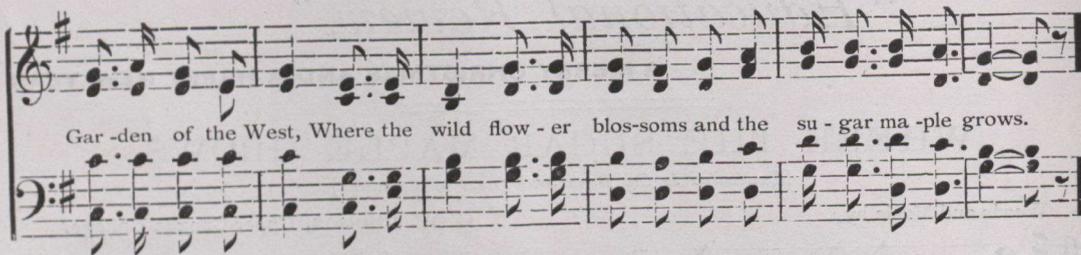


## WHERE THE SUGAR MAPLE GROWS.



Gar - den of the West, Where the wild flow - er blos - soms and the su - gar ma - ple grows.

2

Green are the hills when the rivers and the rills  
Join the song of the Springtime as they journey to  
the sea ;  
When the orchard trees are white, and the meadow  
blossoms bright,  
And the blue-bird is calling to the robin in the tree  
CHO.—Hip! Hip! Hurrah!

3

Brightest and best is my Lady of the West  
In the long days of Summer when the flower-  
scented breeze  
Bends the yellow-bearded grain, and I catch the glad  
refrain  
That the wild birds are singing in the leafy maple  
trees.  
CHO --Hip! Hip! Hurrah!

4

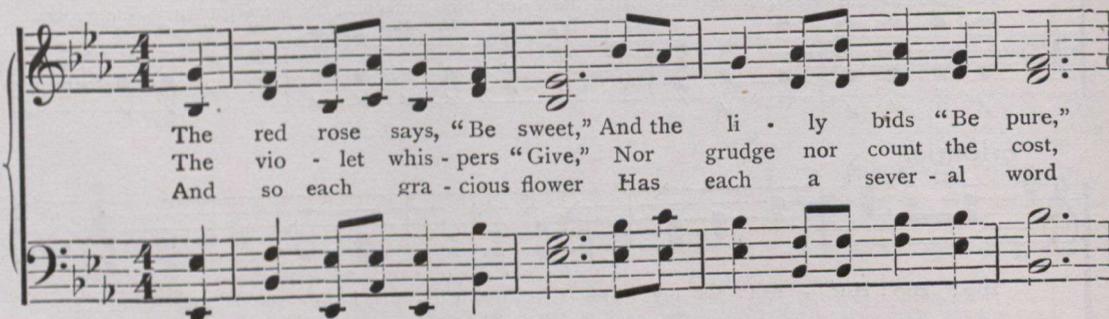
Golden and brown is the Queen of Autumn's crown,  
When the grape's in the purple, ere the rime is on  
the rill,  
When the orchard trees are low with the weight of  
fruited bough,  
And the quail's piping softly in the stubble on the  
hill  
CHO.—Hip! Hip! Hurrah!

5

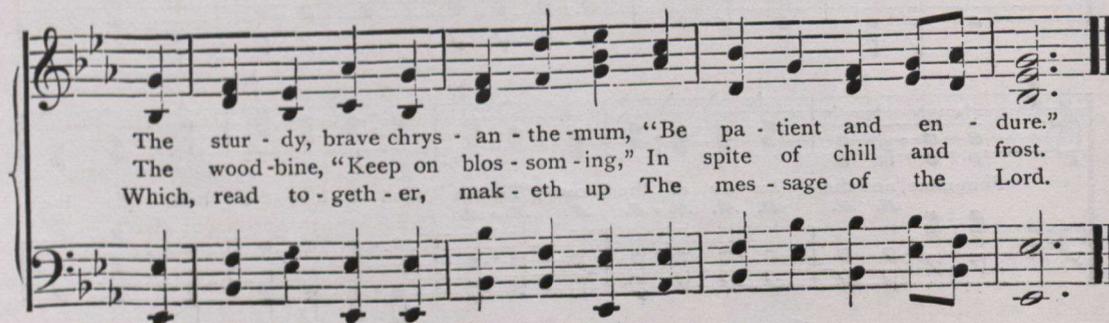
Fair as a rose is my Lady of the Snows,  
As she walks down the valleys with the Winter in  
her train,  
When the skaters laugh and sing, and the merry  
sleigh bells ring,  
On the ice on the river and the snow upon the plain.  
CHO.—Hip! Hip! Hurrah!

## FLOWER VOICES.

WM. SELBY.



The red rose says, "Be sweet," And the li - ly bids "Be pure,"  
The vio - let whis - pers "Give," Nor grudge nor count the cost,  
And so each gra - cious flower Has each a sever - al word



The stur - dy, brave chrys - an - the - mum, "Be pa - tient and en - dure."  
The wood - bine, "Keep on blos - som - ing," In spite of chill and frost.  
Which, read to - geth - er, mak - eth up The mes - sage of the Lord.