

**HARMONIES OF PRAISE: FOR A
JUNIOR CONGREGATION: A
COLLECTION OF CHOIR
RESPONSES FOR CHILDREN'S
SERMON'S**

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Harmonies of Praise: For a Junior Congregation: a Collection of Choir Responses for Children's Sermon's by Benj. M. Chase

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BENJ. M. CHASE

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CHILDREN'S SERMON'S**

HARMONIES OF PRAISE

FOR A JUNIOR
CONGREGATION

A COLLECTION OF CHOIR RESPONSES
FOR CHILDREN'S SERMONS

Dedicated to the Junior Congregation of
The First Reformed Church (The Old First)
Seventh Ave. & Carroll St., Brooklyn, N. Y.



EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY


BENJ. M. CHASE

1233 57th Street,

1909

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

PREFACE.

 IN the First Reformed Church (The Old First) of Brooklyn, N. Y., there is an organized Junior Congregation. That part of the Sunday morning service given to the children is considered by all as most helpful and instructive. Just before the regular discourse, the pastor, James M. Farrar, D. D., delivers a short sermon to the children, after which the choir renders an appropriate selection.

May 1st, 1892, the undersigned was engaged as the tenor of the quartet choir, and was assigned the duty of procuring choir music for the children. To obtain music with appropriate words proved a difficult task. It, therefore, became necessary to collect, adapt and compose selections especially for the Junior Congregation. This book is the result of these efforts. With a few exceptions, the numbers are designed to be sung unaccompanied, and the work will be better understood if so rendered.

The author takes this opportunity to express his gratitude to many who have given valuable aid, also to those who have generously granted copyright privileges, and especially to those who have composed numbers expressly for this collection.


As my only means of vision is through the eyes of others, it has been necessary for my wife to spend many tedious hours in the preparation of this work. She has rendered a service of love, without which it would be impossible for me to give this book to the world.

BENJ. M. CHASE.

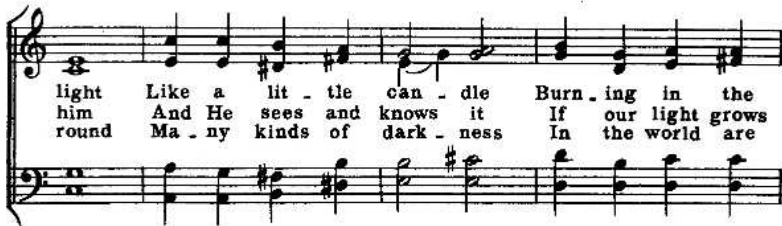
Jesus Bids Us Shine.

Emily H. Miller.

1.



Je - sus bids us shine, — With a pure clear
Je - sus bids us shine, — First of all for
Je - sus bids us shine, — Then for all a -



light Like a lit - tle can - dle Burn - ing in the
him And He sees and knows it If our light grows
round Ma - ny kinds of dark - ness In the world are



night; In the world is dark - ness, So - we must
dim; He looks down from heav - en, To - see us
found; Sin and want and sor - row, So - we must



shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.
shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.
shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.

A Child's Tribute.

Charles Fonteyn Manney.

Moderato.

2.

mf

The wise may bring their learn - ing, The rich may bring their
We'll bring Him hearts that love Him, We'll bring Him thanks and
We'll bring the lit - tle du - ties, We have to do each

mf

wealth, _____
praise, _____ And some may bring their great - ness, And
day, _____ And young souls meek - ly striv - ing, To
wealth their wealth, And
praise and praise, We'll try our best to please Him, At
day each day,

some bring strength and health, - We, too, would bring our
walk in ho - ly ways, - And these shall be the
home, at school, at play - And bet - ter are these

King,
King,
King,

treas - ures, To of - fer to the King, the King; We
treas - ures, We of - fer to the King, the King, And
treas - ures, To of - fer to our King, our King, Than

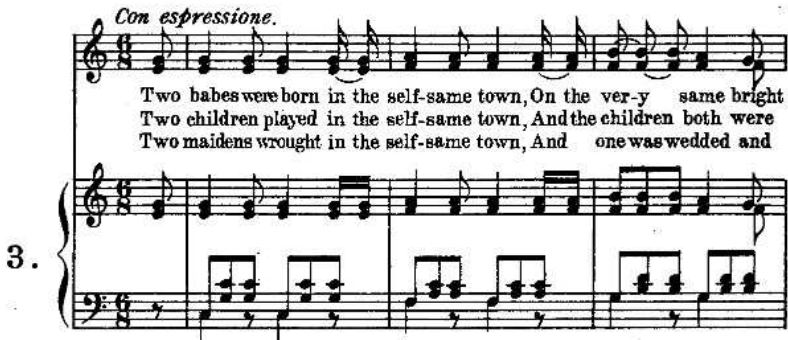


have no wealth or learn - ing, What shall we child - ren bring?
 these are gifts that ev - - er The poor - est child may bring.
 rich - est gifts with - out - - - them, Yet these a child may bring.

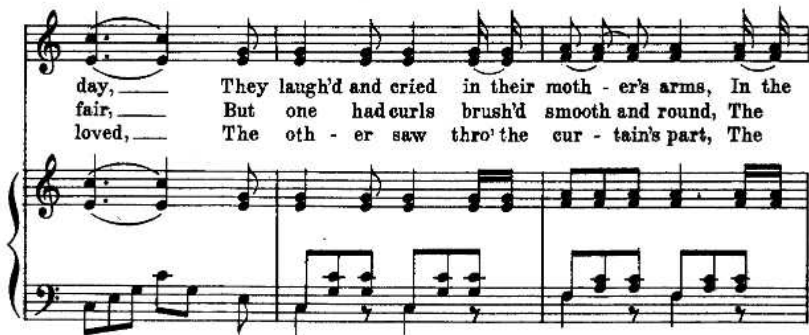
The Two Lives.

James Mc. Granahan.

Con espressione.



Two babes were born in the self-same town, On the ver-y same bright
 Two children played in the self-same town, And the children both were
 Two maidens wrought in the self-same town, And one was wedded and



day, — They laugh'd and cried in their moth - er's arms, In the
 fair, — But one had curls brush'd smooth and round, The
 loved, — The oth - er saw thro' the cur - tain's part, The

ver - y self - same way, — And both seem'd pure and in - no - cent, As
oth - er had tan - gled hair. — The chil - dren both grew up a - pace, As
world where her sis - ter moved, — And one was smiling, a hap - py bride, The

fall - ing flakes of snow, — But one of them lived in the
oth - er chil - dren grow, — But one of them lived in the
other knew care and woe, — For one of them lived in the

ter - raced house, And one in the street be - low. —
ter - raced house, And one in the street be - low. —
ter - raced house, And one in the street be - low. —

4.

Two women lay dead in the self same town
And one had tender care,
The other was left to die alone,
On her pallet so thin and bare;
One had many to mourn her loss,
For the other few tears would flow,
For one had lived in the terraced house,
And one in the street below.

5.

Now Jesus, who died for rich and poor,
In wondrous holy love,
Took both the sisters in His arms,
And carried them above;
Then all the difference vanished quite,
For in heaven none would know
Which of them lived in the terraced house,
And which, in the street below.

The Children's Offering.

Wm. C. Dix.

Wm. G. Hammond.

4.

Beau-teous are the flow'rs of earth,— Flow'rs we
Yes, He will; for hearts that turn— To the
So our low - ly gifts to Thee,— Lord of

bring with ho - ly mirth,— Bright and sweet and gay,—
sick and poor, and learn— How to make them glad,—
earth and sky and sea,— Thou wilt kind - ly take,—

Will our Fath - er deign to own,— Gifts we lay be -
Shine like bea - cons on the strand,— Of the far off
Ev - 'ry lit - tle flow'r we bring,— Ev - 'ry sim - ple

fore His throne,— On this hap - py day? —
hap - py land,— To the lost and sad. —
hymn we sing,— And not one for - sake. —