

We improve the present hour,
For swift it flies ;
Youth is but a passing flower,
Which blooms and dies ;
But with study and with song,
Time with us still glides along,
Come and see, &c.

23.—VACATION SONG.

AIR.—*Hungarian Waltz.*

Farewell ye kind friends, whom we leave for a season,
To seek our diversion away from the school ;
Ah ! sport is to youth more alluring than reason,
Yet thanks ! that so kindly and wisely you rule.

Now gaily we'll spend the fair hours of enjoyment,
And pleasure shall smile on each new coming day ;
To sip from each flower is the bee's sweet employment,
So speed we like him, to the fresh and the gay.

Yet back to the hive, at the insect's returning,
He bears the sweet burden he gathers 'tis true ;
And thus in the school-room our own hive discerning,
The honey—good humour—we'll bring back to you.

24.—MORNING SONG.

TUNE.—*Old Dan Tucker.*

The stars are fading from the sky.
The mists before the morning fly ;
The East is glowing with a smile,
And nature laughing all the while,
Says, clear the way ! the world is waking,
Night is gone, and day is breaking !