Be Satisfied With What You Have, Let Well Enough Alone.

By HEELAN & HELF.

Alone in his workshop, a young toiler there, With tools scattered 'round him, sat bowed in despair. "A rich man lives yonder," he plaintively sighed, "His money," he cries, "Though I give our children the riches of queens, I


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Children have plenty, there's no wish denied; But my little darlings have can't tell my darlings what Mother's love means. His tears tell the tale of his

only to live For just the few comforts my labor can give. Why can't they have lonely despair, How gladly he'd change with the workman down there, Twas just at that

rich? in dismay: His wife kind and patient drew closer to say: moment the workman's wife said, "Come, John, kiss the babies, they're going to bed."

Be Satisfied With What You Have, etc. 3 pp. 11 p.
CHORUS.

"Don't sigh for things that are not yours, don't tell fate what to do... Don't envy those who seem to be much better off than you... We'll all be judged by what we've done, and not by what we own... Be satisfied with what you have, let well enough alone..."

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