

The cock has crowed with all his might,
The birds are singing with delight;
The hum of business meets the ear,
And face to face, with kindly cheer,
Says clear the way! the world is waking,
Night is gone, and day is breaking!

The clock is striking, haste away!
The school is open, leave off play,—
The sun of knowledge there we find
Arising on the youthful mind.

So clear the way! the world is waking,
Night is gone, and day is breaking!

25.—THE BOATMAN'S EVENING SONG.

See brothers see, how the night comes on
Slowly sinks the setting sun;
Hark, how the solemn vespers sound,
Sweetly falls upon the ear;
Then haste let us work till the daylight is o'er,
And fold our nets as we row to the shore,
Our toil and labor being done
How sweet the Boatman's welcome home,
Home, home, home,
The Boatman's welcome home
Sweet, oh sweet the Boatman's welcome home.
Welcome home, welcome home, welcome home.
See how the tints of daylight die,
Soon we'll hear the tender sigh;
For when the toil of labor's o'er,
We shall meet our friends on shore;
Then haste let us work till the daylight is o'er,
And fold our nets as we row to the shore.
Our toil and labor being done
How sweet the Boatman's welcome home,
Home, home, home,
The Boatman's welcome home,
Sweet, oh sweet the Boatman's welcome home;
Welcome home, welcome home, welcome home.