YOU NEVER MISS THE WATER TILL THE WELL RUNS DRY.

ROWLAND HOWARD.

MODERATO.

f

1. When a child I liv'd at Lincoln, with my parents at the farm, The lessons that my mother taught, to me were quite a charm; She would of - ten take me on her knee when tired of childish play, And
2. As years roll'd on I grew to be a mischief-making boy, Destruction seem'd my on - ly sport, it was my on - ly joy; And well do I re - member, when oft-times well chastis'd, How
3. When I ar - riv'd at manhood, I em- -bark'd in pub-lic life, And found it was a rugged road, bestrewn with care and strife; I spec - u - la - ted fool-ish - ly, my loss - es were severe, But
4. Then I stud - ied strict e - con - o - my, and found to my surprise, My funds, instead of sinking, ve - ry quickly then did rise; I grasp'd each chance, and always struck the i - ron while 'twas hot, I
5. I'm mar - ried now and hap- py, I've a careful lit - tle wife; We live in peace and har-mo - ny, de - void of care and strife; Fortune smiles up - on us, we have lit - tle children three, The

CHORUS.

f

as she press'd me to her breast, I've heard my moth - er say: Waste not, want not, is a max - im I would teach, Let your watchword be despatch, and
fa - ther sat beside me then, and thus has me advised:
still a ti - ny lit - tle voice kept whisp'ring in my ear:
seiz'd the op - por - tu - ni - ties, and nev - er once for - got:
les - son that I teach them, as they prat - tle on my knee:

f

YOU NEVER MISS THE WATER TILL THE WELL RUNS DRY. Concluded.

D.C.%

prac - tice what you preach; Do not let your chances, like sun - beams pass you by, For you nev - er miss the wa - ter till the well runs dry.

D.C.%

WAITING OVER THERE.

Words and Music by WM. REEVES SCOTT.

1. Do not weep so mother darling, For your lov'd one bright and fair,
2. Do not weep so mother darling, Dry those pret - ty tears I see,
3. Years may now seem lonely, mother, Since your darling pass'd a - way,

She is waiting, on-ly waiting, With the an - gels o - ver there. Lis - ten, mother, hear them whisp'ring,
For she heard her Saviour saying, "Lit - tle one, come up to me." An - gels took your lit - tle darling,
But re-mem - ber, oh re - member, You are fa - ding day by day. Soon the an- gels will be calling,