

THE STREAMLET.

Words by M. A. STODART.

Music by the REV. R. F. DALE, M.A., Mus. Bac., Oxon.

VOICE.

1. I saw a lit - tle stream - let flow A -
 2. The val - ley smiled in liv - ing green; A

Smoothly, and not too fast.

PIANO.

dim - - - in - - - u - - - en -

- long a peace - ful vale; A thread of sil - ver, soft and slow, It
 tree, which near it gave From noon - tide heat a friend - ly screen, Drank

dim - - - in - - - u - - - en -

do.

wan - der'd down the dale : Just to do good it seemed to move, Di -
 from its lim - pid wave. The swal - low brush'd it with her wing, And

do.

1st, 2nd, & 3rd times. § Last time.

- rect - ed by the hand of love..... blest.....
 fol - low'd its me - an - der ing.....

1st, 2nd, & 3rd times. § Last time.

3. But not alone to plant and bird
 That little stream was known;
 Its gentle murmur far was heard—
 A friend's familiar tone:
 It glided by the cotter's door;
 It blessed the labour of the poor.

4. And would that I could thus be found,
 While travelling life's brief way,
 A humble friend to all around,
 Where'er my footsteps stray:
 Like that pure stream with tranquil breast,
 Like it still blessing, and still blest.