Miss Clara G. Jewell
2629 Portland Avenue
Louisville Kentucky

20 cents per copy.

Temple Echoes

A COLLECTION OF
SIMPLE SONGS
FOR

Primary Classes and Small Sunday Schools

By E. S. LORENZ

91 Seventh Ave.
New York

LORENZ PUBLISHING CO.

209 S. State St.
Chicago

501 E. Third St.
Dayton, Ohio

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Gift - Clara S. Jewell.

TEMPLE ECHOES

A COLLECTION OF SONGS

FOR

Small Sunday Schools and Primary Classes

WITH A LARGE NUMBER OF

MOTION SONGS

AND

OTHER CONCERT MATTER

—BY—

EDMUND S. LORENZ.

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91 Seventh Ave.
New York

LORENZ PUBLISHING CO.

209 S. State St.
Chicago

501 E. Third St.
Dayton, Ohio

Printed in U.S.A.

DEDICATED

TO THE

BUSY MARTHAS

WHO CARE FOh

CHRIST'S LITTLE ONES.

SOUTHERN BAPTIST
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY LIBRARY
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1

Song so Fair.

E. D. MUND. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Hear the mu-sic ring-ing, ring-ing, ring-ing,
2. Birds on branches swinging, swinging, swinging,
3. On the woodLarps glowing, glowing, glowing,
4. Not a voice is want-ing, want-ing, wanting,

Lit - tle ones are sing - ing Prais - es to the Lord.
Wat - er brooks are sing - ing Prais - es to the Lord.
Sum-mer breez - es blow - ing Ev - er praise the Lord.
All the world is chant-ing Prais - es to the Lord.

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CHORUS.

Song so bright, song so fair, mak - ing mu - sic ev - 'ry where!

All u - nite as we sing Praise to God our King.

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2. Shine Out for Jesus.

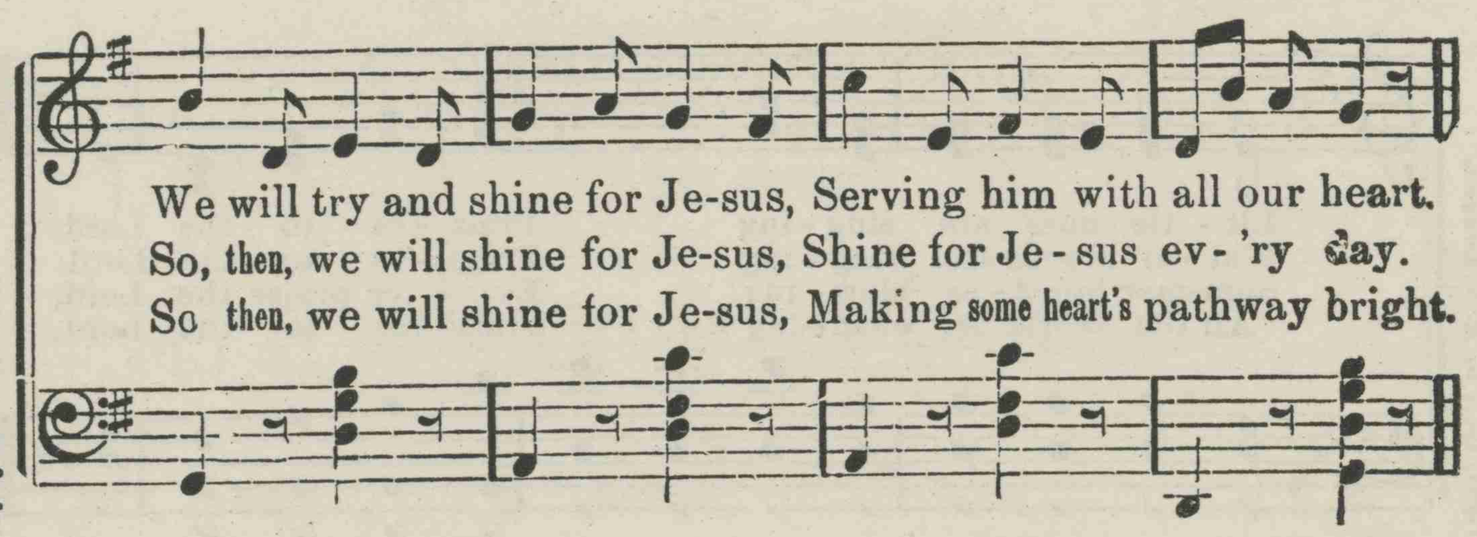
WM. H. GARDNER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Tho' we are but lit - tle children, Yet we all may do our part;
2. Lit-tle words are some-times mighty, Lit-tle lights shine far a-way;
3. Well we know that God can see us, For he sees the smallest light;



We will try and shine for Je-sus, Serving him with all our heart.
So, then, we will shine for Je-sus, Shine for Je - sus ev- 'ry day.
So then, we will shine for Je-sus, Making some heart's pathway bright.

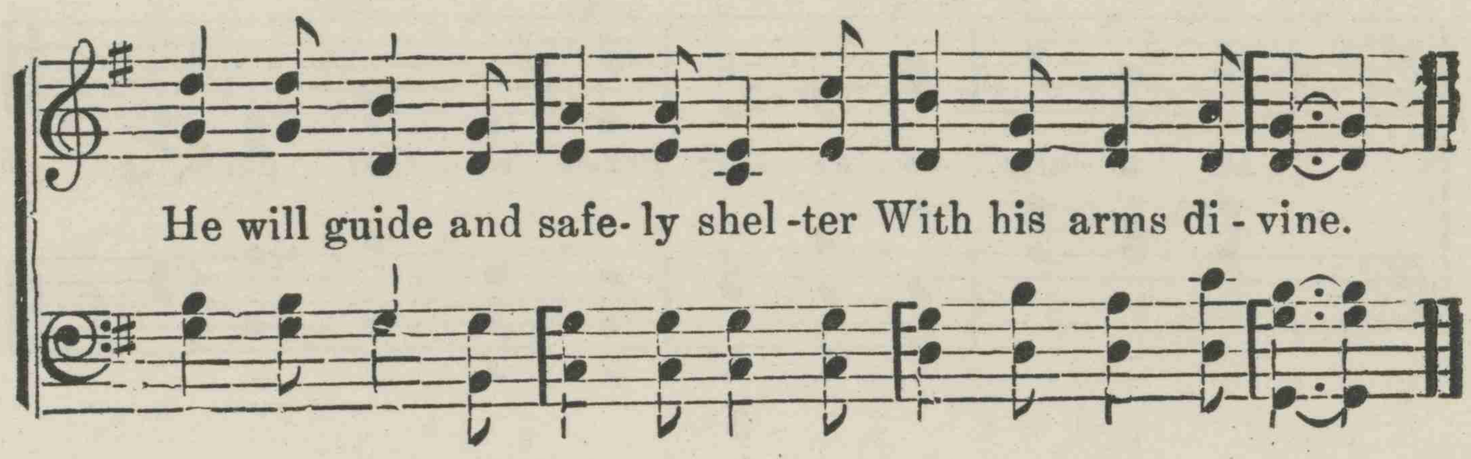


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CHORUS.



Shine out for Je - sus! Let each lit - tle can - dle shine,



He will guide and safe- ly shel -ter With his arms di - vine.

3. Far, Far, Over The Sea.

E. D. MUND. E. S. LORENZ.

D.C.–1. Far, far, o - ver the sea, Na-tions wail in ag · o · ny:
2. Far, far, o - ver the sea, Souls la-ment sin's tyr-an-ny;
3. Fly, fly, o - ver the sea, Bring sweet an-swer to their plea;

FINE.

Come, come, o-ver the sea, Bring the light, let dark-ness flee.
Fly, fly, o-ver the sea, Bring the Gos-pel, set them free.
Ring, ring, o-ver the sea, Loud the notes of Ju · bi - lee.

Dark the shadows round them fall, Gloom and hor-ror cov-er all;
Chained by sin in dungeons vile, Scourged by passions fierce the while;
Gos - pel light brings full release Cries of pain shall end in peace;

D.C.

Vain-ly grope their souls for light, Hope ne er cheers their rayless night.
Vexed by su - perstition's blight, Vain their trust in e vil rite.
Prayer and song shall soon resound All the joy-ous earth a-round.

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4. Early Sowing.

MRS HARRIET E. JONES. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Lit-tle sowers, blest in-deed, Ear - ly sow-ing precious seed;
2. Precious seed, and early sown; Golden grain when fully grown,
3. Bless the world in which you move By your smiles and words of love;

Sow-ing for the reap-ing time, Sow-ing for the home sublime.
Lit - tle sow-ers work a - way, You shall reap some hap-py day.
Scat-ter wide the gold-en seed, By each kindly word and deed.

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CHORUS.

By and by some shining leaves, By and by some golden sheaves;
By and by, by and by, Some ripe and gold - en sheaves.

5. Give your Heart to Jesus.

REV. A. A. GRALEY. REV. A. A. GRALEY.

1. Would you be a Chris-tian child? Give your heart to Je - sus;
2. Now his lov-ing voice re-gard, Give your heart to Je - sus;
3. Stained by sins of crim - son hue, Give your heart to Je - sus;

Tho' it be by sin de-filed, Give your heart to Je - sus
Tho' it be both cold and hard, Give your heart to Je - sus.
He can cleanse and make it new, Give your heart to Je - sus.

Nev - er will it bet-ter grow, Nev-er hap-pi-ness will know
He can take that heart of thine, Warm it, melt it, and re - fine,
Wait not till an-oth - er day, Worse it grows while you de-lay;

Till you to the fount-ain go—Give your heart to Je - sus.
By the fires of love di-vine—Give your heart to Je - sus.
Then the ten-der call o- bey—Give your heart to Je - sus.

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6. Happy Are We.

I. B. I. BALTZELL.

1. Merry the hearts that have gathered to-day; Happy are we,
2. Like the dear birdlings that sing all the day; Happy are we,
3. O-ver the riv-er we'll meet you a-gain; Happy we'll be,

hap-py are we; Cheer-i-ly sing we, this beau-ti-ful lay;
hap-py are we; Tho' we're but youthful, yet each heart can say:
hap-py we'll be; Ev-er with Je-sus in heav-en to reign;

REFRAIN.

Happy, yes, happy are we. Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly gather we here;
Happy, yes, happy are we.
Happy, yes, happy we'll be.

Hearts o-ver-flow-ing with pleasure and cheer; Let us re-

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joice in the Saviour so dear; Happy, yes, happy are we.

7. Thou Thinkest, Lord, of Me.

E. D. MUND. E. S. LORENZ.

1. A-mid the trials which I meet, A-mid the thorns that pierce my feet;
2. The cares of life come thronging fast, Up-on my soul their shadow cast:
3. Let shadows come, let shadows go, Let life be bright or dark with woe;

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FINE.

One thought remains supremely sweet, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
Their gloom reminds my heart at last, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
I am content, for this I know, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!

D.S.— *What need I fear since Thou art near, And thinkest, Lord, of me!*

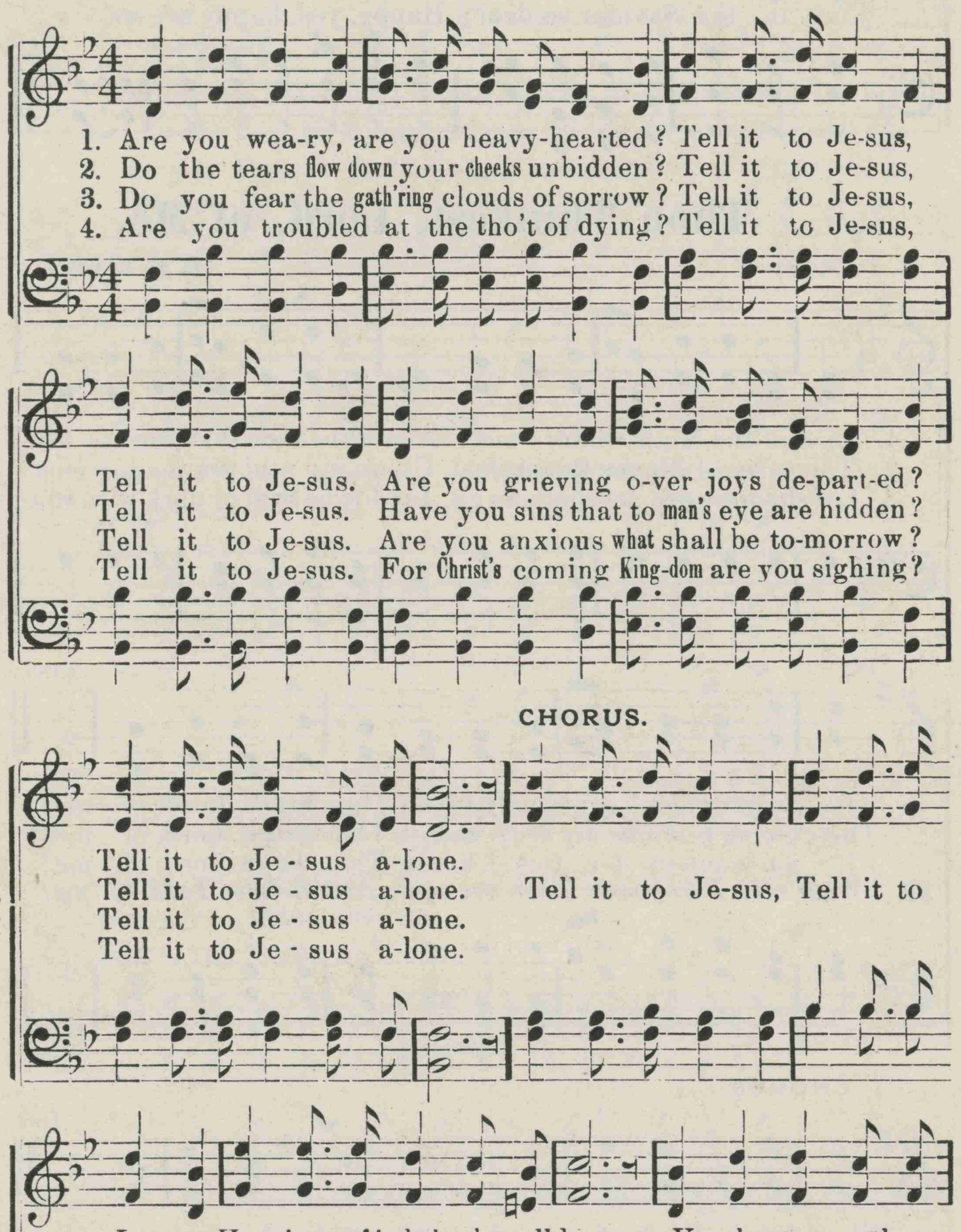
CHORUS.

D.S.

Thou think-est, Lord, of me, (of me,) Thou thinkest, Lord, of me, (of me,)

8. Tell It to Jesus.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. E. S. LORENZ.



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9. We'll Praise the Lord.

German. From the German.



2 We'll sing His praise,
Who gave to us a Saviour,
Our anthem raise,
For such a wondrous favor;
We'll sing His praise,
We'll sing His praise.

3. For evermore
We'll tell the blessed story,
And still adore
The Lord of Life and Glory;
For evermore,
For evermore,

10. Bring Them In.

ALEXCENAH THOMAS. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the des - ert
2 Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind, Help him the lit - tle
3. Out in the des - ert hear their cry; Out on the mountain

dark and drear, Call-ing the lambs who've gone a-stray
lambs to find? Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold,
wild and high, Hark! 'tis the Mas-ter speaks to thee,

CHORUS.

Far from the Shepherd's fold a-way. Bring them in,
Where they'll be sheltered from the cold?
"Go, find my lambs where'er they be."

Bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin:

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Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring the little ones to Je-sus.

11. Little Hands are Useful, too.

JENNIE WILSON. E. S. LORENZ.

1. In the vineyard of the Master There are tasks for all to do;
2. While the older, stronger toilers Gar-ner in the fruitful yield,
3. To the Master's faithful servants, Wearied with the noon-tide heat,
4. While for Christ we seek to labor, Fairest flow'rs we oft may find;

FINE.

Tho' his work needs strength and wisdom, Little hands are use-ful, too.
Lit-tle hands may al-so gather Precious gleanings in the field.
Will-ing lit-tle hands may car-ry Cups of wa-ter cool and sweet
Glad-ly he'll accept the garlands Loving little hands have twined.

D.S.—vineyard of the Master Lit-tle hands are use-ful, too.

CHORUS. D.S.

Lit-tle hands are use-ful, too, Little hands are use-ful, too, In the useful, too, useful, too,

12. Work and Pray.

D. E. L. D. E. Lorenz.

1. In this world of sin and woe Fee-ble ones are we; Yet we
2. I - dle we must nev-er be, Tho' our hands be frail; If we
3. Saviour, then in mer-cy look On our lit-tle throng; Let our

strive to do our best, Wea-ry ne'er to be. For we know that
ask for strength di-vine, We can nev- er fail. Je - sus' cause we
pray'rs unceasing be, And our efforts strong. Help each one, that

Je-sus smiles, When we him o-bey; Heeding his divine command,
should advance, None should say him nay, Ev -'ry one must do his share,
up in heav'n, When in white arrayed, Full of joy his soul may be,

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CHORUS.

E'er to work and pray. Work and pray! work and pray! Till the toils of
All can work and pray.
That he worked and prayed.

Repeat softly.

life are o-ver; And we rest with the blest, Safe on Je-sus' breast.

13. Around the Throne.

1. A - round the throne of God in heav'n, Thousands of children stand:
2. In flow-ing robes of spot-less white, See ev 'ry one ar - rayed:
3. What brought them to that world above? That heav'n so bright and fair,
4. Be - cause the Sav-iour shed his blood, To wash a - way their sin;
5. On earth they sought the Saviour's grace, On earth they loved his name;

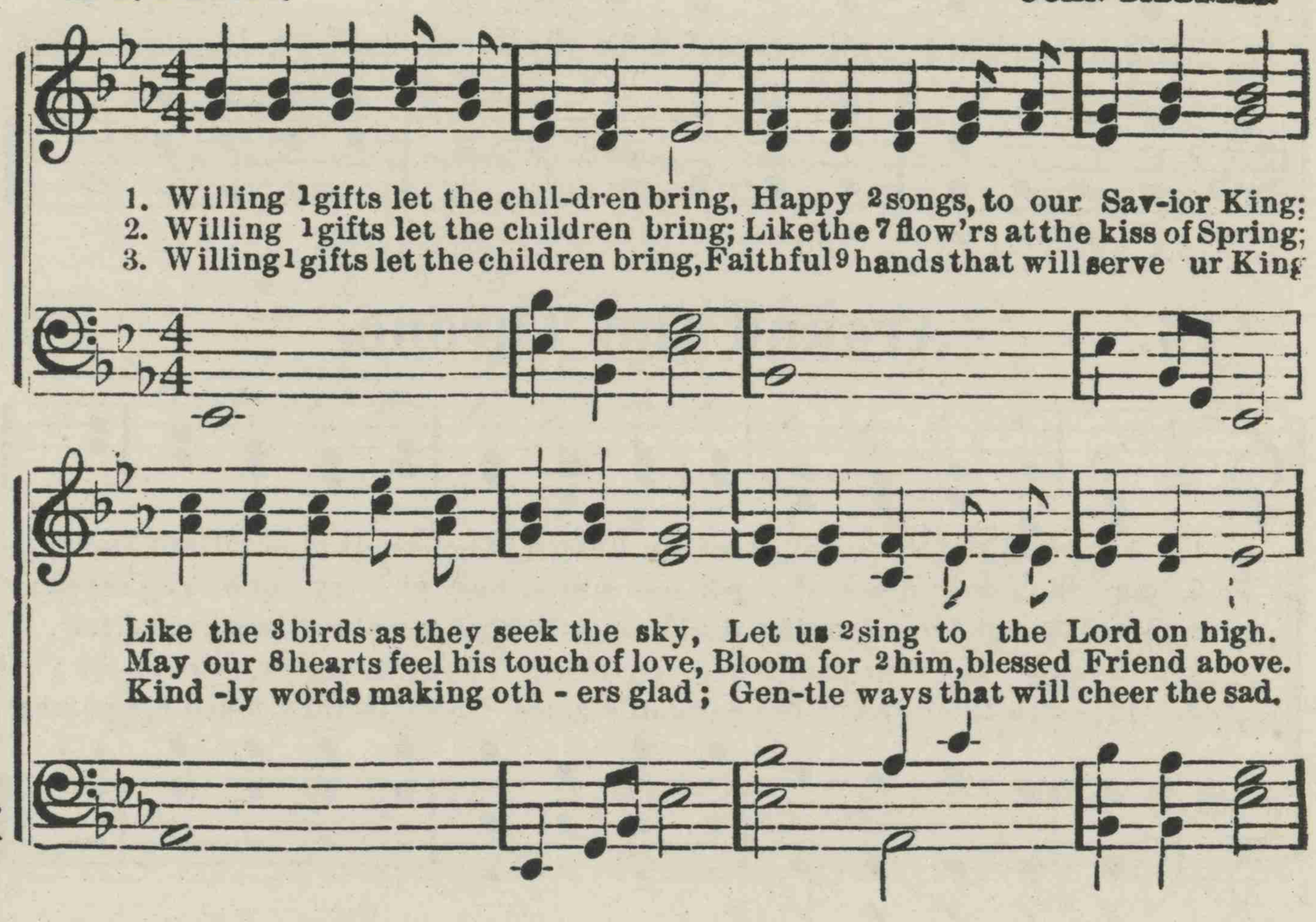
Children, whose sins are all forgiv'n, A ho - ly, hap- py band, Sing-ing
Dwelling in ev - er - lasting light, And joys that nev-er fade. Sing-ing
Where all is peace, and joy, and love; How came those children there? Singing
Bathed in that pure and precious flood, Be-hold them white and clean! Singing
So now they see his blessed face, And stand be-fore the Lamb, Sing-ing

glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God on high.

14. Willing Gifts.

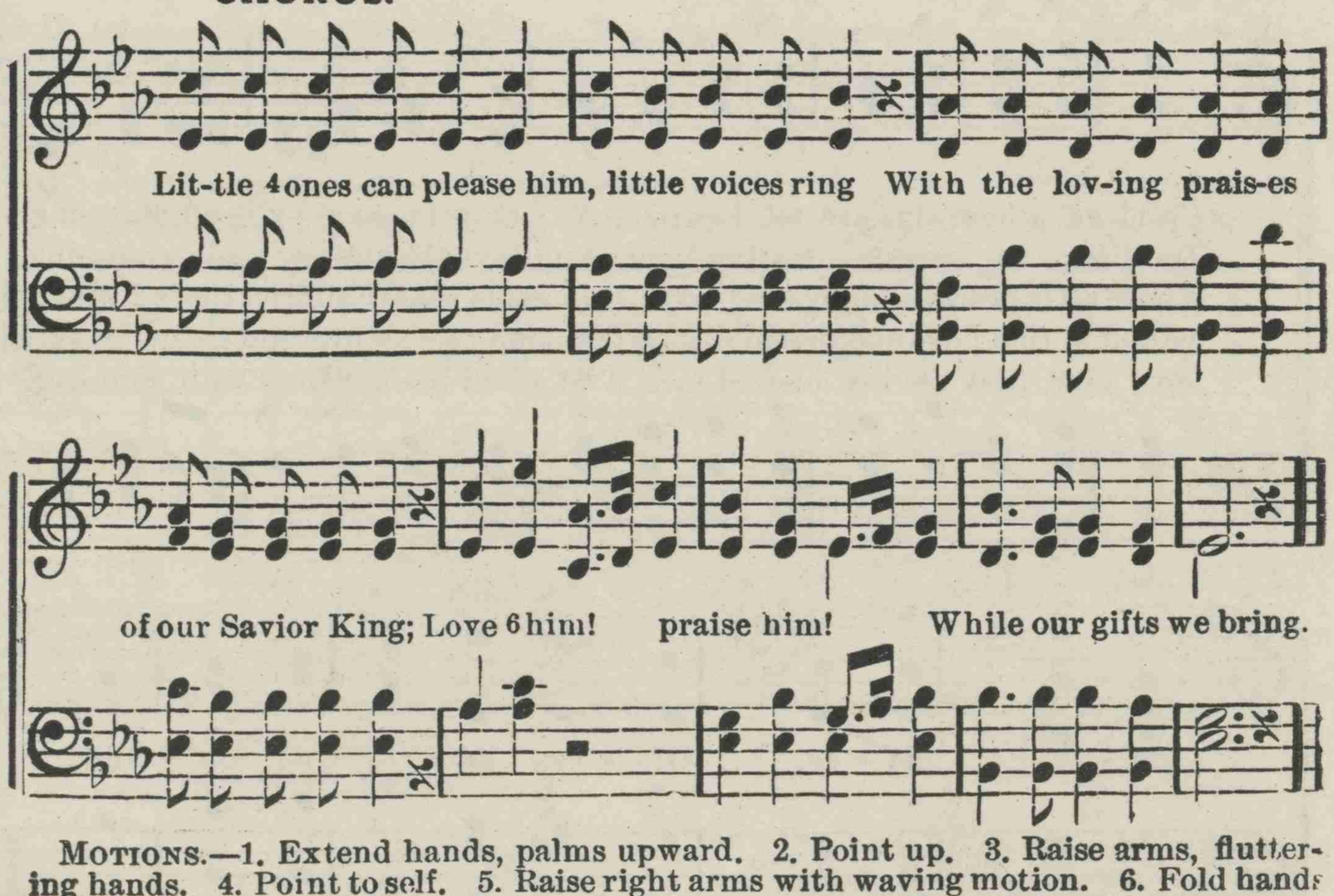
(Motion Song.)

E. E. HEWITT. JOHN TIBBALLS.



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CHORUS.



MOTIONS.—1. Extend hands, palms upward. 2. Point up. 3. Raise arms, fluttering hands. 4. Point to self. 5. Raise right arms with waving motion. 6. Fold hands to end of chorus. 7. Point down. 8. Touch heart. 9. Extend hands, palms outward.

15. The Best of All.

E. R. LATTA. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Oh, how many blessings Ev-'ry day I share, More than I can number,
2. Acts and words of kindness, From my friends, are mine; And their smiling faces
3. What a con-so-la-tion Un-to me is known, On-ly a be-liev-er

Scattered ev-'ry-where; And with all the blessings, Blessings great and small,
Fond-ly on me shine; But there's something better, That my own I call,
Has the right to own! It is this that cheers me—What-so-e'er be-fall,

CHORUS.

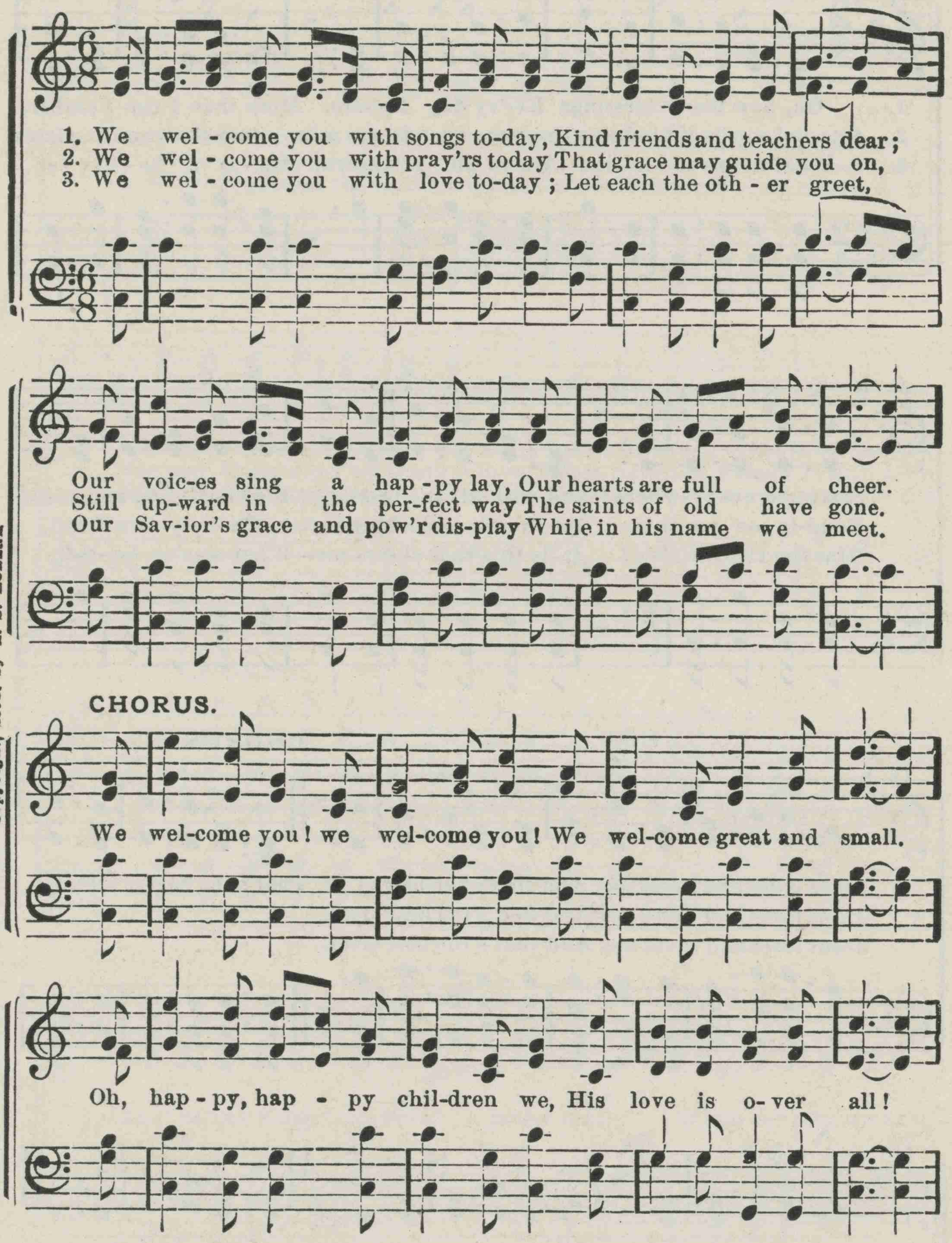
Jesus loves and saves me, And that's the best of all. That's the best of all! Yes,
Jesus loves and saves me, And that's the best of all.
Jesus loves and saves me, And that's the best of all.

that's the best of all! Jesus loves and saves me, And that's the best of all.

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16. Children's Welcome.

W. F. McC. W. F. McCAULEY.



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In the chorus, the first phrase, "We welcome you!" should be accompanied with a gesture of both hands, and an appropriate movement of the body, toward the audience on the right; the second phrase with a similar gesture toward those on the left; the third with one toward the front; and at the words, "His love is over all," there should be a gesture and glance upward. In each case, the gesture itself should be made on the last word of the phrase, and the time of the notes preceding be occupied in preparation for it.

17. Wonderful Love of Jesus.

E. D. MUND. E. S. LORENZ.

1. In vain in high and ho - ly lays My soul her grateful voice would raise;
2. A joy by day, a peace by night, In storms a calm, in dark - ness light;
3. My hope for par-don when I call, My trust for lift - ing when I fall;

For who can sing the worthy praise Of the won-der-ful love of Je - sus?
In pain a balm, in weakness might, Is the wonderful love of Je - sus.
In life, in death, my all in all, Is the won-der-ful love of Je - sus.

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CHORUS.

Wonder-ful love! won-der-ful love! Won-der-ful love of Je - sus!

Wonder-ful love! won-der-ful love! Won-der-ful love of Je - sus!

18. I Am Listening.

W. S. MARSHALL. W. S. MARSHAL.

1. Do you hear the Sav-ior call-ing, By the woo-ings of his voice?
2. By his Spir-it he is woo-ing, Soft-ly drawing us to him,
3. By the Word of Truth he's speaking To the wand'ring err-ing ones;
4. In his Prov-i-den-tial deal-ings, E-ven in his stern de-crees,

Do you hear the ac-cents fall-ing? Will you make the precious choice?
Thro' the day and night pur-su-ing, With his gen-tle voice to win.
List! the voice the stillness breaking! Hear the sweet and sol-emn tones;
In the loud-est thunders peal-ing: Or the murm'ring of the breeze.

By permission. From "Songs of the Cross."

REFRAIN.

I am list'ning, O, I'm list'ning, Just to hear the ac-cents fall;

Repeat Softly.

I am list'ning, O I'm list'ning To the Savior's gen-tle call.

19. The Birthday Box.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Ti - ny notes of mu - sic, Chiming all the year, Swell in - to a
2. For our pleasant birthdays, While we glad-ly sing, For our years so
3. Man - y lit - tle chil - dren Now are sick or sad; These will we re -
4. For thy love, dear Sav-iour, For thy ten-der care, Thankful hearts we
5. May we tru - ly love thee, Thy dear children be; Take our lives, Lord

CHORUS.

chor - us, Praises sweet and clear.
hap - py, Lord, our gifts we bring.
mem-ber, Help to make them glad. Tin-kle, tin-kle, tin-kle, tin-kle,
give thee, Hear our birthday prayer.
Je - sus, All our days for thee!

Key of love the heart un - locks, Tin - kle, tin - kle,

tin-kle, tin - kle, Love drops pen-nies in the birth-day box.

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20. Loving Each Other.

D. E. L. D. E. LORENZ.

1. This is the mot-to we all would o-bey, We will all love one an-
2. Thus will we la-bor and thus will we play, Try-ing to help one an-
3. Let us, like Je-sus, be thoughtful and kind, Striving to please one an-

oth - er; Hap - py we sing and are glad all the day,
oth - er; Driv-ing the sor - rows of oth - ers a - way,
oth - er. Here, as in heav'n we will be of one mind,

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CHORUS.

When we can serve one an - oth - er. Lov - - - ing each
Bring - ing sweet peace to each - oth - er.
Ev - 'ry one lov - ing the oth - er. Loving and serv-ing each

oth - er, How pleas-ant to cher-ish a broth - er Serv - -
oth - er, Serving and lov-

ing each oth - er, The Sav - iour looks on us with joy.
ing each oth - er,

21. The Saviour Loves Us.

ANNA CHICHESTER. GERMAN.

1. The Sav - iour loves us, his heart is ten - der, The Sav - iour
   With songs of glad - ness we praise him ren - der, With songs of
2. The Sav - iour loves us, what tho' we stum - ble, The Sav - iour
   His arms so might - y up - hold the hum - ble, His arms so
3. The Sav - iour loves us, and we would love him, The Sav - iour
   Our hearts we give him; hold naught a - bove him, Our hearts we

CHORUS.

loves us, and we re - joice.
glad-ness from heart and voice.
loves us, and gives us peace.
might-y bring sweet re - lease.
loves us, and for a throne
give him, to be his own.

We o'er and o'er re - peat, Our

Repeat pp.

Sav-iour loves us! Our Sav-iour loves us, And we love him.

22. Happy Beulah Land.

D. B. P. D. B. PURINTON.

1. We are a lit - tle pil-grim band, Trav'ling on, trav'ling on;
2. We are a lit - tle sol-dier band, Marching on, marching on;
3. We are a lit - tle work-ing band, Toil - ing on, toil - ing on;
4. We are a lit - tle Christian band, Hop - ing on, pray - ing on;

We are a hap - py pil-grim band, Gay-ly trav'ling on.
We are a fear - less sol-dier band, Brave-ly marching on.
We are a bus - y working band, Glad-ly toil - ing on.
We are an earn-est Christian band, Hop-ing, pray-ing on.

CHORUS.

On to the shores of the Beulah land, The hap-py land, the heavenly land,

On to the shores of the Beu-lah land The hap-py Beu-lah land.

From "Holy Voices," by permission.

23. Little Mission Band.

F. W. MACK. W. F. McCAULEY.

1. We're a lit - tle Mission Band, Working long, hoping long,
2. Christ receives our works of love; Hear his voice! lov-ing voice!
3. E'en the least can some-thing do, Tho' we're small, weak and small;

Toil - ing for the heathen land— Hap-py is our song.
Comes the bless-ing from a - bove, While our hearts re-joice.
For we have a pur-pose true— Christ is all in all.

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REFRAIN.

We're a lit-tle Mission Band, Je sus takes us by the hand;
Come and join our Mission Band, He will take you by the hand;

We a-round his throne shall stand, Where an-gel hosts a - dore.
You a-round his throne may stand, And praise him ev - er- more.

24. Loving Helpers.

(Solos and Hidden Quartet.)

JENNIE WILSON. E. S. LORENZ.

For four little singers.



QUARTET.—Very softly, but with clear articulation.



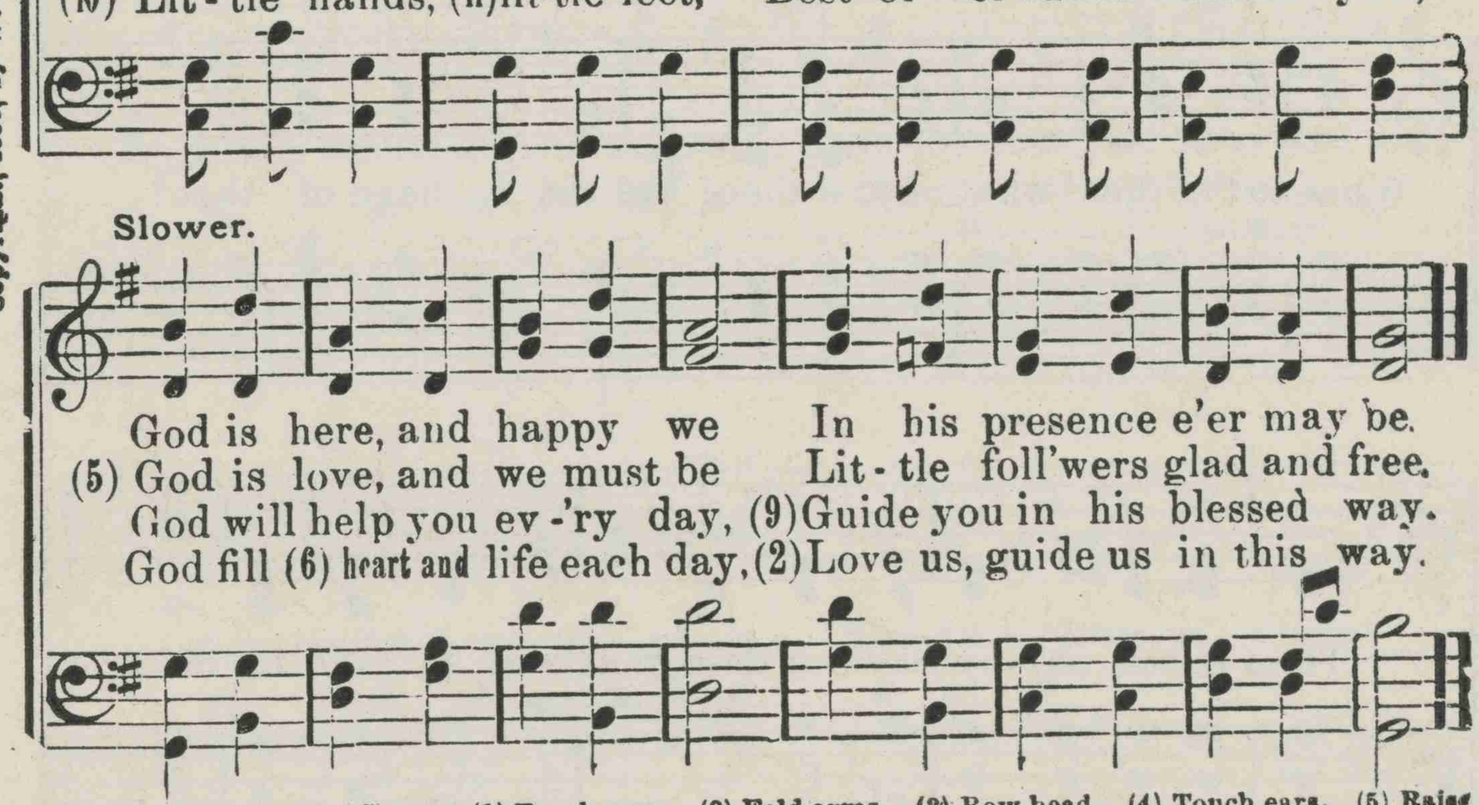


25. Little Eyes.

DR. C. R. BLACKALL. W. H. DOANE.







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Motions for Opening Song:—(1) Touch eyes. (2) Fold arms. (3) Bow head. (4) Touch ears. (5) Raise hands. (6) Right hand over heart. (7) Spread hands and arms. (8) Wave hands from side to side. (9) Point upward with forefinger of right hand. (10) Raise hands and move them. [11] Raise feet alternately as in walking.

26. What Need of Thee!

ANON. J. R. MURRAY.

1. Thou knowest, oh, my Saviour dear, what need I have of thee!
2. My weight of ill I could not bear, My duties could not do,
3. My heart would toil for love's dear sake, For love the only prize;
4. Yet still me-thinks I hear thy voice, "Let love and longing rest;

Each se-cret sigh thy heart doth hear, Each hid-den grief doth see.
If thou didst not the sorrow share, And bear the burden, too.
So on love's al-tar life shall make Per-pet-ual sac-ri-fice.
Who waits, nor urges other choice, May serve me most and best."

CHORUS.

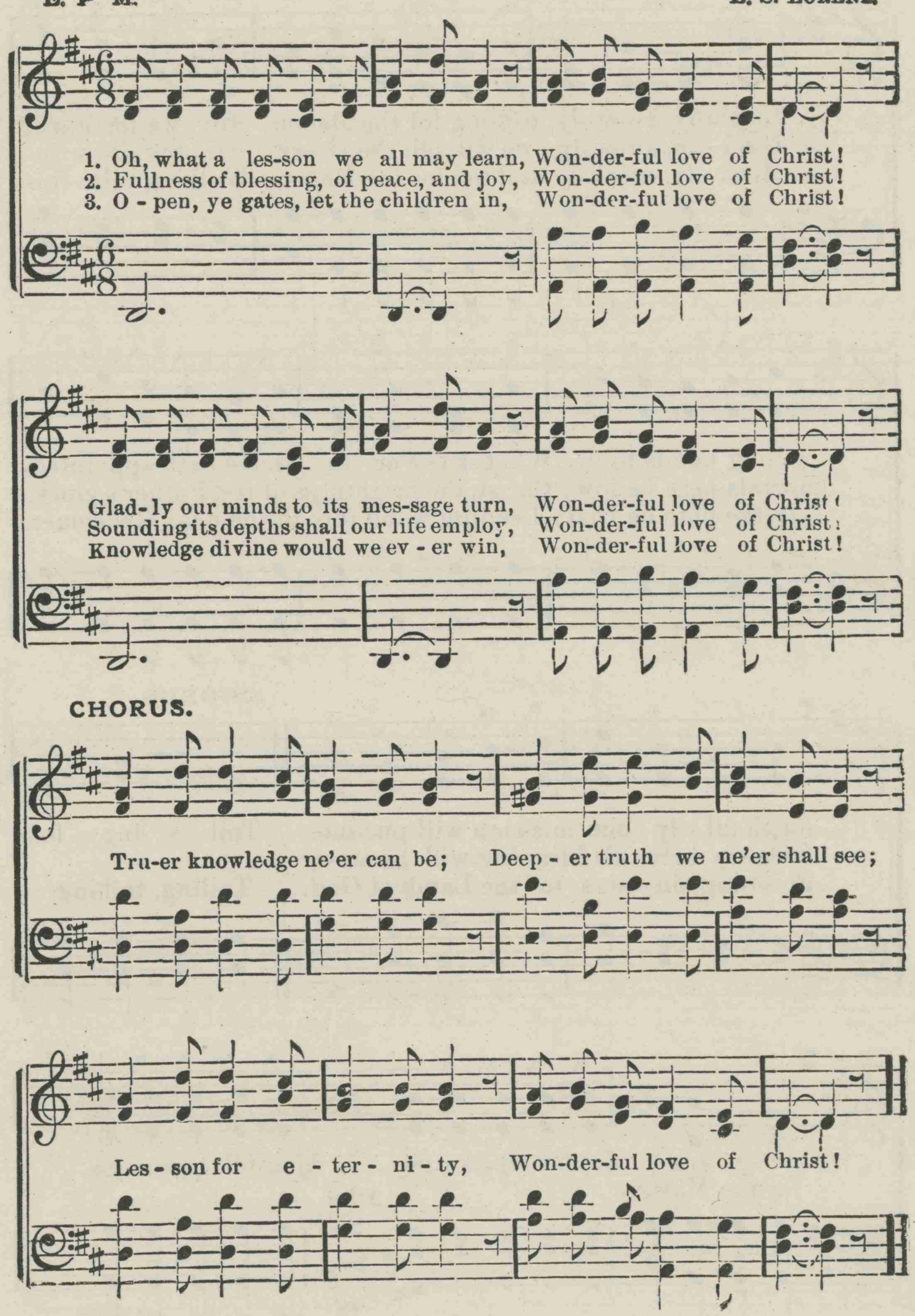
What need of thee! what need of thee! What need I have of thee!

Thou knowest, oh, my Saviour dear, What need I have of thee.

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27. Lesson for Eternity.

E. P M. E. S. Lorenz.



28. Toiling for Jesus.

W. A. OGDEN.

Spirited.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Bright-ly, sweet-ly, toil-ing for the Master, Go we forth with willing hands to do What-so-e'er to us He hath appointed,
2. Glad-ly, sweet-ly, we will tell the sto-ry Of his love to mortals here be-low; Christ, the brightness of the Father's glory,
3. Meek-ly, meek-ly toil-ing for the Master, Walking faith-ful-ly the path he trod; Leading wand'rers to the dear Redeemer,

By permission.

CHORUS.

Faith-ful-ly our mis-sion will pur-sue. Toil-ing for Je-sus, Joy-ful-ly we go, joy-ful-ly we go;
Free-ly here his bless-ing will be-stow. for the Master, yes,
Point-ing sin-ners to the Lamb of God. Toiling, toil-ing,

Toil - ing for Je - sus, In his vineyard here be - low.
Toil-ing, toil-ing for the Mas-ter,

29. Jesus First.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS E. S. LORENZ.

1. Above the songs of heaven One raptured strain must burst, For souls redeemed, for-
2. Be-side life's crystal riv-er, Lips that were long a-thirst, But now with gladness
3. His hand once pierced is holding The scepter of all might, The u-ni-verse un-
4. First-born of heaven, we name thee, Who broke death's tyrant thrall; Our heart's [first choice shall

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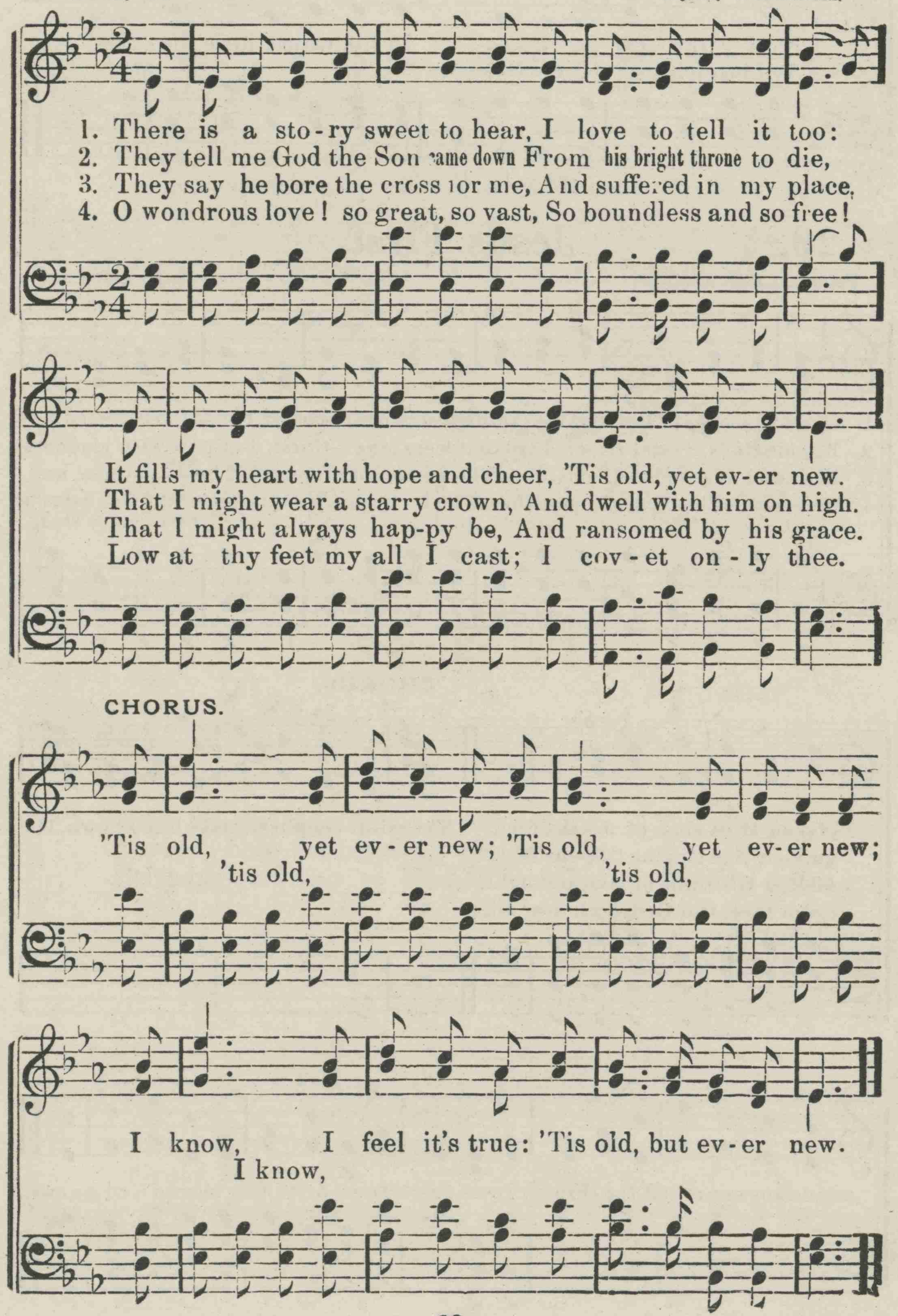
CHORUS.

giv-en Must sing of Je-sus first. The saints delight to make him known, The
quiv-er, Are singing "Je-sus first." folding His smile of love and light.
claim thee, Our God, high over all.

angels answer round the throne, Jesus first! Jesus first! Our blessed God we own.

30. Old, Yet Ever New.

W. A. W. W. A. WILLIAMS.



31. Pledge Song.

ALICE GORDON GULICK.
March time.

Arr. from Spanish Royal March.
By CHAS. T. KIMBALL.



1. Nev-er, nev-er, With God's help, I'll nev-er touch, Nor
2. Ev - er, ev - er, With His help, We'll ev - er live, For



taste, Nor han - dle the ac - cur - sed drink.
God and Home and our dear na-tive land.

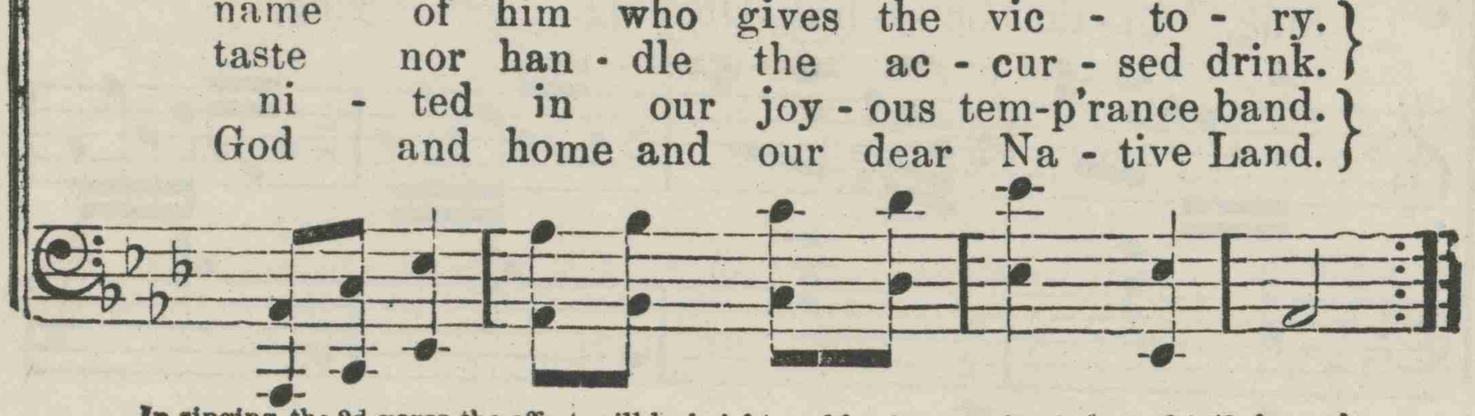




{ This is the pledge that we will keep for - ev - er, In the
{ Nev - er, nev - er, with God's help, we'll nev-er touch, Nor
{ Sweet is the ser-vice of Loy-al Temp-'rance Le-gion, All u-
{ Ev - er, ev - er, with His help we'll ev - er live For



name of him who gives the vic - to - ry.
taste nor han - dle the ac - cur - sed drink.
ni - ted in our joy - ous tem-p'rance band.
God and home and our dear Na - tive Land.



In singing the 2d verse the effect will be heightened by transposing to key of A (3 sharps.)

From Marching Songs, No. 2. By permission Woman's Temperance Publishing Co.

32. Little Bobolink.

F. H. C. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Sing, pret-ty lit-tle bob - o - link! While we're near,
2. So ear - ly in the spring you come, And so long,
3. Now, pret-ty lit-tle bob - o - link, We know why

Have no fear:
Sing your song;
You're so shy;

Please whistle to us all you think,
We wonder where you make your home;
Please but a moment stop to think,

You're so hap - py,
Can you tell us?
He who loves you

Hap-py all the day.
Can you, will you, pray?
Loves the children, too.

Chorus.

Sing, lit - tle bob - o-link, Oh, sing. sing,

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33. Little Sowers.

(Ten children, dressed as nearly alike as possible, having "old-fashioned" seed bags hung over right shoulder to left side. They stand and make the movements as indicated by the figures as they recite in concert. If boys are used, they might well be dressed as little farmers.)

We are little sowers,
  Scatt'ring golden grain,[1]
Into every furrow,
  Waiting sun and rain.[2]

When the seed is scattered,
  It is in God's care;[3]
He will ne'er neglect it,
  Nor forget it there.[4]

Soon the tiny rootlets[5]
  Downward will be sent
Then the green blade peeping,[6]
  Through earth's bosom rent,

Will point up to heaven,
  Breathing silent prayer,[7]
For the loving Father's
  Tender, watchful care.

By and by the harvest,[8]
  And the reaper's song,
Will proclaim his answer,[2]
  Waited, watched for long.

We are little sowers,[1]
  Scatt'ring precious seed;
By and by the harvest,
  Sprung from word[9] and deed[10]

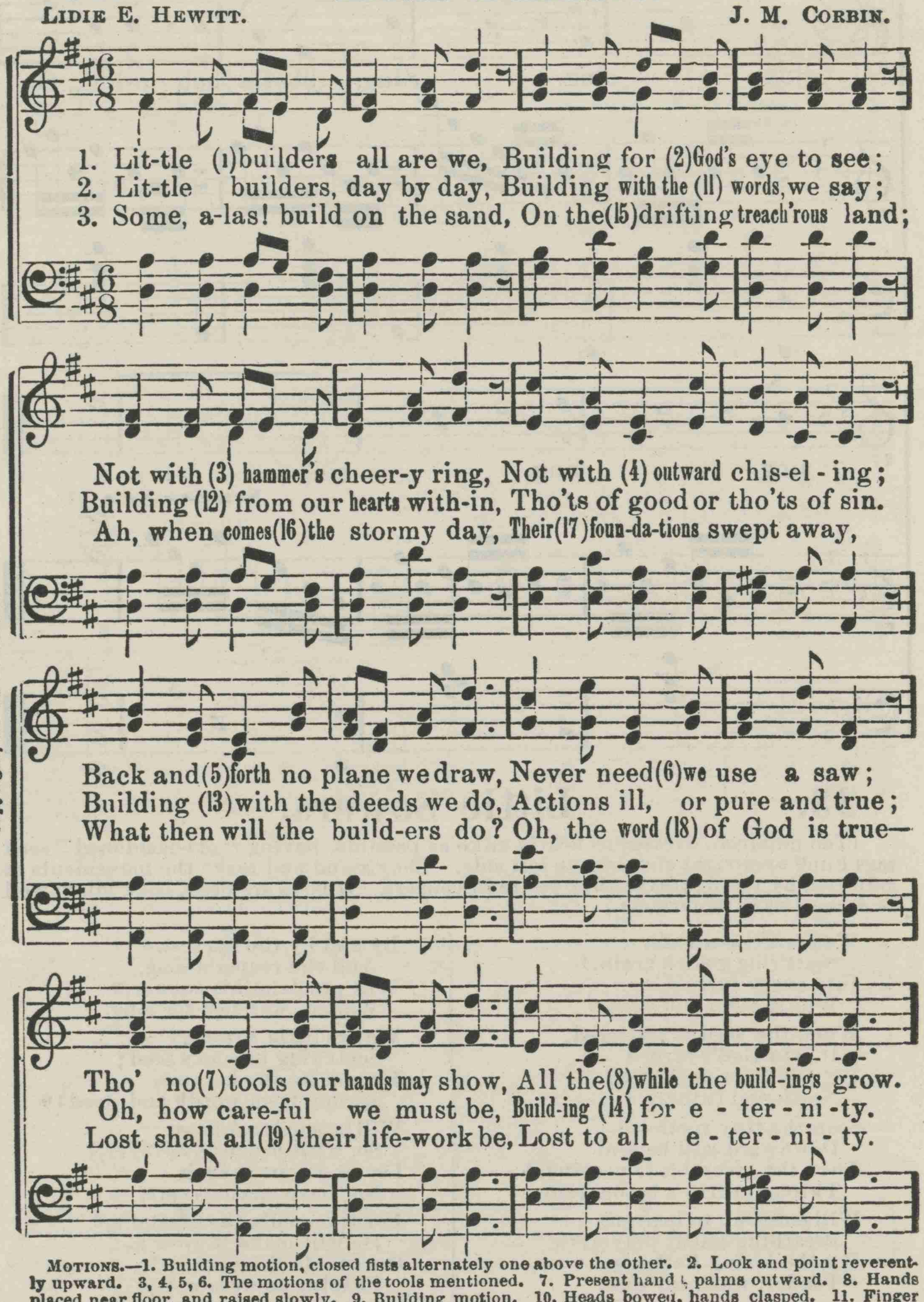
Will be sure to follow,
  So, with heart-felt prayer,[7]
Let us do our sowing,
  Nor have anxious care,

For the seed's the Master's,[3]
  He will make it grow;
Ours to do the sowing.[1]
  Reaping as we sow.[8]

1. Movement of scattering seed. 2. Both hands upturned to sky. 3. Pointing upward. 4. Right hand held shelteringly over the earth. 5. Right hand held with fingers pointing downward. 6. Right hand held with fingers pointing upward. 7. Hands clasped in prayerful attitude. 8. Movement of swinging scythe. 9. Touching lips. 10. Stretching forth hand.

34. Little Builders.

LIDIE E. HEWITT. J. M. CORBIN.



1. Lit-tle (1)builders all are we, Building for (2)God's eye to see;
2. Lit-tle builders, day by day, Building with the (11) words, we say;
3. Some, a-las! build on the sand, On the(15)drifting treach'rous land;

Not with (3) hammer's cheer-y ring, Not with (4) outward chis-el - ing;
Building (12) from our hearts with-in, Tho'ts of good or tho'ts of sin.
Ah, when comes(16)the stormy day, Their(17)foun-da-tions swept away,

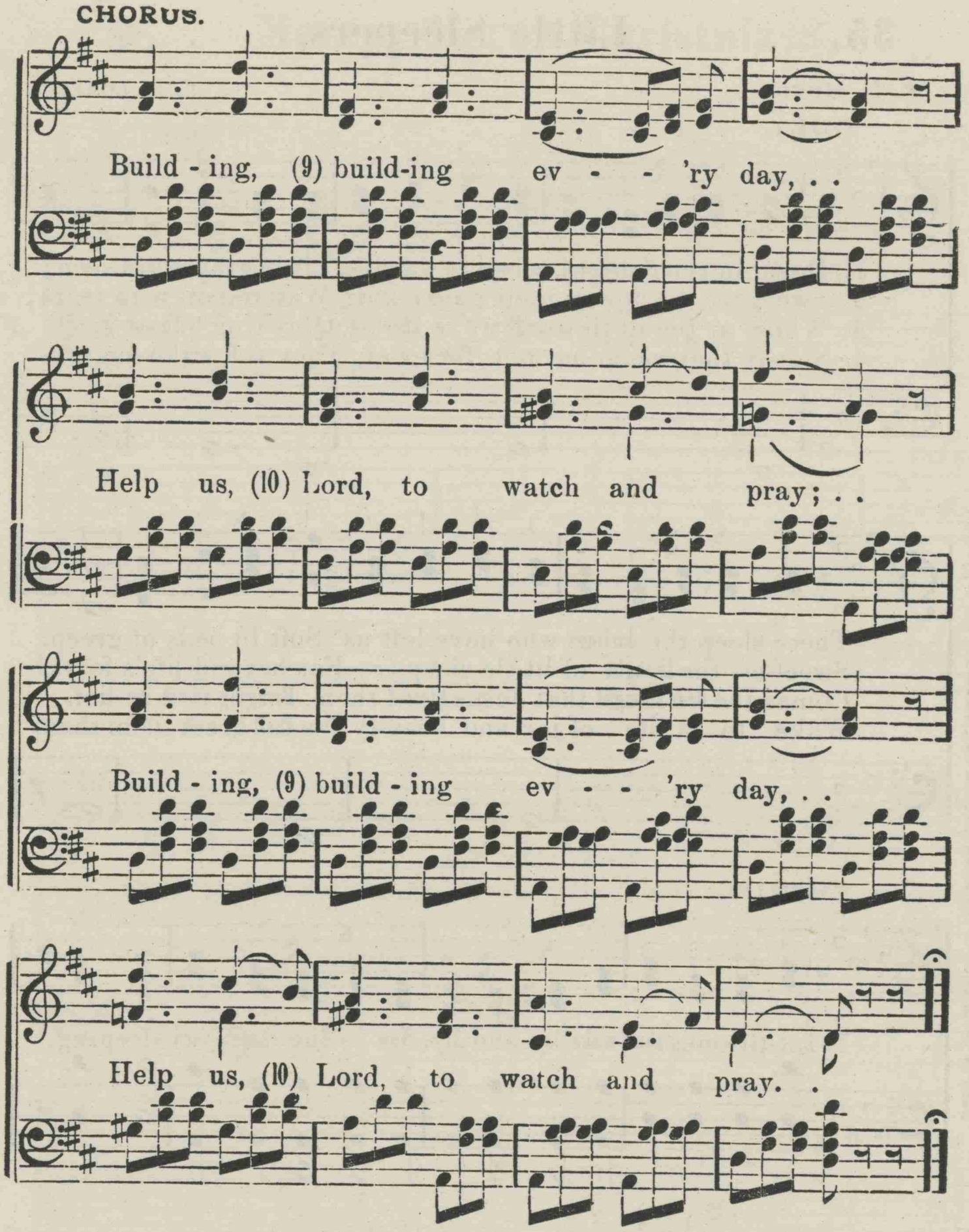
Back and(5)forth no plane we draw, Never need(6)we use a saw;
Building (13)with the deeds we do, Actions ill, or pure and true;
What then will the build-ers do? Oh, the word (18) of God is true—

Tho' no(7)tools our hands may show, All the(8)while the build-ings grow.
Oh, how care-ful we must be, Build-ing (14) for e - ter - ni - ty.
Lost shall all(19)their life-work be, Lost to all e - ter - ni - ty.

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MOTIONS.—1. Building motion, closed fists alternately one above the other. 2. Look and point reverently upward. 3, 4, 5, 6. The motions of the tools mentioned. 7. Present hands, palms outward. 8. Hands placed near floor, and raised slowly. 9. Building motion. 10. Heads bowed, hands clasped. 11. Finger touching lip. 12. Hand on heart. 13. Building motion. 14. Hands pressed together, look up. 15. Arms swung low, fluttering fingers. 16. Arms raised and brought down with fluttering fingers, rain motion. 17. Sweeping motion, with right hands. 18. Point upward. 19. Hands pressed together, brought down with sweeping motion. 20. Step forward, bring feet down very firmly. 21. Arms folded. 22. Point upward. 23. Rain motion. 24. Arms thrown back and forth above head. 25. Hands lightly clapped. 26. Hands put together bowl-shaped. 27. Hand on heart. 28. Building motion. 29. Touch forehead. 30. Touch lip. 31. Hands flung joyfully upward.

CHORUS.



4. Let us build (18) upon the Rock,
Firm amid the (20) tempest shock;
Jesus is the (22) Rock secure.
Fixed on Him, (21) our hope is sure.
Though the (23) driving torrent fall,
Wind to wind (24) in terror call,
On the solid (21) Rock are we;
Safe to all (25) eternity.

5. Safe in Jesus, we will sing;
Precious (26) offerings to him bring,
Love's bright (27) gold and silver fair,
Willing service, faith and pray'r,
Building to (28) his praise each day,
All we do, or (29) think, or 30 say,
Fitting for our Lord to see,
Temples (31) for eternity.

35. Little Sleepers.

E. D. Mund. E. S. Lorenz.

DUET.

1. Down in the churchyard, robed in daisies, Little graves are seen;
2. Sweet are the flow'rs their graves adorning, Watered oft with tears;
3. While at the lit-tle mounds we're kneeling, Quiv'ring with our grief,
4. Soft-ly they sleep but not for-ev-er, They shall wake again;

There sleep the darlings who have left us Soft in beds of green.
Sweet-er the thought of lit-tle sleep-ers Far beyond life's fears.
Comes the dear thought that Jesus blessed them, Bringing sweet re-lief.
Wake to a life of joy and beau-ty We shall greet them then.

CHORUS.

Lit-tle ones shall wake by and by, Now in the church-yard sleeping,

They shall meet their Lord in the sky, Who now o'er them watch is keep-ing.

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36. Merry, Merry Christmas.

E. D. M. E. S. L.

CHORUS.







37. The Birdie's Song.

ANNA CHICHESTER.

E. S. L.

Echo. *Echo.* *Echo.*

1. I heard a hap-py bird-ie sing, Praise God! Praise God!
2. I heard it sing an-oth-er tune, Trust God! Trust God!
3. The sweetest note of all she sang, Love God! Love God!

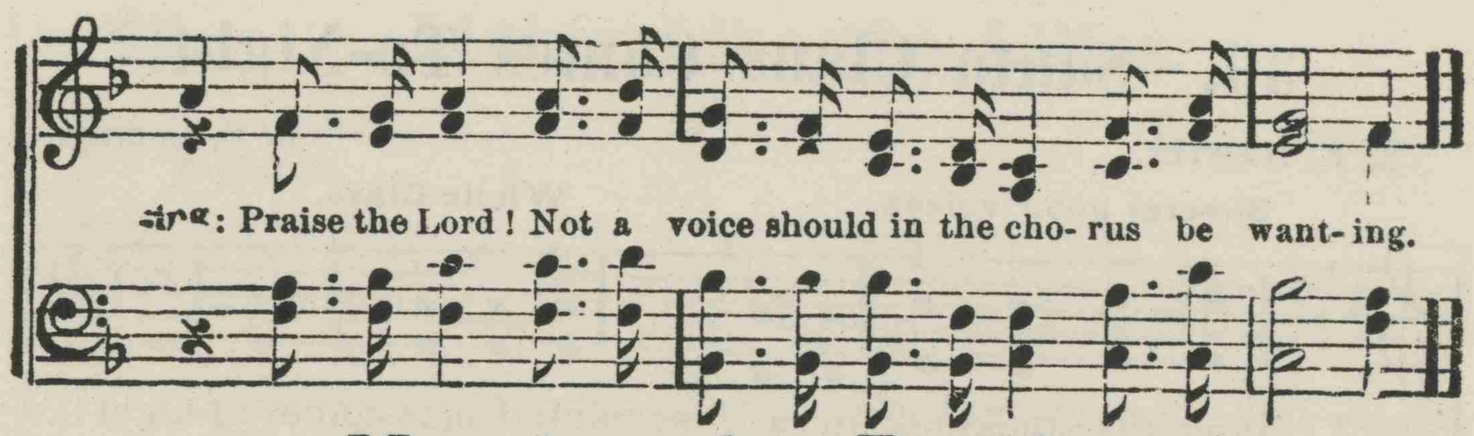
It made the woods with music ring, Praise God! Praise God!
It brought the lesson sweet of June, Trust God! Trust God!
And in my heart the cho-rus rang, Love God! Love God!

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CHORUS.

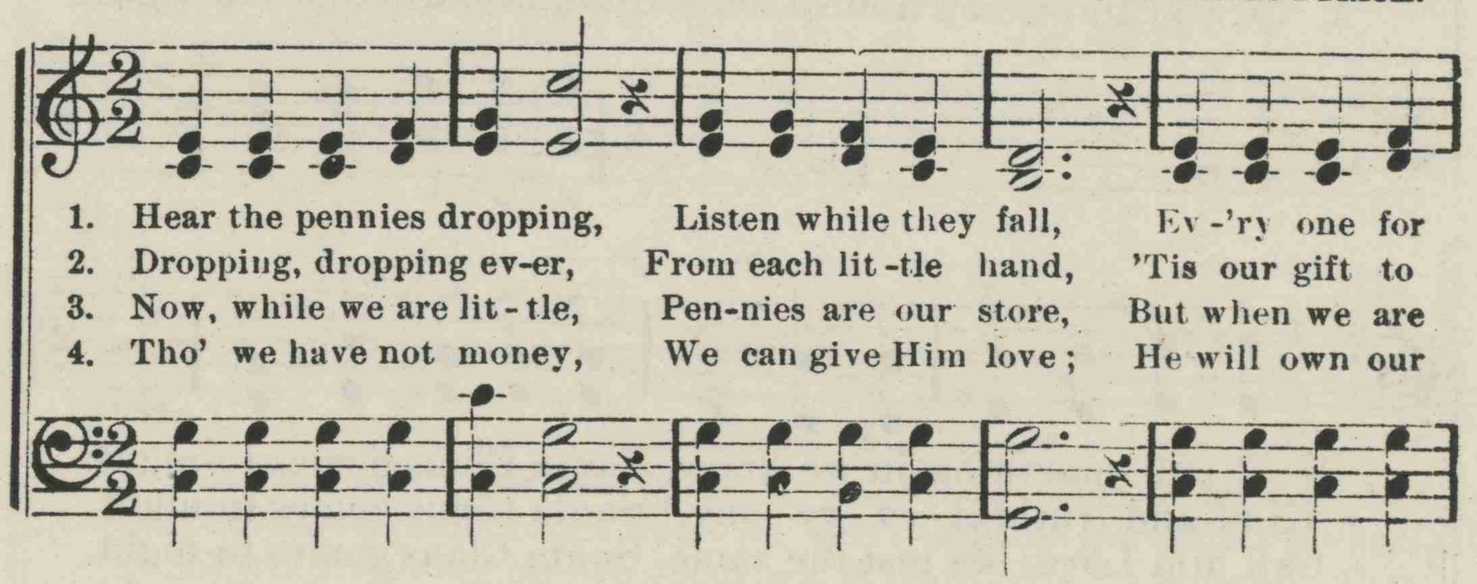
Bird-ie sing: Praise the Lord! Bird-ie sing: Praise the Lord! For our
Trust the Lord! Trust the Lord!
Love the Lord! Love the Lord!

hearts take up the song en-chant-ing: Birdie sing: Praise the Lord! Birdie
Trust the Lord!
Love the Lord!



38. Dropping Pennies.

MRS. FIDELIA H. DEWITT. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



REFRAIN.



by permission.

37. The Birdie's Song.

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Echo. *Echo.* *Echo.*

1. I heard a hap-py bird-ie sing, Praise God! Praise God!
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It made the woods with music ring, Praise God! Praise God!
It brought the lesson sweet of June, Trust God! Trust God!
And in my heart the cho-rus rang, Love God! Love God!

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CHORUS.

Bird-ie sing: Praise the Lord! Bird-ie sing: Praise the Lord! For our
Trust the Lord! Trust the Lord!
Love the Lord! Love the Lord!

hearts take up the song en-chant-ing: Birdie sing: Praise the Lord! Birdie
Trust the Lord!
Love the Lord!

sing: Praise the Lord! Not a voice should in the cho- rus be want- ing.

38. Dropping Pennies.

MRS. FIDELIA H. DEWITT. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Hear the pennies dropping, Listen while they fall, Ev -'ry one for
2. Dropping, dropping ev-er, From each lit -tle hand, 'Tis our gift to
3. Now, while we are lit - tle, Pen-nies are our store, But when we are
4. Tho' we have not money, We can give Him love; He will own our

REFRAIN.

Je - sus, He will get them all. Dropping, dropping, dropping, dropping
Je - sus. From His lit - tle band.
old - er We will give Him more.
off-'ring, Smil-ing from a - bove

Hear the pennies fall; Ev -'ry one for Je-sus, He will get them all.

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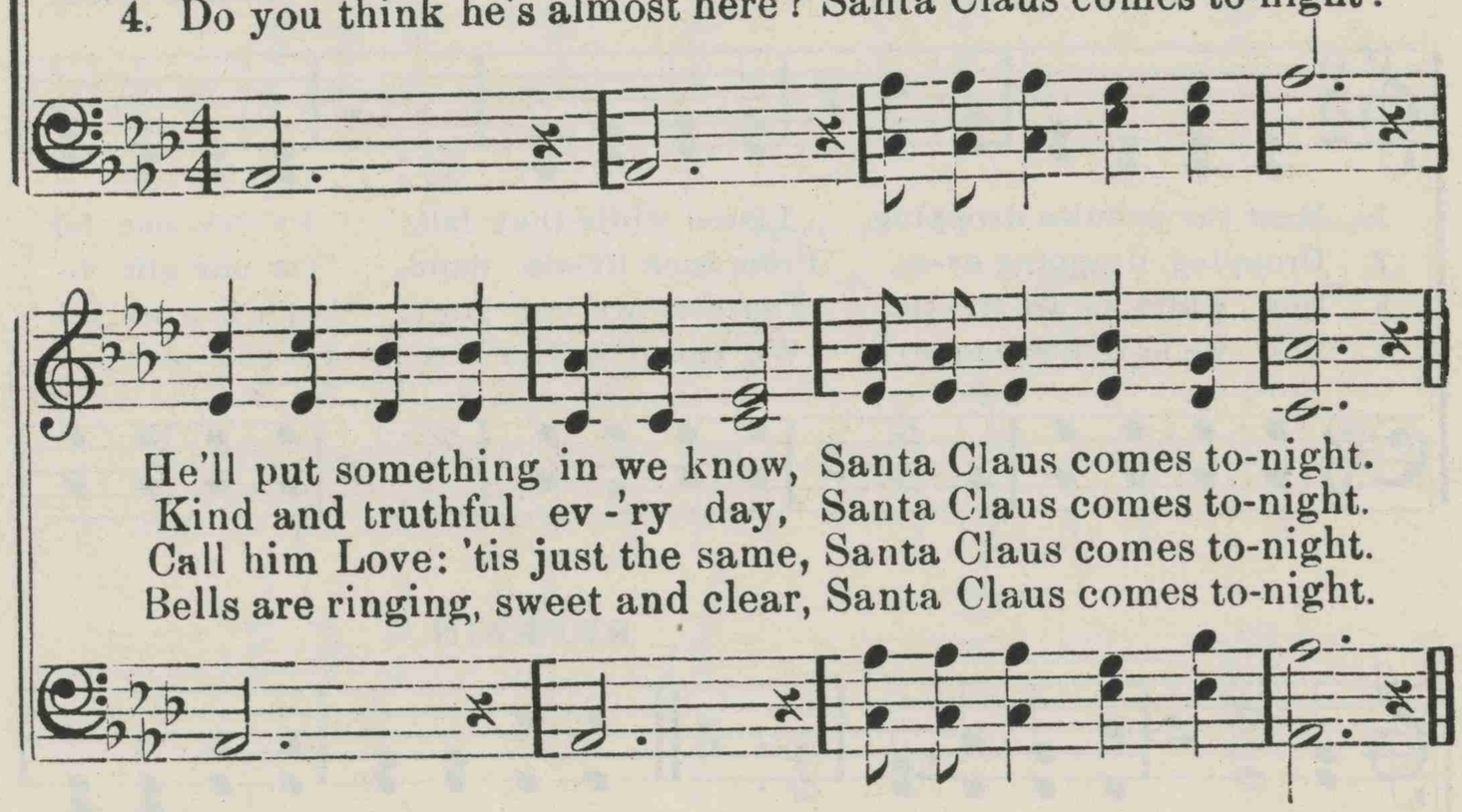
39. Santa Claus Comes To-Night.

E. E. HEWITT. E. S. LORENZ.

Several good voices. Whole Class.



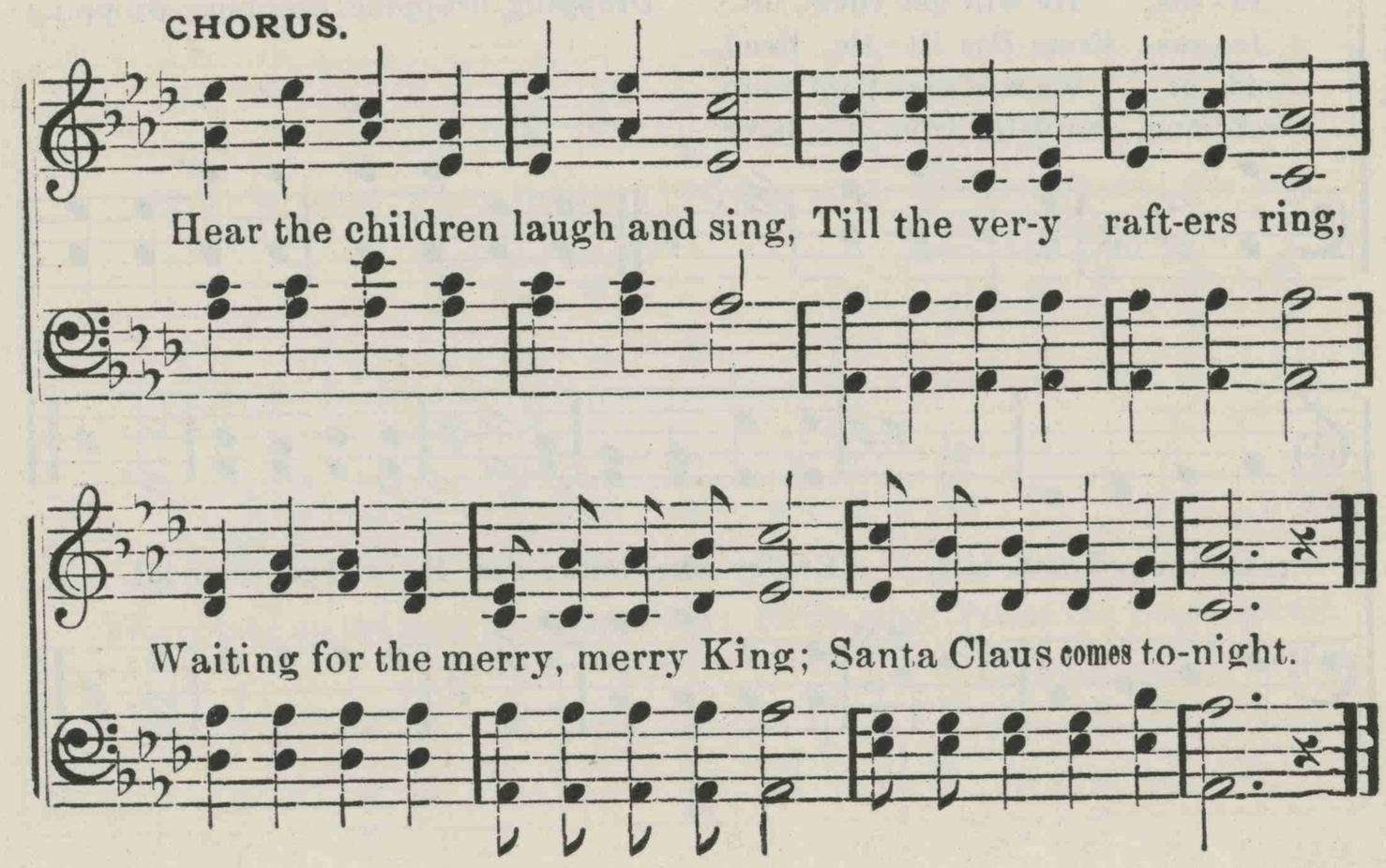
1. Hang the stockings in a row, Santa Claus comes to-night!
2. He loves children that o- bey, Santa Claus comes to-night!
3. Do you know his other name? Santa Claus comes to-night!
4. Do you think he's almost here? Santa Claus comes to-night!



He'll put something in we know, Santa Claus comes to-night.
Kind and truthful ev -'ry day, Santa Claus comes to-night.
Call him Love: 'tis just the same, Santa Claus comes to-night.
Bells are ringing, sweet and clear, Santa Claus comes to-night.



CHORUS.



Hear the children laugh and sing, Till the ver-y raft-ers ring,

Waiting for the merry, merry King; Santa Claus comes to-night.

40. Living Like the Lilies.

WM. H. GARDNER.

WM. A. OGDEN.

Andante.

1. We are often blindly planning, For the morrow and its needs;
2. Oft-en do we rich-es cov-et, And the goal we almost reach;
3. Worldly wisdom, earthly glo-ry, Fill our hearts with foolish pride;
4. Live the present grandly, nobly, Then in God's hand leave the rest;

But how many castles crumble, As time on its mission speeds.
But God takes our treasures from us, That He may some lesson teach.
And disgrace then comes upon us, Till in shame our heads we hide.
And the mile-stones on life's journey Will by you be counted blest.

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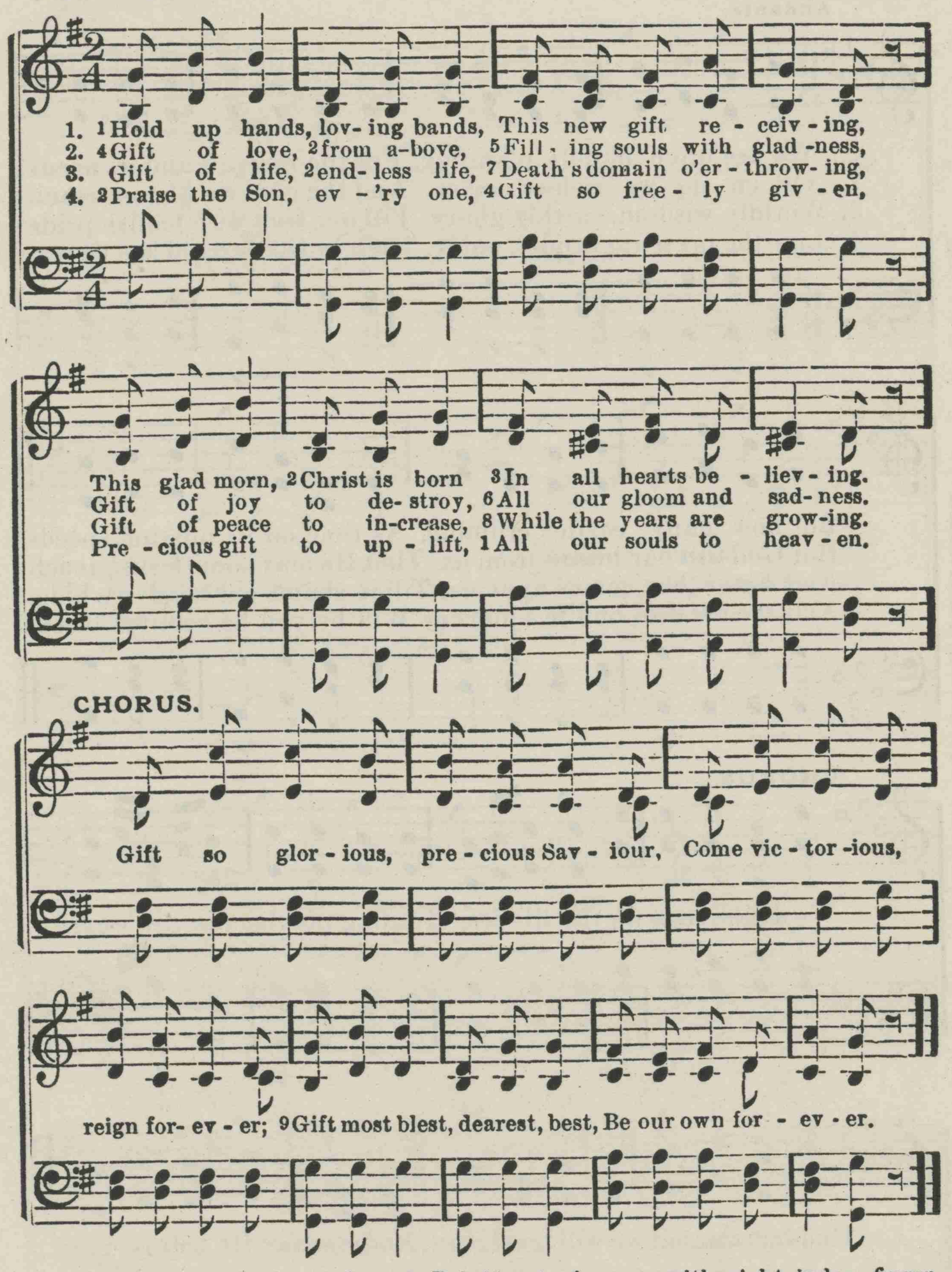
CHORUS.

We should live as do the lil - ies, Heeding not the mor-row's care;

God but asks that we will trust Him, And the way He will prepare.

41. The Unspeakable Gift.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. E. S. LORENZ.



1 Holding up both hands. 2 Pointing to heaven with right index finger. 3 Laying right hand on heart. 4 Hands extended wide, horizontally. 5 Laying both hands on breast. 6 Hands extended, palms down. 7 Hands extended, palms down, weeping gesture, down and back. 8 Hands together in front, slowly separating until extended wide at last word. 9 Hands on breast, face upward.

42. All For Me.

VIOLA B. HALL. E. S. LORENZ.

1. On the Mount of Cal - va - ry, Dy-ing for me, dy - ing for me!
2. From the grave I see him rise, Ris-ing for me, ris - ing for me!
3. At the throne he in - ter-cedes, Liv-ing for me, liv - ing for me!

Christ my Lord I bleed-ing see, Dy-ing for me, for me.
Op'-ning gates of Par - a - dise, Ris - ing for me, for me.
Lov - ing - ly sup - plies my needs, Liv-ing for me, for me.

CHORUS.

Him will I love, who did all for me, Dy-ing for me, ris - ing for me!

Ev-er to him in my pain I'll flee, Liv-ing for me, for me.

43. I Want to Be a Worker.

I. B. I. BALTZELL.

1. I want to be a work-er for the Lord, I want to love and trust his
2. I want to be a work-er ev-'ry day, I want to lead the err-ing
3. I want to be a worker strong and brave, I want to trust in Je-sus'
4. I want to be a worker; help me, Lord, To lead the lost and err-ing

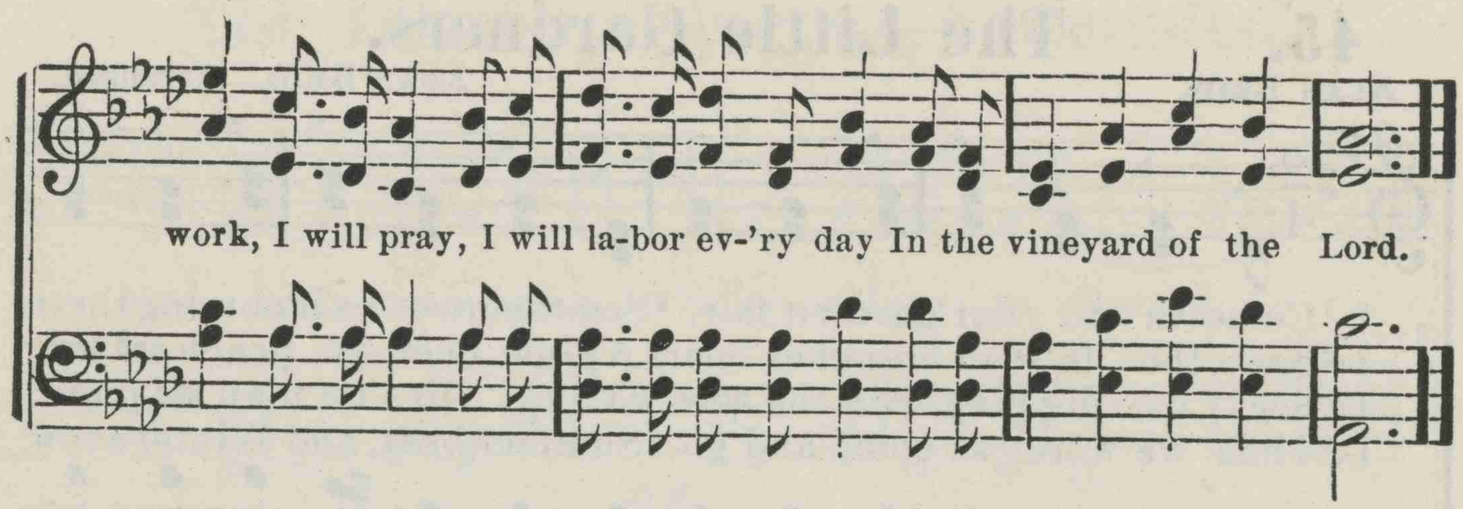
ho-ly word; I want to sing and pray, and be bus-y ev-'ry day
in the way That leads to heav'n a-bove, where all is peace and love,
pow'r to save; All who will tru-ly come, shall find a hap-py home
to thy word That points to joys on high, where pleasures nev-er die,

CHORUS.

In the vineyard of the Lord. I will work, I will pray,
In the kingdom of the Lord.
In the kingdom of the Lord.
In the kingdom of the Lord. I will work and pray, I will work and pray,

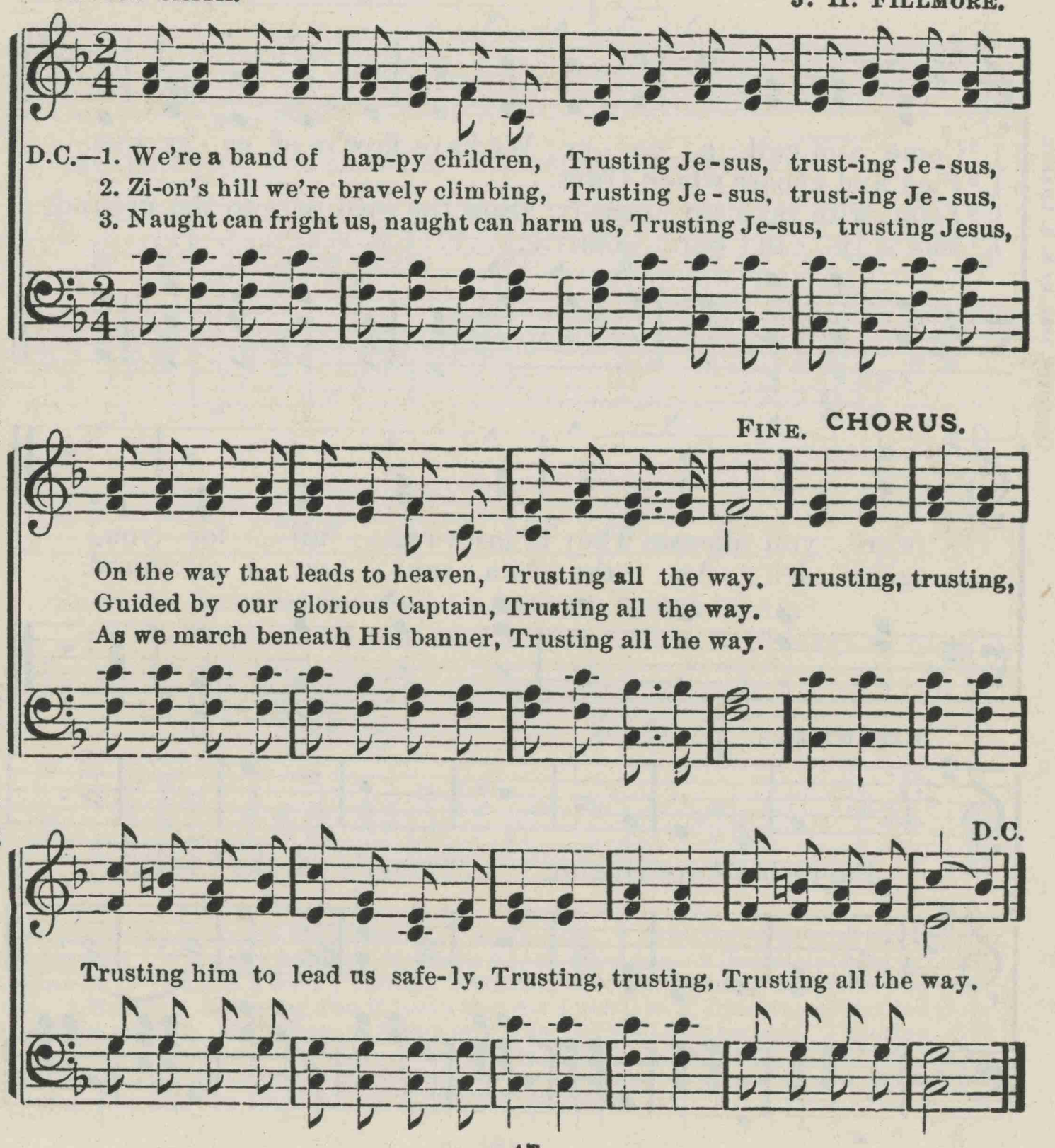
In the vineyard, in the vineyard of the Lord, (of the Lord;) I will

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44. Trusting Jesus.

FRONIA SMITH. J. H. FILLMORE.



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45. The Little Gardners.

ALAN REID. ALAN REID. Arranged.

1. [1]Come in - to our gard-en fair, [2]See the ros - es blooming there;
   [4]See the la -den branches bear, Ap-ple, cher -ry, peach and pear;
2. [1]See us dig-ging with the spade, Ev -'ry lit - tle man and maid;
   [4]Thus we work as come and go [4]Summer heat, and Winter snow;

[3]Come and cull a po - sy; We have flow'rs of ev -'ry hue.
[5]Pick and choose which OMIT.....
[2]Trim with rake so neat-ly; [3]Sow the seed in - to the ground.
[7]Bus - y in our OMIT.....

e'er you please They're grow-ing all for you.
gar - den As the [8]sea - sons cir - cle round.

CHORUS.

Fai-ry bells are ringing, Win-ter's on the wing,

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The Little Gardners.—Concluded.



VERSE ONE: 1 Hands extended as in invitation. 2 Pointing in several directions. 3 Same as 1. 4 Arms extended forward, hands drooping. 5 Imitate plucking fruit. 6 Same as 1. VERSE TWO: 1 Imitate thrusting spade in ground, and pressing with foot. 2 Raking. 3 Sowing, the R hand to come from L to R, imitate seed falling from fingers in motion. 4 Delving. 5 Point upwards. 6 Point downwards. 7 Raking. 8 R hands describe circles. CHORUS: The accents may be marked by a triangle. The children should make graceful movements of the arms, varying these in time with music. Toy Garden Implements may be introduced.

46. Good Night.

C. L. E. C. L. EBY.

1. Good-night, good-night, till we meet a-gain; Now this fes-tal day is
2. Good-night, good-night, till we meet a-gain; When this fleeting life is
3. Good-night, good-night, till we meet a-gain; In our heav'nly home a -
4. Good-night, good-night, till we meet a-gain; Where no night shall ever

Accompaniment for Organ.

o'er,— Shall we greet you here in an-oth - er year, Or
o'er; At the pear - ly gate we will watch and wait, Till
bove, Where we'll sing God's praise all our hap - py days, And
come; We shall hap - py be through e - ter - ni - ty, And

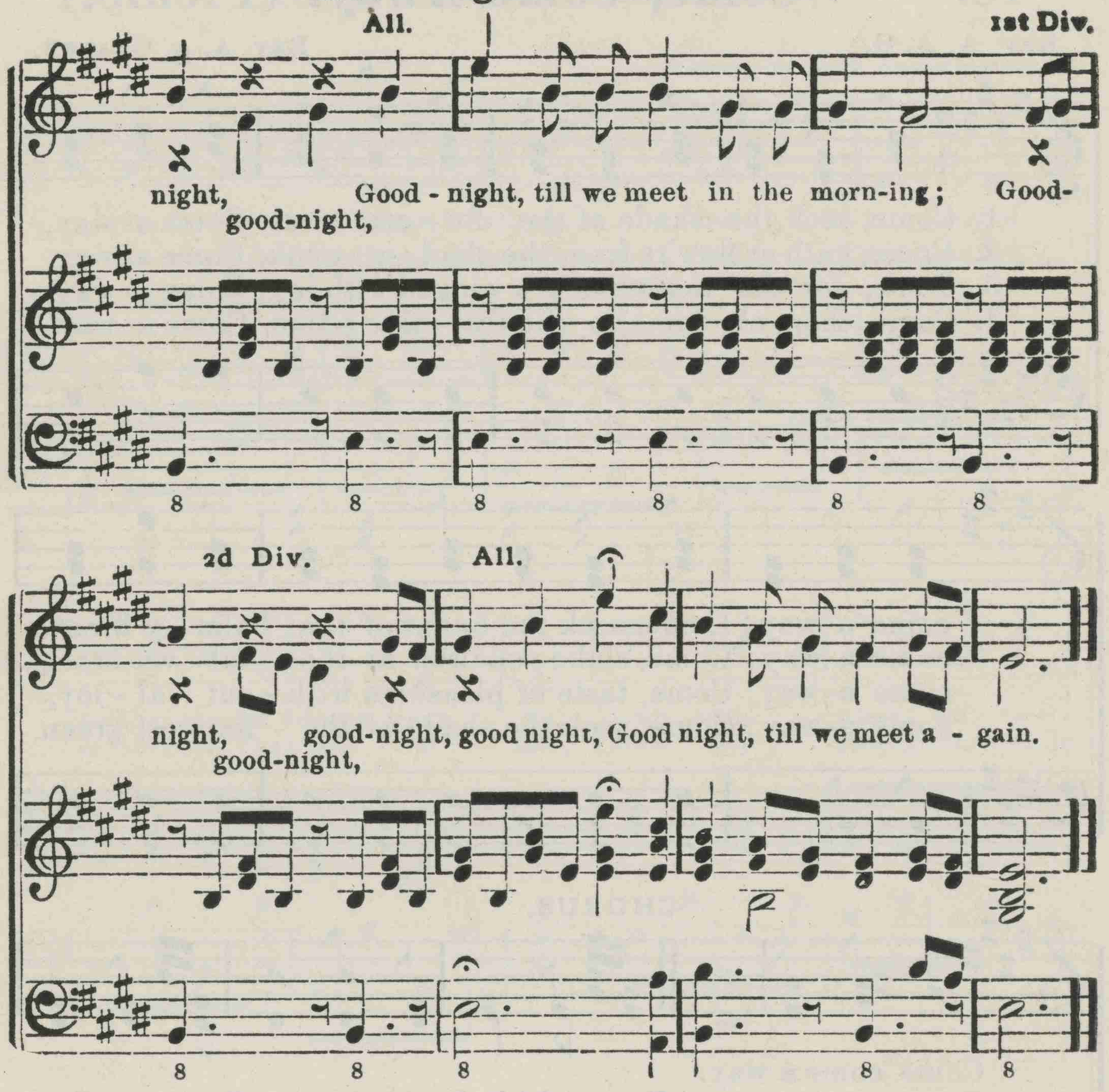
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CHORUS.
1st Division.
2d Division in reply.

meet on yon - der shore?
your lifeboat pulls a - shore.
dwell in peace and love.
dwell with Christ at home.

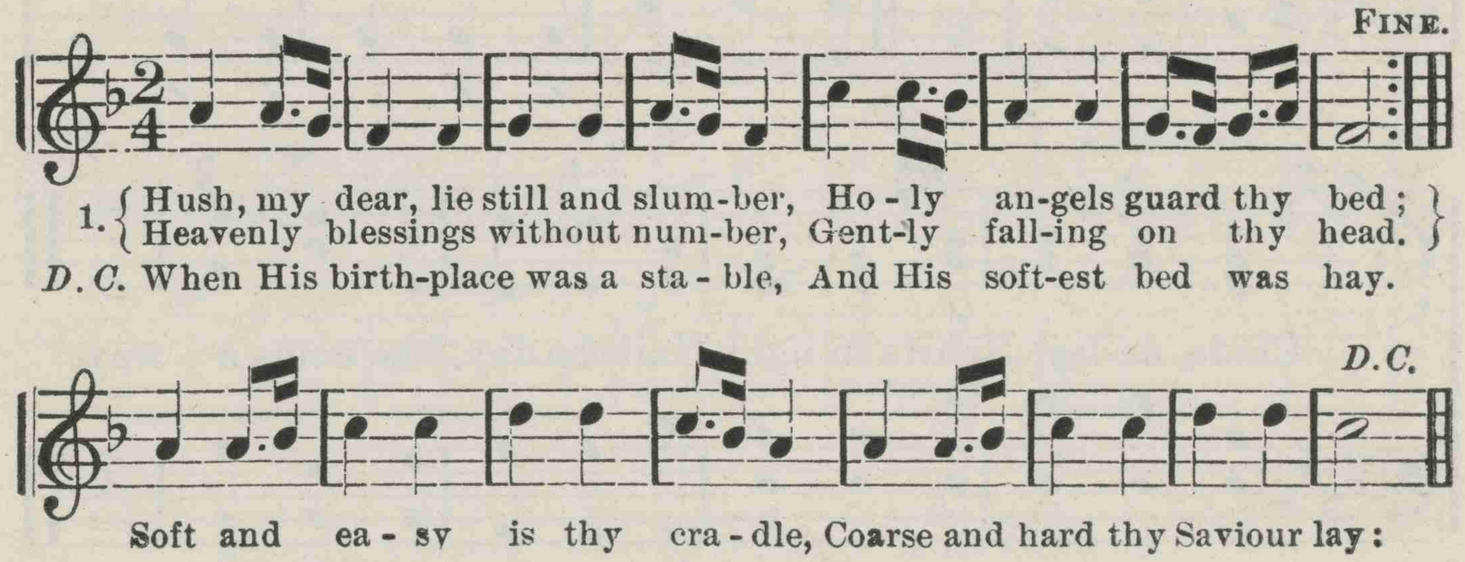
Good - night, good - night, good -

Good Night.—Concluded.



47. Hush, My Dear.

DR. ISAAC WATTS. JFAN J. ROUSSEAU, 1750.

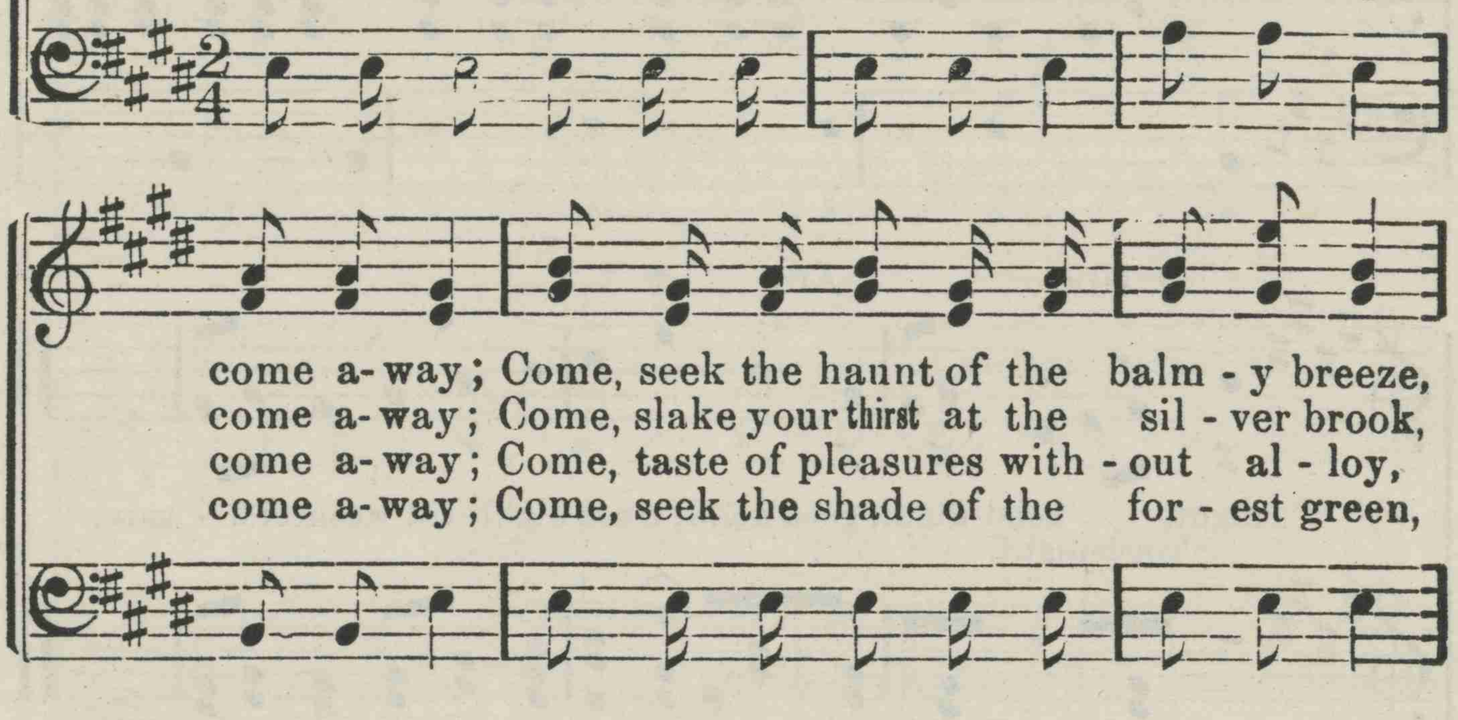


48. Come, Come Away. (Picnic.)

REV. A. A. G. REV. A. A. GRALEY.



1. Come, seek the shade of the for - est trees, Come a- way,
2. Come, gath-er flow'rs from the shad -y nook, Come a- way,
3. Come, for the moments are winged with joy, Come a- way,
4. Come, then, oh, come to the fes - tive scene, Come a- way,



come a- way; Come, seek the haunt of the balm - y breeze,
come a- way; Come, slake your thirst at the sil - ver brook,
come a- way; Come, taste of pleasures with - out al - loy,
come a- way; Come, seek the shade of the for - est green,



CHORUS.

Come, come a-way.
Come, come a-way. Eyes so bright, Songs so gay, Forms so slight,
Come, come a-way.
Come, come a-way.



Chide de-lay; Hearts so light Hail the day, Come, come a - way.

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49 Little Robin Redbreast.

Melody by Mrs. John Gunn.



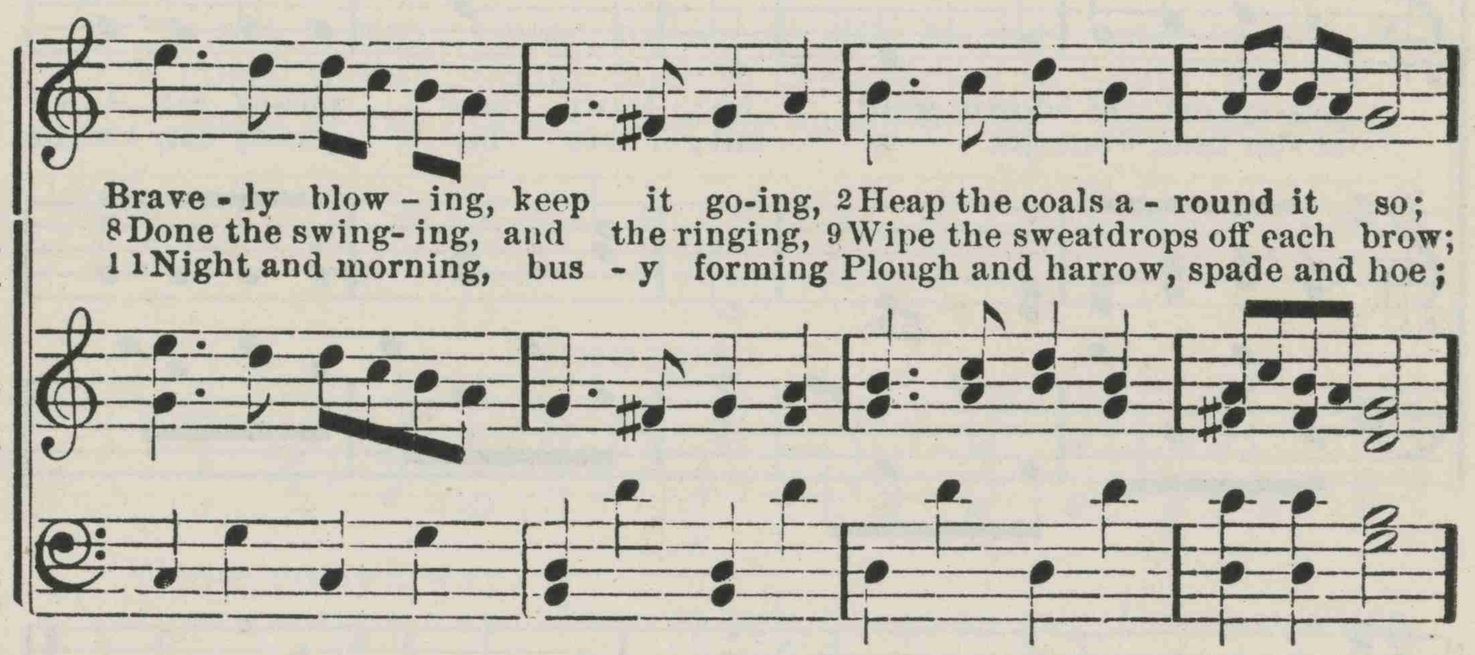
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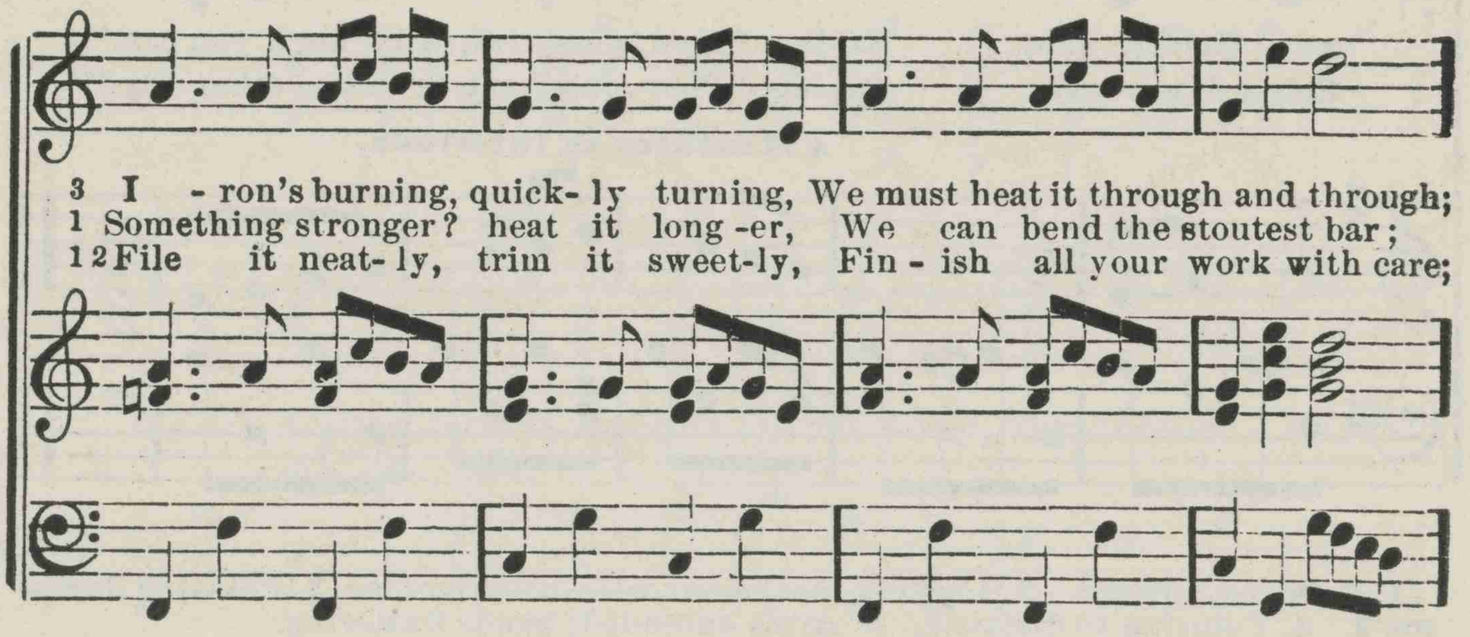
1. Pointing upward. 2. Upward movement with both hands. 3. Pointing downward. 4. Pointing to distance. 5. Arms extended, hands fluttering.

50. The Blacksmith.

ALAN REID. ALAN REID.

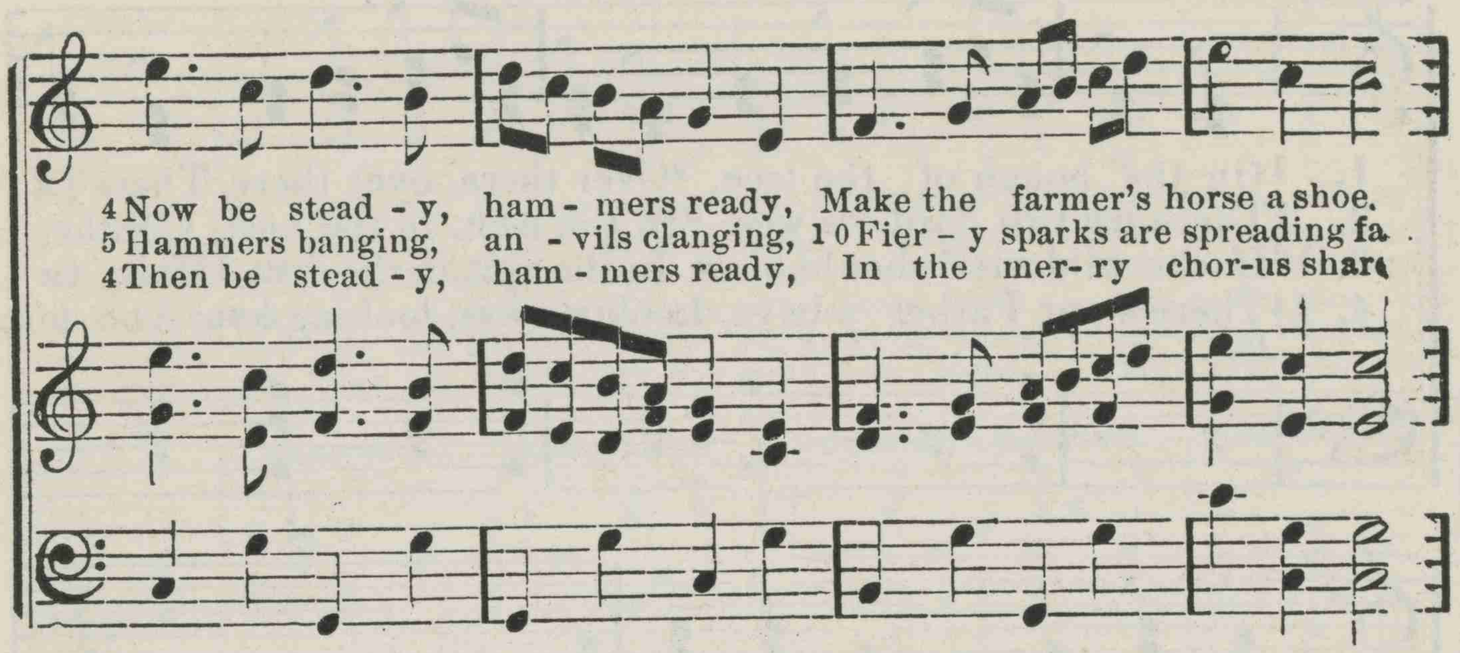




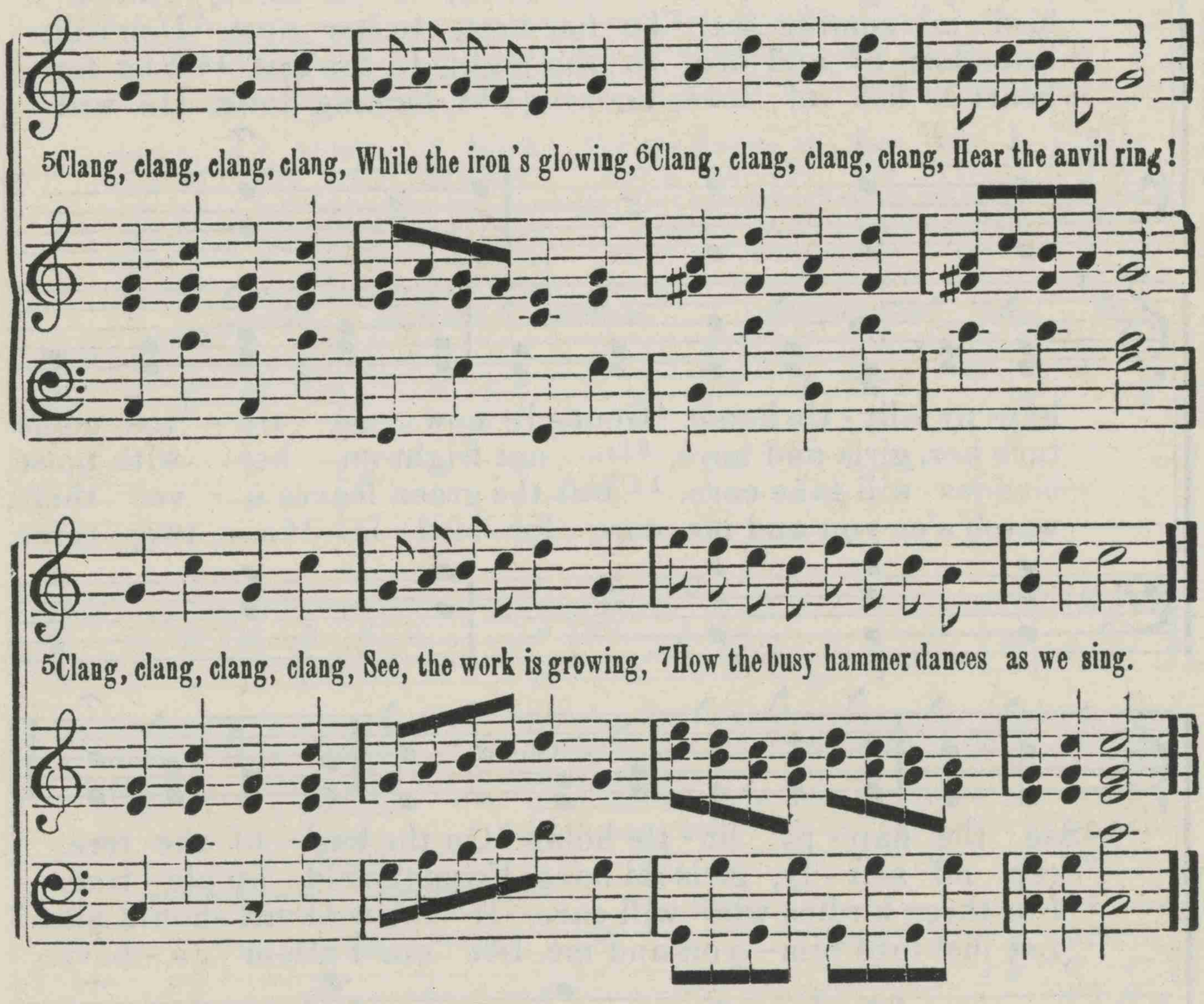


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The Blacksmith.—Concluded.



CHORUS.



1 Blow bellows, held by both hands; 2 Shovelling coals on fire; 3 Turning iron round; 4 Girls, R hands up, Boys, both hands; 5 Girls strike with R hands, Boys with both (this is to imitate small and sledge hammers); 6 Same movement, but to other side; 7 Do. but faster, and in front; 8 Sing in repose; 9 Wipe brows; 10 Spread out hands, fingers twirling; 11 Hands held up and crossed, vary at pleasure; 12 Action of filing iron held in a vise.

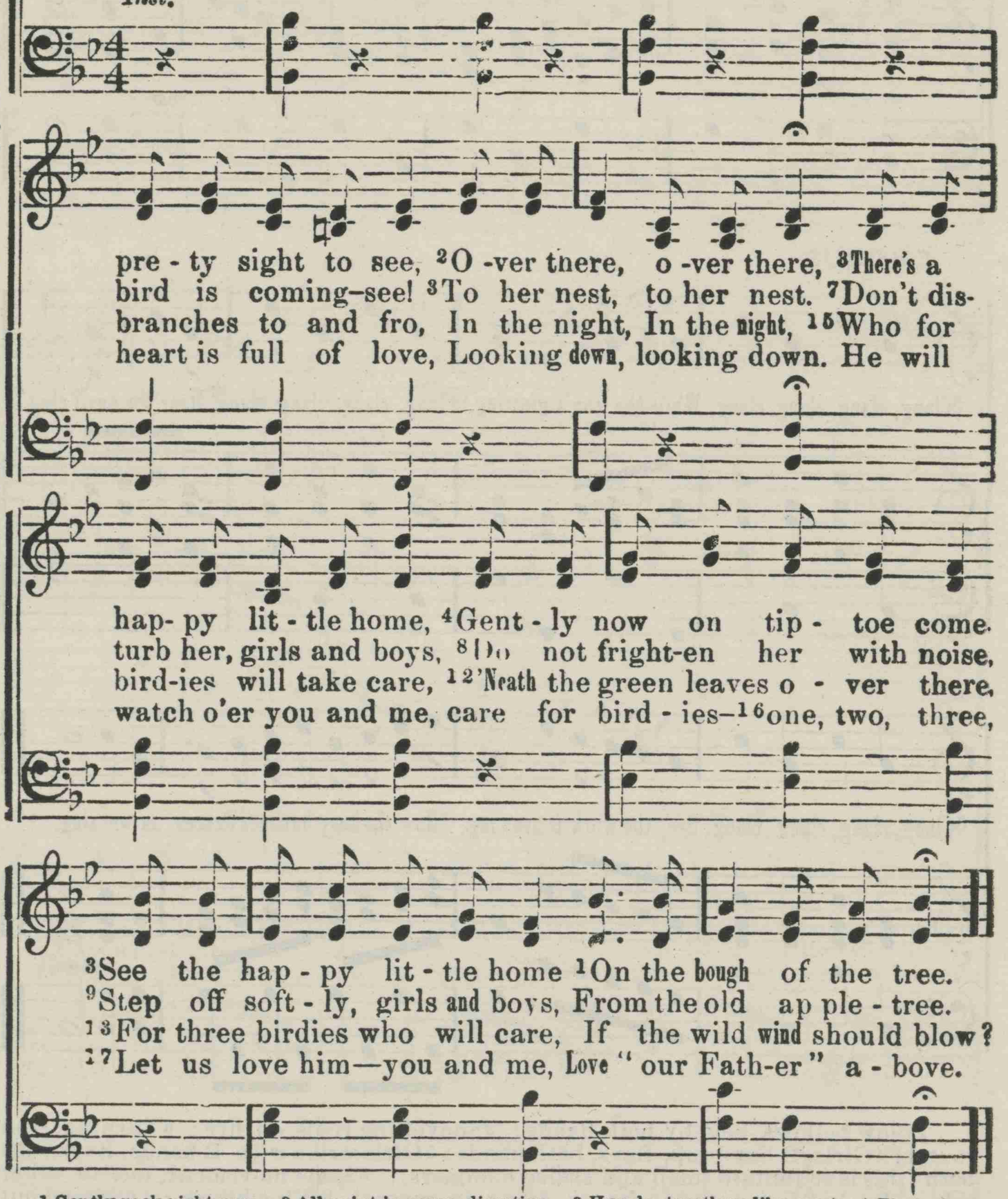
51. A Happy Little Home.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. [1]On the bough of the tree, [2]Over there, over there, There's a
2. [5]There are two bird-ies wee, [3]In the nest, in the nest, [6]Mother
3. [10]If the wild wind should blow, In the night, in the night; [11]Swing the
4. [14]There's our Father a-bove, Looking down, looking down, And his

Inst.



pre - ty sight to see, [2]O - ver there, o - ver there, [3]There's a
bird is coming—see! [3]To her nest, to her nest. [7]Don't dis-
branches to and fro, In the night, In the night, [15]Who for
heart is full of love, Looking down, looking down. He will

hap- py lit - tle home, [4]Gent - ly now on tip - toe come.
turb her, girls and boys, [8]Do not fright-en her with noise,
bird-ies will take care, [12]'Neath the green leaves o - ver there,
watch o'er you and me, care for bird - ies—[16]one, two, three,

[3]See the hap - py lit - tle home [1]On the bough of the tree.
[9]Step off soft - ly, girls and boys, From the old ap ple - tree.
[13]For three birdies who will care, If the wild wind should blow?
[17]Let us love him—you and me, Love "our Fath-er" a - bove.

Copyright, 1893, by Wm. J. KIRKPATRICK. Used by permission.

1 Gently rock right arm. 2 All point in same direction. 3 Hands together like nest. 4 Tip-toeing. 5 Hold up two fingers. 6 Flight-motion with hands. 7 Hand lifted in warning. 8 Finger on lip. 9 Stepping back. 10 Arms waved overhead. 11 Decided swinging motion. 12 Point. 13 Hold up three fingers. 14 Point up. 15 Point to neighbor, then to self. 16 Hold up one, two, three fingers. 17 Hands folded look up.

52. The Young Astronomer.

ERNEST REITER. ALAN REID.

1. O! why do the lit - tle stars wink, wink, wink? They can - not be
2. The sun, who is hid out of sight, of sight, May daz- zle their
3. I thought they were weep -ing the dew, the dew, Be -cause the big
4. I thought the wind blew in their eyes, their eyes, And made them to
5. Then why do the lit- tle stars wink, wink, wink? Be-cause they are
6. Be-sides they are wink - ing to show, to show How much of this

sleepy, I think, I think, For they sleep all the day Till the
eyes in his spite, his spite; But it can- not be so, For we
com-et fell through, fell through; But my grandfather smiled As he
wink in surprise, sur-prise; But my grandfather laughed When I
hap-py I think, I think; They are laughing to see lit-tle
world they know, they know; Though it cer - tain-ly would be ex-

sun goes a - way, So why do the lit-tle stars blink, blink, blink?
cer-tain - ly know The sun on - ly does what is right, is right.
pat-ted his child, And said his i - de - as were new, were new.
spoke of a draught, And said my i - de - as were wise, were wise.
fel - lows like me So anxious to know why they blink, blink, blink.
ceed - ing-ly rude, I re - ally be - lieve it is so, is so.

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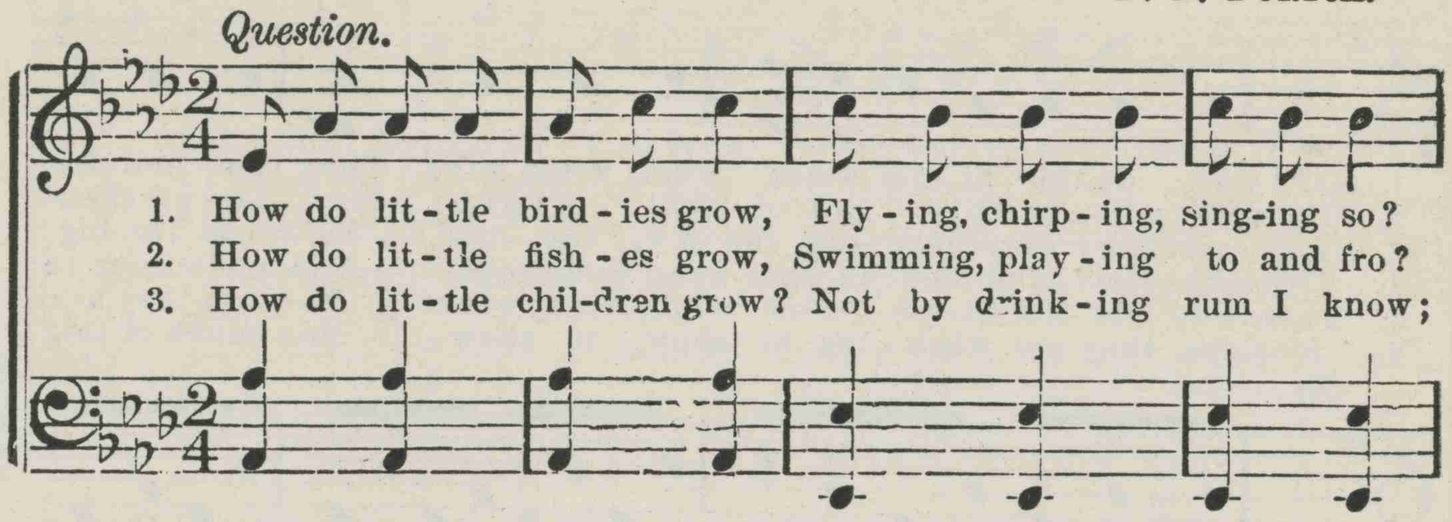
This song is excellently adapted for Solo; but may also be used as a class song.

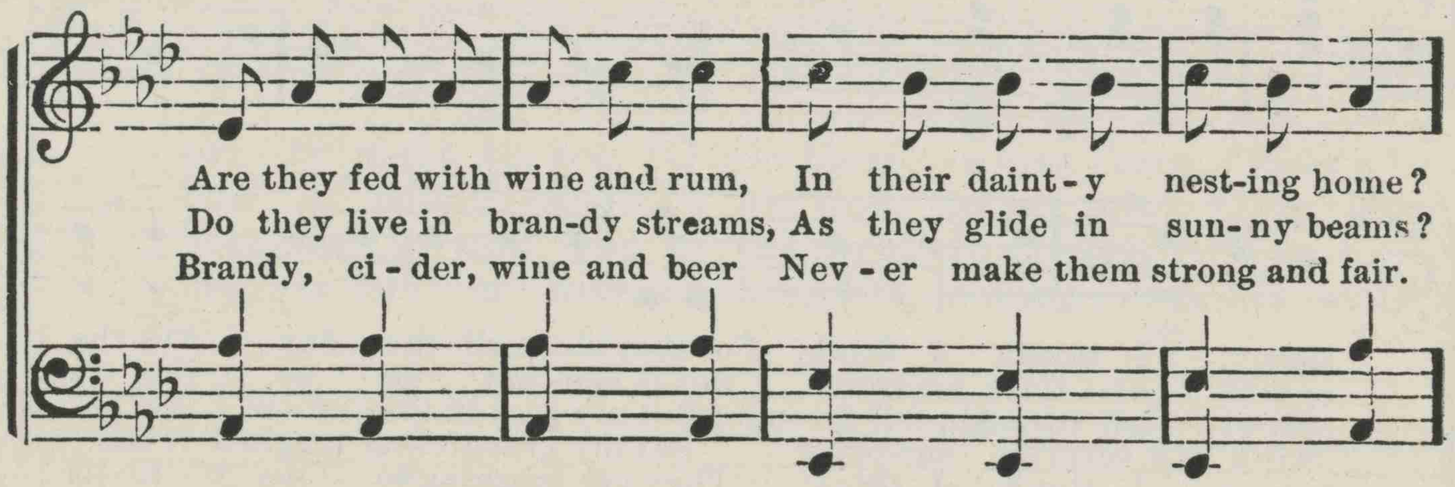
53. How You Grow.

(For Infant Class.)

SOLO. D. E. DORTCH.

Question.





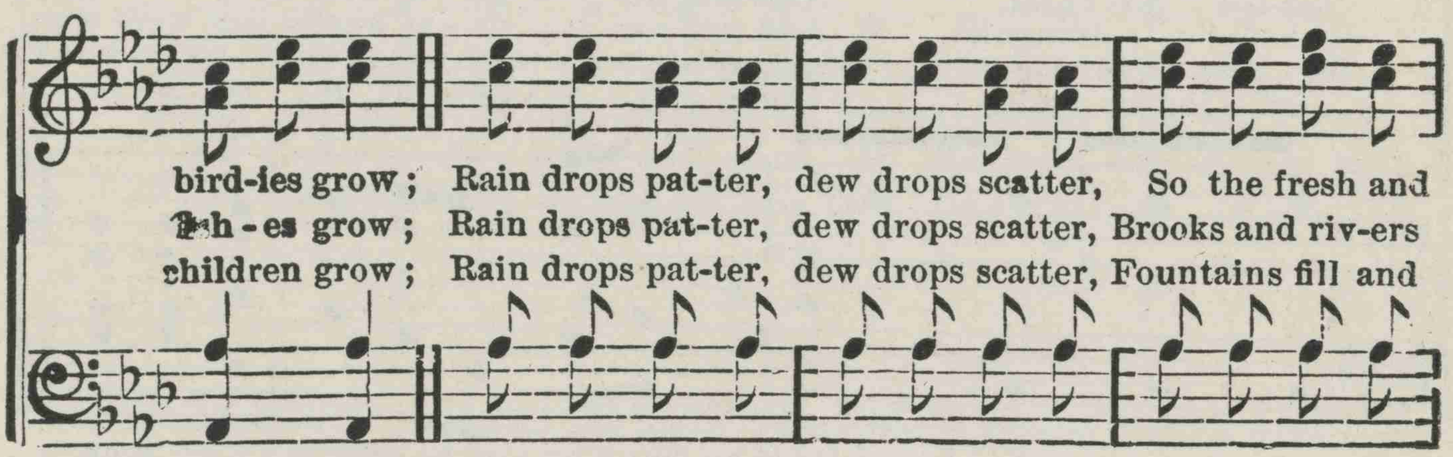
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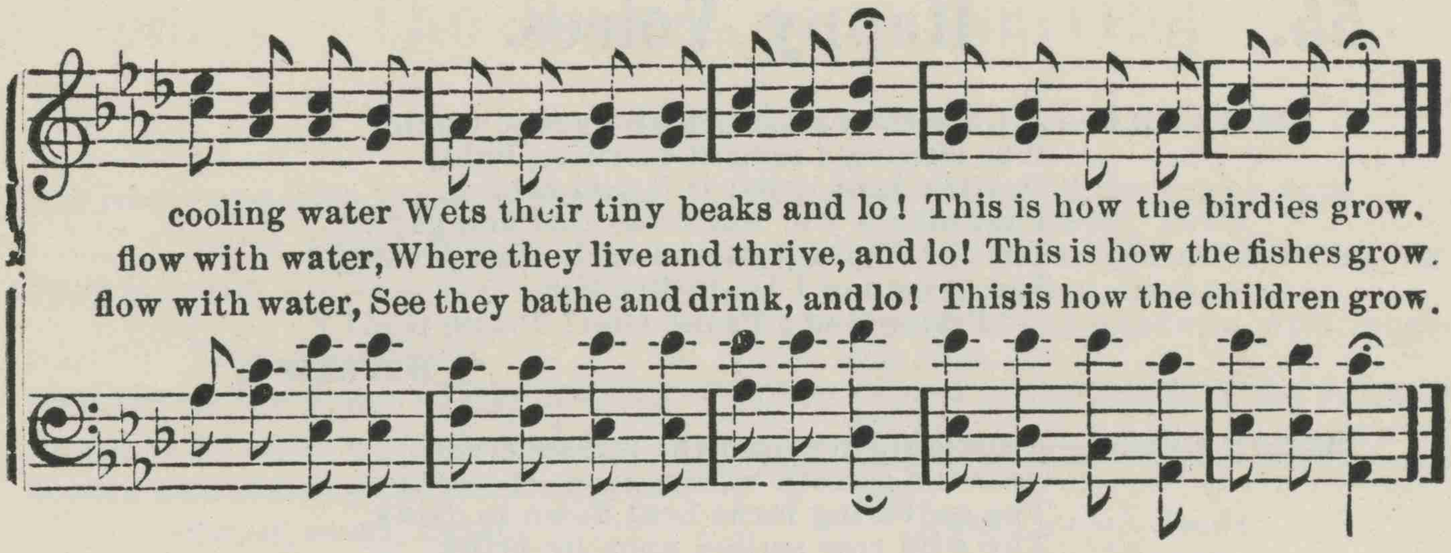
DUET.

Answer.



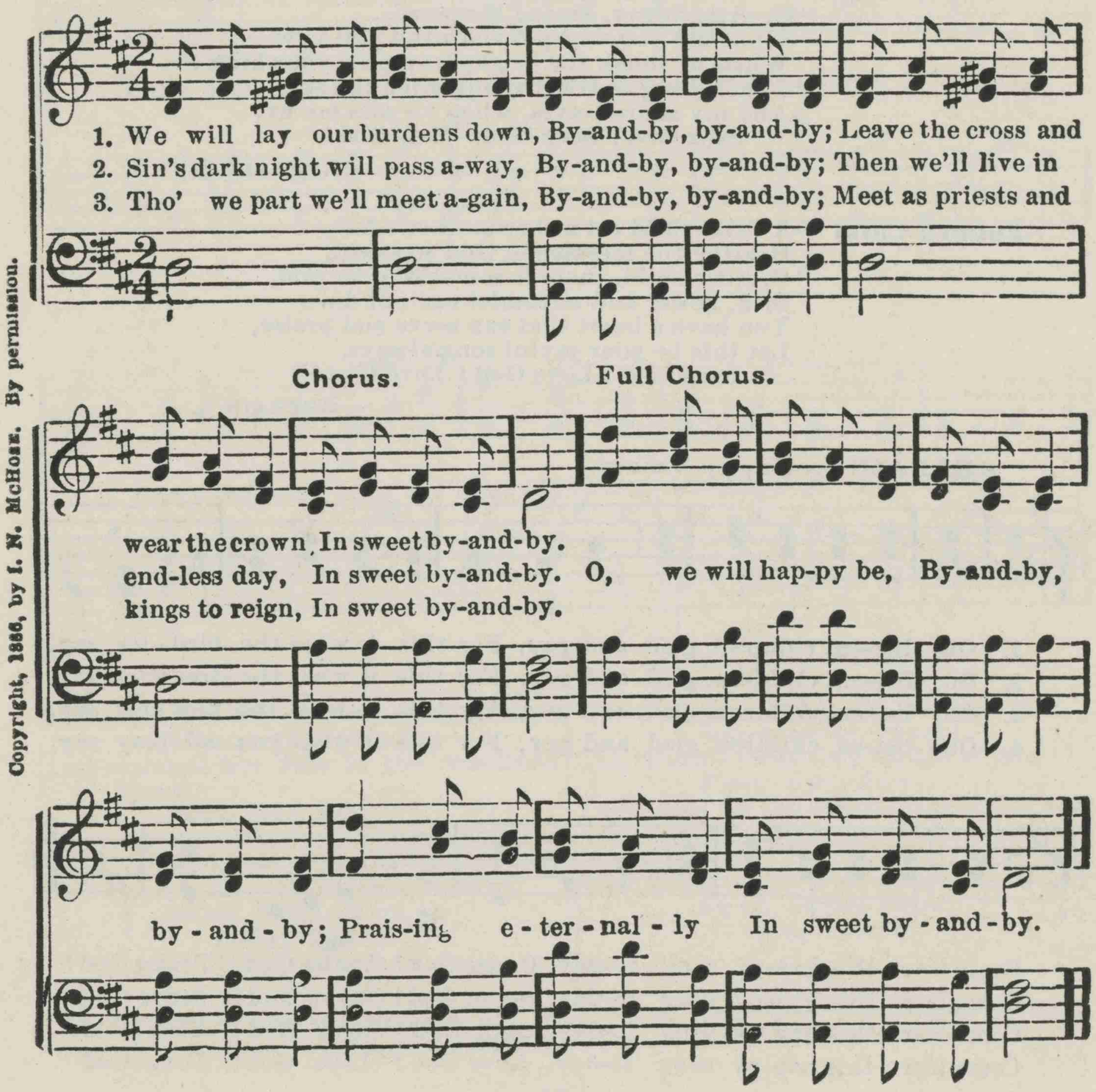
FULL CHORUS.





54. In Sweet By-and-by.

I. N. McH. I. N. McHose.



Copyright, 1886, by I. N. McHose. By permission.

55. Happy Voices.

FIRST CHILD.—A little brown bird, with eyes so bright,
Was singing a song at morning light,
"O, little bird, what is it you say,
That makes you warble so glad and gay?"
The little bird fluttered each downy wing,
Far above me I heard her sing,
"Praise God! Praise God! Praise God!"

REFRAIN 1.

SECOND CHILD.—A little spring from the mosses crept,
Over the smooth white stones it stept;
The quivering ferns bent down to drink,
The wild rose smiled upon its brink,
"O, little stream, what do you say,
Singing and shining on your way?"
"Serve God! Serve God! Serve God!"

REFRAIN 2.

THIRD CHILD.—A blossom looked down from the tangled reeds,
"O, little flower, among the weeds,
What did you whisper the wind just now
When he shook the bright leaves on your brow?
"I am telling of Him who painted the sky
And my azure leaves, when ye pass me by,
"Seek God! Seek God! Seek God!"

REFRAIN 3.

FOURTH CHILD.—A little child sat at her mother's feet,
Hearing the message of God so sweet,
"O, little child, there is something for you,
Bird, flower and streamlet can not do—
You have a heart that can serve and praise,
Let this be your joyful song always,
Love God! Love God! Love God!"

REFRAIN 4.

REFRAIN to Happy Voices.



1. Oh, list-en, children, glad and gay, For this is what the bird-ies say,
2. Oh, list-en, children, glad and gay, For this is what the streamlets say.
3. Oh, list-en, children, glad and gay, For this is what the flow-ers say,
4. Oh, list-en, children, glad and gay, For this is what you all may say,



Come learn this hap-py song to-day, Praise God! (Praise God!) Praise God!
Come learn this hap-py song to-day, Serve God! (Serve God!) Serve God!
Come learn this hap-py song to-day, Seek God! (Seek God!) Seek God!
Come learn this hap-py song to-day, Love God! (Love God!) Love God

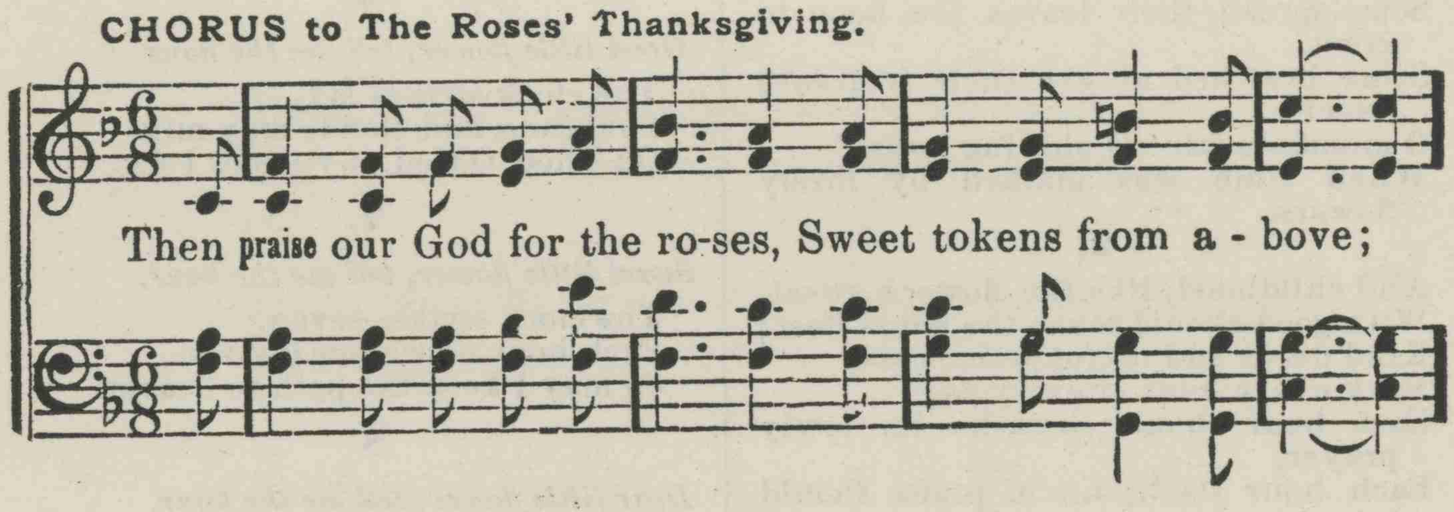
56. The Roses' Thanksgiving.

By PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

The roses came with the early spring.
Sweet, sweet, sweet;
They followed the bluebird's homeward wing,
Fleet, fleet, fleet;
Wreaths for the queen of May to bind,
Nosegays for little hands to find,
Beauty and blessing the world to greet,
Sweet, sweet, sweet.
(*Sing Chorus.*)

The roses smiled in the sunny June.
Sweet, sweet, sweet,
They climbed the trellis in bright fes- oon,
Fleet, fleet, fleet;
They looked in the windows with laughing eyes,
They danced to the mirth of the Summer skies,
They showered their leaves around our feet,
Sweet, sweet, sweet.
(*Sing Chorus.*)

CHORUS to The Roses' Thanksgiving.



The wild rose hid in some quiet nook,
Sweet, sweet, sweet;
And watched her face in the woodland brook,
Fleet, fleet, fleet.
The red roses with the sunbeams played;
The tall white rose, like a bride arrayed,
And the coy tea roses blushed to meet,
Sweet, sweet, sweet.
(*Sing Chorus.*)

The roses bloomed in the autumn late,
Sweet, sweet, sweet;
The faithful roses they smiled at fate,
Fleet, fleet, fleet;
They stood by the couch of the dying year
And heaped their garlands upon the bier,
Then faded in glory all complete,
Sweet, sweet, sweet.
(*Sing Chorus.*)

The words "sweet, sweet, sweet" and "fleet, fleet, fleet," coming as a refrain, should be repeated by the whole class which claps hands with each word.

57. The Rosy Hours.

The opening recitation may be spoken by a young lady. The questions should be asked by some bright "wee tot." The girls who respond should be graded in height, rising as the hours increase. Each should have roses corresponding in number with her hour. A teacher's gong behind the scenes may strike the hours as the exercise proceeds.

The twelve girls can form a circle revolving about the young lady They should make a complete revolution each time between the verses and enough more to bring the next speaker to the front.

1.

A good man made a dial plate
And marked the hours soon and late,
By flowers, ranged in blooming rows,
That had their hours to open and close.
Some opened in the early dawn,
Some waited till the dew was gone,
Some spread their leaves the noon to greet,
Some breathed at eve their fragrance sweet.
O moments fair! O shining hours!
When time was marked by lovely flowers.

2.

And childhood, like the flowers sweet,
With good should make the hours fleet;
Kind deeds and useful actions may
Mark every hour of every day;
Each hour should breathe its lowly prayer,
Each hour its hymn of praise should bear,
And every flower's chiming bell
Of love to God and man should tell.
O moments fair! O shining hours!
When childhood marks the time with flowers.

1.

Sweet little flower, tell me the hour.

The clock strikes one,
The day has just begun,
I pray, dear Lord, Thy will be done.

2.

Dear little flower, tell me the hour.

The clock strikes two,
Time to be good and true,
Help me, dear Lord, Thy work to do.

3.

Bright little flower, tell me the hour.

The clock strikes three,
God calls a child like me,
Then help me, Lord, Thine own to be.

4.

Kind little flower, tell me the hour.

The clock strikes four,
My Saviour I adore,
Help me to love Thee more and more.

5.

Fair little flower, tell me the hour.

The clock strikes five,
God keeps me still alive,
May I to please Him always strive.

6.

Good little flower, tell me the hour.

The clock strikes six,
Sunbeams and clouds may mix,
On Thee, O God, my hopes I fix.

7.

Sweet little flower, tell me the hour.

The clock strikes seven,
Each hour new grace is given,
So may I keep the path to heaven.

8.

Dear little flower, tell me the hour.

The clock strikes eight,
The hours are growing late,
For Thee, my Lord, I watch and wait.

9.

Bright little flower, tell me the hour.

The clock strikes nine,
Lord, keep me always Thine,
And fill each hour with peace divine.

10.

Kind little flower, tell me the hour.

The clock strikes ten,
Let me be ready then,
And tell Thy love to dying men.

11.

Sweet growing flower, tell me the hour.

'Tis now eleven,
So many mercies given,
Make all my steps draw nigh to heaven.

12.

Kind youthful flower, tell me the hour.

Twelve strokes, the hour say
That time has fled away,
O, when the chiming bell
Our latest hour shall tell.
May Jesus whisper, "All is well.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

58. The Rainbow Treasure.

A section of the rainbow should be built, covered with tissue paper of the seven colors. A lot of stones and rubbish should lie at the foot hiding a basket containing a Bible, the rainbow treasure which the lads are to discover. Five boys are enough, but more can appear on the stage. They should have pick spade, shovel, hoe, crowbar, etc.

I.

At the foot of the rainbow, as I have been told,
You will find a casket of diamonds and gold.

II.

Long have we tracked the steps of the light,
Ever eludes us the rainbow bright.

III.

Here at last it abides, just where we stand,
Let us haste to discover the treasure grand.

I.

Strike through the massive rocks of pride,
Cast the cumbering clods of error aside.

II.

Break the sevenfold seals that falsehood binds
To hide precious truth from earnest minds.

III.

Turn apart the foul and unseemly mould,
That ignorance heaps over gems and gold.

IV.

(*Lifting the book in both hands.*)

Lo, we have found a treasure rare,
A prize with a value beyond compare.

V.

(*Holding it up.*)

The Bible, the Word of God, behold,
Better than rubies, purer than gold.

ALL.

This is the treasure, God's precious truth.
Treasure supremest for earnest youth,
Light on their pathway, cheer for the soul.
Glorious with promise, showing life's goal.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

59. Little Things.

[Recitation for four of Infant Class, with chorus.]

First.
Little sunbeams warm the world,
Second.
Little sands keep back the sea,
Third.
Little dewdrops, light impearled,
Give new life to flower and tree.

Fourth.
To the children's heart shall burn
With the spirit's living flame,
And the tides of darkness turn
From the truth their lips proclaim.

First.
Little seeds to forests tower,
Second.
Little grains to harvests grow,
Third.
Little sparks conduct the power,
Where the lightning currents flow.

Fourth.
To the children's loving deeds
Into golden harvests rise,
And their hands may scatter seeds
That shall blossom in the skies.

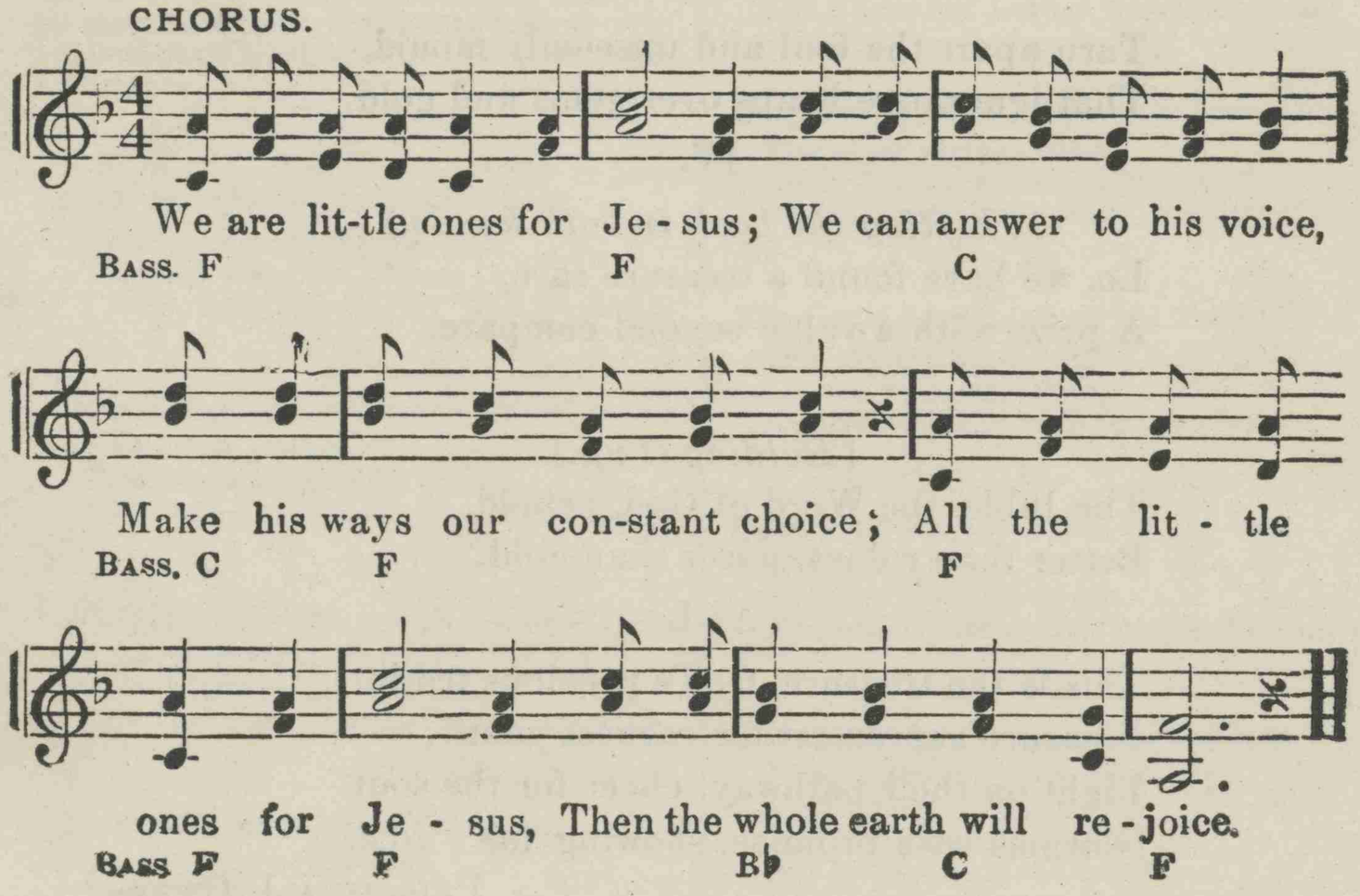
First.
Little corals build the isle,
Second.
Little rills the river swell,
Third.
Little pennies make a pile
When the children's gifts we tell.

Fourth.
To the little hands shall build
Far above time's changing sea;
And their hymns with gladness thrilled
Waken earth to jubilee.

—PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

[The four speakers join the Infant Class in singing the following chorus:]

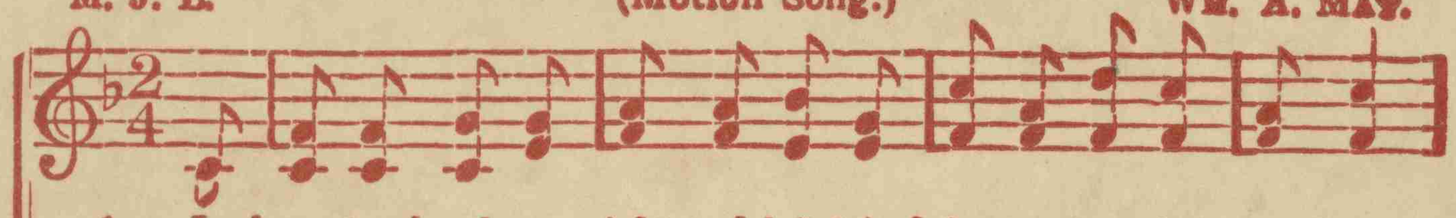
CHORUS.



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60. Children's Powers.

M. J. L. (Motion Song.) WM. A. MAY.



1. *a* I have *two hands*, a *right* and *left*, *b* And *fin-gers* ten in num-ber;
2. *e* Two *eyes* to see, *two ears* to hear, All sights and sound what-ever;
3. *h* A *heart* and *brain*, to feel and judge, *i* *Two feet* which none may fetter;



c Out of the *palms'* ends they are cleft, *d* With naught their use to cum-ber.
f A *tongue* to speak good words of cheer, *g* But lies and bad words nev-er.
These pow'rs I'll use with - out a grudge, *k* To make the world grow bet-ter.



a. Expose hands alternately at words right and left. *b.* Show fingers. *c.* Point to palm of hand. *d.* Work fingers, hands held up. *e.* Indicate eyes and ears; sweeping motion of right hand at second line. *f.* Indicate lips. *g.* Shake head negatively. *h.* Indicate heart and head. *i* Indicate feet. *k.* Sweeping movement of both hands.

61. The Sweet Name of Jesus.

1. How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

CHO.—‖: Oh, how I love Jesus! :‖
Because he first loved me;
‖: How can I forget thee? :‖
Dear Lord, remember me.

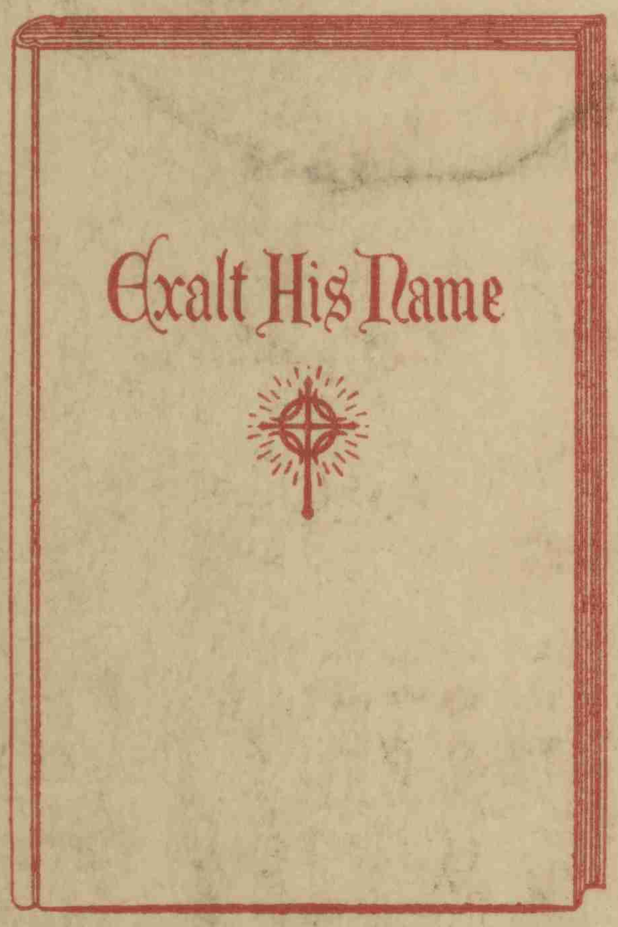
2. It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3. I would thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
So shall the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

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