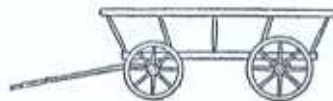


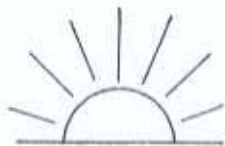
A waggon, too, to load with hay,  
Or grain, or fruit, some  
harvest day.



And now we draw a wheel alone,  
Where hub and tire and spokes are  
shown.



But look! Far over in the  
sky  
A dazzling wheel shines  
there on high—



The glorious sun, whose spreading rays  
Bring many golden, happy days.  
And when night darkens all the blue,  
The twinkling stars come peeping  
through.



Our eyes the wondrous windows  
are  
Through which we gaze on sun  
and star;



And sometimes what we see on  
high,



We find in beauty nearer by;  
For star shapes glitter in the snow,  
And star flowers, too, the meadows show.



And now we'll draw the moon, whose  
light



Makes beautiful the silent night:  
Sometimes a crescent, thin and clear,  
Sometimes a big, round, silver sphere;  
But whether round, or like a bow,  
It is the same dear moon, we know.



Now we will draw but one thing more,  
And that shall be the big church door.  
But drawing is such happy play,  
We'll surely draw again some day.



