

Natural Study



CANADIAN
Humming Bird

© 1910

Jesse James

1. Jesse James was a lad killed many a
man;
He robbed the Danville train.
But that dirty little coward that shot
Mr. Howard
Has laid poor Jesse in his grave.
2. Poor Jesse had a wife to mourn o'er his
life,
Three children, they were brave.
But that dirty little coward that shot
Mr. Howard,
Has laid poor Jesse in his grave.
3. It was Robert Ford that dirty little coward
I wonder how he does feel,
For he ate of Jesse's bread and he slept
in Jesse's bed,
Then laid poor Jesse in his grave.
4. Jesse was a man, a friend to the poor,
He never saw a man suffer pain,
And with his brother, Frank he robbed
Chicago bank,

And stopped the Glendale train.

5. It was his brother, Frank, that robbed the
Ballatin bank,
And carried the money from the town;
It was in this very place that they had
a little race,
For they shot Captain Sheets to the ground.

6. They went to a crossing not far from
there,
And there they did the same;
With the agent on his knees, he delivered
up the keys
To the outlaws Frank and Jesse James.

7. It was on a Saturday night, and the
moon was shining bright,
When they robbed the Glendale train;
The people, they did say, for many miles
away,
It was robbed by Frank and Jesse James.

8. It was on a Saturday night, Jesse was at

home
Talking to his family brave,
Robert Ford came like a thief in the
night,
and laid poor Jesse in his grave.

9. People held their breath, when they heard
of Jesse's death,
and wondered how he ever came to
die.

It was one of the gang called Robert Ford,
He shot poor Jesse on the sly.

10. Jesse went to his rest with his hand
on his breast

The devil will be upon his knee,
He was born one day in the country
of Clay
and came from a solitary race.

11. This song was made by Billy Gashade
as soon as the news did arrive.

He said there was no man with the law in his hand
who could take Jesse James when alive.

The Wild Colonial Boy

1. There was a wild Colonial Boy, Jack Dubban
was his name.

He was born in Ireland's sunny land at a
place called Castlemeine.

He was his father's only pride, his mother's
only joy.

And dearly did the parents love their
wild colonial boy.

2. At the early age of sixteen years, he left
his happy home,

And to Australia's sunny isle he was
inclined to roam.

He robbed the wealthy squires and their
arms he did destroy,

And the terror to Australia, was this
wild colonial boy.

3. At the early age of eighteen years, he
began his wild career.

With a heart that knew no danger and
a soul that knew no fear.

He robbed the rich, he helped the poor,
he stabbed McAvoy.

Who trembling gave his gold up to the
wild colonial boy.

4. One morning on the prairie, as Jack
he rode along,
Listening to the mocking bird singing
his lofty song.

Up stepped three mounted troopers,
Davis, Kelly, and Fitty roy
The all turned out to capture him, the
wild colonial boy.

5. "Surrender, now, Jack Dubbar, you see
we're three to one,

Surrender in the Queen's name for
your a plundering son."

Jack drew a pistol from his belt
and waved it up on high,

"I'll fight but not surrender," cried the
wild colonial boy.

6. He fired a shot at Kelly, which brought
him to the ground,
And as he turned to Davis, he received

a fatal wound,
a bullet pierced his brave young heart
from the pistol of Fitzroy,
And that's the way they captured him,
the wild colonial boy.

Reuben and Rachel

1. Reuben, Reuben, I've been thinking what a
queer world this would be,
If the men were all transported, far across
the Northern sea.
2. Rachel, Rachel, I've been thinking what a
queer world this would be,
If the women were all transported, far ^{be} beyond
the the Northern sea.
3. Reuben, Reuben, I've been thinking life would
be so easy then
What a lovely world this would be if there
were no tiresome men.
4. Rachel, Rachel, I've been thinking life would
be so easy then
What a lovely world this would be if

you'd leave it to the men.

5. Rachel, Rachel, I've been thinking if we
went beyond the seas,
All the girls would follow after like a
swarm of bumble bees.

6. Reuben, Reuben, I've been thinking if we
went beyond the seas
All the men would follow after like a
swarm of honey bees.

The Letter Edged In Black

1. I was standing by my window
yester-morning
Without a thought of worry or of cares,
When I saw the postman coming down
the pathway,
With such a happy smile and jaunty
air,
Oh, he rang the bell and whistled while
he waited,
And then he said "Good morning to you
Jack."
But he little knew the sorrow that he

brought me
When he handed me a letter edged in black.

2. Then with trembling hands I took the letter
from him,
I broke the seal and this is what it said;
Come home my boy your poor old father wants
you,
Come home my boy your mother dear is dead,
Oh, your mother's words, the last she ever
uttered,
Were, tell my boy I want him to come back
My eyes are blurred, my poor old heart is
breaking,
While I'm writing you this letter edged in black.

3. Oh I bow my head in sadness and in sorrow,
The sun-light of my life, it now has fled,
Since the postman brought that letter
yester-morning,
Saying, "Come my boy, your mother dear is
dead,"
Oh, it said "Forgive those angry words I
spoke dear,

You know I never meant them don't you Jack,
Oh the angels bear me witness, I am
asking,
Your forgiveness in this letter edged in
black.

Chorus - As I heard the postman whistling
yester-morning,
Coming down the pathway with his pack,
Oh the little new the sorrow that
he brought to me,
When he handed me a letter edged
in black.

Home of the Range

1. Oh, give me a home where the buffalo
roam,
Where the deer and the antelope play,
Where seldom is heard a discouraging
word,
And the skies are not cloudy all day.
Home, Home on the range,
Where the deer and the antelope play,
Where seldom is heard a discouraging
word,
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

2. Where the air is so pure and the zepher
so free,
And the breezes so balmy and light,
That I would not exchange my home on
the range,
For all of your cities so bright.
Home, Home on the range,
Where the deer and the antelope play,
Where seldom is heard a discouraging
word
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

3. The Red Man was pressed from this part
of the West,
'Tis unlikely he'll ever return,
To the bank of Red River where it's doubtful
if ever,
Again his bright campfires will burn.
Home, Home on the range
Where the deer and the antelope play
Where seldom is heard a discouraging
word,
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

4. Oh, I love the wild flowers in this dear
land of ours,
The curlew I love to hear scream,
I love the white rocks and the antelope
flocks,
That graze on the mountaintops green.
Home, Home on the range
Where the deer and the antelope play
Where seldom is heard a discouraging
word
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

5. How often at night, when the heavens
are bright,
With the light from the glittering stars,
Have stood there amazed and asked
as I gazed,
If there glory exceeds that of ours.
Home, Home on the range
Where the deer and the antelope play
Where seldom is heard a discouraging
word
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

The Cowboys Dream (Tune - My Bonnie)

1. Last night as I lay on the prairie
And looked at the stars in the sky,
I wondered if ever a cowboy,
Would drift to that sweet bye and bye.
The road to that bright happy region,
Is a dim narrow way so they say,
But the broad one that leads to perdition
Is posted and blazed all the way.

Chorus Roll on, roll on, roll on, roll on,
Roll on, little dogies, roll on, roll on,
Roll on, roll on, roll on, roll on,
Roll on, little dogies, roll on.

2. I wonder if ever a cowboy,
Stood ready for that judgment day,
And could say to the boss of the riders,
I'm ready come drive me away,
They say there will be a great round-up,
And cowboys like dogies will stand,
To be marked by the riders of judgment,
Who are posted and know every brand.

3. I know there's many a cowboy,
Who'll be lost at the great final sale,

When he might have gone in the green
pastures,

Had he known of the dim narrow trail,
For men like the cows that are loosed,
Stampede at the sight of a hand,
And get tangled with rope at the round-
up,

Or get marked with some crooked
man's brand.

4. I'm scared that I'll be a stray yearling
A maverick branded on high,
And get cut in the bunch with the rusties,
When the boss of the riders goes by,
For they tell of another big owner,
Who's never over stocked so they say,
But who always makes room for the
sinner,
Who drifts from the straight narrow
way.

5. They say he will never forget you,
That he knows every action and look,
So for safety you'd better get branded

Have your name in the great tally book.
Roll on, roll on, roll on, roll on,
Roll on, little dogies, roll on, roll on,
Roll on, roll on, roll on, roll on,
Roll on, little dogies, roll on.

The Red River Valley

1. From this valley they say you are going,
We shall miss your bright eyes and
sweet smile,
For they saw you are taking the sunshine,
That brightens our pathway awhile.
2. Come and sit by my side if you love me,
Do not hasten to bid me adieu,
But remember the Red River Valley,
And the girl who has loved you so true.
3. For a long long time I've been waiting,
For those dear words you never would say,
But at last my fond hopes have vanished,
For they say you are going away.
4. Won't you think of the valley you are leaving,
Oh how lonely, how sad it will be,

Oh think of the fond heart you are breaking,
And the grief you are causing me to see.

5. From this valley they say you are going,
When you go, may your darling go too,
Would you leave her behind, unprotected,
When she loves no other but you.

6. I have promised you darling that never,
Will a word from my lips cause you pain,
And my life, it will be yours for ever,
If you only will love me again.

7. Must the past with its joys be blighted,
By the future of sorrow and pain,
And the vows that were spoken be slighted,
Don't you think you can love me again.

8. As you go to your home on the ocean,
May you never forget these sweet hours,
That we spent in the Red River Valley,
And the love we exchanged amid the flowers.

9. There never could be such a longing.

In the heart of a pure maiden's breast,
That dwells in the heart you are breaking,
As I wait in my home in the west.

10. And the dark maiden's prayer for her lover,
To the spirit that rules over the world,
May his pathway be ever in sunshine,
Is the prayer of the Red River girl.

Oh Bury Me Not On The Lone Prairie

1. Oh bury me not on the lone prairie
These words came low and mournfully,
From the pallid lips of a youth who lay,
On his dying bed at the close of day.
2. Oh bury me not on the lone prairie,
Where the Ki-yotes howl and the wind blows
free,
In a narrow grave just six by three,
Oh bury me not on the lone prairie,
3. It matters not I've oft been told
Where the body lies when the heart grows cold
Yet grant, oh grant this wish to me,
Oh bury me not on the lone prairie.

4. He wailed in pain o'er his brow,
Death's shadows fast were gathering now,
And he thought of his home and the loved
ones nigh.

As the cowboys gathered to see him die.

5. "Oh bury me not" - and his voice failed there
But we took no heed of his dying prayer,
In a narrow grave just six by three,
We buried him there on the lone prairie.

6. Yes, we buried him there on the lone prairie
Where the owl all night hoots mournfully
And the blizzard beats and the wind
blows free,

O'er his lonely grave on the lone prairie.

7. We buried him there on the lone prairie
Where the wild rose blooms and the
wind blows free,

An' the buffalo roams o'er the grassy
Yes - we buried him there on the lone
prairie.

When The Roses Bloom Again

When the roses bloom again beside
the river

And the robin red breast sings his
sweet refrain.

As in days of auld lang syne
I'll be with you sweetheart mine
I'll be with you when the roses
bloom again.

Mid the rattle of the battle comes
a whisper soft and low.

For a soldier boy as fallen in
the fray

I am dying, Captain dying and
I know I've got to go

But I want your promise ere I
pass away.

There's a far and distant river.
Where the roses are in bloom.

There's a maiden who is waiting
all in vain

And its there I pray you take
me.

I've been faithful don't forsake
me

I'll be with her when the roses
bloom again.

Lamp Lightin' Time In The Valley
There's a lamp shinin' bright in
a cabin,

In a window it's shinin' for
me,

And I know that my mother is
prayin'

For the boy she is longin' to see.

Chorus

When its lamp lightin' time in
the valley

Then in dreams I go back to
my home

I can see that old lamp in the
window

It will guide me wherever I go.

In the lamp light each night I can
see her

As she rocks in her chair to and
fro.

Where I first learned of sorrow
and joy -

I can see Mother there
With her head bowed in prayer
As she prayed for her wandering
boy -

It was there that I first ~~met~~ ^{found}
my Sally -

Like an angel on earth so it seems
When she sang sweet and low
In the long, long ago.
In the little old church of my
dreams.

2. The old friendly faces are near
to me now.

The same old sweet songs greet
my ears.

The parson is praying, the heads
gentle bow.

And slowly my eyes fill with
tears.

That Little Black Mustache

1. Oh! once I had a charming
beau,
I loved him dear as life,
I surely thought the time would
come
When I should be his wife.
His pockets they will filled with
gold,
And oh! he cut a dash
With diamond ring, a watch and
chain,
And a darling black mustache

Chorus

Oh! that little black mustache
Is cutting quite a dash
Every time I think of it
My heart beats quick as flash.
That little black mustache
That little black mustache
But you must know, I've lost my beau
With the little black mustache

2. He'd come to see me Sunday night
And stay till almost three,

He said he never loved a girl
As much as he loved me,
And said we'd live in grandest style,
For he had lots of cash
And then he pressed upon my lips
That little black mustache.

3. One day there came a sour old maid,
Who owned her wain in gold,
She had false teeth, and wore false hair
She was forty-five years old
He cruelly deserted me
Just for that old maid's cash
And thus you see I lost my bear
With the little black mustache.

4. And now they live just 'cross the street
In that gray mansion old,
He married for his black mustache
He married for her gold.
Now girls remember my sad fate
And do not be too rash
But let alone all stylish chaps
Who wear a black mustache.

Chorus for last verse.

Oh! that little black mustache
Is cutting quite a dash
Every time I think of it
My heart beats quick as flash
That little black mustache
That little black mustache
And now you know, how I lost
my beau
With the little black mustache.

For the beauty of the earth,
For the beauty of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies,
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

For the beauty of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree, and flower,
Sun and moon, and stars of light,
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

For the joy of ear and eye,
For the heart and mind's delight,
For the mystic harmony
Linking sense to sound and sight,
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth and friends above,
For all gentle thoughts and mild,
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

For each perfect gift of Thine,
To our race so often given,
Graces human and divine,
Flowers of earth, and buds of heaven,
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

For Thy Church that evermore
Lifteth holy hands above,
Offering up on every shore
Her pure sacrifice of love,
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise. Amen.

Song Of Praise

Bury Me Out On The Prairie

1. Now I have no use for the
women

A true one can never be
found

They'll use a man for his money
When its done they'll turn him
down

They're all alike at the bottom
Selfish and grasping for all
They'll stand by a man when
he's winning

And laugh in his face at
his fall.

2. My pal was an honest young
puncher

Honest and upright and true

But he turned to a hard-
shooting gun man

On account of a girl named
Lou

He fell in with evil company
The kind that are better
off dead

When a gambler insulted
her picture.
He filled him full of lead.

3. All through the long
night they trailed him
Through mesquite and
thick chaparral
and I couldn't help think
of the woman
as I saw him pitch and
fall.

If she had been the pal
that she should have
He might have been raising
a son

Instead of out there on
the prairie

To die by the rangers gun.

4. Death's sharp sting did not trouble
his changes for life were too slim
but where they were putting his mouldering bones
was all that worried him

4. He lifted his head on his elbow
The blood from his wounds
flowed ~~free~~ ^{red}

He gazed at his pals grouped round him

RUBY THROATED HUMMINGBIRD

The Ruby Throated Hummingbird is found mostly in Southern Canada. He winters from Southern Florida and Louisiana, south to the Panama.

Both fearless and pugnacious, the Ruby Throat often comes confidently to the dooryards of the Poor and the estates of the Wealthy, where he samples the nectar of innumerable flowers.

In his daily rounds he captures large numbers of small insects, which prove of great value to the garden lover.

His dainty, gorgeous presence gives line and color to many woodland scenes. No bird is too large to be immune from his spiteful dashing attacks.

The Ruby-throat gives utterance to a high-pitched, squeaking note.

The nest is a tiny cup of plantdown, covered with lichen, perched on a limb. Two white eggs are laid.

The Hummingbird measures $3\frac{3}{4}$ inches.