SELECTED TALES
ONE DOLLAR

THE VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

POETRY

The song of the lark, my native home,
In happy days, I used to love to hear,
As it echoed through the forest prime,
Till the sunkin' evening came to rear.

But now the song is silent, and rare,
The lark's sweet notes are heard no more,
Yet still its melody rings in my ear,
And seems to mingle with the morn.

Oh, could I but hear its notes again,
And see its graceful flight so free,
My soul would be at peace, and I would sing,
As other birds do, with a sweet and quiet gleam.

The lark was once my favorite bird,
And I often sought its echo clear,
But now it seems to be no more,
And I am left to feel its absence near.

Oh, could I but hear its notes again,
And see its graceful flight so free,
My soul would be at peace, and I would sing,
As other birds do, with a sweet and quiet gleam.

The lark was once my favorite bird,
And I often sought its echo clear,
But now it seems to be no more,
And I am left to feel its absence near.

Oh, could I but hear its notes again,
And see its graceful flight so free,
My soul would be at peace, and I would sing,
As other birds do, with a sweet and quiet gleam.

The lark was once my favorite bird,
And I often sought its echo clear,
But now it seems to be no more,
And I am left to feel its absence near.

Oh, could I but hear its notes again,
And see its graceful flight so free,
My soul would be at peace, and I would sing,
As other birds do, with a sweet and quiet gleam.

THE VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

TOM THUMB.

'Tis said that Tom Thumb was a dwarf,
And yet he could build a temple so grand,
That it would stand for all time to come,
And be a monument of his fame in the land.

But though he was small, he had a soul great,
That knew the value of hard work and toil,
And though he was short, he had a heart noble,
That would do right, even if he were to fall.

He built his temple with his own hands,
And though it was small, it was strong and sound,
And though it was low, it was high in the sky,
And though it was wide, it was narrow and round.

And though he was small, he was mighty in might,
And though he was weak, he was strong in heart,
And though he was poor, he was rich in the soul,
And though he was humble, he was proud.

TOM THUMB.

'Tis said that Tom Thumb was a dwarf,
And yet he could build a temple so grand,
That it would stand for all time to come,
And be a monument of his fame in the land.

But though he was small, he had a soul great,
That knew the value of hard work and toil,
And though he was short, he had a heart noble,
That would do right, even if he were to fall.

He built his temple with his own hands,
And though it was small, it was strong and sound,
And though it was low, it was high in the sky,
And though it was wide, it was narrow and round.

And though he was small, he was mighty in might,
And though he was weak, he was strong in heart,
And though he was poor, he was rich in the soul,
And though he was humble, he was proud.

TOM THUMB.

'Tis said that Tom Thumb was a dwarf,
And yet he could build a temple so grand,
That it would stand for all time to come,
And be a monument of his fame in the land.

But though he was small, he had a soul great,
That knew the value of hard work and toil,
And though he was short, he had a heart noble,
That would do right, even if he were to fall.

He built his temple with his own hands,
And though it was small, it was strong and sound,
And though it was low, it was high in the sky,
And though it was wide, it was narrow and round.

And though he was small, he was mighty in might,
And though he was weak, he was strong in heart,
And though he was poor, he was rich in the soul,
And though he was humble, he was proud.

TOM THUMB.

'Tis said that Tom Thumb was a dwarf,
And yet he could build a temple so grand,
That it would stand for all time to come,
And be a monument of his fame in the land.

But though he was small, he had a soul great,
That knew the value of hard work and toil,
And though he was short, he had a heart noble,
That would do right, even if he were to fall.

He built his temple with his own hands,
And though it was small, it was strong and sound,
And though it was low, it was high in the sky,
And though it was wide, it was narrow and round.

And though he was small, he was mighty in might,
And though he was weak, he was strong in heart,
And though he was poor, he was rich in the soul,
And though he was humble, he was proud.

TOM THUMB.

'Tis said that Tom Thumb was a dwarf,
And yet he could build a temple so grand,
That it would stand for all time to come,
And be a monument of his fame in the land.

But though he was small, he had a soul great,
That knew the value of hard work and toil,
And though he was short, he had a heart noble,
That would do right, even if he were to fall.

He built his temple with his own hands,
And though it was small, it was strong and sound,
And though it was low, it was high in the sky,
And though it was wide, it was narrow and round.

And though he was small, he was mighty in might,
And though he was weak, he was strong in heart,
And though he was poor, he was rich in the soul,
And though he was humble, he was proud.

TOM THUMB.

'Tis said that Tom Thumb was a dwarf,
And yet he could build a temple so grand,
That it would stand for all time to come,
And be a monument of his fame in the land.

But though he was small, he had a soul great,
That knew the value of hard work and toil,
And though he was short, he had a heart noble,
That would do right, even if he were to fall.

He built his temple with his own hands,
And though it was small, it was strong and sound,
And though it was low, it was high in the sky,
And though it was wide, it was narrow and round.

And though he was small, he was mighty in might,
And though he was weak, he was strong in heart,
And though he was poor, he was rich in the soul,
And though he was humble, he was proud.

TOM THUMB.

'Tis said that Tom Thumb was a dwarf,
And yet he could build a temple so grand,
That it would stand for all time to come,
And be a monument of his fame in the land.

But though he was small, he had a soul great,
That knew the value of hard work and toil,
And though he was short, he had a heart noble,
That would do right, even if he were to fall.

He built his temple with his own hands,
And though it was small, it was strong and sound,
And though it was low, it was high in the sky,
And though it was wide, it was narrow and round.

And though he was small, he was mighty in might,
And though he was weak, he was strong in heart,
And though he was poor, he was rich in the soul,
And though he was humble, he was proud.

TOM THUMB.

'Tis said that Tom Thumb was a dwarf,
And yet he could build a temple so grand,
That it would stand for all time to come,
And be a monument of his fame in the land.

But though he was small, he had a soul great,
That knew the value of hard work and toil,
And though he was short, he had a heart noble,
That would do right, even if he were to fall.

He built his temple with his own hands,
And though it was small, it was strong and sound,
And though it was low, it was high in the sky,
And though it was wide, it was narrow and round.

And though he was small, he was mighty in might,
And though he was weak, he was strong in heart,
And though he was poor, he was rich in the soul,
And though he was humble, he was proud.