

**THE LITTLE
VILLAGER'S
VERSE BOOK**

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The little villager's verse book by W. L. Bowles

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W. L. BOWLES

**THE LITTLE
VILLAGER'S
VERSE BOOK**

W. G. G. G.

THE
LITTLE VILLAGER'S
VERSE BOOK;

CONSISTING OF

SHORT VERSES,

FOR CHILDREN TO LEARN BY HEART;

In which the most familiar Images of Country Life are applied
to excite the first feelings of Humanity and Piety.

BY THE REV. W. L. BOWLES.

THIRD EDITION.

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ADVERTISEMENT.



THE following COMPOSITIONS were written originally, to be learnt by heart by Poor Children of my own Parish, who have been instructed every Sunday through the Summer, for many years, on the Garden Lawn before the Parsonage House, by Mrs. BOWLES. The object, which to the best of my knowledge is in a great degree* novel, was briefly to describe the most obvious images in Country Life, familiar to every child; and in the smallest compass to connect them with the earliest feelings of Humanity and Piety. Fourteen of these little Poems, were composed with this view, many

* Every one is acquainted with Dr. Watts's elegant Hymns for Children; but out of twenty-eight hymns, three only are of the nature of these compositions.

years ago ; but, it was not thought of extending their knowledge beyond the village circle, to which they were originally limited, except by a very few copies given away.

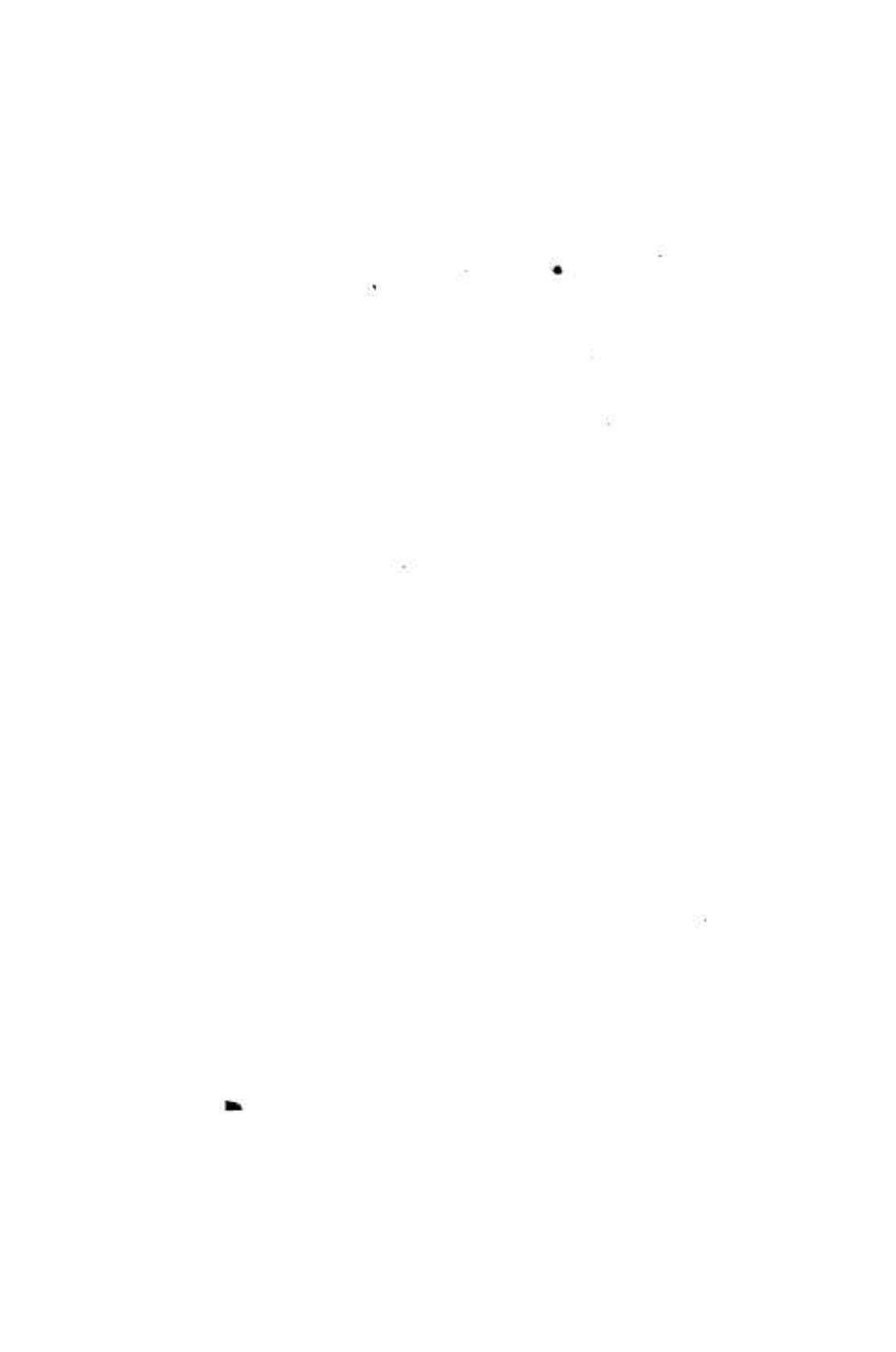
I have now added to the number, and revised the whole ; thinking, when early Education is so widely extended, they may be found, on a wider scale, to answer the purpose for which they were written. They may be also found acceptable to Mothers, in a higher station of life, who might wish to impress on their children's memory, as they grow up, a love of natural scenes, combined with the earliest feelings of Sympathy and Religion.

PATH OF LIFE.

Oh, Lord,—in sickness and in health,
To every lot resign'd ;
Grant me, before all worldly wealth,
A meek and thankful mind.

As, Life, thy upland path we tread,
And often pause in pain,
To think of friends or parents dead,
Oh ! let us not complain.

The Lord may give or take away,
But nought our faith can move,
While we to Heaven can look, and say,
"OUR FATHER lives above."



SPRING.—CUCKOO.



The Bee is humming in the Sun,
The yellow Cowslip springs ;
And hark ! from yonder Woodland's side
Again the Cuckoo sings !

“Cuckoo,—Cuckoo !” no other note,
She sings, from day to day,
But I, though a poor Cottage Girl,
Can work, and read, and pray.

And whilst in knowledge I rejoice,
Which heavenly truth displays,
Oh ! let me still employ my voice,
In my Redeemer's praise.

SHEEP-FOLD.

The Sheep were in the field at night,
And now, a new-born Lamb
Totters and trembles in the light,
Or bleats beside its dam.

How anxiously the mother tries,
With every tender care,
To screen it from inclement skies,
And the cold morning air.

The hail-storm of the east is fled,
She seems with joy to swell,
While ever, as she bends her head,
I hear the tinkling bell.

So while for me a mother's prayer,
Ascends to Heaven above,
May I repay her tender care,
With gratitude and love.