AMERICA.

1. My country 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing; Land where my fathers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From every mountain side Let freedom ring!

2. My native country, thee, Land of the noble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that above.

3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break, The sound pro-long.

4. Our fathers' God! to Thee, Author of liberty, To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With freedom's holy light; Proclaim us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH

1. How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood, When fond recollection presents them to view! The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood, And every loved spot which my fancy knew: The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it, The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell; The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it, And even the rude bucket that hung in the well.

CHO.—The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket, The moss-covered bucket that hung in the well.

FINE.