

## IX

## CRYSTAL SPRING.

Give me a draught from the crystal spring,  
 When the burning sun is high,  
 Where the rocks and the woods their shadows fling,  
 And pearls and the pebbles lie.

Give me a draught from the crystal spring  
 When the cooling breezes blow,  
 When the leaves of the trees are withering  
 From the frost or the fleecy snow

Give me a draught from the crystal spring,  
 When the wintry winds are gone,  
 When the flowers are in bloom, and the echoes ring  
 From the woods o'er the verdant lawn.

Give me a draught from the crystal spring,  
 When the ripening fruits appear,  
 When the reapers the song of harvest sing,  
 And plenty has crowned the year.

Give me a draught from the crystal spring,  
 And the same from day to day,  
 But if aught from the worm of the still you bring  
 I will pour every drop away.

## X

## HOW BEAUTIFUL.

How BEAUTIFUL, how beautiful, 'twould be if we could  
 Our own dear land, this glorious land, from vile  
 intemperance free.

If all her sons would stand erect the temperance  
 cause to bear,  
 And all her daughters wreath its flowers amidst  
 their shining hair.