At first it shone alone, but very soon  
 The stars in quick succession dot the skies.

Towards the south, I saw the black clouds roll,  
 The vivid lightning flash'd with awful glare,  
 The thunder growl'd, and terror struck my soul,  
 For it was loud and terrible to hear.

And did thy heart no other terrors feel  
 Was all the brightness to the lightning given ?  
 And did the speaking thunder not reveal  
 The storm was but the angry voice of Heaven ?

In every sound we hear,—'tis God who speaks ;  
 He meets our view, in every thing we see ;  
 The deep recesses of our hearts he seeks ;  
 From him is no disguise, no secrecy.



HYMN XV.

THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

We can not bear the scorching sun ;  
 Come let us seek the thick green shade  
 Where the gurgling waters run,  
 And at our feet soft grass is laid.



The sloping banks, with flowers dress'd,  
Present a fresh and fragrant bed ;  
Let us enjoy its offer'd rest,  
While sleep its influence shall shed.

The cattle in the shade lie down,  
Or in the open meadows graze ;  
But we can offer at the throne  
Of God, our warmest sense of praise.

And when we feel the sun's warm beams,  
Or seek the shade for cooler air ;  
Or taste the brook's refreshing stream,  
Can tell whose wondrous works they are.



## H Y M N X V I.

THE ALMIGHTY HEEDETH ALL HIS CREATURES.

THAT we can praise him, well I know,  
But will our voices reach his ear,  
Him high above, and we below ?  
The wondrous distance makes me fear.—

Fear not ; for every word you say,  
Though whispered as the gentle breeze,  
Straight to his ear will find its way,  
He hears as quickly as he sees.

Though you should hardly lisp his Name,  
Your little voice would reach his throne ;

And he will kindly hear the same,  
For God makes children all his own.

Once you were dumb, he made you speak ;  
Before you thought, he thought for you ;  
He gave you strength, when you were weak,  
And formed your stature as you grew.



HYMN XVII.

THE WORLD MADE FOR MAN.

THOUGH buds turn leaves, and blossoms fruit  
And well repay our care,  
They can not tell who gave them root,  
Or what their uses are.

Bid them sing forth with pleasant sounds,  
Yet mute they will remain ;  
Their look and scent are Nature's bounds,  
They flourish for man's gain.

To gratify his taste, they spring ;  
The earth was made for man ;—  
Yes, he partakes of every thing,  
And has,—since world began.

If thus to him, the choicest food,  
By Nature's bounties fall,  
Let him, as Nature's best work should  
Speak gratitude for all !



## HYMN XVIII.

## THE GRATEFUL HUSBANDMAN.

SEE the laborer's cottage clean,  
 Warmly thatch'd, and covered o'er ;  
 See the wife, with placid mien,  
 Briskly spinning at the door.

Around her see the young ones play,  
 The elder ones some labor learn ;  
 The father worketh every day,  
 His offsprings' daily bread to earn.

To meet him, all his children run,  
 And gather round him on the sod ;  
 He shares the welcome meal of home,  
 Nor rests till he has thank'd his God.

Dear as the objects round him are,  
 For whom, all hardships he would brave,  
 For whom, he offers up his prayers,  
 Dearer the Hand, who all these gave.

## HYMN XIX.

THE COUNTRIES INDEBTED TO GOD.

WHERE houses in a cluster rise,  
 And the tall spire peeps above,  
 Some village hamlet it implies,  
 Where men and labor briskly move.

But many houses thus combin'd  
 Change the name to that of town ;  
 And many towns and countries join'd,  
 Become a kingdom, and own a crown.

Such kingdoms, with large tracts of land  
 Help to fill up the world's wide space  
 Fashion'd by man's ingenious hand,  
 And form'd to suit the human race.

But, though the climates differ much,  
 People and languages, the same ;  
 God is the giver of all, as such  
 All join to worship his great Name.

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## HYMN XX.

GOD THE FRIEND OF THE DISTRESSED AND HELPLESS.

NEGRO woman, who sittest pining  
 O'er the baby on thy knee,  
 Though thy friends seem fast declining,  
 One kind Eye can pity thee.

Is thy infant sick with pain,  
 There is a hand can make him well,

Can give him to thy arms again,  
And all the mother's terrors quell.

Though the world look harshly on thee,  
Let thy heart be light and gay,  
If his blessing be upon thee,  
All thy griefs will pass away.

Raise thy voice, thy God will hear thee ;  
What, if thy skin no whiteness shows,  
Still will he listen, soothe and cheer thee,  
The color of thy heart he knows.



## HYMN XXI.

## THE VARIETY OF GOD'S GIFTS.

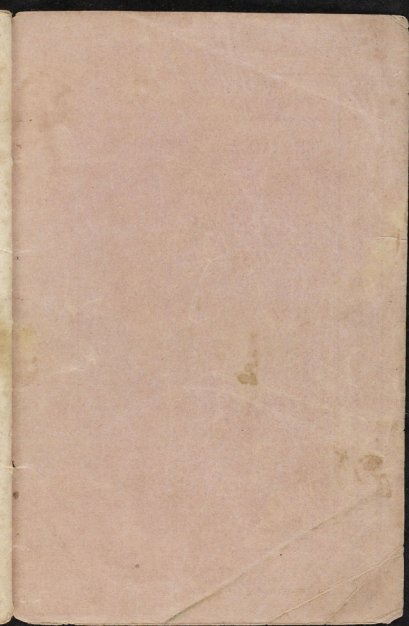
WE can not count these grains of sand  
That lie by thousands in thy hand :  
To count yon blades of grass, I fear,  
Would prove the task of many a year.

Behold the fir, on mountains grow,  
And the grey willow drop below ;  
The prickly thistle, mallow soft ;  
The hop, whose tendrils climb aloft.

The oak, with firm and fibrous root ;  
The humble daisy, at your foot ;  
The tulip, from a richer soil,  
Fair produce of the gard'ner's toil.

The marshy reed, and iris too ;  
The purple heath of lively hue ;  
The wall-flower blowing without care ;  
The floating water-lily there :

What various forms, what colors rare !  
Their blending fragrance scents the air ;  
Their beauty tells, though they are dumb  
From what Dispensing Hand they come



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