

Recited by Mrs. B. W. (FLOSSIE WILLS) Barber
In 1945. At this time I copied it - I first remember
her reciting it in 1935 - Elmo Barber

TOMMY'S PRAYER

In a dark and dismal alley, where
the sunshine never came, dwelled a little
lad named Tommy, sick, delicate, and
lain.

He had never yet been healthy, but
had lain since he was born, dragged
out his weak existence, well help-
less and forlorn.

He was six, was little Tommy, just
five years ago, since his drunken mother
dropped him, and the babe was cripple so.

There he lay within the cellar from
the morning till the ~~do~~ night, starved,
neglected, cursed, ill treated, sought to
make his dull life bright.

Not a living thing to love him, not
a single thing to love, for he knew not
of a Heaven, nor a Saviour up above.

It was a quiet summer evening, and
the alley too was still, Tommy's little
heart was sinking and he felt so lonely
too. (or till).

Then he heard someone singing, singing
oh, so clear and sweet, oh, that he could
see the singer, how he wished he would

was first recitation was in 19

home, then he called and shouted loudly till the singer heard the sound, knowing not thing whence it issued, soon the little Cripple found.

There was a maiden rough and ragged, hair unkempt and naked feet, so you called me, said the maiden, wonder what you want with me? Most folks call me Singing Jessie, wonder what your name might chance to be? My name is Tommy, I'm a Cripple and I want to hear you sing, for it makes me feel so happy, sing me something, anything.

Jessie laughed and answered smiling, I can't stay here very long but I'll sing a ~~hymn~~ hymn to please you, what I call the glory song.

Then she sang the hymn of heaven, of pearly gates and streets of gold, where the happy angel children are not strowed nor pimpled with cold, where happiness and gladness never does decrease no ~~the~~ land, but where kind and loving Jesus is their savior and their friend.

Oh, how eagerly Tommy listened as he drank in every word, as it fell from Singing Jessie, was it true what he had heard

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and so anxiously he asked her was there really such a place, as the tears began to trickle down his pale little face.

Why Tommy you're a little heathen, It's up beyond the sky, and if you love the Saviour you shall go there when you die.

Then said Tommy, "tell me Jessie how can I the Saviour love, when I am down in this here cellar and he's up in Heaven above".

Then the little ragged maiden who had heard at Sunday School all about the way to Heaven and the Christian Golden Rule, taught the little cripple how to love and how to pray, sang a hymn of Heaven, kissed his cheeks and went away.

Tommy lay within the cellar which had grown so dark and cold, but he heeded not the dampness of the dark and chilly room, for the joys in Tommy's bosom could dispel the deepest gloom.

Jessie says that Jesus listens, so I think I'll try and pray, then he put his little hands together, and he closed his little eyes, in a weak accent, yet earnest, sent this message to the sky.

Gentle Jesus please forgive me as I didn't know how that you could hear it

cripples, who are weak and very poor, and I never heard of Heaven till that jessie came to-day, and she told me all about it, so I want to try and pray.

You can see me can't you Jesus? jessie told me that you could, and some how I must believe it, for it seems so pure and good, and she told me if I'd lose you that I should go there when I die to that bright and happy heaven that is up beyond the sky.

Oh, Lord I am ~~just~~ just a little cripple, and I am no one here below for I have heard my mother whisper that she ~~would~~ be glad if I could go, and I'm cold and ~~sometimes~~ hungry sometimes and I feel so lonely too; can't you find me just a corner, where I'd watch the other boys, I'd be so good and patient, I'd never cry nor fret, and your kindness to me Jesus, I would surely not forget."

Tommy ceased his supplications for he had told his heart's desire, and he waited for an answer till his head began to tire, then he turned towards the corner, lay huddled in a heap, closed his little eyes so gently and was quickly fast asleep.

In the morning when the mother came to wake her cripple boy, she discovered that

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his features bore a look of sweetest joy, and she shook him somewhat roughly, but the cripple's face was cold, he had gone to join the children in the streets of shining gold, where happiness never will cease nor end, where kind and loving Jesus in his Sonship and his friends.

Oh I wish that every reeffer could have seen his childish face, as he lay there in a huddle in that damp and noisy place, for his countenance was shining like a angel's face and bright, and it seemed to fill the cellar with a Holy Heavenly Light.

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Little Tommy's Prayer

In a dark and dismal alley
Where the sunshine never came
Dwelt a little boy named Tommy
Sick, delicate, and lame.

He'd never yet been healthy
But had lain since he was born
Dragged out his weak existence
Well hopeless and forelorn.

He was six, was little Tommy
Twas just five years ago
Since his drunken mother dropped him
And the babe was crippled so.

There he lay within the cellar,
From the morning till the night,
Starved, neglected, cursed, ill-treated,
Nought to make dull life bright

Not a living thing to love him,
Not a single thing to love,
For he knew not of a Heaven
Nor a Savior up above.

Twas a quiet summer evening
And the alley it was still
Tommy's little heart was sinking
And he felt so lonely till --

Then he heard someone singing
Sounding oh so clear and sweet!
Oh that he could see the singer,
How he wished he wasn't lame --

So he called and shouted loudly
Til the singer heard the sound
And on noting whence it issued
Soon the little cripple found.

Twas a maiden, rough and ragged
Hair unkempt and naked feet
All her garments torn and ragged
Her appearance far from neat.

"So you've called me," said the maiden
"Wonder what you want of me,
My name's Singin' Jessie
Wonder what your name might be?"

"My name is Tommy, I'm a cripple
And I want to hear you sing
For it makes me feel so happy
Sing me something -- anything."

Jessie laughed, and answered smiling,
"I can't stay here very long,
But I'll sing a hymn to please you
What I call the Glory Song."

Then she sang to him of Heaven
Pearly gates and streets of gold
Where the happy angel children
Are not starved or pimped with cold.

Where happiness and gladness
Never can decrease or end
But where kind and loving Jesus
Is their savior and their friend.

Oh, how Tommy's eyes did glisten
As he drank in every word
As it fell from Singin' Jessie
Was it true what he had heard?

And so anxiously he asked her,
"Is there really such a place?"
And the tears began to trickle
Down his pale, little face.

"Tommy, you're a little heathen
Why it's up beyond the sky
And if you love the savior
You shall go there when you die."

"Then," said Tommy, "Tell me Jessie
How can I the savior love
When I'm down in this here cellar
And He's up in Heaven above?"

Then the little ragged maiden
Who had heard at Sunday School
All about the way to Heaven
And the Christian's golden rule.

Taught the little crippled Tommy
How to love and how to pray
Sang a song of Heaven
Kissed his cheeks and went away.

Tommy lay within the cellar
Which had grown so dark and cold
But he heeded not the darkness

Of that damp and dismal room

For the joy in Tommy's bosom
Could disperse the deepest gloom.
"Jessie said that Jesus listens,
So I think I'll try to pray."

Then he put his hand together
And he closed his little eyes
And in an accent sweet, yet earnest
Sent this message to the sky.

"Gentle Jesus, please forgive me
As I didn't know afore
That you cared for little cripples
Who are weak and very poor.

And I never heard of Heaven
Til that Jessie came today
And she told me all about it
So I want to try to pray.

You can hear me, can't you Jesus
Jessie told me that you could
And I somehow must believe her
For it seems so kind and good.

She told me if I love you
That I'd go there when I die
To that bright and happy Heaven
That is up beyond the sky.

Oh, Lord, I'm only just a cripple
And I'm no use here below
For I've heard my mother whisper
That she'd be glad if I could go.

And I'm cold and hungry somtimes
And I feel so lonely too
Can't you take me gentle Jesus
Up to Heaven, along with you?

Oh, I'd be so good and patient
And I'd never cry or fret
And your kindness to me Jesus
I would surely not forget.

I would love you all I know of
And would never make a noise
Can't you find me just a corner
Where I'd watch the other boys?

Oh, I think you'll do it Jesus

Somethin' seems to tell me so
I feel so good and happy
And I do so want to go..

How I long to see you Jesus
And the children all so bright
Come and fetch me, won't you Jesus
Come and fetch me home tonight?"

Tommy ceased his supplications
For he had told his heart's desire
And he waited for an answer
Til his head began to tire.

Then he turned toward his corner
Lay huddled in a heap
Closed his eyes so gently
And was quickly fast asleep.

In the morning when the mother
Came to wake her crippled boy
She discovered that his features
Bore a look of sweetest joy.

And she shook him somewhat roughly
But the cripple's face was cold
He had gone to join the children
In the streets of shining gold.

Where happiness nor gladness
Will never cease nor end
Where kind, loving Jesus
Is his Savior and his friend.

Oh I wish that every other could have seen his little face
As he lay there in a huddle in that damp and lonely place
For his countenance was shining like an angel's fair and bright
And it seemed to fill the cellar with a Holy, Heavenly light.