

**CIHM
Microfiche
Series
(Monographs)**

**ICMH
Collection de
microfiches
(monographies)**



Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques

© 1994

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la
distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear
within the text. Whenever possible, these have
been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées
lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte,
mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont
pas été filmées.

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

- Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

- Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
			✓								

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

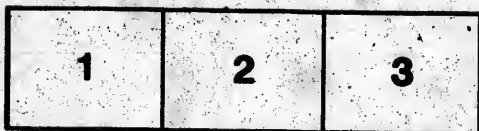
Thomas Fisher Rare Book Library,
University of Toronto Library

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol \rightarrow (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol ∇ (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper-left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:



ced thanks

L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

Thomas Fisher Rare Book Library,
University of Toronto Library

t quality
legibility
n the

Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

are filmed
ing on
nd imprec-
te. All
ng on the
mpres-
a printed

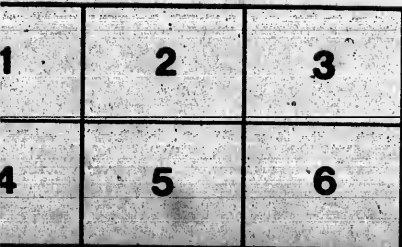
Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

liche
"CON-
END"),

Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole \rightarrow signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole ∇ signifie "FIN".

d at
ge to be
med
left to
e se
ate the

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



1.45



1.50

1.56



1.63



1.75

1.80



1.8

1.8



APPLIED IMAGE Inc

1653 East Main Street
Rochester, New York 14609 USA
(716) 482-0300 - Phone
(716) 286-5999 - Fax

THE GARLAND:

A COLLECTION OF

SONGS AND LYRICS,

Original and Selected,

FOR SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES.

COMPILED BY

H. D. CAMERON, ESQ.,

PRINCIPAL OF THE CENTRAL SCHOOL, GODERICH, C. W.



Goderich, C. W.:

PUBLISHED BY GEO. J. MOORHOUSE,

BOOKSELLER AND STATIONER.

1865.

*Net. in TPL Case, Lane
Goderich*

THE GARLAND:

A COLLECTION OF

SONGS AND LYRICS,

Original and Selected,

FOR SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES.

COMPILED BY

H. D. CAMERON, ESQ.,

PRINCIPAL OF THE CENTRAL SCHOOL, GODERICH, C. W.

Goderich, C. W.:

PUBLISHED BY THEO. J. MOORHOUSE,

BOOKSELLER AND STATIONER.

1865.

Entered, according to Act of the Provincial Parliament,
in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-
five, by T. G. Moonhouse, in the Office of the Regis-
trar of the Province of Canada.

A hu
Amo
Chil
Com
For
Gath
Gent
Jesu
Lorc
Mare
Mare
My r
Now
Now
Oh d

A fa
As o
Awa
Awa
Awa
Befe
Befe
Be k
Be t
Blow
Com
Com

INDEX TO THE FIRST LINES.

PART I.

JUVENILE DIVISION.

	PAGE		PAGE
A hungry fox one day did spy...	16	Oh say, busy bee, whither now...	20
Among the deepest shades of...	8	Once there was a little boy.....	28
Children, go.....	12	Pretty bee, pray tell me why....	19
Come now, my pretty little.....	13	School is a pleasure.....	21
For a season called to part.....	6	Silently.....	25
Gather, gather, the bell doth....	23	The dew was falling fast.....	15
Gentle Jesus, meek and mild....	7	The north wind doth blow.....	31
Let us stand, hand in hand....	11	The sparrow builds her clever... 17	17
Let us hop, hop.....	14	There came to my window one..	17
Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear...	6	There is a bird of plumage rare	18
Lord, a little band and lowly...	5	This is the way we wash our... 9	9
March away, and keep good....	23	To be in good time is a.....	27
March away, march away.....	24	To the Central School we go....	26
My merry little fly, play here...	20	Twinkle, twinkle, little star....	39
Now is it not a pity when a....	28	Up the hills at early morn.....	26
Now we, little children.....	10	We delight in our school.....	22
Oh dear! what can the matter...	29	Yea, fear not, fear not, little... 8	8

PART II.

SENIOR DIVISION.

A farmer's life's the life for me.	94	Come sound the merry tabor...	45
As oft in my smithy I'm blowing	93	Fear no more the heat o' the...	92
Away, for once with learned....	47	Faintly as tolls the evening....	81
Away over mountain, away.....	53	Father of all, we bow to thee...	33
Away with gloom and sadness...	67	Gather ye rosebuds while ye....	84
Before all lands in east or west	80	Gloomy looks the sky to-day...	62
Before the hill of science.....	71	Go, youth beloved, in distant...	92
Be kind to thy father.....	83	How calm is the summer sea's...	41
Be thou, O God, exalted high...	42	How sweet the sound, when....	65
Blow, blow, thou winter wind...	53	Higher, higher will we climb...	67
Come again.....	43	Home, home! name how.....	82
Come, come dear schoolmates...	59	Honest fellow, sore beset.....	91

INDEX TO THE FIRST LINES.

	PAGE	PAGE	
How sweetly does the time fly...	84	O what can compare to the.....	59
I have seen the evening sky....	38	O Willie, is it you dear.....	85
I love the merry, merry.....	62	Proudly, O sun, art thou.....	64
In the bright morn of life.....	35	Shall school acquaintance be....	58
I remember, I remember.....	89	Spring, spring, beautiful spring	44
Keep pushing, 'tis wiser than...	69	There is an eye that never.....	34
Lady-bird! lady-bird! fly away...	90	There's fortune on before us....	72
Let others sing of fancied bliss..	55	There's not a tint that paints....	39
Lo! while the zephyr of.....	65	The frost look'd forth one still..	50
Merry-hearted boys are we.....	48	The grove, the grove.....	66
'Mid pleasures and palaces tho'	82	The harp that once through.....	79
Morn amid the mountains.....	38	The more we live, more brief... 90	90
My father was a farmer good... 95	95	The way to be happy together.. 87	87
Never give up, it is wiser and... 70	70	The summer's departed, so..... 59	59
Now blessed be the Lord our... 42	42	They're gone from our number... 40	40
Not to-day, we'll do it to-morrow 73	73	Thou art, O God, the life and... 36	36
Now hands and hearts and zeal... 72	72	'Tis a lesson you should heed... 68	68
Now he who knows old..... 52	52	'Tis the last rose of summer... 49	49
Now our work is nearly done... 98	98	To thee before the dawning... 35	35
Now school is done, away we... 97	97	Triumphal arch, that fill't at the.. 63	63
O Britannia, the pride of the... 77	77	We'll go a-maying together.... 41	41
O'er the foaming billows..... 79	79	We love each other dearly..... 87	87
Off in the still night..... 88	88	When Britain first at Heaven's... 74	74
O Father, on thy heavenly..... 37	37	When hope lies dead within the 91	91
O may our happy Central School 57	57	When the sun shining bright... 86	86
O I have reaped in many lands 78	78	Will you come where the wild... 46	46
O 'tis sweet to sing a cheerful... 61	61	Ye banks and braes..... 77	77
Our youthful hearts for learning 56	56	Ye mariners of England..... 75	75

PART III.

A song for the axe, the..... 113	113	Though our homes are far apart 108	108
All hail, my country! hail to... 103	103	Thou bower-skirted streamlet... 112	112
Cold and loud the boreal blast.. 114	114	O may our land of maple green... 118	118
Far in the forest shade..... 108	108	Our land's a land where freedom 119	119
God bless our native land..... 120	120	'Tis Sabbath morn, and a holy.. 105	105
Hail, land of many woods and... 100	100	We cannot boast of high green... 117	117
In the golden summer hours on 115	115	When the genius of Canada..... 101	101
Land of mighty lake and forest 99	99	Who comes from yonder..... 106	106
O sing and rejoice..... 104	104	Who'll sing a song of the starry 109	109
There is a lonely spirit..... 102	102		

ROUNDS.

A southerly wind and a cloudy. 61	61	Hark! the distant clock reminds 36	36
Be you to others kind and true. 32	32	Hark! the merry jingling bells. 24	24
Birds are singing..... 7	7	How sweet to be straying..... 43	43
Come and sing a merry song... 60	60	If happiness has not her seat... 32	32
Come follow..... 47	47	Let all your work be early done 30	30
For school 'tis now the hour... 32	32	Merrily, merrily greet the morn 49	49
Fruitful fields are waving..... 10	10	Sweetly now the bells are..... 27	27
Glide along our bonny boat... 52	52	The merry month begins to-day 19	19
Good night to you all..... 37	37	Thirty days are in September.. 29	29
Hail to the month, to the..... 25	25	Wake, now wake..... 64	64
Hark! the bell is ringing..... 51	51	Warble for us, echo sweet..... 38	38

PAGE

ce... 59
 ... 85
 ... 61
 be... 58
 spring 44
 ... 34
 us... 72
 ants... 39
 still... 50
 ... 66
 gh... 79
 rief... 90
 ather... 87
 so... 50
 umber... 40
 and... 36
 need... 68
 er... 49
 ng... 35
 st the... 63
 her... 44
 ly... 87
 aven's... 74
 in the... 91
 right... 96
 wild... 46
 ... 77
 ... 75

THE GARLAND.

PART I.

JUVENILE DIVISION.

1.

OPENING HYMN.

Tune: Grenville.

1 Lord, a little band and lowly,
 We are come to sing to thee;
 Thou art great, and high, and holy,
 Oh how solemn we should be!
 Fill our hearts with thoughts of Jesus,
 And of heaven where he is gone;
 And let nothing ever please us
 He would grieve to look upon.

2 For we know the Lord of glory
 Always sees what children do,
 And is writing now the story
 Of our thoughts and actions too.
 Let our sins be all forgiven,
 Make us fear what'er is wrong;
 Lead us on our way to heaven,
 There to sing a nobler song.

reminds 36
 ng bells. 24
 ng..... 43
 r seat... 32
 rly done 30
 he morn 49
 re..... 27
 s to-day 19
 ember... 29
 ... 64
 eet..... 38

- 1 Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be thou near me,
Watch my sleep till morning light.
- 2 All this day thy hand hath led me,
And I thank thee for thy care;
Thou hast kept, and clothed, and fed me,
Listen to my humble prayer.
- 3 Let my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with thee to dwell.

- 1 For a season called to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever present friend.
Jesus, hear our humble prayer,
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep;
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.
- 2 What we each have now been taught,
Let our memories retain;
May we, if we live, be brought
Here to meet in peace again.
These instructions if thou bless,
Songs of praises shall be given;
We'll our thankfulness express
Here on earth, and when in heaven.

4.

GENTLE JESUS,

Tune by B. Milgrove.

- 1 Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child ;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to thee.
- 2 Fain I would to thee be brought ;
Gracious God, forbid it not ;
Give me, O my God ! a place
In the kingdom of thy grace.
- 3 Put thy hands upon my head,
Let me in thine arms be staid,
Let me lean upon thy breast ;
Lull me there, O Lord, to rest.
- 4 Fain I would be as Thou art,
Give me thy obedient heart ;
Thou art pitiful and kind,
Let me have thy loving mind.
- 5 Meek and lowly may I be,
Thou art all humility ;
Let me to my betters bow,
Subject to thy parents thou.
- 6 Let me above all fulfil,
God, my Heavenly Father's will ;
Never his good spirit grieve,
Only to his glory live.

Rev. C. Wesley.

MAY.

Round for four voices.

Mainzer.

Birds are singing,
Flowers are springing,
May is bringing gifts to man.

The Garland.

5.

GOD ALL-SEEING.

- 1 Among the deepest shades of night
Can there be none who sees my way ?
Yes; God is like a shining light,
That turns the darkness into day.
- 2 When every eye around me sleeps,
May I not sin without control ?
No; for a constant watch he keeps
On every thought of every soul.
- 3 If I could find some cave unknown,
Where human foot had never trod,
Yet there I could not be alone,—
On every side there would be God.
- 4 He smiles in heaven, he frowns in hell,
He fills the air, the earth, the sea ;
I must within his presence dwell ;
I cannot from his anger flee.
- 5 •Yes! I may flee, he shows me where,
Tells me to Jesus Christ to fly ;
And when he sees me weeping there,
There's mercy beaming in his eye.

6.

FEAR NOT.

- 1 Yea, fear not, fear not, little ones ;
There is in heaven an eye
That looks with yearning fondness down
On all the paths you try—
On all the paths you try.
- 2 'Tis he who guides the sparrow's wing,
And guards her little brood ;
Who hears the ravens when they cry,
And fills them all with food.

- 3 'Tis he who clothes the fields with flowers,
And pours the light abroad ;
'Tis he who numbers all your hours—
Your father and your God.
- 4 Ye are the chosen of his love,
His most peculiar care ;
And will he guide the fluttering dove,
And not regard your prayer ?
- 5 He'll keep you when the storm is wild,
And when the flood is near ;
Oh, trust him, trust him, as a child,
And you have nought to fear.

7.

CLEANLINESS.

Air: Merry-ma-tanzie.

- 1 This is the way we wash our hands,
We wash our hands, we wash our hands,
This is the way we wash our hands,
To come to school in the morning.
- 2 This is the way we wash our face, &c.,
To come to school in the morning.
- 3 This is the way we comb our hair, &c.,
To come to school in the morning.
- 4 This is the way we brush our clothes, &c.,
To come to school in the morning.
- 5 This is the way we show our hands, &c.,
To come to school in the morning.
- 6 It is a shame to come to school, &c.,
With dirty hands and faces.
- 7 Clean children like to come to school, &c.,
But not with dirty faces.

10

The Garland.

8.

SONG IN MOTION.

- 1 Now we, little children, assembled in school,
Must all be attentive to order and rule;
We'll read or we'll sing, as our teacher commands,
And keep time so nicely by clapping of hands.
- 2 Our hands and our faces, so nice and so clean,
And moving our fingers so nimbly are seen;
Our hands on our heads next we'll prettily place,
Then some arcs of a circle our elbows shall trace.
- 3 Our hands on our shoulders is next in our rule,
And well do we place them, obedient in school;
We'll give them a toss up and down in the air,
And count one, two, three, four, while shaking
them there.
- 4 Our next true position is right about face,
With arms horizontal all true to their place;
We'll clap once, again once, then one, two, three,
four,
Then hands by our sides hanging true as before.
- 5 Now left about face we will turn us once more,
And step out true time with our feet on the
floor;
When wearied with standing, our arms we'll
stretch out,
And then we will twirl them so swiftly about.

FRUITFUL FIELDS.

Round for two voices.

Fruitful fields are waving
With the yellow grain;
Peaceful herds are grazing
On the verdant plain.

9.

HERE WE STAND.

- 1 Here we stand, hand in hand,
Ready for our exercise;
Heads upright, with delight
Sparkling in our laughing eyes.
Singing cheerily, cheerily, cheerily,
Clapping merrily, merrily, merrily;
One, two, three, don't you see
Where scholars love to be?
- 2 Right hand up, left hand up;
Whirling see our fingers go!
Folded now, let us bow
Gently to each other so!
Singing cheerily, &c.
- 3 Eastward point, westward point;
Left hand, Nadir, Zenith right;
Forward fold, backward fold;
Arms a-kimbo, chest upright;
Singing cheerily, &c.
- 4 Seated now, smooth your brow,
Then drum lightly on your crown.
O what fun! every one
Driving off each surly frown!
Singing cheerily, &c.
- 5 Quickly stand, lungs expand,
Backward let our shoulders go!
Life and health, comfort, wealth,
We can thus improve, you know;
Singing cheerily, &c.
- 6 Both hands meet, then retreat,
Clasp; then whirl them round and round;
Right hand fold, left hand fold;
Let's shake hands like brothers[sisters]bound!
Singing cheerily, &c.

- 1 Children, go
 To and fro,
 In a merry, pretty row;
 Footsteps light,
 Faces bright,
 'Tis a happy, happy sight;
 Swiftly turning round and round,
 Do not look upon the ground;
 Follow me,
 Full of glee,
 Singing merrily;
 Singing merrily, merrily, merrily;
 Singing merrily, merrily, merrily.
 Follow me,
 Full of glee,
 Singing merrily.
- 2 Birds are free,
 So are we,
 And we live as happily;
 Work we do,
 Study too,
 Learning daily something new;
 Then we laugh, and dance, and sing,
 Gay as birds, or anything;
 Follow me,
 Full of glee,
 Singing merrily;
 Singing merrily, &c.
- 3 Work is done,
 Play's begun,
 Now we have our laugh and fun;
 Happy days,
 Pretty plays,
 And no naughty, naughty ways;

Holding fast each other's hand,
We're a cheerful, happy band;
Follow me,
Full of glee,
Singing merrily;
Singing merrily, &c.

11.

MUSICIANS ALL.

- 1 Come now, my pretty little boys and girls,
Let us be musicians all;
And we shall have some very good sport,
When we're musicians all.
Tum te tum, tum te tum, say the buglers all;
What can compare to our sport so rare,
When we're musicians all?

- 2 Let each clever boy sing as well as he can,
When we're musicians all;
The girls must follow the same good plan,
When we're musicians all.
Tum te tum, tum te tum, say the buglers all, }
Fiddle fa, fiddle fa, say the fiddlers all; }
What can compare to our sport so rare,
When we're musicians all?

- 3 And each good boy must sit right in his seat,
When we're musicians all;
And each good girl must keep time with her feet,
When we're musicians all.
Tum te tum, tum te tum, say the buglers all, }
Fiddle fa, fiddle fa, say the fiddlers all, }
Doodle doo, doodle doo, say the fifers all; }
What can compare to our sport so rare,
When we're musicians all?

The Garland.

- 4 How pleasant and cheery then will it be,
When we're musicians all,
For nice little children to sing with me,
When we're musicians all.

Tum te tum, tum te tum, say the buglers all,
Fiddle fa, fiddle fa, say the fiddlers all,
Doodle doo, doodle doo, say the fifers all,
Too te too, too te too, say the pipers all;
What can compare to our sport so rare,
When we're musicians all?

- 5 Now, is not this a very good song
For us musicians all?

I hope we'll learn to sing it ere long,
When we're musicians all.

Tum te tum, tum te tum, say the buglers all,
Fiddle fa, fiddle fa, say the fiddlers all,
Doodle doo, doodle doo, say the fifers all,
Too te too, too te too, say the pipers all,
Row de dow, row de dow, say the drummers all;
What can compare to our sport so rare,
When we're musicians all?

R. M.

12.

THE HOBBY HORSE.

- 1 Hop, hop, hop!
Go and never stop!
Where 'tis smooth, and where 'tis stony,
Trudge along my little pony.
Go, and never stop;
Hop, hop, hop, hop, hop!

- 2 Hey, hey, hey!
Go along, I say;
Don't you kick and don't you stumble,
Don't you tire and don't you grumble.
Go along, I say,
Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey!

- 3 Jump, jump, jump !
Don't you hit that stump ;
Never will I cease to ride you,
Till I farther yet have tried you.
Don't you hit that stump ;
Jump, jump, jump, jump, jump !

13.

THE PET LAMB.

- 1 The dew was falling fast,
The stars began to blink ;
I heard a voice ; it said,
Drink, pretty creature, drink !
And looking o'er the hedge,
Before me I espied
A snow-white mountain lamb,
With a maiden by its side.
- 2 No other sheep were near ;
The lamb was all alone,
And by a slender cord,
'Twas tether'd to a stone ;
With one knee on the grass,
Did the little maiden kneel,
While to that mountain lamb
She gave its evening meal.
- 3 Rest, little one, she said ;
Hast thou forgot the day . . .
When my father found thee first,
In place far away ?
Many flocks were on the hills,
But thou wert owned by none ;
And thy mother, from thy side,
For evermore was gone.

4 Thou know'st that twice a day
 I have brought thee in this can
 Fresh water from the brook,
 As clear as ever ran ;
 And twice, too, in the day,
 When the ground is wet with dew,
 I bring thee draughts of milk,
 Warm milk it is and new.

5 See here, thou need'st not fear,
 The raven in the sky ;
 Both night and day thou'rt safe ;
 Our cottage is hard by.
 Why bleat so after me ?
 Why pull so at thy chain ?
 Sleep, and at break of day
 I will come to thee again !

Wordsworth.

14.

THE FOX AND THE GRAPES.

1 A hungry fox one day did spy
 Some nice rich grapes that hung so high ;
 And as they hung, they seemed to say
 To the fox, who underneath did stay,
 " If you can fetch us down, you may."

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la ;

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la ;

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la ;

" If you can fetch us down, you may."

2 The fox his patience nearly lost ;
 And, all his expectations cross'd,
 He lick'd his lips for near an hour,
 Till he found the grapes beyond his pow'r ;
 And then he said " the grapes were sour."

La, la, la, la, &c.

And then he said " the grapes were sour."

From Dr. Mason's " Normal Singer."

15.

THE CHILD AND THE ROBIN.

- 1 There came to my window, one morning in spring,
A sweet little robin ; he came there to sing :
The tune he was singing was prettier far
Than ever I heard on the flute or guitar.
- 2 He raised his light wings to soar off far away ;
Then resting a moment seem'd sweetly to say,
"O happy, how happy this world seems to be ;
Awake, little child, and be happy with me."
- 3 The sweet bird then mounted upon his light wing,
And flew to a tree-top, and there did he sing ;
I listened delighted, and hop'd he would stay,
And come to my window at dawn of the day.

16.

THE SPARROW.

- 1 The sparrow builds her clever nest
Of wool and hay and moss ;
Who taught her how to weave it best,
And lay the twigs across ?
- 2 Who taught the busy bee to fly
Among the sweetest flowers ;
And lay her stores of honey by
To last in winter's hours ?
- 3 Who taught the little ant the way
Its narrow hole to bore ;
And through the pleasant summer day
To gather up its store ?
- 4 'Twas God who taught them all the way,
And gave their little skill,
And teaches children, when they pray,
To do his holy will.

18

The Garland.

17.

THE COCKATOO

Irish Air.

1 There is a bird of plumage rare,
Which oft in gilded cage we view,
Procur'd with cost, preserv'd with care;
We mean the gaudy cockatoo.
He is a bird of price and fame,
And talks as parrots often do;
For if we ask him what's his name,
He'll say, "tis pretty cockatoo."
Cockatoo, cockatoo,
Pretty, pretty cockatoo.
His answer is, to all we say,
Just pretty, pretty cockatoo.

2 Yet in these words repeated o'er,
Does all this scholar's wisdom lie;
For to a thousand questions more,
He only gives the same reply.
Ask him who made his gilded cage?
Or who his master's portrait drew?
Who was in Greece the wisest sage?
He'll say, 'twas pretty cockatoo.
Cockatoo, &c.

3 Thus many children sent to school,
Perform the same unmeaning rounds;
Learn all by oft-repeated rule,
Yet see no meaning in the sounds.
But we should never thus by rote
Run day by day our lessons thro',
And never give the sense a thought,
Like prating, pretty cockatoo.
Cockatoo, &c.

- 4 A bird may come to sound its name,
A bird may almost learn to spell ;
But boys and girls must seek to aim
At something more than birds can tell.
The wreath which grows on wisdom's bough
Is free to all tho' cropp'd by few ;
And we may pluck a leaf e'en now,
And shame the senseless cockatoo.
Cockatoo, &c.

18. INTERROGATION, OR PRETTY BEE.

- 1 Pretty bee, pray tell me why
Thus from flower to flower ye fly ;
Culling sweets the live long day,
Never leaving off to play.
- 2 Little child, I'll tell you why
Thus from flower to flower I fly ;
Let the cause thy thoughts engage,
From thy youth to riper age.
- 3 Summer's flow'rs will soon be o'er
Winter comes, they bloom no more ;
Finest days will soon be past,
Brightest suns will set at last.
- 4 Little child, come, learn of me,
Let thy youth thy seed-time be ;
So when hoary age shall come,
Shalt thou bear thy harvest home.

THE MERRY MONTH.

Round for three voices.

The merry month begins to-day,
That drives the wintry cold away,
The merry, merry, merry, merry month of May.

The Garland.

OH, SAY, BUSY BEE.

German Air.

- 1 Oh, say, busy bee, whither now are you going?
 Whither now are you going, to work or to play?
 I'm bound to the garden where roses are blowing,
 For I must be making sweet honey to-day.
 Sweet honey, sweet honey, sweet honey, sweet
 honey,
 For I must be making sweet honey to-day.
- 2 Oh, say, pretty dove, whither now are you flying?
 Whither now are you flying, to Paris or Rome?
 I'm bound to my nest where my partner is sighing,
 And waiting for me in our dear little home.
 Is waiting, is waiting, is waiting, is waiting,
 Is waiting for me in our dear little home.
- 3 So we are as happy when daily advancing
 In wisdom and knowledge, in virtue and love;
 We'll sing on our journey, now swinging, now
 marching,
 As brisk as the bee, and as true as the dove.
 We're singing, we're singing, we're singing, we're
 singing,
 As brisk as the bee, and as true as the dove.

THE FLY.

- 1 My merry little fly, play here,
 And let me look at you;
 I will not touch you though you're near,
 As naughty children do.
- 2 I see you spread your pretty wings,
 That sparkle in the sun;
 I see your legs, what tiny things!
 And yet how fast they run.

- 3 You walk along the ceiling now
And down the upright wall ;
I'll ask mamma to tell me how
You walk and do not fall.
- 4 'Twas God that taught you, little fly,
To walk along the ground,
And mount above my head so high,
And frolic round and round.
- 5 I'll near you stand to see you play,
But do not be afraid ;
I would not lift my little hand
To hurt the thing he made.

21.

SCHOOL IS A PLEASURE.

Air by H. G. Nagels.

School is a pleasure
Now to the youthful mind ;
Here we a treasure
Of heav'nly wisdom find.

- 1 We learn the Holy Scriptures say,
That we should honor and obey,
And do our utmost to repay
Our father and our mother.
School is a pleasure, &c.
- 2 We learn how right it is we should
At home be always very good ;
And ne'er be quarrelsome or rude
With sister or with brother.
School is a pleasure, &c.
- 3 We learn our friends are pleas'd to see
So many children all agree,
And striving only who shall be
The kindest to each other.
School is a pleasure, &c.

4 We learn in peace with all to live,
 And e'en our enemies forgive,
 And no one ever to deceive,
 By any means whatever.
 School is a pleasure.

22.

WE DELIGHT IN OUR SCHOOL.

1 We delight in our school,
 We'll obey every rule,
 And the highway to knowledge pursue;
 So our teacher shall say,
 At the close of the day,
 That we're diligent, peaceful and true.

2 We will not lag behind
 In the race of the mind,
 But will strive to be found in the van;
 By hard study and care
 It will not be unfair
 To outstrip all the rest if we can.

3 But if then we should fail
 Over all to prevail,
 Seeing this may be out of our pow'r,
 Although losing the prize,
 It would never be wise
 To be peevish, and moody, and sour.

4 All our words shall be kind,
 All our conduct refined;
 Above all we will try to do right:
 Then although we may grieve,
 When the school we shall leave,
 We will think of it oft with delight.

23.

GATHER, GATHER.

March from Rob Roy.

1st Set.

- 1 Gather, gather, the bell doth ring ;
We now must leave the pleasant swing ;
Then follow in order while we sing,
And march up to the gallery.
Thus the master we obey
Who kindly teaches us the way
To read, to sing, to march, and play,
And thus we never weary.
Gather, gather, &c.

2nd Set.

- 2 Smart little boys are marching down ;
The tidy girls are following round ;
We're marching away to the clean play ground,
To join in sport so cheerily ;
Bright and sunny is the day,
The master gives us leave to play,
So round the pole we'll swing away,
And thus we never weary.
Smart little boys, &c.

R. M.

24.

GOOD ORDER.

J. J. Rousseau.

- 1 March away, and keep good order,
Stepping lightly round the school ;
Let us march without disorder ;
Careful to observe the rule ;
March in order, march away,
Sometimes work and sometimes play.
- 2 March away in mirth and singing,
Sweetly let our voices sound,
And his part let each be bringing,
To the song while marching round ;
Thus our time will pass away,
Part in learning, part in play.

W. Sugden.

24

The Garland.

25.

MARCH AWAY.

Indian Air.

- 1 March away ! march away !
To the play-ground lead the way ;
All our lessons now are past,
Left foot first and not too fast.
O ! 'tis nice each sunny day,
Thus to enjoy ourselves in play ;
We'll no angry looks betray,
But merrily, merrily march away.
- 2 Off we go ! off we go !
All our looks our pleasure show ;
Round and round the pole we swing,
Or we form the joyous ring ;
Joining in the active race,
Swift we run from place to place ;
'Tis the time for sport and play,
So merrily, merrily march away.

HARK THE MERRY.

Round for three voices.

Hark ! the merry jingling bells,
One, two, three, four, five, six,
They sound so sweet and gay,
They seem to say, come away,
Make holiday, merrily.
Hark ! I hear a bell begin,
And then another dropping in,
One, two, three, four, five, six,
Till they all in a merry concert mix,
Tingle, tingle, ting, so merrily they sing,
From out the steeple tall ;
Come away, come away,
Make holiday,
Be merry, one and all.

26.

SILENTLY.

1 Silently ! silently !
Ope and close the school-room door ;
Carefully ! carefully !
Walk upon the floor !
Let us, let us strive to be
From disorder ever free,
Happily ! happily !
Passing time away.

2 Cheerfully ! cheerfully !
Let us in our work engage ;
With a zeal, with a zeal
Far beyond our age !
And if we should chance to find
Lessons that perplex the mind,
Persevere, persevere,
Never lesson fear.

3 Now we sing, now we sing
Gaily as the birds of spring,
As they hop, as they hop
On the high tree top.
Let us be as prompt as they,
In our work or in our play.
Happily, happily,
Passing time away.

E. Woodbury.

HAIL TO THE MONTH.

Round for four voices.

Hail to the month, to the cheering month of May,
Now to the woods, to the woods away !
Hear the merry warblers on the spray,
We will all be as happy, as happy as they.

26

The Garland.

27.

GOOD CHILDREN.

1 To the Central School we go,
Like good children;
Here we all are in our place,
With light heart and happy face,
In no trouble or disgrace,
While good children.

2 In the school we take delight,
Like good children;
Here our minds are early stor'd
With whatever can afford
Happiness, that will reward
All good children.

3 Here are none too young to learn,
Like good children;
We our parents should obey,
This our teachers often say,
And they tell us, day by day,
Be good children.

4 We our teachers dearly love,
Like good children;
For they early strive to root
In our tender minds a shoot,
Which shall bring forth pleasant fruit
In good children.

28.

UP THE HILLS AT EARLY MORN.

Up the hills, at early morn,
Sounds the inspiring bugle horn;
Hear the echoes as they flow:
Now away we go,
One and all, with cheerful glee,
Come and follow, follow me.

Now through shady vale and grove
Full of life and joy we rove ;
Hear the songster's merry lay
Hail the new-born day :
One and all, with cheerful glee,
Come and follow, follow me.

29.

LATENESS FOR SCHOOL.

" The Blue Bells of Scotland."

- 1 To be in good time is a necessary rule,
And none should be found coming past the hour
to school ;
For lazy boys who come too late incur a sad dis-
grace,
And often we find them with dirty hands and
face.
- 2 They rise in the morning so slowly from their
bed,
Before they are ready their time away has fled ;
And though they hasten to the school, yet there
they cannot get,
Till all their companions have at their places met.
- 3 Their teacher they grieve, and their class they
interrupt ;
And by their arrival the lessons oft are stopt ;
Too often those who thus begin cannot be got to
mend,
But as they commence so they go on to the end.

W. Sugden.

THE BELLS.

Round for three voices.

Main:er.

Sweetly now the bells are ringing,
Call to church for prayer and singing,
Ding, dong, ding, dong.

30.

THE HONEST BOY.

- 1 Once there was a little boy,
With curly hair and pleasant eye,—
A boy who always told the truth,
And never, never told a lie.
- 2 And when he trotted off to school,
The children all about would cry,
“There goes the curly-headed boy,
The boy that never tells a lie!”
- 3 And everybody loved him so,
Because he always told the truth,
That every day, as he grew up,
’T’was said, “there goes the honest youth!”
- 4 And when the people that stood near,
Would turn to ask the reason why,
The answer would be always this:
“Because he never tells a lie.”

31.

I WON'T BE A DUNCE.

English Air.

- 1 Now is it not a pity when a little girl or boy
Is a dunce in whose conduct friends and teachers
have no joy?
Then I won't be a dunce,
No I won't be a dunce,
For I'm so fond of learning that I won't be a
dunce.
- 2 I'm sure I would not like to be that little girl
or boy,
So to grieve my kind parents, and their comfort
to destroy.
Then I won't be a dunce, &c.

3 I think it is a shame to see a little girl or boy,
Spend the time giv'n for lessons on some foolish
little toy.

Then I won't be a dunce, &c.

W. STODEN.

32.

WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE ?

Old Ballad Air.

1 Oh, dear ! what can the matter be ?

Dear, dear ! what can the matter be ?

Oh, dear ! what can the matter be ?

That we have crying again ?

These children were naughty, and would be a
playing,

When lessons they ought in the school to be
saying,

And still they persist in the rule disobeying,

And giving us all so much pain.

2 Oh, dear ! what can the matter be ?

Dear, dear ! &c.

These children, we hope, from their faults will
be turning,

And lessons endeavour in school to be learning,
Their teacher's esteem by their diligence earn-

ing,

And then they'll be happy again.

THE CALENDAR.

Round for three voices.

A. D. Thomson.

Thirty days are in September,

April, June, and dull November;

All the rest have thirty-one,

Saving February alone;

Twenty-eight are all its store,

But in leap-year one day more.

The Garland.

33.

TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR.
French Air.

- 1 Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.
Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!
- 2 When the blazing sun is gone,
When he nothing shines upon,
Then you show your little light.
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.
Twinkle, twinkle, &c.
- 3 Then the trav'ler in the dark,
Thanks you for your tiny spark;
He couldn't see which way to go,
If you did not twinkle so.
Twinkle, twinkle, &c.
- 4 In the dark blue sky you keep,
Often thro' my curtains peep,
And you never shut your eye
Till the sun is in the sky.
Twinkle, twinkle, &c.
- 5 As your bright and tiny spark
Lights the trav'ler in the dark,
Tho' I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.
Twinkle, twinkle, &c.

Jane Taylor.

DILIGENCE.

*Jenkins.**Round for three voices.*

Let all your work be early done,
By lazy sloth no prize is won,
And time and tide will wait for none.

W. Sugden

34.

THE NORTH WIND DOTH BLOW.

- 1 The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow :
And what shall the Robin do then ?
 Poor thing !
- 2 He'll sit in the barn,
And keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing,
 Poor thing !
- 3 The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow :
And what will the swallow do then ?
 Poor thing !
- 4 O, do you not know
He's gone, long ago,
To a country much warmer than ours,
 Poor thing !
- 5 The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow :
What will the honey-bee do then ?
 Poor thing !
- 6 In his hive he will stay,
Till the cold's passed away,
And then he'll come out in the spring,
 Poor thing !
- 7 The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow :
And what will the children do then ?
 Poor things !
- 8 When lessons are done,
They'll jump, skip, and run,
And play till they make themselves warm,
 Poor things !

Air.

Taylor.

Jenkins.

ae.
y. Sugden

The Garland.

TIME FOR SCHOOL.

Round for three voices.

For school 'tis now the hour
 Our lessons well we'll learn;
 When ev'ning's shadows lower,
 We'll merrily home return!
 In work and in play we'll spend all the day,
 And happy and gay we'll be.

BE YOU TO OTHERS KIND AND TRUE.

Round for three voices.

Be you to others kind and true;
 And always unto others do,
 As you'd have others do to you.

IF HAPPINESS, &c.

Round for four voices.

If happiness has not her seat
 And centre in the breast,
 We may be wise, or rich, or great,
 But never can be blest.

PART II.

SENIOR DIVISION.

1.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

- 1 Father of all ! we bow to thee,
Who dwell'st in heav'n ador'd ;
But present still through all thy works,
The universal Lord.
- 2 For ever hallow'd be thy name
By all beneath the skies ;
And may thy kingdom still advance,
Till grace to glory rise.
- 3 A grateful homage may we yield,
With hearts resign'd to thee ;
And as in heav'n thy will is done,
On earth so let it be.
- 4 From day to day we humbly own
The hand that feeds us still ;
Give us our bread, and teach to rest
Contented in thy will.
- 5 Our sins before thee we confess ;
O may they be forgiv'n !
As we to others mercy show,
We mercy beg from heav'n.

6 Still let thy grace our life direct,
From evil guard our way;
And in temptation's fatal path
Permit us not to stray.

7 For thine the pow'r, the kingdom thine,
All glory's due to thee;
Thine from eternity the Word
And thine shall ever be.

2.

PRAYER.

1 There is an eye that never sleeps,
Beneath the wing of night;
There is an ear that never shuts,
When sink the beams of light.

2 There is an arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.

3 That eye is fix'd on seraph throngs;
That arm upholds the sky;
That ear is fill'd with angel songs;
That love is throned on high.

4 But there's a power which man can wield
When mortal aid is vain,
That eye that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain.

5 That power is Davy's, which soars on high
Through Jesus to the throne,
And moves the hand which moves the world
To bring salvation down.

3. TO THEE, BEFORE THE DAWNING LIGHT.

1 To thee, before the dawning light,
My gracious God, I pray;
I meditate thy name by night,
And keep thy law by day.

2 My spirit faints to see thy grace,
Thy promise bears me up;
And while salvation long delays,
Thy word supports my hope.

3 When midnight darkness veils the skies,
I call thy works to mind;
My thoughts in warm devotion rise,
And sweet acceptance find.

4. THE BRIGHT MORN OF LIFE. (C.M.)

1 In the bright morn of life, when youth
With vital ardor glows,
And shines in all the fairest charms
That beauty can disclose,

2 Deep in thy soul, before its powers
Are yet by vice enslaved,
Be thy Creator's glorious name
And character engraved.

3 Ere yet the shades of sorrow cloud
The sunshine of thy days,
And cares, and toils, in endless round,
Encompass all thy ways;

4 True wisdom, early sought and gained,
In age will give thee rest.
O then improve the morn of life,
To make its evening blest!

The Garland.

5.

THOU ART, O GOD,

- 1 Thou art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee:
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine!
- 2 When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into Heaven,—
Those hues that mark the sun's decline,
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.
- 3 When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'er shadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird whose plume,
Is sparkling with a thousand eyes,—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.
- 4 When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And ev'ry flower the summer wreathes,
Is born beneath that kindling eye:
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine!

T. Moore.

HARK! THE DISTANT CLOCK.

Round for three voices.

Hark! the distant clock reminds us
That another hour is fled;
Night is come, our work is ended.
Friends, good night! 'tis time for bed.
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight.

From Turle and Taylor's "Singing Book."

6.

EVENING HYMN.

Tune by Gersbach.

- 1 O Father! on thy heavenly throne,
For all the mercy thou hast shown,
What offering can I bring thee?
O take the praise,
The thankful lays,
A lowly child doth sing thee.
- 2 Thou tak'st my low estate to heart,
In all my ways hast borne a part,
Hast heard my supplication;
Dost kindly tend,
From harm defend
My humble habitation.
- 3 'Tis thy free gift, whate'er I be,
A mind and heart to think of thee,
A pure and peaceful spirit;
My life and health,
My friends and wealth,
From Thee I all inherit.
- 4 Thy tender love, thy matchless might,
Be my support by day and night;
Oh, from my sins relieve me!
And when I die,
Beyond the sky,
Thy mercy never leave me!

Translated from Gellert.

GOOD NIGHT.

Round for three voices.

W. J. Edlson.

Good night to you all, and sweet be your sleep;
May angels around you their vigils keep.
Good night, good night, good night, good night!

The Garland.

7.

GOD ALMIGHTY!

- 1 I have seen the evening sky,
Deck'd with many a twinkling star;
Nothing else is half so high
As those little sparklers are.
- 2 I have seen the dazzling sun
Shine with glorious beams of light,
Far above my head at noon;
Nothing else is half so bright.
- 3 But the highest star is low,
And the glorious sun is dim,
When compared with God, I know
Nothing equal is to Him.
- 4 He it was whose power divine
Form'd of nothing all I've seen,
Stars that glitter, suns that shine,
But for him had never been.

8.

GOD IS GOOD.

- 1 Morn amid the mountains,
Lovely solitude,
Gushing streams and fountains,
Murmur "God is good," "God is good."
- 2 Now the glad sun breaking,
Pours a golden flood,
Deepest vales awaking,
Echo "God is good."
- 3 Hymns of praise are ringing
Through the leafy wood,
Songsters sweetly singing,
Warble "God is good."

4 Wait and join the chorus,
Child with soul endued—

He whose smile is o'er us
God, our God, is good.

9.

THERE'S NOT A TINT

(C.M.)

1 There's not a tint that paints the rose,
Or decks the lily fair,
Or streaks the humblest flower that blows,
But God has placed it there.

2 There's not of grass a single blade,
Or leaf of loveliest green,
Where heavenly skill is not displayed,
And heavenly wisdom seen.

3 There's not a star whose twinkling light,
Shines on the distant earth,
And cheers the silent gloom of night,
But heaven gave it birth.

4 There's not a place in earth's vast round,
In ocean's deep, or air,
Where skill and wisdom are not found,
For God is everywhere.

5 Around, beneath, below, above,
Wherever space extends,
There God displays his boundless love,
And power with mercy blends.

WARBLE FOR US.

Round for two voices.

Warble for us, echo sweet, echo sweet,
Softly now our songs repeat,
Gentle echo, wake from sleep,
Gentle echo, clear and deep.

The Garland.

THEY ARE GONE.

Air: The Last Rose of Summer.

1 They're gone from our number,
 They're gone from their place,
 Their studies are ended,
 And finish'd their race;
 And passed from amongst us,
 To heaven's blissful shore,
 The place that once knew them,
 Now knows them no more.

2 Thus gathering in sadness,
 To-day we appear;
 Each note of our music
 This tone seems to bear,—
 They're gone and for ever,
 They ne'er can return,
 The living we pray for,
 The dead we must mourn.

3 The beam of the morning,
 The bud of the spring,
 The promise of brightness
 And beauty may bring;
 But clouds gather darkness,
 And, touch'd by the frost,
 The pride of the morning,
 And flow'ret is lost.

4 The bright and the lovely
 Thus ever decay;
 The young and the cherish'd
 Are passing away;
 They're gone and for ever,
 They ne'er can return;
 The living we pray for,
 The dead we must mourn.

5. They're gone, and oh! whither?
The bird on the wing,
Whose food's in the flowers,
Must follow the spring;
And thus our companions,
In life's flowery time,
Have pass'd to the Saviour,
In heaven's blessed clime.
6. There youth blooms eternal,
And never is heard
(Its pure joys to sadden)
The earth-laden word.
They're gone, and for ever,
They ne'er can return;
The living we pray for;
The dead we must mourn.

11.

THE DEATH OF THE JUST.

Tune by T. Crampton.

- 1 How calm is the summer sea's wave!
How softly is swelling its breast!
The bank it just reaches to lave,
Then sinks on its bosom to rest;
No dashing, nor foaming, nor roar,
But mild as a zephyr its play;
It drops scarcely heard on the shore,
Then passes in silence away.
- 2 So calm is the action which death
Exerts on the mind of the-just;
So gently he rifles their breath,
So gently dissolves them to dust.
No groan, nor a pain, nor a tear,
No cloud, nor a wish, nor a sigh,
No grief, nor a doubt, nor a fear,
But calm as a slumber they die.

Edmeston.

12.

Doxology (L.M.)

Be thou, O God, exalted high;
 And as thy glory fills the sky,
 So let it be on earth displayed,
 Till thou art here as there obeyed.

13.

Hallelujah

Now blessed be the Lord our God,
 The God of Israel,
 For He alone (doth wondrous works) I
 In glory that excels all things,
 And blessed be his glorious name
 To all eternity,
 The whole earth let his glory fill,
 Amen, so deb it be.

14.

Spring Wishes

1 Come again! come again! come again!
 Sweet spring weather,
 Hasted hither,
 Spring, come reign!
 Spring, come reign!
 Come again! come again! come again!
 O come! bring the blossoms back again!
 The modest little snowdrop
 Already is in sight
 And every day we watch it
 With wonder and delight,
 We wonder where, since but a
 Its little life is kept,
 And if, through all the winter
 Beneath the snow it slept,
 Come again!

(L.M.)

Come again! come again! come again!
 Sweet spring weather;
 Hasten hither;
 Spring, come reign!
 Spring, come reign!
 Come again! come again! come again!
 2: Come again! come again! come again!
 Sweet spring weather;
 Hasten hither;
 Spring, come reign!
 Spring, come reign!
 Come again! come again! come again!
 O come! bring the swallows back again!
 That built their nest just under
 The eaves they did of old;
 While we, with joy and wonder,
 The busy scene behold
 And curious, keep asking,
 "Where have the swallows been?"
 "Since hillside, field and forest
 In autumn lost their green."
 Come again!
 Come again! we

SUMMER RAMBLES.

Round for three voices.

How sweet to be straying,
 Where breezes are playing,
 When summer shines brightly o'er mountain and
 Where streamlets are flowing,
 And flow'r buds are blowing,
 And birds are all chanting their merriest strain!
 How pleasant the season!
 We love it with reason,
 And hail its returning with pleasure again!
 W. Sugden.

15.

SPRING.

1 Spring, spring, beautiful spring,
 Laden with glory and light you come,
 With the leaf, the bloom, and the butterfly's wing ;
 Making our earth a fairy home ;
 The primroses glitter, the violets peep,
 And zephyr is feasting on flow'rs and bloom ;
 Arouse ye sluggards, what soul would sleep, [wing.
 While the lark's in the sky, and the bee's on the
 The sweetest, and the loudest string
 Should pour a welcome to beautiful spring,
 Spring, spring, beautiful spring,
 Beautiful, beautiful, beautiful spring.

2 Spring, spring, eloquent spring,
 Thine is a voice all hearts must love ;
 Plenty and joy are the tidings you bring,
 As an earnest below of the mercy above.
 Oh dull is the spirit and cold the breast,
 That forgets not awhile it is earthly born,
 While we look on the branch where fruit shall rest,
 And the green blade promising golden corn.
 Arouse, ye sluggards, awake and sing,
 A chorus of welcome to beautiful spring.
 Spring, spring, &c.

16.

UP AND AWAY.

Tune by Gersbach.

1 We'll go a-maying together,
 And out in the meadows roam ;
 Oh ! who would be wasting this weather
 In idle rest at home !
 The spring bids us be jolly,
 And make the most of the May ;
 Sure frolicsome mirth is no folly,
 To romp, and jump, and play.

2 The heaths are purple and yellow,
The woods are alive with song;
So up with you, then, my good fellow,
And with me come along.
Look how the bees are swarming,
And we'll do e'en the same;
Let loons who may like it be warming
Their toes at the kitchen flame.

Translated from Förster.

17. COME SOUND THE MERRY TABOR.

- 1 Come sound the merry tabor, sound
The call to sport and play!
She comes, she comes, with garlands crown'd,
The golden Queen of May!
Then sound the merry tabor, sound
The call to sport and play!
She comes, she comes, with garlands crown'd,
The golden Queen of May!
- 2 She clothes the groves afresh in green,
She smiles on hill and plain;
And mantling all her paths is seen
A rosy blooming train.
Then sound the merry tabor, &c.
- 3 Her gentle breath inspires the air,
And breathes soft music round;
It gives the flow'rs a fragrance rare,
The groves a silv'ry sound.
Then sound the merry tabor, &c.
- 4 She strews her flow'rs along the heath,
And up the mountain's side;
A glittering carpet spreads beneath,
And fairy footsteps glide.
Then sound the merry tabor, &c.

5 Beneath her soft enchanting hand
 Old wrinkled care returns
 She mildly moves her magic wand
 And harmless joy inspires
 Then sound the merry labor &c

18. WILL YOU COME WHERE THE WILD BEE IS HUMMING?

1 Will you come where the wild bee is humming,
 'Mid the blossoms and flowers so gay
 'Tis her song that the spring time is coming,
 'Tis her constant and beautiful lay
 Will you come to the woodland and mountain,
 Where the flocks feed on meadows so green,
 Where they sip from the clear crystal fountain?
 'Tis a prospect most lovely, I ween
 Will you come where the brook gently gliding,
 Murmurs soft in the cool, silent shade,
 Where the violet is modestly hiding
 In its lowly but beautiful bed?

2 Will you come when the sun gilds the morning
 With the loveliest tints of the rose,
 All the hills and the valleys adorning,
 While in radiance and splendor it glows?
 Will you come when the daylight advancing,
 Calleth man to his labor and toil,
 Every pleasure its value enhancing,
 As we gather our wealth from the soil?
 Will you come when the shadow of evening
 Round our cottage her mantle has thrown,
 Fresh enjoyment and happiness breathing,
 Ever thus when our labor is done?

19.

DAY OF JOY

102

1 Away for once with learned lore,
 We'll toss o'er books and rules no more,
 But frisk away,
 To joy and play,
 And roam the five long day, boys!
 And roam the five long day.

2 The birds are warbling on the spray,
 Shall we not sing as well as they?
 Come, hand in hand,
 A merry band.

We'll swell our chorus loud, boys!
 We'll swell our chorus loud.

3 We'll go where nature smiles so gay,
 And scorn the world's frequented way;
 We'll climb the hills,
 Leap o'er the rills,
 And gain the mountain's height, boys!
 And gain the mountain's height.

4 And when the birds have ceased to ram,
 We'll chant our lay and seek our home; —
 "Oh! day of joy!

"Without alloy,
 "We'll long remember thee," boys!
 "We'll long remember thee,"

C. C.

FOLLOW! FOLLOW!

Round for three voices.

Hilton.

Come follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow me,
 Whither shall I follow, follow, follow, whither shall
 I follow, follow thee?
 To the play-ground, to the play-ground, to the
 play ground follow

VACATION GLEE.

- 1 Merry-hearted girls [boys] are we,
As any in the nation ;
For now the time of year is come
Which brings a long vacation.
Oh, vacation, happy time !
The groves with music ringing ;
And when on every tree and bush
The birds are sweetly singing.
- 2 Some by ocean's shore will stand,
And hear the wild waves roaring,
Inhaling health on every hand,
While God's great good adoring.
Oh, vacation, &c.
- 3 While others, in their own sweet homes,
Will tend the lovely flowers,
And by each act of filial love
Pass blithe the happy hours.
Oh, vacation, &c.
- 4 We love our teachers and our friends,
And love at school to stay, too ;
But when vacation-season comes,
We love to be away, too.
Oh, vacation, &c.
- 5 And when the holidays are past,
And frolic's had its measure,
We'll gladly hie to school again,
And learn with double pleasure.
Oh, vacation, &c.

21.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

- 1 'Tis the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone,
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rose bud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh.
- 2 I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem,
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go sleep thou with them;
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er thy bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.
- 3 So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle
The gems drop away:
When true hearts are withered,
And fond ones have flown,
Oh who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

T. Moore.

MERRILY GREET THE MORN.

Round for four voices.

Merrily, merrily greet the morn,
Cheerily, cheerily sound the horn;
Hark to the echoes how they play,
O'er hill and dale, far, far away.

- 1 The summer's departed so gentle and brief,
And autumn has come with its sere yellow leaf;
Its breath's in the valley, its voice in the breeze,
A many-hued robe is spread over the trees.
- 2 In red and in purple the leaves seem to bloom,
But winter, cold winter, has spoken to bloom;
And while they are seeming with rubies to vie,
They tell us that beauty blooms only to die.
- 3 While sad as the whispers of sorrow its breath,
And mournful its hues as the garment of death,
Though faded the flower, and leafless the tree,
Yet autumn, with ripe fruit, is welcome to me.

- 1 The frost looked forth one still clear night,
And whispered, "Now I shall be out of sight,
"So through the valley and over the height,
"In silence I'll take my way;
"I will not go on like the blustering train,
"The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
"Who make so much bustle and noise in vain,
"But I'll be as busy as they."
- 2 Then he flew to the mountain, and powder'd its
 crest;
He lit on the trees, and their boughs he dress'd
In diamond beads; and over the breast
Of the quivering lake he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The downward point of many a spear,
That he hung on the margin far and near,
Where a rock could rear its head.

3 Then he went to the windows of these who slept,
And over each pane like a fairy crept;
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepp'd,
By the light of the moon were seen
Most beautiful things; there were flow'rs and
trees,

There were be vies of birds and swarms of bees,
There were cities with temples and towers, and
these

All pictured in silver sheen.

4 But he did one thing that was hardly fair;
He peeped in the cupboard, and finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare,—
“ Now just to set them a-thinking,
“ I'll bite this basket of fruit,” said he;
“ This costly pitcher I'll burst in three,
“ And the glass of water they've left for me,
“ Shall tchick to tell them I'm drinking.”

HARK! THE BELL IS RINGING.

Round for three voices.

Hark! the bell is ringing,
Calling us to singing;
Hark! the bell is ringing,
Calling us to singing!
Hear the cheerful lay,
Hear the cheerful lay,
Come, O come away,
Come, come away!
Hark! hark! the bell is ringing!
Calling us to singing,
Hark! hark! come, come away.

The Garland.

OLD CHRISTMAS.

Tune: *Old English.*

- 1 Now he who knows old Christmas,
 He knows a carle of worth,
 For he's as good a fellow
 As any upon the earth.
 He comes warm cloaked and coated,
 And button'd up to the chin,
 As soon as he comes anigh the door,
 'Twill open and let him in.
- 2 We know that he will not fail us,
 We sweep the hearth up clean;
 We set him the old arm chair,
 And a cushion whereon to lean.
 He comes with a cordial voice,
 That does one good to hear;
 He shakes one heartily by the hand,
 As he hath done many a year.
- 3 And after the little children
 He asks in a cheerful tone,
 Jack, Kate, and little Annic—
 He remembers them every one!
 And he tells us witty old stories,
 And singeth with might and main;
 And we talk of the old man's visit
 Till the day that he comes again.

Mary Howitt.

THE BONNY BOAT.

Round for three voices.

Glide along our bonny boat,
 While with the tide we gently float,
 And chant to the deep sea's mellow note,
 — Glide along our bonny, bonny boat.

25

BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND.

- 1 Blow, blow, thou winter wind !
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh ho ! sing heigh ho ! unto the green holly ;
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
Then, heigh ho ! the holly !
This life is most jolly.

- 2 Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky !
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot ;
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.

Heigh ho ! sing heigh ho ! unto the green holly ;
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
Then, heigh ho ! the holly !
This life is most jolly.

W. Shakespeare.

26

VACATION SONG.

- 1 Away over mountain, away over plain !
Away, away, away !

Vacation has come with its pleasures again,
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha !

Where young steps are bounding and young
hearts are gay,

To the fun and the frolic, away, boys, away !

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha !

Away, away, away !

The Garland.

- 2 We've sought your approval with hearty good
 Away, away, away! [will,
 We "old ones" have spoken; we "young ones"
 Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! [sit still.
 But now 'tis all over, we're off to our play,
 Nor will think of a school book for four weeks to-
 Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! [day.
 Away, away, away!
- 3 The merry bells jingle, the steeds prance along,
 Away, away, away!
 Beating time as they go to the driver's glad song,
 Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
 Now snow balls are flying, and down to the bay
 Our companions are hastening with skates and
 with sleigh.
 Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
 Away, away, away!
- 4 Kind friends all adieu, and we trust you have
 Away, away, away! [seen,
 How industrious, how earnest, how studious
 Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! [we've been,
 Our teachers are weary, our lessons are done,
 Our parents are pleased, and dear Christmas has
 Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! [come.
 Away, away, away!
- 5 Dear comrades, farewell, ye who join us no more,
 Away, away, away!
 Think life is a school and till term-time is o'er,
 Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
 O meet unrepining each task that is given,
 Till our time of probation is ended in heaven!
 Ended in heaven! ended in heaven!
 Farewell! farewell! farewell!

VARIATION.

- 6 The fresh breezes revel the branches between,
 Away, away, away!
The bird springs aloft from her covert of green,
 Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
Our dog waits our whistle, the fleet steed our
 call,
Our boat safely rocks where we moored her last
 Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! [fall.
 Away, away, away!
- 7 Where the clustering grapes hang purple, we
 v Away, away, away! [know,
The pastures and woods where the ripe berries
 Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! [grow,
The broad trees we'll climb, where the sunny
 fruits rest,
And bring down their stores for the lips we love
 best.
 Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
 Away, away, away!

27

THE CENTRAL SCHOOL.

- 1 Let others sing of fancied bliss,
 Of pleasures that endear,
The joys of that, the sweets of this,
 Or wail for woes they fear;
I'll sing the hours of sweet content,
 Of innocence and toys,
When to the Central School I went,
 With other girls and boys.
'Tis a happy theme, like a golden dream
 Its memory seems to be;
And I'll sing so long as the voice or tongue,
 The Central School for me.

2 Together we, our whole lives long
 Would spend in gladness here ;
 The glad'ning smile, the cheerful song,
 To us are ever dear,
 Then deeper, deeper will we toil
 In the mines of knowledge,
 Nature's wealth and learning's spoil,
 We'll win from school and college.
 'Tis a happy theme, &c.

3 As streams ever gliding,
 As shadows quickly fly,
 As time its course is guiding
 Our hours for study by,
 Oh ! let our steps be hasten'd
 From every evil way ;
 And let our joys be chasten'd
 By pure religion's sway..
 'Tis a happy theme, &c.

4 Our common schools, may God them bless,
 Wherever they may stand ;
 They are the people's colleges,
 The glory of the land.
 May ignorance before them fly,
 'Till Canada shall be
 Of all the lands beneath the sky,
 The happiest and most free.
 'Tis a happy theme, &c.

1 Our youthful hearts for learning burn ;
 Away, away to school !
 To science now our steps we turn ;
 Away, away to school !

We turn from home and all its charms,
And leave our parents' loving arms.

Away to school, away to school!
Away, away to school!

2 Behold a happy band appears;

Away, away to school!

The shout of joy now fills our ears;

Away, away to school!

Our voices ring in music sweet,

When with our friends in school we meet.

Away to school, away to school!

Away, away to school!

3 No more we roam in idle play;

Away, away to school!

In study now we spend the day;

Away, away to school!

United in a peaceful band,

We're joined in heart, we're joined in hand.

Away to school, away to school!

Away, away to school!

29

CENTRAL SCHOOL SONG.

Scotch Air.

1 O may our happy Central School

Be greatly blessed indeed!

In numbers may we still be full,

In learning fast proceed.

We dearly love, we dearly love,

We dearly love the place

Where health and cheerfulness appear,

In every smiling face.

- 2 Here early may our youthful thought
 Be trained to shoot aright;
 Here also may our hearts be brought
 In goodness to delight.
 We highly prize, we highly prize,
 We highly prize the scheme,
 Which all we hear, and all we see,
 Makes an instructive theme.

30.

AULD LANGSYNE AT SCHOOL.

Scotch Air.

- 1 Shall school acquaintance be forgot,
 And never brought to mind?
 Shall school acquaintance be forgot,
 And days of langsyne?
 Of auld langsyne at school,
 Of auld langsyne,
 We'll keep a kind remembrance still
 Of auld langsyne.
- 2 We oft have run about the fields,
 And pull'd the flowers fine;
 We'll ne'er forget these hours, when they
 Are auld langsyne.
 Of auld, &c.
- 3 We oft have cheer'd each other's task,
 From morn till day's decline,
 And often shall our memory rest
 On days of langsyne.
 Of auld, &c.
- 4 In distant lands our lot may lie
 Across the foaming brine,
 Yet shall no future day destroy
 The thought of langsyne.
 Of auld, &c.

31.

1 O

W

O

T

2

32

31.

INNOCENT PLEASURE.

Air by Weber.

1 O what can compare to the innocent pleasure,
We children enjoy when assembled at school!
When joining our voices in some cheering
measure,

And marching in order according to rule.

O these are enjoyments that lighten and cheer
us!

Give strength to the frame, and enliven the
mind;

To teach, guard, and govern, our master is near us,
Who gladdens us all by his manner so kind.

Then march, follow, march, follow, march,
follow, march, follow,

March, follow, march, follow, follow, follow,
follow, follow,

March, follow, march, follow, follow, follow,
follow, follow,

March, follow, march, march, follow, march,
March to the Central School.

2 'Tis pleasant to learn the nice lessons before us,
And listen to all that our teachers may say;

'Tis pleasant to swing when the sun's shining
o'er us,

Or to this pretty tune to keep marching away.

O these are enjoyments, &c.

A. Hamilton.

32.

SCHOOL DUTIES.

1 Come, come, dear schoolmates, now let's try
Who learns the quickest, you or I,

Or stay! it will be better yet,

To see who best their part can get,

- 2 Now, never linger o'er your book,
With discontent and lazy look;
Nor seem displeas'd, and ha! and hum!
Because you have too hard a sum.
- 3 But come, we'll strive with all our might,
However hard, to do it right;
And when 'tis done, we'll sponge the slate,
And try to write like copper-plate.
- 4 Our book, no blot nor scratch must show,
But look as nice as new-fallen snow,
Here, not a mark or line must be,
But what our teacher likes to see.
- 5 Then, when we read, we'll never drawl,
Nor let our voices sink and fall;
Till naught is heard by those around,
But one imperfect droning sound.
- 6 Then, when permitted to declaim,
We will not strive to speak for fame;
But learn to shun each small defect,
And make our speaking more correct.
- 7 To all the scholars we'll fulfil
The law of love and kind good will;
While truth and love we'll strive to gain,
Our school-hours will not pass in vain.

COME AND SING:

Round for four voices.

Come and sing a merry song,
Wake the cheerful glee;
Now the joyous tones prolong.
Happy, happy we!
Oh! happy we! oh! happy we!
Oh! happy, happy we!
Happy, happy we!



33.

SINGING IN SCHOOLS.

1 O 'tis sweet to sing a cheerful song,
It makes us happy, happy all day long;
And when at eve, our school we leave,
The melody still cheers us home,
We love our home, we love our friends,
Our parents' smile; what joy it sends
To hearts like ours, so full of song;
We're happy, happy all day long.
La, lu, la, lu, &c.

2 O we love to learn' of teachers kind,
To cultivate our hearts, and store our mind;
Our knowledge thus, will bless us here,
And make us useful everywhere.
And then, when slates and books put by,
Our MUSIC-BOOKS their place supply;
Oh! then, 'tis sweet to join the lay,
And sing the happy hours away.
La, la, la, la, &c.

THE CHASE.

Round for three voices.

Ferrari.

A southerly wind and a cloudy sky
Proclaim it a hunting morning;
Before the sun rises, away we go,
Dull sleep and a drowsy bed scorning.
To house, my brave boys, and away,
Bright Phoebus the hills is adorning,
The face of all nature looks gay,
'Tis a beautiful scentlaying morning.
Hark! hark! forward; tantara, tantara, tantara,
Hark! hark! forward; tantara, tantara, tantara.

34.

I LOVE THE MERRY SUNSHINE.

- 1 I love the merry, merry sunshine ;
 It makes my heart so gay,
 To hear the sweet birds singing
 On their summer holiday,
 With their wild-wood notes of duty
 From hawthorn, bush and tree ;
 O the sunshine is all beauty !
 O the merry, merry sun for me !
 I love the merry, merry sunshine ;
 It makes the heart so gay,
 To hear the sweet birds singing
 On their summer holiday ;
 The merry, merry sun, the merry sun,
 The merry, merry sun for me ;
 The merry, merry sun, the merry sun,
 The merry, merry sun for me.
- 2 I love the merry, merry sunshine,
 Thro' the dewy morning's shower,
 With its rosy smiles advancing
 Like a beauty from her bower !
 It charms the soul in sadness ;
 It sets the spirit free ;
 O the sunshine is all gladness !
 O the merry, merry sun for me !
 I love, &c.

35.

GLOOMY LOOKS THE SKY TO-DAY.

American National Air.

- 1 Gloomy looks the sky to-day,
 And dark the heavens are turning ;
 So in the school we all will stay,
 Some useful lesson learning.

Safely covered from the storm,
While the clouds are lowering,
Here we all are dry and warm,
Though fast the rain is showering.

- 2 Though we love the sunny days,
We'll not be heard complaining;
For soon again the cheering rays
Will follow all this raining.
Drooping herbs and withering grass
Need refreshing showers;
Soon the rain away will pass,
And sunshine light the flowers.

W. Sugden.

36.

THE RAINBOW.

- 1 Triumphant arch, that fill'st the sky
When storms prepare to part,
I ask not proud philosophy
To teach me what thou art.
- 2 Still seem, as to my childhood's sight,
A mid-way station given,
For happy spirits to alight
Betwixt the earth and heaven.
- 3 How glorious is thy girdle cast
O'er mountain, tower, and town,
Or mirrored in the ocean vast
A thousand fathoms down.
- 4 As fresh in yon horizon dark,
As young thy beauties seem,
As when the raven from the ark
First sported in thy beam.

The Garland.

- 5 For, faithful to its sacred page,
 Heaven still rebuilds the span,
 Nor lets the type grow dim with age,
 That first spoke peace to man.

T. Campbell.

37.

PROUDLY, O SUN.

Music by Zelter.

- 1 Proudly, O sun! art thou sinking
 In the bright firmament low;
 Mountains and clouds art thou tinging,
 Brilliant with golden glow.
 Brightly the stars are all twinkling,
 Each in its loveliest light;
 Now in the dim-lighted distance,
 Cometh the sweet peaceful night.
- 2 Now hath the night-breeze awaken'd,
 Stirring the leaves in the bowers;
 Flowers their perfume are spreading,
 In the sweet evening hours.
 Thus in our songs we will praise thee,
 Peaceful and loveliest night!
 While the fair queen of the heavens
 Sheds all around us her light.

WAKE, NOW WAKE.

Round for three voices.

- Wake, now, wake!
 Rise, now, rise!
 Come, now come!
 Night flies away;
 Bright beams the day;
 Do not delay.
- While the dew is on the thorn,
 While resounds the hunter's horn,
 Rise to greet the early morn.

W. Saugen.

38.

ZEPHYR OF NIGHTFALL.

1 Lo! while the zephyr of nightfall
Balmily wanders around,
Bells from yon village are chiming,—
Sweetly, how sweetly they sound!
Dear is your music, ye clear ringing bells—
Passion to quiet profound
Sinks at your soothing spell.

2 Heard ye the voices of nature,
From the green meadows that come,
Voices that sing at the twilight,
Pleasantly calling us home;
Dear is their music, from mountain and dell—
Hearts that would restlessly roam,
Yield to their magic spell.

3 Neighbors, a welcome now give us,
Day and its labors are done;
Gaily the joybells invite us,
Pealing at set of the sun;
Dear is your music, ye clear ringing bells—
Love by your magic is won,
Bound by your soothing spell.

39.

HOW SWEET THE SOUND.

1 How sweet the sound, when woods around
Have heard the pealing horn!
From bush and brake, glad echoes wake,
And hail the welcome morn.
How fresh the breeze, how green the trees,
How fair and bright the day!
The sparkling rill goes murmur'ing still,
Through woodlands far away.

- 2 The mists decline, the dewdrops shine,
 And sparkle in the sun;
 While o'er the land, fair flowers expand,
 To greet the day begun.
 Sweet song-birds too, with pleasure new,
 Their cheerful tributes bring;
 And in the sky, the lark soars high,
 His morning song to sing.

40.

THE GROVE.

Music by C. M. Von Weber.

- 1 The grove, the grove, the grove, the grove,
 The fresh and lovely grove,—
 The grove, the grove, where echoes sound,
 Where echoes sound,
 The grove where echoes sound,
 The grove where echoes sound.
 We hark to the note of the morning horn,
 We hark to the note of the morning horn,
 Where flow'rets and roses the grove adorn,
 Where flow'rets and roses the grove adorn;
 The grove, the grove, the grove, the grove,
 The grove where echoes sound,
 The grove where echoes sound.
- 2 The world, the world, the world, the world,
 The great and spacious world,—
 The world, the world is our abode,
 Is our abode,
 The world is our abode,
 The world is our abode.
 We wander away through the fields so fair,
 We wander away through the fields so fair,
 Our chorus is merrily sounding there,
 Our chorus is merrily sounding there;
 The world, the world, the world, the world,
 The world is our abode,
 The world is our abode.

41.

GLADNESS.

Air by Mozart.

- 1 Away with gloom and sadness,
And strike a joyful string ;
Our voice we'll tune to gladness,
And merrily, merrily, merrily sing.
Bright valleys crown'd with flowers,
Gay birds on soaring wing,
Call forth our tuneful powers,
So merrily, merrily, merrily sing.
- 2 In sweet harmonious measures
Our joyful songs shall ring ;
Enjoying harmless pleasures,
We'll merrily, merrily, merrily sing ;
Of sparkling streamlet's flowing,
Our cheerful lays we bring ;
Of flow'rs in beauty growing,
We merrily, merrily, merrily sing.

42.

ASPIRATIONS OF YOUTH.

Tune by J. Fr. Reichardt.

- 1 Higher, higher will we climb
Up the mount of glory,
That our names may live through time
In our country's story ;
Happy when her welfare calls,
He who conquers, he who falls.
- 2 Deeper, deeper let us toil
In the mines of knowledge ;
Nature's wealth and Learning's spoil
Win from school and college ;
Delve we there for richer gems
Than the stars of diadems.

3 Onward, onward may we press
 In the path of duty;
 Virtue is true happiness,
 Excellence and beauty;
 Minds are of celestial birth,
 Make we then a heaven of earth.

4 Closer, closer let us knit
 Hearts and hands together,
 Where our fireside comforts sit,
 In the wildest weather;
 O they wander wide who roam
 For the joys of life from home.

5 Nearer, dearer bands of love,
 Draw our souls in union,
 To our Father's house above,
 To the saints' communion:
 Thither ev'ry hope ascend;
 There may all our labors end.

J. Montgomery.

43.

TRY AGAIN.

1 'Tis a lesson you should heed,
 Try try, try again;
 If at first you don't succeed,
 Try, try, again.
 Then your courage should appear,
 For if you will persevere,
 You will conquer, never fear—
 Try, try, try again.

2 Once or twice though you should fail,
 Try, try, try again;
 If at last you would prevail,
 Try, try, try again.

44.

1 Keep
 And d
 In life
 Who c

2 With
 And h
 We'll

3 The s
 As hi
 Methi
 To ch

4 Then
 v
 Unhec
 All ob
 In fea

If we strive, 'tis no disgrace,
Though we may not win the race;
What should you do in that case?
Try, try, try again.

- 3 If you find your task is hard,
Try, try, try again;
Time will bring you your reward,
Try, try, try again,
All that other folks can do,
Why with patience may not you?
Only keep this rule in view—
Try, try, try again.

44.

NEVER SAY FAIL.

1 Keep pushing, 'tis wiser than sitting aside,
And dreaming, and sighing, and waiting the tide,
In life's earnest battle, they only prevail,
Who daily march onward, and *never say fail*.

Montgomery

2 With eye ever open, a tongue that's not dumb,
And heart that will never to sorrow succumb;
We'll battle and conquer, though thousands
assail,
How strong and how mighty, who *never say fail*.

3 The spirit of angels is active, I know,
As higher and higher in glory they go;
Methinks on bright pinions from heaven they sail,
To cheer and encourage, who *never say fail*.

4 Then onward, keep pushing, and press on your
way,
Unheeding the envious, who would you betray;
All obstacles vanish, all enemies quail,
In fear of their wisdom, who *never say fail*.

d fail,

5 In life's rosy morning, in manhood's firm pride,
 Let this be the motto, our footsteps to guide;
 In storm and in sunshine, whatever assail,
 We'll onward and conquer, and NEVER SAY FAIL.

45.

NEVER GIVE UP.

- 1 Never give up! it is wiser and better
 Always to hope than once to despair;
 Fling off the load of doubt's cankering fetter,
 And break the dark spell of tyrannical care:
 Never give up! or the burthen may sink you—
 Providence kindly has mingled the cup;
 And in all trials or troubles, bethink you,
 The watchword of life must be "Never give up."
- 2 Never give up! there are chances and changes,
 Helping the hopeful a hundred to one,
 And, through the chaos, high wisdom arranges,
 Ever success, if you'll only hope on:
 Never give up! for the wisest is boldest,
 Knowing Providence mingles the cup;
 And of all maxims the best, as the oldest,
 Is the true watchword of "Never give up."
- 3 Never give up! though the grape-shot may rattle,
 Or the full thunder-cloud over you burst,
 Stand like a rock, and the storm or the battle
 Little shall harm you, though doing their
 worst,
 Never give up! if adversity presses,
 Providence wisely has mingled the cup;
 And the best counsel in all your distresses,
 Is the stout watchword of "Never give up."

46

1 Be

W

W

As

2 Sec

Th

Th

Re

3 Wh

Ho

Th

Til

THE HILL OF SCIENCE.

Marseillaise Hymn.

- 1 Before the hill of science standing,
The march of life is just begun ;
With earnest heart and courage bending,
The glorious summit shall be won !
With cheerful step and spirits ready,
Each growing brave and strong,
" Excelsior ! " our battle song,
As ever toiling, firm and steady,
Still on, right on we climb !
New light breaks on our eyes,
Encore ! encore ! ' twill not be long,
Ere we shall win the prize.
- 2 See wisdom's temple shining o'er us,
Its floating banners beaming light,
Though many a step is still before us,
We'll bravely scale its glorious height ;
Thus ever toiling, yet unwearied,
The way is pleasant to our feet,
With fountains gushing pure and sweet,
Refreshing in the desert dreary.
Still on, right on we climb !
To clearer brighter skies !
Encore ! encore ! until we greet,
When we have won the prize !
- 3 What glorious footsteps are abiding,
Where other feet have trod of yore ;
How firm the step ! how vast the striding !
That now the crown those sages wore !
The theme of song and ancient story,
O let their zeal our spirits chide,
To firmer steps, and longer stride,
Till we outstep the fame and glory,

The Garland.

Still on, right on we climb !
 Each step we higher rise !
 Encore ! encore ! till we abide,
 Where wisdom never dies.

S. Dyer.

47.

PULL ALL TOGETHER.

German Air.

- 1 Now hands and hearts and zeal uniting,
 Braving again the waves and winds,
 Fresh courage still new obstacles exciting,
 For what's impossible to willing minds,
 Pull all together, and pull with a will,
 Hard work or hard weather, your duty fill.
- 2 When duty calls, whate'er the toil or danger,
 We'll at our post, and by each other stand ;
 On board, ashore, or on the coast a stranger,
 We'll to our brother lend a helping hand.
 Pull all together, &c.
- 3 And ere the time, when youthful vigor ceasing,
 Aye creeping on proclaims the voyage o'er,
 With honest gains, by frugal care increasing,
 We'll build a cot upon our native shore.
 Pull all together, &c.

48. THERE'S FORTUNE ON BEFORE US, BOYS!

- 1 There's fortune on before us, boys !
 We'll seek it day by day ;
 And if we strive and persevere,
 'Twill meet us half the way :
 With toilful brow, and stalwart arm,
 We've sought it far and near—
 Oh never let our courage fail,
 But strive and persevere!

49.

1

There's fortune on before us, boys !

We'll seek it day by day ;

And if we strive and persevere,

'Twill meet us half the way.

There's fortune on before us, boys !

We'll seek it day by day ;

And if we strive and persevere,

'Twill meet us half the way.

2 With honest truth and good stout hearts,

Wherever we may roam,

No thorny path, nor rugged road,

But leads us safely home ;

So join with head, with heart, with hand,

And drive despair away !

Better times are coming friends,

We'll work and win the day !

There's fortune, &c.

3 Then courage, boys ! the day will come,

To soothe our toil and pain,

When happiness will smile on us,

And in our dwellings reign ;

And we shall live to bless the hour

We strove to win the day :

So fortune will our efforts crown,

And meet us on the way !

There's fortune, &c.

C. Sheard.

49.

PROCRASTINATION.

German Air.

1 " Not to-day, we'll do it to-morrow,"

" Lazy people say to their sorrow ;

" Yes to-morrow is the best ;—

" Then, O then, how hard I'll labor,

" But to-day myself I'll favor,

" Yes, to-day I still will rest."

- 2 But to-day's as good as to-morrow ;
 If you wait 'twill be to your sorrow ;
 Do to-day your proper task.
 What is done I see it plainly,
 What will come I look for vainly,
 Then delay I'll never ask.
- 3 *This* before us, *that* is behind us :
 Wasted moments sharply remind us,
 Time once past will ne'er come round.
 What is floating down life's river,
 Take it or it's gone for ever,
 Moments lost are never found.
- 4 Ev'ry day I lose for to-morrow,
 In the book of life, to my sorrow,
 Stands a blank unwritten page ;
 Well then ev'ry day I'll labor,
 Help myself and help my neighbor,
 In each work of love engage.

50.

RULE, BRITANNIA!

- 1 When Britain first at heaven's command,
 Arose from out the azure main,
 Arose, arose, arose from out the azure main ;
 This was the charter, the charter of the land,
 And guardian angels sung this strain :
 Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the waves !
 Britons never shall be slaves.
 Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the waves !
 Britons never shall be slaves.
- 2 The nations not so blest as thee,
 Must in their turn to tyrants fall,
 Whilst thou shalt flourish, great and free,
 The dread and envy of them all.
 Rule, Britannia, &c.

3 S
M
A
S
R4 T
A
V
A
I5 T
T
A
A
I6 T
S
I
A
I

51

D

- 3 Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
 More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
 As the loud blast that tears the skies,
 Serves but to root thy native oak.
 Rule, Britannia, &c.
- 4 Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
 All their attempts to bend thee down,
 Will but arouse thy generous flame,
 And work their woe and thy renown.
 Rule, Britannia, &c.
- 5 To thee belongs the rural reign;
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
 All thine shall be the subject main,
 And every shore it circles thine!
 Rule, Britannia, &c.
- 6 The muses still with freedom found,
 Shall to thy happy coast repair;
 Blest Isle with matchless beauty crowned,
 And manly hearts to guard the fair.
 Rule, Britannia, &c.

J. Thomson.

51.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

Ye Mariners of England,
 That guard our native seas!
 Whose flag has braved a thousand years
 The battle and the breeze!
 Your glorious standard launch again,
 To match another foe!
 And sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy winds do blow;
 While the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy winds do blow!

- 2 The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!—
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And ocean was their grave;
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow!
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow!
While the battle rages loud and long
And the stormy winds do blow!
- 3 Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep;
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below—
As they roar on the shore
When the stormy winds do blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow!
- 4 The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

T. Campbell.

52. BRITANNIA, THE PRIDE OF THE OCEAN!

- 1 O Britannia; the pride of the ocean !
The home of the brave and the free ;
The shrine of the sailor's devotion,
No land can compare unto thee,
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
With Victoria's bright laurels in view,
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the Red, White, and Blue !
When borne by the Red, White, and Blue !
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the Red, White, and Blue !
- 2 When war spread its wide desolation,
And threatened our land to deform ;
The ark then of Freedom's foundation,
Britannia, rode safe through the storm ;
With her garlands of victory around her,
When so nobly she bore her brave crew,
With her flag floating proudly before her,
The boast of the Red, White, and Blue !
The boast of the Red, White, and Blue !
With her flag proudly floating before her,
The boast of the Red, White, and Blue !

53. BANKS O' DOON.

- 1 Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair !
How can ye chant ye little birds,
And I sae weary, fu' o' care !
Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons through the flowery thorn ;
Thou mind'st me o' departed joys,
Departed never to return.

2 Oft ha'e I roved by bonnie Doon,
 To see the rose and woodbine twine ;
 When ilka bird sang o' its love,
 And fondly sae did I o' mine.
 Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
 Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree ;
 But my fause lover stole my rose,
 And ah ! he left the thorn wi' me.

R. Burns.

54. OH STEER MY BARK TO ERIN'S ISLE !

1 Oh I have roam'd in many lands !
 And many friends I've met ;
 Not one fair scene or kindly smile,
 Can this fond heart forget :
 But I'll confess that I'm content,—
 No more I wish to roam ;
 Oh steer my bark to Erin's Isle !
 For Erin is my home.
 Oh steer my bark to Erin's Isle !
 For Erin is my home.

2 If England were my place of birth,
 I'd love her tranquil shore ;
 If bonny Scotland were my home,
 Her mountains I'd adore :
 Though pleasant days in both I pass,
 I dream of days to come ;
 Oh steer my bark to Erin's Isle !
 For Erin is my home.
 Oh steer my bark to Erin's Isle !
 For Erin is my home.

55. THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

Air: *Gramachree.*

1 The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
As if that soul had fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more.

2 No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone that breaks at night
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus freedom now so seldom wakes;
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives.

56

THE EMIGRANT SHIP.

Music by *Gross.*

1 O'er the foaming billows
Of the mighty sea,
Lo! the vessel bounding!
Merrily goes she!
Hark! the crew are hailing
Friends on land once more,
God preserve their sailing,
To the distant shore.

2 There, on deck together,
Young and old, they stand,—
Husbands, wives, and children,
Clasping hand in hand;

On each face is sorrow,
That they'll see no more,—
When they wake to morrow,—
Their own native shore.

3 But the land they're seeking,
It is fair and free;
Happy homes await them,
When they've cross'd the sea;
There they'll dwell together,
Children, husbands, wives;
God preserve them ever,
Long and happy lives.

4 Now the anchor's lifted,
Now the breezes blow;
Now their hands are waving,
Once more, ere they go,
Hark! their voices hailing
Friends on land once more;
God preserve their sailing
To the distant shore!

F. T. P.

57.

BEFORE ALL LANDS.

- 1 Before all lands in east or west,
I love my native land the best,
With God's best gifts 'tis teeming;
No gold nor jewels here are found,
Yet men of noble souls abound,
And eyes of joy are gleaming.
- 2 Before all tongues in east or west,
I love my native tongue the best,
Though not so smoothly spoken;
Nor woven with Italian art,
Yet when it speaks from heart to heart,
The word is never broken.

3 Before all people east or west,
I love my countrymen the best,
A race of noble spirit ;
A sober mind, a generous heart,
To virtue trained, yet free from art,
They from their sires inherit.

4 To all the world I give my hand,
My heart I give my native land ;
I seek her good, her glory :
I honor every nation's name,
Respect their fortune and their fame,
But love the land that bore me.

58.

CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

1 Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune, and our oars keep time :
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll cheerfully sing our parting hymn,
Row, brothers, row ! the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

2. Why should we yet our sail unfurl ?
There's not a breath the blue wave to curl ;
But when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh ! sweetly we'll rest the weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow ! the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past,

T. Moore.

59.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

Tune from a German Opera.

- 1 'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with
elsewhere.

Home, home! Sweet, sweet home!

There's no place like home.

- 2 An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
Oh give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds singing gaily that came at my call—
Give me these and peace of mind—dearer than
Home, home! &c.

[all!]

J. Howard Payne.

60.

HOME, HOME!

Air by C. E. Pax.

1. Home, home! name how endearing!
Home, home! shrined in my breast.
Home, home! to my heart cheering,
Still in thy bosom I'd rest.
Home, home! sweet home!
Still in thy bosom I'd rest.
2. Home, home! happiest of places!
Home, home! thee I desire;
Home, home! kind were the faces
That I have met round thy fire.
Home, home! sweet home!
That I have met round thy fire.
3. Home, home! to thee united
Home, home! for thee I burn!
Home, home! with thee delighted,
Back to thy joys I'd return!
Home, home! sweet home!
Back to thy joys I'd return.

W. Sugden.

61

1 B

H

B

H

2 B

O

R

W

3 B

TH

Be

Ar

4 B

TH

Th

Af

61.

FILIAL AFFECTION.

- 1 Be kind to thy father ! for when thou wast young,
Who loved thee so fondly as he ?
He caught the first accents that fell from thy
tongue,
And joined in thy innocent glee.
Be kind to thy father ! for now he is old,
His locks intermingled with gray ;
His footsteps are feeble—once fearless and bold,
Thy father is passing away.
- 2 Be kind to thy mother ! for lo ! on her brow
May traces of sorrow be seen ;
O well mayst thou cherish and comfort her now,
For loving and kind she hath been.
Remember thy mother ! for thee will she pray,
As long as God giveth her breath ;
With accents of kindness then cheer her lone way
E'en to the dark valley of death.
- 3 Be kind to thy brother ! his heart will have dearth,
If the smiles of thy joy be withdrawn ;
The flowers of feeling will fade at their birth,
If the dew of affection be gone.
Be kind to thy brother ! wherever you are,
The love of a brother shall be
An ornament purer and richer by far
Than pearls from the depth of the sea.
- 4 Be kind to thy sister ! not many may know
The depth of true sisterly love ;
The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below
The surface that sparkles above.
Thy kindness shall bring to thee many sweet hours,
And blessings thy pathway shall crown ;
Affection shall weave thee a garland of flowers,
More precious than wealth or renown.

84

The Garland.

62.

COUNSEL TO GIRLS.

- 1 Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old time is still a-flying:
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.
- 2 The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.
- 3 That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent the worse, and worst
Times succeed the former.
- 4 Then be not coy, but use your time;
And while you may, go marry:
For having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

R. Herrick.

63.

SONG TO MY MOTHER.

Newcastle Melody

- 1 How sweetly does the time fly,
When to please my mother, I
With all my heart and strength try,
For love says so!
My heart it feels so sprightly,
It makes me step so lightly;
When I for her do rightly,
What cheerful days I know.
Light may her heart be,
Her heart be, her heart be,
Light may her heart be,
For love says so!

2 O happy may her life be !
Evermore from sorrow free ;
Right well this news will please me,
For love says so !
May blessings be imparted,
To friends like us, true-hearted,
And may we ne'er be parted,
Where'er through life we go.
Light may her heart be, &c.

3 Though long our joys may not stay,
Yet when comes a gloomy day,
I'll try to chase her griefs away,
'Tis love says so !
'Tis pleasant to be hearing
The voice of love so cheering,
With tokens most endearing,
That hearts of love bestow.
Light may her heart be, &c.

4 To comfort her, I'll now try,
And when earthly comforts fly,
We'll look to a dear friend on high,
Who loves us so !
This blessing, if imparted,
To friends like us, true-hearted,
We never can be parted ;
What joyful news to know !
Light may her heart be, &c.

64. WILLIE, WE HAVE MISSED YOU.

Willie! is it you, dear,
Safe, safe at home ?
They did not tell me true, dear ;
They said you would not come.

The Garland.

I heard you at the gate,
 And it made my heart rejoice,
 For I knew that welcome footstep,
 And that dear familiar voice,
 Making music in my ear,
 In the lonely midnight gloom.
 Oh! Willie! we have missed you!
 Welcome! welcome home!

2 We have long'd to see you nightly,
 But this night of all;
 The fire was blazing brightly,
 And lights were in the hall;
 The little ones were up
 Till 'twas ten o'clock and past,
 Then their eyes began to twinkle,
 And they've gone to sleep at last;
 But they listen'd for your voice
 Till they thought you'd never come.
 Oh Willie! we have miss'd you!
 Welcome! welcome home!

3 The days were sad without you,
 The nights long and drear;
 My dreams have been about you;
 O welcome! Willie, dear!
 Last night I wept and watch'd,
 By the moonlight's cheerless ray,
 Till I thought I heard your footsteps,
 Then I wiped my tears away;
 But my heart grew sad again,
 When I found you had not come.
 Oh Willie! we have miss'd you!
 Welcome! welcome home!

65.

BE HAPPY TOGETHER.

- 1 The happy are happy together,
 To banish all sorrow and care,
 Is to live through one day as another,
 And never give way to despair!
 Should fortune e'er frown with displeasure,
 And poverty press thee the while,
 Then joy will be near with its treasure,
 To bid thee be happy and smile.

Heed what I say!

Heed what I say!

Be happy, and laugh at all sorrow!
 Your heart was not made to repine:
 Be to-day as ye would be to-morrow,
 And plenty and joy will be thine!

- 2 Be united and kind to each other;
 For brief are the moments we stay;
 Let each act to each as a brother,
 And give him a hand by the way;
 This life would add much to its beauty,
 Did each heart but feel it a duty
 To do, as it would be done by,

Heed what I say!

Heed what I say!

Be happy, and laugh at all sorrow!
 Your heart was not made to repine:
 Be to-day as ye would be to-morrow,
 And plenty and joy will be thine!

Horace Martin.

66

SCHOOL FRIENDS.

- 1 We love each other dearly,
 No fears our hearts divide;
 Though life is fast and fleeting,
 And parting follows meeting,
 Our love shall still abide.

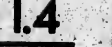
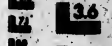
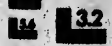
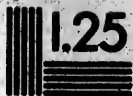






MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



APPLIED IMAGE Inc

1653 East Main Street
Rochester, New York 14609 USA
(716) 482-0300 - Phone
(716) 268-5888 - Fax

The Garland.

- 2 If true, and wise, and holy,
 Our love unchanged shall last, —
 Dear friends, our youth will brighten,
 Our future years will lighten,
 And knit them to the past.
- 3 The love that wisdom lends us
 Is deep, and high, and pure;
 From time, from change, from sorrow,
 True love its life can borrow,
 Though death unchanged endure.

THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.

- 1 Oft in the stilly night
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Fond memory brings the light
 Of other days around me, —
 The smiles, the tears
 Of boyhood's years,
 The words of love then spoken;
 The eyes that shone
 Now dimm'd and gone,
 The cheerful hearts now broken, —
 Thus in the stilly night,
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Sad memory brings the light
 Of other days around me.
- 2 When I remember all
 The friends so linked together,
 I've seen around me fall
 Like leaves in wintry weather, —
 I feel like one
 Who treads alone
 Some banquet hall/deserted,
 Whose lights are fled,
 Whose garlands dead,

And all but me departed !
Thus in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

68

PAST AND PRESENT.

- 1 I remember, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window—where the sun
Came peeping in at morn :
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day ;
But now I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away.

- 2 I remember, I remember
The roses red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups—
Those flowers made of light !
The lilaes where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birth-day,—
The tree is living yet !

- 3 I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing ;
My spirit flew in feathers then
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow.

4 I remember, I remember
 The fir-trees dark and high;
 I used to think their slender tops
 Were close against the sky:
 It was a childish ignorance,
 But now 'tis little joy
 To know I'm farther off from heaven
 Than when I was a boy.

T. Hood.

69.

THE RIVER OF LIFE.

- 1 The more we live, more brief appear
 Our life's succeeding stages:
 A day to childhood seems a year,
 And years like passing ages.
- 2 The gladsome current of our youth,
 Ere passion yet considers,—
 Steals lingering like a river smooth
 Along its glassy borders.
- 3 But as the care-worn cheek grows wan,
 And sorrow's shafts fly thicker,
 Ye stars that measure life to man,
 Why seem your courses quicker?
- 4 When joys have lost their bloom and breath,
 And life itself is rapid,
 Why, as we reach the falls of death,
 Feel we its tide more rapid?
- 5 It may be strange—yet who would change
 Time's course to slower speeding,
 When, one by one, our friends have gone
 And left our bosoms bleeding?
- 6 Heaven gives our years of fading strength
 Indemnifying fleetness;
 And those of youth, a seeming length
 Proportioned to their sweetness.

T. Campbell.

70. HOW MUCH WORSE IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

- 1 Honest fellow sore beset,
Vexed by troubles quick and keen,
Thankfully consider yet
"How much worse it might have been,"
- 2 Worthily thy faults deserve
More than all thine eyes have seen
Think thou then with sterner nerve,
"How much worse it might have been."
- 3 Though the night be dark and long,
Morning soon will break serene,
And the burden of thy song,
"How much worse it might have been."
- 4 God, the good one, calls to us,
On his Providence to lean;
Shout, then, out, devoutly thus,
"How much worse it might have been."
"Ballads for the Times."

71. THE LOT OF THOUSANDS.

- 1 When hope lies dead within the heart,
By secret sorrow close concealed,
We shrink lest looks or words impart
What must not be revealed.
- 2 'Tis hard to smile when one would weep;
To speak when one would silent be;
To wake when one would wish to sleep,
And wake to agony.
- 3 Yet such the lot by thousands cast
Who wander in this world of care,
And bend beneath the bitter blast
To save them from despair.

- 4 But nature waits her guests to greet,
Where disappointment cannot come;
And time guides with unerring feet
The weary wanderers home.

Mrs. Hunter.

72.

FORGET ME NOT.

- 1 Go, youth beloved, in distant glades
New friends, new hopes, new joys to find!
Yet sometimes deign, 'midst fairer maids,
To think on her thou leavest behind.
Thy love, thy fate, dear youth, to share,
Must never be my happy lot;
But thou may'st grant this humble prayer—
Forget me not! forget me not!
- 2 Yet should the thought of my distress
Too painful to thy feelings be,
Heed not the wish I now express,
Nor ever deign to think on me.
But oh! if grief thy steps attend,
If want, if sickness be thy lot,
And thou require a soothing friend,
Forget me not! forget me not!

Mrs. Opie.

73.

FIDELE.

- 1 Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages.
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney sweepers, come to dust.

74
1
An
All
An
W
Ne
2
So
To
O
F
If
3
A
T
T
"
"

2 Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke ;
Care no more to clothe and eat ;
To thee the reed is as the oak.
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this and come to dust.

3 Fear no more the lightning flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder stone ;
Fear not slander, censure rash—
Thou hast finish'd joy and moan.
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

W. Shakespeare.

74.

THE BLACKSMITH.

1 As oft in my smithy, I'm blowing my fire,
And of air, earth, and water am making my shoes,
All th' world, like the sparks I see upward aspire,
And to draw this reflection, I cannot but choose,
When once on the anvil your work you have got,
Never fail, sir, to strike while the iron is hot.

2 In searching your heart should you find you
Some good to yourself or another to do,— [intend
To relieve the distressed or yourself to amend,
O watch the bright time when the purpose shall
For happiness hangs on that moment, I wot, [glow;
If you fail not to strike when the iron is hot.

3 Whene'er by a smithy you happen to pass,
And hear on the anvil the hammer's loud clang,
This truth in your mind do not fail to rehearse,
That you heard from a blacksmith as blithely he
"If good be your aim, be whatever your lot, [sang,
"Never fail, sir, to strike while the iron is hot."

Rev. Mr. Plumptre.

75. A FARMER'S LIFE'S THE LIFE FOR ME.

- 1 A farmer's life's the life for me,
 I own I love it dearly;
 And every season, full of glee,
 I take its labor cheerly.
 To plough, or sow,
 To reap, or mow,
 Or in the barn to thrash, sir,
 All's one to me,
 I plainly see,
 'Twill bring me health and cash, sir.
 A farmer's life, &c.
- 2 The lawyer leads a harass'd life,
 Much like the hunted otter;
 And 'tween his own and others' strife,
 He's always in hot water.
 For foe or friend,
 A cause defend,
 However wrong must be, sir,
 In reason's spite,
 Maintain its right,
 And clearly earn his fee, sir.
 A farmer's life, &c.
- 3 The doctor's styl'd a gentleman,
 But this I hold but humming;
 For like a tavern waiting man,
 To ev'ry call he's "coming."
 Now here, now there,
 Must he repair,
 Or starve, sir, by denying;
 Like death himself,
 Unhappy elf,
 He lives by others' dying.
 A farmer's life, &c.

- 4 A farmer's life then let me lead,
Obtaining, while I lead it,
Enough for self, and some to give
To such poor souls as need it.
Ill drain and fence,
Nor grudge expense,
To give my land good dressing;
I'll plough and sow,
Or drill in row,
And hope from Heav'n a blessing.
A farmer's life, &c.

76.

THE HERO.

- 1 My father was a farmer good,
With corn and beef in plenty;
I mow'd and hoed, and held the plough,
And long'd for one and twenty:
For I had quite a martial turn,
And scorn'd the lowing cattle;
I burn'd to wear a uniform,
Hear'd drums, and see a battle.
- 2 My birthday came: my father urged,
But stoutly I resisted;
My sister wept, my mother pray'd,
But off I went and listed.
They march'd me on through wet and dry,
To tunes more loud than charming,
But lugging knapsack, box, and gun,
Was harder work than farming.
- 3 We met the foe; the cannons roared,
The crimson tide was flowing;
The frightful death-groans filled my ears,—
I wish'd that I was mowing.

I lost my leg ; the foe came on,
 They had me in their clutches ;
 I starved in prison till the peace,
 Then hobbled home on crutches.

77.

THE SWALLOW.

Air: "*The Merry Swiss Boy.*"

- 1 When the sun shining bright in the summer days,
 Warms the earth with his kindling rays,
 Ever sporting untir'd in the glowing skies,
 Then the swift-gliding swallow flies ;
 Now glancing past on airy wing,
 From distant lands of endless spring.
 See it wheel in the air its unceasing flight,
 Darting past in the sunbeams of light.
- 2 But when autumn again in its course has come,
 Then it seeks for a milder home ;
 Flies away from the storm, and the northern blast,
 Till the frost and the snow are past ;
 Its skies are ever bright and clear,
 The blossoms bloom thro' all its year,
 And no seasons are known in its sunny clime,
 But the spring and the summer-time.

W. Sugden.

78.

THE LADY-BIRD.

Tune by *T. Crampton*

- 1 Lady-bird ! lady-bird ! fly away home !
 The field-mouse has gone to her nest ;
 The daisies have shut up their sleepy red eyes,
 The bees and the birds are at rest.
- 2 Lady-bird ! lady-bird ! fly away home !
 The glow-worm is lighting her lamp ;
 The dew's falling fast, and your fine speckled
 wings,
 Will play with the close clinging damp.

- 3 Lady-bird ! lady-bird ! fly away home !
The fairy-bells tinkle afar ;
Make haste or they'll catch you and harness you
With cobwebs to Oberon's car. [fast,
- 4 Lady-bird ! lady-bird ! fly away home !
Fly quick to your old willow tree ;
Your mate has look'd for you this many an hour,
Then loiter no longer with me.

Mrs. Southey.

79.

NOW SCHOOL IS DONE.

- 1 Now school is done, away we fly !
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !
With bounding steps and spirits high,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !
Through shady grove and sunny mead,
Where'er our joyous sport may lead,
The while the laughing moments speed,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !
- 2 Our satchels on our back we throw,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !
Our slates and books within them stow,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !
And then with merry hearts away
To happy homes or gladsome play,
While all the passing hours are gay,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !
- 3 The school is done—with merry shout,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !
Upon the green now rush we out,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !
But first repeat the glad refrain,
Our joyous chorus shout amain,
Till distance shall repeat again—
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !

CLOSING OF SCHOOL.

English Air.

Now our work is nearly done,
 Day is fast declining;
 And the slowly sinking sun
 In the west is shining.
 All who've duty's call obey'd,
 Not a moment wasting,
 Richly now will be repaid,
 Pleasure pure by tasting.
 Those who've idly spent the day,
 Now have cause of sorrow;
 Folly let them put away,
 Wiser be to-morrow.

W. Sugden.

PART III.

ORIGINAL AND NATIONAL SONGS.

Most of the Songs in this part have been specially written for
the present collection.

I

CANADA.

Land of mighty lake and forest
Where the winter's locks are hoarest ;
Where the summer's leaf is greenest ;
And the winter's bite the keenest ;
Where the autumn's leaf is scarest,
And her parting smile the dearest ;
Where the tempest rushes forth
From his caverns in the north ;
With the lightnings of his wrath,
Sweeping forests from his path ;
Where the cataract stupendous
Lifteth up her voice tremendous ;
Where uncultivated nature
Rears her pines of giant stature ;
Sows her jagged hemlocks o'er,
Thick as bristles on the boar ;
Plants the stately elm and oak
Firmly in the iron rock ;
Where the crane her course is steering,
And the eagle is careering ;
Where the gentle deer are bounding,
And the woodman's axe resounding,—
Land of mighty lake and river,
To our hearts thou'rt dear for ever !

Alexander McLachlan.

2

OUR FUTURE HOME.

Air: *Gilderoy.* (*Campbell's Sett.*)

- 1 Hail land of many woods and streams !
 The far-born exile's home,
 Thy dawning prestige proudly beams
 Where'er the mind can roam.
 From iron-girdled Labrador
 To far Columbia's strand,
 From Erie's bank to Hudson's shore,
 Hail freedom's future land !
- 2 Though densely dark thy forests wave
 O'er many a pathless wild ;
 And thousand nameless rivers lave
 Where seldom sunbeam smiled.
 The savage tribes in barbarous horde
 Still shout in vengeful fray ;
 A holier charm than spear or sword
 Shall soon their ire allay.
- 3 What though thy fairest prospects own
 Vicissitude and toil,
 Though high the snow-king piles his throne
 Above thy icebound soil,—
 When spring, with soft relaxing breath,
 Dissolves his boreal reign,
 Hope, song, and verdure charm each path,
 And plenty crowns each plain.
- 4 Let neighboring nations in their pride
 War's gory flag display,
 O'er our loved land may peace preside
 With pure transcendent sway.
 While manly independence glows
 In every patriot breast
 May every virtue freedom knows,
 Make all thy children blest.

- 5 Come heavenly justice, poise thy hand,
Thy trusty balance wield ;
In every council in our land
Thy throne and altar build.
Wherever culture tills the soil,
Or commerce cleaves the main,—
The skillful brain, the arm of toil,
Do thou its right sustain.
- 6 Oh hasten, heaven ! the hallowed reign
Of amity and love,
When worth and wealth o'er hill and plain
In kindred band shall move !
When man to man, o'er each broad clime,
Shall friend and brother be ;
And science, with her light sublime,
Shall loom from sea to sea.

William Bannatyne.

3 THE GENIUS OF CANADA.

- 1 When the Genius of Canada came
From over the western wave,
'Neath southern skies
She heard the cries
Of many a weary slave.
- 2 " I'll seek the northern woods " she cried,
" Though bleak the skies may be,
" The maple dells,
" Where freedom dwells,
" Have a special charm for me."
- 3 " For moral worth and manhood there
" Have found a favouring clime,
" I'll rear a race,
" To shed a grace
" On the mighty page of time."

4 Away to the northern woods she flew,
 And a lovely home she found,
 Where still she dwells
 'Mong quiet dells
 With her manly race around.

4 "And these" she says "are the hearts we mould
 "In the land of lake and pine,
 "Where the shamrock blows,
 "And the English rose
 And the Scottish thistle twine."

Alexander McLachlan.

4

WHIP-POOR-WILL.

1 There is a lonely spirit—
 Which wanders through the wood,
 And tells its mournful story
 In every solitude ;
 It comes abroad at eventide,
 And hangs beside the rill,
 And murmurs to the passer-by
 "Whip-poor-will."

2 Oh! 'tis a hapless spirit,
 In likeness of a bird,
 A grief that cannot utter
 Another woeful word ;
 A soul that seeks for sympathy,
 A woe that won't lie still,
 A wandering sorrow murmuring
 "Whip-poor-will."

Alexander McLachlan.

6.

MAY.

1 O sing and rejoice!
 Give to gladness a voice;
 Shout a welcome to beautiful May!
 Rejoicé with the flowers,
 And the birds 'mong the bowers,
 And away to the green woods, away!
 O blithe as the fawn!
 Let us dance in the dawn
 Of this life-giving glorious day;
 It is bright as the first
 Over Eden that burst!
 Thou'rt welcome, young joy-giving May!

2 The cataract's horn
 Has awakened the morn,
 Her tresses are dripping with dew;
 O hush thee, and hark!
 'Tis her herald the lark
 That's singing afar in the blue;
 It's happy heart's rushing,
 In strains wildly gushing,
 That reel to the revelling earth,
 And sink through the deeps
 Of the soul, till it leaps
 Into raptures, far deeper than mirth.

3 All Nature's in keeping,
 The live streams are leaping,
 And laughing in gladness along;
 The great hills are heaving,
 The dark clouds are leaving,
 The valleys have burst into song.
 We'll range through the dells
 Of the bonnie blue-bells,

And sing with the streams on their way;
We'll lie in the shades
Of the flower-covered glades,
And hear what the primroses say.

4 O crown me with flowers!
'Neath the green spreading bowers,
With the gems and the jewels May brings;
In the light of her eyes,
And the depth of her dyos,
We'll smile at the purple of kings;
We'll throw off our years,
With their sorrows and tears;
And time will not number the hours
We'll spend in the woods,
Where no sorrow intrudes,
With the birds and the streams and the flowers.

Alexander McLachlan.

7.

OLD HANNAH.

1 'Tis Sabbath morn, and a holy balm
Drops down on the heart like dew,
And the sunbeams gleam,
Like a blessed dream,
Afar on the mountains blue.
Old Hannah's by her cottage door,
In her faded widow's cap;
She is sitting alone,
On the old grey stone,
With the Bible in her lap.

2 An oak is hanging above her head,
And the burn is wimpling by;
The primroses peep
From their sylvan keep,
And the lark is in the sky.

Beneath that shade her children played,
 But they're all away with death !
 And she sits alone,
 On the old grey stone,
 To hear what the Spirit saith.

3 Her years are o'er three score and ten,
 And her eyes are waxing dim ;
 But the page is bright
 With a living light,
 And her heart leaps up to Him
 Who pours the mystic harmony,
 Which the soul can only hear ;
 She is not alone !
 On the old grey stone,
 Though no earthly friend is near.

4 There's no one left to love her now,
 But the eye, that never sleeps,
 Looks on her in love,
 From the heavens above,
 And with quiet joy she weeps.
 She feels the balm of bliss is poured
 In her worn heart's deepest rut ;
 And the widow lone,
 On the old grey stone,
 Has a peace the world knows not.

Alexander McLachlan.

8.

INDIAN SUMMER.

1 Who comes from yonder mountain
 With melancholy smile,
 As if beseeching winter
 To stay his storms a while ?
 Oh, 'tis the aged summer,
 Whose children all are dead,
 And on their withered faces
 A parting smile he'd shed.

2 He treads with step unsteady,
And with a faltering tongue,
The fields where once he revelled,
The woods where once he sung ;
No flower comes forth to greet him,
No bird on airy wing ;
The woods are sad and silent,
The groves no welcome ring.

3 The bee, the bird, the blossom,
Oh, they are all away !
And vainly he is seeking
His old companions gay ;
And to the stream he babbles
Of happy times gone by,
" But joy is fair, and fleeting,"
The lonely winds reply.

4 Then on the vale and river
He sheds one fitful ray,
While from the scene of sadness
He hurries him away ;
And he streaks the woods with fire,
The fields with tawny brown,
And in his hazy mantle
He wraps the dale and down.

5 And by the murmuring rannel,
Where oft he sat and sung.
He hangs his harp, in sorrow—
His harp that's all unstrung.
His cheek is pale with sadness,
His eyes with weeping, red,
And in a wreath of vapor
He lays him with the dead.

Alexander McLachlan.

9.

HUMANITY.

- 1 Though our homes are far apart,
 Thou art still my friend and brother;
 Have we not one human heart—
 Children of one "mighty mother?"
 In a wondrous world we've met,
 Journeying towards another;
 Why then should we e'er forget
 To assist a weary brother?
- 2 Sympathy is of no clime,
 Mine thy hopes, thy joys and sorrows,
 Travellers in the vale of time,
 With eternity before us.
 From the tempest every one
 Anxiously doth seek a cover,
 And the ills of life to shun,—
 Clinging to a friend or lover.
- 3 Though we are not of one clime,
 Should we, therefore, hate each other?
 Can't I love my hills sublime,
 Without hating thine, my brother.
 Though our births were far apart,
 Here we'll dwell with one another,—
 For we have one human heart—
 Children of one "mighty mother."

Alexander McLachlan.

10.

FAR IN THE FOREST SHADE.

- 1 Far in the forest shade,
 Free as the deer to roam,
 Where ne'er a fence was laid,
 I'll search me out a home.
 I love not cities vast,
 Where want and wealth abide,—
 Where all extremes are cast,
 To jumble side by side.

11.

1

2 Give me the cabin rude,
Of unhewn beechen tree,
With one that's fair and good,—
A heart that beats for me.
Away with pictured walls
Of gaudy banquet room!
Give me the great green halls,
With wild flowers all in bloom.

3 Far in the forest shade,
The oak tree, in his prime,
Ere man had cities made,
He towered aloft sublime.
Devotion's heart will rush
To God, in any scene;
But, O that awful hush!
In temples arched with green.

4 There's joy in cultured vales,
In dewy dells of green;
Peace-like a spirit sails
High in the blue serene.
A spirit haunts the hills,
A soul the roaring sea;
But *awe* the bosom fills,
My great old woods, in thee.

Alexander McLachlan.

11. THE SONG OF THE SUN.

1 Who'll sing the song of the starry throng—
The song of the sun and sky,
The angels bright, on their thrones of light?
Not a mortal such as I.
How vast, how deep, how infinite,
Are the wonders spread abroad,
On the outward walls of the azure halls
Of the city of our God!

- 2 Men seldom look on the marvellous book
 Which God writes on the sky;
 But they cry for food, as the only good,
 Like the beasts which eat and die.
 Awake! and gaze on the glorious maze,
 For every day and night.
 God paints on air those pictures rare,
 To thrill us with delight.
- 3 Up sleeper, up! while each golden cup
 Drops pearls upon the lawn,
 Ere yet the rose and the purple glows
 In the blushes of the dawn.
 Behold! he streaks the mountain peaks
 With the faintest tinge of gray;
 And the glory hies and the mists arise,
 And the shadows flee away.
- 4 The stars rush back from the conqueror's track,
 And the night away is driven,
 While the king of day mounts on his way,
 Through the golden gates of Heaven.
 And his heralds fly athwart the sky,
 With a lovely rainbow hue,
 Or hang around the deeps profound,
 The unfathomed gulfs of blue.
- 5 The great vault reels 'neath his chariot wheels,
 And the thunder clouds are riven,
 'Til they expire in crimson fire
 On the burning floor of heaven.
 And then, O then! every hill and glen,
 Every peak and mountain old,
 With a diadem of glory swim
 In the living sea of gold.

- 6 With his gorgeous train, through the blue domain,
He rushes on and on ;
'Till with a round of glory crown'd
He mounts his noonday throne!
Then his burning beams, with their golden gleams,
He scatters in showers abroad,
'Til we cannot gaze on the glorious blaze
Of the garments of the god.
- 7 Then from his throne, with an azure zone,
The conqueror descends ;
And in robes of white, through realms of light,
His downward course he bends.
'Mid great white domes, like the happy homes
Of the ransomed souls at rest,
Whose work is done, whose crowns are won,
And they dwell among the blest.
- 8 How calm, how still, how beautiful !
The very soul of peace
Seems breathing there—her secret prayer
That strife and sin may cease.
Then in the west he sinks to rest,
Far down in his ocean bed ;
And he disappears, amid evening's tears,
With a halo on his head.
- 9 But I cannot write of the marvellous sight,
At his setting last I saw :
I can only feel, I can only kneel,
With a trembling love and awe !
Who'll sing the song of the starry throng,
The song of the sun and sky,
The angels bright, on their thrones of light ?—
Not a mortal such as I.

Alexander McLachlan.

12.

TRIBUTE TO THE MAITLAND.

1 Thou bower-skirted streamlet that winnow down
the valley,

And murmur'st so sweet to the flowers on thy way;
How oft thy meand'rings have turned with my
wand'rings,

When life's early impulses first woke my lay;
How oft when the dawn-rays of love's ruddy feeling
Sought solace, where song-gifted echo was nigh,
By thy side, lovely Maitland, my heart's hopes
revealing,

I've sought her response to my spirit's fond sigh?

2 As fondly and fast as the dayspring advancing,
Absorb'd all the tints of morn's orient gleam,
Thy spells of my childhood, dear flood of the
wildwood!

Have mix'd with the noontide of manhood's
full stream,

Though far in the region of solitude dreary,
Unknown to the day's noisy roam' through
the wild!

Like spirit of freedom, of march never weary,
The sweeter thou singest, the more thou hast toil'd.

3 Where fair in the broad eye of day on thy margin
The calm rural hamlet and homestead belong;
In solar smiles glowing, through vernal meads flow-
ing, [song.

Thou claim'st from the minstrel the tribute of
Broad, pure, and deep, roll thy current forever,
Whilst jubilant echoes around thee awake,
And Freedom's proud flag o'er thy breast, lovely
river,

Long flaunt where thy city stands fast by the lake!

William Barnatyne.

13.

1 A so
W
For
H
Fron
T
Fron
A

2 The
T
Tha
A
Till
V
An
I

3 Sin
In
Th
A

4 S
A

13.

SONG OF THE AXE.

Air: *The Brave Old Oak.*

- 1 A song for the axe! the woodman's axe!
With its edge so keen and bright!
For the proudest halls that grace our land
Have been rear'd by the axe's might.
From the primal hut in the forest wild,
To the modern regal tower,
From the rude canoe to the war ship huge,
All progress owns its power.
A song for the axe, &c.
- 2 Then sing to the axe, the woodman's axe!
That stretches the forest low,
That clears the tract for the ploughshare broad,
And the sunbeam's fostering glow,
Till the graceful corn with the golden ear
Waves over the fertile soil;
And the garden blooms in the wilderness,
Rewarding the woodman's toil!
Then sing to the axe, &c.
- 3 Sing for the axe, with the iron crown,
And its edge of shining steel!
In the hands of the hardy pioneer,
How it makes the forest reel!
The palace towers, and the temple spires,
And the thundering engine's frame,
And the plashing wheel, and the trusty keel,
From its conquering labors came!
Then sing for the axe, &c.
- 4 Sing to the axe, the gleaming axe!
That swings with the sounding sweep!
And scares the wild beaſt from his lair,
Whilst the lofty lumberers leap!

11/10/10
11/10/10
11/10/10
11/10/10

Hurrah for the axe! 'tis the king of tools!
 May its conquests never cease;
 'Twas our father's blade in the feuds of yore;
 'Tis ours in the reign of peace.

Then sing to the axe, the gleaming axe,
 That swings with the sounding sweep!
 And scares the wild beast from his lair
 Whilst the lofty cumberers leap.

William Bannatyne.

14.

"COLD AND LOUD THE BOREAL BLAST."

Air: "Gloomy Winter's now awa'."

- 1 Cold and loud the boreal blast
 Now proclaims the summer past;
 Wallowing leaves in fury cast,
 Make forest paths look eerie o'.
 See the Maitland's sylvan tide
 Dashing down the valley wide;
 Late it flow'd in tinkling pride;
 Now it brawls unchcerie o'.
- 2 O'er Lake Huron's ample breast,
 Gleaming late in golden rest,
 Turbid billows forward prest,
 Howl in foam, how dreary o'!
 Lashing o'er you slippery steep,
 High the hissing surges leap!
 Then receding onward sweep
 ° In wild tumultuous fury o'!
- 3 See through Colborne's woody wild
 That so late in verdure smiled,
 On each spray the snowflakes piled,
 How chill each scene and dreary o'!

Sportive flocks forsake the plain,
Joy hath left each warbler's strain !
With feeble wing from den to den,
They chirp, how wae and weary o' !

4 Come my love, let's hie away :
Prancing steeds and gliding sleigh
Soon will thee and me convey
To scenes of love more cheerie o'.
Storms may rave and snowdrifts reel :
Wintry ice the floods congeal ;
Cold or care I ne'er can feel,
While blest with thee my dearie o'.

William Bannatyne.

15.

THE GREEN HILL SIDE.

Air: There grows a bonnie brier bush, or The White Cockade.

1 In the golden summer hours, on yon green hill
side,

When nature strews her flowers on yon green
hill side,

'Tis a pleasant thing to stray down the song-en-
livened way,

Where the merry lambkins play on yon green hill
side.

2 There's a pleasant winding path on yon green
hill side,

That seeks a flowery strath on yon green hill side,
Where the bee 'mongst blossoms rife lives the hap-
piest rural life,

Free from poverty and strife, on yon green hill
side.

3 Morn throws its earliest beam on yon green hill
side;

Eve spends its latest gleam on yon green hill side;
And as lightsome time doth glide, every season, in
its tide,

Doth some partial boon provide on yon green hill
side.

4 In my wanderings oft I roam by yon green hill
side,

For my heart aye feels at home on yon green hill
side;

There is some entrancing spell that I fain would
not repel,

Some charm I scarce can tell on you green hill
side.

5 There's a pretty little cot on yon green hill side,

A fairy-looking grot on yon green hill side;

With a streamlet winding near, sweetly, musical
and clear,

Like a voice I love to hear, on yon green hill side.

6 I've a longing hope that soon on yon green hill
side,

Some merry day in June, on yon green hill side,

Midst a joyous bridal train to be far the happiest
swain

In yon cot above the plain, on the green hill side.

William Baunatyne.

16.

LAKE HURON.

- 1 We cannot boast of high green hills
Of proud, bold cliffs, where eagles gather,—
Of moorland glen and mountain rills,
That echo to the red-bell'd heather.
We cannot boast of mould'ring towers,
Where ivy clasps the hoary turret—
Of chivalry in ladies' bowers—
Of warlike fame, and knights who won it—
But had we minstrel's harp to wake;
We well might boast our own broad lake!

- 2 And we have streams that run as clear,
O'er shelvy rocks and pebbles rushing,—
And meads as green, and nymphs as dear,
In rosy beauty sweetly blushing;—
And we have trees as tall as towers,
And older than the feudal mansion—
And banks besprent with gorgeous flowers,
And glens and woods with fire-flies glancing—
But prouder—loftier boast we make,
The beauties of our own broad lake.

- 3 The lochs and lakes of other-lands,
Like gems, may grace a landscape painting,
Or where the lordly castle stands,
May lend a charm when charms are wanting;
But ours is deep, and broad, and wide,
With steamships through its waves careering,
And far upon its ample tide
The bark its devious course is steering;
While hoarse and loud the billows break
On islands of our own broad lake!

4 Immense bright lake ! I trace in thee
 An emblem of the mighty ocean,
 And in thy restless waves I see
 Nature's eternal law of motion ;
 And fancy sees the Huron Chief
 Of the dim past, kneel to implore thee—
 With Indian awe he seeks relief,
 In pouring homage out before thee ;
 And I, too, feel my reverence wake,
 As gazing on our own broad lake !

5 I cannot feel as I have felt,
 When life with hope and fire was teeming,
 Nor kneel as I have often knelt
 At beauty's shrine, devoutly dreaming.
 Some younger hand must strike the string,
 To tell of Huron's awful grandeur
 Her smooth and moonlight slumbering,
 Her tempest voices loud as thunder ;
 Some loftier lyre than mine must wake,
 To sing our own broad, gleaming lake !

Thomas McQueen.

17.

THE LAND OF MAPLE GREEN.

1 O may our land of maple green,
 The land of lake and river,
 The brightest gem in Britain's crown,
 Be British blue for ever !
 Long may our sons and sires rejoice,
 Each heart leap at the story
 Of Britain's right, of Britain's might,
 Of Britain's power and glory.

- 2 Long may she rear the sturdy race,
Which laid her deep foundations,
The brain and bone that made her throne,
The bulwark of the nations.
Long may she reign o'er art's domain,
Her flag in peace be furled,
And on her isle sit throned the while
The glory of the world!

Alexander McLachlan.

18.

ACADIA.

AIR—"Bonnie Ellerslie."

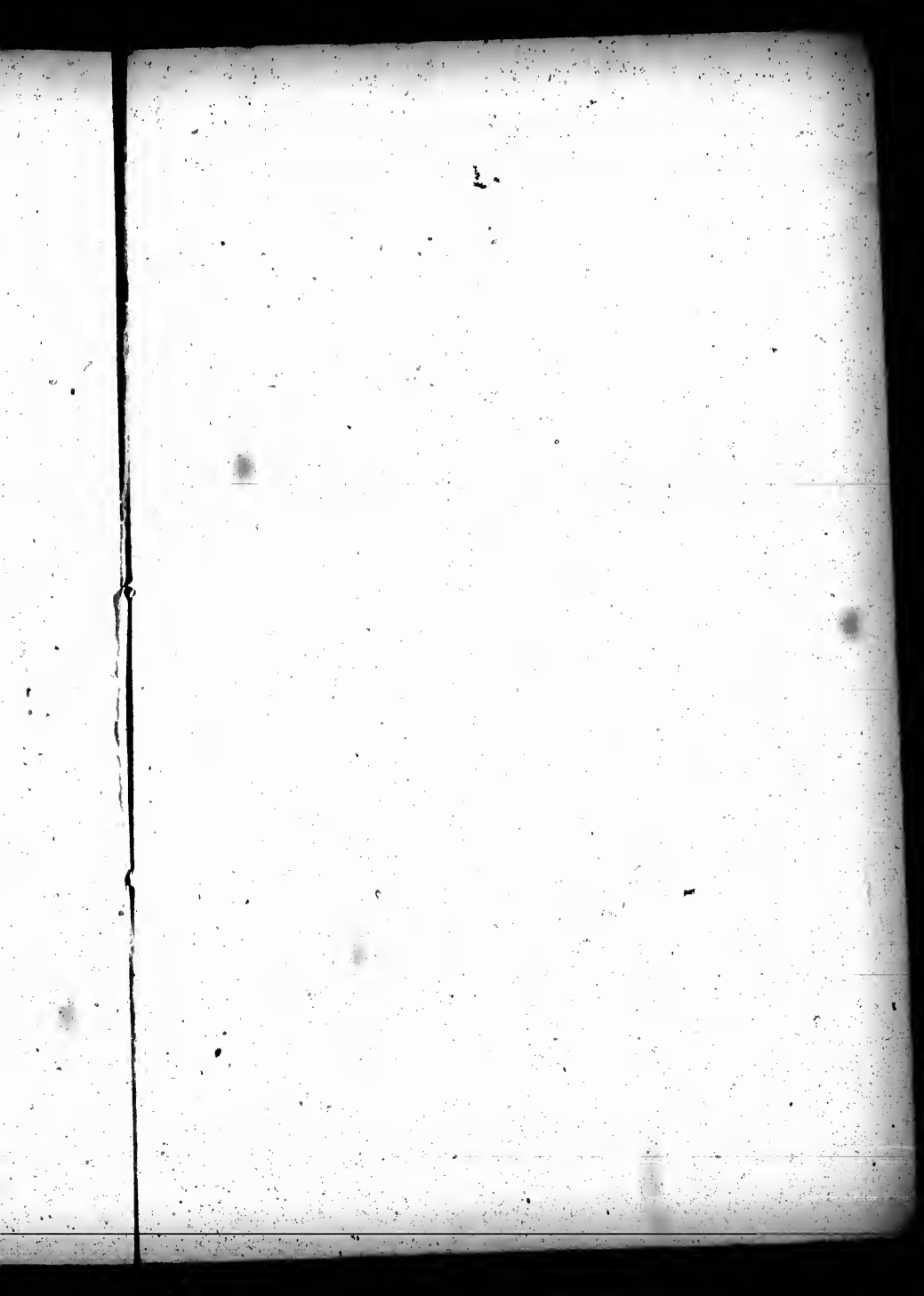
- 1 Our land's a land where freedom dwells,
From Atlantic's rugged shore,
To where the Rocky Mountains lie,
And Pacific's waves do roar.
- 2 We hear of lands with patriot bands,
Where freedom should reside;
Yet shackled slave a price commands!
The name they but deride.
- 3 Free as the eagle on the wing,
Acadia's sons are free;
For in their hearts the main-spring dwells
That still shall keep them free.
- 4 Should ever hostile band appear
Upon our woody shore,
They'll tell a tale of deep-felt wail,
They should have learned before.

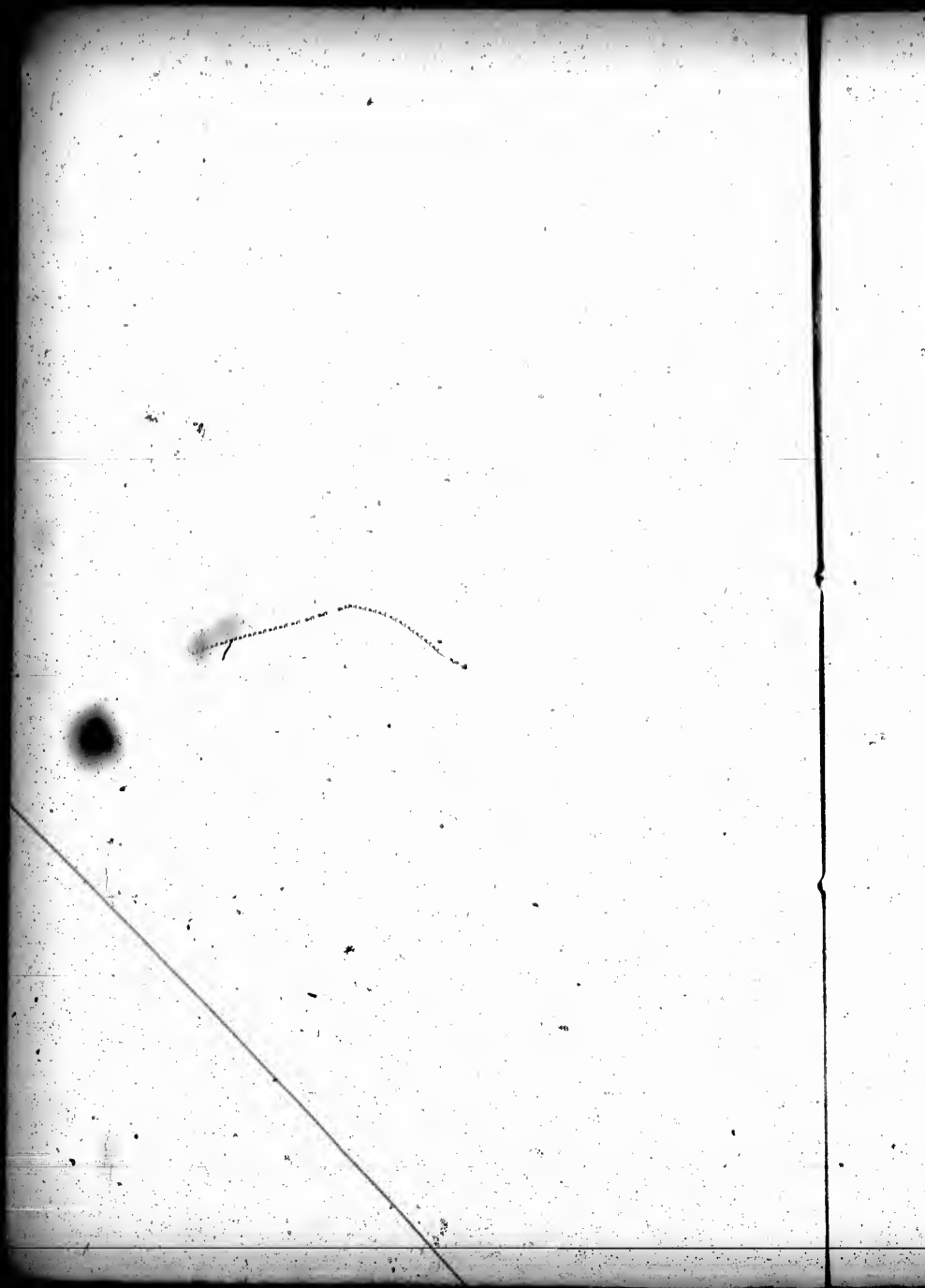
M. Gibson.

19.

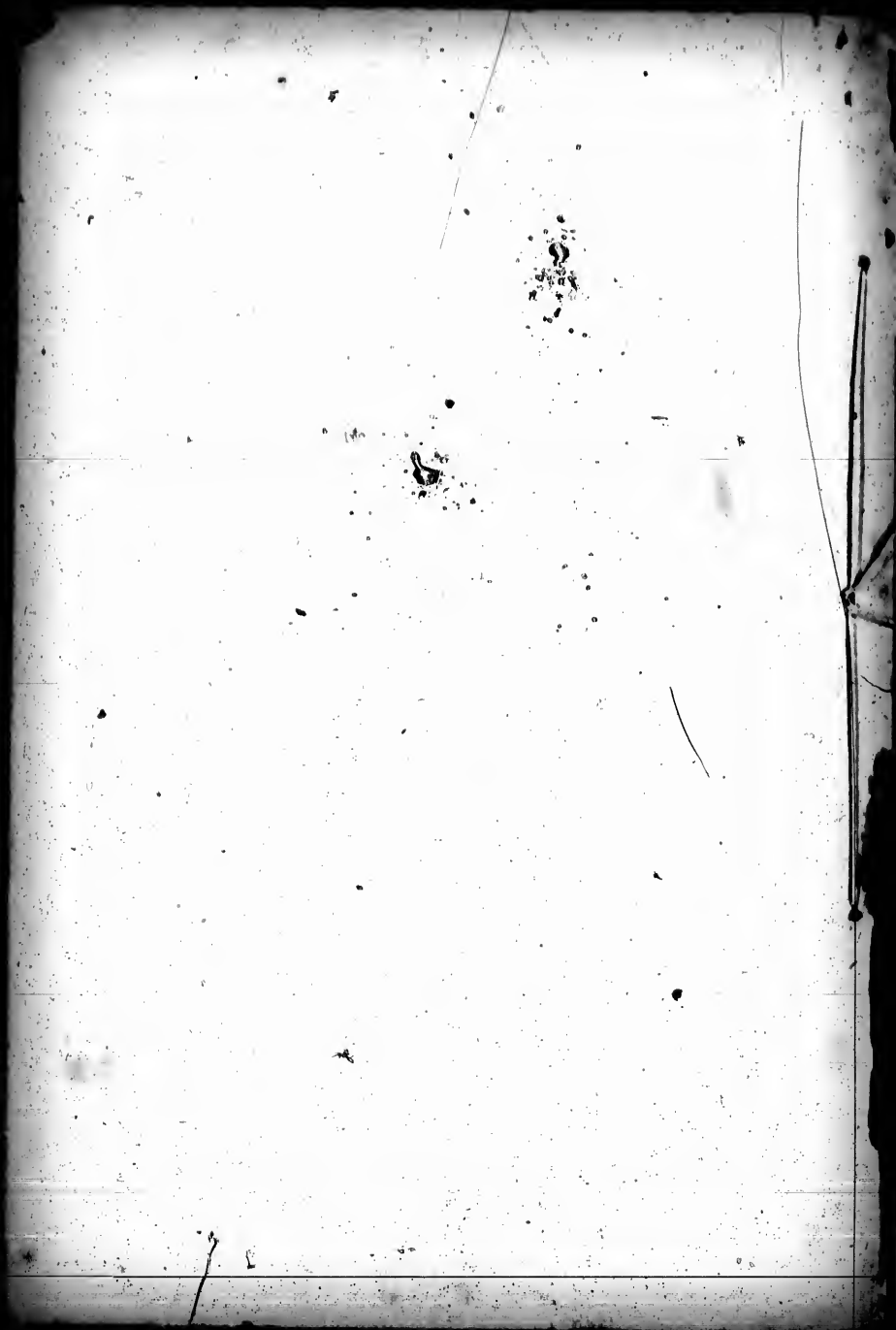
THE NATIONAL ANTHEM.

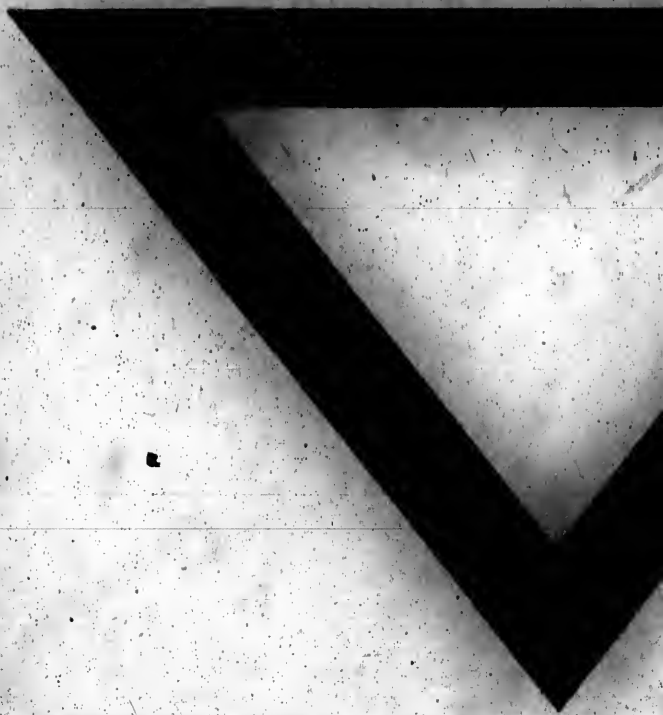
1. God bless our native land !
May Heaven's protecting hand
Still guard our shore !
May peace her pow'r extend ;
Foe be transform'd to friend ;
And Britain's rights depend
On war no more.
2. Through every changing scene,
O Lord, preserve the Queen ;
Long may she reign !
Her heart inspire and move
With wisdom from above ;
And in a nation's love
Her throne maintain.
3. May just and righteous laws
Uphold the public cause,
And bless our isle.
Home of the brave and free !
The land of liberty !
We pray that still on thee
Kind Heav'n may smile.
4. And not this land alone,
But be thy mercies known
From shore to shore !
Lord, make the nations see
That men should brothers be,
And form one family
The wide world o'er.

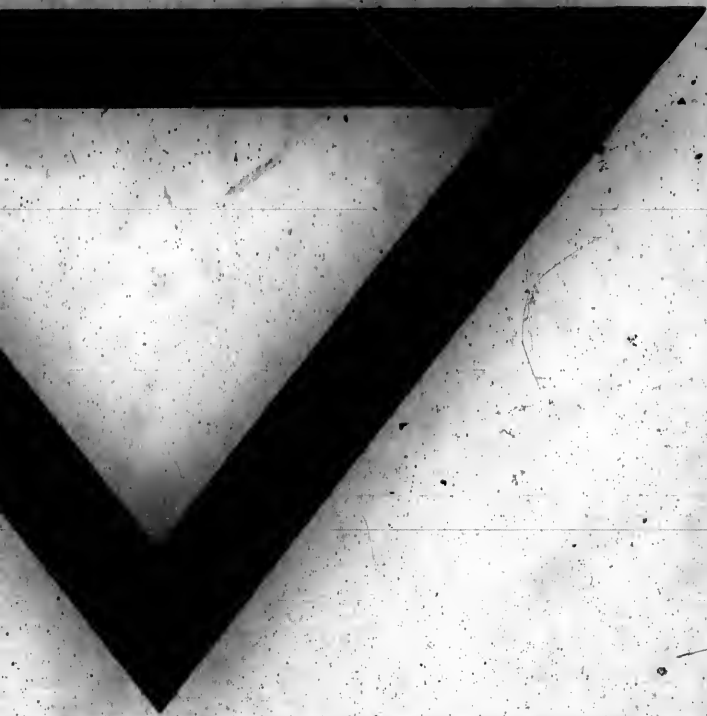












Handwritten text, possibly a signature or name, located at the top of the page. The text is faint and difficult to decipher.

