George Webb e Mason

Orange N. J.

October 26th, 1865.
THE SONG-GARDEN:—FIRST BOOK

THE SONG-GARDEN:

A SERIES OF SCHOOL MUSIC BOOKS, PROGRESSIVELY ARRANGED,

EACH BOOK COMPLETE IN ITSELF.

FIRST BOOK.

BY LOWELL MASON,

DOCTOR OF MUSIC.

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This work, in the preparation of which Dr. Mason has been engaged several years, includes three books, and is adapted to schools of all grades as well as to families. Each book, being complete in itself, may be used without reference to either of the others; but at the same time, it is believed that the three taken together, furnish the most systematic, intelligible, and thorough course of teaching vocal music that has yet appeared.

The poetry of the Song Garden has been freely translated or imitated (much from the German), with adaptation to the children and youth of our own country, or yet oftener, has been written especially for this work. It is believed to be pure in sentiment and tasteful in expression. The music is also new, much of it having been culled from the German Song Gardens, rich in verdure and in fragrance; so that, in both poetry and music, especially in the second and third books, this will not be found to be a mere republication of familiar pieces, but a collection fresh and new.

It would scarcely have been possible to draw from so many sources as has been done here, without obtaining variety. This has been sought for in both words and music, with the purpose of affording appropriate pieces for the various needs of the instructive process, by which such interest is to be kept alive, as will secure real progress in reading music, in initiatory vocalization, and in the appreciation and love of the tasteful and the good; and also for the various moods and occasions to which the study should minister. Thus there will be found pieces grave and gay, soothing and exciting, instructive and amusing; pieces adapted to cultivate the affections as well as the vocal powers; pieces to entertain and refresh the weary as well as to arrest the attention, and instruct the lively and gay; pieces for school and home, and for many times and occasions. It has been an object of not less importance to exclude the evil, than to include the good; and it is believed that nothing will be found in The Song Garden leading to the vitiation of good taste, or to the indulgence of unworthy affections.

Song Garden—First Book, contains Preliminary Exercises and Lessons, together with a selection and arrangement of Music adapted to Younger Classes. 160 pages. Price ............................................................... 50

Song Garden—Second Book, with the Elements of Musical Notation, Practical Exercises, Scales, Rounds and Vocal Music, especially arranged for Schools, Singing Classes, and the Family Circle. 208 pages, music octavo. Price ............................................................... 80

Song Garden—Third Book, with Solfeggios, Exercises for the Training of the Voice, and a Selection of Music for Higher Classes, generally arranged for equal voices. 224 pages, music octavo. Price ........... $1.00
The Song-Garden is designed to furnish a series of music-books for schools and families, progressively arranged. It comprises three books, each of which is complete in itself, and may be used separately. This First Book contains simple, easy, and beautiful songs, with elementary exercises for beginners. The Second Book contains songs of a more advanced grade, with the elements of music and its notation more fully set forth, both theoretically and practically. The Third Book contains songs and elementary matter quite different from either of the others, and generally for still more advanced classes.

The teacher of parent who neglects to use music in training the young, fails to avail himself of a valuable instrumentality. It may be made the means of great good.

1. Physical.—The proper practice of vocal music develops and strengthens vital parts of the body, especially the lungs, fortifying them against disease. It also affords healthy and attractive recreation, which is important alike to the vigor of body and mind.

2. Intellectual.—Not only indirectly, by affording diversion and rest for the mind, but directly, if properly taught, by calling into action the powers of thought, investigation, comparison, invention, and of the understanding generally.

3. Social, tasteful, moral.—Here is music's legitimate sphere of action. Here is its home. It should be made to emotional, what mathematics or logic is to intellectual education. "Let me make the songs of a people," said a statesman, "and I care not who makes their laws." Considering, then, that no part of our nature requires restraint, direction, cultivation, or, in one word, education, more than the emotional, it is evident that so important a means as music should not be neglected. In the school-room, song has power to assist materially in soothing the irritated and encouraging the listless; in arousing the careless and resting the weary; in dissipating anger and cultivating love and kindness;—in short, there is hardly any mood or condition of the mind which may not be appropriately met and benefited by song—hardly any lesson, warning against evil, or inculcating the love of the beautiful, true, and good, to which it may not lend an important influence.

It may be added, as quoted by Pestalozzi from Luther, that, "when devoid of studied pomp and vain ornament, in its solemn and impressive simplicity, it is one of the most efficient means of elevating and purifying genuine feelings of devotion."

To afford aid in this great work is the design of the Song-Garden. How shall it be used to realize these benefits in schools of children to which it is adapted?

At first, the songs should be taught mostly by rote, or ear, the teacher giving the model exam-
ple, and the pupils catching by imitation, not only the mere technical accuracies of time and tune, but also the appropriate emotional and tasteful expression. This is the natural process of learning to sing; just as it is natural for children to learn to talk before they learn spelling, reading, or grammar. The process of learning and practice of such songs, affords recreation and physical and mental exercise; and in order to realize the full benefit of these, there should be singing daily, or, better yet, several times every day. Singing once or twice a week is, in these respects, like other educational exercises practiced as often—better than nothing, but far less beneficial than if pursued regularly every day. Even from the first lesson, however, if circumstances are favorable, some little progress may be made in teaching the initiatory steps of musical science, or the relation and classification of tones, and notation.

But the chief value of music, as rightly used from this book, in school or families, will be social and moral. From the beginning, these little songs may and should be used to draw out and guide the feelings of the pupils; and they should be used as emergencies arise. It is difficult to give directions for this further than by illustration. Suppose, then, a general weariness of the school, from study, atmospheric, or other causes, giving occasion to listlessness, impatience, or fretfulness. Lay aside the books and all other employments, and let all join in a cheerful song, and the moral tone of the school will be improved. Suppose, again, angry feelings to be aroused by one of those occasions which are frequent in and out of the school-room: turn to any joyful song, and, as its influence is felt, angry feelings will flee away.

It would be easy to multiply such illustrations, but, perhaps, these will be sufficient to indicate how lessons of love, gentleness, patience, forbearance, mercy, truth, zeal, faith, hope, and charity may be opportune and impressively given in the use of song.

It may be said that to do this, the teacher of the school must also be the music teacher. And surely it is better so; the full benefit of music in schools can not be realized under other circumstances. Yet there are few teachers who, though they may not be able at present to sing, or to teach singing themselves, can not in their schools make the important use of songs suggested, after the children have learned them; and that they will do quickly enough if a little time and encouragement be afforded them.

It is hoped that the SONG-GARDEN will be found well fitted to aid in the uses of music here indicated, in schools and families. Its songs, which are mostly new, are believed to be good, musically and morally. They are generally arranged in two-part harmony, so that the Tenor and Base are not essential.
The method of teaching, with reference to which the following introductory exercises have been prepared, may be denominated the Phrase Method; it is similar to that which in elementary reading is termed the Word Method; and, as that does not require any previous knowledge of letters, so this does not require any previous knowledge of notes or musical characters. Its leading design is to awaken the attention and draw out the intuitional powers, preparatory to a more analytic and logical course of instruction when greater maturity, both mental and physical, shall have been attained.

It is important in the process of teaching, that before calling the attention of the pupils to written lessons, or to any characters whatever, they should be made acquainted with that which such signs are intended to represent. Thus, for example, in teaching reading, the oral should be taught before the written word; so also a tone, which in music is analogous to a word in reading, should be taught before its representation by any character. The following exercises or lessons, therefore, should be carefully and repeatedly sung before the pupils, and also afterwards by them, previous to any exhibition of notes; or, in other words, each lesson should be taught to the pupils by pattern, or by example, or by rote, before their attention is called to the written characters, by which it is represented. Instruction will then proceed in accordance with the well known educational maxim "The thing before the sign," or the reality before its symbolical representation.

§ 1. If instruction be commenced with the department of Rhythmics, which, in its beginning, is the most simple and easy, it may be by any method by which short and equal divisions of time will be made apparent to the pupil. No one, perhaps, will be more readily appreciated than that of counting by the teacher, thus: one, two; one, two; one, two. This should be done in an ordinary speaking voice, and at about the rate of move-
ment which the beats of a pendulum of thirty inches in length will describe, and with a very distinct articulation.* Each portion of time should be clearly indicated by a gentle accent on the word one, and a falling inflection (denoting a close) on the word two. When the pupils are able themselves to count with tolerable accuracy, this first lesson may be written upon the Board, with accents and inflections marked thus:

One, two; one, two; one, two; one, two.

§ 2. After sufficient practice in counting as above, bars may be substituted for semicolons, and the commas, accent, and inflection marks may be omitted, thus:

One two | one two | one two | one two|

§ 3. Third Step. The words one and two may be dropped, and the syllable lá may be substituted for them, still retaining the speaking voice:

La lá | lá lá | lá lá | lá lá

Note—Mind the accents and the inflections.

4. Fourth Step. From thus repeating lá in an ordinary speech voice, the pupils may be gradually led, by imitation, to its utterance in monotone, or at a given pitch. Inflections will now necessarily be dropped,* but accents should be continued. The pitch may be c, d, or e.

La lá | la la | la la | la la

§ 5. On the supposition that the foregoing lesson is now uttered in a song-voice, or in monotone, the next step may be the substitution of notes for lá; but still in the utterance of the tones now represented by notes, the syllable lá is to be used as hitherto.

§ 6. When the foregoing is sung readily at the pitch first given, let it be repeated at a pitch a fifth higher (g, a, or b), thus early leading the pupils to a practical knowledge of such a change, though no definition or explanation of an interval need now be given. It must not be expected that all the pupils will be able at first to sing at the same pitch, be it higher or lower, but encouraged to try, they will by-and-by succeed; the teacher must “let patience have her perfect work, that he may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing.”

§ 7. Marking measures or marking the time by motions of the hand (beating time) in connection

* A common tape-measure with the inches marked, will furnish a most convenient pendulum, the case in which the tape is rolled up serving for a weight; or any common twine with a weight, as a bullet, attached to it will answer the purpose.

* It is inflection which marks the difference between the speech-voice and the song-voice or monotone, the former having inflections, the latter none.
with counting or without it, may be introduced now, or whenever it is found most convenient.

§ 8. In each of the following lessons the teacher should first give the example by singing, thus giving the pupils a model for imitation, and leading them to a clear perception of what they are desired to do, before they are called upon to attempt it themselves.

§ 9. 

§ 10. 

§ 11. 

§ 12. 

§ 13. 

§ 14. 

MELODICS.

Rhythmico-Melodic Exercises progressively arranged.

If the pupils have become practically acquainted with the previous Rhythmic lessons, they have thus acquired some little idea of a regular movement, and are therefore prepared to engage in the following exercises more intelligently and successfully. It is recommended, that before their attention is directed to the printed lessons in the book, these be written out upon the black-board; this will enable the teacher to engage the universal attention of all good pupils, all eyes will be directed to one point, and all will see and easily keep the place during the singing. When the teacher sings in giving out the lesson as a model, before it is attempted by the pupils, or afterwards for the purpose of correcting faults, or improving taste or style in performance, the pupils should carefully mark the time by counting softly or by beating gently, or both; and when, afterwards, the pupils sing, the teacher should count or beat, or both, marking the time distinctly.*

When sufficient progress has been made, let beating (without noise) and singing proceed together; do not tolerate beating or stamping with the foot under any circumstances.

There is danger that the syllables (Do, Re, Mi, etc.) may come to be regarded as names of the scale tones; care should be observed, therefore,

* In beating the time the hand should be held in a proper position, and the motions promptly made. For manner of beating, see "SONG-GARDEN," Second Book, page 6.
to distinguish between the proper names of the tones (one, two, three, etc.) and the syllables which are applied to them for the purpose of aiding the pupil in the acquisition of relative or scale pitch by syllabic association.

The lessons are written in regularly related sets, groups, or times, adapted to awaken and train the rhythmic sense to a perception of symmetrical movement. Thus, for example, lesson 15 consists of a period of eight measures, or eight accents; this is divisible into two sections of four measures or four accents each; and these again are subdivisible into two phrases of two measures or two accents each.

In melody, likewise, there will be found, for the most part, a careful analogical structure; so that in the practice of these or similar lessons, a feeling of relation, both in rhythm and in melody,

and a desire for it will gradually grow up in the minds of the pupils long before they are capable of appreciating any scientific view of the subject.

At first only a single phrase should be taken, and after having been repeatedly sung as a model by the teacher, it should be imitated by the pupils; when they can sing it with tolerable accuracy, it should be written upon the black-board, and finally sung from the notes, the teacher pointing. The lesson should usually be sung to syllables, but frequently to the one syllabic lá, and occasionally, perhaps, for the purpose of keeping up the distinction between syllables and names, to the names themselves, as one, two, three, etc.

At first, a comparatively low pitch, as C, D, or E should be taken, and afterwards one a fifth higher, as G, A, or B.

Recapitulation.—Let the teacher first sing a single phrase, teaching it by pattern or by rote; when the phrase has been learned by the pupils, it may be written upon the black-board, and be sung from the notes; thus proceed with each succeeding phrase or section, until the whole is known. The teacher will soon be able to give out a section, or even more, at once.

* Two periods are ordinarily necessary to form a complete melody

† Analytical Tabular View of the Rhythmic Structure of Lesson 15.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Period.</th>
<th>First Section.</th>
<th>Second Section.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>First Phrase.</td>
<td>Second Phrase.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Third and Fourth Phrases united.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Tones ONE and TWO.*

§ 15.
Syllables. Do, re,† do, do, re, do, do, re, do, do, re, do, do.
Names of Tones. One, two, one, one, two, one, one, two, one, two, one.

§ 16.
Do, do, do, do, re, re, re, re, re, re, do, do, do.

§ 17.

§ 18.

§ 19.
Now, now, not too soon, Now, now, we have done.

§ 20.
Children go to and fro In a mer-ry, pret-ty row.

* Although the line has been taken to represent the tone one in the following lessons, it is important that in the training process, lessons should often be written, in which one shall be represented by the space below the line, two by the line, etc.

† Pronounced Ray.

‡ Lessons with words should first be sung to syllables.
LONG TONES, represented by LONG NOTES.

§ 21.

§ 22.

§ 23.

The Tone THREE in connection with ONE and TWO. Two Lines and one Space.

§ 24.

Syllables. Do, do, re, re, do, re, mi,† Mi, mi, re, re, mi, re, do.
Names. One, one, two, two, one, two, three, Three, three, two, two, three, two, one.

§ 25.

Now in morning haste a-way, Haste to work, or school, or play.

§ 26.

* The figures 1 and 2 signify that lessons thus marked may be sung in two parts or as Rounds. For a definition and manner of singing a Round, see The Song-Garden, Second Book; page 26. A round should not be attempted as such, until after it has been well learned in a single part.
† Mi, pronounced Mea.
Two Tones to One Syllable.

§ 27.

Do, re, mi, re, mi,
Day-light fades away,
Mi, re, do, re, do.

§ 28.

Do, re, mi, re, mi,
Mi, re, do, re, do.

§ 29.

If I should fall, I'll not complain,
But quickly rise, and try again.

§ 30.

Haste away! away!

§ 31.

No, no, I'll stay.

§ 32.

Come, pretty Bee, and play with me.
No, no, for I'm a busy Bee.
§ 33.  
One, three, one, three, one, three, Three, one, three, one, three, one.

§ 34.  
Crows fly very high; Down low swallows go.

The Tone FOUR, in connection with ONE, TWO, and THREE.

§ 35.  
Syllables. Do, do, re, re, mi, mi, fa,*  
Names. One, one, two, two, three, three, four,  
Four, four, three, three, two, two, one.

§ 36.  
Fly, my kite, Fly up high,  
In the sky, Pure and bright.

§ 37.  
Now to bed with sleepy eyes, With the morning early rise.

§ 38.  
He will not fight, he will not bite,  
My dog is always right.

* Pronounced Fū.
§ 39. Now sing we all, at music's call. We sing at music's call.

§ 40. While the wind so fresh-ly blows, How swift-ly round the mill-wheel goes.

§ 41. Sing a-loud glad songs of joy, Heart and voice em-ploy.

§ 42. Do, re, re, mi, Mi, re, re, do.

§ 43. Love and kind-ness we may measure By this sim-ple rule a-lone:

"Do we mind each oth-er's plea-sure, Just as if it were our own?"

* Repeat.
§ 44. "Here I go, Sure and slow," says the turtle, down below;

§ 45. "Not so I! Swiftly fly," sings the bird, while soaring high.

§ 46. Now we join in singing, Happy voices ringing.

§ 47. Rain, rain, go away! Sun, sun, shine today!

§ 48. In the winter comes the snow, Then will we a coaching go.

THREE PART or TRIPLE MEASURE.

Mind the accent.

Strawberries, raspberries, black-berries, too, All are delicious, I think, do not you?
§ 49.  
Hark to the birds that sing in the trees! 
Hark to the leaves that sing in the breeze!

§ 50.  
In our little boat we float; Sing and float we in our boat.

§ 51.  
Stop John, stop John, ere he may leap; Stop John, stop him, or he may soon weep.

§ 52.  
Swing, swing, swing to and fro, Smoothly, swiftly we go.

§ 53.  
Do... fa, fa... mi, mi... re, re... do.

FOUR PART or QUADRUPLE MEASURE.

Mind the accent.

§ 54.  
If you wish that all should love you, Then you surely must love all;
If you wish that none should hate you, Then you must not hate at all.

§ 55. 

Cold will freeze, and fire will burn; He who tries will surely learn.

Do not make a jerk on the third part of the measure, at the dot; accent only the first part of the measure.

§ 56. 

Do, do, re, mi, mi, re, do, re, mi, re, do. Mi, mi, re, do, do, re, mi, re, do, re, mi.

§ 57. 

Hurrah! Hurrah! Study now is done. Hurrah! Hurrah! Play time is begun!

§ 58. 

Blow-ing, blowing! How the wind does roar! Snowing, snowing! Quickly shut the door!
§ 61. Pleasant looks and smiling faces Nothing cost, but much are worth; Ne'er despise their winning graces, Lest thy presence darken earth.

When the pupils have been taught the first tetrachord (four tones), and have been accustomed to sing it at the first pitch given, and also to change and sing it a fifth higher, they have in reality been taught the whole scale of eight tones, since the pitch relations are the same between the tones five, six, seven, and eight, as between one, two, three, and four. The notation may follow immediately by a staff of four lines and three spaces, thus:

**ASCENDING.**

At the lower pitch.  
§ 62.  
Do, do, re, re, mi, mi, fa.  

At the higher pitch.  
Do, do, re, re, mi, mi, fa.

**DESCENDING.**

At the higher pitch.  
§ 63.  
Fa, fa, mi, mi, re, re, do.  

At the lower pitch.  
Fa, fa, mi, mi, re, re, do.

The pupils may first sing the lower tetrachord, completing the scale. After a few repetitions, let the ascending, and the teacher add the upper, completing the scale. After a few repetitions, let the teacher and pupil sing both tetrachords (the whole
scale) in connection. Then, let the teacher sing
the lower, and the pupils add the upper tetraehord:
The same method may also be usefully employed
in singing the descending series.

The syllables to the upper tones may be changed
to the following, and the whole scale be thus re-


\[ \text{Do, do, re, re, mi, mi, fa, sol, sol, la, la, si, si, do:} \]

\[ \text{Do, do, si, si, la, la, sol, fa, fa, mi, mi, re, re, do:} \]

There is no danger of too much judicious train-
ing to the scale, the practical knowledge of which
the pupils are now supposed to have, to some ex-
tent, acquired. The whole may be sung connect-
edly, or it may be divided into two parts, one
division singing the lower, and the other the upper
tetraehord; or the alternation may be between the
teacher and the pupil; or the two divisions may
alternate in successive tones, the first division
singing the tone One, the second division singing
the tone Two, &c. All the variety of succes-
sions of tones, too, which may be found in the tetra-
chord, should gradually receive attention.* Now

is the time to fix in the mind, by much training,
an accurate and never-to-be-forgotten idea of tone
relationship in length, in pitch, and in force.

Be careful that the lessons do not weary the pu-
pils; do not continue them longer than they con-
tinue to afford pleasure to the learners. Nor
should the song-lesson, nor any other lesson, be
prolonged so as to become wearisome and un-
pleasant, and the teacher should be especially
watchful that his pupils be not required to sing
tones too long, too low or high, or too loud, lest
other tabular lessons which may be written in notes on
the staff and practice as there is opportunity.

* For a tabular view of these successions of tones, see
"THE SONG-GARDEN," Second Book, page 25. See also

† Care should be taken that the syllables be correctly
pronounced. See "THE SONG-GARDEN," Second Book,
page 7.
thereby their tender vocal organs should receive injury.

Scale lessons follow, written in two parts or as rounds; the tone one being represented by different degrees of the staff, or the scale being written in different positions on the staff. The pitch may be changed in singing these lessons, although the different positions in themselves do not imply any such change. As absolute pitch is as yet supposed to be unknown, no indication of it is given by clefs.

The teacher who desires to proceed further in the elementary instructions is referred to the "Song-Garden," Second Book, where he will find all that can be needed.

ONE represented by the LINE BELOW THE STAFF.

§ 65.

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Do, do, re, re, mi, mi, fa, sol, sol, la, la, si, si, do.} \\
\text{Do, do, si, si, la, la, sol, fa, fa, mi, mi, re, re, do.}
\end{align*}
\]

ONE represented by the SPACE BELOW.

§ 66.

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do, do, si, la, sol, fa, mi, re, do.} \\
\text{ONE represented by the FIRST LINE.} \\
\text{§ 67.} \\
\text{Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do, re, do, si, la, sol, fa, mi, re, do.}
\end{align*}
\]
ONE represented by the FIRST SPACE.

Do, si, do, re, do, re, mi, re, mi, fa, sol, fa, sol, la, sol, la, si, la, si, do.

do, re, do, si, do, si, la, si, la, sol, fa, sol, fa, mi, fa, mi, re, mi, re, do.

ONE represented by the SECOND SPACE.

Do, do, re, mi, mi, fa, sol, sol, la, si, si, do,

re, re, do, si, si, la, sol, sol, fa, mi, fa, mi, re, do.

ONE represented by the SECOND LINE.

Do, do, do, re, mi, mi, mi, fa, sol, sol, sol, la, la, la, si, si si, do,

do, do, do, si, la, la, la, sol, fa, fa, fa, mi, mi, mi, re, re, re, do.
MORNING. “From Slumber awake.”

C. RICHTER.
OUR BABY. "Cheeks of rose."  
FRENCH SONG.

1. Cheeks of rose, Tiny toes, Has our little baby; Eyes of blue,
   Fingers too, Cunning all as may be.

2. Mouth so fair, Skin so clear, Just as soft as may be; Bonny eyes,
   Looking wise, Such a precious baby.

3. Thee I love,  
   Sweetest dove,  
   Darling little baby!  
   While I live,  
   Thee I'll give  
   Kisses warm as may be.

4. Crow, and play  
   All the day,  
   Happy little baby!  
   May your life,  
   Free from strife,  
   Pure as 'tis to-day be.

SPEAK DISTINCTLY.—Round for Two Parts.

Whether you whisper low or loudly call, Distinctly speak, or do not speak at all.
OUR GEORGIE. "The boy is playing." THREE YEARS OLD.

1. The boy is playing all the day—So busy and so free!

With gun and knapsack at his back—A soldier now is he!

2. Anon he flies his paper kite,
And shouts with noisy glee;
Then sends his football far away,
And laughs its bounds to see.

3. And now his blocks and ten-pins brought,
A fort he builds with them;
And wonders "if there, anywhere,
Are boys that play like him?"

4. With mother’s eye so bright and kind,
To watch him, always near;
And grandpa ready, if he falls,
To give him word of cheer.

5. Ah, Georgie! these are happy days!
And you—my darling boy,
So good and fair, we ever pray,
That God will give you joy.

Marie Mason.
1. In your play be very careful
   Not to give another

2. If a stone were thrown upon you, And should hit your head or
   pain; And when others hurt or tease you, Never do the like to them.
   eye; It would hurt you very sadly, And, perhaps, would make you cry.

3. Never throw a stone while playing,
   Though you think no one is near;
   'Tis a dangerous, evil practice,
   Which we all should learn to fear.

4. All 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.
1. Morning awaketh, darkness is gone, Brightly above us shineth the sun.
2. Birds with their music fill the pure air, Flowers their fragrance breathe everywhere.
3. Brightly the dew drops spangle the grass; Bees in the meadows hum as they pass.
4. All is so joyful, all is so blest, Praises and joy should fill every breast.

PITY THE IDLE.—Round for Two Parts.

Pity the idle, unhappy are they; 'Tis work that gives pleasure, so work while you may.
I'm very glad the Spring has come, the sun shines out so bright;

The birds are hopping on the trees and singing with delight;

I like to see the daisy peeping up her head once more;

The grass is springing fresh and green, the lambkins sport and play, and I can skip and run about as merrily as they;

I like to see the primrose and the cowslip, too, and every pretty flower;

And all things seem just like myself, so pleased to see the spring.

The fishes in the meadow-brook are jumping up so high,

The lark is ever sweetly singing, soaring in the sky,

The rooks are building up their nests upon the highest tree,

And everything is busy now, and happy as can be.

There's not a cloud upon the sky, there's nothing dark or sad;

I jump and scarce know what I do, I feel so very glad;

Oh, surely He is very good who brings us back the Spring,

And I should love and serve him much, and loud His praises sing.
ADIEU TO WINTER. "Winter, adieu!"

1. Winter, adieu! Your time is through: Winter, adieu! Your time is through:
2. Winter, adieu! Your time is through: Winter, adieu! Your time is through:
3. Winter, adieu! Your time is through: Winter, adieu! Your time is through:

Partings, they say, are often sad; Parting with you but makes me glad;
Quickly, away I bid you go; Taking with you your cold and snow;
Hie you away, and quickly too, Spring birds will come and laugh at you;

Winter, adieu, adieu, adieu! No time for you.
SUMMER.  "Come, come, come."

GERMAN.

1. Come, come, come, The summer now is here; Come out among the flowers, And make some pretty bow-ers; Come, come, come, The summer now is here.

vi-o-lets and roses; Come, &c.

2. Come, come, come, The summer now is here; Come cull the sweetest posies, The violets and roses; Come, come, come, The summer now is here.

3. Come, come, come,
The summer now is here; Come, ramble in the bushes, And hear the merry thrushes; Come, come, come,
The summer now is here.

4. Come, come, come,
The summer now is here; Come out among the flowers, Come, seek the fragrant bowers; Come, come, come,
The summer now is here.
TO THE ROBIN. “Gentle bird, with bosom red.”

1. Gentle bird, with bosom red, Welcome to my humble shed!
   Daily near my table steal, While I pick my scanty meal;

2. Then, when thou hast had thy fill, Plume thy breast and wipe thy bill.
   Come, my feathered friend, again, Well thou know’st the broken pane.

Doubt not, little though there be, But I’ll cast a crumb to thee.
Ask of me thy daily store, Ever welcome to my door.

PLUCK YE ROSES WHILE THEY BLOOM.—Round for two Parts.

Pluck ye roses while they bloom, Labor while ‘tis day; Swifter than the arrow’s flight Passeth time a-way.
THE ROBIN REDBREASTS. "Two Kobin Redbreasts in their nest."

1. Two rob-in red-breasts, in their nest, Had lit-tle rob-ins three; The mother bird sat still at home, Her mate sang mer-ri-ly.
   One day the sun was warm and bright, All shin-ing in the sky; The mother said, "My lit-tle ones, 'Tis time you learn to fly;"

2. And all the lit-tle rob-ins said, Wee, wee, wee, wee, wee, wee; And all the lit-tle rob-ins said, 'I'll try, I'll try, I'll try;''

3. I know some little children dear, And oft it makes me sigh,
   Who, when they're told, "do this" or "that," They say, "what for," or "why?"
   Oh, how much better, if they'd say
   I'll try, I'll try, I'll try.
THE HORSE SONG. "No one deserves to have a horse."

1. No one deserves to have a horse, Who takes delight to beat him; The wise will choose a better course, And very kindly treat him.

2. If ever it should be my lot To have, for use or pleasure, One who could gently walk or trot, That horse would be a treasure.

3. He soon should learn my voice to know, And I would gently lead him; And should he to the stable go, I'd keep him clean and feed him.

4. I'd teach my horse a steady pace, Because, if he should stumble Upon a rough or stony place, We both might have a tumble.

5. Should he grow aged, I would still My poor old servant cherish; I could not see him weak or ill, And leave my horse to perish.

6. And should he get too weak to be My servant any longer, I'd send him to the pasture free, And get another—stronger.
THE CUCKOO.  "Cuckoo, Cuckoo, singing so clear."

1. Cuckoo, cuckoo, ringing so clear; Winter is going, Soft breezes blowing, Spring-time, Spring-time, soon will be here!

2. Cuckoo, cuckoo, welcome thy song! Sweet birds are coming, Flow'res will be blooming, Spring-time, Spring-time, haste on along!

3. Cuckoo, cuckoo, loud your notes ring! Joyously swelling, Gladly foretelling Spring-time, Spring-time, beautiful Spring

*An abbreviation of the term "Tenuto," signifying that the tones are not to be made short, but are to be held as long as the time will admit.

THE SPARROW CAUGHT.  "Who on the wall is seated?"

1. { Who on the wall is seated? Tra, la la la la, la.
 { O sparrow, you'll be cheated! Tra, la la la la, la.

2. Tra, la la la la, la.

3. Tra, la la la, la.

4. Tra, la.
2. She sits there now to watch you, Tra la, &c.
   And soon expects to catch you; Tra la, &c.
   So, birdie dear, take care, take care!
   For hungry puss is waiting near,
   And she will catch you soon, I fear, Tra, &c.

3. Now see, away she's turning, Tra la, &c.
   But yet for you she's yearning; Tra la, &c.
   So, birdie dear, take care, take care!
   For hungry puss is waiting near,
   And she will catch you soon, I fear, Tra, &c.

4. Beware! or she will cheat you, Tra la, &c.
   Take care, or she will eat you! Tra la, &c.
   So, birdie dear, take care, take care!
   For hungry puss is waiting near,
   And she will catch you soon, I fear, Tra, &c.

5. She's coming like an arrow, Tra la, &c.
   Alas! she's caught the sparrow; Tra la, &c.
   No more she'll rest within her nest;
   And now her meat the puss will eat,
   And kittys there the feast will share, Tra, &c.
THE SQUIRREL. “Good Morning to you, Squirrel!”

1. Good morning to you, squirrel, Welcome back again; But where have you been

2. Within that cosy hollow Where you’ve stor’d your seeds, And heaps of nuts have

3. I love to see you frisking Through the leafless trees; Your coat is warm and furry, Else you’d surely freeze.

4. What merry, merry gambols! How you jump and fly! But now away you scamper; Squirrel, pet, good bye!

HE WHO WOULD LIVE IN PEACE AND REST.—Round for Two Parts.

He who would live in peace and rest Must ever think and speak, must think, and speak, and do the best.
TAKE CARE THE HOOK. "'Dear Mother,' said a little fish."

1 "Dear mother," said a little fish, "Pray is not that a fly! I'm very hungry.
2 "Sweet innocent," the mother said, And started from her nook, "That horrid fly is

and I wish You'd let me go and try, You'd let me go and try."
put to hide The sharpness of a hook, The sharpness of a hook!

3. Now, as I've heard, this little trout
   Was young and silly too;
   And so he thought he'd venture out,
   To see what he could do.

4. And round about the fly he played,
   With many a longing look;
   And often to himself he said,
   "That cannot be a hook!"

5. "I can but give one little pluck
   To try, and so I will!"
   So, on he went, and lo! it stuck
   Quite through his little gill!

6. And while he faint and fainter grew,
   With feeble voice he cried,
   "Dear mother, if I'd minded you,
   I need not now have died!"
1. See where the rising sun,
   In splendor decks the skies,
   His daily course begun,

2. Fair is the face of morn,
   Why should your eyelids keep
   Closed when the night is gone?

Haste, and arise.
Wake from your sleep!

Oh, come with me where violets bloom,
And fill the air with sweet perfume,
And where like diamonds thro' the skies,
Dew drops sparkle bright.

Oh, who would slumber in his bed
When darkness from his couch is fled;
And when the lark ascends on high,
Warbling songs of joy!
GO-TO-BED SONG. "To bed, to bed, my curly-head."

1. To bed, to bed, my curly head, To bed, and sleep so sweetly;

Merry and bright, with morning light Be up, and dressed so neatly

2. Then for a walk, and pleasant talk
   About the birds and flowers,
   And all the day, in work or play,
   We'll pass the happy hours.

3. So now to bed, to rest the head,
   And sleep until to-morrow;
   May every day then glide away
   Without a shade of sorrow.
1. In the fir-tree I would be, Ever singing merrily; Shake off sleep, Take a peep,
2. I would early ope my eyes, See the purpling moon arise, See the stars, Venus, Mars,
3. I would lightly, 'mid the sheen Of the dewy pasture green, Trip along, Skip among Playful lambs and ewes serene.
4. I would busy on a limb, Build my cozy nest so trim, Neatly fix Little sticks, Line it softly to the brim.
5. I would labor for my nude, Red-mouthed, tender little brood; E'er bestir, Ne'er demur,—Shine it fair, or storm it rude.
6. I would gaily work or sing, Make the gladdened valley ring; What I could, that I would:—Joy to all around us bring!
THE SPARKLING RILL.

C. H. GREENE.

1. I love the little sparkling rill, That, all the live-long day,
   Goes sparkling, singing, dancing still, Thro' meadows far away.
   (s.) And watched each silvery ripple gleam, Or pluck'd the bordering flowers.

2. And still I love to stand and gaze Along its winding shore
   And sing of happy, happy days, That will return no more.
   (s.) Each day to do my Father's will, Nor turn one hour to waste.

   Oh! oft I've chased that sportive stream, In summer's sunny hours,
   But life, like thee, flows on, sweet rill, And I, like thee, must haste,
OUR HAPPY LAND. “Sing we rejoicing.”

1. Sing we rejoicing the bounteous heavenly hand, Scatt’ring rich blessings upon our happy land.

2. Land of our fathers, wherever we may roam, Land of our fathers, to us thou still art home.

3. Though other countries may brighter hopes fulfill, Land of our fathers, we’ll ever love thee still.

4. Heaven shield our country from every hostile band, Freedom and plenty e’er crown our happy land!

THE PEAR TREE. “Out in a beautiful field.”

1. Out in a beau-ti-ful field, There stands a pretty pear tree, a pretty pear tree with leaves: Out in a beau-ti-ful field, &c.
2.

1st Voice. What is there on the branch?
2d Voice. A very pretty bough:

Chorus.—Bough on the branch,
Branch on the tree,
Tree in the ground:
Out in a beautiful field, &c.

3.

1st Voice. What is there on the bough?
2d Voice. A very pretty nest:

Chorus.—Nest on the bough,
Bough on the branch,
Branch on the tree,
Tree in the ground:
Out in a beautiful field, &c.

4.

1st Voice. What is there in the nest?
2d Voice. A very pretty egg:

Chorus.—Egg in the nest,
Nest on the bough,
Bough on the branch,
Branch on the tree,
Tree in the ground:
Out in a beautiful field, &c.

5.

1st Voice. What is there in the egg?
2d Voice. A very pretty bird:

Chorus.—Bird in the egg,
Egg in the nest,
Nest on the bough,
Bough on the branch,
Branch on the tree,
Tree in the ground:
Out in a beautiful field, &c.

* This measure must be repeated as many times as the stanza requires.
1. Fresh and fair all things are,* Flowery fragrance fills the air: Fresh and fair
2. Bowers green now are seen, Reddest roses peep between, Bowers green

all things are, Fragrance fills the air. Merrily our little boat, now are seen, Roses peep between, Swelling over hill and dale,

With the breeze doth gently float: Fresh and fair all things are, Fragrance fills the air.
Music floats upon the gale: Bowers green now are seen, Roses peep between.

* This word should not be pronounced so as to rhyme with air, or the same as air, but so as to rhyme with bar, oar, far, &c.
3. Music's note still doth float,
   While we row our little boat.
   Music's note still doth float,
   While we row our boat.
   Birds are wheeling in the air,
   All we see is bright and fair.
   Music's note still doth float,
   Sailing in our boat.

4. Happy we, full of glee,
   Sailing on the wavy sea:
   Happy we, full of glee,
   Sailing on the sea,
   Luna sheds her softest light,
   Stars are sparkling, twinkling bright.
   Happy we, full of glee,
   Sailing on the sea.

PRAISE. "Morning is breaking." From REICHARDT.

1. Morning is break-ing, a - dore ye the Lord! Wakened from slum-ber re - freshing, He
gives us strength to meet our dai - ly toil.

2. Noon calls in splendor, oh, praise ye the Lord!
   Riches of earth in abundance,
   His love and bounty never ceasing send.

3. Evening is falling, oh, thank ye the Lord!
   Peace and repose to the weary
   His gracious hand in tender inercy brings.
THE BEE. "The busy, busy Bee."

1. The busy, busy bee Doth gather honey all the day, And never stops to
rest or play, So full of work is he.
love to eat Almost as well as he!

2. Who shows the busy bee Where he may find the honey sweet, Which you and I both

3. And how comes he so wise—
In summer laying up a store
For winter, when he finds no more—
How knows the bee all this!

4. 'Tis God who makes him see
Where in the flow'rs the honey lies,
'Tis he who makes his creatures wise
As they have need to be.

FIRST BE SURE YOU'RE DOING RIGHT.—Round for Two Parts.

First, be sure you're doing right; Then do on with all your might.
ANGRY WORDS.

1. Angry words too oft are spoken In a rash and thoughtless hour;

Brightest links of life are broken By their false and evil power.

2. Angry words too oft are spoken, 
   Evil thoughts by them are stirred;
   Brightest links in life are broken
   By a single angry word.

3. Angry words, O, let them never 
   From the tongue unbridled slip;
   May a gentle spirit ever
   Check them ere they soil the lip.

HASTE YE TO LABOR.—Round for Two Voices.

Haste ye to labor, and labor away; Night is for rest, and for toil is the day.
1. In the thick and grassy wood, Where the sunny streaks are breaking, And the birds their songs are waking, Where the fragrant flow'rs repose, There the rosy strawberry grows.

2. Tell me, strawberry fresh and sweet, Who made all your red so shining, Like the crimson sun declining? And who gave your fragrant smell? Tell me, strawberry, can you tell?

3. It was God who made you so. He your lively color brightens, He your charming odor hightens; Lowly vines and lofty wood, Ever tell us, "God is good."
1. Round and round it goes! As fast the water flows; The dripping, dropping, rolling wheel That turns the noisy, dusty mill; Round and round it goes, Round and round it goes.

2. Turning all the day, It never stops to play, The dripping, dropping, rolling wheel; But keeps on grinding golden meal; Turning all the day, Turning all the day.

3. Sparkling in the sun, The merry waters run, Upon the foaming, flashing wheel, That laughs aloud, but worketh still; Sparkling in the sun, Sparkling in the sun.
1. Let us with a cheerful mind Lead our life uprightly; Virtue's paths e'er taking,
2. Let us banish self and pride, Living pure and humble, Giv'n to all well-doing,

CHORUS.

All that's wrong forsaking Come, let us all unite in this, And so contentment
Ev'ry vice eschewing Come, let us, &c.

we'll possess, And then we'll all be glad, glad, glad, And then we'll all be glad.
3. Let us ever cherish truth,
Truth is worth possessing;
Let us live uprightly,
Hourly, daily, nightly.
Come, let us, &c.

4. Let us seek in all we do,
Solid, lasting treasure;
Good we e'er may cherish,
Good that will not perish.
Come, let us, &c.

A TIME FOR EVERYTHING. “Everything in its time.”

1. Ev’rything in its time, Ev-er mind the rule,
Sure to come, and come in time, And

2. Ev’rything in its place, Minding what we say; Have for ev’ry-thing a place, And

3. Everything has its use,
We’ll remember this; Every moment its abuse And may be spent amiss.

4. Carefully, day by day,
Minding what we’re taught; We will walk in wisdom’s way By doing what we ought.

cheerful-ly, to school school.
put our things a-way, a-way.
There once did live a little boy,
With soft and gentle eye,
And when he trotted off to school,
The children all would cry,
A boy who always told the truth,
And never told a lie.
"There goes the curly-headed boy
Who never tells a lie."

And everybody loved him so,
Because he told the truth,
That every day, as he grew up,
They called him "honest youth."

And when the people that stood near
Would ask the reason why,
The answer would be always this,
"He never tells a lie."
THE LITTLE PONEY. "Hop, hop, hop!"

1. Hop, hop, hop, Go and ne- ver stop, Where 'tis smooth and where 'tis sto- ny,

Trudge a - long my lit - tle po- ny; Go, and ne - ver stop; Hop, hop, hop, hop, hop.

2. Hey, hey, hey! Go along, I say! Do not kick, and do not stumble; Do not tire, and do not grumble; Go along, I say! Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey!

3. Jump, jump, jump! Do not hit that stump! Never will I cease to ride you Till I farther yet have tired you. Shun, I say, that stump! Jump, jump, jump, jump, jump, jump!

* Pronounce the word stony with the long o, or so as to rhyme with ponev.
THE FLY. "Baby bye."

1. Baby bye, Here's a fly; We will watch him, you and I. How he crawls.
2. Spots of red Dot his head; Rain-bows on his wings are spread! That small speck.

Up the walls—Yet he never falls! I believe, with those six legs
Is his neck; See him nod and beck! I can show you, if you choose,

You and I could walk on eggs! There he goes On his toes, Tickling Baby's nose!
Where to look to find his shoes: Three small pairs Made of hairs—These he always wears.
3. Black and brown
   Is his gown;
He can wear it up-side down!
   It is laced
   Round his waist—
I admire his taste!
Pretty as his clothes are made,
He will spoil them, I'm afraid,
   If to-night
   He gets sight
Of the candle-light.

4. In the sun
   Webs are spun;
What if he gets into one?
   When it rains
   He complains
On the window-panes.
Tongues to talk have you and I;
God has given the little fly.
   No such things;
   So he sings
With his buzzing wings.

5. He can eat
   Bread and meat:
There's his mouth between his feet!
   On his back
   Is a sack
Like a pedlar's pack.
Does the Baby understand?
Then the fly shall kiss her hand!
   Put a crumb
   On her thumb:
Maybe he will come:

6. Round and round,
   On the ground,
On the ceiling, he is found.
   Catch him! no.
   Let him go!
Never hurt him so!
Now you see his wings of silk
Drabbled in the Baby's milk!
   Fie! oh fie!
   Foolish fly,
How will you get dry?

7. All wet flies
   Twist their thighs;
So they wipe their heads and eyes.
   Cats, you know,
   Wash just so;
Then their whiskers grow!
Flies have hair too short to comb;
Flies go all bare-headed home:
   But the gnat
   Wears a hat:
Do you laugh at that?

8. Flies can see
   More than we—
So how bright their eyes must be!
   Little fly,
   Mind your eye—
Spiders are near by;
For a secret I can tell—
Spiders will not treat you well!
   Haste away,
   Do not stay,—
Little fly, good day! Theodore Tilton.

This song may be sung to the music of Lightly row, on page 54.
Lightly row! Lightly row! O'er the glassy waves we go; Smoothly glide! Smoothly glide!

Far away! Far away! Echo in the rocks at play Call-eth not, Call-eth not,

On the silent tide. Let the winds and waters be Mingled with our melody;
To this lonely spot. Only with the sea-bird's note Shall our dying music float;

Sing and float, Sing and float, In our little boat.
Light-ly row, Light-ly row, Echo's voice is low!

Happy we, full of glee,
Sailing on the wavy sea:
Happy we, full of glee,
Sailing on the sea;
Luna sheds her softest light,
Stars are sparkling, twinkling bright,
Happy we, full of glee,
Sailing on the sea.
MORNING SONG. "Awaking from sweet slumber."

1. Awaking from sweet slumber, Restor'd by quiet sleep, We praise our heavenly Father, Who us doth safely keep. Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah!
2. We thank Him for the morning, The sunlight and the dew, May we be ever grateful To Him, the Good, the True. Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah!
3. May He who is our Father Regard our humble prayer, May we His loving kindness And constant bounty share. Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah!
4. May He, with His rich blessing, Our hearts in mercy fill, And towards our home in heaven Lead on and guide us still. Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah!
THE BATH. "Hurrah for a splashing."

1. Hur-rah* for a splash! Come, give me a dash, With the wa-ter all clear and all cold;

It makes me feel brightly, And merry, and sprightly, 'Tis bet-ter than sil-ver or gold.

2. Oh, what should I do,
   Dear mother, if you
   Never wash'd me so sweet and so clean?
   Come, give me a splashing,
   I love a good dashing,
   All day I would like to stay in.

* Pronounce Hoo-rah.

3. I never would cry
   Nor hóllow,† not I,—
   But because I was full of high glee;
   So give me a splashing,
   A plunging and dashing—
   Hurrah for cold water for me!

† Accented on the first syllable.
CHERRY SONG. "Cherries are ripe."

1. Cherries are ripe, Cherries are ripe, Oh, give the baby one;
   Cherries are ripe, Cherries are ripe, But baby must have none;
   Babies are too young to choose, Cherries are too sour to use;
   But by and by, Made in a pie, No one will them refuse.

2. Up in a tree
   Robin I see,
   A-picking one by one;
   Shaking his bill,
   Having his fill,
   As down his throat they run:
   Robins want no cherry pie;
   Quick they eat and off they fly
   My little child,
   Patient and mild,
   Oh do not, do not cry.

3. Cherries are ripe,
   Cherries are ripe,
   But we will let them fall;
   Cherries are ripe,
   Cherries are ripe,
   But not for babies small:
   Gladly follow mother's will,
   Be obedient, kind, and still,
   And wait awhile,
   Soon you will smile,
   And joyful eat your fill.
BUZZING BEE. "Busy Bee! Humming merrily."


2. Busy bee! Busy bee! Humming, humming merrily! Flying through the shady bowers, Gathering honey from the flowers, Busy, &c.

Bee! Buzzing merrily! Merrily, merrily, merrily,

† The ‹ is omitted here to indicate that the buzzing sound only is to be taken, in imitation of the bee.
BUZZING BEE. (Concluded.)

3. Busy bee! busy bee!
   Humming, humming merrily!
Bring us home from field and meadow,
Honey through the evening shadow,
Busy, busy bee!
Bzing merrily!

THINGS THAT I MUST NOT DO. "I must not speak a naughty word."

1. I must not speak a naughty word, I must not tell a lie, I must not con-}
   dict or make My lit - tle sis - ter cry.

2. And if I have a piece of cake
   When I with children play,
I must not keep it all myself,
But give a part away.

3. And when into the garden green
   I go with sister Mai,
I must not do a naughty thing,
Or drive sweet Mai away.

4. Busy bee! busy bee!
   Humming, humming merrily!
'Tis our Father's hand that leads thee,
Who provided for us, feeds thee,
Busy, busy bee!
Bzing merrily!
CRADLE SONG. "What does little Birdie say?"

1. What does little birdie say, In her nest at peep of day?
2. What does little baby say, In her bed at peep of day?

Let me fly, says little birdie, Mother, let me fly away.
Baby says, like little birdie, Let me rise and fly away.

Birdie, rest a little longer, Till the little wings are stronger.
Baby, sleep a little longer, Till the little limbs are stronger.
CRADLE SONG. (Concluded.)

From Tennyson's "Sea Dreams."

MY DOLLIE. "My Dollie's cheeks are red."

1. My dollie's cheeks are red, And curls adorn her head, And oh! her lovely
2. When she was giv'n to me, She wore a silk-en dress, A daisy in her
3. A pretty little hat As ever you did see, With plume and buckle bright, And doll and all for me.
4. I do not prize my doll For these, nor for her feet; But she is my reward For learning to be neat.
THE SNOW. "Oh, see the Snow!"

1. Oh, see! the snow is falling now— It powders all the trees; Its flakes abound, And its flakes abound now.
2. 'Tis snowing fast, And cold the blast; But yet I hope 'twill stay; Oh, see it blow The falling snow.

3. Jack Frost is near— We feel him here— He's on his icy sled; And covered deep, The flowers sleep Beneath their snowy bed.
4. Come out and play, This winter day, Amid the falling snow; Come, young and old, Nor fear the cold, Nor howling winds that blow!
FRATERNAL LOVE. "We'll love each other truly."

1. We'll love each other truly, No fears our hearts divide; Though life is fast and fleeting, And parting follows meeting, Our love shall still abide, Our love shall still abide.

If true, and wise, and holy, Our love unchanged shall last. Dear friends our youth will brighten; Our future years will lighten; And knit them to the past.

2. The love that wisdom lends us, Is deep, and high, and pure. From time, from change, from sorrow, True love its life can borrow— Through death unchanged endure.

3.
THE BIRD'S SONG. "We birds are happy all day long."

1. We birds are happy all day long, With flying, hopping, singing; And
di, di, dee,
di, di, dee,

all can hear our joyful song, Thro' field and forest ringing. Di, di,
di, di, dee,
di, di, dee.


* Pronounced di; or t as in pin.
THE BIRD'S SONG. (Concluded.)

2. We're full of health and free from care,
   To eat are always able;
   And, as we're flying everywhere,
   We need not chair nor table.
   Di, di, dee, &c.

3. And when our daily work is done,
   We rest in cooling bowers;
   We sleep in peace, and every one
   Dreams o'er the happy hours.*
   Di, di, dee, &c.

* Pronounced in one syllable.

THE LITTLE BROOK. "Rippling, purling little brook."

1. Rippling, purling little brook,
   Life and verdure bringing.

2. Thro' the valley, softly now
   By the hillside flowing,

   Gentle flowers, in dell and nook,
   On thy banks are springing.

   Love and joy, wher' e'er you go,
   All a-round bestowing.
66 THE CLOSE OF THE DAY. "At sunset, when nature is seeking repose."

1. At sunset, when nature is seeking repose, And dews gently fall on the breast of the rose,
2. The voice of the breeze in its murmuring seems To chorus the lullaby sung by the streams;
3. The wild-flow'"r is fresher, its beauties more rare, And sweeter the fragrance it breathes on the air.
4. But work while we may, for the night cometh fast;

The toiler hath rest, and the weary who roam Find gentle repose in the bosom of home;
The heart of the school-boy is merry and gay;
When school-work is done, at the close of the day.

No power in the earth e'er recalleth the past;
Thy rest will be sweeter, more cheerful thy play,
When school-work is done, at the close of the day.
THE MORNING. "Now night is gone."

1. Now night is gone, And golden morn In eastern skies is breaking;
   And vale and wood, And field and flood, To songs of praise are waking.

2. How far away
   To greet the day,
   The lark is gayly singing;
   On spangled green
   The lambs are seen
   O'er flowery meadows springing.

3. The woodlands 'round
   With songs resound;
   Each smiling plain rejoices;
   And murmuring rills,
   Among the hills
   Sing praise with cheerful voices.
THE YELLOW-BIRDS. "I saw a little yellow-bird."

1. I saw a little yellow-bird a sitting on a limb, And while I watched, another came, and sat down close by him; I heard their cunning prattle, as they tittered and caressed, While now they eyed three little eggs, all in a little nest.
THE YELLOW-BIRDS. (Concluded.)

2. "Kit, Kitty!" cried the first that came; "see Kit, see Kit, Kittie!"
   And Kitty tittered and replied, "ee-Jim-ee-Jim, Jimmie!"
   They bobbed and bobbed their little heads, in merry mimickry,
   And seemed to own me as their friend, as they peeped down on me.

3. Two weeks had passed, again I went, and looked up in the tree,
   There Kittie sat upon the nest, demure and matronly;
   And Jim was there, a-dancing round, a happy bird was he,
   Three little birdlings more were there—Jim had a family.—R. A.

OUR BOAT. "Gaily our boat glides o'er the sea."

1. { Gai-ly our boat glides o'er the sea, And light the oars we ply,
   { Mer-ri-ly ring our songs so free, As sea-birds round us fly,
   La, la, la, la, la,

2. On the proud billow as we go,
   Away from care and strife,
   Health is in store for us, we know,
   Oh! who would flee this life?
   La, la, la, la, &c.
   On the proud billow, &c.

3. Bend to the ear, nor fear the storm,
   Away, away we glide;
   Merrily sing, not sit forlorn,
   As glides the homeward tide.
   La, la, la, la, &c.
   Bend to the ear, &c.
THE HONEY-BEE.

1. See, the bee is in the flowers; Come with me and see! The brown and yellow honey-bee, In the flower-bed worketh he, ... Oh, how merrily!

Oh, how merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily!
THE HONEY-BEE. (Concluded.)

1. See, the bee works all the day,—
   Come with me and see!
   His cell with wax to overlay,
   In the forests all the day,
   Working busily!

3. Now the bee is going home;
   Come with me and see!
   With honey for the honey-comb,
   Honey-bee is flying home,
   Buzzing merrily.

THE PET LAMB. "In all the green world."

1. In all the green world there is nought so sweet As my little lamb, with his nim - ble feet—
2. When shines the bright sun, and the soft wind blows, We roam in the meadow, where green grass grows;
3. In all the green world there is nought so sweet As my little lamb, with his nim - ble feet—

With eyes so bright, And wool so white— O, he is my darling, my heart's de - light!
We dance and skip, We run and leap, And when we are weary lie down and sleep.
With eyes so bright, And wool so white— O, he is my darling, my heart's de - light!
ROSES AND VIOLETS. "Roses in bloom."

1. Roses in bloom, Roses in bloom Pour incense on the air!
   Fill-ing the room, Fill-ing the room With perfume rich and rare!

Drink the sweetness of their breath, Ere they fade and fall in death; Roses in bloom,

2. Violets pale,
   Violets pale
   Their beauty hide away;
   Wearing a veil,
   Wearing a veil
   Beneath the eye of day!

Fill-ing the room With perfume rich and rare!

Mid the ferns and mosses fair;
Violets pale,
Wearing a veil
Beneath the eye of day!

Marie Mason.
Gently.

1. Come, and let us wander This bright summer day To the meadow yonder,
   Where the lambkins play. La, la, la, la, la, la, la, Where the lambkins play.

2. How the pretty creatures Skip about and run, While their loving mothers Soberly look on.

3. If they chance to ramble From their mother's sight, Then they cease to gambol, Crying in their fright.

4. Much I love to see you, Lambkins dressed in white, You are never angry, Never scold or fight.

5. Everybody loves you, Lambkins, I am sure, I will try to be, too, Innocent and pure.
THE PEE-DEE. "Oh, what art thou doing there?"

1. Oh, what art thou doing there, poor little bird? The cold winter storm in the distance is heard: I'm picking up the gum from the old cherry tree; I care not for the cold! pee, dee, dee pee, dee, dee.
8. A snug little garment fits close to my form,—
   Of feathers 'tis made, and it keeps me quite warm;
   And so, in cold and snow, I am happy, for I'm free;
   They call me "Winter king," pee, dee, dee,pee.

8. But how dost thou keep thy feet—bare little feet—
   How save them from pain 'mid the frost and the sleet?
   I draw them closely up in my feathers, as you see,
   To warm them while I sing, pee, dee, dee,pee.

MORNING HALLELUJAH. "See the morning star so bright."

1. See the morning star so bright Ascending, Come to tell us gloomy night is ending.
2. Paler now, it paler beams—'Tis morning; Eastern skies are bright with gleams Of dawning.

3. Happy hour, so bright and calm,
   We greet thee!
   All the air is breathing balm,
   How sweetly!

4. Grateful earth her songs of praise Is pouring:
   Hallelujahs we will raise,
   Adoring.
1. I love, at early morning, In dewy fields to stray, And hear the sweet birds singing, singing, singing Their merry roundelay, Their merry roundelay.

2. They seem so full of gladness, From every trouble free, While to each other calling, They fly from tree to tree.

3. And in their distant pasture I love to hear the herds, As happy as the birds.

4. The flowers fresh and sparkling Are bright with morning dew; All nature then is joyous And I am happy, too.

* Pronounced with the o as in lovely.
GOD IS LOVE. "Lo! the heavens are breaking." GERMAN. 77

1. Lo! the heav'ns are breaking, Pure and bright above, Life and light a-

waking Murmur "God is love," Murmur "God is love."

2. Now the glad sun breaking Pours a golden flood; Deepest vales awaking Echo "God is good."

3. See the streamlet bounding Through the vale and wood; Hear its ripples sounding Murmur "God is good."

4. Music ever ringing Through the shady grove, Songsters sweetly singing Warble, "God is love."

5. Wake, and join the chorus, Man, with soul endued! He whose smile is o'er us,— God, is ever good.
1. Oh, grand old oak! Oh, kingly tree! How high you lift your stately head, How far your mighty branches spread, Oh, grand old oak! Oh, kingly tree!

2. Oh, grand old oak! Oh, kingly tree! An acorn once—a little thing,— And now of all the forest king, Oh, grand old oak! Oh, kingly tree!

3. Oh, grand old oak! Oh, kingly tree! How many years you there have been, How many winter’s storms have seen, Oh, grand old oak! Oh, kingly tree.

4. Oh, grand old oak! Oh, kingly tree! How many birds their lays have sung, And squirrels played your leaves among, Oh, grand old oak! Oh, kingly tree!

5. Oh, grand old oak! Oh, kingly tree! A thousand years yet may you live, And all these years in vigor thrive, Oh, grand old oak! Oh, kingly tree!
THE LITTLE BEE. "The little busy bee."

1. The little busy bee abroad doth roam through all the day, On.
2. Who taught it thus to roam amid the riches of the field? And.
3. It learnt from God alone, He put the sweets within the flower, He.

airy wing thro' meadows gay, To bring its honey home, To.
from the flowers that sweets do yield, To bring its honey home, &c.

sends the bee to drain its store, And bring its honey home, &c.

bring its honey home, To bring its honey home.
LIKES AND DISLIKES. "I do not like a little girl."

(Scale Song.)

1. I do not like a little girl Who does not early rise,
And have the water, fresh and sweet, To wash her face and eyes.

2. I do not like to see her dress
   So careless look, and tossed,
   Her toys all scattered here and there,
   Her thread and needle lost.

3. I do not like, when at her play,
   Where little girls have met
   To frolic, laugh, and run about,
   Grow peevish, cry and fret.

4. And oh! that she should falsely speak,
   Or things from others take,
   That she should disobey mamma,
   Or her advice forsake.

5. And now I've told what I dislike,
   I'll only stop to say
   That I will tell you what I love,
   If you but say I may.
LIKES AND DISLIKES. (Concluded.)

WHAT I DO LIKE.

1. I like to see a little girl
   Rise with the lark so bright,
   And wash and dress, with cheerful face,
   To thank the God of light.

2. I like to see her meet mamma
   So fresh and neat and clean;
   To ask a kiss from dear papa,
   With cheerful, modest mien.

3. I like to see her gentle look,
   And modest actions too;
   To feel that she’s a loving child,
   Obedient, kind and true.

4. These are the things I much do like
   To see in children young;
   So, who will be that lovely one
   Of whom we now have sung?

THE WIND. “Which way does the wind blow?”

1. Which way does the wind blow, And where does he go? He rides o’er the water, And o’ver the snow!

2. O’er wood and o’er valley,
   And over the height,
   Where goats cannot traverse,
   He taketh his flight.

3. He rages and tosses
   When bare is the tree.

4. As, when you look upwards,
   You plainly may see.

4. But whither he cometh,
   Or whither he goes,
   There’s no one can tell you,—
   There’s no one that knows.
THE HEN'S LULLABY. “Hush, my darlings.”

1. Hush, my darlings; by, by, by! Night is nigh; Sleep, my darlings; by, by by!

2. In the brook the frogs are calling, Cold and wet the dew is falling. Hush, &c.

3. Chanticleer has ceased his boasting, And on high is peaceful roosting, Hush! my darlings, &c.

4. Little chickens should be sleeping, While their mother watch is keeping, Hush! my darlings, &c.

5. Mother's care shall still attend you, Mother's beak from foes defend you. Hush! my darlings, &c.

6. Softer, softer grows your peeping, Now my little ones are sleeping. Hush! my darlings, &c.
SONG OF SPRING. "Gone the ice and snow."

1. Gone the ice and snow, Green the birches grow! On the meadow's
2. From the house and home Quickly speed, and come, Where the soft May

Tender flow'rets bud and blossom; Gone the snow and
Verdant bosom, Airs breathe o'er us, Spring we'll greet with merry chorus. In the house no

Winters now, See how white the cherry bough! Longer stay, To the fields we haste away.

Hear the birdling's song, Forest shades among!
All the air with music ringing,
Heavenward see the lark is winging,
Join we, too, and grateful raise
Songs of gratitude and praise.
MARCELLUS. "Before all lands."

1. Before all lands in east or west, I love my native land the best, With love my native tongue the best, Tho' God's best gifts 'tis teeming; Tho' gold nor jewels here are found, Yet men of noble not so smoothly spoken, Nor woven with Italian art; Yet when it speaks from hearts abound, And eyes of joy are gleaming, And eyes of joy are gleaming. heart to heart, The word is never broken, The word is never broken.
3. Before all people east or west,
I love my countrymen the best,
A race of noble spirit:
A sober mind, a generous heart,
To virtue trained, yet free from art,
They from their sires inherit.

4. To all the world I give my hand,
My heart I give my native land;
I seek her good, her glory;
I honor every nation's name,
Respect their fortune and their fame,
But I love the land that bore me.

THE HONEST OLD MILLER.

"There was an honest old miller once."

* A river in Scotland which flows into the ocean at the town of Aberdeen.
1. Across the lake, Thro' brook and brake, Resounds the bugle horn, Resounds the bugle horn; O'er hill and vale The echoes sail, And

thro' the wav'ing corn, And thro' the wav'ing corn, The bugle horn, The

* Perhaps the key of D or Eb may do better, but for boys' voices.
THE BUGLE HORN. (Concluded.)

The sky is clear,
The flow'rs appear
On every side so gay;
The brook flows by
So merrily,
Along its pebbly way.
The bugle horn, &c.

The echoes flow,
As on we go,
Through forest, vale and lawn!
And far and near,
Again we hear
The winding bugle horn.
The bugle horn, &c.

AFTER STUDY WE SHALL FIND.—Round for Three Parts.

After study, we shall find, Music will relieve the mind, And our hearts to-gether bind.
A SUMMER RIDE. "When the southern breezes play."

1. When the southern breezes play, The up-lands let us gain, Where ro-sy health with

smiles invites To join her sportive train. We'll mount our gallant steeds, And scent the fragrant

gale; The mellow horn shall wake the morn, And e-cho thro' the vale. When, &c.
2. Through the arching forest glades
   Away, away we ride!
   Across the meadows, o'er the hills,
   And where the rivers glide!

   In the lovely summer day
   We gaily take our race;
   The winds are chasing clouds away—
   The shadows flee apace.—D. o. Thro', &c.

SUMMER EVENING. "How beautiful at summer eve." GERMAN.

1. How beau-ti-ful at evening hour, Are nature's glories seen! Soft breathes the wind on
2. And brightly beaming on her way, The moon ascends the sky; How clearly gleams be-

leaf and flow'r, And qui-et reigns se-rene And qui-et reigns se-rene.
neath her ray, The for-est far and nigh, The for-est far and nigh!

3. And scattered o'er the heavens afar,
   Move on with sweet accord,
   From rise to set, star after star,
   And ever praise the Lord.

4. They whisper to us, one by one,
   "We shall eternal be!
   Soon shall the Father lead us on,
   The rest above to see."

Words from the German, by W. W. Caldwell.
CHILDHOOD'S PLEASURES.

"Come, let us, singing."

1. { Come, let us, singing, speak out those pleasures Which crown our childhood, those days so dear; We prize them high-ly, above all treasures; How bright our sunshine! how sweet, how clear! For now our pleasures are like the rivers, Whose on-ward flow-ing is deep and free.

Our days are May-days, without a cloud; Then let us, sing-ing, rejoice a-loud; For, &c.

2. Oh, how we're favored, to live so cheerful, So free from sorrow, so free from care, While many 'round us are sad and tearful, For sad misfortune does not them spare. Then we'll be happy while yet we can, While days of childhood shall yet remain. For now our pleasures, &c.

3. Yes, we will ever, by night and daily, Sing forth our pleasures in full good cheer; We're yet in childhood, and all goes gaily; In paths of duty we'll never fear. Then let our voices resound aloud; The sun shines brightly, without a cloud. For now our pleasures, &c.
THEY'RE COMING HOME TO-DAY. "Oh, the joyful news!"

1. Oh, the joyful, joyful news Of the friends so long away! Let the happy throng Give welcome song. And the sweetest tones prolong; For they're coming home today,

2. Should the winter storms prevail, Or the summer breezes play, We will sing the same Our joyful strain, And will banish every pain; For they're coming,

3. Oh, the pleasant, pleasant time When the heart makes all things gay! How the glad hopes spring On airy wing, How they brighten every thing! For they're coming home today.

4. Let the We will How the hap - py throng Give welcome song. And the sweetest tones prolong; For they're coming home today,

(Repeat piano.)

1. Oh, the joyful, joyful news Of the friends so long away! Let the happy throng Give welcome song. And the sweetest tones prolong; For they're coming home today,

2. Should the winter storms prevail, Or the summer breezes play, We will sing the same Our joyful strain, And will banish every pain; For they're coming,

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3. Oh, the pleasant, pleasant time When the heart makes all things gay! How the glad hopes spring On airy wing, How they brighten every thing! For they're coming home today.

4. Let the We will How the hap - py throng Give welcome song. And the sweetest tones prolong; For they're coming home today,

(Repeat piano.)
1. The north wind doth blow, And we shall have snow, And what will the robin do then, poor thing?

2. The north wind doth blow, And we shall have snow, And what will the swallow do then, poor thing?

3. The north wind doth blow, And we shall have snow, And what of the honey-bee then? poor thing!

4. The north wind doth blow, And we shall have snow, And what will the dormouse do then? poor thing!

5. The north wind doth blow, And we shall have snow, And what will the children do then? dear things!

He'll sit in the barn, And keep himself warm, And hide his head under his wing, poor thing!

Oh, do you not know, He's gone long ago To a country much warmer than ours, poor thing!

Roll'd up, like a ball, His nest snug and small, He'll sleep till warm weather comes back, poor thing!

5. The north wind doth blow, And we shall have snow, And what will the children do then? dear things!

When lessons are done, They'll jump, skip, and run, And play till they make themselves warm, dear things!
MAY-DAY. "Come, when May's sunny hours."

1. Come, when May's sunny hours
   Ope the beautiful flowers,
   Haste ye to crown the fair

2. Lead the Queen from her bowers,
   Strew* her pathway with flowers,
   Hail to the beautiful

Queen; Bright the May-pole is gleaming,
Wreaths and banners are streaming
O'er the smooth and shaven green,

festeve scene, Come, enjoy the festive scene.

List the music inspiring,
Youthful feet never tiring,
Tripping so blithely along;
Breezes perfumes are sending,
Birds their carols are lending,
Join we all the dance and song.

* Pronounced strawn.
OH, ALPINE LAND!

1. Oh, Alpine land! my mountain home, My heart still clings to thee! Tho' far in pleasant lands I roam, No place so dear to me!

2. I love thy vales, thy leaping rills, I love thy mountains wild, Thy fruitful trees and vine-clad hills, Thy summer breezes mild, Thy verdant pastures, green and fair, Thy crystal lakes, so bright and clear. Oh, Alpine land! &c.

3. Though other lands may richer be, And other skies more clear,— Thou, Alpine land, art home to me, And none can be so dear. Where'er I wander, still I turn, And for my native mountains yearn! Oh, Alpine land! &c.
Come, my loved ones, come away.
Quickly haste and come away,
For the sun shines bright today;
On this bright and charming day.

One and all now come with me,
Birds, and brooks, and flow'rs to see!

See the lambkins sport and play,
On the meadows fresh and gay,
In the shade or in the sun,
Jumping, frisking, full of fun.
We, too, now may run and play,
On this bright and lovely day.

Come with hoop, or come with ball,
Come with happy faces all;
Talk and laugh and dance and sing,
Round and round in merry ring;
One and all, now come away,
On this charming, lovely day.
SUMMER SONG.  "Lofty mountain!"

1. Lofty mountain! From thy summit streams a fountain; In the swiftest, heavenly air, Running water-brooks so clear, Sparkle from the lofty mountain.

2. Verdant meadows! Here the clover green is growing; On the bulrush tall and light, Gleams the dewy jewels bright, And the streamlet low is flowing, And the streamlet low is flowing.
3. Slender branches!
Where the birds are gaily singing;
Where the leafy bowers arise,
Calling loud their Maker's praise,
With their notes each tree is singing.

4. From the heavens!* 
See the golden sunlight streaming;
Fleecy clouds are hither flown,
By the gentle breezes blown,
All with light and joy is beaming.

* The word heavens should be sung as one syllable.

TRUST IN GOD. “Wake and cheer thee.”

1. Wake and cheer thee, God is near thee 
Drooping soul!

2. Calm thy sadness, 
Look in gladness, 
Look on high!
Faint and weary, 
Pilgrim, cheer thee, 
Help is nigh!

3. Mark the sea-bird 
Wildly wheeling 
Thro' the skies, 
God defends him, 
God attends him, 
When he cries.

4. Wake and cheer thee, 
God is near thee, 
Drooping soul! 
He'll defend thee, 
When around thee 
Billows roll.
TRIP AWAY. "Let your steps be blithe and gay."

1. Trip a-way! trip away! Let your steps be blithe and gay! Trip a-way! Trip a-way! Let your steps be blithe and gay! Skies are bright above you now, All your thoughts to music flow; steps be blithe and gay!

2. Light and free! light and free! Trip along right merrily! Fairest flowers are blooming bright, 'Neath the summer noon-day's light; Light and free! light and free! Trip along right merrily!

3. Breezes play! breezes play! Soft and sweet through all the day! Sunny tresses kissing free, While you laugh in gentle glee; Breezes play! breezes play! Soft and sweet through all the day!

4. Bright and pure! bright and pure! Are your eyes this happy hour! Clouds of sorrow never yet Cast their shadow at your feet; Bright and pure! bright and pure! Are your eyes this happy hour!

5. Trip away! trip away! Let your steps be blithe and gay! Evening will be coming on, Then your dancing must be done; Trip away! trip away! Let your steps be blithe and gay!
THE LITTLE BROOK.  "I know a little restless brook."  From J. A. NAUMANN.

1. I know a little restless brook, That ever busy runneth; O'er mossy rock, thro' hidden nook, Un-till the mead it gain-eth; Green ferns up-on its borders grow, And modest wild-wood flowers do blow In many a nook Beside this brook, Beside this brook.

High up the wooded mountain side, From out the earth it gusheth; And thro' the leafy forest shade, Far down the hill-side rusheth; Now in some dell it rests awhile, To greet the flowers with placid smile, Then leaps along With merry song.

2. Sweet violets and wintergreen Upon its banks are growing, And loving forms hang drooping down, And kiss its waters flowing, The birds upon the trees above Sing sweetly tender notes of love; The busy rill Flows onward still.
1. List ye to the olden clock: “Tick-tock! tick-tock! Tick-tock! tick-tock!”

To itself it ever talks, From its place it never walks; “Tick-tock! tick-tock!”

Tick-tock! tick-tock!” Old and faithful, “Tick-tock! tick-tock!” Old and faithful “tick-tock!”

2. ’Tis a prompt, but patient clock! “Tick-tock! tick-tock!”

Never moved by hope nor fear,
There it stands from year to year;
“Tick-tock! tick-tock!”
Prompt, but patient “tick-tock!”

3. ’Tis an honest, truthful clock! “Tick-tock! tick-tock!”

People say about the place,
Truth is written on its face;
“Tick-tock! tick-tock!”
Honest, truthful “tick-tock!”
THE OLD CLOCK. (Concluded.)

4. 'Tis an active, working clock!
   "Tick-tock! tick-tock!"
Through the night, and while we sleep,
Though we never take a peep;
   "Tick-tock! tick-tock!"
Active, working "tick-tock!"

5. 'Tis a kind, good-natured clock!
   "Tick-tock! tick-tock!"
If we wish to hear it strike,
We may do so when we like;
   "Tick-tock! tick-tock!"
Kind, good-natured "tick-tock!"

'TIS GOOD TO BE ALIVE.  "The flowers are blooming."

1. The flowers are blooming ev'rywhere, On ev'ry hill and dell; And oh, how beau-ti-
   -ful they are! How sweet-ly, too, they smell, How sweet, how sweet-ly, too, they smell.

2. The little birds they spring along,
   And look so glad and gay;
I love to hear their joyful song;
   I feel as glad as they.

3. The lambkins bleat and frisk about,
   The bees hum round their hive,
The butterflies are coming out;
   'Tis good to be alive.
"Over the mountain."

"The Little Beggar Girl."

1. Over the mountain and over the lowly moor, Hungry and weary I wander forlorn; forever return. Pity, kind gentlemen, friends of humanity, Cold blows the wind, and the night's coming on; I will be gone.

Call me not indolent, beggar, and bold enough, Fain would I learn both to knit and to sew; Cold blows the wind, and the night's coming on; Give me some food, and then I will be gone.

2. Father is gone, and my mother is poor, And she grieves for the days that will never return. Give me some food for my mother, in charity, Give me some food, and then I will be gone.

Two little brothers at home, when they're old enough, Sure will work hard for the gifts you bestow. Pity, kind gentlemen, friends of humanity, Give me some food for my mother, in charity, Give me some food, and then I will be gone.
1. Chirp, chirp, chirp! Soon as fades the light, Lit - tle crick - et
   Chirp, chirp, chirp! Thro' the sum - mer night; Lit - tle crick - et
2. Chirp, chirp, chirp! While I sound - ly sleep, Lit - tle, &c.
   Chirp, chirp, chirp! You still wak - ing keep; Lit - tle crick - et

In the thick-et, Chirp, chirp, chirp! Lit - tle crick - et In the thick-et,
Chirp, chirp, chirp! Crick-et in the thick-et, Chirp, chirp, chirp!

TRIP IT LIGHTLY.

1. Trip it lightly along, Singing gaily a song; Keeping measure, you know, As together we go! Trip it lightly, Singing gaily, Keeping measure As we go.

2. Happy, happy are we! Full of brightness and glee, As the birds are that sing On the bright days of spring; Happy, happy, full of brightness, As the birds are, in the spring. Trip it lightly, &c.

3. Not a sorrow or care, Nor a trouble we wear; And we fear not a foe, But enjoy as we go. Not a sorrow, nor a trouble, And we fear not any foe. Trip it lightly, &c.
BEAUTIFUL MORNING. "Fairest the early flushing ray."

1. Beautiful morning! Beautiful morning! Fair est the early flushing ray, seen at thy dawning, ere the full day lighteth the valleys, and forest's deep shadows; chasing the sunlight and clouds o'er the meadows.

2. Beautiful morning! Beautiful morning! When e'er our lives are cold and gray, thy fair adorning bringeth a ray, lining the shadows with glory and beauty, chasing the sunlight and clouds o'er the meadows, bracing our hearts for the dreariest duty.

Marie Mason
1. A pretty bird lives on a tree, And in her nest has bird-lings three;

Three cunning, helpless little things, That have not learned to use their wings.

2. And all the summer morning through,
The pretty bird flies to and fro,
And gathers tender bits of food,
To feed her hungry little brood.

3. She never stops to sing or play,
But labors on through all the day,
Till, when the sun has left the sky,
So tired is she, she scarce can fly.

4. Then through the night, above their heads,
With tender care, her wings she spreads,
To shelter them from ev'ry harm,
And keep them very snug and warm.

5. Just so my mother does me feed,
And kind supplies my ev'ry need.
Oh, pretty birdlings, on the tree,
How very grateful we should be!
THE KITE. "Up, up and away."

1. Up, up and away, 'Tis a holiday, And the breeze now is freshly blowing 'Mid the leafy tree, In its merry glee, Like the wild waves, ever flowing. La la la la la la la la.

2. Our kite now will rise In the clear, blue skies, All so bright in its gay adornment; Up the airy flight It will take its flight, Like a bird on the wings of the morning. La la clear, blue skies, It will proudly arise, Like a bird on the wings of the morning. La la.

3. Then shout and away On our holiday, With the kite in its gay adornment; In the tree and away, In its merry glee, Like the wild waves, ever flowing. La la.
1. Come, join the cheerful round, All at their posts are found, Let music's voice resound, Loud, clear, and free; With form erect—a cheerful sight—With eyes intent, we stand upright, And at the word With one accord, We wake th'inspiring glee, We wake, we wake th'inspiring glee.
SCHOOL-ROOM SONG. (Concluded.)

2. We hear the welcome call,
   We join the chorus all;
   Or young, or large, or small,
   We all obey;
   With form erect, &c.

3. See all the cheerful throng
   In happy School-room Song!
   Still let the strain prolong,
   Loud, clear and free;
   With form erect, &c.

HAPPINESS. "'Tis not in splendor joy doth dwell."

1. 'Tis not in splendor joy doth dwell, With gold it is not bought,
   It is not charmed by beauty's smile, And power commands it not.

2. But oft within some lowly cot,
   Dwell joy, and peace, and rest;
   And he who hath an humble lot,
   May yet be highly blest.

3. Where love, and hope, and faith abound,
   And sweet content abides,
   There joy and peace are ever found,
   There happiness resides.
REMEMBRANCE OF MAY. "Oh, sweet to remember."

1. Oh, sweet to remember In stormy December, The blooming of May, The
   blooming of May! Where snow-drifts are clinging The birds were all singing In
   melody gay, In melody gay.

2. Oh, sweet on the ocean, 'Mid tossing commotion, To dream of our home,
   Where far from the billow, 'Neath maple and willow, Dear footsteps may roam.

3. Oh, sweet in our sorrow New gladness to borrow, From joys that are past,
   While beautiful brightness On hearts in their lightness, The future shall cast.
1. Hur-rah! Hur-rah! Winds of summer, Tune-ful murmur, Over us the sky is bright;

2. Hur-rah! Hur-rah! Flow-eret slender, Fair and tender, Twining all thy trembling leaves,

New-ly wak’d from sleep of night, Earth is shin-ing in the light. Hur-rah! Hurrah! Hur-

Where thy bloom a garland weaves, Soft-ly round my low-ly eaves. Hur-rah!

8. Hurrah! Hurrah!
Brooklet tripping,
Gaily slippin, Where the meadows bright and fair,

Smiling in the summer air,
Woo our feet from ways of care. Hurrah! etc.

4. Hurrah! Hurrah!
Birdlings winging,
Sweetly singin— While we listen to your song,

In the tree tops, clear and long, Purest pleasures round us throng. Hurrah! etc.

* This word should be pronounced hurrah, but never hurra.
FRUIT SONG. "Come, and buy!"

ARRANGED BY J. M. NORTH.

1. Come, and buy my fruit, dear boys, Will you buy, will you buy? Come, and buy my fruit, dear girls, Will you buy, will you buy? It is all so nice and clean, And no better can be seen; Come, and

---

Fruit Song: Come, and buy!
2. Here are oranges so sweet,
   Will you buy, will you buy?
   Apples, too, which none can beat,
   Will you buy, will you buy?
   They are all both nice and clean,
   And no better can be seen;
   Come, and buy my charming fruit.
   Will you buy, will you buy?

3. I have peaches, pears, and plums,
   Will you buy, will you buy?
   Grapes, and figs, and dates, and prunes,
   Will you buy, will you buy?
   They are all so nice and clean,
   And no better can be seen,
   Come, and buy my charming fruit
   Will you buy, will you buy?

WHILE WE WALK IN WISDOM'S WAY.—Round for Two Parts.

While we walk in wisdom's way, What, oh, what can bring us sorrow?

He who guides our steps today, He will guard us on the morrow.
WILD-WOOD FLOWERS.

1. Flowers, wild wood flowers, In a shelter'd dell they grew,
   hurried along, and I chanced to spy
   sil'vry eye; Then this blue daisy peep'd up its head,

2. Flowers, lovely flowers, In the garden we may see;
   there is the rose, with her ruby lip,
   loves to sip; Tulips whose colors radiant unfold,
WILD-WOOD FLOWERS. (Concluded.)

Sweetly this purple orchis is spread; I gathered them all for you, I

Flow'rs all arrayed in bright hues of gold; But none are so fair to me, But

gathered them all for you. All these wild-wood flowers, sweet wild-wood flow'rs. flow'rs.
none are so fair to me, As these wild-wood flowers, sweet wild-wood flow'rs. flow'rs.

WHEN WE READ WELL.—Round for Two Parts.

When we read well, our friends all around, will be waiting, delighted, to catch every sound.
1. The autumn now returning, Rewards the labourer's earning With plentiful golden harvest heaps; In hosts of sheaves unnumbered, From precious seed that slumbered, The earth her pledge of increase keeps.
2. The rich, exhaustless treasure
   Of love that knows no measure,
   To all the Father freely gives;
   So let us bless each other,
   And ever see a brother
   In every suffering man that lives.

3. Our Father's goodness feeds us,
   His tender mercy leads us;
   And all his ways are love;
   He bids us flee vain pleasure,
   And lay up heavenly treasure,
   To lure us to our home above.

WORK AWAY. "I remember a lesson." FRENCH MELODY.

1. I re-member a les-son, which was not thrown a-way, Learn be-times to be of
   Work a-way while you're a-ble, work a-way, work a-way.

2. And to speed with your la bor, make the most of a day, What may hin-der you to-
   Work, &c.

3. As for grief and vexation, let them come when they may,
   When your heart is in your labor, 'twill soon be light and gay.
   Work away, &c.

4. Let your own hands support you, till your strength shall decay,
   And your heart shall never fail, when you're fee ble, old, and gray.
   Work away, &c.

W. E. Hickson.
WHAT NEWS?  "Little bird with eager wing."  

1. Little bird with eager wing, Stopping now and then to sing, Can you, in your chirping way, Teach us something new today? The little bird sings in his innocent glee, That we should be grateful and joyous as he.
WHAT NEWS? (Concluded.)

2. Busy bee, from flower to flower
You are flying every hour;
Can you, in your humming way
Teach us something new to-day?
The bee does not trifle her moments away,
And we should be active in work or in play.

3. Gentle breeze, along the grass,
Very softly you do pass;
Can you, in your rustling way,
Teach us something new to-day?
Just like the pure breezes that soothe as they go,
May we e'er be ready to soothe others' woe.

MERRILY, MERRILY. Round for Two Parts.

Merr-ly, mer-ri-ly greet the morn; Cheer-i-ly, cheer-i-ly sound the horn;

Hark! hark! the echoes play O-ver the hill, and far a-way.

SWEET IT IS TO WANDER. Round for Two Parts.

Sweet it is at eve to wander By the purling rill-side; Where 'mid leafy

glades it flows Swift-ly down the hill-side, Swift-ly down the hill-side.
1. See! the blue-birds now appear, Pleasant spring is coming; Robin-red-breast,

2. Ice, and snow, and cold are fled,
   Swiftly brooks are flowing—
   Gentle spring is here, indeed;
   Green the hills are growing.

Birds are singing, la, la, la, la,
Spring is coming, la, la, la, la,
Flow'rs are springing, &c.

Flow'rs are springing, &c.

3. Cows impatient in the stall,
   For their freedom lowing,
   Soon will hear the welcome call,
   To the pastures going.

(Repeat first verse.)
WHY BE PINING?  "Why should we be pining?"

1. Why should we be pining, Moping all the day, Frowning, fretting, whining,

2. Birds are lightly singing, Blithe and free from care, Though their food is coming

In a doleful way; Trembling, lest some sorrow In the future lower?
From—they know not where; Fields and flowers smiling, In the pleasant light;

Trouble never borrow, Prize the passing hour!
Brooks are loudly laughing, All the world is bright!

Look around, above us,
Joyous all appears;
Nature doth reprove us
For our foolish fears.
Better to be smiling,
Full of hope and glee,
Than to be bewailing
Woes that may not be.
1. Come, May, thou lovely lingerer, And deck the groves again; And let thy silvery streamlets meander thro' the plain; We long once more to

gather The flow'rets, fresh and fair, ... Sweet May! once more to wander, And

breathe thy balm-y air, ... And breathe thy balm-y air.
2. True, winter days have many
   And many a dear delight:
We frolic in the snow-drifts,
   And then—the winter night!
Around the fire we cluster,
   Nor heed the whistling storm;
When all without is dreary,
   Our hearts are bright and warm.

3. But oh, when comes the season
   For merry birds to sing,
How sweet to roam in meadows,
   And drink the breeze of spring.
Then come, sweet May! and bring us
The flow'ret, fresh and fair;
We long once more to wander,
   And breathe thy balmy air.

A HAPPY DAY. "On the mountains."

1. On the mountains far have I wandered, Birds of summer there have I seen,

2. O'er the meadows I have been roaming, Thro' the woodlands strolling a-way;

Gaily singing, Swiftly springing, Ever building nests of the green.
Flow'res were blooming, Bees were humming, Beauty filling, blessing the day.
1. She is a rich and rare land, She is a fresh and fair land, An honor'd and a dear land, This happy land of mine! No men than her's are brav'er, Her women never waver, My life I'd give to save her, And rare land, And she's a fresh and fair land, An honor'd and a dear land, This
2.
What though she's not an old land,
She's not a dull or cold land,
But she's a warm and bold land,
This happy land of mine!

Could beauty ever guard her,
And virtue still reward her,
No foe should cross her border,
No son within her pine.
For she's a rich, &c.

BE TO OTHERS KIND AND TRUE.—Round for Two Parts.

Be to others kind and true, As you would have them be to you, And
never do or say to men, What you would not receive again.
1. My days of youth, Tho' not from folly free, I prize the truth the more the world I see;
2. My footsteps lead, O truth, and mould my will, In word and deed my duty to fulfil;

I'll keep the straight and narrow way, and Dishonest arts and selfish aims to lead where'er it may, The voice of truth I'll follow and obey!

truth can never belong— No deed of mine shall be a deed of wrong.
LOVE OF TRUTH. (Concluded.)

3. The strength of youth, we see it soon decay;
   But strong is truth, and stronger every day!
   Though falsehood seem a mighty power, which we in vain assail,
   The power of truth will in the end prevail.

4. My days of youth, though not from folly free,
   I prize the truth the more the world I see;
   I'll keep the straight and narrow path, and lead where'er it may,
   The voice of truth I'll follow and obey.

WATER, OIL AND PEARL-ASH. A Fable.

"It is an honor to a man to cease from strife."—Prov. 20: 3.

1. Some water and oil One day had a broil, As down in the glass they were dropping;
2. Some pearlash o'erheard, And quick as a word, It jump'd in the midst of the clashing,

They could not unite, But ever did fight. Without any prospect of stopping.
When all three agreed, Unit-ing with speed, And soap was created for washing.
1. Away to the gardens, companions, away,
Where blossoms are bright in the beam-ing of May;
Soft bloom and rich odors in beauty unite
To woo the glad spirit to dreams of delight:
Refresh’d by their charms, with unwear-y-ing
2. Ah, woven in garlands, in chaplets displayed,
   Too soon into dust must their loveliness fade,
   Till summer again, in its odorous hours,
   Revisit with life all these beautiful bowers.
   Yet time from our bosoms shall never efface,
   The lesson we learn from their sweetness and grace.

THE STARS ARE BRIGHT.—Round for Two Parts.

The stars are bright o'er yon blue sky, The sile nt earth is sleep ing;

The Queen of night, enthron'd on high, Her solemn state is keep ing.
1. Oh say, busy bee, whither now are you going? Whither now are you going, to work or to play? “I am bound to the garden where roses are blooming, For I must be making sweet...
2. Oh say, pretty dove, whither now are you flying?
   Whither now are you flying, to London or Rome?
   "I am bound to my nest where my partner is sighing,
   And waiting for me in my dear little home.
   Little home—Little home—
   And waiting for me in my dear little home."

3. So we, all so happy, while daily advancing
   In wisdom and knowledge, in virtue and love,
   Will sing on our way, in our progress rejoicing,
   As brisk as the bee, and as true as the dove.
   Will sing—Will sing—
   As brisk as the bee, and as true as the dove.
CHRISTMAS TIME. "Listen to the carolled ditty."

1. Listen to the caroll'd ditty, Listen to the village chime;
2. Friendship with new ardor glowing, Joy, renewing age's prime,

Dear to friendship, joy, and pity, Comes the merry Christmas time.
Pity, kinder boon renewing, Crowns the merry Christmas time.

Dear to friendship, joy, and pity, Comes the merry Christmas time.
Pity, kinder boon renewing, Crowns the merry Christmas time.
3. Banish from the happy season
Mirth of folly, vice, and crime;
Joys of virtue, smiles of reason,
Grace the merry Christmas time.

4. Thus our grateful raptures voicing
Heav'n shall deem the strain sublime,
If the sons of want, rejoicing,
Bless the merry Christmas time.

BOATING. "Ho, the boating!"

1. Ho, the boat-ing! Lightly floating, Merr-i-ly a-way!
Winds of summer, Sigh and murmur, On the sleeping bay;
Thro' the beaming, And the dreaming, Of the sunny days.

2. Pain and troubles,
Fleet like bubbles,
Underneath our keel;
Gentle blisses,
In the kisses
Of the wave we feel;
Care no longer teases,
Sweet the whisper'ring breezes,
Thro' the willows,
O'er the billows
Fresh and fragrant steal.

3. Ho, the boating!
Lightly floating,
Merrily away!
Winds of summer
Sigh and murmur,
On the sleeping bay!
Singing softly to us,
Songs to charm and woo us,
Thro' the beaming,
And the dreaming,
Of the sunny days.
THE OLD MAN’S SONG. "I love it, the laugh of a child."—LOLO.

Lively.

I love it, I love it, the laugh of a child, Now rippling and
gen - tle, now mer - ry and wild; It rings on the air with its

in - no - cent gush, Like the trill of a bird at the twilight’s soft hush; It

floats on the breeze like the tones of a bell, Or the music that
THE OLD MAN'S SONG. (Concluded.)

Dwells in the heart of a shell. I love it, I love it, the

Laugh of a child. Now merry and rippling, and gentle and mild.

Oh, the laugh of a child, so wild and so free. Is the

Merriest sound in the world for me. World for me.
1. Little, laughing river! Sparkling bright on your way; O'er the pebbles dancing light As a child at play. Little stream, hasten on! Ever swelling on your breast, As you onward sweep. Rapid stream, hasten on! Like an army as you flow, Gather waters for the sea, Deeper as you go. Little, &c.

2. Rapid, flowing river! Passing on, full and deep; Bearing nations full and strong; On your mighty, flowing tide, Bearing us along. Rapid, &c.
1. Stay, stay, stay! Honey-bee, Bright and gay, Hum-ming al-ways bus- i-ly,
2. No, no, no! Say not so; I must go; Soon the win-ter-storms will blow;

Why not stay Here and play! Work not all the day. Days are long, so rest a-while,
Summer hours, Blooming flow’rs, Then will yield no stores. Thro’ the day I gath-er spoil,

Give not all the hours to toil; Honey-bee, Stay with me, Work not ceaseless-ly.
Night’s the time to rest from toil; All the day Work a-way; I've no time to play.
THE WREN. "Pretty, modest little wren."

1. Pretty, modest little wren, Sweetly singing, Swiftly winging

From your nest in yonder glen, Welcome forth again! Notes of joy so

loudly swelling, All the air with music filling, To the world your
THE WREN. (Concluded.)

2. In your pleasant tones are heard,
   Nought of sadness,
   Only gladness,
   Joyous little warbling bird,
   Welcome once again!
   Anxious care you never borrow,
   Doubting what may be to-morrow,
   Fearing lest there come a sorrow,
   Trusting little wren, little wren,
   Trusting little wren.

3. Shall not He who cares for thee,
   Morn and evening
   Food providing,
   Shall not He take care of me,
   In his image made?
   In his kindness ever trusting,
   On his mercy ever leaning,
   I will join thy song of praising,
   Gentle little bird, little bird,
   Gentle little bird.

WHY SHOULD WE SIGH FOR WEALTH. Round for Two Parts.

Why should we sigh for wealth or for pow'r, Since life is fleeting as an hour.
CHILDREN GO. "Children go to and fro."

1. Children go, To and fro, In a merry, pretty row; Foot-steps light,
   Faces bright—'Tis a happy, happy sight. Swift-ly turning round and round,
   Do not look upon the ground; Follow me, Full of glee, Singing
CHILDREN GO. (Concluded.)

Birds are free,
So are we,
And we live as happily;
Work we do,
Study too,
Learning daily something new;
Then we laugh, and dance, and sing,
Gay as birds or any thing.
Follow me, &c.

Follow me,

Work is done,
Play's begun,
Now we have our laugh and fun;
Happy days,
Pretty plays,
And no naughty, naughty ways;
Holding fast each other's hand,
We're a cheerful, happy band.
Follow me, &c.
HARVESTERS, COME AWAY. “When the sickle.”

Where the sickles are gleaming amid the rich grain, Come away, come away, come away;
Where the harvester sings at his work on the plain, Come away, come away, come away;

Where the harvester sings at his work on the plain, Come away, come away, come away! Where the
HARVESTERS, COME AWAY. (Concluded.)

2. Now the treasures of Autumn we gather and board,
   Come away, come away, come away!
   And their fullness will gladden the winter's gay board,
   Come away, come away, come away!

OH, WHAT DELIGHT. Round for Two Parts.

Oh, what delight In morning bright To cherish holy love;

The right maintain, And wisdom gain, To guide our way above.
VACATION SONG. "Farewell to school, the birds are singing."

1. Farewell to school, the birds are singing! How rapidly the days are winging!
2. Vacation, haste, or we'll be weary, For school is never dull and dreary;

Come, let us quickly haste away, And gambol while we may.
Yet we'd away to greenest fields, Where nature richness yields.

La la la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
3. But soon with joy will we, returning,
   Show how we love the paths of learning;
   When Autumn’s rich and mellow voice
   Makes ev’ry heart rejoice.

4. And when in halls of study meeting,
   We’ll have a happy, joyous greeting;
   With minds refresh’d and feelings gay,
   We’ll hail the welcome day.

**COLD THE WIND IS BLOWING.**—Round for Three Parts.

Cold the wind is blowing, The storm is raging loud;
See, the rain is pouring, Pouring from the cloud, See, the rain is pouring, Pouring from the cloud.

**WHEN THE DOCTORS DISAGREE.**—Round for Two Parts.

When the doctors disagree, Then what shall we do—you and I?

**COME, COME COME.**—Round for Two Parts.

Come, come, come, quickly to join our song, And we will sing merrily all day long; So
SONG OF THE BIRDS. "Through woodland wild."

1. Thro' woodland wild we sweetly stray, Where gentle streams are flowing; We sing a-way The summer day, We sing a-way The summer day, The summer day We sing a-way, We sing a-way, We sing...... a-way.
SONG OF THE BIRDS. (Concluded.)

2.
We build our sheltering nest on high,
Where summer boughs are waving.
|: When night is nigh,
Then home we fly; :|
Then home we fly,
When night is nigh.

3.
Fond love and peace within our nest,
Have made our home so sweetly;

THE WOODLANDS. "Come, roam in the woodlands."

1. Come roam in the woodlands, so fresh and so green; Come roam in the woodlands, where blossoms are seen.

2. Come roam in the woodlands, where hidden from light,
The waters, in woodlands, are gushing so bright.

3. Come roam in the woodlands, and seek the wild flower;
Come roam in the woodlands, or rest in the bower.

4. Come roam in the woodlands, where birds on the spray,
Sing sweetly in woodlands, so freely and gay.

5. Come roam in the woodlands, where tongues may reveal,
And tell in the woodlands what friends ever feel.

|: No fears molest
Our quiet rest ; |
Our quiet rest
No fears molest.

4.
As sweetly glides our life away,
We chant our Maker's praises,
|: In grateful lay,
Through all the day ; |
Through all the day,
In grateful lay.
FRUIT SONG. "Every fruit is mellow."

1. Every fruit is mellow, Every field is yellow—Summer days are gone,
Clustered grapes hang sleeping, Where the winds soft creeping, Lift their leafy shade,
Summer days are gone; Leaves the ground are strewing,
Lift their leafy shade; See the pears are ripening,
Cooler winds are blowing—Autumn's coming on, Into blushing red.

Gold-en colored deep'nig, In-to blushing red, Into blushing red.
3. See the busy maiden,
   With her basket laden,
   Apricot and plum;
   Golden quince and berries,
   Red and black, she carries,
   Tripping lightly home.

4. Every fruit is mellow,
   Every field is yellow—
   Summer days are gone;
   Leaves the ground are strewing.
   Cooler winds are blowing—
   Autumn has begun.

THE WIND IS LOUDLY ROARING. Round for Three Parts.

The wind is loudly roaring, And wintry is the blast; The
rain around us pouring, From gloomy clouds falls fast,
The rain from gloomy clouds, from gloomy clouds falls fast.

WHENEVER ANY ONE DOES WRONG. Round for Two Parts.

Whenever any one does wrong, He loses all the power of song.
Lively.  
1. Away among the blossoms, The summer time has come; We hear the singing waters, We hear the insect hum; 'Tis trilling on the air.
2. Away among the blossoms, The many birds are there; We hear the chorus early; 'Tis trilling on the air; We hear the chorus.
3. Away among the blossoms, The daisies all are bright; And in the dewy meadows, The clover-tops are white.
4. Away among the blossoms, A happy world is ours; Then praise our heavenly Father, Whose smile is on the flowers.
1. The day is past and over, I lay me down to sleep;
2. I thank the bounteous Giver For all His gifts this day;

May angels round me hover, And from all danger keep.
And pray that I may ever His care with love repay.

3. I pray Him to forgive me
   For ev'ry sin this day,
   And always strength to give me
   His statutes to obey.

4. I pray Him to awake me
   At early morning gleam;
   And, when I die, to take me
   To dwell in heav'n with Him.

IN THE FIELD.—Round for Two, Three, or Four Parts.

In the field the men are mowing; Come and see them—I am going.
LIVELY, WELCOME MAY. "The ice and snow are melted."

1. The ice and snow are melted, The winter months are past, Again the hills and valleys In living green are drest; The brooks and springs are flowing, From frozen bondage free; And little birds are singing On

[Music notation provided]
LIVELY, WELCOME MAY.  (Concluded.)

2. The earth from sleep is waking,
   From winter's cold embrace;
On every side is springing
   New life and loveliness.
Away with sad repining!
   Let us be cheerful too—
In nature's joy uniting,
   The Spring of life renew.
Welcome, &c.

3. Our hearts are filled with gladness,
   A thousand charms appear;
In all we read the goodness
   Of Him who placed us here.
Oh, let us then be cheerful,
   To greet the pleasing spring;
Nor ever more be tearful
   Of aught that time may bring.
Welcome, &c.
1. The silent spring, as silver clear, Pursues its sparkling way;
   With sunbeams gleaming here and there, Between the branches gay.
   While mirror'd in its gentle tide, Are flow'rets fresh and fair.

2. Then like the spring, oh, let my heart
   So pure and humble be,
   And ever act some useful part
   To all surrounding me.

OVER MOUNTAIN. Round for Two or More Parts.

Over mountain, Grove and fountain, Pleasant 'tis to spend the day,
Singing, talking by the way.
"THE SKY-LARK." Round for Two Parts.

High-er still and high-er, From the earth thou springest Like a cloud of fire; The

deep, deep blue thou wing-est, And sing-ing, sing-ing, still dost soar, And soaring ev-er

sing-est; And sing-ing, sing-ing, still dost soar, And soaring ev-er sing-est.

THE SPRING HAS COME. Round for Three Parts.

The spring has come, the birds I hear, They sing from bush to bush; The

blue-bird and robin, the black-bird and sparrow, the yellow-bird, linnet, and mu-si-cal thrush.

Hark! hark! The song of the birds I now hear; For
LOVING SOULS.—Round for Two Parts.

Loving hearts make loving friends, Selfishness all friendship ends.

MORNING-BELLS.—Round for Two Parts.

Morning-bells I love to hear, Ringing merrily loud and clear.

LET US ENDEAVOR.—Round for Two Parts.

Let us endeavor to show that whenever we join in a song we keep time together.

WHO'LL BUY MY POSIES.—Round for Four Parts.

Who'll buy my posies, Fresh lilies and roses, With cow-slips and primroses! Ladies, who'll buy!

WHO SOWS GOOD SEED.—Round for Two Parts.

Who sows good seed in fruitful loam, Shall bear with joy the harvest home.
PRAYER FOR OUR COUNTRY. "God bless our native land." 157

1. God bless our native land! Firm may she ever stand, Thro' storm and night; When the wild tempests rave, Ruler of wind and wave, Do thou our country save
By thy great might, ever nigh, Guarding with watchful eye, To thee aloud we cry, God save the State!

2. For her our pray'r shall rise To God, above the skies; On him we wait: Thou who art ever near, Flasking with watchful eye, To thee aloud we cry, God save the State!

MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE.

1. My country, 'tis of thee,
   Sweet land of liberty,
   Of thee I sing:
   Land where my fathers died,
   Land of the pilgrim's pride,
   From every mountain side
   Let freedom ring!

2. My native country, thee—
   Land of the noble free—
   Thy name I love:
   I love thy rocks and rills,
   Thy woods and templed hills;
   My heart with rapture thrills
   Like that above.

3. Let music swell the breeze,
   And ring from all the trees
   Sweet freedom's song!
   Let mortal tongues awake;
   Let all that breathe partake;
   Let rocks their silence break,—
   The sound prolong!

4. Our fathers' God, to thee,
   Author of liberty,
   To thee we sing:
   Long may our land be bright
   With freedom's holy light;
   Protect us by thy might,
   Great God, our King!

S. F. Smith.
Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever.

Amen.

(The pitch may be E.)

Our Father which art in heaven. Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever.

Amen.
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