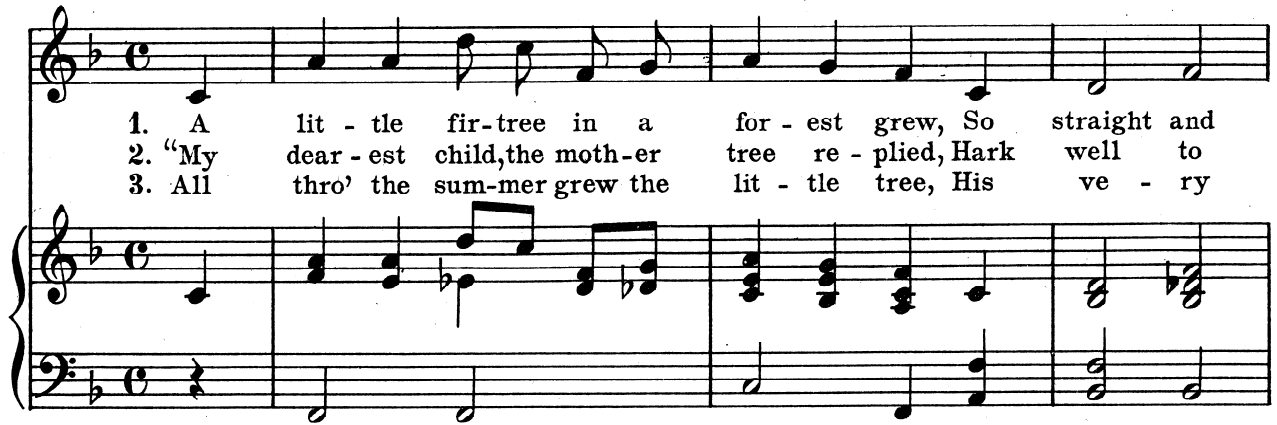
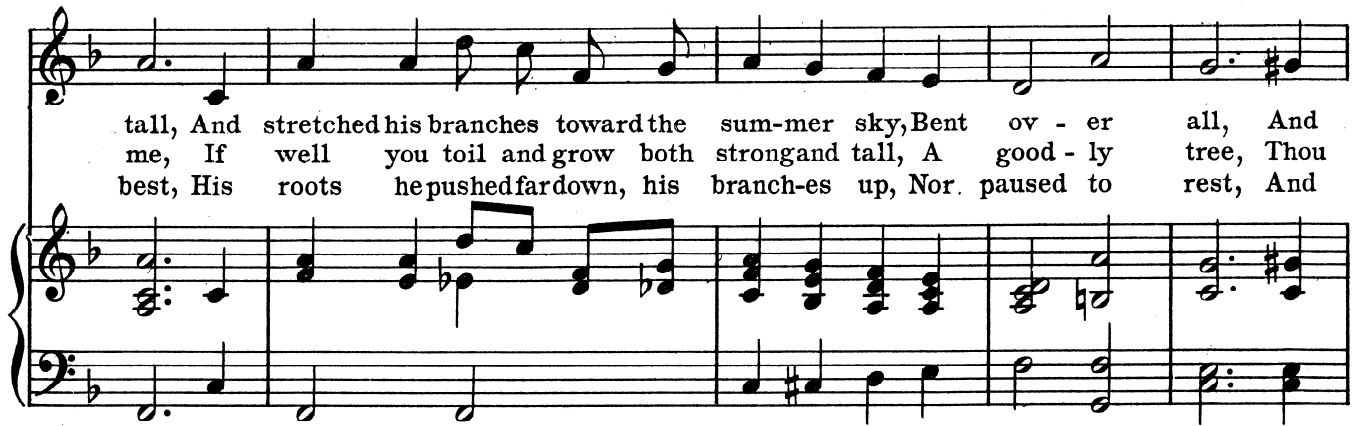


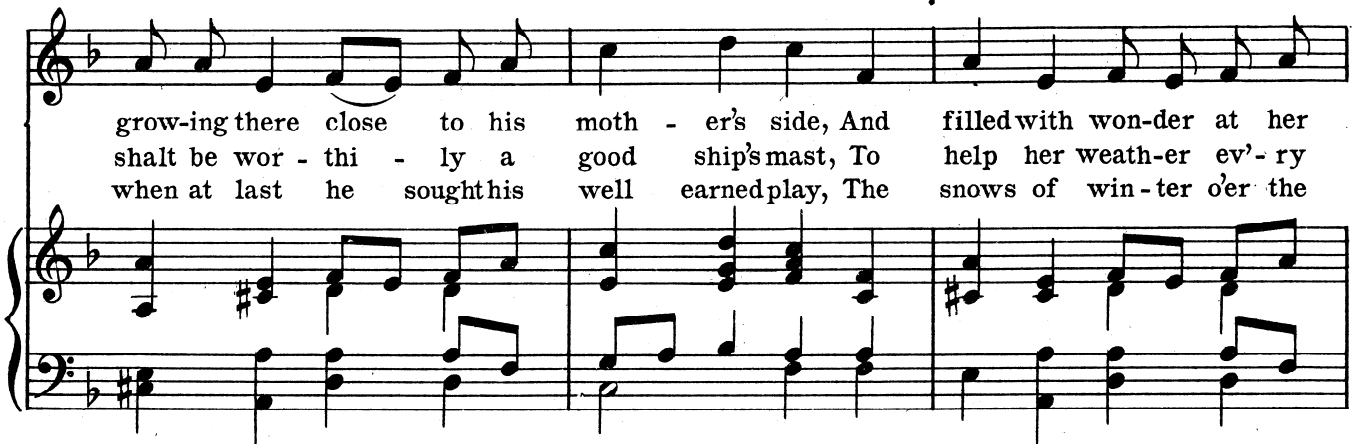
# 19. The Legend of the Christmas Tree.



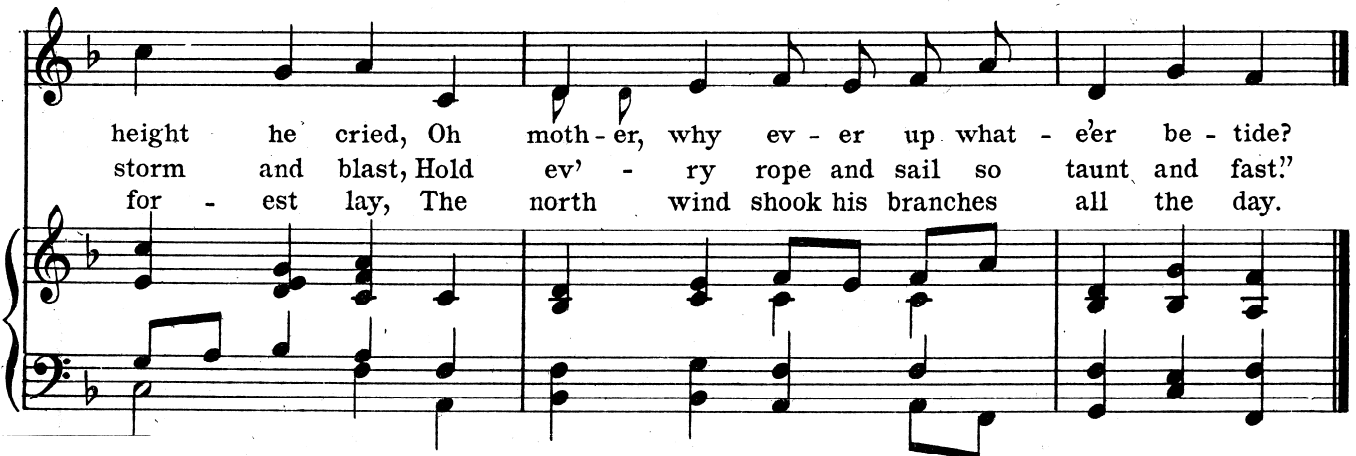
1. A lit - tle fir-tree in a for - est grew, So straight and  
2. "My dear - est child, the moth - er tree re - plied, Hark well to  
3. All thro' the sum-mer grew the lit - tle tree, His ve - ry



tall, And stretched his branches toward the sum-mer sky, Bent ov - er all, And  
me, If well you toil and grow both strong and tall, A good - ly tree, Thou  
best, His roots he pushed far down, his branch-es up, Nor. paused to rest, And



growing there close to his moth - er's side, And filled with won-der at her  
shalt be wor - thi - ly a good ship's mast, To help her weath-er ev'-ry  
when at last he sough his well earned play, The snows of win-ter o'er the



height he cried, Oh moth - er, why ev - er up what - e'er be - tide?  
storm and blast, Hold ev' - ry rope and sail so taunt and fast."  
for - est lay, The north wind shook his branches all the day.