Let Us Gather Up The Sunbeams

WORDS

Let us gather up the sunbeams Lying all around our path,
Strange we never prize the music Till the sweet-voiced bird is flown!
If we knew the baby fingers, Pressed against the window-pane,
Ah! those little ice-cold fingers, How they point our memories back.

SCATTER SEEDS OF KINDNESS

Let us keep the wheat and roses, Cast ing out the thorns and chaff;
Strange that we should slight the viollets, Till the love-ly flow’rs are gone!
Would be cold and stiff to morrow— Never trouble us again—
To the hasty words and actions Strewn along our back ward track!

Let us find our sweetest comfort In the blessings of to day,
Strange that summer skies and sunshine Never seem one half so fair
Would the bright eyes of our darling Catch the frown upon our brow?
How those little hands remind us, As in snow y grace they lie,

With a patient hand removing All the briars from the way.
As when winter’s snowy pinions Shake the white down in the air.
Would the prints of rose fingers Vex us then as they do now?
Not to scatter thorns— but roses— For our reaping by and by.

Words by Mrs. Albert Smith
Music by S. J. Vail
Let Us Gather Up The Sunbeams

Chorus

Then scatter seeds of kindness, Then scatter seeds of kindness,

Then scatter seeds of kindness, For our reaping by and by.