

INFANT

PRaises

JOHN H. DUNN
1890



Oliver, Elmer, and Jay Sullivan

Potosky
Michigan

Dec. 1891

10

INFANT PRAISES:

A COLLECTION OF

Sacred Songs, Hymns, and Music,

FOR USE IN THE

SABBATH SCHOOL PRIMARY DEPARTMENT.

EDITORS:

JNO. R. SWENEY AND WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

PHILADELPHIA: JOHN J. HOOD, 1018 ARCH ST.

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PREFACE.

IN our former publications the Primary Department has not been provided for except by the presence of a few suitable pieces in each book. The increasing number of hymns of this class at our command suggested the idea of bringing them all together in one collection. In *INFANT PRAISES* this has been accomplished, and we have also introduced a large number of pieces not before published, all of which we trust will prove valuable to Primary Teachers, and helpful in their important work.

JNO. R. SWENEY.
W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Methods of teaching little children to sing.

Mrs. K. dwelt on the importance of singing in a worshipful manner; felt it a hindrance in the accomplishment of good when it was used merely to fill in the time, or to make the children appear to advantage. Her plan was to divide and teach one line at a time, always being careful to explain the meaning of the words, so that they might sing with the understanding. She always accompanied the music to suit the children's voices; also taught a few children first, so that they might lead the others.

Mr. B. had words printed on boards; also had words mounted on music and attached to ordinary spring rulers and hung in front of scholars; also had a board with inex-

orable type on which two verses could be arranged at once.

Mrs. M. taught the children to learn the air, humming the tune after committing the words to memory.

Mrs. W., with copies of hymn book in hands of children, taught the children before school.

A most excellent way seemed to be to first explain the meaning of hymns; then write the words upon a board; then have some played on organ; then have children place the tune to the words as the teacher points to them, and the air is being played; then have teacher sing the words through, and the children will be ready then to join the teacher in singing.—*Quoted from papers read before the Philadelphia Primary Union.*

INFANT PRAISES,

1

We are Little Children.

Fanny J. Coker.

Melody by JOSEPHINE H. FOXMAN.

1. We are lit - tle children, Learning how to pray, Sing - ing in the morning, Sing - ing all the day,
 2. We are lambs of Je - sus, Carried on his breast, Cradled like a bir - die In its leaf - y nest.
 3. Je - sus loves the children Ten - der - ly we know; He is watch - ing o'er us Ev - 'ry where we go.
 4. Ve - ry close to Je - sus We would like to stay, Ve - ry close to Je - sus, Sing - ing all the day.

CHORUS.

All the day, all the day, Pre - ty songs to Je - sus Sing - ing all the day.

I'm always Glad when Sunday comes.

E. E. HEWITT.

Wm. J. KENNEDY.

1. I'm always glad when Sunday comes, The day our Fa-ther blessed; So sweet and ho-ly
 2. I'm always glad when Sunday comes To sing God's ten-der love, And pray that he would
 3. I'm always glad when Sunday comes With lessons from his word, That teach us how we
 4. I'm always glad when Sunday comes, The re-mem-ber-ance day: For they who sleep in

CHORUS.

is the time.—The first day is the best. I'm al-ways glad when Sunday comes! Lord,
 bless us all With good gifts from a-bove,
 may be served, And how to please the Lord,
 Christ shall rise, To dwell with him al-ways.

grant thy grace to me To keep it ho-ly as thy day, A precious gift from thee.

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Lord, Teach a Little Child.

5

Rev. C. W. Ray, D. D.

Geo. R. Swain.

1. Lord, teach a lit - tle child to pray, To plead for mercy in thy name; Oh, turn me not in
 2. When sufferers sought thee long ago, And thou such wondrous works didst do, Re - lief was found for
 3. Thy hands once held in fond ca - resse The lit - tle children on thy knee; And to thy ho - som

CHORUS.

grief away, When I thy precious promise claim. When-e'er I lift my heart to thee, Regard my
 ev - 'ry woe And children were made welcome, too,
 thou didst press The weak and helpless ones like me. in thee,

prayer and answer me; My ev'ry need thine eye can see, Oh, hear my prayer and answer me.
 Regard my prayer and answer me.

Opening Prayer.

Mrs. V. J. Kizer,

LEADER INTRODUCTIONS.

Dear Father, we thy lit-tle ones As-sem-ble here to-day To hear of Je-sus' love to us, And

learn to praise and pray: O, help me and my schoolmates dear Re-mem-ber that the

Lord is here: O, help me and my schoolmates dear Remember that the Lord is here.

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Jesus Loves the Lambs.

7

Ms. S. L. OBERHOLZER.

Geo. F. Swasey.



1. Je - sus loves us lit - tle chil - dren, He remem - bers all the lambs; He will path - er
2. Je - sus loves us lit - tle chil - dren, In his fold and pastures fair Gent - ly lead - ing
3. Je - sus bless - es lit - tle chil - dren, Suffer - ing us to come to him; In his arms we
4. Je - sus saves us lit - tle chil - dren From the blasts of storm and cold, Ten - der - ly he



CHORUS.

us to - geth - er, Sing - ing some sweet shep - herd psalms. Hear him, hear him,
and in - struct - ing, Guard - ing us with ten - der care,
and pro - tec - tion, Though all earth - ly love grows dim,
speaks and tells us That he has a high - er fold.



We are near him, children, hear him; Hark! he says He loves, he loves the lambs.



I would be.

May be sung by the Infant Class in the usual way; or, let four scholars sing each one verse alone and the last verse together.—the entire class entering as chorus to each verse.

1. I would be a Christmas bell, Ringing, ringing for Je - sus, All around, good news to tell,
 2. I would be a Christmas song, Telling, telling of Je - sus, I would car - ol loud and long,
 3. I would be a Christmas star, Guiding, guiding to Je - sus, Lead-ing wand'ers from a - far,

CHORUS.

Ringing, ringing of Je - sus, Happy and bright as the songs we sing, Full of delight as the
 Telling, telling of Je - sus,
 Guiding, guiding to Je - sus.

bells that ring,—Glo - ry to God in the high - est, we sing, Glo - ry, glo - ry to Je - sus!

4 I a Christmas gift would be,
 Given, given to Jesus,
 For the love he bears for us,
 Given, given to Jesus.

5 Children glad his love may tell,
 Singing, singing for Jesus,
 Holy children serve him well
 Shining, shining for Jesus.

We Come, a Happy Throng.

Wm. J. KISSERVICK.



1. We come with smiling fac - es, We come with happy song, We blend our hearts and voices With
2. We sing of him who taught us The pure and perfect way, Of him whose hand has brought us To
3. We sing of our Cre - a - tor, Our Lord and Saviour-King, Who robes the earth in beauty, And
4. We thank our gracious Saviour For ev - 'ry gift we share, For all his lov - ing kindness, His
5. Oh, may he still pro - tect us Thro' all our years to come, And fit our souls to praise him In



CHORUS.



na - ture's minstrel throng,
 war - ship here to - day,
 crowns the gen - tle spring,
 ten - der, watchful care,
 yet - ter peace - ful home.

We come, we come, we come with smiling fac - es, We



come, we come, we come with hap - py song, We blend, we blend, we



We Come, a Happy Throng.—CONCLUDED.

Mend our hearts and voi - ces With na - ture's song, a hap - py throng, We come, a hap - py throng.

REV. T. L. BAINY.

Endless Praise.

JAS. R. SWANBY.

1. No night in heaven, e - ter - nal day! No gloom is there, no need to pray!
2. No night in heaven, no dark'ning sky, No clouds a - rise, no tem - pests fly,
3. No night in heaven, and yet no sun; No moon is there her course to run!
4. No night in heaven, God's light a - lone In glo - ry shines a - round the throne:

No life to lose, no hopes to raise, For all, yes, all is end - less praise!
 No thun - ders roll, no lightnings blaze, For all, yes, all is end - less praise!
 No chang - ing scenes to mark the days, Where all, yes, all is end - less praise!
 There to the Lamb, in joy - ous lays, The hosts of heaven give end - less praise!

The Children's Blessing.

Words arranged.

TENN. H. KEVIN.

1. Je - sus loved the lit - tle chil - dren, Laid his hand up - on each head; In his arms he
 2. Je - sus blessed the lit - tle chil - dren With the bless - ings of his love, And it seems he
 3. Bless - ed Sav - our, kind Redem - er, Lay thy hand up - on my head, Give to me the

CHORUS.

gent - ly raised them, And these lov - ing words he said; Suf - fer lit - tle chil - dren to
 still be say - ing, While he rules the world a - bove;
 chil - dren's bless - ing, When these lov - ing words were said:

come on - to me, And for - bid them not, and for - bid them not; Suf - fer lit - tle

The Children's Blessing.—CONCLUDED.

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chil - dren to come un - to me, For of such is the king - dom of heav - en.

Musical notation for the first piece, consisting of a treble and bass staff with lyrics.

Haste, let us Worship.

FRANK GOULD.

Jos. E. SWIFT.

1. Haste, let us worship, And hail the children's King; Crown him with honor, And grateful tribute bring.
 2. Haste, let us worship The King of all the earth: Onward to conquer, Be-hold, he goeth forth.
 3. Haste, let us worship, And hail the children's King; Tell of his goodness, And let his triumph ring.
 4. Haste, let us worship, And hail the children's King; Give him the glu - ry In ev - ry song we sing.

Musical notation for the second piece, including a list of four verses and a treble/bass staff.

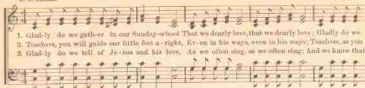
CHORUS.

Now may his king - dom come, Now may his will be done: Praise we the Holy One, The children's King.

Musical notation for the chorus, including a treble and bass staff with lyrics.

E. A. Barnett.

Jan. 2, 1880.



1. Glad-ly do we gath-er in our Sun-day-school That we dearly love, that we dearly love; Gladly do we
 2. Teach-ers, you will guide our lit-tle feet a-right, Ev-en in his ways, even in his ways; Teachers, as you
 3. Glad-ly do we tell of Je-sus and his love, As we often sing, so we often sing; And we know that

CHORUS.



greet our lit-tle friends to-day, As we lift our praise a-bove. Oh, we love to lift it, on our way,
 love the lit-tle children's Friend, You will join us in our praise.
 he will keep his lit-tle ones In the shel-ter of his wing.



Praise of lit-tle voices that so sweetly blend; And our Sav-iour hears us as we sing, For he is our lov-ing Friend.

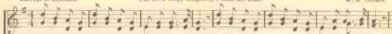
Like a Shepherd.

15

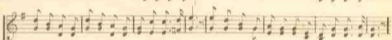
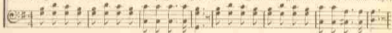
HAYDN E. RISSMILL.

"The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want."

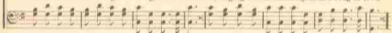
W. A. GUNN.



1. Like a shepherd kind and good the Lord is ev'ry day, From the tempest fierce and trade he guards the holiest way;
2. Close beside the waters still, or in the pastures fair, There his sheep he leads at will and guards with loving care;
3. Oh, his goodness follows us thro' all our pilgrim days, Yea, his loving care hath guarded us thro' devious ways;



Prom'd against his beam, warm his tender lambs may lie, There they hear no gath'ring storm, they see no angry eye.
 Even thro' death's quiet vale his flock may fearless go, For his love will never fail us, Jesus told us so.
 And at last in heaven high we'll reign with him above, Singing ceaseless hallelujahs in a song of love.

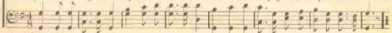


CHORUS.

rit.



O Shepherd kind and good! O Shepherd fond and true! Do thou our footsteps guide, O Shepherd kind and true!



Hosanna to our King.

E. D. B.

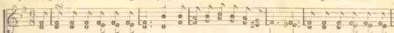
E. D. BRIDGALL.

1. Tho' mul-ti-tude their garments spread, As Je-sus rode a-long; The children all ho-
 2. Fur-bid them not, the Sav-iour said, But let them come to me; Un-to my arms let
 3. Out of the mouths of babes so dear The Lord has per-fect praise; He con-descends from

CHORUS.

san-na said.—Hosan-na, was their song. Ho-san - - na, ho-san - - na To our
 them he led, I will their Saviour be.
 heav'n to hear The songs their voices raise. He-san-na to our glorious King, Hosan-na to our glorious King, Our

glorious King a-bove; His life he gave our souls to save; His name we'll ev-er love!



1. Oh, we are young soldiers for Je- sus, And he, our Commander and Friend, Will help us each one to be-
 2. Oh, we are young soldiers for Je- sus, And promise to follow him still; A place in the Sunday-school
 3. Our pathway may sometimes be rugged, Our marching may sometimes be long, But gladly our footsteps shall



D. S.—we are young soldiers for Jesus, And he, our Commander and Friend, Will help us each one to be



faith-ful, And lead us safe on to the end; Where-er the post of our di-ty Let none of us
 arm-y To-day we are hap-py to fill; You, we are young soldiers for Je-sus, And proudly our
 ev-er Keeps time to the voice of our song; And oh, when the warfare is o-ver, And Je-sus our



faith-ful, And lead us safe on to the end.



CHORUS, *D. S.*

ful-ter nor fear; Remember no danger can harm us When Je-sus our Saviour is near, Oh,
 col-ors we show; Our watchword is right and reason-able We dread not the field nor the foe,
 Saviour shall come, How sweetly we'll rest on his bo-som, In E-den, dear E-den our home.



Pass not by.

K. Atwood.

W. N. Fowler.

1. I am weak and I am small, But I've heard thy gen-tle call; Sav-our, hear my
 2. I have been a wayward child, From the path of truth be-guiled; But when I for

CHORUS.

ear-nest cry, Je-sus, do not pass me by. Though a lit-tle child am I.
 mer-cy cry, Je-sus, do not pass me by.

Lov-ing Je-sus, pass not by, Pass not by, pass not by, Gen-tle Je-sus, pass not by.

Serving the King.

19

E. E. HERRICK.

MOTION SONG.

Wm. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1 On - ly a pair of sparkling eyes, How can they serve our King? By plea - sant, gen - tle

looks as sweet As sunshine in the spring.

- 1 Only a pair of sparkling eyes,
How can they serve our King?
By pleasant, gentle looks, as sweet
As sunshine in the spring.

1st line.—Face bright to the eyes. 2d line.—Recessed fingers; look up. 3d line.—Hands raised and brought down with fluttering fingers.

- 2 Only a pair of rosy lips,
How can they serve our King?
Oh, lips can smile and speak kind words,
And pray to God, and sing.

1st line.—Point to lips. 2d line.—Touch lips and with hand upward.

- 3 Only a pair of dimpled hands,
How can they serve our King?
Some way of helping others find,
And little love-gifts bring.

1st line.—Present hands. 2d line.—Children join hands. 3d line.—Right hand as if dropping contributions.

- 4 Only a pair of little ears,
How can they serve our King?
By list'ning well when good is taught,
And heeding everything.

1st line.—Pointing to ears. 2d line.—Right hand back of ear; head bent as in listening.

- 5 Only a pair of busy feet,
How can they serve our King?
By running errands cheerfully
As birds on the wing.

1st line.—Looking down. 2d line.—Flight motion upward.

- 6 Only a little, loving heart,
How can it serve our King?
Oh, when that heart asks Jesus in
The angel harp will ring.

1st line.—Hand on heart. 2d line.—Press hands together; look up.

Rise and Follow Me.

ARTHUR E. THOMPSON.

"And he said to another, Follow me."—Luke ix, 32.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Day's bright beams are falling On the shore and sea; List, a sweet voice calling, "Rise and follow me!"
 2. Shades of eve are fall'ing On the shore and sea; Still that voice is calling, "Rise and fol-low me!"
 3. Death's dark door is falling, Life's soon done for thee; Sweet that voice is calling, "Rise and follow me!"

Leave thy cares and duties, Leave thy race on-run; Christ will show new beauties, When his will we've done.
 Leave thy joys and pleasures, Tho' full bright they glow; Christ hath countless treasures Of his love to show.
 Scale you mount of glory, Which by faith you've won; Softly walks before you God's most blest Son.

REFRAIN, *Repeat pp.*

List! a sweet voice calling, "Rise and follow me!" List! a sweet voice calling, "Rise and follow me!"

From "The Church of Song," by Geo.

In Our Gladness.

21

Lizzie Edwards

John R. Swincer



1. In our glad-ness we are sing-ing Happy songs to-day, For we know our Saviour
2. We are lit-tle buds of prom-ise In his gar-den fair, By our faith-ful friends and
3. We would live and bloom for Je-sus In this world be-low, Showing forth his pure ex-
4. He will take our hearts and keep them For a home a-bove, Where we all may sing for-



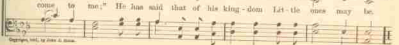
CHORUS.



list-ens To the words we say. He is call-ing, gent-ly call-ing, "Children,
 teach-ers Trained with ten-der care.
 am-ple Ex-'ry-where we go,
 ev-er Songs of joy and love.



come to me;" He has said that of his king-dom Lit-tle ones may be.



The Children's Offering.

ELIZA E. HEWITT,
Moderato.

Geo. R. Swann.

1. Flowers breathe their fragrance, Birds give their song, Stars shine in beau - ty All the night long,
 2. Thoughts pure and ho - ly, Words kind and true, All gra - tle ser - vice, Lit - tle hands do;
 3. Faith that will trust him, Hope that will smile, Though clouds may cover Blue skies a - while;

Voi - ces of na - ture Prais - es re - pent; What can the chil - dren Lay at his feet?
 Work for our Mas - ter, Joy - ful and sweet, Prayer for his king - dom Lay at his feet.
 Hearts that will al - ways With his love beat; Chil - dren, these treasures Lay at his feet.

CHORUS.

When through his mer - cy Je - sus we meet, We will our bright crowns Lay at his feet.

Loving Words the Shepherd said.

23

Mrs. Mary D. James.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



1. Lov-ing words the Shep-herd said—"Let the lit-tle lambs be fed;" "Let the chil-dren
2. Hear the ten-der Shep-herd say "Precious words to lambs to-day;" "Close to me, dear
3. Set your hearts on things di-vine;—Place your lit-tle hands in mine;—Then so safe-ly
4. In the dark and in the light, Thro' the day and thro' the night, Ev-er shall my



CHORUS.

comes to me;" "They shall my sal-va-tion see." Safe and hap-py,—oh, how bless
 chil-dren, keep, Thus, I love and guard my sheep."
 you will go Thro' this world of sin and woe.
 sleep-less eye Watch you as the years go by.



Those who find in Je-sus rest! Wisdom's ways are pleasantness, Wisdom's paths are paths of peace.



Yes, we come.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Wm. J. KIMPAVIER.

1. Bless-ed Lord, how good thou art, Thus to take each lit-tle heart; Ver-y glad in-
 2. Thou hast made this world of ours Full of beau-ty, love, and flowers; Ev-rywhere thy
 3. In the ro-sy beams of light, In the si-lent hour of night, In the twinkling
 4. Young and weak and frail we are, Ten-der buds that need thy care; Oh, how thankful,

CHORUS.

dood are we Thou dost bid us come to thee. Yes, we come, quick-ly come,
 hand we see, Thou dost bid us come to thee.
 stars we see, Thou dost bid us come to thee.
 Lord, are we Thou dost bid us come to thee.

Now thy gen-tle voice we hear; Yes, we come, quick-ly come To thy fold, our Saviour dear.

Jesus Knows My Name.

25

F. G. BROADBENT.

Jos. R. SAMPSON.

1. Ma - ry stood be - side the tomb, Ah! her heart was bro - ken; Near her was the
 2. When my heart is sad with fear, And my spir - it bro - ken, Will I know him.
 3. When I walk through death's dark vale, Will he then be near me? Will my lov - ing

ris - en Lord, Yet he had not spo - ken; But when Je - sus gent - ly came
 in the dark By the same sweet to - ken? Will he put my fears to shame
 Sav - iour's voice Whis - per words to cheer me? Yes, he'll know me just the same,

Close to her, and called her name, Hap - py then was Ma - ry, Hap - py then was Ma - ry.
 When he kind - ly speaks my name As he spoke to Ma - ry? As he spoke to Ma - ry?
 He will call me by my name As he then called Ma - ry, As he then called Ma - ry.

Jesus Calls the Children.

MARY D. JAMES.

Wm. J. KEENE PATTERSON.

1. Lov - ing - ly the Sav - iour stands, Reaching out his gracious hands, Say - ing, "Let the
 2. Oh, how bless - ed ev - 'ry day Walk - ing in the heavenly way! Par - er joys will
 3. He will hold us by the hand, Lead us through this dang'rous land, Guide us safe - ly
 4. How 'twill brighten all our days Thus to walk in wisdom's ways! Then in realms of

CHORUS.

chil - dren come." Call - ing all his loved ones home. Come, chil - dren, come to the Saviour!
 crown our years Free from sin - ful snares and fears.
 to his home, Where no sin can ev - er come,
 Miss a - bove We will sing the Saviour's love.

Come now in life's bright morn, Come, give our lov - ing Redem - er Youth's ear - ly dawn.

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Parable of the Sower.

27

R. E. HEWITT.

MOTION SONG.

Wm. J. KERRAVICK.

1. A sow-er went forth with precious seed, Beside the way-side sow-ing, He hoped that a har-vest.
 3. But careless feet trod the good seeds there Till they were dy-ing, dy-ing; To car-ry them off the
 2. And some fell upon the rock-y sod,—The tender shoots upspringing,—No root had they there and

CHORUS.

rich indeed Would soon be growing, growing,
 birds of air Came quickly fly-ing, dy-ing, dy-ing. Sow-ing, sow-ing, Scatter the seed both here and there;
 soon were dead, No fruit the Master bring-ing.

Sow-ing, sow-ing, Surely 'twill yield a harvest fair.

4. And some among thorns, it came to pass,
 The sower too was sowing;
 The thorns springing up—alas! alas!—
 Soon choked the good seed growing.

5. But some fell upon good ground, we're told,
 Oh, happy, happy story;
 Rich fruitage they bear, a hundred-fold,—
 Unto the Master's glory!

First Verse, 1st and 3d lines.—Motion of scattering seed: 3d and 4th.—Bending forward, hands lifted from lowest ground upward; growth motion. SECOND VERSE, 1st and 3d lines.—Right and left movement of feet: 3d and 4th.—Head right downward; head right upward. THIRD VERSE, 1st line.—Scattering seed, 3d.—Growth motion. FOURTH VERSE, 1st and 3d lines.—Scattering seed: 3d and 4th.—Growth motion. FIFTH VERSE, 1st and 3d lines.—Sowing seed: 3d and 4th.—Hands pressed together to grass, eyes looking upward. CHORUS, 1st, 3d, and 3d lines.—Scattering seed: 4th.—Open hands extended.

Sing Away.

LESLIE EDWARDS.

Jno. R. SWANER.

1. A mer-ry lit-tle rob-in in a greenwood tree Sing away, sing away, sweetly all the day; She
 2. A rosy beam of sunlight with a stream at play Ran away, ran away, loughing all the day; They
 3. And soon they all united in a tune-ful lay Hurra away, far away, o'er the meadow gay; We
 4. O let us, like the robin in the greenwood tree, Sing away, sing away, happy all the day; We

filled the air with music, and it seemed to say, Pret-ty birds, all of you, sing with me.
 saw the lit-tle rob-in and they heard her say, Pretty beam, loughing stream, sing with me.
 all are ver-y hap-py on this clear, bright day, Cheer-i-ly, cheer-i-ly thus sang they.
 hear a gen-tle whisper, and it seems to say, Sing a-way, sing a-way ev-'ry day.

CHORUS.

O hap-py as the birds are we; Glad mu-sic in our hearts we bring; Notes of joy are swelling

Sing Away. CONCLUDED.

29

in our Sab-bath dwell-ing; Love and praise to Je-sus are the songs we sing.

FANNY J. COOPER.

Call us Thine own.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Dear Saviour, we gather Once more at thy throne; Oh, hear us, we pray thee, Now make us thine own.
2. Dear Saviour, thy promise We tra-ly be-lieve; Who-ev-er will seek thee Shall mercy re-ceive.
3. Dear Saviour, behold us, In thee would we hide; We ask that thy Spirit In us may a- bide.
4. Dear Saviour, we love thee, Thy name we a-dore; Oh, grant us thy blessing, Thy joy ev-er-more.

CHORUS.

Here gratefully bending, Sweet melo-dy blending, Come, oh, come, tender-ly Call us thine own.

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I Will Go to Jesus.

E. E. HENRY.

Wm. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I will go to Je - sus, Saviour kind and great; If I wait till old - er, It may be too late.
 2. I will go to Je - sus To be pure within, For his blood most precious Cleanseth me from sin.
 3. I will go to Je - sus Ev - 'ry day and hour; He will be my Keep - er By his mighty power.
 4. I will go to Je - sus, He will be my Friend; No one loves like Je - sus, Freely, without end.

CHORUS.

I will go, I will go, I will go to Je - sus, I will go, I will go, Je - sus bids me come.

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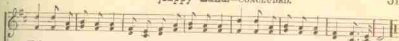
Happy Land.

Oren Maxwell.

1. There is a hap - py land Far, far a - way, Where saints in glory stand, Bright, bright as day;
 2. Bright, in that hap - py land, Beams ev - 'ry eye; Kept by a Father's hand, Love cannot die;
 3. Come to that hap - py land, Come, come a - way; Why will you doubting stand? Why still delay?

Happy Land.—CONCLUDED.

31



Oh, how they sweetly sing, "Worthy is our Saviour King," Loud let his praises ring, Praise, praise for aye!
 Oh, then to glo-ry run; Be a crown and kingdom won; And bright, above the sun, Reign evermore.
 Oh, we shall happy be, When from sin and sorrow free, Lord, we shall dwell with thee, Blest evermore.



Little Soldier.

Rev. J. H. Stoenow.



1 { I am a lit-tle sol-dier, And not yet ver-y old; } I know he makes me hap-py.
 { I mean to fight for Je-sus, And wear a crown of gold; }

D.C.—I'll be his lit-tle sol-dier, The Bi-ble says I may.



And loves me all the day;



2 I love my precious Saviour,
 Because he died for me,
 And if I did not serve him,
 How sinful I would be;
 He gives me every comfort,
 And hears me when I pray;
 I want to live for Jesus,
 The Bible says I may.

3 I now can do a little,
 But when I am a man
 I'll try to do for Jesus
 The greatest good I can;
 God help and keep me faithful
 In all I do and say,
 I want to live a Christian,
 The Bible says I may.

Little Ones Like Me.

Jas. R. Swain.

1. Je - sus, when he left the sky, And for sin - ners came to die, In his
 2. Moth - ers then the Sav - iour sought In the plac - es where he taught, And to
 3. Did the Sav - iour say them nay? No, he kind - ly bade them stay, suf - fered
 4. 'Twas for them his life he gave, To re - deem them from the grave, Je - sus

CHORUS.

mer - cy passed not by Lit - tle ones like me. Lit - tle ones, lit - tle ones, *Suf - fer
 him the children brought, Lit - tle ones like me.
 none to turn a - way Lit - tle ones like me.
 now will gladly save Lit - tle ones like me. Lit - tle ones, lit - tle ones,

them to come," said he; Je - sus loves the lit - tle ones, Lit - tle ones like me.

Little Friends of Jesus.

33

S. MARVIN.

Wm. J. KIMMELMAN



1. Do you know what makes us happy, When so many hearts are sad? We are little friends of Je - sus.
2. Jesus loves the children dearly, — In his Word he tells them so: Once he took them up and blessed them,
3. We are lit - tle lambs of Jesus: He, our Shepherd kind and dear, Speaks, and tho' we do not see him,
4. If we try our best to please him He will take us by and by Where our spirit eyes will know him,



That is why we are so glad.

Ma - ny, ma - ny years a - go. We are lit - tle friends, we are lov - ing friends, We are happy, happy

In our hearts his voice we hear.

Far beyond the star - ry sky.



lit - tle friends of Jesus: We are lit - tle friends, we are lov - ing friends, We are happy all day long.



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Oh, Receive Him.

LESLIE EDWARDS.

Jno. R. SEWELL.

1. Lit-tle voi - es, hap-py voi - es, Sing of Je - sus and his love, While the an - gels bend
 2. Lit-tle voi - es, hap-py voi - es, While we praise him day by day, Lo! the an - gels hor - er
 3. Lit-tle voi - es, hap-py voi - es, While we breathe his name so dear, From the Bi - ble, ho - ly
 4. Lit-tle voi - es, hap-py voi - es, With our teachers while we sing; They are tell - ing, sweetly

CHORUS.

er us Whis-per soft - ly from a - bove,—
 round us; In our hearts we hear them say,— Oh, be-lieve him, oh, re-ceive him, Your Bi-
 ble, Still the gen-tle words we hear,—
 tell - ing, Of the Lord, our Sav - our King.

deem - er kind and true; How he loves you! yes, he loves you More than all your friends can do

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Take Me in Thine Arms.

35

E. E. Hewitt.

MOTION SONG.

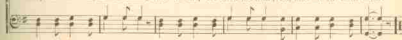
Wm. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Oh, how kind-ly Je-sus smiled When he called a lit-tle child And took him in his arms;



Help me list-en, Saviour dear, Call to me, for thou art near; Oh, take me in thine arms!



1

Oh, how kindly Jesus smiled
When he called a little child
And took him in his arms;
Help me listen, Saviour dear,
Call to me, for thou art near;
Oh, take me in thine arms!

2

Make me thine own little child,
Save me from rough paths and wild,
Now take me in thine arms!
In my heart to thee I speak,
Carry me, for I am weak,
Safe, safe in thy strong arms.

3

Here thy blessing I will know,
Here in love and goodness grow
When folded in thine arms;
Sweetest place for little child,
Looking up to eyes so mild,
Jey, jey, in thy dear arms!

1 and 2 of line.—Arms extended, downward. 3d line.—Arms raised and crossed over breast. 4th and 5th lines.—Hands clasped in prayer. 6th line.—Arms extended, upward.

1st and 2d lines.—Hands clasped. 3d line.—Arms extended, upward. 4th line.—Hand on heart. 5th and 6th lines.—Arms folded over breast.

1st and 2d lines.—Arms at the sides. 3d line.—Fold again. 4th and 5th lines.—Looking upward. 6th line.—Clap hands very lightly as each "jey."

Morning, Noon and Evening Praise.

JENNIE GARRETT.

ANNA GREEN.

1. When the morning breaks in splendor O'er the valley warm and
 2. When the noontide hour is beam-ing, Happy songs each bird is
 3. When the evening winds are sigh-ing, And the light is soft - ly

ten-der, Joyful praise our hearts would
 sing - ing, May our hearts in measure
 dy - ing, Then, to nature's voice ce-

render To our Father God on high; Thro' the night, when all were sleeping, We were guarded safe beneath his
 ring - ing, Praise our Father God on high; With a gentle hand he leads us, He is still our patient, loving
 plying, Praise our Father God on high; He has crowned our life with mercy, He has scattered blessings on our

care, When the stars their watch were keeping In the calm, blue sky so fair, Oh, the love, precious
 Friend, And the hand we now are hold - ing Will protect us to the end.
 way, - And we hope to see and praise him In the realms of endless day. Oh, the love,

CHORUS.

love, He be-stows from a-love! Let our souls and all within us Praise the Lord for all his love.
 precious love, He bestows from above!

Arranged by W. J. K.

Make Me Loving.

Wm. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Saviour, who in love divine Came to bless a heart like mine, Make my spirit now thy shrine, Saviour dear.
 2. Ver - y full and weak am I, Oft forgetting thou art high; Hear my prayer, and swift reply, Saviour dear.
 3. Ev - er watch about my hours, Never let my footsteps roam Where the tempting voices come, Saviour dear.
 4. Thro' the busy hours of day, While I study, work, or play, Close to thee I fain would stay, Saviour dear.

CHORUS.

Make me loving, make me mild, Let me be thine own dear child, Ever growing more like thee, Saviour dear.

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H. W. M.

Wm. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Je - sus loves the lit - tle ones, Calls them to come near; Watch - es o'er them ev - 'ry day,
 2. Je - sus loves the lit - tle ones, Gives them food and friends; Grace for life-time while it lasts,
 3. Je - sus loves the lit - tle ones, Guides their steps aright; Shields them all the bu - sy day,

CHORUS.

On from year to year. Je - sus loves the lit - tle ones, Yes, yes, yes;
 Glo - ry when it ends,
 Guards their bed at night.

All who come to him by prayer He loves to bless.

- 4 Jesus loves the little ones,
 Bears their sin and care;
 Loves to hear them lip his name
 In his praise or prayer.
- 5 Jesus loves the little ones,
 Wheresoe'er they roam;
 Then he takes them when they die
 To his heavenly home.

Come and See.

39

CHARLES H. ELLIOTT.

JES. R. SWANN.

1. There is pardon sweet at the Master's feet, Come and see, O come and see; There's a song of peace that shall
 2. There's an easy yoke that you all may bear, Come and see, O come and see; There's a bu - ly joy that you
 3. There's a healing balm for the weary breast, Come and see, O come and see; There's a tranquil peace and a
 4. There's a life beyond, 'tis a life divine, Come and see, O come and see; And the light of faith on your

CHORUS.

nev - er cease. Come, O come and see. In the precious, precious blood of Je - sus Washed u -
 all may share. Come, O come and see.
 as - sured rest, Come, O come and see.
 path will shine. Come, O come and see.

way your sins may be; You may plunge just now its cleansing flood,—Come, will you come and see.

Children of Zion.

DUET. *Cherfully.*

1. Oh, ma-ny, ma-ny chil-dren In Zi-on shall be found; We hear their hap-py
 2. Oh, who will be the chil-dren With-in the ci-ty bright? Will you be one to
 3. Then come and bring a play-mate, Purchase a broth-er dear; Let sis-ters come to-



voic-es, And plea-sant is the sound; For chil-dren can be Chris-tians, And
 en-ter, And come by morn-ing light? Oh, do not wait till old-er—The
 geth-er, Oh, nev-er, nev-er fear; For Zi-on must have chil-dren Up-

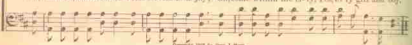


while at work, or play, Be gen-tle like the Mas-ter, And all his words o-bey.
 shadows may ap-pear— You may not see to en-ter When night is al-most here,
 on her gold-en street, Then come, and bring in with you Who-ev-er you may meet.

CHORUS.



Oh, children, come to Jesus! His service is a joy; Oh, come within the ci-ty, Yes, ev'ry girl and boy.



Our Shepherd.

41

FRANK GOULD.

MOTION SONG.

Jas. R. Swann.

1. We have a ten-der Shep-herd As kind as he can be, He loves us ver-y dear-ly; His

CHORUS.

lit-tle lambs are we. He takes our hearts and keeps them, He leads us ex-ry day, And

if we close-ly fol-low, From him we can-not stray.

FRANK GOULD, 4th line.—Left hand across the breast.

Chorus.—He takes our hearts and keeps He leads us every day, (then), And if we closely follow, From him we cannot stray.

1st line.—Right hand to heart. 2d line.—Motion with hand towards the face. 3d line.—Pointing upward at the word "him."

2 And when the lambs are weary,
He gives them happy rest;
He carries them so gently,
And folds them on his breast.
4th line.—Bring out the word "weary" as though you were tired. 3d line.—Left arm across the breast. 4th line.—Cross the hands near the breast.

3 His eyes are always open,
Our Shepherd never sleeps,
But o'er us when we slumber
A loving watch he keeps.
3d line.—Point to the eyes. 4th line.—Looking upward when "Shepherd" is mentioned, and close eyes at the word "sleep." 5th line.—Put the palms of both hands together, resting the side of the face on them.

4 And by and by he'll take us
To pastures green and fair,
And then we'll stay forever
With him, our Shepherd there.
1st line.—Looking upward. 2d line.—Swinging motion with the hand towards the face. 3d line.—Pointing upward.

Fanny J. Crosby.

Jos. R. Swann.

1. Dear Je - sus, how thank-ful and hap-py are we, So ten-der-ly fold-ed and safe in thy care,
 2. Thy goodness and mer-cy, how gen-tly they flow! Thine eye watcheth o'er us wherev-er we go,
 3. We thank thee, dear Je-sus, that here we may come, Where thou hast provided our beau-ti-ful home,
 4. We thank thee, dear Je-sus, we hal-low thy name, That ev-en the young-est thy prom-ise may claim

Our hearts are so cheer-ful, our foot-steps so light, We sing and we praise thee from morn-ing till night,
 Thy bless-ings are mak-ing our path-way so bright, We sing and we praise thee from morn-ing till night,
 We thank thee for teach-ers to guide us a-right, We sing and we praise thee from morn-ing till night,
 And now in thy ser-vice we glad-ly a-rite, We sing and we praise thee from morn-ing till night.

CHORUS.

From morn - - - ing till night, from morn - - - ing till night, We
 We sing and we praise thee from morn-ing till night, We sing and we praise thee from morn-ing till night.

slay and we praise thee, we sing and we praise thee, We sing and we praise thee from morning till night.

FRANCIS J. COOPER.

Come, come to-day.

Wm. J. KIMPAIRIDGE.

1. 'Tis the gracious Saviour calling, Come, come to-day; In our hearts the words are falling, Come, come to-day.
2. To his loving arms so tender Come, come to-day; Now to him our all surrender, Come, come to-day.
3. Then his Spirit he is saying, Come, come to-day; Let us then, our Lord obeying, Come, come to-day.
4. While we tarry how we grieve him, Come, come to-day; Let our hearts with joy receive him, Come, come to-day.

CHORUS.

Like a shepherd he will guide us, In his mercy he will hide us, Come, come to-day, Come, come to-day.

As We Gather.

E. A. RAFFERTY.

JES. K. SWANER.

1. We as children come to Jesus now, Come to know him, for he says we may; Friend of little children,
 2. We as children learn of Jesus now, Learn to serve him and in faith to pray; Friend of little children,
 3. We as children ask of Je - sus now Grace to keep us lest we go a - stray; Friend of little children.

CHORUS.

he will smile upon us As we gather here to - day. Gather,—as we gather in our Sunday-school, Our
 he will sweetly bless us As we gather here to - day.
 It is sweet to praise him As we gather here to - day.

Sunday-school, our Sunday-school, Gather,—as we gather in our Sunday-school, Our blessed Sunday-school.

Little Sunbeam.

45

E. E. HENRY

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1 I'm a lit-tle sunbeam, Just a gold-en ray, And my smiling brightness Helps to make the day.
 2 I'm a lit-tle dew-drop, From its mossy bed, Fainting flower, to greet me, Lifts its pretty head.
 3 I'm a lit-tle bird - ie, Trilling all day long, Till the woods re-ech - o With my merry song.

CHORUS.

Lit - the sun - beam, sun - beam, Shin - ing by the way, Lit - the sun - beam, sun - beam,
 Lit - the dew - drop, dew - drop, Sparkling by the way, Lit - the dew - drop, dew - drop,
 Lit - the bird - ie, bird - ie, Trill - ing by the way, Lit - the bird - ie, bird - ie.

4 I'm a little flow'ret,
 God has made me fair,
 So my breath shall praise him
 Sweetly on the air.
 Hap - py all the day.

4 I'm a little flow'ret,
 God has made me fair,
 So my breath shall praise him
 Sweetly on the air.

CRS.—Little flow'ers, flow'ers,
 Blooming by the way,
 Little flow'ers, flow'ers,
 Happy all the day.

5 More than birds or sunshine,
 More than flowers and dew,
 Loving little children
 Scatter blessings, too.

CRS.—Loving children, children,
 Singing by the way,
 Loving children, children,
 Happy all the day.

Happy Little Workers.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

Wm. J. KENNEDY.

1. Je - sus is the children's Friend, Happy little workers we; In his love our days we spend,
 2. Je - sus is the children's King, Happy little workers we; To his might-y hand we cling
 3. Je - sus is the children's Joy, Happy little workers we; Help-ing ev - ry girl and boy,

Hap - py lit - tle workers we. Round his throne we love to bend, On his words with joy at - tend,
 Hap - py lit - tle workers we. To his cross our hearts we bring, To his praise our hymns we sing,
 Hap - py lit - tle workers we. All of e - vil to destroy; May his work our lives em - ploy;

Fine. CHORUS.

Je - sus is the children's Friend, Hap - py lit - tle workers we. Hap - py lit - tle workers,
 Je - sus is the children's King, Hap - py lit - tle workers we.
 Je - sus is the children's Joy, Hap - py lit - tle workers we.

Happy Little Workers. CONCLUDED.

47

D.S.

Happy lit-tle workers, Hap-py lit-tle workers we; Serv-ing Je-sus ev-'ry day,

Temptation.

From the German.

Moderato.

1 Full oft does Sa-tan try To draw my steps a-side; Now bids me tell a lie. My
 2 When-er I con-sent To walk in Sa-tan's ways, It is as though I bent My
 3 How shall my fee-ble heart Be kept from Sa-tan's power? O Lord, thy strength impart In

Side from all to hide; And tempts me soon to sin again That I new pleasures may obtain.
 knee be-fore his face; And what reward will Sa-tan give? In his own place with him to live.
 ev-'ry tempted hour; That I may sin-ful joys re-fuse, And with delight thy service choose.

God make my Life.

J. J. R.

1. God make my life a lit - tle light, With - in the world to glow;

A lit - tle flame that burn - eth bright, Where - ev - er I may go.

2.
God make my life a little flower,
That giveth joy to all,
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although its place be small.

3.
God make my life a little song,
That comforteth the sad;
That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the singer glad.

4.
God make my life a little staff
Whereon the weak may rest,
That in wheat health and strength I have,
May serve my neighbors best.

5.
God make my life a little hymn
Of tenderness and praise;
Of faith that never waxeth dim,
In all his wondrous ways.

Heart Bells.

49

James Varcoe.

John B. Weaver.

1. Heart bells, joy-ful-ly, Ring a mer-ry chime; Clap our hands joy-ful-ly, While we beat the time;

Keep step care-ful-ly, Lit-tle feet of ours, Never mind, though we find Thorns among the flowers.

1 Heart bells, *tunefully*,
Ring a merry chime;
Clap our hands joyfully,
While we beat the time;
Keep step carefully,
Little feet of ours,
Never mind, though we find
Thorns among the flowers.

2 Bright eyes *trustfully*
Meet our teachers dear,
Parted lips give to them
Smiles of happy cheer;
Hark! hark! silence now;
Let us all obey;
Fold our hands, close our eyes,
While we kneel to pray.

3 Rise now *thoughtfully*,
While again we sing;
Merrily, cheerily,
Hail the children's King;
O'er us tenderly,
From their home above,
Angels now, bending low,
Hear our song of love.

1st line.—Hand to the heart, 2d line.—
The right hand, 3rd line.—Beat time with
right hand, 4th line.—March time with
right foot, 5th line.—Point to their feet,
6th line.—Lift hand on their breast.

(After Prayer.—D)

1st line.—Point to eyes, 2d line.—For-
ward motion of the hand, 3d line.—Point
to their lips, 4th line.—Smiling, 5th line.—
Holding up hand, all the fingers closed ex-
cept index finger, 6th line.—Close eyes to
the color, 7th line.—Fold hands and close
eyes, 8th line.—All kneeling.

1st line.—Rising all together, 2d line.—
Prize upwards, 3rd line.—Pointing up-
wards, 4th line.—Lifting their bodies.

Help me, O Jesus.

Rev. JOHN O. FURMAN, A. M.

Jas. R. Swain.

1. We are lit - tle, weak, and poor, Wait - ing by the o - pen door, Je - sus make us
 2. Feet a - round us great and strong Call - ing to us loud and long, But we'll turn our
 3. Guide our feet, we hum - bly pray, In the strait and nar - row way, In the path - way
 4. Guide us, Je - sus, ev - 'ry hour, Shield us from the tempter's power; Help us till our

CHORUS.

pure with - in. Shield us from the world of sin.
 thoughts a - way To the Sav - iour day by day. Help me, O Je - sus,
 thou hast trod, On - ward, up - ward, home to God.
 work is done, Then, O save us, bless - ed One.

Softly.

Help me while I pray: Help me, O Je - sus, Help me ev - 'ry day.

Our Hands for Jesus.

51

E. E. HAWLEY.

MOTION SONG.

Wm. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Je - sus, take our hands in thine, Lead us gen - tly, Friend divine; Con - secrate these lit - tle hands

CHORUS.

To thy ser - vice and com - mands. Je - sus, now thy chil - dren see Lift - ing up their hands to thee:

Take them, keep them always thine, Make them useful, Friend divine.

1 Jesus, take our hands in thine,
Lead us gently, Friend divine;
Consecrate these little hands
To thy service and commands.

1st line.—Hands pressed together, extended. 2d line.—Open hands, extend palms upward.
Cantus, 3d line.—Hands uplifted.

2 Little hands can clasp in prayer
For God's blessing everywhere;
Little hands can fold in praise,
While we sing our grateful lays.

1st line.—Hands clasped; heads bowed.
2d line.—Spreading arms outward. 3d
line.—Hands folded; looking up.

3 Little hands can comforts be,
By their touch of sympathy;
By their help in many ways,
Busy hands make busy days.

1st line.—Arms around each other's
shoulders. 2d line.—If for work day use,
give different motions, to represent sewing,
sweeping, etc.; otherwise, present hands,
palms outward.

4 Little hands their gifts can bring
For the honor of our King;
Lift your hands to God above;
Clap for joy, for he is love.

1st line.—Hands together, best shape.
2d line.—Hands uplifted. 4th line.—Clap
lightly.

I want to be with Jesus.

Old Measure.

1. I want to be with Je - sus, When I shall come to die, Not in the grave to lar - ry,
 2. I nev - er shall be wea - ry Nor ev - er shed a tear, Nor ev - er know a sor - row,
 3. I know I'm weak and sin - ful, But Je - sus will for - give, For ma - ny lit - tle chil - dren

But straight to heav'n to fly; There, right be - fore my Sav - iour, So glorious and so pure,
 Nor ev - er feel a fear; But bless - ed, pure, and ho - ly, I'll dwell on that blest shore,
 Have gone to heav'n to live; Dear Saviour, when I lan - guish, And lay me down to die,

4 Oh, then I'll be with Jesus
 And with the angels stand,
 A crown upon my forehead,
 A harp within my hand;
 And there, before my Saviour,
 So glorious and so pure,
 I'll join the heavenly chorus,
 And praise him evermore.

Awake and Sing.

53

REV. JOHN O. FORBES, A. M.

JES. R. SWANSON.

1. Wake, lit-tle children, awake and sing praise-es, praise-es; Let your glad voices in triumph ring
 Join in the worship of Christ our King, ho-ly, ho-ly; Tokens of love you may freely bring,

CHORUS.

loud and long, } { Sing in the tokens of love the notes of joy and praise, With
 grate-ful song. } { Sing as the moments go by to him who reigns on high, Your

1st time. 2nd time.

cheerful notes of praise, in childhood's happy days; notes employ in songs of joy that never die.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Hands that are little may do his will daily, daily, { more,
 Hearts that are young with his love may fill more and
 Feet that are tender may journey still onward, onward,
 Voices may sound over vale and bill, shore to shore.</p> | <p>3 Sing to the Lord with a cheerful song, hallelujah!
 Glory and honor to him belong, praise and love;
 Follow the Master where'er you go, gladly, gladly,
 Then from his bounty will he bestow life above.</p> |
|---|---|

For the Glory of Jesus.

E. E. Flowers.

Wm. J. KENNEDY.

1. Little Christians, at home and school, Living ever for Je - sus, Prac-tis - ing dai - ly the Golden Rule,
 2. Little singers, our hymns of praise Singing ev - er for Je - sus, Joy - ful - ly, free - ly, our voic - es raise
 3. Lit - tle workers, in simple ways Working ev - er for Je - sus, Gladly we give him our ear - ly days,
 4. Lit - tle sunbeams, where'er we go Shining ev - er for Je - sus, Letting his light thro' our actions glow

CHORUS.

For the glo - ry of Je - sus. Sing - ing and working, our hearts we give, Give them wholly to

Je - sus; Led by his grace may we al - ways live, Live to the glo - ry of Je - sus.

His Child I Want to be.

55

REV. C. H. VAYNAR.

JAC. R. SWEENEY.

1. The chil-dren to Je-sus may come And life and sal-va-tion receive; New hearts will be
 2. My name will be write in his book, And call me a lamb of his fold; When Sa-tan shall
 3. I read in his own bless-ed word. How lit-tle ones use-ful may be; I'll stand with my

CHORUS.

give ev-ry one, If on him they on-ly be-lieve. I will love him, I will love him,
 seek to de-vour, Then see in his arms will be hold.
 face to the cross, That oth-ers the Sav-our may see.

For his child I want to be; On the cross he died for sin-ners, On the cross he died for me.

E. E. HAYRY.

WM. J. KIMPAKORCK.

1. Lit - the ones may come to Je - sus! Je - sus wants them now; See, he waits with
 2. Lit - the ones may come to Je - sus! He is ver - y near; If we whis - per,
 3. Lit - the ones may come to Je - sus! All to him be - long; He will save us
 4. Lit - the ones may come to Je - sus! Give him now your heart; From this ten - der,

CHORUS

o - pen arms; Love is on his brow. I will come to Je - sus now,
 "Lord, I come," He will sure - ly hear.
 from our sins, Fill our lives with song.
 might - y Friend Nev - er, nev - er part.

Come and learn his love; He will take me in his arms, And bless me from a - love.

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Jesus Calls Us.

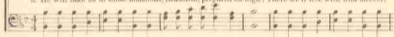
57

MARY D. JAMES.

JOHN R. SWANSON. By per.

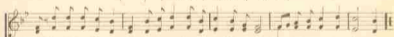
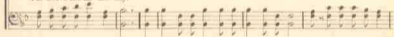


1. Je - sus calls us, list - en, list - en, See the loving Saviour's charms; Let the children come, he's saying.
2. Je - sus loves us—how he's longing Now to fold us to his breast, Let us go to our dear Saviour,
3. He will take us to those mansions, Beautiful, prepared on high; There we'll live with him forever.

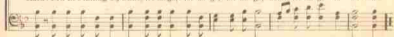


CHORUS.

Now we'll hasten to his arms. O, come, let us go, let us go, let us go, Hark! how he's calling us,
In his arms we'll sweetly rest.
Far above the az - ure sky.



Hark! how he's calling us, Come, let us go, let us go, let us go, Come, let us go to Je - sus.



Speak Bright Words.

E. K. HEWER.

Wm. J. KENNEDY.

1. Speak bright words for Jesus, Children of the King; Fair-er he than sunshine Of the golden spring.
 2. Sing bright words for Je-sus, Let his glo-ry shine In the joy which sparkles In each glowing line:
 3. Speak bright words for Jesus, Nearest, dearest Friend! Standing by his ransomed, Till life's day shall end:

See his wings of heal-ing Scatter-ing the night; Can we not speak brightly, Liv-ing in his light?
 Joy that he has bought us, That his name is Love, Joy that he is reign-ing On his throne above.
 Then, with loving welcome, He our souls will bring Where bright words for Jesus We'll forev-er sing.

CHORUS.

Bright words, bright words For our matchless King; Gladly will we speak his praise, Gladly will we sing.

Calling You and Me.

59

S. Martin.

Jan. B. Sewster.

1. 'Tis the Shepherd's voice we hear Calling you and me; To the precious fold so dear,
 2. He is ev - er watching o'er, Calling you and me; Looking down from yonder sky,
 3. Where the sweetest flowers grow, Calling you and me; Where the brightest waters flow,
 4. To his gen - tle, lov - ing breast, Calling you and me; Where the lambs in safety rest,

CHORUS.

Call - ing you and me. Ma - ny times in ev - ry day. We can hear him

In our play, Call - ing to the bet - ter way, Call - ing you and me.

A Little Work for Jesus.

EMILY PAINE.

Jas. H. SWANNY. By per.



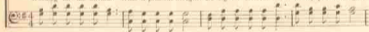
1. A little work for Jesus, How sweet the thought to me, When evening shades do gather, Something I've done for thee.
2. It may have been but little, The good that I have done; But all thou wilt accept it, Though from a little one.
3. Oh! it is such an hon-our, To do for Christ the Lord; To do an act to please him, Or speak for him a word.
4. I may not do as others, A mighty work of grace, I may not bring a thousand To seek the Saviour's face;
5. But I can tell a sin-ner, Of Jesus' precious love, And point him to the mansion That's waiting up above.



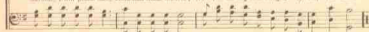
CHORUS.



Working for the Saviour—What a precious thought! Doing for the Mas-ter, Who my pardon brought;



Saviour, I will praise thee, Thine love has made me free; Now I'm do-ing some-thing Ev-ry day for thee.



Our Songs of Love.

W. H. R.

Wm. H. FLANN

1. Let us trea-sure up the sun-beams Of the bright Sabbath day; 'Tis the Mas-ter, in his
 2. Let us ear-ly learn the les-sons He would have us to know; So his blessings ne'er shall
 3. Blessed Mas-ter, we a-dore thee! Hear our praise to-day; Keep us near thee,—ev-er

CHORUS.

good-ness, Who strews them in our way. Sing-ing joy-ous-ly our songs of love In the
 hail us, Wher-ever we may go.
 near thee,—Thou art the Liv-ing Way.

Sabbath-school to-day; Sing-ing joy-ous-ly our songs of love: They cheer us on our way.

Wont you love my Jesus?

SALADY SMITH.

Jas. R. Swear

1. I have found a friend di-vine, Wont you love him too? I am his and he is mine,
 2. Oh, how dear his name to me, Wont you love him too? None can save your soul but he,
 3. Hras-y-lid-en, care-oppressed, Wont you love him too? How he longs to give you rest,
 4. Cast your burden at his feet, Wont you love him too? There is par-don pure and sweet,

CHORUS.

Wont you love him too? Wont you love my Je-sus, My pre-cious, pre-cious

Je-sus? Wont you love my Je-sus? He is wait-ing now for you.

From "The Welcome Voice," by per.

Joy Bells.

63

MARINA J. LAMBERT.

Wm. J. KIMPATRICK.

1. Pretty, golden sunbeams, Looking from the sky, Call us now to wake and sing Praise to God on high;
 2. Pretty birds that caw! From the waving trees, Hiding in the branches green, Cuddled on the breeze,
 3. Shall our tongues be silent? Have we naught to say, When our hearts can feel his love Better far than they?

Song and beauty ev'rywhere, On the earth and in the air, Still the blessed truth declare, God, our God is love.
 Thro' the laughing summer days Still their great Creator praise, In the simple tones they raise Telling God is love.
 Like the beams that sparkle bright, Like the birds on pinions light, Like the bells, let all unite, Singing, God is love.

CHORUS. *Repeat pp.*

Bell accompaniment if desired.

Joy bells, joy bells, Hear them ringing, sweetly ringing; Hear the joy bells, joy bells Echo God is love.
 Joy bells, joy bells, merry joy bells, Joy bells, joy bells, merry joy bells.

Joyous, Happy, Bright, and Fair.

1. Joy-ous, hap-py, bright, and fair, Wel-come is the Sab-bath dear, Which we glad-ly hail to-day,
 2. Bless-ed Shep-herd, lead us all, Teach-ers, schol-ars, by thy call, Nev-er let us faint, or fall
 3. List'n-ing, learn-ing of thy will Glad-ly may we be ful-fil'd, 'Till at last on Zi-on's hill

Pre-cious day of grace, Sweet this rest-ful, pray-erful hour, Hal-low'd by the Spir-it's power:
 On our pil-grim way, Thou our glo-ri-ous lead-er be, Bring-ing us to pas-sages free,
 We from toil shall rest, Gath-er'd home at last to dwell, And the heavenly au-rie swell,

CHORUS.

Je-sus, Mas-ter, now draw near, Fill us with thy peace! Joy-ous, hap-py, bright, and fair,
 May we thy sal-va-tion see In these courts to-day,
 We shall know that all is well—Ev-er more be blest!

Wel-come is the Sab-bath day, Which we glad-ly hail to-day, Precious day of grace!

Loving Jesus.

Henry L. Benson.

R. I. II.

1. I love to sing of Jesus, Because he died for me; It grieves my heart to think that he should suffer on a tree.
 2. I love to sing of Jesus, For, tho' he's gone above, He listens to my feeble praise, And shields me with his love.
 3. And if on earth we're faithful, In heav'n his face we'll see, And sing in songs more joyful, Thro' all eternity.

CHORUS.

Oh, lov-ing Je-sus! Praise him! praise him! Oh, lov-ing Je-sus! Till ev-er sing of thee.

Rev. F. W. Gossett.

1. A crowd fills the court of the tem - ple, A sound as of praise stirs the air, Je - ru - sa - lem thrills with e -
 2. Lord, make each young heart thine own temple, It reveal thy secret presence within, Illumine our minds by thy
 3. And when in the temple of glo - ry, Where falls never shadow of night, Where sorrow and sin never

crca. *p* *crca.*

mo - tion, The Lord of the tem - ple is there! In vain is the priestly dis - pleas - ure To
 com - ing, Ex - pel ev - ry long - ing for sin; For when in our souls we a - dose thee, How
 and - den, And thou shalt thyself be the light, When round thee the ransomed are thronging, High

rit.

silence the anthems that ring, Hosan - na! Hosan - na! Hosan - na! The children all joy - ful - ly sing.
 pure the glad praise we shall bring! Hosanna! Hosanna! Hosan - na! The children will joy - ful - ly sing.
 heaven with their praises will ring, Hosan - na! Hosan - na! Hosan - na! The children for - ev - er will sing.

By permission.

♩	♪	♫	♬	♭	♮
2	4	6	8	10	12

Beautiful Sabbath Bell.

67

FANNIE M. CHANDLER.

CHAS. EDW. PIERCE.



1. Beau-ti-ful Sab-bath bell! Always sweet is thy sound; Ev-er thine ech-oes tell
 2. Beau-ti-ful Sab-bath bell! Like the voice of a friend, Bidding from hill and dell

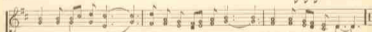


Where pure love is found; Beau-ti-ful Sab-bath bell! Ev-er sweet is thy call—
 Joy-ful praise as-send; Beau-ti-ful Sab-bath bell! Bid-ding all who may man,

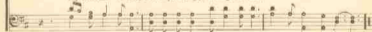
CHORUS.



"Here is sal-va-tion's well, Free and o-pen to all" Beau-ti-ful Sab-bath bell!
 Come and with Je-sus dwell In the heav-en-ly home. Beau-ti-ful Sab-bath bell!



Thy sweet call we hear; Now may the songs we swell Reach the Mas-ter's ear.
 Thy sweet call we hear; Now may the songs, the songs we swell



What can Little Hands do!

1. O, what can lit - the *hands* do To please the king of heav'n? The little hands some work may try,
 2. O, what can lit - the *lips* do To please the king of heav'n? The lit - the lips can praise and pray,
 3. O, what can lit - the *eyes* do To please the king of heav'n? The lit - the eyes can upward look,
 4. O, what can lit - the *hearts* do To please the king of heav'n? Young hearts, if he his Spir - it send,

That will some sim - ple want sup - ply; Such grace to mine be given, Such grace to mine be given.
 And gen - tle words of kindness say; Such grace to mine be given, Such grace to mine be given.
 Can learn to read God's ho - ly book; Such grace to mine be given, Such grace to mine be given.
 Can love him. — Maker, Saviour, Friend; Such grace to mine be given, Such grace to mine be given.

I cannot Seek too Early.

"Fast thou say; for I ask with thee." — Is. xl. 10.

C. E. P.

1. I can not seek too ear - ly in the morn - ing, I cannot come to thee too late at night;
 2. No ev - il can approach but thou be - hold - est, No danger compass us but thou art near;
 3. Shall I not seek thee in life's ear - ly morn - ing, Shall I not cling to thee thro' earth's night,

Thou wilt re-ceive me in the ear-liest dawn-ing, And thou wilt welcome in the darkest night.
My trem-bling heart be-nath thy wing thus fold-ed; With-in thy secret place can come so fear.
Till thou re-veal to me the hea-venly dawn-ing, And I shall see thy face, and no more night.

Jesus Watches Over Me.

C. W. Ray.

"The very hairs of your head are all numbered."—Matt. x. 30.

C. K. P.

1. Je-sus watches o-ver me, Though a lit-tle child so weak; He my ev-ry step can see,
2. Je-sus watches when I pray, Though I am so young and small; Ev-ry word I think or say,
3. Je-sus watches o-ver me When I lie in deepest sleep; Though his face I cannot see,

[Omit in last verse.] [Ending for last verse.]

4. Jesus watches over me, [Chorus]
Though he reigns o'er earth and
He my constant guard will be,
Though my path thro' danger lies.
5. Jesus watches over me;
He my wayward feet will guide,
He from sin can make me free,
And for every want provide.

The Ceaseless Call.

C. W. Hay.

"Come you, O men, I call, and my voice is to the sons of men."—Psal. viii. 4.

CHAS. KIM, PRIN.

SOLO.

1. {
 Listen, children, one and all, Hear the eag-er, ceaseless call; Boys are wanted: earnest, strong,
 Boys are wanted who may be From all slav-ish vic-es free,—Boys of heart, and nerve, and will,
 2. {
 Listen, children, one and all, Hear and heed the earnest call; Girls are wanted to inspire
 Girls are wanted who may win Reckless souls from paths of sin, Girls who ev-er more shall be

Brave to bat-tle with the wrong, Wise to plan for human needs, Strong for worthy christian deeds;
 Highest place of trust to fill; Boys with courage brimming o'er Will be need-ed, ev-er more;
 Drow-zy boys with holy fire; Girls whose pure and winsome ways Shall command the highest praise;
 In a-bid-ing sympath-y With the tireless and the brave, Who despairing souls would save.

The Ceaseless Call.—CONCLUDED.

71

CHORUS.

1. From ve - ry lit - tle boys have grown The great - est men the world has known.
2. From ve - ry lit - tle girls have grown This in - blis - t'ed wo - men ev - er known.

Precious Words of Jesus.

C. W. R.

"Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not."—Mark x, 14.

C. W. RAY.

1. Precious is the Saviour's promise, Children to receive; He will welcome to his heart All who in him believe.
2. Precious words of in - firmi - ty, Spoken tender - ly; Hinder none, for ev - ry one May my dis - ciple be.
3. Precious are the words of Jesus, When by fears oppress'd; He can take all guilt away, And give the weary rest.
4. Precious is the pledge of pardon, All may be forgiv'n; And each penitent shall find The endless bliss of heav'n.

CHORUS.

Sweet are the words of Jesus, His grace how wondrous free: "Suffer the little children To come unto me."

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C 60 61 62 63 64 65 66
D 67 68 69 70 71 72 73

C. W. R.

Not for sale.

1. A darling child lay dy - ing, Her kindred weeping near, When in a song of tri - umph,
 2. My sins are all for - giv - en, The Saviour smiles on me; I soon shall be in heav - en,
 3. I shall be there to-mor - row, — My pains will all be o'er; No drear - y night, — no sor - row, —

CHORUS.

Her voice now sweet and clear: I'm go - ing home to glo - ry, A gold - en crown to wear;
 Its pearl - y gates I see,
 But pleasures ev - er more.

Oh, meet me, meet me, Meet me e - ver there.

4 The Lord hath sent his angels
 All fears of death to quell;
 O papa, say you'll meet me,
 Before I say, Farewell!

5 Then, while he kneeled beside her,
 She kissed away his tears;
 And in the softest accents,
 Still whispered in his ears:

1. Why came the Sav-ior from a-bove, To dwell on earth be-low? Why suf-fered he on
 2. Why bowed he in Geth-sen-a-ne Be-neath a weight of woe, Till blood-y sweat be-
 3. Why does he wash my sin-stained heart And make it white as snow? Why does he make his
 4. Why will he take me up to heav'n From curbs and toils be-low? Why give a crown of

CHORUS.

Cal-vary? Be-cause he loves me so. He loves me, he loves me, He loves me, this I
 don't the ground? Be-cause he loves me so.
 home therein? Be-cause he loves me so.
 glo-ry there? Be-cause he loves me so.

He loves, he loves me, He loves, he loves me,

know, did I know. He gave him-self to die for me, Be-cause he loves me so.

Happy Little Birdie.

CROSS EDWARDS, PARIS.

1. Happy lit-tle bird-ie, Singing in the tree, Tell me why you al-ways Are so blithe and free;
 2. When the storms of winter Drive you from my door, Who is it that guides you To a warmer shore?
 3. "God is my pro-ject-er, He directs my way, Taught me how to wait, All the summer day."

Do you ev-er see a bird? Do you know a care? Singing thus so glad-ly As you mount the air,
 Then the pathless heavens, Who points out the way? Who is it that keeps you Always glad and gay?
 Thus the lark is told me, As it mounted high, Singing loud in gladness, Then the azure sky.

Jesus, I would follow Thee.

"My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me."—John x. 27.

C. W. RAY.

1. Jesus, I would follow thee, Follow thee, follow thee, Tho' thy form I cannot see, Yet thou art ever near;
 Thou canst hear me when I pray, When I pray; Thou art never far away, And ever very dear.

2. Jesus, when I look to thee, Look to thee, look to thee, Thou wilt surely pity me, And bless me with thy love;
 Jesus, thou wilt hear my cry, Hear my cry, hear my cry, Thou wilt bring me when I die To thy bliss home above.

Hour by hour and day by day, In the strait and narrow way, I would ever follow thee, Till thy face in heav'n I see.

C. W. Kay

My Feet, My Hands.

Chas. Fow. Patten.

1. Je-sus, guide my lit-tle feet Along the heav'nly way; Safely guard them from each snare, Lest
2. Je-sus, help my lit-tle hands To do thy ho-ly will; Ev-ry page in my life's book Help
3. Je-sus, touch my lit-tle eyes, That I may always see Work that waits my willing hands And
4. Je-sus, touch my lit-tle lips To tell thy wondrous love; Change my prayers to songs of praise, And

they should go a-stray; I shall be sure to turn a-side, Un-less my footsteps thou wilt guide, me with good to fill; How sad life's record should I make No ac-ri-tes for thy dear sake! shows my love for thee; Help me to hear and heed thy voice, And daily make thy ways my choice, bring me safe a-bove; In mansions bright prepared for me, Thy face and glory I shall see.

Copyright, 1886, by CHAS. FOW. PATTEN.

♩	♪	♫	♬	♭	♮	♯	♭	♮	♯
60	62	64	66	68	70	72	74	76	78

To Jesus I will go.

C. W. RAY.

"And the blood of Jesus Christ his Son, cleanseth us from all un-"
John 1, p.

C. W. RAY.

1. That from guilt I may be free - or spotless and free I will leave to my Redeemer, Who was crucified for me;
 2. To his bosom I'll fly. On his mercy re - ly, I will trust to his compassion, Who for me could bleed and die;
 3. He is pi - ty will deign To remove ev - ery stain, 'Till he hear me, 'till he save me, I shall at his feet remain;

In the deep, crimson tide, From his own wounded side, He shall wash me, he shall cleanse me. Then shall I be parter.
 In the un-cleansing flood Of his own precious blood He shall wash me, he shall cleanse me. He shall bring me home to God.
 For my sin he a - lone By his blood re-embles me, He shall wash me, he shall change me, He shall make me all his own.

REFRAIN.

Yes, to Jesus I will go, And his favor I shall know; He shall wash me, He shall cleanse me, He shall make me white as snow.

Little Hearts and Little Hands.

77

C. W. RAY.

"He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."—John 11: 25.

CHAS. EMM. FRANK.

DUET.

1. Blessed Je - sus, we a - dore thee For thy patience and thy love; Bless us while we wait be -
 2. May not children learn to know thee, And to sound aloud thy fame? Teach us, Lord, how much we
 3. Lit - tle children may receive thee, And receiv - ing thee may live; To each soul who will be -

CHORUS.

fore thee, Let us all thy mer - cy prove. Lit - tle hearts may sure - ly love thee, Lit - tle
 owe thee, With thy love each heart in - flame.
 here thee Life e - ter - nal thou wilt give.

Let us learn thy ways; Lit - tle hands may learn to serve thee; Lit - tle lips may sing thy praise.

The musical score is written in G major and 4/4 time. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line has lyrics under it, and the piano part provides harmonic support. The score is divided into two systems, each with a vocal staff and a piano staff.

1. Above the clear blue sky, In heaven's bright abode, The an - gel host on high Sing praises
to their God; Hal - le - lu - jah, They love to sing to God their King, Halle - lu - jah!

2 But God from heaven's towers
On earth receiveth praise;
We then our cheerful songs
In sweet accord will raise:
Hallelujah!
We too will sing
To God our King
Hallelujah!

3 O Blessed Lord, thy truth
To us, Thy babes, impart,
And teach us in our youth
To know Thee so Thou art.
Hallelujah!
Then shall we sing
To God our King
Hallelujah!

4 Oh, may thy holy Word
Sprawl all the world around;
And all with one accord
Uplift the joyful sound,
Hallelujah!
All then shall sing
To God their King
Hallelujah!

BEAUTIFUL BOW.

79

Lively.

I set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant—Gen. ix. 13.

J. J. HORN.

1. Beautiful bow! in my-ry giv'n, A token of love to earth from heav'n; When thou art bounding
 2. Beautiful bow!—a brighter one is shining a-round th' eternal throne; And when life's fulfil

bright and fair, May we ev-er behold the promise there. Dear-ti-ful, heav-ni-ful,
 storm as e'er, May we gaze on that bow for ev-er more.

beaut-ful, beaut-ful bow, Sweet token of God's mercy and love to all be-low.

LITTLE PILGRIM ON THE ROAD.

Rev. H. C. McCook.

They desire a better country, that is, a heavenly.—Heb. xi. 16.

Jas. M. Nevens, D. D. per.

1. I'm a pil-grim, pil-grim on the road, Little pil-grim on the road, To the City of our God; I have
 2. I was bur-den'd, bur-den'd with a load, Heavy bur-den'd with a load, When I started on the road; 'Twas the

left the way of sin That I long had wander'd in, And I'm press-ing 'tward the land, the land of glo-ry.
 sin that I had done; My own hand had hid it on, Ere I started for the land, the land of glo-ry.

Chorus.

On, on, on! I'm trav-'ling on, On to glo-ry! On to glo-ry! I have left the way of



sin. That I long have wander'd in, And I'm trav'ling to the land, the land of glo - ry.

1 I was weary, weary of the load,
Very weary of the load;
As I totter'd o'er the road;
But the Saviour took the pack
From the little pilgrim's back;
And I'm trav'ling on with righteous
heart to glory.—Chorus.

4 There are perils, perils by the road,
Many perils by the road;
But I trust the pilgrim's God;
With my staff, believing party's,
Ev'ry danger I may dare,
While I travel to the land, the land
of glory.—Chorus.

2 Blessed Saviour, Builder of the road,
Thou' the way to me hast showed,
Grace to enter it bestowed,
Oh, support me day by day,
Giving strength for all the way
That I journey toward the land, the
land of glory.—Chorus.

INFANT PRAISES.

Arranged.

1. Jesus high in glo - ry, Lead a listening ear; When we bow before thee, Infant praises hear.
2. We are little children, Weak and apt to stray; Saviour, guide and keep us In the heavenly way.
3. Save us, Lord, from sinning, Watch us day by day; Help us now to love thee, Take our sins away.
4. Then, when Jesus calls us To our heavenly home, We will answer gladly, "Saviour, Lord, we come."

Infant Praises—P

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

Sings to little children to come unto me.

J. J. Houn

1. Thou Guardian of our youthful days, To thee our pray'rs ascend, To thee we'll turn our

Chorus.
songs of praise, Thou loving Children's Friend! O draw our hearts to thee, And when this life shall

end, Stand as it were a-bove the sky, With thee, the Children's Friend.

From thee our daily mercies flow,
Our life and health descend;
Oh, save our souls from sin and woe;
Thou art the Children's Friend.

2.
Teach us to prize the holy Word,
And to its truths attend;
Then shall we learn to fear the Lord,
And love the Children's Friend.

3.
Oh, may we feel a Saviour's love,
To live our souls commend,
Who left his glorious throne above
To be the Children's Friend!

WE NOW GIVE OUR HEARTS TO JESUS.

83

H. J. K.

7 Give them that love me; and those that seek me early shall find me.—Ps. xlii. 17.

FRANK B. SCHUBERT.

1. We now give our hearts to Je-sus, For youth, like a tin-der-flow-er, Requires his gos-pel-ling
 2. How love-ly the dewy morn-ing, When earth seems all bright and fair; But brighter the morn-ing

Chorus.

love and care, To shield us from temp-ta-tion's hour. Glo-ry, glo-ry to God! In
 time of life, When hallowed by faith and pray'r.

re-sume your voices raise.—Joy-ful-ly sing, for Christ is King, To him give the highest praise!

3 The song birds their praises warble
 In forest, on hill, and plain;
 But ever the songs of joy we raise,
 To Jesus, for sinners slain.—*Ch.*

4 Then praises to God we'll render;
 In songs let our voices swell!
 He gives to his children joy and peace,
 With them he delights to dwell.—*Ch.*

JOYFULLY, JOYFULLY.

M. W. SWANSON.

FROM GOSPEL PSALMS, BY POET.

Wm. J. KRAMERSCHIK.

1. Oh, joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly, toward we go; We see not our path, but our Lead-er we know;
 2. Tho' trials we sail us, and dangers affright, And never, still 'neath, comes death's awful night;
 3. Then onward, still onward, thro' life's varied track, In hope we press on, nor look anxiously back;

And when'er be our guide us, thro' shadow or sun, Ever joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly fol-low we on.
 Yet what shall domineer us, when close at our side, Stands he who can help us, our Saviour and Guide.
 With our Saviour beside us to point out our way, We'll joy-ful-ly speed us through life's little day.

Chorus.

Joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly, for-ward we go, Joy-ful-ly leaving all sor-row be-low;

JOYFULLY, JOYFULLY.—Concluded.

85

Over and upward, thro' Fa - lan - ce - wail; Joy - ful - ly up - ward, thro' Christ we'll pre - vail.

LET THEM COME TO ME.

Ms. A. N. ANONY.

W. W. SWANSON. Op. 100

1. Hear the gentle Shepherd, Calling lambs like us, In his sweetest accents, Let them come to me.
2. He will bid us - stand; When our tired feet reach the golden en - d, He'll be there to greet.
3. Thanks, dear, blessed Saviour, For thy words of love, Bidding children enter Thy bright courts above.

Refrain.

Let them come to me, Let them come to me, Hear him sweetly say - ing, Let them come to me.

GLADLY WILL WE SING FOR JESUS.

REV. A. PLAMMAN,

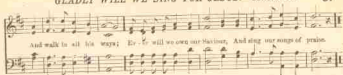
Serve the Lord with gladness.—Ps. x. 1.

J. J. HORN.

1. Gladly will we sing for Je - sus, Sing our hap - py songs; Praises will we give to Je - sus,
2. Gladly will we live for Je - sus, All our earth - ly days; Give ourselves entirely to him,

With our youth - ful tongues: Our ho - nous - ble God shall re - joice O - ver us and lead;
Learn his ho - ly ways: Ev - er from our early child - hood Till our life has ends,

Chorus.
Je - sus is the Friend of Children.— Leads them by his hand. Ev - er will we own our Saviour,
Will we try to love and serve him, Fol - lowing his com - mands.



And walk in all his ways; Ev-er will we own our Saviour, And sing our songs of praise.

1 Gladly will we die in Jesus,
Laying on his breast,
With his loving arms around us,
Sweet will be our rest:

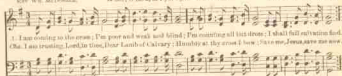
Then we'll ever be with Jesus,
With that happy throng,
Mingling in the heav'nly chorus
Our triumphant song.—Chorus.

I AM TRUSTING, LORD, IN THEE.

Rev. Wm. McDermott.

In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust.—Ps. lxxi.

Wm. G. Fessenden, Organ.



1. I am coming to the cross; I'm poor and weak and blind; I'm counting all his throes; I shall fall salvation find.
Ch. I am trusting, Lord, in thee, Dear Lamb of Calvary; Almsdebt at thy cross I bow; Save me, Jesus, save me now.

2 Long my heart has sighed for thee;
Long has evil weighed within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
I will cleanse you from all sin.
I am trusting, &c.

3 Here I give my all to thee,—
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body thine to be,
Wholly thine, for evermore.
I am trusting, &c.

WE ARE COMING TO THE FOUNTAIN.

ANON. COMPOSER.

I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely.

Wm. W. BRIDGES.

1. We are coming to the fountain, We are kneeling at its brink; From its pure and living waters,

Chorus.

Je- sus says we too may drink. We are coming, yes, we're coming, For we know there yet is room,

2.

We are coming to the fountain,
Flowing fresh, and clear and free,
We are coming, blessed Saviour,
Bringing all we have to thee.—

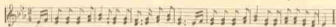
3. Chorus.

Room for ev'ry one that thirsteth, And the Saviour bids us come.
We are coming straight to Jesus,
We have nowhere else to go,
And we know he will receive us,
For he's sweetly told us so.—Cha.

I WILL FOLLOW JESUS.

89

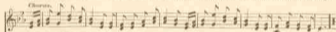
J. H. Towns



1. The world is very beautiful, and full of joy to me; The sun shines out in glory, On ev'rything I see;
2. I'm but a little pilgrim, My journey's just begun; They say I shall meet sorrow before my journey's done.



I know I shall be happy While in the world I stay, For I will follow Jesus, Will follow all the way.
The world is full of sorrow And suffering, they say, But I will follow Jesus, Will follow all the way.



For I will follow Jesus, For I will follow Je-sus, For I will follow Jesus, Will follow all the way.



3.
Then, like a little pilgrim,
Whatever I may meet,
I'll take it,—joy or sorrow,—
And lay an Jesus' feet;
He'll comfort me in trouble,
He'll wipe my tears away,
With joy I'll follow Jesus,
Will follow all the way.
For I will follow Jesus, &c.

4.
Then trials cannot vex me,
And pain I need not fear;
For when I'm close by Jesus,
Grief cannot enter the near,
Not even death can harm me,
When death I meet one day,
To home's I'll follow Jesus,
Will follow all the way.
For I will follow Jesus, &c.

SOWING AND REAPING.

Whosoever sows sows, that shall he also reap.—Gal. vi. 7

Wm. J. KINGSBURY.

1. Are we sowing seeds of kindness? They shall blossom bright ere long; Are we sowing seeds of discord?
 2. We can never be too careful What the seed our hands shall sow.—Love from love is sure to ripen.

They shall ripen in - to wrong; Are we sowing seeds of honor? They shall bring forth golden grain;
 Hate from hate no sure to grow; Seeds of good or ill we scatter, As we pass a - long the way,

Are we sowing seeds of falsehood? We shall yet reap bitter pain. Whoso'er our sowing be,
 And we'll gather of the fruitage In the last great harvest day.

Solo *Chorus*

SOWING AND REAPING.—Concluded.

91

Reaping, we its fruit shall see. Whatso'er our sowing be, Reaping, we its fruit shall see.

Two years old.

GOOD COUNSEL.

W. J. K.

1. Guard, my child, thy tongue, That it speak no wrong, Let no e - vil word pass o'er it;
 2. Guard, my child, thine eyes, Prying is not wise; Let them look on what is right,
 3. Guard, my child, thine ear, Wicked words will soar; Let no e - vil words come in,
 4. Ear, and eye, and tongue, Guard while thou art young: For, a - las! these bus - y three

Set the watch of truth be - fore it; That it do no wrong, Guard, my child, thy tongue.
 From all e - vil turn their sight; Prying is not wise, Guard, my child, thine eyes.
 That may cause the soul to sin; Wicked words will soar, Guard, my child, thine ear.
 Can un - ru - ly num - bers be; Guard while thou art young, Ears and eyes and tongue.

We all can do Something for Jesus.

Jan. E. Sawyer.

1. Our school is a vineyard, a garden of truth, We all can do something for Je-sus; And tho' we are just in the
 2. A world to the string of kindness and love May often remind them of Je-sus, A song of our beau-ti-ful
 3. O sweeter, far sweeter than riches or fame To feel we are working for Je-sus, The cup of cold wa-ter we

morning of youth, We all can do something for Je-sus; The deep rilling vi-er that flows to the sea It made of the
 nation above May lead a poor wand'ring Je-sus; The acres which planted the' staid H may be, How quickly it
 give in His name Will bring in the blessing of Je-sus; The brook and the ocean, the leaf and the tree, Are reaching a

brooklets that sparkle so free; A lesson, dear schoolmates for you and for me We all can do something for Je-sus,
 grows to a wide-spreading tree, A lesson, dear schoolmates for you and for me We all can do something for Je-sus,
 les-son to you and to me, No matter how simple the les-son may be, We all can do something for Je-sus.

Calling, Gently Calling.

93

Rev. J. M. Linn.

"And the Lord came, and stood and called as at other times, saying, Behold. Then Samuel answered, Speak, for thy servant heareth." (1 Sam. 3: 10)

John J. Hunt.

1. In the midnight, still-ly watch-est, What a wondrous voice I hear! Charming accents, sweet and
2. Blessed Lord, O great Cre-ator, How I wonder can it be, He that built the star-ry

CHORUS.

tender, Music-like notes, soft-ly come ear. Calling, gently calling, Wondrous accents, sweet and mild!
Dost regard a child like me.

Calling, he be loves me; He loves a lit-tle child.

3. There again I hear thee calling,
In such tender accents near;
Hark on! Oh, yes, I listen;
Speak, and I will gladly hear.

4. Speak, O Lord, thy sweetest behest;
Help thou me to understand;
Have I wait to do thy errands,
And obey, Lord, thy command.

♩ ♪ ♫ ♬ ♭ ♮ ♯ ♯♯

We all can do Good.

J. R. S.

F. J. C.

1. Our lives we are told are but fleeting as best, Like rain in they life and de - cay;
 2. A look or a smile, that in kindness we give, May com - fort a des - o - late heart;
 3. How man - y a - round us are stran - gers to God, How man - y poor children we see;
 4. We all can do good, and we all can be - stow Some gift for the sake of our Lord;

Then let us do good while the pres - ent is ours, Be use - ful as long as we stay.
 May secur - en a life that is heav - y and sad, And hope to the won - ry im - part.
 If each we could bring to the foot of the cross, How grateful and glad we should be.
 If un - ly a cup of cold wa - ter we give, Our souls will be - lieve that we would.

D.S. Re - mem - ber the pro - verb re - mem - ber it now, We all can do good if we try.

Do good us - to oth - ers, do good while we live.—Our moments how quickly they fly,
 how quickly they fly.

He Loves us Still the Same.

95

FRANCES J. OWEN.

Wm. J. KINGSBURY.

1. Who left for us a throne in heav'n, Glo-ri-ous and bright? Whose precious life for us was given,
 2. Who loved us when for-tun and stray'd, By sin a-roam'd? Who sought us when we wander'd awry,
 3. Who gather'd in the children round him, With blessings kind? Who now the glory bright has crown'd him,
 4. Who watches us when lone-ly stray'd, By night or day? Who lit-tles when our hearts are pray'd,
 5. Je-sus the children's friend, we these first, Touch us thy feet; Let not our lips a-lone ex-claim thee,

Chorus

That we might live aright! Two Je-sus, Je-sus, Glo-ry to his name, Hal-le-lu-jah; When he dwelt on
 Earth from our heavenly home!
 Faithful we always find! 'Tis
 His every word we say!
 Make them our hearts sincere. — Je-sus, etc.

earth be-liev- Li-tle ones to His might go, Hal-le-lu-jah, praise his name. He loves us still the same.

Come Hither to Me.

E. J. Rowan

F. J. C.

1. The Saviour is calling, how low-ly he calls, His kind in-vo-itation should make no refusal,
 2. Our Friend, of all others the dearest and best, How grac-ily he gathers the lambs to his breast,
 3. The world may deceive us, its pleasures will fade, But he has pur-posed a home in the sky,
 4. A-gain he is calling, we must not de-lay, With bright, smiling fa-ces we gladly a-bey;

He speaks, and my language as low-ly can be, A-bove, in the children, come hith-er to me,
 And there from all e-vil how safe we shall be; O Jesus, how still call-ing, Come hith-er to me,
 He tells us how hap-py our dwelling will be, And whispers now, Children, come hith-er to me,
 Oh, Saviour, our Saviour! how thank-ful are we That all are in-vo-ited to come in-to thee.

CHORUS

Come hith-er to me, come hith-er to me; Of such shall my Kingdom in Per-a-dise be; Come

hith - er to me, come hith - er to me, A - rise, lit - tle children, come hith - er to me.

Max A. M. Chance

Children Invited.

John E. Swancy

1. Come to Je - sus, Child - ren dear, He'll re - ceive you; Do not fear,
 2. For he loves you, And he died; On the cross Was cru - ci - fixed,
 3. Je - sus our friend Pain and woe, For you, child - ren, Here he - low,
 4. That his child - ren Happy might be, — Saved in heav - en, From us not den.

Chorus.

Wont you love and serve him, Wont you love and serve him, Wont you, wont you love and serve him,
 Wont you love and serve him, Wont you love and serve him, Wont you love and serve him.

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Little Ones May Come to Thee.

J. H. K.
SONG.

V. J. C. SOLO. **DUET.**

1. I would seek . . . and find thee now. Blessed Ser . . . our, teach me how. I would
2. Thus didst leave thy crown of light, Thou didst leave thy throne so high, Thus didst
3. Precious Sev . . . our, Friend alive. Take and keep my hand in thine; Thus low

DUET. **CHORUS.**

lay . . . my heart to rest On thy gen-tle, lov-ing breast. Thou art pure . . . and un-de-
leave . . . them all for me, That my soul might live with thee. Then we give and as-
top . . . py I shall be, Step by step to walk with thee. the

Red, I a weak and help- less child; help- less child; Yet thy
Red, as - de - Red, I a weak and help- less child; help- less child;

Word has said to me, Lit - tle ones may come to thee, Yes, the lit - tle ones may come to thee.

Long time ago.

Wm. J. KENNEDY.

1. Je - sus was a lit - tle child, Long time a - go, Gentle, loving meek and mild, Long time a - go.
 2. Wise men galled by a star, Long time a - go, Came there from the east a - far, Long time a - go.
 3. We may come as well as they Long time a - go, For we read that Christ did say, Long time a - go.

He was in a manger sleeping, Angels o'er him watch were keeping, Long time ago, Long time a - go,
 Came with gifts, and bent above him, Came to worship and to love him, Long time a - go, Long time a - go,
 "Suf - fer there to come on - to thee, Let of such thy Kingdom be," Long time a - go, Long time a - go.

Our Welcome Song.

J. R. R.

F. J. C.

1. Our hearts are full of joy and song, While here once more we come, And warmly greet the many friends With -
 2. Oh, welcome, welcome, ev'ry one, Where purest pleasures dwell; Whose faith and hope where'er we meet, Their
 3. Oh, welcome, welcome, ev'ry one, To this our home so dear; Where we are taught the way of life, That
 4. Oh, welcome, welcome, ev'ry one, And this shall be our prayer, That each of us - at God's right hand A

CHORUS

In our Sabbath hours, Thine welcome, glad welcome to all; We're happy, so happy can be;
 pleasures sto - ry tell,
 blessed way so dear,
 robe and crown may wear.

Of
 you, we're happy; Of

Je - sus we sing, our Re - dem - er and King, For who is so lov - ing as he?

Anniversary Song of Praise.

101

Mrs. A. M. CRANE.

John E. Sweney.

1. God has bless'd us with - out mea - sure, Crown'd our years with rich - est ben - e - fits, Join'd our hearts, in
 2. And our school to - day re - joic - es, While we praise with joy - ful voice, On this An - ni -
 3. Thanks to God, our Heavenly Fa - ther, Who has bless'd and kept us 'er - er, With a - sin - less

love in him, That we all might praise his name, Praise him, praise him,
 ver - sary Day We would bring our grate - ful lay,
 heart and tongue May his praise by us be sung.

Praise his ho - ly name; Praise him, praise him, Praise his ho - ly name.

Copyright, 1876, by John J. Hoax.

Small notes for Cornet or Organ.

♩ ♪ ♫ ♬ ♭ ♮ ♯

Suffer Them to Come.

Rev. S. V. Hanson.

Ten—Male, 1, 2.

Wm. J. Knorrman, ♯

1. In the days of his flesh they brought little children, That Jesus might bless them when placed by his knee,
 2. Suf-fer children to come as heirs of my kingdom, I welcome them all, for the banquet is free;
 3. Yes, the children are welcome, welcome to Je-sus, To lit-tle ones ev-er the promise is given;

While bringing them there, his dis-ci-ples rebuked them; But Jesus said "Lit-tle ones, come un-to me,"
 O nev-er for- bid them, I come now to save them, And say to the lit-tle ones, "come un-to me,"
 The Sav-ior de-clares it, his word now assures us, Of lit-tle ones, such is the kingdom of heaven.

CHORUS.

Come un-to me! come un-to me! Je-sus said, "lit-tle ones, come un-to me."

By permission.

C G C G C G C G
D F D F D F D F

Our Christmas Tree.

103

Subject.

Arranged. *Fine.*

1. { Our Christ-mas tree is decked once more, In joy we meet a-round; }
 It tells of bright - or things in store, — Let songs of praise re-sound. }
 2. { Our Christ-mas tree is fresh and green, While skies are cold and drear; }
 Its har - vest store of fruits is seen When Win - ter brights the year. }

D. C. — A cheer - ful song we sing to thee, This hap - py Christ-mas day.

CHORUS.

D. C.

Our Christmas tree, fair Christmas tree, Bright Christmas tree, best Christmas tree;

3 Our Christmas tree is shining bright,
 While shadows may surround;
 Thus God doth give his children light,
 When darkness falls around.

4 Kind friends, whose hands have decked this
 Our grateful thanks receive; [tree,
 Yet, Lord, for Christmas joys to thee
 Our highest praise we give.

Hushed was the Evening Hymn.

A. SOLLER.

1. Hushed was the evening hymn, The temple courts were dark, The lamp was burning
 2. Oh! give me Samuel's ear, The o - pen ear, O Lord, A - live and quick to
 3. Oh! give me Samuel's heart, A low - ly heart, that waits Where in thy house thou

dim Be - fore the sa - cred ark: When sud - den - ly a voice di - vine Rang
 hear Each whis - per of thy word, Like him to an - swer at thy call, And
 art, Or watches at thy gates. By day and night, a heart that still Moves

thro' the si - lence of the shrine,
 to o - bey thee first of all,
 at the breathing of thy will.

- 4 Oh! give me Samuel's mind,
 A sweet, unarmouring faith,
 Obedient and resigned
 To thee in life and death,
 That I may read with childlike eyes
 Truths that are hidden from the wise.

Growing Up for Jesus.

105

FRANCES J. OWEN.

Wm. J. KIMPATRICK.

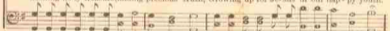


1. Growing up for Je-sus, we are tru-ly blest, In his smile is welcome, in his arms our rest,
 2. Not too young to love him, little hearts beat true, Not too young to serve him as the dew-drops do,
 3. Growing up for Je-sus, learning day by day How to follow onward in the narrow way;



Fine.

In his truth our treasure, in his love our rule, Growing up for Je-sus in our Sunday school,
 Not too young to praise him singing as we come, Not too young to answer when he calls us home.
 Seeking ho-ly treasure, finding precious truth, Growing up for Je-sus in our hap-py youth.



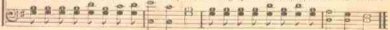
D.S. - In his truth our treasure, in his love our rule, Growing up for Je-sus in our Sunday school.

Chorus.



D.S.

Growing up for Je-sus, till in him complete, Growing up for Je-sus, oh, his work is sweet!



Jesus Loves Me So.

W. H. FLAVELL

Jas. R. JOHNSON

1. I love my Saviour dear.—How much can never tell; He comes so very near, And with him all is well;
 2. I love his own dear word, The book of books to me, In ev-ry land is heard Its gospel full and free,
 3. I love his ho-ly day, The day he calls his own, That keeps me on the way To my cele-stial home,
 4. I love the Sunday school, Oh, who can stay away; Its teachings be my rule Of life from day to day.

1 love my Saviour best, How much can never show, He makes my pathway clear, And ever lives to so,
 I love his own dear word, With love 'tis all a-glow, My ev-ry heart is sure it, For Jesus loves me so,
 I love his ho-ly day, That gives me grace to grow, And ever watch and pray, For Jesus loves me so,
 I love the Sunday school, Oh, would that all might know Its joys so rich and full, For Jesus loves me so.

CHORUS.

Je - sus loves me so, Je - sus loves me so, I will love him more and more, For Jesus loves me so.

Jesus Died to Save Me.

107

ISA OWEN HARRISON

Lively.

1. Je - sus died up - on the tree, From my sins to set me free, From my sins to
 2. He hath made an end of sin, And his blood has washed me clean, Yes, his blood has
 3. Trembling his al-might-y aid, I will ne-ver be dis-mayed, No, I will not
 4. With the saints in heav'n a - bove I will sing his dy - ing love, I will sing his
 5. Oh, let my - ry ransomed soul Sound his praise from pole to pole, Sound let praise float

CHORUS.

set me free, He is my Re - deem - er, Pre - cious love! won - drous love!
 washed his chin, He is my Re - deem - er.
 be dis-mayed, He is my Re - deem - er.
 dy - ing love, He is my Re - deem - er.
 pole to pole, He is my Re - deem - er.

His own life he gave me; On the Cross of Cal - va - ry, Je - sus died to save me.

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Hymn for "Children's Day."

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Our Faith - er, we come on this "Children's Day" A tri - bute of praise at thy feet to lay;
 2. For free - dom of conscience, of speech, the press, For schools of learn - ing, thy name we bless;
 3. Now Faith - er, we come on this "Children's Day," For thy grace, and mer - cy, and peace, we pray,

We thank thee for birth in this far - or'd land, For good - ness and mer - cy on ev - ery hand.
 We thank thee for ben - e - fit ill - er - ty To read thine own word and to wor - ship thee.
 May the Ho - ly Spir - it come sweet - ly down, And now with his pres - ence our heart - ing crown.

CHORUS.

O help us, our Faith - er in heav'n, that we May give up our youthful hearts to thee;

Help us, our Fath-er in heav'n, that we May give up our youth-ful hearts to thee.

LARRY EDWARDS.

So would I be.

Wm. Crockett, Jr.

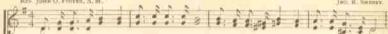
1. Like a pret-ty sun-beam shin-ing, So would I be;
 All a-round with plea-sure, tain-ing, So would I be; Chas-ing ev-ry
 2. Like a mer-ry brook-let flow-ing, So would I be; So would I be; Gid-ding on and
 De-ing good and joy-ty-stas-ing, So would I be; So would I be; Prois-ing God who
 3. Like a lit-tle bird-let sing-ing, So would I be; So would I be; Prois-ing God who
 Sweet-est mu-sic ev-er bring-ing.

cloud of ad-mis-sion, FILL-ing ev-ry heart with glad-ness, Like a pret-ty sun-beam shin-ing, So would I be,
 on for-ev-er. Always hap-py, who-ry nev-er, Like a mer-ry brook-let flow-ing, So would I be,
 gent-ly fold me In his lov-ing arms and holds me; Like a lit-tle bird-let sing-ing, So would I be.

Singing, Swinging.

Rev. JOHN O. FROST, A. M.

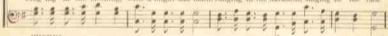
Jas. R. SMOY.



1. There's a lit-tle bird's nest high among the trees, Swinging in the branches, wav-ing in the breeze,
2. There's a lit-tle swallow up among the eaves, Ba-ny as a nail - er with a nest of leaves;
3. There's a flow of mu-sic sweet, and pure, and good, Bass, and air, and treble, with an in-terlude;
4. What has heaven taught us? how have we been stirred By the cheerful music of a lit-tle bird?



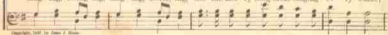
Mov-ing back and forward, like a rock-ing chair, Lit-tle birdies sleep-ing, swing-ing in the air.
Then a flock of blue birds, perch-ed along a line, Look-ing out for some-thing, so they all can dine.
Mel-o-dy and mea-sure, in the leaf-y bower, Full of puls-ing glad-ness, com-ing down in show-ers.
Sing-ing in the morn-ing, with a might and main, Sing-ing in the dark-ness, sing-ing in the rain.



CHORUS.



Sing-ing, swing-ing, sing-ing, swing-ing, All the mer-ry song birds sing-ing ev-ry-where;



Singing, Swinging. — CONCLUDED.

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Sing - ing, swing - ing, sing - ing, swing - ing, Swinging in the treetops, singing in the air.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Buds of Promise.

Wm. J. ROBERTSON.

And.

1. We are buds of promise fair, Blooming on, blooming on, Guarded by a Saviour's care, Praise his name;
 2. Like the birds, their tuneful lay Chiming on, chiming on, We are singing, glad as they, Praise his name;
 3. Like the brook that all day long Sparkles on, sparkles on, We will sing our happy song, Praise his name;

Ch.— We are buds of promise fair, Blooming on, Blooming on, Guarded by a Saviour's care, Praise his name.

D. C.

He is bending very near, Smiling on, smiling on, Watching o'er his children here, Praise, praise his name.
 Like the beams we love to see, Shining on, shining on, Little workers we may be, Praise, praise his name.
 To a bright and sunny land Marching on, marching on, Jesus holds each little hand, Praise, praise his name.

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20 22 24 26 28 30

7 Hosanna to Jesus.

Words & Music by C. DARWIN.

1. Ho-san-na we sing to Je-sus our King, Who came down from heav'n's sil-va-tion to bring;

To bless lit-tle children who trust in His love, And try to - be - lie - ble like an - gels a - lone.

Chorus.

Ho-san-na, ho-san-na, ho-san-na, ho-san-na to Je-sus our King.

2

Hosanna again to Jesus proclaim,
For oh how we love the sound of His name!
While angels in heaven are sounding His praise,
We children our songs of thanksgiving will raise.
Chorus.—Hosanna, etc.

2

Hosanna we sing to Jesus our King,
On earth and in heaven His praises shall ring;
For Jesus will take us to live up on high,
Beyond the bright stars in His beautiful sky.
Chorus.—Hosanna, etc.

+ Dropping Pennies.

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Mrs. FIDELIA H. DeWEE.

Wm. J. KIMBALL, COMPOSER.

1. Hear the pen-nies drop-ping, Lis-ten while they fall, Ev-'ry one for Je-sus,
 2. Dropping, dropping ev-er, From each lit-tle hand, 'Tis our gift to Je-sus,
 3. Now, while we are lit-tle, Pen-nies are our store, But, when we are old-er,
 4. Though we have not mon-ey, We can give him love, He will own our off-ring,

REFRAIN.

He will get them all,
 From his lit-tle hand. Drop-ping, drop-ping, drop-ping, drop-ping,
 Lord, we'll give thee more,
 Still-ing from a-bove.

Hear the pen-nies fall; Ev-'ry one for Je-sus.— He will get them all.

FRANCIS J. CHERRY.

JES. B. GOSWELL.

1. Chil-dren of the king-dom, while we jour-ney here, On-ly for a time a-bid-ing;
 2. Chil-dren of the king-dom, press-ing on our way, Nev-er let us fal-ter, nev-er;
 3. Chil-dren of the king-dom, while we watch and wait, Nev-er to discour-age, nev-er;
 4. Chil-dren of the king-dom, joy-ful let us be, You-der is the shin-ing riv-er;

Fine.

Look-ing on - to Je - sus, him - self ev - 'ry day, For his eyes our path is guid - ing.
 Bear the cross for Je - sus, bear it ev - 'ry day, In his ear - eye trust-ing ev - er.
 Soon our feet will en - ter through the pal - ace gate, And go out no more for - ev - er.
 There in all his beau - ty we the King shall see, And behold his face for - ev - er.

D.S.—Children of the king-dom, tar - cy not, but come Where the pure in heart are call - ing.

CHORUS.

D.S.

From the land of song, the bright land of song, Lis - ten to the mu - sic gen - tly fall - ing.



1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious, See the Man of Sorrows now! From the light return'd vie-
2. Crown the Saviour, angels, crown him: Rich the trophies Je-sus brings: In the seat of power en-
3. Sla-vens in de-rision crown'd him, Mocking thus the Saviour's claim; Saints and angels crowd a-
4. Hark, those bursts of acclama-tion! Hark, those loud, triumphant chords! Jesus takes the highest



in - rous, Ev - 'ry knee to him shall bow;	Crown him,	crown him;	Crown be-
gorous him, While the vault of heaven rings:	Crown him,	crown him;	Crown the
round him, Own his ti-tle, praise his name:	Crown him,	crown him;	Spread a-
sta - tion: Oh, what joy the sight affords!	Crown him,	crown him	King of



comes the Victor's brow;	Crown him,	crown him;	Crown's become the Vic-tor's brow.
Saviour King of kings;	Crown him,	crown him;	Crown the Saviour King of kings.
broad the Victor's fame;	Crown him,	crown him;	Spread abroad the Vic-tor's fame.
kings, and Lord of lords;	Crown him,	crown him:	King of kings, and Lord of lords.



God is in Heaven.

Jno. H. Swasey.
Second Voice.

First Voice.

1. God is in heaven, and can he hear A fee - ble prayer like mine? Yes,
 2. God is in heaven, and can he see When I am do - ing wrong? Yes,
 3. God is in heaven, and would he know If I should tell a lie? Yes,
 4. God is in heaven, and can I go To thank him for his care? Not

lit - tle child, thou need'st not fear, He list'n-eth now to thine.
 lit - tle child, he looks at thee All day and all night long.
 If thou said'st it e'er so low, He'd hear it in the sky.
 yet! but love him here be - low, And thou shalt praise him there.

CHORUS.

Come, come, ye chil - dren, heark - en un - to me, And I will teach you the
 Come, oh, come, And I, yes, I will

God is in Heaven. — CONCLUDED.

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fear of the Lord: || you the fear of the Lord.
 the fear of the Lord: || the fear of the Lord.

Room for Little Feet.

F. M. D. By you.

Cherfully.

1. Yet there is room for lit - tle feet Up - on the nar - row road, And room e - nough on
2. Yet there is room, heaven is not full; Wide o - pen stands the door; Millions now walk those
3. Yet there is room, and some depart Un - welcomed, un - for - given, While there is room in

D. S.—Yes, room e - nough for

Floor. CHORUS.

D. S.

Zion's street, So gold-en and so broad. Room enough, room enough Up - on the nar - row road.
 golden streets, And rooms for millions more.
 Jesus' heart, There's room enough in heaven.
 lit - tle feet. On Zi - on's street so broad.

Festal Day.

Each voice should have a small banquet to be sung like a canon while singing 9th and 10th lines.

1, 2

S.

Jas. P. Sawyer.

1. 'Tis our year-ly fes-tal day Come a-gain, bright and hap-py; God has led us on our
 2. Let our hearts with rapture swell While the Lord we are praising; And of all his mir-a-cles
 3. 'Tis the children's ju-li-lee; Thanks to God we are sing-ing; With our hearts as light and

Fine.

way And we meet once a-gain, From the homes we love so dearly We have come with blossoms fair;
 with light and love, from above. He has crown'd the year with goodness With his blessings rich and rare;
 free As the birds on the wing. Look up-on us, loving Saviour, From thy blessed home above,

CHORUS.

D. S.

And we swing our lit-tle cen-sers, Mak-ing sweet all the air. 'Tis our year-ly fes-tal
 swing a-gain, ye lit-tle cen-sers, Breathing praise ev-'rywhere.
 Let our hearts like lit-tle cen-sers, Send response to thy love! Use first four lines as Chorus.

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EVE

While Sabbath Bells.

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F. G. BURNHARDT

FOR CHILDREN'S DAY.

ADAM GIBBS.

1. While Sab - bath bells their sweet - est tune Chime out in joy - ous men - sures,
 2. Here gath - ered in this heav - en - ly place We love to sing of Je - sus,
 3. O bless - ed Sav - our, kind and mild, How dear - ly we should love thee!
 4. Then while the bells their sweet - est tune Ring out in mer - ry greet - ing

To greet the Children's Day in June, The day of so - ered plea - sures, We'll
 Who died to save our fal - len race, And now from bond - age free us; With
 Be - cause thou wast a lit - tle child, Thou art not far a - bove us; We
 Up - on this fra - grant day in June, To hail the chil - dren's meet - ing. — Our

join their ring, and loud - ly sing, To crown with pris - es Christ our King,
 voi - ce strong we will pro - long Our praise, to crown our King in song,
 feel thee near, — yes, thou art here To let us crown thee, Je - sus, dear!
 joy - ful lays we, too, will raise, And crown our Sav - our King with praise.

The Door of my Lips.

RESPONSIVE EXERCISE.

SCHOOL RECITES—Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my Redeemer. Ps.

141. For there is not a word in my tongue, but, lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether.

Ps. cxviii. 4.

SONO.

Boys. Girls.

W. J. K.

1. What are the words that we must say? Kind words! kind words! Gentle to all, in work or play, speak kind words!

CHORUS.

Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; Keep thou the door of my lips: Keep thou the door of my lips.

RECITE—A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger. Prov. xv. 1.

CHO.—Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; Keep thou the door of my lips. ¶

2 What are the words that we must say?
True words! true words!
God's own command, we must obey,
Speak true words.

RECITE—The sixth commandment is, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." Ex. xx. 16. Lying lips are abomination to the Lord, but they that deal truly are his delight. Prov. xii. 17.

+

The Door of my Lips.—CONCLUDED.

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3 What are the words that we must say?
Pure words! pure words!
Pure as the shining light of day;
Speak pure words.

CHO.—Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth;
Keep thou the door of my lips.:

RECTE.—The third commandment is, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain: for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain." *Ex. 20. 7.* Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth.

Eph. iv. 29.

4 What are the words that we must say?
Bright words! bright words!
Happy of heart as birds in May;
Speak bright words.

CHO.—Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth;
Keep thou the door of my lips.:

RECTE.—Pleasant words are as a honeycomb, sweet to the soul. *Prov. 16. 24.* A word spoken in due season, how good is it. *Prov. 15. 23.*

5 What are the words that we must say?
Good words! good words!
Loving the Lord, we'll sing and pray;
Speak good words.

CHO.—Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth;
Keep thou the door of my lips.:

RECTE.—It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praise unto thy name, O most high. *Ps. 135. 1.* Continue in prayer. *Col. 3. 2.* And whatsoever ye do, in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus. *Col. 3. 17.*

CHO.—Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth;
Keep thou the door of my lips.:

—E. E. Hawley.

Good Temper.

C. O. NORTON. By per.

With animation.

CHORUS.

1. There is one thing quite sure to make A happy heart at home,
That all the painful sting will take From troubles as they come. Good temper, good temper, Will make a happy home.

2. Good temper! sunshine of the heart, Home's solace and delight;
Whose constant tone and look impart True joy serene and bright. Good temper, good temper, Will make a happy home.

Fadeless Flowers.

MR. A. M. CHANCE.

FOR CHILDREN'S DAY OR ANNIVERSARY.

JOE. R. SWANSON.

1. Praise we bring to our King, Joy - ous an - thems sweet - ly sing;
 2. Though on high he lives a - bove, He de - lights in chil - dren's love,
 3. While we come with flow - ers fair, Fling - ing per - fume on the air,

CHORUS.

He is wor - thy to re - ceive All the hon - ours we can give, Fade - less flowers
 And the bless - ing gives to them Thus to hon - or his dear name.
 He the fra - grance of our love Gath - ers up in heaven a - bove.

bluom - ing fair, We would give thee, Je - sus dear, Take us, Sav - iour, Thine we are.

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The Birthday Box.

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E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Ti-ny notes of mu-sic, Chiming all the year, Swell in- to a cho-rus, Praises sweet and clear.
 2. For our pleasant birth-days, While we gladly sing, For our years so hap-py, Lord, our gifts we bring.
 3. Ma-ny lit-tle chil-dren Now are sick or sad; Those will we remem-ber, Help to make them glad.

CHORUS

Tink - le, tink - le, tink - le, tink - le, Key of love the heart un-locks; Tink - le, tink - le,

tink - le, tink - le, Love drops pennies in the birthday box.

4 For thy love, dear Saviour,
 For thy tender care,
 Thankful hearts we give thee,
 Hear our birthday prayer.

5 May we truly love thee,
 Thy dear children be;
 Take our lives, Lord Jesus,
 All our days for thee!

No; not I!

Jas. R. Swann.

1. Four lit-tle fin-gers said one day, We will no longer the hand o - bey; She has determined that

we must work, We have de-cid-ed our task to shirk; Those who are stronger the work can do;

Pray, little Thumbkin, what say you? Coming to join us by and by? No! was the answer. No; not I!

1 Four little fingers said one day,
We will no longer the hand obey;
She has determined that we must work,
We have decided our task to shirk;
Those who are stronger the work can do;
Pray, little Thumbkin, what say you?
Coming to join us by and by?
No! was the answer. No; not I!

2 Well, said the fingers, Mr. Thumb,
You'll be the loser if you don't come;
You'll not be with us our fun to share;
Stay, if you want to, for we don't care!
Stop, said the pinky sisters three,
Thumbkin is wiser by far than we,
Yet he will join us by and by;
No! was the answer. No; not I!

1st line.—Holding up four fingers. 2d line.—Open the hand wide. 3d line.—Holding up four fingers. 4th line.—Hold up the thumb. 5th line.—Shake the thumb, closing the rest of the hand.

1st line.—Holding up five fingers. 2d line.—Hold up the 3d finger, closing the others. 3d line.—Shake the thumb, closing rest of the hand.

