

FLOWER PRAISE.



A FLORAL SERVICE

FOR THE

Children of the Sunday School.

WORDS BY

CLARA LOUISE BURNHAM.



MUSIC BY

DR. GEORGE F. ROOT.

CINCINNATI:

Published by The **JOHN CHURCH CO.** 74 W. Fourth Street,

CHICAGO:

ROOT & SONS MUSIC CO

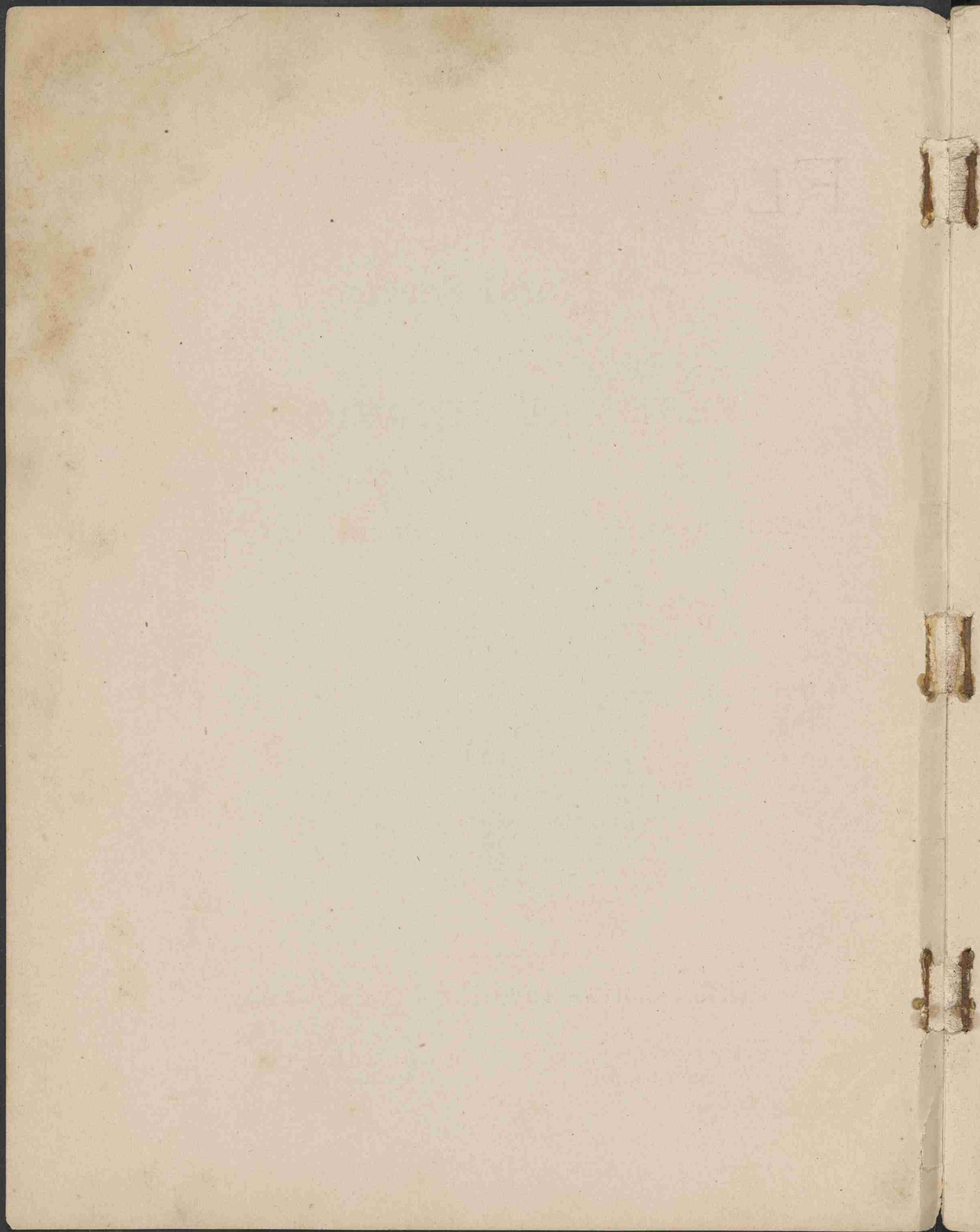
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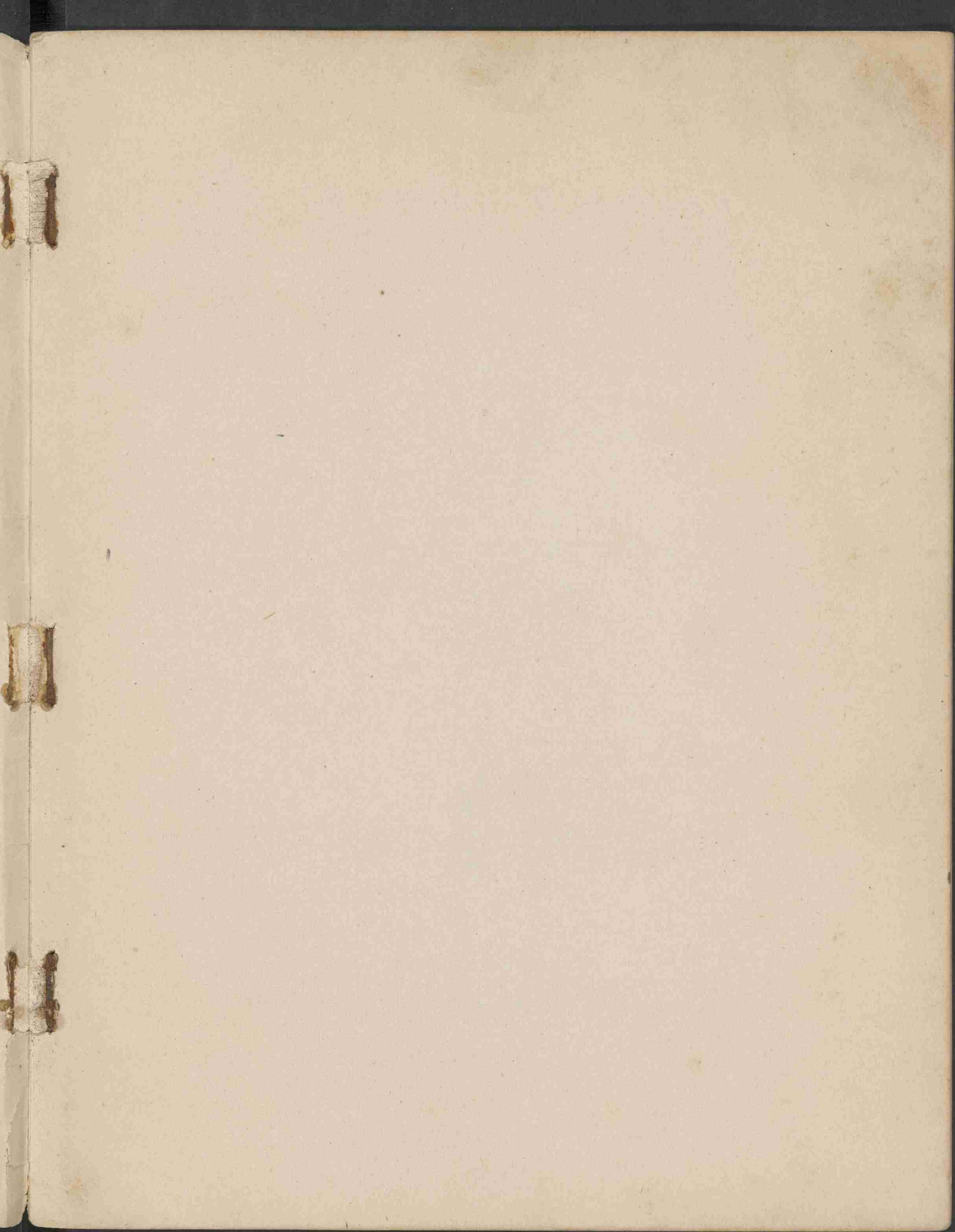


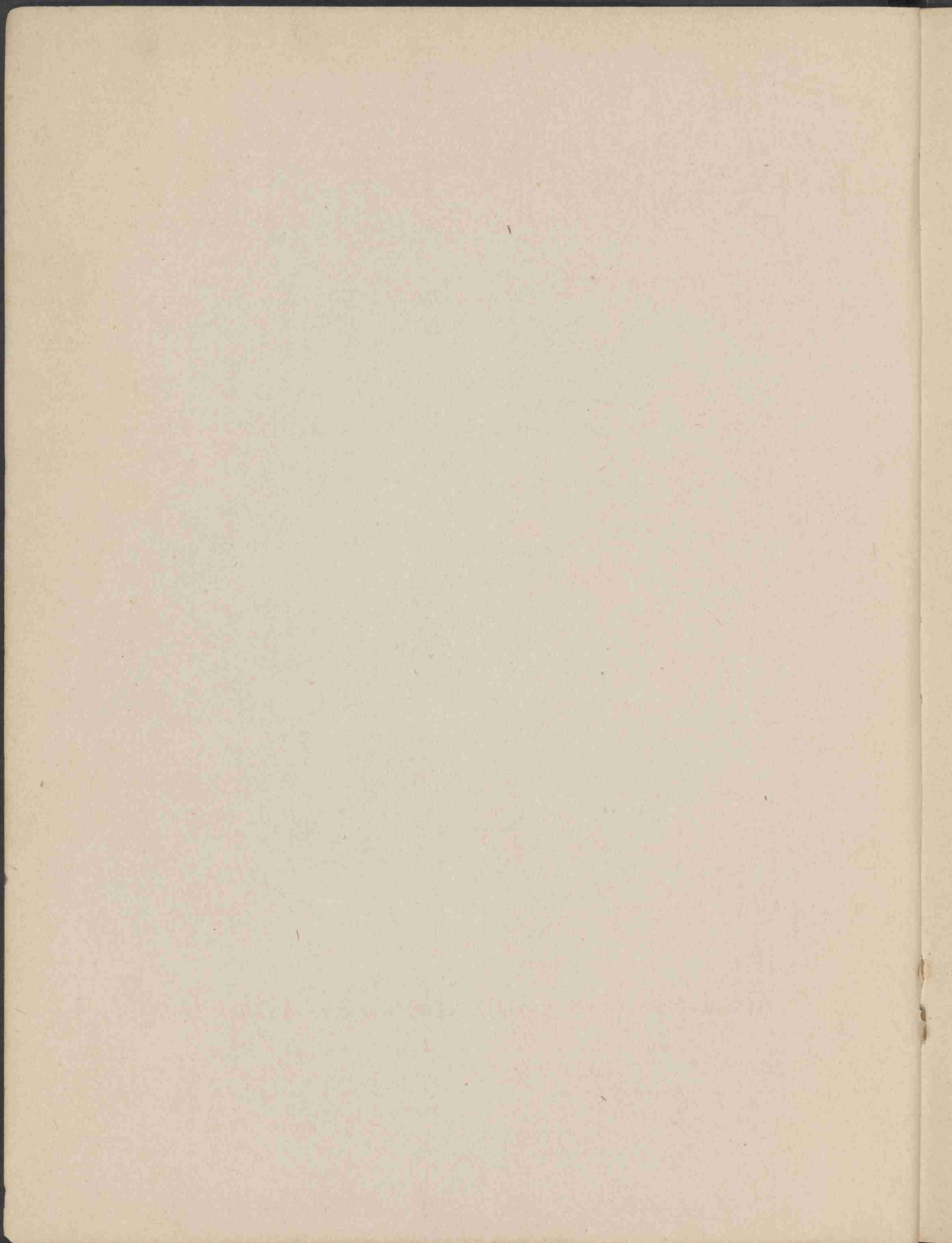
NEW YORK:

J. CHURCH & CO.

55 East 13th St.







FLOWER PRAISE,

A Floral Service

FOR

FESTIVAL OCCASIONS,

SUCH AS

CHILDREN'S DAY, FLOWER SUNDAY, EASTER,
ANNIVERSARIES, ETC.

ESPECIALLY ADAPTED TO

THE CHILDREN OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

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DIRECTIONS.

"Spring" should be a young lady. She should have a good strong medium voice and be able to make every word understood, both in her speaking and her singing.

She should wear a dress of pale green, trimmed with leaves.

CROCUSES. A semi-chorus. Four or more will constitute a semi-chorus. About a tenth of the whole number should generally be taken for a semi-chorus, but they may be *picked voices*.

DANDELIONS. A semi-chorus. But one is chosen for a short speaking part.

HYACINTHS. There may be several Hyacinths, to join in choruses, but one is chosen to sing a solo.

BUTTERCUPS. Same with the Buttercups. The one who sings the song may speak, or another may be chosen to take the speaking part.

LILIES. There may be several lilies, but two are chosen for the duet.

GERANIUMS. One of the Geraniums takes a part in the trio.

VIOLETS. These flowers should be personified by the smallest children, who should be somewhat concealed behind the other children just before they sing, but need not have been kept there all the time.

DAISIES. One is chosen for a short speaking part.

WILD FLOWERS. The children personifying the Wild Flowers may take their choice in this department.

GARDEN FLOWERS. So of the Garden Flowers.

To personify a Flower in the cantata is to be decorated or adorned with it, or to have it in the hand—or both. No directions need be given for decoration—wreaths, clusters, etc. are in order for this purpose.

Artificial flowers are generally better for the dress than real ones, as they do not break and fall off so easily. Excellent ones may be made of paper.

The children may come on as wanted, from another room, or they may all be on the platform at first, and come forward as they sing.

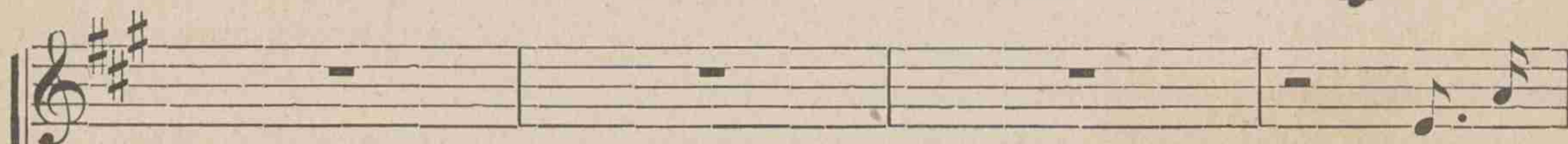
Let there be as little delay as possible in passing from one number to another.

Flower Praise.

No. 1. Song by Spring.

I AM HERE, THE JOYOUS SPRING-TIME.

Andantino.



1. I am
2. With a
3. In our



here, the joyous spring-time, Sent to glad - den earth and sky, Surely
foot - step light and a - gile Swift I fly across the lea; Not a
Fa - ther's blessed serv - ice Joy I bring to young and old, Leading





of our Fa-ther's chil - dren None so rich and blest as
heart in an - y dwell - ing But is glad to wel-come
forth his flow - er-creat - ures From the soft - ened rain - wet



I. When the earth in froz - en fet - ters Murmurs
me. Light I breathe up - on each leaf - bud, Beck - on
mold. Tears of ten - der - ness I scat - ter— Or my



at old win - ter's reign ; Mine is then the hap - py
to each blade of grass ; And the sil - ver - throated
sun - ny smiles so gay ; At His bid - ding who di-

of - fice To proclaim her free a-gain, To proclaim her free a-
 warb - lers Cluster round me, as I pass, Cluster round me, as I
 rects me Every hour of every day, Every hour of every

gain.
 pass.
 day.

SPRING.—*Continued.*—Yes, I'm happy indeed; the older sister of every leaf and flower that grows. Mine is a joyful mission and I thank the loving Father that sends me upon it.

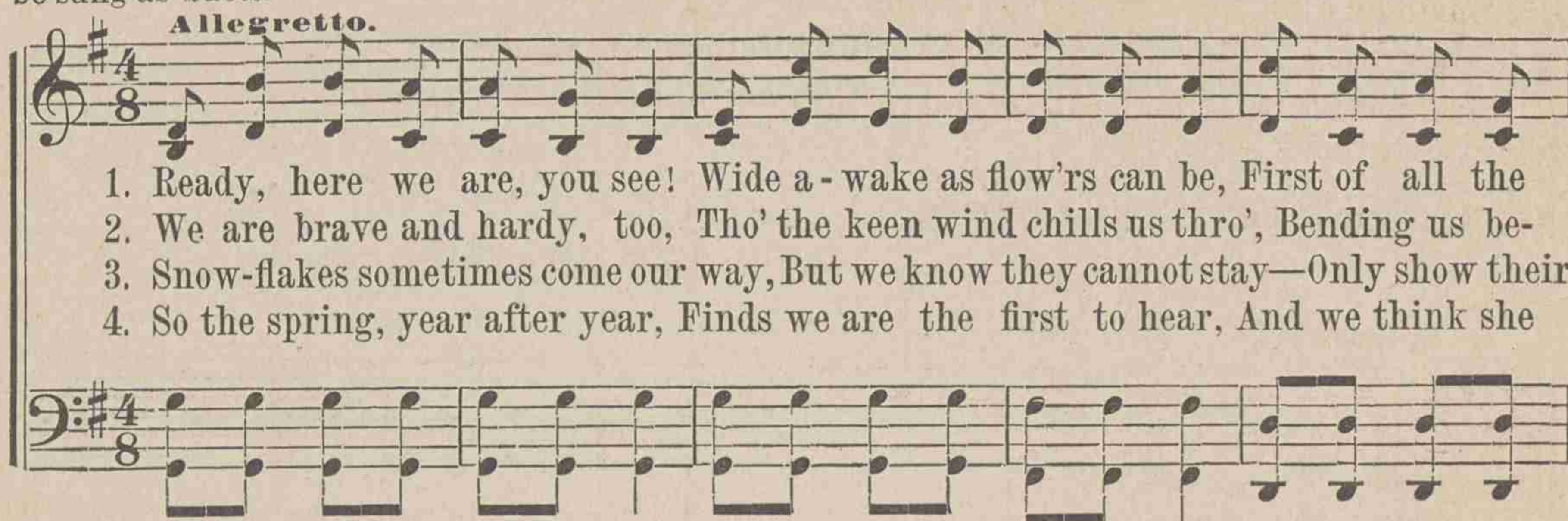
Now for the advent of the flowers, Who will be first?

No. 2. Semi-Chorus, Crocuses.

READY, HERE WE ARE, YOU SEE.

Play this tune through for a prelude. All the voices may take the air of these songs, or they may be sung as duets.

Allegretto.



1. Ready, here we are, you see! Wide a-wake as flow'rs can be, First of all the
2. We are brave and hardy, too, Tho' the keen wind chills us thro', Bending us be-
3. Snow-flakes sometimes come our way, But we know they cannot stay—Only show their
4. So the spring, year after year, Finds we are the first to hear, And we think she



Spring to greet, First the heav'nly sun to meet. Say, dear Spring, is that not so?
fore the blast, We can rise when it is past. Say, dear Spring, is that not so?
fac - es white, See us—then melt out of sight. Say, dear Spring, is that not so?
loves the hour When comes up her fav'rite flow'r. Say, dear Spring, is that not so?

Interlude.



Tell us now be - fore you go.

SPRING. Each flower has a mission that no other can fulfill. Each in its place is dear to Spring.

But here come the Wild Flowers.

Buttercups, Dandelions and all the Wild Flowers come on together. The next tune may be played, if needed, while they are getting their places. A "spokesman" from each semi-chorus is chosen to take the speaking parts.

BUTTERCUP. You seem to forget us when you talk about being Spring's favorite. We are the Buttercups.

CROCUS. Why, you dear little thing! You little Wild Flower! You do not even belong in a garden.

BUTTERCUP. No indeed, many thanks to dear Spring. I like my green fields much better. Don't you, cousin Dandelion?

DANDELION. Yes indeed, Buttercup. It is fortunate that we are here to speak for the rights of the meadow. But every body knows that there the flowers live that are Spring's delight. The Dandelions that—

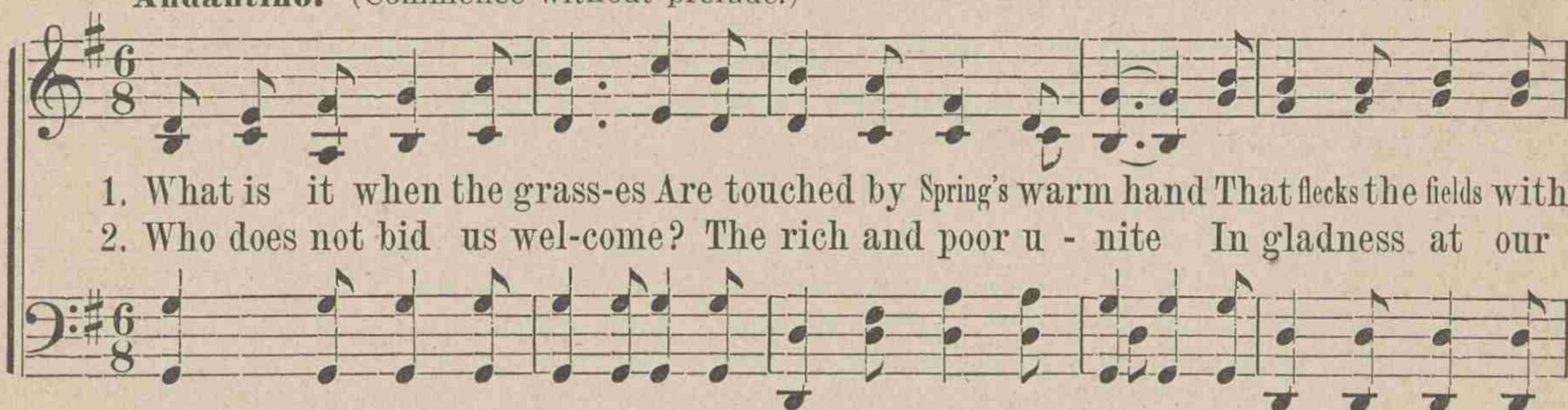
BUTTERCUP (*interrupting*). The Buttercups you mean.

DANDELION. No, dear cousin. You are a bright little thing and very nice in your way, but listen :

No. 3. Semi-Chorus. Dandelions.

WHAT IS IT WHEN THE GRASSES.

Andantino. (Commence without prelude.)



1. What is it when the grass-es Are touched by Spring's warm hand That flecks the fields with
2. Who does not bid us wel-come? The rich and poor u - nite In gladness at our



sun - light And shines throughout the land? Dame Nature of her treas-ures Flings
com - ing And love our fac - es bright. "See there," cry children's voic-es, When



out her rich-est store, When golden Dan-de-li - ons Spring up at ev - 'ry door.
first a flower they spy, 'Tis darling Dan-de-li - on, And now the summer's nigh.

Interlude.



SPRING, Yes, little Dandelions, you have hosts of friends who all love your cheerful faces. But here come our fair Hyacinths, prompt guests of the spring-time.

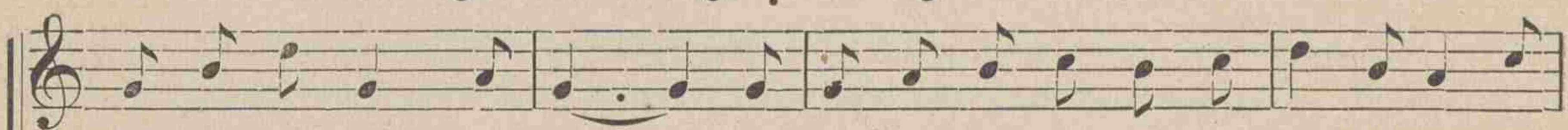
No. 4. Song. Hyacinth.

PURPLE, ROSEATE, WHITE AS SNOW.

Andantino.



1. Pur - ple, ro - se - ate, white as snow,
2. Ev - 'ry breeze is a per - fume rare,



Hy - a-cinths fair are we; As mes-sen-gers sweet of the Spring we come, All
Waving our pend - ant bells. No one can pass by us for in our breath The



may our mis - sion see, . . . All may our mis - sion see.
Spring her se - cret tells, . . . The Spring her se - cret tells.





In - doors or out we can find a home, Con - tent we ev - er
Blush - ing or pale though our flower may be, We bring sur - cease of



live, And short though our life, our hearts are se - rene, For
care, And no bet - ter gift the spring-time doth bring, Than



oh, it is sweet to give, For oh, it is sweet to give.
Hy - a-cinths sweet and fair, Than Hy - a-cinths sweet and fair.



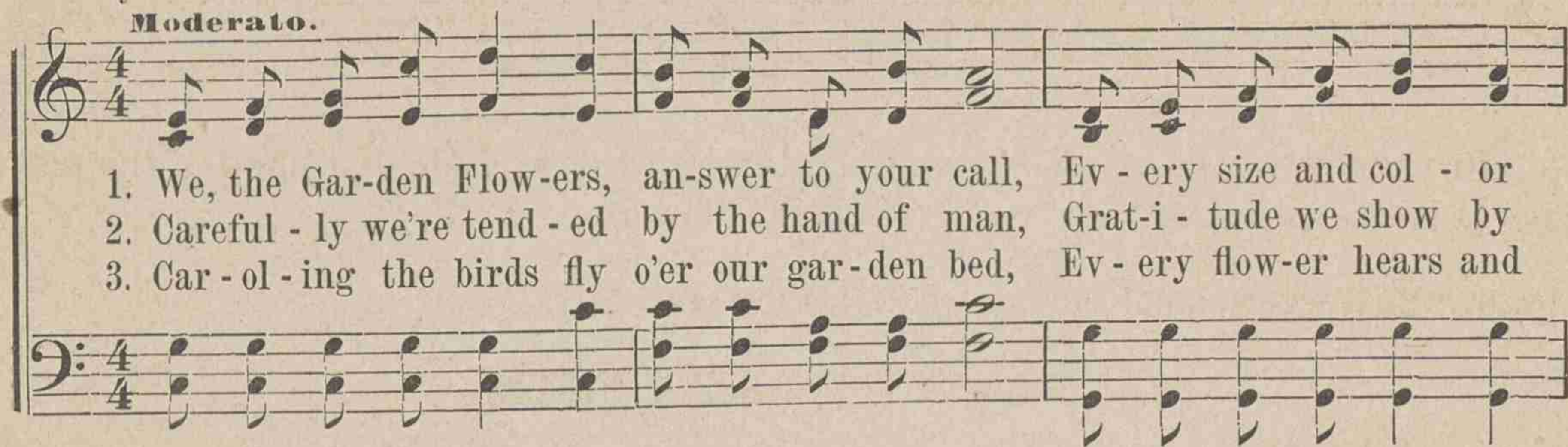
SPRING. A generous gift, truly, are the Hyacinths, and after them come all the fair denizens of the garden. (All the Garden Flowers come on.)

No. 5. Chorus of Garden Flowers.

WE, THE GARDEN FLOWERS.

Play as much of the tune as is needful for a prelude.

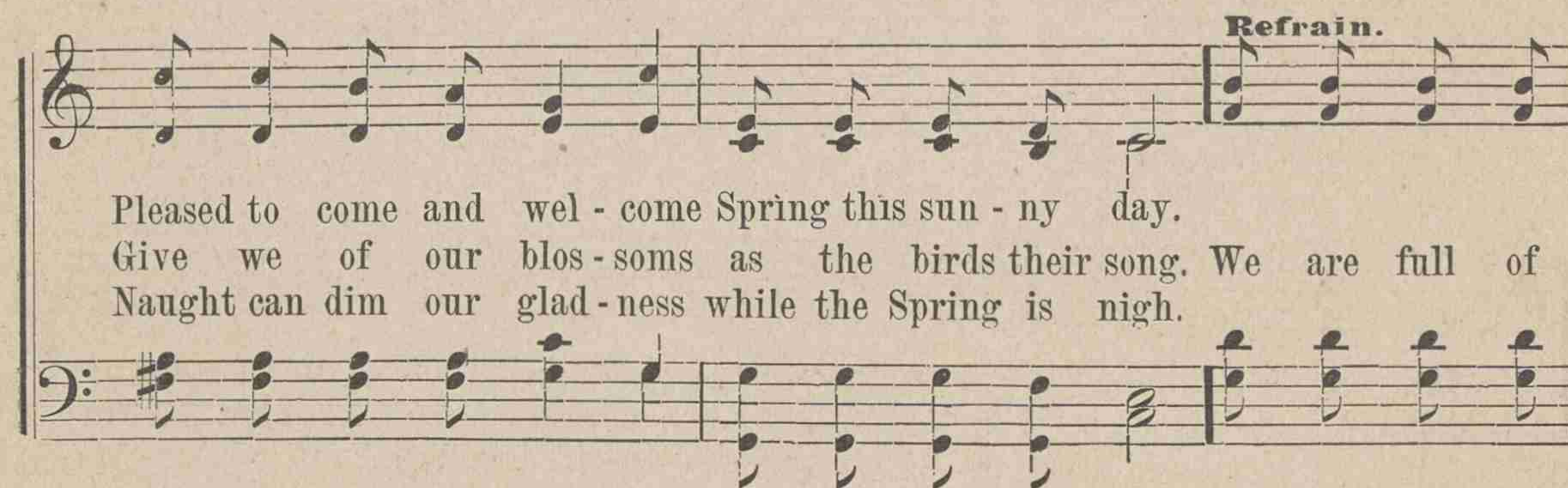
Moderato.



1. We, the Gar-den Flow-ers, an-swer to your call, Ev - ery size and col - or
2. Careful - ly we're tend - ed by the hand of man, Grat-i - tude we show by
3. Car - ol - ing the birds fly o'er our gar-den bed, Ev - ery flow-er hears and



here you see us all, Full of life and glad-ness, so-cial, bright and gay,
blooming all we can, Lov - ing hands ca - ress us so our whole life long,
rais - es up its head, Un - der gold - en sun - shine or a cloud-ed sky,



Refrain.
Pleased to come and wel - come Spring this sun - ny day.
Give we of our blos - soms as the birds their song. We are full of
Naught can dim our glad-ness while the Spring is nigh.



hap - pi-ness while now our song we sing. Giv-ing thanks for all the joy that

Interlude.

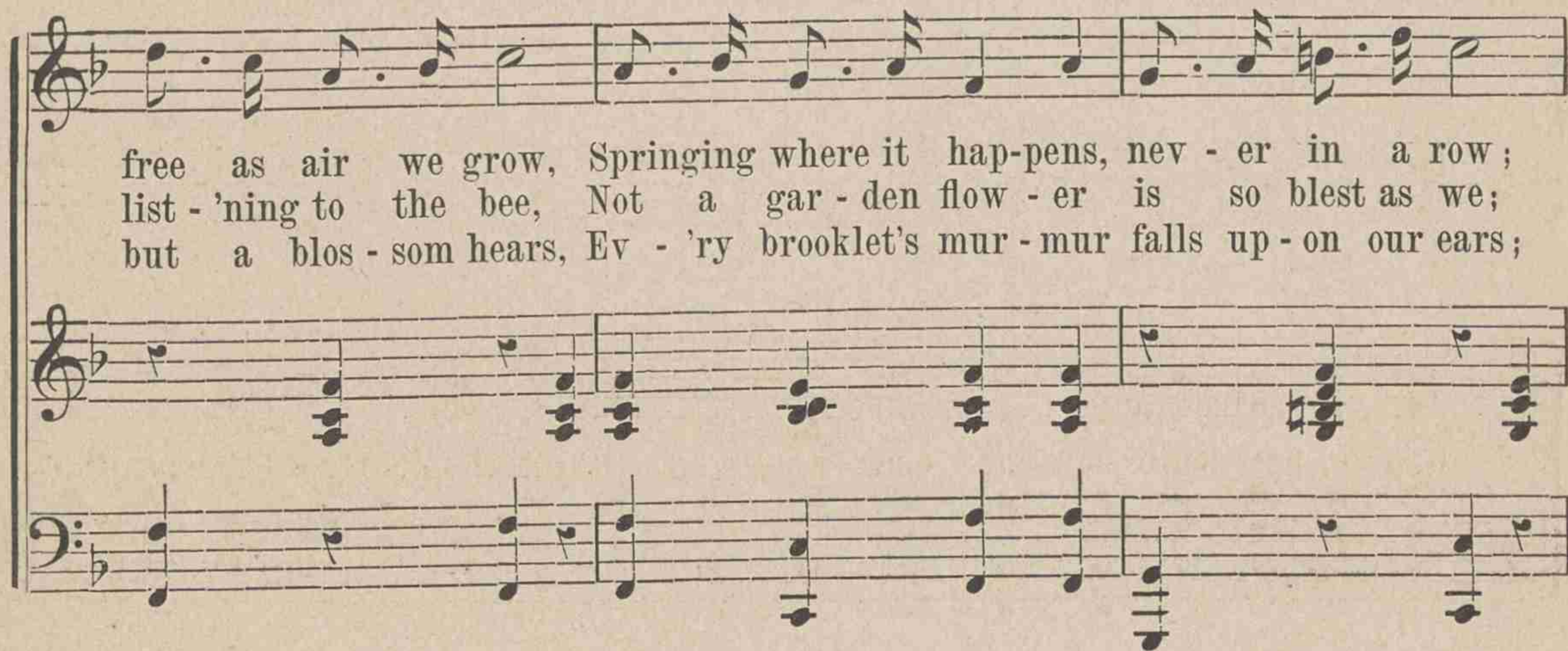


BUTTERCUP. Oh, you poor prim Garden Flowers, what do you know of the real joys of life? Listen to the song of the Wild Flowers.

No. 6. Buttercup and Chorus of Wild Flowers.

OUT AMID THE GREEN FIELDS.

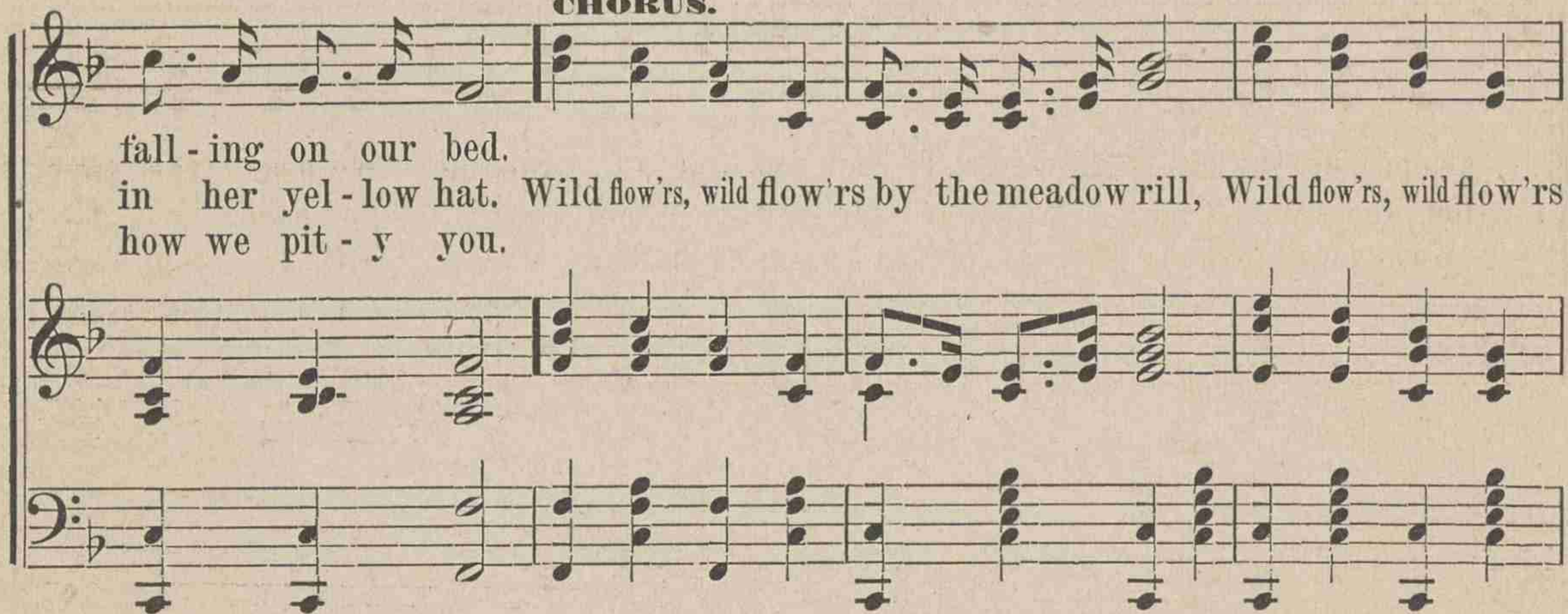
Allegretto.





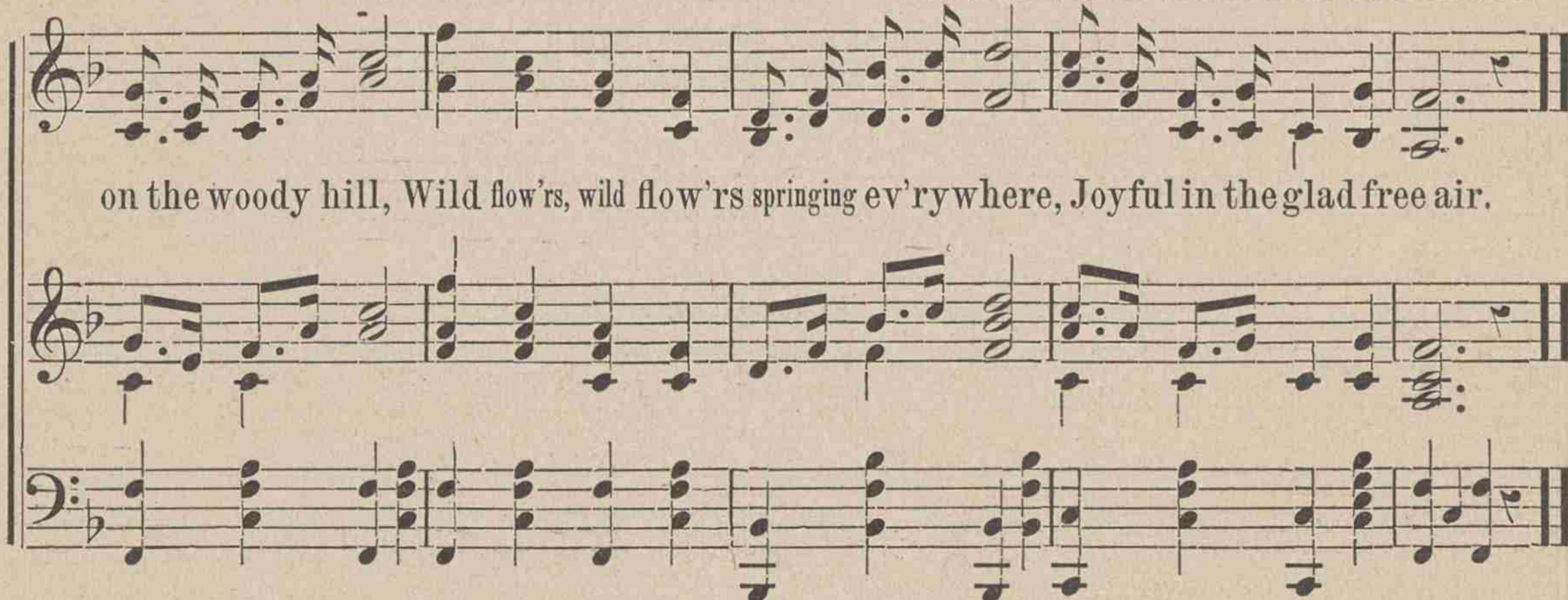
Wat - ered by the cloudlets, pass - ing o - ver head, Warmed by every sun - beam,
Shout a group of children, "Oh, just look at that, There is lit - tle Buttercup
Ev - ery - bo - dy loves us, we love oth - ers too, Oh, poor Gar - den Flow - ers,

CHORUS.



fall - ing on our bed.
in her yel - low hat. Wild flow'rs, wild flow'rs by the meadow rill, Wild flow'rs, wild flow'rs
how we pit - y you.

Go to 2d and 3d verses without interlude.



on the woody hill, Wild flow'rs, wild flow'rs springing ev'rywhere, Joyful in the glad free air.

SPRING. Come, flowers of the field and of the garden, call to mind how all together you hailed my coming. Did you not hear it whispered by the breeze and sung by the birds, and were you not all alike joyful to be awakened from your long winter's sleep?

No. 7. Chorus of all the Flowers.

O YES, WE ALL HEARD.

pp *p*

1. O yes, we all heard as it
 2. Oh, warm shone the sun on the
 3. So gen - tly and stead - i - ly

Cres.

swept o'er the land, The news of the com-ing of Spring. We heard the sweet
 bright tender green, And soft fell the rain o - ver - head. For each lit - tle
 upward we pushed, The earth for our leaves made a way, Till ar - dent and

mf

prom-ise the blue-bird then made In boughs where he paused to sing, In
 flow - er the time had now come To creep from its win - t'ry bed, To
 bright the sun daz - zled our eyes, We'd climbed to the shin-ing day, We'd

CHORUS. *f*

boughs where he paused to sing.
 creep from its win - t'ry bed. A - wake! a - wake! you cried to us all, And
 climbed to the shin-ing day.



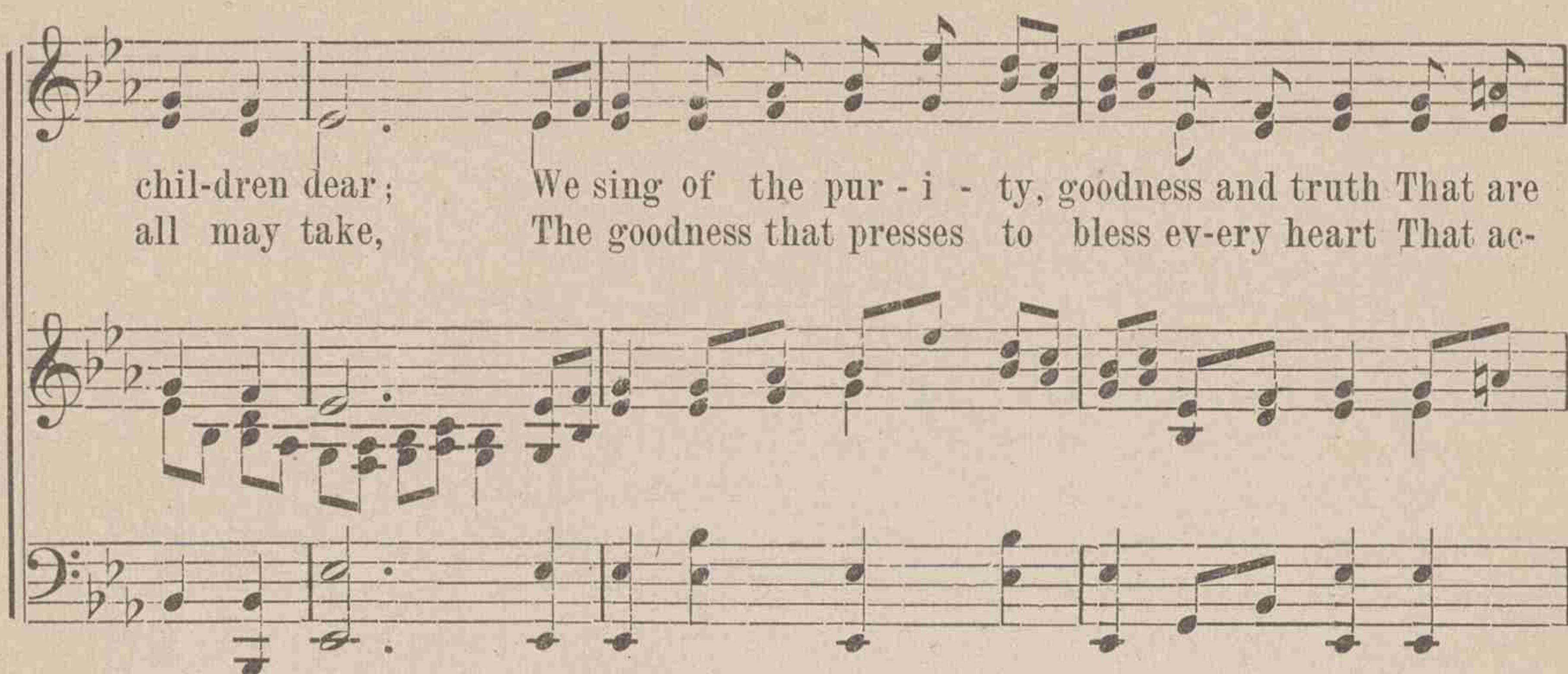
DAISY (turning toward Spring,) Tell us, dear Spring, you who made us all—

SPRING. Hold, my little one. Do you not know that there is One who made me and whose handmaid I am; that he made you and everything in the whole world, even the sun, moon and stars themselves. Do you not know what makes the time of my coming the gladdest of the year? It is, that the Lord who died to save us all, rose in the early spring-time. It is because he came out of the coldness and darkness of the tomb that you little flowers are born anew and rise up in gladness to symbolize the joy that all feel in His glory. You have a right to be happy to be the bearer of this message of resurrection, but it should be a deep and generous gladness in which none strives to be first. Come, sweet Lilies, blossoms of the Easter tide, and tell us what you sing in your precious season.

No. 8. Duet. Lilies.

WE SING OF THE LOVE OF THE SAVIOR ABOVE.

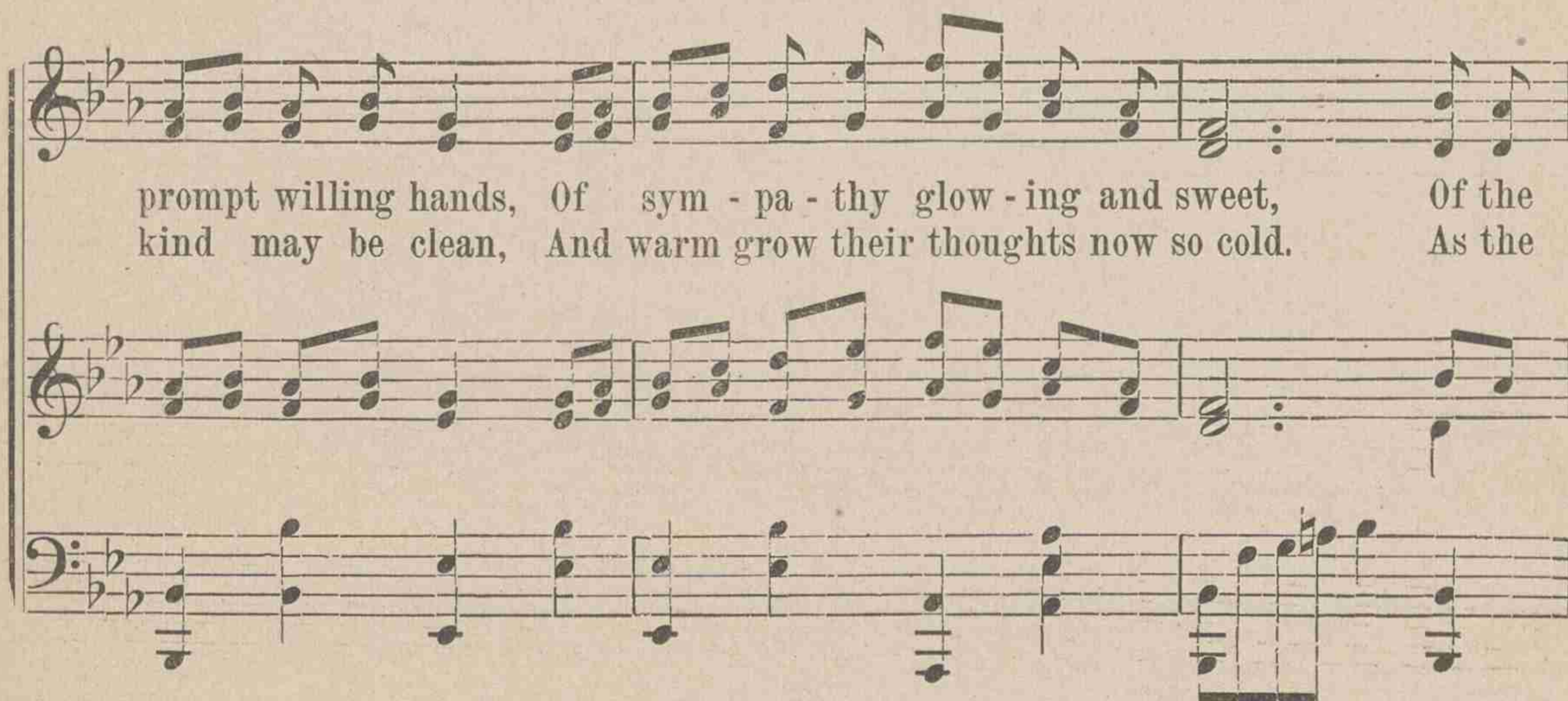




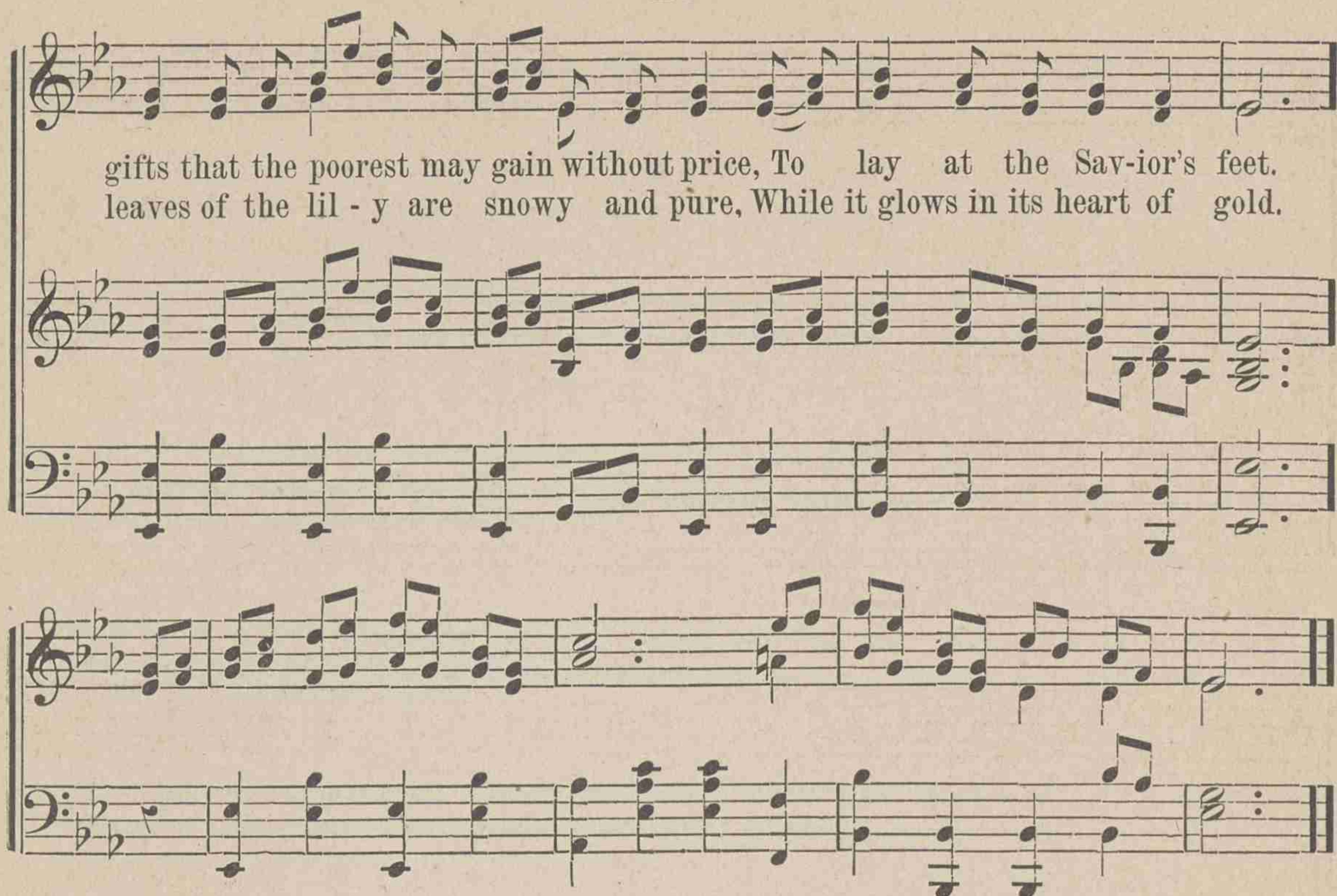
chil-dren dear; We sing of the pur - i - ty, goodness and truth That are
all may take, The goodness that presses to bless ev-ery heart That ac-



free to His loved ones here. We sing of kind deeds and of
cepts it for his dear sake. Oh, pray that the souls of man-



prompt willing hands, Of sym - pa - thy glow - ing and sweet, Of the
kind may be clean, And warm grow their thoughts now so cold. As the



gifts that the poorest may gain without price, To lay at the Sav-ior's feet.
leaves of the lil - y are snowy and pure, While it glows in its heart of gold.

SPRING. Now, dear little flowers, put away forever all thoughts of rivalry. You love me and I love you, but above all we must love Him who gives us life and who rose in the early spring-time to free all his creatures from the thralldom of the grave. Join me all in a song to celebrate that wonderful event.

No. 9. Song. Spring and Chorus.

WAKE, FOR THE SAVIOR COMES!

Moderato.



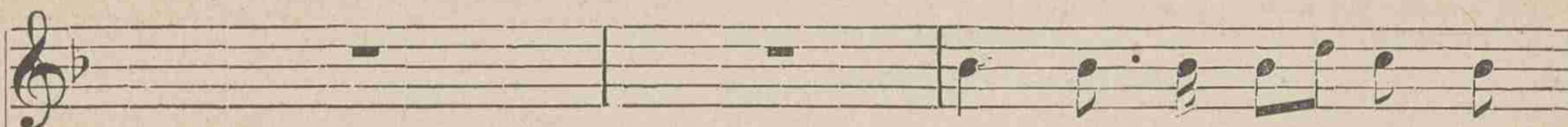
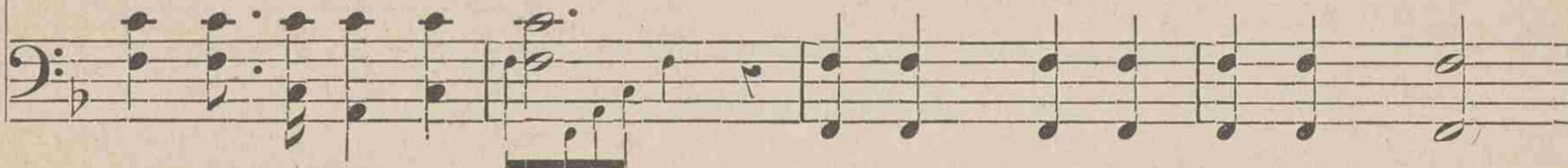
1. Deep thro' the cold earth pass - es a thrill,
2. Bird from the south on fleet - est wing,
3. Sweet moss-es green in shad - y re - treat,



Soft-en, 0 buds, run free-ly, 0 rill,
Where rustle pines, 0 pause there and sing,
You fair An-e - mone, humble and sweet,

Refrain.

Wake, for the Sav-ior comes!



Frost steal a - way, balm - y
Warm is the sun where so
Vi - o - let mod - est, the


Refrain.

Wake, for the Sav - ior comes!




breez - es ap - pear, Ver - dure steal o - ver the for - est so drear,
late all was cold, Up spring the flow - ers on mea - dow and wold,
spring-time is here, Ope your blue eye with-out shiv - er or fear,





Fields turn to green, for the glad time is here.
All is made new, bid fare-well to the old.
Come, leaf and blos-som, give free - ly your cheer.

Refrain.



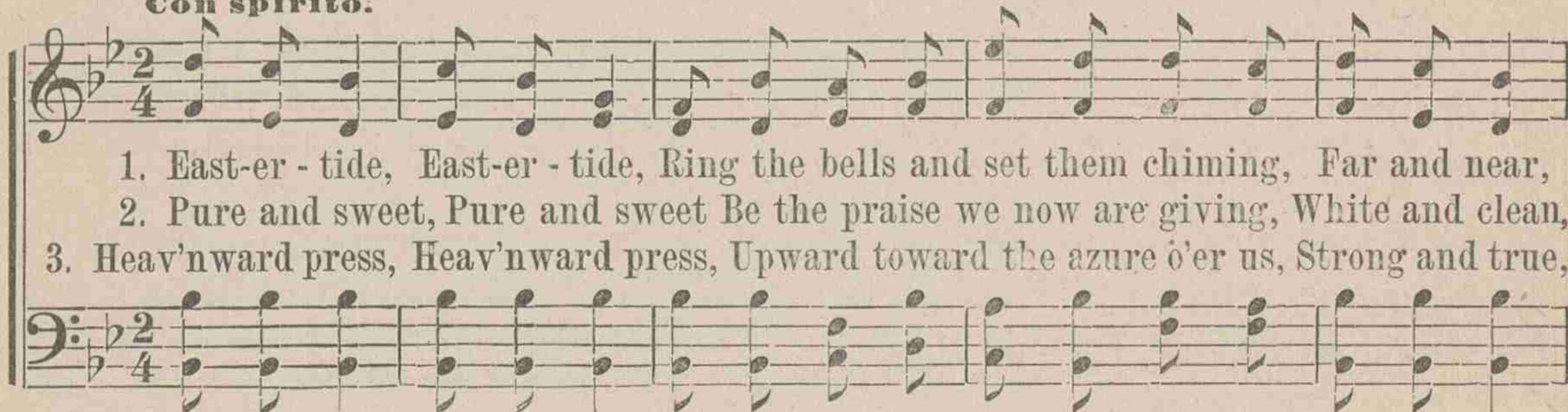
Wake, for the Sav - ior comes!

No. 10. Full Chorus.

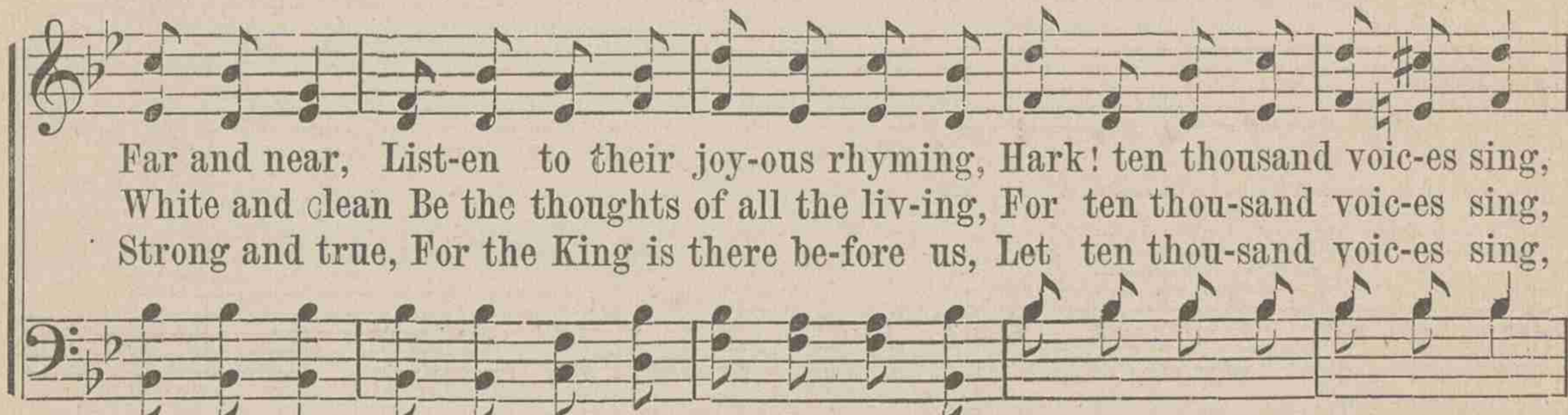
EASTER TIDE.

When this Chorus is sung, it should be connected with the previous number without prelude or delay. Join last Refrain and this Chorus without losing a beat.


Con spirito.



1. East-er - tide, East-er - tide, Ring the bells and set them chiming, Far and near,
2. Pure and sweet, Pure and sweet Be the praise we now are giving, White and clean,
3. Heav'nward press, Heav'nward press, Upward toward the azure o'er us, Strong and true,



Far and near, List-en to their joy-ous rhyming, Hark! ten thousand voic-es sing,
White and clean Be the thoughts of all the liv-ing, For ten thou-sand voic-es sing,
Strong and true, For the King is there be-fore us, Let ten thou-sand voic-es sing,



Christ, the ris - en Lord, is King.

SPRING. Flowers, it is lovely just to live, but there is a joy in doing good that is far greater. Some of you know what it is to carry your fragrant happy life into the sick room, and so cheer the poor sufferer upon the couch of pain. Is it not so?

No. 11. Trio. Hyacinth, Geranium and Lily.

MESSENGERS WILLING.

This may be sung without accompaniment. If accompanied, the instrument should play in exact unison with the voices and not give the 3d part an octave lower than it is written. (Spring may take one of these parts if it is thought best.)

Andantino.

(Observe this is Treble clef.)

The instrumental introduction consists of two staves in 6/4 time, key of B-flat major. The first staff begins with a treble clef and contains a series of chords and single notes. The second staff continues the melody with a similar harmonic structure.

The first line of the vocal melody is written on a single staff in 6/4 time, key of B-flat major. It begins with a treble clef and contains a series of eighth and quarter notes.

1. Mes-sen-gers will-ing, our errand may be To stand by the couch of pain,

The second line of the vocal melody continues the melody from the first line, written on a single staff in 6/4 time, key of B-flat major.

2. Sweet with the freshness of earth and of sky We come with our fan - cies bright,

The third line of the vocal melody continues the melody from the second line, written on a single staff in 6/4 time, key of B-flat major.

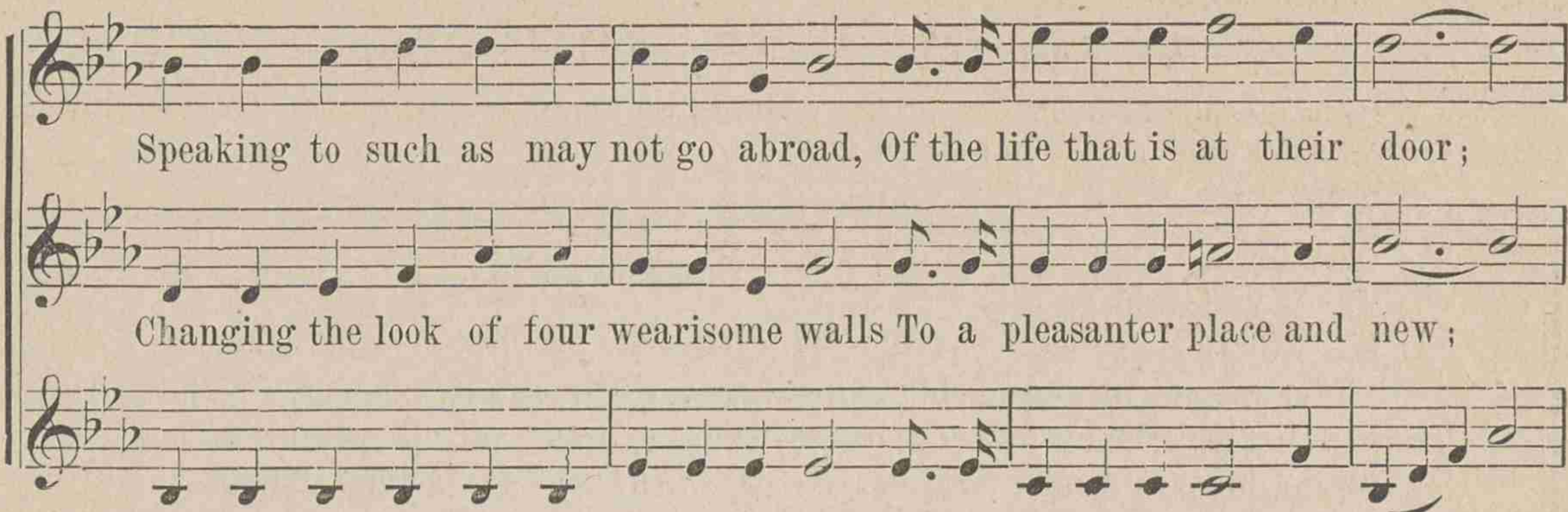
The fourth line of the vocal melody continues the melody from the third line, written on a single staff in 6/4 time, key of B-flat major.

Breathing the love of our Father to those He'll take to him - self a - gain.

The fifth line of the vocal melody continues the melody from the fourth line, written on a single staff in 6/4 time, key of B-flat major.

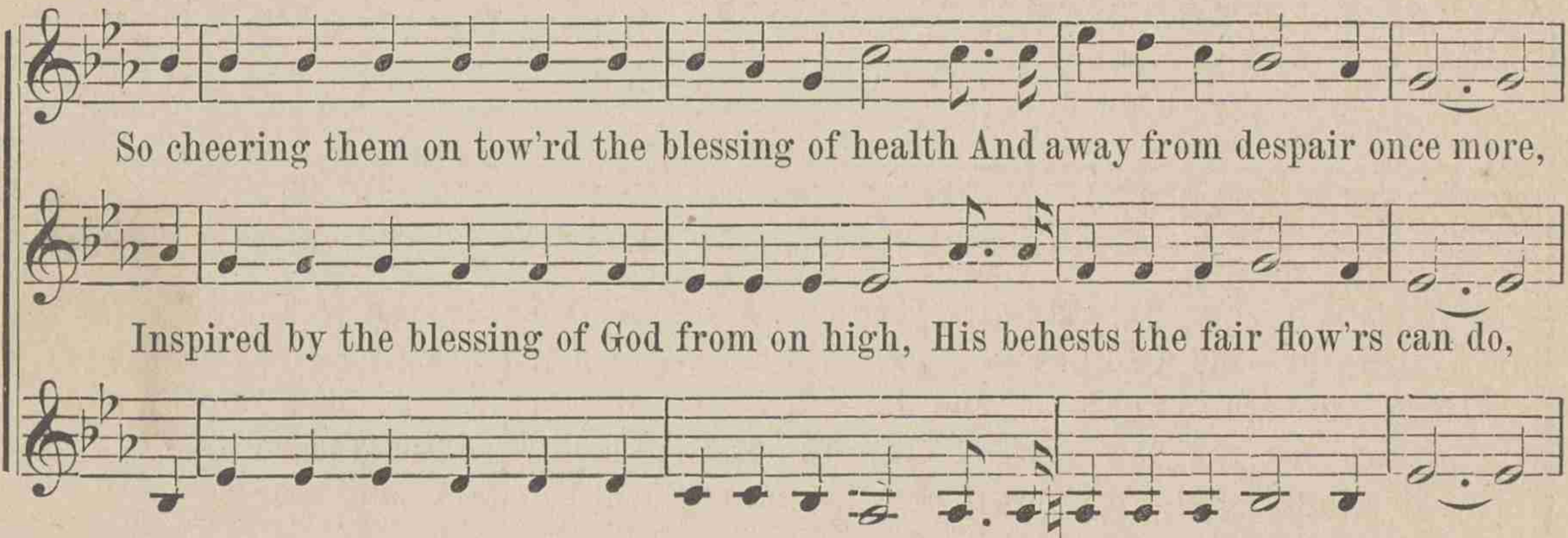
Lead-ing up out of des - pondency dark And in - to the hope - ful light.

The sixth line of the vocal melody continues the melody from the fifth line, written on a single staff in 6/4 time, key of B-flat major.



Speaking to such as may not go abroad, Of the life that is at their door;

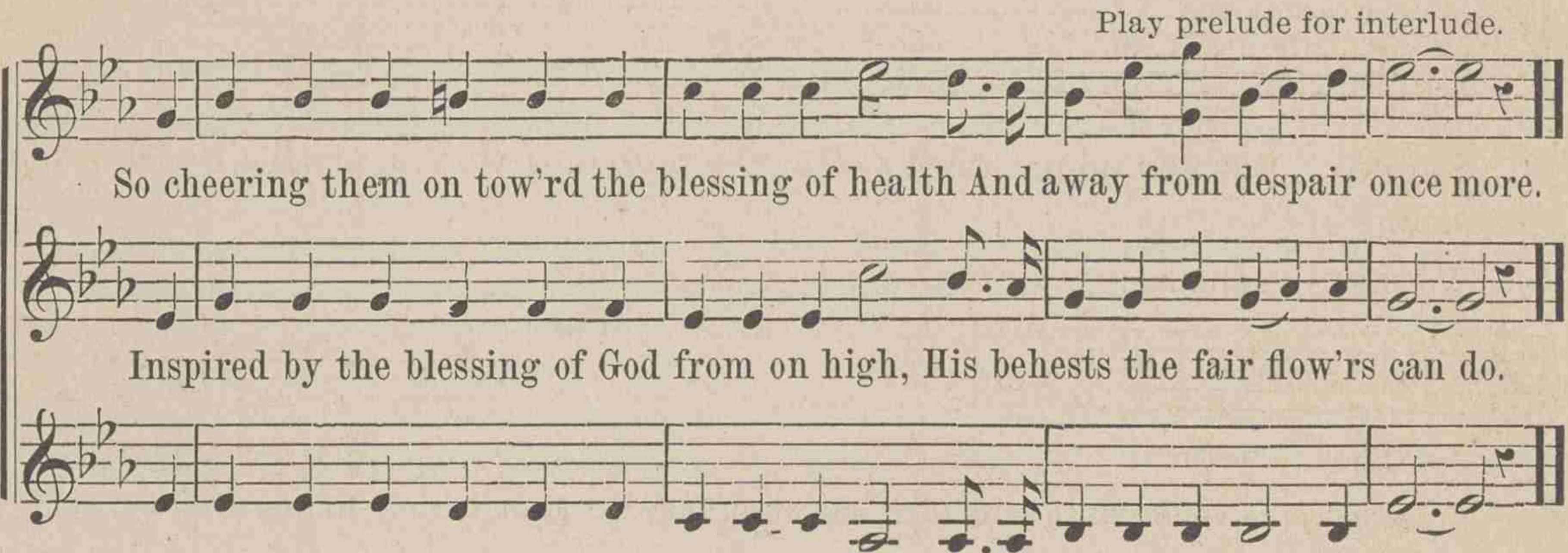
Changing the look of four wearisome walls To a pleasanter place and new;



So cheering them on tow'rd the blessing of health And away from despair once more,

Inspired by the blessing of God from on high, His behests the fair flow'rs can do,

Play prelude for interlude.



So cheering them on tow'rd the blessing of health And away from despair once more.

Inspired by the blessing of God from on high, His behests the fair flow'rs can do.

SPRING. My Violets, too. There's is a sweet mission; but I miss them to-day. Wild Flowers, have none of you seen them?

DAISY. Yes, dear Spring, the Violets are here, but they are hiding.

SPRING. Come, my little ones. Forget your shyness. Can you not tell us some story about things you know?

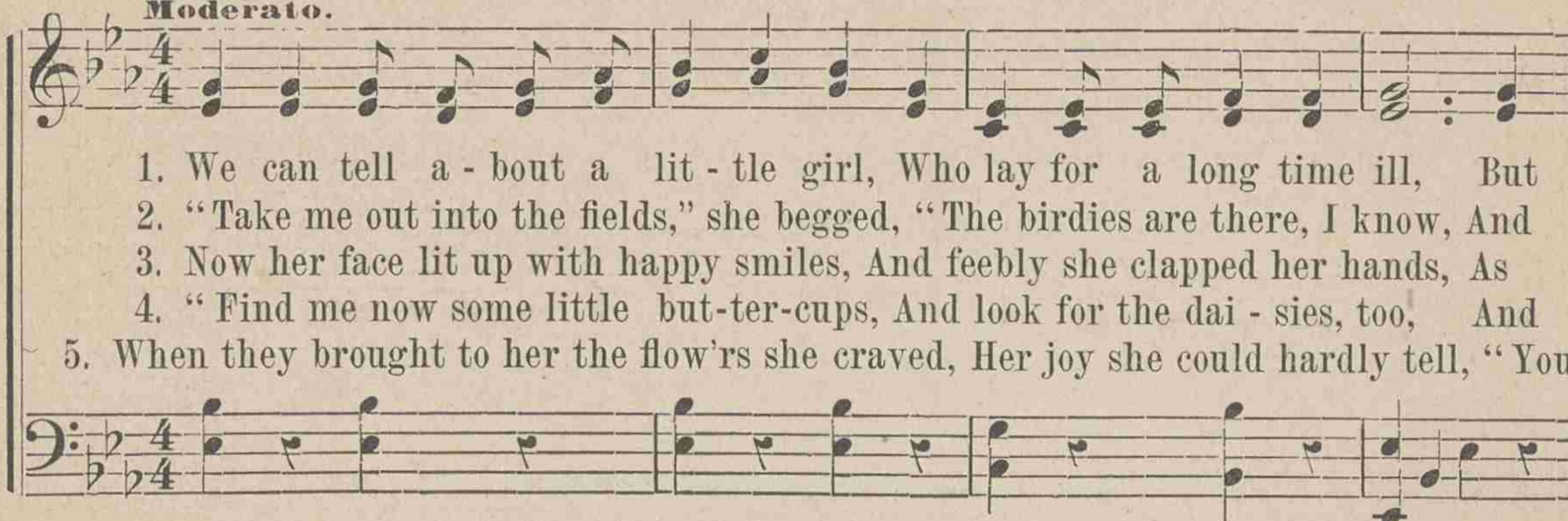
(The Violets come forth from various parts of the platform, where they have been partially or entirely concealed among the other children.)

No. 12. Semi-Chorus. Violets.

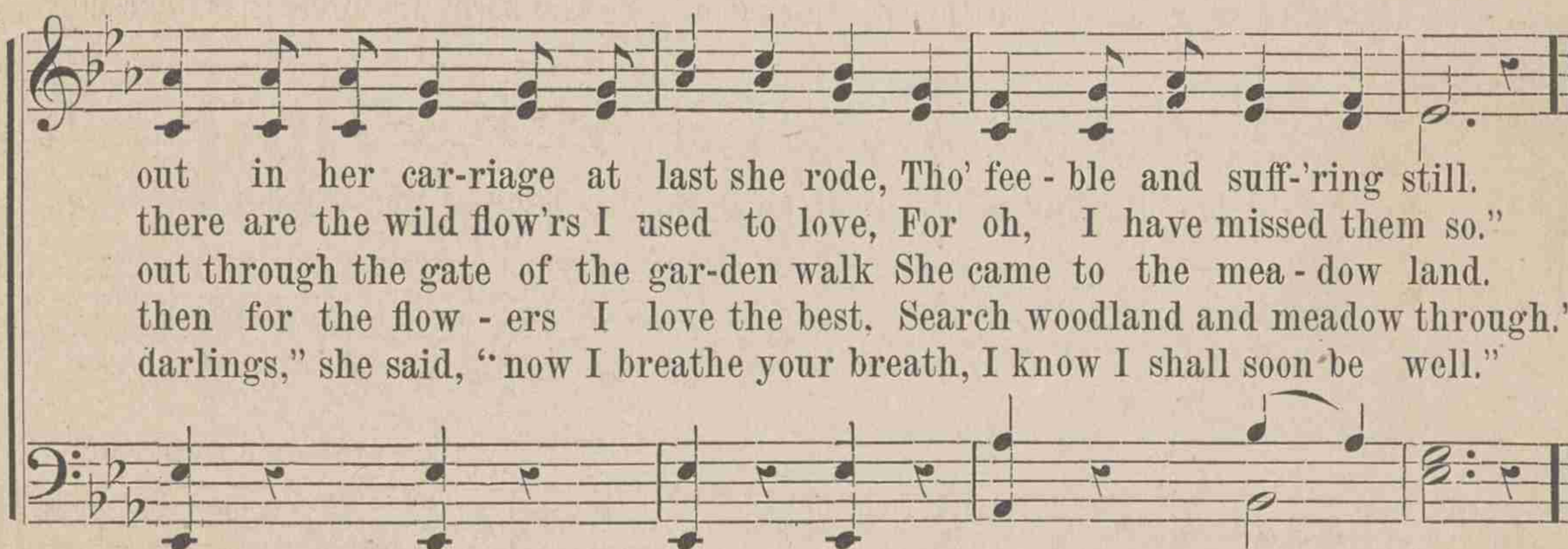
WE CAN TELL ABOUT A LITTLE GIRL.

Play the tune through while the Violets are getting into place. No interlude. Let the children tell the story straight through without interruption.

Moderato.



1. We can tell a - bout a lit - tle girl, Who lay for a long time ill, But
 2. "Take me out into the fields," she begged, "The birdies are there, I know, And
 3. Now her face lit up with happy smiles, And feebly she clapped her hands, As
 4. "Find me now some little but-ter-cups, And look for the dai - sies, too, And
 5. When they brought to her the flow'rs she craved, Her joy she could hardly tell, "You



out in her car-riage at last she rode, Tho' fee - ble and suff-'ring still.
 there are the wild flow'rs I used to love, For oh, I have missed them so."
 out through the gate of the gar-den walk She came to the mea - dow land.
 then for the flow - ers I love the best, Search woodland and meadow through."
 darlings," she said, "now I breathe your breath, I know I shall soon be well."

SPRING. But you do not tell us what the flowers were, that the little girl wanted so much.

VIOLETS (hesitatingly.) SPRING (after waiting a little.)



They were—

Well, do not hesitate. What were they?



They were Vi-o - lets.

(As soon as the Violets have sung their last word, they run back to their hiding-places.)

ALL THE FLOWERS.



Bra - vo, lit - tle Vi - o - lets, Mod - est, sweet and true,



May we all for - get our - selves, And be as good as you.

No. 13. Song. Spring.

THE MISSION OF THE FLOWERS.

Andantino.



1. Wav-ing in the morning sunlight Bright the flowers glow,
2. Flow'rs of garden, field and meadow, Life in-deed is fair,
3. But of all your missions This is ho - li - est and best,

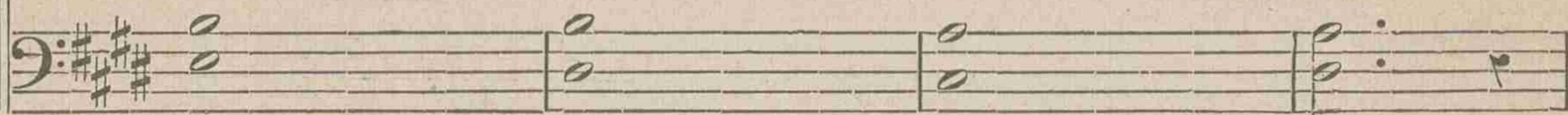



Cooled at noon - tide by the breez - es Pass - ing to and fro,
 But you have your work to do, 'Twill meet you ev - 'ry-where.
 You may come in - to the house When wea - ry ones seek rest.





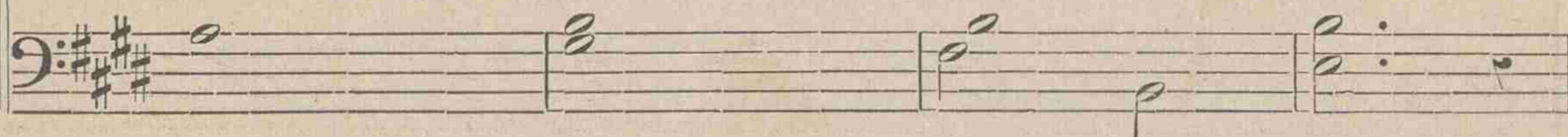
Even - ing shad - ows soft - ly fall - ing, Shade each blooming face,
With your sweet and si - lent fan - cies Com - fort sink - ing hearts,
Ming - ling with de - vout thanksgiv - ing Your sweet breath may rise,



When night spreads her sa - ble man - tle, Hid - den is their grace.
Soothe the mourn - er, cheer the hope - less With your sim - ple arts.
Like an in - cense heav - en - born, Re - turn - ing to the skies.



Fire - flies twin - kle, glanc - ing past them With their torch - es bright,
To the hap - py, to the wretched You are sent in love,
Fair - est green and col - ors rich - est That all nat - ure grace,



While the dews are fall - ing, fall - ing soft and light,
 Bear, oh, bear to them a mes - sage from a - bove,
 Well may you a - dorn this loved and sa - cred place,

While the dews are fall - ing soft and light.
 Bear to them a mes - sage from a - bove.
 Well may you a - dorn this sa - cred place

No. 14. Full Chorus. Finale.

WE COME FROM THE WOODLAND.

(Play ten measures for a prelude.)

Maestoso.

We come from the wood - land, we come from the vale, From

deep mountain gorg-es, from hill and from dale, The field sends her blossoms, the

gar - den her flow'rs That all may u - nite on this fair day of ours, That

all may u - nite on this fair day of ours. Our

per - fume and col - or we glad - ly display, These gifts from our Fa - ther we


bring here to - day, For love - ly the serv-ice he lets us per-form, To



brighten his house with our tints soft and warm, To bright-en his house with our



tints soft and warm. Then ban-ish all sad-ness and glad-ly we'll sing Our



love for the Sav-ior who gave us the Spring, And let fervent prais-es as



sweet-ly a-rise, As breath of the flow-ers as-cends to the skies, As



breath of the flow-ers as-cends to the skies. With sunshine and perfume and



bird-song so clear, We welcome the day that in joy brings us here; With



hearts all triumphant and loud ringing voice Give thanks to the



Fa-ther, be glad and rejoice, Be glad and re-

Let those only sing the high A who can do it well.
The others sing the lower.



joice, Oh, be glad and rejoice. . . .



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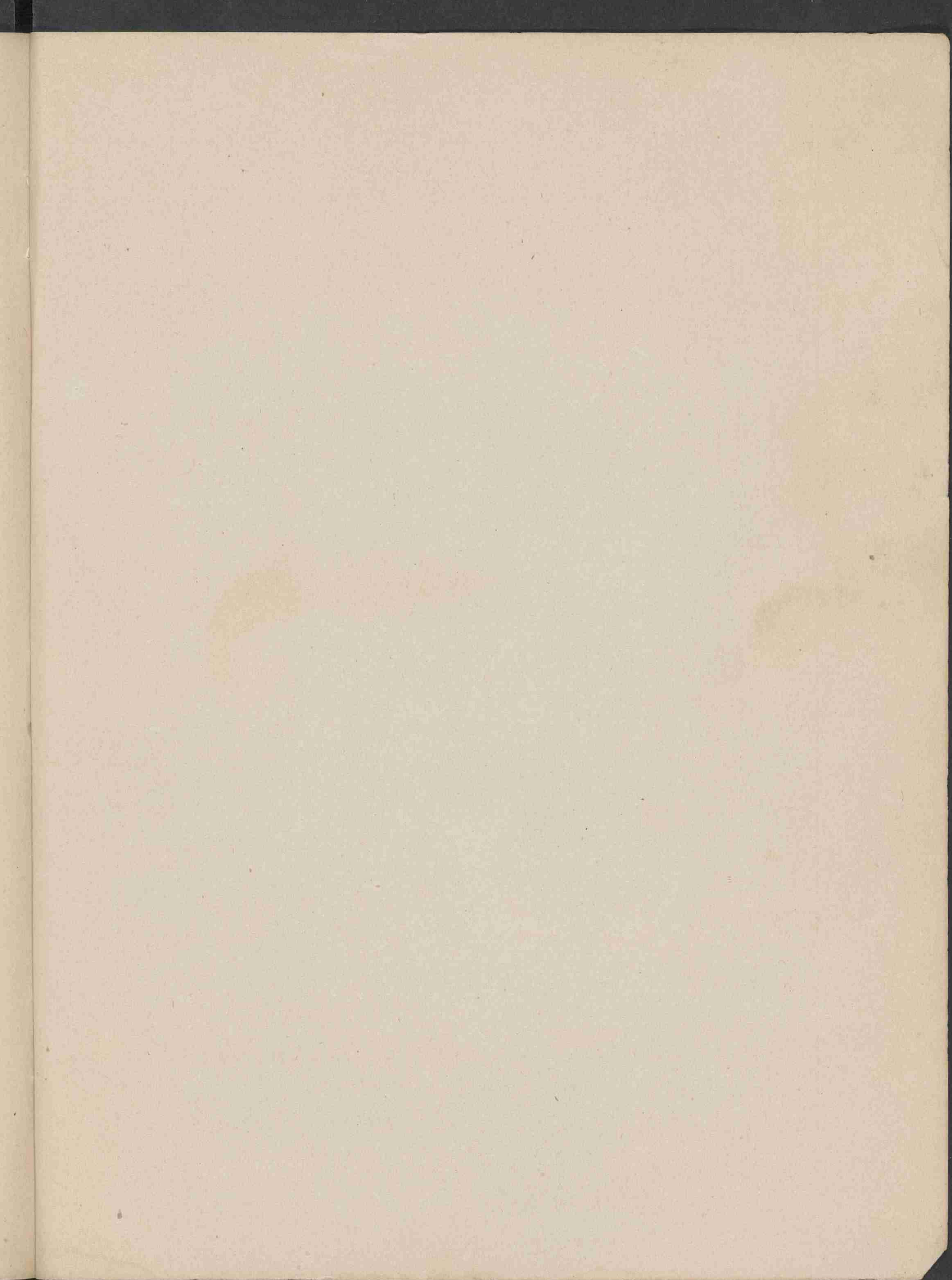
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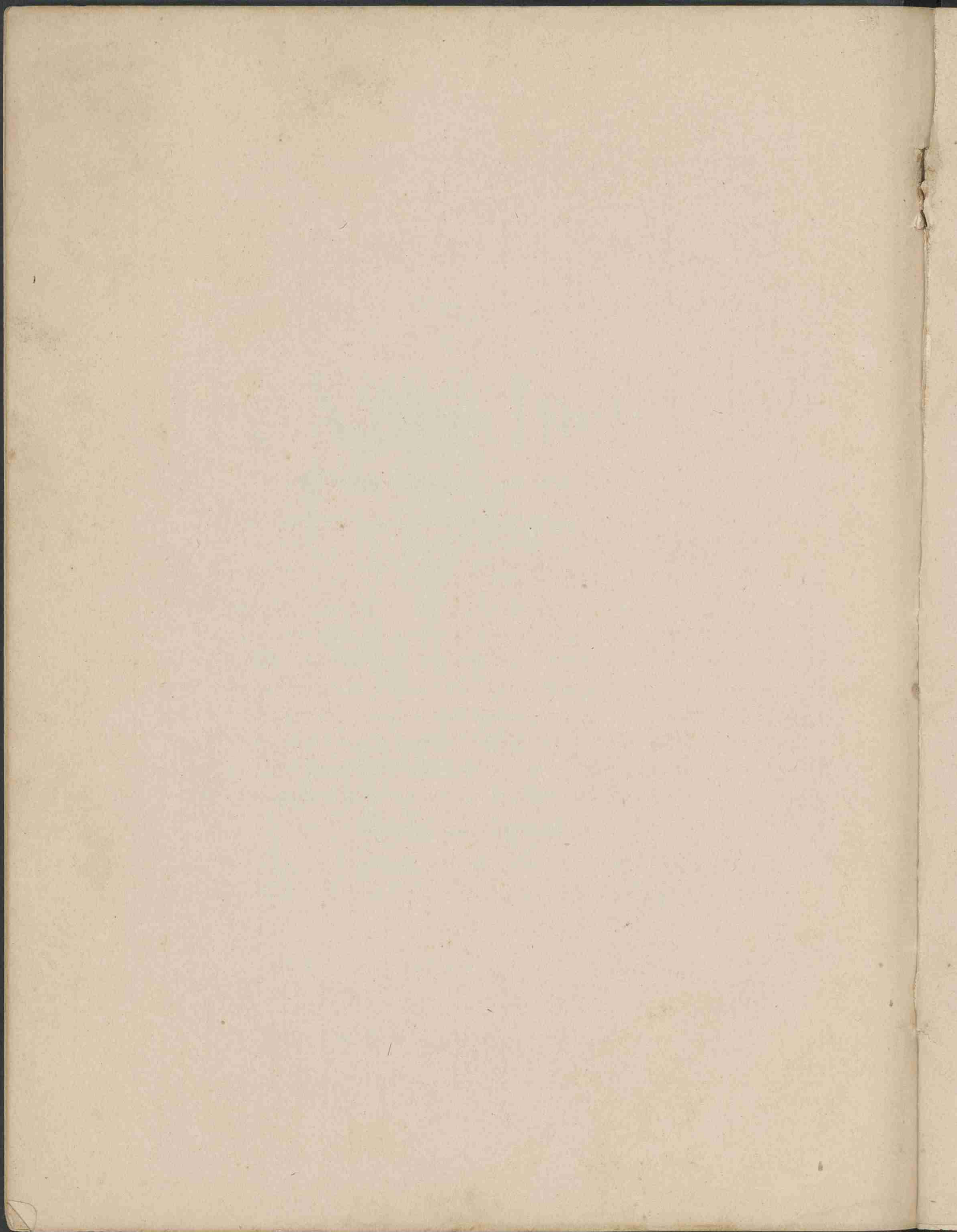
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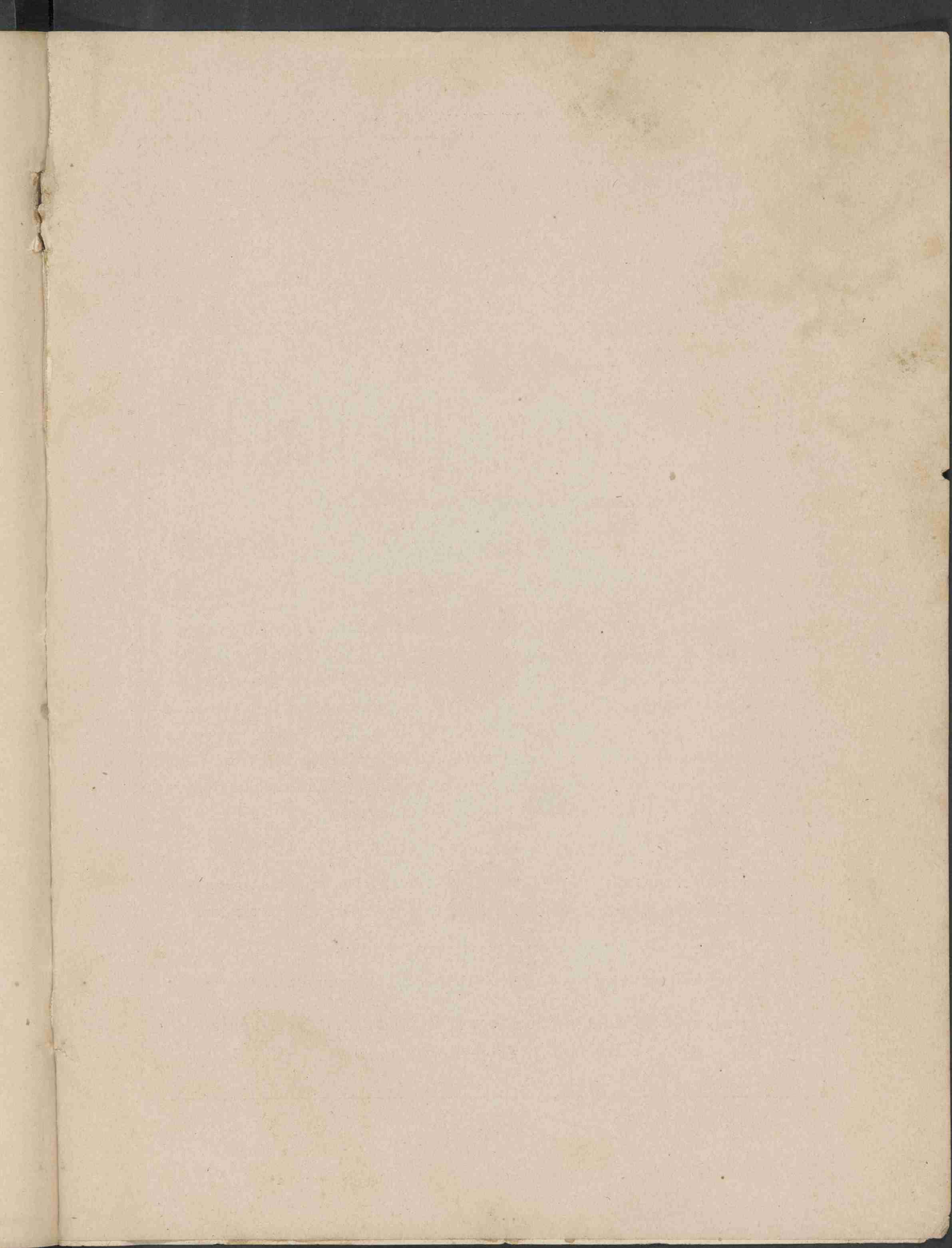
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