:s .1 |s r.r m :m lf :d.flm :r $|\mathbf{d}|$ says mam-ma, "Let no-body trouble dear grandpa - pa." :d r :m.f | m

Grandpapa's hand is thin and weak, It has worked hard all its days,

A strong right hand and an honest hand.

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That won all good men's praise. "Kiss it tenderly," says mamma; "Let everyone honor grandpapa."

Grandpapa's eyes are growing dim; They have looked on sorrow and death.

But the love-light never went out of them.

Nor the courage and the faith.

"You children, all of you," says mamma,

"Have need to look up to grandpapa."

Grandpapa's years are wearing few. But he leaves a blessing behind;

A good life lived and a good fight fought.

True heart and equal mind.

"Remember my children," says mamma,

"You bear the name of your grandpapa."

SONG OF THE WATER.

KEY F A. T. CRINGAN. |m|:d |s|:l |s|:-|f :r |f|:r |m|:f |m|:--1. Tinkle, tinkle, sil-ver clear, Where the alders fringe the bank. Fall the ech-oes on the ear. 2.Mid the tan-gles thick and rank, 3. Under-neath the trembling shade, By the swaying branches made. As they near the noisy 4. Flowing with a current still $|\mathsf{m}| := |\mathsf{l}| : \mathsf{t}_1 |\mathsf{l}_1| : \mathsf{t}_1$ lm :f d:t :t |d| := |d| :11 :s 1 |s|: f|m:r|d:Waters chiming as they go. To a mu-sic | sweet and low. In the wave a dainty lip. Where the willows light-ly dip. In the sun-shine broad and wide. slips a - long the deep'ning tide. Down the headlong wa - ters go. To their pebbly bed be - low. | m :lm:f m :r |s| := |f| :r |f| :r |l| :f |m| := $m:d\mid m:d\mid f:r$ sil - ver clear, Tinkle, tinkle, Fall the echoes on the ear. $|\mathbf{r}| : \mathbf{d} |\mathbf{t}_1| := |\mathbf{r}| : \mathbf{t}_1 |\mathbf{r}| : \mathbf{t}_1 |\mathbf{d}| : \mathbf{r}$ $|\mathbf{d}|$:s | 1 :t |d| := |1| :1 $\mathbf{s} : \mathbf{f} \mid \mathbf{l}_1 : \mathbf{t}_1 \mid \mathbf{d}$ through the night and through the day. Sing the waters on their way. $|f|: f' | m| := |f|: f | m| : d | f_1|: f_1 | m_1| := |f|$ $\mathbf{d}:\mathbf{r}\mid \mathsf{m}:\mathsf{m}$