A FAIR little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as her eyes could see;
Then smoothed her work and folded it right,
And said, "Dear work! good night! good night!"

Such a number of rooks came over her head,
Crying, "Caw! caw!" on their way to bed;
She said as she watch'd their curious flight,
"Little black things, good night! good night!"

The horses neigh'd, and the oxen low'd,
The sheep's "Bleat! bleat!" came over the road—
All seeming to say with a quiet delight,
"Good little girl, good night! good night!"

She did not say to the sun "Good night!"
Tho' she saw him there, like a ball of light;
For she knew he had God's time to keep
All over the world, and never could sleep.

The tall pink fox-glove bowed his head,
The violet curtsied and went to bed;
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
And said, on her knees, her favorite pray'r.

And while on her pillow she softly lay,
She knew nothing more till again it was day—
And all things said to the beautiful sun,
"Good morning! good morning! our work is begun!"

June 16.

June 17.

June 18.

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