

46. Harvest of the Squirrel and Honey Bee.

CHILD.

1. Oh, bus - y squirrel with shin - ing eyes, And bush - y tail so
 2. Oh, bus - y, bus - y hon - ey - bee, Why la - bor all the

round, Why do you gath - er all the nuts, Which fall up - on the
 day? The flow'rs are danc - ing with the breeze, I'm sure you've time for

Squirrel.
 Honey-Bee.

ground? I must pre - pare for win - ter's cold, My har - vest I must
 play. I can - not stop to play, dear child, In summer's hap - py

reap, For when Jack Frost the for - est claims, With - in my hole I keep.
 hours, But gath - er in my winter's stores, Sweet honey from the flow'rs.