Little Natural Songs

For Little Singers

BY

JAMES R. MURRAY.

PUBLISHED BY

THE JOHN CHURCH COMPANY.

CINCINNATI. CHICAGO. NEW YORK.

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LITTLE

SACRED SONGS

FOR

LITTLE SINGERS

OF THE

PRIMARY DEPARTMENT OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL,

AND FOR KINDERGARTENS AND THE HOME.

BY

JAMES R. MURRAY.

Author of "DAINTY SONGS," etc., etc.

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PREFACE.

The success of "Dainty Songs," has been such as to create a demand for a book of similar grade by the same author, for the use of the Primary Department of the Sunday School.

"LITTLE SACRED SONGS" is the answer to that demand, and the author hopes for it a favorable reception from those whose pleasant and important duty it is to minister to the "little ones of the kingdom."

Of course it is understood that only the air of each piece is to be sung, the other parts are for the benefit of the player.

The author's experience with little singers is his excuse for the following suggestions: Do not permit loud singing. A loving, earnest teacher can enthuse and induce all to sing with the natural child voice, which is so sweet and beautiful, but alas! so rarely heard. Child voices, overtaxed and strained by a wrong use of them, never recover; the throat is harmed for life, and often other injuries result. Teach the children to understand the meaning of the words; insist upon correct pronunciation and in all the instruction of little children try to have the patience and love of those whose work is to endure through the eternal years.

The preparation of this book has been a labor of love. Pleasant thoughts of many dear little children in this world who are my friends, and the precious memory of some who now behold the King in His beauty, have made my work a perfect delight. I dedicate it to the little ones in the hope that its songs may help them to lovingly, earnestly serve the Good Shepherd with life and song till they come to praise Him in Glory Everlasting.

JAMES R. MURRAY.

8489

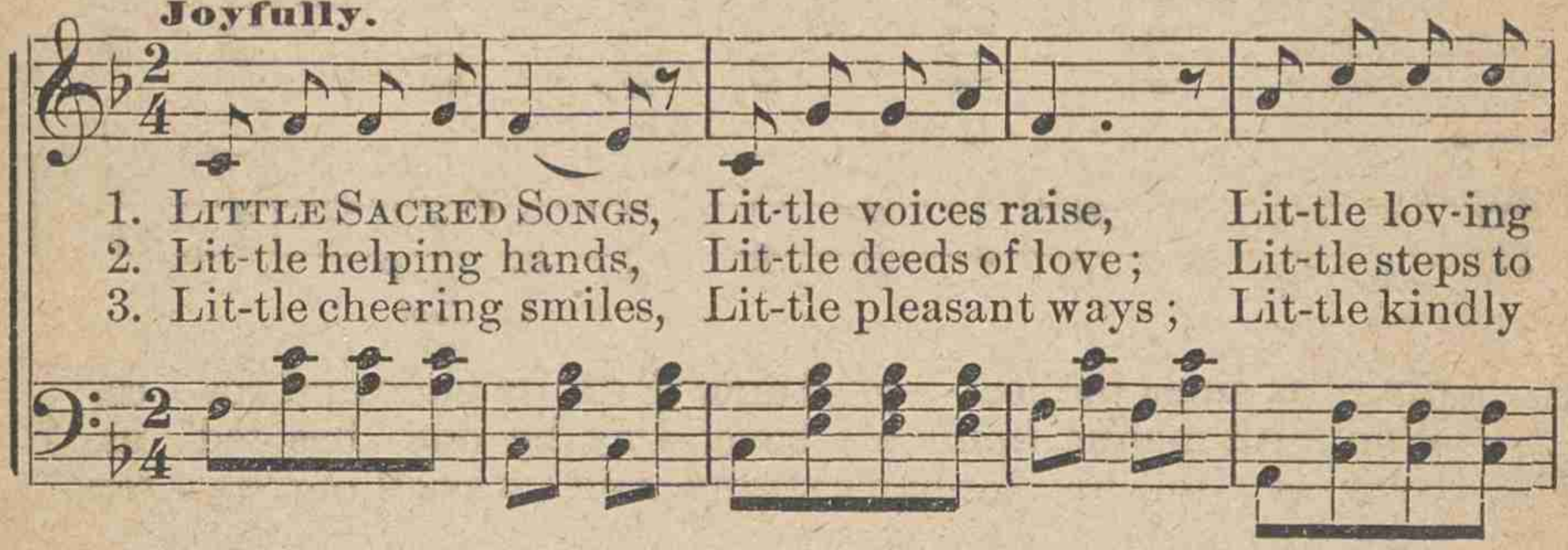
Little Sacred Songs.

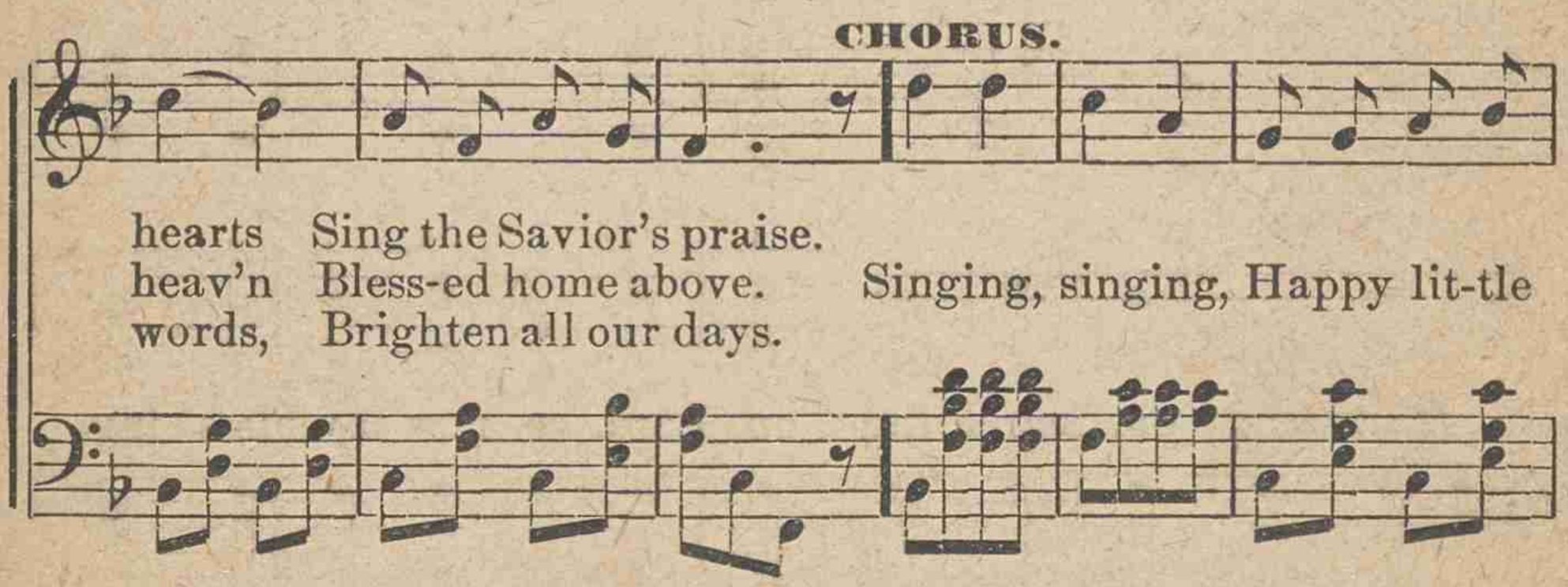
Little Sacred Songs.

J. R. M.

J. R. MURRAY

Joyfully.



CHORUS.

Marching On.

MRS. SLADE. Arr'd. G. F. ROOT.

DUET.

1. Cheerful raise a joy - ful tune Ere our glad day clos - es;
2. Sing of him whose hand of love All the year has led us;
3. Near-er in his promised land One more year hath brought us;
4. Sing of him whose cloud by day, Fire by night a - bid - ing,

Sing as sings the leaf - y June, With its buds and ros - es.
Who, with manna from a - bove, Day by day has fed us.
Near - er to his Jor-dan's strand And its swell-ing wa - ters.
Goes be - fore us all our way, Up to Ca-naan guid-ing.

CHORUS.

March-ing on, march-ing on, Lord, re - new thy bless - ing,

Till thy Ca-naan we have won, All its joys pos-sess - ing.

I'm Happy all the Day.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. J. R. M.

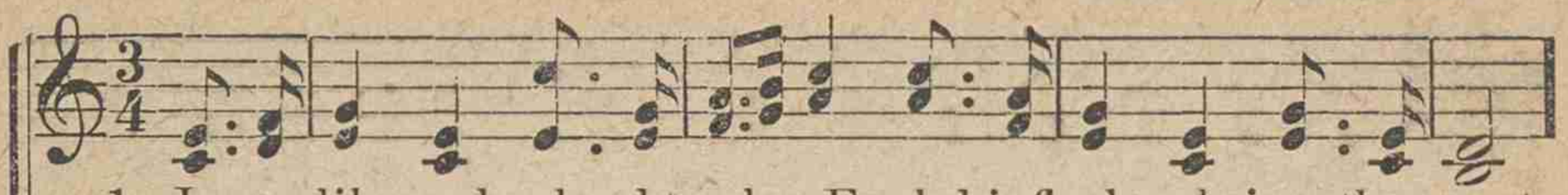
1. Je - sus loves me, and I'm hap-py, For 'tis beau-ti-ful to know
2. Je - sus loves me, and I'm hap-py, I can trust him ev'ry day,
3. Je - sus loves me, and I'm hap-py, And I want his child to be;

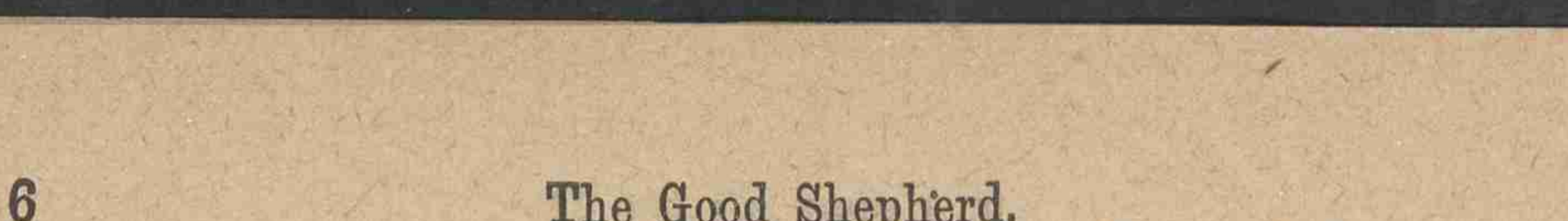
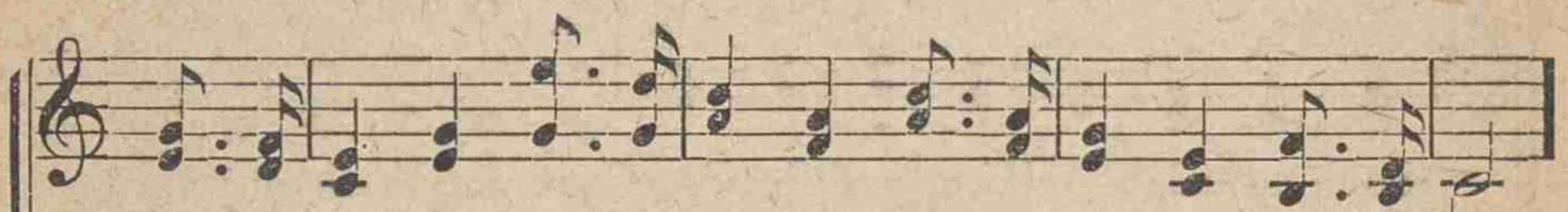
Such a might-y King and Sav-ior Cares for lit-tle children so;
For no mat-ter where I'm go - ing, He is sure to go that way;
I will try to please my Sav-ior, Who has done so much for me;

In his Book I read his prom-ise To be faithful to the end,
And I let him lead and guide me Thro' the darkness or the light,
I will tell how Je - sus loves me, So that ev'ry one may know

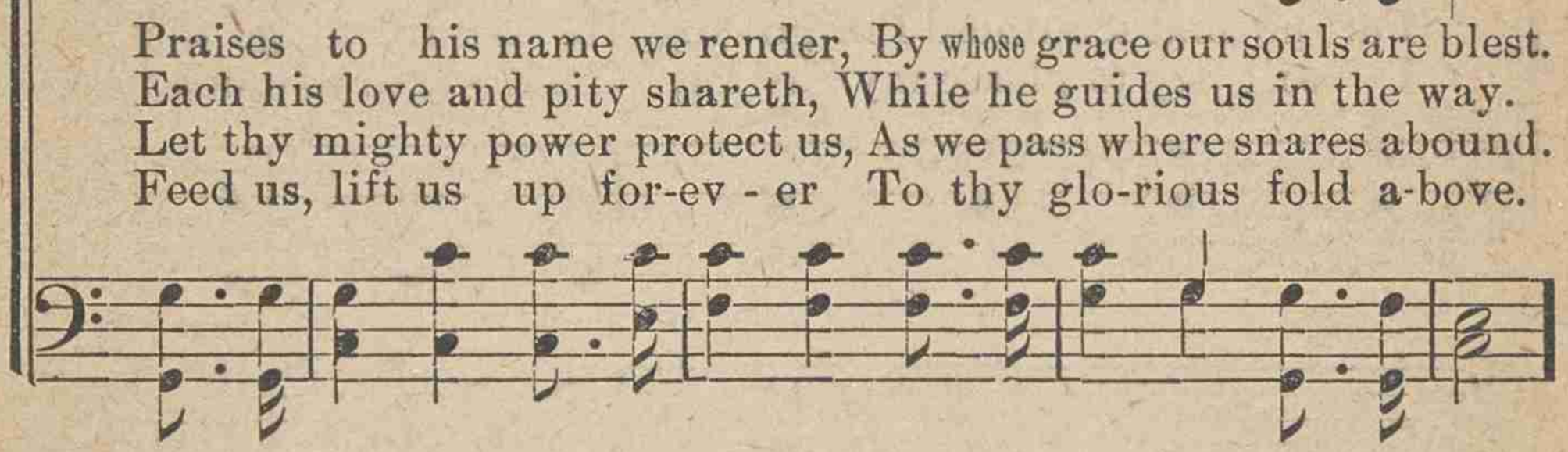
And I'm glad when I remember I can claim him for my Friend.
Just because the paths he chooses Always are the paths of right.
That my heart is full of glad-ness, Just because he loves me so.

The Good Shepherd.

EDWARD J. ARCHER.

1. Jesus, like a shepherd tender, Feeds his flocks and gives them rest;
2. Feeble as we are he car-eth For our wants from day to day;
3. Ho-ly Jesus, still direct us, While thy lambs on earth are found,
4. Keep us, save us, may we never Turn from thee, or grieve thy love;



Praises to his name we render, By whose grace our souls are blest.
Each his love and pity shareth, While he guides us in the way.
Let thy mighty power protect us, As we pass where snares abound.
Feed us, lift us up for-ev-er To thy glo-rious fold a-bove.



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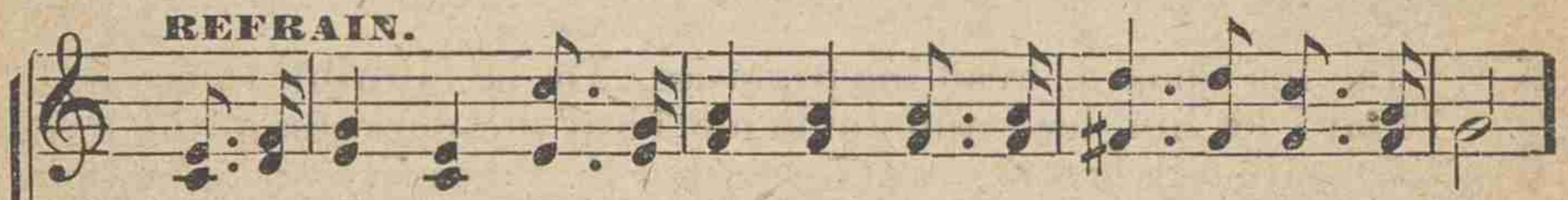
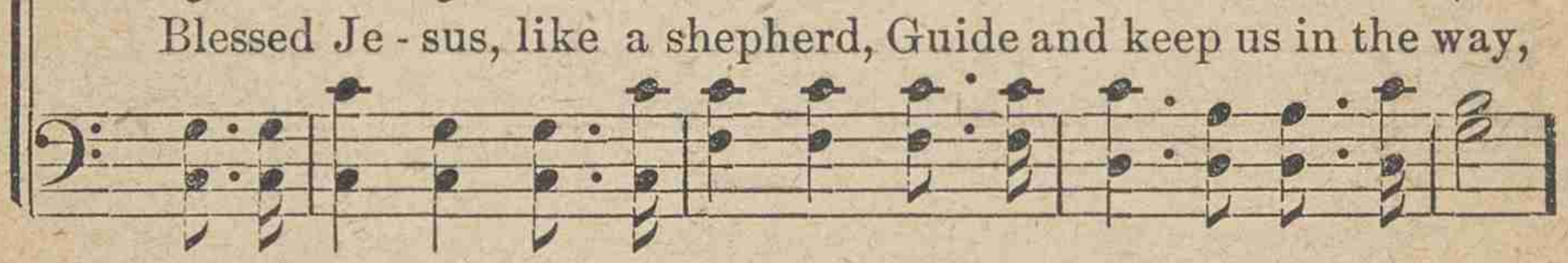
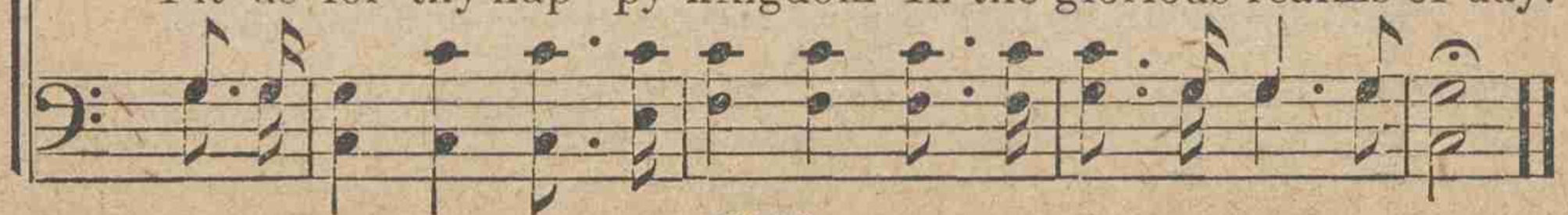

Blessed Je-sus, like a shepherd, Guide and keep us in the way,

Fit us for thy hap-py kingdom In the glorious realms of day.

We Will Follow Thee.

MARTHA C. OLIVER. "BELLE."

1. Sav-ior, list-en to our plea, Help us now to fol-low thee;
2. Lit-tle pilgrims here be-low, Seeking thee we glad-ly go,
3. We are but a childish band, Take us, lead us by thy hand,
4. Hear us, Savior, when we call, Lift us when we faint or fall,

Lead us in the nar-row way, As we fol-low day by day.
Ask-ing thee to be our guide, And to keep us by thy side.
Help us while the way we seek, Hold us up, for we are weak.
Whisper to us when we cry, "Lit-tle pilgrim, here am I."

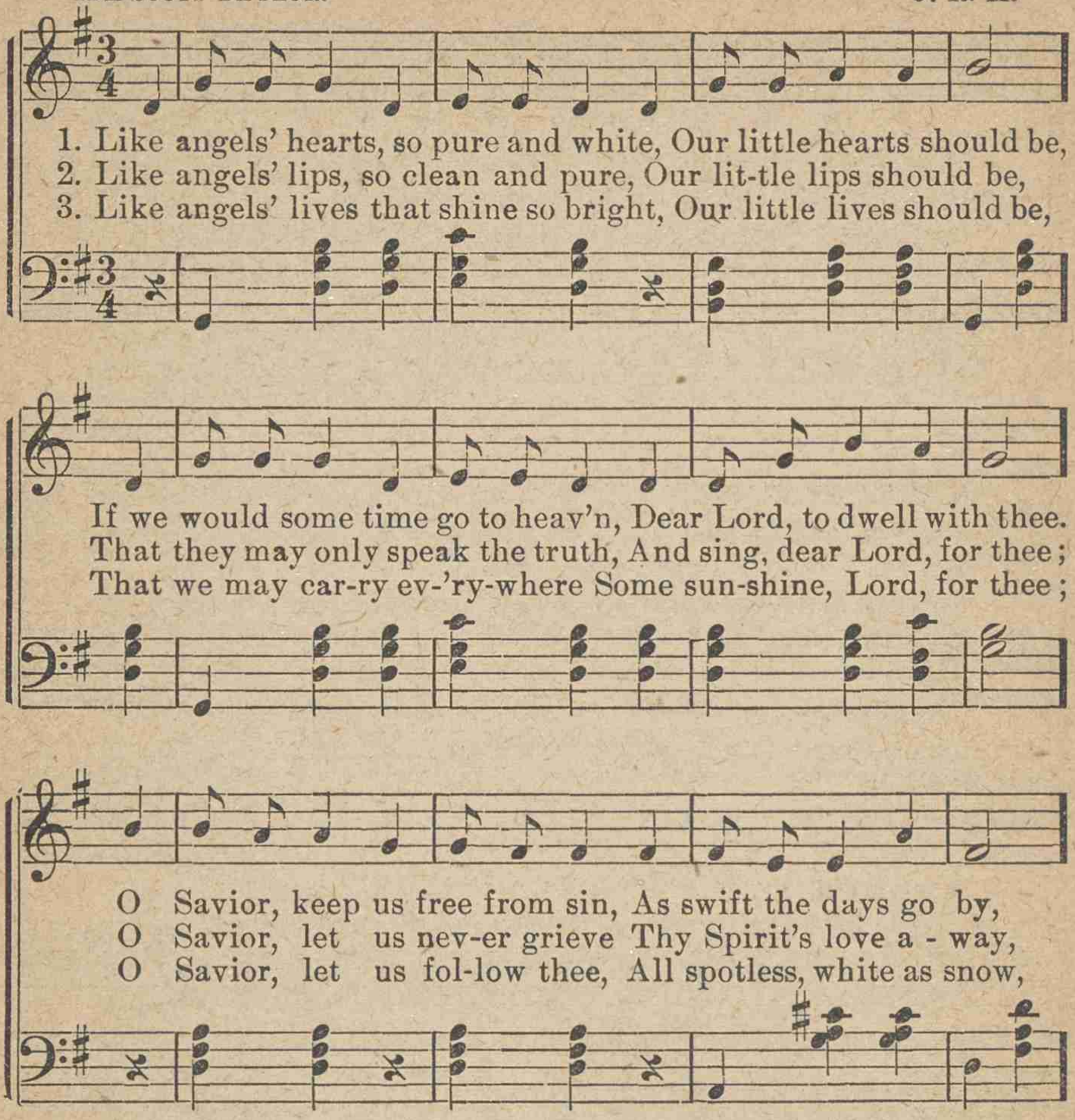
CHORUS.

We will follow, fol-low, fol-low, Sav-ior, we will fol-low thee;

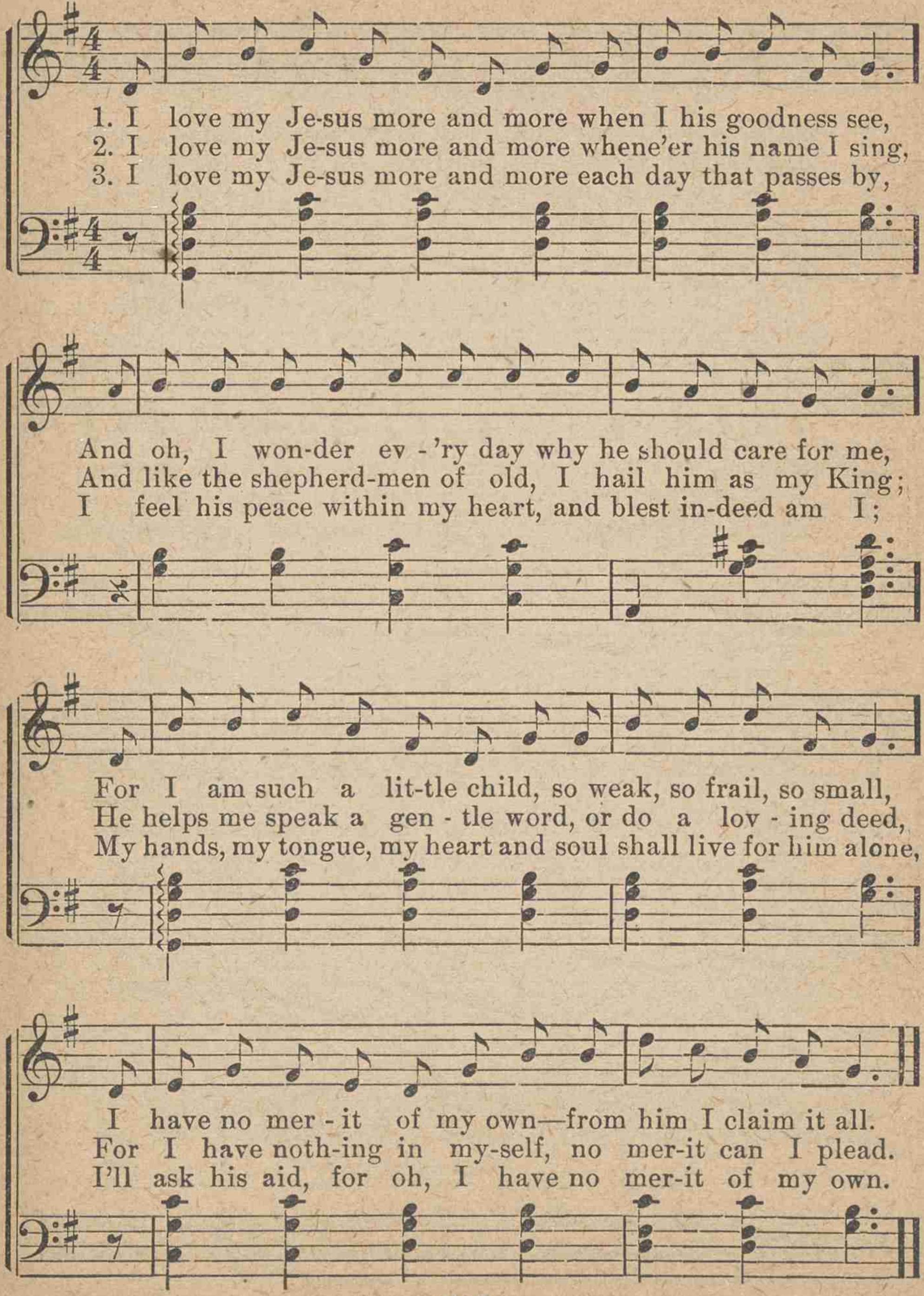
We will follow, follow, fol-low, Sav-ior, we will fol-low thee.

Like Angels' Hearts, and Lips, and Lives.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. J. R. M.



IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. "WINTHROP."



The Song that is Sweetest and Best.

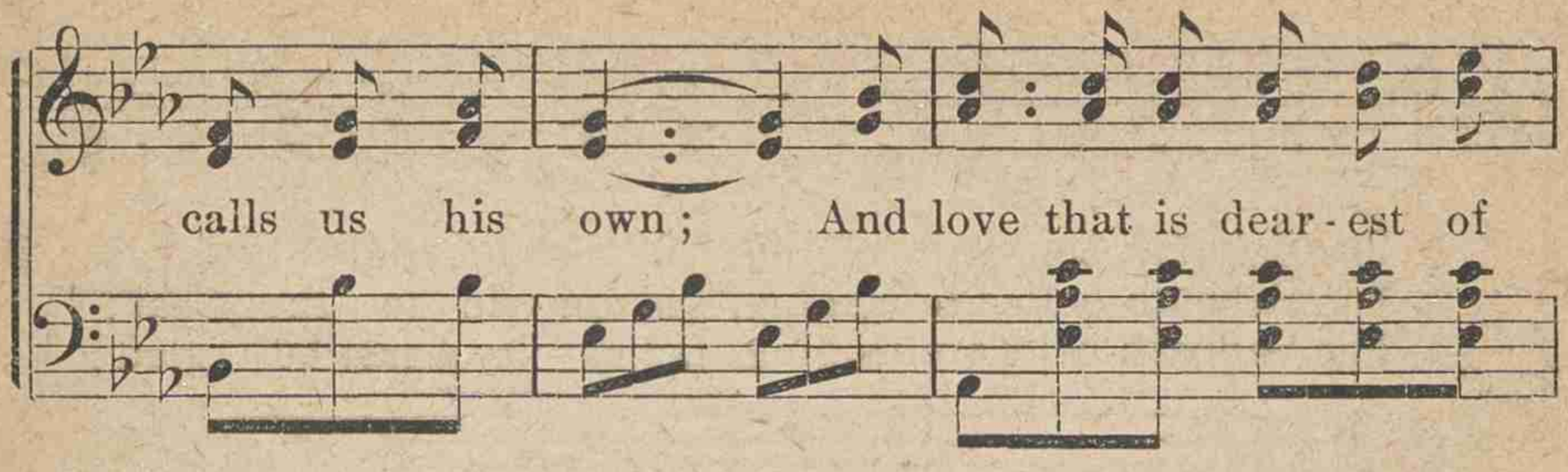
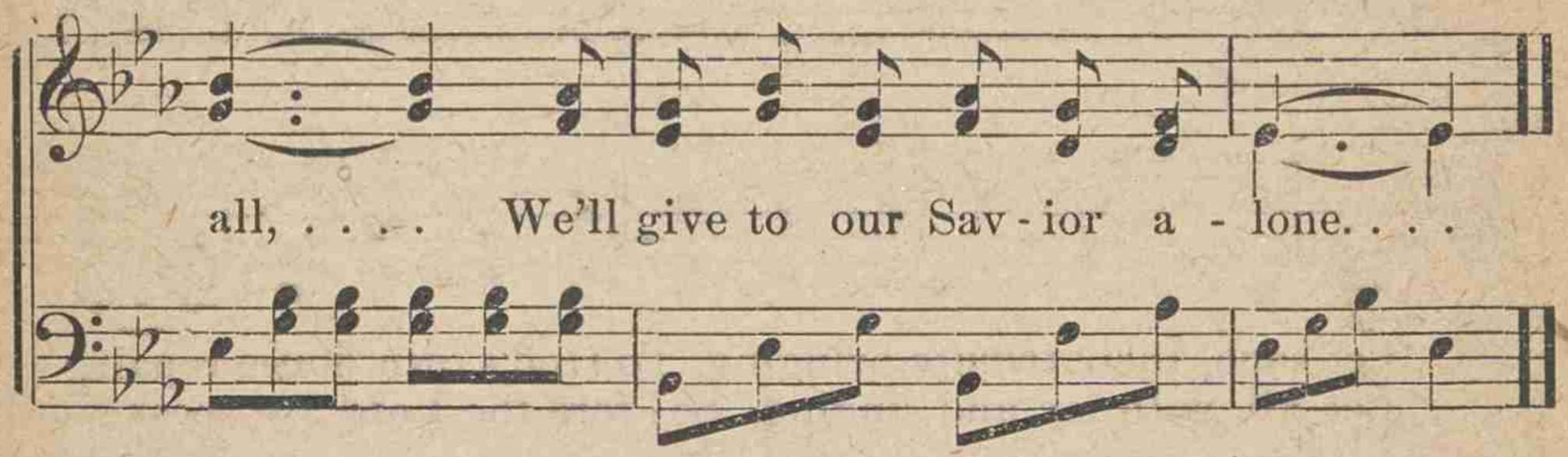
Mrs. R. N. TURNER. "WINTHROP."

1. Oh, come, let us sing a glad song, And praise the dear
2. As lambs to the shep-herd we come, To rest in the
3. O Je - sus, our shepherd di - vine, Watch o-ver and

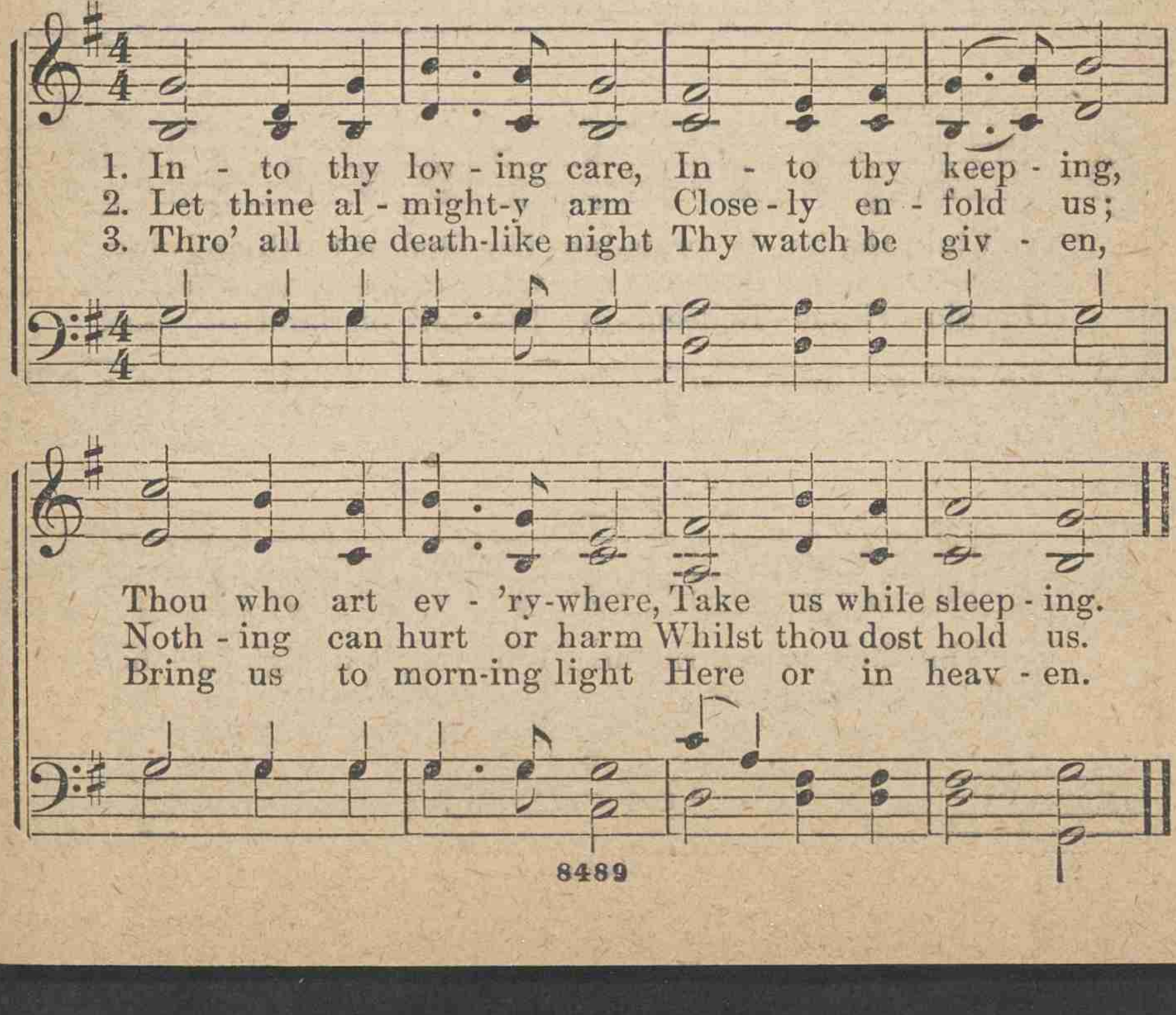
Sav - ior a - bove; . . . . The song that is sweet - est and
joy of the fold; . . . . And if we are wea - ry and
help us, we pray! . . . . Oh, hear the sweet song that we

best . . . . We'll sing to his goodness and love.
lost, ... He seeks us with patience un - told.
sing, . . . And lov - ing - ly keep us this day.

CHORUS.

Oh, he is for - ev - er our friend, He loves us and

Evening Prayer.

J. R. MURRAY. GEO. F. ROOT.



The Sabbath Bells are Ringing.

J. S. N. Rev. J. S. Norris.

1. The Sabbath bells are ringing, And sweet sounds fill the air;
2. The Sabbath bells are ringing, 'Tis mu - sic to the ear;
3. The Sabbath bells are ringing, Let ev - 'ry heart be glad;

Let each, their tribute bringing, To God's own house repair,
Let all, with joy and singing, Be - fore the Lord ap - pear;
While to the Savior clinging How can we e'er be sad;

And join the ho - ly prais-ing The God of truth and love,
There listen to the sto - ry Of Je - sus' wondrous love,
O glo - ri-ous Redeem - er Bless all on land or sea,

To him their voices rais-ing, Who reigns in light a - bove.
And an - te-date the glo - ry That waits for us a - bove.
And soon may ev'ry na-tion Thy full sal - va - tion see.

CHORUS.

Hear the bells, ... Beau-ti - ful Sabbath bells,
Beau-ti - ful bells,

Ho - ly bells, ... Sweetly are sounding the bells. . . . .
Beau-ti-ful bells, Beau-ti-ful bells.

Little Servants.

"WINTHROP."

1. Lit-tle knees should lowly bend At the time of prayer;
2. Lit-tle hands should useful - ly In em-ployment move;
3. Little tongues should speak the truth Without fear or halt;

Lit - tle tho'ts to heav'n as - cend, To our Fa-ther there.
Lit - tle feet should cheerful - ly Run on works of love.
Lit - tle lips should ne'er be loth To con-fess a fault.

Youthful Soldiers.

F. G. BURROUGHS. J. R. M.

1. We are youth-ful sol - diers, Marshalled for the Lord,
2. We are youth-ful sol - diers, Marching in the light,
3. We are youth-ful sol - diers, Ea - ger all to prove

Wait-ing for his or - ders, All of one ac - cord!
And our souls are trust - ing In Je - ho - vah's might!
By our faith-ful serv - ice How his cause we love!

Clad in ho - ly ar - mor, We can dare and do,
On - ward! is our watch-word, Vic - to - ry our aim,
For our King we ral - ly On this fest - al day,

For each heart is val - iant In this grand re - view.
And we hope to con - quer In our Cap - tain's name.
Marshalled for his glo - ry In a bright ar - ray.

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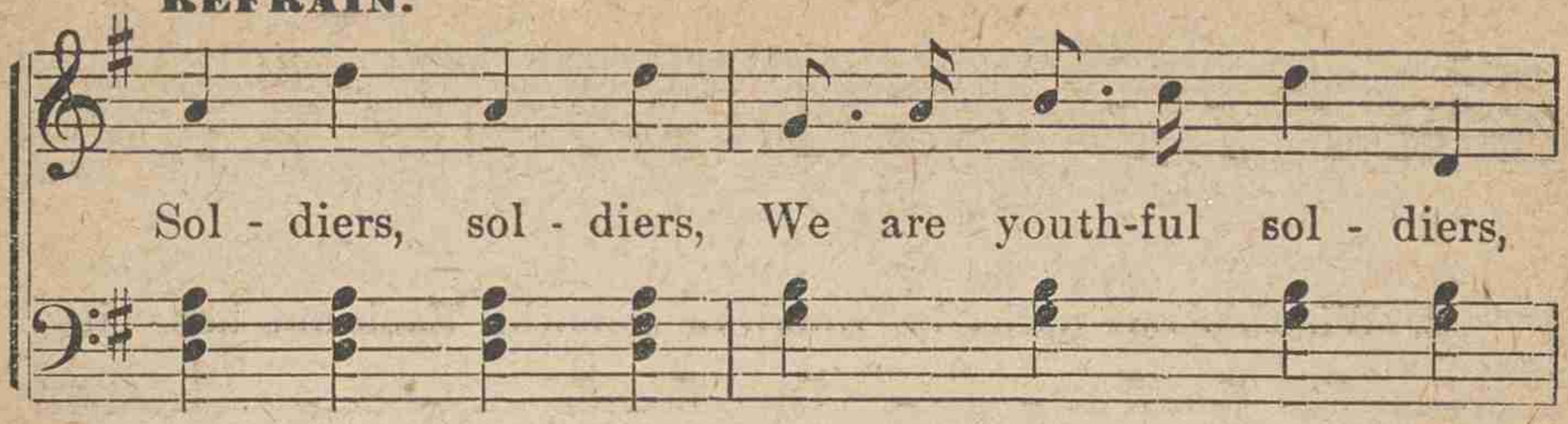
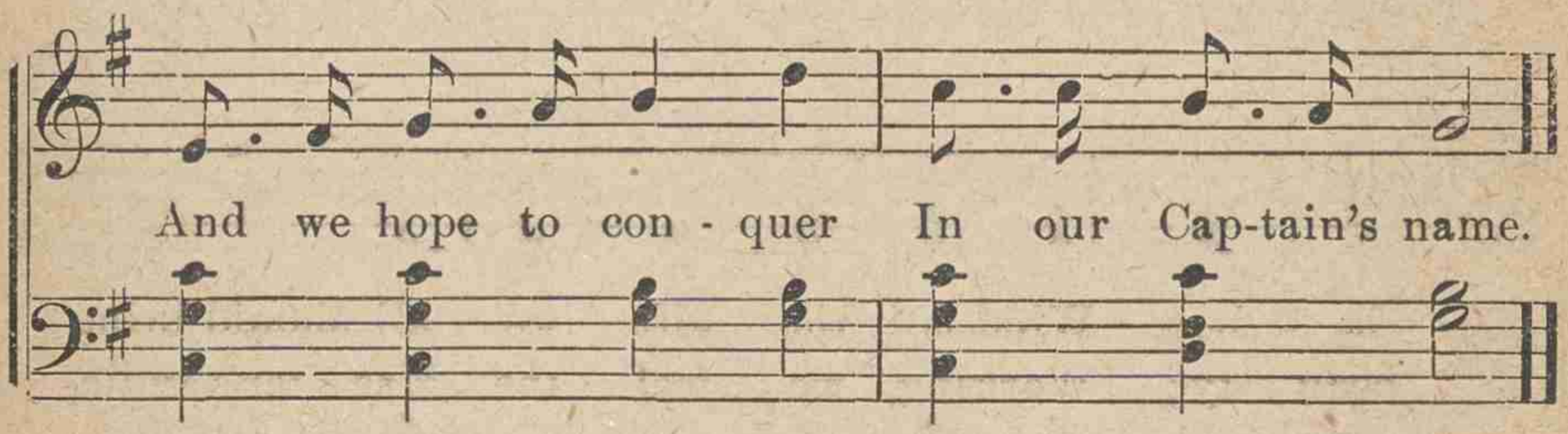
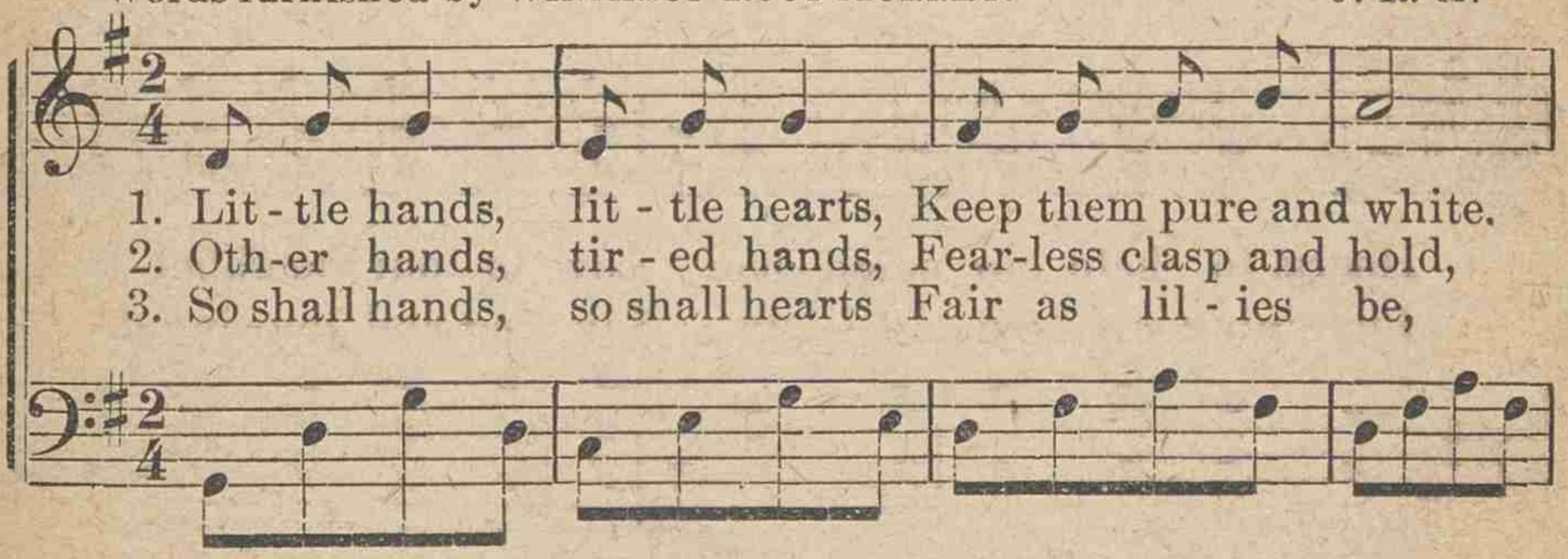
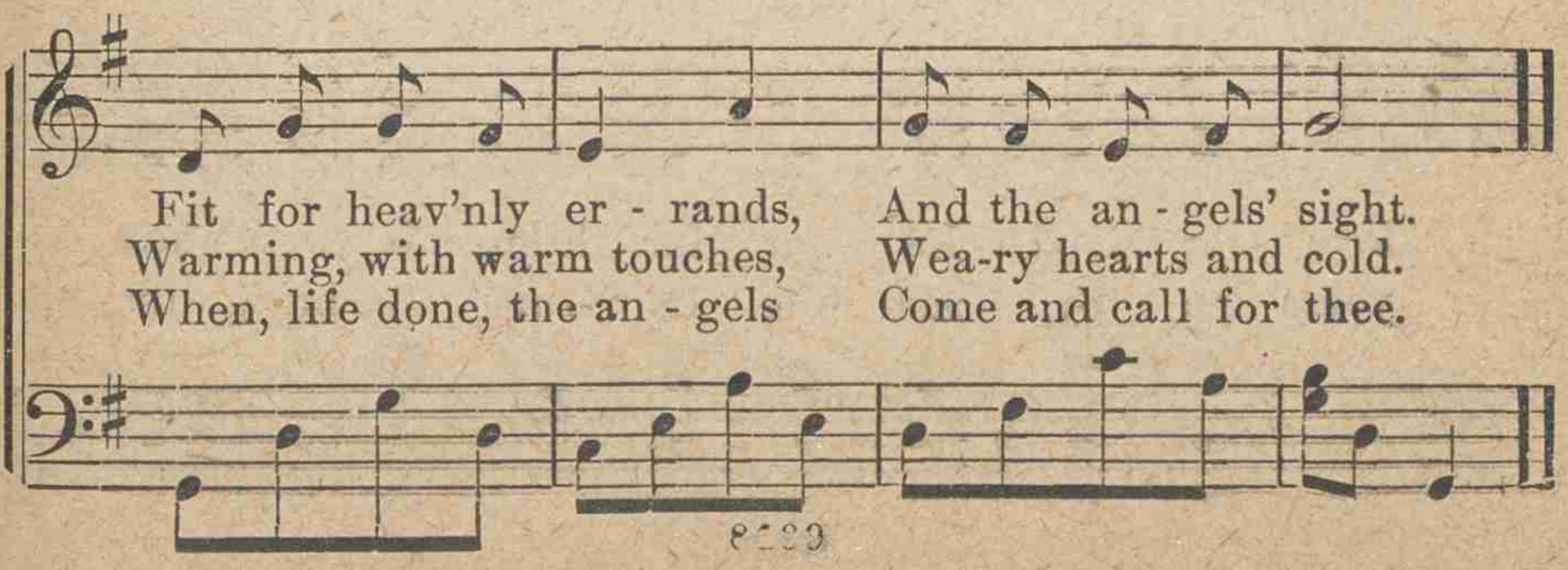


Little Hands, Little Hearts.

Words furnished by WINTHROP ROOT MURRAY. J. R. M.



Love and Labor.

Mrs. A. E. C. Williams. Thos. P. Westendorf.

1. What is the song we all should sing? Learn to love and la - bor;
2. Whether our paths be rough or smooth, Each one has its beau - ty;

What is the gift we all should bring?
Working, we feel the Mas - ter's smile,

Hearts to help our neigh - bor.
Light'ning ev - 'ry du - ty.

Love to our neighbor is
Liv - ing and lov - ing the

love to God, La - bor for him is sweet - ness;
years go by, Each one its fruit - age bring - ing;

So will the loved come back to us, Giv-ing the year com-
La-bor with love the song we sing, Song that the angels are

CHORUS.

plete-ness. What shall we sing? What shall we bring?
sing - ing.

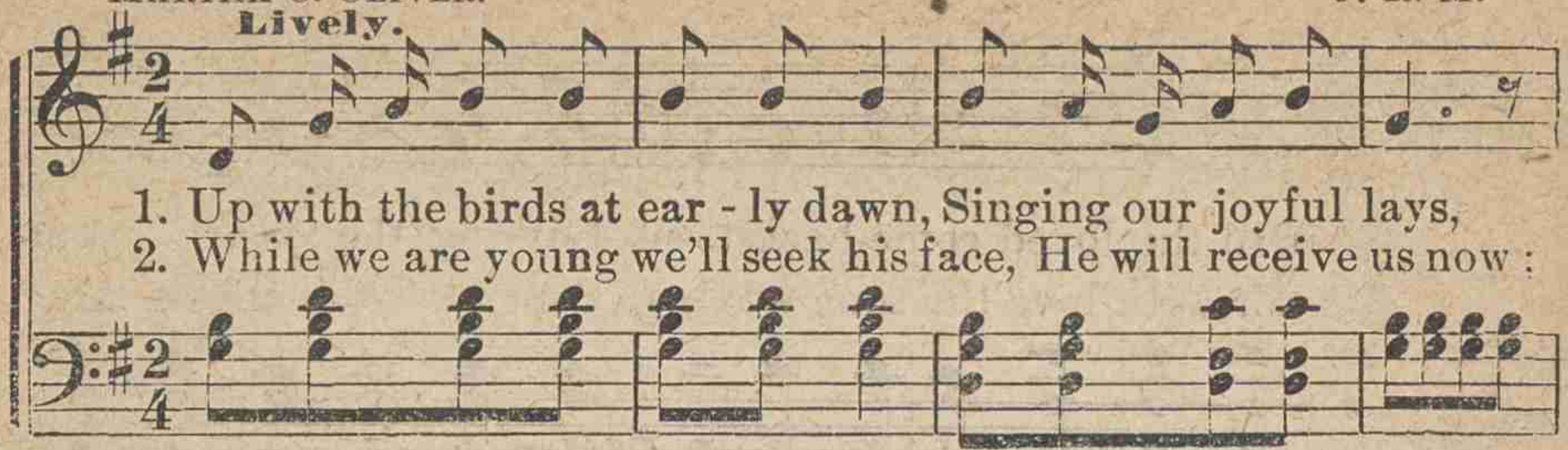
Each year the days move on fast - er, Ev - er for right,

Je - sus the light, Much we can do for the Mas - ter.

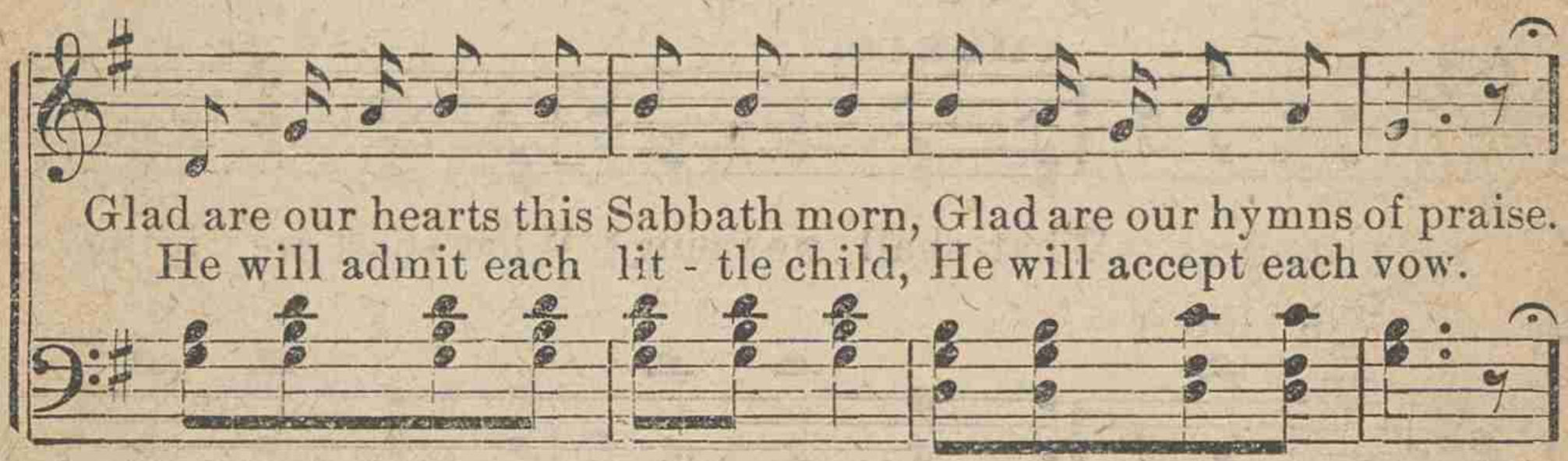
Up with the Birds.

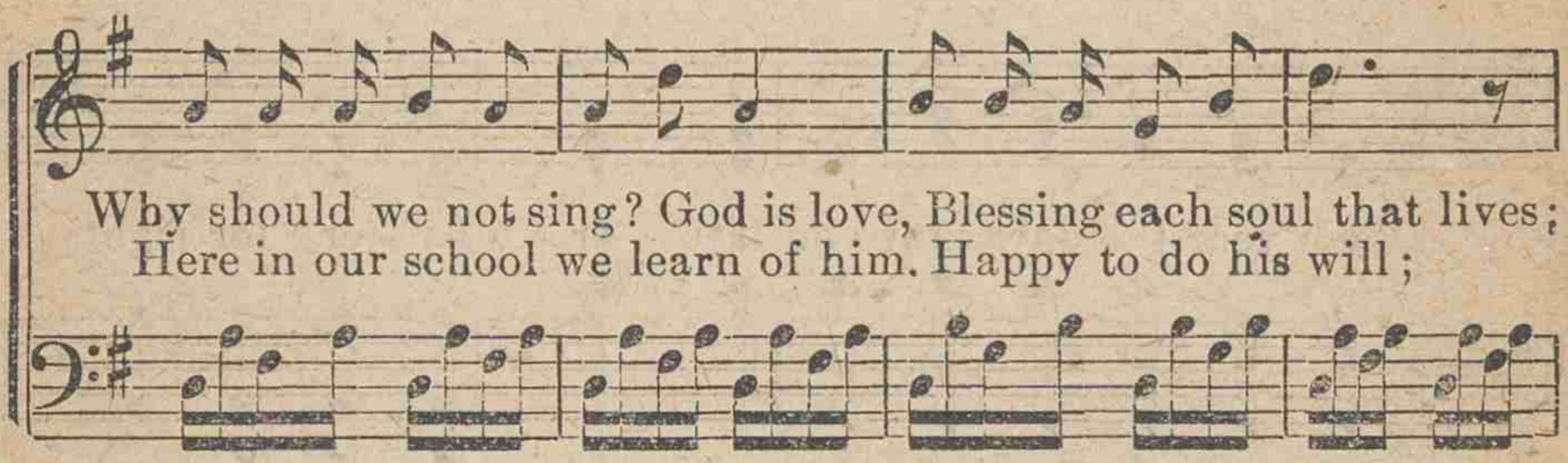
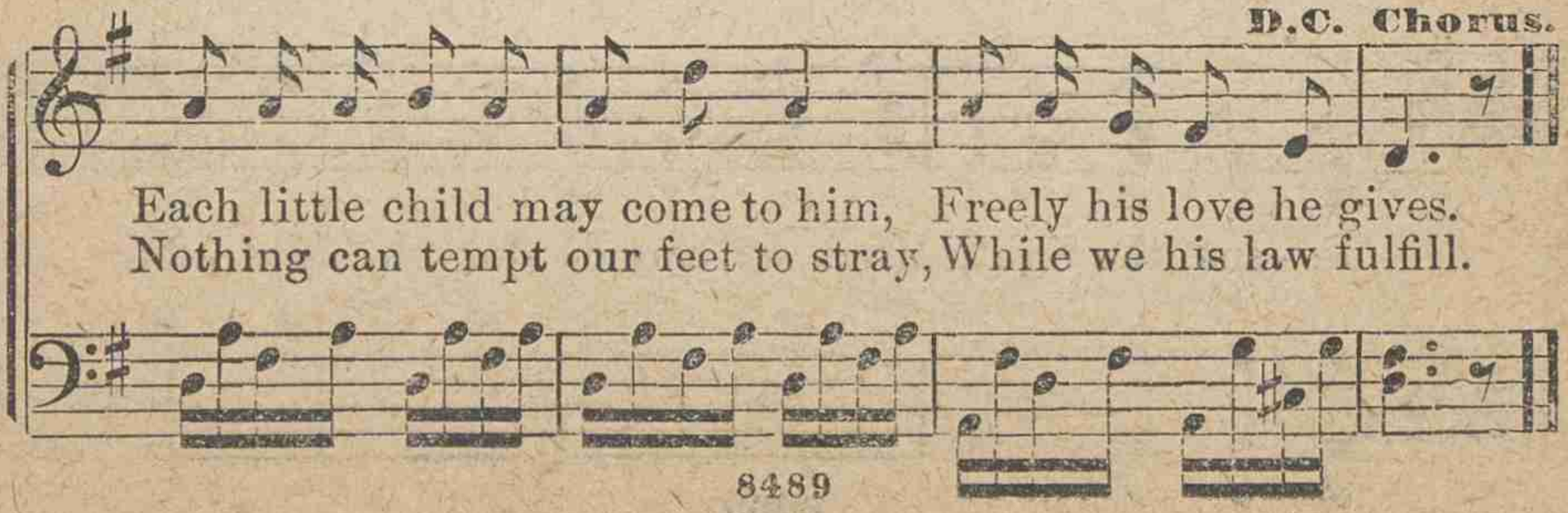
MARTHA C. OLIVER. J. R. M.

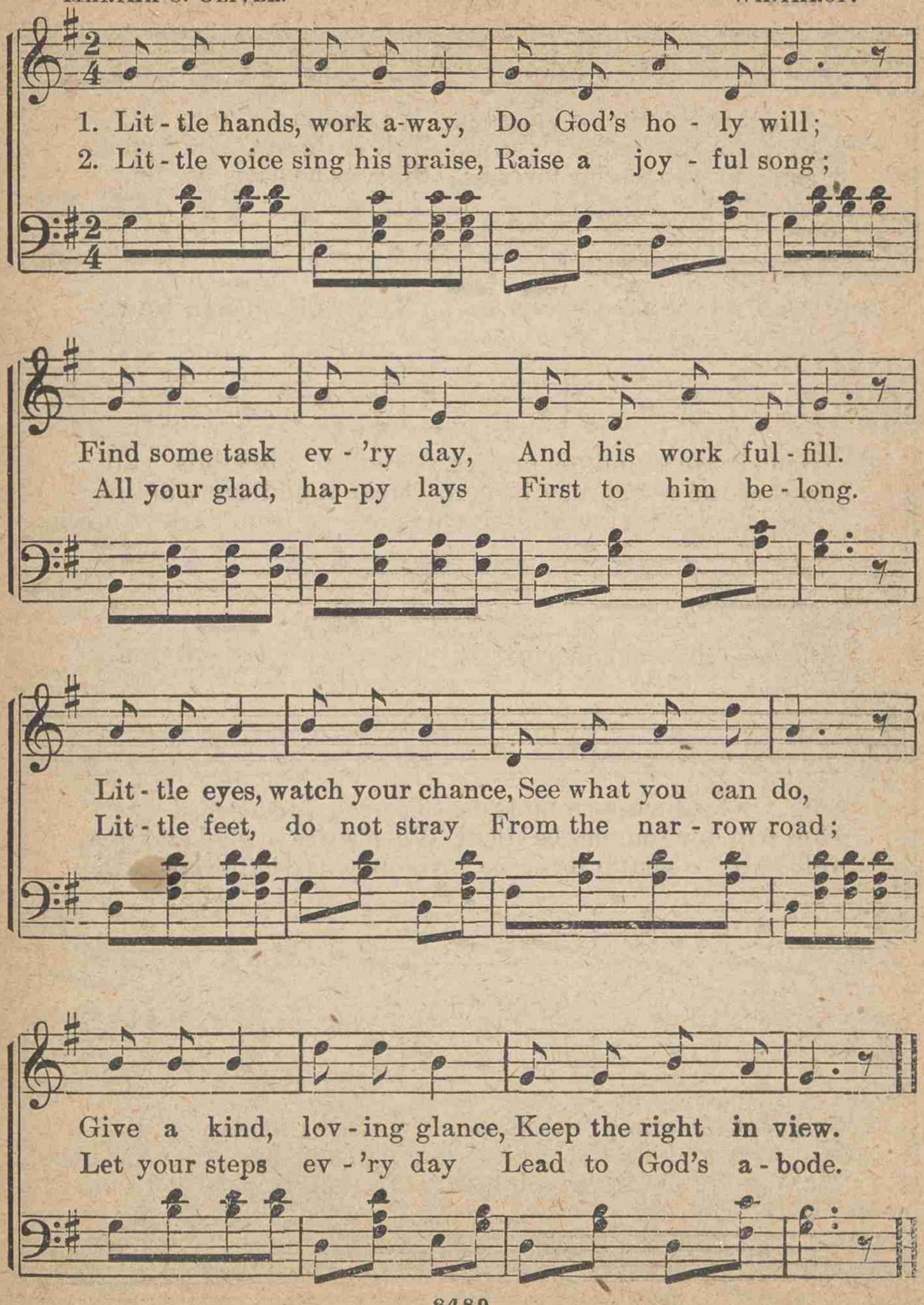
Lively.



CHO. *Up with the birds at ear - ly dawn, Singing our joyful lays,*



Glad are our hearts this Sabbath morn, Glad are our hymns of praise.

D.C. Chorus.

MARTHA C. OLIVER. "WINTHROP."



Sing, for the Savior Loves us.

MARTHA C. OLIVER. J. R. M.

1. Sing, for the Savior loves us, We are his children all,
2. Sing, for the Savior loves us, Tell it in song and hymn,
3. Sing, for the Savior loves us, Sing, as he leads us on,

CHO. *Sing, for the Sav-ior loves us, We are his children all;*

Glad-ly we sound his praises, Gladly o-bey his call;
So that the world may hear it, Hear it and come to him;
Tell how his loving kindness Guards us from dark to dawn;

Glad - ly we sound his prais-es, Glad-ly o - bey his call.

Sing, for his love surrounds us, Cheering our onward way,
How can our tongues be silent, When we're so glad and free?
Tell how his gentle presence, Brightens the childrens' way,

D.C. Chorus.

Sing, for his arm pro-tects us, Leading us day by day.
How can we help but praise him, When he has heard our plea?
Making the path grow plainer, So that we need not stray.

Summer Song.

MARY MAPES-DODGE. By 7 year old BLANCHE GUTZWILLER-STENGER.

1–3. Up in the tree - top, down in the ground,

High in the blue sky, far all a - round,

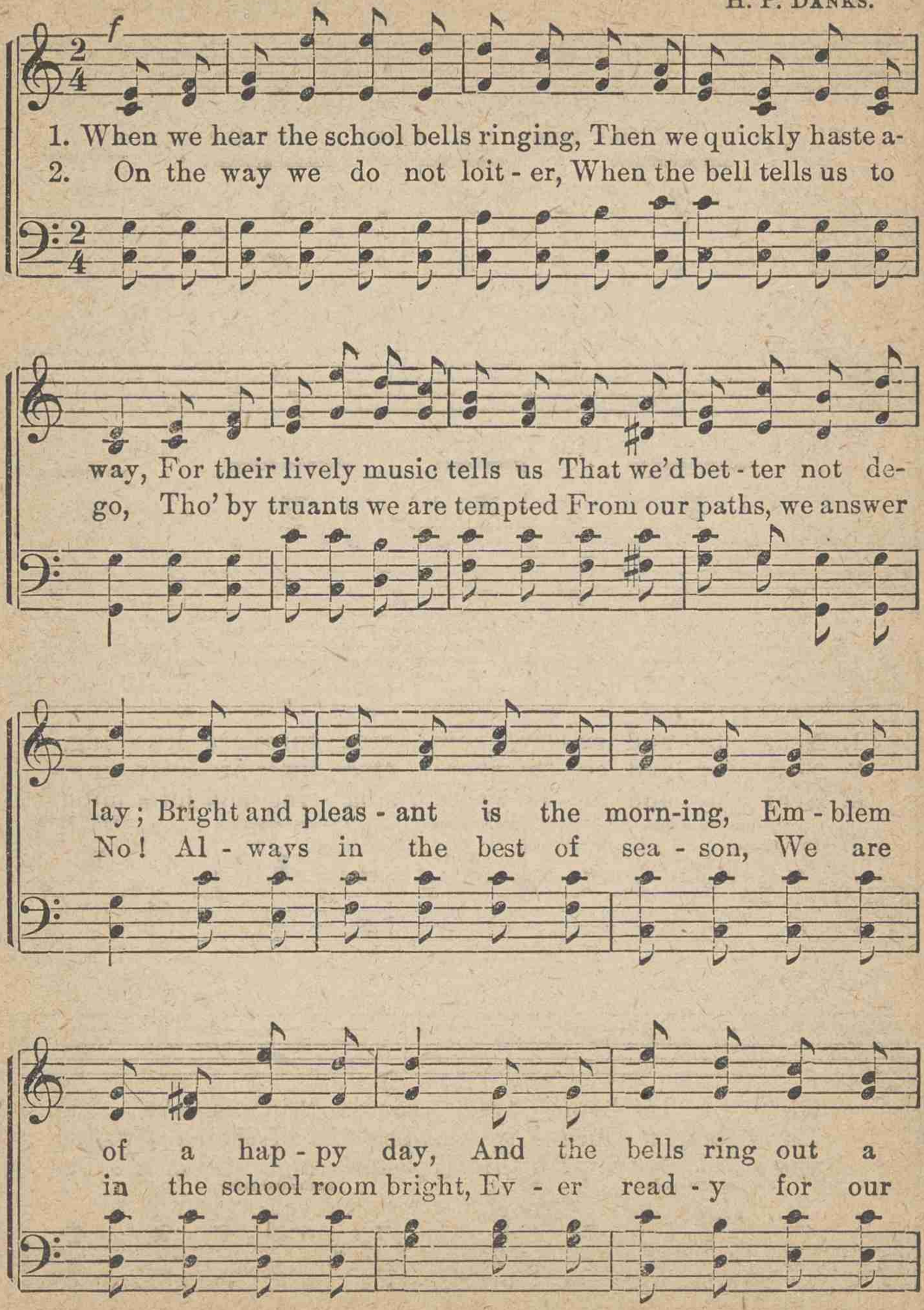
1. Near by and ev - 'ry-where crea - tures are liv - ing,
2. Near by and ev - 'ry-where crea - tures are striv - ing,
3. Near by and ev - 'ry-where sing - ing and hum-ming,

God in his boun - ty some - thing is giv - ing.
La - bor is sure - ly the price of their thriv - ing.
Bus - i - ly, joy - ful - ly, sum - mer is com - ing

Rit.

Early to School.

H. P. DANKS.



Waltz movement.

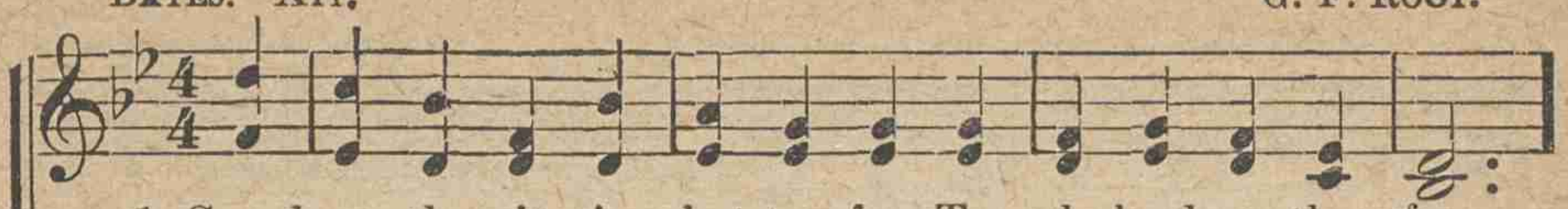
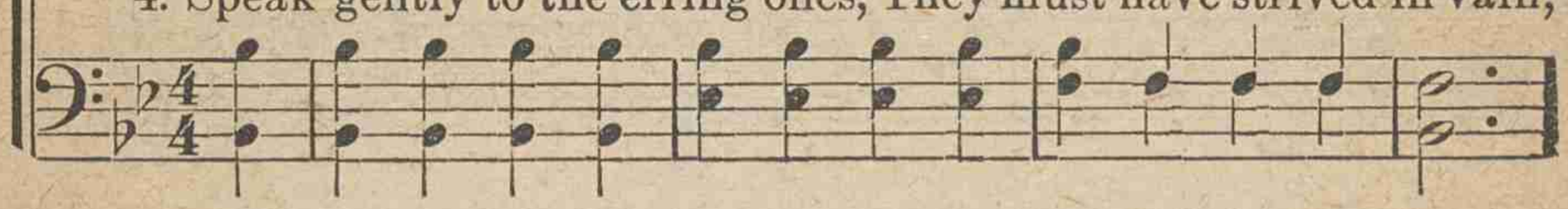
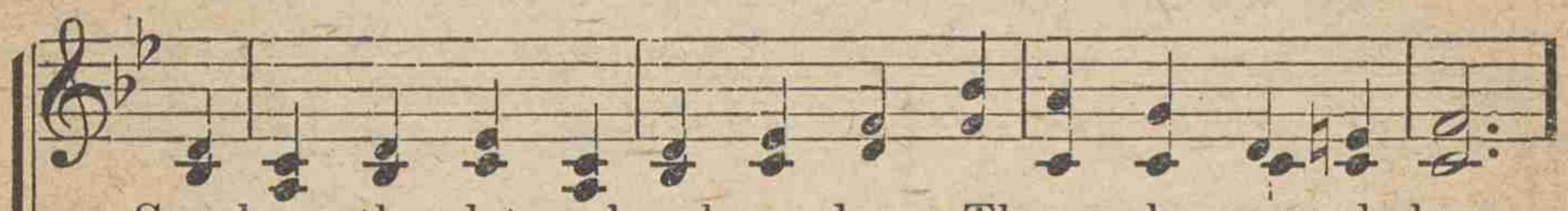
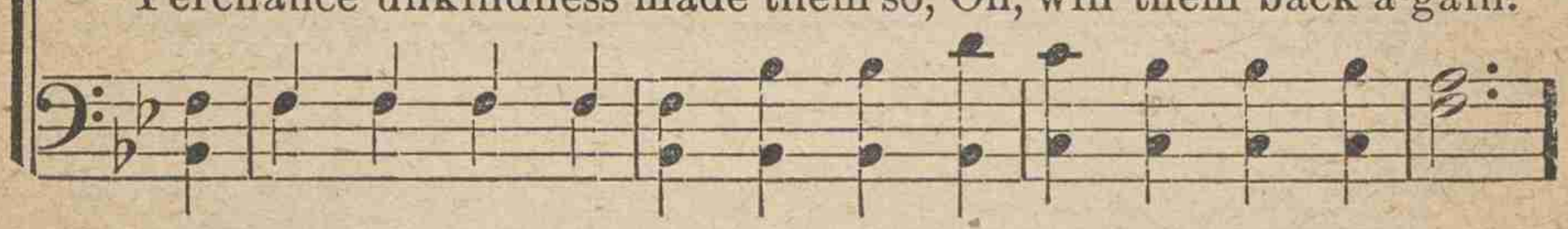
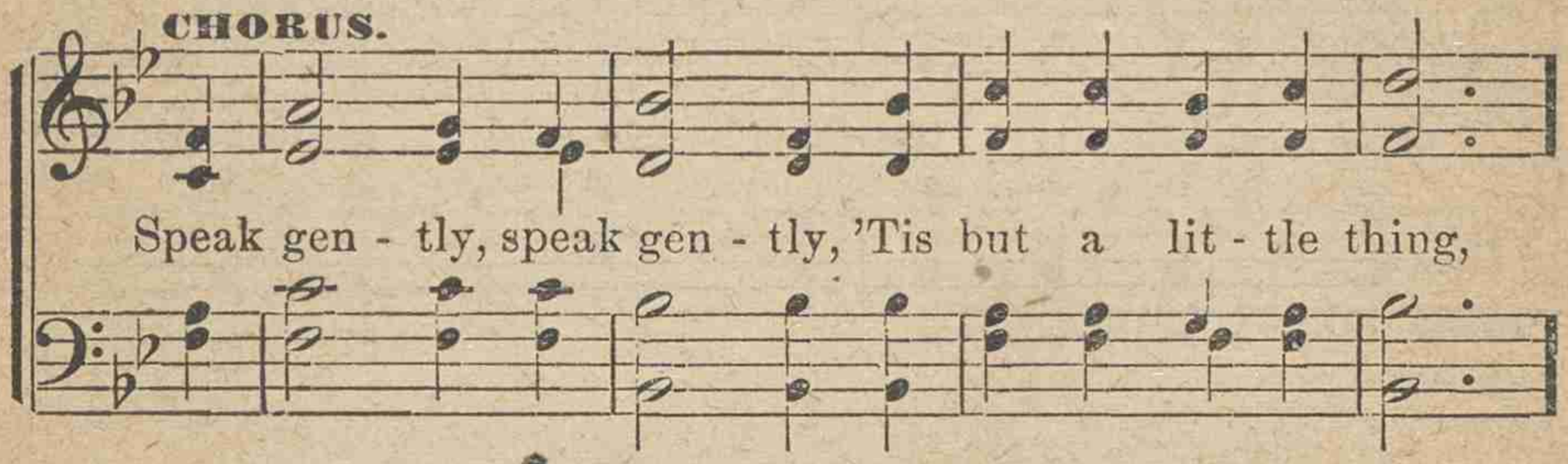
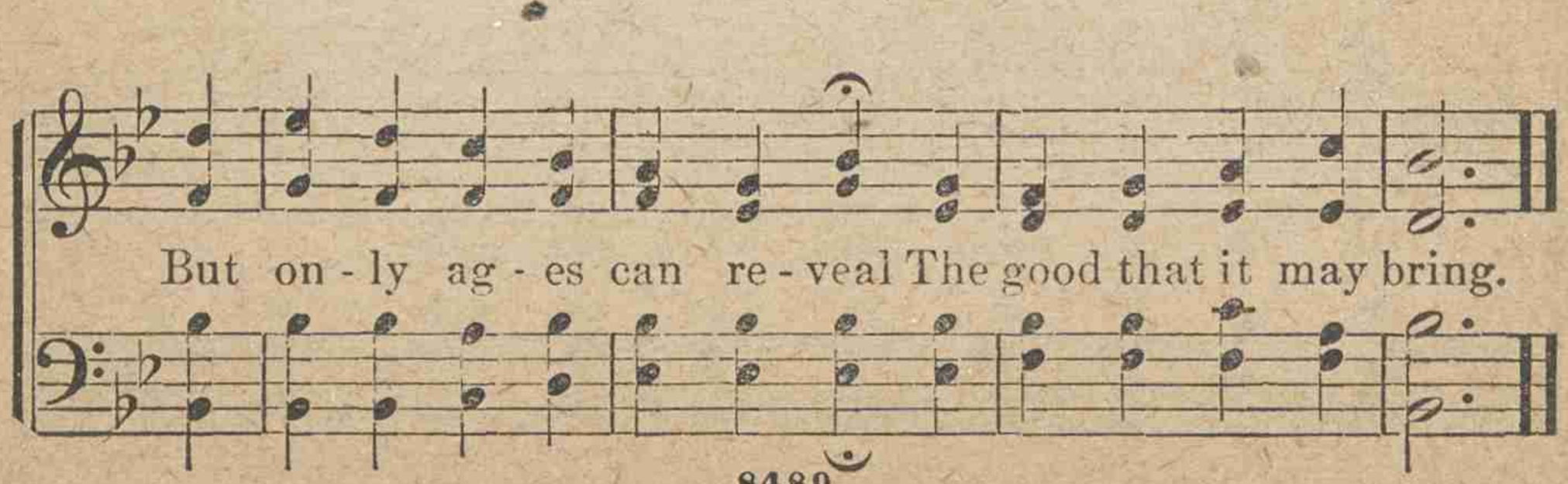
warning, "Don't be late," they seem to say. Ear - ly to school,
les - sons, Always lab-'ring for the right.

Ear - ly to school, Is not an ex - cep-tion, but al - ways the

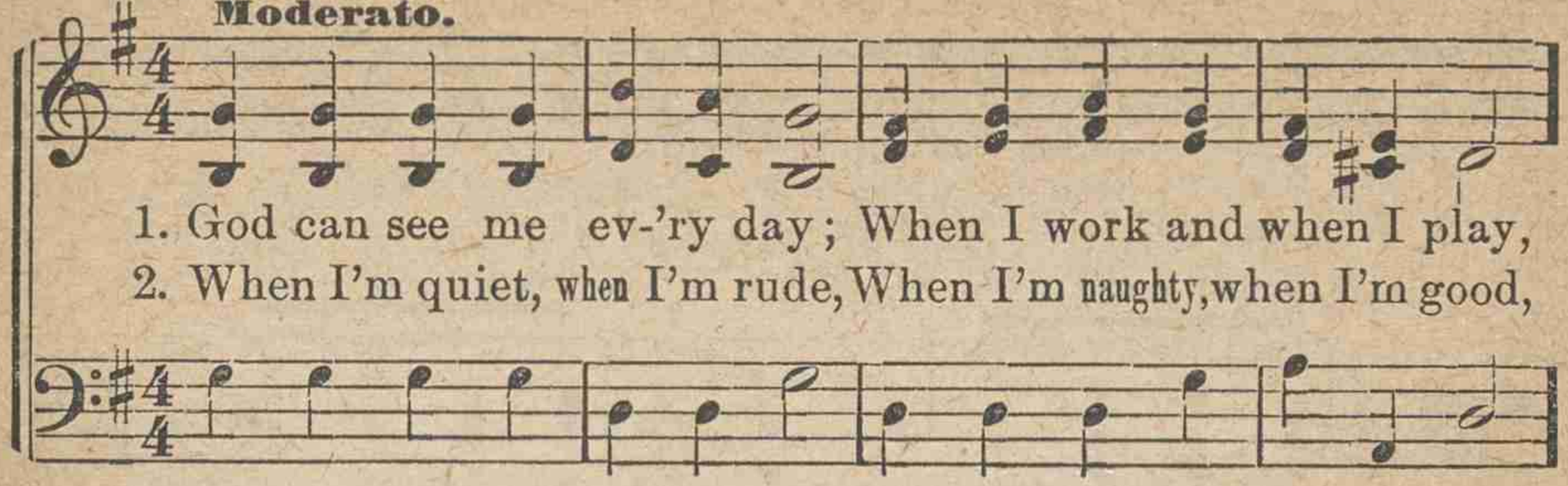
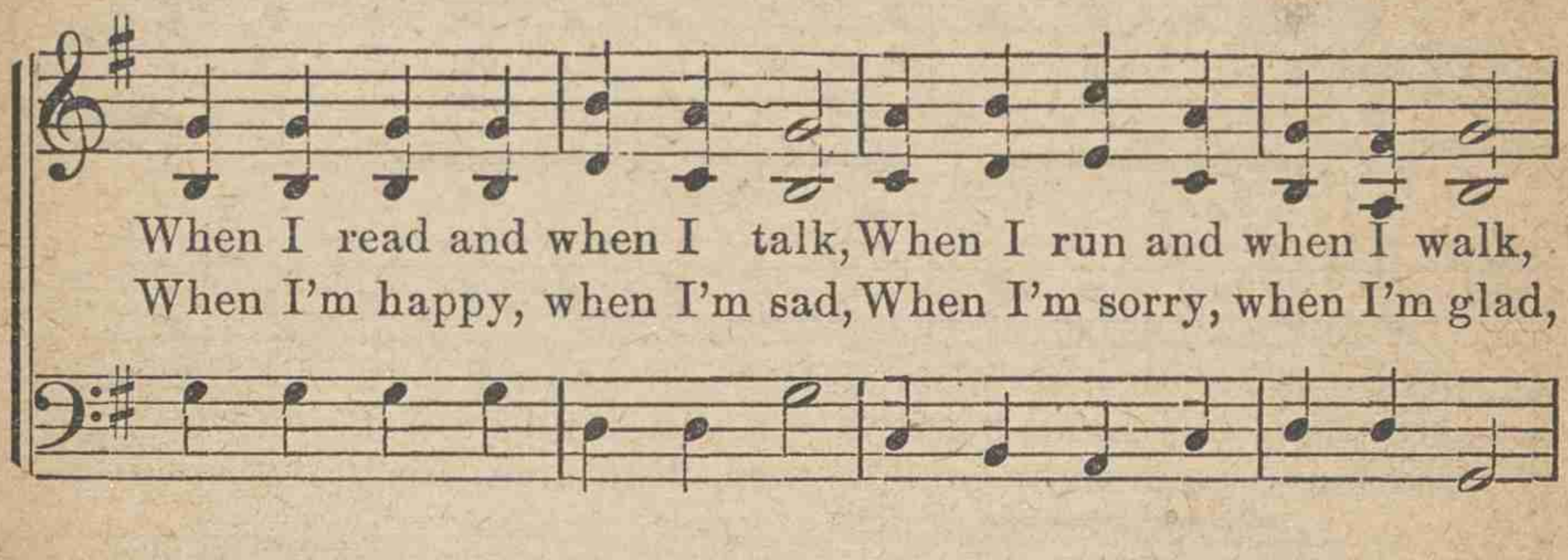
rule; Ear - ly to school, Ear - ly to school, To

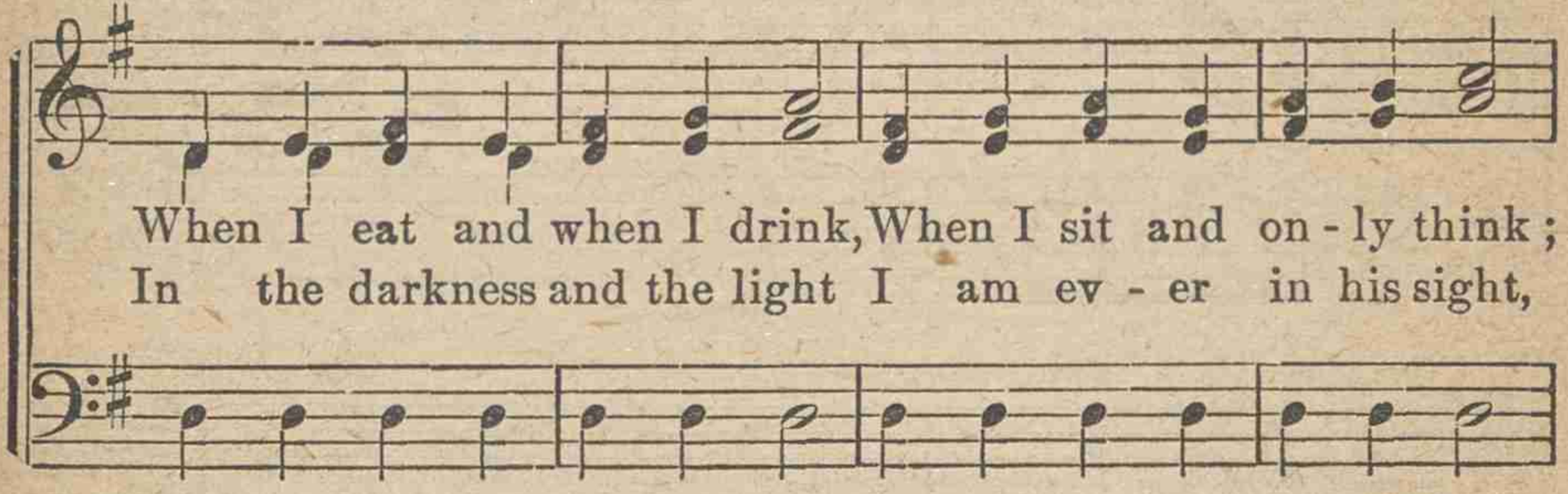
us 'tis a pleas - ure when ear - ly to school.

Speak Gently.

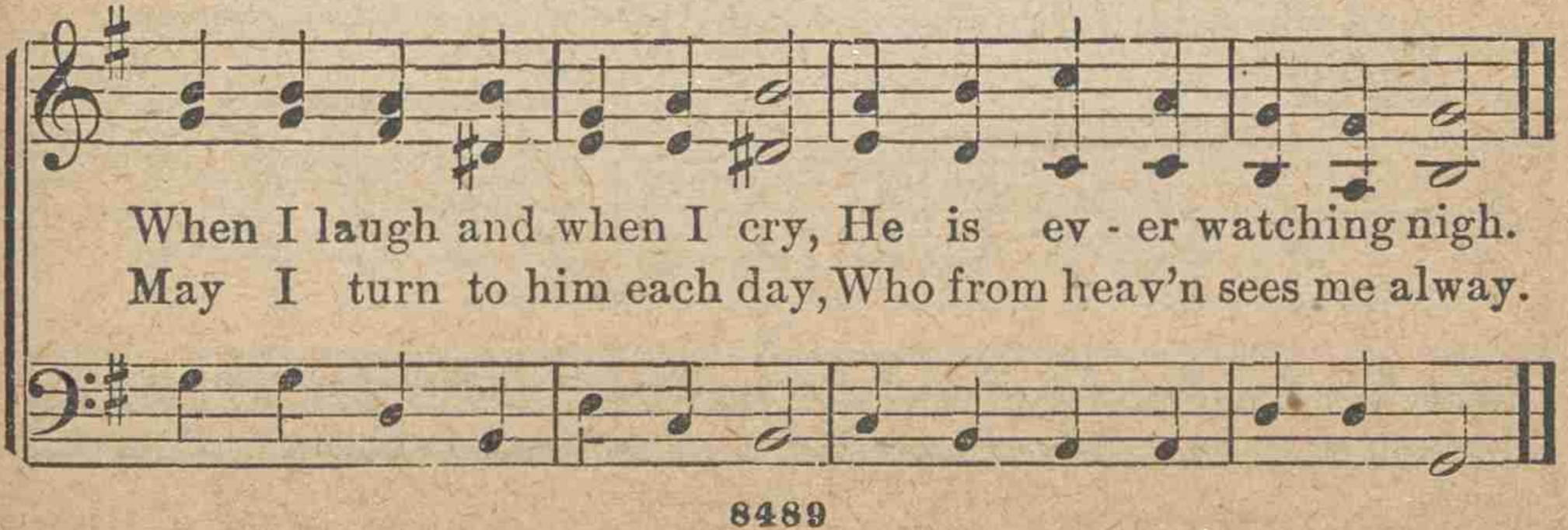
BATES. Arr. G. F. ROOT.

1. Speak gently—it is bet-ter far To rule by love than fear;
2. Speak gently to the young—for they Will have enough to bear
3. Speak gently to the aged one, Grieve not the care-worn heart,
4. Speak gently to the erring ones, They must have strived in vain,

Speak gently—let no harsh word mar The good we may do here.
Pass thro' this life as best they may, 'Tis full of anxious care.
The sands of life are near-ly run, Let them in peace de-part.
Perchance unkindness made them so, Oh, win them back a-gain.

CHORUS.

Speak gen - tly, speak gen - tly, 'Tis but a lit - tle thing,

But on - ly ag - es can re - veal The good that it may bring.

Anon. G. F. R.

Moderato.

1. God can see me ev-'ry day; When I work and when I play,
2. When I'm quiet, when I'm rude, When I'm naughty, when I'm good,

When I read and when I talk, When I run and when I walk,
When I'm happy, when I'm sad, When I'm sorry, when I'm glad,



When I eat and when I drink, When I sit and on-ly think;
In the darkness and the light I am ev-er in his sight,



When I laugh and when I cry, He is ev-er watching nigh.
May I turn to him each day, Who from heav'n sees me alway.

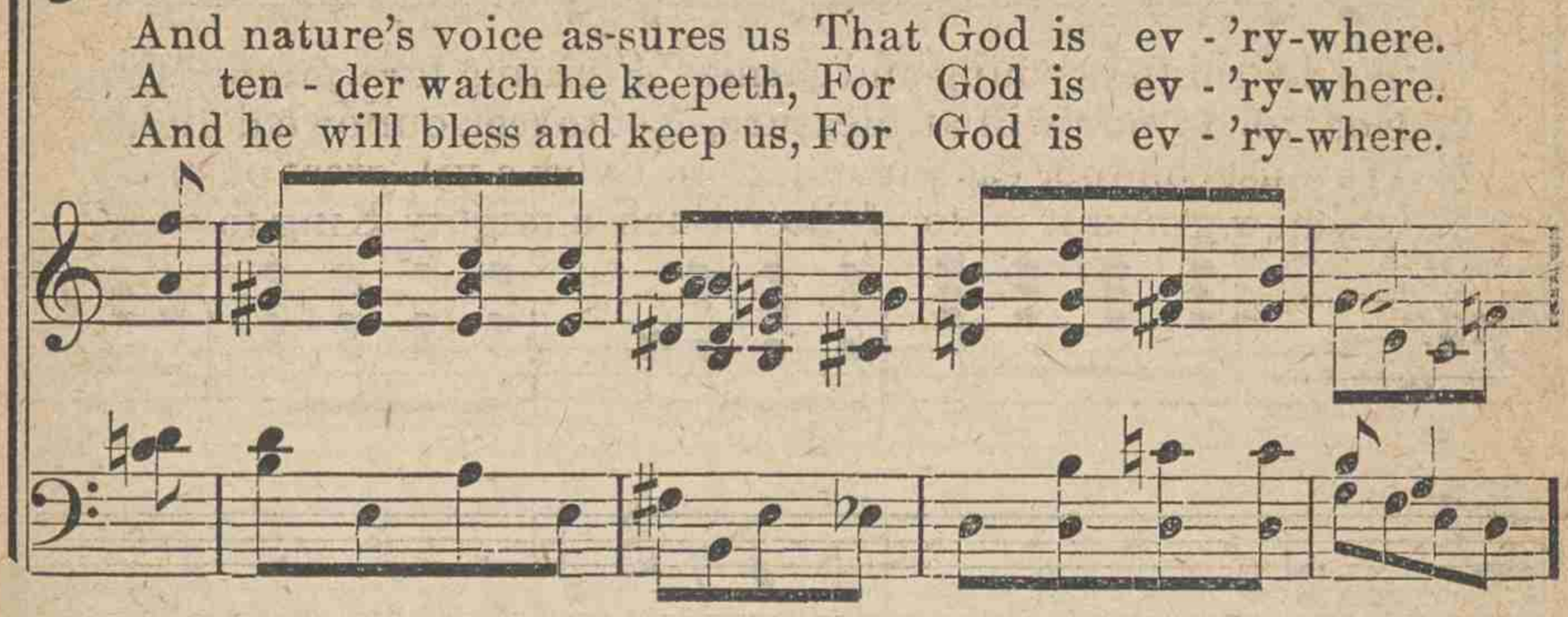
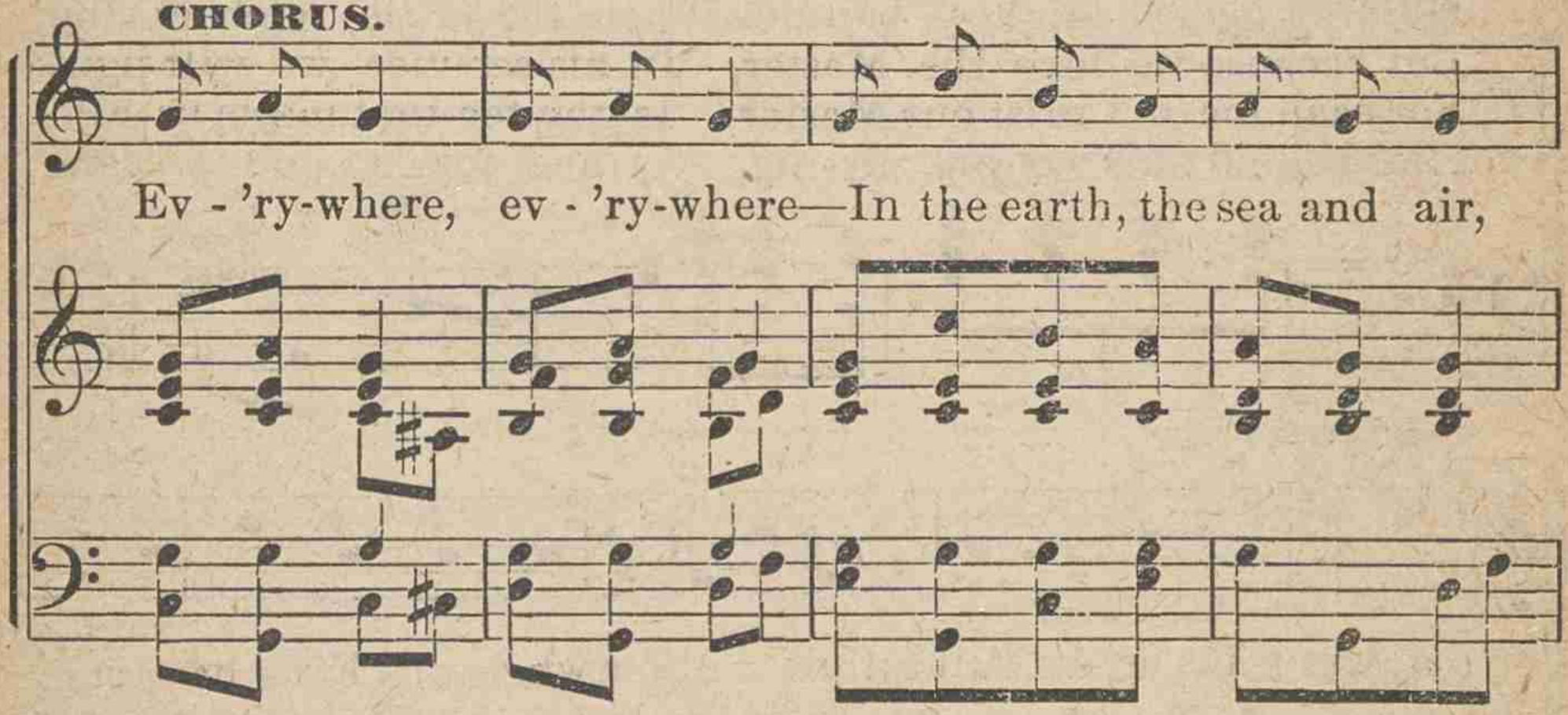
God is Everywhere.

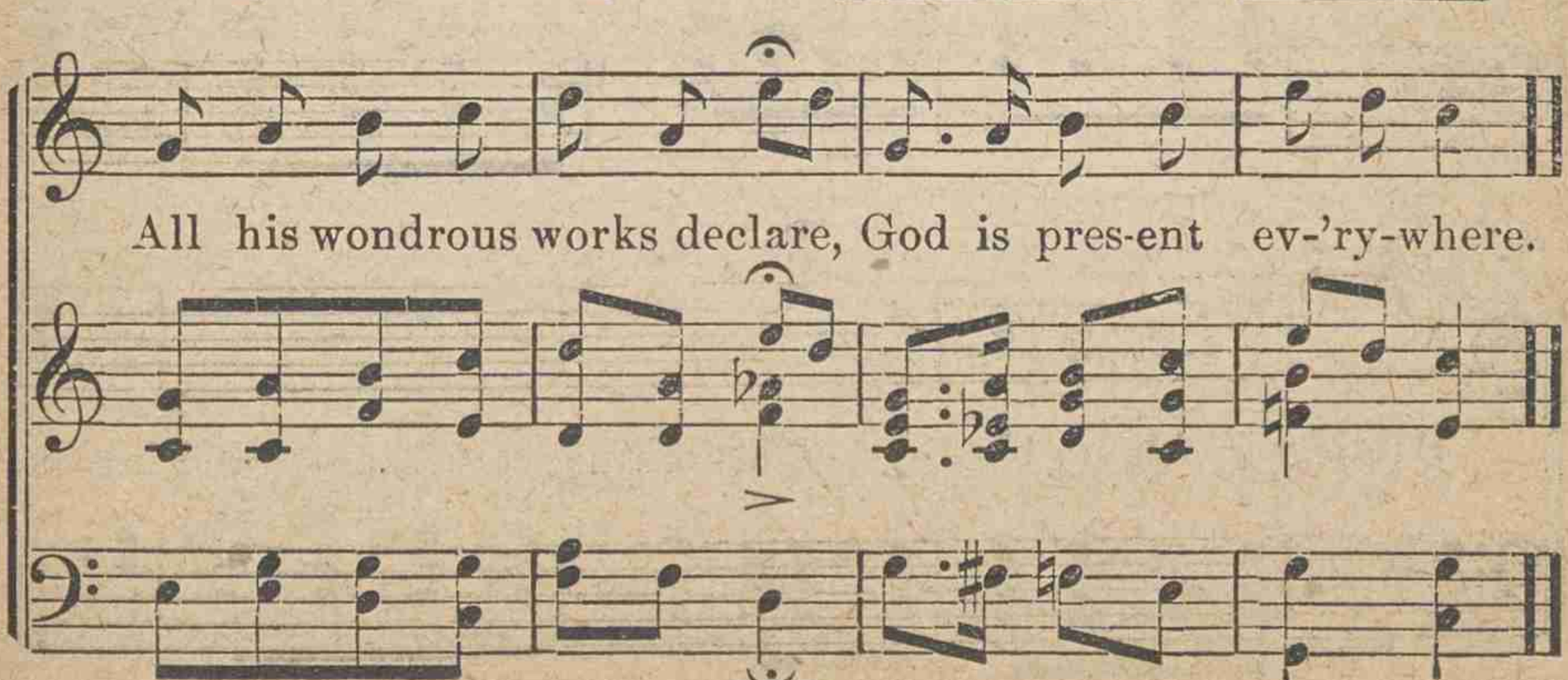
FRED. SCHILLING. By per.

1. We lift our hap-py voic - es, As once a - gain we meet,
2. We can not doubt his mer - cy, For ev - 'ry pass-ing day
3. Oh, wonder-ful as - sur - ance! How blest it is to know

And praise our heav'nly Fa - ther In ad - o - ra - tion sweet;
His lov - ing hand has led us In kind-ness on our way;
We have a heav'n-ly Fa - ther, Who loves his children so—

The ros - y flush of spring-time Reminds us of his care,
And when the darkness com - eth, He doth our couch prepare—
For not a spar-row fall - eth Without his lov-ing care,

And nature's voice as-sures us That God is ev - 'ry-where.
A ten - der watch he keepeth, For God is ev - 'ry-where.
And he will bless and keep us, For God is ev - 'ry-where.

CHORUS.

Ev - 'ry-where, ev - 'ry-where—In the earth, the sea and air,



All his wondrous works declare, God is pres-ent ev-'ry-where.

We are Soldiers.

MRS. R. A. TURNER, J. R. M.

1. We are soldiers young and earnest, Fighting for a mighty King!
2. Not to do our will at pleasure, Not to seek our own delight,
3. We must conquer each temptation, Ev'ry e-vil, great or small,
4. Oh, how grand it is to follow Such a mighty King to war,

Holding up the might-y ban-ner Where the battle e-choes ring.
But because we love the Master, In his ser-vice we will fight.
For each foe to Christ our Master, Is the foe that meets us all.
And behold! his col-ors fly-ing, As he leads us on be-fore.

CHORUS.

Je-sus leads us, we will follow, Follow where our King has gone,

Soldiers in his no-ble ar-my, Marching, marching, marching on.

M. S. BURNS. JACOB H. HAEUSSLER.

1. Children, hark! a bat-tle song! Lift the an-swer clear;
2. What a might-y host you are, With your fac - es bright!
3. Hope shall be your battle call, Truth, your weapon strong;

Join the ranks and press a - long—Stay not i - dly here.
Satan's hordes a-wait a - far, Cow'ring at your sight.
If a - mid the charge you fall, Fear no pow'r of wrong;

Lit - tle soldiers you shall be, Warring for the vic - to - ry.
On then, lit - tle Christians, move, In the strength of Christ above.
Christ, the leader seeth you, He will guard, if you are true.

Lit - tle soldiers you shall be, Warring for the vic - to - ry.
On then, lit - tle Christians, move, In the strength of Christ above.
Christ, the leader, seeth you, He will guard if you are true.

Kind and Gentle Shepherd.

MRS. M. A. WHITAKER. (A Prayer for Guidance.) "WINTHROP."

1. Kind and gen - tle Shep - herd, Lead-ing on our feet,
2. Keep us still, we pray thee, Tread-ing in the way,
3. Je - sus, fold us safe - ly, When we long for rest,

Thro' the fair green pas - tures, An - gel bands to meet.
Marked by thy dear foot - steps, Nev - er far to stray.
In the bless - ed shel - ter Of thy lov - ing breast.

Soft - ly falls the mu - sic Of thy love di - vine,
If in strange wild path - ways, We should seek to go,
Then, thy arms a - round us, Hap - py we shall be,

Call - ing us to fol - low, Tell-ing we are thine.
How thy heart would sor - row, Could we grieve thee so.
Thine own lambs for - ev - er, Clinging close to thee.

ANON. WURZEL.

Moderato.

1. There's a smile in each morning, There's a laugh in each day;
2. There's a song in the noon-tide, There's a song in the night,
3. There's a joy in the sunshine, There's a hope in the dark,

And if we could but find it, There's some gladness here alway.
There's mu-sic for the hearing, And there's music for the sight.
And there is ev - er brightness, Singing near us with the lark.

REFRAIN.

There's a smile, ... or a laugh, ...
There's a smile, or a laugh.
Yes, if we could but find it, There's some gladness here al-way.

Another Year.

T. P. W.

THOS. P. WESTENDORF.

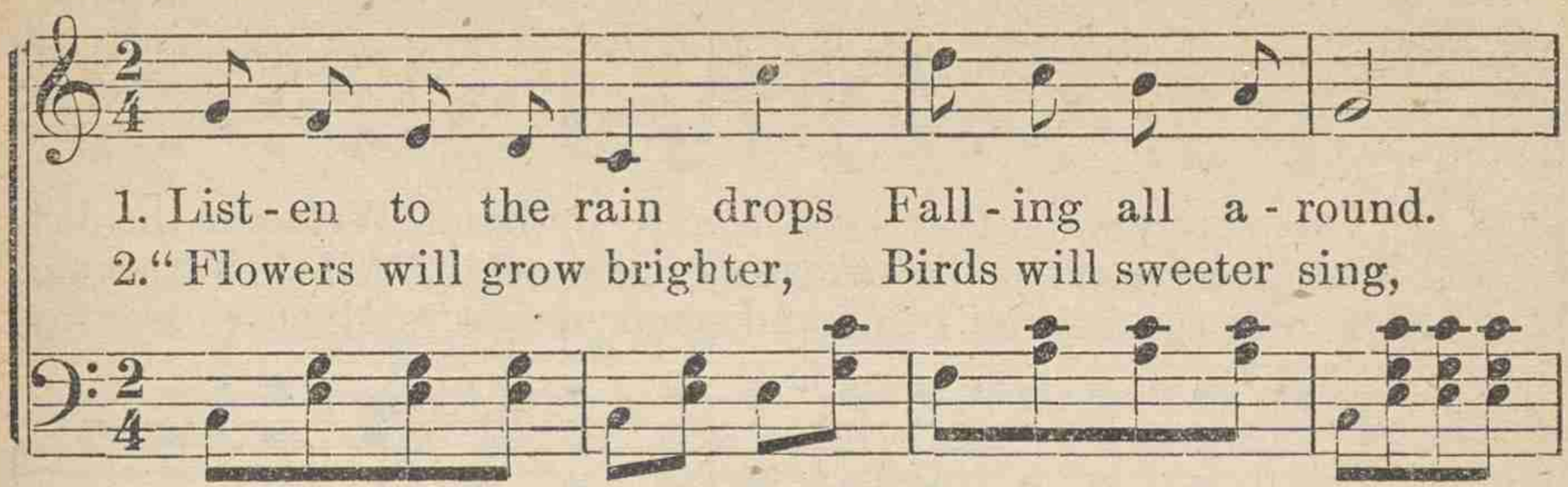
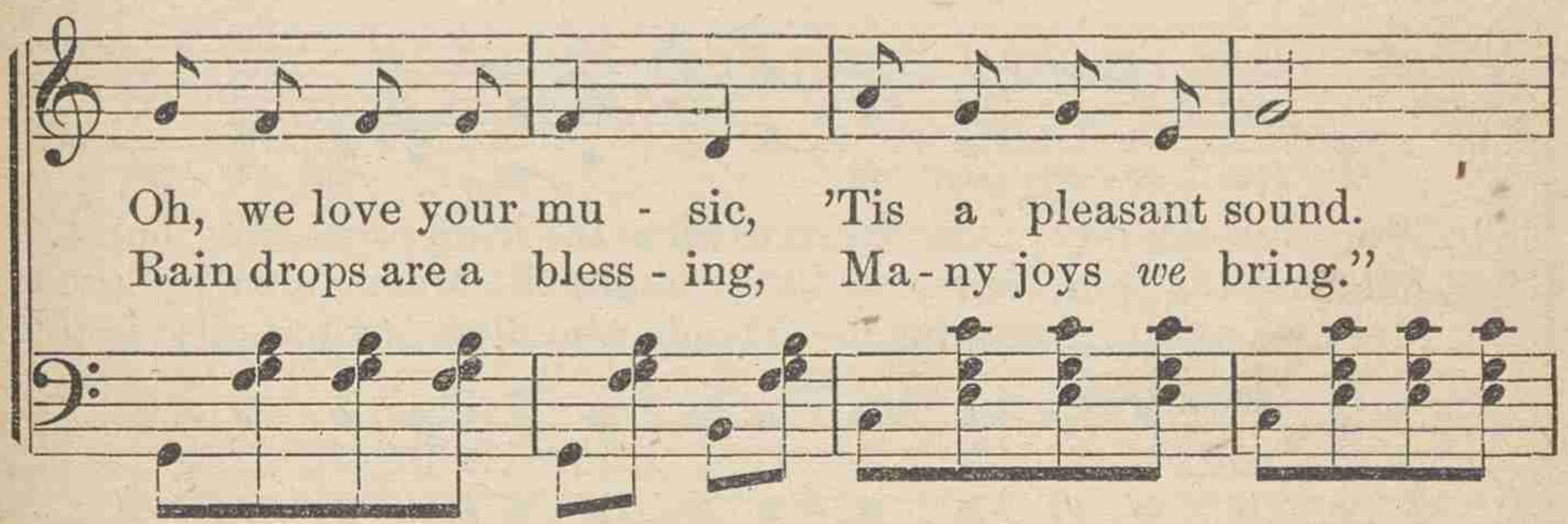
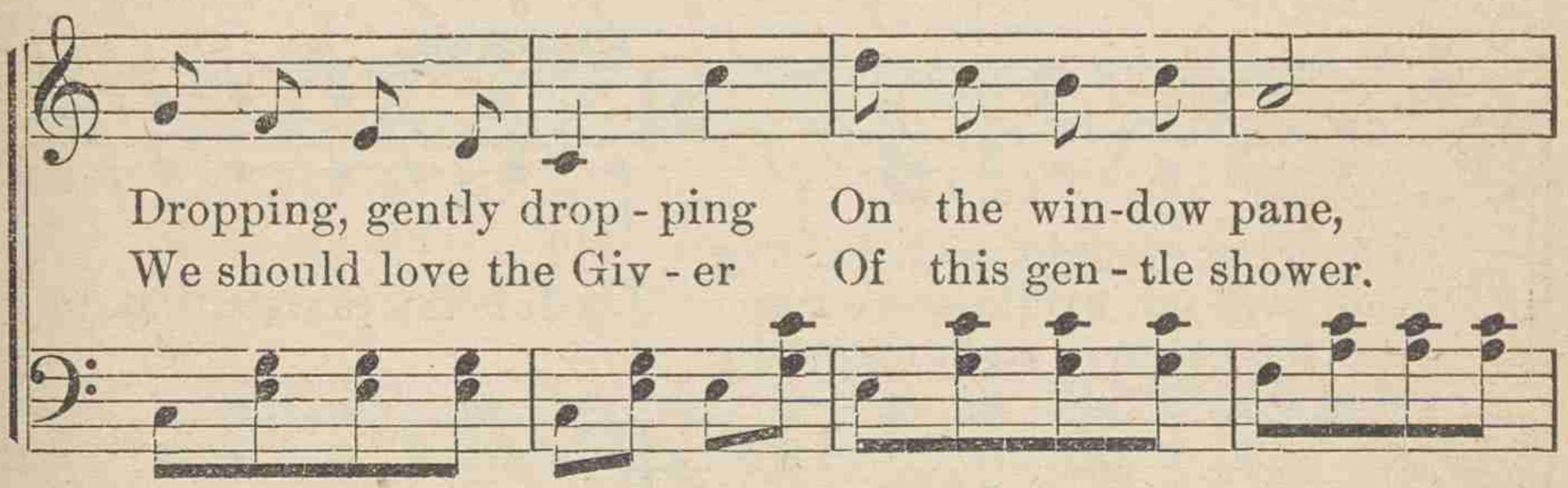
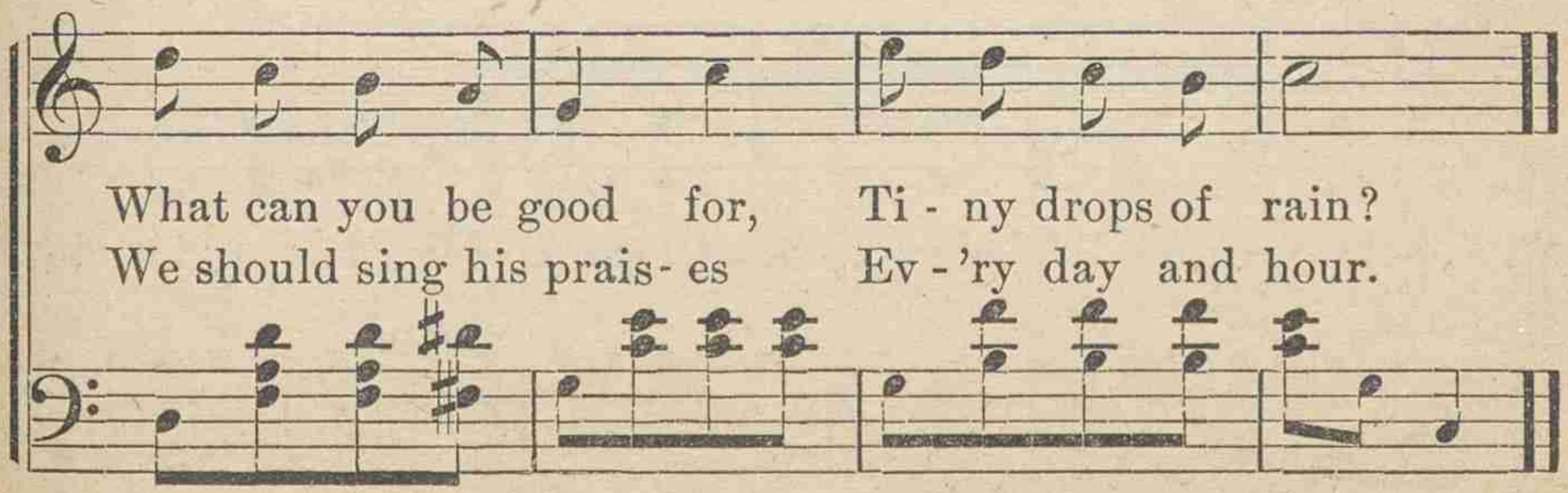
1. Another year we've trod the way That leads to joy and heaven,
2. Each trusting heart with pleasure rife, Each eye with hope is gleaming,
3. 'Mid pastures green at last we'll rest Beside the flowing river,

Then join with us and sing to-day Of blessings freely giv - en.
While sweetly o'er the path of life The Savior's smile is beaming.
And with the happy spirits blest We'll dwell in peace forever.

Sing - ing, sing - ing, As the years go roll - ing by,

Work - ing, striv - ing for a home on high.

The Rain Drops.

BLANCHE KONKLE. J. R. M.

Once More we Gather.

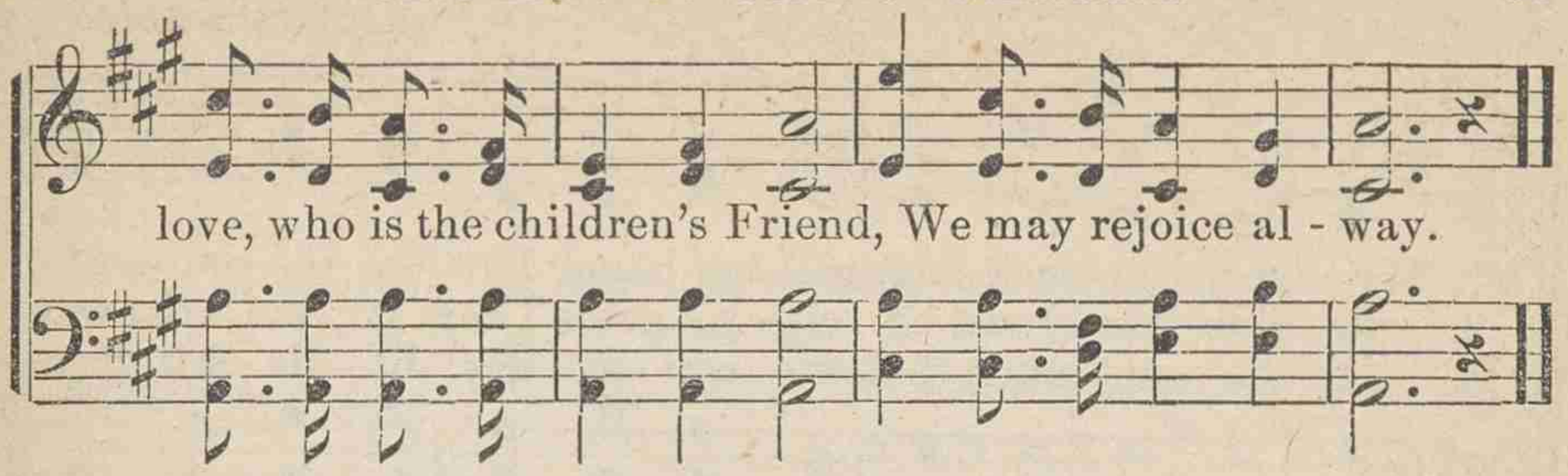
CLARA LOUISE BURNHAM. G. F. ROOT.

1. Once more we gather here, a hap - py band, Welcome the day,
2. Blessings have crowned the work we've found to do, All thro' the year,
3. Now 'mid the song of birds and scent of flow'rs Meet we a-gain,

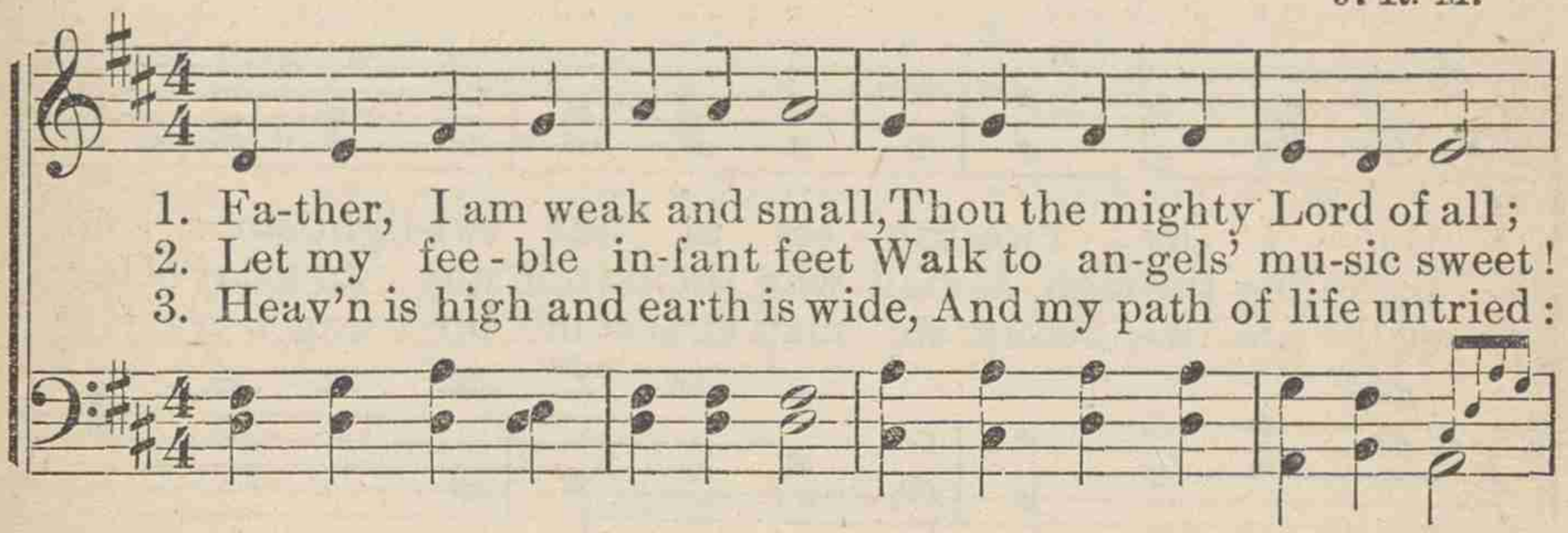
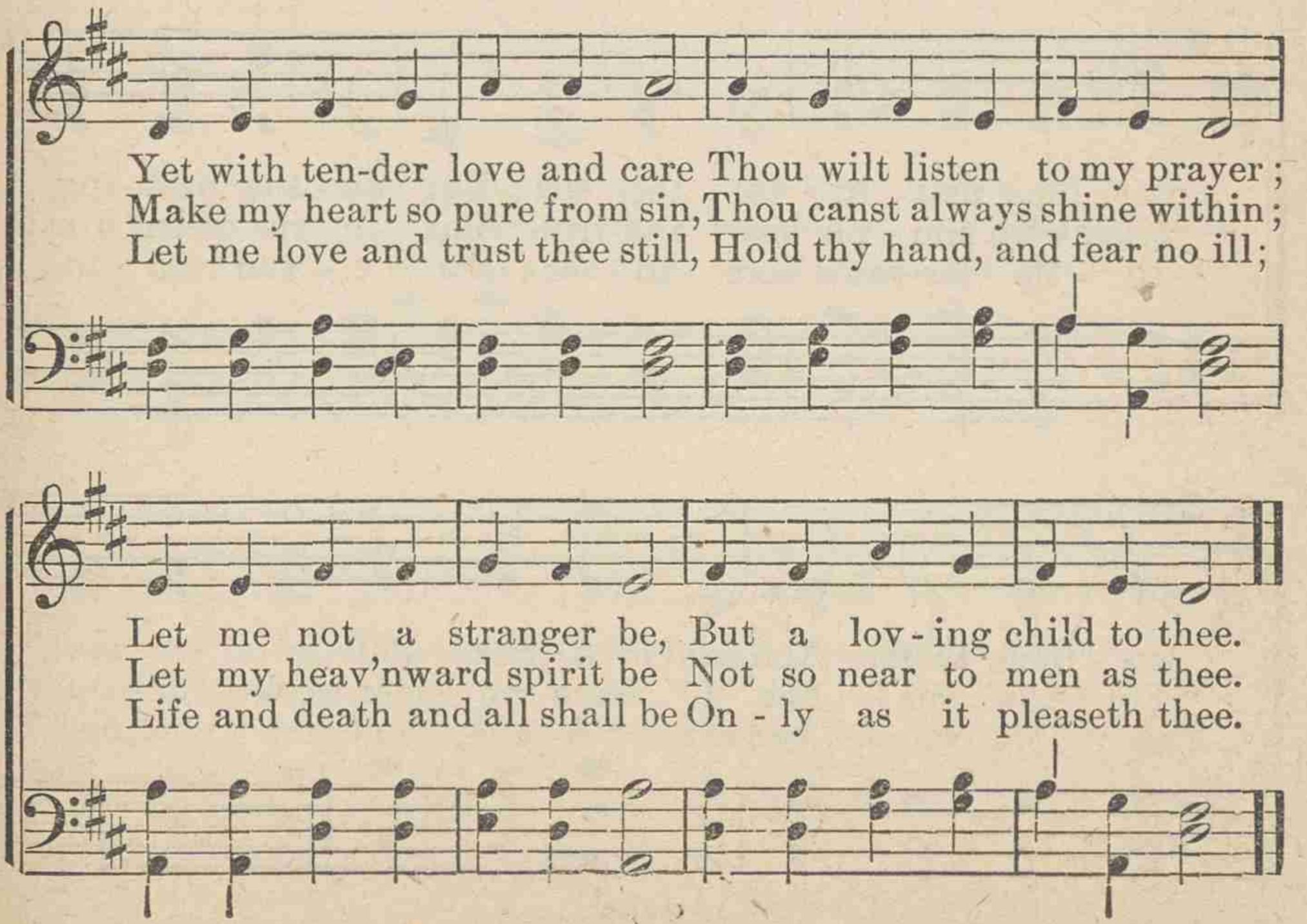
Welcome the day; Once more to bless the kind protecting hand
All thro' the year, When we have sought the Master's will to know,
Meet we again, Greeting the friends who bless our happiest hours,

CHORUS.

Which has brought us on our way.
And have felt his presence near. Joy-ful the praises that to
And the cause of right maintain.

heav'n we send, Glad ev-'ry heart here to - day; For oh, in his

A Child's Prayer.

J. R. M.



When Ships at Dusk.

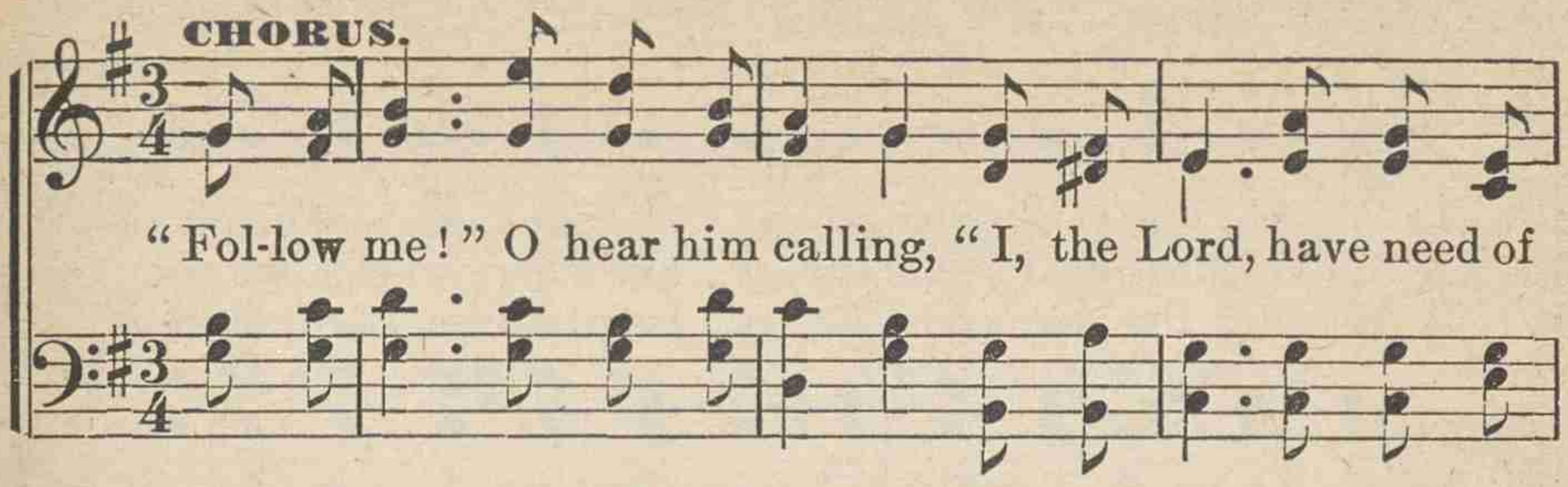
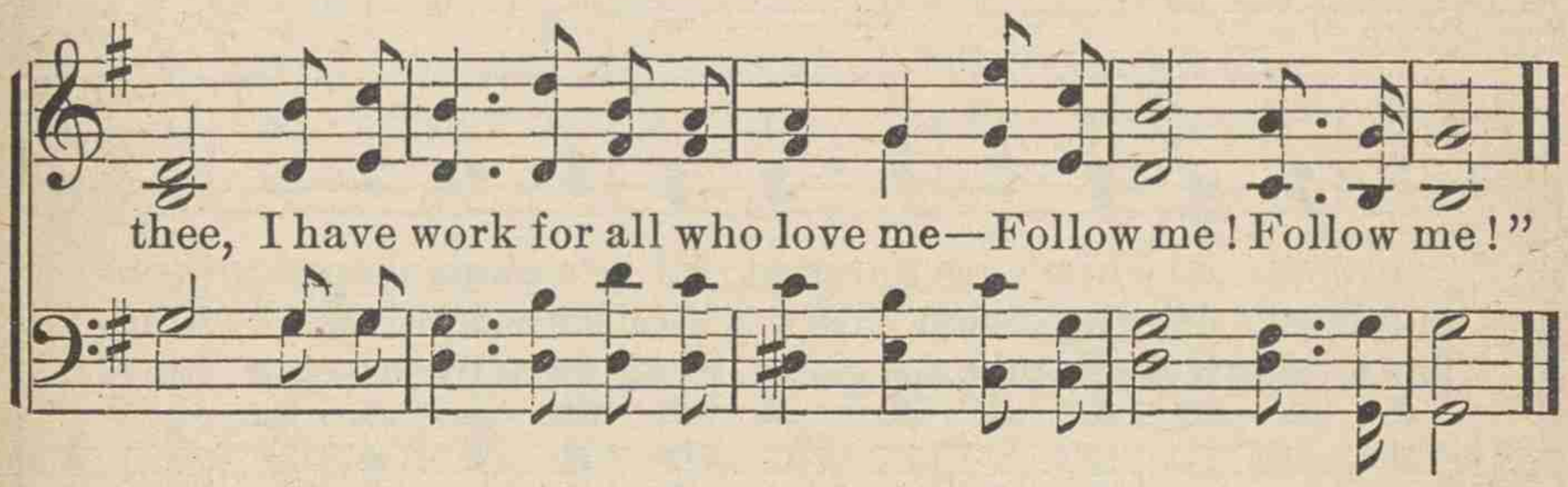
K. M. K. MACKINTOSH.

1. When ships at dusk came sail-ing home Up - on the shores of
2. Be - side the crowd-ed cit - y's gates There sat, as Christ was
3. It is not much that we can do, For lit - tle chil-dren

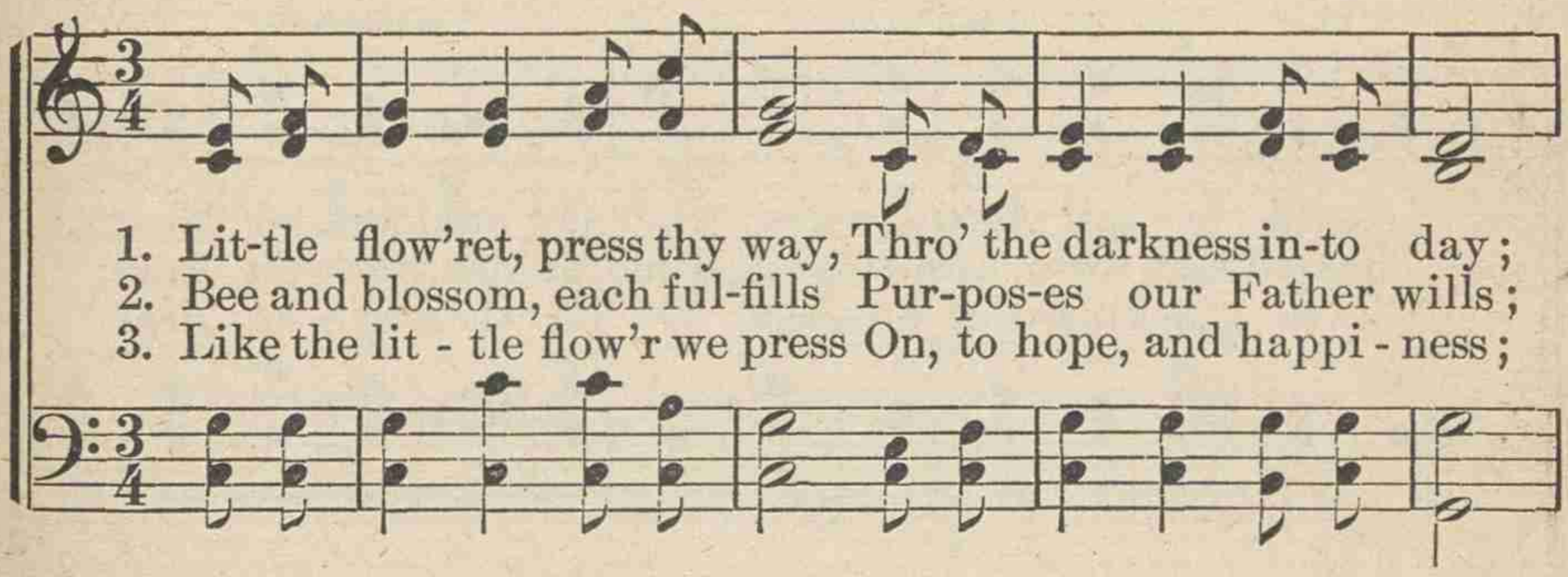
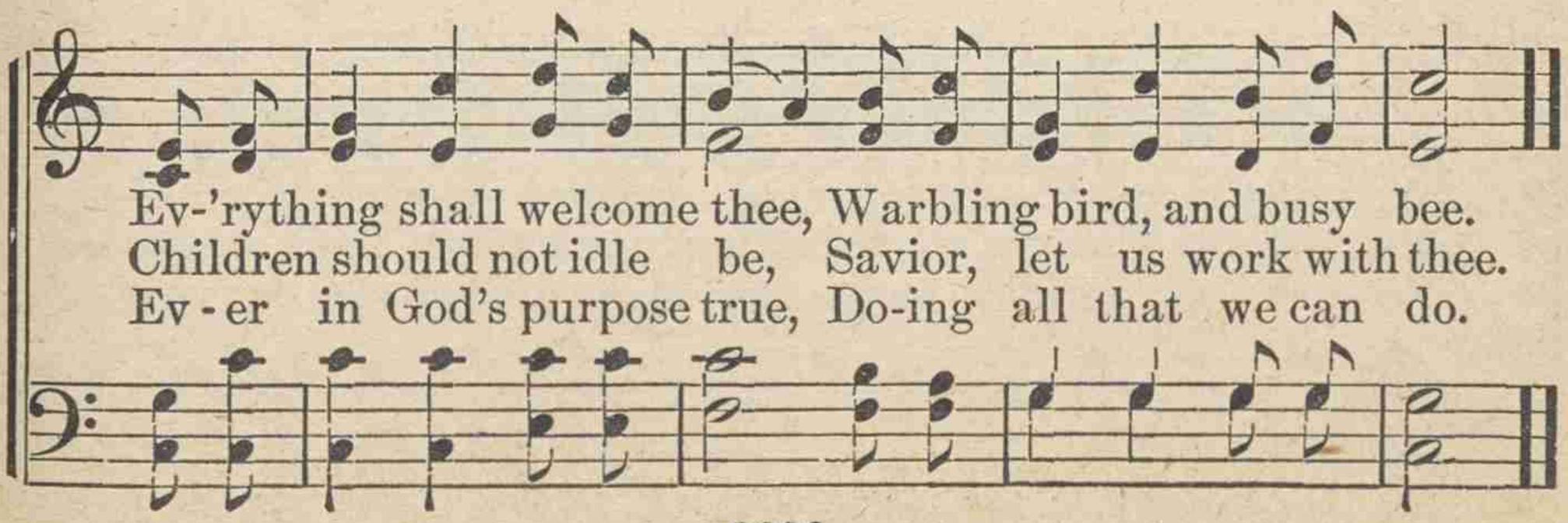
Gal - i - lee, Two fish - ers in the twi-light stood And
pass - ing through, A man who there from day to day Had
still are we, But we may strive in lov - ing ways His

cast their nets in - to the sea; But Je - sus, pass - ing,
toiled with sim - ple heart and true; But Je - sus called him:
lit - tle ser-vants here to be; For e - ven un - to

saw them there, And said: "A - rise, and fol - low me!"
"Fol - low me! For I have no - bler work for you."
us He comes, And says: "A - rise, and fol - low me!"



Little Flow'ret.

B. R. H.

The Year's Glad Story.

MRS. SLADE. "WINTHROP."

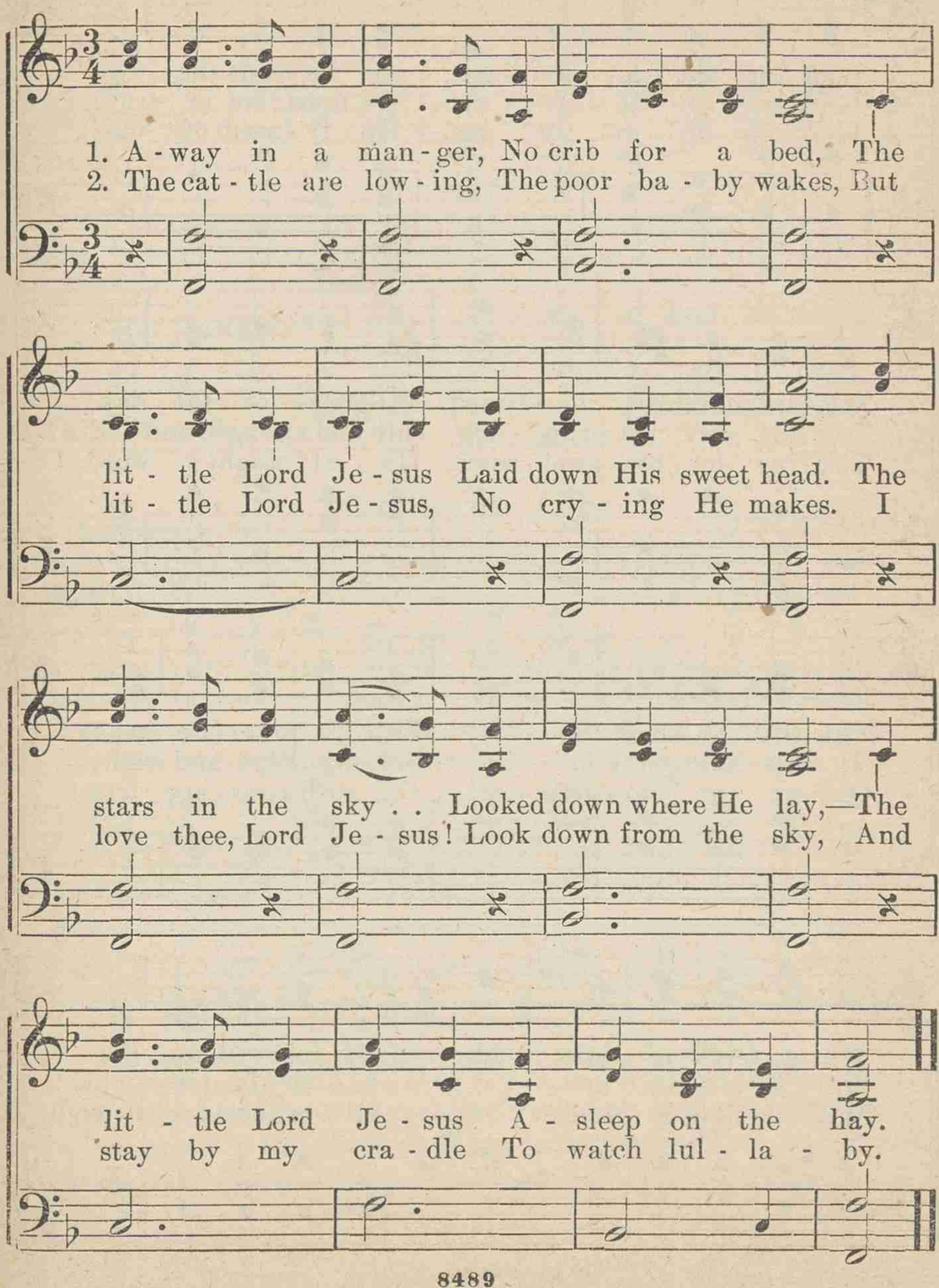
1. We sing the year's glad sto - ry, Of Sab-bath serv-ice done;
2. We sing the year's glad sto - ry, For where-so-e'er we went,
3. We sing the year's new sto - ry, Its prom-ise, Lord, shall be

Of fields all white with har-vest, Of pre-cious trophies won.
The Lord's dear love went with us, And showers of mer-cy sent.
The strength thy hand hath given, Shall grow by serv-ing thee.

In old fa - mil - iar plac - es, So sa - cred and so dear,
The seed here sown, upspringing, Rich, golden har-vest bore,
Un - to the king-dom pressing, O Fa - ther, ev - er dear,

We greet be - lov - ed fac - es Rejoic - ing with us here.
Now our ripe sheaves, we, bringing, Sing harvest home once more.
Re - new to us thy bless - ing, Make glad anoth - er year.

(Written by Martin Luther for his children, and still sung by German mothers to their little ones.)

J. R. M.

Looking Unto Jesus.

Mrs. R. N. Turner. (May be used as a Processional.) J. R. Murray.

1. Look-ing un - to Je - sus, As he leads the way,
2. Look-ing un - to Je - sus,— We must live in truth,
3. Look-ing un - to Je - sus,— Ho - ly Lamb of God,

We are marching on - ward, Pil-grims of the day!
To his serv - ice bring - ing Life and strength and youth!
Tak - ing for his guid - ance, His al - might-y word.

With his ar - mor ho - ly, With his prom - ise true,
In his ranks most ho - ly, Seek-ing God and right;
On we go to - geth - er, On, with cour - age true;

We go forth re - joic - ing, All his will to do.
Sin a - bid - eth nev - er In the Mas-ter's sight.
With his light to lead us. All our jour-ney through.

REFRAIN.

Ho - ly, ho - ly Sav - ior, Lord of life di - vine,

Glo - ry, praise and hon - or, Ev - er shall be thine.

Consider the Lilies.

ROSSETTI. J. W. SHRYOCK.

1. Con - sid - er the lil - ies of the field whose bloom is brief—
2. Con - sid - er the sparrows of the air of small ac-count;
3. Con - sid - er the lil - ies that do neith - er spin nor toil,
4. Con - sid - er the birds that have no barn nor har - vest weeks—

We are as they; Like them we fade away, As doth a leaf.
Our God doth view Whether they fall or mount, He guards us too.
Yet are most fair; What profits all this care And all this toil?
God gives them food; Much more our Father seeks To do us good.

Come to Me.

MARTHA C. OLIVER. J. R. M.

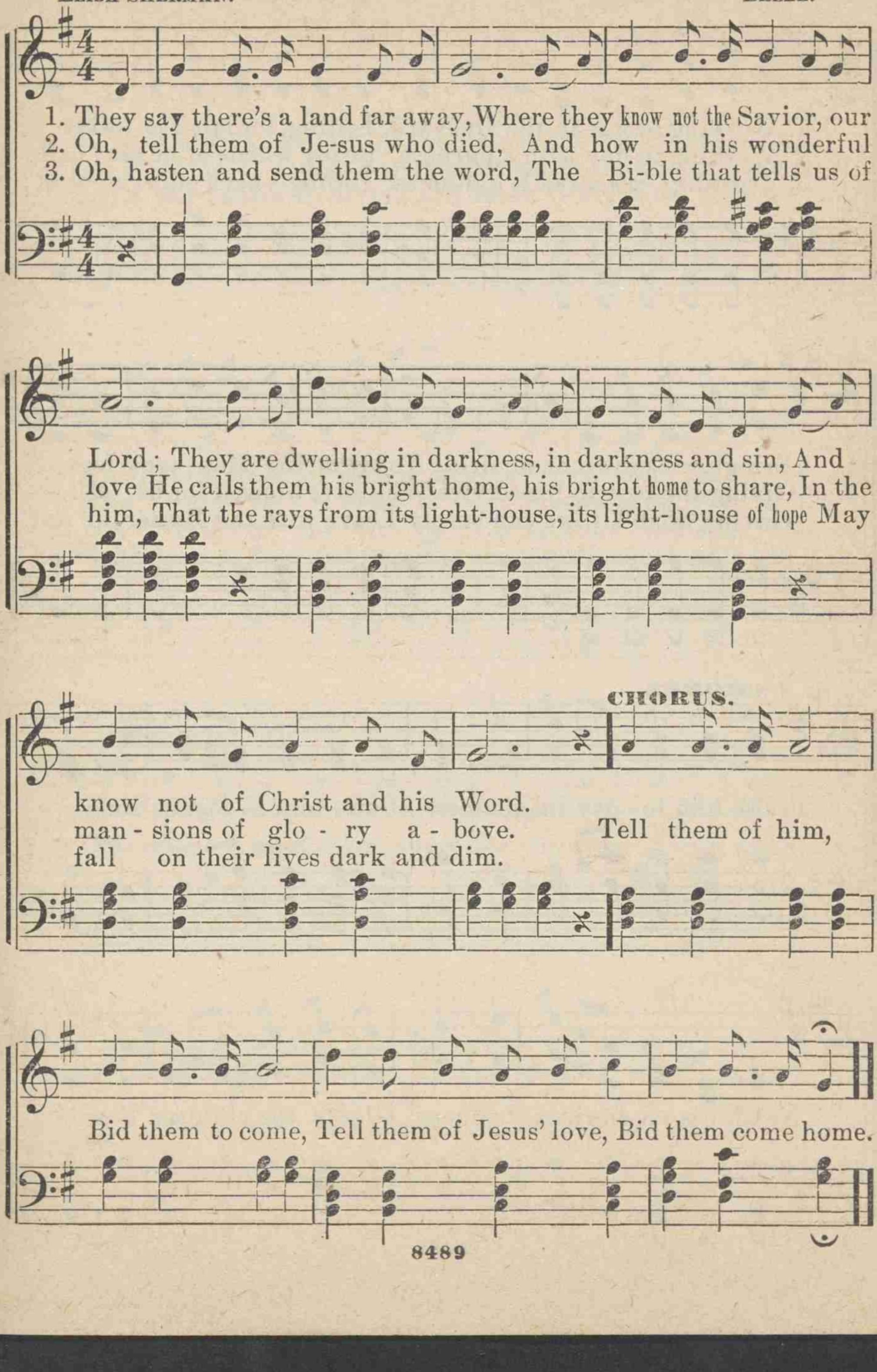
1. Long a - go the loving Savior Called the children to his side,
2. As we read the sacred sto-ry, We will seek to do his will,
3. Je-sus now awaits our coming, Calling us where'er we roam,

Took them in his arms and blessed them, Told them he would be their guide;
For his lit-tle ones are precious, And he loves and guides them still;
He will keep us from all danger, He will safe-ly lead us home;

"Let them come, do not forbid them, They my little ones shall be,"
Straight the pathway lies before us, And his love so full and free
While his tender voice entreats us, Who will hear the tender plea,

Still we hear the voice repeating, "Little children, come to me."
Still a-waits to bless and pardon Children small as you or me.
Gently, lov - ing-ly beseeching, "Little children, come to me."

ELIZA SHERMAN. "BELLE."



Love's Service.

E. H. SHANNON. ADAM GEIBEL. By per.

1. Working to-day in the vineyard, Toiling, for labor is sweet;
2. Working to-day with a purpose, Ready whene'er he may call;
3. Trusting—each care will be lightened, Toiling—each effort be blest;

Bringing a crown of rejoicing To lay at the Mas - ter's feet.
Giving the best to his service Who gave himself for us all.
Having done all, we can surely Leave with the Master the rest.

CHORUS.

Praise him to - day in gladness, Praise him in joyous song;

'Neath his vic-to-rious banners Gladly the children throng.

That Precious Word.

MRS. R. N. TURNER. J. R. M.

1. A word there is, di-vine and sweet, And if we know it well,
2. For love of us our Savior came, For love was crucified!
3. For love of him our lives must be More like his life divine,
4. A word there is, divine and sweet, God's word to every one—

'Twill open wide the gate of heav'n, Where ho-ly an-gels dwell.
And on the cru - el cross of pain, For love, for love he died.
His love in - to our lit - tle lives Must ev - er brightly shine.
With love to God and love to man Our lives are well be - gun.

CHORUS.

That precious word is *love*, sweet *love*, Oh, sing it loud and clear,

No oth-er word, no other sound Can be to us so dear.

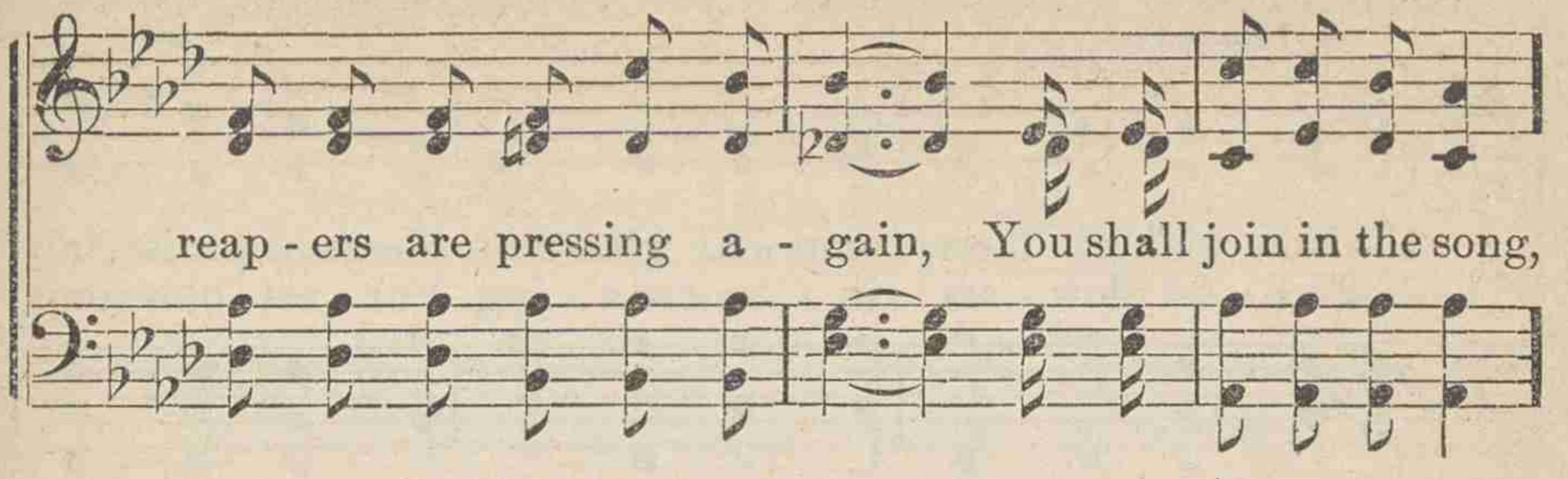
Willing Workers.

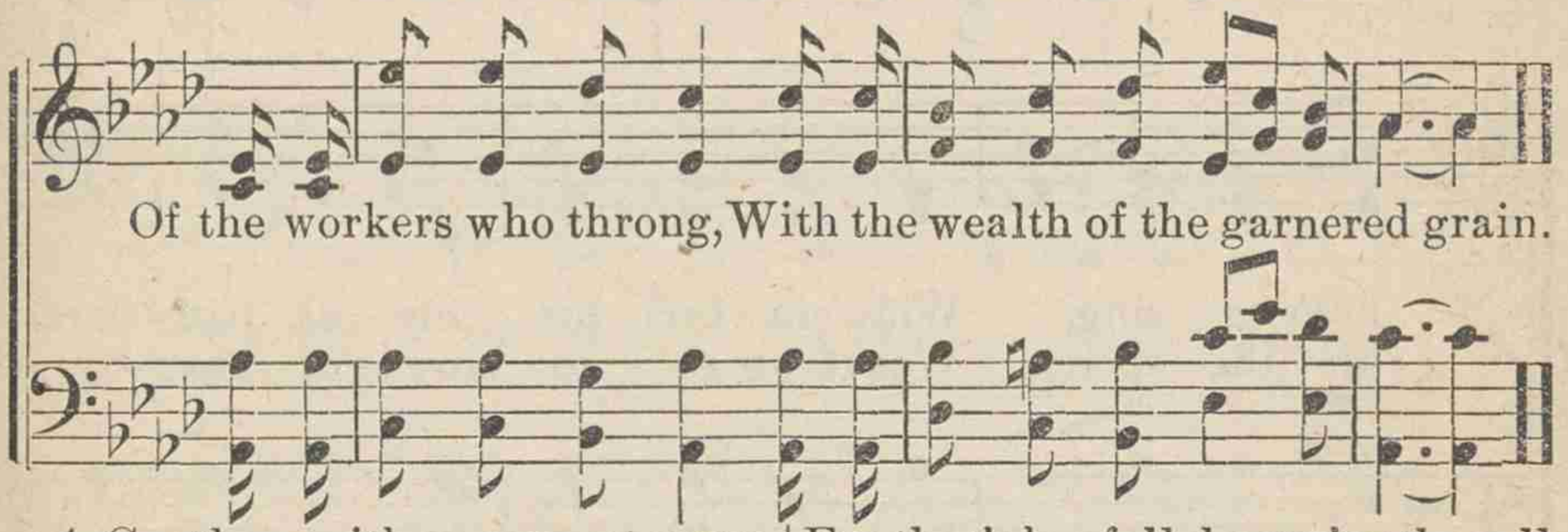
E. H. SHANNON. CRUIKSHANK. By per.

1. Go, work in the Mas - ter's vineyard, He call - eth for will-ing hands; Al - read - y the day is pass-ing a - way, And wait-ing the Sav-ior stands.
2. Without in the ear - ly morn - ing The workers are hurrying on; A - mid the whirl of a bus - y world, Your life - work needs be done.
3. You wish, with an an-xious long - ing, For something that you may do; But fold your hands, while the Sav - ior stands, And lov-ing - ly calls for you.

CHORUS.

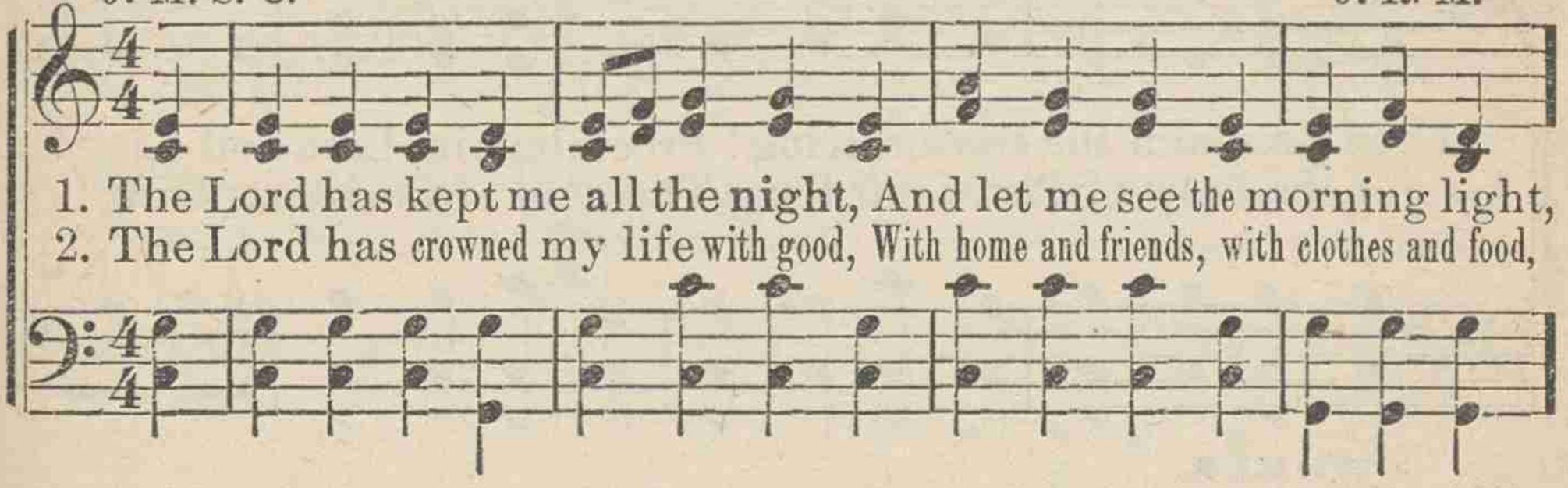
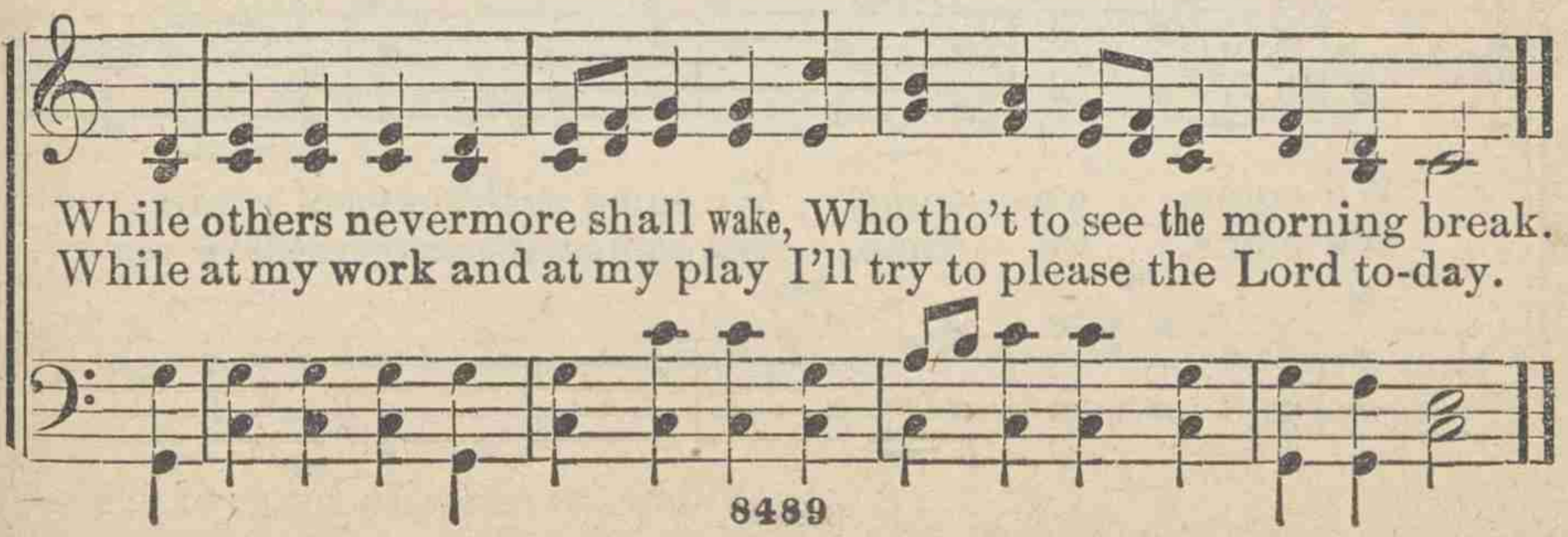
Then work in the light, And when cometh the night, As the





4 Go, then, with an earnest purpose,
Go win but a soul for the Lord;
Ere the shadows fall, he may hear the call
Of a wand'ring one restored.

Song-Prayer for Little Folks.

J. M. S. C. J. R. M.



Come with Gladness.

SADIE SELMES. FRED. SCHILLING. By per.

Allegretto.

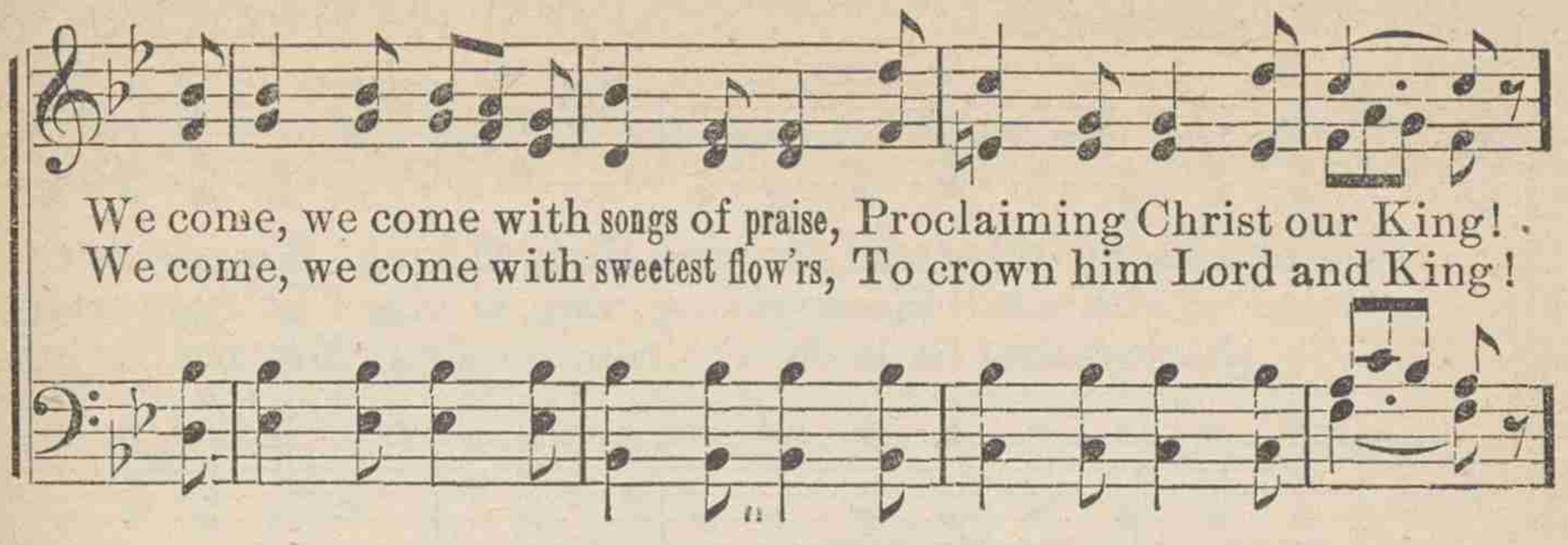
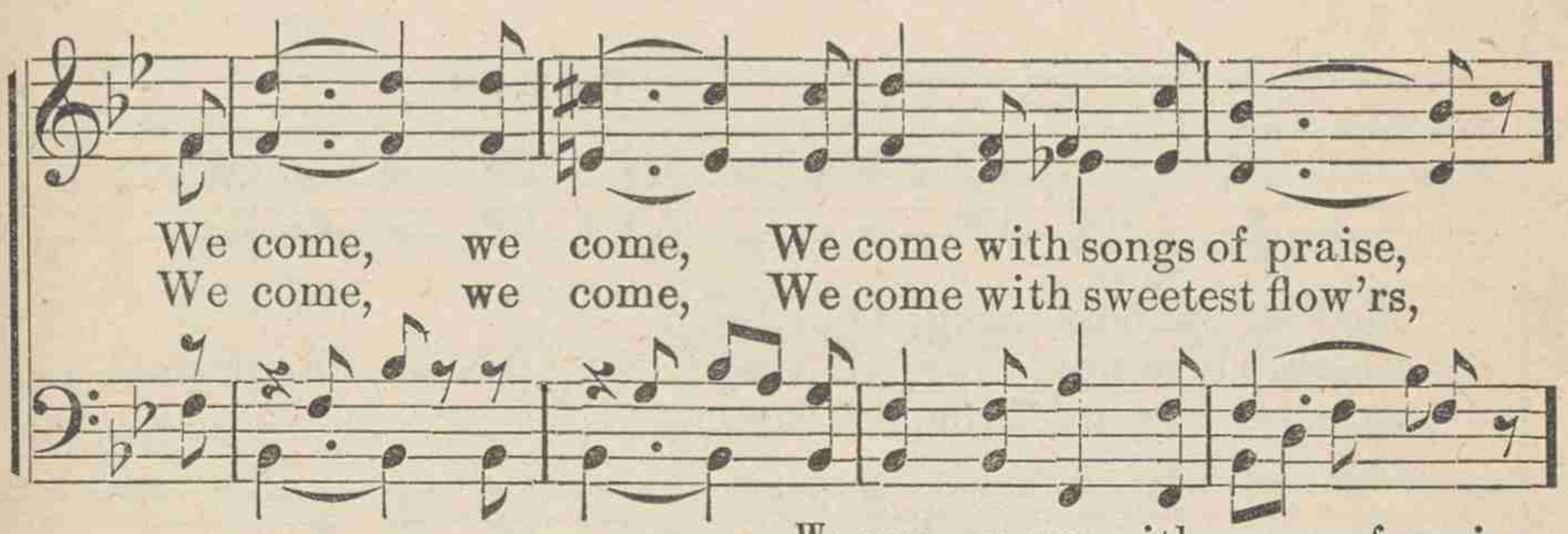
1. Come with gladness, come with glad-ness, Songs of praise and
2. Fair - est flow - ers in - ter-twin - ing, Pur - est blos-soms

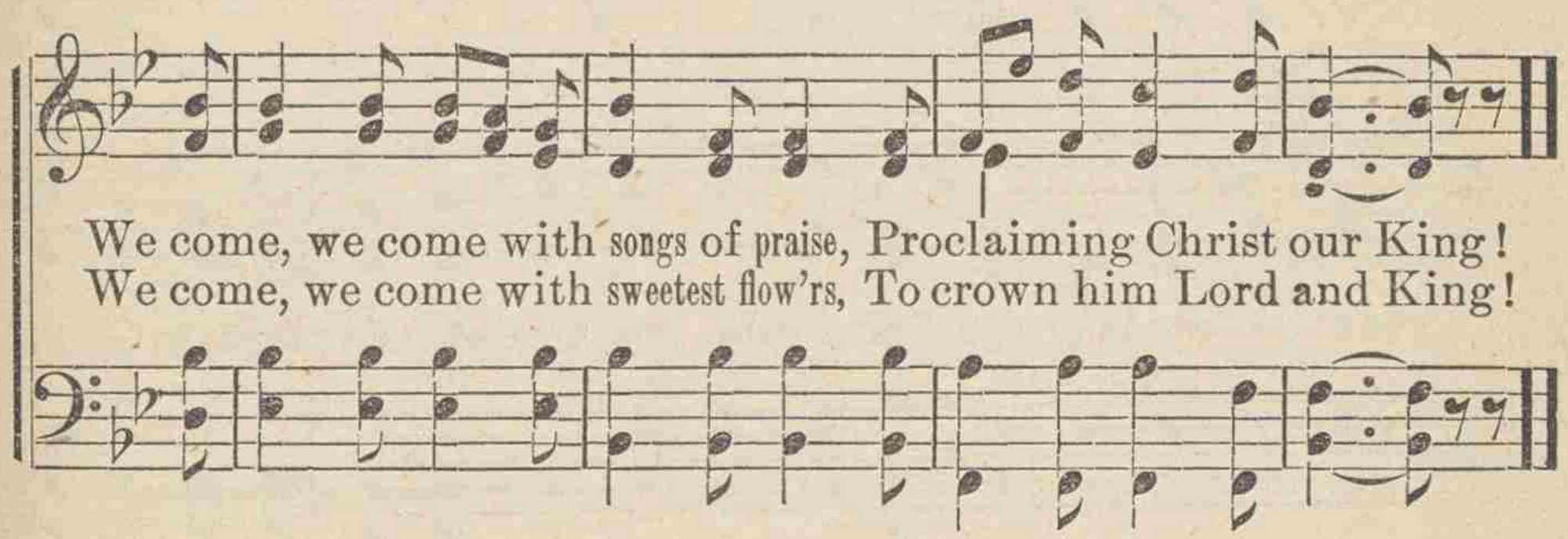
hom-age sing, Wide un - furl his roy - al ban - ners,
of the spring, Weave we in - to crowns of beau - ty,

Loud proclaim the Savior, King! Proclaim him Lord and King!
For the brow of Christ our King, The brow of Christ our King!

CHORUS.

We come, we come, We come with songs of praise,
We come, we come, We come with sweetest flow'rs,





3 Willing hearts and cheerful voices
To his temple courts we bring;
His we are, and his forever,
Loyal subjects of our King,
Our Savior, Lord and King!
CHO.—‖: We come, we come,
We come with willing hearts,
We come, we come with willing hearts
To serve our Lord and King. :‖

4 Join we then the mighty chorus,
Earth and heav'n with praises ring:
"Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Glory to the Lord, our King!
All glory to our King!"

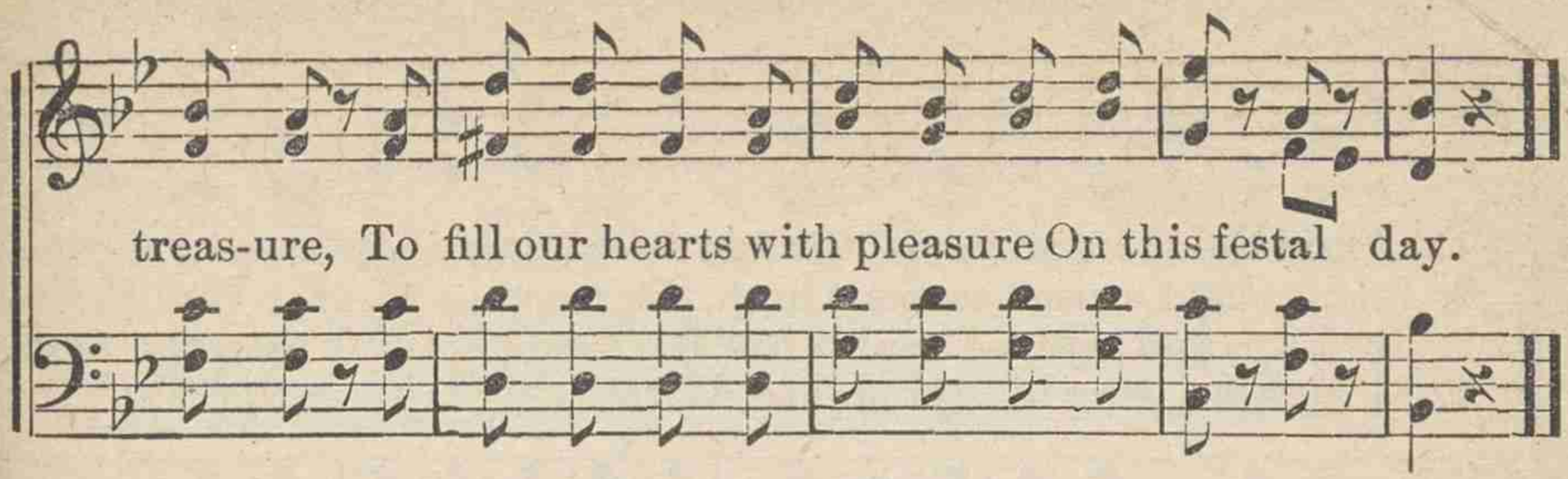
CHO.—‖: Sing on, sing on,
Sing on in endless strain,
Sing on, sing on in endless strain,
Hosanna to our King!" :‖

Raise the Song.

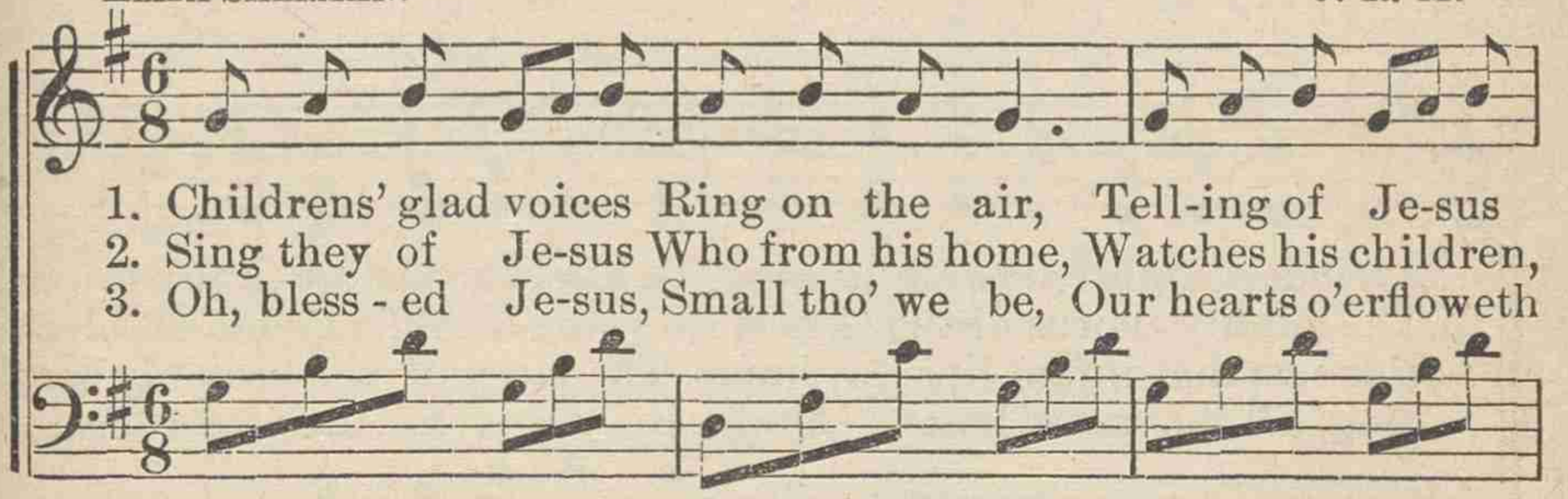
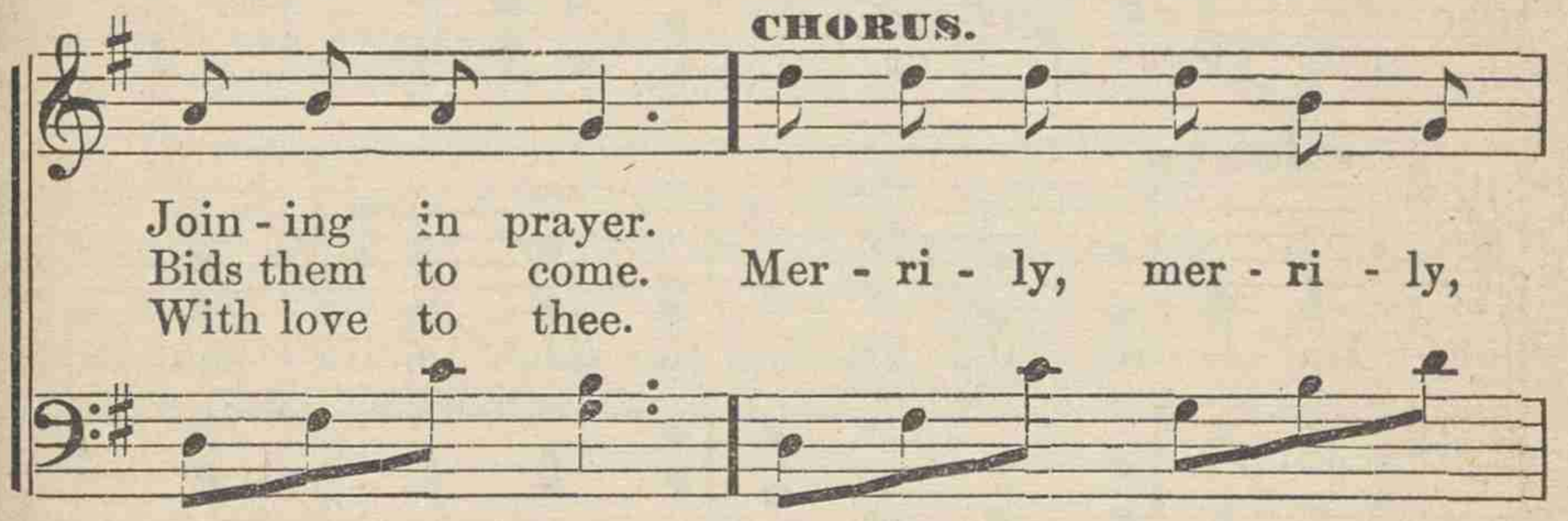
CLARA LOUISE BURNHAM. G. F. ROOT.

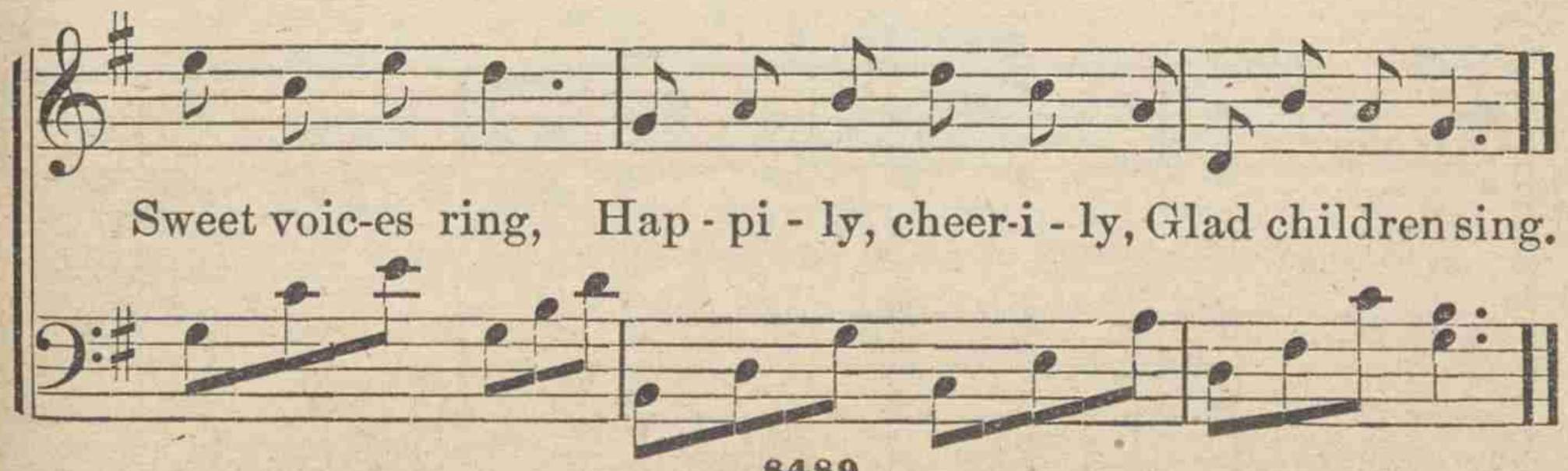
1. Raise the song of joy and gladness, Sing, O sing! Banish ev-'ry tho't of sadness, Sing, O sing!
2. Gath-er with a full thanksgiving, Sing, O sing! Ev'ry heart its worship bringing, Sing, O sing! Sing praises, sing praises, Let
3. In the days that lie be-fore us, Sing, O sing! May the Savior's care be o'er us, Sing, O sing!

CHORUS.

heav'nly love bear sway, Sing praises, sing praises, Give thanks to God al-way; For bless-ings with-out measure He gives us from his

Childrens' Glad Voices.

ELIZA SHERMAN. J. R. M.





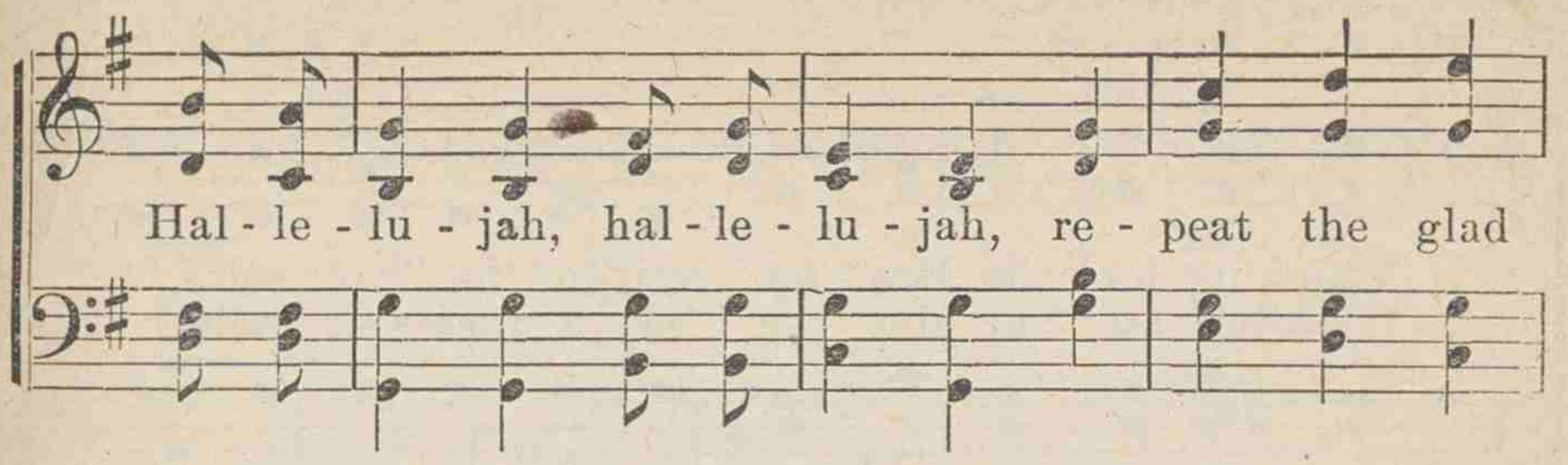
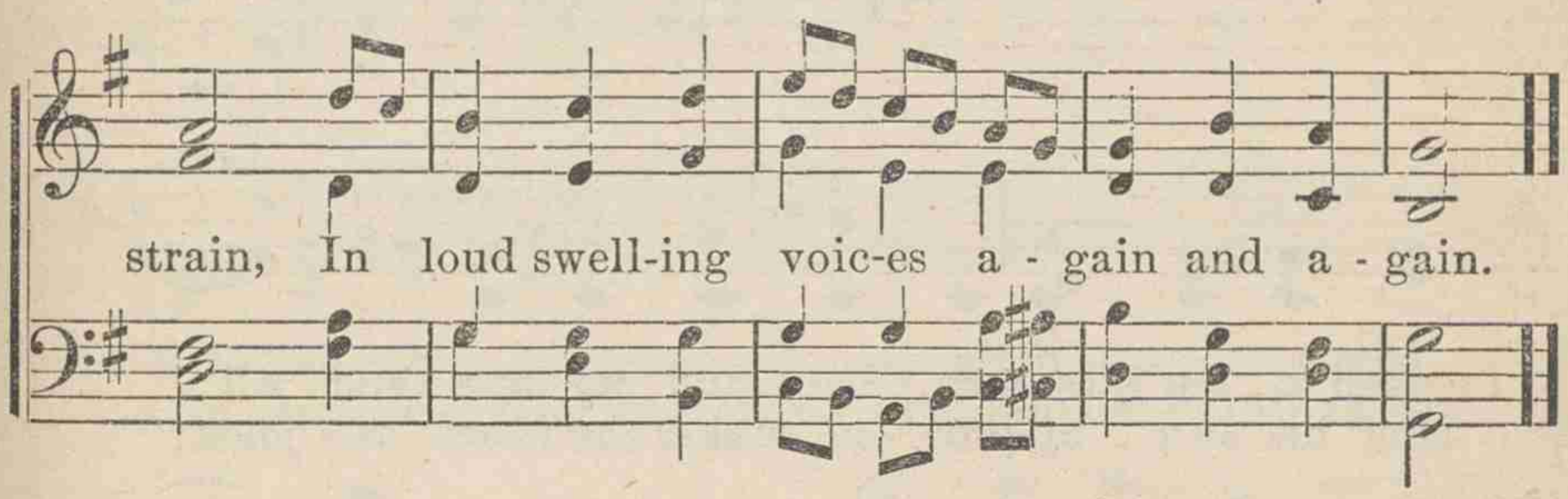
Amid the Blest.

H. MACKINTOSH.

1. Amid the blest immortal throng, Around the everlast-ing throne,
2. Come, children, raise hosannas high, Sing to your great eternal Friend
3. Join lips and hearts, to bless his name, The sweetest lisped by mortal tongue,
4. Sing, children, sing his dying love, With living faith exalt the strain!

Myriads of children swell the song, To him who loves their praise to own.
The mighty chorus of the sky, With yours a nobler theme shall blend.
Pur - est that infant lips can frame, The glory of the heav'nly song.
Sing, till the ransomed hosts a - bove Re - ech-o to the glad re-frain.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, to Je - sus our
King! The songs of the chil-dren shall joy - ful - ly ring,

He Cares for Me.

J. R. MURRAY.

Watching for the Master.

MRS. W. A. WHITAKER. J. R. MURRAY.

1. Watching for the Mas - ter, wait-ing for his call,
2. Work-ing for our Mas - ter, 'tis a bless - ed choice,

Pledged to tru - est serv - ice, stand we one and all;
How his sure ap-prov - al, makes the heart re - joice;

When his wel-come sig - nal tells us he is near,
Work-ing that his king-dom o'er the earth may spread,

Let no va - cant plac - es in our ranks ap - pear.
As the work of e - vil in the dust we tread.

Faith-ful to our Mas - ter, swift to do his will,
So the Mas - ter's bid - ing glad - ly will we do,

Mov - ing where he lead - eth, on - ward, up-ward still;
Car - ing for his "least ones," pray and la - bor too;

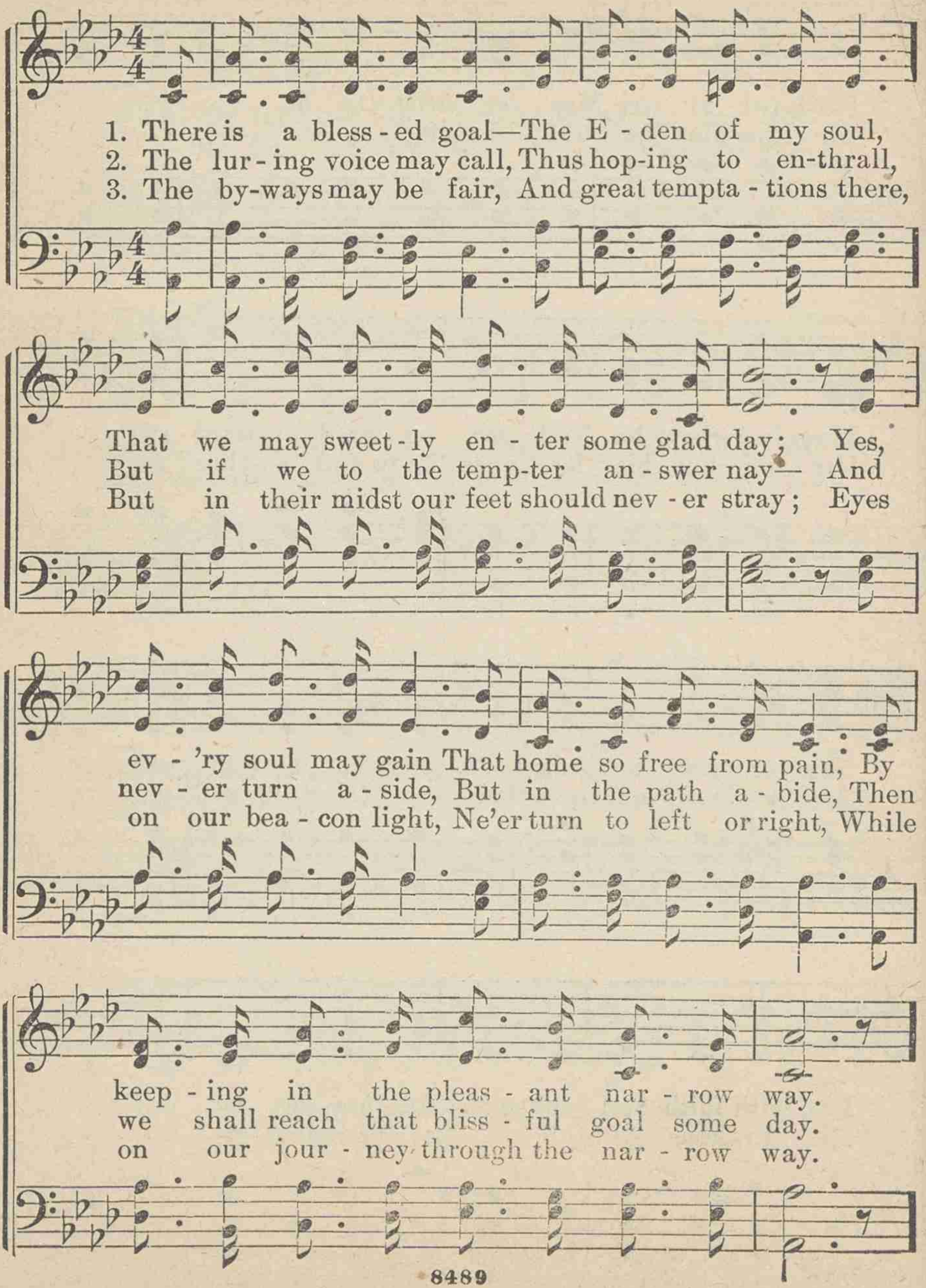
Nev - er turn we back-ward, rough tho' be the way,
If we love and serve them, sweet his word will be,

But, with faith and cour - age, fol - low day by day.
"As to these ye did it, so 'twas done to me.

The Narrow Way.

"Strait is the gate and narrow is the way."Math. 7: 14.

Mrs. Harriet Jones. J. C. Ewing.



CHORUS.

The nar - row, nar - row way, The pleasant, nar - row way,

E'er watch - ing that our feet go not a - stray; The .

wea - ry, wea - ry soul, May reach the peace-ful goal,

By keep - ing in the pleas - ant nar - row way.

4 Yes, we may travel on
Beside the blessed Son,
Until we reach the Eden of the soul;
Then by his loving side,
May evermore abide,
While years of bliss shall ever onward roll.

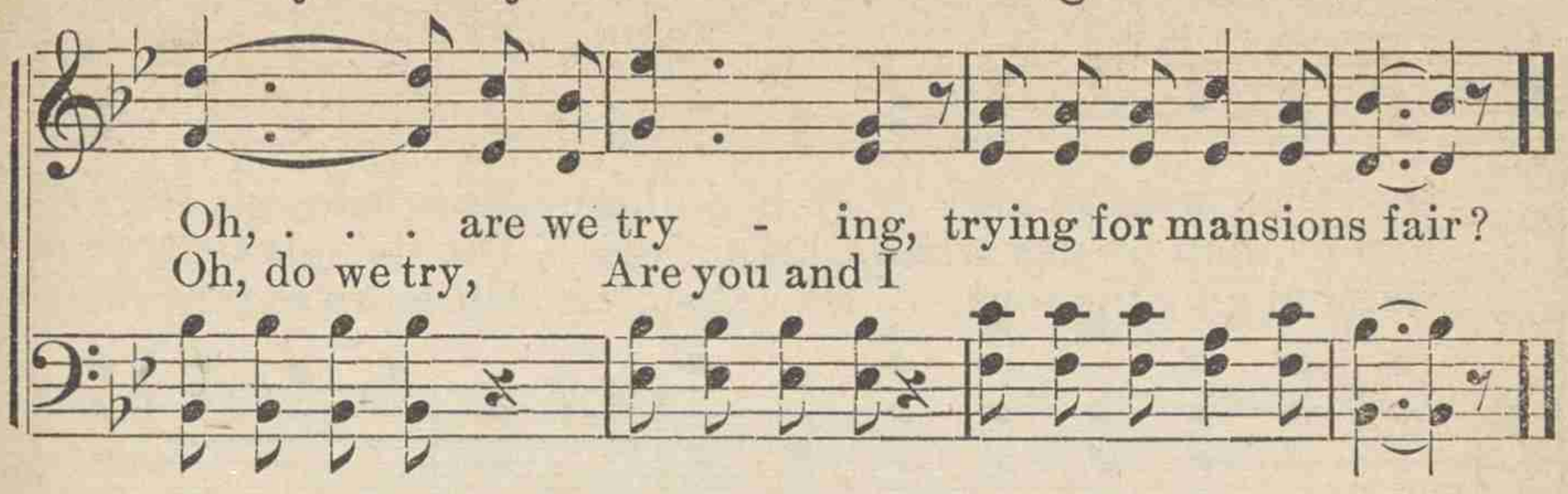
Swiftly the Days of Youth are Passing.

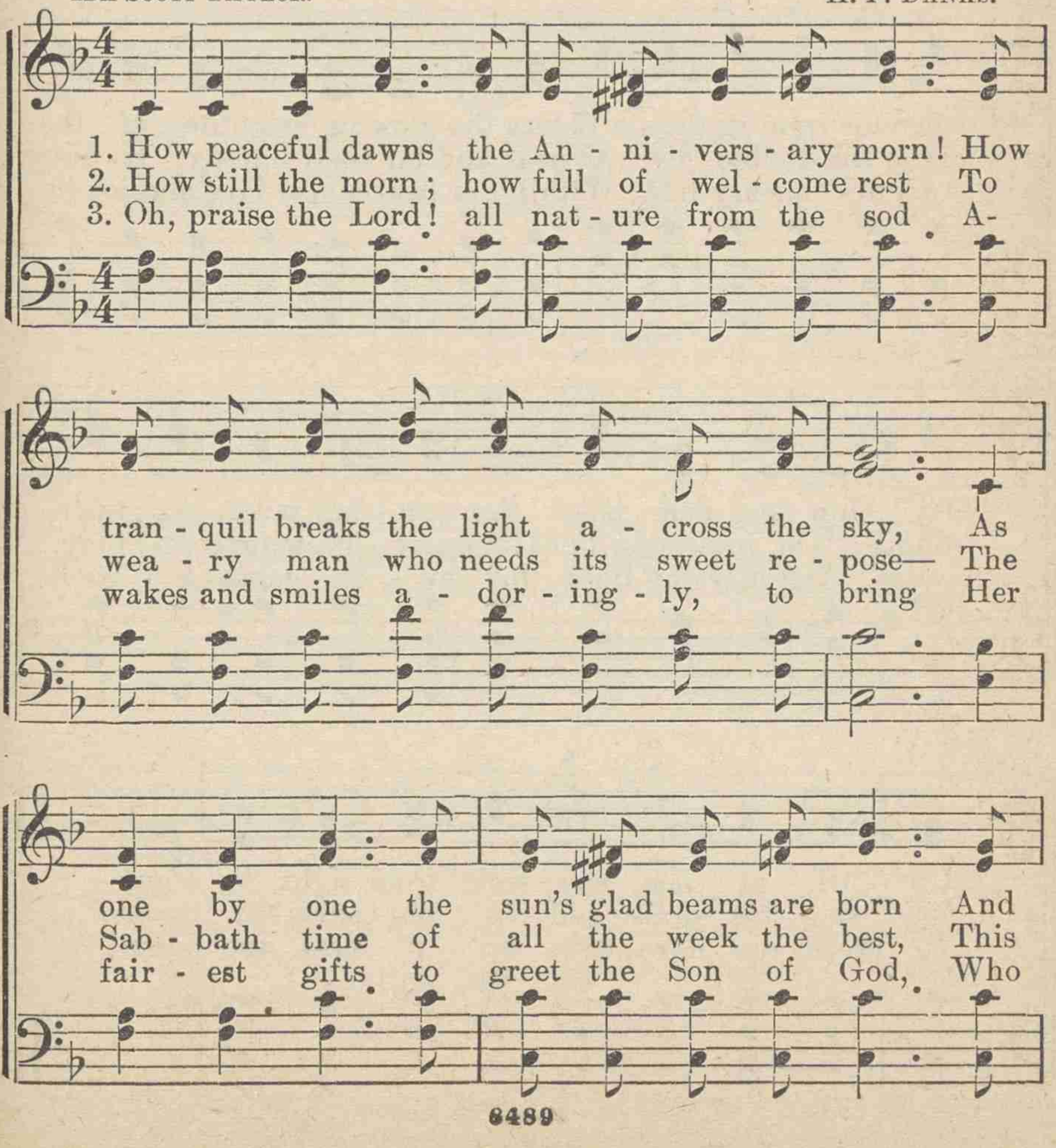
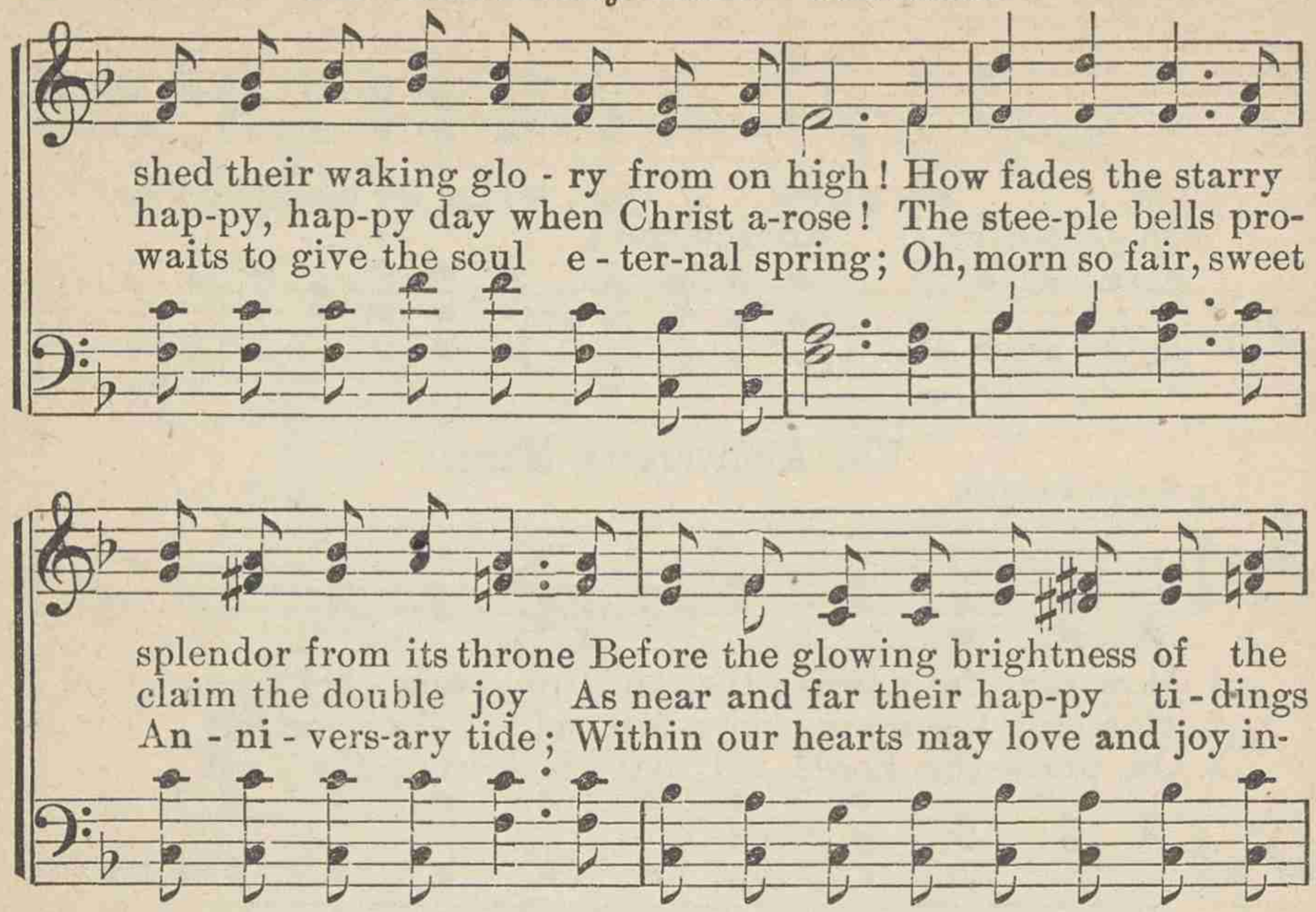
T. P. W. THOS. P. WESTENDORF.

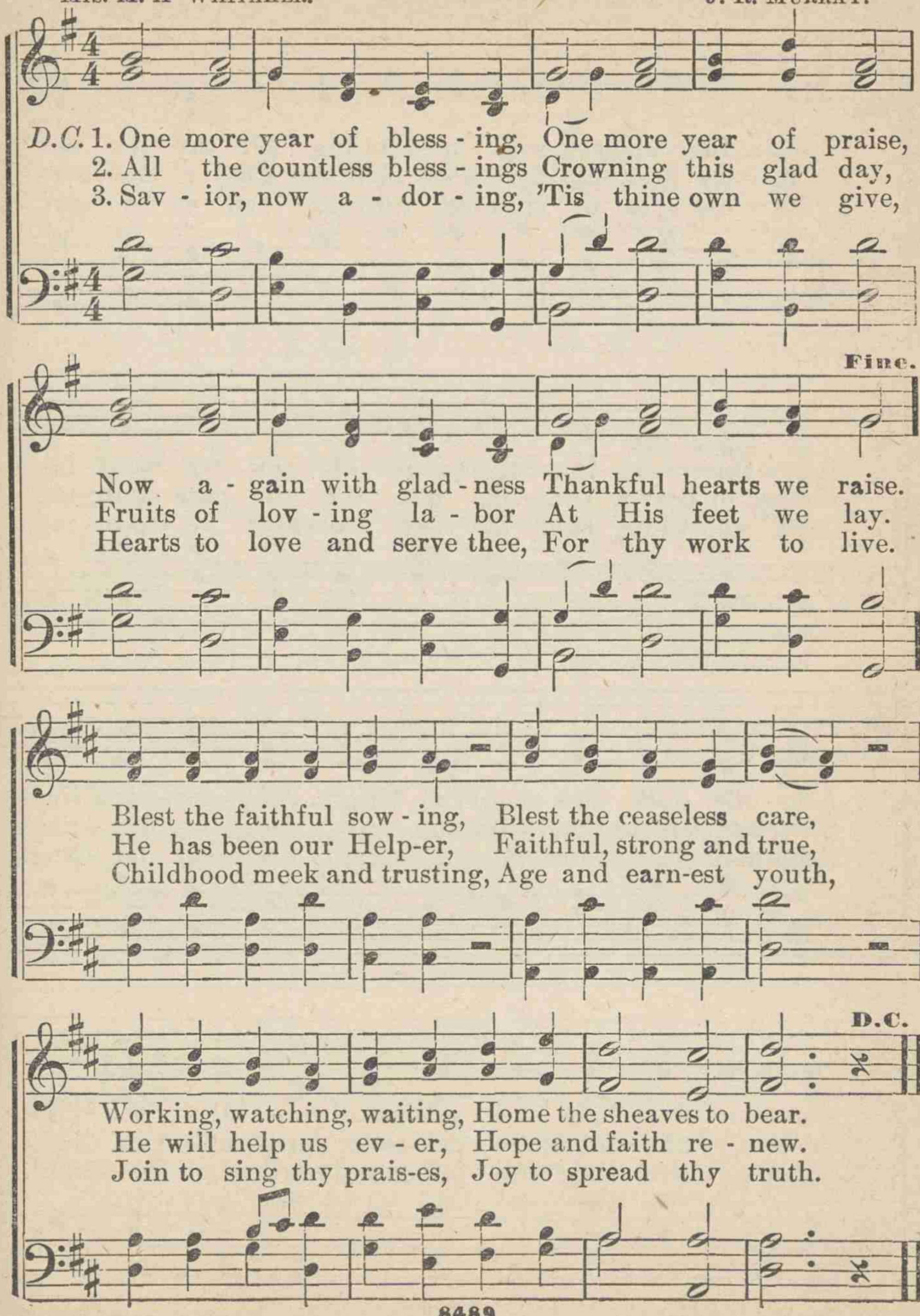
1. Swiftly the days of youth are pass-ing, Fleeting the days that now we share; Du-ties of life are slow-ly mass-ing,
2. Thorns will be found among the roses, Hearts that are light must feel life's care; 'Neath ev-'ry smile a tear re-pos-es,
3. Close by our side the Sav-ior lin-gers, Anxious to help our bur-dens bear; Pointing the way with beck-'ning fin-gers,

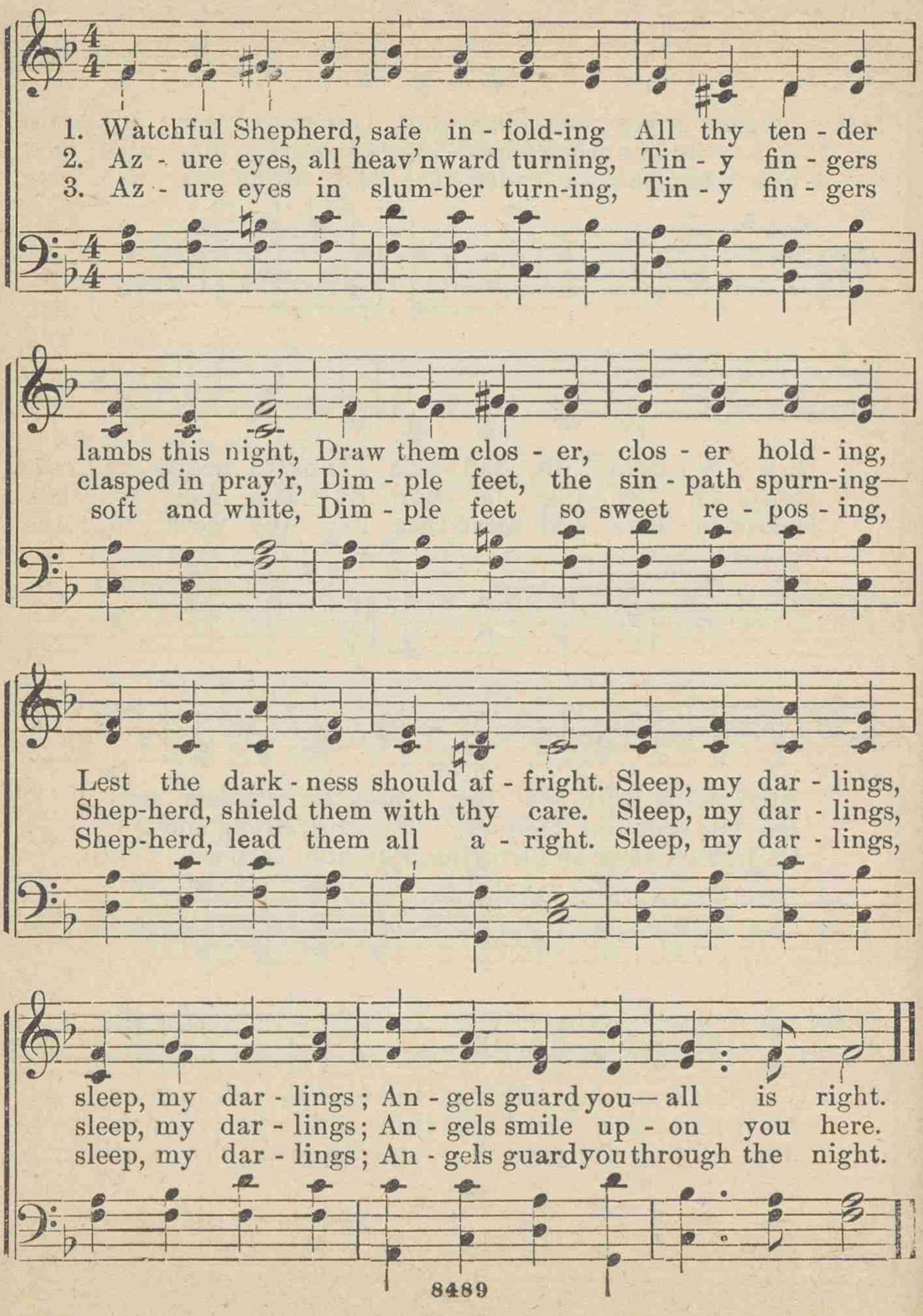
CHORUS.

Now is the time that we should prepare. Swift-ly they're
For life's stern tri-als let us prepare.
Pointing the way to mansions so fair. Swiftly they fly,

fly-ing, Fond . . . hopes are dy-ing,
Swiftly they fly, Fond hopes must die, Fond hopes must die;

The Anniversary Morn.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. H. P. DANKS.


shed their waking glo - ry from on high! How fades the starry
hap-py, hap-py day when Christ a-rose! The stee-ple bells pro-
waits to give the soul e - ter-nal spring; Oh, morn so fair, sweet
splendor from its throne Before the glowing brightness of the
claim the double joy As near and far their hap-py ti - dings
An - ni - vers-ary tide; Within our hearts may love and joy in-
day! How poor and pale the wan - ing moon has grown
sound—"Oh, praise the Lord!" let ev - 'ry tongue em - ploy,
crease; And may thy light for ev - er - more a - bide,
Un - til at last she sinks from sight a - way!
Oh, sing his praise and in his courts be found!
To crown our days with ho - li - ness and peace!

MRS. M. A WHITAKER. J. R. MURRAY.

Watchful Shepherd.

ANON. G. F. ROOT.

(A favorite childrens' hymn in Germany is by Henrietta Louisa von Hayn, 1724, entitled: "*Weil ich Jesu schaeflein bin.*") J. R. M.

Earnestly.

1. Since I am the Savior's lamb, Thankful from the heart I am,
2. Guid-ed by his gentle voice, Where the pastures rich rejoice,
3. Ev-er I re-joice in this—He is mine and I am his;

To my Shepherd, kind and good, Who provides me daily food;
In and out I go and feed, Lacking noth-ing that I need;
And when life's short days are past Safe he'll bring me home at last—

And his lambs by name doth call, For he knows and loves us all,
When I thirst my feet he brings To the fresh and living springs,
To his heav'n-ly fold a-bove, Ev-er there to share his love,

And his lambs by name doth call, For he knows and loves us all.
When I thirst my feet he brings To the fresh and liv-ing springs.
To his heav'nly fold a-bove, Ever there to share his love.

Long Ago.

M. B. C. SLADE. Arr. from Rev. B. R. HANBY.

1. Long a - go, when lit - tle chil-dren, Came the lov - ing
2. While he on the earth was liv - ing, If he saw one
3. Tho' he died, he lives in Heav-en, And his care en-

Lord to see, Je - sus blessed them, Je - sus loved them,
meek and mild, Gen - tle, truth - ful and for - giv - ing,
folds us still; To us all his love is giv - en,

REFRAIN.

Just such lit - tle ones as we.
Well he loved that lit - tle child. Love and bless-ing,
When we do his Ho - ly will.

love and bless - ing, Still to lit - tle ones he gives.

G. F. R.

Moderato.

1. 'Tis thy love, O Fa - ther dear, That has brought
2. 'Tis thy love, O Fa - ther dear, That dost take
3. 'Tis thy love, O— Fa - ther dear, To our in-

thy chil - dren here; 'Tis thy care so won-drous
a - way our fear; 'Tis thy hand so kind and
most spir - its near, That a - lone in mer - cy

wide, That has all our wants sup - plied; Yes, thy
strong, That dost all our lives pro - long; Yes, thy
giv'n, Wins our souls from earth to heav'n; Yes, thy

care so wondrous wide, That has all our wants supplied.
hand so kind and strong, That dost all our lives pro-long.
love in mer - cy giv'n, Wins a - lone our souls to heav'n.

Little Busy Bees.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. "WINTHROP."

Lively.

1. We are lit - tle bus - y bees, Working for the hive above,
2. We are lit - tle bus - y bees, Always flying here and there,
3. We are lit - tle bus - y bees, But the smallest things we do

Gath'ring honey all the day From the flow'rs of joy and love;
But tho'tin-y we may find Blooms of kind-ness ev - 'rywhere;
Je-sus blesses, till they grow In - to something good and true;

Ev - 'ry morning forth we go, With the ear - ly morning sun,
We may scat-ter hon-ey-dew On our path from day to day,
And a - long our sun-ny path Where the cups of sweetness brim,

And our hands are filled with sweets When the weary day is done.
So that all the world may know That in gardens fair we stray.
He will make our lit - tle deeds Bloom in hon - ey-flow'rs for him.

(Let some of the voices hum on D throughout the Chorus.)

Humming Chorus.

Bz, bus - y bees, Bz, bus - y bees,

Bz, Bus - y bees, So bus - y all the day.

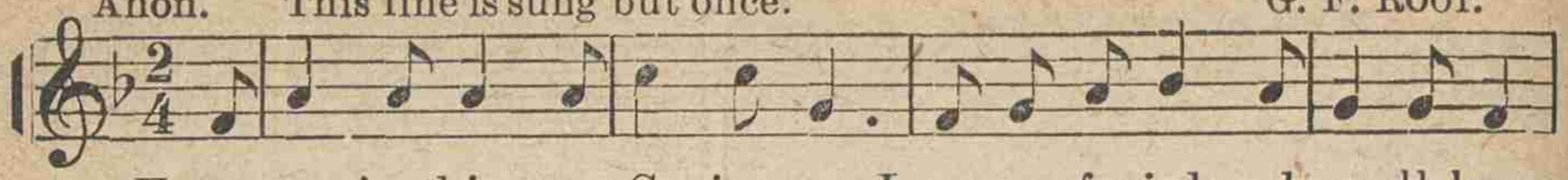
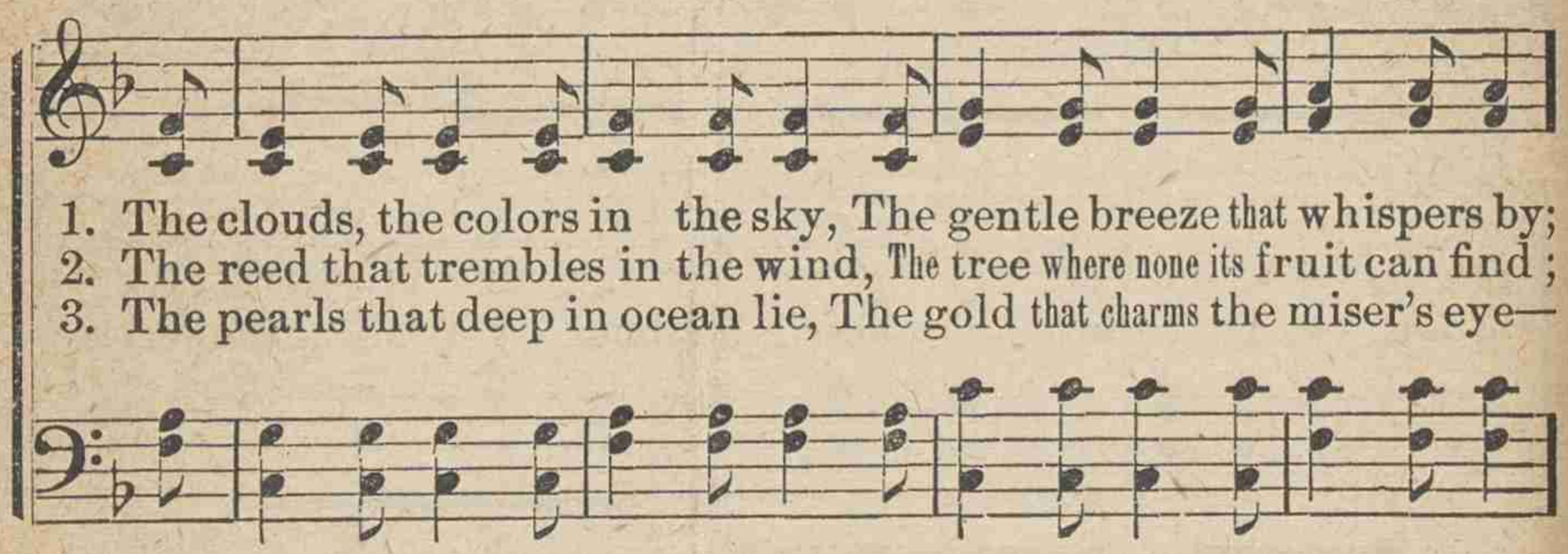
Evening Hymn.

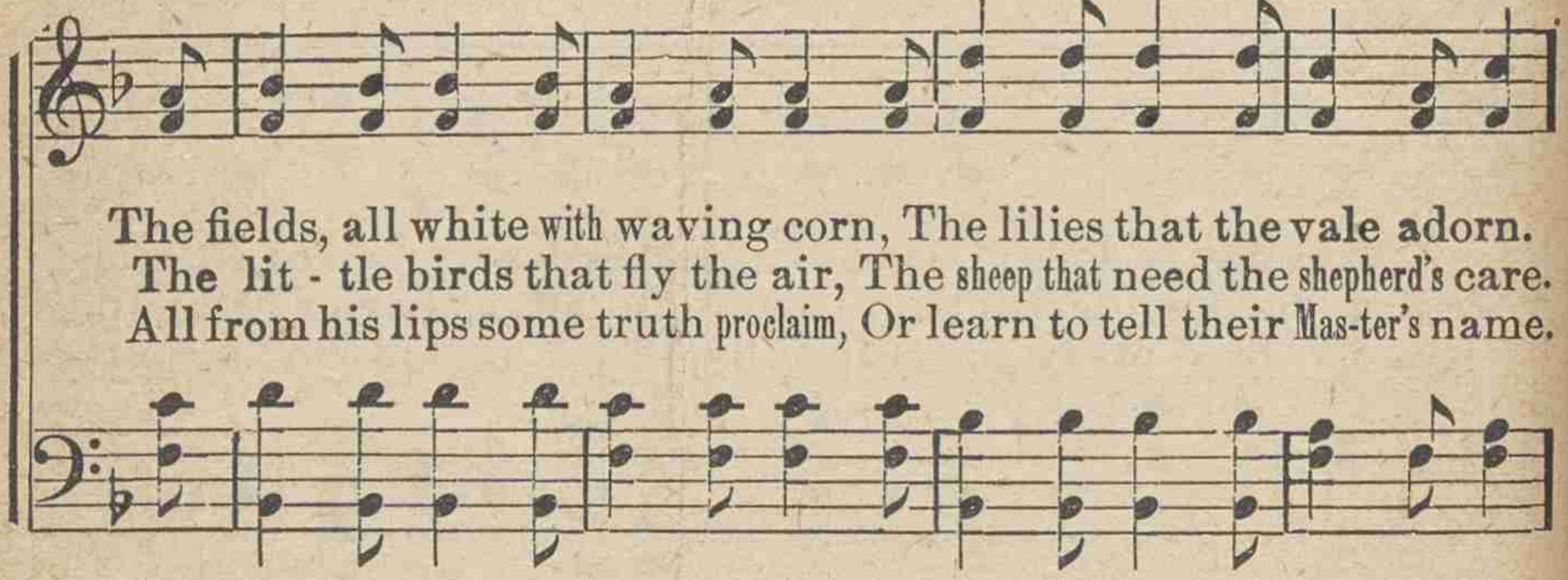
J. R. M.

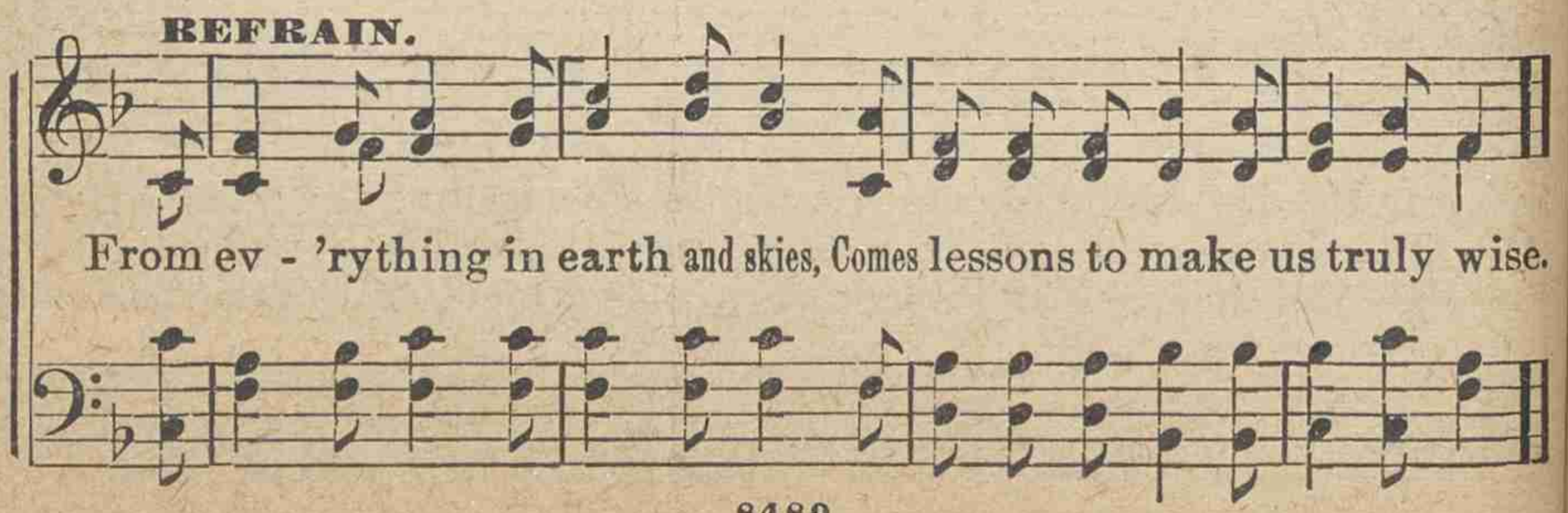
Quietly.

1. The day is done; O God, the son, Look down upon thy little one;
2. I need not fear if thou art near, Thou art my Savior kind and dear;
3. So hap - pi - ly and peacefully, I lay me down to rest in thee;

O Lord of Light, keep me this night, And shed around thy presence bright.
Thy lov-ing ear is ev-er near, Thy little children's voice to hear.
To Fa-ther, Son and Spirit one, In Heav'n and earth all praise be done.

Anon. This line is sung but once. G. F. Root.

From ev - 'rything our Savior saw Lessons of wisdom he would draw.

1. The clouds, the colors in the sky, The gentle breeze that whispers by;
2. The reed that trembles in the wind, The tree where none its fruit can find;
3. The pearls that deep in ocean lie, The gold that charms the miser's eye—



The fields, all white with waving corn, The lilies that the vale adorn.
The lit - tle birds that fly the air, The sheep that need the shepherd's care.
All from his lips some truth proclaim, Or learn to tell their Mas-ter's name.

From ev - 'rything in earth and skies, Comes lessons to make us truly wise.

MRS. R. N. TURNER. J. R. MURRAY.

1. Oh, wake the glad song of re - joic - ing once more,
2. Then sing to his glo - ry and wor - ship his name,

And far let our voic - es in mel - o - dy soar.
His won - der - ful might and his good - ness proclaim;

We meet to re-ceive the kind bless-ings that fall,
In in - fi - nite mer - cy he hear - eth our call,

We meet to sing praise to the Fa - ther of all.
Oh, praise the dear Fa - ther, the Fa - ther of all.

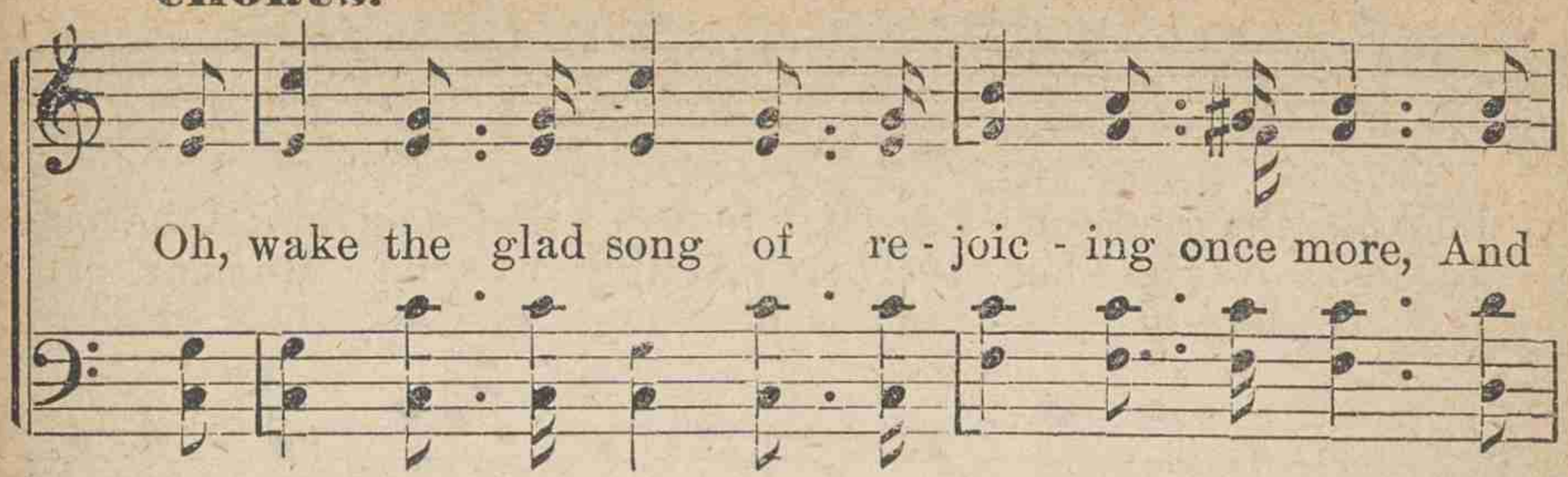
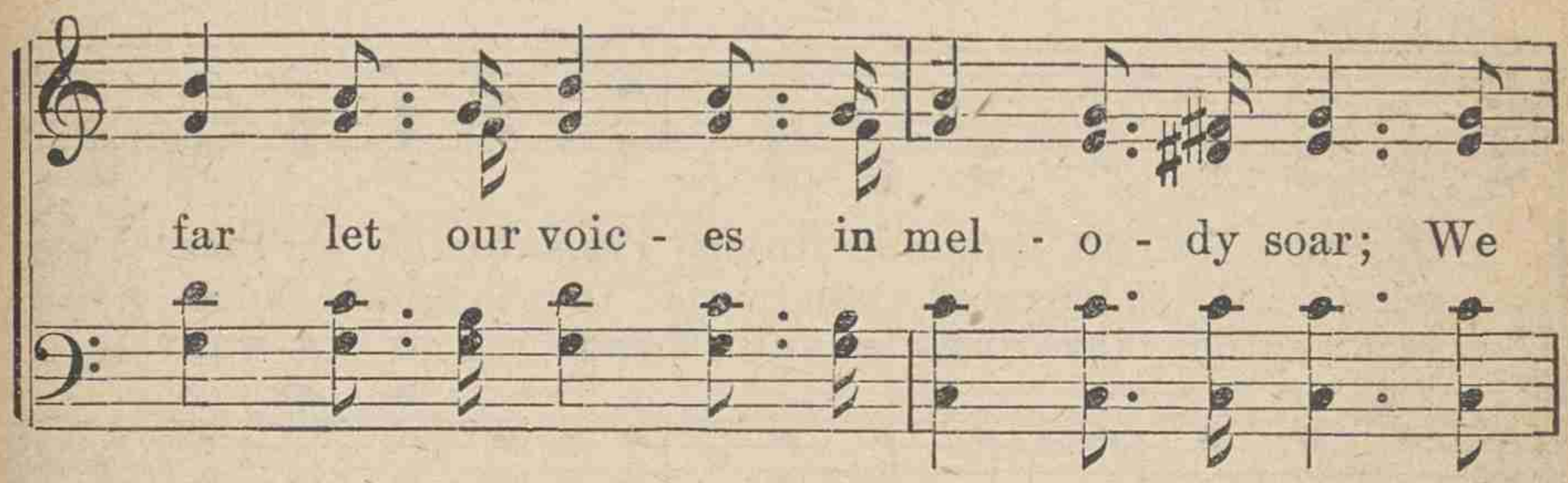
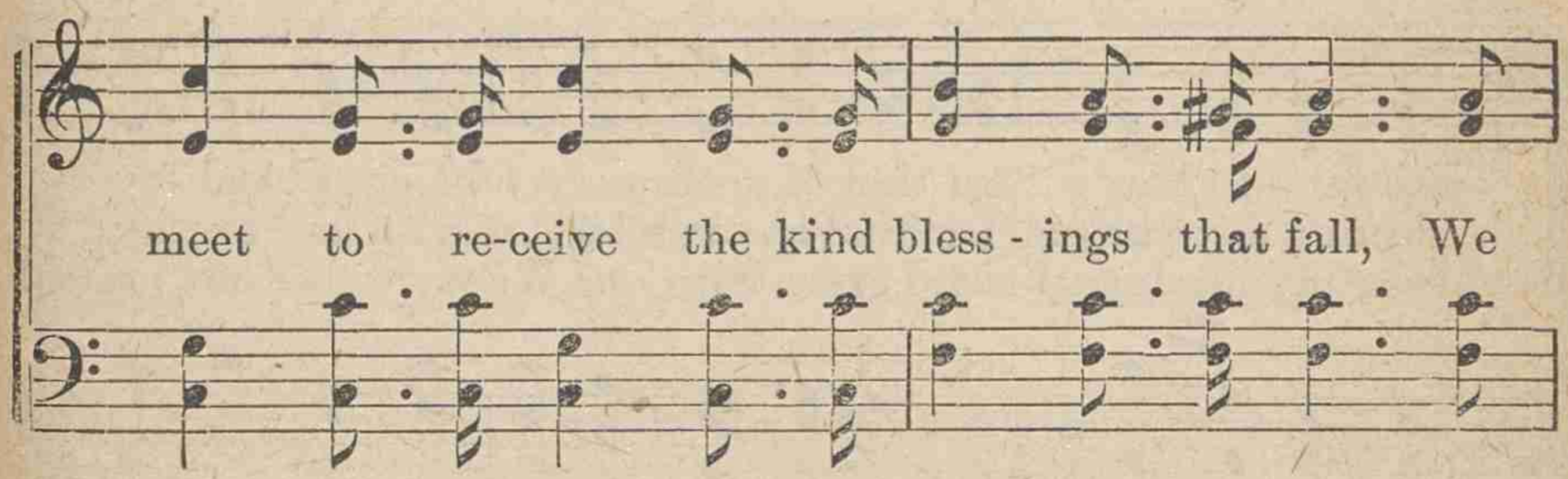
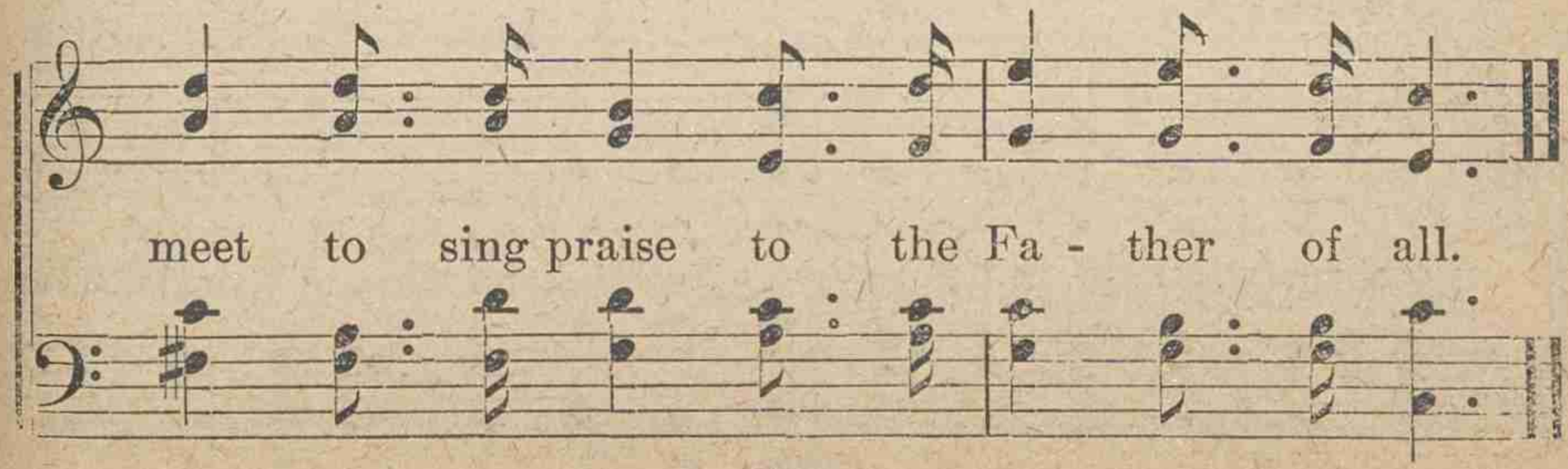
DUET.

Oh, praise him who dwell-eth in glo - ry and might, Whose

throne is es - tab - lished in jus - tice and right; His

king - dom a - bid - eth un-chang - ing and sure, Thro'

a - ges un - end - ing, His reign shall en-dure.

CHORUS.

Oh, wake the glad song of re - joic - ing once more, And

far let our voic - es in mel - o - dy soar; We

meet to re-ceive the kind bless - ings that fall, We

meet to sing praise to the Fa - ther of all.

Wake the Glad Echoes.

MRS. R. N. TURNER. J. R. MURRAY.

1. Wake the glad ech - oes Of ju - bi - lant song! Swell the loud
2. Mem - o - ries ho - ly Their greetings ex-tend! Moments of
3. Ten - der - ly giv - ing His bless-ings to all, O - ver our

chor-us Ex - ult - ant and strong! Praise to the Fa-ther Who
pleasure When friend meeteth friend! Joys that have faded Are
pathway They lov - ing - ly fall; Lead - ing us on-ward In-

rul-eth a - bove, Au-thor of goodness And mer-cy and love!
shining more bright, Years that have vanished, Are with us to-night!
creasing our days, Friend ev-er with us We yield thee our praise!

CHORUS.

Praise him, Praise him, Praise him

Praise him, oh, praise him, yes, joy-ful - ly praise him, Oh, praise him

with ju - bi - lant song; . . . All who a-

with ju - bi - lant, ju - bi - lant song; All who a - dore him, all

dore him, His prais - es pro-long. . . . .

ye who a - dore him, His prais - es, his prais-es pro-long.

When the Stars.

"WINTHROP."

1. When the stars at set of sun Watch you from on high;
2. All you do and all you say He can see and hear;
3. All your joys and griefs he knows, Counts each falling tear;

When the morn-ing has be-gun, Think the Lord is nigh.
When you work and when you play, Think the Lord is near.
When to him you tell your woes, Know the Lord is near.

Praise to the Mighty Jehovah.

Mrs. R. N. TURNER. J. R. MURRAY.

1. Now in a song of thanksgiving, Loud let our voic-es a-rise;
2. He who rules loving-ly o'er us, He who appointeth our day,
3. Up to the won-der-ful mansions, Up to the home of the blest,
4. Praise to the mighty Je-ho-vah! Now with glad voices we sing;

Praising the mighty Je-ho-vah, Lord of the earth and the skies.
Now with his blessing is near us, Guid-ing our pilgrimage way.
There will he tender-ly lead us, Home to his bo-som of rest.
Praise to the Fa-ther E-ter-nal, Praise to the In-fi-nite King.

REFRAIN.

Praising, praising him ever, Throned in his kingdom of light! Praising,

praising him ev-er, Great in his glo-ry, his glo-ry and might.

"Golden Days." J. R. M.

1. Loving words will cost but lit-tle, Journeying up the hill of life;
2. When the cares of life are ma-ny, And its burdens heav-y grow
3. So, as up life's hill we journey, Let us scat-ter, all the way,

But they make the weak and weary Stronger, braver for the strife.
For the ones that walk beside you, If you love them, tell them so.
Kind-ly words, to serve as sunshine In the dark and cloudy day.

Do you count them only tri-fles? What on earth are sun and rain.
What you count of lit-tle val-ue Has an almost mag-ic pow'r.
Grudge no lov-ing word, my brother, As a-long thro' life you go.

Nev-er was a kind word wasted, Never was one said in vain.
And beneath their cheering sunshine Hearts will blossom like a flow'r.
To the ones who journey with you, If you love them, tell them so.

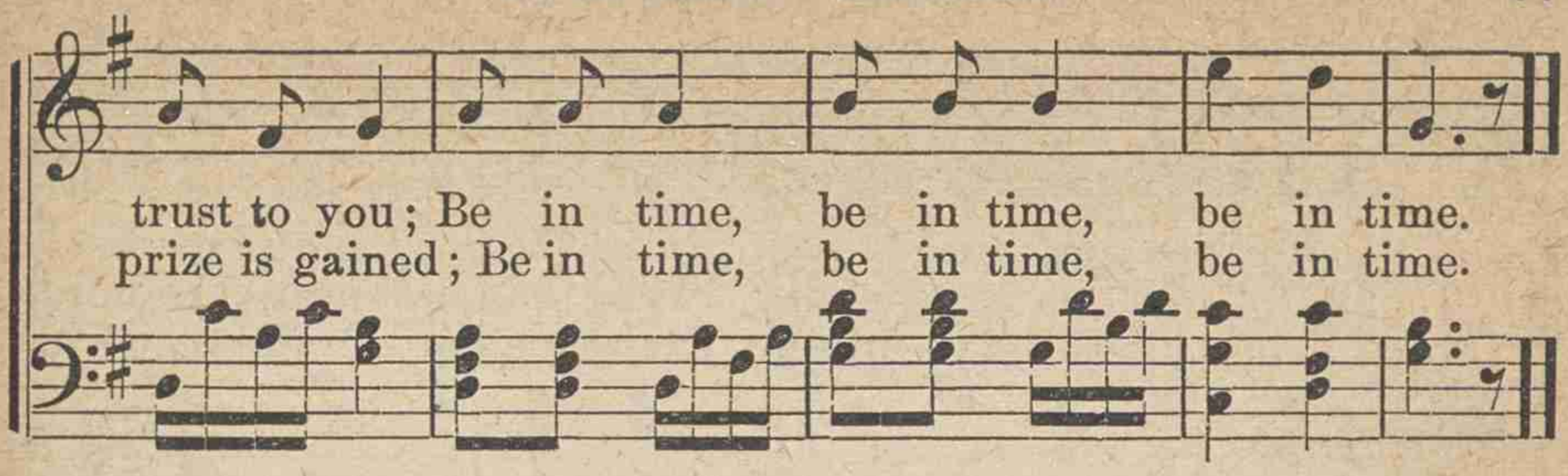
Be in Time.

"BELLE."

1. Be in time for ev-'ry call, If you can, be
2. Nev-er lin-ger ere you start, Set out with a

first of all; Be in time. If your teachers
willing heart; Be in time. In the morning

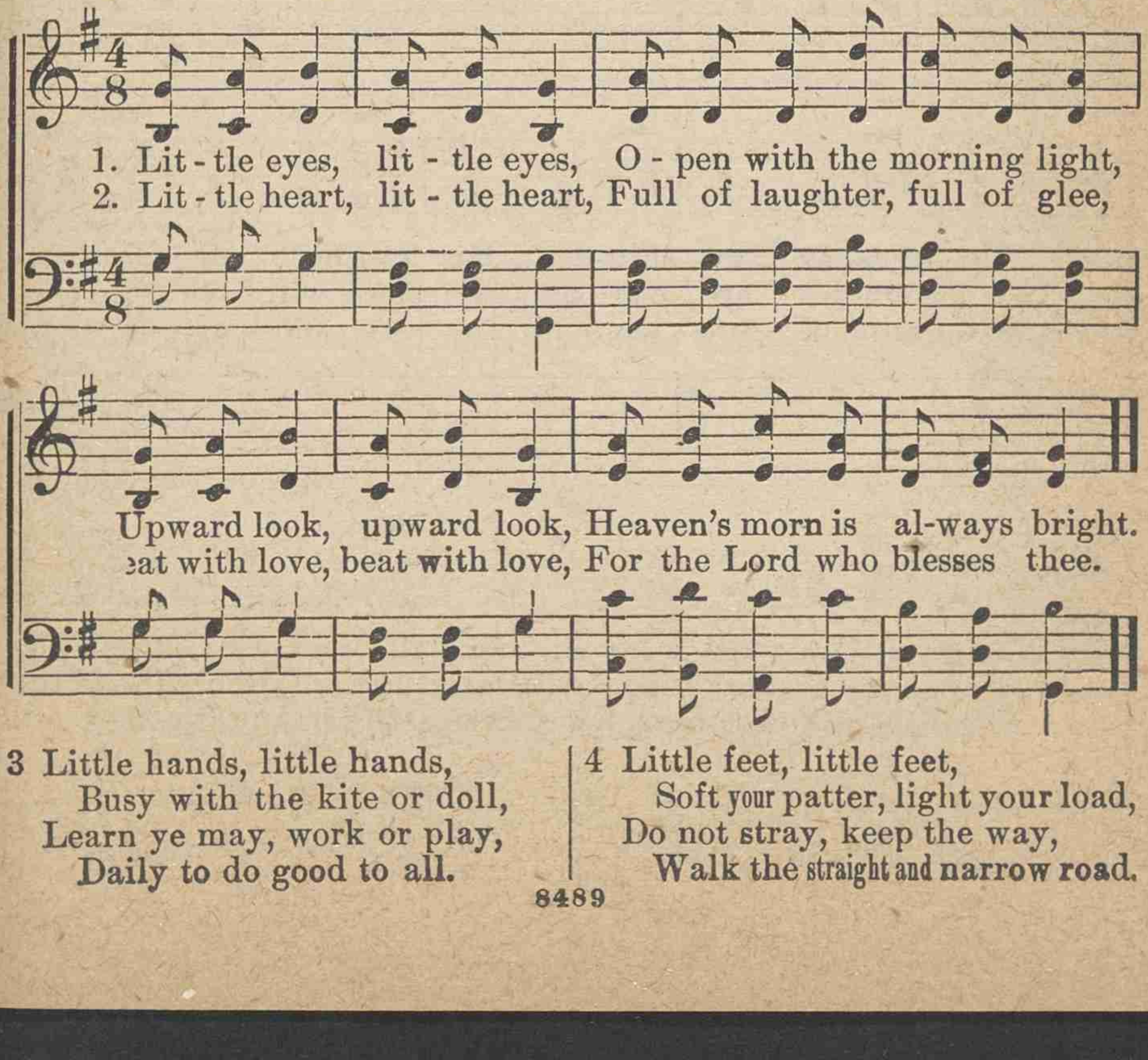
on-ly find You are nev-er once be-hind,
up and on, First to work, and soon-est done;

But are like the di-al, true, They will al-ways
This is how the goal's attained, This is how the

3 Those who aim at something great
Never yet were found too late;
Be in time.
Life with us is but a school,
We must work by plan and rule;
Ever steady, earnest, true,
Whatsoever you may do,
Be in time.

4 Listen, then, to wisdom's call—
Knowledge now is free to all;
Be in time.
Youth must daily toil and strive,
Treasure for the future hive;
For the work they have to do,
Keep this motto still in view—
Be in time.

Little Eyes.

Rev. B. R. Hanby. Geo. B. Loomis.



3 Little hands, little hands,
Busy with the kite or doll,
Learn ye may, work or play,
Daily to do good to all.

4 Little feet, little feet,
Soft your patter, light your load,
Do not stray, keep the way,
Walk the straight and narrow road.

For Mercies Kindly Sent.

G. F. R.

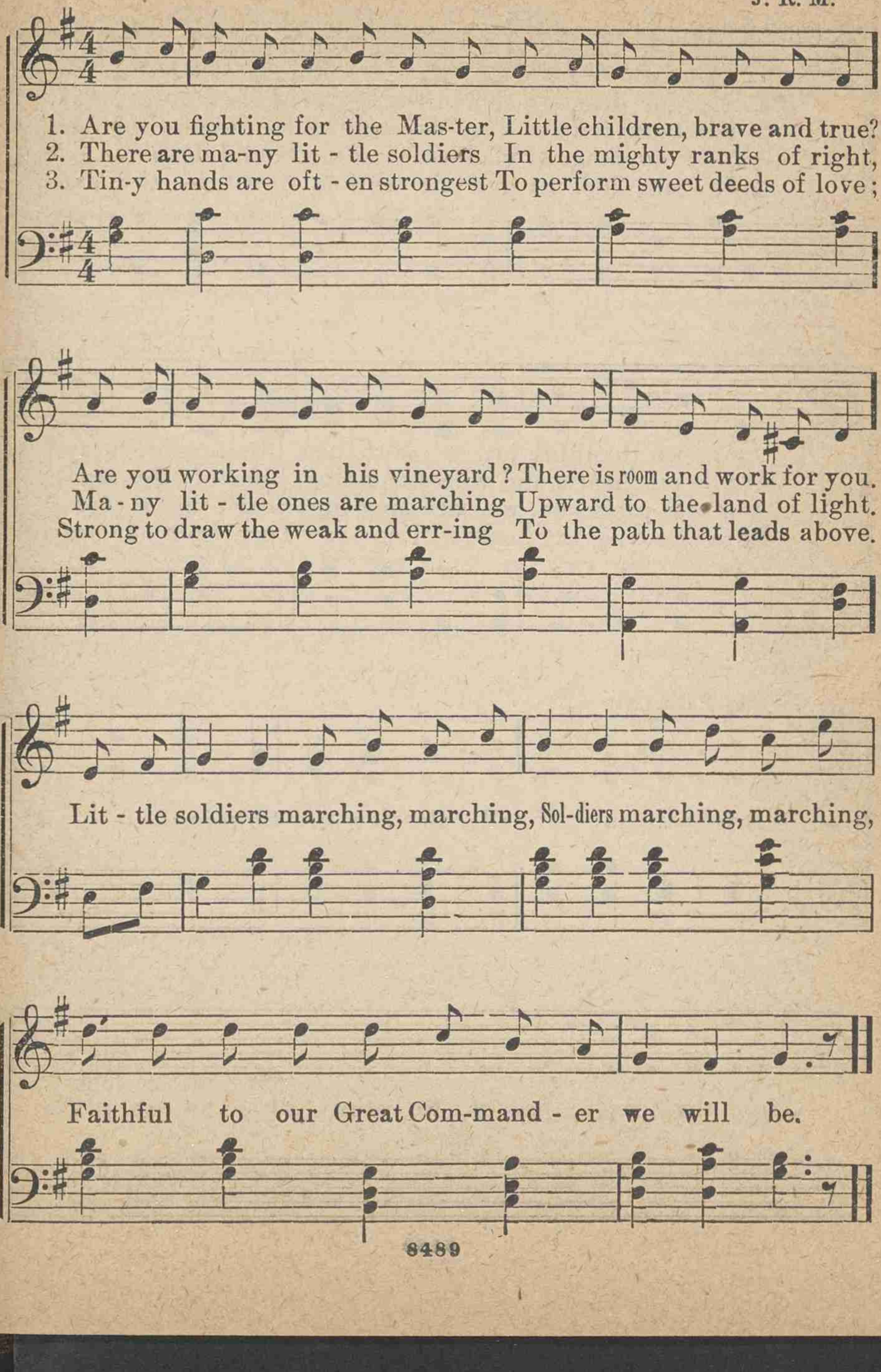
1. For mer-cies kind-ly sent, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,
2. Up - on this hap-py day, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,
3. Then joy-ful, joy - ful sing, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,

And therewith be con-tent, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord;
And cheerful hom-age pay, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord;
And grateful hon-ors bring, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord;

His grace ev - er shin-ing, His love ne'er de - clin-ing,
His boun-ties are o'er us, His pow'r will re - store us,
He grants us pro - tec-tion, His love and af - fec-tion,

Naught shall our joy pre - vent, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord.
In ev - 'ry dark'ning ray, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord.
Thro' Christ, our glorious King, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord.

J. R. M.


1. Are you fighting for the Mas-ter, Little children, brave and true?
2. There are ma-ny lit - tle soldiers In the mighty ranks of right,
3. Tin-y hands are oft - en strongest To perform sweet deeds of love;
Are you working in his vineyard? There is room and work for you.
Ma - ny lit - tle ones are marching Upward to the land of light.
Strong to draw the weak and err-ing To the path that leads above.
Lit - tle soldiers marching, marching, Sol-diers marching, marching,
Faithful to our Great Com-mand - er we will be.

Bless Us, We Pray.

MRS. M. A. WHITAKER. J. R. M.

1. Sav - ior dear, we come be-fore thee This ho - ly day,
2. Kind and ten-der o'er us bending Smiles now thy face,
3. May our songs of gladness ring-ing Sound forth our love,
4. Je - sus, thou art gen - tle ev - er, Sweet is thy care;

And with thankful joy a - dore thee, Bless us, we pray.
While our hearts and voices blending, Sing of thy grace.
And the prais - es we are sing-ing Reach thee a - bove.
Sure and true, thy heart will nev-er Turn from our prayer.

REFRAIN.

Bright-est day of all the sev - en, Shin-ing on us
from thy heaven, Bless us, we pray, Bless us, we pray.

J. R. M.

1. Lit - tle feet may find the pathway, Leading upward unto God;
2. Youthful hearts may be the temple For the Spirit's dwellingplace,
3. And in his e - ter-nal kingdom, 'Mid the grand triumphant throng,

Lit - tle hands may learn to scatter Seeds of precious truth abroad.
Childhood's lips declare the rich-es Of God's all abounding grace.
Child-ish voic - es sweet may mingle In the glorious choral song.

CHORUS.

We will work for Je - sus, We will love him too, Work-ing— lov - ing, Faithful - ly and true.

On Wings of Joy.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. H. P. DANKS.

1. On wings of joy this gladsome day is born, And hills and
2. On wings of joy the welcome news is spread, The tid - ings
3. On wings of joy our songs a - dor - ing rise, And up - ward

vales their voices raise; The earth a-wakes to greet this happy morn,
come from near and far; And, as of old, the sons of men are led
swell of sweet ac-cord; Our songs shall thrill the arches of the skies,

REFRAIN.

U - nit - ing in a hymn of praise.
To wor - ship Christ, the Morning star. Our tongues their tuneful
To mag - ni - fy our King and Lord.

means em - ploy, Our souls mount up on wings of joy; . . A

dor-ing-ly we laud and bless Our Lord, our God, our Righteousness.

Who made the Stars?

J. R. M.

1. Who made the stars look out at night? Who gave the sun his
2. Who gave each lit-tle bird a wing, And taught it how to
3. Who made each pret-ty blade of grass O'er which my lit-tle
4. Who filled the salt and storm-y sea With wa-ter and with
5. Who shaped my lit-tle hands and feet, And warms me with his
6. Who built a hap-py place on high, A glo-rious cit-y

heat and light? Who framed the moon so clear and bright?
fly and sing, And make the woods with mu-sic ring?
foot-steps pass, Wear drops of dew, like beads of glass?
shells, for me, And fish-es bright, that bound with glee?
life and heat, And gave me clothes and food to eat?
in the sky, Where all may go, e'en such as I?

Answer.

'Twas God! 'Twas God! Our Fa-ther in the Heav'ns.

Who Can Count the Mercies.

MRS. R. A. TURNER. J. R. M.

Duet, Soprano & Alto or Tenor.

1. Who can count the mercies That our Lord bestows, As a fount un-
2. Who can count the mercies? Author of our days! Or in worthy
3. All the hours in passing, Show his lov-ing care, And we seek his

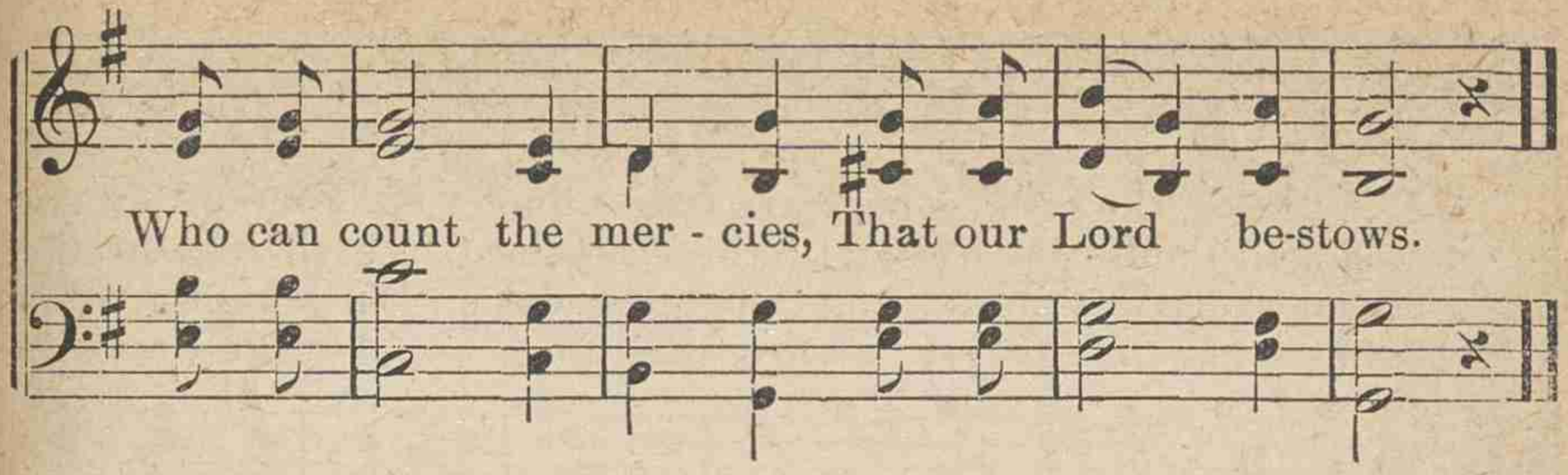
Accomp.

Sop. & Alto.

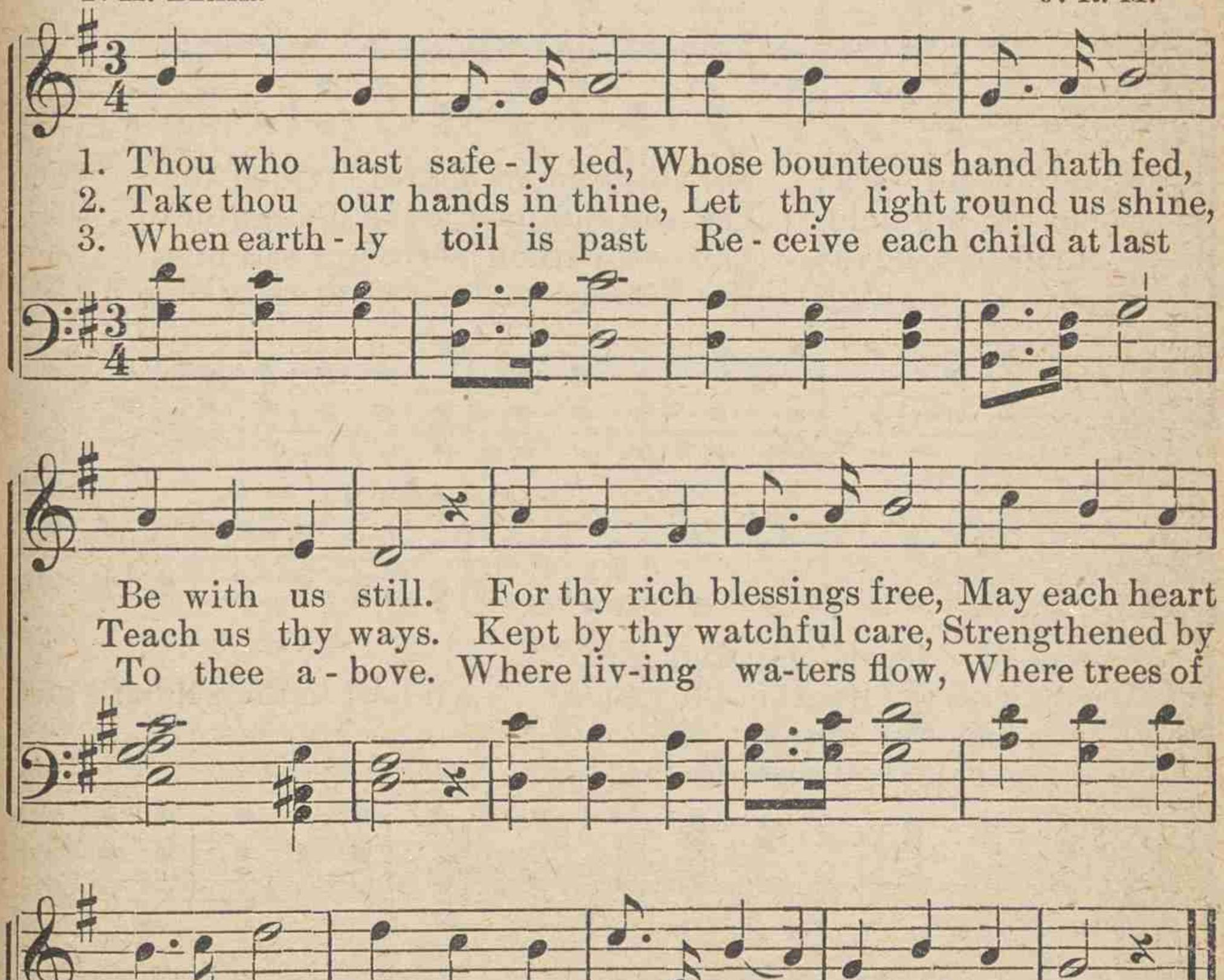
ceas-ing, So his good - ness flows! When the dawn proclaimeth
numbers Sing our Fath - er's praise! But with song unceas-ing
vineyard, Knowing he is there! When the shadows fall-ing,

Night has pass'd away, Then we praise our Father For the glorious day.
Will we praise his name, And in joyful worship All his love proclaim.
Bring the hour of rest, Lo! the Lord e-ter-nal, Is our roy-al guest.

CHORUS.

Who can count the mer - cies, Who can count the mer - cies,

A Morning Hymn.

T. H. BLAIR. J. R. M.



Hark! the Sweet Echoes.

MRS. R. N. TURNER. J. R. MURRAY.

1. O, hark, the sweet echoes are ring - ing, O'er mountain and
2. The hillsides are crowned with the brightness, Which springs from the
3. The songsters are tell-ing their gladness, In notes that are
4. The car-ols of joy we are rais - ing, A-wake the sweet

valley and sea; For children are joyful - ly sing-ing Their
blossoming fields; The soft Summer air in its lightness, Is
thrilling a-bove; And we, without sorrow or sad-ness, Are
ech-oes on high! The Fath-er of love we are praising, And

CHORUS.

song of re - joicing and glee.
sweet with the fragrance it yields. All hail to the Sabbath most
chanting our anthem of love.
an-gels look down from the sky.

ho - ly, All hail to this day of de - light! We sing thee an

anthem of glo - ry, And weave thee a garland most bright.

O, What can Little Hands Do.

From the "Prize," by per. G. F. R.

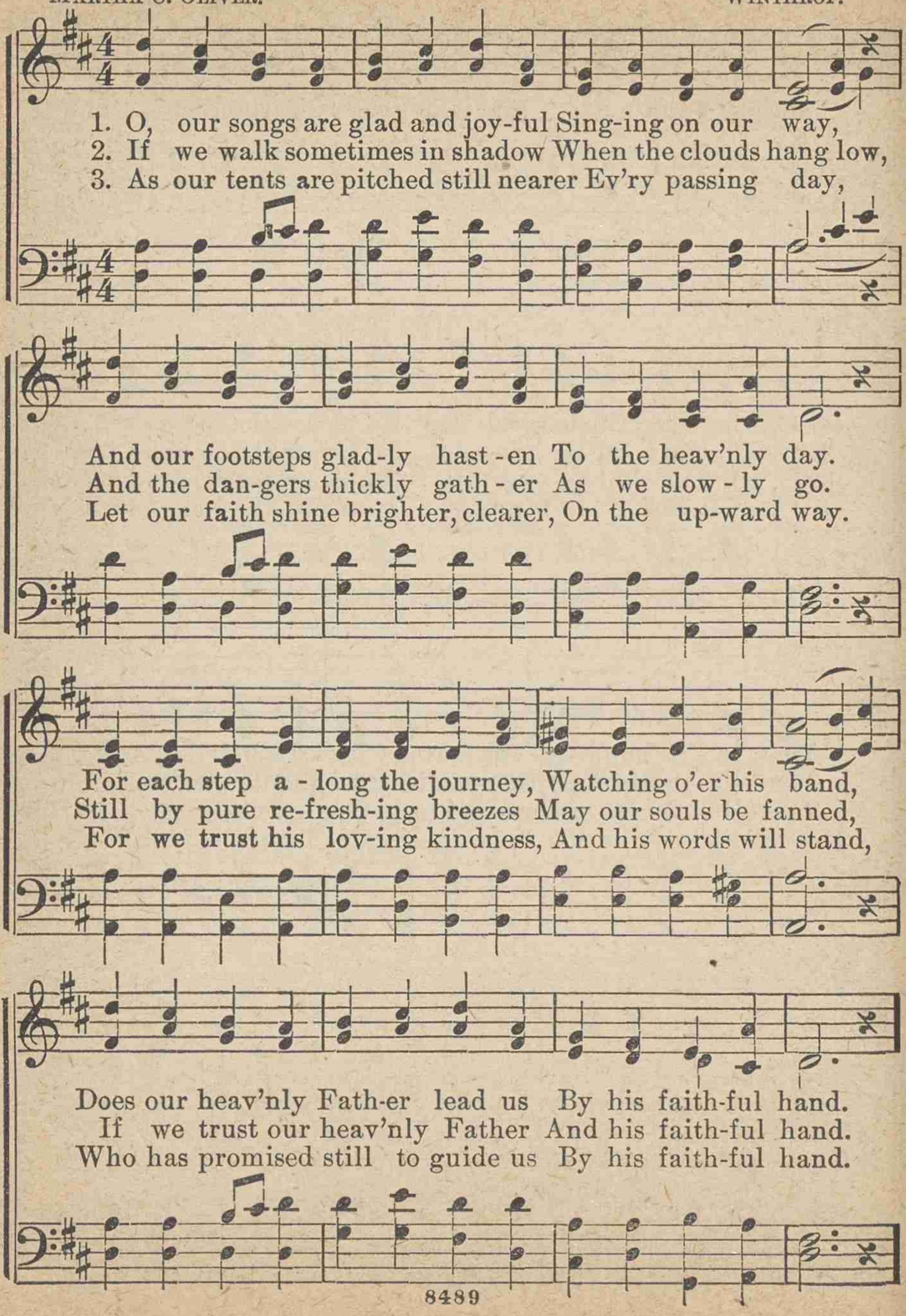
Moderato.

1. O, what can lit-tle hands do To please the King of Heav'n?
2. O, what can lit-tle lips do To please the King of Heav'n?
3. O, what can lit-tle eyes do To please the King of Heav'n?
4. O, what can lit-tle hearts do To please the King of Heav'n?

The lit - tle hands some work may try That will some simple want sup-
The lit - tle lips can praise and pray, And gen-tle words of kindness
The lit - tle eyes can upward look, Can learn to read God's Holy
Young hearts, if he his Spir - it send Can love him, Maker, Savior,

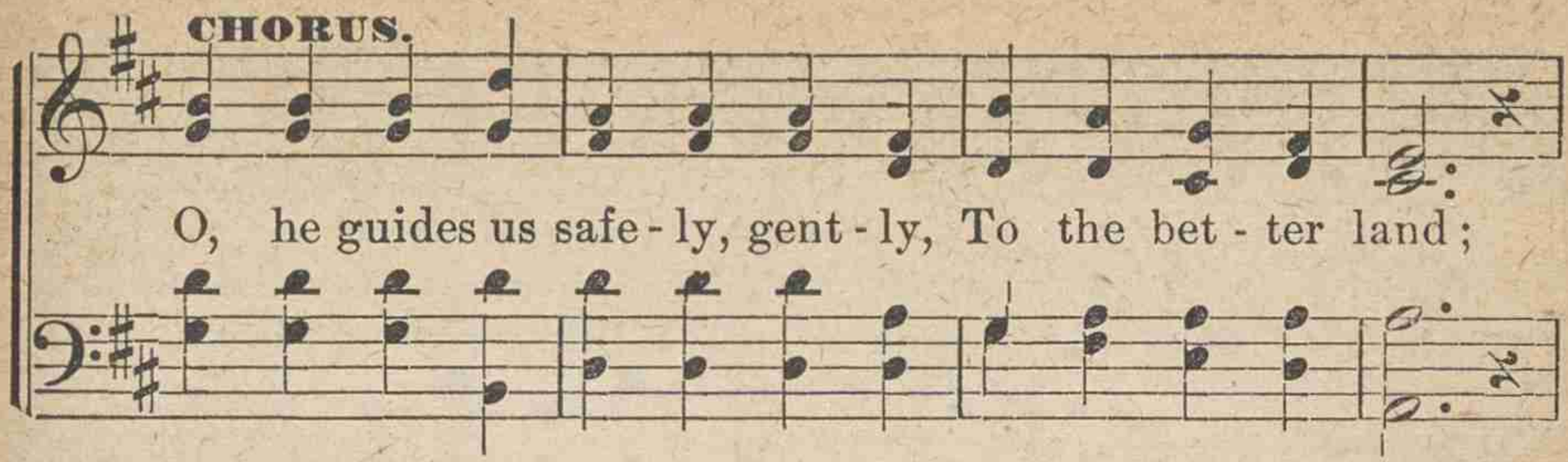
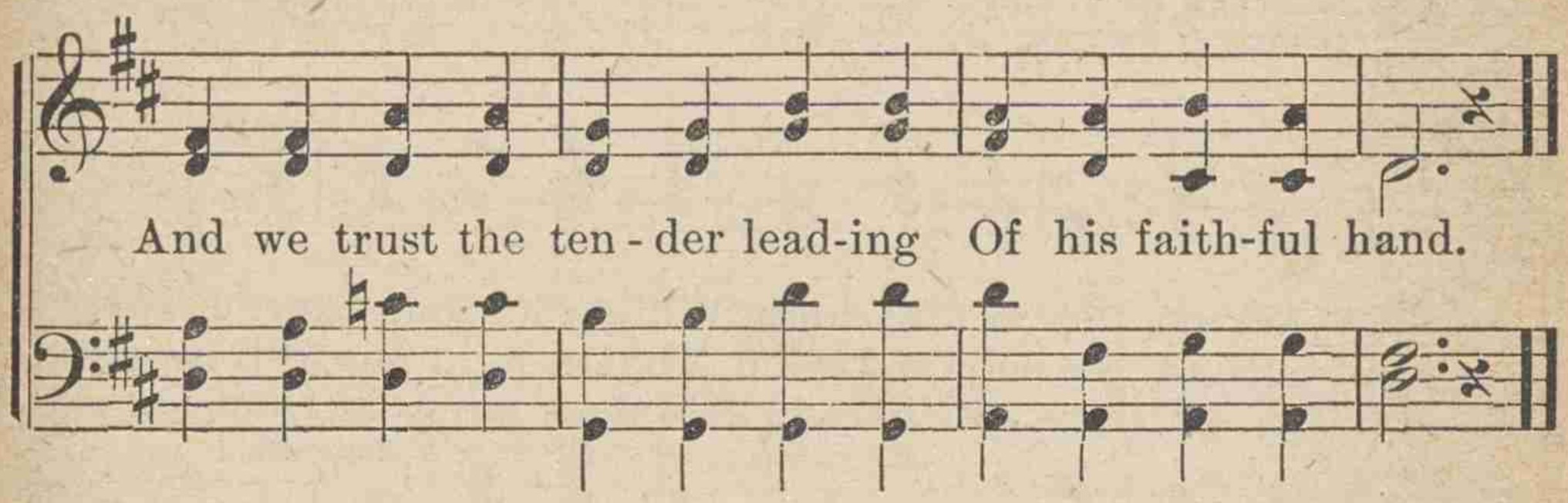
ply, Such grace to mine be giv'n, Such grace to mine be giv'n.
say, Such grace to mine be giv'n, Such grace to mine be giv'n.
Book, Such grace to mine be giv'n, Such grace to mine be giv'n.
Friend, Such grace to mine be giv'n, Such grace to mine be giv'n.

My Father's Hand.

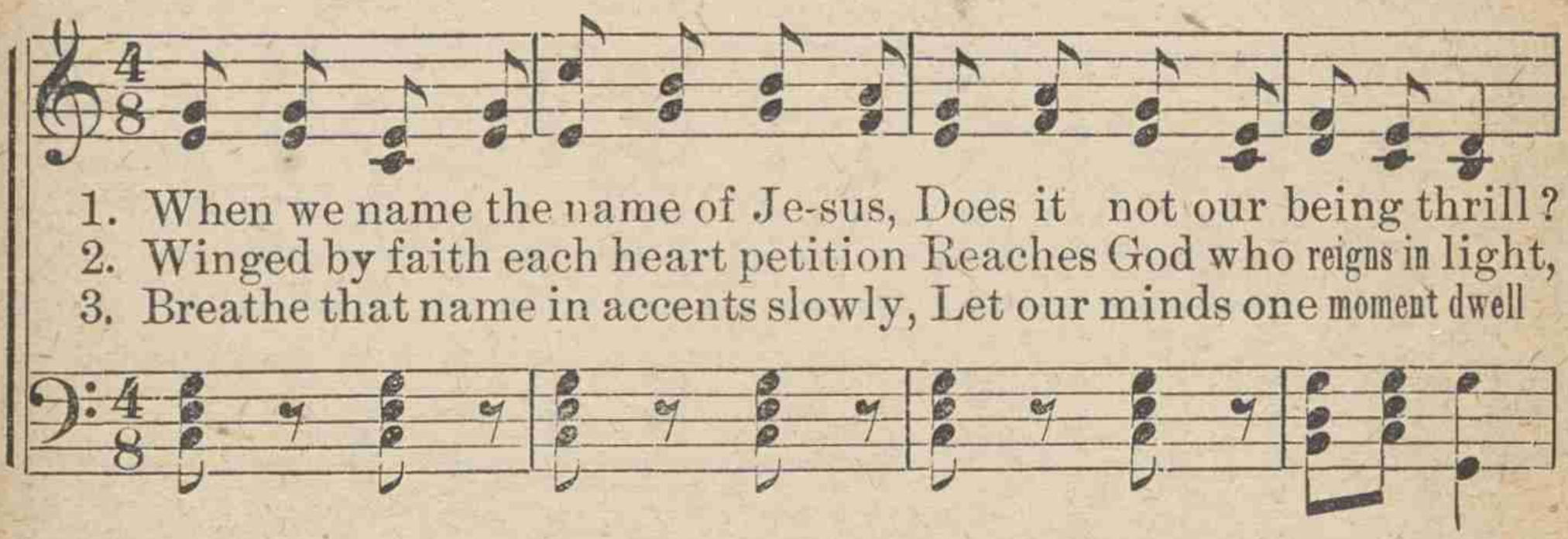
MARTHA C. OLIVER. "WINTHROP."

1. O, our songs are glad and joy-ful Sing-ing on our way,
2. If we walk sometimes in shadow When the clouds hang low,
3. As our tents are pitched still nearer Ev'ry passing day,

And our footsteps glad-ly hast-en To the heav'nly day.
And the dan-gers thickly gath-er As we slow-ly go.
Let our faith shine brighter, clearer, On the up-ward way.

For each step a-long the journey, Watching o'er his band,
Still by pure re-fresh-ing breezes May our souls be fanned,
For we trust his lov-ing kindness, And his words will stand,

Does our heav'nly Fath-er lead us By his faith-ful hand.
If we trust our heav'nly Father And his faith-ful hand.
Who has promised still to guide us By his faith-ful hand.

The Name of Jesus.

MINNIE B. LOWRY. "WINTHROP."



Little Givers.

J. F. KINSEY.

1. Lit - tle giv - ers! come and bring Tribute to your heav'nly King;
2. To the dead the Gos-pel give, Bid them joyous wake and live;
3. Lit - tle giv - ers! come and pay Willing tribute, while you may;

Lay it on the al - tar high, While your songs ascend the sky.
Send it to the poor and blind, That its light may fill the mind.
Man - y off'rings, tho' but small, Make a large one from you all.

Lit - tle giv - ers! do your part With a glad and willing heart,
Weak and fee - ble souls are strong When they hear redemption's song;
Give your heart with ho - ly love, Give your praise like that above;

For the an - gel voi-ces say, "Lit - tle giv-ers, give to-day."
And the lost in bliss re-turn, When its gracious sound they learn.
Life and all to Je - sus give, And in glo - ry you shall live.

From C. T. * * *

1. I'm on - ly a lit - tle her - ald, But the kingdom needs my voice; To her - ald the king of kings Is all my hap - py choice.
2. I'm on - ly a lit - tle work-er, But the kingdom needs my hand, I'll use these busy fin - gers To do my Lord's command.
3. I'm on - ly a lit - tle sol-dier, But the kingdom needs my sword; I'll draw it from its scabbard-- God's own most holy word.

REFRAIN.

And day by day he'll give me work, My happy childhood through; Some task of patience and of love, Which only I can do.

Sadly Bend the Flowers.

A. RANDEGGAR.

p **Moderato.**

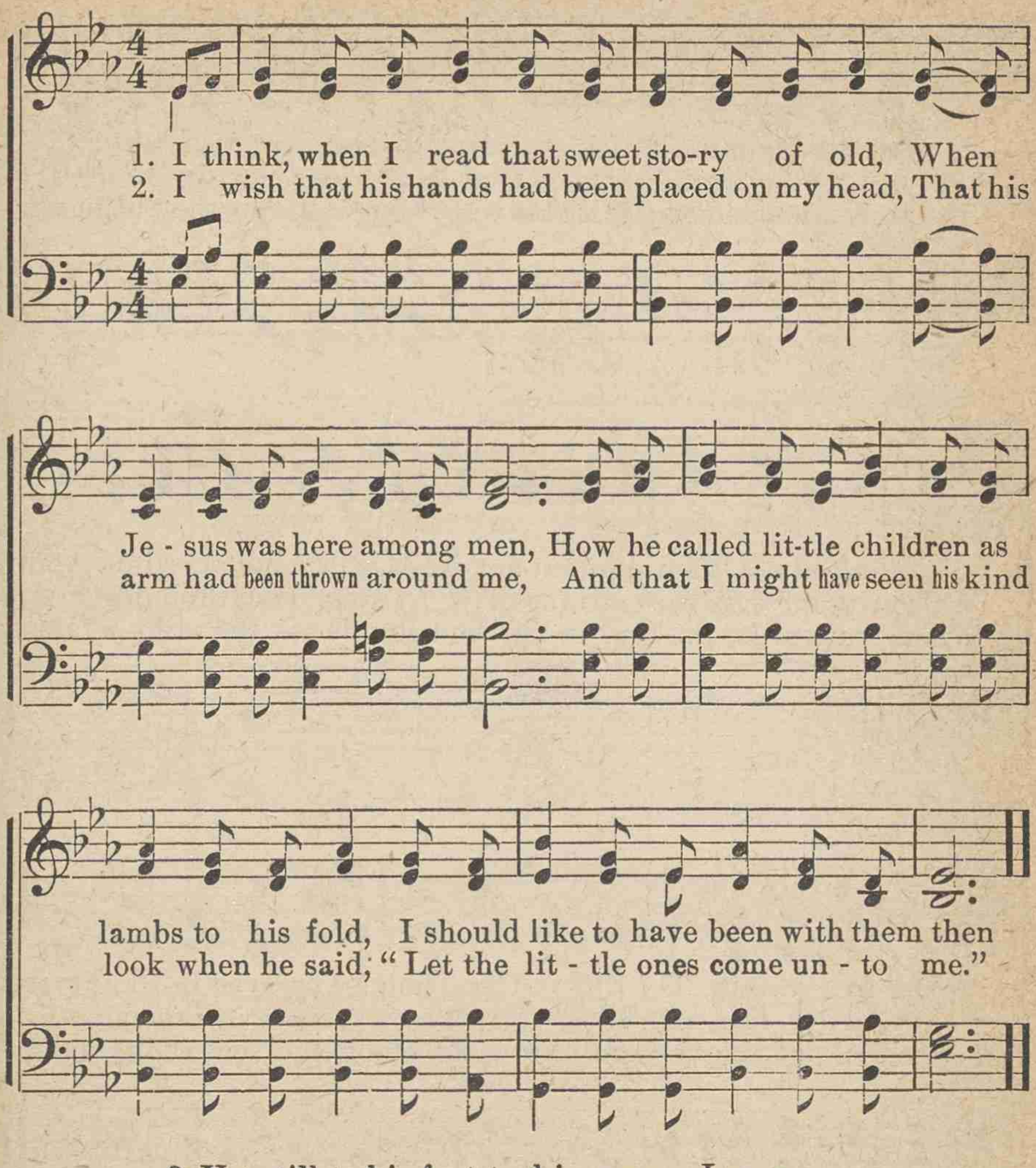
1. Sad - ly bend the flow - ers In the heav - y rain;
2. When a sud-den sor - row Comes like cloud at night,

Af - ter beat - ing show - ers Sunbeams come a - gain.
Wait for God's to - mor - row, All will then be bright.

Lit - tle birds are si - lent, All the dark night through;
On - ly wait and trust him, Just a lit - tle while;

But when morning dawneth, Their songs are sweet and new.
Af - ter evening teardrops, Shall come the morning smile.

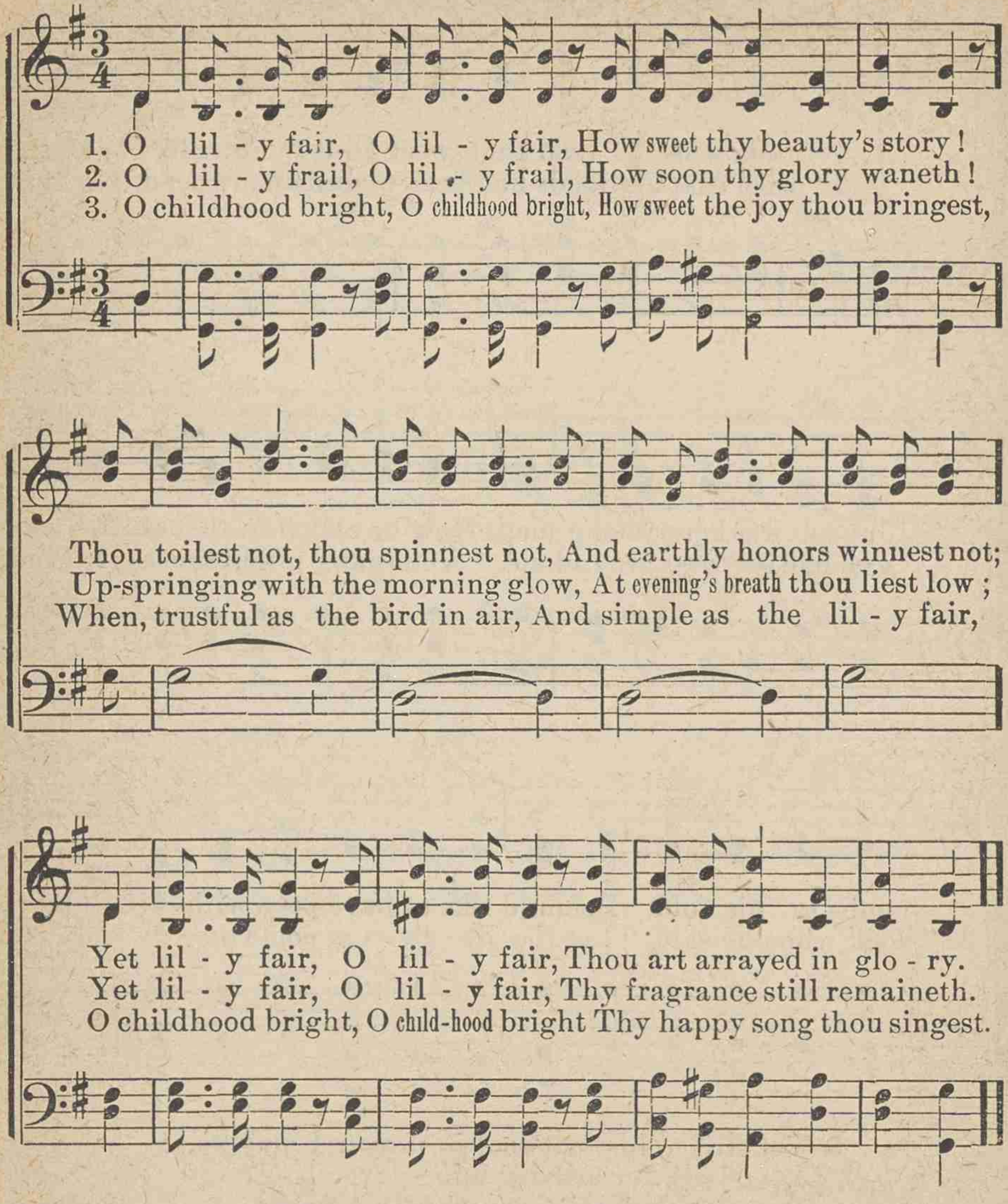
* * *

WURZEL.

3 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above,

4 In that beautiful place he has gone to prepare,
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

Childhood and the Lilies.

Rev. P. M. HIGGINSON. GERMAN.



4 O childhood brief, O childhood brief,
Though swift thy days pass by us,
May thy firm trust, thy simple grace,
Be aye our strength in manhood's race;
Then childhood brief, O childhood brief,
The joy shall still be nigh us.

GERMAN.

1. God bless the home, tho' humble, So full of love's sweet light;
2. God bless the home, where daily The songs of praise a - rise;
3. A - las! for homes, where sorrow Like night must ever brood;

God bless the lit - tle chil-dren, With their sweet faces bright.
Where all kneel round the al - tar And of - fer sac - ri - fice.
Where children lack for cloth-ing, And for their dai-ly food.

God bless the mother ten - der, God bless the father too;
A-las! for homes where never Is heard the voice of pray'r;
God bless the home he gives us, The home that gave us birth;

God make us fond and faith - ful, God keep us kind and true.
A - las! for homes, when worship Is nev - er practised there.
God keep us fond and faith - ful, And make it heav'n on earth.

Boys.

T. J. DOUTHITT.

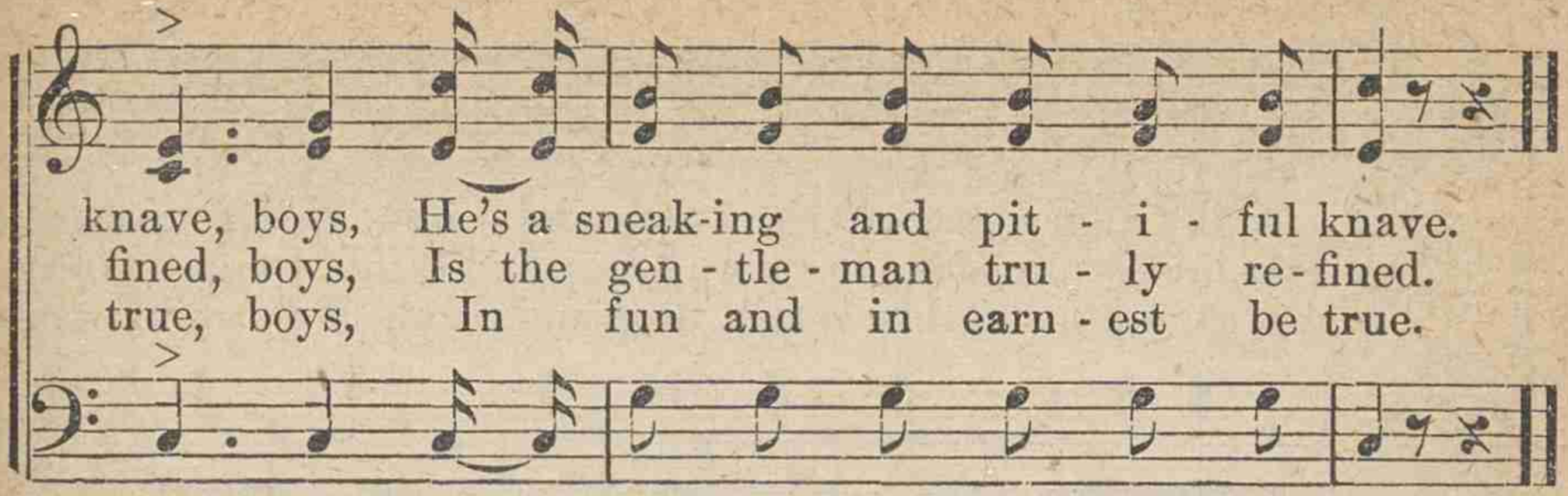
1. What-ev - er you are, Whatev-er you are, Whatev-er you are, be
2. What-ev - er you are, Whatev-er you are, Whatev-er you are, be
3. What-ev - er you are, Whatev-er you are, Whatev-er you are, be

brave boys; The li - ar's a coward and slave, boys, The
kind boys; Be gen - tle in manner and mind, boys, Be
true boys; Be vis - i - ble through and through, boys, Be

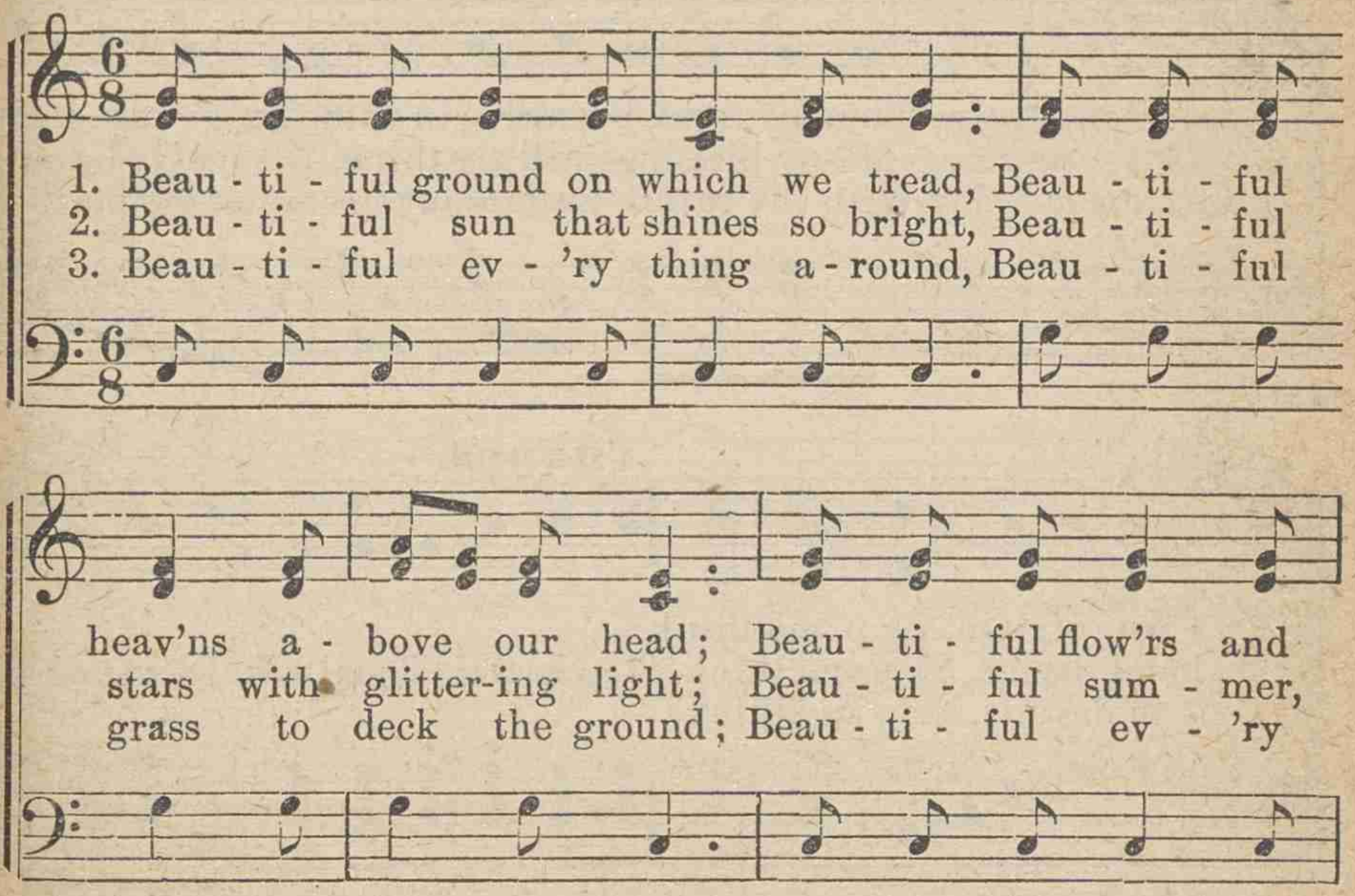
li - ar's a cow-ard and slave. Though clever at rus - es, And
gen - tle in manner and mind. Man gen-tle in mien, words And
vis - i - ble through and through. Leave others the sham-ming, The

sharp at ex - cus - es, He's a sneak-ing and pit - i - ful
tem - per, I ween, Is the gen - tle - man tru - ly re-
green-ing and cramming; In fun and in earn - est be

From "Juvenile Class and Concert."



Beautiful Things.

HUGH MCHENRY.

Stop and Think.

ROSELIA S. LOOK. J. R. M.

1. Do thy angry passions rise? Stop and think. Bitter words will
2. Has misfortune crossed thy path? Stop and think. Do not at thy
3. Does temptation thee assail? Stop and think. Wilt thou for one

cause thee pain, Thou may'st strive, but strive in vain, To e - rase their
lot re-pine, Ma-ny blessings still are thine, All from God's own
moment's joy With thy future welfare toy? Tempter tempts thee

CHORUS.

cru - el stain, Stop and think.
hand divine, Stop and think. Stop and think! Stop and think! Do not speak that
to destroy, Stop and think.

an - gry word, Stop and think! Stop and think! Stop! stop and think!

H. H. M.

1. Lit - tle rills make wider streamlets, Streamlets swell the river's flow ;
2. Tin - y seeds make boundless harvests, Drops of rain compose the show'rs;
3. Let us read some striking passage, Cull a verse from ev'ry page;

Riv-ers join the o-cean billows, Onward, onward as they go.
Seconds make the fly-ing minutes, And the minutes make the hours.
Here a line and there a sentence, 'Gainst the lonely time of age.

Life is made of smallest fragments Shade and sunshine, work and play;
Let us has-ten then and catch them As they pass us on their way;
At our work or by the wayside, While the sun shines making hay;

So may we with greatest profit, Learn a lit - tle ev - 'ry day.
And with honest, true en-deavor Learn a lit - tle ev - 'ry day.
Thus we may, by help of heaven Learn a lit - tle ev - 'ry day.

From "Juvenile Class and Concert."

Good Temper.

W. A. L. By per.

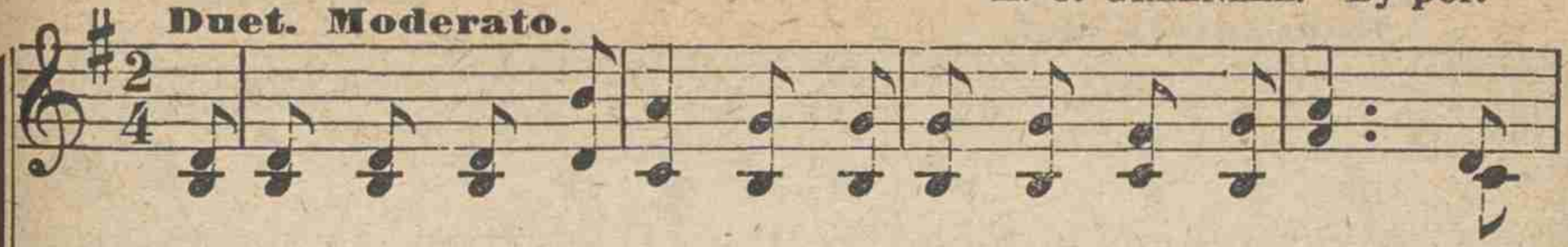
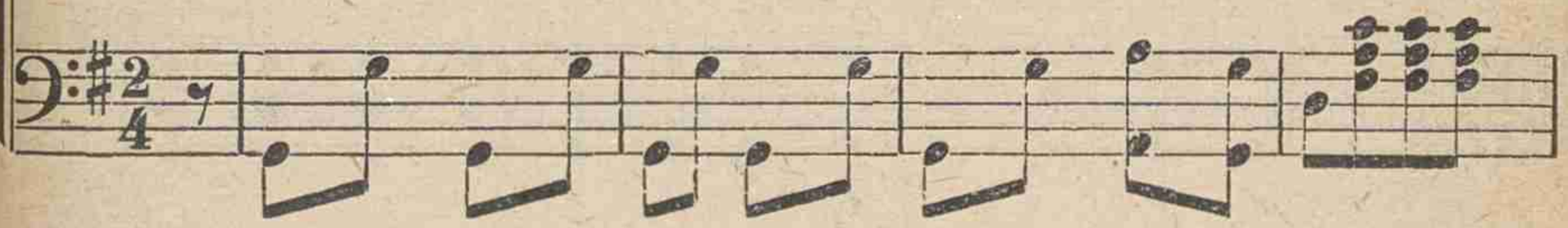
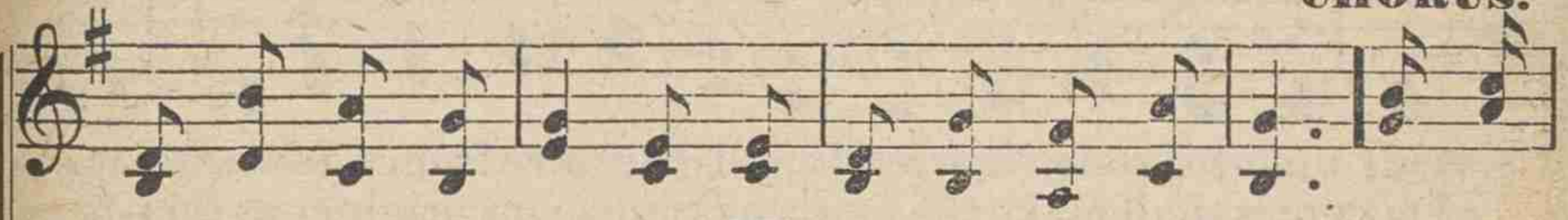
1. There's not a cheaper thing on earth Nor yet one half so dear,
2. What may this wondrous spirit be, With pow'r unheard before,

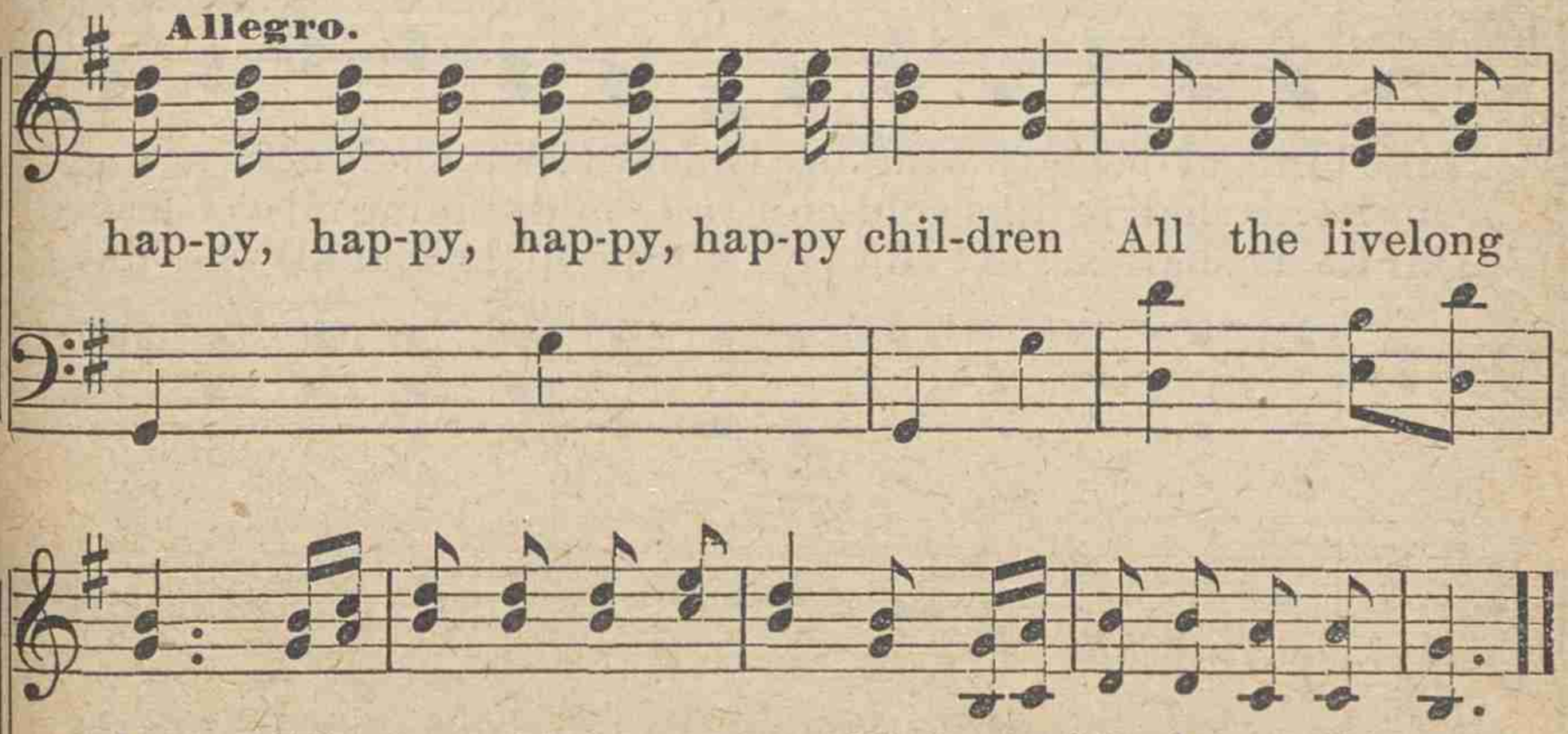
'Tis worth more than distinguished birth Or thousands gained a year.
This charm—this bright divin - i-ty, Good temper—nothing more.

It lends a boy a new delight, 'Tis virtue's firmest shield;
Good temper, 'tis the choicest gift That children homeward bring;

And adds more beauty to the night Than all the stars may yield.
It can the poor-est peas-ant lift To bliss unknown to kings.

E. C. GREENLEE. By per.

Duet. Moderato.

1. We are a band of children, That cheerful march along, And pluck the way-side blossoms, Without a thought of wrong.
2. While others borrow trouble, And nurse their sorry fears, Our hearts are filled with gladness, And have no room for tears. For we're

CHORUS.

hap-py, hap-py, hap-py, hap-py chil-dren All the livelong day; We sing with joyous song birds, And in the sunshine play.

Allegro.

Happy Hearts.

F. L. B.

FRANK L. BRISTOW.

Moderately fast.

1. Like buds and blossoms breathing Odors from a spi - cy grove,
2. Like dewdrop pearls a·dorn-ing Ev-'ry blade of meadow grass,
3. Like silent moonbeams keeping Vigil with their nightly gleams,

Our tune-ful song is wreathing Fragrance from a Savior's love.
Our notes shall make the morning Sunbeams brighter as they pass.
Our tuneful souls when sleeping, E'er shall sing in peaceful dreams.

Like birds of beau-ty wing-ing Homeward, to their nests at night;
Our words shall be like gold-en Fruit, 'mid shining sil-ver leaves;
Our tho'ts shall be of du - ty, All the night and all the day;

Our hap - py souls while singing, To E - den take their flight.
And when the day is old - en, We'll garn - er in the sheaves.
In robes of ra-diant beau-ty, We'll walk the shining way.

CHORUS.

Sow-ing! Sow-ing! Dain - ty lit - tle lov - ing deeds!
Sow-ing! Sow-ing!

Growing! Grow-ing! Like the flow-ers—not the weeds;
Grow-ing! Grow-ing!

Sing-ing! Sing-ing! When the task is great or small;
Sing-ing! Sing-ing!

Bring - ing! Bring - ing! Hap - pi - ness to all.
Bring-ing! Bring-ing!

Swing the Golden Censers.

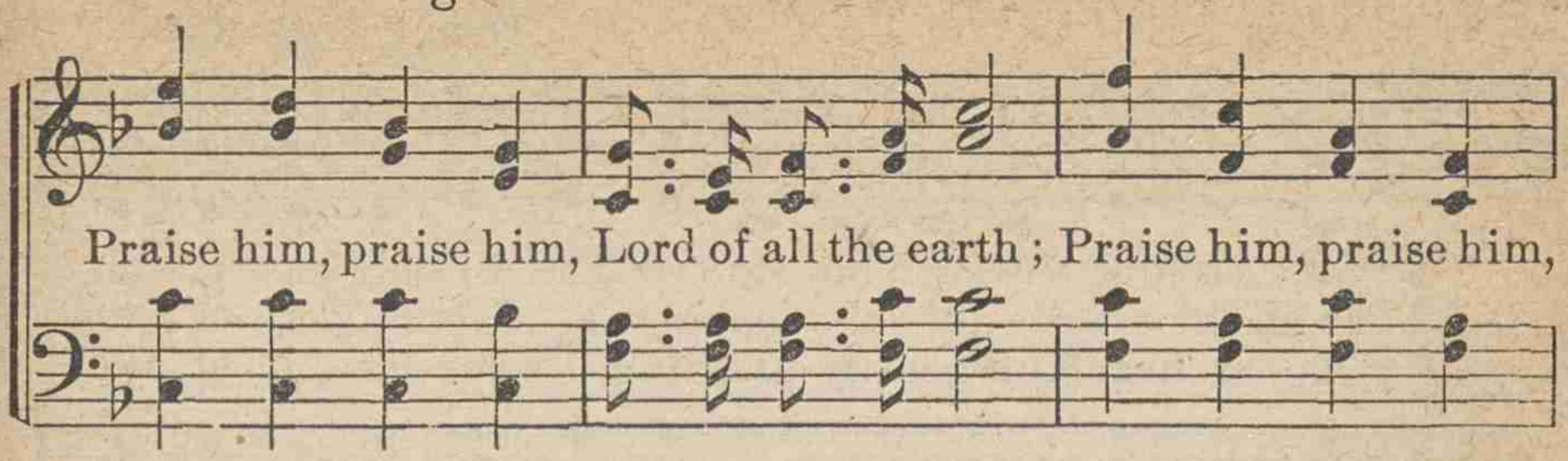
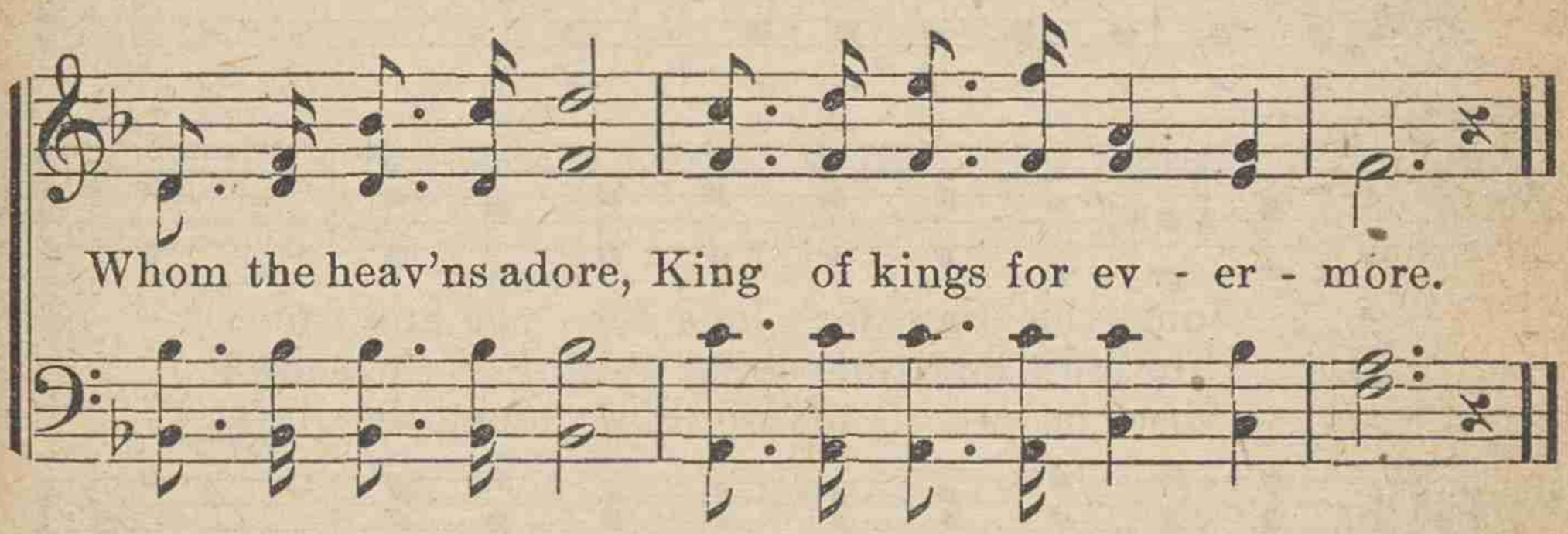
G. F. R. G. F. Root.

1. Swing the golden censers while we march along, Let the King Mes-
2. Think from what a danger he redeems the soul, Lame and blind and
3. In the path be-fore us, narrow, strait and plain, True and firm and

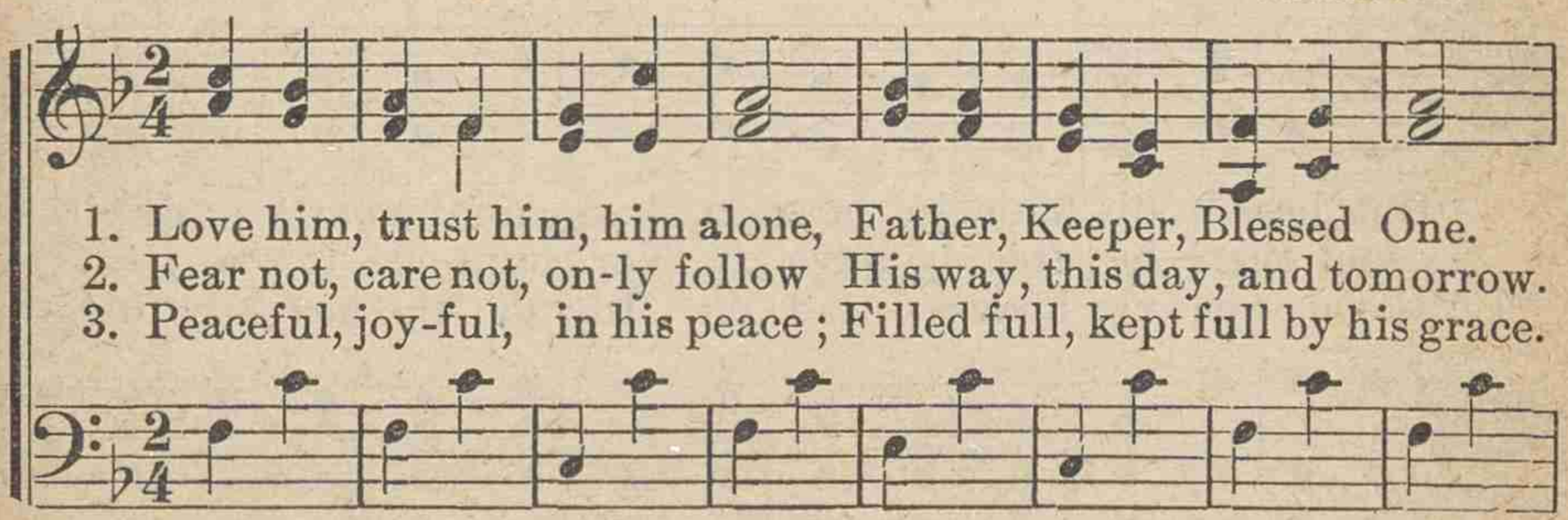
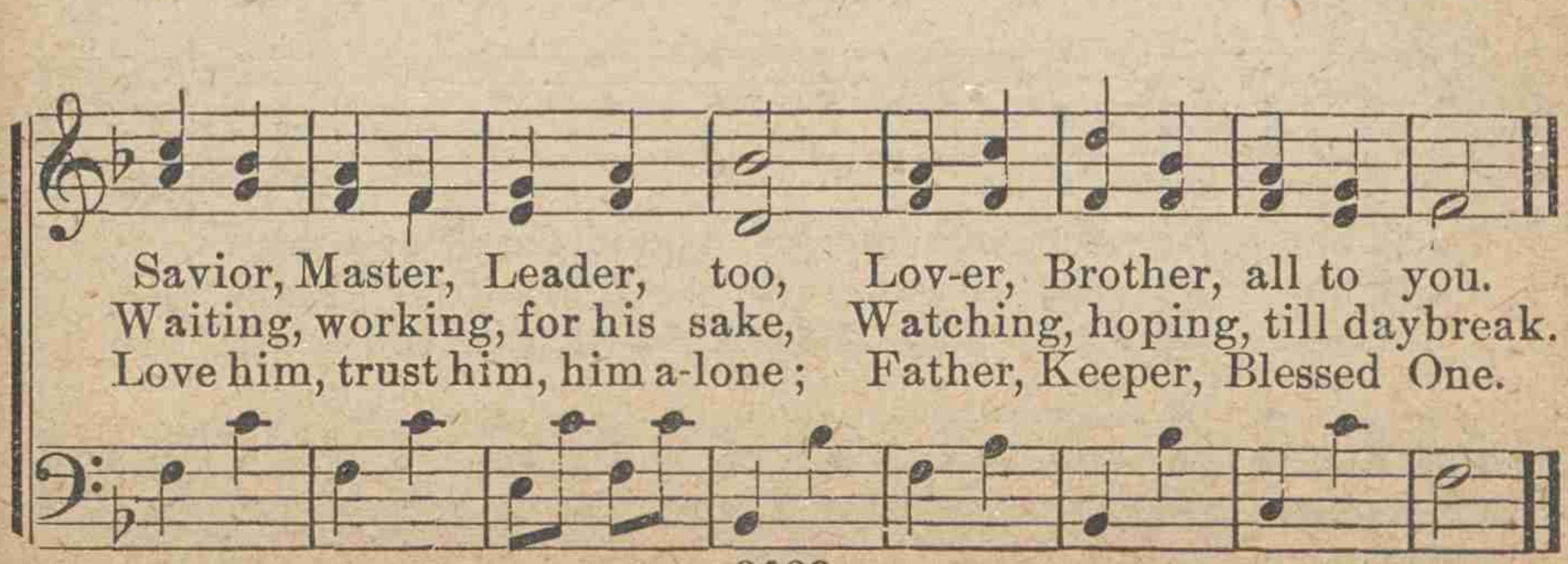
si - ah be our joy - ful song; How he came to save us
wretched, how he makes us whole, Think of constant blessing,
faith - ful may we e'er remain, Call - ing all to wit - ness,

in a man - ger low, While a-round, a - bove him
crown-ing all our days, Then with hap - py voic - es
by our lives of joy, That the Mas - ter's serv - ice

CHORUS.

shone the heav'nly glow.
join this song of praise. Praise him, praise him, Babe of lowly birth,
is a blest employ.

Love Him, Trust Him.

"WINTHROP."



I Love the Good Old Story.

T. P. W. THOS. P. WESTENDORF.

1. Oh, I love the good old sto - ry The Bi - ble has to tell,
2. From the cra-dle of the manger To Calv'ry's cru-el cross,
3. Oh, I hear him gen-tly pleading, Just as he did of old,

A - bout the Sav - ior's love for you and me;
His life in lov - ing deeds did o - ver - flow;
Be - fore he went to dwell a - mong the blest.

How he left his home in heav-en, And came on earth to dwell,
And there he free - ly gave it, Nor count-ed it a loss,
"Come, wea - ry, heav-y lad - en, In - to the heav'nly fold,

That he the sin - ner's friend might ev-er be.
That we the Fa-ther's love might bet-ter know.
Come un - to me, and I will give you rest."

CHORUS.

O Sav-ior, bless-ed Sav - ior, I know thy boundless love,

And how thy precious blood was shed for me;

How you left your home in heav-en with an - gels up a - bove,

And came on earth the sin-ner's friend to be.

What Shall we Give to Jesus?

J. R. M.

J. R. MURRAY.

Question.

1. What shall we give to Je - sus, What shall we give to Je-sus,
2. What shall we do for Je - sus, What shall we do for Je-sus,
3. What shall we be for Je - sus, What shall we be for Je-sus,

What shall we give to Je - sus, This hap - py Christmas day?
What shall we do for Je - sus, This hap - py Christmas day?
What shall we be for Je - sus, This hap - py Christmas day?

Answer.

Give your hearts, chil-dren, to the bless - ed Sav - ior,
Do his com-mandments, lov - ing one an - oth - er,
Be his dear chil - dren, ev - er pure and ho - ly,

Bet - ter far than gifts of gold, or incense rich and rare;
Fol - low-ing his bless - ed feet wherev - er they may lead;
Keep-ing far from word or tho't or a - ny deed of sin;

Gen - tly he calls you; like a lov - ing shep-herd
Cheer-ing the wea - ry, as they faint and fal - ter,
Be his bright sunbeams, bless - ing all a-round you,

He would lead by wa - ters sweet and pastures ev - er fair.
Speaking words of com-fort to his chil-dren in their need.
Till his home in heav'n a-bove with joy you en - ter in.

Suffer Little Children.

J. R. M.

Suf-fer lit-tle children to come un-to me, to come un-to me,

and forbid them not, for of such, for of such is the kingdom of heav'n.

Little Children Sweetly Sing.

G. P. HANDY. J. R. MURRAY.

1. Lit - tle children sweetly sing Car - ols to the new born King;
2. Angels sang when Christ was born, On that radiant Christmas morn;
3. Wise men three, from lands afar, Fol-low-ing the guiding star,

CHO. Lit-tle chil-dren sweetly sing, Let your carols heav'nward ring,

Lord of life and love is he, Come on earth to make us free.
Shepherds watching on the plain, Heard with awe the heav'nly strain.
Journeyed swift by night and day, Towards the place where Jesus lay.

Glo - ri - fy him, sound his praise, Christ was born this day of days.

Free from sin of ev - 'ry kind, In our hearts so in - tertwined;
"Glo-ry be to God on high," Floated downward from the sky;
Gifts and spic-es rare they brought, For the little King they sought;

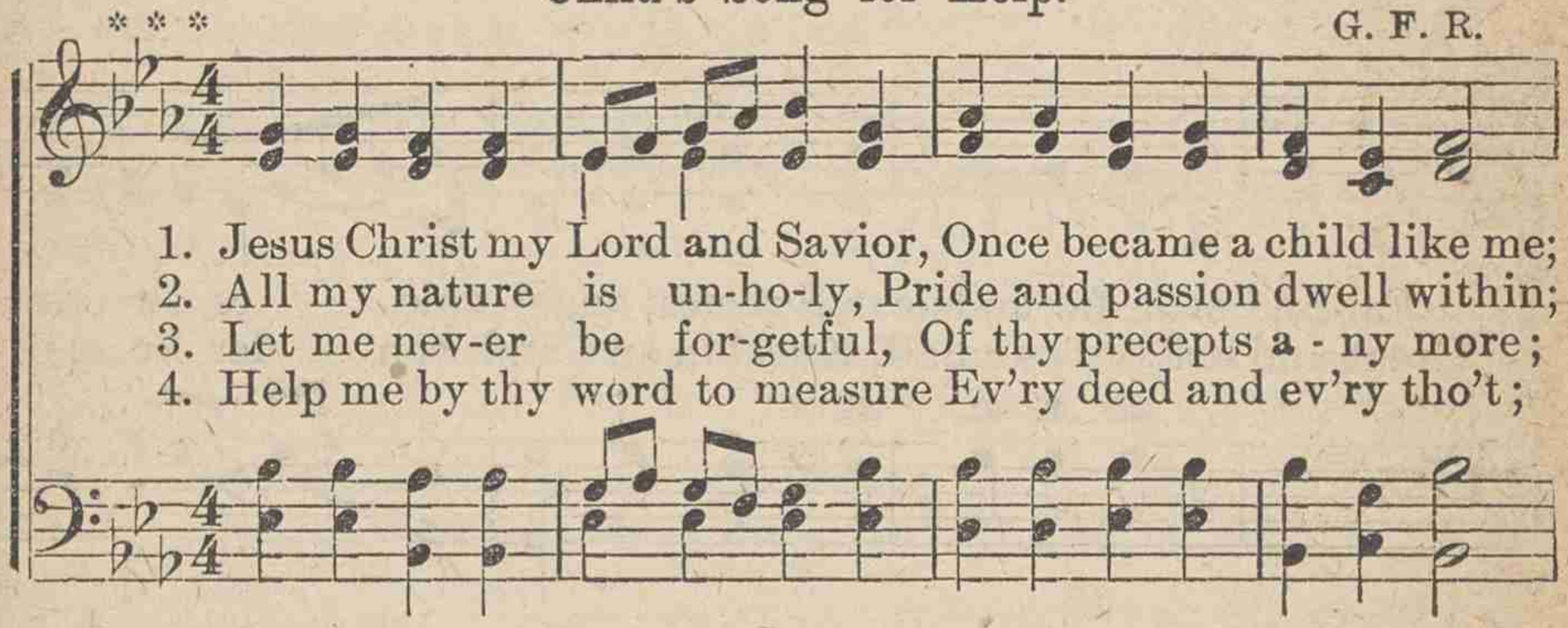
D. C. for Chorus.

Guid-ing us in paths of right, Mak-ing all our burdens light.
"Peace on earth, good will to men," Echoed far and wide a-gain.
Found him in a man-ger low, Round his head the au - ra glow.

4 Can we not some token lay
At the feet of Christ to-day?
All our loving hearts we'll bring,
To our Savior, Lord and King.
Let us sweetly chant his praise,
Hail with joy this day of days;
Jesus Christ, the Lord of Love,
Reigns fore'er with God above.

Child's Song for Help.

G. F. R.



112

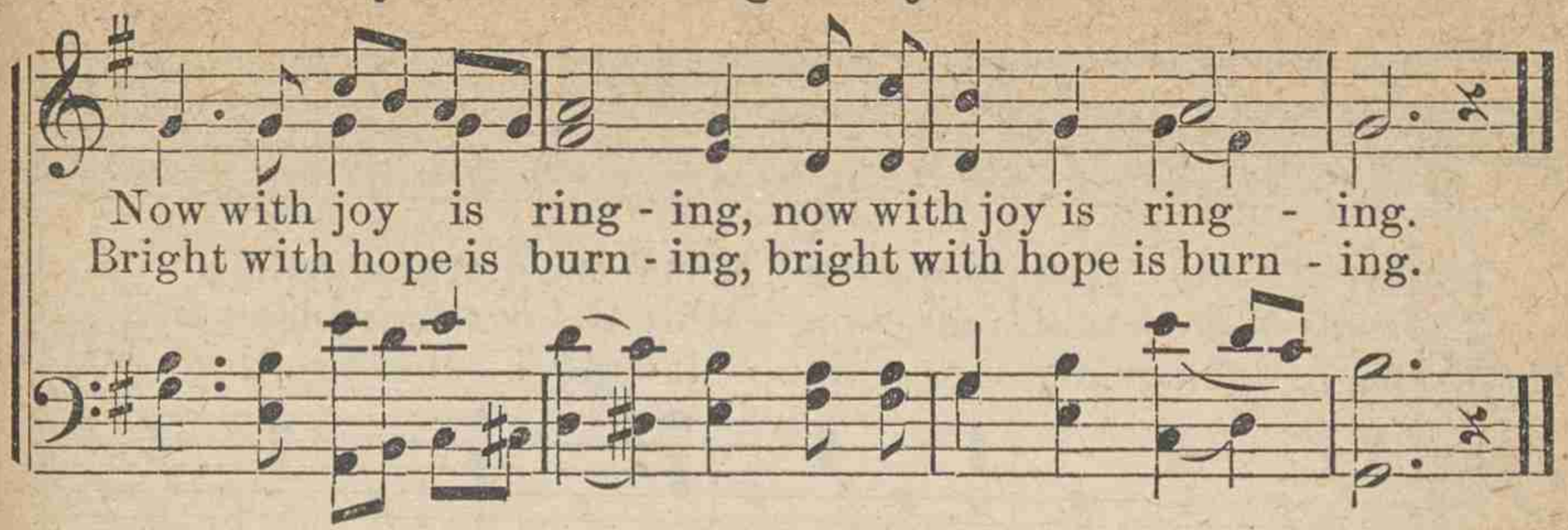
All My Heart this Night Rejoices.

PAUL GERHARDT. From the German. J. R. MURRAY.

1. All my heart this night re-joic-es, As I hear, as I hear,
2. Come then let us hast-en yon-der, There let all, there let all,

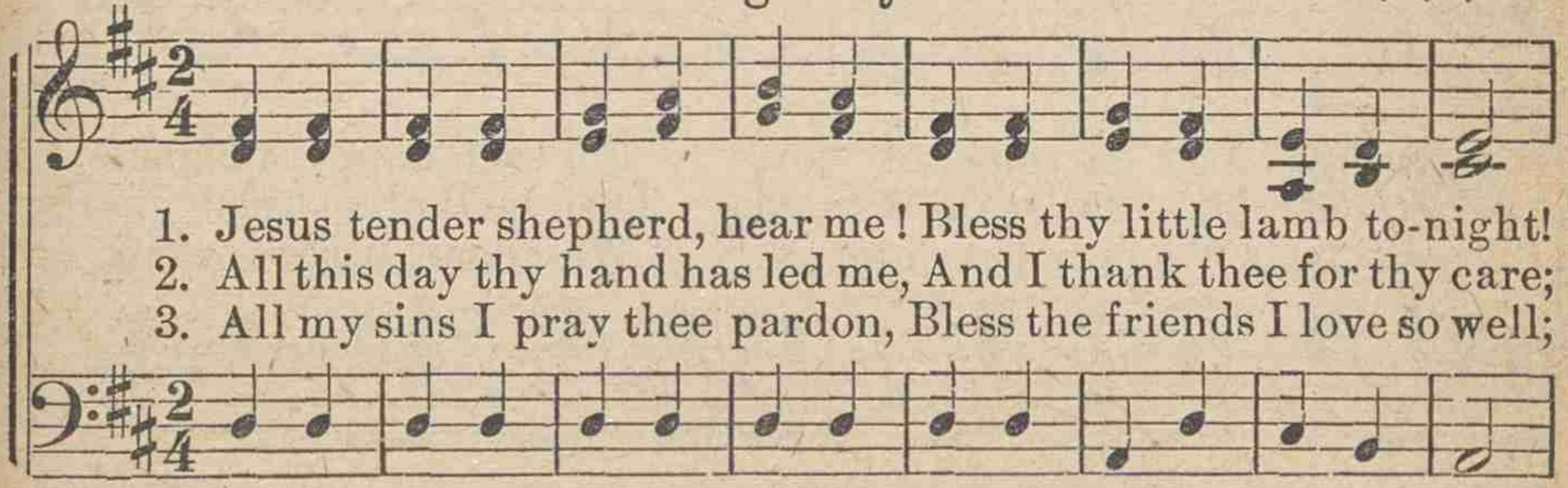
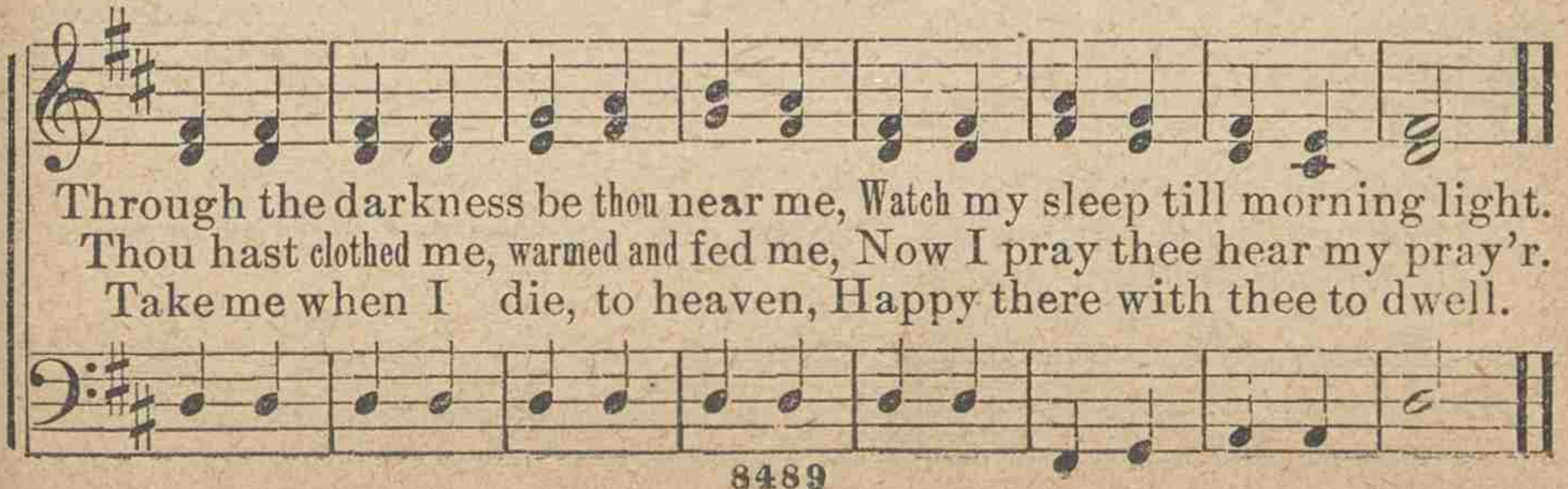
Far and near, far and near, Sweetest angel voic - es, sweetest
Great and small, great and small, Kneel in awe and won - der, kneel in

an - gel voic - es; "Christ is born," their choirs are singing,
awe and won - der; Love him who with love is yearning,

Till the air, till the air, Ev - 'rywhere, ev - 'ry-where,
Hail the star, hail the star, That from far, that from far,

3 Ye, who pine in weary sadness,
Weep no more, For the door Now is found of gladness;
Cling to him, for he will guide you
Where no cross, Pain or loss, Can again betide you.

4 Thither come, ye poor and wretched,
Know his will, Is to fill Every hand outstretched;
Here are riches without measure,
Here forget, All regret, Fill your hearts with treasure.

5 Blessed Savior, let me find thee!
Keep thou me, Close to thee, Cast me not behind thee;
Life of life, my heart thou stillest,
Calm I rest, On thy breast, All this void thou fillest.

Evening Prayer.

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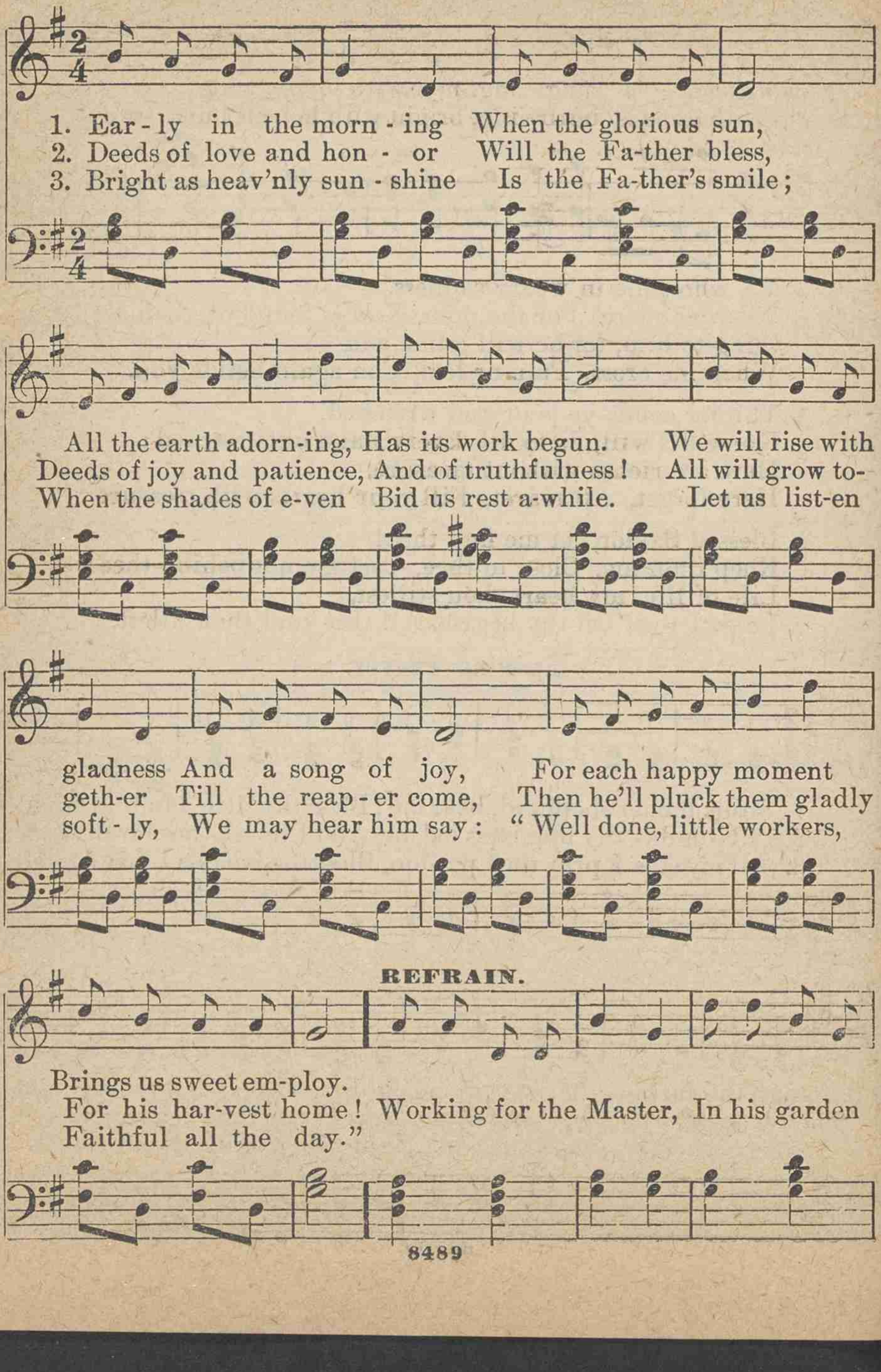
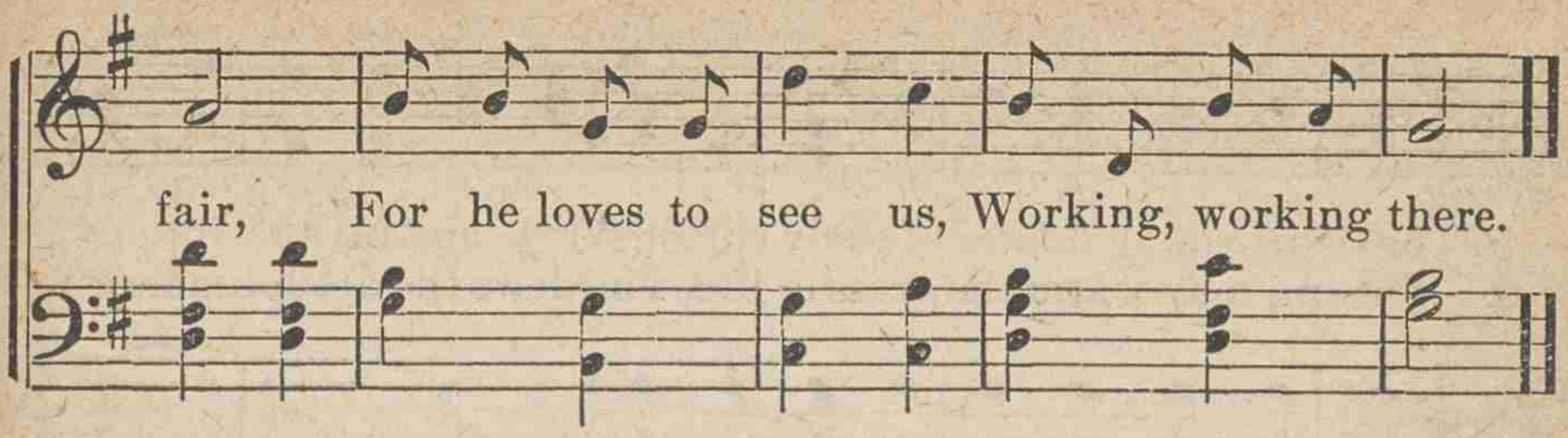
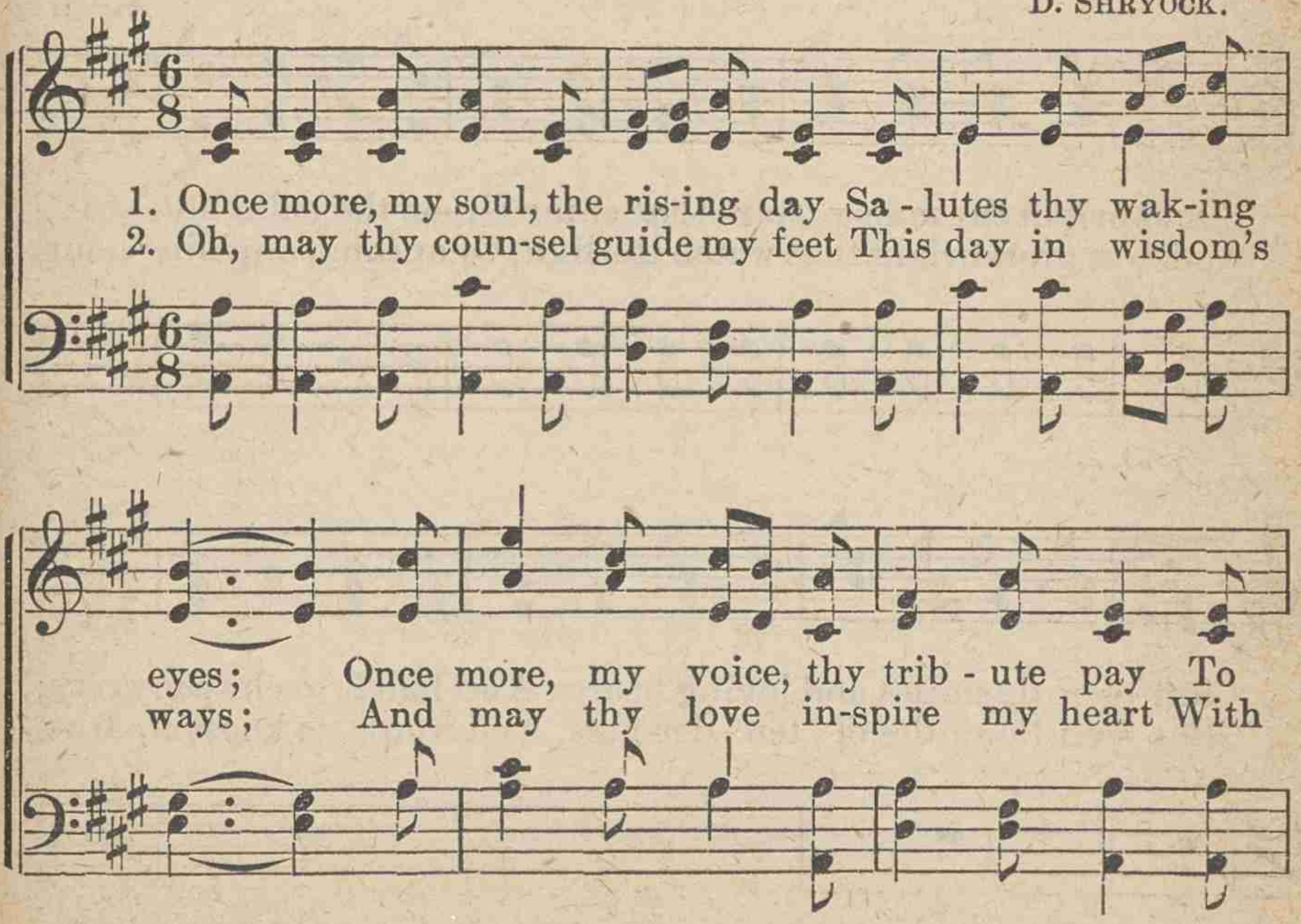
Little Workers.

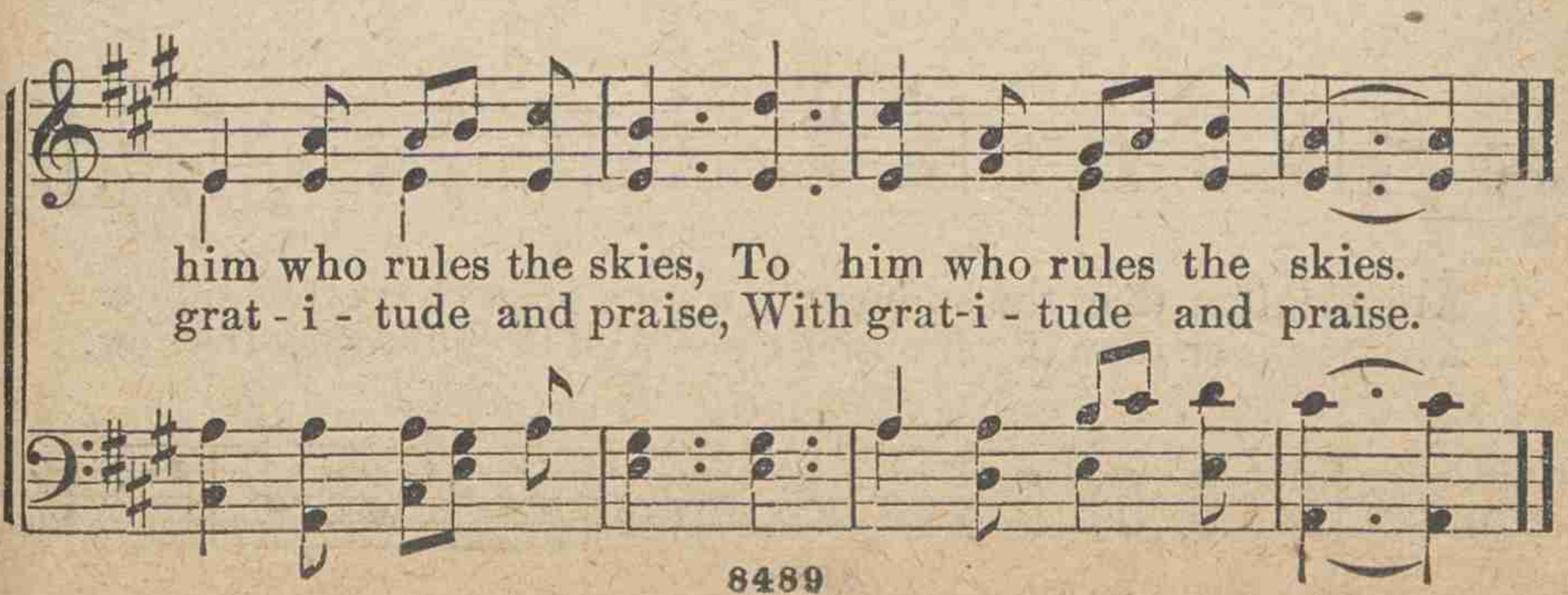
Mrs. R. N. Turner. "Winthrop."



Gibbs. C. M.

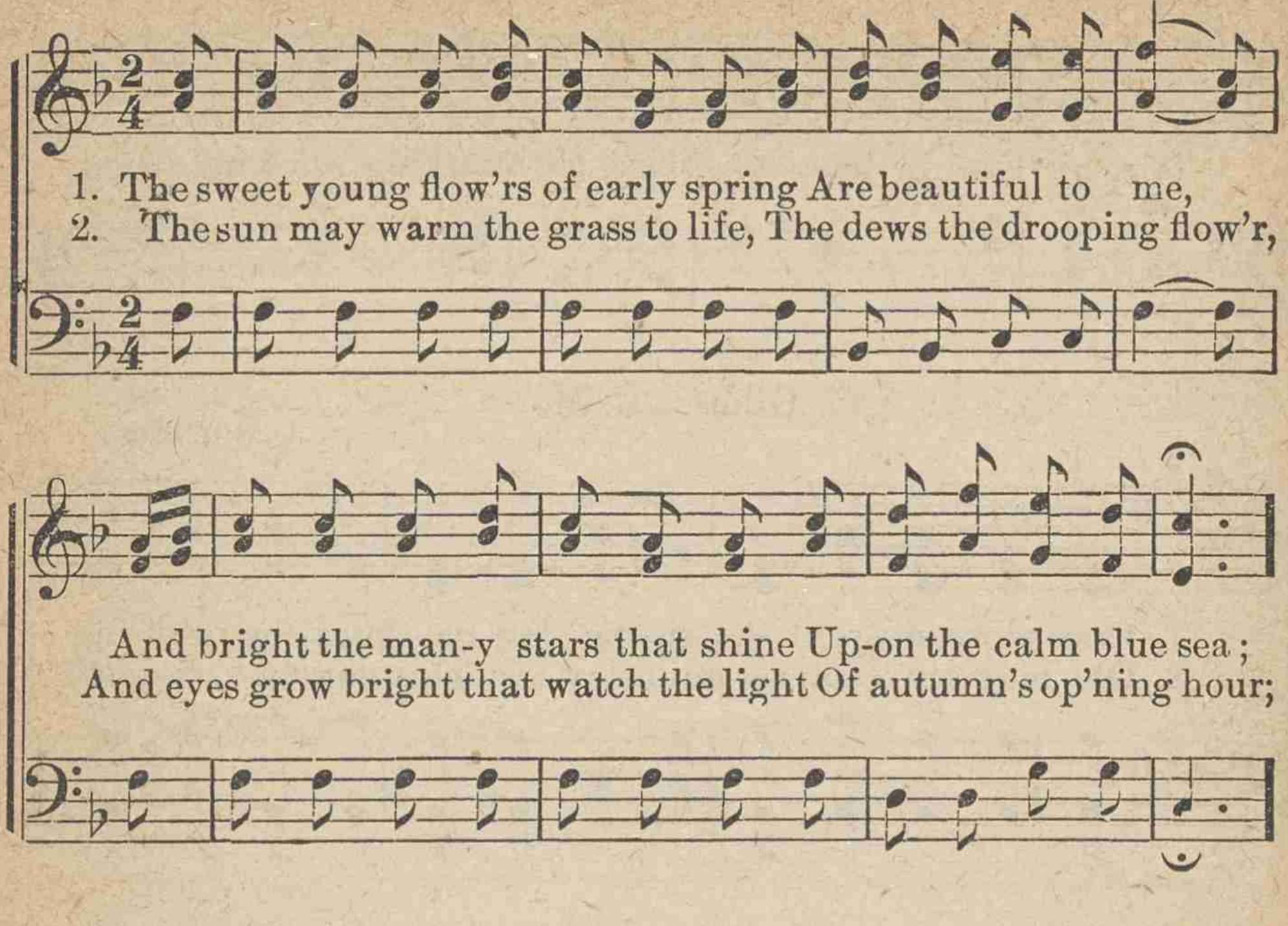
D. SHRYOCK.





Gentle Smiles.

D. SHRYOCK.



We All Love One Another.

D. SHRYOCK.

1. We all love one an - oth - er, We all love one an - oth-
2. We love our school and teachers, We love our school and teach-
3. And when we come to-geth - er, In bright or gloomy weath-

er, We all love one an - oth - er, And we all love be-
ers, We love our school and teach - ers, For use - ful things we
er, The same good friends as ev - er, We'il sing to cheer the

side. Our fathers and our moth - ers, Our sis - ters and our
learn. And we will all come hith - er, In fair or storm-y
way. And when, our studies end-ing, Our steps are homeward

brothers, And we for-get not oth-ers Who seek our steps to guide.
weather, We'll study all togeth - er, Till home we all re - turn.
bending, Our cheerful voices blending Shall close the happy day.

Hail Joyful Morning.

Mrs. M. A. WHITAKER. G. F. ROOT.

1. Hail joy - ful bless-ed morn-ing, The crown of all the year;
2. For us the wondrous sto - ry, For us the sure glad word;
3. Then sing a - loud his prais-es, With fer-vent heart and voice;

Our lov - ing Lord a - dor - ing His o - pen tomb we near.
That he who died now liv - eth Our ev - er present Lord.
This day of grace and glad-ness, When heav'nly hosts rejoice.

The whiterobed angel watchers, Have ceased their guarding care;
In life our help and Sav - ior, In death our strength and stay;
Ring out the glo-rious tidings, Earth's million tongues proclaim;

The gravelands all are sun-dered, We shall not find him there.
E'en there his arm supports us, To tread the darksome way.
Our Christ the grave has vanquished, For-ev - er bless his name.

Do not loose time in going from song to chorus.

CHORUS.

For he has ris - en! He has ris - en! He has ris'n with mighty

pow'r, And we may rise and reign with him In glory ever-more.

Now thy Throne Addressing. Closing

W. F. S. W. F. S.

1. Now thy throne address - ing, Pray we, bending low—
2. Thro' this day at - tend us, Guard us all the night;
3. Ev - er gen - tly lead us, Morn-ing, noon and even;

Fa - ther grant thy bless - ing, As we homeward go.
And thy mer - cy send us With the morning light.
Guide us, guide us, feed us, Till we rest in heav'n.

Easter Hymn.

WURZEL.

Allegretto.

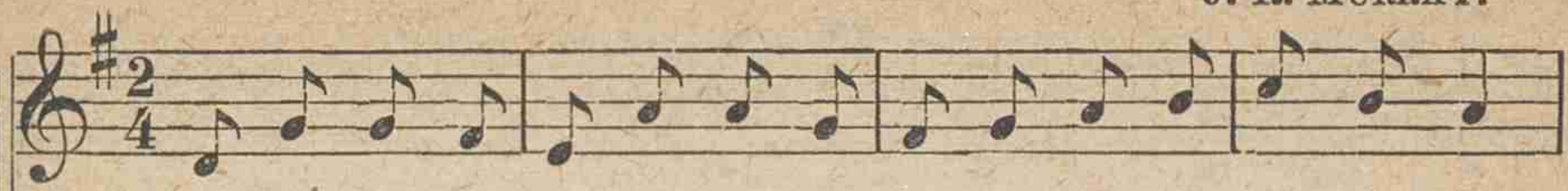
1. Our Sav-ior, Christ the Lord is ris'n, How bright the morning light!
2. No tomb, no seal, no watch could hold The light of life's new day;
3. Hail! prophet, priest, and king of men, Our hearts will rest more free

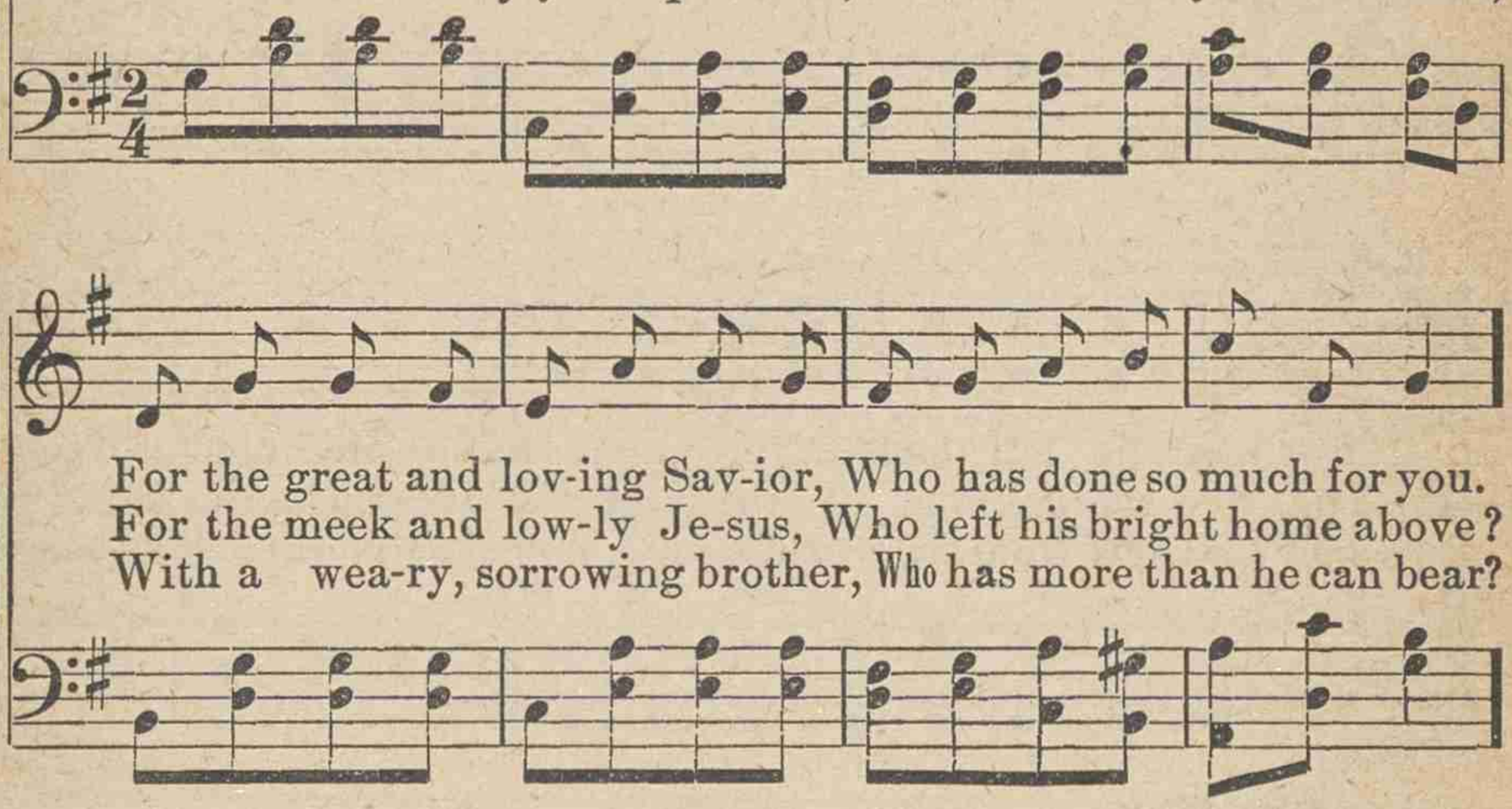
The vail of dark-ness now is riven By his redeeming might.
The re - sur-rec-tion long foretold Nor grave nor death could stay.
Till we with an-gels sing Amen, And rise, O Lord, like thee.

CHORUS.

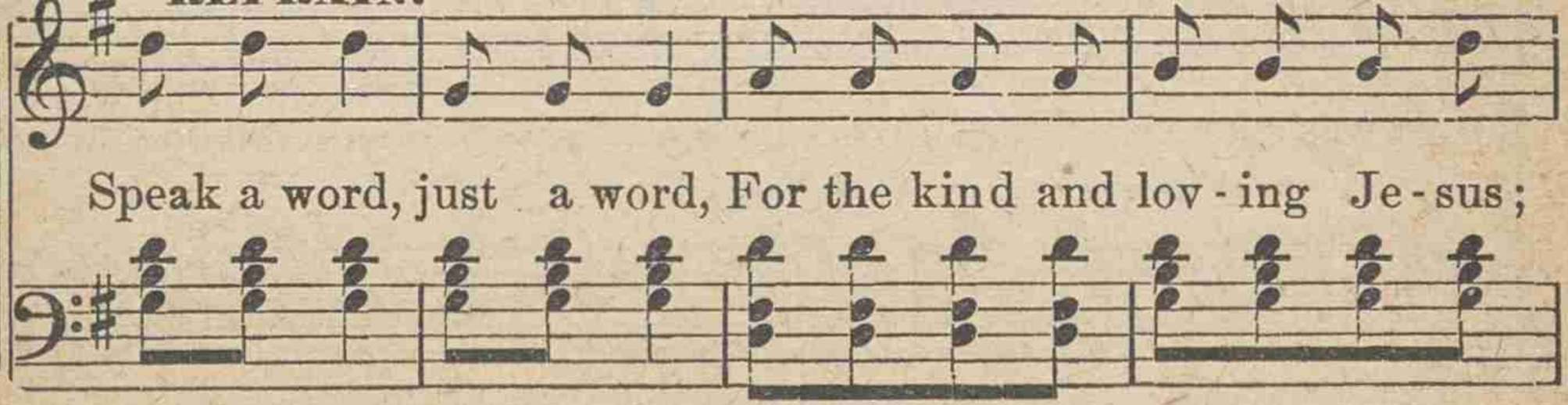
Then hail! all hail! That glorious Eas - ter day; When

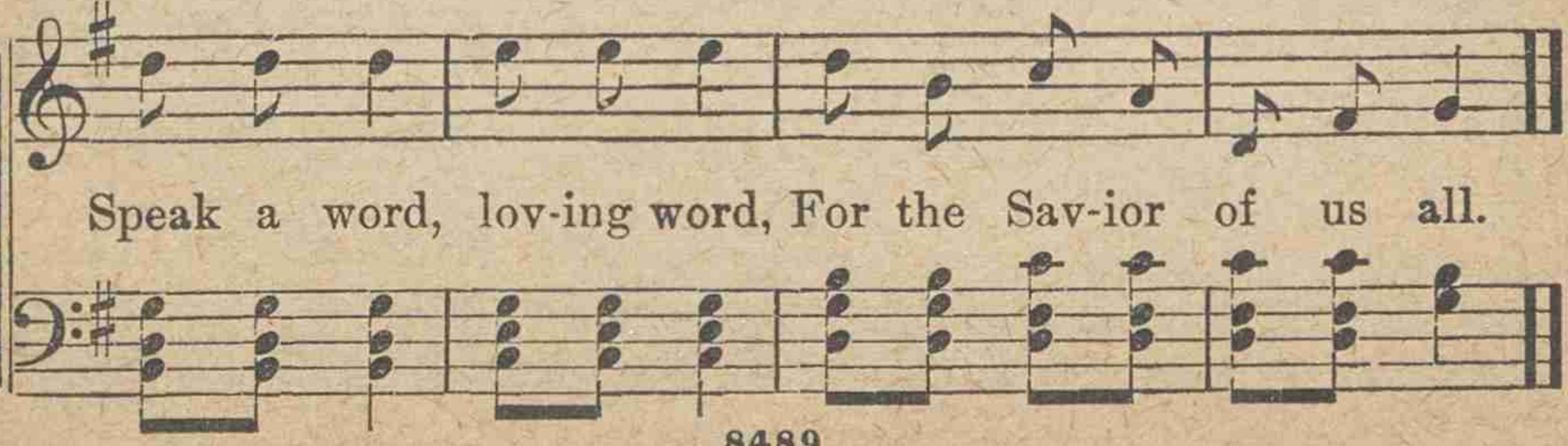
from the bless-ed Sav-ior's tomb The stone was rolled a-way.

J. R. MURRAY.

1. Speak a lov-ing word for Je-sus, That is something we can do;
2. Is there not some deed of kindness, You can do to show your love
3. Is there not a joy or pleasure, Or a bur-den you can share,



For the great and lov-ing Sav-ior, Who has done so much for you.
For the meek and low-ly Je-sus, Who left his bright home above?
With a wea-ry, sorrowing brother, Who has more than he can bear?

REFRAIN.

Speak a word, just a word, For the kind and lov-ing Je-sus;



Speak a word, lov-ing word, For the Sav-ior of us all.

'Twas Love that Brought the Savior.

THOMAS. P. WESTENDORF.

1. 'Twas love that brought the Savior down From his bright home in heaven,
2. 'Twas love that made the angels sing The glad sweet song of glory,
3. 'Tis love to-day that fills the heart With word'rous joy and gladness,

For love he left the shin-ing crown That we might be forgiv-en.
That told the coming of the King, Oh! blessed be the sto - ry.
And takes us from the world a-part, A-way from sin and sad-ness.

CHORUS.

'Twas love, 'Twas love, 'Twas love that suffered on the tree,
For you, for me,

'Twas love, 'Twas love, 'Twas love that brought the Savior.
Di-vine, So free,

EDMESTON. WURZEL.

1. Lit - tle travelers Zi - on-ward, Each one ent'ring in-to rest;
2. Who are they whose lit-tle feet, Pacing life's dark journey thro'
3. All our earthly jour-ney past, Ev-'ry tear and pain gone by;

In the kingdom of the Lord, In the mansions of the blest.
Now have reached that heav'nly seat They had ev-er kept in view?
Here to-geth-er met at last At the por-tal of the sky!

There the King in glo-ry waits, Gives the crowns his followers win—
"I, from Greenland's frozen land;" "I, from India's sultry plain;"
Each the welcome "Come" awaits, Conquerors over death and sin;

Lift your heads ye gold-en gates, Let the lit - tle travelers in.
"I, from Afric's bar-ren sand;" "I, from islands of the main."
Lift your heads ye gold-en gates, Let the lit - tle travelers in.

Never Give Up the Right Way.

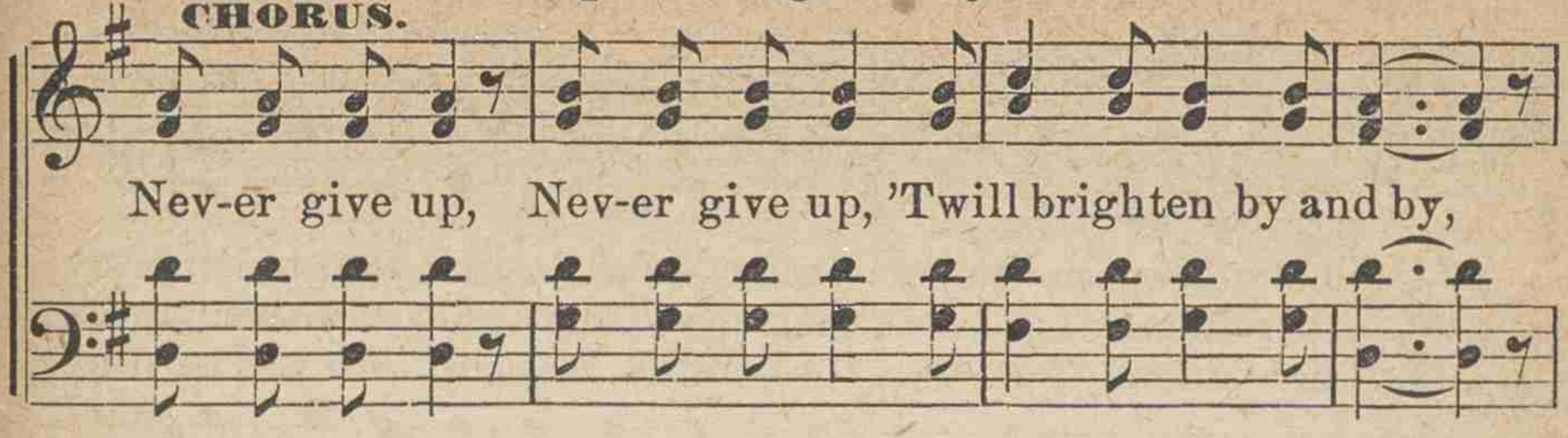
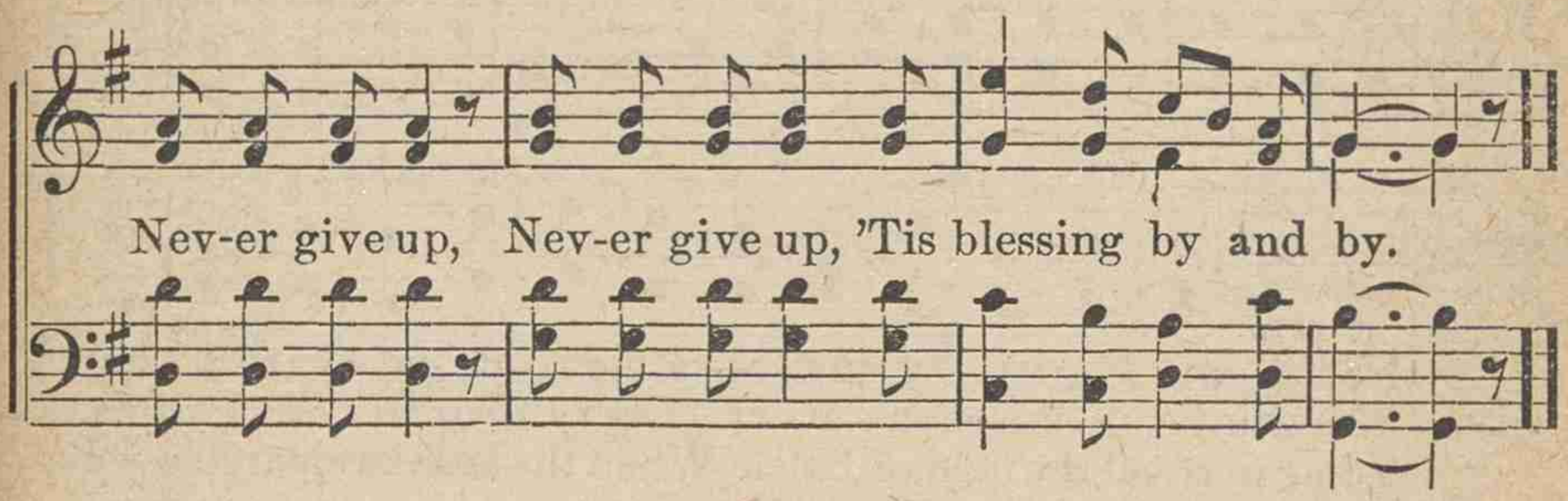
G. F. ROOT.

1. Never give up the right way, 'Twill brighten by and by;
2. Never give up the right way, Tho' narrow, steep and straight,
3. Never give up the right way, Tho' tempted oft and long,

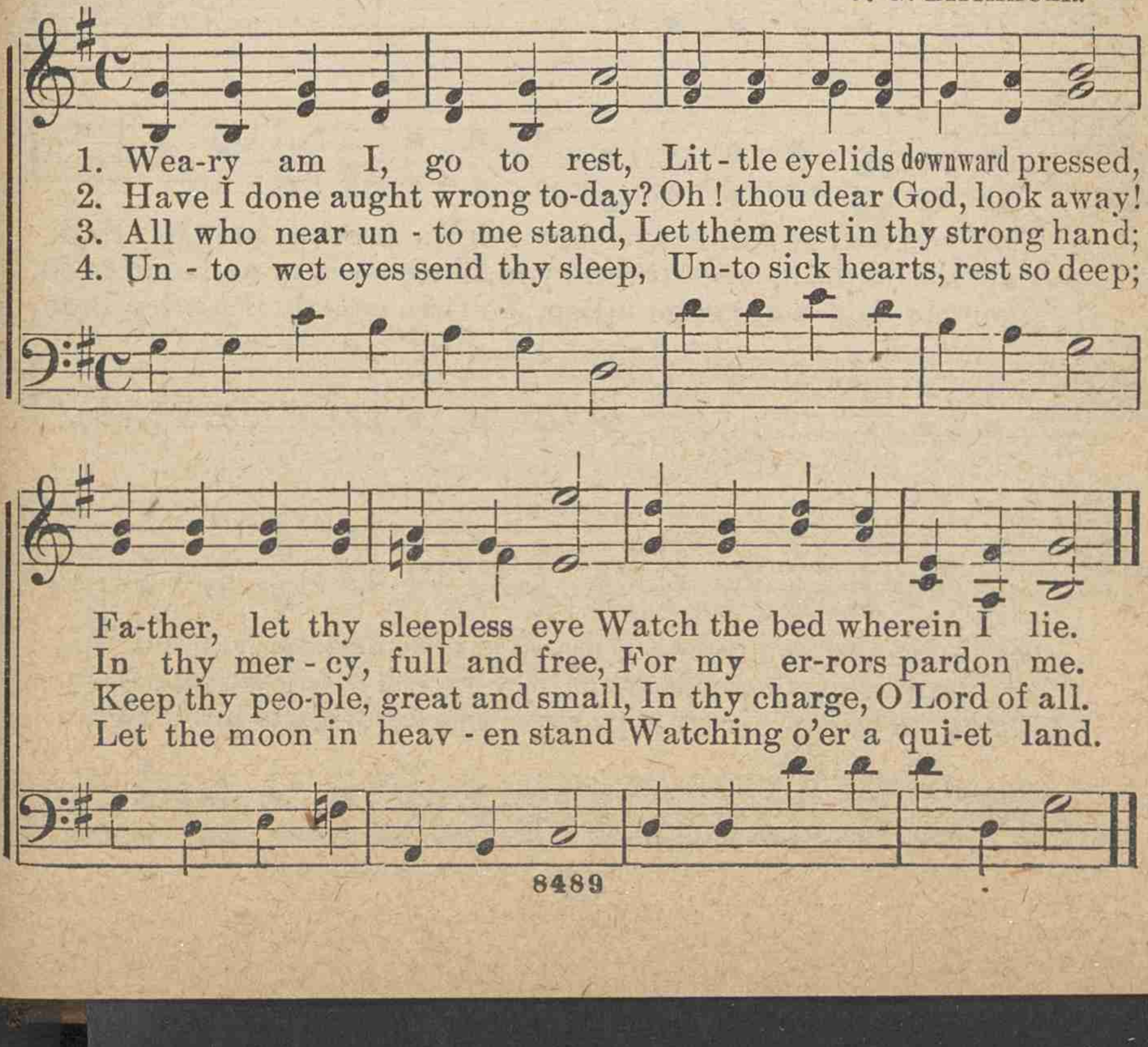
In ev-'ry time of tri-al Your help-er will be nigh;
For at the end is shin-ing The heav'nly cit-y's gate;
Re-mem-ber who is near thee, With hand so kind and strong;

Tho' e-vil coun-sels dark-en, And e-vil passions try,
And so, if sor-rows dark-en, And sel-fish pleasures fly,
What-ev-er then may dark-en, What-ev-er fade and die,

Nev-er give up the right way, 'Twill brighten by and by.
Nev-er give up the right way, 'Twill brighten by and by.
Nev-er give up the right way, 'Twill brighten by and by.

CHORUS.

Child's Evening Hymn.

J. G. BITTHAUER.



Little Missions.

Arr. G. F. R.

CHORUS.

All around are lit-tle missions, Where the Master you may see,

And he'll say with ev'ry service, "Ye have done it un-to me."

God Is Good.

GERMAN.

1. See the morn-ing sunbeams Lighting up the wood,
2. Hear the mountain stream-let In the sol - i - tude,
3. In the leaf - y tree - tops, Where no fears in - trude,
4. Bring, my heart, thy trib - ute, Songs of grat - i - tude;

Si - lent - ly proclaim-ing, "God is ev - er good!"
With its rip - ple, say - ing, "God is ev - er good!"
Mer - ry birds are sing-ing, "God is ev - er good!"
While all na - ture ut - ters, "God is ev - er good!"

EDWIN HODDER. J. R. M.

1. Thy word is like a garden, Lord, With flowers bright and fair;
2. Thy word is like a deep, deep mine, And jewels rich and rare
3. Thy word is like a star - ry host, A thousand rays of light

And ev-'ry one who seeks may pluck A lovely nose-gay there.
Are hid-den in its might-y depths, For ev'ry searcher there.
Are seen to guide the trav - el - er, And make his pathway bright.

CHORUS.

The Bi - ble! the Bi - ble! Is like a gar-den fair, And
The Bi - ble! the Bi - ble! And jew-els rich and rare, Are
The Bi - ble! the Bi - ble! A thousand rays of light Are

ev - 'ry one who seeks may pluck A love - ly nosegay there.
hid - den in its might - y depths, For ev - 'ry searcher there.
seen, to guide the trav - el - er, And make his pathway bright.

Form Your Mission Bands.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH. G. F. R.

Allegretto.

1. Form, form your mis - sion bands, Chil - dren, chil - dren,
2. Pray, pray for its suc - cess, Chil - dren, chil - dren,
3. Shine, lit - tle ta - pers bright, Chil - dren, chil - dren,

Send, send to heath - en lands The Sav - ior's name.
That it the world may bless With Je - sus' name.
Ye may a thou - sand light In Je - sus' name.

Sing, sing the Gos - pel, sing Chil - dren, chil - dren,
Send, send its joys a - broad, Chil - dren, chil - dren,
Who spread the light di - vine, Chil - dren, chil - dren,

Till 'round the world shall ring The Sav - ior's name.
Give, give the gold of God For Je - sus' name.
They as the stars shall shine For ev - er - more.

The Happy Child.

JACOB H. HAEUSSLER.

1. I am sing-ing, sing - ing, All the live-long day;
2. Why am I so joy - ous? Would you have me tell?
3. Tell me, do you won - der I can sing all day,

At my work and stud - y Just as at my play;
'Tis be-cause God loves me, Yes, he loves me well;
When I know that Je - sus Takes my sins a - way?

With my mer - ry school - mates, Or when all a - lone,
And, though I am sin - ful, He no stain can see,
Oh! the joy - ful bless - ing! How it crowns my days,

Not a queen more hap - py Could be on her throne.
When the blood of Je - sus Bathes and cleanses me.
Fills my mouth with laugh - ter! And my tongue with praise!

"WINTHROP."

1. "Just as I am," thine own to be, Friend of the young, who lov - est me; To con - se-crate my - self to thee,
2. In the glad morning of my day, My life to give, my vows to pay, With no re-serve and no de - lay,
3. I would live ev - er in the light, I would work ev-er for the right, I would serve thee with all my might,
4. "Just as I am," young, strong and free, To be the best that I can be For truth and righteous-ness and thee,

REFRAIN.

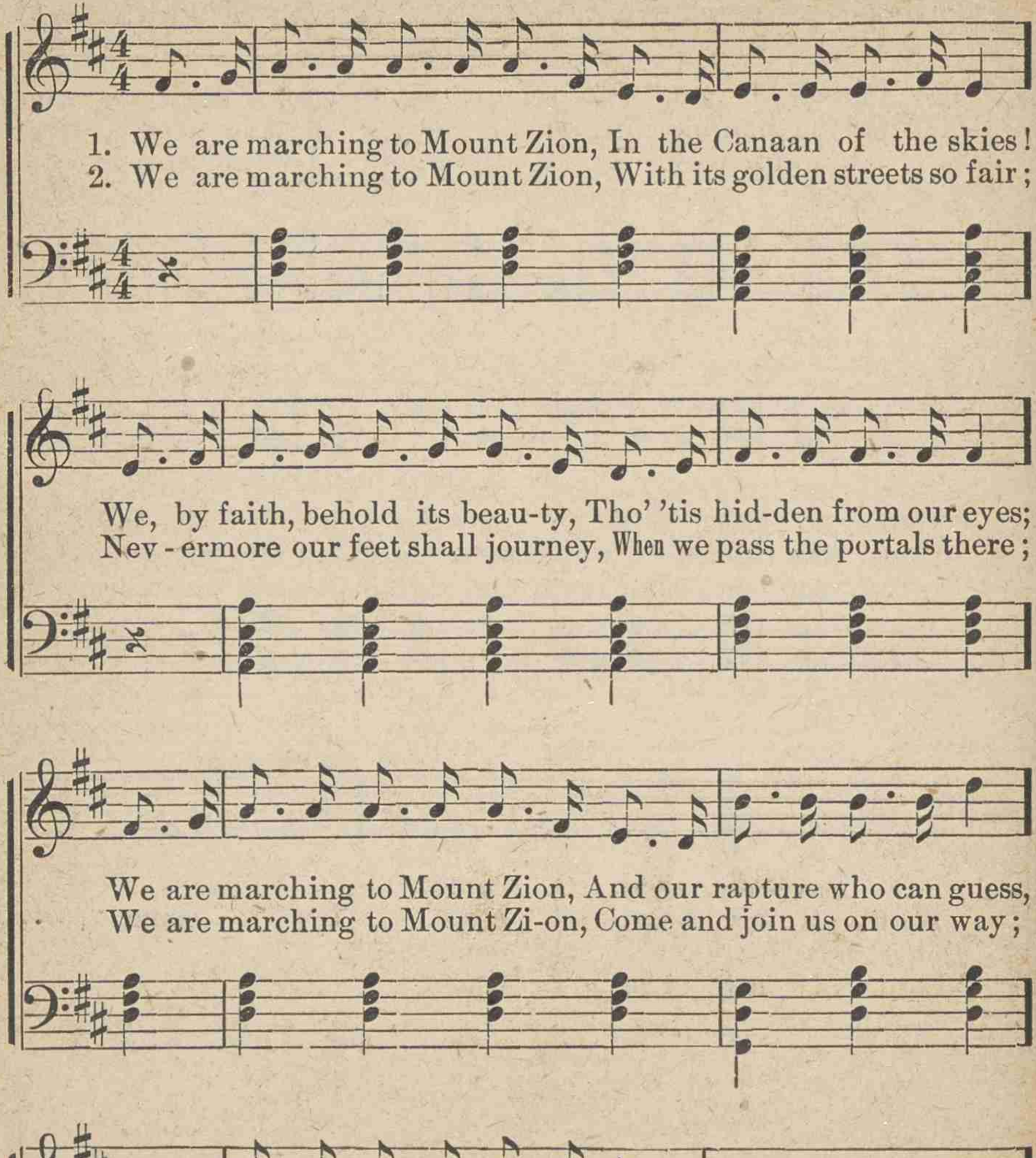
O Sav - ior, dear, I come.
With all my heart I come. I come,
There-fore to thee I come.
Lord of my life, I come.

I come, Just as I am, I come.

Rit. - - -

Marching To Mount Zion.

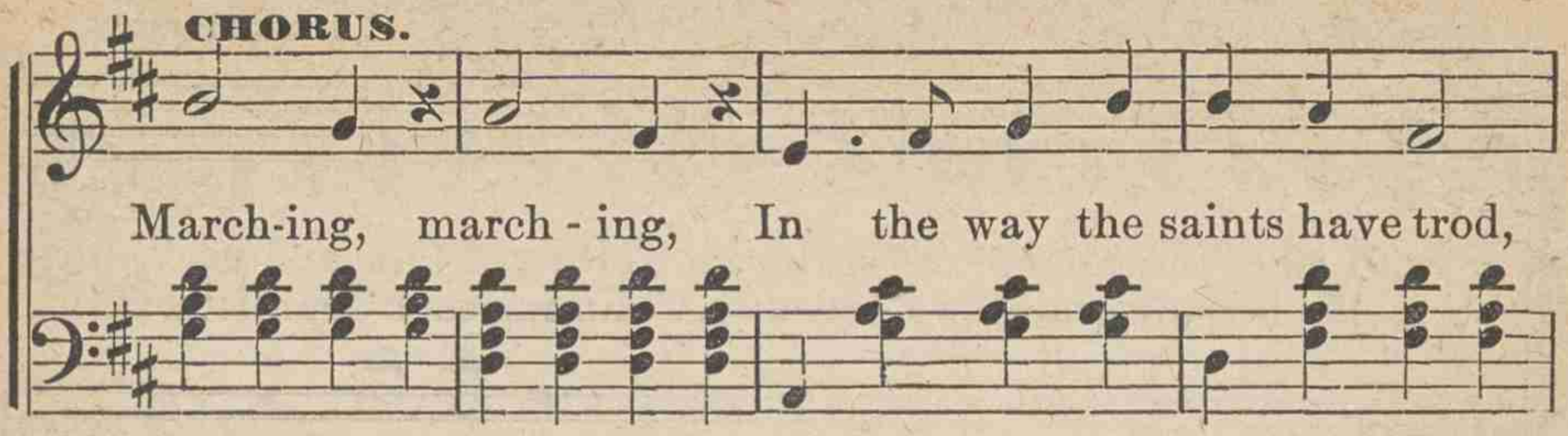
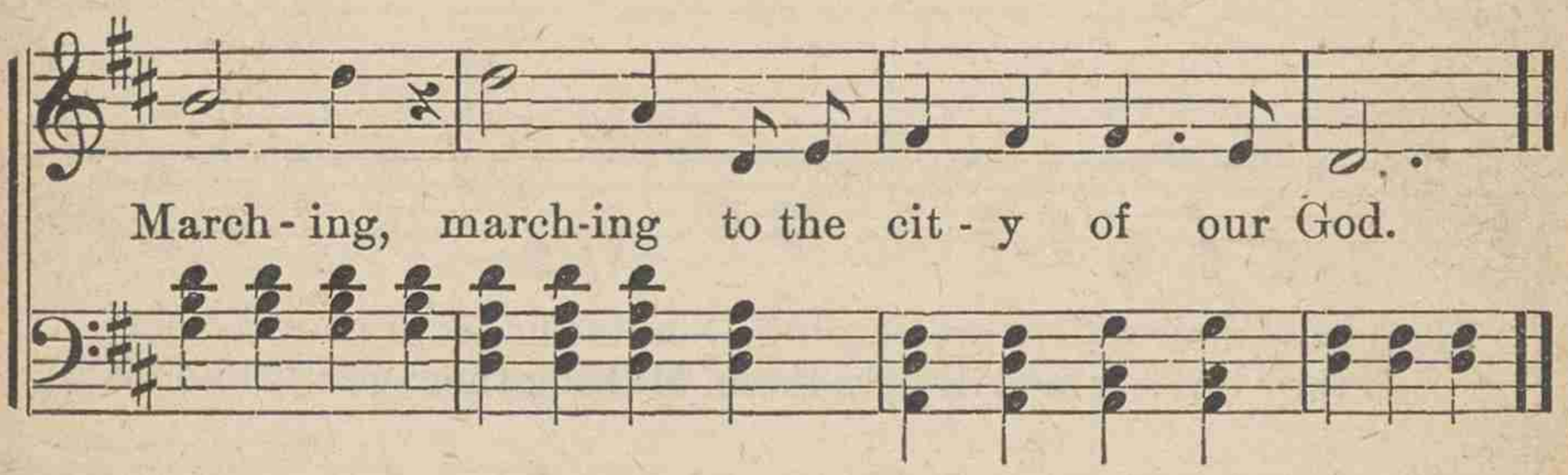
E. R. LATTA. J. R. M.



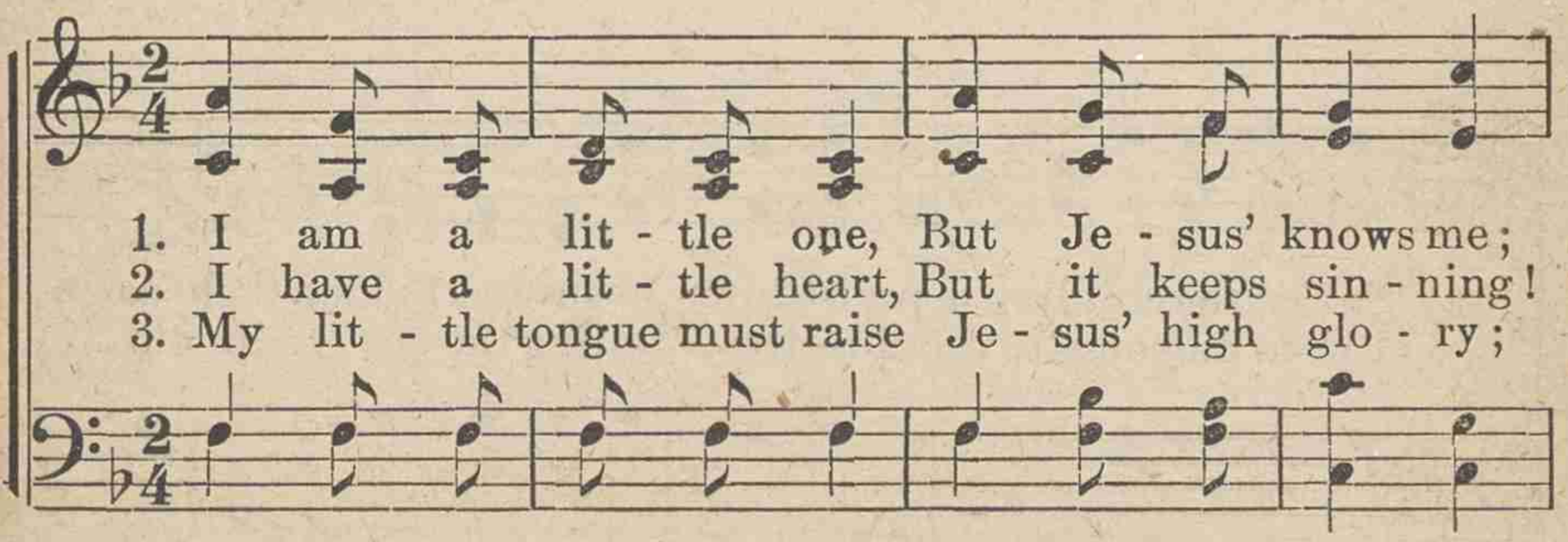
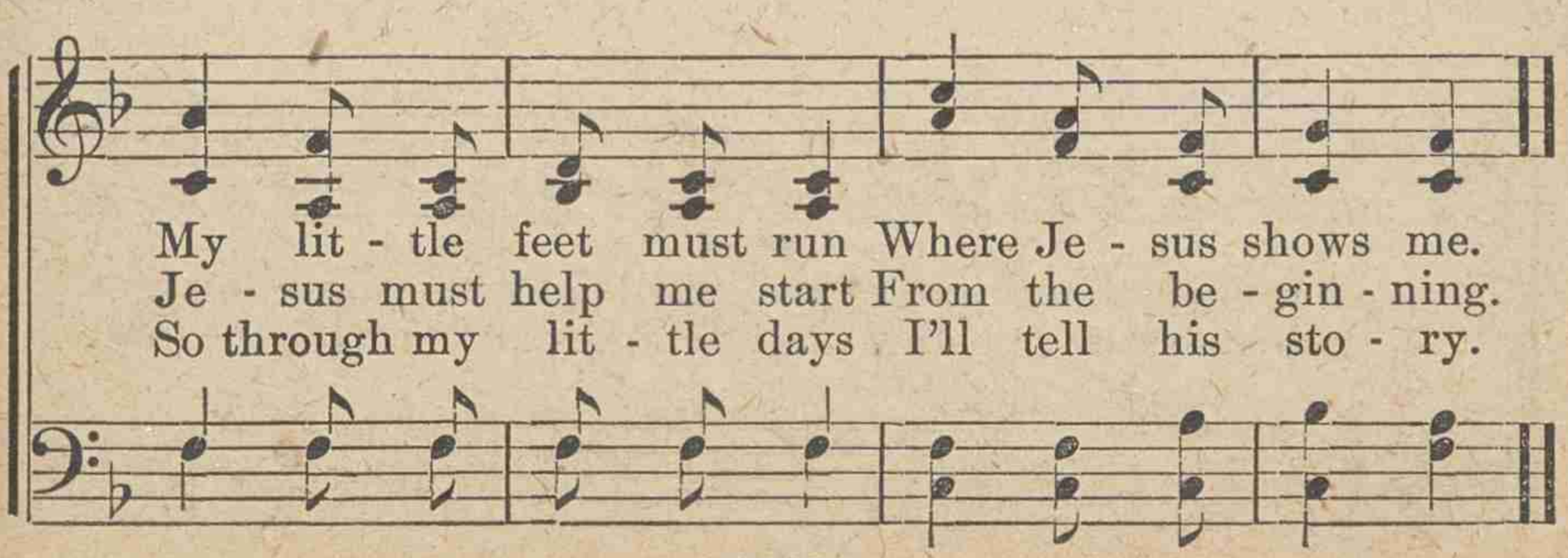
1. We are marching to Mount Zion, In the Canaan of the skies!
2. We are marching to Mount Zion, With its golden streets so fair;

We, by faith, behold its beau-ty, Tho' 'tis hid-den from our eyes;
Nev-ermore our feet shall journey, When we pass the portals there;

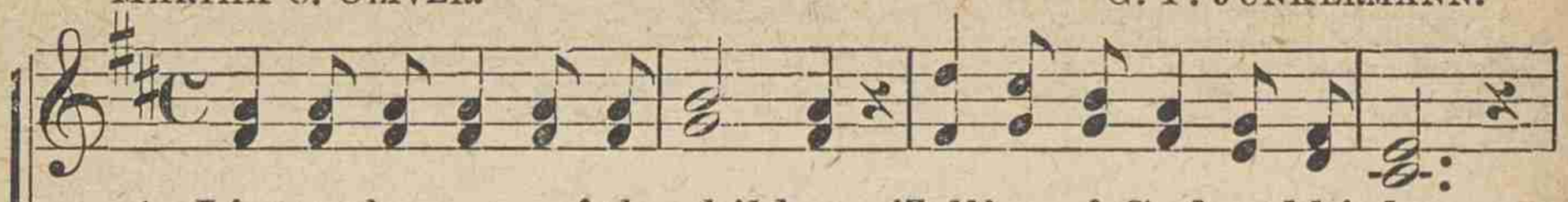
We are marching to Mount Zion, And our rapture who can guess,
We are marching to Mount Zi-on, Come and join us on our way;

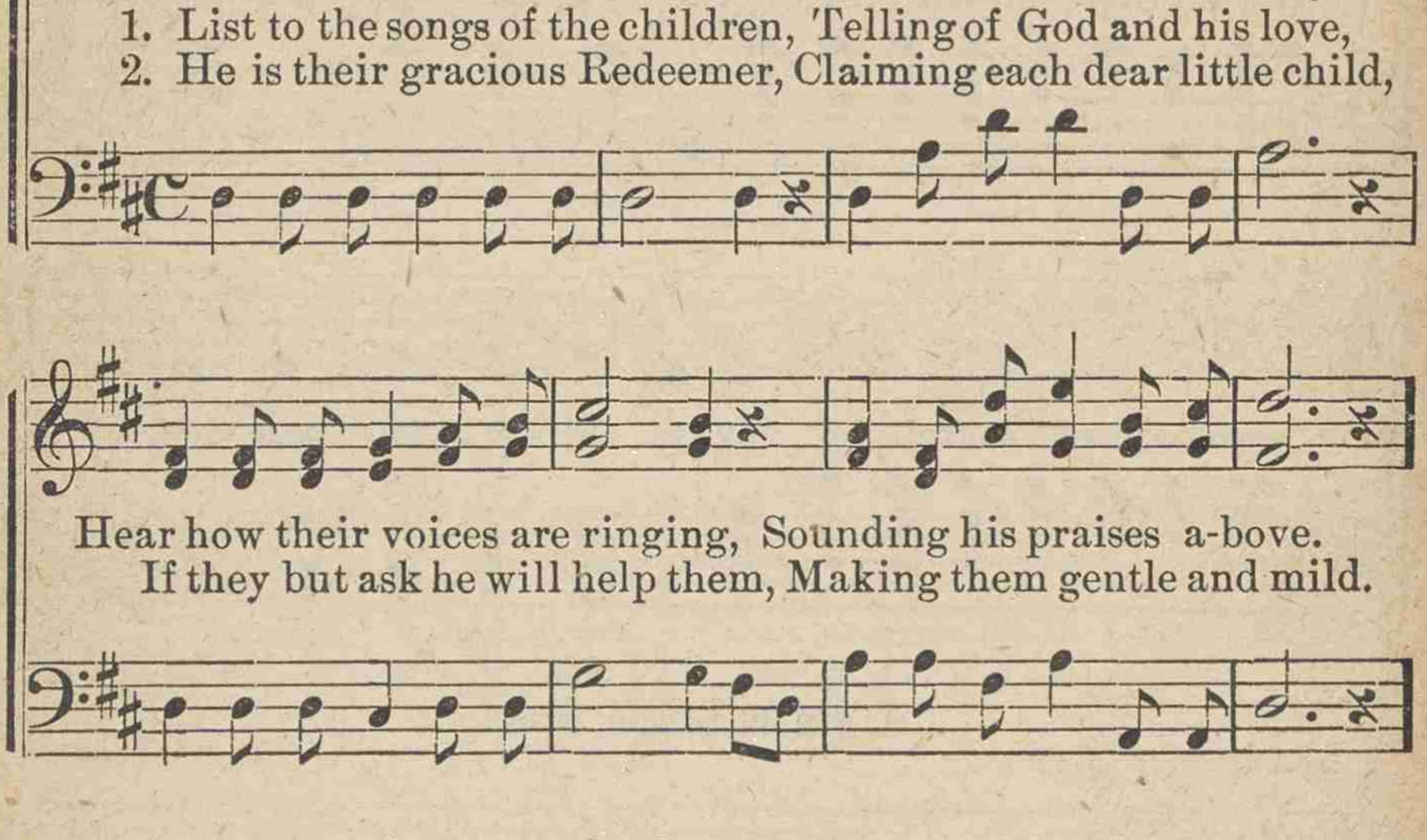
When we reach the land of promise, Just beyond the wilderness?
We shall soon behold the cit-y, We are near-er ev-'ry day.



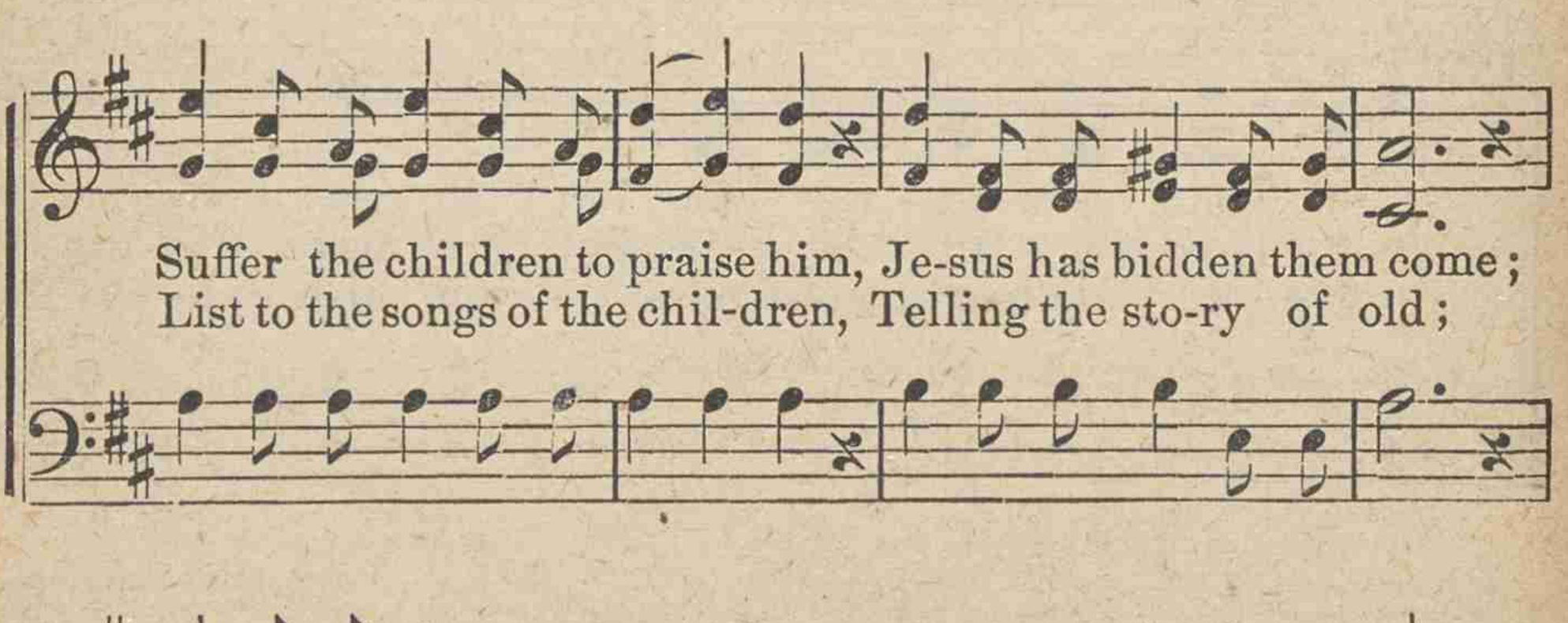
I am a Little One.

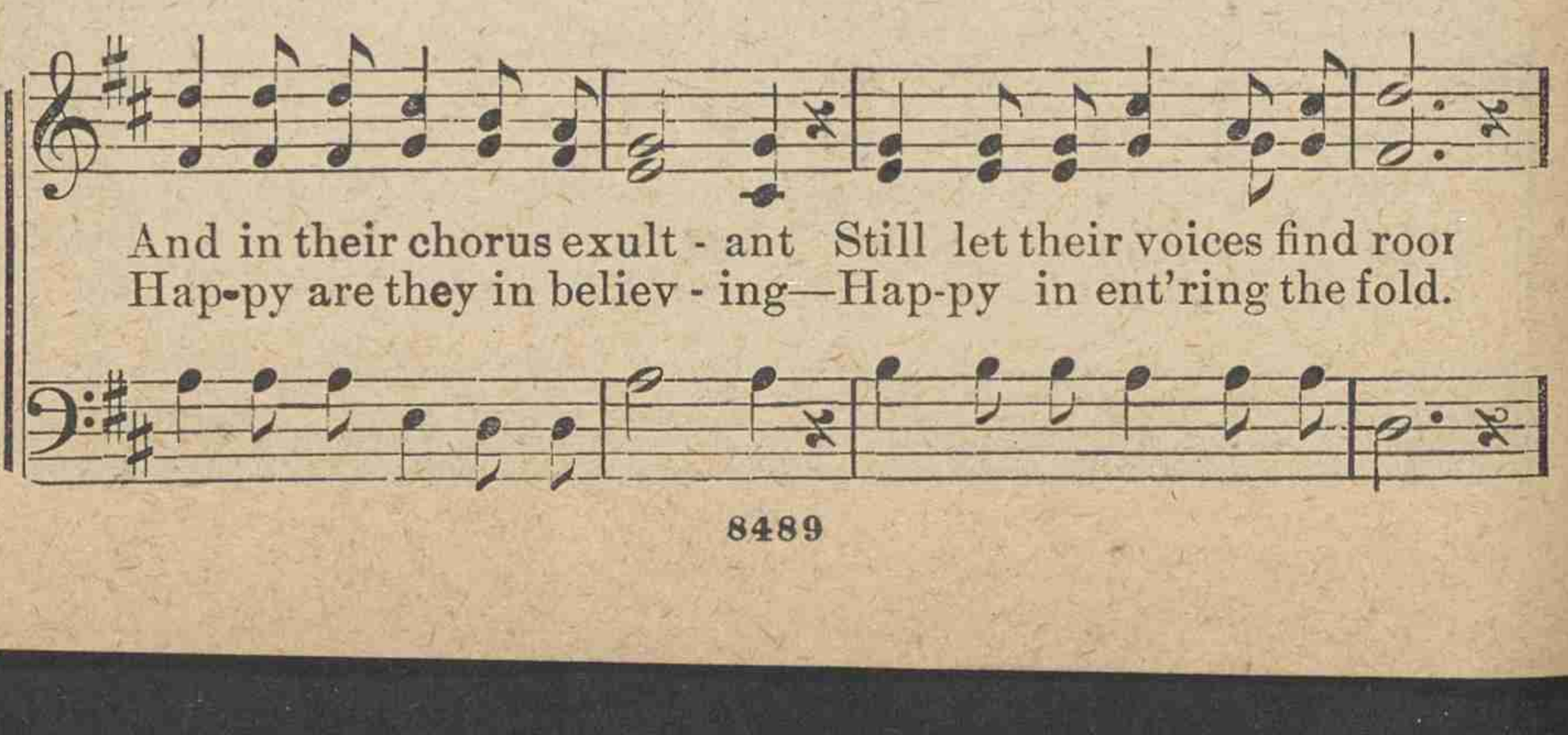
FANNIE CHADWICK. G. F. R.



List To the Songs of the Children.

MARTHA C. OLIVER. G. F. JUNKERMANN.

1. List to the songs of the children, Telling of God and his love,
2. He is their gracious Redeemer, Claiming each dear little child,

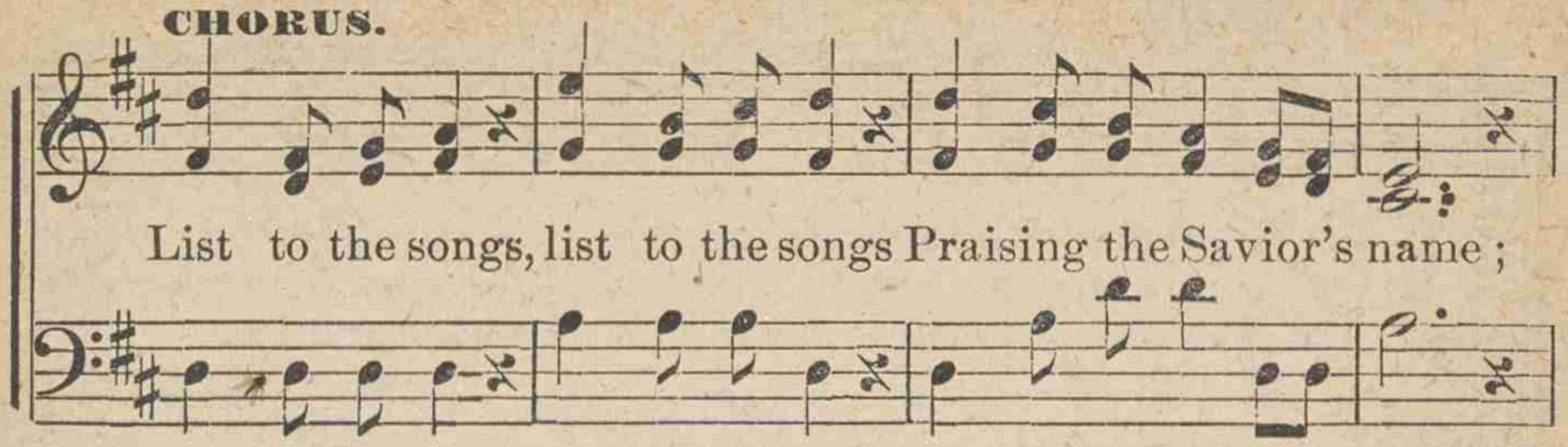
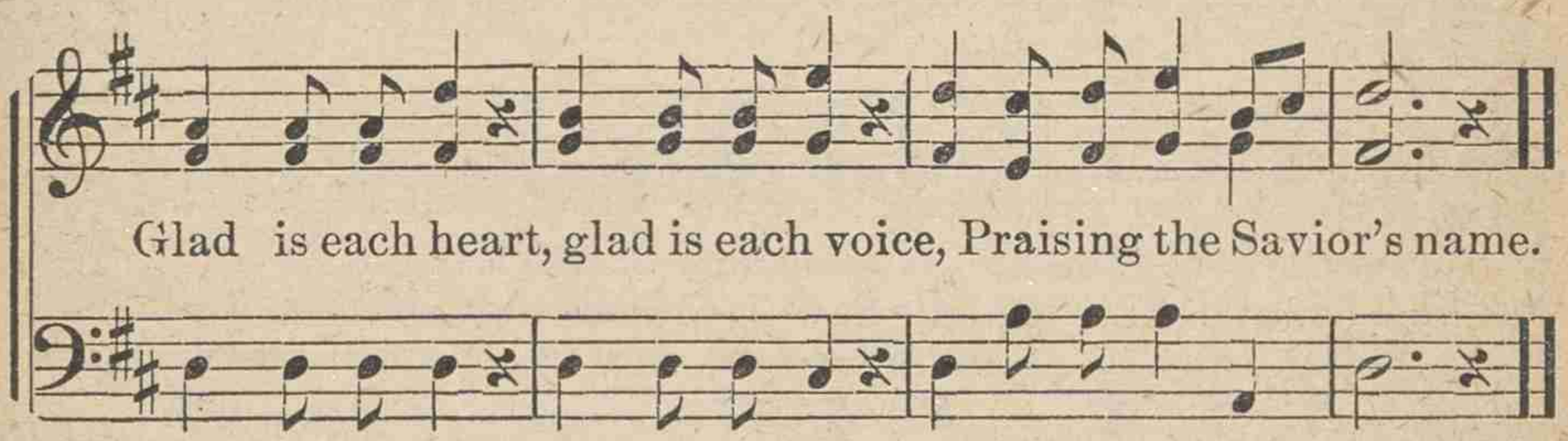


Hear how their voices are ringing, Sounding his praises a-bove.
If they but ask he will help them, Making them gentle and mild.

Suffer the children to praise him, Je-sus has bidden them come;
List to the songs of the chil-dren, Telling the sto-ry of old;

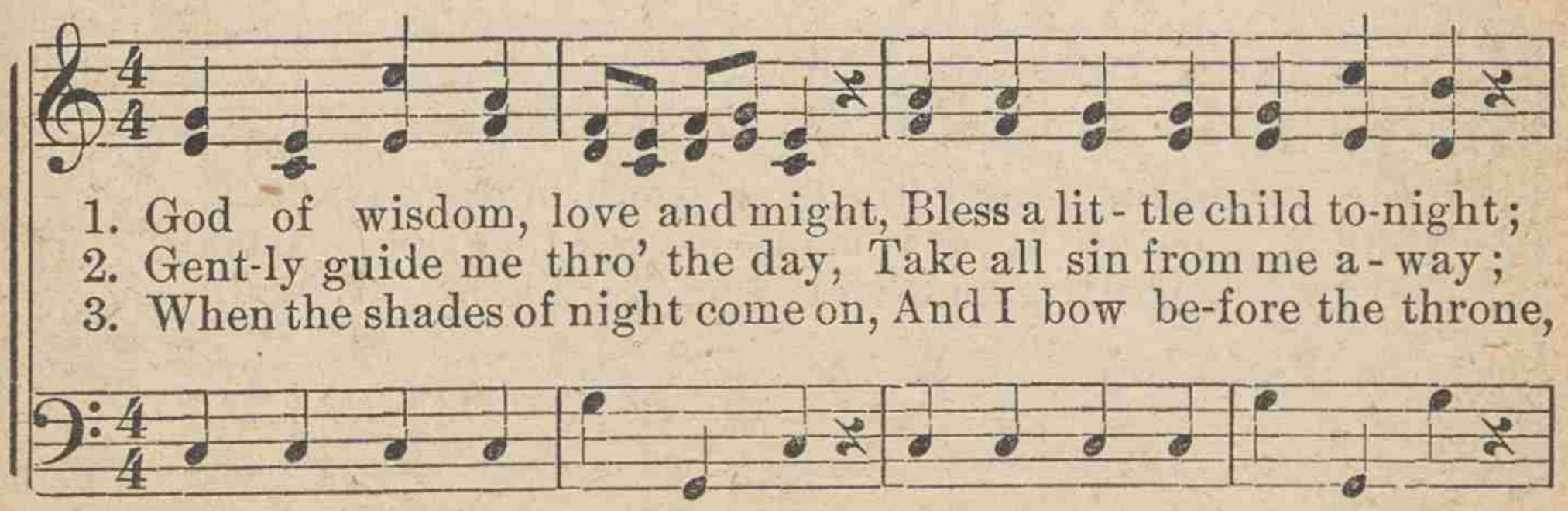


And in their chorus exult - ant Still let their voices find room
Hap-py are they in believ - ing—Hap-py in ent'ring the fold.

CHORUS.



The Child's Prayer.

E. A. CURRY. G. F. JUNKERMANN.

Room For All.

Mrs. R. N. TURNER.
Duet. Ad lib.

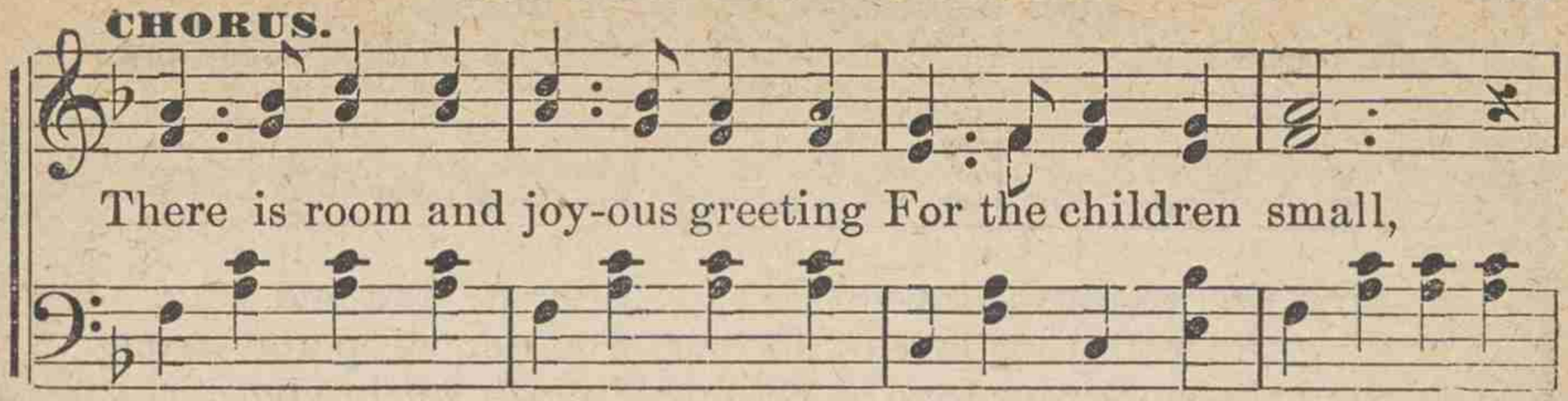
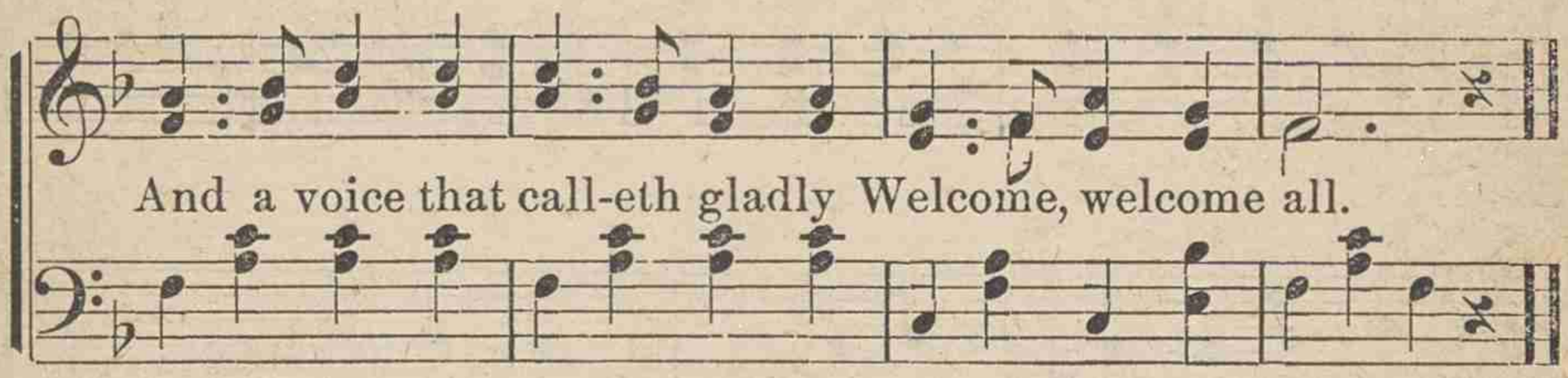
J. R. M.

1. Is there room for all the children In the home a-bove,
2. O so ma - ny, ma - ny thousands In the by-ways dwell,
3. Are the bless-ed por-tals o-pen, Ev - er wide and free,

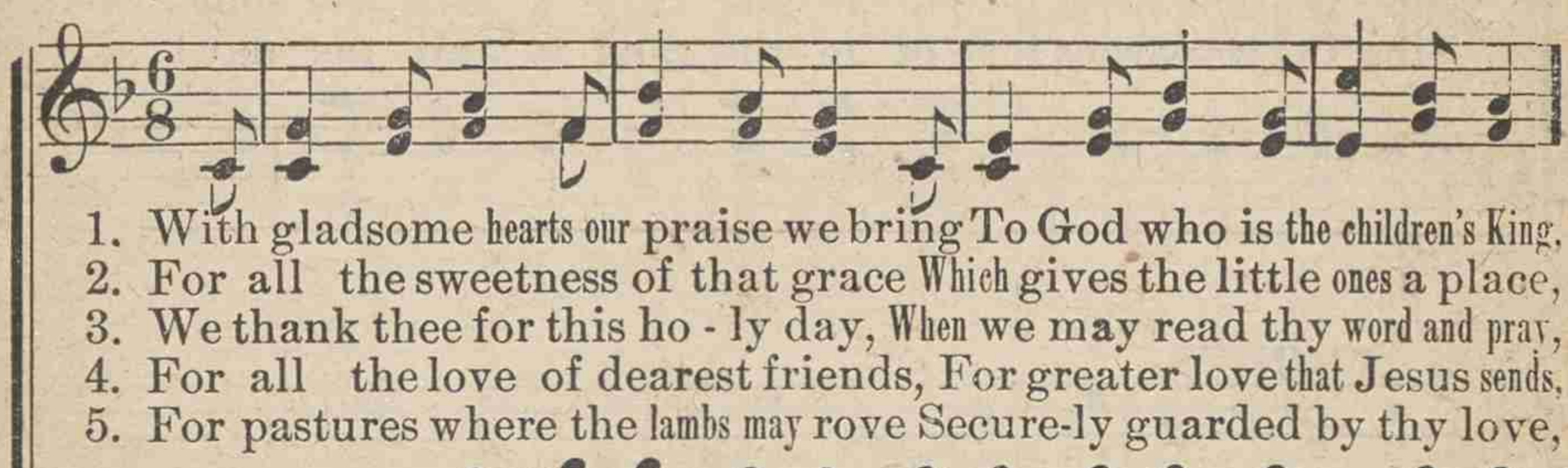
In the sweet and ho - ly mansions Of the King of love?
Some that nev-er knew the Sav - ior, Some that love him well!
And the way so plain be-fore us, Ev-'ry eye can see?

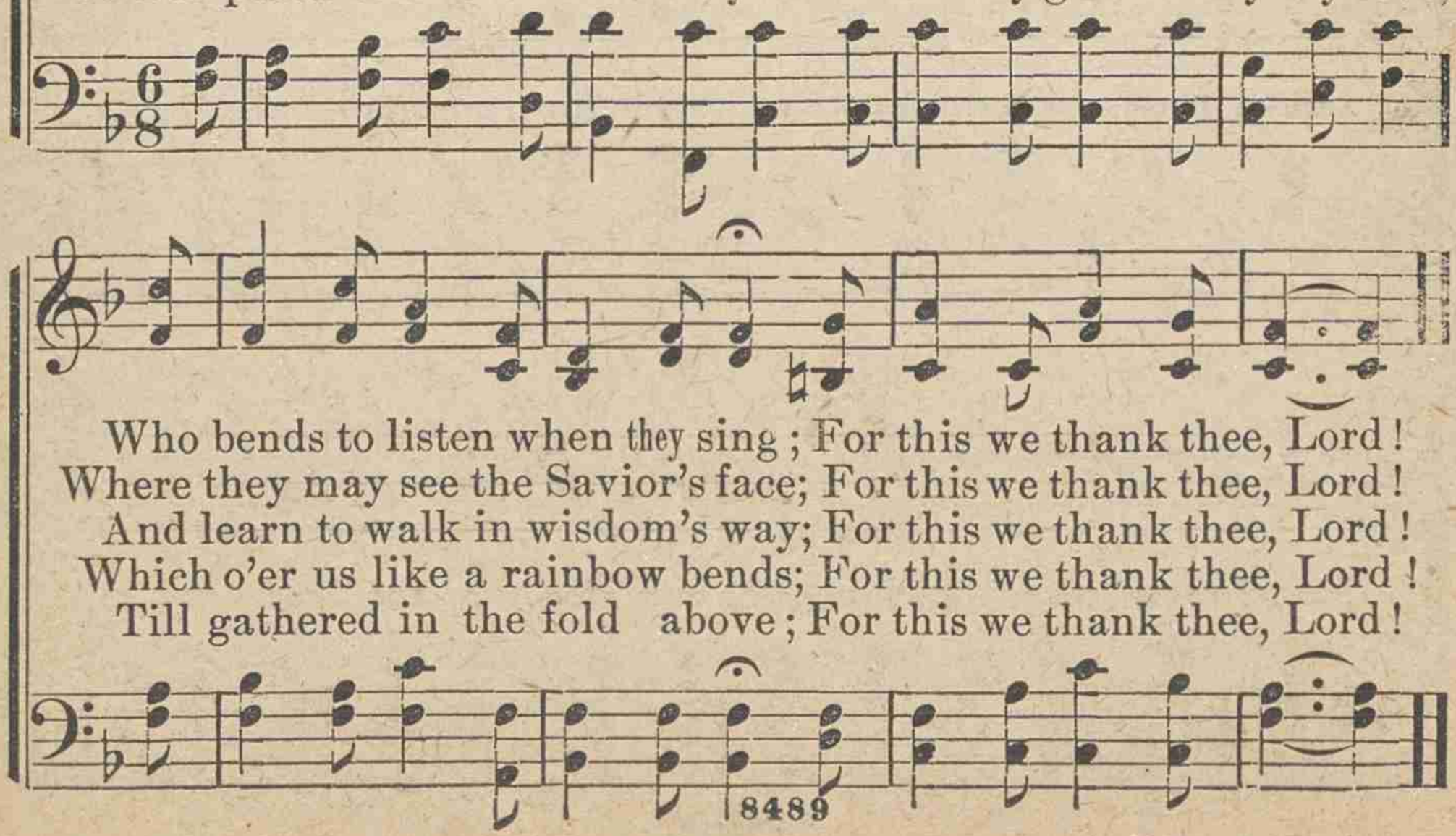
All to come and serve him ev-er Doth he free - ly call?
Hath he place in his dear mansions For the poor and small,
Then we'll gladly, glad-ly fol - low At his ho - ly call,

In his kingdom where he dwelleth Is there room for all?
For the low - ly lit - tle children, Is there room for all?
For with-in his hap-py kingdom There is room for all!



Children's Thanks.





The Wondrous Love Of Jesus.

E. R. LATTA. J. R. MURRAY.

1. Sing the wondrous love of Je - sus, Sing it far and wide!
2. Sing the wondrous love of Je - sus, Ten-der, deep and strong
3. Sing the wondrous love of Je - sus, Sing it while you may;

Sing the wondrous love of Je - sus, How he loved and died!
Sing the wondrous love of Je - sus, How I love the song!
Sing the wondrous love of Je - sus, Sing it all the day!

CHORUS.

Love! love! wondrous love! Love for one and all;

Love! love! wondrous love, For you, for me, for all.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

One Little Star.

Arr. 139

Brightly.

1. One lit - tle star in the star - ry night,
2. One lit - tle flow'r in the flow'r - ful spring,
3. Each lit - tle star has its spe - cial ray,
4. Each lit - tle child can some love - work find,

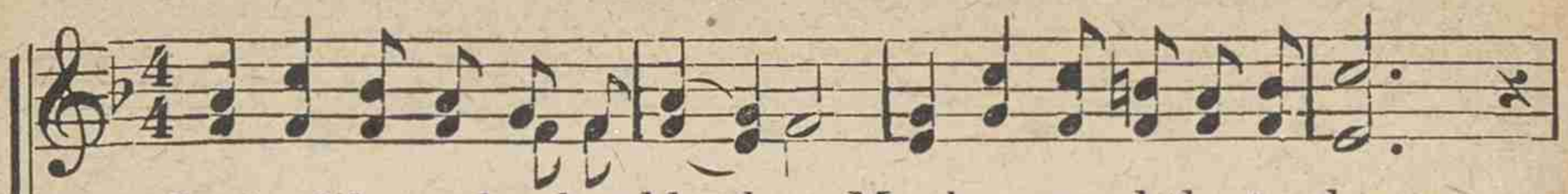
One lit - tle beam in the noon - day light,
One lit - tle feath - er in one lit - tle wing,
Each lit - tle beam has its place in the day,
Each lit - tle hand and each lit - tle mind;

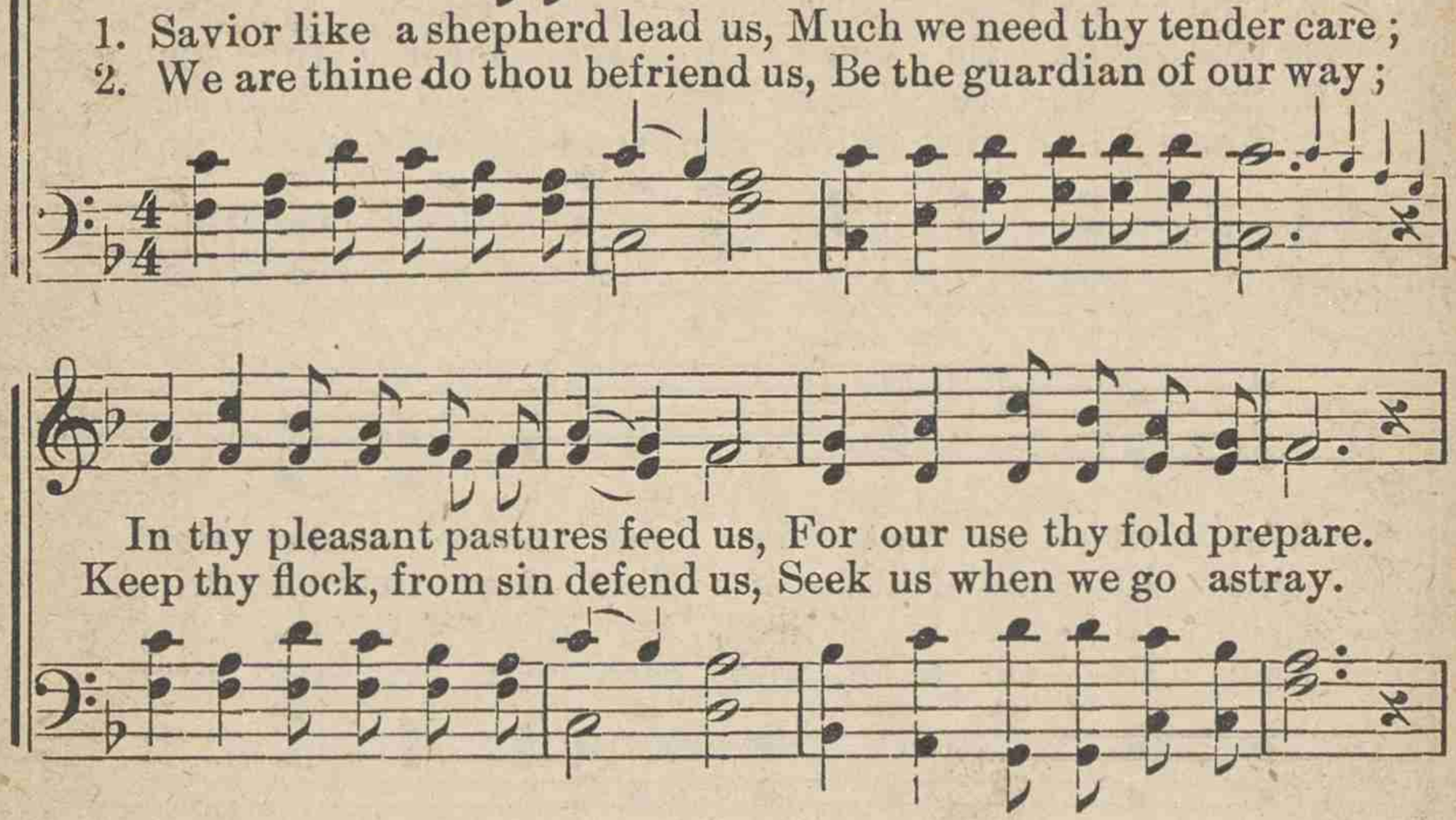
One lit - tle drop in the riv - er's might,
One lit - tle note when the ma - ny birds sing,
Each lit - tle riv - er - drop impulse and sway;
All can be gen - tle, use - ful and kind,

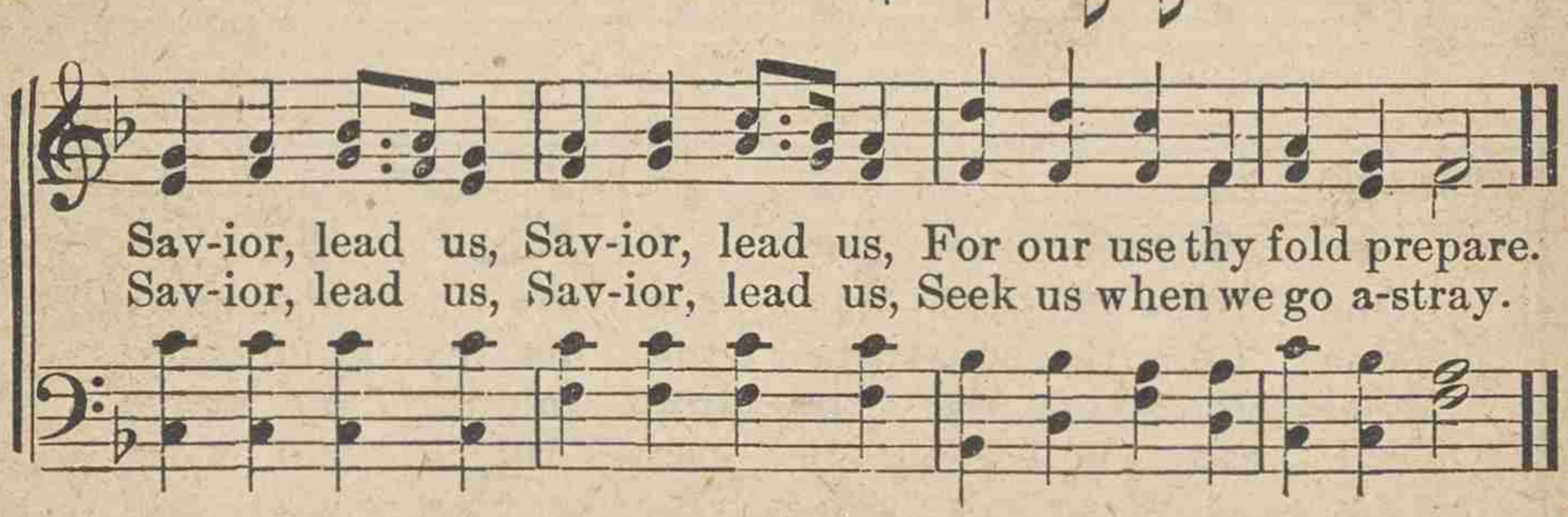
What can it be? oh, what can it be?
All are so lit - tle, fee - ble and few.
Feath - er and flow'r and song - let help too.
Though they are little, like me and like you.

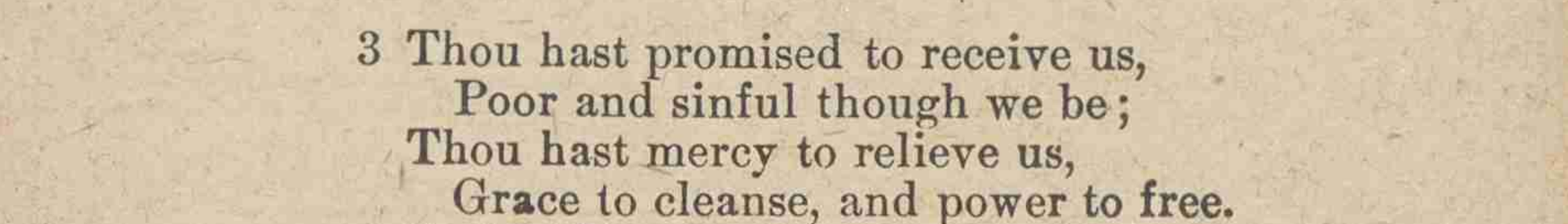
Savior Lead Us.

* * *

G. F. R.

1. Savior like a shepherd lead us, Much we need thy tender care;
2. We are thine do thou befriend us, Be the guardian of our way;



In thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use thy fold prepare.
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us, Seek us when we go astray.

Sav-ior, lead us, Sav-ior, lead us, For our use thy fold prepare.
Sav-ior, lead us, Sav-ior, lead us, Seek us when we go a-stray.



3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free.
Savior, lead us, Savior, lead us,
Poor and sinful though we be.

4. Early let us seek thy favor,
Early help us do thy will,
Holy Lord, our only Savior!
With thy grace our bosoms fill.
Savior, lead us, Savior, lead us,
With thy grace our bosoms fill.

C. W. WENDTE.

Cheerfully.

1. Cour-age, broth - er! do not stumble! Though thy path be dark as night, There's a star to guide the hum-ble;
2. Let the road be long and drear - y, And its end - ing out of sight, Foot it brave - ly—strong or wea - ry;
3. Some will hate thee, some will love thee, Some will flat-ter, some will slight; Heed not man but look a - bove thee;
4. Sim-plest rule and saf - est guid-ing, In-ward peace and in - ward light, Star up - on our path a - bid - ing;

CHORUS.

"Trust in God, and do the right!"
"Trust in God, and do the right!" Do the right! do the right!
"Trust in God, and do the right!"
"Trust in God, and do the right!" Trust in God and do the right!

The Angel Throng.

E. R. LATTA. J. R. MURRAY.

Question.

1. Shall we join the an-gel throng, When we die? when we die?
2. Shall we join the an-gel throng, Troub-les o'er, troub-les o'er!
3. Shall we join the an-gel throng, Ne'er to die? ne'er to die?
4. Shall we join the an-gel throng, There to stay? there to stay?

Answer.

We shall join the an-gel throng, By and by! by and by!
We shall join the an-gel throng, On that shore! on that shore!
We shall join the an-gel throng, By and by! by and by!
We shall join the an-gel throng, Yes, for aye! yes, for aye!

CHORUS.

An-gel throng, an-gel throng, We shall see then eye to eye,

We shall join the an-gel throng, By and by, by and by.

F. S. SHEPARD. JACOB H. HAEUSSLER.

1. On this joy - ous Children's Day, Come, children, sing!
2. We should give him daily praise, Come, children, sing!
3. Je - sus says of such as we— Come, children, sing!
4. Then to him our hearts we'll give, Come, children, sing!

Lift your voice in tune - ful lay, Come, chil-dren, sing!
For he bless - es all our days, Come, chil-dren, sing!
"Suf - fer them to come to me," Come, chil-dren, sing!
Serve him all the days we live, Come, chil-dren, sing!

CHORUS.

Come, chil-dren, come and sing Praise to our Sav - ior, King!

On this hap - py Chil-dren's Day Come, chil - dren, sing!

In the Blessed Fold of Jesus.

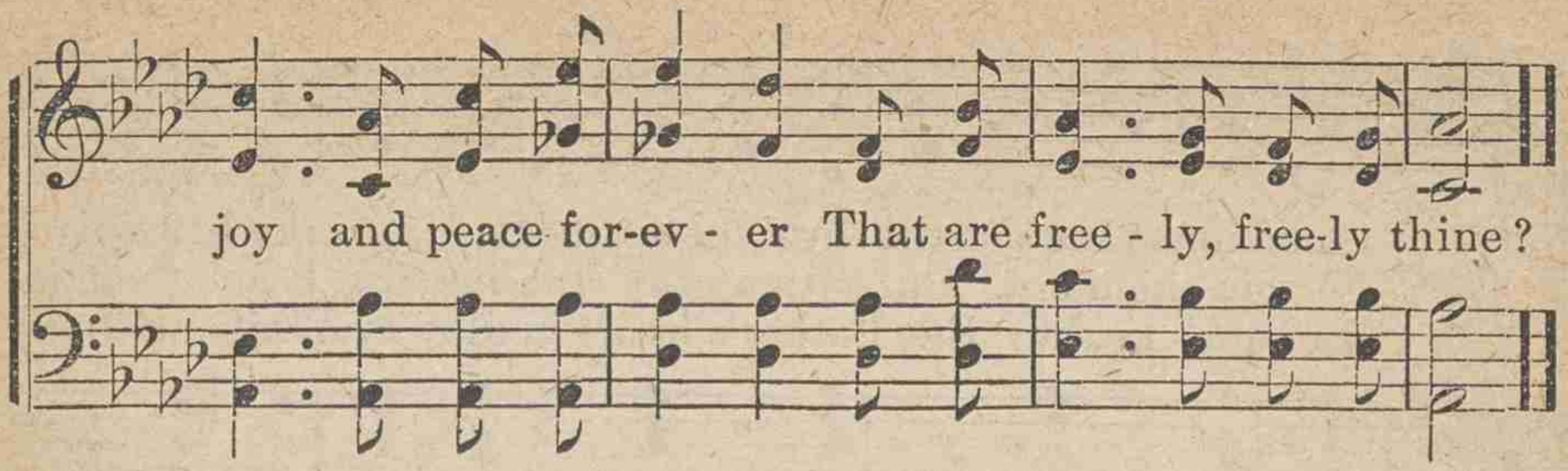
MRS. R. N. TURNER. J. R. MURRAY.

1. In the bless - ed fold of Je - sus, There's a refuge warm and
2. There are pastures green and shady, There are wa-ters still and
3. There the sheep are nev-er scattered, Or the ten-der lambs a-
4. In the bless - ed fold of Je sus, Come and find the welcome

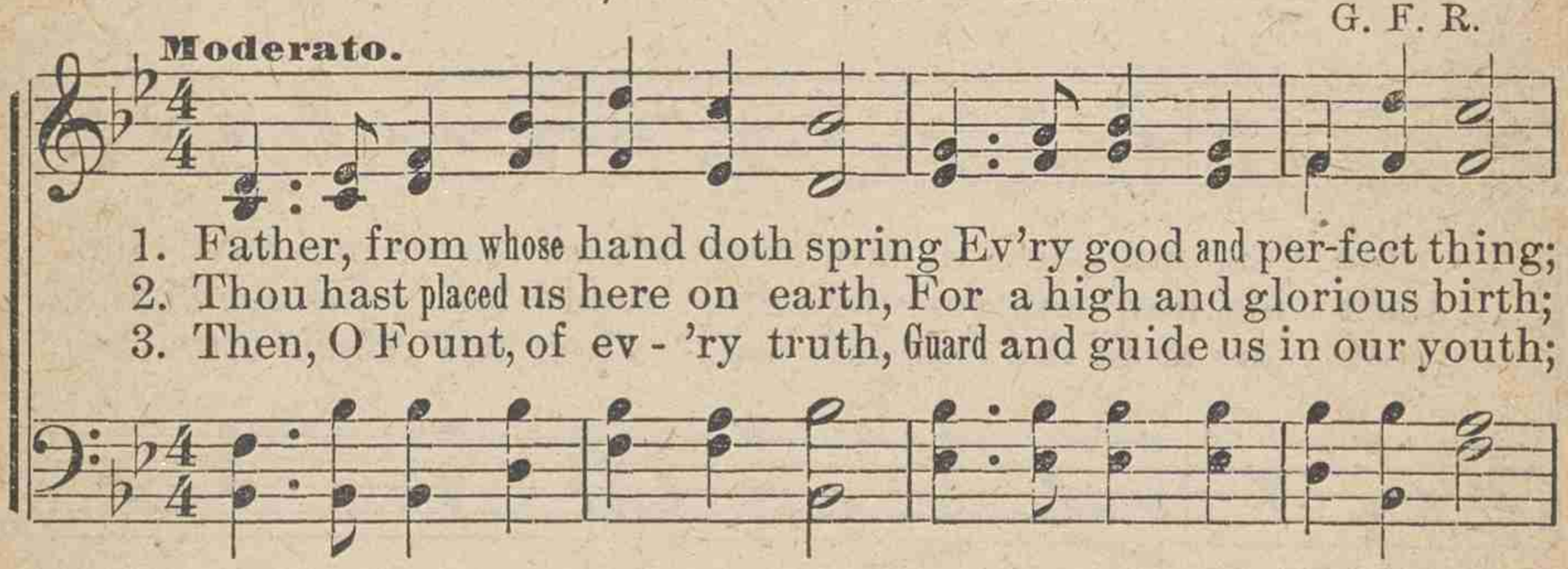
true, And a heav'n - ly shepherd wait-ing By the
fair, And the tree of life e - ter - nal, In its
stray, But the Ho - ly Shep-herd keep - eth Lov-ing
blest, While the door is o - pen for you, And he

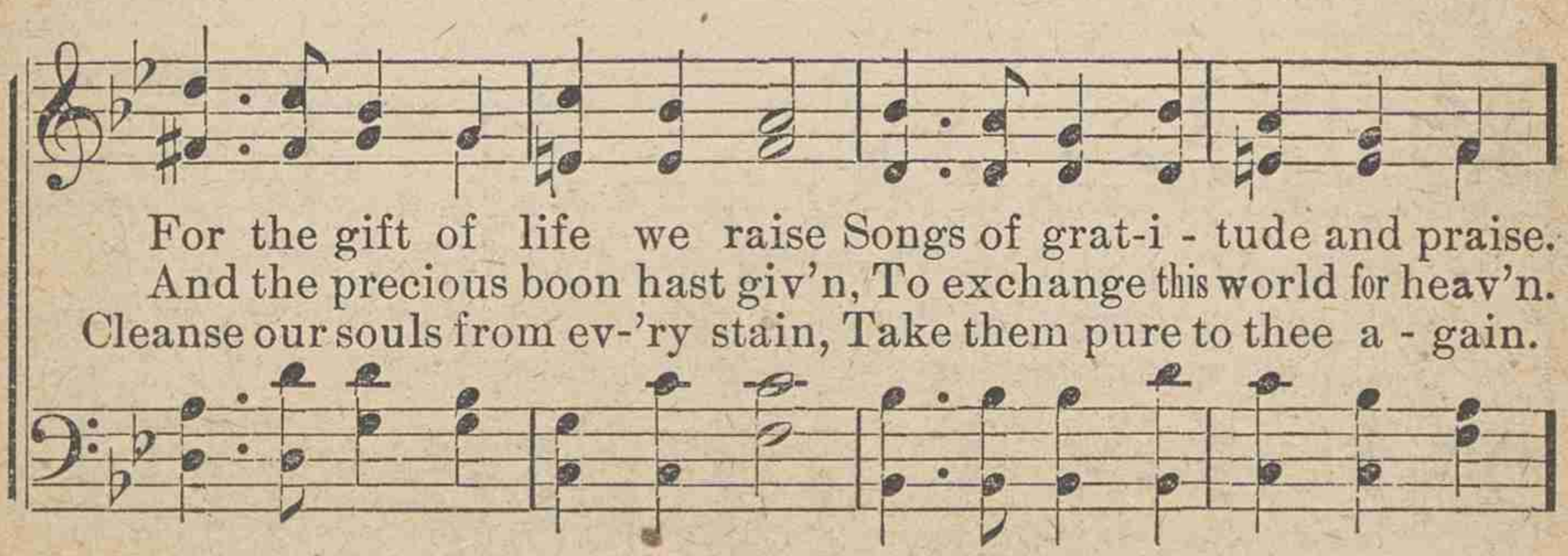
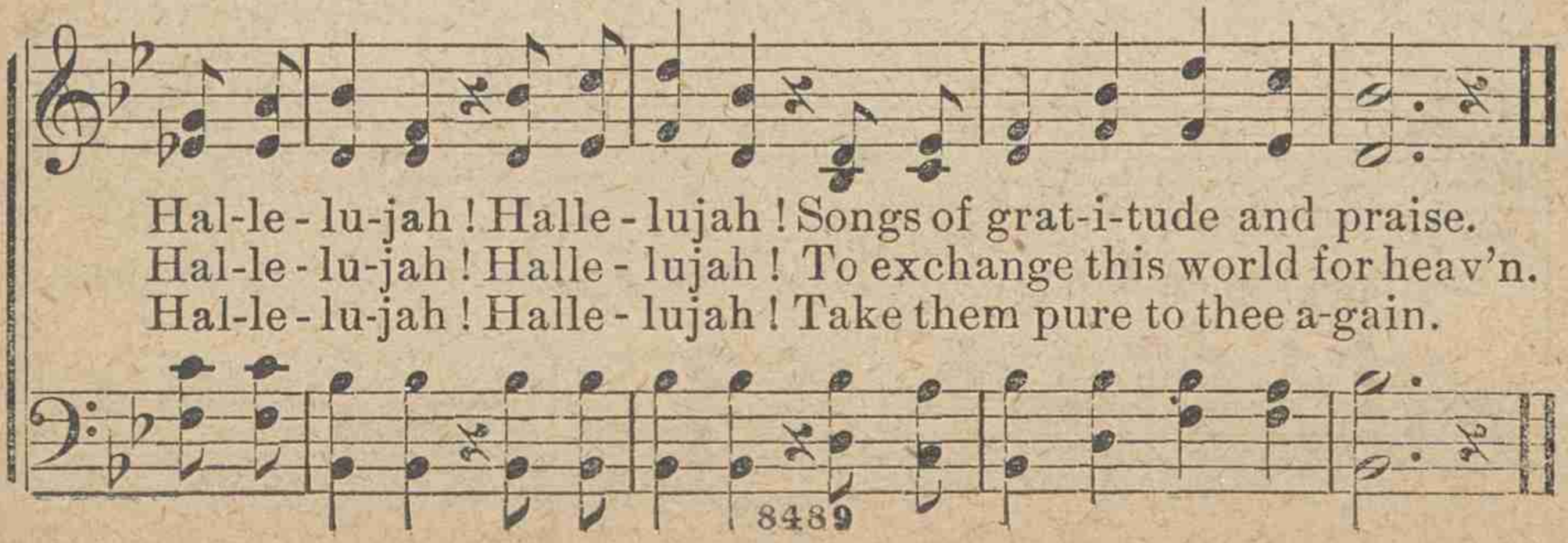
door to wel-come you.
beau - ty bloometh there. In the bless - ed fold of
watch by night and day.
calls you home to rest.

CHORUS.

Je - sus, In the arms of love di - vine, There is

Father, From Whose Hand.

G. F. R.





The Invitation.

J. R. M.

1. "Come un-to me!" Still thro' the a - ges fall-ing Like heav'nly
2. "For-bid them not," But with a pray'rful blessing Teach them to
3. For such as they the Father's home in glo - ry Waits, with its

voic - es, mu - sic - al and sweet, The lov - ing Sav - ior
trust his nev - er - fail-ing care, And feel his dear hands
joys, a - cross the crys-tal sea; Then tell them oft the

REFRAIN.

ten-der-ly is call-ing The children round his feet.
ten-der-ly ca-ress-ing Their fair heads bowed in pray'r. Come, come,
old, yet sweet, new story, With patience, tenderly.

come, come, Come un - to me, says the Sav-ior of the World.

Sing, Children, Sing.

Arr. G. F. R.

1. Sing, chil-dren, sing, And your per-fumed cen - sers swing;
2. Flow, brooklet, flow, And be - dew the flow'rs that grow;
3. Sing, songsters, sing, As you mount on light-some wing;

Cen - sers fair of fra - grant lil - ies, Beauteous har - bin-
No more si - lent, now ex - ult - ant, Sing as 'twixt your
Pour forth hymns of sweet thanksgiv - ing, For the wondrous

gers of spring. Sing that life from earth is wak - ing,
banks you go. Fling your spark-ling gift of diamonds
boon of spring. Tell how o - ver sweeps of mead - ow,

And that death no more is King, Sing, sing, sing, Sing, children, sing.
Where but late-ly glittered snow, Flow, flow, flow, Flow, brooklet, flow.
Earth with flow'rs is blossoming, Sing, sing, sing, Sing, songsters, sing.

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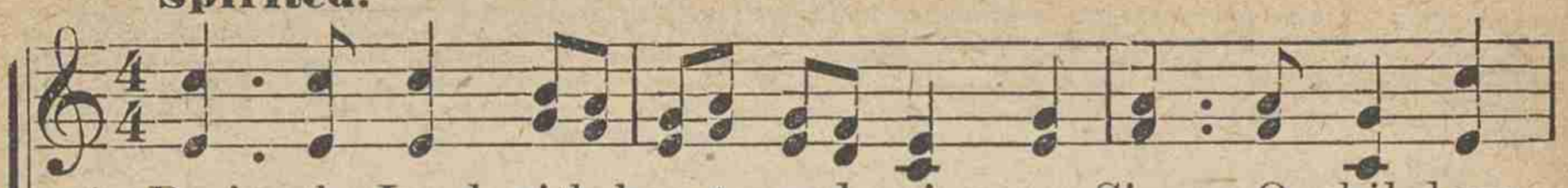
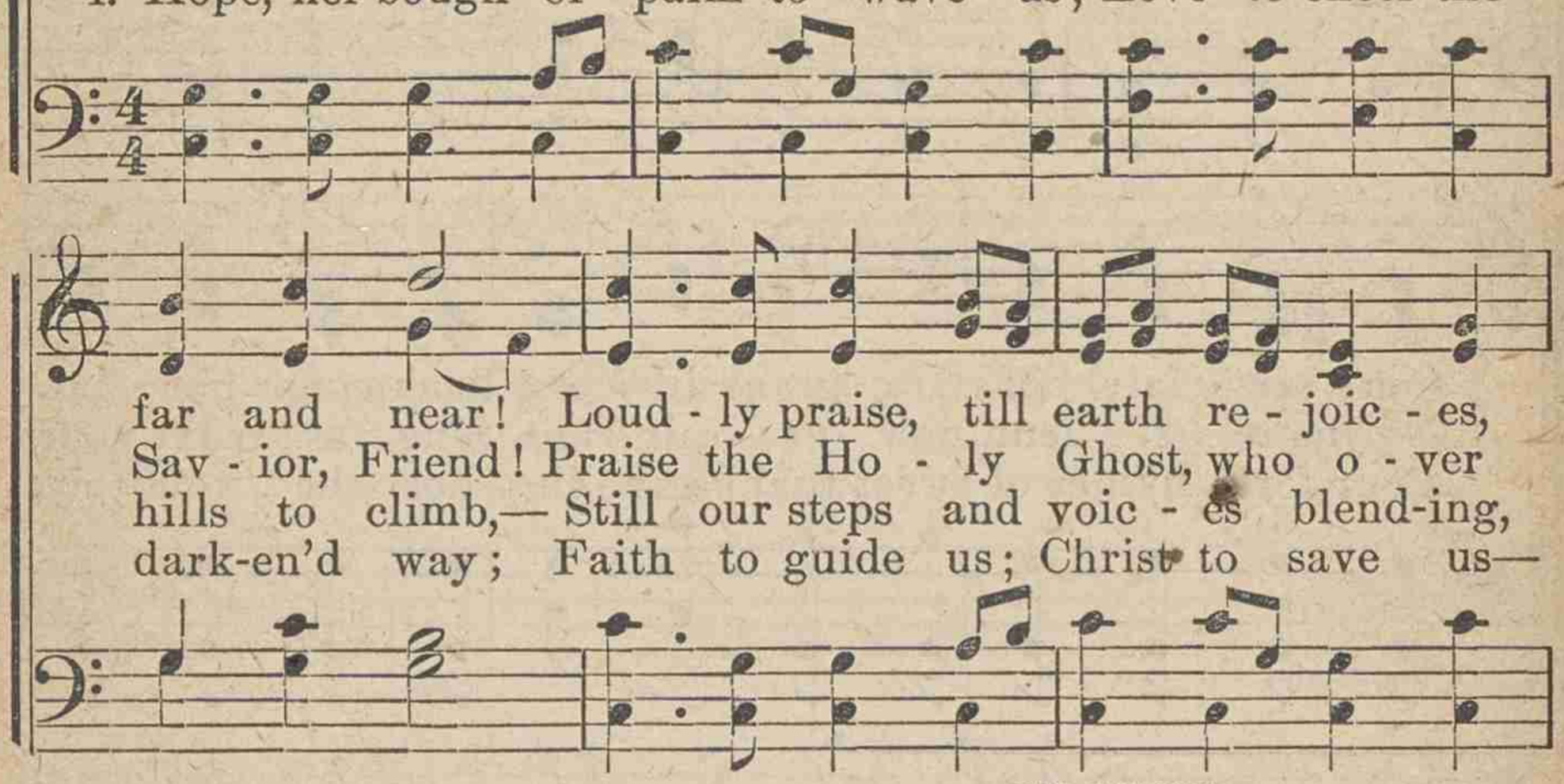
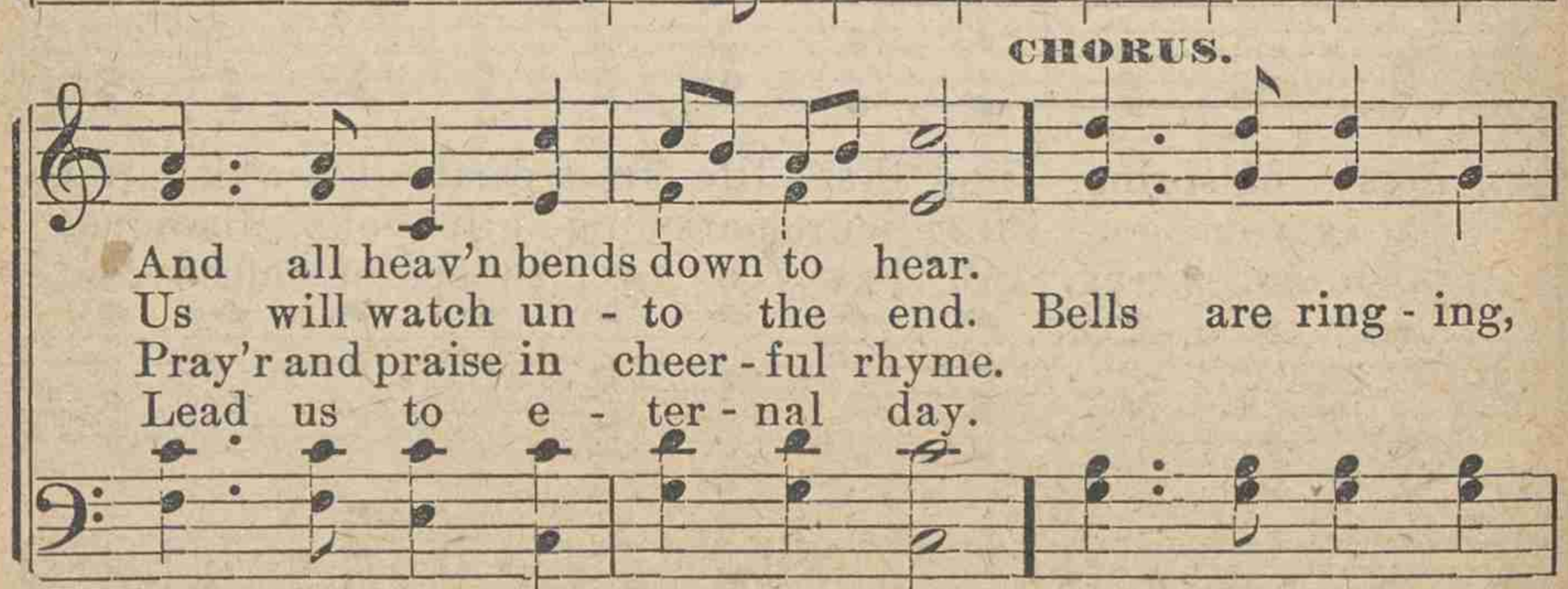
The Children's Psalm.

P. S. M. MUNROE

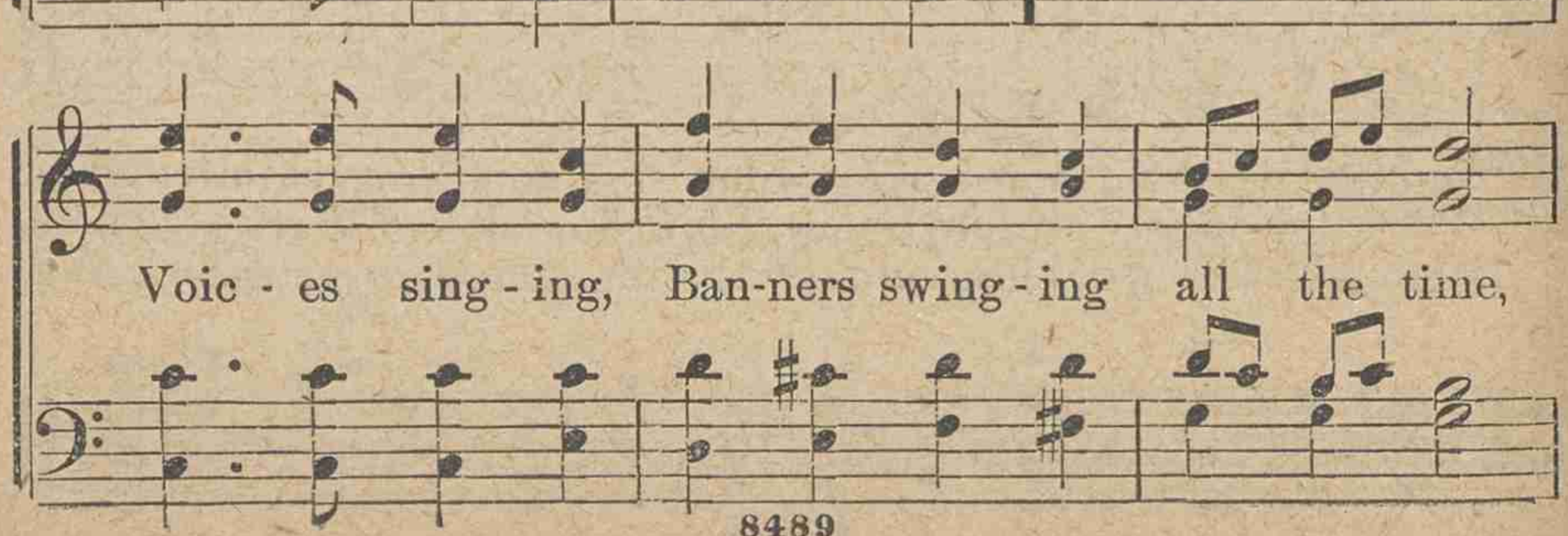
J. R. MURRAY.

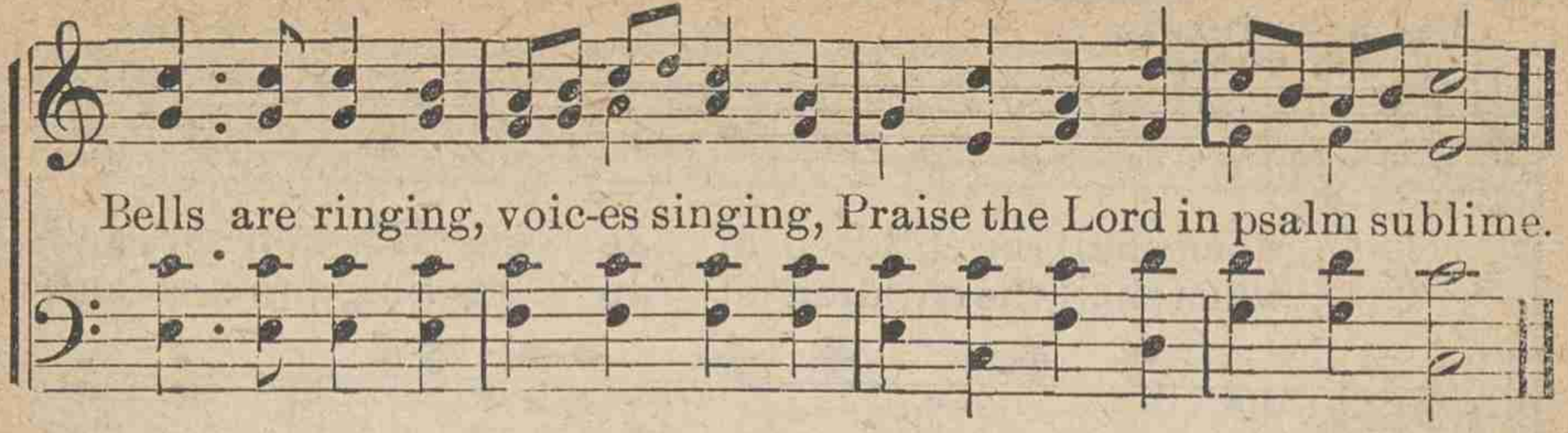
Spirited.

1. Praise the Lord with hearts and voic - es, Sing, O chil-dren
2. Praise the Fa - ther—God, Je - ho - vah! Praise the Son—our
3. Up the hills of life as - cend-ing,—Oh, the ma - ny
4. Hope, her bough of palm to wave us; Love to cheer the

far and near! Loud - ly praise, till earth re - joic - es,
Sav - ior, Friend! Praise the Ho - ly Ghost, who o - ver
hills to climb,— Still our steps and voic - es blend-ing,
dark-en'd way; Faith to guide us; Christ to save us—



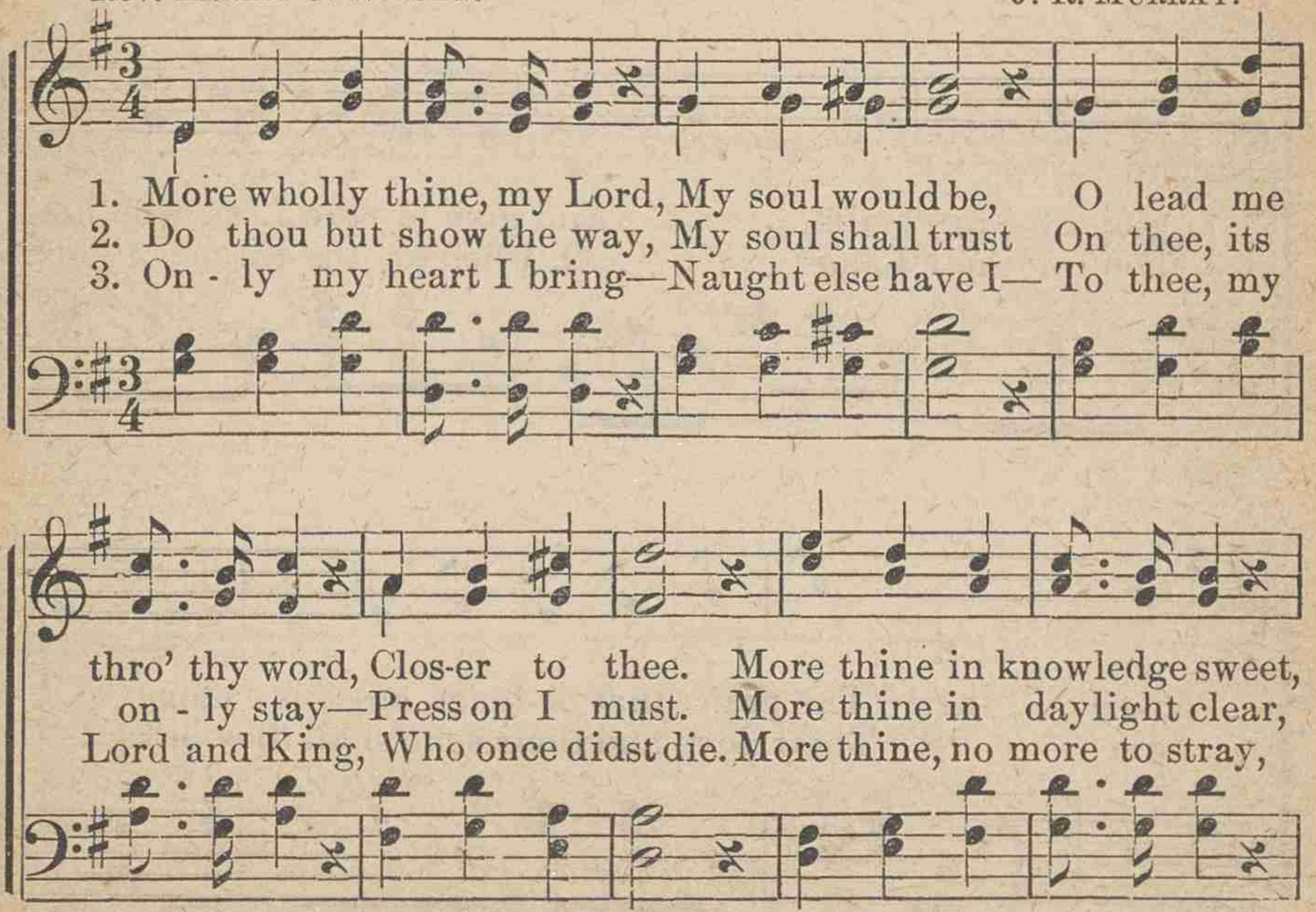
CHORUS.

And all heav'n bends down to hear.
Us will watch un - to the end. Bells are ring - ing,
Pray'r and praise in cheer - ful rhyme.
Lead us to e - ter - nal day.



Voic - es sing - ing, Ban-ners swing - ing all the time,

More Wholly Thine.

Rev. Ernest C. Wesley. J. R. Murray.



When Shall We Praise Jesus?

Mrs. R. N. Turner. J. R. Murray.

1st voice.

1. O, when shall the children of Je - sus His hon - or and glo - ry pro - claim, . . And give to the Lord who has
2. O, when shall the children of Je - sus Sing prais-es and hon - or their King? . . O, when to the throne of his loved them The praise that be-longs to his name. .
glo - - ry Their love and their song shall they bring?

2d voice.

When ear - ly we wake in the morn - ing, 'Tis Je - sus who
All thro' the glad day does he watch us—All thro' the dark

opens our eyes; To see in the brightness around us, New
night he is near! At work or at play, he is with us, Our

won-der and joy and sur - prise. At morning we'll offer our
Je - sus, so lov - ing and dear. At morn and at noon and at

CHORUS.

prais - es, For ten-der-est mercy and care! He brightens the
e - ven, We'll praise him with service and song; For he is the

sky to a-wake us, And morn with his beauty is fair.
King to whom prais-es And love and de-vo-tion be - long!

A Little Boy's Resolution.

"WINTHROP."

1. I will not swear, I will not dare God's name in vain to take. I will not lie, But I will try The truth my guide to make.
2. I will not steal, For I should feel Degraded and ashamed. I will be kind, My parents mind; Nor be a fight-er named.
3. If I be-gin In youth to sin, My mis-e-ry is sure; No peace of mind Can I thus find, No pleasure good and pure.
4. But if I love Our God above, Dear friends and parents kind, My teacher true, And schoolmates, too, Great peace I then shall find.

CHORUS.

O may I be faith-ful, faith-ful, faith-ful,

O may I be faith-ful To keep this promise true.

J. R. M.

1. We have met in peace to-geth-er, In this house of God a-gain;
2. We have met, and time is flying, We shall part and still his wing,
3. He will aid us, should existence With its sorrows sting the breast;

Constant friends have led us hither, Here to chant the solemn strain;
Sweeping o'er the dead and dying, Will the changeful seasons bring.
Gleaming in the onward distance, Faith will mark the land of rest.

Here to breathe our ador - a-tion, Here the Savior's praise to sing;
. Let us, while our hearts are lightest, In our fresh and early years,
There, 'midst day-beams 'round him playing, We, our Father's face shall see;

May the spir-it of sal-va-tion Come with healing in his wing.
Turn to him whose smile is brightest, And whose grace will calm our fears.
And shall hear him gently saying, "Little children, come to me."

There is no Night There.

G. F. R. G. F. R.

Joyfully.

1. Oh, the hills are sweet and the waters clear, And the mead-ows green
2. On the shining waves of the crystal sea, Ev-er rests the light
3. Yes, a-bove all heav'n, on his glorious throne, Does the Lamb of God

thro' the whole glad year; And above them all is a radiance rare
in its pur - i - ty, And the streets and spires of the cit - y fair
send his radiance down, And the angel bands in the golden air

CHORUS.

From the Sun of heav'n : there is no night there.
In its splendor glow ! there is no night there. There is no night there,
Breathe e - ter - nal joy : there is no night there.

There is no night there, For the Lamb is the light, And there's no night there.

JACOB H. HAEUSSLER.

1. There is a name so dear to me, That when it's uttered near,
2. Je - sus—it is the grandest note In all the song a-bove;

Like gentlest mu-sic, soft and rich, It falls up-on my ear.
An-gels with wonder sound it forth, And saints with rapturous love.

CHORUS.

'Tis Je - sus! Je-sus! precious name! The joy of all the earth!

First spoken by the an-gel lips That herald - ed his birth.

Remember Thy Creator.

"BELLE."

Re - mem - ber, re - mem - ber, re - mem - ber thy Cre-

a - tor, Re-mem-ber thy Cre - a - tor in the days of thy

youth, In the days of thy youth, In the days of thy youth; Re-

mem-ber, re-mem - ber, re-mem-ber thy Cre - a - tor, Re-

mem-ber thy Cre - a - tor in the days of thy youth.

"WINTHROP."

Blessed are they that do his commandments, Blessed are they,

bless-ed are they; Blessed are they that do his commandments,

Blessed are they, blessed are they; That they may have right to the

Tree of Life, That they may have right to the Tree of Life, And may

en-ter in, en-ter in, Thro' the gates into the Cit-y.

The Lord Is My Shepherd.

J. R. M.

The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want, The Lord is my

shepherd, I shall not want, I shall not want, I shall not want, The

Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want, I shall not want, I shall not

want, The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. A - men.

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