

Corn that gilded acres,  
 The clover and the grass,  
 Cowslips that the children  
 Gather as they pass,  
 The primrose in the green lane,  
 The berry on the sloe—  
 Drops of crystal water  
 Cause them all to glow.  
 Chorus—Wine's, &c.

Drops of crystal water  
 Form the running rills,  
 Where the cress is growing  
 By the brambled hills ;  
 Oceans vast and boundless,  
 Rivers wide and far—  
 Drops of crystal water  
 Make them what they are.  
 Chorus—Wine's, &c.

---

### TO THE YOUTH OF BRITAIN.—(30.)

TUNE—*Whitely.*

Now raise your merry voices, ye children gay and young ;  
 The strain our heart rejoices, by thousands be it sung ;  
 Your bloodless banner swelling, shall sweep the fields of air,  
 To each benighted dwelling the words of hope to bear.

Sons of the English nation, ye gentle daughters too,  
 We form a generation, a loyal band and true ;  
 Where in its colors flying our noble flag is seen,  
 There are our hearts replying, God save our gracious Queen !

Oh England, would that never within thy borders fair,  
 Was seen that cup which ever has proved thy children's snare ;  
 For this—for this we're sighing, an earnest youthful band :  
 For this—for this we're trying to save our native land.

Companions in life's morning, to you, to you we call,  
 Oh hear our word of warning, and hear it ere ye fall ;  
 Procrastinate no longer, for fearful is delay,  
 Temptation groweth stronger ; then join our ranks to-day.

Yes, join ; and, heaven befriending, shall crown our work of love,  
 In kind approval sending its blessing from above ;  
 A time of joy foretelling for England's happy isle,  
 When from each cottage dwelling shall peace and plenty smile.