

**NATURE IN VERSE; A
POETRY READER FOR
CHILDREN. [NEW YORK]**

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Nature in Verse; A Poetry Reader for Children. [New York] by Mary I. Lovejoy

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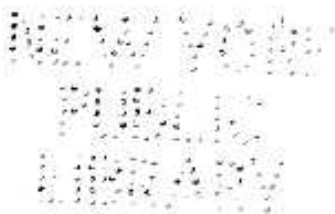
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NATURE IN VERSE

A POETRY READER FOR CHILDREN

COMPILED BY

MARY I. LOVEJOY



SILVER, BURDETT & COMPANY

NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO

SONGS OF SPRING.



"I like to see the daisy and the buttercups once more,
The primrose and the cowslips, too, and every pretty flower."



Songs of Spring.

THE KING OF GLORY.



THE earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof,
The world and they that dwell therein ;
For he hath founded it upon the seas,
And established it upon the floods.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord ?
Or who shall stand in his holy place ?

He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart,
Who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity,
He shall receive the blessing from the Lord,
And righteousness from the God of his salvator

Lift up your heads, O ye gates !
And be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors !
And the King of Glory shall come in.

Who is this King of Glory ?

The Lord strong and mighty ;
The Lord mighty in battle.

THE COMING OF SPRING.

THE birds are coming home soon;
 I look for them every day;
 I listen to catch the first wild strain,
 For they must be singing by May.

The bluebird, he'll come first, you know,
 Like a violet that has taken wings;
 And the red-breast trills while his nest he builds,
 I can hum the song that he sings.

And the crocus and wind-flower are coming, too;
 They're already upon the way;
 When the sun warms the brown earth through and
 through,
 I shall look for them *any* day.

Then be patient, and wait a little, my dear;
 "They're coming," the winds repeat;
 "We're coming! we're coming!" I'm sure I hear,
 From the grass blades that grow at my feet.

— *Selected.*

 SPRING SONG.

"AWAKE," said the sunshine; "'tis time to get up;
 Awake, pretty daisy and sweet buttercup.
 Why! you've been sleeping the whole winter long;
 Hark! hark! don't you hear? 'Tis the bluebird's first
 song."

"Awake," call the streamlets. "We've lain here so still,
And now we must all go to work with a will."

"Wake," says the warm breeze, "and you, willow tree,
Come, put on your leaves in a twinkling for me!"

"Awake," breathes the air from the blue sky above,

"Awake, for the air is all beauty and love.

Wake, little children so merry and dear;

Ah! what were the spring, if you were not here!"

— *Selected* .

A SPRING SONG.

OLD Mother Earth woke up from her sleep,
And found she was cold and bare;
The winter was over, the spring was near,
And she had not a dress to wear.

"Alas!" she sighed, with great dismay,

"Oh, where shall I get my clothes?"

There's not a place to buy a suit,

And a dressmaker no one knows."

"I'll make you a dress," said the springing grass.

Just looking above the ground,

"A dress of green of the loveliest sheen,

To cover you all around."

"And we," said the dandelions gay,

"Will dot it with yellow bright."

"I'll make it a fringe," said forget-me-not,

"Of blue, very soft and light."

"We'll embroider the front," said the violets,

"With a lovely purple hue."

“And we,” said the roses, “will make you a crown
 Of red, jeweled over with dew.”
 “And we’ll be your gems,” said a voice from the shade
 Where the ladies’ ear-drops live—
 “Orange is the color for any queen
 And the best we have to give.”

Old Mother Earth was thankful and glad,
 As she put on her dress so gay;
 And that is the reason, my little ones,
 She is looking so lovely to-day.

— *Children's Friend and Kindergarten.*



A WALK IN SPRING.

I'M very glad the spring is come: the sun shines out
 so bright,
 The little birds upon the trees are singing for delight;
 The young grass looks so fresh and green, the lambs
 do sport and play,
 And I can skip and run about as merrily as they.

I like to see the daisy and the buttercups once more,
 The primrose, and the cowslip too, and every pretty
 flower:

I like to see the butterfly extend her painted wing,
 And all things seem, just like myself, so pleased to see
 the spring.

The fishes in the little brook are jumping up so high,
 The lark is singing sweetly as she mounts unto the
 sky,