

Lucile Burke

FILLMORES'
JEWELS

.. FOR ..

LITTLE SINGERS

By J. H. FILLMORE.

FILLMORE MUSIC HOUSE.

528 Elm Street, Cincinnati, O.

PRICE, 25 cents; \$2 65 per doz., postpaid.

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Preface.....

THIS little book is intended to meet the wants of both primary classes and junior societies. A few of the songs are adapted to the minds of the very young, but most of them are suited to those who have just passed out of the primary classes.

They are all pretty, and will be loved and sung by the children if the leaders will only take pains to teach them thoroughly.

The selection of familiar church tunes, pitched in keys suitable to young voices, is one of the best features of the book. The children love these songs, and to have them printed for them in their own book will greatly please them, conferring benefits that will follow all the days of their lives.

JEWELS.

1

For Jesus.

GRACE GLENN.

J. H. F.

1. I know what I'll do for Je - sus, I know what I'll do,
2. I'll sing a sweet song for Je - sus, I'll sing a sweet song,
3. I'll speak a kind word for Je - sus, I'll speak a kind word,
4. I'll try to be good for Je - sus, I'll try to be good,

I know what I'll do, I know what I'll do for
I'll sing a sweet song, I'll sing a sweet song for
I'll speak a kind word, I'll speak a kind word for
I'll try to be good, I'll try to be good for

Je - sus, I'll praise Him, yes, this will I do.
Je - sus, Sing sweet-ly, yes, this will I do.
Je - sus, Speak kind-ly, yes, this will I do.
Je - sus, Be good, yes, and this will I do.

2


We Are Coming.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.


PROCESSIONAL.

J. H. F.

Unison.



1. We are com-ing, we are com-ing, We are soldiers of the Lord;
 2. We are com-ing, we are com-ing, Coming in our ear-ly youth;
 3. We are com-ing, we are com-ing, With our banner lift-ed high;



We are coming, we are coming, We are coming at his word.
 We are coming, we are coming, In the name of God and truth.
 We are coming, we are coming, Je-sus calls, and we re - ply—

REFRAIN.



We are soldiers of the Lord, We are coming at his word,



We are com-ing, we are com-ing, We are com-ing at his word.

3

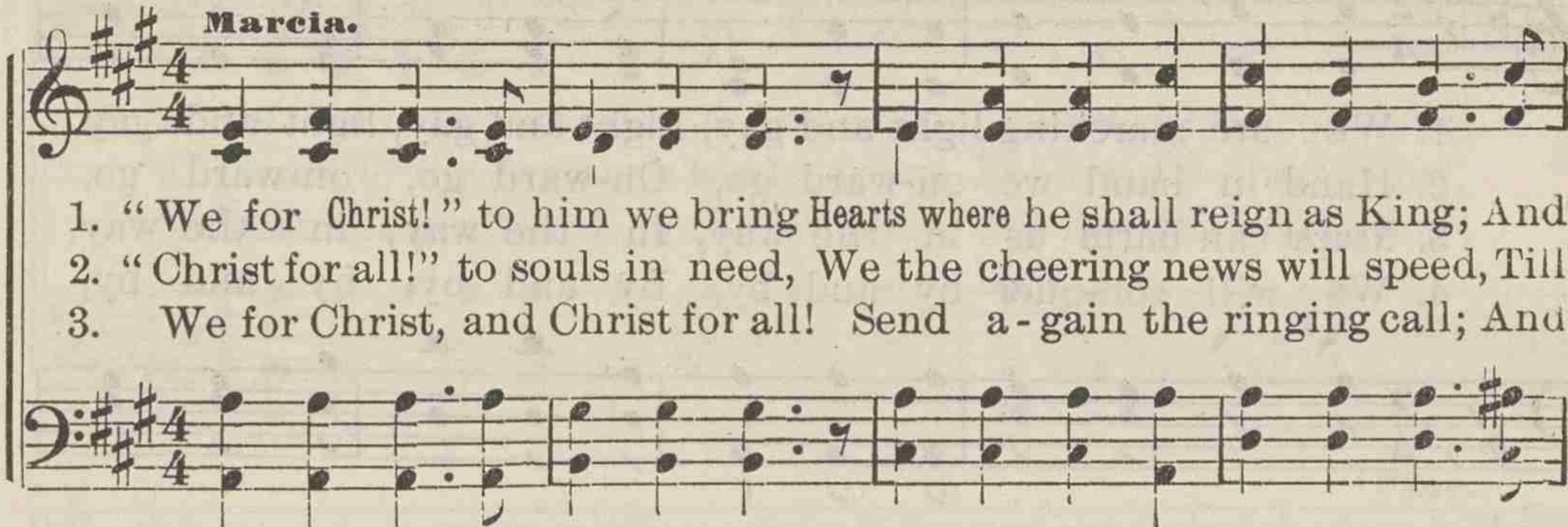
"We for Christ; Christ for All."

Motto Song for Junior Societies and Mission Bands.

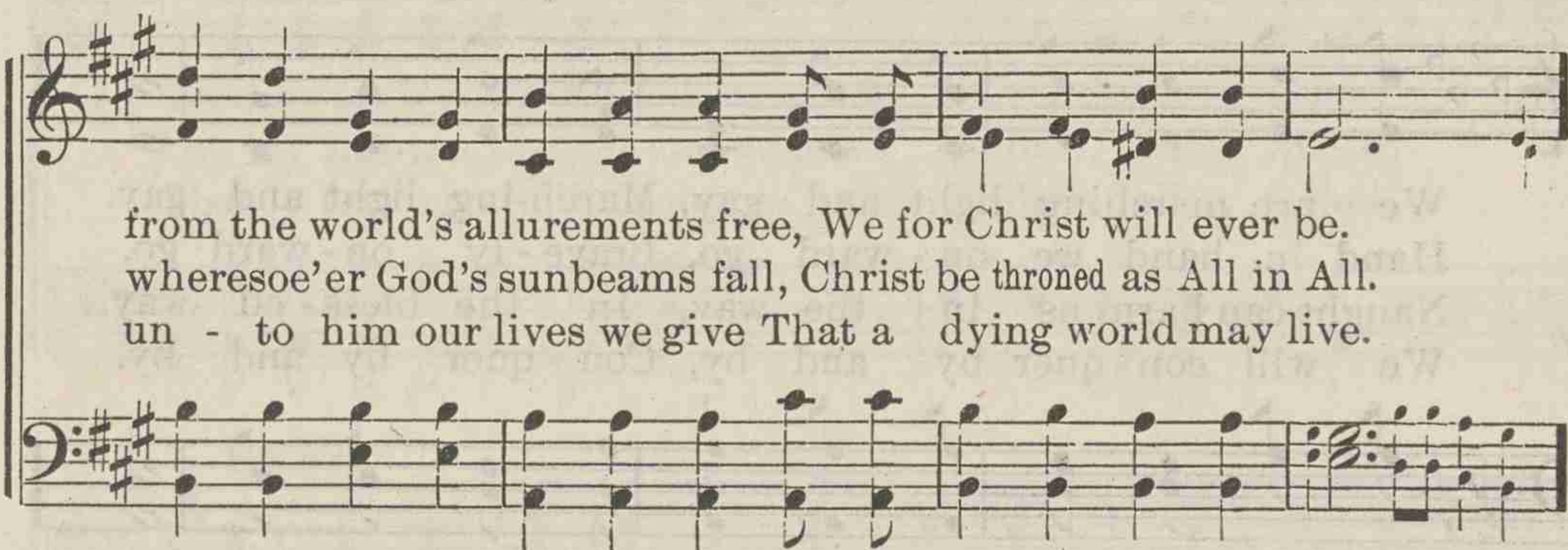
JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

J. H. F.

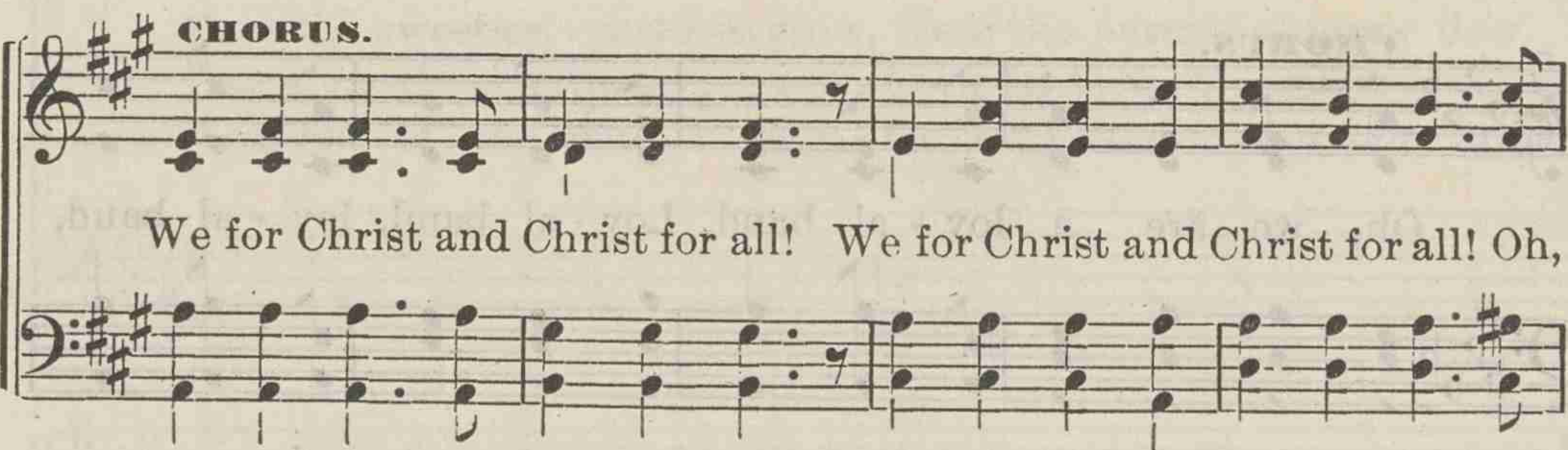
Marcia.



1. "We for Christ!" to him we bring Hearts where he shall reign as King; And
2. "Christ for all!" to souls in need, We the cheering news will speed, Till
3. We for Christ, and Christ for all! Send a - gain the ringing call; And

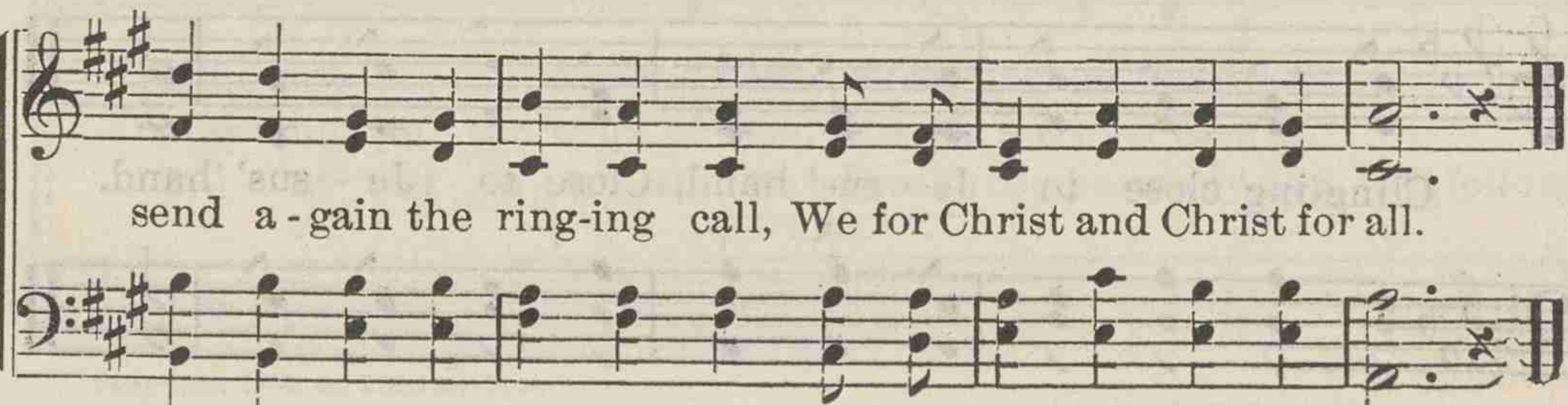


from the world's allurements free, We for Christ will ever be.
 wheresoe'er God's sunbeams fall, Christ be throned as All in All.
 un - to him our lives we give That a dying world may live.



CHORUS.

We for Christ and Christ for all! We for Christ and Christ for all! Oh,

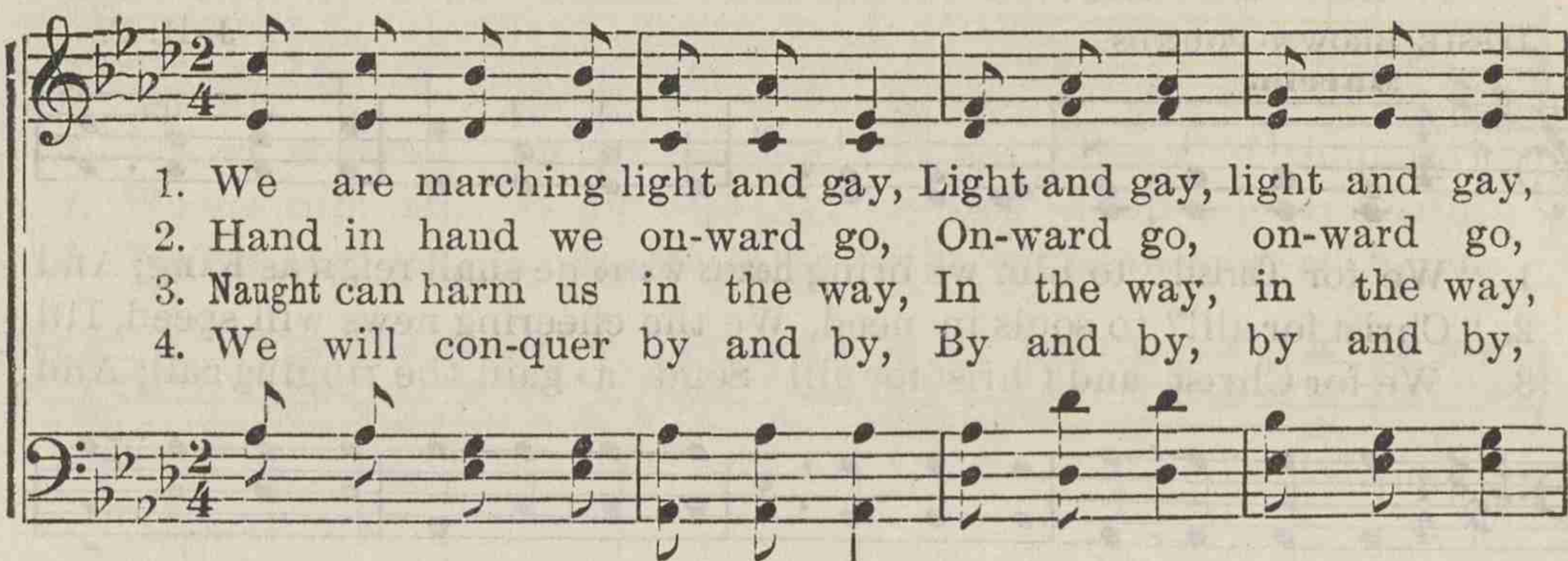


send a - gain the ring-ing call, We for Christ and Christ for all.

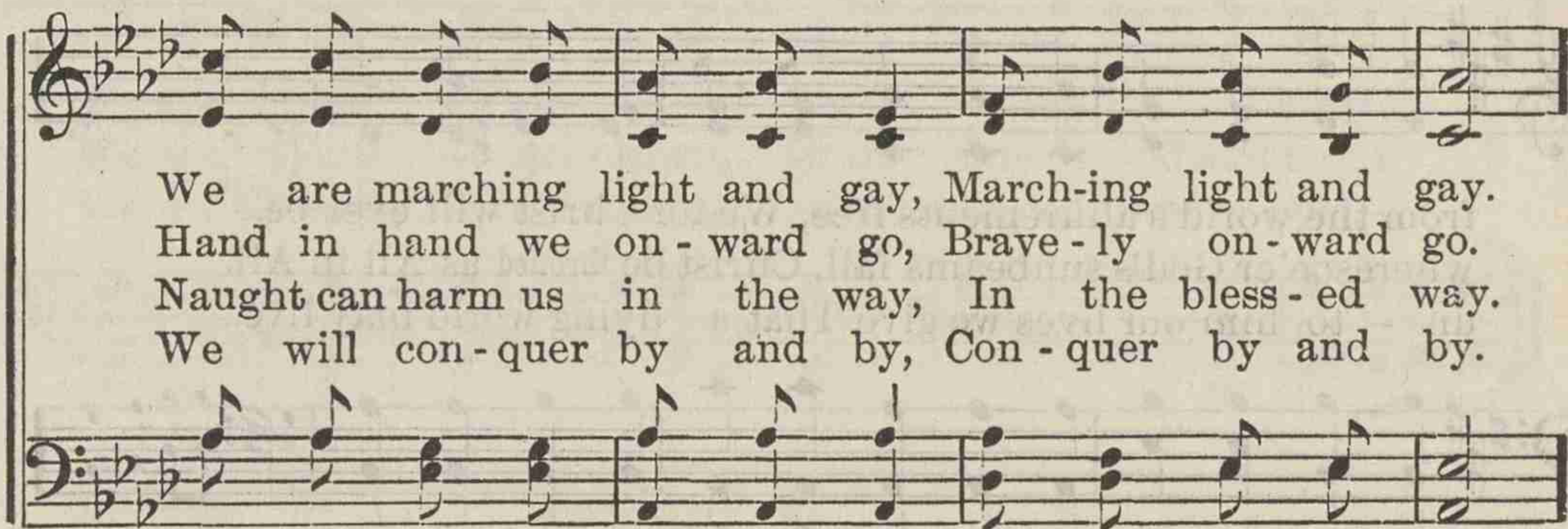
A Loyal Band.

MRS. H. E. JONES. Alt.

D. B. TOWNER.



1. We are marching light and gay, Light and gay, light and gay,
 2. Hand in hand we on-ward go, On-ward go, on-ward go,
 3. Naught can harm us in the way, In the way, in the way,
 4. We will con-quer by and by, By and by, by and by,



We are marching light and gay, March-ing light and gay.
 Hand in hand we on-ward go, Brave-ly on-ward go.
 Naught can harm us in the way, In the bless-ed way.
 We will con-quer by and by, Con-quer by and by.

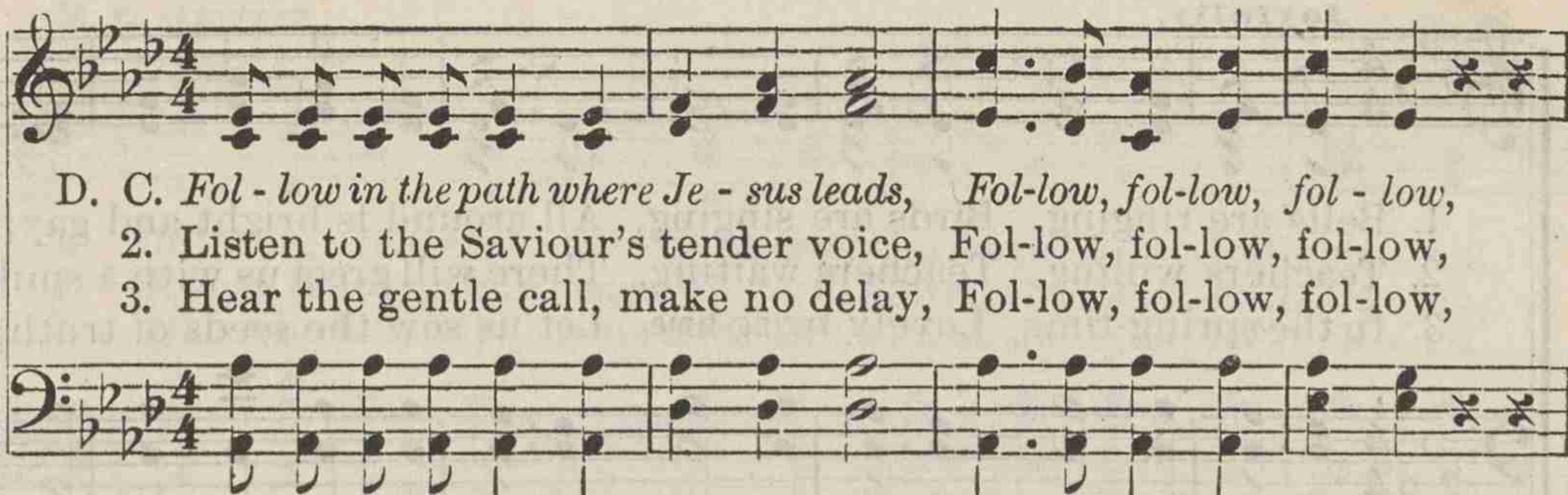
CHORUS.



Oh, we are a loy-al band, Loy-al band, loy-al band,



Cling-ing close to Je-sus' hand, Close to Je-sus' hand.

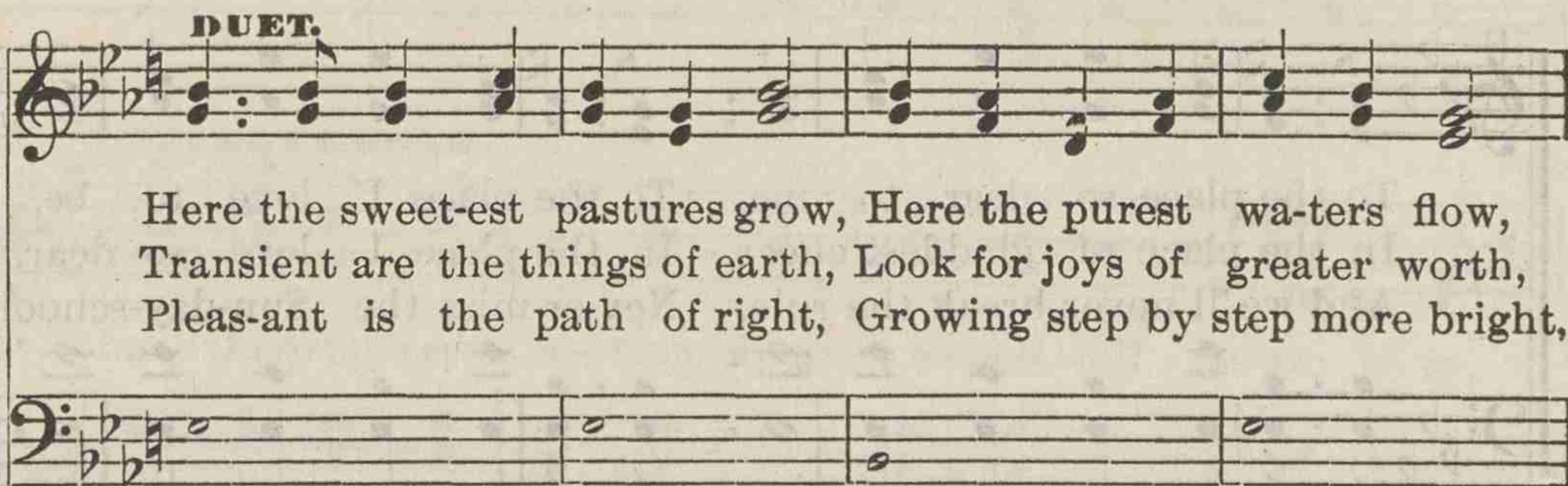


D. C. *Fol - low in the path where Je - sus leads, Fol-low, fol-low, fol - low,*
 2. Listen to the Saviour's tender voice, *Fol-low, fol-low, fol-low,*
 3. Hear the gentle call, make no delay, *Fol-low, fol-low, fol-low,*



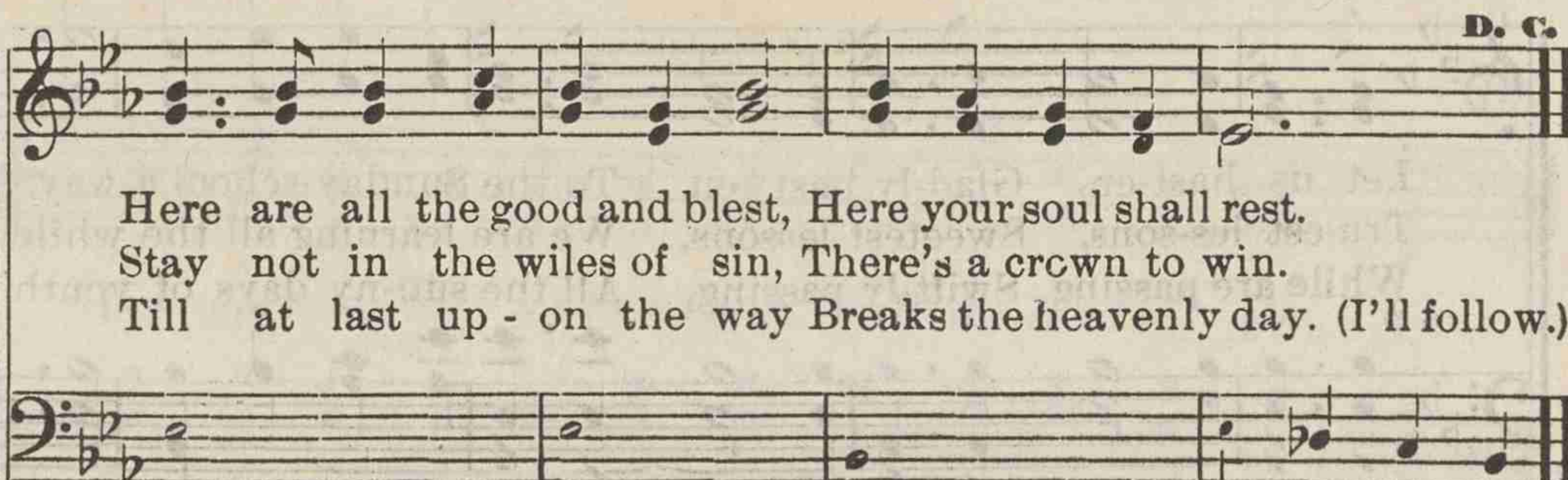
Thro the desert wilds and flow-'ry meads, Follow, fol - low, fol-low.
 Let us has-ten to him and re-joice, *Follow, follow, follow.*
 Glad-ly leaving all, oh, come a-way, *Follow, follow, follow.*

DUET.



Here the sweet-est pastures grow, Here the purest wa-ters flow,
 Transient are the things of earth, Look for joys of greater worth,
 Pleas-ant is the path of right, Growing step by step more bright,

D. C.




Here are all the good and blest, Here your soul shall rest.
 Stay not in the wiles of sin, There's a crown to win.
 Till at last up - on the way Breaks the heavenly day. (I'll follow.)

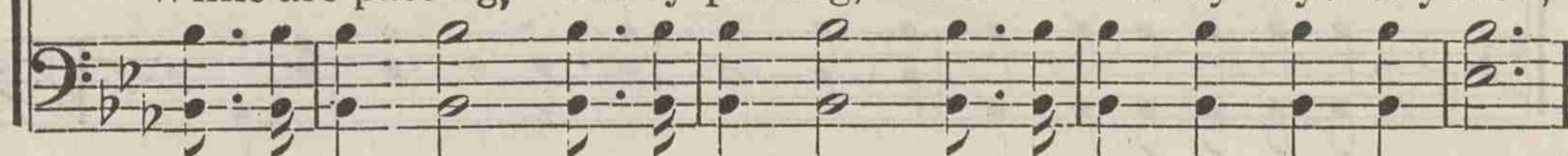

Joyfully.



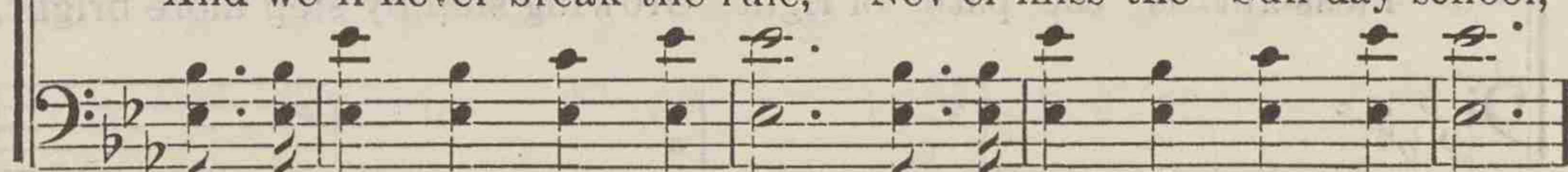

1. Bells are ringing, Birds are singing, All around is bright and gay;
 2. Teachers willing, Teachers waiting, There will greet us with a smile;
 3. In the spring-time, Lovely spring-time, Let us sow the seeds of truth;


Let us hast-en, Glad-ly hast-en, To the Sunday-school a-way;
 And the lessons, Sweetest lessons, We are learning all the while;
 While are passing, Swift-ly passing, All the sun-ny days of youth;

To the place so dear to me, To the place I love to be,
 In the place of gladdest cheer. In the place I love so dear,
 And we'll never break the rule, Nev-er miss the Sun-day-school,

Let us hast-en, Glad-ly hast-en, To the Sunday-school a-way.
 Tru-est les-sons, Sweetest lessons, We are learning all the while.
 While are passing, Swift-ly passing, All the sun-ny days of youth.



E. E. HEWITT.

J. H. F.

Solo. *m* **Refrain. *f***

1. Tell it, ev - ery gen - tle breeze, Christ the Lord, hath ris - en,
 2. Pret - ty flow'rs, your heads lift up, Christ the Lord, hath ris - en,
 3. All who love him, come and say, Christ the Lord, hath ris - en,

Solo. *m* **Refrain. *f***

Tell it, flow'rs and birds, and trees, Christ the Lord, hath ris - en.
 Dai - sy, tu - lip, but - ter - cup, Christ the Lord, hath ris - en.
 And to heav'n he leads the way, Christ the Lord, hath ris - en.

FULL CHORUS.


Let the whole cre - a - tion sing, An - gels tell the sto - ry,

How he rose vic - tor - ious King, Christ the Lord of glo - ry.



'Tis the Sweetest Thought.

P. H.


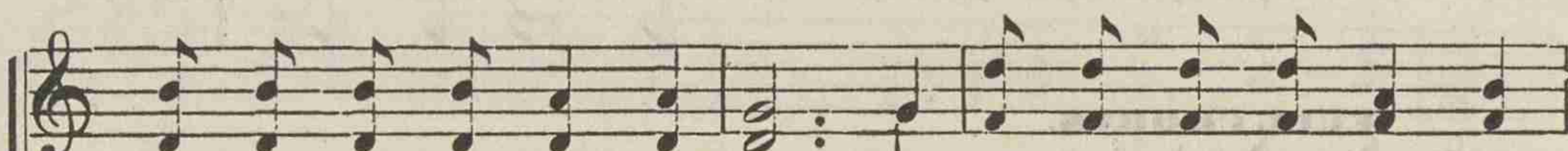
J. H. F.





1. 'Tis the sweetest thought of all to me, That Je - sus is the
 2. 'Tis the sweetest thought of all to me, That Je - sus is the
 3. 'Tis the sweetest thought of all to me, That Je - sus is the


children's friend; He made the flow'rs so fair to see, For
 children's friend, And in his keeping safe are we, For
 children's friend, And ev - er true he'll be to me, For


Je - sus is the children's friend; He made the lit - tle stars that
 Je - sus is the children's friend; So ten - der - ly his hand di -
 Je - sus is the children's friend; I know that he is near when

shine at night, He made the golden orb of day, The world he
 rects us still, So watchfully he guards the way, Oh, may we
 sick I lie, I know he holds me in his love, And in his



'T is the Sweetest Thought.



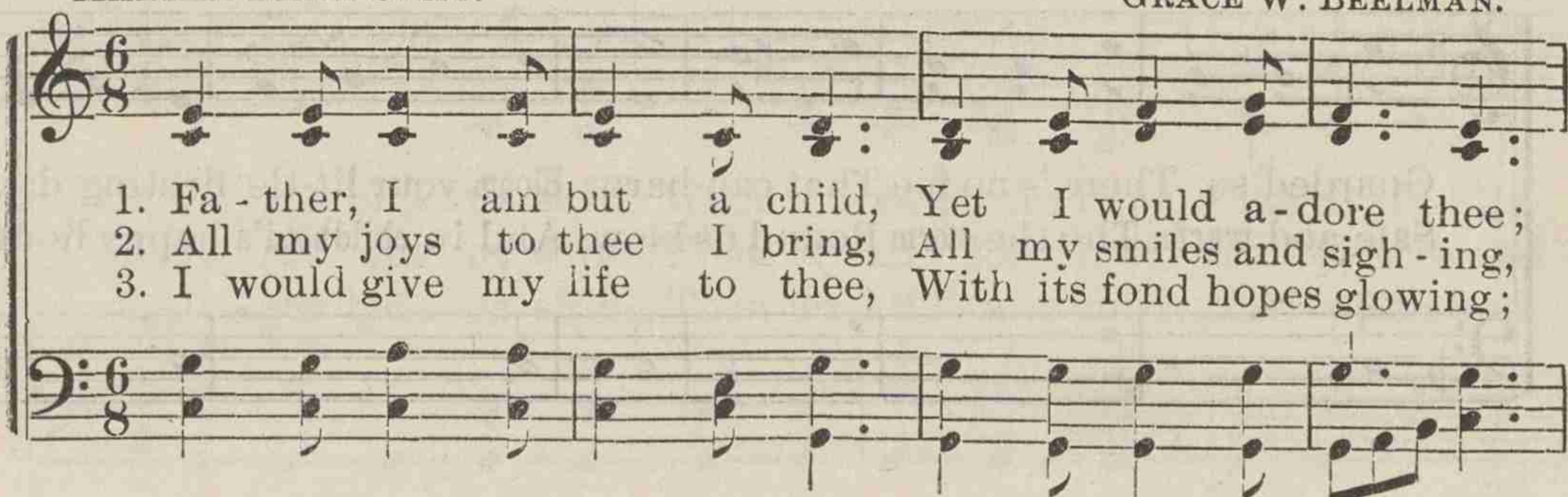
made for our de - light, And hap - py should we be al - way.
al - ways do his will And nev - er from the good path stray.
arms, if I should die, He'll take me to his home a - bove.

9

Child's Hymn.

MARTHA EMMA GRAY.

GRACE W. BEELMAN.

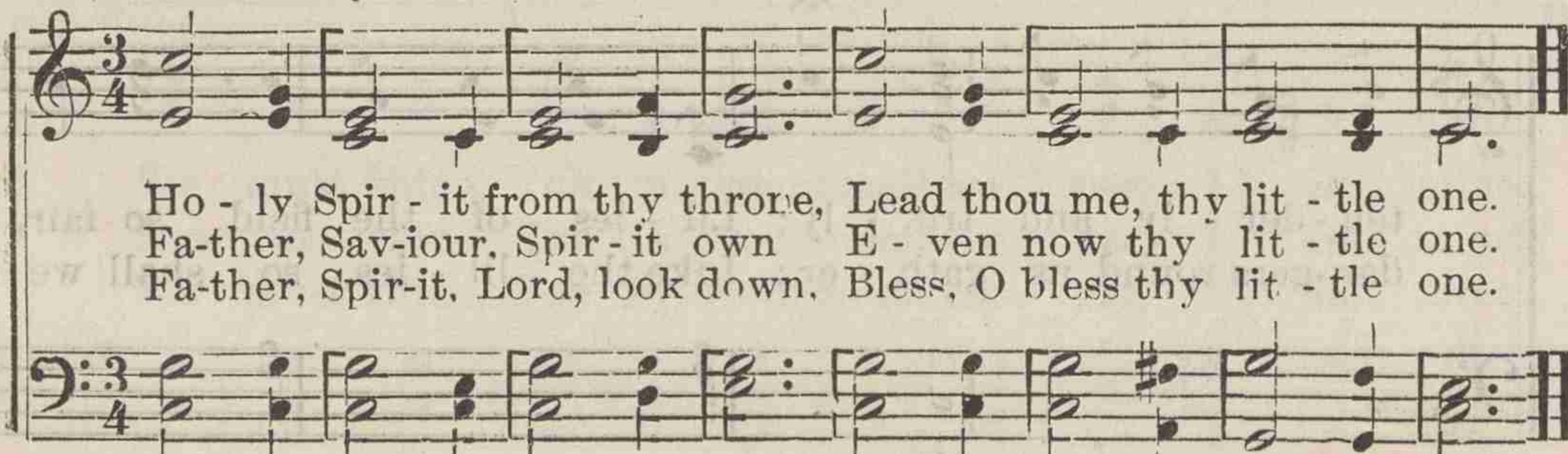


1. Fa - ther, I am but a child, Yet I would a - dore thee;
2. All my joys to thee I bring, All my smiles and sigh - ing,
3. I would give my life to thee, With its fond hopes glowing;



Sav-iour, ten - der, meek and mild, None I love be - fore thee;
All the lit - tle songs I sing, All the work I'm try - ing;
All the good thou giv - est me, Love for - ev - er flow - ing;

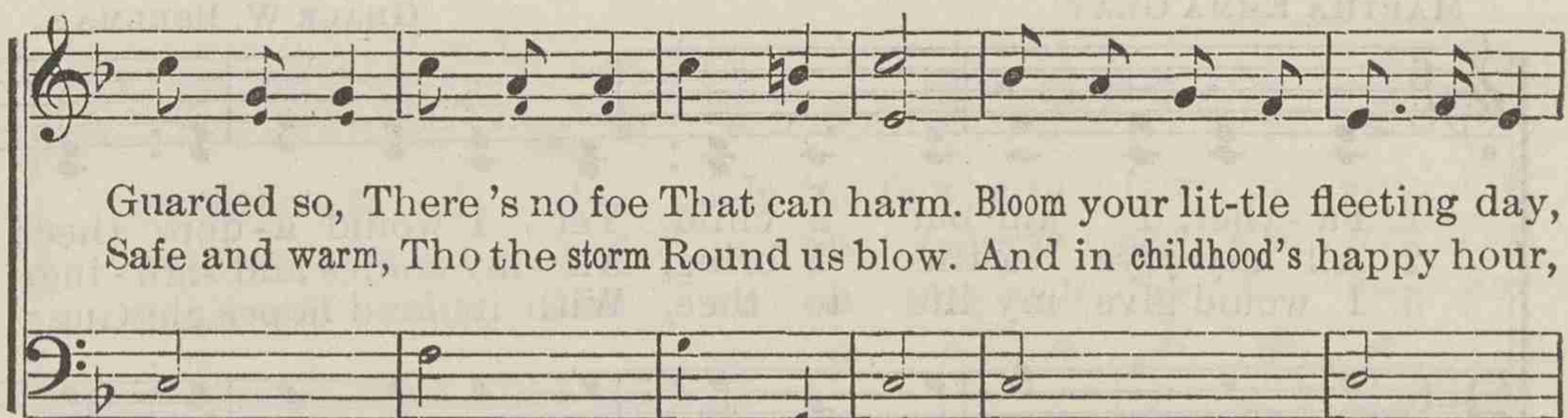
REFRAIN.



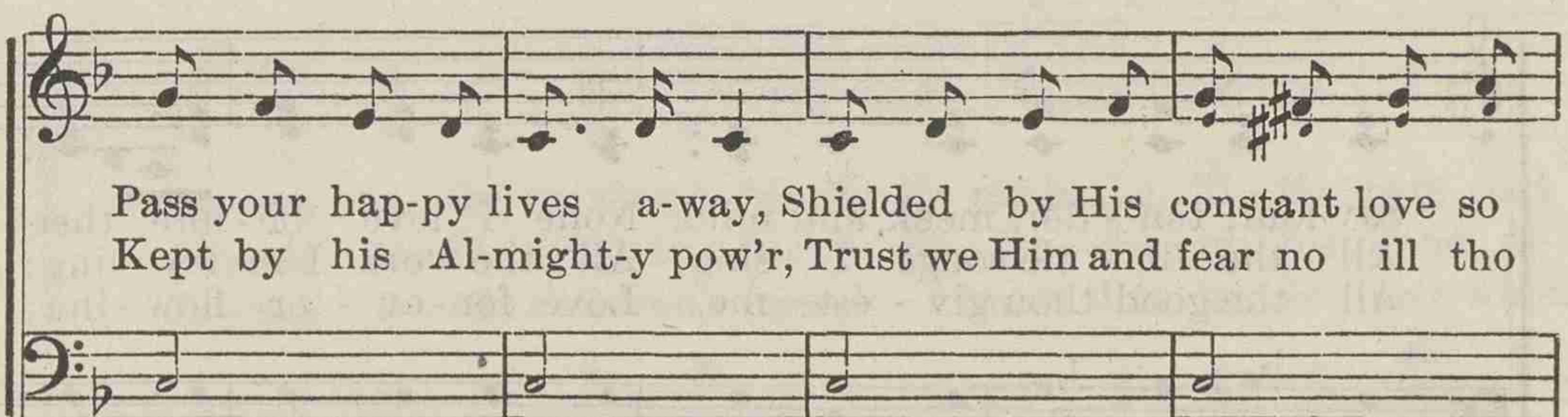
Ho - ly Spir - it from thy throne, Lead thou me, thy lit - tle one.
Fa - ther, Sav-iour, Spir - it own E - ven now thy lit - tle one.
Fa - ther, Spir - it, Lord, look down, Bless, O bless thy lit - tle one.



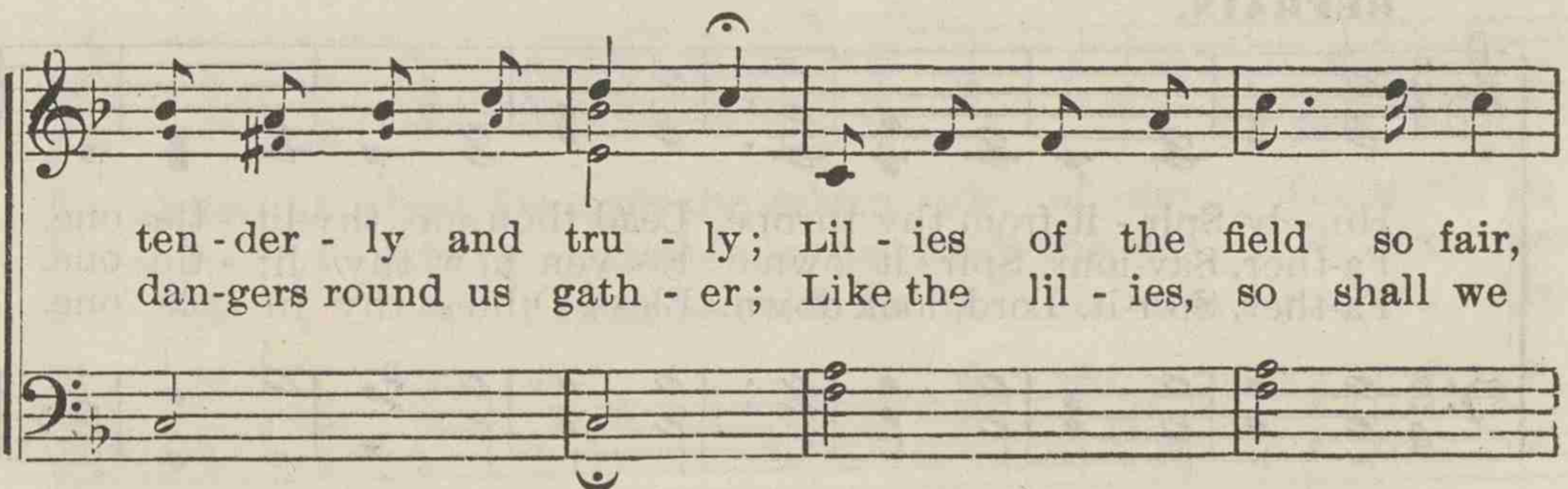
1. Lil - ies of the field so fair, Safe in His pro-TECT - ing care;
2. Like the lil - ies, so shall we In His sure pro-TEC - tion be,



Guarded so, There's no foe That can harm. Bloom your lit-tle fleeting day,
Safe and warm, Tho the storm Round us blow. And in childhood's happy hour,



Pass your hap-py lives a-way, Shielded by His constant love so
Kept by his Al-might-y pow'r, Trust we Him and fear no ill tho



ten - der - ly and tru - ly; Lil - ies of the field so fair,
dan-gers round us gath - er; Like the lil - ies, so shall we

Lilies of the Field.

Safe in His protecting care; Guarded so, There's no foe That can harm.
In His sure protection be, Safe and warm, Tho the storm Round us blow.

11

Jesus Bids Us Shine.

J. H. F.

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, Man - y kinds of

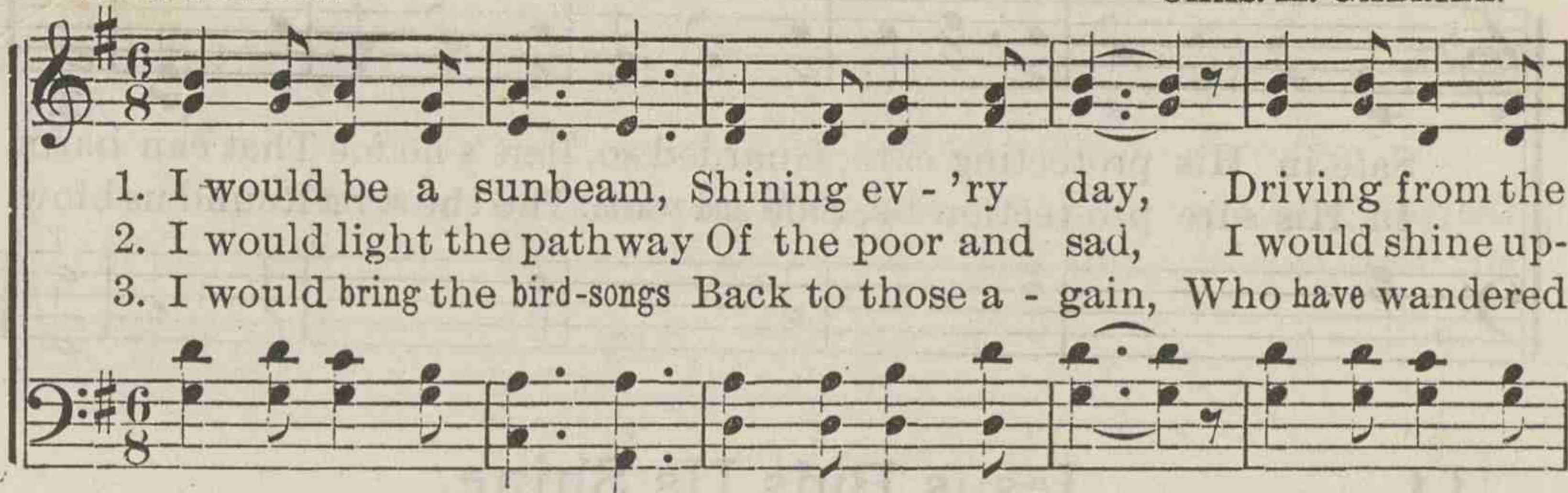
can - dle Burn - ing in the night; In this world of dark - ness,
knows it, If our light is dim; He looks down from heav - en,
dark - ness In this world a - bound; Sin, and want, and sor - row—

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

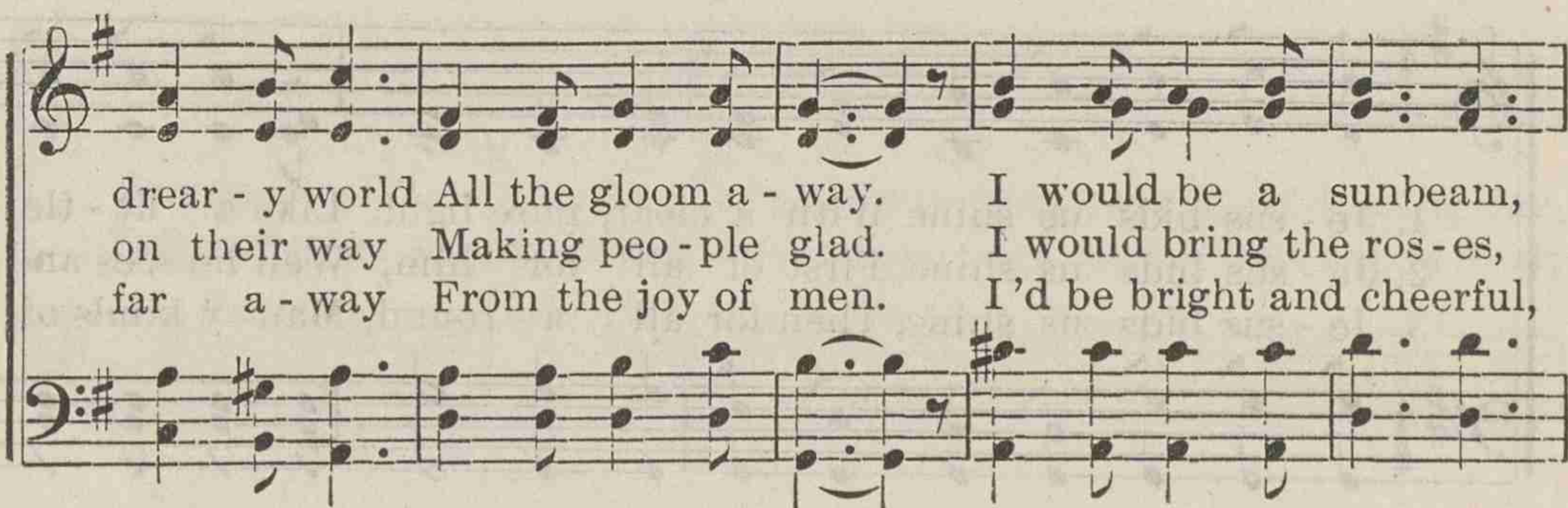
I Would be a Sunbeam.

W. C. MARTIN.

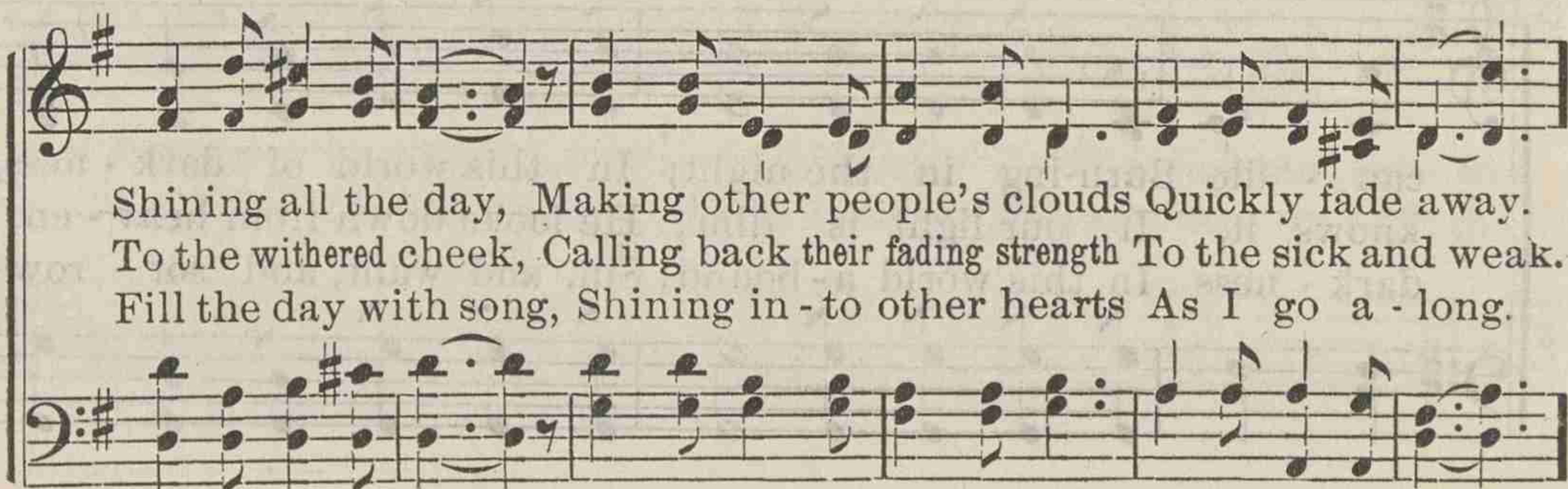
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. I would be a sunbeam, Shining ev - 'ry day, Driving from the
 2. I would light the pathway Of the poor and sad, I would shine up-
 3. I would bring the bird-songs Back to those a - gain, Who have wandered

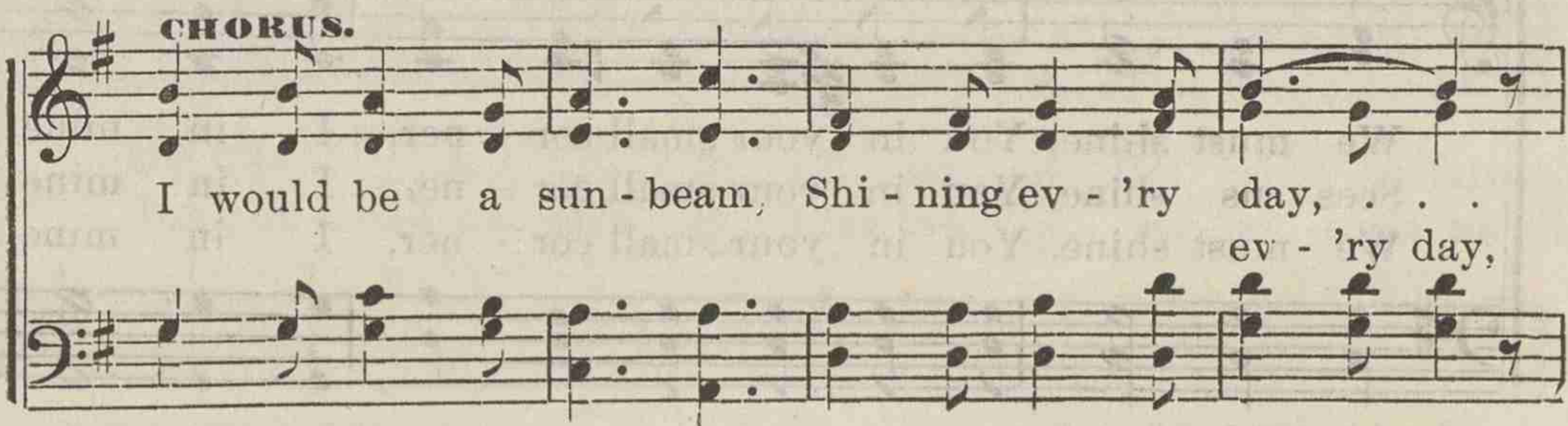


drear - y world All the gloom a - way. I would be a sunbeam,
 on their way Making peo - ple glad. I would bring the ros - es,
 far a - way From the joy of men. I'd be bright and cheerful,



Shining all the day, Making other people's clouds Quickly fade away.
 To the withered cheek, Calling back their fading strength To the sick and weak.
 Fill the day with song, Shining in - to other hearts As I go a - long.

CHORUS.



I would be a sun - beam, Shi - ning ev - 'ry day, . . .
 ev - 'ry day,

I Would be a Sunbeam.

Dri - ving from the drear - y world All the gloom a - way.

13

Be Good and Kind.

P. H.

J. H. F.

1. Once there was a bad boy Playing on the floor, First he struck his
2. Once there was a good boy, And he tried to do Ev'rything for
3. Oh, it is the best way To be good and kind, And it is the

sis - ter, Then he slammed the door; But that night at sup - per,
ma - ma That she asked him to; Nev - er was he pun - ished,
right way Ma - ma's words to mind; And the Lord will help us


While the oth - ers ate, Then this lit - tle bad boy All a - lone did wait.
Nev - er left was he, Always was this good boy Happy as could be.
If we real - ly try, For he watches o'er us From his home on high.

P. H.


J. H. F.




1. The praise of God we'll sing, The praise of God we'll sing,
 2. He makes the sun to rise, He makes the sun to rise,
 3. He makes the trees to grow, He makes the trees to grow,
 4. He loves the lit - tle ones, He loves the lit - tle ones,


For He is kind and He is good, And we will praise Him as we should;
 And all the day it shines so bright, And sets at eve in si - lent night;
 He makes the flowers, He makes the wheat So fair to see, so good to eat;
 And when they wake or when they sleep, He's always near, and watch doth keep;




The praise of God we'll sing, The praise of God we'll sing,

For He is kind and He is good, And we His praise will sing.



P. H.

J. H. F.

Dolce.

1. See the dew - s of morn - ing On the blades of green,
 2. Hear the gen - tle zeph - yrs In the leaf - y shade,
 3. While so bright be - fore us Smiles all na - ture fair,

See the stars of eve - ning In the sky se - rene;
 Hear the mer - ry song - bird In the for - est glade;
 We will join the cho - rus Sound - ing ev - 'ry - where;

DUET.

Ev - 'ry leaf and flow - 'ret, If we un - der - stood,
 Nat - ure's man - y voi - ces From the field and wood,
 Hearts of glad - ness bring - ing Ev - er as we should,

Bears the shin - ing lan - guage, God is ev - er good.
 All are glad out - pour - ing, God is ev - er good.
 Will we join in sing - ing, God is ev - er good.

Chime on, Sweet Bells.

E. E. HEWITT.

J. H. F.

1. Chime on, sweet bells, your music tells The blessed gos - pel sto - ry,
 2. Chime on, sweet bells, the cho-rus swells Of hap-py voi-ces blend-ing,
 3. Chime on, sweet bells, your joy foretells The nev-er-end - ing mor-row,

The throne and crown for us laid down, When Jesus veiled his glo - ry.
 On wings of love songs rise a-bove, From grateful hearts ascend-ing.
 The gold-en dawn, the brighter morn, Breaks thro the night of sor - row.


CHORUS.

Chime on, sweet bells, chime on, sweet bells, Your merry, merry peals resound-ing;


Re-joice to-day, the an-gels say, In grace and peace a-bound-ing.

P. H.

J. H. F.



1. Fol-lowing the steps of Je - sus, Walking in the blessed pathway,
 2. He has trod the vale of sor-row, All the weary way he knoweth;
 3. Who could ever bear to wan-der, In the ways of sin and sor-row?



Cheer-i - ly we go, Happi-ly we go, In the shining steps of Je - sus;
 We will never fear, He is ever near, And a joy his presence giveth;
 Who could ever stray From the path away, From the road to God and heaven?


A tempo.




All the dreary way is brightness, All the heavy load is light-ness,
 Mountains may arise be-fore us, Tempests may be raging o'er us,
 We will ev - er glad - ly fol - low, Closer still, and closer fol - low,



Cheeri - ly we go, Happi - ly we go, In the steps of Je - sus.
 Nothing can affright, Ev'rything is right, In the steps of Je - sus.
 Till the journey past, We are safe at last In the home of Je - sus.



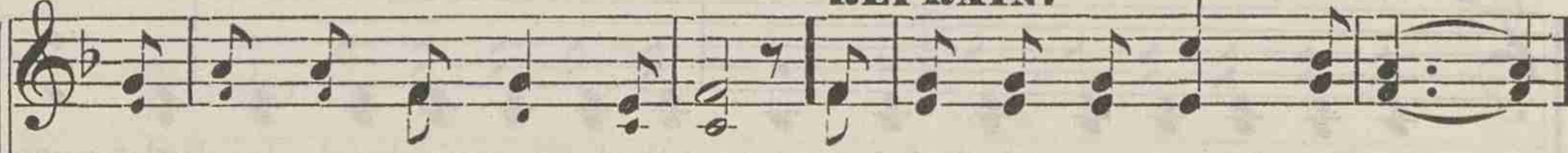
1. The nations are ask-ing to learn of the Lord, Whose love is so
 2. The work of re-deem-ing the world is so great, The toil-ers as
 3. We long to be shar-ing in la-bors so blest, We long to be





ten-der and true; We know that their longing should have its reward,
 yet are so few, We feel that we should not in i-dle-ness wait,
 la-bor-ing too; We long to be gath'ring our sheaves with the rest,



REFRAIN.



But what can the children do? But what can the chil-dren do?



But what, but what can the children do?



But what can the chil-dren do? We know that their long-ing should
 But what can the chil-dren do? We feel that we should not in
 But what can the chil-dren do? We long to be gath'ring our



What Can the Children Do?

have its re - ward, But what can the chil - dren do?
 i - dle - ness wait, But what can the chil - dren do?
 sheaves with the rest, But what can the chil - dren do?

19

Child's Prayer Song.

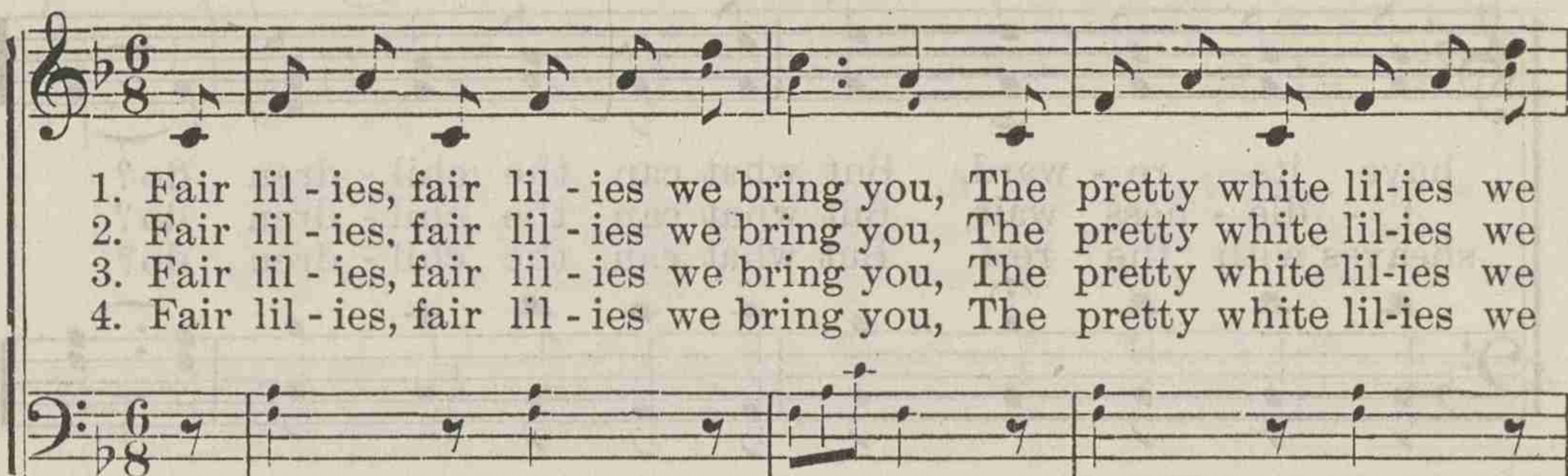
Words and Music by CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

1. When I a - wak - en in the morning, I will pray, I will pray, When
 2. Thro all the day in work or pleasure, I will pray, I will pray, Thro
 3. For help and strength when I am tempted, I will pray, I will pray, For
 4. And ev - 'ry night be - fore I slumber, I will pray, I will pray, And

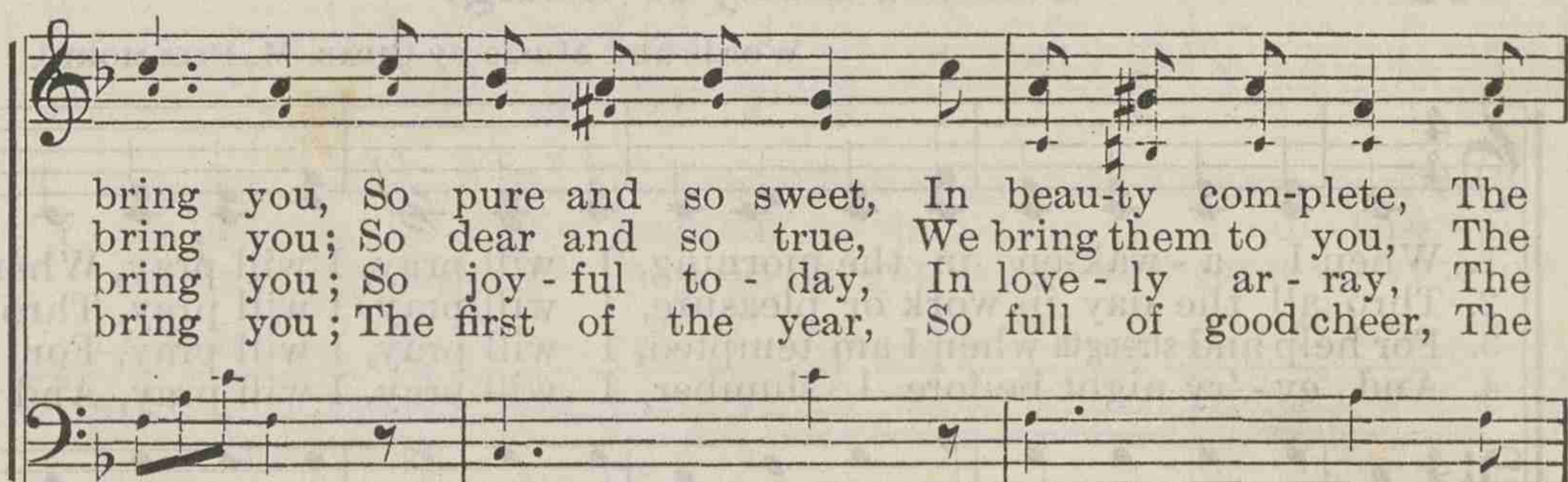
CHORUS.

I a - wak - en in the morning, I will ev - er pray.
 all the day in work or pleasure, I will ev - er pray. I will
 help and strength when I am tempted, I will ev - er pray.
 ev - 'ry night be - fore I slumber, I will ev - er pray.

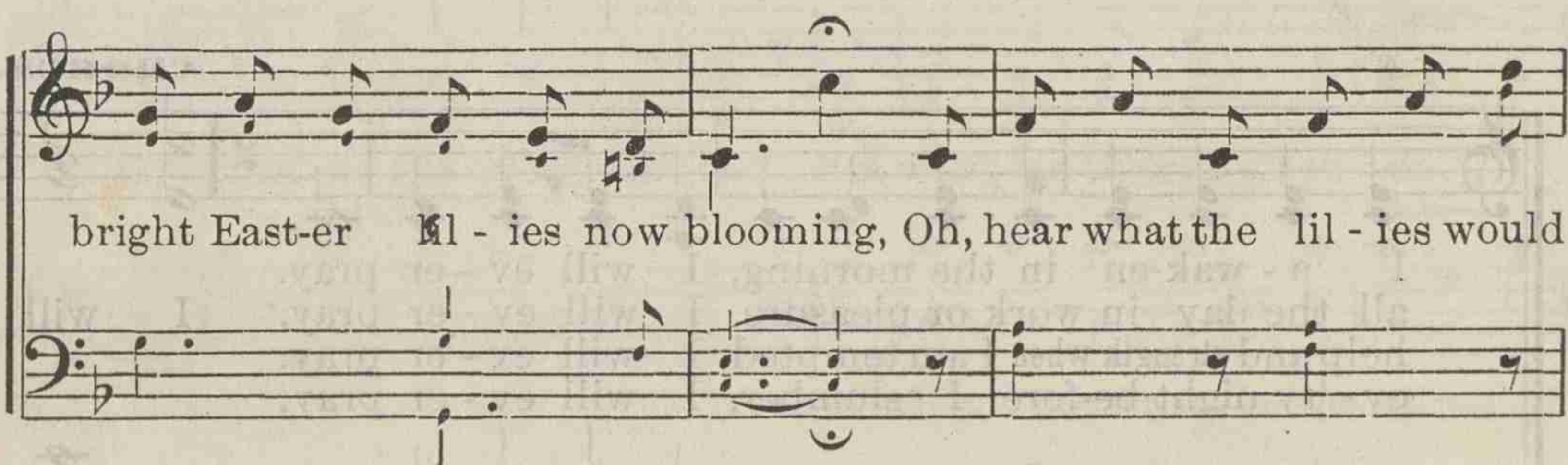
ev - er pray, I will ever pray, I will ever pray un - to the Lord.



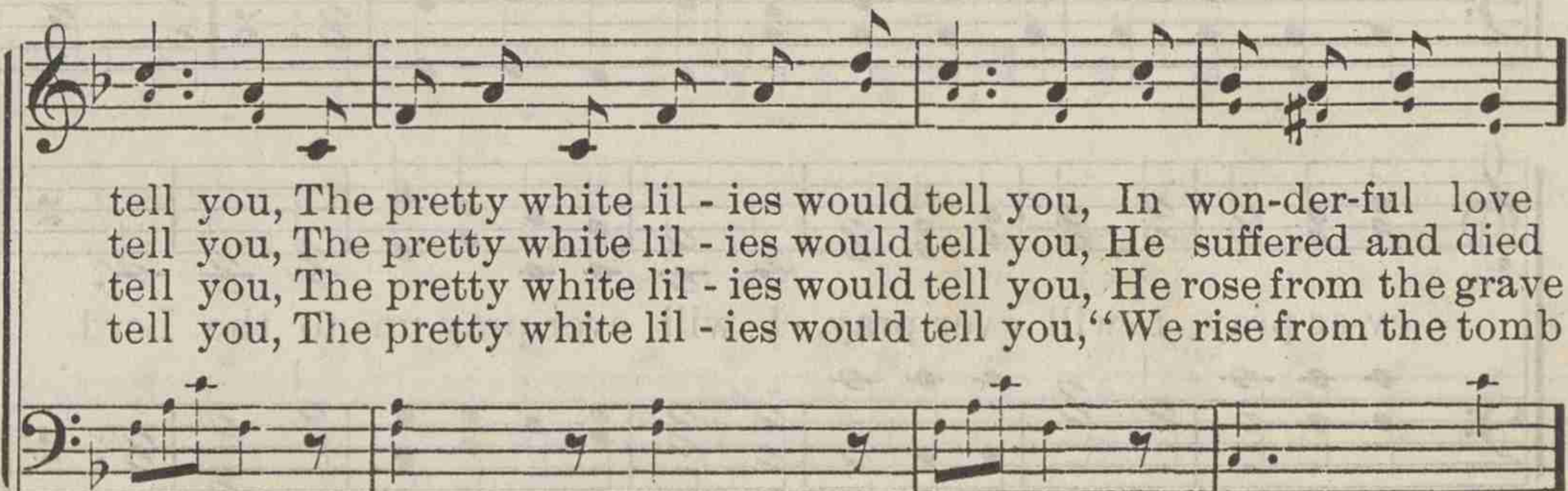
1. Fair lil - ies, fair lil - ies we bring you, The pretty white lil - ies we
 2. Fair lil - ies, fair lil - ies we bring you, The pretty white lil - ies we
 3. Fair lil - ies, fair lil - ies we bring you, The pretty white lil - ies we
 4. Fair lil - ies, fair lil - ies we bring you, The pretty white lil - ies we



bring you, So pure and so sweet, In beau - ty com - plete, The
 bring you; So dear and so true, We bring them to you, The
 bring you; So joy - ful to - day, In love - ly ar - ray, The
 bring you; The first of the year, So full of good cheer, The



bright East - er lil - ies now blooming, Oh, hear what the lil - ies would



tell you, The pretty white lil - ies would tell you, In won - der - ful love
 tell you, The pretty white lil - ies would tell you, He suffered and died
 tell you, The pretty white lil - ies would tell you, He rose from the grave
 tell you, The pretty white lil - ies would tell you, "We rise from the tomb

Fair Lilies.



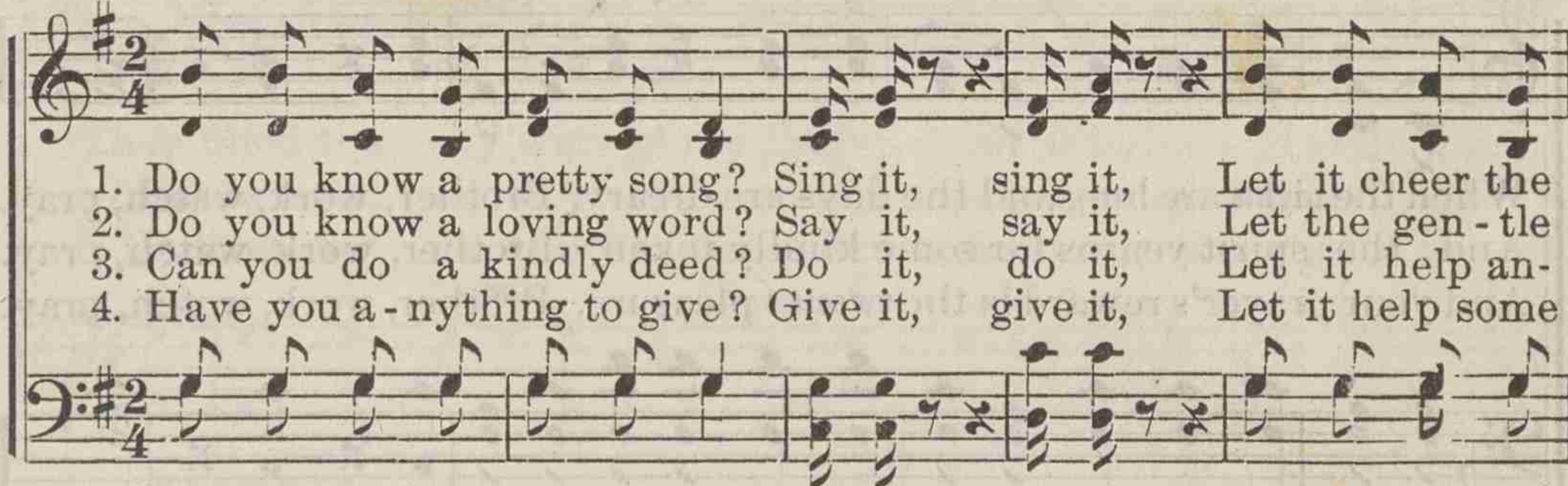
He came from a - bove, The bright East-er lil - ies would tell.
 For us, cru - ci - fied, The bright East-er lil - ies would tell.
 And liv - eth to save, The bright East-er lil - ies would tell.
 In heav-en-ly bloom, The bright East-er lil - ies would tell.

21

Sing It.

P. H.

J. H. F.



1. Do you know a pretty song? Sing it, sing it, Let it cheer the
 2. Do you know a loving word? Say it, say it, Let the gen - tle
 3. Can you do a kindly deed? Do it, do it, Let it help an -
 4. Have you a - nything to give? Give it, give it, Let it help some

DUET.



busy throng, Sing it, sing it; It will lighten many a care, It will
 voice be heard, Say it, say it; When the bitter tho't is rife, It will
 other's need, Do it, do it; Some one on the weary way Faints and
 one to live, Give it, give it; Pity now the suffering poor Pinched with



drive away despair, It will make the world so fair, Sing it, sing it.
 charm away the strife, 'Tis the sweetest thing in life, Say it, say it.
 fal - ters ev-'ry day, Let us help him while we may, Do it, do it.
 want and hunger sore, Freely from your goodly store, Give it, give it.

MRS. N. A. MONTFORT.

FRED. A. FILLMORE.



1. When the heart grows faint and the soul is weary, Brother, work, watch, pray;
2. When the way seems lost and the staff is broken, Brother, work, watch, pray;
3. For your work will bring you the richest treasure, Brother, work, watch, pray;



When the nights are long and the days are dreary, Brother, work, watch, pray.
 And the spirit yearns for some kindly token, Brother, work, watch, pray.
 And your prayer's reward is the sweetest pleasure, Brother, work, watch, pray.



CHORUS.



Work, watch, and pray, Brother, bid the temp - ter flee; When the



heart is faint and the life seems vain, My brother, work, watch, pray.





1. The angels sang one starry night, Good news for you, good news for me;
2. Glad music fell from harps of gold, Good news for you, good news for me;
3. He loves us more than we can say, Good news for you, good news for me;



They filled the sky with glo-ry bright, Good news for you and me.
 The sweetest sto - ry ev - er told, Good news for you and me.
 He lives for us this Christmas day, Good news for you and me.



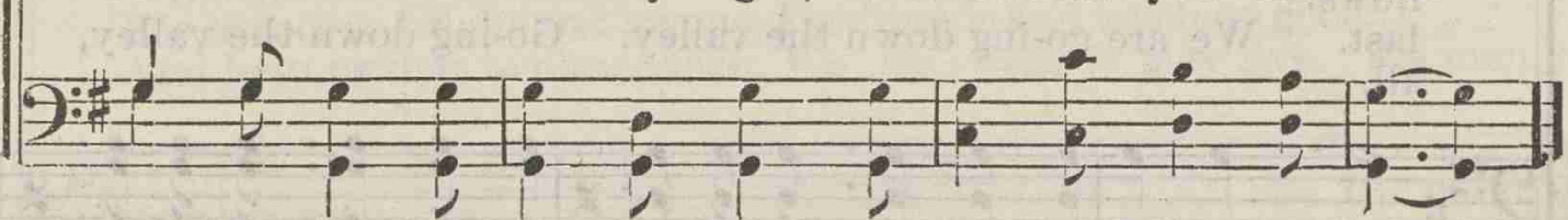
REFRAIN.



*Hark! hark! hark! Good news for you and me; For



Je - sus came that star-ry night, Good news for you and me.



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*At the words "Hark! hark! hark!" the children may put the hand up to the ear and assume an attitude of listening.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

J. H. F.

Doloroso.

1. We are go - ing down the val - ley, one by one, With our
 2. We are go - ing down the val - ley, one by one, When the
 3. We are go - ing down the val - ley, one by one, Hu - man

fa - ces toward the setting of the sun;—Down the valley where the
 la - bors of the wea - ry day are done; One by one, the cares of
 comrade you or I will there have none, But a ten - der hand will

mournful cy - press grows, Where the stream of death in silence onward
 earth for - ev - er past, We shall stand up - on the riv - er - brink at
 guide us lest we fall, Christ is go - ing down the val - ley with us

CHORUS.

flows.
 last. We are go - ing down the valley, Go - ing down the valley,
 all.

Going Down the Valley.

Going toward the setting of the sun, We are going down the valley,

Go-ing down the valley, Go-ing down the valley one by one.

25

A Prayer.

P. H.

J. H. F.

Unison.

1. Our Fa-ther, while be-fore thee, In prayer we hum-bly bow,
2. We thank thee, oh, our Fa-ther, For rai-ment and for food,
3. In Je-sus' name, O Fa-ther, Wilt thou our sins for-give,

Wilt thou look down from heaven And bless thy children now.
For homes so bright and joyous, For friends and teachers good.
And help us that to please thee, We ev-ermore may live. A-men.

1. Je - sus, high in glo - ry, Lend a list - 'ning ear;
 2. We are lit - tle chil - dren, Weak, and apt to stray;
 3. Save us, Lord, from sin - ning, Watch us day by day,


When we bow be - fore Thee, In - fant prais - es hear.
 Sav - iour, guide and help us In the heavenly way.
 Help us now to love Thee, Take our sins a - way.

1. Lit - tle hearts can love the Sav-iour, Lit - tle hearts, lit - tle hearts;
 2. Lit - tle hands can do His bid-ding, Lit - tle hands, lit - tle hands;
 3. Lit - tle feet can find the pathway, Lit - tle feet, lit - tle feet;

CHORUS.

Little hearts can love the Saviour With affection pure.
 Little hands can do His bidding With a tender grace. Saviour, Saviour,
 Little feet can find the pathway, Leading up to heaven.

Little Hearts and Hands.



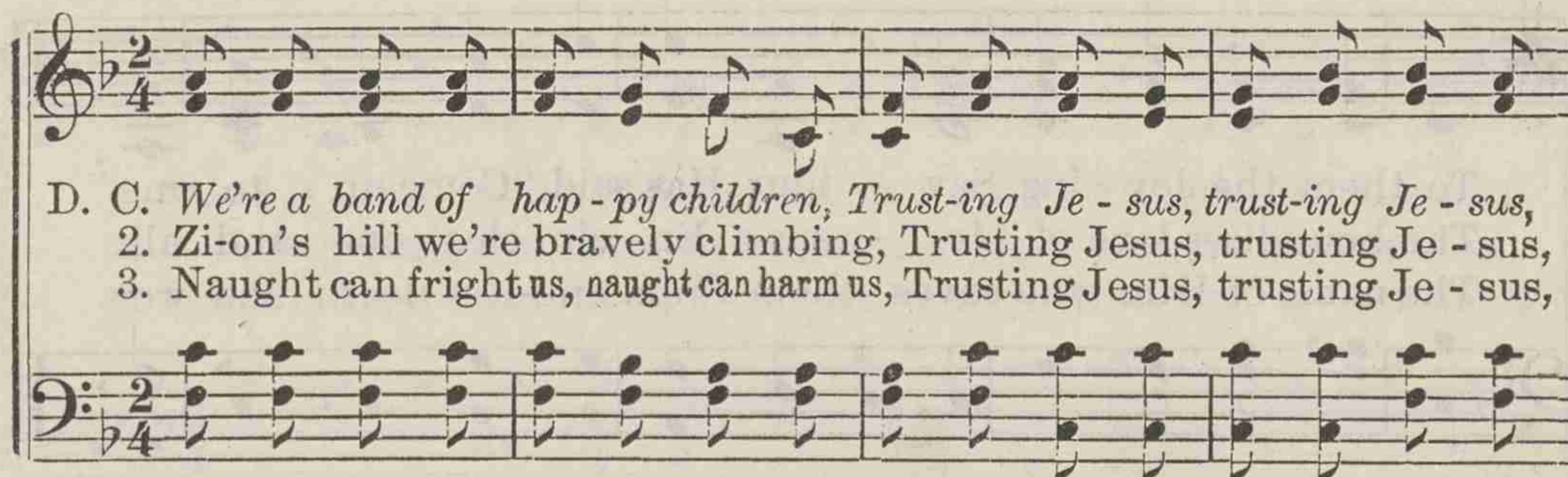
Saviour bless Thy little children, Saviour, Saviour, Bless Thy little lambs.

28

Trusting Jesus.

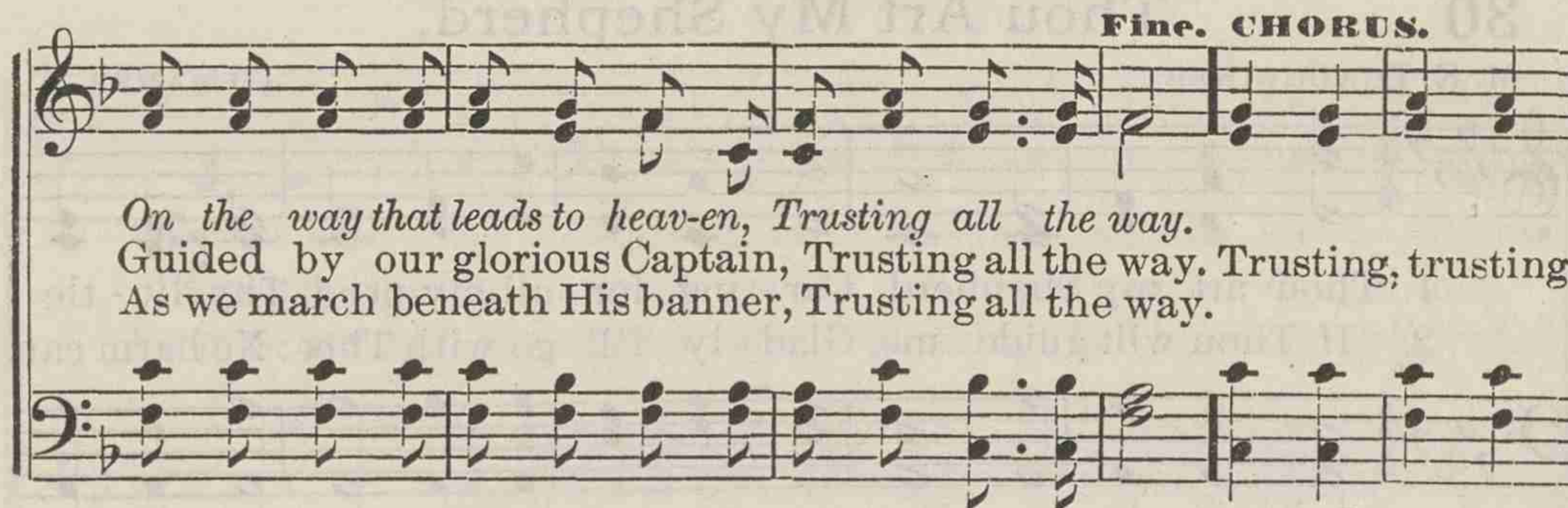
FRONIA SMITH.

J. H. F.



D. C. We're a band of hap - py children, Trust-ing Je - sus, trust-ing Je - sus,
 2. Zi-on's hill we're bravely climbing, Trusting Jesus, trusting Je - sus,
 3. Naught can fright us, naught can harm us, Trusting Jesus, trusting Je - sus,

Fine. CHORUS.



On the way that leads to heav-en, 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.

D. C.



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

KATE CAMERON.

FLOTOW.

1. Good news for lit - tle children, Who-ev - er they may be;
 2. How-ev - er poor and need - y, How-ev - er weak and small,
 3. None are too young to love Him, None are too young to know

To them the lov - ing Sav - iour Has said, "Come un - to me."
 The boundless love of Je - sus En - cir - cles one and all.
 The name of Him who saves them From end-less death and woe.

M. E. THALHEIMER.

J. CRAMER.

1. Thou art my Shepherd, Car - ing for all my need, Thy lit - tle
 2. If Thou wilt guide me, Glad - ly I'll go with Thee: No harm can

lamb to feed, Trusting Thee still In the green pastures low, Where living
 come to me, Holding Thy hand. And soon my weary feet, Safe in the

Thou Art My Shepherd.



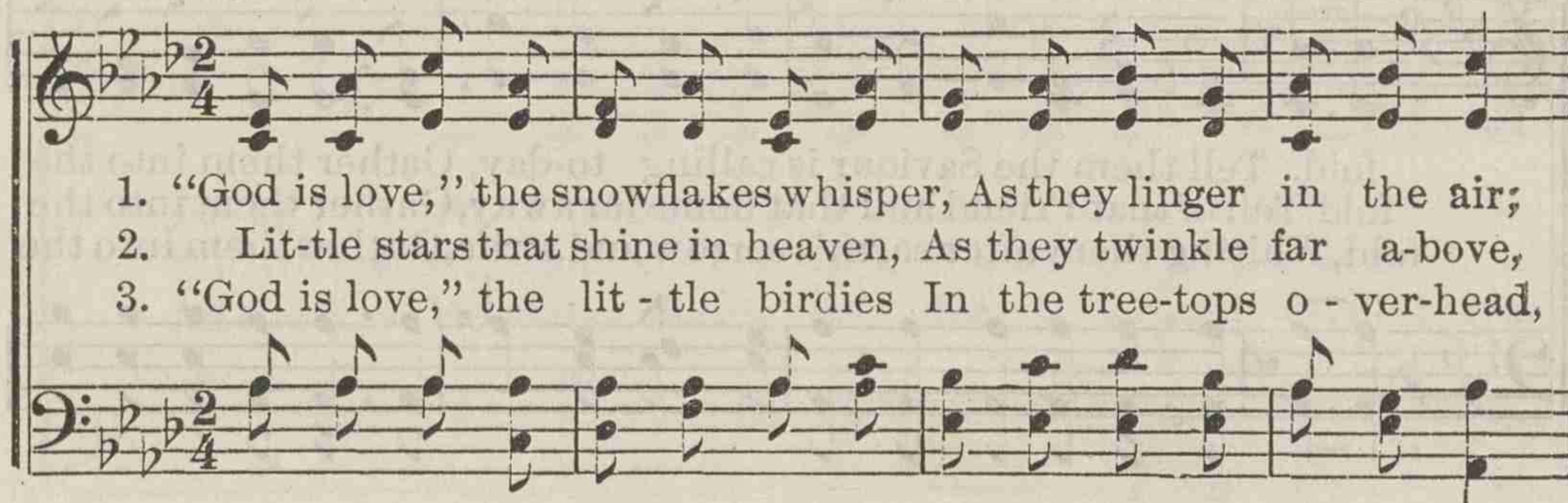
wa-ters flow, Safe by Thy side I go, Fear-ing no ill.
gold-en street, Where all that love Thee meet, Redeemed shall stand.

31

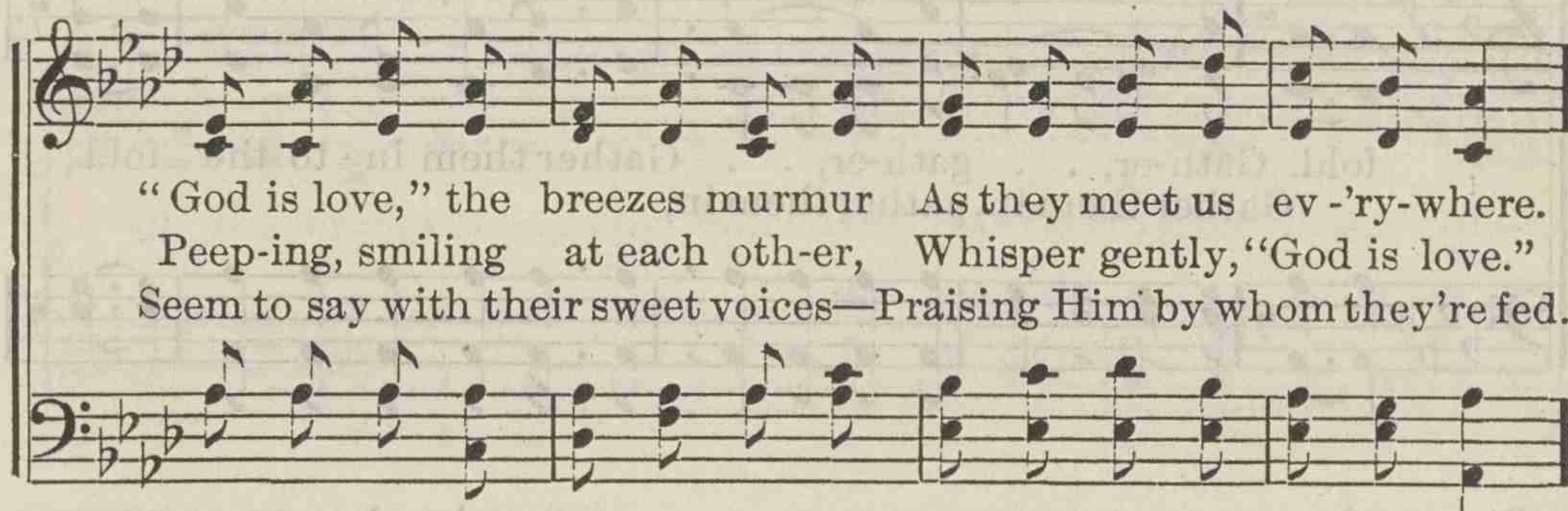
God is Love.

HARRY LEE.

J. H. F.



1. "God is love," the snowflakes whisper, As they linger in the air;
2. Lit-tle stars that shine in heaven, As they twinkle far a-bove,
3. "God is love," the lit-tle birdies In the tree-tops o-ver-head,



"God is love," the breezes murmur As they meet us ev-'ry-where.
Peep-ing, smiling at each oth-er, Whisper gently, "God is love."
Seem to say with their sweet voices—Praising Him by whom they're fed.

REFRAIN.

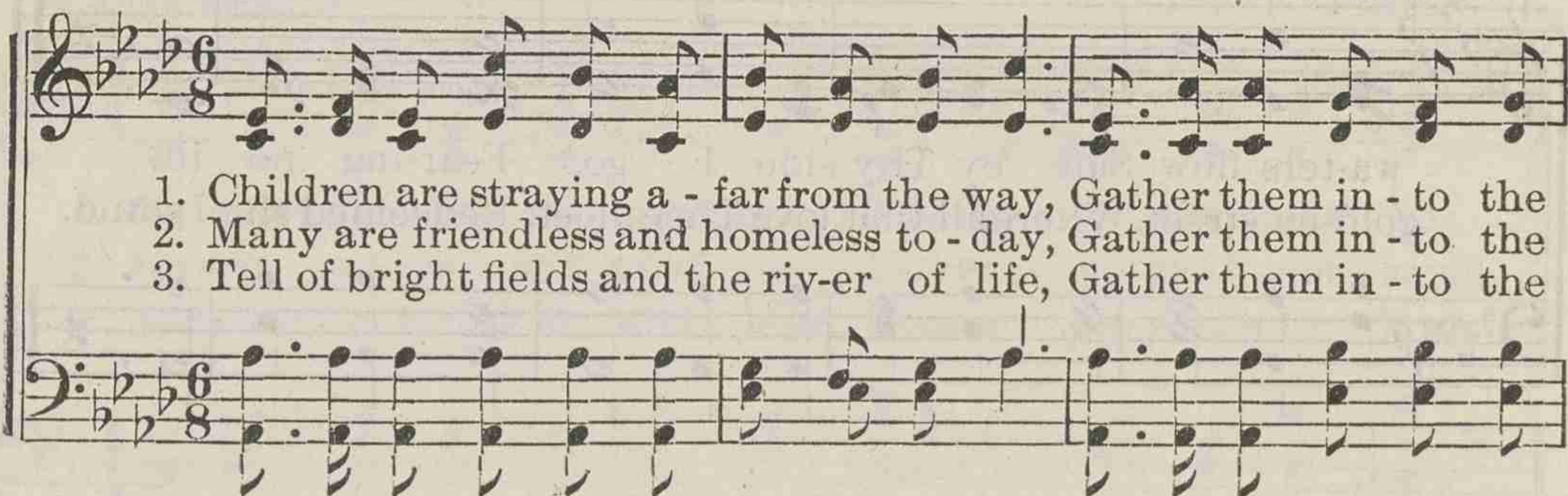


God is love, God is love, All things tell us: "God is love."

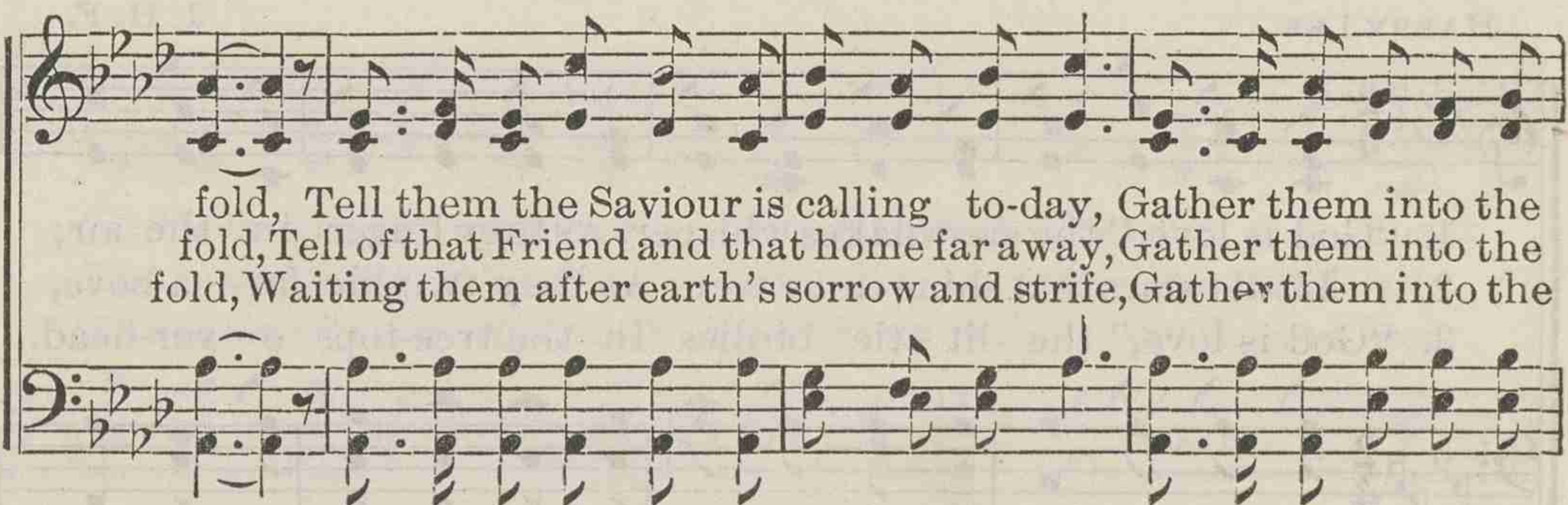
Gather Them Into the Fold.

FRONIA SMITH.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

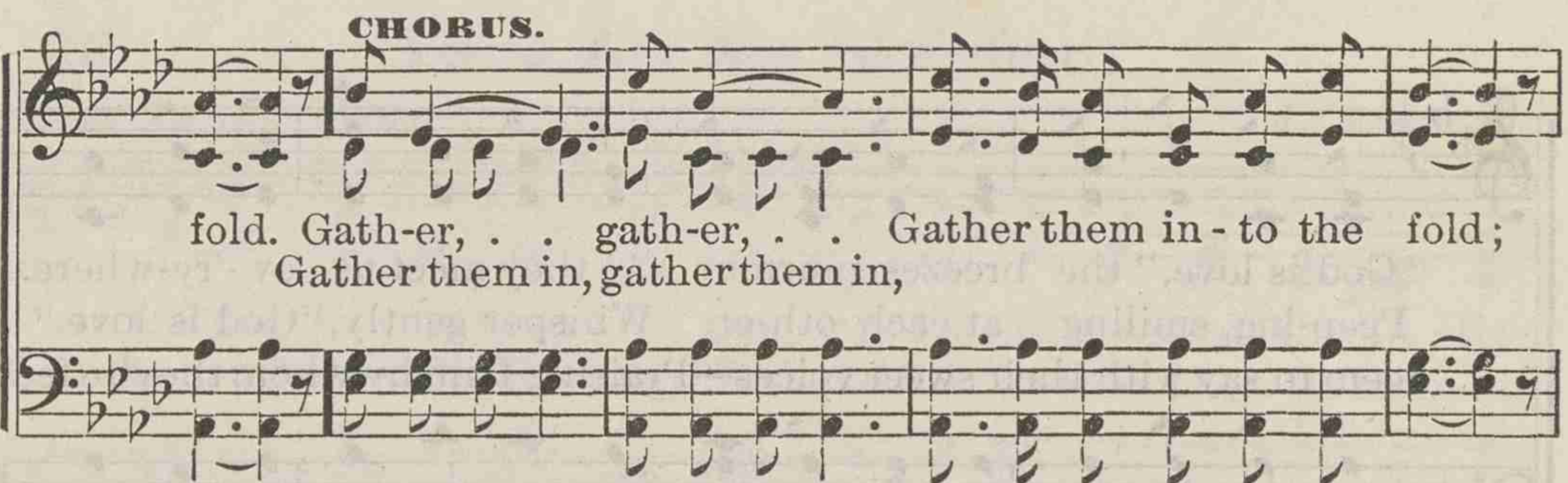


1. Children are straying a - far from the way, Gather them in - to the
2. Many are friendless and homeless to - day, Gather them in - to the
3. Tell of bright fields and the riv - er of life, Gather them in - to the

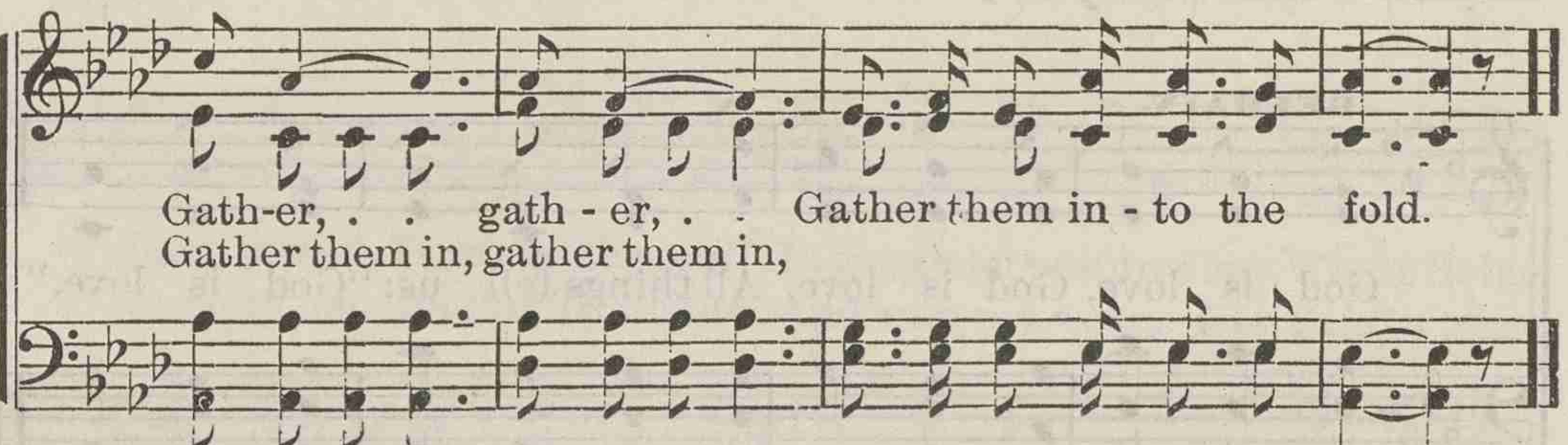


fold, Tell them the Saviour is calling to-day, Gather them into the
fold, Tell of that Friend and that home far away, Gather them into the
fold, Waiting them after earth's sorrow and strife, Gather them into the

CHORUS.



fold. Gath - er, . . . gath - er, . . . Gather them in - to the fold;
Gather them in, gather them in,



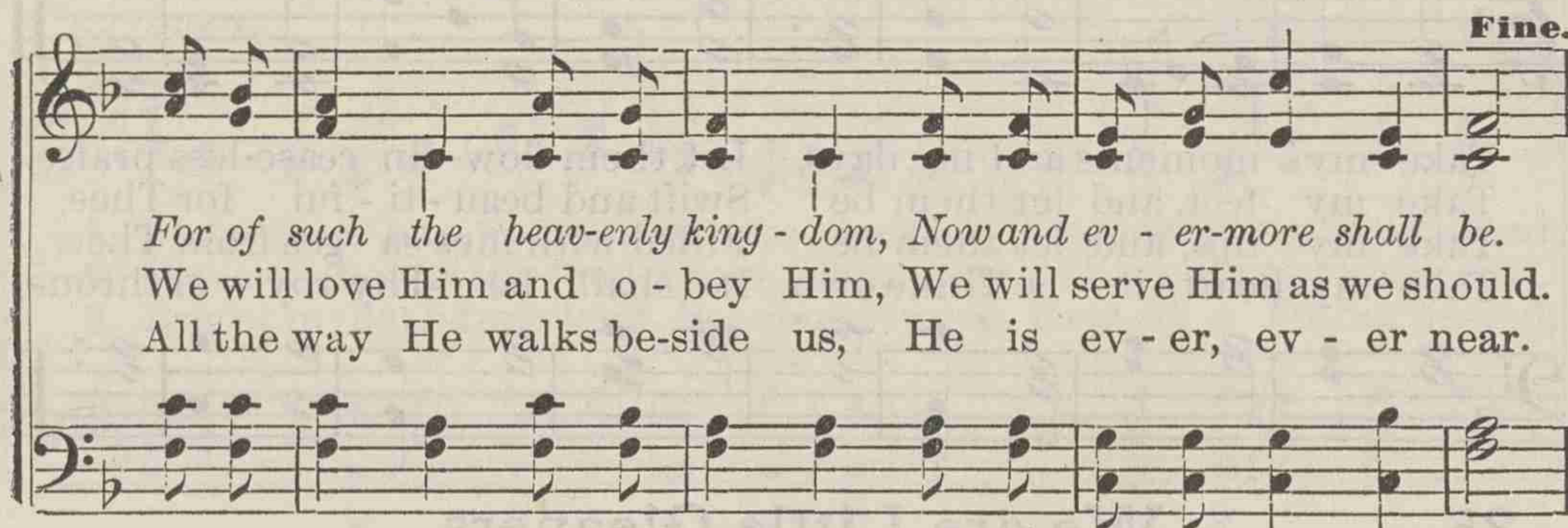
Gath - er, . . . gath - er, . . . Gather them in - to the fold.
Gather them in, gather them in,

P. H.

J. H. F.

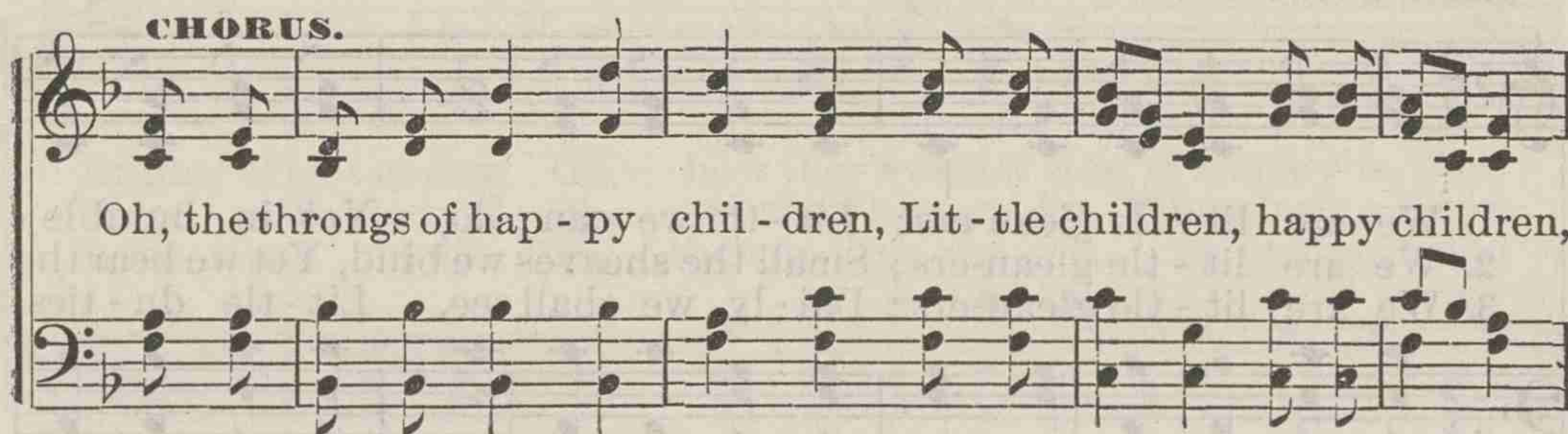


D. C. *Je - sus said of lit - tle chil - dren, Suf - fer them to come to me,*
 2. In His arms He took and blessed them, He, the Shepherd kind and good;
 3. With His hand to guard and guide us, We will nev - er, nev - er fear;



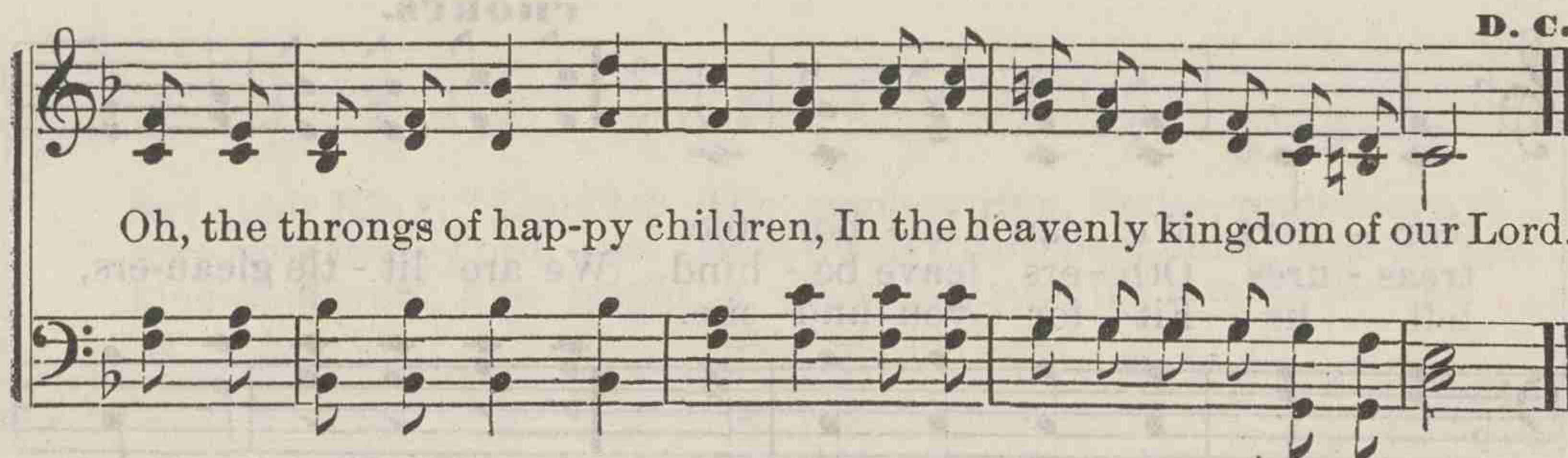
For of such the heav - enly king - dom, Now and ev - er - more shall be.
 We will love Him and o - bey Him, We will serve Him as we should.
 All the way He walks be - side us, He is ev - er, ev - er near.

CHORUS.



Oh, the throngs of hap - py chil - dren, Lit - tle children, happy children,

D. C.



Oh, the throngs of hap - py children, In the heavenly kingdom of our Lord.

34

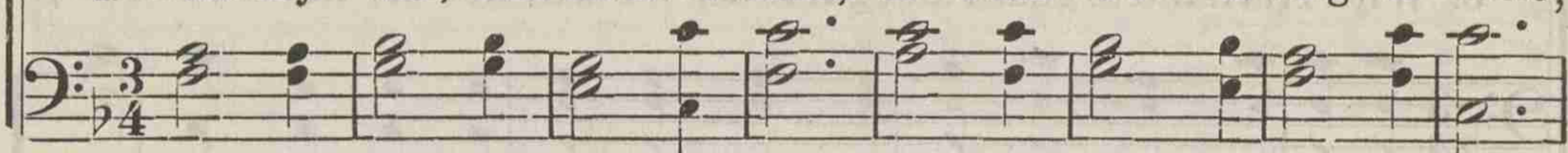

Take My Life and Let it Be.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

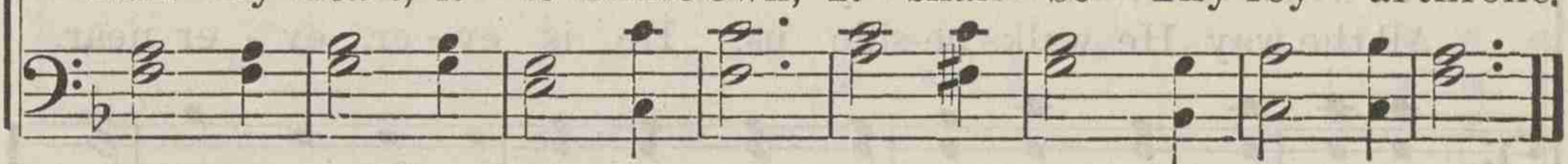
MOZART.



1. Take my life, and let it be Con-se - cra - ted Lord to Thee;
 2. Take my hands, and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love;
 3. Take my voice, and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly, for my King;
 4. Take my will, and make it thine, It shall be no long - er mine;

Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in cease-less praise.
 Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee.
 Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes - sa - ges from Thee.
 Take my heart, it is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy - al throne.




35


We are Little Gleaners.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

J. H. F.



1. We are lit - tle glean-ers; Lit - tle we can do, Yet in humble
 2. We are lit - tle glean-ers; Small the sheaves we bind, Yet we bear the
 3. We are lit - tle glean-ers; Dai - ly we shall see, Lit - tle du - ties



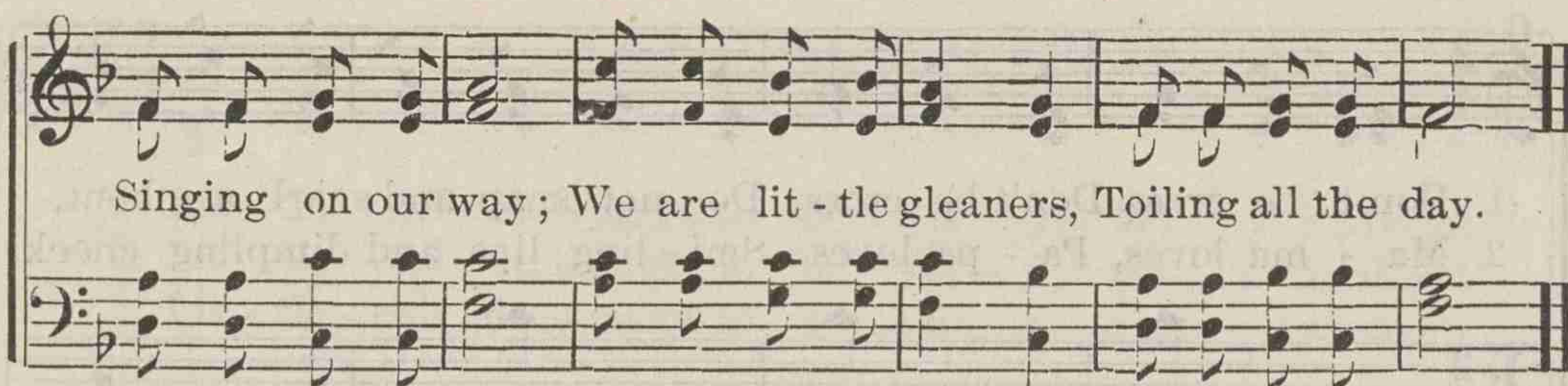
CHORUS.



cor - ners We can la - bor too.
 treas - ures Oth - ers leave be - hind. We are lit - tle glean-ers,
 left us Fit for you and me.



We are Little Gleaners.



Singing on our way; We are lit - tle gleaners, Toiling all the day.

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36

There is a Happy Land.

A. YOUNG.

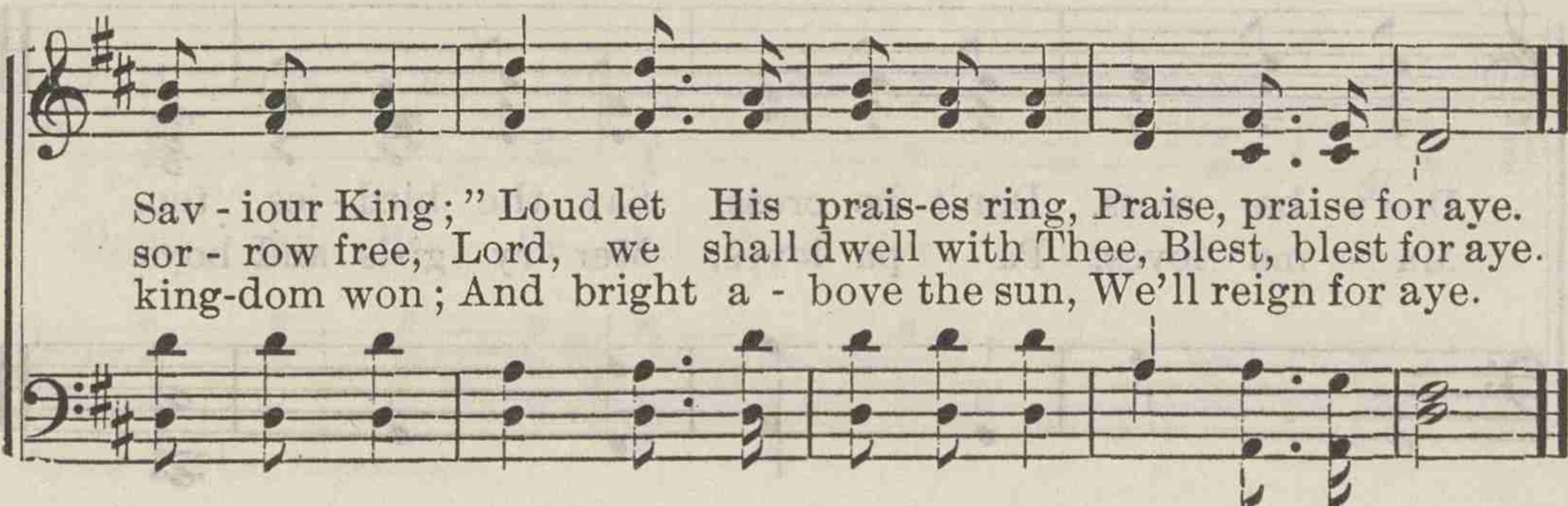
Hindustan Air.



1. There is a hap-py land, Far, far a - way, Where saints in glory stand,
2. Come to that happy land, Come, come away, Why will you doubting stand,
3. Bright in that happy land, Beams ev'ry eye, Kept by a Father's hand,



Bright, bright as day. Oh, how they sweetly sing, "Worthy is our
Why still de-lay? Oh, we shall hap-py be, When from sin and
Love can not die. Oh, then to glo-ry run, Be a crown and



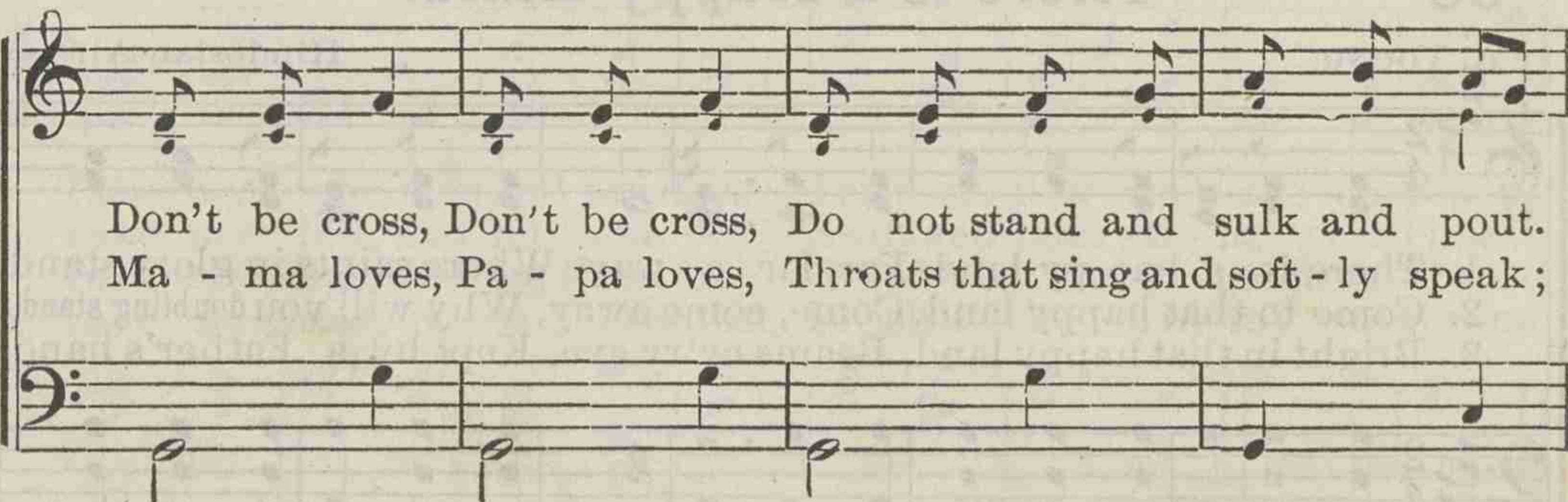
Sav - iour King;" Loud let His prais-es ring, Praise, praise for aye.
sor - row free, Lord, we shall dwell with Thee, Blest, blest for aye.
king-dom won; And bright a - bove the sun, We'll reign for aye.



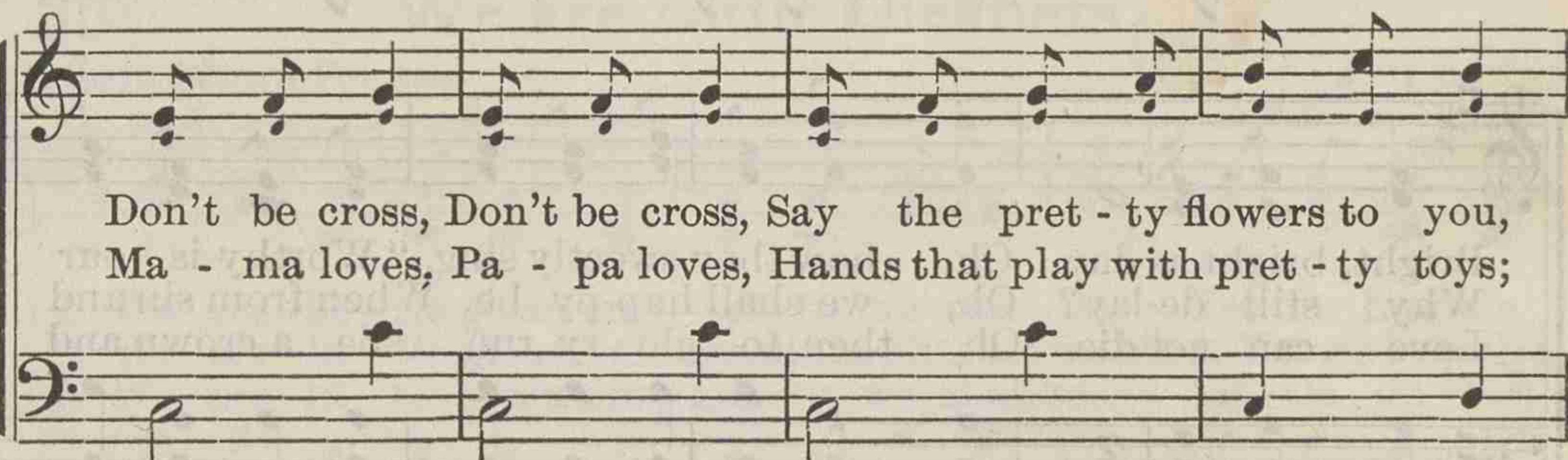
1. Don't be cross, Don't be cross, Do not snap and snarl a - bout,
2. Ma - ma loves, Pa - pa loves, Smi - ling lips and dimpling cheek.



- Don't be cross, Don't be cross, Do not stand and sulk and pout.
Ma - ma loves, Pa - pa loves, Throats that sing and soft - ly speak;



- Don't be cross, Don't be cross, Say the pret - ty flowers to you,
Ma - ma loves, Pa - pa loves, Hands that play with pret - ty toys;



- Don't be cross, Don't be cross, Say the bird - ies too.
Ma - ma loves, Pa - pa loves, Mer - ry girls and boys.





1. Lit - tle chil - dren ought to be Ver - y, ver - y thank-ful;
2. Lit - tle chil - dren ought to be Ver - y, ver - y thank-ful;
3. Lit - tle chil - dren ought to be Ver - y, ver - y thank-ful;



For their hap - py homes should be Ver - y, ver - y thank - ful.
 For their pa - rents kind, should be Ver - y, ver - y thank - ful.
 For their playmates good, should be Ver - y, ver - y thank - ful.

**REFRAIN.**

All so mer - ri - ly, All so thank-ful - ly,



Should the lit - tle chil - dren live Day by day.



GRACE GLENN.

J. H. ROSECRANS.



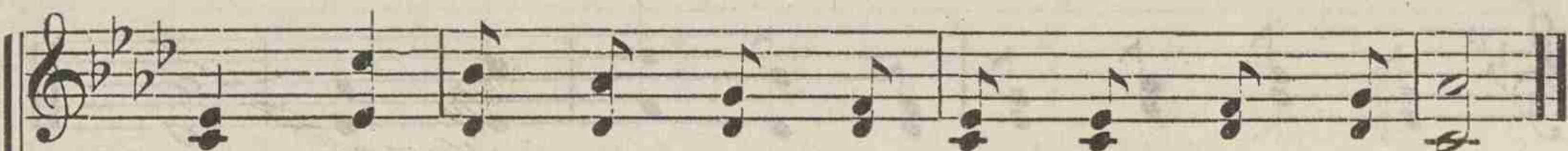
1. Je - sus I will fol - low Thee, For I hear Thee call - ing me,
2. Lit - tle eyes might lose the way, Lit - tle feet might go a - stray,
3. Grief and want may be my foes, Fool - ish sins my way oppose,



Lov - ing, trust - ing, glad I come, To let Thee lead me home.
I might weak and wea - ry be, But Thou art strong for me.
Full of cour - age I will be, Whene'er I fol - low Thee.

**CHORUS.**

I will fol - low Thee, I will fol - low Thee,

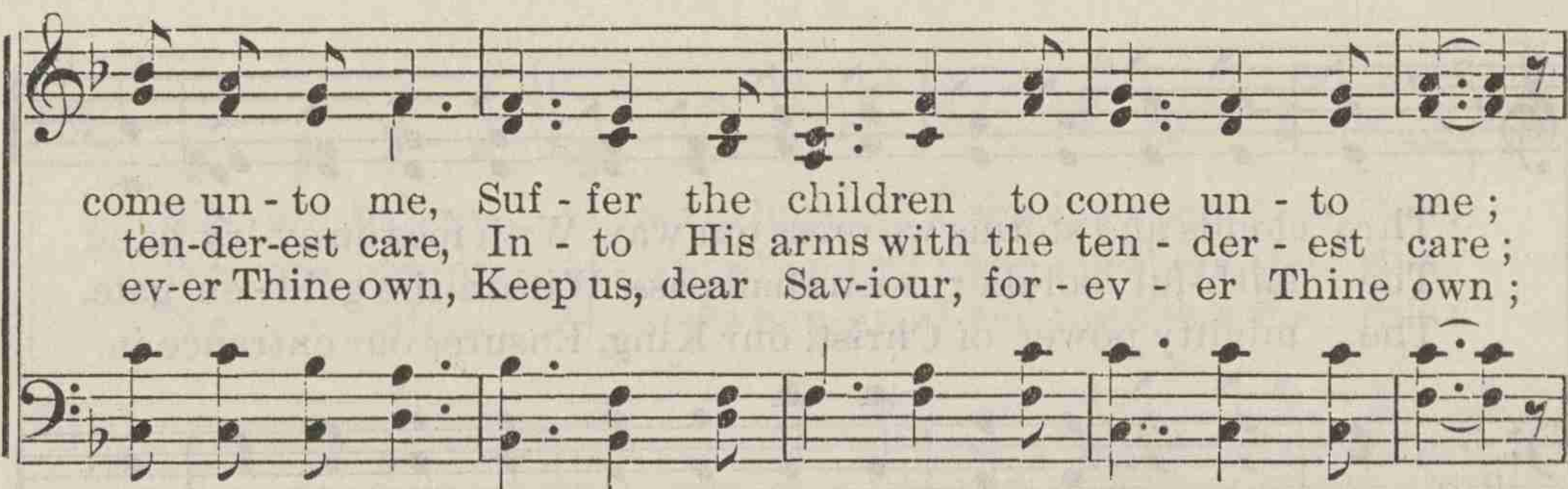


I will fol - low Thee Wherev - er Thou dost lead.





1. Suf-fer the children to come un - to me, Suf-fer the children to
 2. In - to His arms with the ten-der-est care, In - to His arms with the
 3. Keep us, dear Saviour, for-ev-er Thine own, Keep us, dear Saviour, for-



come un - to me, Suf - fer the children to come un - to me ;
 ten-der-est care, In - to His arms with the ten - der - est care ;
 ev-er Thine own, Keep us, dear Sav-iour, for - ev - er Thine own ;



Such in my heav-en - ly kingdom shall be, Such in my heav-en - ly
 He will re-ceive us and shel-ter us there, He will re-ceive us and
 Lead us in safe-ty to heaven our home, Lead us in safe-ty to

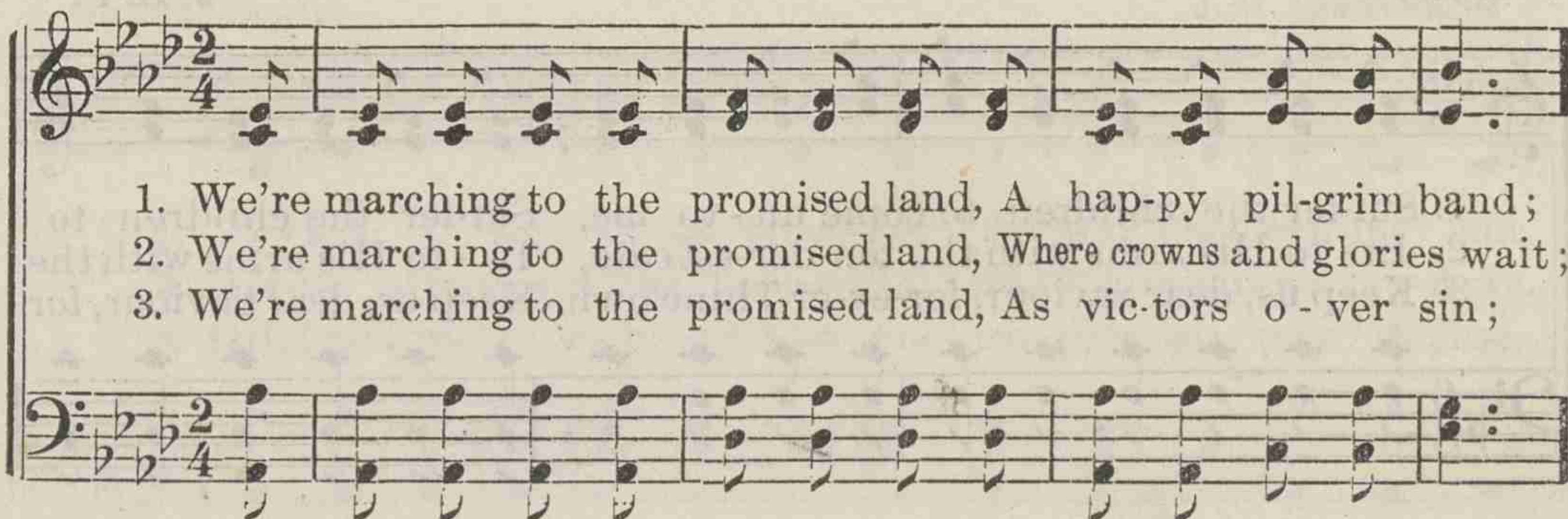


kingdom shall be, Such in my heav-en - ly kingdom shall be.
 shelter us there, He will re-ceive us and shel-ter us there.
 heaven our home, Lead us in safe - ty to heav-en our home.

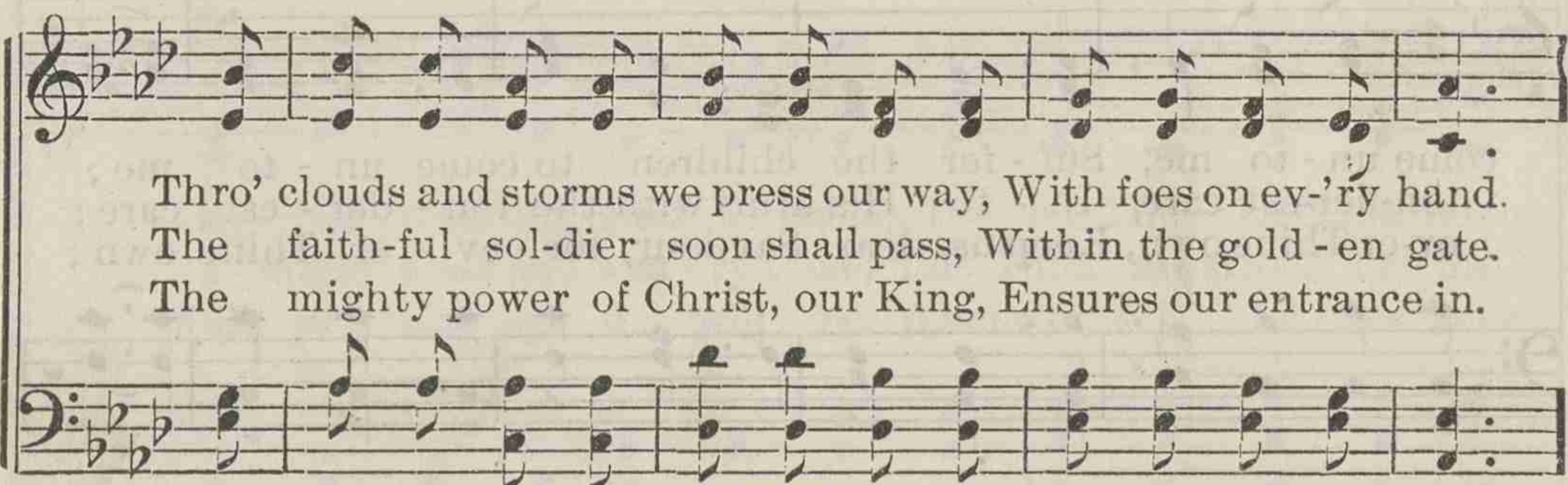
41 Marching to the Promised Land.

J. H. F.

A. C. HOPKINS.



1. We're marching to the promised land, A hap-py pil-grim band;
 2. We're marching to the promised land, Where crowns and glories wait;
 3. We're marching to the promised land, As vic-tors o-ver sin;

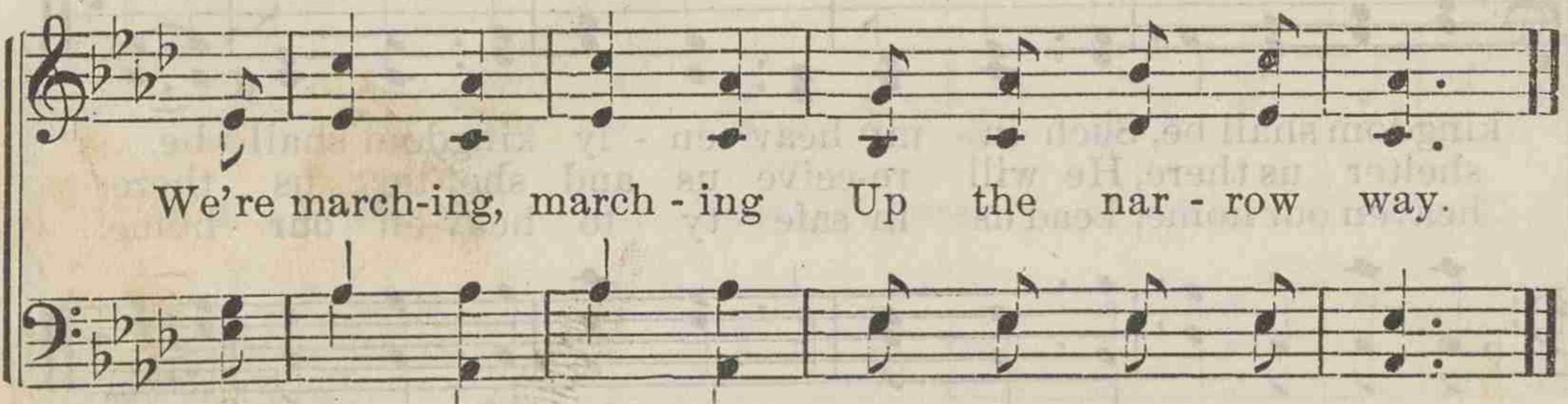


Thro' clouds and storms we press our way, With foes on ev-'ry hand.
 The faith-ful sol-dier soon shall pass, Within the gold-en gate.
 The mighty power of Christ, our King, Ensures our entrance in.

CHORUS.



We're march-ing, march-ing To the land of end-less day,



We're march-ing, march-ing Up the nar-row way.

1. We are hap-py, Al - ways hap-py In the Sun - day-school;
 2. We are hap-py, Al - ways hap-py In the Sun - day-school;
 3. We are hap-py, Al - ways hap-py In the Sun - day-school;

We are hap-py, Al - ways hap-py, Keep-ing there the rule;
 We are hap-py, Al - ways hap-py, Keep-ing there the rule;
 We are hap-py, Al - ways hap-py, Keep-ing there the rule;

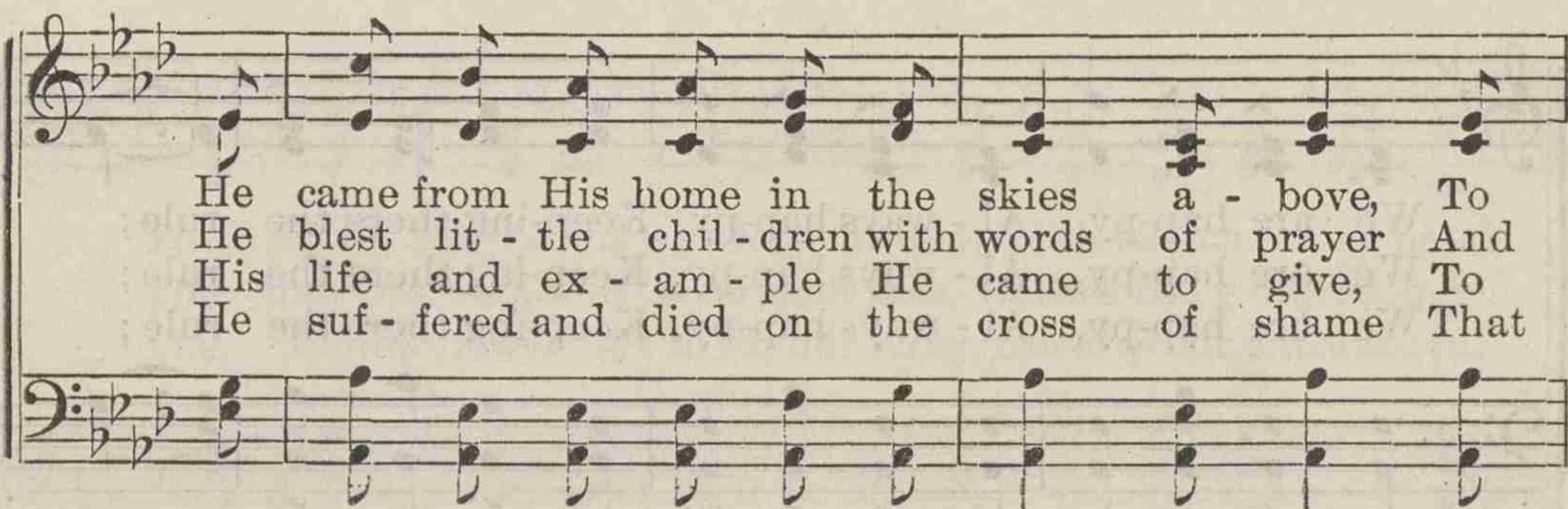
Learn-ing the les-sons of truth and love, Learning the goodness of
 We have a teach-er so good and kind, All that we're taught we will
 Read - y and ear - ly al-ways are we, Here in our pla - ces the

God above, And so we're happy, Always happy, In the Sunday-school.
 try to mind, And so we're happy, Always happy, In our Sunday-school.
 first to be, And so we're happy, Always happy, In our Sunday-school.

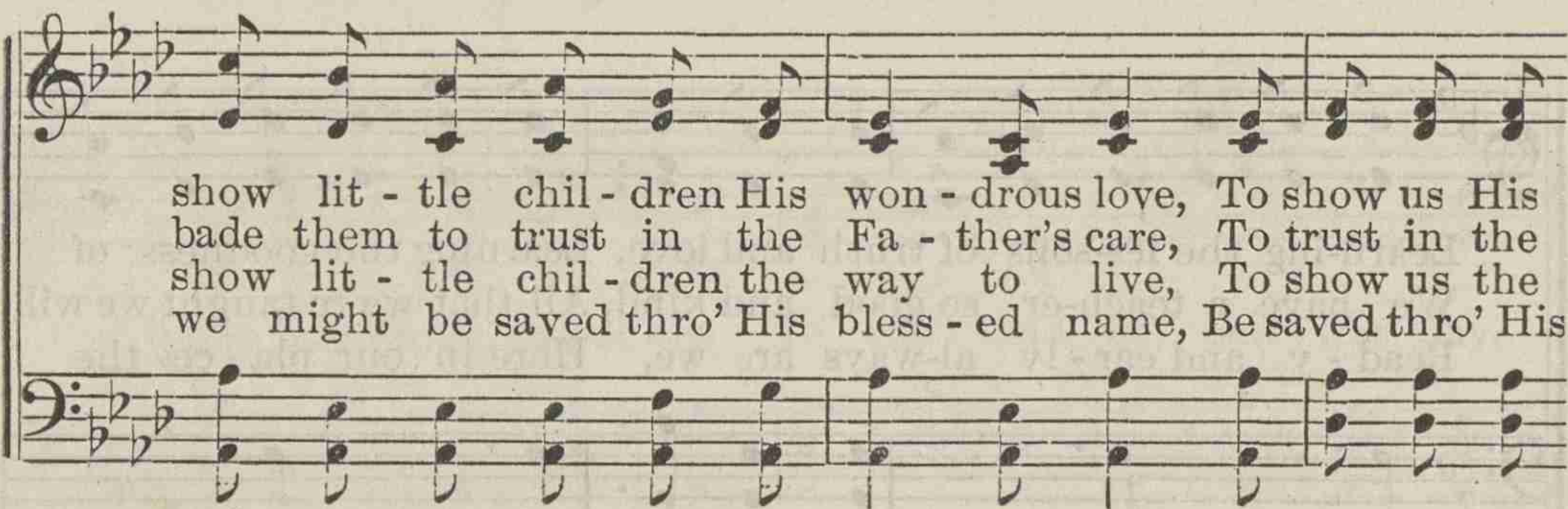
Jesus Loves Me.



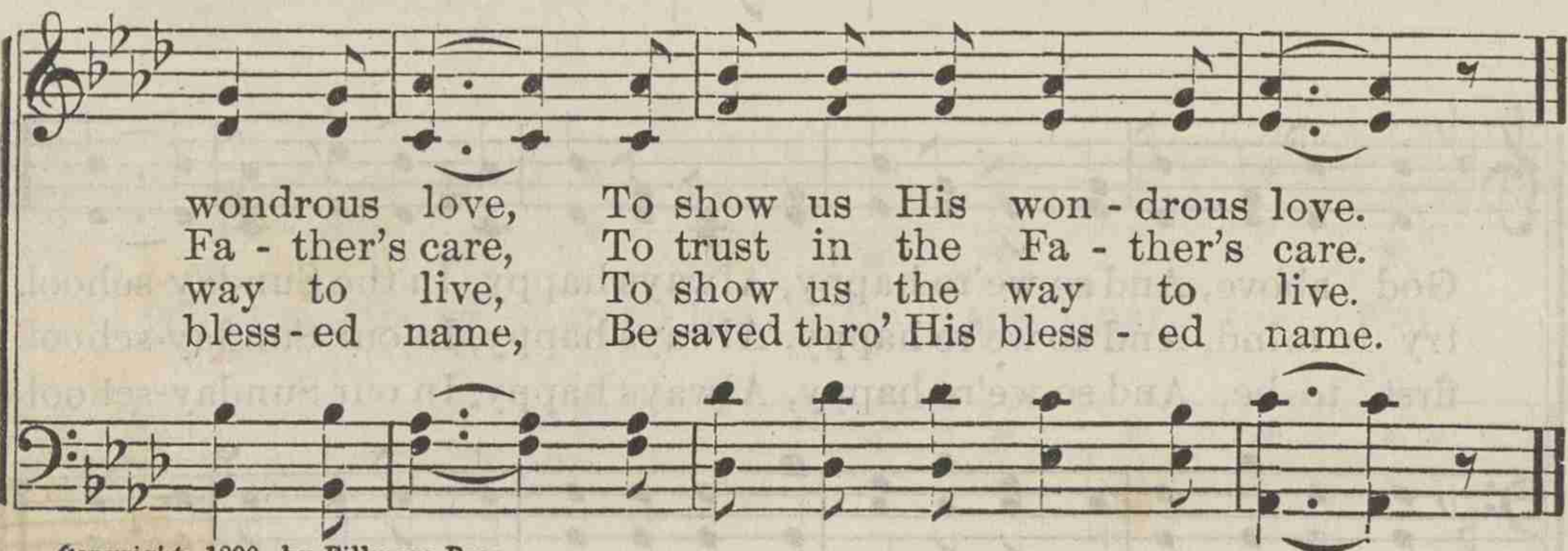
1. Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves e - ven me;
 2. Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves e - ven me;
 3. Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves e - ven me;
 4. Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves e - ven me;



He came from His home in the skies a - bove, To
 He blest lit - tle chil - dren with words of prayer 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 chil - dren His won - drous love, To show us His
 bade them to trust in the Fa - ther's care, To trust in the
 show lit - tle chil - dren the way to live, To show us the
 we might be saved thro' His bless - ed name, Be saved thro' His

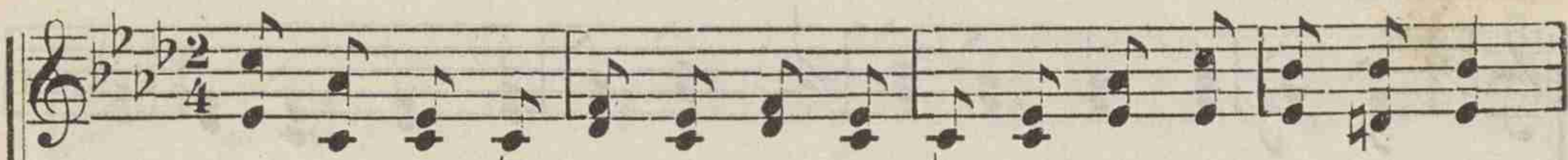


wondrous love, To show us His won - drous love.
 Fa - ther's care, To trust in the Fa - ther's care.
 way to live, To show us the way to live.
 bless - ed name, Be saved thro' His bless - ed name.

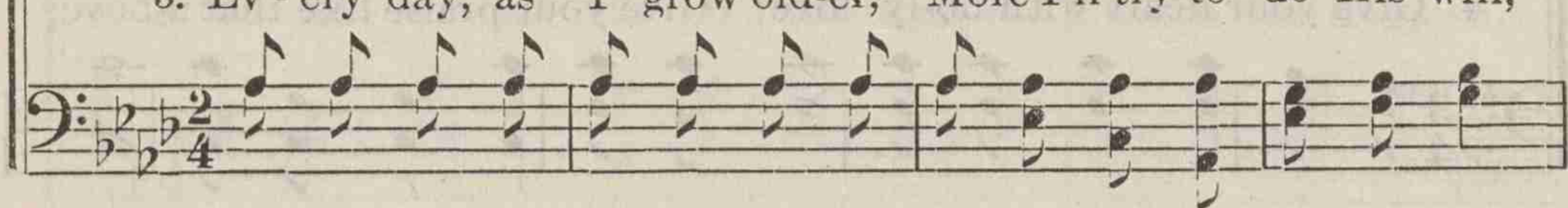
Jesus Said of Little Children.

J. H. F.

J. H. F.



1. Je - sus said of lit - tle children, Suf - fer them to come to me,
2. When I try to be like Je - sus, — Pa - tient, gentle, meek and mild,
3. Ev - ery day, as I grow old - er, More I'll try to do His will,



For to such my heavenly kingdom, Shall a home of welcome be.
Then it is He smiles and loves me, Then He owns me as His child.
Growing wi - ser, stronger, bet - ter, Ev - ery du - ty to ful - fil.



I love Him, He loves me, And His child I want to be.
I love Him, He loves me, And His child I try to be.
I'll love Him, He'll love me, His dis - ci - ple I will be.



REFRAIN.

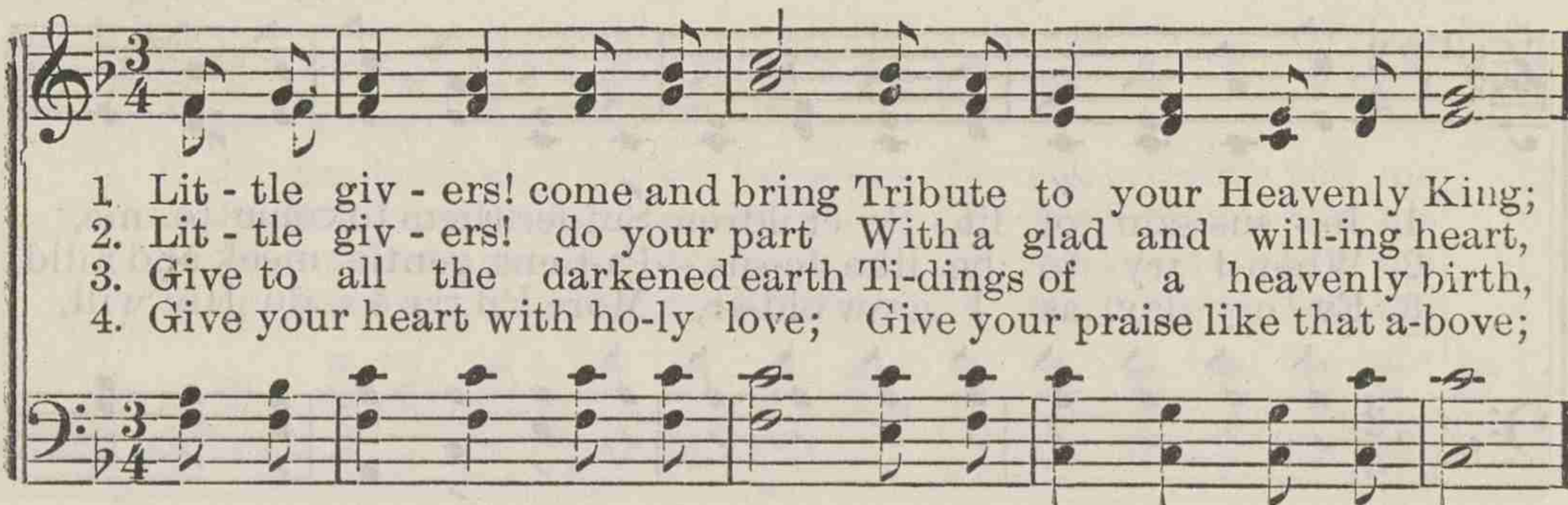


For He said the lit - tle children, And I know that He means me.

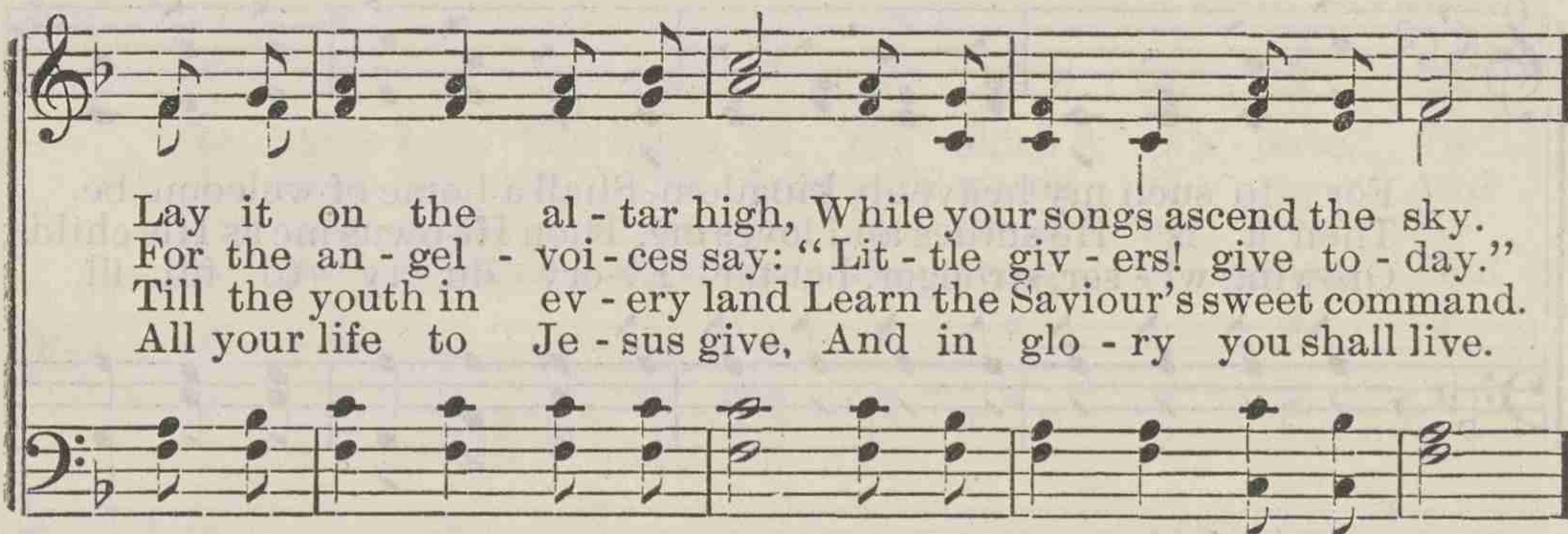


Words arranged.

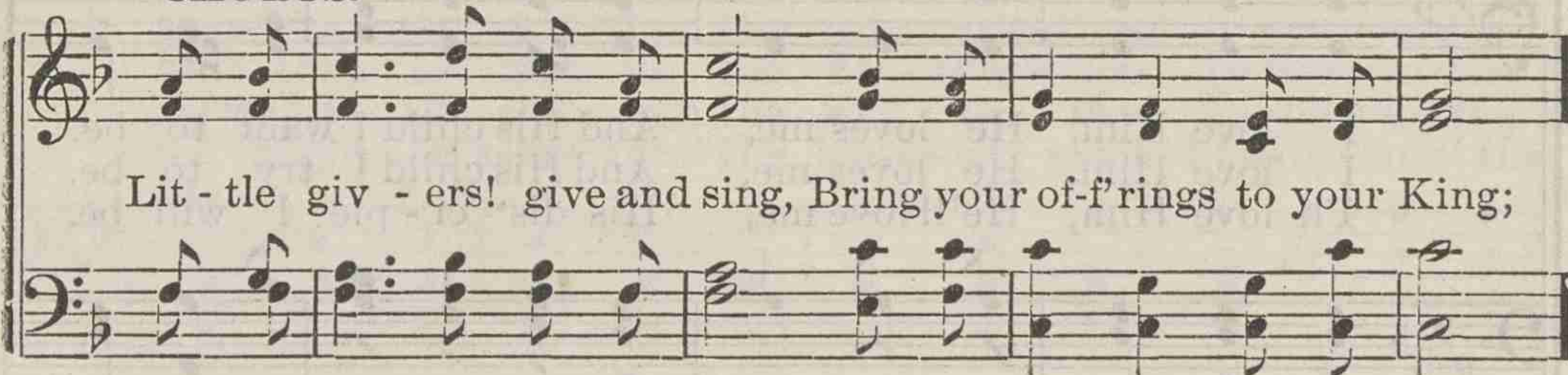
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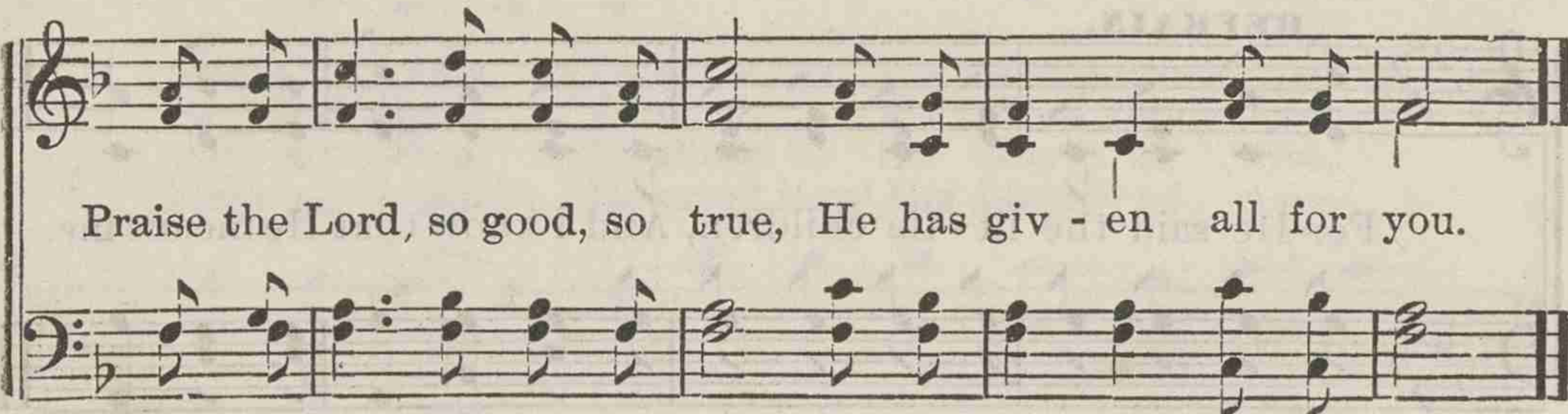
1. Lit - tle giv - ers! come and bring Tribute to your Heavenly King;
 2. Lit - tle giv - ers! do your part With a glad and will-ing heart,
 3. Give to all the darkened earth Ti-dings of a heavenly birth,
 4. Give your heart with ho-ly love; Give your praise like that a-bove;



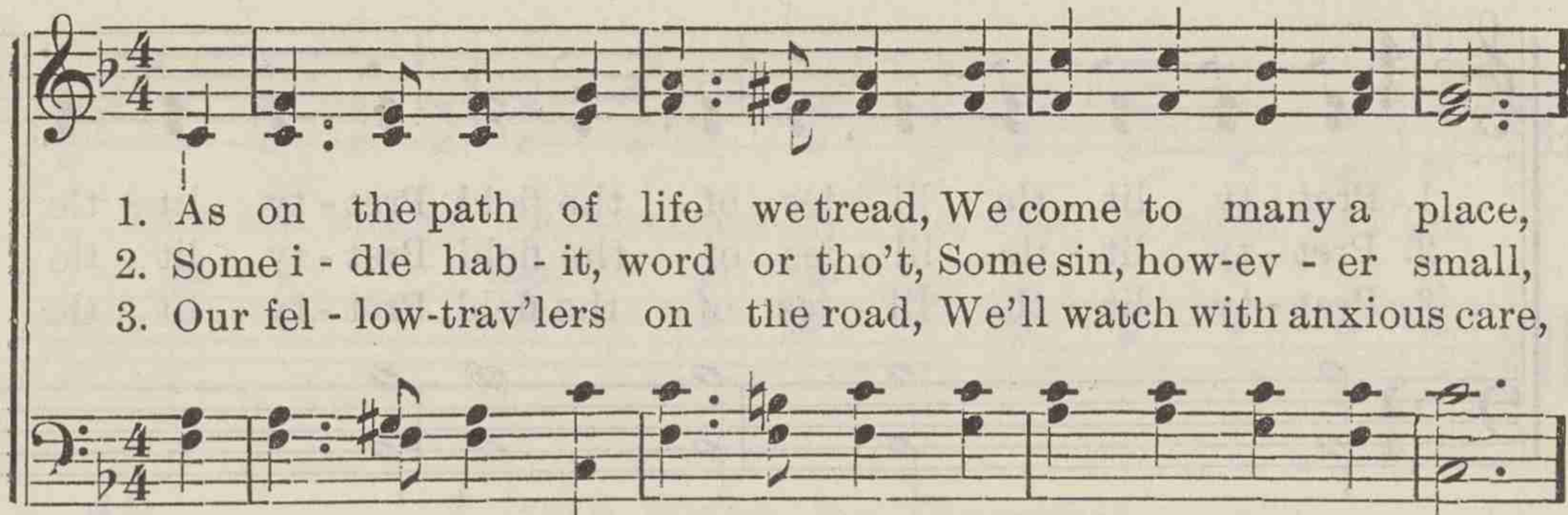
Lay it on the al - tar high, While your songs ascend the sky.
 For the an - gel - voi - ces say: "Lit - tle giv - ers! give to - day."
 Till the youth in ev - ery land Learn the Saviour's sweet command.
 All your life to Je - sus give, And in glo - ry you shall live.

CHORUS.


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



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



1. As on the path of life we tread, We come to many a place,
2. Some i - dle hab - it, word or tho't, Some sin, how - ev - er small,
3. Our fel - low-trav'lers on the road, We'll watch with anxious care,



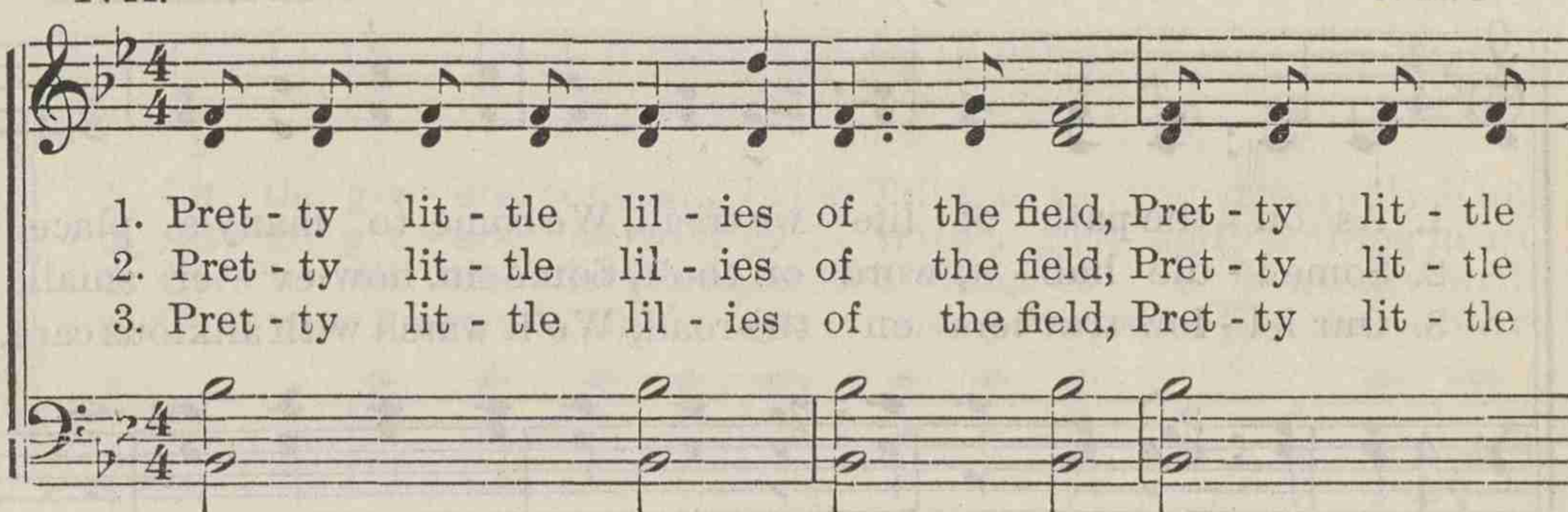
Where, if not care - ful, we may fall And sink in - to dis-grace.
May make us stum-ble in the path, And stumbling, we may fall.
And when they reach some dang'rous spot, We'll warn them: "Don't step there."

CHORUS.

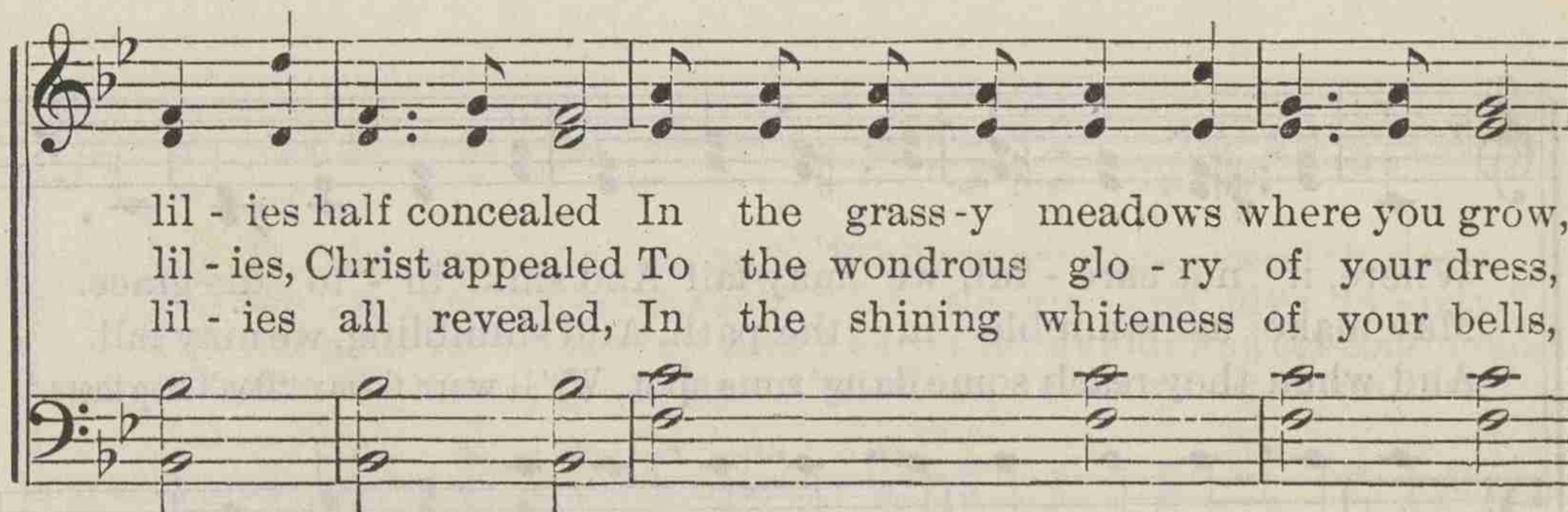
Don't step there, Don't step there, Don't step there,



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

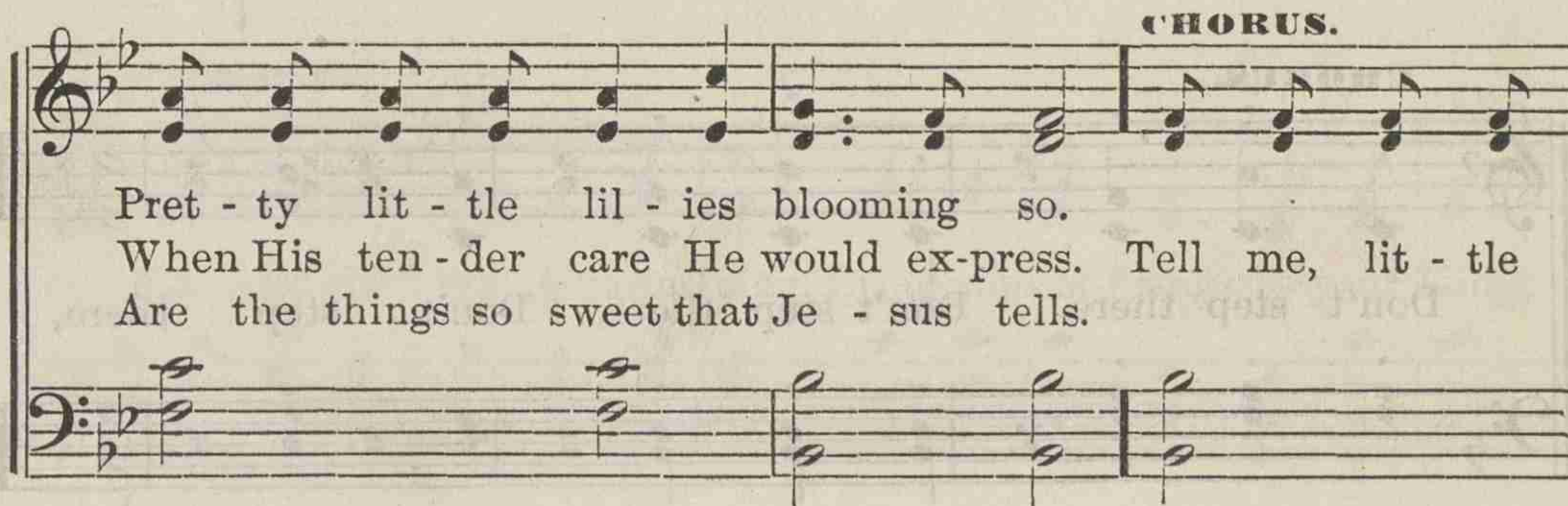


1. Pret - ty lit - tle lil - ies of the field, Pret - ty lit - tle
 2. Pret - ty lit - tle lil - ies of the field, Pret - ty lit - tle
 3. Pret - ty lit - tle lil - ies of the field, Pret - ty lit - tle

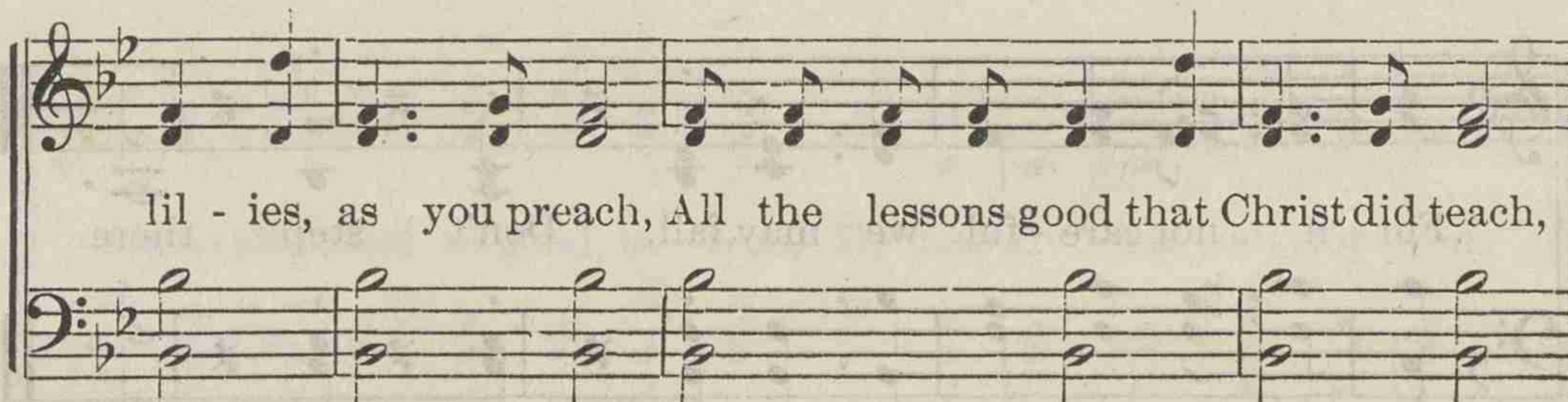


lil - ies half concealed In the grass-y meadows where you grow,
 lil - ies, Christ appealed To the wondrous glo - ry of your dress,
 lil - ies all revealed, In the shining whiteness of your bells,

CHORUS.



Pret - ty lit - tle lil - ies blooming so.
 When His ten - der care He would ex - press. Tell me, lit - tle
 Are the things so sweet that Je - sus tells.



lil - ies, as you preach, All the lessons good that Christ did teach,

Pretty Little Lilies.

How the blessed Je - sus cares for me, For a child like me.

48

Little Feet, be Careful.

MRS. L. M. B. BATEMAN.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. I washed my hands this morning, Oh, very clean and white, And lent them
 2. I told my ears to lis-ten Quite closely all day thro', For a - ny
 3. My eyes are set to watch them About their work or play, To keep them

CHORUS.

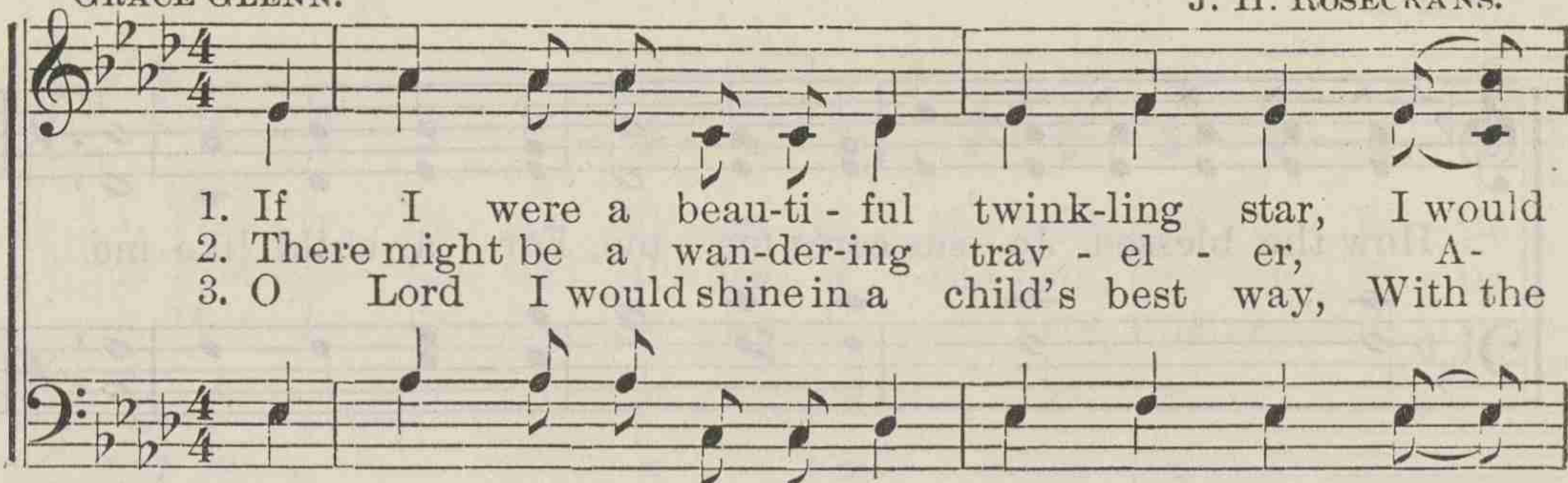
both to Je - sus, To work for Him till night.
 act of kindness Such lit - tle hands can do. Little feet, be careful,
 out of mischief, For Je - sus' sake all day.

Where you take me to, A-ny-thing for Je-sus, On - ly let me do.

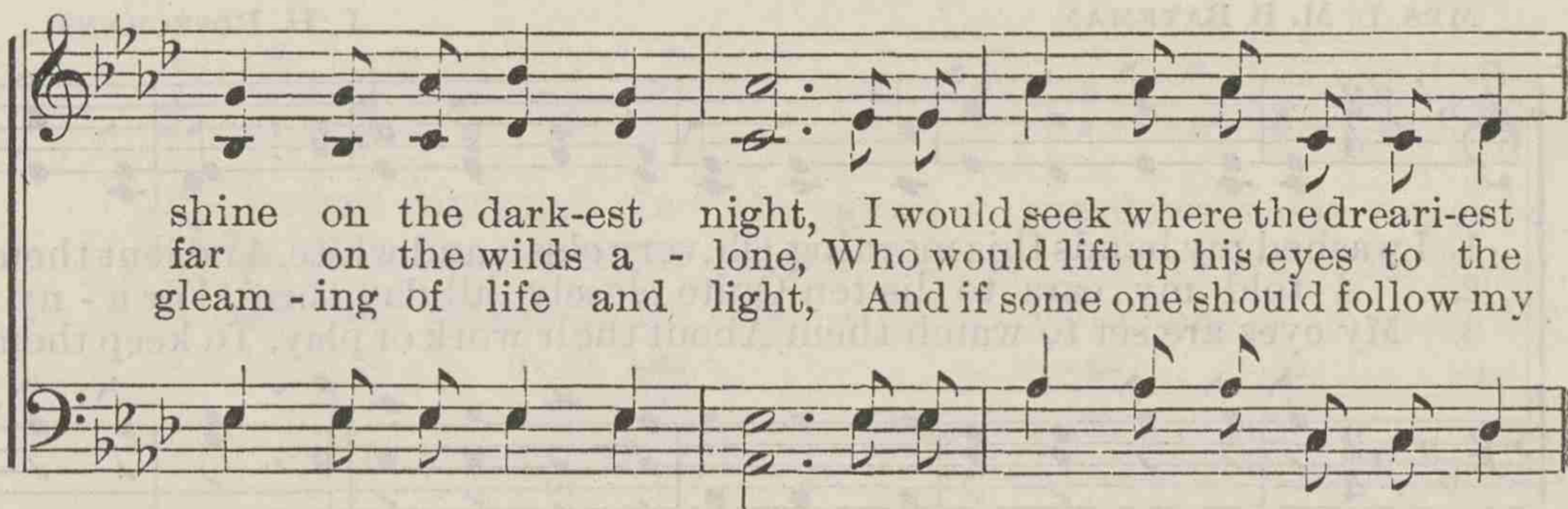
If I Were a Twinkling Star.

GRACE GLENN.

J. H. ROSECRANS.



1. If I were a beau-ti - ful twink-ling star, I would
 2. There might be a wan-der-ing trav - el - er, A-
 3. O Lord I would shine in a child's best way, With the

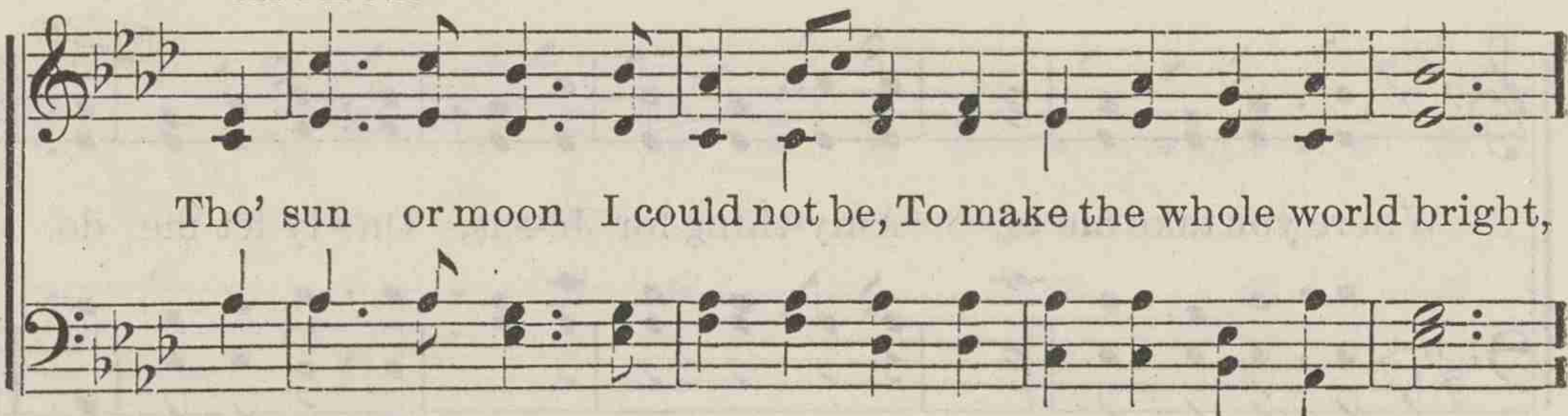


shine on the dark-est night, I would seek where the dreari-est
 far on the wilds a - lone, Who would lift up his eyes to the
 gleam - ing of life and light, And if some one should follow my



path - ways are, And would light them with all my might.
 bro - ken clouds, And would trust me to lead him home.
 hum - ble walk, Do thou help me to lead them right.

CHORUS.



Tho' sun or moon I could not be, To make the whole world bright,

If I Were a Twinkling Star.

I'd find some lit - tle cheer-less spot, And shine with all my might.

50

Jesus Loves the Children.

MRS. H. E. JONES.

J. H. F.

1. Let the lit - tle chil-dren bring Flo - ral trib-utes to our King,
 2. They are pre-cious in His sight, Let them bring the lil - ies white.
 3. Ob - jects of His care al - way, Dear-er than the flowers are they,

Let them join His praise to sing, Je - sus loves the chil - dren;
 Let them bring the ros - es bright, Je - sus loves the chil - dren;
 Let them sing His praise to - day, Je - sus loves the chil - dren;

Let them join His praise to sing, Je - sus loves the chil - dren.
 Let them bring the ros - es bright, Je - sus loves the chil - dren.
 Let them sing His praise to - day, Je - sus loves the chil - dren.

Gently Falls the Rain.

P. H.

J. H. F.

RECITATION AND MOTION SONG. They sing before and after each recitation.

¹Gently, gently falls the rain, ²Then the sun comes out again; So the flowers

start and grow ⁴While the merry winds do blow, ⁴Blow, blow, blow.

1. Dropping the hands slowly, moving the fingers. 2. Upward and outward gesture of both hands. 3. Upward motion of the hands from low position. 4. Wave the hands right and left.

FIRST CHILD.

In the winter there was snow.
But one day it melted so,
And the buds began to peep
Little buds so fast asleep.

SECOND CHILD.

Then the leaves so green came out,
Grasses started all about,
And the gentle April showers
Brought the pretty April flowers.

THIRD CHILD.

Very warm the weather got
And the sun shone out so hot;

June, they told us was the name
When the rose and lily came.

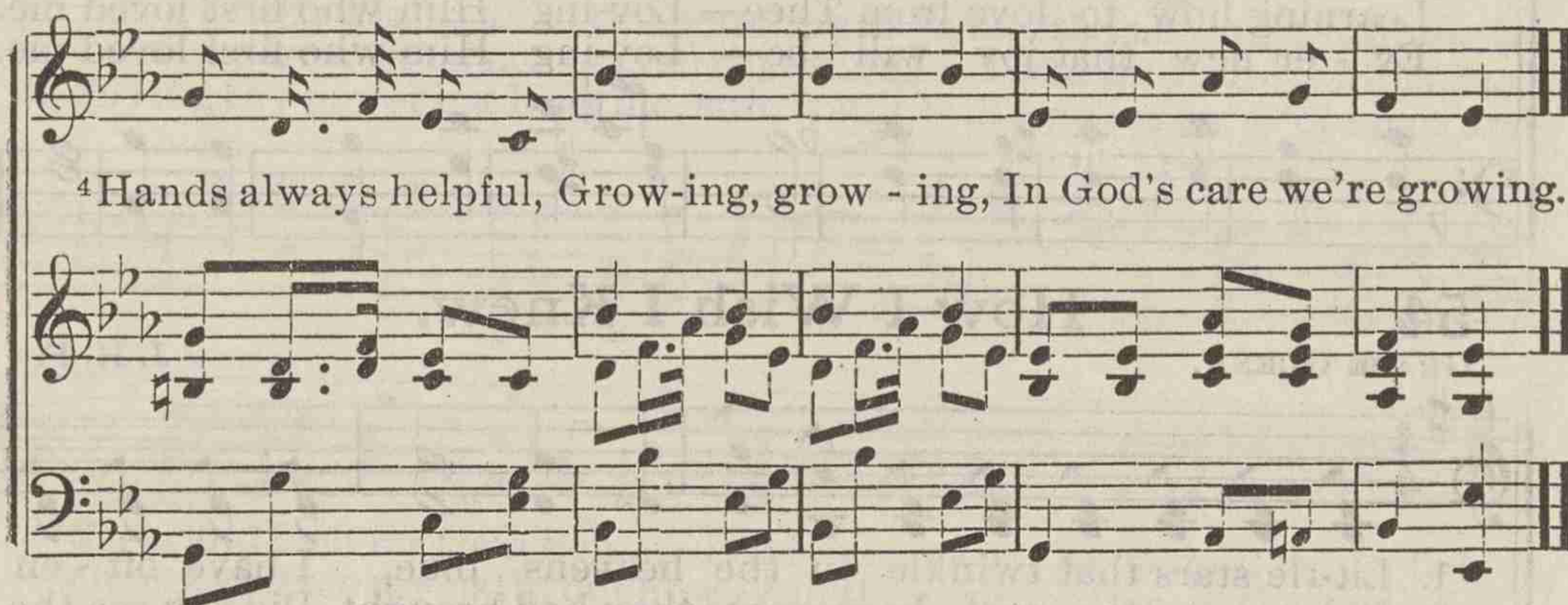
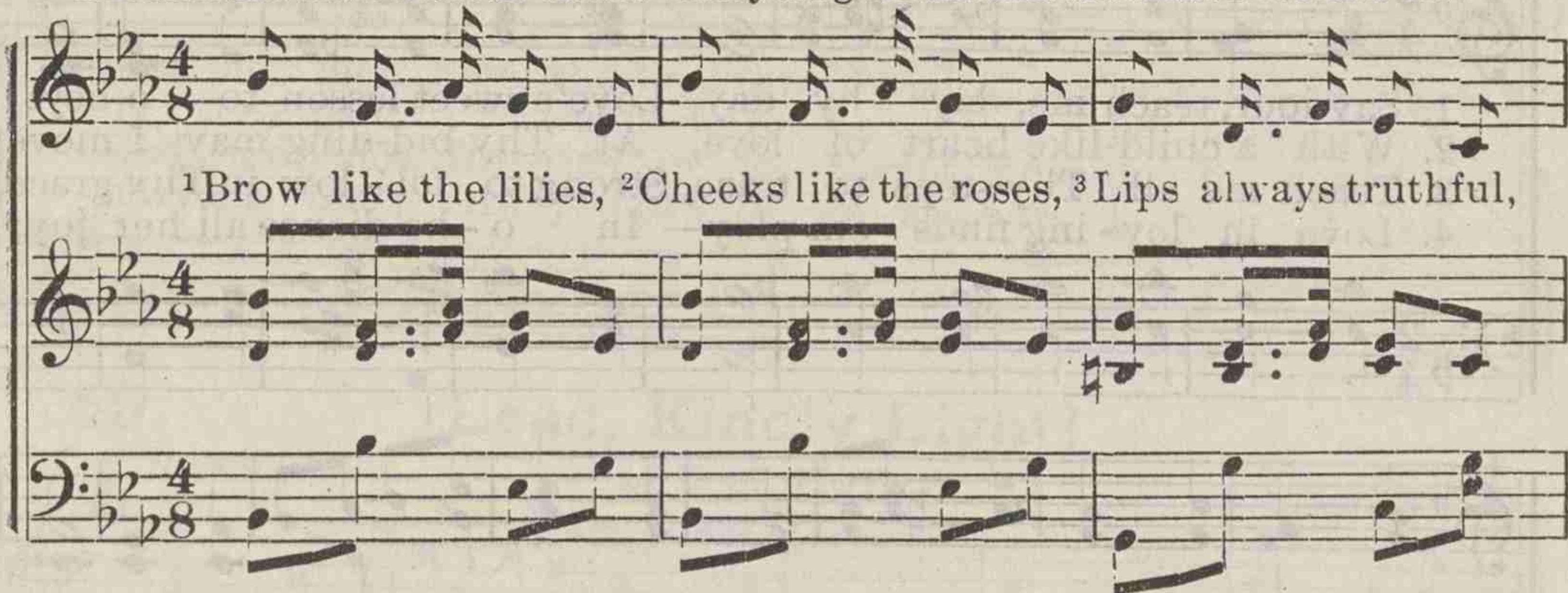
FOURTH CHILD.

And they climbed the walls so bare,
Pretty roses everywhere,
And the grasses and the wheat
Nodded in the wind so sweet.

FIFTH CHILD.

Jesus loves the flowers, and He
Just like them would have us be,—
Lovely as the roses bright,
Like the lilies, pure and white.

RECITATION AND MOTION SONG. They sing before and after each recitation.



1. Touching the brow. 2. Touching the cheeks. 3. Touching the lips. 4. Displaying the hands.

FIRST CHILD.

Do you think we'll always be
Little children, as you see?
No, for while we sleep or play,
We are growing every day.

SECOND CHILD.

We have all that's needed, too,
Tho' but little we can do;
We have clothes so nice and neat,
We have food so good to eat.

THIRD CHILD.

We have study, we have song,
We have plays that make us strong,

Teachers, showing us the way,
Parents, whom we should obey.

FOURTH CHILD.

And there's One, who, over all,
Sees the tiny sparrow's fall;
He looks down in mercy mild
On each thankful little child.

FIFTH CHILD.

So we live and so we grow,
As the days of childhood go,
Guarded by a mother's love,
Kept by Him who rules above.

53

Saviour, Teach Me.

Unknown.

C. M. VON WEBER.

1. Sav-iour, teach me, day by day, Love's sweet lesson to o-bey:
 2. With a child-like heart of love, At Thy bid-ding may I move;
 3. Teach me all Thy steps to trace, Strong to fol-low in Thy grace;
 4. Love in lov-ing finds em-ploy— In o-be-dience all her joy;

Sweet-er les-son can not be— Lov-ing Him who first loved me.
 Prompt to serve and fol-low Thee— Lov-ing Him who first loved me.
 Learning how to love from Thee— Lov-ing Him who first loved me.
 Ev-er new that joy will be— Lov-ing Him who first loved me.

54

How I Wish I Knew.

GRACE GLENN.

J. H. F.

1. Lit-tle stars that twinkle in the heavens blue, I have oft-en
 2. Did you see the cost-ly presents they had brought, Did you see the
 3. Did you hear the mothers pleading thro' their tears For the babes that
 4. Did you watch the Saviour all those years of strife? Did you know, for

wondered if you ev-er knew, How there rose one like you, leading
 sta-ble they in won-der sought? Did you see the worship ten-der-
 Her-od slew the com-ing years? Did you see how Joseph warned of
 sinners, how He gave His life? Lit-tle stars that twinkle in the

How I Wish I Knew.

wise old men From the East thro' Judah, down to Beth - le - hem?
 ly they paid To that stranger ba - by in the manger laid?
 God in dreams, Hur-ried in - to E-gypt, guided by your beams?
 heavens blue, All you saw of Je - sus how I wish I knew.

55

Lead, Kindly Light!

J. H. NEWMAN.

LUX BENIGNA.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Lead, kindly Light! amid th'encircling gloom, Lead thou me on. The night is
 2. I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou Shouldst lead me on. I loved to
 3. So long thy power has blest me, sure it still Will lead me on, O'er moor and

dark, and I am far from home: Lead thou me on. Keep thou my feet, I
 choose and see my path; but now Lead thou me on. I loved the gar - ish
 fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those

do not ask to see The dis-tant scene; one step enough for me.
 day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years.
 an - gel fa - ces smile Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

56

Ever For the Right, Boys.

P. H.

J. H. F.

Con Spirito.

1. Ev - er for the right, boys, ev - er for the right, Form, form your bat-
 2. Ev - er for the right, boys, ev - er for the right, Stand, stand by your
 3. Ev - er for the right, boys, ev - er for the right, Shout, shout for the

tal - ions, For the com-ing fight, boys, for the com-ing fight,
 col - ors, With the foe in sight, boys, with the foe in sight,
 vic - t'ry, Sa - tan put to flight, boys, Sa - tan put to flight,

Fine.
 Form, form your battalions; Form, form, see the foe at
 Stand, stand by your colors; Stand, stand in the bat - tle
 Shout, shout for the vict'ry; Shout, shout, powers of darkness

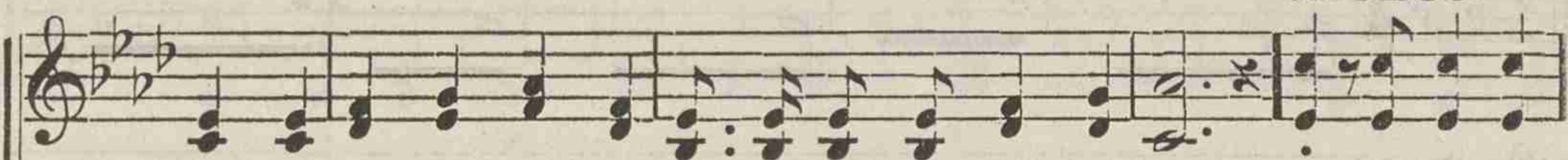
D.C.
 hand, Form, form, 't is the Lord's command.
 shock, Stand, stand, God him-self thy Rock.
 yield, Shout, shout, won the glo-rious field.



1. Thro' the meadows green, inviting, Where the Shepherd leads I'll go! Thro' the
2. See! the gentle Shepherd leading, Where the Shepherd leads I'll go! Hark! His
3. Tho' my feet be worn and wea-ry, Where the Shepherd leads I'll go! Tho' the



CHORUS.



shadows dark, exciting, Where the Shepherd leads I'll go!
 voice in mercy pleading, Where the Shepherd leads I'll go! Hark! His voice is
 mountain-side be dreary, Where the Shepherd leads I'll go!

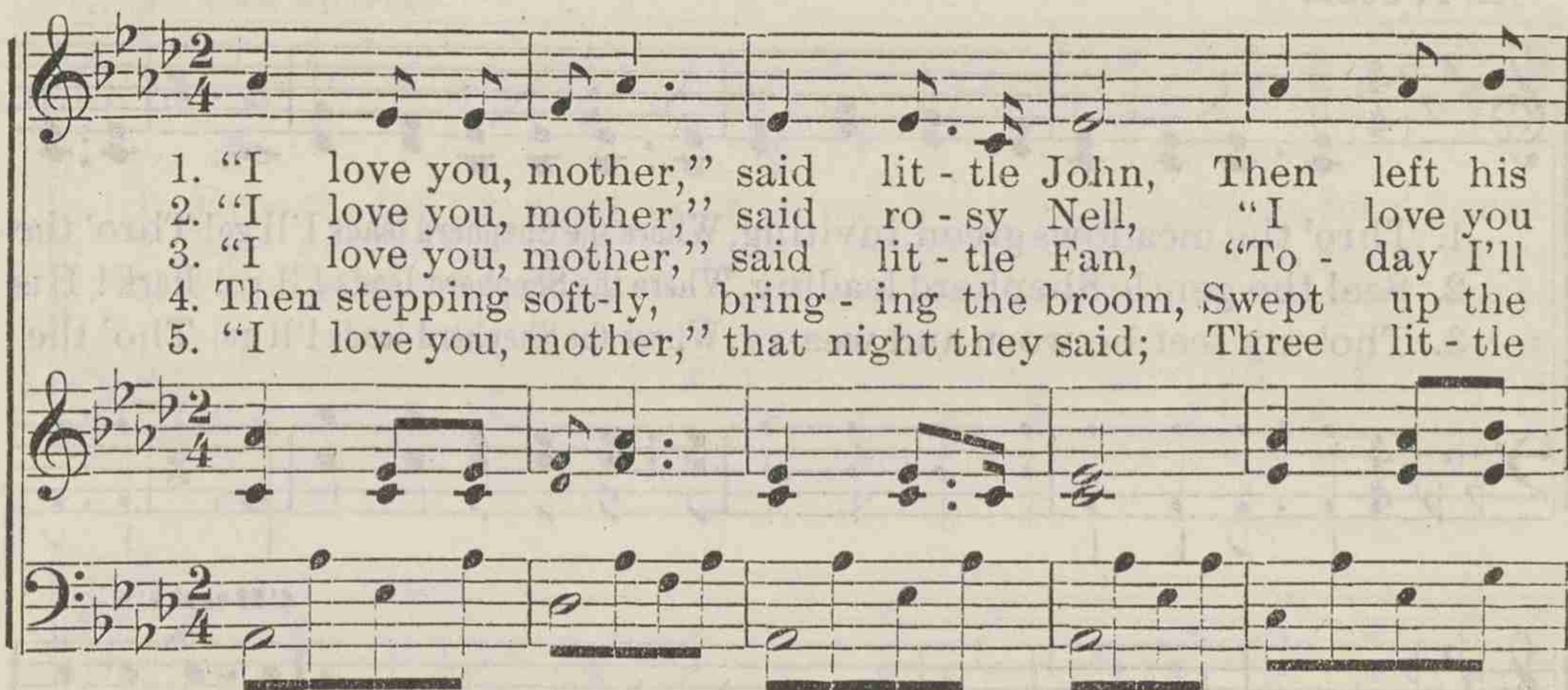


gen-tly calling; On my ear its strains are falling, Tho' the gloom may be ap-

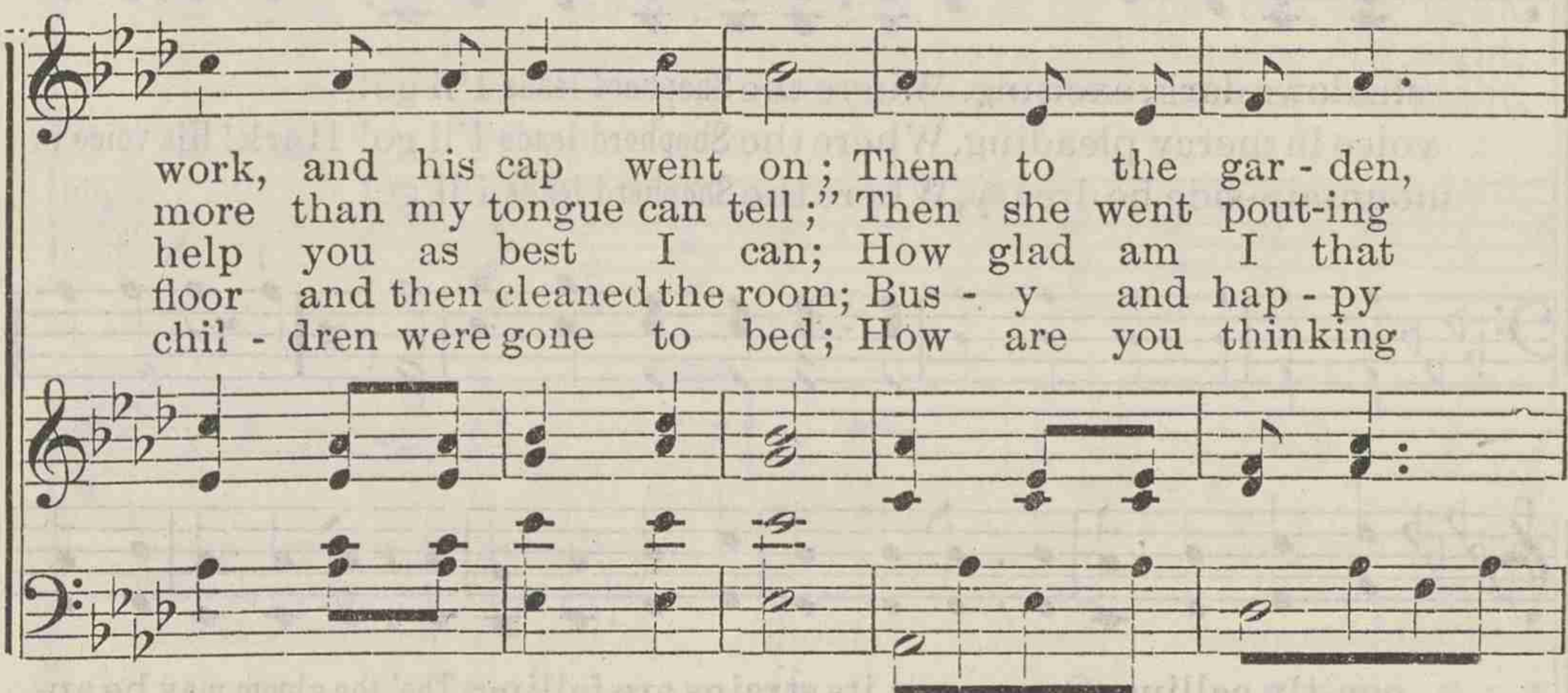


palling, Where the Shepherd leads I'll go, I'll go, Where the Shepherd leads I'll go.

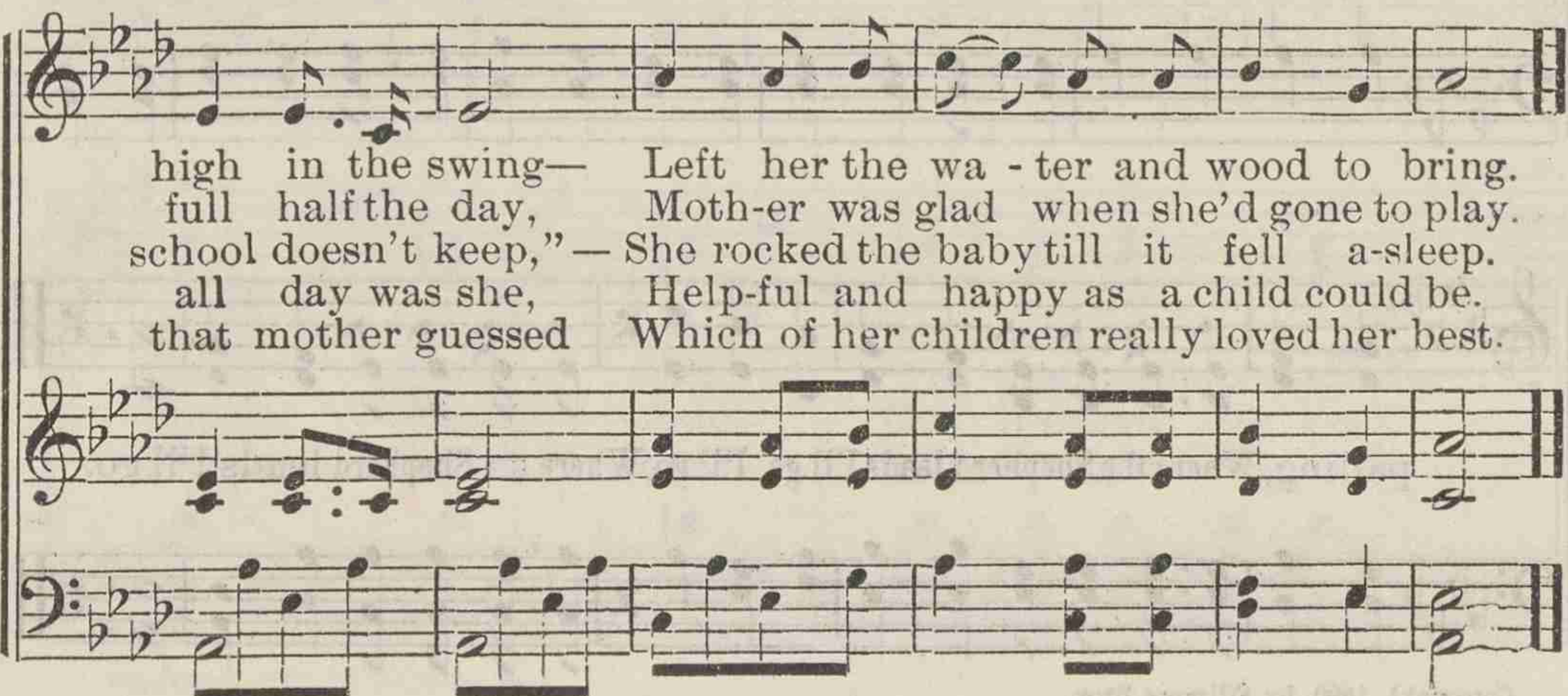




1. "I love you, mother," said lit - tle John, Then left his
 2. "I love you, mother," said ro - sy Nell, "I love you
 3. "I love you, mother," said lit - tle Fan, "To - day I'll
 4. Then stepping soft-ly, bring - ing the broom, Swept up the
 5. "I love you, mother," that night they said; Three lit - tle



work, and his cap went on; Then to the gar - den,
 more than my tongue can tell; Then she went pout-ing
 help you as best I can; How glad am I that
 floor and then cleaned the room; Bus - y and hap - py
 chil - dren were gone to bed; How are you thinking



high in the swing— Left her the wa - ter and wood to bring.
 full half the day, Moth-er was glad when she'd gone to play.
 school doesn't keep," — She rocked the baby till it fell a-sleep.
 all day was she, Help-ful and happy as a child could be.
 that mother guessed Which of her children really loved her best.

P. H.

P. H.

1. Snowbird, snowbird, can you sing, With the snow on every-thing,
2. Can my bird-ie hap-py be, With a task so hard, you see,

D.C.—Thus the lit-tle snow-bird sings, With the snow on eve-ry-thing,
D.C.—Thus can lit-tle chil-dren be, With a task so hard, you see,

Fine.

With the snow on eve-ry-thing, Snowbird, can you sing?
With a task so hard, you see, Can she hap-py be!

With the snow on eve-ry-thing, Snowbird, can you sing?
With a task so hard, you see, Can she hap-py be!

CHORUS.

Chic-a-dee, chic-a-dee, all so gay, Like the birds in mer-ry May;
La la la, la la la, hear her song, Stud-y hard and stud-y long;

D.C.


Chic-a-dee, chic-a-dee, high and low, While the wintry winds do blow;
La la la, la la la, per-se-vere, Stud-y hard and nev-er fear;



1. He who gave the morning sun All its daz-zling brightness,
 2. He whose word the waves control, In its fu - ry dash - ing,
 3. Not so safe the con - ies cute, In the rocks a - bi - ding,



He who gave the love - ly flow'r All its lil - y white-ness:
 He whose hand the lightning holds, With the thun-der crash-ing:
 Not so safe the bird - ies bright In their soft nests hi - ding.

CHORUS.


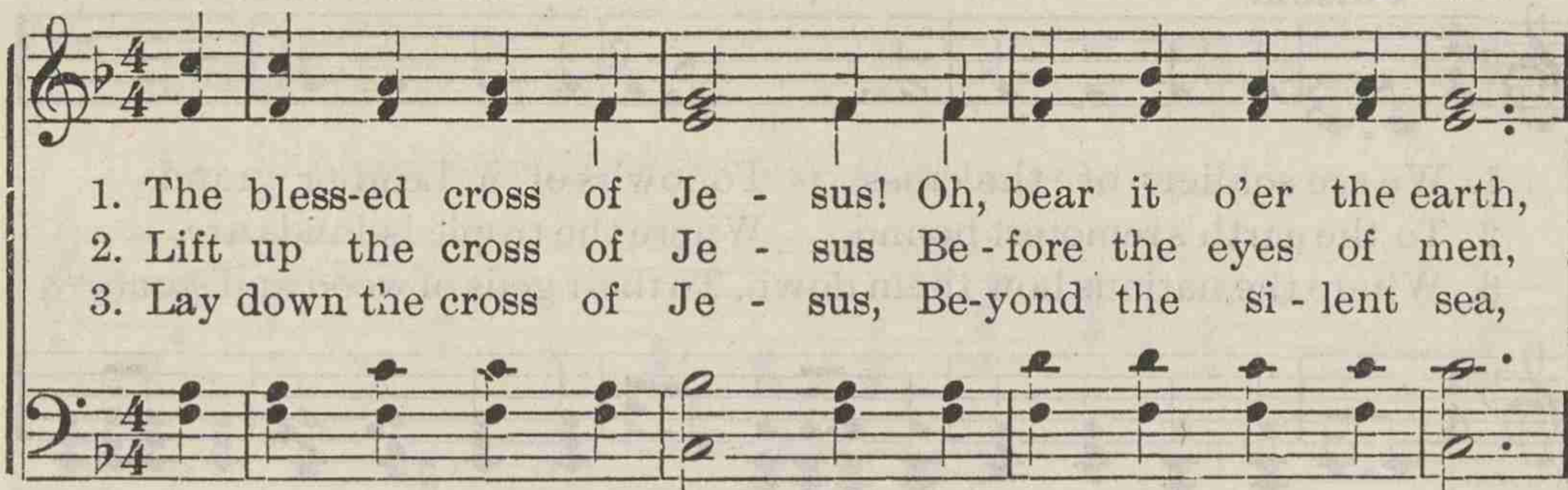
He from heaven looks down so mild, He from heaven sees eve-ry child,



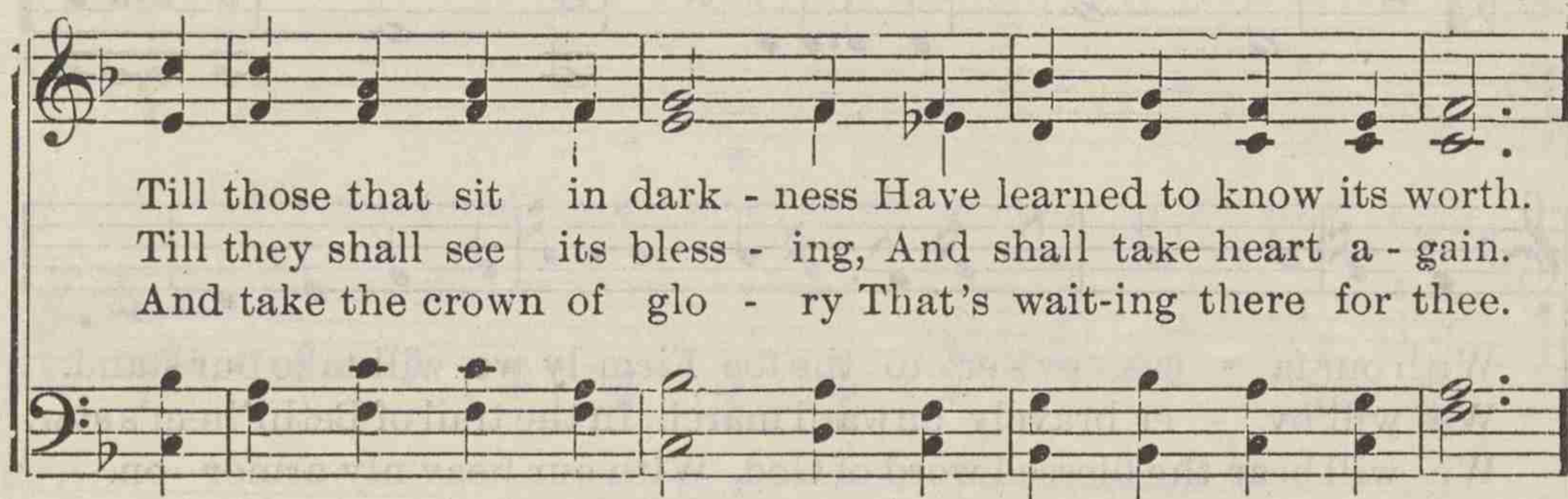
Je - sus sees and loves each child, And for them He cares.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

J. H. F.

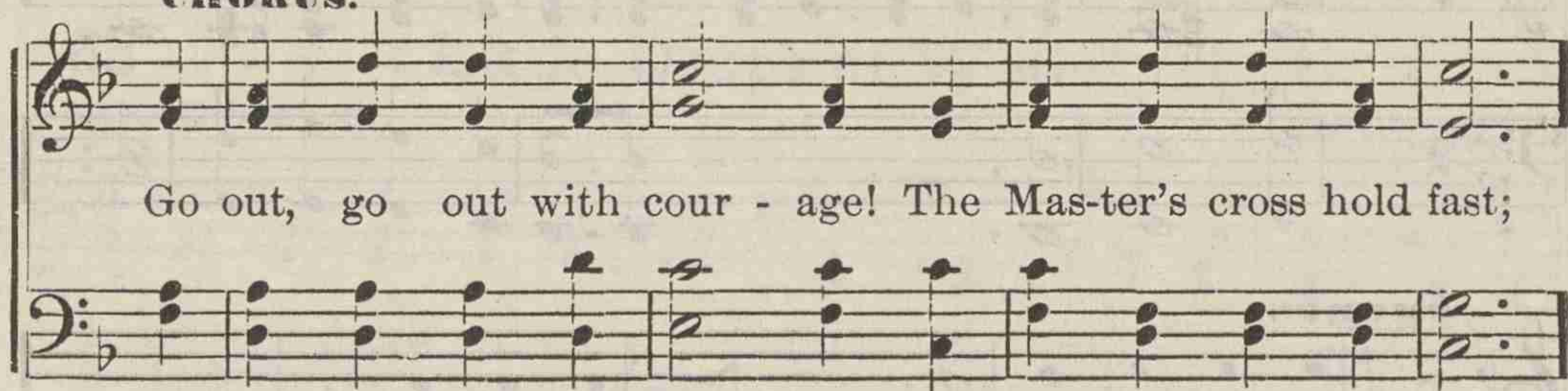


1. The bless-ed cross of Je - sus! Oh, bear it o'er the earth,
2. Lift up the cross of Je - sus Be - fore the eyes of men,
3. Lay down the cross of Je - sus, Be - yond the si - lent sea,



Till those that sit in dark - ness Have learned to know its worth.
Till they shall see its bless - ing, And shall take heart a - gain.
And take the crown of glo - ry That's wait - ing there for thee.

CHORUS.



Go out, go out with cour - age! The Mas - ter's cross hold fast;



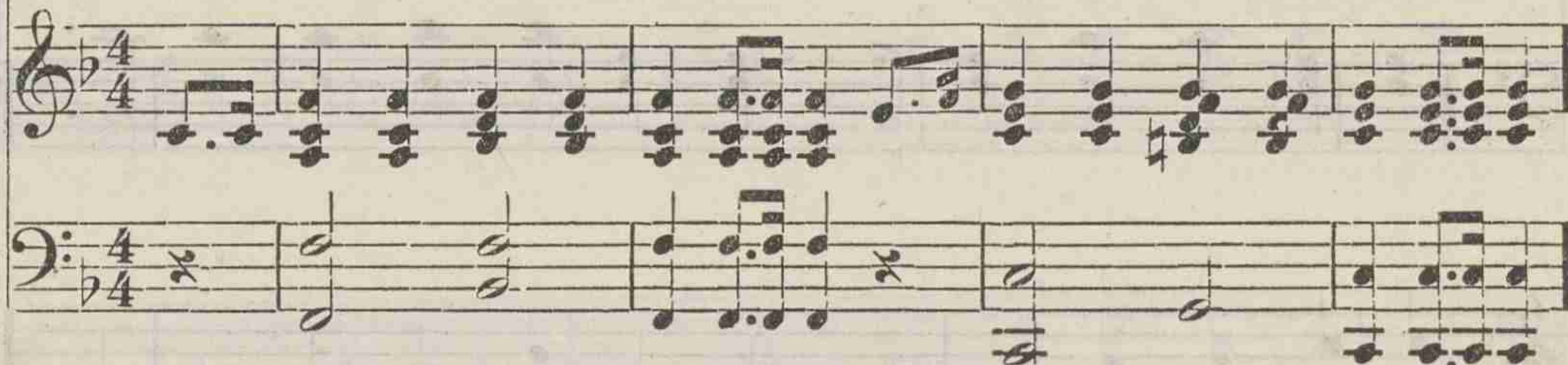
Re - turn, re - turn in tri - umph, To rest with Him at last.

MRS. W. W. SAVAGE.
Unison.

J. H. F.



1. We are soldiers of the cross, Follow'rs of a Lead-er grand,
2. To the earth's remotest bound, Where the tropic is-lands are,
3. Where the nations bow them down, To their gods of wood and stone,



With our fa - ces ev - er to the foe Firm-ly we will take our stand.
 We will ev - er bravely onward march, In the trail of Bethl'hem's star.
 We will bear the blessed word of God, With our heav'nly armor on.



CHORUS.



Bearing high a-bove our heads, King Immanuel's banner bright,



From "Little Crusaders," by permission.

Soldiers of the Cross.



All its blood-stain'd folds so dear, shall be our guid - ing light;



All its blood-stained folds so dear, shall be our guid - ing light.

63

Little Drops of Water.

EBEN C. BREWER.

ENGLISH.



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



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

Blest Be the Tie.

H. G. NAGELI.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love;
 2. Be - fore our Father's throne We pour our ar - dent prayers;
 3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;
 4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;

The fel - low - ship of kindred minds Is like to that a - bove.
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our comforts and our cares.
 And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thi - zing tear.
 But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

Stand Up for Jesus.

G. DUFFIELD.

GEO. J. WEBB.

1. Stand up, stand up for Jesus, Ye soldiers of the cross, Lift high His royal
 2. Stand up, stand up for Jesus, The trumpet-call o - bey; Forth to the mighty
 3. Stand up, stand up for Jesus—Stand in His strength alone; The arm of flesh will

ban - ner: It must not suffer loss; From victory unto victory His army
 conflict, In this His glorious day. "Ye that are men now serve Him," Against un -
 fail you—Ye dare not trust your own: Put on the gospel armor, And, watching

Stand Up for Jesus.

shall He lead, Till every foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord indeed.
numbered foes; Let courage rise with danger, And strength to strength oppose.
un - to prayer, Where du - ty calls or dan-ger, Be never wanting there.

66

My Country, 'Tis of Thee.

S. F. SMITH.

HENRY CAREY.

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free -
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - ther's God! to thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

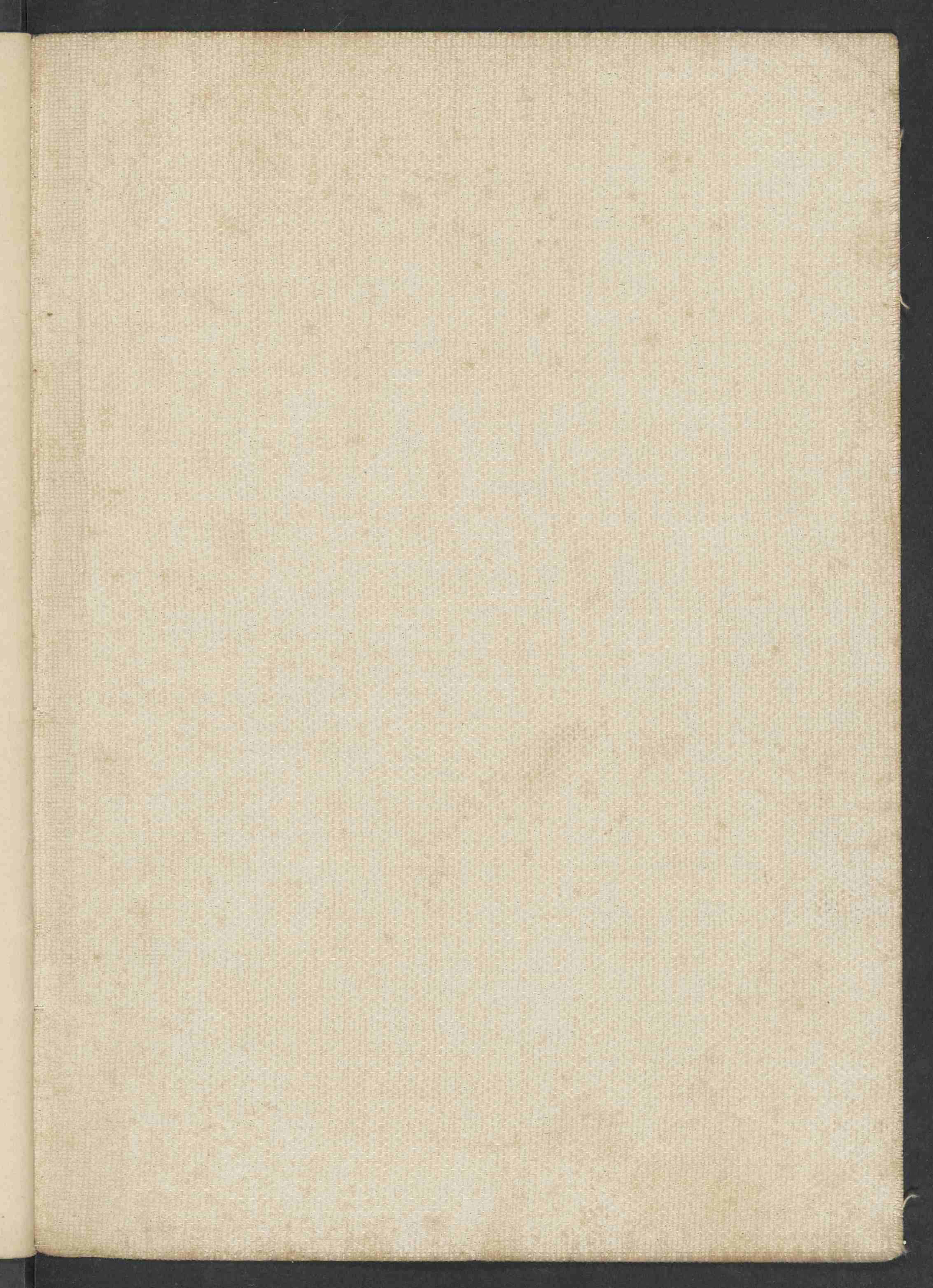
Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet freedom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a-wake, Let all that
To thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With freedom's

pilgrim's pride; From eve - ry mountain side Let freedom ring
tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
breathe partake, Let rocks their si - lence break—The sound prolong.
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

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