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No. 2.

THE PALACE OF SONG.

A SERVICE

OF

SCRIPTURE AND SONG

FOR

Children's Day,

OR ANY OTHER CONCERT OCCASION IN SUMMER

BY

EMMA PITT

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P68

1900
Palace

The Palace of Song.

Service for Children's Day

ORGAN VOLUNTARY.

CHORUS.

Happy Hearts Rejoicing.

EMMA PITT.

H. W. PORTER.

Praise ye the Lord with hap-py hearts re-joic-ing; Bring for His wor-ship

grateful hearts and true, Christ is our Sav-iour; praise Him all ye peo-ple,

For the great re-demp-tion He has wrought for you Bless-ing and hon-or, and

pow'r and ad-o-ra-tion, Be to the Sav-iour who dwells in endless light; He

on-ly is love-ly, Chief a-mong ten-thousand, Praise Him ye chil-dren, let

ev - 'ry heart u - nite.

GIRLS.

1. Sweet is the mu - sic of love and de - vo - tion, Join the glad prais-es and
2. Christ is the Friend and the Help-er of child - hood, He to the tem - ple in

min - gle the strain, Rich - es and wisdom and in - fi - nite mer - cy, These are His
ear - ly days came, Glad - ly we fol - low His steps and ex - am - ple, Work - ing for

gifts to the chil - dren of men.
Him in His strength and His Name.

BOYS.

Un - to His Name we raise our glad ho - san - nas! Christ ev - er glo - rious
Christ is the King, in ma - jes - ty He reign - eth. Worshipped, a - dored by

mf
 seat - ed on the throne. Yet in His love, for - get-teth not His chil-dren,
 all the hosts a-bove. Yet in His care, re-mem-breth all His chil-dren,

p
 We, tho' His weakest ones would al-le-giance own. We tho' His weakest ones
 We are the ob-jects of His a-bid-ing love, We are the ob-jects of

p *cres.*
 would al-le-giance own.
 His a-bid-ing love.
 p

ALL.
 March-ing on to glo-ry, marching on to glo-ry, Marching on to
 March-ing on to glo-ry, march-ing on to

con-quest we would prais-es sing, March-ing on to glo-ry,
 con-quest prais-es sing, March-ing on to

marching on to glo - ry, Marching on to con - quest, we would praises sing,
on to glo - ry,

Je - sus the Lord of lords, Ho - ly One a - noint - ed,

In our hearts we crown Thee, Sav - iour, Mon - arch, King.

RESPONSIVE READING. (BY PASTOR AND SCHOOL.)

Praise Ye the Lord.

PASTOR.—Enter into his gates with thanksgiving and into his courts with praise.

Response.—I will praise thee, O Lord, with my whole heart, I will be glad and rejoice in thee.

PASTOR.—Serve the Lord with gladness: come before his presence with singing.

Response.—I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live. I will sing praises unto him while I have my being.

PASTOR.—With trumpets and with sound of cornet, make a joyful noise before the Lord, the King.

Response.—I was glad when they said unto me,—Let us go into the house of the Lord.

PASTOR.—Praise ye the Lord—ye that stand in the house of the Lord, in the courts of the house of our God.

Response.—Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem.

PASTOR.—O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness, bring an offering and come into his courts.

ALL.—O come, let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before the Lord our Maker.

PRAYER. (BY PASTOR.)

SINGING BY CONGREGATION. TUNE,—CORONATION.

1. All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall,
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him, Lord of all.

2. Let every kindred, every tribe
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him, Lord of all.

RECITATION. (OR BRIEF REMARKS.)

RECITATION. "The Father's Care."

Luke 12; 6. "Not one of them is forgotten before God."

In the trees the birds are singing, in the mountains
and the glens,
By the rivers and the brooks and by the sea;
But there's food for all the robins and the tiny little
wrens,
And there's bread in His hand for me.

All the meadows bloom with daisies and with dan-
delions bold,
And the clover-blossoms cover all the lea;
But there's clothing for the lilies and the buttercups
of gold.
And there's raiment in His hand for me.

SINGING.

CHARLES I. JUNKIN, in S. S. Times.

And the clouds of trouble gather, and the stormy
wind is heard,
And the angry tempest rages wild and free;
But there's shelter for the sparrow and the little
humming bird,
And there's safety in His arms for me.
And the world is full of children, oh, so many and
so fair!
Like the sunbeams as they sparkle on the sea;
But there's room for all the children in the Father's
tender care,
And there's room in His heart for me.

Christ is Coming.

EMMA PITT.

BARITONE SOLO. *Andante*.

H. W. PORTER.

1. O'er my soul..... a vis-ion steal-eth, Fair-er than..... the light of
2. O'er my soul..... a vis-ion break-eth, Brightest hopes..... and joys re-

morn, Bringing to..... me sweeter mu-sic Than o'er an-cient harps were
veal, Now I have..... a present Sav-iour Who can all my sor-rows

borne.
heal.

'Tis the knowledge of re-demption, How the
In His glo-ry I shall see Him Brighter

Sav-iour died for me, How He gave His life a ransom, Sac-ri-fic-ial, full and free.
than the noon day sun, He will guide me, stepping homeward, When my last day's work is done.

cres. *deliberately.* *dim.* *mf* QUARTET. *Piu mosso.* *p* *cres.*

REFRAIN.

f

O I know..... that Christ is com - ing, He will leave..... the Father's
 O I know, Christ is coming, He will leave,

rit.

throne, Stepping down from realms of glo-ry He will come to claim His own.
 the throne,

ADDRESS. (BY PASTOR.)

Lullaby.

REV. W. C. MARTIN.

EMMA PITT, Arr. by H. W. P.

SOLO. *Slowly.*

p

1. Lul - la - by, ba - by, sleep, sleep. The Lord sends His an - gels a
 2. Lul - la - by, bir - dy, sleep, rest. The dear lov - ing Sav - iour is
 3. Lul - la - by, darl - ing, sleep, dream. And en - ter a land where your

vig - il to keep, To guard my sweet ba - by from all that could harm; So
 guard - ing the nest, And all things o - bey Him, and He'll not al - low An
 will is su - preme: The an - gels shall bear you so swift - ly a - way To

rit.

close your blue eyes, now, and rest on my arm, And sleep, little darling sleep.
 e - vil to touch you, so close your eyes now, And sleep, little darling sleep.
 glo - ry and back here a - gain be - fore day; So sleep, lit - tle dar - ling sleep.

For Lullaby—Have a little girl (of talent) to dress up like a little Mother. Sit on the platform in a rocking chair, with a doll in her arms and sing it to sleep, (the tune is very simple and very easily learned.)

RECITATION. "Over the Meadows."

Over the meadows and over the fields.
 Blue-birds and robins come singing;
 Into the house of our Father to-day
 Children earth's treasures are bringing.
 See all the flowers we've scattered about
 To honor our Father above;
 Many bright faces and hearts beating high
 O'erflow with the dear Saviour's love.
 We come in the spring-time of earth and of life,
 For we love these dear festival days;
 It is Jesus' own presence that fills them with joy
 And we will gladly join in His praise.

SINGING.

Glorious Day in Zion.

EMMA PITT.

H. W. PORTER.

f

1. 'Tis a glo-rious day in Zi - on, Strew the palms a - long the way, For the
 2. 'Tis a glo-rious day in Zi - on, See the tem-ple fair with-in, All the
 3. 'Tis a glo-rious day in Zi - on, Sing Ho - san - nas loud and clear, For the

p

Christ with gen-tle pres-ence To the tem-ple comes to - day, When the
 sweet - est buds and flow - ers And the chil-dren gath - 'ring in, Hap - py
 Lord of earth and heav-en Bless-es earth's fair fields so dear, Praise Him

cres. *f*

chil - dren sing His prais-es There He sure - ly loves to be, He will
 hearts with sun-shine teeming Brightest fac - es too we greet, Je - sus
 for the sun that cheers us Praise Him for the bounteous store, Rich in

dim.

whis-per words of com - fort As He did in Gal - i - lee.
 comes with love so ten - der His own chil - dren there to meet.
 mer - cy still He crowns us, Praise His Name for - ev - er more.

UNISON.

f Beau - ti - ful Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful

Zi - on We love, we love Thee well. Beau - ti - ful Zi - on,

Beau - ti - ful Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful Zi - on, the place of His a - bode.

Gently.

* With - in Thy gates sweet peace shall reign, The dwelling place of God.

p

pp With - in Thy gates sweet peace shall reign The dwell - ing place of God. *rit.*

From * may be sung only after last verse, or after each verse as preferred.

SINGING.

Crowns of Victory.

EMMA PITT.

H. W. PORTER.

SOLO. *Andante moderato.*

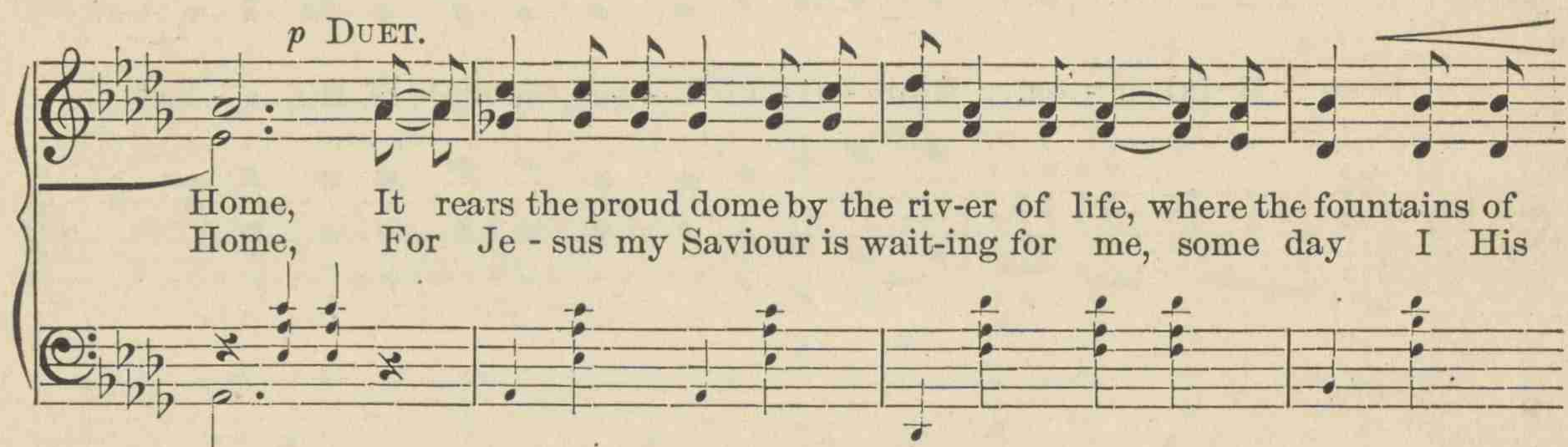

mf

1. I have heard of a pal-ace ma-jes-tic and grand, From which none ev-er would
 2. I have heard of a mansion so love-ly and fair, It needs not the light of the



poco rit. *a tempo.*

roam Where joy and pleasure for-ev-er a-bide, And I call that pal-ace my
 sun All radiant with glory and lus-tre it beams, And I call that mansion my



p DUET.

Home, It rears the proud dome by the riv-er of life, where the fountains of
 Home, For Je-sus my Saviour is wait-ing for me, some day I His



f

love ev-er flow. And Je-sus is there, our Re-deemer and Lord, To that
 face shall be-hold And sing the sweet song of re-demption and love, O-ver



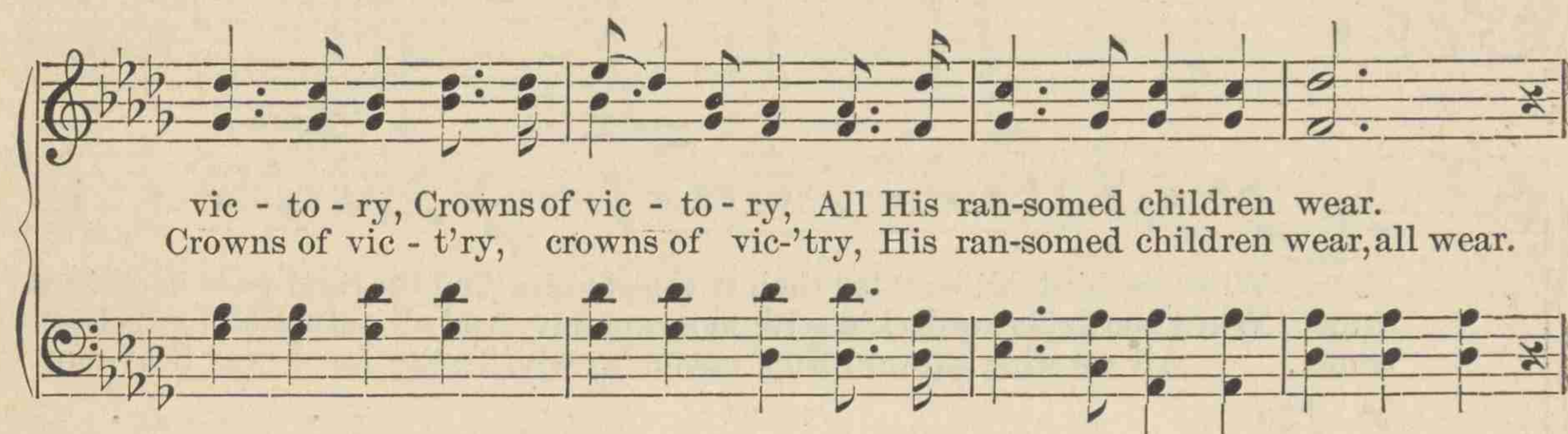
f REFRAIN.

poco rit.

sweet land of prom-ise we go..... Where crowns of vic-to-ry, where crowns of
 there 'mid the jas-per and gold..... Vic-to-ry, of



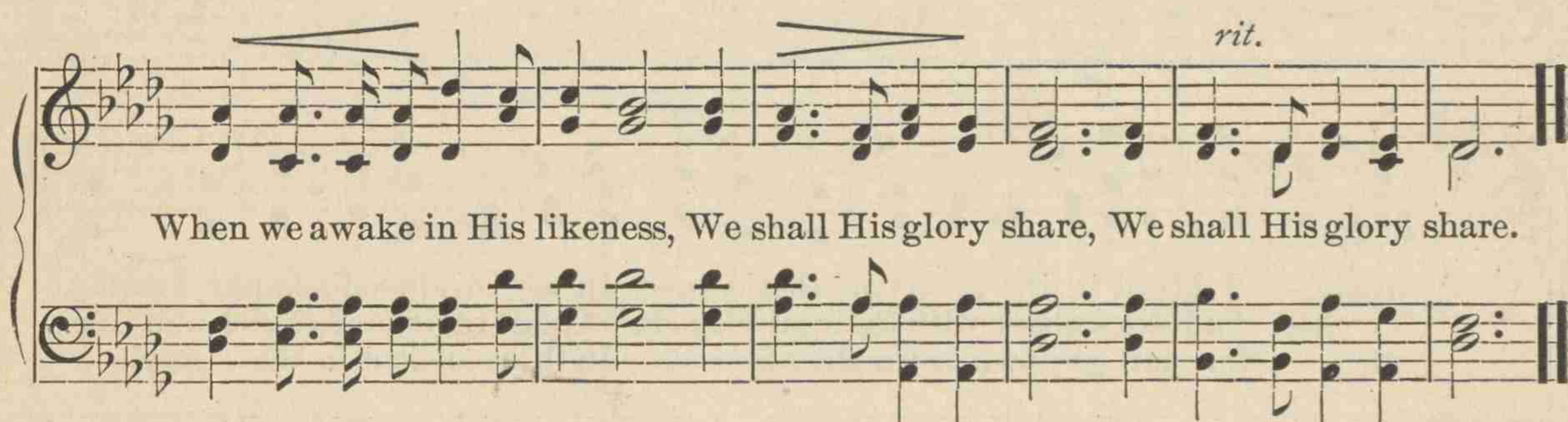
mf vic - to - ry, All His ran - somed chil - dren wear,..... Crowns of
vic - to - ry,



vic - to - ry, Crowns of vic - to - ry, All His ran-somed children wear.
Crowns of vic - t'ry, crowns of vic-'try, His ran-somed children wear, all wear.



pp When we a-wake in His like-ness, When we a-wake in His like - ness,



rit. When we awake in His likeness, We shall His glory share, We shall His glory share.

SCRIPTURE READING. (BY THE PASTOR.)

I am the Rose of Sharon, and the Lily of the valley.

Consider the lilies of the field how they grow ; they toil not neither do they spin, and yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these.

Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?

The wilderness and solitary place shall be glad, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.

SINGING.

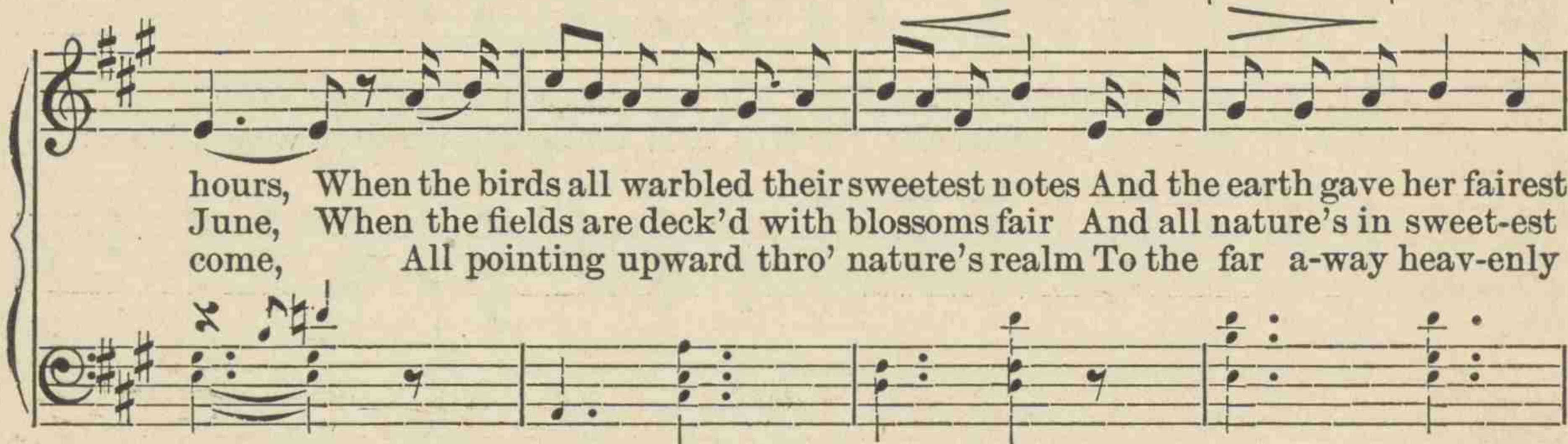
Still I am Singing of Jesus.

EMMA PITT.

EMMA PITT, Arr. by H. W. P.

SOLO. *Not fast, nor rigid.*


1. I will sing you a song of the Springtime, Of my youth's bright golden
2. I will sing you a song of the Sum - mer, Of the ro - sy month of
3. I will sing you a song of the Sea - sons, As each in their turn will



hours, When the birds all warbled their sweetest notes And the earth gave her fairest
June, When the fields are deck'd with blossoms fair And all nature's in sweet-est
come, All pointing upward thro' nature's realm To the far a-way heav-enly



mf DUET.
flow'rs, It was then I first heard of the Sav - iour, E'er my heart had learned to
tune, When the daisies all ope their white pet - als To the sip of the hon -
home, 'Twill al - ways be beau - ti - ful Sum - mer And the flowers will nev - er



roam, I heard it first at my mother's knee, In my childhood's happy home.
ey bee, And skies above with their sil - v'ry stars Chant their praises rich and free.
die, Nor sun go down or the stars fade out In the mansions in the sky.



f FULL CHORUS. (*Brightly.*)
And still I am sing-ing of Je - sus, Un - to Him all prais-es be -

long; And still I will sing of Je - sus, O - ver

p slower. there in the pal - ace of song, *mf* O-ver there, (o - ver there,) O - ver

there, (o - ver there,) We will sing in the sweet by and by; We

pp still will be singing of Je - sus, "O-ver there," in the pal - ace of song.

RECITATION. "The Golden Chalice."

I'm a little Buttercup,
And I've a golden chalice;
It occupies a humble sphere,
Though it might grace a palace.
For while it holds no ruby wine,
Most truly I can say
'Tis always filled with bright sunshine
For all who pass my way.

I'm giving, giving all the time
From out my little store,
For all *my* needs are well supplied
By Him whom I adore.

And though I scatter blessing round,
My cup is ever filled,
It overflows with golden light
Right from the sun distilled.

Now if *you* would a blessing be
To every one you meet,
Just live for others; make your lives
Like mine is, pure and sweet.
So shall you show, from day to day,
Your heavenly Father's love,
And scatter happiness around
Wherever you may move.

SINGING. (BY PRIMARY CLASS.)

Ever Giving.

SELECTED..

H. W. PORTER.

1. Down in the for - est the vi - o - lets grow, Lift-ing their heads in a
 2. Out in the mead-ows the wild flow-ers spring, Fill-ing with fragrance the
 3. Giv - ing they take not, nor live for them-selves, Re-minders of E - den for

sweet mod - est way, Nev - er re - ceiv - ing, they love to be - stow Their
 soft sum-mer air, Each lit - tle blos - som has some-thing to bring To
 ev - er are they, How we should miss then the dear lit - tle el - ves,

CHORUS.

sweetness on oth-ers as day fol - lows day. } Give, free-ly give,
 make the brown earth in - vit - ing and fair. }
 If the dear Fa - ther should take them a - way. }

give, free - ly give, To Him whose boun-ty is fill - ing your store,

Give as the Lord has bless'd you all, And He will sure - ly give you more.

This piece to be sung by entire School, Primary Class included.

OFFERING.

RECITATION.

RECITATION OR SINGING BY PRIMARY CLASS.

Flowers for the Altar.

E. E. REXFORD.

H. W. PORTER.

p GIRLS. *Moderato*.

1. Bring ros - es to lay on the al - tar Of Him who so lov - eth us
2. Bring lil - ies whose white cups run o - ver With o - dors of in - cense and

all; That He gave His dear Son for our Saviour, Who hearkens and helps when we
myrrh, And pray, make us pure as the flow - ers, Dear Saviour this blessing con -

call. Their fragrance shall be as a trib - ute of love to our Father the
fer. Let our hearts, like the lil - ies we bring Thee, Brim over with praise rich and

King, Our hearts will soar up - ward to Heav - en While songs of re -
sweet. Thou lov - est the flow'rs and the chil - dren, Be - hold they are

f REFRAIN.

joic - ing, re - joic - ing we sing. Bring flow - ers, bring beau - ti - ful flow'rs To
both, they are both at Thy feet.

of - fer the Lord whom we love, Their fragrance will tell the sweet sto - ry To

Him who looks down from a - bove, Their fra-grance will tell the sweet

sto - ry, sweet sto - ry, To Him who looks down from a - bove.

RESPONSIVE READING.

SUPT.—O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.

Response.—I will ex - alt thee, my God, O King: and I will bless thy name for ever and ever.

SUPT.—Praise ye the Lord, Praise ye him, all his angels: praise ye him, all his hosts.

Response.—While I live, all I praise the Lord, I will sing praises unto my God while I have my being.

SUPT.—Praise ye the Lord; let the children of Zion be joyful in their King.

Response.—Every day will I bless thee; and I will praise thy name for ever and ever.

ALL.—Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem, for he hath blessed thy children within thee. He maketh peace in thy borders. Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

SINGING. (BY THE CONGREGATION.)

BENEDICTION.

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