

**THE SONG WITHOUT
WORDS. LEAVES FROM A
VERY OLD BOOK.
DEDICATED TO CHILDREN**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649708864

The Song Without Words. Leaves from a Very Old Book. Dedicated to Children by Elizabeth Rundle Charles

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

ELIZABETH RUNDLE CHARLES

**THE SONG WITHOUT
WORDS. LEAVES FROM A
VERY OLD BOOK.
DEDICATED TO CHILDREN**



Page 11.

The
Song without Words.

LEAVES FROM A VERY OLD BOOK.

Dedicated to Children.

BY THE

AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES OF CHRISTIAN LIFE."

LONDON :

JAMES NISBET AND CO., 21, BERNERS STREET.

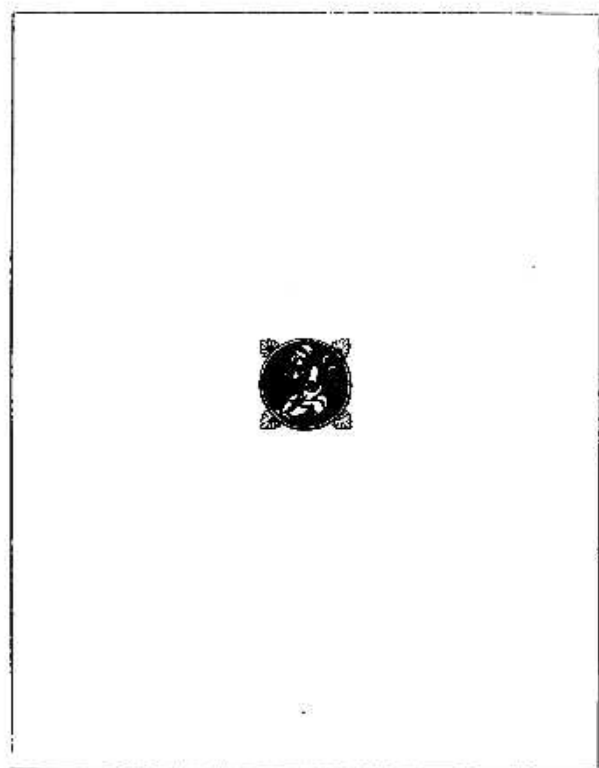
1856.

TO ALL THE CHILDREN
WHO WISH TO LEARN THE WORDS OF THE SONG
THIS LITTLE BOOK
IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.



PART I.

The Song without Words.



The Song without Words.

CHAPTER I.

THE waves were plashing against the foot of the rocks, but the cave in which the little Child lived was far above their reach; and he lay still on his little bed of dry leaves and moss, in his soft warm clothing, and kept his eyes closed. One little hand lay on his bosom, and the other was stretched out and

THE SONG WITHOUT WORDS.

folded close over a tiny shell; and he lay quietly, with the last soft kisses of Slumber still sealing his eyelids, and talked in his heart to the waves.

“You are awake,” he murmured. “You are always awake: night and day you sing, and dance, and roll over one another in play. You do not know what it is to sleep and to dream, nor what the joy of waking is. You sing by my bed all night, and in the morning I go and thank you. But it is not you who call me to rise from my bed.” And as he spoke, a sunbeam darted across the tops of the waves, and gently crept from ledge to ledge of the old grey rocks until it pressed