

LEAN HARD.

CHILD of my love—"Lean hard,"
 And let me feel the pressure of thy care.
 I know thy burden, child—I shaped it,
 Poised it in mine own hand—made no proportion
 Of its weight, to thine unaided strength.
 For even as I laid it on, I said—
 "I shall be near, while she leans on me,
 This burden shall be mine, not hers;
 So shall I keep my child within the circling arms
 Of mine own love." Here lay it down, nor fear
 To impose it on a shoulder, which upholds
 The government of worlds. Yet closer come—
 Thou art not near enough—
 I would embrace thy care,
 So I might feel my child reposing on my breast.
 Thou loved'st me?—I know it—doubt not, then,
 But loving me—"Lean Hard."

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