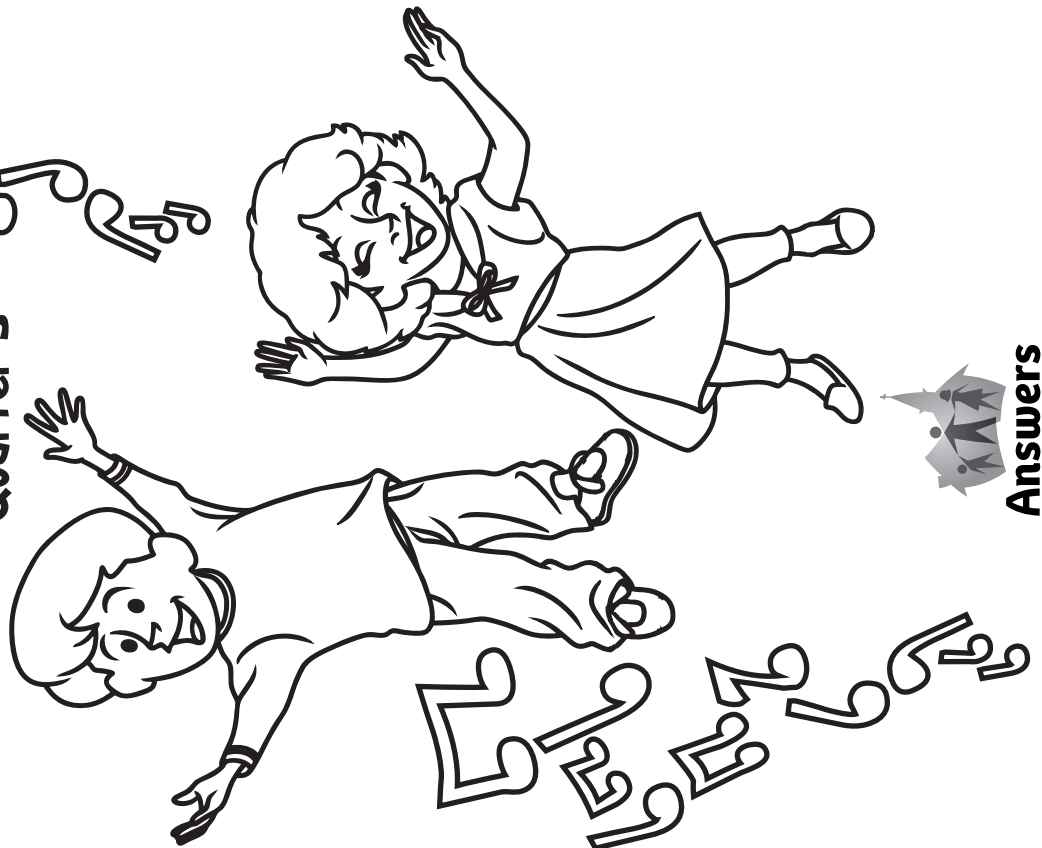


Family Time Song Book

Quarter 3



Jeremiah's Song

(To the tune of "Where Is Thumbkin?")

Sing this song while playing musical instruments.

Jer-e-mi-ah, Jer-e-mi-ah,
(Where is thumbkin? Where is thumbkin?)

God used him. God used him.
(Here I am. Here I am.)

"Go and warn the people,"
(How are you this morning?)

"Go and warn the people."
(Very well, I thank you.)

Worship God, God alone!
(Run away, run away.)

Print enough copies for each student to have a full book. Print the copies and cut on the dashed lines. Stack the left side sheets on top of the right side sheets to keep the pages in order. Punch out the indicated holes through all pages, then thread yarn through both holes and tie in a bow at the front to bind the booklet together.

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(The icky bitsy spider went up the water spout.)

(Down came the rain and washed the spider out.)

(Out came the sun and dried up all the rain.)

(So the it'sy bitsy spider went up the spout again.)

○ ○

Move hands like waves.

Gesture to stars in sky. Spread hands to floor. Pretend to fly.

Scrunch down really small.

Stretch up tall.

(Twinkle, twinkle, little star.)

Point to me and you! Shout, you!

[illegible]



Isaiah 42:8

(To the tune of "The Farmer in the Dell")

I am the Lord, that is My name;

(The farmer in the dell, the farmer in the dell.)

And My glory I will no-ot give to another,

(Hi-ho the dairy-o, the farmer in the dell.)

Nor My praise to car-arved images.

(The farmer in the dell, the farmer in the dell.)

Isaiah forty-two-oo-oo, ver-erse eight.

(Hi-ho the dairy-o, the farmer in the dell.)

God Wants Me to Worship Him!

(To the tune of "This Is the Way We Wash Our Clothes")

God wants me to worship Him,

(This is the way we wash our clothes.)

Worship Him,

(Wash our clothes.)

Worship Him.

(Wash our clothes.)

God wants me to worship Him,

(This is the way we wash our clothes.)

Worship Him alone!

(Early Monday morning.)

God wants me to praise His name,

Praise His name,

Praise His name.

God wants me to praise His name,

Praise His name alone!



Isaiah's Message

(To the tune of "I'm a Little Tea Pot")

Isaiah was a prophet,
(I'm a little tea pot,)

Who spoke for God.
(Short and stout.)

God had a message for the king.
(Here is my handle, here is my spout.)

Do not fear the enemy,
(When I get all steamed up.)

I am strong.
(Hear me shout.)

I will save you, you will see!
(Tip me over and pour me out.)

3



God's Love

(To the tune of "This Old Man")

Ho-se-a, man of God,
(This old man, he played one.)
Point up.

Told God's people "Do not sin."
(He played knick knock on my thumb.)
Wave your pointer finger from side to side.

But his wife did sin and left him all alone,
(With a knick knock paddywhack, give the dog a bone.)
Nod your head.

God told Hosea, "Take her back home!"
(This old man came rolling home.)
Wave your pointer finger up and down.

God loves you.
Point to a student.

God loves me.
Point to yourself.

He wants everyone to look and see,
Put one hand above your eyes as you look around.

That if we turn from our sins,
Turn around in a circle.

And put our faith in Him,
Point up.

God will forgive us of our sins!
Give yourself a hug.

10



Micah the Prophet

(To the tune of "B-I-N-G-O")

Clap hands while spelling "Micah."

There was a prophet long ago,
(There was a farmer had a dog,)

And Micah was his name-o.
(And Bingo was his name-o.)

M-I-C-A-H, M-I-C-A-H, M-I-C-A-H.
(B-I-N-G-O, B-I-N-G-O, B-I-N-G-O.)

And Micah was his name-o.
(And Bingo was his name-o.)

He told the people of the birth—
Of Go-od's only Son-o.
M-I-C-A-H, M-I-C-A-H, M-I-C-A-H.
And Micah was his name-o.

God Alone

(To the Tune of "Mary Had a Little Lamb")

Raise your pointer finger and shout "God Alone!" Sing it again
and whisper "God Alone!"

We should worship God alone!
(Mary had a little lamb,)

God alone!
(Little lamb,)

God alone!
(Little lamb,)

We should worship God alone!
(Mary had a little lamb,)

For He alone is worthy!
(Its fleece was white as snow.)



The Good News

(To the tune of "London Bridge")

Micah was God's pro-o-phet,
(London Bridge is falling down,)

Pro-o-phet, pro-o-phet.
(Falling down, falling down.)

Micah was God's pro-o-phet,
(London Bridge is falling down,)

He told Good Ne-ews!
(My fair lady!)

Micah told of Je-e-sus,
Je-e-sus, Je-e-sus.

Micah told of Je-e-sus,
Before Jesus ca-ame!

Because He Is Just

(To the tune of "London Bridge")

God must punish all our sins, all our
sins.

(London Bridge is falling down, falling down, falling down.)

God must punish all our sins, because He is
ju-ust!

(London Bridge is falling down, my fair lady.)

But God also will forgive, will forgive, will forgive.
(London Bridge is falling down, falling down, falling down.)

But God also will forgive, through Jesus Chri-ist.
(London Bridge is falling down, my fair lady.)



God's Mercy

(To the tune of "London Bridge")

God must punish all our sins,
(London Bridge is falling down,)

All our sins, all our sins.
(Falling down, falling down.)

God must punish all our sins,
(London Bridge is falling down,)

Because He is ju-ust!
(My fair lady.)

Jesus took the punishment,
Punishment, punishment.
Jesus took the punishment,
For all who trust in Him!

6

God Must Punish Our Sin

(To the tune of "Ten Little Indians")

Hold up your fingers to count the sins.

One little, two little, three little sins,
four little, five little, six little sins,
Seven little, eight little, nine little sins.
God must punish them all.

God sent, God sent, Jesus to ear-earth.
Jesus, Jesus, died on the Cro-oss.
All who believe will not be punished.
Holy God is merciful.

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