

**THE ENDLESS  
STORY, IN RHYME**

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The endless story, in rhyme by Eliza Weaver Bradburn

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**ELIZA WEAVER BRADBURN**

**THE ENDLESS  
STORY, IN RHYME**



THE  
ENDLESS STORY,

IN RHYME.

BY ELIZA WEAVER BRADBURN.

LONDON:  
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.  
SOLD BY SIMPKIN AND MARSHALL,  
STATIONERS'-HALL COURT.

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1843.



ENTERED AT STATIONERS'-HALL.

LONDON :  
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ROXTON-SQUARE.

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## THE ENDLESS STORY.

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### INTRODUCTION.

#### I.

I LATELY read a charming book,  
At first in German perni'd ;  
You have not met with this story yet,—  
“ The tale without an end.”

#### II.

O could I read it through to all  
The boys and girls I love !  
Could they but see, it would to me  
A double pleasure prove.

#### III.

To view the pictures is a treat  
The absent cannot share ;  
And the volume is graced, by exquisite taste,  
With illustrations rare.

#### IV.

The figure of a beauteous boy  
In each engraving shown,  
I gaze at with feelings I cannot describe,  
As if he were my own.

## V.

Unlike the sons of earth appears  
That graceful, nameless Child :  
One would think him free from iniquity,  
Holy, and undefiled.

## VI.

His dwelling was a little hut,  
Quite homely to the view ;  
Yet cheerful, I deem, for the sun's first beam  
The casement glided through.

## VII.

I know not who his parents were,  
Nor is his birth-place known :  
The story records, in simple words,  
The sweet Child lived alone.

## VIII.

He held communion with the birds,  
With flowers and insects gay ;  
And he took delight in the stars by night,  
And he loved the joyous day.

## IX.

To him all nature was a book,  
O'er which 't was bliss to bend :  
At his tender age there was rarely a page  
He could not comprehend.

## X.

His heart was often full of joy,  
E'en to the very brim,  
When the moon-beam pale, bird, flower, and  
gale,  
And streamlet spake to him.

## XI.

So much he loved the Lord of all,  
At times to all was given,  
As if with one voice his heart to rejoice,  
And raise his thoughts to heaven.

## XII.

You ask, "What language have the birds?  
And how can insects talk?  
And the flowerets gay, what can they say,  
Each on its slender stalk?"

## XIII.

Dear children, all the works of God  
With wisdom are replete:  
Bird, insect, tree, stars, wind, and sea,  
AN ENDLESS TALE repeat.

## XIV.

Some pages in my favourite book  
Could not be understood,  
I know, by little girls and boys;  
So could not do them good.