

## School Days Are Here Again

Words and Music by I. Alfonso

*Tempo de marcia*

Hark! Com-rades let's go. To school let's hur-ry Come all  
'board yo! ho! Toys and dai-ly fun To-day let's  
leave them all and books in hands, Let us tread once more the  
path that leads to our dear school. Come and let us  
sing, School days are here-a-gain. The old  
seats will be oc-cu-pied, and boys and girls all a-lert, won't  
it be nice? ----- Once  
more we shall al-ways see the teacher dear, the class-mate dear to me.

### THE GARDEN FORSAKEN

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more yellow than ever; the clouds were whiter and the angels even more kindly. The Angels—Peace and Love did once more whisper their message into the lonely heart of the Princess. The Angel of Death bore her away and away . . . and all the flowers and birds and butterflies died in the then forsaken garden.

But a fairer garden became her home.

Beyond the thick walls was a chariot all in white—as soft as the cotton and as shiny as gold. In it waited the prince still as gay and stalwart and young.

And so amidst the singing of angels—the prince and the princess sailed through the clouds to a fairer and more beautiful garden. It was called the

"Garden of Paradise," where all is Life and Love and pleasant dreams.

And in the palace which the good heavenly Father prepared for them dwelt forever more the happy princess and her beloved mortal prince. The flowers bloomed at their best there. The birds sang their gayest there. Sweet music filled the air and lulled to happy dreams the pure souls that dwelt there.