

Paul

Noyo

Subject
Father & Child

10-10

Paul

W. H. H.

James
W. H. H.

F A T H E R and C H I L D.

Cold was the morning clear;
Crispy was the snow;
Care along the way to steer,
Ice was then the foe!

Pert was the little maid;
Happy was her face;
Bright shone her clear blue eye;
Hop and jump her pace.

Strong was the stalwart man;
Solemn was his look.
Care marred his heavy brow;
Firm the steps he took.

See! here the father neat,
This maid but half his height,
He tramps the snow so deep,
While she trips so light.

Trim and close the pretty hood,
Snug it covers little pate;
Could you note the tiny muff,
Style and fit to date?

PATHE and C. H. D.

Gold was the morning clear;

Grassy was the snow;

Gave along the way to clear.

Ice was then the foot;

Part was the little maid;

Happy was her face;

Bright shone her clear blue eye;

Up and jump her pace.

Strong was the staidest man;

Calmer was his look.

Gave marked his heavy brow;

From the steps he took.

See! here the father next.

This maid but half his height.

He tramps the snow so deep.

While she trips so light.

And close the little maid.

Such it covers little pace;

Could you note the tiny halt.

Stylo and lit to date?

"Papa's hand, you little witch!
 Slip, slip the icy walk!"
 "No! papa, no!" she lisps,
 "Let me run widout talk."

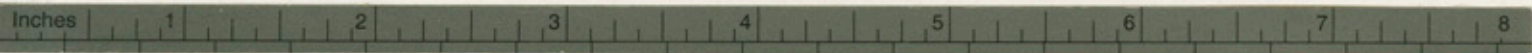
Quickly fly the pretty feet
 Over the snow and ice;
 Out press the glossy shoes,
 Sped like frightened mice.

"Oh! oh!" cries the child!
 When she trips and falls.
 "Ah, ah!" the father mild
 To his darling calls.

"Here pet hold this hand
 Ere a fall you make."
 Then to his side she ran
 To a finger take.

Close around the middle one,
 With her might she clings;
 While her tender feet speed on,
 Swift as mice with wings.

Whew! in midst of happy run,
 By her father's side,
 Down drops the little one
 And her joyous pride!



"Papa's hand, you little wren!"

"Slip, slip the icy walk!"

"No! papa, no!" she sings,

"Let me run without fail."

Quickly fly the pretty feet

Over the snow and ice;

Out press the gleamy shoes,

Speed like frightened mice.

"Oh! oh!" cries the child:

When she trips and falls,

"Ah, ah!" the father mild

To his darling calls.

"Here get hold of his hand

Ere a fall you make."

Then to his side she ran

To a finger take.

Glossarounds the middle one,

With her might she clings;

While her tender foot speeds on,

Swift as mice with wings.

When, in midst of happy run,

By her father's side,

Down drops the little one

And her voice is heard:

Hard was that treach'rous ice;
 Cruel was her plight.
~~Tough~~ ^{Real} now the sobbing cries;
 Father's troubled at the sight.

Quick from the summersault
 To regain her feet!
 Quicker still to see her fault;
 Prompt his gaze to meet.

"Oh, my own papa dear,
I was very wrong!
 I'll hold you very fast
 You hold me very strong!"

Straight in she thrusts her fist
 Father's to fully meet;
 Safe now she skims the ice
 Hand in hand complete.

"How oft my slipping feet
 Try to run alone!
 So weak and incomplete
 My hold in Father's own!"

Lord, Thou to me so high,
 Broad and deep Thy love;
 Draw my hand in Thine
 Ne'er my grasp to move!"

Hand was that cross'rous 188;

Gravel was her light.

Teens now the sabbath tries;

Father's troubled the night.

Quies from the summer's

To regain her feet!

Quies still to see her feet!

Prompt his gaze to meet.

"Oh, my own dear,

I was very strong!

I'll hold you very fast

You hold me very strong!"

Straight in and thrats her list

Father's to fully meet;

Sale now she skims the ice

Hand in hand complete.

"How oft my sleeping feet

Try to run alone!

In weak and incomplete

My hold in Father's arm!

Love, then to me so high,

Broad and deep thy love;

Draw my hand in thine

Not at my arm to move!"

F A T H E R a n d C H I L D .

Cold was the morning clear;
Crispy was the snow;
Care along the way to steer
Ice was then the foe!

Pert was the little maid;
Happy was her face;
Bright shone her clear blue eye;
Hop and jump her pace.

Strong was the stalwart man;
Solemn was his look,
Care marred his heavy brow;
Firm the steps he took.

See! here the father neat,
This maid but half his height,
He tramps the snow so deep,
While she trips so light.

FATHER and DAUGHTER.

Gold was the morning clear;

Grassy was the snow;

Care along the way to steer

Ice was then the foe!

Port was the little maid;

Happy was her face;

Bright shone her clear blue eye;

Hop and jump her pace.

Strong was the stalwart man;

Solemn was his look,

Care marked his heavy brow;

Firm the steps he took.

See! here the father bent,

This maid but half his height,

He tramps the snow so deep,

While she trips so light.

Trim and close the pretty hood,
Snug it covers little pate;
Could you note the tiny muff,
Style and fit to date?

"Papa's hand, you little witch!
Slip, slip, the icy walk!"
"No! papa, no!" she lisps,
"Let me run widout talk."

Quickly fly the pretty feet
Over the snow and ice;
Out press the glossy shoes,
Sped like frightened mice.

"Oh! oh!" cries the child!
When she trips and falls.
"Ah, ah!" the father mild
To his darling calls.

"Here pet, hold this hand,
Ere a fall you make."
Then to his side she ran
To a finger take.

Trim and close the pretty hood,

Snug it covers little pate;

Could you note the tiny muffs,

Styis and fls to daisy?

"Papa's hand, you little witch!

Slip, slip, the icy walk!"

"No! papa, no!" she lisps,

"Let me run without talk."

Quickly fly the pretty feet

Over the snow and ice;

Out press the glossy shoes,

Sped like frightened mice.

"Oh! oh!" cries the child;

When she trips and falls.

"Ah, ah!" the father mild

To his darling calls.

"Here pet, hold this hand,

Ere a fall you make."

Then to his side she ran

To a finger take.

Close around the middle one,
With her might she clings;
While her tender feet speed on,
Swift as mice with wings.

Whew! in midst of happy run,
By her father's side,
Down drops the little one
And her joyous pride!

Hard was that treach'rous ice;
Cruel was her plight.
Real now the sobbing cries;
Father's troubled at the sight.

Quick from the summersault
To regain her feet!
Quicker still to see her fault;
Prompt his gaze to meet.

"Oh, my own papa dear,
I was very wrong!
I'll hold you very fast
You hold me very strong!"

You hold me very strong;

I'll hold you very fast

I was very wrong;

"Oh, my own papa dear,

Prompt his gaze to meet,

Quicker still to see her fault;

To regain her feet;

Quick from the summons!

Father's troubled at the sight.

Real now the sobbing cries;

Grief was her plight.

Hard was that treacherous ice;

And her joyous pride!

Down drops the little one

By her father's side,

Whew! in midst of happy fun,

Swift as mice with wings.

While her tender feet speed on,

With her might she clings;

Glees around the middle one,

Straight in she thrusts her fist
Father's to fully meet;
Safe now, she skims the ice
Hand in hand complete.

"How oft my slipping feet
Try to run alone!
So weak and incomplete
My hold in Father's own!

Lord, Thou to me so high,
Broad and deep Thy love;
Draw my hand in Thine
Ne'er my grasp to move!"

O. O. HOWARD.

Straight in she thrusts her fist

Father's to fully meet;

Safe now, she claims the ice

Hand in hand complete.

"How oft my slipping feet

Try to run alone!

So weak and incomplete

My hold in Father's own!

Lord, Thou to me so high,

Bread and deep Thy love;

Draw my hand in Thine

Ne'er my grasp to move!"

C. G. WOODARD.