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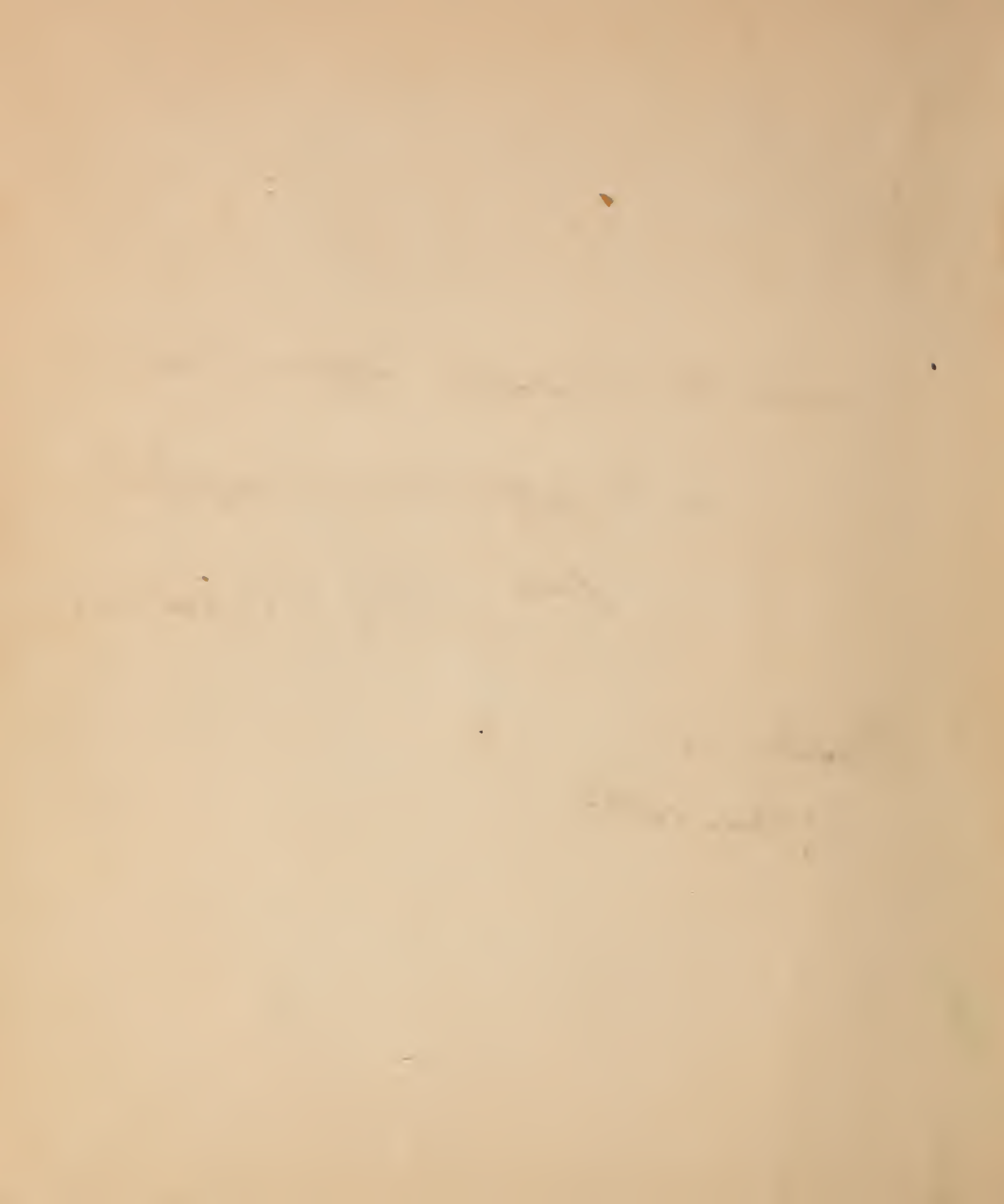
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30 Jan. 1862.



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INTRODUCTION.

It is not merely musical pleasure or musical training, but a great Educational purpose which this book holds in view. It would have been easy to put together a number of pretty pieces to delight the children; but that would not have satisfied the Editor's desire. He believes that music in schools and families may be made a mighty moral agent for developing and elevating the feelings and sentiments of children. The ordinary school-work may cultivate well the reasoning powers and the memory, but it seldom does anything for the imagination and the emotions. It is vitally important for us that our children should feel rightly as well as think correctly, that they should love truly as well as reason deeply.

The pleasant ring of the rhyme and the sweet charm of the music unite to fix firmly in the memory the words and sentiment of a school song. They do this, too, under circumstances, of relief from heavier task and enjoyment of pleasant companionship, which throw an association of happiness around those well-loved songs. (See the influence of poetry and music in education, "Grammar of Vocal Music," xii to xvi.)

Knowing this power of music and poetry to embalm a truth or to quicken a sentiment in the heart of a child, the Editor first selected the songs which would suit this purpose and then found the tunes which would best adorn them. He planned the following list of topics, suitable for the education of sentiment and feeling, and arranged the best songs under each topic—Religious hymns and songs (which should never practically be dissociated from the secular)—Songs of Hope and Confidence—of Temperance and Self-restraint—of Caution and Advice—of Sincerity, Industry, Economy, Diligence—of Moral Courage, Integrity, &c.—of Contentment, Humility, &c.—of Love to Mankind—of Sympathy with others—of Home, family, friends—of Kindness to Animals—of the Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter—of Flowers—of Birds—of Country Scenes—of Morning and Evening—of the Heavens.

Of the songs thus selected some were more suited to very young children, others to those who are growing out of childhood, and others again to full-grown youth. The Editor has endeavoured to accommodate the earlier ages in the earlier part of this book, though even at the beginning may be found songs and tunes which neither advanced youth nor old age will willingly let die.

He has also arranged the tunes in several distinct courses of musical instruction, for which the teacher will require the "Standard Course of Lessons" (Ward & Co., 1s. 6d.).

He now commends his book to parents and other educators, and hopes that it will make many young people happier and better.

J. C.

Plaistow, London, B, 14th Nov., 1860.

NOTE.—All the Harmonies are copyright, and a large number of the Poems. The great preliminary expense with which this work has been prepared makes it necessary to defend the copyright.

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NOTICE.

Mr. Curwen wishes to call special attention to the three courses of Exercises provided in the "Tonic Sol-fa Reporter," of the year 1861, Nos. 98—109. The first or Elementary Course, Nos. 98—101, is similar in arrangement to the well-known "Additional Exercises, No. I.," but contains a greater quantity and variety of material. No pupil should pass on to the Second or Intermediate Course until he has taken the Elementary Certificate. It would be better for him to go over the old ground again in connection with different exercises, such as "Additional Exercises, No. I.;" "Arranged Reporters, No. III." The Intermediate Course, Nos. 102—105, should be considered an essential introduction to the Advanced Course. Nothing more discourages the pupils than bringing them to difficult music before their knowledge and skill are sufficiently practised and ripened. Before the conclusion of the Intermediate Course, by the help of "Reporter," No. 9 (1d.), or "Sabbath Hymn and Tune Book, No. I." (1½d.), the pupils will know enough of the Established Notation, and will have had sufficient practice in the New Notation, to take the Intermediate Certificate. If any one is unable to do so he should by no means be allowed to go on to the Advanced Course, but should rather go through another course of Intermediate Exercises, such as "Arranged Reporters, No. VII." The third or Advanced Course aims to introduce the pupil to the Classic style of music, and to prepare him for the great works of Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Mendelssohn, &c. It therefore develops the subject of transition or Modulation with special care, and teaches the pupil "how to observe" in harmony.* It will enable the faithful learner to take the Advanced Certificate. After the year 1861, Mr. Curwen recommends that no one should be permitted to sing classic music at the Crystal Palace without an Intermediate Certificate.

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ARRANGED REPORTERS, in Covers (on the back of which are marked the Order in which the Tunes should be studied).

No. I.—Elementary Course for Children, containing "Standard Course Exercises, No. 1," and Reporters, 16, 20, 23, 25, 33, and 40. Price 6d.

No. II.—Elementary Course for Male Voices, or Intermediate Course for Ladies' or Children's Voices, containing "Standard Course Exercises, Nos. 1 and 2," and Reporters, 26, 39, 47, 61, and 76. Price 6d.

No. III.—Elementary Course for Mixed Voices, containing "Standard Course Exercises, No. 1," and Reporters, 5, 6, 10, 17, and 22. Price 6d.

No. VII.—Third Intermediate Course for Mixed Voices, containing "Standard Course Exercises, No. 2," Gersbach's "Bird of Passage, No. 1," and Reporters, 49, 60, 66, 70, and 71. Price 6d.

REPORTER-SIZED SOL-FA MUSIC PAPER, in sections of six sheets each, at 2d.

QUARTO-SIZED SOL-FA MUSIC PAPER, in sections of six sheets, at 4d.

THE SABBATH HYMN AND TUNE BOOK,

A BOOK FOR THE CONGREGATION AND THE SABBATH SCHOOL,

Presents at every opening a Tune (the Harmonies revised, or entirely re-cast, by JAMES TURLE, Esq., of Westminster Abbey), and six or seven Hymns carefully adapted to that Tune, and marked for expression. (Edited by JOHN CURWEN.) The singing of "the same hymn to the same tune" will itself be a revolution in Psalmody. The Hymns have been anxiously selected with the hope of suiting all the varieties of Christian experience, doctrine, and emotion. This will appear on the inspection of a novel Index of Subjects, or "Guide to the Choice of a Hymn." There are 77 Tunes, and 467 Hymns.

No. 1, published separately, price 1½d., containing Lessons in Psalmody on the Tonic Sol-fa Method, by JOHN CURWEN, with an entirely new course of Exercises, in the Established as well as in the Tonic Sol-fa Notation. This No. can be used as a Lesson Book independently, where the other parts of the "Sabbath Hymn and Tune Book" are not wanted.

The various editions of the "Sabbath Hymn and Tune Book" are as follows:—

A. THE SABBATH HYMN AND TUNE BOOK, the tunes in the *Established* Notation, price, in cloth, 1s. 6d.

B. THE SABBATH HYMN AND TUNE BOOK, the tunes in the *Tonic Sol-fa* Notation, price, in cloth, 1s. 6d.

C. Established Notation edition (A) with "Congregational Anthems" and "Bible Chants." In cloth, turned edges, 2s.

D. Tonic Sol-fa edition (B) with "Congregational Anthems" and "Bible Chants." In cloth, turned edges, 1s. 10d.

E. Established Notation edition (A), with "Chants and Responses" (both Notations) and "Congregational Anthems," price 2s.

F. Tonic Sol-fa edition (B), with Chants, Anthems, and a Choral Service, 2s.

G. SABBATH HYMN BOOK, price, in cloth, 1s.

H. Ditto, with words of "Bible Chants" and the Canticles, price, in cloth, 1s. 4d.; in sheep, 1s. 8d.; in Morocco, 2s. 6d.

I. THE CHILDREN'S SABBATH HYMN BOOK, small type, with the addition of "Child's Own Hymn Book," Scripture References, Bible Chants, and Canticles, 622 pieces, price 8d. in cloth, turned edges, and 6d. in paper.

K. SABBATH TUNE BOOK, with Pianoforte accompaniment, and the Tenor on the Common Clef, with additional Tunes for the "Child's Own Hymn Book," price 1s.

L. CONGREGATIONAL ANTHEMS, *Established* Notation, with Pianoforte accompaniment, in two parts. Part A (nine Anthems), price 2d. Part B (three Anthems), price 1d.

M. CONGREGATIONAL ANTHEMS (L) in *Tonic Sol-fa* Notation, both parts in one number, price 1½d.

N. BIBLE CHANTS, the music in both Notations, price 1½d.

O. BIBLE CHANTS (N), without music, and of Hymn Book size. In paper covers, price 3d.

P. THE CHORAL SERVICE of Westminster and Armagh, edited by James Turle, Esq., Organist of Westminster Abbey. Translated into the *Tonic Sol-fa* Notation by permission. Price 1d.

Q. CHANTS, RESPONSES, &c., 2d.

R. CONGREGATIONAL ANTHEMS AND BIBLE CHANTS in one. *Established* Notation, cloth, 8d.

S. Ditto, Tonic Sol-fa Notation, cloth, 8d.

T. SABBATH TUNE BOOK (K), in the *Tonic Sol-fa* Notation, with Responses, Sanctus, and Gloria, 127 pieces, price, in paper covers, 4d.; in cloth, 6d.

U. The complete book, in the *Established* Notation, including Hymns, Bible Chants, Anthems, Responses, and Canticles. In cloth, price 2s. 4d.

V. Ditto in the *Tonic Sol-fa* Notation, with the addition of a Choral Service. In cloth, price 2s. 4d.

"Congregational Anthems" contains the following 12 pieces, of which, in the *Established* Notation, the first nine are in part A, and the remainder in B:—

"Pray for the peace of Jerusalem."—Dr. L. Mason.

"Holiness becometh thine house."—From J. Chapple.

"Sing, O heavens."—From James Kent.

"Now unto him that is able."—From "Hallelujah."

Benediction.—From the "Hallelujah."

"The Lord is merciful."—From S. Stanley.

"I was glad when they said."—From Dr. Callcott.

"I will arise."—R. Cecil.

Sanctus.—Dr. Camidge.

"Come unto me."—Rev. James Moreton and G. Hogarth, Esq.

"Thine, O Lord."—James Kent.

"Lord, bless us still."—R. A. Smith.

"Bible Chants" contains 41 pieces.

"Chants, Responses, &c.," contains 3 Sanctuses, 5 Responses, 4 Glorias, 37 Chants, and the Canticles marked for chanting.

NOTE. The Hymn Book is often used with other tune books,—and the Tune Book with other hymn books.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICE.

THE PEOPLE'S SERVICE OF SONG,

A Tune Book for the Pew and the Home Circle (edited by J. CURWEN), has been published 10 years, and has already obtained a large and established hold on the public favour. The Publisher now finds himself able to reduce the price of the various editions. The Pianoforte and Full Score edition, containing 212 Psalm Tunes, Chants, and Congregational Anthems, with four verses of a Hymn, in large type, and marked for expression, accompanying each Tune, is reduced in price from 7s. 6d. to 5s. It is extensively used in families for Sabbath evening worship. The Organ and Short Score edition is reduced from 3s. to 2s. The Tonic Sol-fa edition from 1s. 6d. to 1s. The Tenor Part (in the G clef) is reduced from 9d. to 6d. The Men's Part is, as before, 1s.; the Women's Part is the same; and the Sol-fa Women's Part remains at 6d. The Harmonies, by GEO. HOGARTH, Esq., are pure, simple, and easy of execution.

"The best book of Psalmody, in our opinion, extant."—*Daily News*.

GRADUATED CERTIFICATES

OF PROFICIENCY ON THE TONIC SOL-FA METHOD.

The object of these certificates is to stimulate that self-teaching and practice apart from the class, by which alone true success can be obtained (see *Grammar*, pp. 16 and 17). The value of the card as a certificate will depend upon the known character of the examiner for unflinching strictness and integrity. It is recommended that each examiner should number and register the certificates that he issues.

Even where the cards themselves are found to be too expensive, the *Examination* should be rigorously maintained, and every teacher should keep a "Book of Honour," in which the names of all pupils who pass the examination shall be entered. No words can tell how great the advantage to our movement of the *general* and *hearty* use of these certificates. It will secure *good teaching* and *diligent learning*. No one can "work his class up" to them without teaching well, and no pupil can prepare for them without self-discipline and attention to his teacher. Perhaps, however, their greatest usefulness will be this, that they will drive *false teachers* out of the field. No teacher is *approved* who does not make full use of these certificates, in all his classes. *By this shall the true disciples of the Tonic Sol-fa method be known.*

Teachers on the Tonic Sol-fa Method are urged on no account to admit pupils to a second or intermediate course of lessons until they have taken an Elementary Certificate, or to an advanced course until they have taken an Intermediate Certificate. Mr. Curwen is also anxious to have it understood that, except for the simplest Psalmody, twelve elementary lessons are quite insufficient to form a satisfactory course, and should never be dignified by that name. Twelve lessons may be called a half-course. Great injury is done to our cause by those who pretend to do more than can be honestly done.

It will be perceived that the Elementary Certificate implies a stage of real attainment in musical memory, time, tune, and sight-singing. It need not tax heavily the time of the teacher, for it can be taken in five minutes by a ready pupil, and no one should give a teacher the trouble of examining him until he has passed the examination alone, or before other judges, many times over.

CERTIFICATE SLIPS,

Containing the requirements of the Elementary and Intermediate Certificates, may be obtained by teachers from Mr. William Thodey, Richmond House, Plaistow, London, E., at the cost of postage,—25 for one penny. Any Teacher who has an Old or an Intermediate Certificate may examine for the *Elementary Certificate*,—but only the appointed Examiners for the Intermediate. The card of the Elementary Certificate can be obtained on application (enclosing stamps or post-office order for the amount) to Mr. Wm. Thodey, Richmond House, Plaistow, London, E., price 6d. the half-dozen. The card of the Intermediate Certificate (in green and gold), price 1s. 3d. per half dozen, or 6d. for two. The Old Certificate may still be obtained of Mr. Grant, 50 A, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W. C. Each teacher is expected to keep a "Book of Honour," in which the names and addresses of those who take the Elementary and Intermediate Certificates are to be entered. The Advanced Certificate must remain open, for consultation and advice.—JOHN CURWEN.

"Appointed Examiners" are those who, having taken the Intermediate Certificate or the Old Certificate in the Old Notation, have had their names announced in the *Reporter*, without any reasonable objection being raised against their character for fairness, thoroughness, and truthfulness, during one month. Friends of the cause are earnestly entreated to object whenever they see true ground for doing so.

LECTURE SLIPS, A, B, & C,

—pages *Reporter* size, containing Rounds and other Pieces to be sung by the audience at Introductory Lectures, can be obtained of Mr. W. Thodey, Richmond House, Plaistow, London, E., post free, 25 for 2 penny stamps.

SPRING BINDERS,

or Port-folios for Tonic Sol-fa Publications, price 1s. "This ingenious invention of Mr. Brampton's, of which, for this size, we are the sole agents, will be as permanent in its usefulness as it is easy to use." The steel springs are so fixed in the back of the folio that by simply bending back the covers, they are opened to receive the papers, which they will then hold just the same as if bound. With this folio the papers never get torn, nor is there that looseness among them common to others. "We congratulate ourselves upon being able to offer so great a convenience at so cheap a rate."—*Reporter*.

WHAT COURSE TO USE.

Every "Course" should be connected with the "Standard Course."

For Psalmody classes, you have the choice of "People's Service" (6d. and 1s.), "Congregational Church Music" (1s. and 2s.), Mr. Young's "Selections from the Union Tune Book" (2s.), the "Scottish Psalmody" and "Hymn Music" (published by Messrs. Nelson and Co.), and "Sol-fa Church Melodies" (Parlane, Paisley). These should be used in connection with "Standard Course" (1s. 6d.), at least "Standard Course Exercises, No. 1" (1d.), being in the hands of all the pupils. "Standard Course Exercises, No. 2," will form a sufficient, and we hope a delightful, introduction to the use of Psalmody in the *Established Notation*. Let us also mention that a Psalmody class strengthens and cultivates the voice, perhaps, more than any other. Mr. Curwen's last effort in behalf of Psalmody is in the "Sabbath Hymn and Tune Book." Ed. C, with "Cong. Anthems" and "Bible Chants," in Est. Not., in cloth, 2s. Ed. D, ditto in T. S. Not., 1s. 10d. Also in 11 Nos., price 1½d. each. No. 1 contains a complete preparatory course for Psalmody, which may be used separately from the book, and in connection with any other book of Psalmody. Nos. 1, 2, and 3 contain a complete course of Psalmody. (For a fuller advertisement, see p. xiii.)

For Schools you have "Songs and Tunes for Education," containing 267 pieces (complete, 1s.; or twelve numbers, 1d. each), and the old "School Course" (4d.), connected with the "Pupil's Manual" (1s.) and "School Songs" (3d. and 6d.). The cheapest course will be "Standard Course Exercises, No. 1," and Mr. Hickson's "Moral Songs," Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4 (1d. each), the teacher using the complete edition of the "Moral Songs" (8d.). "Arranged Reporters, No. 1" (6d.), (the teacher using "Standard Course"), will probably be found the most popular. The "Child's Own Hymn and Tune Book" (6d.) has been carefully adapted for actual use in Sunday Schools, as well as for the week-day singing class connected with them.

Ladies' Schools should use "School Course" (4d.), or "Pupil's Manual" (1s.), with "School Songs" (3d. and 6d.), as above. "School Music" (1s.) will supply a pianoforte accompaniment when desired; or, they may use "Standard Course" (1s. 6d.) with its Rounds and Two-part Exercises. Standard Course Exercises, Nos. 1, 2, and 3 (1d. each), will suffice for the pupils when "Standard Course" is too expensive. Or a less thorough course, though sometimes a sufficient one, will be found in Reporters 5 to 9 (1d. each). With the two latter courses there should be intermixed any of the Reporters for young people, Nos. 16, 18, 20, 23, 25, 28, 38, 40, 44, 52, 57, 58, and 73 (1d. each). To these may be added beautiful duets and trios from Reporters 21, 36, 64, and 79. "Songs and Tunes for Education" (see third page of this sheet) will also be adapted for such schools.

Young people's classes should prefer to go steadily and unflinchingly through the "Standard Course" (1s. 6d., the Stand. Course Exercises, 3 Nos. 1d. each, and first sheet Stand. Course, separately 4d.) and "Additional Exercises" No. 1. (4d.). When that Course has been very much used in one place, so that the tunes are too generally known to be really taught, the teacher may take the Course which is contained in vol. i. Reporter; or "Arranged Reporters," No. 3 (Elementary Course), and No. 7 (Intermediate), and other "Arranged Reporters" will be provided for him. "Arranged Reporters," No. 2, are specially adapted for Men's Voices. The mischief done to our cause by irregular and unsystematic teaching is *incalculable*. Our recent arrangements leave the lawless teacher without excuse. The *certificates*, honestly dealt with, must secure good teaching. We earnestly hope that the public will no longer patronize teachers who, instead of making them work, pick out pretty things to please them. The thorough teacher is liked longest, the man-pleaser soon ruins both himself and his cause.

CHEAP "INTRODUCTORY EXERCISES," 36 pieces, price ½d.

THE MODULATOR, OR POINTING BOARD, FOR TEACHING TUNES, printed on cloth, without rollers, 2s. Frames for the top, if desired, can be obtained at 1s. each.

THE MEDIUM-SIZED MODULATOR, containing several additional Columns, both to the right and to the left, price 4d.

THE HOME MODULATOR, price 1d.

THE CARD MODULATOR, price 1d.

INTRODUCTION.

It is not merely musical pleasure or musical training, but a great Educational purpose, which this book holds in view. It would have been easy to put together a number of pretty pieces to delight the children; but that would not have satisfied the Editor's desire. He believes that music in schools and families may be made a mighty moral agent for developing and elevating the feelings and sentiments of children. The ordinary school-work may cultivate well the reasoning powers and the memory, but it seldom does anything for the imagination and the emotions. It is vitally important for us that our children should feel rightly as well as think correctly, that they should love truly as well as reason deeply.

The pleasant ring of the rhyme and the sweet charm of the music unite to fix firmly in the memory the words and sentiment of a school song. They do this, too, under circumstances, of relief from heavier task and enjoyment of pleasant companionship, which throw an association of happiness around those well-loved songs. (See the influence of poetry and music in education, "Grammar of Vocal Music," xii. to xvi.)

Knowing this power of music and poetry to embalm a truth or to quicken a sentiment in the heart of a child, the Editor first selected the songs which would suit this purpose and then found the tunes which would best adorn them. He planned the following list of topics, suitable for the education of

sentiment and feeling, and arranged the best songs under each topic—"Religious hymns and songs" (which should never practically be dissociated from the secular)—Songs of Hope and Confidence—of Temperance and Self-restraint—of Caution and Advice—of Sincerity, Industry, Economy, Diligence—of Moral Courage, Integrity, &c.—of Contentment, Humility, &c.—of Love to Mankind—of Sympathy to others—of Home, family, friends—of Kindness to Animals—of the Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter—of Flowers—of Birds—of Country Scenes—of Morning and Evening—of the Heavens.

Of the songs thus selected some were more suited to very young children, others to those who are growing out of childhood, and others again to full-grown youth. The Editor has endeavoured to accommodate the earlier ages in the earlier part of this book, though even at the beginning may be found songs and tunes which neither advanced youth nor old age will willingly let die.

He has also arranged the tunes in several distinct courses of musical instruction, for which the teacher will require the "Standard Course of Lessons" (Ward & Co., 1s. 6d.).

He now commends his book to parents and other educators, and hopes that it will make many young people happier and better.

J. C.

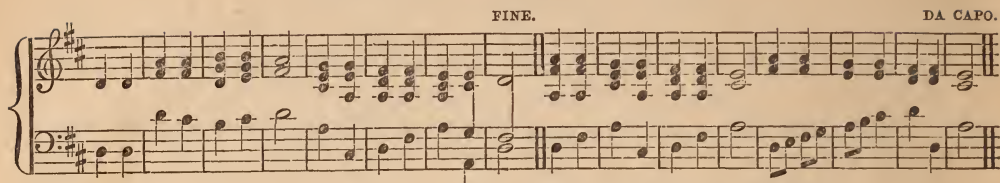
Plaistow, London, E.

14th Nov., 1861.

NOTE.—All the Harmonies are copyright, and a large number of the Poems; and the great preliminary expense with which this work has been prepared makes it necessary to defend the copyright.

SONGS AND TUNES FOR EDUCATION.

“TWINKLE, TWINKLE.” (*French.*)



1.

- 1 Twinkle, twinkle, †little star,
How I wonder †what you are,
Up above †the world so high,
Like a diamond †in the sky. Twinkle, &c.
- 2 When the blazing †sun is gone,
When he †nothing shines upon,
Then you show †your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle †all the night. Twinkle, &c.
- 3 Then the trav'ler †in the dark
Thanks you for †your tiny spark;
Could he see †which way to go
If you did not †twinkle so? Twinkle, &c.
- 4 In the dark blue †sky you keep,
While you †through my curtains peep,
And you never †shut your eye
Till the sun †is in the sky. Twinkle, &c.

Nursery Rhyme.

2.

- 1 Hark! †my mother's voice †I hear,
Sweet that voice is †to my ear;

Ever †soft it seems to tell,
Dearest child, †I love thee well.

Hark! my, &c.

- 2 Love me, mother? †yes, I know
None can love †as well as thou;
Was it not †upon thy breast
I was taught †in sleep to rest? Hark! my, &c.
- 3 Didst not †thou in hours of pain
Lull this head †to ease again;
With †the music of thy voice
Bid my little heart †rejoice? Hark! my, &c.
- 4 Ever gentle, †meek, and mild,
Didst thou nurse †thy froward child,
Taught these little feet †the road,
Leading on †to heaven and God?

Hark! my, &c.

- 5 What return then †can I make?
This fond heart, †dear mother, take;
Thine it is †in word and thought,
Thine †by constant kindness bought.

Hark! my, &c.

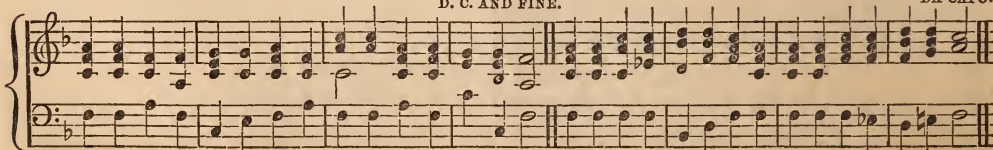
Prim. Sch. S. Bk.

NOTE. The dagger [†] indicates convenient breathing places.

“LITTLE CHILDREN.” (*Rousseau.*)

D. C. AND FINE.

DA CAPO.



3.

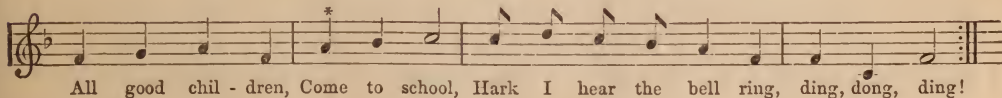
- 1 "Little children, †love each other,"
 'T is the Saviour's †blessed rule;
 Ev'ry little one †is brother
 To his play-fellows †at school.
 We're †all children of one Father,
 That Great God †who reigns above;
 Shall we quarrel? †No; much rather
 Would we dwell †like him in love.
- 2 He has placed us here †together,
 That we may †be good and kind;
 He is ever watching †whether
 We are one †in heart and mind.
 Who is stronger †than the other?
 Let him be †the weak one's friend:
 Who's more playthings †than his brother?
 He should †like to give or lend.
- 3 All they have †they share with others,
 With kind looks †and gentle words,
 Thus they live †like happy brothers,
 And are known †to be the Lord's.

"Little children, †love each other,"
 'T is the Saviour's †blessed rule;
 Ev'ry little one †is brother
 To his play-fellows †at school.
Home and Col. S. Songs. By per.

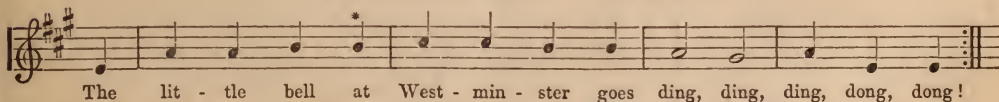
4.

- 1 Why should I †deprive my neighbour
 Of his goods †against his will?
 Hands were made †for honest labour,
 Not to plunder †or to steal.
 'T is a foolish †self-deceiving,
 By such tricks †to hope for gain;
 All that's ever got †by thieving
 Turns to sorrow, †shame, and pain.
- 2 Theft will not be †always hidden,
 Though we fancy †none can spy;
 When we take †a thing forbidden
 God beholds it †with his eye.
 Guard my heart, †O God of heaven!
 Lest I covet †what's not mine,
 Lest I steal †what is not given,
 Guard my heart and hands †from sin.
Watts.

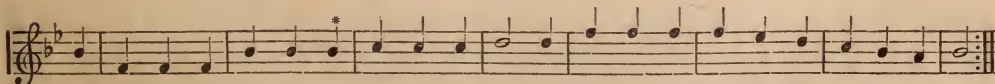
5. "ALL GOOD CHILDREN." For four voices.



6. "THE LITTLE BELL." For four voices.



7. "NOW STEADILY." For four voices.

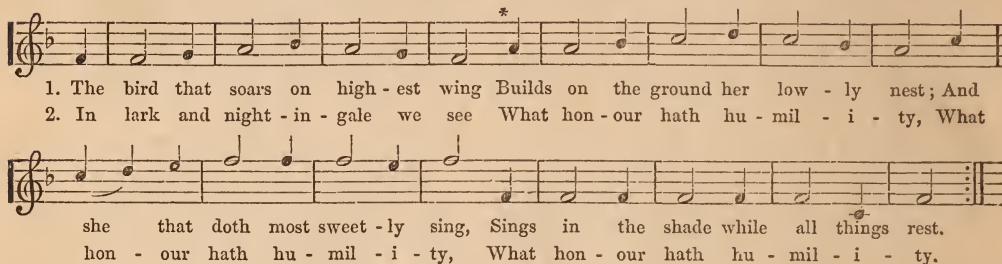


1. Now stead - i - ly, stead - i - ly, let us all walk, And mer - ri - ly sing, or else so - ber - ly talk.
 2. Hold up your heads high and then point out the toe, And step all to - ge - ther wher - ev - er we go.

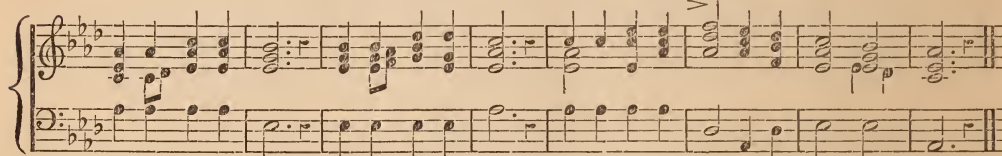
8. "OH BE JUST." For two or four voices.



9. "THE BIRD THAT SOARS." For four voices.



"BRIGHTLY GLOWS." (German.)



10.

- 1 Brightly glows the day,
Night has fled away,
Ev'ry joyful †sound
Echoes all †around.
- 2 Sweet is morn to me,
Thanks, O God, to Thee!
Thou a guard †hast kept
O'er me †while I slept.

- 3 Hear me while I raise
This my song of praise;
May my heart †each day
To Thee ever pray.

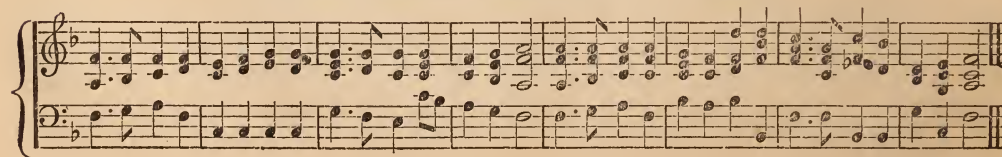
11.

- 1 Work while yet †'tis day
Time flies quick away;
Save the present hour
Ere 'tis past your power.

- 2 Hear ye now the call,
Time proclaims to all,
Work while yet †'tis day,
Soon the time's away.
- 3 Like a passing dream,
Like a rapid stream,
Pass our years away;
Save, oh save to-day!

Prim. Sch. Song Bk.

"JESUS, TENDER SHEPHERD." (Italian.)



12.

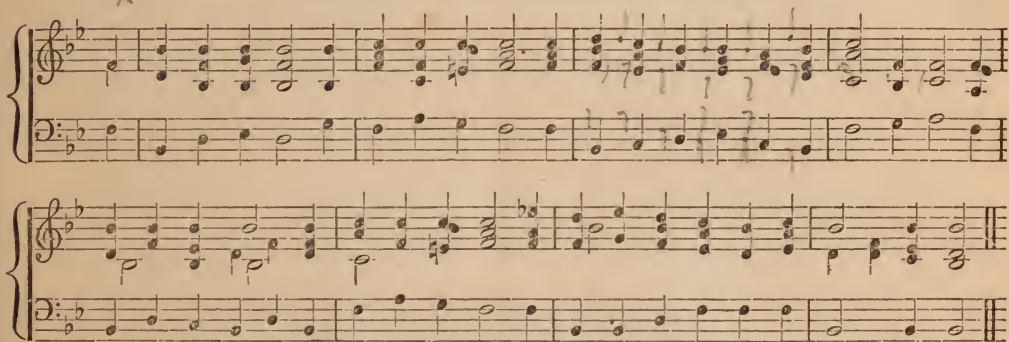
- 1 Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless Thy little lamb †to-night;
Through the darkness †be Thou near me,
Keep me safe †till morning light.
- 2 Through this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;

Thou hast warm'd me—cloth'd and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer.

- 3 *Let my sins be all forgiven,*
Bless the friends I love so well;
TAKE ME, WHEN I DIE, TO HEAVEN,
HAPPY, THERE WITH THEE TO DWELL.

Mary L. Duncan.

“ THE NORTH WIND DOTH BLOW.”



13.

- 1 The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will the robin do then, †poor thing?
He'll sit in a barn
And keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing, †poor thing!
- 2 The north wind, &c.
And what will the swallow do then, †poor thing?
Oh! do you not know?
He is gone long ago,
To a country much warmer than ours,
†poor thing.
- 3 The north wind, &c.
And what will the honey-bee do, †poor thing?

In his hive he will stay
Till the cold's pass'd away,
And then he'll come out in the spring,
†poor thing!

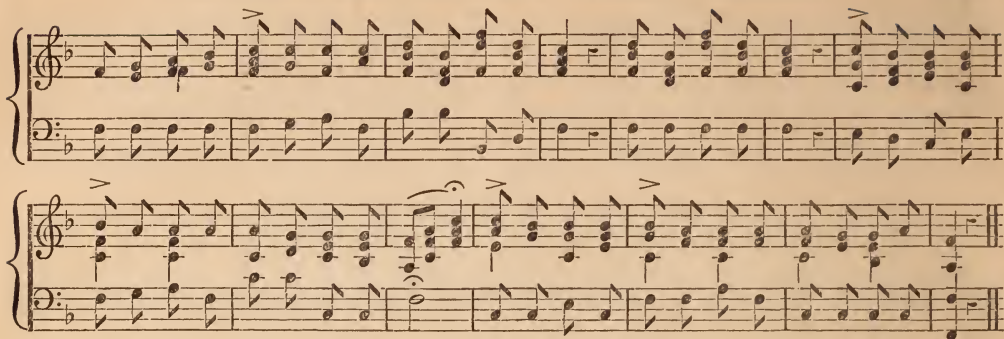
- 4 The north wind, &c.
And what will the dormouse do then, †poor thing?
Roll'd up like a ball,
In his nest snug and small,
He'll sleep till warm weather comes back,
†poor thing!

- 5 The north wind, &c.
And what will the children do then, †poor things?
When lessons are done,
They'll jump, skip, and run,
And play till they make themselves warm,
†poor things!

Callcott. By per.

"WHERE'S THE OLD GRAY GOOSE?" (*German.*)

M. 80.



14.

1 Where's the old gray goose, I wonder?

||: SHE IS STOL'N AWAY; :||

||: Master Fox, have you the plunder?

Bring it back, I pray.:||

2 Some fine day, *you sly old sinner,*

||: When the huntsmen meet,:||

||: You will find yourself at dinner
Where you cannot eat.:||

3 Quit then, Fox, your thieving habit,

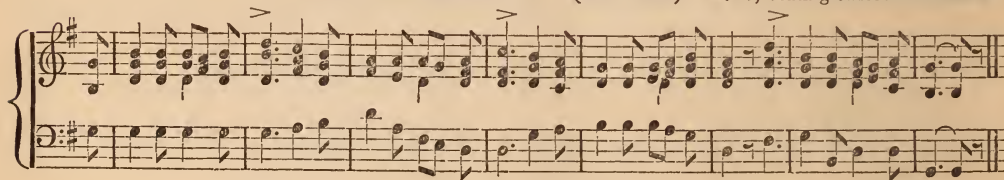
||: It will never do; :||

||: KEEP TO RAT, AND MOUSE, AND RABBIT,
GOOSE IS NOT FOR YOU.:||

Holmann's Course.

"A LITTLE BOY." (*German.*)

M. 60, beating twice in a measure.



15.

1 A little boy † was playing,

While o'er the meadows straying,

||: And running quickly too.:||

2 He came unto a river,

Where water runneth ever,

||: So deep, and clear, and blue.:||

3 Then off again † he started,

And o'er the meadows darted;

||: HIS FACE GREW WARM AND RED.:||

4 Much water he'd been drinking,

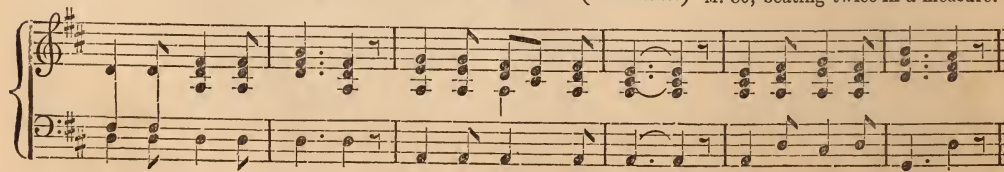
In fever now he's sinking;

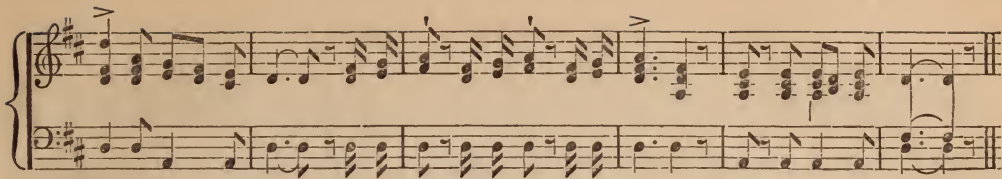
||: He soon is pale and dead.:||

Holmann's Course.

"CHIRPING LITTLE CRICKET." (*German.*)

M. 80, beating twice in a measure.





16.

1 Chirping little cricket,
Chirp and do not cease;
Singing in the thicket,
CHIRP AWAY IN PEACE. *La la la, &c.*

2 Cricket, thou art peeping
Through the rustling trees;
While the world is sleeping,
CHIRP AWAY, &c.

3 Wakeful as the starlight,
Chirp and do not cease:
Morning, noon, and midnight,
CHIRP AWAY, &c.

4 While the days are lovely,
Chirp and do not cease;
Let us ever hear thee,
CHIRP AWAY, &c.

Pr. S. S. B.

17.

1 *In the grassy places,
Where the flowers are seen,
There the lambkin grazes
On the tender green.*

2 On the sunny pasture
Merrily she springs;
FEELS, LIKE US, THE PLEASURE
SUNSHINE EVER BRINGS.

3 Where the birds are blinking,
To the brook she goes;
*When she's done her drinking,
Then she seeks repose.*

4 *Softly there she rests her
By the running stream;*
We will not molest her,
Sweetly let her dream.

5 Like the lambkin lovely,
From all evil free;
KIND, AND GOOD, AND LOWLY,
I WILL EVER BE.

Pr. S. S. B.

18.

1 Over field and meadow,
Where the daisies grow,
Up and down I wander
SINGING AS I GO.

2 *They who see me roving
Think me all alone,*
But the birds are with me,
Hark! their joyful tone.

3 How can I be lonely
*Where the lambkins play,
Where the brooks are dancing,
Singing all the way?*

4 How can I be lonely
On the sunny banks,
While the murmuring waters
RAISE A SONG OF THANKS?

Pr. S. S. B.

19.

1 *Morning light is coming!*
Stars now fade away;
Over highest hill-tops
BRIGHTLY GLIMMERS DAY.

2 Nature's feathery songsters
Loud their notes resound;
Lovely flowers are spreading
Odours all around.

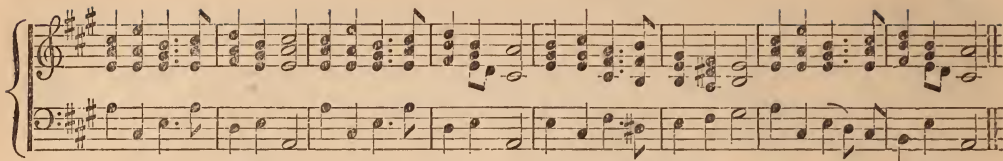
3 *See the silvery dew-drops
Gleaming on the grass;*
Bees begin their labour,
Humming as they pass.

4 *Morning light! I hail thee,*
After peaceful rest;
LET THE SONG OF GLADNESS
SWELL MY GRATEFUL BREAST.

Pr. S. S. B.

"GENTLE JESUS." (*Pleyel.*)

M. 60.



20.

- 1 Gentle Jesus, †meek and mild,
Look upon †a little child,
Pity my †simplicity;
Suffer me †to come to Thee.
- 2 Fain I would †to Thee be brought:
Gracious God, †forbid it not:
In the kingdom †of thy grace
Give †a little child †a place.
- 3 Oh, supply †my every want!
Feed the young †and tender plant;

DAY AND NIGHT †MY KEEPER BE;
EVERY MOMENT †WATCH ROUND ME. *Anon.*

21.

- 1 'Tis religion †that can give
Sweetest pleasures †while we live;
'Tis religion †must supply
Solid comfort †when we die.
- 2 After death †its joys will be
Lasting †as eternity.
Be †THE LIVING GOD †MY FRIEND,
THEN MY BLISS †SHALL NEVER END. *Anon.*

22. "GET UP, LITTLE SISTER." For two voices.



Get up, lit - tle †sis - ter, †The morn - ing is bright,
And-th' birds are †all sing - ing †To wel - come the light.

"FAR, FAR O'ER HILL AND DALE." (*Spanish.*)

M. 66.



23.

- 1 *Far, far †o'er hill and dale,*
Green woods †are changing,
Autumn †her many hues,
Slowly arranging;
And †o'er the smiling land,
Fruits, †as the countless sand,
GOD POURS, †FROM OPEN HAND,
WITH LOVE †UNCHANGING.

- 2 See †to the harvest field
Glean—ers †have hasted,
Gath'ring †the scatter'd ears,
None—†should be wasted;
Freely, †we all receive,
FREELY THEN †WE SHOULD GIVE;
On Him †"in whom we live"
All our care—†casting.

3 Spring came, †and passed away,
 Sum—mer †is ending;
 Autumn will soon decay,
 With —Winter blending!
 While time †is given us here,
 Oh! may we †prize it dear!
 In love †and godly fear
 Each — moment †spending!

4 *Life †has its seasons, too,*
Blooming †and fading—
 We're in its spring-time now,
 Flow'ry paths — treading.
 Teachers †the good seed sow—
 Autumn †will our fruit show—
 Oh! pray †that it may grow,
 UNTO HEAVEN LEADING.

Home and Col. By per.

24.

1 Come, children, †join to sing,
 Hallelujah! Amen!
 Loud praise †to Christ our King,
 Hallelujah! Amen!
 LET ALL †WITH HEART AND VOICE
 BEFORE HIS THRONE †REJOICE;
 Praise is †his gracious choice,
 Hallelujah! Amen!
 2 Come, †lift your hearts on high, Hal.
 Let praises †fill the sky, Hal.
He is †our guide and friend;
To us †he'll condescend;
 His love †shall never end. Hal.
 3 Praise yet the Lord †again, Hal.
 Life shall not end †the strain, Hal.
 ON HEAVEN'S †BLISSFUL SHORE
 HIS GOODNESS †WE'LL ADORE;
 SINGING †FOR EVERMORE, Hal.
Baleman.

25. "SING DOH."

M. 120.

Sing what? Oh yes, and then DOH. Now we sing DOH, But you are too late.

GIRLS.

BOYS.

Sing, this. Soh, DOH. What? yes, But we are too late.

"HOT CROSS BUNS."

M. 96.

26.

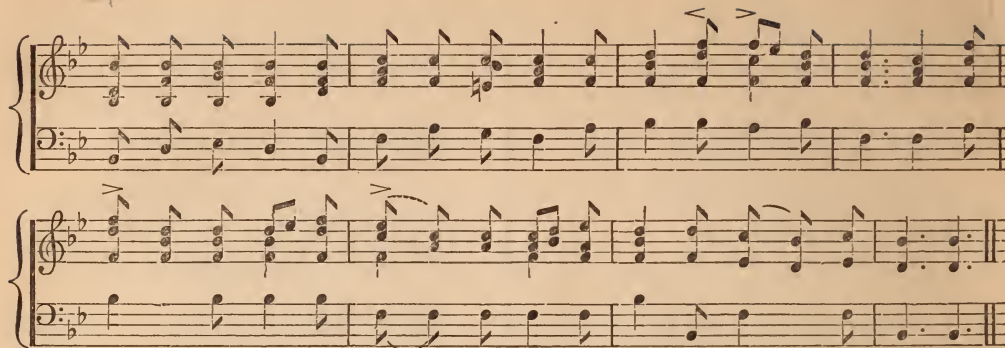
1 Hot cross buns, One a penny bun;
 One a penny, two a penny, Hot cross buns.
 2 Fresh, sweet buns, Come and buy my buns,
 One a penny, two a penny, Fresh, sweet buns.
 3 Nice, light buns, Buy my currant buns;
 Come and try them, then you'll buy them,
 Nice, light buns.

4 HOT CROSS BUNS, ONE A PENNY BUNS;
 ONE A PENNY, TWO A PENNY,
 HOT CROSS BUNS. *Prim. S. Song B.*

27.

1 Come, come, come, Come away to school;
 Leave your play, and come away,
 And come to school. *W. E. Hickson.*

"SCHOOL IS BEGUN."



28.

- 1 School is begun, †so come every one,
And come †with smiling faces,
FOR HAPPY ARE THEY †WHO LEARN WHEN
THEY MAY,
SO COME AND TAKE YOUR PLACES.
- 2 Here, you will find, †your teachers are kind,
And with their help †succeeding,
The older you grow, †the more will you
know,
And soon you'll love †your reading.
- 3 Little boys, †when you grow to be men,
And fill †some useful station;
If you should be once found out as a dunce,
Oh, think of your vexation.
- 4 Little girls, too, †a lesson for you,
To learn †is now your duty,

Or no one will deem you †worthy esteem,
Whate'er your youth †or beauty.

[Repeat first verse.]

W. E. Hickson, Esq. By per.

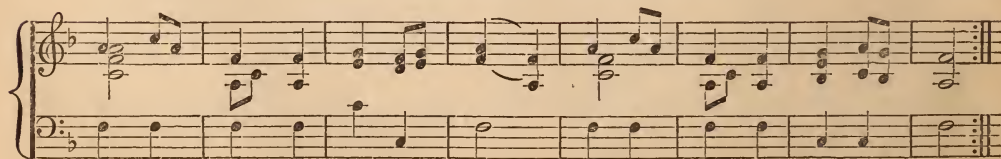
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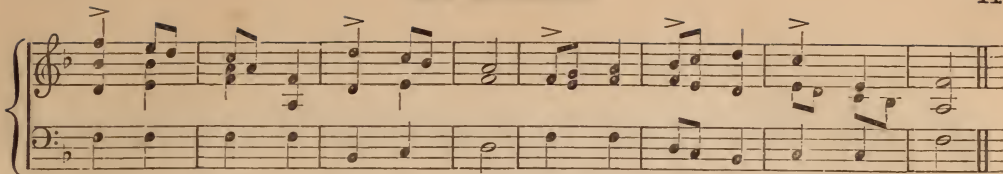
- 1 Little Bopeep †has lost her sheep,
And can't tell †where to find them;
Leave them alone, †and they'll come home,
And bring their tails †behind them.
- 2 Little Bopeep †fell fast asleep,
And dreamt †she heard them bleating;
But when she awoke †she found it a joke,
For still they were all fleeting.
- 3 Then up she took †her little crook,
And forth she went †to find them;
She found them indeed, †but it made her
heart bleed,
For they'd left †their tails behind them!

Nursery Rhyme.

"COME, MY LOVE." (Old English.)

M. 80.





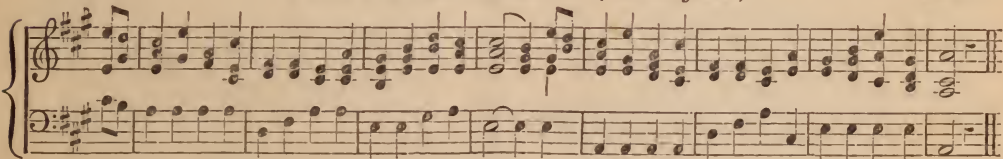
30.

- 1 Come, my love, †and do not spurn
From a little flower †to learn.—
See the lily †on the bed,
Hanging down †its modest head;
While it scarcely †can be seen,
Folded †in its leaf of green.
- 2 Yet we love †the lily well
For its sweet †and pleasant smell,
And would rather †call it ours,
Than a many †gay flowers.
Pretty lilies seem to be
Emblems †of humility.

- 3 Come, my love, †and do not spurn
From a little flower †to learn.—
Let your temper †be as sweet
As the lily †at your feet :
Be as gentle, †be as mild ;
Be a modest, †simple child.
- 4 'Tis not beauty †that we prize
Like †a summer flower †it dies.
But humility †will last,
Fair and sweet, †when beauty's past :
And the Saviour †from above
Views †a humble child †with love.

Jane Taylor. *By per.*

M. 108.

"I'LL NEVER HURT." (*Old English.*)

31.

- 1 I'll never hurt †my little dog,
But stroke †and pat his head ;
I like †to see him wag his tail,
I like †to see him fed.
- 2 Poor little thing, †how very good,
And very useful, too ;
For do you know †that he will mind
What he †is bid to do ?
- 3 Then I will never †hurt my dog,
And never †give him pain,
But treat him kindly †every day,
AND HE'LL LOVE †ME AGAIN.

32.

- 1 How doth †the little busy bee
Improve †each shining hour ;
And gather honey †all the day,
From †every opening flower !
- 2 How skilfully †she builds her cell !
How neat †she spreads the wax !
And labours hard †to store it well
With the sweet food †she makes.
- 3 In works of labour †or of skill
I would †be busy too ;

For Satan finds †some mischief still
For idle hands †to do.

- 4 IN BOOKS, OR WORK, †OR HEALTHFUL PLAY,
LET MY FIRST YEARS †BE PAST,
THAT I MAY GIVE, †FOR EVERY DAY,
SOME GOOD ACCOUNT †AT LAST.

Watts.

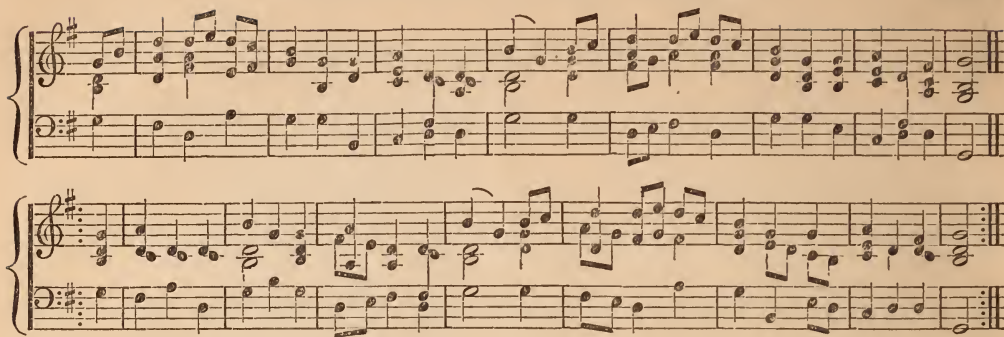
33.

- 1 The sparrow builds †her clever nest
Of wool, †and hay, and moss ;
Who taught her †how to weave it best,
And lay †the twigs across ?
- 2 Who taught †the busy bee to fly
Among †the sweetest flowers ;
And lay †her store of honey by,
To last †in winter's hours ?
- 3 Who taught †the little ant the way
Its narrow hole †to bore,
And through †the pleasant summer day
To gather up †its store ?
- 4 'T WAS GOD †WHO TAUGHT THEM ALL THE WAY,
AND GAVE †THEIR LITTLE SKILL ;
And teaches children, †when they pray,
To do †His holy will.

Taylor.

"I LIKE LITTLE PUSSY." (Bavarian.)

M. 103.



34.

I like little pussy, †her coat is so warm,
And if I do n't hurt her †she'll do me no harm;
So I'll not pull her tail, †nor drive her away,
But pussy and I †very gently will play.
She will sit by my side †and I'll give her my food,
And she'll love me because †I am gentle and good.

35.

NOTE. Occasionally capital letters are used to guide the singer to the accented word.

1 O 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 blowing,
For I must be making †sweet honey to-day.
||:Sweet honey, †Sweet honey,:||
FOR I MUST BE MAKING †SWEET HONEY TO-DAY."

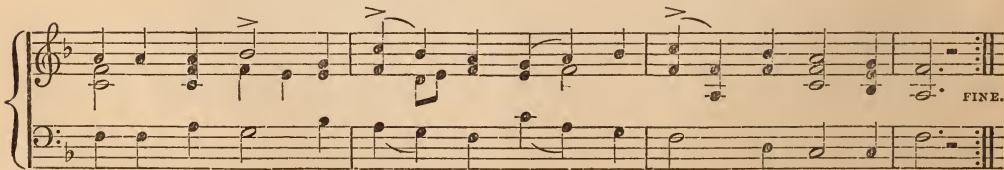
2 O Say, pretty dove, †whither now are you flying,
Whither Now are you flying, †to London or Rome?
"I am Bound to my nest, †where my partner is sighing,
And Waiting for me †in my snug little home.
||:Little Home—†Little Home,:||
And waiting for me †in my snug little home."

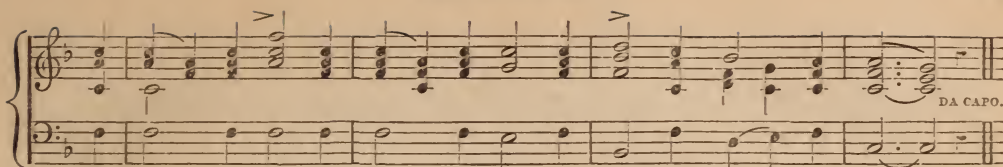
3 SO WE, ALL SO HAPPY, †WHILE DAILY ADVANCING
IN WISDOM AND KNOWLEDGE, †IN VIRTUE AND
LOVE,
WILL SING ON OUR WAY, †IN OUR LEARNING RE-
JOICING,
AS BRISK AS THE BEE, †AND AS TRUE AS THE DOVE.
||:Will sing—†will sing—:||
AS BRISK AS THE BEE, †AND AS TRUE AS THE DOVE.

Prim. S. Song B.

"THE SUN HAD RISEN." (Old English.)

M. 103.





36.

- 1 *The sun had risen, †the air was sweet,
And brightly shone the dew,
And cheerful sounds, †and busy feet,
Pass'd the lone meadow through;
And waving †like a flowery sea
Of gay †and spiral bloom,
THE HAY-FIELD RIPPLED †MERRILY
In beauty and perfume.*
- 2 *I saw †the early mowers pass
Along that pleasant dell,
And rank on rank †the shining grass
Around them †quickly fell;
I look'd, †and far and wide at noon
The fallen flowers †were spread,
And all, as rose †the evening moon,
Beneath the scythe †were dead.*
- 3 *A fable †full of truth to me
Is this, †the mower's tale;
I soon †a broken stem shall be,
Like hay †that strews the vale;
At early dawn, †or closing light,
The scythe of death †may fall;
Then let me learn †the lesson right,
So full of truth †to all.* *Taylor. By per.*

37.

- 1 *Lord, I would own thy tender care,
And all Thy love to me :
The food I eat, the clothes I wear,
Are all bestow'd by Thee.
'TIS THOU PRESERVEST ME FROM DEATH
AND DANGERS EVERY HOUR;
I cannot draw another breath
Unless Thou giv'st me power.*
- 2 *My health, and friends, and parents dear,
To me by God are given;
I have not any blessing here,
But what is sent from heaven.
SUCH GOODNESS, LORD, AND CONSTANT CARE,
A CHILD CAN NE'ER REPAY;
But may it be my daily prayer,
To love Thee and obey.* *Anon.*

38.

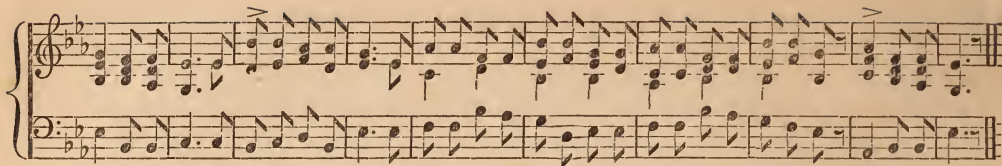
- 1 *When'er I take †my walks abroad,
How many poor I see!
What shall I render †to my God
For all †His gifts to me!
Not more †than others I deserve,
Yet God hath given me more;
For I have food, †while others starve,
Or beg from door †to door.*
- 2 *How many children †in the street
Half naked I behold!
While I am clothed †from head to feet,
And cover'd from the cold.
While some poor wretches †scarce can tell
Where they may lay †their head,
I have a home †wherein to dwell,
And rest upon my bed.*
- 3 *While others fearly learn to swear,
And curse, †and lie, and steal,
Lord, I am taught †Thy name to fear,
And do †Thy holy will.
Are these †Thy favours, day by day,
To me †above the rest?
Then let me †love Thee more than they,
And try †to serve Thee best.* *Watts.*

39.

- 1 *Down in a green †and shady bed
A modest violet grew;
Its stalk was bent, †it hung its head,
As if to hide from view.
And yet †it was a lovely flower,
Its colours bright and fair;
IT MIGHT HAVE GRACED †A ROSY BOWER,
INSTEAD OF HIDING THERE.*
- 2 *Yet there †it was content to bloom,
In modest tints array'd;
And there diffused †a sweet perfume
Within †the silent shade.
THEN LET ME †TO THE VALLEY GO
THIS PRETTY FLOWER TO SEE,
That I may also †learn to grow
In sweet humility.* *Taylor. By per.*

"SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP."

M. 72.



40.

- 1 *Sleep, baby! sleep:*
 We're in a valley deep;
 The little lamb is on the green,
 With snowy fleece so soft and clean:
Sleep, baby! sleep.
- 2 *Sleep, baby! sleep:*
 I would not, would not weep;
 The little lamb he never cries,
 And bright and happy are his eyes!
Sleep, baby! sleep.
- 3 *Sleep, baby! sleep:*
 Near where the woodbines creep;
 Be always like the lamb, so mild,
 A sweet, and kind, and gentle child;
Sleep, baby! sleep.
- 4 *Sleep, baby! sleep:*
 Thy rest the angels keep;
 While on the grass the lamb shall feed,
 And never suffer want or need:
Sleep, baby! sleep. Prim. S. S. B.

41.

- 1 Sing! gaily sing!
 Let gladness round us ring!

This little, simple, cheerful lay
 Shall be our happy song to-day.
 Sing! gaily sing!

- 2 *Sing! sweetly sing!*
What joys in school do spring,
The happy faces there we meet,
The kindly smiles we always greet!
Sing! sweetly sing!

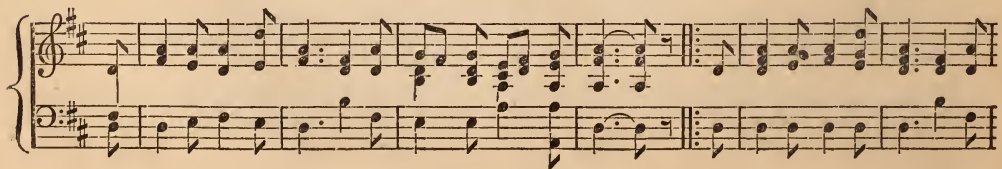
- 3 SING! LOUDLY SING!
 WHAT SPORTS WILL EVENING BRING;
 WE'LL JUMP AND RACE, WE'LL SKIP AND
 HOP,
 WE'LL PLAY AT BALL, AT HOOP, OR TOP;
 SING! LOUDLY SING!

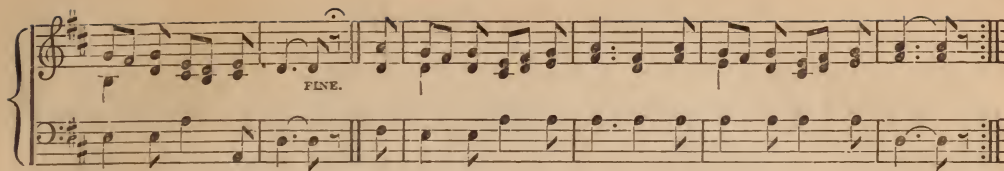
- 4 *Sing! softly sing!*
When dusky night doth fling
Its shadows o'er our drowsy heads,
In heavenly peace we'll seek our beds;
Sing! softly sing!

- 5 Sing! early sing!
 When morn the light shall wing,
 THEN QUICKLY RISE, AND CHEERFUL TOO,
 RESOLVED OUR LESSONS WELL TO DO;
 SING! EARLY SING! *Prim. S. S. B.*

"I HAVE A LITTLE SISTER."

M. 72, beating twice in a measure.





42.

1 I have a little sister, †she's only two years old ;
To us, who dearly love her, †she's worth her weight
in gold.

We often play together, †and I begin to find,
To make my sister happy, †I must be ever kind.

2 I must be very gentle, †when we run round to play,
Nor ever take her playthings, †for little toys away ;
Nor must I ever tease her, †or ever angry be,
BUT ALWAYS LOVE MY SISTER, †THAT GOD HAS
GIVEN ME. *Prim. S. S. B.*

43.

1 We love to make †sweet music, †to make our voices
ring : [sing ;

And we are always happy †when comes the time to
Oh ! come, and let us sing then, †like birds that fly
away ; [May.

And look as bright as dew-drops, †in warm and sunny

2 We love to make, &c.

We'll sing of love and kindness, †we'll sing of home
and school, [and cool.
We'll sing of morning, mid-day, †and evening soft

3 We love to make, &c.

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

Prim. S. S. B.

44.

1 I must not tease my mother, †for she is very kind,
And everything she tells me †I must directly mind ;

For when I was a baby, †and could not speak or walk,
She lull'd me in her bosom, †and taught me how to
talk.

2 I must not tease my mother, †and when she likes to
read,

Or when she has the headache, †*I'll silent be indeed ;*
In play I'll not be noisy, †or trifling troubles tell,
But sitting down beside her, †I'll try to make her
well.

3 I must not tease my mother, †she loves me all the day,
She tells of God and heaven, †and teaches me to pray ;
How much I'll strive to please her, †she every hour
shall see,

For should I lose my mother, †what would become of
me ? *Prim. S. S. B.*

45.

1 I am a little weaver, †and pleasant are my days,
My wheel is ever whirling, †while round me kitty
plays ;

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

2 My songs are never silent †but in the peaceful night,
I always rise to labour †when day is growing light ;
But though I am so busy, †I'm sure I do not eare,
They rather should be pited †who always idle are.

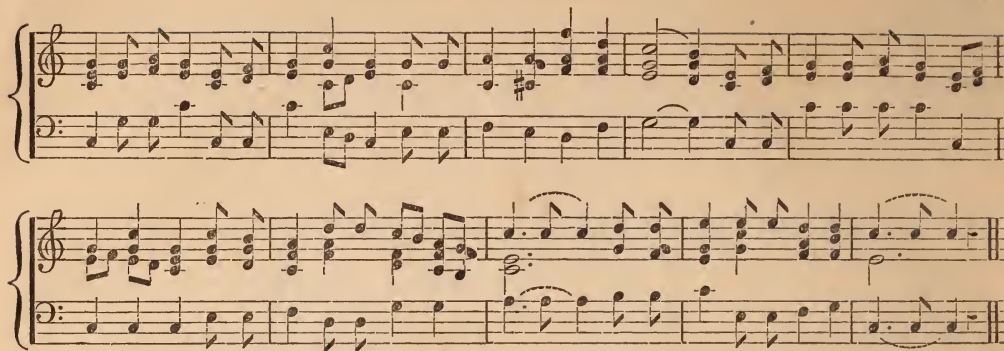
3 I care not for the dainties, †and all the splendid things,
That from beyond the ocean †the rich man's money
brings ;

My daily food, so humble, †I am content to eat,

NOR WILL I EVER ENVY †THE WEALTHY OR THE
GREAT. *Prim. S. S. B.*

"GIVE ME A DRAUGHT."

M. 96.



46.

1 Give me a draught †from the crystal spring
 When the burning sun †is high ;
 Where the rocks and the woods †their
 shadows fling,
 †:Where the pearlsand the pebbles †lie.:||

2 Give me a draught †from the crystal spring,
 When the cooling †breezes blow ;
When the leaves of the trees †are withering,
 †:From the frost †or the fleecy snow.:||

3 Give me a draught †from the crystal spring,
 When the wintry †winds are gone ;
 When the flow'rs are in bloom, †AND THE
 ECHOES RING [lawn.:||
 †:From the woods †o'er the verdant

4 Give me a draught †from the crystal spring,
 When the rip'ning fruits †appear ;
 WHEN THE REAPERS †THE SONG OF HAR-
 VEST SING, YEAR.:||
 †:AND PLENTY †HAS CROWNED THE
T. Hastings.

47.

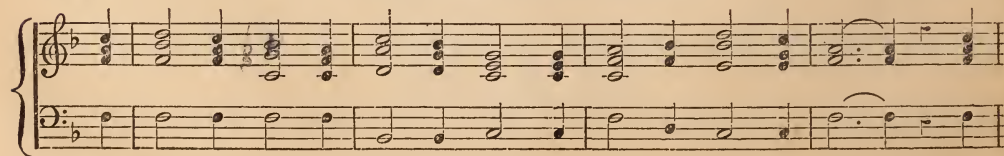
1 Up in the morning's cheerful light,
 Up! Up! in the Morning †early!
 The Sun is shining †warm and bright,
 †:And the birds are singing †cheerily.:||

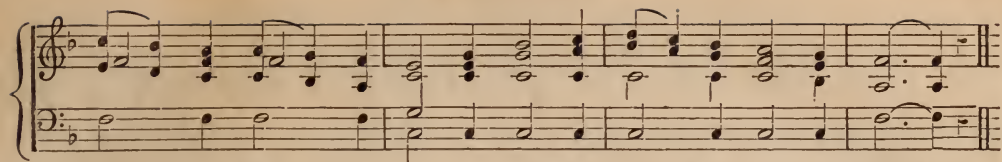
2 Now summer dews †are on the grass,
 All hanging †pure and pearly,
 And Morning moments †quickly pass,
 †:Up! Up! in the morning †early.:||

M. A. Stodart. By per.

"A LITTLE SHIP." (Bavarian.)

M. 132.





48.

- 1 A little ship †was on the sea,
It was †a pretty sight;
*It sail'd along †so pleasantly,
And all was calm †and bright.*
- 2 When lo! †a storm began to rise,
The wind †grew loud and strong;
IT BLEW THE CLOUDS †ACROSS THE SKIES,
IT BLEW †THE WAVES ALONG.
- 3 And all, but One, †were sore afraid
Of sinking †in the deep;
His head †was on a pillow laid,
And He was †fast asleep.
- 4 MASTER, WE PERISH!—†MASTER, SAVE!
They cried,—†their Master heard;
He rose, †rebuked the wind and wave,
And still'd them †with a word.
- 5 He to the storm †says, "Peace,—be still!"
The raging billows †cease;
The mighty winds †obey His will,
And all are hush'd †to peace.
- 6 OH! WELL WE KNOW †IT WAS THE LORD,
OUR SAVIOUR †AND OUR FRIEND;
WHOSE CARE OF THOSE †WHO TRUST HIS
WILL NEVER, †NEVER END. [WORD
D. A. T. By per.

49.

- 1 A little,—†'tis a little word,
But much †may in it dwell;
Then let the warning truth †be heard,
And learn †the lesson well.
- 2 The way of ruin †thus begins,
Down, down, †like easy stairs;
If conscience †suffers little sins,
Soon larger ones †it bears.
- 3 A little theft, †a small deceit,
Too often leads †to more;

'T is hard at first, †but tempts the feet
As through an open door.

- 4 Just as †the broadest rivers run
From small †and distant springs, [DONE
THE GREATEST CRIMES †THAT MEN HAVE
HAVE GROWN †FROM LITTLE THINGS.
Jane Taylor. By per.

50.

- 1 *The curling waves, †with awful roar,
A little boat †assail'd,
And pallid fear's †distracting power
O'er all on board †prevail'd.*
- 2 Save one, †the captain's darling child,
Who stedfast view'd †the storm;
And cheerful, with composure, †smiled
At danger's †threat'ning form.
- 3 "*And sport'st thou thus,*" †a seaman cried,
"*While terrors †overwhelm?*" [REPLIED,
"WHY SHOULD I FEAR?" †THE BOY
"MY †FATHER'S AT THE HELM!"
- 4 *So when our worldly all †is reft—
Our earthly helpers gone,
WE STILL HAVE ONE †TRUE ANCHOR LEFT—
GOD HELPS, †AND HE ALONE.*
- 5 Then turn to Him, †'mid sorrows wild,
When want †and woes o'erwhelm:
Remembering, †like the fearless child,
OUR †FATHER'S AT THE HELM.

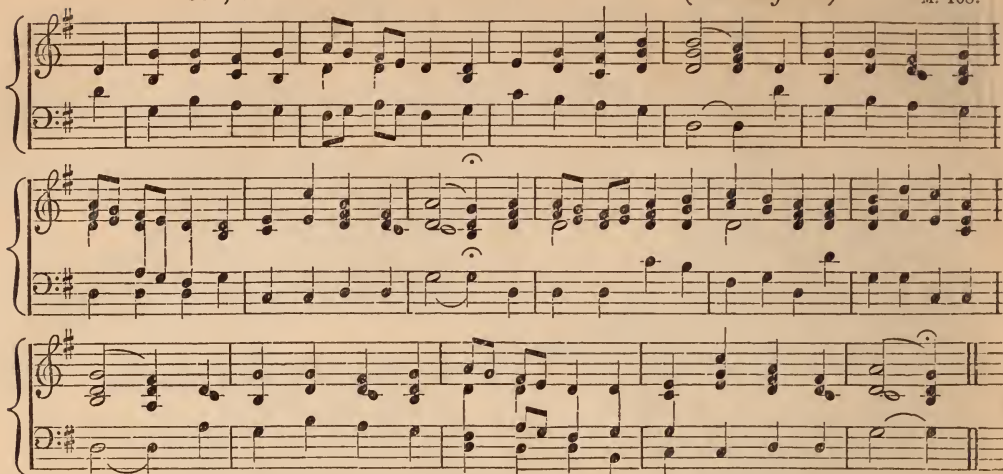
51.

- 1 Love God †with all your soul and strength,
With all †your heart and mind;
And love your neighbour †as yourself;
Be faithful, just, †and kind.
- 2 Deal with another †as you'd have
Another deal †with you;
What you're unwilling †to receive,
Be sure †you never do.

Watts.

"OH, MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB." (*Old English.*)

M. 108.



52.

- 1 Oh, Mary had †a little lamb,
Its fleece was white †as snow,
And everywhere †that Mary went
The lamb was there to go :
He follow'd her †to school one day,
But 'twas against the rule,
It made the children laugh and play
To see a lamb in school.
- 2 And so the teacher †turn'd him out,
But still †he linger'd near,
And waited patiently about
Till Mary did appear;
And then he ran †to her and laid
His head †upon her arm,
As if he said, †"I'm not afraid,
You'll keep me †from all harm."
- 3 "WHAT MAKES THE LAMB †LOVE MARY SO?"
The eager children cry:
"Oh, Mary loves the lamb, you know,"
The teacher did reply;

"And you †each gentle animal
In confidence †may bind,
And make them follow †at your call,
If YOU ARE ALWAYS †KIND."

Pr. S. S. B.

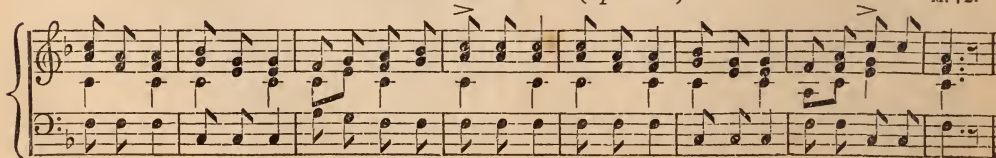
53.

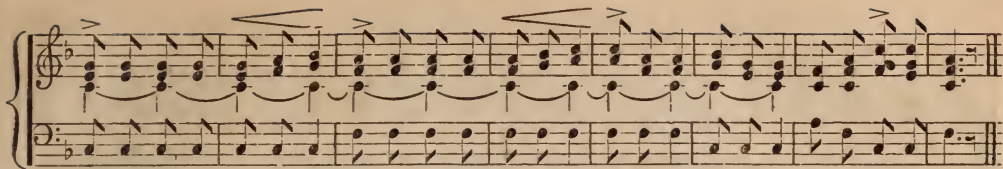
- 1 Behold! †a little baby boy,
A happy babe is he :
His face how bright, †his heart how light,
His throne †his mother's knee.
Now in her face †with laughing eye
I see him gaily peep ;
And now at rest, †upon her breast,
He gently sinks †to sleep.
- 2 His tiny hands †are white and plump,
And waking, or asleep,
Beneath his clothes †his little toes
How cunningly †they peep .
Our baby is †most beautiful,
Gay, tender, †sweet, and mild,
OUR BABY BOY, †WITH HEART OF JOY,
A LOVED †AND LOVING CHILD.

Mrs. Wells.

"LIGHTLY ROW." (*Spanish.*)

M. 72.





54.

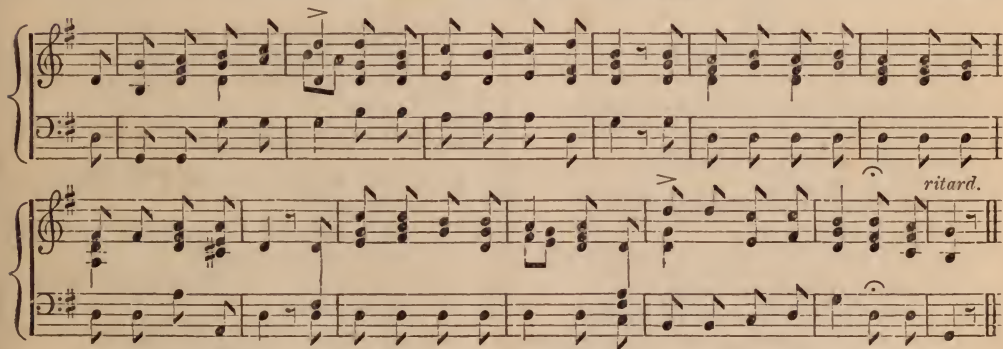
- 1 *Lightly row, lightly row,*
O'er the glassy waves we go;
Smoothly glide, smoothly glide,
On the silent tide.
Let the winds and waters †be
Mingled with our melody;
Sing and float, sing and float,
In our little boat.
- 2 Far away, far away,
Echo in the rocks at play
Calloeth not, calloeth not,
To this lonely spot.

*Only with the seabird's note
Shall our dying music float;
Lightly row, lightly row,
Echo's voice is low.*

- 3 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. *Normal Singer.*

"IT WAS THE TIME." (German.)

M. 80.



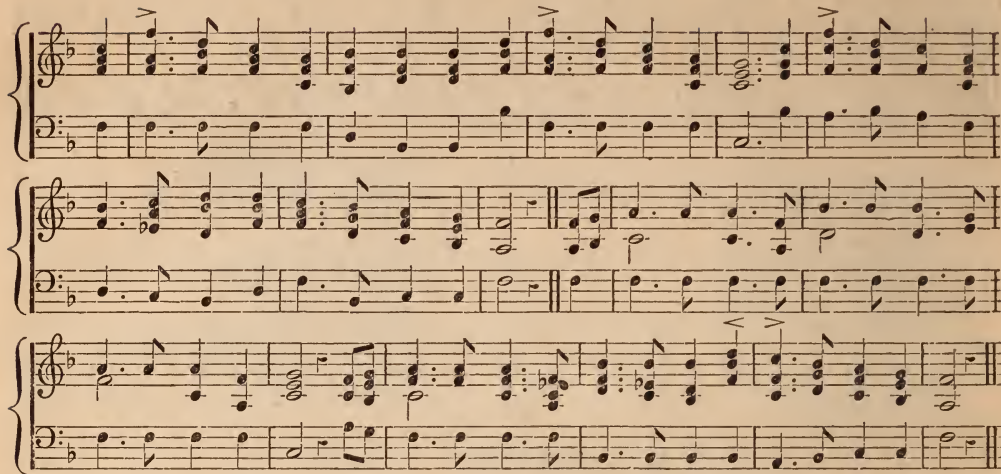
55.

- 1 It was the time of winter,
The time of frost and snows;
The boy walks by the river,
Thus saying as he goes:
"To venture I'll prepare me,
The ice will surely bear me; †Who knows?"
- 2 And then he stamps and hacks it,
To break the ice he tries;
And all at once †he cracks it,
And in the water lies.
The poor boy kicks and splashes—
The water from him dashes—†and cries:

- 3 "Oh help me, I am dying
Amid this icy mass!
Oh help," he still is crying,
"Oh what will come to pass?"
Had not there come to save him,
A man who succour gave him, †alas!
- 4 AND EAGERLY THEN SEIZING
The hand that kindness show'd,
All dripping wet and freezing,
At length on shore he trod;
Then home the man did bear him,
Nor did his father spare him †the rod.

Hohmann's Course.

"THE RAIN IS FALLING." (*Old English.*) M. 96, beating twice in a measure.



56.

- 1 The rain is falling †very fast,
We can't get out to play;
But we are happy †while in school,
Though 'tis †a rainy day.
Then clap! †clap! †all together,
Clap! †clap away,
The school-room is †a happy place
Upon a rainy day.
- 2 For while the rain †comes patt'ring down,
We merrily sing our song;
To hearts content †and spirits light,
Time quickly speeds along. Then clap, &c.
- 3 We listen all †attentively
To what our teachers say,
But when our lessons †all are o'er,
'TIS THEN THE TIME TO PLAY.

Then clap, &c.

Home and Col. By per.

57.

- 1 I'm very glad †the spring is come—†the
sun shines out so bright,
The little birds †upon the trees †are sing-
ing for delight:

*The young grass looks †so fresh and green,
†the lambskins sport and play,
And I can skip †and run about †as merrily
as they.*

[Repeat chorus, quickly, to "la! la! la!"]

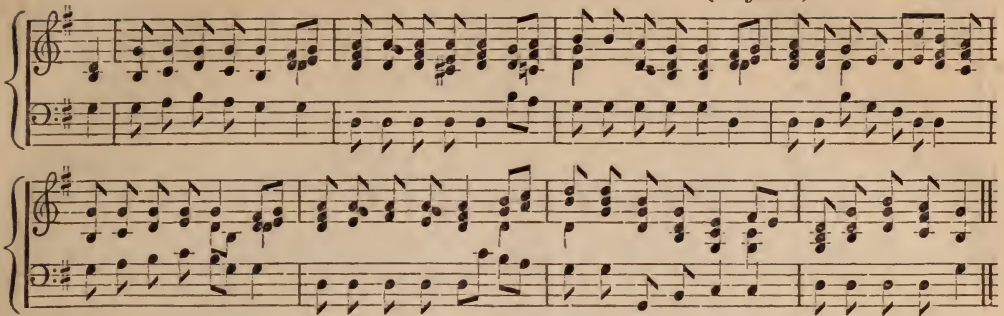
- 2 I like to see the daisy †and the buttercup
once more,
The primrose †and the cowslip too, †and
every pretty flower;
*I like to see the butterfly, †with fluttering
painted wing,*
And all things seem, just like myself, †so
pleased to see the spring.
- 3 There's not a cloud upon the sky, †there's
nothing dark or sad,
I jump, and scarce know what to do, †I
FEEL SO VERY GLAD,
*God must be very good indeed, †who made
each pretty thing,*
I'm sure we ought to love Him much †FOR
BRINGING BACK THE SPRING.

[Omit the la! la!]

Stodart. By per.

"THE DEW WAS FALLING." (*English.*)

M. 80.



58.

1 The dew was falling fast, †the stars began
to blink; [*creature, †drink!*]
I heard a voice, it said, †"*Drink, pretty*
And looking o'er the hedge, †before me I
espied [*at its side.*
A snow-white mountain lamb, with a maiden

2 No other sheep were near, †the lamb was
all alone, [*stone;*
And by a slender cord †was tether'd to a
With one knee on the grass †did the Little
maiden kneel, [*evening meal.*
While to that mountain lamb †*she* gave its

3 "*Rest, little one,*" she said, †"*hast thou*
forgot the day [*far away?*
When ~~my~~ Father found thee first †in places
~~Many~~ Flocks were on the hills, †*but thou*
wert own'd by none; [*was gone.*
And thy Mother from thy side †for evermore

4 "Thou know'st that twice a day, †I ~~have~~
Brought thee in this can [*ever ran:*
Fresh water from the brook, †as clear as
And twice, too, in the day, †when the
Ground is wet with dew,
I bring thee draughts of milk, †**WARM MILK**
IT IS AND NEW. [*thy chain?*

5 "See, here †thou need'st not fear the raven
†in the sky;
Both night and day thou'rt safe—†our
cottage is hard by. [*thy chain?*
Why bleat so after me?—why pull so at

Sleep—†AND AT BREAK OF DAY †I WILL
COME TO THEE AGAIN!"

Wordsworth.

59.

1 *Now all is still around*
Do you not hear the sound
||: *Of music in the air?:* ||
'Tis the melodious note,
Comes gushing from the throat
||: *Of the gay lark—up there:* ||

2 She has just taken flight,
And is springing up the height
||: *Of the blue and cloudless sky;* ||
And always as she springs,
In lively notes she sings
||: *The praise of Him on high:* ||

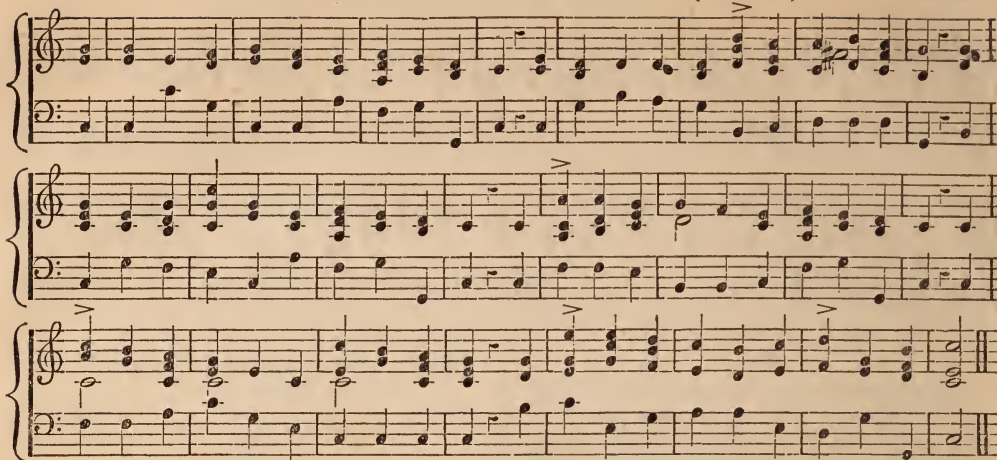
3 *Teach me, O heavenly King,*
With holy joy to sing
||: *Thy mercy unto men;* : ||
And let me while I live,
For blessings thou dost give,
||: *Offer my songs again:* ||

4 Lord! let my young soul be
Always more near to Thee,
||: *Till, like the lark, I raise:* ||
In brighter realms above,
WITH HEART QUITE FULL OF LOVE,
||: *A PERFECT STRAIN OF PRAISE:* ||

Heale.

"I'M A POOR LITTLE BEGGAR." (German.)

M. 120.



60.

- 1 I'm a poor little beggar, †my mother is dead;
My father is cruel, †and gives me no bread:
O'er London's wide streets †all the day long I roam,
And when night comes on, †I've got never a home.
I'm a poor little beggar, †my mother is dead;
My father is cruel, †and gives me no bread.
- 2 I would not be idle, †like some wicked boys,
So I Got me a basket †with trinkets and toys:
Nobody was e'er †more industrious than I,
Nobody more willing †to sell if you'll buy. I'm, &c.
- 3 In summer, gay flowers †and nosegays I sell,
Sweet cowslips, and roses, †and jasmynes to smell;
Water-Cresses for breakfast, †fresh gather'd and
green,
From bad weeds and hemlock †pick'd careful and
clean. I'm, &c.

- 4 But alas! 'tis in vain †that I mournfully ery,
And hold out my basket †to all who pass by;
I fancy they're thinking †of other affairs,
For they Seem not to no—tice †me or my wares.

I'm, &c.

- 5 Oh had I a coat, †if 't were ever so old,
This poor trembling body †to screen from the cold;
Or a Hat from the weather †to shelter my head,
Or an Old pair of shoes, †for a morsel of bread.

I'm, &c.

- 6 In the Evening I wander †all hungry and cold,
And the bright Christmas fires †thro' the windows
behold:

Ah, while the gay circles †such comforts enjoy,
They think not of me †a poor perishing boy.

I'm, &c.

Jane Taylor. By per.

"SEE, THE RAIN IS FALLING." (German.)

M. 80.



61.

- 1 See, the rain is falling
On the mountain's side!
See the clouds dispersing
Blessings far and wide!

- 2 See the cooling shower
Comes at God's command,
Brightens every flower,
Cheers the parched land.
- 3 When the rain is over,
Then the painted bow

O'er the cloudy hill-top
Will its colours show!

- 4 God is ever faithful,
God is ever true;
LET US ALL BE GRATEFUL
FOR THE RAIN AND DEW. Pr. S.S.B.

62.

- 1 *Charming little lily,
Sparkling in the dew,
Who's caress'd more freely,
Lovely flower, than you?*
- 2 *Colours like the morning
Ferm thy charming dress;*

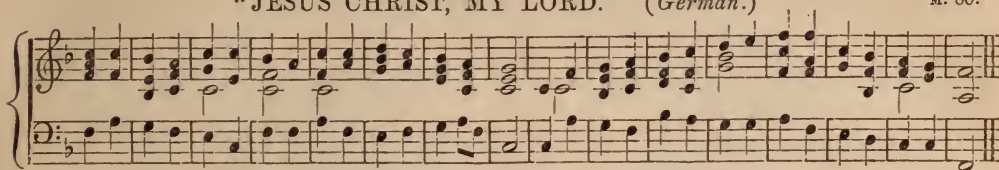
Who in bright adorning
Can thy hues surpass?

- 3 *Purest little flower,
Clear as morning's light;
Far from evil's power,
Ever pure and bright.*

- 4 CHARMING LITTLE LILY,
SPARKLING IN THE DEW,
WHO'S CARESS'D MORE FREELY,
LOVELY FLOWER, THAN YOU?
Pr. S. S. B.

"JESUS CHRIST, MY LORD." (German.)

M. 80.



63.

- 1 Jesus Christ, my Lord and Saviour,
Once became a child like me;
Oh that in my whole behaviour
He my pattern still might be.
- 2 *All my nature is unholy,
Pride and passion dwell within:*
But the Lord was meek and lowly,
And was never known to sin.
- 3 While I'm often vainly trying
Some new pleasure to possess,

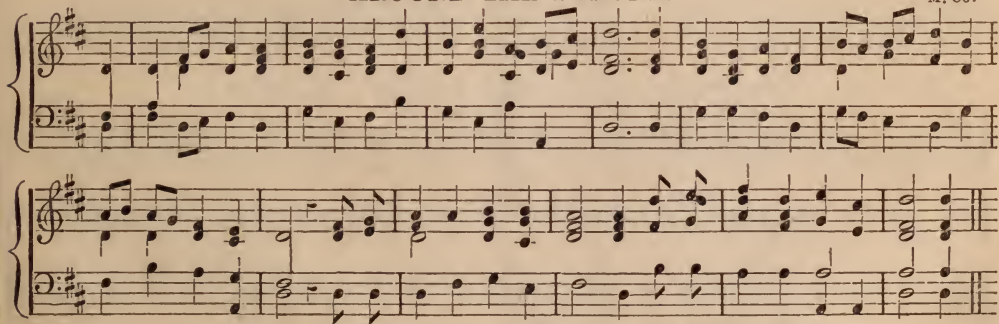
He was always self-denying,
Patient in his worst distress.

- 4 Let me never be forgetful
Of his precepts any more:
Idle, passionate, and fretful,
As I've often been before.
- 5 HELP ME BY THY WORD, TO MEASURE
EVERY DEED AND EVERY THOUGHT,
THINKING IT MY GREATEST PLEASURE,
THERE TO LEARN WHAT THOU HAST TAUGHT.

Jane Taylor. By per.

"AROUND THE THRONE."

M. 80.



64.

- 1 Around the throne of God in heav'n
Thousands of children stand;—
Children whose sins are all forgiv'n,
A holy, happy band,
||:Singing glory, glory, glory:||
- 2 *What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace and joy and love?—
How came those children there?*

- 3 Because the Saviour shed his blood
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean;
Singing, &c.

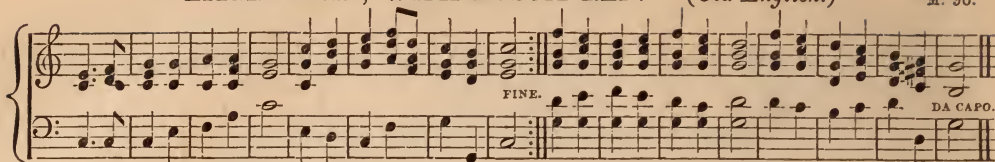
- 4 *On earth they sought their Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved his name;
SO NOW THEY SEE HIS BLESSED FACE,
AND STAND BEFORE THE LAMB.*
Singing, &c.

Anne Houlditch.

Singing, &c.

"LITTLE BIRD, WITH BOSOM RED." (*Old English.*)

M. 96.



65.

- 1 *Little bird, with bosom red,
Welcome to my humble shed;
Daily near my table steal,
While I pick my scanty meal.
Doubt not, little though there be,
But I'll cast a crumb to thee.*

Little bird, &c.

- 2 *I'm rewarded if I spy
Pleasure glancing in thine eye;
See thee, when thou 'st ate thy fill,
Plume thy breast and wipe thy bill.
Ask of me thy daily store;
Ever welcome to my door!*

Little bird, &c.

Langhorne.

66.

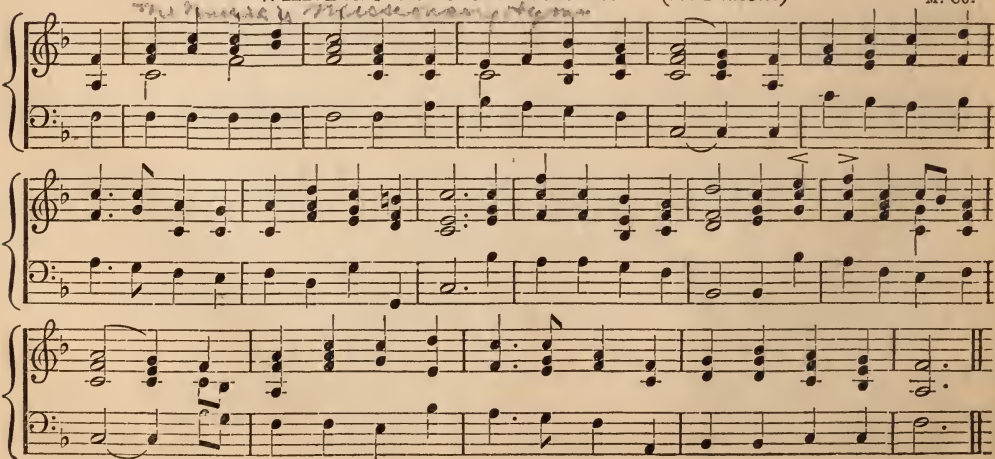
- 1 *Who are they whose little feet,
Pacing life's dark journey through,
Now have reach'd that heavenly seat
They had ever kept in view?
"I FROM GREENLAND'S FROZEN LAND;"
"I from India's sultry plain;"
"I FROM AFRIC'S BARREN SAND;"
"I from islands of the main."*

- 2 *All our earthly journey past,
Every tear and pain gone by,
Here together met at last
At the portal of the sky;
Each the welcome "COME" awaits,
Conquerors over death and sin.
LIFT YOUR HEADS, YE GOLDEN GATES,
LET THE LITTLE TRAVELLERS IN!*

Edmeston. By per.

"I WANT TO BE LIKE JESUS." (*L. Mason.*)

M. 80.



67.

- 1 I want to be like Jesus,
So lowly and so meek,
For no one mark'd an angry word
That ever heard Him speak.
I want to be like Jesus,
So frequently in pray'r;
*Alone upon the mountain-top,
He met His Father there.*
- 2 I want to be like Jesus,
I never, never find
That He, though persecuted, was
To any one unkind.

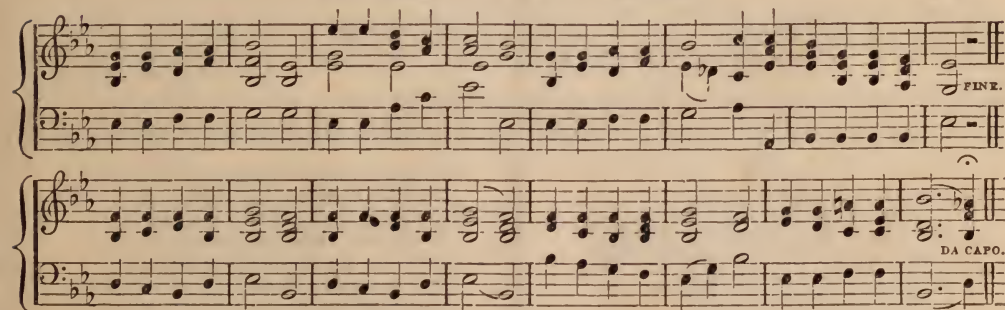
I want to be like Jesus,
Engaged in doing good,
So that of me it may be said,
"She hath done what she could."

- 3 I want to be like Jesus,
Who sweetly said to all,
"Let little children come to me;"
I WOULD OBEY THE CALL.
*But oh! I'm not like Jesus,
As any one may see:*
Oh! gentle Saviour, send Thy grace,
And make me like to Thee.

Whittemore. By per.

"BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES."

M. 144.



68.

- 1 Buttercups and daisies—
Oh the pretty flowers,
Coming ere the Spring-time
To tell of sunny hours.
While the trees are leafless,
While the fields are bare,
Buttercups and daisies
Spring up here and there.
- 2 Ere the snowdrop peepeth;
Ere the crocus bold;
Ere the early primrose
Opes its paly gold;
Somewhere on the sunny bank
Buttercups are bright;
Somewhere 'mong the frozen grass
Peeps the daisy white.
- 3 Little hardy flowers,
Like to children poor,
Playing in their sturdy health
By their mother's door:

Purple with the north wind,
Yet alert and bold,
Fearing not and caring not,
Though they be a-cold!

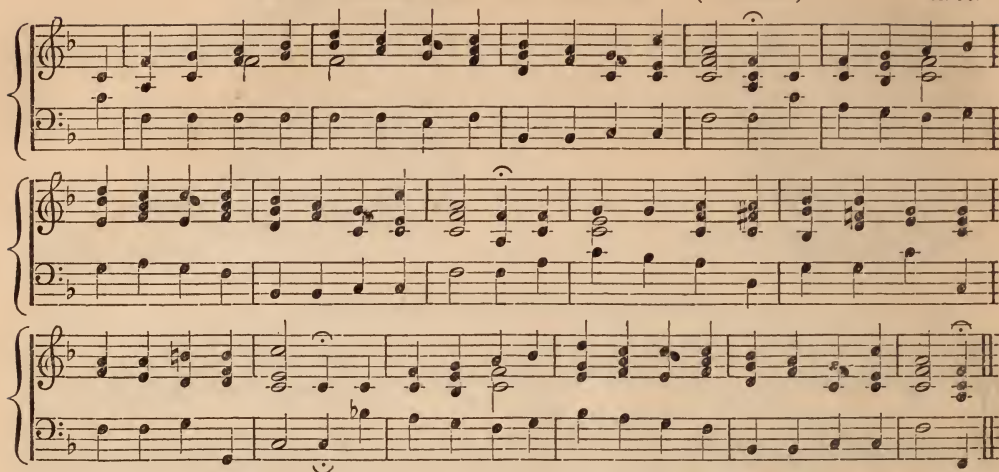
4 What to them is weather!
What are stormy showers!
Buttercups and daisies
Are these human flowers;
He who gave them hardship
And a life of care,
Gave them likewise hardy strength,
And patient hearts, to bear.

- 5 Welcome, yellow buttercups,
Welcome, daisies white,
Ye are, in my spirit
Vision'd, a delight!
Coming ere the spring-time,
Of sunny hours to tell—
Speaking to our hearts of Him
Who doeth all things well.

*Buttercups and daisies, &c.
Mary Howitt. By per.*

"MY FATHER WAS A FARMER." (German.)

M. 96.



69.

- 1 My father was a farmer good,
 With corn and beef in plenty;
 I mow'd and ho'd, and held the plough,
 AND LONG'D FOR ONE-AND-TWENTY;
 For I had quite a martial turn,
 And scorn'd the lowing cattle;
 I burn'd to wear a uniform,
 Hear drums, and see a battle.
- 2 My birthday came, my father urged,
 But stoutly I resisted;
My sister wept, my mother pray'd,
 But off I went and 'listed.

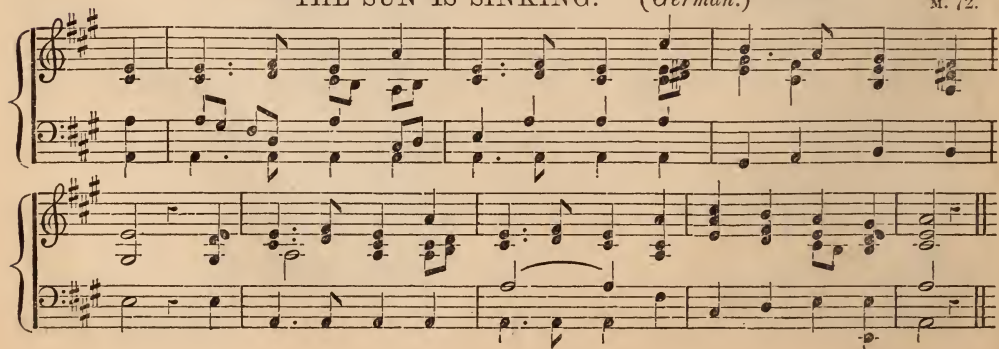
They march'd me on through wet and dry,
 To tunes more loud than charming;
 But lugging knapsack, box, and gun,
 Was harder work than farming.

- 3 We met the foe, the cannons roar'd,
 The crimson tide was flowing;
The frightful death-groans fill'd my ears,—
 I wish'd that I was mowing.
I lost my leg, the foe came on,
 They had me in their clutches;
I starved in prison till the peace,
 Then hobbled home on crutches.

S. Bk. of Sch. R.

"THE SUN IS SINKING." (German.)

M. 72.



70.

- 1 The sun is sinking in the west,
 'The time for labour goes,
 And slowly come the hours of rest,
 Of quiet and repose.
- 2 The day has pass'd in peace and love;
 The fading sunbeams glow;

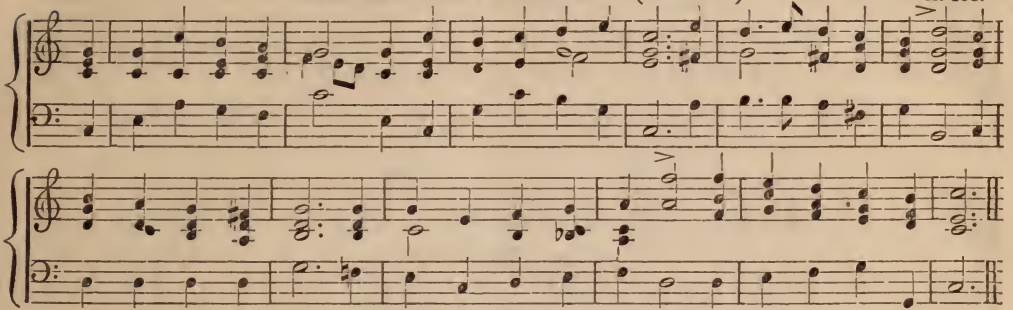
Now let us look to Him above
 To bless us as we go.

3 His love has watch'd our early days,
 Wherever we have been :
 May He protect our future ways
 From sorrow or from sin.

Normal Singer.

"THE EASTERN HILLS." (German.)

M. 133.



71.

- 1 The eastern hills †are glowing
 With morning's purple ray ;
 †:Array'd in light †he's coming,
 The glorious orb of day.:||
- 2 All hail, thou constant emblem
 Of him who dwells above!

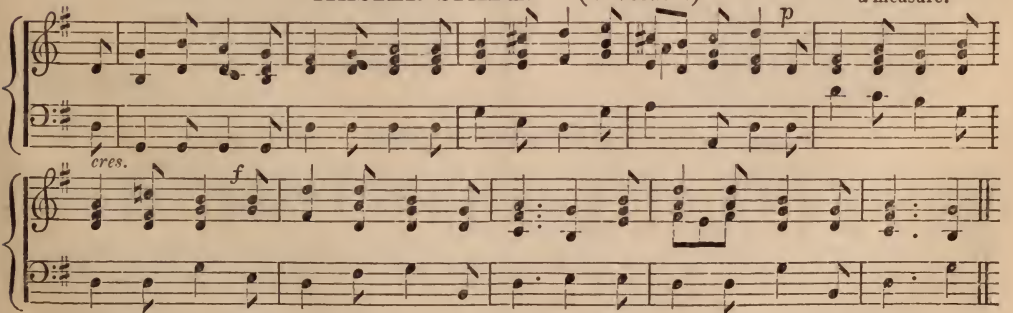
‡:Of him so great †and glorious,
 And yet so full of love!:||

- 3 How good is He who made these,
 Thou glorious orb of day !
 †:With grateful hearts †we'll praise him
 In morning's earliest ray.:||

Juv. S. Sch.

"MASTER SPADE." (Gersbach.)

M. 80, beating twice to a measure.



72.

- 1 When Spring unlocks the frozen ground,
 And scatters all its treasures round,
 How sharp and active then is found
 "Old Master Spade" the gardener.
- 2 When 'mongst the crops feeds hungry Bun,
 Oh who will rise before the sun

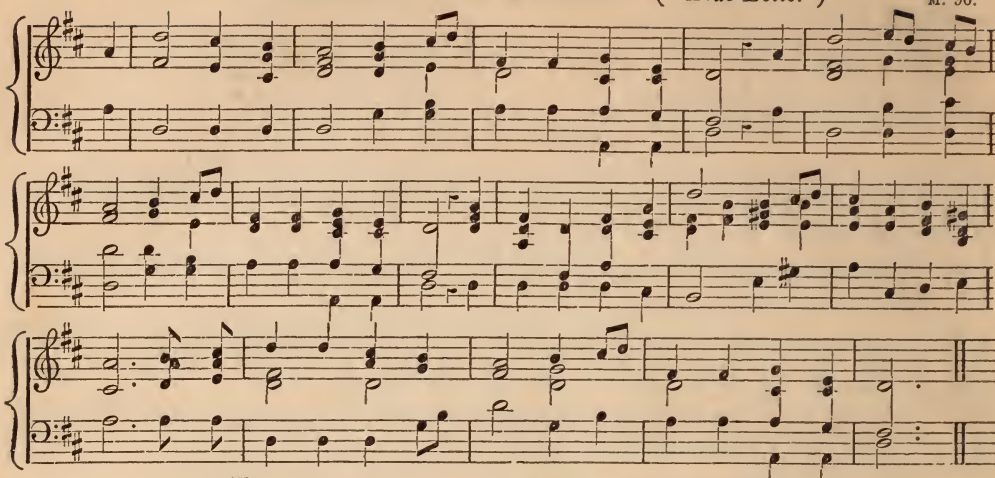
To scare the rogue and make him run ?
 "Old Master Spade" the gardener !

3 To whom doth ring the voice of brooks,
 And blackbirds sing from leafy nooks,
 And breath of Spring give rosy looks ?
 To "Master Spade" the gardener !

Jas. S. Stallybrass. Tr. for this work.

"OH WHERE AND OH WHERE." ("Blue Bells.")

M. 96.



73.

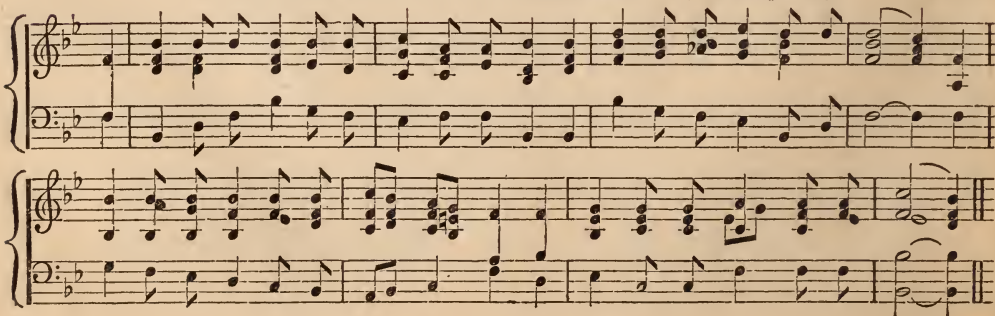
- 1 ||: Oh where, and oh where
Are my pretty swallows gone? :||
They're flying over land,
THEY ARE FLYING OVER SEA,
To a country far away
From my little child and me.
- 2 ||: Oh how, mother, how
Do the swallows find their way? :||
You see no path, my child,
Across the wide blue sky,
And yet the swallows know
The road that they must fly.

- 3 ||: Oh why, mother, why
Do the swallows fly away? :||
The summer days are gone,
The nights are damp and chill,
And the swallows find no food
On water, field, or hill.
- 4 ||: Oh when, mother, when
Will the swallows come again? :||
When nights are growing short,
And the days are bright and warm,
And on water, field, and hill,
The summer insects swarm.

Callcott. By per.

"GOOD DAVID, WHOSE PSALMS." (Old English.)

M. 96.



74.

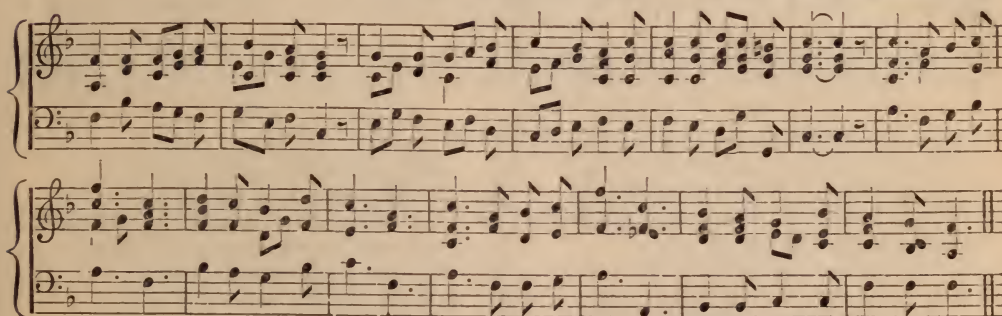
- 1 Good David, whose psalms have so often been sung,
At first was not noble or grand,
But only a shepherd boy when he was young,
Though afterwards king of the land.
- 2 He tended his flocks on the pastures by day,
And kept them in safety by night ;
And though a poor shepherd, he did not delay
To do what was holy and right.
- 3 For while he sat watching his sheep in the fold,
To guard them from danger abroad,

- It then was his greatest delight, we are told,
To think on the works of the Lord.
- 4 Thus seeking so early for knowledge and truth
His childhood in wisdom began ;
And therefore the Lord was the guide of his youth,
AND MADE HIM SO MIGHTY A MAN.
- 5 So-he Soon was made king, for the prophet foretold
That God meant to honour him thus :
AND IF WE WILL SERVE HIM LIKE DAVID OF OLD,
THE LORD WILL BE MINDFUL OF US.

Jane Taylor. By per.

" HERE WE SUFFER."

M. 72, beating twice to a measure.



75.

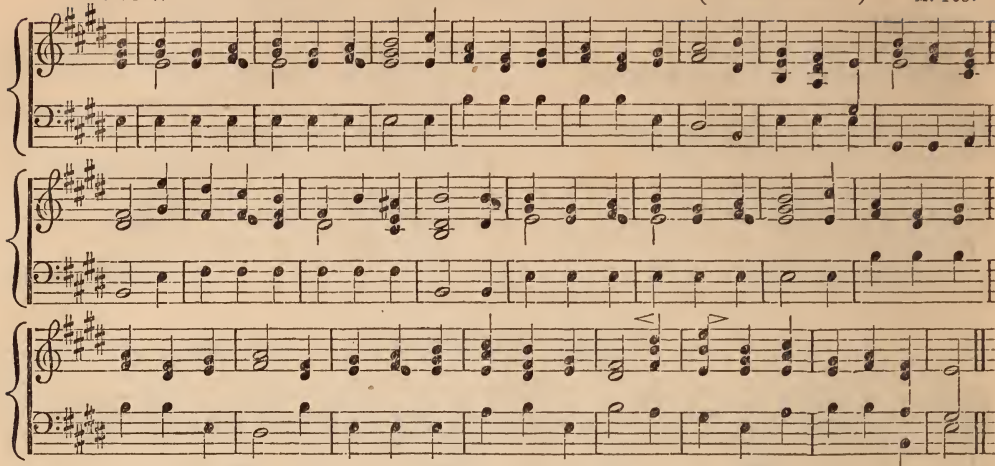
- 1 Here we suffer grief and pain,
Here we meet to part again :
In heav'n we part no more.
Oh ! that will be joyful,
Joyful, joyful, joyful,
Oh ! that will be joyful,
When we meet to part no more.
- 2 All who love the Lord below,
When they die, to heaven will go,
And sing with saints above.
Oh ! that, &c.
- 3 Little children will be there,
Who have sought the Lord by prayer,

- From every *Sunday School
Oh ! that, &c.
- 4 Teachers, too, shall meet above ;
Pastors, parents, whom we love,
Shall meet to part no more.
Oh ! that, &c.
- 5 Oh ! how happy we shall be,
FOR OUR SAVIOUR WE SHALL SEE
EXALTED ON HIS THRONE.
Oh ! that, &c.
- 6 THERE WE ALL SHALL SING WITH JOY,
AND ETERNITY EMPLOY
IN PRAISING CHRIST THE LORD.
Oh ! that, &c.

Anon.

* " National," or " British," or " Infant," &c.

"HOW COMETH THIS BEAUTIFUL SCENE." (From Handel.) M. 108.



76.

- 1 How cometh this beautiful scene?
Have clods any sense of their own?
How is it that grass can be green,
From dun-colour'd earth that has grown?
The seeds that lie buried below,
And see not a glimmer of day,
How guess they the season to grow,
And come forth in dresses so gay?
- 2 If we in that darkness were kept
How should we remember the spring?—
Yet each from its prison has crept,
As right as a sensible thing!
They knew not that winter was past,
They did not the husbandman hear;
But "seed time and harvest shall last,"
God said,—that is why they appear.
- 3 So summer and winter come round,
As He in His bounty decreed;
His blessing enlivens the ground,
And fashions the plant from the seed;
Fair colours for beauty He gives,
And fruit from the dun-colour'd mould:
Praise Him every creature that lives,
O praise Him for all you behold!

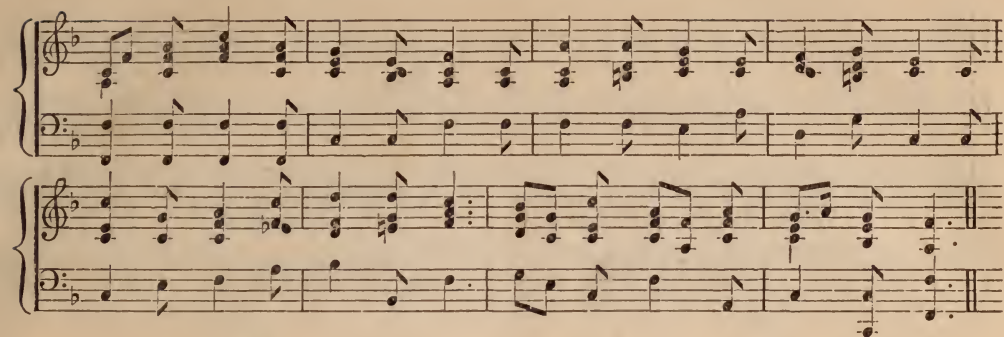
Taylor. By per.

77.

- 1 The winter is over and past,
The singing of birds is at hand,
The hedges are blossoming fast,
And the cuckoo is heard in the land;
The meadows are cover'd with flowers,
Reviving and sweet is the air,
And dear is this country of ours,
O England, so green and so fair!
- 2 My bosom with gladness is gay,
How kind is my Maker to me!
My love and my life should I pay,
Yet poor such a present would be;
I might, oh I might have been born
Where Him I should never have known,
A heathen, untaught and forlorn,
And worshipping idols of stone!
- 3 Though, there, in abundance were spread
Flowers, glorious as eyes could behold,
The palm waving over my head,
The river-sands shining with gold;
Yet what were its beauty to me
If left a poor heathen to pine!
O England! my home is in thee;
The land of the Bible is mine!

Taylor. By per.

"FASTER NOW, GOOD SHEEP." (*Gersbach.*) M. 72, beating twice to a measure.



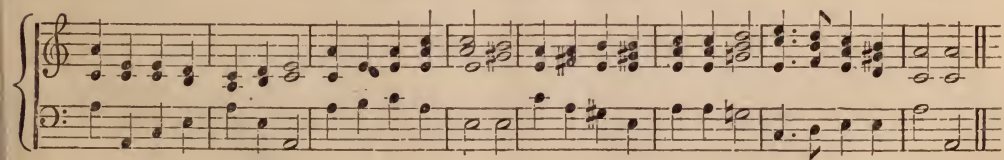
78.

- 1 Faster now, good sheep, be going
Where the western breeze is blowing,
Where the richest pasture grows,
Where the coolest water flows,—
- 2 Where the cooler brooks are streaming,
And with thyme their banks are teeming,
Rest and cool, but stay not long,
For the noonday sun is strong.

- 3 Spread the heaths and meadows over,
Taste how sweet the summer clover;
Freely wander where you will,
Through the dale or on the hill.
- 4 Nothing will you find to harm you,
Fox and wolf shall not alarm you;
"Rover" is a champion bold,
"Watch" is worth his weight in gold.
J. S. Stallybrass. Tr. for this work.

"WINTER, THOU ART VERY COLD."

M. 72.



79.

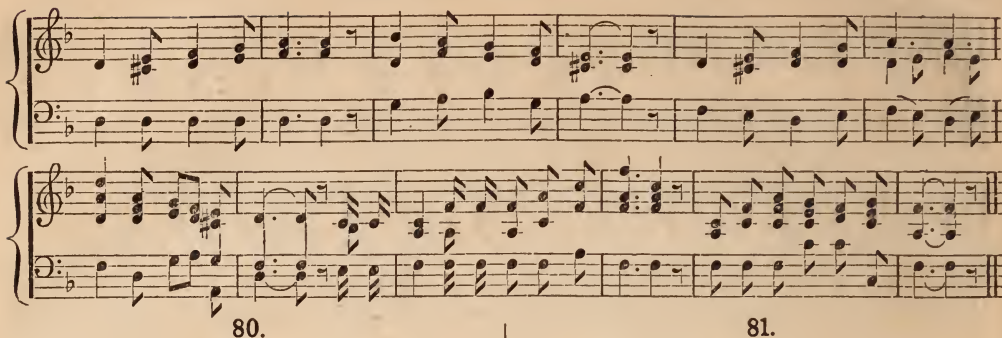
- 1 Winter, thou art very cold,
Cutting are thy breezes;
Snow-drift is on snow-drift roll'd,
All the water freezes.
- 2 Pity, O my child, the poor,
Scarce a stick to warm them;
Winds come whistling through the door,
Skies, the clouds deform them.

- 3 Oh! how many poor there are!
How they shake and shiver!
Like the image of a star
On the wavy river.
- 4 Yes, my heart shall pity you,
Who have sorrow daily;
For I may be wretched too.
Though I sing so gaily.

Prim. Sch. S. Bk.

"SOFTLY, EVER GENTLY."

M. 60, beating twice to a measure.



80.

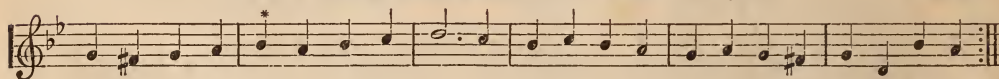
- 1 Softly, ever gently
Flow our days along,
When each pain and sorrow
Soothes our happy song. La la la.
- 2 When in love and friendship
Pass our pleasant hours,
Ne'er the path is thorny,—
Ever strewn with flowers.
- 3 Ever when we're singing,
Heart and voice unite;
Then alone can music
Fill us with delight. [Softly, &c.
Prim. Sch. S. Bk.

81.

- 1 See, the light is fading
From the western sky;
Day is now departing,
Night is drawing nigh.
- 2 Evening winds are breathing
Through the forest green,
Crimson clouds are wreathing
In the sky serene.
- 3 Twinkling stars appearing,
All around so bright,
Emblems, ever cheering,
Of eternal light. [See, the light, &c.
Prim. Sch. S. Bk.

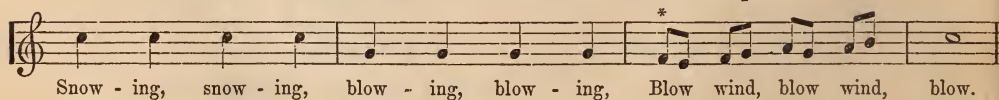
82. "SING GOOD NIGHT." For two parts.

M. 80.

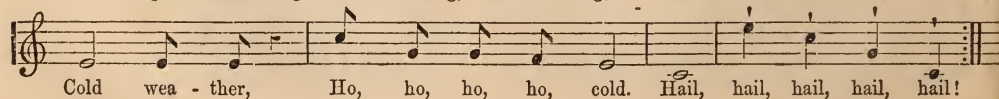


Sing good night, good night, our part-ing lay; And then we all to home will hie a-way. So join to

83. "SNOWING, BLOWING." For four parts.



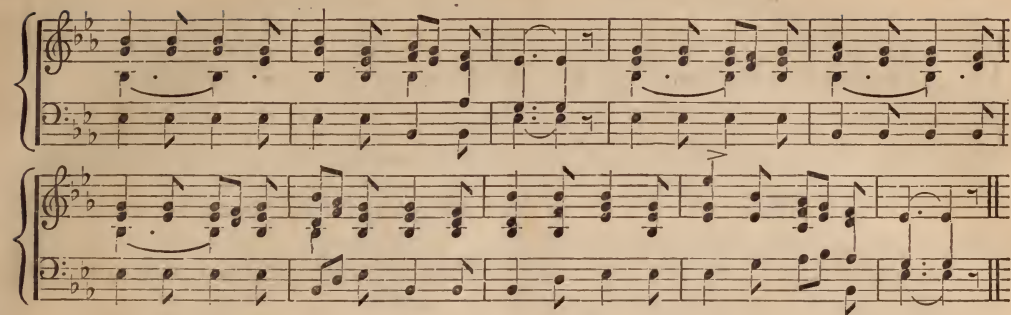
Snow-ing, snow-ing, blow-ing, blow-ing, Blow wind, blow wind, blow.



Cold wea-ther, Ho, ho, ho, ho, cold. Hail, hail, hail, hail, hail!

"JOY IS ROUND US." (Reichardt.)

M. 72.



84.

1 Joy is round us, hov'ring everywhere!
On the hills and rivers smiling,
Every human care beguiling,
Joy is round us, hov'ring everywhere.

2 Love is ruling, working everywhere!
In the forest-cottage hiding,
In the hall of state presiding,
Love is ruling, working everywhere!

3 Joy is sounding, sounding far and near:
O'er the hills and meadows straying,
Lambs are grazing, children playing,
Joy is sounding, sounding far and near.

4 Maiden, up, and weave a flow'ry crown:
See the buds their leaves unfolding,
Love her festival is holding;
Maiden, up, and weave a flow'ry crown!

Mrs. Dana Shindler.

85.

1 Sing we now of happy, happy home:
Yes, with heart and voice untiring,
We will join the strain inspiring,
Singing now of happy, happy home.

2 Love and friendship now fill every soul;
Every eye with joy is beaming,
Joy of which we've long been dreaming,
Love and friendship now fill every soul.

3 Soon from school and study we will go;
No more lessons, no more labour,

Books give way to harp and tabour,
Soon from school and study we will go.

4 Now away to home and friends beloved:
Home, to thee our hearts are burning,
HOME, TO THEE SO SOON RETURNING,
YES, TO HOME, TO HOME AND FRIENDS BE-
LOVED. *Prim. Sch. S. Bk.*

86.

1 River! river! sparkle on your way:
O'er the yellow pebbles dancing,
Through the flowers and foliage glancing,
River! river! sparkle on your way.

2 River! river! swelling, rough and smooth:
Louder, faster, foaming, leaping,
Over rocks in torrents sweeping;
River! river! swelling, rough and smooth.

3 River! river! broad and deep as time:
Seeming still, but yet in motion,
Tending onward to the ocean,
River! river! broad and deep as time.

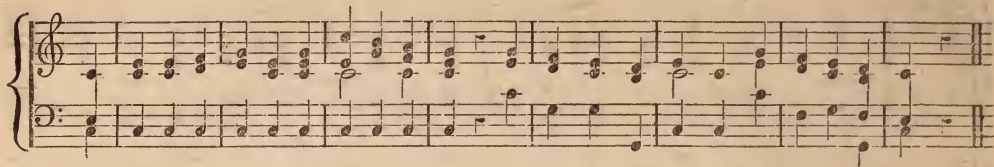
4 River! river! swiftly glide away:
Swift and silent as an arrow,
Through a channel dark and narrow,
River! river! swiftly glide away.

5 River! river! onward haste thy way:
LEAPING, DASHING, FOAMING, ROARING,
O'ER THE CRAGGY MOUNTAINS POURING,
RIVER! RIVER! ONWARD HASTE THY WAY.

Prim. Sch. S. Bk.

"BESIDE THE BLUE LAKE." (German.)

M. 160.



87.

1 Beside the blue lake there was strolling
one day
A wilful young boy, all intent on his play;

2 And 'mid the green rushes he saw growing
there
A beautiful lily, so white and so fair.

3 "OH THAT MUST I HAVE!" HE CRIED,
EAGER WITH JOY,
And into the lake went the wilful young
boy.

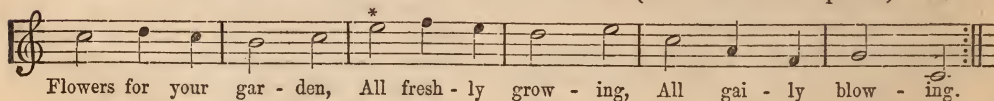
4 "Stay, stay!" cried his mother, all trembling
with fear,
"Oh stay! for too deep is the water so
clear."

5 He heeds not her bidding, he stays not to
hear;
"No, no," answer'd he, "there is nothing
to fear."

6 He grasp'd at the flower—but nothing
could save,
He sank, and was lost in a watery grave.

Hohmann's Course

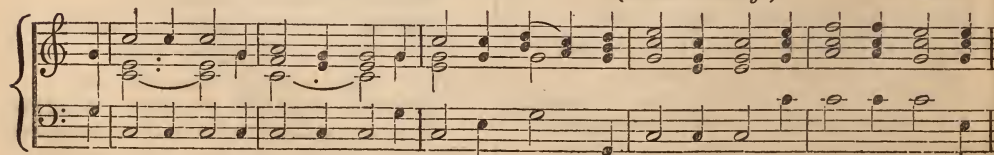
88. "FLOWERS FOR YOUR GARDEN." (Round for three parts.) M. 80.

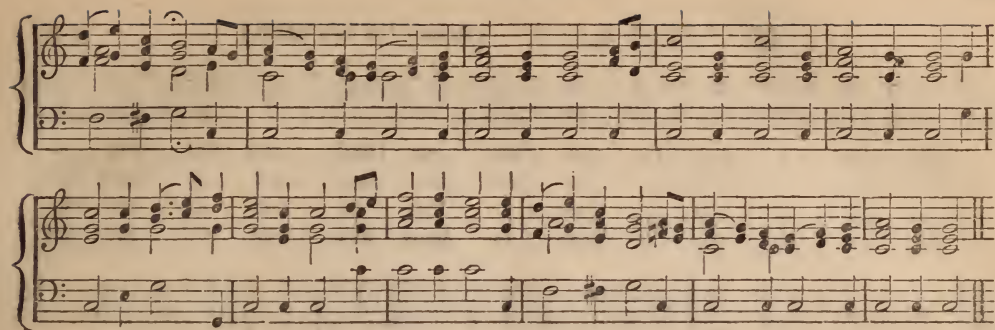


Flowers for your gar - den, All fresh - ly grow - ing, All gai - ly blow - ing.

"SUN, MOON, AND STARS." (Irish Melody.)

M. 160.





89.

- 1 Sun, moon, and stars, †by day and night,
At God's commandment, †give us light;
And when we wake, †and while we sleep,
Their watch, like guardian angels, keep.
The bright blue sky above our head,
The soft green earth †on which we tread,
The ocean rolling round the land,
Were made by God's †Almighty hand.
- 2 Sweet flowers that hill and dale adorn,
Fair fruit-trees, fields of grass and corn,
The clouds that rise, the showers that fall,
The winds that blow—†God sends them
all.
The beasts that graze with downward eye,
The birds that perch, and sing, and fly,
The fishes swimming in the sea,
God's creatures are †as well as we.
- 3 But us he form'd for better things;
As servants of the King of kings,
With lifted hands and open face,
And thankful heart to seek his grace.
- Sun, &c. *Montgomery.*

90.

- 1 How proud we are, how fond to show
Our clothes, and call them rich and new;
When the poor sheep and silk-worms wore
That very clothing long before.
The tulip and the butterfly
Appear in gayer coats than I;
Let me be dress'd fine as I will,
Flies, worms, and flowers exceed me still.
- 2 Then will I set my heart to find
The best adornings of the mind;
Knowledge and virtue, truth and grace,—
This is the robe of richest dress.
It never fades, it ne'er grows old;
Nor fears the rain, nor moth, nor mould;
It takes no spot, but still refines;
The more 'tis worn, the more it shines.

Watts.

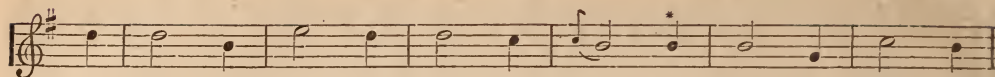
91.

- [To be sung to the first half of the tune.]
Be you to others kind and true,
As you'd have others be to you;
And neither do nor say to men
Whate'er you would not take again.

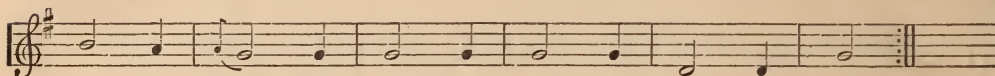
Watts.

92. "FULL MANY." (Round for two parts.)

M. 96.



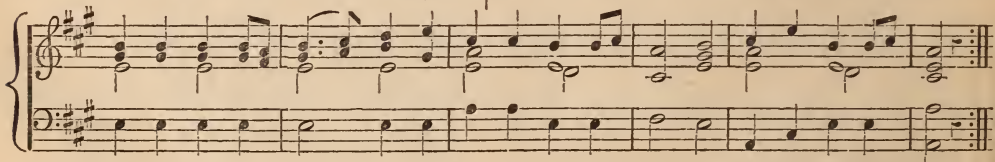
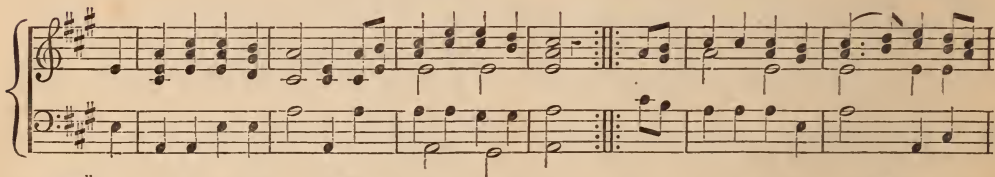
Full many a shaft †at ran - dom sent †Finds mark †the arch - er
 And many a word †at ran - dom spoken †May soothe or wound †a
 Oh! nev - er †let us light - ly fling †A barb of woe †to
 Oh! nev - er †let us haste to bring †The cup †of sor - row



lit - tle meant, †Finds mark †the arch - er lit - tle meant.
 heart that's broken, †May soothe or wound †a heart that's broken.
 wound an - other, †A barb of woe †to wound an - other.
 to a Brother, †The cup †of sor - row to a Brother.

"WE LOVE EACH OTHER." (*Silcher.*)

M. 103.



93.

- 1 We love each other dearly,
 No fears our hearts divide;
 Though life is fast and fleeting,
 And parting follows greeting,
 Our love shall still abide.
- 2 If true, and wise, and holy,
 Our love unchanged shall last;

Then, friends, our youth will brighten,
 Our future years will lighten,
 And knit them to the past.

- 3 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.

F. T. P. in Tilleard's Sec. Mus. for Sch. By per.

"WE BIRDS ARE HAPPY." (*Silesian Melody.*)

M. 144.

Di - di -
ral - la - la, di - di - ral - la - la, di - di - ral - la, ral - la - la.

94.

- 1 *We birds are happy all day long,
With flying, hopping, singing ;*
Didirallala, &c.
- 2 *And all can hear our joyful song
Through field and forest ringing.*
Didirallala, &c.
- 3 *We're full of health, and free from care,
To eat are always able ;*
Didirallala, &c.

- 4 *For, as we're flying everywhere,
We find a well-spread table.*
Didirallala, &c.
- 5 *And when our daily work is done,
We rest in cool green bowers,*
Didirallala, &c.
- 6 *We sleep in peace, and every one
Dream o'er our happy hours.*
Didirallala, &c.
Mrs. Dana Shindler.

"IF EARLY TO BED."

M. 72, beating twice to a measure.

95.

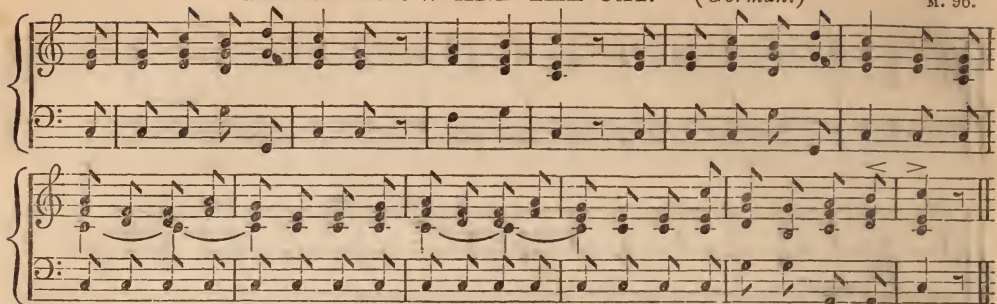
- 1 *If early to bed,
And early to rise,
You'll be as they tell me
Both wealthy and wise.*
- 2 *If health you would keep,
This counsel you'll take,
Be early asleep, and
Be early awake.*

- 3 *'Tis good for your health,
'Tis good for your purse,
No doctor you'll need, and
But seldom a nurse.*
- 4 *Then early to bed,
And early to rise,
If you would be healthy,
And wealthy, and wise.*

Prim. Sch. S. Bk.

"THE SPARROW AND THE CAT." (German.)

M. 96.



96.

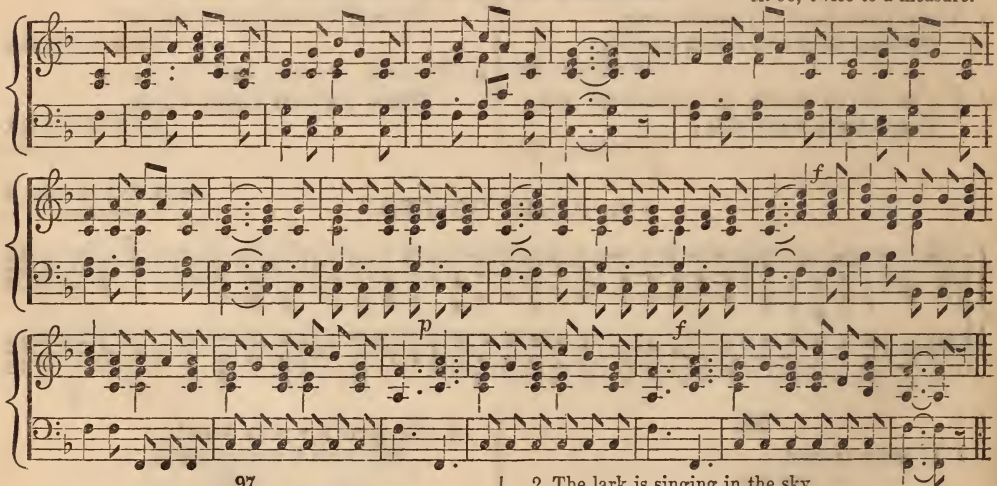
- 1 Who on our wall is seated? tra la la!
Take care, or you'll be cheated! tra la la la!
Oh, sparrow dear! take care, take care!
The cat is near! tra la la la la!
2 Oh, sparrow! there's a watcher! tra la la!
There sits the great mouse-catcher! tra la la la! So, &c.

- 3 The cat is gone to rest now, tra la la!
She knows the sparrow's nest, now, tra la la la la!
Oh, sparrow dear, &c.
4 The cat has caught a sparrow, tra la la!
SHE FLIES NOW LIKE AN ARROW, TRA LA LA LA!
Oh, sparrow dear, &c.

Mrs. Dana Shindler.

"WHEN COOLING MORNING BREEZES."

M. 96, twice to a measure.



97.

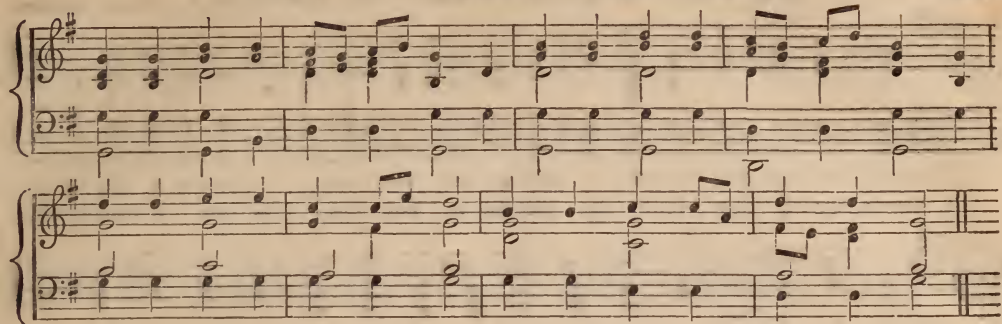
- 1 When cooling morning breezes blow,
And skies are bright and blue,
To meadows fair we haste to mow
The grass all fresh with dew:
We mowers so happy and free,—
We're mowing the flowers and hay.
Our scythes are swinging,
Our voices ringing,
While mowing the flowers and hay.

- 2 The lark is singing in the sky,
The blackbird on the tree;
And hollow sounding far away
We hear the rolling sea.
We mowers, &c.
3 The sun is shining warm and bright,
And with a merry song,
And easy swing, so swift and light,
Our labour flows along.
We, &c.

Song Bk. of the Sch. Room,

"NOW I'VE GOT THE FLOWER." (German.)

M. 108.



98.

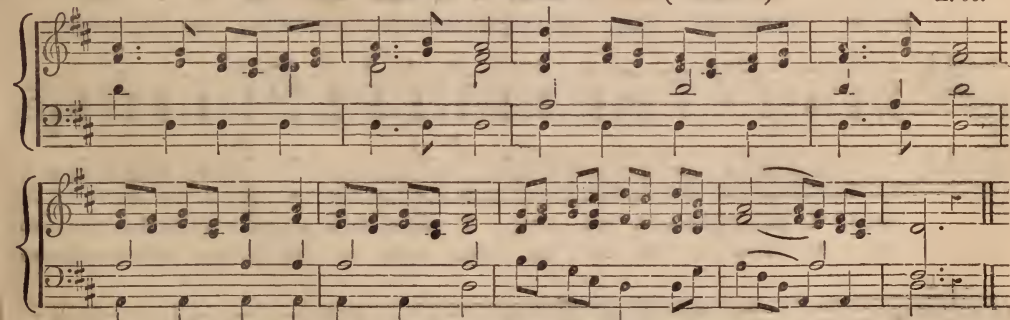
- 1 Now I've got the flow'r I wanted,
Birds, come round and see me plant it;
Here I set it in your sight,
Come, and look if 'tall is right.
- 2 Cloud, send down a cooling shower!
Sun, shine out and warm my flower!
Darling flow' ret, never fear,
Sunbeams soon will dry the tear.
- 3 I can scarcely wait its blooming,
Daily to my garden coming—
"Do n't be cross, dear flower," I say,
"Do come out in bloom to-day."

- 4 Clouds gave many a cooling shower,
Then the sunshine warm'd my flower,
Each has nobly done his part,
Now the blossoms cheer my heart.
- 5 Softly, softly blow, ye breezes,
Do not hurt my poor heartseases;
Blight and mildew, keep away!
We do n't want you here to-day.
- 6 Bees, I'm glad to see you coming,
You may suck my flower humming;
Butterflies that flutter by,
Praise the sweetness of her eye.

Jas. S. Stallybrass. Tr. for this work.

"BY THE MEADOW SPRING." (German.)

M. 96.



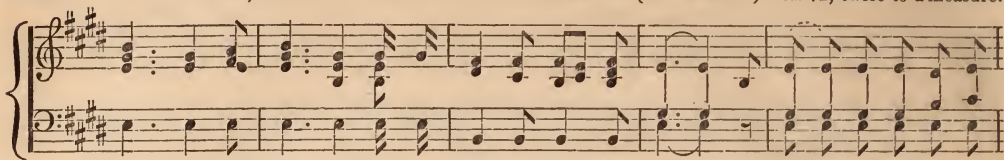
99.

- 1 Clear and cooling little spring,
O you sparkling, lively thing!
Over pebbles here you flow,
There the flowers around you blow.
- 2 By your cooling stream we rest,
Feel it streaming through our breast;

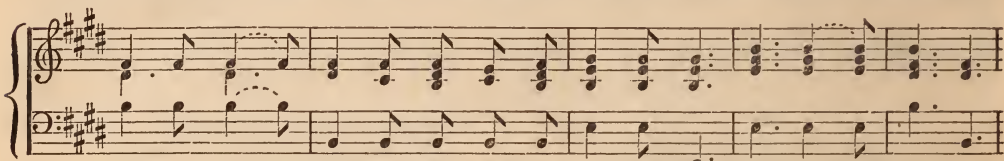
- On we go with fresh desire,
Fancy we shall never tire.
- 3 Ever t'ward the ocean flow,
Onward go, and wider grow!
We, like you, must ever roam,
Till we view our long, long home.

Jas. S. Stallybrass. Tr.

100. "FLOWERS, WILD-WOOD FLOWERS." (L. Mason.) M. 72, twice to a measure.



1. Flow'rs, wild-wood flow - ers, In a shel-ter'd dell they grew, I hur-ried a - long and I
 2. Flow'rs, love - ly flow - ers! In the gar-den we may see; The rose is there with its



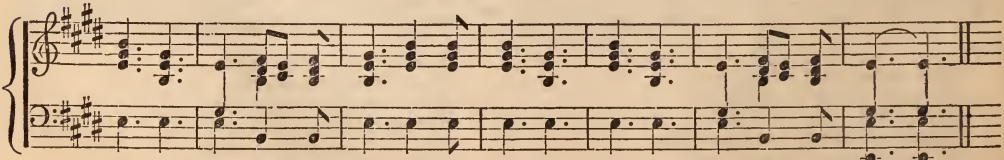
chance'd to spy This small star flow'r, with its sil - v'ry eye; Then this poor dai - sy
 ru - by lip, Pinks the hon - ey - bee loves to sip; Tu - lips, tu - lips,



peep'd up its head, Sweet - ly this pur - ple or - chis
 gay as a but-ter-fly's wing, Ma - ri-golds rich as the crown of a king, rich as the crown of a



spread: I gather'd them ALL FOR YOU, I gather'd them ALL FOR YOU; All these wild-wood
 king; But none so fair to me, But none so fair to me, As these wild-wood



flow - ers, Sweet wild-wood flow'rs. All these wild-wood flow - ers, Sweet wild-wood flow'rs.
 flow - ers, Sweet wild-wood flow'rs. As these wild-wood flow - ers, Sweet wild-wood flow'rs.

101. "ALL THE SPRINGING FLOWERS." Round for two parts. M. 80.

Two staves of music in G major, 2/4 time. The first staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second staff has a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is simple and repetitive, with lyrics written below each staff. An asterisk is placed above the first measure of the first staff.

All the spring - ing flow - ers, All the fruit - ful show - ers,
All the stars a - bove, Tell us God is love.

"THE FLOWERS ARE BLOOMING." (*Old English.*) M. 66, twice to a measure.

NOTE. Accent the first pulse in every measure; sing the other pulses lightly.

Two staves of music in G major, 2/4 time. The first staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second staff has a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is simple and repetitive, with lyrics written below each staff. The word 'cres' is written above the first measure of the first staff.

cres - cen - do.

102.

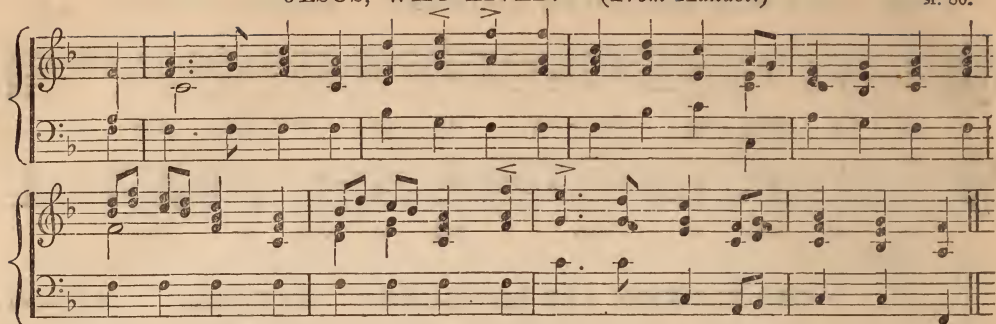
- 1 The flowers are blooming ev'rywhere,
On ev'ry hill and dell;
And, oh, how beautiful they are!
How sweetly too they smell!
- 2 The little birds they spring along,
And look so glad and gay;
I love to hear their pleasant song,
I FEEL AS GLAD AS THEY.
- 3 The young lambs bleat and frisk about;
The bees hum round their hive;
The butterflies are coming out:
'T IS GOOD TO BE ALIVE!
- 4 The trees that look'd so stiff and grey,
With green wreaths now are hung;

Oh, mother! let me laugh and play,
I CANNOT HOLD MY TONGUE.

- 5 See, yonder bird spreads out his wings,
And mounts the clear blue skies;
And hark! how merrily he sings,
As far away he flies.
- 6 Go forth, my child, and laugh and play,
And let your cheerful voice
With birds and brooks, and merry May,
Cry out, Rejoice, rejoice!
- 7 I would not check your bounding mirth,
My happy little boy;
For he who made this blooming earth
Smiles on an infant's joy.

"JESUS, WHO LIVED." (*From Handel.*)

M. 80.



103.

- 1 Jesus, who liv'd †above the sky,
Came down to be a man †and die:
And in the Bible †we may see
How very good †He used to be.
- 2 He went about, †He was so kind,
To cure poor people †who were blind;
And many who †were sick and lame,
He pitied them, †and did the same.
- 3 And more than that, †He told them too
The things that God †would have them do;
AND WAS SO GENTLE †AND SO MILD,
HE WOULD HAVE LISTEN'D †TO A CHILD.
- 4 *But such a cruel death †He died!*
He was hung up †and crucified!
And those kind hands †that did such good,
They nail'd them to a cross of wood.
- 5 *And so He died!*—†and this is why
He came to be a man †and die;
The Bible says †He came from heaven
That we might have †our sins forgiven.
- 6 He knew how wicked †man had been,
And knew that God †must punish sin;
So, OUT OF PITY, JESUS SAID,
HE'D BEAR †THE PUNISHMENT INSTEAD.

Jane Taylor. By per.

104.

- 1 Spared to begin another week,
Thy blessing, Lord, we humbly seek,
Guide in the lessons of the day,
Guard us from danger in our play.
- 2 Give memory and attention, Lord,
Let every mind with truth be stored;
More of Thy Scriptures may we know,
Wiser and better daily grow.

105.

- 1 Glory to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, oh keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own Almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die that so I may
With joy behold the judgment-day.
- 4 O let my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep that may me more active make
To serve my God when I awake.
- 5 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Kenn.

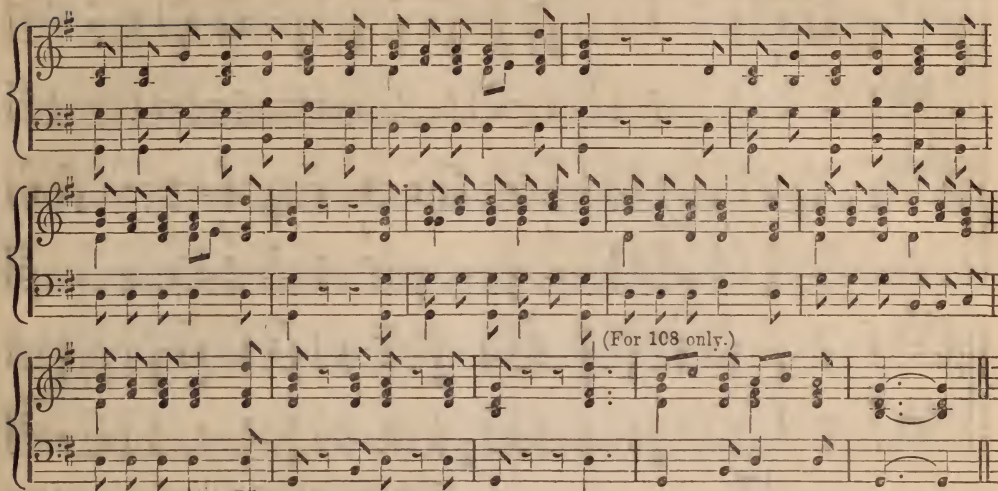
106.

- 1 Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run:
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear;
Think how th' all-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.
- 3 All praise to God, who safe hath kept,
And hath refresh'd me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake
I may of endless life partake.
- 4 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

Kenn.

"THE MILL BY THE RIVULET." (*German.*)

M. 72.



107.

- 1 The mill by the rivulet evermore sounds, †clip clap!
By day and by night goes the miller his rounds, †clip
clap!
He grinds us the corn to make nourishing bread,
And when we have that we are daintily fed, †clip
clap.
- 2 The wheel quickly turns and then round goes the
stone, clip clap!
And grinds up the wheat which the farmer has sown,
clip clap!
The baker then bakes us fine biscuit and cake,
Oh, darling good baker, such nice things to make!
clip clap!
- 3 And when the rich harvest is safely got in, clip clap!
Then quickly the sounds of the mill-wheels begin,
clip clap!
And tell me, ye children, what more need ye want,
So long as good bread our kind Father will grant?
clip clap!

Mrs. Dana Shindler.

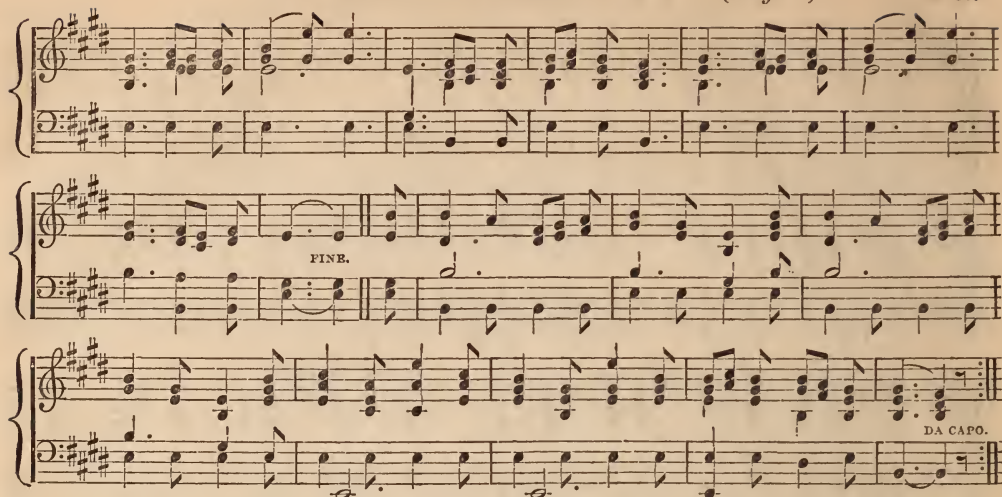
108.

- 1 Now, school-house, adieu! to your cheer—ful doors,
Adieu!
We leave for the present fair learn—ing's stores,
Adieu!
Our pa—rents dear—we haste—to meet,
Our homes and our gardens in pleasure to greet.
||:Adieu! Adieu! Adieu!:||
- 2 Our books, we must hastily throw—them by; Adieu!
On shelves, unmolested, in peace—to lie; Adieu!
Fair Na—ture's leaves—adorn—the tree:
The woods and the fields shall our teachers be.
||:Adieu! Adieu! Adieu!:||
- 3 Our teacher's glad voice we shall hear—no more!
Adieu!
Till days of vacation have gli—ded o'er; Adieu!
Yet well—we know—his pleas—ant smile
Can never depart from our mem'ry the while.
||:Adieu! Adieu! Adieu!:||

Normal Singer.

"SEE WHERE THE RISING SUN." (*Nägeli.*)

M. 80.



109.

- 1 See, where the rising sun
In splendour decks the skies;
His daily course begun,
Haste and arise,
Oh come with me where violets bloom,
And scent the air with sweet perfume;
And where, like diamonds to the sight,
Dew-drops sparkle bright. See, &c.

- 2 Fair is the face of morn;
Why should your eyelids keep
Closed when the night is gone?
Wake from your sleep!
Oh, who would slumber in his bed,
When darkness from his couch has fled;
And when the lark ascends on high,
Warbling songs of joy? See, &c.

W. E. Hickson. By per.

110.

- 1 Work while in youthful prime,
Work while the heart is gay,
Work for the harvest-time,
Work while you may.

When earth is moist with spring-time's rain
In furrow'd fields they sow the grain,
And we in youth will cast the seed
For later days of need.

Work while, &c.

- 2 Work while, &c.
Fresh dews and sunshine bless the field,
Their crop the crumbling furrows yield:
So wisdom grows, through smiles and tears,
By process of the years.

Work while, &c.

- 3 Work while, &c.
In autumn days the corn they reap;
With sheaves the labouring wain they heap:
So life, when ripening years are past,
Its harvest reaps at last.

Work while, &c.

- 4 Work while, &c.
With song they guide the creaking wain,
With song and cheer they store the grain:
Be ours, with joy, whate'er betide,
Life's harvest-home to bide.

Work while, &c.

Normal Singer.

111.

- 1 What shall we render,
Thou heavenly Friend, to Thee,
F'r care so tender,
F'r grace so free?
What can we bring for all the love
Thy rich and bounteous hand bestows?
From Thee, the source of joy above,
All life and blessing flows.
What shall we render, &c.
- 2 Lo! ~~in~~ lofty mountains
High ~~t~~ Thee their summits raise,
Sweet sparkling fountains
Whisper Thy praise.
The pleasant fruits, the smiling flowers,
To Thee their grateful off'ring bring;

And cheerful birds, with all their powers,
To ~~thee~~ sweet anthems sing.

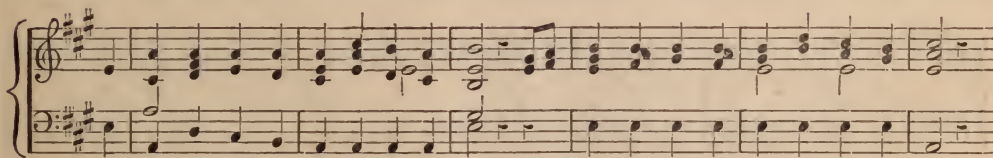
What shall we render, &c.

- 3 Earth's thousand voices
Warble Thy lovely name;
Nature rejoices
Praise to proclaim.
Since we have spirits that must live
When all things else shall fade and die,
May we eternal honour give,
And sing Thy praise on high!
Then we shall render
True honour, Lord, to Thee
F'r care so tender,
F'r grace so free.

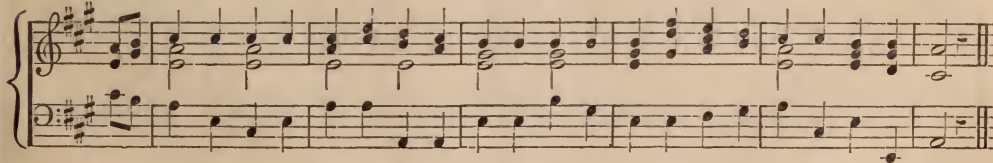
Mrs. Parsons.

112. "MY FRIENDS, I'M GOING." (German.)

M. 144.



1. My friends, I'm go-ing far a-way, Good bye! My friends, I'm go-ing far a-way, Good bye!



My friends, I'm go-ing far a-way, We'll meet again some o-ther day, Good bye! Good bye! Good bye!

- 2 ||:And though we meet another day,||
That day is yet so far away.
- 3 ||:But since it can't be otherwise,||
Cheer up, my friends, and dry your eyes.
- 4 ||:Though eyes be dry, the heart will ache,||
Hold out your hand once more to shake.

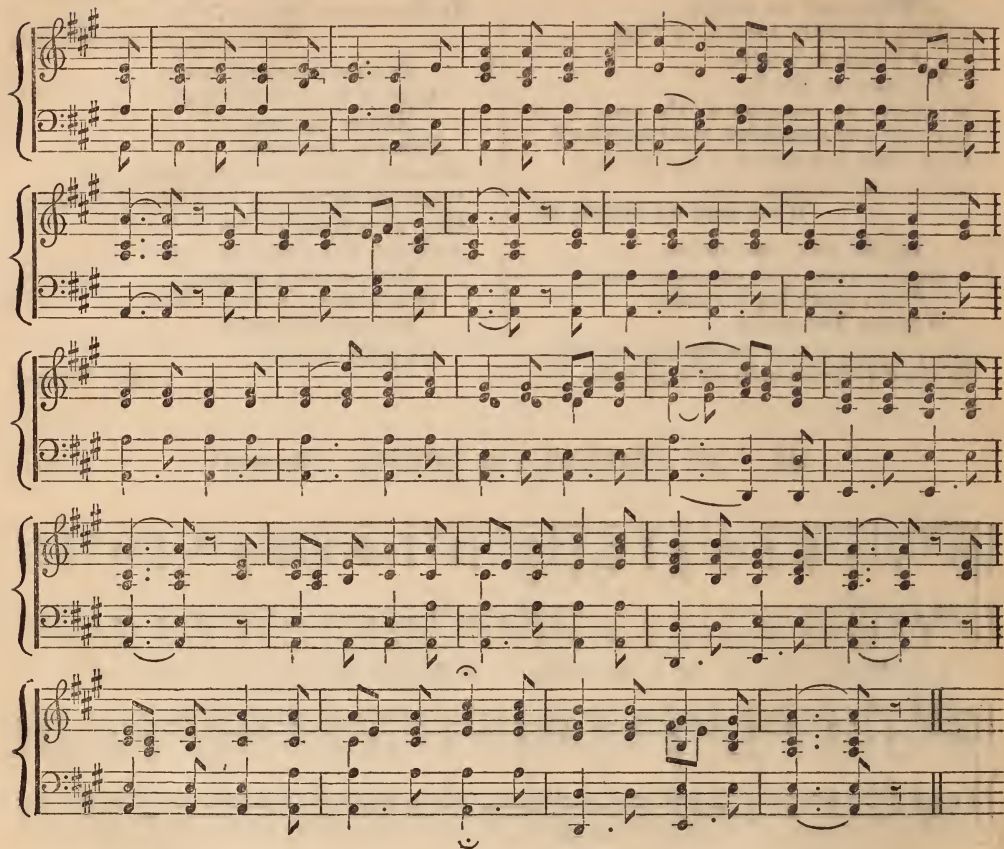
- 5 ||:I hold you out my hand to shake,||
And yet my heart is like to break.
- 6 ||:Though parting fills the heart with pain,||
We hope one day to meet again.

J. S. Stallybrass. Tr. for this work.

NOTE.—To be sung by alternate choirs, except the last verse, which should be sung by both unitedly.

✓ "THROUGH LANES WITH HEDGEROWS." (*German*.)

M. 96, beating twice to a measure.



113.

1 Through lanes with hedgerows pearly,
Go forth the reapers early
||: Among the yellow corn ::||
Good luck betide their shearing,
For winter now is nearing,
||: And we must fill the barn.:||
||: THE HARVEST TIME, THE HARVEST TIME,
The busy harvest time.:||

2 At noon they leave the meadow,
Beneath the friendly shadow
||: Of monarch oak to dine ::||
And 'mid his branches hoary,
Goes up the thankful story,
||: The harvest is so fine.:||
||: THE HARVEST TIME, THE HARVEST TIME,
The blessed harvest time.:||

3 And when the west is burning,
 From shaven field returning,
 ||:In merry train they come;||
 When all their hamlet neighbours
 Rejoice to end their labours,

||:With merry harvest home:||
 ||:THE HARVEST TIME, THE HARVEST TIME,
 THE JOYOUS HARVEST TIME:||
Song Bk. of Sch. Rom.

“HOW SWEET THE SOUND.” (*Silcher.*)

M. 60.

Echo.
pp

114.

1 How sweet the sound In woods around
 ||:Of horns that gaily ring!||
 From hill and mound The echoes bound,
 ||:From rock to rock they spring:||
 2 And copse and tree, It seems to me,
 ||:Look twice as green and gay:||

And doubly clear The brooks appear
 ||:That gently glide away:||
 3 There's not a breast But feels new zest
 ||:At that repeated tone:||
 From all our hearts The gloom departs,
 ||:We know not where 't is flown:||
J. S. Stallybrass. Tr. for this work.

115. “I’VE A HEARTY APPETITE.” For three parts.

M. 112.

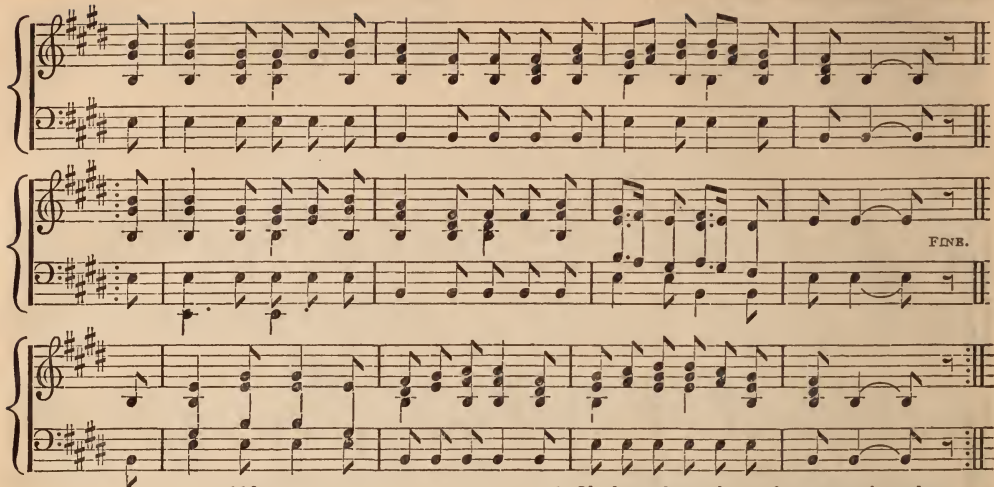
I've a heart - y ap - pe - te, And I sound - ly sleep at night.

Down I lie con - tent and say, “I’ve been use - ful all the day.” I’d

ra - ther be a plough-boy than A use - less lit - tle gen - tle - man.

"I AM A CUCKOO."

M. 96, beating twice to a measure.



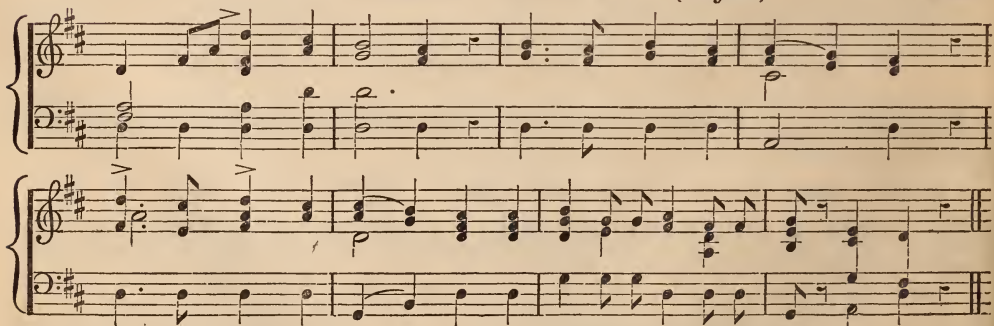
116.

- 1 "I am a cuckoo, my name is cuckoo,
 The children call me cuckoo,
 If you should ever forget my name,
 I'll always tell you cuckoo;
 When winter comes I hie away home,
 In summer I live in the meadows."—
 So lives the cuckoo, his mate the cuckoo,
 And all the little cuckoos.

- 2 Oh, hear the cuckoo, whose name is cuckoo,
 And whom we all call cuckoo;
 And who, though we should forget his name,
 Will always tell us cuckoo;
 When winter comes he hies away home,
 In summer he sings in the meadows:
 SO LIVES THE CUCKOO, HIS MATE THE CUCKOO,
 AND ALL THE LITTLE CUCKOOS.

Prim. S. S. Bk."WHO THROUGH HEAVEN." (*Nägeli.*)

M. 83.



117.

- 1 Who through Heaven is guiding
 Stars by thousands gliding,
 Thousand paths providing,—
 He nameth and claimeth
 Both thee and me.

- 2 He whose wondrous power
 Feedeth grass and flower,
 Sending sun and shower,—
 Befriendeth and tendeth
 Both thee and me.

- 3 Who the thunder swayeth,
Who with lightnings playeth,
Whom the storm obeyeth,—
He ruleth and schooleth
Both thee and me.
- 4 He whose finger's motion
Rules the raging ocean,
Calms its wild commotion,—

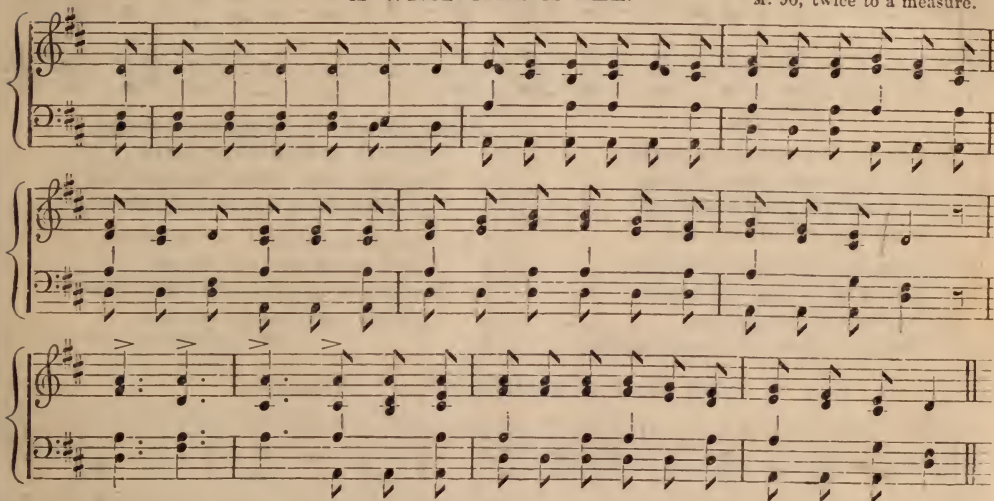
Upholdeth, enfoldeth
Both thee and me.

5 He who only knoweth
How the wild flow'r groweth,
Whence the storm-wind bloweth,—
Provideth, decideth
For thee and me.

Jas. S. Stallybrass. Tr. for this work.

"A WASP MET A BEE."

M. 96, twice to a measure.



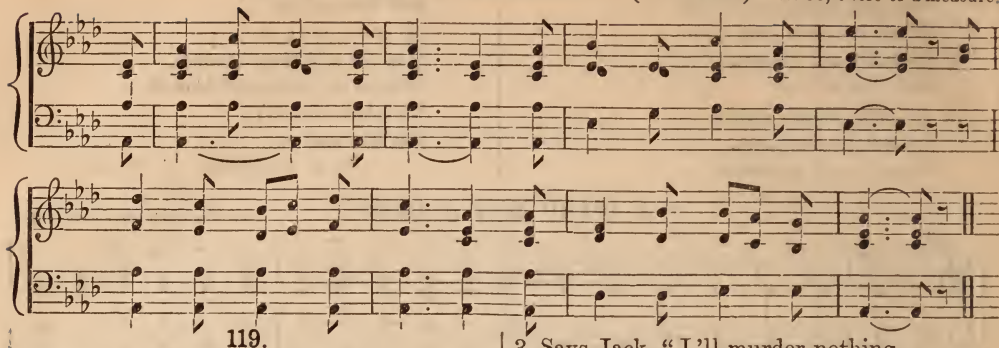
118.

- 1 A wasp met a bee that was just buzzing by,
And he said, "Little Cousin, can you tell me why
You are lov'd so much better by people than I?
Bz, Bz, Bz, Bz, You are lov'd, &c.
- 2 "My back shines as bright and as yellow as gold,
And my shape is most elegant, too, to behold,
And yet nobody likes me, for that I am told.
Bz. And yet, &c."
- 3 "Ah! Cousin," the bee said, "'tis all very true,
But were I even half so much mischief to do,
Then I'm sure they would love me no better than
Bz. Then I'm sure, &c. [you.

- 4 "You have a fine shape and a delicate wing.
And they say you are handsome, but then there's
one thing
They can never put up with, and that is your sting.
Bz. They can, &c.
- 5 "My coat is quite homely and plain, as you see,
But yet none is angry or scolding at me,
Just because I'm a humble and innocent bee.
Bz. Just because, &c."
- 6 From this little story, let people beware.
For if, like the cross wasp, they, too, ill-natured are,
They will never be lov'd, though they're ever so fair.
Bz. They will, &c.

Little S. for L. Singers.

"NOW RUDE NOVEMBER." (*Gersbach.*) M. 96, twice to a measure.



119.

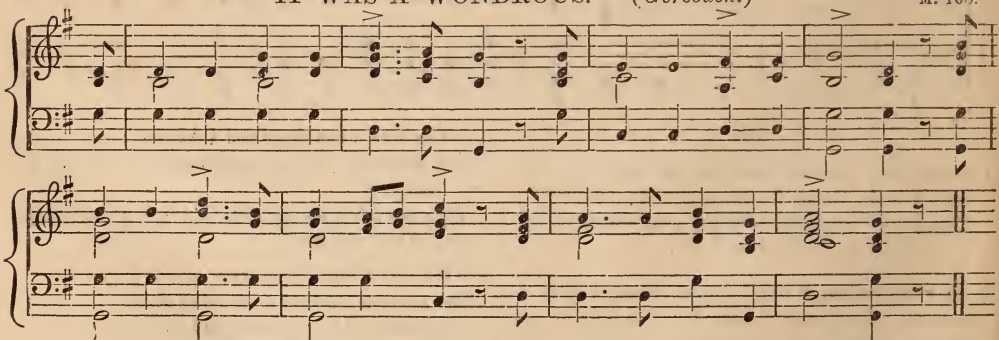
- 1 Now rude November strips off
The Autumn's coat of gold;
Jack Frost the jewels nips off
With finger thin and cold.
- 2 O Jack, keep off your clutches,
Your finger long and lean,
It murders all it touches,
That once was bright and green!

- 3 Says Jack, "I'll murder nothing,
Nor do your darlings harm;
'Tis clean and white the clothing
I'll spread to keep them warm.
- 4 "And soon when I unbind them,
And break my icy chain,
You will be glad to find them
Alive and green again."

Jas. S. Stallybrass, for this work.

"IT WAS A WONDROUS." (*Gersbach.*)

M. 103.



120.

- 1 It was a wondrous gentle host
That gave me lodging lately;
A swinging bough was his sign-post,
With golden apples stately.
- 2 IT WAS THE GOODLY APPLE TREE
THAT WAS MY KIND PROTECTOR,

With sweetest fare he nourish'd me,
With fresh and foaming nectar.

- 3 There trod full many a wingèd guest,
His leafy chambers lightly;
They held their feast and sang their best,
And danced about so sprightly.

- 4 I found a bed for sweet repose
Upon the soft green meadow ;
The host himself he wrapt me close
Within his cooling shadow.
- 5 I ask'd him what there was to pay,
His head he shook it slightly :
A BLESSING REST ON HIM, I PRAY,
AND STORMS BETIDE HIM LIGHTLY.
- Jas. S. Stallybrass. Tr. for this work.*

121.

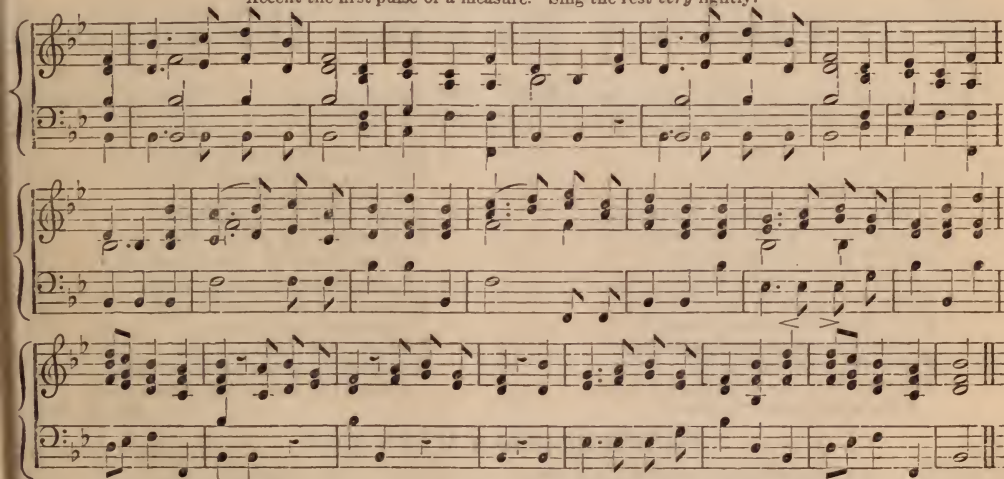
- 1 There's nothing half so sweet in youth,
There's nothing half so beautiful,

- As when you 're wrong to tell the truth
And make confession free and full.
- 2 You know what little Georgie did,
Who chopped his father's cherry tree ;
He would not lie to keep it hid ;
His father—happy man was he.
- 3 " O Georgie, this my heart doth please,
When truth is told so free and bold ;
Far more than orchards full of trees
With silver leaves and fruits of gold."
- 4 There's nothing, &c.

Jas. S. Stallybrass, for this work.

" I 'VE COME ACROSS THE SEA." (Barnett.)

M. 103.

Accent the first pulse of a measure. Sing the rest *very* lightly.

122.

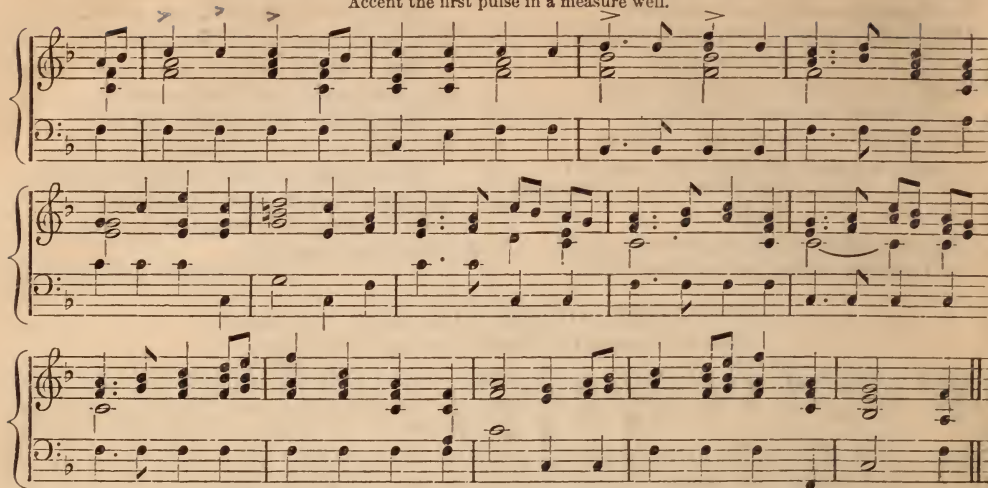
I've come across the sea,
I've braved ev'ry danger,
For-a brother dear to me,
From Swiss-land a ranger. [stranger,
Then pity, assist, and protect a poor
And buy a little toy of poor Rose of Lu-
cerne, a little toy, a little toy,
Come buy a little toy of POOR ROSE OF
LUCERNE.
Come round me, ladies fair,
I've ribbons and laces ;

- I've trinkets rich and rare,
I've toys for the babies,
*You love the smile that dimples their sweet
pretty faces,*
Then buy a, &c.
- 3 I've paint, and I've perfume,
For those who may need them ;
Young ladies, I presume,
You all will refuse them,
The bloom on your cheeks shows that you
never use them.
Yet buy a, &c.

"BEFORE ALL LANDS." (*Lowell Mason.*)

M. 120.

Accent the first pulse in a measure well.



123.

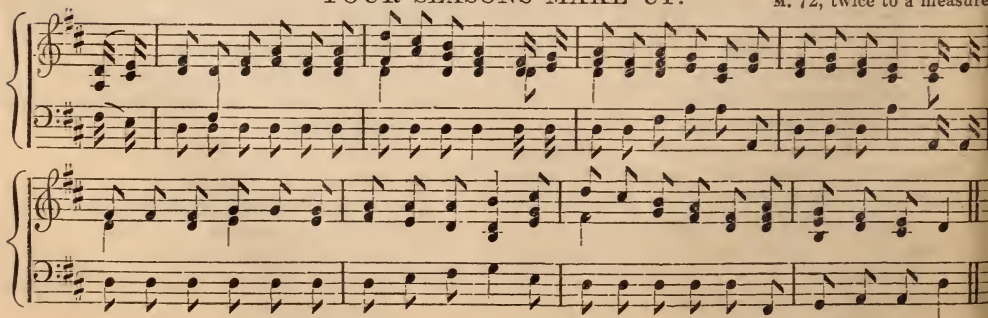
- 1 Before all lands, in east or west,
I love my native land the best;
With God's best gifts 'tis teeming;
No gold or jewels here are found,
Yet men of noble souls abound,
||:And eyes of joy are gleaming.:||
- 2 Before all tongues, in east or west,
I love my native tongue the best;
Though not so smoothly spoken,
Nor woven with Italian art;
Yet, when it speaks from heart to heart,
||: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 gen'rous heart,
To virtue train'd, 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 honour ev'ry nation's name,
Respect their fortune and their fame,
||:But-I love the land that bore me.:||

Normal Singer

"FOUR SEASONS MAKE UP."

M. 72, twice to a measure



124.

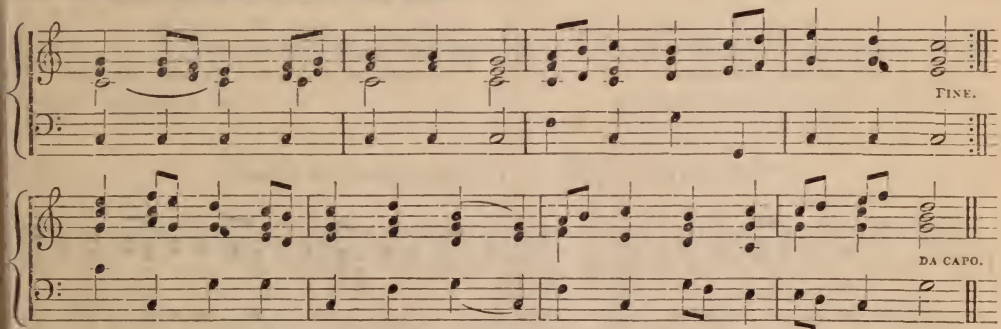
- 1 Four seasons make up all the days of the year ;
If you 'd know what they are then come hither, and
hear,
How in order they pass, and what presents they bring,
The Summer, the Autumn, the Winter, and Spring.
- 2 When the young leaves just peep from their buds on
the spray,
When the primrose and thorn-blossom blow by the way,
When the thrush and the lark are beginning to sing,
Then know 'tis the season, the season of Spring.
- 3 When the lily shoots up with its beautiful flower,
When the jessamine hangs in thick wreaths on the
bower,

- 4 When the last corn is hous'd, 'tween the showers, on
the hill ;
When the flowers are all gone, and the evenings are
chill ;
When the leaves one by one fall away from the trees,
Then Autumn is come, with his clouds and his breeze.
- 5 When the snow-flake skims down, and the stormy
winds blow,
And the icicles hang o'er the streamlet below ;
When the woods are all bare, and the birds sing no
more,
'Tis Winter, cold Winter ! the last of the four.

L. S. for L. S."SEE THE CHICKENS." (*Old English.*)

M. 96.

Exercises for the development of the voice (Stand. Co. p. 6) should precede such a tune as this, and only those whose voices are naturally high should attempt to sing the air.



125.

- 1 See the chickens †round the gate,
For their morning †portion wait ;
Fill the basket †from the store,
Open wide †the cottage door ;
Throw out crumbs †and scatter seed,
Let the hungry †chickens feed.
Call them now, †how fast they run,
Gladly, quickly, †ev'ry one !

- 2 Eager, busy hen and chick,
Ev'ry little morsel pick,
See the hen with callow brood,
To her young how kind and good ;
With what care their steps she leads,
Them, and not herself, she feeds ;
Picking here, and picking there,
Where the nicest morsels are.

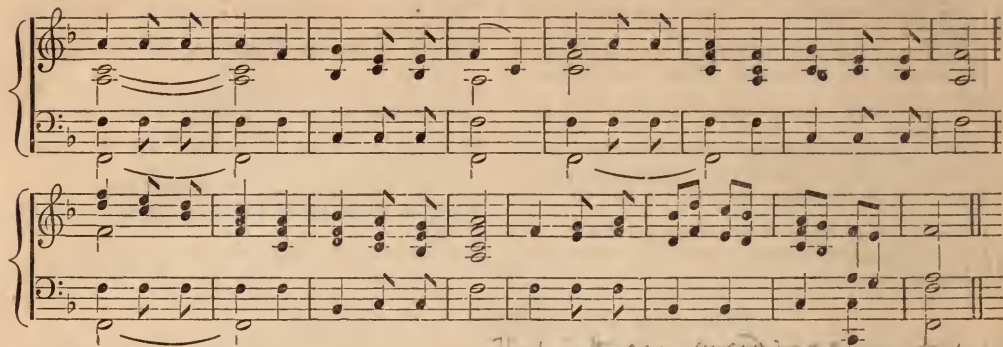
- 3 As she calls, they flock around,
Bustling all along the ground.
When their daily labours cease,
And at night they rest in peace,
All the little tiny things
Nestle close beneath her wings ;
There she keeps them safe and warm,
Free from fear, and free from harm.

- 4 Now, my little child, attend :
Your Almighty Father, Friend,
Though unseen by mortal eye
Watches o'er you from on high.
As the hen her chickens leads,
Shelters, cherishes, and feeds ;
So by Him your feet are led,
Over you His wings are spread.

D. A. T.

“WORK WHILE YOU WORK.” (*Old English.*)

M. 112.



126.

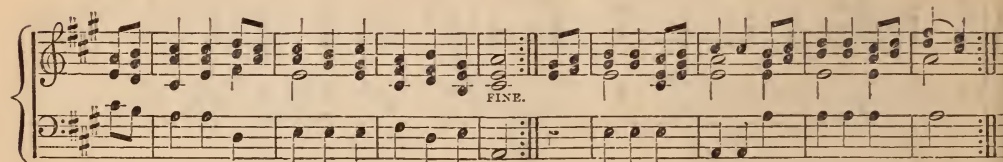
- 1 Work while you work, and Play while you play,
 For that is the way to be Cheerful and gay,
 All that you do, Do with your might,
 Things done by halves are Never done right.

2 One thing each time, and That done well, *thing*
 Is-a Very good rule, as Many can tell.
 Moments are *useless* Trifled away; *lost time*
 Work while you work, and Play while you play.

M. A. Stodart. By per.

“’T IS THE VOICE.” (*Adapted from De Pinna.*)

M. 80.



127.

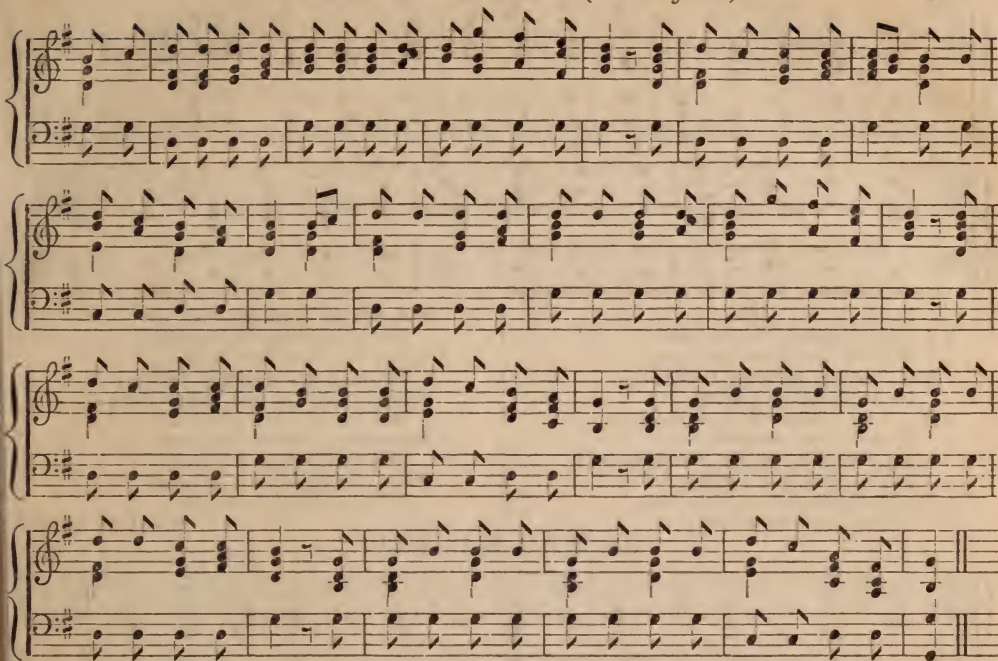
- 1 'Tis the voice of the sluggard; I heard him complain,—
 “You have waked me too soon, I must slumber again.”
 As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed,
 Turns his sides and his shoulders, and his heavy head.
- 2 “A little more sleep, and a little more slumber;”
 Thus he wastes half his days, and hours without number;
 And when he gets up, he sits folding his hands,
 Or walks about saunt'ring, or trifling he stands.

- 3 I made him a visit, still hoping to find
 That he took better care for improving his mind;
 He told me his dreams, talk'd of eating and drinking;
 But he scarce reads his Bible, and never loves think-
 ing.
- 4 Said-I then to my heart, “Here's a lesson for me
 This man's but a picture of what I might be;
 But thanks to my friends for their care in my
 breeding,
 Who taught me betimes to love working and read-
 ing.”

Watts.

"WILL YOU WALK." (*Old English.*)

M. 96.



128.

"Will you walk into my parlour?" said a Spider to a Fly;

"Tis the prettiest little parlour that ever you did spy.
The way into my parlour is up a winding stair,
And I have many pretty things to show when you get there."

"Oh no, no!" said the little Fly, "to ask me is in vain;
For who goes up that winding stair will ne'er come down again."

"Sweet creature," said the Spider, "you are witty and you're wise;
How handsome are your gaudy wings, how brilliant are your eyes!

I have a little looking-glass upon my parlour shelf;
If you'll step up one moment, dear, you shall behold yourself."

"Oh thank you, gentle sir," she said, "for what you're pleased to say;

And wishing you good morning now, I'll call another day."

3 Alas, alas, how very soon this silly little Fly,
Hearing his wily flattering words, came slowly fluttering by.

With humming wings she hung aloft, then nearer and nearer drew,
Thinking only of her crested head, and gold and purple hue,
Thinking only of her brilliant wings, poor silly thing!

at last
Up jump'd the cruel Spider, and firmly held her fast!

4 He dragg'd her up his winding stair, into his dismal den,

Within his little parlour, but she ne'er came down again.

And now, my pretty maidens, who may this story hear,

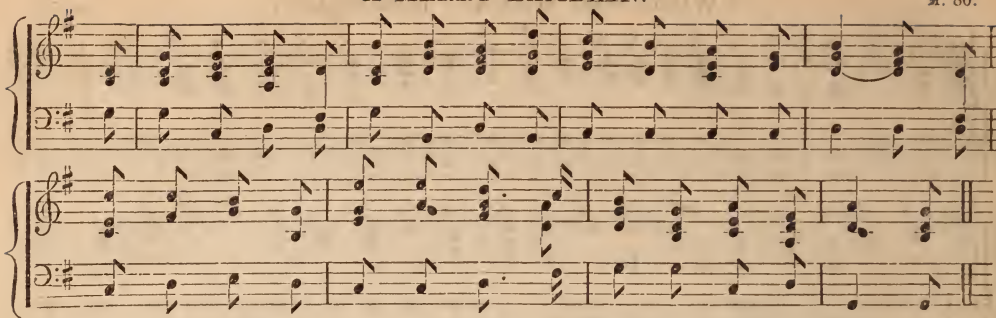
To silly, idle, flattering words, I pray you ne'er give ear;

Unto an evil counsellor close heart, and ear, and eye,
And learn a lesson from this tale of the Spider and the Fly.

Mary Howitt.

"A MERRY LAMBKIN."

M. 80.



129.

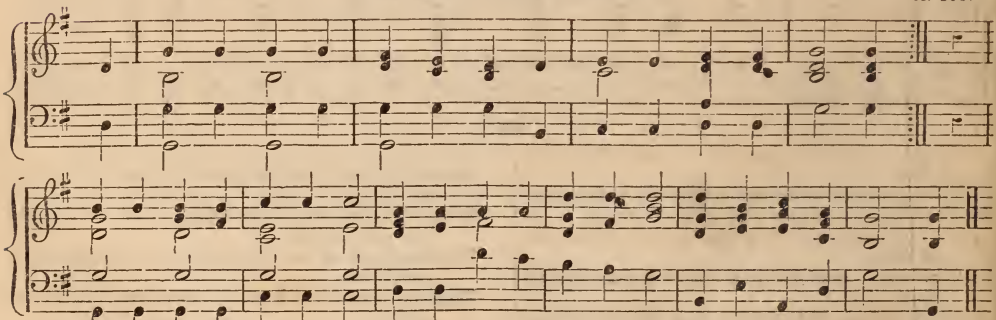
- 1 A merry lambkin, white as snow,
While in the pasture straying,
Was jumping, springing to and fro,
Its wanton antics playing.
- 2 Hop, hop, it went o'er stock and stone,
To every fear a stranger.
"Stop," cried the mother, "careless one!
You're running into danger."
- 3 The lambkin only hopp'd the more
Up hill and down so feathly ;

- But soon she found her frolic o'er,
Her pleasure spoil'd completely.
4 Upon a hill there lay a stone,—
The lamb was springing o'er it,
When lo! she fell, and broke a bone,
And aye will she deplore it.
- 5 Remember, children, every one,
And wisdom from it borrow,
That pleasure which is overdone
Will end in pain and sorrow.

Mrs. Dana Shindler.

"OH WHO WAS THAT."

M. 160.



130.

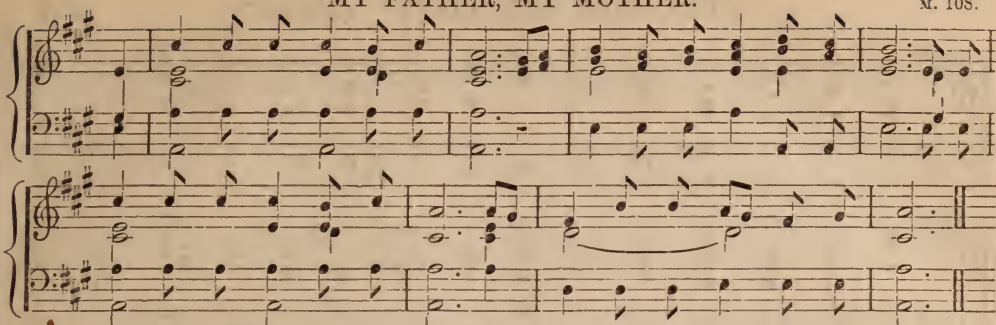
- 1 "Oh who was that went by the shed
And round the hen-house yonder?"
A rogue that will not earn his bread,
Of thieving he is fonder.
"Cunning Fox, how could you dare!
Come, what business have you there
With my hens, I wonder?"
- 2 The fox he thought it famous fun,
With fatted fowls around him;
But ah! he'd hardly fix'd on one,
When folks came by and found him.
"Cunning Fox, what will you do?
Now you'll surely get your due."
Sec, they've caught and bound him.

- 3 They dealt so fairly by the fox,
By statute law they tried him,
The judge he sat upon a box,
The hangman stood beside him.
Reynard now must stand him there,
Witnesses will come to swear
How they caught and tied him.
- 4 While they were thinking what to do
To prove his guilty funning,
The fox he gnaw'd the rope in two,
And then got off by running.
"Stop," said they, "that was not fair!
Pris'ner should have waited there
Till we'd proved his cunning."

Jas. S. Stallybrass. Tr. for this work.

"MY FATHER, MY MOTHER."

M. 108.



131.

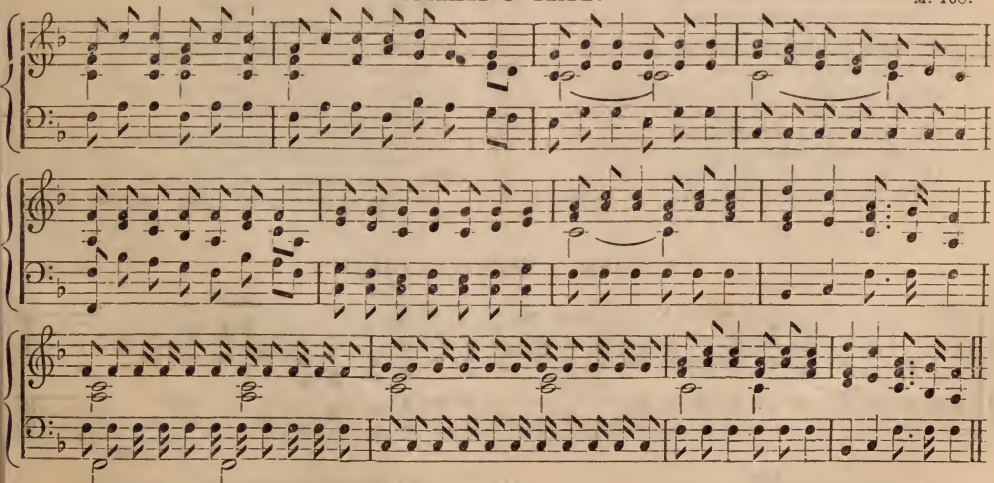
- 1 My father, my mother, I know
I cannot your kindness repay;
But I hope that, as older I grow,
I shall learn your commands to obey.
- 2 You loved me before I could tell
Who-it was that so tenderly smiled;
But now that I know it so well,
I should be a dutiful child.

- 3 I am sorry that ever I should
Be naughty and give you a pain;
I hope I shall learn to be good,
And so never grieve you again.
- 4 But lest, after all, I should dare
To act an undutiful part,
Whene'er I am saying my prayer,
I'll ask for a teachable heart.

Jane Taylor. By per.

"SMILING MAY." ✓

M. 108.



132.

Smiling May comes in play,
Making all things fresh and gay;
From the hall come ye all,
Thus the pretty flowers call.
Fragrant is the flowery vale,
Sparkles now the dewy dale,

Music floats, cheering notes,
Music sweetly floats;
||: Oh! sing merrily, merrily, mer-
rily.:|| Music floats, &c.

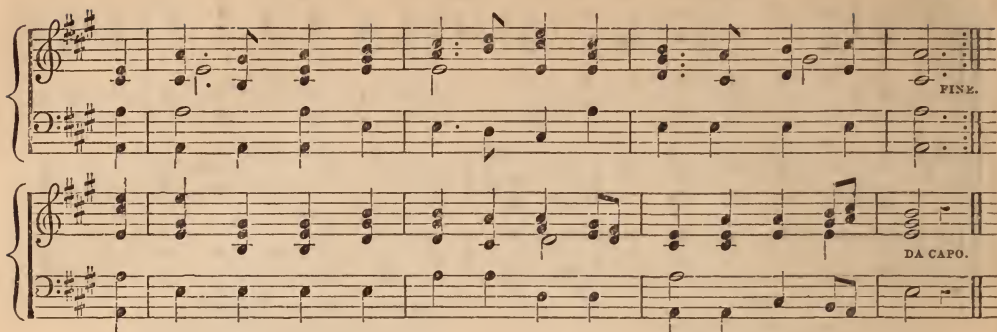
- 2 As we stray, breezes play
Through the meadow's rich array;

All is bright, cheerful sight,
After winter's dreary night.
*Shadows now in quivering glance
On the silvery fountain dance;*
Insects bright sail in light,
Cheerful, happy sight.

Oh! sing, &c.

"TURN, TURN THY HASTY." (*English.*)

M. 80.



133.

- 1 Turn, turn thy hasty foot aside,
Nor crush that helpless worm :
The frame thy wayward looks deride,
None but our God could form.
The common Lord of all that move,
From whom thy being flow'd,
A portion of his boundless love
On that poor worm bestow'd.
- 2 The light, the air, the dew, he made
To all his creatures free,
And spreads o'er earth the grassy blade
For them as well as thee.
Let them enjoy their little day,
Their lowly bliss receive;
Oh ! do not lightly take away
The life thou canst not give.

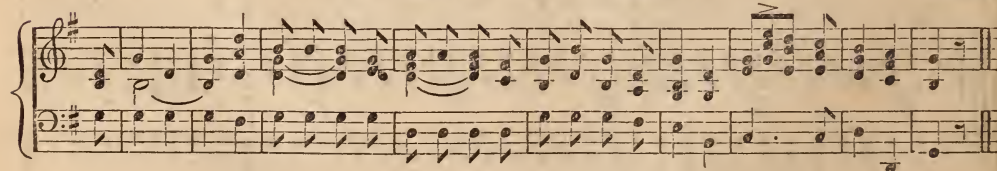
Gisborne.

134.

- 1 Alas ! what secret tears are shed,
What wounded spirits bleed ;
What loving hearts are sundered,
And yet man takes no heed !
- 2 He goeth in his daily course,
Made fat with oil and wine,
And pitieth not the weary souls
That in his bondage pine.
- 3 To him they are but as the stones
Beneath his feet that lie ;
It entereth not his thoughts that they
From him claim sympathy.
- 4 It entereth not his thoughts that God
Heareth the sufferer's groan,
That in his righteous eye, their life
Is precious as his own. *Mary Howitt. By per.*

"I WISH I WERE A BIRD."

M. 103.



135

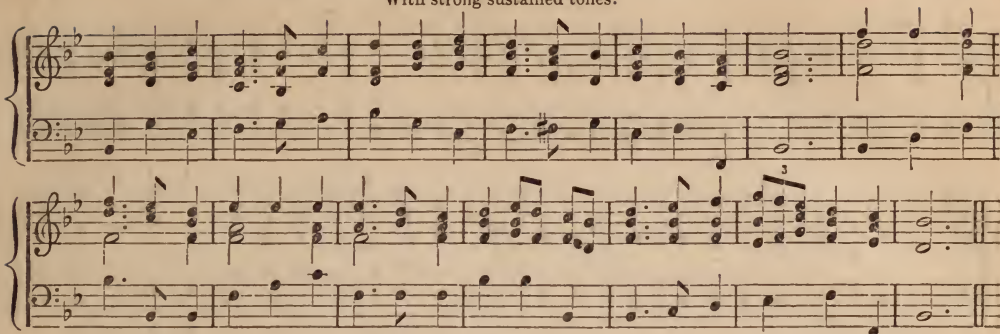
- 1 I wish I were a bird, to fly
||:O'er verdant plain and mountain high.:||
- 2 I'd cross the blue and boundless sea,
||:But home again I soon would be;||

- 3 For, oh ! the world is all so fair,
||:I wish I could go everywhere.:||
- 4 But though to distant worlds I roam,
||:I'd not be banish'd long from home.:||

Mrs. Dana Shindler.

"GOD BLESS OUR NATIVE LAND." (*Asc. to Dr. John Bull.*) M. 72.

With strong sustained tones.



136.

- 1 God bless our native land,
May Heaven's protecting hand
Still guard our shore.
May peace her power extend,
Foe be transform'd to friend,
And Britain's rights depend
On war no more.
- 2 May just and righteous laws
Uphold the public cause,
And bless our isle!
Home of the brave and free,
The land of liberty,—

- We pray that still on thee
Kind Heaven may smile.
- 3 And not this land alone,
But be thy mercies known
From shore to shore!
Lord, make the nations see
That men should brothers be,
And form one family,
The wide world o'er.
- W. E. Hickson. By per.*
137.

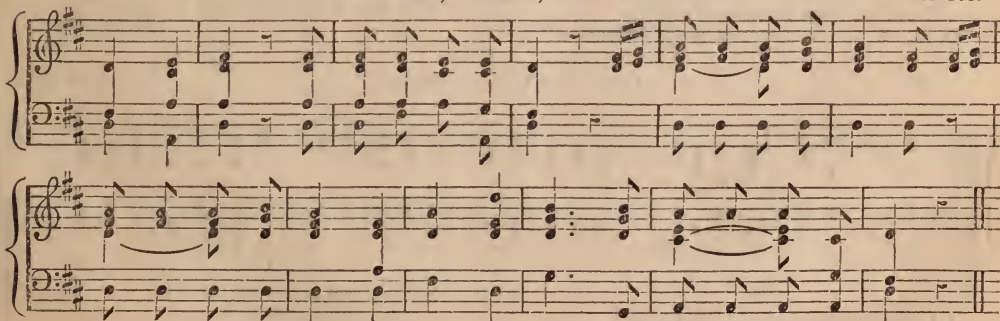
- 1 God save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,

God save the Queen;
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the Queen.

- 2 THY CHOICEST GIFTS IN STORE
ON HER BE PLEASED TO POUR,
LONG MAY SHE REIGN.
MAY SHE DEFEND OUR LAWS,
AND EVER GIVE US CAUSE
TO SING WITH HEART AND VOICE,
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

"COME, COME, COME."

M. 108.



138.

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

- 2 Come, &c. Come eull the sweetest posies,
The violets and roscs, Come, &c.
- 3 Come, &c. Come ramble in the bushes,
And hear the merry thrushes, Come, &c.
- 4 Come, &c. We'll sing a song together,
This warm and pleasant weather,
Come, &c.

[Repeat first verse.]

Prim. Sch. S. Bk.

"A HUNGRY FOX."

M. 160.

The musical score for "A HUNGRY FOX." is written for piano in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system has two staves. The second system has two staves with the instruction "ritard." under the first staff and "Quicker." under the second staff. The third system has two staves with the vocal line "La la la la la la la la la, La la" written below the first staff. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes.

139.

1 A hungry fox one day did spy
 Some nice rich grapes that hung so high;
 And as they hung they seem'd to say
 To the fox who underneath did stay,
 "If you can fetch us down you may!"
 La la, &c. If you can fetch us down you may!"

2 The fox his patience nearly lost,
 And all his expectations cross'd;
 He lick'd his lips for near an hour,
 Till he found the grapes beyond his power;
 And then he said the grapes were sour,
 La la, &c. And then he said the grapes were sour.
Normal Singer.

"CUCKOO." (German.)

M. 160.

The musical score for "CUCKOO." (German) is written for piano in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has two staves. The second system has two staves. The melody is simple, consisting of quarter and eighth notes, with a repeating pattern.

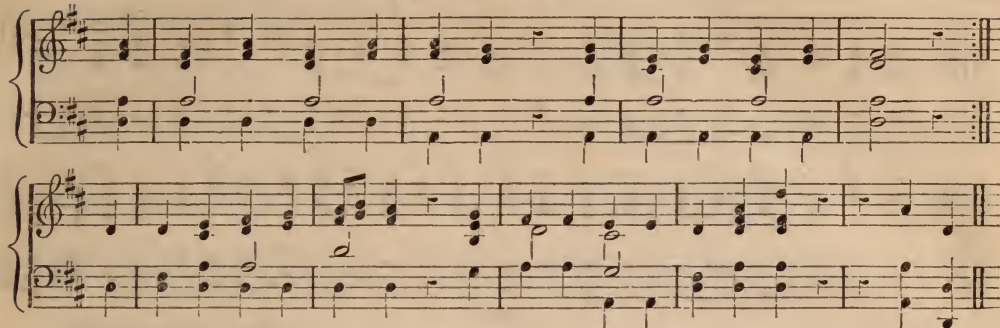
140.

1 Cuckoo! cuckoo! Bravo! how clear!
 Let us be singing,
 Dancing and springing;
 Spring-time, Spring-time soon will be here.
 2 Cuckoo! cuckoo! Bravo! sing on!
 We'll to the meadows,
 Chasing the shadows;
 Spring-time, Spring-time cometh anon.

3 Cuckoo! cuckoo! Bravo! I say,
 Thou hast foretold it,
 Now we behold it;
 Winter, Winter hastens away!
 4 Cuckoo! cuckoo! Bravo! how clear!
 Let us be singing,
 Dancing and springing,
 Spring-time, Spring-time now we have here.
Little S. for L. Singers.

"A CUCKOO AND A DONKEY."

M. 160.



141.

- 1 A cuckoo and a donkey
Once had a great dispute,
||: Whose voice when heard in singing,
Would best the critic suit.:||
Ha! ha! ha! ha!
- 2 The cuckoo said, "Now hear me!"
And then began to cry;
||: "Ho! I CAN SING FAR BETTER,"
THE DONKEY DID REPLY.:||
"HE-HAW, HE-HAW!"
- 3 Then sang they both together;
All heard them, near and far,

||: The cuckoo and the donkey,
"Cuckoo! cuckoo!" "He-haw!":||

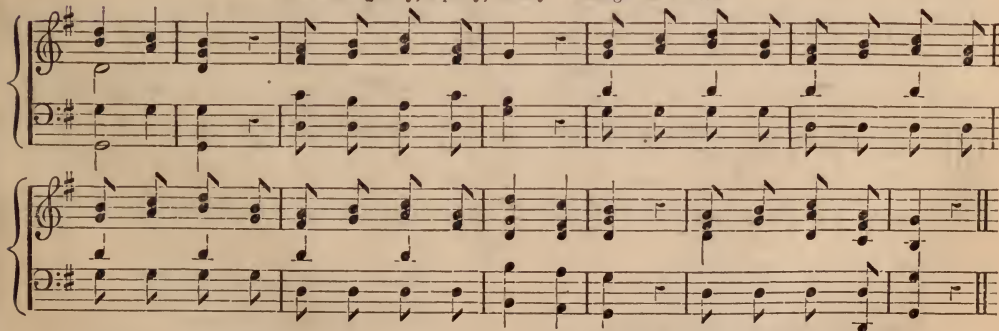
- 4 Whose voice was thought the sweetest?
Ah, that I now will tell,
||: For no one liked the donkey,
The cuckoo pleased full well.:||
Cuckoo! cuckoo!
- 5 [Oh! do not sing—conceited,
WITH BRAYING NASAL NOISE,
||: You'll surely be defeated
By-a soft and gentle voice.:||
Ha! ha! ha! ha!]

Prim. S. S. Book.

"GENTLE BEE." (German.)

M. 108.

Pronounce gently, rapidly, clearly. Manage the breath.



142.

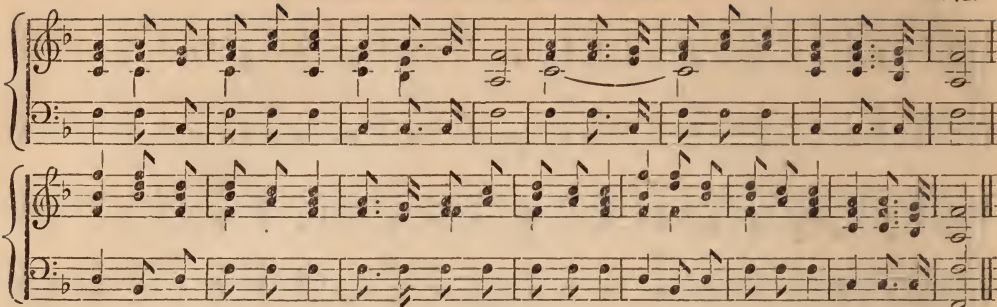
- 1 Gentle bee! humming merrily!
No, we would not harm thee, never!
Fly away then, humming ever,
Gentle bee! humming merrily!
- 2 Gentle bee! humming merrily!
Gathering, in shady bowers,

- Honey drops from sweetest flowers!*
Gentle bee! humming merrily!
- 3 Gentle bee! humming merrily!
Bring us home thy hidden treasure,
Honey drops in fullest measure,
Gentle bee! humming merrily!

Hohmann's Course.

"THERE IS A HAPPY LAND."

M. 72.



143.

1 There is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day:
Oh how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King,
Loud let his praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye.

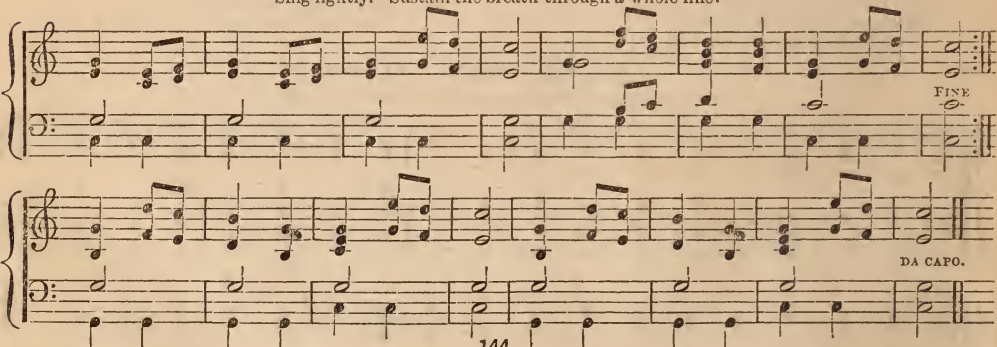
2 Come to this happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand?—
Why still delay?
OH WE SHALL HAPPY BE,
When from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with thee!
Blest, blest for aye.

3 Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye—
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
ON THEN TO GLORY RUN;
BE A CROWN AND KINGDOM WON;
AND BRIGHT ABOVE THE SUN
WE REIGN FOR AYE.

"TELL ME, PRETTY SWALLOW."

M. 108.

Sing lightly. Sustain the breath through a whole line.



144.

1 Tell me, pretty swallow, tell,
Now thou art come back to dwell
In our fields and gardens gay,
Where thou'st been so long away?
Far beyond our keenest view,
Far beyond the ocean blue.
Say, who bade thee forward spring,
On a swift, untiring wing?
2 Say, what guide so wise and sure
Made thy feeble strength endure,
Till the far-off land was gain'd,
And thy distant home attain'd?

Say, who taught thee when to flee
Winter's breath, too cold for thee?
Say, who brought thee back to sing
Of the sweet return of spring?

3 God alone, whose tender love
Watches o'er us from above;
God alone, who guides thy flight,
Can conduct my course aright.
Fly then, swallow, swiftly fly,
Seek the warm and sunny sky,
Glassy lake, and blooming ground,
Where thy happiness is found.

4 On the fleeting wing of time
I, too, seek a happier clime,
And, upheld by love divine,
Go where joys unclouded shine.
Far beyond the distant flood,
Purchase of my Saviour's blood,
I the glorious land shall see,
Blessed home prepared for me.

*M. * * M.*

145.

1 Children, as we sometimes see,
Do n't agree, do n't agree :
They fall out, I grieve to say,
In their hours of play.
One offends, and soon we learn
He's offended in return ;
And they say that tit for tat
Is the rule for that.

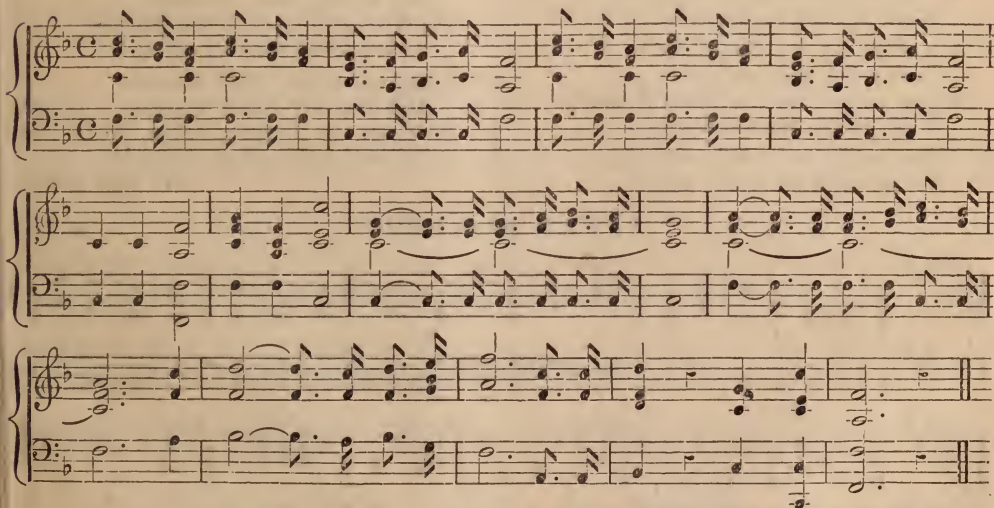
2 Children, why such anger show ?
Don't you know, do n't you know,
You should not this, this rule obey ?
There's a better way.
If each should in turn offend,
Then would quarrels never end ;
There's a better way than that,
Or than tit for tat.

3 Though it was indeed unkind,
Never mind, never mind,
You should bear a little pain,
So be friends again.
Those who in this world would live
Must forget and must forgive ;
Bear these trifles like a man,
That's the better plan.

W. E. Hickson. By per.

“CHEERILY SOUND.”

M. 120.



146.

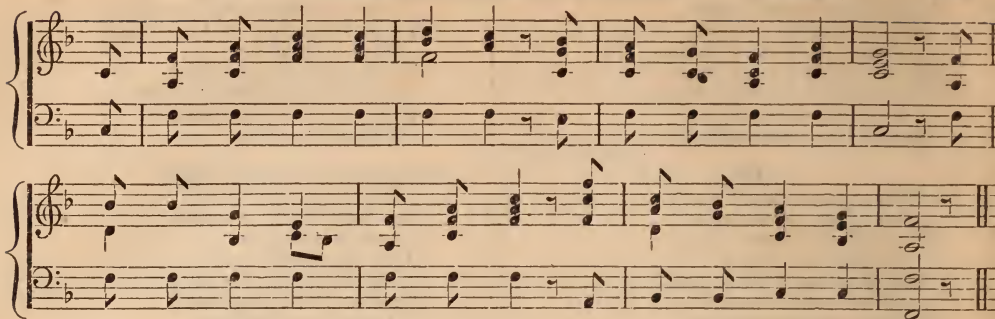
1 Cheerily, cheerily, sound the merry strain,
Happily, happily, now we meet again.
Here we stand—Here we stand—
Who at home has dared to stay ?
Who has loiter'd by the way ?
And who for idle play
Do we miss from our band ?

2 Cheerily, cheerily, sound the merry strain,
Happily, happily, now we meet again.
All are here ! All are here !
All who love the morning's prime,
All who feel the worth of time,
So we'll sound the merry chime,
All are here ! All are here !

Juv. Sing. Sch.

"OH! FATHER'S PLEASANT GARDEN." (*German.*)

M. 96.



147.

- 1 Oh! father's pleasant garden
All yesterday was green,
And lovely flowers, of every kind,
Were in their beauty seen.
- 2 But all to-day is changed there,
To-day the buds are dead;
Where are ye now, ye lovely flowers,
With yellow tints and red?
- 3 "Dear child, we're only sleeping
Till spring-time comes again;

Roused by the quick'ning voice of God
We'll all awaken then.

- 4 "Oh yes! we're only sleeping
And so wilt thou too sleep,
Till God shall send eternal Spring
To break thy slumbers deep.
- 5 "And when thou shalt awaken,
And hear thy Father's voice, [comes,
Like us, thy flowers, when spring-time
Oh may'st thou then rejoice!"

Mrs. Dana Shindler.

"AWAY TO SCHOOL."

M. 160.



148.

- 1 Our youthful hearts for learning burn,
Away, away to school.
To science now our steps we turn,
Away, away to school.

Farewell to home, and all its charms,
Farewell to love's parental arms,
Away to school, away to school,
AWAY, AWAY TO SCHOOL.

2 Behold! a happy band appears,
 Away, away to school;
 The shout of joy now fills our ears,
 Away, away to school;
 Our voices ring, our hands we wave,
 Our hearts rebound with vigour brave,
 Away, &c.

3 No more we walk, no more we play,
 Away, away to school;
 In study now we spend the day,
 Away, away to school.
 United in a peaceful band
 We're join'd in heart, we're join'd in hand.
 Away, &c. *Normal Singer.*

149. ✓

1 With hundred thousand voices cry,
 Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
 Let our rejoicing fill the sky,

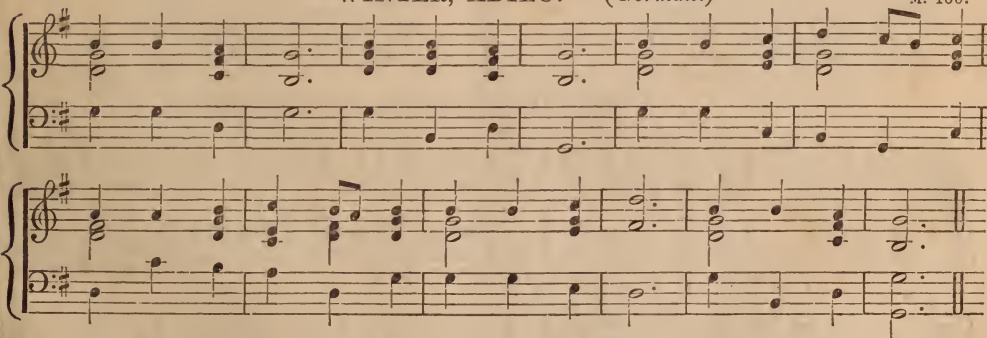
Hurrah! &c.
 Come from your gloomy dwellings forth,
 Come one and all from South and North,
 Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
 Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

2 And is your bosom full of glee.
 Hurrah! &c. [Hurrah! &c.
 Then sing and shout aloud with me;
 We'll quickly to the woods away,
 Where birds on every twig are gay.
 Hurrah! &c.

3 We see the flowers on every side,
 Hurrah! &c. [Hurrah! &c.
 And nature's beauties far and wide;
 Oh, let them move our hearts to song,
 To swell the chorus loud and long.
 Hurrah! &c. *Normal Singer.*

"WINTER, ADIEU." (German.)

M. 160.



150.

1 Winter, adieu!
 No time for you:
 Partings they say are sad,
 Yours makes me truly glad;
 Winter, adieu!
 No time for you!

2 Winter, adieu!
 No time for you!
 Gladly I thee forget,

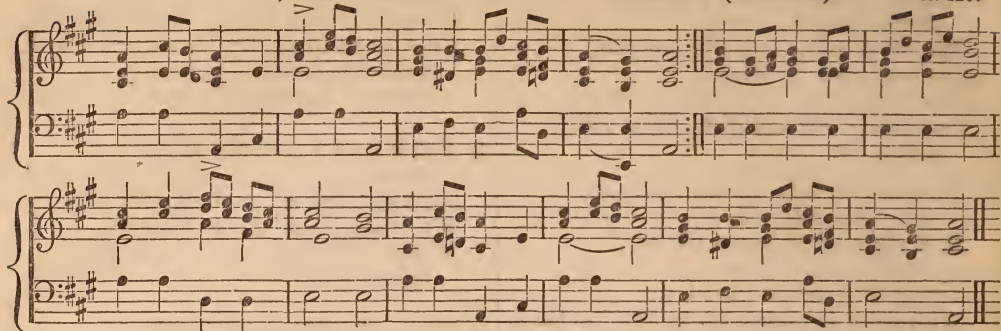
Care not how far you get;
 Winter, adieu!
 No time for you!

3 Winter, adieu!
 No time for you!
 Get thee gone speedily,
 Spring birds will laugh at thee;
 Winter, adieu!
 No time for you!

L. S. for L. Singers.

“CHILDREN, ALL WITH CHEERFULNESS.” (*German.*)

M. 120.



151.

- 1 Children, all with cheerfulness
 Let your songs be ringing!
 Music all your lives will bless,
 Therefore still be singing!
 Singing smooths the rugged way
 Thro' this vale of sorrow,
 Singing cheers the darkest day,
 Brings the brightest morrow.
 2 When good humour flies away,
 Then come care and sadness;
 Quickly sing a cheerful lay,
 All will soon be gladness:

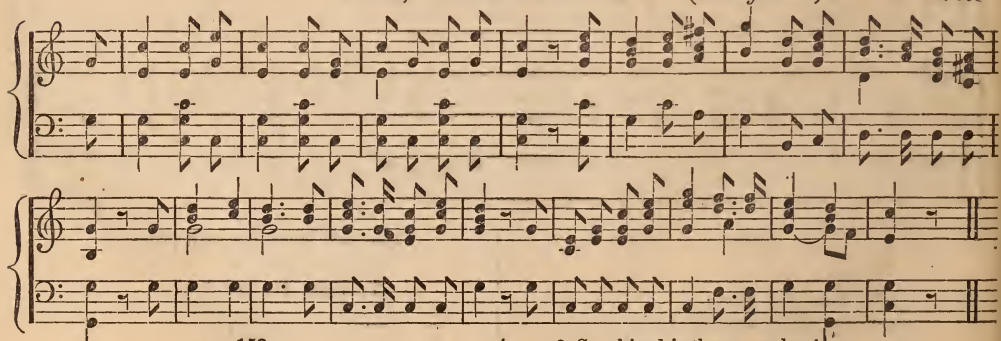
Music cheers the darkest hours,
 Peace and comfort bringing;
 What the dew is to the flowers,
 To the soul is singing!

- 3 Sings the lark in yonder sky,
 Sing the birds at even,
 Swallows from the housetop cry,
 All give thanks to Heaven.
 Forest, field, and meadow too,
 With their songs are ringing;
 Wherefore, children, should not you
 Evermore be singing?

Mrs. Dana Shindler.

“OH, COME SWIFTLY.” (*Methfessel.*)

M. 96.



152.

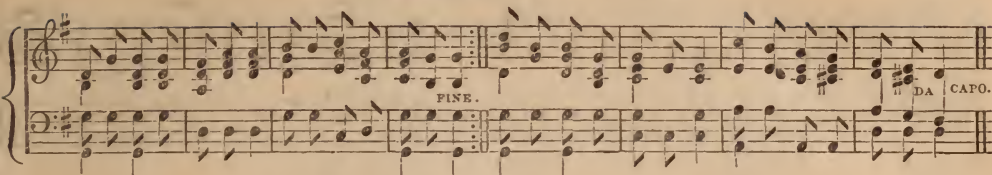
- 1 Oh, come swiftly, swiftly,
 The bees are buzzing round;
 They fly o'er the rose tree,
 And now upon the ground;
 Now high, now low,
 Now round about they sing,
 Come, strike the brass,
 And loud, loud the gong shall ring.

- 2 See, hived is the queen-bee!
 With all her subjects true!
 Like them we'll be loyal,
 United, useful too;
 Agreed they mould
 Each alabaster cell!
 For store of honey,
 Yielded from hill and dell.

From the German.

"WHILE AT NIGHT." (German.)

M. 80.



153.

- 1 While at night alone I stood
In the lane that skirts the wood,
By the hedge a Bunnie sat,
Look'd as though he'd like a chat;
||:Well, poor Bun, you need not fear,
Tell your tale, and I will hear.:||
- 2 Are you not the cruel man,
From whose hounds I lately ran?
When I hear that horrid gun
All my happy days are gone.
||:Oh, to think of all my woes,
Tears come trickling down my nose.:||
- 3 When your shot has laid me low,
To your larder I must go,
Stretch'd upon the dresser flat,
Stuff'd with eggs, and erumbs, and fat,
||:Stabb'd with skewers through and through,
And with iron skewers too !:||
- 4 When I'm roasted, then you know
On the table I must go:
"Do n't you think the hare is nice?"
Madam, take another slice.
||:Now, Sir, have a piece of breast,
Hope you like it, worthy guest !":||
- 5 O poor Bunnie, do be wise!
Men and hares must use their eyes.
Do n't you see the board up there?
"Trespassers, beware, beware."
||:Leave alone the farmer's corn,
You may laugh at hunter's horn.:||

J. S. Stallybrass. Tr. for this work.

154.

- 1 Lazy sheep, pray tell me why
In the pleasant fields you lie,
Eating grass and daisies white,
From the morning till the night?

F 2

||:Everything can something do,
But what kind of use are you?:||

- 2 Nay, my little master, nay,
Do not serve me so, I pray;
Do n't you see the wool that grows
On my back to make your clothes?
||:Cold, oh very cold you'd be
If I did not give it thee.:||
- 3 Sure it seems a pleasant thing,
Nipping daisies in the Spring;
But how many nights I pass
On the cold and dewy grass,
||:Or I get my dinner where
All the ground is brown and bare.:||
- 4 When the farmer comes at last,
When the merry Spring is past,
Cuts my woolly coat away,
For your clothes in wintry day,—
||:Little master, this is why
In the pleasant fields I lie.:||

L. S. for L. Singers.

155.

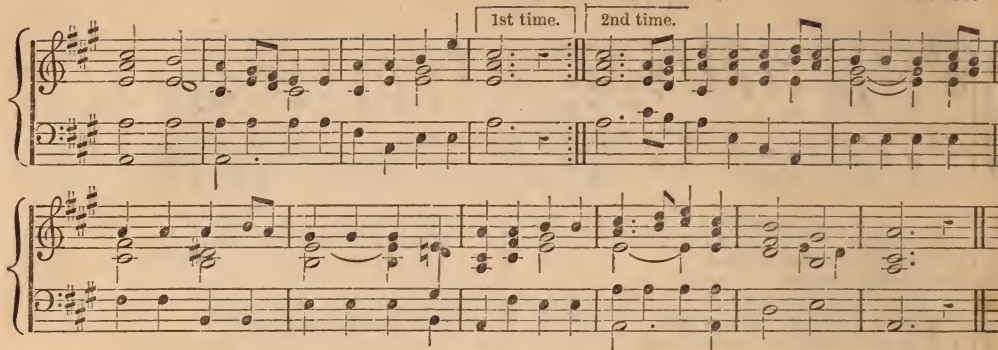
- 1 I'm a pretty little thing,
Always coming in the Spring,
In the meadows I am found
Peeping just above the ground,
And my stalk is covered flat
With a white and yellow hat.
- 2 Little lady, when you pass
Lightly o'er the tender grass,
Skip about, but do not tread
On my meek and lowly head;
For I always seem to say,
Chilly Winter's gone away.

L. S. for L. Singers.

For this song omit the first "repeat" in the tune.

FANCY. (German.)

M. 120.



156.

- 1 High ho! Up we go!
 And leave the busy town
 Low, low, far below:
 Take care how you look down!
 Like tiny ants along the street,
 The men go crawling at our feet,
 And children cry, "THE AIR-BALLOON,
 The Air-balloon!"
- 2 High ho! off we go!
 The wind is blowing free!
 Blow, blow, North wind, blow,
 And send us o'er the sea,
 To lands where vine and olive grow,
 And orange-groves so gaily show,
 To sailors in the Air-balloon,
 The Air-balloon!
- 3 High ho! soft and low!
 We've nearly got to Spain;
 Blow, blow, South wind, blow,
 And send us home again,
 To tell them all the sights we've seen,
 And all the countries where we've been,
 While sailing in the Air-balloon,
 The Air-balloon!
- 4 Stop, stop, South wind, stop,
 And let us down again!

Drop, drop, down we drop,

I see my home quite plain;
 And after all there's no disgrace
 In thinking home the happiest place
 To come to, from the Air-balloon,
 The Air-balloon!

- 5 High ho! don't you know
 That wonderful balloon,
 By which you may go
 Much higher than the Moon?
 On Fancy's wing up goes the mind,
 And leaves the moon and stars behind,
 Oh that, yes, that's my Air-balloon,
 My Air-balloon!

Jas. S. Stallybrass. Tr. for this work.

157.

- 1 Storks, fly far away,
 We seek another land;
 For now that summer-time is near,
 We forth will go, and, here and there,
 We'll wander in all weather,
 Toge—ther.
- 2 Trees, trees, dark green trees,
 We bid you all farewell!
 You raised a friendly roof on high,
 And shelter'd us when harm was nigh;
 Peace from your shades ne'er sever
 For ev—er.

3 Pond, pond, cool clear pond!

Farewell, farewell to thee!

How often on thy banks there lay

The food we sought from day to day!

A friend we've often proved thee,

And love — thee!

4 Frogs, frogs, croaking frogs,

We bid you all adieu!

You gave us music to our taste,
And made us many a sweet repast!

Oh! let your tears be flowing!

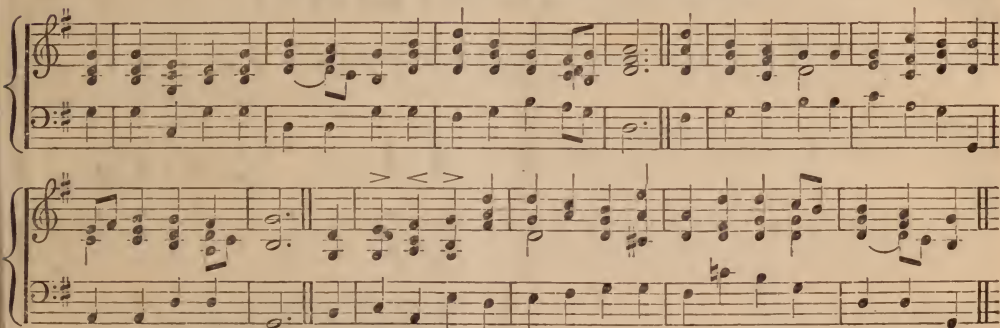
We're go—ing!

Mrs. Dana Shindler.

For this song omit the first "repeat" of the music.

"THERE IS A GOOD CHILD'S ANGEL."

M. 80.



158.

1 There is a good child's angel,

He comes so silently;

Though we have never seen him,

He knows both you and me:

He comes from heav'n, this home above,

He's sent us by the God of love.

From house to house the passes,

And where he finds a child

That loves the Holy Bible,

And seeks the Saviour mild,

In such a home the loves to stay,

HE'S NEAR THAT CHILD BOTH NIGHT AND DAY.

He'll watch the child so sweetly

And fondly at his play;

He'll help him when he's learning,

And when he kneels to pray,

Puts heavenly thoughts into his mind,

To make him truthful, wise, and kind.

And when the child is sleeping,

He never goes away,

But watches by his bedside

Until the dawn of day,

THEN WAKES HIM WITH AN ANGEL'S KISS

TO DAILY WORK AND DAILY BLISS.

J. S. Stallybrass. Tr. for this work.

159.

1 The moon is very fair and bright,

And also very high:

I think it is a pretty sight

To see it in the sky:

It shone upon me where I lay,

And seem'd almost as bright as day.

2 The stars are very pretty, too,

And scatter'd all about—

At first there seem a very few,

But soon the rest come out:

I'm sure I could not count them all,

They are so very bright and small.

3 The sun is brighter still than they

He blazes in the skies;

I dare not turn my face that way

Unless I shut my eyes:

Yet when he shines our hearts revive,

And all the trees rejoice and thrive.

4 God made and keeps them every one,

By his great power and might:

HE IS MORE GLORIOUS THAN THE SUN,

AND ALL THE STARS OF LIGHT:

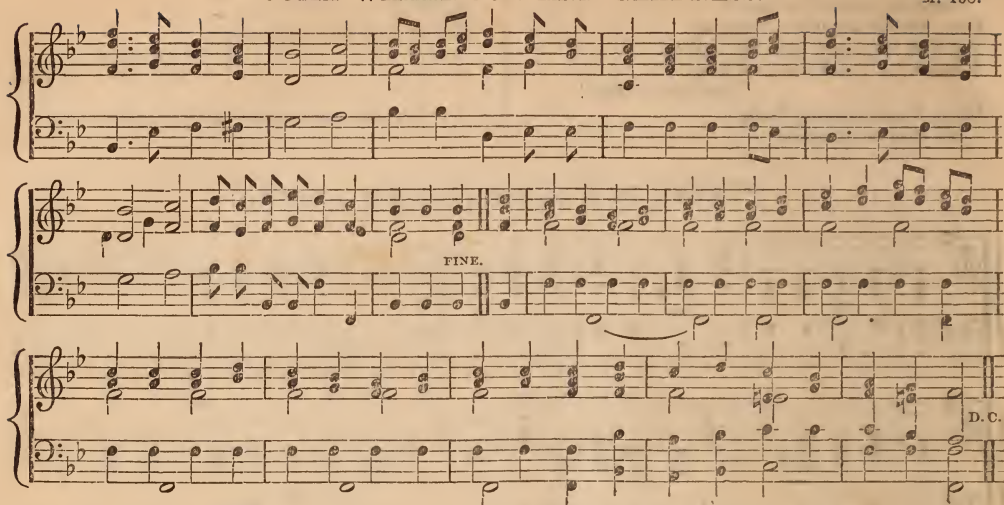
BUT WHEN WE END OUR MORTAL RACE,

THE PURE IN HEART SHALL SEE HIS FACE.

Jane Taylor. By per.

"COME WHERE JOY AND GLADNESS."

M. 108.



160.

1 *Come where joy and gladness**Make each, stranger a welcome guest,*~~And~~ come, where grief and sadness

Will not find a dwelling in your breast.

~~Your~~ time with us will pass away,

With books, or work, or healthful play,

~~And~~ sometimes with a cheerful song,

The happy hours will glide along. Come where, &c.

2 Thus, our days employing,

Always learning some useful thing,

~~And~~ these pursuits enjoying,

Merrily together we will sing.

~~Though~~ in our sports we take delight,

We also love to read and write;

~~And~~ those who teach us, too, we prize,

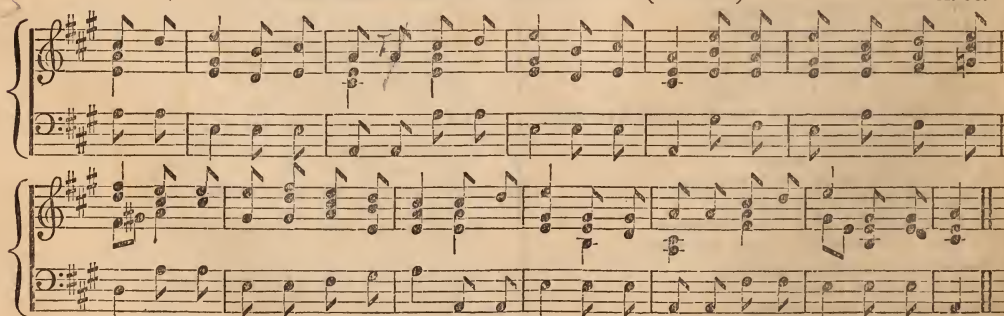
Who strive to make us good and wise. Come where, &c.

W. E. Hickson. By per.

We are

"I REMEMBER A LESSON." (French.)

M. 96.



161.

1 I remember a lesson which was not thrown away,

"Learn betimes to be of use, ~~do not~~ lose too much time in play:

"Work away while you're able, work away, work away."

2 Hands were made to be useful, if you teach them the way,

Therefore for yourself or neighbour, make them useful every day:

Work away, &c.

3 And to speed with your labour, make the most of to-day,
What may hinder you to-morrow ~~it is impossible to say~~:
Work away, &c.

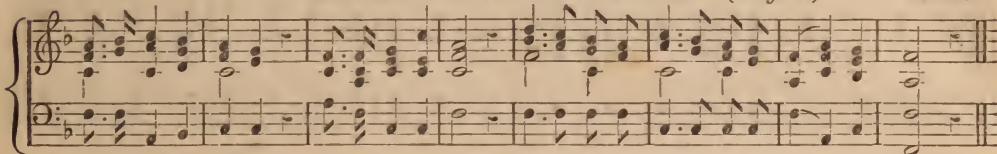
4 As for grief and vexation, let them come when they
may,
When your heart is in your labour, it will soon be
light and gay.
Work away, &c.

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

6 Let your own hands support you till your strength
shall decay, [hair is grey :
And your heart shall never fail you, even when you
Work away, &c. W. E. Hickson. By per.

"LITTLE DROPS OF WATER." (Nägeli.)

M. 108.



162.

1 Little drops of water, Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean, And the beau-
teous land.

2 And the little moments, Humble though
they be,
Make the mighty ages Of eternity.

3 Little deeds of kindness, Little words of
love, [above.
Make our earth an Eden, Like the heaven

4 So our little errors Lead the soul away
From the paths of virtue, Into sin to stray.

5 Little seeds of mercy, Sown by youthful
hands, [lands.
Grow to bless the nations Far in heathen
Juv. Miss. Mag.

163.

1 I'm a little pilgrim And a stranger here,
Though this world is pleasant *Sin is always*
near.

2 Mine's a better country, Where there is
no sin,
Where the tones of sorrow Never enter in.

3 *But a little pilgrim Must have garments*
clean, [Christ be seen.
If he'd wear the white robes And with

4 Jesus, cleanse and save me, Teach me to
obey; [way.
Holy Spirit, guide me On my heavenly

5 I'm a little pilgrim, And a stranger here,
BUT MY HOME IN HEAVEN COMETH EVER
NEAR. *John Curwen.*

164.

1 How I love to see thee, Golden evening
sun! [done.
How I love to see thee When the day is

2 Sweetly thou recallest Childhood's joyous
days; [evening blaze.
Hours when I so fondly Watch'd thine

3 When in tranquil glory Thou didst sink to
rest, [burning breast.
Then what heav'nly rapture Fill'd my

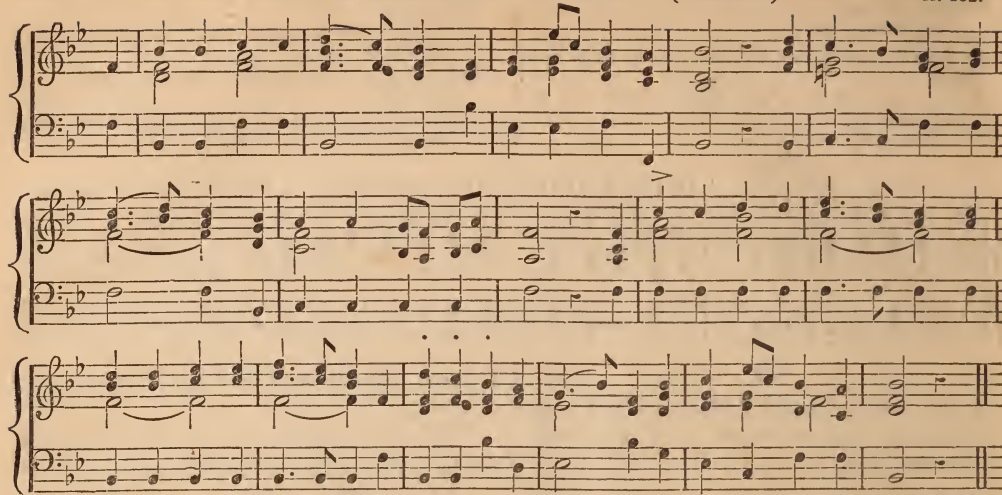
4 Be it mine thus brightly Virtue's race to
run; [is done.
Mine to sleep so sweetly When my work

5 Thus I wish'd in childhood, When I gazed
on thee! [own might be
Wish'd my heav'nly pathway Like thine

6 Still I love to see thee, Golden evening
sun!
Evermore to see thee When the day is
done. *Young Choir.*

“OH! I’M A BRITISH BOY.” (German.)

M. 132.



165.

- 1 Oh! I'm a British boy,* sir,
 I joy to tell it you;
 A Briton's ever honest,
 Let me be honest too.
 My tongue speaks ever truthfully,
 'Tis this that you shall know me by.
 Oh, I'm a British boy, sir,
 And hate to tell a lie.
- 2 Oh, I'm a British boy, sir,
 And joy to tell it you;
 A Briton e'er loves honour,
 Then let me love it too;

* girl.

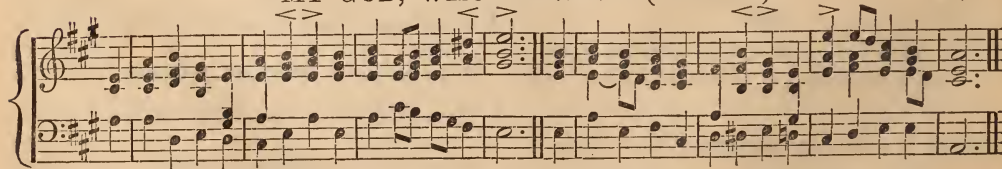
In justice be my glory bright,
 Regardful of another's right.
 Oh, I'm a British boy, sir,
 This is my true delight.

- 3 Oh, I'm a British boy, sir,
 I joy to tell it you,
 God make me of it worthy,
 Life's toilsome journey through!
 And when to man's estate I grow,
 My British blood the world shall know.
 Oh, I'm a British boy, sir,
 And this my life shall show.

Hohmann's Course.

“MY GOD, WHO MAKES.” (J. Clarke.)

M. 72.



166.

- 1 My God, who makes the sun to know
 His proper hour to rise;
 And to give light to all below,
 Doth send him round the skies.
- 2 When from the chambers of the east
 His morning race begins,

He never tires nor stops to rest,
 But round the world he shines.

- 3 So, LIKE THE SUN, MAY I FULFIL
 THE BUSINESS OF THE DAY;
 BEGIN MY WORK BETIMES, AND STILL
 MARCH ON MY HEAVENLY WAY.

- 4 Give me, O Lord, thy early grace,
Nor let my soul complain
That the young morning of my days
Has all been spent in vain.

Watts.

167.

- 1 I sing the almighty power of God
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.
- 2 I sing the wisdom that ordain'd
The sun to rule the day;
THE MOON SHINES FULL AT HIS COMMAND,
AND ALL THE STARS OBEY.
- 3 I sing the goodness of the Lord
That fill'd the earth with food:

He form'd the creatures with his word,
And then pronounced them good.

- 4 There's not a plant or flower below
But makes his glories known;
AND CLOUDS ARISE, AND TEMPESTS BLOW,
BY ORDER FROM HIS THRONE.
- 5 In heaven he shines with beams of love,
With wrath in hell beneath!
'Tis on his earth I stand or move,
And 'tis his air I breathe.
- 6 His hand is my perpetual guard,
He keeps me with his eye;
WHY SHOULD I THEN FORGET THE LORD,

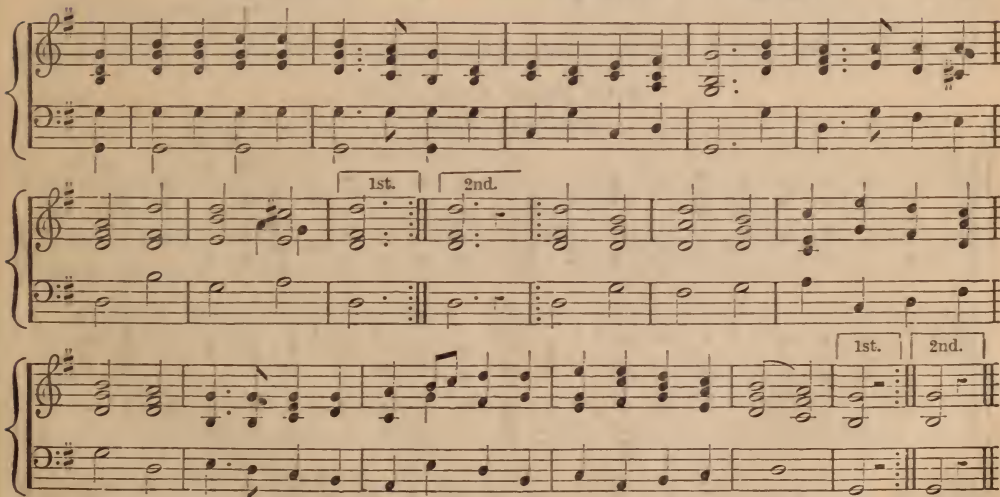
*WHO IS FOR EVER NIGH?

Watts.

• Loud and slow.

“COME, LET US BE GOOD FRIENDS.” (Bradbury.)

M. 120.



168.

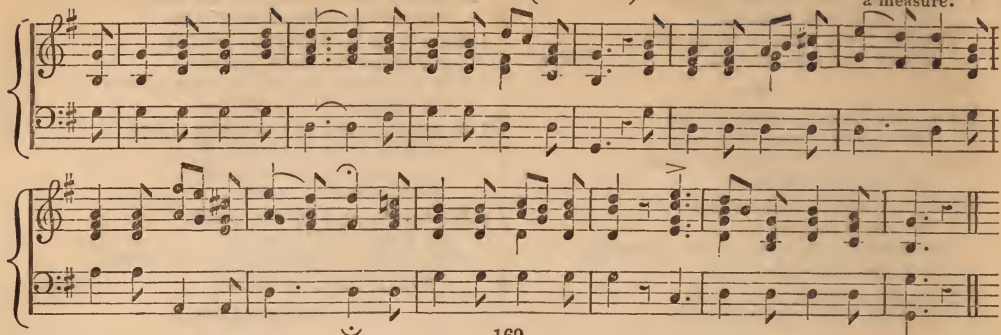
- 1 Come, let us be good friends again,
We both may have been wrong;
Why should we let our angry passions rise?
Our quarrels only give us pain,
And should not last so long;
In future we will learn to be more wise.
[:] Come, then, shake hands,
Be not still offended,

Don't disdain to smile again,
For all is past and ended. ||

- 2 All those who wish for happy days,
This truth should bear in mind,
That friends without some faults are few and rare;
And to those faults the proverb says,
“We should be sometimes blind,”
For we must learn to bear and to forbear.
Come, then, &c. W. E. Hickson. By per.

"TRALA." (German.)

M. 80, beating twice to a measure.



1 Trala, trala, trala!
The summer's come, hurrah!
Let's forth into the bowers,
To sport among the flowers,
Trala, trala, trala!
Yes, summer's come, hurra!

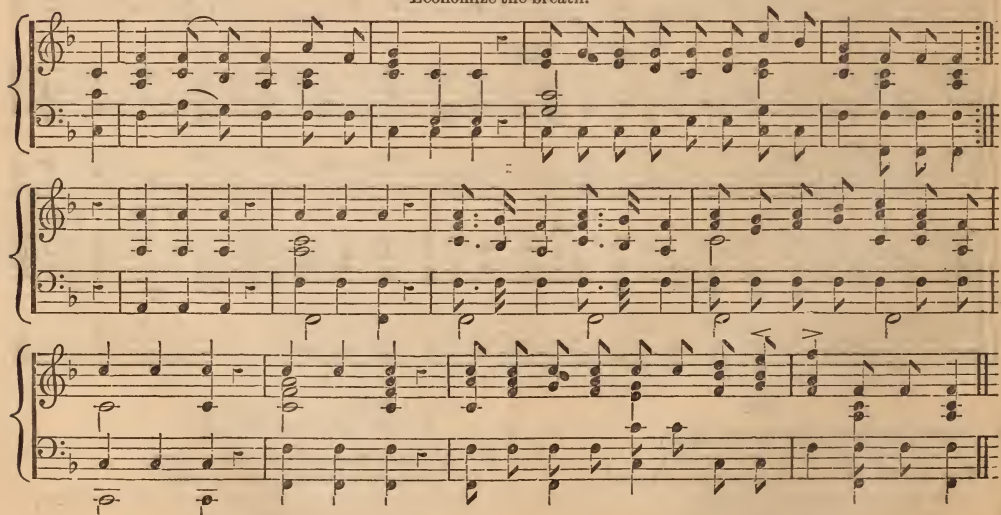
2 Trala, &c. 169.
The verdant field delights us,
The season fair invites us.
Trala, &c.
3 Trala, &c.
The winter's cold has vanished,

The sun the frost has banished.
Trala, &c.
4 Trala, &c.
No wintry storms to harm us,
No tempests to alarm us.
Trala, &c. *Hohmann's Course.*

"THE FIRE BRIGADE."

M. 120.

Economize the breath.



170.

1 The Fire Brigade are a famous host,
Ever ready, ever steady, pumping away;
In danger and need they are at their post,
Ever ready, &c.

HOUSE ON FIRE! HOUSE ON FIRE!

Clear the street!
Hark the beat of the horses' feet
Of the Fire Brigade! Fire Brigade!
Ever ready, ever steady, PUMPING AWAY.

- 2 They point no rifle to shoot the French,
 Ever ready, &c.
 They aim but to save, and the fire to quench,
 Ever ready, &c.
 House on fire! house on fire!
 Here they come! make them room!
 Here they feel at home,
 Do the Fire Brigade, Fire Brigade, [Ever ready, &c.]
- 3 With hose in hand they are just as bold,
 Ever ready, &c.
 As soldiers can be who the musket hold,
 Ever ready, &c.
 House on fire! house on fire!
 Pump away! pump away!
 Get your hose in play,
 'T is the Fire Brigade! Fire Brigade!
 Ever ready, &c.

- 4 A voice from the window is screaming wild;
 Ever ready, &c.
 Now up with the ladder, and save that child;
 Ever ready, &c.
House on fire! house on fire!
 Up they run! Nobly done!
 Danger comes like fun [Ever ready, &c.]
 To the Fire Brigade! Fire Brigade!
- 5 Then here's a hurrah for the Fire Brigade,
 Ever ready, &c.
 At danger and death they are not dismay'd,
 Ever ready, &c.
 Now all's right! All is right!
 Fire is out! Face about!
 Hark the merry shout [Ever ready, &c.]
 Of the Fire Brigade! Fire Brigade!
J. S. Stallybrass, for this work.

“WALK AT MORN.” (German.)

M. 96.

La la la, la la la,
 la la la, la la la,
 la la la, la la la,
 la la la, la la la.

171.

- 1 ¶:Walk! walk! walk at morn!
 While the dew-drops weep; :||
 ¶:While the birds on every tree
 Tuneful matins keep.:|| La la la, &c.
- 2 ¶:Walk! walk! walk at noon,
 Where the breezes blow; :||
 ¶:Where, thro' lonely forest shade,
 Rippling waters flow.:|| La la la.

- 3 ¶:Walk! walk! walk at eve,
 When the setting sun :||
 ¶:Silently to all proclaims
 Now the day is done.:|| La la la.
- 4 ¶:HOME! HOME! HIE THEE HOME,
 Ere the light is gone; :||
 ¶:There with humble grateful voice
 Raise the cheerful song.:|| La la la.
Young Shawm.

"COLD THE BLAST MAY BLOW." (*From L. Mason.*) M. 60, twice to a measure.



172.

1 Cold the blast may blow,
 Heaping high the snow,
 ||:Winds may loudly roar,:||
 Trees all brown and bare,
 Sad may wave in air,
 ||:Deck'd with leaves no more.:||

2 Bosoms firm and bold
 Fear not storms nor cold,
 ||:Fear not ice nor snow,:||
 Fiercely though the gale
 Drift the snow and hail,
 ||:HEARTS MAY WARMLY GLOW.:||

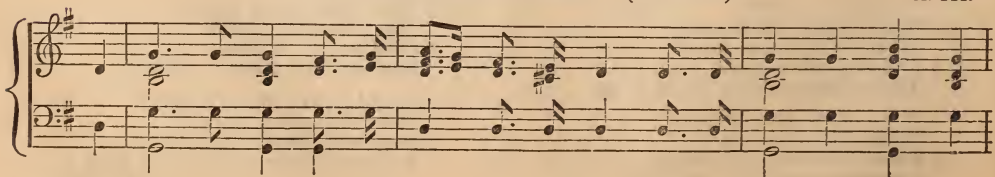
3 When in school we meet,
 Looks of welcome greet,
 ||:Sent from smiling eyes::||
 When our teachers dear
 Give us words of cheer,
 ||:WHAT ARE WINTRY SKIES?:||

4 Come, then, rain or hail,
 Come, then, storm or gale,
 ||:GLAD TO SCHOOL WE 'LL GO:;||
 Bosoms firm and bold
 Shrink not from the cold,
 ||:FEAR NOT ICE NOR SNOW.:||

Song B. of the Sch. Rm.

THE SKATER'S SONG. (*German.*)

M. 144.



The musical score is for the song 'L'Allegretto' by Franz Schubert. It is written for piano and voice. The piano part is in the upper system, and the vocal part is in the lower system. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The piano part features a lively melody with many beamed eighth and sixteenth notes. The vocal part consists of a single melodic line with lyrics underneath. The lyrics are: 'La la la, La la la, La la la, La la la la la la la.' The score ends with a double bar line.

173.

- 1 Away, away, with a curve and a dash,
And a light and bounding spring,
For the racing steed and the lightning's flash,
Only vie with the skater's fling.
La la la, La la la, La la la la la la la.
- 2 Away, away o'er the glassy stream
We will speed our airy flight;

And we'll laugh at the train with its hissing steam,
And we'll spurn at its boasted might.
La la la, &c.

- 3 Away, away o'er the slippery field,
Like the birds in-the calm blue sky;
And declare to the winds that we never will yield
As we go quickly dashing by.
La la la, &c. *L. S. for L. Singers.*

"COME HERE, MY DEAR BOY." (*Old English.*) M. 66, twice to a measure.

Musical score for "L'Allegretto" by Franz Schubert, Op. 139, No. 3. The score is in 3/4 time, D major, and consists of 16 measures. It features a treble and bass staff with a grand staff. The melody is in the treble, and the bass provides a simple accompaniment. The piece ends with a "FIN." marking.

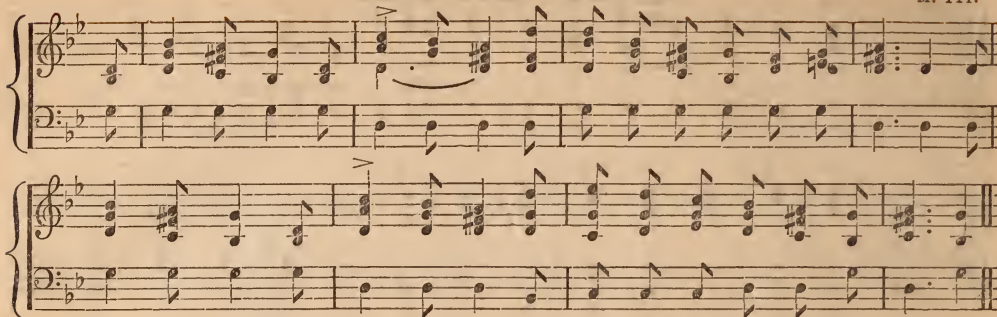
174.

- 1 Come here, my dear boy, look at baby's two hands,
And the two little feet upon which he now stands.
Two thumbs and eight fingers, together make ten,
Five toes on each foot—the same number again.
Two arms and two shoulders, two elbows, two wrists,
Now bend up your knuckles, make two little fists.
Two legs and two ancles, two knees and two hips:
His fingers and toes have all nails on their tips.

- 2 With his hands and his feet he can run, walk, or
crawl,
He can dance, jump, and caper, or play with his ball:
Take his hoop or his cart and have a good race,
And that will soon give him a fine rosy face.
Oh! what would my boy do without his two hands?
Or the two little feet upon which he now stands?
They're the kind gifts of God for us to enjoy:
Then be thankful to him, my dear little boy.

"THE AUTUMN BREEZE."

M. 144.



175.

- 1 The Autumn breeze
Sweeps through the trees,
And shakes all the leaves from the thicket ;
The swallows fly,
The storks move by,
And hush'd is the chirp of the cricket.
- 2 The moon shines clear
Through forests drear ;
And calmly and coldly looks o'er us ;

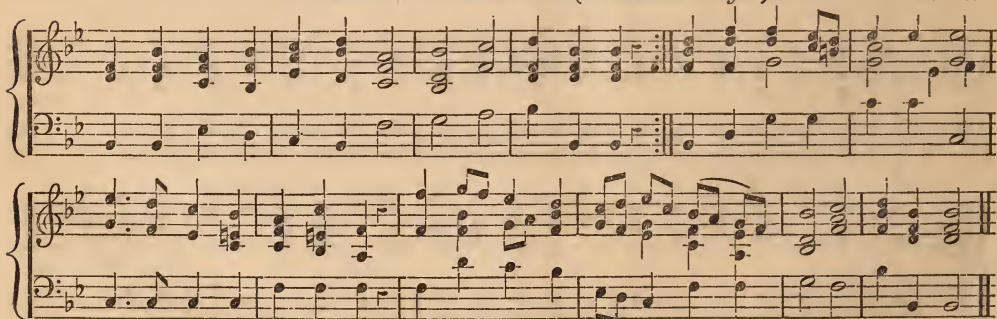
While through the air
The branches bare
Are waving so sadly before us.

- 3 The Autumn breeze
Sweeps through the trees,
The bees they have silenced their humming,
The swallows fly,
The storks move by,
And tell us that Winter is coming.

Little S. for L. Singers.

" 'TIS A LESSON." ("Duncan Gray.")

M. 120.



176.

- 1 'T is a lesson you should heed,
TRY, TRY, TRY, again.
If at first you do n't succeed, Try, &c.
Then your courage should appear ;
For if you will persevere,
You will conquer, never fear :
Try, try, try again.
- 2 Once or twice though you may fail, TRY, &c.
If at last you would prevail, TRY, &c.

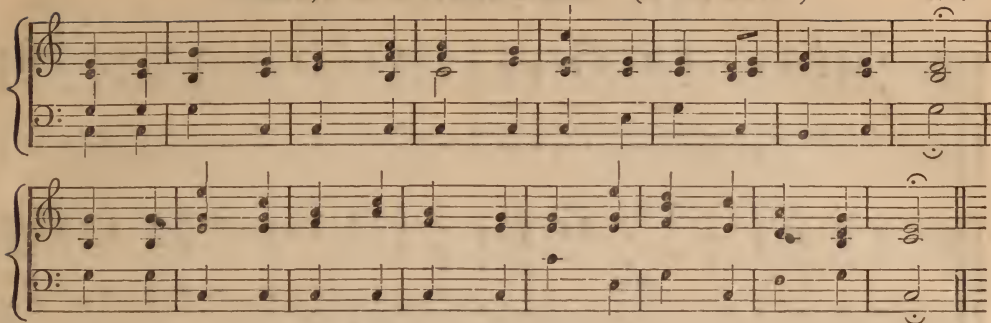
IF WE STRIVE, 'T IS NO DISGRACE,
THOUGH WE MAY NOT WIN THE RACE ;
What should you do in that case ? TRY, &c.

- 3 If you find your task is hard, Try, &c.
Time will bring you your reward, Try, &c.
ALL THAT OTHER PEOPLE DO,
WHY, WITH PATIENCE, SHOULD NOT YOU ?
ONLY KEEP THIS RULE IN VIEW— TRY, &c.

W. E. Hickson. By per.

"SISTER, THOU WAST MILD." (*Dr. L. Mason.*)

M. 60.



177.

1 Sister, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze;
Pleasant as the air of ev'ning
When it floats among the trees.

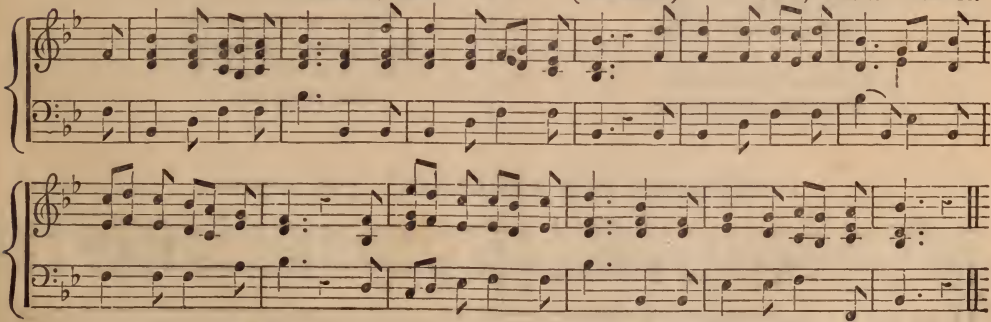
2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber,
Peaceful in the grave so low;
Thou no more wilt join our number,
Thou no more our songs shalt know.

3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us,
Here thy loss we deeply feel:
But 'tis God that hath bereft us,
He can still our sorrow heal.

4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled;
THEN IN HEAV'N WITH JOY TO GREET THEE,
WHERE NO FAREWELL TEAR IS SHED.

"HAIL, AUTUMN!" (*German.*)

M. 60, twice to a measure.



178.

1 Hail, Autumn! jovial fellow!
In all thy bright array!
||: With pleasure overflowing,
With songs and dances gay! :||
2 And with tumultuous singing,
He frolics here and there,
||: And merrily is shaking
The tree-tops everywhere. :||
3 Through mountain, field, and forest,
Loud roaring night and day,

||: He rushes, helter-skelter,
Like merry boys at play. :||

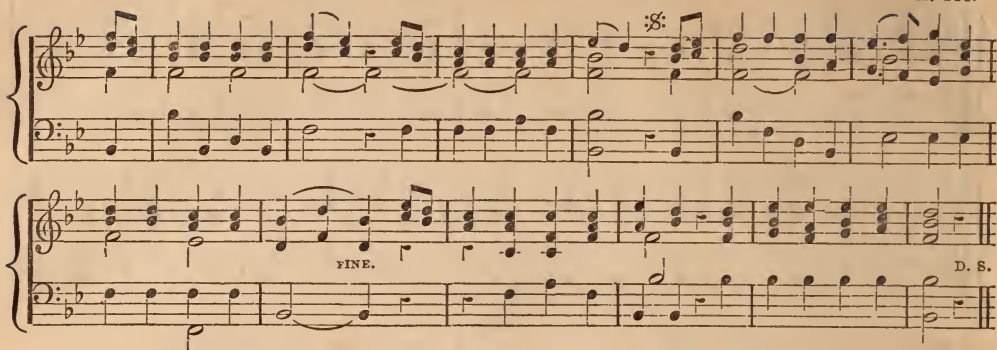
4 With bounteous hand he scatters
His treasures fresh and new,
||: Fills barn, and house, and cellar,
To last the winter through. :||

5 Hail, Autumn! jovial fellow!
So full of mirth and glee,
||: So hearty, brave, and merry,
I gladly welcome thee. :||

Mrs. Dana Shindler.

"AWAY WITH NEEDLESS SORROW."

M. 144.



179.

- 1 Away with needless sorrow,
 Though trouble may befall,
 A brighter day to-morrow
 May shine upon us all.
 We still may march together
 When rain is falling fast,
 And wet and windy weather
 Will turn to fair at last.

- 2 We cannot tell the reason
 For all the clouds we see.

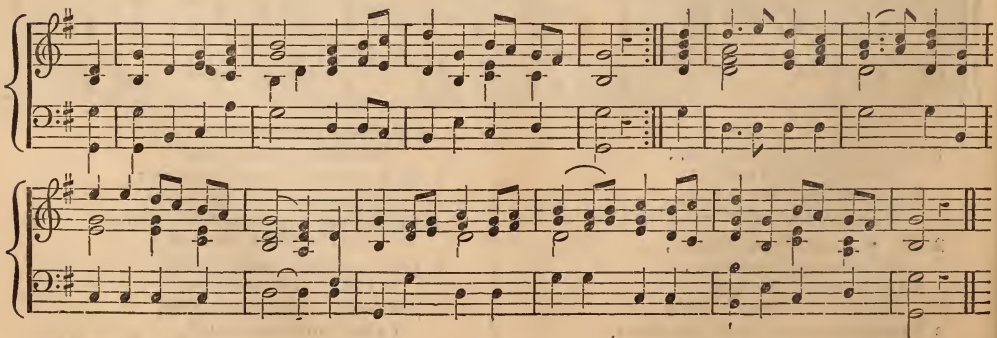
Yet every time and season
 Must wisely order'd be.
 Let us but do our duty
 In sunshine and in rain,
 And Heaven, all bright with beauty,
 Will bring us joy again.

- 3 Though evening skies should lower,
 The morning may be fine;
 For He who sends the shower
 Can cause His sun to shine.
 Then away, &c.

D. A. T.

"HURRAH FOR ENGLAND!" (*Old English.*)

M. 120.



180.

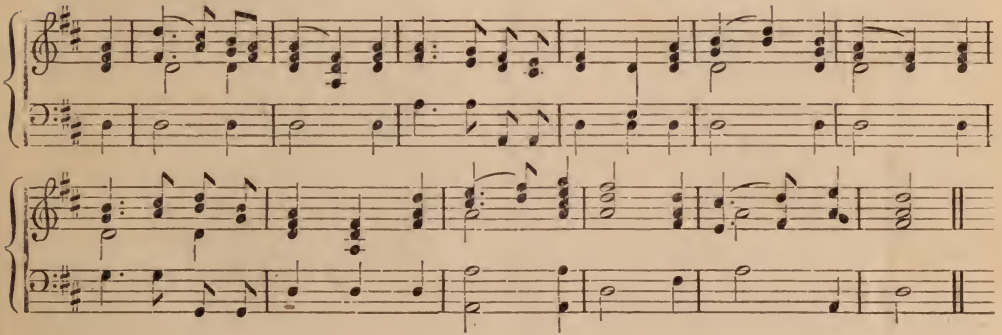
- 1 Hurrah! hurrah for England!
 Her woods and valleys green;
 Hurrah for good old England!
 Hurrah for England's Queen!
- 2 Good ships be on her waters,
 Firm friends upon her shores,
 Peace, peace within her borders,
 And plenty in her stores.

- 3 Right joyously we're singing,
 We're glad to make it known -
 That we love the land we live in,
 And our Queen upon her throne.
- 4 Then hurrah for merry England,
 And may we still be seen
 True to our own dear country,
 And loyal to our Queen!

M. A. Stodart. By per.

"OH PRAISE THE LORD." (*Nägeli.*)

M. 83.



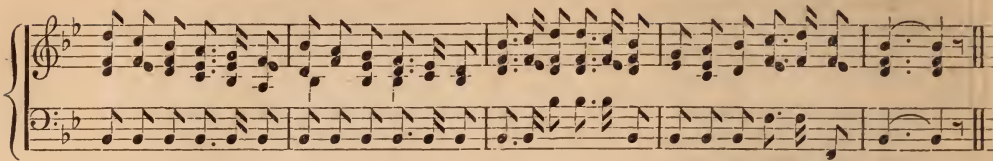
181.

- 1 Oh praise the Lord,
 He loves to hear you singing!
 In sweet accord
 Loud let his praise be ringing!
 ||: Oh praise the Lord! :||
- 2 The Lord we praise
 With voices gladly sounding,
 To joyful lays
 Our youthful bosom bounding;
 To God we raise A song of praise.
- 3 Away with fear!
 When thankful hearts are swelling,

- He loves to hear
 Up in His holy dwelling,
 Their hymns of cheer Will reach His ear.
- 4 Lord, take what we
 With lisping lip are singing,
 The offering free
 Our thankful hearts are bringing;
 We sing to Thee, We shout with glee!
- 5 We hope ere long
 In glory to be raising
 A nobler song,
 Thy love for ever praising
 On high, among An angel throng.

Jas. S. Stallybrass. Tr. for this work.

“WALK THROUGH LIFE HOPINGLY.” (*Nägeli.*) M. 50, twice to a measure.



182.

1 Walk through life hopefully,
Never sit mopingly;
Seize on the passing hour,
Soon 'twill be out of your pow'r.

2 Though in the dark of night
Stars give no spark of light,
Fiercely though howl the blast,
Think, 'twill be morning at last.

3 Doubt may assail your mind,
Light you may fail to find;
On in your duty go,
Clearer the future will grow.

4 Though none take heed of you,
God may have need of you,

Labourers, brave and true,
For the great harvest are few.

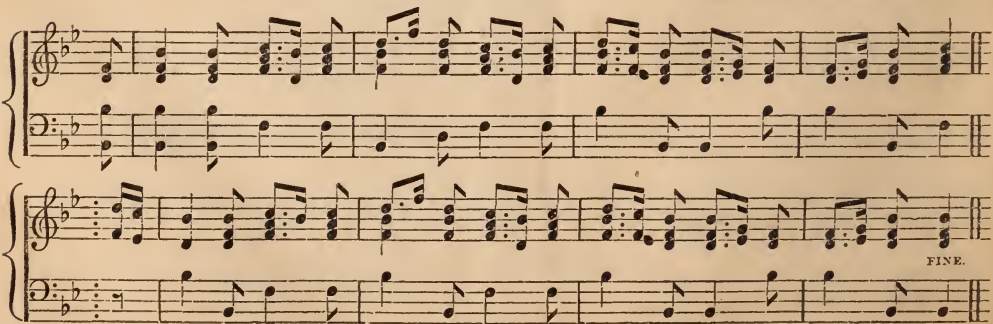
5 But if enduring bliss
You would not surely miss,
Set not your heart upon
Treasure that soon will be gone.

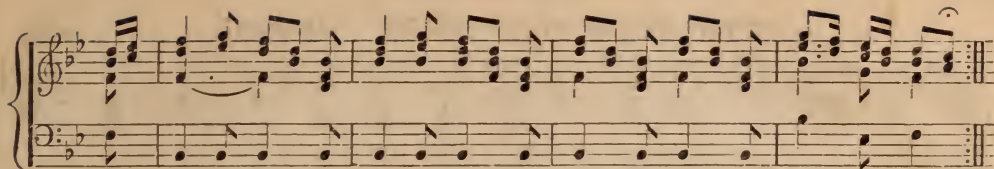
6 Fortune can never give
Joys that for ever live;
There will your search be vain,
Bliss you will never attain.

7 Keep to the path of right,
There will a star give light;
When the world's glare is gone,
It will for ever shine on.

J. S. Stallybrass. Tr. for this work.

“MY OLD FRIEND.” (*Scottish.*) M. 50, twice to a measure.





183.

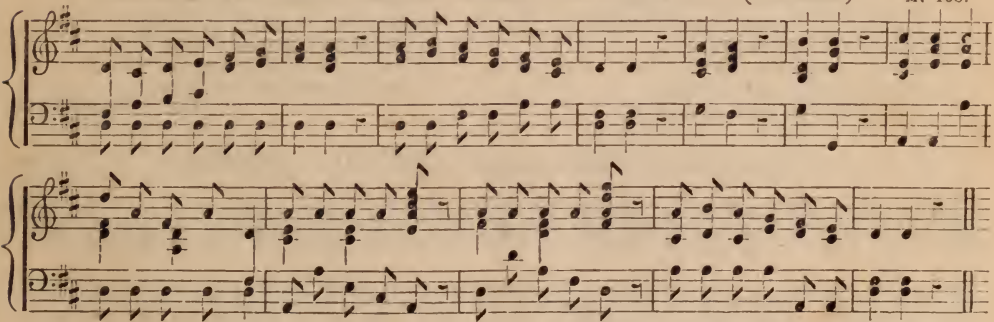
- 1 My Old friend, he was a good old friend,
But I thought, like a fool, his face to mend.
I got me another, but ah! to my cost,
I found him unlike the one I had lost.
I and my friend, we were bred together!
He had a smile like the summer weather,
A kind warm heart, and a hand as free,—
My friend he was all the world to me.
- 2 We all were glad to see his face
As he took, at the fire, his 'customed place,
And the little children, loud in glee,
They welcomed him as they welcome me.

He knew our griefs, our joys he shared :
There cannot be friend with him compared,
We had tried him long, and found him true;
Why changed I the Old friend for the new ?

- 3 Oh! my fine new friend, he is smooth and bland!
With a jewell'd ring or two on his hand!
I bring out the finest wines for cheer;
I make him a feast that costeth dear;
But he knows not what in my heart lies deep;
He may laugh with me, but never shall weep;
For there is no bond between us twain;
And I sigh for my Dear old Friend again.

M. Howitt.

"IN A POND THE FROGS WERE CROAKING." (*German.*) M. 108.



184.

- 1 In a pond the frogs were croaking,
And the farmer's help invoking.
"Crock crock! crack crack! Quee quee quee!
quacky quacky quack!
'Tis a shameful thing That we have no king,
Oh 'tis really too provoking!"
- 2 Farmer Brown, who loved a joke, sir,
Pitch'd them down a piece of oak, sir;
Thump thump, splash splash! Quee quee quee,
spatter spatter dash!
So King Log at first, Coming with a burst,
Quite alarm'd the little folk, sir.
- 3 For some time the log lay soaking,
Then the frogs set up a croaking:

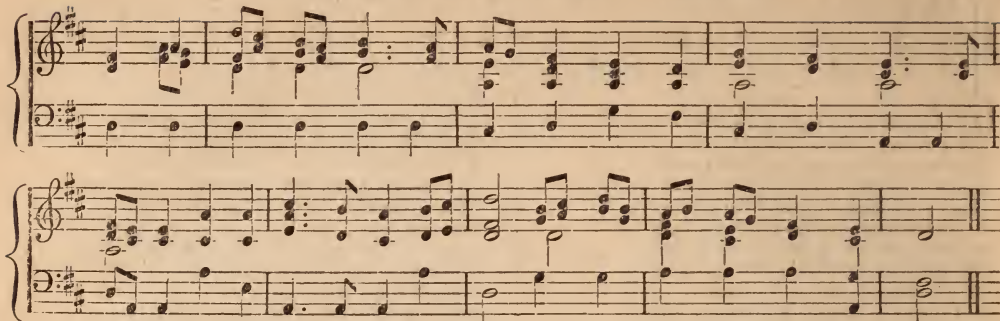
"Crock crock, crack crack! Quee quee quee,
quacky quacky quack!
Pooh pooh, what's the good of a King of wood?
Just as bad as having no King!"

- 4 Then the farmer, quite offended,
Sent them more than they intended;
Snap snap, munch munch! Quee quee quee,
gobble gobble down!
'Twas a water-snake, Kept them all aquake;
So the matter was not mended.
- 5 Then too late the frogs repented,
Wish'd they'd only been contented!
Snap snap, munch, &c.
One by one they float Down the serpent's throat.
Oh had they been more contented!

Jas. S. Stallybrass, for this work.

“ WITH TRIUMPHANT PEALS.” (Gersbach.)

M. 80.



185.

- 1 With triumphant peals of thunder,
Clouds have strown their wealth asunder,
Fill'd the fields with fragrance rare,
Sweetly waving through the air.
- 2 And away the storm-cloud marches,
Through the rainbow's painted arches;
Far away the lightnings play,
That have cool'd the glowing day.
- 3 And the sinking sun, he musters
Round his head a thousand lustres,

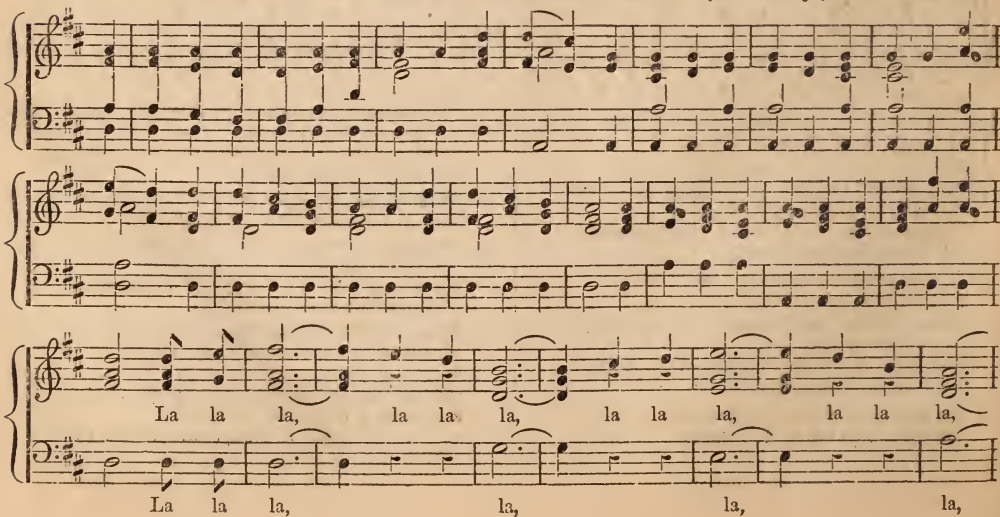
And the corn-field richly gleams,
Flooded by his ruddy beams.

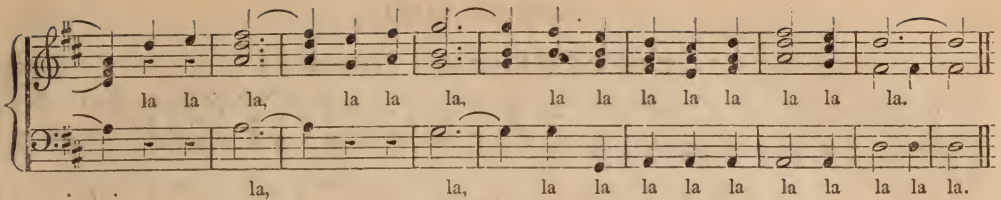
- 4 Eyes of flow'rs for gladness twinkle,
And the freshen'd streamlets tinkle,
Bees in search of honey roam,
Buzz with golden burdens home.
- 5 All are lost in praise and wonder,
Larks above, and lapwings under;
Young lambs frisk around the springs,
And the happy lab'rer sings.

Jas. S. Stallybrass, tr.

“ THE SPRING BREATHEs AROUND.” (Bradbury.)

M. 160.





186.

1 The Spring breathes around us so soft and so warm,
And bears her young children with care on her arm;
She tends and sustains them with tenderest care,
With soft rain and sunshine, and sweet balmy air.
La, la, la.

2 The brook she crowns over with arches of blue,
The meadows with flowers are made bright to the
view;
The birds and the bees, and the emmets so small,
She feeds and protects them and nourishes all.
La, la, la.

3 At evening she hushes and leads them to rest,
And lays them to sleep on her motherly breast;
She closes their eyes with the curtain of night,
And wakes them at morn with her rose-coloured
light. La, la, la.

4 *Our Father in heaven is Maker of Spring,*
He made all the birds, and he taught them to sing;
The flowers that Spring scatters He made ev'ry one;
HE IS GOD OF THE SPRING, HE IS GOD OF THE
SEASON. [Omit La la, la.]

Singing Bird.

For No. 187 see page 86.

"MAKE YOUR MARK." (American.) M. 80, twice to a measure.



189.

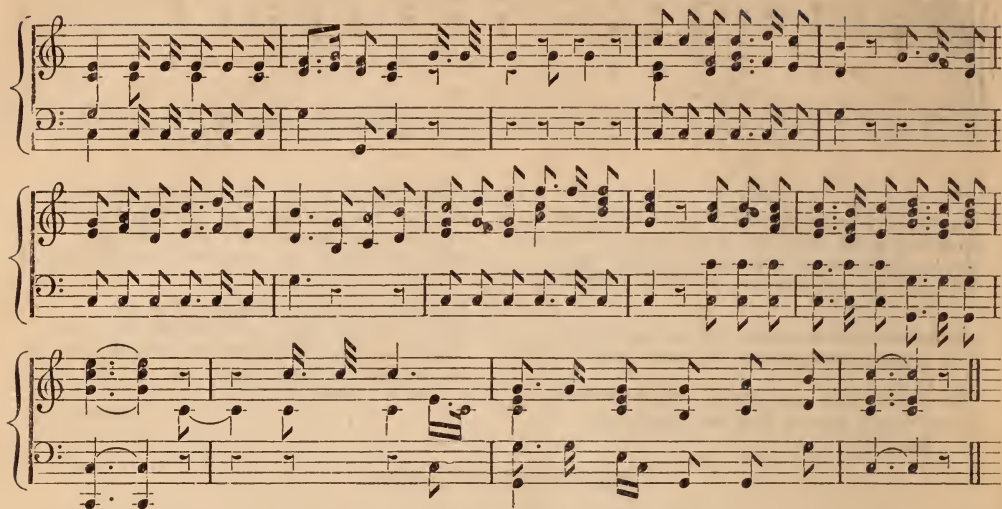
1 In the quarries should you toil,
Make your mark;
Do you delve upon the soil?
Make your mark.
In whatever path you go,
In whatever place you stand;
Moving swift, or moving slow,
With a firm and steady hand,
Make your mark.

2 Life is fleeting as a shade,
Make your mark;
Marks of some kind must be made,
Make your mark;
Make it while the arm is strong,
In the golden hours of youth;
Never, never make it wrong,
Make it with the stamp of truth;
Make your mark!

Golden Wreath.

THE QUAIL CALL. (*Gersbach.*)

M. 160.



187.

1 Hark to the Quail how she pipes at morn,
 "Come along, come let us hide in the corn."
 Look at her, stealing through yonder green field,
 Telling of sweets that the harvest will yield,
 Singing the while that she joyfully glides,
 "God be thank'd! WHO FOR THE HUMBLE PRO-
 VIDES."

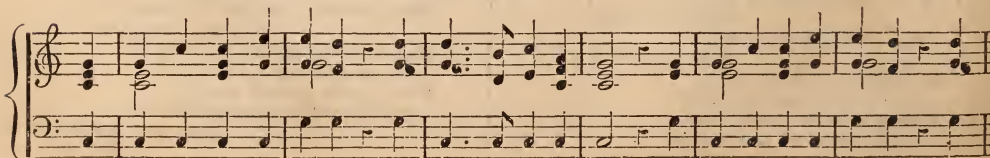
2 Cool on the heather the dew yet lies;
 "Cold the night!" flutt'ring and shiv'ring she cries;
 Runs to the sand where she maketh her bed,
 Patiently waits till the shades are all fled,
 Wistfully watches the brightening skies;
 "God be thank'd! slumber he gave to mine eyes."

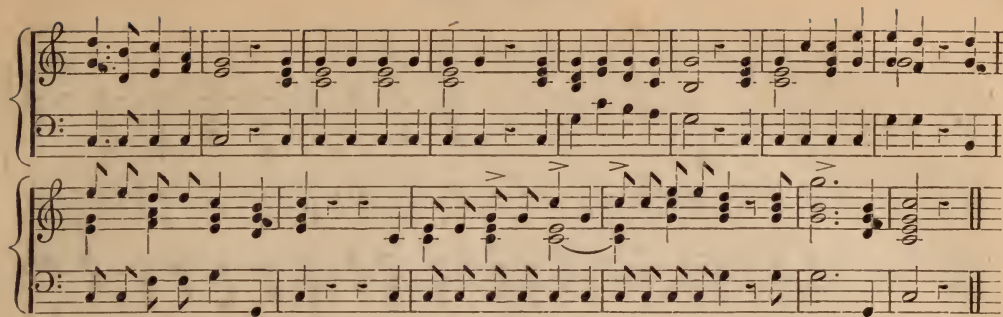
3 Now come the huntsmen with horn and hound;
 "Get you gone! here I lie safe in the ground;
 While the wheat stands and the leaves are yet green,
 I by the hunter shall never be seen;
Ah! but the reapers they lay me so bare;
 Who'll befriend?" God for his creature will care.

4 Hark! when the reaping is over and done,
 "I'll begone! ruthless the winter comes on."
 Hither and thither she flits and she flies,
 But not a gleaning of harvest she spies;
 Though in the vale of her birth she would stay,
 Look! she goes, over the mountains away.

Jas. S. Stallybrass, tr."I LOVE THE MERRY SUNSHINE." (*Dr. L. Mason.*)

M. 160.





188.

1 I love the merry sunshine,
 It makes the heart so gay,
 To hear the sweet birds singing,
 On golden summer day ;
 With wildwood notes of duty,
 From ev'ry bush and tree,
 The sunshine is all beauty !
 ||:The merry, merry sun for me.:||

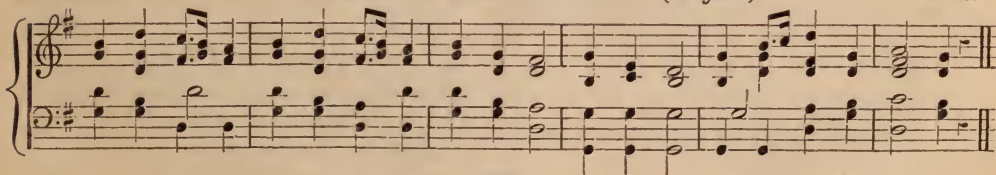
2 I love the merry sunshine,
 Through dewy morning's shower,
 With rosy smiles advancing,
 Like beauty from her bower ;
 It charms the soul in sadness,
 It sets the spirit free !
 The sunshine, &c.

Normal Singer.

For No. 189, see page 85.

"HEARTS WITH YOUTH." (*Nägeli.*)

M. 88.



190.

1 Hearts with youth and pleasure glowing,
 Father, we Raise to Thee,—
 Gifts of Thy bestowing.

2 Now with earnest purpose turning
 To our task, Lord, we ask
 Strength and heart for learning.

3 Brisk and bright may we be straining
 Every power, And each hour

Something more be gaining !

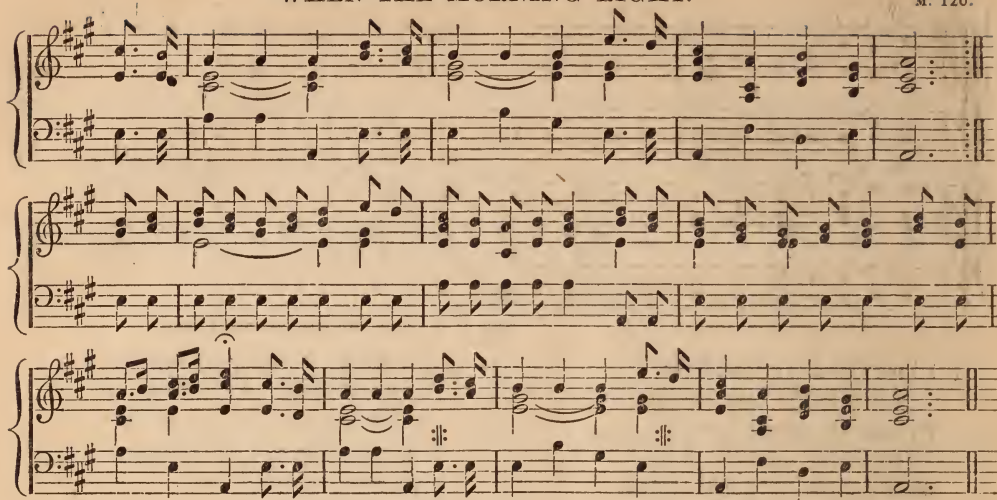
4 Ever onward, upward pressing
 Lord, we pray, That we may
 Have thy help and blessing.

5 Lives of labour lie before us ;
 Now may truth Train our youth,
 And with wisdom store us !

Jas. S. Stallybrass. Tr. for this work.

"WHEN THE MORNING LIGHT."

M. 120.



191.

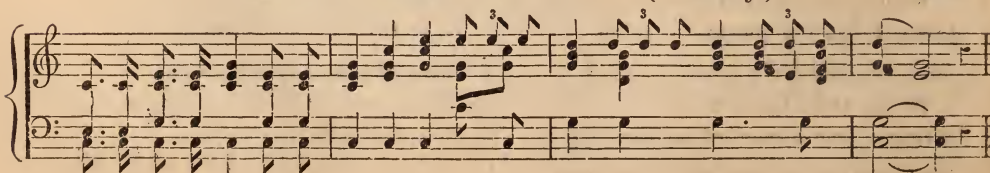
1 When the morning light drives away the
 night,
 With the sun so bright and full,
 And it draws its line near the hour of
 nine,
 I'll away, away to school.
 For 'tis there we all agree,
 All with happy hearts and free,
 And I love to early be
 At our happy school.
 I'll away, away, &c.

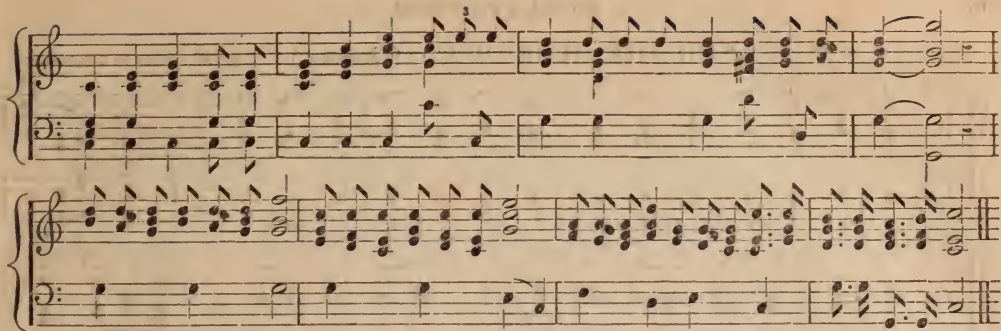
2 On the frosty dawn of a winter's morn,
 When the earth is wrapp'd in snow,
 Or the summer breeze plays around the
 trees,
 Then away to school I'll go;
 When the hour to go has come,
 And the truant loves to roam,
 I delight to leave my home
 For our happy school.
 I'll away, away, &c.

The Nightingale.

"MERRY SINGS THE LARK." (Bradbury.)

M. 96.





192.

- 1 Merry sings the lark at the break of day,
Tra, la, la, &c.
Thus she carols her merry lay, Tra, la, la, &c.
She sings her merry lay.
- 2 Health and strength are found in the morn-
ing air, Tra, la, la, &c.

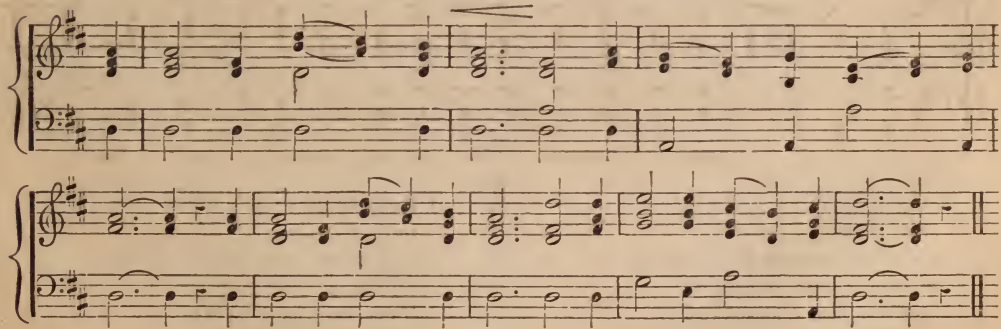
Beauty, life, in nature fair, Tra, la, la, &c.
Oh! heed my merry call.

- 3 Let us then arouse at the morning call,
Tra, la, la, &c. [la, &c.
Rouse, ye dreamers, one and all, Tra, la,
So rouse ye, one and all.

Young Shawm.

"COME, SOFT AND LOVELY."

N. 96.



193.

- 1 Come, soft and lovely evening,
Spread o'er the grassy fields;
We love the peaceful feeling
Thy silent coming yields.
- 2 See where the clouds are weaving
A rich and golden chain;
See how the darken'd shadow
Extends along the plain.

- 3 All nature now is silent,
Except the passing breeze;
And birds their night-song warbling
Among the dewy trees.

- 4 Sweet evening, thou art with us,
So tranquil and so still;
Thou dost our thankful bosoms
With humble praises fill. *Juv. S. Sch.*

"OH THE GLORIOUS." (*German.*)

M. 96, twice to a measure.

Charm-ing, *charm-ing*, charming, *charming*, charming, glo-rious May!

194.

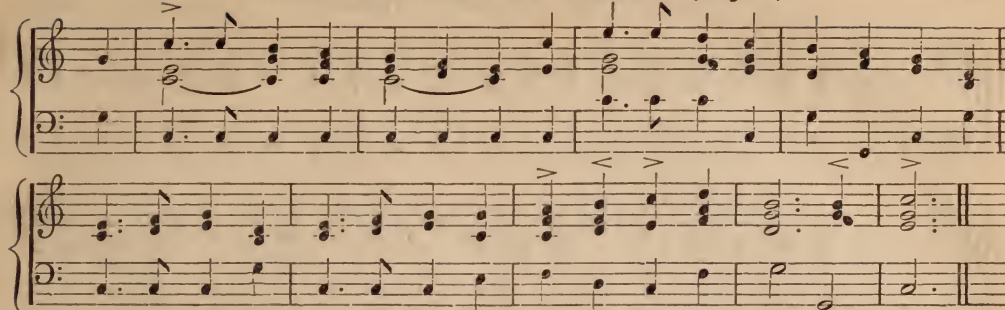
- 1 Oh the glorious month of May!
Ever charming, ever gay,
When the woods are blooming,
Humble-bees are booming,
And the birds sing all the day,
Through the merry month of May.
Oh the charming, glorious May,
Ever charming, ever gay,
Charming, charming, &c.
- 2 Earth has donn'd her best array
In the beauteous month of May,
Flowers the ground are paving,
Bloomy boughs are waving,
Through the corn the breezes stray,
In the merry month of May.
Oh the charming flowery May!

- 3 Fresh the air at dawn of day
In the pleasant month of May,
Fresh the dewy flowers;
Early go the mowers
In among the scented hay;
Fresh the air at dawn of day.
Oh the charming air of May!
- 4 All the world's alive and gay
In the gladsome month of May,
Fish their fins are plying,
Swallows swiftly flying,
On the grass the lambkins play,
In the merry month of May.
Oh the charming lively May!

J. S. Stallybrass, tr. for this work.

"HIGH HEAVEN! MY HOME." (Nägel.)

M. 88.



195.

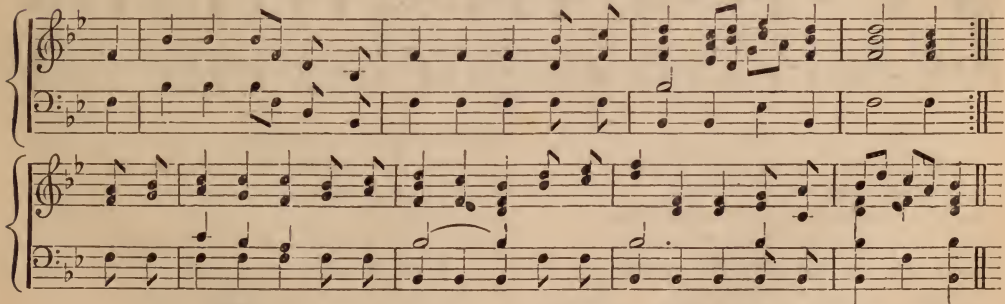
- 1 High heaven! my home and fatherland,
With face upturn'd to thee I stand;
And many a dear and tender tie
Unite me to thy realm on high.
- 2 To heaven, my home and fatherland,
I lift in faith my heart and hand;
Beyond the stars my wishes roam,
There shall I find my brighter home.

- 3 Heaven is my home and fatherland,
My friends are there, a blessed band;
A pilgrim here, I hasten on
To where my great "Forerunner's" gone.
- 4 High heaven's my home and fatherland,
And Christ my surety there doth stand;
My Lord will take me too, to share
His kingdom with my kindred there.

Jas. S. Stallybrass, tr. for this work.

"THE LIGHTNINGS FLASH." (German.)

M. 96.



196.

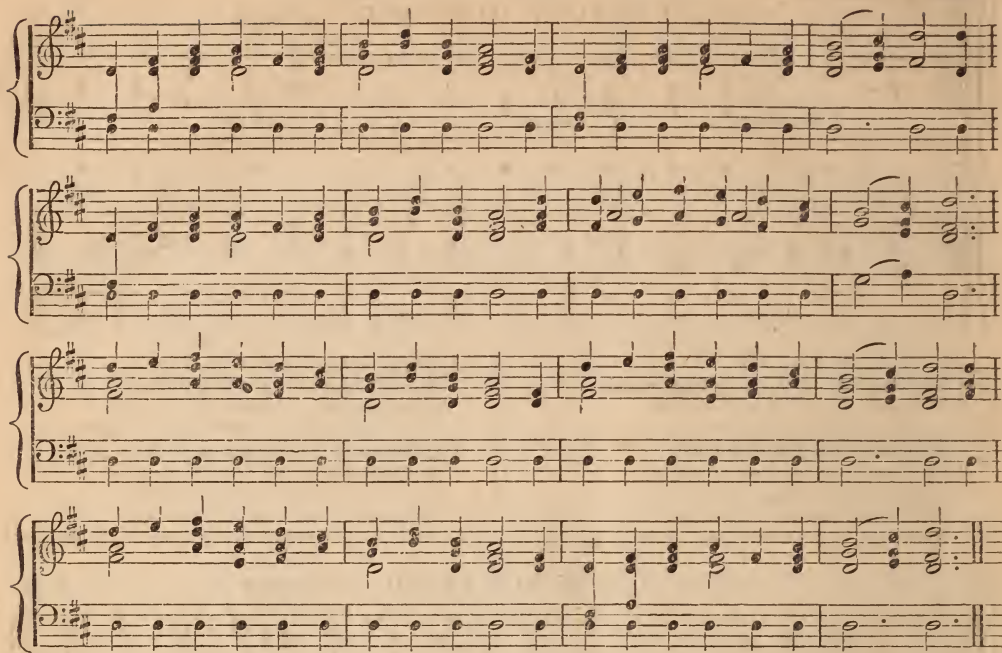
- 1 The lightnings flash and the thunders roar
On the lonely Alpine water;
The Fisherman steers for the rocky shore,
To his waiting wife and daughter;
While they sit at home by their ingle warm,
He is battling hard with the raging storm.
- 2 "Dear mother, and where is my father now?
Do you see how the rain is pouring?
The storm comes down from the mountain's brow,
Oh hark to the thunder roaring!"
"He is sailing, child, on the lonely lake,
But his heart is stout, and he will not quake."

- 3 "Oh, mother, then why do you look so pale?
Does not God love all good people?
In the wildest storm we need not quail
If the waves were as high as the steeple!"
"You are right, my child, and I will not weep,
But faith was weak, and the lake is deep!"
- 4 "Oh, mother, what sound was that, that rang?
'Tis the horn of my father blowing!"
And out they stept, and joyfully sang,
Their arms around him throwing: [fall,
"Though the storm should howl and the lightning
There's a Father's hand that guides them all."

Jas. S. Stallybrass, tr. for this work.

"OVER THE WATER." (*Scottish.*)

M. 88, twice to a measure.



197.

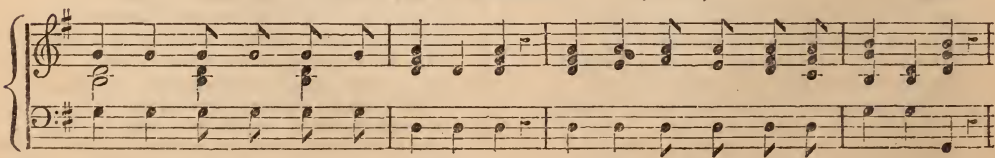
1. Over the water from England to France,
And back again over the blue sea;
But if in your learning you do not advance,
Pray how much the better will you be?
Some little folks who love always to roam
Remain as great dunces as ever;
But if of your time you make good use at home,
We all may be happy and clever.

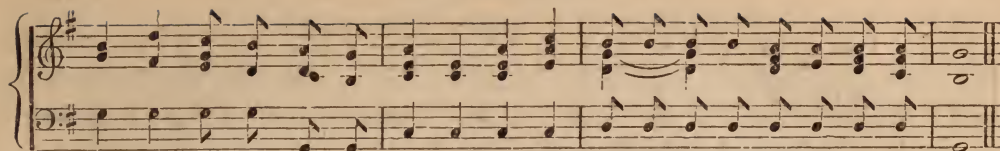
- 2 Over a mountain and down in a dale
We'll journey some day in fine weather;
If no one be telling of us a fine tale,
Neglecting our books altogether.
Up in the morning to see what we may,
Before idle people are moving,
And early to bed after study and play,
The mind and the body improving.

W. E. Hickson, Esq. By per.

"SEE HOW MERRILY." (*Root.*)

M. 160.



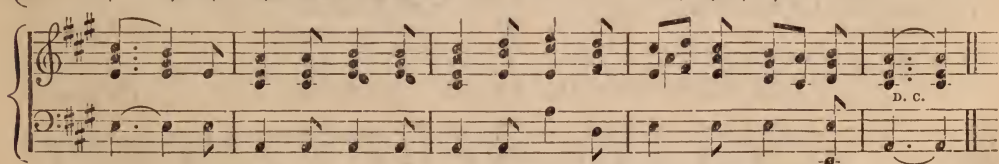


198.

- 1 See how merrily the skaters go,
Glancing quickly o'er the ice and snow;
While, like diamonds in the forest trees,
The crystal drops are waving in the breeze.
- 2 See how merrily around they play,
Sweeping feath'ly o'er the sparkling way,
While the woods, that are in spring so fair,
In winter time their wilder graces wear.

- 3 See how merrily the time goes by,
There is beauty in a wintry sky:
Though the summer wears a verdant hue,
The winter brings a merry season too.
- 4 See how merrily, the pastime o'er,
Now they circle round the hearth once more,
For if winter bring us howling storms,
His ingle bright the kindly bosom warms.
- "Sabbath Bell" and J. B. Greatbach.*

"BEGONE, DULL SLOTH." (*Old English.*) M. 96, twice to a measure.



199.

- 1 Begone, dull Sloth, I pray thee begone from me;
Begone, dull Sloth, you and I shall never agree;
For I will work, and I will learn,
And usefully pass the day;
And I think it one of the wisest things
To drive dull Sloth away.
- Sloth and Waste—debts never are able to pay;
And Sloth and Waste can never be happy and gay.
- 2 Go, vile Deceit, you never shall live with me;
Go, vile Deceit, you and I shall never agree;
For I will faithful pray to be
In all I do or say;
And always speak the honest truth,
Whether at work or play.

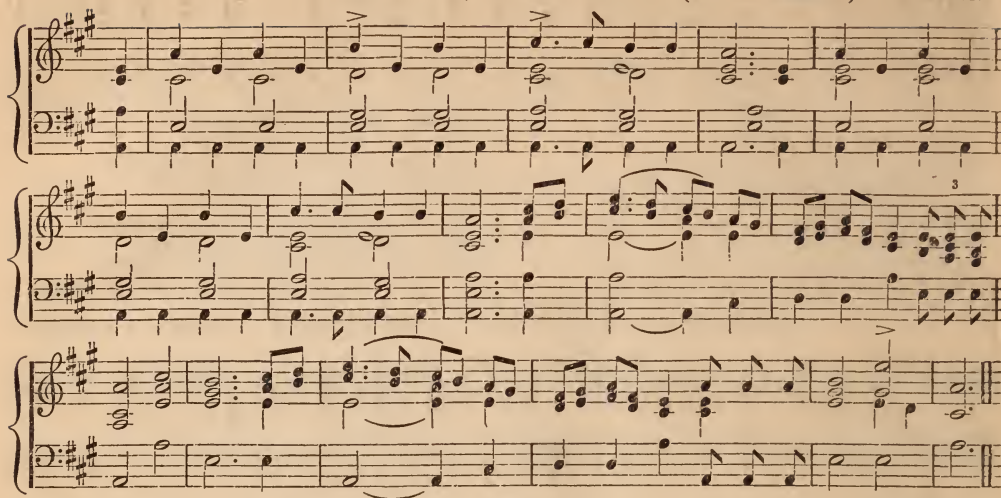
- Vile Deceit with me shall never stay;
Vile Deceit can never be happy and gay.
- 3 Bad Temper, go, you never shall stay with me;
Bad Temper, go, you and I shall never agree.
For I will always kind and mild
And gentle pray to be;
And do to others as I wish
That they should do to me.
- Temper bad—with me shall never stay;
Temper bad—can never be happy and gay.
- 4 *Bad Temper, Sloth, and vile Deceit,
Come, friends, let's drive away;
For well we know when they are gone
We all shall be happy and gay.

Calcott.

* To be sung to the second part of the tune.

"COME OUT, COME OUT." (Dr. L. Mason.)

M. 144.



200.

- 1 Come out, come out, this wintry day,
 To sport and play with me;
 Our books and slates put far away,
 From study now be free;
 While sliding merrily,
 Over the clear, white snow.
 While, &c.
- 2 Oh! who 's afraid of winter's day,
 Its cold, its ice, or snow?

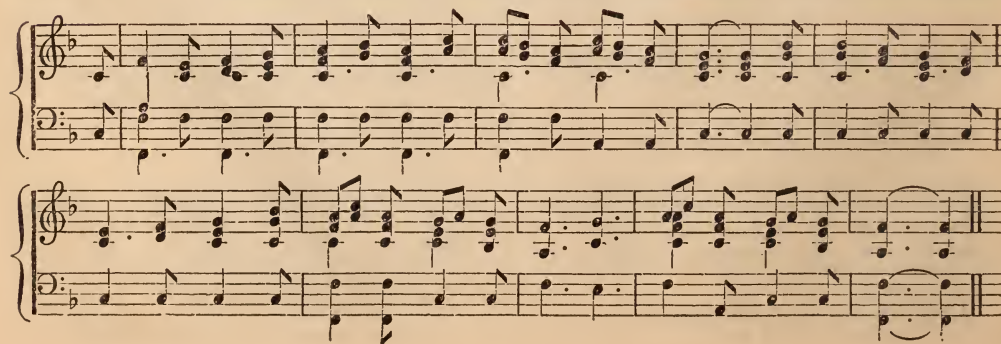
What though we miss the sun's warm ray,
 What though the winds do blow:
 While, &c.

- 3 Then haste, companions, haste away,
 The day is cold and still;
 We'll have some noble sport to day,
 All sliding merrily;
 All sliding, &c.

Normal Singer.

"THE SUNSHINE CALLS US." (Gersbach.)

M. 72, twice to a measure.



201.

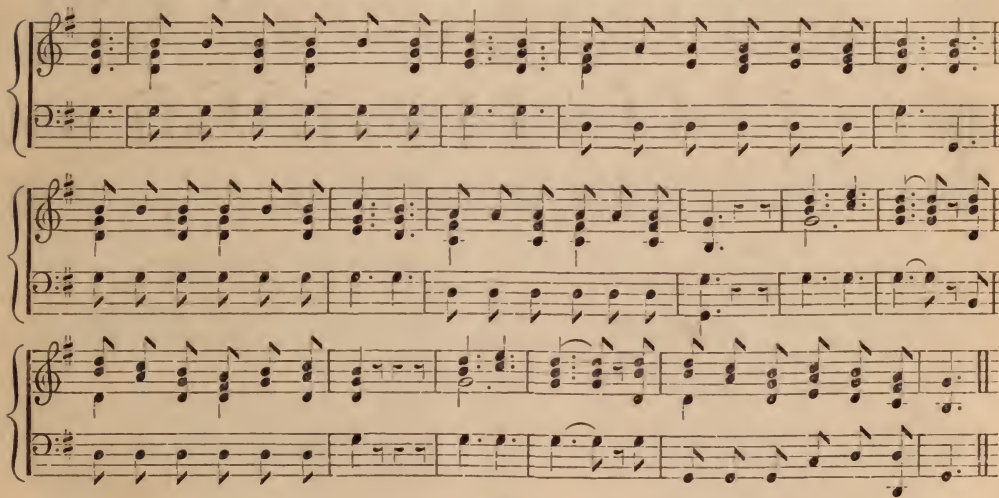
- 1 The sunshine calls us out to see
This glorious world of God;
Then roam the country blithe and free,
And wander all abroad.
- 2 The stream is never standing still,
He gladly hurries on;
The wind, he wanders at his will,
He comes but to be gone.
- 3 The moon, she never takes her ease;
The sun keeps up his pace,

Peeps over hills and dips in seas,
Unwearied in his race.

- 4 And man! shall you sit still at home,
Nor long for other lands?
Arise and through the woodland roam,
And sail to foreign strands.
- 5 Let care and anxious fretting go!
The sky will yet be blue;
For life is made of joy and woe,
And God is ever true.

J. S. Stallybrass. Tr. for this work.

"IN FLAKES OF A FEATHERY." (*Dr. L. Mason.*) M. 66, twice to a measure.



202.

- 1 In flakes of a feathery white,
'Tis falling so gently and slow;
Oh! pleasant to me is the sight,
When silently falling the snow,
||:Snow, snow, snow,
When silently falling the snow.:||
- 2 The earth is all cover'd to-day
With mantle of radiant show;
It sparkles and shines in the ray,
In crystals of glittering snow,
||:Snow, snow, snow,
In crystals of glittering snow.:||
- 3 The trees have a burden of white,
It covers their branches, I know,
It never forsakes them by night,
All day are they playing with snow,

||:Snow, snow, snow,

All day are they playing with snow.:||

- 4 How spotless it seems, and how pure,
I would that my spirit were so!
Then, long as the soul shall endure,
More brightly I'd shine than the snow,
||:Snow, snow, snow,
More brightly I'd shine than the snow.:||

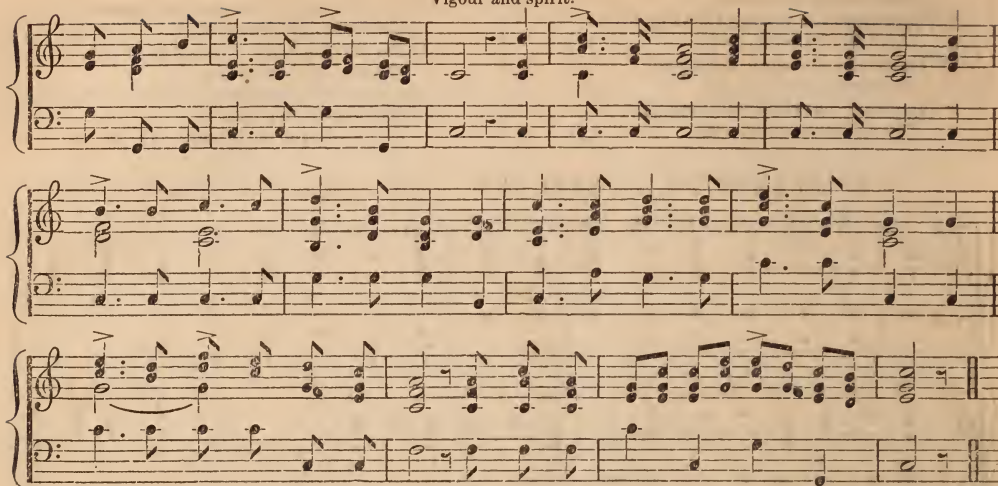
- 5 But soon, with the breath of the spring,
Down streamlets and rivers 'twill flow;
The season of summer will bring
Bright flowers for silvery snow,
||:Snow, snow, snow,
Bright flowers for silvery snow.:||

Normal Singer.

“MY ENGLISH HOME.” (German.)

M. 80.

Vigour and spirit.



203.

1 My English home! my English home!
O'er land and sea let others roam;
||: I bless my God who placed my birth
On this most favour'd spot of earth.:||

2 And ask me why I love my land?
Is it because her wide command
Is own'd by all the nations round,
And felt wherever man is found?
Oh! no, 'tis not by these alone
My country to my heart is known.

3 Is it because her meanest son
Is free as king upon his throne?
Or is it that the poor men's cause
Is mark'd and guarded by her laws? Oh! no, &c.

4 Is it because her children know
Home comforts, and the fireside glow?
The freeman's house!—his “castle home!”
Where “kings, unbidden, dare not come!”
Oh! no, &c.

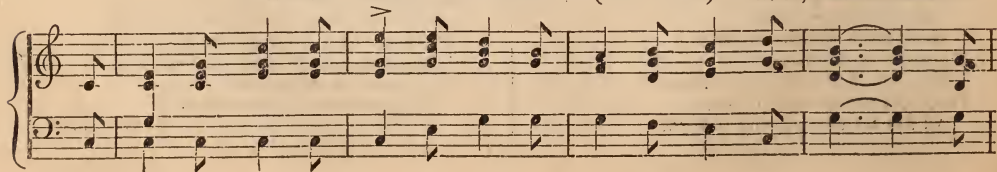
5 I love her on her glorious height,
The Bible-land, the land of light!
Sounding the message far and wide
That Jesus Christ for sinners died. I bless, &c.

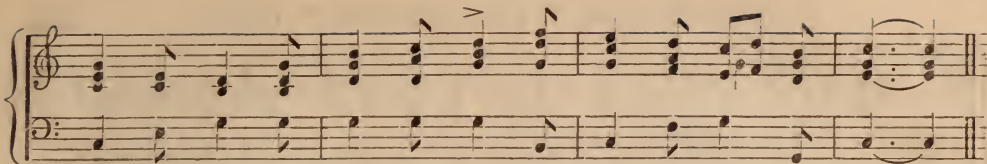
6 I love the soil her martyrs trod,
Who suffer'd for the truth of God;
The fire they kindled blazes bright,
And none, we trust, can quench its light.
I bless, &c.

M. A. Stodart. By per.

“FROM OCEAN'S BED.” (Gersbach.)

M. 60, twice to a measure.





204.

- 1 From ocean's bed, so golden red,
Upheaves yon fiery globe;
The mists are gone, the dale puts on
A silver, pearly robe.
- 2 On airy wings the skylark springs
To yonder cloud on high,

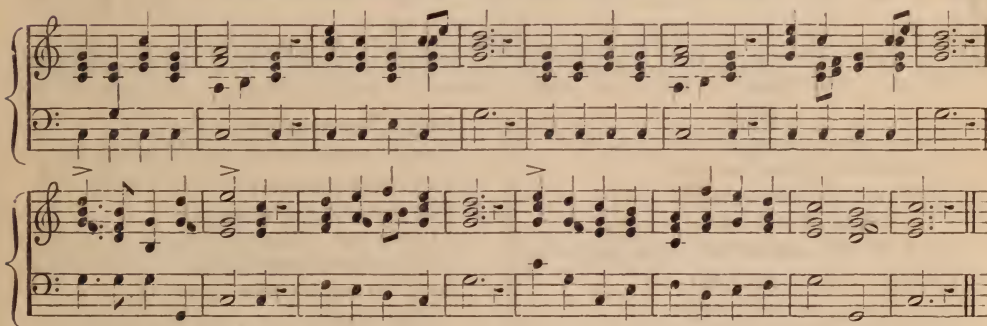
His thanks to God he flings abroad,
And fills the wide blue sky.

- 3 O songster rare, you sing up there,
Creation's morning bell!
My songs I'll blend with yours, and send
Them up to heaven as well.

Jas. S. Stallybrass, for this work.

"O'ER THE FOAMING BILLOWS." (Gross.)

M. 108.



205.

- 1 O'er the foaming billows
Of the mighty sea,
Lo! the vessel bounding,
MERRILY GOES SHE!
Hark! the crew are hailing
Friends on land once more,
GOD PRESERVE THEIR SAILING
TO THE DISTANT SHORE.
- 2 There on deck together,
Young and old, they stand,
Husbands, wives, and children,
Clasping hand in hand;
On each face is sorrow,
That they'll see no more,
When they wake to-morrow,
Their own native shore.

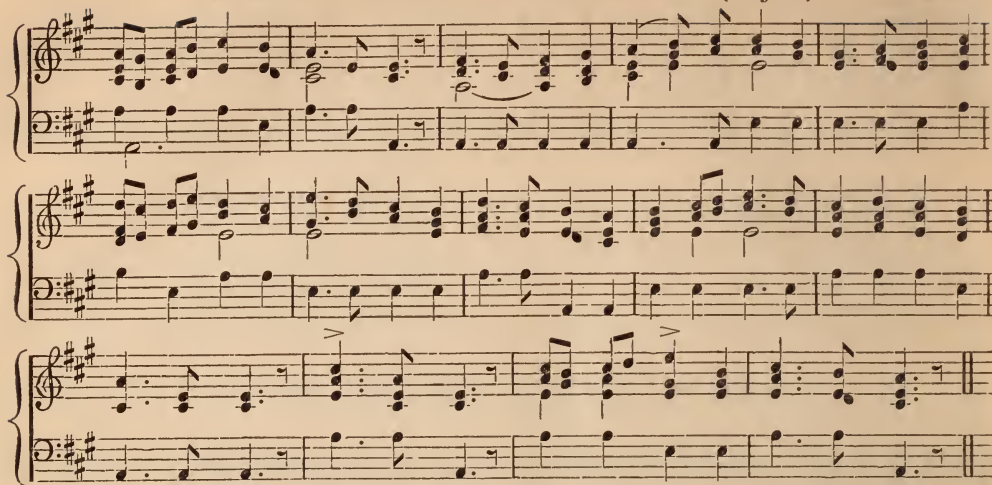
- 3 But the land they're seeking,
It is fair and free:
Happy homes await them
When they've cross'd the sea;
THERE THEY'LL DWELL TOGETHER,
CHILDREN, HUSBANDS, WIVES;
GOD PRESERVE THEM EVER,
LONG AND HAPPY LIVES.

- 4 Now the anchor's lifted,
Now the breezes blow;
Now their hands are waving,
Once more, ere they go;
Hark! their voices hailing
Friends on land once more;
GOD PRESERVE THEIR SAILING
TO THE DISTANT SHORE.

F. T. P. In Tilleard's "Sec. Mus. for Sch." By per.

"GENTLE CHILD OF NAZARETH." (*Nägeli.*)

M. 88.



1. Gen - tle Child! Gen - tle Child! Gen - tle Child of Na - za - reth!

206.

1 Gentle Child of Nazareth!

Let His life, so meek and tender,
Make us glad obedience render
To our father, to our mother,
And be kind to one another. Gentle Child, &c.

2 Wondrous Boy of Nazareth!

Let his early love for learning
Set our youthful spirit yearning

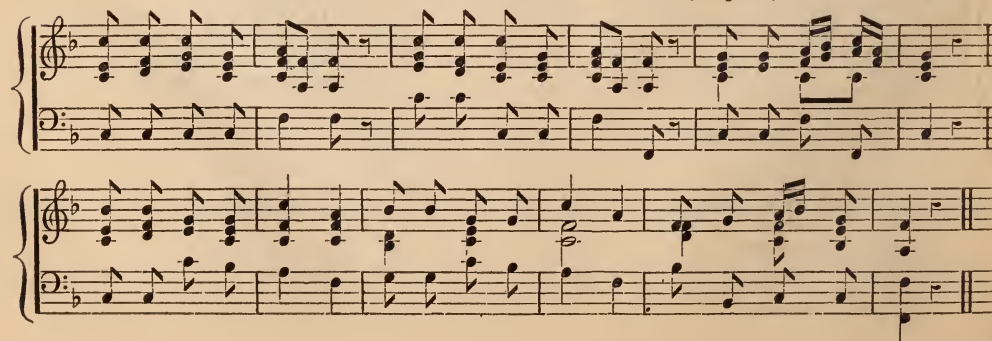
Daily to be growing wiser,
Thou our teacher and adviser. Wondrous Boy, &c.

3 Holy One of Nazareth!

Help us use the powers lent us,
"Do the work of Him who sent us,"
Draw to Thee in closer union,
Share Thy people's sweet communion.
Holy One, &c.

J. S. Stallybrass, tr. for this work."TIMID, BLUE-EYED FLOWER." (*Nägeli.*)

M. 60.



207.

- 1 Timid, blue-eyed flower,
In thy quiet bower,
'Mid the moss so green!
Say, what art thou doing?
Why so lowly bowing
Ever art thou seen?
- 2 "Joy within me springeth
When so sweetly singeth
Lonely nightingale;
To her song attending
I am lowly bending
In my peaceful vale."

Mrs. Dana Shind'er.

208.

- 1 Charming little valley,
Smiling all so gaily,
Like an angel's brow,

Spreading out thy treasures,
Calling us to pleasures
Innocent as thou.

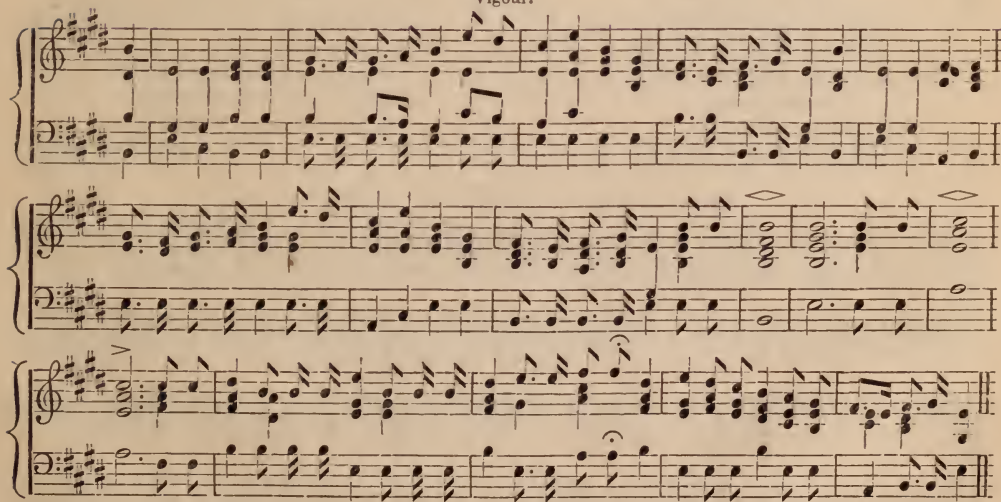
- 2 Skies are bright above thee,
Peace and quiet love thee,
Tranquil little dell;
In thy fragrant bowers,
Twining wreaths of flowers,
Love and friendship dwell.

- 3 May our spirits daily
Be like thee, sweet valley,
Tranquil and serene;
Emblems to us given
Of the vales of heaven,
Ever bright and green.

Mason's "Hallelujah.""NOW HEARTS AND HANDS." (*W. B. Bradbury.*)

M. 120.

Vigour.



209.

- 1 Now hearts and hands their strength and zeal
uniting, [winds,
We'll boldly brave life's roughest waves and
Fresh courage still new obstacles exciting,
For nought should hinder young and willing
minds.

||: WITH A LONG PULL, AND A STRONG PULL,:||
AND A PULL ALTOGETHER,

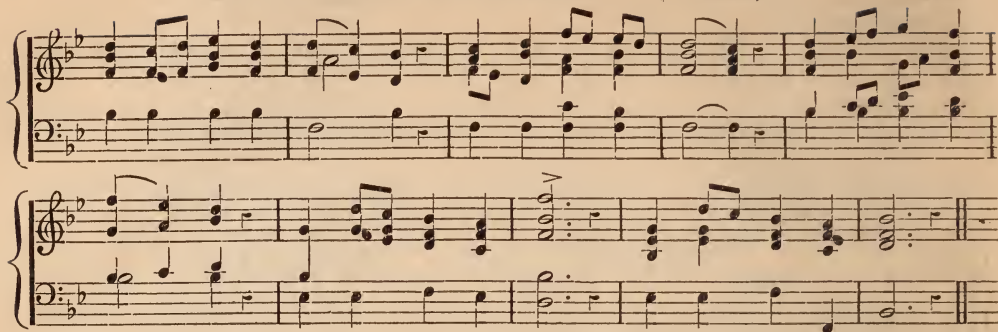
HARD WORK OR HARD WEATHER,
YOUR DUTY FULFIL.

- 2 When duty calls, whate'er the toil and danger,
We'll at our post and by each other stand;
To friend, to foe, to citizen or stranger,
We'll ever lend a brother's helping hand.
With a long pull, &c.

W. E. Hickson, Esq. By per.

“TILL I SHALL BE SLEEPING.” (German.)

M. 66.



210.

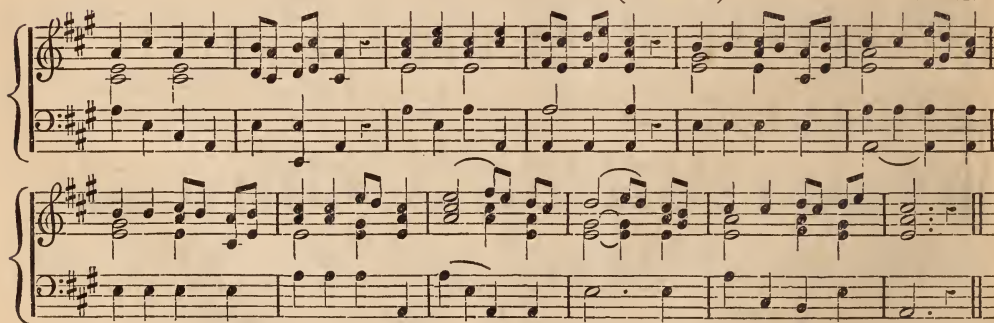
- 1 Till I shall be sleeping
In the cold, dark grave,
God my soul is keeping,
||:Who is strong to save.:||
- 2 Though his way be hidden,
He is always true;
Daily come, unbidden,
||:Blessings ever new.:||

- 3 Quiet and contented
I will always be,
Nought shall be lamented,
||:Coming, Lord, from thee.:||
- 4 He who sows, with weeping,
Good and precious seed—
Shall with joy be reaping
||:In the time of need.:||

Mrs. Dana Shindler.

“HAVE N'T YOU SEEN.” (German.)

M. 132.



211.

- 1 Have n't you seen the sun on high,
Climbing through a cloudy sky,
Melt away the mists beside him,
And, when clouds have tried to hide him,
Sweep them, sweep them,
SWEEP THEM FROM THE SKY?

- 2 And some folks below the sky
Keep bright sunshine in their eye;
And, when trifling troubles meet them,
Let good humour fight and beat them,
Sweep them from their eye.
- 3 But some folks who love to fret,
Never were contented yet,

All the world 's to them a prison,
Every little cloud that 's risen,
Keeps them on the fret.

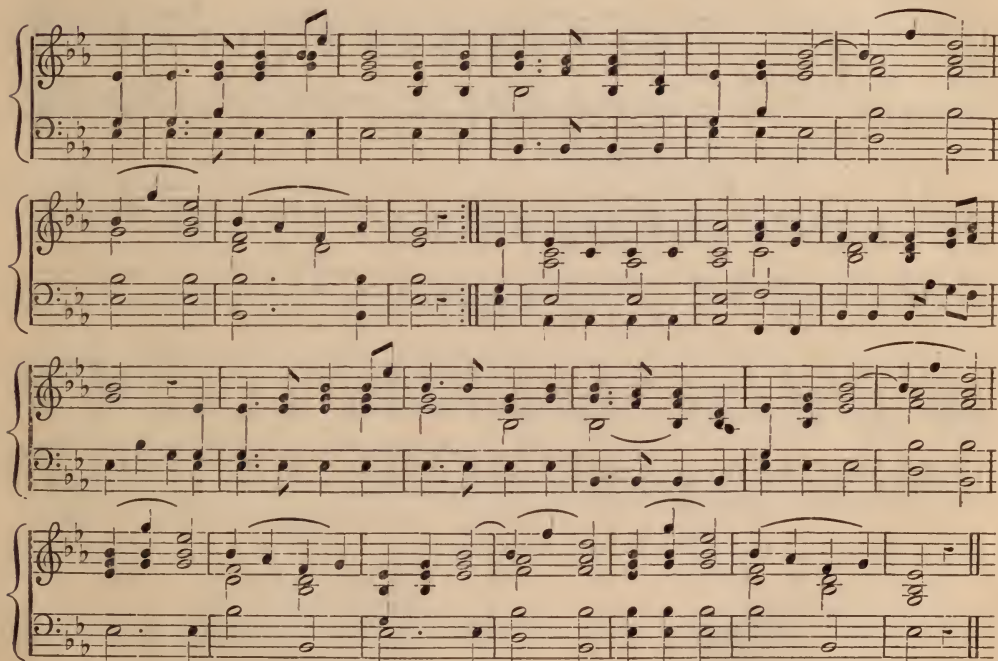
- 4 Little troubles often rise,
Bring the dew-drops in your eyes,

But vexatious though you find them,
Be a man, and never mind them,
SWEEP THEM FROM YOUR EYES.

Jas. S. Stallybrass. Tr. for this work.

"THE MOUNTAIN BOY."

M. 144.



212.

- 1 When up the mountain climbing,
I sing this merry strain, La la, &c.
The echoes catch my music,
And send it back again. La la, &c.
When on the summit standing,
High 'mid the cloudless sky,
I raise my voice right merrily,
And hail the world below. La la, &c.

- 2 WHEN LIGHTNING, HAIL, AND THUNDER,
LOUDHISSINGFLASH,ANDROAR. Lala,&c.
I STAND ABOVE ITS THREATENING,
AND SING ABOVE ITS ROAR. La la, &c.
But when the sun is sinking,
And shades are dark and long,
I call my sheep from wandering,
And lead them home with song.
La la, &c. *Song Bk. of the Sch. Rm.*

"NEVER FORGET THE DEAR ONES." (*Root.*) M. 72, twice to a measure.

CHORUS.

nev - er for - get, Nev - er for - get the dear ones That clus - ter round thy home.

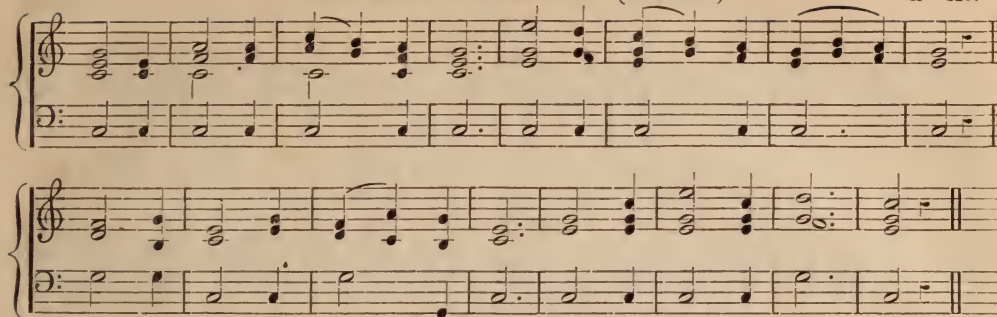
213.

- 1 Never forget the dear ones
Around the social hearth ;
The sunny smiles of gladness,
The songs of artless mirth ;
Though other scenes may woo thee
In other lands to roam,
Never forget the dear ones
That cluster round thy home. *Chorus.*
- 2 Never forget the dear ones ;
What songs like theirs so sweet ?
What brilliant dance of strangers
Like their small twinkling feet ?
Thy sunlights on life's waters,
Thy rainbows on its foam ;
Never forget the dear ones
Within thy house at home. *Chorus.*

- 3 Never forget the dear ones,
Be heart and treasure there,
*And oft return to bless them,
On th' unseen feet of prayer.*
While bends o'er them and thee too,
The same blue heavenly dome ;
Never forget the dear ones
Within thy house at home. *Chorus.*
- 4 Never forget the dear ones ;
Swift hands that trim the lamp
To light thee through the darkness
When forth thou must encamp.
Thy heart with bright chain anch'ring
Where'er thy feet may roam,
TILL IT DRAWS THEE BACK TO THE DEAR ONES
WITHIN THY HOUSE AT HOME. *Chorus.*
Verses 2, 3, & 4 by Rev. W. Robertson.

"SEE HOW CALMLY." (German.)

M. 120.



214.

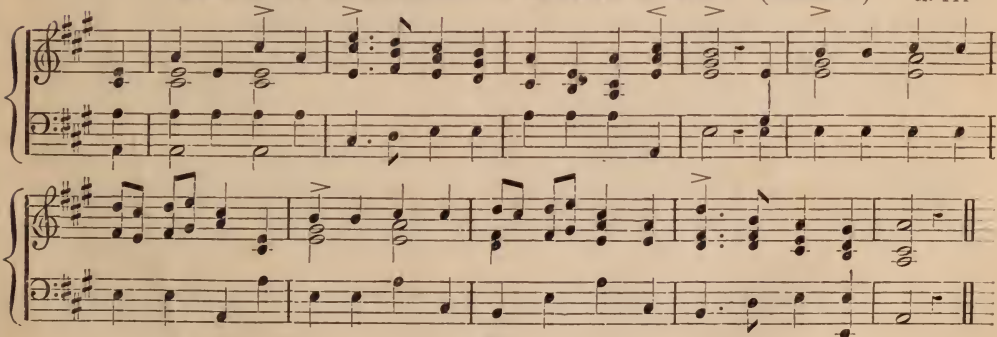
- 1 See how calmly star and star
Through the heavens are wheeling;
Far from wrath,—from tumult far,
Far from cannon's pealing.
- 2 See how calmly o'er the green
Silvery streams are flowing,

- Imaged there the stars are seen,
Brightly, calmly glowing.
- 3 Earth and heaven send forth a voice:
"Now be discord ended,
Live in peace, in love rejoice,
Heart and heart be blended."

Jur. Sing. Sch.

"AND NOW STRIKE UP A MERRY SONG." (German.)

M. 144



215.

- 1 And now strike up a merry song,
And who as blithe as we?
We've got an honest day's work done,
We're in bed almost with the sun,
And out as soon as he.
- 2 Though poor in purse, we've peace of mind
And rosy cheeks, you see;
We envy no one, great or small,
We love them well, and wish they'd all
As merry hearts as we.
- 3 And when our limbs are tired with toil,
Who sleeps so sound as we?
Then fairy worlds in rosy light

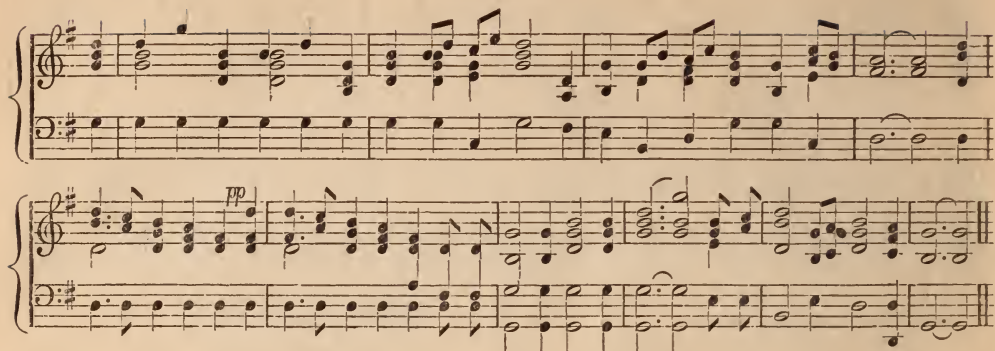
- Come dawning out of deepest night,
With heavenly sights to see!*
- 4 Oh give me one who'll do his work
Not only for the fee;
Who loves his work, and, like a man,
Will do it as well as e'er he can;
Oh that's the man for me!
 - 5 And long live those that live by toil,
And blessed may they be!
The working-man and he alone,
Behind the plough or on the throne,
A king of men is he!

J. S. Stallybrass, for this work.

"THE MAYTIME." (*Gersbach.*)

M. 144.

Softly and gaily.



216.

- 1 The Maytime, the Maytime, how lovely and fair,
 What pastime and pleasure are there;
 The nightingale singeth,
The lark it upspringeth,
 ||: Over field and hill and dale.:||
- 2 The gates of the earth, that were lock'd up so fast,
 Let out their poor prisoners at last,
 As lilies and roses,
 And violets for posies,

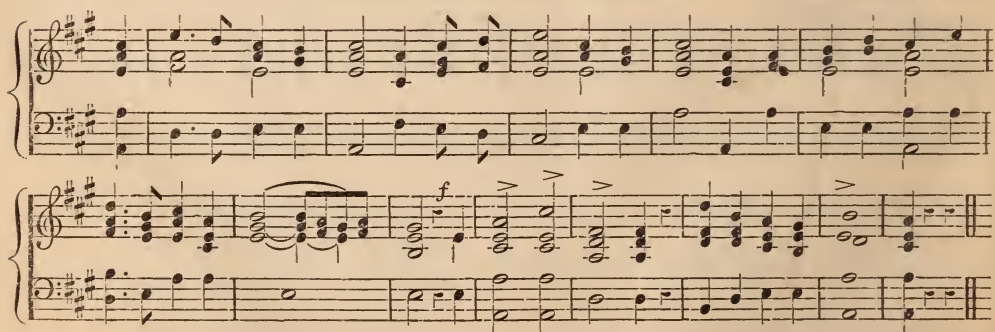
And the pinks, and bunches of bluebells,
 And the red little pimpernels.

- 3 In Maytime, in Maytime, oh, waste not the hours,
 Go twine you sweet garlands of flowers;
 Oh! far on the meadows
 And deep in the shadows
 There is fulness of life and joy,
 And there reacheth us no annoy.

J. S. Stallybrass. Tr.

TRUST IN GOD. (*Gersbach.*)

M. 108.



217.

- 1 In-the wood that he was born in,
 Sits the bird night and morning;
 Flits here and there,

With song the air adorning,
 AND LETS GOD GUIDE HIM,
 And his wants provide him.

2 He plougheth not, nor soweth,
Neither reapeth nor moweth;
Flits here and there,
No anxious care he knoweth;
BUT LETS GOD GUIDE HIM,
No good thing's denied him.

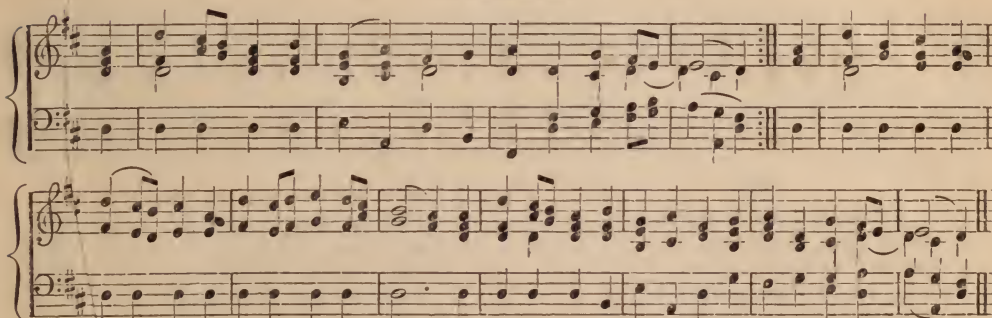
3 'Tis vain to-day to borrow
A care from to-morrow;
And grasping greed
Will surely lead to sorrow;
BUT LET GOD GUIDE THEE,
NO HARM SHALL BETIDE THEE.

Jas. S. Stallybrass. Tr. for this work

CHRISTMAS. (Old English.)

M. 120.

In a bold manner.



218.

1 Now he who knows old Christmas,
He knows a carle of worth,
For he's as good a fellow
As an upon the earth.
He comes warm cloak'd and coated,
And button'd up to the chin,
And soon's he comes a-nigh the door,
'Twill open and let him in.

2 We know that he will not fail us,
We sweep the hearth up clean;
We set him in the old arm-chair,
And a cushion whereon to lean.
He comes with a cordial voice,
That does us good to hear,
HE SHAKES US HEARTILY BY THE HAND,
AS HE HATH DONE MANY A YEAR.

3 And after the little children
He asks with joyful tone,
Jack, Kate, and little Annie,—
He remembers them every one.
And he tells us wily old stories,
And singeth with might and main,
AND WE TALK OF THE OLD MAN'S VISIT,
TILL THE DAY THAT HE COMES AGAIN!

Mary Howitt.

219.

1 We won't give up the Bible,
God's holy book of truth;
The blessed staff of hoary age,
The guide of early youth:
The sun that sheds a glorious light
O'er every dreary road;
The voice that speaks a Saviour's love,
And calls us home to God.

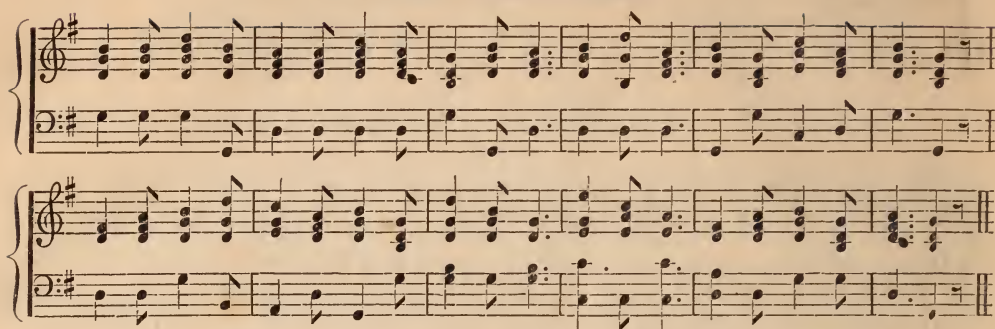
2 We won't give up the Bible
For pleasure or for pain;
We'll buy the truth, and sell it not
For all that we might gain.
Though man should try to take our prize
By guile or cruel might,
We'd suffer all that man could do,
And God defend our right!

3 We won't give up the Bible,
But spread it far and wide,
Until its saving voice be heard
Beyond the rolling tide:
Till all shall know its gracious power,
And with one voice and heart
Resolve, that from God's sacred word
We'll never, never part.

“ ’TIS THE WISH.” (*Nägeli.*)

M. 108.

Swell the second pulse in each measure.



220.

1 'T is the wish that lies the nearest
To my heart, Ne'er to part
From the Friend that's dearest;
I would have His hand to guide me,
Hear His voice, And rejoice,
Feeling Him beside me.

2 Hark! He calls to all the weary
And oppress'd, Gives them rest
From their labours dreary;
Light his yoke to those who wear it;
He in grief Sends relief,
Heals the broken spirit.

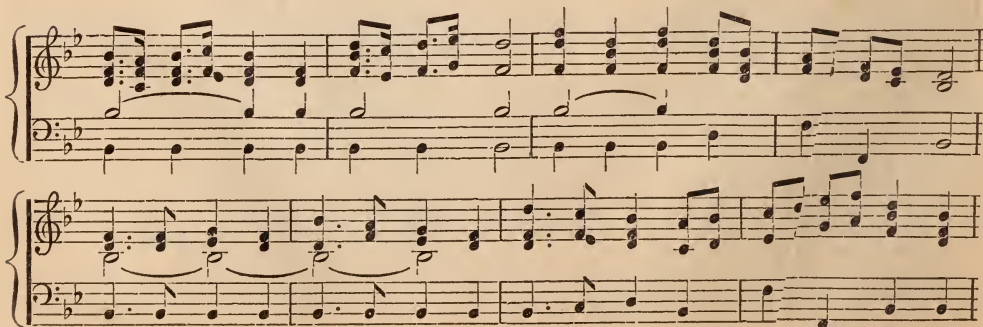
3 None so well from pain can ease us,
None can know Deeper woe
Than was borne by Jesus;
To His friends in tribulation,
Faithful Friend, He will send
Sweetest consolation.

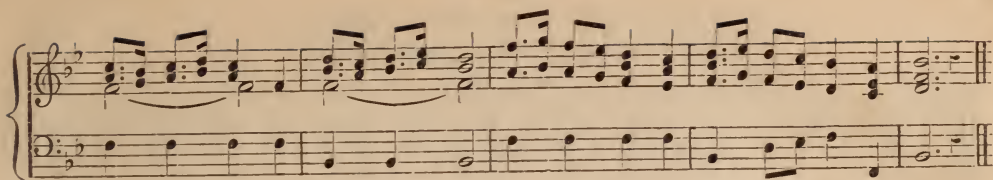
4 Best of friends, I long have tried Thee,
I would be Near to Thee,
Walk through life beside Thee;
And when death shall overtake me,
In the strife, Lord of Life,
'Neath Thy shelter take me!

J. S. Stallybrass. Tr for this work.

“ HARK! THE CHURCH BELLS.” (*Nägeli.*)

M. 120.





221.

- 1 Hark! the church-bells, joyful sound!
Calling loud to all around.

To the waiting, to the hoping,
"See the gates of heaven are open."

¶:Hark! the church-bells, joyful sound!:

- 2 Hark! the church-bells' solemn song
Down the valley peals along:

"Earthly thoughts away be driven,
Every heart be turn'd to heaven."

¶:Hark! the church-bells' solemn song::

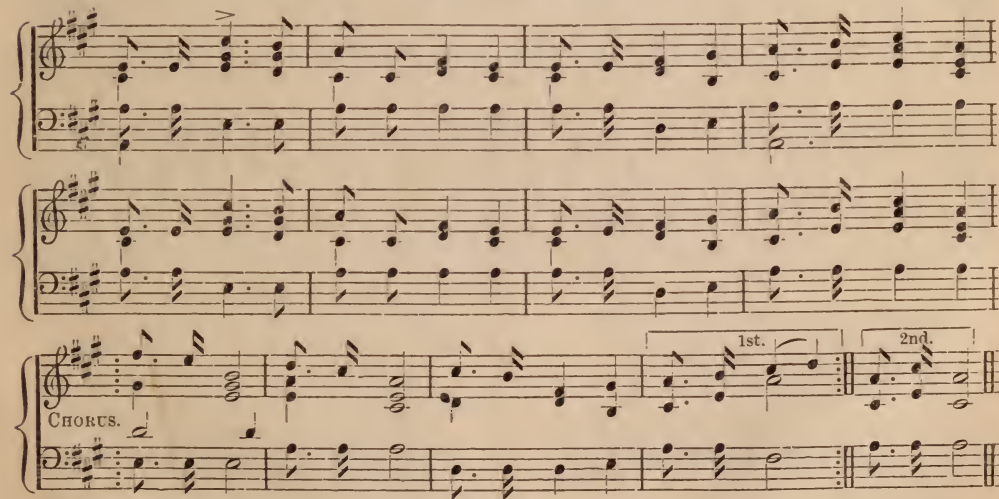
- 3 Hark! the church-bells' gladsome peal
Tunes our mind that joy to feel,
Which in song and deep devotion
Fills us all with one emotion.

¶:Hark! the church-bells' gladsome peal::

J. S. Stallybrass. Tr. for this work.

"MAY IS HERE."

N. 108.



222.

- 1 May is here, the world rejoices,
Earth puts on her smiles to greet her;
Grove and field lift up their voices,
Leaf and flower come forth to meet her;
¶:Happy May! blithesome May!
Winter's reign has pass'd away.:||
- 2 Birds, through every thicket calling,
Wake the woods to sounds of gladness;

*Hark! the long-drawn notes are falling
Sad, but pleasant in their sadness:
Happy May! &c.*

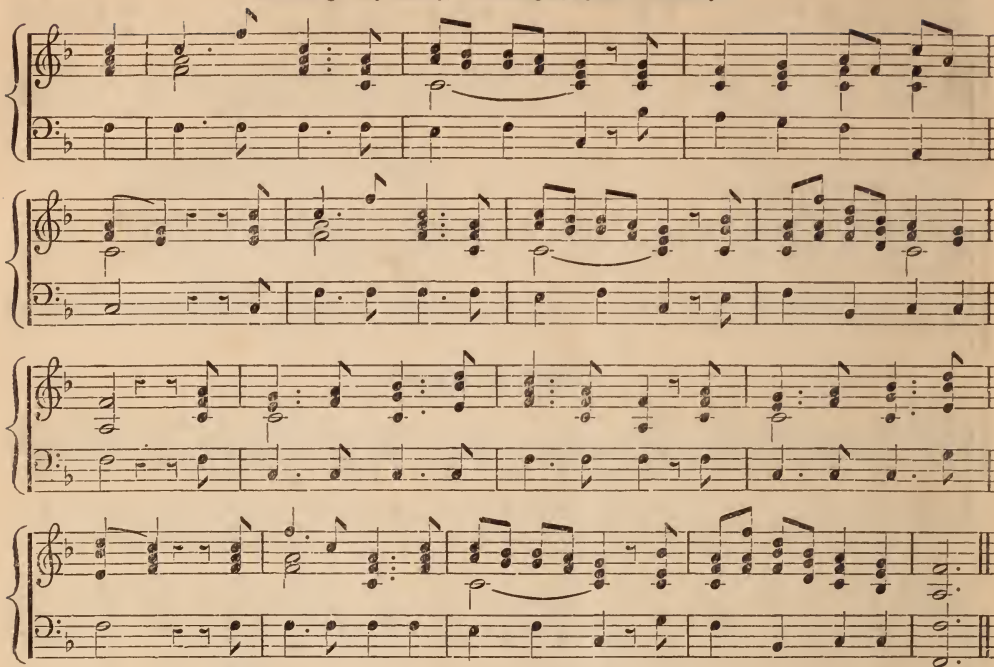
- 3 Earth to heaven lifts up her voices,
Sky, and fields, and wood, and river;
With their heart our heart rejoices,
For his gifts we praise the Giver.
Happy May! &c.

F. T. P. In Tilleard's "Sec. Mus. for Sch." By per.

"TRIUMPHAL ARCH." (*Pleyel.*)

M. 80.

This will go very heavily, if not sung *softly* and accentedly.



223.

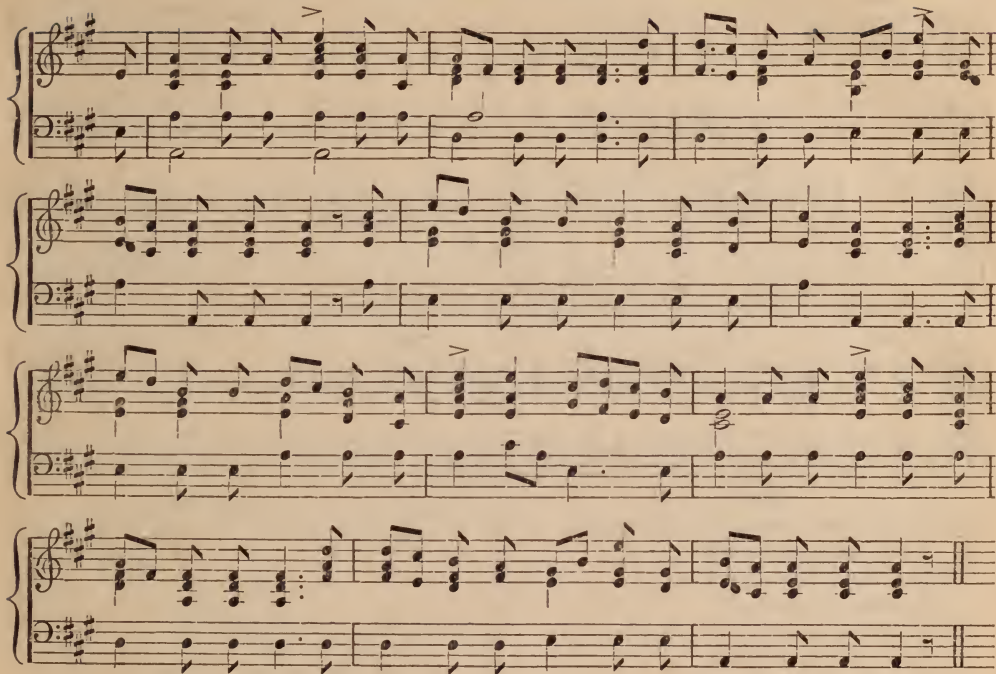
- 1 Triumphal arch, that fill'st the sky,
When storms prepare to part,
I ask not proud philosophy
To teach me what thou art—
- 2 Nor wisdom's laws, nor fabling dreams,
But words of the Most High,
Have told why first thy robe of beams
Was woven in the sky.
- 3 When o'er the green undeluged earth
Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,
How came the world's grey fathers forth
To watch thy sacred sign!
- 4 And when its yellow lustre smiled
O'er mountains yet untrod,
Each mother held aloft her child
To bless the bow of God.

- 5 The earth to thee her incense yields,
The lark thy welcome sings,
When glittering in the freshen'd fields
The snowy mushroom springs.
- 6 How glorious is thy girdle cast
O'er mountain, tower, and town,
Or mirror'd in the ocean vast,
A thousand fathoms down!
- 7 As fresh in yon horizon dark,
As young thy beauties seem,
As when the eagle from the ark
First sported in thy beam.
- 8 For, faithful to the sacred page,
God still rebuilds thy span,
Nor lets the type grow pale with age
That first spoke peace to man.

Thomas Campbell.

"OH SING WHEN THE GLORY." (*German.*)

M. 132.



226.

- 1 Oh sing when the glory of noon-tide is high,
And sing when the day-light is closing his eye!
The birds on the branches, the bees on wing,
Are always so happy, because they sing.
Then sing clear and loud like the birds on the trees,
And sing, humming softly, like flower-hunting bees.
- 2 Oh sing with the cuckoo to welcome the spring!
And sing with the swallow that summer will bring!
Oh sing with the cricket that crouching lies,
And sing with the skylark that climbs the skies!
A song will enliven the loneliest road,
And music can brighten the humblest abode.

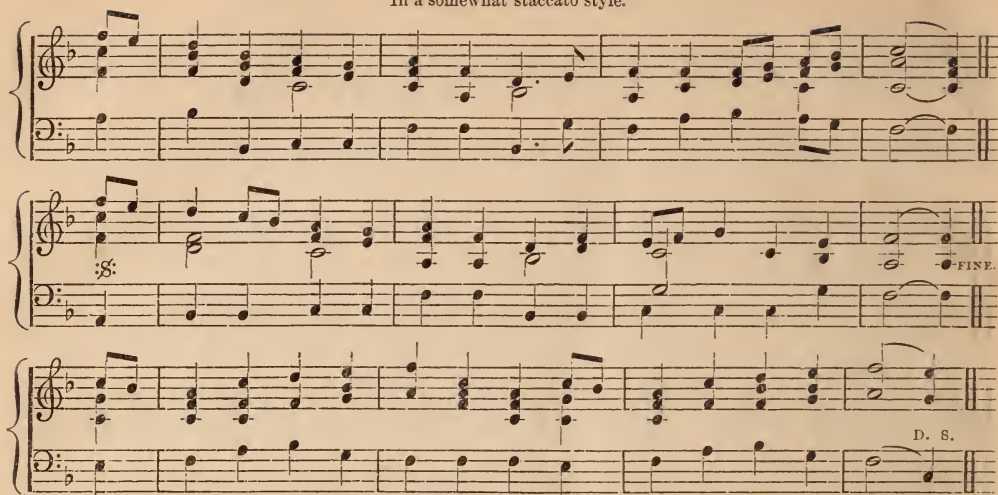
- 3 At home when you strike up a merry, merry song,
It makes the winter evening not nearly so long;
The hearts of your parents are beating high,
Even baby looks up and forgets his toy;
And if you should quarrel and give each other pain,
A song puts you all in good humour again.
- 4 But now when you sing to a great happy crowd,
Oh mind not to bawl out so very, very loud!
But just here and there, where a "forte" stands,
And the leader is beating with both his hands,
Oh then you may show them how loud you can sing,
And make the very rafters and roof-tiles ring!

J. S. Stallybrass. Tr. for this work.

“GOD MIGHT HAVE MADE.” (*Old English.*)

M. 96.

In a somewhat staccato style.



224.

- 1 God might have made the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak tree and the cedar tree,
Without a flower at all.
He might have made enough, enough
For every want of ours,
For med'cine, luxury, and food,
And yet have made no flowers.
- 2 Then wherefore, wherefore were they made
All dyed in rainbow light,
All fashion'd with supremest grace,
Up-springing day and night?
Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountains high,
And in the secret wilderness,
Where no man passeth by!
- 3 Our outward life requires them not;
Then wherefore had they birth?—
To minister delight to man,
And beautify the earth.
To comfort man, and whisper hope,
Whene'er his faith is dim;

For God, who careth for the flowers,
Will much more care for him!

Mary Howitt.

225.

- 1 Ah! yes, the poor man's garden;
It is great joy to me,
This little precious piece of ground
Before his door to see.
All day upon some weary task
He toileth with good will;
And back he comes, at set of sun,
His garden-plot to till.
- 2 He knows where grow his wallflowers,
And when they will be out;
His moss-rose, and convolvulus
That twines his pales about.
He knows his red sweet-williams,
And th' stocks that cost him dear,—
That well-set row of crimson stocks,
For-he bought the seed last year.
- 3 And here comes the old grandmother,
When her day's work is done;

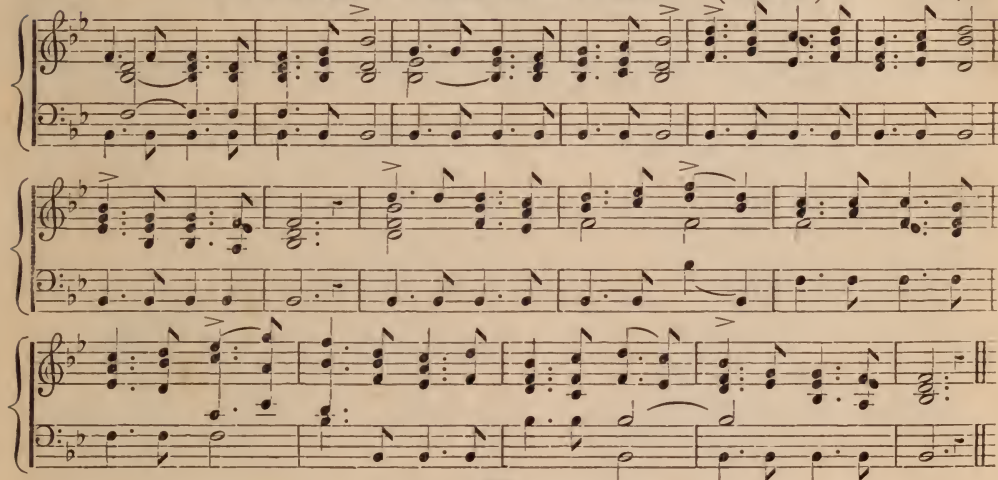
And here they bring the sickly babe,
To cheer it in the sun.
And here on sabbath evenings,
Until the stars are out,
With-a little one in either hand
He walketh all about.

4 For though his garden-plot is small,
Him doth it satisfy;

There is no inch of all his ground
That does not fill his eye.
Yes! in the poor man's garden grow
Far more than herbs and flowers;
Kind thoughts, contentment, peace of mind,
And joy for weary hours.

Mary Howitt.

“CHILDREN OF THE PIOUS DEAD.” (Scottish.) M. 72.



227.

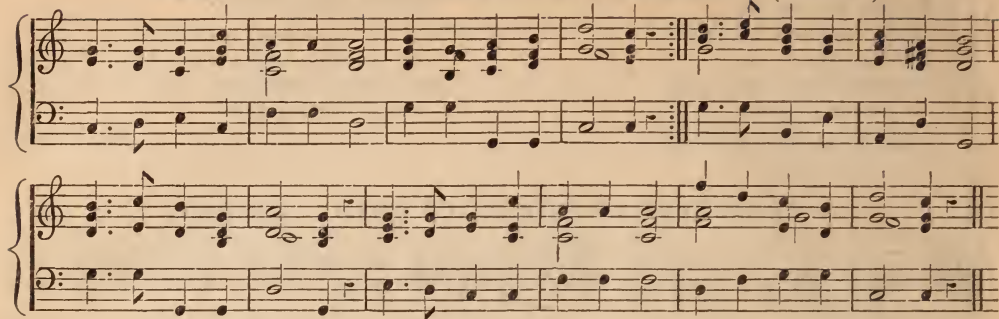
1 Children of the pious dead,
Who for conscience nobly bled;
By the blood those martyrs shed,
Guard their holy cause!
Theirs the cause of truth and right,
Theirs the fight of faith to fight,
Theirs the soul of earnest might,
And the great applause!

2 Thorny was their path below,
Path of torture, fire, and foe,
Sighs of grief and tears of woe
Were their common lot.
Still undaunted, on they went,
Up to heaven their prayer was sent,
They, on crowns of glory bent,
All their pains forgot.

3 SHALL THE FATHERS STAND ALONE?
Is their noble courage gone?
Is their mantle fall'n on none?
Are such men no more?
No! the truth shall yet prevail,
Strong in souls that never quail;
Sons, arise, you will not fail
In the trying hour.

4 From the lofty seats above,
Sires are bending eyes of love;
They your fight of faith approve,
And on you look down.
See the martyrs, prophets there,
There apostles, angels are;
See the king of kings prepare
Your immortal crown!

"WINTER TOO BRINGS JOY AND MIRTH." (German.) M. 132.



228.

- 1 Winter too brings joy and mirth,
Did you ever doubt it?
They that would deny his worth,
Much they know about it!
There's a sight I love to see,
All the water frozen!
Take your skates, and come with me,
Try the place I've chosen.
- 2 Swiftly from the bank we go,
Bumps and bruises braving,
Sure the smoothest paths we know
Are of winter's paving.

Now come out, and we'll divide
For a friendly battle;
Snowballs whizz from side to side,
And like hailstones rattle.

- 3 Of the frost we might complain
If we had the leisure,
But while fingers smart with pain,
Throbs the heart with pleasure.
We'll give winter one good cheer,
What's the year without him?
If you think him dull and drear,
HOLD YOUR TONGUES ABOUT HIM?

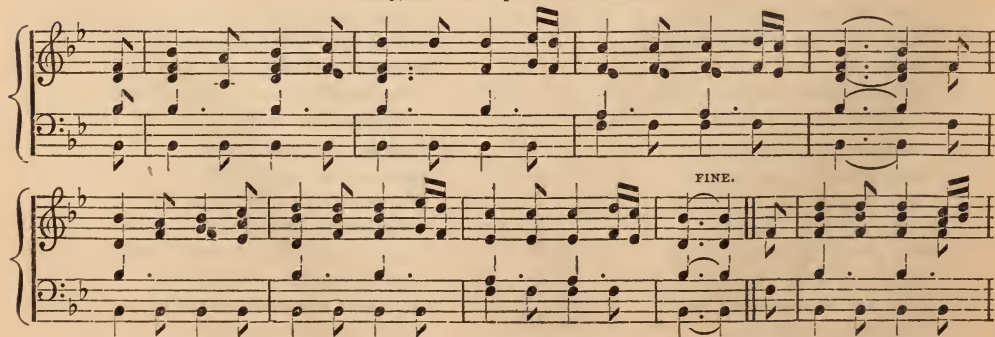
Jas. S. Stallybrass. Tr.

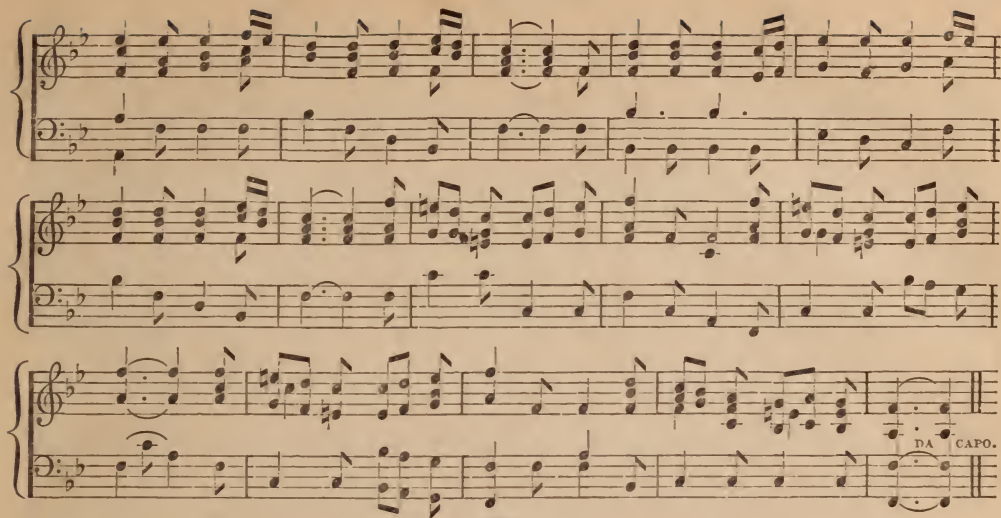
For No. 229 see page 114.

THE STRAWBERRY GIRL.

M. 88, twice to a measure.

Softly, accent first pulse in a measure





230.

1 'Tis summer bright ! 'tis summer bright !

How beautiful it looks ;
 There 's sunshine on the old grey hills,
 And sunshine on the brooks ;
 A singing bird on every bough,
 Soft perfumes on the air,
 A happy smile on each young lip,
 And gladness everywhere.
 Oh ! is it not a pleasant thing
 To wander through the woods ?
 To look upon the painted flowers,
 And watch the opening buds ?
 Or seated in the deep cool shade,
 At some tall ash-tree's root,
 To fill my little basket with
 The sweet and scented fruit ?

2 They tell me that my father 's poor ;

That is no grief to me,
 When such a blue and brilliant sky
 My upturn'd eye can see ;
 They tell me, too, that richer girls
 Can sport with toy and gem ;
 It may be so—and yet, methinks,
 I do not envy them.

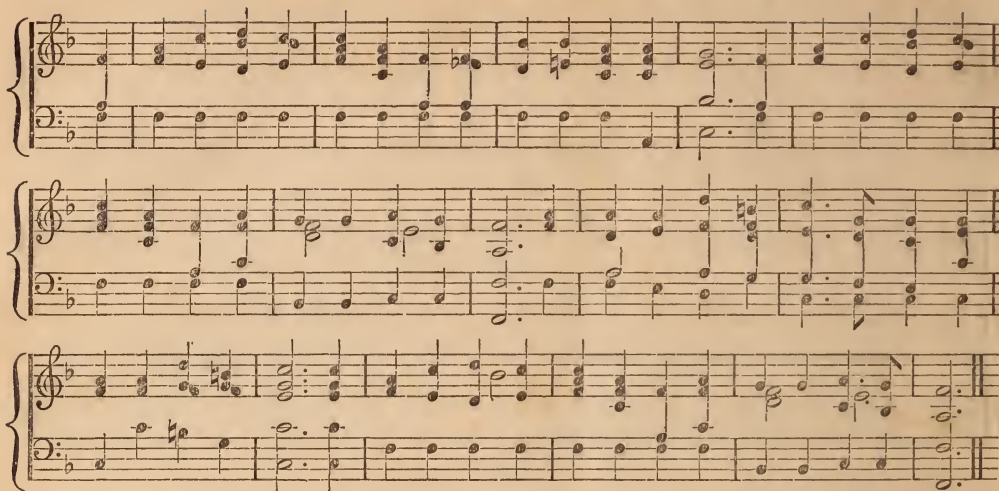
When forth I go upon my way,
 A thousand toys are mine,
 The clusters of dark violets,
 The wreaths of the wild vine ;
 My jewels are the primrose pale,
 The bindweed, and the rose ;
 And show me any courtly gem
 More beautiful than those !

3 And then the fruit ! the glowing fruit,

How sweet the scent it breathes !
 I love to see its crimson cheek
 Rest on the bright green leaves !
 'Tis summer's gift of luxury,
 In which the poor may share,
 The wild-wood fruit my eager eye
 Is seeking everywhere.
 Oh ! summer is a pleasant time,
 With all its sounds and sights ;
 Its dewy mornings, balmy eves,
 And tranquil, calm delights ;
 I sigh when first I see the leaves
 Fall yellow on the plain,
 And all the winter long I sing—
 " Sweet summer, come again ! "

"SPEAK EVER GENTLY." (Dr. L. Mason.)

M. 88.



229.

1 Speak ever gently to the child,
 So guileless and so free,
 Who with a truthful, loving heart,
 Puts confidence in thee.
 Speak not the cold and careless thoughts
 Which time has taught thee well,
 Nor breathe a word whose bitter tone
 Distrust might seem to tell.

2 If on that brow there rests a cloud,
 However light it be,
 Speak loving words, and let him feel
 He has a friend in thee;
 Nor ever send him from thy side,
 Till on his face shall rest
 The joyous look and beaming smile
 That mark a happy breast.

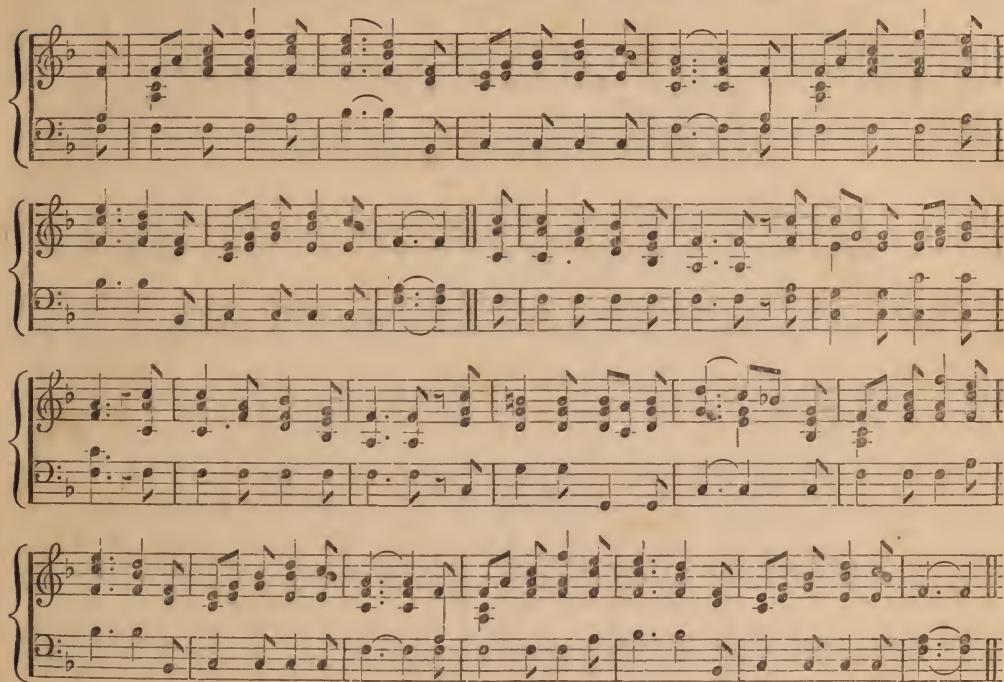
3 Oh! teach him, this should be our aim,
 To cheer the aching heart,
 To strive, where thickest darkness reigns,
 Some radiance to impart;
 To spread a peaceful, quiet calm,
 Where dwells the noise of strife,
 Thus doing good, and blessing all,
 To spend the whole of life;—

4 To love, with pure affection deep,
 All creatures great and small,
 And still a stronger love to bear
 For Him who made them all;
 Remember, 'tis an angel's work
 That thus to thee is given,—
 To rear a spirit, holy, pure,
 Prepared to dwell in heaven.

Normal Singer.

"MY HOME, MY OWN DEAR HOME."

M. 54, twice to a measure.



231.

1 My home, my own dear home,
 It is a happy place,
 Where smiles of love are bright'ning
 Each dear familiar face ;
 Where parents' arms enfold me,
 In fond embraces press'd,
 And daily, nightly blessings
 Upon the household rest.
 Our morning salutations
 How gladly they sound !
 And kind " good nights " at evening
 LIKE CURTAINS CLOSE US ROUND.

2 The bird seeks not to wander
 From its own quiet nest,
 But deems it of all places
 The dearest and the best.
 Home is my nest, where round me
 Soft shelt'ring wings are spread,
 And peace and joy and gladness
 With shade and sunlight shed.
 O may I bring no shadow
 Of sorrow or of care,
 To dim the open brightness
 OF HAPPY FACES THERE !

J. E. L. By per.

“SINCLAIR LITHGOW.” (*Bradbury.*)

M. 83.

Speak the words distinctly and rapidly.

232.

- 1 “Sinclair Lithgow, shoeing smith,
Works up this close with all his pith;
He does his job both weel and soon,
But likes his siller when ’tis done.
 Blow, bellows, blow!
 Clink, clink, clink, the hammer goes;
 Burn, fire, burn!
 Clink, clink, clink, the hammer goes!
Rasp away! rasp away! rasp! rasp! rasp away!

- Shoe th’ old horse and shoe th’ old mare,
And let the little colt go bare.”
Tick a tick a tick, tick, tick a tick, tick,
 Tick a tick a tick, tick, tick, tick, tack.
2 But, Mister Lithgow, is it right
To drive your trade from morn till night?
To shoe th’ old horse and shoe th’ old mare,
And let the little colt go bare?
 Blow, bellows, blow, &c.
3 Pray tell me, Sinclair, what you mean?
The colt has tender feet, I ween,

- I do not understand your song—
Or, if I do, I think 'tis wrong.
Blow, bellows, blow, &c.
- 4 Well, suppose ye ask him, sirs,
Which of the two himself prefers,
Your colt, as plain as he could neigh,
Would answer, "Keep your shoes away!"
Blow, bellows, blow, &c.
- 5 "Shall I leave my frolic play,
My sweet young grass for mouldy hay?

And learn so young to be a slave
And totter to an early grave?"
Blow, bellows, blow, &c.

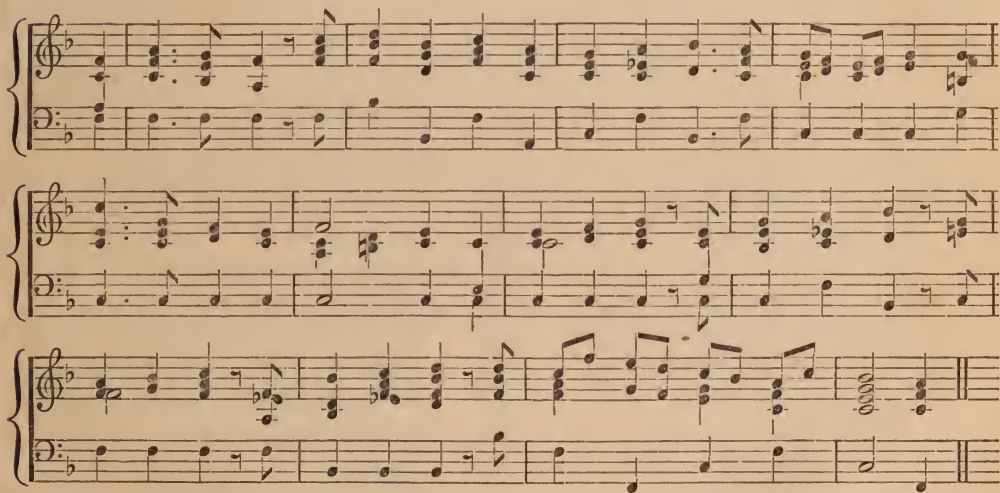
- 6 "I will shun the stony ground,
And over turf and heather bound;
When by and by I take the road,
'Twill then be time to have me shod."
Blow, bellows, blow, &c.

"Musical Gems" and J. S. Stallybrass, for this work.

For No. 233, see page 118.

"DECEMBER'S COME." (Gersbach.)

M. 96.



234.

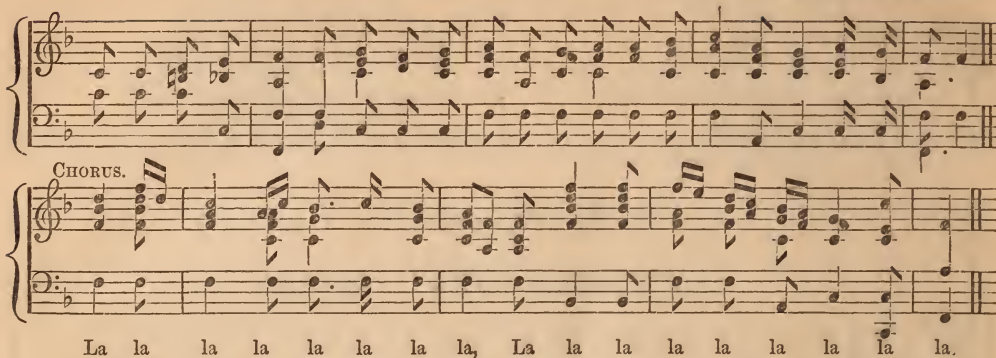
- 1 December's come, A graybeard old,
His limbs are numb And stiff with cold,
His look my life-blood freezes;
His walk is still, His tread is light,
His breath is chill, His beard is white,
His locks wave in the breezes.
- 2 "Nay, fear him not, Go call him back,
Poor man, he's got A heavy pack,
He's old, he will not harm you.
Walk in, Old man, Sit down and share
Our pot and pan, Our scanty fare;
This blazing fire will warm you."

- 3 In walk'd the Man, Set down his sack,
And straight began Such things to-unpack
As fill'd our hearts with pleasure:—
A stately tree On which there grew
A book for me, A ball for you,
And oh such loads of treasure!

- 4 Good people then, Take pity all,
When poor old men Upon you call,
Nor let them pass unheeded.
So may you find In winter drear
A Christmas kind, A glad New Year,
And feel as gay as we did!

J. S. Stallybrass. Tr. for this work.

"I'D OFTEN BEEN TOLD." (*Gersbach.*) M. 66, twice to a measure.



233.

1 I'd often been told
That Luck was a rover,
I thought I'd make bold
Her haunts to discover.
La la, &c.

2 I left my own gateway,
And wander'd abroad,
Went this way and that way,
And tried every road.
La la, &c.

3 I ask'd of those near me
Where was the shy elf;
But none seem'd to hear me,
Each sought for himself.
La la, &c.

4 At one place I ask'd them
If Fortune was near;
*They said she had past them
Full many a year.*
La la, &c.

5 I'll give up, methought,
Running after this bubble,
Who knows that, when caught,
She will pay for the trouble?
La la, &c.

6 I spied a green spot
In the forest so shady,
To build me a cot,
Without asking my Lady.
La la, &c.

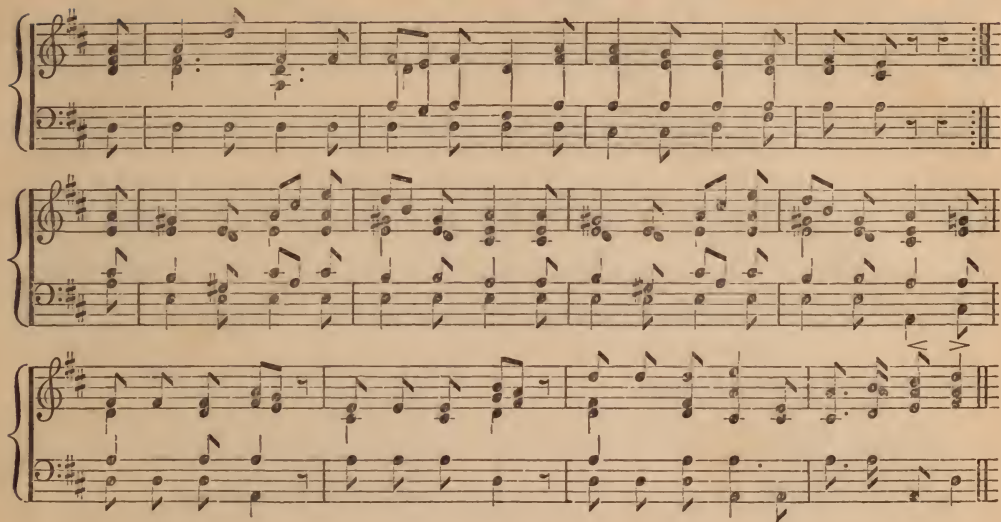
7 By labour and thought,
By skill and persistence,
My house I have wrought,
Without Fortune's assistance.
La la, &c.

8 Here, Luck, is my dwelling,
And here will I stay;
Come in, if you're willing,
If not, KEEP AWAY!
La la, &c.

J. S. Stallybrass. Tr.

“WHEN PEOPLE WANT TO SULK.” (*German.*)

M. 160.



235.

1 When people want to sulk and gloom,
 They soon may find a reason;
 The rose perhaps is not in bloom,
 The weather's out of season!
 Such fancies I will fling away,
 And take what good I find to-day.
 What cannot be cured Must be endured,
 That is the way GOOD LUCK IS SECURED.

2 The man that won't give up his gloom
 At things he cannot alter,
 He seals his own unhappy doom,
 Ties round his neck the halter.
 Cheer up, and cease to sigh and mope!
 In life there's always room to hope

That yet in the end Matters will mend;
 Who knows what good TO-MORROW MAY
 SEND?

3 Oh when we're call'd from friends to part,
 We seem crush'd down with sorrow;
 And yet I will not break my heart,
 They may come back to-morrow.
 Then gird your loins and march away,
 We'll hope to meet some brighter day;
 And sure it is plain, Meeting again
 Will be the sweeter AFTER THE PAIN.

Jas. S. Stallybrass. Tr. for this work.

“SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE.” (*Scottish.*)

M. 88.



236.

- 1 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brocht to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?*
- For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.
- 2 We twa ha'e run aboot the braes,†
And pu'd the gowans ‡ fine,
We've wander'd mony a weary fit
Since auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.
- 3 We twa hae paid't in the burn,§
Frae morning sun till dine,
But seas between us, braid, ha'e roar'd
Since auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.
- 4 And here's a hand, my trusty frien',
And gies a hand o' thine;
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

Burns.

237.

- 1 A captain forth to battle went,
With soldiers brave and trim;
The captain by a king was sent
To take the town for him:
The people lived in quiet there,
And little thought of foes,
But, on a sudden, everywhere
A cry of death arose!

* *Lang syne*, long ago.† *Gowans*, daisies and other wild flowers.

- 2 Up to the walls the soldiers sprang,
Against the gates they flew;
The place with shrieks of murder rang,
As they were breaking through:
Mothers and children, as they fled,
In vain for pity cried;
Houses were burning overhead,
And streets with blood were dyed.
- 3 A little child I chanced to meet,
Once, in a cottage bred,
Taught by his mother to repeat
What Solomon had said,
That he who ruleth well his heart,
And keeps his temper down,
Is greater,—acts a wiser part,—
Than he who takes a town.
- 4 Dear child,—he felt his selfish will,
His pride and anger rise,
But conscience whisper'd, “Peace! be still,
Subdue them and be wise:”
“I will,” replied the little one,
“O Lord, my helper be,
And let thy holy will be done
From day to day in me.”
- 5 From day to day, from year to year,
He kept the watchful strife,
Till passion seem'd to disappear
From that young Christian's life.
In love he pass'd his pleasant days,
And dying, won—a crown!—
The crown of life!—Oh better praise
Than theirs who took the town!

Jane Taylor. By per.† *Braes*, hill-sides.§ *Burn*, brook.

238.

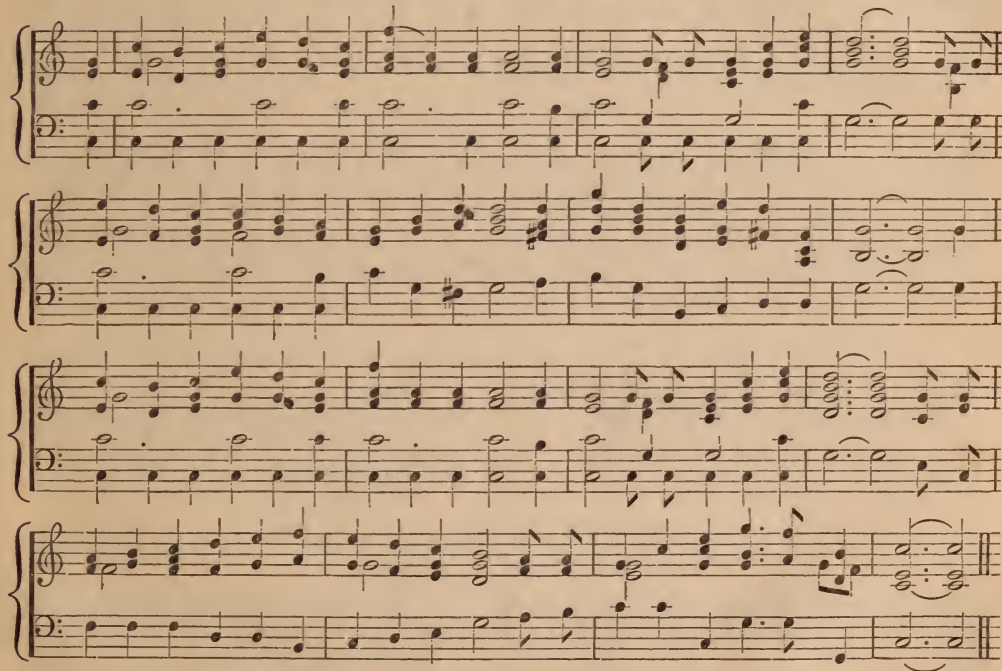
1 What if the little rain should say,
 "So small a drop as I
 Can ne'er refresh the thirsty fields,
 I'll tarry in the sky?"

2 What if a shining beam of noon
 Should in its fountain stay,

Because its feeble light alone
 Cannot create a day?

3 Doth not each raindrop help to form
 The cool refreshing shower?
 And every ray of light to warm
 And beautify the flower?

"YOU ARE OLD, FATHER WILLIAM." (*Old English.*) M. 144.



239.

1 "You're old, Father William," the young man
 cried,

"Th' few locks which are left you are grey;
 You are hale, Father William, a hearty old man,
 Now tell me the reason, I pray?"

"In th' days of my youth," Father William replied,
 "I remember'd that youth would fly fast,
 And abused not my health and my vigour at first,
 That I never might need them at last."

2 "You are old, Father William," the young man
 cried.

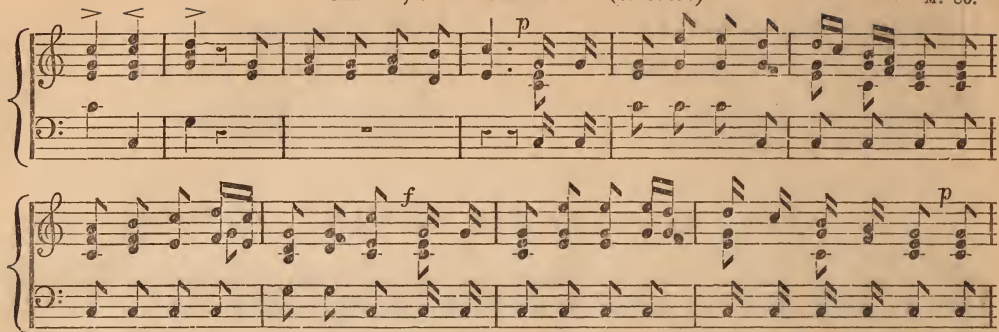
"And life must be hast'ning away:
 You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death,
 Now tell me the reason, I pray?"

"I am cheerful, young man," Father William re-
 plied,

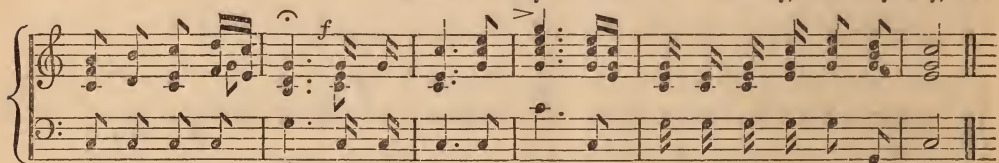
"Let the Cause thy attention engage;
 In the Days of my youth I remember'd my God!
 And He Hath not forgotten my age!"

"HAIL, ALL HAIL." (*Weber.*)

M. 80.



Then a - way to hail the mer - ry, mer - ry May, The



mer - ry, mer - ry May, Then a - way to hail the mer - ry, mer - ry month of May.

240.

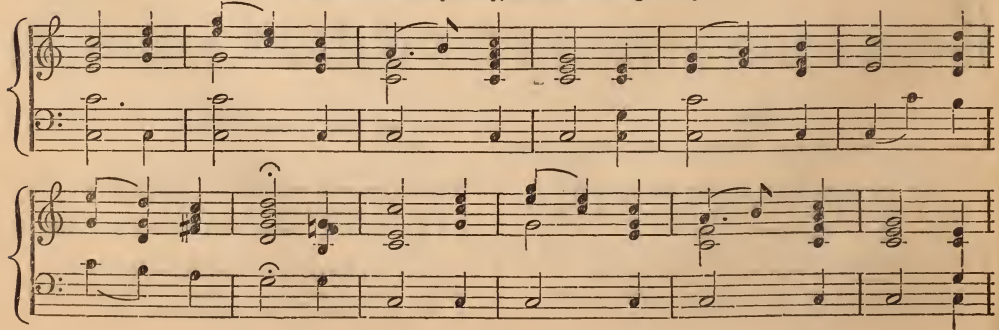
- 1 Hail, all hail, thou merry month of May,
We will hasten to the woods away,
Among the flowers so sweet and gay;
Then away, &c.

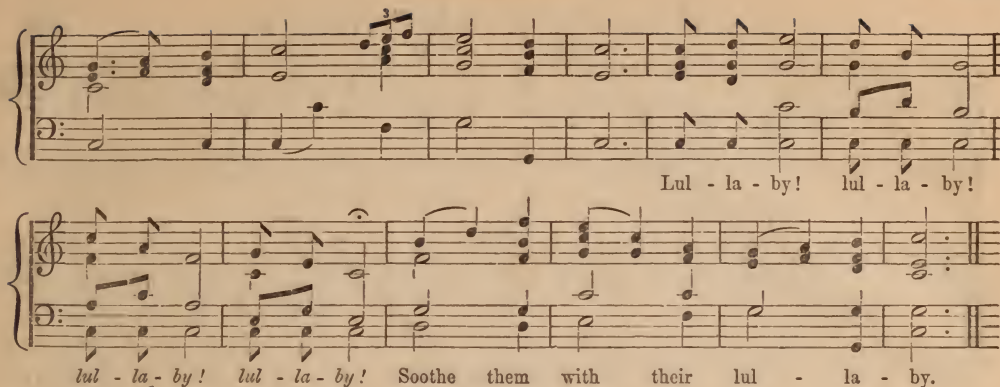
- 2 Hark! hark! hark! to hail the month of
May,
How the songsters warble on each spray!
And we will be as blithe as they;
Then away, &c.

"PEACEFUL SLUMB'RING." (*Storage.*)

M. 80.

The first verse very softly, the last verse vigorously.





Lul - la - by! lul - la - by!

lul - la - by! lul - la - by! Soothe them with their lul - la - by.

241.

- 1 Peaceful slumb'ring on the ocean,
Seamen fear no danger nigh;
The winds and waves, in gentle motion,
Soothe them with *their lullaby*.
Lullaby! Soothe them, &c.
- 2 Is the wind tempestuous blowing?
Still no danger they descry;
The guileless heart, its boon bestowing,
Soothes them with its lullaby.
Lullaby! Soothe them, &c.
- 3 He who, when the billows rolling,
Sets his trust in God on high,
'Mid the tempest's fiercest howling,
Still enjoys a lullaby.
Lullaby! Still enjoys, &c.

Cobb.

242.

- 1 Baby, in thy cradle slumb'ring,
Sweetly dream,—no danger's nigh;

O'er thy couch thy mother watching,
Soothes thee with her lullaby.
Lullaby! Soothe thee, &c.

- 2 Softly fall the dews of evening—
So may grace descend on thee!
Angel-guards are round thee hov'ring—
So may God thy helper be!
Lullaby! So may God, &c.
- 3 All that's good may He now grant thee,
Fill thy soul through life with joy,
Keep thee from the world's temptations,
Guide thee safe to bliss on high!
Lullaby! Guide thee, &c.
- 4 Start not, sleeper!—rest in safety,
Lovely stranger from the sky;
Sleep, my darling, free from danger,
Rest thee, babe, thy mother's nigh!
Lullaby! Rest thee, &c.

Bateman.

"THE EARTH IS DARK." (*Nägeli.*)

M. 72.



243.

- 1 The earth is dark, the heavens are light,
Our spirits upward soar;
The angel-world all starry bright
So calmly through this mortal night
Is smiling o'er.
- 2 The eye can see it far, but clear,
Yon kingdom wide and grand;

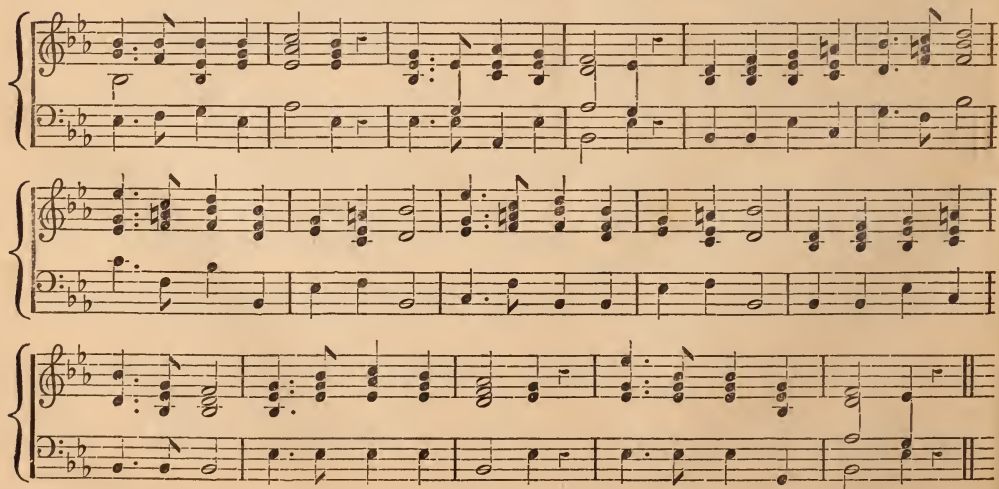
Hope says, The path we're treading here
Leads up to yonder starry sphere,
OUR FATHERLAND.

- 3 This captive angel clothed in clay
Shall fly beyond the tomb:
O land of glory, land of day,
When all around me fades away,
BE THOU MY HOME.

J. S. Stallybrass. Tr. for this work.

"GUARD YOUR TONGUE." (*Gersbach.*)

M. 120.



244.

1 Guard your tongue from slander,
From the truth ne'er wander,
Wicked words be heard no more,
Draw a bar across the door.
Draw a bar across the door,
Wicked words be heard no more,
From the truth ne'er wander,
Guard your tongue from slander.

2 Guard your eye from error,
Look at sin with terror,
Poison oft may look like food,
Shun the bad, and keep the good.
Shun the bad, and keep the good,
Poison oft may look like food,
Look at sin with terror,
Guard your eye from error.

3 Guard your ear from list'ning
To the tell-tale's whispering,
Wicked words pollute the mind,
Ne'er an entrance let them find.
Ne'er an entrance let them find,
Wicked words pollute the mind,
To the tell-tale's whispering
Guard your ear from list'ning.

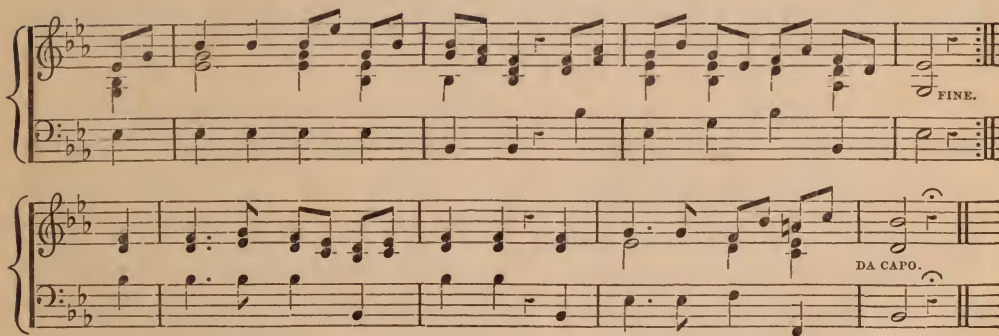
4 Learn your wits to bridle,
Let not one be idle,
Ear and tongue and eye may be
Far too wild and far too free.
Far too wild and far too free
Ear and tongue and eye may be,
Let not one be idle,
Learn your wits to bridle.

J. S. Stallybrass. Tr. for this work.

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB. (German.)

M. 96.

Softly.



245.

1 "How dare you spoil the water
Where I have stopp'd to drink!"
"Oh wolf, you'll lose your anger,
If you will only think:
Oh, do not, do not harm me,
Nor wear that sullen brow,
For, wolf, you stood above me
Upon the stream, you know."

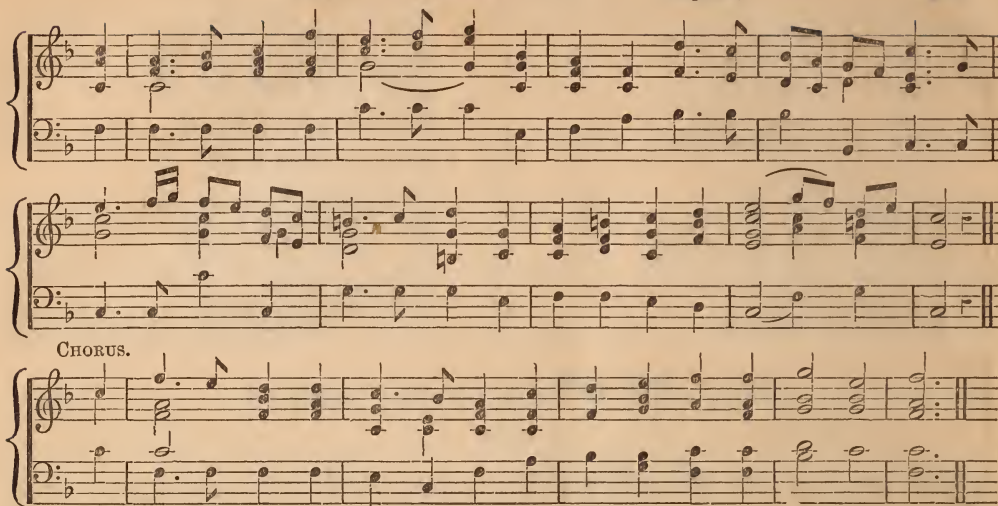
2 "Well, lamb, if I'm in error,
I know you've done me wrong;
A sland'rous tale last winter,
I suffer'd from it long;

And, when I made inquiry,
Found you the lie had told—"
"Why, wolf, a lie last winter,—
I'm only four weeks old!"

3 The lamb, so mild replying,
He proved the wolf was wrong;
But ah! the lamb so lovely
Was weak, the wolf was strong;
HE CRIED, "IT WAS YOUR FATHER,
AND YOU HIS GUILT MUST SHARE,"
Nor waiting for an answer,
Began the lamb to tear.

"KNOW YE THE LAND." (*Nägeli*)

M. 88.



246.

1 Know ye the land so wondrous fair,
 With all its verdant beauty crown'd,
 Where brightly shines the sun, and where
 The fields with golden corn abound?
 That lovely land, we know it well,
 'Tis there that we delight to dwell.

2 Know ye the land where truth is found,
 Where men are just, and free from guile,
 That land where love and peace abound,
 And soften every earthly ill?
 That peaceful land, we know it well,
 'Tis there that we delight to dwell.

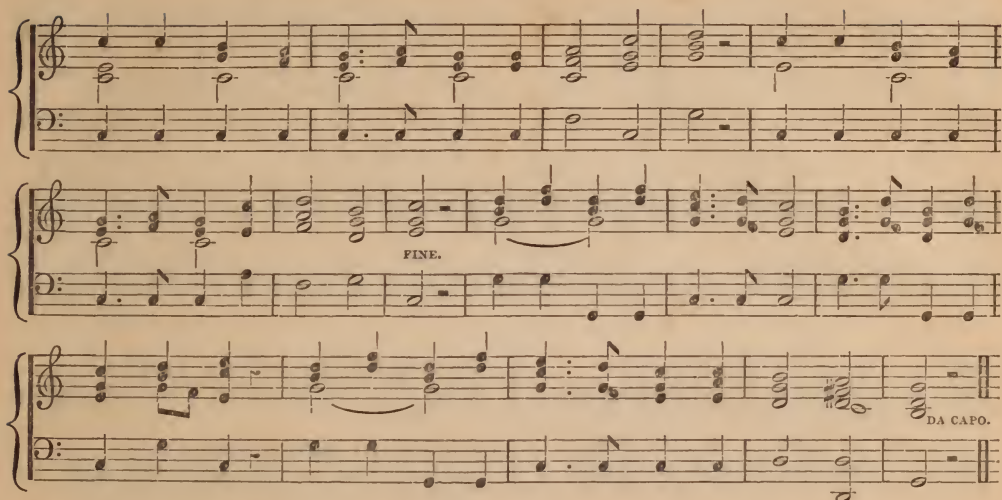
3 Know ye the land, the favour'd land,
 Where hearts are warm, and minds are
 free,
 Where dwell a strong united band,
 Who 'd die for truth and liberty?
 That favour'd land, we know it well,
 'Tis there that we delight to dwell.

4 All hail, O land so great and good!
 Of every earthly land the best!
 Long live the noble brotherhood,
 Of stern integrity possess'd!
 Oh, in the land we love so well,
 May truth and freedom ever dwell!

Mrs. Dana Shindler.

"COME AND SEE HOW HAPPILY." (Stevenson.)

M. 144.



247.

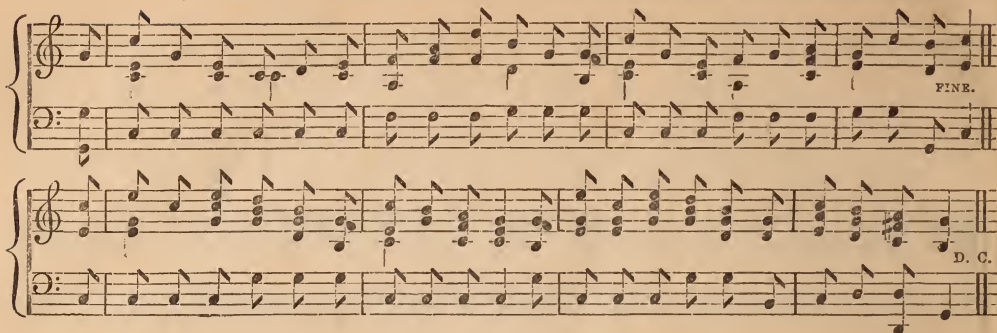
- 1 Come and see how happily
 We spend each day,
 Always joining cheerfully
 In work or play ;
 In our books and sports combin'd
 Many are the charms we find ;
 In our books and sports combin'd
 What charms we find !
 Come and see how happily
 We spend each day.
- 2 We improve the present hour,
 For swift it flies ;
 Youth is but a passing flower,
 Which blooms, and dies ;
 But with harmless mirth and song,
 Time with us still glides along,
 But with harmless mirth and song,
 Time glides along.
 Come and see, &c.

W. E. Hickson. By per.

248.

- 1 Weary winds are hush'd to sleep
 Upon the deep ;
 O'er the smooth and glassy tide
 We slowly glide :
 Dip, boys, dip the bending oar,
 Soon we touch the welcome shore,
 Dip, boys, dip the bending oar,
 The bending oar.
 Weary winds, &c.
- 2 Brightly shine the stars above,
 But those we love
 Watch us on our homebound way,
 With brighter ray,—
 Dip, then, dip the bending oar,
 Soon we touch, &c.
- 3 Light the fisher boy will sleep
 Upon the deep ;
 Tempest, wind, and dashing wave,
 He all doth brave,—
 Rest, then, rest the bending oar,
 Now we touch, &c. *Golden Wreath.*

“AS OFT IN MY SMITHY.” (*Old English.*) M. 30, twice to a measure.



249.

1 As oft in my smithy I'm blowing the fire,
And-of air, earth, and water, am making my shoes,
All th' world, like the sparks, I see upward aspire,
And-to draw this reflection I cannot but choose :
When once on the anvil your work you have got,
NEVER FAIL, SIR, TO STRIKE WHILE THE IRON IS
HOT.

2 In Searching your heart, should you find you intend
Some Good to yourself or another to do,
To relieve the distress'd, or yourself to amend,
Oh! Watch the bright time when the purpose shall
glow ;

For Happiness hangs on that moment, I wot,
If-you FAIL NOT TO STRIKE WHILE THE IRON IS
HOT.

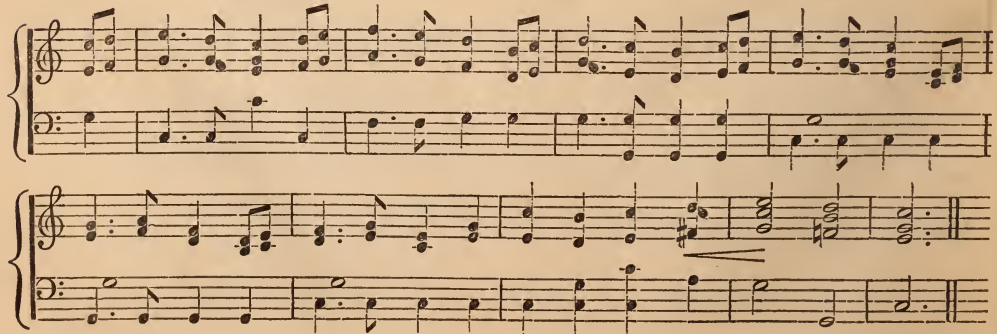
3 When'e'r by a smithy you happen to pass,
And hear on the anvil the hammer's loud clang,
This truth in your mind do not fail to rehearse,
That-you Heard from a Blacksmith, as blithely he
sang,
"If Good be your aim, be whatever your lot,
NEVER FAIL, SIR, TO STRIKE WHILE THE IRON IS
HOT."

Plumtre.

“TO THEE, O GOD.” (*Nägeli.*)

M. 108.

Only naturally high voices to try the Air.



250.

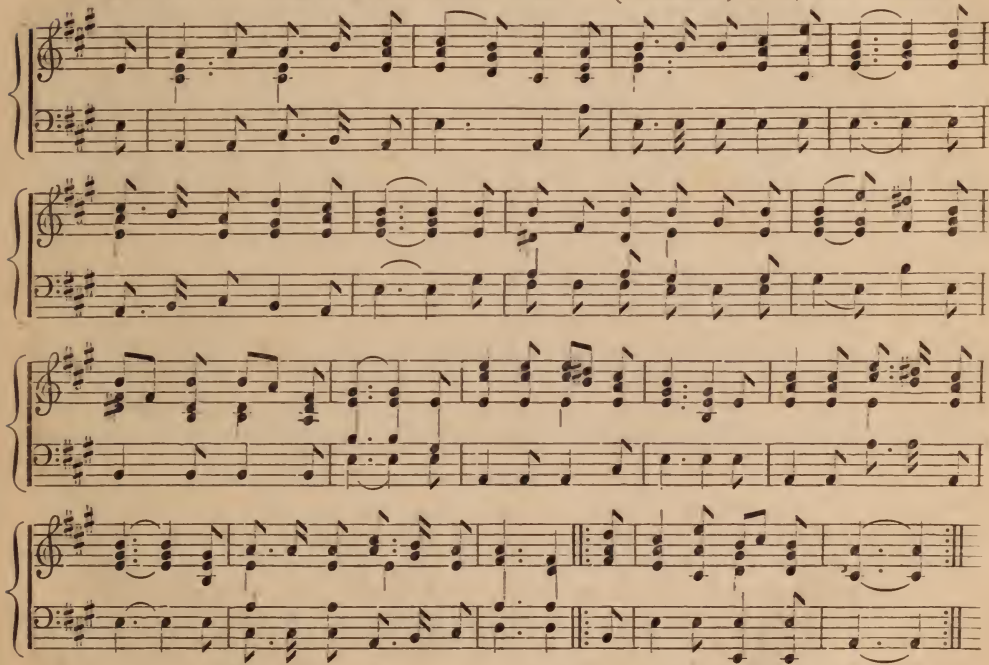
- 1 To thee, O God, the angels sing,
The sun, the moon, and ev'rything;
Then how can we, so small and weak,
In worthy psalms THY PRAISES SPEAK ?
- 2 Yet e'en by children's feeble tongue
Thou lov'st to hear thy glory sung;

And that which youth does most adorn
Is praising God by night and morn.

- 3 THEN TAKE OUR SONG OF THANKS AND PRAISE,
TAKE ALL OUR LIFE, OUR NIGHTS AND DAYS;
Oh Thou, before whom angels bow,
We are Thy sons, OUR FATHER THOU.

Jas. S. Stallybrass. Tr. for this work.

"WE'LL GO A-MAYING TOGETHER." (*Gersbach.*) M. 80, twice to a measure.



251.

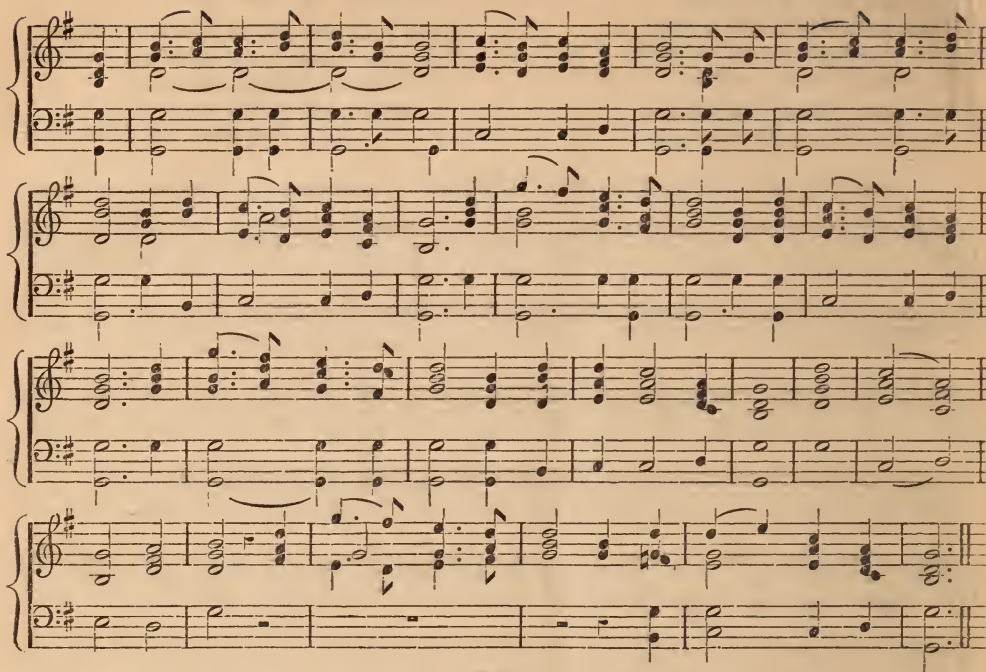
- We'll go a-Maying together,
||: And out in the meadows roam ;: ||
Oh who would be wasting this weather
In idle rest at home!
The spring bids us be jolly,
And make the most of the May,
Sure frolicsome mirth is no folly,
||: To romp and jump and play.:||

- 2 The heaths are purple and yellow,
||: The woods are alive with song ;: ||
So up with you then, my good fellow,
And with me come along;
Look how the bees are swarming,
And we'll do even the same;
Let loons who may like it be warming
||: Their toes at the kitchen flame.:||

J. S. Stallybrass. Tr.

“MID PLEASURES AND PALACES.” (*Bishop.*)

M. 88.



252.

1 'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there 's no place like home ;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with
elsewhere.

Home! Home! sweet, sweet Home!

Be-it ever so humble, there 's no place like home.

2 An exile from home, splendour dazzles in vain ;
Oh, give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again,—
The birds singing gaily, that came at my call ;
Oh, give me that peace of mind, dearer than all.

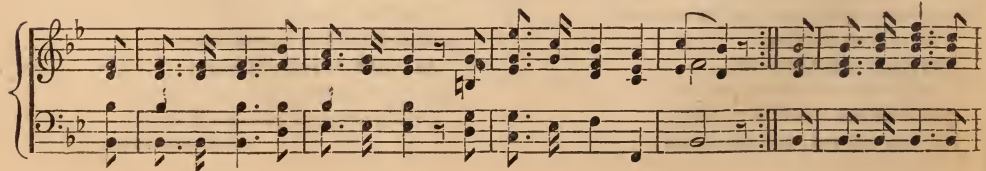
Home! Home! sweet, sweet Home!

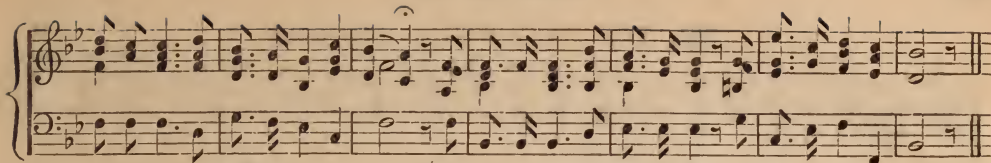
Be-it ever so humble, there 's no place like home.

J. Howard Payne.

“OUR FATHERS WERE.” (*Norse.*)

M. 80.





253.

- 1 Our fathers were high-minded men,
 Who firmly kept the faith,
 To freedom and to conscience true,
 In danger, and in death.
 Nor should their deeds be e'er forgot,
 For noble men were they,
 Who struggled hard for sacred rights,
 And bravely won the day.
- 2 For all they suffer'd little cared
 Those earnest men and wise;
 Their zeal for Christ, their love of truth,
 Made them the shame despise.

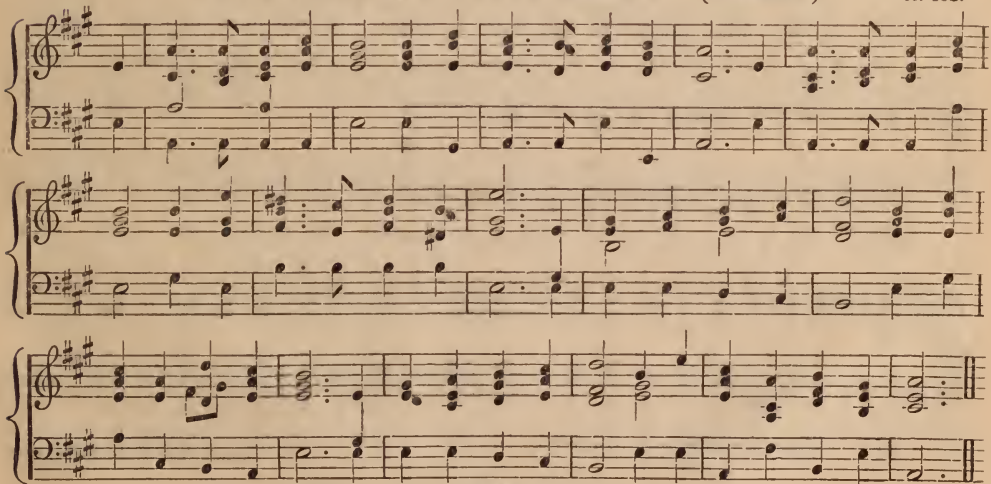
Great names had they, but greater souls,
 True heroes of their age,
 That, like a rock in stormy seas,
 Defied opposing rage.

- 3 And such as our forefathers were
 May we their children be,
 And in our hearts their spirit live,
 That baffled tyranny.
 THEY WE'LL UPHOLD THE CAUSE OF RIGHT;
 THE CAUSE OF MERCY, TOO;
 TO TOIL OR SUFFER FOR THE TRUTH
 IS-TH' NOBLEST THING TO DO.

H. M. Gunn. By per.

"NOW LEAPS MY HAPPY BOSOM." (*Gersbach.*)

M. 132.



254.

- 1 Now leaps my happy bosom,
 Like song-birds of the wood;
 They see the trees in blossom,
 And straight are glad of mood;
 Among green branches spending
 The merry month of May,
 From bow'r and blossom sending
 Their joyous roundelay.

- 2 Ah! well may they be singing
 While summer breezes play;
 When winter winds are springing
 They fly so fast away!
 Give me the heart that taketh
 Alike both frost and dew,
 That no misfortune shaketh,
 That bideth ever true!

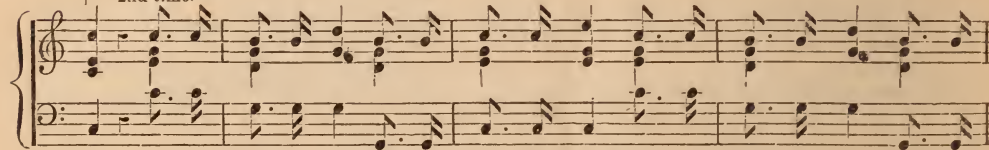
255. THE EXCURSION. (*Tyrolese.*)

M. 80.

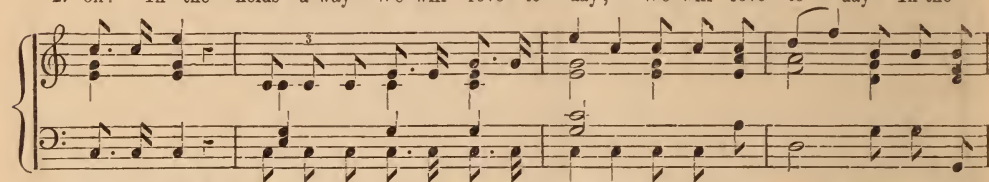


1. Mer-ri-ly ev'-ry heart is bound-ing, Mer-ri-ly oh! mer-ri-ly oh!
 Joy-ful-ly now the news is 'sound-ing, Joy-ful-ly oh! joy-ful-ly oh!
 2. Cheer-i-ly ev'-ry face is beam-ing, Cheer-i-ly oh! cheer-i-ly oh!
 Play-ful-ly ev'-ry eye is gleam-ing, Play-ful-ly oh! play-ful-ly

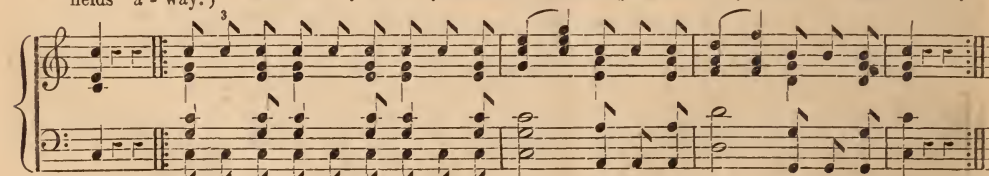
2nd time.



1. oh! To the woods we go, Where the vio-lets grow, Where the vio-lets grow, To the
 2. oh! In the fields a-way We will rove to-day; We will rove to-day In the



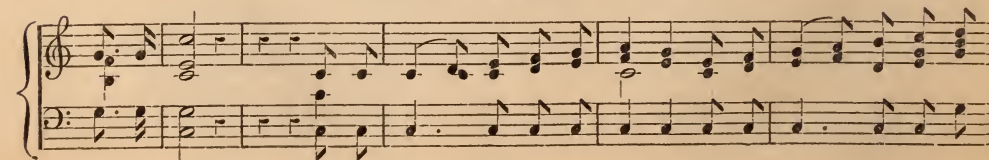
woods we go. } Mer-ri-ly ev'-ry heart is bound-ing, Mer-ri-ly oh! Mer-ri-ly
 fields a-way. }

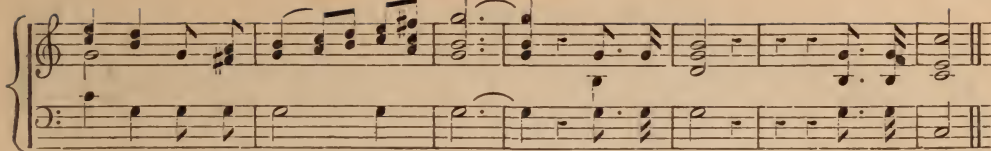


oh! Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly oh! Mer-ri-ly oh! mer-ri-ly oh!

Song Book of the School-room."FRIENDS, AWAKE." (*Nägeli.*)

M. 96.





256.

1 Friends, awake!
From the rosy east advancing,
Where the star of day is glancing,
See the morning break.

Friends, awake! friends, awake!

2 Friends, awake!
From their lowly slumber springing,
See the larks in heaven swinging.

Merry music make. Friends, &c.

3 Friends, awake!

To their labour men are going,

To their sowing, digging, mowing,
Mattock, scythe, and rake. Friends, &c.

4 Friends, awake!

Hark, the forge and hammer ringing,
And the rosy milkmaid singing,
For the pleasure's sake. Friends, &c.

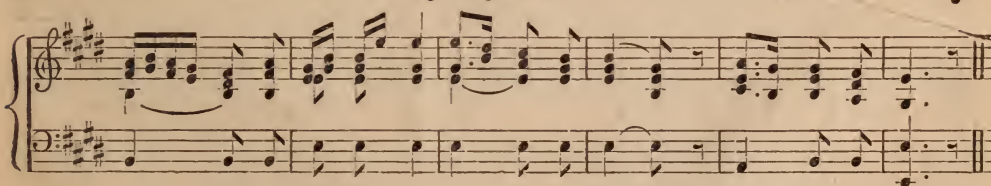
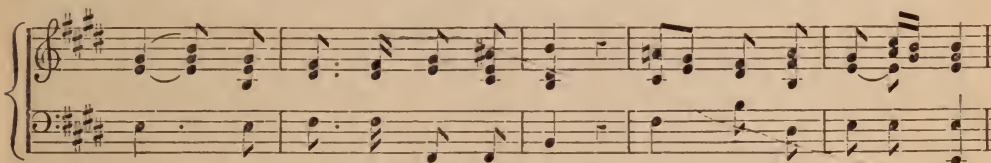
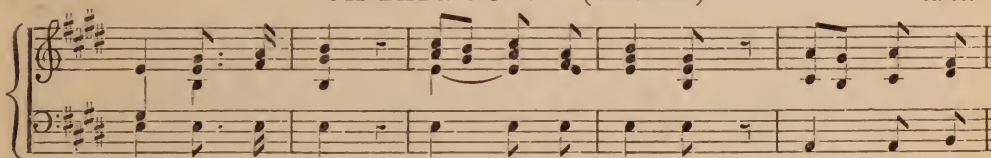
5 Friends, awake!

Such a toiling and a spinning,
Such a hamming and a dinning,
Quite a chorus make. Friends, &c.

J. S. Stallybrass. Tr. for this work.

“OH BABY BOY!” (Gersbach.)

M. 66.



257.

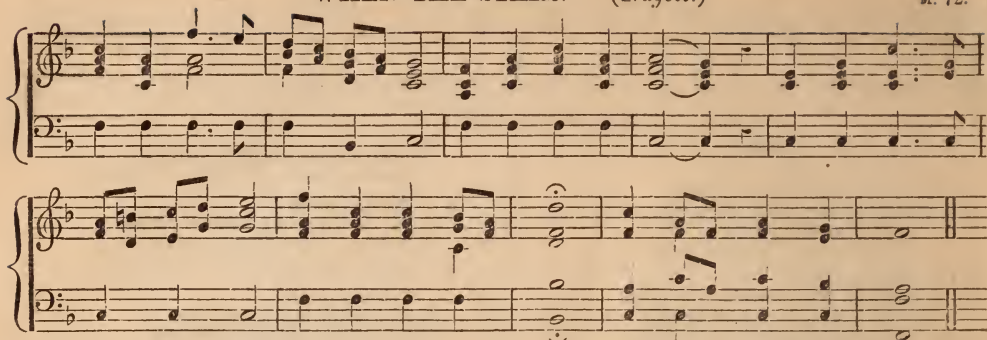
1 Oh baby boy!
You may laugh at sorrow,
You mind not the morrow,
Flit from joy to joy;
Make all the world your toy,
Playing your sole employ;
Oh baby boy!
Oh baby boy!

2 Laugh, laugh and play,
Play while you it pleases
With sun-beams and breezes,
You are young as they;
Soon sultry noon may glow,
Soon may the tempest blow;
LAUGH WHILE YOU MAY!
LAUGH, LAUGH AWAY!

J. S. Stallybrass. Tr. for this work.

"WHEN THE STARS." (*Nägeli.*)

M. 72.



258.

- 1 When the stars, at set of sun,
Watch you from on high,—
When the morning is begun,—
||:Think, the Lord is nigh!:||
- 2 All you do and all you say
He can see and hear;
When you work and when you play,
||:Think, the Lord is near!:||
- 3 All your joys and griefs He knows,
Counts each falling tear;

When to Him you tell your woes,
||:Think, the Lord will hear!:||

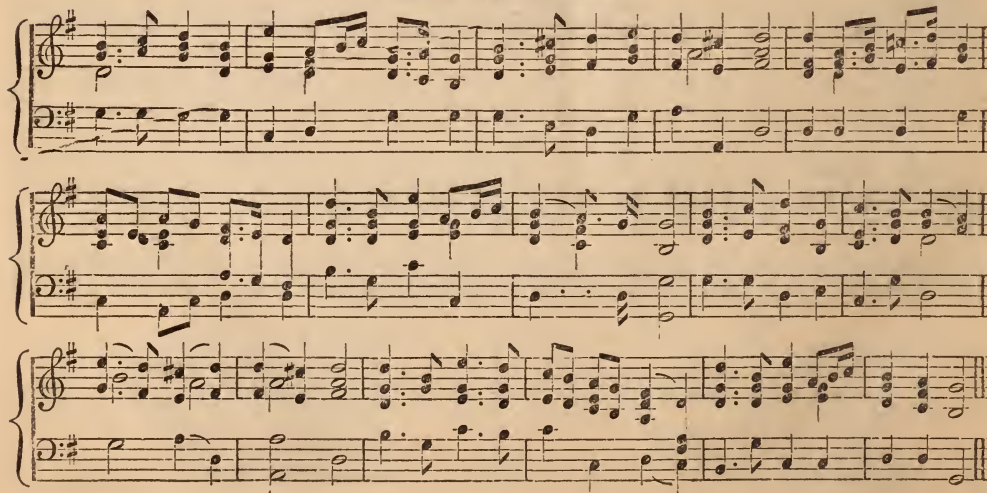
- 4 Then from evil thoughts we shrink;
Foolish they appear,
And so hateful, when we think,—
||:Think, the Lord is near!:||

- 5 What we do as in His sight
We can do with ease,
Every task becomes more light,
||:When we think He sees.:||

J. S. Stallybrass. Tr. for this work.

"SING OF HOME."

M. 76.



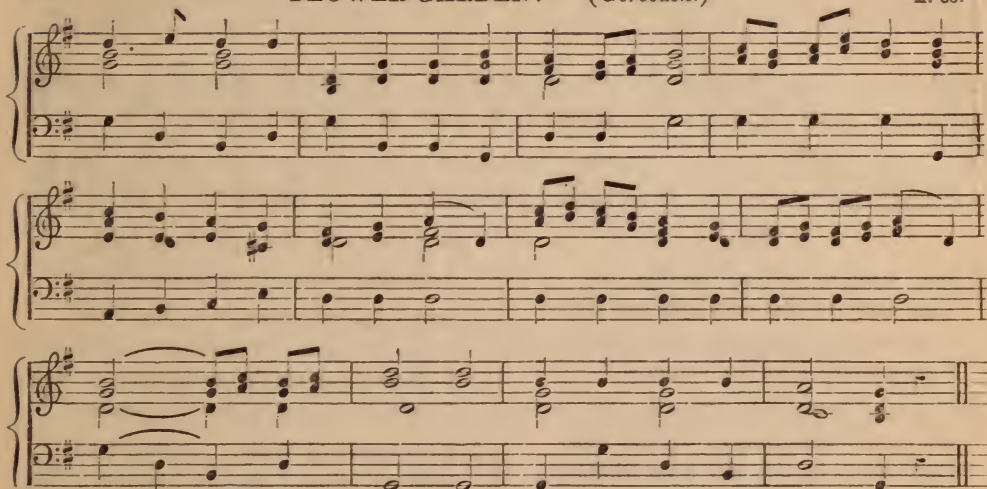
259.

Sing of Home and all its pleasures;
 Raise the song where'er you roam.
 Sing your sweetest, dearest treasures,
 Loud resound the praise of Home.

Dearly loved, delightful Home!
 Home! Home! sweet Home!
 Home! sweet Home! we sing sweet Home!
 Home! sweet, &c.

"FLOWER-GARDEN!" (Gersbach.)

M. 88.

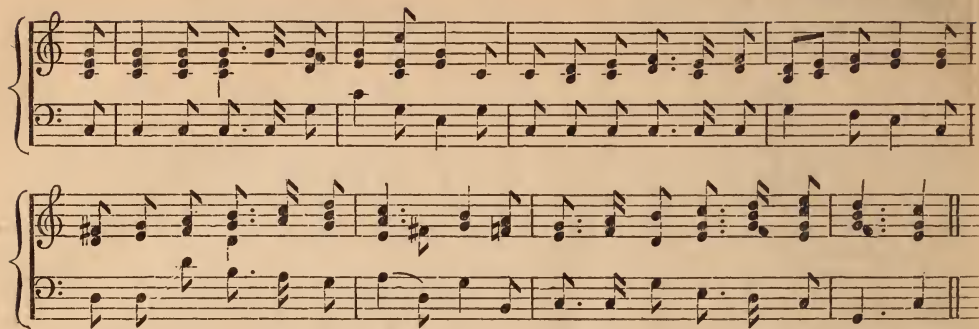


260.

- 1 Flower-garden!
 Oh, such flowers as I will tend—
 Not regarding
 How much trouble I may spend—
 Lovely scents and hues I'll blend,
 Myself be warden Of my Flower-garden.
- 2 Forget-me-not,
 I'll have that blue darling here;
 Loving thought
 Of the absent and the dear
 Through its fair blue eye shall peer.
 Summer hot, Spare my Forget-me-not!
- 3 Heart's-ease!
 Come, all you that suffer smart,
 When you please;
 I've a sight that can impart
 Ease and comfort to the heart.
 Rock, O breeze, Softly my poor Heart's-ease!

- 4 Trav'ler's-joy,
 That's a famous fragrant flower;
 Man and boy,
 Trav'ling in the sultry hour,
 Bless its overarching bower.
 Do n't destroy, Winter, my Trav'ler's-joy!
- 5 Evergreen,
 Holly, laurel, ivy too!
 King nor queen
 Has a servant half so true,
 Lasting all the winter through,
 North wind keen Can't change my evergreen.
- 6 Flower-garden!
 That's the sort I'd like to mind,
 Well rewarding
 Time and toil and tending kind;
 Help me, sun and rain and wind,
 To be the warden Of a Flower-garden!
J. S. Stallybrass. Tr. for this work.

"SAID WINE TO WATER." (*Gersbach.*) M. 60, twice to a measure.



261.

- 1 Said Wine to Water, "So fine I be,
They carry me far over land and sea,
They call me both porto and sherry,
I cause every heart to be merry."
- 2 Then answer'd Water, "So fine I be,
Round the wide world I wander free;
Look where by the mill I am winding,
'Tis I set the millstone a-grinding."
- 3 Again said Water, "So useful I be,
No kitchen can do for a day without me;

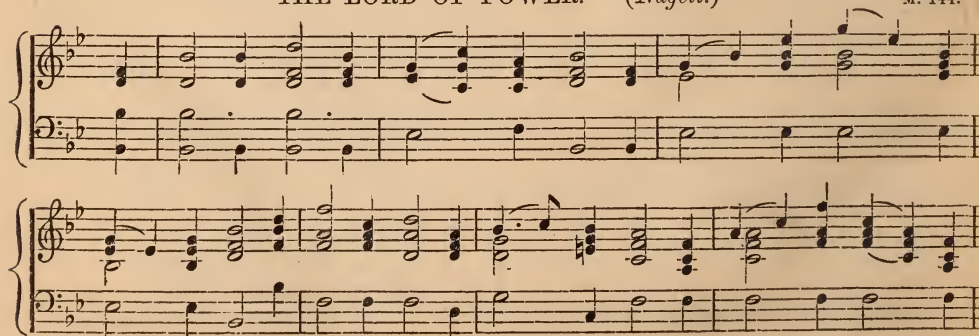
And all the week round I am toiling,
A-washing, and baking, and boiling."

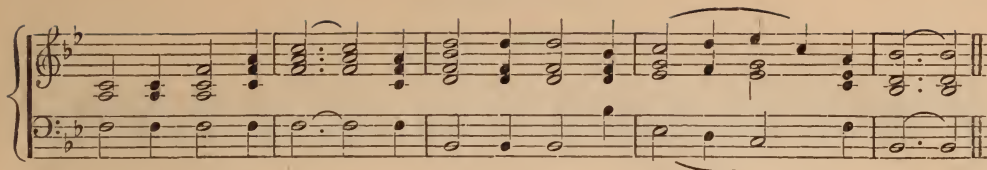
- 4 Said Wine to Water, "So fine I be,
From fountains of marble I bubble with
At kaiser's or king's coronation, [glee
To gladden the hearts of the nation."
- 5 Then answer'd Water, "So fine I be,
From th' heart of the rock I bubble up free,
By blossomy meadows I wind me,
And bless the poor trav'lers who find me.

J. S. Stallybrass, tr.

"THE LORD OF POWER." (*Nägeli.*)

M. 144.





262.

- 1 The Lord of pow'r doth all things right,
The starry worlds proclaim His might;
His word, His breath in order keeps
The mountain heights, the ocean deeps.

THE LORD, THE LORD OF POW'R, &c.

- 2 The Lord of life doth all things right,
The day proclaims it, and the night;
And age to age declares that He
Is Lord of all eternity.

The Lord, the Lord of life, &c.

- 3 The Lord of light doth all things right,
There 's nothing can escape His sight;
His searching eye, His mighty arm
Defends us all from wrong and harm.
The Lord, the Lord of light, &c.

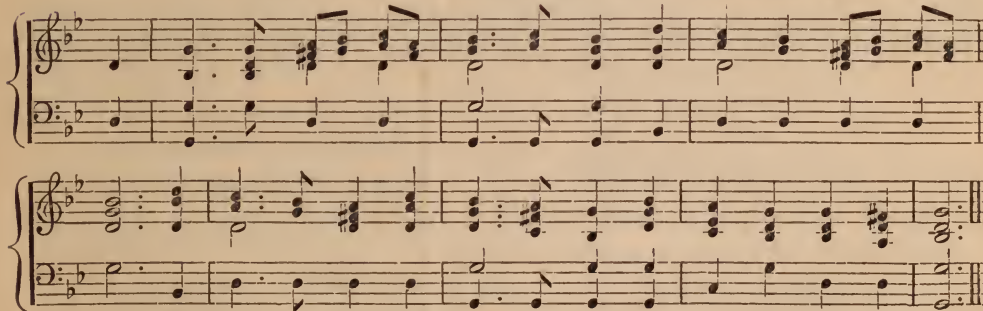
- 4 The Lord of love doth all things right,
His goodness paints the world so bright :
From childhood's lips his love shall sound,
We 'll sing His praise to all around.

The Lord, the Lord of love, &c.

Jas. S. Stallybrass. Tr. for this work.

"OH! SAY WHAT IS THAT THING." (Old English.)

M. 80.



263.

- 1 Oh! say what is that thing call'd light,
Which I must ne'er enjoy?
What are the blessings of the sight?
Oh! tell a poor blind boy!

- 2 You talk of wondrous things you see;
You say the sun shines bright;
I feel him warm, but how can he
Or make it day or night?

- 3 My day or night myself I make
Whene'er I sleep or play;

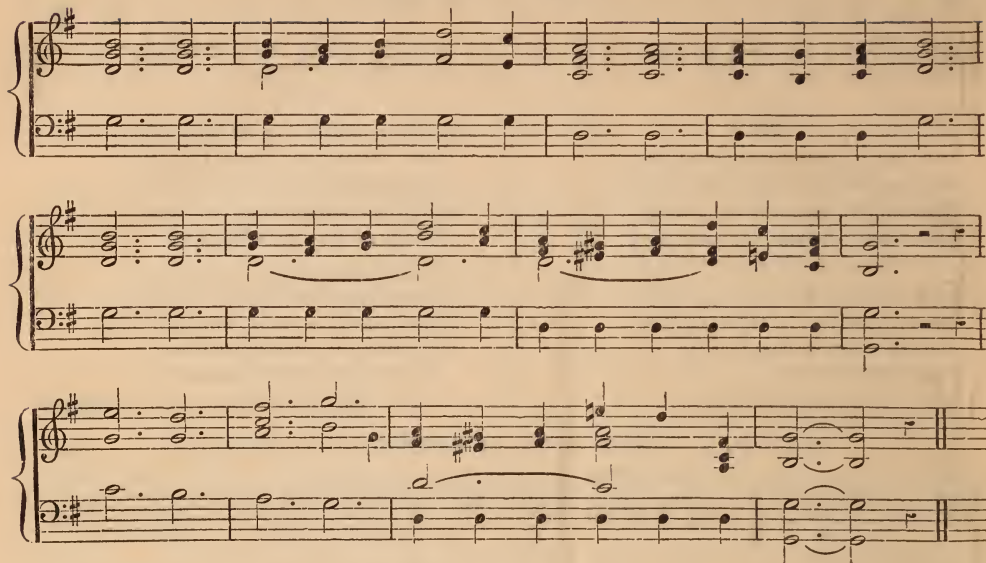
And could I always keep awake,
With me 'twere always day.

- 4 With heavy sighs I often hear
You mourn my hapless woe,
But sure with patience I can bear
A-loss I ne'er can know.

- 5 Then let not what I cannot have
My cheer of mind destroy;
WHILE THUS I SING, I AM A KING,
ALTHOUGH A POOR BLIND BOY.

"HOME!" (Pax.)

M. 144.



264.

1 Home! Home! name how endearing!

Home! Home! shrined in my breast;

Home! Home! to my heart cheering,

Still in thy bosom I'll rest.

Home! Home! Home! Home!

Still in thy bosom I'll rest.

2 Home! Home! happiest of places;

Home! Home! thee I desire;

Home! Home! kind were the faces

That I have met round thy fire.

Home! Home! sweet Home!

That I have met round thy fire.

3 Home! Home! to thee united;

Home! Home! for thee I burn;

Home! Home! with thee delighted,

Back to thy joys I'd return.

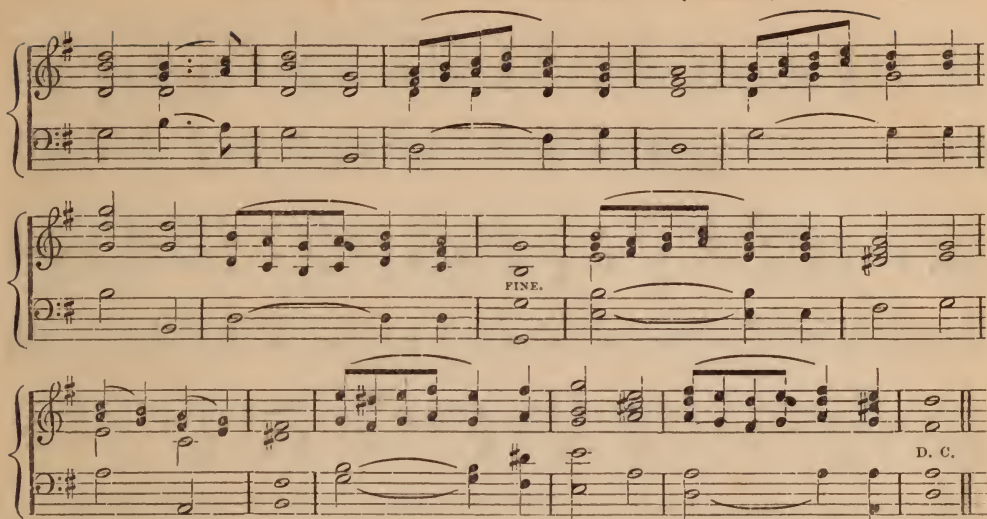
Home! Home! sweet Home!

Back to thy joys I'd return.

New York Glee Book.

"HARK! FROM WOODLANDS." (*Handel.*)

M. 132.



265.

- 1 Hark! from woodlands far away
Sounds the merry roundelay!
Now across the russet plain
Slowly moves the loaded wain.
Greet the reapers as they come—
Happy, happy harvest home.
- 2 Never fear the wintry blast,
Summer suns will shine at last;
See the golden grain appear,
See the produce of the year.
Greet, &c.
- 3 Children join the jocund ring,
Young and old come forth and sing;
Stripling blithe, and maiden gay,
Hail the rural holiday.
Greet, &c.

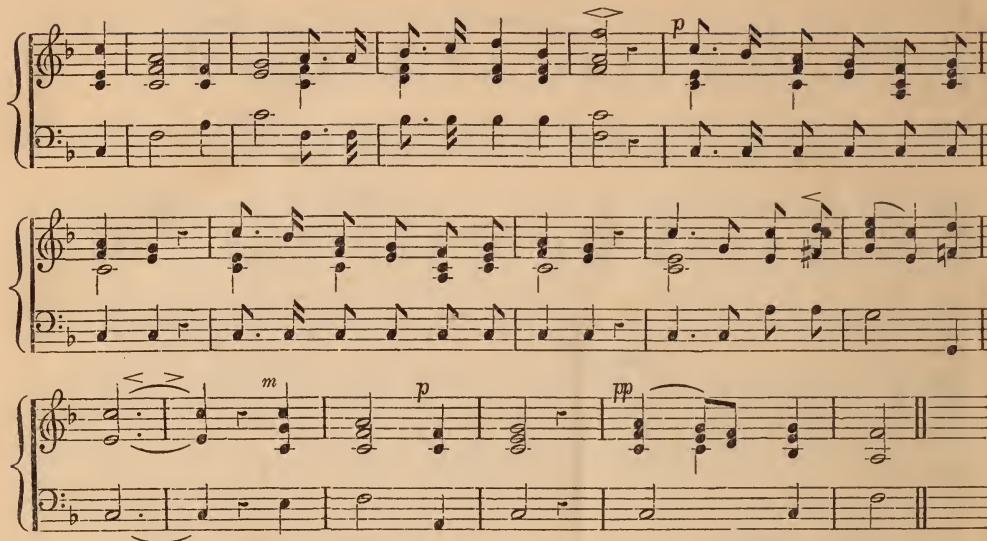
- 4 Peace and plenty be our lot,
All the pangs of war forgot;
Strength to toil, and ample store,
Bless Old England evermore.
Greet, &c.

266.

- 1 See, he comes, the hero comes,
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;
Sports prepare, and garlands bring,
Songs of triumph to him sing.
See, he comes, &c.
- 2 He was tried and faithful found,
And with laurel shall be crown'd;
Since he duty's call obeys,
He deserves our honest praise.
See, he comes, &c.
W. E. Hickson. By per.

"GOOD NIGHT." (*Nägeli.*)

M. 88.



267

- 1 Good night! good night!
 We have fought our daily fight;
 Peace of mind and rest from heaven
 To reward our toil are given;
 Noisy day has taken flight:
 Good night! good night! Friends, good
 night!
- 2 Good night! good night!
 May the starry splendour bright
 Cheer the eye that, sick with sorrow,
 Weeping watcheth for the morrow,—
 Starry splendour soft and bright!
 Good night! &c.

- 3 Good night! good night!
 There's an Eye that knows no night;
 Child of man, while thou art sleeping,
 Faithful watch and ward 'tis keeping;
 There's an Eye that wakes all night.
 Good night! &c.
- 4 Good night! good night!
 Heavenly Father, with Thy might
 Bless and strengthen and restore us
 For the new day's work before us,
 Heavenly Father, with Thy might!
 Good night! &c.

J. S. Stallybrass. Tr. for this work.

THE END.

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