

CITY."

"HOW A FOREST BECAME A CITY."



Awake, My Own,

Sung by Industria.

(Words adapted from Dick Ormonde.)

In slumber deep, in slumber deep,
 Close hidden mid the forest trees,
 You soundly sleep, you soundly sleep,
 Close shelter'd from the mountain breeze.
 Awake! With song the hours beguile.
 Why slumber here—and all alone
 See all the world will with you smile?
 So wake, my own, awake, my own.

How can you sleep? when far away
 Pacific waves roll swiftly to the land?
 The gentle breeze will whisper to you.
 Come wander on the golden strand.
 The sunbeams fair shine from the skies,
 The earth is fair and waits for you,
 Though clouds look dark, uplift your eyes,
 Beyond the clouds is silver blue.

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