JEWELS

FOR JUNIORS

BY

W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

PUBLISHED BY

THE STANDARD PUBLISHING COMPANY

CINCINNATI, O.

W. H. MORROW

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Jewels for Juniors

A CHOICE COLLECTION OF

Songs, Exercises and Readings

FOR

PRIMARY AND INTERMEDIATE DEPARTMENTS OF SUNDAY SCHOOLS, MISSION BANDS, JUNIOR SOCIETIES OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR, YOUNG PEOPLES' SOCIETIES, and PUBLIC SCHOOLS

COMPILED BY

E. O. EXCELL

and

W. E. M. HACKLEMAN

BETHEL FULL GOSPEL CHURCH
595 CONNECTICUT AVE.
BRIDGEPORT, - - CONN.

NOT TO BE TAKEN FROM CHURCH

PUBLISHED BY

THE STANDARD PUBLISHING COMPANY

CINCINNATI, O.

Preface.

THE need of a first-class song book for Junior and Intermediate Classes and Societies is apparent to all workers in these departments of the church. To meet this need the editors and publishers have united their forces. This book is not a kindergarten book, though there are many songs and exercises for the "little tots," but it is prepared, as well, for boys and girls who have big brains and hearts, who love to sing the same grand sentiments that are sung by their older companions.

The songs and exercises cover a wide range of thought as one will easily discover. The "external beauty and the internal excellence" have been kept constantly in mind by the Editors, Prof. E. O. Excell and Prof. W. E. M. Hackleman. The finest songs written by that "prince of song writers," Chas. H. Gabriel, are all included in "Jewels for Juniors."

We trust this book will be helpful to both teachers and pupils who use it.

THE PUBLISHERS.

Jewels for Juniors.

No. 1. The Lord's Prayer.

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W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Adoniram Judson. **Benj. A. Stubbins.**

No. 2. Jesus, Tender Shepherd.

Mary L. Duncan.

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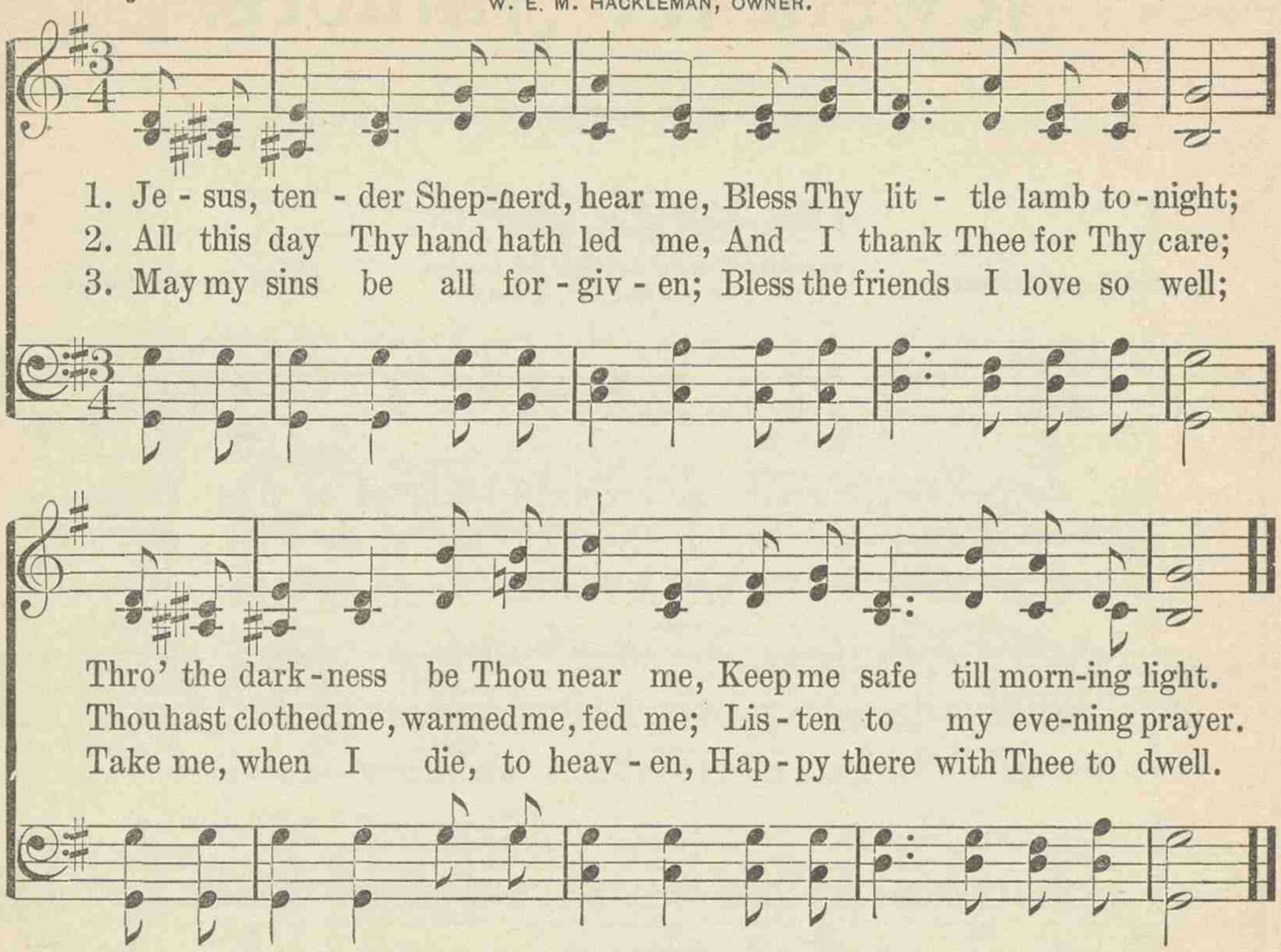
Chas. H. Gabriel.



No. 3. Savior, Thou Art Speaking.

Jerome McCauley.

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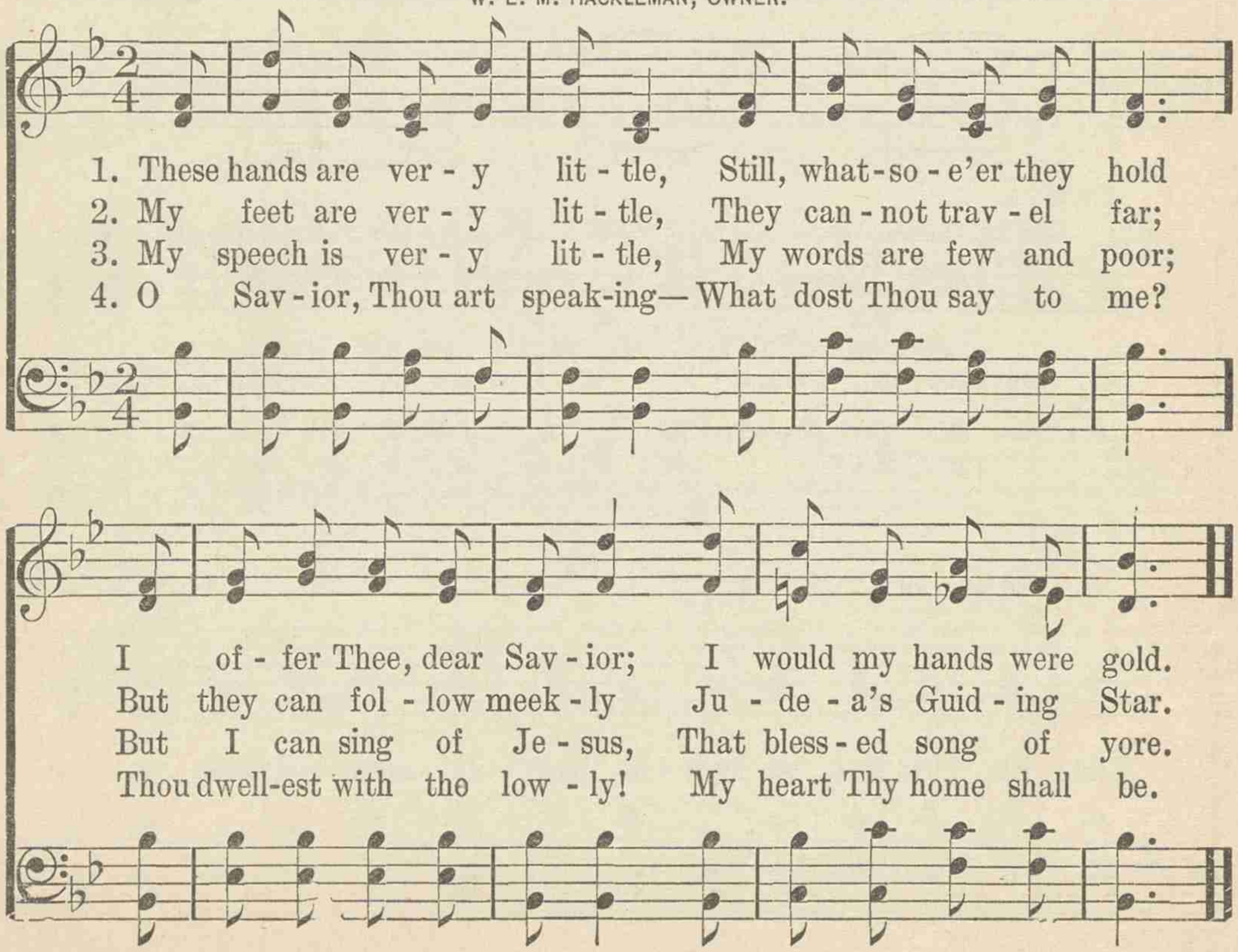
Adolph Jesreal.



No. 4. Right and Wrong.

M. W. P.

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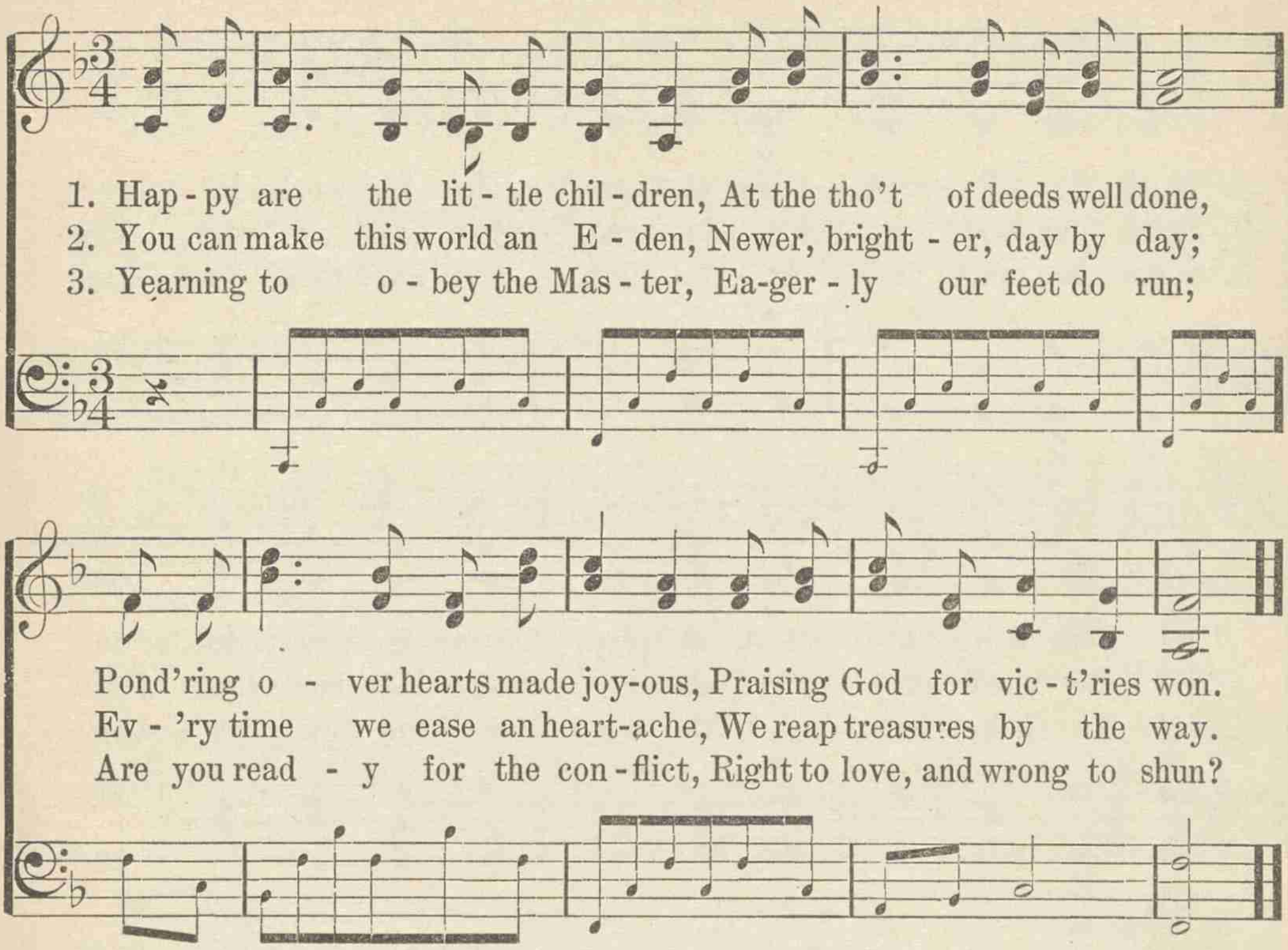
Chas. H. Gabriel.



No. 5. What We Can Do.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

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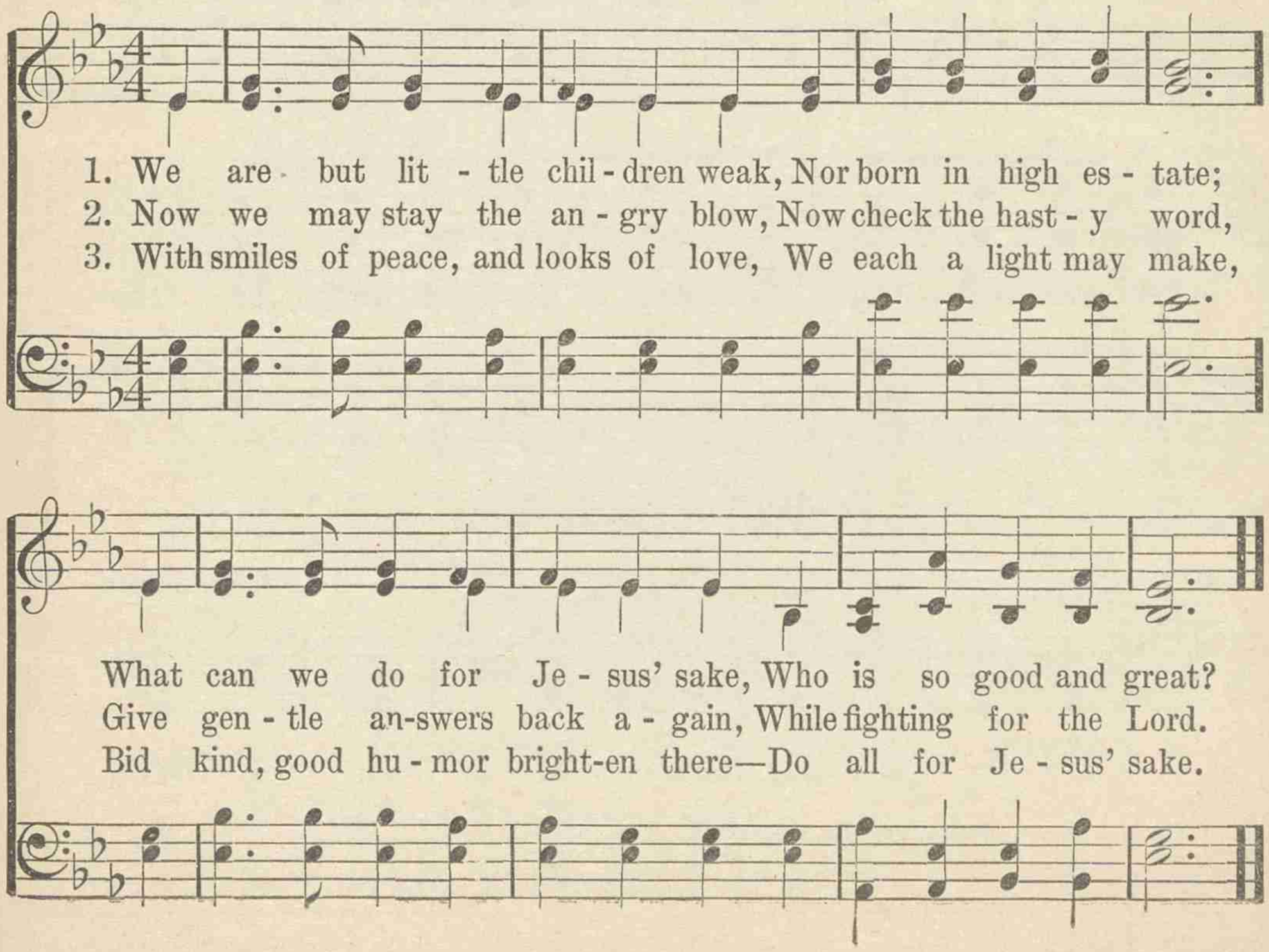
Adolph Jesreal.



No. 6. Here Am I.

Flora Kirkland.

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H. A. Henry.

1. Work for Je - sus, lit - tle ones, He has work for you;
2. Some one needs a help - ing hand,— Help with all your might;
3. Some one needs a lit - tle time,— You have time to spare;

At your home, at school, at play, There is work to do.
Lit - tle hands may help - ers be, Mak - ing bur - dens light.
Be a help - er, lit - tle one, Help - ing ev - 'ry - where.

CHORUS.

Here am I, Lord Je - sus, Here am I,— send me!

Let me do Thy bid - ding, Let me work for Thee.

No. 7. I Will Teach You.

A. J.

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Adolph Jesreal.

Come, ye chil - dren, heark - en un - to me; I will

I Will Teach You.

No. 8. Little Ones.

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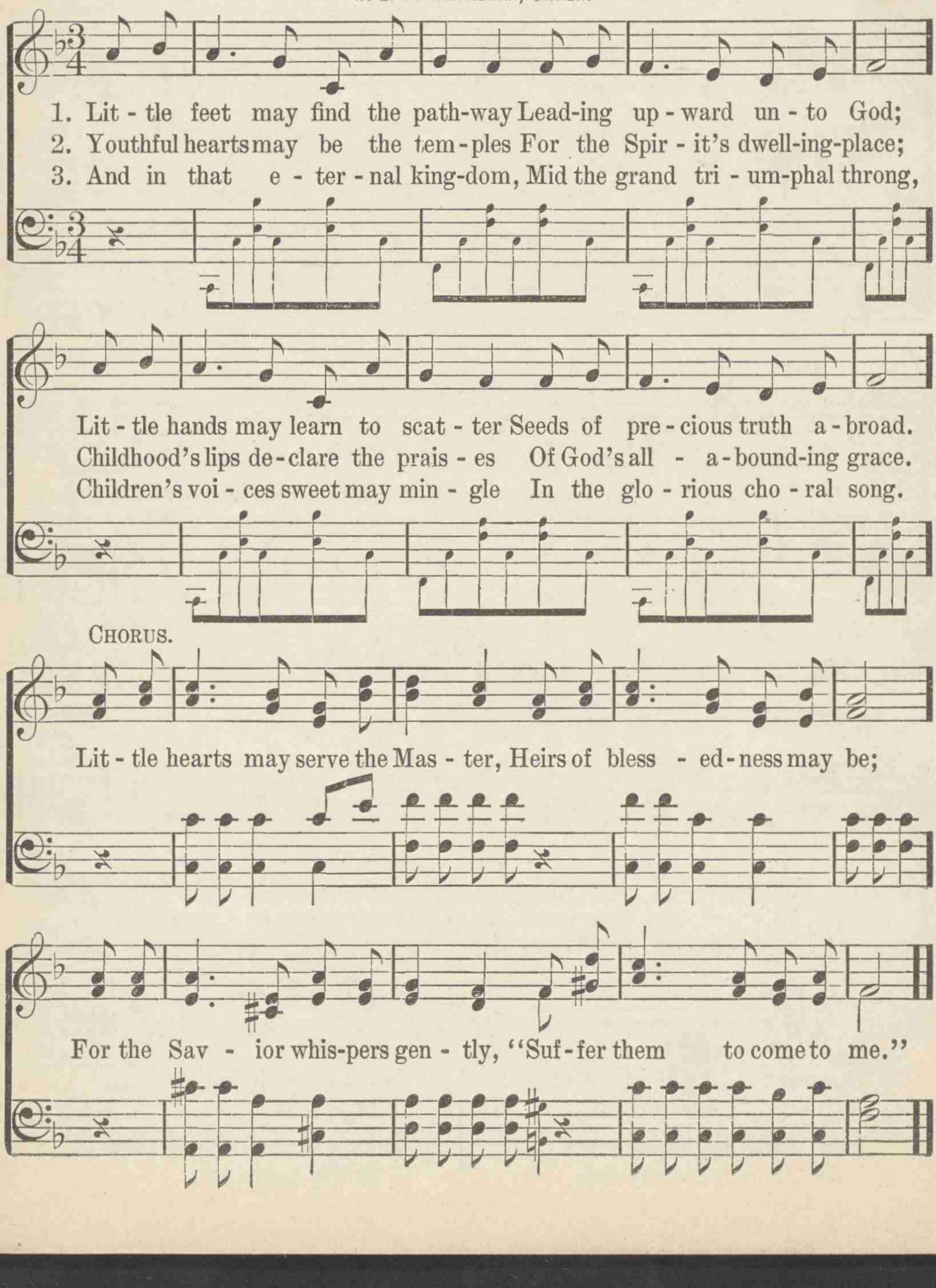
Josia Bliss. **H. A. Henry.**



No. 9. Holy Bible, Book Divine.

John Burton. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY HACKLEMAN MUSIC CO. **C. D. Emerson.**

1. Ho - ly Bi - ble, book di - vine, Pre-cious treas - ure, thou art mine:
2. Mine to chide me when I rove; Mine to show a Sav - ior's love;
3. Mine to com - fort in dis - tress, Suf-f'ring in this wil - der - ness;
4. Mine to tell of joys to come, And the reb - el sin - ner's doom:

Mine to tell me whence I came; Mine to teach me what I am;
Mine thou art to guide and guard; Mine to pun - ish or re - ward;
Mine to show, by liv - ing faith, Man can tri - umph o - ver death;
O thou ho - ly book di - vine, Pre - cious treas - ure, thou art mine.

CHORUS.

O ho - ly Bi - ble, Precious treasure, thou art mine; Blessed book di - vine.

No. 10. Evening Prayer.

S. Baring-Gould. COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER. **C. D. Evans.**

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
   Shad-ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the [*Omit . .*] sky.
2. Je - sus, give the wear - y Calm and sweet re - pose;
   With Thy ten-d'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids [*Omit . .*] close.

3 Through the long night-watches
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

4 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise,
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

No. 11. Little Gleaners.

Jerome McCauley.

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Dr. S. B. Jackson.

1. We are on - ly lit - tle glean-ers, As our lit - tle sheaf will tell;
2. We are on - ly lit - tle glean-ers; Stronger arms had gone be - fore,
3. We are on - ly lit - tle glean-ers, But our Sav - ior, good and kind,

But we fol-lowed near the reap-ers, And we gath - ered all that fell.
Carrying in the gold-en har-vest To en - rich the Mas-ter's store.
Al - ways smiles when children serve Him With the best that they can find.

CHORUS.

Sav - ior, bless Thy lit - tle glean-ers, And when an - gel reap - ers come,
With the wheat, with-in Thy gar-ner, May they find a "wel-come home."

No. 12. Gloria Patri.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, And to the Ho-ly Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev-er shall be: World without end. A- men.

No. 13. Angels Guard.

Jerome McCauley.

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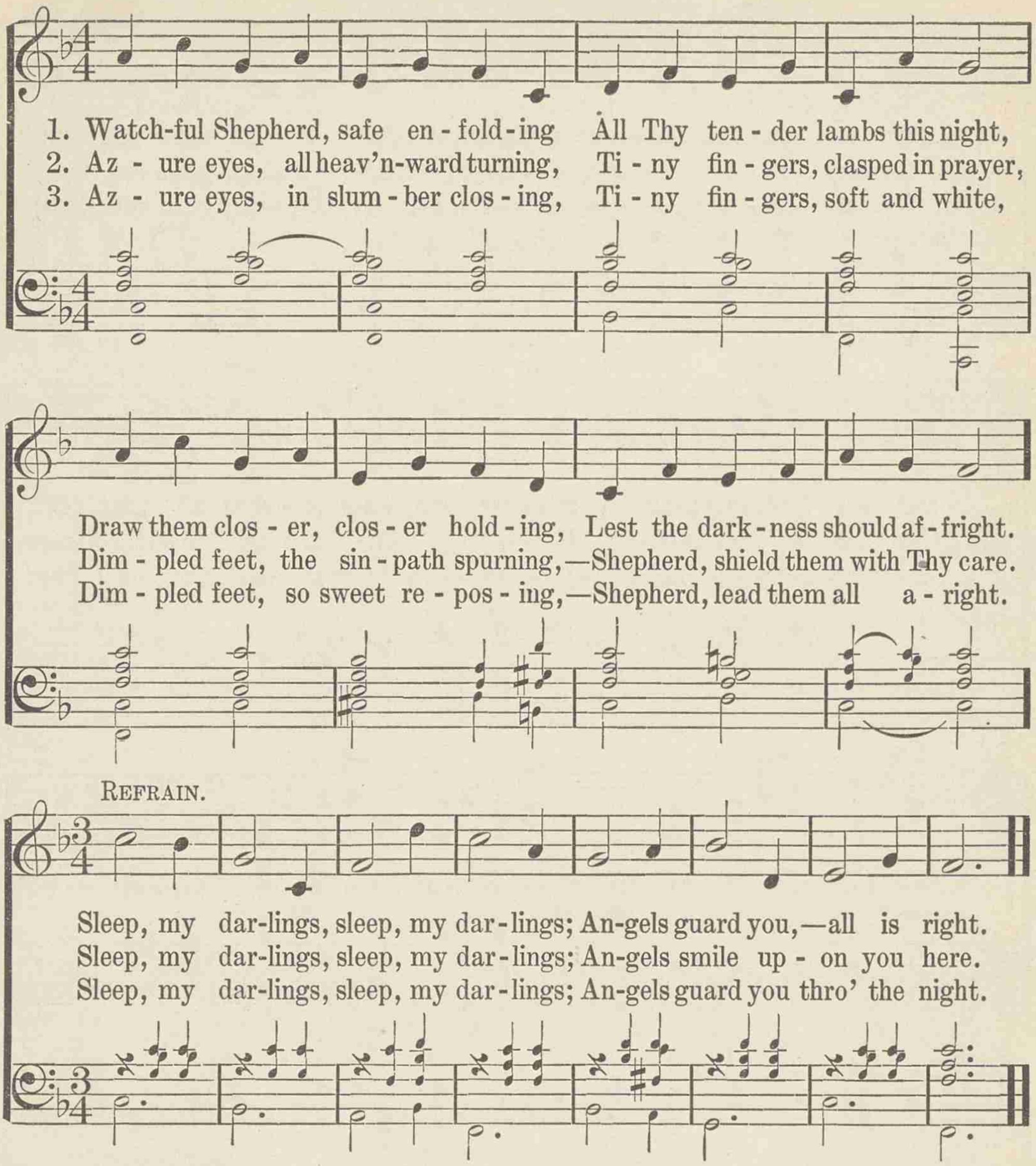
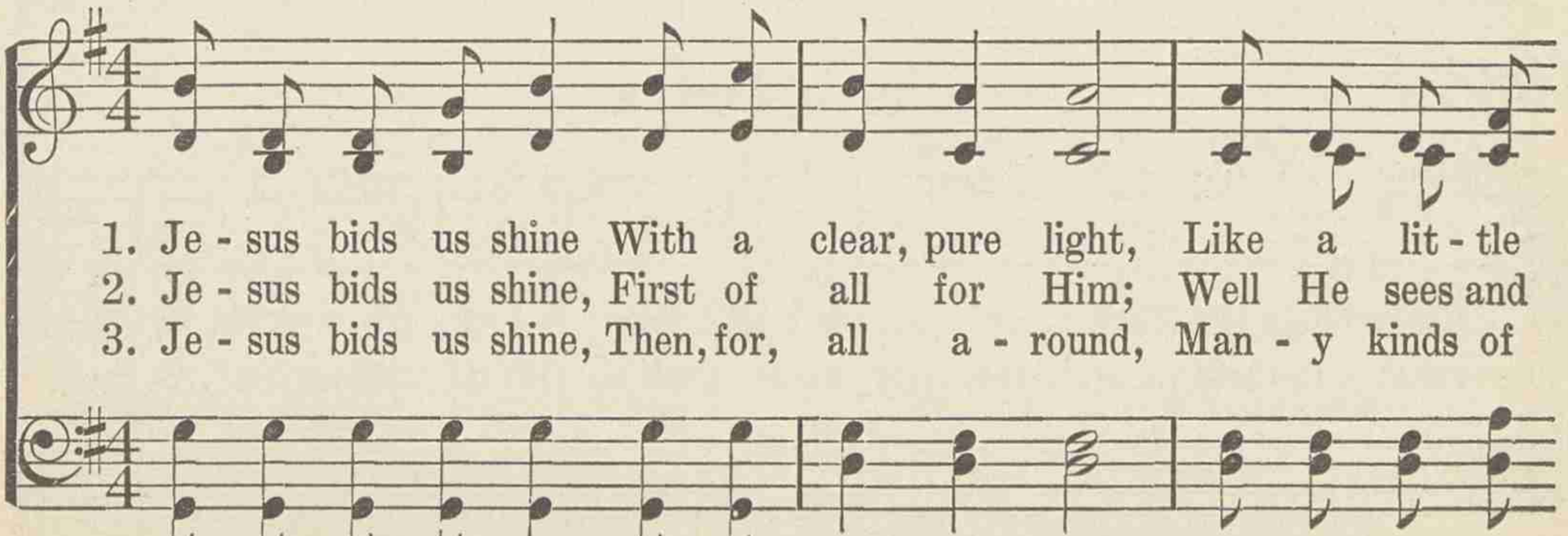
Chas. H. Gabriel.



No. 14. Jesus Bids Us Shine.

Arranged.

W. E. M. Hackleman.



Jesus Bids Us Shine.

can - dle Burn - ing in the night; In this world of dark - ness,
knows it If our light is dim; He looks down from heav - en,
dark - ness In this world a - bound, Sin, and want, and sor - row;—

We must shine, You in your small cor - ner, and I in mine.
Sees us shine, You in your small cor - ner, and I in mine.
We must shine, You in your small cor - ner, and I in mine.

No. 15. The Little Lord Jesus.

Martin Luther.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. A - way in a man - ger, No crib for His bed, The lit - tle Lord
2. The cat - tle are low - ing, The poor ba - by wakes, But lit - tle Lord
3. Be near me, Lord Je - sus, I ask Thee to stay Close by me for-

Je - sus Lay down His sweet head; The stars in the heav-ens Looked
Je - sus, No cry - ing He makes; I love Thee, Lord Je - sus, Look
ev - er, And love me, I pray: Bless all the dear chil - dren In

down where He lay, The lit - tle Lord Je - sus, A - sleep in the hay.
down from the sky, And stay by my cra - dle, To watch lul - la - by.
Thy ten - der care, And take us to heav - en, To live with Thee there.

No. 16. Little Stars.

Wm. Appel.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

MOTIONS.—1, Point upward, fingers moving. 2, Point downward, and move hand from side to side. 3, Point to the eyes. 4, Point to the feet. 5, Hands outstretched. 6, Point to the mouth. 7, Girls raise right hand. 8, Boys raise right hand. 9, All put right hands upon their hearts. 10, Clasped hands and eyes raised as in prayer.

No. 17. Jesus' Little Ones.

C. H. G.

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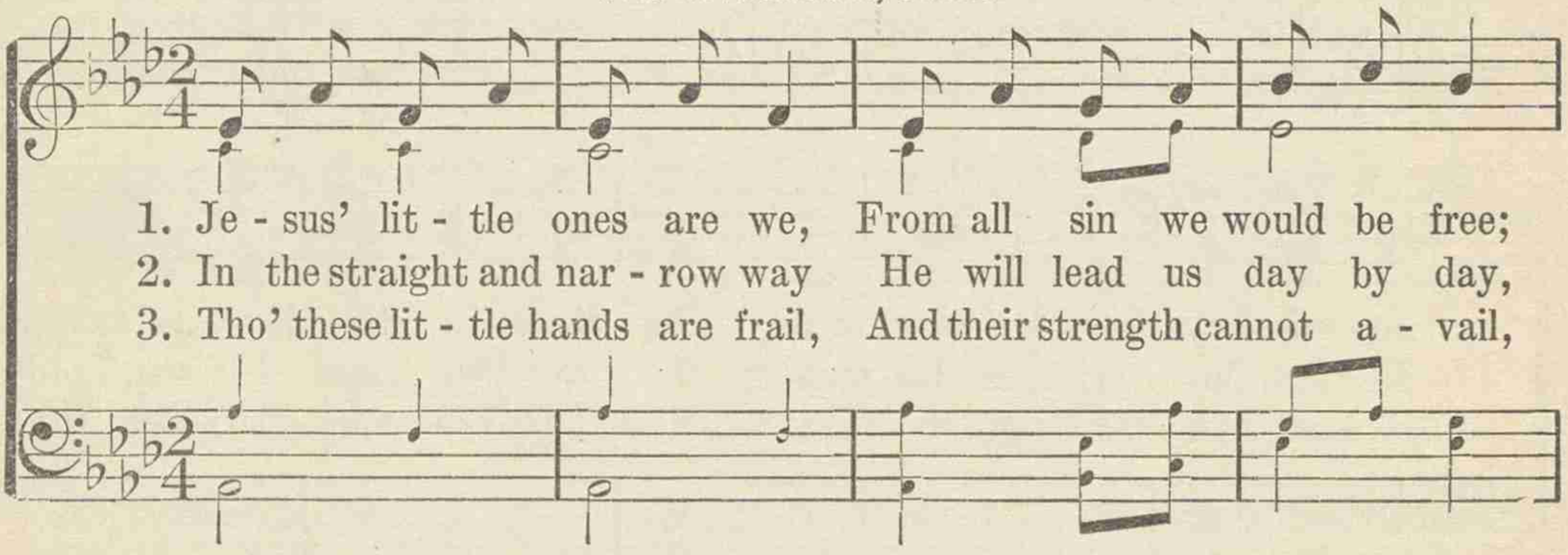
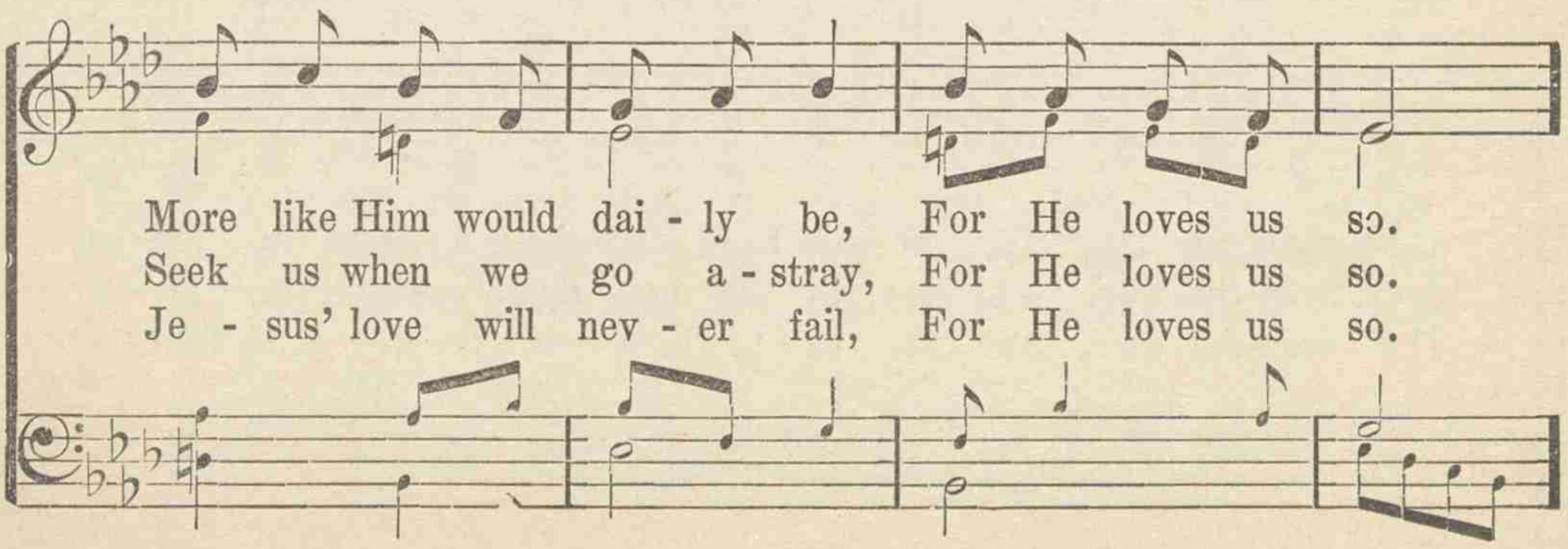
Chas. H. Gabriel.





Jesus' Little Ones.

CHORUS.

No. 18.

Little Branches.

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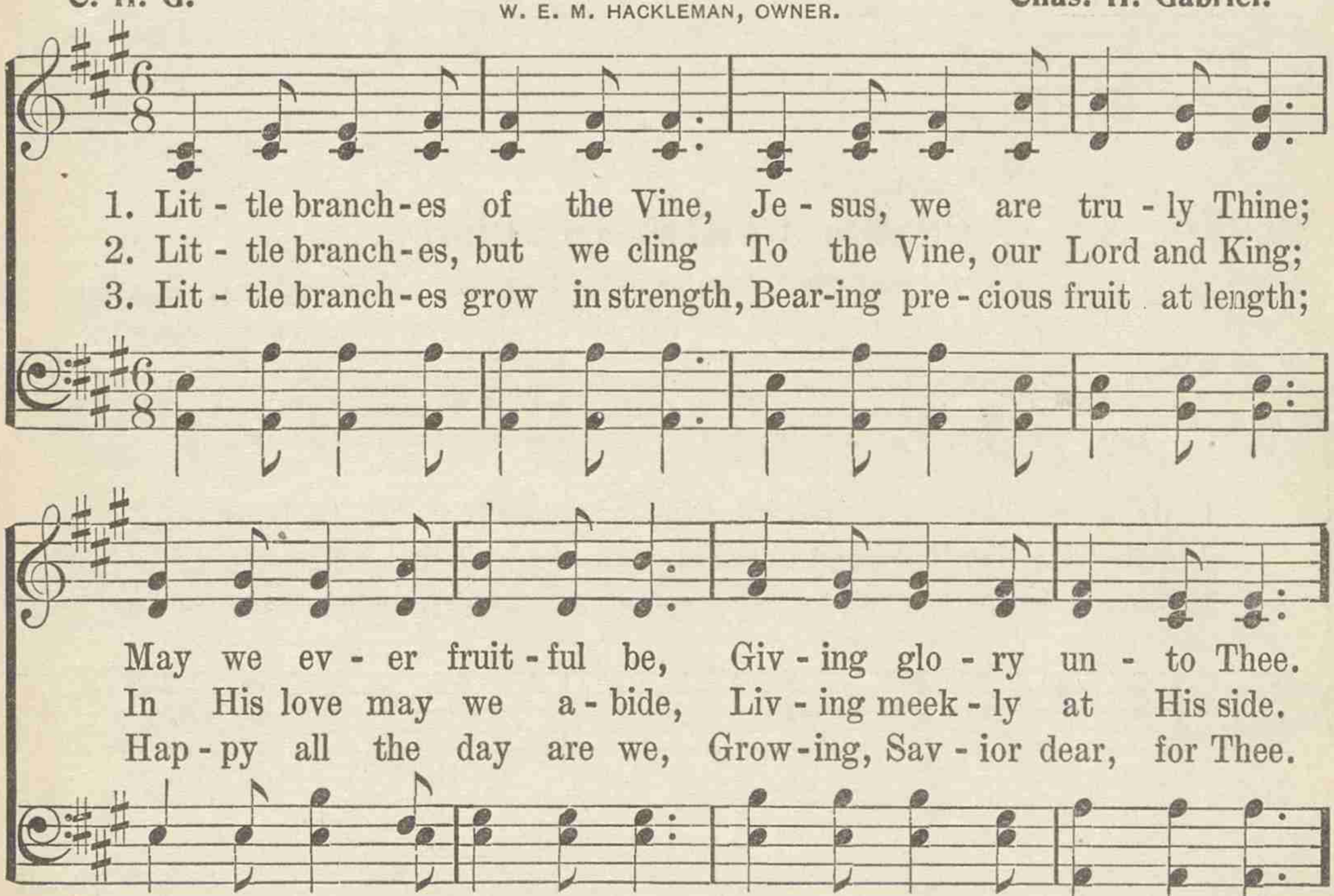
C. H. G.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



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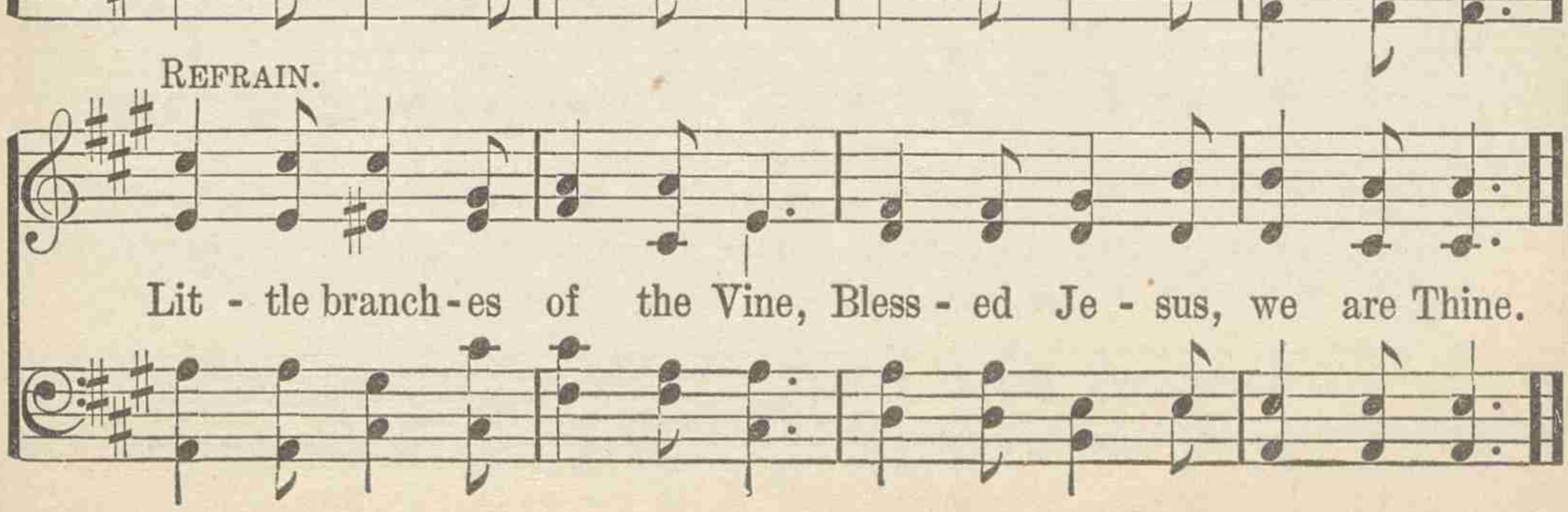

No. 19. Prayer.

Grace H. Duffield.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

No. 20. Jesus, Gentle Shepherd.

Mary L. Duncan.

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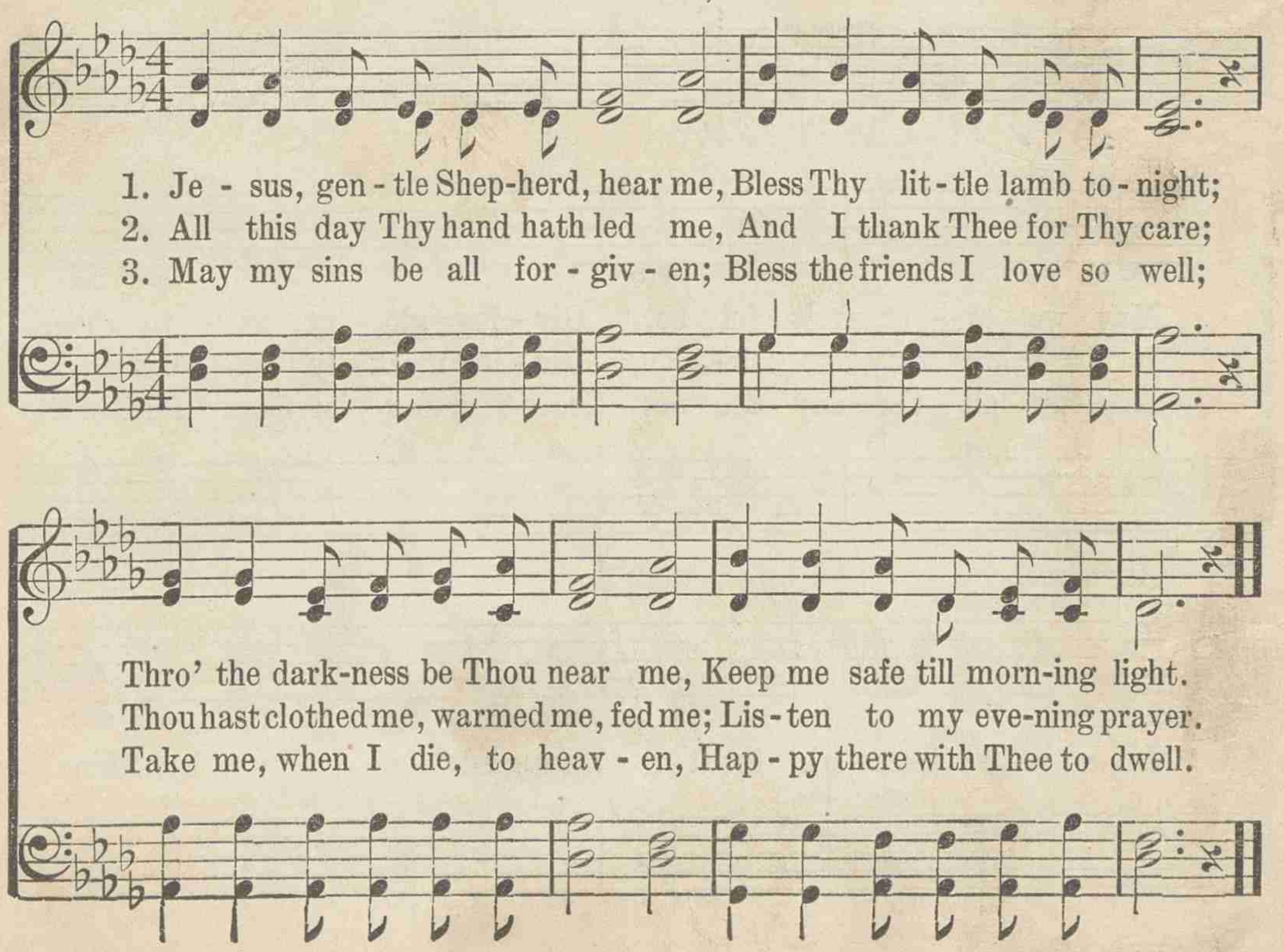
Chas. H. Gabriel.



No. 21. Yield Not to Temptation.

H. R. P.

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Dr. H. R. Palmer.

1. Yield not to temp-ta - tion, For yield-ing is sin; Each vic-t'ry will help you Some oth - er to win; Fight man-ful - ly on - ward,
2. Shun e - vil com-pan - ions, Bad language dis - dain; God's name hold in rev - 'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thought-ful and ear - nest,
3. To him that o'er-com-eth, God giv - eth a crown; Thro' faith we will con - quer, Tho' oft - en cast down; He who is our Sav - ior,

Dark passions sub - due; Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you thro'.
Kind-heart-ed and true; Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you thro'.
Our strength will re-new; Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you thro'.

CHORUS.

Ask the Sav - ior to help you, Com-fort, strengthen, and keep you;
He is will - ing to aid you, He will car - ry you thro'.

No. 22. Little Ones.

Jerome McCauley. COPYRIGHT IN "SCRIPTURE SONGS" BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. Je - sus, when He left the sky, And for sin - ners came to die,
2. Moth-ers then the Sav - ior sought In the pla - ces where He taught,
3. Did the Sav - ior say them nay? No! He kind - ly bade them stay,
4. 'Twas for them His life He gave, To re - deem them from the grave;

In His mer - cy passed not by Lit - tle ones like me.
And to Him their chil - dren bro't,—Lit - tle ones like me.
Suf - fered none to turn a - way Lit - tle ones like me.
Je - sus now will glad - ly save Lit - tle ones like me.

FINE.

REFRAIN.

Lit - tle ones, Lit - tle ones, Lit - tle ones like me.

D. S.

No. 23. Hear Jesus Calling.

Kate Ulmer. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
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1. Je - sus calls the lit - tle ones, Bids them come to Him to - day;
   Will-ing feet He'll gen - tly lead In the straight and nar - row way.
2. Lit - tle hearts in Him may trust, Lit - tle lips His praise may sing;
   Lit - tle lives be filled with light, Bright-ly shin - ing for the King.
3. Je - sus calls, He calls a - gain; Je - sus' love will nev - er end;
   Lit - tle ones, oh, hear Him now, Seek the chil-dren's dearest Friend.

Hear Jesus Calling.

CHORUS.

No. 24. The Savior's Invitation.

Tom C. Neal.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

No. 25. My Precious Bible.

S. B. J.

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Dr. S. B. Jackson.

1. I love my beau-ti - ful Bi - ble, Its worth can nev - er be told;
2. I love my beau-ti - ful Bi - ble, Be-cause I know it is true;
3. I love my beau-ti - ful Bi - ble, It guides my wan - der - ing feet,

It is a treas-ure be-yond com-pare, And far more pre-cious than gold.
For Je - sus speaks to me from its page, And tells me just what to do.
It speaks to me of a bet - ter life—'Tis full of prom - is - es sweet.

CHORUS.

I'll nev - er give up my Bi - ble, My beau - ti - ful, beau-ti-ful Bi - ble,

I'll nev - er give up my Bi - ble, It is so pre-cious to me.

No. 26. Like Jesus.

Kate Ulmer.

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Oran Williams.

1. I want to be like Je - sus, I want to heed His word,
2. I want to work for Je - sus, His cheer - ful serv - ant be;
3. I want to live with Je - sus, In His bright home a - bove,

To tell the sweet old sto - ry To those who've nev - er heard.
To show I tru - ly love Him Who did so much for me.
Where all are pure and ho - ly, Where all is light and love.

CHORUS.

'Twas Je - sus came to save us, For us He bled and died;

I want to tell the sto - ry, Yes, tell it far and wide.

No. 27. Singing for Jesus.

Flora Kirkland.

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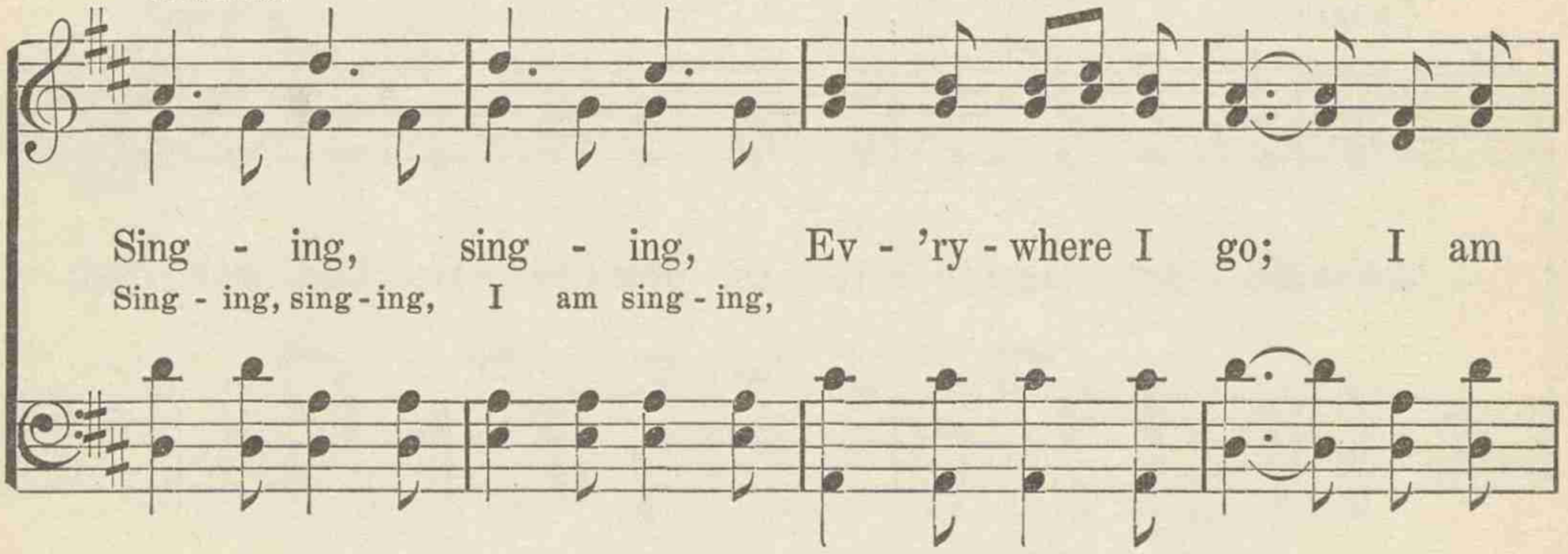
Adolph Jesrael.

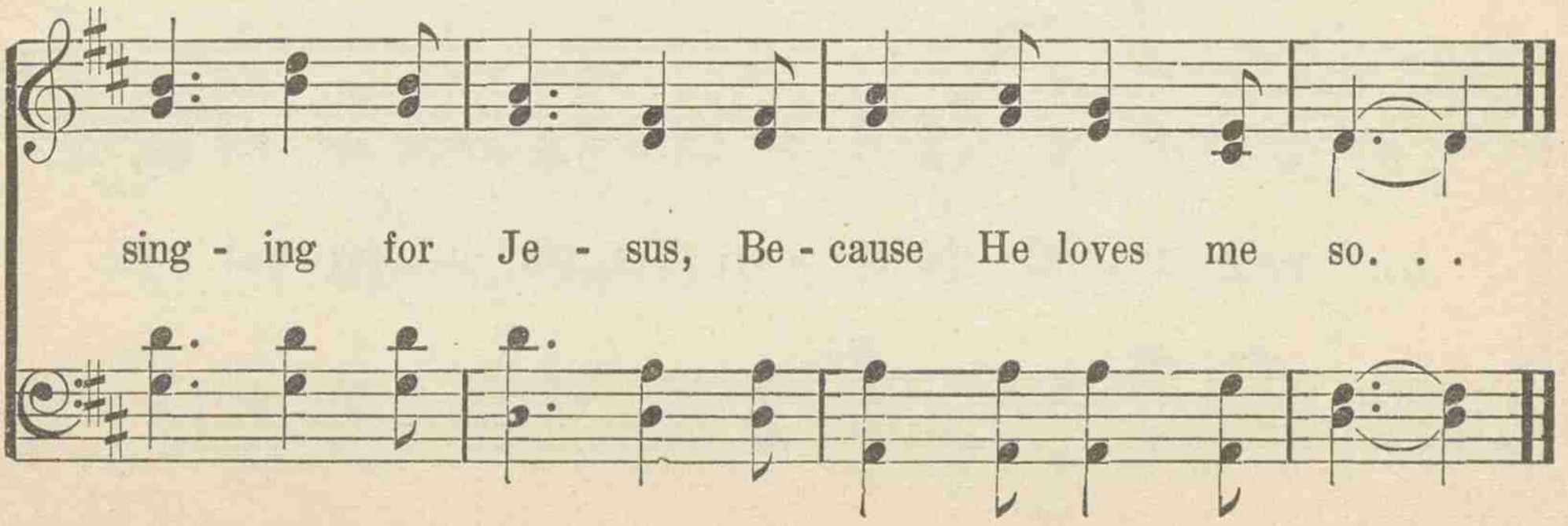
1. The bird - ies sing for Je - sus, Then can I si - lent be? O
2. The sunbeams smile for Je - sus, Then can I sul - len be? O
3. The flow - ers bloom for Je - sus, So fra - grant - ly and sweet; So

no! I too will praise Him, For Je - sus lov - eth me. . .
no! I must be cheer - ful, For Je - sus lov - eth me. . .
I must live for Je - sus, And wor - ship at His feet. . .

CHORUS.



Sing - ing, sing - ing, Ev - 'ry - where I go; I am
Sing - ing, sing - ing, I am sing - ing,



sing - ing for Je - sus, Be - cause He loves me so. . .

No. 28. Little Workers.

Flora Kirkland.

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H. A. Henry.

1. I am but a lit - tle work - er In the cause of Christ, my King,
2. I can on - ly do the small things, For I'm ver - y young and weak,
3. So I'll sing and speak for Je - sus, And I'll try to do His will,

Yet I know my Mas - ter loves me, So His praise I glad - ly sing.
But I know He hears me sing - ing, And I know He hears me speak.
For I know that up in heav - en He loves lit - tle chil - dren still.

CHORUS.

I am but a lit - tle work - er, Yet a faith - ful one I'll be,

For my King has work for chil - dren, E - ven lit - tle ones like me.

No. 29. Jesus Hears Me.

Kate Ulmer.

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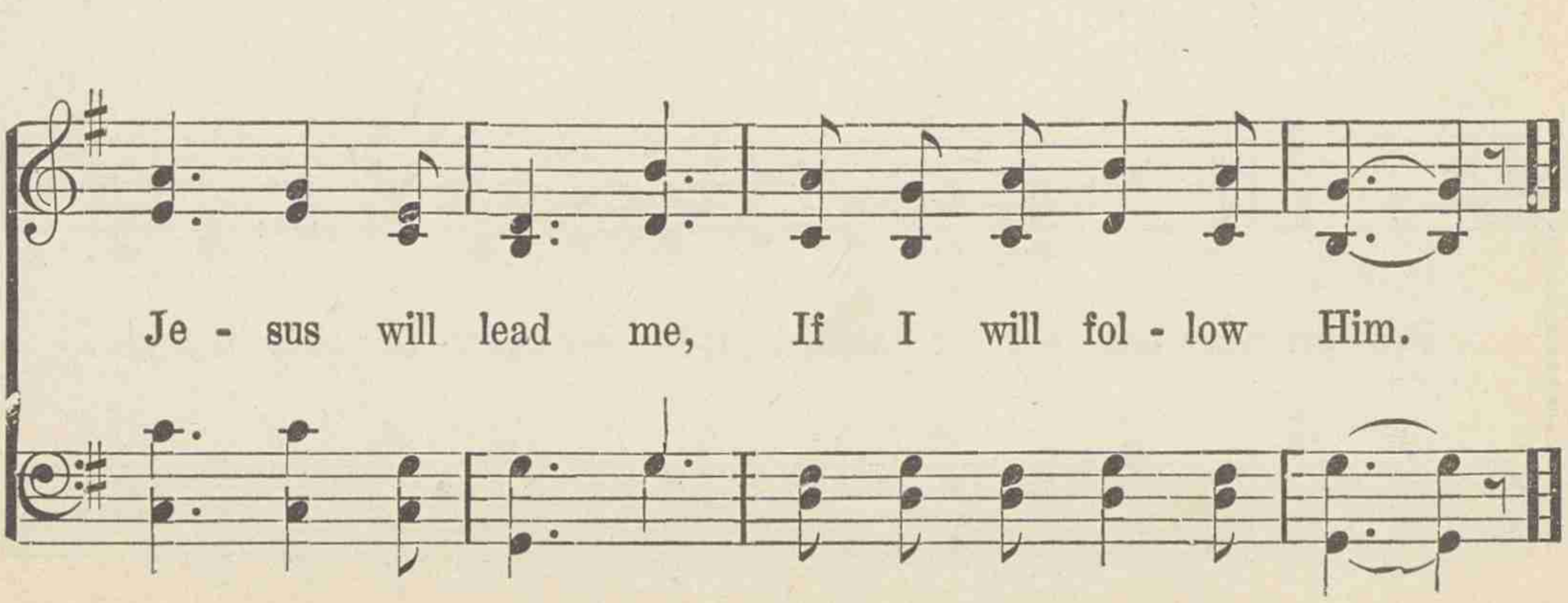
Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Je - sus hears me when I pray, He will nev - er turn a - way;
2. He will keep me ev - 'ry-where; I am safe with - in His care;
3. He will lead me with His hand To that bright and bet - ter land,

He will lis - ten to my call, For He loves the chil - dren all.
Sa - tan's pow'r I need not fear While my Sav - ior is so near.
Where the white-robed chil-dren sing Sweet-est praise to heav - en's King.

CHORUS.

Je - sus will hear me, Je - sus will keep me,



Je - sus will lead me, If I will fol - low Him.

No. 30. Following Jesus.

C. M. F. COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. **Chas. M. Fillmore.**

1. Fol-low-ing Je - sus day by day, Fol-low-ing Him—His will o - bey,
2. Fol-low-ing Him thro' all the night, Fol-low-ing Him in - to the light,
3. Fol-low-ing Him thro' joy or woe, Fol-low-ing Him, in grace to grow,

Fol - low-ing Him, I can - not stray, I'll fol - low Him all the way.
Fol - low-ing Him, 'tis al - ways right, I'll fol - low Him all the way.
Fol - low-ing Him, His love to know, I'll fol - low Him all the way.

REFRAIN.

Fol - low-ing Him, fol - low-ing Him, Fol - low - ing Him by night and by day;

Fol - low-ing Him, fol - low-ing Him, I'll fol - low Him all the way.

No. 31. What Would Come to Pass?

Jerome McCauley.

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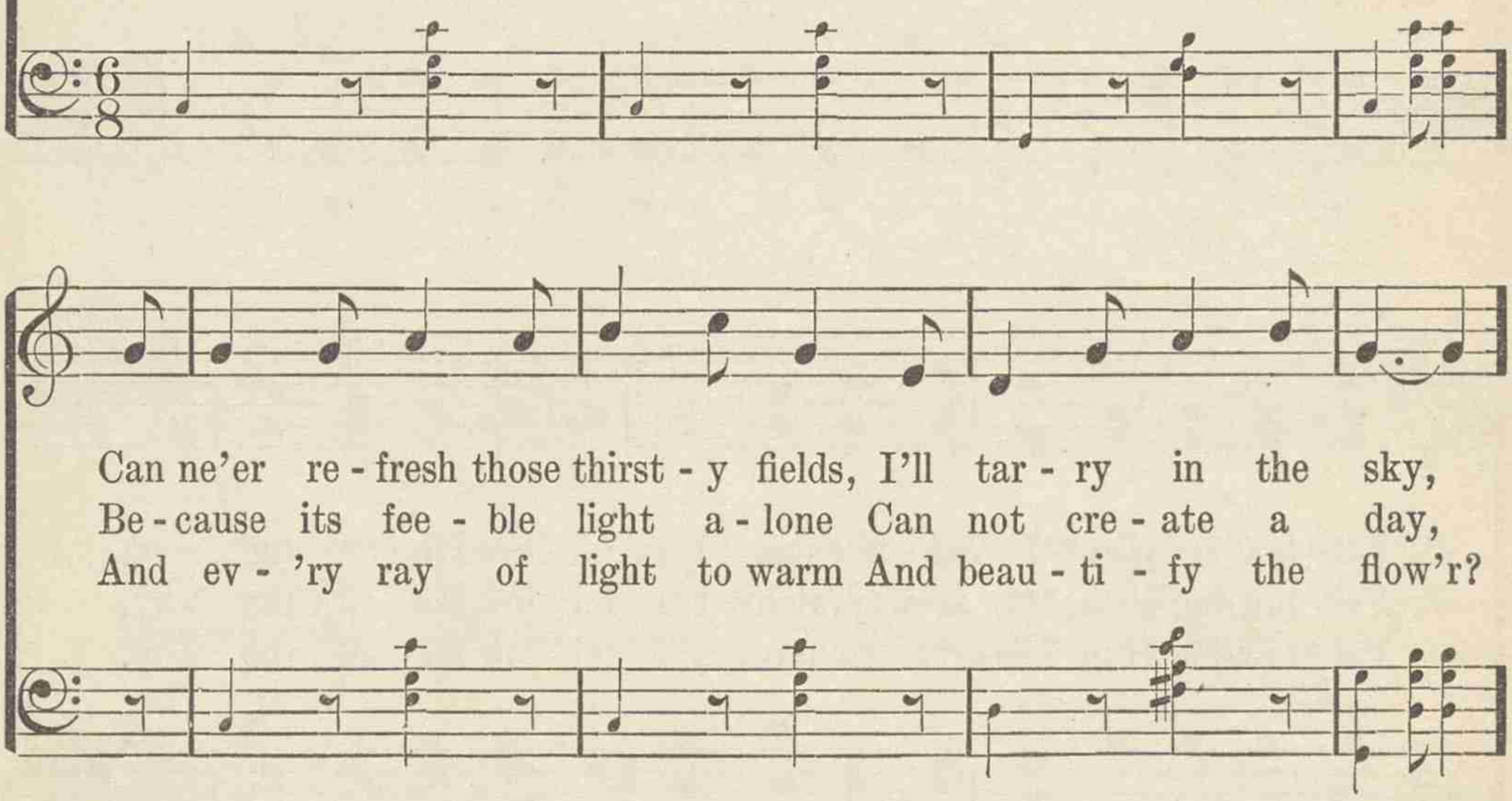
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. What if the lit - tle rain should say, "So small a drop as I
2. What if a shin - ing beam of noon Should in its foun - tain stay,
3. Does not each rain - drop help to form The cool, re-fresh - ing show'r?



Can ne'er re - fresh those thirst - y fields, I'll tar - ry in the sky,
Be - cause its fee - ble light a - lone Can not cre - ate a day,
And ev - 'ry ray of light to warm And beau - ti - fy the flow'r?

I'll tar - ry in the sky, I'll tar - ry in the sky,
Can not cre - ate a day, Can not cre - ate a day,
And beau - ti - fy the flow'r, And beau - ti - fy the flow'r,

I can't re - fresh those thirst - y fields, I'll tar - ry in the sky!"
Be-cause its fee - ble light a - lone Can not cre - ate a day!
And ev - 'ry ray of light to warm And beau - ti - fy the flow'r?

No. 32. Freely, Freely, Freely.

Clara L. S. Eager.

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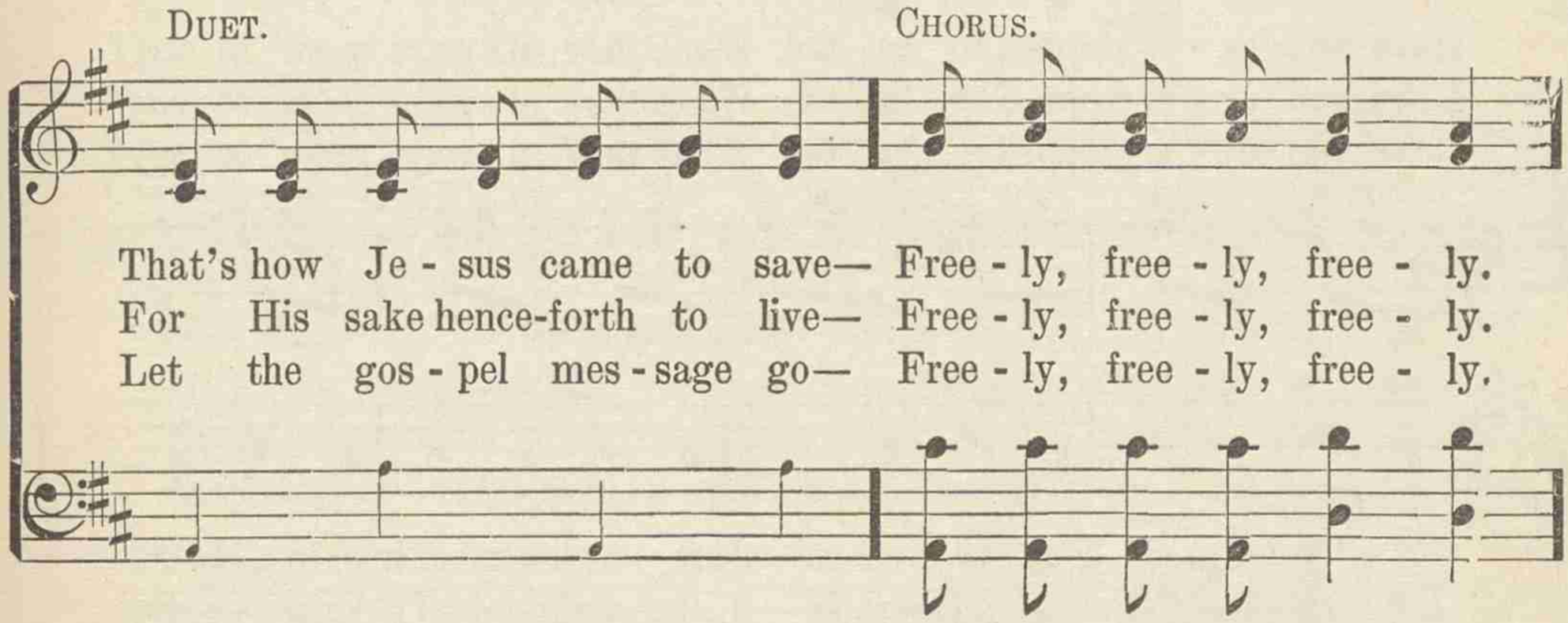
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

DUET or SOLO. CHORUS.

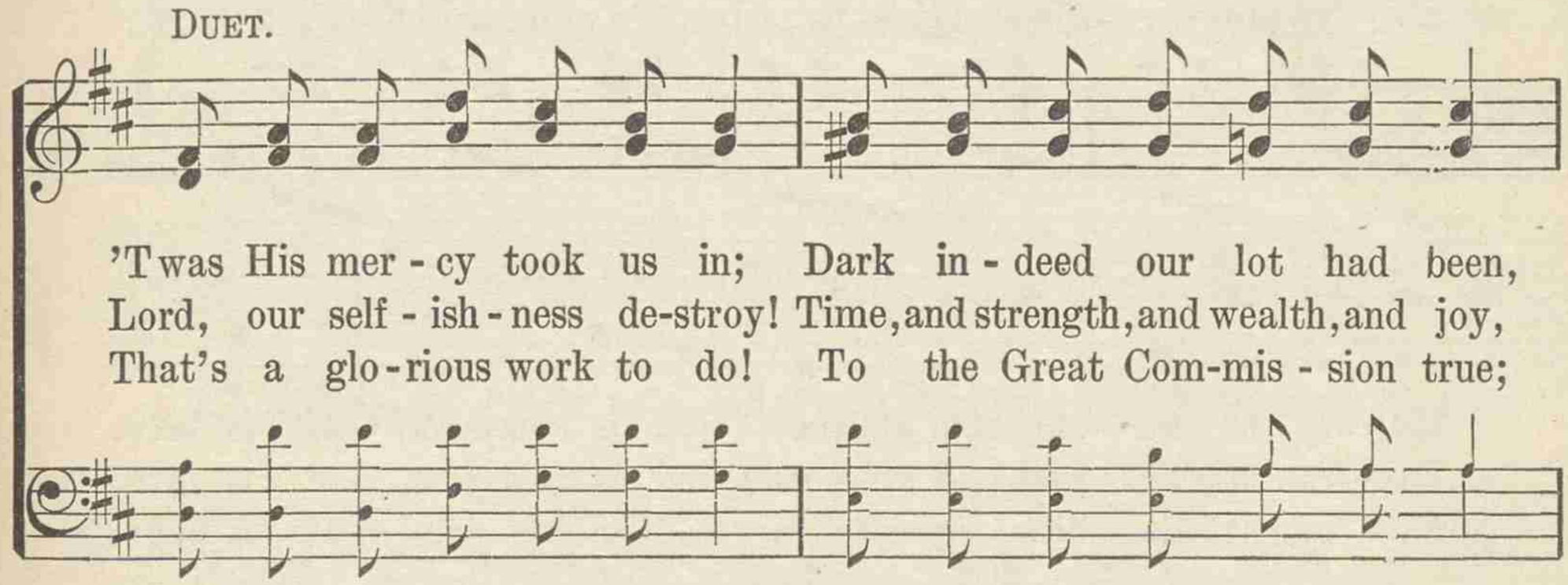
1. That is how the Fa - ther gave— Free - ly, free - ly, free - ly;
2. So to Him our-selves we give— Free - ly, free - ly, free - ly;
3. Let the liv - ing wa - ters flow— Free - ly, free - ly, free - ly;

DUET. CHORUS.



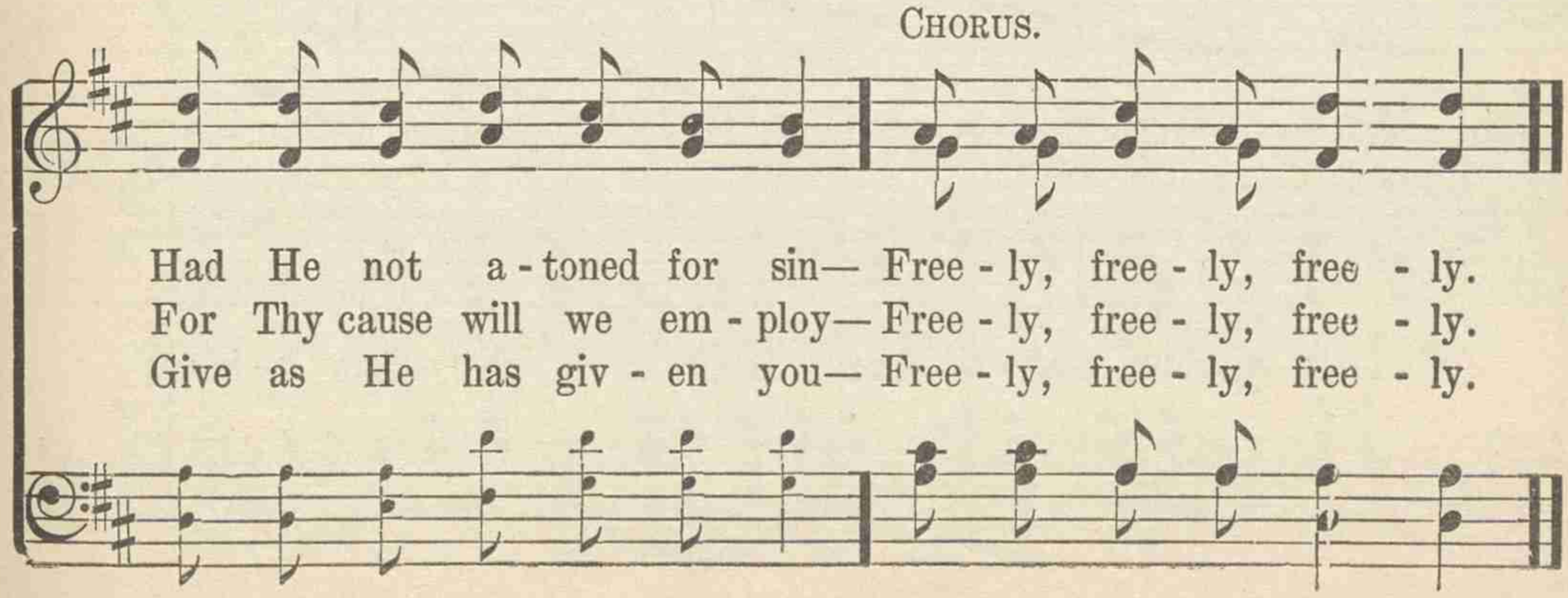
That's how Je - sus came to save— Free - ly, free - ly, free - ly.
For His sake hence-forth to live— Free - ly, free - ly, free - ly.
Let the gos - pel mes - sage go— Free - ly, free - ly, free - ly.

DUET.



'Twas His mer - cy took us in; Dark in - deed our lot had been,
Lord, our self - ish - ness de-stroy! Time, and strength, and wealth, and joy,
That's a glo - rious work to do! To the Great Com-mis - sion true;

CHORUS.



Had He not a - toned for sin— Free - ly, free - ly, free - ly.
For Thy cause will we em - ploy— Free - ly, free - ly, free - ly.
Give as He has giv - en you— Free - ly, free - ly, free - ly.

No. 33. What They Seem to Say.

Eleanor Allen Schroll.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Have you seen the sunbeams shin-ing, Shin-ing all a-long the way?
2. Have you heard the wild birds sing-ing, Sing-ing all a-long the way?
3. Have you seen the flow-ers grow-ing, Grow-ing all a-long the way?

Have you ev-er stopped to lis-ten What they al-ways seem to say?
Have you ev-er stopped to lis-ten What they al-ways seem to say?
Have you ev-er stopped to lis-ten What they al-ways seem to say?

Ev-'ry beam of beau-ty gives us Just a glimpse of heav'n a-bove;
Ev-'ry lit-tle song-ster gives us Just a glimpse of heav'n a-bove;
Ev-'ry pret-ty blos-som gives us Just a glimpse of heav'n a-bove;

FINE.

Ev-'ry lit-tle sunbeam whispers: God is wis-dom, God is love.
Ev-'ry lit-tle wild bird whispers: God is wis-dom, God is love.
Ev-'ry lit-tle flow-er whispers: God is wis-dom, God is love.

D. S.—*May the children's hearts re-ech-o: God is wis-dom, God is love.*

CHORUS. *D. S.*

God is wis-dom, God is love; Read it in the stars a-bove;

No. 34. Friend of Little Children.

Neal A. McAulay.

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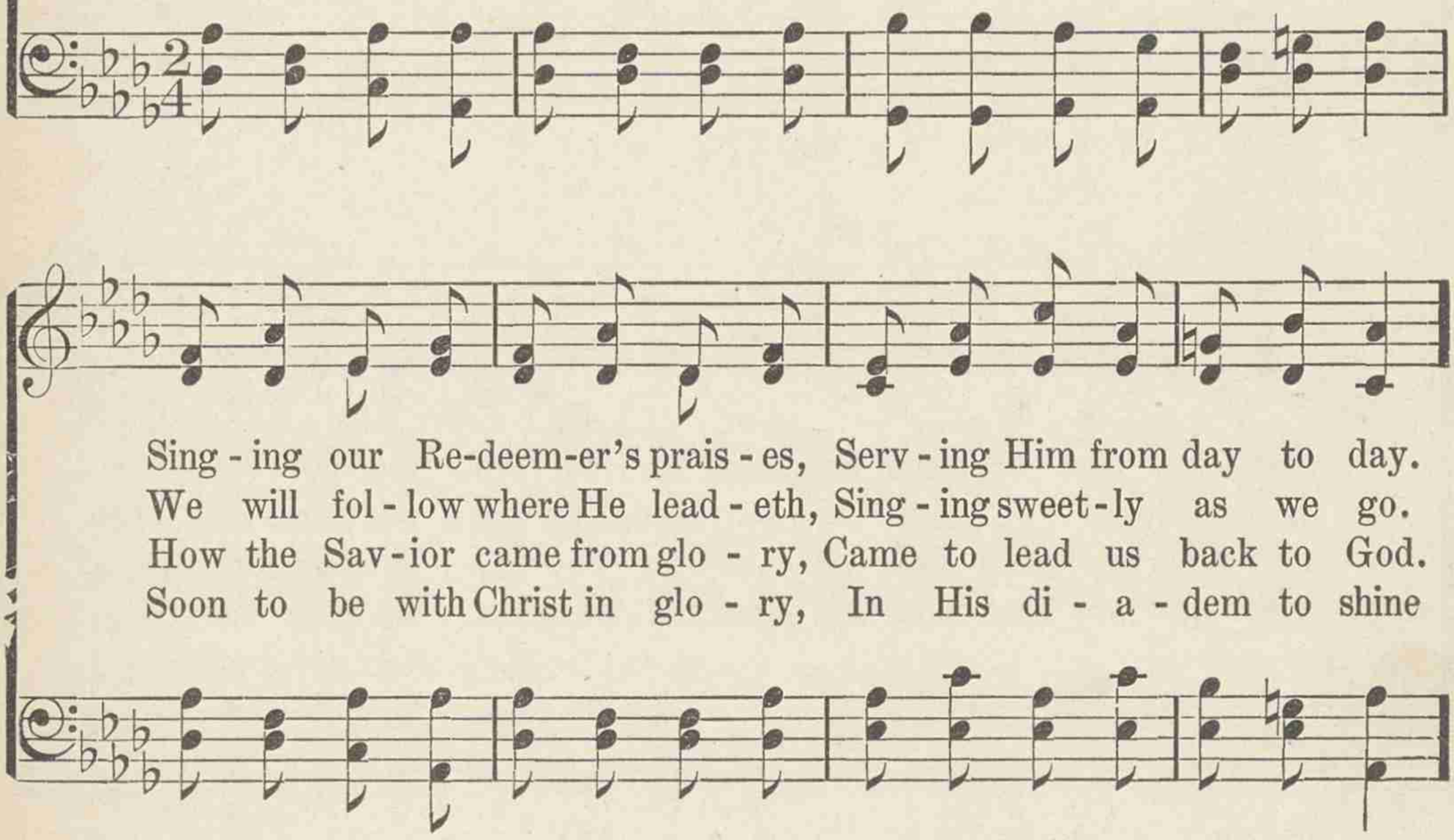
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

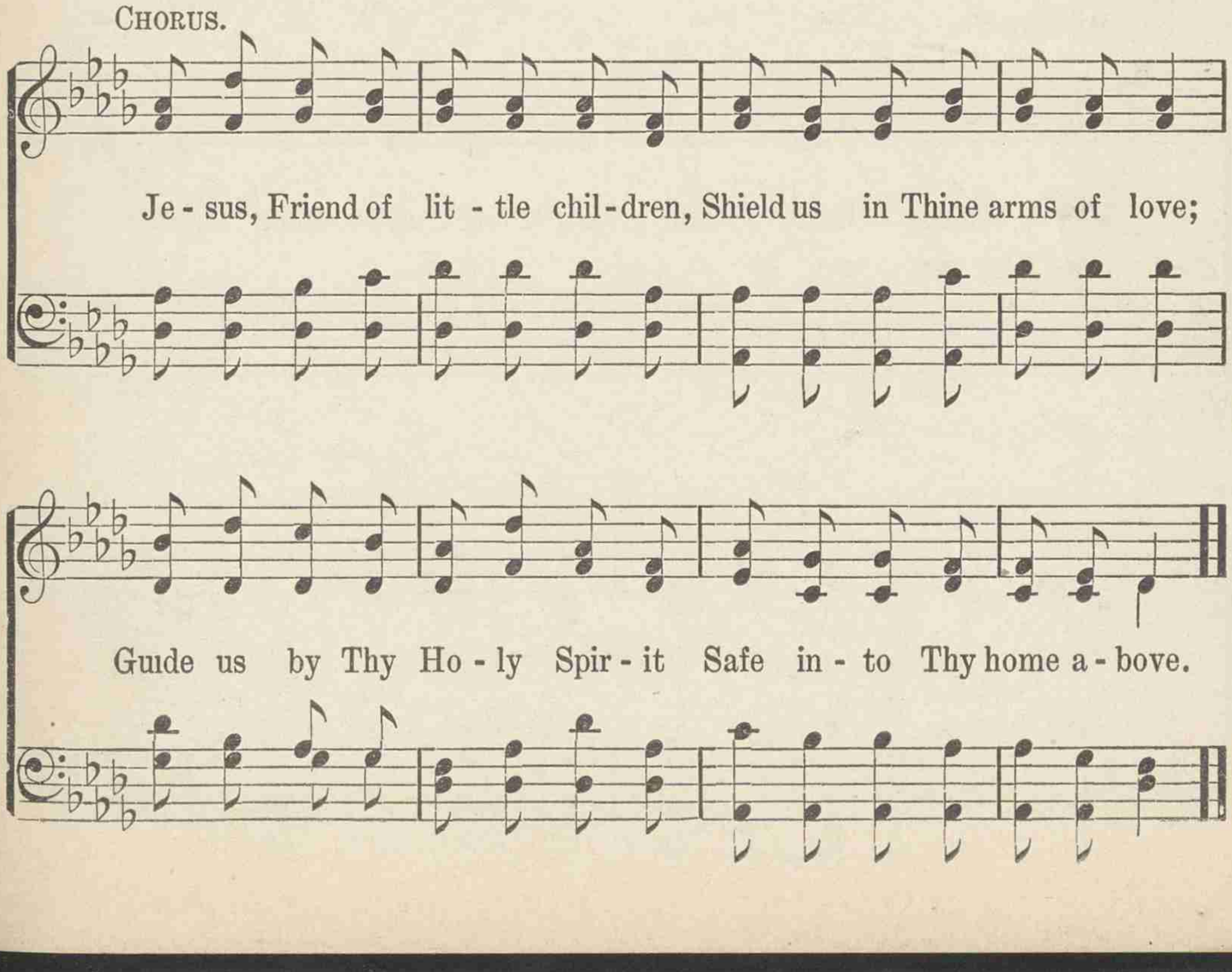
H. A. Henry.

1. We are hap - py lit - tle chil - dren, Walk - ing in the nar - row way;
2. We are lit - tle lambs of Je - sus, And our Shepherd's voice we know;
3. We are lit - tle Bi - ble schol - ars, Learn - ing in God's Ho - ly Word,
4. We are pre - cious lit - tle jew - els, Beau - ti - fied by grace di - vine;



Sing - ing our Re - deem - er's prais - es, Serv - ing Him from day to day.
We will fol - low where He lead - eth, Sing - ing sweet - ly as we go.
How the Sav - ior came from glo - ry, Came to lead us back to God.
Soon to be with Christ in glo - ry, In His di - a - dem to shine

CHORUS.



Je - sus, Friend of lit - tle chil - dren, Shield us in Thine arms of love;

Guide us by Thy Ho - ly Spir - it Safe in - to Thy home a - bove.

No. 35. An Evening Prayer.

Frances R. Havergal.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Now the light has gone a - way, Sav - ior, lis - ten while I pray,
2. Je - sus, Sav - ior, wash a - way All that has been wrong to - day;
3. Let my near and dear ones be Al - ways near and dear to Thee;
4. Thou my best and kind - est friend, Thou wilt love me to the end!

Ask - ing Thee to watch and keep, And to send me qui - et sleep.
Help me ev - 'ry day to be Good and gen - tle, more like Thee.
Oh, bring me and all I love To Thy hap - py home a - bove.
Let me love Thee more and more, Al - ways bet - ter than be - fore.

REFRAIN.

Sav - ior, hear, oh, hear my eve - ning prayer;

Sav - ior, hear, oh, hear my eve - ning prayer.

No. 36. Building for Eternity.

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Emma Pitt. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. Faith-ful build-ers all are we, Build-ing for e - ter - ni - ty;
2. One by one the stones we lay, Build-ing slow-ly day by day;
3. Build-ing in the Hin-doo land, Where the i - dols are as sand;
4. Build-ing tem-ples for our King, By the of-f'rings we can bring;

Chil-dren of the mis-sion bands, Work-ing with our hearts and hands.
Build-ing by our love are we, In the lands be - yond the sea.
Liv - ing tem-ples rise to view As we work for Chi - na, too.
Liv - ing tem-ples He will raise, Filled with life, and light, and praise.

CHORUS.

One bright day our eyes shall see, Where the man - y man-sions be,

Liv - ing stones we helped to bring For the pal-ace of our King.

No. 37. Lambs of Jesus.

Lizzie DeArmond.

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Adolph Jesreal.

1. We are lambs of Je - sus; In His pas - tures fair,
2. Lov - ing - ly He calls us When we go a - stray;
3. Ev - 'ry name He know - eth; Safe - ly He will keep
4. If we on - ly fol - low, He will lead us home

Day and night He leads us With a watch - ful care.
Such a ten - der Shep - herd We should all o - bey.
E'en the weak - est lamb - kin, For He loves His sheep.
To His fold in heav - en, Nev - er - more to roam.

CHORUS.

We are lambs, lit - tle lambs, Nev - er can we stray,

If we fol - low Je - sus, And His voice o - bey.

No. 38. Little Givers.

Anna Smithson. **Jerome McCauley.**

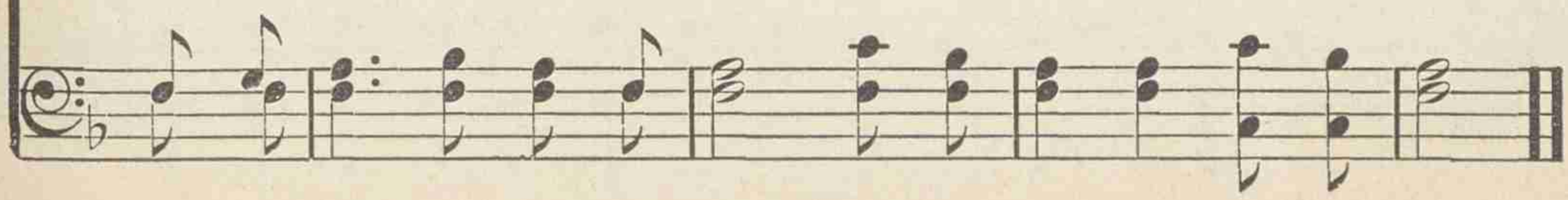
1. Lit - tle giv - ers, come and bring Trib - ute to your heav'n-ly King;
2. Lit - tle giv - ers, do your part With a glad and will - ing heart,
3. Give to all the dark-ened earth Ti - dings of a heav'n-ly birth,
4. Give your heart with ho - ly love; Give your praise like that a - bove;

Lay it on the al - tar high, While your songs as - cend the sky.
For the an - gel - voi - ces say: "Lit - tle giv - ers, give to - day."
Till the youth in ev - 'ry land Learn the Sav - ior's sweet com-mand.
All your life to Je - sus give, And in glo - ry you shall live.

CHORUS.

Lit - tle giv - ers, give and sing, Bring your of - f'rings to your King;

Praise the Lord so good and true, He has giv - en all for you.



No. 39. My Mission.

Ada Blenkhorn.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Lord, I would be a shin - ing light, To guide some wand'ring soul a - right;
2. Lord, I would be a cheer - ful voice, To bid some griev-ing heart re - joice;
3. Lord, I would be a sunbeam bright, To shed up - on the world Thy light;
4. Lord, I would be a help - ful hand, To fill with good a need - y land;

To shine up - on the up - ward way That leads un - to the gates of day.
To give some soul, by sor - row riv'n, A lit - tle fore-taste here of heav'n.
With-in some spir - it, filled with gloom, To make hope's fairest flow - ers bloom.
To guide some soul a - cross life's sea, Safe in - to heav'n and home with Thee.

CHORUS.

Lord, keep me near Thee ev - 'ry day, Nor ev - er let me go a - stray;

May this my earth-ly mis - sion be, To lead some soul to heav'n and Thee.

No. 40. Song of the Savior.

Dr. S. Fillmore Bennett.

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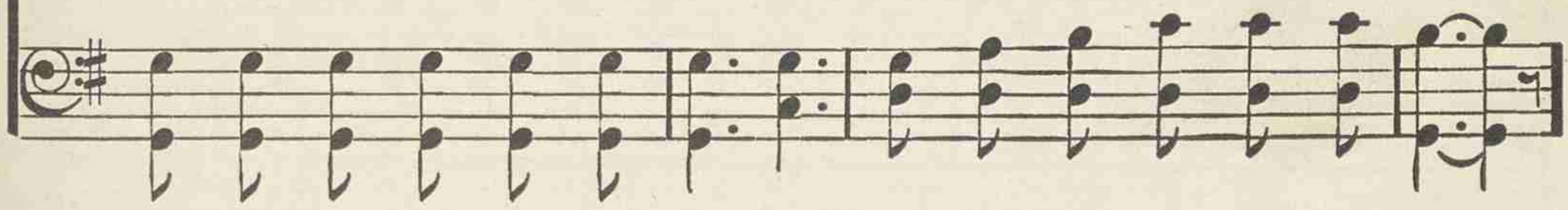
Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Sing we a song of the Sav - ior, Gen - tle, and lov - ing, and true,
2. Born in the Beth - le - hem man - ger, An - gels at - tend - ed His birth,
3. Bear-ing His bur - den of sor - rows, Still did He love us the same;
4. Now to the heav - ens as - cend - ed, Him by the Fa - ther be - hold,

Walk - ing the val - ley of shad - ows, Dy - ing for me and for you.
And from the heav - ens de - scend - ed Songs of re - joic - ing on earth.
All that re - viled Him for - giv - ing, Bear - ing the cross and its shame.
Plead - ing the cause of His chil - dren, Lov - ing us just as of old.



CHORUS.

Praise Him, praise Him, Gen - tle, and lov - ing, and true;

Praise Him, praise Him, Dy - ing for me and for you.

No. 41. Branches of the Vine.

Mrs. Ida M. Budd.

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W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Je - sus the liv - ing Vine is, We are the branch - es small;
2. God is the great Vine-dress - er, To Him the fruits be - long;
3. Kindness, and love, and pa - tience, These are the fruits so fair,
4. Let us, dear God, be faith - ful, That when Thy face we see,

If we a - bide not in Him, We can - not grow at all.
He helps the lit - tle branch - es Fruit-ful to be, and strong.
That e'en the small - est branch - es Of the great Vine may bear.
We may with joy and glad - ness Of - fer our fruits to Thee.

CHORUS.

Help us, O lov - ing Fa - ther, Dai - ly to grow for Thee;
That in the great here - aft - er We may Thy beau - ty see.

No. 42. Forbid Them Not.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

C. M. F. Chas. M. Fillmore.

1. Suf - fer the chil-dren to come to me, Come to me, come to me,
2. Suf - fer the chil-dren to sing for me, Sing for me, sing for me,
3. Suf - fer the chil-dren to pray to me, Pray to me, pray to me,
4. Suf - fer the chil-dren to live for me, Live for me, live for me,

Suf - fer the chil-dren to come to me, For - bid them not;
Suf - fer the chil-dren to sing for me, For - bid them not;
Suf - fer the chil-dren to pray to me, For - bid them not;
Suf - fer the chil-dren to live for me, For - bid them not;

Such shall my heav - en - ly king-dom be, King-dom be, king-dom be,
Pleas-ant to me is their mel - o - dy, Mel - o - dy, mel - o - dy,
For I will hear what they say to me, Say to me, say to me,
Their lit - tle hearts they can give to me, Give to me, give to me,

Such shall my heav - en - ly king - dom be, For - bid them not.
Pleas-ant to me is their mel - o - dy, For - bid them not.
For I will hear what they say to me, For - bid them not.
Their lit - tle hearts they can give to me, For - bid them not.

No. 43. Little Pilgrims.

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Ida M. Budd. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. We are lit - tle pil-grims, Walking in the light, Bearing ti - ny cross-es
2. Keeping close to Je - sus, Trusting in His care, All our lit - tle cross-es,
3. Keeping close to Je - sus, Some day by and by We shall find a coun-try

Wearing garments white. Keeping close to Je-sus, In the nar-row way,
He will help us bear. He will keep our white robes Spotless, pure and clean,
Far be-yond the sky. And in some bright mansion Of that land so fair,

CHORUS.

Go-ing home to heaven, And e - ter - nal day.
He will make us ev - er Free from guilt and sin. We are little pilgrims,
We shall dwell for-ev-er, Safe with Je-sus there.

1

8va

March, march, march! Keeping close to Je - sus, March, march, march!

2

Robed in garments white, Keep-ing close to Je - sus, Walking in the light.

No. 44. Little Sunbeams.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

Eben E. Rexford, **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. I think God gives the chil - dren, As thro' the land they go,
2. The clouds may hide the sun - shine Of heav - en from our sight,
3. Then let us live our mis - sion Of sun - beams day by day,

The most de - light - ful mis - sion That an - y one can know;
And life have much of sor - row To mar the heart's de - light;
And scat - ter joy and bright - ness A - bout us all the way;

He wants us to be sun - beams Of love, and hope, and cheer,
But if like faith-ful sun - beams, We chil - dren do our part,
Let's chase a - way life's shad - ows With lov - ing tho't and deed,

FINE.

To bright - en up the shad - ows That oft - en gath - er here.
We'll bring a ray of bright - ness To ev - 'ry shadowed heart.
And be the sun - shine-mak - ers Of which the world has need.

D.S.–*In all life's shad - y pla - ces We shine as best we can.*

CHORUS. D. S.

O we are lit - tle sun - beams, Sent down from God to man;

No. 45. He Shall Gather the Lambs.

Charlotte G. Homer.

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W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Jas. H. Robinson.

1. "He shall feed His flock like a shep - herd, He shall gath - er the
2. "He shall feed His flock like a shep - herd:" O how pre-cious the
3. "He shall feed His flock like a shep - herd:" O the depth of His

lambs with His arm." In His bos - om they shall be ev - er Safe - ly shield-ed
prom - ise to me! Shep-herd kind, how blest the as - sur-ance That the lambs are
in - fi-nite love! Lead us, guide us, won - der - ful Shepherd, Safe in - to Thy

CHORUS.

from all harm. He shall gath - - - - er the lambs, . . . Shall
dear to Thee!
fold a - bove.

Gath - er the lambs, gath - er the lambs,

gath - er the lambs with His arm of love; He shall gath - - - - er the

Gath - er the lambs,

lambs, ... Shall gath - er the lambs with His arm. . . . .
gath - er the lambs, of love.

No. 46. Jesus is Waiting.

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John O. Foster. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. Je - sus looks down from His throne in the sky, See - ing our
2. Je - sus is hear - ing us now as we sing, List -'ning to
3. Ear-nest - ly then, my dear Sav - ior, I ask, What is my

wor - ship to - day; Watch-ing our ef - forts when - ev - er we try
each lit - tle tongue; Look - ing di - rect - ly at each lit - tle thing,
du - ty to Thee? Help me to know how the least of a task

Meek - ly and hum-bly to pray.
Knowing what-ev - er is sung.
May be com-plet-ed by me.

CHORUS.

Je-sus is watching our wor-ship to-day;
Watch-ing, ... He's watch-ing; . . . Je - sus is watch-ing our
Watch - ing our wor - ship, He's watch - ing to - day;

wor - ship to - day, Read - ing, or sing - ing, or try - ing to pray.

No. 47. Coming to Jesus.

T. C. Neal.

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Chas. E. Neal.

1. Bless - ed Je - sus, we come to Thee, Thou hast prom-ised our
2. Bless - ed Je - sus, we would be Thine, Rest - ing un - der Thy
3. Bless - ed Je - sus, when life is o'er, Bring us safe - ly to

Friend to be; Thou hast prom-ised Thy help and grace, E - ven to
care di - vine, Go - ing on - ly where Thou dost lead, Thy lov - ing
heaven's bright shore; There for - ev - er to hap - py be, Spend-ing e -

CHORUS.

chil-dren who seek Thy face.
chil-dren in word and deed. Je - sus, now bless us in love, we pray,
ter - ni - ty all with Thee.

Fill with Thy sun - shine our hearts to - day; Thou hast prom-ised Thy

help and grace, E - ven to chil - dren who seek Thy face.

No. 48. Jesus Loves the Little Children.

Maggie E. Gregory.

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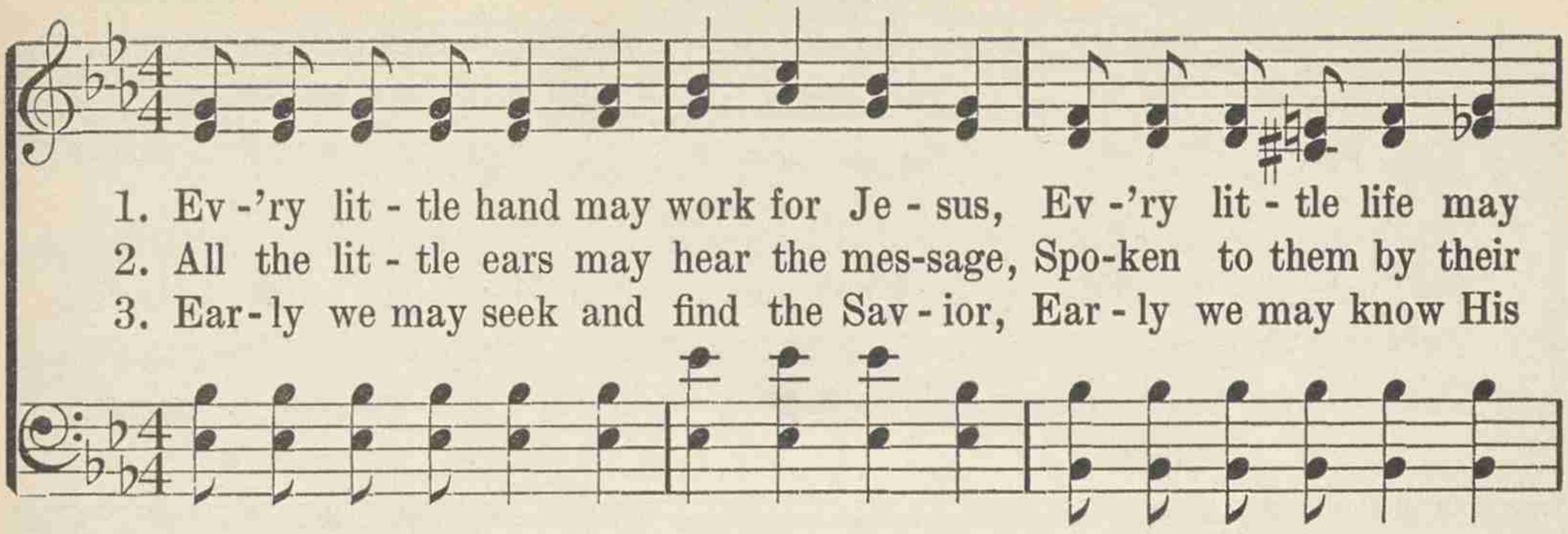
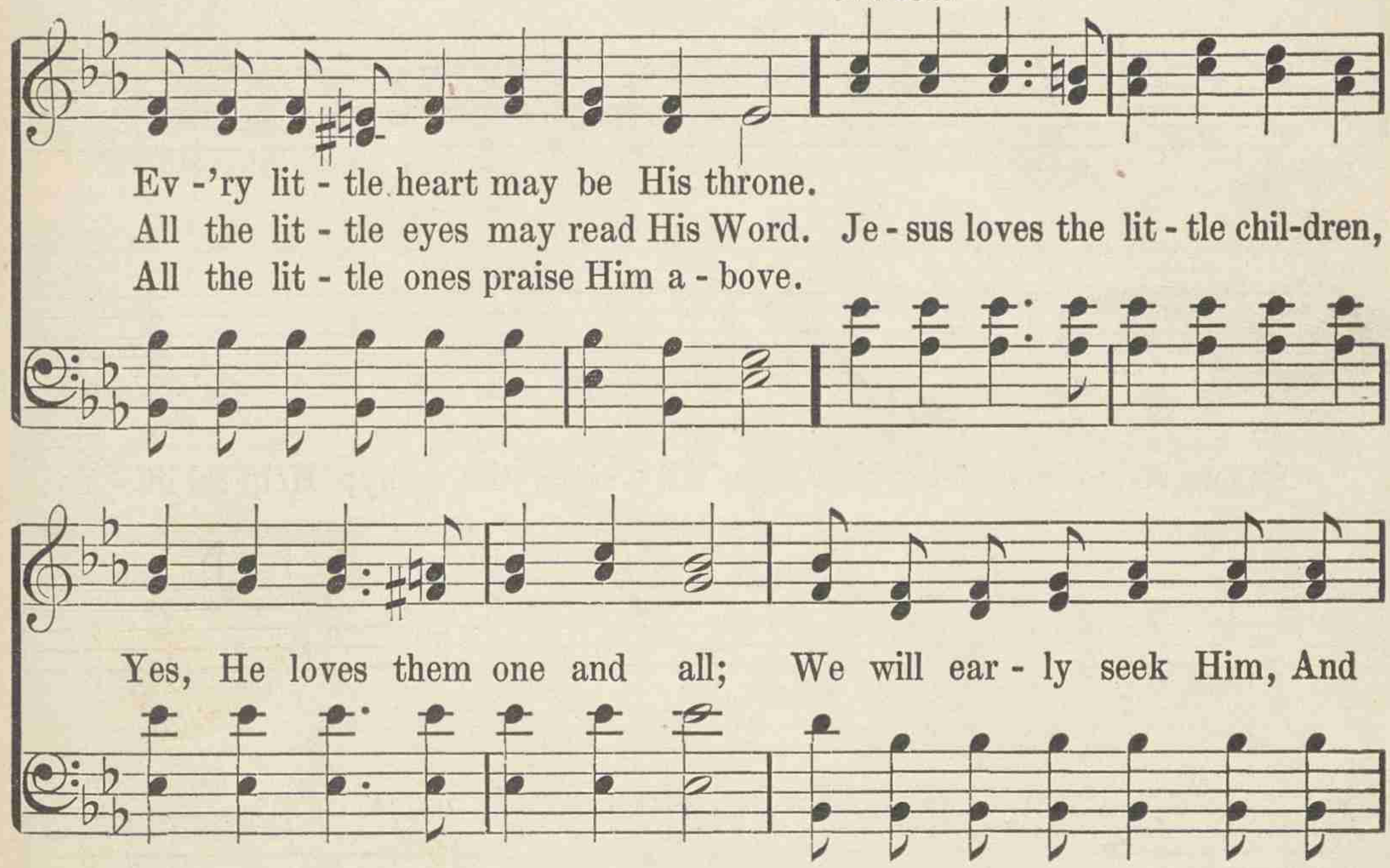
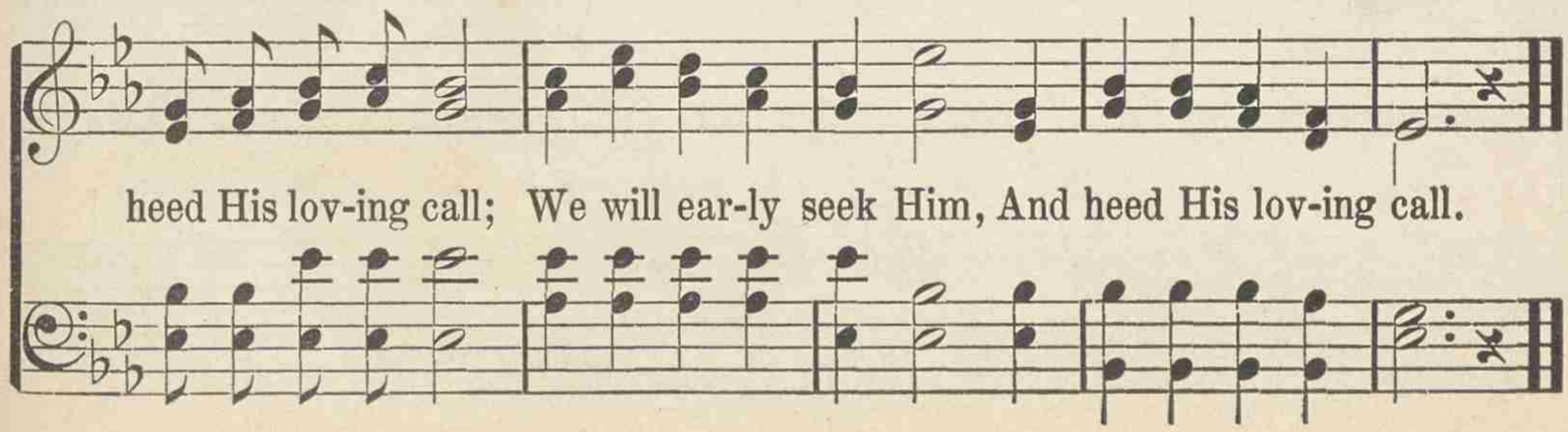
H. A. Henry.



CHORUS.





No. 49. Little Raindrops.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Laura M. Winslow. J. S. Fearis.

1. When God sees the flow-ers Need His ten-der care, He sends lit - tle rain-drops
2. We are lit - tle raindrops, God has sent us here, From His fount of blessing,
3. Ev - 'ry drop re-flect-ing Goe's most tender love, Helps to light the pathway,
4. Tho' we are but raindrops, We are glad to know, That we have a mis-sion,

REFRAIN.

With a bless - ing there.
Bring-ing hope and cheer. Bus - y lit - tle rain-drops, Let us be to - day,
To the Home a - bove.
In this world be - low.

As we strive to scat-ter bless-ings, All a - long the way; Help-ful lit - tle

rain-drops, Will we be to - day, Do-ing work for Je - sus in a rain-drop's way.

No.50. Let the Cheering Sunbeams Fly.

J. W. Carpenter.

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W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Dr. J. A. Burchit.

1. You have known the Mas - ter, bless - ed Mas - ter, You have known His
2. You have seen the sun - beams, cheer - ing sun-beams, Chas - ing shad-ows
3. You have seen the sun - beams, cheer - ing sun-beams, Foll'wing show-ers

mer - cy and His love; You have caught the sunbeams, cheering sunbeams,
from the cloud - ed sky; You have seen the dawn-ing, wondrous dawn-ing,
on the fields new - sown; You have seen the har - vest, gold - en har - vest,

CHORUS.

Gen-tly fall - ing from the skies a - bove (so gen - tly). Scatter the sunbeams,
Coming, glorious, when the sunbeams fly (bright sun-beams).
Safe-ly garnered, with the ear full-grown (blest har - vest). Scat - ter sun - beams,

cheering, bright sunbeams; Darkened hearts for sunlight cry; . . Bear the news of
cheer - ing sun-beams; Hearts for sun - light cry; . . Bear the

Dark - ened hearts for light are cry - ing;

mer - cy, Tell the news of Je - sus, Let the cheering sunbeams fly.
news of mer - cy, Tell the love of Je - sus,

No. 51. Consecration Hymn.

M. F.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. "Just as I am," Thine own to be, Friend of the young who
2. In the glad morn - ing of my day, My life to give, my
3. And for Thy sake to win re-nown, And then to take the

lov - est me; To con - se - crate my - self to Thee, O
vow to pay, With no re - serve and no de - lay, With
vic - tor's crown, And at Thy feet to cast it down, O

REFRAIN.

Sav - ior dear, I come!
all my heart I come! O bless - ed Lord, I come to Thee,
Mast - ter, Lord, I come!

For - ev - er Thine a - lone to be; I come (I come),

O bless - ed Lord (I come), "Just as I am," I come!

No. 52. Little Pansies.

Ida Scott Taylor.

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W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. We are lit - tle pan-sies, seek-ing for the day, Bloom-ing for the
2. In the gold-en morn-ing, when we first a - wake, Then we pray our
3. In the hush of eve-ning, when the day is done, And the shad-ows

Mas - ter, all a - long life's way; Ti - ny bits of bright-ness,
Fa - ther, care of us to take: He has filled our spir - its
gath - er with the set - ting sun, Then we par - sy - chil - dren

we should shine and glow, Shedding dai - ly fra-grance as we heav'nward go.
with His love and grace; This is why we car - ry glad-ness in each face.
close our wear - y eyes, And our heav'nly Fa - ther guards us from the skies.

REFRAIN.

God has made us, ev - 'ry one, And we bloom in shade or sun;

In His gar - den we would be, For His pan - sy - flow'rs are we.

No. 53. We are Little Travelers.

Ida M. Budd.

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W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. We are lit - tle trav -'lers, On our jour-ney home; To our Fa-ther's
2. When the skies are bend - ing Blue and fair a - bove, And the flow'rs are
3. So thro' cloud and sun - shine We will trav - el on, Tow'rd the shin - ing

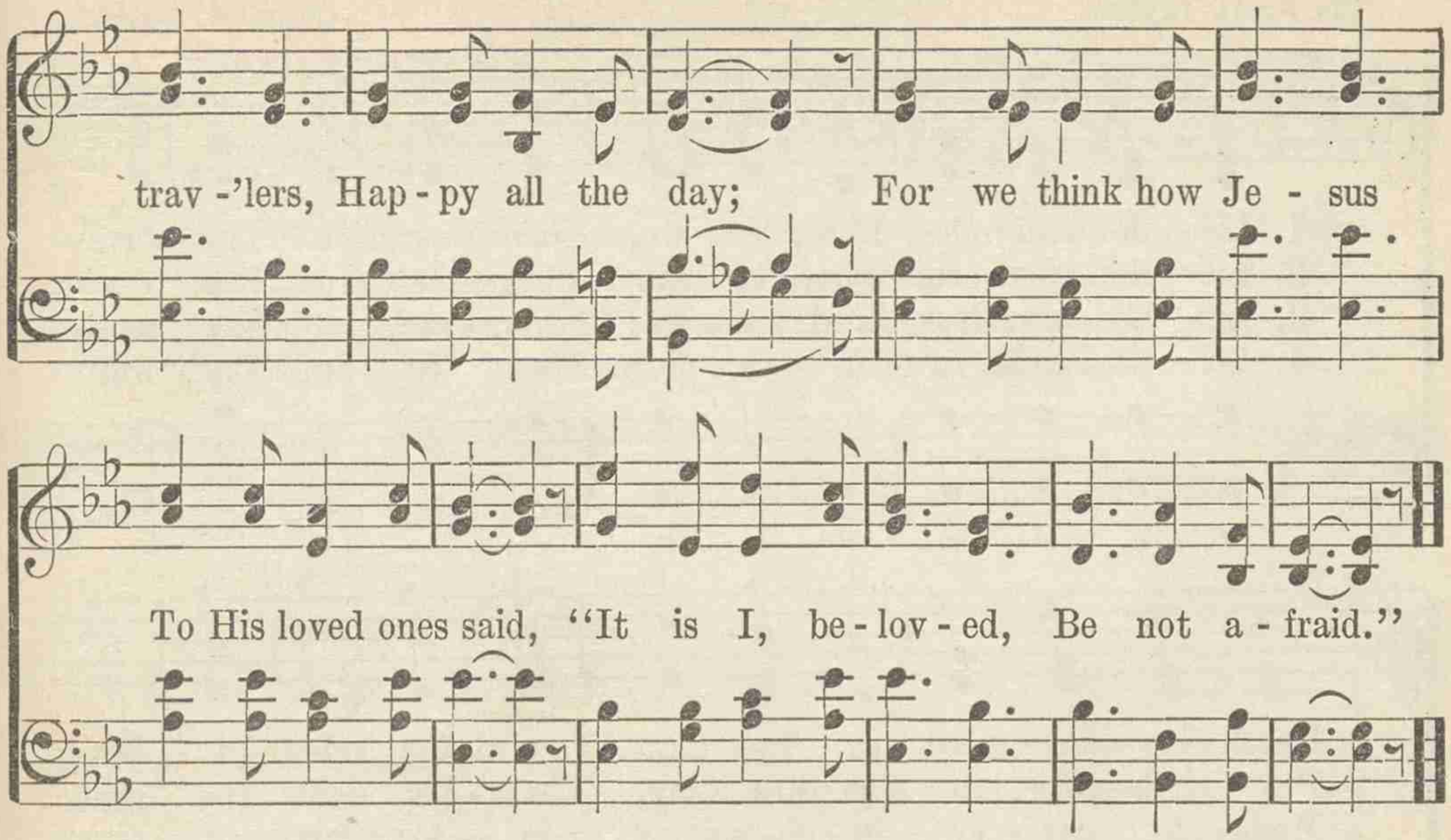
dwell - ing We at last shall come, If we trust the prom - ise
bloom - ing Sweet in field and grove, In the glow - ing sun - shine
man - sions Where our Lord has gone; Fol - low - ing our Sav - ior,

Of the pre-cious word Spo - ken to His own by Christ, our Lord.
We can see His smile, And our glad hearts praise Him All the while.
Where He leads the way, Till at last we en - ter Heav'n's bright day.

CHORUS.

Lit - - tle trav -'lers, March-ing on our way, Lit - - tle
We are lit - tle trav - 'lers, We are lit - tle

We are Little Travelers.



No. 54. Jesus, Help Me.

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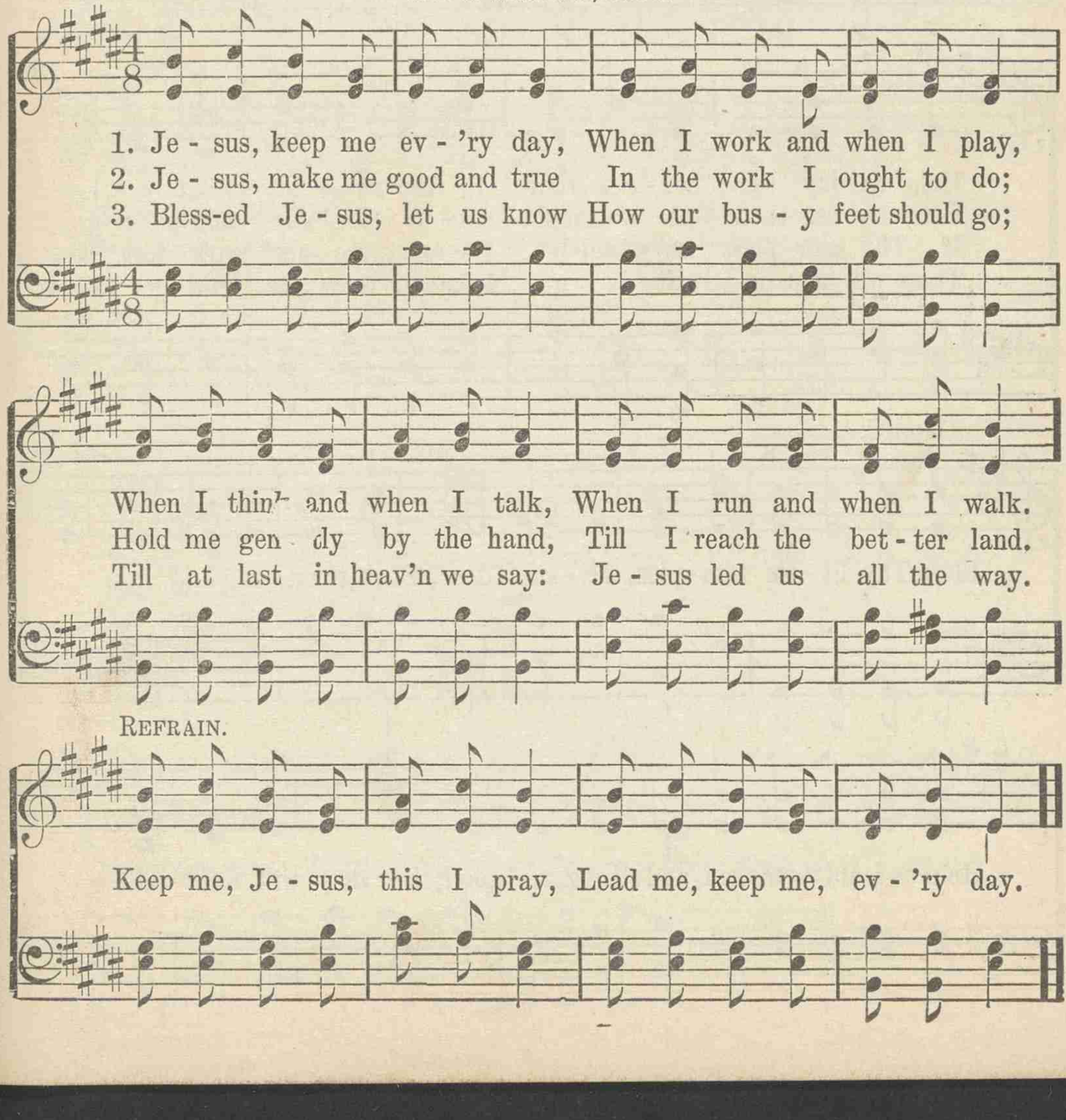
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

John O. Foster. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**



No. 55. Little Temples.

Ida Scott Taylor.

COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Lit - tle tem - ples, Lord, are we, Build - ed on Thy love—
2. Lit - tle eyes are ours, to see Things that God has made;
3. Lit - tle ears, dear Lord, have we, Trump - ets for Thy truth—
4. Lit - tle hands to us were giv'n, Made to do Thy will;

Reach - ing up - ward ev - 'ry day Tow'rd the skies a - bove;
Pre - cious gifts to us are they, Show - ing light and shade;
Made to car - ry ti - dings sweet In - to hearts of youth;
Lit - tle feet to walk Thy paths— Nev - er to be still;

Help us lay our cor - ner-stone In the name of Christ a - lone.
Let us use them as we should—On - ly for our tem-ple's good.
If Thy tem - ples we would be, We must use our ears for Thee.
These will help us swift - ly go, Make our tem - ples stron - ger grow.

CHORUS.

Bless Thy lit - tle tem - ples, Je - sus dear, Bless them, one and all;
Help us build them firm, and strong, and good, So they will not fall.

No. 56. Little Things.

John O. Foster.

COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Lit - tle feet were made to walk, Bless - ed Lord, for Thee;
2. Lit - tle hearts were made to beat, Long as we shall live;
3. Je - sus, take my lit - tle heart, Make it good and true;
4. Hear the lit - tle prayer I say, Take me by the hand;

Lit - tle tongues were made to talk, Lit - tle eyes to see.
Lit - tle voi - ces, soft and sweet, Lit - tle songs to give.
Tell me how to do my part, Just as I should do.
Teach me some - thing good to - day, I may un - der - stand.

CHORUS.

Hear my lit - tle song to - day, ... Hear me, Je-sus, while I pray; . . . . . Je - sus, take my lit - tle heart, Make it good and true; Tell me how to do my part, Just as I should do.

Hear my song, my lit - tle song to - day, Hear me, Je - sus, hear me while I pray;

No. 57. Our Gifts to Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Ada Blenkhorn. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. What can we give to Je - sus That He would prize the most, That
2. We may not gov - ern rich - es, Our tal - ents may be few, Yet
3. We know that He will take us, For He has told us so; He'll

would, when known in heav - en, Re - joice the an - gel host? Not
sure - ly there is some - thing That we for Him may do. He
pu - ri - fy and cleanse us, And wash us white as snow. He'll

gold, nor precious jew-els, Could such an of-f'ring be; These were a gift un-
owns the love-ly flow-ers, The earth, and heav'n above; He asks us not for
al - ways dwell with-in us, And make us sweet and mild, Just like the gen - tle

CHORUS.

wor - thy Of such a friend as He.
rich - es— He on - ly wants our love. We'll give our hearts to Je - sus; No
Sav - ior, The sin - less, ho - ly Child.

gift that we could bring Would be a bet-ter present For Christ, the children's King.

No. 58. Smile a Little.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

U. N. O.

W. E. M. Hackleman.

1. Smile a lit - tle, smile a lit - tle, As you go a - long;
2. Smile a lit - tle, smile a lit - tle, All a - long the road;
3. Smile up - on the troub - led pil-grims You so oft - en meet;

Not a - lone when life is pleas-ant, But when things go wrong.
Ev - 'ry life must have its bur - den, Ev - 'ry heart its load.
Frowns are thorns, as smiles are blos-soms, Oft for wear - y feet.

Care de - lights to see you frown-ing, Loves to hear you sigh;
Why sit down in gloom and dark-ness With your grief to sup?
Do not make the way seem hard - er By a sul - len face;

Turn a smil - ing face up - on her, Quick the dame will fly.
As you drink fate's bit - ter ton - ic, Smile a - cross the cup.
Smile a lit - tle, smile a lit - tle, Bright - en up the place.

CHORUS.

Smile a lit-tle, smile a lit-tle, As you go a-long;
Smile a lit-tle, smile a lit-tle, [*Omit . . . . . .*] Sing some happy song.

No. 59. Open the Door for the Children.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

U. N. O. W. E. M. Hackleman.

1. O - pen the door for the chil - dren, Ten - der - ly gath - er them in,
2. O - pen the door for the chil - dren, See, they are com - ing in throngs;
3. O - pen the door for the chil - dren, Take the dear lambs by the hand,

D. C.— *o - pen the door for the chil-dren, Ten-der - ly gath - er them in,*

FINE.

In from the high-ways and hedg - es, In from the pla - ces of sin.
Bid them sit down to the ban - quet, Teach them your beau-ti - ful songs.
Point them to truth and to good - ness, Lead them to Canaan's fair land.

In from the high-ways and hedg-es, In from the pla - ces of sin.

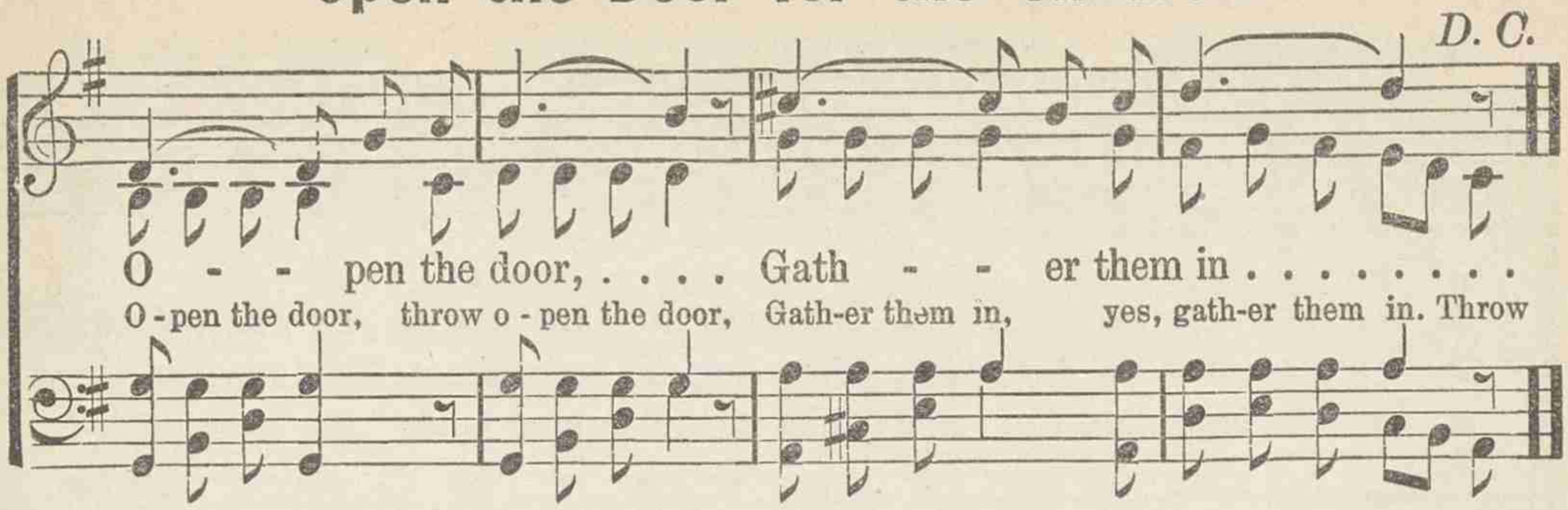
Some are so young and so help - less, Some are so hun - gry and cold;
Pray you the Fa - ther to bless them, Pray you that grace may be given;
Some are so young and so help - less, Some are so hun - gry and cold;

O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Gath-er them in - to the fold.
O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Theirs is the king-dom of heaven.
O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Gath-er them in - to the fold.

CHORUS.

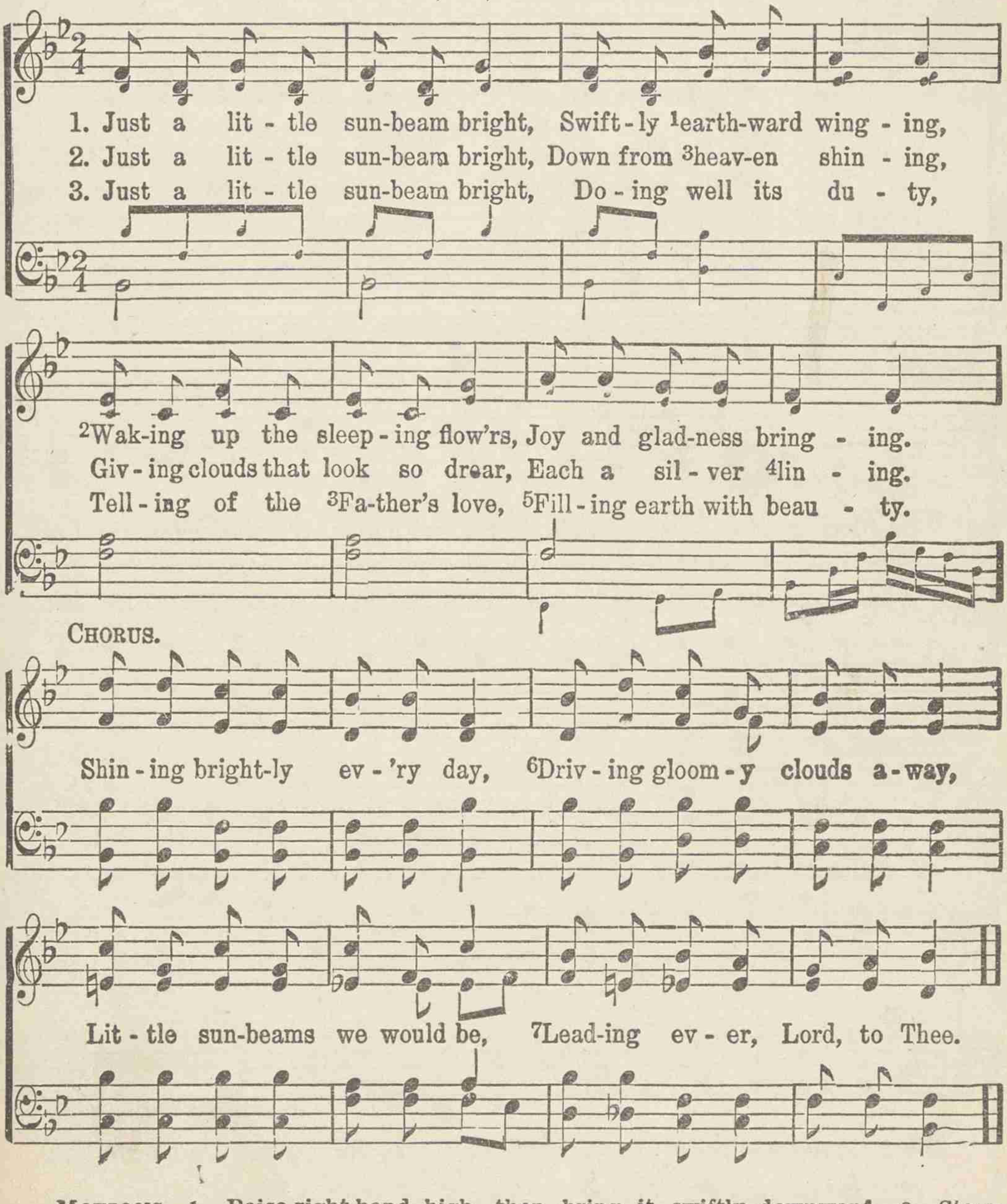
O - - - pen the door, ... Gath - - - er them in; . . . . .
O - pen the door, throw o - pen the door, Gath - er them in, yes, gath-er them in;

Open the Door for the Children.



No. 60. Sunbeams Bright.

Lizzie DeArmond. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. **Chas. H. Gabriel**



MOTIONS.—1. Raise right hand high, then bring it swiftly downward. 2. Stoop lightly, make motions as if lifting up flowers. 3. Point up. 4. Raise right hand and describe a semi-circle with it. 5. Hold arms out wide and bring them slowly together, till palms of hands touch. 6. Move right hand and arm with sweeping motion from left to right. 7. Move right hand slowly upwards.

No. 61. God's Little Ones.

COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Maggie E. Gregory. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. We are lit - tle work - ers, Work-ing for the Lord; By His help we're
2. We are lit - tle sing - ers, Sing - ing for our King; Loud our in - fant
3. Lit - tle lambs are we, and Christ our Shep-herd bold, He has sweet-ly

striv - ing For the blest re-ward; We have heard the Master's call,
voi - ces In His praise shall ring; Je - sus loves our hap - py songs,
called us To His bless - ed fold; Naught of e - vil can be - fall,

He has need of one and all, So we'll glad - ly work for the Lord.
For to Him our praise be-longs, So we sweet-ly sing for our King.
While we heed our Shepherd's call, We're the lit - tle lambs of His fold.

CHORUS.

We will work, work, work, We will sing, sing, sing, And to Him our off'rings bring;

Sweetest songs of praise We will glad-ly raise To our Sav-ior, Shepherd, King.

No. 62. Snowflakes.

Mrs. Ida M. Budd. COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY E. O. EXCELL. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. Ti - ny lit - tle snowflakes, Sail - ing thro' the air, Where can you be
2. Bus - y lit - tle snowflakes, Now your work I've found, Weaving soft white
3. Hap - py lit - tle snowflakes, Turn-ing work to play, I have learned a

go - ing? Will you tell me where? From your cloudland har - bor, Downward
car - pet For the cold hard ground; Fold-ing all the wheat-fields In your
les - son, Watching you to - day; If I do my du - ty Faith - ful-

drift - ing slow, Like a fleet of fair - y sails, On and on you go.
blank-ets deep, Keep-ing them all safe and warm, For their win - ter sleep.
ly and true, Work will seem like play, and I Shall be glad as you.

CHORUS.

{ Mer-ry little snowflakes, How you dance and play, Just like hap-py chil - dren
{ Rushing fast and fast - er, Skipping here and there; [*Omit* . . . . . .

On a hol - i - day.
. . . . .] Have you an - y work to do In the win-try air?

No. 63. Help to Send the Light.

COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Ida M. Budd. Dr. S. B. Jackson.

1. In hea-then coun-tries far a - way, How man - y chil-dren dwell,
Who nev - er heard the sto - ry sweet Which we de - light to tell!

2. For them no peal - ing Sab-bath bell Calls to the house of prayer;
No faith - ful teach-er waits to tell Of love they all may share;

3. If we were in the mid-night gloom, And they in sun-shine bright,
Would we not long for them to come And lead us to the light?

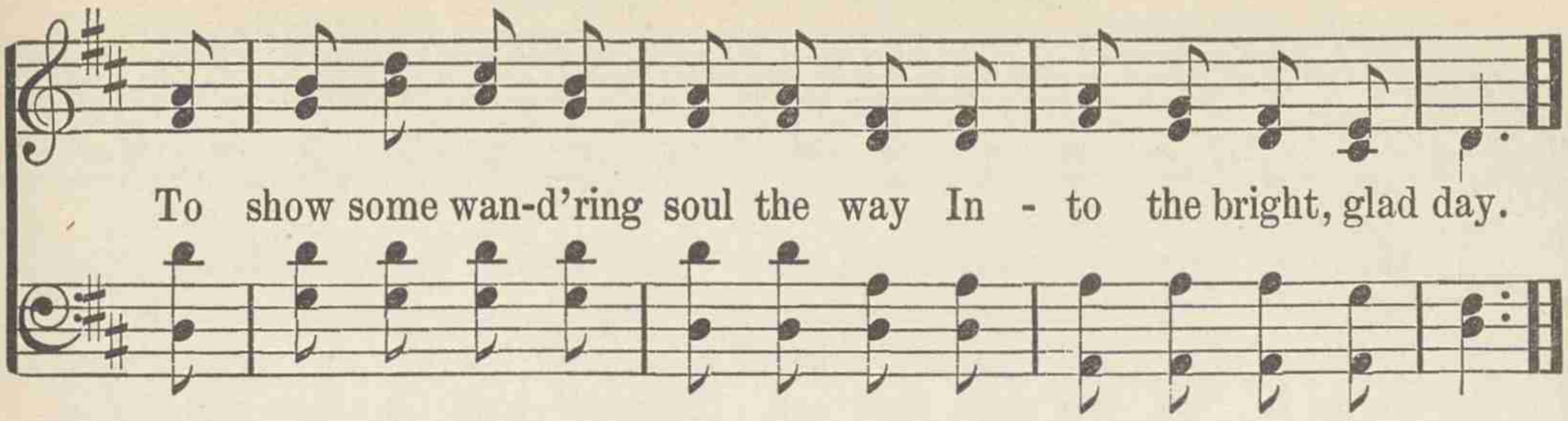
They know not of the love that gives Sal - va - tion full and free;
But all a - lone they wan - der on In dark-ness and in sin;
Then let us help them by our prayers, And by our of - f'ring too;

They do not know that Je - sus died That all might ran-somed be.
Shall we not help those err - ing souls For Christ, our Lord, to win?
And know our God will ne'er for - get The good we seek to do.

CHORUS.

O help to send the light, The glo-rious Gos - pel light,
O help to send the Gos - pel light, The glo - rious light, the heav'n-ly light,

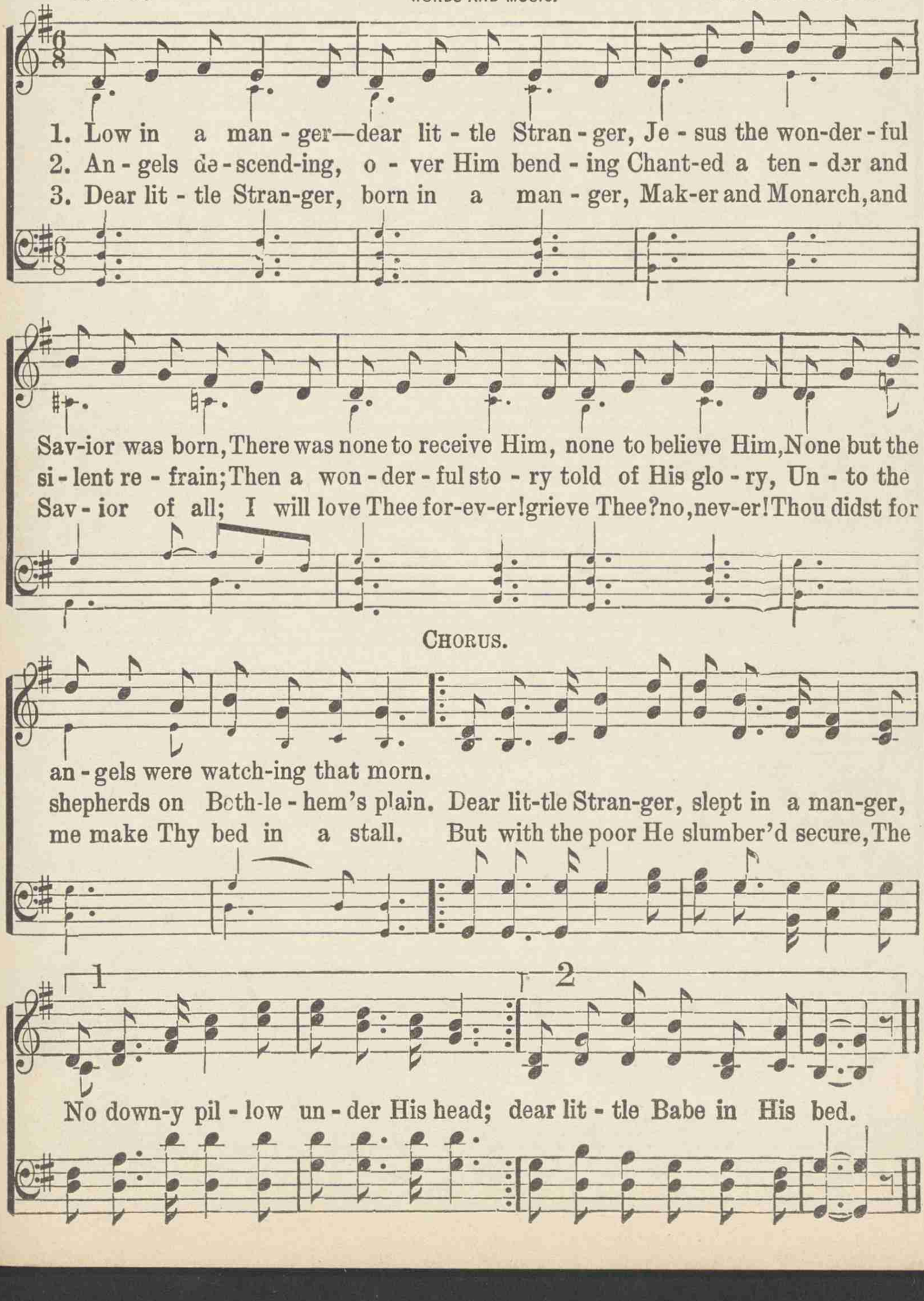
Help to Send the Light.



No. 64. Dear Little Stranger.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

C. H. G. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**



No. 65. Write It.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Frances E. Willard. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Write it on the work-house gate, Write it on the school-boy's slate;
2. Write it on the church-yard mound, Where the rum-slain dead are found;
3. Write it in the na-tion's laws, Blot-ting out the li-cense clause;
4. Write it on our ships that sail, Borne a-long by storm and gale;

Write it on the cop-y-book, That the young may oft-en look,—
Write it on the gal-lows high, Write for all the pass-ers-by,—
Write it on each bal-lot white, So it can be read a-right,—
Write it large, in let-ters plain, O-ver ev-'ry land and main,—

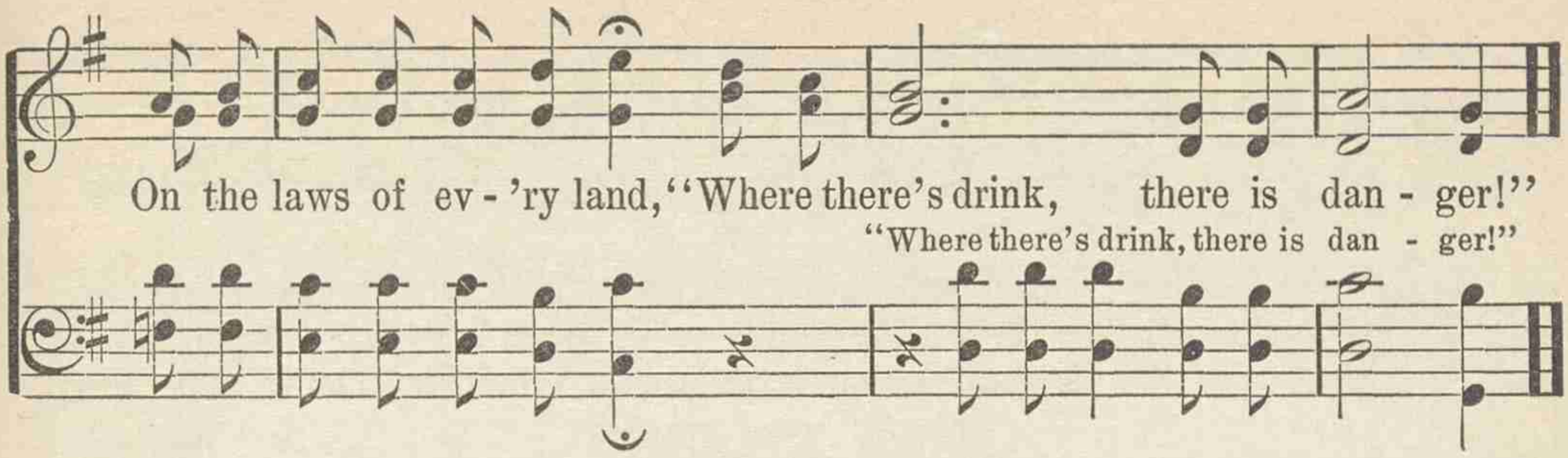
CHORUS.

"Where there's drink, there is dan-ger!" "Where there's drink, there is
"Where there's drink, there is dan-ger!" "Where there's drink, there is

dan-ger! Where there's drink, there is dan-ger!" Write it
dan-ger! Look out! Where there's drink, there is dan-ger!" Look out!

o-ver ev-'ry gate, On the church and halls of state; In the hearts of ev-'ry band,

Write It.



No. 66. Two Little Hands.

BY PERMISSION OF DAVID C. COOK.

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.

No. 67. At the Set of Sun.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

B. T. Wells. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. At the set of sun, When the work is done, With all its tan-gled web;
2. Not the flame of sword, Nor the wealth we've stored In fading things of earth;
3. Ah! it is not these Giv-eth us heart's-ease, When life sinks in the west,

When the clouds drift low, And the stream runs slow, And our life is at its ebb;
Not the way we've trod, Nor the learning broad–Tho' that were of precious worth,–
But the pass-ing thought Of the good we've wrought, Or a saddened life we've blest.

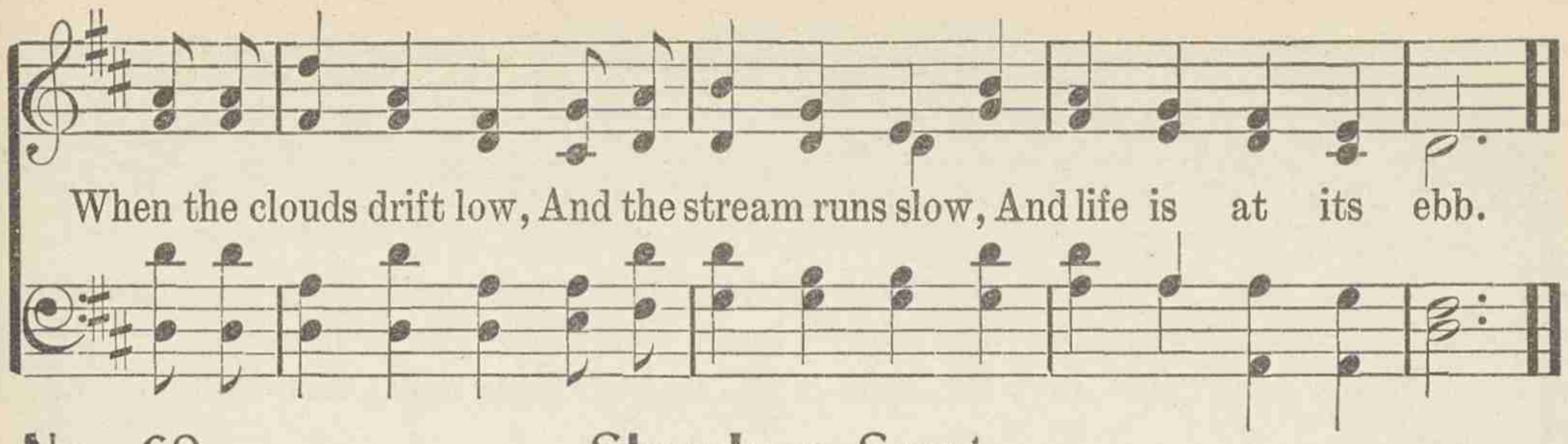
As we near the goal, When the golden bowl Shall be bro-ken at its fount;
Nor the gain achieved Thro' the hearts we've grieved, And left helpless by the way;
And the love we've won Now is beck'ning on From His is-lands far and dim;

With the sweetest thought Shall the hour be fraught; What the dearest shall we count?
Nor the wreath of fame, When, for such acclaim, We have toiled a-mid the fray.
Love, the bea-con light, Shining in-to night, Is the lamp that leads to Him.

CHORUS.

At the set of sun, When the work is done, With all its tan-gled web;

At the Set of Sun.



No. 68. Slumber Song.

E. R. McDonald. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

No. 69. God's Care.

Ida M. Budd.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY GEO. F. ROSCHE.
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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I see you, lit - tle blos - soms, So mod - est, pure and sweet,
2. I hear you, lit - tle rob - ins, Out in the ma - ple tree,
3. O hap - py lit - tle rob - in, And blos - som nes - tling low,

Now hid - ing 'mong the grass - es green That trem - ble at my feet;
Sing - ing your hap - py song of spring, As blithe as blithe can be;
I learn of you the les - son sweet That God would have me know:

I seem to read on your pet - als, That glis - ten in the dew,
I seem to hear in your glad notes, That ring so clear and sweet,
That, tho' the day may be sun - ny, Or dark the clouds may be,

"God cares for me, O lit - tle one, And He will care for you."
"God cares for all the great round world, And oh, He cares for thee."
The Lord who cares for the birds and flow'rs Will sure - ly care for me.

CHORUS.

Oh, trust, trust in God, Trust Him all the long day thro', For

God's Care.

No. 70. Happy Little Pilgrims.

Kate Ulmer.

COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Oran Williams.

No. 71. Lead the Little Feet.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Ida M. Budd. Oran Williams.

1. Lit - tle feet so weak and ten - der, Start - ing out on life's broad way,
2. Lit - tle feet up - on the thresh-old Of a light - er, pur - er life,
3. Lit - tle feet,—a - las, the pit - y! Stray - ing in the ways of sin!

Naught they know or dream of dan-ger,—Guard them lest they go a - stray.
Just a step to Christ's pro-tec - tion From all earth - ly sin and strife.
With a heart by love made ten - der, Will you not those wan-d'rers win?

Out be - fore them lies the high - way, Seem-ing wide, and smooth, and fair,
Just a step! oh, will you guide them To the pas-tures green and sweet,
Now, be - fore their young hearts harden, Do the work for an - gels meet,

Yet con - ceal - ing many a pit - fall, Hid - ing many a fa - tal snare.
Where the chil-dren's ten - der Shep-herd Loves to lead the lit - tle feet?
Homeward un - to Christ the Sav - ior Lead the lit - tle stray - ing feet.

CHORUS.

Pa - tient - ly, pa - tient - ly, 'Tis a task for an - gels meet;

Lead the Little Feet.

No. 72. Song of Praise.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Ada Blenkhorn. **Dr. S. B. Jackson.**

No. 73. I'm a Little Soldier.

C. Benj. Hopkins.

COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I'm a lit - tle sol - dier, With a sword and shield, Fight-ing for my
2. I'm a lit - tle sol - dier Of the heav'n-ly King, Ev - er in His
3. I'm a lit - tle Chris-tian, Je - sus has my heart, And I know that

Mas - ter, Nev - er will I yield; I am trust - ing in Him,
prais - es I can speak and sing. Je - sus came to save me,—
nev - er From Him I'll de - part. He will keep me ev - er

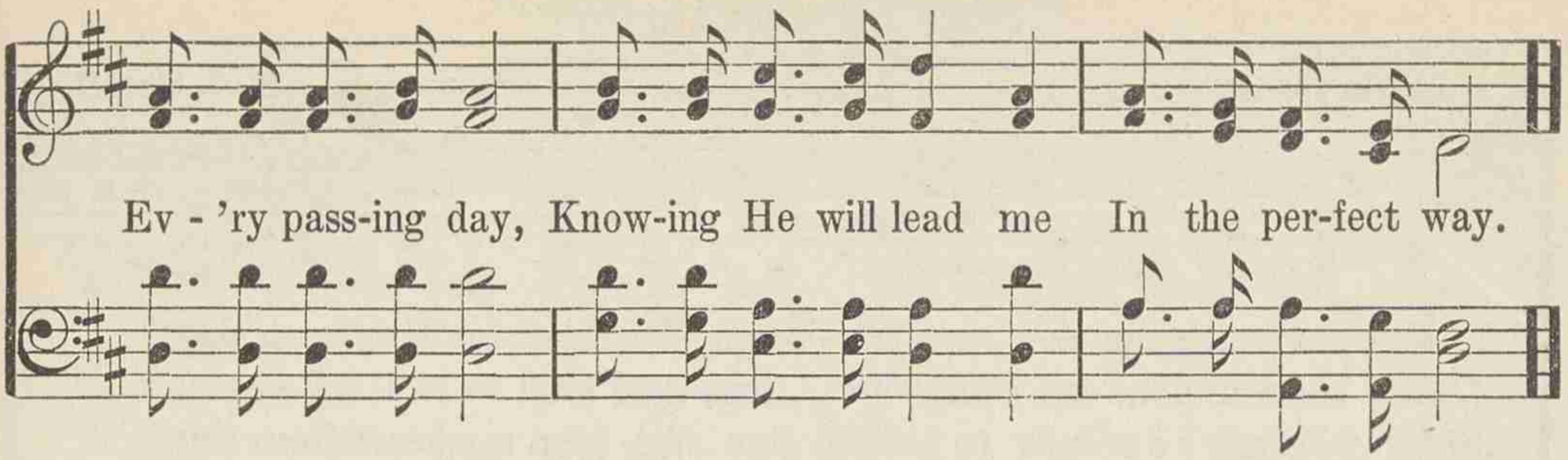
Ev - 'ry pass-ing day, Know-ing He will lead me In the per-fect way.
Left His home a-bove, So I tell the sto - ry Of His wondrous love.
Safe be-neath His care; Then at last He'll take me To His man-sion fair.

CHORUS.

I'm a lit - tle sol - dier, With a sword and shield, Fight - ing for my

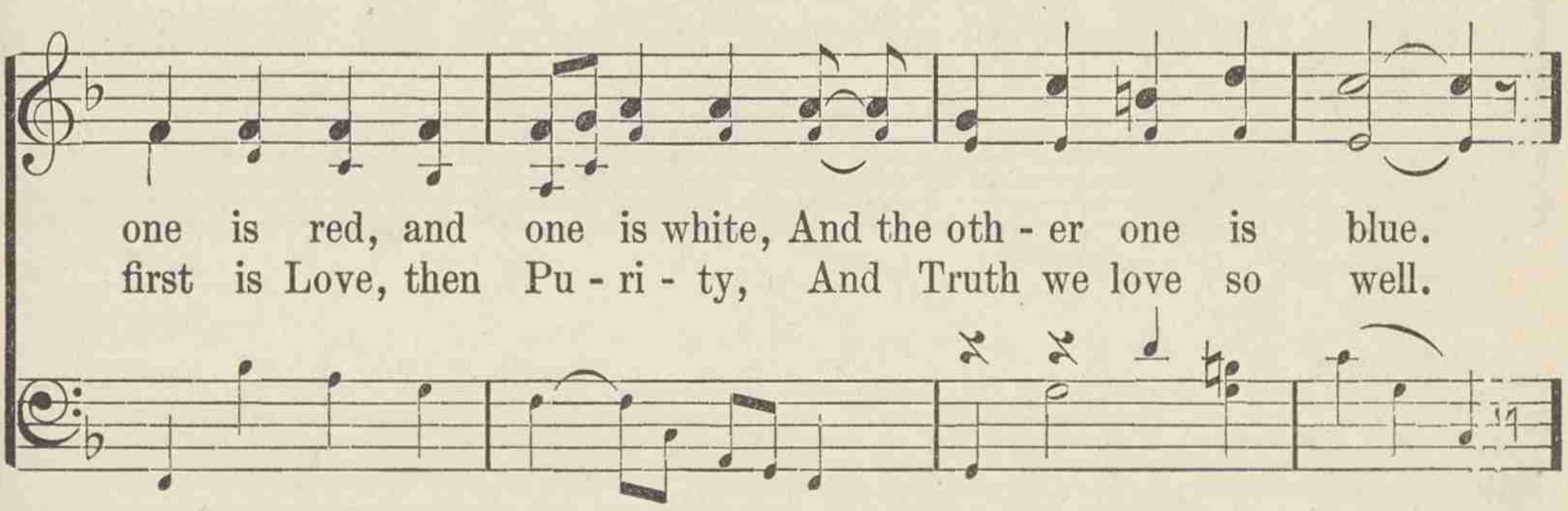
Mas - ter, Nev - er will I yield; I am trust - ing in Him,

I'm a Little Soldier.



No. 74. Hurrah for the Red, White, and Blue!

E. L. McCord. USED BY PERMISSION. W. W. Gilchrist.



REFRAIN.

No. 75. I'll Be a Sunbeam.

To my grandson, Edwin O. Excell, Jr.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

Nellie Talbot. **E. O. Excell.**

1. Je - sus wants me for a sun - beam, To shine for Him each day;
2. Je - sus wants me to be lov - ing, And kind to all I see;
3. I will ask Je - sus to help me To keep my heart from sin;
4. I'll be a sun-beam for Je - sus; I can if I but try;

In ev - 'ry way try to please Him, At home, at school, at play.
Showing how pleasant and hap - py His lit - tle one can be.
Ev - er re - flect - ing His good - ness, And al - ways shine for Him.
Serv-ing Him mo-ment by mo - ment, Then live with Him on high.

CHORUS.

A sun - beam, a sun - beam, Je - sus wants me for a sun - beam;

A sun - beam, a sun - beam, I'll be a sun - beam for Him.

No. 76. Little Stars.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL,
WORDS AND MUSIC.

H. H. Pierson. J. S. Fearis.

1. Just as the stars are shin - ing, Mak - ing the dark - ness bright,
2. And as the stars are smil - ing, Down on the earth be - low,
3. Each in his lit - tle cor - ner, Wheth-er at work or play,
4. How could they do with - out us? Dark would the world be then;

So we are shin - ing, shin - ing, Shed-ding our gold - en light.
We may re - flect the sun - light, Shin - ing wher - e'er we go.
We would be al - ways shin - ing, Turn - ing the night to day.
We are the Sav - ior's jew - els, Cheer - ing the hearts of men.

CHORUS.

Shin - ing, shin - ing, shin - ing, Just like the stars a - bove,
Mak - ing the world a - round us, Hap - py with light and love.

No. 77. My Grandpa and the Cricket.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

H. R. Elliot. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. My grand-pa's get-ting old and gray, Old and gray, so old and gray,
2. My grand-pa, were he vexed at all, Vexed at all, were vexed at all,
3. My grand-pa says that half the things, Half the things, one-half the things

But he has such a mer - ry way, Oh, such a mer - ry way;
It made his troub-les all seem small, Seem, oh, so ver - y small,
We fret a - bout would just take wings, Would just take buoy - ant wings,

He al - ways says the crick-ets say, The crick - ets say, the crick-ets say,
To hear a crick - et in the wall, With - in the wall, with - in the wall,
If we'd heed what the crick-et sings, The crick - et sings, the crick-et sings,

ad lib.

He al - ways says the crick - ets say: "Cheer - up! cheer - up! cheer - up!"
To hear a crick - et in the wall Sing out: "Cheer-up! cheer - up!"
If we'd heed what the crick - et sings, "Cheer - up! cheer - up! cheer - up!"

CHORUS.

Cheer-up, cheer-up, cheer-up, ha, ha! Cheer-up, cheer-up, cheer-up, ha, ha!

My Grandpa and the Cricket.

Ad lib.

No. 78. Step by Step.

Lizzie DeArmond.

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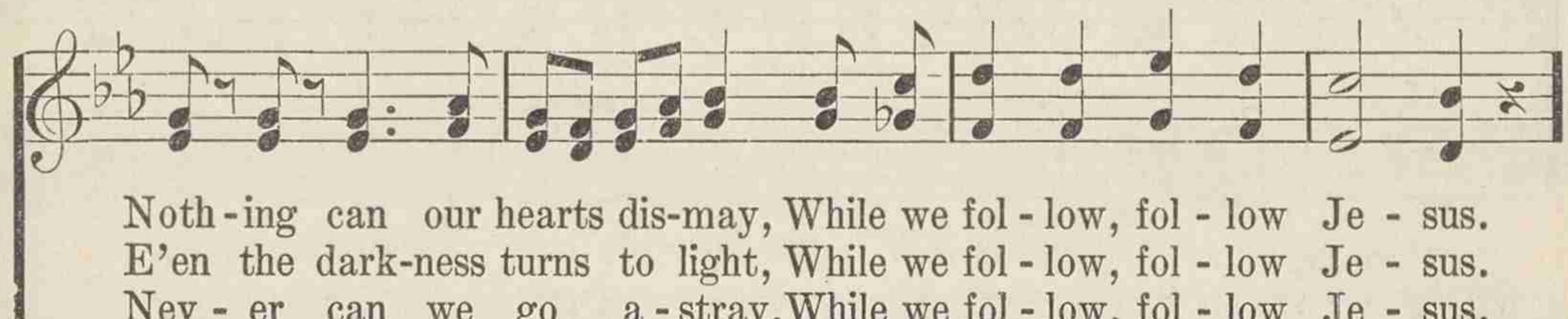
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Dr. S. B. Jackson.



No. 79. Soldiers of the Cross.

FROM "LITTLE CRUSADERS." USED BY PERMISSION.

Mrs. W. W. Savage. **J. H. Fillmore.**

UNISON.

1. We are sol - diers of the cross, Follow'rs of a Lead - er grand;
2. To the earth's re - mo-test bound, Where the trop - ic is-lands are,
3. Where the na - tions bow them down To their gods of wood and stone,

With our fa - ces ev - er to the foe, Firm - ly we will take our stand.
We will ev - er brave - ly on-ward march, In the trail of Bethl'hem's star.
We will bear the bless - ed word of God, With our heav'nly ar - mor on.

CHORUS.

Bear - ing high a - bove our heads, King Im - man-uel's ban - ner bright,
All its blood-stained folds, so dear, shall be our guid - ing light;

Soldiers of the Cross.

No. 80. We are Coming.

(PROCESSIONAL.)

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Jessie Brown Pounds. **J. H. Fillmore.**

UNISON.

No. 81. Ring, Ring, Ring.

C. H. G.

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W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Ring, ring, ring, cheer-ful - ly ring, ye mer - ry bells, For a Sav - ior
2. Sing, sing, sing, beau-ti - ful songs of joy and love, Sing of Him who
3. Ring, ring, ring, cheer-ful - ly ring, ye mer - ry bells, Let our songs be

Christ to - day is born! Sweet - ly now un - to the world the
came to save us all! An - gels sang of the re - demp - tion
full of joy to - day; Ev - 'ry peal un - to our hearts in

sto - ry tell Of this hap - py, hap - py Christ-mas morn.
from a - bove, Thro' the low - ly in - fant in the stall.
mer - cy tells That He came to wash our sins a - way.

CHORUS.

Joy - bells ring - ing, Tell the bless-ed sto - ry, Give to Him the
Joy-bells ring-ing, joy-bells ring-ing,

glo - ry; Joy - bells ring - ing, On this happy Christmas morn!
Joy-bells ring-ing, joy-bells ring-ing,

No. 82. Bells of Eastertide.

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Birdie Bell. **W. J. King.**

1. Ring it out in glad-ness, bells of East-er-tide, O'er the smil-ing val - ley,
2. Ring it out, but soft - ly, bells of East-er-tide, Once a dirge the night-winds
3. Ring it out in sweetness, bells of East-er-tide, Hail the ris - en Sav - ior,
4. Ring it out in rap - ture, bells of East-er-tide, Sound the hap-py ti - dings

o'er the mountain side, Where the rippling wa - ters in their beau-ty glide,
in their sor-row sighed; On the cross, to save us, Christ was cru - ci - fied;
Christ, the Glo-ri - fied; He who bore our sor - rows, suf-fered, bled and died,
thro' the world so wide; From the tomb the an - gels rolled the stone a - side,

CHORUS.

Greet the bless-ed East-er morn - ing.
Crown Him King this East-er morn - ing.
Rose a-gain on East-er morn - ing.
It was emp - ty East-er morn - ing.

Ring it out! Ring it out! Bells of

East - er - tide! In the emp - ty tomb the drear-y shad-ows hide, But the

east-ern skies with light are glo-ri-fied,—Hail the res - ur-rec - tion morn-ing!

No. 83.

The Seasons.

Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter.

Concert Exercise for any number of voices.

DIRECTIONS:—Divide into four sections and grades, smallest for Spring, having bouquets of buds and flowers; 2d section, fans may be used while singing; 3rd, fruits; 4th, heavy wraps. Singers seated, if possible; each section rises to sing; all stand during last stanza.

John O. Foster.

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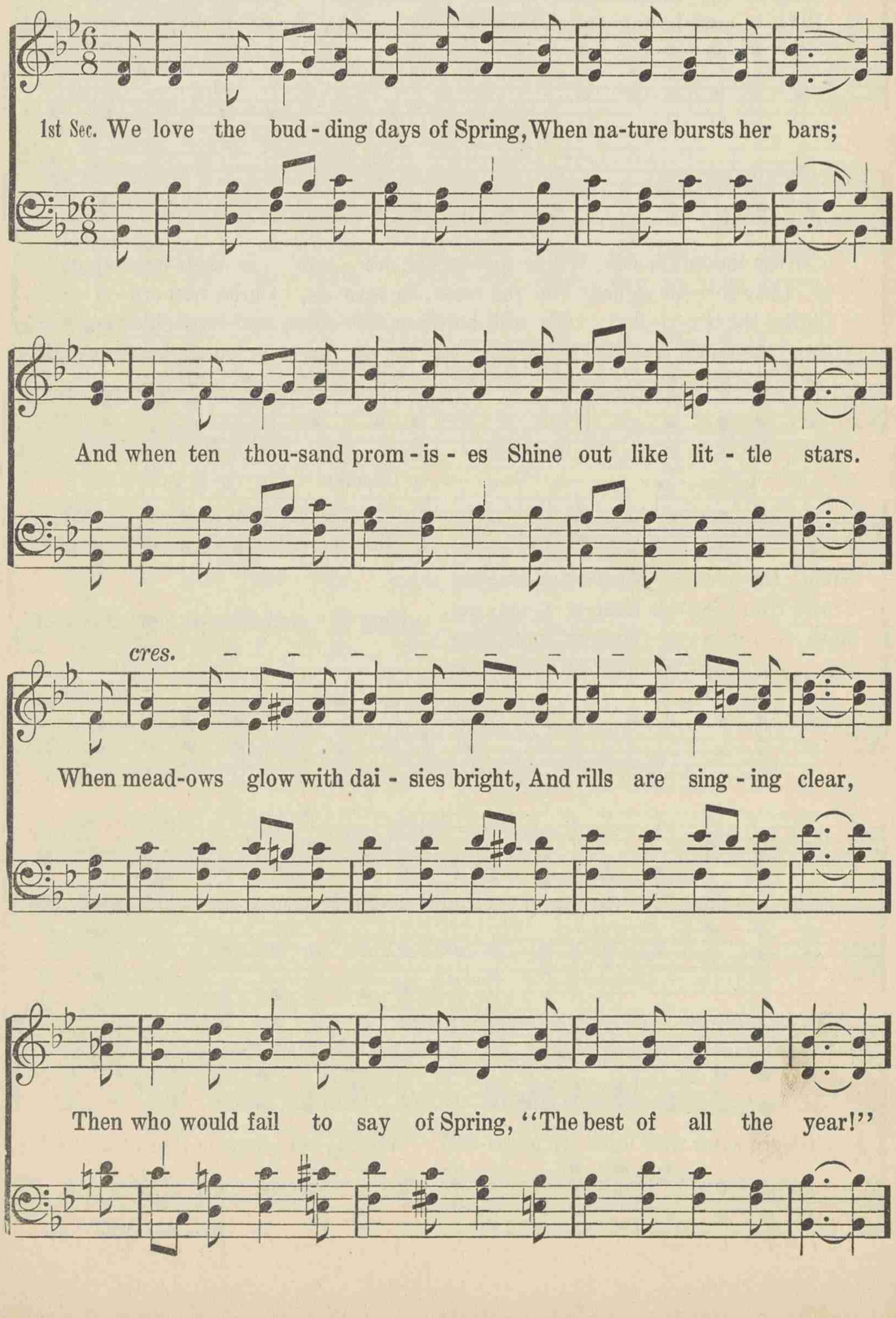
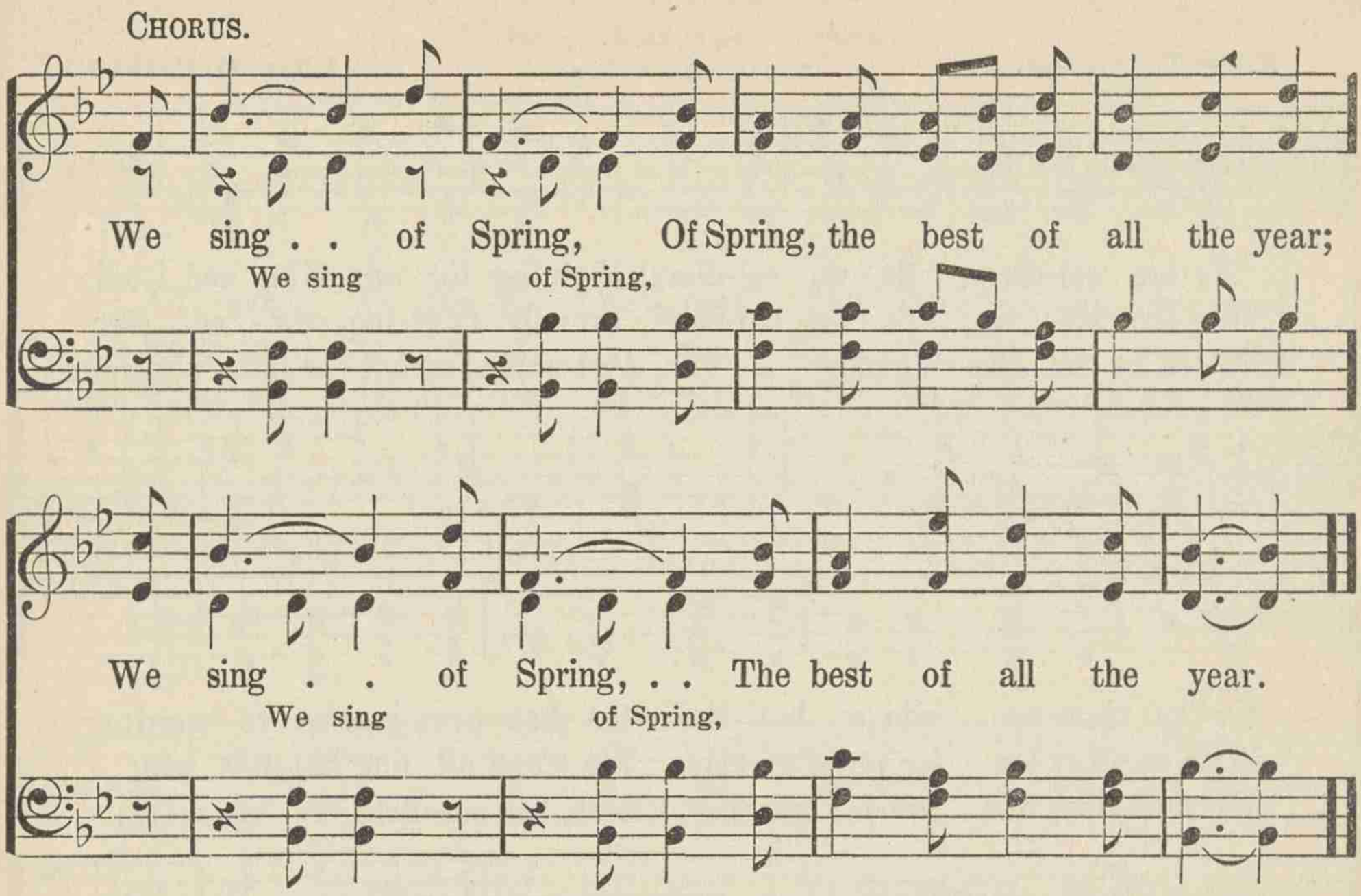
Chas. H. Gabriel.



The Seasons.



SUMMER.—2d Section.

The Summer-time is come again,
With bright and cheery ray,
And balmy fragrance on the air
Is wafted here to-day.
The woods are full of pretty birds,
And every one in tune;
The Summer-time is best of all,
The merry month of June.

CHORUS.

Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
For the merry month of June;
Hurrah! hurrah!
For the merry month of June.

AUTUMN.—3d Section.

We love the Autumn's mellow glow,
When fruits are gathered in;
Before the birds and flowers are gone,
And Winter's cold sets in.
And best of all the seasons yet
Is Autumn's gracious store,
When toil rewarded, blesses man,
With bounties o'er and o'er.

CHORUS.

Rejoice! rejoice! rejoice!
When Autumn's days have come;
Rejoice! rejoice!
When Autumn's days have come.

WINTER.—4th Section.

We sing in songs of purest love,
When Winter days appear,
And snowy sports and sleighbells ring,
The best of all the year;
And when our Christmas time comes round,
With gifts and countless toys,
There never is a better time
For all the girls and boys.

CHORUS.

Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
When Winter days appear;
Hurrah! hurrah!
When Winter days appear.

ALL.

We join to praise the God of all,
Whatever does appear,
And crown each season as it comes,
The best of all the year.
1st Sec.—That Spring is best if we rejoice,
2d Sec.—And Summer days are sweet;
3d Sec.—The Autumn's golden grain is good,
4th Sec.—And Winter's snow and sleet.

FULL CHORUS.

We sing, rejoice, hurrah!
Whatever seasons come;
We sing, rejoice,
Whatever seasons come.

No. 84. Little Soldiers.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Lena Thompson. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. We are sol-diers, lit - tle sol-diers, Fighting for our King and Lord;
2. We are sol-diers, lit - tle sol-diers, Bravely fight-ing ev - 'ry sin;
3. When at last the fight is o - ver, And we've reach'd the heav'nly shore,

Ev-'ry time we win a bat - tle, He has promised a re - ward;
With our Sav-ior for our Cap-tain We shall all our bat-tles win;
We shall hear our Sav-ior say-ing, "Rest, my sol-diers, ev - er - more;

He has promised ev-'ry sol-dier, If they dare the right to do,
He has promised, if we ask Him, He will help us day by day;
You have bravely fought my battles, Bravely fought and no - bly won,

Promised them a crown of glo - ry, If they fight the bat - tle through.
So we'll brave-ly march to bat - tle, Pray-ing, sing - ing all the way.
En - ter in - to joys e - ter - nal—Sol - diers of the Lord, well done!"

FINE.

D. S.—*ban - ner bright, For God and right, We're sure to win the day.*

CHORUS.

So we march, march a - way, Not a mo - ment's de - lay, 'Neath our

No. 85. Advance, O Junior Army!

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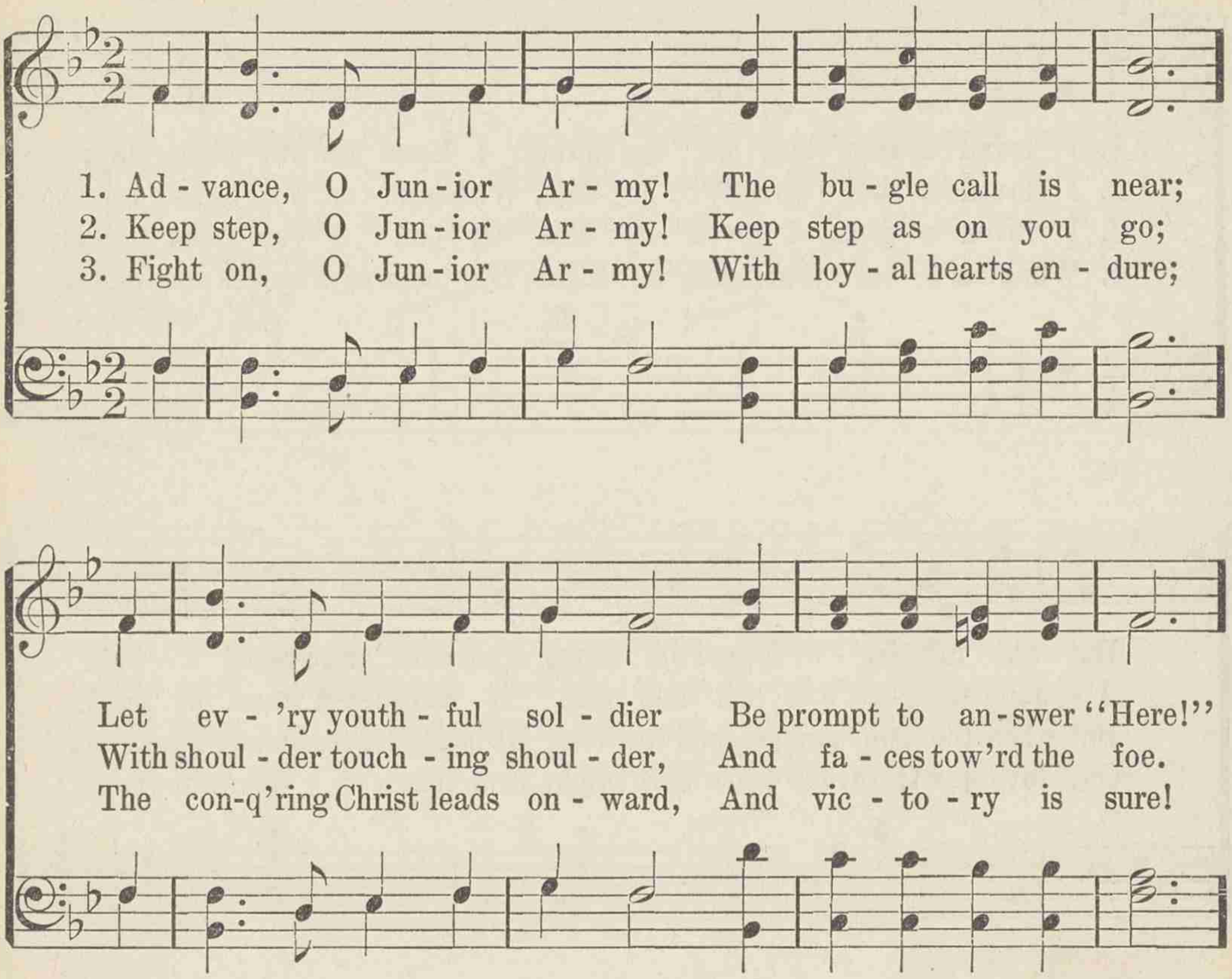
Jessie Brown Pounds. **W. E. M. Hackleman.**



No. 86. Love the Truth.

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Jerome McCauley. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

SOLO.

1. I loved a song-bird of the spring, I loved its war-bling lay;
2. I loved a but-ter-fly so fair, With gold-en pin-ions bright;
3. I loved a rose, I loved it best Of all I yet have found;
4. What can I love that takes no flight, Nor fades with breeze nor blast?

But ah! my sing-er spread its wings, And rose and soared a-way.
A-mong the tu-lips rich and rare It wan-dered from my sight.
But when the sun had reached the west, Its bright leaves strewed the ground.
Oh, love the truth! the truth both bright And beau-ti-ful will last.

It rose and soared a-way, It rose and soared a-way; But
It wan-dered from my sight, It wan-dered from my sight; A-
Its bright leaves strewed the ground, Its bright leaves strewed the ground; But
It beau-ti-ful will last, It beau-ti-ful will last; Oh,

ah! my sing-er spread its wings, And rose and soared a-way.
mong the tu-lips rich and rare It wan-dered from my sight.
when the sun had reached the west, Its bright leaves strewed the ground.
love the truth! the truth both bright And beau-ti-ful will last.

No. 87. What I Would Not Be.

Wm. Appel.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

SOLO.

1. I would not be a fruit-less tree, With fol-iage o'er and o'er,
2. I would not be a fruit-less branch On Christ, who is the vine,
3. I would not be a bar-ren ground, Re - fus-ing aught to yield,
4. I would not be a serv - ant mean, And hide be-neath the ground

On which the Mas-ter's eye might find But leaves, and noth-ing more;
And cast a-broad my dead-ly shade Where sun-light ought to shine,—
But chok-ing this-tles, thorns and tares,—A bad and worth-less field,
The tal-ent giv-en by my Lord,—At last a sloth be found,

On which the Mas-ter's curse might fall And with-er root, and
The which the hus-band-man must spurn, And cast in-to the
From which the Lord would turn a-way, And leave it ev-er
Who, at the fi-nal judg-ment day, Must be for-ev-er

branch, and all, And with-er root, and branch, and all.
fire to burn, And cast in-to the fire to burn.
waste to lay, And leave it ev-er waste to lay.
cast a-way, Must be for-ev-er cast a-way.

No. 88. The Sunday-School Brigade.

James Rowe.

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WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Hear the tramp, tramp, tramp of the Sunday-School Brigade, Whether rain or shine we are al-ways on pa-rade; By our Sav - ior led, in the
2. With the cross held high in the bless-ed gos - pel light, Eyes a - glow with love, as the sun our ban - ner bright; Dreading not the storm, fear - ing
3. Hear the tramp, tramp, tramp of the Sunday-School Brigade, We would win that crown which will nev - er, nev - er fade; We will trust our King, wher - so-

sun - shine of His love, We are march-ing on to the land of joy a-bove.
not the wait-ing foe, Sing-ing songs of praise, on and on with Christ we go.
ev - er be the way, We will fol - low Him to the realm of end-less day.

CHORUS.

Marching on, on, on, on to glo - ry, Mak-ing known the bless-ed sto-ry;
March-ing on, on, on, we are march-ing on, Marching on, on, on, we are march-ing on;
There is joy, joy, joy for each girl and boy, In the Sunday-School Brigade.

No. 89. Be A Hero.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL,
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Adam Craig. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. On the bat-tle field of life, Be a he-ro! In its tur-moil and its strife,
2. There are gi-ants in the land, Be a he-ro! In the strength of Jesus stand,
3. When you see a broth-er fall, Be a he-ro! Lend a help-ing hand to all,

Be a he-ro! Show your col-ors in the fight, And with sword and armor bright,
Be a he-ro! In the darkness and the light, Fight like Da-vid for the right,
Be a he-ro! In the name of Christ draw near, Speak a word of hope and cheer,

D. S.—*On, ye sol-diers to the fray, Hear the great Com-man-der say,*

CHORUS.

Strike out bravely for the right, Be a he-ro!
Stay the temp-ter in his might, Be a he-ro! Be a he-ro! Trust in
Do what good you can while here, Be a he-ro! Be a he-ro!

"We shall sure-ly gain the day," Be a he-ro!

God and nev-er fear! Be a he-ro! He will help you, He is near;
Be a he-ro!

No. 90 Let the Sunshine In.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Ada Blenkhorn. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. Do you fear the foe will in the con-flict win? Is it dark with-
2. Does your faith grow faint-er in the cause you love? Are your prayers un-
3. Would you go re-joi-cing in the up-ward way, Know-ing naught of

out you—dark-er still with-in? Clear the dark-ened windows, o-pen
an-swered by your God a-bove? Clear the dark-ened windows, o-pen
dark-ness, dwell-ing in the day? Clear the dark-ened windows, o-pen

CHORUS.

wide the door, Let a lit-tle sun-shine in. Let a lit-tle sun-shine

in, ... Let a lit-tle sun-shine in; . . . . Clear the dark-ened

sun-shine in, the sun-shine in;

win-dows, o-pen wide the door, Let a lit-tle sun-shine in.

No. 91. God Will Take Care of You.

Dedicated to my wife, Mrs. John A. Davis.

C. D. Martin.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY JOHN A. DAVIS.
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W. S. Martin.

1. Be not dis- mayed what-e'er be - tide, God will take care of you;
2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;
3. All you may need He will pro - vide, God will take care of you;
4. No mat - ter what may be the test, God will take care of you;

Be - neath His wings of love a - bide, God will take care of you.
When dan-gers fierce your path as - sail, God will take care of you.
Noth - ing you ask will be de - nied, God will take care of you.
Lean, wear - y one, up - on His breast, God will take care of you.

CHORUS.

God will take care of you, Thro' ev - 'ry day, O'er all the way;

He will take care of you, God will take care of you. . . .
take care of you.

No. 92. Hand in Hand.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Lizzie DeArmond. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. With mer - ry notes of song To - day we march a-long; Be-neath our feet, the
2. Like birds up - on the [1]wing, Our Savior's love we sing; He is our Shepherd

bloom-ing flow'rs; A-bove, the sky of blue; [2]Where cooling streamlets flow, 'Mid
kind and true, His lit - tle lambs are [2]we; A pas-ture green and fair He

grass - es green be - low, With joy - ful hearts we trav - el on, U-
doth for us pre - pare; He'll lead us on, thro' [3]wind-ing ways, Un-

CHORUS.

ni - ted, firm and true.
til His face we see.
} [4]Hand in hand, a hap - py band of chil - dren,

[4]Hand in hand a - long the sun - lit way; Sing - ing, sing - ing,

MOTIONS.—1, Make flying motions with both hands; 2, lay hand on breast; 3, move hand upwards, as if describing a winding path; 4, join hands until close of second line; 5. hold hands up and look up.

Hand in Hand.

No. 93. Beautiful Isle.

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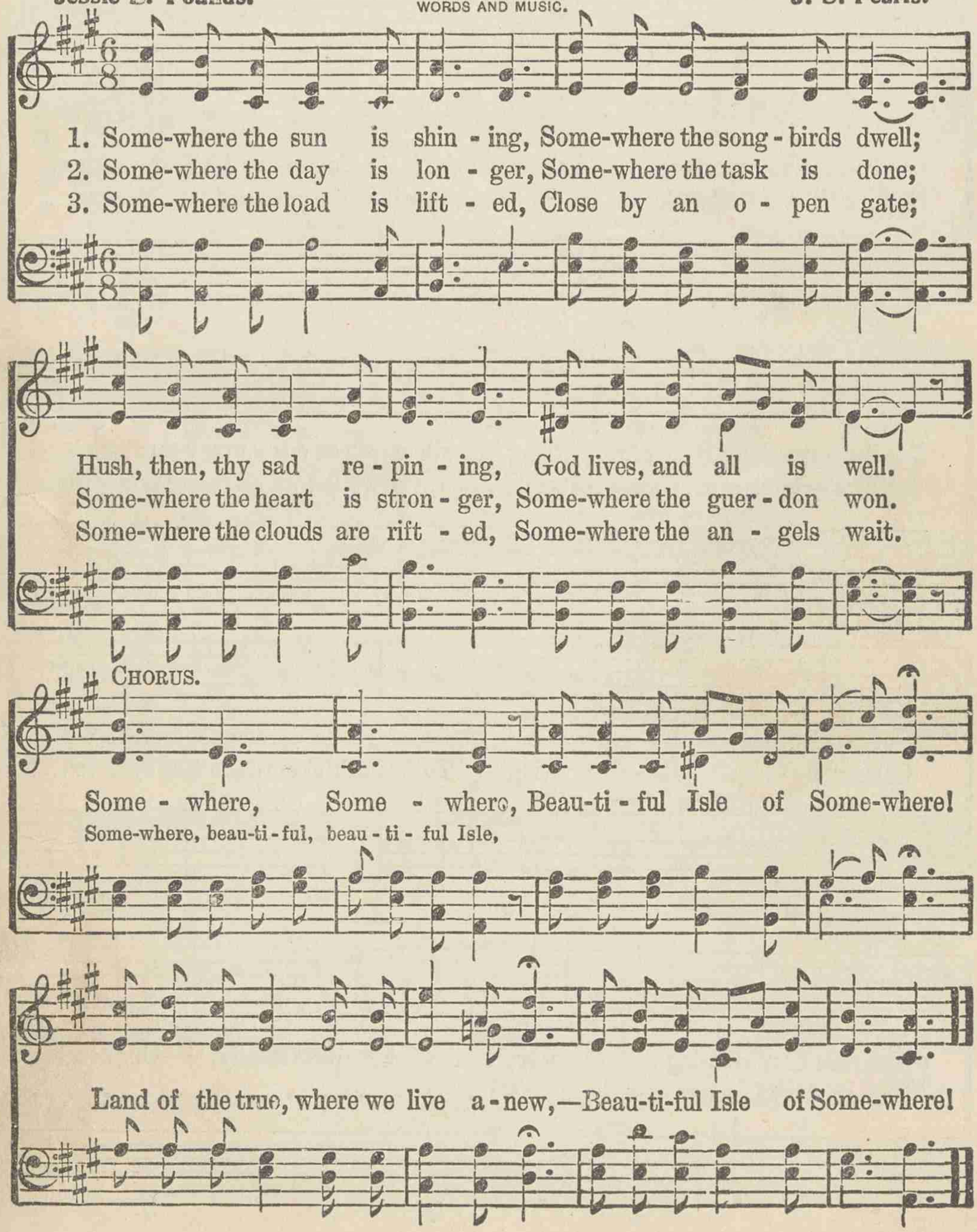
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Jessie B. Pounds. **J. S. Fearis.**



No. 94. Honor-Bright Cadets.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

C. B. A. Mrs. Carrie B. Adams.

1. We're ca - dets that want to bat - tle for the right, you see; That is why we band ourselves together;
For our watch-word we have chosen "Honor bright!" you see, [*Omit*] . . . right, we'll win the battle;

2. We're de-ter-mined that we'll never know de - feat, you see; If we fight for And we'll keep it up in ev-'ry kind of weather.
For our Lead-er nev - er taught us to re - treat, you see, [*Omit*] . . . No mat-ter how the guns and sabers rattle.

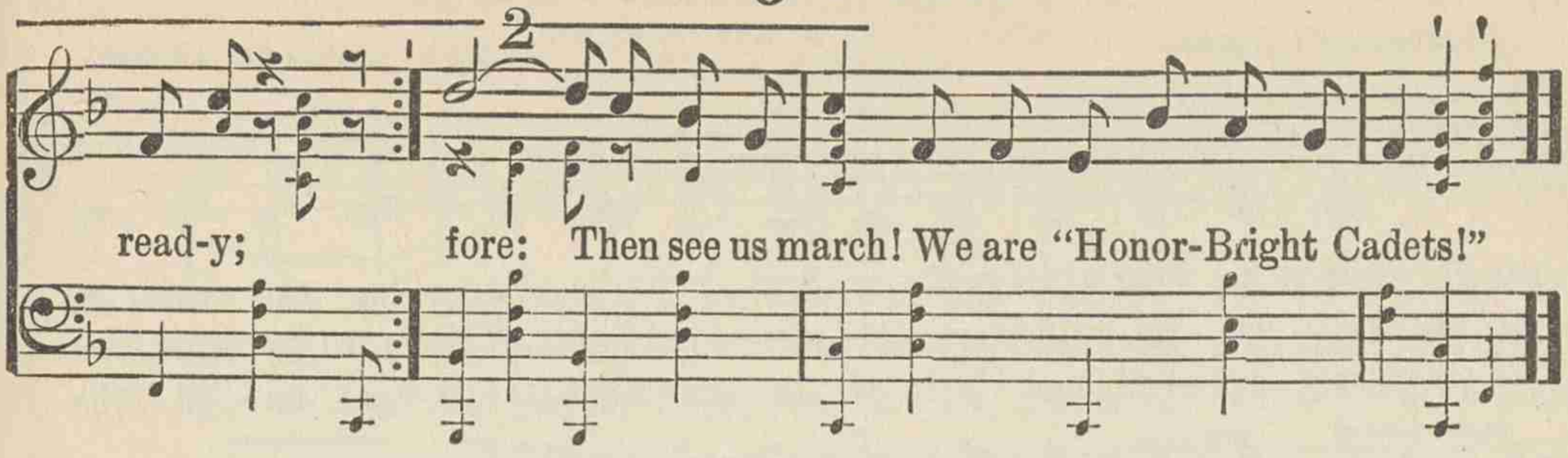
For the right, then; Honor bright, then; We will march on our journey thro' the world;
We'll be strong, then, 'Gainst the wrong, then, And we'll work till the setting of the sun;

Col-ors fly - ing, Ev - er try - ing To be true as our banner is un-furled.
Col-ors fly - ing, Ev - er try - ing To be faithful until the vict'ry's won.

CHORUS.

Then see us march-ing as to war; . . With purpose steady, Our hearts are
Our gal-lant Lead-er goes be- [*Omit*] . . . . . .

Honor-Bright Cadets.



No. 95. Help Somebody To-day.

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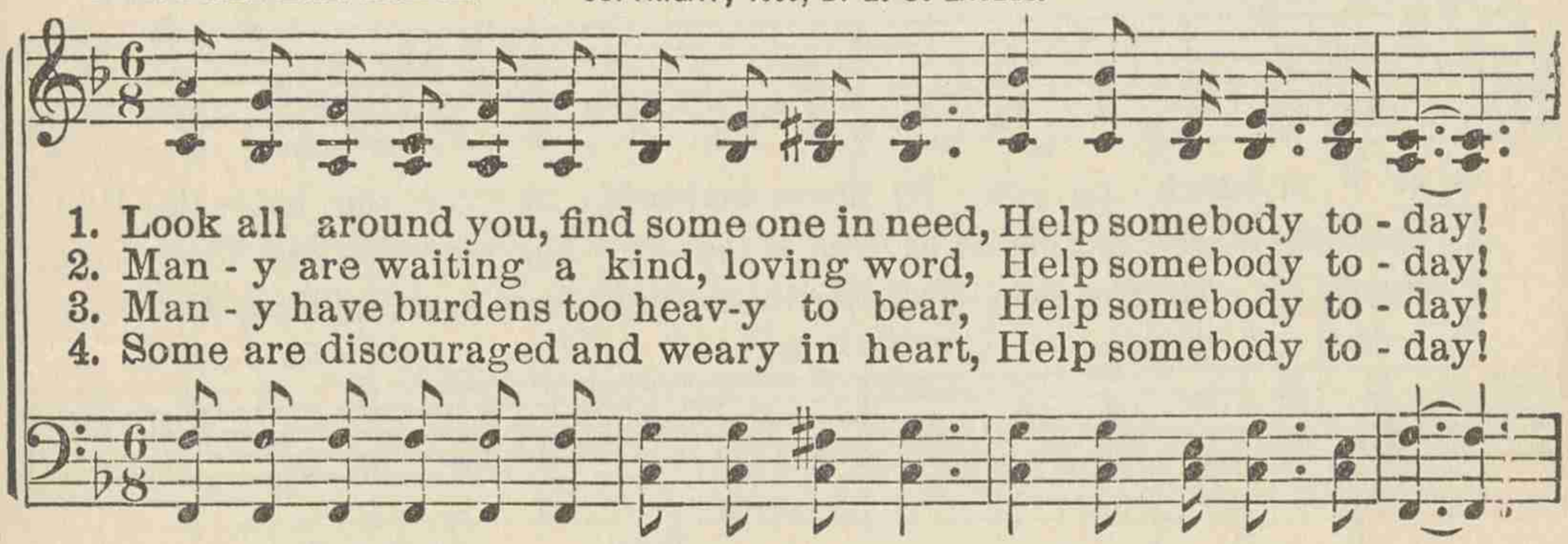
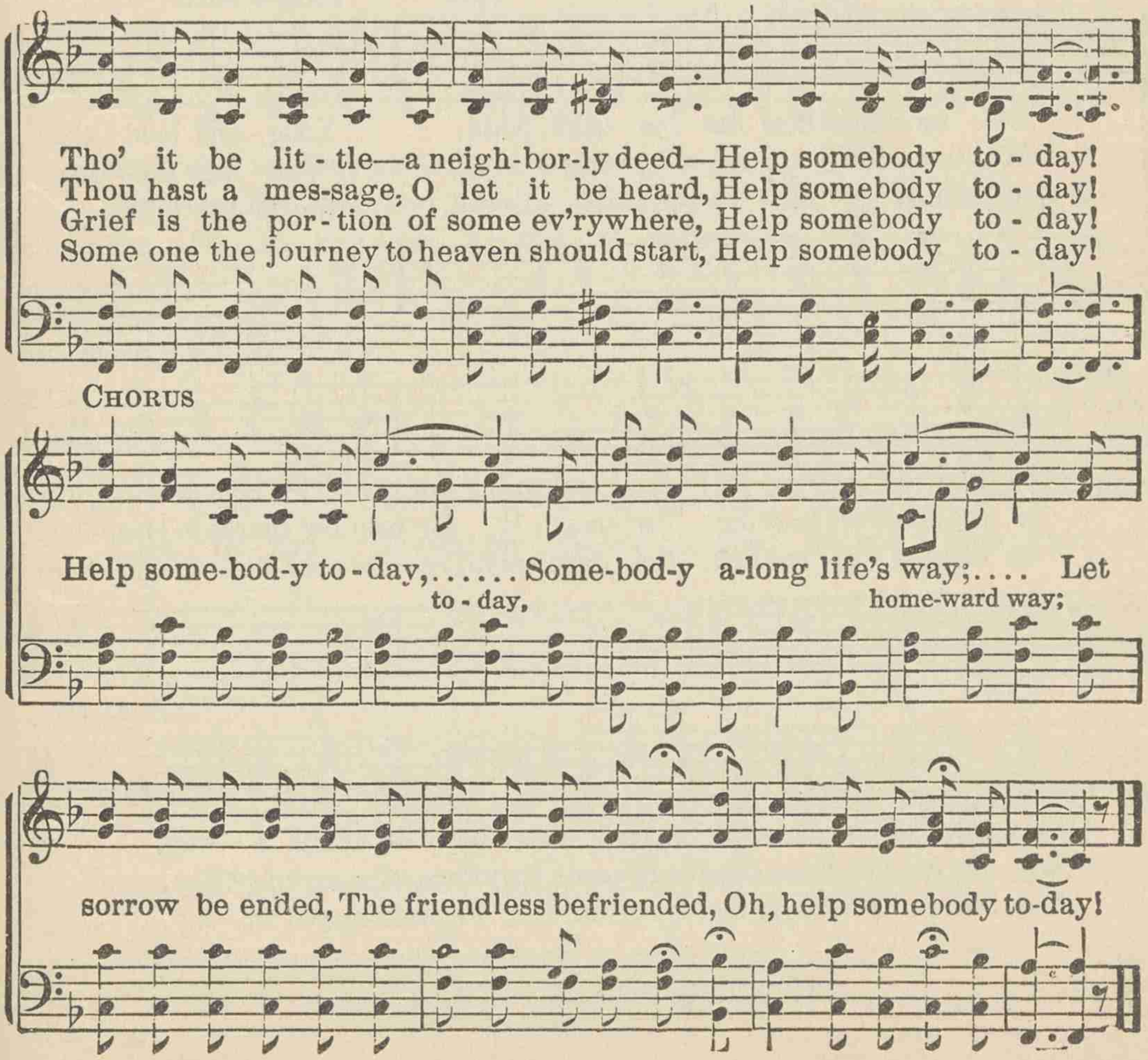
MRS. FRANK A. BRECK CHAS. H. GABRIEL





No. 96. The Sunday-School Army.

Charlotte G. Homer. COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER. **Mrs. Carrie B. Adams.**

CHO.–1. March a - long to - geth - er, firm and true, For lo, the world is
2. On we go, with ar - mor shin - ing bright, With sword in hand to
3. True as steel, and loy - al to our King, We'll fight un - til the

ev - er watch - ing you; Be brave and bold up - on the bat - tle - field,
bat - tle for the right; U - ni - ted in the serv - ice of the Lord,
shouts of vic - t'ry ring From north to south, from east and from the west,

FINE. UNISON SOLO.

De - ter-mined that the foe shall yield. Long and loud the
We're marching at our Cap - tain's word. Val - iant sol - diers
Till Christ is ev - 'ry-where con - fessed. Storm the forts of

bu - gle - call is sound-ing! Sin and wrong are ev - 'ry-where a-bound-ing;
of the Lord are lead-ing; Ear - nest - ly for help the church is plead-ing;
sin and des - o - la - tion; Sol - diers brave, re - new your ob - li - ga - tion;

D. C. Cho.

"Forward!" all a - long the line resounding, Bids us march a - way.
Slow - ly backward see the foe re - ced - ing; Forward march to - day.
And with earnest prayer and sup-pli-ca-tion Forward march to - day.

No. 97

Little Evangels.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Ida L. Reed. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Lit - tle e - van-gels for Thee, dear Sav-ior, Glad - ly we of - fer life's
2. Lit - tle e - van-gels for Thee, dear Sav-ior, Strew-ing glad bless-ings a-
3. Lit - tle e - van-gels for Thee, dear Sav-ior, Faith-ful and loy - al through

morn - ing hours, Tell - ing to oth - ers Thy grace and mer - cy,
long our way, Shin - ing for Thee in the shad - y pla - ces,
all our days, Un - der Thy stand-ard we march to - geth - er,

CHORUS.

Scatt'ring for Thee love's sweet fra-grant flow'rs.
Show-ing Thy good-ness to us each day. Lit - tle e - van-gels for
Joy - ful - ly sing - ing a song of praise.

Thee to - day, Do - ing for oth - ers the good we may; Guide Thou our

steps in Thine own safe path-way, Bless Thou our service, dear Lord, we pray!

No. 98. Onward, Little Soldiers.

James Rowe.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Martin A. Elliott.

1. On-ward, lit - tle sol-diers, Bravely on-ward go; Right a - bout for Je - sus,
2. On-ward, lit - tle sol-diers, In the gos - pel light; Keep your banner wav-ing,
3. On-ward, lit - tle sol-diers, Onward ev - 'ry day, Full of love for Je - sus,

Learn to face the foe; Je - sus is your Lead-er, And your soul will shield;
And your ar-mor bright; Fol-low Je - sus close - ly, And from fear be free;
Ea - ger for the fray; Ev - 'ry hour that pass - es, E - ven you may win

CHORUS.

On-ward, lit - tle sol - diers, To the bat-tle - field.
Let your weapons al - ways Love and kindness be. On-ward, lit - tle sol-diers,
Vic - to - ries for Je - sus O - ver doubt and sin.

Brave-ly on - ward go; Right a-bout for Je - sus, Learn to face the foe.

No. 99. Handle With Care.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Judith Garnett. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. Look out, lit - tle wom - an! Look out, lit - tle man! Do be just as care - ful As ev - er you can, For each of you car - ry A
2. Your soul is the treas - ure, And day aft - er day You make it as black or As white as you may; So mind what comes nigh you, And
3. The words of the Sav - ior Were "Come un - to Me!" So sweet-ly He spake them In dear Gal - i - lee; He wants us to serve Him With

treas - ure too rare To risk an - y tri - fling, So, "Han-dle with care!"
heed where you go—Your soul is e - ter - nal For weal or for woe.
pure hearts, and true; Then let us be care - ful In all that we do.

REFRAIN.

Look out! Look out, lit-tle woman! Look out, lit - tle man!

No. 100.

Be Careful.

C. H. G.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Lit - tle feet, be ver - y care - ful where you go, (where you go,)
2. Lit - tle hands, be ver - y care - ful what you do, (what you do,)
3. Lit - tle ears, be ver - y care - ful what you hear, (what you hear,)
4. Lit - tle hearts, be ver - y care - ful to be true, (to be true,)

As in life you dai - ly trav - el to and fro; (to and fro;)
Wrong or tho't - less ac - tions you will sure - ly rue; (you will rue;)
When the tempt - er whis - pers to you, dan - ger's near; (ver - y near;)
Love the Lord and He will sure - ly care for you; (care for you;)

Nev - er for a mo-ment stray From the straight and nar - row way;
In - to mis-chief nev - er go, For 'tis ver - y wrong, you know;
Tho' he prom - ise ev - 'ry - thing, Ev - 'ry prom - ise is a sting!
Je - sus will not en - ter in Where there is the least of sin;

Oh, be care - ful, be care - ful, lit - tle feet.
Oh, be care - ful, be care - ful, lit - tle hands.
Oh, be care - ful, be care - ful, lit - tle ears.
Oh, be care - ful, be care - ful, lit - tle hearts.

No. 101. Sing With Tuneful Lay.

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F. L. B. Frank L. Bristow.

1. Sing with tune-ful lay, Je-sus is the Way To the gold-en
2. In the days of youth, Je-sus is my Truth! Fol-l'wing by His
3. In the shades of night, He will be my Light, He will vig-il

strand Of the hap-py land. I can nev-er stray From that
side, He shall be my Guide; By the wa-ters sheen, In-to
keep O'er me when a-sleep; Then when 'peeps o' day', Round-ing

pleas-ant way, While I faith-ful stand, Hold-ing to His hand.
pas-tures green, Man-na un-for-seen Dai-ly He'll pro-vide.
pil-lows play, Ev-er will I pray Truth to Light my Way.

UNISON. DUET. CHORUS.

Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! I am in the way,

UNISON. DUET. CHORUS.

Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Je-sus saves to-day. day!

No. 102. Hosanna to Our Savior King!

E. E Hewitt.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. "Ho-san-na!" sang the chil-dren in Zi - on long a - go, Ho - san - na to our
2. Not words a - lone we of - fer to please the Lord a-bove, Ho - san - na to our
3. Ho - san - na in the high-est, up - on this joy - ful day, Ho - san - na to our

Sav - ior King! And still we come re-joi - cing, and sing with hearts aglow, Ho-
Sav - ior King! Our lives shall swell the cho-rus with mel - o - dies of love, Ho-
Sav - ior King! The palms of faith-ful serv - ice be-fore Him we will lay, Ho-

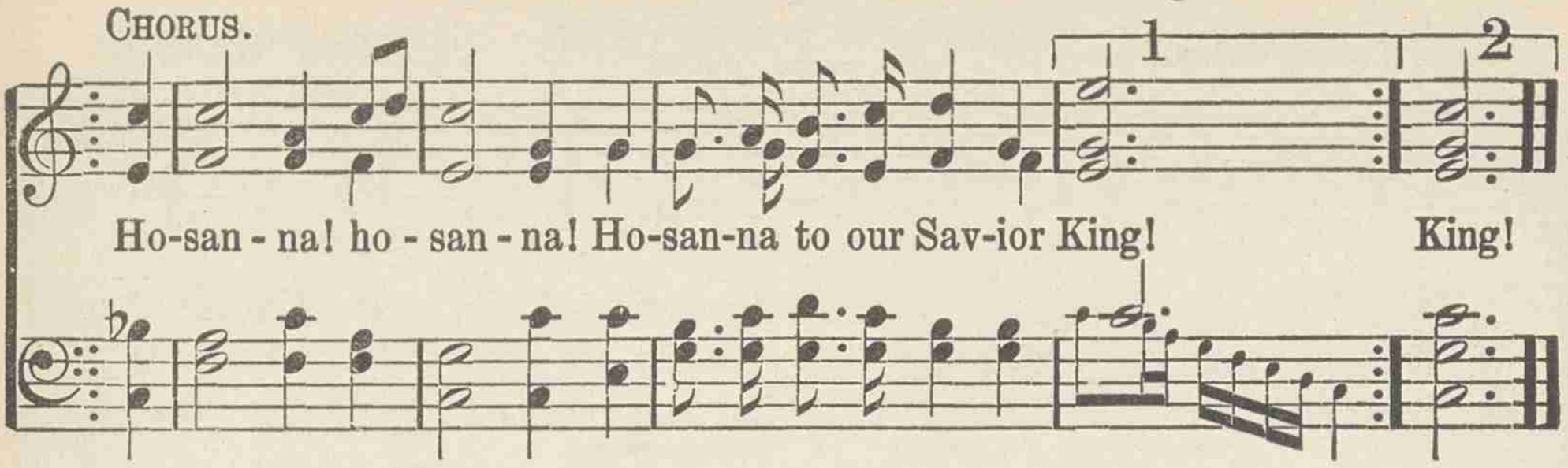
san - na to our Sav - ior King! Ho - san - na in the high-est! ex - ult - ant
san - na to our Sav - ior King! And while life's ear - ly morn-ing is spark-ling
san - na to our Sav - ior King! The flow'rs we free - ly scat - ter, love-min - is-

notes we raise A - mid the bloom and brightness of all our gold-en days; O
with the dew, And joy's bright blossoms o - pen be - neath the sun-ny blue, We'll
tries will be; Wher-ev - er is the need - y, the Mas-ter's face we see; To

let the air re - ech - o with ringing songs of praise, Ho-san-na to our Sav-ior King!
seek the blessed Master, His gracious steps pursue; Ho-san-na to our Sav-ior King!
hap-py fields of la - bor He call-eth you and me; Ho-san-na to our Sav-ior King!

Hosanna to Our Savior King!

CHORUS.



No. 103. There's a Beautiful Star.

Rossiter W. Raymond. USED BY PERMISSION. **Fred. Schilling.**

No. 104. Lilies.

Allie Toland Criss.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. When the joy - ous spring-time Fills the earth and air, And its breath of
2. When the gold - en sun-beams Fall with kiss - es sweet, And the birds of
3. When each bud and blos - som Lifts its smil - ing face, And the slen - der

per - fume Scat-ters gloom and care, From their earth-beds waking, 'Neath the
spring-time Notes of love re - peat, Then the grace - ful lil - ies, State - ly,
blos - soms Twine with gen-tle grace, Then the snow - y lil - ies Tell of

sun and dew, Pure, sweet thot's of heaven The lil - ies bring to you.
rare and tall, Come with ten-der greet-ing In an-swer to their call.
hope and love In their fragrant message Bro't down from heav'n above.

CHORUS.

{ Lil - ies, lil - ies, pure and white, Lil-ies, lil - ies, fair and bright, Lil-ies, lil - ies,
{ Lil - ies, lil - ies, fair to greet, Lil-ies, lil - ies, fragrant, sweet, Lil-ies, lil - ies,

1. pre-cious sight, Teaching love and du-ty;
2. so complete, Blooming in their beauty.

No. 105. Rose, Rose, Rose.

Charlotte G. Homer.

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WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. What is sweeter, tell me, Than a pret-ty
2. If a rose could whisper, Could it, think you,
3. Je - sus, keep me ev - er Like un - to this

Waltz time.

rose? Fra-grant in its beau - ty, Loveliest flow'r that grows.
tell Of that bless-ed coun - try Where the an - gels dwell?
flow'r— Pure and sweet and mod - est, Ev - 'ry day and hour.

REFRAIN.

{Rose, rose, rose, Pret - ti - est flow'r that grows, Em-blem of
{Rose, rose, rose, Not till the whole world knows Of my dear

love that came from heaven, Thro' which a Savior, Christ, was giv-en;

Sav - ior King, Will I cease to sing, Sweet rose, rose, rose. . .

No. 106. Apples For a Penny.

I. D. K. Arr. by E. O. E.

1. My name, you see, is Kit - ty, I've just come from the cit - y To
   I bro't a - long my bas - ket, My lit - tle jew - eled cas - ket; My

2. On - ly just a pen - ny, You know you have so man - y; I
   My heart is near - ly break - ing, For noth - ing I am mak - ing; I

sing this lit - tle dit - ty, And please you, one and all.
busi-ness—do not ask it, For I'm go - ing to [*Omit . . .*] ex - plain.
real - ly have - n't an - y, As you can plain-ly see.
feel like one for - sa - ken, So I'll bid you all [*Omit . . .*] a - dieu.

CHORUS.

Ap - ples, for a pen - ny, Here's your fine straw - ber - ry,

Peach-es, plums and cherries, You may taste be-fore you buy; you buy.

(*Spoken after 1st verse and before singing the Chorus.*)—"Business is very dull, so I filled my basket and came down here to see if I could sell."

(*Spoken after 2d verse and before singing the Chorus.*)—"But before I go, I will give you one more chance, for you see I am very anxious to sell."

While singing the words in the Chorus *last time*, "You may taste before you buy," throw some of the small fruit far out into the audience.

No. 107. The Church in the Wildwood.

W. S. P.

NEW ARRANGEMENT OF WORDS AND MUSIC.
COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Dr. Wm. S. Pitts.

1. There's a church in the val - ley by the wild - wood, No love - li - er
2. How sweet on a clear, Sab - bath morn - ing To list to the
3. There, close by the church in the val - ley, Lies one that I
4. There, close by the side of that loved one, 'Neath the tree where the

place in the dale; No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the
clear ring-ing bell; It's tones so sweet - ly are call - ing, Oh, come
loved so well; She sleeps, sweetly sleeps, 'neath the willow; Dis - turb
wild flowers bloom, When the fare - well hymn shall be chant - ed, I shall

D. S.—*No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the*

FINE. CHORUS.

lit-tle brown church in the vale.
to the church in the vale. Come to the
not her rest in the vale. Oh, come, come, come, come, come, come,
rest by her side in the tomb.

lit-tle brown church in the vale.

D. S.

church by the wild - wood, Oh, come to the church in the dale;
come, come, come, come, come come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come;

No. 108. Slumber Song.

C. H. G.

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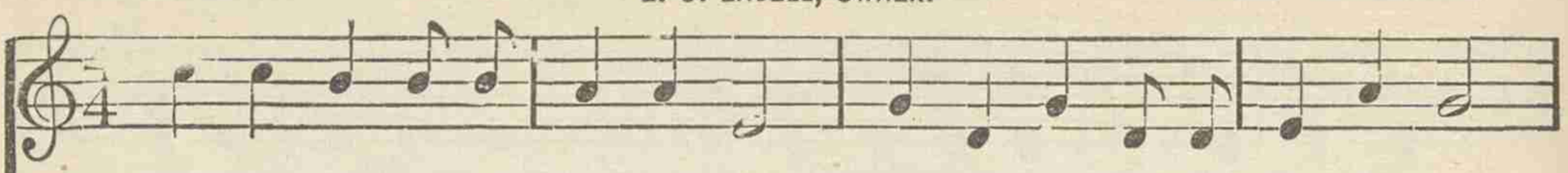
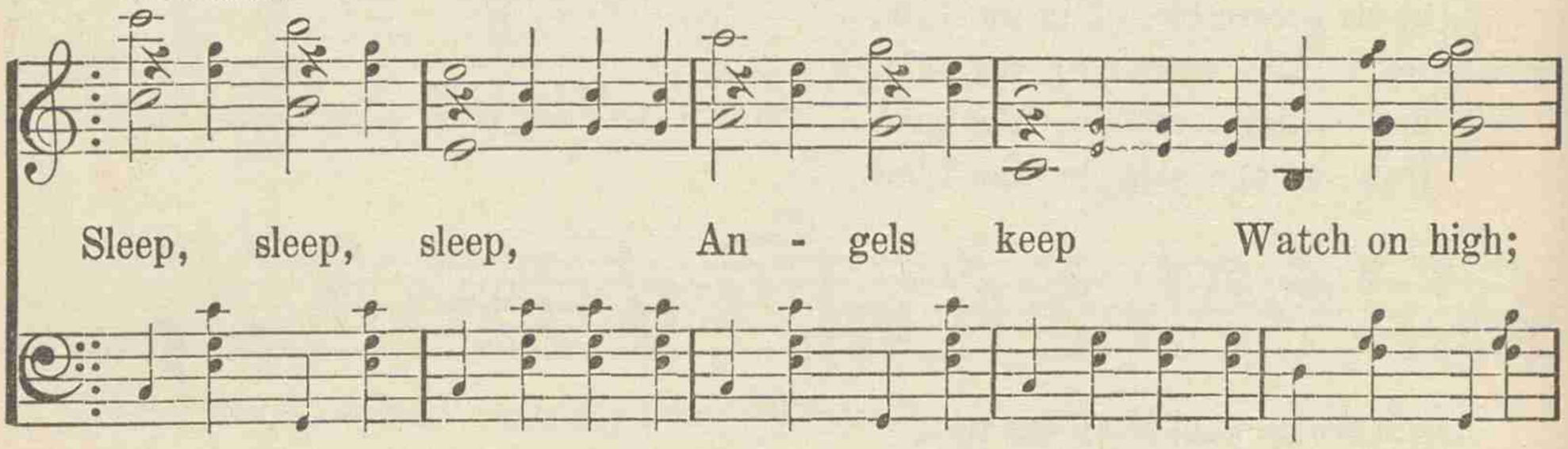
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. In a man-ger a Ba - by slept, While the an-gels a vig - il kept
2. Nowhere else for Him room was found! There He lay, while a-bout, a - round,
3. Who was He? 'twas the Lord of all, Born to earth in a lone-ly stall!

O'er the Child that was heav-en - born, Born to earth that Christmas morn.
Surg - ing, nois - y, the peo - ple swept, All the while this Ba - by slept.
Ho - ly an - gels a lull - a - by Sang un - to Him from on high.

REFRAIN.



Sleep, sleep, sleep, An - gels keep Watch on high;

Bye - o - bye, Do not weep; Sleep, sleep, sleep.

No. 109. Luther's Cradle Hymn.

Martin Luther.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. A - way in a man - ger, No crib for His bed, The lit - tle Lord Je - sus Lay down His wee head; The stars in the heav - ens Looked down where He lay, The lit - tle Lord Je - sus, A - sleep on the hay.
2. The cat - tle were low - ing—The poor Ba - by wakes; But lit - tle Lord Je - sus, No cry - ing He makes: I love Thee, Lord Je - sus, Look down from the sky, And stay by my cra - dle, To watch lull - a - by.
3. Be near me, Lord Je - sus, I ask Thee to stay Close by me for- ev - er, And love me, I pray; Bless all the dear chil - dren In Thy ten - der care, And take us to heav - en, To live with Thee there.

rit. *a tempo.*

CHORUS.

A - sleep, a - sleep, A - sleep, the Sav - ior in a stall!
A - sleep, a - sleep, A - sleep, the Lord of all! . . .
A - sleep, a - sleep, the Lord of all!

No. 110. They Didn't Think.

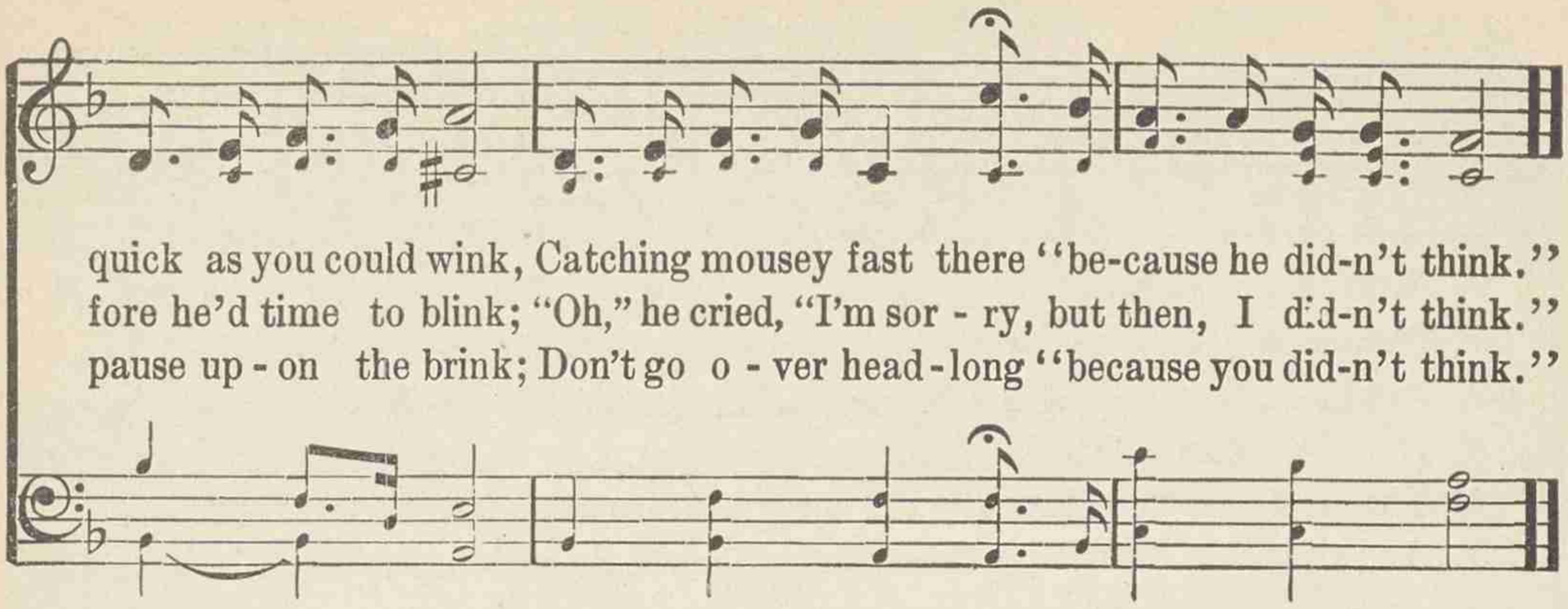
COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Phœbe Cary. **Chas H. Gabriel.**

1. Once a trap was bait-ed with a daint-y piece of cheese; It tick-led so a lit-tle mouse it almost made him sneeze. An old mouse said, "there's danger; be care-ful where you go." "Oh, nonsense," said the mous-ey, "I don't think you know."
2. Once there was a rob-in lived out-side the kitchen door, Who want-ed so to go in-side and hop up-on the floor; "Oh, no," said rob-in's moth-er, "I wish you'd stay with me; For lit-tle birds are saf-est sit-ting in a tree."
3. Now, my lit-tle children, you who sing this lit-tle song, Oh, don't you see what trouble comes from sim-ply do-ing wrong? And can't you take a warn-ing from mouse and robin's fate? For they be-gan their think-ing when it was too late.

So he walked in bold-ly— no-bod-y was in sight; First he took a nib-ble, then he took a bite; Close the trap to-geth-er snapped as
"I don't care," said rob-in, and gave his tail a fling; "I don't think the old folks know quite ev-'ry-thing." Down he flew, the cat caught him be-
Think not all is safe-ty, al-tho' no dan-ger shows; Thinking you know more than an-y-bod-y knows; But when warned of ru-in, al-ways

They Didn't Think.



quick as you could wink, Catching mousey fast there "be-cause he did-n't think."
fore he'd time to blink; "Oh," he cried, "I'm sor - ry, but then, I did-n't think."
pause up - on the brink; Don't go o - ver head - long "because you did-n't think."

No. 111. Ring, Beautiful Bells.

E. A. H.

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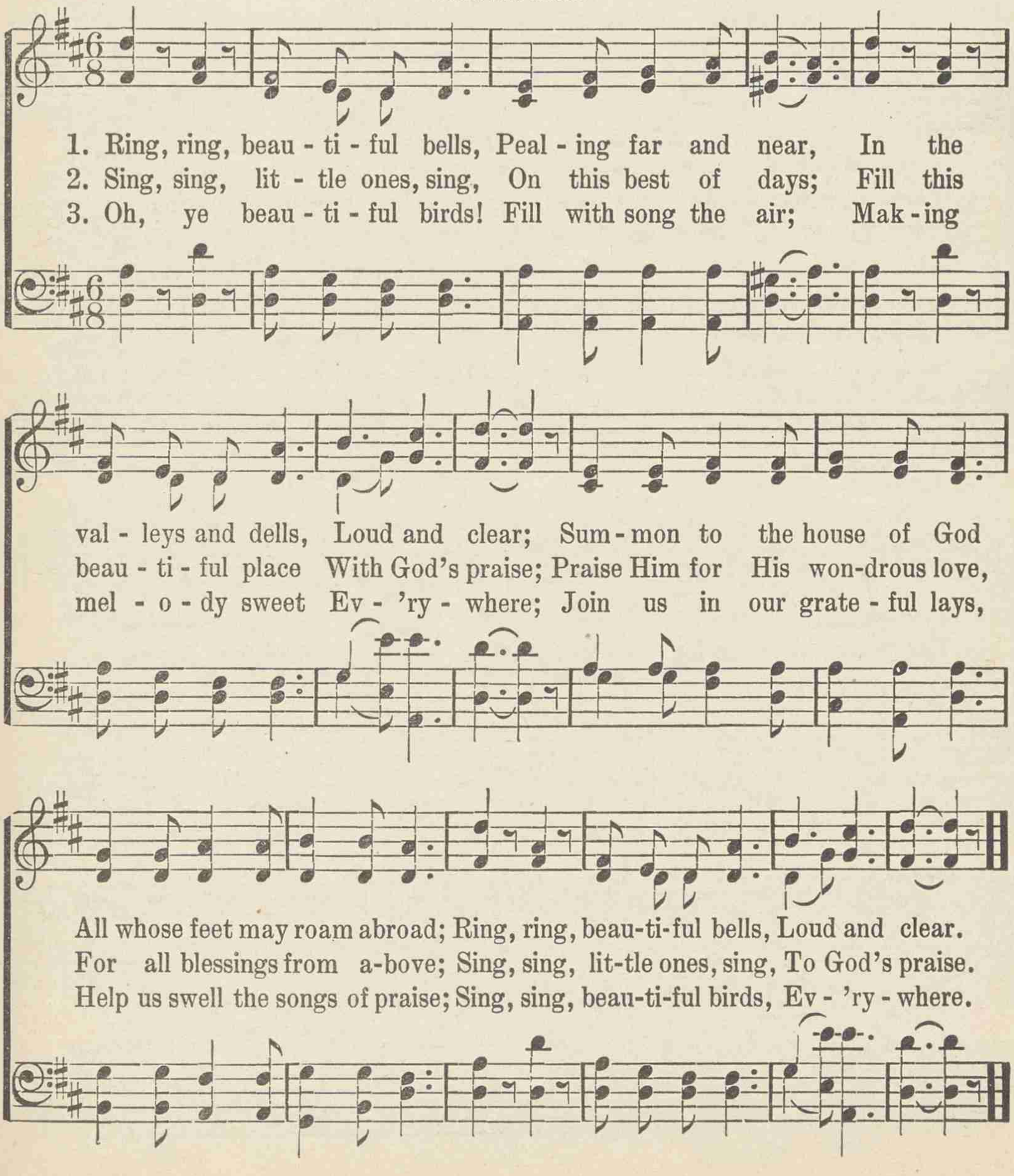
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.



1. Ring, ring, beau - ti - ful bells, Peal - ing far and near, In the
2. Sing, sing, lit - tle ones, sing, On this best of days; Fill this
3. Oh, ye beau - ti - ful birds! Fill with song the air; Mak - ing

val - leys and dells, Loud and clear; Sum - mon to the house of God
beau - ti - ful place With God's praise; Praise Him for His won-drous love,
mel - o - dy sweet Ev - 'ry - where; Join us in our grate - ful lays,

All whose feet may roam abroad; Ring, ring, beau-ti-ful bells, Loud and clear.
For all blessings from a-bove; Sing, sing, lit-tle ones, sing, To God's praise.
Help us swell the songs of praise; Sing, sing, beau-ti-ful birds, Ev - 'ry - where.

No. 112. The World Children For Jesus.

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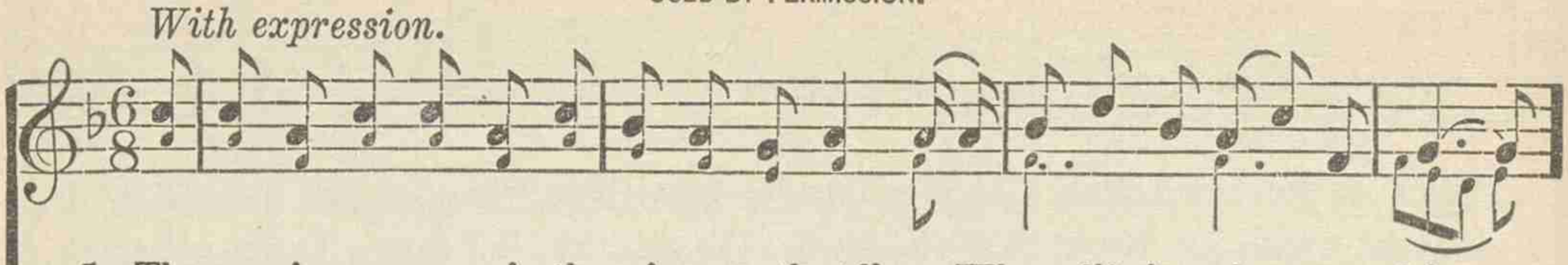
M. C. B. **Margaret Coote Brown.**

With expression.



1. The cunning papoose in the wigwam that lives, Whose life is so happy and free,
2. The Es-ki-mo ba-bies are wrapped all in fur; They live in the north coun-try,
3. The lit-tle Jap ba-bies, with shining dark eyes, Live on a green isle in the sea;
4. The pretty brown babies who roll in the sand, In a coun-try far over the sea,
5. And all the dear babies, wher-ev-er they grow, So cunning, so precious, so wee,

Is my In-di-an brother; and Jesus loves him Just as He loves you and me....
Where cold winds blow; and Jesus loves them Just as He loves you and me....
Too man-y to count; and Jesus loves them Just as He loves you and me....
Are my African brothers; and Jesus loves them Just as He loves you and me....
Are God's darling children; and Jesus loves them Just as He loves you and me....

REFRAIN. *Sostenuto.*

The world chil-dren for Je-sus, The world chil-dren for Je-sus,...

The world chil-dren for Je-sus who loves them, Who loves ev-'ry one....

No. 113 With Joy We Sing.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Lizzie DeArmond. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. Lit-tle bells of Christmas, hear us gai-ly [1]ring, Chim-ing out the sto-ry
2. Lit-tle bells of Christmas [6]thro' the whole long year Should be ever read-y
3. Lit-tle bells of Christmas peal-ing in His name, Who to [10]bless and save us,

of the Ba-by King; [2]Com-ing thro' the star-light to a man-ger low,
with their notes of cheer; Lit-tle bits of glad-ness from the [7]angel song,
to this old world came, Ring-ing hap-py prais-es as the days go by,

While the world lay [3]sleeping 'neath the moon's pale glow.
[8]Lift-ing earth to heav-en, mak-ing weak hearts [9]strong. [1]Ring, ring, ring, yes, with
[11]"Glo-ry with-out ceas-ing, un-to God most high."

CHORUS. *Faster.*

joy we glad-ly ring; [4]Hail! all hail! to the lit-tle Infant King; [1]Chime, chime,
chime, in a merry song we chime; [5]"Wake up, little people, 't is the Christmas time."

Sung by a select number of children holding red and green paper or card-board bells, and wearing a sprig of holly on breast. 1, make ringing motion with bells; 2, raise bells high, bring slowly downward; 3, close eyes, lay left cheek upon left hand; 4, wave bells held high; 5, turn bells outward and upward; 6, move bells in a semi-circle slowly from left to right; 7, point up with bells; 8, move bells slowly upward; 9, lay bells against heart; 10, fold hands across heart and look up; 11, hold bells high and make a ringing motion.

No. 114. Little Star.

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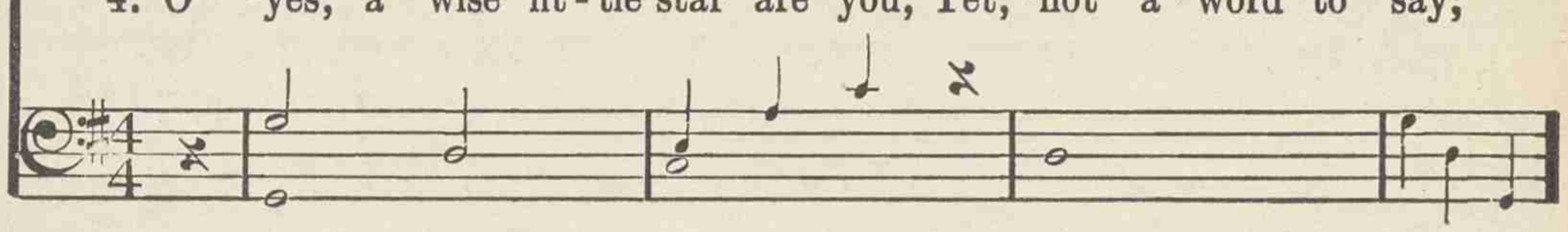
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Jennie Ree. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

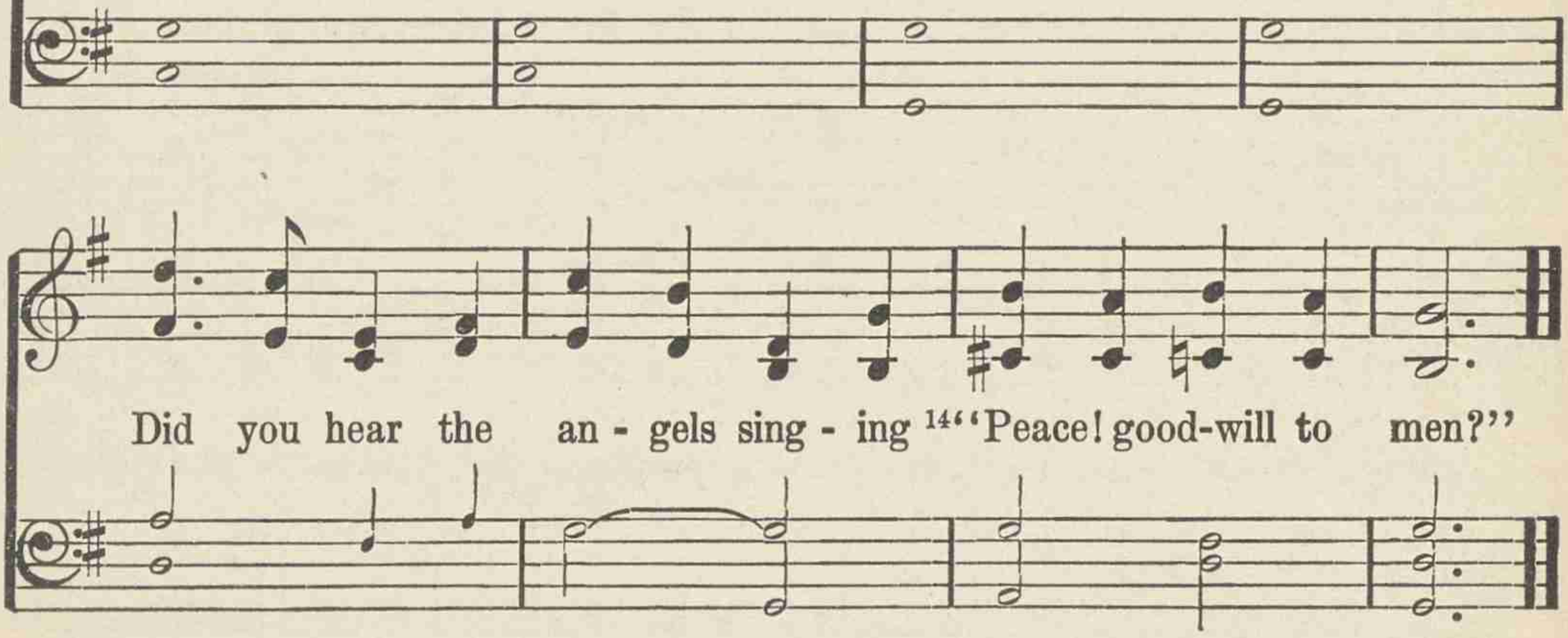
1. [1]How wise you look, lit-tle star, a-way Up yon-der in the sky;
2. I oft-en won-der if you were [3]there When Christ lay in the [4]stall;
3. If you had [6]lis-tened..... Could you have heard the song
4. O [8]yes, a wise lit-tle star are you, Yet, [9]not a word to say;



How man-y years have you [2]twinkled there A-bove the world so high?
And if you saw, from your diz-zy height, The [5]in-fant Lord of all.
That [7]float-ed down on the mid-night air From that an-gel-ic throng?
You [10]watch all night o'er the drow-sy earth, And [11]sleep all thro' the day.

CHORUS.

[12]Lit-tle star, a-way up yon-der, [13]Tell me, were you shin-ing then?



Did you hear the an-gels sing-ing [14]"Peace! good-will to men?"

1. Eyes upward. 2. Twinkling motion of fingers. 3. Pointing upward. 4. Pointing as toward a cradle or manger. 5. Bow heads reverently. 6. Listening attitude. 7. Raise arms and lower in a diagonal sweep. 8. Shake forefinger at supposed star. 9. Motion of lost faith. 10. Right elbow in left hand, right hand supporting chin, as if drowsy. 11. Ritard the music, close eyes as if going to sleep. 12. Eyes upward. 13. Both arms raised. 14. Hands clasped as in prayer.

No. 115. Our Colors So True.

Lizzie DeArmond.

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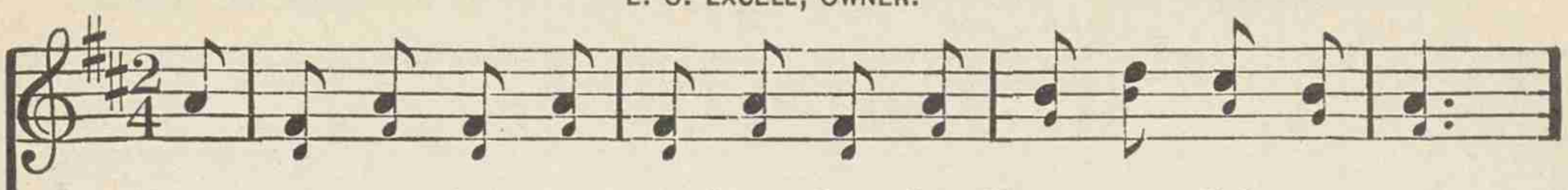
Chas. H. Gabriel.

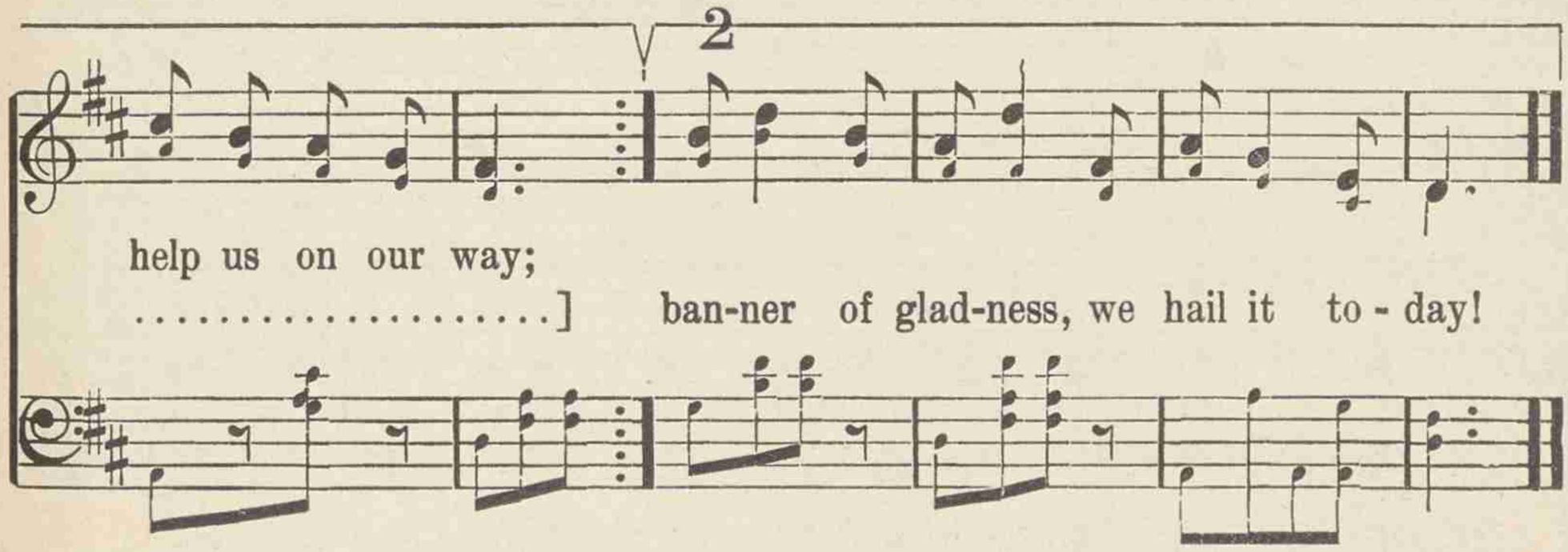


1. [1]Three col - ors has the na-tion's flag Our [2]hearts de - light to see,
2. [3]Red speaks to us of Je - sus' blood For all the [4]whole world shed,
3. [5]White tells of those who, pure in heart, Shall see the Sav - ior's face,
4. [7]Blue tells us of the faith-ful ones Who like the [8]stars shall be,

The Red, and White, and star - ry Blue, Our pledge of lib - er - ty.
That we might rise to life and light, Thro' Him who once was dead.
And in His like - ness dai - ly grow, In [6]heav-en's ho - ly place.
Bright jew - els in the Vic-tor's crown, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS

{ O [1]Red, White, and Blue, our colors so true, An emblem fair of heav'nly things, to
{ O [1]Red, White, and Blue, the old and the new, Our [*Omit*.....



help us on our way;
.....] ban-ner of glad-ness, we hail it to - day!

GESTURES:—1. Wave flags. 2. Lay flags across hearts. 3. Touch red stripe. 4. Describe semi-circle outwards with flags. 5. Touch white stripe. 6. Hold flags up high. 7. Touch blue square. 8. Move flags held high, from left to right, shaking them slightly to give twinkling motion, like the stars.

All hold American flags.

No. 116. Bye-lo Town.

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Anna B. Barlow. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. 'T is time to start for Bye-lo town, Backward and forward, up and down, The fire-light's bright, but the lamp's turned low, As we rock to-night into quiet Bye-lo.
2. How can you go to Bye-lo town? Safe in the rocking chair, cuddled down; Ma- ma's warm arms clasp the baby, tho', As they rock to-night into qui-et Bye-lo.
3. What is the dress for Bye-lo town? Little bare feet and a long white gown: Ma- ma's sweet voice sings soft and low A good-night song on the way to Bye-lo.
4. What is the fare to Bye-lo town? Plen-ty of kiss - es show'ring down; Pre- cious as gold to all you know Who take the trip in - to qui - et Bye-lo.

CHORUS.

Up and down, up and down, On the way to Bye - lo town;
Lull - a - by, by,

rit.

Up and down, up and down, On the way to Bye - lo town.
Lull - a - by, by.

No. 117. Bye-lo-land.

George Cooper. USED BY PERMISSION. **A. J. Van Fleet.**

Inscribed to my little friend, Wade Pealer, South Dansville, N. Y.

Smoothly, with expression.

1. Ba - by is go - ing to Bye - lo-land, Go - ing to see the sights so grand;
2. Oh, the bright dreams in Bye - lo-land, All by the lov - ing an - gel planned;
3. Sweet is the way to Bye - lo-land, Guid-ed by mother's gen - tle hand;

Out of the sky the wee stars peep, Watching to see her fast a-sleep.
Soft lit - tle lash - es down-ward close, Just like the pet - als of a rose.
Lit - tle lambs now are in the fold, Lit - tle birds nes - tle from the cold.

Swing so, Bye - lo, O - ver the hills to Bye - lo - land;
Swing so, Bye - lo, Pret - ti - est eyes in Bye - lo - land;
Swing so, Bye - lo, Ba - by is safe in Bye - lo - land;

Repeat pp

Swing so, Bye - lo, O - ver the hills to Bye - lo - land.
Swing so, Bye - lo, Pret - ti - est eyes in Bye - lo - land.
Swing so, Bye - lo, Ba - by is safe in Bye - lo - land.

No. 118 Touch Not, Taste Not.

USED BY PERMISSION.

Dwight Williams. **"Maryland."**

1. There's dan - ger in the flow-ing bowl! Touch not, taste not, han - dle not!
2. "Strong drink is rag-ing," God hath said: Touch not, taste not, han - dle not!
3. Come, let us join each heart and hand, Touch not, taste not, han - dle not!
4. Oh, has-ten, then, the hap - py time! Touch not, taste not, han - dle not!

'T will ru - in bod - y, ru - in soul! Touch not, taste not, han - dle not!
And thousands it hath cap - tive led! Touch not, taste not, han - dle not!
To drive the traf - fic from the land; Touch not, taste not, han - dle not!
When joy - ful bells the notes will chime; Touch not, taste not, han - dle not!

'T will rob the pock - et of its cash; 'T will scourge thee with a cru - el lash;
It leads the young, and strong, and brave; It leads them to a drunkard's grave;
We need the strong-est, brav-est hearts To foil the cru - el tempter's arts,
Then raise the temp'rance flag on high, And lift your voi - ces to the sky—

And all thy hopes of pleasure dash,—Touch not, taste not, han-dle not!
It leads them where no arm can save—Touch not, taste not, han-dle not!
And heal his fearful wounds and smarts—Touch not, taste not, han-dle not.
Sing, glo - ry be to God on high—Touch not, taste not, han-dle not!

No. 119. Growing Up For Jesus.

Miriam E. Arnold.

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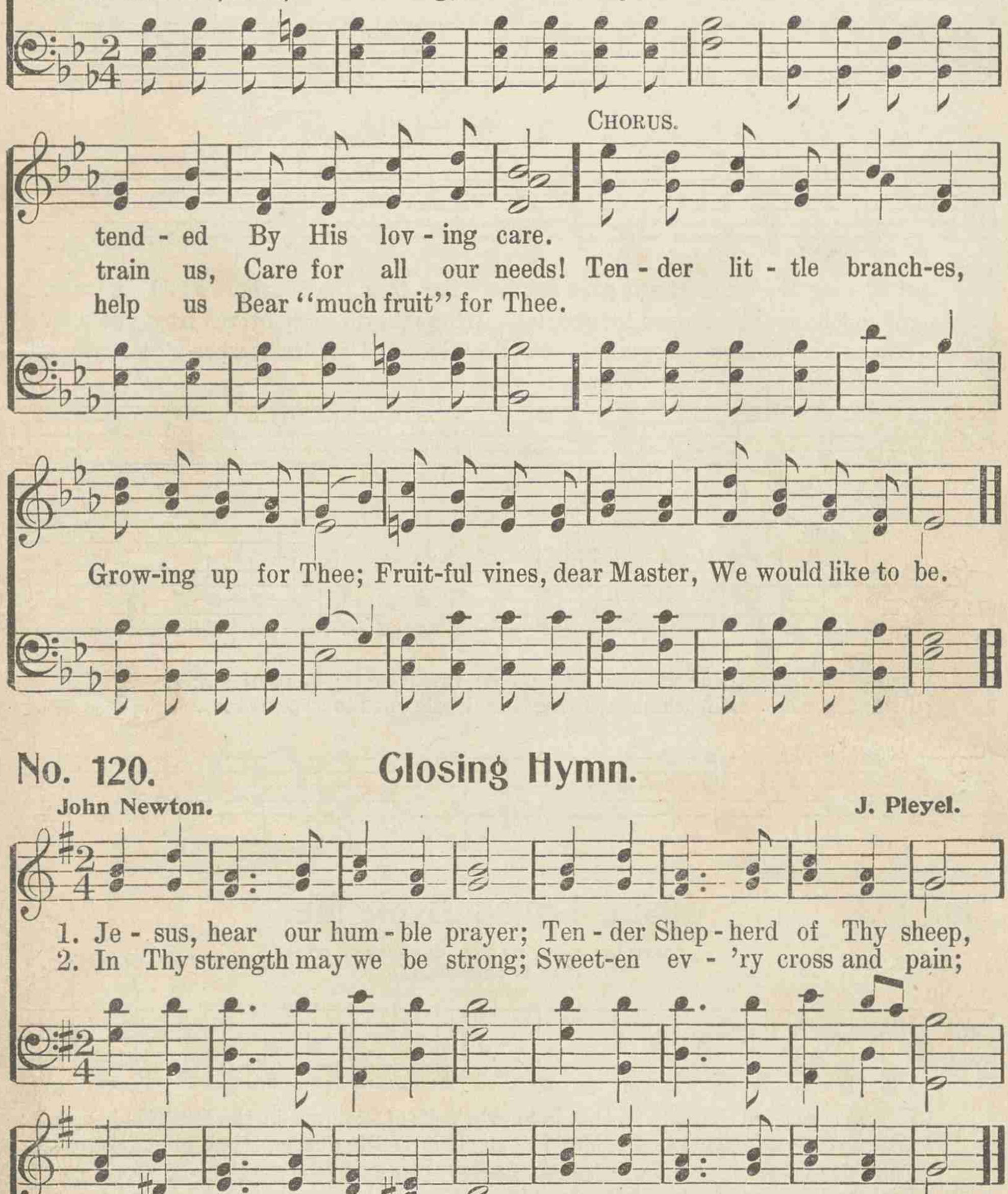
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Grow-ing up for Je - sus, In His vine-yard fair, Ev-er watched and tend - ed By His lov - ing care.
2. Keep us free, dear Je - sus, From sin's hurt-ful weeds; Prune us, Lord, and train us, Care for all our needs! Ten - der lit - tle branch-es,
3. Gen - tle, kind, and lov - ing, Sav-ior, may we be; Thou a - lone canst help us Bear "much fruit" for Thee.



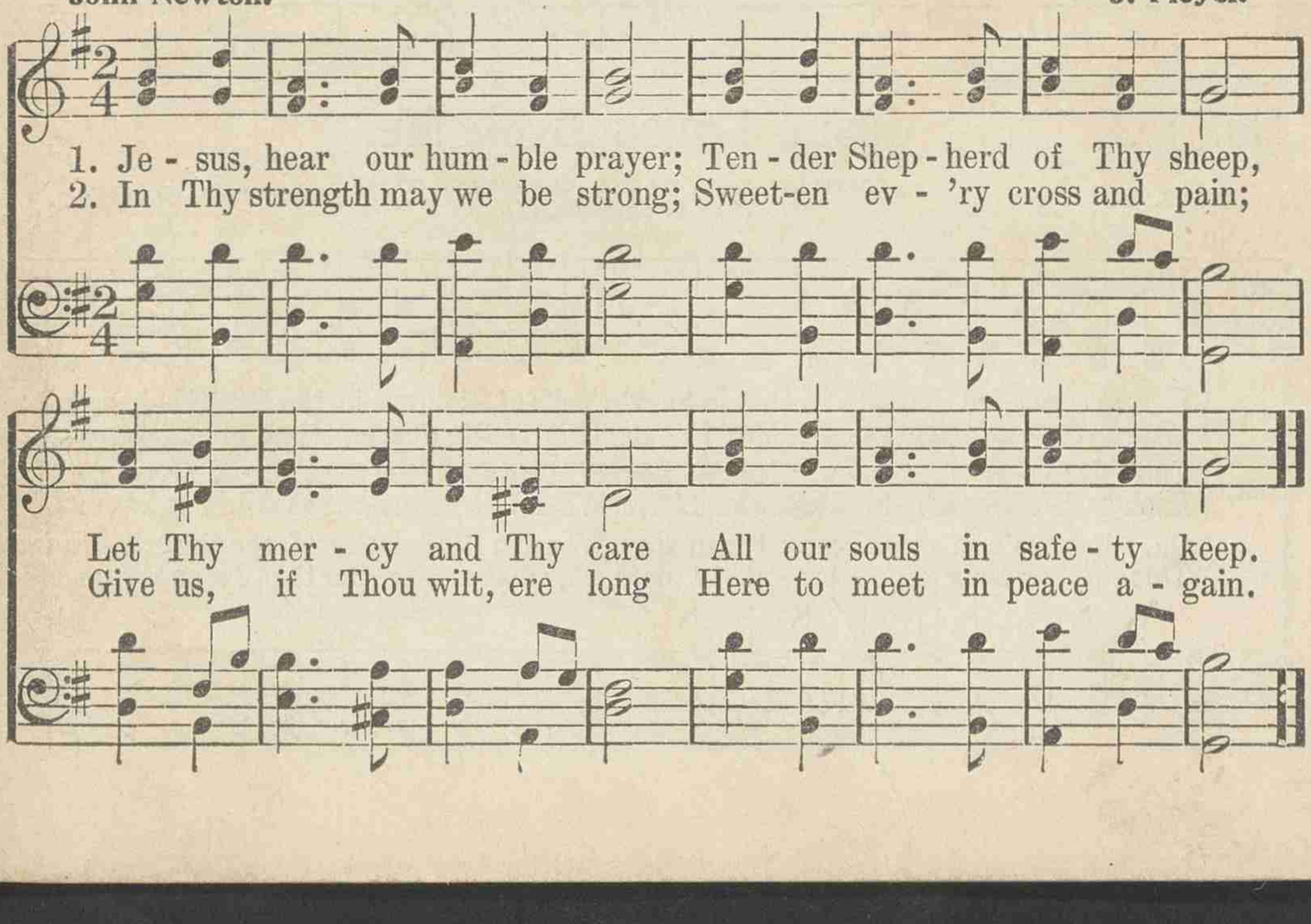
CHORUS.

Grow-ing up for Thee; Fruit-ful vines, dear Master, We would like to be.

No. 120. Closing Hymn.

John Newton.

J. Pleyel.



1. Je - sus, hear our hum - ble prayer; Ten - der Shep - herd of Thy sheep,
2. In Thy strength may we be strong; Sweet-en ev - 'ry cross and pain;

Let Thy mer - cy and Thy care All our souls in safe - ty keep.
Give us, if Thou wilt, ere long Here to meet in peace a - gain.

No. 121. Bring Them In.

Alexcenah Thomas. **W. A. Ogden.**

1. Hark! 't is the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the des - ert dark and drear,
2. Who'll go and help this Shep-herd kind, Help Him the lit - tle lambs to find?
3. Out in the des - ert hear their cry, Out on the mountain wild and high;

Call - ing the lambs who've gone astray Far from the Shepherd's fold a - way.
Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Where they'll be shel-tered from the cold?
Hark! 't is the Mas-ter speaks to thee, "Go, find my lambs wher-e'er they be."

CHORUS.

{ Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin;
{ Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring the lit-tle ones to [*Omit . . . .*] Je - sus.

No. 122. Jesus Loves Even Me.

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P. P. B. **P. P. Bliss.**

1. { I am so glad that our Fa-ther in heav'n Tells of His love in the Book He has giv'n;
   { Won-der-ful things in the Bi - ble I see; This is the dearest, that Je-sus loves me.
2. { Tho' I for - get Him and wander a - way, Still He doth love me wher-ev-er I stray;
   { Back to His dear lov - ing arms would I flee, When I re-mem-ber that Je-sus loves me.
3. { Oh, if there's on-ly one song I can sing, When in His beau-ty I see the great King,
   { This shall my song in e - ter - ni - ty be, "Oh, what a won - der that Jesus loves me!"

Jesus Loves Even Me.

CHORUS.

I am so glad that Jesus loves me, Je-sus loves me, Jesus loves me;
I am so glad that Jesus loves me, Je-sus loves [*Omit . . . . .*] e-ven me.

No. 123. Bringing in the Sheaves.

Knowles Shaw. **George A. Minor.**

1. Sow-ing in the morn-ing, sow-ing seeds of kind-ness, Sow-ing in the noontide
   Waiting for the har - vest, and the time of reap - ing, [*Omit . . . . . .*
2. Sow-ing in the sun-shine, sow-ing in the shad-ows, Fear-ing nei-ther clouds nor
   By and by the har - vest, and the la - bor end - ed, [*Omit . . . . . .*
3. Go then, ev - er weep - ing, sow-ing for the Mas - ter, Tho' the loss sustained our
   When our weeping's o - ver, He will bid us wel-come, [*Omit . . . . . .*

2

and the dew - y eve;
. . . . .] We shall come re - joic - ing, bring - ing in the sheaves.
win-ter's chill - ing breeze;
. . . . .] We shall come re - joic - ing, bring - ing in the sheaves.
spir - it oft - en grieves;
. . . . .] We shall come re - joic - ing, bring - ing in the sheaves.

FINE.

D. S.—*We shall come re - joic - ing, bring - ing in the sheaves.*

CHORUS.

Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, *D. S.* [*Omit . . . . . .*]

No. 124. Jewels.

W. O. Cushing.

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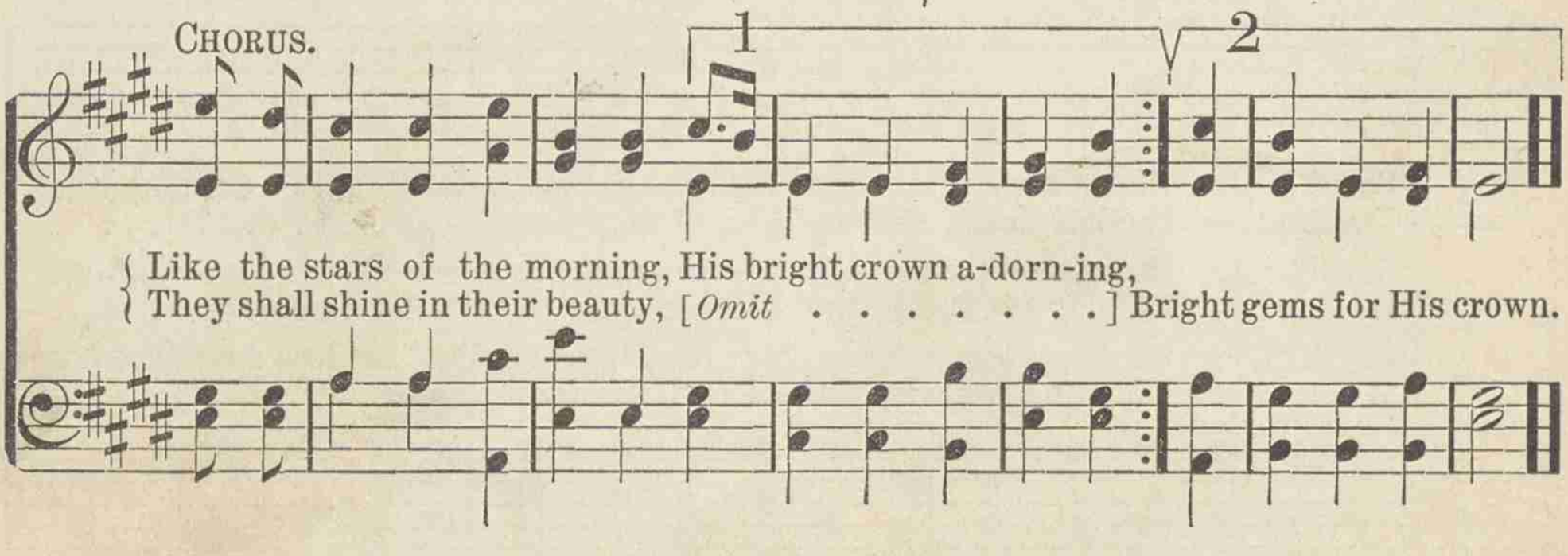
Geo. F. Root.

1. { When He com - eth, when He com - eth To make up His jew - els,
   { All His jew - els, pre-cious jew - els, His loved and His [*Omit . .*] own,—
2. { He will gath - er, He will gath - er The gems for His king - dom;
   { All the pure ones, all the bright ones, His loved and His [*Omit . .*] own.
3. { Lit - tle chil - dren, lit - tle chil - dren, Who love their Re-deem - er,
   { Are the jew - els, pre-cious jew - els, His loved and His [*Omit . .*] own.

CHORUS.



{ Like the stars of the morning, His bright crown a-dorn-ing,
{ They shall shine in their beauty, [*Omit . . . . . .*] Bright gems for His crown.

No. 125. America.

S. F. Smith. (MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE.) **English.**

1. My country! 't is of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my
2. My na-tive country, thee, Land of the no - ble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal
4. Our fa-thers' God, to Thee, Au-thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing: Long may our

fa - thers died! Land of the pilgrims' pride! From ev'ry mountain side Let free-dom ring!
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that above.
tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
land be bright With freedom's holy light; Pro-tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

No. 126. Jesus Loves Me.

(The favorite Hymn of China.)

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Je-sus loves me! this I know, For the Bible tells me so;
   Lit-tle ones to Him belong, [*Omit . . . . .*] They are weak but He is strong.
2. Je-sus loves me! He who died, Heaven's gates to open wide,
   He will wash a-way my sin, [*Omit . . . . .*] Let His lit-tle child come in.
3. Je-sus loves me! loves me still, Tho' I'm very weak and ill;
   From His shining throne on high [*Omit . . . . .*] Comes to watch me where I lie.
4. Je-sus loves me! He will stay Close beside me all the way;
   If I love Him, when I die, [*Omit . . . . .*] He will take me home on high.

CHORUS.

Yes, Jesus loves me, Yes, Jesus loves me, Yes, Jesus loves me, The Bible tells me so.

No. 127. Little Drops of Water.

Eben C. Brewer. **English.**

1. Lit-tle drops of wa-ter, Lit-tle grains of sand,
2. And the lit-tle mo-ments, Hum-ble tho' they be,
3. So our lit-tle er-rors Lead the soul a-way
4. Lit-tle seeds of mer-cy, Sown by youth-ful hands,
5. Lit-tle deeds of kind-ness, Lit-tle words of love,

Make the might-y o-cean, And the beau-teous land.
Make the might-y a-ges Of e-ter-ni-ty.
From the paths of vir-tue Oft in sin to stray.
Grow to bless the na-tions, Far in hea-then lands.
Make our earth an E-den Like the heav'n a-bove.

No. 128. Happy Children.

J. V. C. ARRANGEMENT COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. J. V. Coombs.

1. We are a band of hap-py, happy chil-dren, Singing all day long,
   Prais-ing the name of the bless-ed Re-deem-er, With our hap-py [*Omit*] song.

2. Come, let us sing with mer-ry, merry voi-ces, Of the Sav-ior's love;
   He is pre-par-ing a place for His chil-dren In His home a-[*Omit*] bove.

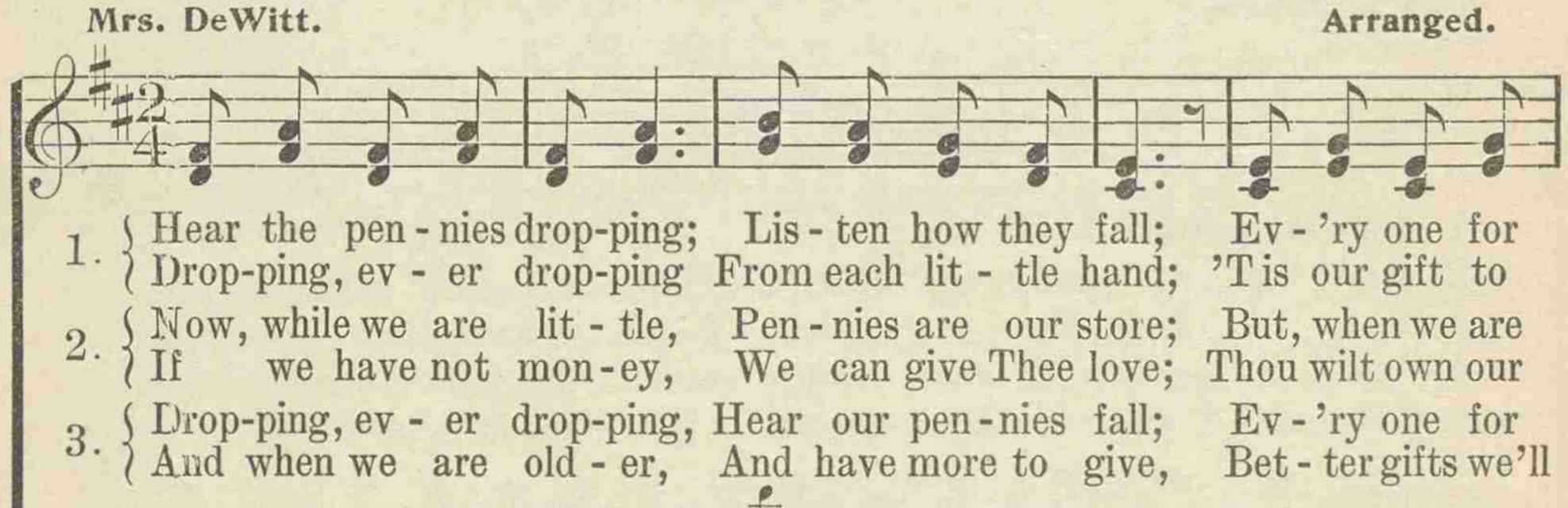
3. May we all sing a-round the throne in glo-ry, With the an-gel throng;
   Join-ing our voi-ces in tell-ing the sto-ry, Sing-ing the new [*Omit*] song.

D. C.—*We are a band of hap-py, happy children, Singing all day* [*Omit*] *long.*

CHORUS. *D. C.*

No. 129. Dropping Pennies.

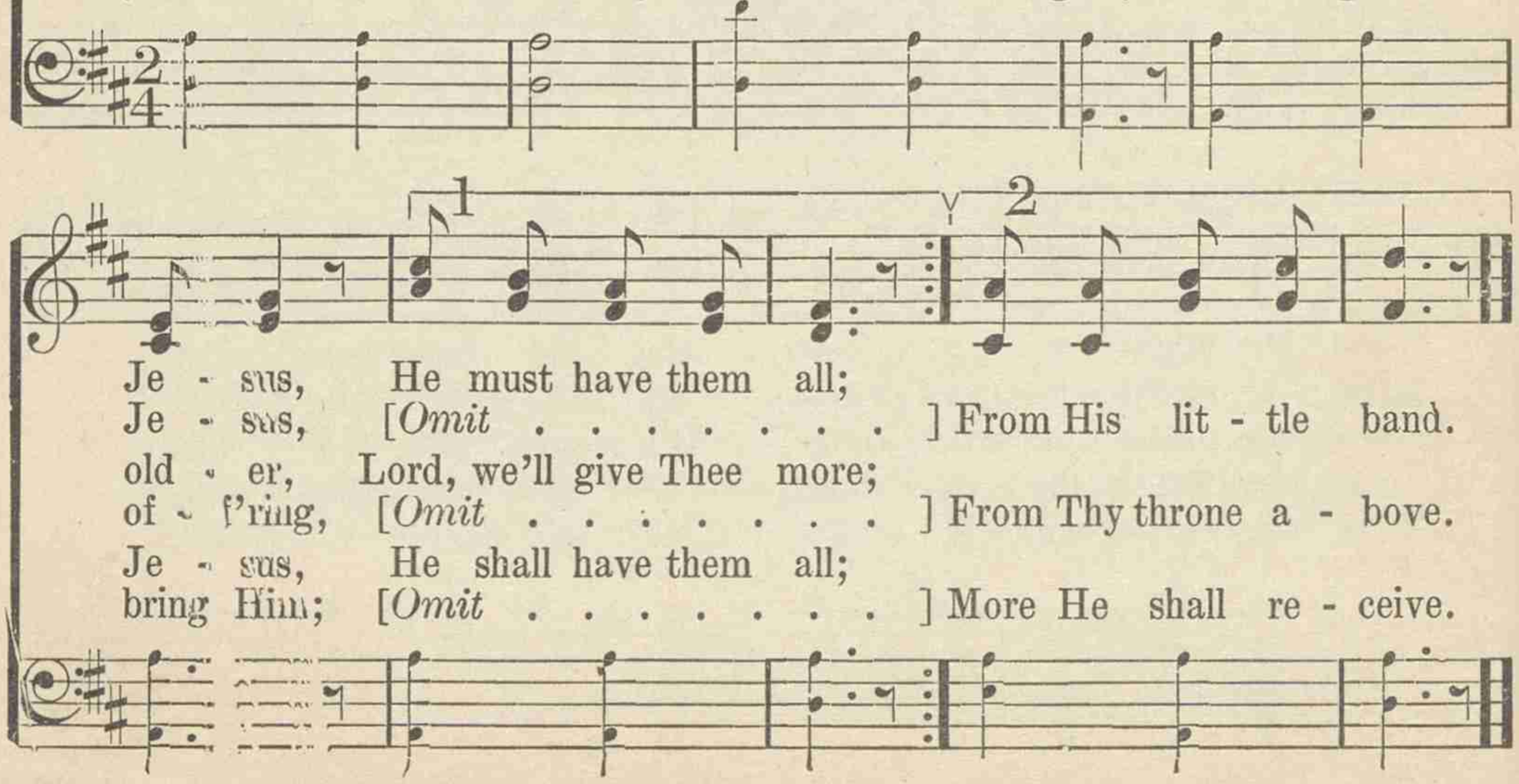
Mrs. DeWitt. Arranged.



1. Hear the pen-nies drop-ping; Lis-ten how they fall; Ev-'ry one for
   Drop-ping, ev-er drop-ping From each lit-tle hand; 'T is our gift to

2. Now, while we are lit-tle, Pen-nies are our store; But, when we are
   If we have not mon-ey, We can give Thee love; Thou wilt own our

3. Drop-ping, ev-er drop-ping, Hear our pen-nies fall; Ev-'ry one for
   And when we are old-er, And have more to give, Bet-ter gifts we'll



130—OPENING EXERCISES

1

Teacher—Good morning, good morning, dear scholars, to you;
Good morning bright boys, merry girls, how do you do?
Class—Good morning, good morning, dear teacher, to you;
Good morning, dear schoolmates, and how do you do?

2

Teacher—Good afternoon, children
Class (rising)—Good afternoon teacher.

3

Teacher—This is the day the Lord hath made.
Class—We will rejoice and be glad in it.
Teacher—Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy.
Class—We will obey the command of the Lord our God.
Teacher—I was glad when they said unto me,
Class—Let us go into the house of the Lord.
Teacher—The Lord is in His holy temple.
Class—Let all the earth keep silence before Him.

4

Tune—America.

God bless our Sunday School
Be near each one today
As now we meet;
We rest from work and play
On this Thy holy day,
O bless to us, we pray
This service sweet.

God bless our Sunday School
We gladly come today
Thy word to hear;
May we atttention pay
To all our teachers say,
And learn of thee, we pray,
O Savior dear.

5

Tune—I am so glad that our Father in Heaven.

Savior, we gather to study Thy word,
Here in Thy home on the day of the Lord.
Welcome, O welcome, most beautiful day!
Sunlight of heaven now falls on our way.
Chorus:—
Welcome, O welcome, most beautiful day,
Dearest and best, dearest and best;
Day of rejoicing, O beautiful day,
Day which the Lord hath blessed.

131—CONCERT PRAYERS

1.—Morning Prayer.

"Now I wake
And see the light;
'Tis God has kept me
Through the night.
To Him I lift
My voice, and pray
That he will keep me
Through the day."

2.—Evening Prayer.

"Now I lay me,
Down to sleep
I pray the Lord
My soul to keep.
If I should die
Before I wake
I pray the Lord
My soul to take."

3

Dear Savior, as in days of old
Thou didst the little ones enfold,
Within Thy loving arm;
So wilt Thou take this heart of mine
And keep it ever truly thine,
Safe from sin and harm.

4

"Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless Thy little lamb tonight.
Through the darkness be Thou near me
Keep me saft till morning light."

5

"To say my prayers is not to pray,
Unless I mean the words I say,
Unless I think to whom I speak
And with my heart His favor seek."
Our Father, etc.

6

"Dear Heavenly Father, good and kind,
Guide Thou our thoughts today,
And help us keep Thee in our mind
In all we do and say,"

7

"Before my words of prayer are said,
I close my eyes and bow my head;
I'll try to think to whom I pray,
And try to mean the words I say."
Our Father, etc.

8

Father, now we come confessing
All the wrong things we have done,
And we humbly ask thy blessing
For the sake of Thy dear Son.

We are weak and need, O Father
Help for each to do his part;
Send thy spirit down to teach us
Let it never more depart.

Keep us ever, ever near Thee,
Close beside Thy loving heart.
Make us meek and holy, Father,
Perfect, even as Thou art. Amen."

CONCERT PRAYERS—Continued

9

"Gentle Savior, God of love,
Hear us from Thy throne above;
May the lesson taught today
Find us ready to obey.
Make us what we ought to be,
Lead the little ones to Thee. Amen."

10

Father, we thank Thee for the night
And for the pleasant morning light,
For rest and food, and loving care,
And all that makes the day so fair.
Help us to do the things we should.
To be to others kind and good
In all our work and all our play
To love Thee better every day.

11

Loving Jesus, meek and mild,
Look on me a little child;
Make me gentle as Thou art,
Come and live within my heart;
Take my childish hand in thine,
Guide these little feet of mine.
Then the world shall always see,
Christ, the Holy child in me. Amen."

12

"Dear Father, now before we part,
Receive our humble little prayer,
And fill with love each little heart
Go with us everywhere.
O may we ever watchful be,
Keep us from sin and near to Thee.
Amen."

13

"We fold our hands that we may be
From all our work set free;
We bow our heads as we draw near
The King of Kings, our Father dear.
We close our eyes that we may see
Nothing to take our thoughts from Thee.
"Into our hearts we pray Thee come,
And may they each become Thy home.
Pure like the Christ-child may be."
"This is the prayer we bring to Thee
Then raise our eyes thy light to see.
Lift up our heads to praise Thee still,
Open our hands to do Thy will.
Amen."

14

"Two hands now let us show—
Two hands bring down just so,
Right hand, right things do,
Left hand must help it, too.
Both clasped in prayer each day
And raised for God alway.
From mischief fold them tight
Nor let them strike or fight,
But stretch them out in love,
And upward point above.
Now fold them as we pray
And think of all we say.
With heads all bending low,
And eyes all closed just so,
Repeating word or word
The prayer of our dear Lord."
Our Father who art in Heaven, etc.

132—SPECIAL PRAYER SERVICES

1

NEW YEAR

Two little ears with which to hear;
One tongue to repeat "A Happy New Year."
Two hands, beautiful deeds to do;
One heart to love the good and true.
Every day the whole world through.

One brain to mind the words we say.
Two hands we fold and then we pray:
Our Father, etc.

2

EASTER

The dreary night and silence deep,
awakes to joy and song;
Where hope was dead and hearts were sad, the holy angels throng;
O let Thy Spirit walk with us along life's winding way;
Arise in us, that we may know the joy of Easterday.

We lift adoring eyes to Thee, we worship Thee
And bless our Victor King who reigns on high, the Lord of Righteousness.
All glory to Thy blessed name, eternal God divine.
May we at last thro' endless grace, in Thy dear likeness shine.
Our Father, etc.

3

THANKSGIVING

For air and sunshine, pure and sweet,
We thank our heavenly Father.
For grass that grows beneath our feet
We thank our heavenly Father.

For flowers that all around us bloom
We thank our heavenly Father.
For birds that sing in joyful tune,
We thank our heavenly Father.

For daily blessings, full and free,
We thank our heavenly Father.
For all His care over you and me,
We thank our heavenly Father.
Our Father who art in heaven, etc.

4

CHRISTMAS

One little tongue "Merry Xmas" to say;
Two ears to hear about Jesus today;
The wise men come from the East so far
Following slowly the great, bright star.

In their hands beautiful gifts they bring,
For the dear baby, our Savior and King.
Our hearts are our gifts to Jesus today;
Accept them, dear Jesus, who taught us to pray."
Our Father, etc.

133-RESPONSIVE SENTENCES and PRAYERS for GIVING SERVICE

1

Teacher—What kind of a giver does God love?
Class—"God loveth a cheerful giver."
Teacher—What did Jesus say about giving?
Class—"It is more blessed to give than to receive."
Teacher—Why do we bring our gifts to the Bible School?
Class—So we may give them to the Lord's work.

2

Teacher—What has God given us?
Class—"God so loved the world that He gave His only Son."
Teacher—How can we give to God?
Class—By giving to others for Jesus' sake.
Teacher—What did Jesus say to those who give or do kind things to others for His sake?
Class—"Inasmuch as ye have done it into one of the least of these

3

Jesus, bless the pennies we bring to Thee.
Give them something sweet to do.
May they help some one to love Thee
Jesus, may we love thee, too. Amen."

4

Dear Savior, bless our offering,
Though but little it may be;
All we have by Thee is given,
Surely part belongs to Thee. Amen."

5

"Dear Jesus, we bring Thee our offering today;
We give Thee our voices, accept them, we pray;
Our hands for Thy service, our feet for Thy ways,
Our hearts for thy dwelling, our lips for Thy praise."

6

"Dear Father, wilt thou bless the love-gifts
Will thou use them for Thy service,
We have brought this day to Thee;
And help some Thy love to see. Amen."

134—BIRTHDAY PRAYERS AND SONGS

1

"Dear Father, we pray Thee,
Bless our little friend.
Keep her* safe and well, till
Another year shall end.
O, help her* to thank Thee
For the tender care
Which has surrounded
And blessed her* everywhere.
Amen."
*Or him.

2

God in heaven, our loving Father
—— long years, by night and by day
Has watched over our friend——
When asleep, at work, at play.
May —— life be long and happy
May God have —— heart's best love.
And when life on earth is ended,
May we meet in heaven above.
Amen."

3

Tune: "Home Sweet Home."

Our Father we thank Thee, that all the year through,
Thy mercy has blest her, with gifts ever new.
Our Father, we pray Thee, be Thou ever near,
And O wilt Thou give her a blessed new year.
Chorus:—
Blest, blest, blessed year.
And, O wilt thou give her a blessed New Year.

4

Tune: "Jesus Loves Me."

"Safely thro' another year
Thou has kept Thy little one.
Savior keep him in Thy fear
Till his work shall all be done.
Bless him and keep him
Bless him and keep him.
Bless him and keep him
Till all his work is done."

135—CRADLE ROLL

1

Little friend, little friend, how do you do?
We are all very glad to welcome you.
Our teachers dear, you will always find
Are gentle, loving and kind.

2

"Another new baby we welcome today,
To him a new name has been given.
We'll give him a place on our dear Cradle Roll,
For of such is the kingdom of Heaven.
A glad new name for the Cradle Roll,
A name for the baby small,
A name or the home, and the parents so dear.
May God bless one, bless all."

3

Tune: "Little Drops of Water."

"Welcome, precious baby
To our Cradle Roll.
Here a place is waiting
For each tiny soul.
On the earth our Savior
Little children blessed.
In his arms he took them
Held them to His breast.
Still he calls them to Him,
No one is too small
For the tender Savior
Loves and wants them all."

4

PRAYER FOR CRADLE ROLL

"God bless the babies on the Cradle Roll
Bless them and keep them throughout each glad day,
Watch them in daylight and guard them in darkness
May they grow gentler and sweeter each day."

136—MOTION EXERCISES

1

"Two little eyes to look to God,
Two little ears to hear his word.
One little tongue to speak His truth,
One heart to give Him now in my youth.
Two little feet to walk His ways,
Two hands to work for Him all my days.
Take them, dear Jesus, and may they be,
Ever obedient and true to Thee."

2

Two little hands (1) for labor given,
Two little feet (2) to walk the road to heaven.
Two little eyes (3) to read God's Holy Word.
Two little lips (4) to praise the blessed Lord.
One little soul (5) to serve with all its might.
So should we live always (6) in Jesus' sight.

[(1) Extend hands forward, palms upward; (2) Bend forward, point toward feet; (3) Place forefingers under the eyes; (4) Same fingers upon lips; (5) Fold hands across breast; (6) Point upward with hands.]

3

"Two little eyes to look joyful,
One little face to be bright
Two little hands to be helpful
Two feet to do errands right.
Two ears to hear words so loving,
One tongue kind things to say,
One heart to love 'Our Jesus,'
Ten little fingers to obey.
Our two hands we fold together,
Bow our heads, and then we pray"—
Our Father who art in Heaven, etc.

4

I.—QUIETING EXERCISE.

"We will all rise up together
We will all sit down together
We will mind the rule
Of the Sunday School
And all rise up together.

We will raise our hands together
We will fold our arms together
We will mind the rule
Of the Sunday School
And all sit down together.

We will sit up straight together
We will place our feet together
We will mind the rule
Of the Sunday School
And—all—keep—still—together."

5

Teacher—What has God given us?
Class—"God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, That whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.

Teacher—What gifts have you for Jesus?
Class—My two little hands are for Jesus,
To work for Him day by day.
My two little feet are for Jesus
To follow Him all the way.
My two little eyes are for Jesus,
To read His word so true.
My two little ears are for Jesus,
To hear what he wants me to do.
My one little tongue is for Jesus
To tell the sweet story of love."

137—APOSTLES' NAMES

1

"Jesus called them one by one—Peter, Andrew, James and John;
Then came Philip, Thomas, too, Matthew and Bartholomew.
James, the one they called the Less—Simon, also called Thaddeus;
Twelfth Apostle Judas made—Jesus was by him betrayed."

2

"These are the twelve Apostles' names—Peter, Andrew, James and John.
Two pairs of brothers, fishers by the sea, when Jesus said, 'Come follow Me."
Then James the Less, and Thaddeus, too, Philip, also, and Bartholomew.
Matthew and Thomas—who doubted the word; Simon, and Judas—who sold his Lord."

138—BEATITUDES

Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the Kingdom of heaven.
Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted.
Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth.
Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled.
Blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy.
Blessed are the poor in heart; for they shall see God.
Blessed are the peacemakers; for they shall be called the children of God.
Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake; For theirs is the Kingdom of heaven.
Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad; for great is your reward in heaven; for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

139—TEMPERANCE VERSES

1.—Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.
2.—Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink.
3.—Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.
4.—Touch not, taste not, handle not.

140—THE NEW COMMANDMENTS

1.—Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself. Luke 10:27.
2.—A new commandment I give unto you: That ye love one another John 13:34.

3

With all Thy soul, love God above,
And as thyself, thy neighbor love.
Have mercy on us, Lord, we pray.
And may we these Thy laws obey.

4

"This is the first and great command
To love thy God above;
And this the second, as thyself
Thy neighbor thou shalt love.
Who is thy neighbor? He who needs
The help that thou canst give;
And both the law and prophets say;
This do and thou shalt live."

141—BENEDICTIONS

1.—God be merciful unto us and bless us; and cause His face to shine upon us.
2.—The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another.
3.—Let the words of mouth and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Rodeemer.

142—MISCELLANEOUS

1

"True politeness is to do and say
The kindest things in the kindest way."

2

"We give our hearts, our heads and our hands to our country. One country, one language and one flag."

3

"Do all the good you can
To all the people you can,
In all the ways you can
As long as ever you can."

4

"Little drops of water, little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean and the pleasant land.
Little deeds of kindness, little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden, like the heaven above."

5

I AM'S OF JESUS

1.—I am the way, the truth and the life.
2.—I am the bread of life.
3.—I am the true will.
4.—I am the resurrection and the life.
5.—I am the Son of God.
6.—I am the Good Shepherd.
7.—I am the Light of the Word.

6

THE GOLDEN RULE

9. Tune: "AULD LANG SYNE."
"To do to others as I would,
That they should do to me.
Will make me always kind and good
As children ought to be."

Chorus:—
"The Golden Rule, the Golden Rule.
Oh, that's the rule for me.
To do to other as I would
That they should do to me."

"I must not speak an angry word
I must not tell a lie.
I must not contradict, or make
My little playmates cry."

7

"Be you to others kind and true
As you'd have others be to you.
And neither do nor say to them
Whate'er you would not take again."

8

"I am but one, but I am one;
I can not do much, but I can do something.
What I can do, I ought to do,
And God helping I will do."

9

"Hearts like doors, open with ease
Ofttimes to very little keys.
Now, don't forget that two of these
Are 'Thank you, sir' and 'If you please.'"

10

"Keep watch on your words, my children,
For words are wonderful things.
They are sweet like the bees' fresh honey,
Like the bees, they have terrible

11

SHORT VERSES

1.—God is love.
2.—Love one another.
3.—Thou, God, seest me.
4.—Love your enemies.
5.—Children, obey your parents.
6.—Overcome evil with good.
7.—God loveth a cheerful giver.

12

CHILDREN'S CREED

"We believe in our Father in heaven,
Who made the sky, earth and sea.
Who heareth the cry of the raven,
And cometh for you and me.

We believe in His Son, the Lord Jesus,
Who loved us when wandering afar;
Who died on the cross to redeem us
The Babe of the manger and star.

We believe in His Spirit, the Holy,
Who heareth our prayers, every one;
Who dwelleth in hearts that are lowly—
One God with the Father and Son."

BIBLE READINGS

143

PSALM XXIII

Teacher—The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.

Class—He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters.

Teacher—He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.

Class—Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.

Teacher—Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Class—Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

144

PSALM I

TEACHER—BLESSED IS THE MAN THAT WALKETH NOT IN THE COUNSEL OF THE UNGODLY, NOR STANDETH IN THE WAY OF SINNERS, NOR SITTETH IN THE SEAT OF THE SCORNFUL.

Boys—But his delight is in the day of the Lord; and in His law doth he meditate day and night.

Girls—And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

TEACHER—THE UNGODLY ARE NOT SO; BUT ARE LIKE THE CHAFF WHICH THE WIND DRIVETH AWAY.

Boys—Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

Girls—For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous; but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

145

THE HOUSE OF GOD

Selections.

Teacher—I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the house of the Lord. (Psa. 122:1.)

Class—Serve the Lord with gladness: come before His presence with singing.

Teacher—Enter into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His courts with praise; be thankful unto Him, and bless His name.

Class—For the Lord is good; His mercy is everlasting, and His truth endureth to all generations. (Psa. 100:2, 4, 5.)

Teacher—Behold, bless ye the Lord, all ye servants of the Lord, which by night stand in the house of the Lord

Class—Lift up your hands in the sanctuary, and bless the Lord.

Teacher—The Lord that made heaven and earth bless Thee out of Zion. (Psa. 134.)

Class—My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth, for the courts of the Lord, my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.

Teacher—How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts.

ALL—FOR A DAY IN THY COURTS IS BETTER THAN A THOUSAND. I HAD RATHER BE A DOORKEEPER IN THE HOUSE OF MY GOD THAN TO DWELL IN THE TENTS OF WICKEDNESS. (PSA. 84:1, 2, 10.)

BIBLE READINGS

146

THE WORD OF GOD
(Selections from Psalm 119)

Teacher—Blessed are the undefiled in the way, who walk in the law of the Lord. (Verse 1.)

Class—Blessed are they that keep His testimonies, and that seek Him with a whole heart. (2.)

Teacher—Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to Thy word. (9.)

Class—Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against Thee. (91.)

Teacher—O how I love Thy law! It is my meditation all the day. (97.)

Class—How sweet are Thy words unto my taste. Yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth! (103.)

147

Teacher—Through Thy precepts I get understanding: therefore I hate every false way. (104.)

Class—Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path. (105.)

Teacher—The entrance of Thy words giveth light; it giveth understanding unto the simple. (130.

Class—Make Thy face to shine upon Thy servant; and teach me Thy statutes. (135.)

Teacher—Concerning Thy testimonies, I have known of old that Thou hast founded them forever (152.)

Class—Thy word is true from the beginning: and everyone of Thy righteous judgments endureth forever. (160.)

ALL—GREAT PEACE HAVE THEY WHICH LOVE THY LAW: AND NOTHING SHALL OFFEND THEM. (165.)

148

THE BIBLE AND THE CHILDREN
Selections

TEACHER—EVEN A CHILD IS KNOWN BY HIS DOINGS, WHETHER HIS WORK BE PURE, AND WHETHER IT BE RIGHT. (PROV. 20:11.)

Class—Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old he will not depart from it. (Prov. 22:6.)

TEACHER—FROM A CHILD THOU HAST KNOWN THE HOLY SCRIPTURES WHICH ARE ABLE TO MAKE THEE WISE UNTO SALVATION THROUGH FAITH WHICH IS IN CHRIST JESUS. (II TIM 3:15.)

Girls—And Jesus called a little child unto Him, and set him in the midst of them.

Boys—And said, Verily, I say unto you, except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.

Girls—Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven.

Boys—And whoso shall receive one such little child in My name receiveth Me. (Matt. 18:2-5.)

BIBLE READINGS

149

TEACHER—THEN WERE BROUGHT UNTO HIM LITTLE CHILDREN, THAT HE SHOULD PUT HIS HANDS ON THEM, AND PRAY: AND THE DISCIPLES REBUKED THEM.

Girls—But Jesus said, Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto Me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven. (Matt. 19:13, 14.)

Boys—And He took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them and blessed them. (Mark 10:16.)

TEACHER—CHILDREN, OBEY YOUR PARENTS IN THE LORD: FOR THIS IS RIGHT.

Class—Honor thy father and mother (which is the first commandment with promise), that it may be well with thee, and thou mayst live long on the earth. (Eph 6:1-3.)

ALL—AND WHEN THE CHIEF PRIESTS AND SCRIBES SAW THE WONDERFUL THINGS THAT HE DID, AND THE CHILDREN CRYING IN THE TEMPLE, AND SAYING, HOSANNA TO THE SON OF DAVID! THEY WERE SORE DISPLEASED, AND SAID UNTO HIM: HEAREST THOU WHAT THESE SAY? AND JESUS SAITH UNTO THEM, YEA; HAVE YE NEVER READ, OUT OF THE MOUTH OF BABES AND SUCKLINGS THOU HAST PERFECTED PRAISE. (MATT. 21: 15, 16.)

150

THE GOSPEL FOR ALL THE WORLD

Selections.

TEACHER—FOR GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD, THAT HE GAVE HIS ONLY BEGOTTEN SON, THAT WHOSOEVER BELIEVETH IN HIM SHOULD NOT PERISH, BUT HAVE EVERLASTING LIFE. (JOHN 3:16.)

Boys—And Jesus came and spake unto to them saying, All power is given unto Me in Heaven and in earth.

ALL—GO YE THEREFORE, AND MAKE DISCIPLES OF ALL NATIONS, BAPTIZING THEM IN THE NAME OF THE FATHER AND OF THE SON AND OF THE HOLY GHOST; TEACHING THEM TO OBSERVE ALL THINGS WHATSOEVER I COMMANDED YOU: AND LO, I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS, EVEN UNTO THE END OF THE WORLD. (MATT. 28:18-20.)

151

TEACHER—ALL THE ENDS OF THE WORLD SHALL REMEMBER AND TURN UNTO THE LORD; AND ALL THE KINDREDS OF THE NATIONS SHALL WORSHIP BEFORE THEE.

Girls—For the kingdom is the Lord's; and He is the governor among the nations. (Psa. 22:27, 28.)

ALL—FROM THE RISING OF THE SUN EVEN UNTO THE GOING DOWN OF THE SAME MY NAME SHALL BE GREAT AMONG THE GENTILES; AND IN EVERY PLACE INCENSE SHALL BE OFFERED UNTO MY NAME, AND A PURE OFFERING: FOR MY NAME SHALL BE GREAT AMONG THE HEATHEN, SAITH THE LORD OF HOSTS. (MAL. 1:11.)

Teacher—And I will gather all nations and tongues; and they shall come and see My glory. (Isa. 66:18.)

Boys—He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth. (Psa. 72:8.)

ALL—HIS DOMINION IS AN EVERLASTING DOMINION, WHICH SHALL NOT PASS AWAY, AND HIS KINGDOM THAT WHICH SHALL NOT BE DESTROYED. (DAN. 7:14.)

INDEX

Advance, O junior army 85
America 125
An evening prayer 35
Angels guard 13
Apples for a penny 106
At the set of sun 67

Be a hero! 89
Beautiful Isle 93
Be careful 100
Bells of Eastertide 82
Branches of the vine 41
Bringing in the sheaves 123
Bring them in 121
Building for eternity 36
Bye-lo town 116
Bye-lo-land 117

Closing hymn 120
Coming to Jesus 47
Consecration hymn 51

Dear little stranger 64
Dropping pennies 129

Evening prayer 10

Following Jesus 30
Forbid them not 42
Freely, freely, freely 32
Friend of little children 34

Gloria Patri 12
God's care 69
God's little ones 61
God will take care of you 91
Growing up for Jesus 119

Hand in hand 92
Handle with care 99
Happy children 128
Happy little pilgrims 70
Hear Jesus calling 23
Help somebody to-day 95
Help to send the light 63
Here am I 6
He shall gather the lambs 45
Holy Bible, book divine 9
Honor-bright cadets 94
Hosanna to our Savior King! 102
Hurrah for the red, white and 74

I'll be a sunbeam 75
I'm a little soldier 73
I will teach you 7

Jesus bids us shine 14
Jesus, gentle Shepherd 20
Jesus hears me 29
Jesus, help me 54
Jesus is waiting 46
Jesus' little ones 17
Jesus loves even me 122
Jesus loves me 126
Jesus loves the little children 48
Jesus, tender shepherd 2
Jewels 124

Lambs of Jesus 37
Lead the little feet 71
Let the cheering sunbeams 50
Let the sunshine in 90
Like Jesus 26
Lilies 104
Little branches 18
Little drops of water 127
Little evangels 97
Little givers 38
Little gleaners 11
Little ones 8, 22
Little pansies 52
Little pilgrims 43
Little raindrops 49
Little star 114
Little stars 16, 76
Little soldiers 84
Little sunbeams 44
Little temples 55
Little things 56
Little workers 28
Love the truth 86
Luther's cradle hymn 109

My country, 't is of thee 125
My grandpa and the cricket 77
My mission 39
My precious Bible 25

Onward, little soldiers 98
Open the door for the children 59
Our colors so true 115
Our gifts to Jesus 57

Prayer 19

Right and wrong 4
Ring, beautiful bells 111
Ring, ring, ring 81
Rose, rose, rose 105

Savior, thou art speaking 3
Singing for Jesus 27
Sing with tuneful lay 101
Slumber song 68, 108
Smile a little 58
Snowflakes 62
Soldiers of the cross 79
Song of praise 72
Song of the Savior 40
Sunbeams bright 60
Step by step 78

The church in the wildwood 107
The little Lord Jesus 15
The Lord's prayer 1
There's a beautiful star 103
The Savior's invitation 24
The seasons 83
The Sunday school army 96
The Sunday school brigade 88
They didn't think 110
The world—children for Jesus 112
Touch not, taste not 118
Two little hands 66

We are coming 80
We are little travelers 53
What I would not be 87
What they seem to say 33
What we can do 5
What would come to pass 31
With joy we sing 113
Write it 65

Yield not to temptation 21

SUPPLEMENTAL INDEX

Apostle's names 137

Beatitudes 138
Benedictions 141
Birthday prayers and songs 134

Concert prayers 131
Cradle roll 135

Miscellaneous 142
Motion exercises 136

Opening exercises 130

Psalm One 144
Psalm Twenty-three 143

Responsive sentences and prayers for giving service 133

Special prayer services 132

Temperance verses 139
The Bible and the children 148, 149
The Gospel for all the world 150, 151
The house of God 145
The new Commandments 140
The word of God 146, 147