Olive, Ethyn, and Jey Lullow
Petoskey
Michigan
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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.
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.

Miss R. dealt on the importance of singing in a worshipful manner; for it a hindrance in the accomplishment of good when it was used merely to fill the time, or to make the children appear to advantage. Her plan was to dictate 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 strung the music to suit the children's voices; also taught a few children first, so that they might lead the others.

Mr. R. had words printed on boards; also had words stencilled on music and attached to ordinary spring rollers and hung in front of scholars; also had a board with movable type on which two verses could be arranged at once.

Mrs. M. taught the children to learn the air, hunting the time 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 hymn, then write the words on a board; then have true placed on organ; then have children place the true to the words as the teacher points to them; and the air is being played; then have teacher sing the piece through, and the children will be ready then to join the teacher in singing.—Glanced from papers read before the Philadelphia Primary Union.
INFANT PRAISES.

We are Little Children.

Melody by Josephine H. Sorenze.

1. We are little children, Learning how to pray, Singing in the morning, Singing all the day.
2. We are lambs of Jesus, Carried on his breast, Cradled like a bird in its leafy nest.
3. Jesus loves the children Tenderly, we know; He is watching o'er us Every where we go.
4. Very close to Jesus We would like to stay, Very close to Jesus, Singing all the day.

CHORUS.

All the day, all the day, Pretty songs to Jesus Singing all the day.

Copyright, 1884, by John J. Hoern.
I'm always Glad when Sunday comes.

E. E. Hennett.

1. I'm always glad when Sunday comes, The day our Father blessed, So sweet and holy
   
2. I'm always glad when Sunday comes To sing God's tender 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 resurrection day: For they who sleep in

CHORUS.

in the time, — The first day is the best, I'm always glad when Sunday comes! Lord,

bless us all With good gifts from above,

may be saved, And how to please the Lord,

Christ shall rise, To dwell with Him alway.

grant thy grace to me To keep it holy as thy day, A precious gift from thee.
Lord, Teach a Little Child.

1. Lord, teach a little child to pray, To plead for mercy in thy name; Oh, turn me not in.

2. When sufferings sought thee long ago, And thou such wonderous works didst do, Relief was found for

3. Thy hands once held in fond en-ross The little children on thy knee; And to thy bosom

CHORUS.

grief away. When I thy precious promise claim. When-o'er I lift my heart to thee, Regard my

ey every woe. And children were made welcome, too.

thou didst press The weak and helpless ones like me.

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

Regard my prayer and answer me;
Opening Prayer.

Mrs. V. J. Kerr.

Dear Father, we thy little ones assemble here to-day. To hear of Jesus' love to us. And

learn to praise and pray: O, help me and my schoolmates dear Remember that the

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

Copyright, 1902, by Alice A. Jones.
Jesus Loves the Lambs.

1. Jesus loves us little children, He remembers all the lambs; He will gather us together, Singing some sweet shepherd psalms. Hear him, hear him; and instructing, Guarding us with tender care.

2. Jesus loves us little children. In his fold and pastures fair. Gently leading find protection, Though earthly love grows dim, speaks and tells us That he has a higher fold.

3. Jesus blesses little children. Suffering us to come to him; In his arms we

4. Jesus saves us little children. From the blasts of storm and cold, Tenderly he we are near him, children, hear him; Hark! he says He loves, he loves the lambs.
I would be.

PARRISH: J. OWENS.

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 uniting in chorus to each verse.

CHORUS.

Ringing, ringing for Jesus. Happy and bright as the songs we sing. Full of delight as the bells that ring—Glory to God in the highest, we sing. Glory, glory to Jesus!

1. I would be a Christmas bell. Ringing, ringing for Jesus, All around, good news to tell.
2. I would be a Christmas song. Telling, telling of Jesus, I would carol loud and long.
3. I would be a Christmas star. Guiding, guiding to Jesus, Leading wanderers from afar.

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

4. I am a Christmas gift would be, Given, given to Jesus, For the love he bear for me, Given, given to Jesus.

Copyright, 1883, by Judah J. Green.
Teach Me, O Lord.

1. Teach me, O Lord, this very day, Out of thy blessed word; | Lead me on in thy holy way; | Keep my feet that I may not stray. Ever from thee, my Lord.
2. Let me, O Lord, give thee my heart, All that I have to give; | Show me, Lord, what a friend thou art. | Blind me close, so that naught can part; In thee, oh, let me live.

Chorus.

Teach me, O Lord, Out of thy word, For keeping thy precepts Brings rich reward.

Copyright, 1884, by John J. Hoopes.
We Come, a Happy Throng.

1. We come with smiling faces, 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-ator, Our Lord and Saviour-King Who robs the earth in beauty, And:
4. We thank our gracious Saviour For ev-ry gift we share, For all his lu-cing 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:

nature’s ministral throng, War-ship here to-day, We come, we come, we come with smiling faces. We
crown the gen-tle spring, Ten-der, watchful care. We come, we come, we come with happy song. We blend, we blend, we
under peaceful home.
We Come, a Happy Throng—Concluded.

blend our hearts and voices With nature’s song, a happy throng, We come, a happy throng.

Endless Praise.

Rev. T. L. Bailey.

1. No night in heaven, eternal day! No gloom is there, no need to pray!
2. No night in heaven, no dark’ning sky, No clouds arise, no tempests 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 alone In glory shines around the throne:

No life to lose, no hopes to raise, For all, yes, all is endless praise!
No thunders roll, no lightnings blaze, For all, yes, all is endless praise!
No changing scenes to mark the days, Where all, yes, all is endless praise!
There to the Lamb, in joyous lays, The hosts of heaven give endless praise!
The Children's Blessing.

Verse 1:
Jesus loved the little children, Laid his hand upon each head; In his arms he gently raised them, And these loving words he said: Suffer little children to still be saying, While he rules the world above; children's blessing, When those loving words were said:

Verse 2:
Jesus blessed the little children With the blessings of his love, And it seems he

Verse 3:
Blessed Saviour, kind Redeemer. Lay thy hand upon my head, Give to me the

CHORUS:

Copyright, 1868, by James J. Fawn.
The Children's Blessing—Concluded.

Children to come unto me, For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

Haste, let us Worship.

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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 glory In ev'ry song we sing.

CHORUS.

Now may his kingdom come, Now may his will be done: Praise we the Holy One, The children's King.
Praise of Little Voices.

E. A. Bains.

1. Gladly do we gather in our Sunday-school That we dearly love, that we dearly love; Gladly do we

2. Teachers, you will guide our little feet a-right, Even in his ways, even in his ways; Teachers, as you

2. Gladly do we tell of Jesus and his love, As we often sing, as we often sing; And we know that

CHORUS.

greet our little friends to-day, As we lift our praise above. Oh, we love to lift it, on our way, love the little children's Friend. You will join us in our praise, he will keep his little ones In the shelter of his wing.

Praise of little voices that so sweetly blend; And our Saviour hears us as we sing. For he is our loving Friend.
Like a Shepherd.

Hattie E. Russell.

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

1. Like a shepherd kind and good, the Lord is every day, From the tempest fierce and rude he guards in 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, Yes, his loving care hath guarded us thro' devils ways;

Press'd against his bosom warm his tender lambs may lie, There they hear no gathering storm, they see no angry eye.

E'en 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.

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

Copyright, 1887, by C. F. Kneel.
Hosanna to our King.

1. The multitude their garments spread, As Jesus rode along; The children all bowed;
2. Forbid them not, the Saviour said, But let them come to me; Unto my arms let
3. Out of the mouths of babes so dear The Lord has perfect praise; He condescends from

CHORUS.

Hosanna, was their song. Hosanna, hosanna To our
them be led, I will their Saviour be,
heav’n to hear The songs their voices raise.
Hosanna to our glorious King, Hosanna to our glorious King, Our

glorious King above; His life he gave our souls to save; His name we’ll ever love!

Copyright, 1874, by Josia J. Hocy.
1. Oh, we are young soldiers for Jesus, And he, our Commander and Friend, Will help us each one to be.

2. Oh, we are young soldiers for Jesus, 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

faithful, And lead us safe on to the end; Wherever the post of our duty let none of us

arm—y To-day we are happy to fill; Yes, we are young soldiers for Jesus, And proudly our

ever Keep time to the voice of our song; And oh, when the warfare is o—ver, And Jesus our

faithful, And lead us safe on to the end.

CHORUS, D.S.

falter nor fear; Remember no danger can harm us. When Jesus our Saviour is near. Oh,

cal—m we show; Our watchword is right and press on—ward. We dread not the field nor the foe,

Saviour shall come, How sweetly we'll rest on his bos—om; In E—den, dear E—den our home.
Pass not by.

1. I am weak and I am small, But I've heard thy gentle call; Saviour, hear my
2. I have been a wayward child, From the path of truth beguiled; But when I for

CHORUS.

earnest cry, Jesus, do not pass me by. Though a little child am I,
mercy cry, Jesus, do not pass me by.

Loving Jesus, pass not by. Pass not by, pass not by, Gentle Jesus, pass not by.
Serving the King.

MOTION SONG.

1. Only a pair of sparkling eyes, How can they serve our King? By pleasant, gentle looks, as sweet.

2. Only a pair of rosy lips, How can they serve our King? Oh, let them smile and speak kind words, As sunshine in the spring.

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

4. Only a pair of little ears, How can they serve our King? By listening well when good is taught, And hearing everything.

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

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

Copyright, 1907, by John J. Himes.
Rise and Follow Me.

"And he said, 'Follow me.'"—Luke x. 59.

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 falling On the shore and sea; Still that voice is calling, "Rise and follow 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 un-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 blessed Son.

REFRAIN.

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

From: "New Vaults of Song," by pub.
In Our Gladness.

Lizzie Edwards

1. In our gladness we are singing Happy songs today, For we know our Saviour.
2. We are little buds of promise In his garden fair, By our faithful friends and
3. We would live and bloom for Jesus In this world below, Showing forth his pure ex-
4. He will take our hearts and keep them For a home above, Where we all may sing for-

CHORUS.

Listen To the words we say. He is calling, gently calling, "Children,
teachers Tended with tender care.
ample Ev'rywhere we go.
ev'er Songs of joy and love.

come to me." He has said that of his kingdom Little ones may be.
The Children's Offering.

Eliza E. Hewitt,
Moderato.

1. Flowers breathe their fragrance, Birds give their song, Stars shine in beauty All the night long,
2. Thoughts pure and holy, Words kind and true, All gentle service, Little hands do;
3. Faith that will trust him, Hope that will smile, Though clouds may cover Blue skies a while;

Voices of nature Praises repeat; What can the children Lay at his feet?
Work for our Master, Joyful and sweet, Prayer for his kingdom Lay at his feet.
Hearts that will always With his love beat; Children, these treasures Lay at his feet.

CHORUS.

When through his mercy Jesus we meet, We will our bright crowns Lay at his feet.

Copyright, 1877, by John A. lace.
Loving Words the Shepherd said.

Mrs. Mary D. James.

1. Loving words the Shepherd said—Let the little lambs be fed;—Let the children hear the tender Shepherd say Precious words to lambs to-day;—Close to me, dear.

2. Set your hearts on things divine; Place your little hands in mine;—Then so safely you will go Thro’ this world of sin and woe.

3. In the dark and in the light, Thro’ the day and thro’ the night, Ev’er shall my sleepless eye Watch you as the years go by.

4. Those who find in Jesus rest! Wisdom’s ways are pleasantness. Wisdom’s paths are paths of peace.

CHORUS.

come to me;” “They shall my salvation see.” Safe and happy,—oh, how blest children, keep, Thus I love and guard my sheep.

Copyright, 1891, by John J. Hein.
Yes, we come.

1. Blessed Lord, how good thou art, Thus to take each little heart; Very glad in-

2. Thou hast made this world of ours Full of beauty, love, and flowers; Everywhere thy

3. In the rosy beams of light. In the silent hour of night, In the twinkling

4. Young and weak and frail we are, Tender buds that need thy care; Oh, how thankful,

CHORUS.

Now thy gentle voice we hear; Yes, we come, quickly come To thy fold, our Saviour dear.

Copyright, 1907, by John J. Brown.
1. Mary stood beside the tomb, Ah! her heart was broken; Near her was the risen Lord. Yet he had not spoken. But when Jesus gently came in the dark By the same sweet token? Will he put my fears to shame Saviour's voice Whisper words to cheer me? Yes, he'll know me just the same,

Close to her, and called her name, Happy then was Mary. Happy then was Mary. When he kindly speaks my name As he spoke to Mary? As he spoke to Mary? He will call me by my name As he then called Mary, As he then called Mary.

Copyright 1887, by John J. Mann.
Jesus Calls the Children.

1. Lovingly the Saviour stands, Reaching out his gracious hands, Saying, "Let the
2. Oh, how blessed every day, Walking in the heavenly way! Purer joys will
3. He will hold us by the hand, Lead us through this dangerous land, Guide us safely.
4. How 'twill brighten all our days Thus to walk in wisdom's ways! Then in realms of

CHORUS,

Children come!" Calling all his loved ones home. Come, children, come to the Saviour!
crown our years. Free from sinful snares and fears.
to his home. Where no sin can ever come.
bless a-love. We will sing the Saviour's love.

Copyright, 1855, by Jno. J. Kimbrough.
Parable of the Sower.

1. A sower went forth with precious seed, Beside the way-side sowing, He hoped that a harvest.
2. But careless feet trod the good seeds there Till they were dying, dying; To carry them off the rock-y bed, The tender shoots, upspringing, No root had they there and rich indeed Would soon be growing, growing, birds of air Come quickly flying, flying, Sowing, sowing, Scatter the seed both here and there; soon were dead, No fruit the Master bringing.

CHORUS.

Sowing, sowing, 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!

The sower too was sowing: The thorns springing up—alas! alas! Soon choked the good seed, growing.

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!

Finer Vessels, 1st and 2d lines.—Motion of scattering seed: 3d and 4th.—Breathing forward, hands lifted from lowest ground, especial: growth motion. Slower Vessels, 1st and 2d lines.—Right and left movement of hand: 3d and 4th.—Breath downward, bird light upward. Touched Vessels, 1st line.—Scattering seed: 3d and 4th.—Ground motion. Faster Vessels, 1st and 2d lines.—Scattering seed: 3d and 4th.—Hands pressed together in prayer, eyes looking upward. Coaches, 1st, 2d, and 3d lines.—Scattering seed: 4th.—Open hands extended.
Sing Away.

1. A merry little robin in a greenwood tree Sang away, sang away, sweetly all the day; She
2. A rosy beam of sunlight with a stream at play Ran away, ran away, laughing all the day; They
3. And soon they all united in a tuneful Jay Borne 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, Pretty birds, all of you, sing with me.
saw the little robin and they heard her say, Pretty beam, laughing stream, sing with me.
all are very happy on this clear, bright day, Cheerfully, cheerfully thus sang they.
hear a gentle whisper, and it seems to say, Sing away, sing away every day.

CHORUS.

O happy as the birds are we; Glad music in our hearts we bring; Notes of joy are swelling
Sing Away—Concluded.

Call us Thine own.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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 truly believe: Whoever will seek thee Shall mercy receive.
3. Dear Saviour, behold us, In thee would we hide; We ask that thy Spirit In us may abide.
4. Dear Saviour, we love thee, Thy name we adore; Oh, grant us thy blessing, Thy joy evermore.

Chorus.

Here gracefully bending, Sweet melody blending, Come, oh, come, tenderly Call us thine own.

Copyright, 1874, by J. J. Hooe.
I Will Go to Jesus.

1. I will go to Jesus, Saviour kind and great; If I wait till older, it may be too late.
2. I will go to Jesus, To be pure within; For his blood most precious, cleanseth me from sin.
3. I will go to Jesus, Ev’ry day and hour; He will be my Keeper, by his mighty power.
4. I will go to Jesus, He will be my Friend; No one loves like Jesus, freely, without end.

CHORUS.

I will go, I will go, I will go to Jesus, I will go, I will go, Jesus bids me come.

Copyright, 1871, by Jane J. Black.

Happy Land.

1. There is a happy land, Far, far away, Where saints in glory stand, Bright, bright as day.
2. Bright, in that happy land, Beams ev’ry eye; Kept by a Father’s hand, Love cannot die.
3. Come to that happy land, Come, come away; Why will you doubting stand? Why still delay?
**Happy Land—Concluded.**

Oh, how they sweetly sing, "Worthy is our Saviour King,"
Loud let his praises ring.
Praise, praise for eye! Oh, then to glory 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, Rest evermore.

**Little Soldier.**

Flie.

Rev. J. H. Broderick.

1. **I am a little soldier,**
   And not yet very old;
   I know he makes me happy.
   **D.C.—I'll be his little soldier,**
   The Bible says I may.

2. I love my precious Saviour,
   Because he died for me,
   And if I did not serve him,
   He gives me every comfort;
   And hears me when I pray;
   And loves me all the day;
   **D.C.**
   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.

1. Jesus, when he left the sky, And for sinners came to die, In his mercy passed not by, Lit-tle ones like me. Lit-tle ones, lit-tle ones, "Suf-fer them to come," said he; Jesus loves the lit-tle ones, Lit-tle ones like me.

2. Mothers then the Saviour sought In the places where he taught, And in him the children brought, Lit-tle ones like me. Lit-tle ones, lit-tle ones.

3. Did the Saviour say them nay? No, he kindly bade them stay, Suffered now will gladly save Lit-tle ones like me. Lit-tle ones, lit-tle ones.

4. Twas for them his life he gave, To redeem them from the grave, Jesus
Little Friends of Jesus.

1. Do you know what makes us happy, When so many hearts are sad? We are little friends of Jesus,

2. Jesus loves the children dearly, — In his Word he tells them so; Once he took them up and blessed them,

3. We are little 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,

Chorus:

That is why we are so glad.

Many, many years ago, We are little friends, we are loving friends, We are happy, happy

In our hearts his voice we hear

Far beyond the starry sky.

Little friends of Jesus: We are little friends, we are loving friends, We are happy all day long.
Oh, Receive Him.

1. Little voices, happy voices, Sing of Jesus and his love, While the angels bending
2. Little voices, happy voices, While we praise him day by day, Lo! the angels hover
3. Little voices, happy voices, While we breathe his name so dear, From the Bible, holy
4. Little voices, happy voices, With our teachers while we sing; They are telling, sweetly

CHORUS.

Our voices Whispers softly from above,
round us; In our hearts we hear them say,—Oh, believe him, oh, receive him, Your Bible, Still the gentle words we hear—
telling, Of the Lord, our Saviour-King.

dearer kind and true: How he loves you! yes, he loves you More than all your friends can do.
Take Me in Thine Arms.

E. E. Hewitt.

Motion Song.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

I. 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!

Oh, how kindly Jesus smiled When he called a little child And took him in his arms;

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.

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, Joy, joy, in thy dear arms!

Copyright, 1887, by Jose J. Rose.
Morning, Noon and Evening Praise.

1. When the morning breaks in splendor O'er the valley warm and tender, Joyful praise our hearts would sing-ing. May our hearts in measure dy-ing. Then, to nature's voice re-

2. When the noontide hour is beam-ing, Happy songs each bird is 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 crown'd 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.
Morning, Noon and Evening Praise.—Concluded.

Make Me Loving.

1. Saviour, who in love divine Came to bless a heart like mine, Make my spirit now thy shrine, Saviour dear.
2. Very full and week am I, Oft forgetting thou art nigh; Hear my prayer, and with reply, Saviour dear.
3. Ever watch about my home, 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.
Jesus Loves the Little Ones.

H. W. M.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Jesus loves the little ones, Calls them to come near; Watches o'er them every day,
2. Jesus loves the little ones, Gives them food and friends; Grace for lifetime while it lasts,
3. Jesus loves the little ones, Guides their steps aright; Shields them all the busy day,

CHORUS.

On from year to year. Jesus loves the little ones, Yes, yes, yes;
Glory when it ends.
Guarded their bed at night.

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.

All who come to him by prayer He loves to bless.
Come and See.

CHORUS.

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 never cease, Come, O come and see.
2. There’s an easy yoke that you all may bear, Come and see, O come and see; There’s a humble joy that you all may share, Come, O come and see.
3. There’s a healing balm for the weary breast, Come and see, O come and see; There’s a tranquil peace and a sacred rest, Come, O come and see.
4. There’s a life beyond, 'tis a life divine, Come and see, O come and see; And the light of faith on your path will shine, Come, O come and see.

CHORUS.

In the precious, precious blood of Jesus Washed all your sin may be; You may plunge just now its cleansing flood. —Come, will you come and see.
Children of Zion.

1. Oh, many, many children In Zion shall be found; We hear their happy voices, And pleasant is the sound; For children can be Christians, And enter, And come by morning light? Oh, do not wait till older—The gatherer, Oh, never, never fear; For Zion must have children Up while at work, or play, Be gentle like the Master, And all his words obey. shadows may appear—You may not see to enter When night is almost here, on her golden street, Then come, and bring in with you Who ever you may meet.

CHORUS.

Oh, children, come to Jesus! His service is a joy; Oh, come within the city, Yes, every girl and boy,
Our Shepherd.
MOTION SONG.

1. We have a tender Shepherd As kind as he can be, He loves us very dearly; His

CHORUS,

Little lambs are we, He takes our hearts and keeps them, He leads us every day, And

if we closely follow, From him we cannot stray.

2. And when the lambs are weary, He gives them happy rest; He carries them so gently,
And folds them on his breast.

3. His eyes are always open, Our Shepherd never sleeps, But o'er us when we slumber
A loving watch he keeps.

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.

Copyright, 1901, by June J. Hume.
From Morning till Night.

Fanny J. Crosby.

1. Dear Jesus, how thankful and happy are we, So tenderly folded and safe in thy care.
2. Thy goodness and mercy, how gently they flow! Thine eye watcheth o'er us wherever we go;
3. We thank thee, dear Jesus, that here we may come, Where thou hast provided our beautiful home;
4. We thank thee, dear Jesus, we hail thy name, That even the youngest thy promise may claim.

Our hearts are so cheerful, our footsteps so light, We sing and we praise thee from morning till night.
Thy blessings are making our pathway so bright, We sing and we praise thee from morning till night.
We thank thee for teachers to guide us aright, We sing and we praise thee from morning till night.
And now in thy service we gladly unite, We sing and we praise thee from morning till night.

CHORUS.

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

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 Jesus now, Grace to keep us lest we go astray; Friend of little children.

CHORUS,

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

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

1. I'm a little sunbeam; Just a golden ray, And my smiling brightness Helps to make the day.
2. I'm a little dewdrop, From its mossy bed, Fainting flower, to greet me, Lifts its pretty head.
3. I'm a little birdie, Trilling all day long, Till the woods re-echo With my merry song.

CHORUS.

Little sunbeam, sunbeam, Shining by the way, Little sunbeam, sunbeam,
Little dewdrop, dewdrop, Sparkling by the way, Little dewdrop, dewdrop,
Little birdie, birdie, Trilling by the way, Little birdie, birdie.

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

Happy all the day.

CHO. — Little flow'rtet, flow'rtet, Blooming by the way, Little flow'rtet, flow'rtet, Happy all the day.

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

CHO. — Loving children, children, Singing by the way, Loving children, children, Happy all the day.
1. Jesus is the children’s Friend, Happy little workers we; In his love our days we spend.
2. Jesus is the children’s King, Happy little workers we; To his mighty hand we cling.
3. Jesus is the children’s Joy, Happy little workers we; Helping every girl and boy,

Happy little workers we. Round his throne we love to bend, On his words with joy attend,
Happy little workers we. To his cross our hearts we bring; To his praise our hymns we sing,
Happy little workers we. All of evil to destroy; May his work our lives employ.

Fine. CHORUS.

Jesus is the children’s Friend, Happy little workers we. Happy little workers,
Jesus is the children’s King, Happy little workers we.
Jesus is the children’s Joy, Happy little workers we.

Copyright, 1917, by Ruth J. Keast.
Happy Little Workers—Concluded.

Happy little workers, Happy little workers we; Serving Jesus every day,

Temptation.

Moderate.

From the German.

1. Full oft does Satan try To draw my steps aside; Now bids me tell a lie. My
2. Whence er I consent To walk in Satan's ways, It is as though I bent My
3. How shall my feeble heart Be kept from Satan's power? O Lord, thy strength impart In

Says from all to hide; And tempts me soon to sin again That I new pleasures may obtain.
Kneel before his face; And what reward will Satan give? In his own place with him to live.
E very tempted hear; That I may sinful joys refuse, And with delight thy service choose.
God make my Life.

J. H. R.

1. God make my life a little light, Within the world to glow;

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 so what 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.

1. Heart bells, joyfully, 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 — Point to even, 2nd line — Forward motion of the hand, 3rd line — Point to their lips, 4th line — Smiling, 5th line — Holding up hand, all the fingers closed except index finger, 6th line — One hand to the other, 7th line — Fold hands and close eyes, 8th line — All kneeling.

Copyright, 1872, by James R. Swasey.
Help me, O Jesus.

1. We are little, weak, and poor, Waiting by the open door, Jesus, make us
2. Foes a-round us great and strong Calling to us loud and long, But we'll turn our
3. Guide our feet, we humbly pray, In the strait and narrow way, In the path-way
4. Guide us, Jesus, every hour, Shield us from the tempter's power; Help us till our

CHORUS:

pure within, Shield us from the world of sin,
thoughts a-way, To the Saviour day by day. Help me, O Jesus,
through as trod, On-ward, up-ward, home to God. Help me, O Jesus,
work is done, Then, O save us, blessed One. Softly.

Help me while I pray; Help me, O Jesus, Help me every day.

Copyright, 1877, by John J. Heale.
Our Hands for Jesus.

1. Jesus, take our hands in thine, Lead us gently, Friend divine; Consecrate these little hands to thy service and commands. Jesus, now thy children see Lift up their hands to thee.

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

2. Little hands can kneel in prayer For God's blessing everywhere; Little hands can hold in praise, While we sing our grateful lay.

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

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.

Copyright, 1887, by Anna F. Healy.

1st line—Hands pressed together, extended. 2nd line—Open hands, extend palms upward.

3rd line—Hands folded, holding up.
I want to be with Jesus.

1. I want to be with Jesus, When I shall come to die, Not in the grave to tarry,
   Nor ever shall be weary Nor ever shed a tear, Nor ever know a sorrow,
   I know I'm weak and sinful, But Jesus will forgive, For many little children

   But straight to heaven to fly; There, right before my Saviour, So glorious and so pure,
   Nor ever feel a fear; But blessed, pure, and holy, I'll dwell upon that blest shore.
   Have gone to heaven to live; Dear Saviour, when I languish, And lay me down to die,

   I'll wake the sweetest music And praise him evermore.
   And with ten thousand thousands I'll praise him evermore.
   Oh, send a shining angel To bear me to the sky.

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.

Rev. John O. Porter, A.M.

1. Wake, little children, awake and sing praises, praises; Let your glad voices in triumph ring.
   Join in the worship of Christ our King, holy, holy; Tokens of love you may freely bring.

CHORUS.

loud and long.
Sing in the tokens of love
Song of grateful song.
Sing as the moments go by
To him who reigns on high.

1st time.
2nd time.

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

2. Hands that are little may do his will daily, daily, more.
Hearts that are young with his love may fill more and more.
Feet that are tender may journey still onward, onward.
Voices may sound over vale and hill, shore to shore.

3. Sing to the Lord with a cheerful song, hallelujah!
Glory and honor to him who belong, peace and love.
Follow the Master where'er you go, gladly, gladly.
Then from his bounty will he bestow life above.

Copyright, 1877, by John J. Read.
For the Glory of Jesus

1. Little Christians, at home and school, Living ever for Jesus, Practising daily, the Golden Rule,
2. Little singers, our hymns of praise Singing ever for Jesus, Joyfully, freely, our voices raise,
3. Little workers, in simple ways Working ever for Jesus, Gladly we give him our early days,
4. Little sunbeams, where'er we go Shining ever for Jesus, Letting his light thro' our actions glow,

**CHORUS.**

For the glory of Jesus, Singing and working, our hearts we give, Give them wholly to

Jesus; Led by his grace may we always live, Live to the glory of Jesus.
His Child I Want to be.

1. The children to Jesus may come And life and salvation receive; New hearts will be
2. My name will he write in his book, And call me a Lamb of his fold; When Satan shall
3. I read in his own blessed word! How little ones useful may be; I'll stand with my

CHORUS.

give every one, If on him they only believe, I will love him, I will love him,
such to devour, Then me in his arms will be held, face to the cross, That others the Saviour may see.

For his child I want to be; On the cross he died for sinners, On the cross he died for me.
Little Ones may Come to Jesus.

R. E. Haway.

1. Little ones may come to Jesus! Jesus wants them now; See, he waits with open arms; Love is on his brow. I will come to Jesus now.

2. Little ones may come to Jesus! He is very near; If we whisper, Lord, I come; He will surely hear.

3. Little ones may come to Jesus! All to him belong; He will save us from our sins. Fill our lives with song.

4. Little ones may come to Jesus! Give him now your heart; From this tender, mighty Friend Never, never part.

CHORUS.

Come and learn his love: He will take me in his arms, And bless me from above.

Copyright, 1907, by John A. Dunn.
Jesus Calls Us.

1. Jesus calls us, listen, listen, See the loving Saviour's charms; Let the children come, he's saying.

2. Jesus 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, Hark! how he's calling us,
In his arms we'll sweetly rest.
Far above the azure sky.

Hark! how he's calling us, Come, let us go, let us go, Come, let us go to Jesus.
Speak Bright Words.

E. K. Henry.

1. Speak bright words for Jesus, Children of the King; Fairer than sunshine Of the golden spring.

2. Sing bright words for Jesus, Let his glory 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 healing Scattering the night: Can we not speak brightly, Living in his light? Joy that he has bought us, That his name is Love, Joy that he is reigning On his throne above.

Then, with loving welcome, He our souls will bring Where bright words for Jesus We'll forever sing.

CHORUS.

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

1. "Tis the Shepherd's voice we hear Calling you and me; To the precious fold so dear,
2. He is ever watching aigh, 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 gentle, loving breast, Calling you and me; Where the lambs in safety rest,

chorus:

Calling you and me. Many times in every day. We can hear him.

in our play, Calling to the better way. Calling you and me.
A Little Work for Jesus.

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 still there will accept it, Though from a little one.
3. Oh! it is such an honor, 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 Savior's face;
5. But I can tell a sinner, Of Jesus' precious love, And point him to the mansion That's waiting up above.

CHORUS.


Savior, I will praise thee, Thou hast made me free; Now I'm doing something Ev'ry day for thee.
Our Songs of Love.

1. Let us treasure up the sun-beams Of the bright Sabbath day; 'Tis the Master, in his

2. Let us early learn the lessons He would have us to know; So his blessings we'er shall

3. Blessed Master, we adore thee! Hear our praises to-day; Keep us near thee, ever

CHORUS.

goodness, Who strews them in our way. Sing- ing joy- ous- ly our songs of love In the

fall on, Where- ev- er we may go.

near thee, Thou art the Liv- ing Way.

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

Copyright, 1854, by John J. Hon.
Wont you love my Jesus?

SALLIE SMITH.

1. I have found a friend divine, 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. Harrowed, 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 pardon pure and sweet,

CHORUS.

Wont you love him too? Wont you love my Jesus, My precious, precious

Jesus? Wont you love my Jesus? He is waiting now for you.

From "The Welcoming Voice," by per.
Joy Bells.

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

Song and beauty everywhere, 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 rise 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.

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.

Chorus.
Joyous, Happy, Bright, and Fair.

1. Joy-ous, happy, bright, and fair, Welcome is the Sabbath dear, Which we gladly hail to-day.

2. Bless-ed Shepherd, lead us all, Teachers, scholars, by thy call, Never let us faint, or fall.

3. Listen, learning of thy will Glad-ly may we it ful-fill, Till at last on Zi-on's hill

Precious day of grace. Sweet this rest-ful, prayerful hour, Hallowed by the Spir-it's power.
On our pil-grim way. Thou our glo-rious lead-er be, bring-ing us in pas-tures free.
We from till shall rest. Gathered home at last to dwell, And the heav-enly mu-sic swell.

Chorus.

Je-sus, Mas-ser, now draw near, Filling us with thy peace! Joy-ous, happy, 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 he blesst!
Welcome is the Sabbath dear, Which we gladly hail today. Precious day of grace!

Loving Jesus.

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, 'twas 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, loving Jesus! Praise him! praise him! Oh, loving Jesus! I'll ever sing of thee.
Children's Praise.

1. A crowd fills the court of the temple, A sound as of praise stirs the air, Jerusalem thrills with e-
   xcitement. The Lord of the temple is there! In vain is the priestly dis-
   pleasure. To com-

2. Lord, make each young heart thine own temple, Reveal thy sweet presence within, Blu-
   me the minds by thy gi-
   none, And then shalt thyself be the light, When round thee the ransomed are thronging, High
   praise.

3. And when in the temple of glory Where falls never shadow of night, Where sorrow and sin never
   silence the anthems that ring, Hosanna! Hosanna! Hosanna! The children all joy-
   fully sing.

By permission.
Beautiful Sabbath Bell.

1. Beautiful Sabbath bell! Always sweet is thy sound, Ev'ry thine echoes tell
   Where pure love is found; Beautiful Sabbath bell! Ev'ry sweet is thy call.

2. Beautiful Sabbath bell! Like the voice of a friend, Bidding from hill and dell
   Joyful praise ascend; Beautiful Sabbath bell! Bidding all who may roam,

CHORUS.
"Here is salvation's well. Free and open to all." Beautiful Sabbath bell!
Come and with Jesus dwell. In the heavenly home.

Thy sweet call we hear. Now may the songs we swell Reach the Master's ear.
Thy sweet call we hear. Now may the songs we swell.

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What can Little Hands do?

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

That will some simple want supply; Such grace to mine be given; Such grace to mine be given.
And gentle words of kindness say; Such grace to mine be given; Such grace to mine be given.
Can learn to read God's holy 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.

"First thou too early in the morn- ing, I cannot come to thee too late at night;"
1. I cannot seek too ear- ly in the morn- ing, I cannot come to thee too late at night;
2. No evil can approach but thou be- hold-est, No danger compass me but thou art near;
3. Shall I not seek thee in life's ear- ly morn- ing, Shall I not cling to thee thou earthly night,

Copyright, 1852, by John J. Hous.
I cannot Seek too Early.—Concluded.

Jesus Watches Over Me.

1. Jesus watches over me, Though a little child so weak; He my every step can see.
2. Jesus watches when I pray, Though I am so young and small; Every word I think or say,
3. Jesus watches over 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, Though he reigns over earth and skies; Though my constant guard will be, Though my path thru' 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.

Copyright, 1883, by Isaac J. Hoos.
The Ceaseless Call.

C. W. Hay

"Thus says, O man, I call, and my voice is to the ear of man."—Prov. xlii. 4.  

SOLO.

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The Ceaseless Call.—Concluded.

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 admonition, Spoken tenderly: Hinder none, for every one May my disciple be.

3. Precious are the words of Jesus, When by fears oppressed, 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 wonderous free: "Suffer the little children To come unto me."
Meet Me Over There.

C. W. R.

1. A darling child lay dying, Her kindred weeping near, When in a song of triumph,
   My sins are all forgiven, The Saviour smiles on me; I soon shall be in heaven,
   I shall be there tomorrow—My pains will all be o'er; No dreary night, no sorrow—

CHORUS.

Her voice was sweet and clear; I'm going home to glory, A golden crown to wear;
Its pearly gates I see,
But pleasures ever more.

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. Thou, while he knelt beside her,
   She kissed away his tears;
   And in the softest accents,
   Still whispered in his ear:

Oh, meet me, meet me, Meet me o'er there.

Copyright, 1865, by John J. Humes.
Because He loves Me so.

1. Why came the Saviour from a-love, To dwell on earth below? Why suffered He on
2. Why bowed He in Geth-se-na-me Beneath a weight of woe, Till bloody 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 heaven From cares and toils below? Why give a crown of

CHORUS.

Cal-va-ry? Because He loves me so. He loves me, He loves me, He loves me, this I
does it on the ground? Because He loves me so.
home therein? Because He loves me so.
glory there? Because He loves me so.

He loves me, He loves me, He loves me, He loves me, He loves me.

know, does I know. He gave himself to die for me, Because He loves me so.
Happy Little Birdie.

1. Happy little birdie Singing in the tree, Tell me why you always 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 protector He directs my way, Taught me how to warble All the summer day.

Do you ever sorrow? Do you know a care? Singing thus so gladly As you mount the air.
Thus the pathless heavens, Who points out the way? Who is it that keeps you Always so glad and gay?
Thus the birdie told me, As it mounted high, Singing loud in gladness, Thus the sure sky.

Jesus, I would follow Thee.

C. W. R.

"My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me."—John x. 31.

1. Jesus, I would follow thee, Follow thee, follow thee, Thou the form I cannot see, Yet thou art ever near;
2. Jesus, when I look to thee, Look to thee, look to thee, Thou wilt surely pity me, And bless me with thy love;
3. Jesus, when I look to thee, Look to thee, look to thee, Thou wilt bring me when I die To thy blest home above.
Hour by hour and day by day, In the straight and narrow way, I would ever follow thee, Till thy face in heav'n I see.

My Feet, My Hands.

1. Jesus guide my little feet Along the heav'nly way; Safely guard them from each snare, Lest they should go astray; I shall be sure to turn aside, Unless my footsteps thou wilt guide.

2. Jesus, help my little hands To do thy holy will; Every page in my life's book Help shows my love for thee; Help me to hear and heed thy voice, And daily make thy ways my choice.

3. Jesus, touch my little eyes, That I may always see Work that waits my willing hands And bring me safe above; In mansions bright prepared for me, Thy face and glory I shall see.

4. Jesus, teach my little lips To tell thy wondrous love; Change my prayers to songs of praise, And they should go astray; I shall be sure to turn aside, Unless my footsteps thou wilt guide.

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To Jesus I will go.

"And the blood of Jesus Christ his Son, cleanseth us from all sin" — John 1:7

C. W. HAY.

1. That from guilt I may be Ever spotless and free I will haste to my Rescuer, Who was crucified for me:

2. To fill, hallow till I fly. On his mercy rely, I will trust in his compassion Who for me could bleed and die:

3. He in pity will wash To remove every 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 purified.

In the uncleaning 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-bore By his blood could atone. He shall wash me, he shall cleanse 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.
Duet.

Little Hearts and Little Hands.

C. W. Hayn.

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

Choral Enlarged.

1. Blessed Je-sus, we adore thee; For thy patience and thy love, Bless us while we wait here.
2. May not children learn to know thee; And to sound abroad thy fame? Teach us, Lord, how much we owe thee, With thy love each heart in flame.
3. Little children may receive thee; And receiving thee may live; To each soul who will believe thee, Let us all thy mercy prove.

Chorus.

Little hearts may surely love thee, Little hearts may learn thy ways; Little hands may learn to serve thee; Little lips may sing thy praise.

Copyright, 1885, by Jessie J. Hixon.
ABOVE THE CLEAR BLUE SKY.

1. Above the clear blue sky,
   In heaven’s bright abode,
   The angels best on high Sing praises
to their God; Hallelujah.

2. But God from infant tongues
   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 balm, impart,
   And teach us in our youth
   To know Thee as Thou art;
   Hallelujah!
   Then shall we sing
   To God our King
   Hallelujah!

4. Oh, may thy holy Word
   Spread 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.

I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant—Gen. 9:17. J. J. Holm.

Lively.

1. Beautiful bow! in mercy given, A token of love to earth from heav’n; When thou art bowing
   bright and fair, May we ever behold the promise there. Beautiful, beautiful,
   storm is o’er, May we gaze on that bow forever.

2. Beautiful bow!—a brighter one Is shining around the eternal throne; And when life’s fitful
   beautiful, beautiful love, Sweet token of God’s mercy and love to all below.
LITTLE PILGRIM ON THE ROAD.

'80 LITTLE PILGRIM ON THE ROAD.
'Rev. H. C. McCole.

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


1. I'm a pilgrim, pilgrim on the road, Little pilgrim on the road; To the City of our God, I have

2. I was burden'd, burden'd with a load, Heavy burden'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 pressing toward the land, the land of glory.

sin that I had done: My own hand had laid it on, Ere I started for the land, the land of glo-


Chorus.

Go, on, on! Put trav'ling on, On to glory! On to glory! I have left the way of
LITTLE PILGRIM ON THE ROAD.—Concluded.

3 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 travelling on with lighthearted joy.  —Cho.

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

5 Blessed Saviour, Builder of the road,
   That 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.  —Cho.

INFANT PRAISES.

1. Jesus high in glory, 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.

Suffer little children to come unto me.

J. J. Hoea

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

Chorus:

songs of praise, Then living Children's Friend, O! draw our hearts to thee, And when this life shall:

and, Raise us to live a hope the sky, With thee, the Children's Friend.

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

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

Oh, may we feel a Saviour's love, To him our souls command,
Who left his glorious throne above To be the Children's Friend.
WE NOW GIVE OUR HEARTS TO JESUS.

1. We now give our hearts to Jesus, For youth, like a taper, flows, Requires his protecting love and care, To shield in temptation's hour.

2. How lovely the dewy morning, When earth seems all bright and fair, But brighter the morning time of life, When hallowed by faith and prayer.

Chorus:

Glo - ry, glo - ry to God! In rapture 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 sweeten the songs of joy we raise, To Jesus, for sinners slain—Oho.

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—Oho.
JOYFULLY, JOYFULLY.

MRS. SHARPLESS.

1. Oh, joyfully, joyfully, onward we go; We see not our path, but our Leader we know;
   2. The trials we end, and dangers affright; And nearer, still nearer, comes Death's awful sight;
   3. Then onward still onward, thy life's varied track, In hope we press on, nor look mournfully back;

And wheresoe'er he may guide us, the shadow or sun, Ever joyfully, joyfully follow we on.
Yet what shall dismay us, when close at our side, Stand he who can help us, our Saviour and Guide.
With our Saviour beside us to point out our way, We'll joyfully speed on through life's little day.

Chorus.

Joyfully, joyfully, forward we go, Joyfully leaving all sorrow below;
JOYFULLY, JOYFULLY.—Concluded.

Onward and upward, the Fa-ther we'll call; Joy-ful-ly on-ward, thro' Christ we'll prevail.

LET THEM COME TO ME.

W. W. Rumsey. By pos.

1. Hear the gentle Shepherd, Calling lambs like me, In his sweetest accents, Let them come to me.
2. He will bid us enter, When our toils are o'er, Reach the golden city, He'll be there to greet.
3. Thanks, dear, blessed Savour, For thy words of love, Raising children enter Thy bright courts above.

Refrain.

Let them come to me, Let them come to me, Hear him sweetly saying, Let them come to me.
GLADLY WILL WE SING FOR JESUS.

Rev. A. Flammer.  
Serve the Lord with gladness.—Ps. iv. 2.  
J. J. Horn.

1. Gladly will we sing for Jesus, Sing our happy songs; Praises will we give to Jesus.
2. Gladly will we live for Jesus, All our earthly days; Give ourselves entirely to him.

With our youthful tongues, Our hosannas loud shall echo O'er sea and land;  
Learn his holy ways! Even from our early childhood Till our life's far ends,  
Chorus,

Jesus is the Friend of Children,—Leads them by his hand,  
Will we try to love and serve him, Following his commands,  
Ever will we own our Saviour.
GLADLY WILL WE SING FOR JESUS.—Concluded.

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

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

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

I AM TRUSTING, LORD, IN THEE.

Rev. Wm. McDonald.  Ps. xlix. 8.  Ps. lxxxii. 5.

1. I am coming to the cross: I am poor and weak and blind; I am counting all but dust; I shall find salvation here:

Oa. I am trusting; Lord, in thee, dear Lamb of Calvary; Humbly at thy cross I bow; Save me, Jesus, save me now.

2. Long my heart has sighed for thee;
Long has evil-reigned 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 things to be;
Wholly thine, for evermore.

I am trusting, &c.
WE ARE COMING TO THE FOUNTAIN.

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

Chorus.

Jesus 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,-

Room for every one that thirsteth, And the Saviour bids us come.

3. 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.—Chorus.
I WILL FOLLOW JESUS.

J. H. Toovey

1. The world is very beautiful, and full of joy to me; The sun shines out in glory, On everything I see; 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.

Chorus.

For I will follow Jesus, For I will follow Jesus, For I will follow Jesus, Will follow all the way.

2. Then, like a little pilgrim, Whatever I may meet, I'll take it—joy or sorrow, And lay at 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.

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

Whatever a man soweth, that shall he also reap—Gal. vi. 7

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Are we sowing seeds of kindness? They shall blossom bright are long; Are we sowing seeds of discord? They shall ripen into wrong. Are we sowing seeds of honor? They shall bring forth golden grain; Hate from hate as sure to grow; Seeds of good or ill, we scatter, As we pass along the way,

2. We can never be too careful What the seed our hands shall sow—Love from love is sure to ripen,

Chorus

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

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

GOOD COUNSEL.

By years old, W. J. K.

1. Guard, my child, thy tongue, That it speak no wrong; Let no evil word pass o'er it.
2. Guard, my child, thine eyes, Praying is not wise; Let them look on what is right.
3. Guard, my child, thine ear, Wicked words will sear; Let no evil words come in.
4. Ear and eye and tongue, Guard while thou art young; For a last these losses there.

Set the watch of truth before it; That it do no wrong, Guard, my child, thy tongue.
From all evil turn their sight; Praying is not wise, Guard, my child, thine eyes.
That may cause the soul to sin; Wicked words will sear, Guard, my child, thine ear.
Can unruly members be; Guard while thou art young, Ears and eyes and tongue.
We all can do Something for Jesus.

1. Our school is a vineyard, a garden of truth, We all can do something for Jesus; And the we are just in the

2. A word to the wise of kindness and love May often remind them of Jesus, A song of our heart to tell;

3. O sweetest, far sweetest than riches or fame To feel we are working for Jesus, The cup of cold water we

morning of youth, We all can do something for Jesus; The deep rolling river that flows to the sea, Is made of the

may load a poor wand'ring to Jesus; The act when planted, this small it may be, How quickly it

given his name Will bring us the blessing of Jesus; The brook and the ocean, the leaf and the tree Are teaching a

breakers that sparkle so fine, A lesson, dear schoolmates for you and for me We all can do something for Jesus,

grows to a wide-spread'ring tree, A lesson, dear schoolmates for you and for me We all can do something for Jesus.

lesson to you and to me, No matter how simple the effort may be; We all can do something for Jesus.
Calling, Gently Calling.

1. In the midnight stillness, What a wondrous voice I hear! Chanting accents, sweet and tender, Music-like sad the rose ear. Calling, gently calling, Wondrous accents, sweet and mild.

2. In the infant's breast, How I wonder can it be, He that built the starry heavens, heard my heart's appeal. Calling for he loves me: He loves a little child.

3. There again I hear thee calling, In such tender accents near; Here am I! oh, yes, I listen: Speak, and I will gladly hear.

4. Speak, O Lord, thy servant heareth; Help thou me to understand; Here I wait to do thy errands, And obey, Lord, thy command.

From Six very Lessons, by per.
We all can do Good.

1. Our lives we are told are but fleeting at best, Like roses they fade and decay,
   A thought, or a smile, that in kindness we give, May comfort a desolate heart.

2. How many around us are strangers to God, How many poor children we see;
   We all can do good, and we all can bestow Some gift for the sake of our Lord.

Then let us do good while the present is ours, Be useful as long as we stay,
May sweeten a life that is lonely and sad, And hope to the weary impart.
If such we could bring to the foot of the cross, How grateful and glad we should be,
If only a cup of cold water we give, Our souls will not lose their reward.

D.S.—Remember the proverb; remember it now, We all can do good if we try.

Chorus

Do good to others, do good while we can.—Our moments how quickly they fly;

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He Loves us Still the Same.

Priscilla J. Owen.

1. Who left for a throne in heaven, Glorious and bright? Whose precious life for us was given,
2. Who loved us when for love and leisure, By sin overcome? Who sought us when we wandered weary,
3. Who gathered little children round him, With blessings kind? Who now, that glory bright has crowned him,
4. Who watches us when lonely straying, By night or day? Who listens when our hearts are praying,
5. Jesus, the children's friend, we know thee; Teach us thy ways; Let not our lips a-lone exclaim thee,

Chorus

That we might live right! Jesus, Jesus, Glory to his name, hallelujah! When he dwelt on
Far from our heavenly home!
Faithful we, always fast!
Thanks every word we say!
Make them our heart's adorer. — Jesus, etc.

Copyright, 1871, by John J. Haun.
Come Hither to Me.

1. The Saviour is calling, how tender his voice, His kind invitation should make us rejoice.

2. Our Friend, of all others the dearest and best, How gently he gathers the lamb to his breast.

3. The world may deceive us, its pleasures will die, But he has provided a haven in the sky.

4. Again he is calling, we must not delay, With bright, smiling faces we gladly obey.

He speaks, and my language so loving can be, A voice, little children, come hither to me.

And there from all evil how safe we shall be; O hear him still calling, Come hither to me.

He tells us how happy our dwelling will be, And whispers now, Children, come hither to me.

Oh, Saviour, our Saviour! how thankful are we That all are invited to come to thee.

Chorus:

Come hither to me, come hither to me, Of such shall my kingdom in Paradise be; Come
COME HITHER TO ME—Concluded.

Come hither to me, come hither to me, A-mine, little children, come hither to me.

Children Invited.

Mel. A. M. CHANCE.

1. Come to Je-sus, Chil-dren dea-se; He'll re-ceive you; Do not fear.
2. For he loves you; And he died; Oh the cross Was crost.
3. Just as you used Pain and woe. For you, children, Here be-low.
4. That his chil-dren Happy might be. Saved in hea-ven; From sin set free.

Chorus:

Wont you love and serve him, Wont you live and serve him, Wont you love and serve him, Wont you love and serve him.
Little Ones May Come to Thee.

1. I would seek and find thee now, Blessed Savour, tour, teach me how.
2. Thou didst have thy crown of light, Thou didst leave thy home so bright.
3. Precious Saviour, hour, Friend divine. Take and keep my hand in thine.

Then how
lay my heart to rest, On thy gentle, loving breast. Thou art pure
leave them all for me, That my soul might live with thee.
happy I shall lie, Step by step to walk with thee.

Copyright, 1870, by John J. Hopk.
Long time ago.

1. Je - sus was a lit - tle child, Long time a - go; Gentle, loving, meek and mild, Long time a - go.
2. Wise men guided by a star, Long time a - go; Come 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.
Come with gifts, and bend above him, Come to worship and to love him, Long time a - go, Long time a - go.
"Suf - fer them to come un - to me, Lot of such my kingdom be." Long time a - go, Long time a - go.

Copyright, 1910, by Forest Home.
Our Welcome Song.

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, every one, Where purest pleasures dwell; Where faith and hope wherein we meet Their

3. Oh, welcome, welcome, every one, To this our home so dear, Where we are taught the way of life, That

4. Oh, welcome, welcome, every one, And this shall be our prayer, That each of us at God's right hand A

Chorus:

in our Sabbath home. Those welcome, glad welcome to all; We're happy, as happy can be; Of

precious story tell, blessed way so dear, robe and crown may wear, yes, we're happy; Of

Jesus we sing, our Redeemer and King, For who is so loving as He?

Copyright, 1834, by Jonas J. Hauen.
Anniversary Song of Praise.

Mrs. A. M. Chance.

1. God has blessed us without measure, Crowned our years with rich estate, Join'd our hearts, in love to him, Thus we all right praise his name, Praise him, praise him.

2. And our school today rejoices, While we praise with happy voices, On this Anniversary Day We would bring our grateful lay, Heart and tongue May his praise by us be sung.

3. Thanks to God, our Heavenly Father, Who has blessed and kept us ever, With a lit of love to him, Thus we all right praise his name, Praise him, praise him.

Copyright, 1916, by John J. Hoop.
[Small tune for Cornet or Organ.]
1. In the days of His flesh they brought little children, That Jesus might bless them when placed by His knee,

2. Suffer children to come at beaten of my Kingdom, I welcome them all, for the banquet is free;

3. Yes, the children are welcome, welcome to Jesus, To little ones ever the promise is given:

While bringing them there, His disciples rebuked them; But Jesus said, "Little ones, come unto me."

0 never for bid them; I come now to save them. And say to the little ones, "Come unto me."

The Saviour declares it, His word now assures us. Of little ones, such is the Kingdom of heaven.

Chorus:

Come unto me! come unto me! Jesus said, "Little ones, come unto me."
Our Christmas Tree.

1. Our Christmas tree is decked once more, In joy we meet around; It tells of brighter things in store, Let songs of praise resound.

2. Our Christmas tree is fresh and green, While skies are cold and drear; Its harvest store of fruit is seen, When Winter blights the year.

D.C. A cheerful song we sing to thee, This happy Christmas day.

CHORUS.

Our Christmas tree, fair Christmas tree, Bright Christmas tree, blest 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 tree, Our grateful thanks receive; Yet, Lord, for Christmas joys to thee Our highest praise we give.
Hushed was the Evening Hymn.

1. Hushed was the evening hymn, The temple courts were dark, The lamp was burning

dark. Before the sacred ark: When suddenly a voice divine Rang

2. Oh! give me Samuel's ear, The open ear, O Lord, Alive and quick to

bear Each whisper of thy word, Like him to answer at thy call, And

3. Oh! give me Samuel's heart, A lowly heart, that waits Where in thy house thou

art, Or watches at thy gates. By day and night, a heart that still Moves

4. Oh! give me Samuel's mind, A sweet, un murmuring faith, Obedient and resigned

to obey thee first of all, To thee in life and death,

thou, at the breathing of thy will. That I may read with childlike eyes

thro' the silence of the shrine. Truths that are hidden from the wise.
Growing Up for Jesus.

1. Growing up for Jesus, we are truly 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 Jesus, learning day by day How to follow onward in the narrow way;

In his truth our treasure, in his love our rule, Growing up for Jesus 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 holy treasure, finding precious truth, Growing up for Jesus in our happy youth.

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

CHORUS.

Growing up for Jesus, till in him complete, Growing up for Jesus, oh, his work is sweet;

Copyright, 1882, by John J. Hoen.
Jesus Loves Me So.

W. H. Flavelle

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 holy day, The day he calls his own. That keeps me on the way To my celestal home,
4. I love the Sunday school, Oh, who can stay away! Its teachings be my rule Of life from day to day.

I love my Saviour dear, How much can never show, He makes my pathway clear, And ever lives me so.
I love his own dear word, With love 'tis all a-glow, My weary heart is sure'd, For Jesus loves me so,
I love his holy 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.

Jesus loves me so; Jesus loves me so; I will love him more and more, For Jesus loves me so.
Jesus Died to Save Me.

Lively.

1. Jesus died upon 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. Trusting his almighty aid, I will never be dismayed. No, I will not
4. With the saints in heaven above I will sing his dying love, I will sing his
5. Oh, let every ransomed soul Sound his praise from pole to pole, Sound his praise him

CHORUS:

set me free, He is my Redeemer. Precious love! wondrous love!

washed me clean, He is my Redeemer.
be dismayed, He is my Redeemer.
dying love, He is my Redeemer.
pole to pole, He is my Redeemer.

His own life he gave me; On the Cross of Calvary, Jesus died to save me.
Hymn for "Children's Day."

1. Our Fath-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. Our Fath-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 fa-vor'd land. For good-ness and mer-cy on ev-ry hand.
We thank thee for beau-ti-ful lib-er-ty To real-ize our own word and to wor-ship thee.
May the Ho-ly Spir-it come sweet-ly, down, And now with his pres-ence our pain-ting crown.

Chorus.

O help us, our Fath-er in heav'n, that we May give up our youth-ful hearts to thee;
Hymn for "Children's Day,"—Concluded.

O help us, our Father in heaven, that we May give up our youthful hearts to thee.

So would I be.

Lizzie Edwards.

We, L. C. H. J.

1. Like a pretty sunbeam shining, So would I be; So would I be; Cheering every cloud.

2. All around with pleasure twining; So would I be; So would I be; Gilding on and on.

3. Like a merry brooklet flowing, So would I be; So would I be; Praising God who gently folds me.

Copyright, 1882, by John J. Hoon.
Singing, Swinging.

1. There's a little bird's nest high among the trees, Swinging in the branches, waving in the breeze;
2. There's a little swallow up among the eaves, Busy as a tailor with a nest of leaves;
3. There's a flow of music, sweet, and pure, and good, Bus, and air, and treble, with an interlude;
4. What has heaven taught us? how have we been stirred By the cheerful music of a little bird?

Moving back and forward, like a rocking chair, Little birdsies sleeping, swinging in the air.
Then a flock of blue birds, perched along a line, Looking out for something, so they all can dine.
Meli - o - dy and measure, in the leafy boughs, Full of pulsing gladness, coming down in showers.
Singing in the morning, with a might and main, Singing in the darkness, singing in the rain.

CHORUS:

Singing, swinging, singing, swinging, All the merry song birds singing everywhere;
**Singing, Swinging.**—Concluded.

Singing, swinging, singing, swinging, Swinging in the trees-tops, singing in the air.

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**Buds of Promise.**

Fanny J. Crosby.

We, J. Kirkpatrick.

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.

**Chorus:** We are buds of promise fair, Blooming on, blooming on, Guarded by a Saviour's care, Praise his name.

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.

Copyright, 1884, by John J. Hoen.
Hosanna to Jesus.

Words & Music by C. Daunton

1. Hosanna we sing to Jesus our King, Who came down from heav'n's salvation to bring;

   To bless little children who trust in His love, And try to obey Him like angels above.

Chorus.

Hosanna, hosanna, hosanna, hosanna, in Jesus our King.

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

Hosanna we sing to Jesus our King, On earth and in heav'n 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.

Mrs. Thomas H. DeWitt.

1. Hear the pennies dropping, Listen while they fall, Every one for Jesus.
2. Dropping, dropping over, From each little hand, Tie our gift to Jesus.
3. Now, while we are little, Pennies are our store, But, when we are older,
4. Though we have not money, We can give him love, He will own our offering.

Refrain:

He will get them all.
From his little band. Dropping, dropping, dropping, dropping.
Lord, we'll give them more.
Sowling from above.

Hear the pennies fall; Every one for Jesus. He will get them all.
Children of the Kingdom.

1. Children of the kingdom, while we journey here, Only for a time achilding;
2. Children of the kingdom, pressing on our way, Never let us falter, never;
3. Children of the kingdom, while we watch and wait, Never be discouraged, never;
4. Children of the kingdom, joyful let us be, Yonder is the shining river;

Looking on to Jesus, banish every fear, For his eyes our path is guiding.
Bear the cross for Jesus, bear it every day, In his mercy trusting ever.
Soon our feet will enter through the pearly gate And go out no more forever.
There is all his beauty we the King shall see, And behold his face forever.

D.S.—Children of the kingdom, tarry not, but soon Where the pure in heart are calling.

Chorus.

From the land of song, the bright land of song; Listen to the music gently falling;

Copyright, 1867, by James J. Barra.
1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious, See the Man of Sorrows now! From the sight return'd vie-
2. Crown the Saviour, angels, crown him: Rich the trophies Jesus brings: In the seat of power en-
3. Sinners in decision crown'd him, Mocking thus the Saviour's claim; Saints and angels crowd-a-
4. Hark, those bursts of acclamation! Hark, those loud, triumphant chords! Jesus takes the highest

torious. Ev'ry knee to him shall bow; Crown him, crown him; Crowns be-
throne him, While the vault of heaven rings: Crown him, crown him; Crown the
round him, Own his title, praise his name; Crown him, crown him; Spread a-
station: Oh, what joy the sight affords! Crown him, crown him; Crowns become the Victor's brow.

Copyright, 1852, by John J. Hughes.
God is in Heaven.

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.

Little child, thou need'st not fear,
He list'ns to thine,
All day and all night long.

If thou said'st it ever so low,
He'd hear it in the sky,
And thou shalt praise him there.

Chorus.

Come, children, hearken unto me,
And I will teach you the

Copyright, 1864, by John J. Johnson.
God is in Heaven. — Concluded.

Room for Little Feet.

1. Yet there is room for little feet. Upon the narrow road, And room enough on
2. Yet there is room, heaven is not full; Wide open stands the door, Millions now walk these
3. Yet there is room, and none depart. Unwelcomed, unforgiven, While there is room in

Zion's street, So golden and so broad. Room enough, room enough Upon the narrow road;
golden streets, And room for millions more.
Some heart, There's room enough in heaven,

little feet. On Zion's street so broad.
Festal Day.

Each scholar should have a small bouquet to be swung like a censer while singing 5th and 8th lines.

1. 'Tis our yearly festal day Come again, bright and happy; God has led us on our way And we meet once again. From the homes we love so dearly We have come with blossom fair;

2. Let our hearts with rapture swell While the Lord we are praising; And of all his mercies clear As the birds on the wing. Look up on us, loving Saviour, From thy blessed home above, Swing again ye little censers, Breathing praise everywhere.

3. 'Tis the children's jubilee; Thanks to God we are singing; With our hearts as light and fine.

Chorus.

And we swing our little censers, Making sweet all the air. 'Tis our yearly festal.

Swing again ye little censers. Breathing praise everywhere.

Let our hearts like little censers, Send response to thy love! Use first four lines as Chorus.
While Sabbath Bells.

F. G. Beadeful

FOR CHILDREN'S DAY.

Adam Graebl

1. While Sabbath bells their sweetest tune Chime out in joyous measures,
2. Here gathered in this heavenly place We love to sing of Jesus,
3. O blessed Saviour, kind and mild; How dearly we should love thee!
4. Then while the bells their sweetest tune Ring out in merry greeting

To greet the Children's Day in June, The day of sacred pleasures, We'll
Who died to save our fallen race, And now from bondage frees us: With
Remember thou wast a little child, Thou art not far above me; We
Up on this fragrant day in June, To hail the children's meeting—Our

join their ring, and loudly sing, To crown with praises Christ our King,
voicestrong we will prolong Our praise, to crown our King in song,
feel thee near, yes, thou art here To let us crown thee, Jesus dear!
joyful lays we, too, will raise, And crown our Saviour King with praise.
The Door of my Lips.

RESPONSIVE EXERCISE.

SCHOOL. RECITE.—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. 119:14. For there is not a word in my tongue, but, lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether. Ps. cxix:4.

SING.

Boys. Girls. W. J. S.

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

CHORUS.

1st time. 2nd time.

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.

2. What are the words that we must say?

True words! true words!

God's own command, we must obey,

Speak true words.

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

RECITE.—The ninth commandment is, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." Ex. xx:1.

Lying lips are abomination to the Lord, but they that deal truly are his delight. Prov. xxiii:6.

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The Door of my Lips.—CONCLUDED.

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

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

   RECITE.—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. xx. 3. Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth. Eph. 4.

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

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

   RECITE.—Pleasant words are as a honeycomb, sweet to the soul. Prov. xxvi. 24. A word spoken in due season, how good is it. Prov. xvii. 27.

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

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

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

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

   —E. E. Hawtry.

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Good Temper.

Withanimation.  

CHORUS.  

C. O. N. Photo. By per.

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;
   Winner constant love and look impart True joy serene and bright.
   Good temper, good temper, Will make a happy home.
Fadeless Flowers.

Mrs. A. M. Chance. FOR CHILDREN'S DAY OR ANNIVERSARY. Jos. H. Swett.

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-ors 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.

Blooming fair, We would give thee, Je-sus dear. Take us. Savi-our, Thine we are.

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The Birthday Box

E. E. HENRY.

CHORUS.

Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, Key of love the heart unlocks; Tinkle, tinkle:

1. Tiny notes of music, Chiming all the year, Swell into a chorus, Praises sweet and clear.
2. For our pleasant birthdays, While we gladly sing, For our years so happy, Lord, our gifts we bring.
3. Many little children, Now are sick or sad; These will we remember, Help to make them glad.

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!

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

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