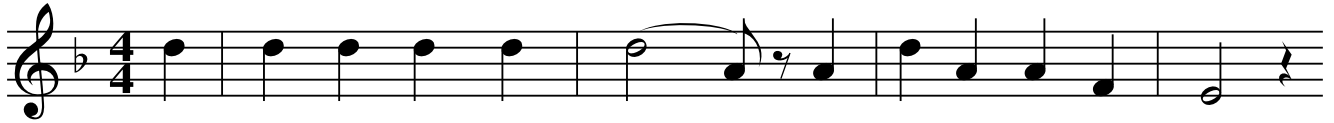


The Spider



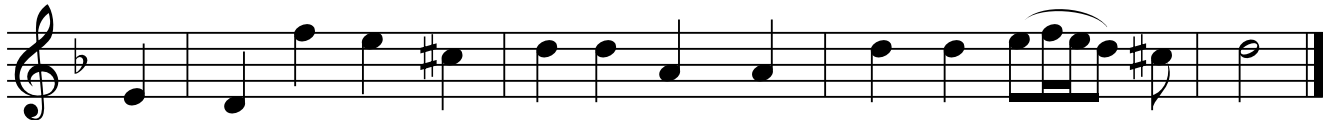
It was one sum-mer's morn-ing, As I lay on my bed,



I spied an an-cient spi - der A - spin-ning of her thread.



She wove it in a sun-ny beam, As clear as glass ___ might be



The old - est nun that ev - er spun Ne'er spun so fine ___ as she.

It was one summer's morning,
As I lay on my bed,
I spied an ancient spider,
A-spinning of her thread.
She wove it in a sunny beam,
As clear as glass might be;
The oldest nun that ever spun
Ne'er spun so fine as she.

The first that came into the net.
A silly fly, was slain;
The next that came, a hornet bold,
Soon broke the net in twain.
And so I oftentimes wonder why
Are poor men brought to shame,
While rich men live in vanity,
And all men praise their name.

O if I had but Agur's wish,
And it might come to me,
That I were neither poor nor rich,
How happy I should be!
For riches are but vanity,
I heard the wise man cry,
And when you think to hold them fast,
Away from you they fly.

If rich men would advis-ed be,
And stewards would be just,
And to their tenants frank and free,
When they are put in trust;
The hump from off the camel's back
Would easily be shaven;
The camel pass the needle's eye,
The rich man enter heaven.