

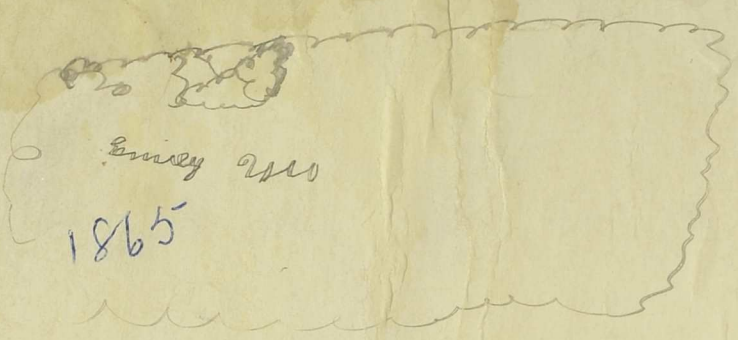
NELSON'S SCHOOL SERIES



SONGS  
FOR THE  
SCHOOL-ROOM



T. NELSON AND SONS, LONDON, EDINBURGH, AND NEW YORK.



Emery 2nd

1865



# SONGS

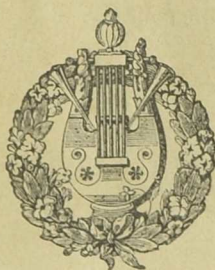
FOR THE

## SCHOOL - ROOM.

*ARRANGED FOR TWO VOICES*

BY

T. L. HATELY.



LONDON:

T. NELSON AND SONS, PATERNOSTER ROW;  
EDINBURGH; AND NEW YORK.

---

1865.



THE design of this Work is to furnish chaste and elegant Melodies, calculated to lay the foundation for a pure and correct taste in Music. It comprises pieces in every variety of style, namely, Sacred, Moral, Didactic, Patriotic, the Seasons, Beauties of Nature, Playful, Humorous, &c. Also, a number of Rounds for three, four, five, and more voices. With few exceptions the pieces are new, and not to be found in any other popular school music in this country.







# SCHOOL SONGS.

## 1.—THE A, B, C.

M. 108.

*Lively.*

A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K,  
 L, M, N, O, P, Q, R, S, T, U, W, V,  
 Q, R, S, T, U, W, V, X, and Y, and  
 Z, O dear me! When will I learn this A, B, C.

## 2.—MORNING SONG.

M. 76.

*Seriously cheerful.*

1. Bright - ly glows the day, Night has fled a - way;  
 Ev' - ry joy - ful sound E - choes all a - round.

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.

### 3.—HYMN OF PRAISE.

M. 69.

*With energy.*



1. Give end - less prais - es to our Lord; For



ev - er be his name a - dored, His name a - dored.

2 Ye angels crown him, shout his praise; He ransom'd you from fear and shame,  
From fear and shame.

For true and holy are his ways,  
Are all his ways.

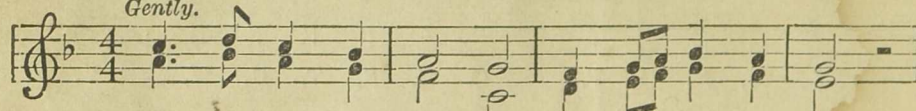
4 Let saints and angels jointly sing,  
"All glory be to God our king,  
To God our king!"

3 Ye saints adore him, sound his fame;

### 4.—OUR FATHER.

M. 84.

*Gently.*



1. From the an - gels' dwell - ing, High in heav'n a - bove,



Comes a whis - per, tell - ing— Chil - dren, God is love.

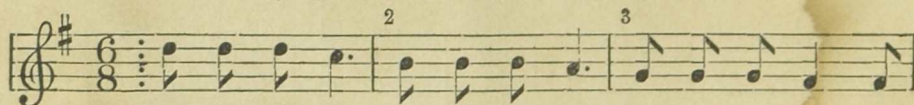
2 Graciously he heareth  
Night and day their prayer;  
Father-like appeareth  
His unceasing care.

Helps from foes infernal;  
Lifts the drooping head.

4 In his Scripture truly  
Is this promise set—  
"Those who serve him truly,  
Ne'er will he forget."

3 He with hand paternal  
Gives their daily bread;

### 5.—CANON FOR THREE VOICES.



Fro - lic and play Cheer - ful and gay, Let us en - joy our



ho - li - day. Fal, la, la, la, Fal, la, la.



# 6.—DILIGENCE.

M. 76.



1. Let us, dear broth - ers, Cheer - ful - ly toil;



Nev - er from la - bour, Nev - er re - coil.

2 Short is the season  
Youth can remain ;  
Let not its proffers  
Hail us in vain.

3 Rich is the treasure  
Now to be won ;  
Toil in full measure  
Then shall be done.

4 So shall the season  
Life has now lent,

True to right reason,  
Wisely be spent.

5 Nature for action  
Youth has design'd ;  
Sweet satisfaction  
Age thus will find.

6 Diligent ever  
Then let us be ;  
So shall we never  
Poverty see.

# 7.—THE SUN.

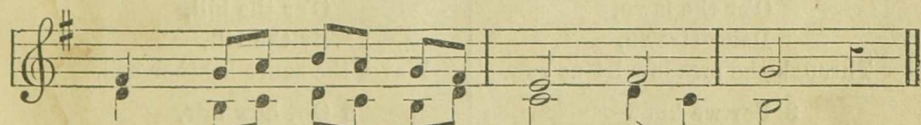
M. 92.



1. Get up, dear chil-dren, see! the sun His shin-ing course has



just be - gun! So like a gi - ant he comes forth To



run his course and light the earth.

2 Welcome, thrice welcome, lovely day !  
Thou chasest darksome night away :  
Oh, that our hearts, like thee, were bright  
With heav'n's own purifying light !

# 8.—SUMMER RAMBLE.

M. 76.

*Gaily.*



1. O - ver field and mea - dow, Where the dais - ies grow,



Up and down I wan - der, Sing - ing 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,

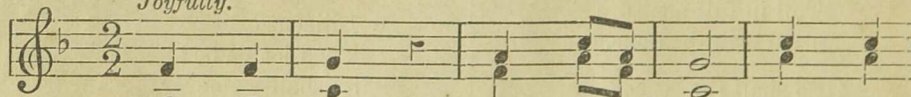
Where the brooks are dancing,  
Singing all the way?

4 How can I be lonely  
On the sunny banks,  
While the murmuring waters  
Raise a song of thanks?

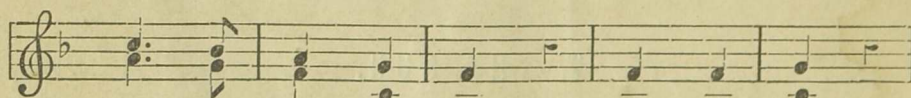
# 9.—HARVEST.

M. 80.

*Joyfully.*



1. Bells do ring, Birds do sing; Hark! the



mer - ry reap - ers' song! But - ter - flies



Of bright dyes, In the sun - light flit a - long.

2 Come away  
Out and play,  
In the merry summer sun;  
O'er the lawn,  
Daisy-strewn,  
Through the meadow let us run.

3 For we know  
Soon will go  
All the rosy summer's prime;  
Dark and cold,  
Cloudy-stoled,  
Comes the dreary winter-time.

4 In a nook,  
By the brook,  
All the little violets dwell;  
O'er the hill,  
By the rill,  
Waves the azure heather-bell.

5 Oh, how fair,  
Everywhere,  
God has made this glorious earth!  
Let us raise  
Tuneful praise  
Unto Him who gives it birth.

A. L. H.



# 10.—THE SKYLARK.

M. 60. Two beats.



1. Up-ward, ev - er up - ward, Sing - ing as he flies,



Does not yon - der sky-lark Bid my soul to rise?

2 Bid me on faith's pinions  
Pierce the clouds of sight,  
And to realms of glory  
Take an upward flight?

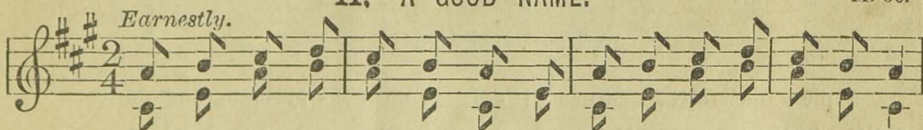
May I strive to follow  
In the sky-lark's ways!

3 Singing, ever singing,  
Tuneful notes of praise,

4 Prizing much the treasures  
Of my earthly nest,  
Yet above them rising  
For more perfect rest.

# 11.—A GOOD NAME.

M. 60.



1. Chil-dren, choose it, Don't re - fuse it, 'Tis a pre-cious di - a-dem:  
2. Love and cher-ish, Keep and nour-ish, 'Tis more pre-cious far than gold;



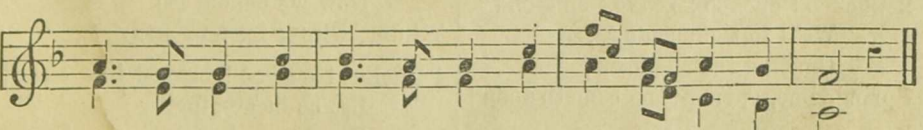
High-ly prize it, Don't de-spise it, You will need it when you're men.  
Watch and guard it, Don't dis-card it, You will need it when you're old.

# 12.—H O P E.

M. 104.



1. The night is moth-er of the day, The win - ter of the spring, And  
2. Be - hind the cloud the star-light lurks; Thro' show'rs the sunbeams fall; For



ev - er up - on old de - cay The green - est moss - es cling.  
God, who lov - eth all his works, Has left his hope with all.

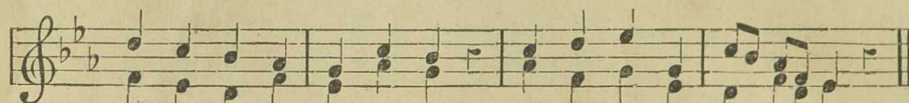
# 13.—THE SEASONS OF LIFE.

M. 69.

*Fervently.*



1. Serve the Lord of love and truth In the *Spring* days of your youth;  
2. Let the fruits of grace and praise Crown the *Au-tumn* of your days;

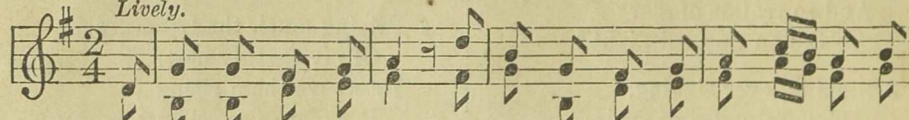


- Yield to him the flower and prime Of your vig'-rous *Sum-mer* time.  
And your *Win-ter* pass a-way In-to change-less heaven-ly day.

# 14.—THE LITTLE BEE.

M. 66.

*Lively.*



1. From dew-y morn-ing hour, Till eve-ning cool, the lit-tle bee, His



pleas-ant food seeks bus-i-ly From ev'-ry bloom-ing flower.

- 2 Who to the bee reveal'd  
That in the bosom of the flower,  
Well cover'd from the sun and shower,  
The honey lies conceal'd?

- 3 The gracious God, who lays  
The honey in the blossom's cup,  
Has taught the bee to bring it up,  
And store for winter days.

A. L. H.

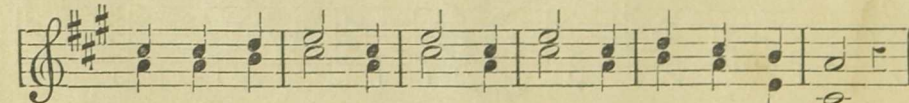
# 15.—"CUCKOO!"

M. 116.

*Merrily.*



1. Cuck-oo! cuck-oo! bra-vo! how clear! Let us be sing-ing,



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

- 2 Cuckoo! cuckoo! bravo! sing on!  
We'll to the meadows,  
Chasing the shadows;  
Spring-time, spring-time cometh anon!

- 3 Cuckoo! cuckoo! bravo! I say,  
Thou hast foretold it,

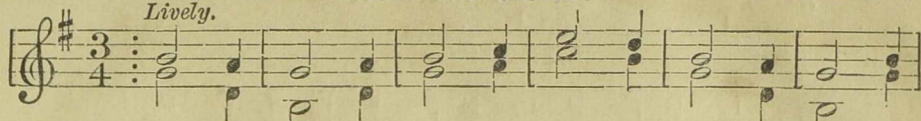
- Now we behold it;  
Winter, winter hastens away  
4 Cuckoo! cuckoo! bravo! how clear!  
Let us be singing,  
Dancing and springing; [here!  
Spring-time, spring-time now we have



# 16.—THE MILL.

M. 112.

*Lively.*



1. { Hark! the bus - y mill is go - ing, Fast the wheel turns  
Hark! the lit - tle mill-stream's flow-ing, With a brisk and



round and round; Clap - re - du, clap - re - du, clack, clack, clack,  
cheer - y sound.



clack, clack, clack, Bus - i - ly bus - i - ly goes the mill.

- 2 Yet how blithe the mill-wheel soundeth,

Though it works so hard all day;  
And the mill-stream, as it boundeth,  
Sings for gladness on its way.

||: Clap-re-du, clap-re-du, clack, clack, &c.  
Merrily merrily goes the mill.:||

- 3 Let us, like the mill-wheel, never

Cease from work, till it is done;  
Let us, like the mill-stream, ever  
In the path of duty run.

||: Clap-re-du, clap-re-du, clack, clack, &c.  
Busily busily goes the mill.:||

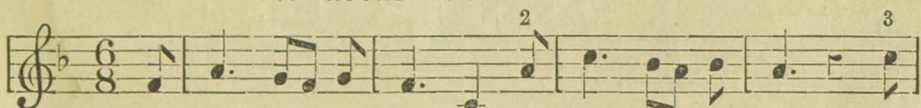
- 4 And, while working, still endeavour

Cross and fretful words to shun;  
Bright good temper sweetens labour—  
Lightest hearts get quickest on.

||: Clap-re-du, clap-re-du, clack, clack, &c.  
Merrily merrily goes the mill.:||

A. L. H.

# 17.—ROUND FOR FOUR VOICES.



'Tis win - ter! 'tis win - ter! the morn - ing is gray; A

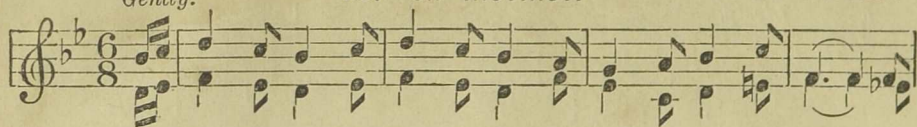


cold look - ing sky is a - bove us to - day.

*Gently.*

## 18.—ON INSTINCT.

M. 56. Two beats.



1. Who taught the bird to build her nest Of wool and hay and moss? Who



taught her how to weave it best, And lay the twigs a - cross?

2 Who taught the busy bee to fly  
Among the sweetest flowers,  
And lay her store of honey by,  
To eat in winter hours?

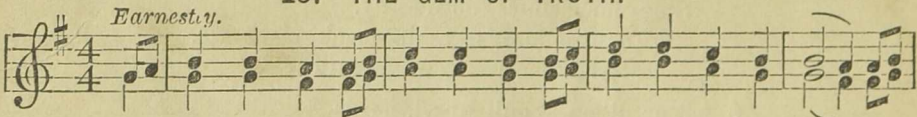
And through the pleasant summer's day  
To gather up their store?

3 Who taught the little ants the way  
Their narrow holes to bore,

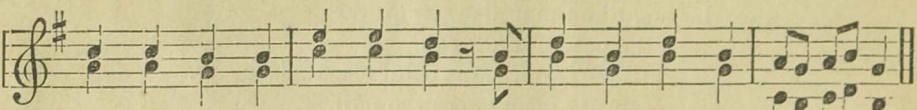
4 'Twas God who taught them all the way,  
And gave their little skill;  
And teaches children, when they pray,  
To do his holy will.

## 19.—THE GEM OF TRUTH.

M. 100.



1. While gems and gold are bought and sold, And pearls the rich a - dorn, A



gem I know, sur-pass-ing show, The rich-est that was ev - er worn.

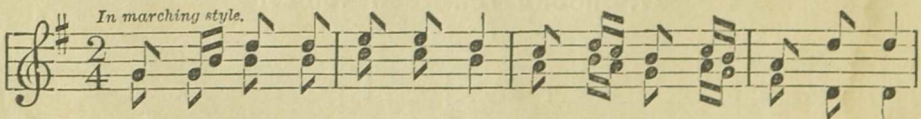
2 This jewel rare, surpassing fair,  
Which wealth can never buy,  
Is simple Truth, the gem of youth,—  
The honest heart that scorns a lie!

3 When children dear this jewel wear,  
Oh, 'tis their richest prize;  
Admired they'll be by all they see,  
And dearer in their parents' eyes.

ALEXANDER SMART.

## 20.—MARCHING SONG.

M. 72.



1. We will march, and we will sing, This is child-hood's hap-py spring;



Let's be joy-ous while we may, This is life's first ho - li - day.

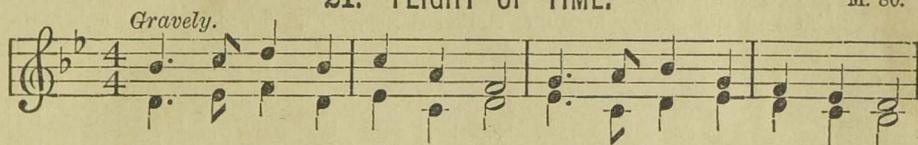


2 Now's the time for hope and joy,  
Ere that aught can life alloy;  
Dance and sing, and sporting play,  
This is childhood's holiday.

3 Let's join hands and form a ring,  
And in circling movements sing;  
Thus, quite happy, truly say,  
This is childhood's holiday.

## 21.—FLIGHT OF TIME.

M. 80.



1. On-ward swift the riv - er flies, Bound-ing to the si - lent deep;



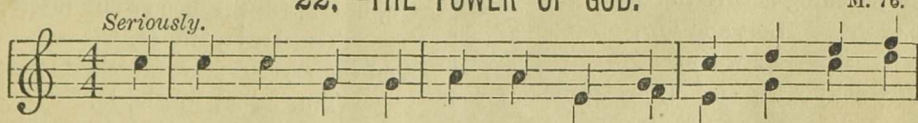
On-ward, thro' the a - zure skies, Far the glit-t'ring plan - ets sweep.

2 Onward wing the summer birds,  
To a distant, brighter sky;  
Onward float the mutt'ring words,  
Tempests speak so solemnly.

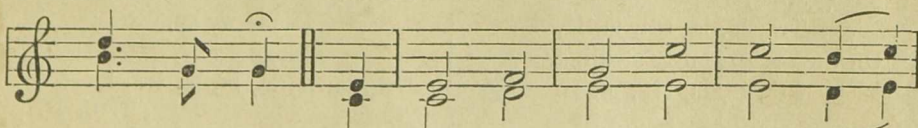
3 Onward, thus, a fleeting band,  
Swiftly all our moments fly;  
Onward to the silent land—  
Onward to Eternity.

## 22.—THE POWER OF GOD.

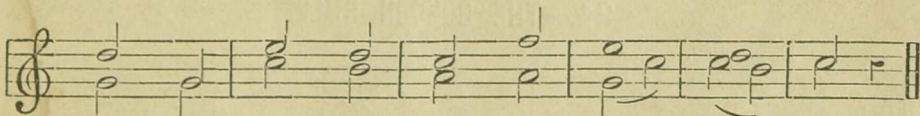
M. 76.



1. The sea is deep, the sea is broad, But deep - er is the



power of God; E'en deep - er than the depths pro -



found, And wid - er than earth's far - thest bound.

2 And far below the heaving tide  
The shining fish in myriads glide;  
Not one escapes his watchful eye,  
His love and care their wants supply.

3 When tempest-clouds hang in the sky,  
And foaming waves run wild and high,

At his command their surgings cease—  
The wild winds calm, and all is peace.

4 Now, therefore, let us strive alway  
To cast all tim'rous fears away  
And firmly trust, in danger's hour,  
In God's almighty love and power.

A. L. H.

# 31.—MAY-DAY.

M. 69.

*Sprightly.*



Wel-come the mer-ry month of May, With fields and flow'rs so fresh and gay; While



each sweet min-strel of the grove Tunes ev'-ry note to joy and love.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Young Spring has woven for our feet<br/>A carpet in her loom complete,<br/>Spangled with flow'rs of ev'ry hue<br/>That glisten in the morning dew.</p> | <p>3 How pleasant on the grass to lie,<br/>Beneath the blue and boundless sky,<br/>And think there is an Eye above<br/>That sees us with a Father's love!</p> |
|---|---|

ALEX. SMART.

# 32.—THE GARDEN SWING.

M. 80.

*Spiritedly.*



Like a bird up - on the bough, When the sum-mer breez - es blow,

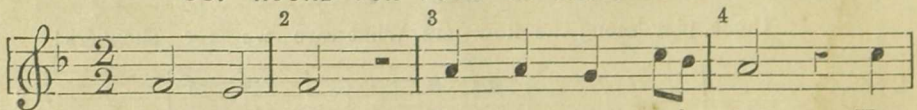


And the woods with mu-sic ring, Mer-ri-ly mer-ri-ly goes the swing!

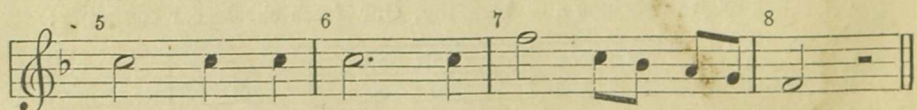
- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 School is closed, and tasks are done,<br/>Flowers are laughing in the sun;<br/>Like the songsters in the air,<br/>Happy children, banish care.</p> <p>3 Swing away! how safe it goes!<br/>Cheeks are glowing like the rose;<br/>Health and joy our pastimes bring,<br/>Merrily merrily goes the swing!</p> | <p>4 Liberty makes labour sweet,<br/>Toil is follow'd by a treat;<br/>Tasks have purchased joy and play,<br/>And the summer holiday.</p> <p>5 Swing away, and never fear,<br/>Gladness only enters here;<br/>Free from care, we'll laugh and sing,<br/>Merrily merrily goes the swing!</p> |
|---|--|

ALEX. SMART.

# 33.—ROUND FOR FOUR OR EIGHT VOICES.



Off we go! Sail - ing to and fro! Hur -



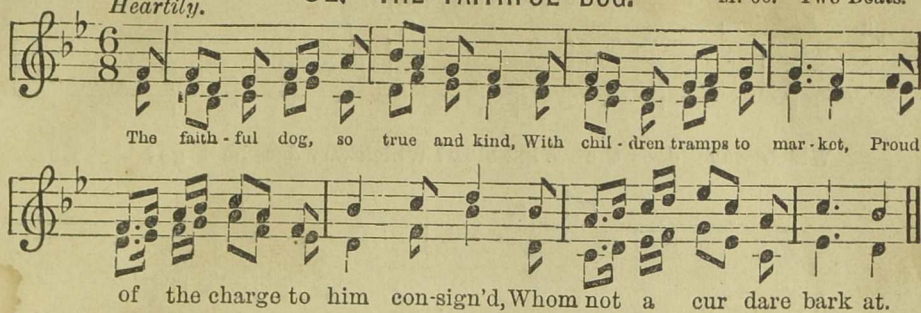
rah! boys, hur - rah! The fresh breez - es blow!



# 34.—THE FAITHFUL DOG.

M. 60. Two Beats.

*Heartily.*



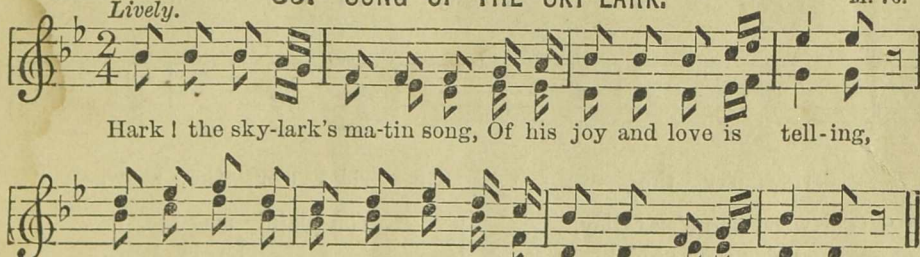
- 2 He loves to gambol with the young,  
But such his sterling sense is,  
He never flatters with his tongue,  
Nor fawns on false pretences.
- 3 For he is kind, and stout, and brave,  
Of honest worth the sample,  
And boys and girls will best behave  
Who follow his example.

ALEX. SMART.

# 35.—SONG OF THE SKY-LARK.

M. 76.

*Lively.*



- With a pipe so clear and strong, All the feath-er'd choir ex-cell-ing.
- 2 In her nest, his pretty mate,  
While he sings and soars above her,  
With a throbbing breast elate,  
Listens to her tuneful lover.
- 4 Bird of love and bird of joy,  
Thou art thus a moral teacher,  
From thy pulpit in the sky,  
Temple of the tuneful preacher.

ALEX. SMART.

# 36.—ROUND FOR THREE VOICES.

1 Truth loves the light, but False-hood aye shuns it: 2

2 Truth's ev - er calm, but False-hood is noi - sy: 3

3 Truth re-mains firm, but False-hood will fall! 1

# 37.—THE WIND.

M. 72.



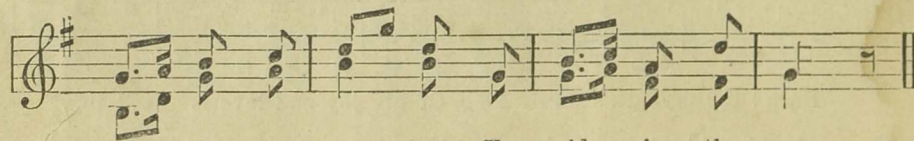
Which way does the Wind blow? Which way does he go? He



rides o'er the wa - ter, He rides o'er the snow. La,



la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la. He



rides o'er the wa - ter, He rides o'er the snow.

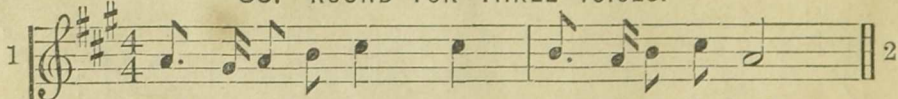
2 O'er wood and o'er valley,  
And o'er rocky height,  
Which the goat cannot traverse,  
He taketh his flight.  
La, la, &c.  
Which the goat, &c.

3 He rages and tosses,  
In every bare tree,  
As, if you look upwards,

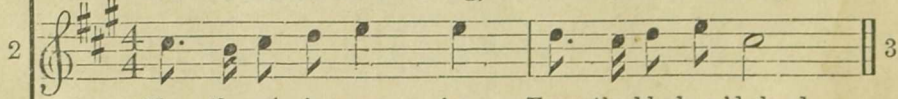
You plainly may see.  
La, la, &c.  
As, if you look, &c.

4 But whence he both cometh  
And whither he goes,  
There's never a scholar  
In Britain that knows.  
La, la, &c.  
There's never, &c.

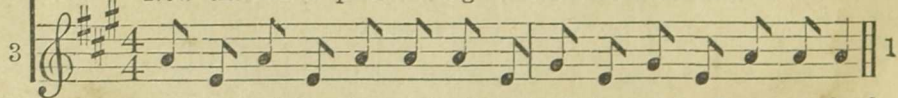
# 38.—ROUND FOR THREE VOICES.



Cold the wind is blow - ing, And the storm is loud;



Now the rain is pour - ing From the black-en'd cloud.

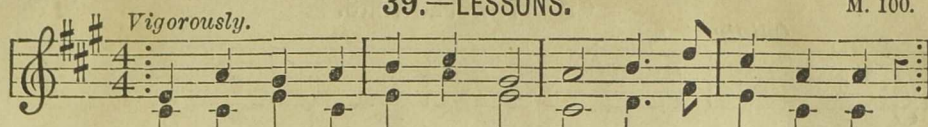


Cold the wind, the storm is loud, And rain is pour-ing from yon cloud.



# 39.—LESSONS.

M. 100.



1. { Now's the time to stu - dy hard, Ha! ha! the pro - fit o't! }  
 { Learn-ing brings its own re - ward, Ha! ha! the pro - fit o't! }



We must spell and we must read, No-thing but our les-sons heed;



Sure and stead-y must suc-ceed, Ha! ha! the pro - fit o't!

- 2 Who would like an empty purse?  
 Ha! ha! the folly o't!  
 Empty brain would be still worse,  
 Ha! ha! the folly o't!

Bravely, then, the task begin;  
 Now's the time the prize to win;  
 Pour the golden knowledge in—  
 Ha! ha! the profit o't!

A. L. O. E.

# 40.—PLAY.

*Joyously.*

(To be sung to the Music of "Lessons.")

M. 126.

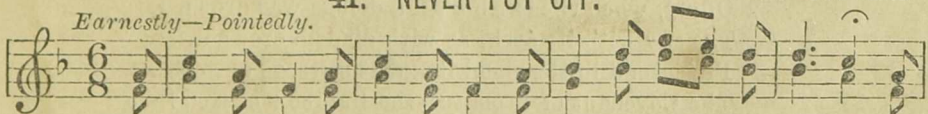
- 1 Now's the time for merry play,  
 Ha! ha! the pleasure o't!  
 No more lessons for to-day,  
 Ha! ha! the pleasure o't!  
 Duty has been bravely done,  
 Knowledge has been wisely won,  
 Now for frolic and for fun—  
 Ha! ha! the pleasure o't!

- 2 Join we in a cheerful ring,  
 Ha! ha! the pleasure o't!  
 Lightly laugh and gaily sing,  
 Ha! ha! the pleasure o't!  
 Industry can frolic earn,  
 Ready was the head to learn,  
 Now the feet must have their turn—  
 Ha! ha! the pleasure o't!

A. L. O. E.

# 41.—NEVER PUT OFF.

M. 50. Two beats.



1. When-e'er a du - ty waits for thee, With so-ber judg-ment view it, And

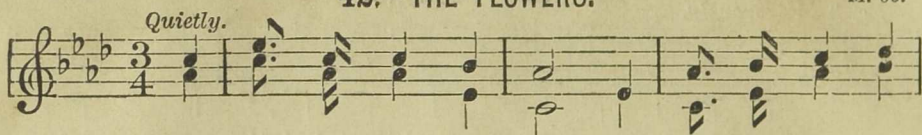


nev - er i - dly wish it done; Be - gin at once and do it.

- 2 For Sloth says falsely, "By-and-by  
 Is just as well to do it:"  
 But present strength is surest strength;  
 Begin at once and do it.
- 3 And find not lions in the way,  
 Nor faint if thorns bestrew it;  
 But bravely try, and strength will  
 For God will help thee do it. [come,

# 42.—THE FLOWERS.

M. 69.



1. How love - ly are the flowers That in the val - ley



smile! They seem like forms of an - gels, Pure, and free from guile.

2 But ah! their beauty rare,  
It does not always last :  
They droop, and fade, and wither,  
Ere the summer's past.

When days of sickness find me,  
Then I fade away.

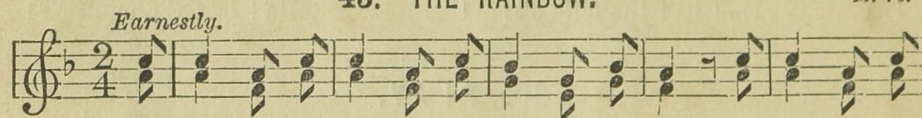
3 And I am like the flower  
That blooms in fragrant May ;

4 The beauty, then, I'll seek,  
Which Truth alone can give ;  
For when this life is over,  
That will ever live.

*Anon.*

# 43.—THE RAINBOW.

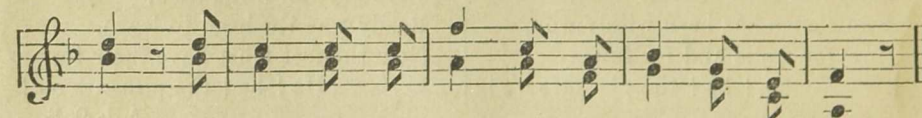
M. 76.



1. The Rain-bow! the Rain-bow! that span-gles the sky, Like all that is



love - ly, is born but to die; The beau - ti - ful child of the sun-shine and



shower, The bright bow of pro - mise when storm - y clouds lower.

2 Of old, when the earth with a deluge was drown'd,  
The sky with its arch, as with diadem crown'd,  
Proclaim'd in the cloud its great message abroad—  
The Covenant of Promise—the Rainbow of God!

3 The Rainbow so radiant, of heav'nly birth,  
May well seem a pathway from heaven to earth,  
When the skies are in tears, on its beautiful span,  
For angels descending in mercy to man.

4 All colours resplendent that nature adorn,  
All bloom of the flowers in the bright summer morn,  
All tints of the loom or the pencil that vie,  
Reside in the Rainbow that spangles the sky.

ALEX. SMART.



# 44.—TEACHING FROM THE STARS.

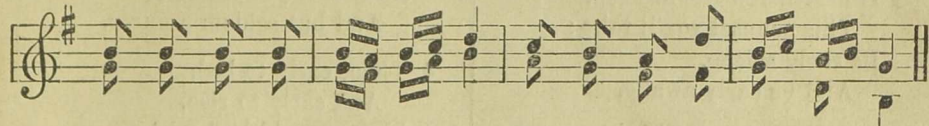
M. 60.



1. { Stars! that on your won-drous way Tra - vel thro' the eve-ning sky, }  
 { Is there noth-ing you can say To a child so young as I? }



Tell me, for I long to know, Who has made you spark-le so?



Tell me, for I long to know, Who has made you spark-le so?

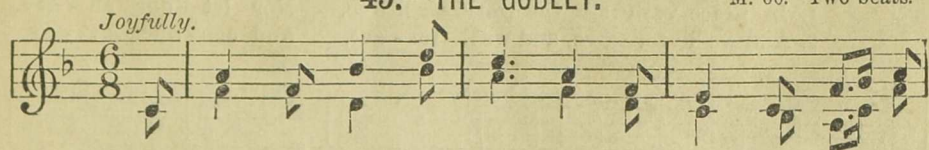
- 2 Child, as surely as we roll  
 Thro' the dark and distant sky,  
 You have an immortal soul,  
 Born to live when we shall die.  
 ||: Sun and planets pass away—  
 Spirits never can decay. :||

- 3 Yes; and God, who bade us roll—  
 God, who hung us in the sky,  
 Stoops to watch an infant soul  
 With an ever gracious eye;  
 ||: And esteems it dearer far,  
 More in value than a star! :||

*Nelson's School Series, No. III.*

# 45.—THE GOBLET.

M. 60. Two beats.



1. I've found a no - ble gob - let, No king holds one so



fine; Sweet drops are spark - ling in it, More



pure than ru - by wine,

More pure than ru - by wine.

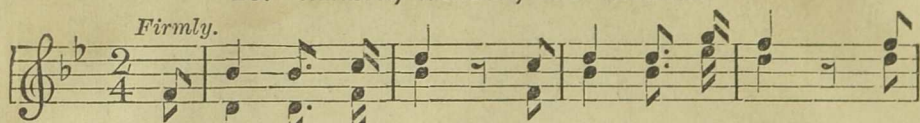
- 2 The cup is richly gilded,  
 By summer sun's warm gold;  
 The drops within its chalice,  
 From skies of azure roll'd.  
 3 The cup's a fair white lily—  
 No sweeter flower grew;

- The drops that sparkle in it  
 Are pearly morning dew.  
 4 Drink from my gilded goblet,  
 The draught is freely given;  
 And ne'er can wine-cup offer  
 A drink so fresh from heaven.

# 46.—HEALTH, WEALTH, AND WISDOM.

M. 76

*Firmly.*



1. If ear - ly to bed, and ear - ly to rise, You'll



be, as they tell me, Both wealth - y 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.

# 47.—FORGIVENESS.

M. 66.

*With feeling.*



1. In peace with all the world we'll live, Nor let our an - gry  
2. And we'll for - give, and we'll for - get, And con - quer ev' - ry



pas - sions burn ; But when we suf - fer, we'll for - give—Yes, for -  
sul - len word ; Un - kind - ness shall with love be met—Not a



give— And good for ev - il we'll re - turn.  
threat—And ev - il ov - er - come with good.

3 It is not pride, it is not strife,  
Nor bitter thoughts, nor angry  
deeds,  
Which make our days with pleasure  
rife :

For through life  
Resentment still to sorrow leads.

4 Then love shall triumph—love alone  
Within our hearts shall ever reign :  
Our foes subdued, its power shall  
own ;

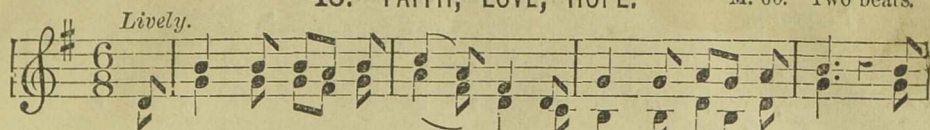
Anger gone,  
Our once-loved friends be friends  
again.

*Words adapted for this Work.*



# 48.—FAITH, LOVE, HOPE.

M. 60. Two beats.



1. A hun-ter ear-ly rang-ing A-long the for-est wild, Saw



o'er the green sward trip-ping, Three maid-ens fair and mild— Saw



o'er the green sward trip - ping, Three maid-ens fair and mild.

2 Fair queenly Faith came foremost,  
Next Love before him pass'd,

||: With Hope, all bright and smiling,  
The gayest and the last. :||

3 And said, "Now choose between us,  
For one with thee will stay ;

||: Choose well, or thou may'st rue it,  
When two have pass'd away." :||

4 He said, "All bright and lovely,  
O why must two depart ?

||: Faith, Hope, Love, stay together,  
Possess and share my heart !" ||

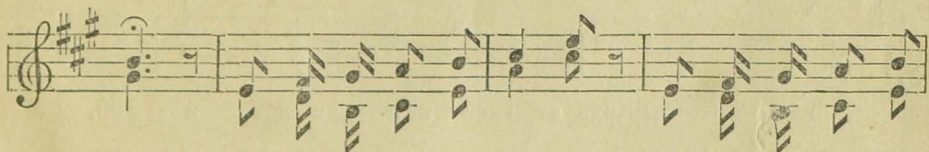
# 49.—WELCOME, FAIR MORNING.

M. 84.



1. Wel-come, fair morn-ing, Blithe-ly re - turn-ing, So beau-teous and

2. Hill-tops are glow-ing, Brook-lets are flow-ing So gai - ly a -



gay ! Fill'd are our hearts with glad-ness, Ban-ish'd all thoughts of  
long. Wood-land, and grove, and moun-tain, Val - ley, and stream, and



sad-ness ; With grate-ful lays, And songs of praise, We hail the day.  
foun-tain, Bird, flow'r, and spring, Re-joic-ing sing Their morn-ing song.

*Words adapted for this Work.*

# 50.—BROTHER JACOB.

M. 66.

*Playfully.*



1. Broth-er Ja - cob, snor - ing now? snor - ing now? Hear the school bell ring - ing!



Hear the school bell ring-ing! Ding, ding, dong! Ding, ding, dong!

2 You're a lazy ||: lout, I trow ; :||  
||: To your pillow clinging ; :||  
Dullest ass  
In the class!

On see-saw,  
Top and taw.

3 Sleep, and make your ||: cheeks more  
||: All your thoughts bestowing: || [red, :||

4 Dream of cakes and ||: gingerbread: ||  
||: On the hedges growing. :||  
So, good night,  
Lazy wight.

# 51.—THE WOOD HORN.

M. 80.

*Lightly.*



1. How sweet-ly sail, O'er hill and dale, The wood-horn's mel-low strain! The



ech - o clear Brings ev-er near The notes a-gain—the notes a-gain; The



ech - o clear Brings ev - er near The notes a - gain.

2 The whisp'ring breeze  
That fans the trees  
Those charming sounds prolong ;  
The fountain bright  
Leaps clear as light,  
And joins the song—and joins the song;  
The fountain bright  
Leaps clear as light,  
And joins the song.

3 The list'ning ear  
Is charm'd to hear  
The merry merry lays ;  
The voice bursts out  
In joyful shout,  
To speak in praise—to speak in praise;  
The voice bursts out  
In joyful shout,  
To speak in praise.



*Joyfully.*

1. Laugh-ing and sing-ing, Danc-ing and spring-ing, Laugh now, yes



mer - ri - ly Laugh while you may. Shroud-ed in sor-row



Dawn-eth the mor-row; Then let the mo-ments pass gai-ly a-



way. La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la;



Then let the mo-ments pass gai-ly a-way.

2 Ever be striving,

Usefully living,

All that is good and is noble to learn.

Seasons are flying,

Many are dying, [burn.

Virtue's flame brightly then ever should

La, la, la, &amp;c.

Virtue's flame, &amp;c.

3 While on earth dwelling,

Banish each feeling [wise;

Luring the soul from the path of the

Laughing and singing,

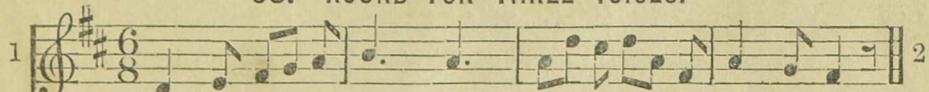
Dancing and springing,

Now let all voices in gladness arise.

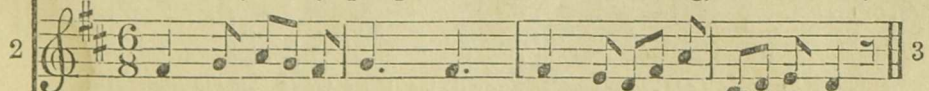
La, la, la, &amp;c.

Now let, &amp;c.

## 53.—ROUND FOR THREE VOICES.



Wel-come, love-ly spring-time! Blest and blessing, kind and free;



Youth and age de-light-ing, Heart and voice we give to thee.



Youth de-light-ing, Age in-vit-ing, Heart and voice we give to thee.

# 54.—WE LIVE IN HOPE.

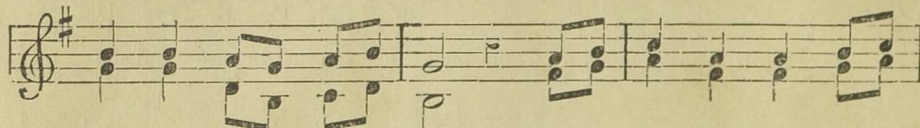
M. 96.



1. We hope the "good time com - ing" Is swift-ly draw - ing  
2. We hope, tho' clouds are ris - ing, They'll lin - ger but a



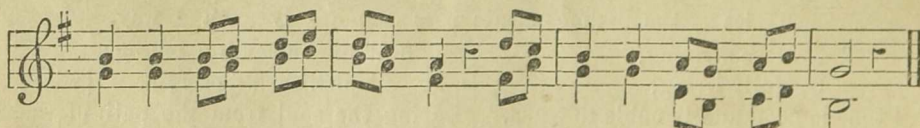
near, And think the next glad Christ - mas Will  
day; The sun will pierce the dark - ness, And



bring a hap - pier year. Though this be fraught with  
seat - ter them a - way. Thus life is but a



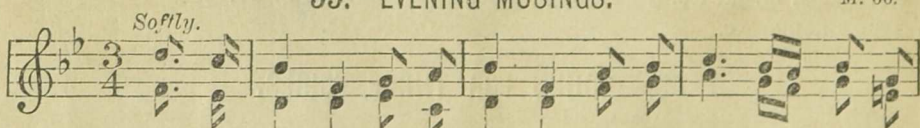
sad - ness, We build our trust up - on, We'll,  
show-er, And trou - bles are but rain, And



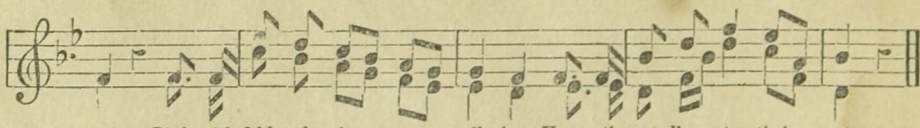
wear a smile of glad - ness, And still keep work - ing on.  
Hope that is the sun - shine, Will bring us joy a - gain.

# 55.—EVENING MUSINGS.

M. 66.



Eve - ning dew - s are gent - ly fall - ing, Eve - ning glo - ries gild the



west; Birds with fold - ed wing are call - ing Home the wand' - rers to their rest.

|   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Length'ning now across the meadows,<br/>Where the flocks no longer stray,<br/>Softly steal the eve'ning shadows<br/>O'er the steps of parting day.</p> | <p>3 Silence reigns o'er moor and mountain,<br/>Silence through the verdant vale,<br/>Save where some melodious fountain<br/>Tells its never-ending tale.</p> |
|---|---|

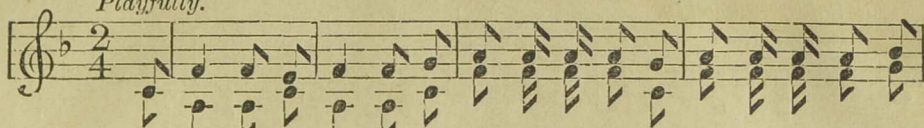
S. STICKNEY.



# 56.—THE BROOM AND THE ROD.

M. 69.

*Playfully.*



1. The broom, boys—the broom, boys, What do they with it? What do they with it? They



sweep with it, They sweep with it, The room, boys, The room, boys.

2 The rod, boys—the rod, boys :

||: What do they with it? :||

||: They flog with it, :||

||: Yes, flog boys. :||

3 Lads only—not lasses :

||: For girls' care, you see, :||

||: Boys' industry :||

||: Surpasses. :||

# 57.—SONG FOR THE COUNTRY.

M. 88.

*Spiritedly.*



1. Come, come, come, Mer - ri - ly, joy - ous - ly, O'er the hills and



for-ests free; Hearts are light, Blossoms bright, Birds are on the wing.



We from ev'-ry sor-row free, Fill the air with mel-o-dy;  
Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la;



Ech-o sweet, Songs re-peat; Groves with mu-sic ring.  
Ech-o sweet, Songs re-peat; Groves with mu-sic ring.

2 Come, come, come,  
Quickly join in our song;  
We will sing it loud and long:  
Wake again,  
Merry strain,  
All is bright and fair;

Fragrant is the flow'ry vale,  
Dew-drops sparkle in the dale;  
Joyous song  
Floats along,  
Vocal all the air.  
Tra, la, la, &c.

# 58.—GENTLE HARP.

M. 54.

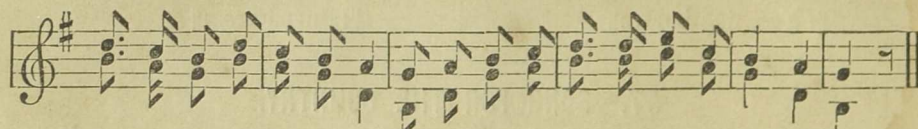
*Softly—Smoothly.*



1. Sound forth in tune-ful num-bers, Gen-tle harp! In-
2. We love thy tones of sad-ness, Gen-tle harp! But



vite to peace-ful slum-bers, Gen-tle harp! Come, and bless the wea-ry soul;  
more thy notes of glad-ness, Gen-tle harp! Pour, then, pour thy sweet-est strain;

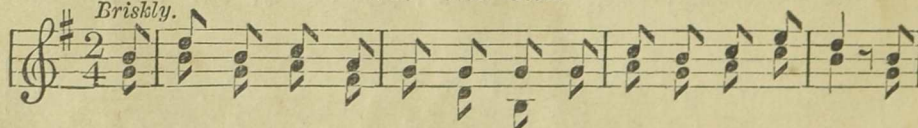


Sweet-ly by thy sooth-ing pow'r, Bright-en ev'-ry gloom-y hour with soft con-trol!  
With the hap-py sounds of heav'n, Ev'-ry morn and ev'-ry ev'n, Come, soothe our pain.

# 59.—THE OWL.

M. 72.

*Briskly.*



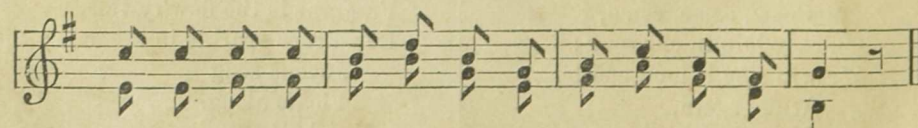
1. The owl he hath an ear-nest look, He stud-ieth much, I fear; For
2. In dark-est night he opes his eyes, But nought by day can see: The



he ne'er leaves his hol-low tree Till the dark night draws near. Tu-  
birds, al-though they know him wise, Dis-like his com-pan-y. Tu-



whit, tu-whoo! tu-whit, tu-whoo! He stud-ieth much, I fear; For  
whit, tu-whoo! tu-whit, tu-whoo! He nought by day can see: The



he ne'er leaves his hol-low tree Till the dark night draws near.  
birds, al-though they know him wise, Dis-like his com-pan-y.



# 60.—THE FIRE-FLY.

M. 80.

*Cheerfully.*



1. Flit - ting, flit - ting thro' the air, Lights are glanc - ing ev' - ry - where,
2. Child - hood, child - hood! such art thou, Laugh - ing eyes and op - en brow,



In and out the beech - en tree, Gleam - ing mer - ri - ly.  
Dim - ples on thy ro - sy cheek, Play - ing hide - and - seek.



Sport a - way While you may, In - sect of a sum - mer day;  
Laugh and play While you may, Child - hood soon will pass a - way;



Brief your noon; Ah, how soon Is your bright course run!  
Give at - tent; None re - pent, Of a youth well spent.

*Words adapted for this Work.*

# 61.—SONG FOR ALL SEASONS.

M. 54. Two beats.

*Lively.*



1. 'Tis sweet to walk the fields of Spring, When first the feath - er'd warb - lers sing; When,



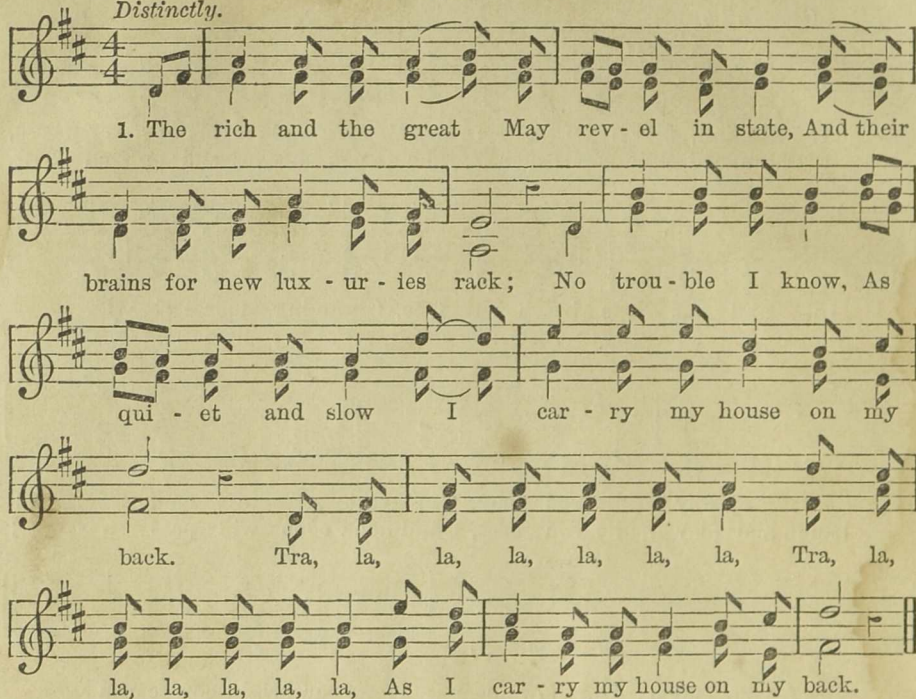
peep - ing forth, 'mid youth - ful green, The mod - est vi - o - lets are seen.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Sweet is the breath of Summer morn;<br/>And sweet the sight of golden corn;<br/>And sweet, at evening's closing hour,<br/>The balmy breeze, the fragrant<br/>flow'r.</p> <p>3 'Tis sweet, when harvest glories<br/>shine,<br/>When glowing clusters load the vine,<br/>When bows the heavy tree, and pours<br/>In Autumn's lap its juicy stores.</p> | <p>4 'Tis sweet, ay, sweet when Winter's<br/>blast [pass'd;<br/>O'er Autumn's fruitful fields hath<br/>Earth folds her snowy mantle round,<br/>And lies in wintry slumbers bound.</p> <p>5 To ev'ry season, then, we sing—<br/>Sweet Summer time, and sparkling<br/>Spring,<br/>And Autumn rich, and Winter dear:<br/>To grateful hearts they all are dear.</p> |
|---|---|

# 62.—THE SNAIL.

M. 76.

*Distinctly.*

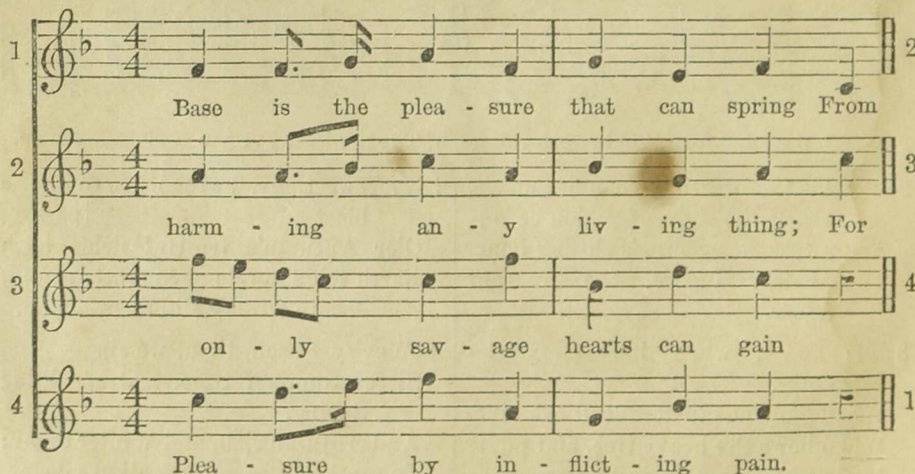


1. The rich and the great May rev-el in state, And their  
brains for new lux-ur-ies rack; No trou-ble I know, As  
qui-et and slow I car-ry my house on my  
back. Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la,  
la, la, la, la, la, As I car-ry my house on my back.

2 If danger be near,  
The horns which I wear  
I draw in for fear of attack;  
My refuge is nigh,—  
All safely I lie  
In the house which I bear on my back.  
Tra, la, la, &c.

3 The rain and the snow  
Never come in, you know;  
The nice little walls never crack;  
So leave me to dwell  
Content in my cell,  
And carry my house on my back.  
Tra, la, la, &c.

# 63.—ROUND FOR FOUR VOICES.

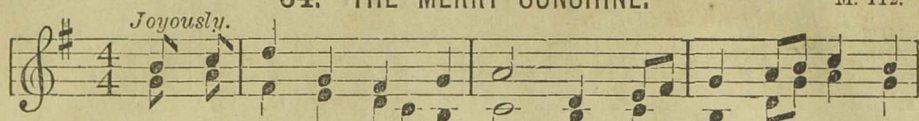


1 Base is the plea-sure that can spring From 2  
harm-ing an-y liv-ing thing; For 3  
on-ly sav-age hearts can gain 4  
Plea-sure by in-flict-ing pain.



# 64.—THE MERRY SUNSHINE.

M. 119.



1. Oh, I love the mer - ry sun - shine! It makes my heart so



gay, To hear the sweet birds sing - ing On their



sum - mer ho - li - day— On their sum - mer ho - li - day.

2 Oh, I love the merry sunshine ;

The dewy morning hour,

With rosy smiles advancing,

||: Like a beauty from her bower. :||

3 Oh, it charms the soul from sadness,

It sets the spirit free ;

The sunshine is all beauty !

||: Oh, the merry sun for me ! :||

# 65.—SPRING. (A PASTORAL.)

M. 104.

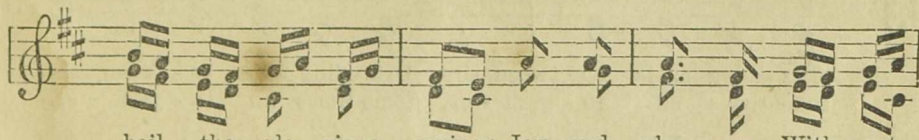


1. Lambs are sport-ing, Doves are court-ing, Warb-ling lin-nets sweet-ly

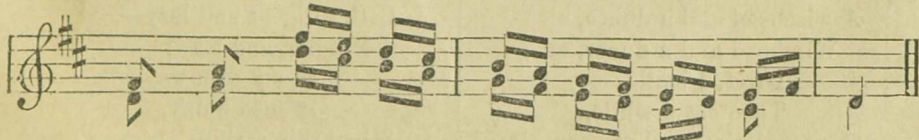
2. Flocks are beat-ing, Rocks re - peat-ing, Val-leys ech - o back the



sing; Joy and plea - sure With - out mea - sure Kind - ly  
sound; Danc-ing, sing - ing, Pip - ing, spring-ing, Nought but



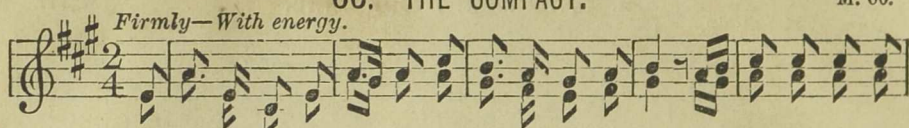
hail the glo - rious spring: Joy and plea - sure With - out  
mirth and joy go round: Danc-ing, sing - ing, Pip - ing,



mea - sure, Kind - ly hail the glo - rious spring.  
spring - ing, Nought but mirth and joy go round.

# 66.—THE COMPACT.

M. 60.



1. Clasp hand in hand, like broth-ers, Let heart with heart u - nite; Now pledge we faith and



hon - our, Now pledge we faith and hon - our, To hold and guard the right.

2 Each voice, the heart obeying,  
Bursts forth in patriot song;  
||: Far o'er the hills resounding, :||  
In echoes loud and long.

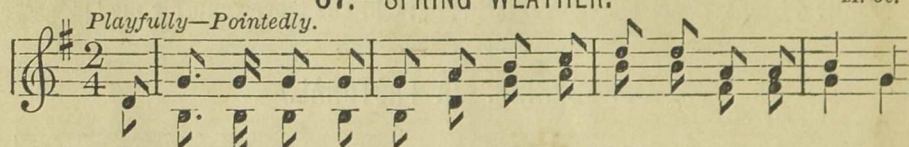
||: But rolling time shall twine it :||  
More binding, firm, and true.

3 The sacred bond and compact  
No distance shall undo;

4 Now, hand in hand, my brothers,  
While heart with heart unites,  
||: We pledge our sacred honour :||  
To guard our country's rights.

# 67.—SPRING WEATHER.

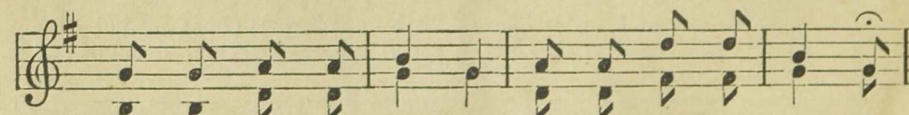
M. 60.



1. It shines, it rains, Then shines a-gain; What does the weath-er mean, sirs?  
2. Now dark, now light, Like day, like night, 'Tis chang-ing fick - le weath-er:



Does the wea-ther mean, sirs? It hangs in doubt, The sun comes out, With  
Chang-ing fick - le weath-er; It mists at times, Then rains or shines, And



driz - zling mists be - tween, sirs, Driz-zling mists be - tween, sirs.  
some-times all to - geth - er, Some-times all to - geth - er.

3 Oh, now I see,  
It is like me—  
A wisehead and a dunce, sir—  
Wisehead and a dunce, sir;  
I fret, I smile,  
Then cry a while,  
Then sometimes all at once, sir—  
Sometimes all at once, sir.

4 I pout, I pet,  
Well pleased I get—  
Both diligent and lazy—  
Diligent and lazy;  
In my own way  
Is such a day,  
When rainy, shiny, hazy—  
Rainy, shiny, hazy.



# 68.—HARVEST TIME.

M. 60. Two beats.

*Lightly.*



1. While dew lies clear and pear-ly at morn, The reap-ers gath-er



ear-ly the corn. Good luck be-tide their shear-ing, For



win-ter now is near-ing, And they must fill the barn, Tra, la, la, And



they must fill the barn, Tra, la, la. Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la,



la, la, la, la, Oh, the bus-y har-vest time!

2 At noon they leave the meadow, to dine, [recline,

And 'neath the oak's broad shadow  
While 'mid his branches hoary  
Goes up the thankful story,

||: The harvest is so fine! Tra, la, la, :||

Tra, la, la, &c.

Oh, the blessed harvest time!

3 When in the west is burning the sun, [come;

From gather'd fields returning they  
And all their village neighbours  
Rejoice to end their labours,

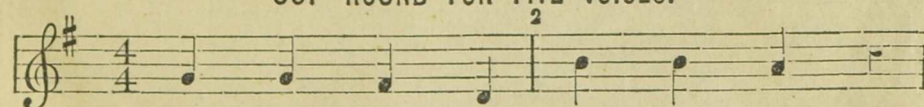
||: With merry harvest home, Tra, la, la, :||

Tra, la, la, &c.

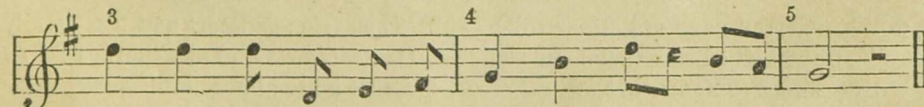
Oh, the joyous harvest time!

*Words adapted for this Work.*

# 69.—ROUND FOR FIVE VOICES.



Youth-ful days will soon be o'er:

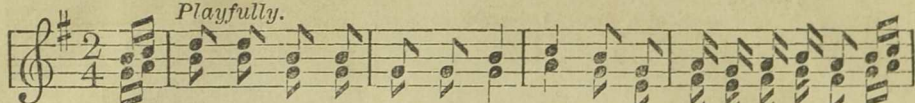


Then of know-ledge let us now lay up good store.

# 70.—THE FOX AND THE GRAPES. (A FABLE.)

M. 66.

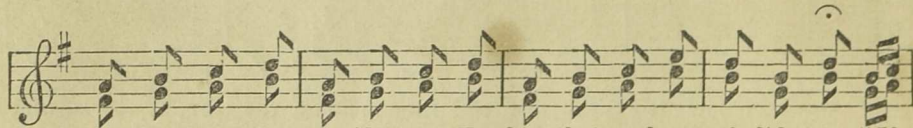
*Playfully.*



1. A hun-gry fox one day did spy, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Some  
2. The fox he tried, and tried in vain, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, The



nice ripe grapes that hung on high, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la. And  
tempt-ing mouth-ful to ob-tain, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la. He



as they hung they seem'd to say, To him that un-der-neath did stay: "If  
lick'd his lips for near an hour, But, find-ing them be-yond his pow'r, He

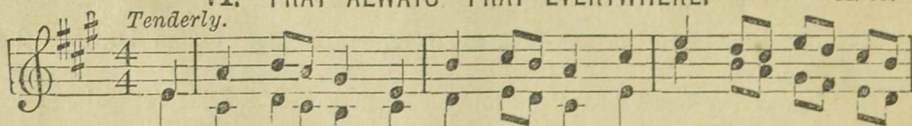


you can take us down, you may!" Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.  
went and said—the grapes were sour! Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

# 71.—PRAY ALWAYS—PRAY EVERYWHERE.

M. 60.

*Tenderly.*



1. In ev'-ry place 'tis good to pray, At ris-ing morn or



close of day; For God is pre-sent



ev'-ry-where, And hears and an-swers prayer.

2 When sorrows and afflictions roll,  
And like a flood o'erwhelm our soul,  
How sweet to know that even there  
God hears and answers prayer!

3 When friends desert and foes assail,  
Our comforts and our courage fail,  
And we are almost in despair—  
Then bow to God in prayer.



# 72.—WINTER SONG.

M. 80.

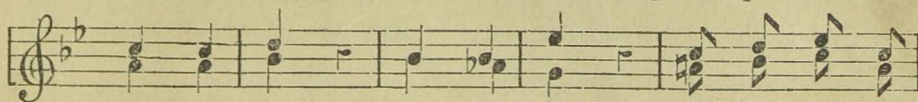
*Vigorously.*



1. Ice and snow! Ice and snow! Who can know, Who can know,



Aught that brings more plea-sure, Aught that brings more plea-sure!



Mer-ry slides— Long sleigh rides— Fro-lics with-out



mea-sure— Fro-lics with-out mea-sure!

2 ||: Get you skates, :||

||: Merry mates, :||

||: Let us to the river ; :||

When a run

We've begun,

||: Then no more we'll shiver. :||

3 ||: Ho! ho! ho! :||

||: Down you go! :||

||: Nay, ne'er fret nor grumble ; :||

What's a fall!

Skaters all

||: Must expect a tumble. :||

A. L. H.

M. 74.

# 73.—NEVER LATE FOR SCHOOL.

*Firmly.*



1. I'll a-wake at dawn each win-ter's day, For I'll not doze



pre-cious time a-way; With my les-sons learnt, this



be my rule: Nev-er nev-er to be late for school.

2 Birds awake betimes each morn to sing—

[ring ;

None are tardy then, the woodlands

So, when daylight peeps, I'll mind

my rule :

Never never to be late for school.

3 When the summer's sun wakes flow'rs again,

They the call obey—none tarry then ;

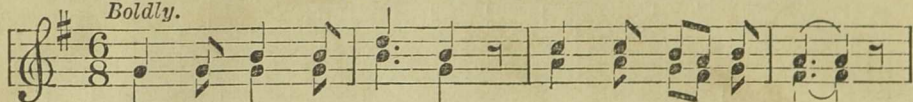
Nor will I forget this is my rule :

Never never to be late for school.

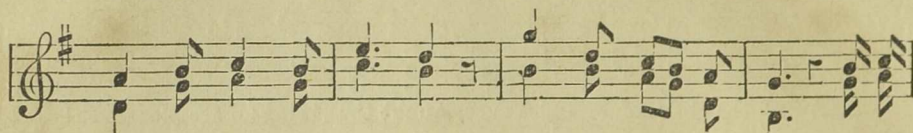
# 74.—THE ARCHER.

M. 60. Two beats.

*Boldly.*



1. Bow and ar - row bear - ing O - ver hill and dale,



Lo, the arch - er, dar - ing, Bids the morn - ing hail. La, la,



la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, La, la,



la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

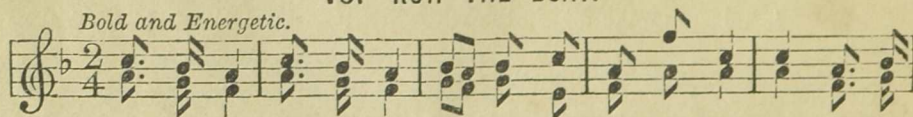
2 As the eagle, soaring,  
Seems a king to be,  
To the wilds exploring  
Like a king goes he.  
La, la, la, &c.

3 He rules o'er the distance,  
Where his arrows fly;  
Vain is all resistance—  
Beast or bird must die.  
La, la, la, &c.

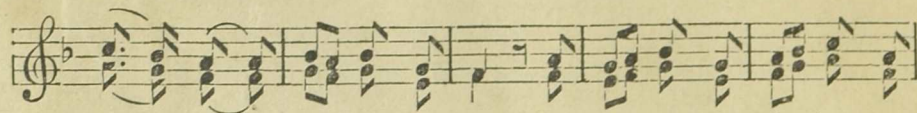
# 75.—ROW THE BOAT.

M. 80.

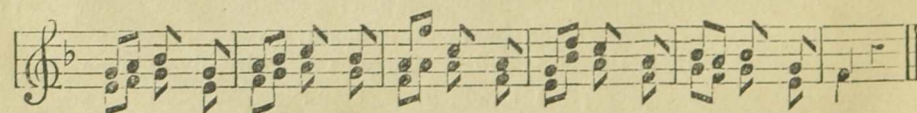
*Bold and Energetic.*



1. Row the boat! row the boat! Pull to the shore; Yo, ho! See how the  
2. Row the boat! row the boat! Thro' the whitespray; Yo, ho! Light have our



dia-mond drops Flash from the oar! Our pen-nant is fly-ing, our  
hearts been, And pleas-ant our way. In life's sum-mer wea-ther, oft



light bark is try-ing Her speed, as she bears us the broad riv-er o'er.  
may we to-geth-er Re-new the en-joy-ment we've tast-ed to-day.



# 76.—PRETTY POLL!

M. 56. Two beats.

*Lively.*



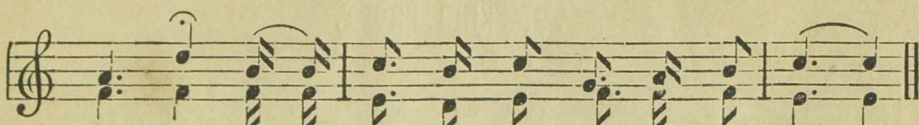
1. Pret-ty Poll! pret-ty Poll! so pert and so droll, And
2. You look on the dog as a sad stu-pid rogue, Be-
3. But, dear gaud-y Pol-ly, so vain of your fol-ly, The
4. You scream and you scold, and you glit-ter like gold, Like



proud of your plum-age so gay, Like a clown in the ring you  
cause he does noth-ing but bark, And rear his long tail, like a  
dog's worth a hun-dred like thee; If your plumes were not there, like a  
ma - ny a fop that I know, Who takes great-er pains with his



tum - ble and swing, And still you keep chat - t'ring a -  
hus - band - man's flail, When he scares a - way thieves in the  
pig - eon pluck'd bare, What a sor - ry scare-crow you would  
back than his brains, And is noth - ing but pert - ness and



way-way, And still you keep chat - t'ring a - way.  
dark-dark, When he scares a - way thieves in the dark.  
be-be! What a sor - ry scare-crow you would be!  
show-show, And is noth - ing but pert - ness and show.

ALEX. SMART.

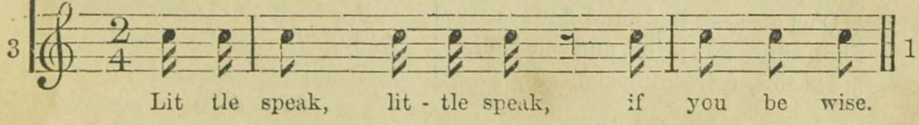
# 77.—ROUND FOR THREE VOICES.



Think much, and use hands, ears, and eyes,



But lit - tle speak, if you be wise.

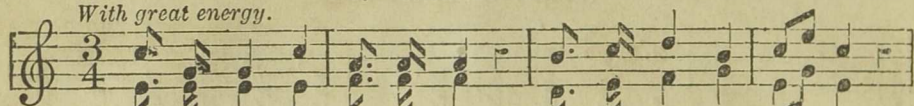


Lit tle speak, lit - tle speak, if you be wise.

# 78.—CRICKET SONG.

M 80.

*With great energy.*



1. Hap-py, mer-ry band are we! Would you share our pleas-ure?



Come and join our game of crick-et, Learn to bowl, or guard a wick-et;



Health by ac-tion treas-ure, Health by ac-tion treas-ure.

2 Listen all, and mindful be ;  
*Slip*, let slip catch never ;  
*Leg*, my boy, be ever hopping ;  
*Long-stop*, don't be long in stopping ;  
 ||: *Point*, be pointed ever. :||  
 3 Eagle eye and nervous arm,  
 Hand that's ever ready,  
 Bounding limb that's never weary,

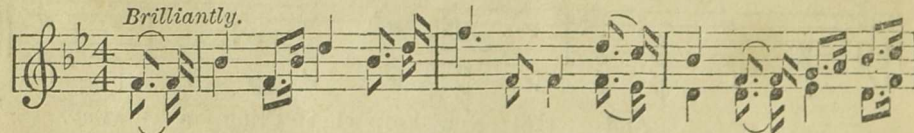
Lightsome heart that's ever cheery—  
 ||: These make player steady. :||  
 4 *Fielders*, all, your places take ;  
*Batsman*, to your wicket :  
 Now, my boys, you'll soon be saying,  
 When you've fairly got a playing,  
 ||: There's no game like cricket ! :||

R. H. PATTERSON.  
 (By permission.)

# 79.—KING FROST.

M. 88.

*Brilliantly.*



1. Let us sing King Frost! from his i-cy coast May he nev-er for-get to



come ; With us ev'-ry year, when the win-ter's here, May he make his mer-ry



home, May he make his mer-ry home!

2 And we'll welcome him till the genial spring  
 O'er opening buds and flowers  
 Shall sunbeams bring, and gently fling  
 ||: Its soft, refreshing showers, :||  
 3 And rout old Frost from our coun-try's coast,  
 Far back to his frozen main,  
 And we'll tuneful cry, as he passes by:  
 ||: You'll be welcome back again ! :||

*Nelson's School Series, No III.*



# 80.—GOOD NIGHT!

M. 60.

*Gently, with expression.*



1. Good night! good night! All our la - bour now is done;



Day-light sweet-ly round is clos-ing, Bus - y hands and heads re - pos-ing,



Till to - mor-row's ris - ing sun. Good night! good night!

2 Now to rest! now to rest!

Let the weary eyelids close;  
Sleep on ev'ry eye is lying,  
And the watchman now is crying,  
All inviting to repose.

Good night! good night!

3 Rest in peace! rest in peace!

Till the morning gaily breaks;  
Till the day, its cares renewing,  
Calls us to be up and doing:  
Rest in peace—thy Father wakes.

Good night! good night!

# 81.—THE WATCH'S ADVICE.

M. 76.

*Pointedly.*



1. Now you've tak-en off my case, View my heart, and view my face;



Turn me round, and think you see Some-thing in your-self like me—



Turn me round, and think you see Some-thing in your-self like me.

2 As my inward round about

Actuates my hands without,

||: So from motives hid from sight  
Actions may be wrong or right. :||

3 Swiftly as MY moments play,

All YOUR moments fly away:

||: You were born—but I was made;  
I shall fail—and you shall fade. :||

4 Which of us will longest wear,  
Little time will soon declare;

||: Shut me up, and hear me say,  
Ticking,—“BROTHER, watch and  
pray.” :||

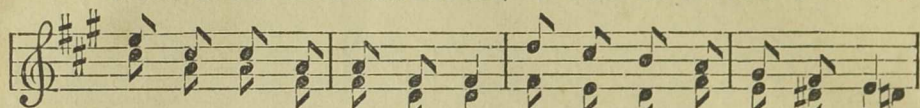
# 82.—THE RABBIT.

M. 66.

*Playfully—Distinctly.*



1. In a wood where beasts can talk, I went out to take a walk: A



rab-bit sit-ting in a bush Peep'd at me, and then cried, "Hush!"



Pre-sent-ly to me it ran, And its sto-ry thus be-gan:—

2 "You have got a gun, I see;  
Perhaps you'll point it soon at me;  
And when I am shot, alack!  
Pop me in your little sack.  
When upon my fate I think,  
I grow faint, my spirits sink."

3 "Pretty rabbit, do not eat  
Gard'ners' greens, or farmers' wheat:  
If such thieving you begin,  
You must pay it with your skin.  
Honestly your living get,  
And you may be happy yet!"

# 83.—WHO IS A PATRIOT?

M. 76.

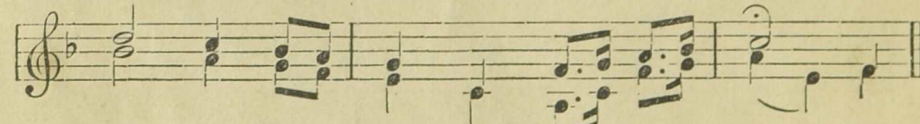
*Energetically.*



1. Who is a pa-triot firm and true, As were our sires de-



part-ed? A no-ble race of hon-our'd men, In free-dom's cause true-



heart-ed! In free-dom's cause true-heart-ed!

2 'Tis not the man whose eye intent  
Is fix'd on golden treasure;  
Who weighs the gain and counts the  
loss,  
||: Ere he commends the measure. :||

But he who loves his country's good,  
||: Whose gen'rous acts will praise  
him. :||

3 'Tis not the man who views his kind  
As tools to serve and raise him;

4 Such, brothers, is a patriot true,—  
Such were our sires departed;  
A noble race of honour'd men,  
||: In freedom's cause true-hearted. :||



# 84.—MY NATIVE LAND.

M. 56. Two beats.

*With fervour.*



1. Oh, give me back my na-tive hills, Rough, rug-ged, tho' they be; No



oth-er clime, no oth-er land, Is half so dear to me. The



sun looks bright, the world looks fair, And friends sur-round me here— But



mem'-ry brood-ing o'er the past, Gives home its tri-bute tear.

2 My native land, still dear to me,  
Wherever I may roam,  
With lofty pride, with cherish'd love,  
I'll think of thee, my home.  
For rooted in thy rock-bound shore,  
The noblest virtues grow;  
Land of the free! land of the brave!  
Untread by slave or foe!

3 Oh, how I love my native land,  
Rough, rugged, though it be;  
No other clime, no other strand,  
Is half so dear to me.  
Affection's ties around my home  
Like ivy tendrils twine;  
My love, my blessing, and my pray'rs,  
My native land, are thine.

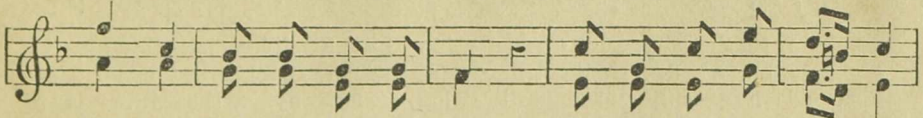
# 85.—MORNING LIGHT.

M. 60.

*Lively—Happily.*



1. Morn-ing light is com-ing! Stars now fade a-way; O-ver high-est  
2. See, the sil-v'ry dew-drops Gleam-ing on the grass; Bees be-gin their



hill-tops Bright-ly glim-mers day. Na-ture's feath'-ry song-sters  
la-bour, Hum-ming as they pass. Morn-ing light! I hail thee,

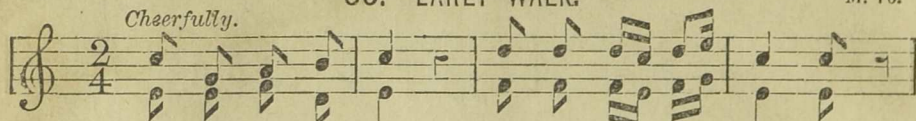


Loud their notes re-sound; Love-ly flow'rs are spread-ing O-dours all a-round.  
Af-ter peace-ful rest; Let the song of glad-ness Swell my grate-ful breast.

# 86.—EARLY WALK.

M. 76.

*Cheerfully.*



1. Come a-broad with me In the morn-ing ear-ly,  
2. To the gen-tle breeze, See, the grain is bend-ing,



While on bush and tree Hang the dew-drops pearl-y.  
Shades the eye that please To the land-scape lend-ing.



La, la, la, la, la, La, la, la, la, Let us raise a hymn of praise.  
La, la, la, la, la, La, la, la, la, We'll pro-long our morn-ing song.

- 3 Through the clover sweet  
Busy bees are roaming;  
In each calm retreat  
Hear the insects humming.  
La, la, la, &c.

Glad to raise their hymn of praise.

- 4 As we walk along  
All the woods are ringing;  
Birds their heav'n-taught song  
Pleasantly are singing.  
La, la, la, &c.

We'll, too, raise our hymn of praise.

*Words adapted for this Work.*

# 87.—THE KITE.

M. 88.

*Spiritedly.*



1. Hur-rah! hur-rah! for a breez-y day, And the  
2. Like a white sea mew, it cleaves the blue, Or a  
3. When the au-tumn breeze sings through the trees, And the



kite to the sky up-soar-ing! Like a liv-ing thing on  
sail on a dis-tant o-cean; Then small as my hand, it  
clouds like ships are sail-ing, To fly the kite is a



light-some wing, The bright blue heav'n's ex-plor-ing.  
takes its stand, As it sleeps with-out sense or mo-tion.  
pure de-light, And a ho-li-day sport un-fail-ing.

ALEX. SMART.



# 88.—THE WARNING VOICE.

M. 60.

*Seriously.*

1. In ev - ry stage of life is given A warn - ing  
voice— it comes from heav'n. In child - hood's hour it  
breathes a - round— "The fair - est flow'rs are fad - ed found!"

2 In youth it whispers as a friend—

"Reflect upon thy latter end!"

In manhood louder swells the cry—

"Remember, thou art born to die!"

3 In age it thunders on the blast—

"O man, thy earthly years are past!"

In joy and grief, in ease and care,

In ev'ry stage, "Prepare, prepare!"

# 89.—CAN YOU TELL?

M. 69.

*Moderately animated.*

1. { Can you tell how ma - ny stars are glow-ing, Glow-ing where the  
Can you tell how ma - ny clouds are go-ing, Go - ing swift-ly  
blue sky is un - fur'l'd? } God, their great Cre - a - tor,  
o - ver all the world? }

Were their sum e'en great-er, Still could all their my-riad num-bers tell.

2 Can you tell how many notes are playing, [beam?

Playing in the bright and warm sun-

Can you tell how many fish are straying,

Straying in the ocean and the stream?

In the air and ocean

They receive their motion

From the same Almighty gracious hand.

3 Can you tell how many many children Ev'ry morning from their beds arise?

Can you tell whose great and gen'rous bounty [supplies?

Day by day their ceaseless wants

He who made and sees them,

And whose grace ne'er leaves them,

Sheds His love and care abroad on all.

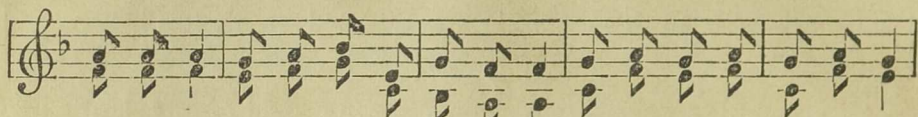
*Words adapted for this Work.*

# 90.—THIS IS MAY.

M. 80.



1. This is May, Fresh and gay, All is sweet and bright to-day. Come a-way !



Do not stay ! Come a-broad with us to stray. Morning skies are bright & clear,



All are light and hap-py here. Voi-ces round Cheerily sound, All things gay and



sweet are found : Voices round Cheerily sound, All things gay and sweet are found.

2 Here and there,  
Ev'rywhere,  
Flow'rs are blooming sweet and fair.  
Violets blue  
Start anew,  
Sparkling bright with drops of dew.  
Birds float round on airy wing ;  
Gaily thus they seem to sing—  
||: Here again  
We are seen,  
Free from winter's heavy chain. :||

3 O'er the hill,  
Through the dell,  
Hear our songs of welcome swell.  
Songsters light,  
Blossoms bright,  
Welcome, welcome back to sight.  
Streamlets freed from winter's chain  
Bubble o'er their beds again.  
||: This is May,  
Bright and gay,  
All is fresh and sweet to-day. :||

# 91.—ROUND FOR THREE VOICES.

1 2

Shal-low brooks make loudest din, make loudest, loudest din. Such the

2 3

triumphs boasters win, the triumphs that vain boasters win. Such the

3 1

triumphs boasters win. Such the triumphs boasters win.



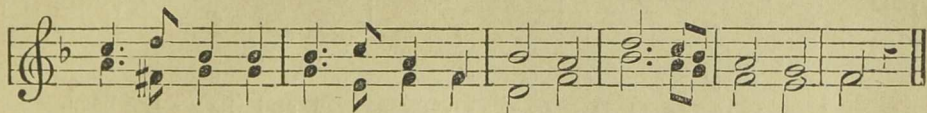
# 92.—THE TRUE FRIEND.

M. 80.

*Gently.*



1. { There is a Friend more ten-der, true, Than broth-er e'er can be, } Who  
 { Who, when all oth-ers bid a-dieu, Re-mains the last to flee; }



be their path-way bright or dim, De-serts not those who turn to Him.

- 2 He is the Friend who changes not,  
 In sickness or in health,  
 Whether on earth our transient lot  
 Be poverty or wealth :  
 In joy or grief, contempt or fame,  
 To all who seek Him still the same.

- 3 Of earthly friends, who finds them  
 May boast a happy lot ; [true  
 But happier still, life's journey thro',  
 Is he who needs them not.  
 A heav'nly Friend to know we need,  
 To feel we have, is bliss indeed.

# 93.—LIFE'S PLEASURES.

M. 80.

*Spiritedly.*



Strew life's path with bloom-ing flow'rs, And for - get all sor - row;



Bask in sun-shine warm to - day, Tho' it storm to - mor - row.



Would you scorn the bless-ings sent, Tho' not all is giv - en?



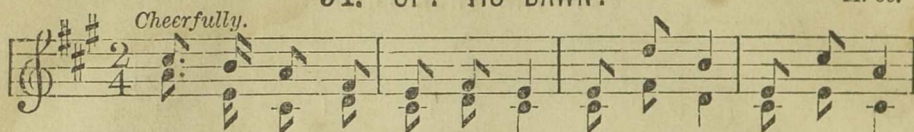
Take the good, and for the rest Trust a boun-teous Hea - ven.

- 2 Dance the May-dance merrily,  
 Sing like larks at dawning ;  
 Halt not now because your feet  
 May ache some other morning.  
 Listen to the joyful birds,  
 That so gaily hail you ;  
 And O never stop your ears,  
 Lest in age they fail you.

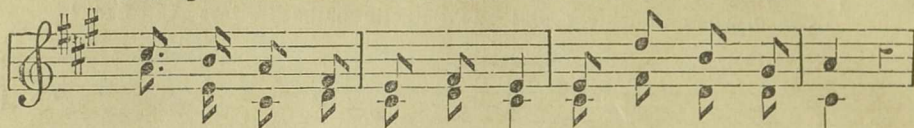
- 3 Pluck the rose, and wear the wreath !  
 Drink the breath of heaven !  
 All sweet Nature's varied charms  
 For your good are given.  
 Ne'er disdain the bounteous gifts,  
 Nor with scorn refuse them ;  
 But, prepare to give account  
 Of the way you use them.

# 94.—UP! 'TIS DAWN!

M. 69.



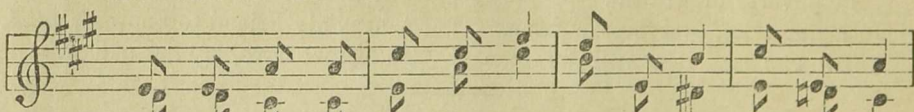
1. Sleep with-draws her hea-vy chain, Up, 'tis dawn! Up, 'tis dawn!



And the world is free a-gain, Free and new-ly born.



Life with re-no-vat-ed force Now re-sumes its dai-ly course.



Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, Up, 'tis dawn! Up, 'tis dawn!

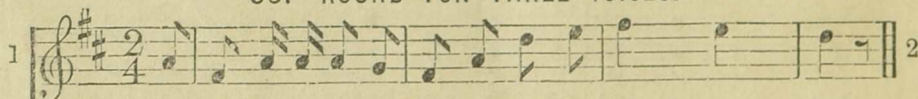


Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, Up, 'tis dawn—'tis dawn!

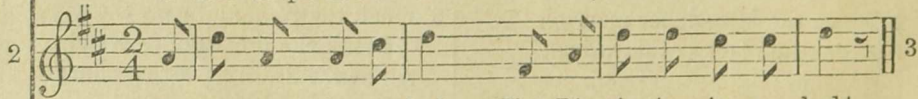
2 See, the morning's rosy glow,  
Up, 'tis dawn! &c.  
Gaily gilds the world below,  
And the night is gone;  
Drive the fiends of sloth away,  
And to use devote the day.  
Tra, la, la, &c.

3 Even so the youthful breast,  
Up, 'tis dawn! &c.  
When with heavy grief oppress'd,  
Wretched and forlorn,  
Sees at length the clouds depart,  
Hears Hope whisper in the heart,  
Tra, la, la, &c.  
*Words adapted for this Work.*

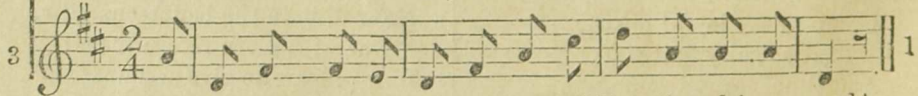
# 95.—ROUND FOR THREE VOICES.



O Mul-ti-pli-ca-tion is vex-a-tion, vex - a - tion!



Di-vi-sion is as bad, Yes, Di-vi-sion is as bad!



The Rule of Three it vex-es me, And Fra-c-tions drive me mad!



# 96.—THE WELL.

M. 60. Two beats.

*Energetically.*



1. The well, deep, lim-pid, cold, and clear, Where Truth is said to dwell; Oh,
2. Must cheer-ful pleas-ure owe its zest To sen-ses drown'd in wine? Shall



what a pre-cious gift from heav'n, This Truth en-clos-ing well! It  
spark-ling wa-ter not suf-fice To raise a lay di-vine? Ah,



o-pen stands for you and me: Its vir-tues who can tell! We'll  
yes! let joy-ous Tem-per-ance Such ig-nor-ance dis-pel! Who's



quaff its wa-ters pure and free, And loud its prais-es swell, And we'll  
hap-pier now than you or me, Who drink but from the well! Let us



drink from the pure old well—Drink from the well.  
loud loud its prais-es swell, Truth-ful old well.

*Words adapted for this Work.*

# 97.—ROUND FOR THREE VOICES.

1 Let us be roam-ing, For sum-mer is bloom-ing, And 2

2 sweet flow'rs per-fum-ing The wood-land and grove. 3

3 Oh, 'tis sweet to roam, 'Mid the summer's bloom, Thro' wood and grove. 1

# 98.—SPRING SONG.

M. 66

*Brilliantly.*



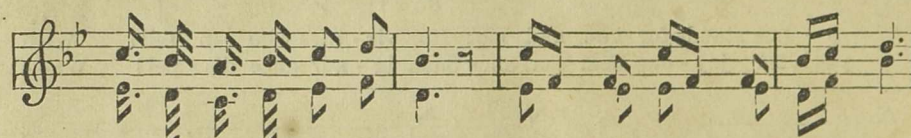
1. The spring is come! The spring is come! A - gain the earth re-



joi - ces! All streams and rills, And green-clad hills, Lift



up their cheer - ful voi - ces. Ech - o, ech - o,



ech - o, joy - ous song of spring! Sun - ny skies are o'er us—



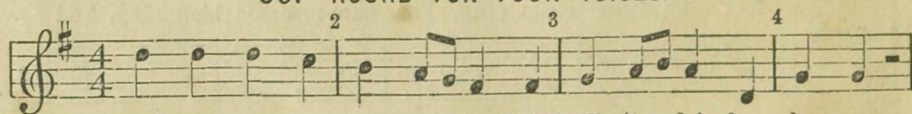
Sun - ny days be - fore us. Bright days be - fore us!

2 The spring is come!  
The spring is come!  
The merry lark is singing;  
And 'mong the grass,  
Where'er we pass,  
The daisies white are springing.  
Echo, echo, &c.

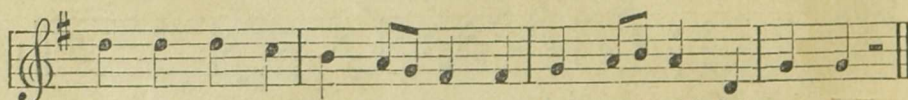
3 The spring is come!  
The spring is come!  
The soft south wind is blowing;  
And in the dell,  
Where violets dwell,  
We hear the brooklet flowing.  
Echo, echo, &c.

A. L. H.

# 99.—ROUND FOR FOUR VOICES.



Let us sing our hap - py school, With all its dai - ly plea - sure;



Use - ful les - sons, kind - ly rule, And play in health - ful mea - sure.



# 100.—SEED TIME.

M. 116.

*Lively.*



1. Now hedge-rows are bud-ding, and lamb-kins are seen, And



dais - ies and but - ter - cups span - gle the green; And,



hark! in the morn - ing the lark's thrill - ing song Re



joi - ces the plough-man that whis - tles a - long.

2 The hand of the sower now scatters the grain  
O'er the newly till'd field; but his labours were vain,  
Unless from above all the increase were given—  
The sun and the rain, and the blessing of Heaven.

3 And so, like a field till'd in life's budding spring,  
Is the mind, where the teacher may hopefully fling  
The seeds of instruction, which quicken and grow,  
If God in his goodness a blessing bestow.

4 The farmer takes care to destroy every weed  
That cumpers the soil, or that injures the seed;  
And so from the mind every weed let us fling,  
That the beautiful seeds of instruction may spring.

ALEX. SMART.

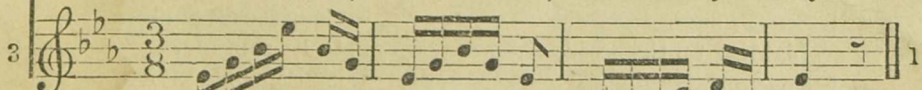
# 101.—ROUND FOR THREE VOICES.



Ev - er bloom - ing, ev - er gay,



Wel - come, wel - come, love - ly May!

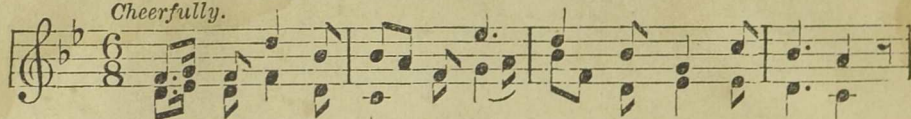


Wel - come, wel - come, love - ly May!

# 102.—THE SWEETS OF SPRING.

M. 54. Two beats.

*Cheerfully.*



1. Hy - ho! hy - ho! lit - tle flower! All so meek - ly blow - ing;



Let thy bud in beau - ty break, Let thy fra - grant sweet - ness wake!



Hy - ho! hy - ho! lit - tle flower; Nurs - ling of the sun and shower

2 Hy-ho! hy-ho! Gentle breeze,  
Kindly now regale us!  
Mild the sky that smiles above,  
Earth beneath is fill'd with love;  
Hy-ho! hy-ho! Gentle breeze,  
Wafted o'er the summer seas!

3 Hy-ho! hy-ho! Meadow streams,  
Cool and freshly flowing!  
Hie along 'midst hills and dells,  
Bright your silv'ry rippling swells;  
Hy-ho! hy-ho! Meadow streams,  
Dancing in the sultry beams!

4 Hy-ho! hy-ho! Birds of spring,  
Warble forth your pleasure!  
While ye pass on nimble wing,  
Let your gladd'ning music ring;  
Hy-ho! hy-ho! Birds of spring,  
Make the grove and woodland ring!

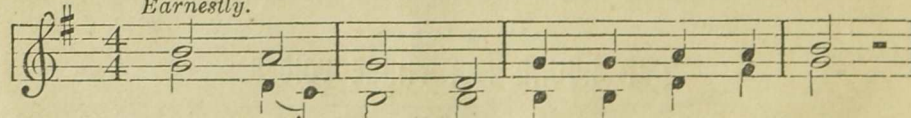
5 Hy-ho! hy-ho! Heart of Man,  
Join in the rejoicing!  
Wilt thou let thyself be sad,  
When around thee all is glad?  
Hy-ho! hy-ho! Let us sing  
Praises to the Heav'nly King!

*Words adapted for this Work.*

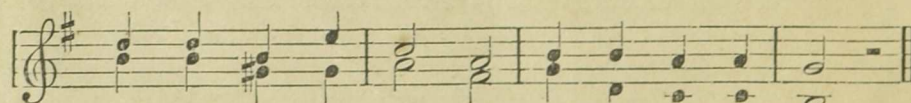
# 103.—GOD IS GOOD.

M. 96.

*Earnestly.*



1. See the dew - drops On the flow - ers strew'd,



Prov - ing, as they spar - kle, God is ev - er good.

2 See the sunbeams  
Lighting up the wood,  
Silently proclaiming,  
"God is ever good."

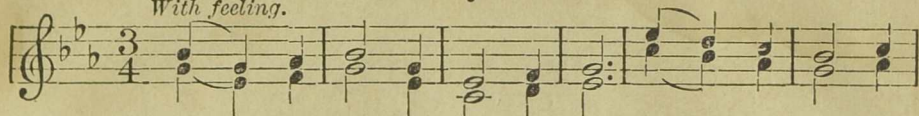
3 Hear the streamlet  
In its solitude,  
With its ripple saying,  
"God is ever good."



# 104.—THE QUIET VALE.

M. 76.

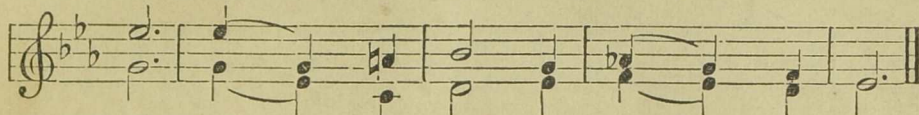
*With feeling.*



1. In the qui - et peace - ful vale, Where the flowers their



sweets ex - hale, Blithe and gay, Through ev' - ry



day, I have joys that need not fail.

2 There a silver streamlet flows,  
O'er its pebbly bed it goes,  
Hast'ning by  
Merrily,  
While the bushes round it close.

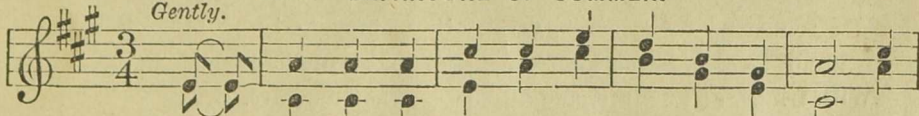
3 All is mild and gentle here,  
Free from danger, free from fear;  
Peace and love  
From above  
Shine upon us all the year.

*Words adapted for this Work.*

# 105.—DEPARTURE OF SUMMER.

M. 69.

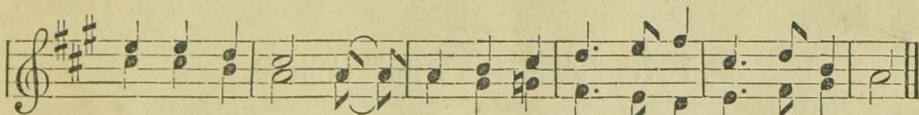
*Gently.*



1. The glo - ry of sum - mer Is fad - ed and fled, The



wreaths that a - dorn'd it Are dy - ing or dead; The au - tumn is com - ing, And



strong in its blast, Will o - pen for win - ter a pas - sage at last.

2 Oh, how to my spirit  
It seemeth to say,  
"Thus, too, is thy summer  
Fast fading away.  
And the things that thou lovest,  
Though beautiful now,  
And the friends thou hast chosen,  
Are fragile as thou.

3 Dost thou covet a summer  
More certain of bliss?  
Go, seek thee a country  
Far brighter than this:  
Where joys thou hast lost  
Thou shalt never deplore—  
Where the friends thou hast chosen  
Shall leave thee no more.

*Affection's Gift.*

# 106.—RAGGED ROBIN.

M. 66. Two beats.

*Gaily.*

1. A man of taste is Ro-bin-et, A dan-dy spruce and trim: Who  
e'er would dain-ty fash-ions set, Should go and look at him. Bob  
scorns to wear his crim-son coat As com-mon peo-ple do; He  
folds and fits it in and out, And does it brave-ly  
too— And does it brave-ly too.

2 Oh, Robin loves to prank him rare,  
With fringe, and flounce, and all,  
Till you'd take him for a lady fair  
Just going to a ball.  
Robin's a roguish, merry lad,  
He dances in the breeze,  
And looks up, with a greeting glad,  
||: To the rustling hedge-row trees. :||

3 How civilly he beckons in  
The busy Mrs. Bee;  
And she tells her store of gossiping  
O'er his honey and his glee.  
All joy, all mirth, no carking care,  
No worldly woe has he;  
Alack! I wish my lot it were  
||: To live as happily! :||

L. A. TWAMLEY.

# 107.—ROUND FOR THREE VOICES.

1 With hum-ble love and sweet con-tent, 2  
Ac-cept the bless-ings God has sent. 3  
Ac-cept the bless-ings God has sent. 1



# 108.—WISHING FOR MAY-DAY.

M. 60.

*With feeling.*



1. We bring our May - ing here, and sing To hon - our thee, be - lov - ed Spring; But



thee we see not,—tell, O tell, When wilt thou come to bless our dell?

2 As earnestly we sang our lay,  
The Spring in whispers seem'd to  
say:

“Dear children, still in patience  
wait,  
And I will be among you straight.

3 “Then will I chase the snow away,  
And bring you joy and laughter  
gay;

And wild birds' songs, and sunshine  
bright,

And lovely flow'rs, blue, red, and

4 O Spring! dear Spring! we wait for  
thee!

Thy blooming face we long to see;

Sweet wreaths of violets thou wilt  
bring,

And we will shout, “O welcome,

# 109.—THE BEAUTY OF TRUTH.

M. 76.

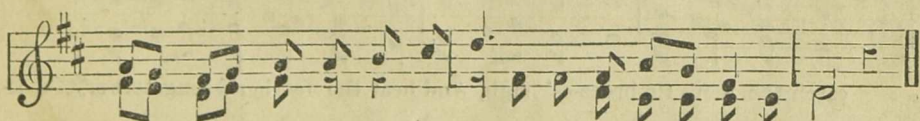
*Firmly—Distinctly.*



1. Like Cha - ri - ty, im - mor - tal Truth, The



grace and or - na - ment of youth, Be - gins at home, and



nur - tur'd there, Be - comes a gem of beau - ty rare.

Be - comes a gem of beau - ty rare.

2 The child who learns to hate a lie,  
And scorns to feign a false reply,  
To cover faults or errors done,  
Love and forgiveness both hath won.

3 For Truth both gentle is and brave,  
But Falsehood is a coward knave,  
Who vainly tries his faults to screen  
By lying words most base and mean.

4 When Precept and Example lead,  
And light the way in word and deed,  
The beauty and the pow'r of Truth  
Beam on the open brow of youth.

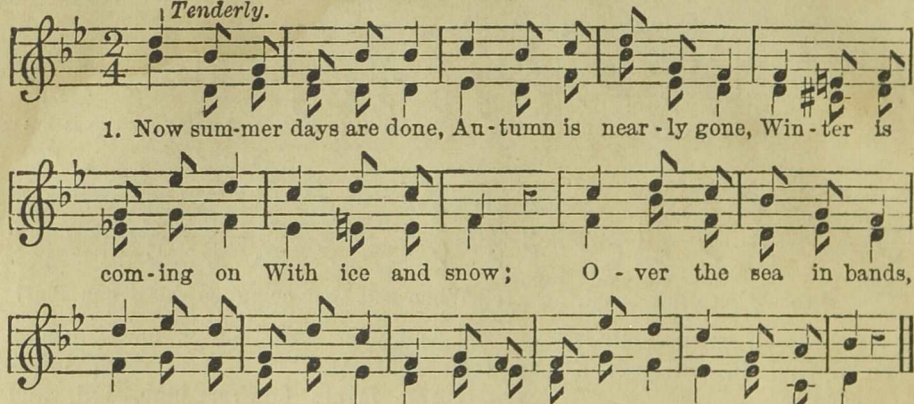
5 It springs where flow'rs immortal  
The fairest in the world below; [blow,  
A gift to little children given,  
To win the heart from earth to heav'n.

ALEX. SMART.

# 110.—THE SWALLOWS' FAREWELL.

M. 54.

*Tenderly.*



1. Now sum-mer days are done, Au-tumn is near-ly gone, Win-ter is

com-ing on With ice and snow; O-ver the sea in bands,

To yon-der far-off lands, Where warmer breezes blow, Now we must go!

2 Farewell, ye meadows green,  
Where we've so happy been;  
Farewell the tall old trees,  
Now brown and bare;  
Leave we the warm old nest,  
Dearer than all the rest,  
In other lands to stray,  
Far, far away.

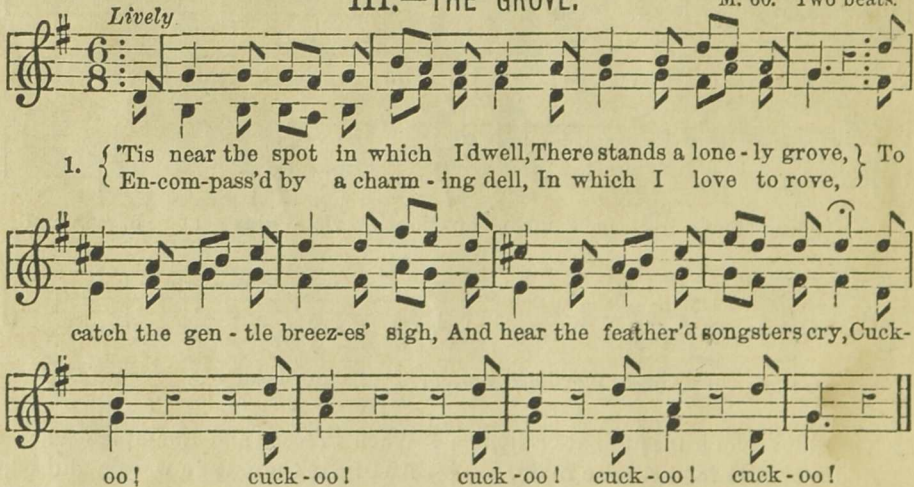
3 Ah, but when to this shore  
Sweet Spring returns once more,  
Back then our way we'll wing  
Swift o'er the main.  
Then in the snug old nest,  
Dearer than all the rest,  
Happy again we'll dwell:—  
Till then, farewell.

A. L. H.

# 111.—THE GROVE.

M. 60. Two beats.

*Lively*



1. { 'Tis near the spot in which I dwell, There stands a lone-ly grove, } To  
{ En-com-pass'd by a charm-ing dell, In which I love to rove, }

catch the gen-tle breez-es' sigh, And hear the feather'd songsters cry, Cuck-

oo! cuck-oo! cuck-oo! cuck-oo! cuck-oo!

2 If days of sadness e'er assail,  
I hie me to the wood,  
Where streams of pleasure never fail,  
Where all is bright and good:  
'Tis here, when no one else is by,  
I hear the cuckoo's cheerful cry,  
Cuckoo! &c.

3 When days of joy come o'er my head,  
I seek this charming scene;  
Alone along the valley tread,  
And view the lively green;—  
And who so happy then as I,  
In hearing oft the cheerful cry,  
Cuckoo! &c.



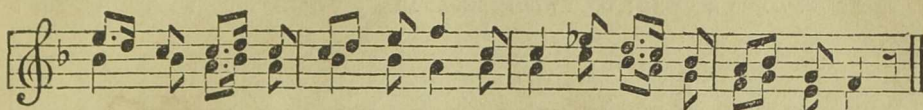
# 112.—THE PENITENT.

M. 54. Two beats.

*Quietly.*



1. Chil-dren pro - fit by their fol - ly, When they come to rue in time;



But by fre-quent faults re-pea-ted, Fol - ly hard-ens in - to crime.

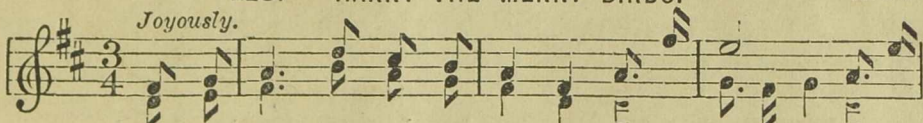
|   |  |
|---|--|
| 2 Faults confess'd meet frank forgive-<br>And redeem the erring boy: [ness,<br>Truth adorns him like a garland,<br>Blooming fair with hope and joy. | 3 Little Harry wipes the tear-drop<br>From his eye, which beams again,<br>Like a burst of golden sunshine<br>On a flower all drench'd with rain. |
|---|--|

ALEX. SMART.

# 113.—"HARK! THE MERRY BIRDS."

M. 96.

*Joyously.*



1. Hark! the mer - ry birds are sing - ing, } La, la, la, la, la,  
2. Loud - er still their songs are swell - ing, } La, la, la,



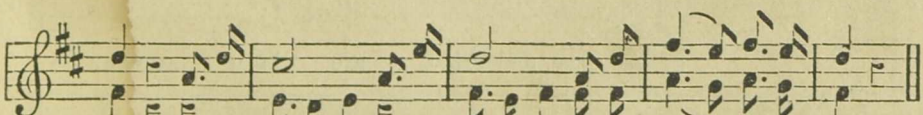
la. Thro' the woods their songs are ring-ing; } La, la, la, la, la,  
La, la, la. Joy and sweet con-tent-ment tell-ing; } La, la, la,



la. From the sha-dy copse and din-gle, From low bush and lof - ty  
La, la, la. Let us al - so join in sing-ing, Where-fore should we si - lent



tree, All their va - ried notes they min - gle, In de - light - ful har - mo -  
be? Thro' the wood our voi - ces ring-ing, In de - light - ful har - mo -



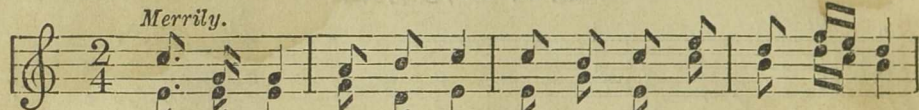
ny. } La, la, la, la, la, La, la, la, la, la, la.  
ny. } La, la, la, La, la, la.

A. L. H.

# 114.—SNOW SONG.

M. 80.

*Merrily.*



1. See the snow Fall - ing slow O'er the trees and hedg - es low;  
2. Come a - way; Who would stay In the house on such a day!



Fair and light, Spark - ling bright, Mak - ing all things white.  
Run a - bout, Laugh and shout, Make a joy - ous rout.



La, la, la, la, la, la, la, La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,



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

3 Let us all,  
Great and small,  
Help to roll a famous ball;  
Make it go  
O'er the snow,—  
See how big 'twill grow.  
La, la, la, &c.

4 Only they  
Who won't play  
Tremble and look blue to-day:  
Running so,  
'Mong the snow,  
Puts us in a glow.  
La, la, la, &c. A. L. H.

# 115.—ROUND FOR FOUR VOICES.

1 Be kind to all you chance to meet,

2 In field, in lane, or crowd - ed street;

3 An - ger and pride are both un - wise—

4 Vin - e - gar nev - er catch - es flies.



# 116.—POOR ROBIN.

M. 66. Two beats.

*With feeling—Tenderly.*



1. { Poor Ro - bin sits and sings a-lone, When show'rs of driv - ing  
By bit - ter winds of win - ter blown, The cot - tage case-ment



sleet, } Come, let him share our chim-ney nook, And dry his drip-ping  
beat.



wing: See, lit - tle Ma - ry shuts her book, And



eries, "Poor Ro - bin, sing!" And eries, "Poor Ro - bin, sing!"

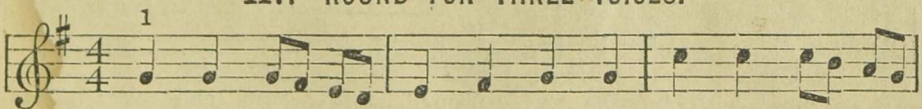
- 2 Methinks I hear his faint reply :

"When cowslips deck the plain,  
The lark shall carol in the sky,  
And I shall sing again.

But in the cold and wintry day  
To you I owe a debt,  
That in the sunshine of the May  
I never shall forget."

BOWLES.

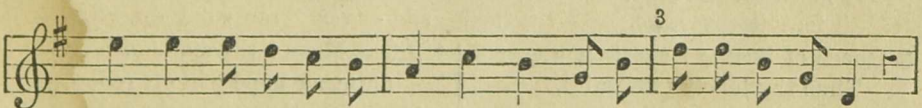
# 117.—ROUND FOR THREE VOICES.



Thir - ty days are in Sep - tem - ber, A - pril, June, and



dull No - vem - ber; All the rest have thir - ty - one—



Feb - ru - a - ry twen-ty-eight a - lone, Twen-ty-eight are all its store,

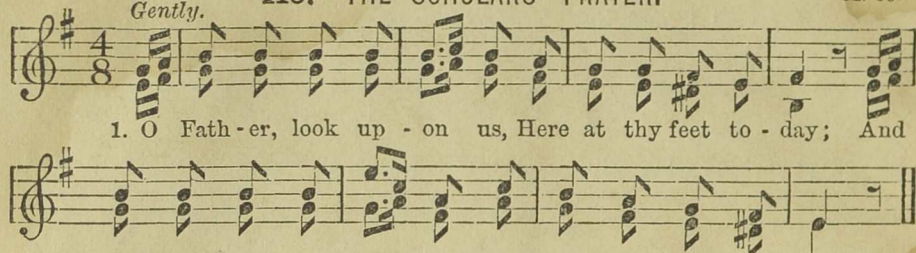


But in leap year one day more.

# 118.—THE SCHOLARS' PRAYER.

M. 69.

*Gently.*



1. O Fath-er, look up - on us, Here at thy feet to - day; And

though our words are fee - ble, Thou know'st what we would say.

2 Though thou art in the heavens,  
Thou guardest all below ;

May we be gay and happy  
Without forgetting thee.

Teach us to learn and follow  
All that we ought to know.

4 May we go on improving  
The time that thou hast given ;

3 Teach us to use thy blessings  
From stings of conscience free ;

And may we not, O Father,  
E'er lose the way to heaven.

# 119.—MOONLIGHT.

M. 76.

*With expression.*



1. O'er the fields of thym - y blos - som, O'er the beds of

2. Queen of Beau - ty! robed in splen-dour, Finds thy si - lent

dew - y flowers; Now up - on the stream-let's bo - som,  
foot no rest? Looks thy smile, so soft and ten - der,

Now with - in the whis - p'ring bow'rs— Soft and slow The  
Ne'er up - on a kin - dred breast?— Soft and slow Thy

moon-beams go, Wan-d'ring on through mid - night hours.  
foot - steps go, In their sil - ver san - dals dress'd.

3 Queen of Beauty! canst thou ever  
Thus thy lonely task fulfil,  
Sister voices never, never,  
Answ'ring thee from bow'r or hill?  
Soft and slow  
As winter snow  
Fall thy footsteps cold and still.

4 Silent Moon! thy smile of beauty  
Fainting hope will oft renew ;  
Teach me then thy holy duty,  
Waste and wild to wander through;  
Soft and slow  
Still on to go,  
Patient, meek, but lonely too.

*Words adapted for this Work.*



# 120.—'TIS WINTER FAR AND WIDE. M. 54. Two beats.

*Minor. With expression.*

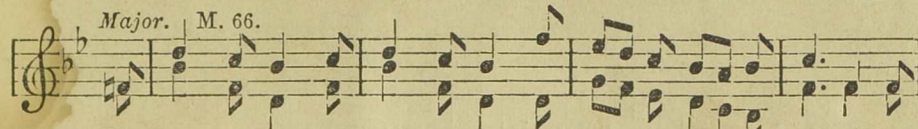


1. 'Tis win-ter, win-ter, far and wide, And i - cy winds are blowing, And

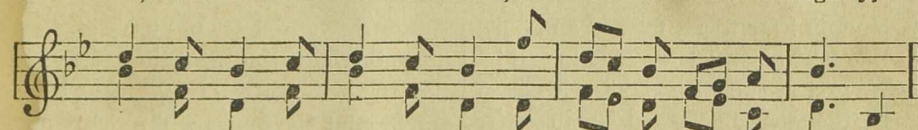


thick and fast, on ev - ry side, 'Tis ev - er, ev - er snow-ing.

*Major. M. 66.*



Well, let the storm beat dark and wild, The earth will soon bloom brightly; The



spring will come, so soft and mild, And sum-mer's breeze blow light-ly.

2 How desolate the hill and field !  
 Away the flowers have hasted ;  
 To winter's blast their beauties yield,  
 And all their charms are wasted.  
 The trees will soon again be green,  
 The earth with buds bloom brightly,  
 The beauteous flowers again be seen,  
 And summer's breeze blow lightly.

3 The stream is frozen in the vale,  
 And still the insect's thrumming ;  
 Oh, where is now the nightingale ?  
 And where the bee, soft humming ?

The waterfall will wake again,  
 The earth with buds bloom brightly,  
 And bird and bee renew their strain,  
 When summer's breeze blows lightly.

4 Oh, dark and chilly is the night,  
 And long before the dawning,  
 As if it were the sun's delight  
 To rob us of the morning.

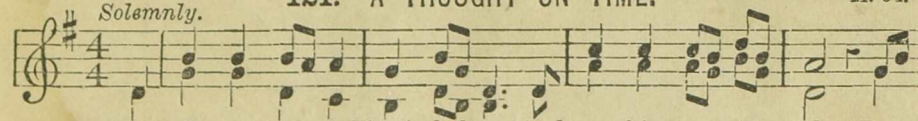
We care not for the night so long,  
 Earth soon will bloom full brightly ;  
 And soon will come the days of song,  
 And summer's breeze blow lightly.

*Words adapted for this Work.*

## 121.—A THOUGHT ON TIME.

M. 54.

*Solemnly.*



1. How oft we fret at Time's de-lays, And urge him on with sighs, But  
 2. Too late we sor-row to re-ceive, What once we thought a boon ; Life



to la - ment in af - ter days How ra - pid - ly he flies !  
 hur - ries past us, but we grieve To reach the grave too soon.

J. D. BURNS.

# 122.—SONG OF THE HOLIDAYS.

M. 69.

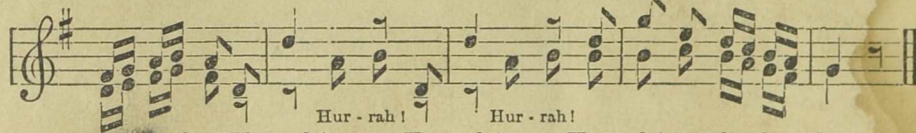
*Spiritedly.*



1. Hur - rah! our ho - li - days are here! We wel - come them with



right good cheer! In Wis-dom's halls we love to be, But yet 'tis plea-sant



to be free! Hur-rah! Hur-rah! Hur-rah! tra, la, la, la!

2 Hurrah! for wood, for hill and dale,  
The lake on which we love to sail!  
We greet ye all with right good cheer,  
In thought unchanged again we're  
here!

Hurrah! &c.

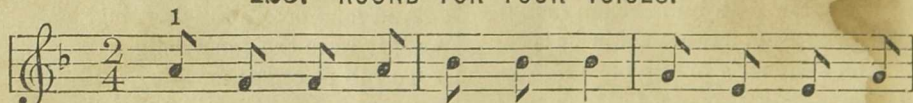
3 Hurrah! ye songsters of the shade,  
A merry troop your haunts invade;

Beware—our songs of merry glee,  
Shall fright you from the greenwood  
Hurrah! &c. [tree.

4 Hurrah! the hours will quickly fly,  
And soon our holidays be by;  
But then we'll all in gladsome strain  
Sing welcome to our school again!

Hurrah! &c.

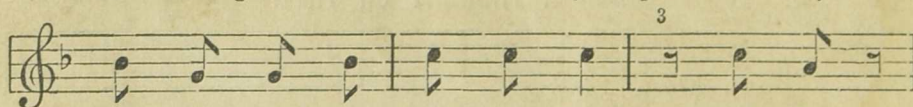
# 123.—ROUND FOR FOUR VOICES.



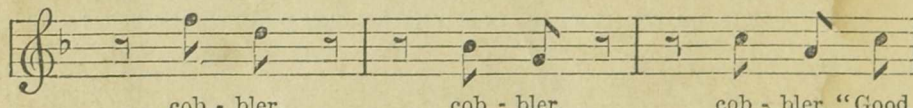
Keep to what you best can do, Let all oth - er



bus' - ness go:— Hold this home - ly pro - verb fast, "Good



cob - bler ne'er for - sake your last." Cob - bler,



cob - bler, cob - bler, cob - bler, "Good



cob - bler ne'er for - sake your last— for - sake your last."



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*Empty eyes*  
*Empty eyes*  
*Empty eyes*

*Empty eyes*

*Empty eyes*

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*Empty eyes*

