

The Lullaby, with Original Engravings eBook

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EVENING SONG.

Twilight dew's are on the roses,
Little birds are in the nest,
On the green the lamb reposes—
Rest thee, little darling, rest.

While my babe is sweetly sleeping,
Silent stars are bright above,
And the angels' eyes are keeping
Over thee their watch of love.

Precious child! may that blest Saviour
Who for us a child was born,
Guard thee now and guard thee ever—
Keep thee safely, night and morn!

* * * * *

[Illustration]

THE ROBINS.

Two little robins made a nest—
'Twas in the warm spring weather;
They built it out of sticks and straws
And little bits of feather.

It was upon an apple bough,
With blossoms all around it;
So neatly wove and fitted in
That no one ever found it.

And there four little birds lay hid,
With nice green leaves to shield them,
And there they peeped and flapped about,
And well the old ones fed them.

And when the hawk comes hovering near,
The speckled hen gives a cry of fear,
And the little chickens, every one,
Up to her in a moment run,
Safely hide beneath her wings.



Oh! the nice old speckled hen,
With her pretty chickens ten.

* * * * *

LULLABY.

There, lullaby, and I will sing to you
A little song about a yellow bird
That made a nest upon a currant bush,
And sung the sweetest that you ever heard,
Lullaby, lullaby!

There were two little birds that built the nest;
One sat and sung upon the garden wall,
The other, with her warm and downy breast,
Covered the eggs so beautiful and small.
Lullaby, lullaby!

One day some little birds came peeping out,
And then they opened wide their mouths for food;
The yellow birds flew down and skipped about,
And brought them something very nice and good.
Lullaby, lullaby!

And so they grew and grew, till puss, one day,
Tore down the pretty nest with sudden rush,
But Johnny saw, and took the birds away,
And placed them in the nest, back on the bush.
Lullaby, lullaby!

The old ones found them safe, poor trembling things;
They smoothed and fed them, and that very day
They taught them how to spread their little wings,
And 'mong the garden trees to soar away.
Lullaby, lullaby?

* * * * *

SNOW.

The snow, the snow is coming,
So graceful and light,
All over every thing,
Beautiful and white.



Page 2

A thousand, thousand snow-flakes,
They're swimming in the air;
They fall upon the cherry-trees,
And hang like blossoms there.

They are coming, coming, coming,
As far as I can see;
They 'light, like little fairy birds,
Upon the old oak tree.

Each flake of snow is pretty—
A spangle or a gem;
But they melt away in dew-drops—
I can not treasure them.

They melt beneath the sunbeam,
They sink into the ground,
And where they vanish, by-and-by,
Sweet flowers will be found,

And I am told they moisten
And make the flowrets grow;
So, welcome, very welcome,
Are the gentle flakes of snow.

Poor lammie! what a pity
One little foot is hurt,
And the face that was so pretty
Is covered with the dirt!

But up, and never mind it;
A little brook is near—
Among the grass you'll find it—
The water's cool and clear.

I guess you will feel better—
Step in and take a drink;
That shallow brook of water,
With flowers around the brink.

* * * * *

LULLABY.



A woman gently rocks her easy chair,
With a sweet infant lying on her breast,
The gentle motion waving her long hair,
As thus she sings her little one to rest,
Lullaby, lullaby!

Another twilight, and my heart is thrilled
Still with thy living beauty; angel feet
This day have trod our threshold, but to shield,
And not to bear thee hence, my baby sweet.
Lullaby, lullaby!

One radiant star is shining in the west,
A softer radiance is in thine eyes;
Upon the slender stalk the blossoms rest—
A sweeter blossom on my bosom lies.
Lullaby, lullaby!

All thou mayest be I dare not image now,
As thou in life shalt bear an earnest part;
Only I pray that on thy spotless brow
The seal of heaven be set, and true thy heart,
Lullaby, lullaby!

The dew is falling, and the leaves are stirred
With a low whispering of love and power,
And thou art sleepy now, my nestling bird,
Shut thy blue eyes as softly shuts the flower.
Lullaby, lullaby!

* * * * *

HYMN.

God who is in heaven
Made all the pretty flowers,
He sends the pleasant sunshine,
And sends the dripping showers.

He made all living creatures,
And the earth to bring forth food,
And we will love and praise him,
For he is very good.

* * * * *

2.



Keep us in the midnight,
Saviour dear,
Through the hours of darkness,
Oh, be thou near!



Page 3

Powerless and lowly,
We lean on thy arm—
Watcher of Israel,
Keep us from harm!

* * * * *

WELCOME.

There comes a little bird
In at the door;
Do see! Upon my word,
It's on the floor.

Little bird, come and stay;
Here you are welcome,
Or you may fly away
To your own home.

I will give you bread,
Much as you say;
After you have fed,
You may skip away.

There, on the cherry-tree,
Build your downy nest,
Or in any other
That you like best,

Little birds, pretty birds,
Come to my door;
If you have no words,
Sing out for more!