Classic Poetry Series

Ann Taylor

- poems -

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Ann Taylor (30 January 1782 - 20 December 1866)

Ann Taylor was an English poet and literary critic. In her youth she was a writer of verse for children, for which she achieved long-lasting popularity. In the years immediately preceding her marriage, she became an astringent literary critic of growing reputation. She is, however, best remembered as the elder sister and collaborator of Jane Taylor.

The literary family

The Taylor sisters were part of an extensive literary family, daughters of Isaac Taylor of Ongar. Ann was born in Islington and lived with her family at first in London and later in Lavenham in Suffolk, in Colchester and, briefly, in Ongar. The sisters' brother, Isaac Taylor, was, like his father, an engraver of considerable distinction and later became an educational pioneer and Independent minister and wrote a number of very successful instructional books for the young. Their mother, Mrs. (Ann Martin) Taylor (1757–1830) wrote seven works of moral and religious advice - in many respects, strikingly liberal for their time - two of them fictionalized.

Ann and Jane Taylor's brothers, Isaac and Jefferys, also wrote, the former being one of the most learned men of his day, a theologian of international reputation, but also the inventor of a patent beer tap in use throughout Britain for many years. Rev. Isaac Taylor's elder brother Charles edited The Literary Panorama, for which he also wrote extensively on many topics from art to politics, and produced, anonymously, a massive annotated translation of Calmet's Dictionary of the Bible, which remained a model for biblical scholarship for several decades. His younger brother Josiah was an influential and successful publisher, chiefly of works on architecture and design.

Authorship

The sisters and their authorship of various works have often been confused, usually to Jane's advantage. This is in part because their early works for children were published together and without attribution, but also because Jane, by dying young at the height of her powers, unwittingly attracted early posthumous eulogies, including what is almost a hagiography by her brother Isaac, and much of Ann's work came to be ascribed to Jane, a borrowing which, Ann ruefully remarked, she could ill afford and which Jane certainly did not require. It is true that Jane achieved much more than Ann as a writer of poetry for an adult readership - though Ann's poem "The Maniac's Song", published in the Associate Minstrels (1810), was probably the finest short poem by either sister, and it has even been postulated that it was an inspiration for John

Keat's La Belle Dame sans Merci.

However, Ann also deserves to be remembered as a writer of prose, as evidenced particularly by her autobiography and by the many letters of hers that survive; her style is strong and vivid and, when she is not too preoccupied with moral and religious themes - like her sister Jane, she tended to undue pessimism about her own spiritual worth - it is often shot through with a pleasing, and sometimes acerbic, wit. The Autobiography also provides much detailed and fascinating information about the life of a moderately prosperous dissenting family in the late 18th and early 19th centuries.

Appreciations

Ann Taylor's son, Josiah Gilbert, wrote: "two little poems–"My Mother," and "Twinkle, twinkle, little Star," are perhaps, more frequently quoted than any; the first, a lyric of life, was by Ann, the second, of nature, by Jane; and they illustrate this difference between the sisters." Both poems attracted the compliment of frequent parody throughout the 19th century. The logician Augustus De Morgan asserted (somewhat extravagantly!) that Gilbert's mother wrote "one of the most beautiful lyrics in the English language, or any other language" and not knowing that Ann Gilbert was still alive, called upon Tennyson to supply a less heterodox version of the final stanza, which seemed to de Morgan unworthy of the rest.

Original Poems for Infant Minds by several young persons (by Ann and Jane and others) was first issued in two volumes in 1804 and 1805. Rhymes for the Nursery followed in 1806, and Hymns for Infant Minds in 1808. In Original Poems for Infant Minds the authors were identified for each poem. In Rhymes for the Nursery (1806) poems were not identified by author. Attributions for the sisters' poems can be found in an exceptional Taylor resource: The Taylors of Ongar: An Analytical Bio-Bibliography by Christina Duff Stewart. Stewart cites a copy of Rhymes for the Nursery belonging to a nephew, Canon Isaac Taylor, annotated to indicate the respective authorship of Ann and Jane. Stewart also confirms attributions of Original Poems based on publisher's records.

Marriage and widowhood

On December 24, 1813, Ann married Joseph Gilbert, an Independent (later Congregational) minister and theologian, and left Ongar to make a new home far from her family, at Masborough near Rotherham. A widower of thirty-three, Gilbert had proposed to Ann before he had even met her, forming a sound estimation of her character and intelligence from her writings, particularly as a trenchant critic in The Eclectic Review. Gilbert was, at the time of their marriage, the classical tutor at Rotherham Independent College - the nearest thing to a university open to dissenters at this time - and simultaneously pastor of the Nether Chapel in Sheffield. In 1817, he moved to the pastorate of the Fish Street Chapel in Hull and then, in 1825, to Nottingham, serving in chapels in the city for the rest of his life.

Kept busy with the duties of wife and later mother, Ann Gilbert still managed to write poems, hymns, essays, and letters. Her interest in public matters, such as atheism, prison reform, and the anti-slavery movement, often spurred her to take up her pen, and the results of those scattered moments found a way into print. Oddly for one of such independence of mind and strongly held and usually liberal opinions, she was firmly opposed to female suffrage.

After Gilbert died on December 12, 1852, Ann found time to write a short memoir of her husband. Nor did she spend the rest of her long life in gentle retirement. As well as actively supporting the members of her large family, through visits and a constant stream of letters - family was always of central concern to the Taylors - she travelled widely in many parts of Britain, taking in her stride as an old lady traveling conditions that might have daunted one much younger. She died on December 20, 1866 and was buried next to her

husband in Nottingham General Cemetery, although the inscription recording this on the vast Gothic sarcophagus has disappeared.

Eserleri:

Infant Minds (by several young persons, including both Taylor sisters 1805)
Rhymes for the Nursery (with Jane Taylor, 1806)
Hymns for Infant minds (with Jane Taylor, 1808)

A True Story

Little Ann and her mother were walking one day
Through London's wide city so fair,
And business obliged them to go by the way
That led them through Cavendish Square.
And as they pass'd by the great house of a Lord,
A beautiful chariot there came,
To take some most elegant ladies abroad,
Who straightway got into the same.

The ladies in feathers and jewels were seen,
The chariot was painted all o'er,
The footmen behind were in silver and green,
The horses were prancing before.

Little Ann by her mother walk'd silent and sad,
A tear trickled down from her eye,
Till her mother said, "Ann, I should be very glad
To know what it is makes you cry. "

"Mamma," said the child, "see that carriage so fair,
All cover'd with varnish and gold,
Those ladies are riding so charmingly there
While we have to walk in the cold.

"You say GOD is kind to the folks that are good,
But surely it cannot be true;
Or else I am certain, almost, that He would
Give such a fine carriage to you. "

"Look there, little girl," said her mother, "and see
What stands at that very coach door;
A poor ragged beggar, and listen how she
A halfpenny tries to implore.

"All pale is her face, and deep sunk is her eye,
And her hands look like skeleton's bones;
She has got a few rags, just about her to tie,
And her naked feet bleed on the stones. "

'Dear ladies,' she cries, and the tears trickle down,
'Relieve a poor beggar, I pray;
I've wander'd all hungry about this wide town,
And not ate a morsel to-day.

'My father and mother are long ago dead,
My brother sails over the sea,
And I've scarcely a rag, or a morsel of bread,
As plainly, I'm sure, you may see.

'A fever I caught, which was terrible bad,
But no nurse or physic had I;
An old dirty shed was the house that I had,

And only on straw could I lie.

'And now that I'm better, yet feeble and faint,
And famish'd, and naked, and cold,
I wander about with my grievous complaint,
And seldom get aught but a scold.

'Some will not attend to my pitiful call,
Some think me a vagabond cheat;
And scarcely a creature relieves me, of all
The thousands that traverse the street.

'Then ladies, dear ladies, your pity bestow:'-
Just then a tall footman came round,
And asking the ladies which way they would go,
The chariot turn'd off with a bound.

"Ah! see, little girl," then her mother replied,
"How foolish those murmurs have been;
You have but to look on the contrary side,
To learn both your folly and sin.

"This poor little beggar is hungry and cold,
No mother awaits her return;
And while such an object as this you behold,
Your heart should with gratitude burn.

"Your house and its comforts, your food and your friends,
'Tis favour in GOD to confer,
Have you any claim to the bounty He sends,
Who makes you to differ from her?

"A coach, and a footman, and gaudy attire,
Give little true joy to the breast;
To be good is the thing you should chiefly desire,
And then leave to GOD all the rest. "

Ann Taylor

About the Little Girl that Beat Her Sister

Go, go, my naughty girl, and kiss
Your little sister dear;
I must not have such things as this,
And noisy quarrels here.

What! little children scratch and fight,
That ought to be so mild;
Oh! Mary, it's a shocking sight
To see an angry child.

I can't imagine, for my part,
The reason for your folly;
She did not do you any hurt
By playing with your dolly.

See, see, the little tears that run
Fast from her watery eye:
Come, my sweet innocent, have done,
'Twill do no good to cry.

Go, Mary, wipe her tears away,
And make it up with kisses:
And never turn a pretty play
To such a pet as this is.

Ann Taylor

Careless Mathilda

'AGAIN, Matilda, is your work undone!
Your scissors, where are they? your thimble, gone?
Your needles, pins, and thread and tapes all lost;
Your housewife here, and there your workbag toss'd.

'Fie, fie, my child! indeed this will not do,
Your hair uncomb'd, your frock in tatters, too;
I'm now resolved no more delays to grant,
To learn of her, I'll send you to your aunt. '
In vain Matilda wept, entreated, pray'd,
In vain a promise of amendment made.

Arrived at Austere Hall, Matilda sigh'd,
By Lady Rigid when severely eyed:
'You read and write, and work well, as I'm told,
Are gentle, kind, good-natured, and not bold;
But very careless, negligent, and wild–
You'll leave me, as I hope, a different child. '

The little girl next morn a favour asks;
'I wish to take a walk.'–'Go, learn your tasks,'
Replies her aunt, 'nor fruitlessly repine:
Your room you'll leave not till you're call'd to dine. '
As there Matilda sat, o'erwhelm'd with shame,
A dame appear'd, Disorder was her name:
Her hair and dress neglected–soil'd her face,
Her mien unseemly, and devoid of grace.

'Here, child, ' said she, 'my mistress sends you this,
A bag of silks–a flower, not work'd amiss–
A polyanthus bright, and wondrous gay,
You'll copy it by noon, she bade me say. '
Disorder grinn'd, and shuffling walk'd away.

Entangled were the silks of every hue,
Confused and mix'd were shades of pink, green, blue;
She took a thread, compared it with the flower:
'To finish this is not within my power.
Well-sorted silks had Lady Rigid sent,
I might have work'd, if such was her intent. '
She sigh'd, and melted into sobs and tears:
She hears a step, and at the door appears
A pretty maiden, clean, well-dress'd, and neat,
Her voice was soft, her looks sedate, yet sweet.
'My name is Order: do not cry, my love;
Attend to me, and thus you may improve. '
She took the silks, and drew out shade by shade,
In separate skeins, and each with care she laid;
Then smiling kindly, left the little maid.
Matilda now resumes her sweet employ,
And sees the flower complete–how great her joy!

She leaves the room–'I've done my task,' she cries;
The lady look'd, and scarce believed her eyes;
Yet soon her harshness changed to glad surprise:
'Why, this is well, a very pretty flower,
Work'd so exact, and done within the hour!
And now amuse yourself, and walk, or play.'
Thus pass'd Matilda this much dreaded day.
At all her tasks, Disorder would attend;
At all her tasks, still Order stood her friend.
With tears and sighs her studies oft began,
These into smiles were changed by Order's plan.
No longer Lady Rigid seem'd severe:
The negligent alone her eye need fear.

And now the day, the wish'd-for day, is come,
When young Matilda may revisit home.
'You quit me, child, but oft to mind recall
The time you spent with me at Austere Hall.
And now, my dear, I'll give you one of these
To be your maid–take with you which you please.
What! from Disorder do you frighten'd start? '
Matilda clasp'd sweet Order to her heart,
And said, 'From thee, best friend, I'll never part. '

Ann Taylor

Come And Play In The Garden

LITTLE sister, come away,
And let us in the garden play,
For it is a pleasant day.

On the grass-plat let us sit,
Or, if you please, we'll play a bit,
And run about all over it.

But the fruit we will not pick,
For that would be a naughty trick,
And very likely make us sick.

Nor will we pluck the pretty flowers
That grow about the beds and bowers,
Because you know they are not ours.

We'll take the daisies, white and red,
Because mamma has often said
That we may gather then instead.

And much I hope we always may
Our very dear mamma obey,
And mind whatever she may say.

Ann Taylor

Deaf Martha

Poor Martha is old, and her hair is turn'd grey,
And her hearing has left her for many a year;
Ten to one if she knows what it is that you say,
Though she puts her poor wither'd hand close to her ear.

I've seen naughty children run after her fast,
And cry, "Martha, run, there's a bullock so bold;"
And when she was frighten'd, -laugh at her at last,
Because she believed the sad stories they told.

I've seen others put their mouths close to her ear,
And make signs as if they had something to say;
And when she said, "Master, I'm deaf and can't hear,"
Point at her and mock her, and scamper away.

Ah! wicked the children poor Martha to tease,
As if she had not enough else to endure;
They rather should try her affliction to ease,
And soothe a disorder that nothing can cure.

One day, when those children themselves are grown old,
And one may be deaf, and another be lame,
Perhaps they may find that some children, as bold,
May tease them, and mock them, and serve them the same.

Then, when they reflect on the days of their youth,
A faithful account will their consciences keep,
And teach them, with shame and with sorrow, the truth,
That "what a man soweth, the same shall he reap."

Ann Taylor

Dirty Jim

THERE was one little Jim,
'Tis reported of him,
And must be to his lasting disgrace,
That he never was seen
With hands at all clean,
Nor yet ever clean was his face.

His friends were much hurt
To see so much dirt,
And often they made him quite clean;
But all was in vain,
He got dirty again,
And not at all fit to be seen.

It gave him no pain
To hear them complain,
Nor his own dirty clothes to survey:
His indolent mind
No pleasure could find
In tidy and wholesome array.

The idle and bad,
Like this little lad,
May love dirty ways, to be sure;
But good boys are seen
To be decent and clean,
Although they are ever so poor.

Ann Taylor

Finery

IN an elegant frock, trimm'd with beautiful lace,
And hair nicely curl'd, hanging over her face,
Young Fanny went out to the house of a friend,
With a large little party the evening to spend.

'Ah! how they will all be delighted, I guess,
And stare with surprise at my handsome new dress!'
Thus said the vain girl, and her little heart beat,
Impatient the happy young party to meet.

But, alas! they were all too intent on their play
To observe the fine clothes of this lady so gay,
And thus all her trouble quite lost its design;–
For they saw she was proud, but forgot she was fine.

'Twas Lucy, though only in simple white clad,
(Nor trimmings, nor laces, nor jewels, she had,)
Whose cheerful good-nature delighted them more
Than Fanny and all the fine garments she wore.

'Tis better to have a sweet smile on one's face,
Than to wear a fine frock with an elegant lace,
For the good-natured girl is loved best in the main,
If her dress is but decent, though ever so plain.

Ann Taylor

For a Naughty Little Girl

My sweet little girl should be cheerful and mild
She must not be fretful and cry!
Oh! why is this passion? remember, my child,
GOD sees you, who lives in the sky.

That dear little face, that I like so to kiss,
How alter'd and sad it appears!
Do you think I can love you so naughty as this,
Or kiss you, all wetted with tears?

Remember, though GOD is in Heaven, my love,
He sees you within and without,
And always looks down, from His glory above,
To notice what you are about.

If I am not with you, or if it be dark,
And nobody is in the way,
His eye is as able your doings to mark,
In the night as it is in the day.

Then dry up your tears and look smiling again,
And never do things that are wrong;
For I'm sure you must feel it a terrible pain,
To be naughty and crying so long.

We'll pray, then, that GOD may your passion forgive,
And teach you from evil to fly;
And then you'll be happy as long as you live,
And happy whenever you die.

Ann Taylor

Frances Keeps Her Promise

'MY Fanny, I have news to tell,
Your diligence quite pleases me;
You've work'd so neatly, read so well,
With cousin Jane you may take tea.

'But pray remember this, my love,
Although to stay you should incline,
And none but you should think to move,
I wish you to return at nine. '

With many thanks the attentive child
Assured mamma she would obey:
Whom tenderly she kiss'd, and smiled,
And with the maid then went away.

Arrived, the little girl was shown
To where she met the merry band;
And when her coming was made known,
All greet her with a welcome bland.

They dance, they play, and sweetly sing,
In every sport each one partakes;
And now the servants sweetmeats bring,
With wine and jellies, fruit and cakes.

Then comes papa, who says, 'My dears,
The magic lantern if you'd see,
And that which on the wall appears,
Leave off your play, and follow me.'

While Frances too enjoy'd the sight,
Where moving figures all combine
To raise her wonder and delight,
She hears, alas! the clock strike nine.

'Miss Fanny's maid for her is come.' –
'Oh dear, how soon!' the children cry;
They press, but Fanny will go home,
And bids her little friends good bye.

'See, dear mamma, I have not stay'd;'
'Good girl, indeed,' mamma replies,
'I knew you'd do as you had said,
And now you'll find you've won a prize.

'So come, my love, and see the man
Whom I desired at nine to call.'
Down stairs young Frances quickly ran,
And found him waiting in the hall.

'Here, Miss, are pretty birds to buy,
A parrot or macaw so gay;

A speckled dove with scarlet eye:
A linnet or a chattering jay.

'Would you a Java sparrow love?'
'No, no, I thank you,' said the child;
'I'll have a beauteous cooing dove,
So harmless, innocent, and mild. '

'Your choice, my Fanny, I commend,
Few birds can with the dove compare:
But lest it pine without a friend,
I give you leave to choose a pair.

Ann Taylor

George And The Chimney-Sweep

HIS petticoats now George cast off,
For he ws four years old;
His trousers were of nankeen stuff,
With buttons bright as gold.
'May I, ' said George, 'just go abroad,
My pretty clothes to show?
May I, mamma? but speak the word;'
The answer was, 'No, no.'

'Go, run below, George, in the court,
But go not in the street,
Lest boys with you should make some sport,
Or gipsies you should meet. '
Yet, though forbidden, he went out,
That other boys might spy,
And proudly there he walk'd about,
And thought–'How fine am I!'

But whilst he strutted through the street,
With looks both vain and pert,
A sweep-boy pass'd, whom not to meet,
He slipp'd–into the dirt.
The sooty lad, whose heart was kind,
To help him quickly ran,
And grasp'd his arm, with–'Never mind,
You're up, my little man.'

Sweep wiped his clothes with labour vain,
And begg'd him not to cry;
And when he'd blacken'd every stain,
Said, 'Little sir, good-bye. '
Poor George, almost as dark as sweep,
And smear'd in dress and face,
Bemoans with sobs, both loud and deep,
His well-deserved disgrace.

Ann Taylor

Greedy Richard

'I THINK I want some pies this morning,'
Said Dick, stretching himself and yawning;
So down he threw his slate and books,
And saunter'd to the pastry-cook's.

And there he cast his greedy eyes
Round on the jellies and the pies,
So to select, with anxious care,
The very nicest that was there.

At last the point was thus decided:
As his opinion was divided
'Twixt pie and jelly, being loth
Either to leave, he took them both.

Now Richard never could be pleased
To stop when hunger was appeased,
But would go on to eat still more
When he had had an ample store.

'No, not another now,' said Dick;
'Dear me, I feel extremely sick:
I cannot even eat this bit;
I wish I had not tasted it. '

Then slowing rising from his seat,
He threw his cheesecake in the street,
And left the tempting pastry-cook's
With very discontented looks.

Just then a man with wooden leg
Met Dick, and held his hat to beg;
And while he told his mournful case,
Look'd at him with imploring face.

Dick, wishing to relieve his pain,
His pockets search'd, but search'd in vain;
And so at last he did declare,
He had not left a farthing there.

The beggar turn'd with face of grief,
And look of patient unbelief,
While Richard now his folly blamed,
And felt both sorry and ashamed.

'I wish,' said he (but wishing's vain),
'I had my money back again,
And had not spent my last, to pay
For what I only threw away.

'Another time, I'll take advice,
And not buy things because they're nice;

But rather save my little store,
To give to those who want it more. '

Ann Taylor

James And The Shoulder Of Mutton

YOUNG Jem at noon return'd from school,
As hungry as could be,
He cried to Sue, the servant-maid,
'My dinner give to me. '

Said Sue, 'It is not yet come home;
Besides, it is not late. '
'No matter that, ' cries little Jem,
'I do not like to wait. '

Quick to the baker's Jemmy went
And ask'd, 'Is dinner done?'
'It is,' replied the baker's man.
'Then home with it I'll run.'

'Nay, Sir, ' replied he prudently,
'I tell you 'tis too hot,
And much too heavy 'tis for you. '
'I tell you it is not.'

'Papa, mamma, are both gone out,
And I for dinner long;
So give it me, it is all mine,
And baker, hold your tongue.

'A shoulder 'tis of mutton nice!
And batter-pudding too;
I'm glad of that, it is so good;
How clever is our Sue! '

Now near the door young Jem was come,
He round the corner turn'd,
But oh, sad fate! unlucky chance!
The dish his fingers burn'd.

Now in the kennel down fell dish,
And down fell all the meat:
Swift went the pudding in the stream,
And sail'd along the street.

The people laugh'd, and rude boys grinn'd
At mutton's hapless fall;
But though ashamed, young Jemmy cried,
'Better lose part than all.'

The shoulder by the knuckle seized,
His hands both grasp'd it fast,
And deaf to all their gibes and cries,
He gain'd his home at last.

'Impatience is a fault,' cries Jem,
'The baker told me true;

In future I will patient be,
And mind what says our Sue. '

Ann Taylor

Jane and Eliza

There were two little girls, neither handsome nor plain;
One's name was Eliza, the other's was Jane:
They were both of one height, as I've heard people say,
They were both of one age, I believe, to a day.

'Twas fancied by some, who but slightly had seen them,
That scarcely a difference was there between them;
But no one for long in this notion persisted,
So great a distinction there really existed.

Eliza knew well that she could not be pleasing,
While fretting and fuming, while sulky or teasing;
And therefore in company artfully tried-
Not to break her bad habits, but only to hide.

So when she was out, with much labour and pain,
She contrived to look almost a pleasant as Jane;
But then you might see, that in forcing a smile,
Her mouth was uneasy, and ached all the while.

And in spite of her care, it would sometimes befall,
That some cross event happen'd to ruin it all;
And because it might chance that her share was the worst,
Her temper broke loose, and her dimples dispersed.

But Jane, who had nothing she wanted to hide,
And therefore these troublesome arts never tried,
Had none of the care and fatigue of concealing,
But her face always show'd what her bosom was feeling.

At home or abroad there was peace in her smile,
A cheerful good nature that needed no guile.
And Eliza work'd hard, but could never obtain
The affection that freely was given to Jane.

Ann Taylor

Learning to Go Alone

Come, my darling, come away,
Take a pretty walk to-day;
Run along, and never fear,
I'll take care of baby dear:
Up and down with little feet,
That's the way to walk, my sweet.

Now it is so very near,
Soon she'll get to mother dear.
There she comes along at last:
Here's my finger, hold it fast:
Now one pretty little kiss,
After such a walk as this.

Ann Taylor

Little Girls Must Not Fret

WHAT is it that makes little Emily cry?
Come then, let mamma wipe the tear from her eye:
There–lay down your head on my bosom–that's right,
And now tell mamma what's the matter to-night.

What! Emmy is sleepy, and tired with play?
Come, Betty, make haste then, and fetch her away;
But do not be fretful, my darling; you know
Mamma cannot love little girls that are so.

She shall soon go to bed and forget it all there–
Ah! here's her sweet smile come again, I declare:
That's right, for I thought you quite naughty before.
Good night, my dear child, but don't fret any more.

Ann Taylor

Meddlesome Matty

One ugly trick has often spoil'd
The sweetest and the best;
Matilda, though a pleasant child,
One ugly trick possess'd,
Which, like a cloud before the skies,
Hid all her better qualities.

Sometimes she'd lift the tea-pot lid,
To peep at what was in it,
Or tilt the kettle, if you did
But turn your back a minute.
In vain you told her not to touch,
Her trick of meddling grew so much.

Her grandmamma went out one day,
And by mistake she laid
Her spectacles and snuff-box gay
Too near the little maid;
"Ah! well," thought she, "I'll try them on,
As soon as grandmamma is gone. "

Forthwith she placed upon her nose
The glasses large and wide;
And looking round, as I suppose,
The snuff-box too she spied:
"Oh! what a pretty box is that;
I'll open it," said little Matt.

"I know that grandmamma would say,
'Don't meddle with it, dear;'
But then, she's far enough away,
And no one else is near:
Besides, what can there be amiss
In opening such a box as this? "

So thumb and finger went to work
To move the stubborn lid,
And presently a mighty jerk
The mighty mischief did;
For all at once, ah! woful case,
The snuff came puffing in her face.

Poor eyes, and nose, and mouth, beside
A dismal sight presented;
In vain, as bitterly she cried,
Her folly she repented.
In vain she ran about for ease;
She could do nothing now but sneeze.

She dash'd the spectacles away,
To wipe her tingling eyes,
And as in twenty bits they lay,

Her grandmamma she spies.
"Heyday! and what's the matter now?"
Says grandmamma, with lifted brow.

Matilda, smarting with the pain,
And tingling still, and sore,
Made many a promise to refrain
From meddling evermore.
And 'tis a fact, as I have heard,
She ever since has kept her word.

Ann Taylor

Mischief

LET those who're fond of idle tricks,
Of throwing stones, and hurling bricks,
And all that sort of fun,
Now hear a tale of idle Jim,
That warning they may take by him,
Nor do as he has done.

In harmless sport or healthful play
He did not pass his time away,
Nor took his pleasure in it;
For mischief was his only joy:
No book, or work, or even toy,
Could please him for a minute.

A neighbour's house he'd slyly pass,
And throw a stone to break the glass,
And then enjoy the joke!
Or, if a window open stood,
He'd throw in stones, or bits of wood,
To frighten all the folk.

If travellers passing chanced to stay,
Of idle Jim to ask the way,
He never told them right;
And then, quite harden'd in his sin,
Rejoiced to see them taken in,
And laugh'd with all his might.

He'd tie a string across the street,
Just to entangle people's feet,
And make them tumble down:
Indeed, he was disliked so much,
That no good boy would play with such
A nuisance to the town.

At last the neighbours, in despair,
This mischief would no longer bear:
And so–to end the tale,
This lad, to cure him of his ways,
Was sent to spend some dismal days
Within the county jail.

Ann Taylor

My Mother

Who sat and watched 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 taught my infant lips to pray
And love God’s holy book and day,
And walk in wisdom’s pleasant way?
My Mother.

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

Ah, no! the thought I cannot bear,
And if God please my life to spare
I hope I shall reward they care,
My Mother.

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

Ann Taylor

Negligent Mary

AH, Mary! what, do you for dolly not care?
And why is she left on the floor?
Forsaken, and cover'd with dust, I declare;
With you I must trust her no more.

I thought you were pleased, as you took her so gladly,
When on your birthday she was sent;
Did I ever suppose you would use her so sadly?
Was that, do you think, what I meant?

With her bonnet of straw you once were delighted,
And trimm'd it so pretty with pink;
But now it is crumpled, and dolly is slighted:
Her nurse quite forgets her, I think.

Suppose now–for Mary is dolly to me,
Whom I love to see tidy and fair–
Suppose I should leave you, as dolly I see,
In tatters, and comfortless there.

But dolly feels nothing, as you do, my dear,
Nor cares for her negligent nurse:
If I were as careless as you are, I fear,
Your lot, and my fault, would be worse.

And therefore it is, in my Mary, I strive
To check every fault that I see:
Mary's doll is but waxen–mamma's is alive,
And of far more importance than she.

Ann Taylor

Sleepy Harry

'I DO not like to go to bed,'
Sleepy little Harry said;
'Go, naughty Betty, go away,
I will not come at all, I say! '

Oh, silly child! what is he saying?
As if he could be always playing!
Then, Betty, you must come and carry
This very foolish little Harry.

The little birds are better taught,
They go to roosting when they ought:
And all the ducks, and fowls, you know,
They went to bed an hour ago.

The little beggar in the street,
Who wanders with his naked feet,
And has not where to lay his head,
Oh, he'd be glad to go to bed.

Ann Taylor

Sophia’s Fool’s-Cap

SOPHIA was a little child,
Obliging, good, and very mild,
Yet lest of dress she should be vain,
Mamma still dress'd her well, but plain.
Her parents, sensible and kind,
Wish'd only to adorn her mind;
No other dress, when good, had she,
But useful, neat simplicity.

Though seldom, yet when she was rude,
Or ever in a naughty mood,
Her punishment was this disgrace,
A large fine cap, adorn'd with lace,
With feathers and with ribbons too;
The work was neat, the fashion new,
Yet, as a fool's-cap was its name,
She dreaded much to wear the same.

A lady, fashionably gay,
Did to mamma a visit pay:
Sophia stared, then whisp'ring said,
'Why, dear mamma, look at her head!
To be so tall and wicked too,
The strangest thing I ever knew:
What naughty tricks, pray, has she done,
That they have put that fool's-cap on? '

Ann Taylor

The Apple-Tree

OLD John had an apple-tree, healthy and green,
Which bore the best codlins that ever were seen,
So juicy, so mellow, and red;
And when they were ripe, he disposed of his store,
To children or any who pass'd by his door,
To buy him a morsel of bread.

Little Dick, his next neighbour, one often might see,
With longing eye viewing this fine apple-tree,
And wishing a codlin might fall:
One day as he stood in the heat of the sun,
He began thinking whether he might not take one,
And then he look'd over the wall.

And as he again cast his eye on the tree,
He said to himself, 'Oh, how nice they would be,
So cool and refreshing to-day!
The tree is so full, and one only I'll take,
And John cannot see if I give it a shake,
And nobody is in the way.

But stop, little boy, take your hand from the bough,
Remember, though John cannot see you just now,
And no one to chide you is nigh,
There is One, who by night, just as well as by day,
Can see all you do, and can hear all you say,
From his glorious throne in the sky.

O then little boy, come away from the tree,
Lest tempted to this wicked act you should be:
'Twere better to starve than to steal;
For the great GOD, who even through darkness can look,
Writes down every crime we commit, in His book;
Nor forgets what we try to conceal.

Ann Taylor

The Baby's Dance

Dance little baby, dance up high,
Never mind baby, mother is by;
Crow and caper, caper and crow,
There little baby, there you go;
Up to the ceiling, down to the ground,
Backwards and forwards, round and round;
Dance little baby, and mother shall sing,
With the merry coral, ding, ding, ding.

Ann Taylor

The Boys And The Apple-Tree

As William and Thomas were walking one day,
They came by a fine orchard's side:
They would rather eat apples than spell, read, or play,
And Thomas to William then cried:

'O brother, look yonder! what clusters hang there!
I'll try and climb over the wall:
I must have an apple; I will have a pear;
Although it should cost me a fall!'

Said William to Thomas, 'To steal is a sin,
Mamma has oft told this to thee:
I never have stolen, nor will I begin,
So the apples may hang on the tree. '

'You are a good boy, as you ever have been,'
Said Thomas, 'let's walk on, my lad:
We'll call on our schoolfellow, Benjamin Green,
Who to see us I know will be glad.

Ann Taylor

The Butterfly

THE Butterfly, an idle thing,
Nor honey makes, nor yet can sing,
As do the bee and bird;
Nor does it, like the prudent ant,
Lay up the grain for times of want,
A wise and cautious hoard.

My youth is but a summer's day:
Then like the bee and ant I'll lay
A store of learning by;
And though from flower to flower I rove,
My stock of wisdom I'll improve
Nor be a butterfly.

Ann Taylor

The Chatterbox

From morning till night it was Lucy's delight
To chatter and talk without stopping:
There was not a day but she rattled away,
Like water for ever a-dropping.

No matter at all if the subjects were small,
Or not worth the trouble of saying,
'Twas equal to her, she would talking prefer
To working, or reading, or playing.

You'll think now, perhaps, that there would have been gaps,
If she had not been wonderfully clever:
That her sense was so great, and so witty her pate,
It would be forthcoming for ever;

But that's quite absurd, for have you not heard
That much tongue and few brains are connected?
That they are supposed to think least who talk most,
And their wisdom is always suspected?

While Lucy was young, had she bridled her tongue,
With a little good sense and exertion,
Who knows, but she might now have been our delight,
Instead of our jest and aversion?

Ann Taylor

The Child’s Monitor

THE wind blows down the largest tree,
And yet the wind I cannot see!
Playmates far off, who have been kind,
My thought can bring before my mind;
The past by it is present brought,
And yet I cannot see my thought;
The charming rose scents all the air,
Yet I can see no perfume there.
Blithe Robin's notes how sweet, how clear!
From his small bill they reach my ear,
And whilst upon the air they float,
I hear, yet cannot see a note.
When I would do what is forbid,
By something in my heart I'm chid;
When good, I think, then quick and pat,
That something says, 'My child, do that:'
When I too near the stream would go,
So pleased to see the waters flow,

That something says, without a sound,
'Take care, dear child, you may be drown'd: '
And for the poor whene'er I grieve,
That something says, 'A penny give.'

Thus something very near must be,
Although invisible to me;
Whate'er I do, it sees me still:
O then, good Spirit, guide my will.

Ann Taylor

The Cow

Thank you, pretty cow, that made
Pleasant milk to soak my bread,
Every day and every night,
Warm, and fresh, and sweet, and white.

Do not chew the hemlock rank,
Growing on the weedy bank;
But the yellow cowslips eat;
They perhaps will make it sweet.

Where the purple violet grows,
Where the bubbling water flows,
Where the grass is fresh and fine,
Pretty cow, go there to dine.

Ann Taylor

The Cut

Well, what's the matter? there's a face
What ! has it cut a vein?
And is it quite a shocking place?
Come, let us look again.

I see it bleeds, but never mind
That tiny little drop;
I don't believe you'll ever find
That crying makes it stop.

'Tis sad indeed to cry at pain,
For any but a baby;
If that should chance to cut a vein,
We should not wonder, may be.

But such a man as you should try
To bear a little sorrow:
So run along, and wipe your eye,
'Twill all be well to-morrow.

Ann Taylor

The Disappointment

IN tears to her mother poor Harriet came,
Let us listen to hear what she says:
'O see, dear mamma, it is pouring with rain,
We cannot go out in the chaise.

'All the week I have long'd for this holiday so,
And fancied the minutes were hours;
And now that I'm dress'd and all ready to go,
Do look at those terrible showers! '

'I'm sorry, my dear, ' her kind mother replied,
The rain disappoints us to-day;
But sorrow still more that you fret for a ride,
In such an extravagant way.

'These slight disappointments are sent to prepare
For what may hereafter befall;
For seasons of real disappointment and care,
Which commonly happen to all.

'For just like to-day with its holiday lost,
Is life and its comforts at best:
Our pleasures are blighted, our purposes cross'd,
To teach us it is not our rest.

'And when those distresses and crosses appear,
With which you may shortly be tried,
You'll wonder that ever you wasted a tear
On merely the loss of a ride.

'But though the world's pleasures are fleeting and vain,
Religion is lasting and true;
Real pleasure and peace in her paths you may gain,
Nor will disappointment ensue. '

Ann Taylor

The Field Daisy

I'm a pretty little thing,
Always coming with the spring;
In the meadows green I'm found,
Peeping just above the ground,
And my stalk is cover'd flat
With a white and yellow hat.

Little Mary, when you pass
Lightly o'er the tender grass,
Skip about, but do not tread
On my bright but lowly head,
For I always seem to say,
"Surely winter's gone away."

Ann Taylor

The Gaudy Flower

WHY does my Anna toss her head,
And look so scornfully around,
As if she scarcely deign'd to tread
Upon the daisy-dappled ground?

Does fancied beauty fire thine eye,
The brilliant tint, the satin skin?
Does the loved glass, in passing by,
Reflect a graceful form and thin?

Alas! that form, and brilliant fire,
Will never win beholder's love;
It may, indeed, make fools admire,
But ne'er the wise and good can move.

So grows the tulip, gay and bold,
The broadest sunshine its delight;
Like rubies, or like burnish'd gold,
It shows its petals, glossy bright.

But who the gaudy floweret crops,
As if to court a sweet perfume!
Admired it blows, neglected drops,
And sinks unheeded to its doom.

The virtues of the heart may move
Affections of a genial kind;
While beauty fails to stir our love,
And wins the eye, but not the mind.

Ann Taylor

The Good-Natured Girls

TWO good little children, named Mary and Ann,
Both happily live, as good girls always can;
And though they are not either sullen or mute,
They seldom or never are heard to dispute.

If one wants a thing that the other would like–
Well,–what do they do? Must they quarrel and strike?
No, each is so willing to give up her own,
That such disagreements are there never known.

If one of them happens to have something nice,
Directly she offers her sister a slice;
And never, like some greedy children, would try
To eat in a corner with nobody by!

When papa or mamma has a job to be done;
These good little children immediately run;
Nor dispute whether this or the other should go,
They would be ashamed to behave themselves so!

Whatever occurs, in their work or their play,
They are willing to yield, and give up their own way:
Then now let us try their example to mind,
And always, like them, be obliging and kind.

Ann Taylor

The Holidays

'AH! don't you remember, 'tis almost December,
And soon will the holidays come;
Oh, 'twill be so funny, I've plenty of money,
I'll buy me a sword and a drum. '

Thus said little Harry, unwilling to tarry,
Impatient from school to depart;
But we shall discover, this holiday lover
Knew little what was in his heart.

For when on returning, he gave up his learning,
Away from his sums and his books,
Though playthings surrounded, and sweetmeats abounded,
Chagrin still appear'd in his looks.

Though first they delighted, his toys were now slighted,
And thrown away out of his sight;
He spent every morning in stretching and yawning,
Yet went to bed weary at night.

He had not that treasure which really makes pleasure,
(A secret discover'd by few).
You'll take it for granted, more playthings he wanted;
Oh no–it was something to do.

We must have employment to give us enjoyment
And pass the time cheerfully away;
And study and reading give pleasure, exceeding
The pleasures of toys and of play.

To school now returning–to study and learning
With eagerness Harry applied;
He felt no aversion to books or exertion,
Nor yet for the holidays sigh'd.

Ann Taylor

The Little Cripple's Complaint

I'm a helpless cripple child,
Gentle Christians, pity me;
Once, in rosy health I smiled,
Blithe and gay as you can be,
And upon the village green
First in every sport was seen.

Now, alas! I'm weak and low,
Cannot either work or play;
Tottering on my crutches, slow,
Thus I drag my weary way:
Now no longer dance and sing,
Gaily, in the merry ring.

Many sleepless nights I live,
Turning on my weary bed;
Softest pillows cannot give
Slumber to my aching head;
Constant anguish makes it fly
From my heavy, wakeful eye.

And, when morning beams return,
Still no comfort beams for me:
Still my limbs with fever burn,
Painful still my crippled knee.
And another tedious day
Passes slow and sad away.

From my chamber-window high,
Lifted to my easy-chair,
I the village-green can spy,
Once I used to frolic there,
March, or beat my new-bought drum;
Happy times! no more to come.

There I see my fellows gay,
Sporting on the daisied turf,
And, amidst their cheerful play,
Stopp'd by many a merry laugh;
But the sight I scarce can bear,
Leaning in my easy-chair.

Let not then the scoffing eye
Laugh, my twisted leg to see:
Gentle Christians, passing by,
Stop awhile, and pity me,
And for you I'll breathe a prayer,
Leaning in my easy-chair.

Ann Taylor

The Little Negro

Ah! the poor little blackamoor, see there he goes,
And the blood gushes out from his half frozen toes,
And his legs are so thin you may see the very bones,
As he goes shiver, shiver, on the sharp cutting stones.

He was once a negro boy, and a merry boy was he,
Playing outlandish plays, by the tall palm tree;
Or bathing in the river, like a brisk water rat,
And at night sleeping sound, on a little bit of mat.

But there came some wicked people, and they stole him far away,
And then good bye to palm-tree tall, and merry merry play;
For they took him from his house and home, and ev'ry body dear,
And now, poor little negro boy, he's come a begging here.

And fie upon the wicked folks who did this cruel thing!
I wish some mighty nobleman would go and tell the king;
For to steal him from his house and home must be a crying sin,
Though he was a little negro boy, and had a sooty skin.

Ann Taylor

The Orphan

MY father and mother are dead,
Nor friend, nor relation I know;
And now the cold earth is their bed,
And daisies will over them grow.

I cast my eyes into the tomb,
The sight made me bitterly cry;
I said, 'And is this the dark room,
Where my father and mother must lie?'

I cast my eyes round me again,
In hopes some protector to see;
Alas! but the search was in vain,
For none had compassion on me.

I cast my eyes up to the sky,
I groan'd, though I said not a word;
Yet GOD was not deaf to my cry,
The Friend of the fatherless heard.

For since I have trusted his care,
And learn'd on his word to depend,
He has kept me from every snare,
And been my best Father and Friend.

Ann Taylor

The Pin

"Dear me! what signifies a pin!
I'll leave it on the floor;
My pincushion has others in,
Mamma has plenty more:
A miser will I never be,"
Said little heedless Emily.

So tripping on to giddy play,
She left the pin behind,
For Betty's broom to whisk away,
Or some one else to find;
She never gave a thought, indeed,
To what she might to-morrow need.

Next day a party was to ride,
To see an air-balloon!
And all the company beside
Were dress'd and ready soon:
But she, poor girl, she could not stir,
For just a pin to finish her.

'Twas vainly now, with eye and hand,
She did to search begin;
There was not one-not one, the band
Of her pelisse to pin!
She cut her pincushion in two,
But not a pin had slidden through!

At last, as hunting on the floor,
Over a crack she lay,
The carriage rattled to the door,
Then rattled fast away.
Poor Emily! she was not in,
For want of just-a single pin!

There's hardly anything so small,
So trifling or so mean,
That we may never want at all,
For service unforseen:
And those who venture wilful waste,
May woeful want expect to taste.

Ann Taylor

The Spider

'OH, look at that great ugly spider!' said Ann;
And screaming, she brush'd it away with her fan;
''Tis a frightful black creature as ever can be,
I wish that it would not come crawling on me. '

'Indeed,' said her mother, 'I'll venture to say,
The poor thing will try to keep out of your way;
For after the fright, and the fall, and the pain,
It has much more occasion than you to complain.

'But why should you dread the poor insect, my dear?
If it hurt you, there'd be some excuse for your fear;
But its little black legs, as it hurried away,
Did but tickle your arm, as they went, I dare say.

'For them to fear us we must grant to be just,
Who in less than a moment can tread them to dust;
But certainly we have no cause for alarm;
For, were they to try, they could do us no harm.

'Now look! it has got to its home; do you see
What a delicate web it has spun in the tree?
Why here, my dear Ann, is a lesson for you:
Come learn from this spider what patience can do!

'And when at your business you're tempted to play,
Recollect what you see in this insect to-day,
Or else, to your shame, it may seem to be true,
That a poor little spider is wiser than you. '

Ann Taylor

The Star

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are !
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the blazing sun is gone,
When he nothing shines upon,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

Then the trav'ller in the dark,
Thanks you for your tiny spark,
He could not see which way to go,
If you did not twinkle so.

In the dark blue sky you keep,
And often thro' my curtains peep,
For you never shut your eye,
Till the sun is in the sky.

'Tis your bright and tiny spark,
Lights the trav'ller in the dark :
Tho' I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

Ann Taylor

The Village Green

ON the cheerful village green,
Skirted round with houses small,
All the boys and girls are seen,
Playing there with hoop and ball.

Now they frolic hand in hand,
Making many a merry chain;
Then they form a warlike band,
Marching o'er the level plain.

Now ascends the worsted ball,
High it rises in the air,
Or against the cottage wall,
Up and down it bounces there.

Then the hoop, with even pace,
Runs before the merry throngs;
Joy is seen in every face,
Joy is heard in cheerful songs.

Rich array, and mansions proud,
Gilded toys, and costly fare,
Would not make the little crowd
Half so happy as they are.

Then, contented with my state,
Where true pleasure may be seen,
Let me envy not the great,
On a cheerful village green.

Ann Taylor

The Violet

DOWN in a green and shady bed,
A modest violet grew;
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head
As if to hide from view.

And yet it was a lovely flower,
Its colour bright and fair;
It might have graced a rosy bower,
Instead of hiding there.

Yet thus it was content to bloom,
In modest tints arrayed;
And there diffused a sweet perfume,
Within the silent shade.

Then let me to the valley go
This pretty flower to see;
That I may also learn to grow
In sweet humility.

Ann Taylor

The Vulgar Little Lady

"But, mamma, now, " said Charlotte, "pray, don't you believe
That I'm better than Jenny, my nurse?
Only see my red shoes, and the lace on my sleeve;
Her clothes are a thousand times worse.

"I ride in my coach, and have nothing to do,
And the country folks stare at me so;
And nobody dares to control me but you
Because I'm a lady, you know.

"Then, servants are vulgar, and I am genteel;
So really, 'tis out of the way,
To think that I should not be better a deal
Than maids, and such people as they. "

"Gentility, Charlotte," her mother replied,
"Belongs to no station or place;
And there's nothing so vulgar as folly and pride,
Though dress'd in red slippers and lace.

Not all the fine things that fine ladies possess
Should teach them the poor to despise;
For 'tis in good manners, and not in good dress,
That the truest gentility lies."

Ann Taylor

The Washing and Dressing

Ah! why will my dear little girl be so cross,
And cry, and look sulky, and pout?
To lose her sweet smile is a terrible loss,
I can't even kiss her without.

You say you don't like to be wash'd and be dress'd,
But would you not wish to be clean?
Come, drive that long sob from your dear little breast,
This face is not fit to be seen.

If the water is cold, and the brush hurts your head,
And the soap has got into your eye,
Will the water grow warmer for all that you've said?
And what good will it do you to cry?

It is not to tease you and hurt you, my sweet,
But only for kindness and care,
That I wash you, and dress you, and make you look neat,
And comb out your tanglesome hair.

I don't mind the trouble, if you would not cry,
But pay me for all with a kiss;
That's right -- -take the towel and wipe your wet eye,
I thought you'd be good after this.

Ann Taylor

The Wooden Doll And The Wax Doll

THERE were two friends, a very charming pair,
Brunette the brown, and Blanchidine the fair;
And she to love Brunette did constantly incline,
Nor less did Brunette love sweet Blanchidine.
Brunette in dress was neat, yet always plain;
But Blanchidine of finery was vain.
Now Blanchidine a new acquaintance made–
A little girl most sumptuously array'd,
In plumes and ribbons, gaudy to behold,
And India frock, with spots of shining gold.
Said Blanchidine, 'A girl so richly dress'd,
Should surely be by every one caress'd.
To play with me, if she will condescend,
Henceforth 'tis she alone shall be my friend. '
And so for this new friend in silks adorn'd,
Her poor Brunette was slighted, left, and scorn'd.
Of Blanchidine's vast stock of pretty toys,
A wooden doll her every thought employs,
Its neck so white, so smooth, its cheeks so red–
She kiss'd, she fondled, and she took to bed.
Mamma now brought her home a doll of wax,
Its hair in ringlets white, and soft as flax;
Its eyes could open and its eyes could shut;
And on it, too, with taste its clothes were put.
'My dear wax doll!' sweet Blanchidine would cry–
Her doll of wood was thrown neglected by.
One summer's day, 'twas in the month of June,
The sun blazed out all in the heat of noon:
'My waxen doll,' she cried, 'my dear, my charmer!
What, are you cold? but you shall soon be warmer.'
She laid it in the sun–misfortune dire!
The wax ran down as if before the fire!
Each beauteous feature quickly disappear'd,
And melting, left a blank all soil'd and smear'd.
Her doll disfigured, she beheld amazed,
And thus express'd her sorrow as she gazed:
'Is it for you my heart I have estranged
From that I fondly loved, which has not changed?
Just so may change my new acquaintance fine,
For whom I left Brunette, that friend of mine.
No more by outside show will I be lured;
Of such capricious whims I think I'm cured:
To plain old friends my heart shall still be true,
Nor change for every face because 'tis new. '
Her slighted wooden doll resumed its charms,
And wronged Brunette she clasp'd within her arms.

Ann Taylor

To a Little Girl That Has Told a Lie

AND has my darling told a lie?
Did she forget that GOD was by?
That GOD, who saw the things she did,
From whom no action can be hid;
Did she forget that GOD could see
And hear, wherever she might be?

He made your eyes, and can discern
Whichever way you think to turn;
He made your ears, and he can hear
When you think nobody is near;
In every place, by night or day,
He watches all you do and say.

Oh, how I wish you would but try
To act, as shall not need a lie;
And when you wish a thing to do,
That has been once forbidden you,
Remember that, nor ever dare
To disobey-, for GOD is there.

Why should you fear the truth to tell?
Does falsehood ever do so well?
Can you be satisfied to know,
There's something wrong to hide below?
No! let your fault be what it may,
To own it is the happy way.

So long as you your crime conceal,
You cannot light and gladsome feel:
Your little heart will seem oppress'd,
As if a weight were on your breast;
And e'en your mother's eye to meet,
Will tinge your face with shame and heat.

Yes, GOD has made your duty clear,
By every blush, by every fear;
And conscience, like an angel kind,
Keeps watch to bring it to your mind:
Its friendly warnings ever heed,
And neither tell a lie- nor need.

Ann Taylor

Washing And Dressing

AH! why will my dear little girl be so cross,
And cry, and look sulky, and pout?
To lose her sweet smile is a terrible loss,
I can't even kiss her without.

You say you don't like to be wash'd and be dress'd,
But would you not wish to be clean?
Come, drive that long sob from your dear little breast,
This face is not fit to be seen.

If the water is cold, and the brush hurts your head,
And the soap has got into your eye,
Will the water grow warmer for all that you've said?
And what good will it do you to cry?

It is not to tease you and hurt you, my sweet,
But only for kindness and care,
That I wash you, and dress you, and make you look neat,
And comb out your tanglesome hair.

I don't mind the trouble, if you would not cry,
But pay me for all with a kiss;
That's right–take the towel and wipe your wet eye,
I thought you'd be good after this.

Ann Taylor