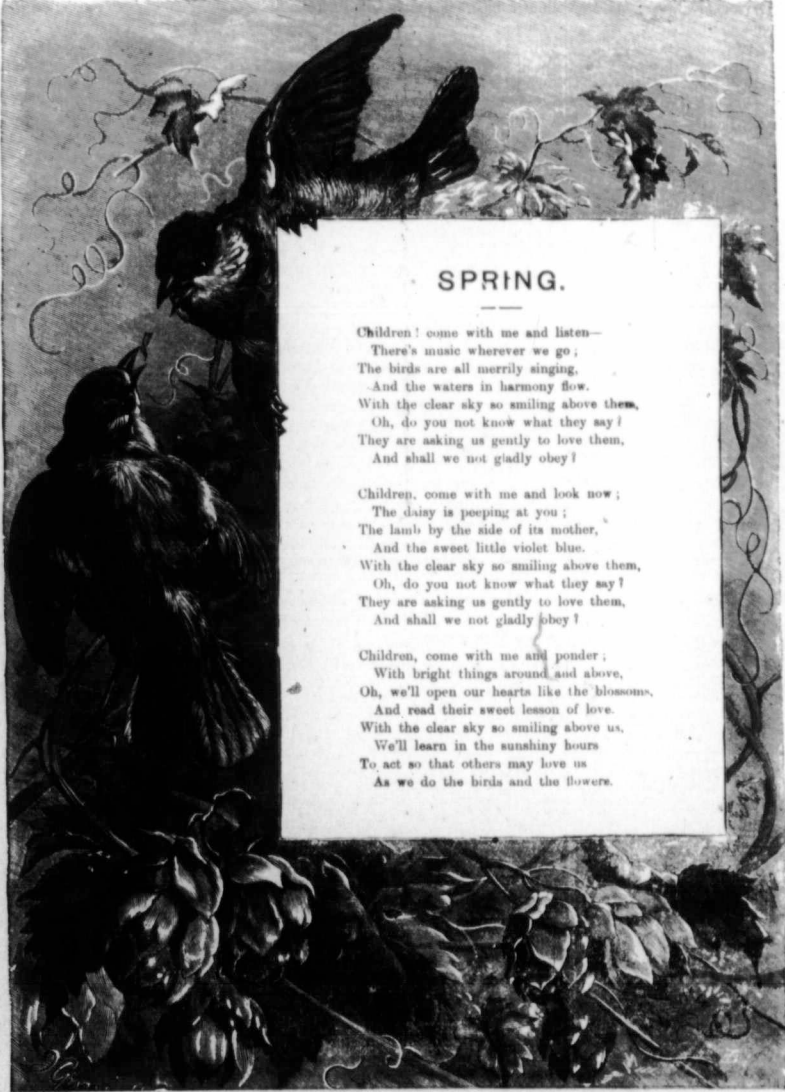


HAPPY DAYS

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SPRING.

Children! come with me and listen—
There's music wherever we go;
The birds are all merrily singing,
And the waters in harmony flow.
With the clear sky so smiling above them,
Oh, do you not know what they say?
They are asking us gently to love them,
And shall we not gladly obey?

Children, come with me and look now;
The daisy is peeping at you;
The lamb by the side of its mother,
And the sweet little violet blue.
With the clear sky so smiling above them,
Oh, do you not know what they say?
They are asking us gently to love them,
And shall we not gladly obey?

Children, come with me and ponder;
With bright things around and above,
Oh, we'll open our hearts like the blossoms,
And read their sweet lesson of love.
With the clear sky so smiling above us,
We'll learn in the sunshiny hours
To act so that others may love us
As we do the birds and the flowers.