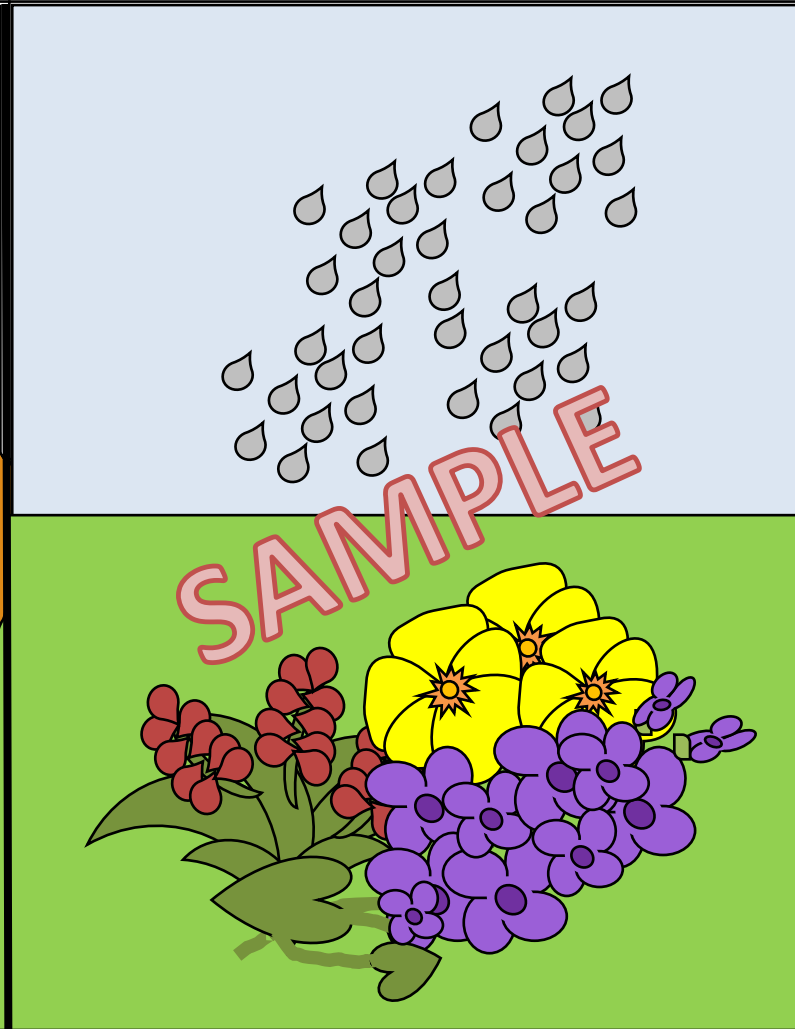
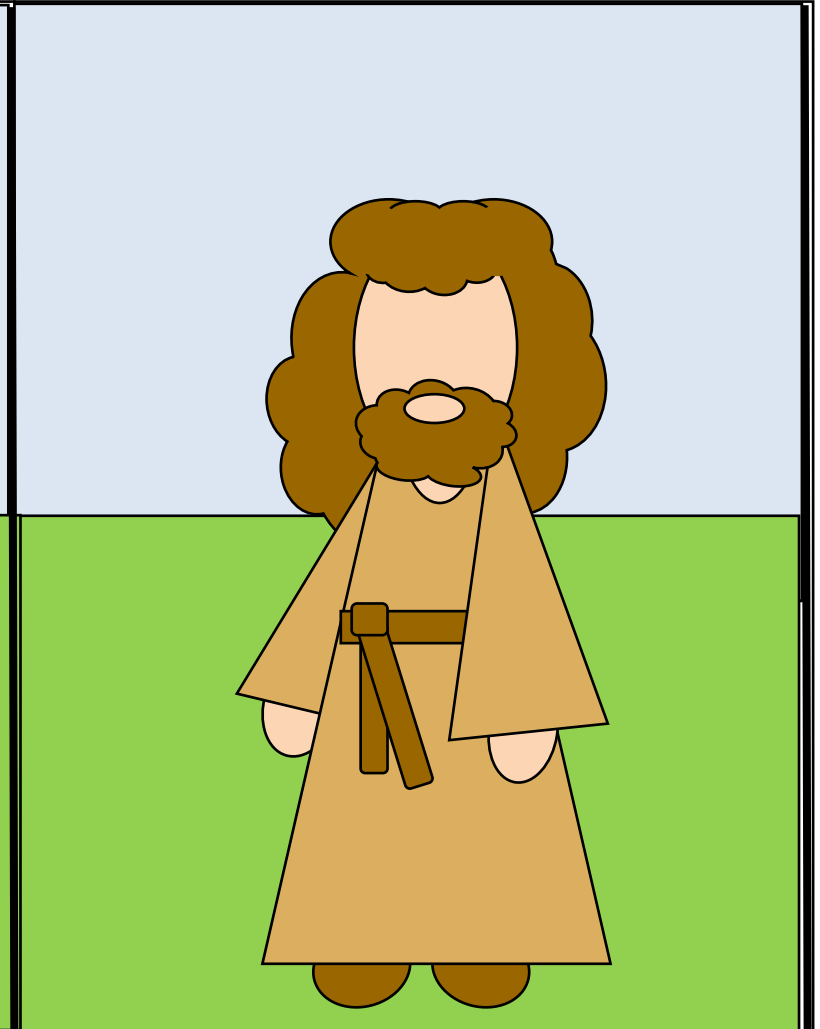


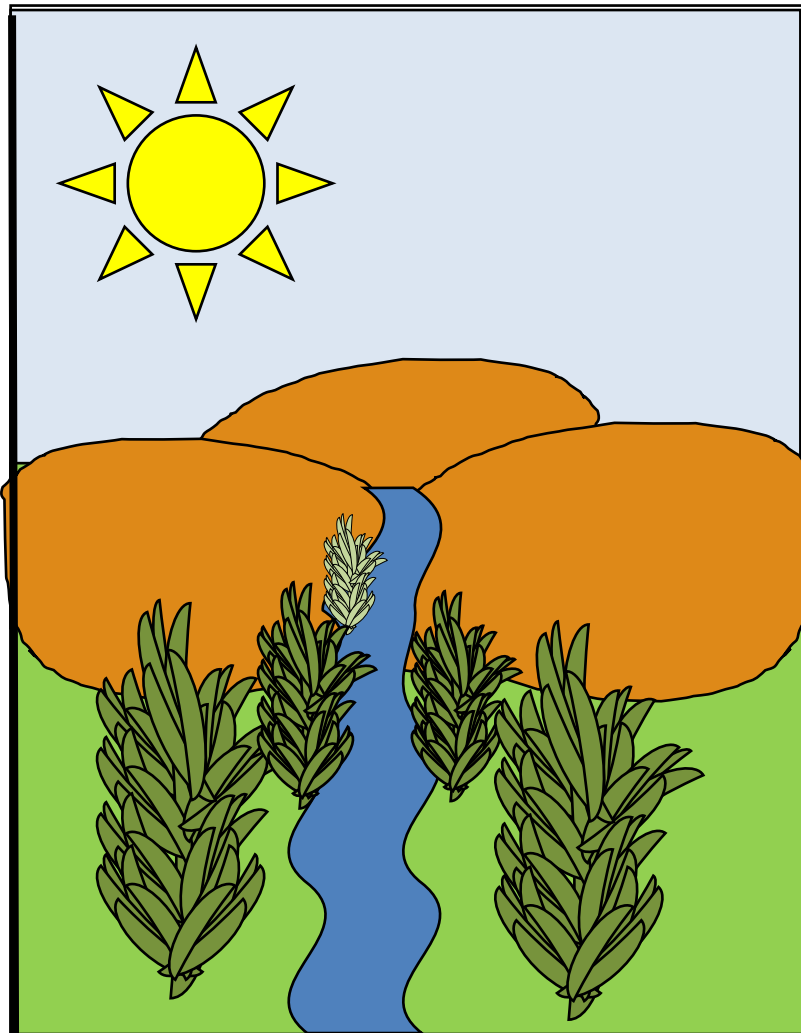
“Give,” said the little stream



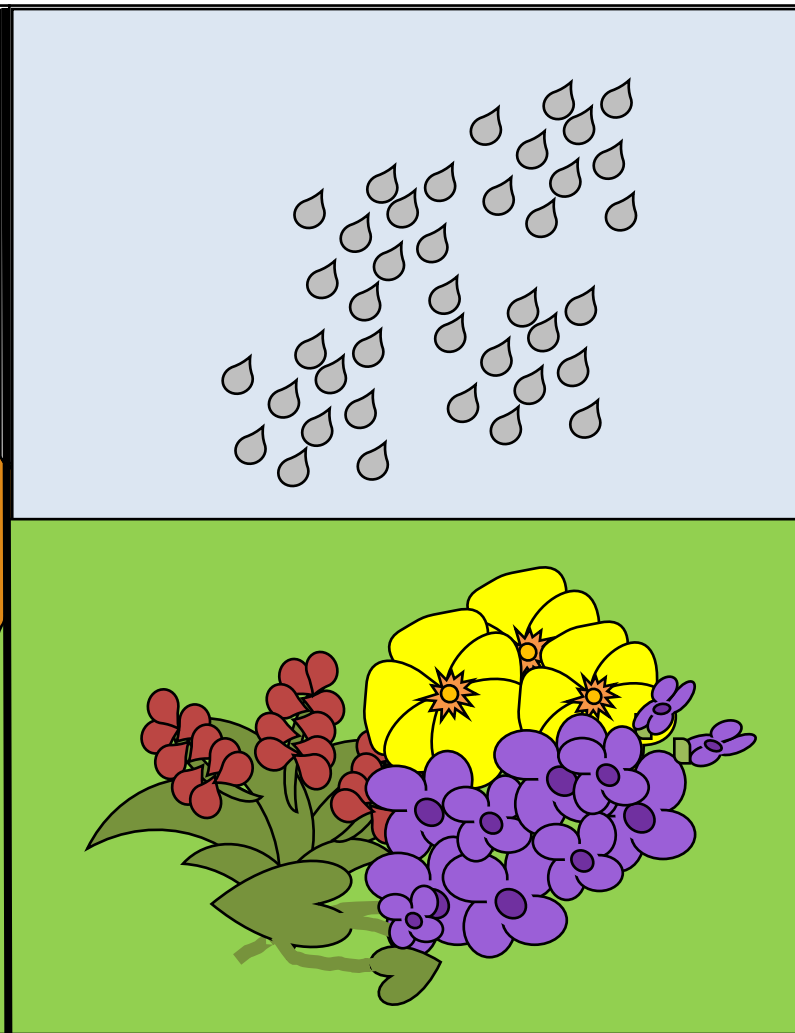
“Give,” said the little rain



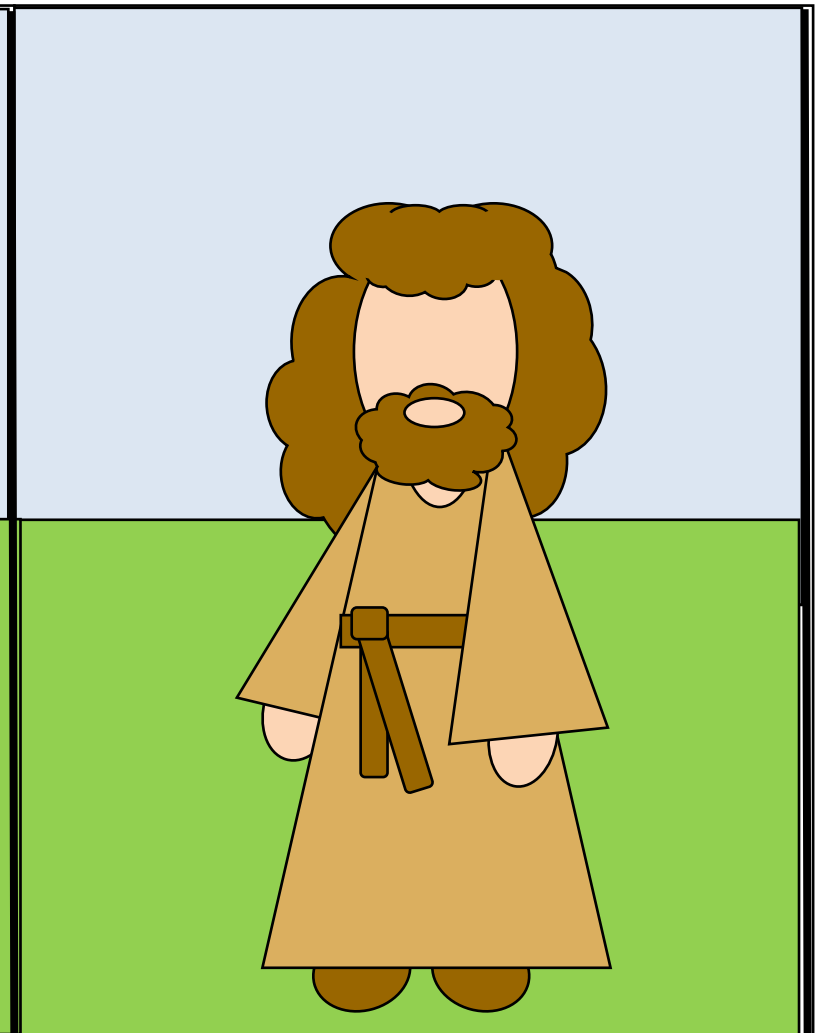
Give, then, as Jesus gives



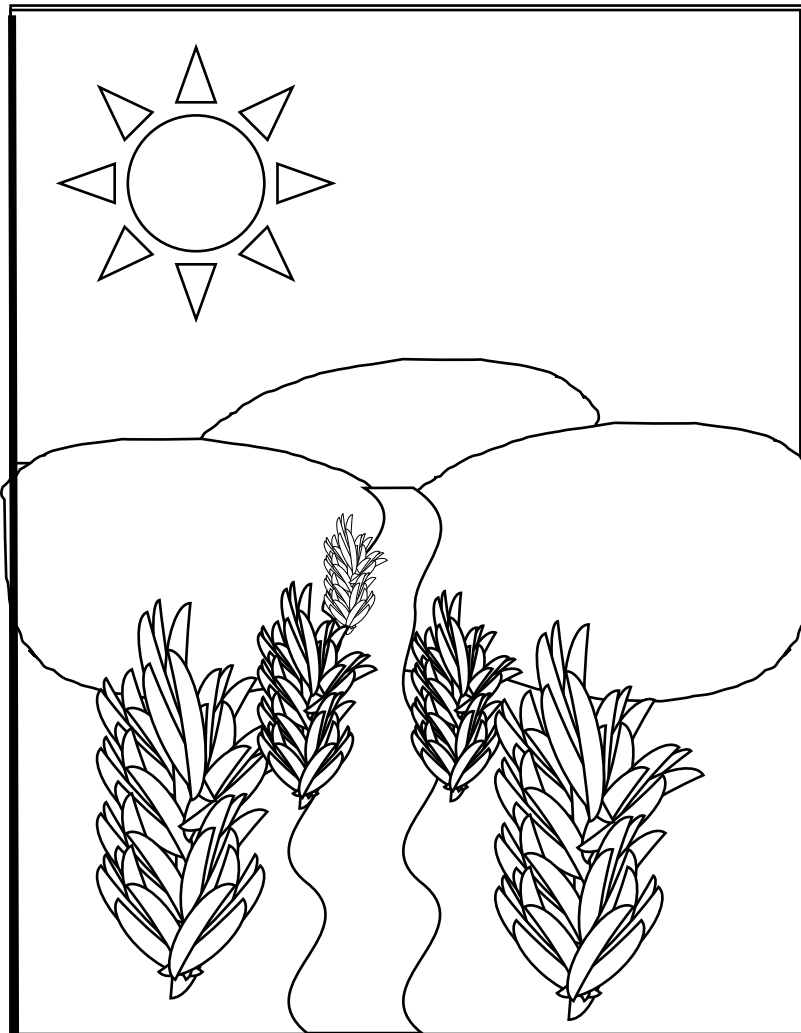
“Give,” said the little stream



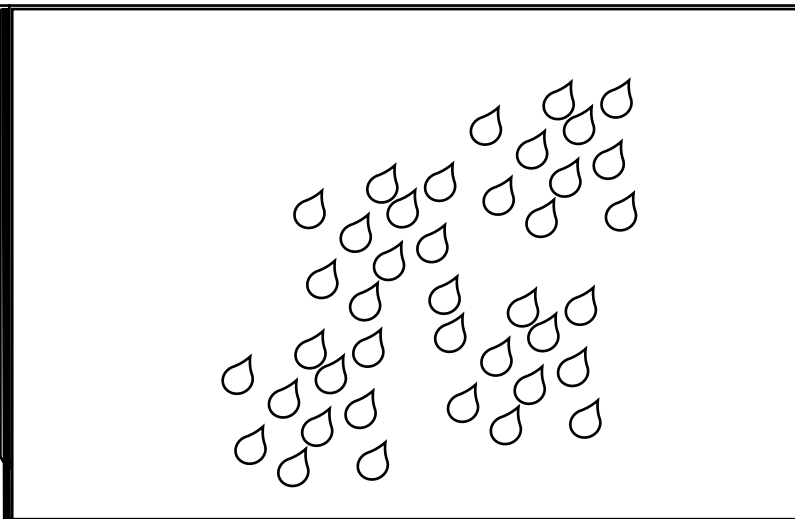
“Give,” said the little rain



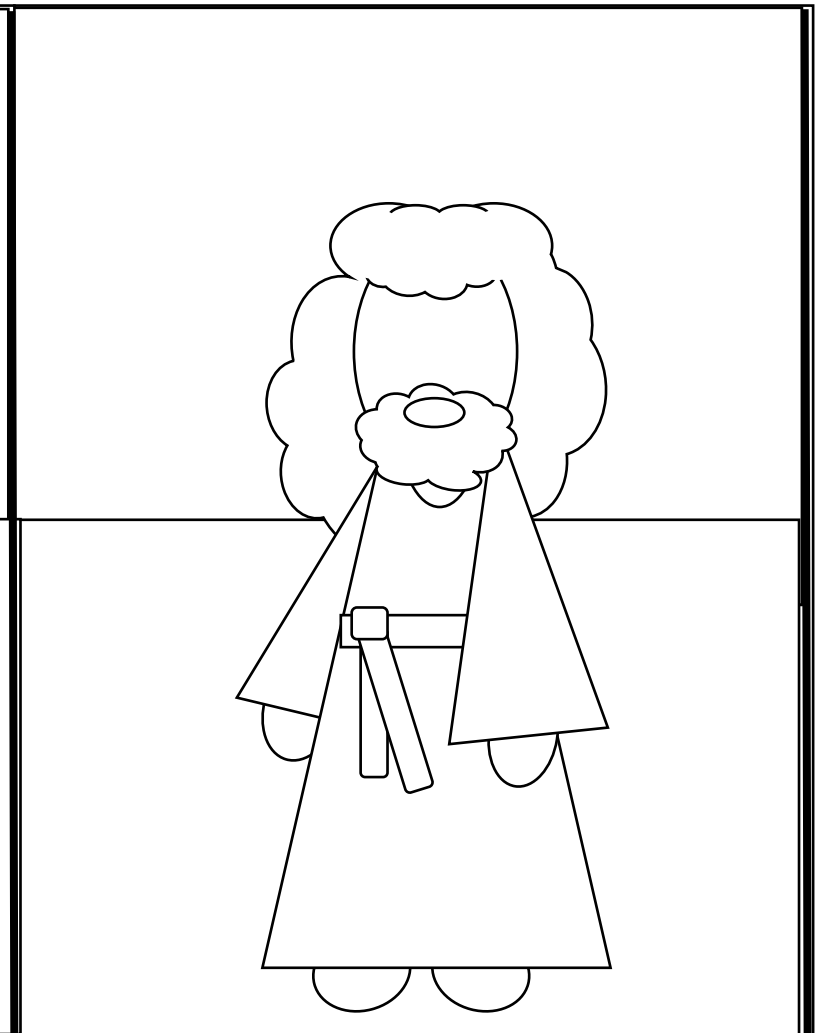
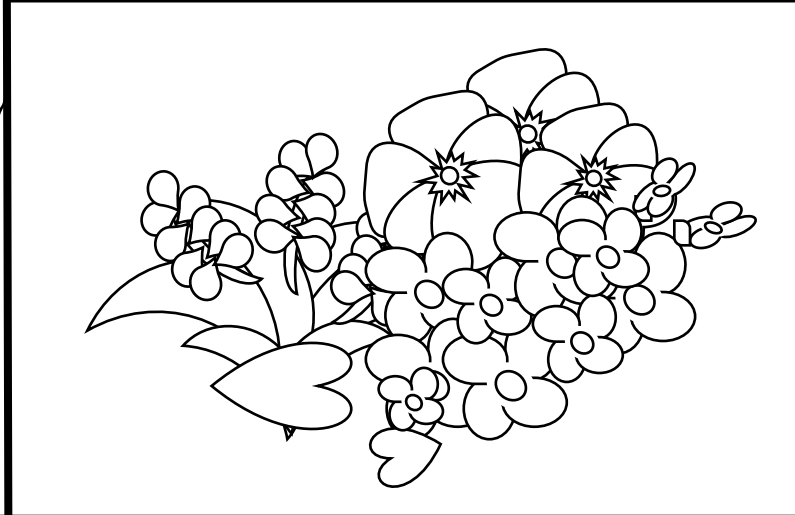
Give, then, as Jesus gives



“Give,” said the little stream



“Give,” said the little rain



Give, then, as Jesus gives

“Give,” said the little stream,  
“Give, oh! give, give, oh! give.”  
“Give,” said the little stream,  
As it hurried down the hill;  
“I’m small, I know, but  
wherever I go  
The fields grow greener still.”  
*Singing, singing all the day,  
“Give away, oh! give away.”*  
*Singing, singing all the day,  
“Give, oh! give away.”*

“Give,” said the little rain,  
“Give, oh! give, give, oh!  
give.”  
“Give,” said the little rain,  
As it fell upon the flow’rs;  
“I’ll raise their drooping  
heads again,”  
As it fell upon the flow’rs.  
*Singing, singing all the day,  
“Give away, oh! give  
away.”*  
*Singing, singing all the day,  
“Give, oh! give away.”*

Give, then, as Jesus gives,  
Give, oh! give, give, oh! give.  
Give, then, as Jesus gives;  
There is something all can give.  
Do as the streams and  
blossoms do:  
For God and others live.  
*Singing, singing all the day,  
“Give away, oh! give away.”*  
*Singing, singing all the day,  
“Give, oh! give away.”*

*Words:* Fanny J. Crosby, 1820–1915

*Music:* William B. Bradbury, 1816–1868. Arr. © 1989 IRI