

THE FLOWER-BASKET.

WEAVE the little basket, fill it up with posies,
Roses from the garden, blossoms from the wood.
With our birthday wishes, with our songs and
kisses,
Bring it to the father, dear and kind and good.
With smiles and with singing
Our gift we are bringing,
But love is the treasure
We give without measure.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.



Blumenkörbchen.

Kindchen! woll'n ein Körb-
chen machen,
D'rin zu tragen schöne Sachen:
Stümchen woll'n wir darin
tragen,
Werden trod' ich nicht be-
klagen.
Wollen sie dem Vater bringen,
Ihm ein Päckchen dazu singen:
La, la; la, la; lieb Blüme-
lein,
Sollt' nun bei dem Vater
sein;
La, la; la, la; la, la; la, la.

THE PIGEON-HOUSE.

OH, see my pigeon-house so high!
Come, my pretty pigeons, haste to fly!
To pleasant fields they swiftly go,
So busy gleaning to and fro,
And when they come back to rest at night,
Again I close my pigeon-house tight.

Here, in the home so snug and warm,
Live the little children safe from harm.
They pass the day in merry play,
Through woods and meadows green they stray,
But when they come back at night to rest,
Father and mother and home are best.

When evening shadows slowly creep,
Softly coo the pigeons, nestling to sleep.
The gentle mother, wise and dear,
Her happy children gathers near,
And sings to the baby on her breast,
"The world is pleasant, but home is best."

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

