

CHILDREN'S SONGS



LITTLE LIGHT

No. 2.

FOR

Little Folks

BY

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

GATE CITY ENG. CO.

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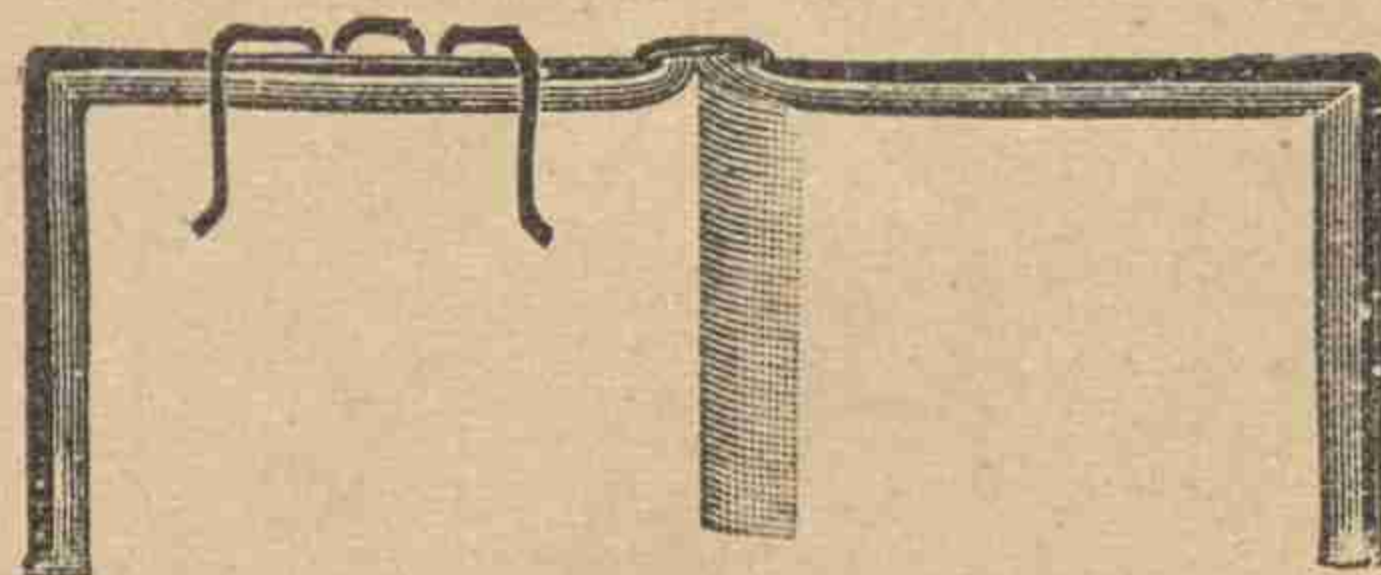
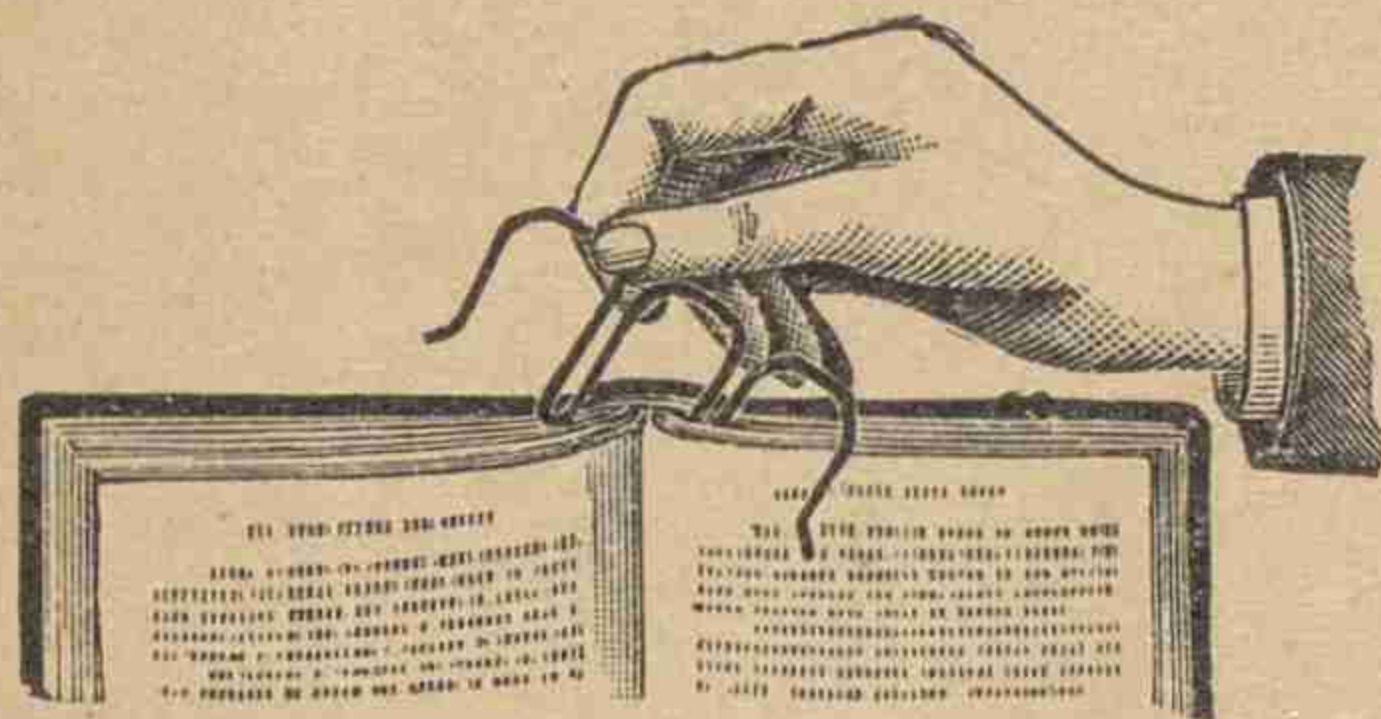
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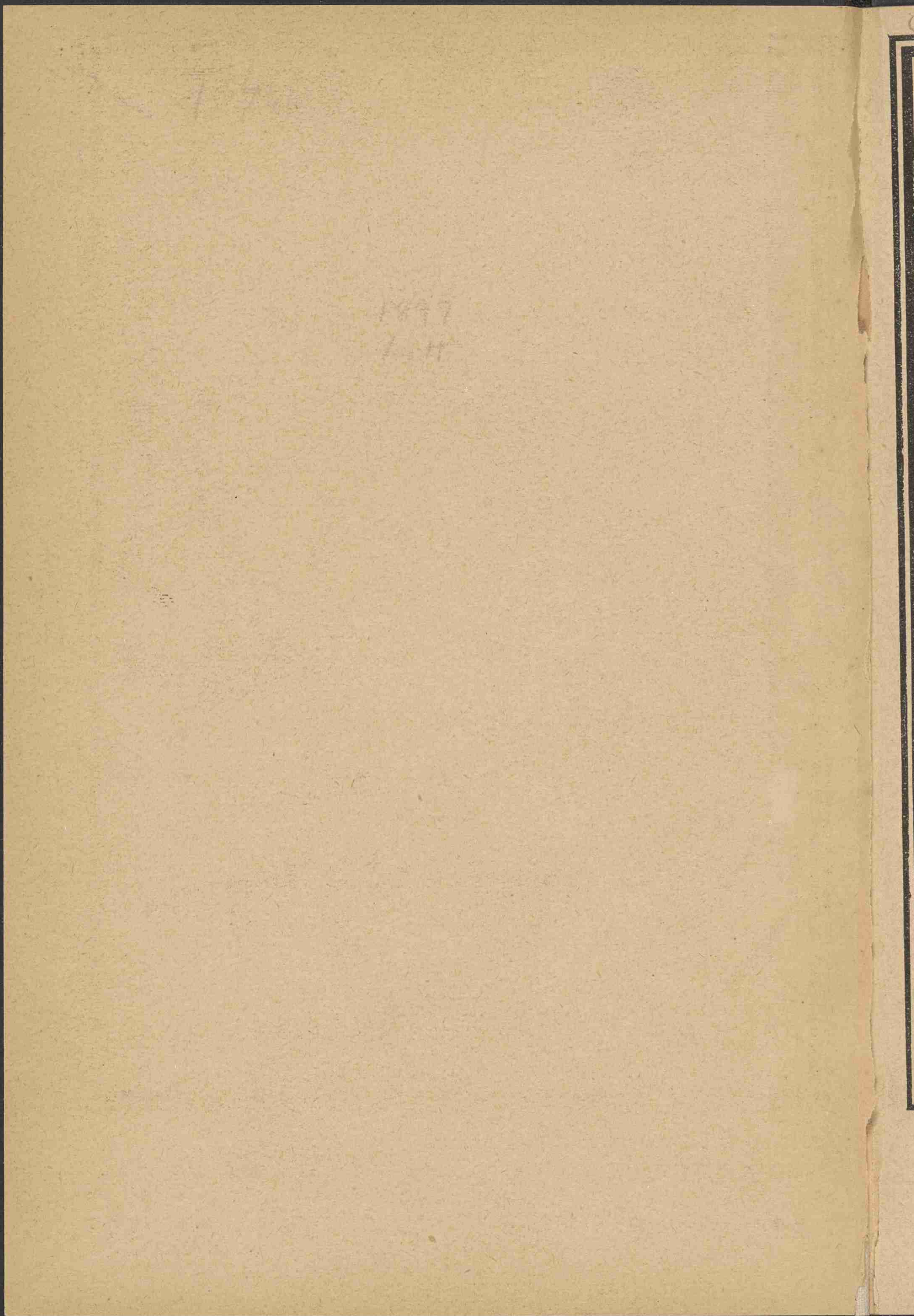
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KANSAS CITY, MO.

PREFACE.

1897

Litt

Little folks would gladly sing the Savior's praise,
If more songs were made to suit their little ways.
Teach them now to sing while their hearts are young,
Teach them, too, the power there is in sacred song.
Let their little voices every chance be heard,
Even hardened sinners are sometimes by them stirred.

Looking at these statements, which seem to be but true,
Inspired your humble servant to help this great work do.
Go forth, then, little Song Book, and may your simple lays
Help precious little children
To sing our Savior's praise.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

LITTLE LIGHT, No. 2.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

SHINE FOR JESUS.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



1. Je - sus bids us shine with a clear, pure light, Like a lit - tle
2. Je - sus bids us shine, first of all for Him, Well He sees and
3. Je - sus bids us shine, then for all a-round Ma-ny kinds of



can - dle burn - ing in the night; In this world of
knows it if our light is dim; He looks down from
dark - ness in this world a - bound; Sin and want and



darkness we must shine, You in your corner and I in mine.
heav-en, sees us shine, You in your corner and I in mine.
sor-row, we must shine, You in your corner and I in mine.



STEP BY STEP.

MINNIE B. JOHNSON.

JNO. R. BRYANT.



1. Step by step, O lit - tle pilgrim, Forth we journey hand in hand,
2. Step by step, O lit - tle pilgrim, To the du - ties to be done,
3. Step by step, O lit - tle pilgrim, Leads to that fair land a - bove,



And our pathway still grows brighter, As we near the glo - ry land.
 Dai - ly are we growing stronger, As the Christian race is run.
 And we know the Saviour leads us, For we feel His hand of love.



Step, step, step, step, Step by step we're go - ing on;
 Step by step, yes, step by step, Yes, step by step we're go - ing on;



Step, step, step, step, Step by step we journey home.
 Step by step, yes, step by step, Yes, step by step we journey home.



HE MEANT ME.

5

NELLIE EDWARDS.

RAN. C. STOREY.



1. When the Saviour said, "Let the children come," I be-lieve that
 2. When the Saviour said "Now con-vert-ed be," I be-lieve that
 3. When the Saviour said "I will crown my own," I be-lieve that

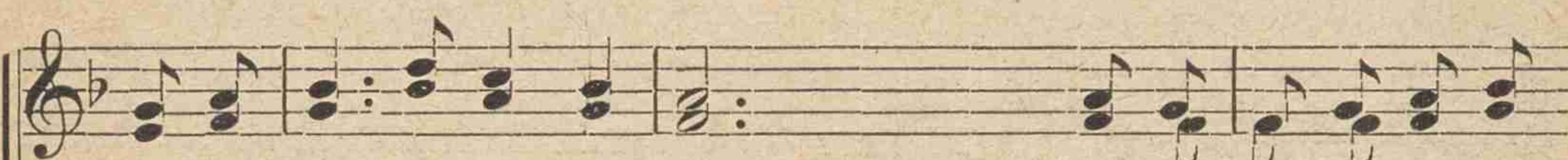


He meant me; For of such are they in the heav'nly home, I be-
 He meant me; For of such as they shall the kingdom see, I be-
 He meant me; When the heav'nly choir sing around the throne, I be-

CHORUS



lieve that He meant me. I be-lieve that He meant me,
 lieve that He meant me.
 lieve He will hear me. that He meant me,



I be-lieve that He meant me; When He took them in His
 that He meant me;



arms, To His bo-som they were borne, I believe that He meant me.

BE CAREFUL.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Lit-tle feet, be ver - y careful where you go, (where you go,
 2. Lit-tle hands, be ver - y careful what you do, (what you do,
 3. Lit-tle eyes, be ver - y careful—look a - head, (straight ahead,
 4. Lit-tle ears, be ver - y careful what you hear, (what you hear,
 5. Little hearts, be ver - y careful to be true, (pure and true,)

As in life you dai - ly trav-el to and fro, (to and fro;
 Wrong or thoughtless actions you will sure-ly rue, (you will rue;
 There are dangers in the path our feet must tread, (dai - ly tread;
 When the tempter whispers to you, danger's near, (ver - y near;
 Love the Lord and He will sure-ly care for you, (care for you;)

Nev - er for a moment stray from the straight and narrow way,
 In - to mischief nev - er go, for 'tis ver - y wrong you know,
 Then a faithful pi - lot be—turn from ev - 'ry wrong you see,
 Tho' he promise ev - 'ry-thing,—ev - 'ry promise is a sting,
 Je - sus will not en - ter in where there is the least of sin,

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

BE CAREFUL. Concluded.

7

CHORUS.



Be careful, lit - tle feet, Je - sus watches from a - bove, He
 Be careful, lit - tle hands, Je - sus watches from a - bove, He
 Be careful, lit - tle eyes, Je - sus watches from a - bove, He
 Be careful, lit - tle ears, Je - sus watches from a - bove, He
 Be careful, lit - tle hearts, Je - sus watches from a - bove, He

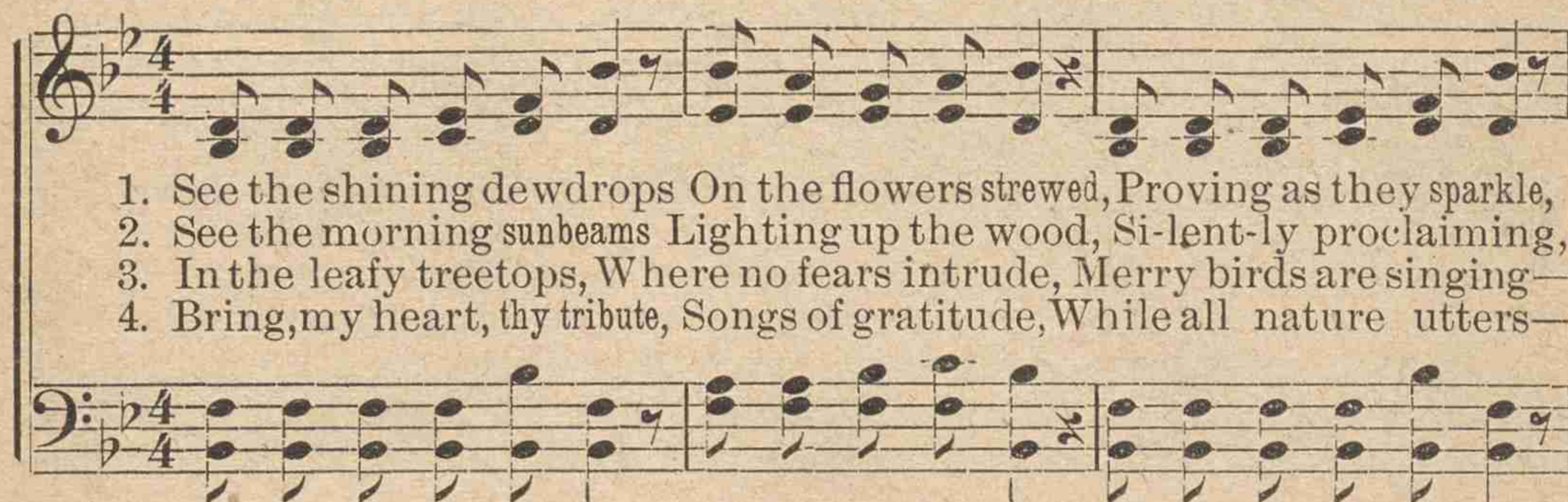


watches o - ver you in tend'rest love, (in tend'rest love;)

GOD IS EVER GOOD.

ANON.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



1. See the shining dewdrops On the flowers strewed, Proving as they sparkle,
 2. See the morning sunbeams Lighting up the wood, Si-lent-ly proclaiming,
 3. In the leafy treetops, Where no fears intrude, Merry birds are singing—
 4. Bring, my heart, thy tribute, Songs of gratitude, While all nature utters—

CHORUS.



God is ev - er good. God is ev - er good, God is ev - er good;



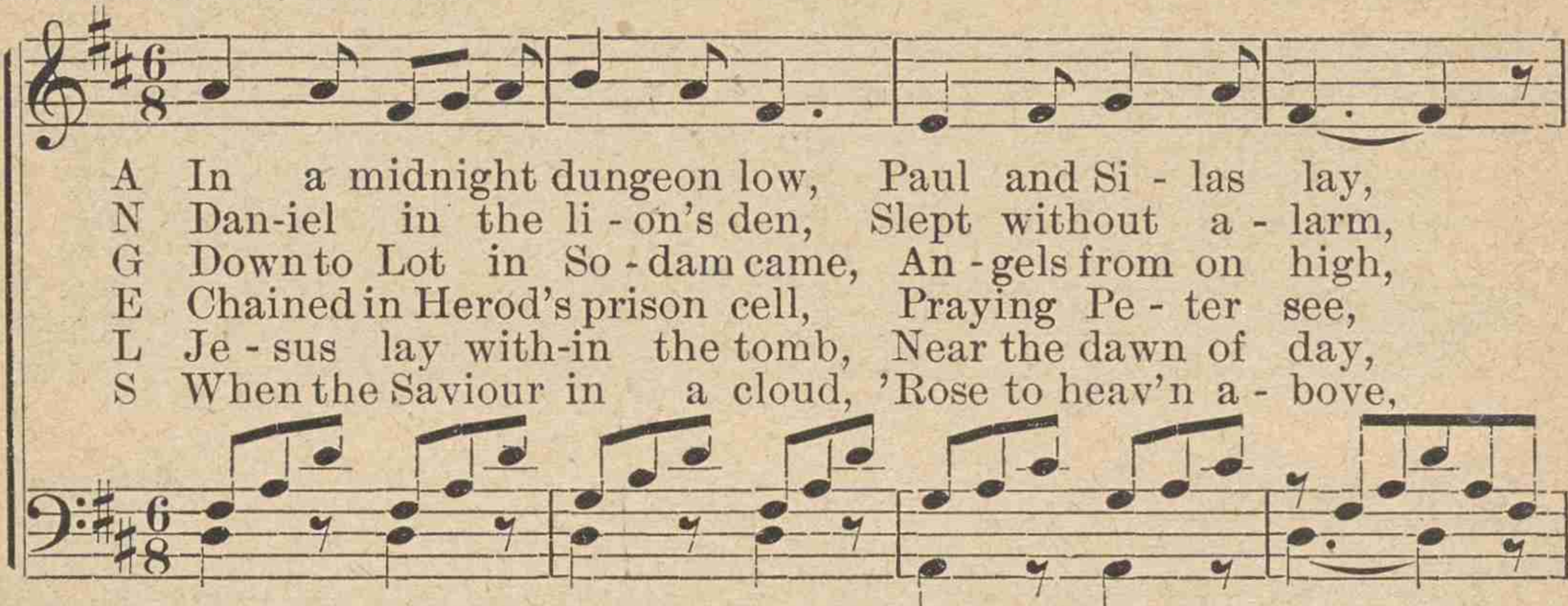
Ev - 'ry - thing a - round us Says God is ev - er good.

BRIGHT ANGELS.

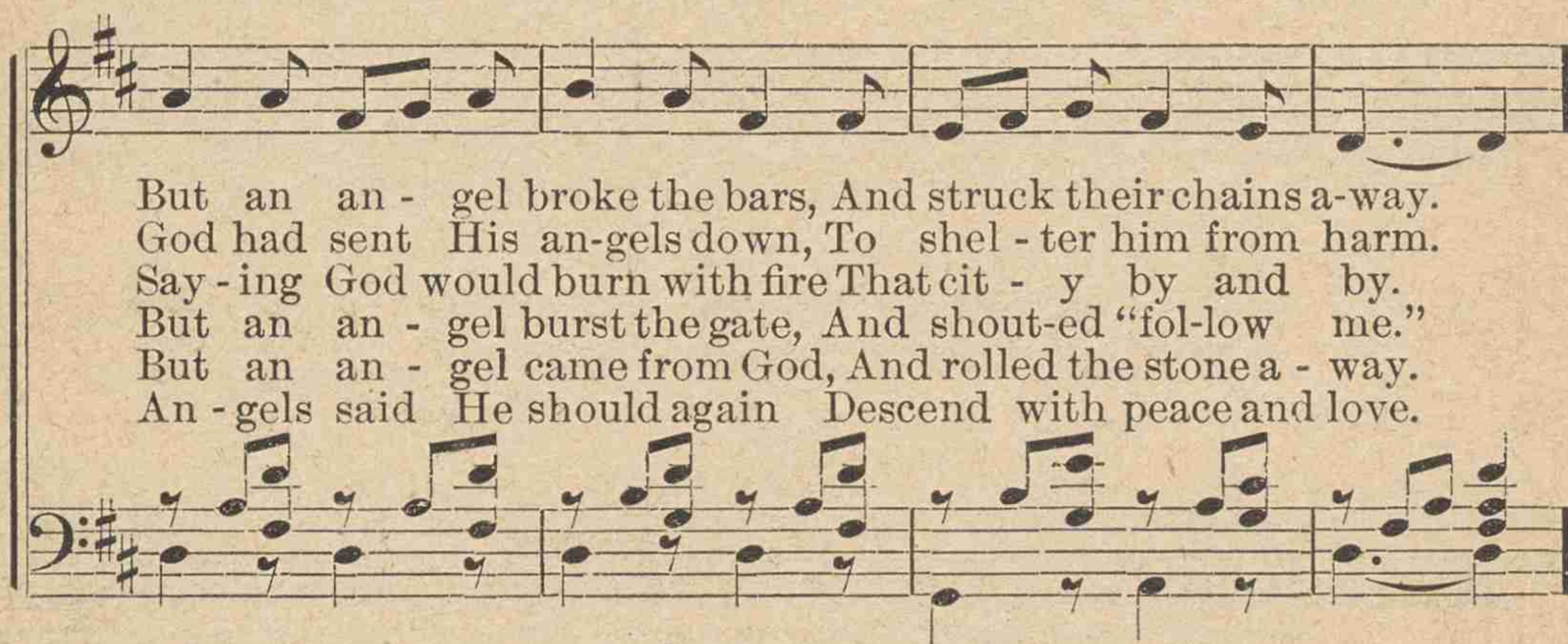
C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

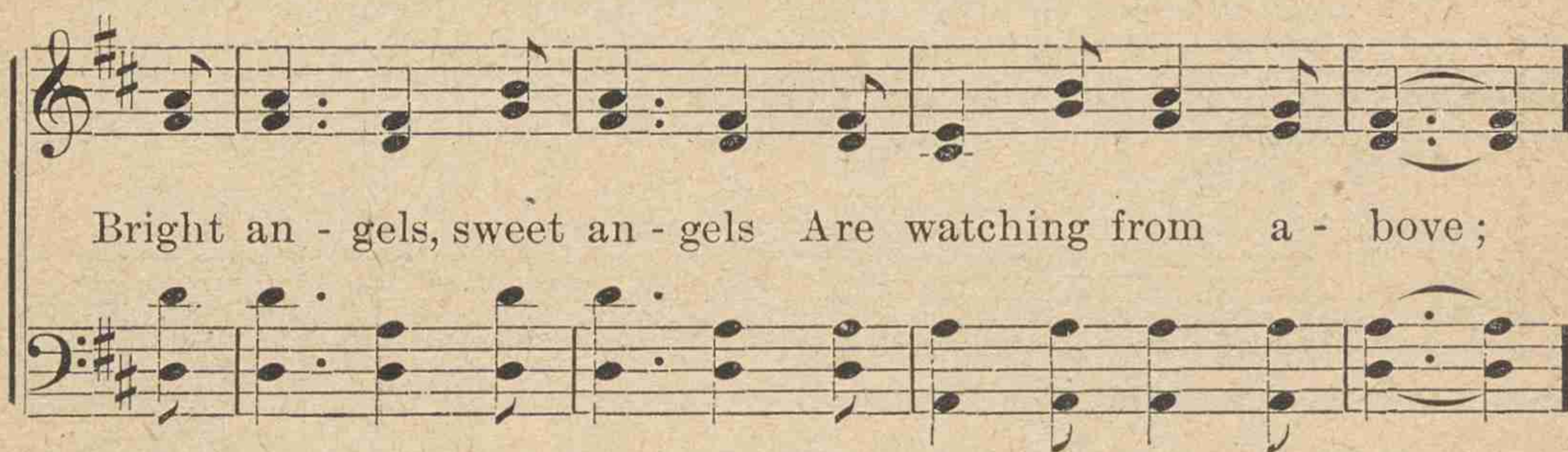
"Bright Angels" should be sung by six little girls appropriately dressed, and arranged conspicuously upon the platform. Let six floral wreaths or crowns be prepared, each having one of the letters contained in the word "Angels" fixed upon it. Immediately after singing her stanza, let the appropriate crown be placed upon each girl's head. All the school should sing in the chorus.



A In a midnight dungeon low, Paul and Si - las lay,
 N Dan - iel in the li - on's den, Slept without a - larm,
 G Down to Lot in So - dam came, An - gels from on high,
 E Chained in Herod's prison cell, Praying Pe - ter see,
 L Je - sus lay with - in the tomb, Near the dawn of day,
 S When the Saviour in a cloud, 'Rose to heav'n a - bove,



But an an - gel broke the bars, And struck their chains a - way.
 God had sent His an - gels down, To shel - ter him from harm.
 Say - ing God would burn with fire That cit - y by and by.
 But an an - gel burst the gate, And shout - ed "fol - low me."
 But an an - gel came from God, And rolled the stone a - way.
 An - gels said He should again Descend with peace and love.



Bright an - gels, sweet an - gels Are watching from a - bove;



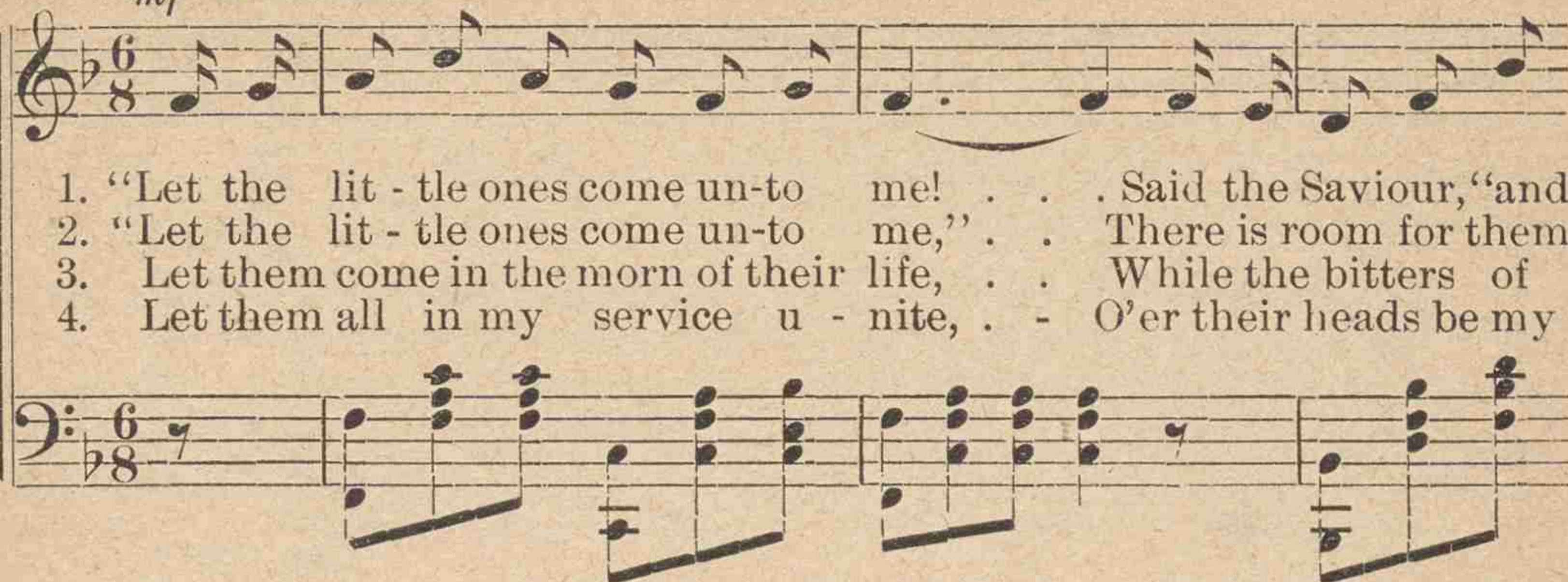
Oh, an - gels, sweet an - gels Are mes - sen - gers of love.

LET THEM COME!

9

Words and Music by Commander BOOTH-TUCKER, by per.

mf Andantino



1. "Let the lit - tle ones come un-to me! . . . Said the Saviour, "and
 2. "Let the lit - tle ones come un-to me," . . . There is room for them
 3. Let them come in the morn of their life, . . . While the bitters of
 4. Let them all in my service u - nite, . . . O'er their heads be my



hinder them not! For in heaven my Father they see, And on
 all in my arm; In my bo-som a-lone can they be Safely
 sin are unknown, Unbestained by earth's sorrow and strife— Let me
 banner unfurled; For my kingdom on earth bid them fight. Urge them
 D.S.—Where the face of my Father they see, And re-

FINE. *f* CHORUS



earth, too, not one is for - got.
 guarded from danger and harm." "Let them come unto me, My dis-
 seal their young hearts as my own.
 onward to save a lost world.
 joice in His in - fi - nite love."



ci - ples to be, For of such is my kingdom a - bove,

I'M SO GLAD.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

[The Solo should be taken by a little girl, the Semi-Chorus by the choir, or a quartet of voices, and be caught up in absolutely perfect tempo; the entire school sing on the Full Chorus.]

1

1. { The Saviour once said "Let the little ones come," I'm so glad . . . He loves
 "Of such is the kingdom,"—Oh, beautiful home, I'm so [Omit . . .
 2. { I know He has power o'er land and o'er sea, I'm so glad . . . He loves
 And, Oh, what a wonderful Saviour is He, I'm so [Omit . . .
 3. { I'll try to be like Him in all that I do, I'm so glad . . . He loves
 In service I'll try to be faithful and true, I'm so [Omit . . .

SEMI-CHORUS.

I'm so glad

2

me, . . . glad He loves me, { He cares for the flowers, the
 . . . glad He loves me, { And daily I'm striving my
 me, . . . glad He loves me, { He notes ev'ry action, and
 . . . glad He loves me, { And I would live nearer to
 . . . glad He loves me, { A place up in heav'n He's pre-
 . . . glad He loves me, { And there with the angels His

He loves me. I'm so glad that He loves me.

1 2

birds and the bees, I know, I know.
 Saviour to please, I [Omit. . . love Him so.
 hears what I say, I know, I know.
 Him ev'ry day, I [Omit. . . love Him so.
 paring for me, I know, I know.
 glo-ry I'll see, I [Omit. . . love Him so.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Yes, we know, Yes, we know. Yes, we love Him, Love Him so.

I'M SO GLAD. Concluded.

11

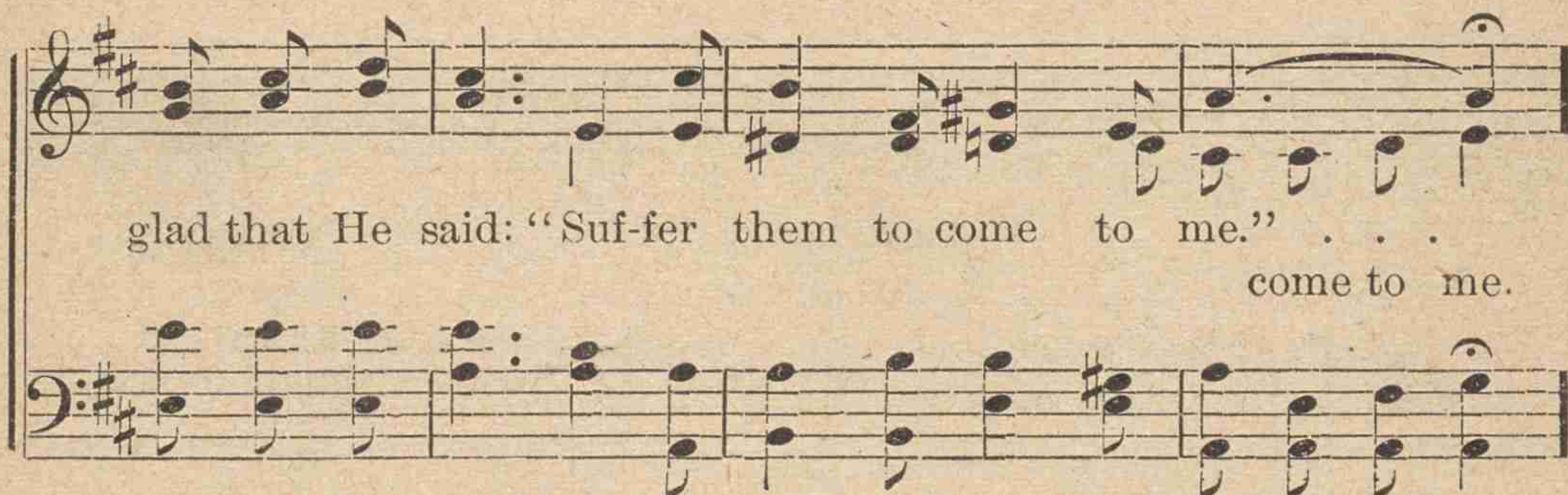
FULL CHORUS.



I'm so glad He loves me, I'm so
I am so glad Je - sus loves me,
glad, so glad that



glad He loves me, I am so
I am so glad, Je - sus loves me,
Je - sus loves me,



glad that He said: "Suf-fer them to come to me." . . .
come to me.



The Saviour once said "Let the little ones come," I'm so glad He loves me.
I know He has power o'er land and o'er sea, I'm so glad He loves me.
I'll try to be like Him in all that I do, I'm so glad He loves me.
I'm so glad that He loves me.

M. B. WILLIAMS.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

DUET



1. There's a dear and precious book, Tho' it's worn and fa - ded now,
2. As she read the sto - ries o'er, Of those mighty men of old,
3. Then she read of Je - sus' love, As He blest the children dear,
4. Well, those days are past and gone, But their mem'ry lin - gers still,



Which re - calls those hap - py days of long a - go;
 Of Jos - eph and of Dan - iel and their trials;
 How He suffered, bled and died up - on the tree;
 And the dear old Book each day has been my guide;



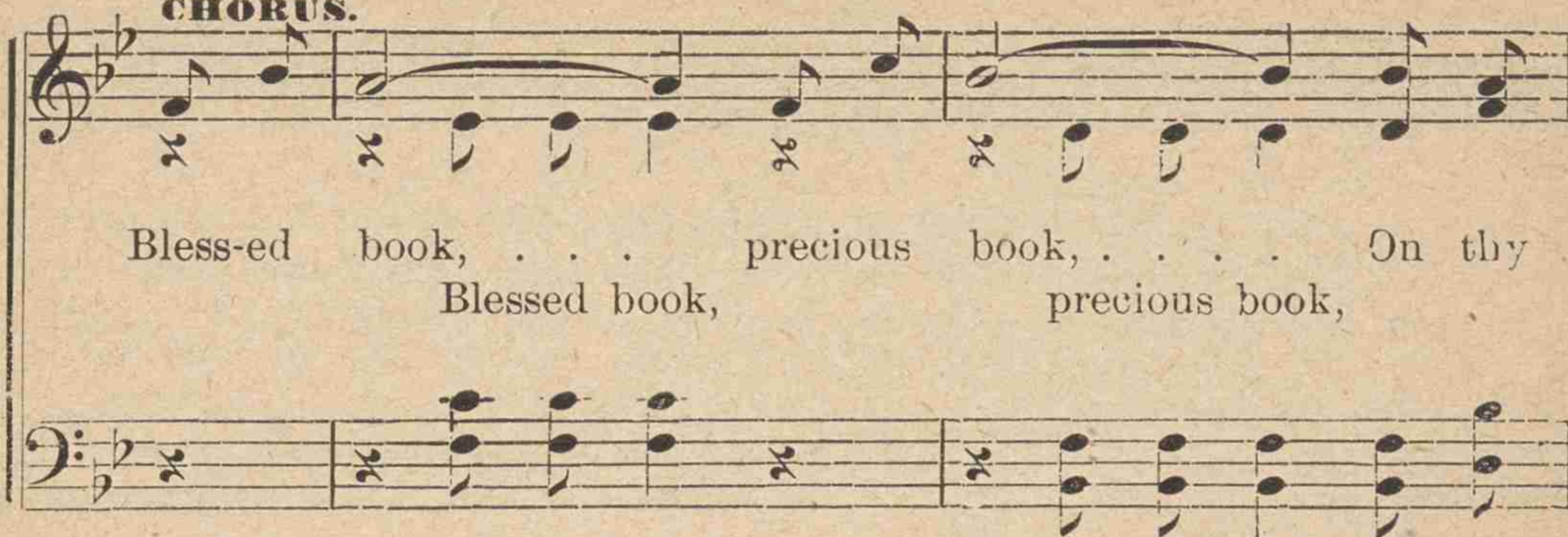
When I stood at mother's knee, With her hand up - on my brow,
 Of lit - tle Da - vid bold, Who be - came a king at last;
 Of His heav - y load of care, Then she dried my flow - ing tears
 And I seek to do His will, As my moth - er taught me then,



And I heard her voice in gen - tle tones and low.
 Of Sa - tan with his ma - ny wick - ed wiles.
 With her kiss - es as she said it was for me.
 And ev - er in my heart His words a - bide.



CHORUS.



Bless-ed book, . . . precious book, . . . On thy
Blessed book, precious book,



dear old tear-stained leaves I love to look; . . .
love to look;



Thou art sweet-er day by day, As I walk the narrow way



That leads at last to that bright home a - bove.

From "The Revival, No. 2." See prices on outside page.

MIND WHAT YOUR MAMMA SAYS.

C. H. G.

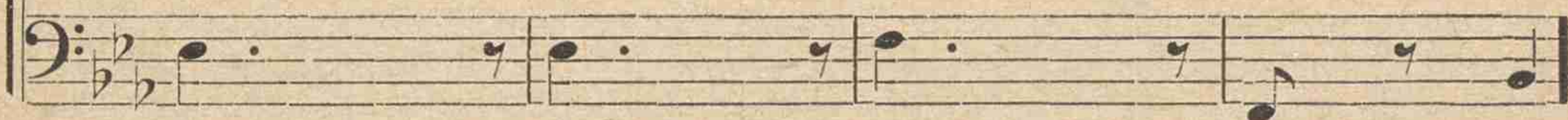
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



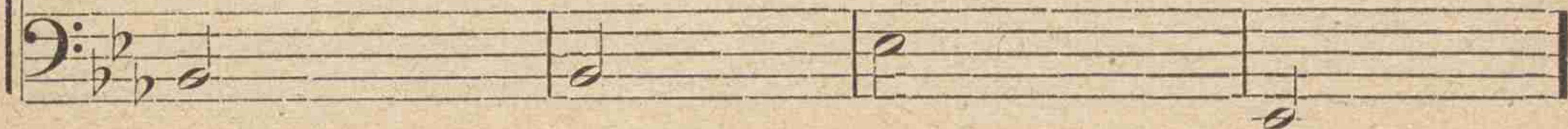
1. Once a lit - tle mous-ie lived Just be-neath the pantry floor,
2. Tho' his mother had for-bade Him to go beyond their nest;
3. Sly - ly then he crept a - long, With a chuck-le of delight,



Where his mother had a nest, Close beside the family store;
 "Yet," said he, "I think I know What for me is right and best;"
 And from off that bit of cheese Took a nib-ble, then a bite.



Oft the moth-er mouse had said, To this lit - tle mous-ie gay:
 So one day this fool-ish mouse, Tho't that he himself would please,
 Dear me, I am ver - y sure You can guess what happened then,

**Ad lib. express.**

"Dear, you must be ver - y care-ful When you run a-bout and play."
 For' he had up in the pan-try, Spied a dain-ty bit of cheese.
 For the lit - tle moth-er mous-ie Nev-er saw her child a-gain.



CHORUS.

Mind what your mamma says, . . . She knows just what is
Mind what your mamma says, mind what she says, She knows just what is best,

best, . . . She's older and wis-er, So do not despise her By
just what is best,

daring to dis - o - bey, . . . Mind what your mamma
mind your mamma, yes, Mind what your mamma says,

says, . . . She knows just what is best, . . . Then always be-
mind what she says, She knows just what is best, just what is best,

lieve her, And try not to grieve her, By action, at work, or in play. (or in play.)

C. E. POLLOCK.

"He took them in his arms."—Mark 10 : 16.

J. L. MOORE.



1. Lit - tle children can do something For the blessed Lord each day;
2. They can scat-ter rays of sunshine Round a - bout them day by day,
3. Then among their lit-tle playmates They can al-ways gen-tle be;
4. By a lit - tle act of kindness, By a gen - tle word of love,



There is work for lit - tle fin-gers, There is work as well as play.
 Making glad the hearts of oth-ers By the kind words they may say.
 Nev-er get-ting rude or an-gry, Bearing with them pa-tient-ly.
 They can lead some lit - tle wanderer To a home in heav'n a - bove.

**CHORUS.**

Lit-tle children can do something For the blessed Lord each day;



Lit-tle children can do something, They can work as well as play.



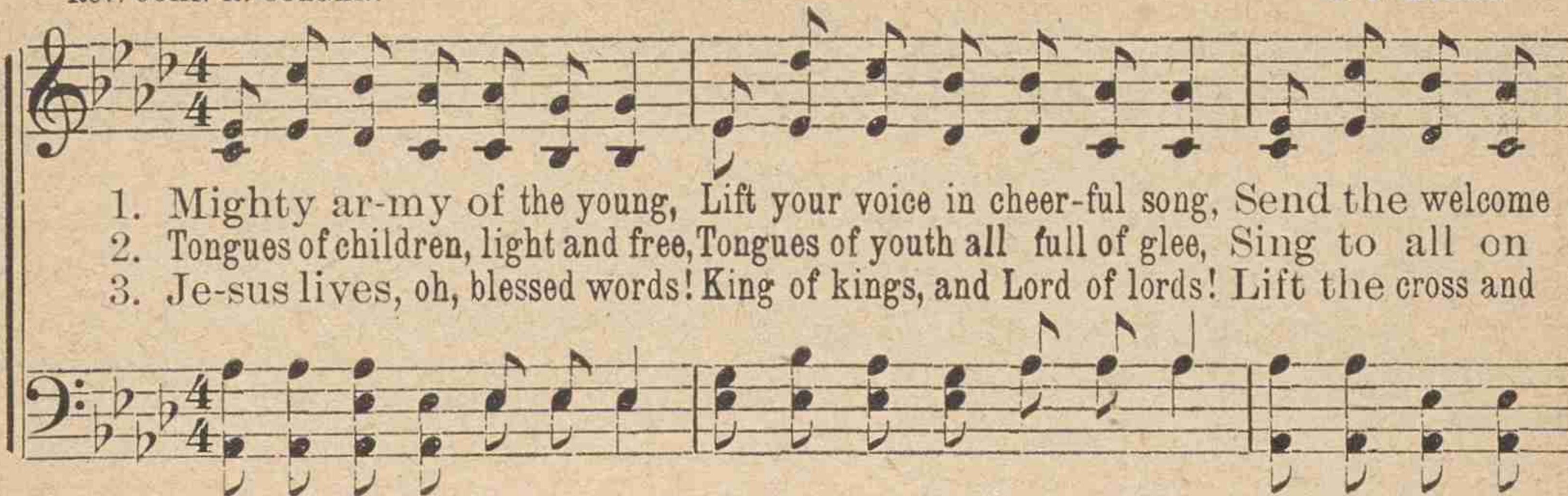
JESUS LIVES!

17

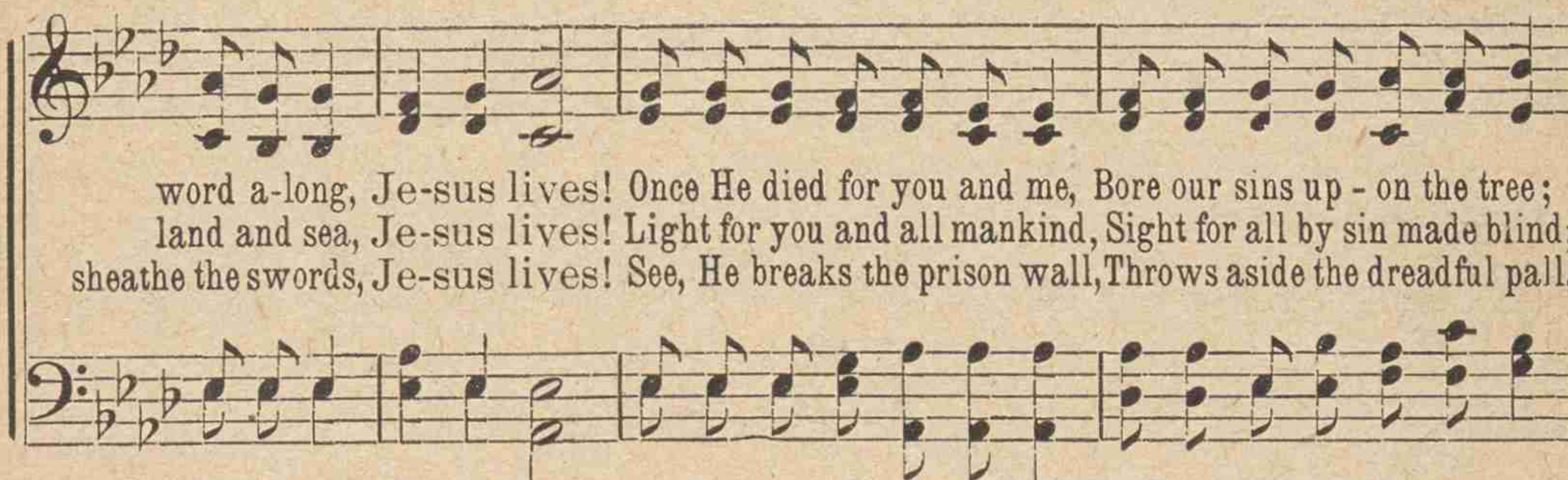
(For Y. P. C. E. and Epworth Leagues.)

Rev. JOHN R. COLGAN.

A. F. MYERS.

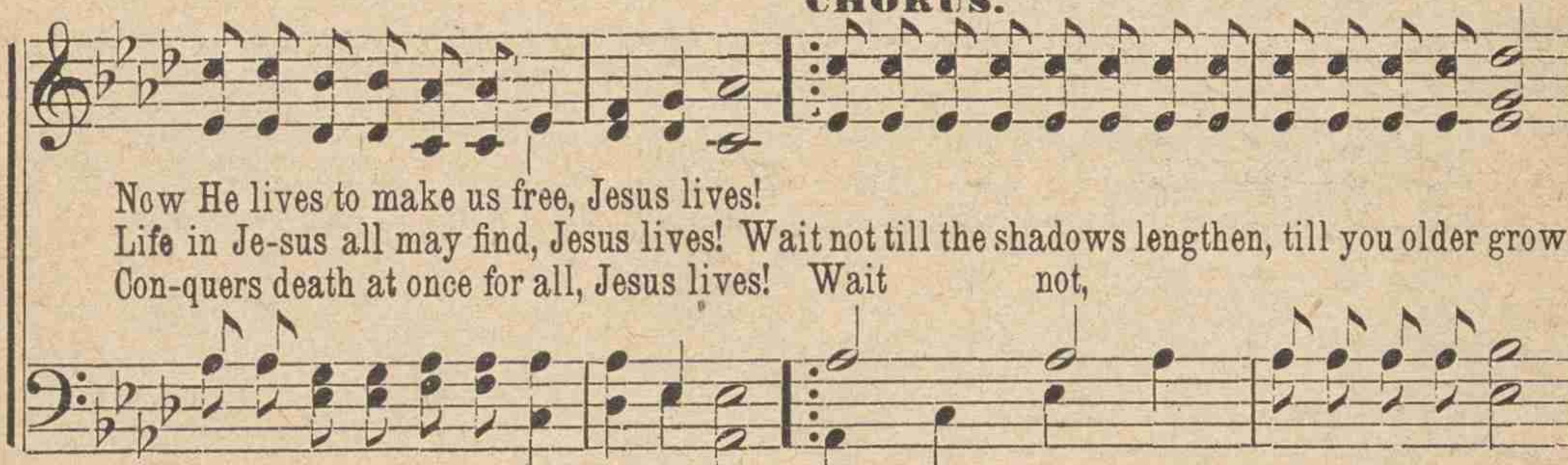


1. Mighty ar-my of the young, Lift your voice in cheer-ful song, Send the welcome
 2. Tongues of children, light and free, Tongues of youth all full of glee, Sing to all on
 3. Je-sus lives, oh, blessed words! King of kings, and Lord of lords! Lift the cross and



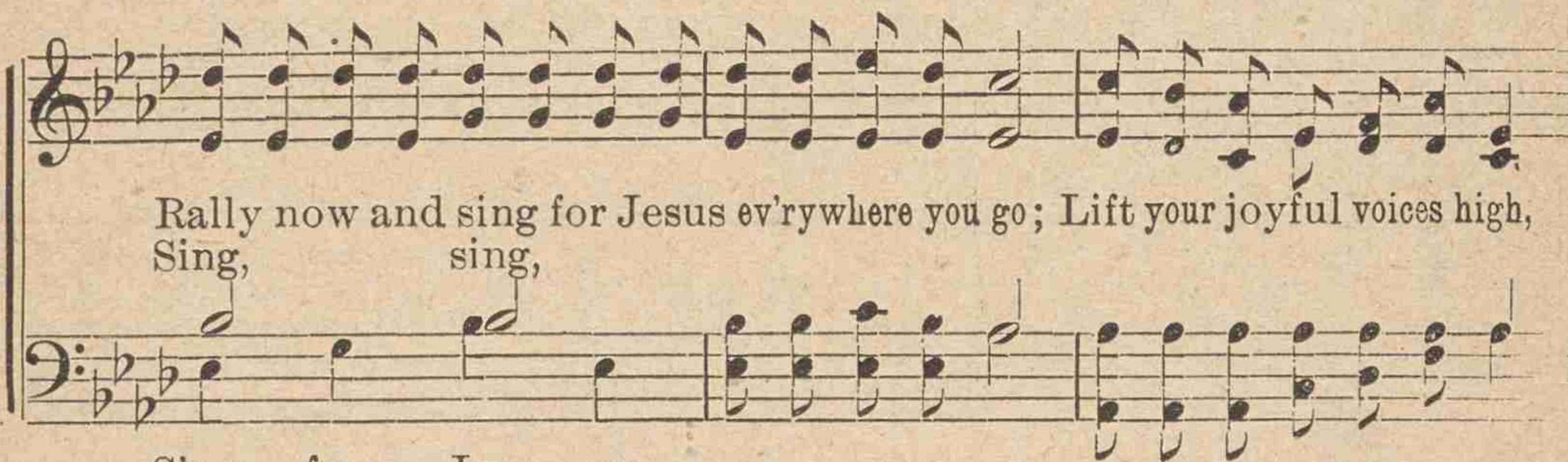
word a-long, Je-sus lives! Once He died for you and me, Bore our sins up - on the tree;
 land and sea, Je-sus lives! Light for you and all mankind, Sight for all by sin made blind;
 sheathe the swords, Je-sus lives! See, He breaks the prison wall, Throws aside the dreadful pall,

CHORUS.



Now He lives to make us free, Jesus lives!
 Life in Je-sus all may find, Jesus lives! Wait not till the shadows lengthen, till you older grow,
 Con-quers death at once for all, Jesus lives! Wait not,

Wait not, wait not,



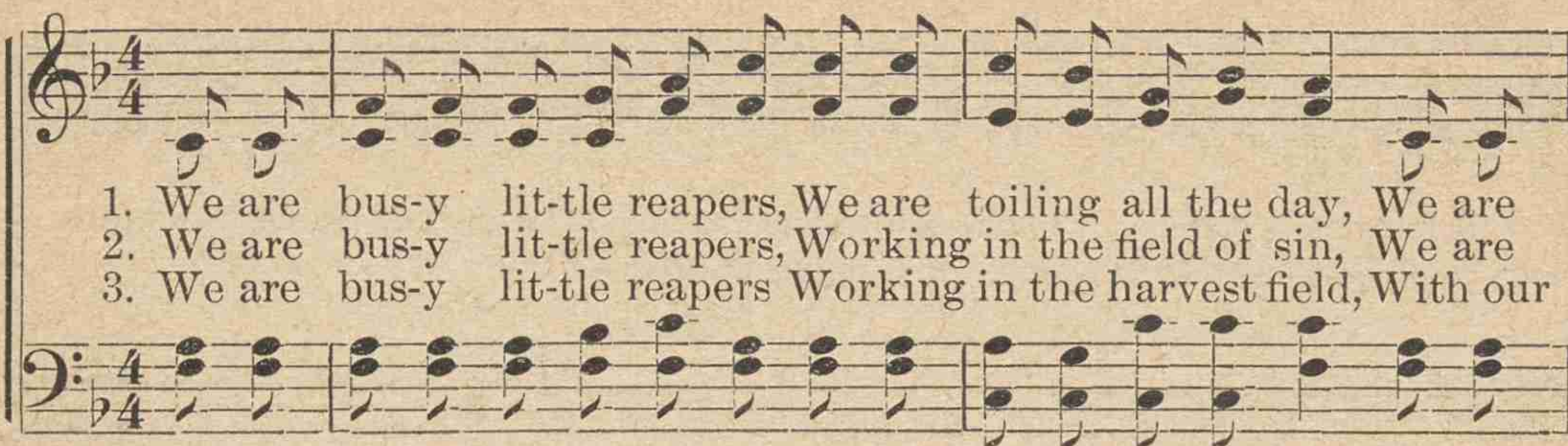
Rally now and sing for Jesus ev'rywhere you go; Lift your joyful voices high,
 Sing, sing,
 Sing for Je - sus,



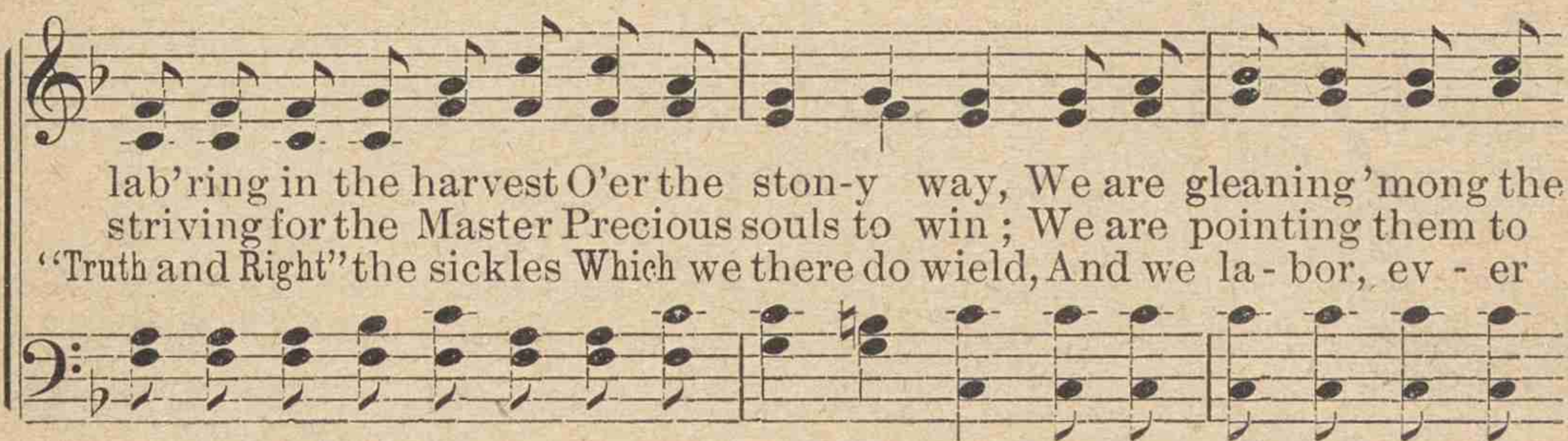
Ring-ing clear thro' earth and sky, Let the blessed tidings fly, Je - sus lives!

Arr. by MINNIE B. JOHNSON.

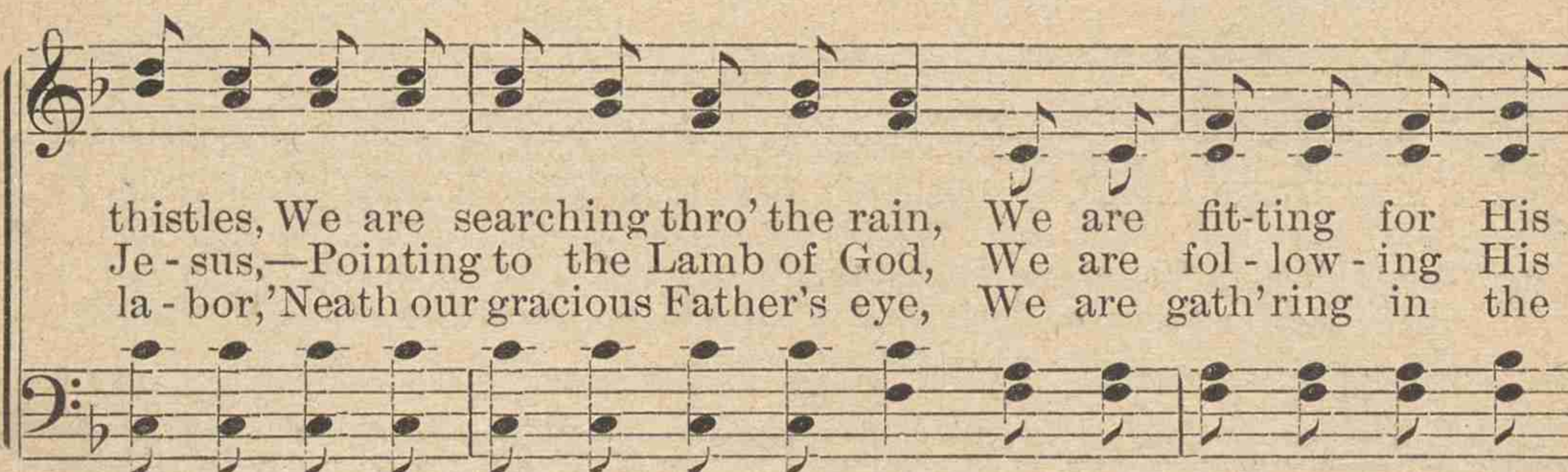
JNO. R. BRYANT.



1. We are bus-y lit-tle reapers, We are toiling all the day, We are
 2. We are bus-y lit-tle reapers, Working in the field of sin, We are
 3. We are bus-y lit-tle reapers Working in the harvest field, With our



lab'ring in the harvest O'er the ston-y way, We are glean-ing 'mong the
 striving for the Master Precious souls to win; We are pointing them to
 "Truth and Right" the sickles Which we there do wield, And we la-bor, ev-er



thistles, We are searching thro' the rain, We are fit-ting for His
 Je-sus,—Pointing to the Lamb of God, We are fol-low-ing His
 la-bor, 'Neath our gracious Father's eye, We are gath'ring in the

CHORUS.



gar-ner Bright and gold-en grain. We are toil - - ing,
 footsteps In the path He trod.
 bright sheaves For the home on high. We are toiling for the Master,



toiling for the Master, Toil - - ing, toiling all the day; We are
 Toiling for the Master,

toil - ing, toiling for the Master, We are toiling all the day.
toiling for the Master,

PRECIOUS JESUS.

"But seek ye first the kingdom of God."—Matt. 6 : 33.

J. L. M.

J. L. MOORE.

1. Sav-iour, in our ear - ly childhood We in weakness come to Thee;
2. Lo! we bow in meek sub-mission, Bringing all we have to Thee;
3. Keep us, Lord, se-cure - ly sheltered, Hold us by Thy mighty hand;

FINE.

Smile on us in sweet compassion, Bless our souls and keep us free.
Let Thy mer-cy fall up - on us, Hap-py in Thy love we'd be.
Lead us ev - er onward, upward, To a bright and bet-ter land.

D.S. When we reach the gates e - ter - nal, May we all pass safe - ly in.

CHORUS. **D.S.**

Precious Je - sus, save Thy children, Keep our feet from ways of sin;

MAMMA KISSED ME IN A DREAM.

A thinly clad, ragged little girl boarded the cars alone. She was asked by the conductor where she was going. "Going to find mamma." "Where is your mamma?" "I don't know, they put her in a long, white box and carried her away on the cars, a long, long time ago. She kissed me last night in a dream and wanted me to come to where she was." The conductor, moved to tears, turned away as the little one lay down on the seat with her rag doll. She was soon asleep and slept only to wake up in heaven where she found her mamma.

J. R. B.

JNO. R. BRYANT.



1. Mam-ma kissed me in a dream last night, And she
 2. In a long white box they laid mam-ma, 'Twas a
 3. 'Twas a lit - tle dream, im-pressed was she Its



bade me come a - way . . From the cares of life, From its
 long, long time a - go; . . From our home she's gone, Thro' those
 bid - ding for to do; . . Just a lit - tle while, The



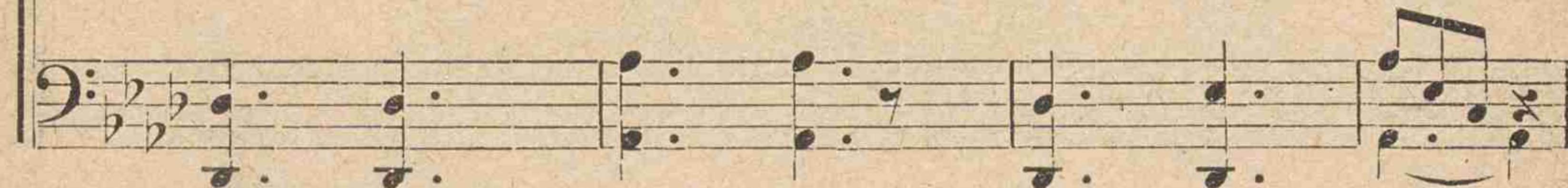
toil and strife, To a brighter land than day: With her snow-white arms a-
 years slept on, And I don't know why 'tis so. But they took her on the
 tear, the smile, A - las! told it was true. For the sleep of death the



round my neck, As she used to long a - go, To her
cars a - way; Me and dol - lie must go on, Yet I
way re-vealed, Un - to her mam-ma's breast, There she



bosom pressed, One that she loved best, 'Twas her "little pet," you know.
don't know where, But I know she's there, And awaiting us to come.
found that kiss, Perfect hap-pi-ness, With her mamma she was blest.



REFRAIN.



Mamma kissed me in a dream last night, As the angels hovered near,



In her sweet embrace, I could see her face, While her whisper I could hear.



NO SURRENDER.

ACROSTIC, For Fifteen Little Girls.

Speakers should be dressed in white, each one holding a large letter made of blue paper to correspond with their verse. Hold the letter in front just as they begin. Hold it until the two words are complete, give sufficient space between the words Total and Abstinence.

Touch not the wine-cup's ruby red,
'Twill lead to death, God's word hath said.

O fly from this accursed snare
Which lures the soul to dark despair.

The social cup we'll gladly fill
With water from the gushing rill,

And drink the health of each dear friend;
With love our kindest wishes blend.

Let all who drink pure water clear
Join with us in this cup of cheer.

Avoid the dram-shop's open door,
'Twill steal your pence and make you poor.

Beware the voice that bids you drink,
Lest to a drunkard's doom you sink.

Should any one ask you to go
To "Take a glass," just answer, "No!"

The serpent's bite is in its glow,
The adder's sting lies just below.

Incline thine ear to wisdom's voice,
And make her pleasant paths thy choice;

No evil tempter then can win
Your feet to walk this path of sin.

Example good to others set;
Such conduct you will ne'er regret.

No person then can ever say
You tempted them to go astray.

Can you not now, dear friends, approve
These words of warning, wisdom, love?

Engage with us in true endeavor
To slay the demon, Drink, forever.

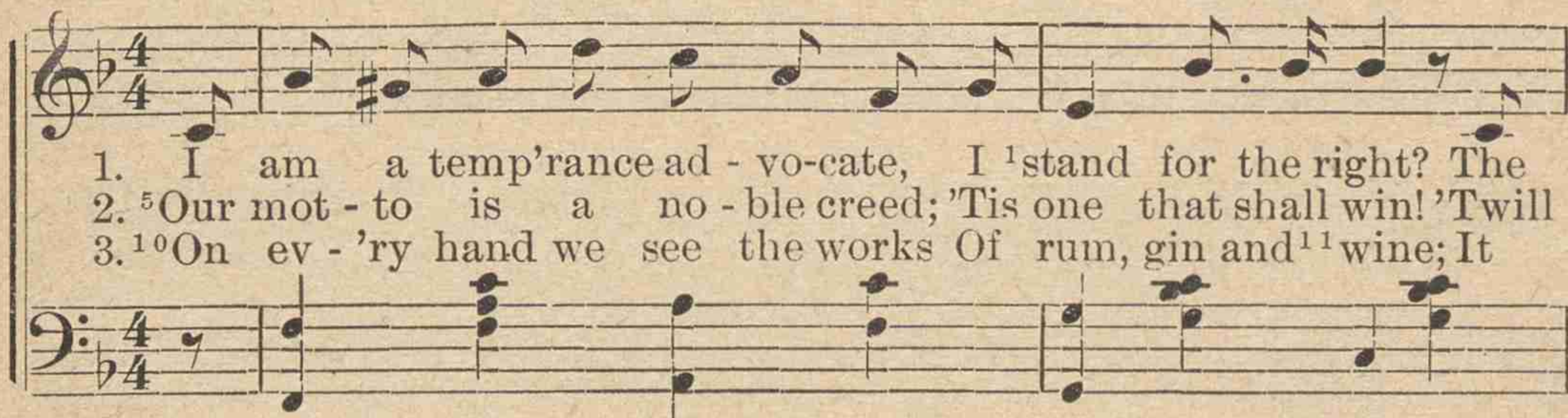
Ada Blenkhorn.

WILL YOU?

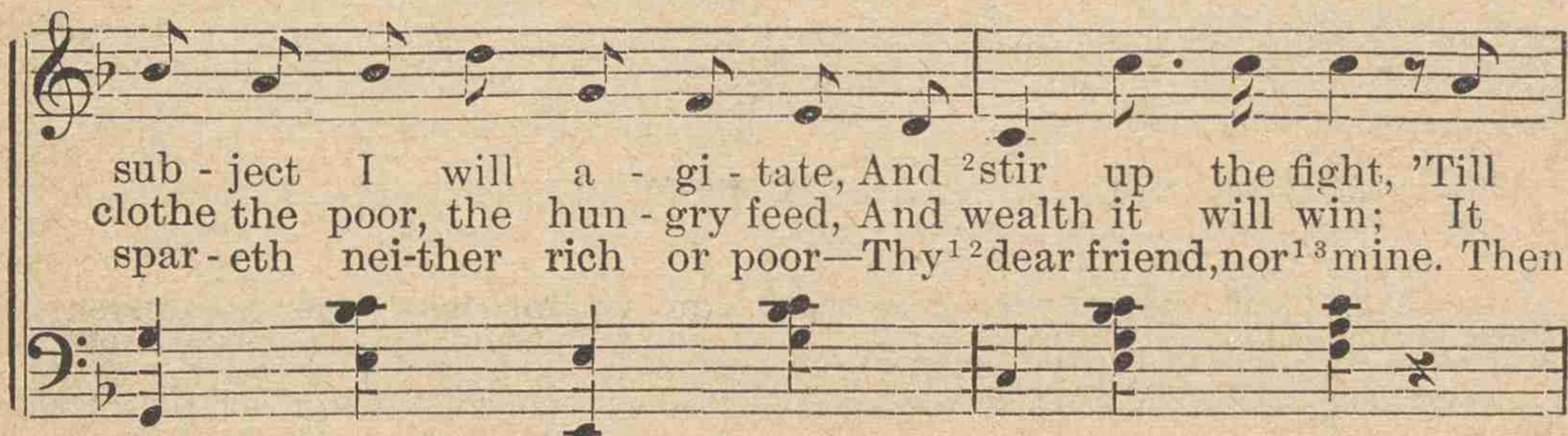
C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Four boys standing to one side where they can point to the motto made by the girls and not obstruct the view of the audience.



1. I am a temp'rance ad - vo - cate, I ¹stand for the right? The
2. ⁵Our mot - to is a no - ble creed; 'Tis one that shall win! 'Twill
3. ¹⁰On ev - 'ry hand we see the works Of rum, gin and ¹¹wine; It



sub - ject I will a - gi - tate, And ²stir up the fight, 'Till
clothe the poor, the hun - gry feed, And wealth it will win; It
spar - eth nei - ther rich or poor—Thy ¹²dear friend, nor ¹³mine. Then



³you, and you, and you, and you Shall with us take a stand. A-
means a stead-y nerve; a ⁷brain That's clear to com-pre-hend; An
with us put your ¹⁴shoulder to The wheel and firm-ly ¹⁵stand; Then



gainst the ty-rant Al-co-hol, And ⁴drive him from the land.
⁸hon-est heart, and free from stain, And ⁹blessings with-out end.
by-and-bye our flag ¹⁶shall wave Vic-to-rious o'er the land.

CHORUS.



Who'll join our band! Will ³you? will ³you? Who'll join our band! Will ³you? will



³you? There's not a nob-ler work to do For God or man to-day!



Then give your help and sym-pa-thy, To drive the curse a-way.

1 Stamp the right foot; 2 flourish the right arm; 3 point right finger at different sections of the audience; 4 sweeping motion of the right arm; 5 point to the motto "Total Abstinence;" 6 straighten right arm; 7 tap forehead; 8 hand over heart; 9 both arms extended; 10 gesture with left hand; 11 gesture with right hand; 12 indicate audience; 13 indicate self; 14 position of defense; 15 stamp left foot; 16 wave handkerchiefs.

TOILING ON.

J. L. MOORE.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



1. Lit - tle servants in the vineyard, Toil-ing on, toiling on;
 2. We will work and fal - ter nev - er, Toil-ing on, toiling on;
 3. Then when earthly life is end - ed, We'll go home, we'll go home;




Looking for the sheaves un-gar-nered, Toiling on, toil-ing on.
 In the ser - vice of the Mas - ter, Toiling on, toil-ing on.
 To re-ceive a roy - al welcome, 'Round the throne, 'round the throne.



CHORUS.



Soon the evening shades will come, Twilight's dewy shadows fall; We must




work while day is giv - en, We must all o - bey the Master's




call; Toiling on, toil-ing on, toil-ing on. (toiling on.)



I'LL GO WITH HIM.

25

GEO. W. COLLINS.

Arr. for This Work.

1. I have heard my Saviour calling, I have heard my Saviour calling,
 2. Tho' He lead me thro' the valley, Tho' He lead me thro' the valley,
 3. Tho' He lead me thro' the garden, Tho' He lead me thro' the garden,

CHO. Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low,
 Repeat for Chorus.

I have heard the Saviour calling, "Take thy cross and follow, follow me."
 Tho' He lead me thro' the valley, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 Tho' He lead me thro' the garden, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

Where He leads me I will follow. I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

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- | | |
|---|--|
| 4 :Tho' the path be dark and dreary,:
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way. | 7 :I will follow on to know Him,:
He's my Saviour, Saviour, Brother,
Friend. |
| 5 :Tho' He lead me to the conflict,:
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way. | 8 :He will give me grace and glory,:
He will keep me, keep me all the way. |
| 6 :Tho' He lead thro' fiery trials,:
I I'll go with Him, with Him all the way. | 9 :Oh, 'tis sweet to follow Jesus,
And be with Him, with Him all the way. |

"OLD TIME RELIGION."

Arr. by CHARLIE TILLMAN.

CHO. 'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the old time religion, 'Tis the old time re-

1. It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers, It was good for our
 2. Makes me love ev-'ry-body, Makes me love ev-'rybody, Makes me love ev-'ry-
 3. It has sav-ed our fa-thers, It has sav-ed our fathers, It has sav-ed our

li-gion, It's good enough for me.
 mothers, It's good enough for me.
 bod-y, It's good enough for me.
 fathers, It's good enough for me.

- | |
|--|
| 4 :It was good for the Prophet Daniel,:
It's good enough for me. |
| 5 :It was good for the Hebrew Children,:
It's good enough for me. |
| 6 :It was tried in the fiery furnace,:
It's good enough for me. |
| 7 :It was good for Paul and Silas,:
It's good enough for me. |
| 8 :It will do when I am dying,:
It's good enough for me. |
| 9 :It will take us all to heaven,:
It's good enough for me. |

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MINNIE B. JOHNSON.

JNO. R. BRYANT.



1. Precious lit - tle voi - ces, Sing of wonderful love; Praising loud their
 2. Day by day the bird-ies, Sing of wonderful love; In the trees their
 3. Sing we now of Je - sus, And the wonderful love; Lift our highest



Saviour, Now who reigns above, Each one seems so hap - py, While the
 anthems, Lift to Him a - bove, Each one is so bus - y, While he
 prais - es To our Lord a - bove, In our joy - ful moments, This is



mu - sic rings, Oh, the love they sing of, Is a won - der - ful love.
 loud - er sings, Oh, the love he sings of, Is a won - der - ful love.
 what He brings—'Tis the love we sing of, Oh, this won - der - ful love.

**CHORUS.**

Wonderful love of Je - sus, That is what I crave, Wonderful love of



Je - sus, This a - lone can save, Won - der - ful love of Je - sus—



Let His praises ring, Oh, the love I long for, Is this wonderful love.

LITTLE JEWELS.

ALEXCENAH THOMAS.

E. D. KECK.

1. We will lit - tle jew - els be, Oh, so pure and fair; In our Saviour's
 2. Lord accept our sweetest praise Sung by lisping tongue, While we glad ho -
 3 Je - sus we will shed for Thee, Pur - est rays of love; Then thro' all e -

roy - al crown, Shining brightly there: We are precious in His sight,
 san - nas raise, And the notes prolong; Let us live and shine for Thee,
 ter - ni - ty Shine in heav'n a - bove: In the di - a - dem of light

Purchased with His blood For the di - a - dem of light In the hand of God.
 Even Thee alone; Precious jewels in Thy crown, Bright before the throne.
 Jew - els we shall be, Purchased by the blood of Christ Shed on Cal - va - ry.

A LITTLE TALK WITH JESUS.

"And behold there talked with Him two men." Luke ix: 30.

ANON.

Arranged.

The first system of musical notation for 'The Bird Song' is written on a single staff. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes, with a repeat sign at the end of the system.

1. Tho' dark the night, and clouds look black, And stormy o - ver - head, And
2. When those who once were dear - est friends Be - gin to per - se - cute, And
3. And thus, by fre - quent lit - tle talks I gain the vic - to - ry; And

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff. The notation includes a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 4/4 time signature. The music consists of several measures, with notes and rests written in a historical style. Some notes are marked with a 'p' (piano) dynamic. The notation is written in dark ink on aged, slightly discolored paper.

trials of aI - most ev - 'ry kind A - cross my path are spread; How
more who once pro-fessed to love, Have dis-tant grown, and mute, I
march a - long with cheer-ful song, En - joy - ing lib - er - ty; With

soon I con-quer all, As to the Lord I call, A lit-tle talk with
tell Him all my grief, He quick-ly sends re-lief, A lit-tle talk with
Je-sus as my Friend, I'll prove un-til the end, A lit-tle talk with

The first system of musical notation for 'The Rose Tree' is written on a single staff. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature (C). The melody consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The notation is in a simple, early style.

D.S. *trials of ev - 'ry kind, Praise God I al - ways find, A lit - tle talk with*
CHORUS.

CHORUS.

The first system of the musical score is written on a single five-line staff. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some notes beamed together. There is a repeat sign (double bar line with dots) in the middle of the system. The notation is clear and legible.

Je sus makes it right, all right. A lit - tle talk with Je - sus makes it

Je - sus makes it right, all right.

The first system of musical notation for 'The Bird Song' is written on a single staff in G major (one sharp, F#) and 2/4 time. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some beamed sixteenth notes. The system ends with a double bar line and the instruction 'D.S.' (Da Capo) written above the staff.

right, all right, A lit - tle talk with Je - sus makes it right, all right. In

The first system of the musical score for 'The Rose Tree' is written on a single five-line staff. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature (C). The melody consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The system ends with a double bar line.

SHINE, SHINE, SHINE!

29

E. A. H.

EVA A. HIGGINS.



1. Je-sus bids us shine with a bright, bright light! Bright little gems in the
2. Je-sus bids us follow, where He may lead; All that He tells us we'll
3. Je-sus bids us love Him with all our heart; Oh, with His love may we



Saviour's sight; Shining for the Master with all our might, Shine, shine, shine.
try to heed; Scattering a-bout us the gospel seed, Shine, shine, shine.
never part; But, while little children, for heav'n we'll start, Shine, shine, shine.



CHORUS.



Bright lit-tle jewels we will be; Shining with a light that all can see;



Hear the Master's voice say-ing: "Shine for me," Shine, shine, shine.



MARTHA OLIVER.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. We are but lit - tle can - dles, Yet we can brightly shine,
 2. Oh, naughty words and tem - pers Are ver - y bad in - deed,
 3. Our tears will quench the can - dles And so we al - ways try

And show our lov - ing Sav - iour, By this one ti - ny sign,
 For they will quench our can - dles, So we must all take heed,
 To keep a hap - py spir - it, And nev - er fret or cry,

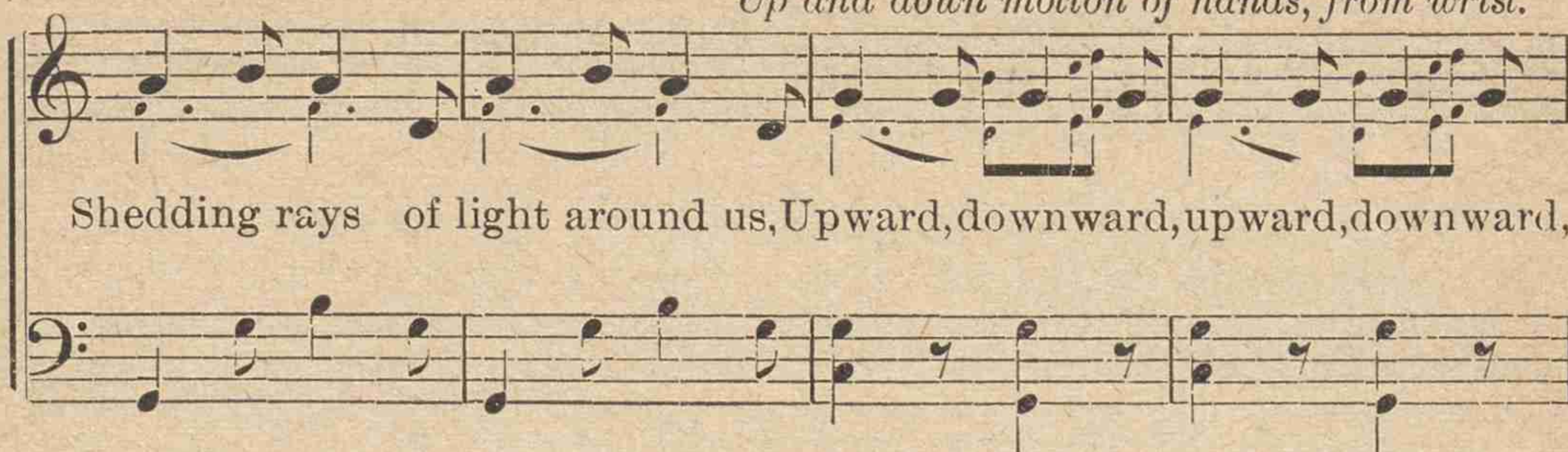
Just how we try to serve Him, And all His wish ful - fill;
 Then hard - er 'tis to light them, But still we try once more;
 For God, who made and loves us, Will guide and teach us, too;

For, oh, we dear - ly love Him, And want to do His will.
 We ask for God's for - give - ness, And help from Him im - plore.
 He tells us, in the Bi - ble, Just what we ought to do.

Hands slightly elevated and twinkling motion with fingers.

Then twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, As we brightly shine,

Up and down motion of hands, from wrist.



Shedding rays of light around us, Upward, downward, upward, downward,

Free arm movement.



Here and there, ev - 'ry-where, That's the way we shine.

I LOVE MY SAVIOUR BEST OF ALL.

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want."—Ps. 13:1

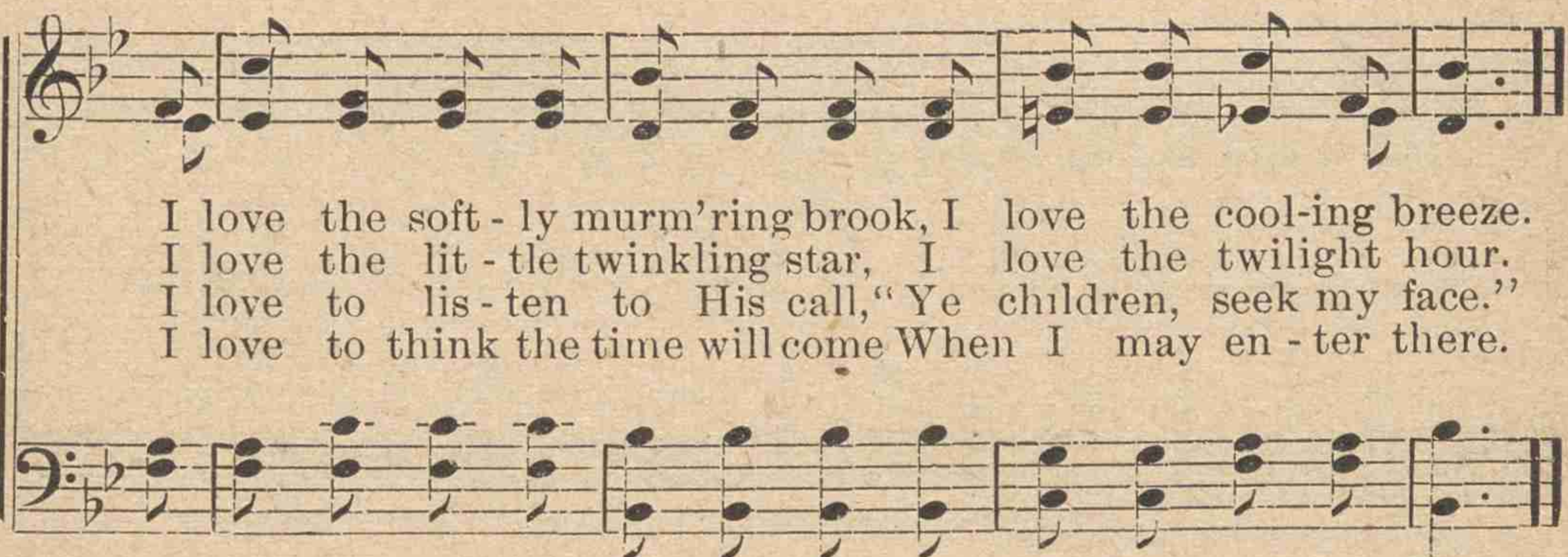
FOR PRIMARY AND JUNIORS.

A. F. MEYERS, by per.

Cheerfully.



1. I love this world so beau-ti - ful: I love the flow'rs and trees,
 2. I love the birds that sing so sweet, I love the gen - tle show'r,
 3. I love to hear of heav'n my home, Where all is love and grace,
 4. I love to hear of that blest land, Where all is bright and fair,



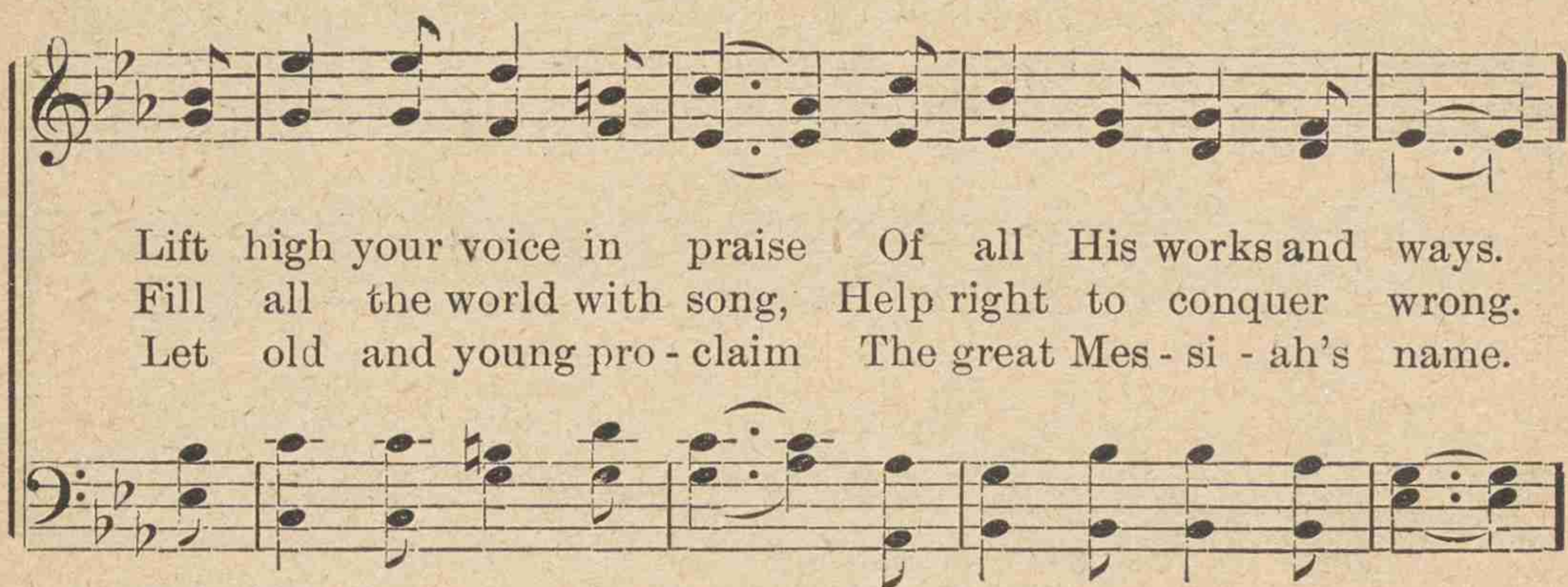
I love the soft - ly murm'ring brook, I love the cool-ing breeze.
 I love the lit - tle twinkling star, I love the twilight hour.
 I love to lis - ten to His call, "Ye children, seek my face."
 I love to think the time will come When I may en - ter there.

J. L. M.

J. L. MOORE.



1. Bright songs for Je - sus sing, He is your Lord and King;
 2. Bright songs for Je - sus sing, Let joy - ful tid - ings ring;
 3. Bright songs for Je - sus sing, Glad hearts to Him now bring;



Lift high your voice in praise Of all His works and ways.
 Fill all the world with song, Help right to conquer wrong.
 Let old and young pro - claim The great Mes - si - ah's name.

CHORUS.



Bright songs, bright songs, Bright songs for Je - sus sing;
 Bright songs, bright songs,



Lift high your voice and sing, Bright songs un - to your King.

LITTLE ONES LIKE ME.

33

" * Jesus said, suffer little children, * * to come unto me."—Matt. 19 : 14.

J. H. HALL.



1. e - sus, when He left the sky, And for sinners came to die,
2. 'Twas for them His life He gave, To redeem them from the grave;
2. Children then should love Him, too, Strive His ho - ly will to do,



In His mer - cy passed not by Lit - tle ones like me.
 Je - sus a - ble is to save Lit - tle ones like me.
 Pray to Him, and praise Him, too, Lit - tle ones like me.



CHORUS



Lit - tle ones like me, Lit - tle ones like me;
 like me, like me;



In His mercy passed not by, Lit - tle ones like me.
 In His mer - cy passed not by, like me.



CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS SONG.

LAURA E. NEWELL.

"On earth peace, good will toward men."—Luke 2 . 14.

J. H. RUEBUSH, by per.



1. Children sing, sweetly sing, Glad ho-san-nas to our King,
 2. Children tell, day by day, Of the Saviour's mighty sway,
 3. Children sing. sweetly sing, Loudly let your voi-ces ring,



1. Children, children sing, sweetly, sweetly sing,
 2. Children, children tell day by day, by day,
 3. Children, children sing, sweetly, sweetly sing,



Youthful hearts filled with love, Look to heav'n a - bove,
 Help some soul, seek the Lord, Read His precious word,
 He is come, Christ is come, Praise Him as you roam,



Youth, youthful hearts filled with, filled with love,
 Help some, help some soul seek the, seek the Lord,
 He is, He is come, Christ is, Christ is come,



Voices chant the sweet re-frain, Christ is born in Beth-le - hem,
 Live that when your life is done, And the fi - nal conquest won,
 To Him shall all glo - ry be, Now and thro' e - ter - ni - ty,



Sovereign just, kind and true, Lives for me and you.
 By His throne you may praise, Christ thro' end-less days.
 Children praise, all your days, You His face shall see.



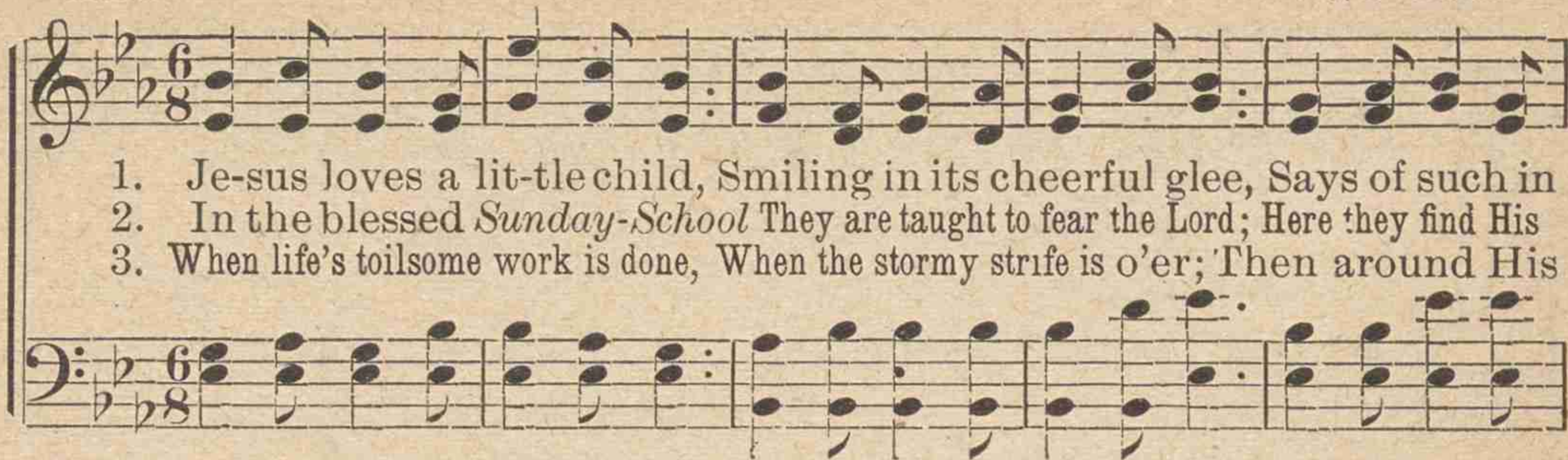
Sovereign, sovereign just, kind and, kind and true,
 By His, by His throne, you may, you may praise,
 Children, children praise, all your, all your days,

JESUS LOVES A LITTLE CHILD.

35

ANON.

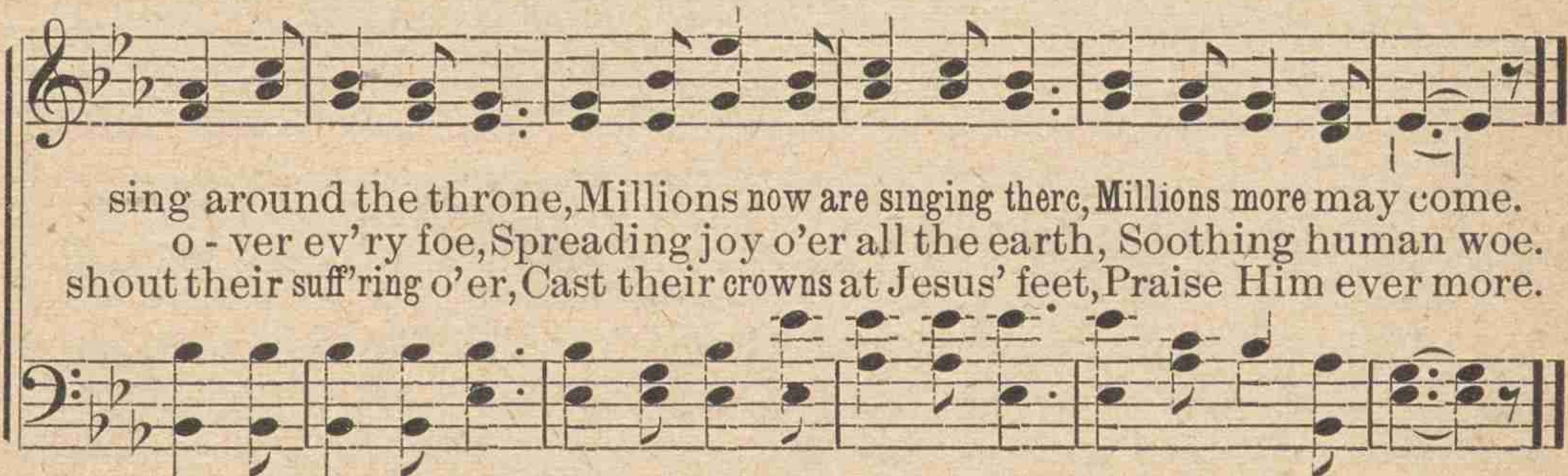
J. L. MOORE.



1. Je-sus loves a lit-tle child, Smiling in its cheerful glee, Says of such in
 2. In the blessed *Sunday-School* They are taught to fear the Lord; Here they find His
 3. When life's toilsome work is done, When the stormy strife is o'er; Then around His



accents mild, Let them come to me; Let them come for bid them not, They will
 ho-ly way, Learn to love His word. Armed with this they may go forth, Triumph
 shining throne On the blissful shore, There His happy children meet, Sing and



sing around the throne, Millions now are singing there, Millions more may come.
 o - ver ev'ry foe, Spreading joy o'er all the earth, Soothing human woe.
 shout their suff'ring o'er, Cast their crowns at Jesus' feet, Praise Him ever more.

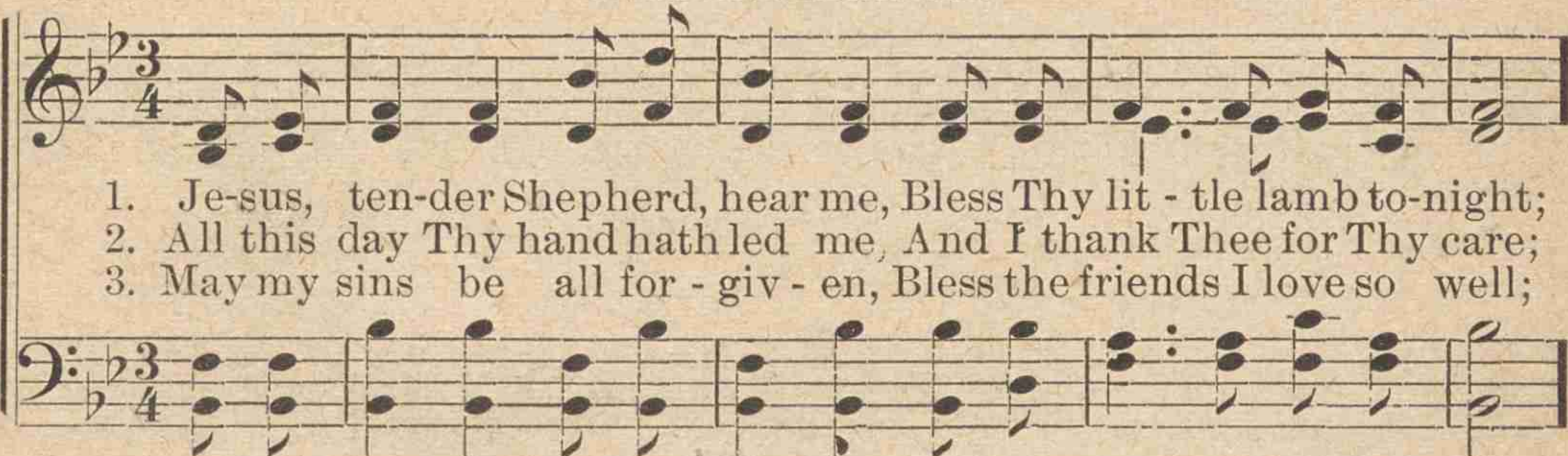
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TENDER SHEPHERD.

ANON.

EVENING PRAYER.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



1. Je-sus, ten-der Shepherd, hear me, Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to-night;
 2. All this day Thy hand hath led me, And I thank Thee for Thy care;
 3. May my sins be all for - giv - en, Bless the friends I love so well;



Thro' the darkness be Thou near me, Keep me safe 'till morning light.
 Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me, Lis - ten to my evening pray'r.
 Take me when I die, to heaven, Hap-py there with Thee to dwell.

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BRING THEM TO THE FOLD.

LIZZIE UNDERWOOD.

J. B. VAUGHN, by per.

1. Je - sus loves the child - ren, Bring them to the Mas - ter;
2. Je - sus loves the child - ren, And He died to save them;

To the ten-der Shepherd, Lead them to the fold; Let Him bless the
Heed His lov-ing mes-sage, Suf - fer them to come; Teach them love their

D. S.—Gather in the

children, Bring their parents, teachers, For the Saviour's blessings,
Sav-iour, While their youth is pass-ing, Gath-er in the children,

chil - dren, Hap-py lit - tle chil-dren; Gath - er in the chil-dren,

CHORUS.

As in days of old. Gather in the children, The hap-py lit - tle
To their Sabbath home.

Bring them to the fold.

D. S.

children, Gath-er in the children, Bring them to the fold;

JUST A LITTLE DAISY.

37

MAY JESS FLEMING.

RAN. C. STOREY.



1. Just a lit - tle dai - sy, Pet of sun and show'r, Growing
 2. Just a lit - tle dai - sy, Heart of pur-est gold, Dress so
 3. Just a lit - tle dai - sy, Smiling all the day, Cheers the




by the way - side— On - ly just a flow'r. Yet 'tis pointing
 white and love - ly, Does its form en - fold. In my heart God's
 wea - ry trav - 'ler, Passing long the way. I can serve the




up - ward,—Pointing to the sky, Teaching me the les - son,
 beau - ty, Shall for ev - er shine, And my soul be clothed in
 Mas - ter, Him to oth - ers show, Like the lit - tle dai - sy



CHORUS.



Al-ways look on high.
 Pu - ri - ty di - vine. Just a lit - tle dai - sy, Pointing
 Win His smile I know.




to the sky, Teaching me the les-son, Always look on high.



CLAP YOUR HANDS!

Let the class raise their right hands while singing "raise our hands," etc. All clap hands four times while singing "Clap your hands for joy." Also clap hands on the closing words, "Clap your tiny hands for joy."

J. H. K.

J. H. KURZENKNABE. By per.

1. Tho' our years are young and our strength is weak, Tho' we can-not
 2. Tho' we can-not go to the far-off lands, We will glad-ly
 3. When our lives were bought, He the ransom paid, And He made us
 4. We shall sing at last with the blood-washed throng, On the bright cei-

work like men, We will raise our hands and for Je-sus speak,
 vol-un-teer All to raise to Je-sus our lit-tle hands,
 white as snow; So then raise all hands, for the Sav-iour said
 es-tial shore; Then we'll raise our hands till in sweet-er song

CHORUS.

We will praise Him all we can.
 And to praise Him far and near. Clap your hands for joy, cheerful
 We should praise Him here be-low.
 We shall praise Him ev-er-more.

songs now bring, Ev-ry lit-tle girl and boy; Je-sus loves to

hear lit-tle children sing; Clap your ti-ny hands for joy.

AT THE CROSS.

39

R. E. HUDSON.



1. A - las! and did my Sav-iour bleed, And did my Sovereign die,
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned upon the tree?
3. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay, The debt of love I owe;



Would He de-vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y, grace unknown, And love beyond de-gree!
Here Lord, I give my-self a-way, 'Tis all that I can do!

CHORUS.



At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the



bur-den of my heart rolled away— It was there by faith
rolled a - way,



I received my sight, And now I am hap-py all the day.

WONDERFUL WORDS.

ANNA E. RYDER.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



1. Wonderful words our Father has giv'n,—Sent them to show us the pathway to heav'n.
 2. Wonderful words, so loving and true, Won-der-ful message to me and to you,
 3. Wonderful! wonderful! how can it be? Wonderful home, now in waiting for me!

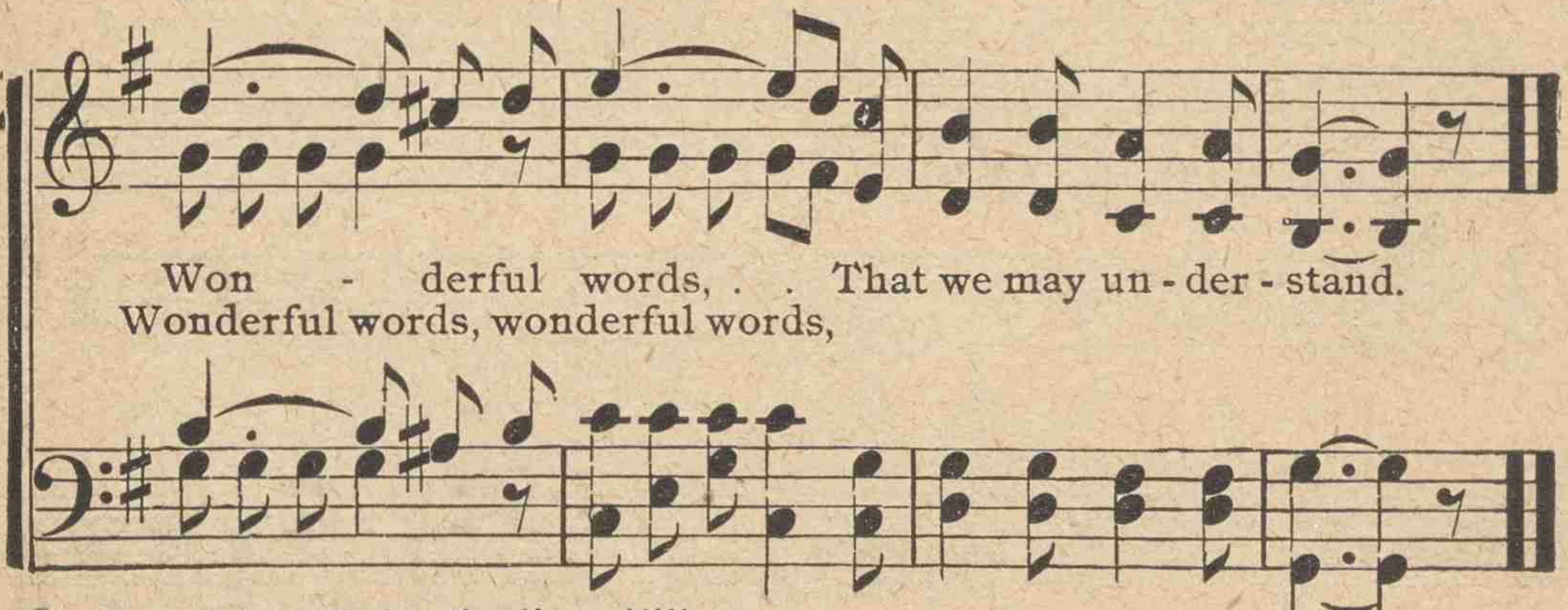


Wonderful Bible! so simple, that e'en A child may un-der-stand.
 Wonderful story! so old, yet so new, So glorious and so grand!
 Wonderful beauty our glad eyes shall see, When we're at God's right hand.

CHORUS.



Won - derful words, . . . won - derful words, . . .
 Wonderful words, wonderful words, wonderful words, wonderful words,



Won - derful words, . . . That we may un - der - stand.
 Wonderful words, wonderful words,

MY SAVIOUR IS CARING FOR ME.

41

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. BRYANT.



1. I'll cast my burden on the Lord, My Saviour is caring for me;
2. He guides the star, He lifts the flow'r, My Saviour is caring for me;
3. He marks the sparrows when they fall, My Saviour is caring for me;



His lov-ing kindness I'll record, My Saviour is caring for me.
He holds me by His mighty pow'r, My Saviour is caring for me.
And hears the ravens when they call, My Saviour is caring for me.



CHORUS.



Caring for me, yes, this I know, Caring for me, He tells me so;



SEMI-CHORUS

CHORUS.



I love and trust His ho - ly word, Because He cares for me.



SWEET SUNDAY.

E S U

Rev. E. S. UFFORD.



1. Monday finds me starting on my weekly pilgrim way,
2. Monday is the dawning of a week of grief or joy,
3. Monday has its burdens and its cares that come to me,



Tues-day, Wednesday, Thursday have their crosses for each day,
 Tues-day, Wednesday, Thursday with their tri - als oft an - noy,
 Tues-day, Wednesday, Thursday bring us their anx - i - e - ty,



Fri-day, too, and Sat - ur - day, their shadows 'round me fall, But
 Fri-day, yes, and Sat - ur - day, how loud their du - ties call, But
 Fri-day and then Sat - ur - day oft hedge us like a wall, But



Sunday, sweet Sunday is the best day of all. Blessed Sunday,



dear, sweet Sun-day, How I love to hear the gos-pel call;





Blessed Sunday, dear, sweet Sunday, Day that I love best of all.



THIS IS CHILDREN'S DAY.

"Make a joyful noise unto God, all ye lands."—Psalm 66: 1.

Mrs. LAURA HOPKINS.
Cheerfully.

A. F. MYERS, by per.



1. Here again our friends we meet, Bringing flowers rich and sweet, Laying
2. Gleaners all and glad are we, Faithful toilers full of glee, Bringing
2. As these flow'rs of beauteous hue, May our lives be pure and free, Fragrant



CHORUS.



them at Je-sus' feet On this children's day.
hearts and songs to Thee On this children's day. This is happy children's day,
actions may we do, From this children's day.



Children's day, children's day, Hear the brook and fountain say, "This is children's day."



S. B. L.

S. B. LEE, by per.

1. We all are lit-tle children, Just learning how to sing; And if we
 2. We'll sing our Saviour's praises, Yes, sing them ev'ry day; We'll send the
 3. We'll give our hearts to Je-sus, He'll bless us ev'ry day; He'll guide our

are suc-cess-ful, Some day we'll "make it ring." Some day we'll "make it ring," Some
 blessed gospel To those that's far a-way. To those that's far away, To
 lit-tle foot-steps And teach us how to pray. And teach us how to pray, And

day we'll "make it ring," And if we are successful, Some day we'll "make it ring."
 those that's far away, We'll send the blessed gospel To those that's far a-way.
 teach us how to pray, He'll guide our lit-tle foot-steps And teach us how to pray.

HAPPY DAY.

P. DODRIDGE.

ENGLISH MELODY.

1. { Oh, happy day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Saviour and my God! }
 { Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all abroad. }

FINE.

Hap-py day. hap-py day, When Jesus washed my sins a-way.

D.S.

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joic-ing ev'-ry day.

2 'Tis done, the great transaction's done!	Nor never from thy Lord depart,
I am my Lord's, and He is mine:	With Him of every good possessed.
He drew me, and I followed on,	4 High heav'n, that heard the solemn vow,
Charmed to confess that voice divine.	That vow renewed shall daily hear,
3 Now rest my long divided heart;	Till in life's latest hour I bow,
Fixed on this blissful center, rest,	And bless in death a bond so dear.

"AND A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM." 45

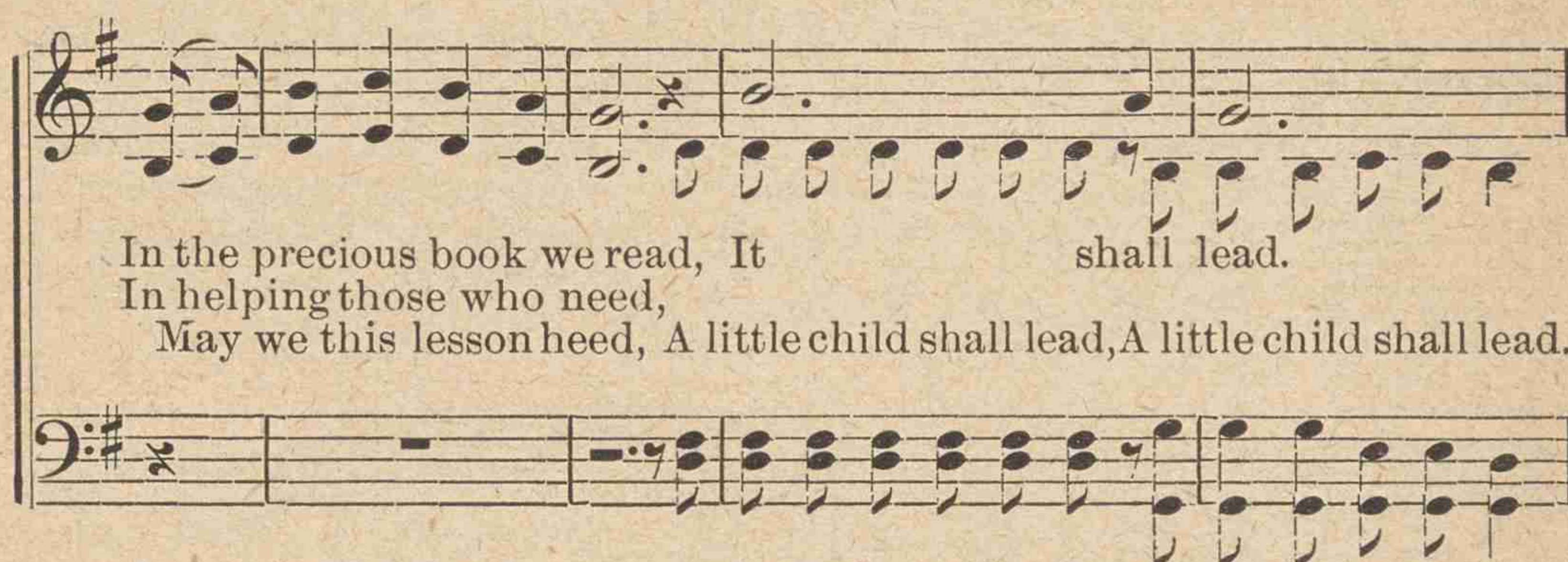
Isaiah 11: 6; Mark 10: 14, 15, 16; Matthew 18: 3, 6.

W. C. H.

W. C. HAFLEY.

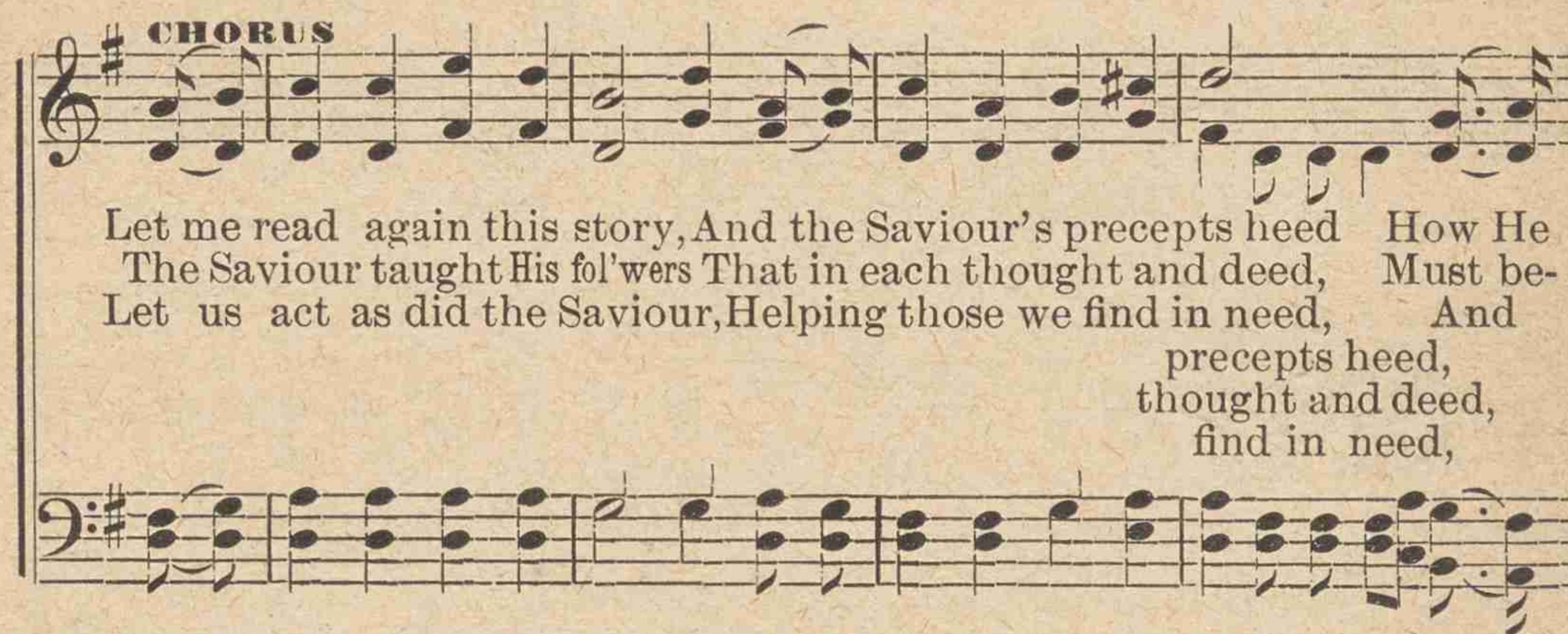


1, 2, 3. A little child shall lead, gen - - - tly lead,
A little child shall lead them, little child shall lead,



In the precious book we read, It shall lead.
In helping those who need,
May we this lesson heed, A little child shall lead, A little child shall lead.

CHORUS



Let me read again this story, And the Saviour's precepts heed How He
The Saviour taught His fol'wers That in each thought and deed, Must be-
Let us act as did the Saviour, Helping those we find in need, And
precepts heed,
thought and deed,
find in need,



blessed the little children, They shall lead.
come as little children,
be as little children, A little child shall lead them, A little child shall lead.

ALL I WANT IS A LOVE LIKE THAT.

"If you love me like that, is's all I want."—Jerry McAuley.

E. S. U.

Rev. E. S. UFFORD.

1. All I want is a Saviour's love, Shining down like the sun a - bove,
 2. All I want is a Saviour's care, Round my heart when the foe is there,
 3. All I want is a Saviour's grace, —Strength to serve till I see His face,

Love that changes my heart of stone, Love that makes me to be His own.
 Keeping me in His palace strong, Where my lips sing the victor's song.
 Ne'er to fall or to go a-stray, But to dwell in His love for aye.

REFRAIN.

All I want is a love like that, Won - der - ful, won - der - ful love,
 Wonderful,

All I want is a love like that, Won - der - ful love.
 Won - der - ful, wonderful love.

Copyright, 1896, by Rev. E. S. Ufford.

TRUSTING JESUS.

FLORINA SMITH.

FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

J. H. FILLMORE.

D. C. 1. We're a band of happy children, Trusting Je - sus, trusting Je - sus,
 2. Zion's hill we're bravely climbing, Trusting Je - sus, trusting Je - sus,
 3. Naught can fright us, naught can harm us, Trusting Jesus, trusting Jesus,

Copyright, 1890, by Fillmore Bros.

FINE. CHORUS



On the way that leads to heaven, Trusting all the way.
Guided by our glorious Captain, Trusting all the way. Trusting, trusting,
As we march beneath His banner, Trusting all the way.




Trusting Him to lead us safe-ly, Trusting, trusting, Trusting all the way;



TRAVELING HOME TO JESUS.

J. A. B.

JAMES A. BUCHANAN.

DUET *mf* **Tutti** *ff*



1. We're a lit-tle pilgrim band, Trav'ling home to Jesus, To a bright and
2. Come, dear children, let us sing, Trav'ling home to Jesus, 'Neath the shadow
3. Let your little light so shine, Trav'ling home to Jesus, And it will help



CHORUS



glorious land, Trav'ling home to Jesus.
of His wing, Trav'ling home to Jesus. For Jesus is the children's Friend, And He
light up mine, Trav'ling home to Jesus.




bids them to Him come, He'll shield and guide them to the end, Till we reach our happy home.



Rev. C. W. ROSS.

Music Arr.

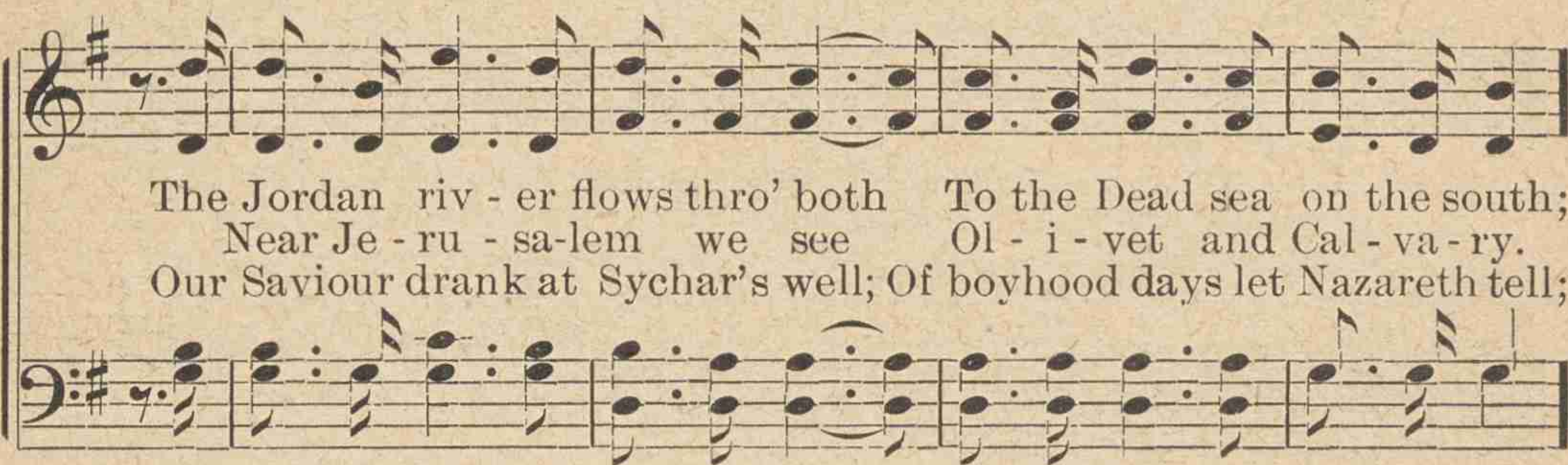
IMPORTANT.—A large map should be suspended in full view of the audience. The teacher or a pupil should point out the different places during the singing.



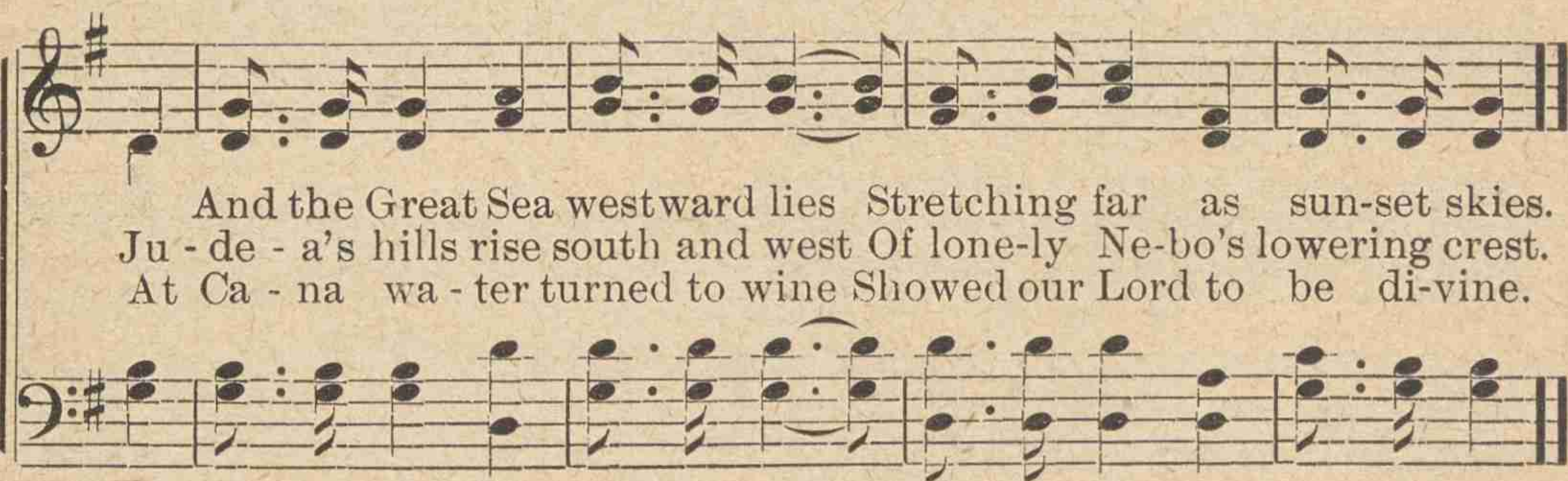
1. First the line on coast we make; Merom next, a marshy lake;
 2. Looking northward you may view Leb-a-non and Hermon, too;
 3. On Zi-on stands Je-ru-sa-lem; Six miles south is Beth-le-hem;



Then the Sea of Gal-i-lee, Ex-act-ly east of Carmel, see.
 Carmel and Gil-bo-a-grim, Ta-bor, E-bal, Ger-i-zim.
 On Olive's slope is Beth-an-y, Beth-ab-a-ra by Jor-dan see.



The Jordan riv-er flows thro' both To the Dead sea on the south;
 Near Je-ru-sa-lem we see Ol-i-vet and Cal-va-ry.
 Our Saviour drank at Sychar's well; Of boyhood days let Nazareth tell;



And the Great Sea westward lies Stretching far as sun-set skies.
 Ju-de-a's hills rise south and west Of lone-ly Ne-bo's lowering crest.
 At Ca-na wa-ter turned to wine Showed our Lord to be di-vine.

4 Capernaum by Galilee,
 Near its twin Bethsaida see;
 Cæsarea Philippi
 At Hermon's base is seen to lie;
 Along the coast these three ap-
 pear,
 Gaza, Joppa, Cæsarea;
 South to Bethel we may go,
 To Hebron and Jerico.

5 From heathen Tyre materials came
 To build a temple to God's name;
 The sorrowing widow's son at Nain
 Jesus raised to life again.
 See Dan, where Jordan's waters rise,
 Beersheba nearer tropic skies;
 North and south these cities stand,
 And mark the length of Israel's
 land.

DON'T STEP THERE.

49

"Children's Friend."

J. H. ROSECRANS.



1. As on the path of life we tread, We come to many a
2. Some i - dle hab - it, word or thought, Some sin, how - ev - er
3. Our fel - low - trav'lers on the road, We'll watch with anxious



place, Where, if not care - ful, we may fall And sink in -
small, May make us stum - ble in the path, And stumbling,
care, And when they reach some dang'rous spot, We'll warn them:



CHORUS.



to dis-grace.
we may fall. Don't step there, Don't step there, Don't step
"Don't step there."

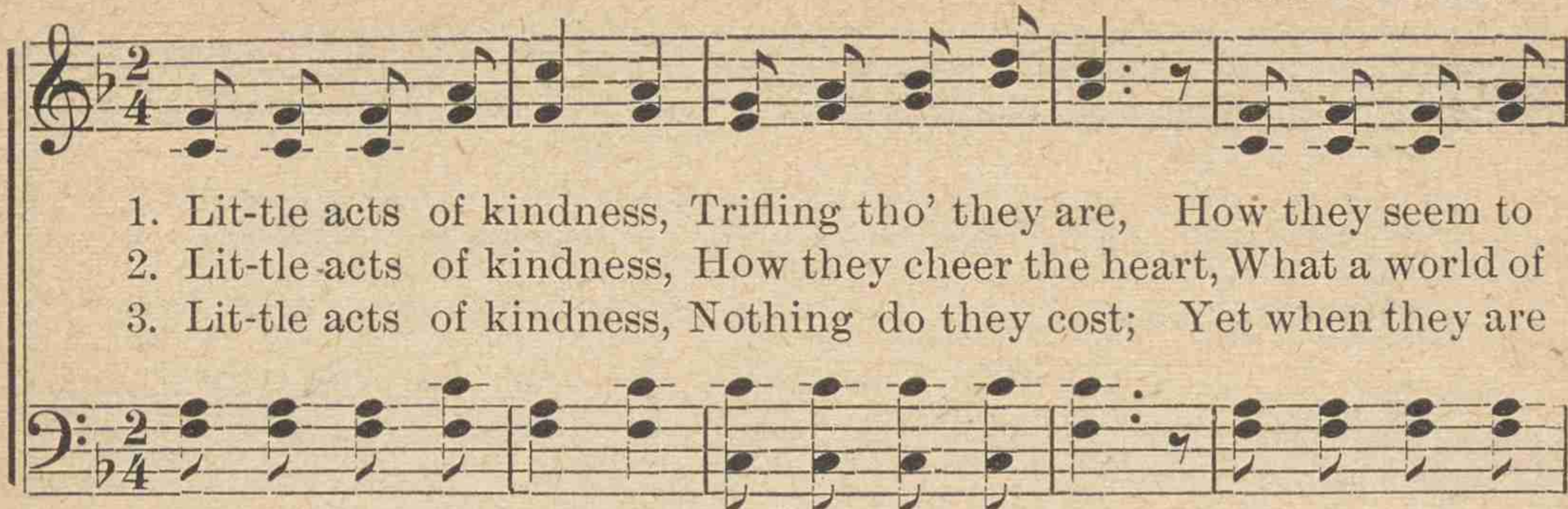


there, For if not care-ful we may fall, Don't step there.

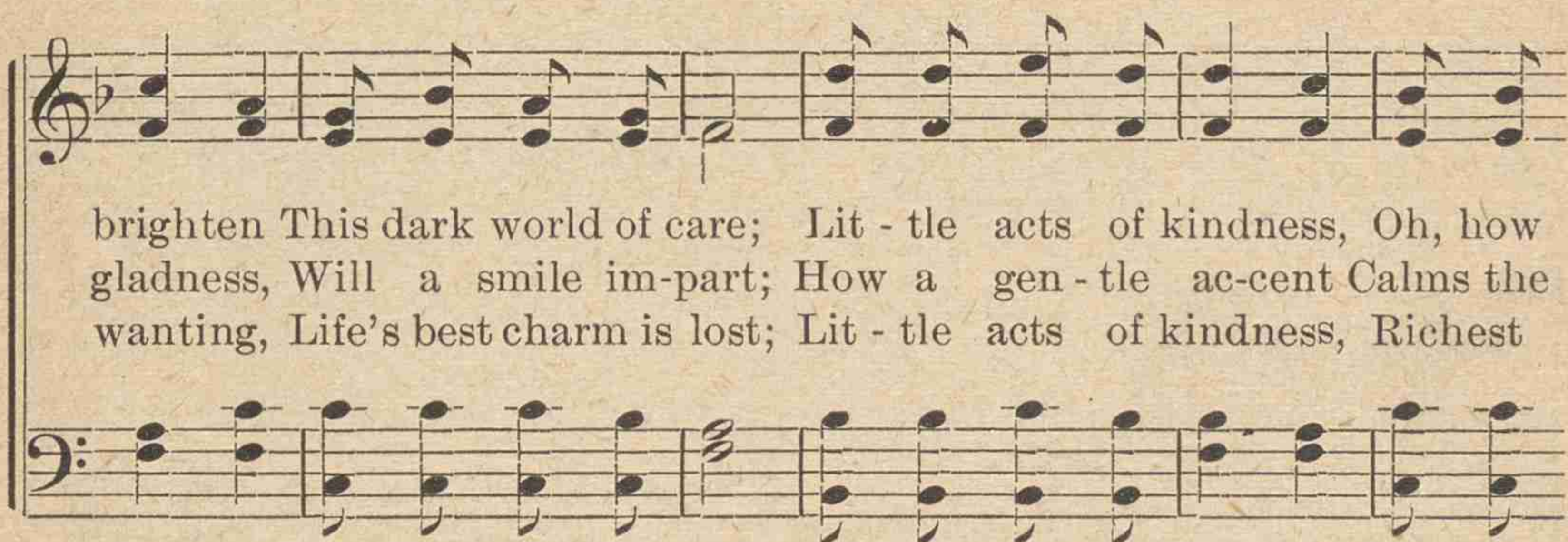


LITTLE ACTS OF KINDNESS.

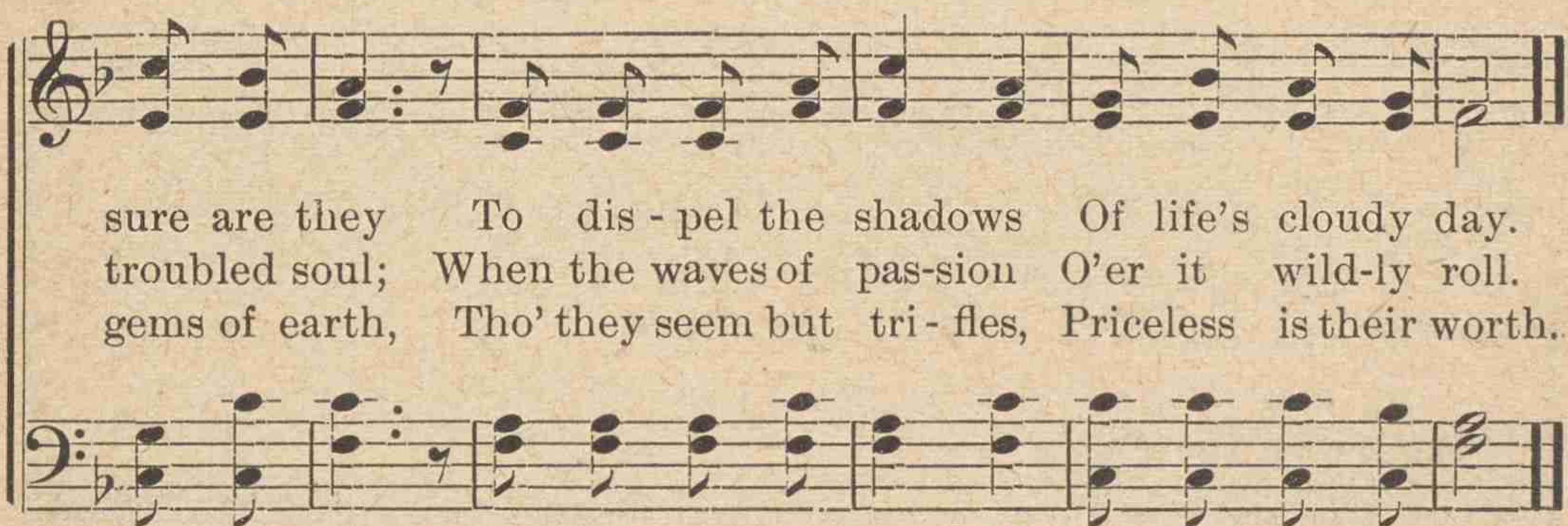
CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



1. Lit-tle acts of kindness, Trifling tho' they are, How they seem to
 2. Lit-tle acts of kindness, How they cheer the heart, What a world of
 3. Lit-tle acts of kindness, Nothing do they cost; Yet when they are



brighten This dark world of care; Lit - tle acts of kindness, Oh, how
 gladness, Will a smile im-part; How a gen - tle ac-cent Calms the
 wanting, Life's best charm is lost; Lit - tle acts of kindness, Richest



sure are they To dis - pel the shadows Of life's cloudy day.
 troubled soul; When the waves of pas-sion O'er it wild-ly roll.
 gems of earth, Tho' they seem but tri - fles, Priceless is their worth.

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THE BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

1 Shall we gather at the river
 Where bright angel feet have trod:
 With its chrystal tide forever
 Flowing by the throne of God?

CHO.—Yes, we'll gather at the river,
 The beautiful, the beautiful river—
 Gather with the saints at the river,
 That flows by the throne of God,

2 On the margin of the river,
 Washing up its silver spray,

We will walk and worship ever,
 All the happy golden day.

3 Ere we reach the shining river,
 Lay we every burden down;
 Grace our spirits will deliver,
 And provide a robe and crown,

4 Soon we'll reach the silver river,
 Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
 Soon our happy hearts will quiver
 With the melody of peace.

Robert Lowry.

ANGRY WORDS.

51

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. Angry words too oft are spoken, E-vil tho'ts by them are stirred;
2. Angry words, oh, let them nev-er From the tongue unbridled slip;

Brightest links of life are broken By a sin-gle hasty word.
May a gen-tle spir-it ev-er Check them ere they soil the lip.

CHORUS

Watch your words and may you nev-er Let one slip that you will rue;

For when once the word is spoken It can ne'er return to you.

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An Alphabet of Bible Commands.

Abhor that which is evil.
Be kind to one another.
Cease to do evil and learn to do well.
Do good and sin not.
Enter not into temptation.
Fear God and keep his commandments.
Glorify God at all times.
Honor thy father and thy mother.
In everything give thanks.
Judge not.
Keep thy tongue from evil.
Little children, love one another.

My son, give me thine heart.
No man can serve two masters.
Obey your parents.
Pray without ceasing.
Quench not the Spirit.
Remember now thy Creator.
Speak the truth.
Trust ye in the Lord forever.
Verily I say unto you, he that believ-
eth on me hath everlasting life.
Watch and pray.
Yield yourself to God.

From "Song and Study for God's Little Ones."

J. H. F.

J. H. FILLMORE.



1-4. Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves e - ven me;



He came from His home in the skies a - bove, To
 He blest lit - tle chil-dren with words of pray'r And
 His life and ex - am - ple He came to give, To
 He suf - fered and died on the cross of shame That



show lit - tle children His wondrous love, To show us His
 bade them to trust in the Fa-ther's care, To trust in the
 show lit - tle children the way to live, To show us the
 we might be saved thro' His bless - ed name, Be saved thro' His



wondrous love, To show us His wondrous love.
 Fa-ther's care, To trust in the Fa-ther's care.
 way to live, To show us the way to live.
 bless - ed name, Be saved thro' His bless - ed name.

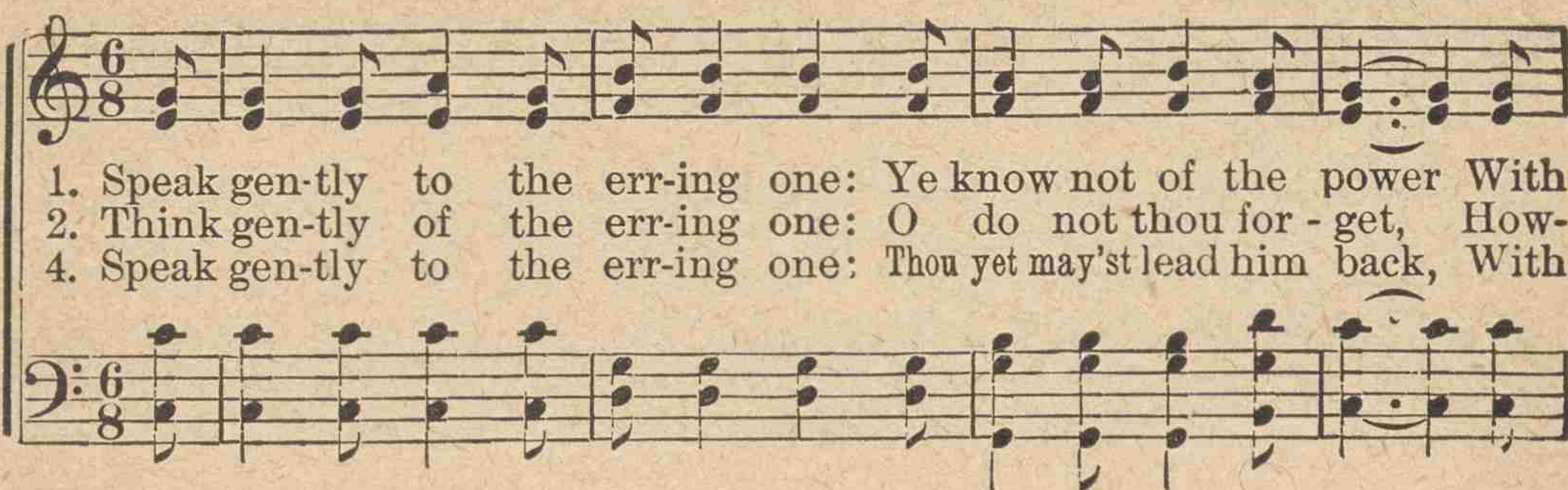


SPEAK GENTLY.

53

If thou "lovest thy neighbor as thyself,"
Engrave this charge upon the tablet of thy heart.

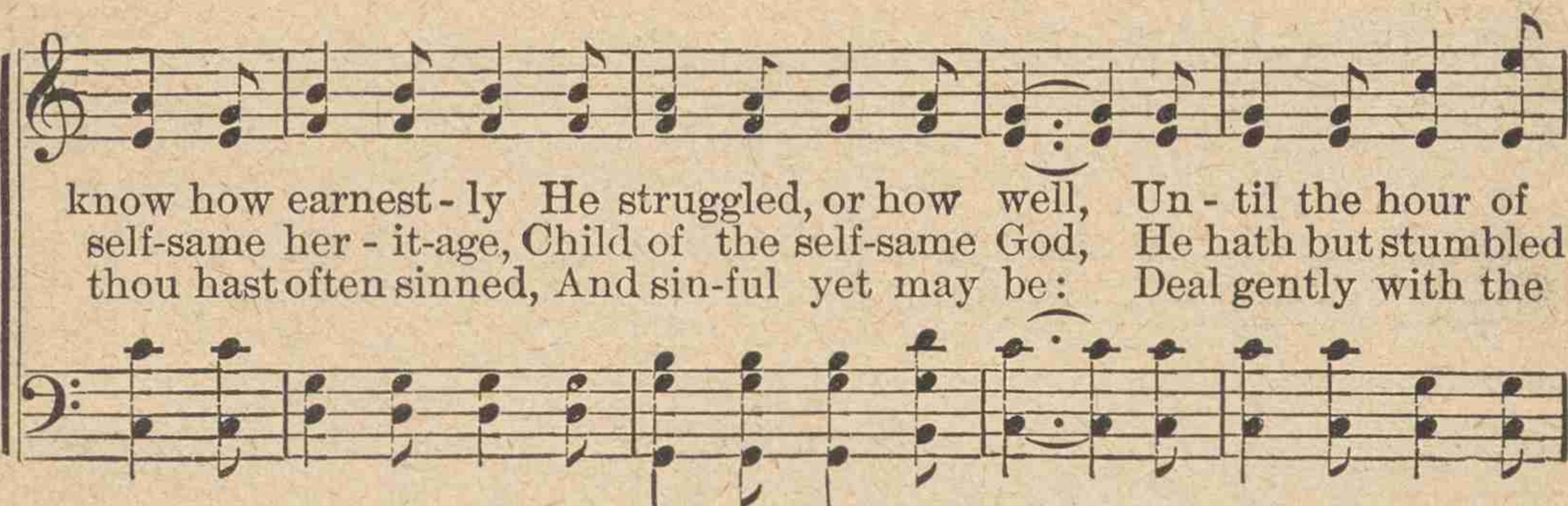
EDW. S. FOGG.



1. Speak gen-tly to the err-ing one: Ye know not of the power With
2. Think gen-tly of the err-ing one: O do not thou for-get, How-
4. Speak gen-tly to the err-ing one: Thou yet may'st lead him back, With



which the dark temptation came In some unguarded hour. Ye may not
ev - er dark-ly stained by sin, He is your brother yet! Heir of the
ho - ly words and tones of love, From misery's thorny track. For-get not



know how earnest - ly He struggled, or how well, Un - til the hour of
self-same her - it-age, Child of the self-same God, He hath but stumbled
thou hast often sinned, And sin-ful yet may be: Deal gently with the

CHORUS.



weakness came, And sad-ly thus he fell.
in the path Thou hast in weakness trod. Sunshine, sunshine! Scatter it
err-ing one, As God hath dealt with thee.



day by day! Any where and everywhere—yes, Scatter it all the way.

JESUS HEARS ME.

"Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them."—Matt. 6: 26.

MARY IRENE McLEAN.

A. F. MYERS. By per.

Medium

1. Since Je-sus lis-tens un - to all Young birdies when they cry,
 2. I'll tell to Je-sus all my sins, And ask Him to for - give,
 3. He always hears we when I pray, And this is how I know,

Then sure-ly He will hear my call, Tho' but a child am I.
 To take my heart and make it clean, And teach me how to live.
 Be-cause I'm hap-py ev - 'ry day, For blessings here be - low.

CHORUS.

Yes, Je - sus loves to hear me pray, He loves to hear me call;

Yes, Je - sus loves me ev - 'ry day,--I give to Him my all.

ONWARD, CHILDREN, ONWARD!

"I press toward the mark."—Phil. 3: 14.

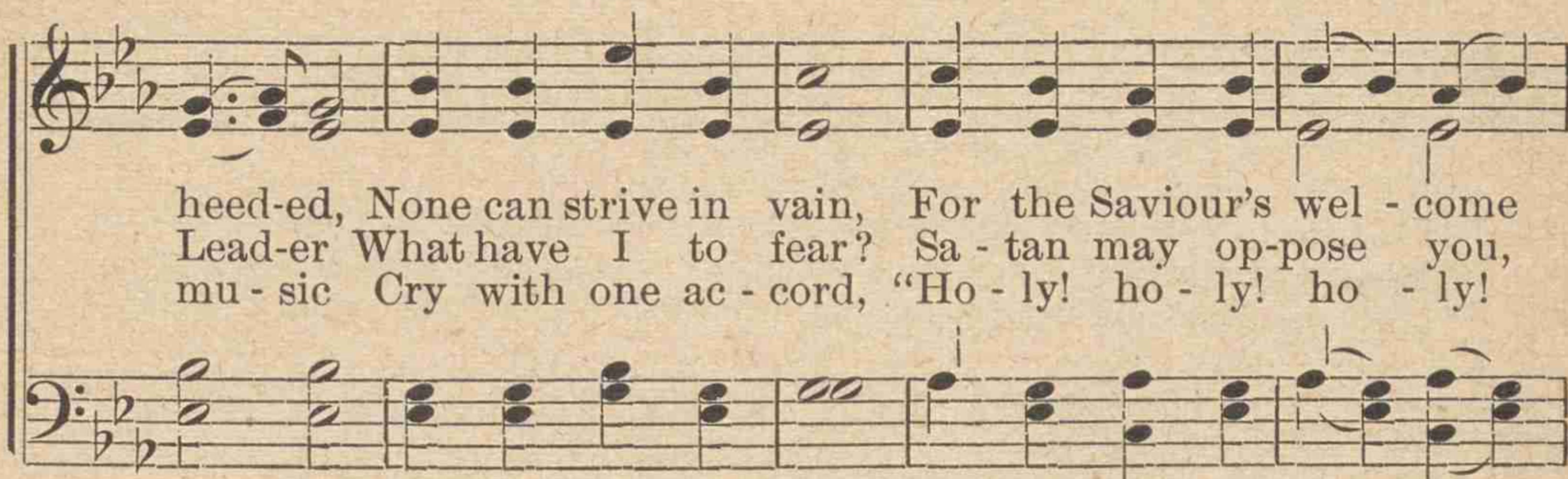
J. H. BRAMMALL.

Sir A. SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc.

1. Onward, children, on-ward! Leave the paths of sin; Hast-en
 2. Onward, children, on-ward! In the nar-row way, Christ your
 3. Onward, ev - er on-ward! Till you join the throng Who in



to the strait gate, Strive to en - ter in; None can knock un-
 Lord shall lead you Safe - ly day by day; And with such a
 dazzling rai - ment Sing the triumph-song, And to heav'nly



heed-ed, None can strive in vain, For the Saviour's wel - come
 Lead-er What have I to fear? Sa - tan may op-pose you,
 mu - sic Cry with one ac - cord, "Ho - ly! ho - ly! ho - ly!

CHORUS.



All that seek ob - tain.
 But your King is near. Onward, children, on - ward! Is the
 Is our sov'reign Lord.



call to - day; Come with ready footsteps, And that call o - bey.

A Mission.

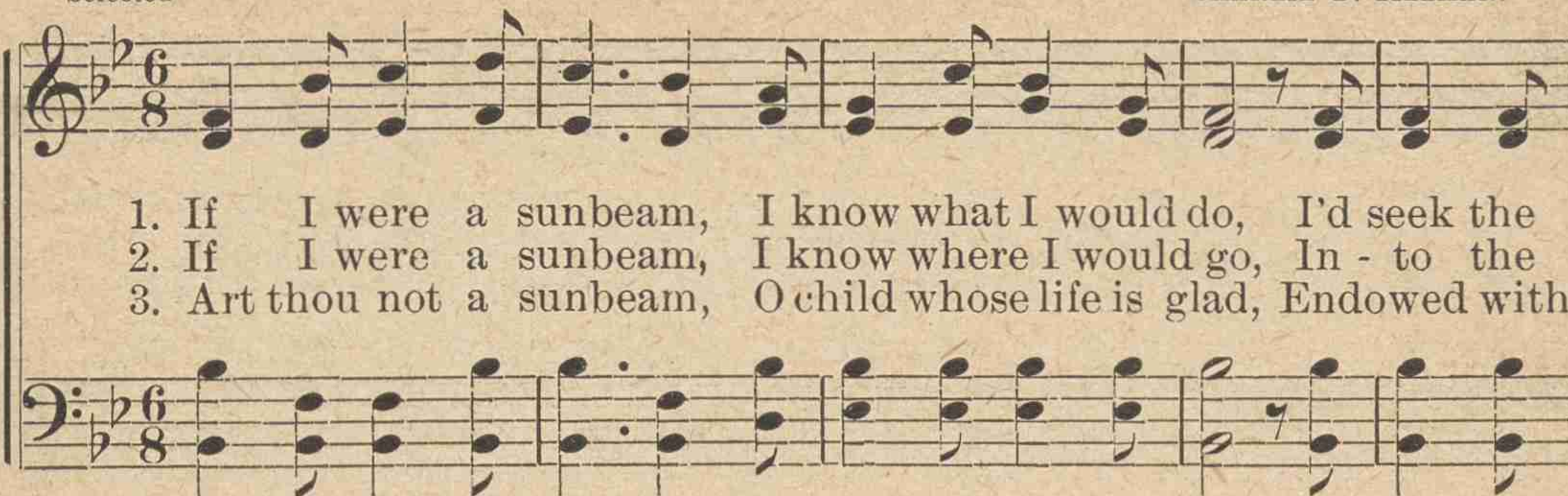
Do good to the heathen that live in Japan,
 Do good to the dwellers in wide Hindostan,
 Do good to the isles of the sea if you can,
 Do good to them all on each foreign shore,
 But don't forget some who are close to your door.

Selected.

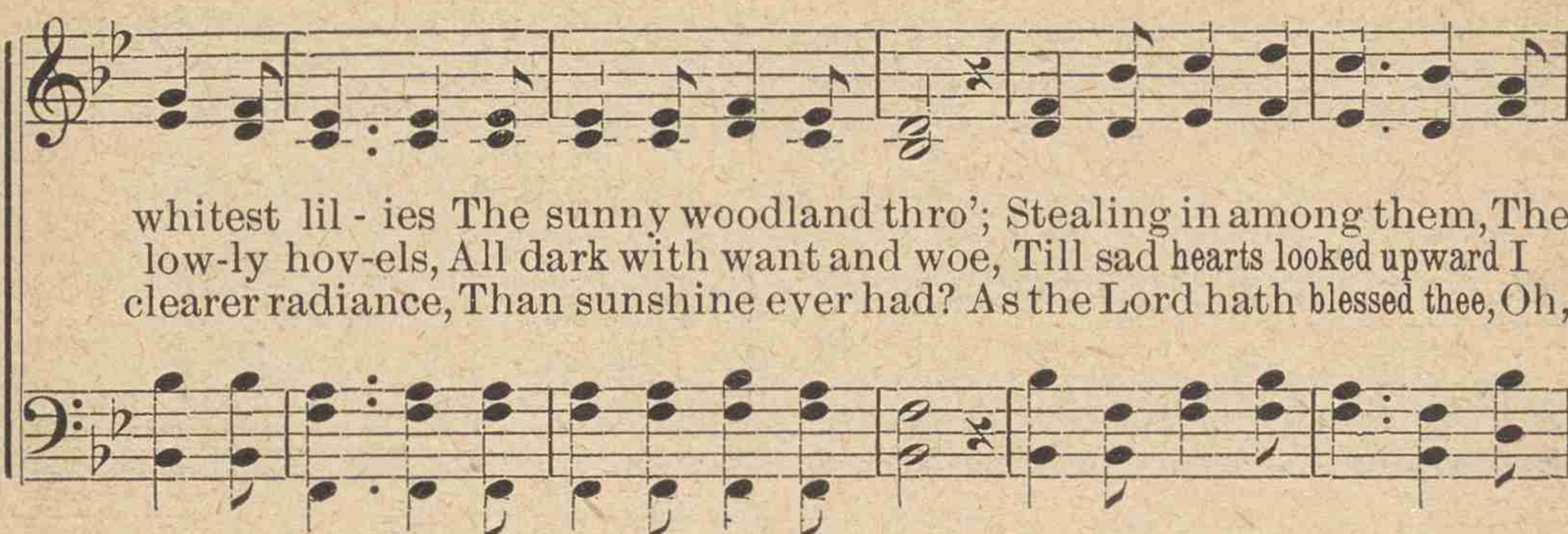
IF I WERE A SUNBEAM.

Selected

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



1. If I were a sunbeam, I know what I would do, I'd seek the
 2. If I were a sunbeam, I know where I would go, In - to the
 3. Art thou not a sunbeam, O child whose life is glad, Endowed with



whitest lil - ies The sunny woodland thro'; Stealing in among them, The
 low-ly hov-els, All dark with want and woe, Till sad hearts looked upward I
 clearer radiance, Than sunshine ever had? As the Lord hath blessed thee, Oh,



softest light I'd shed, Until each graceful lil-y Raised its drooping head.
 there would shine and shine, Then they would think of heaven, Their sweet home and mine.
 scatter rays divine, For there can be no sunshine So helpful as thine.

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I THINK, WHEN I READ.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 I think, when I read that sweet sto-
 ry of old,
 When Jesus was here among men,
 How He called little children as lambs
 to His fold,
 I should like to have been with
 them then.</p> | <p>3 Yet still to His footsteps in prayer I
 may go,
 And ask for a share of His love;
 And if I now earnestly seek Him be-
 low,
 I shall see Him and hear Him
 above:—</p> |
| <p>2 I wish that His hands had been
 placed on my head,
 That His arms had been thrown a-
 round me,
 And that I might have seen His kind
 looks when he said,
 "Let the little ones come unto me."</p> | <p>4 In that beautiful place He has gone
 to prepare
 For all who are washed and forgiven:
 And many dear children are gather-
 ing there,
 "For of such is the kingdom of
 heaven."</p> |

Mrs. Jemima Luke.

GOD IS LOVE.

57

Selected.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. When lightly o'er the mountain rill The twilight zephyrs move,
 2. The bird that trills its eve-ning song So sweetly thro' the grove,
 3. The rainbow in the summer sky, Al-mighty pow'r doth prove,

How sweetly to the dewy flow'rs, They whisper God is love,
 In gen-tle cadence seems to say, I'll sing, for God is love,
 Man looks up-on its varied hue, And owns that God is love,

They whis-per God is love, They whis-per God is love.
 I'll sing, for God is love, I'll sing, for God is love.
 And owns that God is love, And owns that God is love.

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LOST AFTER ALL.

(Can be sung to tune "After the Ball.")

1 A little child is kneeling by his
 mother's chair,
 Softly repeating sweet words of prayer
 "Dear Loving Jesus, Gentle and Mild,
 Look down and bless me, Thy little
 child."
 Long kneels the mother, praying that
 night,
 "God bless my treasure, guide him a-
 right."
 List to his story, weep o'er his fall,
 Thro' his own madness, lost after all.

CHORUS.

After the days of childhood,
 After a mother's prayer,
 After the years of manhood,
 Freighted with joys and cares;
 After a thousand chances,
 After a final call,
 Bitter the wail of a spirit;
 Lost after all.

Copyright, 1895, by Charlie D. Tillman.

2 Changed is the picture, years have
 swiftly flown,
 Sadly the mother waits all alone,
 Waits for her darling, where does he
 roam,
 Has he forgotten mother and home?
 Hark, there's a footstep, surely, 'tis he,
 Oh, heaven help her, what does she
 see?
 Inside he staggers, one groan, a fall;
 Wrecked by the winecup, lost after all.

3 Farther and farther from his moth-
 er's God,
 Wanders he on in sin's road so broad,
 Till by the window one stormy night,
 He finds her waiting lifeless and white;
 Vainly the Spirit strives for his soul,
 Spurning His God he turns to the bowl.
 Angels in heaven, weep o'er his fall,
 Still unrepentant, lost after all.

BRING THEM IN.

ALEXCENAH THOMAS.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the desert dark and drear,
 2. Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind, Help him the little lambs to find?
 3. Out in the desert hear their cry; Out on the mountain wild and high,

Calling the lambs who've gone astray Far from the Shepherd's fold away.
 Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Where they'll be sheltered from the cold?
 Hark! 'tis the Master speaks to thee, "Go, find my lambs where'er they be."

CHORUS.

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

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

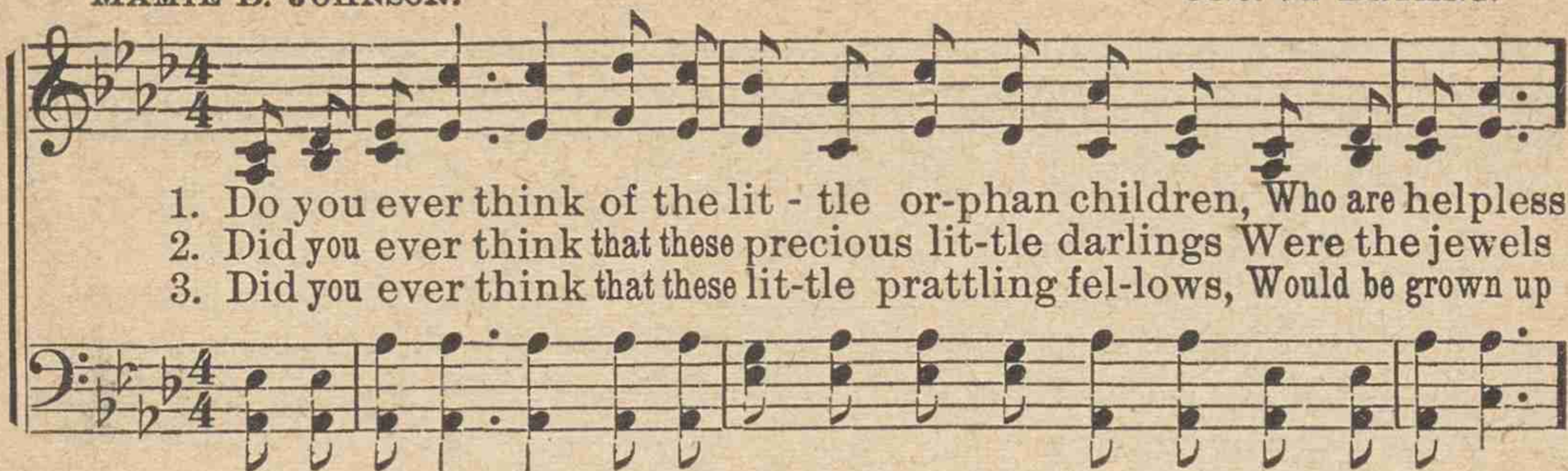
From "Notes of Victory," by per. of W. A. Ogden.

REMEMBER THE ORPHANS.

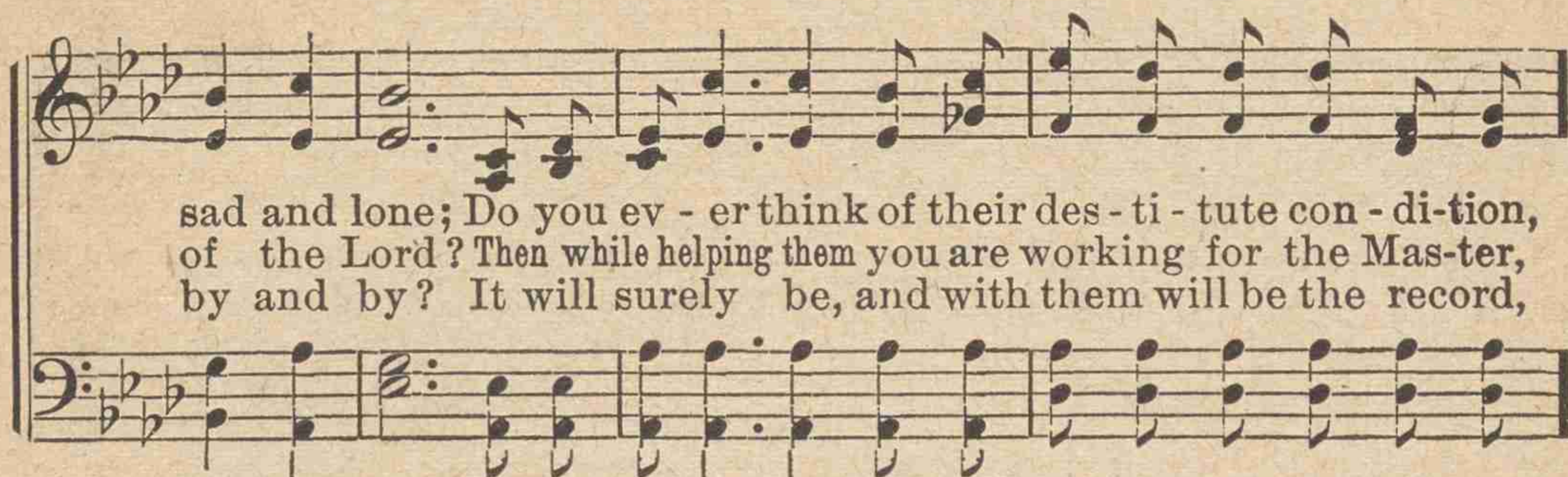
59

MAMIE B. JOHNSON.

JNO. R. BRYANT.

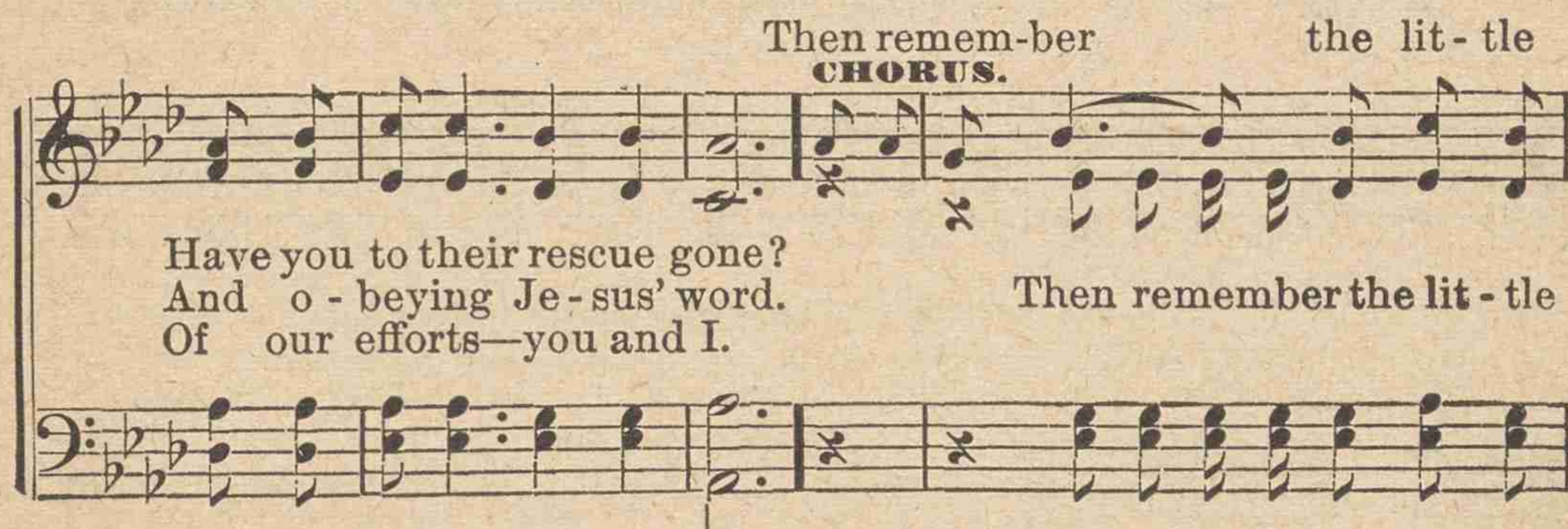


1. Do you ever think of the lit - tle or-phan children, Who are helpless
 2. Did you ever think that these precious lit-tle darlings Were the jewels
 3. Did you ever think that these lit-tle prattling fel-lows, Would be grown up



sad and lone; Do you ev - er think of their des - ti - tute con - di - tion,
 of the Lord? Then while helping them you are working for the Mas - ter,
 by and by? It will surely be, and with them will be the record,

Then remem-ber the lit - tle
CHORUS.



Have you to their rescue gone?
 And o - beying Je - sus' word.
 Of our efforts—you and I.

Then remember the lit - tle

or - phans, O re-mem - ber those lit-tle ones,



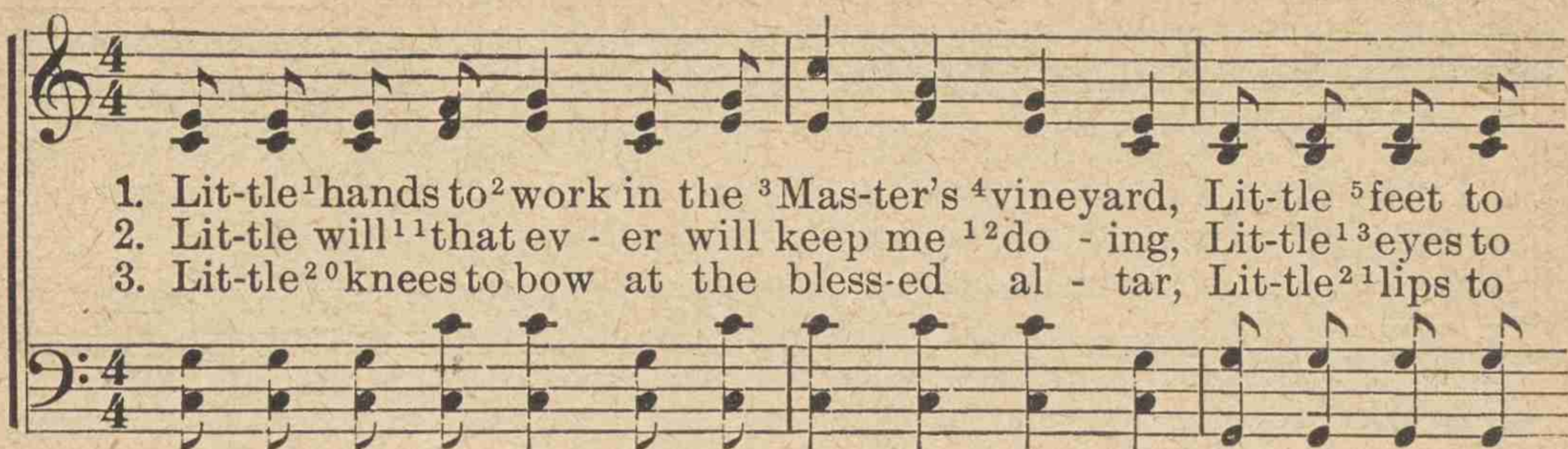
orphans. O remember the little ones, the little ones,



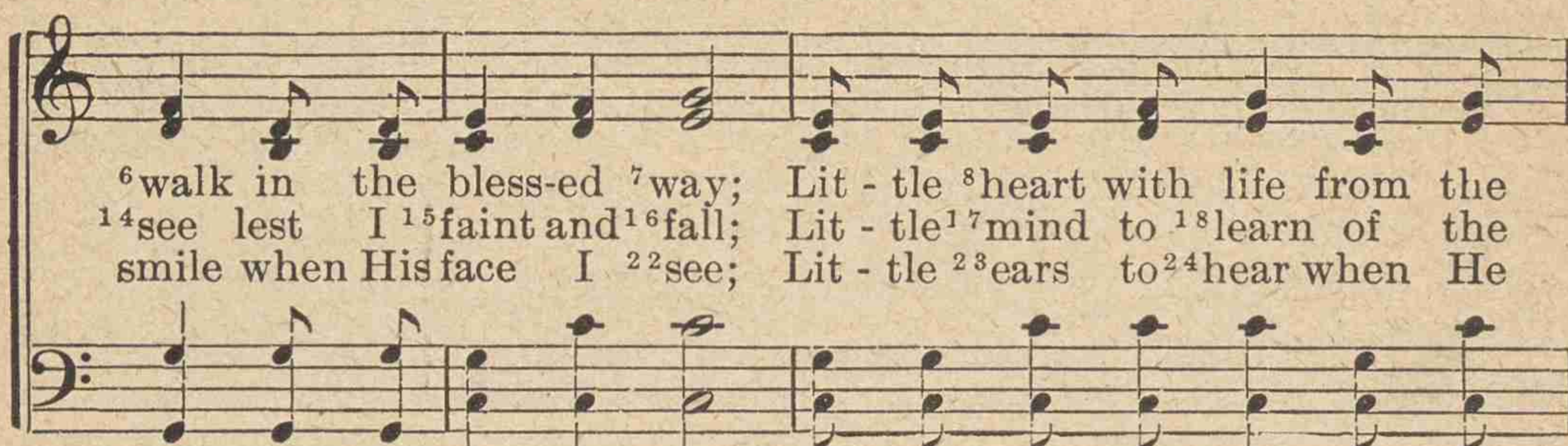
You must ever work for these precious little darlings, Till their daily wants are known.

M. B. J.

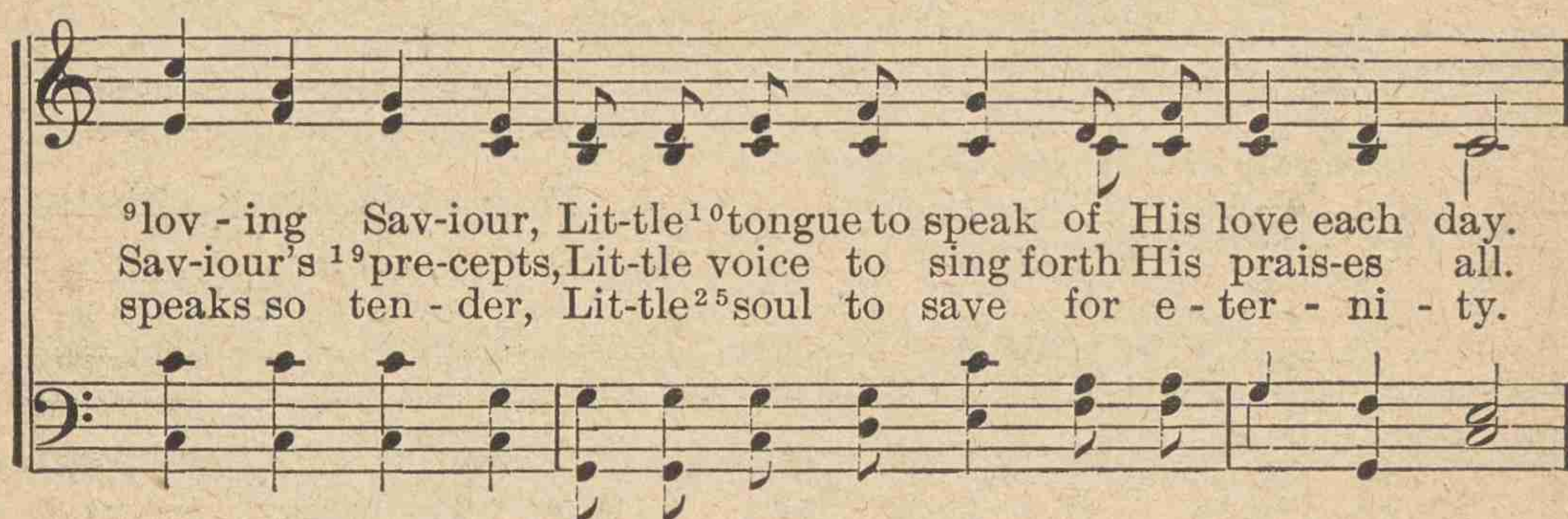
J. R. B.



1. Lit-tle¹ hands to² work in the ³ Mas-ter's ⁴ vineyard, Lit-tle ⁵ feet to
 2. Lit-tle will¹¹ that ev - er will keep me ¹² do - ing, Lit-tle¹³ eyes to
 3. Lit-tle²⁰ knees to bow at the bless-ed al - tar, Lit-tle²¹ lips to

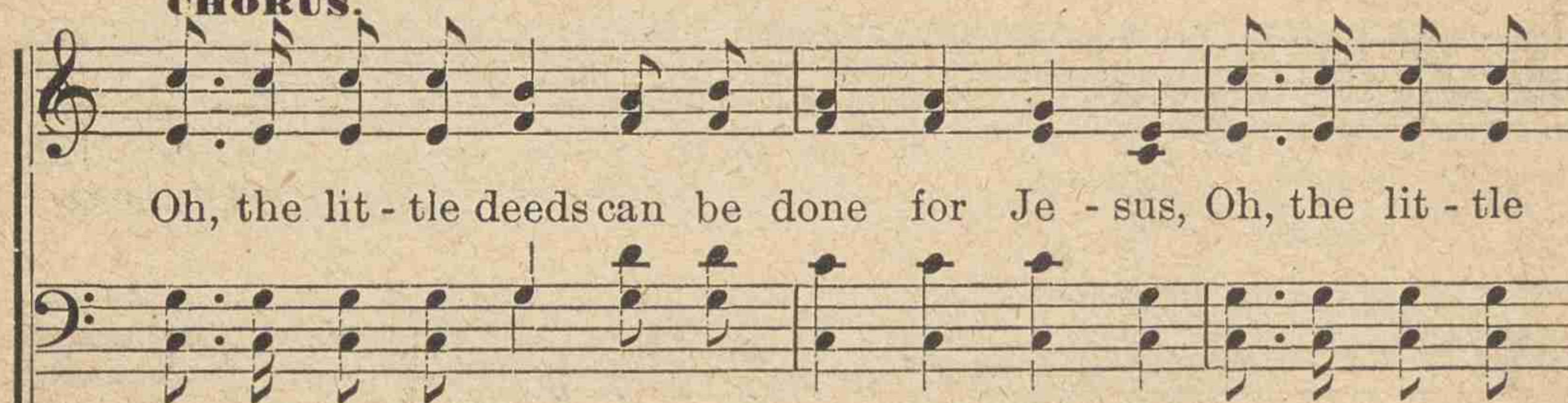


⁶ walk in the bless-ed ⁷ way; Lit - tle ⁸ heart with life from the
¹⁴ see lest I ¹⁵ faint and ¹⁶ fall; Lit - tle¹⁷ mind to ¹⁸ learn of the
 smile when His face I ²² see; Lit - tle ²³ ears to ²⁴ hear when He



⁹ lov - ing Sav-iour, Lit-tle¹⁰ tongue to speak of His love each day.
 Sav-iour's ¹⁹ pre-cepts, Lit-tle voice to sing forth His prais-es all.
 speaks so ten - der, Lit-tle²⁵ soul to save for e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.



Oh, the lit - tle deeds can be done for Je - sus, Oh, the lit - tle



songs we can al - ways sing; Oh, the pre-cious love that He



Gestures to "CHILDREN'S SONG."

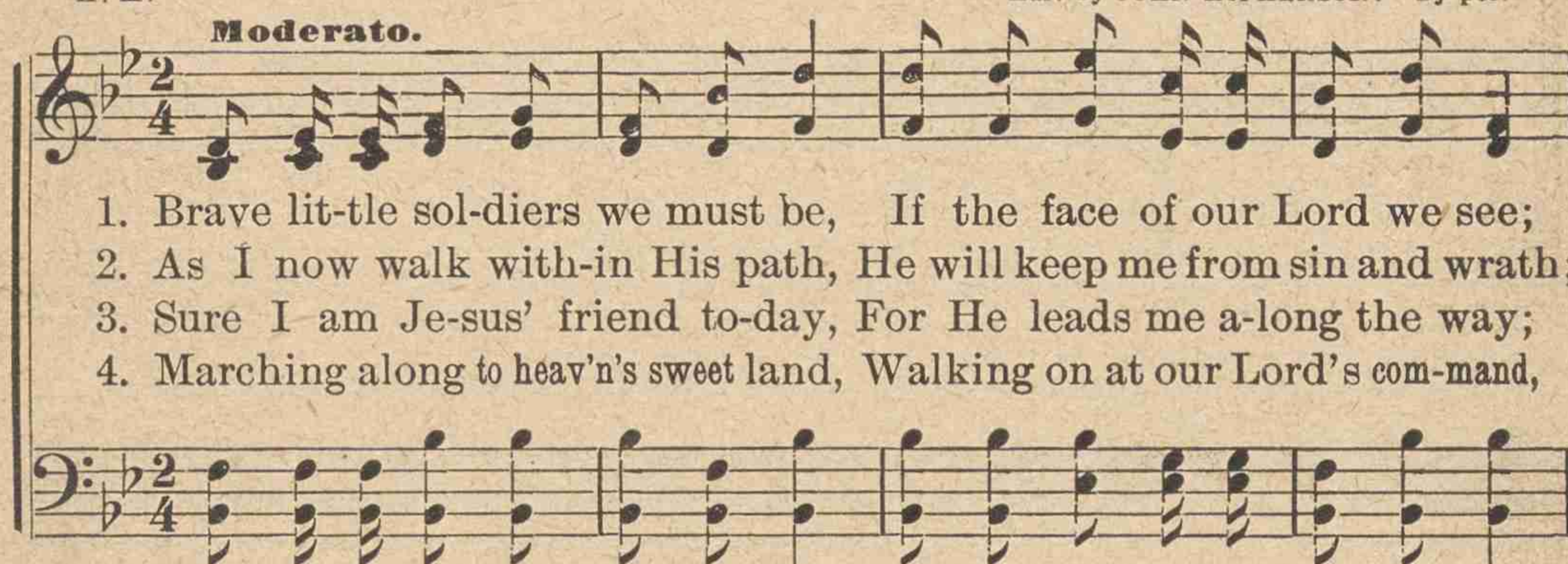
- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. Extending hands. | 14. Peering forward. |
| 2. Striking with both hands. | 15. Swaying body forward. |
| 3. Left hand raised, right extended. | 16. Casting both hands to left, downward. |
| 4. Right pointing to the right. | 17. Left hand clasp ing forehead. |
| 5 & 6. Two steps forward, placing even again. | 18. Both hands raised, thrown out in oppo-
site directions. |
| 7. Motioning right hand forward. | 19. Both hands thrown out. |
| 8. Right hand to heart. | 20. Kneeling down. |
| 9. Both hands raised beckoning. | 21. Left hand to lips. |
| 10. Left forefinger to lips. | 22. Peering upward. |
| 11. Showing both palms. | 23. Left hand to ear, turning face a little
to the right. |
| 12. Motioning both hands to the left. | 24. Folding arms. |
| 13. Covering eyes with left hand. | |

LITTLE SOLDIERS.

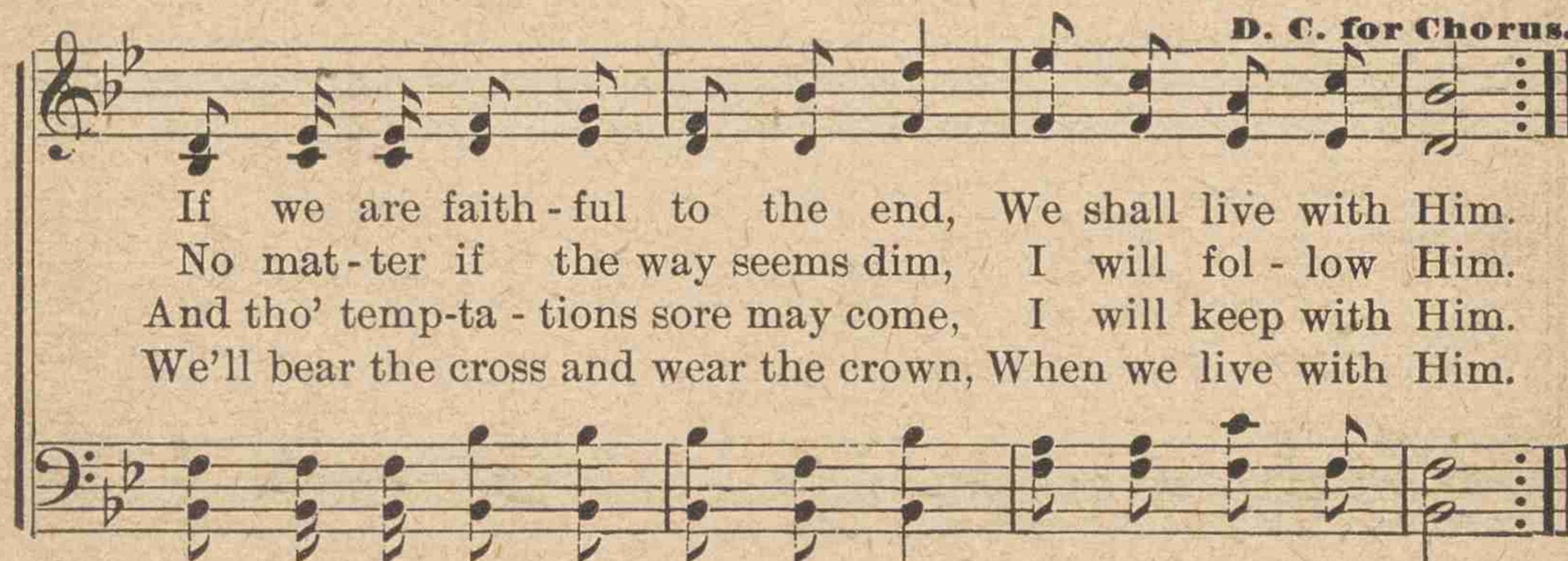
HAZEL MITCHELL, age 10 years.

H. M.

Har. by JOHN McPHERSON. By per.



CHO.—Oh, I love Je-sus, yes, I do, And I know that He loves me too;



6 To me what-ev-er He may say, Glad-ly I'll o-bey.

DOES ANY ONE CARE FOR FATHER?

Selected.

Con Espressione

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



1. Does a - ny one care for fa - ther? Does
2. Does a - ny one think of the due - bills He's
3. Is it right just because he lookstrou-bled, To



a - ny one think of the one Up - on whose tired, bent
 called up-on dai - ly to pay? Mil - li - ner bills, college bills,
 say "he's as cross as a bear?" Kind words, lit-tle actions and



Copyright, 1892, by Charlie D. Tillman.

This song is also published in large sheet music form, price 20 cents. For sale by
 Charlie D. Tillman, Atlanta, Ga., Cincinnati, O., or Kansas City, Mo.



shoulders The cares of the fam-i - ly come? The father who
book bills—There are some kind of bills ev'ry day. Like a pa - tient
kind - ness Might banish the burden of care. 'Tis for you he's




strives for your comfort, And toils on from day to day; Al-
horse in a tread-mill, He works on from morning till night; Does
ev - er so anxious; He'll toil for you while he may live; In re-



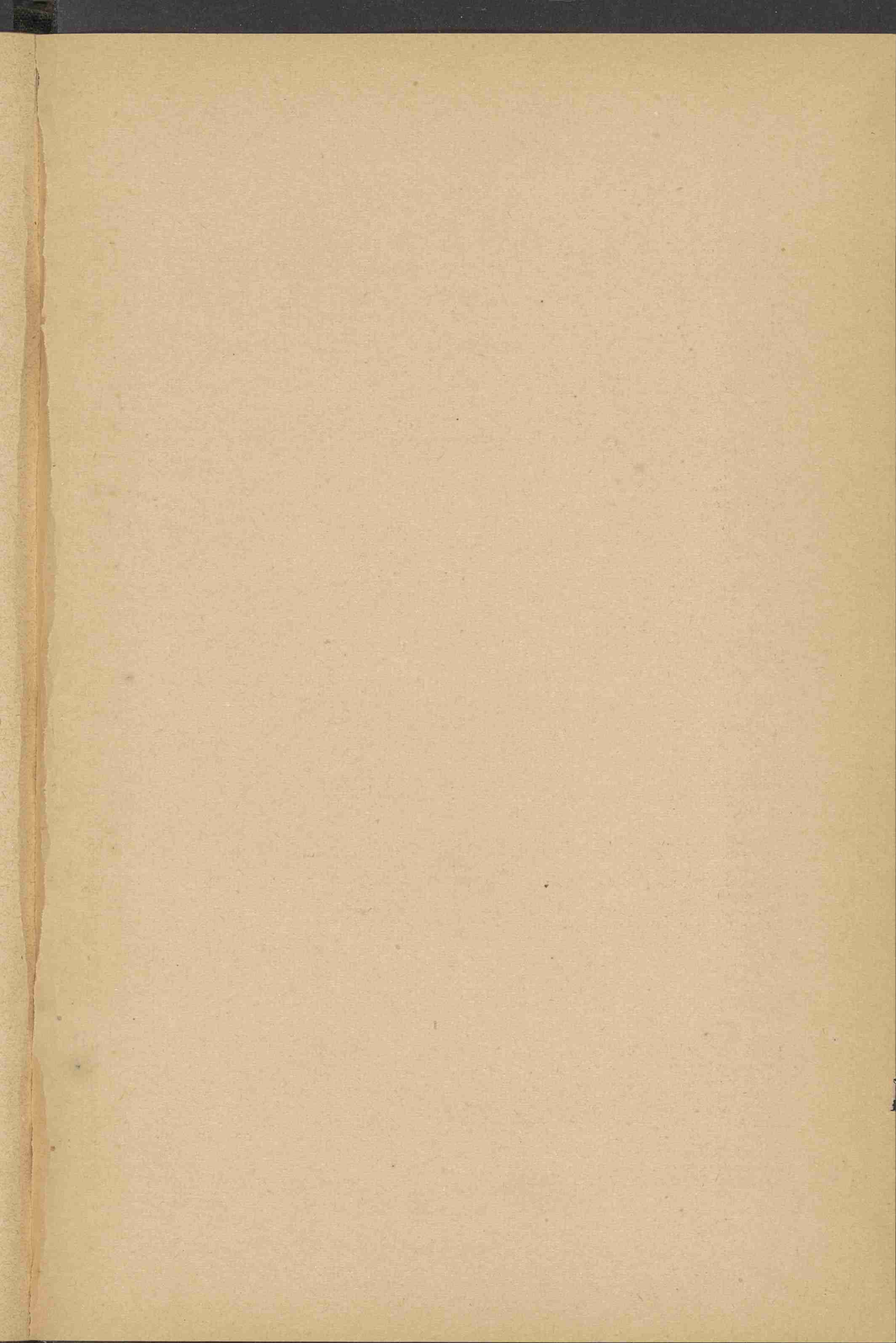

though his steps grow slow - er, And his dark locks are turning gray?
a-ny one think he is tir - ed? Does a-ny one make his home bright?
turn he on-ly asks kindness, And such pay is so easy to give.

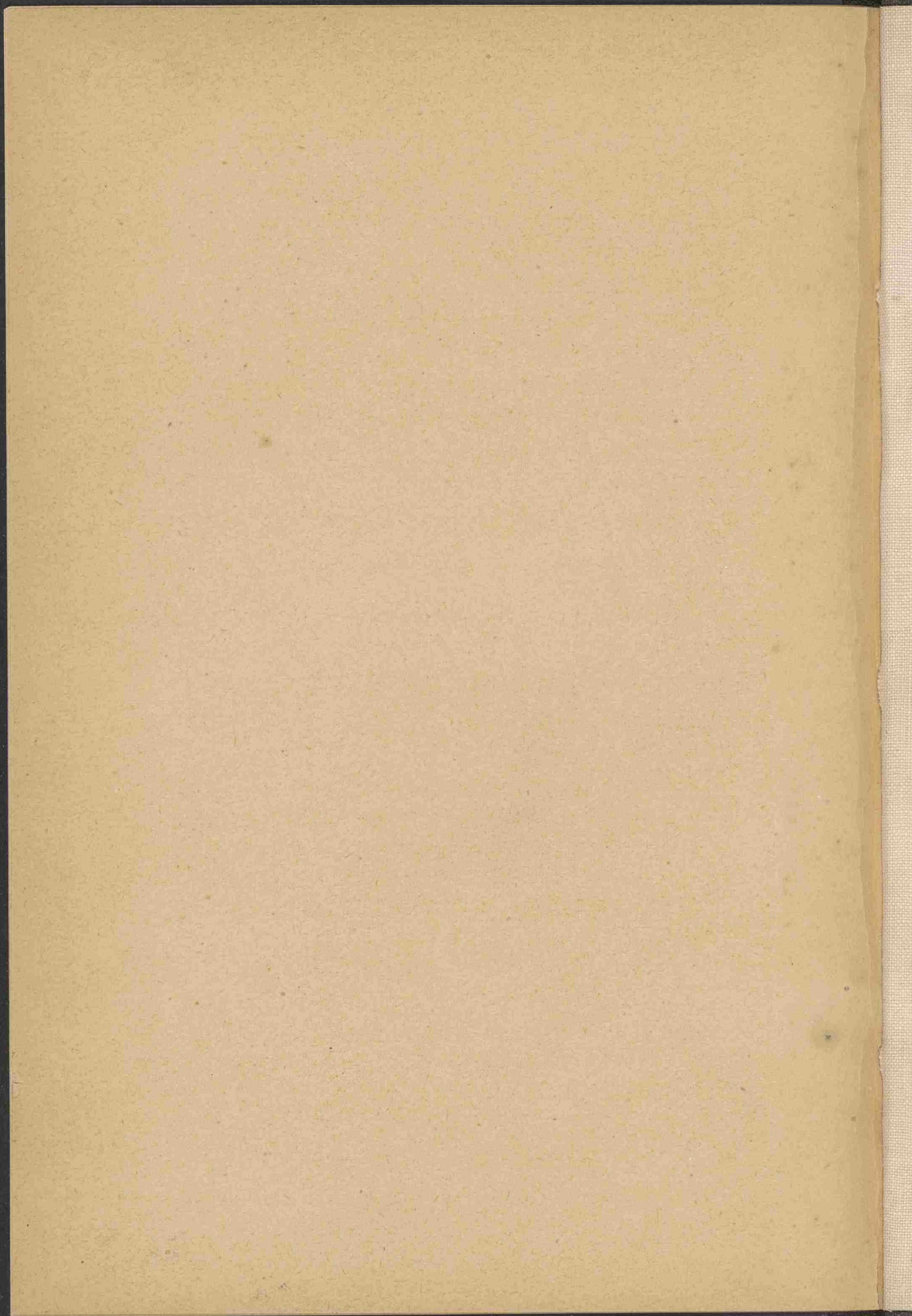



Interlude D. S.

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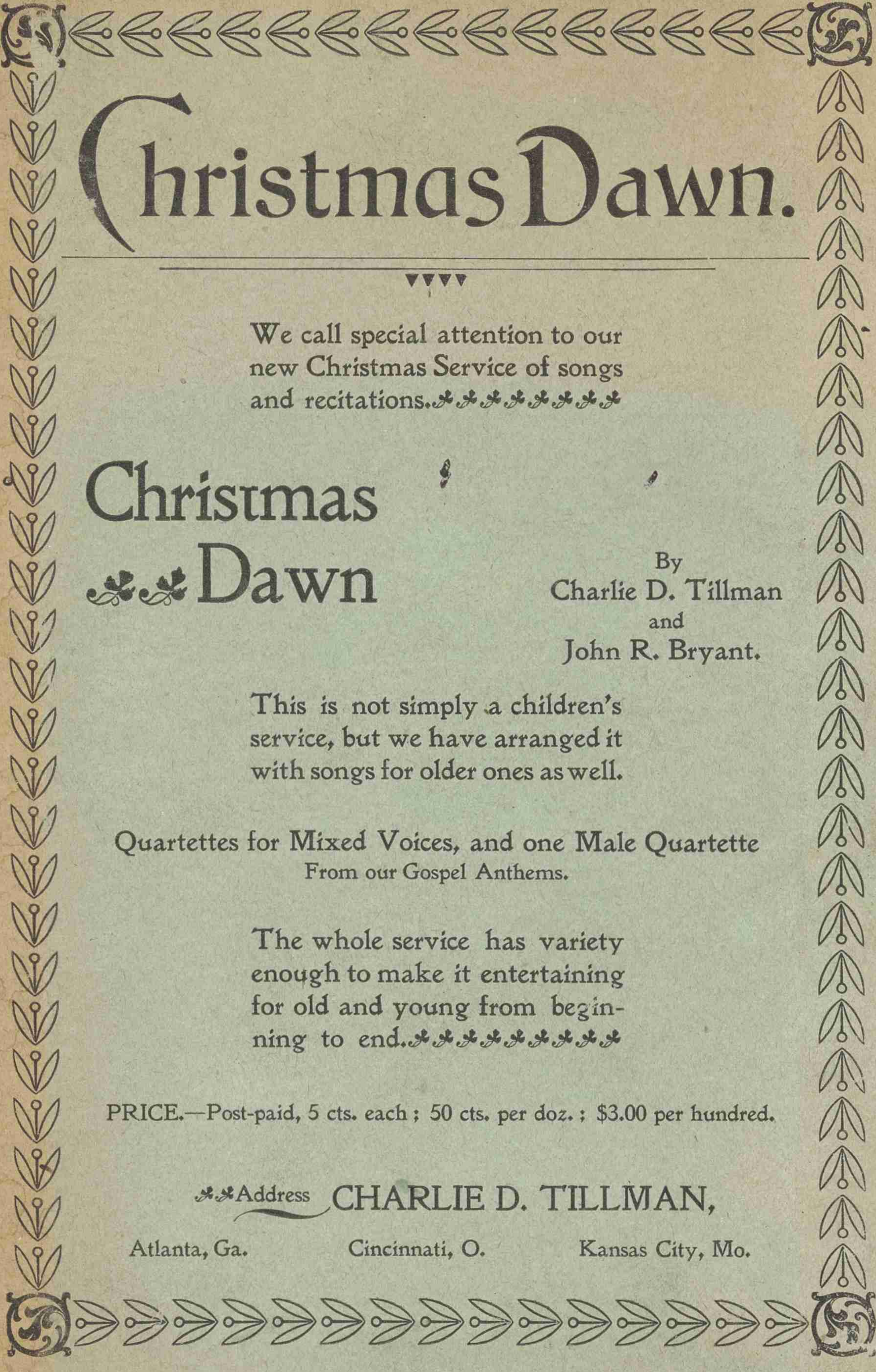
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