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THE

MOTHER'S

NURSERY SONGS.

BY ✓

THOMAS HASTINGS,

AUTHOR OF "DISSERTATION ON MUSICAL TASTE"—ONE OF THE COM-
PILERS OF "MUSICA SACRA"—"SPIRITUAL SONGS"—
"INFANT MINSTREL," &c. &c.



NEW-YORK:
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1835.

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P R E F A C E.

THE author of the following pages was one day conversing with a lady of some distinction, relative to the importance of teaching young children to sing, when a question arose—whether any thing could be done by the mother in this respect, during the period of the early infancy of her offspring? This inquiry, with the discussion that ensued, gave rise to the present publication.

Much, no doubt, can be done in early infancy, on the mere principle of imitation. Exercises for this purpose should be exceedingly simple; and, as far as possible, adapted to the infantile capacity. Great originality will hardly be expected in such a work as this: yet the materials here presented are, for the most part, such as have not before been published. A few extracts, have been furnished from the writings of Jane Taylor: And for many of the other little poems, the author is happy to acknowledge his obligations to several literary friends, among whom are the Rev. James Alexander, Professor of Rhetoric in Princeton College, New Jersey, Mrs. Sigourney, of Hartford, Connecticut, well known as the author of occasional pieces of great poetic merit, and Mrs. Brown, of Munson, Massachusetts, the writer of several interesting anonymous hymns now in general circulation.

The object of the work, as will be readily inferred from its special characteristics, is to aid mothers in attuning the voices of their infant offspring, and inspiring them with the love of vocal music. When the Savior was on earth young children cried hosanna: and ere he is again revealed in the glories of the latter day—his praise shall be perfected out of the mouth of babes and sucklings. Yet they must first be instructed; and this work should be commenced by
the mother.

INTRODUCTION.

It is a point now universally admitted among practical musicians, that all children, the deaf and dumb excepted, may be taught to sing; and that the difference of natural talent in this respect is, probably, not greater, than in reference to other departments of education. The faculty in question is never truly instinctive, but always in a great measure acquired. Nature furnishes us with organs, and with powers of perception. Cultivation must do the rest.

The fact that so large a portion of the present generation are unable to sing, is not to be attributed to physical deficiencies, but to unfortunate circumstances in the history of early education. In countries where music is continually taught in the primary schools, the children, as a matter of course, all learn to sing: and the same experiment, wherever it has been tried in our own country, has led to the same happy result. This circumstance alone shows the importance of early cultivation. If music is neglected till years of maturity, it will, in the majority of instances, continue to be disregarded through life. Infancy is undoubtedly the most favorable period for commencing the work. The foundation must be laid then if distinguished excellence is ever afterwards to be attained.

Adults, with voices of a most unpromising character imaginable, have sometimes, it is true, been taught to sing. The thing in its nature is not impracticable, but it is very difficult. It requires time and labor and perseverance, such as few, comparatively, are found to possess. But with young children the task is neither difficult nor laborious. The principle chiefly employed in forming the voice is imitation. The child, under favorable circumstances, acquires the management of its voice in singing just as it acquires in speaking the accurate pronunciation of the mother tongue. In both cases it is the imitative pupil of its mother, or nurse. Mothers should think of this, and not neglect to stir up the musical gift that is within them. Though that gift should be small, it might at least suffice to initiate the listening child in the practice of an important art which would afterwards be more successfully prosecuted.

One who wishes to acquire practical skill as a player on a musical instrument, must of necessity begin by drawing forth such tones or executing such passages, as can be mastered with the greatest facility; deferring such as are more difficult to a later period of cultivation. For all the purposes of vocal training, the mother may regard her infant child as such an instrument, not doubting but perseverance will accomplish the desired object.

There is a special season in infancy when children are full of mimicry. Then, a great portion of their daily employment, while in perfect health, is like that of the mocking-bird, to be imitating every pleasant sound that falls within their hearing. Their earliest efforts in this respect will necessarily be rude, but, by constant practice, their talent is found to improve; while, at the same time they acquire an increasing fondness for the exercise. Does not nature evidently point out this period as the precise time for making musical impressions upon the child that will be strong and indelible?

Let no one suppose that the voice is necessarily injured by early cultivation. If the little one is not induced to sing too much or too loud for its general health, there will be nothing to fear. Its voice will improve much in proportion to its practice; and when, in subsequent years, its intonation becomes

The process from such passages as these, to such as constitute the first and second lullabys of this collection will be easy: and thenceforward less skill in adaptation will be required.

The preceding directions may suffice for the object before us: if followed with perseverance the child will begin to sing long before it is old enough to understand the rules of the art; and this, much to its own amusement and to the gratification of its affectionate parents. Some may doubt the practicability of the course here recommended; but certainly it is an easy one. Let them be persuaded to try it faithfully and perseveringly, and the author will consent to be responsible for its success.

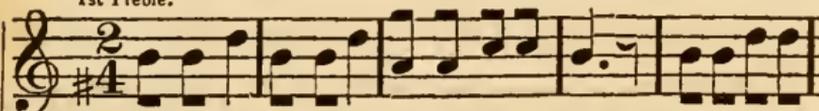
PART I.

THE CRADLE.

As the songs under this head will be employed by the mother, chiefly in soothing her infant to sleep, or in mitigating its sufferings in hours of sickness or distress, it seems not necessary that *all the language* should be adapted to the infantile capacity. It may suffice that the words contain certain easy syllables or phrases, which, by their perpetual recurrence, make strong impressions upon the ear of the child. The exercise of singing should, however, be so managed as to afford pleasure to the child: for otherwise its taste will be injured.

LULLABY.

1st Treble.



Lullaby, lullaby, Do not wake and weep; Softly in the

2d Treble.



cradle lie, Sleep, O, sleep: Softly in the cradle lie, Sleep O, sleep.



Lullaby, lullaby,
Do not wake and weep;
Softly in the cradle lie,
Sleep O, sleep.

Lullaby, lullaby,
Hear thy mother's voice;
Softly on her bosom lie,
Then she'll rejoice.

SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP.

1st Treble.

Sleep, baby, sleep, No longer weep; Near thee sits thy

2d Treble.

little brother, Close beside thee is thy mother, Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep,
 No longer weep;
 Near thee sits thy little brother,
 Close beside thee is thy mother,
 Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep,
 No longer weep;
 Israel's Shepherd watches o'er thee;
 No rude danger lies before thee,
 Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep,
 No longer weep;
 Germ of beauty, bud and blossom,
 Rest upon thy Savior's bosom,
 Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep,
 No longer weep;
 Life has many a raging billow—
 Rest upon thy downy pillow,
 Sleep, baby, sleep.

HUSHABY.

Hushaby, hushaby, baby do not weep, On thy downy
pillow lie, Softly, softly sleep, Softly, softly sleep.

Hushaby, hushaby,
Baby, do not weep,
On thy downy pillow lie,
Softly, softly sleep.

Hushaby, hushaby,
Now thine eyelids close ;
While thy mother sitting by,
Watches thy repose.

Hushaby, hushaby,
Think of no alarm,
Angel spirits round thee fly,
Guarding thee from harm.

Hushaby, hushaby,
Slumber sweet be given ;
On thy downy pillow lie,
Precious gift from heav'n !

SLUMBER SWEET.

The musical score is written for piano in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a treble and bass staff joined by a brace on the left. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment, also ending with a double bar line.

Slumber sweet, Thine eyelids greet, My infant daughter dear: No footstep

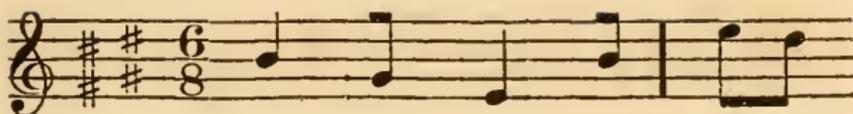
rude Shall here intrude, Nor stranger shall come near, Nor stranger, &c.

Slumber sweet
 Thine eyelids greet
 My infant daughter dear:
 No footstep rude
 Shall here intrude,
 Nor stranger shall come near.

Slumber sweet
 Thine eyelids greet
 Within thy mother's arms;
 She little tells
 How feeling steals
 O'er all thy rising charms.

Slumber sweet
 Thine eyelids greet
 And gentle dreams be thine;
 To thee be given
 The bliss of heav'n,
 Where cherub angels shine.

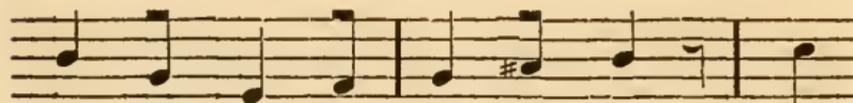
SOFTLY IN THE CRADLE LIE.



Soft - - ly in the cra -



dle lie, Thy father's hope thy mother's joy :



Sweet - ly rest in balm - y sleep, Do



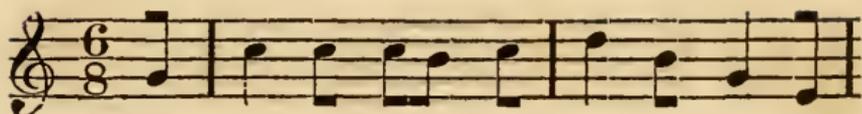
not wake to sigh and weep.

Sofly in the cradle lie,
Thy father's hope, thy mother's joy ;
Sweetly rest in balmy sleep,
Do not wake to sigh and weep.

Sofly in the cradle lie ;
A mother's heart thy wants supply ;
She can rest if thou repose,
Sweetly then thine eyelids close.

Sofly in the cradle lie,
Frail bud of immortality ;
Soon thy blossom may unfold
Fragrant mid the harps of gold.

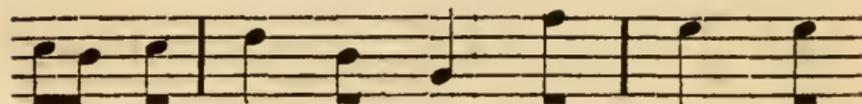
O, DO NOT WAKE.



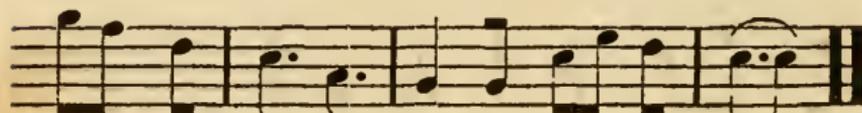
O, do not wake, sweet lit - tle one, The



night is dark and drear ; All that a



mo - ther could have done Has been per-



formed with care. Has been perform'd with care.

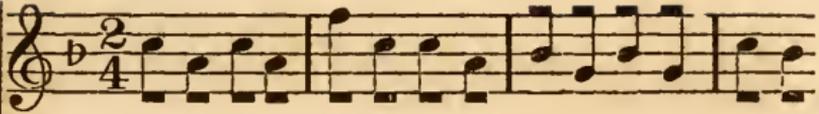
O, do not wake, sweet little one,
 The night is dark and drear ;
 All that a mother could have done,
 Has been perform'd with care.

The pillow's soft on which you rest,
 And sweetly you have fed ;
 Still lean upon your mother's breast
 Your weary little head.

O, do not wake, sweet little one,
 Nor tremble with alarm ;
 The Hand unseen you live upon
 Preserves you still from harm.

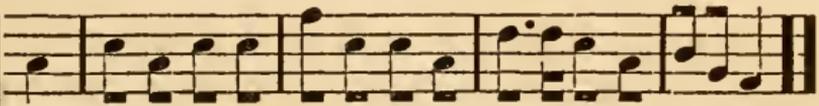
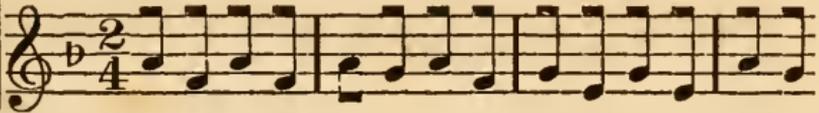
WELCOME, WELCOME.

1st Treble.

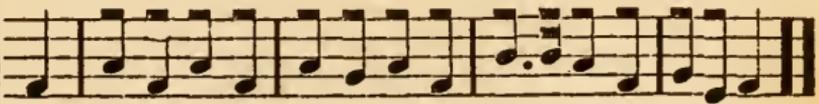


Welcome, welcome, little stranger, To this busy world of

2d. Treble.



care; Nothing can thy peace endanger, Nothing now thy steps ensnare.



Welcome, welcome, little stranger
 To this busy world of care :
 Nothing can thy peace endanger,
 Nothing now thy steps ensnare.

Mother's heart is fill'd with pleasure,
 All her feelings are awake ;
 Gladly would she, little treasure,
 All thy pains and suff'rings take.

May'st thou, if design'd by heaven,
 Future days and years to see,
 Soothe her, make her passage even ;
 Let her heart rejoice in thee.

May her anxious cares and labors
 Be repaid by filial love ;
 And thy soul be crown'd with favors
 From the boundless source above.

HOW GENTLY SHE SLEEPS.

1st. Treble.

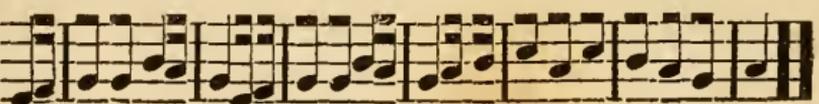


How gently she sleeps, How silent she keeps, Her breath is as soft as the [morn ;

2d. Treble.



While every new grace In the dear one I trace, To my bosom in trans- [port is borne

How gently she sleeps,
 How silent she keeps,
 Her breath is as soft as the morn ;
 While every new grace
 In the dear one I trace,
 To my bosom in transport is borne.

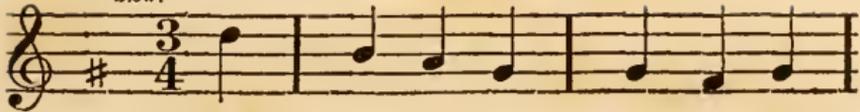
No sorrow she knows,
 This hour of repose,
 Nor hunger nor thirst nor disease ;
 The world with its cares,
 And temptations and snares,
 Has never invaded her peace.

I've linger'd awhile,
 To gaze on that smile,
 So sweetly that plays on her lips ;
 Some innocent dream
 Or some heavenly beam,
 Is visiting her while she sleeps.

My lov'd one awake,
 Thy slumberings break,
 My daughter, 'tis time to arise ;
 Thou joy of my heart,
 A lent blessing thou art,
 To be given again to the skies.

O DEAR ONE.

Slew.



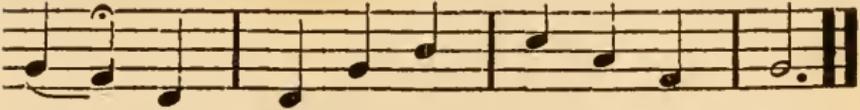
O dear one, how sad is that



moan, How languid and sickly that eye ;



My bosom responds to each



groan, And echoes each deep breathing sigh.

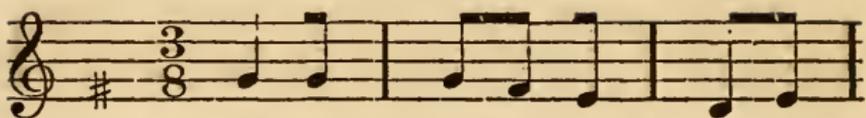
FOR A CHILD DANGEROUSLY ILL.

O dear one, how sad is that moan,
 How languid and sickly that eye ;
 My bosom responds to each groan,
 And echos each deep-breathing sigh.

Those flutt'ring pulsations I trace,
 The anguish that sits on thy brow,
 The paleness that covers thy face,
 Thy voice that is languid and low.

O dear one, how deep is the grief,
 That withers my desolate heart ;
 Kind Heav'n bring thee speedy relief,
 Or thou from thy mother wilt part.

O MY PRECIOUS LITTLE GEM.



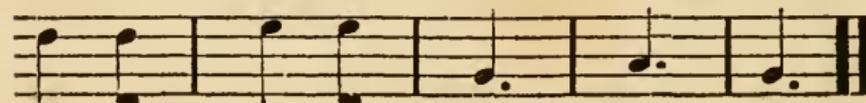
O, my pre - cious lit-



tle gem, While I hold thee to my



breast, May some heav'n inspiring dream



Soothe thy spir - it in - - - to rest.

FOR A FATHERLESS CHILD.

O my precious little gem,
 While I hold thee to my breast,
 May some heav'n inspiring dream
 Soothe thy spirit into rest.

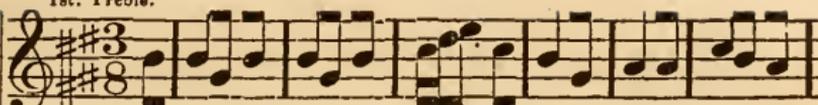
But thy mother's heart is riv'n,
 Bitter anguish she must feel;
 Nothing but the balm of heav'n,
 Can her wounded spirit heal.

Dark the night and dread the hour
 When thy father lay so low;
 When he felt the monster's pow'r,
 Who could tell thy mother's woe!

But, thou image of his love,
 May'st in heav'n thy father see;
 Ere his spirit soar'd above
 'Twas his latest pray'r for thee.

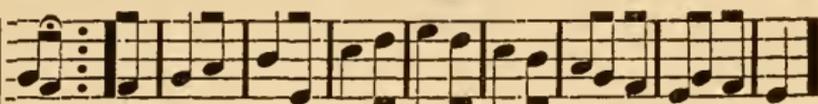
SAFE SLEEPING.

1st. Treble.



Safe sleeping on its mother's breast, The smiling babe ap-
Now sweetly sinking into rest, Now wash'd in sudden

2d. Treble.



pears, Hush, hush my little baby dear, There's nobody to hurt you here.
tears :



Safe sleeping on its mother's breast,
The smiling babe appears
Now sweetly sinking into rest,
Now wash'd in sudden tears :
Hush, hush, my little baby dear,
There's nobody to hurt you here.

Without a tender mother's care
The little thing must die ;
Its chubby hands too feeble are
One service to supply :
And not a tittle does it know
What kind of world it 's come into.

Full many a summer sun must glow,
And lighten up the skies,
Before its tender limbs can grow
To any thing of size :
And all the while the mother's eye
Must every little want supply.

Then surely when each little limb,
Shall grow to healthy size ;
And youth and manhood strengthen him
For toil and enterprize,
His mother's kindness is a debt
He never, never will forget.

JANE TAYLOR.

HUSH, HUSH.

Hush, hush, While flowrets blush, This blossom must repose, Thy
 mother's joy, My infant boy No rival beauty knows. Hush, hush, hush.

FOR THE SPRING OF THE YEAR.

Hush, hush,
 While flowrets blush,
 This blossom must repose,
 Thy mother's joy,
 My infant boy—
 No rival beauty* knows.

Hush, hush,
 On every bush,
 While birds are singing shrill ;
 My little child,
 So sweet and mild,
 Must now be soft and still.

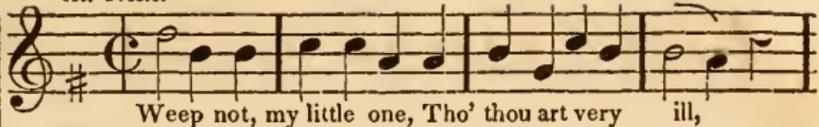
Hush, hush,
 While riv'lets gush,
 Refrain thy rising tears,
 For every grief,
 We'll seek relief,
 And soothe thy infant cares.

Hush, hush,
 What feelings rush
 Within a mother's breast ;
 Be this her pray'r
 That thou may'st share
 In heav'n's eternal rest.

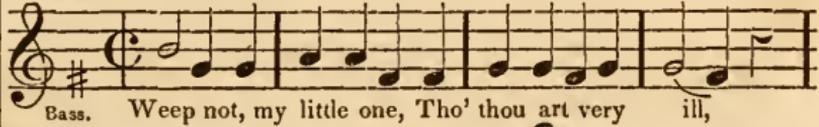
* The judicious mother, however fond of her infant son, will not desire him to understand this sentiment.

WEEP NOT.

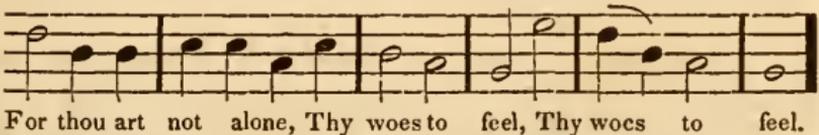
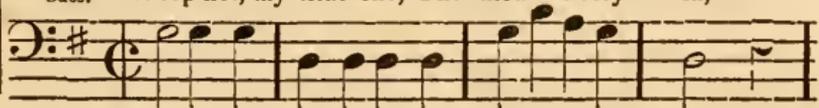
1st. Treble.



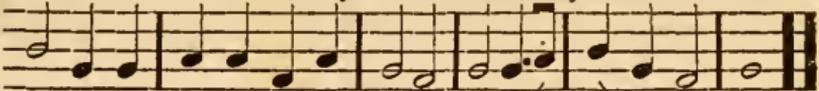
2d. Treble.



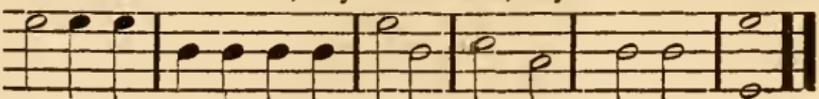
Bass.



For thou art not alone, Thy woes to feel, Thy woes to feel.



For thou art not alone, Thy woes to feel, Thy woes to feel.



FOR A SICK CHILD.

Weep not, O little one,
 Though thou art very ill,
 For thou art not alone
 Thy woes to feel.

Each sigh of thine will heave
 An anxious mother's breast;
 Each accent of thy grief
 Will break her rest.

Each tear that thou dost shed
 Will cause her grief to flow:
 Her heart, since thine doth bleed,
 Is bleeding too.

One Hand alone can heal;
 That hand is ever near:
 O who can doubt His skill—
 Or gracious care!

MOTHER DEAR, THE BABY CRIES.

Mother dear, the baby cries; Where is the nurse?
 Every thing that sister tries Makes him only worse.

Come, mother, come;
 Dear, mother, come! Every thing that sister tries Makes him only worse.

The musical score consists of three systems of music. The first system has two staves (treble clef) with lyrics underneath. The second system also has two staves with lyrics underneath. The third system has two staves with lyrics underneath. The music is in 6/8 time and the key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat).

Mother dear, the baby cries,
 Where is the nurse?
 Every thing that sister tries
 Makes him only worse.
 Come, mother, come;
 Dear mother, come!
 Every thing that sister tries
 Makes him only worse.

Mother dear, the baby cries,
 Is he not ill?
 Not a thing that brother tries
 Ever keeps him still.
 Come, mother, come,
 Dear mother, come!
 Not a thing that brother tries
 Ever keeps him still.

Mother dear, the baby cries,
 What shall we do?
 In the cradle here he lies,
 Waiting for you.
 Come, mother, come,
 Dear mother, come!
 In the cradle here he lies
 Waiting for you.

PART II.

THE NURSERY.

The songs of this department are introduced chiefly for children who are just beginning to entertain a few simple ideas and principles relative to things around them. The mother should commence with some of the easiest songs, and afterwards, as she proceeds with the more difficult ones, furnish the words with an occasional comment.

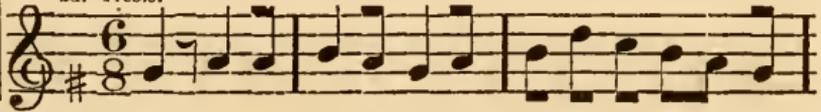
THE MERRY LARK.

1st. Treble



Hark, hark, the merry lark, Beginning her morning

2d. Treble.



song; Robin redbreast Is still in her nest And silent is her tongue.



Hark, hark,
The merry lark,
Beginning her morning song ;
Robin redbreast
Is still in her nest
And silent is her tongue.

See, see
The busy bee
A going from flower to flower,
Carries a sting,
While under her wing
She holds her honied store.

No, no,
It will not do,
Though Robin may lie in bed ;
"Early and bright
"As soon as 'tis light"
My mother to me has said—

So, so—
While busy too,
In study or useful work ;
In many a sweet
Which we may meet
Some poison'd sting may lurk.

UP IN THE MORNING.

Quick.

Up in the morning, up my child; See the
 sun, how bright and mild; See the dew drops ev'ry one, Glist'ning
 in the sun: Time for the dear one up to
 spring, While the mer - - ry bells do ring.

Up in the morning, up my child,
 See the sun, how bright and mild;
 See the dew-drops every one
 Glist'ning in the sun:
 Time for the dear one up to spring,
 While the merry bells do ring.

Quick let me put your clean dress on,
 For the night is past and gone;
 Now another day is giv'n,
 By our Lord in heav'n:
 Now when the morning air you feel
 To your heav'nly Keeper kneel.

Praise to the Lord for morning light,
 Praise for safety through the night,
 While the birds are singing all,
 On the Lord we call:
 Thus in the morning we will praise
 Our Redeemer all our days.

DAWN OF DAY.

1st. Treble.

2d. Treble.

Come a - rise from thy sleep,
Through the green bushes peep, Birds sweetly are
straying, Their bright plumes displaying, At dawn of day.

Come, arise from thy sleep,
Through the green bushes peep,
Birds sweetly are straying,
Their bright plumes displaying,
At dawn of day.

Let us breath the fresh air,
For the morning is fair,
And the forest is ringing
With merry birds singing
At dawn of day.

Come along for a talk
Or a sweet morning walk,
While the garden discloses
Its bright blushing roses,
At dawn of day.

But first to our King
Let us joyfully sing,
And praises be paying,
'Tis good to be praying
At dawn of day.

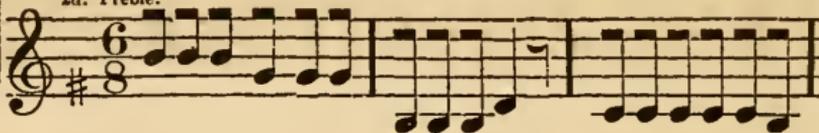
TIME TO ARISE

1st. Treble



Father and mother, 'tis time to arise, Sun has arisen to

2d. Treble.



brighten the skies: Every bird is singing high: Birds are glad, and so am I



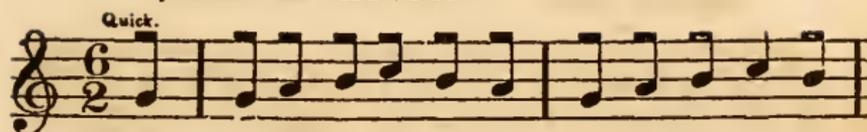
Father and mother, 'tis time to arise,
 Sun has arisen to brighten the skies ;
 Every bird is singing high ;
 Birds are glad, and so am I.

Merrily, merrily those in the tree,
 Bluebird and robin are singing to me ;
 Round the window see them fly ;
 Birds are glad, and so am I.

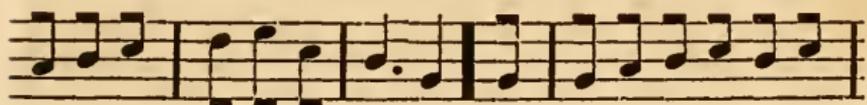
Glad little robin, you never can know
 Who is the Maker that fashion'd you so ;
 Yet you cannot weep or sigh ;
 Birds are glad, and so am I.

He who created the birds of the air,
 Securely will keep me from trouble and care :
 He has taught the birds to fly ;
 Birds are glad, and so am I.

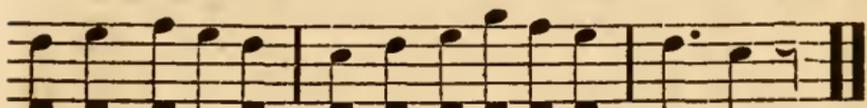
O, WILD IS THY JOY.



O, wild is thy joy, My affectionate boy, What



visions of fancy come o'er thee? Thy spirit so proud, And thy



laughter so loud, What transports are glit'ring be - fore thee?

O wild is thy joy,*
 My affectionate boy,
 What visions of fancy come o'er thee?
 Thy spirit so proud,
 Thy laughter so loud—
 What transports are glit'ring before thee?

Dost think of a day
 Thou mayst ramble and play,
 O'er the meadows, the forests, and mountains?
 Or in the sweet vale,
 'Mong the lilies so pale,
 By the side of the rills and the fountains?

Some glim'rings of thought
 Perchance thou hast caught,
 While thy spirit within thee rejoices,
 Some simple delight,
 Some object of sight
 Or sound in the mingling of voices.

O, brief is thy mirth,
 For the visions of earth,
 Like the shadows of noon-day, are flying:
 But joys that are pure,
 Shall forever endure,
 Though earth and its transports are dying.

* The boy alluded to in this instance, is supposed not to be within hearing of the song.

LITTLE JACK.

There was one little Jack, Not
 very long back, And 'tis said to his lasting dis-
 grace, That he never was seen with his hands at
 all clean, Nor yet ev - er clean was his face.

There was one Little Jack,
 Not very long back,
 And 'tis said to his lasting disgrace,
 That he never was seen
 With his hands at all clean,
 Nor yet ever clean was his face.

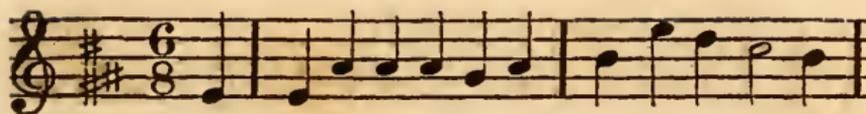
His kind friends were much hurt
 To see so much dirt,
 And often and well did they scour;
 But all was in vain
 He was dirty again
 Before they had done it an hour.

When to wash he was sent
 He reluctantly went
 With water to splash himself o'er;
 But he left the black streaks
 All over his cheeks
 And made them look worse than before.

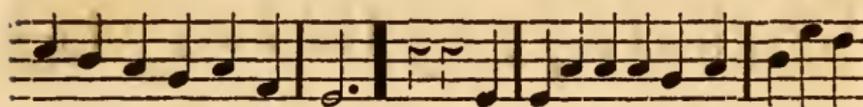
All the idle and bad
 May much like this lad,
 Be dirty and black, to be sure:
 But good boys are seen
 To be decent and clean,
 Although they are ever so poor.

JANE TAYLOR.

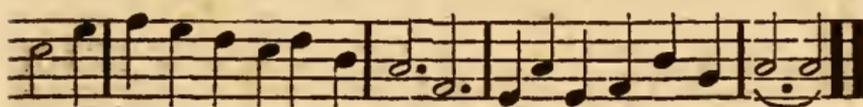
AH, WHY WILL MY DEAR.



Ah, why will my dear little child be so cross, And



cry and look sulky and pout, To lose her sweet smile is a terrible



loss, I can't even kiss her without. I can't even kiss her without.

WASHING AND DRESSING.

Ah, why will my dear little girl be so cross,
 And cry, and look sulky, and pout?
 To lose her sweet smile is a terrible loss:
 I can't even kiss her without.

You say you don't like to be wash'd and be dress'd:
 But would you be dirty and foul?
 Come, drive that long sob from your dear little breast,
 And clear your sweet face from its scowl.

If the water is cold and the comb hurts your head,
 And the soap has got into your eye,*
 Will the water grow warmer for all that you've said?
 What good will it do you to cry?

It is not to tease you and hurt you, my sweet,
 But only for kindness and care,
 That I wash you and dress you and make you look neat,
 And comb out your tanglesome hair.

I don't mind the trouble, if you will not cry,
 But pay me for all with a kiss,
 That's right—take the towel and wipe your wet eye:
 I thought you'd be good after this.

JANE TAYLOR.

* This process, by the way, is often performed so roughly as to occasion no inconsiderable pain.

O POOR LITTLE ROBIN.

1st. Treble.

2d. Treble.

O poor little robin, so cold and so wet, Say what are
 you doing to-day? The winter is coming, then what will you
 eat? And where are you going to stay? And where are you going to stay?

O, poor little robin, so cold and so wet,
 Say, what are you doing to-day?
 The winter is coming, then what will you eat?
 And where are you going to stay?

Your nest is so open, so cold and so poor,
 You never can live there again;
 O come, pretty robin, come into our door,
 We'll shelter you from the cold rain.

We've clean beds to sleep in, and water to drink,
 And things very nice for your food;
 Come, come, pretty robin; O, how can you think
 To fly off again in the wood!

The bird will not listen; but children so young,
 So hungry, so cold and so wet,
 May share in my cottage, and join in my song;
 And they shall have something to eat.

O, HEAR THE CHICKENS.

The musical score consists of four systems of two staves each, with lyrics written between the staves. The time signature is 2/4. The melody is simple and repetitive, with lyrics: "O hear the chickens pip, They will no longer keep Under their mother's wing; And shall I run and catch them? O no, I must not touch them, 'T would be a cruel thing."

O hear the chickens pip, They will no longer keep Under their mother's wing; And shall I run and catch them? O no, I must not touch them, 'T would be a cruel thing.

O hear the chickens pip,
They will no longer keep
Under their mother's wing;
And shall I run and catch them?
O no, I must not touch them,
'T would be a cruel thing.

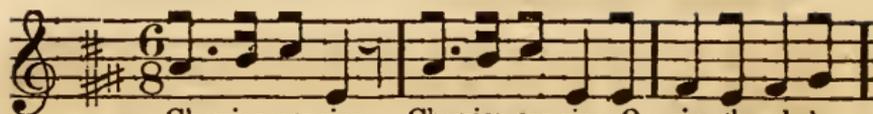
She cannot get away,
She wishes them to stay
Within the little coop:
I wish that they were kinder,
And not so slow to mind her,
So swift away to hop.

3*

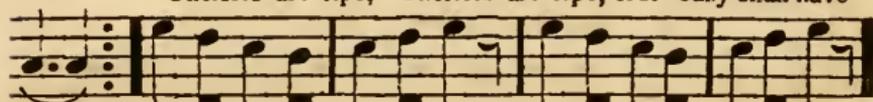
Poor hen, she walks about,
And struggles to get out,
She feels so very sad:
I wish that ev'ry chicken
Would stop its merry pippin',
And run to make her glad.

I'll never run away,
Or stop to laugh and play,
When mother calls me home:
I'll quickly run to meet her,
With kindest kisses greet her,
Soon as she bids me come.

CHERRIES ARE RIPE.



Cherries are ripe, Cherries are ripe, O give the baby
Cherries are ripe, Cherries are ripe, But baby shall have



one :

none :

Babies are too young to choose, Cherries are too sour to use;



But by and by, Made in a pie, No one will them re - fuse.

Cherries are ripe,
Cherries are ripe,
O, give the baby one ;
Cherries are ripe,
Cherries are ripe,
But baby shall have none :
Babies are too young to choose ;
Cherries are too sour to use ;
But by and by,
Made in a pie,
No one will them refuse.

Up in the tree
Robin I see,
Picking one by one ;
Shaking his bill,
Getting his fill,
Down his throat they run :
Robins want no cherry pie,
Quick they eat and off thy fly.

My little child,
Patient and mild,
Surely will not cry.

Cherries are ripe,
Cherries are ripe,
But we will let them fall.

Cherries are ripe,
Cherries are ripe,
But bad for babies small
Gladly follow mother's will,
Be obedient, soft and still,
Waiting awhile,
Delighted you'll smile,
And joyful eat your fill.

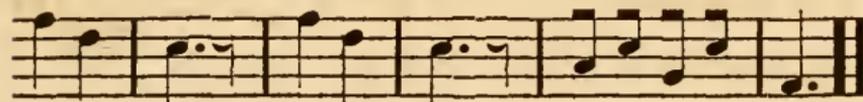
HARK THE BELL.



Hark, the bell, Hear it swell, Sounding



through the woods and fields, Echoing o'er the hills and dales, 'Tis



Sabbath day; Do not stray, Do not work or play.

THE SABBATH.

Hark, the bell,
Hear it swell,
Sounding through the woods and fields,
Echoing o'er the hills and dales :
'Tis Sabbath day,
Do not stray,
Do not work or play.

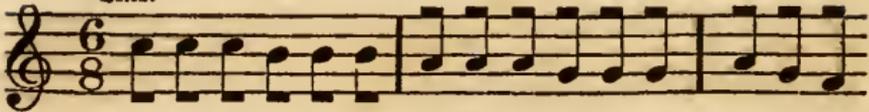
Hark, the bell,
Hear it swell,
Sounding through the woods and fields
Echoing o'er the hills and dales.
'Tis Sabbath day,
Don't delay,
Learn the heavenly way.

Hark, the bell,
Hear it swell,
Sounding through the woods and fields,
Echoing o'er the hills and dales,
'Tis Sabbath day,
Sing and pray,
Listen and obey.

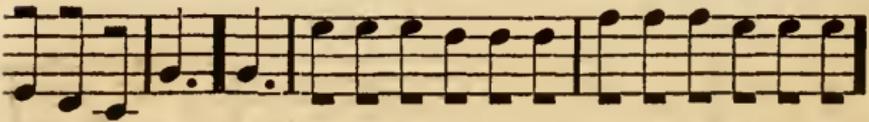
BABY IS CRYING.

[To be sung by older children.]

Quick.



Baby is crying While mother is trying To make him be



happy and still: How shall we relieve him, Or what shall we give him, A



top or a whistle or bell. A top or a whistle or bell.

Baby is crying,
While mother is trying
To make him be happy and still;
How shall we relieve him,
Or what shall we give him?
A top or a whistle or bell?

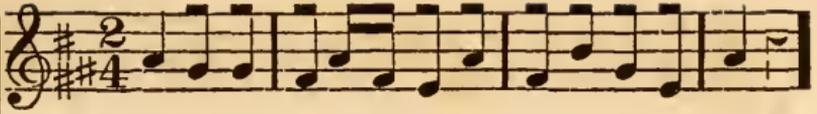
I wish he were quiet,
He makes such a riot
That nobody else can be heard;
See how he dislikes her,
And wickedly strikes her,
O baby, how very absurd!

Not love your dear mother
And sister and brother,
Who always are loving and true!
O, be not so naughty,
So cross and so haughty,
While we are so tender of you.

Dear mother must whip him,*
In quiet to keep him,
If better he will not behave:
Why wont he be kinder,
And love her and mind her?
Then all that trouble he'll save.

* This must of course be understood as the language of affectionate solicitude, and not as the expression of peevishness or ill natured censure.

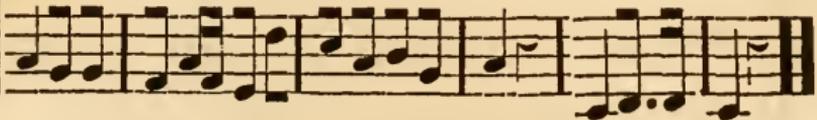
BABY IS SICK.



Baby is sick to-day, His face is very pale:



He will not laugh or play, I wish that he were well. Baby is sick.



Baby is sick to-day,
His face is very pale :
He will not laugh or play ,
I wish that he were well.

Shall we give him some meat,
Some pudding, or some pie ?
What shall he have to eat ?
I hate to hear him cry.

O, no, 'twould never do,
Such things would make him worse ;
They are unwholsome too,
For children well, like us.

Babies love simple food,
And we are very small ;
Rich things do us no good,
We'll give him none at all.

THE APPEAL.

Father, father, kiss thy child, Hear my little song.

The first system of music consists of two staves in 6/4 time. The melody is written on a treble clef staff, and the accompaniment is on a bass clef staff. The lyrics are placed between the two staves.

When my mother sweetly smil'd— Who pass'd a - long?

Mod. Pia.

The second system of music consists of two staves in 6/4 time. The melody is written on a treble clef staff, and the accompaniment is on a bass clef staff. The lyrics are placed between the two staves. The tempo marking 'Mod. Pia.' is placed above the second staff.

Father, father, kiss thy child,
 Hear my little song ;
 When my mother sweetly smil'd—
 Who pass'd along ?

Father, father, kiss thy child,
 Thy affection prove ;
 When my mother sweetly smil'd
 Her look was love.

Father, father, kiss thy child,
 Do not make me cry :
 When my mother sweetly smil'd,
 Father pass'd me by.

LOVE MY FATHER.

1st. Treble.

Love my father so dear,
Love my mother sincere. Dearest father and

2d. Treble.

mother, Dearest sister and brother, They my love shall prove.

Love my father so dear,
Love my mother sincere.
Dearest father and mother,
Dearest sister and brother,
They my love
Shall prove.

And my neighbors so near,
My affection must share ;
Love my neighbors so kindly,
Love myself, not too blindly ;
They my love
Shall prove.

Both the precious and vile,
Those that hate me the while,
With concern I would cherish,
May their souls never perish,
But believe
And live.

But my Father in heav'n,
Who my blessings hath giv'n,
And the Son, and the Spirit,
Three in One, shall inherit
Pure esteem,
Supreme.

SEE THE NAUGHTY KITTEN.



See the naughty kitten,
Play - ing with the knittin';



How she rolls the ball a - bout, How she pulls the



stitches out: Naughty, naughty kitten.

See the naughty kitten,
Playing with the knittin';
How she rolls the ball about?
How she pulls the stitches out?
Naughty, naughty kitten.

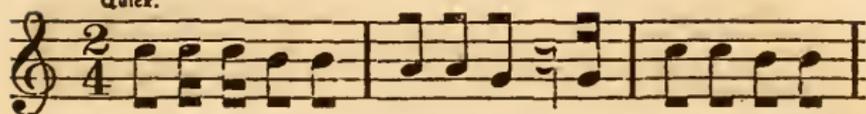
Will you run and catch her?
Will you try to teach her?
Bring the pretty little book,
See if in it she will look?
Do not let her scratch you.

What a naughty pussy,
All the while so dosy,
Pussy only mew'd and purr'd,
Would not read a single word,
Naughty, naughty pussy.

Kittens know but little,
Knitting yarn is brittle,
Children should not do so ill,
They should learn to read and spell —
Not be full of prattle.

O WHAT A NAUGHTY DOG.

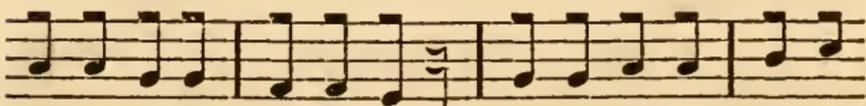
Quick.



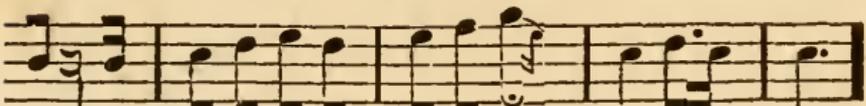
O, what a naughty dog is that, To quarrel with the



pussy cat, A - bout a little piece of meat That



sister gave for them to eat; Pussy, too, looks very



shy, And lifts her back up very high; very high.

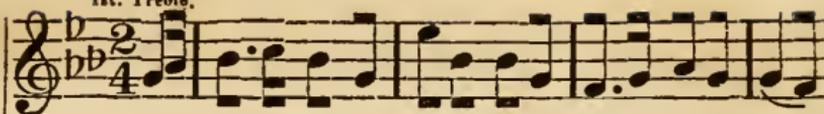
O, what a naughty dog is that,
To quarrel with the pussy cat,
About a little piece of meat
That sister gave for them to eat;
Pussy too, looks very shy,
And lifts her back up very high.

Hark, how he growls and barks at her,
See how she raises up her fur;
And now he snatches for the piece,
And now she's spitting in his face,
O for shame! poor dog and cat,
To quarrel for a thing like that.

Brothers and sisters should be kind,
And no such vile examples mind,
While dogs and cats may think it right
To quarrel for their appetite:
Children always should agree,
Both when they eat and when they play.

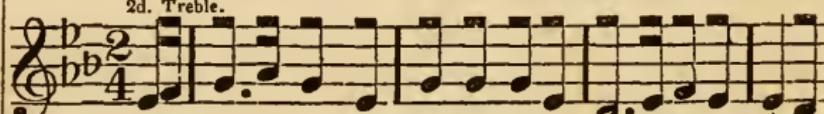
TO INFANT SCHOOL.

1st. Treble.

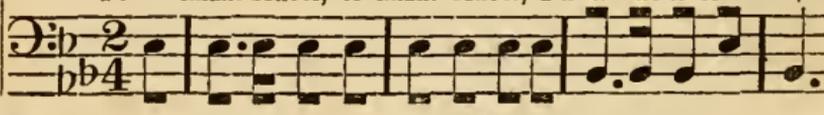


To infant school, to infant school, I hear the little bell ;

2d. Treble.

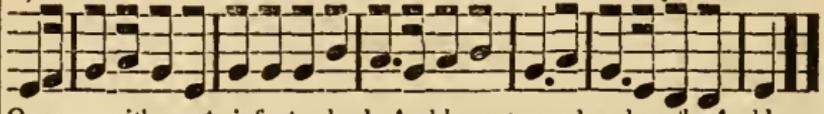


To infant school, to infant school, I hear the little bell ;

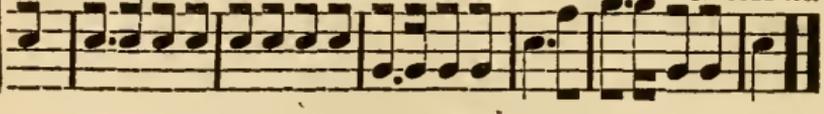



[to read and spell.

O, come with me to infant school And learn to read and spell. And learn



O, come with me to infant school, And learn to read and spell. And learn



[to read &c.

To infant school, to infant school,
I hear the little bell ;

O, come with me to infant school,
And learn to read and spell.

To infant school, to infant school,
I do not like to wait ;

O, come with me to infant school,
Or we shall be too late.

To infant school, to infant school,
We must not stop to play ;

O, come with me to infant school,
And I will lead the way

To infant school, to infant school,
We'll sweetly march and sing :

O, come with me to infant school,
The bell begins to ring.

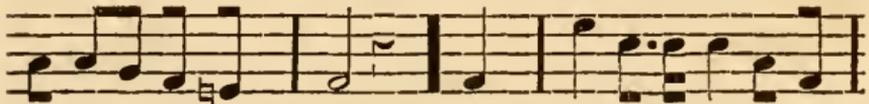
O DON'T HURT THE DOG.



Oh! don't hurt the dog, poor honest old Tray; What



good will it do you to drive him away? Kind treatment



is just - ly his right; Re - member how faithful he



is to his charge, And barks at the rogues when we set him at



large, And guards us by night and by day.

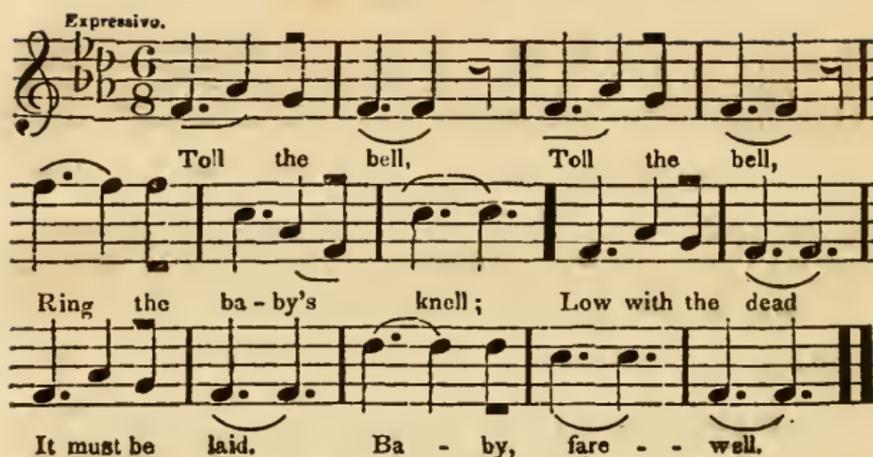
Oh! don't hurt the dog, poor honest old Tray;
 What good will it do you to drive him away?
 Kind treatment is justly his right;
 Remember how faithful he is to his charge,
 And barks at the rogues when we set him at large,
 And guards us by night and by day.

If you are a boy and Tray but a beast,
 I think it should teach you one lesson at least,
 You ought to act better than he;
 And if without reason, or judgment, or sense,
 Tray does as we bid him and gives no offence.
 How diligent Richard should be!

JANE TAYLOR.

TOLL THE BELL.

Expressivo.



Toll the bell, Toll the bell,
 Ring the ba-by's knell; Low with the dead
 It must be laid. Ba-by, fare-well.

THE FUNERAL.

Toll the bell,
 Toll the bell,
 Ring the baby's knell;
 Low with the dead
 It must be laid.
 Baby, farewell.

Toll the bell,
 Toll the bell,
 Ring the baby's knell;
 Pale is its face,
 And white its dress,
 Baby, farewell.

Toll the bell,
 Toll the bell,
 Ring the baby's knell;
 Slow from the hall
 Moves the dark pall,
 Baby, farewell.

Toll the bell,
 Toll the bell,
 Ring the baby's knell;
 Now earth to earth
 Neath the green turf,
 Baby, farewell.

Toll the bell,
 Toll the bell,
 Ring the baby's knell;
 Beyond the skies
 Its spirit flies,
 Baby, farewell.

PART III.

THE CLASS ROOM.

Songs of instruction are not always the most interesting with regard to taste : but there are occasional exceptions against this remark ; nor does it apply with the same strictness in regard to young children that it does in reference to adults. Such songs should be associated with pleasant remarks and illustrations ; and occasionally with such series of questions as may be suggested by the language which is sung. The songs in this department are adapted to children who have passed the period of prattling infancy.

CREATION.

He who spread out the sky, That broad blue canopy, Who
made the glorious sun, The moon to shine by night,
The stars with eye so bright, He made thee, little one.

He who spread out the sky,
That broad blue canopy,
Who made the glorious sun,
The moon to shine by night,
The stars with eye so bright,
He made thee, little one.

He who with care doth keep
The nested birds that sleep :
And when their rest is done,
Doth guide them through the sky,
And feed them when they cry,
He loves thee, little one.

L. H. S.

QUESTIONS.

1. Who made you ?
2. Who made the sky, the sun, the moon, and the stars ?
3. Who takes care of the birds and feeds them ?
4. Does the Lord take care of little children ?
5. Does he love them when they are his children ?

PLEYEL'S HYMN.*



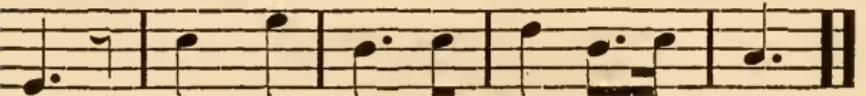
Child, you're old e - - nough to



know That you need a Sa - vior's



love; That you are a sin - - ner



too, All your wicked ac - tions prove,

Child, you're old enough to know
That you need a Savior's love
That you are a sinner too,
All your wicked actions prove.

When you feel your bosom swell,
Angry passions rise within
And your lips speak what they feel,
Something tells you—there is sin.

Christ was once a little child,
But his heart was pure within;
Always gentle, kind and mild;
Child, you must be just like him.

B.

* The thoughts contained in this song may suggest a profitable method of teaching the doctrines of native depravity; and salvation through a bleeding Savior. The pure example of Christ also, when frequently presented to the infantile mind, operates as a powerful restraint.

THE MOON IS VERY FAIR.

1st & 2d Treble.

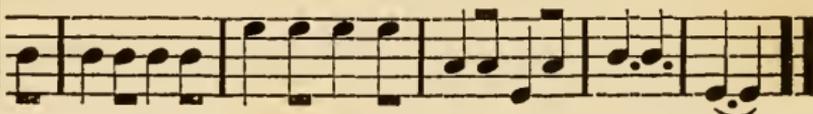


The moon is very fair and bright, And rises very high;
I think it is a pretty sight To see it in the sky;

Base.



It shone upon me where I lay, And seem'd almost as bright as day.



The moon is very fair and bright,
And rises very high;
I think it is a pretty sight,
To see it in the sky;
It shone upon me where I lay,
And seem'd almost as bright as day.

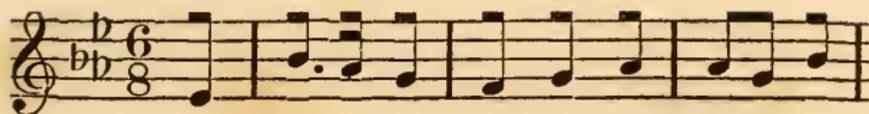
The stars are very pretty too,
And scatter'd all about;
At first there seem a very few,
But soon the rest come out:
I'm sure I could not count them all
They are so very bright and small.

The sun is brighter still than they,
He blazes in the skies:
I dare not turn my face that way,
Unless I shut my eyes:
Yet when he shines our hearts revive,
And all the trees rejoice and thrive.

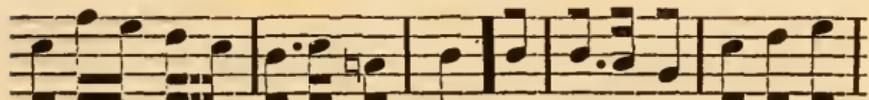
God made and keeps them every one
By his great power and might;
He is more glorious than the sun,
And all the stars of light:
But when we end our mortal race,
The pure in heart shall see his face.

JANE TAYLOR.

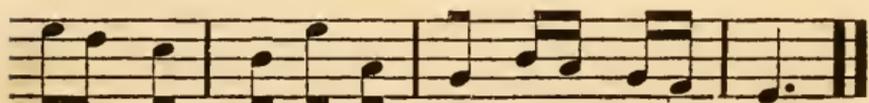
THE COMMANDMENTS.*



One God I must worship su - preme, And



ne'er be - fore ima - ges bow: I must not speak light of his



name, But pay to him ev - e - ry vow.

One God I must worship supreme,
And ne'er before images bow,
I must not speak light of his name,
But pay to him every vow.

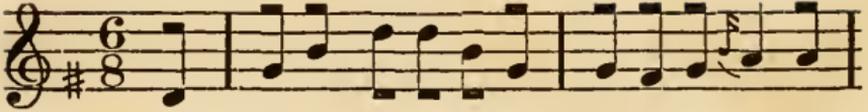
I'm bound to remember with care,
The Sabbath, so hallow'd and pure;
To honor my parents so dear,
That my life may the longer endure.

I never must steal, or consent
To what is impure or untrue;
I must not indulge discontent,
Or covet my neighbor his due.

Now help me, O Father in heav'n,
To keep these commandments with zeal;
In the strength that through Jesus is giv'n
To those who are doing thy will.

*In connexion with this song, the ten commandments may be recited, in such a manner as to show their meaning, and illustrate the thoughts contained in the hymn.

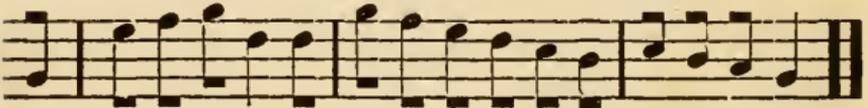
GOOD LITTLE GIRLS.



Two good lit - tle girls, Mari - anne and Maria, As



happi - ly liv'd as good girls could desire ; And though they were neither



grave, sullen, nor mute, They seldom or never were heard to dispute.

Two good little girls, Marianne and Maria,
As happily liv'd as good girls could desire ;
And though they were neither grave, sullen, nor mute,
They seldom or never were heard to dispute.

If one wants a thing that the other could get,
They never are scratching or scrambling for it,
But each one is willing to give up her right,
They'd rather have nothing than quarrel and fight.

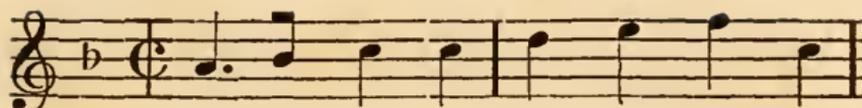
If one of them happens to have something nice,
Directly she offers her sister a slice ;
And not like to some greedy children I've known,
Who would go in a corner and eat it alone.

When papa or mamma had a job to be done,
These good little girls would immediately run,
And not stand disputing to which it belong'd,
And grumble and fret and declare they were wrong'd.

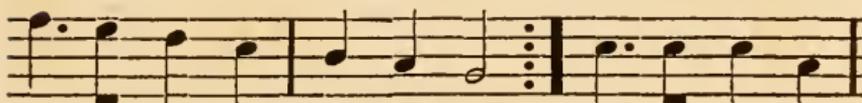
Whatever occur'd in their work or their play,
They were willing to yield, and give up their own way ;
Then let us all try their example to mind,
And always like them, be obliging and kind.

JANE TAYLOR.

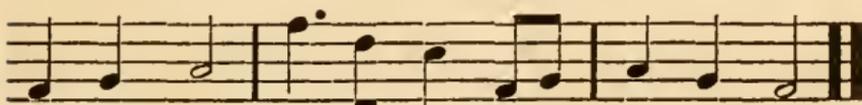
HOW I LOVE MY TENDER MOTHER.



How I love my ten - der mother,
How I love my lit - tle brother,



How I love my fa - ther dear ;
And my sis - ter so sin - cere : They are all both



kind and true, And they love me dear - ly too.

How I love my tender mother,
How I love my father dear ;
How I love my little brother,
And my sister so sincere :
They are all both kind and true,
And they love me dearly too.

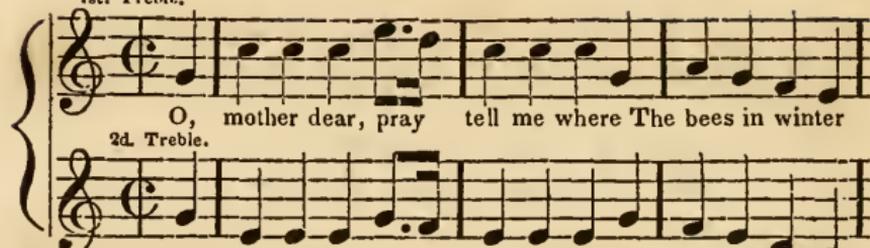
Be my neighbor proud or lowly,
He shall my affection share ;
Be he sinful, be he holy,
He may claim my earnest prayer :
Let me not unfeeling prove,
Nor myself too dearly love.

But of all affection giv'n,
God on high demands the most ;
God the Father in the heav'n,
God the Son and Holy Ghost :
Three in One and One in Three ;
Be thou all in all to me.

The child may be taught, in connexion with this song, how that "love is the fulfilling of the law"—love that includes all the characteristics mentioned in the gospel. The last stanza introduces also the subject of the blessed Trinity, in such a manner as to invite explanation.

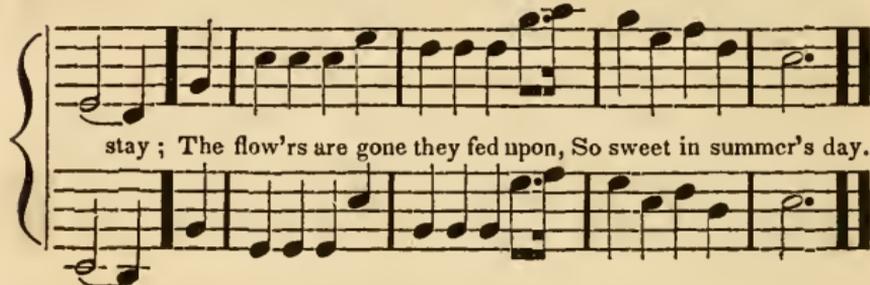
THE BEES.

1st. Treble.



O, mother dear, pray tell me where The bees in winter

2d. Treble.



stay ; The flow'rs are gone they fed upon, So sweet in summer's day.

THE BEES.

O, mother dear, pray tell me where
 The bees in winter stay ?
 The flow'rs are gone they fed upon,
 So sweet in summer's day.

My child, they live within the hive,
 And have enough to eat :
 Amid the storm they're clean and warm,
 Their food is honey sweet.

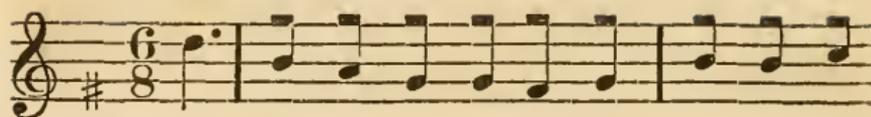
Say, mother dear, how came it there ?
 Did father feed them so ?
 I see no way in winter's day
 That honey has to grow.

No, no, my child, in summer mild,
 The bees laid up their store
 Of honey drops in little cups,
 'Til they would want no more.

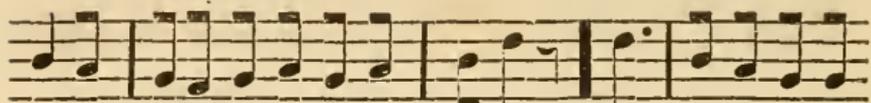
In cups you said—how are they made ?
 Are they as large as ours ?
 O no, they're all made nice and small
 Of wax, found in the flow'rs.

Our summer's day to work and play,
 Is now in mercy giv'n,
 And we must strive long as we live
 To lay up stores in HEAV'N.

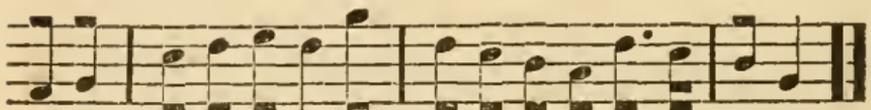
THE CHATTERBOX.*



From morning till night it was Lucy's de-



light, To chatter and talk without stopping; There was not a day,



but she rattled away, Like water forever a dropping.

THE CHATTERBOX.

From morning till night it was Lucy's delight,
To chatter and talk without stopping;
There was not a day but she rattled away,
Like water forever a dropping.

As soon as she rose, while she put on her clothes,
'Twas vain to endeavor to still her;
Nor once did she lack to continue her clack,
Till again she lay down on her pillow.

How very absurd! and have you not heard
That much tongue and few brains are connected?
That they are suppos'd to think least who talk most?
Their wisdom is always suspected.

While Lucy was young, if she'd bridled her tongue,
With a little good sense and exertion,
Who knows but she might now have been our delight,
Instead of our jest and aversion!

JANE TAYLOR.

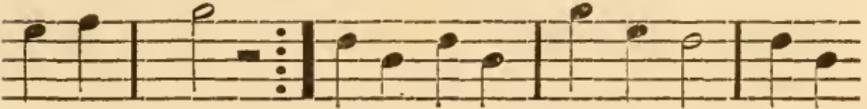
* This is an excellent lesson for children who are prone to be talkative; especially those who have a little advanced beyond the period of early infancy.

THE SCALE.*

Quick.



Come let us learn to sing, faw sol law faw sol
Loud let our voices ring, faw sol law faw sol



law mi faw ;
law mi faw ; Let us sing with open sound, With our



voices full and round, faw mi law sol faw law sol faw.

Come let us learn to sing,
Faw sol law faw sol law mi faw,
Loud let our voices ring,
Faw sol law faw sol law mi faw ;
Let us sing with open sound,
With our voices full and round,
Faw mi law sol faw law sol faw.

This is the scale so sweet,
Faw sol law faw sol law mi faw,
Sing it with accent meet,
Faw sol law faw sol law mi faw,
First ascend in notes so true,
Then descend in order too ;
Faw mi law sol faw law sol faw.

Children should love to sing,
Faw sol law faw sol law mi faw,
Praise to the heav'nly King,
Faw sol law faw sol law mi faw :
Let us learn his face to seek,
Then aloud his praise we'll speak,
Faw, mi, law, sol, faw, law, sol, faw.

* Great care should here be taken, that the sounds of the SCALE are accurately tuned ; and that the suggestions given in the song, in reference to the formation of the voice, be successfully reduced to practice.

THE A B C.

Swiss Air.*

The A, B, C, is pleasant to me, I'm
learning it all the day; When - ev - er I look
in a printed book, I see nothing but A, B, C. Sing
A, B, C. Sing A, B, C, I see nothing but A, B, C.

The A, B, C,
Is pleasant to me,
I'm learning it all the day;
Whenever I look
In a printed book,
I see nothing but A, B, C.
Sing A, B, C,
Sing A, B, C.
I see nothing but A A, C.

I'm glad to know,
The fine little row,
Of letters both great and small,
The D, E, F, G,
The M, N, O, P,
And the X, Y, Z and all:
Sing A, B, C,
Sing R, S, T,
Sing X, Y, Z and all.

If I can fix
These marks twenty-six,
In this little careless head;
I'll read every book
As soon as I look

At the letters all over it spread.
Sing A, B, C,
Sing X, Y, Z,
And the letters all over it spread.

I now will learn
Them all in turn,
The big letters and the small;
For how can I spell,
Or pronounce them well,
Till I shall have learned them all?
Sing A, B, C,
Sing X, Y, Z,
For I'm going to learn them all.

The bees and flies
Have nice little eyes,
But never can read like me;
They crawl in the book,
And they seem to look,
But they never know A, B, C;
Sing A, B, C,
Sing A, B, C,
They never know A, B, C.

* The slurs are applied chiefly to the second stanza.

THE LITTLE LAMB.

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of four staves. The first two staves are for the vocal line, and the last two are for the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are placed between the staves.

I saw a little lamb to-day, It was not very old :
Close by its mother's side it lay, So soft within the fold :

It felt no sorrow, pain or fear, While such a comforter was near.

I saw a little lamb to-day,
It was not very old ;
Close by its mother's side it lay,
So soft within the fold :
It felt no sorrow, pain, or fear,
While such a comforter was near.

Sweet little lamb, you cannot know
What blessing I have lost :
Were you like me, what could you do,
Amid the wintry frost ?
My clothes are thin, my food is poor,
And I must beg from door to door.

I had a mother once, like you,
To keep me by her side :
She cherish'd me and lov'd me too ;
But soon, alas ! she died :
Now sorrowful and full of care,
I'm lone and weary every where.

My father was not kind to me,
He went away from home ;
I long'd again his face to see,
But he would never come :
Before he died he would be found
Sleeping upon the naked ground.

I must not weep and break my heart,
They tell me not to grieve :
Sometimes I wish I could depart,
And find a peaceful grave :
They say such sorrows never come
To those who slumber in the tomb.

'Twas thus a little orphan sung,
Her lonely heart to cheer ;
Before she wander'd very long,
She found a Savior near :
He bade her seek his smiling face
And find in heav'n a dwelling place.

THE ORPHAN.

O, if I were a robin, I'd soon be on the wing, I'd leave my sighs and
 sobbin', And sweetly I would sing : And early in each morning I'd fly from
 tree to
 tree ; And going and returning What pretty things I'd see ?

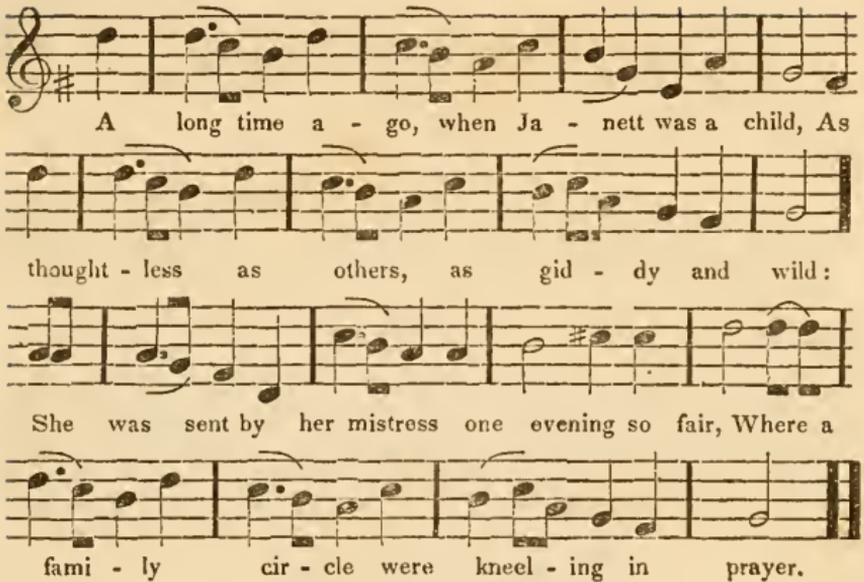
O, if I were a robin,
 I'd soon be on the wing,
 I'd leave my sighs and sobbin'
 And sweetly I would sing ;
 And early in each morning
 I'd fly from tree to tree ;
 And going and returning
 What pretty things I'd see ?

But now I am so lonely,
 I know not where to stay,
 My little brother only
 Is with me day by day :
 My mother dear was crying
 When father lay so low :
 When she herself was dying—
 I know not what to do.

Our parents are in heaven,
 Their spirits went above ;
 Their sins were all forgiven,
 For they the Lord did love :
 God call'd them to forsake us,
 And laid them in the dust ;
 But he himself will take us,
 If in his name we trust.

If Jesus will receive us
 Within his precious fold ;
 And when he'll please to give us
 Some pretty wings of gold ;
 Then soon we will be flying
 Up to that blessed place,
 Where there is no more crying,
 So near his smiling face.

THE PENITENT CHILD.



A long time a - go, when Ja - nett was a child, As
 thought - less as others, as gid - dy and wild :
 She was sent by her mistress one evening so fair, Where a
 fami - ly cir - cle were kneel - ing in prayer.

THE PENITENT CHILD.

A long time ago, when Janett was a child,
 As thoughtless as others, as giddy and wild ;
 She was sent by her mistress one evening so fair,
 Where a family circle were kneeling in prayer.

Her young heart was then touch'd, she would afterwards say—
 "O! that my dear master but knew how to pray ;"
 For she had no father to pray for her soul,
 No mother to counsel, advise, or control.

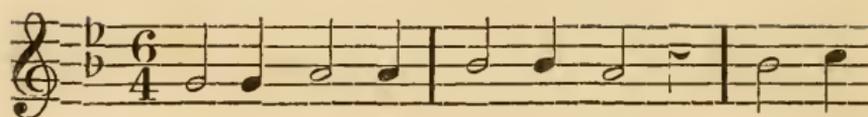
One night as the snows drifted deep through the vale,
 While the bleak whistling wind was all dreary and chill,
 She again sought the house where she first heard a pray'r,
 And close to the door held her listening ear.

She heard, as the story of Jesus was read,
 How he suffer'd below, how for sinners he bled ;
 Tears fell from her eyes like the drops of a show'r,
 Till sobbings of anguish were heard at the door.

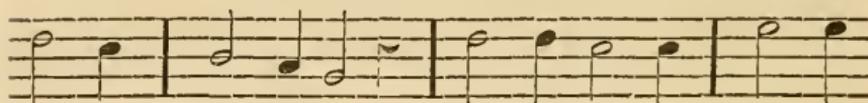
That night did the Lord, by his Spirit, impart,
 To the penitent child a conversion of heart ;
 Then happy was she, though an orphan and poor,
 And she never forgot how she knelt at the door.

B.

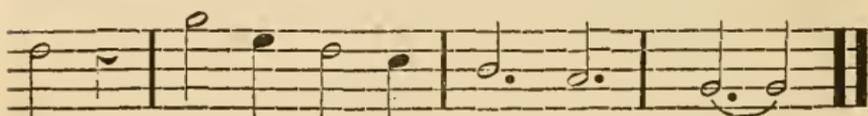
THE HEATHEN MOTHER.



See that heathen mother stand Where the



sacred currents flow, With her own ma - ter - nal



hand, Mid the waves her in - fant throw.

See that heathen mother stand
Where the sacred currents flow,
With her own maternal hand,
Mid the waves her infant throw.

Hark ! I hear the piteous scream,
Frightful monsters seize their prey :
Or the dark and bloody stream
Bears the struggling child away.

Fainter now, and fainter still,
Breaks the cry upon the ear ;
But the mother's heart is steel ;
She, unmov'd, that cry can hear.

Send, O send the Bible there,
Let its precepts reach the heart,
She may then her children spare—
Act the mother's tender part.

B.

What is a heathen mother ?
What is meant by the sacred current ?
Why does she throw her infant into the river ?
What monsters of the deep seize infants ?
Why is the heathen mother so hard hearted ?
What would make her love her child ?
Would the Bible do her good without reading it ?
What would make its truths touch her heart ?
Why would she then spare her child ?

THE BLOSSOM.

Just now a fragile blossom
grew up - on a lowly stem, Its opening
leaves disclos'd to view, A glitt'ring dewy gem.

THE BLOSSOM.

Just now a fragile blossom grew,
Upon a lowly stem ;
Its opening leaves disclos'd to view
A glitt'ring dewy gem.

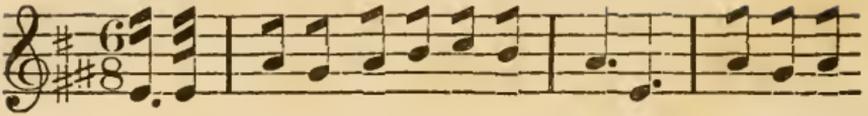
Jane saw, and gently on her breast,
The tender flow'ret plac'd,
When lo ! a rude and angry gust
Its beauties all effac'd.

Its leaves were scatter'd by the wind,
Its fragrance lost in air ;
Till nothing there was left behind,
Of all that was so fair.

Young children, like this little flower,
Though beautiful and gay,
May in some sudden, mournful hour,
By death be borne away.

But the good child who loves to pray,
Whose sins are all forgiv'n,
Who loves the Savior's will t' obey,
May live and bloom in heav'n.

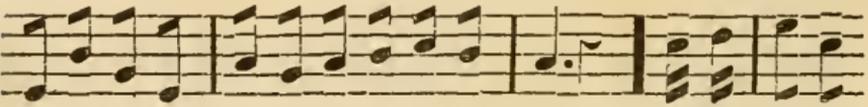
BY THE SIDE OF A RIVER.



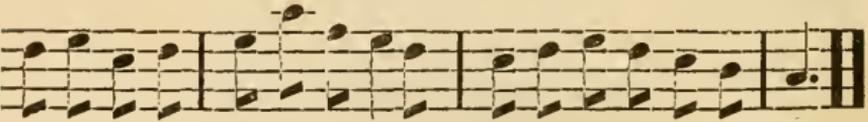
By the side of a river so clear, They carried the



beautiful child, Mid the flags and the bushes, In an ark of



bulrushes, They left him so lonely and wild; For the ruffians



would come If he tarried at home, And murder that infant so dear.

By the side of a river so clear,
 They carried the beautiful child,
 Mid the flags and the bushes,
 In an ark of bulrushes,
 They left him so lonely and wild;
 For the ruffians would come
 If he tarried at home,
 And murder that infant so dear.

By the side of the river so clear,
 The ladies were winding their path,
 When Pharaoh's daughter
 Stepp'd into the water
 Her delicate person to bathe:
 Before it was dark,
 She open'd the ark,
 And found a sweet infant was there.

By the side of the river so clear,
 That infant was lonely and sad,
 She took him in pity
 And thought him so pretty,

And made little Moses so glad,
 She call'd him her own—
 Her beautiful son,
 And sent for some nurse that was near.

Away from the river so clear,
 They carried the beautiful child;
 To his own tender mother
 His sister and brother,
 And then he look'd happy and smil'd.
 His mother so good,
 Did all that she could,
 To nurse him and teach him with care.

Once more by that river so clear,
 When Moses was aged and good;
 He saw the king tremble,
 Relent and dissemble,
 And the waters all turning to blood
 The king would abuse,
 And trouble the Jews,
 And turn to the Lord a deaf ear.

And soon by the sea that was red,
 Stood Moses the servant of God;
 While in him he confided,
 The deep was divided,
 As upward he lifted his rod.
 The Jews safely cross'd,
 While Pharaoh's host,
 Were drown'd in the waters and dead.

And soon on a mountain so high,
 Stood Moses, all trembling with awe;
 Mid the lightnings and thunders,
 And great signs and wonders,
 For God was then giving his law.
 The Lord wrote it down,
 On two tables of stone,
 Before he went back to the sky.

Once more on a mountain he stood,
 The last one he ever might see;
 The prospect was glorious,
 Where Israel victorious,
 Would soon over Jordan be free.
 Then his labors did cease;
 He departed in peace,
 And now rests in the heav'nly abode.

Questions and details relating to the history of Moses, are very profitable and instructive to children. Bible histories, well told, have a powerful influence upon their minds.

VOICE OF SPRING.

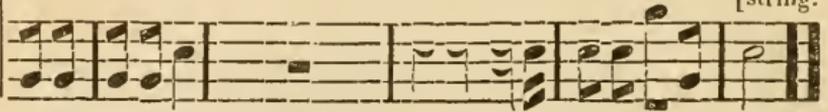
1st. & 2d. Treble.



Hark, hark, the voice of spring; Woods and fields with echoes ring, While the
Base.



birds so sweetly sing, Music floats, In joyous notes, From many a tuneful
[string.



Hark, hark, the voice of spring,
Woods and fields with echoes ring,
While the birds so sweetly sing;
 Music floats
 In joyous notes
From many a tuneful string.

Hark, hark, the voice of spring,
Busy bees are on the wing,
None but drones are slumbering:
 Children too
 Should learn to do
Every useful thing.

Hark, hark, the voice of spring,
From the flowers the breezes bring
Many a fragrant offering,
 Emblem true
 Of incense due
To Zion's glorious king.

Hark, hark, the voice of spring,
Trees their branches upward fling,
Vines unto their tendrils cling;
 Infant bands
 Lift up your hands,
Devoutly worshipping.

PART IV.

THE ALTAR.

The music found in the preceding pages, may suffice in some measure for training and exercising the voices of young children. Care should be taken that the child pronounces his words with distinctness and precision. The vowels also should be formed in the throat and not in the mouth or nose. The manner of uttering the vowels, is that which gives a pleasant or unpleasant tone of voice to the singer. Properly speaking, we are never to sing the consonants, but to articulate them instantly, much as in speech, though louder and with greater precision. We sing only the vowels, and hence our manner of treating them is almost the only circumstance that gives sweetness and polish to the voice.

The music which here follows, is not intended for drilling exercises. The little songs or hymns are strictly devotional; and should as far as practicable, be accompanied with devotional associations of thought and feeling. This is a principle of unspeakable importance; and one that ought every where to pervade the cultivation of devotional song.

NOW I LAY ME DOWN.

Soft and Slow.

The musical score is written for two voices on a grand staff. It consists of two systems of music. The first system has two staves, each with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The time signature is common time (C). The melody is simple and consists of quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are: "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to". The second system also has two staves with the same clefs and key signature. The melody continues with quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are: "keep, If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take." The piece ends with a double bar line.

AT NIGHT.

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

IN THE MORNING.

Through the night with slumber press'd,
The Lord hath giv'n me quiet rest;
Let mercy guide me through the day,
And lead me in the narrow way.

WATTS.

THE SUN HATH GONE TO REST.

The sun hath gone to rest, The
 bee forsakes the flower, The young bird slumbers
 in its nest, Within the leafy bower.

The musical score consists of four systems of two staves each. The first system is in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The melody is simple and repetitive, with lyrics placed between the two staves. The second system continues the melody and lyrics. The third system continues the melody and lyrics. The fourth system concludes the piece with a double bar line.

EVENING.

The sun hath gone to rest,
 The bee forsakes the flower,
 The young bird slumbers in its nest,
 Within the leafy bower.

Where have I been this day
 Into what folly run?
 Forgive me, Father, when I pray
 Through Jesus Christ thy son.

When all my days are o'er,
 And in the grave I lie;
 Wilt thou permit my soul to soar,
 To worlds beyond the sky. L. H. S.

DARK NIGHT AWAY.

1st. Treble.



Dark night away hath roll'd, Glad birds are soar-

2d. Treble.



Dark night away hath roll'd, Glad birds are soar-

Base.




ing high, The sun with rays of gold, Looks from the dazzling sky.

ing high, The sun with rays of gold, Looks from the dazzling sky.

MORNING.

Dark night away hath roll'd,
 Glad birds are soaring high,
 The sun with rays of gold,
 Looks from the dazzling sky.

Teach me to thank the power,
 Whose hand sustains me so ;
 Who o'er each fragrant flower,
 Bids dews of mercy flow.

O raise my heart above,
 Where angel hosts adore ;
 I'll praise thee for thy love,
 And count thy mercies o'er.

L. H. S.

THE TEMPEST.

The night is dark, the wind is high, And
rain is pouring from the sky; There is no moon, The
stars are gone, The lamps are out, the fire is down.

THE TEMPEST.

The night is dark, the wind is high,
And rain is pouring from the sky,
There is no moon,
The stars are gone,
The lamps are out, the fire is down.

How sad and lonely is this night,
I cannot see a gleam of light;
Awake I keep,
And silent weep,
While parents dear are fast in sleep.

But there is one who dwells above,
Whose looks are bright, whose name is love,
His guardian care
Is every where,
And those who love him need not fear.

Such was the night in Galilee,
When the disciples on the sea,
Far from the coast,
By tempest tost,
Expected to be sunk and lost.

The Lord rebuk'd the angry seas,
And hush'd the winds and waves to peace,
He spake the word,
The tempest heard,
And own'd the pow'r of Christ the Lord.

Then let the rain in torrents pour,
And let the winds in tumult roar;
Dark be the night,
Yet Christ my light,
Around me shines in splendor bright.

AWAKE, AWAKE MY LOVE.

1st. Treble.

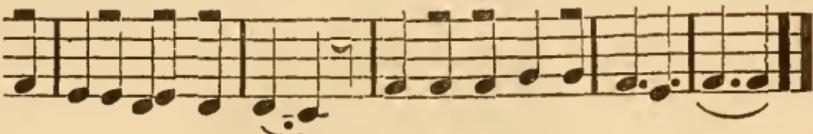


Awake, awake my love,
The Savior from a - bove, Would bend his gracious ear

2d. Treble.




To listen to your prayer, Rise and unbosom every care.



MORNING.

Awake, awake my love,
The Savior from above,
Would lend his gracious ear
To listen to your prayer,
Rise and unbosom every care.

Awake, awake my love,
The Savior from above,
In accents kind and mild,
Would own you as his child,
Though you're by nature all defil'd.

Awake, awake my love,
The Savior from above,
Can pardon all your sin,
And bid your soul be clean ;
His blood can cleanse from every stain.

H. S. M.

AND NOW THE DAY IS ENDING.

And now the day is end - ing, With all its toil and
 care, My voice to heav'n as - cend - ing, Shall offer praise and
 pray'r : The Lord is ever mindful Of those who seek his
 face; And children weak and sinful, May feel his saving grace.

EVENING.

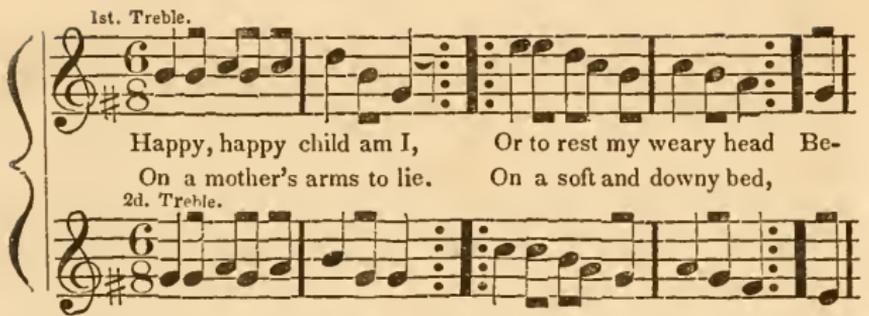
And now the day is ending,
 With all its toil and care :
 My voice to heav'n ascending
 Shall offer praise and prayer :
 The Lord is ever mindful
 Of those who seek his face ;
 And children weak and sinful,
 May feel his saving grace.

For all my sin and folly,
 This day from morn to e'en,
 I pray the Lord most holy,
 That I may be forgiv'n.
 His bleeding love so precious,
 I now recall to mind :
 The Lord is ever gracious,
 And pitiful and kind.

While I, my sins confessing,
 Implore his pard'ning love ;
 I'll praise him for each blessing
 Descending from above ;
 Ingratitude, so hateful—
 O ! keep me from that sin ;
 Lord make me truly grateful,
 And cleanse my soul within.

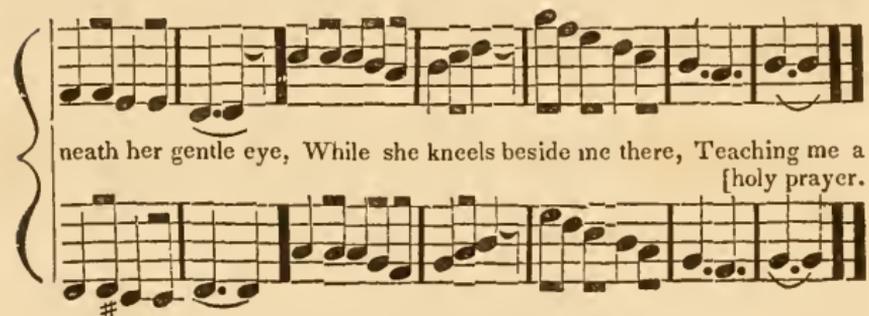
HAPPY CHILD.

1st. Treble.



Happy, happy child am I, Or to rest my weary head Be-
On a mother's arms to lie. On a soft and downy bed,

2d. Treble.



neath her gentle eye, While she kneels beside me there, Teaching me a
[holy prayer.]

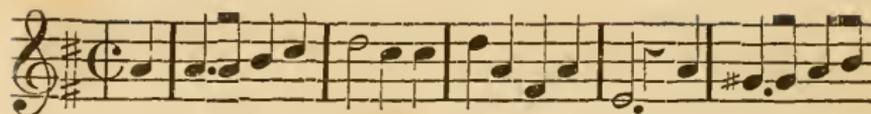
Happy, happy child am I,
On a mother's arms to lie,
Or to rest my weary head
On a soft and downy bed,
Beneath her gentle eye :
While she kneels beside me there,
Teaching me a holy pray'r.

But the little heathen child,
Naked, ignorant and wild,
Has no home or downy bed,
Where to rest his aching head,
Or mother's arms to shield.
She no prayer of love can say,
Heathen mothers will not pray.

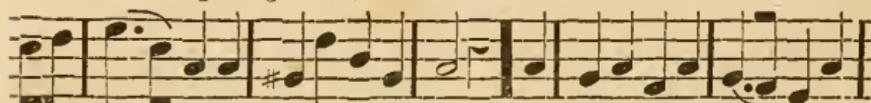
Blessed Savior, now I see,
Thou art kinder far to me,
And I will not lay my head,
On my downy peaceful bed,
Till I have pray'd to thee ;
Thank'd thee for a mother's care,
Such as heathen never share.

B.

THE STORM.



How fierce the lightning blazes, I hear the thunder roar : Hark ! how the wind



a - rises, While clouds their waters pour, But in the Lord confiding, Our



souls feel no alarm : For he himself is riding, Up - on the angry



storm ; For he himself is riding, Upon the angry storm.

THE STORM.

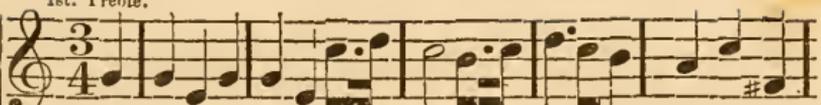
How fierce the lightning blazes !
 I hear the thunders roar ;
 Hark ! how the wind arises !
 While clouds their waters pour :
 But in the Lord confiding
 Our souls feel no alarm :
 For he himself is riding
 Upon the angry storm.

The lightnings are his arrows,
 The thunders are his voice
 Yet e'en the feeblest sparrows
 May safe in him rejoice ;
 The clouds and winds and waters,
 Obey his sovereign word ;
 Let Zion's sons and daughters
 Adore th' Almighty Lord.

When lightnings red are streaking,
 A Father's arm is bar'd ;
 When thunders loud are speaking,
 A Father's voice is heard :
 The foes that flee before him,
 Can never feel his grace ;
 While children that adore him,
 Shall see his smiling face.

LORD'S PRAYER.

1st. Treble.

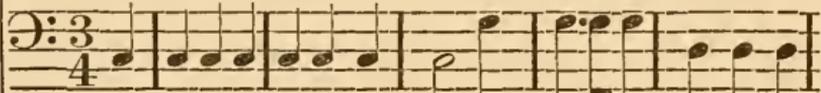


Our Father, Our Father in heav'n, Be hallowed thy glorious

2d. Treble.



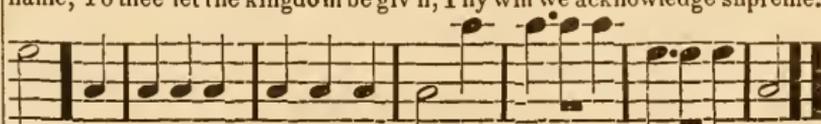
Our Father, Our Father in heav'n, Be hallowed thy glorious




name, To thee let the kingdom be giv'n, Thy will we acknowledge supreme.



name, To thee let the kingdom be giv'n, Thy will we acknowledge supreme.



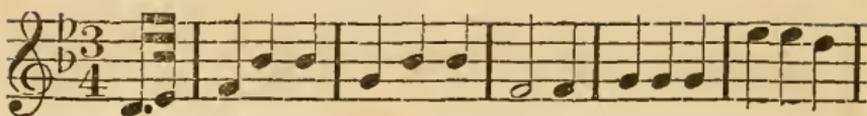
THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Our Father, our Father in heav'n,
 Be hallowed thy glorious name,
 To thee let the kingdom be giv'n,
 Thy will we acknowledge supreme.

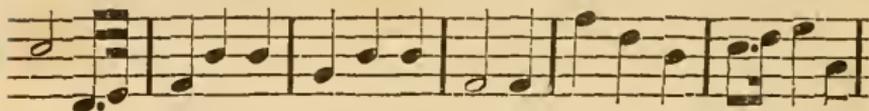
We would by thy bounty be fed,
 By infinite mercy forgiv'n;
 Nor into temptation be led,
 Or into sad evils be driv'n.

For thine is the kingdom, O Lord,
 The power and the glory are thine,
 Be forever and ever ador'd,
 On earth as in heav'n divine.

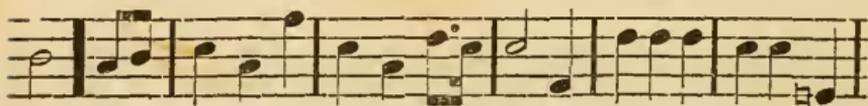
SELF CONSECRATION.



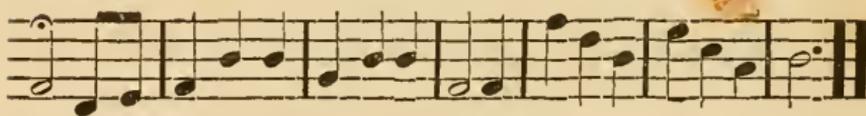
O, Jesus, delight of my soul, My Savior, my Shepherd divine,



I yield to thy blessed control; My body and spirit are



thine, Thy love I can never deserve, That bids me be happy in



thee; My God and my King I will serve, Whose favor is heaven to me.

SELF-CONSECRATION.

O, Jesus, delight of my soul,
 My Savior, my Shepherd divine;
 I yield to thy blessed control,
 My body and spirit are thine;
 Thy love I can never deserve,
 That bids me be happy in thee;
 My God and my King I will serve,
 Whose favor is heaven to me.

How can I thy goodness repay,
 By nature so weak and defil'd?
 Myself I have given away;
 O call me thine own little child:
 And art thou my Father above?
 Will Jesus abide in my heart?
 O, bind me so fast with thy love,
 That I never from thee shall depart.

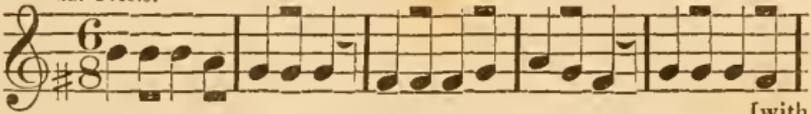
CHILDREN, LISTEN.

1st. Treble.



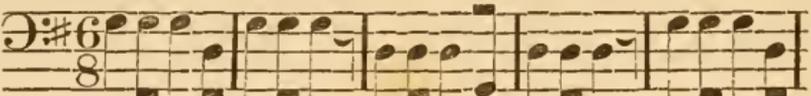
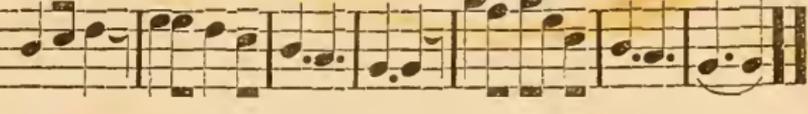
[with
Children,listen to the Lord, And obey his gracious word; Seek his love

2d. Treble.

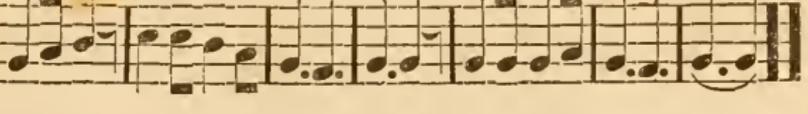


[with
Children,listen to the Lord, And obey his gracious word; Seek his love

Base.

heart and mind, Early seek and you shall find, Early seek and you shall find.



heart and mind, Early seek and you shall find, Early seek, &c.



Children,listen to the Lord,
And obey his gracious word,
Seek his love with heart and mind,
Early seek and you shall find.

Sorrowful, your sins confess,
Plead his perfect righteousness,
See the Savior's bleeding side!
Come, you will not be denied.

For his worship now prepare,
Kneel to him in fervent pray'r,
Serve him with a perfect heart,
Never from his ways depart.

HOSANNA.

Hosannas were by children sung, When Jesus was on earth ;
Then surely we are not too young To sound his praises forth ;

The Lord is great, the Lord is good ; He feeds us from his
store, With earthly and with heav'nly food, We'll praise him evermore.

Hosannas were by children sung,
When Jesus was on earth ;
Then surely we are not too young
To sound his praises forth :
The Lord is great, the Lord is good ;
He feeds us from his store,
With earthly and with heav'nly food,
We'll praise him evermore.

And when to him young children came,
He took them in his arms :
He bless'd them in his Father's name,
And spoke with heav'nly charms :
We thank him for his gracious word,
We thank him for his love :
We'll sing the praises of our Lord,
Who reigns in heav'n above.

Before he left this world of woe,
On Calvary he died ;
His blood for us did freely flow
Forth from his wounded side ;
O, then we'll magnify his name
Who groan'd and died for us ;
We'll worship the atoning Lamb,
And kneel before his cross.

He rose again and walk'd abroad,
And many saw his face :
They call'd him the incarnate God,
Redeemer of our race :
He rose and he ascended high,
We'll bow to his command ;
His glories fill the earth and sky,
He sits at God's right hand.





How I Lay me — 61

Lord's Prayer — 69

Mr Sherhigh Coll.

18 May 1900

Mr J. H. H. H.

167 vols at CS

