

There was a lit-tle boy; and his pa-pa and mam-ma sent him to school. It was a very fine morn-ing; the sun shone, and the birds sang on the trees.

Now this lit-tle boy did not much love his book, for he was but a sil-ly lit-tle boy; and he had a wish to play, and not go to school. And he saw a bee fly-ing a-bout from flow-er to flow-er; so he said, Pret-ty bee! will you come and play with me? But the bee said, No, I must not be i-dle; I must go and gath-er hon-ey. Then the lit-tle boy met a dog, and he said, Dog! will you play with me? But the dog said, No, I must not be i-dle; I am go-ing to catch a hare for my mas-ter's din-ner, I must make haste and catch it.

Then the lit-tle boy went to a hay-rick, and he saw a bird pull-ing some hay out of the hay-rick, and he said, Bird! will you come and play with me? But the bird said, No, I must not be i-dle; I must get some hay to make my nest with, and some moss, and some wool. So the bird flew a-way.

Then the lit-tle boy said to him-self, What, is no-bod-y i-dle? then lit-tle boys must not bei-dle. So he went to school, and sat down to his les-son; and the mas-ter said he was a good boy.

Chill'-ed	de-sire'	please	su'-gar	tea'-cup
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Look at the su-gar eom-ing down from the clouds, said lit-tle Fan-ny Tay-lor. May I, if you

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