

SONGS

FOR THE

KINDERGARTEN

ARRANGED FOR USE IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

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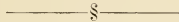
KINDERGARTEN SONGS.



PRAYER.

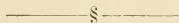
- 1 FATHER, we thank Thee for the night,
And for the pleasant morning light ;
For rest and food and loving care,
And all that makes the day so fair.

- 2 Help us to do the things we should,
To be to others kind and good ;
In all we do, in work or play,
To grow more loving every day.



OUR FATHER IN HEAVEN.

OUR Father in Heaven,
We hallow Thy name ;
May Thy kingdom holy,
On earth be the same ;
Oh ! give to us daily
Our portion of bread ;
It is from Thy bounty
That all must be fed.



MORNING HYMN—"GOD IS LOVE."

- 1 GOD is love ! the little birdies
In the tree tops over head,
Seem to say with their sweet voices,

Praising Him by whom they're fed.
 God is love! God is love,
 All things tell us God is love.

2 Little stars that shine in heaven,
 As they twinkle far above,
 Peeping, smiling at each other,
 Whisper gently, God is love.
 God is love, &c.

3 God is love, the snow-flakes whisper,
 As they linger in the air ;
 God is love the breezes murmur,
 As they meet us everywhere.
 God is love, &c.

—————§—————

GOOD MORNING, KIND TEACHER.

- 1 Good morning, good morning, kind teacher, so dear,
 How gladly we greet you to all doth appear ;
 Our schoolmates, we welcome, each one with delight,
 Our hearts are so happy, because we do right.
- 2 Good morning, good morning, our dear little school,
 How happy we are in obeying each rule,
 For love is our motto, in work and in play,
 Then hurrah ! then hurrah ! for each happy day.

—————§—————

THUMBS AND FINGERS SAY "GOOD MORNING."

THUMBS and fingers say, "Good morning,"
 Thumbs and fingers say, "Good morning,"
 First and middle, ring receiver,
 Least of all good morning.

Good morning, good morning, good morning, good morning,
 Good morning, good morning, good morning, to all.

GOOD MORNING, MERRY SUNSHINE.

1 Good morning, merry sunshine,
 How did you wake so soon?
 You've scared the little stars away,
 And shined away the moon;
 I saw you go to sleep last night,
 Before I ceased my playing,
 How did you get away over here,
 And where have you been staying?

2 I never go to sleep, dear child,
 I just go round to see,
 My little children of the East,
 Who rise and watch for me;
 I waken all the birds and bees
 And flowers on my way,
 And last of all the little child,
 Who stayed out late to play.

—————§—————

GOOD MORNING TO SUNSHINE.

Good morning, pleasant sunshine,
 We're glad to see you here,
 Without your loving presence,
 The earth would soon grow drear;
 Come right into our play-room,
 And join us in our play,
 You are a welcome playmate,
 At any time of day.

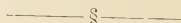
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THE PRETTY MOON.

1 Oh! mother, how pretty the moon looks to-night,
 'Twas never so cunning before;
 Its two little horns are so sharp and so bright,
 I hope they won't grow any more;

If I were up there with you and my friends,
 We would rock in it nicely, you see,
 We would sit in the middle,
 And hold by both ends,
 Oh ! what a bright cradle 'twould be.

2 We would call to the stars to keep out of the way,
 Lest we should rock over their toes :
 And there we would sit till the dawn of the day,
 And see where the pretty moon goes ;
 And there we would rock in the beautiful skies,
 Or thro' the bright clouds we would roam,
 We would see the sun rise,
 And see the sun set,
 And on the next rainbow come home.



DO YOU KNOW HOW MANY STARS ?

1 Do you know how many stars
 There are shining in the sky ?
 Do you know how many clouds
 Every day go floating by ?
 God in heaven has counted all,
 He would miss one should it fall,
 He would miss one should it fall,
 He would miss one should it fall.

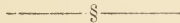
2 Do you know how many children,
 Go to little beds at night ?
 And without a care or sorrow,
 Wake up in the morning light :
 God in Heaven each name can tell,
 Knows you too, and knows you well,
 Knows you too, and knows you well,
 Knows you too, and knows you well.

TICK, TACK!

1 To and fro, to and fro,
 Goes the pendulum, sure and slow,
 To and fro, to and fro,
 Goes the pendulum, sure and slow :
 So will I my arm incline,
 Just in time, just in time,
 Beat by beat with forward back,
 Ever tick and ever tack.

Tick, tack, tick, tack, tick, tack, tick, tack,
 Little clock saves me all care,
 Tick, tack, tick, tack, tick, tack, tick, tack.

2 Tells me when the right hours are,
 For eating, for sleeping, for play and all,
 For rising and bathing, it sounds the call,
 Makes my heart beat pure and free,
 Keeps me strong and active too,
 Beat by beat with forward back,
 Ever tick and ever tack.
 Tick tack, etc.



THE SWALLOW.

- 1 THE swallow is a mason,
 And underneath the eaves,
 He builds his nest, and plasters it
 With mud, and hair, and leaves.
- 2 Of all the weavers that I know,
 The oriole is the best ;
 High on the branches of a tree,
 He hangs his cosy nest.
- 3 The old woodpecker is hard at work,
 A carpenter is he ;
 And you can hear him hammering
 His nest upon the tree.

EASTER HYMN.

- 1 BREAKS the joyful Easter dawn,
Clearer yet and stronger ;
Winter from the world has gone,
Death shall be no longer ;
Far away, good angels, drive
Night and sin and sadness ;
Earth awakes, in smiles alive
With her dear Lord's gladness.

Chorus—Breaks the joyful Easter dawn,
Clearer yet and stronger ;
Winter from the world has gone,
Death shall be no longer.

- 2 Roused from long and lonely hours,
Under snow-drifts chilly,
In his hands he brings the flowers,
Brings the rose and lilly ;
Every little buried bud
Into life he raises,
Every wild flower of the wood
Sings the dear Lord's praises.—*Chorus*.

- 3 Open, happy flowers of spring,
For the sun is risen,
Through the sky sweet voices ring,
Calling you from prison :
Little children, dear, look up,
Toward His brightness pressing,
Lift up every heart and cup
For the Lord's dear blessing.—*Chorus*.

—§—

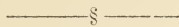
AT EASTER TIME.

- 1 THE little flowers come through the ground,
At Easter time, at Easter time ;
They raised their heads and looked around,
At happy Easter time.

And every pretty bud did say,
 "Good people, bless this holy day,
 For Christ is risen, the Angels say,
 At happy Easter time!"

2 The pure white lilly raised its cup
 At Easter time, at Easter time ;
 The crows to the sky looked up
 At happy Easter time.
 "We'll hear the song of Heaven!" they say,
 "It's glory shines on us to-day ;
 Oh, may it shine on us alway
 At holy Easter time!"

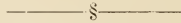
3 'Twas long and long and long ago,
 That Easter time, that Easter time ;
 But still the pure white lillies grow,
 At happy Easter time.
 And still each little flower doth say,
 "Good Christians, bless this holy day !
 For Christ is risen, the Angels say,
 At blessed Easter time !"



OVER THE BARE HILLS FAR AWAY.

- 1 OVER the bare hills far away
 Somebody's travelling day by day,
 Coming so slowly, I wonder why !
 Oh she is busy as she goes by.
- 2 Sing, little brook, wake up, and hear !
 Where is the song that you learned last year ?
 Don't you remember the dear old tune ?
 Naughty small brook to forget so soon !
- 3 Dainty wee clouds in the bright blue sky,
 Last year I taught you to float so high !
 Flowers, where are you ? why don't you blow ?
 Come, Dandelion, you can I know.

- 4 Spring up, tall grasses, and daisies and clover !
 Last year I taught you how, over and over,
 Come with me, every one, this is the way ;
 Don't you remember me ? why I am May !

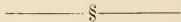


WAKE ! SAYS THE SUNSHINE.

- 1 WAKE ! says the sunshine, 'tis time to get up !
 Wake ! pretty daisy, and sweet buttercup,
 Wake ! says the sunshine, 'tis time to get up !
 Wake ! pretty daisy, and sweet buttercup,
 Why ! you have been sleeping the whole winter long,
 Hark ! don't you hear the blue bird's first song ?
 Tra, la, la, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, la, tra, la, la,
 Tra, la, la, tra, la, la, la, la,
 Tra, la, la, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, la, tra, la, la,
 Tra, la, la, tra, la, la.

- 2 Wake ! says the streamlet, we've lain here so still,
 Wake ! we must all go to work with a will.
 Wake ! says the warm breeze, and you, willow tree ;
 Come ! put on your robe in a twinkling for me.
 Why ! you have been sleeping the whole winter long,
 Hark ! don't you hear the blue bird's first song ?
 Tra, la, la, la, la, la, &c.

- 3 Wake ! says the air, from the blue sky above,
 Wake ! for the world is all beauty and love ;
 Come ! little children, so merry and dear !
 What were the spring time if you were not here ?
 Why ! you have been busy the whole winter long,
 Hark ! don't you hear the blue bird's first song ?
 Tra, la, la, la, la, la, &c.

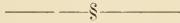


ALL THE BIRDS HAVE COME AGAIN.

- 1 ALL the birds have come again,
 Come again to greet us,
 And a joyous song they raise
 Chirping, singing merry lays ;

Pleasant spring time's happy days
Now return to meet us !

- 2 See how gaily one and all
To and fro are springing !
As their chanting meets my ear,
Voices sweet I seem to hear,
Wishing us a happy year,
Blessings with it bringing,
- 3 What they teach us in their song
We must e'er be learning ;
Let us ever cheerful be,
As the birds upon the tree,
Welcoming so joyously
Every spring returning.



LITTLE BROWN THRUSH.

- 1 THERE'S a merry brown thrush sitting up in a tree ;
He is singing to you, he is singing to me,
And what does he say, little girl, little boy ?
“ Oh ! this world's running over with joy,
Don't you hear ? Don't you see ?
Hush ! look here in my tree ;
For I'm as happy as happy can be,
For I'm as happy as happy can be.”
- 2 And the brown thrush keeps singing, “ A nest do
you see,
And five eggs laid by me in the big cherry tree ?
Don't meddle, don't touch, little girl, little boy !
Or the world will loose some of its joy.
Now I'm glad ! Now I'm free !
And I shall always be,
If you never will bring any sorrow to me,
If you never will bring any sorrow to me.”
- 3 So the merry brown thrush sings away in his tree,
To you and to me, to you and to me ;

And he sings all the day, little girl, little boy !
 "Oh ! the world's running over with joy,
 Don't you hear ? Don't you see ?
 Hush ! look here in my tree,
 For I'm as happy as happy can be,
 For I'm as happy as happy can be."

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THE BEE SONG.

1 OUT in the beautiful garden,
 Say, will you go with me now ?
 The oriole sings as he gaily swings,
 High on the elm tree bough
 Down by the wall of the meadow,
 Rows of red hollyhocks see ;
 In every one is a golden throne,
 Throne of the great King Bee.

Hark ! hark ! hark ! hear the buzzing sound,
 As if a band, from fairy land,
 Were coming from under the ground.
 Hark ! hark ! hark ! hear the buzz and hum !
 The fairy queen, in golden sheen,
 Is beating a silver drum.

2 So in the beautiful garden,
 Filling the musical air,
 The song in the tree, and the buzzing bee,
 Welcome us ev'ry where.
 Is it the bird in the elm tree ?
 Is it the honey bees hum ?
 Or is it a band from fairy land
 Beating a silver drum ?
 Hark ! hark ! hark ! &c.

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RAIN SONG.

Tune—" *There is no luck about the house.*"

1 THE rain is falling very fast,
 We can't go out to play,

But we are happy while at work,
Tho' 'tis a rainy day.

Chorus—Then clap, clap, clap together,
Clap, clap away,
For we are happy, while at work,
Tho' 'tis a rainy day.

2 For while the rain is falling down
We merrily sing our song,
With hearts so light and faces bright,
Time quickly speeds along.—*Chorus*.

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THE SONG OF THE RAIN.

- 1 To the great brown house, where the flowers dwell,
Came the rain with its tap, tap, tap!
And whispered, "Violet, Snow-drop, Rose,
Your pretty eyes you must now unclose
From your long, long wintry nap,
From your long, long wintry nap!"
Said the rain with its tap, tap, tap!
- 2 From the doors they peep with a timid grace,
Just to answer this tap, tap, tap!
Miss Snowdrop courtesied a sweet "Good-day,"
Then all came nodding their heads so gay,
And they said, "We've had our nap!
Thank you, rain, for your tap, tap, tap!"

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WHO TAUGHT THE LITTLE BIRD.

- 1 Who taught the bird to build her nest,
Of wood, and hay, and moss,
Who taught her how to weave it best,
And lay the twigs across?
Who taught the busy bee to fly,
Among the sweetest flowers,
And lay her store of honey by,
To last in winter's hours?

- 2 Who taught the little ant the way,
 Its narrow nest to weave,
 And thro' the pleasant summer day,
 To gather up its leaves ?
 'Twas God who taught them all the way,
 And gave their little skill,
 He teaches children when they pray
 To do His holy will.

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BIRDIES' BALL.

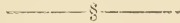
- 1 SPRING once said to the nightingale,
 "I wish to give you birds a ball !
 Pray, now ask the birdies all,
 The birds and birdies great and small !"
 Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la !
- 2 Soon they came from each bush and tree,
 All singing sweet their songs of glee,
 Each one fresh from his cosy nest,
 And each one dressed in his Sunday best.
 Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la !
- 3 They danced all day, till the sun was low,
 The mother-birds prepared to go,
 Then one and all, both great and small,
 Flew home to their nests from the birdies' ball.
 Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la !

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GRASSHOPPER GREEN.

GRASSHOPPER Green is a comical chap,
 He lives on the best of fare ;
 Bright little jacket and trousers and cap,
 These are his summer wear.
 Out in the meadow he loves to go,
 Playing away in the sun ;
 It's hopperty, skipperty, high and low,
 Summer's the time for fun !

- 2 Grasshopper Green has a dozen wee boys ;
 And soon as their legs grow strong,
 Each of them joins in his frolicsome joys,
 Singing his merry song.
 Under the hedge in a happy row,
 Soon as the day is begun,
 It's hopperty, skipperty, high and low,
 Summer's the time for fun !
- 3 Grasshopper Green has a quaint little house,
 It's under the hedge so gay,
 Grandmother Spider, as still as a mouse,
 Watches him over the way.
 Gladly he's calling the children, I know,
 Out in the beautiful sun ;
 It's hopperty, skipperty, high and low,
 Summer's the time for fun !



SWING, CRADLE SWING.

- 1 BABY is a sailor boy,
 Swing, cradle swing ;
 Sailing is the sailor's joy,
 Swing, cradle swing.

Swing cradle, swing cradle, swing cradle, swing,
 Swing cradle, swing cradle, swing cradle, swing.

- 2 Snowy sails and precious freight,
 Swing, cradle swing ;
 Baby's Captain, Mamma's Mate,
 Swing, cradle swing.
 Swing, cradle swing, &c.

- 3 Little eyelids downward creep,
 Sleep, baby, sleep ;
 Now he's in the cove of sleep,
 Sleep, baby, sleep.
 Sleep, baby, sleep, &c.

JACK FROST.

- 1 JACK Frost is a roguish little fellow,
 When the wintry winds begin to bellow,
 He flees like a little bird through the air,
 And steals through the little cracks everywhere,
 He nips little children on the nose,
 He pinches little children on the toes,
 He pulls little children by the ears,
 And draws from their eyes the big round tears.
- 2 He makes little girls cry oh, oh, oh,
 He makes little boys say ho, ho, ho,
 But when we kindle up a good fire,
 Then Jack Frost is compelled to retire,
 So up the chimney skips the roguish boy,
 And all the little children jump for joy.
 He makes little girls cry oh, oh, oh,
 He makes little boys say ho, ho, ho

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GOOD-BYE TO SUMMER.

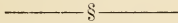
- 1 THE brown birds are flying like leaves through the sky,
 The flowrets are calling, "Dear birdlings good-bye!"
 The birds voices falling so soft from the sky,
 Are answering the flowrets, "Dear playmates good-bye."
- 2 The wee flow'rs are nodding so sleepy they grow,
 They put on their nightcaps, to Dreamland they go
 Their playtime is ended, for summer is o'er,
 They'll sleep 'neath the snow flakes, till spring comes
 once more.

—————§—————

THE SNAIL.

- 1 HAND in hand you see us well,
 Creep like a snail out of his shell,
 Always nearer, always nearer,
 Ever closer, ever closer,
 Who would think this tiny shell,
 Would have held the snail so well?

- 2 Hand in hand you see us well,
 Creep like a snail out of his shell,
 Ever wider, ever wider,
 Ever farther, ever farther,
 Who would have tho't this tiny shell,
 Would have held the snail so well ?

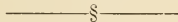


THE SHOEMAKER.

- 1 As wandering up and down one day,
 I peep'd in a window just over the way,
 And putting his needle through and through,
 There sat a cobbler making a shoe.

Rap-a-tap, and tic-a-ta-too, this is the way to make a shoe.

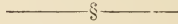
- 2 O'er lasts of wood, his bits of leather,
 He stretches and fits and then sews together,
 And putting his wax ends through and through,
 And still as he stitches his body goes too.
- 3 With his nice little awl, he maketh a hole,
 Right thro' the upper and then thro' the sole,
 He puts in a peg, or he puts in two,
 And ha, ha, ha, ha, as he hammers them thro'.
- 4 So the cobbler works thro' the wind and weather,
 With his hammer and awl and bits of leather,
 And what in the world would you and I do,
 If there was no cobbler to make us a shoe ?
- 5 And then with his hammer he giveth a rap,
 To the shoe so firmly fixed to his lap,
 His head it goes up, and his head it goes down,
 But on his face is never a frown.
- With his rap-a-tap-tap, &c.



OH ! SEE THE CARPENTER.

OH ! see the carpenter ! all day he works away,
 The high is here brought low,
 The long is shorter now,
 The crooked soon comes straight,

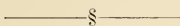
The curve he maketh flat,
 All smooth he makes the rough,
 Is that not skill enough?
 Now all must he combine,
 All parts together join,
 Just see what now he shows,
 From timbers the house now grows,
 A house for my good child,
 Where dwell his parents mild,
 Who night and day attend him.
 The carpenter must love the child,
 A good protectihg house to build,
 A house for my good child,
 Where dwell his parents mild.



CLINK, CLINK, CLINKERTY CLINK.

- 1 CLINK, clink, clinkerty clink : we begin to hammer at
 morning's blink,
 And hammer away till the busy day,
 Like us, aweary to rest shall sink,
 Clink, clink, clinkerty clink, like us aweary to rest, to rest
 shall sink.
- 2 Clink, clink, clinkerty clink, from labor and care we shall
 never sink,
 But our fires we'll blow till our forges glow,
 With light intense while our eyelids wink,
 Clink, clink, clinkerty clink, with light intense, while our
 eyelids, our eyelids wink.
- 3 Clink, clink, clinkerty clink, the chain we'll forge with
 many a link,
 We'll work each form while the iron is warm,
 With strokes as fast as we can think,
 Clink, clink, clinkerty clink, with strokes as fast as we, as
 we can think.

- 4 Clink, clink, clinkerty clink, our faces may be as black
as ink,
But our hearts are true as man ever knew,
And kindly of all we shall ever think,
Clink, clink, clinkerty clink, and kindly of all we shall ever,
shall ever think.



JOHNNY'S TRADE.

- 1 JOHNNY had to learn a trade that he might earn his bread,
His mother said a miller be and want you need not dread;
But Johnny did not like the sound the mill wheels made
in turning round.

Tra, la, la, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, la, la,
Tra, la, la, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, la.

Then did little Johnny cry, a miller, no, not I.

- 2 Johnny had to learn a trade that he might earn his bread,
His mother said a blacksmith be and want you need not
dread;
But Johnny did not like the sound that from the "anvil"
did resound.

Tra, la, la, la, la, la, &c.

Then did little Johnny cry, a blacksmith, no, not I.

- 3 Then Johnny said, oh, mamma, dear, I'll be a drummer
boy,
And when he learned to beat the drum, oh! great then
was his joy;
But soon he tired, as day by day, he found that he the
drum must play.

Tra, la, la, la, la, la, &c.

Then did little Johnny cry, a drummer, no, not I.

- 4 Then Johnny said, a trumpeter is what I want to be,
And when the trumpet he could blow, oh! great then
was his glee;
Toot, toot, toot, toot, toot, toot, toot; toot, toot, toot, toot,
toot, toot, toot;
Toot, toot, toot, toot; toot, toot, toot, toot, toot, toot, toot,
toot, toot, toot, toot;
Then did little Johnny cry, a trumpeter am I.

WEATHER SONG.

- 1 THIS is the way the cloud comes down,
 Darkly, darkly falling;
 So it covers the shining blue,
 Till no ray can glisten through.
 This is the way the cloud comes down,
 Darkly, darkly falling.

- 2 This is the way the rain comes down,
 Swiftly, swiftly falling;
 So He sendeth His welcome rain,
 Over the field and hill and plain.
 This is the way the rain comes down,
 Swiftly, swiftly falling

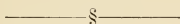
- 3 This is the way the snow comes down,
 Softly, softly falling ;
 So He giveth His snow like wool,
 Fair and white and beautiful.
 This is the way the snow comes down,
 Softly softly falling.

- 4 This is the way the frost comes down,
 Widely, widely falling ;
 So it spreadeth all through the night,
 Shining, cold, and pure and white
 This is the way the frost comes down,
 Widely, widely falling.

- 5 This is the way the hail comes down,
 Loudly, loudly falling ;
 So it flieth beneath the cloud,
 Swift and strong and wild and loud.
 This is the way the hail comes down,
 Loudly, loudly falling

- 6 This is the way the sunshine comes down,
 Sweetly, sweetly falling ;
 So it chaseth the clouds away,
 So it maketh a lovely day.
 This is the way the sunshine comes down,
 Sweetly, sweetly falling.

- 7 This is the way the rainbow comes down,
 Brightly, brightly falling ;
 So it shineth across the sky,
 Making fair the heavens on high.
 This is the way the rainbow comes down,
 Brightly, brightly falling.
- 8 This is the way the leaves come down,
 Gently, gently falling ;
 In gold and brown and crimson drest,
 Rocked by winds they lie at rest.
 This is the way the leaves come down,
 Gently, gently falling.
- 9 Wonderful, Lord, are all Thy works,
 Wheresoever falling,
 All their various voices rise,
 Speaking forth their Maker's praise.
 Wonderful, Lord, are all Thy works,
 Wheresoever falling.



ROUND AND ROUND.

- 1 ROUND and round it goes,
 So fast the water flows,
 The dripping, dropping, rolling wheel,
 That turns the noisy, dusty mill,
 Round and round it goes,
 As fast the water flows.
- 2 Turning all the day,
 It never stops to play,
 The dripping, dropping, rolling wheel,
 That keeps on grinding golden meal,
 Round and round it goes,
 As fast the water flows.
- 3 Sparkling in the sun,
 The merry waters run,
 Across the foaming, flashing wheel

That works away yet keepeth still,
Sparkling in the sun,
As the merry waters run.

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SEE THE SNOW IS FALLING FAST.

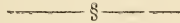
- 1 Oh, see the snow is falling fast
It powders all the trees !
Its flakes abound, and all around
They float upon the breeze.
- 2 'Tis snowing fast, and cold the blast,
But yet I hope 'twill stay ;
Oh ! see it blow the falling snow
In shadows far away !
- 3 Jack Frost is here, we feel him near,
He's on his icy sled ;
And, covered deep, the flowers sleep
Beneath their snowy bed.
- 4 Come out and play this winter day,
Amid'st the falling snow !
Come, young and old, fear not the cold,
Nor howling winds that blow.

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OLD WINTER.

- 1 OLD Winter is a sturdy one,
And lasting stuff he's made of,
His flesh is firm as iron-stone,
There is nothing he's afraid of.
- 2 He spreads his coat upon the heath,
Nor to warm it lingers,
He scouts the thought of aching teeth,
Or chilblains on his fingers.

- 3 Of flowers that bloom or birds that sing,
 Full little cares or knows he,
 He hates the fire and hates the spring,
 And all that's warm and cosy.
- 4 But when the foxes bark aloud
 On frozen lake or river,
 When round the fire the people crowd,
 And rub their hands and shiver,
- 5 When Frost is splitting stone and wall,
 And trees come crashing after,
 That hates he not, he loves it all,
 Then bursts he out in laughter.
- 6 Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
 Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
 Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
 Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

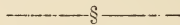


TINY LITTLE SNOW FLAKES.

- 1 TINY little snow flakes,
 In the air so high,
 Are you little angels,
 Floating in the sky?
 Robed so white and spotless,
 Flying like a dove,
 Are you little creatures,
 From the world above?
- 2 Whirling on the side walk,
 Dancing in the street,
 Kissing all the faces,
 Of the children sweet,
 Loading all the house-tops,
 Powdering all the trees,
 Cunning little snow flakes,
 Little busy bees.

COME, LITTLE LEAVES.

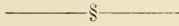
- 1 "COME, little leaves," said the wind one day,
 "Come o'er the meadows with me and play,
 Put on your dresses of red and gold,
 For summer is gone and the days grow cold."
- 2 Soon as the leaves heard the wind's loud call,
 Down they came fluttering, one and all ;
 Over the brown fields they danced and flew,
 Singing the sweet little songs they knew.
- 3 "Cricket, good-bye," we've been friends so long !
 Little brook, sing us your farewell song,
 Say you are sorry to see us go ;
 Ah ! you will miss us, right well you know !
- 4 "Dear little lambs, in your fleecy fold,
 Mother will keep you from harm and cold ;
 Fondly we've watched you in vale and glade,
 Say, will you dream of our loving shade ?"
- 5 Dancing and whirling, the little leaves went,
 Winter had called them, and they were content ;
 Soon, fast asleep in their earthy beds,
 The snow like a coverlet over their heads.



GOOD-BYE TO THE FLOWERS,

- 1 GOOD-BYE, daisy, pink, and rose,
 And snow-white lily too !
 Every pretty flower that grows,
 Here's a kiss for you !
 Good-bye, merry bird and bee,
 And take this tiny song
 For the one you sung to me,
 All the summer long.
- 2 Good-bye mossy little rill,
 That shivers in the cold,
 Leaves that fall on vale and hill
 Cover you with gold !

A sweet good-by to birds that roam,
 And rills and flowers and bees ?
 But when winter's gone, come home
 As early as you please.



BUSY CHILDREN.

- 1 PLANTING the corn and potatoes,
 Helping to scatter the seed,
 Feeding the hens and the chickens,
 Freeing the garden from weeds ;
 Driving the cows to the pasture,
 Feeding the horse in the stall,
 We little children are busy,
 Sure there is work for us all,
 We little children are busy,
 Sure there is work for us all.

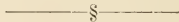
- 2 Spreading the hay in the sunshine,
 Raking it up when 'tis dry,
 Picking the apples and peaches,
 Down in the orchard close by ;
 Picking the grapes in the vineyard,
 Gathering the nuts in the fall,
 We little children, &c.

- 3 Sweeping, and washing the dishes,
 Bringing the wood from the shed,
 Ironing, and sewing and knitting,
 Helping to make up the bed ;
 Taking good care of the baby,
 Watching her lest she should fall,
 We little children, &c.

- 4 Work makes us cheerful and happy,
 Makes us both active and strong,
 Play we enjoy all the better,
 When we have labor'd so long ;
 Gladly we help our kind parents,
 Quickly we come at their call,
 We little children, &c.

THE CHICKADEES

- 1 CHILLY little chickadees,
 Sitting in a row,
 Chilly little chickadees,
 Buried in the snow ;
 Don't you find it very cold
 For your little feet ?
 Don't you find it hard to get
 Anything to eat ?
- 2 Happy little chickadees,
 Would you like some bread ?
 I will give you all you want,
 Or some seeds instead ;
 Anything you like to eat
 You shall have it free,
 Every morning, every night
 If you come to me.
- 3 Jolly little chickadees,
 Have you had enough ?
 Don't forget to come again
 When the weather's rough,
 Bye, bye, happy little birds !
 Off the wee things swarm,
 Flying through the driving snow,
 Singing in the storm.



HARK ! THE BELLS ARE RINGING.

- 1 HARK the bells are ringing gay,
 'Tis the eve of Christmas Day,
 Holidays have now begun
 Full of merriment and fun,
 Merrily we pass our time,
 Merry as the Christmas time
 May the coming New Year too,
 Be a happy one to you.

- 2 Hear a voice that whispers near,
 Like an angel in our ear,
 You have poorer neighbors near,
 Share with them your Christmas cheer,
 Every child can spare a part,
 And rejoice another's heart,
 Winning love that never dies,
 Love the best of human ties.
- 3 Three hurrahs for snow and ice,
 Slides and snow-balls are so nice,
 We the happy play now see,
 And perhaps a Christmas tree,
 Who loves dancing, who can skate,
 Who delights to sit up late,
 Let us raise a hearty cheer,
 Christmas comes but once a year.

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CAROL, CHILDREN, CAROL.

CAROL, children, carol, carol joyfully,
 Carol for the coming of Christ's nativity :
 And pray a gladsome Christmas
 To all good Christian men,
 Then carol, children, carol,
 Till Christmas comes again,
 Oh, carol, children, carol, carol joyfully,
 Carol for the coming of Christ's nativity.

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CHRISTMAS HYMN.

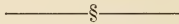
- 1 CHILDREN, can you truly tell,
 Do you know the story well,
 Every little girl and boy,
 Why the angels sing for joy,
 On the Christmas morning ?
- 2 Yes, we know the story well,
 Listen now, and hear us tell,

Every little girl and boy,
 Why the angels sing for joy,
 On the Christmas morning.

3 Shepherds sat upon the ground,
 Fleecy flocks were scattered round,
 When the brightness filled the sky,
 And a song was heard on high,
 On the Christmas morning.

4 Angels sang a loud, sweet song,
 For a holy babe was born ;
 Down on earth to live with men,
 Jesus, our dear Saviour, came,
 On the Christmas morning.

5 Joy and peace the angels sang,
 For the pleasant echoes rang,
 "Peace on earth ; to men good will !"
 Hark ! the angels sing it still,
 On the Christmas morning.

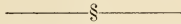


JOLLY OLD SAINT NICHOLAS.

1 JOLLY old Saint Nicholas,
 Lean your ear this way !
 Don't you tell a single soul
 What I'm going to say ;
 Christmas Eve is coming soon ;
 Now, you dear old man,
 Whisper what you'll bring to me ;
 Tell me if you can.

2 When the clock is striking twelve,
 When I'm fast asleep,
 Down the chimney broad and black
 With your pack you'll creep ;
 All the stockings you will find
 Hanging in a row ;
 Mine will be the shortest one ;
 You'll be sure to know.

- 3 Johnny wants a pair of skates ;
 Susy wants a dolly ;
 Nelly wants a story-book ;
 She thinks dolls are folly ;
 As for me, my little brain
 Isn't very bright ;
 Choose for me, Old Santa Claus,
 What you think is right.

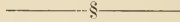


RED, WHITE AND BLUE.

- 1 BRITANNIA 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.
- Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
 When borne by the red, white and blue.
- 2 When war winged its wide desolation,
 And threatened our land to deform
 The ark of their freedom's foundation,
 Britannia rode safe through the storm ;
 With her garland of victory around her
 When proudly she bore her brave crew,
 With her flag floating proudly before her,
 The boast of the red, white and blue.
- With her flag floating proudly before her,
 The boast of the red, white and blue.
- 3 Come all then Britannia's sons hither,
 To join in our song with delight,
 May the wreaths they have won never wither,
 May the star of their glory shine bright ;

May the Service united never sever,
 But to their colors prove true,
 The Army and Navy for ever,
 Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

The Army and Navy for ever,
 Three cheers for the red, white and blue.



THE MAPLE LEAF FOR EVER.

1 In days of yore, from Britain's shore,
 Wolfe the dauntless hero came,
 And planted firm Britannia's flag,
 On Canada's fair domain !
 Here may it wave our boast, our pride,
 And joined in love together,
 The thistle, shamrock, rose entwined,
 The maple leaf for ever !

Chorus—The maple leaf, our emblem dear,
 The maple leaf for ever !
 And flourish green o'er freedom's home
 The maple leaf for ever !

2 At Queenston Heights and Lundy's Lane,
 Our brave fathers side by side,
 For freedom, homes, and loved ones dear,
 Firmly stood and nobly died !
 And those dear rights which they maintained,
 We swear to yield them never !
 Our watch-word ever more shall be
 The maple leaf for ever !—*Chorus*.

3 Our fair Dominion now extends
 From Cape Race to Nootka Sound ;
 May peace forever be our lot,
 And plenteous store abound ;
 And may those ties of love be ours
 Which discord cannot sever,
 And flourish green o'er freedom's home,
 The maple leaf for ever !—*Chorus*.

- 4 On merry England's far famed land
 May kind heaven sweetly smile ;
 God bless our Scotland ever more,
 And Ireland's emerald isle !
 Then swell the song, both loud and long,
 Till rocks and forest quiver,
 God save our Queen, and Heaven bless
 The maple leaf for ever !

Chorus—The maple leaf, our emblem dear,
 The maple leaf for ever !
 God save our Queen, and Heaven bless
 The maple leaf for ever !

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NOW OUR WORK IS ENDED.

- 1 Now our { morning } work is ended
 { evening }
 Longer we must not remain,
 It is time our way we wended,
 To our happy homes again.
- 2 Gladly do our mothers greet us,
 Every day when we go home,
 Gladly our companions greet us,
 When again we hither come.
 Then “good-bye,” then “good-bye,”
 “Good-bye” for the day, then “good-byc”
 for the present,
 Teachers and companions dear.

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GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

- 1 GOD save our gracious Queen,
 Long live our noble Queen,
 God save the Queen ;

Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the Queen.

2 O Lord our God, arise,
Scatter her enemies,
And make them fall ;
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks
On Thee our hopes we fix,
Oh save us all.

3 Thy choicest gifts in store,
On her be pleased to pour,
Long may she reign ;
May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the Queen.



