

THE
DEDICATION

OF

A FATHER TO HIS CHILDREN.



A FATHER! that name is a centre ;
To you, my dear girls, 'tis a home ;
A haven you always may enter,
When life is all tempest and foam.

Your names on my heart are engraven ;
Time cannot the image remove ;
While black are the plumes of the raven,
And plaintive the voice of the dove.

For you my warm prayers have ascended,
They're all on the heavenly file,
That each by God's Spirit attended,
May walk in the light of his smile.

Expand like a rose-bud unfading,
And beauty and fragrance impart ;—
A beauty, that needs no parading,
A fragrance, that gladdens the heart.

Be lowly and modest and simple,
For these make the fairest more fair ;
Not half so bewitching Jane's dimple,
Nor Fanny's blue eyes and brown hair.