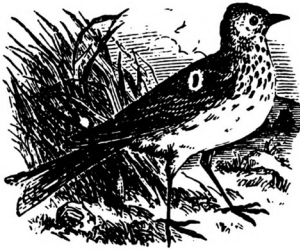

 LESSON XLII.


bird rests gloss-y
 come ri-ses gold-en
 wing sis-ter set-tles
 thing pret-ty shi-ning

See! oh see this shi-ning thing!
 It rests its gold-en, gloss-y wing:
 Its wing so bright with gold-en light;
 Say, is it not a pret-ty sight?

Sis-ter, sis-ter, come and see!
 'Tis not a bird, 'tis not a bee:
 Ah, it ri-ses! up it goes;
 Now it set-tles on a rose.

seal	hear	that	aw-ful
heal	haste	then	law-ful
steal	waste	these	arm-ful
takes	rings	those	let-ting
rakes	sings	there	set-ting
bakes	wings	thine	bet-ting

 LESSON XLII.


meet	mu-sic
woods	be-gun
la-bor	morn-ing
du-ty	mo-ments

The lark is up to meet the sun,
 The bee is on the wing;
 The ant its la-bor has be-gun,
 The woods with mu-sic ring.

Shall birds, and bees, and ants, be wise,
 While I my mo-ments waste?
 O let me with the morn-ing rise,
 And to my du-ty haste.

fees	goods	why	sticks	air
sees	hoods	who	ricks	fair
bees	woods	what	kicks	lair
could	looks	when	picks	leak
would	books	which	nicks	peak
should	hooks	where	bricks	beak