Given by

Mrs. E. D. Greene
JUVENILE LYRE:

OR

HYMNS AND SONGS,

RELIGIOUS, MORAL, AND CHEERFUL,

SET TO APPROPRIATE MUSIC.

FOR THE USE OF PRIMARY AND COMMON SCHOOLS

BOston:
RICHARDSON, LORD AND HOLBROOK.

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1832.
Be it remembered, That on the first day of February, A. D. 1831, in the fifty-fifth year of the Independence of the United States of America, Melvin Lord and John C. Holbrook, of the said District, have deposited in this office the Title of a Book, the Right whereof they claim as proprietors, in the words following, to wit:

"Juvenile Lyre: or Hymns and Songs, Religious, Moral, and Cheerful, set to Appropriate Music. For the Use of Primary and Common Schools."

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled 'An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned,' and also to an Act entitled 'An Act supplementary to an Act, entitled an Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts and Books to the Authors and Proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned; and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching, historical and other prints.'

JOHN W. DAVIS,
Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.
PREFACE.

It has been almost universally believed, that Providence has distributed the peculiar powers necessary for the successful cultivation of the art of singing, with a hand so very unequal, that the few who are favored, become musicians without difficulty, and almost without instruction or effort, while to the vast majority the attainment of any valuable degree of musical skill is almost entirely hopeless. In this supposed decision of Providence, mankind have generally acquiesced, and have allowed this art to remain solely in the possession of the few, not because they have regarded it as of little value, but because they have considered its attainment impracticable.

A change is, however, very rapidly taking place, upon this subject, in the public mind. Proofs of the very general, if not universal, power to understand the distinctions of musical sound, and to control, in accordance with them, the modulations of the voice, are multiplying. The number of the young who receive instruction, and make successful progress in this art, is rapidly increasing; and as the hope arises that this acquisition may be made by all, it is viewed with more attention, and its various advantages are more and more highly appreciated. Let us briefly mention some of them.

1. It is a most important means of promoting devotional feel-
ings in the worship of God; and it is far more powerful in its effects upon those who join in it, than upon those who merely listen. It is to be hoped that the time is coming when none, who do not labor under peculiar incapacities, will consent to be excluded from this delightful part of divine service, or feel themselves excused from joining in the praises of their Creator.

2. Music is, in itself, a source of the purest enjoyment. It may occupy the vacant hours, express, innocently and happily the lively feelings of childhood and youth, and afford rest and refreshment to the mind wearied with the cares and labors of life. The gladness of the heart is calmed, but deepened by its power; and sorrow almost becomes enjoyment by being expressed in song.

3. It promotes health. As a mere exercise, it is considered by many physicians as a most valuable means of strengthening the lungs; but tranquillity of mind is of more value in restoring the bodily powers than mere muscular exertion. How soon does strong mental agitation derange everything in the system! Grief refuses food;—terror becomes faint and pale;—and long continued anxiety will bring the strongest to the grave. Music reverses these effects, and while it calms the mind, invigorates the body.

4. Its influence is favorable upon the mental powers. From its very nature, it cultivates the habits of order and union. All must follow a precise rule, and act together in obedience to a leader; and the habit thus acquired in one pursuit, necessarily has its influence in others.

5. It improves the heart. No one will question its power to soften the character and elevate the feelings. It diverts, too, the young from amusements of a questionable character, and it is said that a reformation has in more than one village and district been effected, by introducing vocal music among the youth. In the schools upon the Continent of Europe, it has been found materially to promote the good order and discipline of the pupils;—to render them more kind to each other, and more obedient to their teachers.
The full influence of music is only felt where it is combined with appropriate words, and is employed in fixing useful instruction in the mind, and elevated and devotional feelings in the heart. Good or evil principles may be fixed most deeply by its influence. The Marseilles Hymn has often nerved the arm to bloodshed, while the songs of Zion have brought to penitence many a sinful heart. It has been justly observed that the ballads of a nation have more influence than its laws; and in a country where the laws and the government are based upon the character of the people, it becomes of inconceivable importance that every avenue to the conscience and the heart be guarded by virtue and piety. It is with the hope of contributing to this result, that these songs are given to the public. A large portion of them are translated from works which were collected by the Rev. William C. Woodbridge,* during a recent visit to Germany, and placed by him in the hands of the Editors, with the hope of rendering them useful to the children and youth of this country.

They have peculiar claims to confidence, on the ground that they are derived from collections formed with great care, by individuals familiar with the wants and feelings of children; and have been found by experience admirably adapted to cultivate the powers, elevate the taste, improve the character, and cheer and animate the hearts of whole communities of children. They have also received the sanction of the public guardians of education in many parts of Europe, and form a part of that course of instruction which is deemed indispensable to a well organized school. Most of them have been translated by Mr. S. F. Smith,* in such a manner as to preserve the music as originally written. The same gentleman has also furnished several very beautiful original songs. A number have been taken from an interesting little volume of Poems for children, by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, and a few from other sources. To these, original music has been written.

* Editor of the Annals of Education.
† Of the Theological Seminary, Andover.
It will be seen that some of the songs are intended to be mere expressions of childish pleasure;—others, descriptions of the warmest and best feelings of the heart;—and others still associate moral and religious instruction with the objects we see, and the common events we witness; and thus serve to lead the child 'through nature up to nature's God.' Could we put such songs into the mouths of the numerous children of our country, who does not perceive the happy influence which would be exerted upon the feelings and manners and morals of the rising generation, on whose character the future destiny of the country depends?

LOWELL MASON,
E. IVES, JR.
## CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>All the week we spend (The Sabbath School)</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And they brought unto Jesus young children (Recitative)</td>
<td>69</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arouse up, ye sleepers</td>
<td>58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arrayed in robes of morning (The Rising Sun)</td>
<td>67</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A star shines in the heavens</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blest the day's returning</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bliss is hovering; smiling everywhere</td>
<td>52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>By the moon, so brightly shining (Sailing on the Water)</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Charming little valley</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chirping little cricket</td>
<td>62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come, children, and now to the garden we'll go</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Down in a green and shady bed</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Friends, awake! (The Morning Call)</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>For our life so young and pleasing (Prayer before School)</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>From his humble, grassy bed (The Lark)</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Glide along our bonny boat (Boat Song)</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Good night!</td>
<td>47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hear the bird singing (The Whippoorwill)</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How beautiful the morning (Summer Morning)</td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How bright and fair</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How sweet is the day</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How sweet 'tis to play</td>
<td>65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How sweetly peal (The Wood Horn)</td>
<td>60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Humble is my little cottage</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I am a cuckoo (The Cuckoo)</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I am a little weaver</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>If ever I see</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Title</td>
<td>Page</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>---------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
<td>------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In the cool and leafy grove</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kind the spring appears (Spring Flowers)</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Like a May day (Round)</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little cooling meadow spring</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little vale, &amp;c. (Salutation to the Village)</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Look! the black cloud (The Thunder Storm)</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mary had a little lamb</td>
<td>61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Morning star and evening star</td>
<td>68</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Now gloomy night is gone (Morning Song)</td>
<td>54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Now the gloomy winter days (The Bright Hearth)</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Now the summer days are past (Winter Song)</td>
<td>64</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O come to the garden</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O how delightful 't is to walk</td>
<td>51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Lord! while angels praise thee</td>
<td>46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O mother, dearest mother (Longing to walk)</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On mountain top</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Our Father in heaven (Lord's Prayer)</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O see how bright (Our Pleasant Village)</td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rich after dull and shade-brooding night</td>
<td>63</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>See the light is fading (Evening)</td>
<td>53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>See the rain is falling</td>
<td>57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>See the stars are coming</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>See the sun, with golden rays</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Silent vale (Farewell to the Village)</td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sleep, baby! sleep (The Cradle Song)</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Suffer little children to come unto me (Anthem)</td>
<td>69</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The best of friends in heaven dwelleth</td>
<td>59</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The pleasing spring has come again</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The spring is come</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The summer evening</td>
<td>49</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The wintry winds are gone</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Through the bushy fields</td>
<td>66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Through the lawns and groves (Little Wanderer's Song)</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Within a vale (The Violet)</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ye shepherds, behold (The Shepherd)</td>
<td>55</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Friends awake! From its slumbers now awaking, Thro' the eastern darkness breaking, See the morning star!

Friends awake! Friends awake! wake!

Brother wake! Sister wake!
Hark! the cheerful lark is singing, Every thing is now reviving,
And the hills and dales are ringing Every one around is striving
With her joyful hymn! For some new delight.
Brother wake! brother wake! wake! Sister wake! sister wake! wake

All awake!
See the sun with splendor beaming, And all awake! all awake! wake!
O'er the distant waters streaming, Pours his glorious light.
All awake! all awake! wake!
O come to the garden, dear
mates of the school, And rove through the
bow-ers so fragrant and cool.

2 We'll gather the lily and jessamine fair,
And twine them with roses to garland our hair.

3 We'll cull all the sweetest to make a bouquet,
To give to our teacher this warm summer day.

4 Then hie to our school-room, with joy and with glee,
And sing our sweet ballads, so happy are we.

Sing the last verse very soft and repeat it loud.
Andantino.

Little, cooling meadow spring, Bright and sparkling,

full and free, Listen while our song we sing,

For it is a song to thee.

Oft we wander to thy brink,
Faint and thirsty from our play;
And we gather as we drink,
Strength and vigor for the day.

Many joys to thee we owe,
Silver fountain, cool and clear;
In thy cheerful stream we throw
Every care and every fear.

Often on thy border green,
Plucking flow'rs, we sit and rest;
When we rise, ourselves are seen,
Pictured on thy glassy breast.

We are passing, like thy wave,
Onward to our final home:
† We shall slumber in the grave,
But there is a heaven to come.

† Sing this line soft and slow, and pause on the word 'grave.'
THE BOAT SONG.

Allegretto.

Glide a-long, our bon-ny boat! The lake is gleaming, With sunlight beaming:

Light-ly o'er its bo-som float.

2
Now we speed our shining way! Flies the mist before the wind!
Now rocking hither,
Now rocking thither,
O'er the waters, blithe and gay! How we leave the shore behind!

3
And as we glide
Along the tide,
How we leave the shore behind!

4
Onward then, our little boat!
All our hours
Are twin'd with flowers,
While we on the bright wave float!
Hear the bird singing so sweet and so clear— Fear thy God! Fear thy God! "Tis Whippoorwill cries in your ear. In green bushes warbling with leaves all conceal'd, He warns the tired reaper who comes from the field— Thank thy God! Thank thy God! For he is so bounteous and kind

When the dark tempest o' erwhelms thee with fear— Pray to God! Pray to God!
For then he will always be near;
And when thou art weary, with sorrow oppress'd,
Let Whippoorwill's music still calm thee to rest—
Trust in God! Trust in God!
For he is both faithful and just.

Hear him again with his varying song—
Praise thy God! Praise thy God!
"Tis he that hath bless'd thee so long.
Behold the full harvest and fruits of the field,
And taste the rich pleasures and comforts they yield—
Love thy God! Love thy God!
For he is so gracious and good.

\[ \text{Moderato.} \]
\[ \text{M.} \]
\[ \text{P.} \]
THE CRADLE SONG.

Moderate. M. Staccato.

Sleep, baby! sleep. Our cottage vale is

Instrument.

deep; The little lamb is on the green With

snowy fleece, so soft and clean. Sleep, baby! sleep.

2 Sleep, baby! sleep.
I would not, would not weep;
The little lamb he never cries,
And bright and happy are his eyes!
Sleep, baby! sleep.

3 Sleep, baby! sleep.
Near where the woodbines creep—
Be always like the lamb, so mild,
A sweet, and kind, and gentle child:
Sleep, baby! sleep.

4 Sleep, baby! sleep.
Thy rest shall angels keep:
While on the grass the lamb shall feed,
And never suffer want or need.
Sleep, baby! sleep.
Andante.

Kind the Spring appears, Softest smiles it wears;

Pretty flow’rs are springing; Little birds are singing

On the lofty trees, Waving in the breeze.

Sister, on the ground
Many flowers we found;
Yet we will be seeking,
On the green bank sleeping,
By the rivulet,
Tender violet.

How it fills the air
With its fragrance there!
Lovely little flower,
Bending to the shower,
May we learn of thee
Sweet humility.
"My daughter, dearest daughter,
You must not go alone;
But wait and walk with brother,
Where flowers so gay are blown."

"O mother, dearest mother,
My brother is a child;
He kills the little songster
That cheers the forest wild."

"Well, daughter, dearest daughter,
You must not go alone;
Walk with your little sister,
Where flowers so sweet are strown."

"O mother, dearest mother,
My sister is a child;
She plucks each little flower,
That blooms so soft and mild."

"Then take your book, my daughter,
And sit by me awhile,
Till, on the polished water,
The parting sunbeams smile."

"And we will walk together,
Where the tall fir trees nod;
And hear the pious cotter
Sing evening praise to God."
THE LITTLE WANDERERS' SONG.

Allegro.

Through the lawns and groves be-fore us, Let us wan-der

blithe and gay, And to cheer us on our way, We will sing a joyful chorus:

Free from care and free from harm, Let us ramble arm in arm.

What care we for all your pleasures, Come and pluck the beauteous flowers,
Ye that ride, or ye that sail? See them smiling all around:
All our toil is but a tale, Hark! I hear a charming sound
While we look for flowery treasures— Swelling from yon shady bowers! ’Tis the little timid thrush,
New delights where'er we go, Come and listen—Hush! hush! hush!
Can we weary?—No! no! no! Thus, our warm affections plighted
What care we how far we wander, Through this earthly pilgrimage,
Whether rough or smooth the way? We’ll each other’s cares assuage,
Whether shines the sultry ray, Thus with heart to heart united,
Whether rolls the distant thunder?— May we ramble hand in hand
On we’ll go till night-fall come, In that bright and better land,
Then away to home, sweet home!

2 *
SEE THE SUN, WITH GOLDEN RAYS. (Trio.)

Andantino.

See the sun, with golden rays, Ever shining o'er us,

See the trees, and hills, and vales, Ever spread before us.

Ever is the earth the same, All its joys are fleeting. Days come as they always came, Still their course repeating.

Years come on, and years depart,
Seasons still are ending,
Flowers bloom and flowers fade,
All to dust are tending:
Kingdoms full of might and pride,
Fading glory borrow;
Lay their might and power aside—
What are they tomorrow!

As the arrow from the string,
Or the swift bird, flying;
So we all are hastening,
To the hour of dying,
To the grave the aged bows,
On his weak staff leaning;
And the freshness of the young
His red cheek is leaving.

Fleeting time conducts us on,
Let us cheerful follow,
Till we come where Jesus is,
Where there's no more sorrow.
Hasting onward to the grave,
Here we ask one favor,
Saviour lead us to thy throne,
O forsake us never.
On mountain top, There dwells a God of might; He sheds the morning light; And waters with the dew—The flow'rs of every hue. On mountain top, On mountain top, A gracious, gracious Father dwells.

On mountain top
The grazing cattle stray,
The tender lambs play,
And all in gladness share
A bounteous Father's care.

On mountain top
The sun with golden beam
Shines on the glitt'ring stream,
And on its grassy brink [drink.

On mountain top
The shepherd loves to pray
At early dawn of day;
And as he lower bends,
The beauteous white flocks His soul to God ascends.

On mountain top, &c.
On mountain top, &c.
On mountain top, &c.
The Violet.

Allegretto.

With in a vale it dwelt, When

Instrument.

Morn’s first ray it felt, The flow‘r of softest hue, The vi-o-let so sweet, so blue.

Mild from the moss it peep’d, Amid the zephyr’s play,
In its gold bosom slept It breathed its scent away
The spring-dew’s gentle gleams, Upon a pure sun-ray,
As pure, as pure, as liquid gems. And died, and died, in beauteous May.
HUMBLE IS MY LITTLE COTTAGE. (Round.)

Moderato.

1. Humble is my little cottage,

2. Anger never dwells among us,

3. Kindness there you always see:

Yet it is the seat of bliss,

Only peace and happiness,

And the sweetest harmony.
"IF EVER I SEE."

If ever I see, On bush or tree, Young
birds in a pretty nest, I must not, in my
play, Steal the birds away, To grieve their mother’s breast.

My mother, I know,
Would sorrow so,
Should I be stolen away:
So I’ll speak to the birds
In my softest words,
Nor hurt them in my play.
From his humble grassy bed, See the warbling lark arise! By his grateful wishes led, Thro' the regions of the skies. Songs of thanks and praise he pours, Harmonizing airy space, Sings, and mounts, and higher soars T'wards the throne of heav'nly grace.

Small his gifts compared to mine,
Poor my thanks with his compared:
I've a soul almost divine;
Angels blessings with me shared.
Wake, my soul, to praise aspire,
Reason, every sense accord,
Join in pure seraphic fire;
Love, and thank, and praise the Lord.
How bright and fair Thy footsteps are, O Nature! to our
eyes! We see them in the lowly vale, The meadow green, the waterfall, Where

smiles the plain With waving grain, And where the mountains rise.

In joyous May,
The fountain clear,
In autumn day,
The crystal tear,
Thy glowing beauties shine; Both gushing bright, are thine.
The lovely tints of fields and flowers, The birds on every forest tree
The purple clusters in the bowers, Awake their silvery melody,
The healthful breeze, And old and young
The blooming trees, In noble song
O Nature! all are thine! Their nobler voices join.

With joy and glee
Our life's long journey o'er:
We'll follow thee
Where'er we see thy lovely face,
Where'er thy beauteous steps we trace,
Till we shall stand
In yon fair land,
And Nature's God adore.
All the week we spend Full of childish bliss, 
Every changing scene Brings its happiness; 
Yet our joys would not be full, Had we not the Sabbath School. —Yet our joys would 
not be full, Had we not the Sabbath School. —Had we not the Sabbath School.

**2**
Lovely is the dawn
Of each rising day,
Loveliest the morn
Of the Sabbath-day;
Then our infant thoughts are full
Of the precious Sabbath School.

**3**
To our happy ears
Blessed news is brought,
Tidings of the work
Love divine has wrought.
Gracious news and merciful,
How we love the Sabbath School!

**4**
Teachers you are kind,
Thus to point the road,
Leading us from sin
To our Father, God.
May we all be dutiful,
In the precious Sabbath School.

**5**
Sweetly fades the light
Of each passing day;
Fairest is the night
Of the Sabbath day.
Then our hearts with praise are full
For the precious Sabbath School.
HOW SWEET IS THE DAY.

Allegretto.

How sweet is the day, When leaving our play, The

Instrument.

Saviour we seek, The Saviour we seek! The fair morning glows, When

Jesus arose—The best in the week! The best in the week!

The sabbath-bell rings,
The full choir sings,
The minister prays;
And God's holy word
Devoutly is heard,
And given his grace.

The dear place of prayer—
Our teachers are there,
To point us above;
Their hearts burn with zeal,
That children may feel
The Saviour's kind love.

To school, then, we'll go,
For surely we know
Our sabbaths must end;
O then to the skies,
Redeemed may we rise
To Jesus our friend.
BLEST THE DAY’S RETURNING.

Blest the day’s returning, When the Saviour rose; Holy thought awakening, While devotion glows. And we learn the story Of the Lord of glory, Kind and merciful,— In the Sabbath school.

Great is the salvation Sounded in our ears, Sweet the invitation, Which the humble hears. As we learn the story Of the God of glory, Kind and merciful,— In the Sabbath school.

Let our minds be wakeful, Foolish thoughts away; Let our hearts be grateful Every Sabbath day. While we learn the story Of the Lord of glory, Kind and merciful,— In the Sabbath school.
Charming little valley, Smiling all so gaily, Like an angel's brow; Spreading out thy treasures,

Calling us to pleasures, Innocent as thou.

Skies are bright above thee, Peace and quiet love thee, Tranquil little dell; In thy fragrant bowers Twining wreaths of flowers, Love and friendship dwell.

May our spirits daily Be like thee, sweet valley, Tranquil and serene; Emblem to us given Of the vales of heaven, Ever bright and green.
By the moon so brightly shining Over the calm unruffled tide: On its bosom
soft reclining, Gently up and down we ride. Little boat thou movest onward Without
sail and without mast, Little stream that flowest downward, Bearing us upon thy breast.

While our boat, a little ranger,
Through the meadows glides along,
Free from fear and free from danger,
Sing we now our little song.
Ocean's grandeur, ocean's treasure,
Ocean's beauty charm us not,
We are tasting sweeter pleasure,
Floating in this little spot.

Vain is all that gold can offer,
Vain the sceptre and the crown;
False the happiness they proffer,
Fleeting all the joys they own.
With our humble lot contented,
This is all the boon we crave;
When life's voyage shall be ended,
Peaceful rest beyond the grave.
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 flow’r, Its colors bright, and fair; It might have grac’d a rosy bower, Instead of hiding there.

Yet there it was content to bloom,
In modest tints arrayed;
And there it spread its 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.
THE STAR.

A star shines in the heavens, With
soft and tender light; How pleasant is its
radiance! 'Tis gone,—and now, 'tis bright.

I knew the place at evening,
Where in the sky it stood,
Where doves all-day were cooing,
O'er green and shady wood.

I looked to see it glimmer,
Up in the brilliant blue;
For to its nightly station,
It soon would come, I knew.
THE PLEASING SPRING HAS COME AGAIN.

Andantino.

The pleasant Spring has come again, The pretty birds are here; The

grass grows in the gentle rain, And buds and flowers appear—And buds and flowers appear.

I love to see the sky so clear, And all things look so gay; The fairest month in

all the year Is sweet and sunny May— Is sweet and sunny May.

And well I know the cold deep snow
And winter storms are past;
Now merrily to school I’ll go,
Not fear the chilling blast.
I love the sun, the gentle wind,
And bird, and flower, and bud,
And well I love my teacher kind,
But best I love my God.
Prayer—Our Father in Heaven.

Our Father in heaven, We hallow thy name! May thy kingdom holy On earth be the same! O, give to us daily Our portion of bread, It is from thy bounty That all must be fed.

Forgive our transgressions, And teach us to know That humble compassion That pardons each foe; Keep us from temptation, From weakness and sin, And thine be the glory Forever—Amen!
SONG IN THE WOODS.

Allegro.

In the cool and leafy grove, Hand in hand we love to rove,

While in every shady tree, Birds tune up their melody;

Let us join their pretty song, And the harmony prolong.

Of the mighty oaks we'll sing, Listen how the rustling leaves,
And the flowers that near them spring, Ever quivering in the breeze,
Of the trees above our head, Send forth each a separate sound,
And the grass on which we tread; To the echoing woods around;—
Of the little verdant hills, Sounds of praise to him who made
Purling brooks and running rills. Pine clad hills and forest-glide.

See! around the brilliant flowers,
Freshened by the evening showers;
Bright by morning, bright by night,
When comes, and when fades the light,
In the cool and leafy grove,
Hand in hand we love to rove.
Allegretto.

The Spring is come! and vales and mountains Are cloth'd a-new in lovely green; And purl-ing streams and glassy fountains, And blooming flowers adorn the scene. Oh listen, listen to the insect hum, Oh listen

The Spring is come! new life is gleaming O'er all the earth and brilliant sky; The warm sun on the world is beaming, And heaven is full of melody. Oh listen, &c.

The Spring is come! away with dulness— Go to the rich and verdant fields; While morning glows in all its fulness, Go taste the joys the spring-time yields. And listen, &c.
Come children, and now to the garden we'll go,
Where snowdrops and cowslips and butter cups grow. Where

The blossoms we'll pluck with a childish delight,
And get us a bunch of the red and the white.

We'll plant the dark roots, and the shoots we'll stick down,
To weave us next May-day a flowery crown.

Again at our school, when the loud bell shall ring,
Our books we will read, and our songs we will sing.
SALUTATION TO THE VILLAGE.

Andante.

Little vale, with fairy meadows, Trees, that spread your leafy hands, Flowers clothed in softest beauty, Loveli-er than eastern lands;

Village! home of every treasure, Thee we sing in strains of pleasure.

Village, in the silent vale, Lovely vil-lage! thee we hail!

Oft thy pleasant evening shadows Make our troubled passions cease; Oft thy melody of rivers Fills our souls with joy and peace; Village, tender thought promoting— Like the clouds in azure floating; Village in the silent vale, Lovely village! thee we hail!

In thy green and sunny pastures, Near thy bright and glassy streams, Free from care, we love to wander, Cheered by summer's radiant beams. Scenes of sweetest recollection Sacred to the soul's reflection, Village in the silent vale, Lovely village! thee we hail!
Farewell to the Village.

Larghetto.

Silent vale! where love and pleasure
Ever round our cottage flow'd, Beautiful

Instrument.

as the western evening, Lovely as the sun-lit cloud: Peaceful

as the vesper bell, Thee we bid a long farewell; Peaceful as the vesper bell, Thee we

bid a long farewell. Thee we bid a long farewell. Farewell! Farewell!

Fare ye well, ye ancient beeches,
Which have shielded oft our head;
Still be green, ye sunny meadows,
Fields, with brightest flowers be spread;
Fields, where oft the reaper's song
Swelled in echoes sweet and strong.
Farewell!

Pleasant village! oft thy beauties
Shall revive within our breast;
And the lovely recollection
Soothe, like visits from the blest.
Often to our tearful eyes
Shall thy cherished image rise.
Farewell.
Andante.

O see how bright and sweetly shines our village in the evening;

While crimson clouds and streaks of gold Their fairy forms are weaving: How peaceful

is the dewy air! How peaceful is the dewy air! No place on earth—No

place on earth is half so fair, No place on earth, No place on earth is half so fair.

Look how the distant window panes, The parting sunbeams lighten; And autumn's scarlet-colored leaves, Touched by the red rays, brighten; O see our pretty village there, No place on earth is half so fair.

And now the burning sun is gone; It only tips the towers That rise above the temple-roof; And now the darkness lowers. But still our village glimmers there, No place on earth is half so fair.
LIKE A MAYDAY (Round.)

Like a May-day

Every joy the

bright and cloudless, Youth is

bright and cloudless, Youth is

world can furnish, Hastens

vanishing away;

vanishing a way;

quickly to decay.
THE BRIGHT HEARTH

Allegretto.

Now the gloomy winter days, Clouds and storms are coming on,

But our cheerful hearth doth blaze Brighter than the summer sun.

2
Here, my mother, we can stay
With thee, in this pleasant room;
Who would ask abroad to play,
When so cheerful is their home?

3
Soft the song of summer bird,
Sweet the breath of summer flower,
But a kind, a loving word,
Comes with sweeter, softer power.

4
Mother, when the loving voice
Checks or cheers, we will obey,
And be silent, or rejoice
Through this stormy, gloomy day.

5
And when evening shades appear,
Brighter still will glow our hearth,
Then our father will be here,
And his smile will join our mirth.
INVITATION TO THE COUNTRY

Allegro.

The wintry winds are gone; Fresh dews and summer showers, Green grass and blooming flowers. Now deck the pleasant lawn. Now deck the pleasant lawn.

2 Come, see the springing corn! Come to the land of song—
Come hear the soft winds singing! The land of sweetest fragrance;
Come hear their music ringing, Where pleasure throws its radiance, At crimson eve and morn. And music floats along.

4 Up to the hill-tops come— Where bloom the smiling flowers; And spring, with freshened powers, Awakes its insect hum.
THE THUNDER STORM.

Moderato.

Look! the black cloud rises high—Now it spreads along the sky—See! the quivering lightnings fly—

Hark! the thunder roars, Hark! the thunder roars.

Yet will I not shrink with fear,
When the thunder crash I hear;
Soon the rainbow will appear,
And the storm be o'er.

In the summer's sultry day,
When the hot winds round us play,
We should sink, the fever's prey,
And revive no more.

But the dark clouds fill the skies,
And the vivid lightning flies:
When the cooling winds arise,
And our pains are o'er.

Never will I feel alarm,
God can shield us from all harm;
In the sunshine or the storm,
God will I adore.
THE CUCKOO.

Allegro.

I am a cuckoo, my name is cuckoo, the children call me cuckoo; When winter comes the woods are my home, In summer I sing in the meadows: Thus lives the cuckoo, his mate the cuckoo and all the little cuckoos.
SEE, THE STARS ARE COMING.

Andantino.

See, the stars are coming In the fair blue skies! Mother, look! they

brighten; Are they angel's eyes? 'No, my child, the splendor

of those stars is given, Like the hues of flowers, By the Lord of heaven.

"Mother, if I study,
Sure he'll let me know
Why those stars he lighted
O'er our earth to glow."

"Child, what God has finished
Has a glorious aim;
Thine it is to worship,
Thine to love his name."
O Lord! while angels praise thee, And
all creation sings, To thee almighty
spirit! My soul its tribute brings.

2 The morning stars all praise thee;
The heavenly host on high.
The beams of early dawning,
And purple evening sky.

3 The fragrant springing-flowers,
And summer's glowing rays,
The golden fruits of autumn,
And winter's frozen days.

4 With pleasure thou dost listen,
To hear an infant sing,
Thou wilt accept the praises
That little children bring.

5 To thee I give my being,
I consecrate my days;
And every day my duty
Shall be to sing thy praise.
Good night! good night! To all a kind good night! Lo the moon

from heaven’s beaming, O’er the silver waters streaming, ’Tis the hour of

calm de-light; Goodnight! Goodnight! Good — — — — night!

Good night! To all a kind good night!
Angel like while earth is sleeping,
Stars above their watch are keeping,
As the star of Bethlehem, bright!
Good night.

Good night!
Slumber sweetly till the morning,
Till the sun the world adorning,
Rise in all his glorious might!
Good night.
How beautiful the morning, When summer days are long; We will rise betimes and hear, The wild-birds' happy song— For when the sun pours down his ray, The bird will cease to sing; She'll seek the cool and silent shade, And sit with folded wing.

2.
Up in the morning early—
'Tis Nature's gayest hour!
While pearls of dew adorn the grass,
And fragrance fills the flowers.—
Up in the morning early,
And we will bound abroad
And fill our hearts with melody,
And raise our songs to God.
The summer evening, Bright wreaths is weaving, Round vale and hill, Round vale and hill, The dewy flow-ers, Perfume the bow-ers, And all is still, And all is still.

2 The moon shines brightly; The birds rest lightly;
Among the trees:
The reapers singing,
Are homeward bringing Their yellow sheaves.

3 Now day is over— The little rover Must be at rest— Till purple morning, Awakes the dawning, In glory drest.
For our life, so young and pleasing, Father we

Sing to thee Praises never ceasing.

2
Let us, filled with pious feeling,
Waked from rest,
Neatly drest,
Humbly now be kneeling.

3
Give us, Lord, a zeal for learning,
Mercy we
Seek from thee;
Make our minds discerning.

4
May we, through the love of Jesus,
Feel thy power
Every hour,
From our sins to save us.
OH HOW DELIGHTFUL 'TIS TO WALK.

Allegretto.

O how de-light-ful 'tis to walk, A-

Instrument.

mong the trees o'er-shad-ing. At dewy morn, or

when the-light From evening's sky is fade-ing.

The gentle winds are whispering
Among the leafy branches,
And little insects on the wing,
Are wheeling merry dances.

The air with sweetest fragrance breathes
The hills are deck'd with flowers;
And all the scene is beautiful,
As rainbows after showers.
Innocence unseen is ever near;
In the tall tree top it lingers,
In the nest of feathered singers;
Innocence unseen is ever near.

Up—and weave us now a flowery crown;
See the blossoms all unfolding,
Each its beauteous station holding;
Up—and weave us now a flowery crown.

Pleasure echoes—echoes—far and near;
From the green bank deck’d with flowers,
Sunny hills and pleasant bowers;
Pleasure echoes—echoes—far and near.

Go ye forth and join the May-day throng;
Sings the Cuckoo by the river,
In the breeze the young leaves quiver;
Go ye forth and join the May-day throng.
EVENING.

2
Evening winds are breathing
Through the forest green,
Crimson clouds are wreathing
In the sky serene.

3
See the stars appearing
All around so bright,
Emblems ever cheering
Of eternal light.
MORNING SONG.

Now gloomy night is gone, And smiling day comes on; The morning dawn is breaking, And we, from slumbers waking, Look up to thee our Saviour, And seek thy daily favor.

Grant us thy watchful care,  
To save from ev'ry snare,  
O make us good and holy, 
And teach us to be lowly, 
And kind in every feeling, 
And to each other yielding.

If pain and want we bear,  
Be thou our Saviour there,  
To shine upon us brighter,  
And make the sorrows lighter,  
That are to mortals given 
To make them fit for heaven.

Lord, give us daily food,  
And make us mild and good;  
And when the clouds of evening 
Their glowing forms are weaving,  
We'll look to thee our Saviour  
And praise thee for thy favor!
2
Then turning, the shepherd, with joy-crowded thought,
Through evening's first twilight, his sweet home sought.

3
He bade kind adieu to the stars o'er his head—
The Shepherd's days flew, but his peace ne'er fled.

4
As brilliant the dreams round his quiet sleep rise,
As Abel's the Shepherd of Paradise.
My songs are never silent but in the peaceful night,
I always rise to labor when day is growing light;
But though I am so busy, I'm sure I do not care,
They rather should be pitied who always idle are.

My life so calm and happy, so bright and active is,
There is no joy I wish for, to crown my earthly bliss.

And while my wheel keeps whirling, the hours they seem not
I feel all day so happy, so lively is my song;
My work, it never wearies, but gives me health, you see,
And I am always cheerful—O don't you envy me?

I care not for the dainties, and all the splendid things,
That from beyond the ocean, the rich man's vessel brings;
My daily food, so humble, I am content to eat,
Nor will I ever envy the wealthy, or the great.
See the rain is falling On the mountain's side! See the clouds dispersing, Blessings far and wide! See the cooling shower, Brightens every flower, Makes the sun parch'd land With fresh blooms expand.

Now the rain is over—
See the painted bow
O'er the cloudy hill-top
All its colors show!
God is ever faithful—
Let us all be grateful
For the rain and dew
And the cloudless blue.
AROUSE UP YE SLEEPERS.

Arouse up ye sleepers, the morning has come, The sun has a-

wakened the insects soft hum; The sheep to the fields go, The

men to the meadow, And all to their labor till daylight grow low.

3

O lose not the brightest of morning's young beams,
The beauties of nature are sweeter than dreams;
Your downy bed leaving,
Go forth till the evening,
Its fragrant air breathes, and the night-warblers sing.
THE BEST FRIEND.

Andantino.

The best of friends in heaven dwelleth; There's none on earth so firm as he; Tho' friends may fail and friendships end, He is a never changing friend.

The truest heart may falsely wander; But he's the same when friends all flee.

Inconstant man is ever changing——
But like a rock my Saviour, stands;
And I can go and come in safety,
Supported by his powerful hands;
Though friends may fail and friendships end,
He is a never changing friend.
Andante.

How sweetly peal, O'er Vale & Hill, The Wood-horn's winding notes! So long & clear, Mid Oak-wood seer, Mid Oak-wood seer, So long & clear, The

Ech-o floats, it floats, it floats, So long it floats, it floats, it floats.

And every tree
Upon the lea,
Waves so green and hale!
So purely sweet
The waters meet—
The waters meet
So purely sweet—
Adown yon vale, yon vale, yon vale,
Adown &c.

All hearts rebound
When first resound,
Our merry notes, twin-born!
Glad beat all hearts,
When Echo starts—
When Echo starts—
Glad beat all hearts
As winds our horn, our horn, our horn,
As winds, &c.
MARY'S LAMB.

Mary had a little lamb, Its fleece was white as snow, And everywhere that
was against the rule, It made the children laugh and play, to see a lamb at school.

So the teacher turned him out, But still he lingered near, And waited patiently about, Till Mary did appear; And then he ran to her, and laid His head upon her arm, As if he said—I'm not afraid— You'll keep me from all harm.

What makes th' lamb love Mary so! The eager children cry— 'O Mary loves the lamb, you know,' The teacher did reply;— 'And you each gentle animal In confidence may bind, And make them follow at your call, If you are always 'tind.'
While the world is sleeping,
Cricket, thou art peeping,
In the rustling trees;
Wakeful as the starlight
Morning, Noon, and Midnight,
Chirping, chirping, chirping;
Chirp away in peace.

Soon the leaves o’ershading,
Will be seared and fading,
Scattered on the breeze;
While the days are lovely,
O then let us hear thee,
Chirping, chirping, chirping,
Chirp away in peace.
Rich, after dull and shade-brooding night, Rich rises morning's beauteous light.

Softly distil the dew-drops of dawn,
O'er herb and flower and garden and lawn.
As the dew-drops to the flower,
Man, to thee is heavenly grace;
O be thou, then, to thy race,
As the dew-drops to the flower.

Bearer of plenty, pure from the mount,
Pours o'er the fields the bright-gushing fount.
As a fount to sun-parched-pastures,
Man, to thee is heavenly grace;
O be thou, then, to thy race,
As a fount to sun-parched pastures.

Kindly the bower with shades overspread,
Pure from the storm's dread cloud-tents unfurled,
Stream forth the flag of peace o'er the world:
Like a bowery shade in summer,
Man, to thee is heavenly grace;
O be thou, then, to thy race,
Like a bowery shade in summer.
Andante.

Now the summer days are past, Pleasant fruits and painted flowers: Hear the cold and cheerless blast Whistling through the leafless bowers. Silent is the insect hum,

Short and gloomy are the days; Oft the storm roars round our dwelling; How the snow fills up the ways! List the winds, of sorrow telling; Telling of the shivering poor,

Now the wintry time has come, Silent is the insect hum, Now the wintry time has come.

O what hardships they endure! Telling of the shivering poor, O what hardships they endure!

Come around the pleasant fire, See how sprightly it is burning! Evening lights the tall church spire; All are to their homes returning: Let us try to spend it well, Till we hear its closing bell.

Soon the spring of life will end: Fast our youthful days are flying! To the grave our footsteps tend, Where the frozen snows are lying: Father, when our age is past, O receive our souls at last.
How sweet 'tis to play, In the green fields in May, Beneath the tall trees, Beneath the tall trees; Or after school hours, To pluck the sweet flow'rs, And feel the fresh breeze, And feel the fresh breeze!

How pleasant to look
In the murmuring brook,
And hear its soft sound!
How happy are we!
How nimble and free
We run o'er the ground!

Now gone is the light,
Quickly comes the dark night,
All still is the vale:
We'll go to our rest,
Nor wake till red-breast
Renews his soft tale.
Through the bushy fields to run, And to see the pleasant sun, And
to sec the pleasant sun, And

soft twilight. Through the meadows and the grove, With my

nimble feet to rove, Is my delight, Is my delight.

From the lofty hill to see When so happy and so gay In the bower of shady trees, Sky serene and rolling sea, Mongst the lovely flow'rs I Shaken by a gentle breeze, And clouds of white: stray, When fades the light, And some pretty song to All fair and bright; Little Robin there to hear, sing Then to pluck a rose for you Singing praises without fear, While I hear the echo ring, Fresh and sparkling with the Is my delight. Is my delight. dew, Is my delight.
Andante.

Ar-ray'd in robes of morning, His Instrument.

daily course to run, The world with light a-
dorning, Be-hold the ris-ing sun.

2
O welcome glorious image Of Justice reconciled; We hail thy kindly rays; We hail thy kindly rays; So great and so majestic, All nature now rejoices, But yet so soft and mild. And sings aloud thy praise. And sings aloud thy praise.

3

4
O shed thy radiance o'er us, And cheer each youthful mind; Like thee our Lord is glorious, Like thee our God is kind
Morning star and evening star! Whom the Lord hath kindled for us: He who promis'd, near and far, E'er to roll beneficent o'er us, Morning star and evening star.

Every where, and every hour, Let this tho't e'er with thee go,
I behold him condescending, Soul, to sanctify thy hours,—
Watching o'er me, evermore, While you heav'nly fountains flow,
Messengers of beauty sending, Gently fresh'ning all thy powers,
Morning-star and evening-star Morning-star and evening-star

To thy Saviour, nature's King,
Let thy grateful song aspire!
Him yon suns adoring sing,
Angels hymning on the lyre—
Morning-star and evening-star.
“SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME.”

And they brought unto Jesus, young children, that he should touch them: and his disciples rebuked those that brought them.

But when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said unto them:

Chorus. Girls.

Allegro. Suffer little children to come unto me, Suffer little children to

Boys.

Sym.

come unto me— Suffer little children— Suffer little

* Sung by the Juvenile Choir of Park Street Church, July 4, 1830
children to come unto me, and forbid them not and forbid them not.

forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven—

for of such is the kingdom of heaven— for of such

for of such

kingdom of heaven—is the kingdom of heaven—

kingdom the kingdom of heaven— for of such

is the kingdom of
Heaven— is the kingdom of heaven—

kingdom the kingdom of heaven—for of such of such is the

kingdom of heaven for of such of such is the kingdom of

heaven. Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,

Praise ye the Lord—Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
praise ye the Lord— Hallelujah, Hallelujah,

Hallelujah, praise ye the Lord— Hallelujah, Hallelujah,

Hallelujah, Hallelujah, praise ye the Lord— Hallelujah,
