

17.  
**MY FATHER.**

TO WHICH IS ADDED,  
**MY MOTHER.**



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# MY FATHER.

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Who took me from my mother's arms,  
And, smiling at her soft alarms,  
Show'd me the world and nature's  
charms ?

My Father.



Who made me feel and understand  
The wonders of the sea and land,  
And mark through all the Maker's hand ?

My Father.



Who climb'd with me the mountain's  
 height,  
 And watch'd my look of dread delight,  
 While rose the glorious orb of light !  
 My Father.



What made a barren rock so dear,  
 " My boy, he had a country there,"  
 And who then dropt a precious tear ?  
 My Father.



Who, from each flower and verdant stalk,  
Gather'd a honey'd store of talk,  
To fill the long delightful walk ?

My Father.



Not on an insect would he tread ;  
Nor strike the stinging nettle dead,  
Who taught at once my heart and head ?

My Father.



Who smil'd at my supreme desire  
 To see the curling smoke aspire,  
 From Ithaca's domestic fire?

My Father.



O teach me still thy Christian plan,  
 Thy practice with thy precept ran,  
 Nor yet desert me now a man,

My Father.



Who wrote upon that heart the line  
 Paideia graved on Virtue's shrine,  
 To make the human race divine ?

My Father.



Who fired my breast with Homer's flame,  
 And taught the high heroic theme,  
 That nightly flash'd upon my dream ?

My Father.

Upon the raft, amidst the foam,  
 Who with Ulysses saw me roam,  
 His head still raised to look for home ?

My Father.



Still let thy scholar's heart rejoice ;  
 With charms of thy angelic voice,  
 Still prompt the motive and the choice,  
My Father.

Who took me in the fields to walk,  
 And listen'd to my infant talk,  
 Making me chains of thistle's stalk ?  
My Father.



And when my kite I wish'd to try,  
 Who held the string to make it fly,  
 While pleasure sparkled in my eye ?  
My Father.



For yet remains a little space,  
 Till I shall meet thee face to face,  
 And not as now in vain embrace,

My Father.



Should sickness overtake thy age,  
 My care shall every pain assuage,  
 And sooth thee from the sacred page,  
 My Father.

Who bade me never shut the door,  
 To shun the sorrows of the poor,  
 Or slight the woes my power could cure?  
 My Father.



# MY MOTHER.

---

Who sat and watch'd my infant head,  
When sleeping on my cradle bed,  
And tears of sweet affection shed?

My Mother.



When pain and sickness made me cry,  
Who gazed upon my heavy eye,  
And wept for fear that I should die?

My Mother.



Who fed me from her gentle breast,  
And hushed me in her arms to rest,  
And on my cheek sweet kisses press'd?

My Mother.



For God, who lives above the skies,  
Would look with vengeance in his eyes,  
If I should ever dare despise

My Mother.



Who taught my infant lips to pray,  
 To love God's holy book and day;  
 And walk in wisdom's pleasant way?

My Mother.



When sleep forsook my open eye,  
 Who was it sung sweet Hushaby,  
 And rock'd me that I should not cry?

My Mother.



Who ran to help me when I fell,  
And would some pretty story tell,  
Or kiss the place to make it well?

My Mother.



Who dress'd me out in clothes so gay,  
And taught me pretty how to play,  
And minded all I had to say?

My Mother.



Who made me love my books indeed ;  
And who delighted heard me read  
Those tales she could recite with speed ?

My Mother.



And can I ever cease to be  
Affectionate and kind to thee,  
Who was so very kind to me ?

My Mother.



When thou art feeble, old, and grey,  
My healthy arm shall be thy stay,  
And I will sooth thy pains away,

My Mother.



For thou wert always good and kind,  
And I could speak to thee my mind,  
Sweet solace from thy lips to find,

My Mother.



And when I see thee hang thy head,  
 'Twill be my turn to watch thy bed,  
 And tears of sweet affection shed,

My Mother.



For well I know thee void of guile,  
 When others frown'd, thy soothing smile  
 Would many a little woe beguile,

My Mother.

THE END.



MY FATHER,  
AND  
MY MOTHER.



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