A LITTLE BOOK OF WESTERN VERSE

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A Little Book of Western Verse by Eugene Field

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MARY FIELD FRENCH.

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A dying mother gave to you Her child a many years ago; How in your gracious love he grow, You know, dear, patient heart, you know.

The mother's child you fastered then Saintes you now and bids you take These little children of his pen And love them for the auther's sake.

To you I dedicate this book, And, as you read it line by line, Upon its faults as kindly look As you have always looked on mine,

Tardy the offering is and weak; — Yet were I happy if I knew These children had the power to speak My love and gratitude to you.

R. F.

Go, little book ; and if an one would speak thee ill, let him bethink him that thou art the child of one who loves thes well.

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