

“THE MAGIC OF INDUSTRY.”

In slumber deep, in slumber deep,  
You sleep amid the forest trees.  
You soundly sleep, you soundly sleep.  
Awake and greet the gentle breeze.  
Awake! Wit hsong the hours beguile.  
Come wander! Do not stay alone.  
For all the world will with you smile.  
Awake, my own, awake, my own!

Let voice of wave and sunbeams gold  
Awake you from your deep repose.  
Why shut your ears to song of birds?  
Why are you blind to bloom of rose?  
Let not the Summer come in vain.  
The sunshine hours you must not miss.  
Awake! awake! and work again,  
And your reward shall be—a kiss.

In slumber deep, in slumber deep,  
Close hidden mid the forest trees,  
You soundly sleep! you soundly sleep!  
Yet roses bloom but you to please.  
Awake, with song the hours beguile.  
You shall not long stay here alone.  
Your love shall greet you with a smile.  
So wake, my own, awake my own.

[The song, “When Sweet Birds Sing,” by  
Tagliafico, suggested this. Get this charm-  
ing song.—F. P.]

HELP THE STRATHCONA INSTITUTE, 117 WESTMINSTER AVENUE.

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