

A Little Bit of Love  
Edwin Excell, 1904.

Do you know the world is dying  
For a little bit of love?  
Everywhere we hear the sighing  
For a little bit of love;  
For the love that rights a wrong,  
Fills the heart with hope and song;  
They have waited, oh, so long,  
For a little bit of love.  
For a little bit of love,  
For a little bit of love,  
They have waited, oh, so long,  
For a little bit of love,

From the poor of every city,  
For a little bit of love,  
Hands are reaching out for pity,  
For a little bit of love;  
Some have burdens hard to bear,  
Some have sorrows we would share;  
Shall they falter and despair  
For a little bit of love?  
For a little bit of love,  
For a little bit of love,  
Shall they falter and despair  
For a little bit of love?

Down before their idols falling,  
For a little bit of love,  
Many souls in vain are calling  
For a little bit of love;  
If they die in sin and shame,  
Someone surely is to blame  
For not going in His name,  
With a little bit of love.  
With a little bit of love,  
With a little bit of love,  
For not going in His name,  
With a little bit of love.

While the souls of men are dying,  
For a little bit of love,  
While the children, too, are crying,  
For a little bit of love,  
Stand no longer idly by,  
You can help them if you try;  
Go, then saying, "Here am I,"  
With a little bit of love.  
With a little bit of love,  
With a little bit of love,  
Go, then saying, "Here am I,"  
With a little bit of love.