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THE CITY OF DENVER

# ARBOR DAY BOOK



COLORADO, 1907

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PAT. JAN. 21, 1908

# ARBOR DAY BOOK



COLORADO  
APRIL THE NINETEENTH  
NINETEEN HUNDRED  
AND SEVEN

U U U

KATHERINE L. CRAIG  
SUPERINTENDENT PUBLIC INSTRUCTION

THE  
SMITH-BROOKS  
PRESS

# PROCLAMATION

## ARBOR DAY



The Colorado Arbor Day law is as follows:

“The third Friday in April of each year shall be set apart and known as ‘Arbor Day,’ to be observed by the people of this state in the planting of forest trees for the benefit and adornment of public grounds, places and ways, and in such other efforts and undertakings as shall be in harmony with the general character of the day so established: PROVIDED, That the actual planting of trees may be done on the day designated, or at such other most convenient time as may best conform to local climatic conditions, such other time to be designated, and due notice thereof given, by the several county superintendents of schools for their respective counties.”

In accordance with this law, I therefore designate FRIDAY, APRIL 19TH, as ARBOR DAY for the year 1907, and heartily recommend to all the people of the state, to all professors and students in educational institutions, and to all teachers and pupils in the public schools, that the day be observed in the manner contemplated by the law. Special attention is directed to the advice in the law that the actual planting of trees shall be done at such convenient time as may best conform to local climatic conditions. The entire month of April should, therefore, be recognized as the month for the planting of trees in Colorado.



IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the great seal of the state to be affixed, at Denver, this 26th day of March, A. D. 1907.

HENRY A. BUCHEL,

*Governor.*

By the Governor. Attest:

TIMOTHY O'CONNOR,

*Secretary of State.*



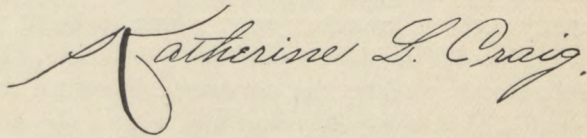
DENVER, COLO., April 19, 1907.

*Superintendents and Teachers:*

Arbor day should be hailed with delight, and its observance should be made the means of obtaining valuable knowledge in regard to plant and tree life. The work should not be confined to these studies alone, but should be broadened to include lessons on the humane treatment of animals and the study of birds, since such information can not do other than prove profitable and valuable to the youth of our land and be a life long source of benefit and pleasure to them.

Trusting that, in the compilation of this pamphlet, I have aided you in the arrangement of your program, and have offered some suggestions that will prove beneficial to you; and hoping that you will gain new inspiration from the study of out door life in your observance of the day, I remain,

Respectfully yours,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Katherine L. Craig". The signature is fluid and elegant, with a large, stylized initial 'K'.

*Superintendent of Public Instruction.*

DENVER, COLO., April 19, 1907.

*Dear Boys and Girls:*

During the long winter months the winds came from the far north and wandered through the forests and whistled over hills and plains and shouted in the air weird tales of the northern ice-bergs and of the frozen seas, until snow fell upon the ground, and frost clung to the window pane and cold was in the air.

Then the birds all took fright and left, the leaves perished, and the insects died. But a few weeks ago the wind ceased to blow, the storms forgot to repeat the stories of the far north, and the cold grew weaker.

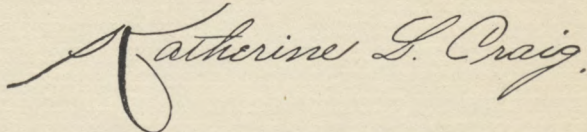
The sun took on a kindly smile and began to shed gentle rays into every nook and corner, and then the old world shook off her mantle of white and donned her garb of green. The little roots and seeds hidden away in the earth felt the warm rays of the sun and stretched forth their tiny arms, opened their sleepy eyes, and peeped out from beneath the soil where they had been sleeping so long.

The voices of birds once more were heard in the air and the smell of soil was everywhere.

Boys and girls awake! Spring is here! Again it is tree planting time. The leaves are beginning to burst their little brown winter coats and throw them aside. The birds are already seeking branches upon which to build their nests.

Then let us plant trees for their homes. Let us plant trees because they make the old world beautiful and give us great wealth. Let every boy and girl add to the beauty of home, of school, of the whole world, by planting a tree, sowing a seed, and doing a good deed.

From your friend and well wisher,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Katherine L. Craig". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned above the printed title.

*Superintendent of Public Instruction.*



## GRADES SEVENTH AND EIGHTH



### HISTORY OF ARBOR DAY.

An old Swiss chronicle relates that away back in the fifth century the people of a little Swiss village by the name of Brugg determined to secure a forest of oak trees on the common. More than a dozen sacks of acorns were sown and after the work was done each participant received a wheaten roll as a reward for his labor. For some reason unexplained the acorns refused to sprout and the next year another effort was made, but again the acorns refused to grow. The people, however, were determined to have an oak grove, so a day was appointed and the entire community, men, women and children, marched to the woods, where each very carefully dug up a sapling and transported it to the common, where a competent gardener superintended its transplanting. At the close of the tree planting each boy and girl was presented with a roll and in the evening the grown people had a merry feast and frolic at the town hall. The saplings were well watered and cared for by details of citizens under direction of the gardener, the work being voluntarily done, but every one was expected to do his share. In the course of years a fine grove was the result, which furnished a place of shade, rest and recreation for the citizens and their descendants. For years the anniversary of this tree planting was observed by the people of this town with appropriate exercises, among them being a parade of the children carrying oak leaves and branches. At the close of which rolls or other eatables were distributed in commemoration of the event. It is said a similar festival still exists in this and other Swiss villages. This seems to be the first recorded effort at organized tree planting and this custom instituted so long ago finds a happy revival in our modern Arbor Day exercises.

The rapid destruction of the forests in our country called attention of students of forestry to the dangers which confronted us and brought forth numerous publications on the topic of forest preservation. In 1864 a work on "Man and Nature" by Geo. P. Marsh, aroused considerable public interest in tree planting as did also later books by Dr. Franklin Hough and others.

The Hon. B. G. Northrup, Secretary of the Connecticut Board of Education, in his official report for 1865, made the

suggestion respecting the annual planting of trees by children, but so far as recorded the suggestion was not acted on. Notwithstanding this fact and also that Mr. Northrup does not claim the honor of originating the idea, yet much credit should be accorded him, as chairman of the American Forestry Association, for his persistent effort to encourage tree planting by children and to interest governors and legislatures in the plan. His last words to several governors were "This thing is sure to go. The only question is, shall it be under your administration or that of your successor."

It devolved, however, upon "Treeless Nebraska" to institute systematic tree planting on a given day through the organized effort of schools and citizens. The Hon. J. Sterling Morton is generally credited with originating the idea. In 1872, acting upon his suggestion, the Governor of the state issued a proclamation designating Arbor Day and asking that the schools and citizens generally observe the day by appropriate exercises and tree planting. The setting April sun saw over a million trees planted in Nebraska soil as a result of the first Arbor Day celebration. In 1885 Arbor Day, April 22d, Morton's birthday, was made a legal holiday in Nebraska. Careful statisticians claim that more than 1,000,000,000 trees are now in a thriving condition in this once "treeless state," through the united efforts of the school children and their parents on Arbor Day.

The originator of the idea lived long enough to see Arbor Day adopted in more than forty states and territories, to record millions and millions of trees added to the growing prosperity of the states, to note thousands of school houses change cheerless surroundings for those of comfort and beauty and to feel that in stimulating the planting of trees he had been an active factor in fostering a love for the school, the home and our country.

Minnesota is given the credit of being the first state to follow the lead of Nebraska, with Kansas and Tennessee close seconds. Ohio, Iowa, Illinois, Michigan and West Virginia followed a few years later. The influence of the idea has spread until Arbor Day is celebrated in nearly every state and territory in the Union. While the schools have been the strongest factor in this forward movement due credit must be given to the G. A. R., the Grange, Civic Improvement Associations, Women's Clubs, and Forestry Associations that have all worked for the common good.—*Illinois Arbor and Bird Day Manual*.

# ORCHARD LANDS OF LONG AGO.

The orchard lands of long ago!  
 Ah, drowsy winds, awake and blow  
 The snowy blossoms back to me  
 And all the buds that used to be!  
 Blow back again the grassy ways,  
 Oh, truant feet, and lift the haze  
 Of happy summer from the trees  
 That trail their tresses in the seas  
 Of grain that float and overflow  
 The orchard lands of long ago!

Blow back the melody that slips  
 In hazy laughter from the lips  
 That marvel much that any kiss  
 Is sweeter than the apple is.  
 Blow back the twitter of the birds,  
 The lisp, the thrills and all the words  
 Of merriment that found the shine  
 Of summer time a glorious wine  
 That drenched the leaves that loved it so  
 In orchard lands of long ago!

Oh, memory, alight and sing  
 Where rosy bellied pippins cling  
 And golden russets glint and gleam  
 As in the old Arabian dream—  
 The fruits of that enchanted tree  
 The glad Aladdin robbed for me!  
 And, drowsy winds, awake and fan  
 My blood as when it overran  
 A heart ripe as the apples grow  
 In orchard lands of long ago!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

## HISTORIC TREES.

I do not wonder that the great earls value their trees, and never, save in the direst extremity, lift upon them the axe. Ancient descent and glory are made audible in the proud murmur of immemorial woods. There are forests in England whose leafy noises may be shaped into Agincourt, and the names of the battlefields of the Roses; oaks that dropped their acorns in the year that Henry VIII held his Field of the Cloth of Gold, and beeches that gave shelter to the deer when Shakespeare was a

boy. There they stand, in sun and shower, the broad-armed witnesses of perished centuries; and sore must his need be who commands a woodland massacre. A great tree, the rings of a century in its boll, is one of the noblest of natural objects; and it touches the imagination no less than the eye, for it grows out of tradition and a past order of things, and is pathetic with the suggestions of dead generations. Trees waving a colony of rooks in the wind to-day are older than historic lines. Trees are your best antiques. There are cedars on Lebanon which the axes of Solomon spared, they say, when he was busy with his Temple; there are olives on Olivet that might have rustled in the ears of the Master of the Twelve; there are oaks in Sherwood which have tingled to the horn of Robin Hood, and have listened to Maid Marian's laugh. Think of an existing Syrian cedar which is nearly as old as history, which was middle-aged before the wolf suckled Romulus; think of an existing English elm in whose branches the heron was reared which the hawks of Saxon Harold killed! If you are a notable, and wish to be remembered, better plant a tree than build a city or strike a medal—it will outlast both.—*Alexander Smith.*

#### MEMORY GEMS FOR ARBOR DAY.

If thou art worn and hard beset  
 With sorrows, that thou wouldst forget,  
 If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep  
 Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep.  
 Go to the woods and the hills! No tears  
 Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.

“Sunrise on the Hills.”—*Henry W. Longfellow.*

Summer or winter, day or night,  
 The woods are an ever new delight;  
 They give us peace, and they make us strong,  
 Such wonderful balms to them belong;  
 So, living or dying, I'll take mine ease,  
 Under the trees, under the trees.

“Under the Trees.”—*R. H. Stoddard.*

Loveliest of lovely things are they,  
 On earth that soonest pass away.  
 The rose that lives its little hour  
 Is prized beyond the sculptured flower.

“Scene on the Banks of the Hudson.”—*William Cullen Bryant.*

Thanks to the human heart by which we live,  
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and fears,  
To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.  
"Intimations of Immortality."—*William Wordsworth.*

I sometimes sit beneath a tree,  
And read my own sweet songs;  
Though naught they may to others be,  
Each humble line prolongs  
A tone that might have passed away  
But for that scarce remembered lay.  
"The Last Reader."—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

Lord of the harvest, Thou dost know  
How the summers and winters go.  
Never a ship sails east or west  
Laden with treasures at my behest,  
Yet my being thrills to the voice of God  
When I give my gold to the goldenrod.  
"The Fallow Field."—*Julia C. R. Dorr.*

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### THE MENACE OF THE FOREST.

The climatic history of the Old World will repeat itself in America. If forest destruction, at the present rate of recklessness, should continue much longer, our continent will have to dry up. But the fact remains, and its significance may be inferred from the experience of the Mediterranean coast lands, where thousands of god-gardens have been turned into Gehennas of wretchedness and desolation. By tree destruction alone, a territory of 4,500,000 square miles has been withdrawn from the habitable area of our planet. The physical history of the Eastern hemisphere is the history of a desert that originated somewhere near the cradle of the Caucasian race—in Bactria, perhaps—and, spreading westward and southward, has blighted the Edens of three continents like a devouring fire, and is now scorching the west coast of Africa, and sending its warming sand clouds far out to seaward.—*Dr. Felix L. Oswald.*

## LEARN TO KNOW TREES.

In the United States we have a greater variety of trees than are to be found in any country. We have more than four hundred species of such size and quality as to be of commercial value; yet it is probably safe to say that few persons know ten of them well enough by sight to give them their true names. We ought not to be so ignorant of things that give so much pleasure and which are so useful to us as the trees. Let us see, then, if we can not add something to our knowledge of them in this lovely springtime, as they seem to invite us to make their acquaintance. Let us not undertake too much or be embarrassed by the great number of trees and get lost in their multitude, but be content at first to learn something of a few. If we find them interesting, as we shall, we can go on from year to year to introduce ourselves to others. Indeed, the trees which we know will themselves introduce us to others, and so the circle of our tree acquaintance will be constantly and pleasantly enlarging as does that of our human acquaintanceship.

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FOREST SONG.

A song of the beautiful trees,  
A song of the forest grand,  
The garden of God's own hand,  
The pride of His centuries.  
Hurrah! for the kingly oak,  
For the maple, the sylvan queen,  
For the lords of the emerald cloak,  
For the ladies in the living green.

For the beautiful trees a song,  
The peers of a glorious realm,  
The linden, the ash, and the elm,  
The poplar, stately and strong.  
Hurrah! for the beech tree trim,  
For the hickory, stanch at core,  
For the locust thorny and grim,  
For the silvery sycamore.

A song for the palm, the pine,  
And for every tree that grows,  
From the desolate zone of snows  
To the zone of the burning line.

Hurrah! for the warders proud,  
Of the mountainside and vale,  
That challenge the thunder cloud,  
And buffet the stormy gale.

A song for the forest aisled  
With its gothic roof sublime,  
The solemn temple of time,  
Where man becometh a child,  
As he listens the anthem roll  
Of the wind in the solitude,  
The hymn that telleth his soul  
That God is the voice of the wood.

So long as the river flows,  
So long as the mountains rise,  
May the forests sing to skies,  
And shelter the earth below.  
Hurrah! for the beautiful trees,  
Hurrah! for the forest grand,  
The pride of His centuries,  
The garden of God's own hand.

—W. H. Venable.

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What a noble gift to man are the forests! What a debt of gratitude and admiration we owe for their utility and their beauty! How pleasantly the shadows of the wood fall upon our heads when we turn from the glitter and turmoil of the world of man! The winds of heaven seem to linger amid their balmy branches, and the sunshine falls like a blessing upon the green leaves; the wild breath of the forest, fragrant with bark and berry, fans the brow with grateful freshness; and the beautiful woodlight, neither garish nor gloomy, full of calm and peaceful influences, sheds repose over the spirit.—*Susan Fennimore Cooper.*

I shall speak of trees as we see them, love them, adore them in the fields where they are alive, holding their green sunshades over our heads, talking to us with their hundred thousand whispering tongues, looking down on us with that sweet meekness which belongs to huge but limited organism—which one sees most in the patient posture, the outstretched arms and the heavy drooping robes of these vast beings, endowed with life, but not with soul—which outgrow us and outlive us, but stand helpless, poor things—while nature dresses and undresses them.—*Holmes.*

## THE ROOF-TREE AT HOME.

The roof-tree in my father's yard  
Stood like a sentinel on guard;  
The golden sunshine kissed its leaves,  
Its branches swayed beneath the eaves;  
The cooling zephyrs sang their hymn,  
The robin chirped from limb to limb;  
And, as a welcome, bidden guest  
The bird reposed within its nest.

The altar-curtains of the night  
Were flecked with robes of fleecy white;  
The stars upon the azure dome  
Had called the weary pilgrim home;  
The silent empress overhead  
Her silver mantle softly spread;  
The roof-tree's branches firm and true  
Were bathed in heaven's pearly dew.

Like an aeolian harp whose string  
To listening ear doth music bring,  
I heard the holy Sabbath bells,  
Ring through the quiet, peaceful dells.  
And to the over-arching skies  
Arose the solemn litanies.  
How sweet the sound to him who played  
Amid that roof-tree's grateful shade.

Long may the dear, old roof-tree stand  
The proudest monarch of the land.  
May its protecting branches spread  
Above the venerated head;  
And round its trunk upon the green  
In childish innocence be seen  
Those who in coming years will praise  
The roof-tree of my boyhood days.

—John T. White.

## QUOTATIONS FOR ROLL CALL.

I think no man does anything more visibly useful to posterity than he who plants a tree.—*J. R. Lowell.*

When we plant a tree we are doing what we can to make our planet a more wholesome and happier dwelling place for those who come after us, if not for ourselves.—*O. W. Holmes.*

In those vernal seasons of the year, when the air is calm and pleasant, it were an injury and sullenness against nature not to go out and see her riches, and partake in her rejoicing with heaven and earth.—*Milton*.

Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us or we find it not.—*Emerson*.

Now every field and every tree is in bloom; the woods are now in full leaf, and the year is in its highest beauty.—*Virgil*.

The tree planter and teacher united in one shall be declared the best benefactor of modern times—the chief provider for posterity.—*H. Sterling Morton*.

Our years, our school house yards, and the resting places of our dead, should not be neglected, but should be adorned with nature's own beautifiers—the trees.—*Emma F. Bates*.

Do not rob or mar a tree, unless you really need what it has to give you. Let it stand and grow in virgin majesty, ungirdled, and unscarred, while the trunk becomes a firm pillar of the forest temple, and the branches spread broad a refuge of bright green leaves for the birds of the air.—*Dr. Henry Van Dyke*.

The man who builds does a work which begins to decay as soon as he has done, but the work of the man who plants trees grows better and better, year after year, for generations.

To own a bit of ground, to scratch it with a hoe, to plant seeds and watch their renewal of life—this is the commonest delight of the race, the most satisfactory thing one can do.—*Charles Dudley Warner*.

There is no spot on earth which may not be made more beautiful by the help of trees and flowers.—*Holmes*.

Whether pluming the mountains, edging the lake, eye-lashing the stream, roofing the water-fall, sprinkling the meadow, burying the homestead, or darkening leagues of hill, plain and valley, trees have always "haunted me like a passion."—*Alfred B. Street*.

What earnest worker, with hand and brain, for the benefit of his fellowmen, could desire a more pleasing recognition of his usefulness than the monument of a tree, ever growing, ever blooming, and ever bearing wholesome fruit?—*Irving*.

With every green tree that surrounds us with its leafage, with every shrub on the roadside where we walk, with every grass blade that bends to the breeze in the field through which we pass, we have a natural relationship. They are our true compatriots. The birds that leap from twig to twig in our gardens, that sing in bowers, are part of ourselves.—*Goethe*.

A man does not plant a tree for himself; he plants it for posterity; and sitting idly in the sunshine, I think at times of

the unborn people who will to some extent be indebted to me. Remember me kindly, ye future men and women.—*Alexander Smith.*

What conqueror in any part of life's battle could desire a more beautiful, a more noble, or a more patriotic monument, than a tree planted by the hands of pure and joyous children, as a memorial to his achievements.—*H. J. Lossing.*

For many years I have felt a deep interest in the preservation of our forests and the planting of trees. The wealth, beauty, fertility and healthfulness of the country largely depend upon it. My indignation is yearly aroused by the needless sacrifice of some noble oak or elm, and especially of the white pine, the grandest tree in our woods, which I would not exchange for the oriental palm. My thanks are due to the public school which is to plant a group of trees in your Eden Park in my honor.—*John G. Whit tier, to the school children of Cincinnati.*

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### THE TREES.

#### First Child—The Oak.

Of trees, the oak my favorite is,  
So stanch it is and strong;  
Defying tempests, cold and heat  
As right withstands the wrong.  
The Druid's tree; a monarch's shield;  
A charter's safe retreat,  
O tree of history! Thy fame  
Poet and sage repeat.

#### Second Child—The Beech.

The beech tree throws a deeper shade  
Along the forest path,  
Upon its branches children swing  
With shout and merry laugh.  
A legend old tells us thou art  
A favored child of heaven  
And never hath the lightning's bolt  
Thy trunk or branches riven.

#### Third Child—The Maple.

A home tree is the maple tree,  
It stands beside the door  
Of the proud king's stately palace  
Or the hovel of the poor.

Youth loves to seek its welcome shade,  
Or old age there lies down,  
And Autumn brings from heaven above  
A rainbow for its crown.

Fourth Child—The Magnolia.

The magnolia from the sunny south  
With its bright leaves evergreen;  
With its wealth of bloom and rich perfume  
Is the fairest ever seen.  
Of all the trees of our dear land,  
To me it is the queen.

Fifth Child—The Willow.

The willow is my chosen tree,  
There's grace in every motion.  
It marks the course of winding streams  
From ocean unto ocean.  
Above the blessed dead it oft  
Within "God's acre" waves,  
And droops its slender branches o'er  
Full many a hero's grave.

Sixth Child—The Birch.

O'er the margin of the crystal lake  
The pliant birch tree sways  
And whispers to the waters deep  
Through all the happy days.  
Its leaflets rustle in the wind  
Above the forest pool;  
The water nymphs and fairies lave  
Within its shadows cool.

Seventh Child—The Elm.

An elm looked down where noble Penn  
In friendly counsel, grave,  
Formed the treaty ever kept  
With Indian chieftains brave.  
Historic elm! Oft does it shade  
The city's dusty street,  
Or offer by the country way  
A rest benign and sweet.

## Eighth Child—The Pine.

Sentinel stands the solemn pine  
In the forests of the south,  
Or climbs the rugged mountain side,  
Or dares the frozen north.  
Patient still, whatever land  
Or clime hath given it birth,  
I deem it the most constant tree  
And choose it for its worth.

## Ninth Child—The Hickory.

The hickory brings sweet thoughts of home,  
A fireplace high and wide,  
A father's chair in a corner warm  
A mother's at his side;  
Children playing round the hearth,  
Nuts and popcorn too,  
Then goodnight songs and goodnight words  
From hearts so dear and true,  
Oh, do you wonder, then, at me  
For loving best the hickory tree?

## All—

Every tree its beauty hath,  
Each doth a blessing bring,  
A gift of perfume, flower or fruit  
For every living thing.  
They teach to us this lesson, too  
We each must find a work to do.  
If well we do it—thine and mine—  
We so fulfill the plan divine.

## RECITATION—"SPRINGTIME IN THE WOODS."

In the woods in the spring time  
Maple trees burst into bloom,  
Alders hang out their tassels,  
And ferns exhale sweet perfume,  
In the shadow violets hide,  
And the daisy, starry-eyed.

The willows bud in silver,  
Hawthorn in a pinky white,  
Dogwood opes its staring eyes—

Such a pretty, pretty sight!  
Bluebell hangs her modest head  
O'er arbutus' mossy bed.

The birch tree waves a welcome  
To the dear home-coming birds,  
The ash tree calls unto them  
Plainly as if in words,  
"Come, oh, come with me to rest  
In my branches make your nest."

Elm throws out her graceful arms,  
Poplar stands stately and trim,  
Hickory sheds its shaggy bark,  
Birch bends o'er the still lake's brim,  
Tulip holds her gorgeous cup;  
Soft spring rains fast fill it up.

The pine sends out its tender  
Plumes of softest, brightest green,  
Aspen leaves are aquiver  
O'er the nest they kindly screen.  
Columbine's odor is so sweet,  
Buttercups blossom at your feet.

The birds are wild with music,  
The flowers wear colors gay,  
Bees have no time to loiter,  
Ants hurry on their way,  
Squirrels chatter full of glee  
From the top of a tall tree.

## A TREE OF HAPPINESS.

I have planted a Tree of Happiness  
In ground all wet with tears,  
I have prayed to God that His sunshine  
May fill the lonely years.

I have planted a tiny seed of Hope,  
And then a seed of Trust,  
They grow in that sweet sunshine,  
And blossom, as they must.

I show my flowers to the sorrowing,  
To those who suffer pain;  
And my tree grows strong in sunshine,  
And pure and sweet in the rain.

—*L. T. Mulligan.*

## GENERAL CUSTER AND THE BIRD'S NEST.

Not many soldiers have proved so daring in fight as was brave General Custer. Few leaders not having command of great armies have captured more flags, guns and prisoners than were taken by him.

Though so dashing and brave when he met an enemy in arms, General Custer was gentle and tender to helpless dumb creatures. Once General Custer was riding over the wide western plains, and behind him came his troops. Tramp, tramp, tramp went the feet of the horses.

At a certain point the general's sharp eyes suddenly caught sight of a frightened little bird. He saw her nest and the young birds in it. It was directly in the pathway in which he was leading his men. Should those little lives be crushed by the feet of the horses?

No; he would not bring sorrow to the harmless mother bird. He would save her young from the iron tread of the horses that were following. He well knew

"The wise and strong should seek  
The welfare of the weak."

Instantly reining his horse aside, he commanded a change in the line of march. The troops obeyed, of course, but wondered. They soon understood. As they advanced they saw the nest on the ground and the helpless pretty creatures in the nest.

Then the soldiers knew what a tender heart was beating in the breast of their brave leader.

—*The Morse Readers, The Morse Company.*

## THE RAIN AND FORESTS.

There is nothing of greater importance to the agriculturist than rain in the proper season and in proper quantity; and science has demonstrated that the forests of a country are potent in the regulation of storms, the formation of clouds and the descent of rain. Anything which vitally affects the farmer and producer affects the whole state, and demands the earliest attention of the people's representatives.

The Romans, as early as the time of Romulus, we are told, had already instituted a festival in honor of Flora, whose name explains itself. This festival was called Floralia, and was commenced on the 28th day of April, continuing till the 1st of May. It was held to show pleasure and joy at the re-appearance of spring blossoms and flowers, the harbingers of fruit.

"When the flowers appeared in the fields and the time of the singing of birds was come; when the fig tree put forth her figs and the vine with tender grapes gave out their smell," the Flora, the goddess of flowers and spring, was honored by the people, who—

"Let one great day  
To celebrate sports and floral play,  
Be set aside."

## ACROSTIC—ARBOR DAY.

**A** little of thy steadfastness,  
Rounded with leafy gracefulness,  
Old oak, give me,—  
That the world's blasts may round me blow,  
And I yield gently to and fro,  
While my stout-hearted trunk below  
And firm-set roots unshaken be.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

**R**osalind, these trees shall be my books,  
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character,  
That every eye which in this forest looks  
Shall see thy virtue witnessed everywhere.

—*Shakespeare.*

**B**ring forth the trees! Prepare the earth  
For Arbor Day! Sweet Arbor Day!  
With songs we celebrate the birth  
Of Arbor Day, sweet Arbor Day!

—*Anon.*

**O**ne impulse from a vernal wood  
May teach you more of man,  
Of moral evil, and of good,  
Than all the sages can.

—*William Wordsworth.*

**R**ugged strength and radiant beauty  
All combined in nature's plan:  
Humble toil and heavenly duty  
May ever form the perfect man.

—*Mrs. Hale.*

**D**rooping beech boughs swaying low,  
 Fasten them here,—and here,—just so  
 That through the archway opening there,  
 We catch a glimpse of a picture fair—  
 Of sky and trees, and a valley wide,  
 While quivering leaves a roadway hide.

—*Davis.*

**A**las, for him who never sees  
 The stars shine through his cypress trees;  
 Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,  
 Nor looks to see the breaking day  
 Across the mournful marbles play;  
 Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,  
 The truth to flesh and sense unknown,  
 That life is ever lord of death  
 And love can never lose its own.

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

**Y**e oaks, whose acorns have for ages sent  
 New oaks far heaven-ward; sturdy rugged trees,  
 To be at last by age or wild wind bent,  
 While newer oaks still take the place of these.

—*Anon.*

## THE HEART OF THE TREE.

What does he plant who plants a tree?  
He plants a friend of sun and sky;  
He plants the flag of breezes free;  
The shaft of beauty towering high;  
He plants a home to heaven anigh  
For song and mother-croon of bird  
In hushed and happy twilight heard—  
The treble of heaven's harmony—  
These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?  
He plants cool shade and tender rain,  
And seeds and buds of days to be,  
And years that fade and flush again;  
He plants the glory of the plain,  
He plants the forest's heritage;  
The harvests of a coming age;  
The joy that unborn eyes shall see—  
These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?  
He plants, in sap and leaf and wood,  
In love of home and loyalty  
And far-cast thought of civic good—  
His blessing on the neighborhood  
Who in the hollow of his hand  
Holds all the growth of all our land—  
A nation's growth from sea to sea  
Stirs in his heart who plants a tree.  
—H. C. Bunner, in the "Century."

## THE USES OF TREES.

What do you see in the lofty trees?  
We see the ship that will cross the seas;  
We see the masts to carry the sails;  
We see the plank to weather the gales.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?  
We plant the houses for you and me;  
We plant the rafters, the shingles, the floor;  
We plant the shade before the door.

A thousand things that we daily see  
Are brought to us from the waving tree;  
A thousand things on land and sea  
Are planted by us when we plant the tree.

—Anon.

### QUEER NEIGHBORS.

To the corner of our street came a newly-wedded pair;  
She had feathers in her hat, he was gay and debonair.  
Underneath the maple shade, where the shadows play and dance,  
There they chose their bridal home (I was looking on by chance).

Peeping through the lowered blind, I was quiet as a mouse,  
While I watched the cottage built—'twas a pretty rustic house.  
Then I saw them moving in. First a carpet soft was spread;  
Then—and this was all they had—just a downy feather bed.

Such an oddly-furnished house for the sunny month of June.  
Not a change of raiment theirs; not a plate, or cup, or spoon,  
Not a cupboard did they bring; not a table or a chair;  
And I wondered much to see the contentment of the pair.

Though I never saw him read, yet he told her all the news;  
Though she never stirred from home, yet she never had "the blues;"  
Though she never did a "wash," they were always trim and neat;  
Though she never cooked a meal, they had always food to eat.

How they managed thus to live was a mystery to me.  
Long I wondered, but at last I determined I would see;  
So I ventured to their door, but they fled with fear intense;  
For the *birds* are keeping house in a corner of the fence.

—Elizabeth Rosser, in "*Youth's Instructor*."

## BIRDS THAT SING ON THE WING.

Not all birds have to sit on a limb, and clear their throats before they open their little mouths and agitate their beautiful throats, as they do when they accomplish what we call singing.

A number of them actually make music as they wing their way from place to place. This is true of the following:

The song sparrow.

The gold finch.

The purple finch.

The swallow family.

The merry bobolink.

The lovely indigo bird.

The very interesting meadowlark.

The noticeable red-winged blackbird.

The purple finch (which is raspberry-red color).

The gold finch, with his contrasting black tail.

The king bird, also called tyrant flycatcher and bee martin.

The fine fellow we know as the Maryland yellow throat.

The kingfisher, as pugnacious-looking as may be.

The horned lark, with tufts of feathers in horn effect.

The ovenbird—he that sings the famous love song.

The graceful chimney swift, with its deep, soot-gray coat.

The pipit, or titlark, which dresses in quiet brown.

The nightingale, the lovely bird so largely figuring in romance.

# ARBOR DAY EXERCISE.

BY NELLE SPANGLER MUSTAIN.

SONG. (Air, "Marching Through Georgia.")  
 Bring the pick and shovel, boys, let's plant a noble tree,  
 Plant it in the school-yard, where all the folks may see—  
 Plant it as a monument, to stand for you and me,  
 When we have left this old school-room forever.

Hurrah, hurrah, now let us plant a tree!  
 Hurrah, hurrah, oh happy we shall be  
 When it grows, and then becomes a great and mighty tree,  
 Sheltering this dear old room forever.

## CONCERT RECITATION.

He who plants a tree,  
 He plants love;  
 Tents of coolness spreading out above  
 Wayfarers he may not live to see.  
 Gifts that grow are best;  
 Hands that bless are blest;  
 Plant—Life does the rest!  
 Heaven and earth help him who plants a tree,  
 And his work its own reward shall be.  
—Lucy Larcom.

## RECITATION—THE PRIMEVAL FOREST. (EVANGELINE.)

This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hem-  
 lock,  
 Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twi-  
 light,  
 Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic;  
 Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.  
 Loud, from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced neighboring ocean  
 Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.  
 This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts, that, be-  
 neath it,  
 Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland the voice of  
 the huntsman?

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

## LITTLE BY LITTLE.

"Little by little," the acorn said,  
 As it slowly sank in its mossy bed,  
 "I am improving every day,  
 Hidden deep in the earth away,"  
 Little by little, each day it grew;  
 Little by little, it sipped the dew;  
 Downward it sent out a threadlike root;  
 Up in the air sprung a tiny shoot.  
 Day after day, and year after year,  
 Little by little, the leaves appear;  
 And the slender branches spread far and wide,  
 Till the mighty oak is the forest's pride.

"Little by little," said a thoughtful boy,  
 "Moment by moment, I'll well employ,  
 Learning a little every day,  
 And not mispending my time in play;  
 And still this rule in my mind shall dwell:  
 Whatever I do I will do it well.  
 Little by little, I'll learn to know  
 The treasured wisdom of long ago;  
 And one of these days, perhaps, will see  
 That the world will be the better for me."

—*Selected.*

## THE TREES.

Time is never wasted listening to the trees;  
 If to heaven as grandly we arose as these,  
 Holding toward each other half their kindly grace,  
 Haply we were worthier of our human place.

Bending down to meet you on the hillside's path,  
 Birch and oak and maple each his welcome hath;  
 Each his own fine cadence, his familiar word  
 By the ear accustomed, always plainly heard.

Every tree gives answer to some different mood,  
 This one helps you climbing; that for rest is good;  
 Beckoning friends, companions, sentinels they are;  
 Good to live and die with, good to greet afar.

—*Lucy Larcom.*

"PROEM."

There is no rhyme that is half so sweet  
 As the song of the wind in the rippling wheat;  
 There is no meter that's half so fine  
 As the lilt of the brook under rock and vine;  
 And the loveliest lyric I ever heard  
 Was the wildwood strain of a forest bird.  
 If the wind and the brook and the bird would teach  
 My heart their beautiful parts of speech  
 And the natural art that they say these with,  
 My soul would sing of beauty and myth  
 In a rhyme and a meter that none before  
 Have sung in their love or dreamed in their lore,  
 And the world would be richer one poet the more.

—*Madison Julius Carwein.*

There isn't a blossom under our feet  
 But has some teaching, short and sweet,  
     That is richly worth the knowing;  
 And the roughest hedge, and the sharpest thorn,  
 Is blest with a power to guard or warn,  
     If we but heed its showing.

—*Phoebe Cary.*

THE TREE.

I love thee when thy swelling buds appear,  
 And one by one their tender leaves unfold,  
 As if they knew that warmer suns were near,  
     Nor longer sought to hide from winter cold;  
 And when with darker growth thy leaves are seen  
 To veil from view the early robin's nest,  
 I love to lie beneath thy waving screen,  
 With limbs by summer's heat and toil oppressed;  
 And when the autumn's winds have stripped thee bare,  
 And round thee lies the smooth, untrodden snow,  
 When naught is thine that made thee once so fair,  
 I love to watch thy shadowy form below,  
 And through thy leafless arms to look above  
 On stars that brighter beam when most we need their love.

—*Jones Very.*

## BLESSING FOR THE TREE PLANTER.

O painter of the fruits and flowers!  
We thank Thee for Thy wise design  
Whereby these human hands of ours  
In Nature's garden work with Thine.

Give fools their gold, and knaves their power;  
Let fortune's bubbles rise and fall;  
Who sows a field or trains a flower  
Or plants a tree is more than all.

For he who blesses most is blest;  
And God and man shall own his worth,  
Who toils to leave as his bequest  
An added beauty to the earth.

And soon or late, to all who sow,  
The time of harvest shall be given;  
The flower shall bloom, the fruit shall grow,  
If not on earth, at last in heaven.

—Whittier.

## APRIL.

'Tis the noon of the springtime, yet never a bird  
In the wind-shaken elm or the maple is heard;  
For green meadow grasses, wide levels of snow,  
And blowing of drifts where the crocus should blow;  
Where windflower and violet, amber and white,  
On south-sloping brooksides should smile in the light  
O'er the cold winter beds of their late waking roots  
The frosty flake eddies, the ice crystal shoots;  
And longing for light, under wind-driven heaps  
Round the boles of the pine wood the ground laurel creeps,  
Unkissed of the sunshine, unbaptized of showers,  
With buds scarcely swelled, which should burst into flowers!  
We wait for thy coming, sweet wind of the south,  
For the touch of thy light wings, the kiss of thy mouth,  
For the yearly evangel thou bearest from God,  
Resurrection and life to the graves of the sod.

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

"The little cares that fretted me,  
I lost them yesterday  
Among the fields, above the sea,  
Among the winds at play,  
Among the lowing of the herds,  
The rustling of the trees,  
Among the singing of the birds,  
The humming of the bees."

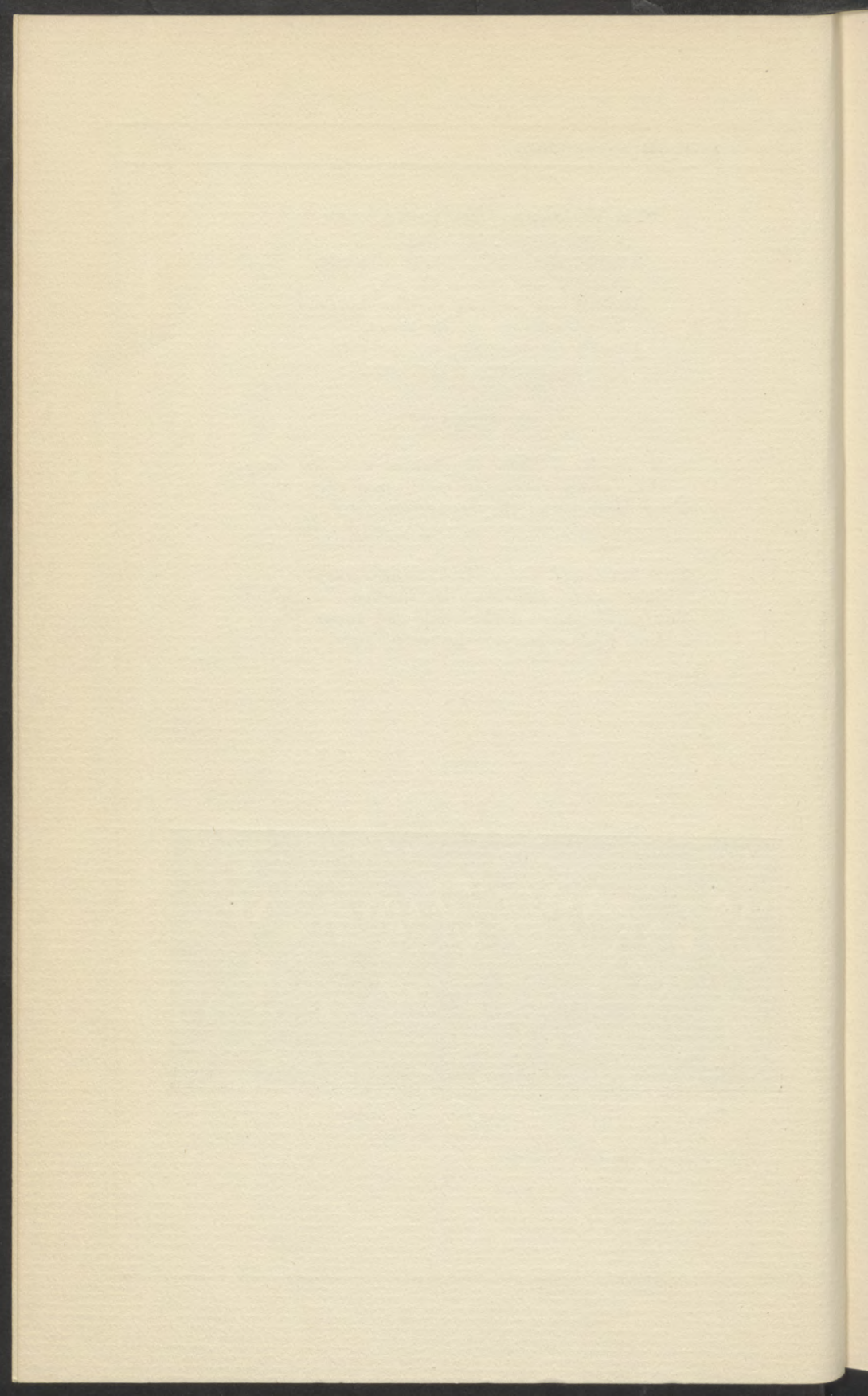
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Sow truth, if thou the truth wouldst reap;  
Who sows the false will reap the vain,  
Erect and sound they conscience keep,  
From hollow words and deeds refrain.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;  
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright;  
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,  
And find a harvest home of light.

—H. Ronar.







## GRADES FOURTH, FIFTH AND SIXTH



### THE TREE'S DREAM.

Little green tree, so slim and small,  
Standing under the schoolhouse wall,  
Planted there upon Arbor Day.  
Tell me, what are you doing, say?  
So quiet you stand, and so still you keep,  
I really believe you have gone to sleep.

"Oh, I'm dreaming now," said the little tree,  
"Of the pleasant days that are to be,  
Of the robins and bluebirds that every spring  
Will come and sit in my boughs and sing.  
Oh, plenty of company I shall see  
In my gay green tent," said the little tree.

"I am dreaming of all the little girls,  
In gingham aprons and yellow curls,  
That under the shade of my leafy boughs  
Will make for themselves a wee playhouse,  
With nice bur-baskets, the dear little souls!  
And pepper pod teapots and sugar-bowls.

"I am dreaming of all the barefoot boys,  
That will fill my branches with merry noise,  
And climb my limbs like an easy stair,  
And shake down my nuts till the boughs are bare.  
Oh, a jolly good comrade I shall be  
When I grow up!" said the little tree.

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### THE BLUE JAYS.

I once had the chance of doing a kindness to a household of blue jays, which they received with very friendly condescension. I had had my eye for some time upon a nest, and was puzzled by a constant fluttering of what seemed full-grown wings in it whenever I drew nigh. At last I climbed the tree, in spite of the angry protests from the old birds against my intrusion. The

mystery had a very simple solution. In building the nest, a long piece of pack-thread had been somewhat loosely woven in. Three of the young birds had contrived to entangle themselves in it, and had become full-grown without being able to launch themselves upon the air. One was unharmed; another had so tightly twisted the cord about its shank that one foot was curled up and seemed paralyzed; the third, in its struggles to escape, had sawn through the flesh of the thigh, and so much harmed itself that I thought it humane to put an end to its misery. When I took out my knife to cut the hempen bonds, the heads of the family seemed to divine my friendly intent. Suddenly ceasing their cries and threats, they perched quietly within reach of my hand, and watched me in my work of manumission. This, owing to the fluttering terror of the prisoners, was an affair of some delicacy; but ere long I was rewarded by seeing one of them fly away to a neighboring tree, while the cripple, making a parachute of his wings, came lightly to the ground, and hopped off as well as he could with one leg, obsequiously waited on by his elders. A week later I had the satisfaction of meeting him in the pine walk, in good spirits, and already so far recovered as to be able to balance himself with the lame foot.

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#### SOME COMMON ARBOR DAY BIRDS TO BE FOUND IN COLORADO.

*Mountain bluebird.	†House finch.
*Western robin.	*Junco (several species).
Say phoebe.	*English sparrow.
Mourning dove.	Desert horned lark.
Mountain song-sparrow.	Western vesper sparrow.
*Red-shafted flicker.	*Pine siskin.
Western meadow-lark.	†*Mountain chickadee.
Red-winged blackbird.	*Long-tailed chickadee.
†*American magpie.	†*Mountain hairy woodpecker.
†*Long crested jay.	

(1) All may be found in the vicinity of Denver.

(2) Also in any of the "plains" counties, except in extreme eastern Colorado in the case of those species marked with a †.

(3) Species marked \* may be found in the "mountain" counties on that date, and most of the others follow a little later.

From the State Historical and Natural History Society of Colorado.

### THE BLOSSOMS ON THE TREES.

Blossoms crimson, white or blue,  
 Purple, pink, and every hue,  
 From sunny skies to tintings drowned  
 In dusky drops of dew,  
 I praise you all, wherever found,  
 And love you through and through—  
 But, Blossoms on the Trees,  
 With your breath upon the breeze,  
 There's nothing all the world around  
 That's half as sweet as you!

Could the rhymers only wring  
 All the sweetness to the lees  
 Of all the kisses clustering  
 In juicy Used-to-be's,  
 To dip his rhymes therein and sing  
 The blossoms on the trees—  
 "O, Blossoms on the Trees,"  
 He would twitter, trill and coo,  
 "However sweet, such songs as these  
 Are not as sweet as you;  
 For you are blooming melodies  
 The eyes may listen to!"

—James Whitcomb Riley.

### GOOD NEWS.

The fairies told the pale snow flowers;  
 The flowers told the bees;  
 The bees came forth in sunny hours,  
 And told it to the trees.

The trees unwrap their little leaves,  
 And told it to the birds;  
 The birds sang songs of harvest sheaves;  
 All creatures knew the words.

It woke a downy yellow chick  
 From its warm three weeks' nap  
 Who, at his window, 'gan to pick;  
 I heard the casement snap.

Then looking out, he said to me,  
 What I to you now say;  
 "The Spring has come, for don't you see  
 That this is Arbor Day?"

## LITTLE NEIGHBORLY KINDNESS.

Quoth old Father Hubbard, "The world shall find  
I'm doing my best to help mankind."

And this is the way, the neighbors all say,  
He set about it on Arbor Day.

He planted a portion of Rover's bark  
To show a dogwood flower in the park.

The sandalwood, too, he easily found  
By planting his slipper a foot underground.

He watered an acre of sand to teach  
The neighbors his method of raising a beech.

He planted a letter—quite slowly it grew,  
But it proved in the end a capital yew.

After sowing his gloves,—they were odd ones, and old,—  
He saw a fine pear soon begin to unfold.

He hid in his garden the year of his birth,  
And a hoary old date-tree arose from the earth.

He put down a cinder instead of a seed—  
It grew to an ash with remarkable speed.

He planted some wheels while digging the soil,  
And an axle-tree shortly rewarded his toil.

When the twilight of Arbor Day ended his labors,  
He was sure he had blest all the world and his neighbors.

—*Anna M. Pratt, in "Youth's Companion."*

# THE BOY AND THE BIRD.

A beautiful bird once lived in a tree,  
Just as happy as a bird could be,  
But a little boy climbed up one day  
And carried the bird and nest away.

Said he, "No more you now need roam,  
But in peace and comfort you'll live at home;  
I'll get you a cage, all made of gold,  
And you'll be protected from the cold.

Then when it rains you need not get  
Your beautiful yellow feathers wet;  
And when the wind blows, you need not care,  
For the storms will never reach you there.

You need not fly in haste away,  
When the dreary Winter comes to stay;  
It will always be like Summer to you,  
And your pleasures will not be few."

The little bird listened to all the boy said,  
But wearily, wearily hung its head.  
"No, no, dear boy, I want nothing of thee;  
All I ask is, that I may be free.

"Not for a hundred cages of gold,  
Would I willingly have my freedom sold.  
I want not thy riches, nor aught of thine;  
I only want what is justly mine.

"The right to fly wherever I will,  
For nothing that longing could ever still;  
The right to live in my own dear nest,  
For that is the home I love the best.

"The right to hover beneath the skies,  
As willed by the loving God-Allwise,  
For He planned a better home for me,  
Than the grandest mansion of man could be."

"How strange!" said the boy, with keen regret,  
"That you'll not be happy to be my pet."

## THE EARLY OWL.

An owl once lived in a hollow tree,  
And he was as wise as wise could be.  
The branch of learning he did not know  
Could scarce on the tree of knowledge grow.  
He knew the tree from branch to root,  
And an owl like that can afford to hoot.  
And he hooted until, alas! one day,  
He chanced to hear, in a casual way,  
An insignificant little bird  
Make use of a term he had never heard.

He was flying to bed in the dawning light  
When he heard her singing with all her might,  
"Hurrray! hurrray! for the early worm!"  
"Dear me," said the owl, "what a singular term!  
I would look it up if it weren't so late,  
I must rise at dusk to investigate.  
Early to bed and early to rise  
Makes an owl healthy, and stealthy, and wise!"  
So he slept like an honest owl all day,  
And rose in the early twilight gray,  
And went to work in the dusky light  
To look for an early worm at night.

He searched the country for a mile around,  
But the early worm was not to be found;  
So he went to bed in the dawning light  
And looked for the "worm" again next night.  
And again and again, and again and again,  
He sought and he sought, but all in vain,  
Till he must have looked for a year and a day  
For the early worm in the twilight gray.  
At last in despair he gave up the search,  
And was heard to remark as he sat on his perch  
By the side of his nest in the hollow tree:  
"The thing is as plain as night to me—  
Nothing can shake my conviction firm,  
There's no such thing as the early worm."

—O. Herford, in *"Birds."*

### A LOVING DEED.

The farmer stood by the carriage house door,  
Surveying with pride his domain o'er.  
"I wish I had planted one more tree,  
Just here on this side, by the vines," thought he.

Then he brought to the spot that sweet spring day  
A young, strong elm, from over the way,  
And placed it there by the carriage house door,  
Just where it was needed so much before.

Lo, the years went by, till ninety were told—  
One sows, one reaps, 'tis the story old—  
When a farmer, young, stood by the door,  
Surveying with pride his domain o'er.

Said he, "The most beautiful thing I see  
Is this grand, o'er arching, old elm tree.  
Who planted it, boy? Would that I knew!  
He did it for me, he did it for you.  
His name we must read  
In the loving deed."

—S. B. B. Merrifield.

### IN DANDELION TIME.

The skies have caught a deeper blue,  
The birds a sweeter song;  
The willows wreath themselves anew  
In tender greens along  
The winding brooks. The sheltered nooks  
Are bursting all ablaze  
With stars untold of gleaming gold,  
In dandelion days.

No song more limpid or more sweet  
Than yonder bird's; no sheen  
Like that of grass beneath my feet—  
Than emeralds more green.  
No softer breeze e'er stirred the trees  
Than this, that gently sways  
The budding beech beyond my reach,  
In dandelion days.

The song re-echoes in the heart,  
The breezes stir the blood;  
Within the brain fresh fancies start,  
And wake a nobler mood.  
Viewed through the clear, pure atmosphere,  
Life takes a loftier phase  
And seems possessed of keener zest  
In dandelion days.

A magic spell rests on the year,  
And time has stayed its flight;  
For long-lost springtides reappear  
In pageants of delight.  
A child once more, I wander o'er  
The meadow's starry maze,  
And life forgets its sharp regrets  
In dandelion days.

—*Julia E. Goodwin, in Springfield Republican.*

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#### THE WOODPECKER.

I'm sure I've somewhere heard or read  
That long ago there stood,  
All mossy and gray, a tiny house,  
Beside a sheltering wood.

And there a woman in sober gown,  
And apron white as snow,  
A little red cap upon her head,  
Lived years upon years ago.

Little cared she for human weal,  
And naught for human need,  
To have and hold for herself the best,  
Was a part of her selfish creed.

And when to her cottage door there came  
A beggar, wrinkled and gray,  
She hid from his sight her dainty cakes  
And sent him empty away.

But, as she watched him plodding on,  
Conscience within her stirred,  
"I'd give him all," she softly said,  
"If I were but a bird."

No sooner said than all at once,  
The feathers on her grew,  
She changed into a little bird  
And up the chimney flew.

Her sober gown was feathers black,  
As white as milk her breast.  
The cap upon her old gray head  
Became a blood-red crest.

And still within the wintry woods,  
That bird to-day you'll see,  
While cheerfully she pecks her food,  
From out some woodland tree.

—*Lizzie Hadley.*

#### OUT OF DOORS.

The pleasantest place for a boy to be  
Is out where the grass is growing;  
As glad and free as a king is he,  
Far up where the wind is blowing.

He's one with the bee and the butterfly,  
The robin and he are brothers;  
His tent is the sky so blue and so high,  
Swept clean of the dust that smothers

The treasures he seeks are a wayside flower,  
A whistle shaped from the willow,  
The diamond shower, the gold of an hour,  
And mosses and ferns for a pillow.

The lessons he learns are greater than books,  
And truer than words of sages;  
He reads in the brooks and the violet nooks  
The marvelous epics of ages.

—*Willis Warren Kent.*

## THE MULBERRY TREE.

O, it's many the scenes which are dear to my mind  
As I think of my childhood so long left behind;  
The home of my birth, with its old puncheon-floor,  
And the bright morning-glory that grewed round the door;  
The warped clab-board roof whare the rain it run off  
Into streams of sweet dreams as I laid in the loft,  
Countin' all of the joys that was dearest to me,  
And a-thinkin' the most of the mulberry tree.

And to-day as a dream, with both eyes wide-awake,  
I can see the old tree, and its limbs as they shake,  
And the long purple berries that rained on the ground  
Whare the pastur' was bald whare we trommpt it around.  
And again, peekin' up through the thick leafy shade,  
I can see the glad smiles of the friends when I strayed  
With my little bare feet from my own mother's knee  
To foller them off to the mulberry tree.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

## MEMORIAL TREES.

You've heard of trees of Liberty;  
Of battle trees you've heard,  
That celebrate some victory,  
Though sheltering beast and bird  
As if no other loftier thrill  
Their sluggish sap had stirred!

You've read about the Charter Oak,—  
About Penn's Treaty tree,  
And how the Red Men never broke  
Their pledge of amity;  
And all about the Boston Elm  
Of great celebrity.

And yet,—and yet there were some trees  
Two hundred years ago,  
More consecrated than were these  
Of which we're proud to know;  
For Gratitude had planted them,  
And Love had made them grow.

In Natick, Massachusetts state,  
Two mission preachers taught,  
And friendly Indians, soon or late,  
In awe and wonder sought  
To learn the truths of Peace and Right  
The pale-faced men had brought.

In council, then, they planned some gift  
Those mission-men to please;  
No bear's meat, furs, nor wampum belts  
Their grateful hearts would ease;  
At last, they plant before each door  
Two trees, named "Friendship Trees."

And so, of all historic trees  
Made famous long ago,  
None were so sacred, quite, as these  
That Red Men did bestow;  
For Gratitude had planted them,  
And love had made them grow.

—*Maria Barrett Butler.*

### THE SCHOOLHOUSE YARD.

(May be used as an exercise for seven pupils, or as a recitation  
by one.)

1.

The schoolhouse yard was so big and bare,  
No pleasant shadow nor leafy trees;  
There was room enough, and some to spare,  
To plant as many as ever you please.

2.

So first we set there a little pine,  
For the wind to play its tunes upon,  
And a paper birch, so white and fine,  
For us children to write our secrets on.

3.

Then two little elms to build an arch,  
Right over the gate when they grow up tall,  
And a maple for tiny blooms in March,  
And scarlet leaves in the early fall.

4.

A cedar tree for its pleasant smell,  
A mountain ash for its berries bright,  
A beech for its shade and nuts as well,  
And a locust tree for its blossoms white.

5. Then last we planted an acorn small,  
 To grow in its time a sturdy oak;  
 And somehow it seemed to us children all  
 That this was the funniest joke
6. For sweet Miss Mary smiling said,  
 "The other trees are your very own,  
 But this little oak we will plant instead  
 For your grandchildren, and them alone."
7. I wonder now if the little folk  
 That come in the days that are to be,  
 To frolic under the future oak,  
 Will be as merry and glad as we.

All—

And if they will plant their elm and beech  
 As we do, just in the selfsame way,  
 And sing their chorus and speak their speech,  
 And have such fun upon Arbor Day.  
 —Elizabeth Howland Thomas, in the *Youth's Companion*.

### WHY WE KEEP ARBOR DAY.

(For seven children. As they take their places upon the stage,  
 those in seats recite the first stanza.)

Trees of the fragrant forest,  
 With leaves of green unfurled,  
 Through summer's heat, through winter's cold,  
 What do you do for our world?

First—

Our green leaves catch the raindrops  
 That fall with soothing sound,  
 Then drop them slowly, slowly down,  
 'Tis better for the ground.

Second—

When rushing down the hillside,  
 A mighty freshet forms,  
 Our giant trunks and spreading roots  
 Defend our happy homes.

Third—

From burning heat in summer,  
 We offer cool retreat,  
 Protect the land in winter's storm  
 From cold, and wind, and sleet.

Fourth—

Our falling leaves in autumn,  
By breezes turned and tossed,  
Will make a deep sponge carpet warm  
Which saves the ground from frost.

Fifth—

We give you pulp for paper,  
Our fuel gives you heat,  
We furnish lumber for your homes,  
And nuts and fruit to eat.

Sixth—

With strong and graceful outline,  
With branches green and bare,  
We fill the land through all the year  
With beauty everywhere.

All—

So, listen, from the forest.  
Each one a message sends  
To children on this Arbor Day,  
“We trees are your best friends.”

—Primary Education.

### THE VINE ON THE SCHOOLHOUSE.

When our ivy, grown in the years to come,  
Peeps over the schoolhouse eaves,  
A-toss in its limber branches,  
A-laugh in its rustling leaves,  
When it twinkles and taps at your windows,  
A-shine with the morning dew—  
O lassies and lads at your desks within,  
We planted a vine for you!

When a million tendrils tangle and cling  
Over walls now blank and bare,  
When fluttering wings and dancing leaves  
Give the summer a welcome there—  
Years hence, when our lessons and play are done,  
Your lessons and play to do—  
Remember us lassies and lads to come,  
We planted the vine for you!

When the shadowy grace of its verdant veil  
Shall soften the noontide glare,  
And wreath on wreath for gala days  
It garlands your building fair,

Your bright flag blossoming out of the green  
Like a flower of triple hue—  
O lassies and lads of the years to come,  
We planted the vine for you!

—*F. E. Eppington.*

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### THE BIRDS AND THE HOURS.

4 a. m.

Who is the bird of the early dawn?  
The brown-capped Chippy, who from the lawn  
Raises his wings and with rapture thrills,  
While his simple ditty he softly thrills.

5 a. m.

Who is the bird of the risen sun?  
The Robin's chorus is well-nigh done  
When Bobolink swings from the clover high  
And scatters his love notes across the sky.

9 a. m.

Who is the bird of the calm forenoon?  
The Catbird gay with his jeering tune,  
Who scolds and mimics and waves his wings  
And jerks his tail as he wildly sings.

Noon.

Who is the bird of the middle day?  
The green-winged, red-eyed Vireo gray,  
Who talks and preaches, yet keeps an eye  
On every stranger who passes by.

5 p. m.

Who is the bird of the afternoon?  
The Wood Thrush, shy, with his silvery tune  
Of flute and zither and flageolet;  
His rippling song you will never forget.

7 p. m.

Who is the bird of the coming night?  
The tawny Veery, who, out of sight  
In cool dim green o'er the waterway,  
The lullaby echoes of sleeping day.

9 p. m.

Who is the bird that when all is still  
Like a banshee calls? The Whip-poor-will;  
Who greets the Nighthawk in upper air  
Where they take their supper of insect fare.

Midnight.

Who are the birds that at midnight's stroke  
Play hide-and-seek in the half dead oak,  
And laugh and scream 'till the watch dog howls?  
The wise-looking, mouse hunting, young screech owls.

All in Chorus.

Good Night! Good Day!  
Be kind to the birds and help repay  
The songs they sing you the livelong day,  
The bugs they gobble and put to flight—  
Without birds, orchards would perish quite!  
Good Day! Good Night!

—Mrs. M. O. Wright, *Fairfield*.

#### IN COMMON THINGS.

Seek not afar for beauty. Lo! it glows  
In dew wet grasses all about thy feet;  
In birds, in sunshine, childish faces sweet,  
In stars, and mountain summits topped with snows.

Go not abroad for happiness. For, see!  
It is a flower that blossoms by thy door.  
Bring love and justice home; and then no more  
Thou'lt wonder in what dwelling joy may be.

Dream not of noble service elsewhere wrought.  
The simple duty that awaits thy hand  
Is God's voice uttering a divine command:  
Life's common deeds build all that saints have thought.

In wonder workings, or some bush aflame,  
Men look for God, and fancy Him concealed;  
But in earth's common things He stands revealed,  
While the grass and flowers and stars spell out His name.

The Paradise men seek, the city bright  
That gleams beyond the stars for longing eyes,  
Is only human goodness in the skies.  
Earth's deeds, well done, glow into heavenly light.

—*Minot J. Savage.*

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#### THE BLUE-BIRD.

I know the song that the blue-bird is singing—  
Out in the appletree where he is swinging.  
Brave little fellow! the skies may be dreary;  
Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheery.

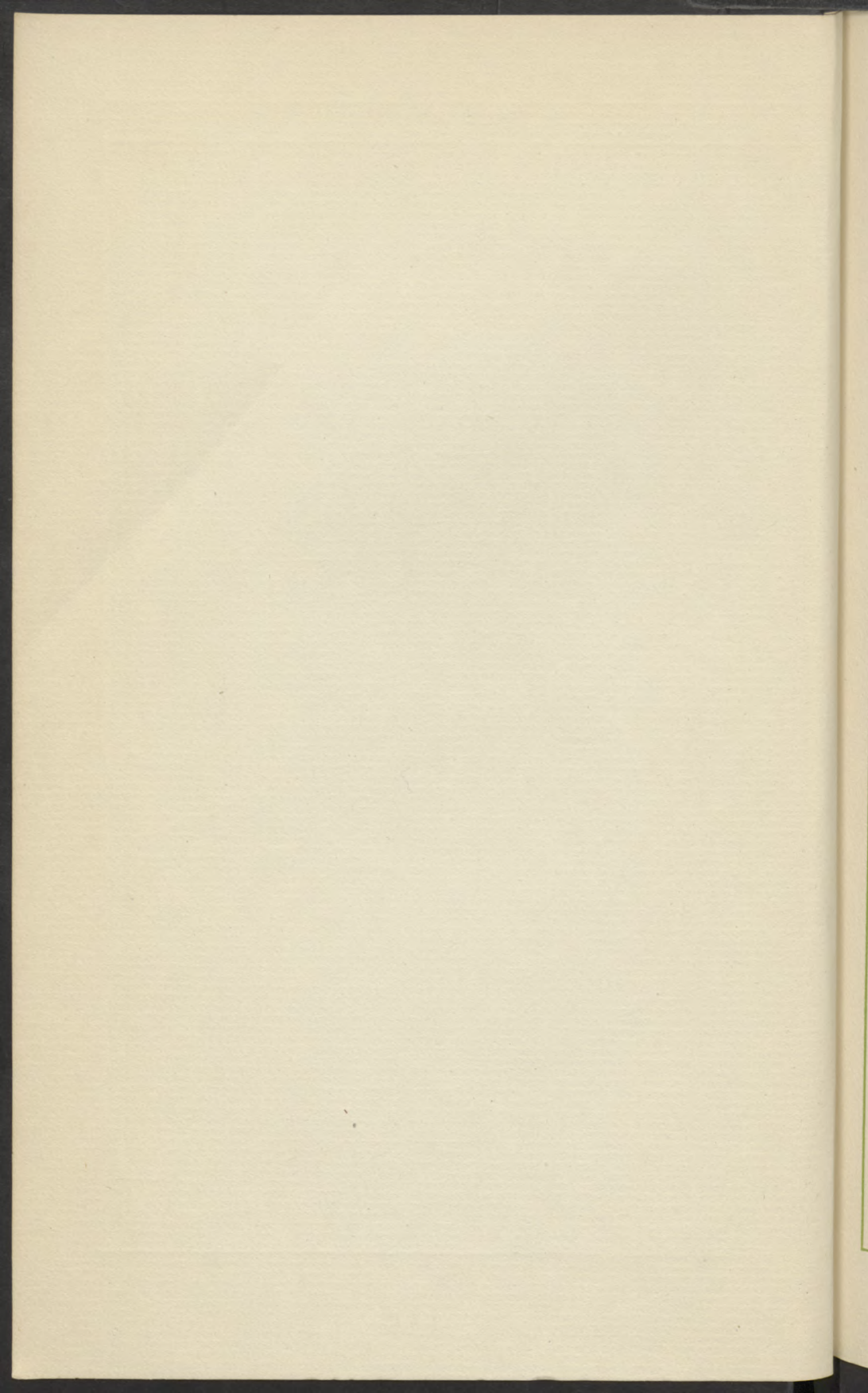
Hark! how the music leaps out from his throat.  
Hark! was there ever so merry a note?  
Listen awhile and you'll hear what he's saying  
Up in the appletree swinging and swaying:

"Dear little blossoms down under the snow,  
You must be weary of winter, I know;  
Hark! while I sing you a message of cheer:  
Summer is coming and springtime is here.

"Little white snowdrops! I pray you arise;  
Bright yellow crocus come open your eyes:  
Daffodils! Daffodils! say, do you hear?  
Summer is coming, and springtime is here!"

—*Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller*







## GRADES FIRST, SECOND AND THIRD



### PUSSY WILLOW.

In her dress of silver gray  
Comes the Pussy Willow gay—  
Like a little Eskimo,  
Clad in fur from tip to toe.  
Underneath her, in the river,  
Flows the water with a shiver.  
Downward sweeping from the hill,  
North Wind whistles, loud and shrill.

Birds are loth to wing their flight,  
To a land in such a plight.  
Not another flower is found  
Peeping from the bark or ground.  
Only Mother Willow knows  
How to make such suits as those;  
How to fashion them with skill,  
How to guard against the chill.

Did she live once, long ago,  
In the land of ice and snow?  
Was it first by polar seas  
That she made such coats as these?  
Who can tell?—We only know  
Where our Pussy Willows grow.  
Fuzzy little friends that bring  
Promise of the coming spring.

—*Elizabeth E. Foulke.*

## CROCUS.

## 1

Warm sunshine came down  
On a sweet April day,  
To work in the garden  
And have a fine play  
With the plants that all winter  
Had slept there.

## 2

He came to a little  
Brown bulb at one side,  
And he said to himself,  
"Under this will I hide,  
For I see a black cloud  
In the sky."

## 3

So he tucked himself down  
In the soft, yielding earth,  
While the little brown bulb  
Was just shaking with mirth;  
"For the sunshine," said she,  
"Makes me grow."

## 4

Then down came the rain;  
And the bulb that no more  
A little brown ball was to be,  
Just opened her eyes;  
And what do you think?—  
Why, a bright yellow crocus  
Was she!

## ROBIN'S SONG.

The breezes are saying, 'mong leafy boughs straying,  
"Something has happened in Red Robin's nest."  
Robin is singing, his clear notes are ringing,  
Thrilling with pride, is his strawberry breast;  
"Sing, oh, sing, of the gladsome Spring!  
Oh, what joy does it ever bring!"

What is he calling, his glad notes fast falling?  
 What is the meaning of all his gay words?  
 Still he seems prouder, while no song is louder,  
 —There with his mate are his four little birds!  
 “Sing, oh, sing, of the gladsome Spring!  
 Oh, what joy does it ever bring!”

Down in the grasses the tiny stream passes,  
 Hears Robin trilling his joyous refrain.  
 Dancing and rippling, with laughter and dimpling,  
 Onward it hastens and echoes the strain:—  
 “Sing, oh, sing, of the gladsome Spring!  
 Oh, what joy does it ever bring!”  
 —Annie Winifred Copus, in *Kindergarten Review*.

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#### AN OLD-FASHIONED DRESS.

All the shop windows in town are full  
 Of silk and cotton and gingham and wool,  
 But none of them shows a gown so gay  
 As the one Mrs. Humming Bird wears to-day.  
 ’Tis the very same fashion her grandmother wore,  
 And hasn’t a seam or pucker or gore,  
 The sun doesn’t fade it, the rain doesn’t spot,  
 And it’s just the thing whether chilly or hot.

---

#### GROWING.

What do you do in the ground, little seed,  
 Under the rain and snow,  
 Hidden away from the bright blue sky,  
 And lost to the mad-cap sparrow’s eye?  
 “Why, do you not know?  
 I grow!”

What do you do in the nest, little bird,  
 When the boughs swing to and fro?  
 How do you pass the time away  
 From dawn to dusk of a summer day?  
 “What! do you not know?  
 I grow!”

What do you do in the pond, little fish,  
 With scales that glisten so?  
 In and out of the water grass,

Never at rest, I see you pass.  
"Why, do you not know?  
I grow!"

What do you do in the cradle, my boy,  
With chubby cheek all aglow?  
What do you do when your toys are put  
Away, and your wise little eyes are shut?  
"Ho! do you not know?  
I grow!"

Always growing, by night or day  
No idle moments we see,  
Whether at work or cheerful play,  
Let us all be able to say  
"In the goodness of God  
We grow!"

—T. C. Harbaugh.

---

#### THE BLUEBIRD'S CALL.

"Wake up! wake up!" sang the bluebird,  
"Put on your bright dresses of green,  
O, little brown buds on the tree tops,  
'Tis time your new robes should be seen."

"Wake up, O brave little crocus!  
Put on your rich purple and gold,  
And list to my song of the Springtime;  
'Tis the gladdest of songs ever told."

"Wake up, O shy little violet!  
Look up at the clear, sunny sky;  
What flower can rival your sweetness?  
Come forth, for the winter's gone by."

"Wake up! wake up, dandelion!  
Get ready your gold right away,  
The children are longing to greet you,  
They'll be soon in the meadows at play."

"The brooks are all laughing and singing,  
Pussy willow's been waiting here long.  
Come, flowers and leaves and dear children,  
And join in the happy spring song."  
—Laura Frost Armitage, in *Child-Garden*.

## A SPRING LESSON.

Did you see the Robin-redbreast  
As you came to school,  
Weaving threads and twigs and mosses  
By the same old rule?  
Blithe and busy,  
Blithe and busy,  
What a cheery bird he is!  
Building such a cosy nest  
For the one he loves the best.

Did you hear the Robin-redbreast  
Singing at his work,  
Laughing at the very notion  
That a bird could shirk?  
Blithe and busy,  
Blithe and busy,  
What a happy fellow he!  
While the nest grows round and strong  
As the notes of Robin's song.

Little folks know more than robins,  
Try the robin's plan;  
Every day in storm or sunshine,  
Do the best you can.  
Blithe and busy,  
Blithe and busy,  
What bright children we should see,  
If we all began today  
Working Robin-redbreast's way!

—*Antoinette A. Hawley, from "St. Nicholas," May, 1898*

## WHEN YOU HEAR THE ROBIN CALL.

You may read it "May" on the calendar,  
You may fix your heart on spring,  
But until you hear the robin's song  
You will find it's no such thing!  
For he's sure just when the snow flies,  
And he knows spring's secrets all.  
You may be quite sure 'tis May-time  
When you hear the robin call!

They'll tell you the winter's ended—  
 You will hear it everywhere  
 Just for a little sunshine  
 And a breath of April air.  
 But you may be sure of one thing:  
 As sure as that rain will fall,  
 It is really, truly springtime  
 When you hear the robin call!  
 .—*Agnes Lewis Mitchell, from "St. Nicholas," April, 1900.*

### ARBOR DAY EXERCISE.

(The Bells sing the following song, to air "Bring Back My Bonnie to Me.")

The cold stormy winter is over—the cold stormy  
 winter is past—  
 The cold snowy winter is over, and spring-time is with  
 us at last.  
 Bring back, bring back, bring back the birdies to me,  
 to me,  
 Bring back, bring back, bring back the birdies to  
 me!

A gush of bird song, a patter of dew,  
 A cloud and a rainbow's warning;  
 Sudden sunshine and perfect blue,  
 An April sky in the morning.

April:—

The bluebird sings; his thrill of hope  
 Comes sweetly down your snowy slope,  
 Saying, "Cheer up! cheer up! 'tis spring;  
 I bear her message on my wing."

Enter Two Little Plants. (Tiny girls dressed in green.)

We were tiny little plants,  
 And we lived deep underneath the snow;  
 Then the April raindrops whispered, "Come!"  
 And our way we found to light,—just so!  
 (Raise both hands high.)

Said the Sun, "Good-morning, little ones."  
 Then we grew as fast as we could grow;  
 And to all the other garden flowers,  
 We just bowed and bowed,—just so!  
 (Courtesy to right and left.)

Golden butterflies upon us light,  
 And we listen to their secrets low;  
 And thru all the happy, sunny day,  
 We just dance and dance—just so!  
 (Skip and dance.)

But when little stars shine in the sky,  
 When the birdies to their treetops go;  
 Tight we close our sleepy, sleepy eyes,  
 And we go to sleep,—just so!  
 (Bow heads and close eyes.)

---

### THE BIRD'S STORY.

"I once lived in a little house,  
 And lived there very well;  
 I thought the world was small and round,  
 And made of pale blue shell.

I lived next in a little nest,  
 Nor needed any other;  
 I thought the world was made of straw,  
 And brooded by my mother.

One day I fluttered from the nest  
 To see what I could find.  
 I said: 'The world is made of leaves,  
 I have been very blind.'

At length I flew beyond the tree,  
 Quite fit for grown-up labors;  
 I don't know how the world is made,  
 And neither do my neighbors."

—*Birds.*

---

### ARBOR DAY.

From North and from South come the voices of trees;  
 To you and to me they are borne on the breeze.

We offer our fruit unto each one who comes—  
 Peaches and apples, and cherries and plums;

We hold out our arms and the birds come to rest,  
 And hide 'neath our leaflets their dear little nest.

When cut by the axe we are laid at your feet,  
We offer in fire both our light and our heat;

Or we make you a house, wagon, barn or a whip,  
A pole for your flag, or a mast for your ship.

Just think what the trees do for you and for me;  
So now let us plant here a beautiful tree.

—*Lydia Avery Coonley.*

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#### PINE NEEDLES.

If Mother Nature patches  
The leaves of trees and vines,  
I'm sure she does her darning  
With the needles of the pines.

They are so long and slender;  
And sometimes, in full view,  
They have their thread of cobwebs,  
And thimbles made of dew.

—*Wm. H. Hayne.*

---

#### THE LITTLE PLANT.

In the heart of the seed  
Buried deep, so deep,  
A dear little plant  
Lay fast asleep.

"Wake!" said the sunshine,  
"And creep to the light."  
"Wake!" said the voice  
Of the raindrops bright.

The little plant heard,  
And it rose to see  
What the wonderful  
Outside world might be.

### THE DANDELION.

O dandelion, yellow as gold,  
What do you do all day?  
I just wait here in the tall green grass  
Till the children come to play.

O dandelion, yellow as gold,  
What do you do all night?  
I wait and wait till the cool dews fall  
And my hair grows long and white.

And what do you do when your hair is white,  
And the children come to play?  
They take me up in their dimpled hands,  
And blow my hair away.

### THE BLUEBELL.

1

There is a story I have heard;  
A poet learned it of a bird  
And kept its music, every word.

2

About two thousand years ago,  
A little flower as white as snow  
Swayed in the silence to and fro.

3

Day after day with longing eye  
The floweret watched the narrow sky  
And fleecy clouds that floated by.

4

And swiftly o'er its petals white,  
There crept a blueness like the light  
Of skies, upon a summer night.

5

And in its chalice, I am told,  
The bonny bell was formed to hold  
A tiny star that gleamed like gold.

## THE SECRET.

## 1

We have a secret, just we three,  
The robin, and I, and the sweet cherry tree;  
The bird told the tree, and the tree told me,  
And nobody knows it but just we three.

## 2

But of course the robin knows it best,  
Because he built the— I shan't tell the rest;  
And laid the four little—somethings in it—  
I'm afraid I shall tell it every minute.

## 3

But if the tree and the robin don't peep,  
I'll try my best the secret to keep;  
Though I know when the little birds fly about,  
Then the whole secret will be out.

## ARBOR DAY DRILL.

[The following may be given by six girls. Each wears a crown made of colored leaves (cut from paper). Around her waist she wears a bright scarf (of the color of the crown). In her hand she carries a branch of laurel.]

## FIRST PUPIL.

(Green crown and sash.)

Stately elm with leaves of green,  
O'er spreading far on high  
Its canopy of fresh spring leaves,  
All hail the elm! I cry.

## SECOND PUPIL.

(Pink crown and sash.)

I'd crown the peach with blossoms pink  
And fruits so luscious sweet;  
Bending low the pale pink buds  
Of the peach tree, I would greet.

THIRD PUPIL.

(White crown and sash.)

A crown for the cherry blossom pure,  
With its little petals white;  
A pure white carpet nature dons:  
'Tis a rare and happy sight.

FOURTH PUPIL.

(Red crown and sash.)

The early maples in the swamp,  
So bright, so red are they.  
My eye delights to gaze on these  
Throughout the bright spring day.

FIFTH PUPIL.

(Gray crown and sash.)

And I the catkins seek and love,  
With early buds of gray;  
Each silvery-bud this new-born spring,  
Seems dearer every day.

SIXTH PUPIL.

(Yellow crown and sash.)

The leaves of yellow birch I like,  
All fluttering in the breeze  
Turning, twisting, chasing fast  
And quivering as they please.

ALL REPEAT.

We have a crown for every tree,  
And beg each tree to stay;  
Our boughs, unchanging as our hearts,  
All wave this Arbor Day.

Music, "Marching Through Georgia." Branches wave and the six girls march around in a circle, each depositing her bough on a rustic flower stand. Sashes (which have been tied around the waist but loosely) are untied and grasped in the hands about six inches from the ends. All stand in line. Music changes to "Hail Columbia." 1. Sash held in front horizontally, arm's length. 2. Sash held against waist horizontally. Repeat four times. 3. Sash held above the head at arm's length horizontally. 4. Sash resting on head, held horizontally. Repeat four times. 5. Hold sash perpendicularly at right side. 6. Sash raised horizontally above head. Repeat four times. 7. Sash held perpendicularly at left side. 8. Sash raised horizontally at left side. Repeat four times.

Repeat the same motions while kneeling. Repeat first movement, followed by the third, four times. Repeat second movement, followed by fourth. Repeat fifth movement, followed by seventh, four times. Repeat sixth movement, followed by the eighth, four times. All rise, passing out to music.

—*Nebraska Special Days.*

WHAT ROBIN TOLD.

George Cooper.

*Gracefully*

1. How do rob - ins build their nest? Rob - in Red - breast told  
2. Where do rob - ins hide their nest? Rob - in Red - breast told

me. How do rob - ins build their nest? Rob - in Red - breast  
me. Where do rob - ins hide their nest? Rob - in Red - breast

told me. First a wisp of yel-low hay In a pret-ty  
told me. Up a-mong the leaves so deep, Where the sun-beams

round they lay; Then some shreds of down-y moss, Death - ere too, and  
rare-ly creep. Long be-fore the winds are cold, Long be-fore the

*slightly cresc.*

bits of moss, Wov-en with a sweet, sweet song This way, that way, and a - cross;  
leaves are gold, Bright-eyed stars will peep and see Be - by rob - ins, one, two, three;

*rit. p a tempo.*

That's what Rob - in told me, That's what Rob - in told me.  
That's what Rob - in told me, That's what Rob - in told me.

## Nature's Lessons.

SOLO.

Words and Music by T. B. WEAVER, Prospect, O.

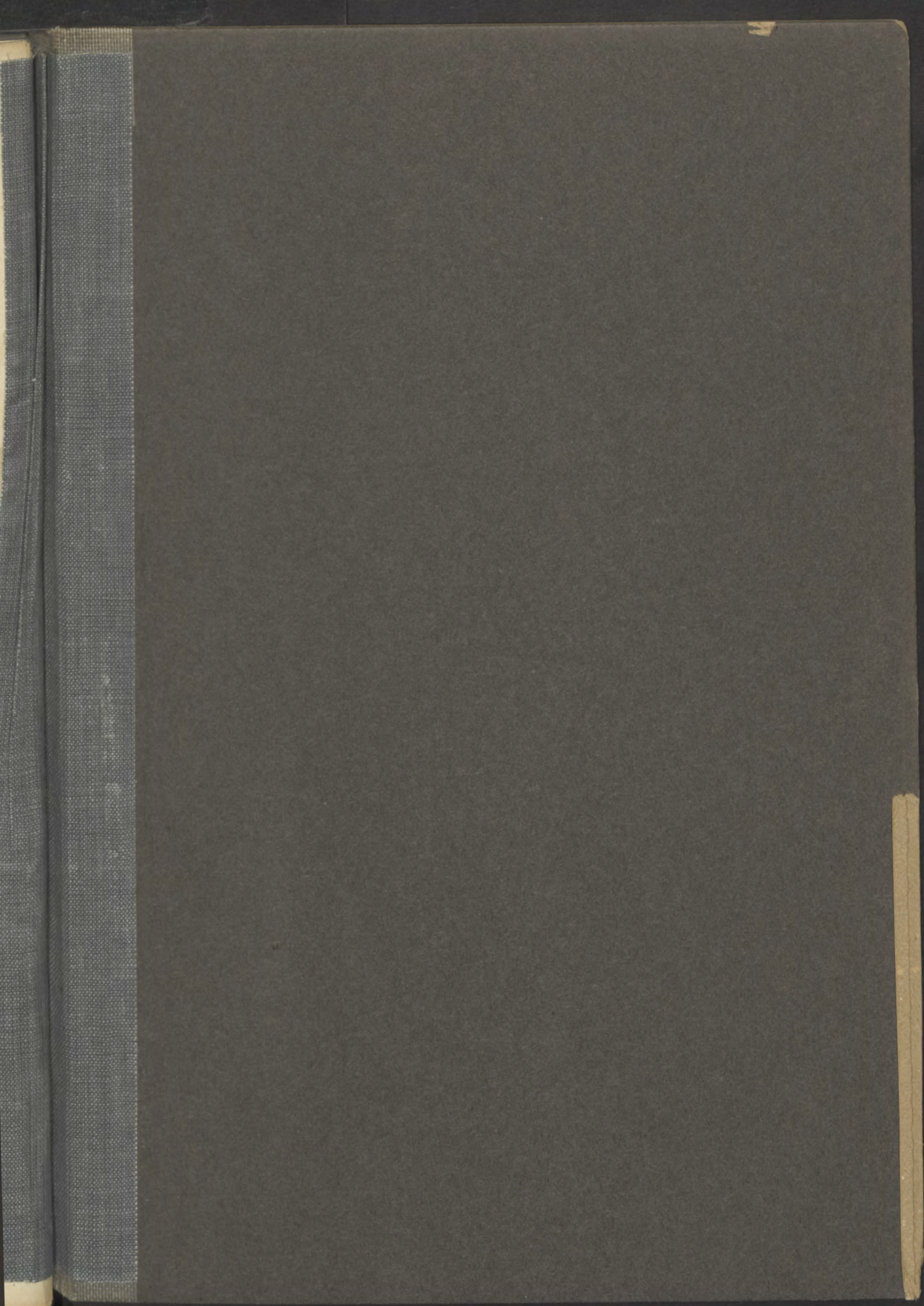
1. In the mys-tic book of a-ges, Sym-bols of our lives a-bound; Truths sur-pas-sing those of an-ges, Ev'-ry  
 2. In the low-ly bend-ing wil-lows Sor-row finds a gen-tle voice, While the ma-ples' tint-ed bil-lows Bid our  
 3. From the bus-y brook-let sing-ing On its jour-ney to the sea, From the i-vy meek-ly cling-ing To the

*cres.*  
 leaf and flow'r pro-pound. How the oak to strong en-dear-or, Wil-ling hand and heart in-spires! Tho' his trunk the storm would  
 hearts and lives re-joice. And the elms in loft-y meas-ure, Turn our eyes to no-ble heights, And the palm-tree lifts its  
 old and life-less tree, From the dai-ry, mod-est flow-er, From the spring-time's scent-ed air, We be-hold a lov-ing

*rit.* *rit. dim.*  
 sev-er. Tow'rd the sun he still as-pires. Tho' his trunk the storm would sev-er, Tow'rd the sun he still as-pires.  
 treas-ure, To the realms of pu-rer light. And the palm-tree lifts its treas-ure, To the realms of pu-rer light.  
 Pow-er, Spread-ing beau-ty ev'-ry where. We be-hold a lov-ing Pow-er, Spread-ing beau-ty ev'-ry where.

CHORUS.

1. 2.  
 { Hearts of oak are ours to cher-ish. Crowns of oak are ours to wear; } In a cause that's just and fair.  
 { If we must, we'll no-bly per-ish, (Omit . . . ) }



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