

**POETICAL PIECES, SACRED AND  
SECULAR: IN WHICH ARE  
INCLUDED SEVERAL POEMS  
SPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR  
CHILDREN**

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Poetical Pieces, Sacred and Secular: In which are Included Several Poems Specially Designed for Children by A. B. Paton

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**A. B. PATON**

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# POETICAL PIECES,

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SEVERAL POEMS SPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR CHILDREN.

BY

A. B. PATON.

The poet's lay  
Grows sweeter in the shade of wavy woods,  
Or tulling lapse of crystal stream beside;  
Dim umbrage lends to philosophic lore  
Severer thought; and meditation leads  
Her pupil, wisdom, to the green resort  
Of solemn silence, her inspiring school.

—DR JOHN BIDLAKE.

KIRKCALDY :

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MDCCLXXXIX.



## P R E F A C E .

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**I** CANNOT let an opportunity like this pass without stating my reasons for publishing my little book. We are informed in Scripture, by Christ Himself, that no treasure, however small, will increase if hid in a napkin. Well, acting on this principle, I bring my book to the full glare of the light, hoping that by it many a dreary winter hour will be sweetened and blessed.

At the same time, I am quite aware that the critic can find in it many things to criticise, but let him remember that the Poems were composed by one between fourteen and twenty-one years of age, who had no college education "to bring to light the higher powers," and who composed many of them merely to pass a leisure hour, or of

*When far from the busy crowd,  
Roving awhile 'mid Nature's solitude,  
Musing on Nature's beauty, and Nature's God.*

Taking, then, into account the many disadvantages under which these pieces were written, I hope they may be dealt with leniently, and that my little efforts may be rewarded by an appreciative public.

Yours faithfully,

A. B. PATON.



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## L O C A L.

### BAILIE PHILP'S SCHULE.

Many years noo ha'e gane, O ! I mind it sae weel,  
I, a faitherless bairn, wan intae Philp's Schule ;  
An' my minnie, who gey little siller did earn,  
Did tell me that God kens the faitherless bairn.

O weel dae I min' the first year I was there,  
When my buits they were dune, an' my back it was bare ;  
I got ae pair o' buits, an' a jacket nae joke,  
An' guid moleskin breeks in a clean pillow pock.

Wi' my pock on my back tae my minnie I flew—  
Her een telt the tale, for her heart it was fu' ;  
But I heard the faint whisper, "There's Somebody carin'  
For me an' my laddie, my faitherless bairn."

But claes werena a'—we had learnin' enou',  
That was baith soond an' guid, the world tae push through ;  
And aften in memory I find myself still  
Beside the "auld maister" in Bailie Philp's Schule.

'Tis true we were bairns, and mony tears cam'  
Tae oor een at the palmies o' "auld Maister Tam ;"  
But we needed it a'—he did what he cuid  
Tae mak' us a' mannerly, lovin', an' guid.

Advices he ga'e us ; he showed us the road  
That leadeth tae Heaven, an' endeth in God ;  
Yea ! mony wise men, who are noo doin' weel,  
May thank the auld maister an' Bailie Philp's Schule.

The thanks that I owe thee my tongue canna tell,  
My dear, dear auld maister an' Bailie Philp's Schule—  
What awfu' the struggle oor livin' tae earn,  
Hadna Bailie Philp thoct on the faitherless bairn.

O ! still let it stan', let its wa's be the cairn  
Tae bless the puir orphan an' faitherless bairn ;  
"Keep hands off" 's our motto—you ne'er will dae weel  
Who will rob the puir bairns o' Bailie Philp's Schule.