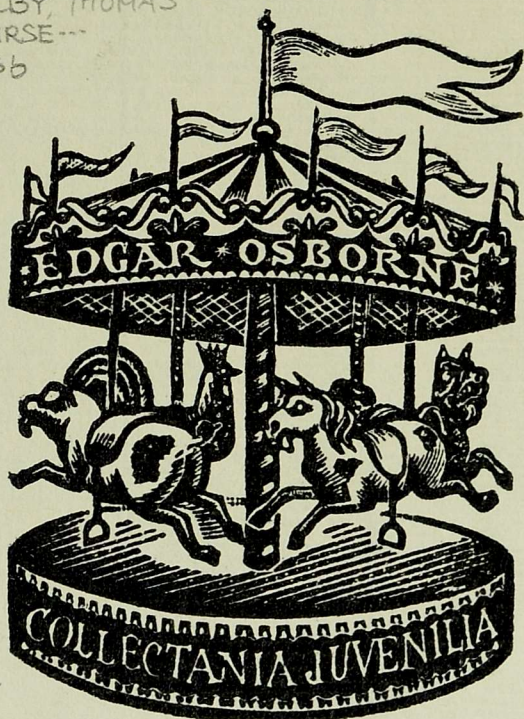
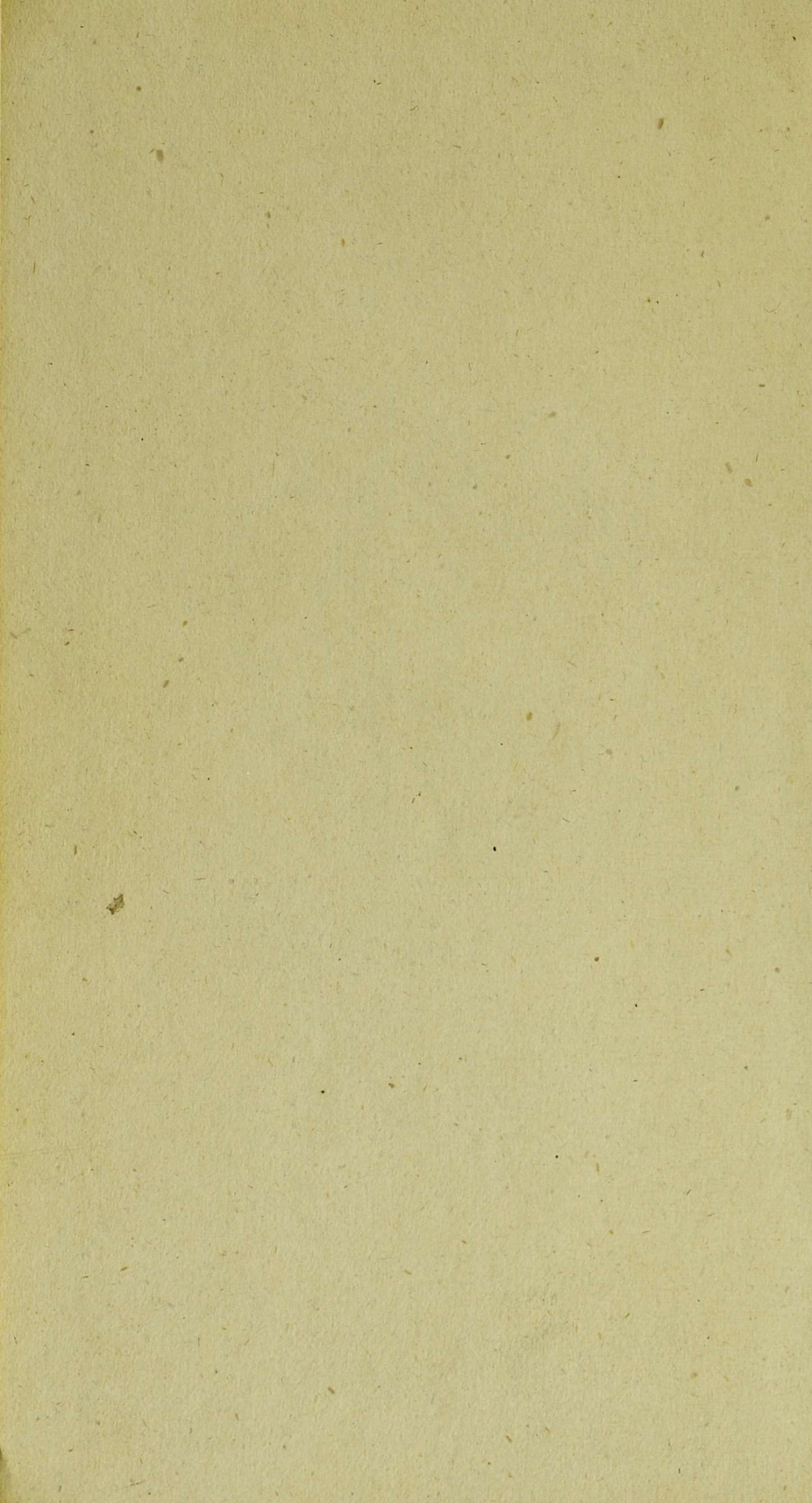


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BILBY, THOMAS
COURSE---
1836



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A

COURSE OF LESSONS,

TOGETHER WITH

THE TUNES,

TO WHICH THEY ARE USUALLY SUNG IN

INFANT SCHOOLS.

LONDON:

GILBERT AND RIVINGTON, PRINTERS,
ST. JOHN'S SQUARE.

A

COURSE OF LESSONS,

TOGETHER WITH

THE TUNES,

TO WHICH THEY ARE USUALLY SUNG IN

INFANT SCHOOLS,

AND ALSO

A COPIOUS COLLECTION OF

HYMNS AND MORAL SONGS,

SUITABLE FOR INFANT INSTRUCTION,

EITHER IN SCHOOLS, OR IN PRIVATE FAMILIES.

THIRD EDITION.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. G. & F. RIVINGTON,

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH YARD,

AND WATERLOO PLACE, PALL MALL.

1836.

GOVERNMENT OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK

THE UNIVERSITY OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK

THE STATE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

A REPORT TO THE COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION

ON THE PROGRESS OF THE STATE EDUCATION

FOR THE YEAR ENDING JUNE 30, 1900

ALBANY: PUBLISHED BY THE STATE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

1901

THE STATE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

ALBANY: PUBLISHED BY THE STATE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

1901

1901

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE AND RIGHT REVEREND

THE LORD BISHOP OF LONDON,

TO WHOSE ZEALOUS PATRONAGE

INFANT SCHOOLS

ARE GREATLY INDEBTED FOR THAT HIGH ESTIMATION

WHICH THEY HAVE NOW OBTAINED

IN THE PUBLIC MIND,

AND TO

JOSEPH WILSON, Esq.

ONE OF THE EARLIEST AND MOST LIBERAL PROMOTERS OF

THESE INSTITUTIONS,

THE FOLLOWING ATTEMPT TO FACILITATE THEIR MANAGEMENT

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.

1840

BY THE HONORABLE AND RIGHT HONORABLE

THE LORD BISHOP OF LONDON,

TO WHOM SEALING IS APPLIED

IN THE BISHOP'S

AND THE LIT. REGISTER OF THE BISHOP OF LONDON

WHICH HAVE BEEN OBTAINED

IN THE BISHOP'S

AND

JOSEPH WILSON, 1840

ONE OF THE BISHOP'S AND THE BISHOP'S REGISTER

THESE BISHOP'S

THE BISHOP'S REGISTER OF THE BISHOP OF LONDON

IN THE BISHOP'S

ADVERTISEMENT.

FREQUENT enquiries having been made for a copy of the *Tunes*, which are usually sung in Infant Schools,—it occurred to the Compiler of this little Work, that it would be conferring a Public Benefit, to publish a collection of those which have been most approved,—together with a few others now for the first time adapted to this purpose.

It was also thought that a complete Course of the Lessons, which are usually sung, would prove acceptable to persons desirous of establishing such Schools, as they would thus be materially assisted in carrying their benevolent designs into effect. For the same end, a Table, shewing a daily division of time and business, is here given.

And as variety in the Lessons is of much importance,—a copious collection of Hymns and Moral Songs, &c. selected from different authors, has been appended.

These Hymns and Songs may all be sung to one or more of the Tunes contained in this Book ; and though the name of only one Tune has been prefixed to each Hymn or Song,—it will generally be found that several others are equally suitable ; a few of the Tunes indeed will in some instances require a trifling alteration, (as in the repetition of a line,) in order to accommodate the measure of the Tune to the words, but this will be easily discovered by any person at all acquainted with Music.

It must be observed however that the Hymns and Songs, as well as all the other Lessons, may be either *sung* or *said*,—as shall seem best to any particular School.

A few verbal alterations have occasionally been made in the Hymns, &c.—not in the expectation or with the design of improving the Poetry, but chiefly, (as in changing the *second* to the *first person*) for the purpose of making the subject of closer application to the Infant learner.

The Compiler hopes that this Collection will prove serviceable not only to Schools,—whether for Infants or for Children of a more advanced age,—but to parents generally who are interested in the right culture of the Infant mind.

Much assistance towards this little work having been obtained through the Mistress of the School, established in the Parish of Bishopsgate by the Bishop of Chester, and admirably conducted under his Lordship's immediate direction, the Compiler takes this opportunity of gratefully acknowledging the obligation.

It is not needful here to urge any argument in favour of Infant Schools. A few years ago their expediency was much questioned; and the Public was cautious of giving them encouragement or support: but having at length obtained the deliberate sanction of the wise and good,—both among the Laity and the Clergy,—they are already established in almost all large Towns throughout England; and, if judiciously conducted, will doubtless be acknowledged in time to come as among the first of the many benevolent Institutions, by which the present age has been distinguished.

BROADWATER,
January 1st, 1828.

PLAN OF A DAY'S EMPLOYMENT,

As adopted in Bishopsgate School.

MORNING.

- 9 o'Clock.—School begins.
Children inspected, and spoken to about cleanliness and early attendance; and prepared to attend seriously to the Prayers.
- 9½—Prayers read by the Monitor, all the children kneeling and repeating the Lord's Prayer.
- Morning Hymn sung.
- 9¾—Alphabet and Elementary Syllables.
- 10—Spelling, and reading the Texts round the Room.
- 10¼—Addition, Subtraction, or first part of Multiplication.
- 10½—March into the Play-ground, and play for half-an-hour.
- 11—Instructive Verses on the Seasons, Elements, &c.
- 11¼—Time Tables: second part of Multiplication.
- 11½—Description and Uses of different Animals, Trees, Plants, and Metals.
- 11¾—Questions on the different subjects of Instruction.
- 12—Grace before Dinner, and dismiss the Children.

AFTERNOON.

- 2 o'Clock.—School assembles.
Grace after Dinner, and a Hymn.
- 2¼—Reading in Classes.
- 2½—Examinations in the Class-room.
- 2¾—Arithmetic, and Tables explained by the Frame.
- 3—March out to play.
- 3½—Picture Lessons.
- 3¾—Writing on Slates.
- 4—Instructive Verses.
- 4¼—Catechisms.
- 4½—Familiar Conversations on Religion, and the Duties of Children.
- 5—School closed with Prayers and a Hymn.

The School closes at Four o'Clock in Winter.

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MORNING HYMN, *or other.*

Awake, my soul, and with the Sun - - -



Thy daily course of duty run ;



Restor'd to life and light a - rise



And pay thy morning sa - cri - fice.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
 Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
 Praise Him above, angelic host,
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

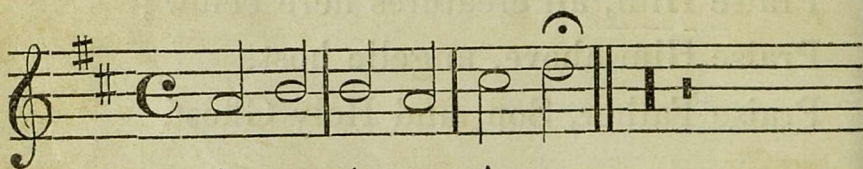
MORNING PRAYER.

O God, our heavenly Father, thou hast made us, and all the World ; thou keepest us in safety ; thou givest us all good things ; thou knowest all that we do, and say, and think ; forgive us our sins, for the sake of thy Son, JESUS CHRIST, who died upon the Cross to save us.

O Lord, help us to be good Children, to be dutiful to our Parents, obedient to our Teachers, honest and kind to all. Teach us to speak the Truth, and to think of Thee.

Bless all our Relations and Friends ; make us all good Christians while we live, and receive us into Heaven when we die, for JESUS CHRIST'S sake. *Amen.*

Our Father, &c. &c. &c.



Amen, Amen, Amen.

THE ALPHABET.

Tune "God save the King."

Moderato

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p

double you

q r s t u v w x y z. q r s t u v

double you

w x y z.

Tune "Bow Bells."

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p

double you

q r s t u v w - - x y z.

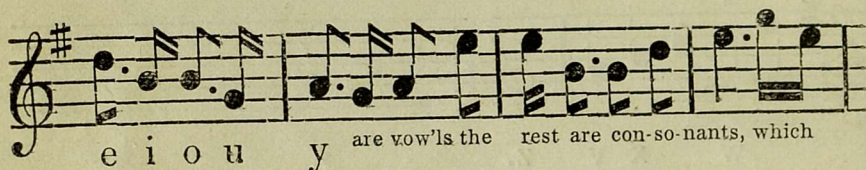
THE ALPHABET.

Tune "Auld Lang Syne."

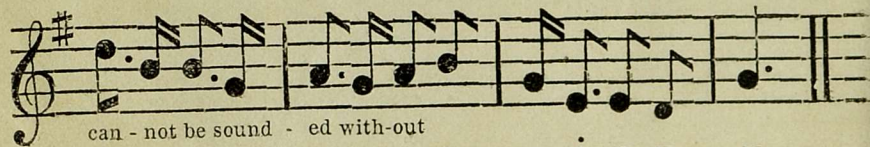
a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o



p q r s t u v w - - - x y z. a



e i o u y are vow'ls the rest are con-so-nants, which



can - not be sound - ed with-out

a e i o u y.

SPELLING LESSON.

Ba, Be, Bi, &c.

b a ba b e be b i bi babebi b o

bobabe bi bo b u bubabe bibo bu

NUMBERS.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

These Numbers are repeated by the Teacher and Class; and at TEN, all strike the right hand against the left ONCE; and so on at every ten, up to a Hundred.

BUSY BEE, or "*Happy the Child,*" &c.

Tune "*Devizes.*"



How doth the little bu - sy bee



Improve each shin - ing hour,



And gather honey all the day - - - -



From ev'ry op'ning flow'r!



From ev'ry op'ning flow'r!

II.

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.

III.

In works of labour, or of skill,
 I would be busy too ;
 For Satan finds some mischief still
 For idle hands to do.

IV.

In books, or work, or healthful play,
 Let my first years be past,
 That I may give for ev'ry day
 Some good account at last.

4 and 5 are 9 |

4 - 6 - 10 |

4 - 7 - 11 |

5 - 5 - 10 |

5 - 6 - 11 |

5 - 7 - 12 |

6 - 6 - 12 |

9 and 4 are 13

10 - 4 - 14

11 - 4 - 15

10 - 5 - 15

11 - 5 - 16

12 - 5 - 17

5 - 8 - 13

5 - 9 - 14

12 - 6 - 18

6 - 7 - 13

6 - 8 - 14

6 - 9 - 15

6 - 10 - 16

6 - 11 - 17

7 - 7 - 14

7 - 8 - 15

7 - 9 - 16

7 - 10 - 17

7 - 11 - 18

7 - 12 - 19

8 - 8 - 16

8 - 9 - 17

8 - 10 - 18

8 - 11 - 19

8 - 12 - 20

9 - 9 - 18

9 - 10 - 19

9 - 11 - 20

9 - 12 - 21

10 - 10 - 20

10 - 11 - 21

10 - 12 - 22

11 - 11 - 22

11 - 12 - 23

12 - 12 - 24

SUBTRACTION TABLE.



1 from 2 leave 1	4 from 8 leave 4
2 - 3 - 1	5 - 9 - 4
3 - 4 - 1	6 - 10 - 4
4 - 5 - 1	7 - 11 - 4
5 - 6 - 1	8 - 12 - 4
6 - 7 - 1	9 - 13 - 4
7 - 8 - 1	10 - 14 - 4
8 - 9 - 1	11 - 15 - 4
9 - 10 - 1	12 - 16 - 4
10 - 11 - 1	5 - 10 - 5
11 - 12 - 1	6 - 11 - 5
12 - 13 - 1	7 - 12 - 5
2 - 4 - 2	8 - 13 - 5
3 - 5 - 2	9 - 14 - 5
4 - 6 - 2	10 - 15 - 5
5 - 7 - 2	11 - 16 - 5
6 - 8 - 2	12 - 17 - 5
7 - 9 - 2	6 - 12 - 6
8 - 10 - 2	7 - 13 - 6
9 - 11 - 2	8 - 14 - 6
10 - 12 - 2	9 - 15 - 6
11 - 13 - 2	10 - 16 - 6
12 - 14 - 2	11 - 17 - 6
3 - 6 - 3	12 - 18 - 6
4 - 7 - 3	7 - 14 - 7
5 - 8 - 3	8 - 15 - 7
6 - 9 - 3	9 - 16 - 7
7 - 10 - 3	10 - 17 - 7
8 - 11 - 3	11 - 18 - 7
9 - 12 - 3	12 - 19 - 7
10 - 13 - 3	8 - 16 - 8
11 - 14 - 3	9 - 17 - 8
12 - 15 - 3	10 - 18 - 8
	11 - 19 - 8
	12 - 20 - 8

9 from 18 leave 9

10 - 19 - 9

11 - 20 - 9

12 - 21 - 9

10 - 20 - 10

11 - 21 - 10

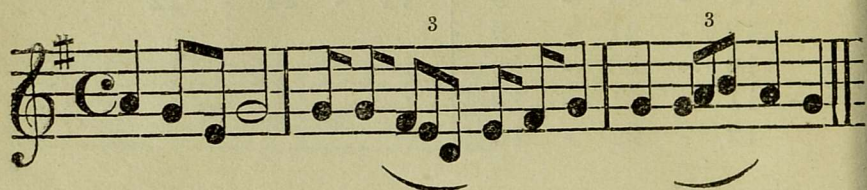
12 - 22 - 10

11 from 22 leave 11

12 - 23 - 11

12 - 24 - 12

MULTIPLICATION TABLE.



Twice 2 are 4
 - 3 - 6
 - 4 - 8
 - 5 - 10
 - 6 - 12

Twice 11 - 22

3 times 3 - 9
 - 4 - 12

3 times 7 - 21
 - 8 - 24
 - 9 - 27
 - 11 - 33

4 times 6 - 24
 - 7 - 28
 - 8 - 32
 - 9 - 36

4 times 11 - 44

5 times 5 - 25
 - 7 - 35
 - 9 - 45

Twice 7 - 14
 - 8 - 16
 - 9 - 18
 - 10 - 20

- 12 - 24

3 times 5 - 15
 - 6 - 18

- 10 - 30

- 12 - 36

4 times 4 - 16
 - 5 - 20

- 10 - 40

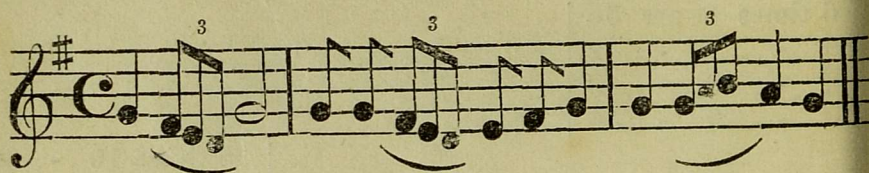
- 12 - 48

5 times 6 - 30

- 8 - 40

	5 times 11 are 55	5 times 10 are 50
6 times 6 are 36		- 12 - 60
- 7 - 42		
- 8 - 48		
- 9 - 54		
	6 times 11 - 66	6 times 10 - 60
		- 12 - 72
7 times 7 - 49		
- 8 - 56		
- 9 - 63		
	7 times 11 - 77	7 times 10 - 70
		- 12 - 84
8 times 8 - 64		
- 9 - 72		
	8 times 11 - 88	8 times 10 - 80
		- 12 - 96
9 times 9 - 81		
	9 times 11 - 99	9 times 10 - 90
		- 12 - 108
10 times 10 - 100		
	10 times 11 - 110	10 times 12 - 120
	11 times 11 - 121	11 times 12 - 132
		12 times 12 - 144

DIVISION TABLE.



2 twos in	4
- 3	- 6
- 4	- 8
- 5	- 10
- 6	- 12

2	elevens	in	22
---	---------	----	----

3 threes in	9
- 4	- 12

3	sevens	in	21
- 8	-	-	24
- 9	-	-	27
- 11	-	-	33

4 sixes in	24
- 7	- 28
- 8	- 32
- 9	- 36

4	elevens	in	44
---	---------	----	----

5 fives in	25
------------	----

- 7	- 35
- 9	- 45

2 sevens in	14
- 8	- 16
- 9	- 18
- 10	- 20

- 12	- 24
------	------

3 fives in	15
- 6	- 18

- 10	- 30
------	------

- 12	- 36
4 fours in	16
- 5	- 20

- 10	- 40
------	------

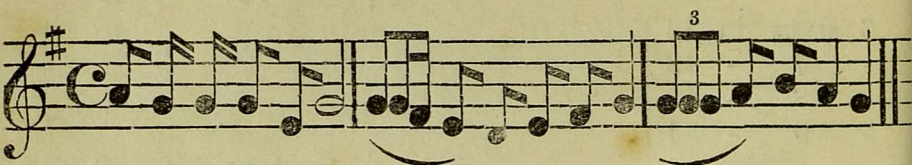
- 12	- 48
------	------

5 sixes in	30
------------	----

- 8	- 40
-----	------

					5	tens	in	50
			5	elevens in	55			
						-	12	- 60
6	sixes	in	36					
-	7	-	42					
-	8	-	48					
-	9	-	54					
						6	tens	in 60
			6	elevens in	66			
						-	12	- 72
7	sevens	in	49					
-	8	-	56					
-	9	-	63					
						7	tens	in 70
			7	elevens in	77			
						-	12	- 84
8	eights	in	64					
-	9	-	72					
						8	tens	in 80
			8	elevens in	88			
						-	12	- 96
9	nines	in	81					
						9	tens	in 90
			9	elevens in	99			
						-	12	- 108
10	tens	in	100					
			10	elevens in	110			
						10	twelves	in 120
			—11	elevens in	121			
						11	twelves	in 132
						12	twelves	in 144

FRACTION TABLE.



2 is the half of 4
 - 3rd - 6
 - 4th - 8
 - 5th - 10
 - 6th - 12

| 2 is the 11th of 22

3 is the 3rd of 9
 - 4th - 12

| 3 is the 7th of 21
 - 8th - 24
 - 9th - 27
 | - 11th - 33

4 is the 6th of 24
 - 7th - 28
 - 8th - 32
 - 9th - 36

| 4 is the 11th of 44

5 is the 5th of 25 |

- 7th - 35 |

- 9th - 45 |

2 is the 7th of 14
 - 8th - 16
 - 9th - 18
 - 10th - 20

| - 12th - 24

| 3 is the 5th of 15
 - 6th - 18

| - 10th - 30

| - 12th - 36
 4 is the 4th of 16
 - 5th - 20

| - 10th - 40

| - 12th - 48

| 5 is the 6th of 30

| - 8th - 40

| - 10th - 50

6 is the 6th of 36	5 is the 11th of 55	5 is the 12th of 60
7th - 42		
8th - 48		
9th - 54		
	6 is the 11th of 66	6 is the 10th of 60
		- 12th - 72
7 is the 7th of 49		
- 8th - 56		
- 9th - 63		
	7 is the 11th of 77	7 is the 10th of 70
		- 12th - 84
8 is the 8th of 64		
- 9th - 72		
	8 is the 11th of 88	8 is the 10th of 80
		- 12th - 96
9 is the 9th of 81		
	9 is the 11th of 99	9 is the 10th of 90
		- 12th - 108
10 is the 10th of 100	10 is the 11th of 110	
		10 is the 12th of 120
	11 is the 11th of 121	
		11 is the 12th of 132
		12 is the 12th of 144

FARTHING TABLE.



Two Farthings make one Half - penny

Three Farthings make one Half-penny Farthing

Four Farthings make one Penny

5 1 $\frac{1}{4}$
6 1 $\frac{1}{2}$

9 2 $\frac{1}{4}$
10 2 $\frac{1}{2}$

13 3 $\frac{1}{4}$
14 3 $\frac{1}{2}$

7 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{4}$

11 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{4}$

15 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{4}$

8 2

12 3

16 4

17 4 $\frac{1}{4}$
 18 4 $\frac{1}{2}$

21 5 $\frac{1}{4}$
 22 5 $\frac{1}{2}$

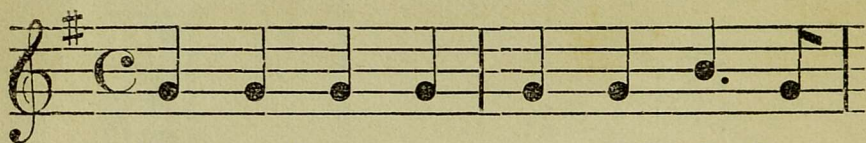
19 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{4}$

23 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{4}$

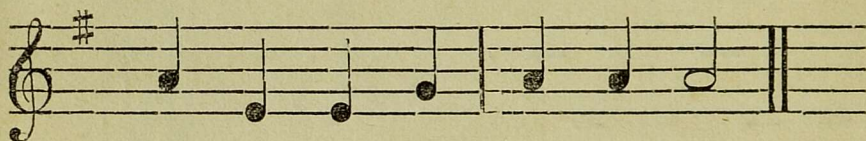
20 5

24 6

PENCE TABLE.



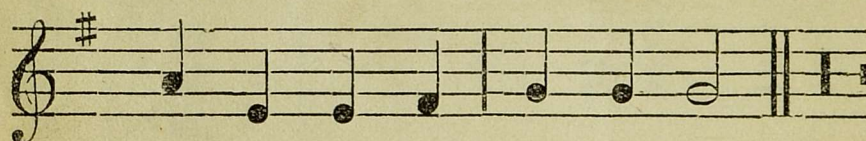
Twenty Pence are One and Eight Pence,



That we can't af - - ford to lose ;



Thirty Pence are Two and Six Pence,



That will buy a pair of shoes.

Forty Pence are Three and Four Pence,

A pretty sum, or I'm mistaken ;

Fifty Pence are Four and Two Pence,

Which will buy five pounds of Bacon ;

Sixty Pence will make Five Shillings,

Which, we're told, is just a Crown ;

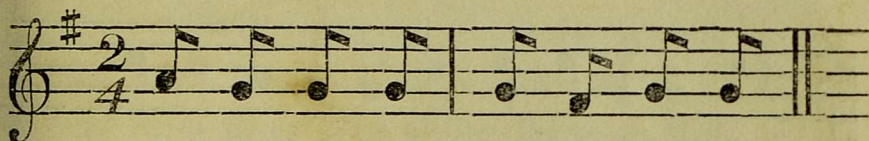
Seventy Pence are Five and Ten Pence,

That will buy a nice Stuff Gown.

Eighty Pence are Six and Eight Pence,
Which will buy eight pounds of Cheese ;
Ninety Pence are Sev'n and Six Pence,
Or three Half-crowns, just which you please.

A Hundred Pence are Eight and Four Pence,
Which is taught in ev'ry School ;
Eight Pence more make just Nine Shillings ;
So we end this pretty rule.

TIME TABLE.



Sixty Seconds make One Minute.

60 Minutes make One Hour.

24 Hours make One Day.

7 Days make one Week.

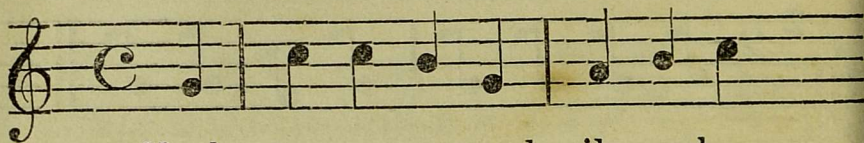
4 Weeks make One Month.

12 Months make One Year.



One Hundred Years make One Century.

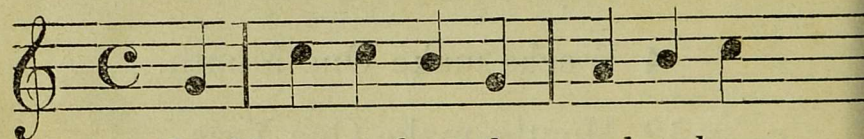
THE SHEEP.



Hark now to me, and silence keep,



And we will talk a - bout the Sheep ;



For Sheep are harmless, and we know



That on their backs the Wool does grow.

II.

The Sheep are taken once a year,
 And plung'd in Water clean and clear ;
 And there they swim, but never bite,
 While Men do wash them clean and white.

III.

And then they take them, fat or lean,
 Clip off their Wool, both short and clean ;
 And this is call'd, we understand,
 Shearing the Sheep, throughout the Land.

IV.

So then they take the Wool so white,
And pack it up in Bags quite tight ;
And then they take those Bags so full,
And sell to Men that deal in Wool.

V.

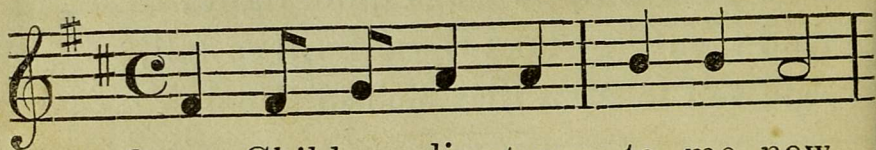
The Wool is Wash'd and Comb'd with Hand,
Then it is spun with Wheel and Band :
And then with Shuttle very soon,
Wove into Cloth within the Loom.

VI.

The Cloth is first sent to be Dy'd ;
Then it is Wash'd and Press'd and Dry'd :
The Tailor then cuts out with care,
The Clothes that Men and Boys do wear.

THE COW.

Tune, " Cottage near a Wood."



Come, Children, lis - ten to me now,



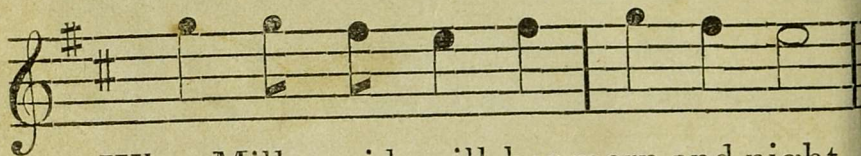
And you shall hear a - bout the Cow;



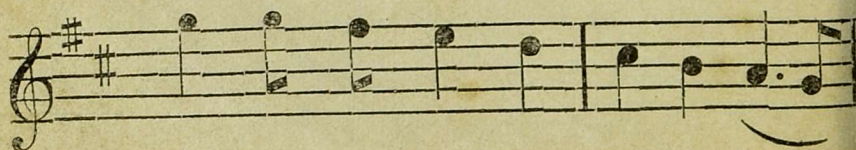
You'll find her use - ful, live or dead,



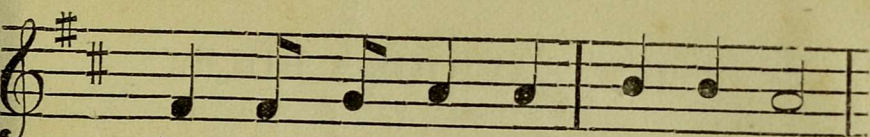
Whether she's Black or White or Red,



When Milk-maids milk her morn and night,



She gives them milk so fresh and white;



And this, we lit - tle Children think,



Is very nice for us to drink.

III.

The curdled Milk they press and squeeze,
And so they make it into Cheese;
The Cream they skim and shake in Churns,
And then it soon to Butter turns.

IV.

And when she's dead her flesh is good,
For *Beef* is our true English food;
But though 'twill make us brave and strong,
To eat too much, we know, is wrong.

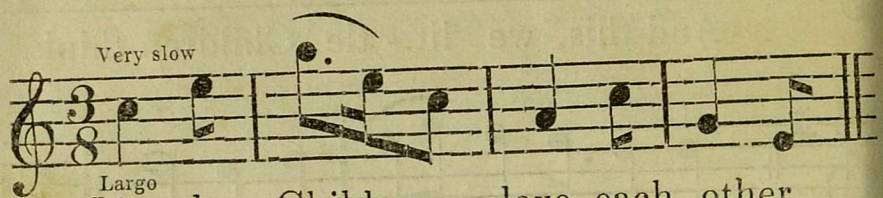
V.

Her Skin, with Lime and Bark together,
The Tanner tans, and makes it Leather;
And without *that* what should we do,
For soles for ev'ry Boot and Shoe?

VI.

And last of all, if cut with care,
Her Horns make Combs, to comb our Hair;
And so we learn—thanks to our Teachers,
That Cows are good and useful creatures.

THE SAVIOUR'S RULE.



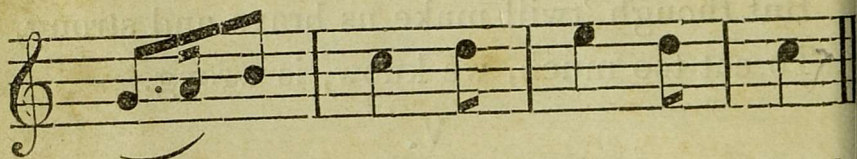
Lit - tle Children love each other,



Is the blessed Saviour's rule ;



Every little one is brother,



To his play - fel - lows at school.



O may we, O may we, O may we, O may we



Mind the blessed Saviour's rule.

II.

We're all children of one Father,
 The great God who reigns above;
 Shall we quarrel? No; much rather,
 Would we be like Him,—all love :
 O may we, &c.

III.

He has plac'd us here together,
 That we may be good and kind;
 He is ever watching whether,
 We are one in heart and mind :
 O may we, &c.

IV.

All we have we share with others,
 Give kind looks and gentle words ;
 Thus we'll live like happy brothers,
 And be known to be the Lord's :
 O may we, &c.

THE SEASONS.



On March the twenty - first is Spring,



When lit - tle Birds be - - gin to sing;



Be - gin to build, and hatch their Brood



And carefully pro - vide their Food



Sing all, sing all, sing all.

II.

Summer's the twenty-first of June,
 The Cuckoo changes then his tune;
 All Nature smiles, the Fields look gay,
 The Weather's fair to make the Hay;
 Sing all, sing all, &c.

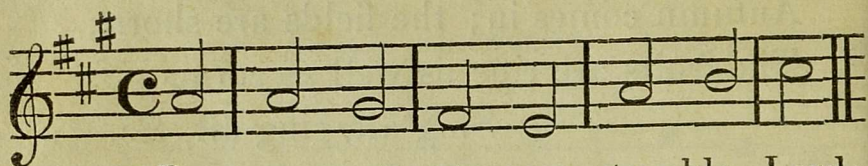
III.

But on September twenty-three,
When Nature's change again we see,
Autumn comes in; the fields are shorn;
The fruits are ripe as well as corn;
Sing all, sing all, &c.

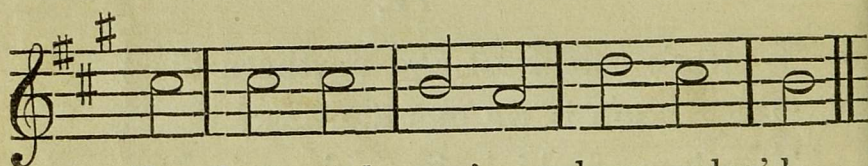
IV.

Winter's cold frost and northern blast,
The Season is we mention last,
The date of which, in truth we must
Fix on December twenty-first;
Sing all, sing all, &c.

GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

Tune, "Old Hundredth."

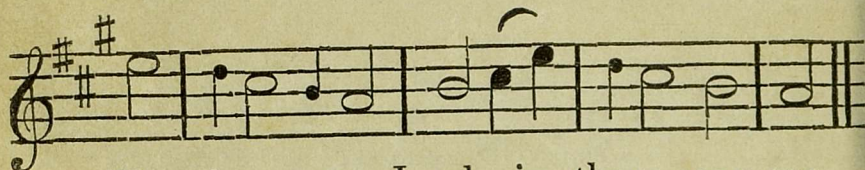
Be present at our ta - ble, Lord;



Be here and ev'ry where ador'd;



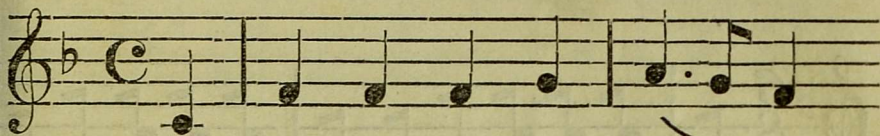
These creatures bless, and grant that we



Thy boun - ty, Lord, in them may see.

At leaving School.

WE'LL ALL LOVE ONE ANOTHER.



We'll all love one a - - nother,



We'll all love one a - - nother,



We'll all love one a - - nother,



As Children ought to do.

We'll love our Mistress and Teachers, &c. &c.

We'll love our Fathers and Mothers, &c. &c.

We'll love our Sisters and Brothers, &c. &c.

We'll all join Hands together, &c. &c.

We'll all rise up together, &c. &c.

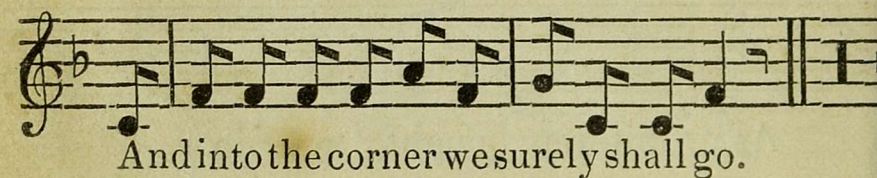
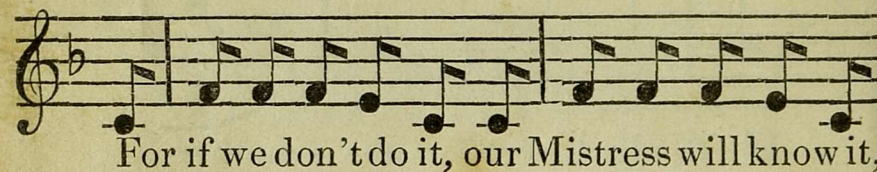
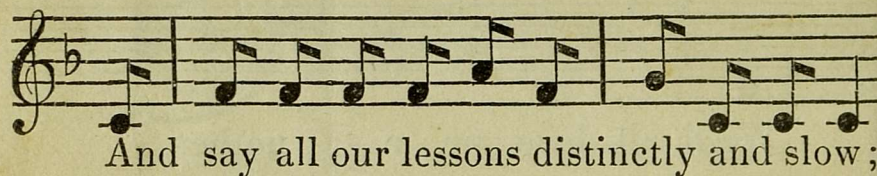
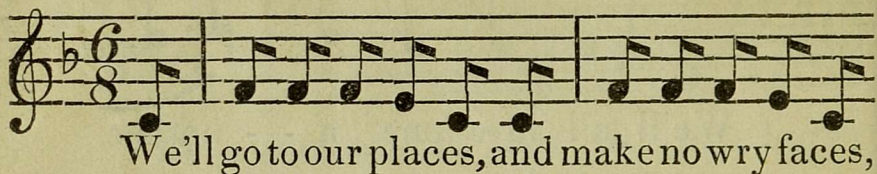
We'll make our Obeisance together, &c. &c.

We'll all turn round together, &c. &c.

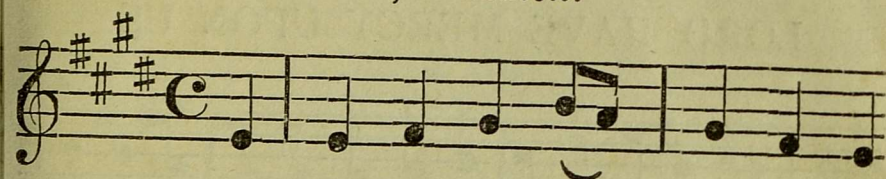
We'll all walk out together, &c. &c.

On coming into School, after playing time.

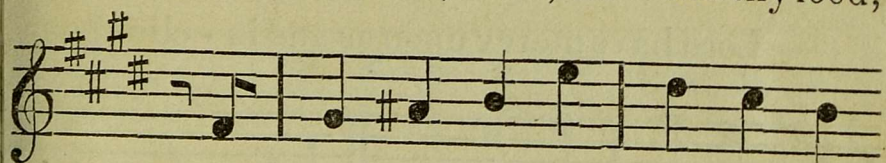
WE'LL GO TO OUR PLACES.



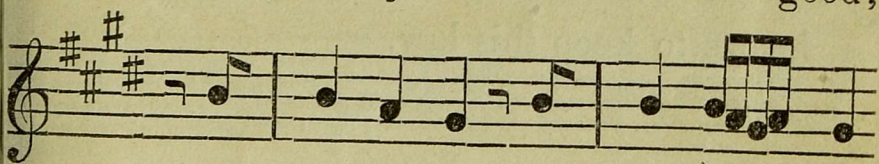
GRACE AFTER MEAT.

Tune, "Eaton."

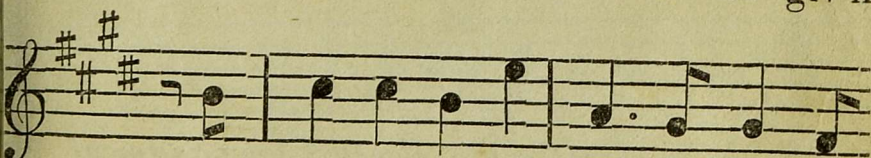
We thank Thee, Lord, for this thy food,



And ev'ry other needful good;



Let comfort to our souls be giv'n



Through ev'ry gift sent down from heav'n.



Let comfort to our souls be giv'n



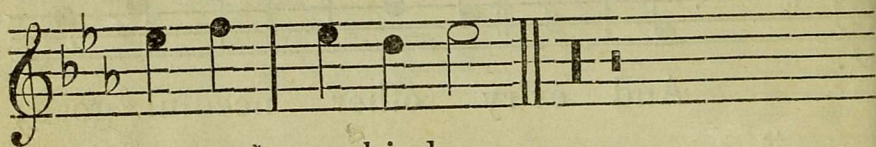
Through ev - 'ry gift sent down from heav'n.

To be sung after each Commandment.

LORD HAVE MERCY UPON US.



Lord have mercy upon us and in - cline our

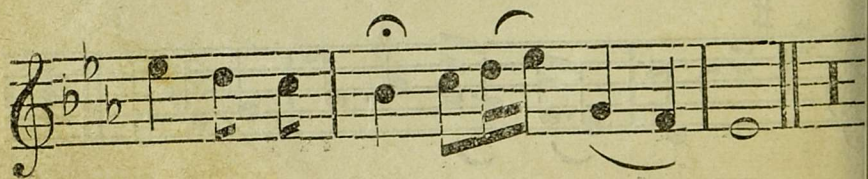


hearts to keep this law.

To be sung after the Tenth Commandment.

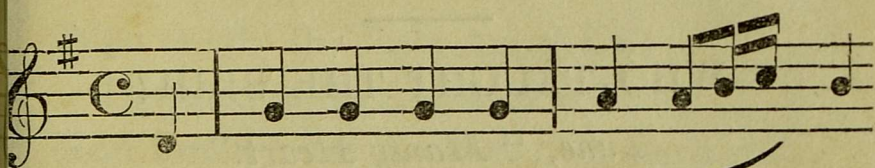


Lord have mercy upon us and write all these thy



laws in our hearts, we be - - seech Thee,

EVENING HYMN *.



Glo - ry to Thee, my God! this night,



For all the bless - ings of the light;



Keep me, Oh! keep me, King of kings,



Under thine own al - mighty wings.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
 Praise Him all creatures here below,
 Praise Him above, angelic host,
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

* Evening Prayer, same as used for Morning at p. 2.

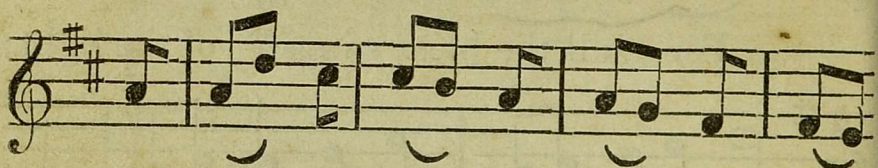
MISCELLANIES.

WHO TAUGHT THE BIRD?

Tune, "Manly Heart."



Who taught the Bird to build her nest,



Of softest wool and hay and moss?



Who taught her how to weave it best,



And lay the ti - ny twigs across?

II.

Who taught the busy Bee to fly,

Among the sweetest herbs and flow'rs?

And lay her store of honey by,

Providing food for Winter's hours?

III.

Who taught the little Ant the way
Her narrow hole so well to bore?
And through the pleasant Summer's day,
To gather up her Winter's store?

IV.

'Twas God who taught them all the way,
And gave these little creatures skill:
And teaches Children, if they pray,
To know and do his holy will.

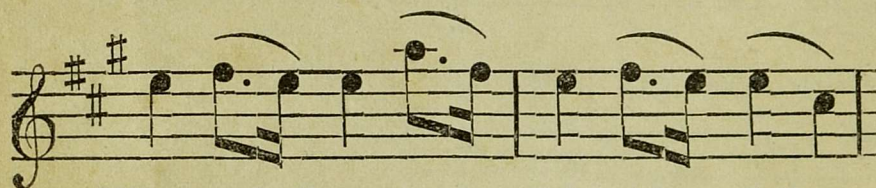
THE INFANT SCHOOL.

Tune, "The Hollow Drum."

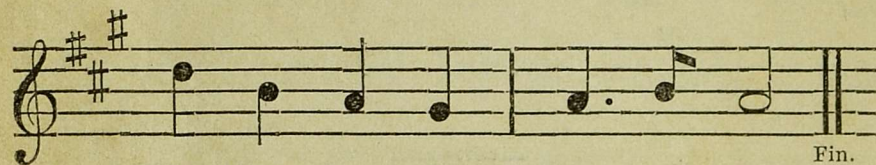
How we love our Infant School,



And our play-ground clean and neat!



When of boys and girls 'tis full,



Playing there is quite a treat.

Fin.



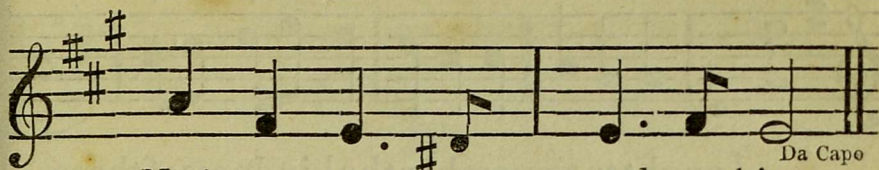
There we have such merry games,



And we ne - - ver brawl nor fight;



Never swear nor call bad names,



No! nor e - - ver scratch or bite.

III.

There we sing such pretty songs
Of the Horse, and Cow, and Sheep;
Talk of what to each belongs,
All the while our *time* we keep.

IV.

Then join hands, and make a ring,
Running round the holly tree,
To the tune "God save the King,"
There we sing our A, B, C.

V.

How we love our Infant School,
And our play-ground clean and neat!
When of boys and girls 'tis full,
Playing there is quite a treat.

THANKS TO TEACHERS.

Tune, "Holborn."

I ought to remember the kindness of those,



Who teach me at school with such trouble & pains;



'Tis better than giving me money and clothes,



For when they are gone yet my learning remains.

II.

I hope to be thankful so long as I live;
 And though I can never repay them, I'm sure,
 My love and my duty I'm able to give;
 And these they shall have if I'm ever so poor.

III.

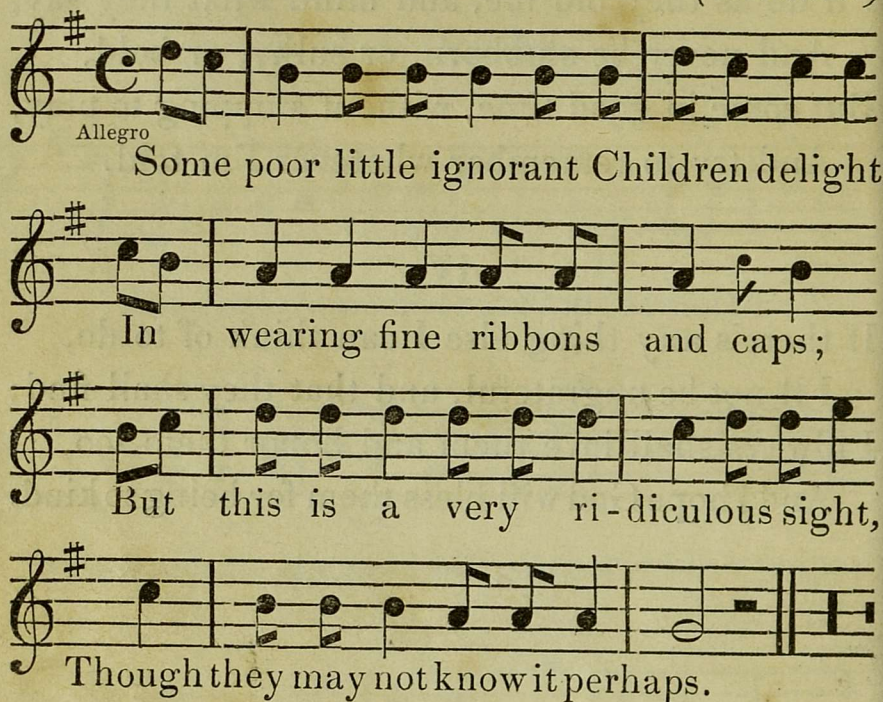
I'll do as they bid me, and mind what they say,
 And never be stubborn, or sulky, or bold,
 But come in good time, without stopping to play,
 And try to remember whatever I'm told.

IV.

If there's any thing else I can think of to do,
 I'll not be ungrateful, and that they shall find;
 I always shall love them and honor them too,
 And I hope God will bless them for being so kind.

THE FOLLY OF FINERY.

(Mozart.)



Allegro

Some poor little ignorant Children delight
In wearing fine ribbons and caps;
But this is a very ri-diculous sight,
Though they may not know it perhaps.

II.

Clean hands, and clean faces, & neatly comb'd hair,
And garments made decent and plain,
Are better than all the fine things they can wear,
Which makes them look vulgar and vain.

III.

Those Children who keep themselves tidy & clean,
(As ev'ry Child easily may,)
Need not be afraid or ashamed to be seen,
Whoever may come in their way.

IV.

Then, Children, attend to the words you repeat,
And always remember this line;—
'Tis a *credit* to any good Child to be neat,
But quite a *disgrace* to be fine.

AGAINST LYING.

Tune, "Condescension."

Those Children who a promise give,



Should al - ways keep their word;



And Falsehood from their lit - tle mouths



Should never once be heard.

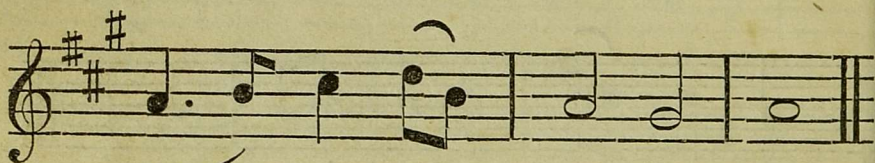
For when a Child a lie has told,
 He cannot be believ'd;
 Not even when the truth he speaks,
 Because he once deceiv'd.

Oh! who would falsehood dare to tell,
 And bring himself to shame?
 And thus oppose the God of truth,
 And mock his holy name.

A GENERAL SONG OF PRAISE TO GOD.

Tune " Cambridge."

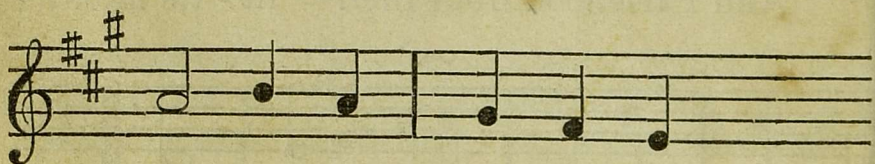
How glorious is our heav'nly King,



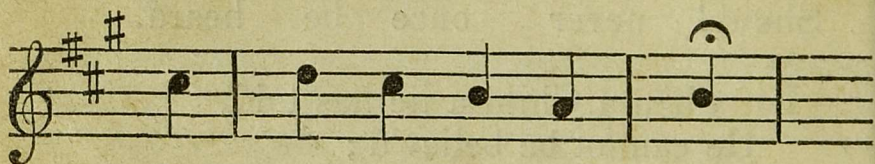
Who reigns a - - bove the sky !



How should a Child de - light to sing



His wondrous Ma - jes - ty?



His wondrous Ma - jes - - ty?



His wondrous Ma - jes - - ty?

II.

How great His pow'r is, none can tell,
 Nor think how large His grace;
 Not men below, nor saints that dwell
 On high, before His face.

III.

Not angels that stand round the Lord
 Can search His secret will;
 But they perform His heav'nly word,
 And sing His praises still.

IV.

Then let me join this holy train,
 And my first off'rings bring;
 Th' eternal God will not disdain
 To hear an infant sing.

V.

My heart resolves, my tongue obeys,
 And angels shall rejoice
 To hear their mighty Maker's praise
 Sound from a feeble voice.

HEAVEN AND HELL.

Tune, "Shirland."

Slow

There is be - - yond the sky

A Heav'n of joy and love;

And ho - ly Children when they die,

Go to that world a - bove.

There is a dreadful Hell,
 And everlasting pains :
 There sinners must with Devils dwell
 In darkness, fire, and chains.

Can such a Child as I
 Escape this wretched end ?
 And may I hope, whene'er I die,
 I shall to Heav'n ascend ?

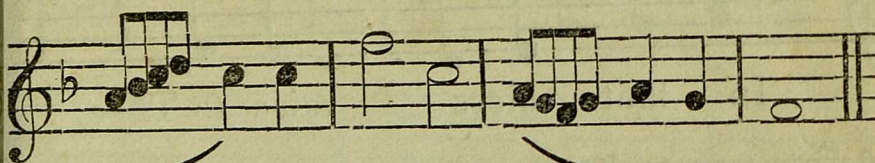
Then will I read and pray,
 While I have life and breath ;
 Lest I should be cut off to-day,
 And sent t' eternal death.

LITTLE BOY WITH LAUGHING EYE.

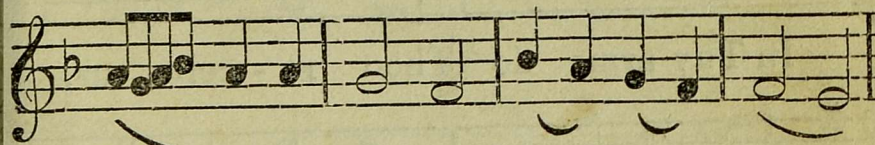
(A DIALOGUE.)

(Handel.)

Lit - tle boy with laugh - ing eye,



Bright and blue as yon - der sky,



Try if you can tell me, love,



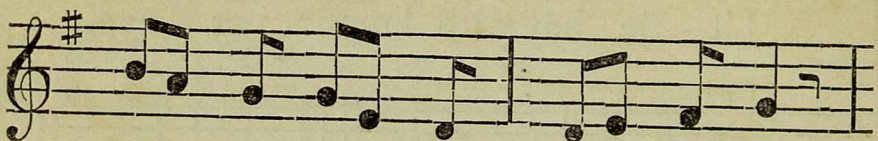
Who it is that reigns above?

Yes, 'tis God, who made the Earth ;
 God, who gave us infants birth ;
 God, who gives us all our joys ;
 God, who loves us, little boys ;
 God, who sends the pleasant breeze,
 Blowing soft through flow'rs and trees :
 Oh ! then always serve and love
 The great God that reigns above.

CHILD'S PETITION.

Tune, "Scotland."

Humble praises, Ho - ly Jesus,



In - fant voices raise to Thee,



In Thy arms do Thou re - ceive us,



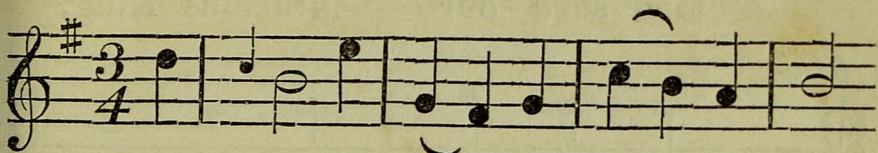
Suf - fer us Thy Lambs to be.

Blessed Jesus, Thou hast bidden
 Babes like us to come to Thee;
 Though by thy disciples chidden,
 Thou didst tell them not to flee.

Gracious God! we humbly thank Thee,
 Thou didst give thy Son to die;
 Us from eternal death to free:
 Glory be to God on high.

Saviour! condescend to feed us;
 Richly let thy mercy flow:
 Send thy Spirit, blessed Jesus;
 Light and life on us bestow.

WHAT SWEETER BOOK?

Tune, "Carey."

What sweeter book to me belongs

Than *Watts's* pretty book of songs?

O! I would learn them all the day,



I'm sure I love them more than play.

II.

When I'm grown up—yes, quite in age,
 Still I shall love his pleasant page—
 Still I shall love the songs I sung,
 That taught me good when I was young.

GOD SAVE THE KING.



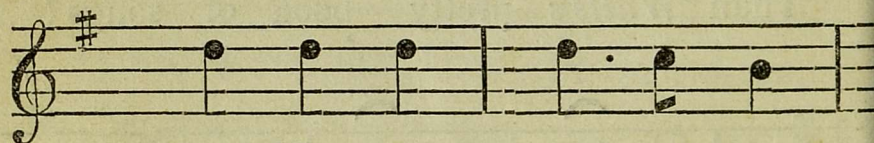
God save our gracious King,



William the Fourth we sing,



God save the King.



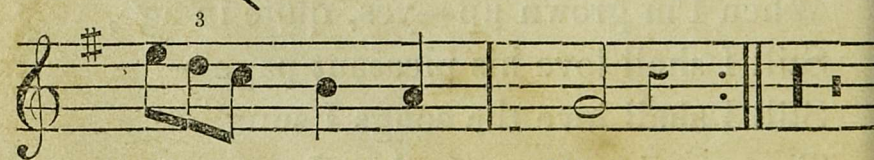
Send him vic - - - to - ri - ous,



Hap - py and glo - ri - ous,



Long to reign o - ver us:



God save the King.

II.

O Lord ! our God arise,
 Scatter his enemies,
 And make them fall :
 Confound their politics,
 Frustrate their knavish tricks,
 On Thee our hopes we fix :
 God save us all. ✓

III.

Thy choicest gifts in store,
 On William deign to pour,
 Long may he reign :
 May he defend our Laws,
 And ever give us cause,
 To sing with heart and voice,
 God save the King.

IV.

O grant him long to see,
 Friendship and unity
 Always increase :
 O'er him thine arm extend,
 For Britain's sake defend
 Our Father, Prince, and Friend :
 God save the King.

AN INFANT-SCHOOL PRAYER,

To be said by the Master or Mistress.

Blessed Jesus ! who hast invited little children to come unto Thee, be pleased to accept and bless these little ones. Grant that they may be meek and teachable,—dutiful to their Parents,—kind to one another, and obedient to their God :—that they may increase in wisdom and goodness as they increase in stature, and in favour both with God and man ;—so that, when they shall appear before Thee at the great day of Judgment, they may be found meet to dwell with Thee for ever in heaven.

Our Father, &c.

CHILD'S FIRST PRAYER.

Blessed Jesus ! Thou hast invited little children to come unto Thee ; I therefore come ; praying Thee to make me meek, kind, and teachable,—dutiful to my Parents,—and thankful to my God, particularly for his care over me *through this day* [or, *the night past*] ; for which, and all his mercies, may I strive to love Him more, and serve Him better, every day of my life. Amen.

ANOTHER MORNING PRAYER.

Master or Mistress. Lift up your hearts.

Scholars. We lift them up unto the Lord.

Master or Mistress. O praise the Lord with me, and let us magnify his name together.

[*The Master or Mistress and Scholars then sing the first and last verses of the Morning Hymn, same as at page 1.*]

Master or Mistress. O Lord, our heavenly Father, who hast safely brought us to the beginning of this day, we give Thee thanks for thy care over us through the night past, beseeching Thee to make us truly sensible of this and all thy other mercies, and truly thankful for them.

Send thy blessing upon these thy children; and enable them, by thy grace, to obey thy will in all things;—to keep their hands from picking and stealing, and their tongues from evil speaking, from lying, cursing, and swearing.

Grant that they may so attend to, and profit by the instructions given them in this School, that, as they grow in years, they may grow in grace,—in love and fear of Thee,—in honour to their Parents,—in respect to their Superiors,—in gratitude to their Benefactors, (especially those who have here provided for their instruction in the knowledge of their duty,)—and in kindness to one another. This we beg for Jesus Christ's sake.

Scholars. O Lord! we beseech Thee to hear the prayers that have now been offered up in our behalf, for the sake of Jesus Christ, our Mediator and Redeemer.

Master or Mistress and Scholars. Our Father, &c. &c.

EVENING PRAYER.

Master or Mistress. Let us give thanks unto the Lord.

Scholars. It is meet and right so to do.

Master or Mistress. Praise the Lord, ye children, O praise the name of the Lord.

[*The Master or Mistress and Scholars then sing the first and last verses of the Evening Hymn, same as at page 37.*]

Master or Mistress. The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon Him; yea all such as call upon Him faithfully.

Let us pray.

Master or Mistress. Most gracious God, we give Thee humble and hearty thanks for thy mercies towards us through the day past,—for preserving us in life and health,—and for supplying these thy children with the means of learning their duty.

Grant that the instructions, which have been given them, may not be in vain; but that, as they grow in years and in knowledge, they may also grow in goodness.

Whatsoever any of them have done amiss, do Thou be pleased to pardon; and enable them, by the aid of thy Holy Spirit, to serve and obey Thee better for the time to come.

Continue, we beseech Thee, thy fatherly care over them through the approaching night, and keep them from all accidents that may befall their bodies, and from all temptations that may assault their souls.

Teach them, O righteous Father, to remember that all their thoughts, and words, and actions, are known to Thee, and that for all of them they will one day be called upon to give an account; and since they cannot tell how soon that day may come, give them grace to be always ready. This we beg for Jesus Christ's sake.

Scholars. O Lord, we beseech Thee to hear the prayers that have now been offered up in our behalf, for the sake of Jesus Christ, our Mediator and Redeemer.

Master or Mistress and Scholars. Our Father, &c.

ON GOING OUT TO PLAY.

(Weber.)



Come Boys and Girls let's go to play,



The sun doth shine so bright to day;



Let's leave our work, and leave our school,



'Tis time to play, this is the rule:

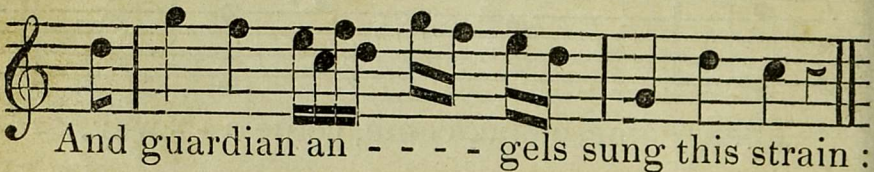
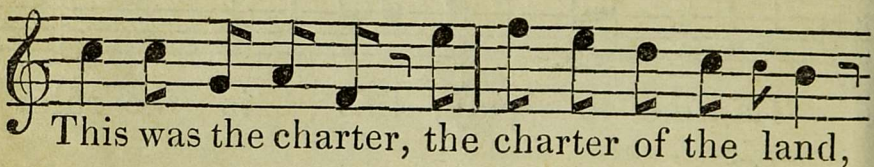
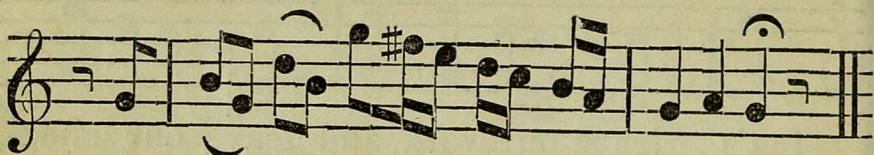


Then, come, come, come, come a - - way.

Oh, we have games of ev'ry sort,
 To give us health, and play, and sport!
 We have a play-ground clean and neat,
 Not dang'rous, like the crowded street:
 Then come, come, come, &c.

Let naughty children stay behind,
 But we will all be good and kind:
 Oh, happy little children we,
 To play and sing so merrily!
 Then come, come, come, &c.

RULE, BRITANNIA.



II.

The nations not so blest as thee
 Must, in their turns, to tyrants fall ;
 Whilst thou shalt flourish great and free :
 The dread and envy of them all :
 Rule, Britannia, &c.

III.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
 More dreadful from each foreign stroke ;
 As the loud blast that rends the skies
 Serves but to root thy native oak :
 Rule, Britannia, &c.

IV.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame ;
 All their attempts to bear thee down,
 Will but arouse thy gen'rous flame,
 To work their woe, and thy renown :
 Rule, Britannia, &c.

V.

To thee belongs the rural reign ;
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine ;
 All thine shall be the subject main,
 And ev'ry shore it circles, thine :
 Rule, Britannia, &c.

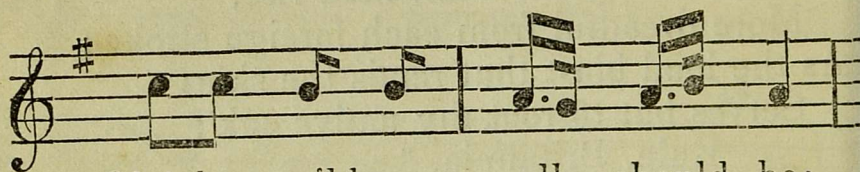
VI.

The muses, still with freedom found,
 Shall to thy happy coasts repair ;
 Blest isle, with matchless beauty crown'd,
 And manly hearts to guard the fair :
 Rule, Britannia, &c.

INFANT SCHOOL.

Tune, "Tuxford."

Very lit - tle things are we,



Oh! how mild we all should be;



Never quarrel, ne - ver fight,



That would be a shock - ing sight:



And would break the hap - py rule,



Of our much-lov'd Infant School.



And would break the hap - py rule,



Of our much-lov'd In - fant School.

II.

Just like pretty little lambs,
Softly skipping by their dams;
We'll be gentle all the day,
Love to learn as well as play:
And attend to ev'ry rule,
Of our much-lov'd Infant School.
And attend, &c.

III.

In the winter, when 'tis mild,
We may run, but not be wild;
But in summer we must walk,
And improve the time by talk:
Then we shall go nice and cool,
To our much-lov'd Infant School.
Then we shall, &c.

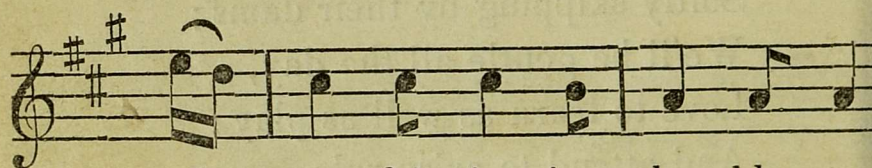
THE ASS.

Tune "John Bull."

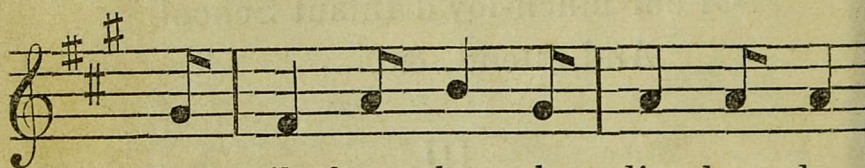
The lit - tle shaggy harmless Ass,



Tho' un - a - dorn'd by nature 'twas ;



Is use - ful in its humble way.



And toils throughout the live-long day :



Tho' 'tis not fleet, its step is sure



And much will pa - tient - - ly endure



Half-fed, o'er-toil'd, and worn with care,



'Tis ob - sti - nate, as in despair.

Shame on the man, whose heavy blows
O'erwhelm its harmless life with woes ;
For God, with his all-seeing eye,
Beholds such inhumanity.

The Drum's tough cov'ring is its Skin :
Prepar'd and glaz'd, 'tis plac'd within
The Pocket-book ; where writing plain
May be eras'd and wrote again.

To invalids, their milk they give,
Which oft is thought restorative ;
And they who Donkey drive or ride,
Should carefully its food provide.

A PASTIME SONG.

Tune "Wallace."*Maestoso.*

Come my lit - tle playmates dear,



Now to me pray lend an ear;



Let us play, our minds to cheer,



But think of this good rule:



Since to play we're cheerful met, Let us march, and not forget



To walk on the line that's set, Around our Infant School.

EASY LESSONS

TO BE LEARNED BY DICTATION.

8 1 B
I must pray
Both night and day.

5
Before I eat,
I must entreat,
That God would bless
To me my meat.

I must not play
On God's own day,
But I must hear
His word in fear.

It is a sin
To steal a pin,
Much more to steal
A greater thing.

I must work,
And I must pray,
That God will feed
Me, day by day.

All honest labour
God will bless ;
Let me not live
In idleness.

I must not kill
A little fly ;
It is an act
Of cruelty.

I must not lie,
I must not feign,
I must not take
God's name in vain.

I must not be
Or rude or wild,
I must not be
A naughty child.

I must not speak
Of others' ill,
But ever bear
To all good will.

I'd better die
Than tell a lie,
Lest I be lost
Eternally ;

Nor may my tongue
Say what is wrong ;
I must not sin
A world to win.

In the Bible
I am to read,
And trust in God
In all my need ;
For Christ alone
My soul can save,
And raise my body
From the grave.

Oh ! blessed Saviour
Take my heart,
And let not me
From thee depart.
Lord grant that I
In faith may die,
And live with thee
Above the sky.

APOTHECARIES' WEIGHT.

Tune, " Holborn."

Twenty grains make a scruple,—some scruple to take ;
Tho' at times it is needful for our health's sake ;
Three scruples one drachm, eight drachms are one ounce,
Twelve ounces one pound, for the pestle to pounce.

By this rule is all med'cine compounded I'm told ;
By Avoirdupois weight 'tis bought and 'tis sold.
But the best of all physic that I would advise
Is temperate living and good exercise.

AVOIRDUPOIS WEIGHT.

Tune, "Hollow Drum."

Sixteen drachms are just an ounce
 When my mother goes to shop :
 Sixteen ounces make a pound,
 When she buys a mutton chop.

Twenty-eight pounds are the fourth
 Of an hundred weight called gross ;
 Four such quarters are the whole
 Of an hundred weight at most.

Twenty hundred make a ton,—
 By this rule all things are sold
 That have any waste or dross ;
 And are bought so too, I'm told.

When I buy, or when I sell,
 May I always use one weight ;
 May I justice love so well,
 To do always what is right.

WOOL WEIGHT.

Tune, "The Sheep."

Sheep's wool is always sold by weight,
 And now I will the terms relate :
 Then seven pounds one clove will take,
 And fourteen pounds one stone will make.

Twenty-eight pounds, one tod we say ;
 Six tods and one stone make a wey ;
 Two weys, one sack, which fill it full ;
 Twelve sacks one last of English wool.

LONG MEASURE.

Tune, "John Bull."

Three barley-corns will make an inch,
 As we are taught in this our school,
 Twelve inches make one foot of wood
 Which may be measur'd by a rule.

Three feet make just one yard in length,
 And that is good for all to know ;
 Nine inches more will make an ell,
 To measure cloth for girls to sew.

Six feet will make one fathom deep,
 This measure sailors use at sea ;
 Five yards and half make just a pole.
 Which is as plain as A, B, C.

In one furlong are forty poles,
 The lands and fields are measured so ;
 Eight furlongs make a mile of road,
 Which is too far for us to go.
 That three long miles will make a league
 Is known in every Infant School ;
 And sixty miles make one degree,
 And so we end this pretty rule.

ALE AND BEER MEASURE.

Tune, " We'll all love one another."

Two pints will make one quart,
 Four quarts one gallon strong :—
 Some drink but little, some too much ;—
 To drink too much is wrong.

Eight gallons one firkin
 Of tippie that's call'd ale :
 Nine gallons one firkin of beer,
 Whether 'tis mild or stale.

With gallons fifty-four,
 A hogshead I can fill :
 But hope I never shall drink much,
 Drink much whoever will.

DRY MEASURE.

Tune, " We'll all love one another."

Two pints make one quart
 Of barley, oats, and rye,
 Two quarts one pottle are of wheat,
 Or any goods if dry.

Two pottles one gallon,
 Two gallons one peck fair,
 Four pecks one bushel heap or brim,
 Eight bushels one quarter.

If when you sell you give
 Good measure shaken down,
 Then doubt not but you will then receive
 The custom of the town.

TIME OR CHRONOLOGY.

Tune, " Pence Table."

Sixty seconds make a minute ;
 Time enough to tie my shoe :
 Sixty minutes make an hour,
 Shall it pass and nought to do ?

Twenty-four hours will make a day ;
 Too much time to spend in sleep,
 Too much time to spend in play,
 For seven days will end the week.

Fifty and two such weeks will put
Near an end to every year.
Days three hundred sixty five
Are the whole that it can share.

Except in leap year, when one day
Added is to gain lost time ;
May it not be spent in play,
Nor in any evil crime !

Our time is short, we often say ;
Let us then improve it well ;
That eternally we may
Live where happy angels dwell.

THE FIVE SENSES.

Tune, " Holborn."

All human beings must (with birds and beasts)
To be complete, five senses have at least,
The sense of hearing's to the ear confin'd,
The eye for seeing was and is designed.
The nose to smell an odour, sweet or ill,
The tongue to taste what will the stomach fill.
The sense of feeling is in ev'ry part,
While life gives motion to a beating heart.

THE LITTLE ANT.

Tune, " Mozart."

A little black ant found a large grain of wheat,
Too heavy to lift or to roll ;
So he begged of a neighbour he happen'd to meet,
To help it down into his hole .

" I've got my own work to see after," said he,
" You must shift for yourself if you please ;"
So he crawl'd off, as selfish and cross as could be,
And lay down to sleep at his ease.

Just then a black brother was passing the road,
And seeing his neighbour in want,
Came up and assisted him in with his load ;
For he was a good-natur'd ant.

Let all whom this story may happen to hear,
Endeavour to profit by it ;
For often it happens that children appear
As cross as the ant ev'ry bit.

And the good-natured ant, who assisted his brother,
May teach those who choose to be taught,
That if little insects are kind to each other,
All children most certainly ought.

THE BEES.

Tune, "Weber."

In ev'ry clear sunshiny day
 The bees do gather honey,
 And store up food without delay,
 While it continues sunny ;
 And when the bees have filled their cell,
 The hivers come and take it—
 But man, with all his utmost skill
 And pains, could never make it.
 Then let us mark the little bee,
 Its prudence and industry,
 And copying its activity,
 Be diligent and thrifty.

THE CAT.

Tune, "The Sheep."

The cat is useful, quiet, shy ;
 In ev'ry corner it will pry ;
 Nor leave a mouse, that can destroy
 Her master's food and property.
 But if the cat is very sly,
 And oft accus'd of treachery,
 'Tis hunger makes it so ; nor can
 It ask for what it wants of man.
 Its services it gladly gives
 To all beneath whose roof it lives ;
 And none but naughty boys will joy
 A cat to torture or destroy.

THE COW.

Tune, "Hollow Drum."

Thank you, pretty cow, that made
 Pleasant milk to soak my bread ;
 Ev'ry day and ev'ry night,
 Warm, and fresh, and sweet, and white.
 Do not chew the hemlock rank,
 Growing on the weedy bank ;
 But the yellow cowslips eat,
 They will make it very sweet.
 Where the purple violet grows,
 Where the bubbling water flows,
 Where the grass is fresh and fine,
 Pretty cow, go there and dine.

TO THE CUCKOO.

Tune, "Auld Lang Syne."

Hail ! beauteous stranger of the grove !
 Thou messenger of spring,
 Now Heav'n repairs thy rural seat,
 And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,
 Thy certain voice I hear,
 Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
 Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
 I hail the time of flow'rs,
 And hear the sound of music sweet
 From birds among the bow'rs.

The school-boy, wand'ring thro' the wood
 To pluck the primrose gay,
 Starts, the new voice of spring to hear,
 And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,
 Thou fly'st the vocal vale,
 An annual guest in other lands,
 Another spring to hail.

THE DOG.

Tune, "The Sheep."

The dog is honest, faithful too,
 And to his master kind and true;
 Sagacious, active, firm and just,
 No bribe can lure him from his trust.

Though years elapse, he still can trace
 The features of his master's face;
 Or else his voice or step he knows,
 And ev'ry mark of welcome shows.

A faithful creature then is he,
 May we of him resemblance be,
 Nor let ingratitude infest,
 Or reign within the human breast.

THE QUARRELSOME DOGS.

Tune, "Mozart."

Old Tray and rough Growler are having a fight,
 So let us get out of their way;
 They snarl, and they growl, and they bark, and they bite;
 Oh dear, what a terrible fray.

Why, what foolish fellows! now is it not hard
 They can't live together in quiet?
 There's plenty of room for them both in the yard,
 And always a plenty of diet.

But whoever said to old Growler and Tray
 It was naughty to quarrel and fight:
 They think 'tis as pretty to fight as to play;
 Nor know they the wrong from the right.

But when little children, who *know* it is wrong,
 Are angrily fighting away,
 A great deal more blame unto them must belong,
 Than to quarrelsome Growler and Tray.

POOR DONKEY.

Tune, "Holborn."

Poor donkey, I'll give him a handful of grass,
 I'm sure he's a good-natur'd, honest old ass ;
 He trots to the market to carry the sack,
 And lets me ride all the way home on his back ;
 And only just stops by the ditch for a minute
 To see if there's any fresh grass for him in it.

'Tis true now and then he has got a bad trick
 Of standing stock still, tho' he never will kick ;
 And then, poor old fellow, you know he can't tell
 That standing stock still is not using me well ;
 For it never comes into his head, I dare say,
 To do his work first, and then afterwards play.

No, no, my good donkey, I'll give you some grass,
 For *you* know no better because you're an ass ;
 But what little donkeys some children must look,
 Who stand very like you stock still at their book ;
 And waste ev'ry moment of time as it passes,
 A great deal more stupid and silly than asses.

THE EMMETS OR ANTS.

Tune, "Mozart."

These Emmets how little they are in our eyes !
 We tread them to dust and a troop of them dies,
 Without our regard or concern :

Yet as wise as we are, if we went to their school,
 There's many a sluggard and many a fool,
 Some lessons of wisdom may learn.

They don't wear their time out in sleeping or play,
 But gather up corn in a sun-shiny day,
 And for winter they lay up their stores ;

- They manage their work in such regular forms,
 One would think they foresaw all the frosts and the storms,
 And so brought their food within doors.

But I have less sense than a poor creeping ant,
 If I take not due care of the things I shall want,
 Nor provide against danger in time :

When death or old age shall stare in my face,
 What a wretch shall I be in the end of my days,
 If I trifle away all their prime !

Now, now, while my strength and my youth are in bloom,
 Let me think what shall serve me when sickness shall come,
 And pray that my sins be forgiv'n :

Let me read in good books, and believe, and obey,
 That when death turns me out of this cottage of clay,
 I may dwell in a palace in heaven.

THE NAUGHTY FISH.

Tune, "Auld Lang Syne."

Dear mother, said a little fish,
 Pray is not that a fly ?
 I'm very hungry, and I wish
 You'd let me go and try.

My dearest child, the mother cried,
 And started from her nook,
 That horrid fly is put to hide
 The sharpness of the hook.

Now as I've heard, this little trout
 Was young and foolish too,
 And so he thought he'd venture out
 To see if it were true.

And all around the hook he played,
 With many a longing look,
 And, "dear me," to himself he said,
 "I'm sure that's *not a hook*."

"I can but give one little pluck;
 Let's see, and so I will."
 So on he went, and lo! it stuck
 Quite through his little gill.

And as he faint and fainter grew,
 With mournful voice he cried,
 "Dear mother, had I minded you,
 I need not now have died."

THE POOR FLY.

Tune, "Holborn."

So, so, you are running away, Mr. Fly,
 But I'll come at you now, if you don't go too high;
 There, there I have caught you,—you can't get away;
 Never mind, my old fellow, I'm only in play.

O Charles! cruel Charles! you have kill'd the poor fly,
 You have pinch'd him so hard, he is going to die.
 His legs are all broken, and he cannot stand;
 There, now, he has fallen down dead in your hand!

I hope you are sorry for what you have done,
 You may kill many flies but you cannot make one.
 No,—you can't set it up,—as I told you before,
 It is dead,—and it never will stand any more.

Poor thing; as it buzz'd up and down on the glass,
 How little it thought what was coming to pass,
 For it could not have guess'd as it frisk'd in the sun,
 That a child would destroy it for nothing but fun.

The spider, who weaves his fine cobweb so neat,
 Might have caught him indeed, for he wants him to eat:
 But the poor flies must learn to keep out of *your* way,
 As you kill them for nothing at all but your play.

THE HARE AND TORTOISE.

Tune, "The Sheep."

A forward hare, of swiftness vain,
 The genius of the neighb'ring plain,
 Oft did deride the drudging crowd,
 For geniuses are often proud;

He'd boast his flight, 'twere vain to follow,
For dog and horse, he'd beat them hollow;
Nay, if he put forth all his strength,
Outstrip his brethren half a length.

A tortoise heard his vain oration,
And vented thus his indignation.
" O puss! it bodes thee dire disgrace,
When I defy thee to the race,
Come, 'tis a match; nay, no denial,
I'll lay my shell upon the trial."
'Twas done and done,—all fair—a bet,
Judges prepar'd, and distance set.

The scamp'ring hare outstript the wind,
The creeping tortoise lagg'd behind,
And scarce had got a single pole
When puss had almost reached the goal.
" Friend tortoise," quoth the jeering hare,
" Your burden's more than you can bear,
To help your speed, it were as well
That I should ease you of your shell.
Jog on a little faster, pr'y thee;
I'll take a nap, and then be with ye."
The tortoise heard his taunting jeer,
But still resolved to persevere,—
On to the goal securely crept,
While puss unknowingly still slept.
The bets were won, the hare awoke,
And thus the victor tortoise spoke:
" Puss, though I own thy quicker parts,
Things are not always done by starts;
You may deride my awkward pace,
But SLOW and STEADY wins the race."

THE LARK.

Tune, " Carey."

See, the lark plumes his active wings,
Rises to heav'n, and soars, and sings:
His morning hymns, his mid-day lays
Are one continued song of praise;
He speaks his Maker all he can,
And shames the silent tongue of man.

When the declining orb of light
Reminds him of approaching night,
His ev'ning song expands his breast,
And, as he sings, he sinks to rest.
Shall birds instructive lessons teach,
And we be deaf to what they preach?

No—with a pious, grateful heart,
We'll act the wiser songster's part;
Leave our warm beds at early dawn,
And with our God begin the morn:
To Him our grateful tribute pay,
Thro' every period of the day;

To Him our ev'ning song direct,
 His eye shall watch, his arm protect,
 Tho' darkness reign, He's with us still,
 Then sweet we'll sleep, and fear no ill.

THE LITTLE LARK.

Tune, " Cottage near a Wood."

I hear a pretty bird, but hark!
 I cannot see it any where;
 Oh! it is a little lark,
 Singing in the morning air:
 Little lark, do tell me why
 You are singing in the sky?

Other little birds at rest
 Have not yet begun to sing:
 Ev'ry one is in its nest,
 With its head behind its wing.
 Little lark, then tell me why
 You sing so early in the sky.

'Tis to sing a merry song
 To the pleasant morning light;
 Why linger in my nest so long,
 When the sun is shining bright?
 Little infant, this is why
 I sing so early in the sky.

To the little birds below,
 I do sing a merry tune;
 And I let the ploughman know
 He must come to labour soon.
 Little infant, this is why
 I am singing in the sky.

TO A RED-BREAST.

Tune, " Handel."

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;
 Well rewarded, if I spy
 Pleasure in thy glancing eye;

See thee, when thou'st eat thy fill,
 Plume thy breast, and wipe thy bill.
 Come, my feather'd friend again!
 Well thou know'st the broken pane.

Ask of me thy daily store;
 Ever welcome to my door!

INVITATION TO THE ROBIN RED-BREAST.

Tune, "Hollow Drum."

Come now, pretty little Bob,
 Here is nought to make thee throb.
 Here, no cruel cat or boy
 Will a little bird destroy;
 I will never injure thee:
 Pretty Robin, come to me.

Thou dost hop, and sing, and fly,
 Heedless of a wint'ry sky;
 And a stranger art to sorrow,
 Always heedless of to-morrow:—
 Little Robin, thou shalt be
 Always safe, and fed with me.

THE SPARROWS.—*Tune, "Mozart."*

Hop about, pretty sparrows, and pick up the hay,
 And the twigs, and the wool, and the moss;
 Indeed, I'll stand far enough out of your way,
 Don't fly from the window so cross.

I don't mean to catch you, you dear little Dick,
 And fasten you up in a cage,
 To hop all day long on a straight bit of stick,
 Or to flutter about in a rage.

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

Oh dear, if you'd eat a crumb out of my hand,
 How happy and glad should I be;
 Then come, pretty bird, while I quietly stand
 At the foot of the mulberry tree.

WHAT CLOTHES ARE MADE OF.—*Tune, "Mozart."*

The pretty sheep gives us the wool from his sides,
 To make us a jacket to use;
 And the dog or the seal must be stript of their hides,
 To give us a couple of shoes.

The grey rabbit also contributes his share,
 He helps to provide us a hat;
 For this must be made of his delicate hair,
 And so you may thank him for that.

And many poor animals suffer besides,
 And each of them gives us a share,
 Pull off their warm clothing, or give us their hides,
 That we may have plenty to wear—

Then as the poor creatures are suffer'd to give
 So much to give comfort to man,
 It must be our duty, as long as they live,
 To do all for them that we can.

AGAINST CRUELTY.

THE POOR ASS.

Tune, "Holborn."

Do see that poor ass, how he hobbles along,
 Though once I dare say he was healthy and strong;
 Now he seems hardly able to keep on the road,
 And scarcely can carry that great heavy load.
 And that cruel man, how he serves the poor beast,
 He hardly will give him a moment of rest,
 He kicks and belabours the poor starving hack;
 Why does he not move that great load from his back,
 And not make him carry a burden so great?
 I wonder he does not fall down in the street:
 He won't let him stop for that mouthful of hay,
 Though he has been working so hard all the day.
 And yet after all, he is patient, you see,
 And his looks seem to say, "do have pity on me."
 I think, could he speak, he would say, "cruel man,
 I'm sure that I work for you all that I can."

AGAINST CRUELTY.

LITTLE BIRDS AND CRUEL BOYS.

Tune, "Holborn."

A little bird built a warm nest in a tree,
 And laid some blue eggs in it,—one, two, and three,
 And then very glad and delighted was she.
 And then, &c.
 So, after awhile, but how long I can't tell,
 The little ones crept, one by one, from the shell;
 And their mother was pleas'd, and she loved them well.
 And their, &c.
 She spread her soft wings on them all the day long,
 To warm and to guard them, her love was so strong;
 And her mate sat beside her, and sung her a song.
 And her mate, &c.
 One day the young birds were all crying for food,
 So off flew their mother away from her brood;
 And up came some boys who were wicked and rude.
 And up came, &c.
 So they pulled the warm nest down away from the tree;
 And the little ones cried, but they could not get free;
 So at last they all died away, one, two, and three.
 So at last, &c.
 But when back again the poor mother did fly;
 O then she set up a most pitiful cry!
 So she mourn'd a long while, and then lay down to die!
 So she mourn'd, &c.

AGAINST CRUELTY.
ON HOLDING A MOTH BY ITS WINGS.

Tune, " Cottage near a Wood."

Oh! how you hold that little thing!
I fear you'll break its pretty wing;
How can you like to give it pain?
Pray do now let it go again.

Ah! cruel boy! see what you've done!
No more 'twill flutter in the sun,
Or fly about by candle light,
For now 'tis kill'd; O painful sight;

Its horns are curl'd close to its head,
Its wing is off, and it is dead.
If with a fly a boy begins
To steel the heart by sticking pins,

To run its little body through,
Or pull its legs, or wings off too;
He'll do as much when grown a man,
To fellow-creatures, if he can.

AGAINST CRUELTY.—OLD PUSS.

Tune, " Hollow Drum."

Don't hurt the poor old cat,
There can be no fun in that;
And it would be cruel too;
She never tried to injure you.

She for years has kept the house
Free from thievish rat and mouse;
Puss has always faithful been,
And has kept herself so clean.

True she now is getting old,
Though she once was strong and bold;
At her prey she cannot leap,
And if caught can scarcely keep.

Poor old puss! 'twould be a shame,
Thee for uselessness to blame;
When thou can'st not active be,
Useless through infirmity.

AGAINST CRUELTY.—POOR PUSS.

Tune, " Holborn."

Oh! Harry! oh fie! do not kick the poor cat,
For pussey, I'm sure, will not thank you for that;
She was doing no harm as she sat on the mat,
She was doing, &c.

Suppose some great giant, amazingly strong,
Were often to kick you and drive you along;
Now, would you not think it exceedingly wrong?
Now, would you, &c.

And, Harry, I think, you're as greatly to blame,
 When *you* serve poor pussey exactly the same,
 For she's very gentle, and quiet, and tame,
 For she's very, &c.

She is under the table, quite out of the way,
 But why should you tease her, and fright her away,
 She takes it in earnest, if you think it play,
 She takes, &c.

There, go now and call her, and stroke her again ;
 And never give poor little animals pain ;
 For you know, when you hurt them they cannot complain,
 For you know, &c.

AGAINST CRUELTY.

THE WORM.

Tune, "Auld Lang Syne."

Turn, turn thy hasty foot aside,
 Nor crush that helpless worm ;
 The frame thy wayward looks deride
 Requir'd a God to 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.

The sun, the moon, the stars He made
 To all his creatures free ;
 And spreads o'er earth the grassy blade
 For worms as well as thee.

Let them enjoy their little day,
 Their lowly bliss receive ;
 O ! do not lightly take away
 The life thou canst not give.

TO PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

Tune, "Mozart."

How happy and thankful poor children should be
 (For great is the blessing indeed)
 When they meet with kind friends who unite and agree,
 To teach them to work and to read.

And parents a wise and religious concern
 For their children's best welfare display,
 Who are not unwilling to send them to learn,
 Nor indulge them in keeping away.

What parents the dreadful reflection could bear—
 (Whose children had courses begin)
 That once they withheld the instruction and care,
 Which might have preserved them from sin !

Instruction can never be given in vain ;
 For even in worldly concerns,
 Whatever the station in life we sustain,
 To credit and profit it turns.

EARLY ATTENDANCE AT SCHOOL.

Tune, "Weber."

The clock has struck, I cannot stay,
 Oh! let me rise, and haste away,
 I'll take my hat and leave my home,
 The hour of school at last is come.

I would be there when pray'r begins,
 To ask the pardon of my sins;
 To ask the blessing of the Lord,
 And pray to understand his word.

Oh! shall my teachers wait in vain,
 My idleness will give them pain;
 No, let me rather try to be
 First of their little family.

These happy days will soon be o'er,
 When I must go to school no more;
 I would not have to think with pain,
 That I had spent my time in vain.

A SCHOOL HYMN.

Tune, "Devizes."

Father, to Thee our souls we raise,
 And for a blessing look;
 Guide and assist us by thy grace
 To learn thy holy book.

Give us an active, humble mind,
 From sloth and folly free:
 Give us a cheerful heart, inclin'd
 To truth and piety.

A faithful memory bestow,
 With solid learning store;
 And still, O Lord, as more we know,
 Let us obey Thee more.

Let us things excellent discern;
 Hold fast what we approve;
 And, above all, delight to learn
 The lessons of thy love.

A SCHOOL HYMN.

Tune, "Manly Heart."

Jesus! behold before thy throne,
 Us little children lowly bend;
 Thy face we seek, thy name we own,
 And pray that thou wilt be our friend.

Infants on earth thou didst receive,
 And fold them to thy tender breast;
 And said'st that such in heav'n should live
 For ever safe, for ever blest.

Encourag'd by such matchless grace,
 We in thy presence now appear ;
 Lord, in thy mercy shew thy face,
 And meet and bless thy servants here.

Thy Holy Spirit's aid impart,
 That He may teach us how to pray ;
 Make us sincere, and let each heart
 Delight in wisdom's sacred way.

CHILDREN'S HYMN.

Tune, "Condescension."

Almighty Father, heav'nly King !
 Who rul'st the worlds above,
 Accept the tribute children bring
 Of gratitude and love.

To Thee, each morning when we rise,
 Our early vows we'll pay :
 And ere the night has clos'd our eyes,
 We'll thank thee for the day.

Our Saviour, ever good and kind,
 To us his word hath giv'n ;
 That young ones, such as we, may find
 A certain path to heav'n.

Stretch out, O Lord, thy gracious hand,
 To guide our erring youth ;
 And lead us to that blissful land,
 Where dwells eternal truth.

CHILDREN'S HYMN.

Tune, "Eaton."

Behold, dear Lord, an infant race
 Lift up their voice of humble praise.
 We sing the mercies thou hast shown,
 The love reveal'd thro' Christ, thy Son.

We bless thy name, that here we stand
 To praise thee on this happy land ;
 Where faithful ministers of thine
 Nourish our souls with truth divine.

We bless thee for our Bibles, giv'n
 To teach lost men the way to heav'n ;
 Sow thou the seed, and grant increase,
 And fill our hearts with truth and peace.

We bless thee for the day of rest,
 The day above the others blest ;
 We toil not then, but learn to tell
 And sing the love that saves from hell.

Great are thy mercies, God of love,
 O lead us on to thrones above ;
 There dwell the blessed of our race,
 Singing the triumphs of thy grace.

CHILDREN'S HYMN.

Tune, "Devizes." *M*

Happy the children who betimes
 Have learnt to know the Lord,
 Who thro' his grace escape the crimes
 Forbidden in his word.

Should they be early hence remov'd,
 He will their souls receive ;
 For they whom Jesus here hath lov'd,
 With him shall ever live.

The Saviour whom they trusted here,
 Shall wipe their tears away ;
 No night of darkness shall be there,
 But one eternal day.

May we, with those in bliss, O Lord,
 For ever number'd be ;
 Taught by thy Spirit, and thy word,
 To live alone to thee.

Come, holy Lord, and may each heart
 Thy blessed temple prove ;
 Thy heav'nly likeness now impart ;
 And rule us all by love.

CHILDREN'S HYMN.

Tune, "Cambridge." *13*

Oh, may we learn this kind command,
 To love the Lord our God ;
 Love Him with all our heart and mind ;
 And spread his praise abroad.

'Twas his kind hand our being gave,
 And form'd us of the ground ;
 And 'tis the same almighty hand
 That fills creation round.

Soon as our infant years began,
 Our life was crown'd with love ;
 And ev'ry blessing we receive,
 Is giv'n us from above.

Let our first thoughts, by morning light,
 Ascend to God on high ;
 And in the ev'ning lift our thoughts
 Above the starry sky.

He loves to hear our infant cries,
 He bids us seek his face,
 Then, like the children of his love,
 Let's ask his promis'd grace.

THE GENTLE CHILD.

Tune, "Wallace."

The gentle child, that tries to please,
That will never fret, or tease,
Nor will say an angry word,
Is pleasing to the Lord.

Great God! forgive whenever we
Angry are, or disagree;
Grant that we may ever find
Pleasure great in being kind.

ENCOURAGEMENT FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

Tune, "Eaton."

God is so good that He will hear
Whenever children humbly pray:
He always lends a gracious ear
To what the youngest child can say.

His own most holy book declares
He loves good little children still;
And He will answer all their pray'rs,
Just as a tender father will.

He will not scorn an infant tongue
That thanks Him for his mercies giv'n;
And when by babes his praise is sung,
Their cheerful songs ascend to heav'n.

Then let us always trust his word,
And seek Him for our friend and guide;
Our little voices will be heard,
And we shall never be deny'd.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

Tune, "Cambridge."

Thou Guardian of our infant days,
To Thee our pray'rs ascend:
To Thee we'll tune our songs of praise—
To Thee, the Children's Friend.

From Thee our daily mercies flow,
Our life and health descend:
Lord, save our souls from sin and woe,
Be Thou the Children's Friend.

Teach us to prize thy Holy Word,
And to its truths attend;
Thus shall we learn to fear the Lord,
And love the Children's Friend.

Lord, draw our youthful hearts to Thee,
From ev'ry ill defend;
Help us in early life to flee
To Thee, the Children's Friend.

Oh may we taste of Jesus' love,
 To Him our souls commend ;
 For Jesus left the realms above,
 To be the Children's Friend.

Let all our hopes be fixed on high,
 And when our lives shall end,
 Then may we live above the sky
 With Thee, the Children's Friend.

ATTENTION TO TEACHERS.

Tune, "Manly Heart."

Who taught our infant lips to pray
 To God our Maker, day by day,
 And many Scripture Lessons say,
 To guide us in the heav'nly way ?
 Our Teachers.

Who was it made the A, B, C,
 So easy and so plain to be,
 That we can read whate'er we see,
 Whether on card or book it be ?
 Our Teachers.

Then let us due attention pay
 To all our kind instructors say,
 And grow in wisdom day by day,
 But never grieve or disobey
 Our Teachers.

UPON PAYING PROPER ATTENTION AT SCHOOL.

Tune, "Weber."

Dear Schoolmates, have we ever thought
 That we shall come to school in vain,
 Unless we think of what we're taught,
 And try instruction to obtain ?

The meaning must be understood
 Of ev'ry lesson that we say,
 Else it will do us little good,
 Although repeated ev'ry day.

Let's read our words distinct and slow,
 That we may think of what they mean,
 And pay attention as we go
 To make the proper stops between.

Away each idle thought or look !
 Let no disturbing sound be heard ;
 But when we read God's holy book,
 We must attend to ev'ry word.

His holy will is written there ;
 For our instruction 'tis design'd ;
 Then surely we should never dare
 To read it with a thoughtless mind.

INFANT SCHOOL.

Tune, "Manly Heart."

Up in the morn we early rise,
 And pray to God above the skies ;
 Wash our face and comb our hair,
 And to the Infant School repair ;
 We must be clean, for 'tis a rule
 Of our happy Infant School.

'Tis there we sing, and there we pray,
 And we are happy all the day ;
 The friends who teach us are so kind,
 All they say we'll strive to mind ;
 And to serve them make a rule
 In our happy Infant School.

To pay them much we are too poor,
 So we'll strive to love them more ;
 And when we're grown big girls and boys,
 And business our chief time employs,
 Still to pray shall be our rule,
 For our happy Infant School.

A SCHOOL HYMN.

Tune, "Hollow Drum."

Happy little children we,
 Raise the hand and bow the knee,
 We are taught that when we pray,
 God will hear what children say.

We may ask for all we want,
 We may ask,—and He will grant
 All his wisdom sees is best :
 Kindly He'll deny the rest.

I'll not wish to have what He
 Knows is really bad for me,
 But I'll ask to be his mild,
 Docile, loving little child.

THINGS TO BE REMEMBERED.

Tune, "Manly Heart."

These are the things I ought to mind ;
 To come in time, and ev'ry day,
 And never idly wait behind,
 For no good reason, or to play.

To put my clothes on neat and tight,
 And see my hands and face are clean ;
 And mind to say my lessons right,
 And to remember what they mean.

My books I must not tear or lose,
 But always keep them clean and neat ;
 And wicked words I must not use,
 Such as I hear about the street.

I must remember what I'm told,
And always do as I am bid,
And not be obstinate, or bold,
Or cross, or sulky, when I'm chid.

These are the things I ought to mind;
And so I will with all my might;
Because I'm certain I shall find
There's nothing lost by doing right.

THE ENGLISH CHILD.

Tune, "Condescension."

I thank the goodness and the grace
Which on my birth have smil'd,
And made me, in these Christian days,
A happy English child.

I was not born as thousands are,
Where God was never known;
And taught to pray a useless pray'r
To blocks of wood and stone.

My God, I thank Thee, who hast plann'd
A better lot for me;
And plac'd me in this happy land,
Where I may hear of Thee.

OLD ENGLAND, OR THE LITTLE PATRIOT'S SONG.

Tune, "Auld Lang Syne."

Old England is my native isle,
And well I love its ground;
For there unnumber'd blessings smile,
And circle it around.

And there is not a spot on earth
That I love half so well,
As this dear land that gave me birth,
This island where I dwell.

The ocean that around it flows,
And laves its peaceful strand,
Secures it from its proudest foes,
A free and happy land.

And England's sons are bold and true,
And love their native soil;
And he the vile attempt shall rue,
Who seeks that land to spoil.

Thou land of liberty, 'tis thee
I'll love, who gav'est me birth;
And thou shalt always be to me
The dearest spot on earth!

AGAINST EVIL COMPANY.

Tune, "Cambridge."

Why should I join with those in play
 In whom I've no delight;
 Who curse and swear, but never pray;
 Who call ill names and fight?

I hate to hear a wanton song,
 Their words offend mine ears;
 I should not dare defile my tongue
 With language such as theirs.

Away from fools I'll turn mine eyes;
 Nor with the scoffers go:
 I would be walking with the wise,
 That wiser I might grow.

From one rude boy that's us'd to mock,
 They learn the wicked jest:
 One sickly sheep infects the flock,
 And poisons all the rest.

My God, I hate to walk or dwell
 With sinful children here:
 Then let me not be sent to Hell,
 Where none but sinners are.

AGAINST IDLENESS.

THE SLUGGARD.

Tune, "We'll go to our Places."

'Tis the voice of the sluggard; I heard him complain,
 "You have wak'd 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.

"A little more sleep and a little more slumber;"
 Thus he wastes half his days, and his hours without number;
 And when he gets up he sits folding his hands,
 Or walks about saunt'ring, or trifling he stands.

I pass'd by his garden, and saw the wild briar,
 The thorn and the thistle grow broader and higher;
 The clothes that hang on him are turning to rags;
 And his money still wastes, till he starves or he begs.

I made him a visit, still hoping to find
 He had 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 thinking.

Said I then to my heart, "Here's a lesson for me;
 That 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 reading."

PLEASURES OF INDUSTRY.

Tune, "Mozart."

Some think it a hardship to work for their bread,
 Altho' for our good it was meant;
 But those who don't work have no right to be fed,
 And the idle are never content.

An honest employment brings pleasure and gain,
 And makes us our troubles forget;
 For those who work hard have no time to complain,
 And 'tis better to labour than fret.

INDUSTRY.

Tune, "Manly Heart."

The daily labours of the bee
 Awake my soul to industry;
 Who can observe the careful ant,
 And not provide for future want?

Thus ev'ry object in creation
 Can furnish hints to contemplation;
 And, from the most minute and mean,
 A child may much instruction glean.

AGAINST LYING.

Tune, "Old Hundredth."

O 'tis a lovely thing for youth
 To walk betimes in wisdom's way;
 To fear a lie, to speak the truth,
 That we may trust to all they say.

But liars we can never trust,
 Tho' they should speak the thing that's true;
 And he that does one fault at first,
 And lies to hide it, makes it two.

The Lord delights in them that speak
 The words of truth; but ev'ry liar
 Must have his portion in the lake
 That burns with brimstone and with fire.

Then let me always watch my lips,
 Lest I be struck to death and Hell,
 Since God a book of reck'ning keeps
 For ev'ry lie that children tell.

OBEDIENCE TO PARENTS.

Tune, "Devizes."

Let children, that would fear the Lord,
 Hear what their teachers say;
 With rev'rence meet their parent's word,
 And with delight obey.

Have you not heard what dreadful plagues
Are threaten'd by the Lord,
To him that breaks his father's law,
Or mocks his mother's word?

But those who worship God, and give
Their parents honour due,
Here on this earth shall happy live,
And live hereafter too.

LOVE BETWEEN BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

Tune, "Auld Lang Syne."

Whatever brawls disturb the street,
There should be peace at home,
Where sisters dwell and brothers meet,
Quarrels should never come.

Birds in their little nests agree,
And 'tis a shameful sight,
When children of one family
Fall out, and chide, and fight.

The devil tempts one mother's son
To rage against another;
So wicked Cain was hurried on
Till he had kill'd his brother.

Pardon, O Lord, our childish rage,
Our little brawls remove;
That as we grow to riper age,
Our hearts may all be love.

INNOCENT PLAY.

Tune, "Mozart."

Abroad in the meadows to see the young lambs
Run sporting about by the side of their dams,
With fleeces so clean and so white;
Or a nest of young doves in a large open cage
When they play all in love, without anger or rage,
How much may we learn from the sight!

If we had been ducks, we might dabble in mud,
Or dogs, we might play till it ended in blood,
So foul and so fierce are their natures;
But Thomas and William and such pretty names,
Should be cleanly and harmless as doves or as lambs,
Those lovely, sweet, innocent creatures.

Not a thing that we do, nor a word that we say,
Should injure another in jesting or play,
For he's still in earnest that's hurt;
How rude are the boys that throw pebbles and mire,
There's none but a madman will fling about fire,
And tell you 'tis all but in sport.

AGAINST QUARRELLING AND FIGHTING.

Tune, "Cambridge."

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
 For God hath made them so;
 Let bears and lions growl and fight,
 For 'tis their nature too.

But surely we should never let
 Such angry passions rise;
 Our little hands were never made
 To tear each other's eyes.

Let love through all our actions run,
 And all our words be mild;
 Live like the blessed Virgin's Son,
 That sweet and lovely child.

His soul was gentle as a lamb;
 And as his stature grew,
 He grew in favour, both with man,
 And God his Father too.

Now, Lord of all, he reigns above,
 And from his heav'nly throne
 He sees what children dwell in love,
 And marks them for his own.

AGAINST SCOFFING AND CALLING BAD NAMES.

Tune, "Wallace."

Our tongues were made to bless the Lord,
 And not speak ill of men;
 When others give a railing word,
 We must not rail again.

Cross words and angry names require
 To be chastised at school;
 And he's in danger of hell fire,
 That calls his brother fool.

But lips that dare be so profane,
 To mock, and jeer, and scoff
 At holy things and holy men,
 The Lord shall cut them off.

When children in their wanton play
 Serv'd old Elisha so,
 And bid the prophet go his way,
 "Go up, thou Bald-head, go!"

God quickly stopt their wicked breath;
 And sent two raging bears,
 That tore them limb from limb to death,
 With blood, and groans, and tears.

Great God, how terrible art thou
 To sinners e'er so young!
 Grant me thy grace, and teach me how
 To tame and rule my tongue.

AGAINST STEALING.

Tune, "Wallace."

Why should I deprive my neighbour
Of his goods against his will?
Hands were made for honest labour,
Not to plunder or to steal.

'Tis a foolish self-deceiving,
By such tricks to hope for gain;
All that's ever got by thieving
Turns to sorrow, shame, and pain.

Oft we see a young beginner
Practise little pilfering ways,
Till grown up a harden'd sinner,
Then the gallows ends his days.

Theft will not be always hidden,
Tho' we fancy none can spy;
When we take a thing forbidden,
God beholds it with his eye.

EXCELLENCY OF THE BIBLE.

T *Tune, "Condescension."* *16*

Father of mercies, in thy Word
What endless riches shine!
For ever be thy name ador'd,
For knowledge thus divine.

Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

O may those heavenly pages be
My first, my chief delight,
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increase in light!

Divine Instructor! glorious Lord!
Be thou for ever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred Word,
And view my Saviour there.

EXCELLENCY OF THE BIBLE.

T *Tune, "Devizes."* *17*

Great God, with wonder and with praise
On all thy works I look:
But still thy wisdom, pow'r, and grace,
Shine brightest in thy book.

The stars, that in their courses roll,
Have much instruction giv'n;
But thy good Word informs my soul
How I may climb to Heav'n.

The fields provide me food, and show
 The goodness of the Lord ;
 But fruits of life and glory grow
 In thy most holy Word.

Here are my choicest treasures hid,
 Here my best comfort lies :
 Here my desires are satisfied,
 And hence my hopes arise.

Lord, make me understand thy law ;
 Show what my faults have been ;
 And from thy Gospel let me draw
 Pardon for all my sin.

Here would I learn how Christ has died
 To save my soul from hell :
 Not all the books on earth beside
 Such heav'nly wonders tell.

Then let me love my Bible more,
 And take a fresh delight
 By day to read these wonders o'er,
 And meditate by night.

ABOUT THE BIBLE ;
AND THE ADVANTAGE OF BEING ABLE TO READ IT.

Tune, " Carey."

This is a precious book indeed !
 Happy the child that loves to read !
 'Tis God's own word which he has giv'n,
 To show our souls the way to heaven.
 It tells us how the world was made ;
 And how good men the Lord obey'd ;
 Here his commands are written too,
 To teach us what we ought to do.
 It bids us all from sin to fly,
 Because our souls can never die ;
 It tells of heav'n, where angels dwell ;
 And warns us to escape from hell.
 But what is more than all beside,
 The Bible tells us Jesus died !
 This is its best, its chief intent,
 To lead poor sinners to repent.
 'Tis thus the book which God has giv'n,
 Shows us the only way to heav'n ;
 How blest are we then, that we may
 Read this good Bible ev'ry day.

THE BIBLE.

Tune, " Manly Heart."

What book ought I to love the best
 And on its truth securely rest,
 What tells me of my fallen state
 And how God can me new create ?
 The Bible.

What points me to the Lamb of God,
 To trust in his atoning blood,
 What warns me to abstain from sin,
 And tends to make me pure within?
 The Bible.

What teaches to relieve the poor,
 And med'cine for the sick procure,
 What teaches me to love my foe,
 And acts of kindness to him show?
 The Bible.

What tells me of that state of bliss,
 Where I shall never do amiss,
 What can support my drooping head,
 When I am laid on my death-bed?
 The Bible.

POOR CHILDREN.

Tune, "Holborn."

When I walk in the fields, or walk in the street,
 How many poor children I often do meet,
 Without shoes or stockings to cover their feet.
 Without shoes, &c.

Their clothes are all ragged, and let in the cold;
 And they have but little to eat, I am told:
 Oh dear! 'tis a pitiful sight to behold.
 Oh dear! &c.

And then, what is worse, very often they are
 Quite naughty and wicked; I never can bear
 To hear how they quarrel together and swear.
 To hear how, &c.

For often they use naughty words in their play;
 And I might have been as wicked as they,
 Had I not been taught better, I've heard mother say.
 Had I not, &c.

Oh, how very thankful I always should be
 That I have kind parents to watch over me,
 Who teach me from wickedness ever to flee!
 Who teach me, &c.

And, as mother tells me, I certainly should
 Mind all that is taught me, and be very good,
 For if those poor children knew better, *they* would.
 For if those, &c.

ADVANTAGES OF EARLY RELIGION.

Tune, "Cambridge."

Happy the child whose tender years
 Receive instruction well:
 Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
 The road that leads to Hell.

When we devote our youth to God,
 'Tis pleasing in his eyes ;
 A flow'r, when offer'd in the bud,
 Is no vain sacrifice.

'Tis easier work, if we begin
 To fear the Lord betimes ;
 While sinners that grow old in sin,
 Are hardened in their crimes.

'Twill save us from a thousand snares,
 To mind religion young ;
 Grace will preserve our following years,
 And make our virtue strong.

To Thee, Almighty God, to Thee,
 Our childhood we resign ;
 'Twill please us to look back and see
 That our whole lives were thine.

Let the sweet work of prayer and praise
 Employ my youngest breath :
 Thus I'm prepar'd for longer days,
 Or fit for early death.

CHILDREN'S HYMN OF GRATITUDE.

Tune, "Weber."

Oh, gracious Saviour, thou hast said,
 " Let little children come to me ;"
 And blessed be the friends who led
 Our infant hearts to follow thee !

Accept, O Lord, our simple praise,
 We wish this goodness to proclaim ;
 Though feeble is the voice we raise,
 In honour of thy glorious name.

But when these friends of infancy,
 We join in happy worlds above,
 Our song shall be more sweet, more high,
 Inspired by endless joy and love !

CHILDREN'S HYMN OF GRATITUDE.

Tune, "Manly Heart."

To God our praises first belong,
 Whose mercy like a river flows ;
 His mercy claims our sweetest song,
 His mercy day by day he shows.

We praise the Lord that we are brought
 In tender years to learn his word,
 And from that word of life are taught,
 Sin's path to shun, and fear the Lord.

As ev'ry good from God descends,
 The author and the source of grace,
 May grace and peace to all our friends
 Be multiplied and still increase.

O may success their labours crown,
 And God reward their ev'ry care;
 While we with thanks their kindness own,
 And for them lisp our daily prayer.

CHILDREN'S HYMN OF GRATITUDE.

Tune, "Carey."

We thank the Lord who brought us here,
 To learn betimes to pray and praise;
 To learn his holy name to fear,
 And think of his most holy ways.

We might have spent this happy time
 In sloth and ignorance abroad;
 Or practised ev'ry youthful crime,
 Like those that think not of the Lord.

But, oh! how great his love has been,
 What kind instruction has he given;
 And taught us early to begin
 That blessed path that leads to heav'n.

Oh! is there one of us who dare
 To turn from wisdom's pleasant way?
 The thought is what we cannot bear;
 We humbly hope we never may.

We hope, because the Saviour died;
 We hope, because he lives above;
 And those shall never turn aside,
 Who seek his grace and trust his love.

CHILDREN'S HYMN OF GRATITUDE.

Tune, "Shirland."

While many of our race
 Are left to go astray,
 Far from the blissful paths of peace,
 Nor ever hear the way;

How happy is our lot,
 Who live on Britain's isle!
 Which is of heav'n the favour'd spot,
 Where countless blessings smile.

No idol gods we own,
 Nor blindly bow the knee;
 Nor pray to senseless wood or stone,
 That cannot hear or see.

The God whom we adore,
 Fills earth, and air, and skies;
 Surveys the whole creation o'er,
 And all our thoughts espies.

Since British children are
 So highly bless'd of Heav'n,
 Oh let it be our constant care,
 To prize the mercies giv'n.

SCHOOL AND BIRDS' NESTING.

Tune, "Mozart."

"I shan't learn my lesson," a wicked boy said,
 To another that stood by his side;
 "I hate to be kept in the school till one's dead;
 Let's go to the grove, and get birds' nests instead;
 The young ones and eggs we'll divide."

"Oh no!" said the other; "that never will do!
 You surely don't mean what you say?
 Our Mistress, how griev'd would she be, if she knew;
 Oh she would be so angry,—our parents would too,
 Who told us 'be sure not to play.'"

"Besides 'tis so cruel; so come off with me,
 We shall just get in time for the school."
 "Not I," he replied, "for what fun will there be,
 In reading and spelling or singing," quoth he,
 "I'm not going to be such a fool."

So he went with some more, and with mischief and row,
 Over hedges and ditches they got;
 But in seeking a nest, upon a high bough,
 He slipp'd, and fell headlong, I cannot tell how,
 But was carried half dead from the spot.

But no such disaster the other befel,
 (From sin all our troubles arise,) *Commendation* he earn'd; so his schoolfellows tell;
 And 'tis said, next reward day, he's doing so well,
 He'll stand a good chance for a Prize.

THE REWARD BOOK.

Tune, "Mozart."

Returning from school, little Harry one day
 Was seen most intently to look,
 With a smile on his face, each step of the way,
 As he turn'd o'er a neat little book.

His pace being slower than usual by far,
 His schoolfellows round him were seen;
 Who were eager to know what book he'd got there,
 And who the kind giver had been.

"A present it is, from our Mistress," he said;
 "And if you'll be still and attend,
 I soon will convince you from what I shall read,
 That good boys will ne'er want a friend."

The title and some of the book he made known,
 Then pleasure was seen in their look,
 For as each boy in turn the present was shown,
 They saw it was *Watts's Hymn Book*.

THE FIELD DAISY.

Tune, "Weber."

I'm a pretty little thing,
 Always coming with the Spring,
 In the meadows green I'm found,
 Peeping just above the ground ;

And my stalk is cover'd flat,
 With a white and yellow hat.
 Little children when you pass,
 Lightly o'er the tender grass,

Skip about, but do not tread
 On my meek and healthy head ;
 For I always seem to say,
 " Surely Winter's gone away."

THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.

Tune, "Shirland."

The lilies of the field,
 That quickly fade away,
 May well to us a lesson yield,
 Who die as soon as they.

That pretty blossom see,
 Decaying on the walk ;
 A storm came sweeping o'er the tree,
 And broke its feeble stalk.

Just like an early rose,
 I've seen an infant bloom ;
 But Death, perhaps, before it blows,
 Will lay it in the tomb.

Then let us think on death,
 Though we are young and gay ;
 For God, who gave our life and breath,
 Can take them soon away.

THE ROSE.

Tune, "Mozart."

How fair is the Rose ! what a beautiful flow'r !
 The glory of April and May !
 But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,
 And they wither and die in a day.

Yet the Rose has one powerful virtue to boast,
 Above all the flow'rs of the field ;
 When its leaves are all dead, and fine colours are lost,
 Still how sweet a perfume it will yield !

So frail is the youth and the beauty of men,
 Tho' they bloom and look gay like the Rose :
 But all our fond care to preserve them is vain ;
 Time kills them as fast as he goes.

Then I'll not be proud of my youth or my beauty,
 Since both of them wither and fade ;
 But gain a good name by well doing my duty ;
 This will scent like a rose when I'm dead.

HYMN ON CREATION.

Tune, " Cambridge."

God made the sky that looks so blue,
 God made the grass so green,
 God made the flow'rs that smell so sweet,
 In pretty colours seen.

God made the sun that shines so bright,
 And gladdens all I see ;
 It comes to give us heat and light,
 How thankful should we be !

God made the pretty bird to fly,
 How sweetly has she sung ;
 And tho' she soars so very high,
 She won't forget her young.

God made the cow to give nice milk,
 The horse, for me to use ;
 I'll treat them kindly for his sake,
 Nor dare his gifts abuse.

God made the water for my drink,
 God made the fish to swim,
 God made the trees to bear nice fruit,
 O how should I love Him !

HYMN.

Tune, " Carey."

Our God is the Father of all,
 The Father of mercies and love :
 He pities the works of his hands,
 Tho' he reigns in the heavens above.

Not a sparrow can fall to the ground,
 Without his permission and care ;
 From such a kind Father and friend,
 Then what have his children to fear ?

We've nothing to fear but from sin ;
 'Tis sin that displeases our God ;
 When we disobey his commands,
 Like a Father he uses the rod.

HYMN TO GOD.

Tune, " Devizes."

While angels praise thy gracious name,
 And Holy ! Holy ! cry ;
 May little children do the same,
 And raise their songs on high !

They may,—to Samuel thou didst speak,
 And mark him as thy own ;
 They may,—for thou hast bid them seek
 For mercy, through thy Son.

And King Josiah, in his youth,
 Was early taught by Thee,
 To fear thy name,—to love thy truth,
 And ev'ry sin to flee.

Nor can'st thou change,—still, still thou art
 The helpless infant's friend ;
 Oh, I would give Thee all my heart,
 And on thy grace depend.

And now, O God, to Thee I cry,
 Form, form my soul anew ;
 The Saviour's cleansing blood apply,
 And all my heart subdue.

PRAISE TO GOD FOR CREATION AND PROVIDENCE:

Tune, "Devizes."

I sing th' almighty pow'r of God,
 That made the mountains rise,
 That spread the flowing seas abroad,
 And built the lofty skies !

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.

I sing the goodness of the Lord,
 That fill'd the earth with food ;
 He form'd the creatures with his word,
 And then pronounc'd them good.

Lord, how thy wonders are display'd,
 Where'er I turn mine eye !
 If I survey the ground I tread,
 Or gaze upon the sky !

There's not a plant, or flow'r below,
 But makes thy glories known ;
 And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
 By order from thy throne.

Creatures (as num'rous as they be)
 Are subject to thy care ;
 There's not a place where we can flee,
 But God is present there.

In heav'n 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.

His hand is my perpetual guard ;
 He keeps me with his eye :
 Why should I then forget the Lord,
 Who is for ever nigh !

ON THE GREATNESS OF GOD,
 AND THE SIN OF OFFENDING HIM.

Tune, " Carey."

'Twas God who made the earth and skies ;
 Great are the wonders of his hand :
 He is more glorious, good, and wise,
 Than any child can understand.

Bright angels bow before his face,
 And saints stand waiting round his throne,
 And in that holy, happy place,
 No sinful thoughts or words are known.

Then how can naughty children dare,
 To take God's name in vain for nought !
 Though all the saints and angels there
 Would tremble at the very thought !

Oh let us still with care abstain
 From such a very wicked thing !
 Nor let a word or thought profane
 Offend this great and glorious King.

We ought to speak with humble fear,
 Whenever we kneel down to pray ;
 His holy word with rev'rence hear,
 And never break the Sabbath-day.

But as there will be much amiss,
 Whatever care and pains we take,
 We'll beg the Lord to pardon this,
 And hear our prayers for Jesus' sake.

PRAISE TO GOD

FOR MERCIES TEMPORAL AND SPIRITUAL.

Tune, " Condescension."

Whene'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 has giv'n me more ;
 For I have food, while others starve,
 Or beg from door to door.

How many children in the street
 Half naked I behold ;
 While I am cloth'd from head to feet,
 And cover'd from the cold !

While some poor people scarce can tell
Where they may lay their head,
I have a home wherein to dwell,
And rest upon my bed.

While others early 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.

PRAISE TO GOD FOR REDEMPTION.

Tune, "Handel."

Lord, when we creation scan,
What thy pow'r has done for man,
Lord, our conscious tongues agree,
How much man must owe to Thee.

Ev'ry note that cheers the vale,
Ev'ry sweet that scents the gale,
Ev'ry blooming flower we see,
Tells that joy we owe to Thee.

Ev'ry breath that heaves the breast,
Ev'ry sound by voice express'd,
Ev'ry thought the mind sets free,
Tells that life we owe to Thee.

But when we redemption view,
Gaze on what thy love could do,
Lord, our grateful hearts agree,
How much more we owe to Thee.

PRAISE TO GOD

FOR BIRTH AND EDUCATION IN A CHRISTIAN LAND.

Tune, "Morning Hymn."

Great God, to thee my voice I raise,
To thee my youngest hours belong;
I would begin my life with praise,
Till growing years improve the song.

'Tis to thy sov'reign grace I owe
That I was born on British ground,
Where streams of heav'nly mercy flow,
And words of sweet salvation sound.

How do I pity those that dwell
Where ignorance or darkness reigns;
They know no heav'n, they fear no hell,
Those endless joys, those endless pains.

Thy glorious promises, O Lord,
 Kindle my hopes and my desire ;
 While all the preachers of thy word
 Warn me to 'scape eternal fire.

Thy praise shall still employ my breath,
 Since thou hast mark'd my way to heav'n ;
 Nor will I run the road to death,
 And waste the blessings thou hast giv'n.

PRAISE TO GOD FOR LEARNING TO READ.

Tune, " Shirland."

The praises of my tongue
 I offer to the Lord,
 That I was taught and learnt so young,
 To read his holy Word ;

That I am brought to know
 The danger I was in,
 By nature and by practice too,
 A wretched slave to sin ;

That I am led to see
 I can do nothing well ;
 And whither shall a sinner flee
 To save himself from hell ?

Dear Lord, this book of thine
 Informs me where to go
 For grace to pardon all my sin,
 And make me holy too.

Here I can read and learn,
 How Christ, the Son of God,
 Did undertake our great concern ;
 Our ransom cost his blood.

And now He reigns above,
 He sends his Spirit down,
 To show the wonders of his love,
 And make his Gospel known.

THE ALL-SEEING GOD.

Tune, " Carey."

God reigns in glory, and on high
 Sits in his throne of majesty ;
 Yet from that glorious throne He bends,
 And even to a child attends.
 Asleep, awake, by night, by day,
 When at my lessons or my play ;
 Although the Lord I cannot see,
 His eye is always fix'd on me.
 When on the wicked God looks down,
 How very dreadful is his frown !
 But He regards with great delight
 All those who live as in his sight.

He hears me when I pray and praise,
 He also ponders all my ways ;
 May I so live as God approves,
 May I be one whom Jesus loves.
 God never will forsake his own,
 He will not leave me when alone ;
 When not another friend is near,
 May I remember—"GOD IS HERE."
 O may I try to please Him still,
 To know, and love, and do his will :
 Then will it joy and gladness be,
 That God's own eye is fix'd on me.

GOD SEES EVERY THING AND KNOWS EVERY THING.

Tune, "Carey." L a B

I'm not too young for God to see ;
 He knows my name and nature too,
 And all day long He looks at me,
 And sees my actions through and through !
 He listens to the words I say,
 And knows the thoughts I have within,
 And whether I'm at work or play,
 He's sure to see it if I sin.
 Oh ! how could children tell a lie,
 Or cheat in play, or steal, or fight,
 If they remember'd God was by,
 And had them always in his sight !
 If our good schoolmistress is near,
 It makes us careful what we do ;
 And how much more we ought to fear
 The Lord, who sees us through and through !
 Then when I want to do amiss,
 However pleasant it may be,
 I'll always try to think of this,—
 I'm not too young for God to see !

CHILD'S HYMN.

Tune, "Morning Hymn." L

Arise, my soul, and bless the Lord,
 The guard of thine unguarded hours ;
 His watchful eye, and tender heart
 Are thine—with all their gracious pow'rs.
 While helpless on my bed I rest
 From all my little toil and pains,
 His guardian angels round me stand,
 His faithful arm my life sustains.
 And shall such guardian angels wait
 On a poor child that looks to Thee ?
 What mercy, Lord ! what love and grace !
 That angels should attend on me !

Oh may I have their presence near,
 But God my Saviour nearer still;
 Rejoice that such dear spirits wait
 To prompt me to obey thy will.

CHILD'S HYMN.

Tune, "Carey."

Be with me, Lord, where'er I go;
 Teach me what thou would'st have me do;
 Suggest whate'er I think or say,
 Direct me in thine own good way.

Prevent me lest I harbour pride,
 Lest I in my own strength confide;
 Shew me my weakness, let me see
 I have all power, my God, from Thee.

Enrich me always by thy love;
 My kind protector ever prove;
 Lord, plant thy love within my breast,
 And let thy spirit on me rest.

Assist me, teach me how to pray,
 Incline my nature to obey;
 What thou abhorr'st, that bid me flee,
 And only love what pleaseth Thee.

CHILD'S HYMN.

Tune, "Cambridge."

Children of old, hosannas sung,
 To praise the Saviour's name;
 We too would join our infant song,
 To celebrate his fame.

We bless the Lord for all his gifts,
 For life, for food, for friends;
 We bless Him for the word of life,
 The choicest gift He sends.

We bless his name that we are taught
 To keep his sacred day,
 And that we thus are brought to join
 With those who praise and pray.

O may we prize those favours well,
 Nor let them be in vain;
 Teach babes and infants, Lord, to raise,
 Their songs to Thee again.

CHILD'S HYMN.

Tune, "Cambridge."

Lord, teach an infant child to pray,
 And then accept my pray'r:
 Thou canst hear all the words I say,
 For thou art ev'ry where.

A little sparrow cannot fall
 Unnotic'd, Lord, by Thee ;
 And tho' I am so young and small,
 Thou dost take care of me.

Teach me to do the thing that's right,
 And when I sin, forgive ;
 And make it still my chief delight,
 To serve Thee while I live.

Whatever trouble I am in,
 To Thee for help I'll call ;
 But keep me more than all from sin,
 For that's the worst of all.

Oh may I seek until I find,
 What none are good without,—
 That humble, meek, and lowly mind,
 Which Jesus preach'd about.

CHILD'S HYMN.

Tune, " Cambridge."

Lord! teach a little child to pray,
 Thy grace betimes impart!
 And grant thy Holy Spirit may
 Preserve my infant heart.

For Christ can all my sins forgive,
 And wash away their stain ;
 And fit my soul with Him to live,
 And in his kingdom reign.

To Him let little children come,
 For He hath said they may ;
 His bosom then shall be their home,
 Their tears He'll wipe away.

For all who early seek his face,
 Shall surely taste his love ;
 Jesus shall guide them by his grace,
 To dwell with Him above.

CHILD'S HYMN.

Tune, " Weber."

O that it were my chief delight
 To do the things I ought!
 Then let me try with all my might
 To mind what I am taught.

Whenever I am told to go,
 I'll cheerfully obey ;
 Nor will I mind it much, altho'
 I leave a pretty play.

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

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

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

For God looks down from heav'n on high,
 Our actions to behold ;
 And He is pleas'd when children try
 To do as they are told.

CHILD'S HYMN.

Tune, "Devizes."

To God, who reigns above the sky,
 Our Father and our friend,
 To Him let all our vows be paid,
 And all our pray'rs ascend.

'Tis He who claims our youthful hearts,
 He loves to hear us pray ;
 By night we'll think upon his love,
 And praise Him ev'ry day.

When we offend against our God,
 We'll ask his pard'ning love ;
 'Twas for our sins the Saviour died,
 Who pleads for us above.

With all the love a father feels,
 He pities and forgives ;
 And tho' our earthly parents die,
 Our Heavenly Parent lives.

CHILD'S HYMN.

Tune, "Condescension."

What bless'd examples do we find,
 Writ in the word of truth,
 Of children that began to mind
 Religion in their youth.

Jesus, who reigns above the sky,
 And keeps the world in awe,
 Was once a child as young as I,
 And kept his Father's law.

Samuel, the child, was wean'd and brought
 To wait upon the Lord ;
 Young Timothy betimes was taught
 To know his holy word.

Then why should I so long delay
 What others learnt so soon ?
 I would not pass another day,
 Without this work begun.

CHILD'S HYMN.

Tune, "Wallace."

Why should I love my sport so well,
 So constant at my play,
 And lose the thoughts of heaven and hell,
 And then forget to pray !

What do I read my Bible for,
 But, Lord, to learn thy will ;
 And shall I daily know Thee more,
 And less obey Thee still ?

How senseless is my heart, and wild !
 How vain are all my thoughts !
 Pity the weakness of a child,
 And pardon all my faults.

Make me thy heav'nly voice to hear,
 And let me love to pray ;
 Since God will lend a gracious ear,
 To what a child can say.

CHILD'S PRAYER.

Tune, "Cambridge."

DEAR LORD, REMEMBER ME.

Lord, teach my infant lips to speak
 Their feeble pray'r to Thee,
 O ! let my heart thy favour seek,
 Dear Lord ! remember me !

In childhood's following years my tongue
 Tun'd to thy praise shall be ;
 And this th' expressive, humble song,
 Dear Lord ! remember me !

From ev'ry sin that wounds the soul,
 May I be taught to flee ;
 And when I feel its sad controul,
 Dear Lord ! remember me !

When with life's anxious cares oppress'd,
 I bend the trembling knee,
 Then give my troubl'd spirit rest,
 Dear Lord ! remember me !

O let me, on the bed of death,
 Thy great salvation see !
 And cry with my expiring breath,
 Dear Lord ! remember me !

CHILD'S PRAYER.

Tune, "Shirland."

With humble heart and tongue,
 My God, to Thee I pray ;
 O make me learn whilst I am young,
 How I may cleanse my way.

Now in my early days,
 Teach me thy will to know ;
 O God, thy sanctifying grace
 Betimes on me bestow.
 Make me, ^{as} a helpless youth,
 The object of thy care ;
 Help me to choose the way of truth,
 And flee from ev'ry snare.
 My heart to folly prone,
 Renew by pow'r divine ;
 Unite it to thyself alone,
 And make me wholly thine.
 O let thy word of grace
 My warmest thoughts employ,
 Be this, through all my following days,
 My treasure and my joy.

A MORNING HYMN.

Tune, "Condescension."

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 !
 When from the chambers of the east
 His morning race begins,
 He never tires nor stops to rest,
 But round the world he shines.
 So, like the sun, would I fulfil
 The business of the day :
 Begin my work betimes, and still
 March on my heav'nly way.
 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 !

A MORNING HYMN.

Tune, "Morning Hymn."

When morning comes the birds arise,
 And tune their voices to the skies ;
 With warbling notes and hallow'd lays
 They sing their great Creator's praise.
 Shall I then from my chamber go,
 Or any work presume to do,
 Before I've sought the God of heav'n,
 And my just morning tribute giv'n ;
 Lest ev'ry bird's harmonious song
 Reproach me as I walk along,
 Thoughtless of Him whose guardian pow'r
 Upholds, and saves me ev'ry hour.

Come then, my soul, awake and pray,
 And praise thy Maker ev'ry day :
 Bless Him for raiment, health, and food,
 And for each peaceful night's abode.

A MORNING PRAYER. *ML*

Tune, "Handel."

Now the pleasing morning light
 Breaks the shadows of the night ;
 Heav'nly Father, hear my pray'r,
 Now my infant heart prepare.

Like the sun, so would I shine,
 But the glory shall be thine :
 Give me grace to live to Thee,
 Free from guile, from malice free.

Never leave me, O my God,
 Pardon grant for Jesus' blood ;
 Make me meet for heav'n above,
 Let me share thy peace and love ;

For my daily wants provide,
 Be my Saviour and my guide.

EVENING.

Sp *Tune, "Weber."*

Come hither, and let us behold
 The sun as he sinks to his rest,
 The clouds tipt with crimson and gold
 Are spreading all over the west.

Let us go to the top of the hill,
 And watch them come sweeping along ;
 All nature is lonely and still,
 And the birds have all ended their song.

The sun that shone bright all the day
 Is now gone quite out of our sight ;
 And we must now hasten away,
 For soon 'twill be darkness and night.

O then, like the bright setting sun,
 May we to our duty attend ;
 Then think on a day well begun,
 And cheerfully welcome the end.

AN EVENING HYMN.

Tune, "Devizes."

And now another day is gone,
 I'll sing my Maker's praise ;
 My comforts ev'ry hour make known,
 His Providence and Grace.

But how my childhood runs to waste !
 My sins, how great their sum !
 Lord, give me pardon for the past,
 And strength for days to come.

I lay my body down to sleep,
 Let angels guard my head ;
 And through the hours of darkness keep
 Their watch around my bed.

With cheerful heart I close my eyes,
 Since thou wilt not remove ;
 And in the morning let me rise
 Rejoicing in thy love.

AN EVENING HYMN.

Tune, " Cambridge."

Author of life, with grateful heart
 My ev'ning song I'll raise ;
 But oh, thy thousand, thousand gifts,
 Exceed my highest praise.

What can I render to thy care,
 Which me this day has kept ?
 A thankful heart's the least return,
 And this thou wilt accept.

What sins, or follies, holy God,
 I may this day have done,
 I would confess with grief, and pray
 For pardon through thy Son.

Much of my precious time I've lost,
 This foolish waste forgive ;
 By one day nearer brought to death,
 May I begin to live.

AN EVENING HYMN.

Tune, " Cambridge."

Oh condescend, Almighty King,
 To bless this little throng ;
 And kindly listen while we sing
 Our pleasant ev'ning song.

We infants own the pow'r divine
 That watches o'er our days :
 For this, our feeble voices join
 In hymns of cheerful praise.

Before thy sacred footstool, see
 We bend in humble pray'r,
 A happy little circle, we,
 To ask thy tender care.

May we in safety sleep to-night,
 From ev'ry danger free ;
 Because the darkness and the light
 Are both alike to thee.

And when the rising sun displays
 His cheerful beams abroad,
 Then shall our morning hymn of praise
 Declare thy goodness, Lord.

FOR SUNDAY MORNING.

Tune, "Condescension."

This is the day when Christ arose,
 So early from the dead ;
 Why should I my eye-lids close,
 And waste my hours in bed ?
 To-day with pleasure Christians meet,
 To pray, and hear the word :
 And I would go with cheerful feet
 To learn thy will, O Lord.
 I'll leave my sport to read and pray,
 And so prepare for heav'n ;
 O may I love this blessed day,
 The best of all the sev'n !

ON ATTENDING PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Tune, "Eaton."

When to the house of God we go,
 To hear his word, and sing his love,
 We ought to worship Him below,
 As saints and angels do above.
 They stand before his presence now,
 And praise Him better far than we,
 Who only at his footstool bow,
 And love Him tho' we cannot see.
 But God is present ev'ry where,
 And watches all our thoughts and ways :
 He marks who humbly join in pray'r,
 And who sincerely sing his praise.
 The triflers, too, his eye can see,
 Who only *seem* to take a part :
 They move the lip, and bend the knee,
 But do not seek Him with their heart.
 O may we never trifle so,
 Nor lose the days our God has giv'n ;
 But learn, by Sabbaths here below,
 To spend eternity in heav'n !

AGAINST WANDERING THOUGHTS.

Tune, "Devizes."

When daily I kneel down to pray,
 As I am taught to do,
 God does not care for what I say,
 Unless I *feel* it too.

Yet foolish thoughts my heart beguile ;
 And when I pray or sing,
 I'm often thinking all the while
 About some other thing.

Some idle play—or childish toy,
 Can send my thoughts abroad ;
 Though this should be my greatest joy—
 To love and seek the Lord.

Oh ! let me never, never dare
 To act the trifler's part ;
 Or think that God will hear a pray'r
 That comes not from the heart.

But if I make his ways my choice,
 As holy children do,
 Then, while I seek Him with my voice,
 My heart will love Him too.

FOR SUNDAY EVENING.

Tune, " Evening Hymn."

Lord, how delightful 'tis to see
 A whole assembly worship Thee !
 At once they sing, at once they pray !
 They hear of heav'n and learn the way.

I have been there and still would go ;
 'Tis like a little heav'n below :
 Not all my pleasure and my play
 Shall tempt me to forget this day.

O write upon my mem'ry, Lord,
 The texts and doctrines of thy word :
 That I may break thy laws no more,
 But love Thee better than before.

With thoughts of Christ, and things divine,
 Fill up this foolish heart of mine ;
 That hoping pardon through his blood,
 I may lie down and wake with God.

FOR SUNDAY EVENING.

Tune, " Evening Hymn."

We've past another Sabbath day,
 And heard of Jesus and of heav'n ;
 We thank Thee for thy word, and pray
 That this day's sin may be forgiv'n.

Forgive our inattention, Lord,
 Our looks and thoughts that went astray ;
 Forgive our carelessness abroad ;
 At home, our idleness and play.

May all we heard and understood,
 Be well remember'd through the week,
 And help to make us wise and good,
 More humble, diligent, and meek.

Bless our good minister, we pray,
 Who loves to see a child attend;
 And let us honour and obey
 The words of such a holy friend.

So, when our lives are finish'd here,
 And days and Sabbaths shall be o'er,
 May we along with Him appear,
 To serve and love Thee evermore.

THE SUN.

Tune, "Manly Heart." *Th*

What is it looks so very bright,
 And quick dispels the dusky night,
 Shedding around a cheerful light?
 The Sun, the Sun, the glorious Sun.

What is it appears at the dawn,
 That dries the dews up in the morn,
 And ripens all the fruits and corn?
 The Sun, the Sun, the glorious Sun.

What rises higher than a rock,
 What in the morn awakes the cock,
 And tells us what it is o'clock?
 The Sun, the Sun, the glorious Sun.

What is it that we cannot try
 To look at with our infant eye,
 So bright it shines up in the sky?
 The Sun, the Sun, the glorious Sun.

THE MOON.

Tune, "Manly Heart."

Dearest Mistress, pray tell me,
 What is it in the sky I see,
 That shines so bright on you and me?
 The Moon, the Moon, the silver Moon.

Tell me too, when we're asleep,
 While all around they quiet keep,
 What does through our curtains peep?
 The Moon, the Moon, the silver Moon.

What shines when all is lone and still,
 Except the little bubbling rill,
 That turns the wheel of yonder mill?
 The Moon, the Moon, the silver Moon.

As sweetly singing in the vale,
 To whom, pray, does the nightingale
 Tell her little lonely tale?
 The Moon, the Moon, the silver Moon.

And tell me too, when daylight's o'er,
 What guides the boatman round the shore,
 And cheers his heart when winds loud roar ?
 The Moon, the Moon, the silver Moon.

THE STAR.

Tune, "Handel."

Twinkle, twinkle, little Star,
 How I wonder what you are,
 Up above the world so high,
 Like a di'mond in the sky.

When the blazing Sun is gone,
 When he nothing shines upon,
 Then you show your little light,
 Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

Then the trav'ller in the dark
 Thanks you for your tiny spark ;
 He could not see which way to go,
 If you did not twinkle so.

In the dark blue sky you keep,
 And often thro' my curtains peep,
 For you never shut your eye,
 Till the sun is in the sky.

THE SUN, MOON, AND STARS.

Tune, "Wallace."

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,
 Almost as bright as day.

The Stars ^{are} ~~were~~ very pretty too,
 And scatter'd all about ;
 At first there seem but very few ;
 But soon the rest come out ;
 I'm sure I could not count them all,
 They are so very small.

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,
 The trees rejoice and thrive.

GOD made and keeps them ev'ry one,
 By his great pow'r and might ;
 He is more glorious than the Sun,
 And all the Stars of light :
 But when we end our mortal race,
 The pure shall see his face.

ON THE SEASONS.

A La Tune, "Morning Hymn."

Returning seasons pass away
 In youth, but as a summer's day ;
 Unmov'd their various charms we see,
 Accustomed to variety.

But while we revel in delight,
 Selecting all that's fair and bright,
 As though the world were all our own,
 Think we by whom the good is done ?

Who made the beauteous scenes we view,
 And sends the seasons to renew
 The gifts of nature, giving birth
 To all the products of the earth ?

While thus enjoying such a store,
 Let us not pass the Giver o'er,
 For ev'ry object speaks his claim,
 And bids us praise his holy name ;

Not only praise, but bear in mind
 The end for which we are design'd ;
 So living, that our lives may prove
 Some small return for all his love.

SPRING.

Tune, "Hollow Drum."

Wintry winds no longer blow,
 Far away are frost and snow ;
 Peeping from its grassy bed,
 The primrose rears its modest head :

And 'midst its leaves the vi'let blue
 Scents the air and morning dew—
 Hark ! the skylark, mounting high,
 Carols in the clear blue sky ;

The thrush and blackbird from the spray,
 Chant their blithesome roundelay ;
 The little lambkins safe from harm,
 In their snow white fleeces warm,

Gambol o'er the sunny mead,
And prove their strength and try their speed ;
From yon grassy knoll they spring,
And chace each other round the ring.

Oh 'tis pleasant thus to see
Lambkins sport so merrily ;
Teaching infants in their sport,
One another not to hurt.

SPRING.

Tune, "The Seasons."

How cheerful along the gay mead
The daisies and cowslips appear :
The flocks, as they carelessly feed,
Rejoice in the spring of the year.
Sing all, sing all, sing all.

The woodbines that shade the gay bow'rs,
The herbage that springs from the sod,
Trees, plants, cooling fruits, and sweet flow'rs,
All rise to the praise of my God.
Sing all, sing all, &c.

Shall man, the great master of all,
The only insensible prove ;
Forbid it, fair gratitude's call,
Forbid it, devotion and love.
Sing all, sing all, &c.

The Lord, who such wonders could raise,
And still could destroy with a nod,
My lips shall incessantly praise,
My soul shall be grateful to God.
Sing all, sing all, &c.

SUMMER.

Tune, "Mozart."

The heat of the summer comes hastily on,
The fruits are transparent and clear ;
The buds and the blossoms of April are gone,
And the pretty red cherries appear.

The blue sky above us is bright and serene,
No cloud on its bosom remains :
The woods, and the fields, and the hedges are green,
And the haycocks smell sweet from the plains.

But hark ! from the valleys what sounds do I hear ?
The voices of pleasure so gay ;
While brightly the sun shines, the haymakers cheer
Each other in making the hay.

Since glee and good-humour with industry join,
 To labour let children be taught;
 Nor waste the fleet hours while in sloth they recline,
 The hours which cannot be bought.

A SUMMER EVENING.

Tune, "Holborn."

How fine has the day been, how bright was the sun,
 How lovely and joyful the course that he run,
 Though he rose in a mist when his race he begun,
 And there follow'd some droppings of rain!

But now the fair traveller's come to the West,
 His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best;
 He paints the sky gay as he sinks into rest,
 And foretels a bright rising again.

Just such is the Christian: his course he begins,
 Like the sun in a mist, when he mourns for his sins,
 And melts into tears: then he breaks out and shines,
 And travels his heav'nly way;

But when he comes nearer to finish his race,
 Like a fine setting sun he looks richer in grace,
 And gives a sure hope, at the end of his days,
 Of rising in brighter array.

AUTUMN.

Tune, "Auld Lang Syne."

'Tis pleasant now, when autumn fills
 With gladness all the earth,
 To see all o'er the corn-clad hills
 The busy sons of mirth.

See mothers there, with suckling babes
 In swathes around them bound,
 Or 'neath the watchdog's trusty care,
 Reclining on the ground.

See boys and girls of ev'ry age,
 In garbs of ev'ry hue,
 From morning's earliest dawn till earth
 Is wet with ev'ning dew.

See how across the fields they haste,
 Lest other sharper eye
 The prize of scatter'd full grown ear
 Should sooner chance to spy.

For farmers freely, soon as sheaves
 Are carted from the field,
 To all the poor that nigh them dwell,
 The welcome gleanings yield.

But, oh, may farmers,—reapers too,—
 And gleaners old and young,
 Due praises give to that great God,
 Thro' whom the harvest sprung.

THE GLEANER.

Tune, "Mozart."

Before the bright sun rises over the hill,
 In the cornfield poor Mary is seen,
 Impatient her little blue apron to fill
 With the few scatter'd ears she can glean.
 She never leaves off, or runs out of her place
 To play, or to idle, and chat;
 Except now and then, just to wipe her hot face,
 And to fan herself with her broad hat.
 "Poor girl, hard at work in the heat of the sun,
 How tir'd and warm you must be;
 Why don't you leave off, as the others have done,
 And sit with them under the tree?"
 "Oh no, for my mother lies ill in her bed,
 Too feeble to spin or to knit,
 And my poor little brothers are crying for bread,
 And yet we can't give them a bit.
 "Then could I be merry, and idle, and play,
 While they are so hungry and ill?
 Oh no, I would rather work hard all the day,
 My little blue apron to fill."

WINTER.

Tune, "Shirland."

How piercing is the cold,
 The winds how sharp they blow,
 And Summer's beauty now is fled,
 And fields are cloth'd with snow.
 Though like the early Spring,
 I now in youth appear,
 My days are ever on the wing,
 My end will soon draw near.
 What if I then should say,
 "My harvest now is past,
 My Summer seasons are gone by,
 And death approaches fast.
 "My sins are not forgiv'n,
 I am not fit to go,
 To dwell with the redeem'd in heav'n,
 Oh! must I sink in woe?"
 O God, thy Spirit send,
 Renew my heart, I pray,
 And in the precious blood of Christ
 Wash all my sins away.

LIFE'S JOURNEY.

Tune, "Eaton."

That life a journey is, we know,
 Uncertain its length and its care;
 In sorrow, its progress seems slow,
 Yet quick, when its pleasures we share.

But one path alone can secure
 The bliss we all hope to attain;
 Which hope softens all we endure,
 And smooths the worst sorrows and pain.

This path is no difficult way,
 To those who in virtue delight;
 There travellers meet no delay,
 While every step leads to right.

And when this frail life we resign,
 If thus we have travell'd its road,
 We may hope, through a mercy divine,
 To live with our Saviour and God.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Tune, "Holborn."

Glory to God, the holy angels cry;
 Glory to God, let ev'ry heart reply:
 The sun of righteousness now shines on earth,
 And peace returns at our Redeemer's birth.

Good-will to men, the holy angels cry,
 Good-will to men, let ev'ry heart reply;
 Let hatred, strife, and wrath, be heard no more,
 But peace and love be spread from shore to shore.

Glory to God, who sent his Son from heav'n;
 For us a child is born, a Saviour giv'n;
 He comes with peace and pardon from above;
 And rules his people with the laws of love.

Jesus, the long-expected Saviour's come,
 Let ev'ry heart prepare to make him room;
 Let infant tongues proclaim his love abroad,
 And join to praise their Saviour and their God.

GOOD FRIDAY.

Tune, "Condescension."

Blest be the wisdom and the pow'r,
 The justice and the grace,
 That join'd in counsel to restore,
 And save our ruin'd race.

Our father ate forbidden fruit,
 And from his glory fell;
 And we his children thus were brought
 To death and near to hell.

Blest be the Lord that sent his Son
 To take our flesh and blood;
 He for our lives gave up his own,
 To make our peace with God.

He honour'd all his Father's laws,
 Which we have disobey'd;
 He bore our sins upon the cross,
 And our full ransom paid.

EASTER DAY.

Tune, "Condescension."

Behold Christ rising from the grave:
 Behold Him rais'd on high:
 He pleads his merit there, to save
 Transgressors doom'd to die.

There on a glorious throne He reigns,
 And by his power divine
 Redeems us from the slavish chains
 Of Satan and of sin.

Thence shall the Lord to judgment come,
 And with a sov'reign voice
 Shall call, and break up ev'ry tomb,
 While waking saints rejoice.

O may I then with joy appear
 Before the Judge's face,
 And with the bless'd assembly there,
 Sing his redeeming grace.

WHITSUNDAY.

Tune, "Old Hundredth."

Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly dove,
 With light and comfort from above;
 Be thou our guardian, thou our guide;
 O'er ev'ry thought and step preside.

The light of truth to us display,
 And make us know and choose thy way;
 Plant holy fear in ev'ry heart,
 That we from God may not depart.

Lead us to holiness,—the road
 That we must take to dwell with God;
 Lead us to Christ, the living way,
 Nor let us from his precepts stray:

Lead us to God, our final rest,
 To be with Him for ever blest;
 Lead us to heav'n, its joy to share,
 Fulness of joy for ever there.

CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

Tune, "Condescension."

Another year is just gone by—
 A new one is begun;
 Are we aware that we may die,
 Before its course is run?

If so, we should our time improve,
 And treasure ev'ry hour;
 And quick to all our duties move,
 Whilst we possess the pow'r.

Do we remember there's a God,
 Who sees whate'er we do?
 Who notes each action that is good,
 And ev'ry bad one too?

If so, we surely ought to pray,
 To be preserv'd from sin;
 For God is angry ev'ry day,
 With those that live therein!

We'll thank Him for his guardian care
 In helpless infancy;
 We've been preserv'd throughout the year,
 And now another see!

To God, the author of our good,
 Our infant songs shall rise;
 A flow'r, when offer'd in the bud,
 Is no vain sacrifice.

LOVE TO GOD AND MAN.

Tune, "Shirland."

I love my God,—my Lord,
 Because He first lov'd me—
 And came from heav'n, and dwelt below,
 From sin to set me free.

I love my neighbour too,
 Because God's laws declare,
 That they who wish with Him to live,
 Must for their neighbour care.

Oh give me grace, that I
 May love my God,—my friend,—
 My parents, teachers, all mankind;
 And love them to the end.

WE SHOULD DO AS WE WOULD BE DONE BY.

Tune, "Condescension."

To do to others as I would
 That they should do to me,
 Will make me honest, kind and good,
 As children ought to be.

I know I should not steal nor use
 The smallest thing I see,
 Which I should never like to lose,
 If it belong'd to me.

And this plain rule forbids me quite
 To strike an angry blow,
 Because I should not think it right
 If others serv'd me so.

But any kindness they may need,
 I'll do, what'er it be;
 As I am very glad indeed
 When they are kind to me.

Whether I am at home, at school,
 Or walking out abroad,
 I never should forget this rule
 Of Jesus Christ, our Lord.

PIOUS THOUGHTS.

Tune, "Morning Hymn."

Heaven must be a happy place,
 In it dwells the God of grace;
 Jesus too, at his right hand,
 With a vast angelic band.

Angels happy all the day
 (There's no darkness, I dare say)
 Sing an endless song of praise,
 To their God, the God of grace.

Ev'ry night and ev'ry day,
 To *that* God I now will pray,
 That he may take me, when I die,
 To sing with angels in the sky.

COMFORTS OF OLD AGE.

Tune, "Mozart."

"You are old, father William," the young man said,
 "The few locks that are left you are grey;
 You are hale, father William, a hearty old man,
 Now tell me the reason I pray."

“ In the days of my youth,” father William replied,
 “ I remember’d that youth would fly fast,
 And abus’d not my health and my vigour at first,
 That I never might need them at last.”

“ You are old, father William,” the young man said,
 “ And pleasures with you pass away ;
 And yet, you lament not the days that are gone,
 Now tell me the reason I pray.”

“ In the days of my youth,” father William replied,
 “ I remember’d that youth would not last ;
 I thought of the future, whatever I did,
 That I never might grieve for the past.”

“ You are old, father William,” the young man said,
 “ 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 replied,
 “ Let the cause thy attention engage ;
 In the days of my youth I remember’d my God,
 And he now remembers my age.”

DELAY IS DANGEROUS.

Tune, “ Auld Lang Syne.”

Whatever work we have to do
 Should never be delay’d ;
 Because the same excuses too
 To-morrow will be made.

Let each day’s work be done by night ;
 The present moment seize ;
 For that will make our labour light,
 And set our minds at ease.

Delay is dang’rous—and it turns
 To trouble in the end ;
 But chiefly in our soul’s concerns,
 It must to ruin tend.

Oh ! ’tis a folly and a crime
 To put religion by !
 For *now* is the accepted time ;
 To-morrow we may die.

Our hearts grow harder ev’ry day,
 And more deprav’d the mind ;
 The longer we neglect to pray,
 The less we feel inclin’d.

Yet sinners trifle, young and old,
 Until their dying day :
 Then, they would give a world of gold,
 To have an hour to pray.

Oh then lest *we* should perish thus,
 We would no longer wait ;
 For life may soon be past with us,
 And death must fix our state.

SOLEMN THOUGHTS OF GOD AND DEATH.

Tune, "Eaton."

There is a God that reigns above,
 Lord of the heav'ns, and earth, and seas ;
 I fear his wrath, I ask his love,
 And with my lips I sing his praise.

There is a law which he has writ,
 To teach us all what we must do :
 My soul to his commands submit,
 For they are holy, just, and true.

There is a Gospel of rich grace,
 Whence Christians their best comforts draw ;
 Lord, teach me now to seek thy face,
 And fear to break thy holy law.

There is an hour when I must die,
 Nor do I know how soon 'twill come ;
 A thousand children, young as I,
 Are call'd by death to hear their doom.

Let me improve the hours I have,
 Before the day of grace is fled :
 There's no repentance in the grave,
 Nor pardons offer'd to the dead.

Just as the tree cut down that fell
 To north or southward, there it lies ;
 So man departs to heav'n or hell,
 Fix'd in the state wherein he dies.

ETERNITY.

Tune, "Wallace."

The sun that lights the world shall fade,
 The stars shall pass away :
 But I, a child, immortal made,
 Shall witness their decay.

Yea, I shall live when they are dead,
 Tho' now so bright they shine ;
 When earth and all its holds have fled,
 Eternity is mine.

For I can never, never die,
While God himself remains :
But either live in heav'n on high,
Or groan where darkness reigns.

If heav'n and hell ne'er pass away,
To Christ, Oh ! let me flee ;
If pain be hard for one short day,
What must *for ever* be !

MORNING PRAYER, FOR AN INFANT SCHOOL.

(Used in Walthamstow School.)

O GOD, our heavenly Father, thou art good to us. We would serve Thee. We have sinned and done wrong many times. Jesus Christ died on the cross for us. Forgive us our sins for Jesus' sake. May the Holy Spirit change our hearts and make us to love God. Help us to-day to be good children and to do what is right. Keep us from wicked thoughts and bad tempers. Make us try to learn all that we are taught. Keep us in health all the day.

We would always think of God. And when we die, may we go to heaven.

God bless our fathers and mothers, and sisters and brothers, and our teachers; and make us to be obedient and kind, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

EVENING PRAYER, FOR AN INFANT SCHOOL.

(Used in Walthamstow School.)

O GOD, our heavenly Father, thou art good to us. We would serve Thee. We have sinned and done wrong many times. Jesus Christ died on the cross for us. Forgive us our sins for Jesus' sake. May the Holy Spirit change our hearts and make us to love God. Help us always to be good children and to do what is right. Keep us from wicked thoughts and bad tempers. Make us try to remember all that we have learned to-day. Keep us from evil through the night. We would always think of God. And when we die, may we go to heaven.

God bless our fathers and mothers, and sisters and brothers, and our teachers; and make us to be obedient and kind, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

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THE END.



