

HEAVENLY ECHOES

A NEW COLLECTION OF

HYMNS & TUNES

FOR

SUNDAY SCHOOLS AND SOCIAL MEETINGS.

By HORACE WATERS,

Author of S. S. BELL, Nos. 1 & 2. CHORAL HARP. ATHENÆUM COLLECTION. DAY SCHOOL BELL. CHRISTIAN MELODIST. ZION'S REFRESHING SHOWERS, &c.
One Million Eighty Thousand copies of the BELL have already been issued.

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26 WHAT DOES EVERY GOOD CHILD SAY?

Poetry by a Friend.

Music by STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

1. What does ev - ery good child say, When it wakes at peep of day? "Je - sus, bless-ed
2. What does ev - ery good child say, When at school on Sab - bath-day? "Je - sus, bless-ed

Sa - viour, keep me Safe from harm, I hum - bly pray," Je - sus answers, "I'll be near thee.
Sa - viour, teach me, How a lit - tle child should pray," Je - sus answers, "While thou'rt pleading,

I'll protect thee, I will cheer thee, When thou prayest I will hear thee: I will keep thee safe this day."
I for thee am in - ter - ced - ing, God thy infant prayer is heed - ing, He will teach thee how to pray."

CHORUS.

Je - sus, bless - ed Sa - viour, keep us safe from harm, I hum - bly pray.

WHAT DOES EVERY. Concluded.

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1 What does every good child say,
When the daylight fades away?
"Jesus Blessed Saviour keep me,
While I sleep this night I pray."
Jesus answers, "While thou'rt sleeping,

Little child, my watch I'm keeping;
Till the morning light comes peeping,
By thy bedside I will stay."
Jesus Blessed, &c.

CHRISTMAS MORNING.

Mrs. PARKHURST.

1. Lit - tle chil - dren, can you tell, Do you know the sto - ry well, Ev - ery girl and
2. Yes, we know the sto - ry well; Lis - ten now and hear us tell, Ev - ery girl and
3. Shep - herds sat up - on the ground, Flee - cy flocks were scattered round, When the brightness

ev - ery boy, Why the an - gels sang for joy, On the Christmas morn - ing.
ev - ery boy, Why the an - gels sang for joy, On the Christmas morn - ing,
filled the sky, And the song was heard on high, On that Christmas morn - ing,

4 Joy and peace the angels sang,
And the pleasant echoes rang.
"Peace on earth, to men good-will,"
Hark! the angels sing it still
On the Christmas morning.

5 For a little Babe that day,
Christ, the Lord of angels, lay—
Born on earth our Lord to be;
This the wondering angels see
On that Christmas morning.

6 Let us sing the angels' song,
And our pleasant notes prolong,
This fair Babe of Bethlehem
Children loves and blesses them
On the Christmas morning.