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In 1825-1833

not in R.
Some children for cakes or for toys
are inclin’d,
And some are for nothing but play.
But remember there’s food and delight
for the mind,
In the books that are sold by M. Day.

NEW-YORK:
Printed and sold by Mahlon Day,
At the New Juvenile Book-store,
No. 376, Pearl-street.
Who sat and watched my infant head,
When sleeping on my cradle bed,
And tears of fond affection shed?
My Mother.

When sleep forsook my open eye,
Who was it sang sweet hushaby,
And rock'd me that I should not cry?
My Mother.
When pain and sickness made me cry,
Who gaz’d upon my heavy eye,
And wept for fear that I should die?

My Mother.

And can I ever cease to be,
Affectionate and kind to thee,
Who wast so very kind to me?

My Mother.
Who fed me from her gentle breast,
And hush'd me in her arms to rest,
And on my cheek sweet kisses prest? My Mother.

When first my lisping accents came,
And call'd mamma's beloved name,
Who felt a transport thrill her frame? My Mother.
Who ran to help me when I fell, 
And would some pretty stories tell,  
Or kiss the place to make it well?  
   My Mother.

And when I crept from chair to chair,  
Who watch’d my steps with anxious care,  
Lest I should fall and hurt a hair?  
   My Mother.
Who drest my doll with clothes so gay,
And taught me pretty how to play,
And minded all I had to say?
My Mother.

Who taught my bosom to rejoice,
In God alone, who hears my voice,
And makes His ways my pleasant choice?
My Mother.
Who taught my infant lips to pray,
And love God truly every day,
And walk in Wisdom's pleasant way?

My Mother.

Affection's tear would gem her eye,
And who for me would heave the sigh,
Or wing a secret wish on high
My Mother.
And oh! who would my food provide,
And little errors gently chide,
And dress me with maternal pride?

My Mother.

And should I live to see thee old,
O! mayst thou then in me behold,
Whate'er thy fondest hopes foretold?

My Mother.