



With cheerfulness he'll fetch his books,

And in them pleasure take; And then mamma, pleased with her boy, Brings in the nice plumb cake.



HAPPY HOME.

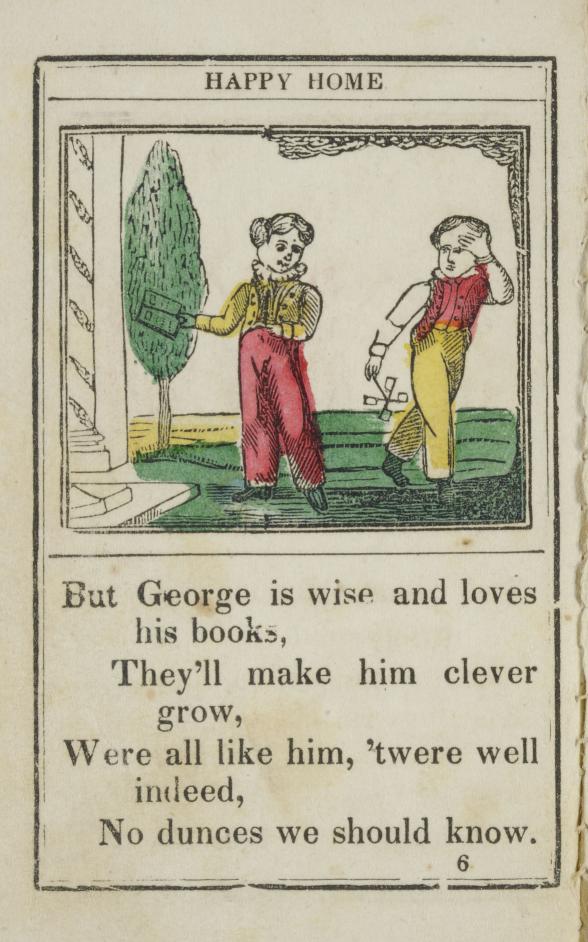


The coach is standing at the door,

From friends he now must part; The tear he brushes fast away,

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Is seen again to start.





And when a few short months are passed,

Again from school he'll come, And flowers so fresh, and meadows green, Shall greet him at sweet home.

