

**THE FIRST
PRAYER: IN VERSE**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649264575

The First Prayer: In Verse by Anonymous

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

ANONYMOUS

**THE FIRST
PRAYER: IN VERSE**



My Father!!! May I? May I call thee mine?

THE

FIRST PRAYER,

IN VERSE.

Gloucester :

Printed (and sold) by P. Watkins,

FOR LUPTON BELSH, 13, CORNHILL; SEELY, FLEET-STREET;
AND HATCHARD, PICCADILLY, LONDON: RICHARDSON,
AND BULGIN, BRISTOL; AND BINNS, BATH.

1822.



PREFACE.

THIS Versification, designed to draw the attention of Children to that Prayer they learn so early, and so frequently repeat, was suggested by a perusal of "The Stranger's Offering," a brief, but beautiful little Work.

The Author presents these Lines to the Public with a sincere conviction that, as poetry, they are nothing.—Yet, should they fix one straying imagination, or elevate one heart to accompany the lip, their purpose is accomplished.



"Our Father, which art in Heaven."

FATHER !!!

IN Heaven!—that seat of holiness and rest—
Abode of spirits pure, supremely blest:
MY Father! may I? may I call thee mine?
A feeble creature, claim a Sire divine!
Whence the permission? Ah, from *Him* it came!
Thro' whom all prayer ascends: that Holy Name
At which creation bows! He says I may:
Yes, it was Jesus taught me thus to pray.
Brief comprehensive form—expansive theme!
Aid me, celestial spirit, with a beam
From thine own light; that while my thoughts ascend,
I may adore! and love! and comprehend:
Borrow the enraptur'd poet's hallow'd wing,
And deeply feel the mercy, while I sing.

My young associates, for whose growing worth,
 My spirit longs ; ye travellers from earth
 To scenes sublime ! where Jesus, thron'd serene,
 Looks down, still pleading !—on his mercy lean :
 Up bend your eye ! step carefully, nor fear,
 While your Redeemer's saving hand is near.
 Since first your lips, in faltering accents bland,
 Lisp'd this short form, with clasped dimpled hand ;
 Tell me, my loves—my little ones—Ah, say !
 How have ye thought on Him, to whom ye pray ?
 My Father ! pause—endearing guardian care !
 Blends with the first petition of this prayer.
 Here let thy soft affections fondly dwell,
 Filial endearment each young bosom swell ;
 Till the whole compass of the glowing soul
 Is shadow'd by the cloud, and God possess the whole.
 Is there a sorrow which can wound thy mind—
 Is there a pleasure, innocent—refined,
 A father shares not ?

Oft, with infant glee,
 That form hath rested on a father's knee—
 Hath met his look, his smile, and hush'd to rest
 Its baby sorrows on his manly breast.
 He watch'd thy slumbers, mark'd thy faintest sigh,
 And wip'd the tear which moistened thy clos'd eye ;