THE LITTLE PLANT.

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1. In my little garden bed
   Rak'd so nicely over,
   The tiny seeds I sow,
   Then with soft earth covering.

2. Then the little plant awakes!
   Down the roots go creeping.
   Up it lifts its little head
   Thro' the brown mould peeping.

First the tiny seeds I sow,
Then with soft earth covering.
Shining down, the great round sun
High and higher still it grows
Smiles up on it oft'en;
Thro' the summer hours,

Lit-tle rain-drops, patt'ring down,
Till some hap-py day the buds
Help the seeds to soften.
Open into flowers.