The PRIMARY SONG BOOK
The PRIMARY SONG BOOK

Published by
THE GENERAL BOARD of PRIMARY ASSOCIATIONS
of the
Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints

Fourth Edition

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH
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PREFACE.

This collection of songs has been prepared by the General Board for the Primary Associations throughout the Church. They have been compiled with much loving thought and labor, and with the earnest hope that the officers and children will find pleasure and profit in their use.

Many of the songs are new and this opportunity is taken to express grateful thanks to all who have assisted in any way towards making the Primary Song Book a success.

Some old favorites have been included, among which will be found many of the original songs written expressly for the Primary Associations.

We offer a few suggestions to choristers:

Be patient. Do not tire of repetition. Be thorough. Be sure the children understand the meaning of the words they sing. Teach exact pronunciation, and do not mistake shouting for singing. While the child's voice is of great compass, it should remain beautiful and sweet—music is not noise. Remember you are making first impressions and they are lasting.

The Good Shepherd has taught us that the angels who watch over little children are of those who have reached the highest altitudes of heaven. What an incentive to loving service in the thought that we are co-workers with them "who do always behold the face of the Father!"
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No. 1. All Things Bright and Beautiful.

FRANK FORD.

1. All things bright and beautiful, All creatures great and small,
2. Each little flower that opens, Each little bird that sings—
3. The purple-headed mountain, The river running by,
4. The tall trees in the Greenwood,
   The pleasant summer sun,
   The ripe fruit in the garden—
   He made them every one.
5. He gave us eyes to see them,
   And lips that we might tell
   How great is God Almighty,
   That doeth all things well.

No. 2. As a Little Child.

C. M. VON WEBER.

1. As a little child relies On a care beyond its own,
2. So let me, a child, receive What today Thou shalt provide,
3. Quiet, Lord, my forward heart, Make me loving, meek, and mild;

Knows beneath its father's eyes, It is never left alone.
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave What tomorrow may be tide.
Up right, simple, free from art, Make me as a little child.
No. 3.  

Because He Loves Me So.

Words selected.  

H. H. Petersen.

1. I love to hear the story, Which angel voices tell,
2. I'm glad my blessed Savior Was once a child like me,
3. To sing His love and mercy, My sweetest songs I'll raise,

How once the King of glory Came down on earth to dwell;
To show how pure and holy His little ones might be;
And though I cannot see Him, I know He hears my praise!

I am both weak and erring, But this I surely know,
And if I try to follow His footsteps here below,
For He has kindly promised That I shall surely go,

The Lord came down to save me, Because He loves me so.
He never will forget me, Because He loves me so.
To dwell among His angels, Because He loves me so.
No. 4.  Come Join With Me to Sing and Praise.

Arr. by ALVIN A. BEESLEY.

1. Come, join with me to sing and praise.

2. The winter hid them deep in snow.

3. And let us mix our voices gay.

4. The birds can flutter free and wild.

Heavenly Father's care,

Who gave to Nature

held the brook—let long;

But now it dances

Nature's merry tone;

Our Maker gave not

sing the long day;

To us alone our

all her pow'r, And made the world so fair.

as it goes, To robin's merry song.

music sweet To birds and brooks alone.

Fa—ther gave A voice to praise and pray.
No. 5.  Children's Morning Song.

L. DALTON.  Arr. E. Beesley.

1. "High in Heav'n a - bove us, Where the an - gels dwell,
2. Low on earth be - neath us, Where our footsteps stray,
3. Nev - er, nev - er grieve Him, Think - ing a - ny ill;

God will ev - er love us    If we serve Him well."
God can hear and see us, Night as well as day.
Ev - er try to please Him, Do - ing His good will.

No. 6.  Hymn of Praise.


1. I'll strive while young to tune my voice, To songs of praise and love,
2. He gives His chil - dren here be - low A thou - sand bless - ings rare,
3. He loves each lit - tle, harm-less child, The poor and low - ly heart;
4. O, Fa - ther, good and full of grace, Tune Thou my heart and voice,

The theme, of which I'll make a choice, Shall be my God a - bove.
Each pass - ing day and hour doth show His lov - ing, ten - der care.
And e'en the soul with sin de - filed, Rep - pent - ing hath a part.
That I may ev - er chant Thy praise, And in Thy love re - joice.
No. 7. Our Children.

E. B. WELLS. E. BEESLEY.

1. Hosts of children ev'ry morning, Seek the Lord in earnest pr'y'r, Thanking Him for ev'ry blessing, to the skies, With celestial songs rejoicing,

2. Hosts of angels 'round us waiting, Bear the message

CHORUS.

Life and health and loving care. Hosts of children seek salvation, Ever faithful may we be;

Fill the realms of paradise.

Make us, Lord, a mighty nation, Pressing on to victory.
No. 8. I'm Not Too Young for God to See.

1. I'm not too young for God to see, He knows my name and nature too,
2. He listens to the words I say, And knows the thoughts I have within;
3. Oh, how could children tell a lie, Or cheat at play, or steal or fight,
4. Then when I want to do a miss, However pleasant it may be,

And all day long He looks at me—He sees my actions thro' and thro'.
And whether I'm at work or play, He's sure to know it if I sin.
If they remembered God was nigh, And always had them in His sight.
I'll always strive to think of this: I'm not too young for God to see.

No. 9. O Jesus! the Giver of All We Enjoy.

1. O Jesus! the Giver of all we enjoy, Our lives to Thy
2. With joy we remember the dawn of that day, When cold as Death
3. The wonderful name of our Jesus we'll sing, And publish the
4. We now are enlisted in Jesus' blest cause, Divinely as-

hon - or we wish to employ; With praises un cease - ing we'll
remember in darkness we lay; The sweet in vi ta tion we
fame of our Captain and King; With sweet ex ul ta tion His
sisted to conquer our foes: His grace will sup port us till
O Jesus! the Giver of All We Enjoy.

sing of Thy name, Thy good-ness in - creas-ing, Thy love we'll pro - claim.
heard with sur - prise, And wit-nessed sal - va - tion flow down from the skies.
good-ness we prove; His name is sal - va - tion, His na - ture is love.
con - flicts are o'er, He then will es - cort us to Zi - on's bright shore.

No, 10. Jesus, Tender Shepherd.

Andante. J. P. Olsen.

1. Je - sus, ten - der Shep-herd, hear us; Bless Thy lit - tle
2. All this day Thy hand has led us, And we thank Thee
3. May our sins be all for - giv - en; Bless the friends we

lambs to-night; Thro' the dark-ness, be Thou near us; Keep us safe till
for Thy care; Thou hast clothed us, warmed us, fed us; List - en to our
love so well; Take us, when we die, to heav - en, Hap - py there with

morn - ing light, Keep us safe till morn - ing light.
eve - ning pray'r, List - en to our eve - ning pray'r.
Thee to dwell, Hap - py there with Thee to dwell.
1. I think when I read that sweet story of old, When Jesus was here among men, How He called little children like lambs to His fold, I should love; And if I continue to seek Him below I shall like to have been with Him then. I wish that His hands had been hear Him and see Him above. I long for that happy and
When I read that sweet story of old,

Laid on my head; and that I had been placed on his knee,

That I might have glorious time,

The fairest, the brightest, the best,

When the dear little

I might have seen His kind look when He said, "Let the little ones come unto me;"

That children of ev'ry clime, shall crowd to His arms to be blest;

When the dear little children of ev'ry clime, shall crowd to His arms to be blest.
No. 12.  Jesus Bids Us Shine.

Semplice — not fast.

A. C. Smyth.

Jesus bids us shine With a clear, pure light, Like a little candle
Jesus bids us shine, First of all for Him, Well He sees and knows it,

Burn-ing in the night, Like a little candle Burning in the night;
If our light is dim, Well He sees and knows it, If our light is dim;

In this world is dark-ness, So we must shine, You in your small corner And
He looks down from heav-en To see us shine, You in your small corner And

I in mine, You in your small cor- ner, And I in mine.
No. 13. Jesus Blessed the Children.

ALVIN A. REESLEY.

1. Jesus blessed the little children, When He was on earth below;
2. When He kindly called them to Him, Took each one upon His knee;

It fills me with joy and gladness, When I think He loved them so.
When He said to His disciples, Let the children come to me.


E. B. FERGUSON. A. A. BEESLEY.

1. Jesus, unto Thee I pray, Guide and guard me thro' this day,
2. All my little wants supply, If I live or if I die,
3. And when life, O Lord, is past, Take me to Thy self at last—

As the shepherd tends his sheep, Keep me—safe from evil keep.
Keep my feet from every snare—Guard me with Thy watchful care.
For I me to Thy gentle breast—There for ever may I rest.
Jesus Thou Art Sweet and Mild.

MO. 15.

John Nicholson.

Jos. J. Daynes.

1. Jesus, Thou art sweet and mild, Wilt Thou hear a little child?
2. Wilt Thou, Jesus, when I die, Take me up to Thee, on high;

Mam-ma oft-en tells of Thee, Tells me I Thy face shall see.
To Thy love-ly home a-bove, There to dwell in peace and love?

If I seek to wor-ship Thee, Say, O Lord, that You love me;
Jesus, let Thy bless-ing flow To my loved ones, here be-low,

And if I Thy name shall praise And o-bey Thee all my days.
That they too may wor-thy be To for-ev-er dwell with Thee.
No. 16. Jesus Once Was a Little Child.

Moderato.

JOS. BALLANTYNE.

1. Jesus once was a little child, A little child like me, And
2. He played as little children play The pleasant games of youth; But He

He was pure and meek and mild As a little child should be.
never got vexed if the game went wrong And He always spoke the truth.

CHORUS.

So little children, Let's you and I.

Try to be like Him, Try, try, trv.
No. 17. Let the Little Children Come.

EMILY HILL WOODMANSER. J. J. DAYNES.

1. Favoured little ones were they—Who, towards him Jesus drew!

2. Jesus claims the children love; Jesus loves them as of old!

Who within His arms he took—Just as loving parents do;

Jesus calls from heav'n above—"Feed my lambs" and guard the fold;

Christ the Lord "Our living head" This, of little children said—

When the little children pray—Jesus, is not far away!

"Such, shall of My kingdom be Suffer them to come to me."

Jesus, wants the children near, Listen to His words so clear.

CHORUS.

Listen! to the Savior's plea, Let the children come to me;
Let the Little Children Come.

Let the little children come, Come to me, come to me, Come to me, come to me.

No. 18. My Father, for Another Night.

Devotionally. Voices in Unison.

A. C. Smyth.

1. My Father, for another night Of quiet sleep and rest.
2. Now with the new-born day I give Myself anew to Thee.
3. What-e'er I do, things great or small, What-e'er I speak or frame,
4. My Father, for His sake I pray Thy child accept and bless;

For all the joy of morning light, Thy Holy name be blest.
That as Thou wilt I may live, And what Thou wilt be.
Thy glory may I seek in all, Do all in Jesus' name.
And lead me by Thy grace today, In paths of righteousness.
No. 19. Little Knees Should Lowly Bend.

Words selected.
Andante mf.

A. C. SMYTH.

1. Little knees should lowly bend, Little knees should lowly bend,
2. Little tongues should speak the truth, Little tongues should speak the truth,

At the hour of prayer, At the hour of prayer;
Without fear or halt, Without fear or halt;

Little thought to heav'n ascend, To our Father there,
Little lips should ne'er be loth, To confess a fault,

Little thought to heav'n ascend, To our Father there,
Little lips should ne'er be loth, To confess a fault.
No. 20. **Our Heavenly Father.**

**Eliza R. Snow.**

*Andante.*

1. Our heav'n-ly Fa- ther, we will sing To Thee, a hymn of praise;
2. If, in the day that's past and gone, We did thy spir-it grieve,
3. And when we lay us down to rest, We pray thee, safe- ly keep,

Ac- cept our eve- ning of- f'ring; Hear thou our chil-dish lays.
We, in the name of Thy dear Son, Do pray Thou wilt for-give.
And thro' the night may we be blest With sweet re-fresh-ing sleep.

No. 21. **O, Father Look Upon Us.**

**J. P. Olsen.**

*Moderato.*

1. O, Fa- ther, look up-on us, Here at thy feet to day,
2. Tho' thou art in the heav'n's, Thou guard-est all be-low;
3. Teach us to use thy blessings, From stings of con-science free;
4. May we go on im-proving The time which thou hast giv'n;

And tho' our words are fee-ble, Thou know'st what we would say.
Teach us to learn and fol-low, All that we ought to know.
May we be gay and hap-py, With-out for-get-ting thee.
And may we not, O, Fa- ther, E'er lose the way to heav'n.
No. 22.  

**Our Loving Savior Dear.**

H. A. T.  
Treble.  

1st Alto

1. Our loving Savior dear, We pray to Thee
2. While in this vale of tears On earth below,
3. Bless thou our teachers dear, With blessings rare,

2d Alto.

That Thou wilt train our hearts, Loving to be;
Our path beset with thorns Where ere we go;
Who teach us week by week With tender care;

Guide thro' the path of life Our wayward feet,
Do thou Thy spirits grace On us bestow,
When all our work is done Throughout the land,

Grant that in heav'n above We all may meet.
Show ing where dangers lie, Guid ing us through.
May we in realms of bliss With angels stand.
No. 23.  

O, My Father.  

ELIZA R. SNOW.  

1. O, my Father, thou that dwell-est, In that high and glorious place!  
2. For a wise and glorious purpose, Thou hast placed me here on earth,  
3. I had learned to call thee Father, Thro' thy Spirit from on high;  
4. When I leave this rail existence, When I lay this mortal by,  

When shall I regain thy presence, And again behold thy face?  
And with-held the recollection Of my former friends and birth;  
But, until the Key of Knowledge Was restored, I knew not why;  
Father, mother, may I meet you In your royal courts on high?  

In that holy habitation, Did my spirit once reside?  
Yet, oft times a secret something Whispered "You're a stranger here;"  
In the heav'n are parents single? No, the thought makes reason stare!  
Then, at length, when I've completed All you sent me forth to do,  

In my first primeval childhood, Was I nurtured by thy side?  
And I felt that I had wandered From a more exalted sphere.  
Truth is reason—truth eternal Tells me I've a mother there.  
With your mutual approbation, Let me come and dwell with you.
No. 24. Loving Shepherd.*


1. Loving shepherd of Thy sheep, Keep Thy
2. Loving Savior Thou didst give Thine own
3. I would praise Thee every day, Gladly
4. Loving shepherd, ever near, Teach Thy

Lambs in safety, keep; Nothing can Thy pow'r within
life that we might live, And the hands out-stretched to
all Thy will obey, Like Thy blessed ones a-
lamb's voice to hear; Suffer not our steps to

Stand, None can take us from Thy hand.
bless, Bear the cruel nails impress.
bove, Happy in Thy precious love.
stray From the straight and narrow way.

*This beautiful melody is well adapted to children's voices and sympathies, as well as the words. It should be sung very smoothly.
No. 25.

We'll Thank Our God.

Hannah T. King.

1. We'll thank our God for daily bread, And all the bounties earth has spread; And for the bright prize of richest, sweetest wealth, And never forget, whenever the spirit may they ever share, And then they'll know, by

2. We'll thank Him for the boon of health, That God blesses this people everywhere—His

3. God bless this people everywhere—His center spread; And for the bright prize of richest, sweetest wealth, And never forget, whenever they ever share, And then they'll know, by

Alvin A. Beesley.
No. 26. 
Shine On.

1. My light is but a little one, My light of faith and pray'r; But
2. I may not hide my little light, The Lord has told me so; 'Tis
3. Oh, little light shine on, shine on, In this dark heart of mine; Un-

Jos. Ballantyne.

Chorus.

lo! it glows like God's great sun, For it was light-ed there.
giv'n me to keep in sight That all may see it glow. Shine on,
til another soul be drawn To seek the light divine.

shine on, shine on bright and clear; Shine on, shine on, the day is near.

No. 27. 
Our Father in Heaven.

Alvin A. Beesley.

1. Our Father in heaven, We hal-low Thy name; May Thy king-dom
2. For-give our trans-gressions, And teach us to know The hum-ble com-

Alvin A. Beesley.
Our Father in Heaven.

ho-ly, On earth be the same; O give to us dai-ly Our
pas-sion That par-dons each foe; Keep us from temp-ta-tion—From

por-tion of bread; For 'tis from Thy boun-ty, That all must be fed.
weakness and sin, And Thine be the glo-ry For-ev-er. A-men.

No. 28. Who Shall Sing If Not the Children.

Moderato.

1. Who shall sing if not the chil-dren? Did not Je-sus die for them?
2. Why to them are voic-es giv-en—Bird-like voic-es, sweet and clear?
3. Je-sus, when on earth so-journ-ing, Loved them with a per-feit love;

May they not with oth-er jew-els, Spark-le in his di-a-dem?
Why, un-less the songs of heav-en To be-gin to prac-tice here?
And will He, to heav'n re-turn-ing, Faith-less to His bless-ing prove?
I Thank Thee, Dear Father.

Geo. Careless.

1. I thank Thee, dear Father in heaven above, For Thy goodness and mercy, Thy kindness and love; I thank thee for home, friends and sisters Thy Spirit impart; Bless every good woman and father and mother shall say; In the dear name of Jesus, so parents so dear, And for ev'ry blessing that I enjoy here. ev'ry good man; Let peace fill the world, thro' the gospel's rich plan. loving and mild, I ask Thee to bless me and keep me Thy child.

2. Bless father, and comfort my dear mother's heart, To brothers and friends I thank thee for home, friends and sisters Thy Spirit impart; Bless every good woman and father and mother shall say; In the dear name of Jesus, so parents so dear, And for ev'ry blessing that I enjoy here. ev'ry good man; Let peace fill the world, thro' the gospel's rich plan. loving and mild, I ask Thee to bless me and keep me Thy child.
Loving Mother Kind and True,

1. Loving
2. Mother
3. Father's
4. Just to

Mother kind and true, gives her daily care,
Mother cooks it sweet and good,
Nice warm fire and restful bed,
Mon-ey buys our food,
Moth-er works too,
Earns the

Bus-y fa-ther he works too,
Washing faces, combing hair,
Darning

They both

Gives us daily bread,
Mothers it sweet and good,
When we

Nice warm fire and restful bed,

Mother works too,
Darning

Mother works too,
Darning

Mother works too,
Darning

Moth-er works too,
Darning

Mon-ey for our clothes,
Buys the goods that moth-er sews.

Many things for me, for you.

Just to keep our homes so bright.

We can then help them along.

Many things for me, for you.

Just to keep our homes so bright.

We can then help them along.
My Mother Dear.

Arr. by E. Beesley.

Prelude.

1. There was a place in childhood That I remember
2. When loving tales were ended, "Good night," she softly said,
3. In sickness of my childhood; And sorrows of my prime;

well, And there, a voice of sweetest tones, Bright said, And kissed, and laid me down to sleep, With-prime; And griefs of all my ripier years, And
My Mother Dear.

Lov'ing tales would tell; And gentle words and
in my ti-ny bed; And ho-ly words she
cares of ev'-ry time— When doubt or dan-ger

fond em-brace Were giv'n with joy to me, When
taught me there—Me-thinks I yet can see, Her
weighed me down, Then, plead-ing all for me, It

I was in that hap-py place— Up-on my mother's knee.
an-gel eyes, as close I knelt Be-side my mother's knee.
was a fer-vent pray'r to heav'n, That bent my mother's knee.

CHORUS.

My moth-er dear! My moth-er dear! My gen-tle, gen-tle moth-er.
1. Oh, hush thee my baby a story I'll tell, How little Lord
2. The story was told by the angels so bright, As 'round them was
3. The shep-herds here found Him As angels had said, The poor little

Jesus on earth came to dwell; How in a far country, way
shining a heavenly light; The stars shone out bright but
stranger no crib for a bed; Down low in a manger so

over the sea, Was born a wee baby My dear one like thee.
one led the way, And stood o'er the place Where the dear baby lay.
quiet He lay, This little child Jesus, asleep on the hay.

CHORUS.

Lulla-baby, lulla-dear, Sleep little baby have nothing to fear;
Christmas Cradle Song.

Lullaby baby, Lullaby dear, Jesus will care for His little one here.

No. 33. Jolly Old Saint Nicholas.

Lively.

1. Jolly old Saint Nicholas, Lean your ear this way! Don't you tell a
2. When the clock is striking twelve, When I'm fast asleep, Down the chimney,
3. John-ny wants a pair of skates; Su-sy wants a dolly; Nel-ly wants a

sin-gle soul What I'm going to say; Christmas Eve is coming soon;
broad and black, With your pack you'll creep; All the stockings you will find
story book; She thinks dolls are folly; As for me my little brain

Now, you dear old man, Whisper what you'll bring to me; Tell me if you can.
Hang-ing in a row; Mine will be the short-est one; You'll be sure to know.
Is-n't ver-y bright; Choose for me, Old Santa Claus, what you think is right.

Per. S. Brainard's Sons.
No. 24  A Stranger Star O'er Bethlehem.

ORSON F. WHITNEY.  (Song for Christmas.)  EDWIN F. PARRY.

1. A stranger star o'er Bethlehem Shot
don its silver ray, Where, cradled in a
2. He wandered thro' the faith-less world, A
Prince in shepherd's guise; He called His scattered
temple, walls and tow'rs; O'er palaces where rec-
3. He wept o'er doomed Jerusalem, Hei
He wept o'er doomed Jerusalem, Hei

man-ger's fold, A sleeping infant lay;
flock, but few The voice would recognize;
re-ant priests Un-surped unhallowed pow'rs;

A Stranger Star O'er Bethlehem.

And guided by that finger bright, The
For minds upborne by hollow pride, Or
"I am the Way of Life and Light!" A-

Orient sages bring Rare gifts of myrrh and
dimmed by sordid lust, Ne'er look for kings in
las! 'twas heeded not— Ignored Salvation's

frankincense, To hail the new-born King.
beggar's garb— For diamonds in the dust.
message, spurned The wondrous truths He taught.
No, 35.  This Is Mother, Kind and Tender,

Arr. by A. A. Beesley.

1. This is mother, kind and tender,
2. This is brother, brave and merry,
3. This wee finger is our baby,

Loving all her children dear;
This is father,
Grow-ing up so straight and tall;
This is sister,
Dear-est, sweet-est, best of all;
Here you see the

strong and faith-fal, His kind smile is full of cheer.
gay and happy, Playing with her dear-est doll.
hap-py fam-i-ly, Fa-ther, moth-er, chil-dren all.
No. 36.

Gradle Hymn.

(Written by Martin Luther for his children.)

1. Away in a manger, No crib for a bed, The little Lord Jesus Laid down His sweet head; The stars in the heavens Look'd down where He lay, The little Lord Jesus, Asleep on the hay.

2. The cattle are lowing, The baby awakes, But little Lord Jesus, No crying He makes; I love Thee, Lord Jesus! Look down from the sky, And stay by my cradle Till morning is nigh.

Je - sus Laid down His sweet head; The stars in the heav - en Look'd Je - sus, No cry - ing He makes; I love Thee, Lord Je - sus! Look
1. Watching in the meadows O'er their flocks by night, Shepherds heard glad tidings, Saw heav'n's wondrous light! Hal-le-lu-jahs heard they From the Angels then—

2. Hark, that joyous message! Mourners, cease to grieve! Join to hail with glad-ness Blessed Christmas Eve! Children, let those tidings Ring forth once again:
Christmas Eve,

"Peace on earth" their message, And "Good-will to men!"
"Glo-ry in the high-est," And "Good-will to men!"

"Peace on earth" their message, And "Good-will to men!"
"Glo-ry in the high-est!" And "Good-will to men!"

"Peace on earth, Peace on earth."
No. 38 We Ever Pray for Thee.

Words and Music by E. Stephens.

1. We ever pray for thee, our Prophet dear, That God will
give to thee comfort and cheer; As the advancing years
further thy brow, Still may the light within shine bright as
now, Still may the light within shine bright as
way, To shed a holy light around our
live, All that is meet, and best, while thou shalt live.

2. We ever pray for thee, with all our hearts, That strength be
given thee to do thy part, To guide and counsel us
from day to day, To shed a holy light around our
way, To shed a holy light around our

3. We ever pray for thee, with fervent love, And as the
children's prayer is heard above, Thou shalt be ever blest,
and God will give All that is meet, or best, while thou shalt
live, All that is meet, and best, while thou shalt live.
Soulfully.

Let little hands bring blossoms sweet To brave men lying low; Let

little hearts to soldiers brave Their love and honor show; We'll

love the flag they lov'd so well, The dear old banner bright; We'll

love the land for which they fell, With soul and strength and might.
No. 40. **Who Was the Prophet?**

*Dialogue and Chorus.*

**Words by Mrs. M. Kelly.**

**Music by Wm. C. Clive.**

Lift your voices little children, Sing your praises

Organ or Piano.

Loud and clear, For we celebrate the birthday

of our Prophet, Priest and Seer; For we cele-

brate the birthday of our Prophet, Priest and Seer.
Who Was the Prophet?
Dialogue and Chorus.
Words by Mary F. Kelly.
Music by W. C. Clive.
(Suitable for Prophet’s Birthday celebrations)

Recited by Boy:
Who was Joseph Smith, the Prophet?
Little sister, tell me, pray,
For they say it is his birthday
That we celebrate today!

Recited by Girl:
Yes, dear brother, I will tell you!
Joseph was a humble youth
But the noble soul within him
Burned with love of right and truth;
In reply to his petition
God our Father did unfold
All the fullness of the Gospel
As it was in days of old.

Chorus of Children: No. 40.
Lift your voices, little children,
Sing your praises loud and clear,
For we celebrate the birthday
Of our Prophet, Priest and Seer.

Recited by Boy:
How I wish I could have known him,
Heard him speak, and seen his face,
Felt his loving arms around me
In a tender, sweet embrace!

Recited by Girl:
Yes, dear brother, but remember
Tho’ on earth he could not stay,
We can follow in his footsteps,
On the straight and narrow way,
Learn the lessons that he taught us,
Try to keep them all in mind,
Then in heaven with the faithful
Brother Joseph we shall find.

Chorus of Children: No. 40.
Lift your voices, etc.

No. 41. The Little New Year.

Words selected.
Music, Alvin A. Beasley.

1. Oh, I am the lit - tle New Year, oh, oh!
Here I come
2. Bless-ings I bring for one and all,
Big folks and
3. For I am the lit - tle New Year, oh, oh!
Here I come

trip - ping it o - ver the snow,
Shak - ing my bells with a
lit - tle folks, short and tall,
Each one from me a

mer - ry din, So o - pen your doors and let me in.
treas-ure may win, So o - pen your doors and let me in.
mer - ry din, So o - pen your doors and let me in.
No. 42. Brigham Young.

Ode to His Memory. E. Stephens.

Maestoso.

CHORUS. Voices in unison.

1. Shout forth his name till the hills and the
mountains, Catch and reach o'er it joyful and loud,
la den, Smiling o'er erst while a desolate land,
nes tle, Lovingly, gloriously on ev'ry tongue,

2. Fields ever verdant and orchards fruit-

3. Sing it ye people this day let it
Brigham Young.

Passing it on by the pine-circled fountains, O'er snow-clad
Speak of his wisdom, the thrift of his people, Guided and
Music and art join together extolling One name re-

summits above to the clouds. Breathe it with love to the
led by his fond parent hand. Monuments built to his
vered, our beloved Brigham Young. Spread o'er his sacred dust

vales in their splendor, Say how from deserts he
memory may perish, E'en tho' protected by
flowers of beauty, That in his footprints have
Brigham Young.

made them appear,
Brigham, the founder, the leader, the
love for his fame,
But through all ages his race will still
bounteously sprung,
Glory to God for His son and His

Prophet, Praise to his memory we hold ever dear.
cherish, Among their heroes his ever great name.
servant, Leader and Prophet, our own Brigham Young.

Refrain.

Brigham, the founder, the leader, the Prophet,
Praise to his memory we hold ever dear.
No. 43.

Spring.

Words and Music by E. Stephens.

Scherzo.

1. Spring is trip- ping o'er the meadows, Scat - ter ing sun - shine ev- ry where,
2. Now the brook-let as it dan - ces Down the hill so rough and steep,

Wak - ing up the grass and flow - ers With her pres - ence sweet and rare;
Sings the song as on it pass - es To the lake - let fast a - sleep;

Come, come, come, come, Love - ly spring so sweet and fair.
Come, come, come, come, Spring in sport a - bove thee leaps.

No. 44.

Summer.

E. Stephen.

Lively.

Hark! hark! hark! A bird is singing there in the tree, What can it be that it
See! see! see! A rose-bud yonder nods to the sea, Lov - ing - ly blushes, then

says to me, Loud and clear, now plain as can be, "Sum - mer, sum - mer is here!" says to me, "Watch me open, now don't you see, Sum - mer, sum - mer is here!"
No. 45.  
**Summer Time.**

*Waltz time.*


1. Days of summer glory, Days I love to see,
2. Meadow, field and mountain Clothed in shining green,

All your scenes so brilliant, They are dear to me;
Little rippling fountains, Thro' the willows seen;

Let your thoughts be ever Pure as yonder sun,
Birds that sweetly warble, All the summer days,

Gentle as the breezes When the night comes on.
All things speak in music Their Creator's praise.
1. Leaves are falling, falling, falling, From the trees today;
2. Gently low'ring, low'ring, low'ring, Gather 'round the clouds;

Birds are calling, sadly calling, Let us fly away
Softly pouring, pouring, pouring, Snowflakes form a shroud,

To the south, for winter's coming, Haste the insects cease their humming,
For the dear old earth to lie in, Bending trees and breezes sighing,

Leaves are falling, birds are calling, Winter comes this way.
While the weary world seems dying, Autumn gloom enshrouds.
1. The Winter

2. Oh, bright and

Chorus

Jing, jing-a-ling, jing, jing-a-ling, jing, jing-a-ling,

King holds revelry to-night, And

happy is the new-born year, And

jing, jing-a-ling, jing, jing-a-ling, jing, jing-a-ling;

far and near the bells resound; . . . . . A-
bright and happy time is youth; . . . . . Let

Far and near the merry bells resound; Jing-a-ling, jing, jing-a-ling,

Bright and happy, happy time is youth; Jing-a-ling, jing, jing-a-ling,
Winter.

bove the glist'ning snow the moon shines
in no- cence and mirth be ev- er

jing, jing-a-ling, jing, jing-a-ling, jing, jing-a-ling,

bright, The glid-ing sleighs glide o'er the near,
To light-en up the path of

jing, jing-a-ling, How the glid-ing sleighs slide o'er the jing, jing-a-ling, Pleas-ure light-ens up the path of

ground; . . . . . . Mer-ry shouts far up the hills, truth; . . . . . . Glide a-long as smooth and light,
ground, Jing-a-ling, jing, jing. Hur-rah! hur-rah! truth, Jing-a-ling, jing, jing. Hur-rah! hur-rah!
Winter.

Ech-o o'er the frozen rills, And gay and
As the flying sleighs to-night, Till life and

hur-rah! hur-rah! Jing, jing-a-ling,

mer-ry is the win-ter night, While all its toil and care is past, And

jing, jing-a-ling, jing, jing-a-ling, jing, jing-a-ling,

all the earth and heav'n shines bright.

end-less joy is ours at last.

All the earth and heav'n to-night is bright, Jing-a-ling, jing, jing.
End-less joy and love is ours at last, Jing-a-ling, jing, jing.
No. 48.  

Hidden Treasures.  

J. P. Olsen.

1. Little people, do you know What is
2. Do you know what secrets deep, All the
3. Little folks, now do you know, Feb ru-

underneath the snow? Flowers pink and blue and
woods of winter keep? Ah: the darling little
a-ry soon will go? Then will come the sunny

white, Big red roses, all a-glow, In their
things, Down below the snow-banks heap! Fern leaves
spring, When the snows will melt, and oh! How the

dark roots folded tight, Till the merry south winds blow.
curled in ti-ny rings, Vio-let ba-bies fast a-sleep.
meadow-brooks will sing, And the daf fo dil lies blow.
1. Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord; He is
2. I have read a fierce gospel writ in burnished rows of steel; "As ye
3. He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat; He is
4. In the beauties of the lilies Christ was born across the sea; With a

trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the
deal with my con-tem-ners, so with you my grace shall deal;" Let the hero
sift-ing out the hearts of men before His judgment seat; Oh, be swift, my
glory in His bosom that trans-fig-ures you and me; As He died to

fate-ful light'ning of His ter-ri-ble, swift sword; His truth is march-ing on.
born of wo-man crush the ser-pent with his heel, Since God is march-ing on.
soul, to an-sw'er Him! be ju-bi-lant, my feet! Our God is march-ing on.
make men ho-ly, let us die to make men free, While God is march-ing on.

CHORUS.

Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!
Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah, His truth is march - ing on.

No. 50, America.

Samuel Francis Smith.

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

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

pi - grim's pride, From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free-dom ring.
tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
breathe par - take, Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.
Hail Columbia.

F. Hopkinson, 1798.

With energy.

1. Hail Columbia, happy land! Hail, ye heroes,
   fought and bled in freedom's cause, Who fought and bled in freedom's cause, And when the storm of war had gone
   heaven born band, Who fought and bled in freedom's cause, Who fought and bled in freedom's cause, And when the storm of
   heaven born band, Who fought and bled in freedom's cause, Who fought and bled in freedom's cause, And when the storm of

2. Immortal patriots, rise once more, Defend your rights, defend your rights, defend your rights, defend your rights,
   let no rude foe, with impious hand, Let let no rude foe, with impious hand, Let let no rude foe, with impious hand, Let
   country stands The rock on which the storm will beat, The country stands The rock on which the storm will beat, The country stands The rock on which the storm will beat, The
   country stands The rock on which the storm will beat, The country stands The rock on which the storm will beat, The

3. Behold the chief who now commands, Once more to serve his
   country stands The rock on which the storm will beat, But armed with virtue,
   country stands The rock on which the storm will beat, But armed with virtue,
   country stands The rock on which the storm will beat, But armed with virtue,
   country stands The rock on which the storm will beat, But armed with virtue,

When hope was

When hope was

When hope was

When hope was

Where sacred lies Of toil and blood, the well earned prize. While off 'ring

Where sacred lies Of toil and blood, the well earned prize. While off 'ring

Where sacred lies Of toil and blood, the well earned prize. While off 'ring

Where sacred lies Of toil and blood, the well earned prize. While off 'ring
Independence be our boast, 'tis ever mindful what it cost;
Peace, sincere and just, In heav'n we place a manly trust, That sinking in dismay, When gloom obsc'rd Columbia's day, His

Ev'er grateful for the prize, 'tis Let its altar reach the skies.
Truth and justice will prevail, And ev'ry scheme of bondage fail.
Steady mind, from changes free, Resolv'd on death or liberty.

CHORUS.

Firm, united, let us be, Rallying 'round our liberty,

As a band of brothers joined, Peace and safety we shall inherit.
No. 52. Red, White and Blue.

Allegro.

Arr. by Frank L. Armstrong.

1. Oh, Columbia, the gem of the ocean, The home of the brave and the free,
   The shrine of each patriot's devotion, The ark then of freedom's foundation,
   A world offers homage to thee; Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
   When Liberty's form stands in view; When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
   Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave; May the service of united ne'er sever,

2. When war wing'd its wide devastation, And threaten'd the land to deform,
   The ark then of freedom's foundation, May the wreaths they have won never wither,
   Columbia rode safe thro' the storm: With the garlands of victory a-round her,
   May the service of united ne'er sever,

3. The star-span-gled banner bring hither, O'er Columbia's true sons let it wave;
   The shrine of each patriot's devotion, May the wreaths they have won never wither,
   The home of the brave and the free, The ark then of freedom's foundation,
   May the service of united ne'er sever,

4. May the wreaths they have won never wither, May the service of united ne'er sever,
   May the wreaths they have won never wither, May the service of united ne'er sever,
   May the wreaths they have won never wither, May the service of united ne'er sever,
   May the wreaths they have won never wither, May the service of united ne'er sever,
Red, White and Blue.

Thy banners make tyranny tremble, When borne by the red, white and blue, thy ban-ners make tyr-an-ny trempble, When borne by the red, white and blue, thy ban-ners make

With her flag proudly float-ing be-fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue, With her flag float-ing be-fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue, With her flag float-ing

The army and navy forever, Three cheers for the red, white and blue, The army and navy forever, Three cheers for the red, white and blue, The army and navy forever, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.
1. Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
2. On the shore dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep,
3. And where is that band who so vaunting'ly swore,
4. Oh, thus be it ever when free-men shall stand

What so proudly we hail'd at the twi-lights last gleaming,
Where the foes haught-y host in dread si-lence re-pos-es,
That the hav-oс of war and the bat-tle's con-fu-sion,
Be-tween their loved home and wild war's des-o-la-tion;

Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the per-i-lous fight,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the tower-ing steep,
A home and a coun-try should leave us no more?
Blest with vic-t'ry and peace, may the heav'n-res-cued land

O'er the ram-parts we watch'd, were so gal-lant-ly streaming?
As it fit-ful-ly blows, half con-ceals, half dis-clos-es?
Their blood has wash'd out their foul foot-steps' pol-lu-tion.
Praise the pow'r that hath made and pre-serv'd us a na-tion!
And the rock-ets' red glare, the bombs burst-ing in air,
Now it catch-es the gleam of the morn-ing's first beam,
No ref-uge could save the hire-ling and slave
Then con-quer we must, when our cause it is just,

Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.
In full glo-ry re-flect-ed, now shines on the stream:
From the ter-ror of flight or the gloom of the grave:
And, this be our mot-to: "In God is our trust!"

CHORUS.

Oh, say, does that star-span-gled ban-ner yet wave
'Tis the star-span-gled ban-ner: oh, long may it wave
And the star-span-gled ban-ner in tri-umph doth wave
And the star-span-gled ban-ner in tri-umph shall wave

cres.

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.
No. 54. Utah We Love Thee.

1. Land of the mountains high, Utah, we love thee;
2. Columbia's newest star, Utah, we love thee;
3. Land of the Pioneers, Utah, we love thee;

Land of the sunny sky, Utah, we love thee!
Thy lustre shines afar, Utah, we love thee!
Grow with the coming years, Utah, we love thee!

Far in the glorious west, Throned on the mountain's crest,
Bright in our banner's blue, Among her sisters true,
With wealth and peace in store, To fame and glory soar,

In robes of statehood dress'd, Utah, we love thee.
She proudly comes to view, Utah, we love thee.
God guarded evermore, Utah, we love thee.
1. Father and I went down to camp, Along with Cap'n Goodwin,
   And there we saw a thousand men, As rich as Squire David;
   And there was General Washington, Upon a snow white charger,
   And there we saw the men and boys as thick as hasty pudding.
   And what they wasted 'ry day, I wish it could be saved.
   He looked as big as all out doors, Some tho't he was much larger.

   Yankee Doodle, keep it up, Yankee Doodle dandy,
   Mind the music and the step, And with the girls be handy.

2. And every time they shoot it off,
   It takes a horn of powder,
   And makes a noise like father's gun,
   Only a nation louder.

   4 And there they had a copper gun
      Big as a log of maple.
      They tied it to a wooden cart,
      A load for father's cattle.

   5 And there I saw a little keg,
      All bound around with leather.
      They beat it with two little sticks,
      To call the men together.

   6 But I can't tell you half I saw,
      They kept up such a smother,
      I took my hat off, made a bow,
      And campered home to mother.
1. Baby bye, here's a fly, Let us watch him, you and I;
2. Spots of red dot his head; Rain-bows on his wings are spread!
3. All wet flies, twist their thighs, So they wipe their head and eyes;
4. Flies can see more than we, So how bright their eyes must be!

How he crawls up the walls, Yet he never falls!
That small speck is his neck, See him nod and beck;
Cats, you know, wash just so; Then their whiskers grow!
Little fly, mind your eye, Spiders are near by;
Baby Bye, Here's a Fly.

I believe with those six legs, You and I could walk on eggs!
I can show you, if you choose, Where he looks to find his shoes;
Flies have hair too small to comb; Flies go all bare-headed home;
For a secret I can tell, Spiders do not treat flies well;

There he goes, on his toes,
Three small pairs, made of hairs,
But the gnat wears a hat:
Haste away, do not stay,

Tickling baby's nose.
These he always wears.
Do you laugh at that!
Little fly, good day!
Color Birds.
(A musical recitation for six little girls.)

1st Singer..................Yellow Bird, (Med. voice.)
2nd Singer..................Birdie Blue, (Med. voice.)
3rd Singer..................Birdie Red, (Med. voice.)
4th Singer..................Birdie Green, (High voice.)
5th Singer..................Purple Bird, (Med. voice.)
6th Singer..................Orange Bird, (High voice.)

The three first singers must wear the colors they represent; the other three appear in white, and at proper time should have a loose fitting dress of the color to be represented placed on them by the singers as indicated; for example, yellow and blue put on the green dress. All should enter from behind curtain or screen as their turns come. The motions should be imitations of flying birds.

1st Singer (Yellow.)
Words by
LULA GREENE RICHARDS.
Music by
J. J. McCLELLAN.

Allegretto.

Play I am a bird that sings; Play my arms and hands are wings;

I can dance but cannot fly; Little yellow bird am I,

CHORUS. 1st Singer.

Yellow Bird, Yellow Bird am I, am I.
Color Birds.

2nd Singer (Blue.)
I'm a little birdie, too, Happy, dancing birdie Blue.

3rd Singer (Red.)
See my gauzy wings I spread: I am dancing Birdie Red.

CHORUS. 1st Singer.

Yellow Bird, Yellow Bird am I, am I.

2nd Singer.

Birdie Blue, Birdie Blue, Birdie Blue am I, am I.
3rd Singer.

Bird – ie Red, Bird – ie Red, Bird – ie Red am I, am I.

1st Singer. (Enter 4 in white.)

See our si lent sis ter there, has no col or, let us share.

2nd Singer. Both.

I’ll give; I’ll give; come and sing. Blue and Ye l ow Green will bring.

1st Singer.

Ye l ow Bird, Ye l ow Bird am I, am I.
Golor Birds.

Birdie Blue, Birdie Blue, Birdie Blue am I, am I.

Birdie Red, Birdie Red, Birdie Red am I, am I.

Birdie Green, Birdie Green, Birdie Green am I, am I.

(Enter 5th in white.)

Here's another to be dress'd; Come and play among the rest;

(3d to 5th Singer.)
Golor Birds.

2nd Singer.

I'll give, I'll give, Come and sing, Red and Blue will Purple bring.

1st Singer.

Yellow Bird, Yellow Bird am I, am I.

2nd Singer.

Bird- ie Blue, Bird- ie Blue, Bird- ie Blue, am I, am I.

3rd Singer.

Bird- ie Red, Bird- ie Red, Bird- ie Red, am I, am I.
Golor	Birds.

4th Singer (Green.)

Bird-ie Green, Bird-ie Green, Bird-ie Green, am I, am I.

5th Singer (Purple.)

Purple Bird, Purple Bird, Purple Bird, am I, am I.

(Enter 6th in white.)

1st Singer.

Still another friend has come, Lack-ing col-or, I’ll give some;

3rd Singer.

So will I, do come and sing, Red and Yellow, O-range bring.
Golor Birds.

1st Singer.

Yellow Bird, Yellow Bird am I, am I.

2nd Singer.

Bird-ie Blue, Bird-ie Blue, Bird-ie Blue, am I, am I.

3rd Singer.

Bird-ie Red, Bird-ie Red, Bird-ie Red, am I, am I.

4th Singer.

Bird-ie Green, Bird-ie Green, Bird-ie Green, am I, am I.
5th Singer \((Purple)\).

\[
\text{Purple Bird, Purple Bird, Purple Bird, am I, am I.}
\]

6th Singer \((Orange)\).

\[
\text{Orange Bird, Orange Bird, Orange Bird, am I, am I.}
\]

All. \((Three\ voices\ in\ each\ part.)\)

\[
\text{We'll be merry as the birds, Speaking, singing pleasant words;}
\]

\[
\text{Love and kindness, joy will bring, All must give that all may sing;}
\]
Golor Birds.

(Two voices in each part.)

Children glad, children glad, Children glad are we,

Children glad, children glad, Children glad are we.

NOTE—Each chorus through may be repeated at pleasure. The little girl chosen to sing the part of the 6th singer, should possess the highest voice, the 4th singer a close second.

No. 58. Hand Exercise Song.

1. Roll your hands, roll your hands, As slowly, as slowly, as slow can
2. Roll your hands, roll your hands, As swiftly, as swiftly, as swift can

3. Clap your hands, clap your hands, As softly, as softly, as soft can be; Then fold your arms like me, like me, Then fold your arms like me.
4. Clap your hands, clap your hands, As loudly, as loudly, as loud can be; Then fold your arms like me, like me, Then fold your arms like me.
5. Go to sleep, go to sleep, As lazily, as lazily, as lazy can be; Then bow your head like mine, like mine, Then bow your head like mine.
6. All wake up, all wake up, As brightly, as brightly, as bright can be; Then fold your arms like me, like me, Then fold your arms like me.
No. 59 Good-night.

Moderato.

1. Good-night, good-night, and peace be with you,
2. Good-night, good-night, oh, gently breathe it,

Peace, that gentlest parting strain, Peace to-night and joy to-morrow,
'Tis a pray'r for those we love, Peace to-night and joy to-morrow,

And may He who shields the sparrow Guard us till we meet again,
And may He who shields the sparrow Hear us from courts above,

Good-night.

Good-night, good-night, good-night, good-night.

Good-night, good-night, good-night, good-night.
No. 60. Recitation Song.

Yankee Doodle.

C. A. C. Hadsell.

4 S-u-n Sun d-a-y day,
The first of all the seven,
And we must do no work or play,
For so the mandate's given;
Since 'tis a divine decree,
We'll try and not forget it,
Of heart and hand we'll watchful be,
And we shall ne'er regret it.

5 M-o-n Mon d-a-y day
And this was made for labor,
So we must find some deed that's kind,
To do for self or neighbor.
T-u-e-s-d-a-y day,
Pronounce it at your pleasure,
We'll try no more, the other four
Will yield to rhyme nor measure.

6 We've learned about the kingdoms three,
Arithmetic and Spelling,
Reading, Drawing—O dear me!
We'd tire you with the telling;
Geography and Botany,
We grapple them quite handy,
And when they're done, we have some fun
With Yankee doodle dandy.

7 "Yankee Doodle" is the tune
We boys and girls delight in,
'Twill do to whistle, sing or play
And best of all recite in.
Five times nine are forty-five,
Five times ten are fifty,
Five times 'leven are fifty-five,
And five times twelve are sixty.
No. 61.  Primary March Song.

Words and Music by L. D. Edwards.

1. O, happy joy-ous meet-ing day! With hearts and voices glad and gay, Good
   chil-dren, haste, make no de-lay, To join us in our song.

2. O, come and see the shin-ing light, The Gos-pel lamp il-lum-ine bright, God's
   an-gels oft-en take their flight To help the work a-long.

3. The les-sons taught at Pri-ma-ry Are spreading fast from sea to sea, Where
   ma-ny souls are being set free To help the work a-long.

Chorus.

All hail our glo-rious Pri-ma-ry! In cho-rus full and strong, We

praise the Lord at Pri-ma-ry, And help the work a-long.
No. 62.  Life's True Joy.  W. MULLER.

Allegretto.

1. The boy who never rose at dawn, When
   And saw the stars turn pale and wan, And
2. The boy who never hoed a row Of
   Or watched with pride his squash-es grow, May
3. The boy who never in the sun Helped
   Or on the hay-rack had the fun Of

D. C. 1. 2. 3. The boy who never rose at dawn, When

FINE.

Sum - mer days are long, When sum - mer days are long,
Heard the rob - in's song, And heard the rob - in's song:
Tur - nips or of corn, Of tur - nips or of corn,
Look on farms with scorn, May look on farms with scorn;
Rake the spi - cy hay, Helped rake the spi - cy hay,
Stow - ing it a - way, Of stow - ing it a - way;

Sum - mer days are long, When sum - mer days are long.

I should not care to be that boy! He does not know life's
But I'd not care to be that boy! He does not know life's
May think he knows life's tru - est joy— But I'd not care to

D. C. al fine.

Tru - est joy, He does not know life's tru - est joy!
Tru - est joy, He does not know life's tru - est joy!
Be that boy! But I'd not care to be that boy!

"From Educational Music Course," Third Reader. By permission of Ginn & Co.
1. Spied a child, a rose one day, By the wayside blushing,
2. Thou art mine, dear wild rose red, By the wayside blushing,
3. Care-less-ly he cull'd the flow'r, By the wayside blushing,

And its tints so bright and gay Shone as when the sun of May Morn-ing skies are
But the flow'r re- ply-ing said, "Thorns shall meet thy hand instead, All thy ar-dor
Sharpest thorns displayed their pow'r, Weeping he laments the hour, Red, red blood is

flushing, Little hedge-rose, hedge-rose red, By the wayside blushing.
flushing," Little hedge-rose, hedge-rose red, By the wayside blushing.
gushing, Little hedge-rose, hedge-rose red, By the wayside blushing.

*Is a model of perfect melody, written by a grand master. When learned to sing with taste the children will love this little song.
No. 64. **Song Dialogue for Boys.**

Words by LULA GREENE RICHARDS.

A class of as many boys as desired may be chosen to sing the repeats. The four leading singers may be placed at intervals in the class or altogether. Uniform dress, slight imitation of soldiers, may be used. A boys' band, also in uniform, playing the music, will increase the interest. One boy with flute, harmonica, drum, or other instrument will do.

(Music enters, playing "Yankee Doodle." Boys follow, marching to music, and form in line or semi-circle, first singer sings.)

My mother says I grow so fast, She cannot keep my measure; I eat so much and play so hard, And am so fond of pleasure!

Very soon I'll be a man, Then look out for the battle; For I'll be a soldier brave, And make the rifles rattle!

(Repeat last four lines, class joining, making same motions, and singing, "Very soon he'll be a man," etc.)


—L. L. Greene Richards.
Song Dialogue for Boys.

(Music changes and plays "The Maid of Monterey," and second singer sings.)

And I'll be your companion, But not to use your guns; I'll be a kind, wise surgeon, To help the wounded ones; I'll have my bandage ready, The wound will soon be dressed; I'll have his bandage ready, The wound will soon be dressed;
Song Dialogue for Boys.

(Repeat D. S.)

cure\(^8\) all those who can be cured, And cheer\(^9\) and soothe\(^10\) the rest.

(Repeat last four lines, class joining, making same motions, and singing "He'll have his bandage ready," etc.)

(Music changes to "Red, White and Blue," and third singer sings.)

Oh, boys! I shall want to go with you, To see what the

world is a-bout; I think you can make me your chaplain,

I'll learn to be grave and devout! And when the last
Song Dialogue For Boys.

Battle is over, And "Peace to the earth" is the word,

You will own that the prayers of your chaplain, With the Class joins in.

prayers of your mothers were heard; And "Peace to the earth" is the word,

And "Peace to the earth" is the word, We will own that the prayers of our chaplain, With the prayers of our mothers were heard.
Song Dialogue for Boys.

(Music changes to "Jeanette and Jeannot" and the fourth singer sings.)

Pa-triarchs have said we should, And this we know is right. We will

We will all be mis-sion-ar-y boys, And spread the Gos-pell light; The

Pa-triarchs have said we should, And this we know is right. We will
Song Dialogue for Boys.

teach the na-tions far and near; That strife and war must cease; And

we must clasp each oth-er's hands, And walk in love and peace, And

Repeat D S.

we must clasp each oth-er's hands, And walk in love and peace.
No. 65.  
One, Two, Three.  

A. C. SMYTH.  
Feb. 1903.

1. It was an old old lady And a boy who was half past three,  
2. They sat in the yellow sunlight Out under the maple tree,  
3. The boy would bend his face down On his one little sound right knee,  
4. You are up in papa's big bed-room, In the chest with the queer old key,

And the way they played together Was beautiful to see;  
And the game they played I'll tell you, Just as it was told to me;  
And he'd guess where she was hiding. In guesses one, two, three;  
And she said, you are warm and warmer, But you're not quite right, said she;

She couldn't play running and jumping, And the boy, no more could he,  
'Twas hide and go seek they were playing, Tho' you'd never have known it to be,  
You're in the china clos-et! He would cry and laugh with glee,  
It can't be the little cupboard. Where mama's things used to be,
One, Two, Three.

For he was a thin little fellow, With a thin little twisted knee,
With an old, old, old, old lady, And a boy with a twisted knee,
It wasn't the china closet, But he still had two and three,
So it must be the clothes-press grandma, And he found her with his three,

Slow

With a thin, little, twisted knee, With a thin, little, twisted knee,
And a boy with a twisted knee, And a boy with a twisted knee,
But he still had two and three, But he still had two and three,
And he found her with his three, And he found her with his three.

5. Then she cover'd her face with her fingers, They were wrinkl'd and white and

With tremolo stop.
One, Two, Three.

wee, And she guessed where the boy was hiding, With a one and a two and a

three, And they never had stirred from their places, Right under the maple

This old, old, old, old, lady, And the boy with the lame little
One, Two, Three.

knee, This dear, dear, dear, old lady, And the boy who was half past three.

This dear, dear, dear, old lady, And the boy who was half past three.

And the boy was half past three, And the boy who was half past three.
No. 66. Welcome, Friends of Song.

Moderato.

1. Young and aged, short and tall, Married or single, In
2. While the air with music rings, Banana all sorrow; O
3. Critics, be not too severe, Snarl-ers, don't grumble, We

Cho. Welcome, welcome, friends of song, Gladly we greet you; We

D. C. for Chorus.

harmony we welcome all Free-ly to-min-gle.
don't chat-ter while we sing You can talk to-mor-row.
don't prof-ess per-fec-tion here, We are but hum-ble.

hope the hour will not seem long. While we try to please you.

No. 67. The Busy Bee.

A. A. Beesley

1. How doth the little busy bee Improve each shining hour,
2. How skillful-ly she builds each cell—How neat she spreads the wax;
3. In works of labor and of skill, I should be busy too;

And gather honey all the day, From ev-ry opening flow'r.
And labors hard to store it well With the sweet food she makes.
For Satan finds some mis-chief still, For idle hands to do.
No. 68.  
Be in Time.  

Jane B. Snyder  
Thomas Power.

1. Come, come, come! Haste away: don't delay; 'Tis the children's meeting day. Hearts are light: faces bright; What a happy sight. 
2. Come, come, come! When we meet, you will see, Little children all agree, Loving truth: in their youth; Happy will they be. 
3. Come, come, come! Not a tear; not a fear: Nor a sorrow is known here. We'll do right: with our might; As we older grow.

Come while yet the dews of morn, Nature all with gems adorn, 
Come and join our busy throng; Come and help the work along. 
Come and help us sing for joy; Every girl and every boy. 

Be in time; rain or shine; Order is divine.
1. Where is now the merry party, I remember long ago;
2. Some have gone to lands far distant, And with strangers made their home;
3. There are still some few remaining, Who remind us of the past.

Laughing 'round the Christmas fireside, Brightened by its ruddy glow;
Some upon the world of waters All their lives are forced to roam;
But they change as all things change here, Nothing in this world can last;

Or in summer's balm-y evenings, In the field upon the hay?
Some are gone from us forever, Longer here they might not stay,-
Years roll on and pass forever, What is coming, who can say?

They have all dispersed, and wandered Far away, far away,
They have reached a fairer region Far away, far away,
Ere this closes many may be Far away, far away,
Far Away.

They have all dispers'd, and wan-der'd Far a-way, far a-way.
They have reached a fair-er re-gion Far a-way, far a-way.
Ere this clos-es ma-ny may be Far a-way, far a-way.

No. 70.

"Trip it Lightly."

(For a concert.)

From Rossini.
Arr. by A. C. Smyth.

Sprightly. (Unison or Duettino.)

1. Trip it light-ly a-long, Sing-ing gai-ly a song; Keep-ing
2. Hap-py, hap-py are we! Full of brightness and glee, As the
3. Not a sor-row or care, Nor a trou-ble we wear; And we

measure you know, As to-geth-er we go! Trip it
birds are that sing, On the bright days of Spring. Hap-py,
fear not a foe, But en-joy as we go. Not a

light-ly, sing-ing gai-ly, Keep-ing meas-ure as we go.
hap-py, full of bright-ness, As the birds are in the Spring.
sor-row, or a trou-ble, And we fear not a-ny foe.
No. 71.  

My Father Dear.

E. R. Snow.  

UNISON.  Moderato with simplicity.

1. My own dear loving father. Most good and kind to me; My
2. My earthly gifts and blessings, From father’s bounties flow; O,
3. I think upon his kindness, and fond emotions swell, From
4. Heart is full of gratitude As heart of child can be. The

heart is full of gratitude As heart of child can be. The

how shall I the debt repay? What can a child bestow? I

how shall I the debt repay? What can a child bestow? I

pure affection's fountain streams, And more than words can tell, The

pure affection's fountain streams, And more than words can tell, The

sweetest tones cannot express What my warm bosom feels, For

sweetest tones cannot express What my warm bosom feels, For

will not deign an offering From mammon's shining mart; A

will not deign an offering From mammon's shining mart; A

purpose of my heart shall be, My gratitude to prove, And

purpose of my heart shall be, My gratitude to prove, And
My Father Dear.

...all the love and tenderness A father's care reveals,
richer token I will bring—A tribute from the heart.
My
with my life's integrity, To testify my love.

CHORUS.

father dear, My father dear, My own, my loving father.
My

father dear, My father dear, My own kind, loving father.
No. 72.  
Hearts and Homes.

Geo. Careless.

Moderato.

1. Hearts and homes, sweet words of pleasure, Music breathing as they fall;
2. Hearts and homes, sweet words revealing, All most good and fair to see;

Making each the other's treasure—Once divided losing all.
Fitting shrines for purest feelings—Temples meet to bend the knee.

Homes, they may be high or lowly, Hearts alone can make them holy.
Infant hands bright garlands wreathing; Happy voices, incense breathing—
Hearts and Homes.

Be the dwelling e'er so small,Having love, it boast-eth all.
Emblems fair of realms a-bove; Love is heav'n and heav'n is love.

No. 73.

Little Songs.

Little songs, all full of joy Little lips can sing:

Little voices soft and sweet, May their tribute bring.

Little verses can express, What we wish to tell.

Of the loving care that keeps Little folk's so well.
No. 76, In the Chambers of the Mountains.

Emmeline B. Wells

A. C. Smyth, Feb., 1903.

UNISON, or three parts sung by following the organ score.

1. In the chambers of the mountains Are a noble, might y band,
2. Hosts of children here are growing, In these mountain vales so fair;
3. Let us teach these precious children, Ev’ry precept to obey,
4. Onward! be the watch-word ev’er, Per-se-vere in doing right;

Tenor or Contralto voice,

Bass voice.

Gath’ring strength from crystal fountains, Flowing thro’ a chos-en land;
And their voices gen-tly flow-ing, Ech-o sweet-ly here and there;
That will tend to peace and union, In that bet-ter, safer way;
Never fal-ter chil-dren, nev-er! And your sure to win the fight;

Land of Zi-on, land of Zi-on, Where the ho-ly temples stand,
Chil-dren’s voic-es, chil-dren’s voic-es, Breath-ing mu-sic ev’ry-where,
Ev-er prais-ing, Ev-er prais-ing, Lest their lit-tle feet should stray,
Cour-age chil-dren, cour-age chil-dren. See the goal is just in sight,
In the Chambers of the Mountains.

Where the holy temples stand, Where the holy temples stand.
Breathing music ev'ry-where, Breathing music ev'ry-where.
Lest their little feet should stray, Lest their little feet should stray.
See the goal is just in sight, See the goal is just in sight.

No. 77

Home.

Andante, Selected.

1. Home, home, I'm not forgetting thee, Dear, dear dearly loved home;
2. Home, home, I'll never leave thee again, No, never again;

No, no, still I'm regretting thee, Tho' far away now I
Loved ones, no more I'll grieve ye, Nor leave ye in sorrow and

roam; Home, home, quickly I come, Dear, dear dearly loved home.
pain; Home, home, quickly I come, Dear, dear dearly loved home.
Gather up the sunbeams,
In this world of ours;
1. Gather up the sunbeams,
Seek the poor and lowly,
Ev'ry-where they're found;
2. Seek the poor and lowly,
If one heart that's lonely,
We can bless and cheer;
3. If one heart that's lonely,
In this world of ours;
Ev'ry-where they're found;

Ev - er round our path - way
Gather up the sunbeams,
O, the no - ble mis - sion
Strew the sweetest flowers.
Scat - ter them a round.
We are serving here!
Gather Up the Sunbeams.

Cheer the hearts that Gather up the
Seek the poor and

sorrow, Where so e'er they be; Words of
sunbeams, Do some good each day; Deeds of
lonely, Every where they're found; Gather

loving kindness, Give them bounteous ly.
loving kindness Never pass a way.
up the sunbeams, Scat ter them a round.
1. In our lovely Deseret, Where the saints of God have met,
2. That the children may live long, And be beautiful and strong,
3. They should be instructed young, How to watch and guard the tongue;
4. They must not forget to pray, Night and morning, every day,

There's a multitude of children all around; They are
tea and coffee and tobacco they despise; Drink no
And their tempers train, and evil passions bind; They should
For the Lord to keep them safe from every ill; And as-
gen-er-ous and brave, They have precious souls to save, They must
li-q- uor, and they eat But a very little meat; They are
al-ways be po- lite And treat ev-’ry body right And in
sist them to do right, That with all their mind and might, They may

Chorus.

lis-ten and o-bey the gospel's sound.
seek-ing to be great and good and wise. Hark, hark, hark, 'tis children's music,
ev-’ry place be af-fable and kind.
love Him and may learn to do His will.
In Our Lovely Deseret.

Children's voices, O, how sweet, When in innocence and love, Like the angels up above, They with happy hearts and cheerful faces meet.

No. 80. Little Lispers.

J. L. Townshend. J. Hosler.

1. What can little bodies do, Like us little lispers,
2. Oh, we here can come to school, And, with merry voices,
3. Jesus gave the golden rule; May be you don't know it,
4. Unto others always do As you would have others

Full of life and mischief too, And prone to noisy whispers?
Sing about the golden rule, Till every heart rejoices.
But 'tis known to all our school, And do not over-throw it.
Do again in turn to you, As sisters and as brothers.
Let's Be Kind to One Another.

Allegretto.

1. Let's be kind to one another, Let us win each other's love, Let each be a sister-brother, As the angels are toil, And this gloom, however dreary, Could be banished by a

2. Many hearts are sad and weary, Of the world with all its

above. Though we can't be pure and holy, While as mortals smile. And that smile would cost you nothing, Nothing more than

here we stay; Yet we can shed love and kindness would a frown; One would raise them up to heaven,

E. S.
Let's Be Kind to One Another.

Round our pathway every day; Yes, we should let
While the other casts them down; Let us then make

love and kindness Be our motto day by day,
earth a heaven— Turn to kindly smiles our frowns.

No. 82

Little Things.

Kindergarten.

1. Little drops of water, Little grains of sand, Make the mighty
2. And the little moments, Humble though they be, Make the mighty
3. So our little errors, Lead the soul away, From the path of
4. Little deeds of kindness, Little words of love, Make the earth an
5. Little seeds of mercy, Sown by youthful hands, Grow to bless the

O - cean And the beauteous land, And the bea - teous land.
ages Of e - ter - ni - ty, Of e - ter - ni - ty.
vir - tue Oft in sin to stray, Oft in sin to stray.
E - den Like the Heaven a - bove, Like the Heav'n a bove.
na - tions Far in heathen lands, Far in hea - then lands.
1. Speak to me kindly, dear papa, Only speak kindly to me, And I will try to do all things, pleasing to mamma and thee; Oh if you knew how the harsh words fall on the heart of your child, Driving a way all the sunshine, making me reckless and wild.

2. I may not always be near you, And were I absent or dead. Then I am sure you'd be sorry for each harsh word you had said; I know I ought to be better, And I would be if I could, And with your love to assist me, I will improve till I'm good.
Speak to Me Kindly.

CHORUS

If you would only speak kindly, I could be better I know,

Loving-ly always correct me, Showing the way I should go.

No. 84.

Lillies and Roses.

J. P. Olsen.

1. When a child breathes a pure and gentle prayer,
   Or cheers with gentle words another's gloom,

2. But when he works with strong and earnest will
   act, beneath God's watchful eyes,

   In heavenly gardens springs a lily fair,
   Before the angels evermore to bloom.

   A fragrant rose, more rare and precious still,
   Makes glad the shining fields of paradise.
Way down upon the Suwanee river, Far, far a way,
All up and down the whole creation, Sadly I roam,
When I was playing with my brother, Happy was I,
When shall I see the bees a humming, All round the comb!

There's where my heart is turning ever, There's where the old folks stay;
Still longing for the old plantation, And for the old folks at home
Then many happy days I squander'd, Many the songs I sung.
Oh take me to my kind old mother, There let me live and die.
Still sadly to my memory rushes, No matter where I rove.
When shall I hear the banjo thrumming, Down in my good old home.

CHORUS.

All the world is dark and dreary. Every where I roam,

O darkies, how my heart grows weary, Far from the old folks at home.
No. 86.  
Rock-a-bye Baby.

H. A. Tuckett.

1. Rock-a-bye baby on the tree top, When the wind blows the cradle will rock, When the bough breaks the cradle will fall; Down will come baby cradle and all. 

2. Rock-a-bye baby pa-pa is hunting, Ma-ma is waiting gladly his coming, Rise with the lark, love. 

Sleep, sleep, sleep, baby sleep, 
Sleep, baby sleep till the dawn of the day,
Rock-a-bye Baby.

Sleep till the dawn of the day,

Sleep, ba-by, sleep till dawn of day,

Sleep, ba-by, sleep till the dawn of the day.

1st time.

Then a wake. Organ

2nd time. D.C.

Sleep, then a wake. Ah!

Children join hands and swing back and forth to imitate the rocking of a cradle, while singing the first part, remaining still for the second part. Join hands again at the pause, Ah!
No 87. There is a Happy Land.  

Hindoo Melody.

1. There is a happy land, Far, far a way. Where Saints in
2. Bright in that happy land, Beams ev'ry eye; Kept by a
3. Come to that happy land, Come, come a way, Why will ye

... Glory stand, Bright, bright as day; Oh, how they sweetly sing,
Father's hand, Love cannot die. Oh, then to glory run;
doubling stand, Why still delay? Oh, we shall happy be,

Worthy is our Savior King, Loud let His praises ring, Praise, praise for aye!
Be a crown and kingdom won, And bright above the sun, We'll reign for aye!
When from sin and sorrow free, Lord, we shall live with Thee, Blest, blest for aye!

No. 88. Welcome to All.  

H. A. Tuckett.

Allegretto

1. Welcome to all, With joy we give you greeting, And
2. Welcome to all, And may all care and sorrow Be

... may our mirthful singing gladden every heart;
banished afar that all may happy be.
Welcome to All.

Welcome to all the air with music ringing,
Welcome to all and may your smiling faces,
and may we all be happy when we part.
Greet us with joy as we warble forth in glee.

Children join hands and swing from side to side.

CHORUS.

And we gaily sing tra la la la,
And we
gaily sing tra la la la. And we gaily sing tra la la

Repeat Chorus pp.

la. We're as happy as larks all the day.
1. The first train leaves at six p. m., for the land where the poppy blows,
The mother dear is the engineer, And the far,
The message clear sounds on the ear, All great,
Take charge I pray of the trains each day, That

2. The next train leaves at eight p. m., for the poppy land a-
3. So I ask of Him who children took in His arms in goodness

No. 89. The Evening Train.

E. Bensley.
The Evening Train.

passenger laughs and crows, The palace car is the
board for the sleeping car, But what is the fare to
leave at six and eight, Take charge of the passen-gers

mother's arms, The whistle a low, sweet strain, The passengers
poppy land, I hope it is not too dear; The fare is
each I pray, For to me they are dear, And a spe-cial

wink and nod and blink, And go to sleep on the train.
this a hug and a kiss, And it's paid to the en-gi-neer,
guard O gra-cious Lord, O'er the gen-tle en-gi-neer.

D. S.
No. 90. Bless the Children.

LUCY A. CLARK.

Moderato.

1. Blessings on all Zion's children; May their little feet ne'er stray From the paths of truth and virtue; Keep them in the narrow way.

2. Guide them with His holy Spirit, Shield them with His gracious power; Then if evil should assail them, They can stand the trying hour.

3. Holy Father, up in heaven, Send thine angels from above, To protect these little jewels; For Thy name they dearly love.

4. Place around them God's whole armor, Pure and spotless lead them home Un to Him who wisely sent them To earn a place beside His throne.
Bless the Children.

CHORUS.

Bless the children, Jesus loved them; In His

work they have begun, Onward, onward

never fail; Do His bidding everyone.
A Prayer.

1. Up to me sweet childhood looketh, Heart and mind and soul awake; Teach me of Thy ways, O Father! Teach me to see that its blossoming may praise Thee, Praise Thee for sweet childhood’s sake. In their young hearts soft and where-e’er they go, to be taught of Thee. Father, order all my ev-er go as tray. word or deed of mine. Draw us hand in hand to bid, for-bid them not.”

2. Give to me a cheerful spirit, That my lit-tle flock may shine, That they may not stumble o-ver An-y foot-steps; So di-rec-t my dai-ly way, Je-sus. For His word’s sake, un-for-Go back to : S:

3. Let Thy ho-ly coun-sel lead me; Let Thy light before me shine, “Let the lit-tle ones come to me; And for-

Fine.

Go back to : S:

ten-der, Guide my hand good seed to sow, way, got—
No. 92. Our Work and Our Wealth.

Old Tune. Words by L. L. Greens Richards

Tenderly.

1. Our work is with the children, They claim our special care, For
2. Most sacred is the mission, Our God hath called us to, No
3. Next to the blessed parents, Who gave these children birth, We

them we plan and labor, With them our lives we share. We
work requires more patience, More perfect lives and true. But
are their foremost helpers, Their truest friends on earth. We

cannot, must not, shrink, But humbly act our parts; For the
oh! we cannot fail, Amid our world of cares, For the
seek not worldly wealth, Our hopes are far above; We are

children's eyes are on us, And we hold their trusting hearts.
children's faith holds us, And they name us in their prayers.
rich in heavenly treasures, For we have the children's love.
Sweet is the Work

MARY A. BALL.

Allegro.

1. Sweet is the work among children, The pure little
2. They teach us how to be gentle, For giving as
3. Bless all the Primary workers. Inspire them with

innocent throng; Our work seems not work, but a
every one should, Teach us the Savior's ex-
love's gentle power. Father in heaven re-

pleasure, To list to their beautiful song.
ample; With children we learn to be good.
ward them For feeding Thy lambs with such care.
Sweet is the Work.

CHORUS.

They are our sunshine and flowers, With them are our

hap pi-est hours; 'Tis pleas-ure in-deed to

sow righteous seed In the heart of an in-no-cent child.