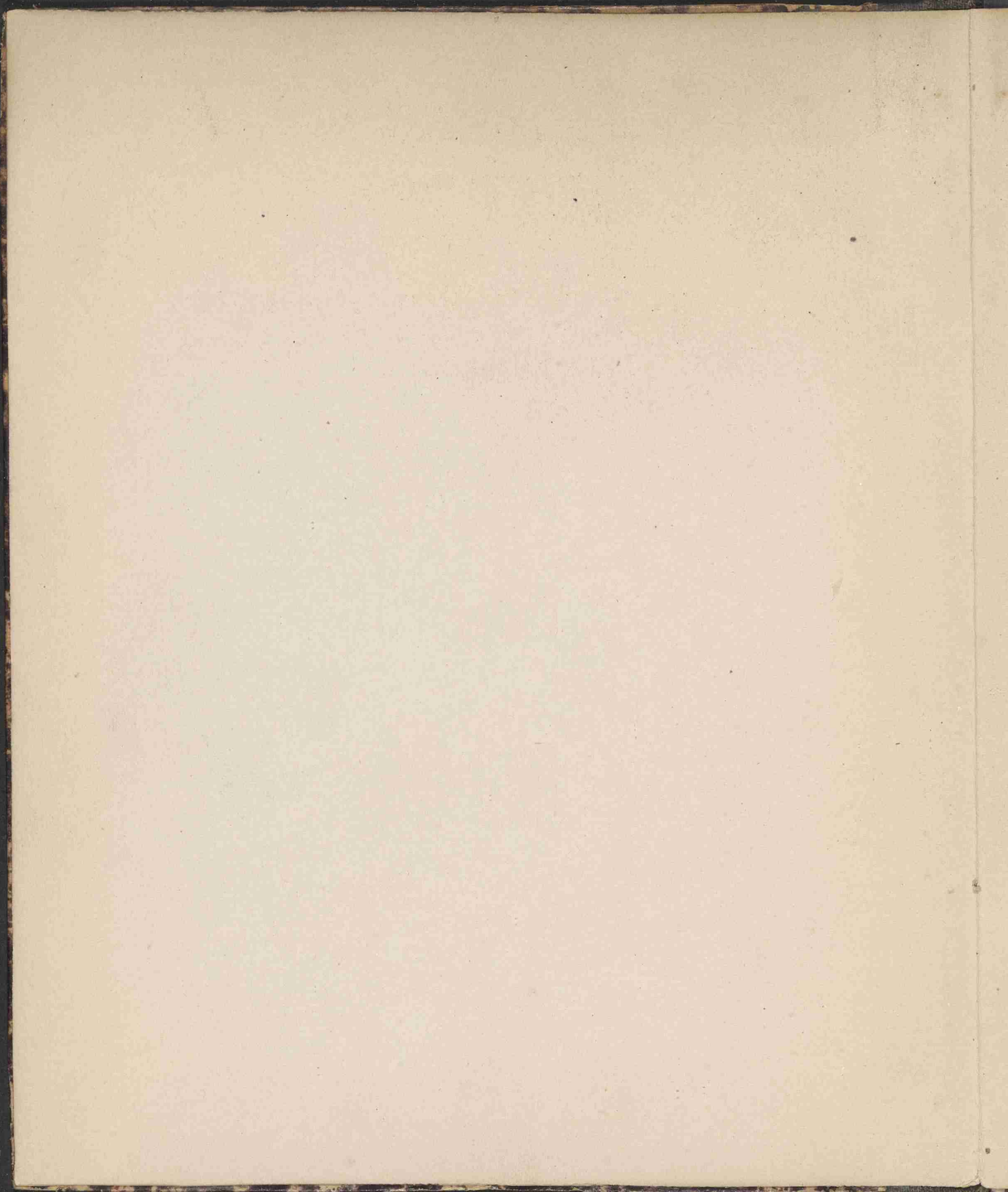
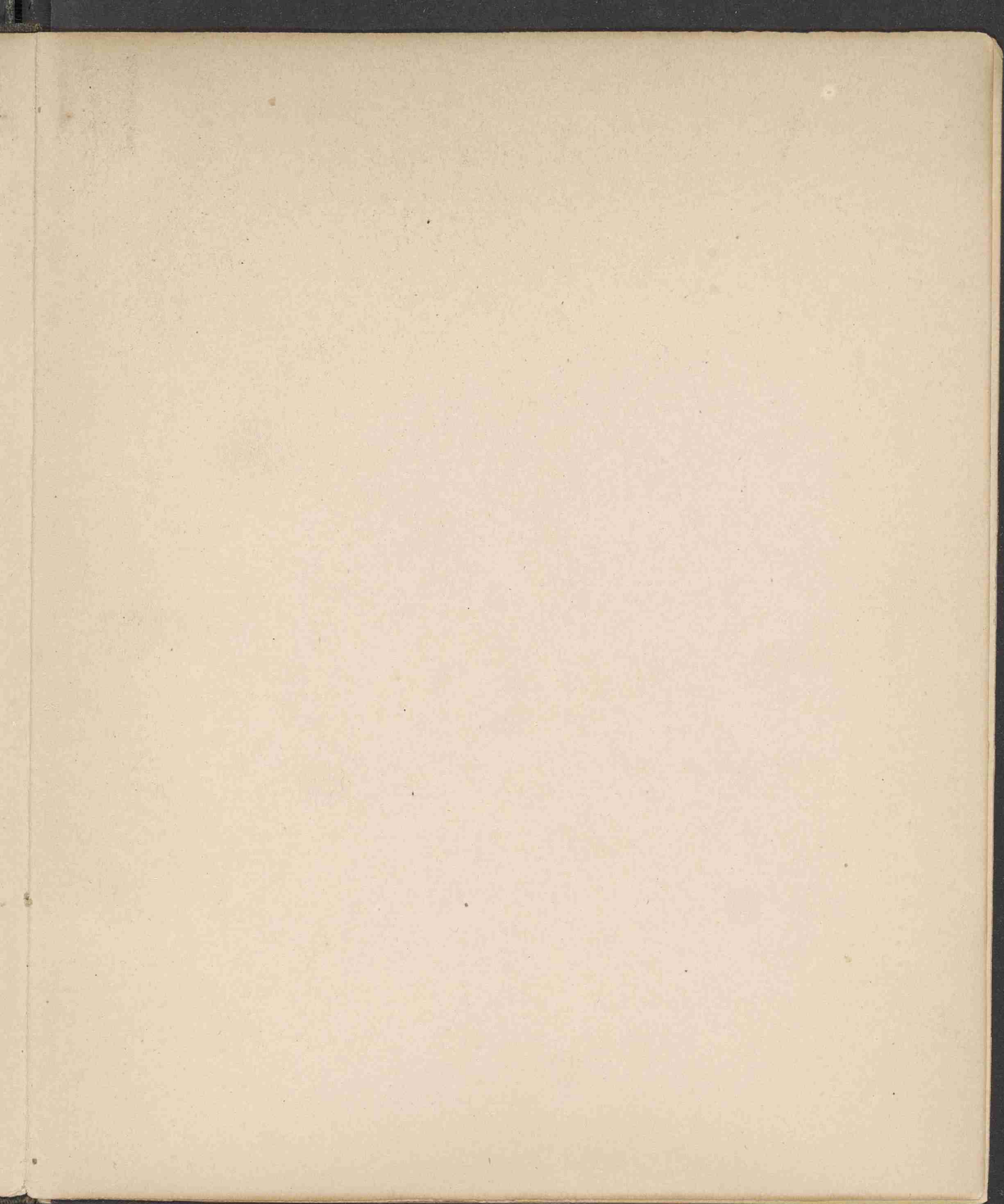
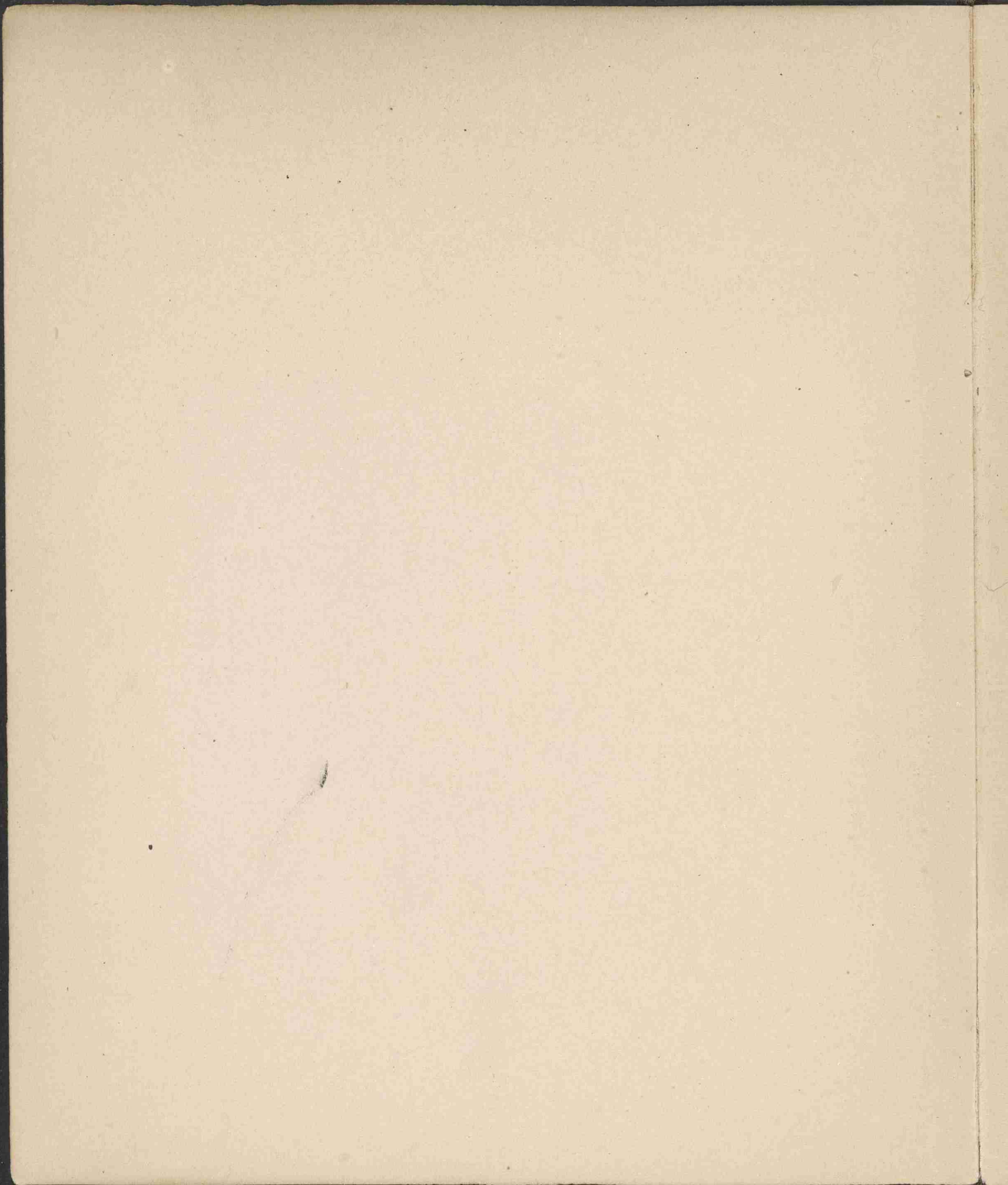
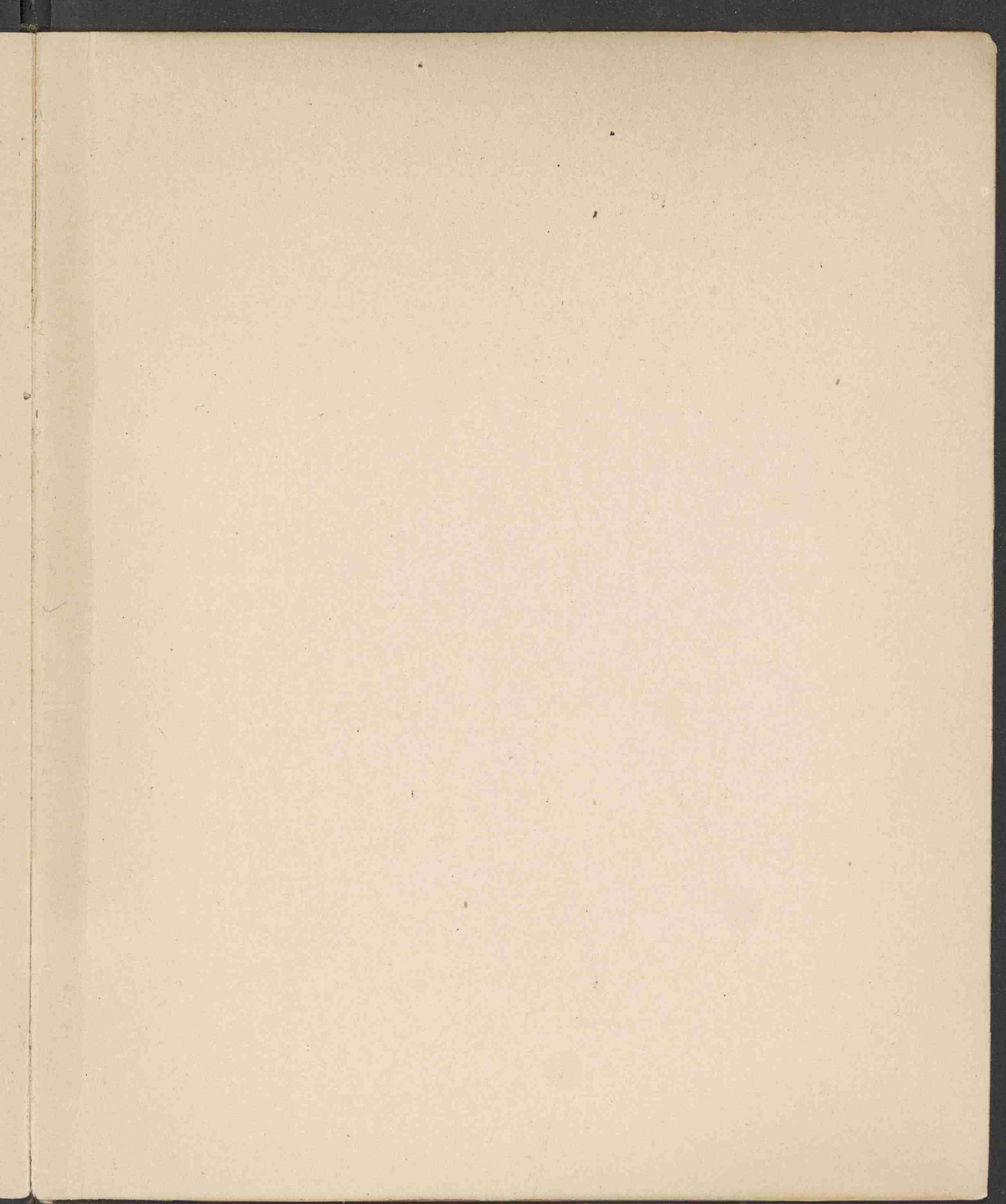


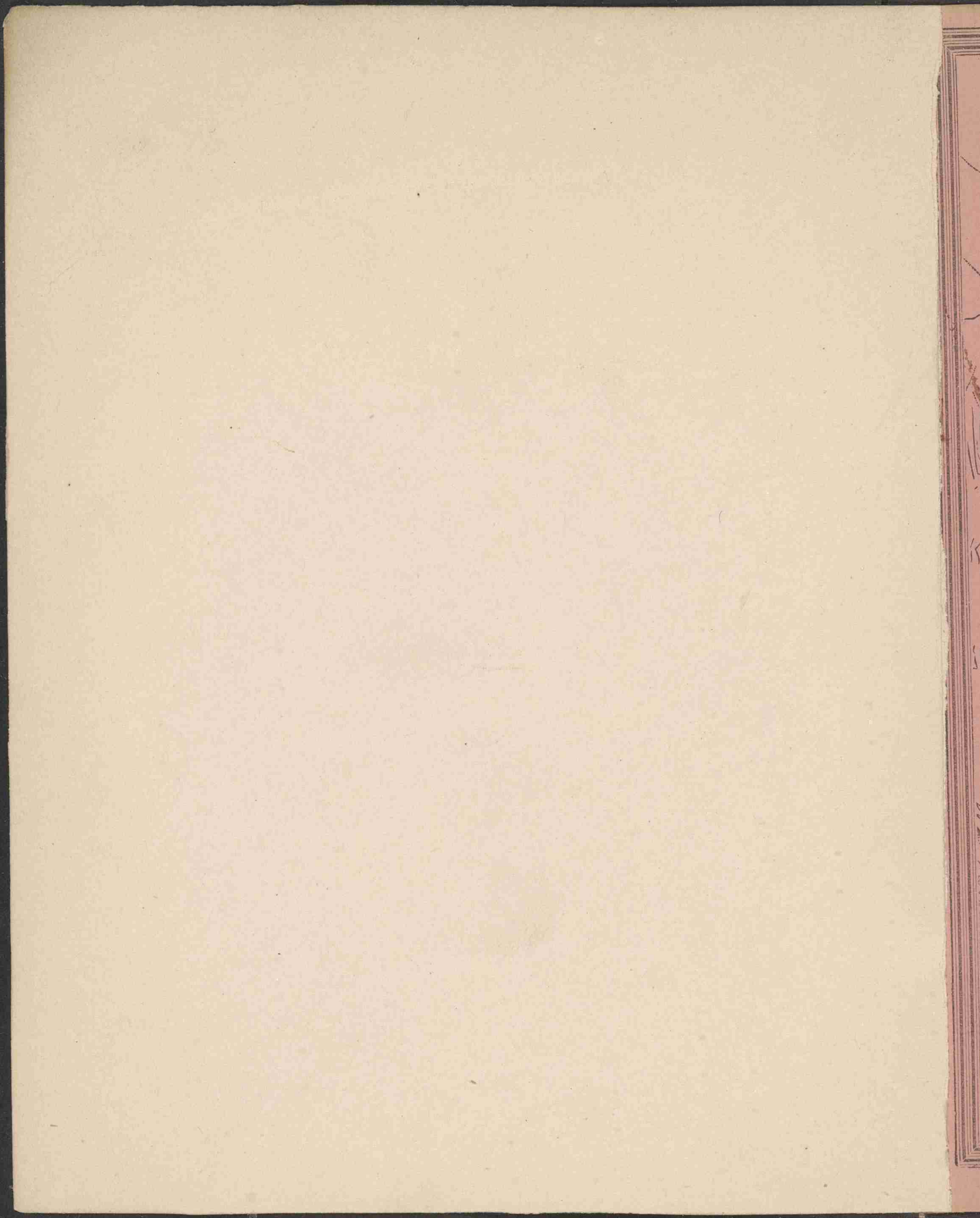
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FRESH FLOWERS



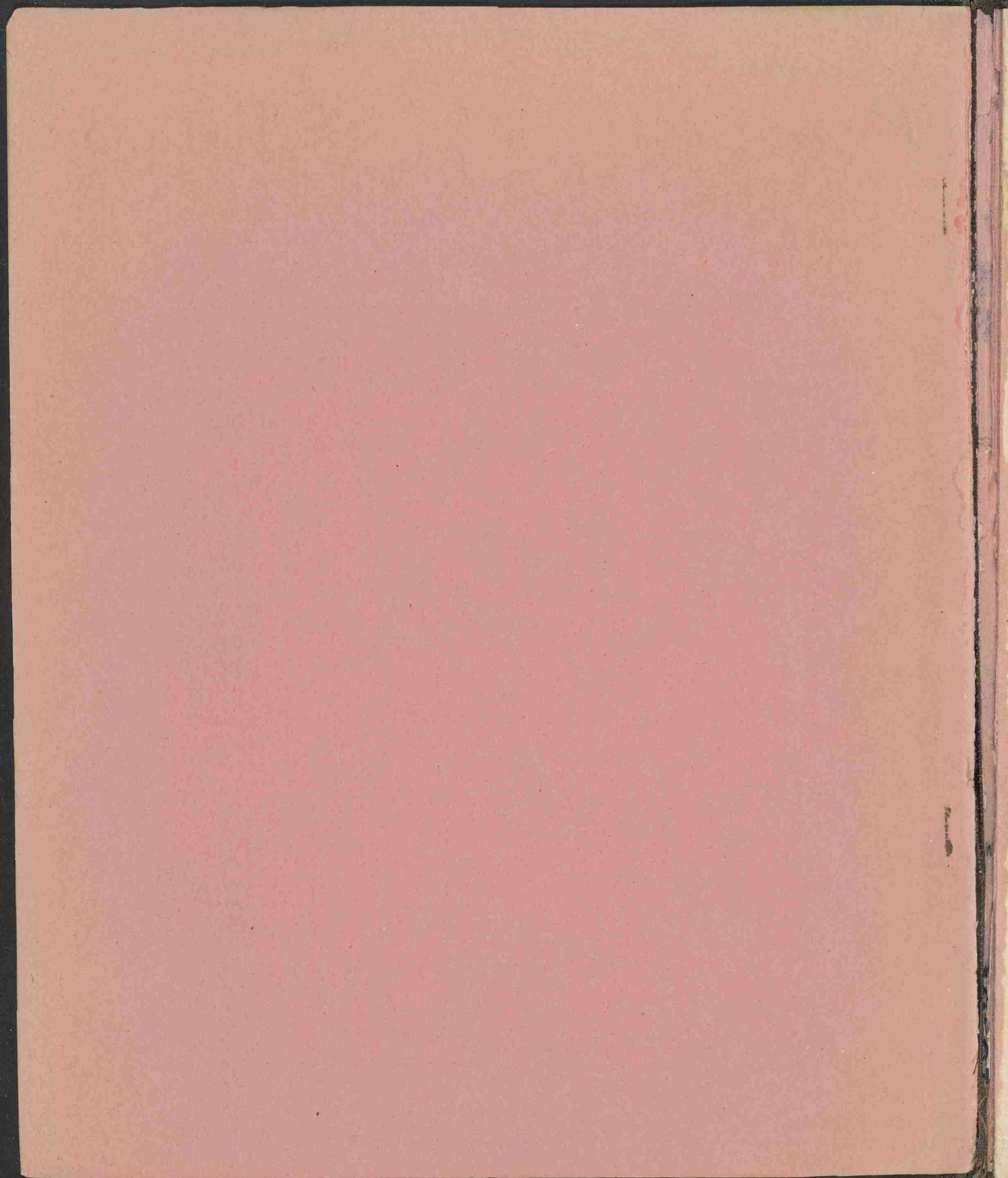
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EMMA PITT.

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LYON & HEALY - CHICAGO

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FRESH FLOWERS,

A SONG BOOK

FOR THE

INFANT CLASSES

OF

SUNDAY SCHOOLS,

BY

EMMA PITT.

BOSTON:

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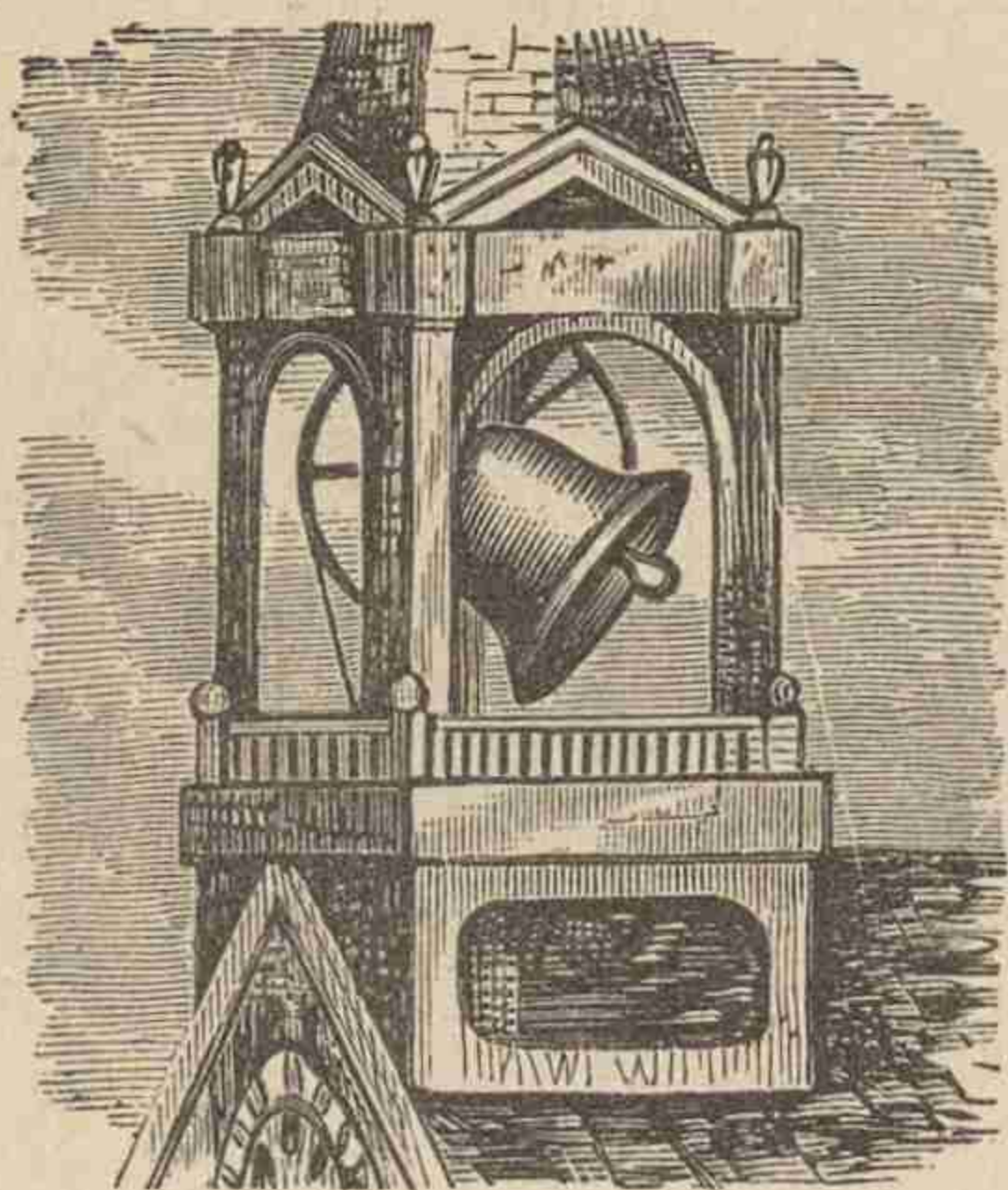
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SABBATH BELLS.

F. A. EVANS.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Cheerfully.

1. { Hark! the sab - bath bells are ring - ing,
Sweet - est mem - 'ries they are bring - ing,

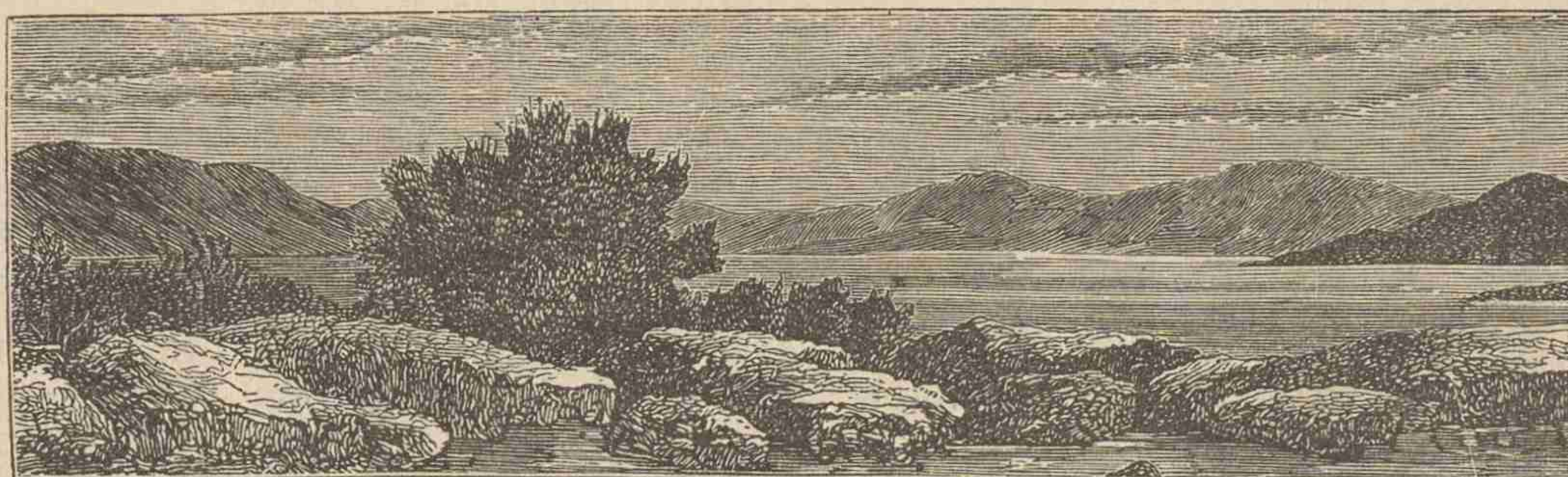
CHORUS.

Hear their ech - oes loud and clear; Hearts grow light, and cheeks are glow - ing,
As they cleave the morn - ing air!

Lit - tle feet all tire for - get; Bright - est eyes with love o'er -

flow - ing, Naught so sweet as sab - bath yet.

2 Little children, listen! listen!
Do you love their sweet refrain?
Do you love to hear their chimings,
Floating over mount and plain?
Oh! they waft the sweet, sweet story
Of God's love and precious way;
Making hearts a goal of glory,
Turning darkness into day.



APRIL SONG.

E. E. REXFORD.

R. A. KINZIE.

1. My name is A - pril, I have come From far off south - ern plains; I
2. I coax the leaves to ven - ture forth Up - on the ap - ple trees; And

bring some buds and blos - soms back, And break the brook - let's chains. The
o - pen wide the cro - cus cups To tempt the mer - ry bees. Hark!

chil - dren laugh to see my face, And vio - lets thro' the mold . . Leap
how the rob - in and the lark Are sing - ing in the tree; . . They

APRIL SONG.

CHO.



up in glad - ness at my step, And fill their hearts with gold. . To
sing for joy of A - pril days, They sing to wel - come me. .



new, sweet life the old earth stirs Be - neath the warm spring rain; Oh,



all the world is glad, is glad That A - pril's come a - gain. .

ONLY.

R. A. KINZIE.

1. On - ly a word for the Mas - ter, Lov - ing - ly, qui - et - ly

said, . . . On - ly a word, yet the Mas - ter heard, And some

faint - ing hearts were fed, . . . Some faint - ing hearts were fed. . .

2 Only some act of devotion,
Willingly, joyfully done,
Surely 't was naught!
So the proud world thought,
But yet souls for Christ were won,
Yet souls for Christ were won.

3 "Only,"—But Jesus is looking
Constantly, tenderly down
To earth, and sees
Those who strive to please,
And their love He loves to crown,
Their love He loves to crown.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

"Fight the good fight of faith." 1 Tim. 6: 12.

HOME LIFE IN SONG.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Go forth in the bat - tle of life, my boy, Go while it is call'd to -
 2. Temp - ta - tions will wait by the way, my boy, Tempt - a - tions with - out and with -

D.C. Go forth to the bat - tle of life, my boy, Go while it is call'd to -

Fine.

day; . For the years go out and the years come in, Re -
 in; . . And spir - its of e - vil, in robes as fair As the

day.

gard-less of those who may lose or win, Of those who may work or play.
 ho - li - est an - gels in hea - ven wear, Will lure you to dead - ly sin.

CHORUS.

Go forth to - day, Go forth to - day;
 Go while it is call'd to - day: Go while it is call'd to - day;

D.C.

3 Then put on the armor of God, my boy,
 In the beautiful days of youth;
 Put on the breastplate and the helmet and shield,
 And the sword that the feeble arm may wield
 In the cause of right and truth.

4 And go to the battle of life, my boy,
 With the peace of the gospel shod,
 And before high heaven do the best you can
 For the great reward, for the good of man,
 For the kingdom and crown of God.

From "Gospel Light."

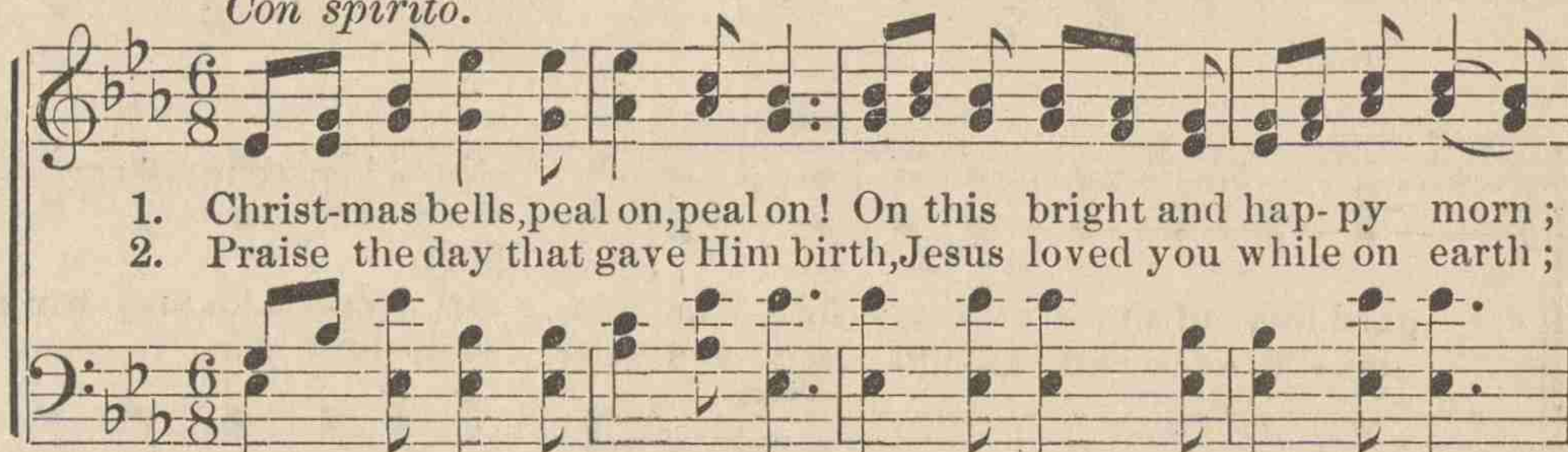


WORDS BY EMMA PITT.

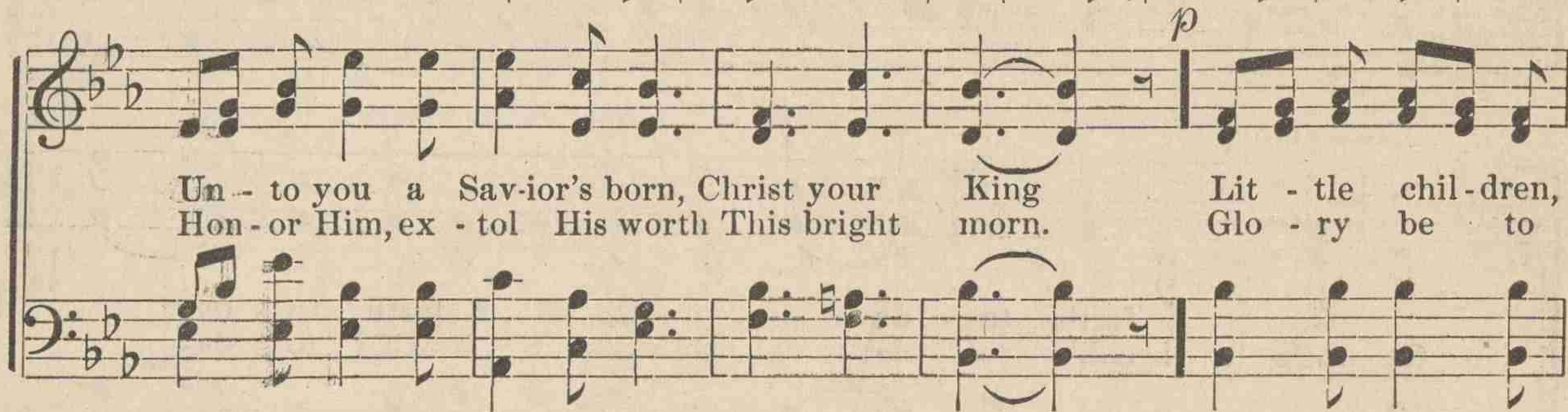
INFANT CLASS.

MUSIC BY EMMA PITT.

Con spirito.



1. Christ-mas bells, peal on, peal on! On this bright and hap-py morn;
2. Praise the day that gave Him birth, Jesus loved you while on earth;



CHRISTMAS BELLS.

GIRLS. *Vivace.*



to the bell, Prais - es sing. Wel-come the morn When He was born,
light on high, Christ is born.

The musical notation for the Girls' part is written on a treble and bass staff in 2/4 time. The melody is in G major (one flat) and features a lively, rhythmic pattern with eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are written below the staff, with the melody starting on the word 'to' and ending on 'born'.

Boys.



An - gels sing hap - py voi - ces, Hea - ven shouts, earth re - joi - ces,

The musical notation for the Boys' part is written on a treble and bass staff in 2/4 time. The melody is in G major (one flat) and features a rhythmic pattern with eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are written below the staff, with the melody starting on 'An' and ending on 'ces'.

FULL CHORUS.



Christ is born, Joy bells ring, Ho-san - na, Ho-san - na, To our King.

The musical notation for the Full Chorus is written on a treble and bass staff in 2/4 time. The melody is in G major (one flat) and features a rhythmic pattern with eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are written below the staff, with the melody starting on 'Christ' and ending on 'King'.

I'LL WORK FOR JESUS.

EMMA PITT.

EMMA PITT.



1. What have I ev - er done for Je - sus, Who did so much to res - cue me? With
 2. With cords of ten - der love He drew me, While deep in wretchedness I lay, Oh,
 3. From sin's dark slumber He a - roused me, Up - on the rock He placed my feet, His
 4. Then let me ev - er work for Je - sus, This friend so lov - ing and so true, Point



His own arm He brought sal - va - tion, With His own blood He set me free.
 for His bound - less love and mer - cy, I'll speak His good - ness ev' - ry day.
 own new song of love He gave me, To Him a - lone are prais - es meet.
 sin - ners to their dear Re deem - er, My home e - ter - nal keep in view.

CHORUS.



I'll work for Je - sus, I'll work for Je - sus, Work for Je - sus till I die;




I'll work for Je - sus, I'll work for Je - sus, Then I'll reign with Him on high.

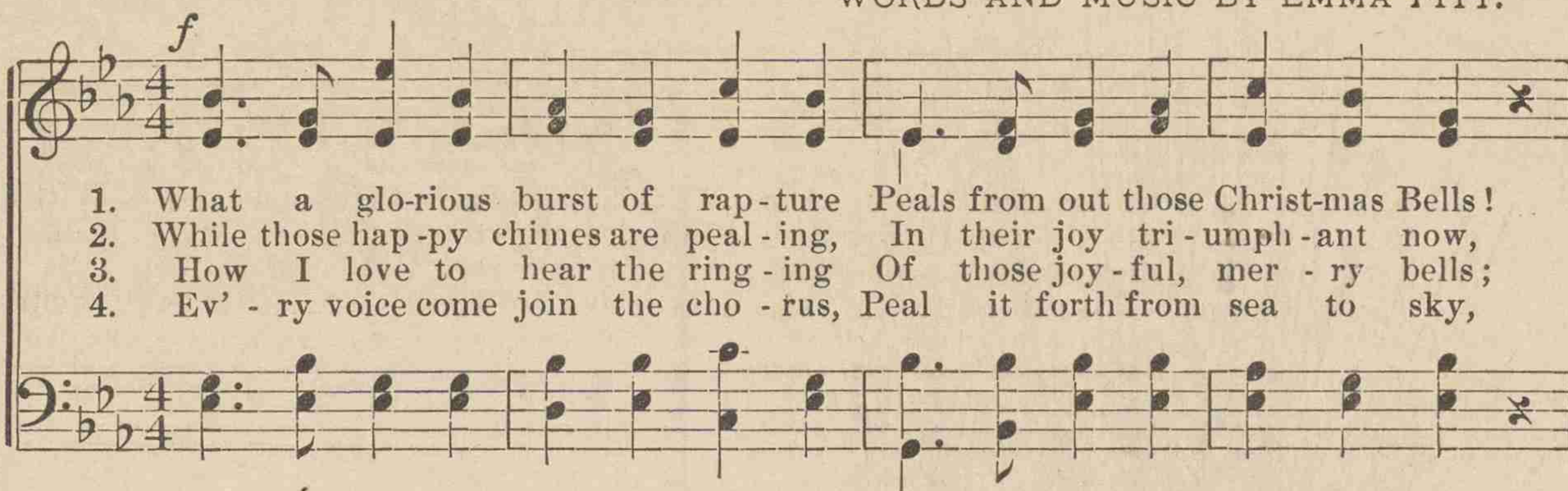


From "Gospel Light."

THOSE CHRISTMAS BELLS.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY EMMA PITT.

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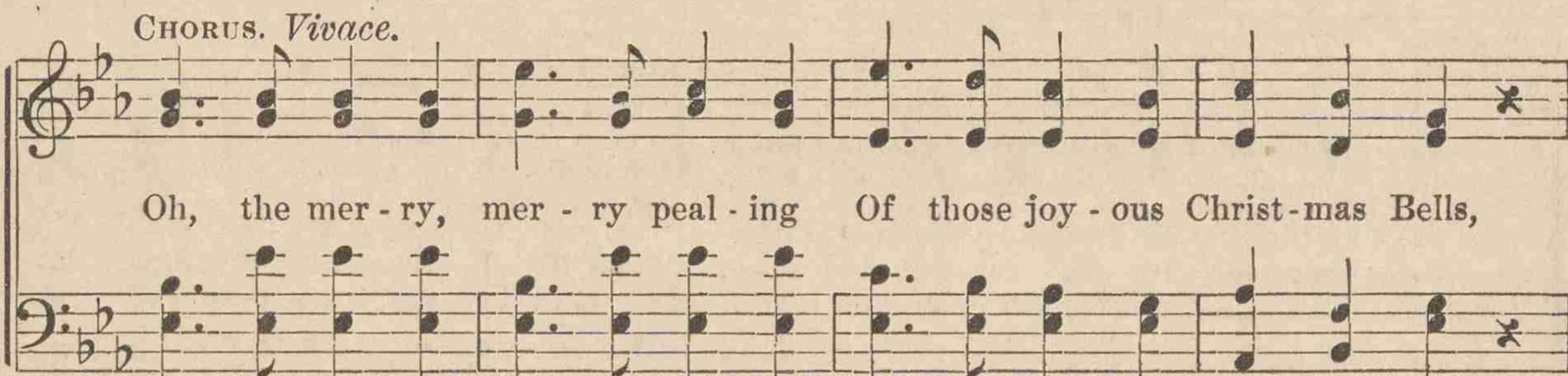


1. What a glo-rious burst of rap-ture Peals from out those Christ-mas Bells!
 2. While those hap-py chimes are peal-ing, In their joy tri-umph-ant now,
 3. How I love to hear the ring-ing Of those joy-ful, mer-ry bells;
 4. Ev'-ry voice come join the cho-rus, Peal it forth from sea to sky,



How it fills the world with tri-umph! Might-y theme their mu-sic tells.
 See on high the hosts are kneel-ing, As they crown Im-man-uel's brow.
 Raise on high your hap-py voi-ces, Sweet the song their mu-sic tells.
 Blend with an-gels now in an-them, Glo-ry be to God on high.

CHORUS. *Vivace.*



Oh, the mer-ry, mer-ry peal-ing Of those joy-ous Christ-mas Bells,

rit.



To the world what sweet re-veal-ing, Grand the theme their mu-sic tells.



THE LITTLE CHILDREN'S SHEAVES.

EMMA PITT.

JAMES L. ORR.

DUET.

1. I know I'm but a wayward child, And
2. I want to work for Jesus, To
3. There in the up- per mansion fair, My

ORGAN.

lit- tle I can do, But Jesus knows my
do what He thinks right And give my off' ring,
Saviour dwells at home, The same dear one who

CHORUS.

ev - 'ry thought, He knows my heart is true. Tho' oft my ways are sin - ful, Un -
to the poor If on - ly but a mite. Then if I try and try again, My
when on earth Said, "Suffer them to come." "For- bid them not," oh tender words, My

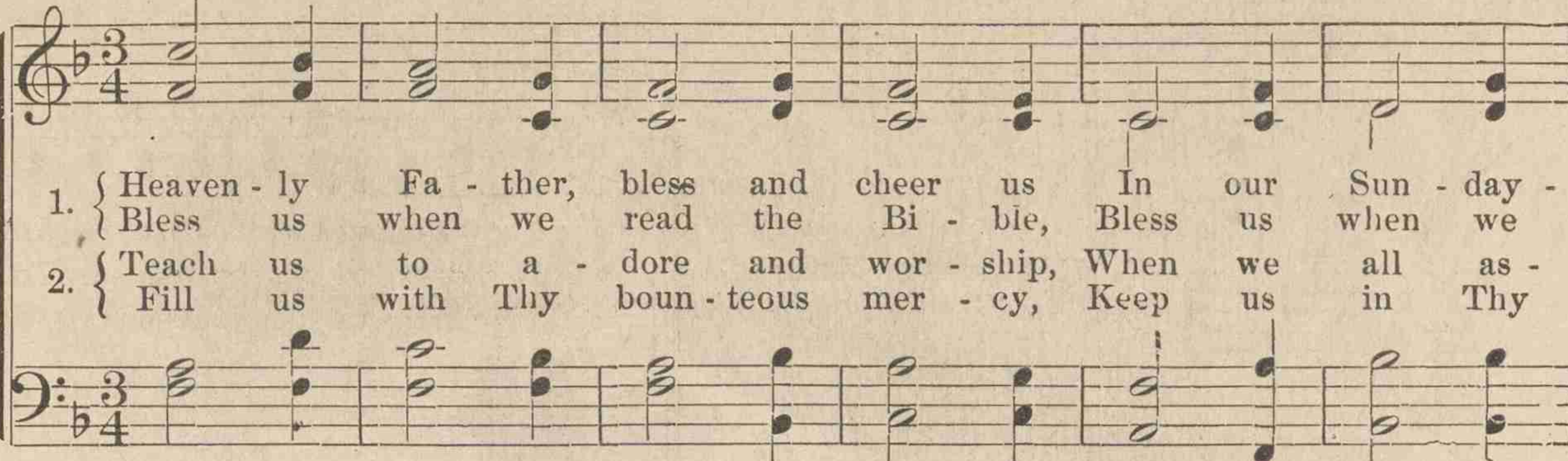
- til my spir- it grieves, I won- der if the Saviour takes The lit - tle children's sheaves.
trusting heart be - lieves That Christ will gather in His barn The lit - tle children's sheaves.
longing heart be - lieves That He will sure- ly gath- er in The lit - tle children's sheaves.

OPENING HYMN.

REV. J. B. HANNA.

"Enter into his courts with praise."

Allegro.



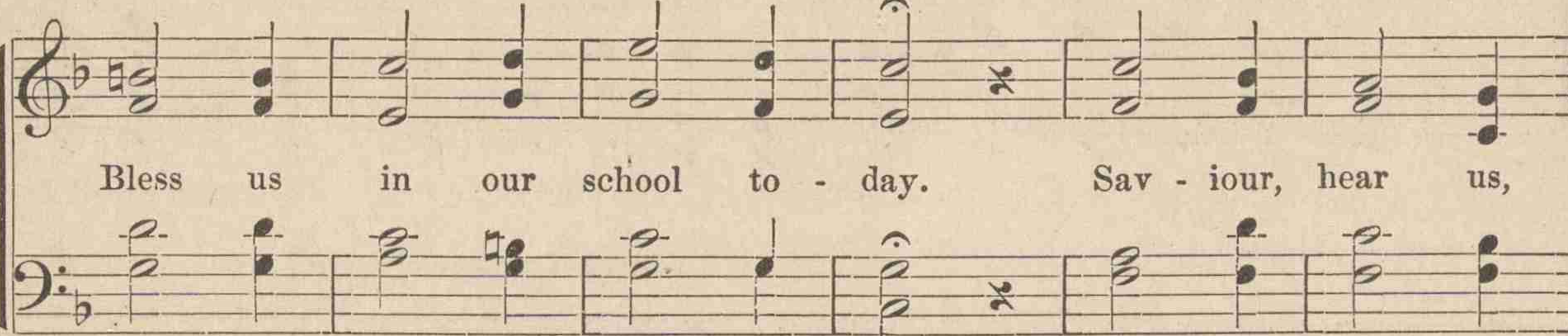
1. { Heaven - ly Fa - ther, bless and cheer us In our Sun - day -
Bless us when we read the Bi - ble, Bless us when we

2. { Teach us to a - dore and wor - ship, When we all as -
Fill us with Thy boun - teous mer - cy, Keep us in Thy

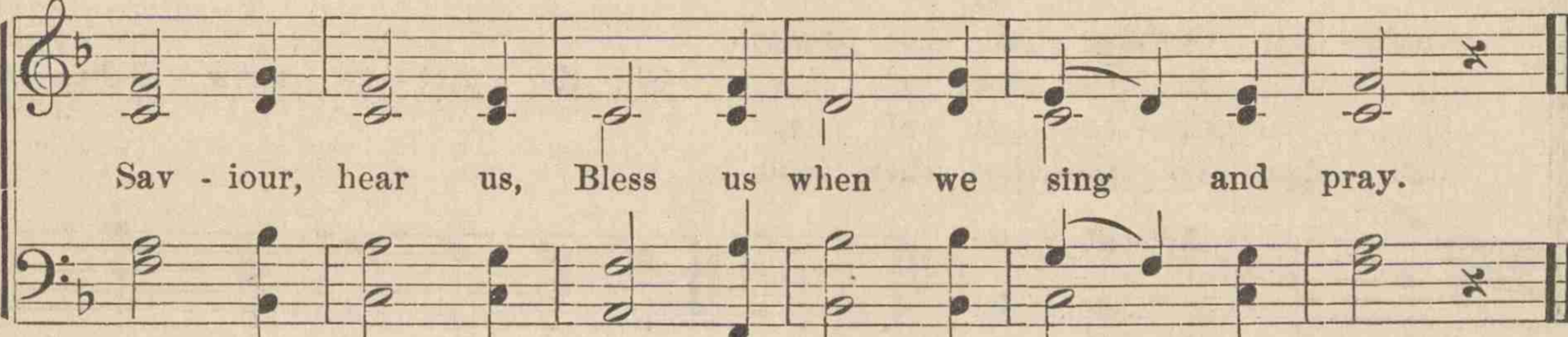
CHORUS.



school to - day; } Sav - iour, hear us, Sav - iour, hear us,
sing and pray. }
sem - ble here; }
love and fear. }



Bless us in our school to - day. Sav - iour, hear us,



Sav - iour, hear us, Bless us when we sing and pray.



SEE THE SNOW-FLAKES.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY EMMA PITT.

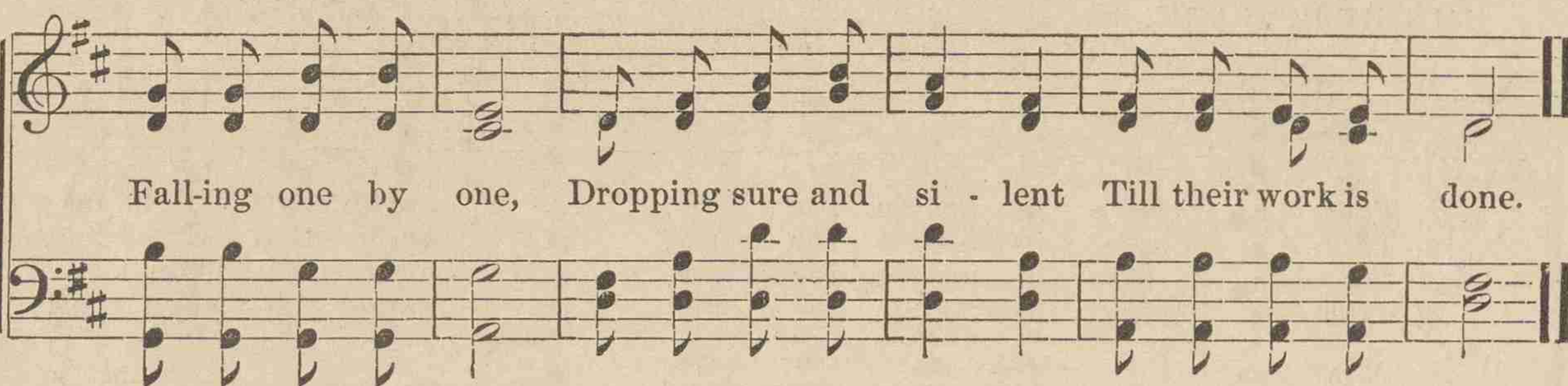
SEMI-CHORUS.

1. See the snow-flakes fall - ing, Gent - ly o'er the ground, At the Master's
2. Ti - ny, si - lent ef - forts Oft - en help - ful prove; Let us strive to
3. Cov - er dark - est pla - ces With a robe of white, Send a - mong the
4. Lit - tle lov - ing chil - dren, Working hand to hand, They can send the

FULL CHORUS. *Lively.*

call - ing, Cov'ring all a - round.
la - bor, In the work of love. Oh, the pret - ty snow - flakes
hea - then Mes - sa - ges of light.
Bi - ble To the hea - then land.

SEE THE SNOW-FLAKES.

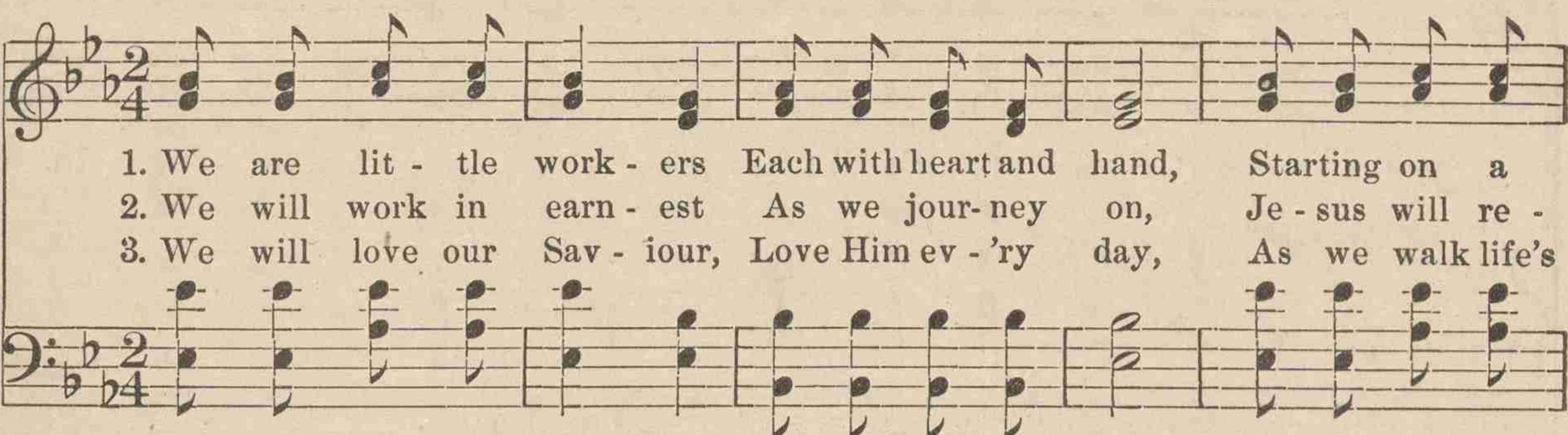


Fall-ing one by one, Dropping sure and si - lent Till their work is done.

LITTLE WORKERS.

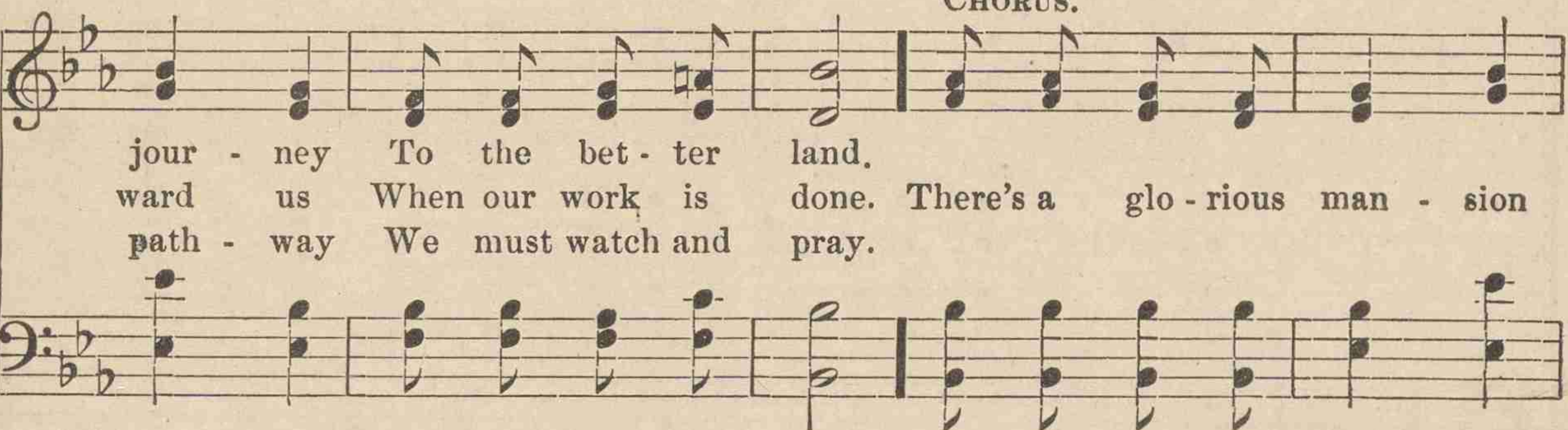
EMMA PITT.

JAMES L. ORR.



1. We are lit - tle work - ers Each with heart and hand, Starting on a
 2. We will work in earn - est As we jour - ney on, Je - sus will re -
 3. We will love our Sav - iour, Love Him ev - 'ry day, As we walk life's

CHORUS.



jour - ney To the bet - ter land.
 ward us When our work is done. There's a glo - rious man - sion
 path - way We must watch and pray.



We will hope to win, Christ the Lord will wel - come Lit - tle workers in.

FOR ME AND FOR THEE.

MINNIE R. CLARK.

H. H. M^cGRANAHAN, By per.

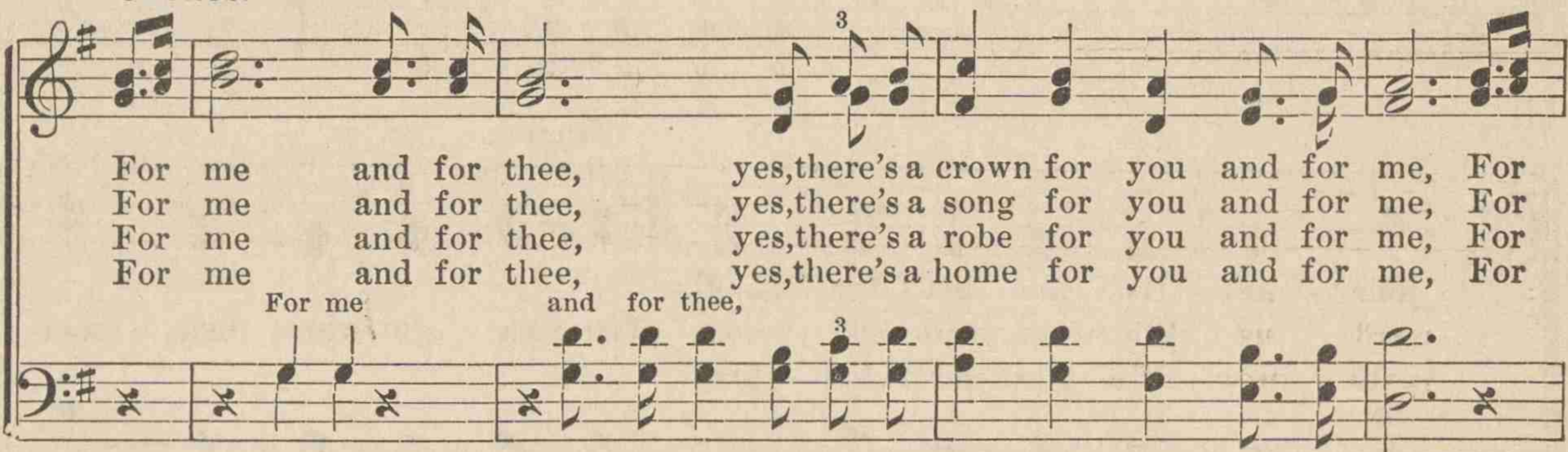


1. There's a crown in heav'n for me, A crown that I may
 2. There's a song in heav'n for me, A song that I may
 3. There's a robe in heav'n for me, A robe so clean and
 4. There's a home in heav'n for me, A home be - yond all

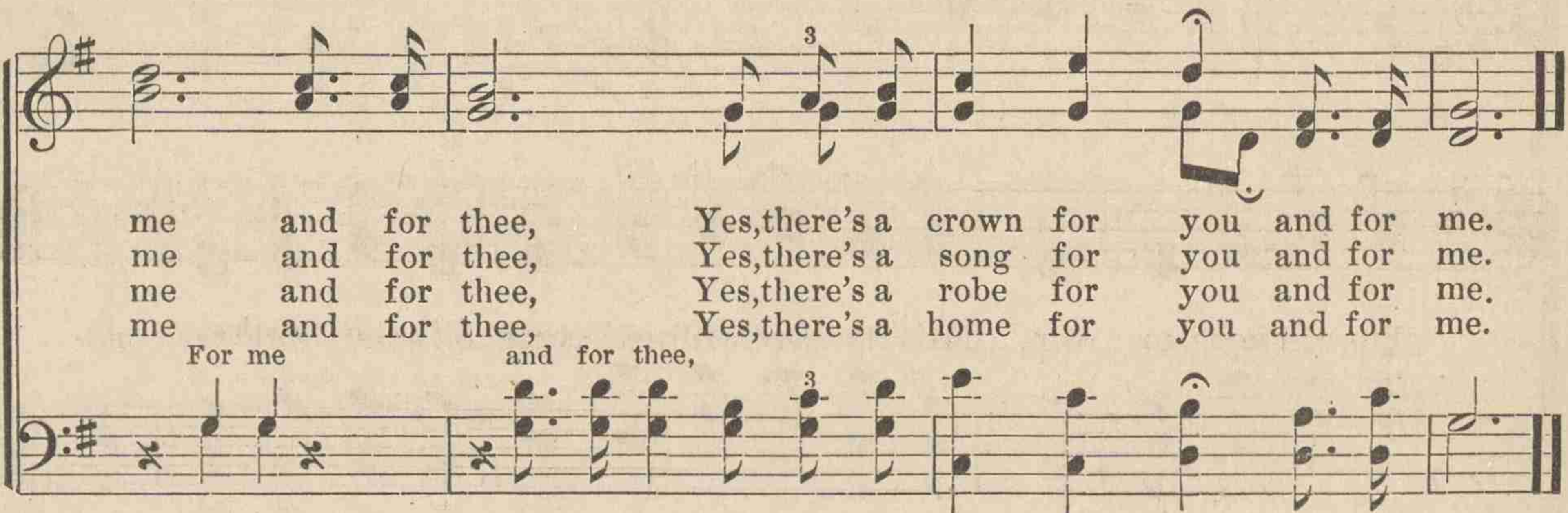


wear; There's a crown in heav'n for thee, A crown with jew - els rare.
 sing; There's a song in heav'n for thee, Of praise to Christ our King.
 white; There's a robe in heav'n for thee, Oh! pure and sweet de - light.
 sin; There's a home in heav'n for thee, Come, ye, and en - ter in.

CHORUS.



For me and for thee, yes, there's a crown for you and for me, For
 For me and for thee, yes, there's a song for you and for me, For
 For me and for thee, yes, there's a robe for you and for me, For
 For me and for thee, yes, there's a home for you and for me, For



me and for thee, Yes, there's a crown for you and for me.
 me and for thee, Yes, there's a song for you and for me.
 me and for thee, Yes, there's a robe for you and for me.
 me and for thee, Yes, there's a home for you and for me.

SING HOSANNA.

EMMA PITT.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

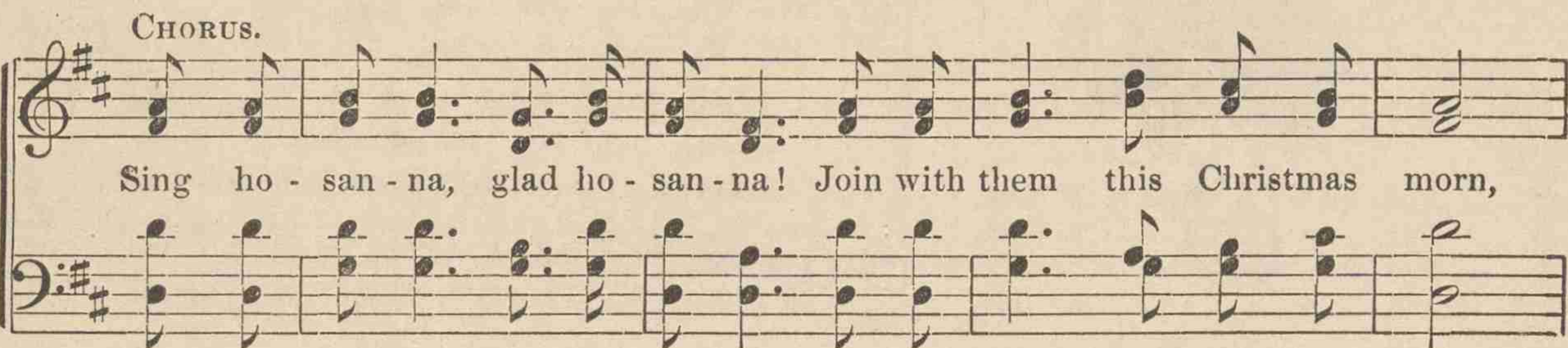


1. Hark! I hear the glad ho - san - na, Sweetly ring - ing thro' the sky,
2. List, how sweet the heav'nly voi - ces Chant it thro' the si - lent air,



Peal - ing forth the roy - al cho - rus, Glo - ry be to God on high.
Christ is born the King of glo - ry, Born that we his love might share.

CHORUS.



Sing ho - san - na, glad ho - san - na! Join with them this Christmas morn,



Heav'n and earth re - peat the sto - ry, Christ the Lord to - day is born.

3 Sing, oh sing the glad hosanna,
Thrilling notes of love to swell,
Herald forth the happy tidings,
Tidings full of joy we tell.

CHO.

4 Christ is born our mighty Saviour,
Oh, proclaim the news afar,
Still it shines with beams of glory,
Beth'lem's bright and morning star.

CHO.



SINGING ROUND THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

EMMA PITT.

W. A. OGDEN.

1st VERSE, SEMI-CHO. 2nd. SOLO, 3rd. DUET.

1. Come and join us as we sing,
2. List! while I the sto - ry tell,
3. Oh! the pleas - ant gifts we share,

Let your voic - es with us ring;
That you all may know it well;
Mer - ry Christ-mas ev - 'ry - where;

We are joy - ful as we play On this mer - ry, mer - ry day;
'Twas a glo - rious Christ-mas morn, That our Sav - iour, Christ was born
Send some por - tion to the poor, That come ling'ring near your door.

SINGING ROUND THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

DUET.



Fa - ther, Moth - er, Sis - ters dear, All our Broth - ers, too, are here,
In a lone - ly, hum - ble stall; Now He's King and Lord of all;
Je - sus loves a cheer - ful heart, One and all may bear a part;




School and les - sons laid a - side, For 'tis gold - en Christmas - tide.
Wise men sought Him from a - far, Guid - ed on by Bethl'hem's star.
Teach them, too, His love to sing, Crown Him in your hearts the King.



CHORUS.



Sing - ing round the Christ - mas tree, We will ev - er hap - py be;




None so mer - ry now as we, Sing - ing round the Christmas tree.



CHRIST, THE LORD, IS BORN TO-DAY.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY EMMA PITT.

Allegro.



1. Christ, the Lord, is born to-day; Rise and sing the joy-ful lay;
2. As they watch'd on Judea's plain, Sweet-ly rais'd the hap-py strain;
3. List! the ech-o floats a-far, As we gaze on Bethl'hem's star;

ritard.



Shout it, all ye sons of earth, Shepherds sang it at His birth.
"Peace on earth, good will to men;" Let all na-tions sing it then.
An-gels, too, their voic-es raise; Let us join them in their praise.

CHORUS. *a tempo.*



Loud ho-san-nas let us sing, Glo-ry to the new-born King;



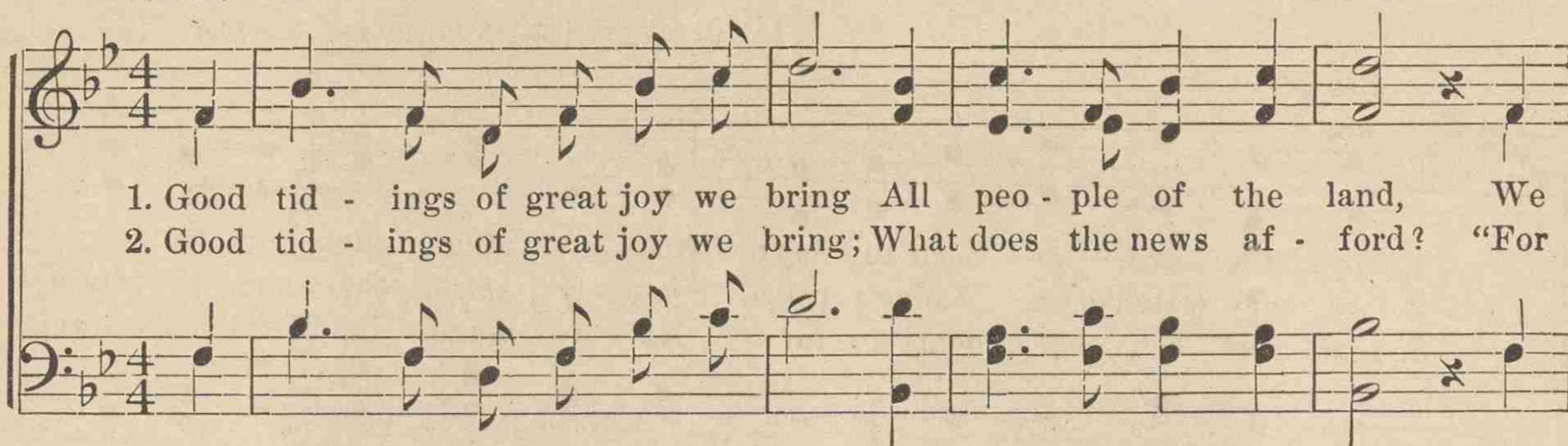
Loud ho-san-nas, Loud ho-san-nas, Glo-ry to the new-born King.

From "Gospel Light."

GOOD TIDINGS.

MRS. D. C. DOANE.

J. HARRY DEEMS.



1. Good tid - ings of great joy we bring All peo - ple of the land, We
2. Good tid - ings of great joy we bring; What does the news af - ford? "For



meet a - gain with songs of love, We greet with heart and hand.
un - to you is born this day, A Sav - iour, Christ the Lord."

CHORUS.



Wake up the ech - oes of the hills, Ho - san - na, let us sing, Good



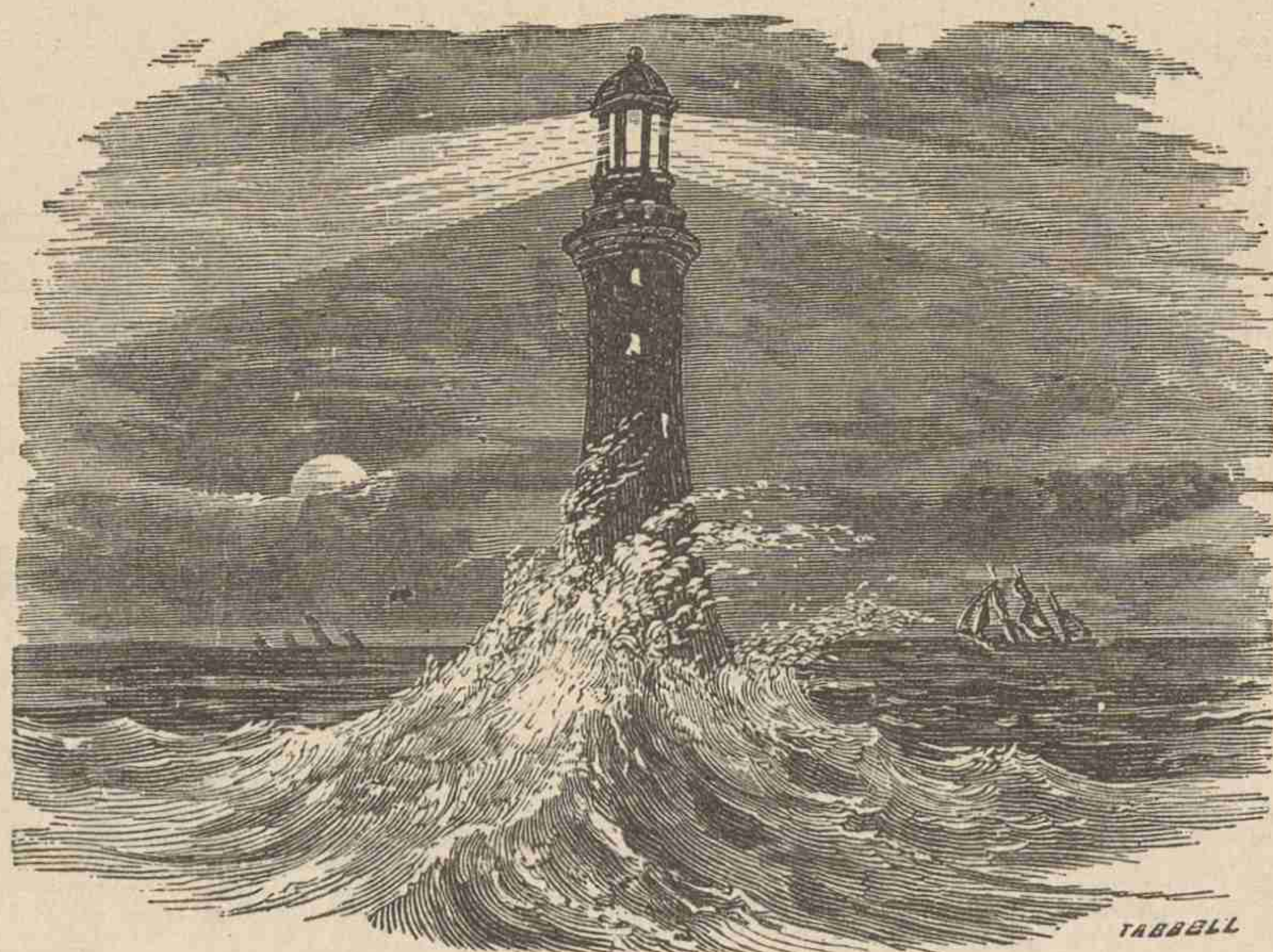
tid - ings, send them out a - far, Ho - san - na to our King.

3 From Beth'lem's darken'd brow of night,
The mighty pen is given
To write the brightest songs of earth,
The noblest psalms of Heaven.

CHO.

4 Good tidings of great joy we bring,
For Christ is Lord alone;
Come, offer to Him gifts of love
And worship at His throne.

CHO.



JESUS BIDS US SHINE.

INFANT CLASS.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, by per.

"Let your light shine before men."

1. Je - sus bids us shine with a pure, clear light,

Like a lit - tle can - dle burning in the night; In this world of dark - ness

we must shine, You in your cor - ner, I in mine.

2 Jesus bids us shine, first of all for him,
Well he sees and knows it if our lights are dim;
He looks down from Heaven to see us shine,
You in your corner, I in mine.

3 Jesus bids us shine, then, for all around,
Many kinds of darkness in this world are found;
Sin, and want, and sorrow; so we shine,
You in your corner, I in mine.

CLEANSE ME FROM SIN.

DR. C. R. BLACKALL.

R. A. KINZIE.

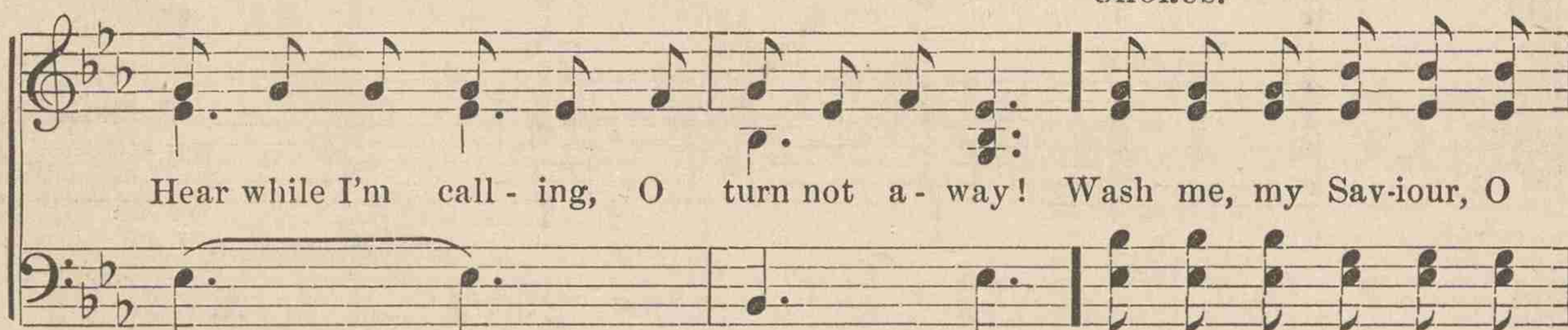


1. Hear me, my Sav-iour, O help me, I pray, I am so oft-en-times



tempt-ed to stray, Fre-quent for-get-ting Thee, day af-ter day;

CHORUS.



Hear while I'm call-ing, O turn not a-way! Wash me, my Sav-iour, O



cleanse me, I pray, Take all my sin-ful-ness whol-ly a-way.

2 Let me not once again walk the dark way,
Humbly I seek Thee, and humbly I pray;
Only to Thee can I look, day by day,
Help me, my Saviour, in truth to obey.

CHO.

3 Thou art my friend, and my guide, and my stay,
Filling with blessings my life every day;
Happy for me Thou wilt make all my way,
Never from Thee do I now want to stray.

CHO.

SOWING AND REAPING.

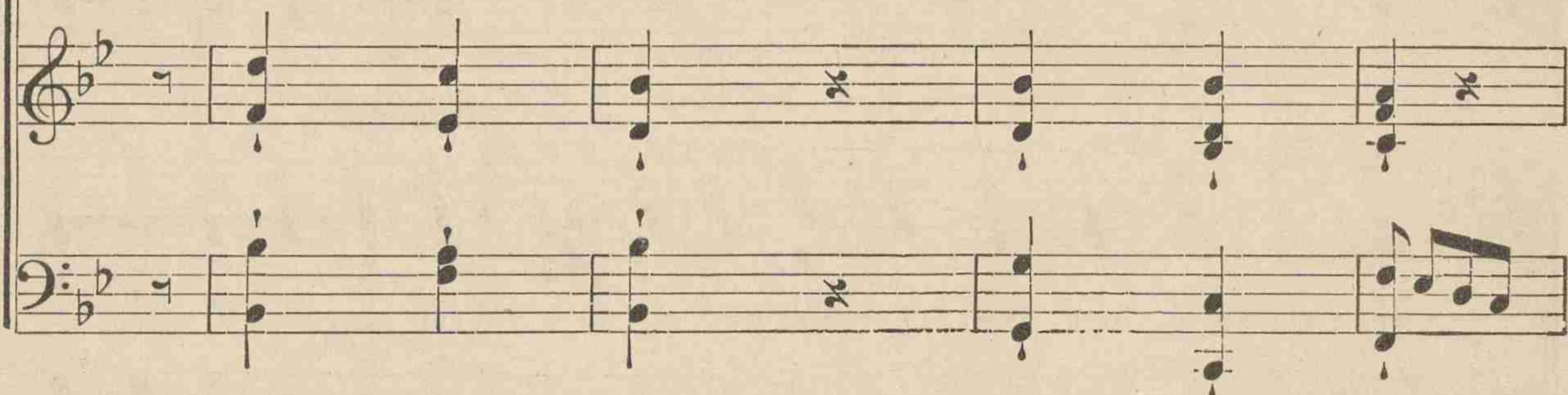
(MOTION SONG.)

E. E. REXFORD.

W. A. OGDEN.



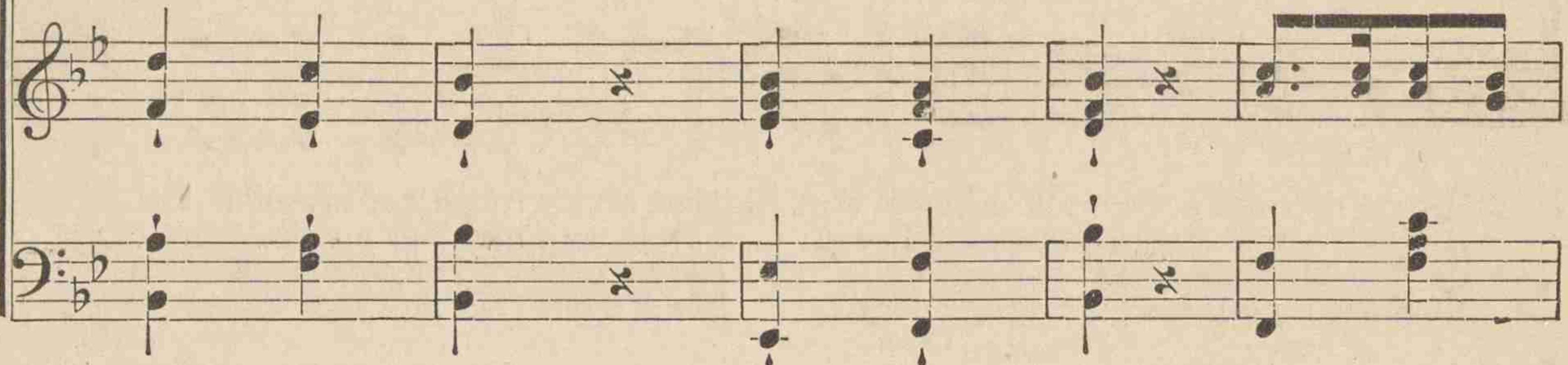
1. In Spring the farm - er sows his seed, And trusts the sun and rain Of
2. From North, from South, from East and West, God sends the Sum-mer rain, The
3. Our hearts are fields, where we in youth Should sow a prec-ious seed; Sow



DUET *ad lib.*



Summer days will bring to him Rich sheaves of Au-tumn grain. He sows it up and
sun comes up, the sun goes down, And har-vest comes a - gain. And then the farm-er
wis-dom there, and scat-ter truth, And kind - ly word and deed. Sow as the farm-er



SOWING AND REAPING.



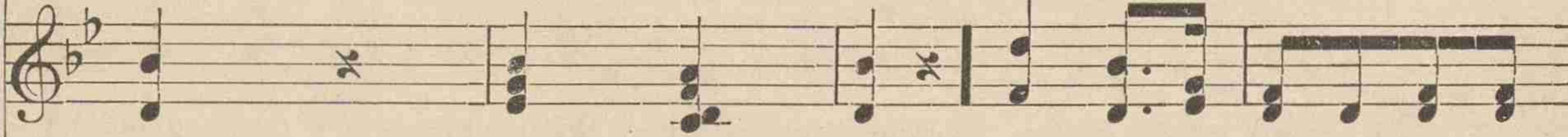
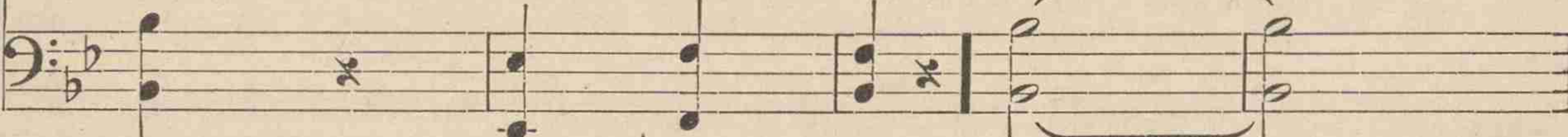
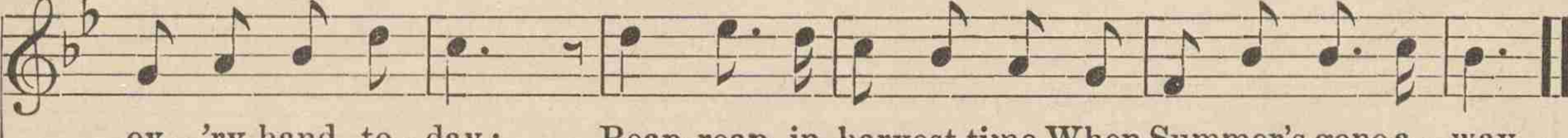
down the land, He scat - ters ev - 'ry - where The gold - en seed, the
reaps with joy The fields he sow'd in Spring, And to a hap - py
sows in Spring, And God's sweet sun and rain Will help us reap in




CHORUS.



pre - cious seed, And tills his fields with care.
har - vest - song The bu - sy sick - les ring. Sow, sow the good seed wide On
har - vest - time Rich sheaves of gol - den grain.

ev - 'ry hand to - day; Reap, reap in harvest-time When Summer's gone a - way.




BY AND BY.*

"Ye shall pass over this Jordan."—JOSH. i: 11.

W. T. D.

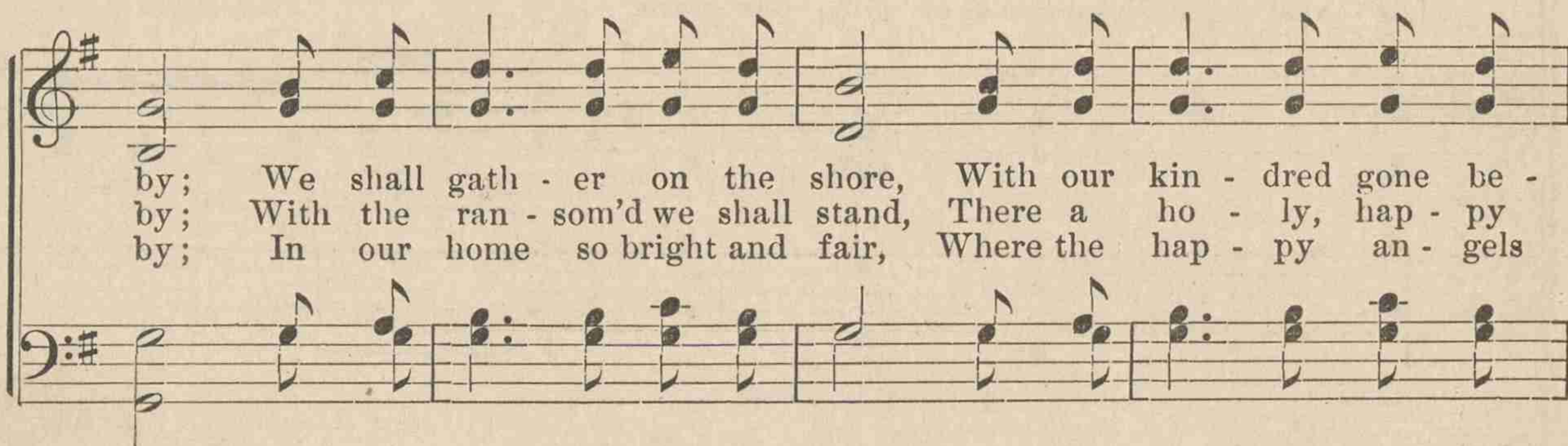
REV. W. T. DALE.



1. O - ver Jor - dan we shall meet, By and by, by and
 2. All our sor - rows shall be past, By and by, by and
 3. We shall join the heav'n - ly choir, By and by, by and



by; In that hap - py land so sweet, By and by, by and
 by; We shall reach our home at last, By and by, by and
 by; We shall strike the gold - en lyre, By and by, by and



by; We shall gath - er on the shore, With our kin - dred gone be -
 by; With the ran - som'd we shall stand, There a ho - ly, hap - py
 by; In our home so bright and fair, Where the hap - py an - gels



- fore, And the Sav - iour's name a - dore, By and by, by and by.
 band, Crown'd with glo - ry in that land, By and by, by and by.
 are, We shall praise for - ev - er there, By and by, by and by.

* From "Last Words: or, Spirit Whisper," By per. Rev. W. T. DALE.



LITTLE SAMUEL.

EMMA PITT.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Lively.

1. There was a lit - tle lov - ing child, And
2. Dear Sav - iour, help us ev - 'ry one, To

Sam - uel was his name, He list - en'd to his Ma - ker's call And
heed Thy ear - ly call, O let us at Thy al - tar bow And

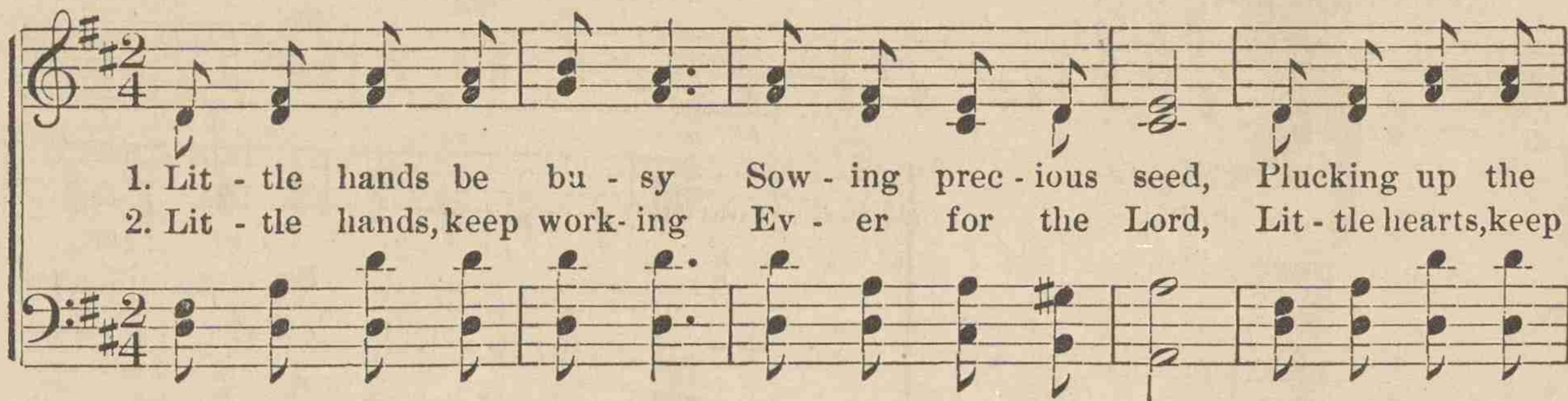
answer'd, "Here I am." O may we now the Saviour's voice In ten - der accents
love Thee first of all, Teach us and guide us ev - 'ry day, As in Thy sight to

hear, He wants the chil - dren one and all His name to love and fear.
hear, And help us each true heart to say, Speak, Lord, Thy call we hear.

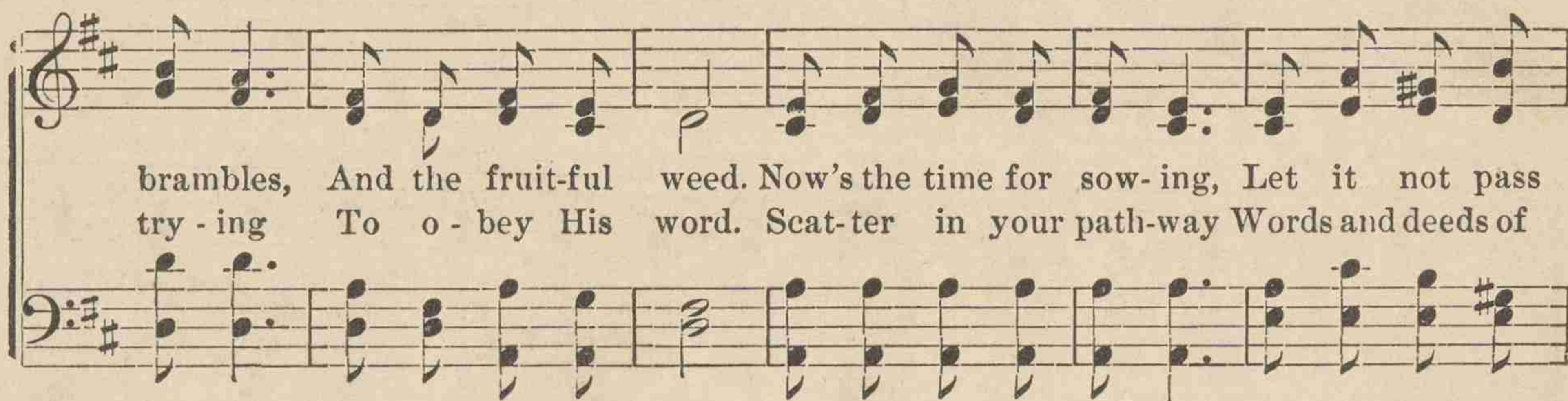
LITTLE HANDS.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. Lit - tle hands be bu - sy Sow - ing prec - ious seed, Plucking up the
2. Lit - tle hands, keep work - ing Ev - er for the Lord, Lit - tle hearts, keep



brambles, And the fruit-ful weed. Now's the time for sow-ing, Let it not pass
try - ing To o - bey His word. Scat - ter in your path-way Words and deeds of

CHORUS.



by, If you'd reap in harvest, Lit - tle hands, then try. Lit - tle hands, keep sowing,
love, Je - sus will re-ward you In your home a - bove.

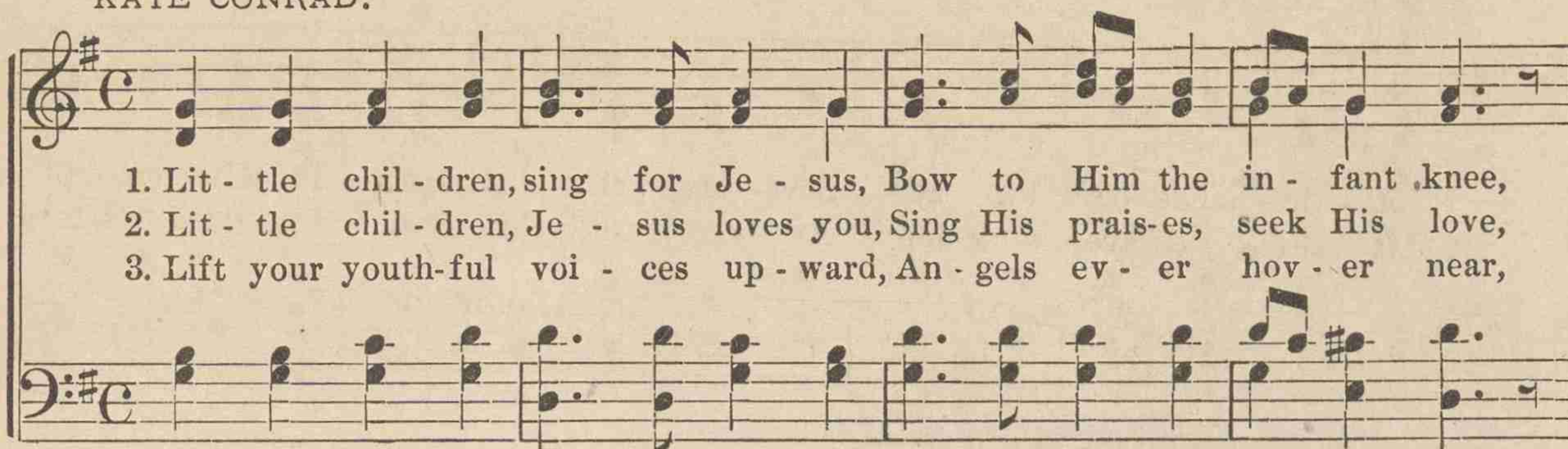


Lit - tle hearts, keep true, Al-ways for the Mas - ter, All life's jour - ney thro'.

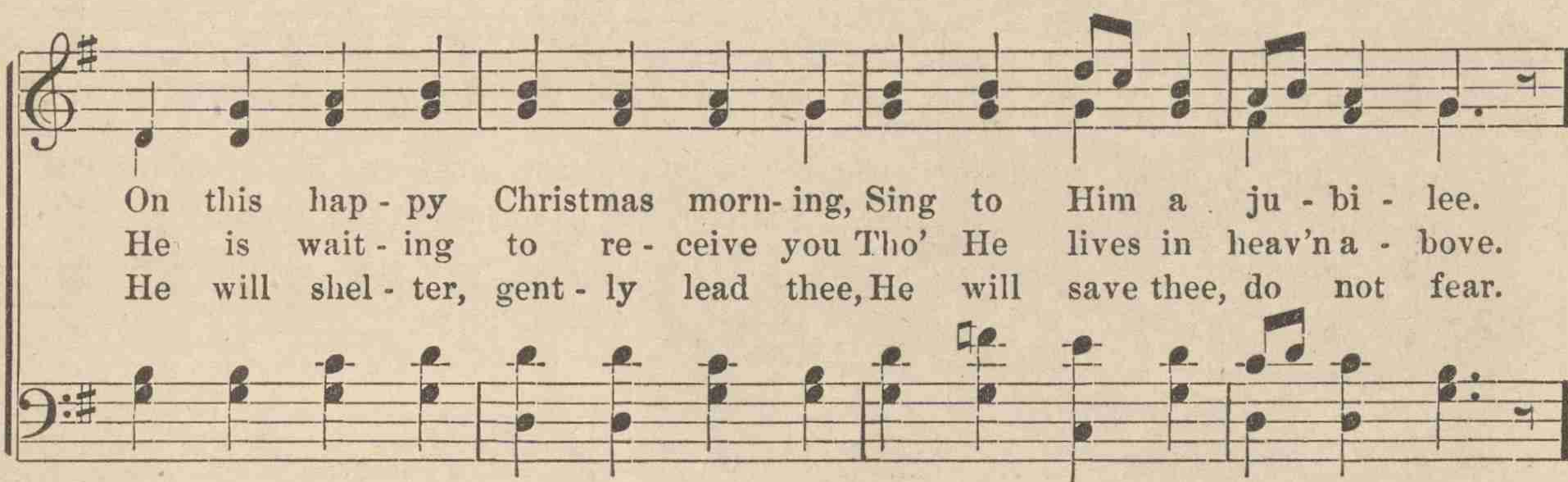
SING FOR JESUS.

(INFANT CLASS.)

KATE CONRAD.



1. Lit - tle chil - dren, sing for Je - sus, Bow to Him the in - fant knee,
 2. Lit - tle chil - dren, Je - sus loves you, Sing His prais-es, seek His love,
 3. Lift your youth-ful voi - ces up - ward, An - gels ev - er hov - er near,



On this hap - py Christmas morn-ing, Sing to Him a ju - bi - lee.
 He is wait - ing to re - ceive you Tho' He lives in heav'n a - bove.
 He will shel - ter, gent - ly lead thee, He will save thee, do not fear.

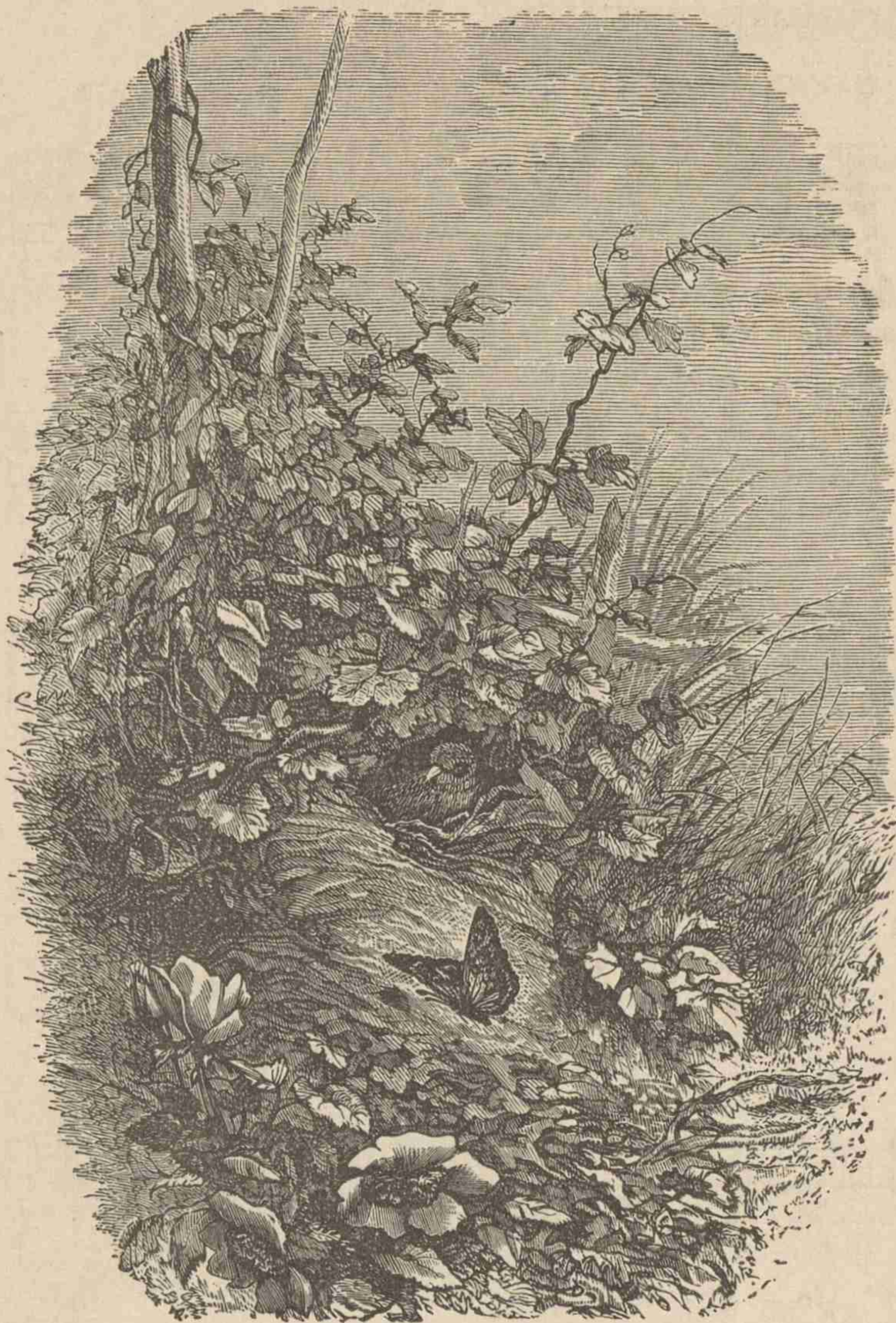
CHORUS.



Sing for Je - sus, sing for. Je - sus, Ech oes sweet, waft to the sky,



Sing for Je - sus, sing for Je - sus, Raise your in - fant voi - ces high.



SUMMER SONG.

E. E. REXFORD. B. C. UNSELD.



1. "Come out," sings the lark as he
2. Her voice is as sweet as the
3. "Come out and be glad," sings the



flies from the clo-ver, "Come
song of the lin-net, When
wind in the clo-ver, "The



out," cries the wren from his
heard like a lute on the
sum-mer is here we have



nest by the eaves, "Come out," sings the rob-in, "Come out," calls the plover, "For
hills far a-way, The but-ter-cup laughs to the bee rock-ing in it, And
wait-ed so long." There's joy, like a smile, in the skies that bend over; The



SUMMER SONG.

CHORUS.



Sum - mer is com-ing," laugh all the youngleaves.
li - ly-bells ring out their gladness to - day. "Come out," sing the birds, "Come
Sum - mer's a po - em, a beau-ti-ful song.




out," sing the blos - soms Un - fold - ing their hearts to the




kiss of the sun, The rap - ture of June-time stirs earth's ten-der bo - som, As




wide rings the cho - rus, "The Sum - mer's be - gun."

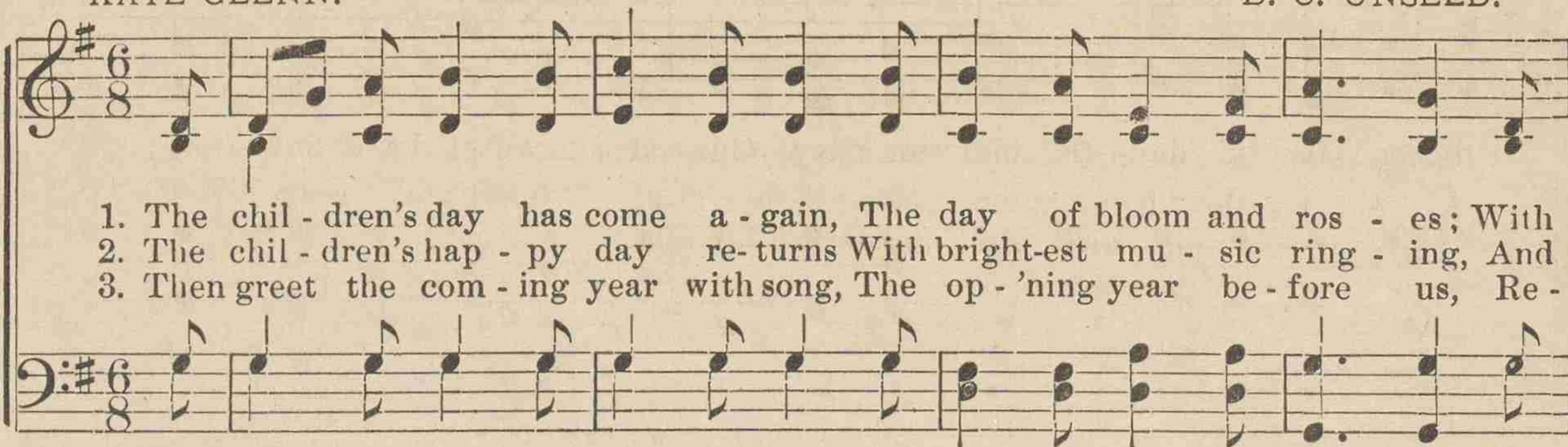


THE CHILDREN'S DAY.

"He hath blessed thy children within thee."

KATE GLENN.

B. C. UNSELD.



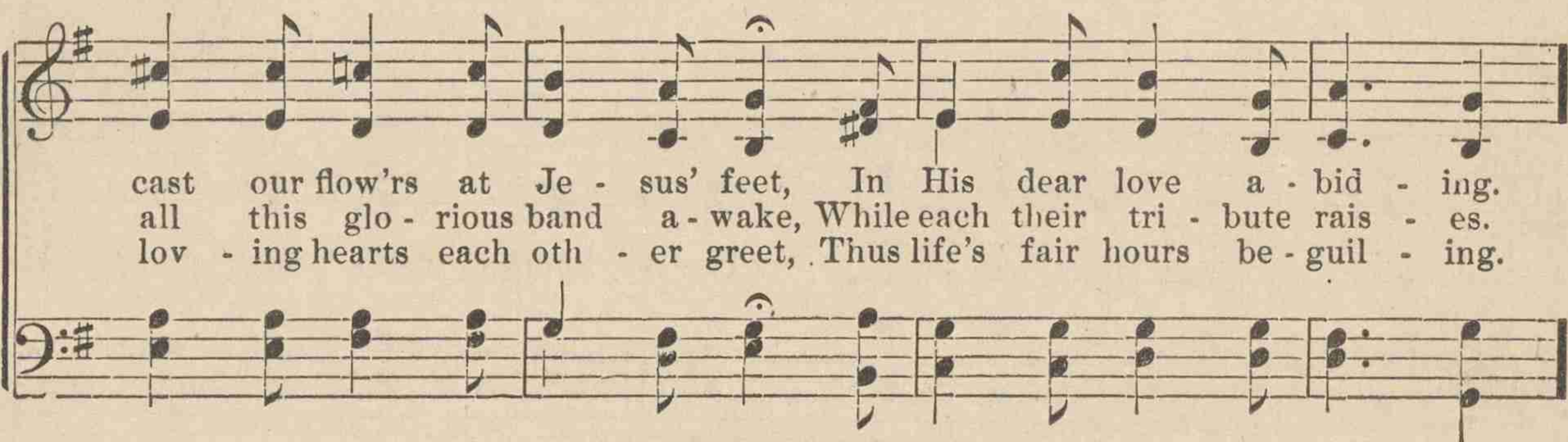
1. The chil - dren's day has come a - gain, The day of bloom and ros - es; With
 2. The chil - dren's hap - py day re - turns With bright - est mu - sic ring - ing, And
 3. Then greet the com - ing year with song, The op - 'ning year be - fore us, Re -



joy we lift our hearts to God, In whom our faith re - pos - es; An -
 all the hills, and e'en the dales Are full of Na - ture's sing - ing; Now
 joice in Christ, the chil - dren's Friend, His ban - ner's wav - ing o'er us; The



oth - er year has pass'd a - way, We meet with hopes con - fid - ing, Would
 we would join in thank - ful notes, And sing our Sav - iour's prais - es, Let
 sum - mer days are full of joy, And bright the fields are smil - ing, With



cast our flow'rs at Je - sus' feet, In His dear love a - bid - ing.
 all this glo - rious band a - wake, While each their tri - bute rais - es.
 lov - ing hearts each oth - er greet, Thus life's fair hours be - guil - ing.

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THE CHILDREN'S DAY.

CHORUS.

Oh, beau - ti - ful day—the chil-dren's day, Our al - tars deck'd with flow - ers; Our

hearts keep-ing tune in leaf - y June, To child-hood's hap - py hours.

THY WILL BE DONE.

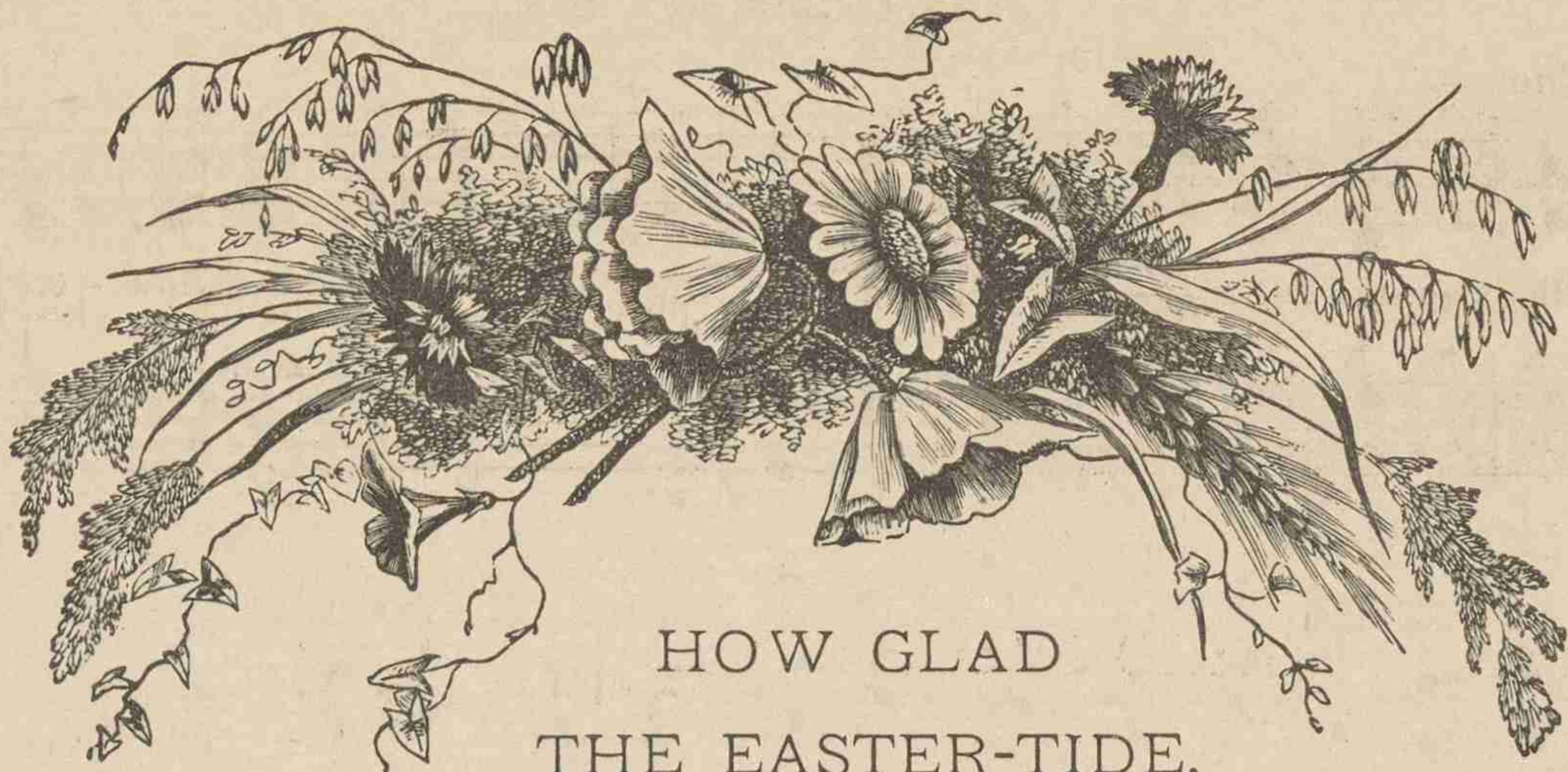
BOWRING.

1. "Thy will be | done!" In devious way The hurrying stream of life may run;

Yet still our grateful hearts shall say, "Thy— | will be | done."

2 "Thy will be done!" || If o'er us shine
A gladd'ning and a | prosp'rous, | sun, ||
This prayer will make it more divine,
"Thy— | will be | done."

3 "Thy will be done!" || Though shrouded o'er
Our | path with | gloom, || one comfort, one:
Is ours: to breathe, while we adore,
"Thy— | will be | done."



HOW GLAD THE EASTER-TIDE.

EMMA PITT.

W. A. O. By per.

*"Lo! the winter is past. * * * the flowers appear on the earth."*

Allegro.

1. How sweet the com - ing of the spring, How fair the flow - 'rets
2. He lives! He lives! to sleep no more, Our great ex - alt - ed
3. Ten thou - sand times ten thou - sand now, Can sing the might - y
4. A - way o'er dis - tant trop - ic skies, The mul - ti - tude shall

bloom; How glorious all in na - ture beams, E - merg - ing from the tomb!
Head; We shall His res - ur - rec - tion know, And hail our ris - en dead.
song; While at the Saviour's feet they bow, And at His al - tar throng!
bend; While here our joy - ful an - thems rise, Our notes of praise as - cend.

REFRAIN.

How sweet - ly sing the an - gels, How glad the Eas - ter -

HOW GLAD THE EASTER-TIDE.

tide; Fill ev' - ry font with flow - ers pure, He lives! the cru - ci - fied!

This musical block contains the first system of a song. It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the notes.

GOD THE FATHER LOVES ME.

* * *

L. E. FUNNELL.

God the Fa-ther loves me, Je - sus died for me, And the Ho - ly Spi - rit

This block contains the first system of the hymn 'GOD THE FATHER LOVES ME.' It is in G major and 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff has a simple accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the notes.

Guides and com-forts me. Glo - ry to the Fa - ther, Glo - ry to the

This block contains the second system of the hymn. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the bass staff continues with its accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the notes.

Son, Glo - ry to the Spi - rit, Bless - ed Three in One.

This block contains the third system of the hymn, which concludes the piece. The melody ends with a final note in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a final accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the notes.

WE ALWAYS WILL BE HAPPY.

S. G. SMITH.



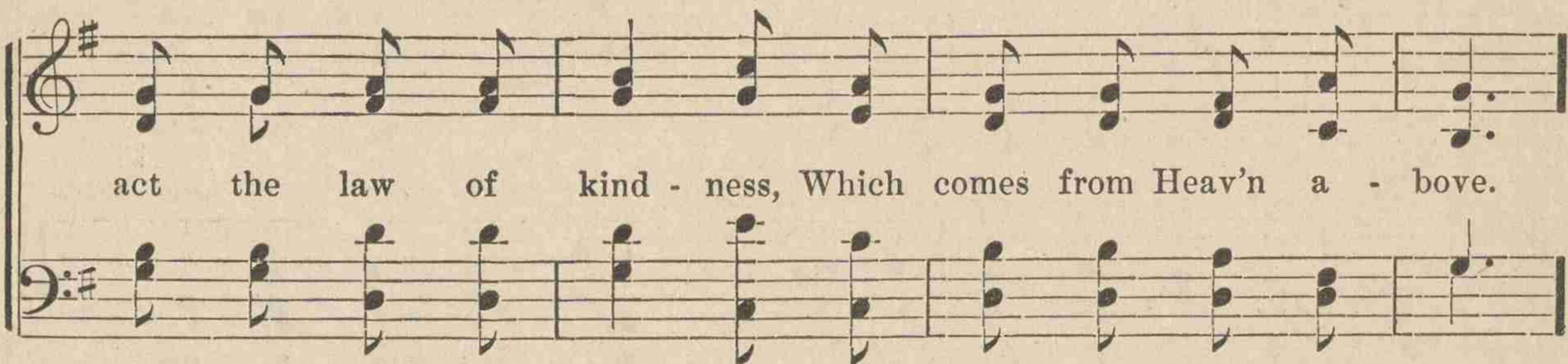
1. I want you all to lis - ten Un - to my sto - ry true, A -



bout the ma - ny good things God teach - es us to do.



2. Our lit - tle hands be bu - sy In on - ly deeds of love, To



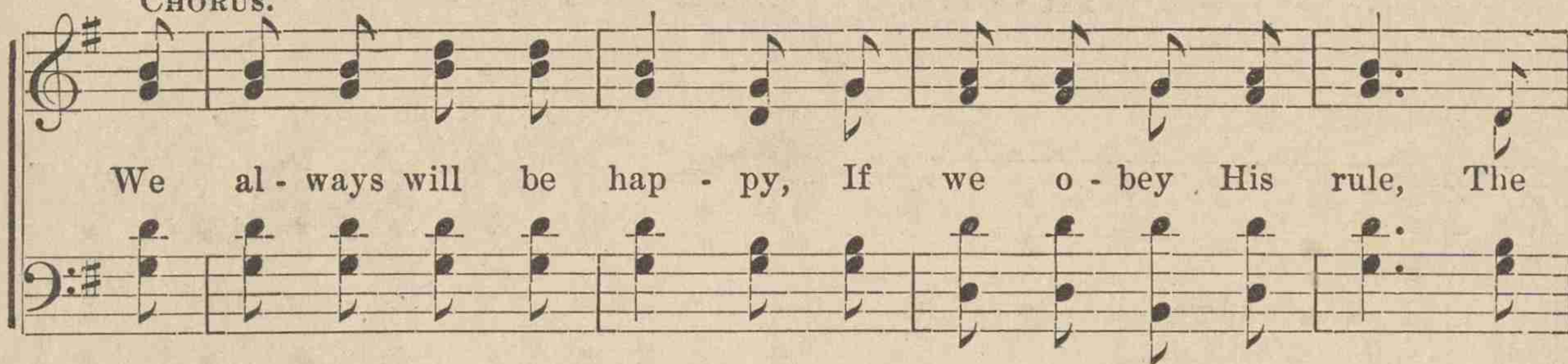
act the law of kind - ness, Which comes from Heav'n a - bove.

3 To keep our little talkers
From every sinful word,
And teach our little walkers
To take the narrow road.

4 To lift our eyes to Heaven,
And look on holy things
Which God has made in beauty,
Like robes and crowns of kings.

WE ALWAYS WILL BE HAPPY.

CHORUS.



We al - ways will be hap - py, If we o - bey His rule, The

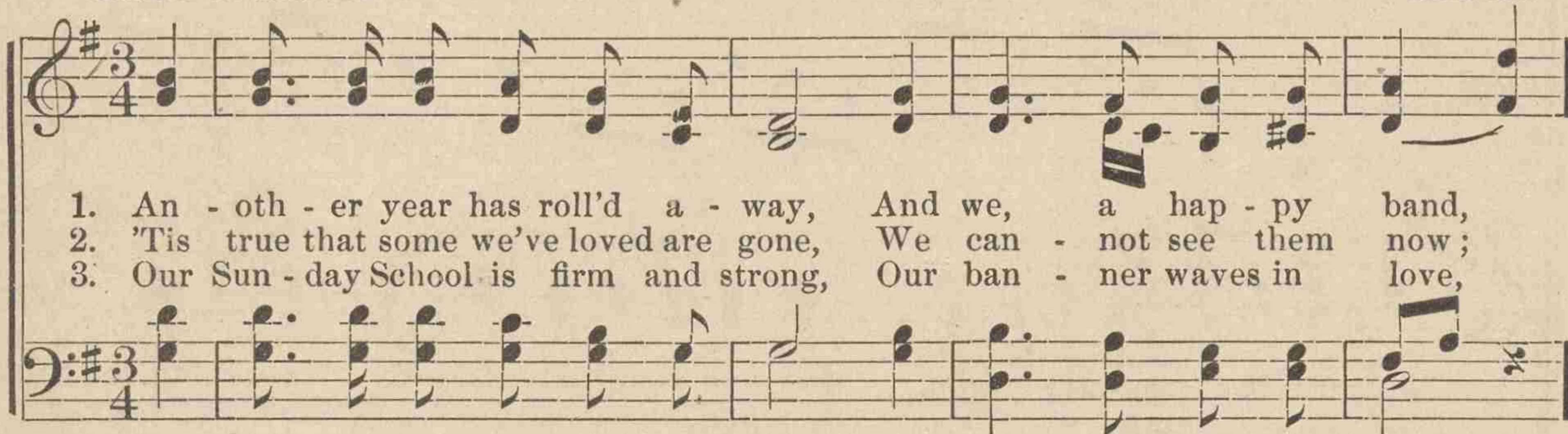


laws of love and kind - ness Taught in our Sun - day school.

ANNIVERSARY.

KATE CONRAD.

Music arr.



1. An - oth - er year has roll'd a - way, And we, a hap - py band,
2. 'Tis true that some we've loved are gone, We can - not see them now;
3. Our Sun - day School is firm and strong, Our ban - ner waves in love,



Have met to sing, have met to pray, And join our heart and hand.
Our al - tars now we deck with flowers, They crown the Sav - iour's brow.
We sing of Je - sus here be - low, We'll sing with Him a - bove.

From "Gospel Light."

LITTLE BRANCHES.

"I am the vine; ye are the branches."

MAY CLIFTON.

R. A. KINZIE.



MOTION SONG.*

1. We are lit - tle branch - es Of the Sav-iour's
2. We are ten - der branch - es, Soon would crooked

vine; By our love for Him we With Him - self en - twine.
be; Keep us straight, dear Sav - iour, Keep us close to Thee.

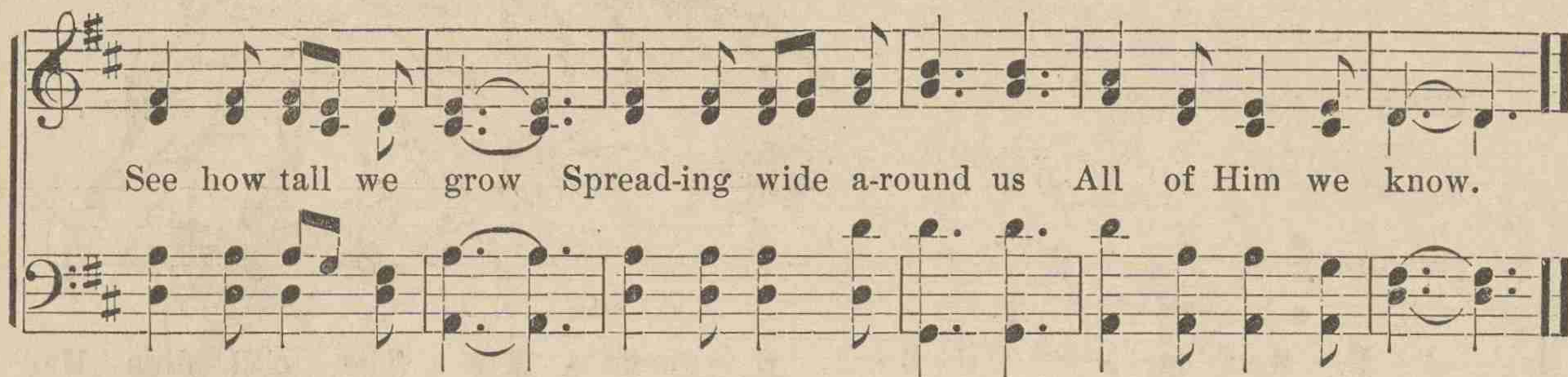
We are His dear chil - dren, He our dear - est friend; We would live for
Teach us to grow like Thee, More and more each day; Guide and keep us,

CHORUS.

Je - sus, Till our life shall end. We are grow - ing branch - es,
Sav - iour, In the bless - ed way.

*Suitable motions suggested by teacher.

LITTLE BRANCHES.



See how tall we grow Spread-ing wide a-round us All of Him we know.

THANK THE GREAT CREATOR.

C. E. P.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. Thank the great Cre - a - tor For His ten - der care, For the food He
2. Thank Him for your pa - rents, Ev - er fond and true, Broth - ers, sis - ters,



gives you, And the clothes you wear; For the teem - ing val - ley,
play - mates, And your teach - ers, too; Thank Him for the Bi - ble,



And the ver - dant plain, For the gold - en sun - shine, And the sil - ver rain.
That points out the way To a world of glo - ry, Where is end - less day.

OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

S. G. SMITH.



1. I won - der if Je - sus re - mem - bers The chil - dren He
2. He gath - ered the chil - dren a - bout Him; He spoke to them



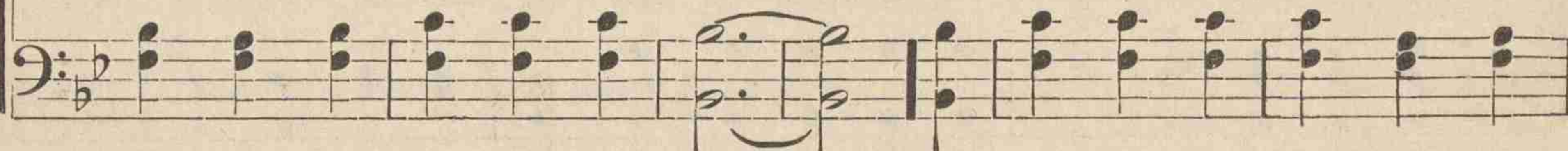
blest long a - go; . . "Of such is the king-dom of Heav - en," He
wis - dom and love; . And told them of God and of Heav - en, And



CHORUS.



said, When He dwelt here be - low. . . "Of such is the king-dom of
showed them the path-way a - bove. . .



OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM.



Hea - ven!" I love the sweet words to re - peat; . .



Oh, lead me and love me, dear Je - sus, At last let me



p rit.
sit at Thy feet, . . At last let me sit at Thy feet. . .

Today, as of old, He is with us,
He shows us the way we should go;
He loves us, He gives us His blessing,
The same as to those long ago.



LITTLE STARS.

EMMA PITT.

L. E. FUNNELL.

1. God bless the star, the lit - tle star, That shines so sweet-ly down, And
2. Oh, help us show some wand'ring one The way to Je - sus' love: They
3. God bless the chil-dren, ev' - ry one, Teach them His name to love, And

grant that we—yes, ev - en we May win some for Thy crown.
will a - dorn with ho - ly light Our Sav - iour's crown a - bove.
make them shine in beau - ty here, Then dwell with Him a - bove.

LITTLE STARS.

CHORUS.



We are the stars, the lit - tle stars, To shine for Je - sus here; Oh,



teach us, Sav - iour, day by day, Thy name to love and fear.

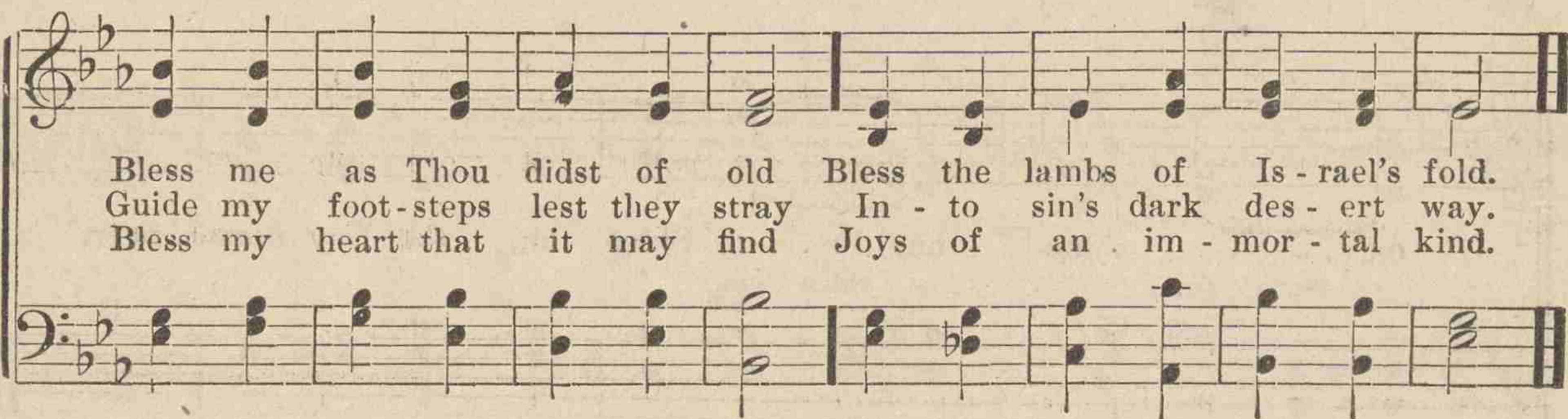
HEAR ME, SAVIOUR.

A. S. K.

ALDINE S. KIEFFER.



1. Hear me, Sav - iour, while I pray On this ho - ly Sab - bath day;
2. Hold my hand with - in Thine own, That I may not walk a - lone;
3. Bless mine eyes that they may see Light and life a - lone in Thee;



Bless me as Thou didst of old Bless the lambs of Is - rael's fold.
Guide my foot-steps lest they stray In - to sin's dark des - ert way.
Bless my heart that it may find Joys of an im - mor - tal kind.

SHINE ON.

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."—Mat. v: 16.

M. V. M.

JAMES McGRANAHAN. By per.

1. My light is but a lit - tle one, My light of faith and pray'r, But
 2. I may not hide my lit - tle light, The Lord has told me so, 'Tis
 3. Oh! lit - tle light, shine on, shine on, In this dark heart of mine, Un -

lo! it glows like God's great Sun, For it was light - ed there.
 giv - en me to keep in sight, That all may see it glow.
 til some oth - er soul be drawn, To seek the light di - vine.

CHORUS.

Shine on, shine on, Shine on . . . bright and clear, Shine
 Shine on, shine on,

on, shine on, Shine on, the Day draws near.
 Shine on, shine on,

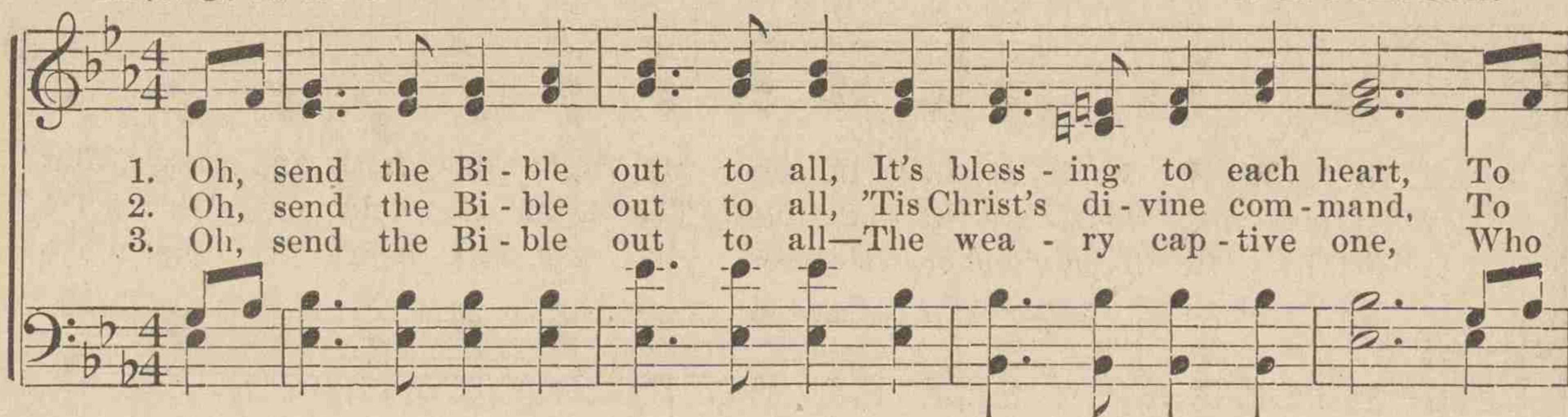
OH, SEND THE BIBLE.

(MISSIONARY.)

"Lift up a standard for the people."

MRS. D. E. KNOWLES.

C. E. POLLOCK.

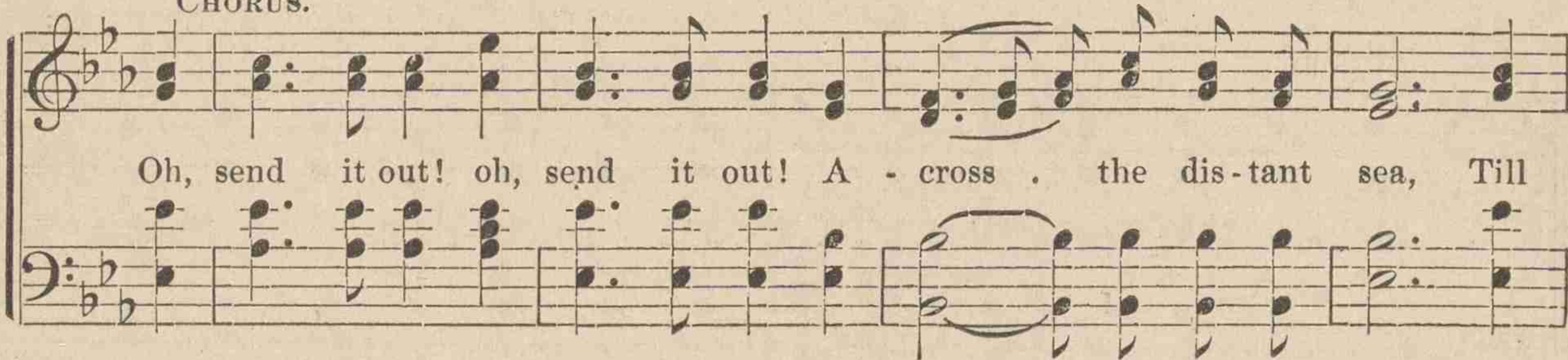


1. Oh, send the Bi - ble out to all, It's bless - ing to each heart, To
2. Oh, send the Bi - ble out to all, 'Tis Christ's di - vine com - mand, To
3. Oh, send the Bi - ble out to all—The wea - ry cap - tive one, Who



hush the storm - y pas - sions here, And peace, sweet peace im - part.
preach the Gos - pel ev' - ry - where; Then give with gen' - rous hand.
suf - fers 'neath the ty - rant's power, May know the pard'n - ing Son.

CHORUS.



Oh, send it out! oh, send it out! A - cross . the dis - tant sea, Till



hun - gry mil - lions shall re - ceive Its truth, so full and free.

JESUS LOVES THE CHILDREN DEAR.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK. By per.

Lively.



1. Je - sus loves the chil - dren dear, Loves to have them al - ways near;
2. If we wan - der from His side, Then some e - vil may be - tide;
3. Pre - cious Sav - iour, day by day, Lead us in the nar - row way;



Close be - side Him we will stay, Nev - er leave Him all the day.
For our wick - ed hearts with - in Of - ten lead us in - to sin.
Take us gen - tly by the hand, Lead us to the bet - ter land.



CHORUS.



Je - sus loves the chil - dren dear, Loves to have them al - ways near;



He will take them when they die, To His hap - py home on high.



WORK FOR ALL!

EMMA PITT.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. { While walk-ing by the mos-sy bank I saw the rain-drop fall, I
But soon I saw an-oth-er come, With ma-ny, ma-ny more, And

wondered what one drop could do, So ti-ny and so small; }
then the ground grew rich and moist From heav-en's boun-teous store. }

CHORUS.

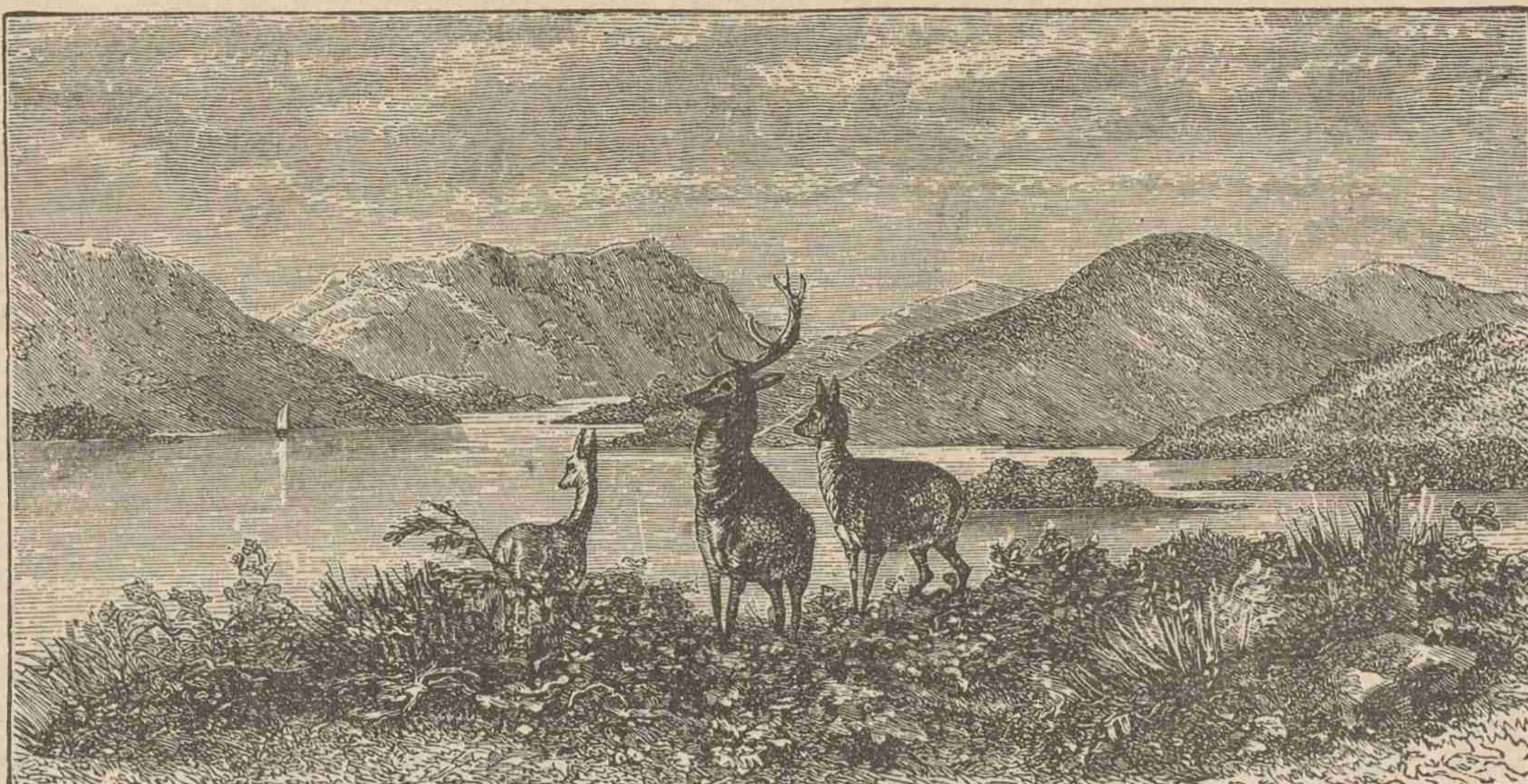
So I may work for Je-sus, too, Tho' I am on-ly small; He'll

give me more and more to do, For He has work for all.

2 I saw the little brooklet glide
In ripples sweet and slow,
I lingered near its sunny side,
To see where it would go;
I could not watch it rivers make
Or join the ocean spray,
But still I know it rippled on,
And traveled ev'ry day.

3 I saw the busy, busy bee
Flit oft from flow'r to flow'r,
No store it had that I could see,
But still it worked each hour;
Oh, let us learn the simple truth,
And ever bear in mind
That ev'rything that God hath made,
Is useful in its kind.

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WE HAIL THE GLADSOME SUNSHINE.

ANON.

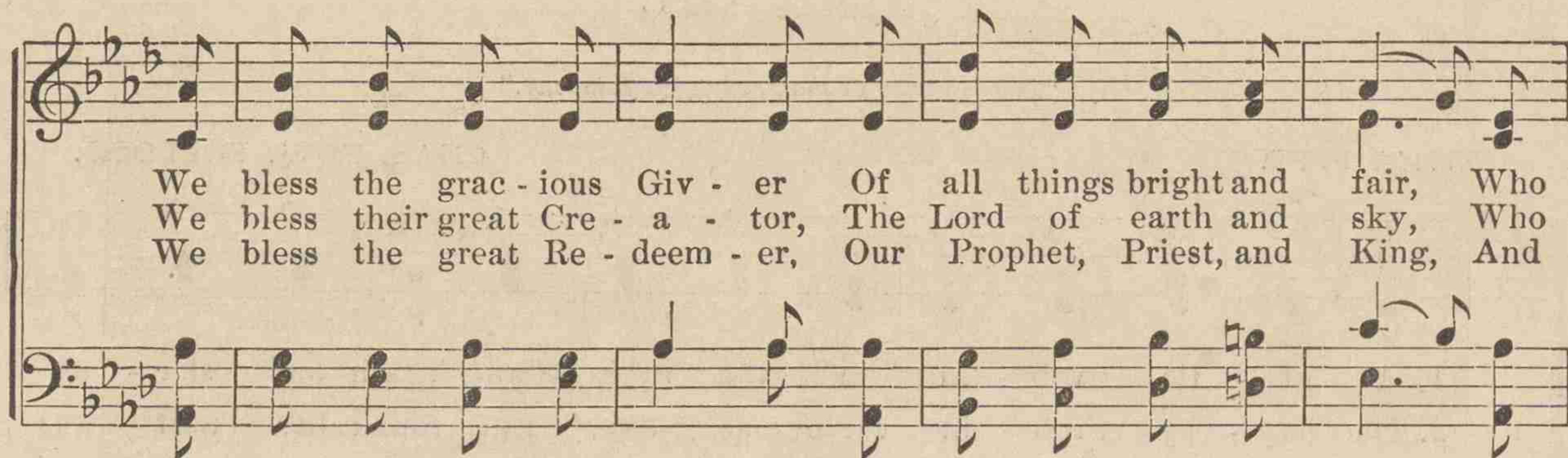
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Lively.

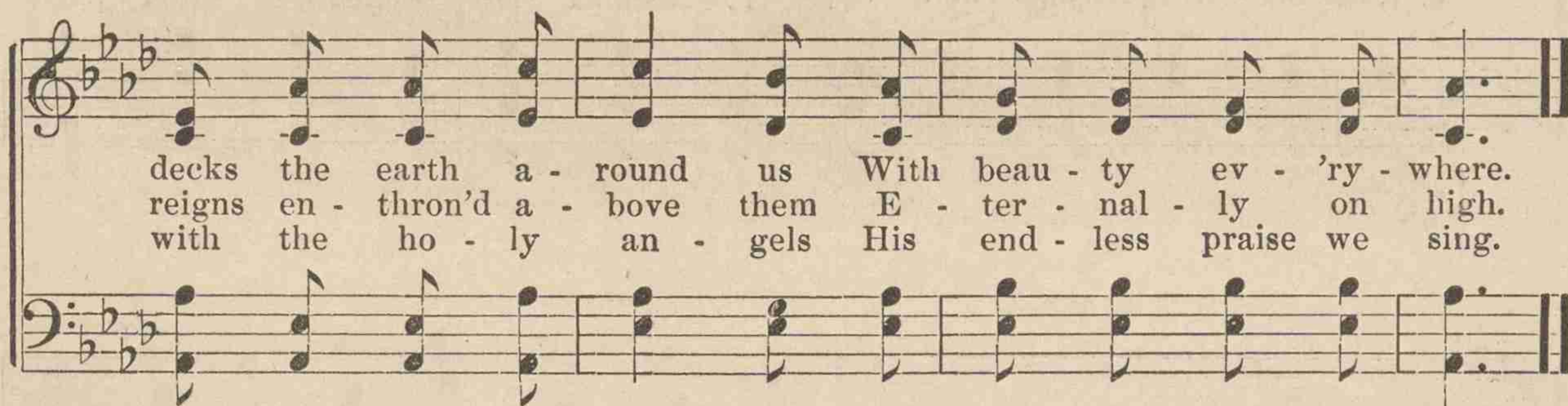
1. We hail the glad - some sun - shine, The flow'r-ets bright and gay, The
2. We hail the sil - ver moon-beams, Which shine thro' peace-ful night, The
3. We hail the Name of Je - sus, The Name that speaks of peace; Of

streams that leap and spar - kle, Re - joic - ing on their way.
stars that deck the heav - ens, In si - lent splen - dor bright.
sin no more re - mem - bered, Of joys that ne'er will cease.

WE HAIL THE GLADSOME SUNSHINE.



We bless the grac - ious Giv - er Of all things bright and fair, Who
 We bless their great Cre - a - tor, The Lord of earth and sky, Who
 We bless the great Re - deem - er, Our Prophet, Priest, and King, And



decks the earth a - round us With beau - ty ev - 'ry - where.
 reigns en - thron'd a - bove them E - ter - nal - ly on high.
 with the ho - ly an - gels His end - less praise we sing.

WELCOME, SWEET DAY.

A. S. K.



1. Wel - come, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise!
 2. The King him - self comes near, And feasts His saints to - day;
 3. One day a - midst the place Where my dear God hath been,



Wel - come to this re - viv - ing breast, And these re - joic - ing eyes.
 Here we may sit and see Him here, And love, and praise and pray.
 Is sweet - er than ten thou - sand days Of pleas - ure and of sin.

TOIL ON.

"In due season ye shall reap if ye faint not."

EMMA PITT.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. A lit - tle rob - in in the Spring Came 'neath our sha - dy
2. The hap - py rob - in came one day, But found her nest was
3. With flut - tring wings and hap - py songs She wrought her earth - made

The first system of music consists of a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The treble staff contains the melody, and the bass staff contains a simple harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

eaves, And in her mouth would dai - ly bring Her twigs or fall - en
gone, Her down - y nest was torn a - way, While she had dis - tant
wall, And when the days and weeks flew by, We heard the bird - lings

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

leaves; She toil - ed on to build her nest, Tho' cru - el hands were
flown; With earn - est work she still toil'd on, As from the place she
call; The work was done—the toil all o'er; Soft in her qui - et

The third system of music concludes the piece. The treble staff features a final melodic phrase, and the bass staff provides a simple harmonic ending. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

TOIL ON.

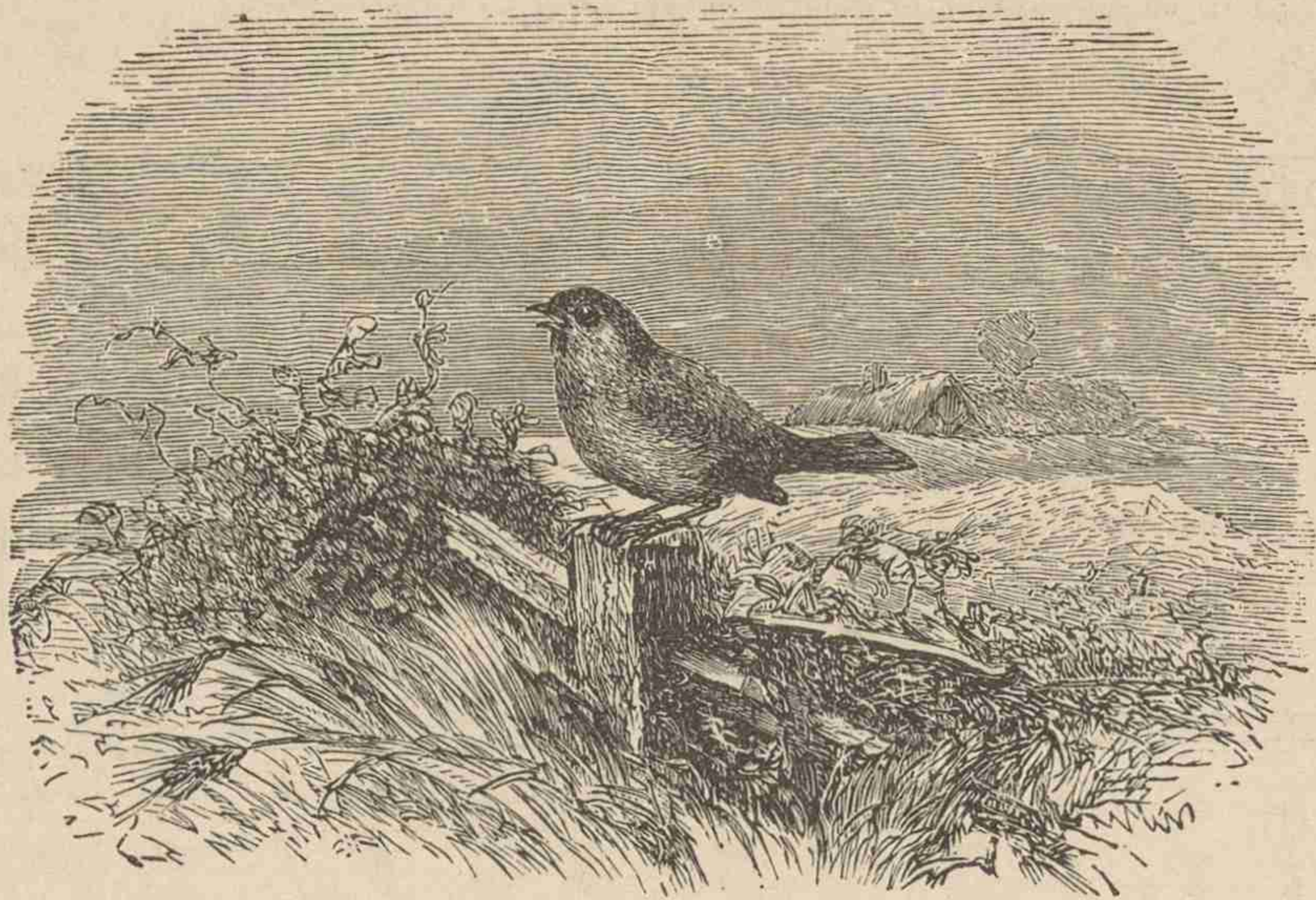
near, A les - son we should dai - ly learn, Have faith and per - se vere.
flew, To gath - er earth and grass - es fresh To build her nest a - new.
nest, She rest - ed with her lit - tle ones Be - neath her pa - rent breast.

CHORUS.
Toil on, toil on,

Toil on, toil on, For Je - sus work, To build His king - dom

here, He will re - ward your earn - est toil, Have faith and per - se - vere.

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LITTLE BIRDIE.*

*** in "Songs for All."
Spirited.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Hap - py lit - tle bir - die, Sing - ing in the tree,
2. When the storms of win - ter Drive you from my door,
3. "Je - sus is my keep - er, He di - rects my way,

Tell me why you al - ways Are so blithe and free; Do you ev - er sor - row?
Who is it that guides you To a warm - er shore? Thro' the path - less heav - en's,
Taught me how to war - ble All the sum - mer day." This the bir - die told me,

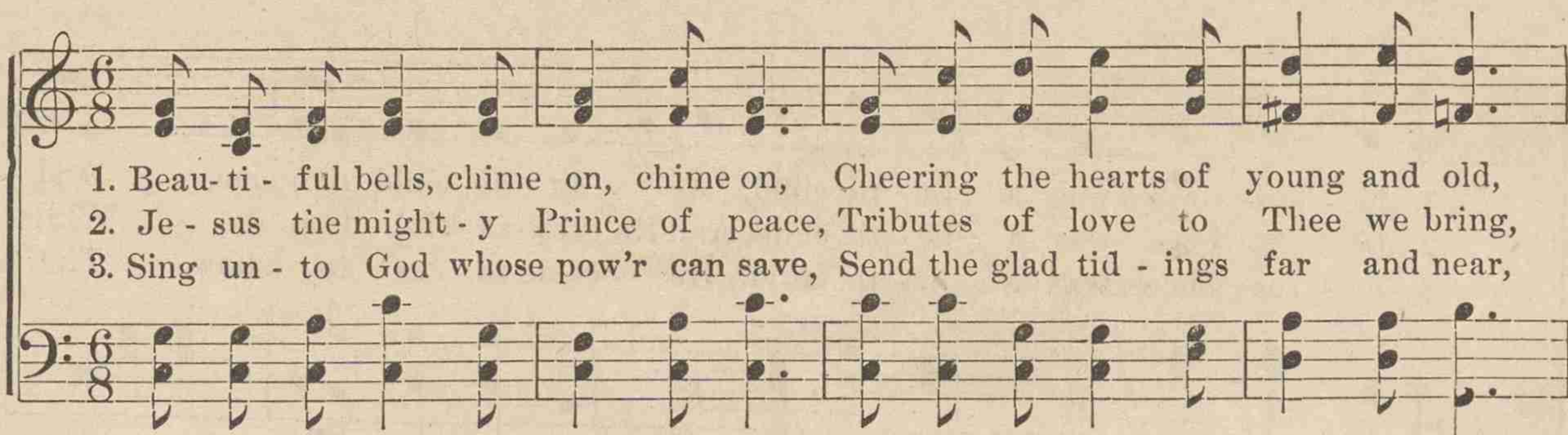
Do you know a care? Sing - ing thus so glad - ly, As you mount the air.
Who points out the way, Who is it that keeps you Al - ways glad and gay?
As it mount - ed high, Sing - ing loud in glad - ness, Thro' the a - zure sky.

* From the "Tribute of Praise," by per.

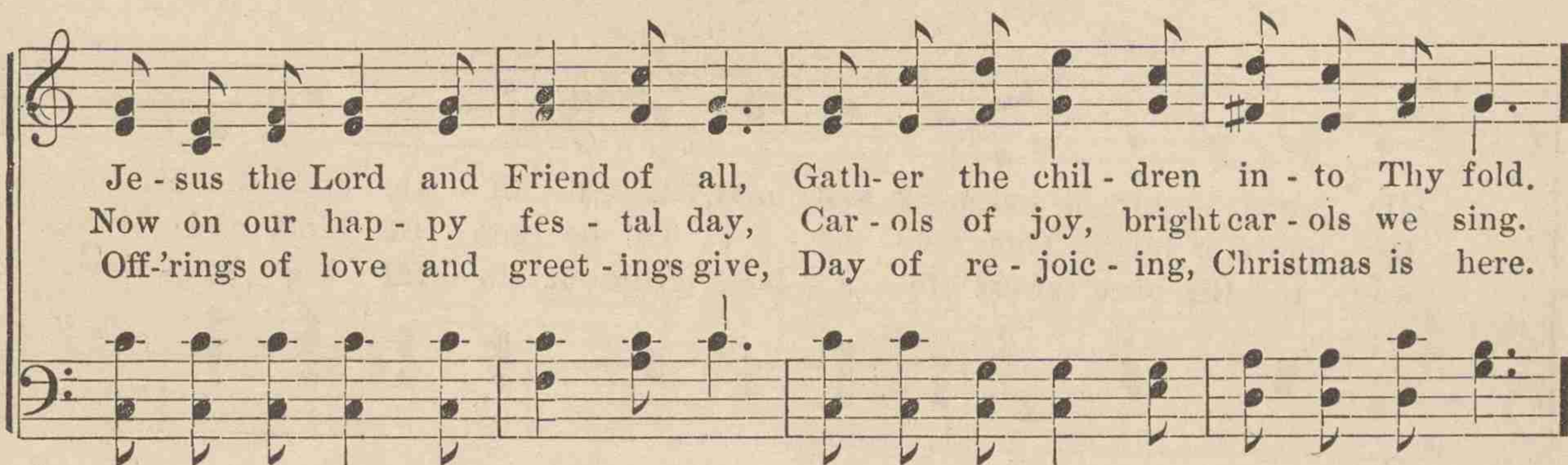
BEAUTIFUL BELLS.

EMMA PITT.

H. W. PORTER.



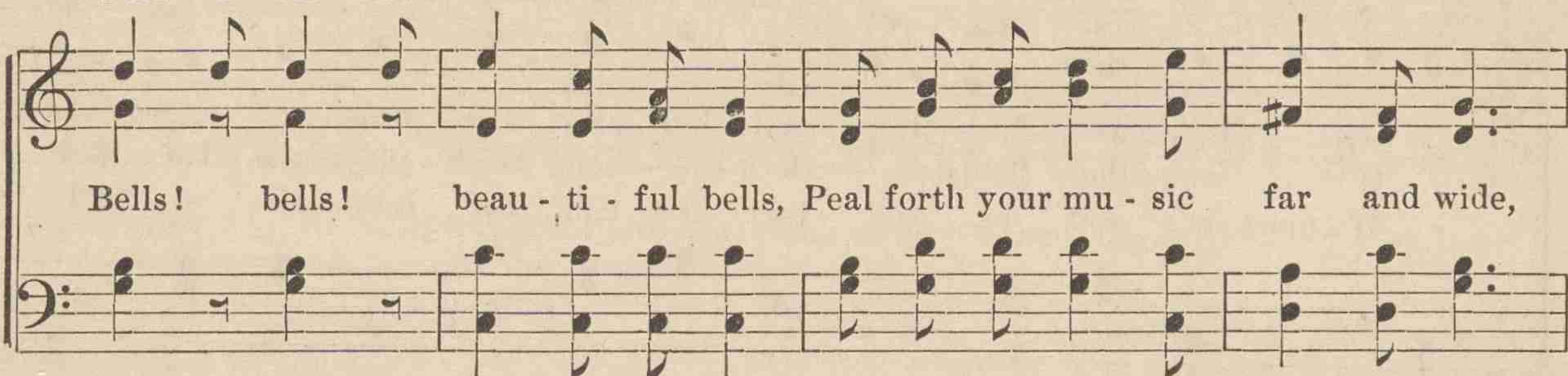
1. Beau-ti - ful bells, chime on, chime on, Cheering the hearts of young and old,
 2. Je - sus the might - y Prince of peace, Tributes of love to Thee we bring,
 3. Sing un - to God whose pow'r can save, Send the glad tid - ings far and near,



Je - sus the Lord and Friend of all, Gath - er the chil - dren in - to Thy fold.
 Now on our hap - py fes - tal day, Car - ols of joy, bright car - ols we sing.
 Off-rings of love and greet - ings give, Day of re - joic - ing, Christmas is here.

CHORUS.

Beau - ti - ful bells!



Bells! bells! beau - ti - ful bells, Peal forth your mu - sic far and wide,

Beau - ti - ful bells!



Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful bells, Beau - ti - ful bells of Christmas tide.

JESUS ONCE WAS A LITTLE CHILD.

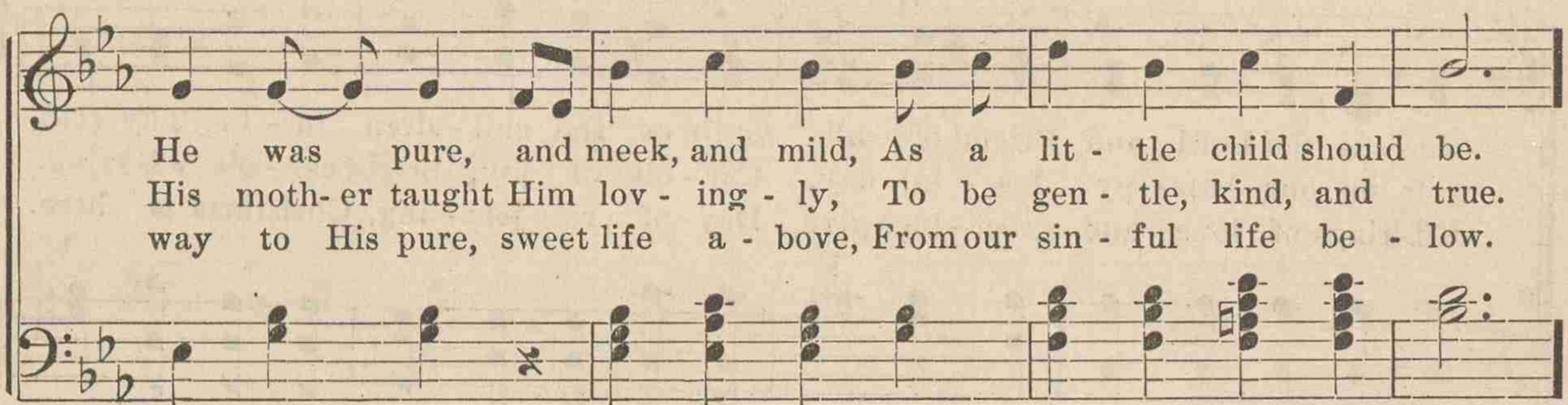
J. R. M.

JAMES R. MURRAY. By per.

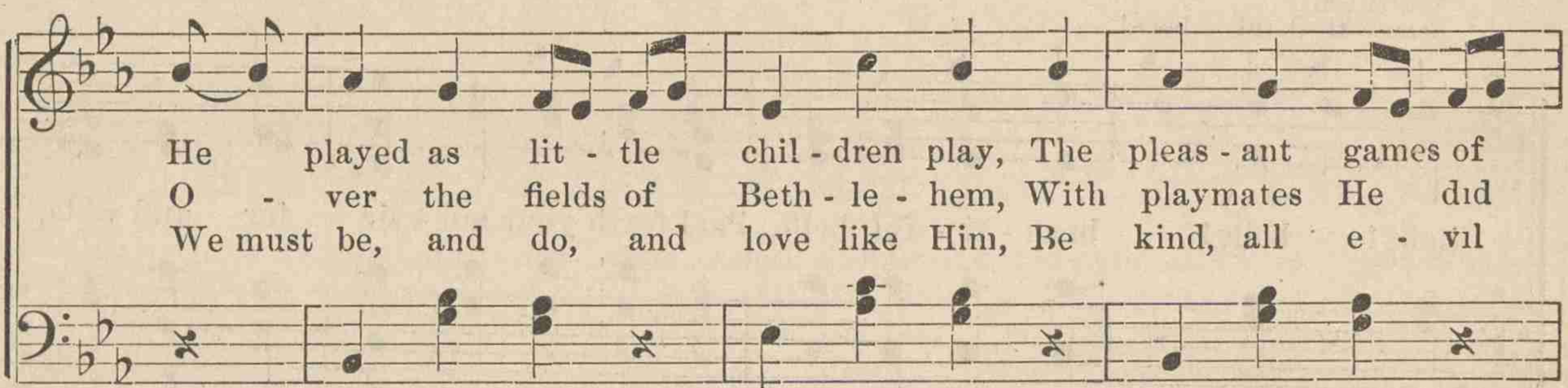
Moderato.



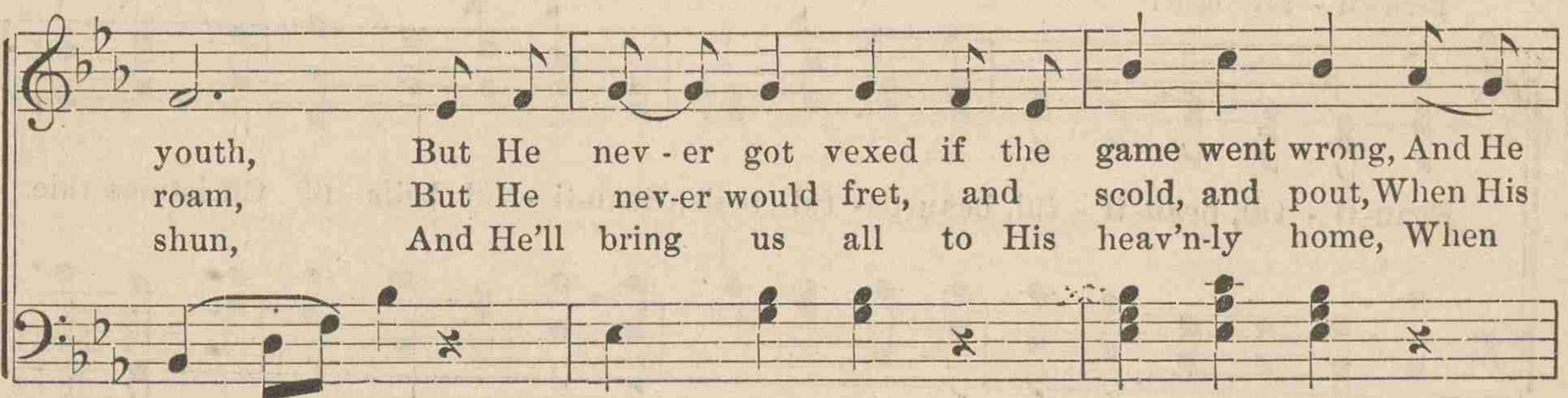
1. Je - sus once was a lit - tle child, A lit - tle child like me, And
 2. Je - sus once was a lit - tle child, And He grew as chil - dren do, While
 3. Je - sus once was a lit - tle child, He came to us to show The



He was pure, and meek, and mild, As a lit - tle child should be.
 His moth - er taught Him lov - ing - ly, To be gen - tle, kind, and true.
 way to His pure, sweet life a - bove, From our sin - ful life be - low.



He played as lit - tle chil - dren play, The pleas - ant games of
 O - ver the fields of Beth - le - hem, With playmates He did
 We must be, and do, and love like Him, Be kind, all e - vil



youth, But He nev - er got vexed if the game went wrong, And He
 roam, But He nev - er would fret, and scold, and pout, When His
 shun, And He'll bring us all to His heav'n - ly home, When

JESUS ONCE WAS A LITTLE CHILD.

REFRAIN.

al - ways spoke the truth.
moth - er called Him home.
our life work is done.

So, lit - tle chil - dren, let

The first system of musical notation for the song 'Jesus Once Was a Little Child'. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, a quarter note B-flat4, and a quarter note G4. The bass staff provides a simple accompaniment with a quarter note G2, a quarter note A2, and a quarter note B-flat2. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

you and I, Try to be like Him, try, try, try.

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff continues with a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B-flat4, and a quarter note G4. The bass staff continues with a quarter note G2, a quarter note A2, and a quarter note B-flat2. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL CHOIR GLORIA PATRI.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost;

The first system of musical notation for the 'Sunday-School Choir Gloria Patri'. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one sharp (F-sharp) and a 2/2 time signature. The melody begins with a half note G4, followed by a half note A4, a half note B4, and a half note G4. The bass staff provides a simple accompaniment with a half note G2, a half note A2, and a half note B2. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, World with- out end. A - men.

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff continues with a half note G4, a half note A4, a half note B4, and a half note G4. The bass staff continues with a half note G2, a half note A2, and a half note B2. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.



LITTLE LAMBS.

"He shall gather the lambs in his arms."

EMMA PITT.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Sprightly.

1. Lit - tle lambs, dear Lord, are we, Keep us, keep us close to Thee,
2. Show us how to work for Thee, Let us, like the bu - sy bee,

We are tim - id, oft - en stray, Keep us, Sav - iour, in the way.
Gath - er hon - ey from each flow'r As we jour - ney thro' life's bow'r.

Ear - ly may we learn the truth, Bear the yoke in days of youth;
In Thy arms, dear Sav - iour hold, Keep us safe with - in the fold;

LITTLE LAMBS.



Lit - tle lambs, dear Lord, we are, Keep us lest we stray too far.
 Lit - tle lambs, dear Lord, we are, Guard us lest we stray too far.

OH, SAVE ME BY THY LOVE.

ROSSINI.



1. Dear Sav - iour, look in pit - y now, From Thy blest throne a - bove,
 2. 'Tis Thee a - lone can par - don sin, And ev - 'ry doubt re - move;
 3. Dear Sav - iour, keep me close to Thee, Till I shall rest a - bove;



And draw my tremb-ling heart to Thee, Oh, save me by Thy love.
 'Tis Thee a - lone hast pow'r and might, Oh, save me by Thy love.
 When free from sin I'll ev - er be, Oh, save me by Thy love.

SWEETEST MUSIC.

"He shall gather the lambs in His arms."

EMMA PITT.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. I hear the sweet - est mu - sic, That chil - dren's lips could sing, And
2. Me - thinks that Christ is bend - ing, From yon - der hap - py home, To




then the pur - est off'rings That lit - tle ones could bring; I list to catch the
us the mes - sage send - ing, Oh, suf - fer them to come! For - bid them not, says




ech - o, It thrills my in - most soul, 'Tis chil - dren prais - ing Je - sus, Whose
Je - sus, Let now their hearts be giv'n, While young and pure and ten - der, Pre -



CHORUS.



blood can make them whole. They're chanting, oh, so sweet - ly, Their Christ - mas car - ols
pare them all for Heav'n.



SWEETEST MUSIC.



now, And add - ing pre - cious jew - els, To deck the Sav-iour's brow.

GLADLY SING. *

(INFANT CLASS.)

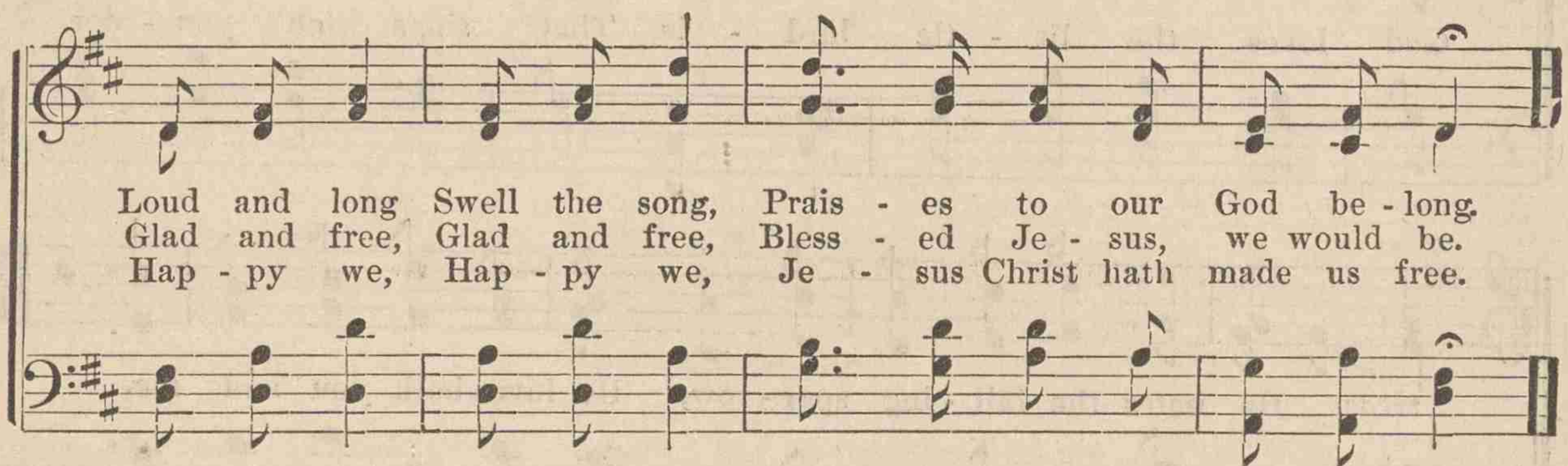
C. E. P.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Lively.



1. Glad - ly sing, Glad - ly sing Prais - es to our heav'n - ly King;
 2. Glad - ly sing, Glad - ly sing, Hap - py hearts to Je - sus bring;
 3. Glad - ly sing, Glad - ly sing, Loud - ly let our voi - ces ring;



Loud and long Swell the song, Prais - es to our God be - long.
 Glad and free, Glad and free, Bless - ed Je - sus, we would be.
 Hap - py we, Hap - py we, Je - sus Christ hath made us free.

* From "The Beauty of Praise." By per.



LITTLE BIRDIE.

EMMA PITT.

L. E. FUNNELL.

1.* Who made the lit - tle bird - ie That sings his notes of
2. The same kind hand, dear sis - ter, That made both you and
3. God watch - es o'er the chil - dren, In ev' - ry day and

love, And al - ways seems so hap - py While soar - ing up a - bove.
me, He made the lit - tle bird - ie That sings on yon - der tree.
hour; With ten - der love He leads them, And guards them by His pow'r.

CHORUS. BY SCHOOL.

God loves the lit - tle bird - ie, That sings on yon - der

tree; He notes the fall - ing spar - row, He loves both you and me.

* First verse to be sung by little girl, second verse by little boy, third verse as a duet.

LITTLE HEARTS.

EMMA PITT.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. { Lit - tle hearts, be ear - nest, Working for the Lord, 'Tis His ho - ly word

Teaching you of Je - sus, And His gentle love, It will safely point you To your home above.

CHORUS.

Little hearts, be earnest, Working for the Lord, Learn to love the Bible, 'Tis God's ho - ly word.

2 Little hearts, be earnest
 In the mighty cause;
 Learn to love the Saviour,
 And obey His laws.
 True and faithful workers,
 Toiling day by day,
 Christ the Lord will bless you,
 In the narrow way.

TELL THE STORY OVER.

E. E. REXFORD.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. { Of all the Bi - ble sto - ries, I love that one the best,
Of Je - sus and the chil - dren, Whom

2 long a-go He blest; For read-ing what He told them, It seems as if I

knelt Be - fore Him, and up - on me His hands in bless - ing felt.

CHORUS.

Oh, tell the sto - ry o - ver, Oh, sing it sweet and low; Christ

TELL THE STORY OVER.



loves the lit - tle chil - dren The same as long a - go.

2 I fancy I am with Him,
I hear His loving voice;
I feel His smile upon me,
I listen and rejoice.
Oh, love so sweet, so tender,
Win every little heart,
And from the loving Master
It never will depart.

3 Oh, suffer little children,
He said, to come to me;
Of such the blessed kingdom
Of heaven above shall be.
Dear Saviour, for that kingdom,
Ah, keep my soul from sin,
That pure in heart and raimen^t
At last I may go in.

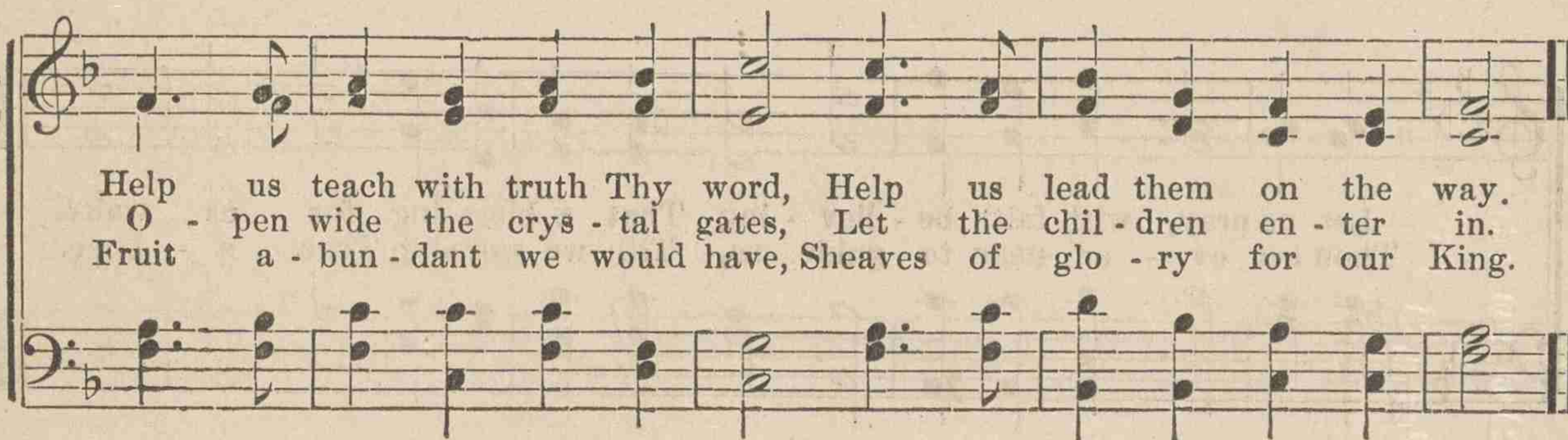
LET THE CHILDREN ENTER IN.

MAY CLIFTON.

Arr.



1. Sav - iour, bless us in our work, Bless the chil - dren here to - day;
2. Lead them now in youth's bright morn, Ere their hearts grow hard with sin;
3. Here we teach—and here we toil, Let our seed rich har - vest bring;



Help us teach with truth Thy word, Help us lead them on the way.
O - pen wide the crys - tal gates, Let the chil - dren en - ter in.
Fruit a - bun - dant we would have, Sheaves of glo - ry for our King.

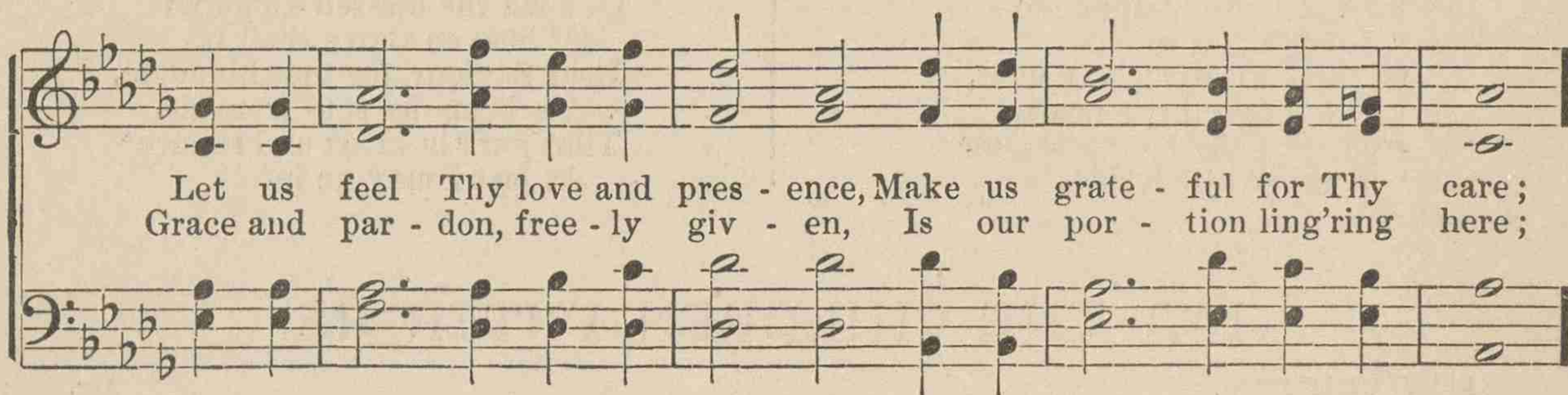
CLOSING HYMN.

REV. D. W. BEARD.

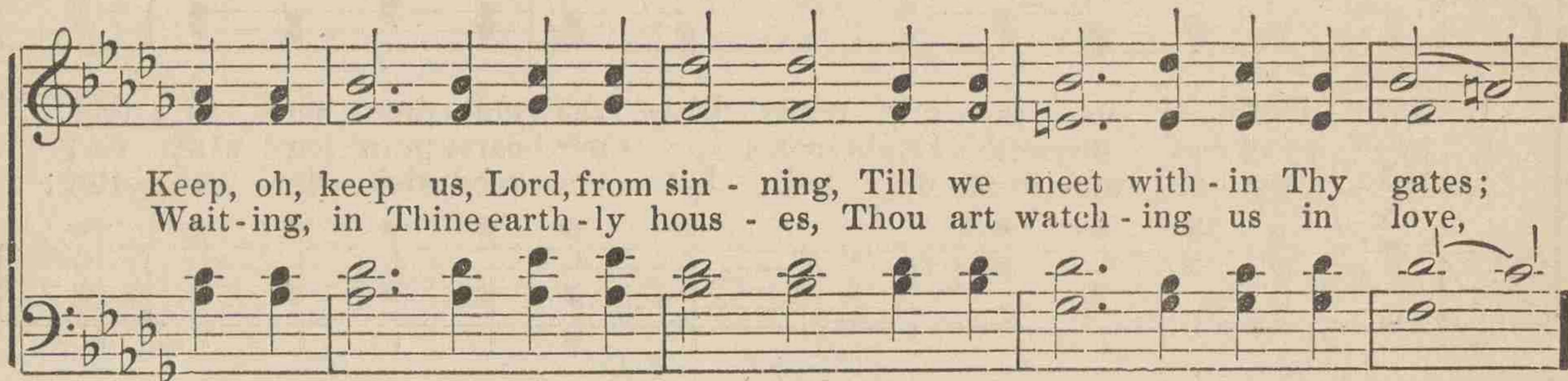
Music by per.



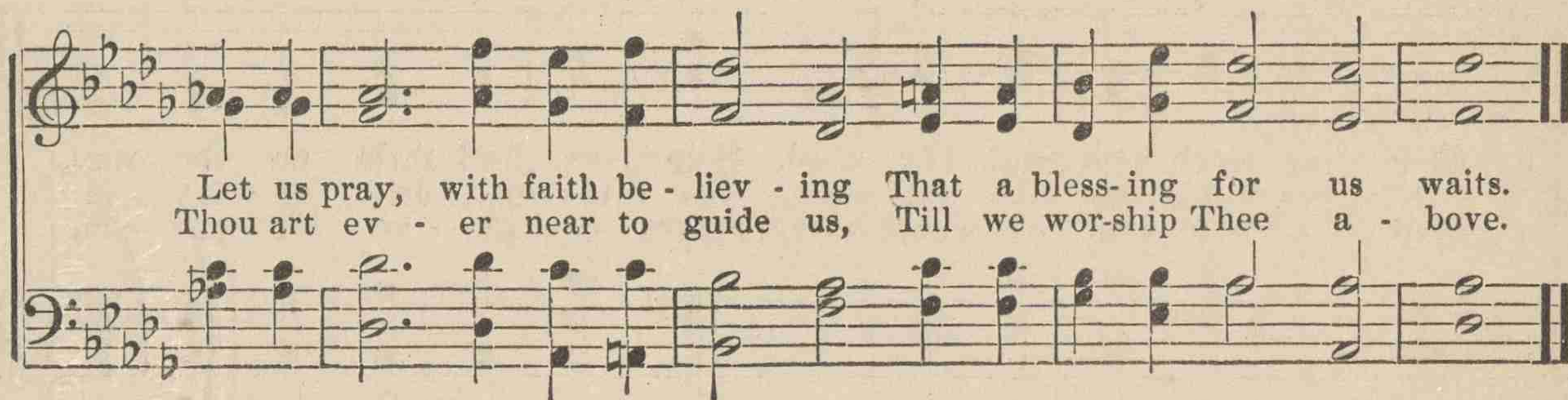
1. Heaven-ly Fa - ther, be Thou with us, When we leave the house of prayer,
2. Heaven-ly Fa - ther, be Thou with us, Keep us ev - er in Thy fear,



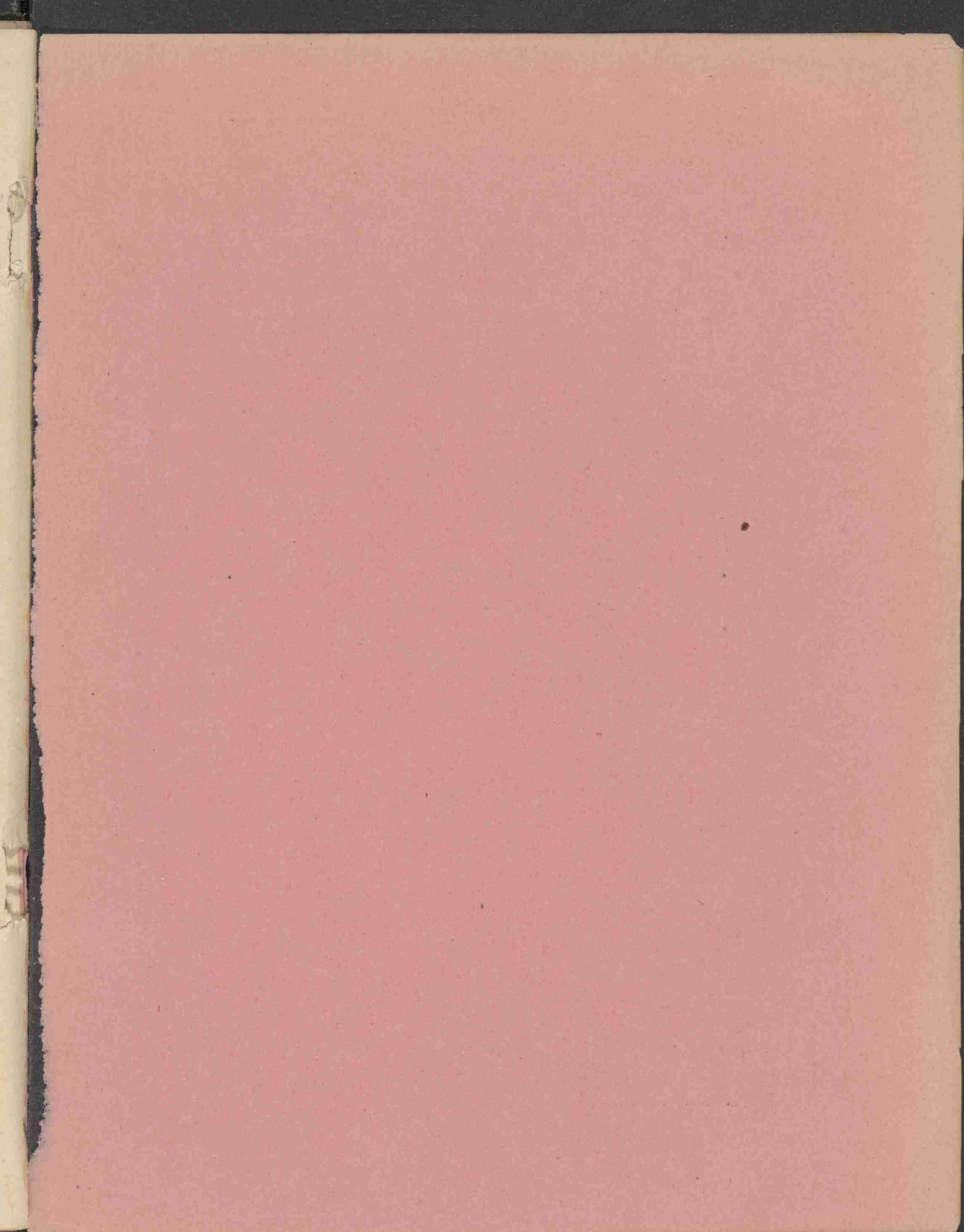
Let us feel Thy love and pres - ence, Make us grate - ful for Thy care;
Grace and par - don, free - ly giv - en, Is our por - tion ling'ring here;



Keep, oh, keep us, Lord, from sin - ning, Till we meet with - in Thy gates;
Wait - ing, in Thine earth - ly hous - es, Thou art watch - ing us in love,



Let us pray, with faith be - liev - ing That a bless - ing for us waits.
Thou art ev - er near to guide us, Till we wor - ship Thee a - bove.



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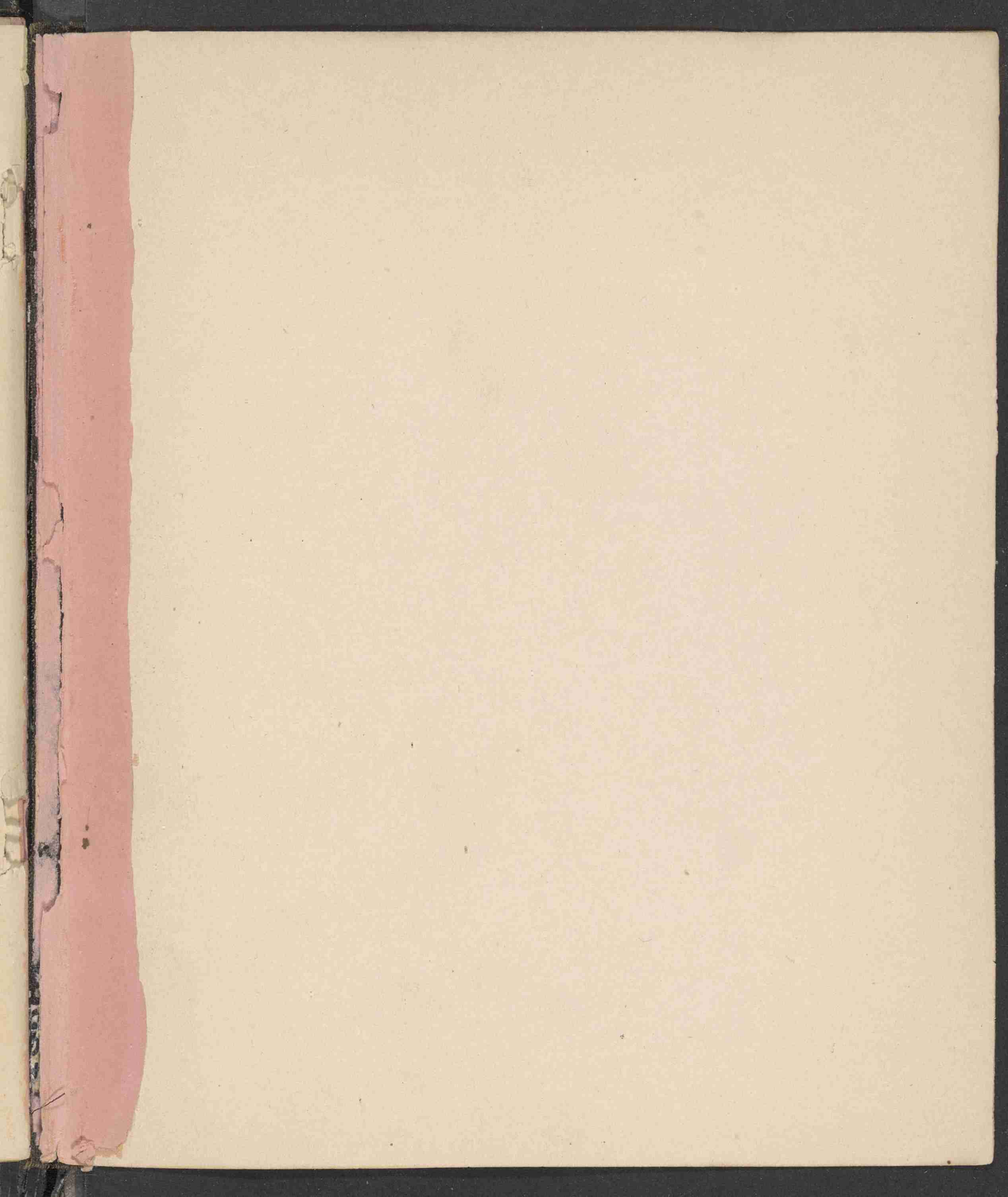
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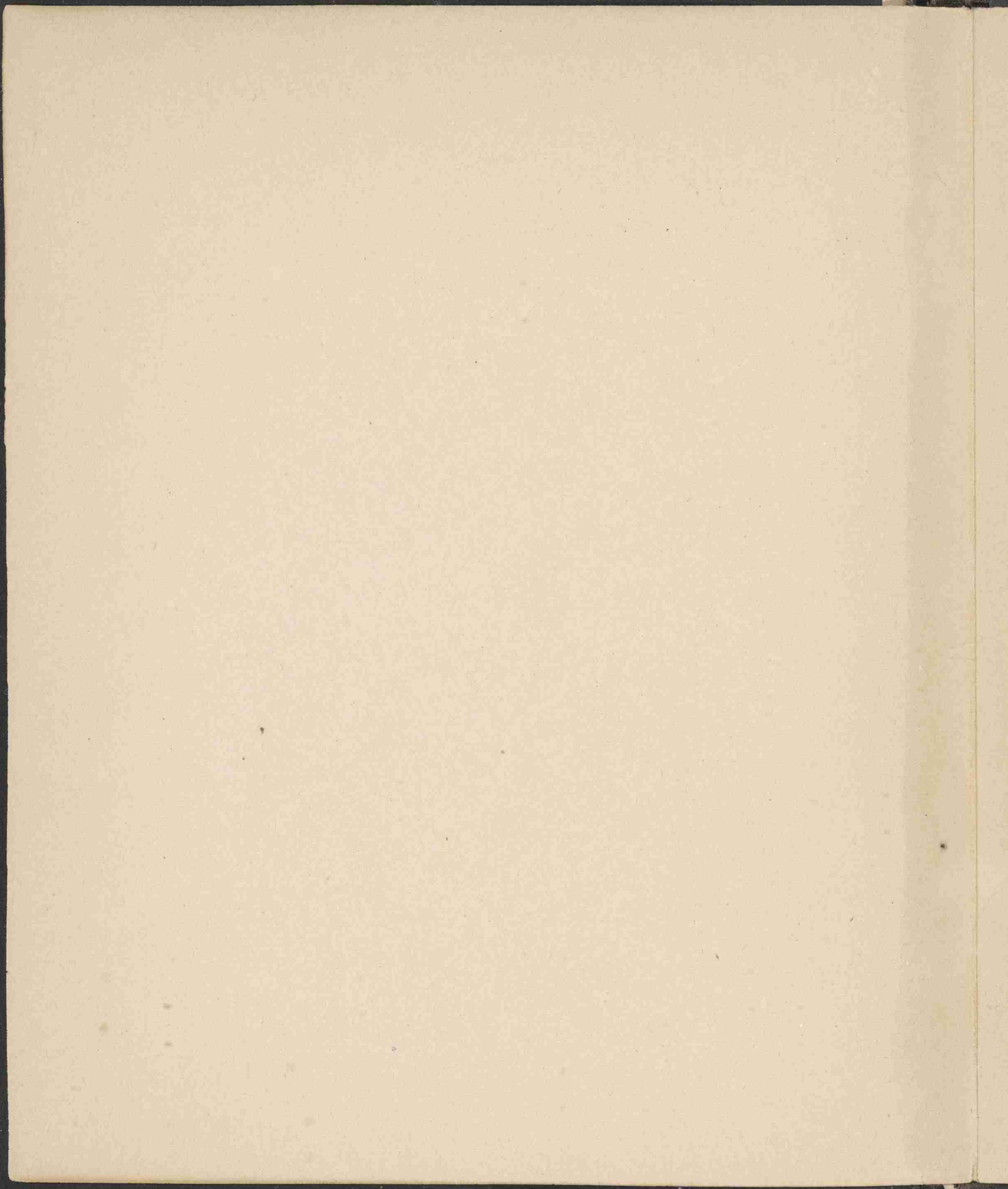
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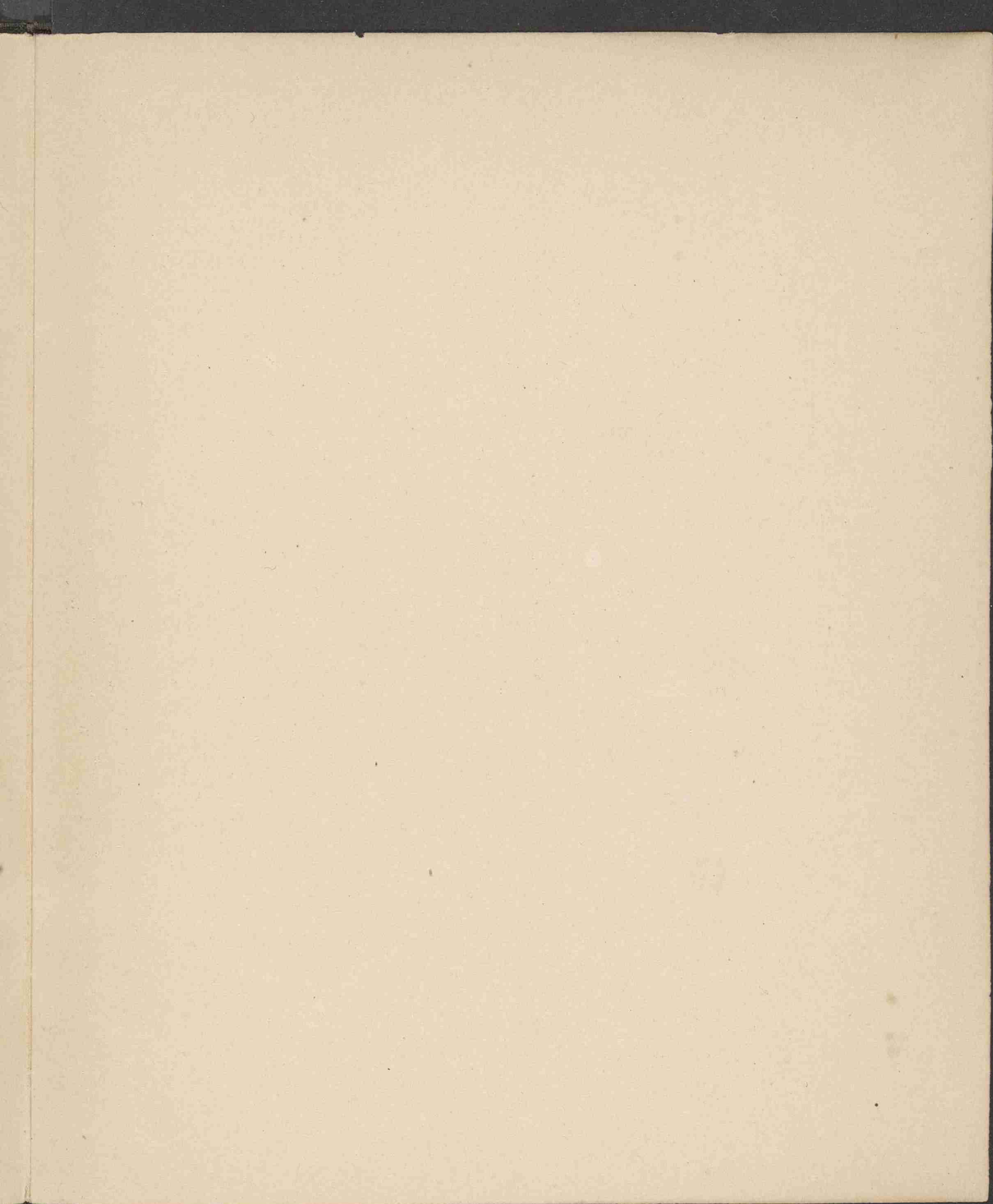
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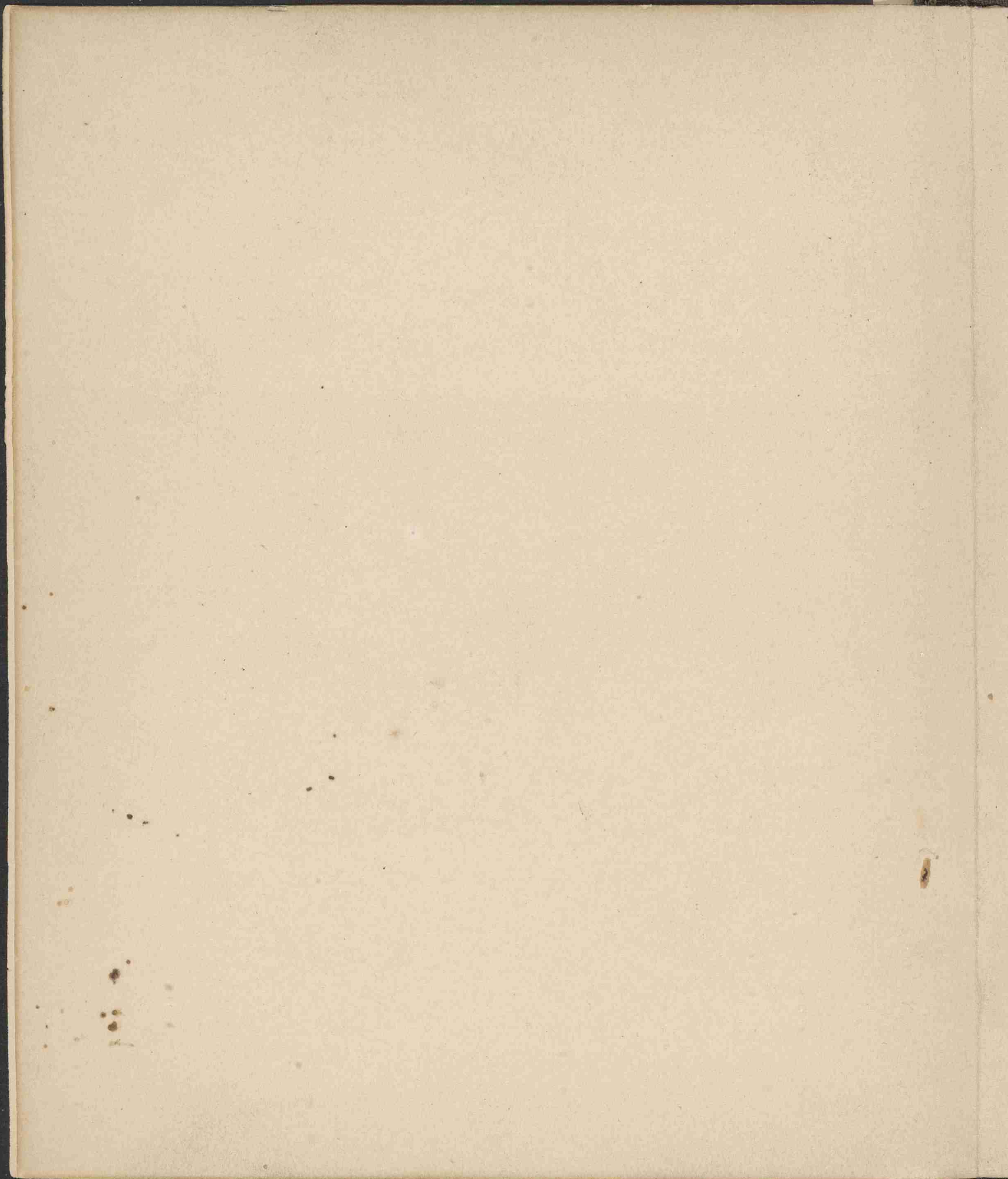
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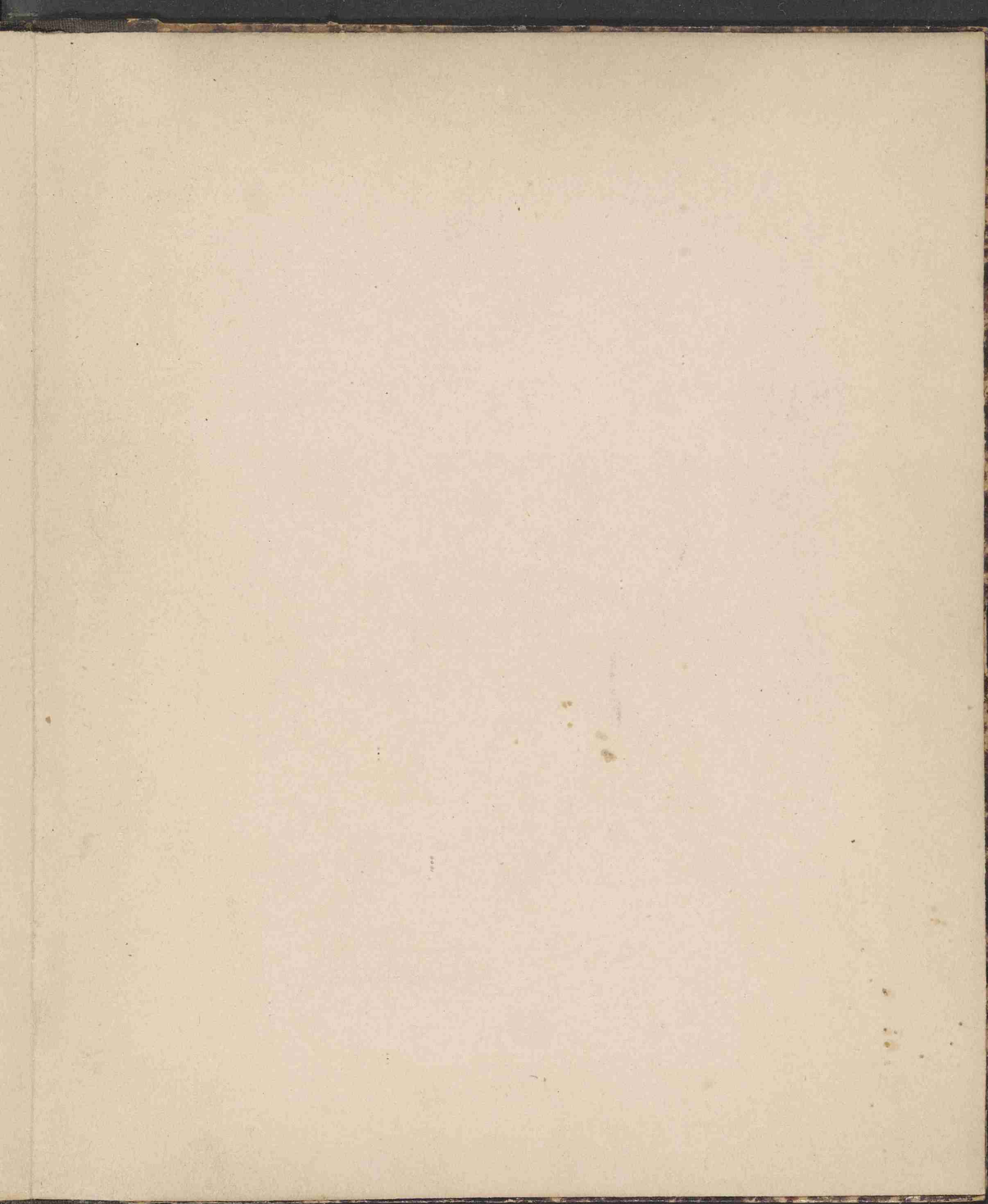
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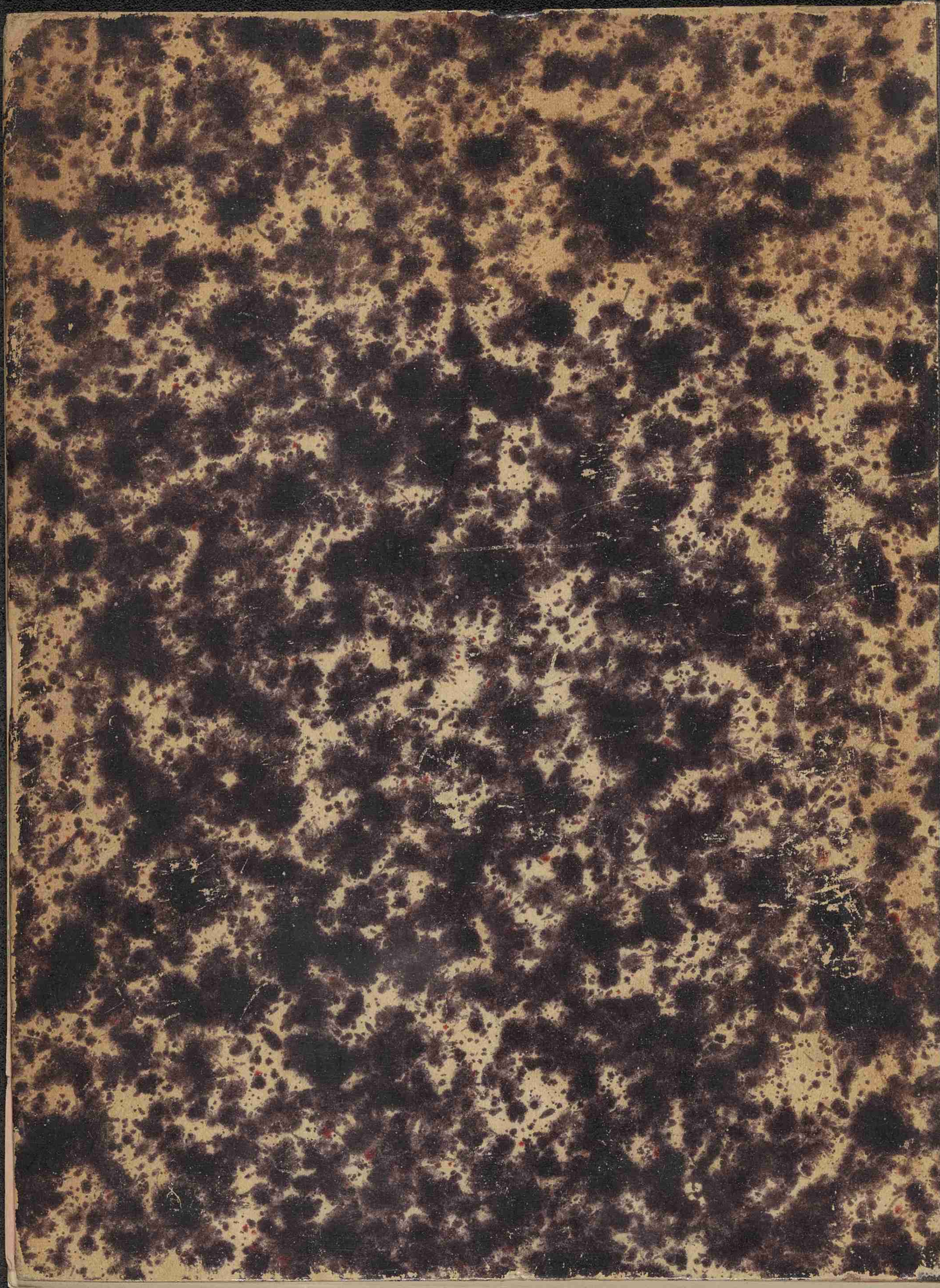












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