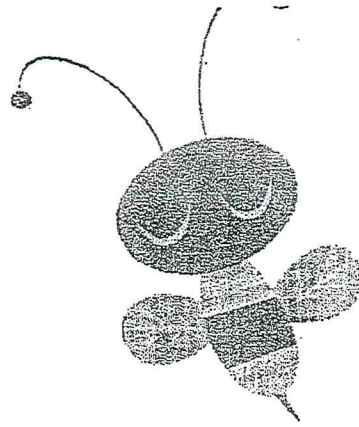


**"The Bee"**  
by Isaac Watts



How doth the little busy bee  
Improve each shining hour,  
And gather honey all the day  
From every opening flower!

How skillfully she builds her cell!  
How neat she spreads the wax!  
And labors hard to store it well  
With the sweet food she makes

In works of labor or of skill  
I would be busy, too;  
For Satan finds some mischief still  
For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play  
Let my first years be past;  
That I may give for every day  
Some good account at last.

