

**LITTLE
SONGS.**

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LITTLE SONGS FOR LITTLE SINGERS.



✓✓

BY LOWELL MASON.

PUBLISHED UNDER THE SANCTION OF THE BOSTON ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

—————
BOSTON:
PERKINS & MARVIN.
PHILADELPHIA:
HENRY PERKINS.

1840.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1840,
BY PERKINS & MARVIN,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

Stereotyped by Kidder & Wright, 32 Congress Street.

MOST of the following Songs are designed for small children, and are suitable for the Family, or for the Primary School.

In a few instances the words have been taken from "My Little Hymn Book," or other similar children's books; and a small number of the tunes will be recognized as popular and well known melodies; but much the greatest part of the work is new, consisting either of original songs, (music and words,) or of translations from the German, with the original music.

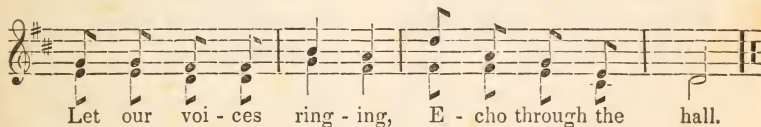
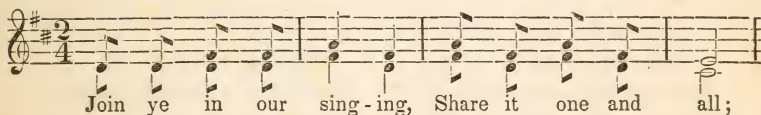
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LITTLE SONGS FOR LITTLE SINGERS.

CALL TO SINGING.



2

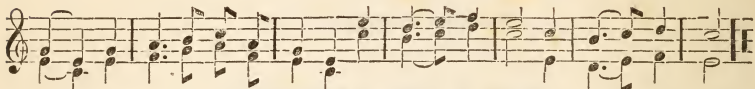
Brother, thou belongest
To the tuneful throng;
'Thou thy nature wrongest
By neglect of song.

3

Wake we, then, our measure !
'Twill our youth prolong;
Oh ! what strains of pleasure
Flow from cheerful song.



Ye hap - py ones, Who step so soft and light-ly, While youth's fair



sun Is beaming warm and brightly; O praise the Lord, O praise the Lord.

2

The joyful sound,
From youthful voices swelling,
Shall upward bound
Where purest joys are dwelling;
O praise the Lord.

3

To thee, O Lord,
We bring our cheerful praises,
We love to join
The music Heaven raises;
O praise the Lord.

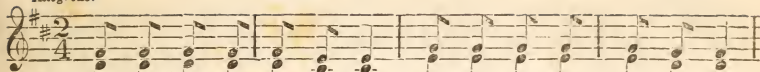
4

Our life we'll spend,
With love our pathway strewing,
'Till life shall end
In virtue ever growing;
O praise the Lord.

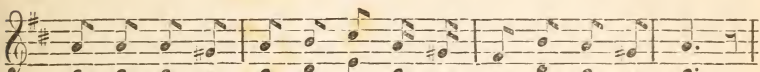
THE SHEEP.

7

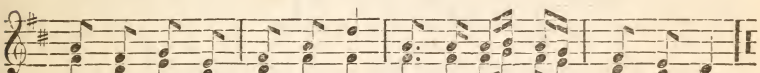
Allegretto.



La - zy sheep, pray tell me why, In the plea - sant fields you lie,



Eat - ing grass and dai - sies white From the morn - ing 'till the night ?



Eve - ry - thing can some - thing do, But what kind of use are you.

2

Nay, my little master, nay,
Do not serve me so I pray,
Don't you see the wool that grows
On my back to make your clothes?
Cold, Oh, very cold you'd be
If I did not give it thee.

3

Sure it seems a pleasant thing;
Nipping daisies in the spring:
But how many nights I pass
On the cold and dewy grass,
Or I get my dinner where
All the ground is brown and bare.

4

Then the farmer comes at last
When the merry spring is past,
Cuts my woolly coat away,
For your clothes in wintry day.
Little master, this is why
In the pleasant fields I lie.

PRAYER.

Slowly.

O God we come be - - fore thee, The chil - dren of thy

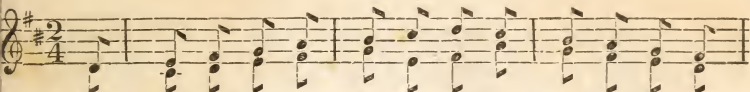
love, With faltering words a - dore thee; Yet are they heard a - - bove.

2

O thou who dwell'st above us,
 Beneath, on every side;
 Thou showest thou dost love us
 In signs a child may read.

3

What boundless thanks we owe thee!
 How safe to trust in thee!
 When, Father, shall we know thee,
 And all thy glory see?



What, El-len, dis-o-bey mamma? You're ve-ry much to



blame; Your dear mam-ma, who loves you so, Oh sis-ter, fie, for shame.

2

Why once you were a little babe,
And laid upon her arm;
And every hour she guarded you
From every thing like harm.

3

She washed and dressed you every day,
To keep you sweet and clean,
And sung you many a pretty song,
With many a kiss between.

4

If you were sick at any time,
Or if you cried with pain,
She kindly watched you night and day,
Till you were well again.

5

How patiently she led you round,
That you might learn to walk;
And spoke words o'er and o'er again
In teaching you to talk.

6

She taught you little songs and hymns,
To make you kind and mild;
And how to pray that God would love
And bless her little child.

7

And can you, Ellen, be unkind
To one who loves you so?
I think you'll try to please her now,
In every thing you do.



2

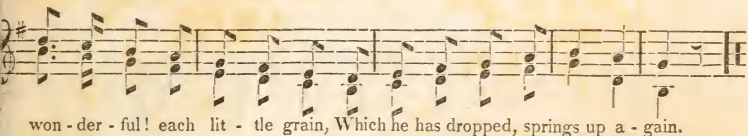
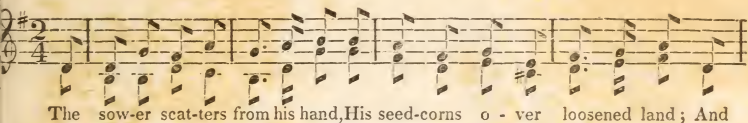
Fresh and fair the flowers are springing,
Where thou windest thro' the glade;
Little birds as gaily singing,
Where thou seek'st the forest shade.

3

Not the foaming angry torrent
Be the emblem of my life;
But the softly murmuring current,
Peaceful, mild, and far from strife.

SONG OF THE SEED-CORN.

11



2

5

It shivers there, so small to view,
And longs for sunshine and for dew;
The friendly sun looks from on high,
And will not let the poor child die.

Now winter's dreary night is gone,
The lark soars high, upsprings the corn,
And waving far in beauteous green,
The corn, the cheering corn is seen.

3

6

But soon there comes the frost and storm,
And man and beast seek shelter warm:
The plant, it to the spot is tied,
And wind and weather must abide.

Now full of ears, so tall and fair,
The brist'ling stalks stand mustered there,
A sea of green, their heads inclined,
They run in waves before the wind.

4

7

The tender thing no harm shall know,
The skies shall cover it with snow,
Safe folded to the earth's warm breast,
Through all the winter there 'twill rest.

Then from his dazzling, lofty throne,
The sun upon the field looks down,
Where earth in silent spendor, dressed,
With golden autumn—wreaths doth rest.

8

The corn is ripe; the sickle rings
'Mid rustling sheaves; and gaily sings,
The reaper sings, both loud and long
With gratitude the harvest song.



Now hath morn - ing bright Chased a - - way the night ;

Joy's in - - spir - ing call Sounds a - - loud o'er all.

2

Joy, too, smiles on me,
Therefore, thanks to thee,
Thou, who hast me kept,
Safely while I slept.

3

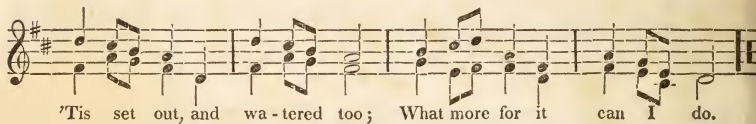
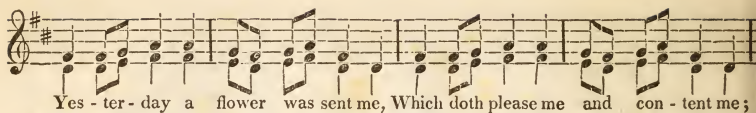
Give me daily food,
Make me truly good ;
Guide me through the day,
Safe in virtue's way.

1. { Now the week is end - - ed, And its work is done ; }
 { All is still and peace - - ful, As the set - ting sun ; }
 Thoughts of God and hea - - ven Eve - ry breast con - trol.

Earth - ly joys de - - part - ing, Leave the tran - quil soul,

2

Welcome! sacred evening!
 Sweet is thy return ;
 High in every bosom
 Holy feelings burn ;
 May our nightly slumbers
 Gentle be and blest ;
 May we see another
 Day of sacred rest.



2

Sun, O shine upon my flowret,
 Clouds, forget ye not to shower it;
 Flower, look up, with brightly cheer,
 Nought hast thou, my flower, to fear.

3

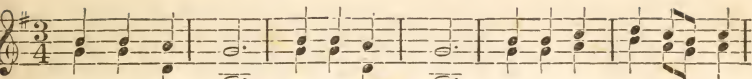
O my mind to patience harden!
 Daily go I to the garden;
 Daily ask I: "Flowret say:
 "Flowret, wilt thou blow to day?"

4

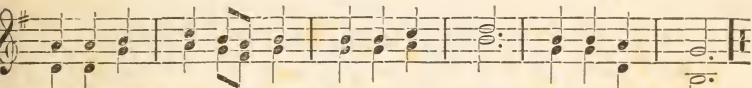
See the sun shines on my flowret,
 Clouds have not forgot to shower it;
 Each has bravely done his part,
 Now it grows, and glads my heart.

WINTER'S DEPARTURE.

15



Win - ter, a - dieu ! Your time is through : Partings they say are sad,



Yours makes me tru - ly glad ; Win - ter a - - dieu ! No time for you.

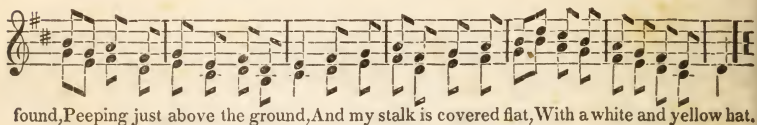
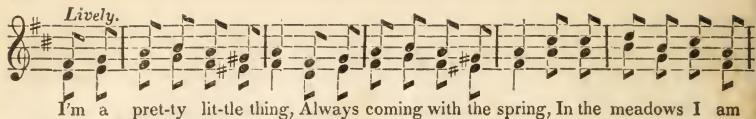
2

Winter, adieu !
 Your time is through,
 Gladly I thee forget,
 Care not how far you get,
 Winter adieu !
 No time for you.

3

Winter, adieu !
 Your time is through.
 Get thee gone speedily,
 Spring birds will laugh at thee ;
 Winter, adieu
 No time for you.

THE DAISY.

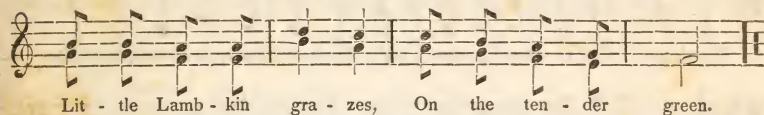
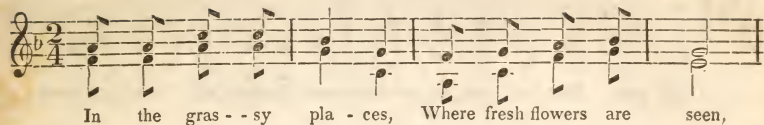


1

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

2

Little lady, when you pass
 Lightly o'er the tender grass,
 Skip about, but do not tread
 On my meek and lowly head;
 For I always seem to say,
 Chilly winter's gone away.



2

On the grassy heather
Merrily she springs ;
Feels, like me, the pleasure
Which the spring time brings.

3

Where bright birds are blinking,
To the brook she goes ;
And when she's done drinking,
Then she seeks repose.

4

Joy to thee, sweet creature !
Joy thro' thy short day !
But all things in nature,
Soon must pass away.

THE COW.



Thank you, Pret - ty cow, for you have made Pleasant milk to soak my bread ;



Thank you ! Eve-ry morn-ing, eve-ry night, Fresh and warm, and sweet, and white.



Thank you ! Eve-ry morn-ing, eve-ry night, Fresh and warm, and sweet, and white

1

Thank you !

Pretty cow, for you have made
Pleasant milk to soak my bread ;

Thank you !

Every morning, every night,
Fresh and warm, and sweet, and white.

2

Thank you !

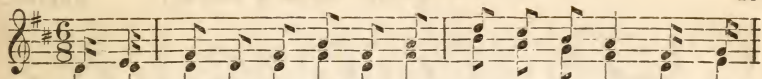
And how thankful should I be,
Unto him who cares for me ;

Thank Him !

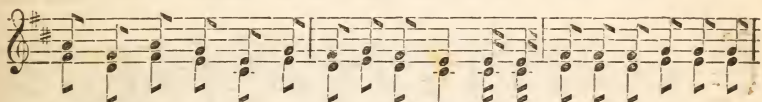
Every day he gives me food,
Watching over me for good.

THE SEASONS.

19



Four . . . sea - sons make up all the days of the year; If you'd



know what they are then come hith-er, and hear, How in order they pass, and what



pre - sents they bring, The Sum-mer, the Autumn, the Win-ter and Spring.

2

When the young leaves just peep from their buds on the spray,
When the primrose and thorn-blossom blow by the way,
When the thrush and the lark are beginning to sing,
Then know 'tis the season, the season of spring.

3

When the lily shoots up, with its beautiful flower,
When the jassamine hangs in thick wreaths on the bower,
When the moss-rose is blooming and scenting the air,
'Tis summer, sweet summer, and sunshine is there.

4

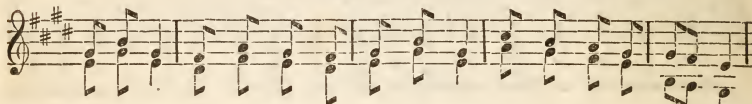
When the last corn is housed, 'tween the showers, on the hill
When the flowers are all gone, and the evenings are chill;
When the leaves one by one, fall away from the trees,
Then autumn is come, with his clouds and his breeze.

5

When the snow-flake skims down, and the stormy winds blow,
And the icicles hang o'er the streamlet below;
When the woods are all bare, and the birds sing no more,
'Tis winter, cold winter! the last of the four.



William spied a rose that blew, Ro - sy on the heath - er ! 'Twas so fresh with



morn-ing dew, He must have a near - er view, So he has-tens thith - er,



Ro - sy, ro - sy, ro - sy red, Ro - sy on the heath - er !

2

Says the boy: "I'll surely break thee,
Rosy on the heather!"

Says the rose: "If so I'll prick thee,
So that thou shall not forget me,

When thou seest me wither,

Rosy, roszy, roszy red,
Rosy on the heather."

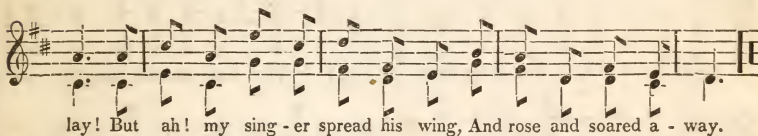
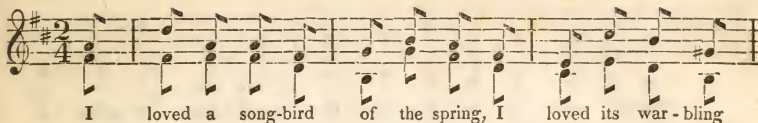
3

Then he broke, I know not why,
Rosy on the heather!

Rosy lifts a thorn so sly,
Pierced him quick, and made him cry,

Then to droop and wither,

Rosy, roszy, roszy red,
Rosy on the heather!



2

I loved a butterfly so fair,
 With pinion golden bright;
 Among the tulips rich and rare,
 It wandered from my sight.

3

I loved a rose, I loved it best
 Of all I yet had found;
 But when the sun had reached the west,
 Its bright leaves strewed the ground,

4

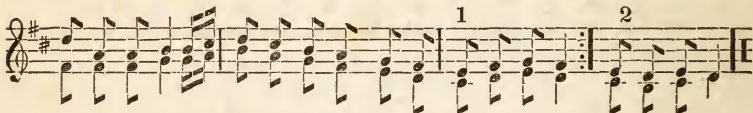
What can I love that takes no flight
 Nor fades with breeze or blast?
 Oh, love the truth! the truth both bright
 And beautiful will last.



There came to my win - dow, One morn - ing in spring, A



sweet lit - tle Ro-bin, She came there to sing; The tune that she sang, It was



pret - ti - er far Than ev - er I heard On the flute or gui - tar.

2

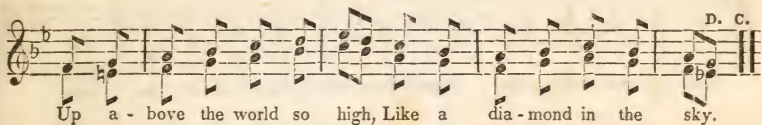
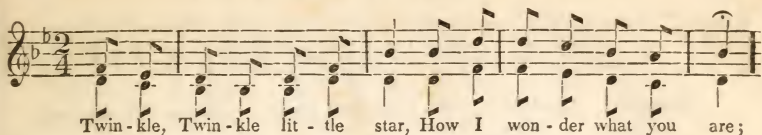
Her wings she was spreading
To soar far away;
Then resting a moment
Seemed sweetly to say:
"Oh happy, how happy
"This world seems to be;
"Awake little girl,
"And be happy with me."

3

But just as she finished
Her beautiful song,
A thoughtless young man
With his gun came along;
He killed, and he carried
My Robin away:
She'll never sing more
At the break of the day.

THE LITTLE STAR.

23



2

When the blazing sun is gone,
 When he nothing shines upon;
 Then you show your little light,
 Twinkle, twinkle all the night.
 Twinkle, twinkle little star,
 How I wonder what you are.

3

Then the trav'ler in the dark,
 Thanks you for your tiny spark,
 He could not see where to go,
 If you did not twinkle so.
 Twinkle, &c.

4

In the sky above you keep;
 In my window often peep;
 For you never shut your eye
 'Till the sun is in the sky.
 Twinkle, &c.

HERALD OF SPRING.



Cuc-koo! Cuc-koo! Bra - vo! how clear! Let us be sing-ing,



Danc-ing and spring-ing; Spring-time, Spring-time soon will be here.

2

Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Bravo! sing on!

We'll to the meadows,

Chasing the shadows;

Spring-time, Spring-time cometh anon.

3

Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Bravo! I say!

Thou hast foretold it,

Now we behold it;

Winter, Winter hastens away!

4

Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Bravo! how clear!

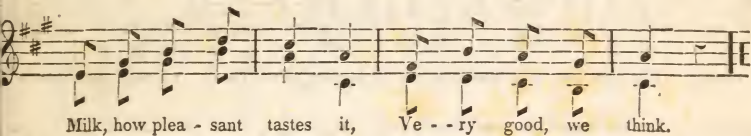
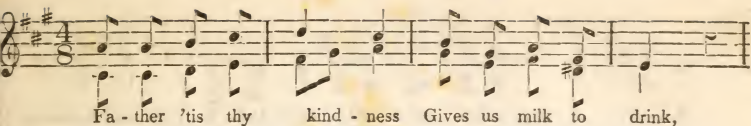
Let us be singing,

Dancing and springing,

Spring-time, Spring-time, now we have here.

MILK SONG.

25



2

In the cup or basin,
It is white as snow :
Plenteous as the flowers
In the green fields blow.

4

Milk the red cheek freshens,
Makes the mind serene,
Beautifies the sunshine,
Brightens all the green.

3

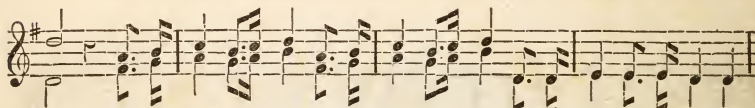
Yes it is thy kindness,
Ever great and good,
Gives the milky treasure,
Children's sweetest food.

5

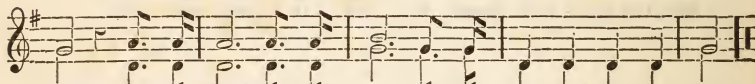
Father, may we never,
Be denied this food ;
Nor seek after other,
While this is so good.



A - way, a - way, with a curve and a dash, And a light and bounding



spring, For the ra - cing steed and the light-ning's flash On - ly vie with the skater's



fling. la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

2

Away, away o'er the glassy stream,
 We will speed our airy flight;
 And we'll laugh at the car with its hissing steam,
 And will spurn at its boasted might.

La la la la &c.

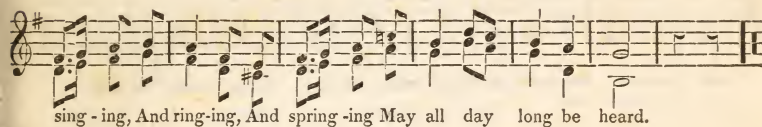
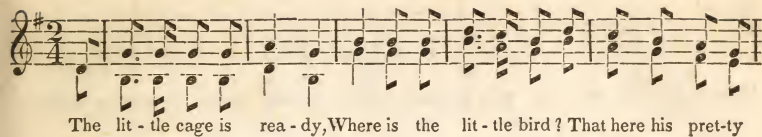
3

Away, away o'er the slippery field,
 Like the birds in calm blue sky;
 And declare to the winds that we never will yield
 As we go quickly dashing by.

La la la la &c.

THE CAGE FOR THE LITTLE BIRD.

27



2

The little cage is ready,
Where is the little bird ?
Come, come, and do not fear me ;
Stay near me,
And cheer me
With pleasant songs, my bird !

3

The little cage is ready,
Come, come, my pretty bird ?
How can you care to wander,
Out yonder,
Far fonder
I'll keep thee, on my word.

4

The little cage is ready,
What says the little bird ?
Wilt stay out on the trees there ?
And freeze there ?
The breeze there
Is wintry cold, my bird.

WAKE! WAKE! 'TIS DAY.



Wake! wake! 'tis day, Ye who in slumbers lay; Awake to see the morning bright, A



- wake in spi - rit free and light, Wake, wake, 'tis day, Wake! wake! 'tis day.

2

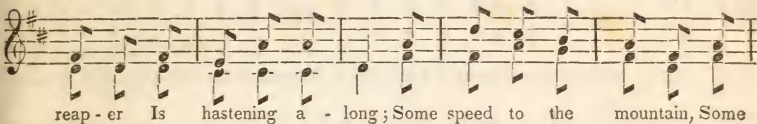
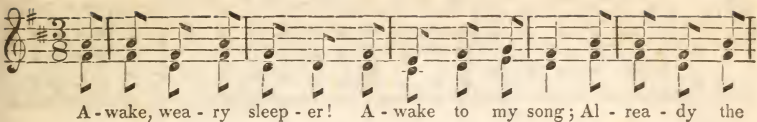
Wake! wake! 'tis day,
 The hours fly swift away;
 We scarcely think that it is noon,
 When evening comes, alas! how soon;
 Wake! wake! 'tis day.

3

Wake! wake! 'tis day,
 Pursue your steady way!
 Put forth thy strongest, noblest powers,
 To usefulness devote thy hours;
 Wake! wake! 'tis day.

MORNING CALL.

29



2

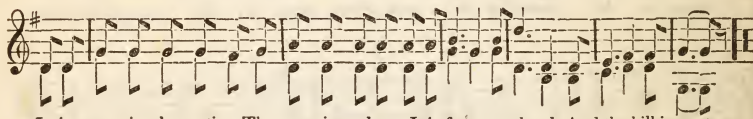
Thou know'st not how stealth
 Each moment away!
 Yon laborer feeleth,
 New strength with the day!
 The breeze freshly winging,
 The lark gaily singing,
 Call us from our slumber
 And chide our delay.



Come, John get your sled, And away let us haste To the top of the hill; There is no time to waste.



It is cap - i - tal coasting, The snow is so deep, It is frozen so hard And the hill is so steep.



It is cap - i - tal coasting, The snow is so deep, It is frozen so hard, And the hill is so steep.

2

The boys are all ready
And waiting to go,
And we all have determined
No snow balls to throw;
We have made this agreement
When coming from school;
And all those who are there
Must not break from the rule.

3

There's a time and a season
For all things you know,
And the boys who are coasting
No snow balls must throw;
So away for your sled,
There's no time to stand still,
And hurrah for a coast
From the top of the hill.

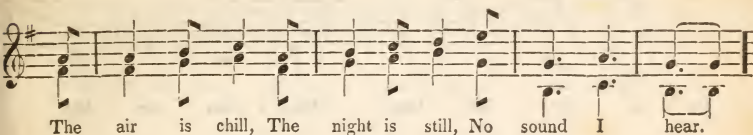
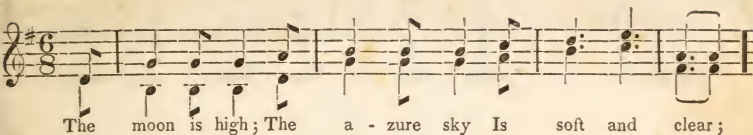
4

John minded his brother,
And run for his sled,
And he took it in haste,
From its peg in the shed;
Then away they all scampered
To th' top of the hill;
And for aught that I know
They are coasting there still.

THE LITTLE CHILD'S GO TO BED SONG.

31

[WINTER EVENING.]

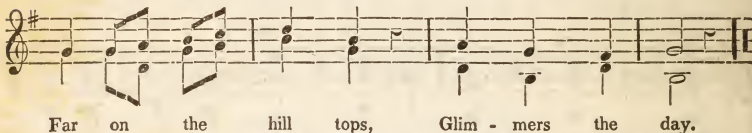
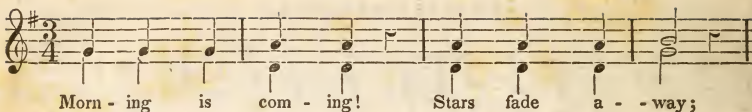


1

The moon is high,
 The azure sky
 Is soft and clear;
 The air is chill,
 The night is still,
 No sound I hear.

2

The evening star
 That blinks afar,
 Is in the west;
 And I must lay
 My toys away,
 And go to rest.



2

Feathery songsters
Gaily resound;
Flowrets are spreading
Odors around.

3

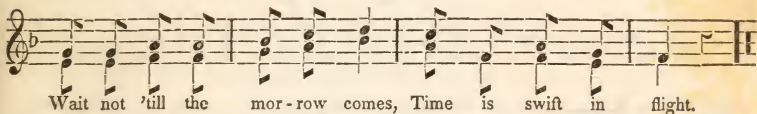
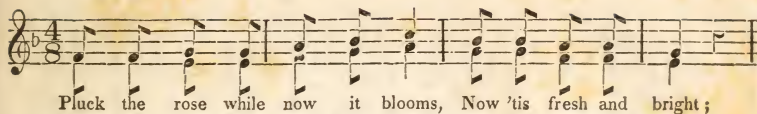
Silvery dew drops
Gleam on the grass;
Bees to their labor
Hum as they pass.

4

Morning! I hail thee
After my rest;
Grateful emotions
Swell in my breast.

FLIGHT OF TIME.

33



2

Do thy deeds of kindness now,
 'Ere to-morrow's light,
 What may chance thou can'st not know,
 Time is swift in flight.

3

Would'st thou true enjoyment find?
 Then do what is right ;
 Ever bearing in thy mind,
 Time is swift in flight.

THE PIGEON.

Coo! coo! pretty pigeon all day, Coo! coo! to your children and mate; You seem in your singing to

The first system of musical notation is in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The treble staff features a complex melody with many beamed eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a simpler accompaniment with quarter and eighth notes.

say, neither coo, coo,
You know anger nor hate, Coo, coo, coo, coo, coo, coo, Coo, coo, pretty pigeon all day.

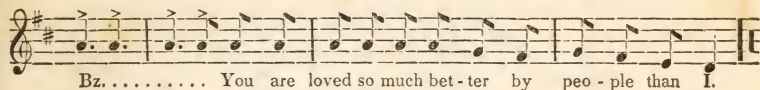
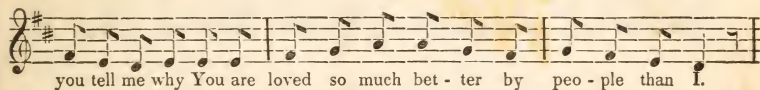
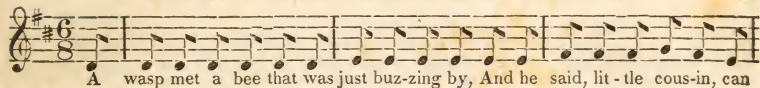
The second system continues the musical piece. The treble staff has a more active melody with frequent beaming, and the bass staff continues with a steady accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff, with some words aligned with specific notes.

2

And so may we ever all try
And be very civil and kind;
And not to be pettish and cry,
Though all cannot be to our mind.
Coo, coo, &c.

3

Coo, coo, pretty pigeon, coo, coo,
Coo, coo, to your children all day;
We learn while we listen to you,
To do all things that you say.
Coo, coo, &c.



2

My back shines as bright and as yellow as gold,
And my shape is most elegant too, to behold,
And yet nobody likes me for that, I am told.
Bz. And yet, &c.

3

Ah! Cousin, the bee said, 'tis all very true,
But were I even half as much mischief to do,
Then I'm sure they would love me no better than you.
Bz. Then I'm, &c.

4

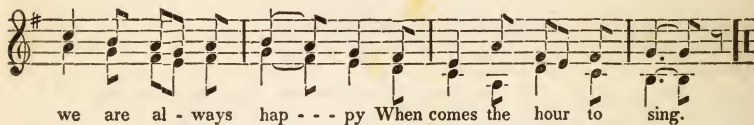
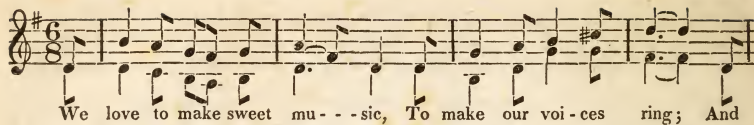
You have a fine shape and a delicate wing,
And they say you are handsome, but then there's one thing
They can never put up with, and that is your sting.
Bz. They can, &c.

5

My coat is quite homely and plain, as you see,
But yet no one is angry, or scolding at me,
Just because I'm a humble and innocent bee.
Bz. Just because, &c.

6

From this little story, let people beware,
For if like the cross wasp, they too, ill-natured are,
They will never be loved, though they're ever so fair.
Bz. They will never, &c.



2

Oh! come and let us sing, then,
 Like birds that fly away;
 And look as bright as dew drops
 In warm and sunny May.

3

We'll sing of love and kindness,
 We'll sing of home, and school;
 We'll sing of morning, mid-day,
 And evening breezes, cool.

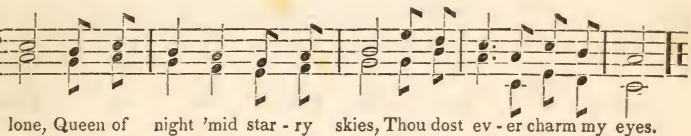
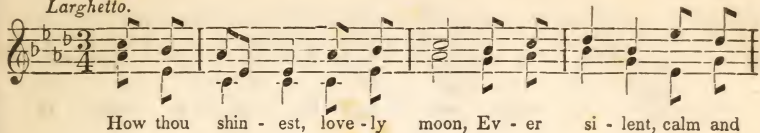
4

And while we sing so cheerful,
 We'll better grow each day;
 And then our songs of pleasure,
 Will never fade away.

THE MOON.

37

Larghetto.



2

Softly sailing thro' the sky,
Ever smiling from on high;
When thou pourest floods of light,
Ocean glimmers in thy sight.

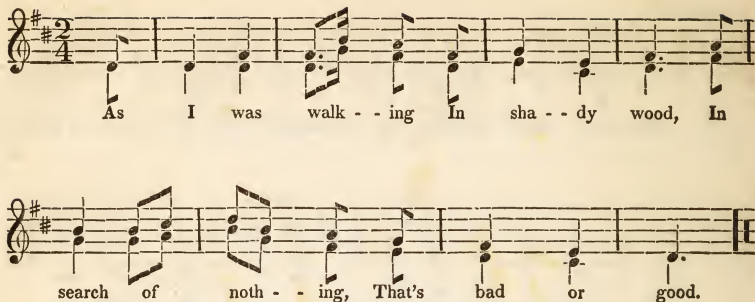
3

O'er the lonely pilgrim's way,
Thou art shedding light like day;
Cheerfully thou bid'st him roam,
And thou guidest to his home.

4

Pleasant is thy face to me,
How I love to gaze at thee,
When thou shinest lovely moon,
Ever silent, calm and lone.

FLOWER FOUND.



2

I chanced in looking
A flower to spy,
As bright as star-light,
Or glistening eye.

3

I went to break it;
It murmured low,
"Ah! must I, must I,
Be treated so?"

4

But up I dug it,
Stem, roots and all,
And in my garden,
Close by the wall,

5

There in a corner
I planted it;
'Tis green as ever,
And blossoms yet.



Of all my joys I prize the most, My lit - tle gar - den



here; No mat - ter how much pains it cost, 'Tis on - ly still more dear.

2

I nurse and watch it day by day
With tender love and care;
And well it does my pains repay
With flowers and fruit so fair.

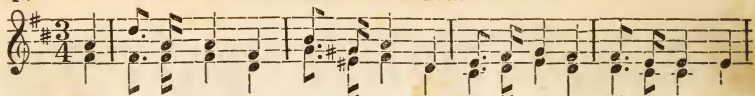
3

And every pretty plant that springs,
However small it be;
Each little bud and blossom brings
A sweet delight to me.

4

I love my garden more and more,
And when my task is done;
And when the hours of school are o'er
I to my garden run.

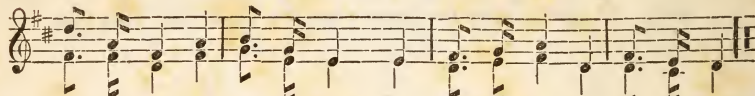
THE BEAR.



O see the bear! the stu - pid bear! How hea - vi - ly he foots it there! With



spurs the man's ad - vanc - ing, To keep the crea - ture danc - ing: I



hear the drum and pipe so shrill, To keep the crea - ture danc - ing still.

2

3

The stupid bear! from day to day,

And then the bear so dainty too —

Full half his life he sleeps away;

He hunts for honey fresh and new;

And when oppressed, by eating,

The bees fly out and sting him,

He gets a thoro' beating,

And many pains they bring him;

With awful noise he howls and roars,

He pays a dreadful, dreadful price

Like billows on the rocky shores.

For honey, which he thinks so nice.

4

The bear! the bear! the stupid bear!

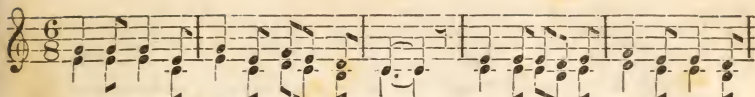
'Tis foolish thus at him to stare;

So now your nature knowing,

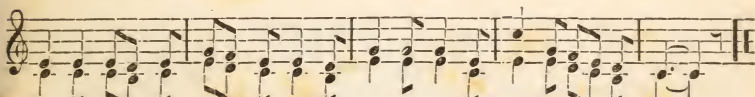
Mr. Bear, we will be going:

We will be active every day,

Nor sleep, like you, our life away.



Gladness plays and sparkles o - - ver all, Plays up-on the far blue mountain,



Sparkles in the glas - sy fountain, Gladness plays and sparkles o - ver all.

2

3

Mirth is singing, shouting far and near! Join we all the merry dance of May!

On the grassy flowery meadows

Hark! I hear a sweet new-comer;

Children chase the flying shadows,

Cuckoo coos: look out for summer!

Mirth is singing, shouting far and near. Soon is past the spring's fair holiday.

1

2

Joy is hovering—smiling all around! Gladness soundeth, shouteth far and near!

Hovering o'er the sunny mountain,

O'er the flowery meadow straying,

Smiling in the glassy fountain,

Lambs are feeding, frisking, playing;

Joy is hovering—smiling all around! Gladness soundeth, shouteth far and near!

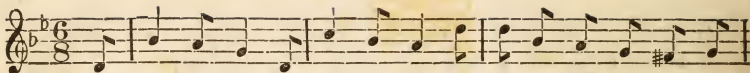
3

Up and join the merry dance of May!

Hark! the cuckoo, sweetly singing,

O'er the moor and meadow winging,

Up and join the merry dance of May!



The Autumn breeze Sweeps thro' the trees, And shakes all the leaves from the



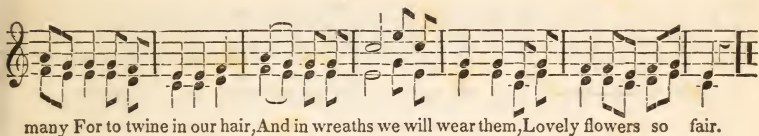
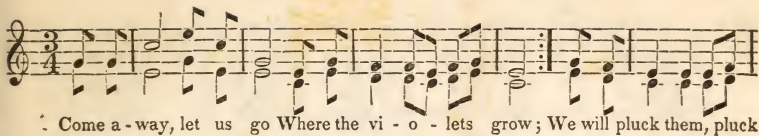
thicket ; The swallows fly, The storks move by, And hushed is the chirp of the crick - et.

2

The moon shines clear,
Through forests drear,
And calmly, and coldly looks o'er us ;
While through the air,
The branches bare,
Are waving so sadly before us.

3

The autumn breeze,
Sweeps thro' the trees,
The bees they have silenced their humming,
The swallows fly,
The storks move by,
And tell us that winter is coming.

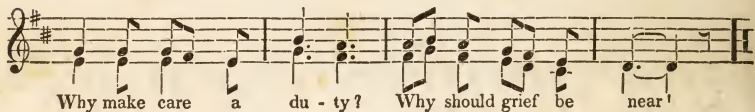


2

Far away in the vale,
 With the soft breathing gale
 There so lovely and lonely;
 There they rest on their bed—
 Come and pluck, quickly pluck them,
 Lovely flowers of the glade.

3

Let us rove where they grow;
 Let us cherish them now,
 For too soon o'er the wide earth,
 They will all disappear!
 Yet we will not forget them,
 Lovely flowers, so dear.



2

We will never sorrow,
For there is no need,
Since each little sparrow,
God doth daily feed;

4

Banish then thy sorrow,
Drive distrust away;
Live not for the morrow
Walk in virtue's way.

3

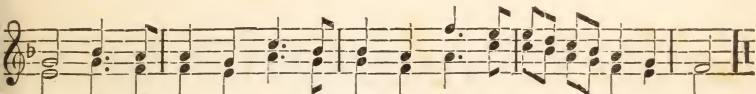
Since each plant and flower,
Springing fair and lone,
Brightens with the shower,
Blooms beneath the sun.

5

To enjoy life's beauty,
Heaven has sent us here!
Let us do our duty,
Then we need not fear.



Had I now my pret - ty gar - den, O how hap - py should I



be! Chil - ly frosts the flower beds har - den, But the flowers I soon shall see.

2

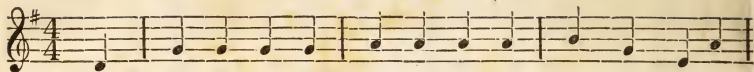
3

White and blue with green around them,	I will place in yonder bower,
Hyacinths shall bloom again;	Thee, my white auricula!
On the trellice where I found them,	Spend thy sweetness every hour!
Fragrant roses I will train.	Say, is not my garden fair?

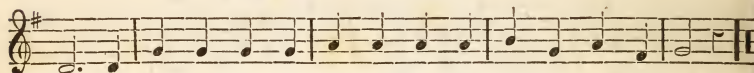
4

When the nightingale is singing,
 With the earliest beam of day;
 Let me to my garden springing,
 Greet my flowers in bright array.

FIRST PART.



Three threes are nine, three fours are twelve, Three fives will make fif -



- - teen; And three times six are just eight-teen, As they have al-ways been.

2

4

And three times seven are twenty-one, And four times four will make sixteen,

Three eights are twenty-four; If you will count them o'er;

And three times nine are twenty-seven, And four times five have always been

You'll find they make no more. Just twenty, or a score.

3

5

Three tens are thirty, and three elevens And four times six are twenty-four,

Will make just thirty-three; Four sevens are twenty-eight;

And three times twelve are thirty-six, And four times eight are thirty-two.

And more they cannot be. Four nines are thirty-six.

6

Four tens are forty, we repeat,

Four elevens are forty-four;

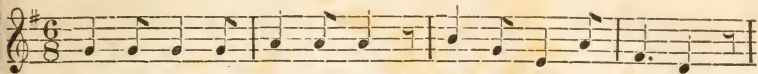
And four times twelve are forty-eight,

And now my song is o'er.

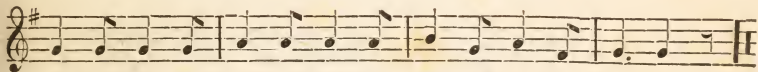
MULTIPLICATION TABLE.

47

SECOND PART.



Five times five are twen - ty - five, Five times six are thir - ty ;



Five times seven are thir - ty - five, And five times eight are for - ty.

2

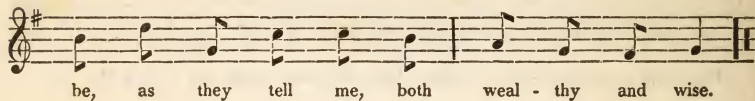
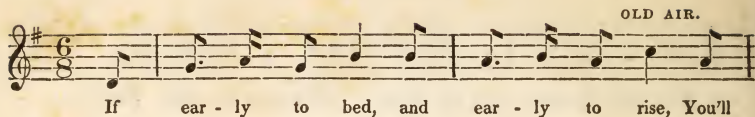
Five times nine are forty-five,
Five times ten are fifty ;
Five times eleven are fifty-five
And five times twelve are sixty.

3

Six times nine are fifty-four,
Six times ten are sixty ;
Seven times nine are sixty-three,
And seven times ten are seventy.

4

Eight times nine are seventy-two,
Eight times ten are eighty ;
Nine times nine are eighty one,
And nine times ten are ninety ;



2

If health you would keep, this counsel you'll take,
Be early asleep and be early awake.

3

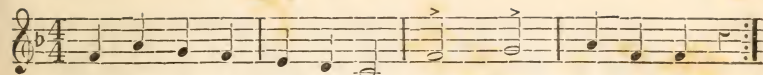
'Tis good for your health, 'tis good for your purse,
No doctor you'll need, and but seldom a nurse.

4

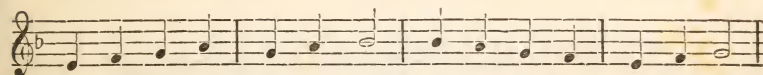
Then early to bed, and early to rise,
If you would be healthy, and wealthy, and wise.

TRY AGAIN.

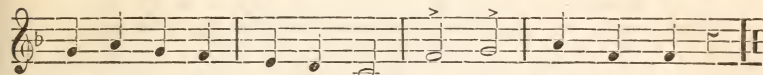
49



1. { 'Tis a les - son you should heed, Try, Try, Try a - gain. }
 { If at first you don't suc - ceed, Try, Try, Try a - gain. }



Then your cour - age should ap - pear, For if you will per - se - vere,



You will con - quer, nev - er fear, Try, Try, Try a - - gain.

2

Once or twice, though you should fail,

Try again.

If you would at last prevail,

Try again.

If we strive 'tis no disgrace,

Though we may not win the race ;

What should you do in that case ?

Try again.

3

If you find your task is hard,

Try again.

Time will bring you your reward,

Try again.

All that other folks can do,

Why, with patience, should not you ?

Only keep this rule in view,

Try again.

[4]

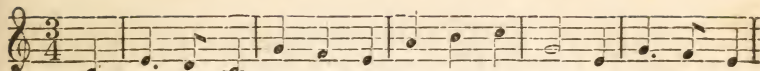


2

Bell, thy sound is lulling,
 When at eve thou callest :
 Time to go to bed !
 Bell, thy sound is mournful,
 Calling us to sorrow,
 When the spirit's fled.

3

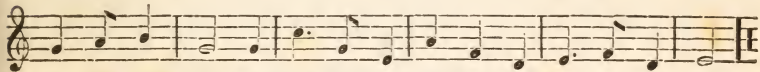
Say, how canst thou mourn so ?
 How canst thou rejoice so ?
 Thou art but a bell !
 Yet dost thou our sorrows,
 Yet dost thou our pleasures,
 Understand full well.



I love to be hear-ing and learn-ing of truth, I trea-sure the



fast-fly-ing mo-ments of youth; Just come from our teach-er, from



do-ing our best, More mer-ri-ly play we, more hap-pi-ly rest.

2

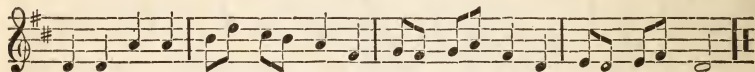
O then with what rapture we play-fellows meet,
The taste of enjoyment seems never so sweet;
Then shine with new beauty the garden, the field,
Then smiles the fair earth in her glory revealed.

3

O joy with the glad ones the gladdest to be;
While teachers and friends all approve of our glee!
I'll hie me to school then, and there do my best,
And then for my share of good sport with the rest.



By the clear-est moon - light ev - er Still and joy - ous - ly we row,



On the bright and wave-less riv - er, Hith - er, thith-er swift - ly go.

2

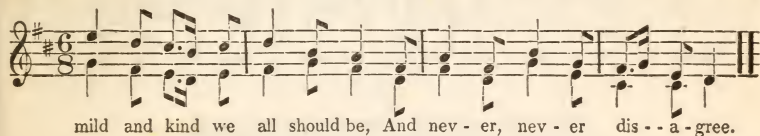
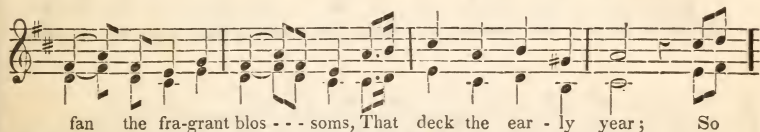
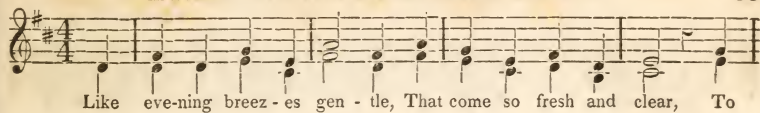
Not for fame or earthly treasure,
On the wide sea would we ride;
Here we taste more peaceful pleasure,
In our little boat we glide.

3

Innocence to us is dearer
Than the richest earthly wealth;
To our happiness what nearer
Than the gift of peace and health.

LIKE EVENING BREEZES.

53



2

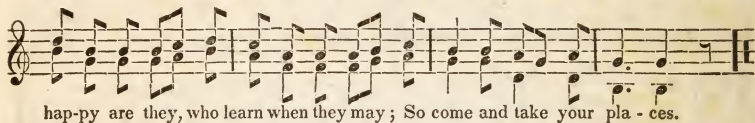
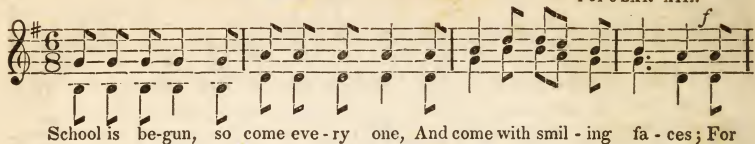
As sweet as morning sunbeams,
That kiss away the dew;
And make the early flowers
Look bright and happy too;
So we should love when grief appears
To kiss away each other's tears.

3

The child so good and gentle,
Obedient and kind,
Who loves in God and virtue
His happiness to find;
The Savior's face will surely see,
Who said "let children come to me."

SCHOOL IS BEGUN.

POPULAR AIR.



2

Here you will find your teachers are kind,
 And with their help succeeding;
 The older you grow, the more you will know,
 And soon you'll love your reading.

3

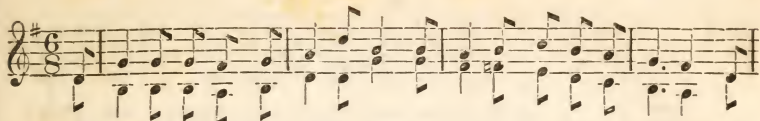
Little boys when you grow to be men,
 And fill some useful station;
 If you should be once found out as a dunce,
 Oh, think of your vexation.

4

Little girls, too, a lesson for you,
 To learn is more your duty;
 Or no one will deem, you worthy esteem,
 What e'er your youth or beauty.

5

School is begun, so come ev'ry one,
 And come with smiling faces;
 For happy are they, who learn when they may;
 So come and take your places.



A li-ly looked from the mountain height, In snow-y white it was gleaming ; There



stood not an-oth-er so high and bright Where'er the sun was beam-ing.

2

By night the raging storm loud swept there,
The cliff by lightning surrounded ;
The clouds they rolled heavily in the air,
And thunder deep resounded.

3

I looked above where I saw her shine,
The cliff, I thought it would sever ;
O lily, sweet lily, I've call'd thee mine,
But now I lose thee for ever.

4

At morning early my way I sped,
I thought I never should find her ;
But brightly my lily now raised her head,
Mid prostrate trees around her.

5

The rock was rent and the fragments gone,
The storm had swept them forever ;
But there stood my lily and brightly shone,
As fresh and fair as ever.

THE CORN FLOWERS.



Now are the fields and bow - ers, And eve - ry reap - er's cot, Strewn



with the bright - est flow - - ers, That fall on eve - ry spot.

3

Who comes? the farmer streweth,
The wheat seed far and near,
And yearly as it groweth,
Yon, bluest flowers, appear!

4

O think what good and pleasure,
This thing alone bestows,
From smallest flowers, a treasure
There springs, the whole world knows.

THE DAY AND NIGHT FLOWER. LAUR. 57



2

Who looks and knows not well,
The lesson ye all tell?
Who has not felt below
Now pleasure and now wo?

3

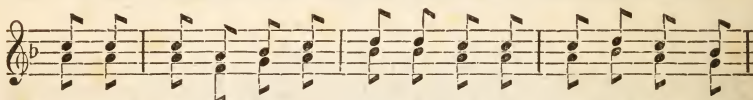
When joyous free from care,
The dark blue says "beware,
Nor deem thyself secure;
Grief lurketh near too sure."

4

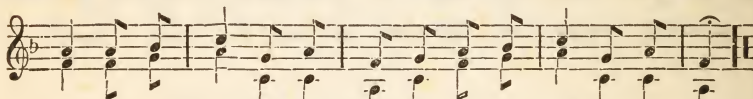
And when my heart is sad,
Thy clear gold makes me glad,
"Joy comes," it says, "droop not,"
And grief is soon forgot.



I re - mem - ber a les - son which was not thrown a - way,



“In the morn of life be use - ful, dont spend too much time in



play: Work a - - way while you're a - ble, work a - way, work a - way.

2

Hands were made to be useful, if you teach them the way,
Therefore, for yourself or neighbor, make them useful every day:
Work away.

3

And to speed with your labor make the most of to-day,
What may hinder you to-morrow 'tis impossible to say.
Work away.

4

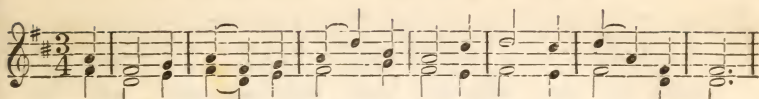
As for grief and vexation, let them come when they may,
When your heart is in your labor, it will soon be light and gay.
Work away.

5

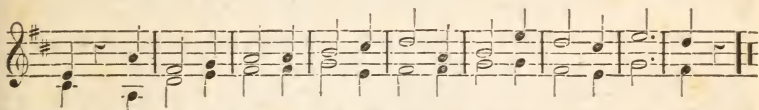
In the world would you prosper, then this counsel obey,
Out of debt is out of danger, and your creditors to pay.
Work away.

6

Let your own hands support you 'till your strength shall decay,
And your heart should never fail you, even when your hair is gray.
Work away.



'Twas God who gave my plea - sant life, 'Tis God pre - serves me dai -



- - ly, 'Tis God who gives me breath to sing, Like summer birds so gai - ly.

2

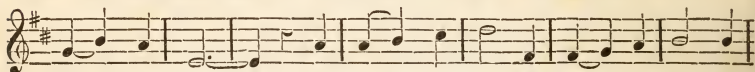
He is my Father, I his child,
To love him is my pleasure ;
'Tis better to obey my God,
Than have all earthly treasure.

3

O let me strive through all my life,
My God, to love and please thee ;
For know, from day to day, my soul,
He ever, ever sees thee.



Come, buy my sand, my clean white sand! And may thy



heart be white; And may thy home, and heart, and hand Be



pure, and clean and bright, . . . Be pure, and clean and bright.

1

Come, buy my sand, my clean white sand!

And may thy heart be white;

And may thy home, and heart, and hand

Be pure, and clean and bright,

Be pure, and clean and bright.

2

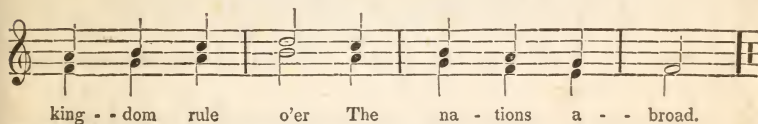
And Oh remember! though so high

Thou seemest now to stand,

A few short hours, and thou shalt lie,

Beneath a hill of sand—

Beneath a hill of sand.

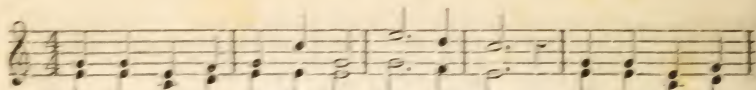


2

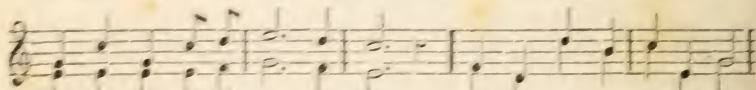
On earth may thy will,
As in heaven be done;
Our daily bread give,
And cleanse through thy Son.

3

From temptation keep,
From evil and pain,
For thine is the power,
Forever, Amen.



Child - ren, as we some-times see, Don't a - gree; They fall out, I



gave to say, In their hours of play. One of - fends, and soon we learn



He's of - fend-ed in his turn; And they say that tit for tat, Is the rule for that.

2

Children, why such anger show?

Don't you know,

You should not this rule obey?

There's a better way,

If each should in turn offend,

Then would quarrels never end;

There's a better way than that,

Or than tit for tat.

3

Though it was indeed unkind,

Never mind:

You should bear a little pain,

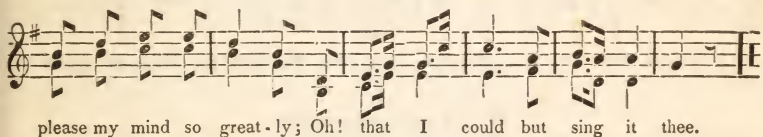
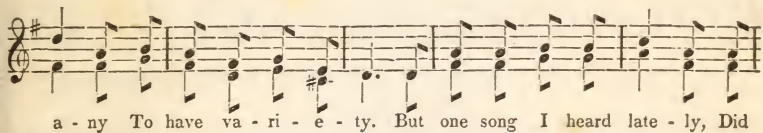
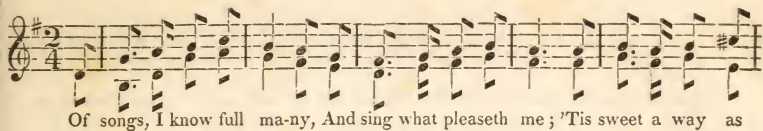
So be friends again.

Those who in this world would live,

Must forget, and must forgive;

Bear these trifles like a man,

That's the better plan.



2

Of late I saw a shepherd
A grassy slope adown,
Where merry brooklets capered
In shining summer sun,
Beneath a beach-tree laying
Lost in a sweet dream, playing
His tune, a slender reed upon.

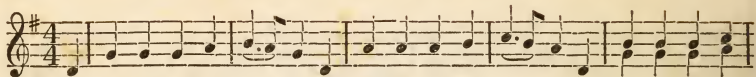
3

That tune, 'twould first go upward
Some three, four notes or so;
And then it would go downward
Now quick, and then more slow.
That tune to him was heaven,
Ah! gladly I'd have given
All mine, that song of his to know!

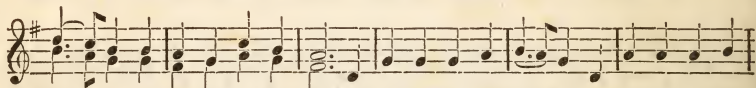
4

Thus once did he play through it.
And then he'd look away;
Then quick again, he blew it;
I saw him as he lay.
He lay just idly heeding
His lambkins round him feeding;
And so he passed the summer day.

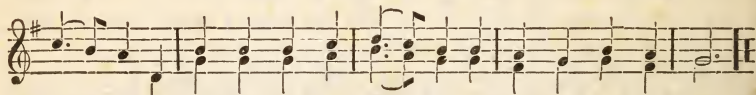
WE ALL LOVE ONE ANOTHER.



We all love one an - oth - er, We all love one an - oth - er, We all love one an -



- - oth - er, And we all love be-side, Our fa-thers and our mothers, Our sis-ters and our



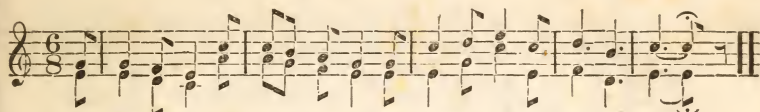
bro-thers, And we for - get not oth - ers, Who seek our steps to guide.

1

We all love one another,
 We all love one another,
 We all love one another,
 And we all love beside,
 Our fathers and our mothers,
 Our sisters and our brothers,
 And we forget not others,
 Who seek our steps to guide.

2

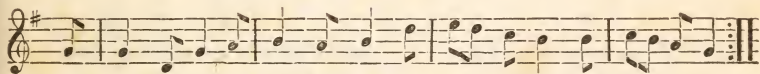
We love our school and teachers,
 We love our school and teachers,
 We love our school and teachers,
 For useful things we learn:
 We'll now take leave together,
 We'll now clap hands together,
 We'll go and play together,
 But soon we'll all return.



1. Ye lit - tle birds, Ye have no words; What can this be Ye sing to me?

6

Ye little birds,
Ye need no words;
I love your song,
Sing all day long.



2. "We sing to thee, How sweet sings she, Whom queen we hail, Sweet Nightingale."

3

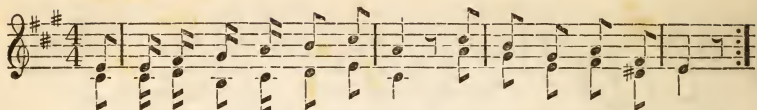
"We sing of woods,
And cooling floods,
And blossoms blue,
And meadow-dew."

4

"We sing how free,
We blithe birds be,
In freshest air,
And odors rare."

5

"Such is our song,
The whole day long;
We need no words,
We warbling birds." D. C.



1. { The moon is ve - ry fair and bright, And now is ris - ing high ; }
 { I think it is a pret - ty sight To see it in the sky ; }



It shone up - on me where I lay, And seemed al - most as bright as day.

2

The stars are very pretty too,
 And scatterd all about ;
 Sometimes they seem but very few,
 But soon the rest come out.
 I'm sure I could not count them all,
 They are so bright, and very small.

3

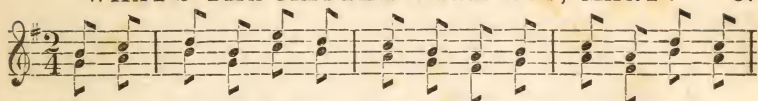
But brighter is the sun than they,
 He blazes in the skies ;
 I dare not turn my face that way,
 Unless I shut my eyes :
 Yet when he shines, our hearts revive,
 And all the trees rejoice and thrive.

4

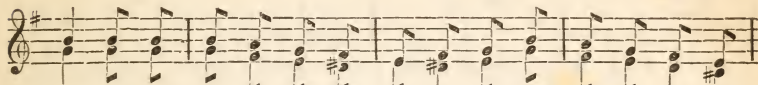
More glorious than the moon or sun
 And all the stars of light,
 Is He who made them every one
 By his own power and might.
 And when we end our mortal race,
 The pure in heart shall see his face.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU, MARY?

67



What's the mat - ter with you, Ma - ry? What can thus have made you



cry? Come, look plea - sant now, my sis - ter, Wipe the wa - ter from your



eye. What's the mat - ter with you, Ma - ry? What can thus have made you cry?

2

What's the matter with you, Mary?

Wherefore should you look so sad?

You are neither sick nor hungry,

And have much to make you glad?

What's the matter then, my Mary?

Wherefore should you look so sad?

3

What's the matter with you, Mary?

Quickly drive those tears away;

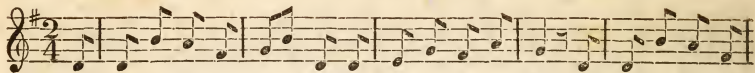
Come along with me, my sister,

Come and join me in my play;

Ever cheerful, ever happy,

Let us be from day to day.

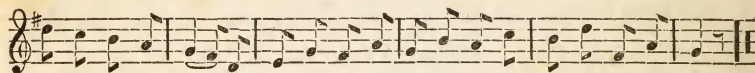
I MUST NOT TEASE MY MOTHER.



I must not tease my mo-ther, For she is ve - ry kind ; And eve - ry thing she



says to me, I must di - rect-ly mind ; For when I was a ba - by, And



could not speak or walk, She let me in her bosom sleep, And taught me how to talk.

2

I must not tease my mother ;
And when she likes to read,
Or has the headache, I will step
Most silently indeed.
I will not choose a noisy play,
Or trifling troubles tell ;
But sit down quiet by her side,
And try to make her well.

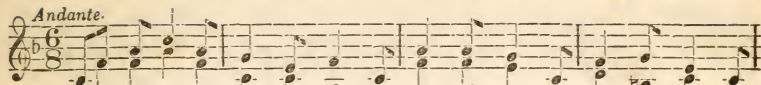
3

I must not tease my mother ;
I've heard my father say,
When I was in my cradle sick,
She nursed me night and day.
She lays me in my little bed,
She gives me clothes and food,
And I have nothing else to pay,
But trying to be good.

4

I must not tease my mother ;
She loves me all the day,
And she has patience with my faults,
And teaches me to pray ;
How much I'll strive to please her
She every hour shall see,
For should she go away, or die,
What would become of me ?

SHEPHERD'S SONG. GERSBACH. 69



Lamb-kins, hie to pas-tures yon-der, Where the balm-y winds do wan-der,



Where the fresh-est flowers grow near, Where the wa-ter run-neth clear.

2

Where the brooklets, cooled by shadows,
 Pour their streams along the meadows!
 Go and cool you, linger not,
 For the noonday sun is hot.

3

Lambkins, go and freely spread you,
 Go where'er your wills may lead you!
 Have no fears, because to-day,
 There's no wild wolf after prey.

4

Go ye fleecy little rovers,
 Wanton in the richest clovers,
 And when evening air feels cold,
 Flock together to the fold.

WHY DO YE SING?

Andante.

Why do ye sing, ye lit - tle birds, So live - ly on the spray? "We
sing to him who gave us life, And taught to sing our war - bling lay."

2

Why bloom, ye fair, ye fragrant flowers,
That grow along the way?
"We bloom to him, who gave our tints,
And made us beautiful and gay."

3

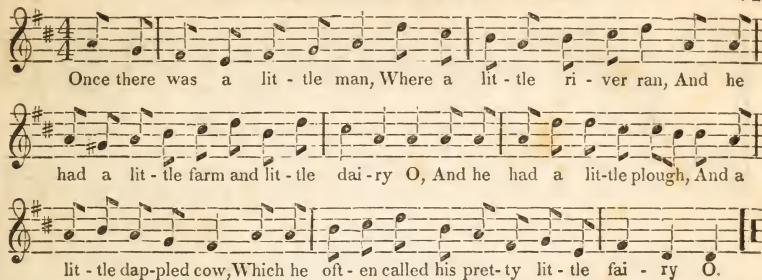
O come with me and hear the song,
And see the sky so blue;
Come pluck the sweet, the fragrant flowers,
With gems of earliest morning dew.

4

The sky is fair, the buds are sweet,
The birds are lovely too,
But God demands, ye youthful ones,
A nobler, sweeter song from you.

THE LITTLE DISASTER.

71



2. And his dog he called Fidelle,
For he lov'd his master well ;
And he had a little poney for his pleasure O ;
In a sty not very big,
He'd a frisky little pig
Which he often called his little piggy treasure O.
3. Once his little maiden Ann,
With her pretty little can,
Went a milking when the morning sun was beaming O,
When she fell, I dont know how,
But she stumbled o'er the plough,
And the cow was quite astonished at her screaming O.
4. Little maid cried out in vain
While the milk ran o'er the plain ;
Little pig ran grunting after it so gaily O,
While the little dog behind,
For a share was much inclined,
So he pull'd back squeaking piggy by the taily O.
5. Such a clatter now began,
As alarmed the little man,
Who came capering from out his little stable O ;
Poney trod on doggy's toes,
Doggy snap'd at piggy's nose,
Piggy made as great a noise as he was able O.
6. Then to make the story short,
Little poney with a snort,
Lifted up his little heels so very clever O ;
And the man he tumbled down,
And he nearly cracked his crown,
And this only made the matter worse than evr

Win - ter thou art ve - ry cold, Cut - ting are thy breez - es;

Snow-drift is on snow-drift rolled, All the wa - ter freez - es.

2

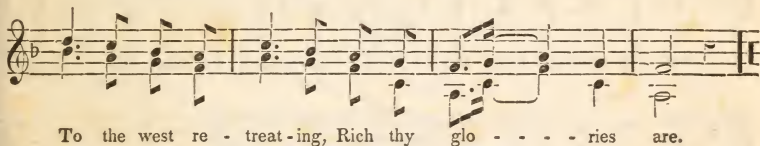
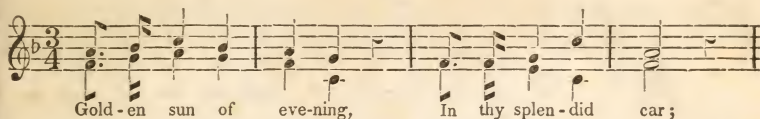
Pity, O my child, the poor,
 Scarce a stick to warm them;
 Winds come whistling thro' the door,
 Skies—the clouds deform them.

3

O how many poor there are!
 How they shake and shiver!
 Like the image of a star,
 On the wavy river.

4

Yes, my heart shall pity you,
 Who have sorrow daily;
 For I may be wretched too,
 Though I sing so gaily.



2

Sun! I love to view thee,
 Since I lisped thy name;
 Since I learned thy glories
 From Jehovah came.

4

Wondrous is thy beauty,
 Golden evening sun!
 Charming is thy radiance,
 Just as day is done.

3

Often while I saw thee
 Bright and cloudless shine,
 Holy thoughts came o'er me;
 Thoughts of things divine.

5

Thou must be extinguished,
 Quenched each golden ray;
 My immortal spirit
 Cannot fade away.

THE SPARROW.



Hop a - bout, pret - ty spar - row, and pick up the hay, And the
twigs, and the wool ; and the moss ; In - deed, I'll stand far e - nough
out of your way, So do'nt fly from the win - dow so cross.

2

I do not mean to catch you, my dear little Dick,
Nor to fasten you up in a cage ;
To hop all day long on a straight bit of stick,
Or to flutter about in a rage.

3

For I only just want to stand by you and see
How you gather the twigs for your house ;
Or sit at the foot of the jenneting tree,
While you twitter a song in the boughs.

4

If you'd come to me now and eat out of my hand,
Oh how happy and glad I should be ;
Then come pretty sparrow, while softly I stand
At the foot of the jenneting tree.

CRADLE SONG.

75

Sleep, sleep, my ba-by, sleep thou, Thy mo-ther is by thee now; She
rocks thee and lulls thee to peaceful sleep: Is ev-er near thee thy rest to keep: Thy
mo-ther how fond-ly she loves thee, Thy mo-ther how fond-ly she loves thee.

2. Sleep, sleep my dear one, sleep thou,
Thy father is by thee now;
He labors and toils from the morning light,
Till evening comes and the misty night:—
Thy mother and thee to make happy,
Thy mother and thee to make happy.
3. Sleep, sleep, my infant, sleep thou,
The angels will guard thee now;
They guard thee with tenderest watchfulness,
And keep thee when in forgetfulness:—
The angels watch over my infant,
The angels watch over my infant.
4. Sleep, sleep, my gentlest, sleep thou,
The Savior is near thee now;
He once was an infant, my child, like thee,
A manger told of his poverty:—
While thou art so carefully guarded,
While thou art so carefully guarded.
5. Sleep, sleep, my baby, sleep thou,
From heaven God loves thee now;
He'll crown thee with goodness from day to day,
Till quits thy spirit its house of clay:—
Then take thee to heaven and bless thee,
Then take thee to heaven and bless thee.

THE FLOWERS.

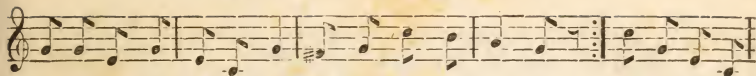
How pret - ty are the blos - soms, That in the val - ley smile ; But
yet their charms are fad - - ing— They on - ly stay a - - while.

2

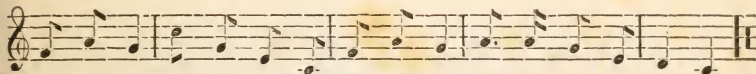
When summer days are over,
Their brightness will be fled ;
And by the cold winds blasted,
Lie, withered, trodden, dead.

3

There is a transient beauty,
Which quickly fades away ;
The soul shall live unaltered,
When all things else decay.



1. { Curious beasts are here for show, Full of life and mo - tion ; } Ti - gers, li - ons,
 { Up and down their dens they go, Like the rest - less o - cean. }



leop - ards, apes, Mon - keys, too, of sev - eral shapes, Birds of rar - est beau - ty.

2

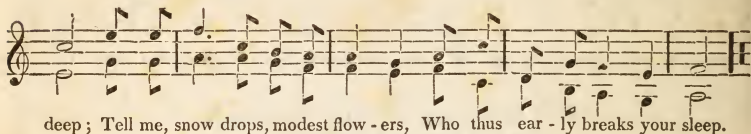
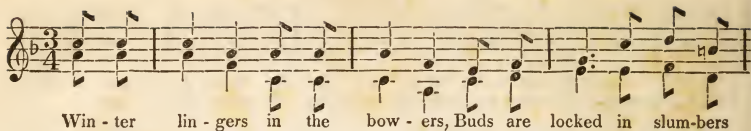
How they stamp and shake the ground,
 Flap and snort and chatter ;
 Men and boys come crowding round,
 Wondering what's the matter ;
 When they see the meat they rage,
 How the lion tears his cage ;
 Like a crazy creature.

3

Watch them closely, mark them well,
 Look at every feature !
 When the man their names shall tell,
 Don't forget the creature,
 Lest you should a blunder make,
 And the pretty goldfinch take,
 For a little sparrow.

4

Apes and asses, formerly,
 Foreign vessels brought us ;
 Of the great Rhinoceros
 Poetry had taught us ;
 Thanks to these enlightend times,
 Animals from farthest climes
 We may now admire them.



2

Long before the snow is running,
Melted in the mountain stream ;
Tender forms ! I see you sunning,
In a cold and cheerless beam.

4

"'Twas a Father's care arrayed us
In the pure, and snowy white ;
'Twas a Father's kindness made us,
Bloom so innocent and bright,

3

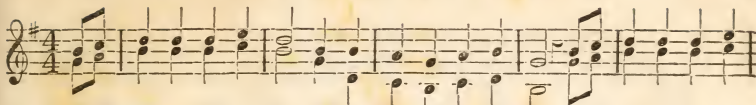
And your lily lips do quiver,
Whispering "we are children too ;
Bloom to praise the gracious giver,
Wither, die, and bloom anew.

5

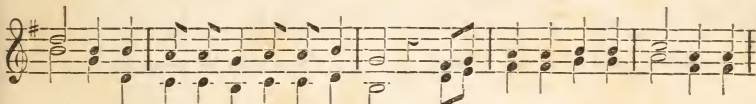
"Child ! be innocence thy beauty !
Strive in purity to shine,
So when ends thy course of duty,
Heavenly glory shall be thine."

MERRILY, MERRILY SING.

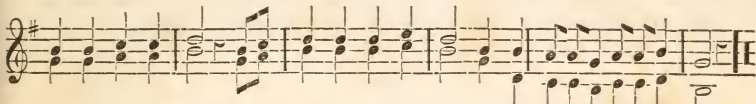
79



Im - prove the passing hours, For time is on the wing, Sip hon-ey from the



flow-ers, And mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly sing; All fol - ly ends in sad-ness, For

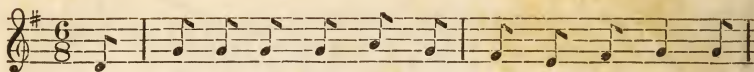


trouble it will bring, But wis-dom leads to gladness, So mer-ri-ly, merrily sing.

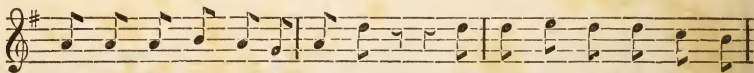
2

Repine not if from labor,
 Your health and comfort spring,
 Work hard, and help your neighbor,
 And merrily, merrily sing.
 Store not your minds with fable;
 To truth your homage bring;
 Do all the good you're able,
 And merrily, merrily sing.

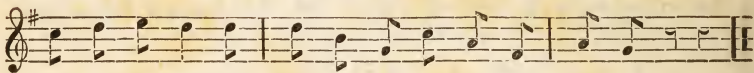
LITTLE ROBIN.



Come here lit - tle Ro - bin, and don't be a - fraid, I



would not hurt e - ven a feath - er; Come hith - er sweet Ro - bin, and



pick up some bread To feed you this ve - ry cold weather.

2

I don't mean to hurt you, my dear little thing,
And Pussey Cat is not behind me;
So hop about pretty, and put down your wing,
And pick up the crumbs and don't mind me.

3

Cold winter is come, but he will not stay long,
And summer you soon shall be greeting;
Remember, sweet Robin, to sing me a song,
In return for the breakfast you're eating.

STARS THAT ON YOUR WONDROUS WAY. 81

H. W. DAY.

Stars, that on your wondrous way, Twin-kle in the eve-ning sky,

Is there noth-ing you can say To a child so small as I

Adagio.
Tell me, for I long to know, Who has made you spar-kle so?

2
Child, as surely as we roll
Thro' the dark and distant sky,
You have an immortal soul,
Made to live when we shall die;
Suns and planets pass away,
Spirits never can decay.

3
Yes, and God who bade us roll,
God who placed us in the sky,
Stoops to watch an infant soul,
With a condescending eye;
He esteems it dearer far,
More in value than a star.

Val-ley and hill, for-est and mount, O - cean and rill, riv - er and
fount, A - wake! A - wake! Now comes the king, ru - ling the day;
Quick from his glance, the clouds flee a - way. They break! They break!

2

Like routed host, all wildly roll'd,
Scattered and tossed in robes of gold,
They fly! They fly!
Lo, how they flame in eastern sky,
Bowing they shrink from that burning eye,
That eye! That eye!

3

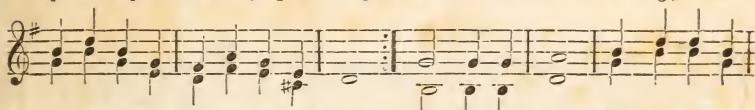
Lo, from the deep caverns of night,
Sends forth a beam of radiant light,
The sun! The sun!
Ocean and land, vocal may sing
With the bright band, around the fire king,
His throne! His throne.

MAKE IT UP AND BE GOOD FRIENDS AGAIN.

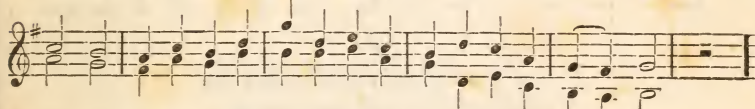
83



1. { Come, let us be good friends a - gain, We both may have been wrong, Why
Our quarrels on - ly give us pain, And should not last so long; In

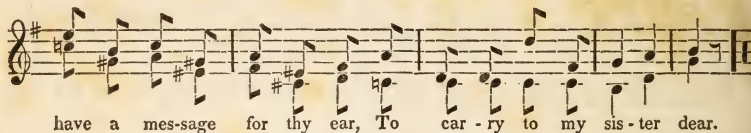
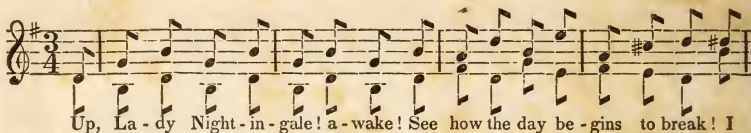


should we let our an - gry pas - sions rise; } Come, then, shake hands, be not still of -
fu - ture we will learn to be more wise; }



- fend - ed, Don't disdain to smile a - gain, For all is past and end - ed.

1. Come, let us be good friends again,
We both may have been wrong;
Why should we let our angry passions rise?
Our quarrels only gives us pain,
And should not last so long;
In future we will learn to be more wise.
Come, then, shake hands, be not still offended,
Don't disdain to smile again,
For all is past and ended.
2. All those who wish for happy days,
This truth should keep in mind,
That friends without some faults are few and rare;
And to those faults the proverb says,
"We should be sometimes blind,"
For we must learn to bear and to forbear,
Come, then, shake hands, be not still offended;
Don't disdain to smile again
For all is past and ended.



2

Oh ! she will greet thee o'er and o'er,
 She'll call thee blest forever more,
 A thousand times, sweet nightingale
 She'll thank thee for the friendly tale !

3

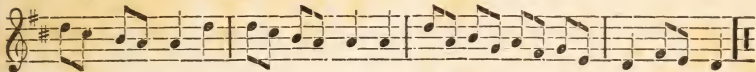
Now get thee up, nor longer stay,
 So sweetly singing on the way !
 Speak softly to my sister dear
 And whisper, "He will soon be here".

4

And give the pretty darlings joy,
 The gentle girl and blooming boy ;
 And tell them each a pretty tale,
 And speed thee, lady nightingale !

Andante.

The day is here, the night is gone, The dusky shades make way for morn, The



Sun lifts up his face so bright, And fills the plain with gold - en light.

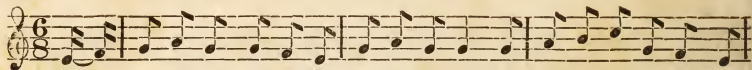
2

So sweet he smileth, and so mild,
As smiles a mother on her child ;
“ My dearest sons, ” he seems to say,
“ Sleep not these golden hours away.

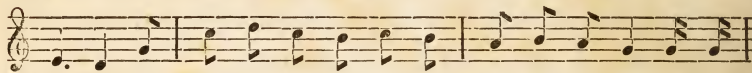
3

“ Example take you all from me,
And rise and labor busily ;
And in my beaming features read,
That industry is joy indeed.”

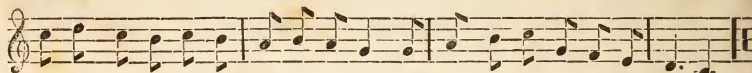
THE SPIDER AND HIS WIFE.



In a lit - tle dark house a few feet from the ground, An honest old spi - der re -



- - si - ded ; So plea - sant and snug, and con - ve - nient 'twas found ; That his



friends came to see it for many yards round, It seemed for his pleasure pro - vi - ded.

2

He thought that the little his wife would consume,

With care he might always provide her,

Forgetting he liv'd in a gentleman's room,

Where there came every morning, a maid with a broom,

Those pitiless foes to a spider.

3

One day when their cupboard was empty and dry,

His wife, a most diligent spinner,

Said "now, my dear, go to the cobweb and try,

If you can't find the leg or the wing of a fly,

As a nice little relish for dinner.

4

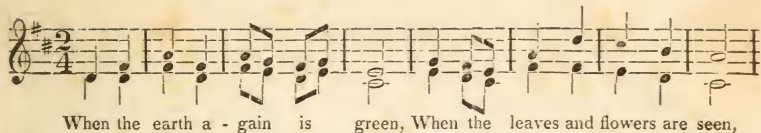
He went without thinking of what might befall,

For nothing he ever denied her ;

Brush came the great broom down the side of the wall,

And alas ! carried with it web, dinner, and all,

And thus ended the days of poor spider.



2

O I'd fly, I'd fly away
Over hill, and field, and bay,
Over fields of grass and grain,
Shady wood, and peopled plain.

3

When the earth again is green,
When the leaves and flowers are seen,
Then—ah no ! no bird I'll be ;
As I am the world's for me.

4

Where no bird e'er sings or flies,
There my thought hath power to rise ;
It can make cold winter's gloom,
Like the charming spring-time bloom.

SONG OF THE NIGHT-WATCH.

Hark ye neigh-bors ! hear the hour ! Ten is toll - ing from the tow - er :

Ten com-mand-ments God hath sealed, O, may we o - be-dience yield !

All in vain the watch-man numbers, God must watch while Is - rael slumbers ;

By thy mer - cy and thy might, Send us, Lord, a hap-py night.

2

Hark ye neighbors! hear the hour!
 Tolls eleven from the tower:
 Out of twelve eleven were true,
 O may we prove faithful too!
 All in vain the watchman numbers,
 God must watch while Israel slumbers;
 By thy mercy and thy might,
 Send us, Lord, a happy night.

3

Hark ye neighbors! hear the hour!
 Twelve is tolling from the tower:
 Twelve's the limit—man attend,
 Think of thine eternal end!
 All in vain the watchman numbers,
 God must watch while Israel slumbers;
 By thy mercy and thy might,
 Send us, Lord, a happy night.

4

Hark ye neighbors! hear the hour!
 One is striking from the tower:
 One thing's needful, God of grace!
 May we ever seek thy face!
 All in vain the watchman numbers,
 God must watch while Israel slumbers;
 By thy mercy and thy might,
 Send us, Lord, a happy night.

5

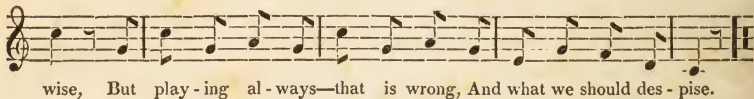
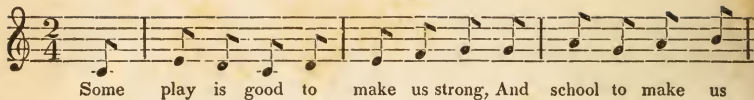
Hark ye neighbors! hear the hour!
 Two is tolling from the tower:
 Two ways are before me spread,
 Oh may I the narrow tread!
 All in vain the watchman numbers,
 God must watch while Israel slumbers;
 By thy mercy and thy might,
 Send us, Lord, a happy night.

6

Hark ye neighbors! hear the hour!
 Three is tolling from the tower:
 Cultivate the graces three,
 Faith and hope, and charity!
 All in vain the watchman numbers,
 God must watch while Israel slumbers;
 By thy mercy and thy might,
 Send us, Lord, a happy night.

7

Hark ye neighbors! hear the hour!
 Four is tolling from the tower:
 Fourfold is the gospel field,
 Say doth thine the good fruit yield?
 Up, be watchful! day is dawning!
 Softly steals the gleam of morning;
 Thank thy God who guards the night,
 And who brings the morning light.



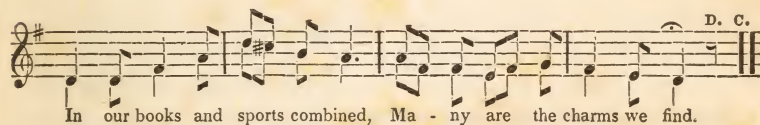
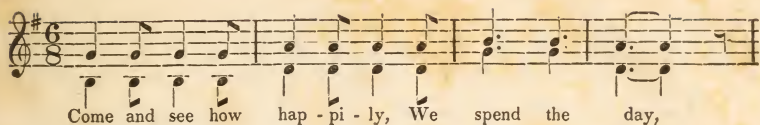
2

3

'There's nothing worse than idleness,	Sometimes they learn to lie and cheat,
For making children bad,	Sometimes to steal and swear;
'Tis sure to lead them to distress,	These are the lessons in the street, *
And much that's very sad.	For those who idle there.

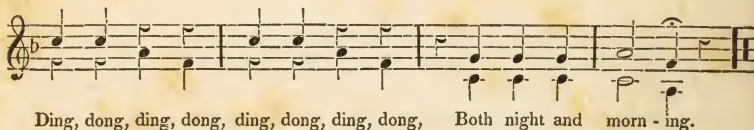
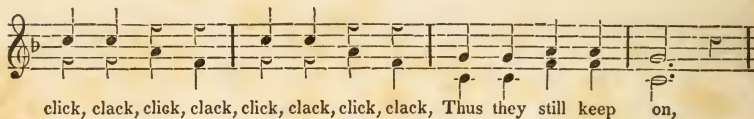
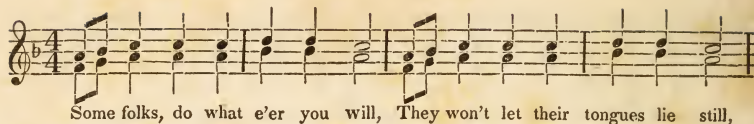
4

But how much better 'tis to learn
 To count and spell, and read;
 But if we play and work in turn,
 'Tis useful then indeed.



2

We improve the present hour,
For swift it flies ;
Youth is but a passing flower,
That blooms, and dies ;
But with pleasing school and song,
Time with us still glides along.
Come and see, &c.



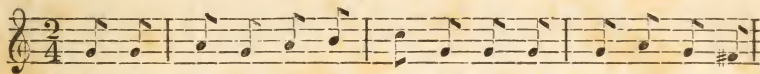
2

But, tho' friends you live among,
Do not tire them with your tongue ;

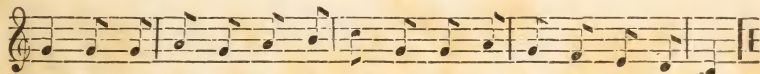
Click, clack, &c.
Soon they'll wish you gone,
Ding, dong, &c.
Then take this warning.

3

When advice you give or take,
Think before you silence break,
Once, twice, Once, twice, &c.
Think, and then you'll speak,
Twice, thrice, twice, thrice, &c.
Is thrice the better.



In your play be ve - ry care - ful Not to give an - oth - er



pain, And if oth - ers hurt or tease you, Nev - er do the like to them.

2

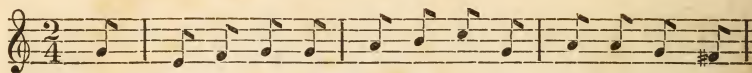
3

If a stone were thrown upon you, Never throw a stone or brick-bat,
 And should hit your head or eye, Though you see no creature near ;
 Don't you know 'twould hurt you sadly ? 'Tis a dangerous, naughty practice,
 Don't you think 'twould make you cry ? Which you little ones should fear.

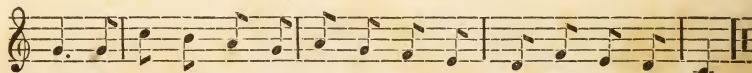
4

God will love the child that's gentle,
 And who tries to do no wrong :
 You must learn then to be careful,
 Now while you are very young.

DOING RIGHT.



O that it were my chief de-light, To do the things I



ought, Then let me try with all my might, To mind what I am taught.

2

Wherever I am bid to go,
I'll cheerfully obey,
Nor will I mind it much, although,
I leave some pretty play.

4

When she permits me, I may tell,
About my little toys;
But if she's busy or unwell,
I must not make a noise.

3

When I am bid, I'll freely bring,
Whatever I have got,
And never touch a pretty thing,
If mother tells me not.

5

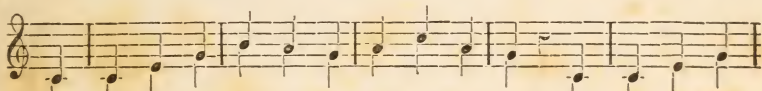
And when I learn my hymns to say,
And work, and read, and spell,
I will not think about my play,
But try to do it well.

6

For God looks down from heaven on high,
Our actions to behold,
And he is pleased when children try,
To do as they are told.



1. { Oh, why is the Lin-net so si-lent and sad, No hap-pi-er bird there could be;
The cold nights were gone, And we tho't it was glad, For sweet-ly it sang on the tree.



The green leaves were come, and no bird seem'd so blest, For joy tun'd its



notes when it sung; But some cru-el boy he has



tak-en its nest, And robb'd the poor bird of its young.

2

Our parents we love, for they do a great deal

More for us than we can repay;

But think of the sorrow those parents would feel,

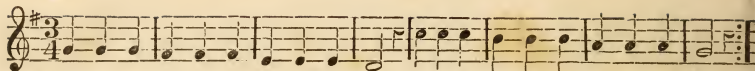
If we were thus stolen away!

I would not be guilty of such cruel wrong,

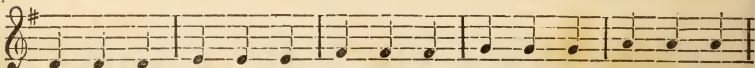
No pris'ners in cages for me!

Fly away, pretty birds, and repeat your sweet song,

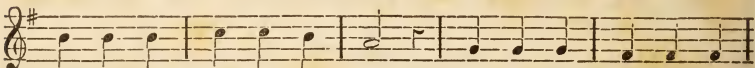
I'm always the friend of the free.



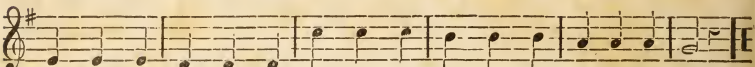
1. { Life is a school where this lesson is taught, May it be deeply impressed on my mind ; }
 { Vain thro' the world is true happiness sought, If we possess not a heart that is kind. }



Those who de - light to make oth - ers un - hap - py, And think it fine



sport to cause troub - le and pain, No one will lose for their



want of hu - man - i - ty, Hate and re - sent - ment are all they will gain.

2

Life is a blessing, which if we enjoy
 We ought to render a blessing to all ;
 Kind thoughts and actions our time should employ,
 Heav'n loves all creatures, the great and the small.
 Strength is not ours to be used for oppression,
 And cruelty never to pow'r should belong ;
 Even dumb animals claim our protection,
 The weak have a right to the aid of the strong.

