SCHOOL SONG BOOK,

BY MRS. HALE.

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THE SCHOOL SONG BOOK.

ADAPTED TO THE

SCENES OF THE SCHOOL ROOM.

WRITTEN FOR

American Children and Youth.

BY MRS. SARAH J. HALE,
Editor of the Ladies' Magazine, and author of "Flora's Interpreter,"
&c. &c.

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REMARKS.

Vocal music as a branch of school education, is becoming popular, and will, probably, soon be considered indispensable. The influence of this social singing on the feelings of children is very great, and can, by judicious teachers, be made very beneficial. Songs may convey instruction in its most attractive form, and at the same time, operate with the restraining power of authority on the pupil,—subduing the impetuous feelings, and harmonizing the thoughts in accordance with the duties of the child.

But for this purpose, it is necessary that the Songs should be adapted to the scenes and circumstances of the school room, and, at the same time, by pleasant associations, lead forward the young mind to consider usefulness in life, and the goodness which prepares us for heaven, as the great aim of education.

The love of Nature and of simple pleasures is essential to the happiness and improvement of the young—hence pleasant thoughts and kind feelings should be combined with every creature and thing which is represented as lovely and useful. In short, school songs should be calculated to elevate and purify the affections, and thus calm and prepare the mind for its more serious studies.

It is with these views that the following songs have been written—that they may be found useful in promoting the kind and generous sympathies of pupils and thus aid the Teacher in the arduous duty of improving the moral as well as mental character of the young, is the sincere desire of THE AUTHOR.

To the Pupils of —— School.

A new book—I hope, my young friends, that you will find it a *new pleasure.*

Some time ago I wrote a little book, naming it, "Poems for our Children." A number of these poems have been set to music by Mr. Mason; and if you have never seen the book, you have probably heard or sung

"If ever I see
On bush or tree,"

or

"Our Father in heaven,
We hallow thy name, &c.

I was told these songs were very popular with the young, and this encouraged me to write this book for your gratification. I have included in this book all the *favorites* from the other, and added others which I hope, will *become* favorites.

Mrs. Hale.

Boston, May, 1, 1834.

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SCHOOL SONG BOOK.

PART FIRST.

The Petition.

O thou! who didst call
  Young children to thee;
Hear our petition
  Though feeble it be.—
Thy love and thy blessing
  We children would claim ;—
We come at thy summons,
  We sing in thy name;—
O breathe in our hearts
  Sweet Peace from the skies,
And joyful, dear Saviour,
  Our voices shall rise !

Birds.

If ever I see,
On bush or tree,
Young birds in a pretty nest,
I must not, in my play,
Steal the birds away,
To grieve their mother's breast.

My mother, I know,
Would sorrow so,
Should I be stolen away;
So I'll speak to the birds,
In my softest words,
Nor hurt them in my play.

And when they can fly,
In the bright blue sky,
They'll warble a song to me;
And then, if I'm sad,
It will make me glad
To think they are happy and free.

Where Shall We Go?

Where shall we go,
Where shall we go,
Where, oh where, where shall we go?
The glorious sun is rising fast,
And morn's cool hours will soon be past.
Where shall we go,
Where shall we go,
Where, oh where, where shall we go?

In the morn the heart is lightest,
In the morn the mind is brightest,
Morning is the hour for study—
Now to school—'tis time already;
There will we go,
There will we go,
There, oh there, there will we go—
We will go, we will go, we will go—
There will we go.

Where shall we go,
Where shall we go,
Where, oh where, where shall we go?
The scorching noon-tide heat is past,
And fleecy clouds the sky o'ercast;
Where shall we go,
Where shall we go,
Where, oh where, where shall we go?

Down the vale and o'er the mountain,
Through the grove, beside the fountain,
Resting in the pleasant bowers,
Culling all the bright-eyed flowers—
There will we go,
There will we go,
There, oh there, there will we go—
We will go, we will go, we will go,—
There will we go.

Where shall we go,
Where shall we go,
Where, oh where, where shall we go?
The evening shadows lengthen fast,
The sun's low, level rays are cast;

Where shall we go,
Where shall we go,
Where, oh where, where shall we go?

Home, to greet our gentle mother,
Kindest father, sister, brother;
All our sweetest flowers we'll give them,—
Oh! how gladly they'll receive them.
Home we will go—
Home we will go—
Home, home, home, home we will go—
We will go, we will go, we will go—
Home we will go.

Mary's Lamb.

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
And every where that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go:
It followed her to school one day,
That was against the rule;
It made the children laugh and play
To see a lamb at school.

And so the Teacher turned him out,
But still he lingered near,
And waited patiently about,
Till Mary did appear:
And then he ran to her, and laid
His head upon her arm,
As if he said, "I'm not afraid,
You'll save me from all harm."

"What makes the lamb love Mary so?"
The little children cry—
"O Mary loves the lamb, you know,"
The Teacher did reply:
"And you each gentle animal
In confidence may bind,
And make them follow at your call,
If you are always kind."

The Coral Branch.

I thought my branch of coral
A pretty shrub might be,
Until I learned a little worm
Had made it in the sea—
Down, down so deep,
Where dark waters sleep,
The coral insect lives;
But rests not there,
With toil and care,
It upward, upward strives.

It builds its coral palaces,
Than lofty hills more high;
And then, the structure to complete,
The little worm must die,—
Thus teaching me,
When coral I see,
That, dying, I should leave
Some good work here,
My friends to cheer,
When o'er my tomb they grieve.

The Stars.

See, the stars are coming,
In the far blue skies!
Mother, look! they brighten—
Are they angels' eyes?

No, my child, the lustre
Of the stars is given,
Like the hues of flowers,
By the God of heaven.

Mother, if I study,
Sure He'll let me know
Why the stars He kindled,
O'er our earth to glow?—

Child, what God has finished
Has a glorious aim:
Thine it is to worship,
Thine to love His name.

Wild Flowers.

Flowers, wild-wood flowers—
In a sheltered dell they grew :
I hurried along, and chanced to spy
This small star-flower, with its silver eye ;
Then this blue daisy peeped up its head,
Sweetly this purple orchis spread,—
I gathered them all for you ;
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,
Marygolds, rich as the crown of a king ;
But none so fair to me,
As these wild-wood flowers,
Sweet wild-wood flowers.

Flowers, wild-wood flowers—
Do they not tell of heaven ?
O, man may garnish his garden bowers,
But who hath tended these wild-wood flowers?
Is it not He who rules above,
Sending these tokens of his love ?
—God's own hand hath given
These sweet wild-wood flowers,
Sweet wild-wood flowers.

No Home.

("Children's Song.")

"No home—no home"—I heard him sigh,
The tears were trembling in his eye,
And then he would not join our play,
—I'm sure he never can be gay.

No home—no home—where will he go?
His voice was sad, his step was slow—
O, whither, whither, should I flee,
If there was not a home for me!

My home—my home—how brightly come
The thoughts that whisper of my home;
—Its pleasant rooms, its flowers and books—
And then my mother's loving looks!

Dear home—dear home—ne'er let me be
Compelled to wander far from thee,
Like yon poor orphan boy to roam,
And sighing say—"No home—no home!"

Sweet May.

The pleasant Spring has come again,
The pretty birds are here,
The grass grows in the gentle rain,
And buds and flowers appear—
I love to see the sky so clear,
And all things look so gay—
The fairest month in all the year
Is sweet and sunny May.

And well I know the cold deep snow
And winter storms are past,
And merrily now to school I'll go,
Nor fear the chilling blast—
I love the sun, the gentle wind,
And bird, and flower, and bud,
And well I love my teacher kind,
But best I love my God.

Summer Morning.

How beautiful the morning,
When summer days are long;
O, we will rise betimes and hear
The wild-birds happy song—
For when the sun pours down his ray
The bird will cease to sing;
He'll seek the cool and silent shade,
And sit with folded wing.

Up in the morning early—
'Tis Nature's gayest hour!
There's pearls of dew upon the grass,
And fragrance on the flower.—
Up in the morning early,
And we will bound abroad,
And fill our hearts with melody,
And raise our songs to God.

The Bright Hearth.

Now the gloomy winter days,
Clouds and storms are coming on,
But our cheerful hearth doth blaze
Brighter than the summer sun.

Here, my mother, we can stay
With thee, in this pleasant room;
Who would ask abroad to play,
When so cheerful is their home ?

Soft the song of summer bird,
Sweet the breath of summer flower,
But a kind, a loving word
Comes with sweeter, softer power.

Mother, when thy loving voice
Checks or cheers, we will obey,
And be silent, or rejoice
Through this stormy, gloomy day.

And when evening shades appear,
Brighter still will glow our hearth;
Then our *father* will be here,
And his smile will join our mirth.

Winter Pleasures.

("If ever I see.")

I never will say,
"How cold to-day!"—
And shiver, and shake, and moan;—
The winter has joys
For us, little boys,
We'll sing in a joyous tone.

There's the quiet slide,
And the glad sleigh-ride,
When the bells are gingling free,
And the merry snow-ball,
And better, than all,
The coasting trade for me.

But I would not play
Through the cold bleak day;
And how happy it is to go
To the warm school-room,
Or my dear, dear home—
Away from the cold and snow.

So I never will say,
"How cold to-day!"—
And shiver, and shake, and moan—
The winter has joys
For us little boys,
We'll sing in a joyous tone.

Welcome, The Stranger.

("Gather yon rose-buds, &c.")

Welcome, young stranger, welcome here,—
We call you *friend* already ;
All our gay pastimes you shall share,
And share our cheerful study.—
Never can youth true pleasure find
In idle sports alone,
But here the body and the mind
Their proper worth are shown.

Welcome, then, kindly welcome here,
—Our hearts are in the chorus ;
O, we rejoice that you will share
The pleasant days before us.—
Sweeter our morning songs will blend,
Another voice with ours,
And faithfully our Teacher 'll tend
The bud among the flowers.

Welcome, young stranger, welcome here,—
We call you friend already;
All our gay pastimes you shall share,
And share our pleasant study.
Banish, we pray you, banish fear ;
Here's none but friends around:
Love's brightest flowers we cherish here,
And not a thorn to wound.

Welcome, then kindly, welcome here,
Our hearts are in the chorus,
O, we rejoice that you will share
The happy days before us.

Parting Strain.

A bird and a rose-bud—
  These were my first treasures—
And well I remember
  They told me life's pleasures
Were fading and fleeting,
Oft gone with the greeting.—
I did not believe them—
  Alas! the next day
My sweet rose lay withered,
  My bird flew away!
    Away, away;—
My sweet rose lay withered,
  My bird flew away.

'Tis thus with young friendships,—
  The dearer we cherish
Our pleasant companions,
  The sooner they vanish;
Like birds in the wild-wood,—
But the true heart of child-hood
Will never forget them—

And oft we shall say,
O, why did they leave us,
And go far away ?
Away, away—
O, why did they leave us,
And go far away ?

Hence learn we the lesson,
That joy is unstable,
Our life a vain shadow
The world but a fable;
That partings and crosses,
And sorrows and losses
Will ever attend us,
On earth while we stay ;
And we, like our pleasures,
Are passing away,
Away, away—
And we, like our pleasures,
Are passing away.

Tribute to our Teacher.

Beneath thick shrubs,
Where dark leaves spread,
A budded flower
Once raised its head—
Not a gleam of sunshine,
Not a drop of dew,
To make the buds bloom,
Could find its way through.

But a gardener came
Where the pale buds lay,
And he plucked the shrubs
And dark leaves away ;
Then the bright flower breathed
Its sweets on the air,
As though it would thank
The kind gardener's care.

The young mind thus,
In the world's cold shade,
Dark errors round,
Would pine and fade;—

But the Teacher comes
And the gloom is riven,
And our hearts expand
In the light of heaven.

A monitor
The flower shall be—
My own dark mind
In the *bud* I see—
My Teacher's care
In its opening bloom—
And my *gratitude*
In its sweet perfume.

Sabbath Morning.

Welcome, welcome, quiet morning—
I've no task, no toil to-day ;
Now the Sabbath morn returning,
Says a week has passed away.

Let me think how time is gliding ;
Soon the longest life departs ;
Nothing human is abiding,
Save the love of humble hearts.

Love to God, and to our neighbor,
Makes our purest happiness :
Vain the wish, the care, the labor,
Earth's poor trifles to possess.

Swift my childhood's dreams are passing,
Like the startled doves they fly,
Or bright cloud's each other chasing,
Over yonder quiet sky.

Soon I'll hear earth's flattering story,
Soon its visions will be mine.—
Shall I covet wealth and glory ?
Shall I bow at pleasure's shrine?

No, my God—one prayer I raise thee,
From my young and happy heart;
Never let me cease to praise thee,—
Never from thy fear depart.

Then, when years have gathered o'er me,—
And the world is sunk in shade,
Heaven's bright realms will rise before me
There my treasure will be laid.

PART SECOND.

All are Here.

(Monday morning.)

Cheerily, cheerily sound the strain—
Happily, happily met again,
Here we stand—
Who at home has dared to stay ?
Who has loitered by the way ?
And who for idle play
Do we miss from our band?

Merrily, merrily sound the strain,
Happily, happily met again,
All are here ;
All who love the morning's prime,
All who feel the worth of time—
So we'll sound the merry chime,
All are here ! all are here !

Be Constant in Duty.

(Tuesday morn.)

The sun goeth down,
But we feel no sorrow;
We know he will rise
As brightly to-morrow—
Why thus can we rest,
When in darkness he leaves us,
And trust to his coming?
—He never deceives us—
Never, no, never.

A lesson we read,
In brightness and beauty,
By God's finger written,
"Be constant in duty"—
And, graved on my heart,
This lesson, to guide me,
Shall ne'er be forgotten,
Whatever betide me.
Never, no, never.

The Lost Day.

(Wednesday morn.)

"I've lost a day," the monarch cried,
And bowed his head in sorrow—
He never dreamed, amid his pride,
He could command the morrow;
Yet idle youth, in heedless haste
To grasp some joy untasted,
Will see a day has passed away,
Nor mourn the moments wasted.

Lost health by care we may restore,
Lost wealth by toil obtain it;
But time once lost returns no more,
Nor power nor wealth can gain it—
—The time we use, we never lose,
Its worth is sealed in heaven;
O, when this day has passed away
How will my share be given!

Always Happy.

(Thursday morn.)

" Always happy "—can we say
This will be a happy day,
Now but begun?
Dangers may our path surround,
Sickness seize, and sorrows wound,
Ere set of sun !

Dangers, sorrows, sickness, all
That the human race befal,
Need not alarm;
Blessings spring from grief's dark hours,
As sweet incense from the flowers,
Bowed by the storm.

Be our feelings calm and kind,
Hearts to duty's task inclined,
Thoughts free from ill;
Then in hope's glad tones we'll say,
" This will be a happy day—
Surely it will ! "

The Present.

(Friday morn.)

For me, there's no time like the *present*,
—The *past* is too dreamy and old;
Hope's light on the *future*, tho' pleasant,
Like moonshine is cheating and cold.

The *present*, 'tis ours by life's charter,—
The terms are—"improve it for good;"
And a bird in the hand who would barter
For two flying wild in the wood?

Each day is a treasure, that Heaven
Bestows to awaken our love;
And the favors thus constantly given,
As constantly we must improve.

Then let us value the *present*—
The *past* is too dreamy and old;
Hope's light on the *future*, tho' pleasant,
Like moonshine is cheating and cold.

Count the Time.

(Saturday morn.)

Why should we count our life by years,
  Since years are short, and pass away?—
Or why by fortune's smiles and tears,
  Since tears are vain, and smiles decay?

Then count by virtues, these will last
  When life's lame-footed race is o'er,
And these, when earthly joys are past,
  May cheer us on a brighter shore.

Another day, another day,
  Shall this be counted in my span,
And virtue's sacred seal display
  Upon the page that writes me *man*?

Good Night.

Good night—Good night—and peace be with
you—
Peace, that gentlest parting strain;
Soft it falls like dew on blossoms,
Cherishing within our bosoms,
Kind desires to meet again:
Good night—Good night.

Good night—Good night—but not forever,
Hope can see the morning rise,
Many a pleasant scene before us,
As though angels hovered o'er us,
Bearing blessings from the skies:
Good night—Good night.

Good night—Good night—oh, softly breathe
it!
'Tis a prayer for those we love;
Peace to-night and joy to-morrow,
For ourGod, who shields the sparrow,
Hears us in his courts above:
Good night—Good night.

Going to Sea.

Hark ! hark !—'tis the signal !—
The breezes are steady,
The anchor is weighing,
And we must be ready.—
Farewell, my dear mother,
I fear thou'lt be lonely,
But, oh ! do not sorrow—
I'll think of thee only.

And dread not the danger
Tho' I'm on the billow;
I know my kind Saviour
Will watch o'er my pillow:
The sea own'd his sceptre—
When its path he was treading,
The winds and the waters
Grew calm at his bidding.

We'll trust him, we'll trust him,
We'll pray, and he'll hear us;
On land or on water
Alike he'll be near us:
Be this song unto him
Our heart's fond devotion,
And under his guidance
I'll launch on the ocean.

The Little Cloud.*

TWO VOICES.

(*First voice.*)

—Look ! look ! towards the sea,
And the tidings bring to me.

(*Second voice.*)

—Nothing, nothing meets the eye,
Save parched earth and burning sky.

(*First voice.*)

—Look ! look ! with humble prayer;
Look seven times, and ne'er despair.

(*Second voice.*)

Ah ! a little cloud I spy,
Like a white hand on the sky.

---

* See 1st Kings. Chap. 18 ver. 41 to 46.

Haste! haste! for life away—
Tell the king there's no delay;
Say that little cloud contains
Promise of abundant rains.

God has pledged it—and 'tis done.—
See, thick clouds are rolling on;
Spreading, spreading black as night—
Earth and heaven are shut from sight.

But the storm, tho' wild above,
Is to man the voice of love,
Bidding famished nature live,
And his hopes with her revive.

They, who trust the King of kings,
Find each storm a blessing brings.—
Look! look, with humble prayer,—
Look to heaven, and ne'er despair.

The Thunder Storm.

See ! the black cloud rises high—
Now it spreads along the sky—
Look ! the quivering lightnings fly—
Hark ! the thunders roar—

Yet I will not shrink with fear
When the thunder crash I hear :
Soon the rainbow will appear,
And the storm be o'er.

In the summer's sultry day,
When hot winds around us play,
We should sink, the fever's prey,
And revive no more:

But the dark clouds fill the skies,
And the vivid lightning flies;
Then the cooling winds arise,
And our danger 's o'er.

He who rules the Summer hour,
Cherishing the little flower,
He directs the lightning's power,
And the thunder's roar.

Then I will not feel alarm—
He can shield me from all harm;
In the sunshine or the storm
God I will adore.

The Rainbow.

O, beautiful rainbow,
All woven of light !
There's not, in thy tissue,
One shadow of night.—
It seems as heaven opened,
When thou dost appear,
And a visible presence
Of angels drew near,
And sung the rainbow,
The rainbow,
The smile of God is here.

I think, as I'm gazing,
Thy colors to mark,
How o'er the lone mountain
Where rested the ark,
Those saved from the deluge,
With wondering eye,
Beheld the first rainbow
Burst over the sky;

And sung the rainbow,
The rainbow,
Thy promise, God, on high!

And thousands of ages
Have flourished and fled,
Since on the first rainbow
That promise was read.—
Man dies, and earth changes,
But still doth endure
God's signet of mercy,
Fresh, lovely, and pure;
Then sing the rainbow,
The rainbow,
The love of God is sure.

The Gifts of Spring.

Spring! 'tis the spell of gladness—
—We breathe that Eden word,
And in the youthful bosom
What pleasant thoughts are stirred!
Sweet thoughts of gushing fountains,
Bright skies and blossomed trees,
And soft green grass and violets,
And wild bird's melodies.

These visions warm the fancy,
And wake the lyre of mirth;
But Spring has gifts more precious
To bless the waiting earth.—
There's *health* upon her breezes,
The glow of life they bear;
And look upon the blossomed trees,
You'll find *hope's* treasure there.

O, tell us not of glory,
And tell us not of wealth;
Hope is the fame of youthful hearts,
Their precious riches *health*.—
We'll search the book of Nature,
And learn where these are found,
While Spring her gifts of buds and flowers
Is scattering all around.

The Garland.

("Pleasures of Innocence.")

Summer freely waves her garlands round—
Who would sigh for golden treasures?
Who would seek to purchase pleasures?
Summer freely waves her garlands round.

Pleasure ever must be won by toil—
'Tis the contrast of employment
Gives to idleness enjoyment—
Pleasure ever must be won by toil.

Who has earned a happy holiday?
Has improvement marked thy hours?
Then enjoy the summer flowers—
Thou hast earned a happy holiday.

Summer freely waves her garlands round—
Who will sigh for golden treasures?
Who will seek to purchase pleasures?
Summer freely waves her garland round.

The Harvest Time.

("The sun parts faintly, &c.")

Calm Autumn crowned with ripened grain,
And fruits of richest flavors,—
With notes of joy we hail again
The season of thy favors.—
Our hearts and voices strike the chime,
—The harvest time—the harvest time !

The harvest sun how bright at noon,
His richest radiance throwing !
And O, how bright the harvest moon,
As she with joy were glowing,
And fain with us would strike the chime,
The harvest time—the harvest time !

In our broad land we've every clime,
All boast some gift possessing,
And all enjoy the harvest time,
That crowns each gift a blessing—
Then let our hearts and voices raise
To God the praise—to God the praise !

Farewell to the Year.

Farewell, thy destiny is done,
  Thy ebbing sands we tell,
Blended and set with all that's gone—
  Thou dying year, farewell!

Gifts from thy hand—Spring's joyous leaves,
  And Summer's breathing flowers,
Autumn's bright fruit and bursting sheaves,—
  These blessings have been ours :

They pass with thee, and now they seem
  Like gifts from fairy spell,
Or like some sweet remembered dream;
  We bid those gifts farewell!

Tho' frail the fair, rich things of earth,
  Must *mind's* bright hopes be frail?
And those pure thoughts that owed their birth
  To thee—thus with thee fail?

Not if the soul but gird her might,
Her treasures guard with care.—
The storm-swelled stream, that sweeps the height,
But lays the rich mine bare.

The high resolve, the holy fear,
Waked by thy passing knell,
O, take not these, thou dying year!
We bid not these farewell.

One is Gone.

Gone, gone from our number,
We miss one dear face—
One voice has departed—
There's one vacant place.—
Gone, gone, and forever ;
There is no return—
The absent we pray for—
The dead we must mourn;
And gathering in sadness
To-day we appear,
Each note of our music
The tone seems to bear.—
'One is gone!'

The beam of the morning,
The bud of the Spring,
The promise of beauty
And brightness may bring;
But clouds gather darkness,
And, touched by the frost,
The pride of the plant and
The morning are lost.—

The bright and the lovely
  Thus ever decay;
The young and the cherished
  Are passing away;—
    One is gone.

Gone, gone—and O, whither?
  The bird on the wing,
Whose food is the flowers,
  Must follow the spring;
And thus our companion,
  In life's flowery time,
Has passed to the Saviour,
  In that blessed clime,
Where youth blooms eternal,
  And never is heard,
Its pure joys to sadden,
  The earth-laden word,
    'One is gone.'

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 *father's* deeds of glory
Are echoed round the earth.

The sound is waxing stronger,
And thrones and nations hear;
"Man may not triumph longer,
For God, the Lord is near—"
And He will crush oppression,
And raise the humble mind,
And give the earth's possession
Among the good and kind.

And then shall sink the mountains,
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!"
To God, the king of heaven,
Then consecrate the strain;—
Earth's fetters will be riven,
And God the Lord will reign,

My Native Land.

My native land, my native land—
O 'tis a lovely land to me;
I bless my God that I was born
Where man is *free*.

Our land—it is a glorious land—
And wide it spreads from sea to sea—
And sister states in Union join,
And all are *free*.*

And equal laws we all obey;
To kings we never bend the knee:—
We may not own no Lord but God,
Where all are *free*.

We've lofty hills and sunny vales,
And streams that roll to either sea,†—
And through this large and varied land
Alike we're *free*.

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* All but two millions.

† Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.

You hear the sounds of healthful toil,
And youth's gay shout and childhood's glee,
And every one in safety dwells,
And all are *free*.

We 're brothers all, from South to North;
One bond will draw us to agree—
We love this country of our birth—
We love the *free*.

We love the name of Washington,
I lisped it on my father's knee;
—And we shall ne'er forget the *name*
While we are *free*.

My land, my own dear native land,
Thou art a lovely land to me;
I bless my God that I was born
Where man is *free*.

Closing the School.

TWO VOICES.

First voice.

Like the rivers ceaseless flow,
Days, and hours, and moments go;
And the year, that endless seems
In the future's busy schemes,
Passes—it is past—the year—
What hath been its record here?

Second voice.

Not by labors we have wrought
Can we show the growth of thought,
As the plant you tend for years,
Ere its ripened fruit appears,
Thus the youthful mind must be
Nurtured long ere fruit you see.

First voice.

Parting is a tearful word,
Breathed in grief, in sorrow heard—
Here its cadence draws no sigh,
Its expression dims no eye—
When the closing song is o'er,
Do we part to meet no more?

Second voice.

Again, again, we meet again—
Deem not this a farewell strain—
'Tis the joy of change we hail,
When its fleeting pleasures fail,
Like tired birds that fold the wing,
Blithely here our songs we'll sing.

The Resting-Place.

There's many a path
At life's opening race—
But all will meet
At one Resting-Place.
Will ours be the path
Where rose-leaves spread;
Or shall we be doomed,
The thorns to tread?

Be this on each mind
A guiding truth,
To check the vain hope,
And the pride of youth.
Though afar and apart
We may urge our race,
We all shall meet
At one Resting-Place.

Our Father in Heaven.

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
Which pardons each foe—
Keep us from temptation,
From weakness and sin—
And thine shall be glory
Forever—amen!

POEMS.

The Book.

Written in the blank leaf of a Bible.

The book—thy mother sends it boy,—
And let its truths thy mind employ:
Dost ask—' amid the world of men,
When shall I read? '—I'll tell thee when
To read the Book.

When the glad morning's early voice
Rouses the slumberer to rejoice,
And thoughts are thronging free and bright,
Till thy heart feels that ' God is light '—
Then read the Book.

When night steals on, with steps of fear,
Look up—the shining stars appear:
Thus ever glorious they endure,
They 'll teach thy heart that 'God is pure;'
Then read the Book.

When health in all thy pulses plays,
And life seems formed of joyous days,
And all around, earth, sky and flood,
Are witnessing that 'God is good,'—
Then read the Book.

When sickness comes, with wasting power,
And bows thy head, like drooping flower,
'Mid the sharp pains thou dost endure,
Remember, 'He who wounds can cure'—
And read the Book.

This life has blessings, nor in vain
Are these displayed for us to gain:
If thou dost win them, son, then raise
Thy thanks to Him who guides our ways,
And read the Book.

But griefs wait all of woman born:
Should'st thou be friendless and forlorn,
And life a weary pathway prove,
Still trust in Heaven—'for God is love,'—
And read the Book.

There comes an hour that all must share,
When vain a mother's love and care,
The hour of death—but through the strife,
Repose on Him whose words of life
Are in the Book.

The Silk Worm.

There is no form upon our earth,
That bears the mighty Maker's seal,
But has some charm—to draw this forth,
We must have hearts to feel.

I saw a fair young girl—her face
Was sweet as dream of cherished friend—
Just at the age when childhood's grace
And maiden softness blend.

A *silk-worm* in her hand she *laid*,
Nor fear, nor yet disgust was stirred:
But gaily with her charge she played,
As 't were a nestling bird.

She raised it to her dimpled cheek,
And let it rest and revel there—
O, why for outward beauty seek!—
Love makes its favorites fair.

That worm—I should have shrunk in truth,
To feel the reptile o'er me move,
But loved by innocence and youth,
I deemed it worthy loved.

Would we, I thought, the soul imbue,
In early life, with sympathies,
For every harmless thing, and view
Such creatures formed to please:

And when with *usefulness* combined,
Give them our love and gentle care—
O, we might have a world as kind
As God has made it fair!

There is no form upon our earth,
Bearing the mighty Maker's seal,
But has some charm—to call this forth
We need but hearts to feel.

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