

**HOMELY BALLADS
FOR THE WORKING
MAN'S FIRESIDE**

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Homely Ballads for the Working Man's Fireside by Mary Sewell

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MARY SEWELL

**HOMELY BALLADS
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MAN'S FIRESIDE**

HOMELY BALLADS

FOR THE

WORKING MAN'S FIRESIDE.

BY MARY SEWELL.

FIFTH THOUSAND.

LONDON:

SMITH, ELDER AND CO., 65, CORNHILL.

—
1858.

280. S. 184.



LONDON:
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LITTLE GREEN ARCHES COURT.

PREFACE TO FIRST EDITION.

~~DURING~~ many years of friendly intercourse with her poorer friends and neighbours, the Author has frequently observed the poetry in a book to be the first part which draws their attention—that, with children, there is a general desire to commit verse to memory, and that the parent's ear is ever open to listen whilst they repeat the hymn or the story which is told in rhyme.

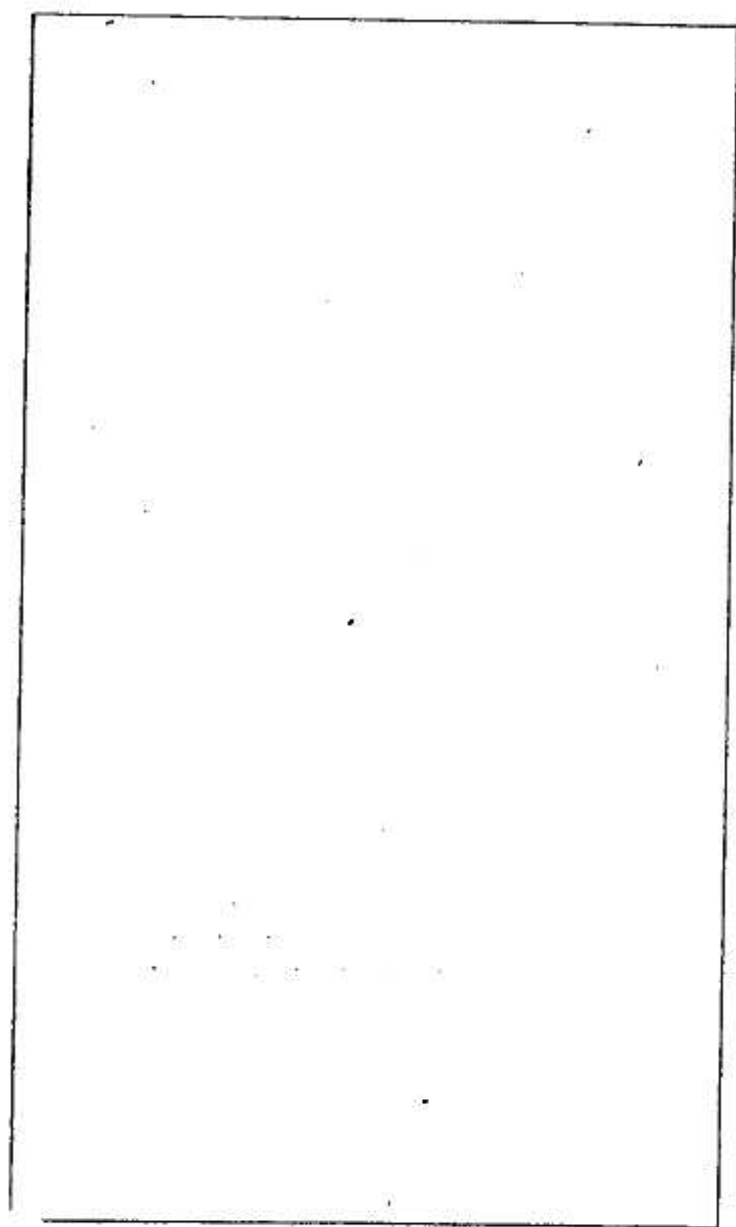
The Author believes—and her opinion is confirmed by others intimately conversant with the minds of the working classes in different parts of the country—that there exists amongst them generally, an instinctive love and appreciation of simple descriptive poetry; and that, both morally and intellectually, it is of more importance to them to have the imagination cultivated and refined by the higher sentiment of poetry, than it can be to those who have the advantage of a liberal education; to the one, it is a luxury—to the other, an almost needful relaxation from the severe and irksome drudgery of their daily lot.

PREFACE.

With these convictions, the Author has endeavoured to throw some of her thoughts into the following homely verses. But, in offering them as a small contribution to the working man's library, she is conscious how slightly they express her earnest sympathy and interest—her heartfelt admiration and respect for the noble-hearted, patient, and industrious workers in our native land, by whose unceasing toil, the more wealthy are exempted from similar labour, and are surrounded by the comforts and enjoyments of life.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Faith, Hope, and Charity - - - - -	1
The Funeral Bell - - - - -	18
The Miller's Wife - - - - -	18
Abel Howard and his Family - - - - -	83
The Thieves' Ladder - - - - -	40
The Guilty Conscience; or, Hell begun - - - - -	49
The Poor Little Boy - - - - -	58
The Common - - - - -	60
The Working Woman's Appeal - - - - -	65
Mrs. Godliman - - - - -	75
A Religious Woman - - - - -	83
The Young English Gentleman - - - - -	94
The Primrose Gatherers - - - - -	98
Boy going to Service - - - - -	100
The Drunkard's Wife - - - - -	103
The Young Nurse Girl - - - - -	109
The Bad Manager - - - - -	115
Sixty Years Ago - - - - -	118



HOMELY BALLADS

FOR THE WORKING MAN'S FIRE-SIDE.

FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

A GALLANT ship went out to sea
From Scotland's rocky shore,
And with her sail'd one hundred men
To dig for golden ore.

The anchor rose, the sails were set,
And steady blew the breeze ;
And merrily the vessel went
Across the tossing seas.

From morn till night her course she kept,
The land was still in view,
And passengers upon the deck
Oft sigh'd a long adieu.

The second day was at an end,
And night came slowly down ;
But still upon the distant coast
They saw a lighted town.