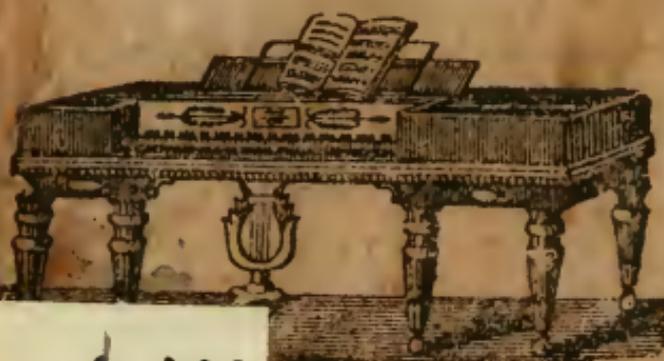


THE  
PUBLIC SCHOOL  
SINGING BOOK.

A COLLECTION OF  
ORIGINAL AND OTHER SONGS, ODES,  
HYMNS, ANTHEMS, AND CHANTS,  
USED IN THE VARIOUS PUBLIC  
SCHOOLS



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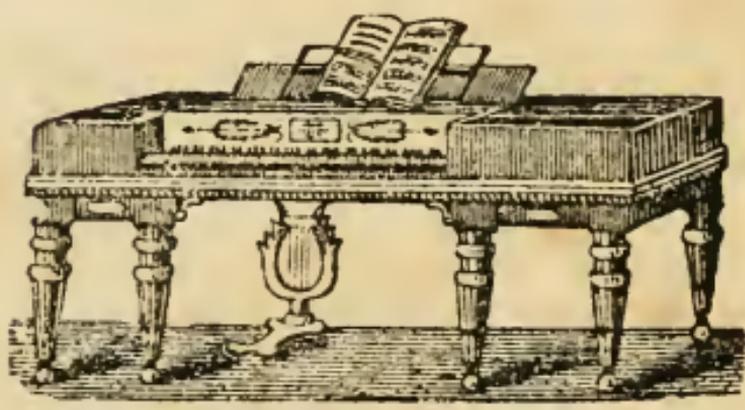
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# SINGING BOOK.



## THERE'S MUCH GOOD CHEER.

THERE'S much good cheer in youthful age  
When fairy scenes the heart engage ;  
When all is merry, clear and bright,  
And pleasure reigns from morn till night.  
O, who like us, is free from care,  
O, who in sports has half our share ;  
We bound like roebucks o'er the plain,  
And ever fresh and free remain.

The summer's smile we ever greet,  
We love its berries fresh and sweet ;  
And autumn comes with welcome glee,  
O yes, its fruits I long to see.  
And all the year 'tis filled with good  
To us who sail on youth's bright flood ;  
We let our pleasures take the wing,  
And ever, ever, ever sing.

Pray tell, why should our hearts be sad ?  
Yes, yes, why should we not be glad ?  
We 've food and drink, and clothes to wear  
And all for which we need to care ;

Come on, then, let us merry be,  
 There 's none so happy, none as we ;  
 Come, let us shout, and let us sing,  
 Till echoes make the welkin ring.



### YE BANKS AND BRAES.

Ye banks and braes of Bonnie Doon,  
 How can ye bloom so fresh and fair !  
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,  
 And I so weary, full of care !  
 Thou 'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,  
 That sportest through the flowery horn,  
 Thou mind'st me of departed joys,  
 Departed, never to return.

Oft have I sung, by Bonnie Doon,  
 To cheer the friends that now are gone ;  
 I could not think they 'd fade so soon,  
 And sleep beneath the cold, cold stone.  
 With lightsome heart I pulled the flowers,  
 To deck the friends I may not see,—  
 But weary long will be the hours,  
 'Till they are all restored to me.



### COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN.

O, Columbia, the gem of the ocean,  
 The home of the brave and the free,

The shrine of each patriot's devotion,  
A world offers homage to thee.  
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,  
When liberty's form stands in view,  
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,  
When borne by the red, white, and blue.  
When borne by the red, white, &c.

When war winged its wide desolation,  
And threatened the land to deform,  
The ark then of freedom's foundation,  
Columbia rode safe through the storm ;  
With her garlands of vict'ry around her,  
When so proudly she bore her brave crew,  
With her flag proudly floating before her,  
The boast of the red, white, and blue,  
The boast of the red, &c.

The star spangled banner bring hither,  
O'er Columbia's true sons let it wave,  
May the wreaths they have won never  
wither,  
Nor the stars cease to shine on the brave  
May the service united ne'er sever,  
But they to their colors prove true,  
The Navy and Army for ever,  
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue  
Three cheers for the red, &c.

## GAILY THE FISHERMAN.

AIR—*The Troubadour.*

Gaily the fisherman pulled his light oar,  
 As he was hastening home from afar,  
 Singing this bonnie night hither we come,  
 Pull, my boys! pull, my boys! we're near  
 ing home.

None for the fisherman hopelessly wept,  
 As he thus pulled the bark, while others  
 slept,  
 Singing this bonnie night we will not roam,  
 Pull, my boys! pull, my boys! we're near-  
 ing home.

Hark! 't is the fisherman dropping his oar,  
 As he so merrily leaped to the shore,  
 Singing this bonnie night we have not  
 roamed, [home.  
 Rest, my boys! rest, my boys! we are at

## ECHO SONG, FOR HOLIDAYS.

Up the hills on a bright sunny morn,  
 Voices clear as the bugle horn,  
 List to the echoes as they flow,  
 Here we go, we go, we go!  
 Come follow, follow me;  
 We'll come, we'll come with glee.

Hurrah, hurrah, we're free,  
We'll follow, follow thee.

Now by streamlets, pearly, pure,  
Here we wander, free, secure ;  
See how the rippling waters flow,  
On they go, they go, they go.

Come follow, follow me, &c.

Now through shady vale and grove,  
Joyous, happy, here we rove ;  
List to the songster's cheerful lay—  
Happy day, happy day, happy day.

Come follow, follow me, &c.

Happy School Boy, cease to roam,  
Turn thee to thy joyful home ;  
Smiles shall cheer the close of day,  
Home away, away, away.

Come follow, follow me, &c.



### SOFT MUSIC IS STEALING.

AIR—*Thou, thou, reign'st in this bosom.*

Soft, soft music is stealing,

Sweet, sweet, lingers the strain,

Loud, loud, now it is pealing,

Waking the echoes again.

Yes, yes, yes, yes, waking the echoes again

Join, join ! children of sadness,  
 Send, send ! sorrow away,  
 Now, now, changing to gladness,  
 Warble the beautiful lay.

Yes, yes, yes, yes, warble the beautiful lay

Hope, hope, fair and enduring,  
 Joy, joy, bright as the day,  
 Love, love, heaven ensuring,  
 Sweetly invite you away.

Yes, yes, yes, yes, sweetly invite you away

---

### CHILDHOOD'S SONG.

Happy days are gliding o'er us,  
 Life is fresh, and earth is fair ;  
 Sorrow swiftly flies before us,  
 And we gaily laugh at care.  
 From our quiet slumber springing,  
 Cheerfully we pass the day,  
 Each succeeding moment bringing  
 Pleasant study, work, or play.

Sometimes angry passions rising,  
 Drive away our peace of mind ;  
 O 't is strange, 't is quite surprising  
 That we are not always kind.  
 If we cherish good affections,  
 And our parents will obey ;  
 If we follow the directions  
 Of our teachers through the day ;

If our spirit, meekness learning,  
 Unto God their homage give;  
 Like the modest violet turning  
 To the sky its azure leaves,  
 Then we never need be fearful—  
 As the lamb and cooing dove,  
 We are happy, we are cheerful,  
 When our hearts are full of love.

—◆—  
 ROUND.

Hark—'t is the bells of the village church,  
 How pleasantly they strike on the ear,  
 Ah! how merrily they ring.  
 Come let us join and we'll imitate their  
 melody,  
 Let each take a part in the harmony, and  
 sing.  
 I love a merry peal of bells,  
 Of hope and joy their music tells,  
 When travelling homeward merrily,  
 They greet us ever cheerily.

Hark, &c., repeating

—◆—  
 THE MIGHT WITH THE RIGHT.

May every year but draw more near  
 The time when strife shall cease,  
 And truth and love all hearts shall move,  
 To live in joy and peace.

Now sorrow reigns, and earth complains,  
For folly still her power maintains ;  
But the day shall yet appear,  
When the might with the right and the truth  
shall be,  
When the might with the right and the truth  
shall be,  
And come what there may,  
'To stand in the way,  
That day the world shall see.

Let good men ne'er of truth despair,  
Though humble efforts fail ;  
Oh, give not o'er until once more  
The righteous cause prevail.  
In vain and long enduring wrong,  
The weak may strive against the strong  
But the day shall yet appear,  
When the might, &c.

'Though interest pleads that noble deeds  
The world will not regard ;  
To noble minds, that duty binds,  
No sacrifice is hard.  
The brave and true may seem but few,  
But hope has better things in view,  
And the day will yet appear,  
When the might, &c.

## 'T IS NEAR THE SPOT.

'T is near the spot in which I dwell,  
There stands a lovely grove,  
Encompassed by a charming dell,  
In which I love to rove ;  
To hear the gentle breezes sigh,  
And hear the feather'd songster's cry,  
Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo.  
To hear the gentle breezes sigh,  
And hear the feather'd songster's cry,  
Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo.

If days of sadness e'er assail,  
I hie me to the wood,  
Where streams of pleasure never fail,  
Where all is bright and good :  
'T is here, when no one else is nigh,  
I hear the cuckoo's cheerful cry,  
Cuckoo, &c.

When days of joy come o'er my head,  
I seek this charming scene,  
Alone along the valley tread,  
And view the lively green :  
And who so happy then as I,  
In hearing oft the cheerful cry,  
Cuckoo, &c.

## MALTESE BOATMAN'S SONG.

See, brothers, see, how the night comes on,  
 Slowly sinks the setting sun,  
 Hark! how the solemn vesper's sound  
 Sweetly falls upon the ear: [is o'er,  
 Then haste, let us work till the daylight  
 And fold our net as we row to the shore—  
 Our toil and labor being o'er,  
 How sweet the boatman's welcome home.  
 Home, home, home—the boatman's welcome  
 home! [home!  
 Sweet! oh, sweet—the boatman's welcome

See how the tints of daylight diè,  
 Soon we 'll hear the tender sigh;  
 For when the toil of labor's o'er,  
 We shall meet our friends on shore:  
 Then haste, let us work till the daylight  
 is o'er,  
 And fold our nets as we row to the shore.  
 For fame or gold howe'er we roam,  
 No sound so sweet as welcome home.  
 Home, home, &c.

---

 THE PILOT.

O, Pilot, 't is a fearful night,  
 There's danger on the deep;  
 I'll come and pace the deck with thee,  
 I do not dare to sleep:

“Go down,” the sailor cried, “go down,  
This is no place for thee,  
Fear not, but trust in Providence,  
Wherever thou may’st be.”

Ah! Pilot, dangers often met,  
We all are apt to slight;  
And thou hast known these raging waves,  
But to subdue their might.  
“O, ’t is not apathy,” he cried,  
“That gives this strength to me,  
Fear not, but trust in Providence,  
Wherever thou may’st be.

“On such a night the sea engulfed  
My father’s lifeless form;  
My only brother’s boat went down  
In just so wild a storm;  
And such, perhaps, may be my fate,  
But still I say to thee,  
Fear not, but trust in Providence,  
Wherever thou may’st be.”



### I SEE THEM ON THEIR WINDING WAY.

I see them on their winding way,  
About their ranks the moonbeams play;  
Their lofty deeds and daring high,  
Blend with the notes of victory,

And waving arms, and banners bright,  
 Are glancing in the mellow light.  
 They 're lost and gone—the moon is past,  
 The wood's dark shade is o'er them cast,  
 And fainter, fainter, fainter still,  
 The march is rising o'er the hill.

I see them, &c.

Again, again, the pealing drum,  
 The clashing horn—they come, they come,  
 Through rocky pass, o'er wooded steep,  
 In long and glittering files they sweep;  
 And nearer, nearer, yet more near,  
 Their softened chorus meets the ear.  
 Forth, forth, and meet them on their way,  
 The tramping hoofs brook no delay;  
 With thrilling fife, and pealing drum,  
 And clashing horn—they come, they come

I see them, &c.

---

### THE SUNSET TREE.

Come to the sunset tree,  
 The day is past and gone,  
 The woodman's axe lies free,  
 And the reaper's work is done:  
 The twilight star to Heaven,  
 And the summer dew to flowers,  
 And rest to us is given  
 By the cool soft evening hours.  
 Come to the sunset tree, &c.

Sweet is the hour of rest,  
Pleasant the wind's low sigh,  
And the gleaming of the west,  
And the turf whereon we lie—  
When the burden and the heat  
Of labor's task are o'er,  
And kindly voices greet  
The tired one at his door.  
Come to the sunset tree, &c.

---

## CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

Faintly as tolls the evening chime,  
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep  
time ;  
Soon as the woods on the shore look dim,  
We 'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn ;  
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,  
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.  
Why should we yet our sails unfurl,  
There's not a breath the blue wave to curl ;  
But when the wind blows off the shore,  
Oh, sweetly we 'll rest our weary oar.  
Blow, breezes blow, the stream runs fast,  
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

---

## BELL CHIMES.

Wake ye bells, from every echoing steeple !  
Brother voices, wake ! with loud reply ;

Greet the hearts of all the people,  
 Freedom's flame is blazing high—  
     Is blazing high, is blazing high.

Wake, while thousand hearts, as one, are  
 beating,  
 Far and wide proclaim their jubilee ;  
 Speed through hill and vale our greeting,  
 Tell to all the world, We 're free.  
     We 're free—we 're free.

Say, we 've fought the battle for opinion ;  
 Say, we dare to look around, above ;  
 All we feel, we speak ; dominion—  
 There is none we own, but love.  
     But love—but love.

Wake, ye bells ! your chimes are blithe as  
 morning,  
 When its breath makes all the world  
 seem new ;  
 Yet a sound of Sabbath warning,  
 Blending with them says, Be true.  
     Be true—be true.

---

### COME ALL LITTLE CHILDREN.

AIR—*The Last Rose of Summer.*

Come all little children, and grateful hearts  
 bring,  
 With souls light and joyous we 'll cheer-  
 fully sing,

In spring's early blossoms so lovely and  
bright,  
May no rude blast assail us our visions to  
blight.

O deign, God all glorious, to smile on our  
youth,  
And early enrich us with wisdom and truth  
And when in full manhood our fond homes  
we leave,  
May the lessons of childhood to our minds  
ever cleave.

When time rolling onward shall leave us  
alone,  
And our fond hearts remember the dearest  
ones gone ;  
While life's day is closing may Hope's star  
display,  
A place of reunion on a far brighter day.

---

OH, IS IT NOT A PITY.

AIR—*I won't be a Nun.*

Oh, is it not a pity such a little child as I,  
Who loves to go to Public School, should  
stay at home and cry.  
No, I can't stay away, no I can't stay away,  
I am so fond of Public School I cannot stay  
away.

I cannot bear to stay away, it will not do  
for me ;

Do let me go to Public School, and learn  
my A B C.

O, I can't stay away, &c.

O, mother, please to let me go, and see how  
good I'll be,

And then I will come home at night and tell  
you all I see.

No, I can't stay away, &c.



## HOME, SWEET HOME.

'Mid pleasures and palaces, where'er 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.

I gaze on the moon, as I tread the drear  
wild,

And feel that my parent now thinks of her  
child ;

She looks on that moon from our own cot-  
tage door,  
Through woodbines whose fragrance shall  
cheer me no more.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home, &c.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in  
vain,  
O give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again;  
The birds singing gaily that came at my call,  
Give me them with the peace of mind  
dearer than all.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home, &c.



### WE WILL RISE.

AIR—*Will you come to the Bower.*

We will rise from our benches and run out  
to play; [the day;  
Our lessons are finished, and bright shines  
We will play with good feeling, and never  
intrude  
On each other's comfort, and never be rude.  
Will you, will you, will you, will you join  
us in play, [gay.  
Will you pass the intermission, joyful and  
With our spirits enliven'd— with vigor  
anew, [to pursue;  
We'll come to our school room, our tasks

All our classes arranged, and good order  
restored,  
We 'll seek the sweet pleasure our lessons  
afford,  
Will you, will you, will you, will you mind  
ev'ry rule ?  
Will you reap the blessings of our good  
Public School.

When the school hours are past, to our  
homes we 'll resort,  
Renewing there daily our lessons and sport :  
And at night when to slumber we weary  
repair,  
Our last waking moments shall finish in  
prayer.  
Will you, will you, will you, will you join  
our pursuit ?  
Gaining from the Public School the fairest  
of fruit.



### O, HOW BRIGHTLY.

O how brightly, how brightly the sun moves  
along  
From the east to the west, through the sky.  
O, how lovely, how lovely, the moon looks  
among  
All the stars, as they sparkle on high.

These glorious lights to us were given,  
To raise our thoughts from earth to heaven.  
O, how lovely, how lovely, they all move  
    along,  
Shedding light o'er the world from on  
    high.

O, how swiftly, how swiftly, the bird flies  
    away  
To his home on the tall forest tree ;  
O, how sweetly, how sweetly he sings all  
    the day,  
And as happy as happy can be ;  
'Tis thus he tells of favors given,  
And while he sings he soars to heaven.  
O, how sweetly, how sweetly he sings all  
    the day  
In his nest on the tall forest tree.

And the roses, the roses and lilies so fair,  
Which we pluck from the green fields in  
    May,  
Fill with fragrance, with fragrance, the  
    fresh morning air ;  
And to us, as they bloom, seem to say,  
By whom their sweet perfume was given,  
And thus they send it back to Heaven.  
O, the roses, the roses, and lilies so fair,  
Fill the air, fill the air, all the day.

## SONG OF THE FREE.

We're glad for the blessing we're richly  
possessing,

To live as the free ;

O ! where is the nation in all the creation,  
So happy as we.

We'll sing of our glory, and tell the glad  
story,

Through earth's wide domain ;

That here is no cowering to haughty o'er-  
pow'ring :

No sov'reign to reign.

We'll speak of the treasure possessed in  
full measure,

To rule as we choose :

All sovereign dictation in this happy nation,  
We'll ever refuse.

Our lands and our waters, our sons and our  
daughters,

Shall ever be free :

We'll shout for the glory, we'll tell the glad  
story,

In loud merry glee.

Let tyrants and slavery, and vices and  
knavery,

Be put far away :

Then all that we cherish shall fadelessly  
flourish,

Nor ever decay.

## VACATION SONG.

Away over mountain, away over plain !  
Vacation has come with its pleasures again ;  
Where young steps are bounding, and young  
    hearts are gay,  
To the fun and the frolic, away boys, away !  
    Away, away !

We 've sought your approval with hearty  
    good will,  
We "old ones," have spoken, we young  
    ones sat still ;  
But now 't is all over, we 're off to our play,  
Nor will think of a school book for six  
    weeks to-day.  
    Away, away ! &c.

The fresh breezes revel the branches be-  
    tween ;  
The bird springs aloft from her covert of  
    green ;  
Our dog waits our whistle, the fleet steed  
    our call,  
Our boat safely rocks where we moored her  
    last fall,  
    Our boat, our boat, &c.

Where the clustering grapes hang purple,  
    we know,  
The pastures and woods where the ripe  
    berries grow,

The broad trees we'll climb where the  
 sunny fruits rest,  
 And bring down their stores for the lips we  
 love best,  
 Love best, love best, &c.

Dear comrades, farewell! ye, who join us  
 no more,  
 Think life is a school, and till term time is  
 o'er,  
 Oh! meet unrepining each task that is  
 given,  
 Till our time of probation is ended in  
 heaven,  
 In heaven, in heaven! &c.

---

### FIRST DAY OF MAY.

How sweet is the pleasure on May's lovely  
 morning,  
 To rove o'er the meadows all blithesome  
 and free!  
 With garlands of flowers our temples  
 adorning,  
 And dancing and singing with high  
 merry glee.

'There's pleasure in freedom, whatever the  
 season,  
 That makes every object look lovely and  
 fair;

Then surely for pleasure we have a good  
 reason,  
 For freedom has blest us and freed us  
 from care.

O let us this May day dispel all our sadness,  
 And give to the winds every sorrowing  
 cloud;  
 Let's fill us our pleasure, and pour forth  
 our gladness,  
 In songs that shall echo them loud and  
 more loud.  
 There's pleasure in freedom, &c.

All nature in beauty and splendor is shining,  
 The hill and the valley are lovely and  
 bright;  
 From earliest morning to evening's de-  
 clinning,  
 There's nought that appears, but it gives  
 us delight;  
 There's pleasure in freedom, &c.



### MERRY SWISS BOY.

Come, arouse thee, arouse thee, my brave  
 Swiss boy! (Repeat.)  
 Take thy pail and to labour away!  
 The sun is up with ruddy beam;  
 The kine are thronging to the stream.

Come arouse thee, arouse thee, my brave  
 Swiss boy,  
 Take thy pail and to labor away.  
 Am not I, am not I, say, a merry Swiss boy,  
 When I hie to the mountain away!  
 For there a shepherd maiden dear,  
 Awaits my song with listening ear,  
 Am not I, &c.

Then at night! then at night—Oh! a gay  
 Swiss boy!  
 I'm away to my comrades, away!  
 The cup we fill—the wine is pass'd  
 In friendship round, until at last  
 With good night! and good night! goes the  
 happy Swiss boy  
 To his home and his slumbers away.



### KNOW YE THE LAND.

Know ye the land where the red man late  
 roam'd  
 Through primeval woods after beasts of  
 the chase; [stowed.  
 Where nature her prodigal bounties be-  
 For the use of the favourite race.  
 'Tis the land of my fathers, the home of  
 the free,  
 The last lone asylum, the last lone asylum,  
 'Tis the last lone asylum of sweet Liberty.

Know ye the land that intolerance planted,  
With self-banished people for conscience's  
cause,  
Who grew and increased, yea to millions  
expanded,  
Independent and ruled by just laws.  
'T is the home of my childhood, the land of  
the free.  
The last hope of all men, the last hope of  
all men,  
'T is the last hope of all men who love  
Liberty.

Know ye the land wherein WASHINGTON  
flourished,  
Where man is regarded the fellow of  
man,  
Where nothing is heard of the privileged  
classes ;  
And what's noble, by honor we scan.  
'T is my own native land, happy land of the  
free,  
The last lone asylum, the last lone  
asylum,  
'T is the last lone asylum of sweet Liberty.

Know ye the land where the eagle un-  
daunted,  
Ne'er shrinks from the sun in the pride  
of his flight ;

Where freemen possess the kind soil they  
have planted,

Blest region of thought and of light.

'T is the world of Columbus, the home of  
the free.

The last hope of all men, the last hope of  
all men,

'T is the last hope of all men who love  
Liberty.



### ROCKAWAY.

On old Long Island's sea-girt shore,

Many an hour I've whiled away,

In list'ning to the breaker's roar,

That washed the beach at Rockaway.

Transfix'd I've stood while Nature's lyre

In one harmonious concert broke,

And catching its Promethean fire,

My soul to rapture broke.

Oh, oh, oh, oh!

On old Long Island's sea-girt shore.

Oh, how delightful 'tis to stroll,

Where murm'ring winds and waters meet

Marking the billows as they roll,

And break resistless at your feet;

To watch young Iris as she dips

Her mantle in the sparkling dew.



## THE IVY GREEN.

Oh, a dainty plant is the ivy green,  
That creepeth o'er ruins old ;  
Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,  
In his cell so lone and cold.  
The wall must be crumbled, the stone de-  
cayed,  
To pleasure his dainty whim ;  
And the mouldering dust that years have  
made,  
Is a merry meal for him.  
Creeping where no life is seen,  
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no  
wings,  
And a staunch old head has he ;  
How closely he twineth, how tight he clings  
To his friend—the huge oak tree ;  
And slyly he traileth along the ground,  
And his leaves he gently waves,  
As he joyously hugs, and crawleth round  
The rich mould of dead men's graves.  
Creeping where grim death hath been,  
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Whole ages have fled, and works decayed,  
And nations have scattered been !  
But the stout old ivy shall never fade,  
From its hale and hearty green.

The brave old plant in its lonely days,  
Shall fatten upon the past;  
For the stateliest building man can raise,  
Is the ivy's food at last.  
Creeping on where time hath been,  
A rare old plant is the ivy green.



### I'VE BEEN ROAMING.

I've been roaming, I've been roaming,  
Where the meadow dew is sweet,  
And I'm coming, and I'm coming,  
With its pearls upon my feet.

I've been roaming, I've been roaming,  
O'er the rose and lily fair,  
And I'm coming, and I'm coming,  
With their blossoms in my hair.

I've been roaming, I've been roaming,  
Where the honeysuckle creeps,  
And I'm coming, and I'm coming,  
With its kisses on my lips.

I've been roaming, I've been roaming,  
Over hill and over plain,  
And I'm coming, and I'm coming,  
To my bower back again.

## GOOD BYE.

Farewell, farewell is a lonely sound,  
And always brings a sigh ;

But give to me when lov'd ones part,  
'That sweet old word "good bye,"  
'That sweet old word "good bye."  
'That sweet old word "good bye."

But give to me when lov'd ones part,  
'That sweet old word "good bye."

Farewell, farewell, may do for the gay,  
When pleasure's throng is nigh,

But give to me that better word  
'That comes from the heart "good bye,"  
'That comes from the heart "good bye,"  
'That comes from the heart "good bye."

But give to me that better word  
'That comes from the heart "good bye."

Adieu, adieu, we hear it oft

With a tear, perhaps with a sigh, [not,  
But the heart feels most when the lips move  
And the eye speaks the gentle "good bye,"  
And the eye speaks the gentle "good bye,"  
And the eye speaks the gentle "good bye."  
But the heart feels most when the lips move  
not,

And the eye speaks the gentle "good bye."

Farewell, farewell is never heard,

When the tear's in the mother's eye,  
Adieu, adieu, she speaks it not,



Our father's God! to thee—  
 Author of liberty!

To thee we sing;  
 Long may our land be bright;  
 With freedom's holy light  
 Protect us by thy might,  
 Great God, our king!



### THE SPIDER AND FLY.

Will you walk into my parlor?

Said a spider to a fly;

'Tis the prettiest little parlor

That ever you did spy:

You have only got to pop your head

Within side of the door,

You'll see so many curious things

You never saw before.

Will you, will you walk in Mr. Fly?

Will you grant me one sweet kiss?

Said the spider to the fly;

To taste your charming lips

I've a curiosity:

But if perchance our lips should meet,

A wager I would lay,

Of ten to one you would not often

Let them come away.

Will you walk in Mr. Fly?

The silly fly, with vaunting pride,  
Drew near the spider's door,  
So charmed was he with flattering words,  
He ne'er had heard before.  
Then up he sprung, but both his wings  
Were in the web caught fast;  
The spider laughed, ah! ah! my boy  
I've caught you safe at last.  
Will you walk out Mr. Fly.

The moral here is very clear,  
And warns us to beware  
The lying and the flattering tongue,  
Which charms but to ensnare;  
And when the tempter falsely says  
"Thou shalt not surely die;"  
Just call to mind this little song,  
Of the spider and the fly.  
And then *keep out*, Mr. Fly.

---

### SWEET MEM'RIES OF THEE.

When soft stars are peeping through the  
pure azure sky,  
And southern gales sweeping their warm  
breathings by;  
Like sweet music pealing far o'er the blue  
sea,  
There came o'er me stealing sweet mem'ries  
of thee.

The bright rose when faded flings forth o'er  
its tomb,  
Its velvet leaves laded with silent perfume ;  
Thus round me will hover, in grief or in  
glee,  
Till life's dream be over, sweet mem'ries of  
thee.

As a sweet lute that lingers in silence alone,  
Unswept by light fingers scarce murmurs a  
tone—  
My young heart resembleth that lute light  
and free,  
Till o'er its chords trembleth those mem'ries  
of thee.



### THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

Oh! say can you see by the dawn's early  
light,  
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's  
last gleaming ?  
Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro'  
the perilous fight,  
O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so  
gallantly streaming ;  
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs burst-  
ing in air,  
Gave proof through the night that our flag  
was still there !

Oh say does the star spangled banner yet  
wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the  
brave ?

On the shore dimly seen thro' the mist of  
the deep,

Where the foe's haughty host in dread  
silence reposes,

What is that which the breeze, o'er the  
towering steep

As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half  
discloses :

Now it catches the gleam of the morning's  
first beam,

In full glory reflected now shines on the  
stream ;

'Tis the star spangled banner ! oh long may  
it wave,

O'er the land of the free, and the home of  
the brave !

Oh ! thus be it ever, when freemen shall  
stand

Between their lov'd home, and the war's  
desolation,

Blest with victory and peace, may the hea-  
ven rescued land

Praise the power that hath made and pre-  
served us a nation :

Then conquer we must, when our cause is  
just,

And this be our motto—"In God is our trust."  
 And the star spangled banner! in triumph  
 shall wave  
 O'er the land of the free, and the home of  
 the brave!

---

### THE FIELD DAISY.

I'm a pretty little thing,  
 Always coming with the spring,  
 In the meadows green I'm found,  
 Peeping just above the ground,  
 And my stalk is covered flat,  
 With a white and yellow hat.  
 Little lady, when you pass  
 Lightly o'er the tender grass,  
 Skip about, but do not tread  
 On my meek but healthful head  
 For I always seem to say,  
 Chilly winter's gone away.

---

### HAIL COLUMBIA.

Hail Columbia—happy land!  
 Hail ye heroes—heaven born band!  
 Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,  
 Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,  
 And when the storm of war was gone,  
 Enjoy'd the peace your valor won.

Let independence be our boast,  
Ever mindful what it cost;  
Ever grateful for the prize,  
Let its altar reach the skies.

Firm,—united, let us be, rallying round our  
liberty,  
As a band of brothers joined, peace and  
safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots—rise once more;  
Defend your rights, defend your shore;  
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,  
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,  
Invade the shrine where sacred lies,  
Of toil and blood the well earn'd prize.  
While offering peace sincere and just  
In Heaven we place a manly trust,  
'That truth and justice will prevail,  
And every scheme of bondage fail.

Sound, sound the trump of Fame,  
Let Washington's great name  
Ring through the world with loud applause,  
Ring through the world with loud applause,  
Let every clime to Freedom dear,  
Listen with a joyful ear.  
With equal skill and godlike power,  
He govern'd in the fearful hour  
Of horrid war; or guides with ease,  
The happier times of honest peace,  
Firm, united, &c.

## CHILDREN GO.

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  
 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 any thing.  
 Follow me, full of glee, singing merrily.  
 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.



## FLOWERS, WILD WOOD FLOWERS.

Flowers, wild wood flowers,  
 In a shelter'd dell they grew,  
 I hurried along and I chanc'd to spy  
 This small star flow'r with its silv'ry eye,

Then this blue daisy peep'd up its head,  
 Sweetly this purple orchis spread,  
 I gathered them all for you,  
 I gathered them all for you.  
 All these wild wood flowers,  
 Sweet wild wood flowers,  
 All these wild wood flowers,  
 Sweet wild wood flowers.

Flowers, lovely flowers—  
 In the garden we may see;  
 The rose is there, with her ruby lip,  
 Pinks, the honey-bee loves to sip,  
 Tulips gay as a butterfly's wing,  
 Marigolds, rich as the crown of a king;  
 But none as fair to me,  
 As these wild wood flowers. Sweet, &c



### TRY AGAIN.

'Tis a lesson you should heed,  
 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 again.  
 Once or twice though you should fail,  
 Try, try again;

If at last you would prevail,  
     'Try, try again ;  
 If we strive, 't is no disgrace,  
 'Though we may not win the race ;  
 What should you do in that case ?  
     Try, try again.

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



## SHALL WE OPPRESSED WITH SADNESS.

Shall we oppressed with sadness,  
     Strike melancholy's string ?  
 Oh, no ! we 'll tune to gladness,  
     And merrily, merrily sing,  
                                     La, la.

Bright valleys crowned with flowers,  
 Gay birds on soaring wing,  
 Incite our tuneful powers,  
     Then cheerily, cheerily sing,  
                                     La, la.

Repeat.

In sweet harmonious measures,  
 Our joyful songs we'll bring,  
 And happy in our pleasures,  
 We'll merrily, merrily sing,  
 La, la.

While valleys crowned with flowers,  
 And birds on soaring wing,  
 Incite our tuneful powers,  
 We'll cheerily, cheerily sing,  
 La, la. } *Repeat.*

---

### THE LOVE OF TRUTH.

My days of youth, though not from folly free.  
 I prize the truth, the more the world I see ;  
 I'll keep the straight and narrow path, and  
 lead where'er it may,  
 The voice of truth I'll follow and obey.

My footsteps lead, O truth, and mould my will,  
 In word and deed my duty to fulfil ;  
 Dishonest arts, and selfish aims to truth can  
 ne'er belong,  
 No deed of mine shall be a deed of wrong.

The strength of youth, we see it soon decay,  
 But strong is truth, and stronger every day ;  
 Though falsehood seem a mighty power,  
 which we in vain assail,  
 The power of truth will in the end prevail.

My days of youth, though not from folly free,  
I prize the truth, the more the world I see ;  
I'll keep the straight and narrow path, and  
    lead where 'er it may,  
The voice of truth I'll follow and obey.



### LOVELY ROSE.

Of late so brightly glowing, lovely rose ;  
We here beheld thee growing, lovely rose,  
    Thou seem'd some angel's care.

Summer's breath was warm around thee,  
Summer's beam with beauty crown'd thee,  
    So sweetly fair.

The blast so rudely blowing, lovely rose ;  
Thy tender form o'erthrowing, lovely rose,  
    Alas ! hath laid thee low.

Now amid thy native bed,  
Envious weeds with branches spread,  
    Unkindly grow.

No fresh'ning dew of morning, lovely rose ,  
Thy infant buds adorning, lovely rose,  
    To thee shall day restore.

Zephyr's soft, that late caress'd thee,  
Evening smiles that parting bless'd thee,  
    Return no more.

## ACROSS THE LAKE.

Across the lake, thro' bush and brake,  
Resounds the bugle horn,  
O'er hill and vale, the echoes sail,  
And thro' the waving corn.

The sky is clear, the flowers appear  
On every side so gay,  
The brook flows by so merrily,  
Along its pebbly way.

The echoes flow as on we go  
'Through forest, vale and lawn!  
And far and near, again we hear  
'The winding bugle horn.

BEFORE ALL LANDS IN EAST OR  
WEST.

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.

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.

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.

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 I love the land that bore me.



## CLEAR THE WAY! THE WORLD IS WAKING.

The stars are fading from the sky,  
 The mists before the morning fly;  
 The east is glowing with a smile,  
 And nature laughing all the while,

Says, Clear the way! the world is waking,  
 Clear the way! the world is waking,  
 Clear the way! the world is waking,  
 Night is gone, and day is breaking!

The cock has crowed with all his might,  
 The birds are singing with delight,  
 The hum of business meets the ear,  
 And face to face, with kindly cheer,  
     Says, Clear the way! &c.

The bell is ringing, haste away!  
 The school is open, leave off play,—  
 The sun of knowledge there we find  
 Arising on the youthful mind,  
 So clear the way! &c.

---

FAREWELL, GOOD NIGHT.

AIR—*Robin Adair.*

Kind friends, we meet again,  
 Too soon to part;  
 May friendship bless this hour,  
 And warm each heart.  
 Tones that we love to hear,  
 Shall dwell upon the ear,  
 As we in accents clear,  
 Repeat "good night."  
 Then friends, once more farewell,  
 Time bids us part;  
 Fond memory long shall dwell  
 Around each heart.  
 May heaven its blessings send,  
 And peace your path attend,  
 Until we meet again,  
 Farewell, good night.

---

GO, SWEET BIRD.

AIR—*The Carrier Dove.*

Go! beautiful and gentle dove,  
 And greet the morning ray:

For, lo! the sun shines bright above,  
 And night has passed away :  
 No longer drooping here confined  
 In this cold prison dwell :  
 Go! free to sunshine and to wind,—  
 Go! sweet bird, and fare thee well!  
 Oh! beautiful and gentle dove,  
 Thy welcome sad will be ;  
 When thou shalt hear no voice of love  
 In murmurs from the tree :  
 Yet freedom, freedom shalt thou find  
 In this cold prison's cell,  
 Go, then, to sunshine and to wind,—  
 Go! sweet bird, and fare thee well!

---

### AULD LANG SYNE.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot  
 And never brought to mind?  
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
 And days o' lang syne?  
 For auld lang syne my dear,  
 For auld lang syne.  
 We'll take a cup o' kindness yet  
 For auld lang syne.  
 We two ha'e run about the braes,  
 And pu'd the gowans fine ;  
 But we've wandered many a weary foot,  
 Sin auld lang syne.  
 For auld lang syne, my dear, &c.

## THE INTERMISSION.

Though school is out, we must not shout,  
Yet joyful we may be,

For sing and play, we surely may,  
And happy, happy be.

With innocence, and mirth, and glee,  
We'll spend a pleasant hour,

Then to our studies we'll return,  
With renovated power.

Come away, away, do not delay,  
Take hoop and kite and ball;

'Tis healthful sport, which youth may court,  
Away to the play ground all.

Then, huzza, huzza, away, away,  
O do not long delay,

To needful sport we now resort,  
'Tis for exercise we play.

When going home, or when we come,  
At morning, noon, or night,

Let no one play along the way,  
Or do what is not right.

For time is ever on the wing,  
And death will come at last,

Then let us learn each useful thing,  
Before our youth be past.

—♦—  
FRIENDSHIP.

Awake, awake the tuneful voice,  
And strike the joyful strings;

We'll pour the mellow notes along,  
And raise a pealing, glad'ning song,  
'Till heaven with music rings.

'Tis not the cold and formal drawl,  
That wakes the inward flame,  
But 'tis the song that glows like fire,  
The song that feeling hearts inspire,  
A music worth the name.

But, hark! those sweet concordant notes  
That breathed a magic spell,  
That seemed like sounds which angels sing,  
Like sounds which have in heaven their  
spring,  
Where holy beings dwell.

'Tis these that glow from *friendship's* soul,  
'Tis these that speak the heart;  
'Tis these that show the peaceful mind,  
The spirit meek, and pure, and kind,  
Unstained by vicious art.

O yes, 'tis here that music dwells,  
In *friendship's* sweet abode;  
'Tis here that notes concordant sound,  
'Tis here that harmony is found  
Like that which dwells with God.



### THE FAIRY BOY.

A mother came when stars were paling,  
Wailing round a lonely spring:

Thus she cried while tears were falling,  
Calling on the Fairy King,  
“Why with spell my child caressing,  
Courting him with Fairy joy ;  
Why destroy a mother’s blessing,  
Wherefore steal my baby boy ?”

O’er the mountain, through the wild wood,  
Where his childhood loved to play,  
Where his flow’rs are freshly springing,  
There I wander day by day,  
There I wander, growing fonder  
Of the child that made my joy ;  
On the echoes wildly calling  
To restore my fairy boy.

But in vain my plaintive calling,  
Tears are falling all in vain ;  
He now sports with fairy pleasure,  
He’s the treasure of the train !  
Fare thee well, my child forever !  
In this world I’ve lost my joy,  
But in the next we ne’er shall sever,  
There I’ll find my angel boy.



### BLISS IS HOVERING.

Bliss is hovering, smiling every where,  
Hovering over the verdant mountain,  
Smiling in the glassy fountain,  
Bliss is hovering, smiling every where.

Innocence unseen is ever near;  
 In the tall tree-top it lingers,  
 In the nest of feathered singers;

Innocence unseen is ever near.

Pleasure echoes, echoes far and near;  
 From the green bank deck'd with flowers,  
 Sunny hills and pleasant bowers,  
 Pleasure echoes, echoes far and near.

Up, and weave us now a flowery crown;  
 See the blossoms all unfolding,  
 Each its beauteous station holding;

Up, and weave us now a flowery crown.

Go ye forth and join the May-day throng;  
 Sings the cuckoo by the river,

In the breeze the young leaves quiver:  
 Go ye forth and join the May-day throng.



### MY MOTHER.

My Mother! my kind Mother!  
 I hear thy gentle voice,  
 It always makes my little heart  
 Beat gladly and rejoice.

When I am ill, it comes to me,  
 And kindly soothes my pain;  
 And when I sleep, then in my dreams,  
 It sweetly comes again.

It always makes me happy,  
 Whene'er I hear its tone,

I know it is the voice of love,  
From a heart that is my own.  
My Mother! my dear Mother!  
O may I never be  
Unkind, or disobedient,  
In any way to thee.

---

CHANGE.

We cannot remain so forever,  
Here under the changeable Moon;  
The flowers that bloom sweetly 'round us,  
Are destined to wither full soon.  
Then since we must surely be parted,  
We'll cleave to what's purest and best;  
For this will forever unite us,  
Though far in the east or the west.  
And when we are far from each other,  
Our hearts they shall ever be near!  
The blessing that lights on a brother,  
To all, yes, to all shall be dear.

---

AULD LANG SYNE AT SCHOOL.

Shall school acquaintance be forgot,  
And never brought to mind?  
Shall school acquaintance be forgot,  
And days of lang syne?

For auld lang syne at school ?  
 For auld lang syne,  
 We 'll have a thought of kindness yet,  
 For auld lang syne.

We oft have run about the fields,  
 And culled the flowers fine ;  
 We 'll ne'er forget these hours, when they  
 Are auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, &c.

We oft have cheered each other's task,  
 From morn till day's decline,  
 But memory's night shall never rest  
 ' On auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, &c.

Then take the hand that now is warm,  
 Within a hand of thine ;  
 No distant day shall lose the grasp  
 Of auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, &c.



## MAY SONG.

He cometh, he cometh, the glorious May !  
 The sky is so clear, and the earth is so gay ;  
 The flowers smell sweetly, all blinking with  
 dew,  
 The streamlets flow freely, the grass grows  
 anew.

The nightingale flutes all night long in the  
wood,  
And songs of all birds tell us God is most  
good ;  
The fishes glide under the water's blue dome,  
The bees 'round the sweet blossoms busily  
hum.  
O welcome, O welcome, thou bringer of  
mirth !  
Our songs shall break forth like the streams  
from the earth.  
Away, then, O sorrow, and dullness, depart !  
We'll meet the good May with a merry light  
heart.



### PLEASURES OF CHILDHOOD.

Come, let us singing, speak out those plea-  
sures  
Which crown our childhood, those days  
so dear ;  
We prize them highly, above all treasures :  
How bright our sunshine ! how sweet  
how clear !  
Our days are May-days, without a cloud,  
Then let us singing rejoice aloud.  
Our childhood pleasures are like the rivers,  
Whose onward flowing is deep and free.  
Oh, how we're favor'd, to live so cheerful,  
So free from sorrow, and free from care.

While many 'round us are sad and tearful :  
 For, sad misfortune does not them spare  
 Then we 'll be happy while yet we can,  
 While days of childhood shall yet remain.  
 Our childhood's, &c.

Yes, we will ever, by night and daily,  
 Sing forth our pleasures in full good cheer ;  
 We 're yet in childhood, and all goes gaily ;  
 Our age of sadness is not yet near :  
 Then let our voices resound aloud ;  
 For all is sunshine, there 's not a cloud.  
 Our childhood's, &c.



## WELCOME TO SCHOOL.

Come, where joy and gladness,  
 Make each useful stranger a welcome guest.  
 Come, where grief and sadness  
 Will not find a dwelling in your breast.  
 Time with us will pass away,  
 With books, or work, or healthful play ;  
 Sometimes with a cheerful song,  
 'The happy hours will glide along.  
 Thus, our days employing,  
 We are always learning some useful thing  
 These pursuits enjoying,  
 Merrily together we will sing.  
 Tho' in sports we take delight,  
 We also love to read and write ;

Those who teach us, too, we prize,  
Who strive to make us good and wise.  
Come where joy and gladness, &c.

---

## LET ME REST IN THE LAND OF MY BIRTH.

Farewell to the land of my childhood,  
Farewell to my cottage and vine ;  
I go to the land of the stranger,  
Where pleasure alone will be mine.  
When life's fleeting journey is over,  
And earth again mingles with earth,  
I can rest in the land of the stranger,  
As well as in that of my birth.

Yes, these were my feelings at parting,  
But absence soon alter'd their tone ;  
The cold hand of sickness came o'er me,  
And I wept o'er my sorrows alone.  
No friends came around me to cheer me,  
No parent to soften my grief ;  
No brother nor sisters were near me,  
And strangers could give no relief.

'Tis true that it matters but little,  
Tho' living, the thought makes one pine,  
Whatever befalls the poor relic  
When the spirit has flown from its shrine  
But oh ! when life's journey is over,  
And earth again mingles with earth,

Lamented or not, still my wish is  
To rest in the land of my birth.

---

ODE TO SCIENCE.

The morning sun shines from the east,  
And spreads his glories to the west;  
All nations with his beams are blest,  
Where'er his radiant light appears:  
So science spreads her lucid ray,  
O'er lands which long in darkness lay;  
She visits fair Columbia,  
And sets her sons among the stars.

Fair Freedom her attendant waits,  
To bless the portals of her gates,  
To crown the young and rising states,  
With laurels of immortal day!  
The British yoke, the Gallic chain,  
Was urged upon our necks in vain,  
All haughty tyrants we disdain,  
And shout "long live America!"

---

NEVER LOOK SAD.

Never look sad, there's nothing so bad  
As getting familiar with sorrow;  
Treat him to-day in a cavalier way,  
He'll seek other quarters to-morrow.

Do not then sigh, but turn your eye  
At the bright side of every trial;  
Fortune you'll find is often most kind  
When chilling your hopes with denial.

Let the sad day then carry away  
Its own little burden of sorrow;  
Or you may miss full half of the bliss  
Which comes in the lap of to-morrow.



### AMERICA, I LOVE THEE STILL.

America, I love thee still!  
There's glory in thy name,  
There's brightness beaming from thy birth,  
And honor from thy fame.

There's beauty in thy naked soil,  
Bespeaking smiles of love,  
Thy rocks and blooming wilds proclaim  
Protection from above.

America, I love thee still!  
Beneath thy valleys rest  
The pilgrims of a tyrant's power,  
Bright emblems of the blest;

And round them, clothed in silence, lie  
The mouldering patriot's fame,  
Embalmed in sacred memory's fire,  
Immortal honors claim.

America I love thee still!  
Thou art my native land,  
Thy joys so pure, can ne'er be found  
Upon a foreign strand.



### THE BLUE JUNIATA.

Wild roved an Indian girl,  
Bright as Alfarata,  
Where sweep the waters of  
The blue Juniata.  
Swift as an antelope  
Through the forest going,  
Loose were her jetty locks,  
In wavy tresses flowing.  
Gay as the mountain song  
Of bright Alfarata,  
Where sweep the waters of  
The blue Juniata.  
Strong and true my arrows are,  
In my painted quiver;  
Swift goes my light canoe,  
Adown the rapid river.  
Bold is my warrior good,  
The love of Alfarata;  
Proud waves his snowy plume  
Adown the Juniata.  
Soft and slow he speaks to me,  
And then his war cry sounding

Rings his voice in thunders loud,  
From height to height resounding.

So sang an Indian girl,  
Bright as Alfarata,  
Where sweep the waters of  
The blue Juniata.

Fleeting years have worn away  
The voice of Alfarata ;  
Still sweeps the river of  
Blue Juniata.



### WOODMAN SPARE THAT TREE

Woodman spare that tree !

Touch not a single bough ;

In youth it shelter'd me,

And I'll protect it now ;

'Twas my forefather's hand

That placed it near his cot,

There, Woodman, let it stand,

Thy axe shall harm it not !

That old familiar tree,

Whose glory and renown

Are spread o'er land and sea,

And would'st thou hack it down ?

Woodman forbear thy stroke !

Cut not its earth bound ties :

Oh ! spare that aged oak,

Now towering to the skies.

When but an idle boy  
 I sought its grateful shade ;  
 In all their gushing joy  
 Here, too, my sisters played.  
 My mother kissed me here ;  
 My father press'd my hand.  
 Forgive this foolish tear,  
 But let that old oak stand.

My heart strings round thee cling,  
 Close as thy bark, old friend !  
 Here shall the wild birds sing,  
 And still thy branches bend.  
 Old tree, the storm still brave !  
 And, Woodman, leave the spot ;  
 While I've a hand to save,  
 Thy axe shall harm it not.



### HE IS GONE TO THE MOUNTAIN.

He is gone to the mountain,  
 He is lost to the forest.  
 Like a summer dried fountain,  
 When our need was the sorest ;  
 The fount reappearing  
 From the rain drops shall borrow,  
 But to us comes no cheering,  
 To Duncan no morrow !

The hand of the reaper  
 Takes the ears that are hoary,

But the voice of the weeper  
 Wails manhood in glory;  
 The autumn winds rushing  
 Waft the leaves that are searest,  
 But our flower was in flushing,  
 When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,  
 Sage counsel incumber,  
 Red hand in the foray,  
 How sound is thy slumber!  
 Like the dew on the mountain,  
 Like the foam on the river,  
 Like the bubble on the fountain,  
 Thou art gone—and forever!



## HOME.

Home, home, can I forget thee?  
 Dear, dear, dearly loved home;  
 No, no, still I regret thee,  
 Though I may far from thee roam  
 Home, home.  
 Dearest and happiest home.

Home, home, why did I leave thee?  
 Dear, dear friends do not mourn:  
 Home, home, once more receive me,  
 Quickly to thee I'll return.  
 Home, home,  
 Dearest and happiest home.

## 'TEMPERANCE CADET'S SONG.

AIR—*Hail Columbia.*

Our principles are written fair  
Upon our banner high in air :

While to the breeze it proudly waves,  
While to the breeze it proudly waves,  
And let its folds be wide unfurl'd,  
Until it floats o'er all the world.

Raise the banner, raise it high,—  
Let it flap athwart the sky  
Let the world admiring see,  
Temperance,—Truth,—and Purity.

Firm, united ever be,  
Rallying round our Temp'rance tree,  
As a band of brothers joined,  
Health and happiness we'll find.

Cadets ! our star is rising high,  
Hope is bending from the sky ;  
And cheers us on to victory,  
And cheers us on to victory,  
While the winds of heaven reply,  
Intemperance shall surely die.

Soon through the land will every boy,  
Unite with us in shouts of joy ;  
Then march, Cadets, O march ye on,  
Cease not till the battle's won.

Firm, united ever be,  
 Rallying round our Temp'rance tree,  
 As a band of brothers joined,  
 Health and happiness we'll find.

---

TEMPERANCE ODE.

AIR—*Bruce's Address.*

Friends of freedom, swell the song;  
 Young and old the strain prolong,  
 Make the temperance army strong,  
 And on to victory.

Lift your banners, let them wave,  
 Onward march a world to save;  
 Who would fill a drunkard's grave,  
 And bear his infamy?

God of mercy! hear us plead,  
 For thy help we intercede,  
 See how many bosoms bleed,  
 And heal them speedily.

Hasten, Lord, the happy day  
 When beneath thy gentle ray,  
 Temp'rance all the world shall sway,  
 And reign triumphantly.

---

TEMPERANCE.

With banner and with badge we come,  
 An army true and strong,

To fight against the hosts of Rum,  
 And this shall be our song ;  
 We love the clear Cold Water Springs,  
 Supplied by gentle showers ;  
 We feel the strength cold water brings,—  
 “The Victory is ours.”

“Cold Water Army” is our name,—  
 O may we faithful be,  
 And so in truth and justice claim  
 The blessings of the free.  
 We love the clear Cold Water Springs, &c.  
 Though others love their rum and wine,  
 And drink till they are mad,  
 To water we will still incline,  
 To make us strong and glad.  
 We love the clear Cold Water Springs, &c.  
 I pledge to thee this hand of mine,  
 In faith and friendship strong ;  
 And fellow soldiers we will join  
 The chorus of our song :  
 We love the clear Cold Water Springs, &c.



### TEMPERANCE CALL.

Come, ye children, learn to sing,  
 Temperance songs are just the thing,  
 Tune your voices, loud and sweet,  
 While ye one another greet.

Cheerily, readily, come along,  
Sign the pledge and sing the song.

Blooming youth, come, sing the song,  
Tune your lips, the strains prolong;  
Raise your banner high in air,  
Write Cold Water, write it there

Cheerily, readily, come along, &c.

Lovely maid, the call obey,  
'Tune your lips, and keep away  
From the wine cup and its sting;  
Drink pure water from the spring.

Cheerily, readily, come along, &c.

Anxious parent, hear the call,  
See your children, great and small  
Sign the pledge, you them may save  
From the drunkard's awful grave.

Cheerily, readily, come along, &c.



## A TEMPERANCE SONG.

AIR—*Auld Lang Syne.*

Dear father! drink no more, I pray,  
It makes you look so sad,  
Come home, and drink no more, I say,  
'Twill make dear mother glad.

Dear father! think how sick you've been,  
What aches and pains you know!  
Oh! drink no more, and then you'll find  
A home where'er you go.

Dear father! think of mother's tears,  
 How oft and sad they flow,  
 Oh! drink no more, then will her grief,  
 No longer rack her so.

Dear father! think what would become  
 Of me, were you to die!  
 Without a father, friend, or home;  
 Beneath the chilly sky!

Dear father! drink no more, I pray,  
 It makes you look so sad,  
 Come home, and drink no more, I say,  
 'Twill make that home so glad.

Thus spake, in tenderness, the child;  
 The drunkard's heart was moved,  
 He signed the pledge; he wept, he smiled,  
 And kiss'd the boy he loved.



### THE DRINK FOR ME.

AIR—*The Rose that all are Praising.*

'The drink that's in the drunkard's bowl,  
 Is not the drink for me;  
 It kills the body and the soul,  
 How sad a sight is he!  
 But there's a drink that God has given,  
 Distilling from the show'rs of heaven,  
 In measures large and free;  
 Oh! that's the drink for me,  
 Oh! that's the drink for me.

The stream that many prize so high  
Is not the stream for me :  
For he who drinks it still is dry,  
Forever dry he'll be.  
But there's a stream so cool and clear,  
The thirsty traveller lingers near,  
Refresh'd and glad is he ;  
Oh ! that's the drink for me.

The wine cup that so many prize  
Is not the cup for me :  
The aching head, the bloated face,  
In its sad train I see.  
But there's a cup of water pure,  
And he who drinks it may be sure  
Of health and length of days ;  
Oh ! that's the cup for me.



### TEMPERANCE ODE.

Sparkling and bright in its liquid light,  
Is the water in our glasses,  
'Twill give you health, 'twill give you  
wealth,  
Ye lads and rosy lasses.  
O then resign your ruby wine,  
Each smiling son and daughter,  
For there's nothing so good for the youthful  
blood,  
Or sweet as the sparkling water.

Better than gold is the water cold,  
From the chrystal fountain flowing,  
A calm delight both day and night,  
To happy homes bestowing.

O then resign, &c.

Sorrow has fled from the heart that bled,  
Of the weeping wife and mother,  
They've given up the poisoned cup,  
Son, husband, daughter, brother.

O then resign, &c.



### DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

The melancholy days are come, the saddest  
of the year,  
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and  
meadows brown and sere.  
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the  
withered leaves lie dead:  
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the  
rabbit's tread.  
The robin and the wren are gone, and from  
the shrubs the jay,  
And from the wood top calls the crow,  
through all the gloomy day.  
And now, when comes the calm, mild day,  
as still such days will come,  
To call the squirrel and the bee from out  
their winter home,

When the sound of dropping nuts is heard,  
    though all the trees are still,  
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters  
    of the rill,  
The south wind looks for flowers whose  
    fragrance late he bore,  
And sighs to find them in the wood and by  
    the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youth-  
    ful beauty died,  
The fair, meek blossom, that grew up and  
    faded at my side ;  
In the cold moist earth we laid her when  
    the forest cast the leaf,  
And we wept that one so lovely should have  
    a life so brief ;  
Yet not unmeet it was, that that young friend  
    of ours,  
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish  
    with the flowers.



### OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

Oft in the stilly night,  
    Ere slumbers chain hath bound me,  
Fond mem'ry 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 slumbers' chain hath bound me,  
Sad mem'ry brings the light  
Of other days around me.

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 he departed.

Thus in the stilly night,  
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
Sad mem'ry brings the light  
Of other days around me.



### THE STARS.

The stars are all cheerfully blinking,  
With friendliest eyes through the night;  
They seem to be smiling and winking,  
And us to their pleasures invite.

The earth and the heavens are glancing  
With fiery, and glittering sheen;  
And over their troop brightly dancing,  
The moon, smiling softly, is seen.

Ye heavenly lights! O attend us,  
And light us along our way;  
How bright are the smiles that ye lend us,  
Then list ye, O list to our lay.  
The earth and the heavens, &c.

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### THERE'S NOT A TINT.

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

There's not of grass a single blade,  
Or leaf of lowliest mien,  
Where heavenly skill is not displayed,  
Or heavenly wisdom seen.

There's not a star whose twinkling light,  
Illumes the distant earth,  
To cheer the solemn gloom of night,  
But heaven gave it birth.

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

---

### THE BLISSFUL HOPE.

Hail sweetest dearest hope that binds  
Our glowing hearts in one;

Hail sacred hope that tunes our minds  
To harmony divine.

It is the hope, the blissful hope,  
Which Jesus' grace has given,  
The hope when days and years are past,  
We all shall meet in heaven at last.

From Burmah's shore, from Afric's strand,  
From India's burning plain ;  
From Europe and Columbia's land,  
We hope to meet again.

It is the hope, &c.

No lingering look, no parting sigh,  
Our future meeting knows ;  
There friendship beams from every eye,  
And hope immortal grows.

It is the hope, &c.

---

### PRAYER.

Go, when the morning shineth,  
Go, when the day is bright,  
Go, when the eve declineth,  
Go, in the hush of night ;  
Go with pure mind and feeling,  
Fling earthly thoughts away,  
And in thy chamber kneeling,  
Do thou in secret pray.

Remember all who love thee,  
All who are loved by thee ;

Pray for those who hate you,  
 If any such there be ;  
 Then for thyself in meekness,  
 A blessing humbly claim,  
 And link with each petition,  
 Thy great Redeemer's name.

Oh ! not a joy or blessing,  
 With this can we compare,  
 The power that he hath given us  
 To pour our souls in prayer.  
 Whene'er thou pinest in sadness,  
 Before his footstool fall,  
 And remember in thy gladness,  
 His grace who gave thee all.



### TRUST IN THE LORD.

My soul, why sink when griefs oppress,  
 Or start when fears alarm ?  
 Trust in the Lord, in thy distress,  
 Thy refuge is his arm.

Tho' hope and joy have from thee flown,  
 And left thee to despair,  
 Trust in the Lord ; in him alone  
 Repose thine every care.

What though the floods may near thee roll,  
 Thy sky grow darker still,—  
 Trust in the Lord ; he keeps my soul,  
 And storms obey his will.

How oft when pressed by mighty foes  
Did no escape appear:  
Trust in the Lord thou didst repose,  
And came off conqueror.

And will he now his help deny,  
And leave thee to thy lot?  
Trust in the Lord; he still is nigh,  
His nature changes not.



### THE FARMER AND TEACHER.

The farmer ploughs and sows his field,  
'Tis all that he can do;  
He cannot make the dry seed grow,  
Nor give it rain or dew.

God sends the sunshine, dew and rain,  
And covers it with snow;  
Then let us thank him for the gift,  
To him our bread we owe.

The youthful mind is like the field;  
Our teachers sow the seed;  
But when instruction's work is done,  
There's something more we need.

Then let us pray that God may add  
His blessing to their toil;  
Then our young minds and hearts will prove  
A rich productive soil.

## HEAVENLY REST.

There is an hour of peaceful rest,  
To mourning wanderers given;  
There is a tear for souls distressed,  
A balm for every wounded breast—  
'Tis found above in heaven!

There is a soft a downy bed,  
Fair as the breath of even;  
A couch for weary mortals spread,  
Where they may rest the aching head,  
And find repose in heaven!

There is a home for weary souls,  
By sin and sorrow driven;  
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,  
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,  
And all is drear but heaven!

There, faith lifts up the tearful eye,  
The heart with anguish riven;  
And views the tempest passing by,  
The evening shadows quickly fly,  
And all serene in heaven!

There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,  
And joys supreme are given;  
There rays divine disperse the gloom;  
Beyond the confines of the tomb,  
Appears the dawn of heaven!

## JOY TO THE WORLD.

Joy to the world, the Lord is come,

Let earth receive her King,

Let ev'ry heart prepare him room,

And heaven and nature sing,

And heaven and nature sing,

And heaven and nature sing.

Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns,

Let men their songs employ;

While fields and floods, rocks, hills and  
plains,

Repeat the sounding joy.

No more let sin and sorrow grow,

Nor thorns infest the ground;

He comes to make his blessings flow,

Far as the curse is found.

He rules the world with truth and grace,

And makes the nations prove

The glories of his righteousness,

And wonders of his love.



## RISE FROM THY MOURNING.

Rise, rise, free from thy mourning,

Light, light breaks from the sky,

See, see, bright is the dawning,

Jesus is risen on high.

Rise, rise, rise, rise—

Jesus is risen on high.

Come, come, sing to the Saviour,  
 Love, love, beams from his eye,  
 Haste, haste, share in his favor,  
 Worship the Saviour on high.

Come, come, come, come—  
 Worship the Saviour on high.

Praise, praise, yield him with gladness,  
 Earth, earth, banish thy gloom,  
 Where death, where is thy sadness,  
 Jesus returns from the tomb.

Praise, praise, praise, praise—  
 Jesus returns from the tomb.

Hail, hail, children adore thee,  
 Here, here, anthems we give,  
 There, there, dwelling in glory,  
 Love in thy life we'll receive.

Hail, hail, all hail—  
 Love in thy life we'll receive.



### GOD IS LOVE.

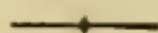
Lo! the heavens are breaking  
 Pure and bright above;  
 Life and light awaking,  
 Murmur "God is love."

Round yon pine clad mountain,  
 Flows a golden flood:  
 Hear the sparkling fountain,  
 Whisper "God is good."

See the streamlet bounding,  
 Through the vale and wood,  
 Hear its ripples sounding,  
 Murmur, "God is good."

Music now is ringing,  
 Through the shady grove,  
 Feathered songsters singing,  
 Warble "God is love."

Wake my heart, and springing  
 Spread thy wings above,  
 Soaring still and singing,  
 God is ever love.  
 God is love.



### SHED NOT A TEAR.

AIR—*Long, long ago*

Shed not a tear o'er your friend's early bier,  
 When I am gone, when I am gone;  
 Smile if the slow-tolling bell you should  
 hear,

When I am gone, I am gone.

Weep not for me when you stand round my  
 grave,

Think who has died his beloved to save,  
 Think of the crown all the ransomed shall  
 have,

When I am gone, I am gone.

Shed not a tear when you stand round my  
grave,

When I am gone, when I am gone ;  
Sing a sweet song unto him who doth save,  
When I am gone, I am gone.

Sing to the lamb who on earth once was  
slain,

Sing to the lamb who in Heaven doth reign,  
Sing till the world shall be fill'd with his  
name,

When I am gone, I am gone.

Plant ye a tree, which may wave over me,

When I am gone, when I am gone ;  
Sing ye a song, if my grave you should see,  
When I am gone, I am gone.

Come, at the close of a bright summer's  
day,

Come, when the sun sheds his last linger-  
ing ray,

Come, and rejoice that I thus passed away,  
When I am gone, I am gone.



### SPRING WISHES.

Come again, come again, come again,  
Sweet spring weather, haste thee hither ;

Spring come reign, spring come reign !  
Come again, come again, come again,  
O come, bring the blossoms back again ;  
The modest little snow drop,  
Already is in sight,  
And every day we watch it,  
With wonder and delight,  
We wonder where, since autumn,  
Its little life it kept ;  
And if all through the winter,  
Beneath the snow it slept.  
Come again, &c.

Come again, come again, come again,  
Sweet spring weather, haste thee hither ;  
Spring come reign, spring come reign !  
Come again, come again, come again,  
O come, bring the swallows back again ;  
They come and build their nests now,  
Just where they did of old,  
While we with joy and wonder,  
The busy scene behold,  
And curious, keep asking,  
“ Where have the swallows been,  
Since hill side field and forest,  
In autumn lost their green.”  
Come again, &c.

## PARTING.

When shall we meet again—

Meet ne'er to sever?

When will peace wreath her chain

Round us forever?

Our hearts will ne'er repose,

Safe from each blast that blows,

In this dark vale of woes—

Never—no, never.

When will love freely flow,

Pure as life's river?

When will sweet friendship glow,

Changeless forever?

Where joys celestial thrill,

Where bliss each heart shall fill,

And fears of parting chill

Never—no, never.

Soon shall we meet again—

Meet ne'er to sever;

Soon will peace wreath her chain

Round us forever.

Our hearts will then repose

Secure from worldly woes;

Our songs of praise shall close

Never—no, never.

## THE STAR OF THE NATIVITY.

AIR—*O no, we never mention Her.*

O, where's the lovely beaming star,  
Slowly moving towards the west,  
Which, glittering bright, and shining far,  
Sought out a place of rest?  
And not o'er halls and gilded domes  
The beauteous meteor stood,  
But where the infant Jesus lay,  
In humble solitude.

Why shone that star so brilliantly?  
Why calmly paused it there?  
Why gazed upon it wondering eyes,  
With mingled hope and fear?  
'Twas Heaven's shining messenger,  
To spread the tidings far,  
That in Judea's land arose—  
The glorious morning star.

And never more that meteor's glow,  
Shall shed a sparkling light:  
Its work is done; its beaming rays  
Are quenched in endless night.  
But brightly on that morn arose  
The Sun of Righteousness,  
To shine with gladsome, healing beam  
A suffering world to bless.

A cheering ray, 'twill ever shine,  
 And gild life's darkest hour,  
 And warm the heart, by sorrows chill'd,  
 With sweet reviving power.  
 'Twill chase the gloomiest cloud away,  
 'Twill dry the bitterest tear,  
 And when the Christian dies, 'twill stream  
 In floods of glory there.

---

### HARWELL.

Hark, ten thousand harps and voices,  
 Sound the note of praise above :  
 Jesus reigns, and heav'n rejoices :  
 Jesus reigns the God of love ;  
 See, he sits on yonder throne ;  
 Jesus rules the world alone.  
 Hallelujah ! hallelujah ! Amen.

Jesus hail ! whose glory brightens  
 All above, and gives it worth ;  
 Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,  
 Cheers and charms thy saints on earth :  
 When we think of love like thine,  
 Lord, we own it love Divine.  
 Hallelujah ! hallelujah ! Amen.

King of glory, reign forever,  
 Thine an everlasting crown :  
 Nothing from thy love shall sever  
 Those whom thou hast made thine own :

Happy objects of thy grace,  
Destined to behold thy face,  
Hallelujah! hallelujah! Amen.

---

BOYLESTON HYMN.

Our moments fly apace,  
Nor will our minutes stay,  
Just like a flood our hasty days,  
Are sweeping us away.

Well if our days must fly,  
We'll keep their end in sight,  
We'll spend them all in wisdom's ways,  
Then let them speed their flight.

They'll waft us sooner o'er  
This life's tempestuous sea,  
Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore,  
Of blessed eternity.

---

REMEMBER THY CREATOR.

Remember thy Creator,  
While youth's fair spring is bright,  
Before thy cares are greater,  
Before comes age's night.  
While yet the sun shines o'er thee,  
While stars the darkness cheer;  
While life is all before thee  
Thy great Creator fear.

Remember thy Creator,  
 Before thy dust returns  
 To earth—for 'tis its nature—  
 And life's last ember burns ;  
 Before, with God who gave it,  
 The spirit shall appear,  
 He cries who died to save it,  
 Thy great Creator fear.



## THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

AIR—*Bonnie Doon.*

When marshalled on the nightly plain,  
 The glittering host bestud the sky ;  
 One star alone of all the train,  
 Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks,  
 From every host, from every gem ;  
 But one alone the Saviour speaks,  
 It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,  
 The storm was loud—the night was dark ;  
 The ocean yawned—and rudely blowed  
 The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze,  
 Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem ;  
 When suddenly a star arose,  
 It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all,  
It bade my dark forebodings cease ;  
And through the storm and danger's thrall,  
It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moored—my perils o'er,  
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,  
Forever and forever more,  
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem !



### EARLY PIETY.

By cool Siloam's shady rill,  
How sweet the lily grows !  
How sweet the breath beneath the hill,  
Of Sharon's dewy rose !  
Lo ! such the child, whose early feet,  
The paths of peace have trod ;  
Whose secret heart with influence sweet,  
Is upward drawn to God.

Along the cool and shady rill,  
The lily must decay ;  
The rose that blooms beneath the hill,  
Must shortly fade away !  
And soon will come the closing hour  
When we resign our breath ;  
And feel the cold and withering power,  
That lays us low in death.

O thou! whose infant feet were found  
Within thy Father's shrine;  
Whose years, with changeless virtue  
crown'd,  
Were all alike Divine.  
Dependent on thy bounteous breath,  
We seek thy grace alone,  
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,  
To keep us still thine own.

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ANTHEM.

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

PSALM XXIII.

The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want,  
He maketh me to lie down in green pas-  
tures, he leadeth me beside the still  
waters.

He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the  
paths of righteousness, for his name's  
sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of  
the shadow of death, I will fear no evil:  
For thou art with me: thy rod and thy staff  
they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the  
presence of my enemies:

Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup  
runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me  
all the days of my life:

And I will dwell in the house of the Lord,  
forever. Amen.



### SEE, THE LIGHT IS DAWNING.

See, the light is dawning,  
On our infant years,  
Bright as May day morning,  
When the sun appears.

Oh! thou great Creator,  
To whom all praise is due,  
Crown us with thy mercies,  
Bless our teachers too.

May we all remember,  
Every useful rule,  
Through thy favor taught us,  
In the Public School.

Saviour, guide and keep us,  
Make us feel thy love,  
Till we meet to praise thee,  
In the world above.

## THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE.

The pearl that worldlings covet,  
Is not the pearl for me ;  
Its beauty fades as quickly,  
As sunshine on the sea ;  
But there's a pearl sought by the wise,  
'Tis called the pearl of greatest price ;  
Though few its value see.  
O, that's the pearl for me, &c.

The crown that decks the monarch,  
Is not the crown for me ;  
It dazzles but a moment,  
Its brightness soon will flee ;  
But there's a crown prepared above,  
For all who walk in humble love ;  
Forever bright 'twill be.  
O, that's the crown for me, &c.

The road that many travel,  
Is not the road for me :  
It leads to death and sorrow,  
In it I would not be.  
But there's a road that leads to God,  
'Tis marked by Christ's most precious  
blood ;  
The passage there is free.  
O that's the road for me, &c.

The hope that sinners cherish,  
Is not the hope for me ;  
Most surely will they perish,  
Unless from sin made free.  
But there 's a hope which rests in God,  
And leads the soul to keep his word,  
And sinful pleasures flee.  
O, that 's the hope for me, &c.



### GOD IS IN HEAVEN.

God is in heaven—can he hear,  
A feeble prayer like mine ?  
Yes, little child, thou needest not fear,  
He listeneth to thine.

God is in heaven—can he see  
When I am going wrong ?  
Yes, that he can, he looks at thee  
All day and all night long.

God is in heaven—would he know  
If I should tell a lie ?  
Yes, if thou said'st it very low,  
He'd hear it in the sky.

God is in heaven—can I go,  
To thank him for his care ?  
Not yet, but love him here below,  
And thou shalt praise him there.

## CHANT.—PSALM CXXI.

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills,  
From whence cometh my help.

My help cometh from the Lord,  
Which made heaven and earth.

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved;  
He that keepeth thee will not slumber.

Behold, he that keepeth Israel,  
Shall not slumber nor sleep.

The Lord is thy keeper;  
The Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.

The sun shall not smite thee by day,  
Nor the moon by night.

The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil,  
He shall preserve thy soul.

The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and  
thy coming in, [more.  
From this time forth, and even for ever-

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 EDEN IS MY HOME.

AIR—*O, steer my bark to Erin's Isle.*

O, I have roam'd through many lands,  
A stranger to delight;

Not friendship's hopes, nor love's sweet  
smiles,

Could make my pathway bright;

Till on the sky a star arose  
And lit night's sable dome,  
O, steer my bark by that sweet star,  
For Eden is my home.

O, Eden is my place of rest;  
I long to reach its shore,  
To shake these troubles from my breast,  
And weep and sigh no more;  
To that fair land my spirit flies,  
And angels bid me come,  
O, steer my bark by Jordan's wave,  
For Eden is my home.

O, take me from this world of woe,  
To my sweet home above,  
Where tears of sorrow never flow,  
And all the air is love;  
My sister spirits wait for me,  
And Jesus bids me come,  
O, steer my bark to that bright land,  
For Eden is my home.



### COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.

Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,  
Come, at the shrine of God fervently kneel:  
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell  
your anguish:  
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot  
heal.

Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,  
 Hope when all others die, fadeless and  
 pure ;  
 Here speaks the Comforter in God's name,  
 saying,  
 Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot  
 heal.

Go ask the infidel what boon he brings us,  
 What balm for aching hearts he can  
 reveal ; [us,  
 Sweet as the checring lay, hope ever sings  
 Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot  
 heal.



## OUR FATHER IN HEAVEN.

AIR—*What fairy like Music.*

Our Father in Heaven we hallow thy name,  
 May thy kingdom holy, on earth be the  
 same ;  
 O give to us daily our portion of bread,  
 It is from Thy bounty that all must be fed.  
 Forgive our transgressions, and teach us to  
 know,  
 That humble compassion that pardons each  
 foe ;  
 Save us from temptation, from weakness  
 and sin,  
 And Thine be the glory forever—Amen.

## RIVER OF DEATH.

AIR—*Canadian Boat Song.*

River of death, thy stream I see,  
Between the bright city of rest and me;  
Fearless thy sable surge I'll brave,  
For sweet is the prospect o'er thy wave.

Waft me, O waft me safely o'er,  
And land me dear Saviour, on Canaan's  
shore.

Why should I fear to stem thy tide,  
With him who has loved me, as guard and  
guide,  
Wisdom and power control thy flood,  
While faith says, my passage was paid with  
blood.

Waft me, O waft me, &c.

What is it gilds thy darksome foam,  
'Tis light shining forth from my happy  
home,  
Music that thrills my soul to hear,  
Seems floating me o'er thy surface drear.

Waft me, O waft me, &c.

Help me, I feel the waters rise,  
Yet visions of glory still glad my eyes;  
Saviour I come, I soon shall be  
Among the blest purchase of Calvary.

Waft me, O waft me, &c.

## BRING WREATHS.

Bring wreaths, green wreaths, our joyful  
hands

The glowing tints shall twine,  
To celebrate our Saviour's birth,  
The "Children's Friend" Divine ;  
Who drew them to his fav'ring arms,  
When sterner souls forbade,  
And kindly on his shelt'ring breast,  
'Their heads reposing laid.

Bring wreaths, green wreaths our joyful  
hands

Their glowing tints shall twine,  
To celebrate our Saviour's birth,  
The "Children's Friend" Divine.

But He, the babe of Bethlehem, slept  
Uncradled and unsought,  
No joyful hands with songs of praise,  
Sweet buds and blossoms brought.  
But horned brutes with heavy tread,  
'Their manger's guest survey'd,  
And stupid oxen watch'd the bed,  
Where Earth's Redeemer laid.

Bring wreaths, green wreaths, &c.

Sister, bring flowers ! the winter rose,  
Shall in our garland bloom,

For Him, who weeping Mary sought,  
 And found an empty tomb;  
 Still in our hearts the plants of love  
 A living stream should share,  
 Which, flowing from His holy word,  
 Shall keep them fresh and fair.  
 Bring wreaths, green wreaths, &c.



### WIDOW OF NAIN.

Weep not, O Mother, sounds of lamentation,  
 Weep not, O widow, weep not hopelessly:  
 Strong is His arm, the bringer of salvation,  
 Strong is the word of God to succor thee.

Bring forth the cold corpse, slowly, slowly  
 bear him,  
 Hide his pale features with the sable pall;  
 Chide not the sad one, wildly weeping near  
 him,  
 Widow'd and childless, she has lost her  
 all.

Why pause the mourners? who forbids our  
 weeping?  
 Who the dark pom] of sorrow has de-  
 layed,

“Set down the bier . . . . He is not dead, but  
sleeping;”

“Young man arise!” . . . He spake and  
was obeyed:

Change then, O sad one! grief to exultation  
Worship and fall before Messiah's knee;  
Strong was his arm the bringer of salvation;  
Strong was the word of God to succor thee.



### THE HAPPY LAND.

There is a happy land, far, far away;  
Where saints in glory stand, bright, bright  
as day;

Oh! how they sweetly sing, “worthy is our  
Saviour King;”

Loud let us His praises ring; praise, praise  
for aye.

Come to that happy land, come, come away;  
Why will ye doubting stand, why still delay?  
O, we shall happy be, when from sin and  
sorrow free;

Lord, we shall live for thee, blest, blest for  
aye.

Bright in that happy land, beams every eye;  
Kept by a Father's hand, love cannot die;  
O, then to glory run; be a crown and king-  
dom won,

And bright above the sun, we reign for aye.

## THOU ART PASSING AWAY.

Thou art passing away, thou art passing  
away,

Thy life has been brief as the mid-winter's  
day;

Thy forehead is pale, and thy pulses are low,  
And thy once blooming cheek wears the  
ominous glow.

Thou art passing away from the beautiful  
earth,

Thy much loved abode, and the land of thy  
birth:

From its forests and fields—from its mur-  
muring rills,

From its beautiful plains and its herbage  
crown'd hills.

Thou art passing away from thy kindred and  
friends,

And the last chain that bound thee, the  
spoiler now rends;

And thy last tones are falling on love's  
listening ear,

And now in thine eyes shines the fond part-  
ing tear.

Thou art passing away as the first summer  
rose,

That awaits not the time when the winter  
wind blows,

But hasteth away on the autumn's quick  
gale,

And scatters its odors o'er mountain and  
dale.

The light of thy beauty has faded and gone,  
For the withering chills have already come  
on ;

Thy charms have departed—thy glory has  
fled ;

And thou soon wilt be laid in the house of  
the dead.



### THOU ART, O GOD.

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.

When youthful spring around us breathes,  
'Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh ;

And every 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.



### WE WON'T GIVE UP THE BIBLE!

We won't give up the Bible,  
God's holy Book of Truth,—

The blessed staff of hoary age,  
The guide of early youth,—  
The Lamp which sheds a glorious light  
O'er every dreary road—  
The voice which speaks a Saviour's love,  
And leads us home to God.

We won't give up the Bible,  
Nor heed the crafty tongue  
That would this treasure take away;  
Ye wicked ones begone!

For ye would fain condemn our minds  
To glooms of moral night,  
But we defy your mortal power,—  
And God defends the right!

We won't give up the Bible:  
But could ye force away  
That which is our life blood dear,  
Yet hear us joyful say:  
The words that we have learnt while young  
Shall follow all our days,  
And those engraven on our hearts  
Ye NEVER can erase.

We won't give up the Bible!  
We'll shout it far and wide,  
Until the echo shall be heard  
Beyond the swelling tide:  
'Till all shall know that we, though young,  
Withstand your treach'rous art,  
And that from God's own sacred word  
*We'll never, never part!*

## HYMN.

The spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue ethereal sky,  
And spangled heavens (a shining frame)  
Their great Original proclaim :  
The unwearied sun from day to day,  
Doth his Creator's power display,  
And publishes to every land  
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,  
And nightly to the list'ning earth  
Repeats the story of her birth,  
While all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence, all  
Move round this dark terrestrial ball ;  
What though no real voice nor sound  
Amid the radiant orbs be found ;  
In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice,  
Forever singing as they shine,  
"The hand that made us is divine."

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HYMN.

Peace, troubled soul, thou need'st not fear !  
Thy great Provider still is near :

Who fed thee last, will feed thee still,  
Be calm, and sink into his will.

The Lord who built the earth and sky,  
In mercy stoops to hear thy cry;  
His promise all may freely claim,  
"Ask and receive in Jesus' name."

His stores are open all, and free  
'To such as truly upright be;  
Water and bread he'll give for food,  
With all things else which he sees good.

Your sacred hairs which are so small,  
By God himself are number'd all;  
This truth he's published all abroad,  
That men may learn to trust the Lord.

The ravens daily he doth feed,  
And sends them food as they have need;  
Although they nothing have in store,  
Yet as they lack he gives them more.

Then do not seek with anxious care,  
What ye shall eat, or drink, or wear,  
Your heavenly Father will you feed,  
He knows that all these things you need.

---

HYMN.

When I can read my title clear  
To mansions in the skies,  
I'll bid farewell to every fear,  
And wipe my weeping eyes.

Should earth against my soul engage,  
And fiery darts be hurl'd,  
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
And face a frowning world.  
Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
Let storms of sorrow fall;  
So I but safely reach my home,  
My God, my heaven, my all:  
There I shall bathe my weary soul  
In seas of heavenly rest,  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast.

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—♦—  
EVENING HYMN.

The day is past and gone,  
The evening shades appear:  
Oh! may we all remember well  
The night of death draws near.  
We lay our garments by,  
Upon our beds to rest;  
So death will soon unrobe us all  
Of what we have possess'd.  
Lord, keep us safe this night,  
Secure from all our fears,  
Beneath the pinions of thy love,  
Till morning light appears.  
And when our days are past,  
And we from time remove;

Oh may we in thy bosom rest,  
The bosom of thy love.

---

### I'M BUT A CHILD BEFORE THEE.

I'm but a child before thee,  
My father in the sky;  
And yet I can adore thee,  
Although thou art so high,  
And now begin to love thee, } *Repeat.*  
And love thee till I die.

Thou all my thoughts art knowing,  
By daytime and at night,  
Whatever I am doing,  
I do it in thy sight,  
From wrong then ever keep me,  
And make me do what's right.

From thee comes all that makes me,  
So happy through the day,  
The morning light that wakes me,  
The health that makes me gay,  
Oh! teach me how to thank thee,  
To thank thee when I pray.

---

### LIFE LET US CHERISH.

Life let us cherish, while yet the taper glows,  
And heavenly treasures grasp ere it close.  
In vain we seek for earthly bliss;  
The plants of joy, the fruits of peace,

Can never grow in soil like this:  
Place all thy hopes in heaven.

Life let us cherish, while yet the taper glows,  
And heavenly treasures grasp ere it close.  
Our hearts in vain to riches cling,  
Our gems are dim, our gold hath wings,  
And, when possessed, no comfort brings:  
Lay up thy wealth in heaven.

Life let us cherish, while yet the taper glows,  
And heavenly treasures grasp ere it close.  
Set not thy heart on earthly fame,  
Its highest gift's an empty name,  
That quickly fades or ends in shame:  
True glory comes from heaven.



## HYMN.

From Greenland's icy mountains,  
From India's coral strand;  
Where Afric's sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sand;  
From many an ancient river,  
From many a palmy plain,  
They call us to deliver  
Their land from error's chain.  
What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,  
Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile;

In vain with lavish kindness  
 The gifts of God are strown ;  
 The heathen in his blindness  
 Bows down to wood and stone.

Shall we whose souls are lighted  
 With wisdom from on high,  
 Shall we to men benighted  
 The lamp of life deny ?  
 Salvation ! O Salvation !  
 The joyful sound proclaim,  
 Till earth's remotest nation  
 Has learn'd Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,  
 And you, ye waters roll,  
 Till, like a sea of glory,  
 It spreads from pole to pole :  
 Till o'er our ransom'd nature,  
 The Lamb for sinners slain,  
 Redeemer, King, Creator,  
 In bliss returns to reign



### ALL IS WELL.

What's this that steals, that steals upon  
 my frame,  
 Is it death ? is it death ?  
 That soon will quench, will quench this  
 mortal flame,  
 Is it death ? is it death ?

If this be death! I soon shall be  
 From every pain and sorrow free,  
 I shall the King of glory see;  
 All is well, all is well.

Weep not my friends, my friends weep not  
 for me,

All is well, all is well;

My sins are pardoned, pardoned, I am free,  
 All is well, all is well.

There's not a cloud that doth arise,  
 To hide my Saviour from my eyes,  
 I soon shall mount the upper skies—  
 All is well, all is well.

Hark! hark! my Lord, my Lord and master  
*calls me,*

All is well, all is well;

I soon shall see, shall see his face in *glory*,  
 All is well, all is well,

Farewell, dear friends, adieu, adieu,

I can no longer stay with you,

My glittering crown appears in view—

All is well, all is well.



## THE BLEST ETERNAL HOME.

AIR—*Ingle Side.*

There's not a bright and beaming smile

Which in this world I see,

But turns my heart to future joy

And whispers heaven to r

Though often here my soul is sad,  
And falls the silent tear,  
There is a world of smiles and love,  
And sorrow dwells not there.

I never clasp a friendly hand,  
In greeting or farewell,  
But thoughts of my eternal home,  
Within my bosom swell.

There, when we meet with holy joy,  
No thoughts of parting come,  
But never ending ages still,  
Shall find us all at home.



### LOUD RAISE THE PEAL OF GLADNESS.

Loud raise the peal of gladness,  
'Tis Freedom's natal day!  
Our land that once in sadness,  
Groaned 'neath a tyrant's sway,  
In liberty rejoices,  
Awed by no monarch's rod;  
Lift high our joyous voices,  
Aye, lift them up to God.

'Twas He whose wisdom guided,  
The councils of our sires,  
He o'er our arms presided,  
And He the praise requires.

We give to Thee the glory,  
Father, for all possessed,  
That gilds our country's story,  
That makes our country blest.



### THOU SOFT FLOWING KEDRON.

Thou soft flowing Kedron, by thy silver  
stream,  
Our Saviour at midnight, when Cynthia's  
pale beam  
Shone bright on the waters, would fre-  
quently stray,  
And lose, in thy murmurs, the toils of the  
day.

How damp were the vapors that fell on his  
head!

How hard was his pillow, how humble his  
bed!

The angels, astonish'd, grew sad at the sight,  
And follow'd their Master with solemn  
delight.

Come saints, and adore him, come bow at  
his feet,

O give him the glory, the praise that is  
meet;

Let joyful hosannas, unceasing arise,  
And join the full chorus that gladdens the  
skies.

## I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY.

I would not live alway, I ask not to stay,  
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the  
way,  
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us  
here,  
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for  
its cheer.

I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin,  
Temptation without and corruption within;  
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with  
fears,  
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent  
tears.

I would not live alway—no, welcome the  
tomb!  
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its  
gloom,  
There sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise,  
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

Who, who would live alway, away from his  
God,  
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,  
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the  
bright plains,  
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns

Where the saints of all ages in harmony  
 meet,  
 Their Saviour and brethren transported to  
 greet;  
 While the anthems of rapture unceasingly  
 roll,  
 And the smile of the Lord is the feast of  
 the soul.



### GIVE ME A THANKFUL HEART.

Father, whate'er of earthly bliss,  
 Thy sovereign will denies;  
 Accepted at thy throne of grace,  
 Let this petition rise:

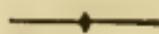
Give me a calm, a thankful heart,  
 From every murmur free;  
 The blessings of thy love impart,  
 And let me live to Thee.



### THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

'dearly love a little child,  
 And Jesus loved young children too,  
 He ever sweetly on them smiled,  
 And placed them with his chosen few;  
 When cradled on its mother's breast,  
 A babe was brought to Jesus' feet,  
 He laid his hand upon its head,  
 And blessed it with a promise sweet

Forbid them not, the Saviour cried,  
 O! suffer them to come to me,  
 Of such my heavenly kingdom is,  
 Like them may all my followers be.  
 Young children are the gems of earth,  
 The brightest jewels mothers have,  
 They sparkle on the thrilling breast,  
 But brighter shine beyond the grave.



### BRIGHTEST AND BEST.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morn-  
 ing,  
 Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;  
 Star of the east, the horizon adorning,  
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.  
 Say shall we yield him, in costly devotion,  
 Odors of Eden and off'rings divine?  
 Gems of the mountain and pearls of the  
 ocean,  
 Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?  
 Cold on his cradle the dew drops are shin-  
 ing,  
 Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;  
 Angels, adore him, in slumbers reclining,  
 Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.  
 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;  
 Vainly with gifts would his favor secure!

Richer by far is the heart's adoration ;  
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.



## HOSANNA.

When, his salvation bringing,  
To Zion Jesus came,  
The children all stood singing  
Hosanna to his name.  
Nor did their zeal offend him,  
But as he rode along,  
He let them still attend him,  
And smiled to hear their song.  
And since the Lord retaineth  
His love for children still ;  
Though now as King he reigneth  
On Zion's heavenly hill ;  
We'll flock around his banner,  
Who sits upon the throne ;  
And cry aloud, " Hosanna  
To David's royal son."  
For should we fail proclaiming,  
Our great Redeemer's praise ;  
The stones, our silence shaming,  
Might well hosanna raise.  
But shall we only render  
The tribute of our words ?  
No! while our hearts are tender,  
They, too, shall be the Lord's.

## A BROKEN HEART.

A broken heart, a contrite spirit,  
Are well pleasing to the Lord:  
Jesus by His dying merit,  
Then, Oh then, will joy afford.  
I acknowledge my transgression,  
And my sin is ever near;  
Jesus hear my heart's confession,  
Wipe away each falling tear.

Make me to know but joy and gladness,  
Make my broken bones rejoice,  
Charm away my spirit's sadness,  
By the music of thy voice.  
O restore me thy salvation,  
Hide thy face from every sin,  
Let thy spirit's new creation,  
Make and keep me pure within.

O do Thou good in thy good pleasure,  
Unto Zion, Heavenly King,  
Let thy people from thy treasures,  
Unto Thee thine offerings bring;  
Let Jerusalem be builded,  
All her altars rise again,  
Every tower with joy be gilded,  
Every hill, and every plain.

## CHRISTMAS HYMN.

AIR—*Welcome delightful Morn.*

How glorious was the day when Christ ap-  
peared on earth,

And blessed was the land that gave the Sa-  
viour birth,

And bright and glorious was the star,  
That wise men followed from afar,  
To see the One sin could not mar.

He suffered shame for us, scorn, hatred,  
pain, and wo ;

And death upon the cross, his wondrous  
love to show ;

And when his race was nearly run,  
He sighed, "Thy will, not mine, be  
done :"

And then he died—God's only Son.

Hosanna to His name, who came to earth  
from heaven ; [given ;

For our redemption sent, for our salvation  
Oh, let that Name the world adore,

And let it sound from shore to shore,  
Till sin and death shall be no more.

---

 COLUMBIA.

Columbia, my native home,

If e'er my fate should be,

In foreign lands to toil or roam,

My heart will cling to thee

Columbia! O, how I prize  
Thee, native land of mine:  
Italia's blue and sunny skies  
Are not more bright than thine.

Columbia, no other land  
Is half so good, so free:  
Though diadems may them command,  
Thy laurel wreath's for thee.

Columbia, where'er I go,  
My heart will ever be,  
Through joy or grief, through weal or wo,  
My native land, with thee.

---

### INDEPENDENCE.

We come, with hearts of gladness,  
To breathe our songs of praise,  
Let not a note of sadness,  
Be blended in the lays;  
For 'tis a hallowed story,  
The theme of freedom's birth,  
Our fathers' deeds of glory  
Are echoed round the earth.

The sound is waxing stronger,  
And thrones and nations hear,  
Kings may oppress no longer,  
For freedom's reign is near.

Her reign will crush oppression,  
And raise the humble mind,  
And give the earth's possession  
Among the good and kind.

And thou shalt sink the mountain,  
Where pride and power were crowned,  
And peace, like gentle fountains,  
Shall shed its pureness round  
And then the world will hear us,  
And join our glorious lay,  
And songs of millions cheer us,  
On this our nation's day.

Soon freedom's loud hosannas,  
Shall burst from every voice,  
Till mountains and savannas,  
Roll back the sound—rejoice,  
Then raise the song of freedom,  
The loudest, sweetest lay,  
The captive's chains are riven,  
And Liberty shall reign.

---

### CONTENTMENT.

I am contented, be it known,  
By this, my merry strain;  
And many a man who wears a crown,  
Has tried to be in vain;  
Or should he chance to love his lot,  
Pray what has he that I have not.

Pleasure, and fame, and riches too,  
Are but as brittle glass ;  
Things in mysterious order move,  
And oft it comes to pass,  
The poor man's mite becomes a pound,  
The rich man finds he has a bound.

With manly purpose do what's right,  
Nor care for fame or gold ;  
So shalt thou find thy spirits light,  
And fresh when thou art old :  
With glowing heart, and conscience clear,  
There's not a thing on earth to fear.



### SHIP AHOY.

When o'er the silent seas alone,  
For days and nights we've cheerless gone,  
Oh! they who've felt it know how sweet,  
Some sunny morn, a sail to meet,  
Sparkling on deck is every eye.  
Ship ahoy! ship ahoy! a joyful cry,  
When answering back we faintly hear,  
Ship ahoy! ship ahoy! what cheer! what  
cheer!  
Now sails aback we nearer come,  
Kind words are said of friends and home,  
But soon, too soon, we part in pain,  
To sail o'er silent seas again.

When o'er the ocean's dreary plain,  
 With toil her destined port to gain,  
 Our gallant ship has neared the strand,  
 We claim our own, our native land,  
 Sweet is the seaman's joyous shout,  
 "Land ahead! land ahead! look out! look  
 out!"

Around on deck we gaily fly,  
 Land ahead! land ahead! with joy we cry,  
 Yon beacon's light directs our way;  
 While grateful vows to heaven we pay,  
 And soon our long lost joys renew,  
 And bid the boisterous main adieu.

---

### THE FOUNT OF JOY.

Joy, yes joy's the quick'ning stream,  
 Which the whole earth waters,  
 Gladd'ning with its chrystal gleam,  
 All her sons and daughters.

What in valley bloweth,  
 What the hill side showeth,  
 Full of joy it gloweth.

There are stores of joy to bless;  
 And our danger is excess—  
 And our danger is excess!

Every one, in his own way,  
 Eagerly pursues it;  
 But to seek, is oft the way  
 Certainly to lose it.

Happy he who knoweth,  
Where the true joy groweth,  
And the false foregoeth!  
Yes! we've stores of joy to bless,  
And our danger is excess!

---

AWAY TO SCHOOL.

AIR—*Hurrah, hurrah.*

Our youthful hearts for learning burn,  
Away, away to school.  
To science now our steps we turn,  
Away away to school.  
Farewell to home, and all its charms,  
Farewell to love's paternal arms;  
Away to school, away to school,  
Away, away to school.  
Behold! a happy band appears,  
Away, away to school.  
'The shout of joy now fills our ears,  
Away, away to school.  
Our voices ring, our hands we wave,  
Our hearts rebound with vigor brave,  
Away to school, away to school,  
Away, away to school.  
No more we walk, no more we play,  
Away, away to school.  
In study now we spend the day,  
Away, away to school.

United in a peaceful band  
We're join'd in heart, we're join'd in hand,  
Away to school, away to school,  
Away, away to school.



## SINGING AND STUDY.

Let us gladly singing,  
Pour our joys along;  
Let us dancing, springing,  
Be a happy throng.

Music! 'tis a treasure,  
Rich as Eden's bloom;  
Fill'd with all that's pleasure,  
Free from all that's gloom.

Let us all be cheerly,  
Let us all rejoice;  
Love our studies dearly,  
Making them our choice.



## WILLIAM TELL.

When William Tell was doomed to die,  
Or hit the mark upon his infant's head.  
The bell toll'd out the hour was nigh,  
And soldiers march'd with 'grief and  
dread.

The warrior came, serene and mild,  
 Gaz'd all around with dauntless loo  
 Till his fond boy unconscious smil'd;  
 Then nature and the father spoke.  
 And now each valiant Swiss his grief par  
 takes,  
     For they sigh,  
     - And wildly cry,  
 Poor William Tell! once hero of the lakes.

But soon is heard the muffled drum,  
 And straight the pointed arrow flies,  
 The trembling boy expects his doom,  
 And all shriek out—"he dies! he dies!"  
 When, lo, the lofty trumpet sounds!  
 The mark is hit! the child is free!  
 Into his father's arms he bounds,  
 Inspir'd by love and liberty.  
 And now each valiant Swiss their joy par  
 takes,  
     For mountains ring,  
     Whilst they sing.  
 Live William Tell, the hero of the lakes.



### THE STUDENT BOY.

The student boy, his life is gay,  
 His glad mind mounts, like a lark in May  
 His toil delight—his study joy—  
 A holiday heart has the student boy!

Then pore, brothers, pore,  
 The bright'ning lesson o'er.  
 With an earnest brow, we'll study now,  
 Nor blush for our life's young morning!  
 Ho! hoy! the student boy,  
 His aim is honor, and his labor joy.  
 Ho! hoy! the student boy,  
 His aim is honor, and his labor joy.

As star by star from the twilight sky,  
 So truth on truth to the student's eye;  
 Till his sky is bright, and his path is plain,  
 What dallness would deem such labor pain?  
 Then strain brothers, strain,  
 Till honor's goal we gain.  
 With an earnest brow, &c.

In Freedom's nest, her eaglet brood,  
 We'll soar aloft to the great and good!  
 And what though young? Our names ob-  
 scure?  
 We'll make them bright, and keep them  
 pure.  
 Then soar, brothers, soar,  
 We'll labour more and more,  
 With an earnest brow, &c.

The student boy, who blest as he,  
 With a heart from hate and falsehood free  
 For gentle and just, he knows no guile;  
 And his pride is the praise of his parents'  
 smile.

Then sing, brothers, sing,  
 The joys our duties bring.  
 With an earnest brow, &c.

The student's life, 'tis blithe and gay;  
 His glad mind mounts, like a lark in May  
 His teacher's pride, his parent's joy,  
 A holiday heart has the student boy.

Then on, brothers, on,  
 Till every task is done.  
 With an earnest brow, &c,



### SUMMER SONG.

Come, come, come, the summer now is here,  
 Come out among the flowers,  
 And make some pretty bowers,  
 Come, come, come, the summer now is here,

Come, come, come, the summer now is here,  
 Come, cull the sweetest posies,  
 The violets and the roses,  
 Come, come, come, the summer now is here.

Come, come, come, the summer now is here,  
 Come, ramble in the bushes,  
 And hear the merry thrushes,  
 Come, come, come, the summer now is here.

## THE YANKEE BOY.

Hark! the morning bells are pealing  
Oh, how merrily they ring!  
Waking every thought and feeling  
Of a Yankee boy to sing,  
'Tis our nation's birth day morning,—  
Tune the pipe and sound the string  
See the stripes our flag adorning,  
Plays beneath our eaglet's wing.

Bravely did our fathers battle  
With a proud and haughty foe;  
Made them march to Yankee doodle,  
'Till they cried, "enough—we'll go."  
Then they told them to be missing.  
Let our happy land alone,  
Or they'd catch another dressing,  
And may be would ne'er get home.

Hark! the cannons loudly roaring,  
Spread afar the nation's joy;  
Songs of grateful praise are soaring  
To that God who rules on high;  
He who gave us Independence,  
Guards our free and happy land,—  
He can strike a foe with vengeance,  
Trust we in his mighty hand.

## SWITZER'S LAND OF HOME.

Why, ah! why my heart in sadness?  
 Why, 'mid scenes like these declining?  
 Where all, though strange is joy and glad-  
 ness,

Say, what wish can yet be thine?

Oh! what wish can yet be thine.

All that's dear to me is wanting,  
 Lone and cheerless here I roam,  
 The stranger's joys howe'er enchanting,  
 To me can never be like home!  
 To me can never be like home.

Give me those, I ask no other,  
 Those that bless the humble dome,  
 Where dwell my father and my mother;  
 Give, oh! give me back my home,  
 My own, my own, dear native home.



## TO OUR MOTHER.

Mother! Mother! soft is the morning dew,  
 Soft the cloud of silver hue;  
 But softer is the mother's hand,  
 That still hath hold of ours,  
 And leads us with a smile so bland,  
 Along life's path of flowers.

Mother! Mother! deep the heart is stirred,  
 When the winds through woods are heard;

But deeper stirs the mother's tone,  
The tender voice we love,  
That sings to us of spring time flown,  
Of hope and heaven above.

Mother! Mother! beautiful is spring  
Sunshine gilds the blossoming;  
But far more beautiful her smile,  
That lights our eyes with hope,  
That bids our budding joys the while,  
With livelier courage ope.

Mother! Mother! sweet the taste of flowers,  
To the bee that sips for hours;  
But sweeter far the rapturous bliss,—  
It thrills through every chord,  
When comes to us a mother's kiss,  
Our most desired reward.

Mother! Mother! prizes more than one,  
Greet us when our duty's done;  
But all of them are nought beside  
The pleasure pure and sweet,  
To be a mother's fondest pride,  
And make her joy complete.

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### THE SINGER'S SONG.

Were it not for cheerful song,  
Life would lose its pleasure;  
We could not endure it long,  
Should we lose this treasure.

'T is the swell of joyful song,  
Blending happy voices.  
Say what is it soothes the soul,  
And the heart rejoices.

When the heavy hours drag,  
Heavier hours bringing,  
When our spirits faint and flag,  
Then we fly to singing.  
Cheerily the while we sing,  
Flies the brightened hour;  
Dulness lifts her drooping wing,  
Charmed by music's power.

When by vile vexations crossed,  
And in naught take pleasure,  
When our comfort we have lost,  
Try a sprightly measure.  
This shall charm back all our powers  
While we fondly hear it;  
What the dew is to the flowers,  
Songs are to the spirit.

Mountain, valley, field and grove,  
With sweet songs are ringing;  
We like birds will evermore,  
Cheer the hours with singing.  
Say, what helps us all along,  
On the way before us,  
Like a true and tender song,  
Or a noble chorus.

## THE SWEET BIRDS ARE WINGING.

The sweet birds are winging,  
From arbor to spray, from arbor to  
spray,  
And cheerily singing,  
Of spring time and May ;  
Merry May, merry May,  
Sing shepherds, sing with me,  
Cheerily, cheerily, sing shepherds, sing with  
Merry, merry May. [me.

Companions to meet us,  
Are now on their way ;  
With garlands to greet us,  
And songs of the May ;  
Merry May, merry May,  
Sing shepherds, sing with me,  
Cheerily, cheerily, sing shepherds, sing with  
Merry, merry May. [me,

The cattle are lowing,  
Come ! up from your hay,  
And quickly be going,  
The morning is May ;  
Merry May, merry May,  
Sing shepherds, sing with me,  
Cheerily, cheerily, sing shepherds, sing with  
Merry, merry May. [me,

The sweet birds are winging,  
 From arbor to spray,  
 And cheerily singing,  
 Of spring time and May;  
 Merry May, merry May,  
 Sing shepherds, sing with me,  
 Cheerily, cheerily, sing shepherds, sing with  
 Merry, merry May. [me,

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### OH COME, COME AWAY.

Oh come, come away, from labor now re-  
 posing,  
 Let busy care awhile forbear,  
 Oh come, come away!  
 Come, come, our social joys renew,  
 And there, where trust and friendship grew,  
 Let true hearts welcome you.  
 Oh come, come away!

From toil, and the cares on which the day  
 is closing,  
 The hour of eve brings sweet reprieve,  
 Oh come, come away!  
 Oh! come where love will smile on thee,  
 And round its hearth shall gladness be,  
 And time fly merrily.  
 Oh come, come away!

While sweet Philomel the weary traveller  
cheering,

With evening songs her note prolongs,

Oh come, come away !

In answering songs of sympathy,

We 'll sing in tuneful harmony

Of Hope, Joy, Liberty.

Oh come, come away !

The bright day is gone ; the moon and stars  
appearing,

With silver light illumine the night,

Oh come, come away !

Come join your prayers with ours, address

Kind Heaven, our peaceful home to bless

With Health, Hope, Happiness.

Oh come, come away !



### FROM HIS HUMBLE GRASSY BED.

From his humble grassy bed,

See the warbling lark arise ;

By his grateful wishes led,

Towards the regions of the skies.

Songs of thanks, and praise he pours,

Harmonizing airy space,

Sings, and mounts, and higher soars,

Towards the throne of heavenly grace.

Small his gifts compared to mine,

Poor my thanks with his compared ;

I've a soul almost divine,  
 Angels blessings with me share.  
 Wake my soul, to praise aspire,  
 Reason every scene accord,  
 Join in pure seraphic fire,  
 Love, and thank, and praise the Lord.

—◆—

### COME, SEEK THE BOWER.

Come, seek the bower, the rosy bower,  
 I love its cool retreat ;  
 The sun is high, and great his pow'r,  
 And weary are our feet.  
 Then Edward and Emma, and Joseph and  
 Sarah,  
 And Kitty, the beautiful maid,  
 And William and Mary, and Robert and  
 Ellen,  
 And Richard, the call obeyed.  
   Then Edward, &c.  
 They sought the bower, the rosy bower,  
 And sat in the pleasant shade.

Ye youths and maidens join the song,  
 I love a cheerful glee ;  
 The echoes shall our notes prolong,  
 Then come and sing with me.  
   Then Edward, &c.  
 They sung a cheerful song,  
 And sat in the pleasant shade.

## FLOW GENTLY, SWEET SCHUYLKILL.

AIR—*Flow gently, Sweet Afton.*

Flow gently, sweet Schuylkill, among thy  
green trees,

Flow gently, we'll sing thee a song in thy  
praise,

We love thy pure water, thy sweet silver  
stream,

And here we would linger by moonlight's  
soft beam;

The tide of intemperance has had its full  
sway,

The wine cup we banish, away far away;

Then come to Philadelphia, our city of fame,

We'll sing of thy praises, sweet Schuylkill,  
again.

Thy chrysal stream, Schuylkill, how lovely  
it glides,

And winds by the cot where contentment  
resides,

At evening we fain by thy green banks  
would stray, [day;

And lose in thy murmurs the toils of the  
Flow gently, sweet Schuylkill, among thy  
green trees, [lays,

Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of our  
O'er hills, and o'er valleys, thy bright water  
comes,

To cheer and enliven our own happy homes.

COME AND SEE THE RIPE FRUIT  
FALLING.

AIR—*Autumn.*

Come and see the ripe fruit falling  
For the autumn now is calling ;  
Come and see the smiling vine,  
How its golden clusters shine.

Come, when morning smiling gaily,  
Drives the mist along the valley ;  
Come when first the distant horn,  
Pealing wakes the joyful morn.

In the early morning hour,  
Ere the dew has left the bower,  
In the ruddy, purple beam,  
Come and see the vineyards gleam.

Thou shalt feel a new born pleasure,  
Gazing thus on autumn's treasure :  
And thy joyful heart shall raise  
Sweeter songs of grateful praise.



'TIS HOME WHERE'ER THE HEART IS.

'T is home where'er the heart is,  
Where'er its living treasures dwell ;  
In cavern or in princely hall,  
In forest haunt or hermit cell :

'T is bright where'er the heart is,  
Its fairy spells have power to bring  
Fresh fountains to the wilderness,  
And to the desert vernal spring.

'T is free where'er the heart is,  
No rankling chains nor dungeon dim,  
Can check the mind's aspirings,  
The bounding spirit's pealing hymn ;  
The heart gives life its beauty,  
Its warmth, its radiance, and its power ;  
Is sunlight to its rippling stream,  
And soft dew to its drooping flower.

---

“OH, CALL MY BROTHER BACK TO ME.”

“O, call my brother back to me ;  
I cannot play alone ;  
The summer comes with flower and bee ;  
Where is my brother gone ?

The butterfly is glancing bright  
Across the sunbeam's track ;  
I care not now to chase its flight—  
O, call my brother back.”

“He would not hear my voice, fair child ,  
He may not come to thee ;  
The face that once like spring time smiled,  
On earth no more thou 'lt see.”

“And has he left his birds and flowers ?  
And must I call in vain ?  
And through the long, long summer hours,  
Will he not come again ?

“And by the brook, and in the glade,  
Are all our wanderings o'er ?  
Oh while my brother with me play'd,  
Would I had loved him more !”



### WHAT FAIRY LIKE MUSIC.

What fairy like music steals over the  
sea,  
Entrancing the senses with charmed  
melody,  
'T is the voice of the mermaid that floats  
o'er the main,  
As she mingles her song with the gondo-  
lier's strain.

The winds are all hushed, and the waters  
at rest,  
They sleep like the passions in infancy's  
breast,  
Till storms shall unchain them from out  
their dark cave,  
And break the repose of the soul and the  
wave.

## MY NATIVE HOME.

I am far from my native home,  
On the wide and surgy sea,  
While our gallant ship battles the foam,  
The wind screams its wild melody.  
There's a glimmering light on our wake,  
'T 'is the beacon light on the shore,  
Like the last flash of Hope, its rays break  
On the soul they will gladden no more.  
Fare thee well—land of the free!  
The heart of the wanderer turns to thee.

I may tarry in foreign lands ;  
But my friends, my heart's with you,  
I'll remember the press of your hands,  
And the day that I bade you adieu.  
Oh, it matters not where my path turns,  
My beacon star shall be  
The light of thy freedom that beams  
O'er the land of the brave and the free.  
Fare thee well—land of the free! &c.

They may tell of their kingly courts,  
Of their maidens bright and fair ;  
But the first in a freeman's thoughts,  
Is his home and those he left there.  
Then let the wild winds whistle on,  
And the land loom on our lea ;

Though the form of the wand'rer has gone,  
 His heart, happy land, is with thee!  
 Fare thee well—land of the free! &c.



## KEEP THE DECLARATION.

We come, we come, a little band,  
 As children of the nation;  
 We're joined in heart, we're joined in har .  
 To keep the Declaration,  
 To keep the Declaration.

We come, we come, with joyful eyes;  
 We fear no usurpation:  
 Our fathers fought to win the prize,  
 And keep the Declaration,  
 And keep, &c.

We come, we come, so free, so brave,  
 We are filled with admiration;  
 Our stripes and stars, we proudly wave  
 To keep the Declaration,  
 To keep, &c.

We come, we come, to God be praise  
 For our exalted station:  
 We thank HIM for such happy days,  
 And keep the Declaration,  
 And keep, &c.

## HAIL, BEAUTEOUS MORN.

Hail, beauteous morn ! now deck'd in all  
thy rich attire ;

Hail, glorious sun ! thy beams with grati-  
tude inspire ;

Hail, warbling birds ! what songs with yours  
compare ;

Hail, lovely flowers ! your fragrance fills  
the air.

All nature glows with various forms and  
colors bright ;

Hail, then, sweet morn ! thou fill'st my heart  
with new delight.

Wake ! then, fair lady, the morn unfolds its  
sweets for you ;

Wake ! for the rising sun ascends with  
golden hue ;

Wake ! to the sound of warblers 'mongst  
the trees ;

Wake ! for the flow'rs with fragrance fill  
the breeze,

Rise ! and behold the landscape with its  
varied scene ;

'T is lovely, more lovely, than thy brightest,  
sweetest dream.

---

**WE ARE A BAND OF FREEMEN.**

The teetotalers are coming,

The teetotalers are coming,

The teetotalers are coming,  
With the cold water pledge.  
We 're a band of freemen,  
We 're a band of freemen,  
We 're a band of freemen,  
And we 'll sound it through the land.

We have alcohol forsaken,  
We will all the land awaken,  
Stand firmly and unshaken,  
To the cold water pledge, &c.

We will save our sisters, brothers,  
Our fathers, sons, and mothers,  
Our neighbours, and all others,  
With the cold water pledge, &c.

Huzza for reformation,  
By all in every station,  
Throughout this wide creation,  
With the cold water pledge, &c.

May no evil e'er betide us,  
To sever or divide us,  
But the God of mercy guide us,  
With the cold water pledge, &c.

---

MY MOTHER DEAR.

There was a place in childhood,  
That I remember well,

And there a voice of sweetest tones,  
Bright fairy tales did tell.  
And gentle words, and fond embrace,  
Were given with joy to me,  
When I was in that happy place,  
Upon my mother's knee ;  
My mother dear ! my mother dear !  
My gentle, gentle mother.

When fairy tales were ended,  
" Good night," she softly said,  
And kissed and laid me down to sleep,  
Within my tiny bed ;  
And holy words she taught me there ;  
Methinks I yet can see  
Her angel eye, as close I knelt  
Beside my mother's knee.  
My mother dear ! my mother dear !  
My gentle, gentle mother.

In the sickness of my childhood,  
The perils of my prime,  
The sorrows of my riper years.  
'The cares of every time ;  
When doubt or danger weigh'd me down,  
Then pleading all for me,  
It was a fervent prayer to heaven,  
That bent my mother's knee.  
My mother dear ! my mother dear !  
My gentle, gentle mother.

## THE CHAPLET OF FLOWERS.

Make me no gaudy chaplet,  
Weave it of simple flowers ;  
Seek them in lowly valleys,  
After gentle showers ;  
Bring me no dark red roses,  
Gay in the sunshine glowing.

Bring me the pale moss rose buds,  
Beneath the fresh leaves growing,  
Bring not the proud-eyed blossom,  
Darling of eastern daughters ;  
Bring me the snowy lily,  
Floating on silent waters.

Gems of the lowly valley,  
Buds which the leaves are shading,  
Lilies of peaceful waters,  
Emblems of mine, unfading,  
Lilies of peaceful waters,  
Emblems be mine, be mine.



## WE ARE JUST WHAT WE ARE,

Why should we forever sorrow,  
Though our lot seems hard ?  
Not to-day nor yet to-morrow,

Should we give ourselves to sadness ;  
But to God give thanks in gladness,  
That we are just what we are.

Worldly chance may often sever  
Friendship's dearest ties ;  
Friends are false—but let us ever  
As our friendships may be fewer,  
To ourselves at least be truer,  
And be glad we are what we are.

If misfortunes overtake us,  
Soon or late in life,  
Why should that unhappy make us ;  
Fate is hard, but let's assure her  
Though we're poor, we might be poorer :  
And we are glad we are what we are.

Then forever banish sorrow,  
Though our lot seems hard ;  
Banish to some distant morrow,  
All unreasonable sadness,  
And to God give thanks in gladness,  
That we are are just what we are.



### LIFE LET US CHERISH.

Life let us cherish, while yet the taper glows,  
And the fresh flowret pluck ere it close.

Why are we fond of toil and care ?  
 Why choose the rankling thorn to wear,  
 And heedless by the lily stray,  
 Which blossoms in our way ?

Life let us cherish, while yet the taper glows,  
 And the fresh flowret pluck ere it close.

When clouds obscure the atmosphere,  
 And forked lightnings rend the air,  
 The sun resumes its silver crest,  
 And smiles adorn the west.

Life let us cherish, while yet the taper glows,  
 And the fresh flowret pluck ere it close.

The genial seasons soon are o'er ;  
 Then let us, ere we quit the shore,  
 Contentment seek ; it is life's zest,  
 The sunshine of the breast.

Life let us cherish, while yet the taper glows,  
 And the fresh flowret pluck ere it close.

Away with every toil and care,  
 And cease the rankling thorn to wear ;  
 With manful hearts life's conflict meet,  
 'Till death sounds the retreat.

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### THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of  
 my childhood,  
 When fond recollection presents to my  
 view,

The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled  
wild wood,

And every loved spot which my infancy  
knew :

The wide spreading pond and the mill  
which stood near it,

The bridge and the rock where the cata-  
ract fell,

The cot of my father, the dairy house  
nigh it.

And e'en the rude bucket that hung in  
the well.

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound  
bucket,

The moss-covered bucket that hung in  
the well.

The moss-covered bucket I hail as a trea-  
sure,

For often at noon, when returned from  
the field,

I found it the source of an exquisite plea-  
sure,

The purest and sweetest that nature could  
yield.

How ardent I seized it with hands that were  
glowing,

And quick to the white pebbled bottom it  
fell.

Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,  
And dropping with coolness, it rose from the well,  
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,  
The moss-covered bucket that hung in the well.

How sweet from the green mossy rim to receive it,  
As poised on the curb it inclined to my lips;  
Not a full flowing goblet could tempt me to leave it,  
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.  
And now far removed from the loved situation.  
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,  
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,  
And sighs for the bucket which hung in the well,  
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,  
The moss-covered bucket that hung in the well.

## A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

A life on the ocean wave,  
A home on the rolling deep,  
Where the scattered waters rave,  
And the winds their revels keep!  
Like an eagle caged, I pine,  
On this dull unchanging shore;  
O give me the flashing brine,  
The spray and the tempest's roar!  
A life on the ocean wave,  
A home on the rolling deep!  
Where the scattered waters rave,  
And the winds their revels keep!

Once more on the deck I stand,  
Of my own swift gliding craft;  
Set sail; farewell to the land,  
The gale follows fair abaft.  
We shoot through the sparkling foam  
Like an ocean bird set free;  
Like the ocean bird, our home  
We'll find, far out on the sea!  
A life on the ocean wave,  
A home on the rolling deep!  
Where the scattered waters rave,  
And the winds their revels keep!

The land is no longer in view,  
The clouds have begun to frown;

But with a stout vessel and crew,  
We'll say, let the storm come down !  
And the song of our hearts shall be,  
While the winds and the waters rave,  
A life on the heaving sea,  
A home on the bounding wave !  
A life on the ocean wave,  
A home on the rolling deep !  
Where the scattered waters rave,  
And the winds their revels keep !



### DON'T KILL THE BIRDS.

Don't kill the birds, the little birds,  
That sing about your door ;  
Soon as the joyous spring has come,  
And chilling storms are o'er,  
The little birds, how sweet they sing !  
O let them joyous live,  
And never seek to take the life  
Which you can never give.

Don't kill the birds, the little birds  
That play among the trees ;  
'T would make the earth a cheerless place,  
Should we dispense with these.  
The little birds, how fond they play !  
Do not disturb their sport :

But let them warble forth their songs,  
Till winter cuts them short.

Do n't kill the birds, the happy birds  
That bless the field and grove,  
So innocent to look upon,  
They claim our warmest love.  
The happy birds, the tuneful birds,  
How pleasant 't is to see;  
No spot can be a cheerless place  
Where'er their presence be.



### THE SPRING TIME OF YEAR IS COMING.

The spring time of year is coming, coming,  
Birds are blithe, are blithe and gay;  
Insects bright are humming, humming,  
And all the world is May, love,  
And all the world is May.  
The glorious sun is brighter  
The balmy air is lighter;  
E'en woman when we meet her in this sweet  
time is sweeter.

The gale is gently swelling, swelling,  
With fragrance from the balmy grove,

And youthful swains are telling, telling,  
Their happy tales of love, of love,  
Their happy tales of love.

Spring makes the pulse with pleasure beat,  
Spring makes the heart with rapture  
thrill,

Each maiden hastes her love to meet,  
With hope and joy his heart to fill.



### SWEET DAY.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,  
Bridal of earth and sky ;  
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,  
For thou, alas ! must die.

The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,  
For thou, alas ! must die.

Sweet rose in air, whose odors wave,  
And color charms the eye ;  
Thy root is even in its grave,  
And thou, alas ! must die.

Sweet spring, of days and roses made,  
Whose charms for beauty vie,  
Thy days depart, thy roses fade,  
Thou, too, alas ! must die.

Only a sweet and holy soul  
Hath tints that never die ;

While flowers decay, and seasons roll,  
This lives and cannot die.

---

### PORTUGUESE HYMN.

The Lord is our shepherd, our guardian,  
and guide;  
Whatever we want, he will kindly provide.  
To sheep of his pasture, his mercies  
abound,  
His care and protection his flock will sur-  
round.

The Lord has become our salvation and  
song,  
His blessings have followed us all our life  
long:  
His name we will praise while he lends us  
our breath,  
Be cheerful in life and be happy in death.

---

### CLOSE OF THE WEEK.

See! another week is gone!  
Quickly have the minutes past;  
This we enter now upon  
Will to many prove their last.

Mercy hitherto has spared,  
But have mercies been improved ?  
Let us ask, Am I prepared,  
Should I be this week removed ?

Some we now no longer see,  
Who their mortal race have run,  
Seemed as fair for life as we  
When the former week begun.  
While we pray, and while we hear,  
Help us, Lord, each one to think,  
Vast eternity is near,  
I am standing on the brink.



### DEATH OF A SCHOLAR.

A mourning class, a vacant seat,  
Tell us that one we loved to meet  
Will join our youthful throng no more,  
Till all these changing scenes are o'er.

That welcome face, that sparkling eye,  
And sprightly form must buried lie ;  
Deep in the cold and silent gloom,  
The rayless night that fills the tomb.

And we live on, but none can say,  
How near or distant is the day  
When death's unwelcome hand shall come,  
To lay us in our narrow home.

God tells us, by this mournful death,  
 How vain and fleeting is our breath ;  
 And bids our souls prepare to meet  
 The trial of his judgment seat.

---

EVENING HYMN.

AIR—*Pleyel's Hymn.*

Gently comes the close of day,  
 Sing we now our evening lay ;  
 To our pleasant homes we hie,  
 Ere the stars are in the sky.

Let our gratitude arise,  
 To the builder of the skies ;  
 For our parents, teachers, friends,  
 For the blessings which He sends.

Let us at the twilight ray,  
 Lift our youthful hearts, and pray ;  
 Ask the God of boundless might,  
 To protect us through the night.

When the closing hour shall come,  
 When we leave our earthly home,  
 May we then with angels be,  
 Then our heavenly Father see.

---

PARTING.

Father, once more let grateful praise,  
 And humble prayer to Thee ascend ;

Thou Guide and Guardian of my ways,  
Our first, and last, and only Friend.

Since every day and hour that's gone  
Has been with mercy richly crowned;  
Mercy, we know, shall still flow on,  
Forever sure, as time rolls round.

Hear, Thou, the parting prayers we pour,  
And bind our hearts in love alone;  
Though we may meet on earth no more,  
May we at last surround Thy throne.



### DISMISSION.

We now from school depart,  
Grace in God's house to seek;  
Be present, Lord, with every heart,  
There, and throughout the week.

May Father, Spirit, Son,  
Rule us in peace and love;  
And when on earth thy will is done,  
Receive our souls above.

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