SACRED SELECTIONS

FOR

MALE VOICES

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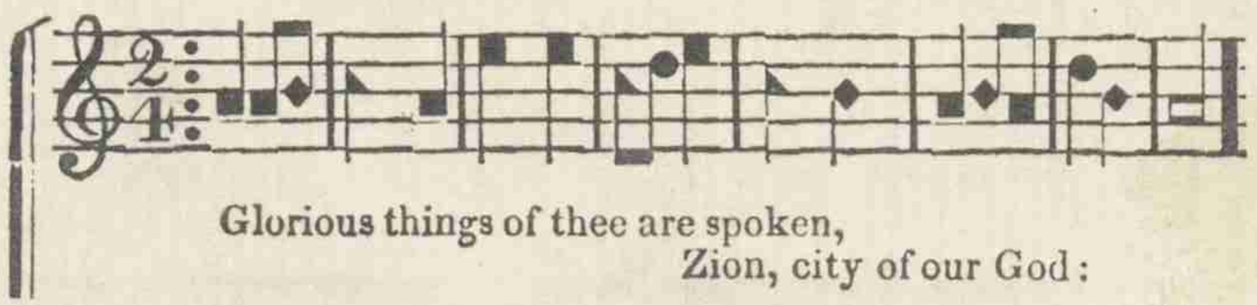
O. L. FOGLE



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1939

Sacred Selections

FOR

MEN'S VOICES.

A Collection of High Grade Music from Standard Writers; also Original Pieces suitable for use in Church, Gospel Meetings, Christian Endeavor, Y. M. C. A. and Other Religious Gatherings.

EDITED BY

O. L. FOGLE.

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M1
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1687
Hymn
1896
Sacr B

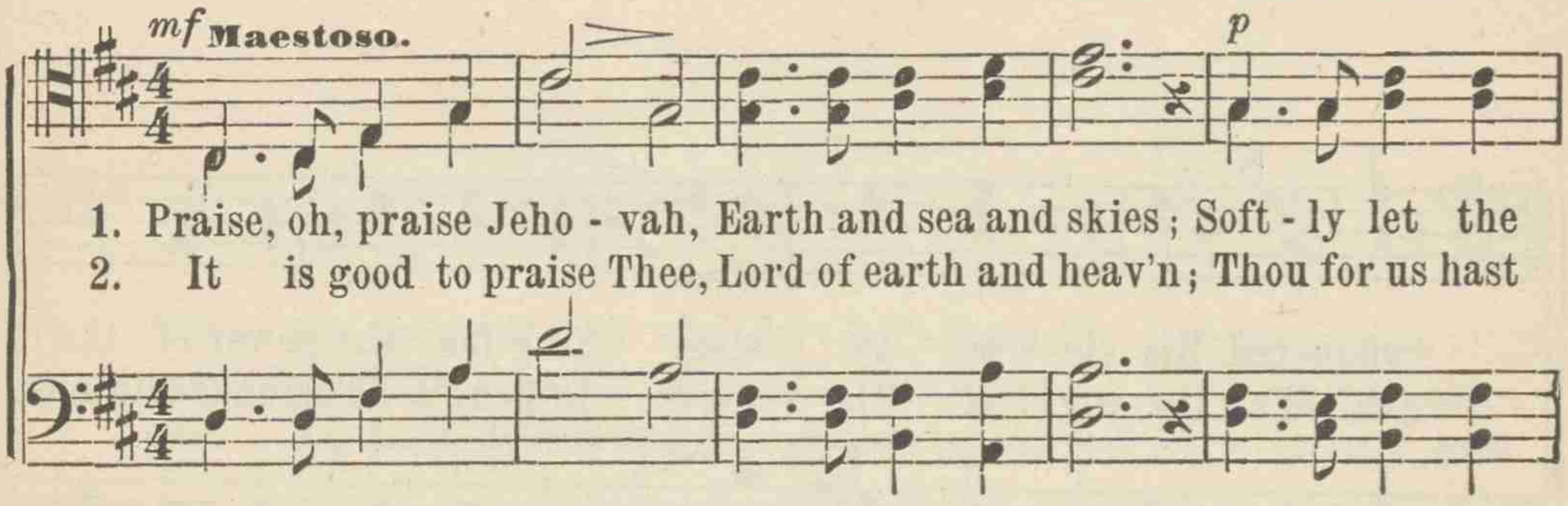
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Sacred Selections for Men's Voices.

Praise Jehovah.

LOUIS SPOHR.



Sound the Praises.

Arr. JULIUS MAIER.

1. Come, sound the high praises of Je - sus our King, He came and He conquered, His vic - to - ry sing. Sing for the power of the
2. Sing praise to the conquer - or, praise to the Lord; The en - e - my quailed at the might of His word. In heav'n He ascends and un-

ty - rant is broken, The triumph's complete o - ver death and the
folds the glad sto - ry, The hosts of the bless-ed ex - ult in His

grave; The triumph's complete o - ver death . . . and the grave.
fame; The hosts of the bless-ed ex - ult . . . . in His fame.

Dim. Rit.

Arr.

p **Adagio e dolce.**

1. Not now, my child— a lit - tle more rough toss - ing, A
2. Not now, my child—there's wand'rers in the dist - ance, And
3. One lit - tle hour, and then the glo - rious crown-ing, The

lit - tle long - er on the bil - low's foam, A few more journ'yings
thou must call them in with pa - tient love. Not now, for I have
gold - en harp-strings and the victor's palm; One lit - tle hour, and

Dim. *p*

in the des - ert darkness, And then the sun - shine of the
sheep up - on the mountains, And thou must fol - low them wher-
then the Hal - le - lu - jahs! E - ter - ni - ty's long, deep thanks-

mf **Rit.**

Fa - ther's home. Then wait, then wait, thou wea - ry one.
e'er they rove. Then wait, then wait, thou wea - ry one.
giv - ing psalm. Then wait, then wait, thou wea - ry one.

Lead, Kindly Light.

J. B. Dykes. Arr. O. L. F.

1. Lead, kindly light, a - mid th'encircling gloom, Lead thou me on;
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on;
3. So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still Will lead me on;

The way is dark, and I am far from home:
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor - rent, till

Lead thou me on. Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see,...
Lead thou me on. I loved the gar-ish day, and, spite of fears,
The night is gone, And with the morn those angel fac - es smile

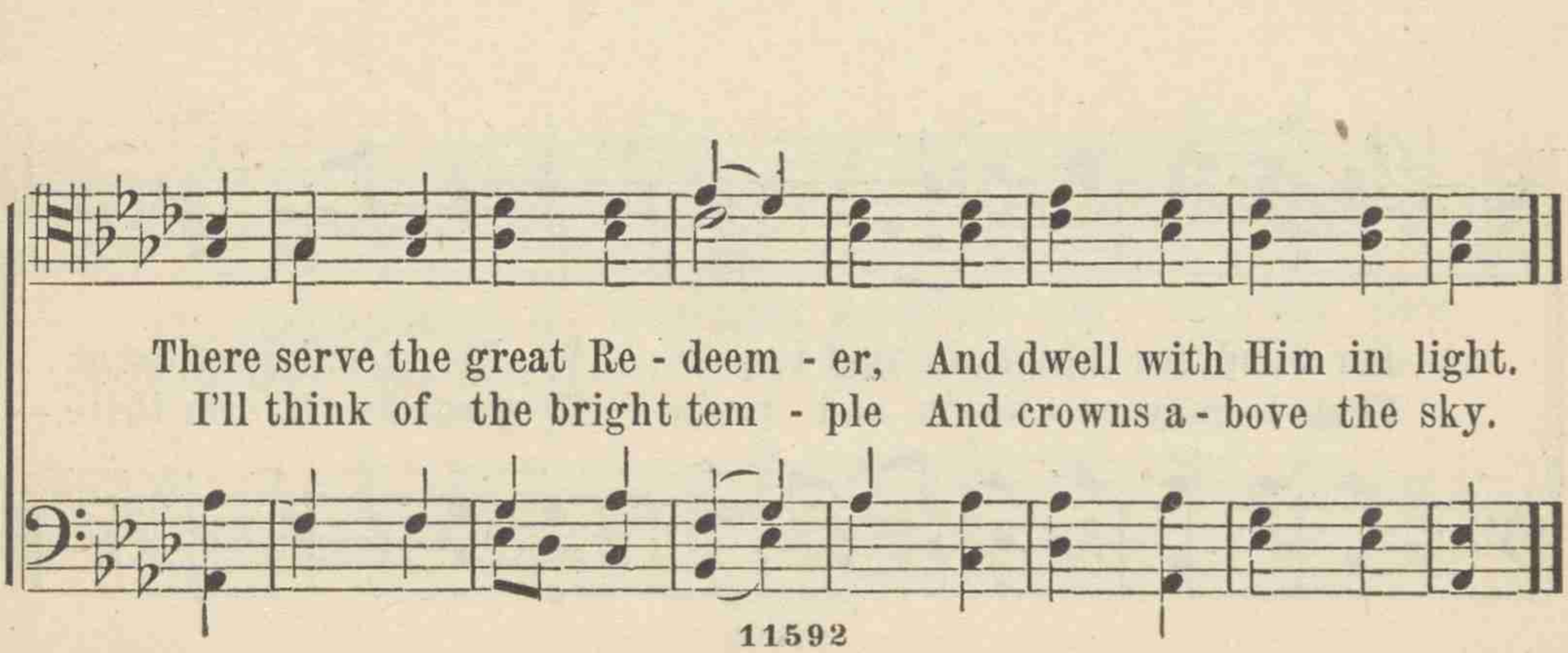
The distant scene; one step e - nough for me.
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years.
Which I have loved long since and lost the while. A - men.

The Holy City.

Arr. CRUGER.



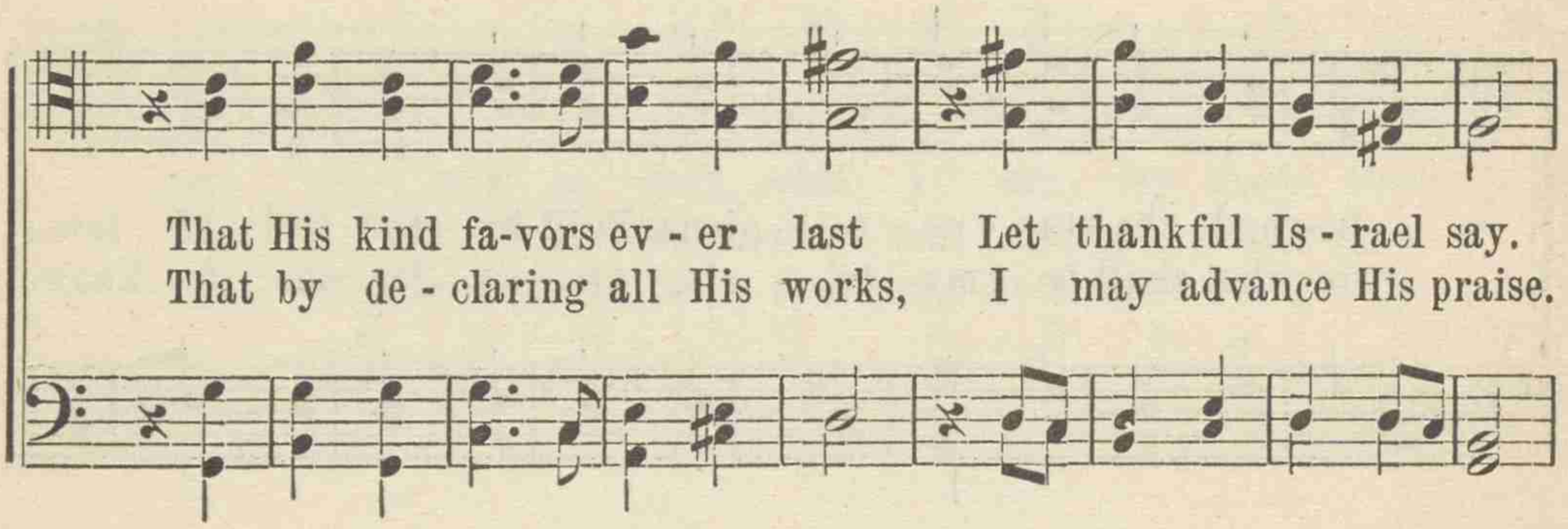


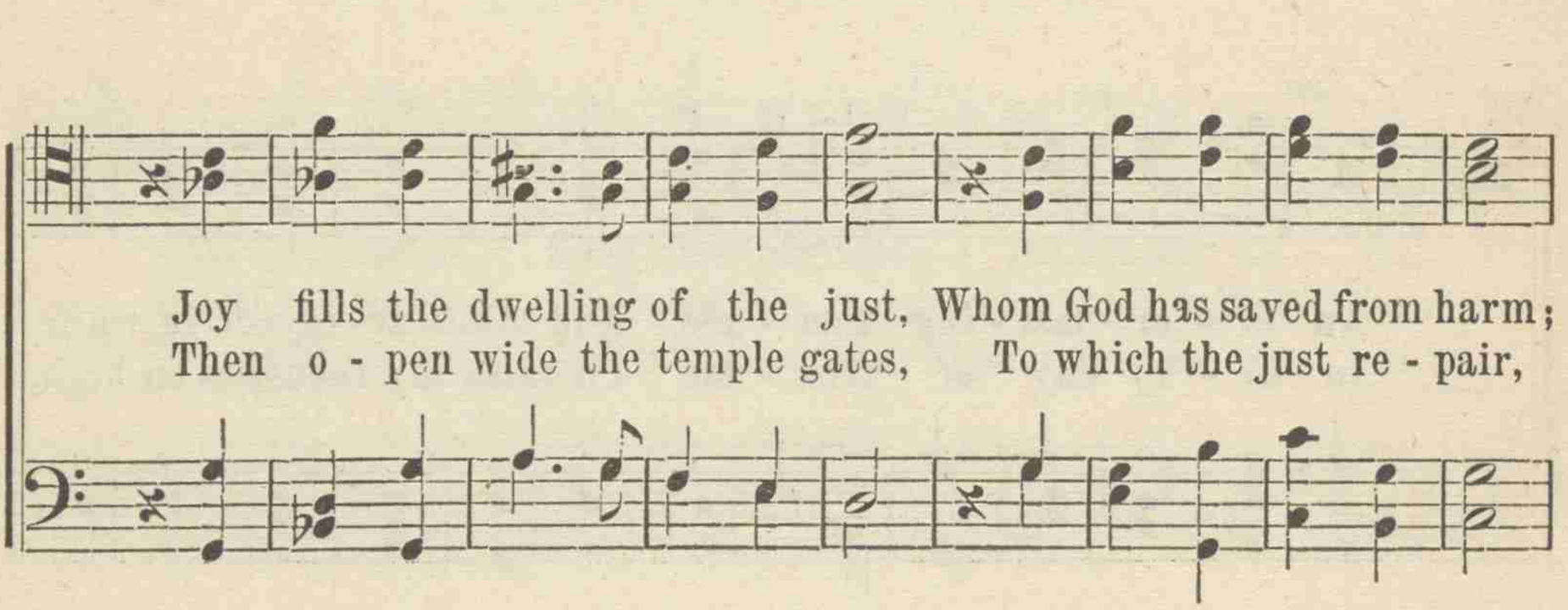


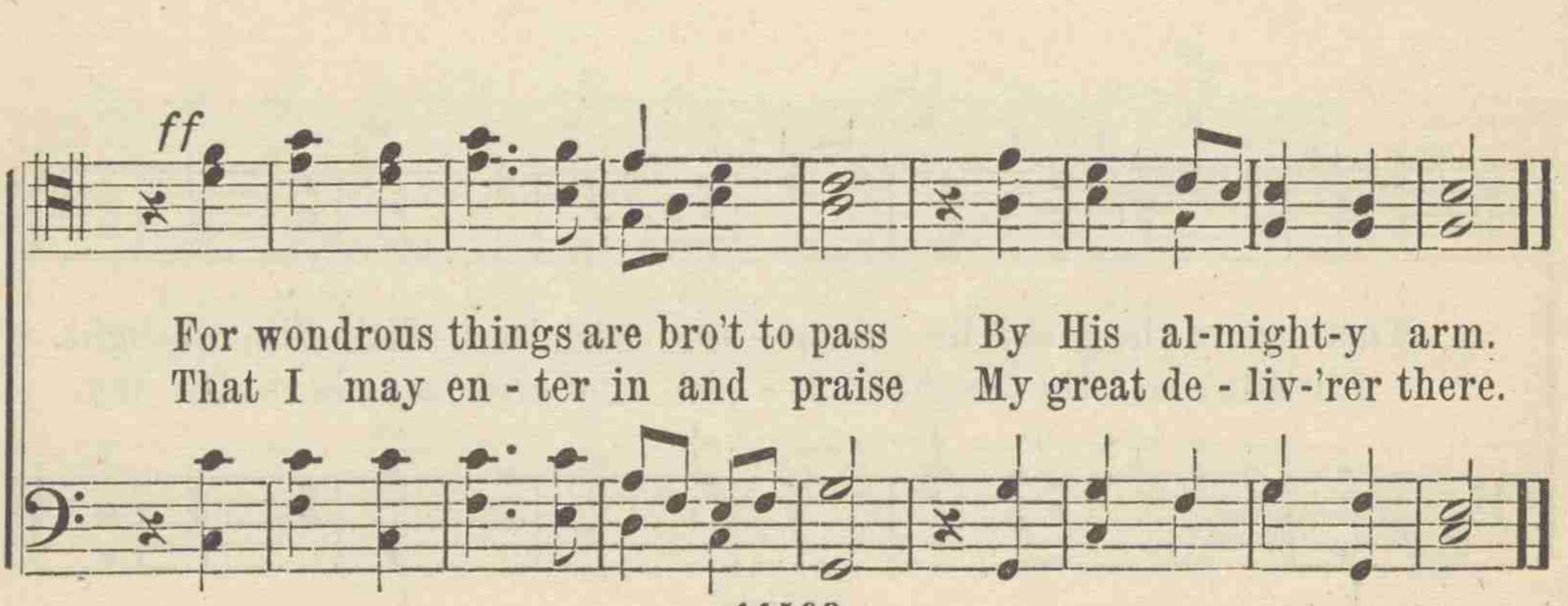
Oh, Praise the Lord.

Ps. 118. Arr. Hayes.



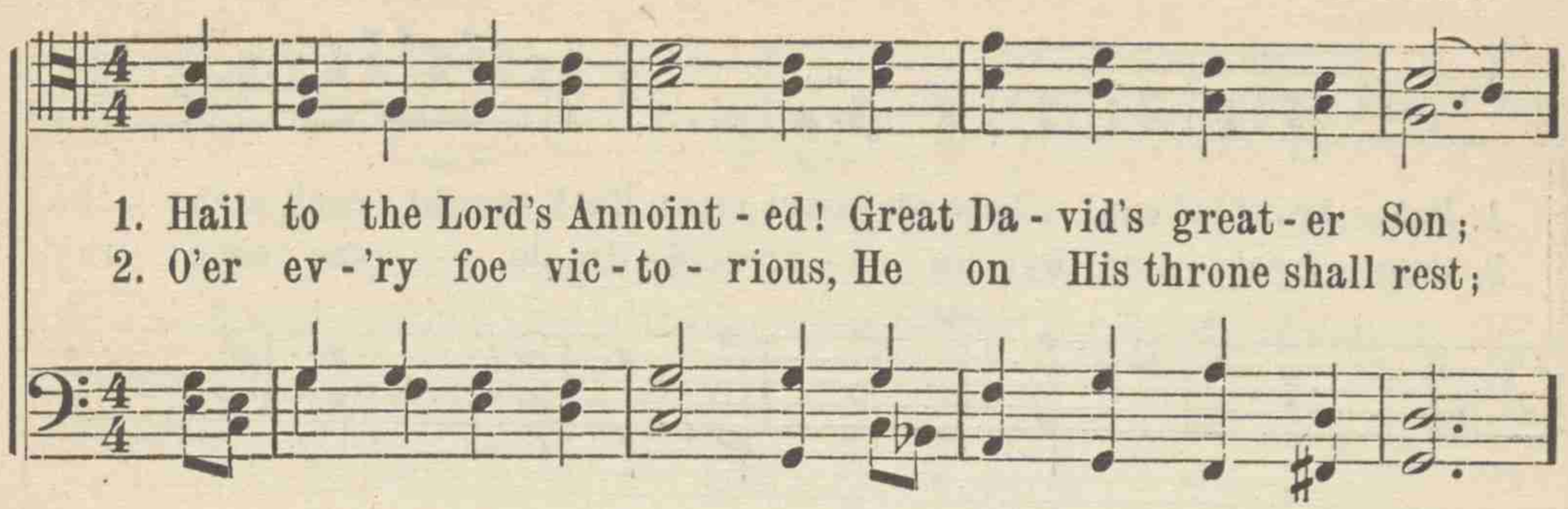


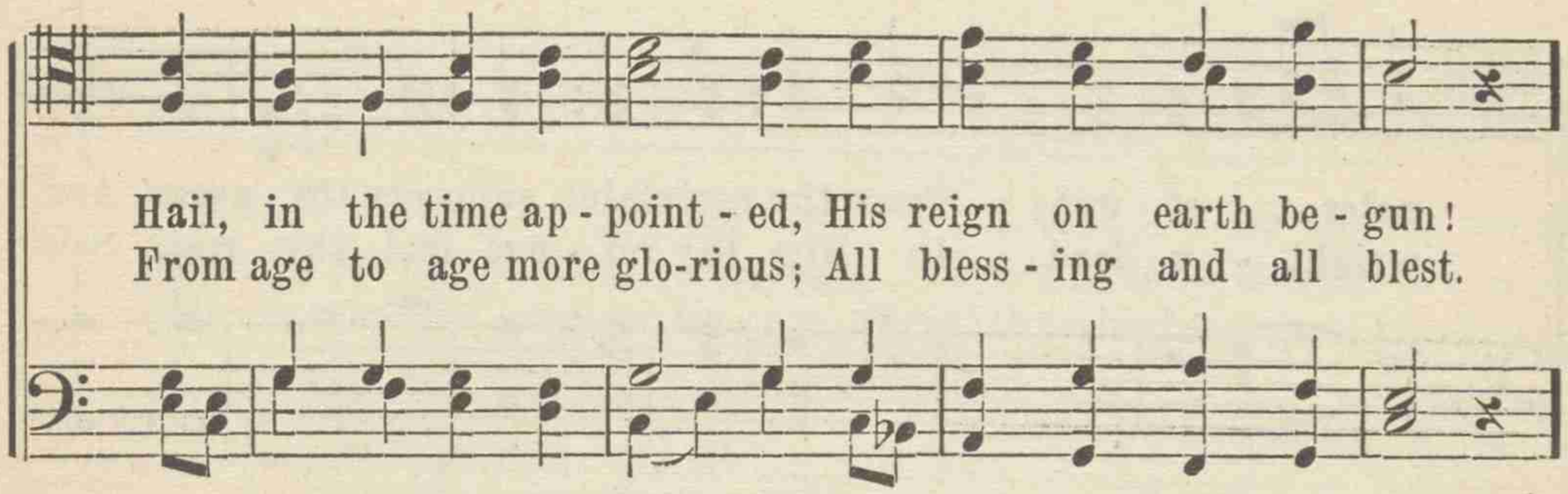


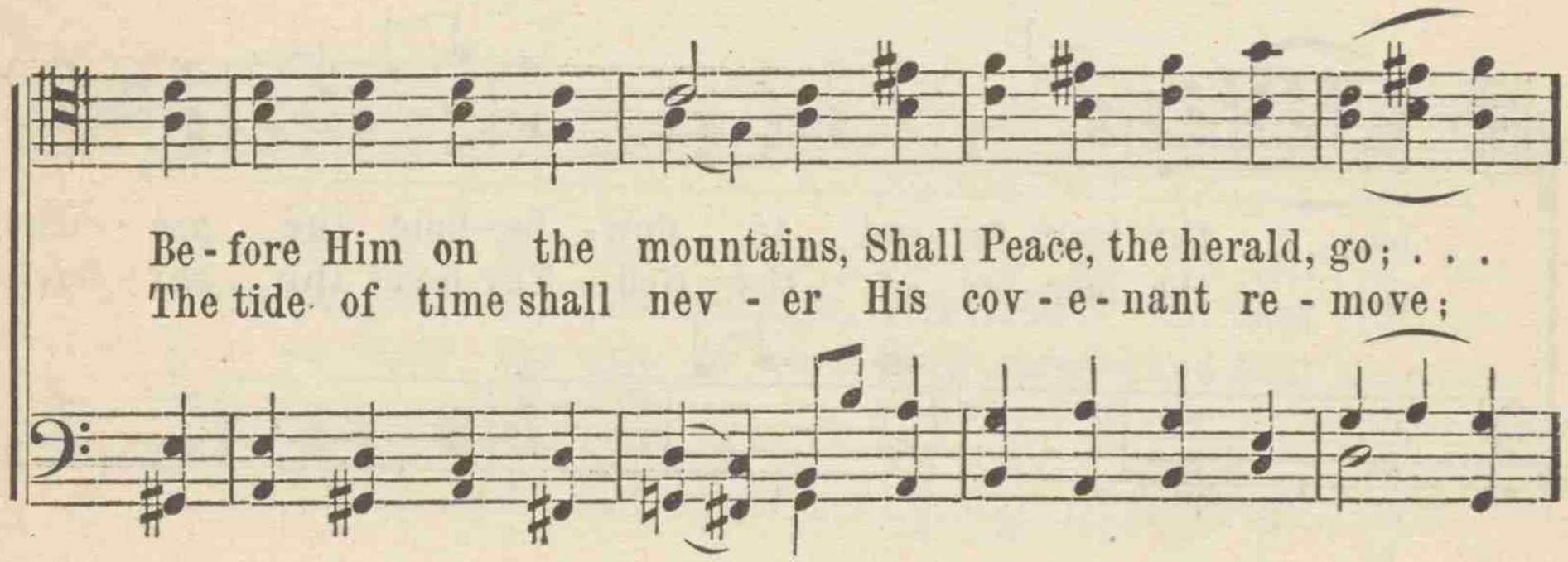


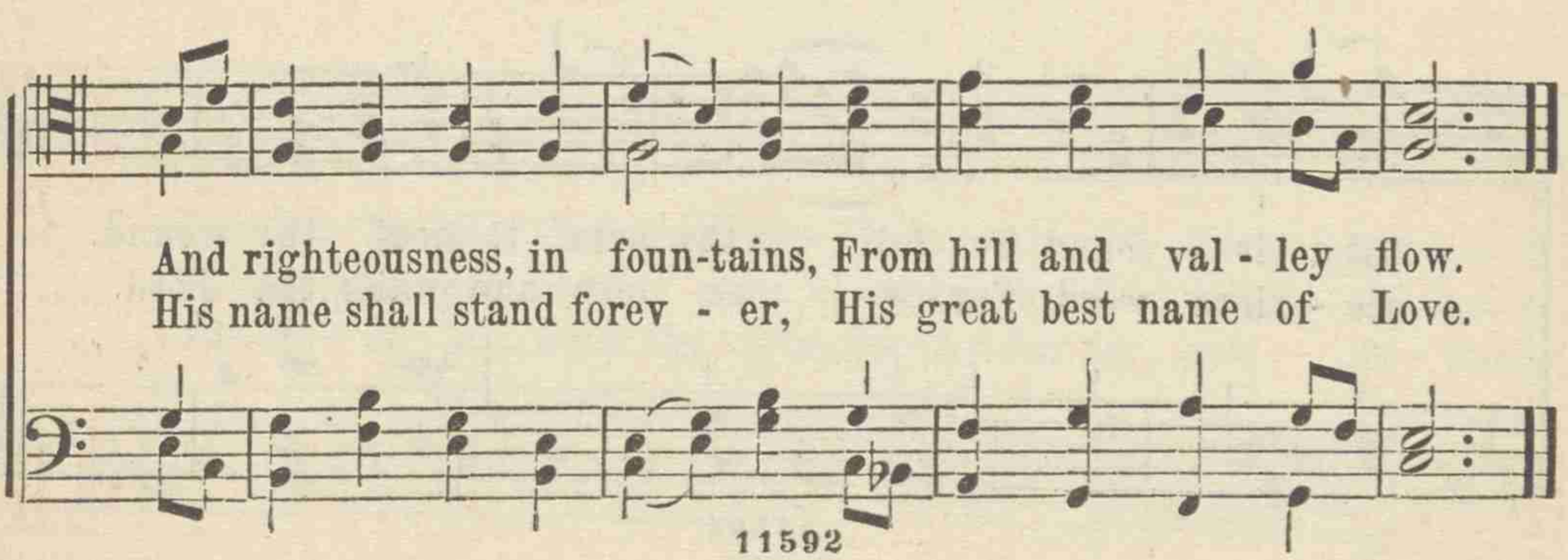
Hail to the Lord's Annointed.

BEETHOVEN.









Peace, Troubled Soul.

Arr. MAZZINGHI.

1. Peace, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan Hath taught each scene the notes . . . of woe; Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan, And let . . . . thy tears for-get to flow; Be-hold the pre-cious balm is found To lull . . . thy pain, to heal thy wound.

2. Come, freely come, by sin op-pressed; On Je-sus cast thy weight-y load; In Him thy ref-uge find, thy rest, Safe in . . . . the mer-cy of thy God; Thy God's thy Sav-ior— glo-rious word, For-ev-er love and praise the Lord.

Arr. ROSENMULLER.

1. Christian, let not death ap-pal thee, Thine is ev - 'ry mor-tal's doom:
2. Let thy friends, around thee weeping, See thee smile at mor - tal pain;
3. Death hath touched thee with his finger, Chilled thy heart and dimmed thy sight,

Noth-ing e - vil can be - fall thee, When thou li - est in the tomb.
Death is on - ly sweet-ly sleeping, Ly - ing down to rise a - gain.
Spir - it come, no long - er lin - ger, Spread thy wings and speed thy flight,

Je - sus paid thy debt for thee, Died to set thy spir - it free.
While for thee thy kin-dred sigh, Tell them it is bliss to die.
Now we leave the vale of tears, Earth recedes and heav'n appears.

Hal - le - lu - jah, Christian come, Come to thy Re - deem - er's home.
Hal - le - lu - jah, Spir-it come, Come to thy Re - deem - er's home.
Hal - le - lu - jah, Raise thy voice, See thy Sav-ior, now re - joice.

With Glory Clad.

HAYDN.

1. With glo - ry clad, with strength ar - rayed, The Lord that
2. How sure - ly 'stab - lished is Thy throne, Which shall no
3. Thy prom - ise, Lord, is ev - er sure, And they that

o'er all nat - ure reigns, The world's founda-tions strong-ly
change or pe - riod see, For Thou, O Lord, and Thou a-
in Thy house would dwell, That hap-py sta - tion to se-

laid, And the vast fab - ric still sustains, And the vast
lone Art God from all e - ter - ni - ty, Art God from
cure, Must still in ho - li - ness ex - cell, Must still in

fab - ric still sustains, And the vast fab - ric still sus-tains.
all e - ter - ni - ty, Art God from all e - ter - ni - ty.
ho - li - ness ex - cell, Must still in ho - li - ness ex - cell.

Abide with Me.

Arr. W. H. M.

1. A - bide with me; fast falls the e - ven - tide;
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day;
3. I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless;
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes;

The dark-ness deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide:
Earth's joys grow dim; its glo - ries pass a - way;
Ills have no weight and tears no bit - ter - ness;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies:

When oth - er help - ers fail and com-forts flee.
Change and de - cay in all a - round I see:
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy vic - to - ry?
Heav'n's morn-ing breaks, and earth's vain shad - ows flee;

Help of the help - less, oh, a - bide with me.
Oh, Thou who chang-est not, a - bide with me.
I tri - umph still if Thou a - bide with me.
In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me.

The Saints Above.

BLUMENTHAL.

Moderato.

1. High in yon-der realms of light Dwell the raptured saints a - bove;
2. But these days of weeping o'er, Passed this scene of toil and pain,
3. All is tran-quil and se - rene, Calm and un-disturbed re - pose;

Far be-yond our fee - ble sight, Hap-py in Im - man - uel's love,
They shall feel dis-tress no more, Nev-er, nev - er weep a - gain,
There no cloud can in - ter-vene, There no an-gry tem - pest blows;

p **Cres.** **Dim.**

Pil-grims in this vale of tears, Once they knew, like us, be - low,
'Mid the cho-rus of the skies, 'Mid th'angel - ic lyres a - bove,
Ev - 'ry tear is wiped a - way, Sighs no more shall heave the breast,

mp **Cres.** *p*

Gloomy doubts, dis-tress-ing fears, Torturing pain, and heavy woe.
Hark, their songs melodious rise, Songs of praise to Je - sus' love.
Night is lost in end-less day, Sor-row in e - ter - nal rest.

Give Rest to Me.



He Numbers His Blossoms.

Arr. DARNTON.

1. He numbers all His blos-soms, The smallest flow'rs must be As pre - cious to the Mas - ter As palm or ce - dar tree.
2. He comes to gath-er li - lies; We may not know the hour That makes some earth-ly blos - som A bright im - mor - tal flow'r.

With watchful care He seeks them In noon - tide or in shade, And
Then, Lord, may we be read - y, And wait - ing for Thy hand, That

sil - ver show'rs fall soft - ly To fresh - en those that fade.
we may bloom in glo - ry In Thine e - ter - nal land,

HAYDN.

1. Go when the morning shin - eth, Go when the noon is bright, Go when the eve de - clin - eth, Go in the hush of night; Go in thy cham-ber kneel - ing, Do thou in se - cret pray.
2. Whene'er thou pin'st in sad - ness, Be - fore His foot-stool fall; Re- mem - ber in thy glad - ness, His grace who gave thee all; Oh! with pure mind and feel - ing, Fling ev - 'ry care a - way, And not a joy or bless - ing With this can we compare—The power that He hath giv - en, To pour our souls in prayer.

The Glory Shines Before Me.

BRINLEY RICHARDS.

mf

1. The glo - ry shines be - fore me, I can not lin - ger here; Tho'
2. Be - yond the storms I'm go - ing, Be-yond this vale of tears, Be-
3. The Lamb is there the glo - ry, The Lamb is there the light; Af-

clouds may dark - en o'er me, My Fa - ther's house is near.
yond the floods o'er - flow - ing, Be - yond the chang-ing years,
flic - tion's grasp but tore me From phantoms of the night.

p **Cres.** *f*

What though I sometimes wea - ry, As here a-while I roam; The
I'm go - ing to the man-sions, By faith long since possessed; The
The voice of Je - sus calls me, My race will soon be run; The

Dim.

glo - ry shines be - fore me, I am not far from home.
glo - ry shines be - fore me, For this is not my rest.
glo - ry shines be - fore me, The prize will soon be won.

F. WERNER.

mf **Andante.**

1. Christ, the Prince of Love, draws near, Sad one, cease thy weep-ing. His a joy with-out al - loy, Pre - cious boon thy
2. Arms of love that bear me up, When my heart is wea - ry, Sad and lone with care o'ergrown, Drinking of life's
3. Since my feet can nev - er fall, While my Sav - ior guides me, All the way to end - less day, Noth-ing can my

p

soul to cheer, Of - fered for thy keep - ing; His the ev - er-
bit - ter cup, Till the world seems dreary. His the ev - er-
soul ap - pal, For His mer - cy hides me. His the ev - er-

mf

last - ing arms, Shield-ing from all rude a - larms.
last - ing arms, Shield-ing from all rude a - larms.
last - ing arms, Shield-ing from all rude a - larms.

p

Humbly at Thy Footstool Kneeling.

HEROLD.

Andante Cantabile.

1. Hum-bly at Thy foot - stool kneel-ing Hear us, Ho - ly Fa - ther, pray; Thou, whose eye has watched us sleep-ing,
2. When the day of life is o - ver, May we dwell with Thee a - bove; May we join with se - raph's hymning,

Safe - ly keep us through the day, . . . Wilt Thou, blessed
Praise to Thee, Thou God of love, . . . Ev - er hap - py,

Sav - ior, guide us, Take from each our sins a - way.
ev - er ho - ly, Thou our Friend and heav'n our home.

Arr. F. Abt.

pp

1. Oh, come, Thou spirit ho - ly, Per-vade our ev -'ry breast, Re-
2. Oh, come, Thou spirit ho - ly, And make Thy presence known, We

buke our fears and doubtings, And give our spir-its rest; We meet to
can-not claim without Thee One prom-ise as our own. We come, no

claim Thy blessing, Each wish in pray'r express-ing, Oh, hear us while we
worth possess-ing, Each wish in pray'r express-ing, In earnest pray'r we

f *mf* *ff*

plead, Oh, hear us while we plead, So great our need, so great our need.
bow, In earnest pray'r we bow, Oh, hear us now, oh, hear us now.

Alone with the Savior.

JULIUS MAIER.

1. There is a com-mun-ion the spir-it may share A - lone with the
2. No words need be spok-en our wants to express, He knoweth our
3. He knoweth our tri - als, how -ev - er se-vere, Each sigh He re-

Sav - ior, en - gag-ing in prayer, And there is no oth - er com-
longings and all our dis - tress, On earth He was smit-ten and
gardeth, and view-eth each tear; Tho' oth-ers may slight us and

mun-ion so sweet, As that, when a - lone with our Sav-ior we
la - den with grief, He shar-eth our bur-dens and giv - eth re-
treat with dis - dain, None ev - er need seek Him and seek Him in

meet, As that, when alone with our Sav - - ior we meet.
lief, He shar-eth our burdens and giv - - eth re - lief.
vain, None ev - er need seek Him and seek . . . Him in vain.

MOZART.

Moderato.

1. Now our hearts in sor - row blending, Now the tears of grief de-
2. Oh, that thus the tie should sev - er, Must the part-ing be for-
3. Safe with God we leave our dear-est, There in light se - rene and

scending, Now the gra-cious chastening rod, Earth has lost for
ev - er? Is the light for - ev - er flown? Com - fort us, O
clearest Shall the ransomed spir - it reign; Still in Christ we

us a treasure, Heav'n has gained an ad - ded pleasure, Comfort
God, our Father, Thou who didst this dear one gather, Comfort
live u - nit - ed, And through Him whose word is plighted, We shall

Cres. **Ad lib.**

us, O Son of God, Com - fort us, O Son of God.
us, thro' Christ, Thy Son Com - fort us, thro' Christ, Thy Son.
once more meet a - gain, We shall once more meet a - gain.

Come, said Jesus' Sacred Voice.

Arr. ROBERT FRANZ.

Andante espress.

1. Come, said Je - sus' sa-cred voice, Come, and make my paths your choice,
2. Ye, by fierc-er an-guish torn, In re-morse for guilt who mourn,

I will guide you to your home: Wea-ry pil-grim, hith-er come.
Here re-pose your heav-y care, Conscience wounded, who can bear?

Thou, who houseless, sole, forlorn, Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Sin-ner, come; for here is found Balm that flows for ev - 'ry wound,

Long hast roamed the bar-ren waste, Weary pil - grim, hith-er haste.
Peace that ev - er shall en-dure, Rest e - ter - nal, sa-cred, sure.

1. When the wind is blow - ing loud, And the waves are heav - ing high; When a dark and an - gry cloud Veils the beau-ties of the sky, When the petrels 'mid the wind In the gloomy bil-lows dip; Then, what object comes to mind? 'Tis the mis-sion - a - ry ship.

2. She is like the freight she bears, Not of car - nal, sel - fish birth; And the proudest flag she wears, Is "Sal - va - tion to the earth!" And her Captain knows each wave, And no tem-pest dare re- bel; He is ev - er near to save, Tho' the waves to mountains swell.

When the petrels 'mid the wind
And her Captain knows each wave,

Come Home.

M. F. C.

Andante.

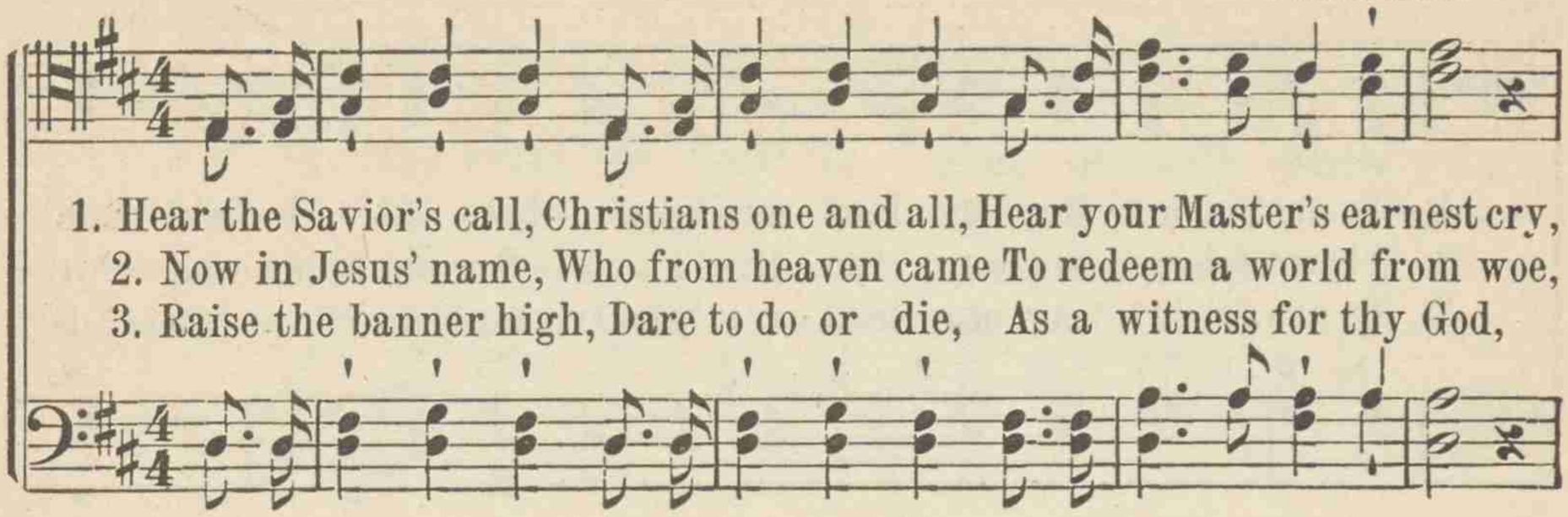
1. O soul in the far a - way coun - try, A - wea - ry and
2. A - rise and come back to thy Fa - ther, He'll meet thee while
3. Although thou hast sinned against heav - en, And weak and un-

fam-ished, and sad, There's rest in the home of thy Fa - ther, His
yet on the way, As-sured of His ten - der com-pas - sion, Oh,
worth-y may be, He of - fers thee full re - sto - ra - tion, And

wel - come will make thy heart glad; There's rest in the
why wilt thou long - er de - lay; As - sured of His
par - don a - bund - ant and free; He of - fers thee

home of thy Fa - ther, His wel-come will make thy heart glad.
ten - der com-pas - sion, Oh, why wilt thou long - er de - lay.
full re - stor - a - tion, And par - don a - bund-ant and free.

FRANZ ABT.


1. Hear the Savior's call, Christians one and all, Hear your Master's earnest cry,
2. Now in Jesus' name, Who from heaven came To redeem a world from woe,
3. Raise the banner high, Dare to do or die, As a witness for thy God,
Look redeemed band, See the beck'ning hand To the harvest waving nigh.
Take the mighty word, The all conquering sword, To the conflict boldly go.
Tho' beset by foes, Tho' the world oppose, Keep the path thy Captain trod.
Sound the word from shore to shore, Till the world shall Christ adore,
Sound the word from shore to shore, Till the world shall
Sound the word from shore to shore, Till the world shall Christ adore.
ff
Christ a - dore, shore to shore,

We are Following our Leader.

T. W. Weber.

1. We are fol-low-ing our lead-er Up-on the bat-tle-field! Shall we in faith be wanting, And in our weakness yield? Tho' Satan boldly threaten, We nev-er need despair, If we will trust in Je-sus, And go to Him in pray'r.
2. We are fol-low-ing our lead-er, In con-fi-dence we go, Our on-ly will is ev-er His blessed will to know! In ev-'ry hour of darkness We'll look to Him for light, He nev-er will re-fuse us, If we will ask a-right.
3. We are fol-low-ing our lead-er, Who triumphed o'er the grave! His outstretch'd arms are mighty His servants all to save! Then forward to our du-ty, Whatev-er ills we meet, Oh, let us trust in Je-sus, And worship at His feet.


Maestoso.
1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come, Let earth re-ceive her
2. Joy to the world, the Sav - ior reigns, Let men their songs em-
3. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na - tions
King; Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room, And
ploy, While fields and floods, rocks, hills and dales Re-
prove The glo - ries of His righteous - ness, And
heav'n and nat - ure sing, And heav'n and nat - ure
peat the sound-ing joy, Re - peat the sound-ing
won - ders of His love, And won - ders of His
And heav'n,
Re - peat,
His love,
sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and nat - ure sing.
joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sound - ing joy.
love, And won-ders, and won - ders of His love.
And heav'n,
Re - peat,
His love,

TRIO.

Shall hymns of grate - ful love Thro' heav'ns high arches ring, And

all . . , the hosts a - bove Their songs of tri - umph sing.

f

And shall not we take up the strain, And send the

p *f* *p* *f*

ech-o, ech-o, And send the ech-o, ech-o, And shall not

we take up the strain, And send the ech - o back a - gain.

And send the echo

B. A. Weber.

Adagio.

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly art Thou, O Lord of hosts;

Heav - en and earth are full of Thy maj - es - ty, of Thy

glo - - - - - ry. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly art

Thou, O Lord of hosts; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly art

Thou, O Lord . . . of hosts. A - men, A - men.

Jehovah Reigns.

HAYDN.

Spirited.

1. The Lord Je - ho - vah reigns, And roy - al state maintains, His
2. Up - held by Thy commands, The world se - cure - ly stands, And
3. Let floods and na - tions rage, And all their pow'r en - gage; Let
4. Thy prom - is - es are true; Thy grace is ev - er new; There

head with aw - ful glo - ries crown'd, Ar-rayed in robes of
skies and stars o - bey Thy word, Thy throne was fixed on
swell - ing tides as - sault the sky; The ter - rors of Thy
fixed, Thy church shall ne'er re - move; Thy saints, with ho - ly

Cres.

light, Be - girt with sovereign might, And rays of maj - es-
high Ere stars a - dorned the sky; E - ter - nal is Thy
frown Shall calm their fu - ry down; Thy throne for - ev - er
fear, Shall in Thy courts ap - pear, And sing Thine ev - er-

ty a - round, And rays of maj - es - ty a - round.
king - dom, Lord, E - ter - nal is Thy king - dom, Lord.
stands on high, Thy throne for - ev - er stands on high.
last - ing love, And sing Thine ev - er - last - ing love.

C. ATTENHOFER.

pp **Andante.**

1. O - ver the calm lake twi-light falls, Hark, how the bell of
2. Faintly the beams of day-light die, Soft-ly the star-light
3. In the dark lake the stars ap-pear, Mirrored in wa - ters

even - ing calls, Bear-ing a - far the ho - ly sound, Bearing a-
mounts on high, Over the waves how sweet it rings, O - ver the
deep and clear, Once more the vesper bell I hear, Once more the

Dolce.

A - ve Ma-

far the ho - ly sound.
wave how sweet it rings. **A - ve Ma - ri - a, A - ve Ma-**
ves-per bell I hear.

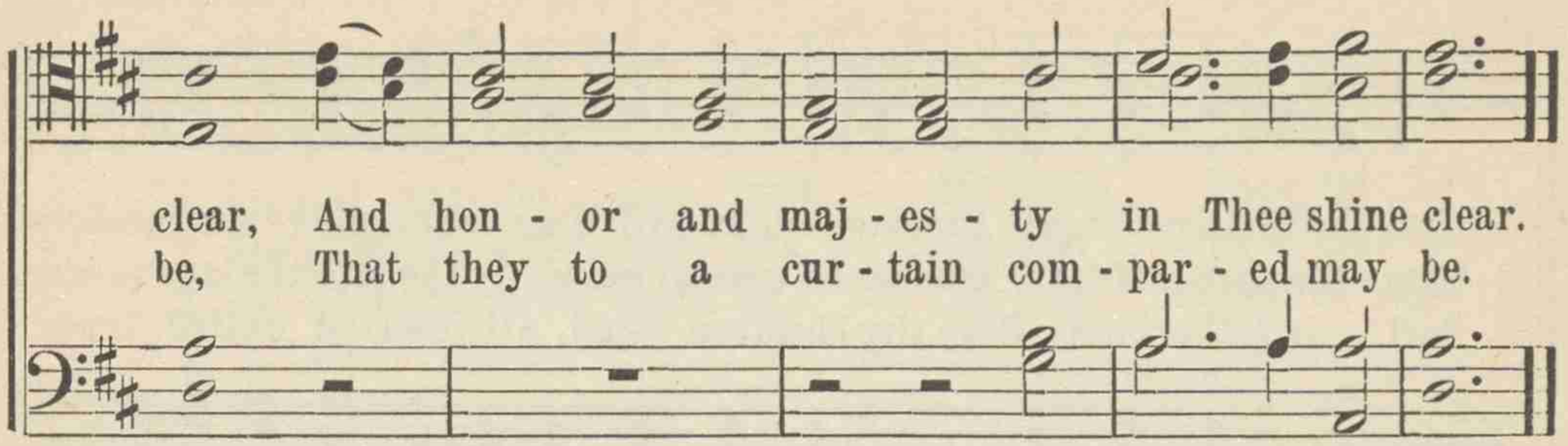
ri - a sings.

ri - a, A - ve Ma - ri - a, Ma - ri - a.
A - ve, A - ve Ma - ri - - a.

My Soul, Praise the Lord.

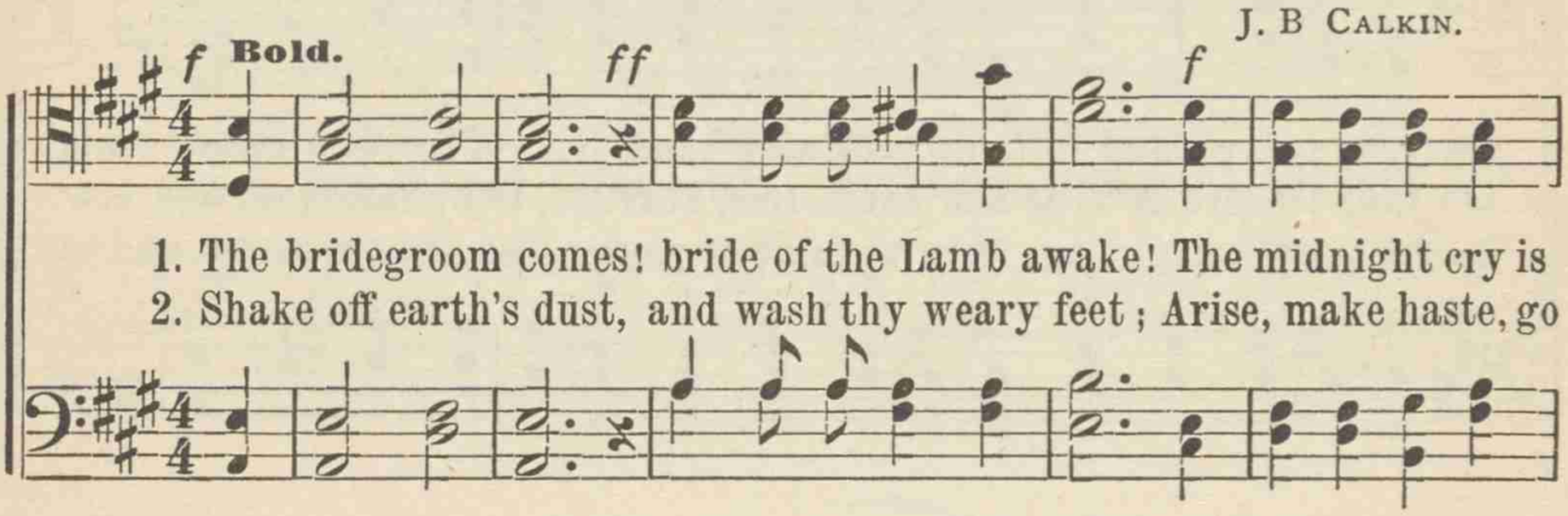
Dr. HAYES.



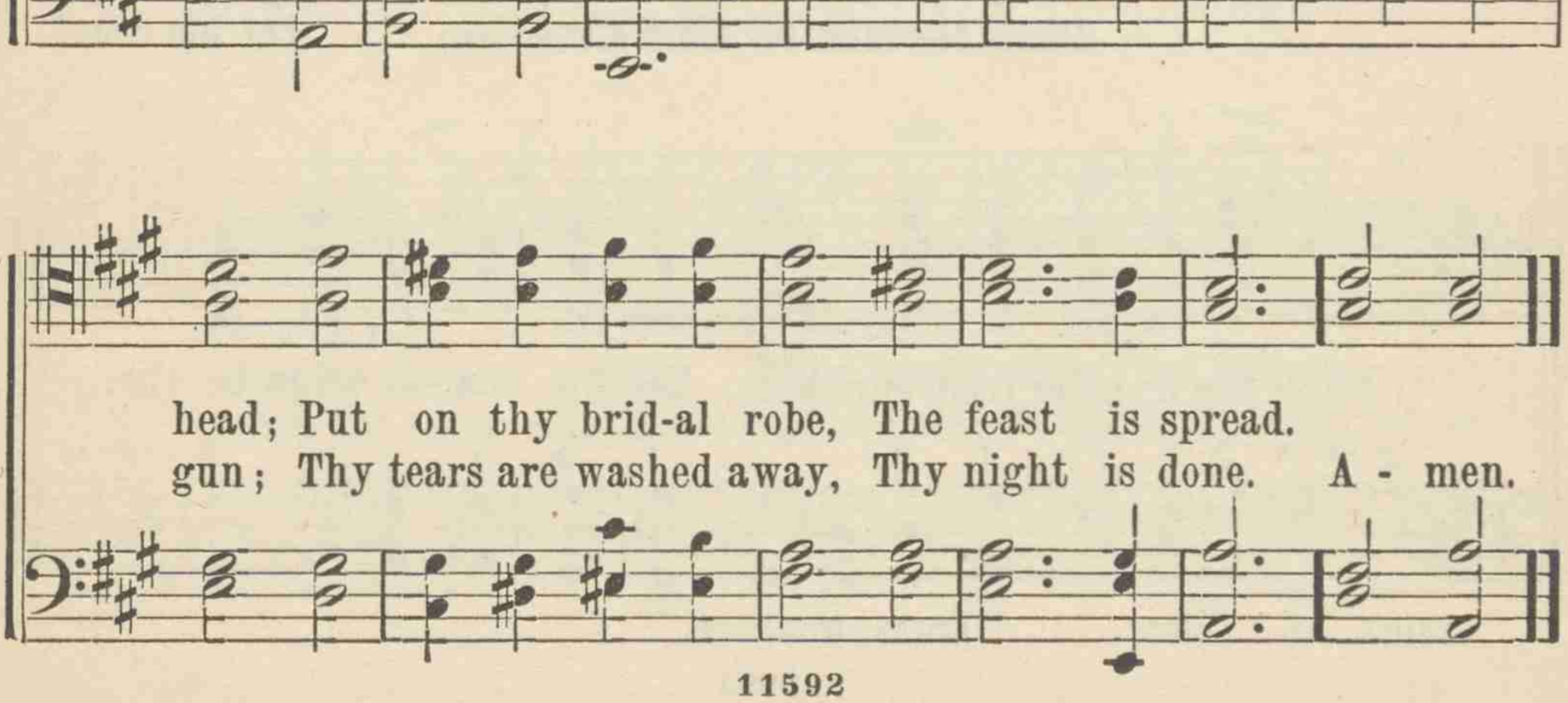


The Bridegroom Comes.

J. B Calkin.







Hear the Temperance Call.

FRANZ ABT.

1. Hear the Temp'rance call, Freemen one and all, Hear your country's earnest cry
2. Leave the shop and farm, Leave your bright hearth's warm; To the polls, the land to save,
3. Hail! our fatherland! Here thy children stand, All resolved, united, true,

See your native land Lifts its beck'ning hand, Sons of freedom, come ye nigh;
Let your leaders be True and noble, free, Fearless, temp'rate, good and brave;
In the temp'rance cause, Ne'er to faint or pause! This our purpose is, and vow;

Chase the monster from our shore, Let his cru-el reign be o'er;

Chase the monster from our shore, Let his cruel

Chase the monster from our shore, Let his cru-el reign be o'er.

reign be o'er, from our shore,

Unveil thy Bosom, Faithful Tomb.

Arr. HANDEL.

1. Un-veil thy bo - som, faith - ful tomb, Take this new
2. Nor pain, nor grief, nor anx - ious fear In - vade thy
3. So Je - sus slept—God's dy - ing Son Passed through the

treas - ure to . . . thy trust, And give these sa - cred rel - ics
bounds: no mor - tal woe Can reach the peace-ful sleep - er
grave, and blessed the bed; Rest here, blest saint, till from His

room To slum - ber in the si - lent dust, And give these
here, While an - gels watch the soft . . . re-pose, Can reach the
throne The morn-ing break, and pierce the shade, Rest here, blest

sa-cred rel - ics room To slumber in the si - lent dust.
peaceful sleep - er here, While angels watch the soft re - pose.
saint, till from His throne The morning break, and pierce the shade.

Hast Thou not said Return?

Arr. W. H. Veit.

m

1. Oh, Thou whose tender mercy hears Con-tri-tion's humble sigh, Whose
2. And shall my guilty fears pre-vail To drive me from Thy feet; Oh,

m p

hand in-dulgent wipes the tear From sor-row's weep-ing
let not this dear ref-uge fail— This on-ly safe re-

Cres.

eye; See now before Thy throne of grace A wretched wand'rer mourn; Hast
treat. Oh, shine on this benighted heart, With beams of mercy shine, And

f p

Thou not bid me seek Thy face? Hast Thou not said re-turn?
let Thy heal-ing voice impart A taste of joys di-vine.

Arr. SWEDISH.

m

1. Praise to God the great Cre - a - tor, Praise to God from ev-'ry tongue;
2. Joy - ful - ly on earth a - dore Him, Till in heav'n our song we raise;

f

Join, my soul, with ev -'ry creature, Join the u - ni - ver - sal song.
Then, enrapt-ured, fall be-fore Him, Lost in won-der, love and praise;

m

Fa-ther, source of all com-pas-sion, Pure unbounded grace is thine;
Praise to God, the great Cre - a - tor, Fa - ther, Son and Ho - ly Ghost;

f

Hail the God of our sal - va-tion! Praise Him for His love di-vine.
Praise Him, every liv - ing creature, Earth and heav'n's unit-ed host.

Teach Us Thy Way.

O. L. FOGLE.

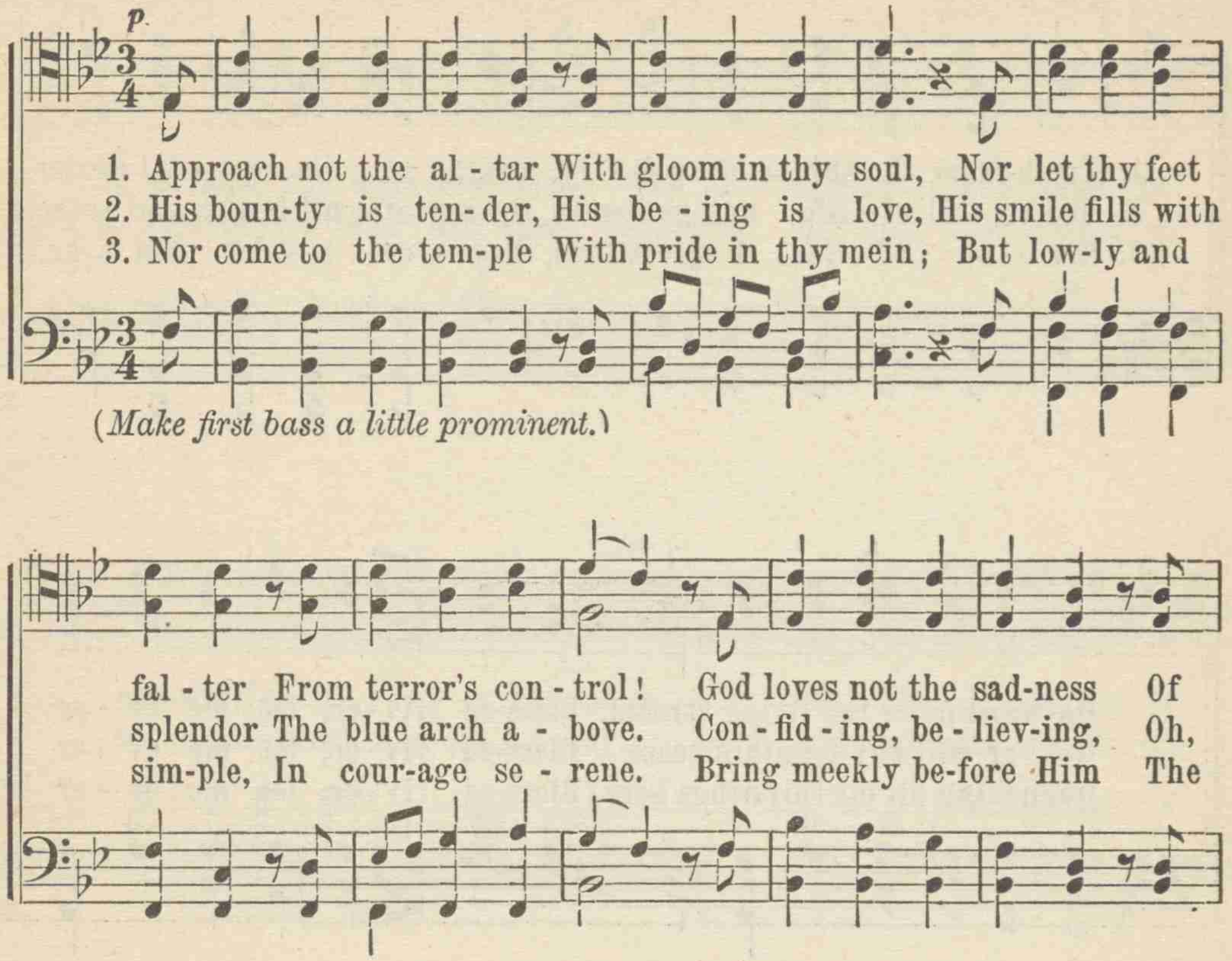
1. While here as sheep we stray, Oh, teach us, Lord, Thy way,
2. Oh, Lord of all be - low, Teach us, Thy will to know,
3. Oh, Thou great Judge of all, Oh, hear us when we call!

Dis - pose our hearts to love Thy word and law,
Teach us to read Thy ho - ly word a - right,
Thy love to us, all boun - teous Lord, dis - pense.

That, by Thy pre - cepts led, The paths of truth we tread,
And pu - ri - fy our mind— That naught but good we find,
Pre - serve us in Thy ways, That we may sing Thy praise,

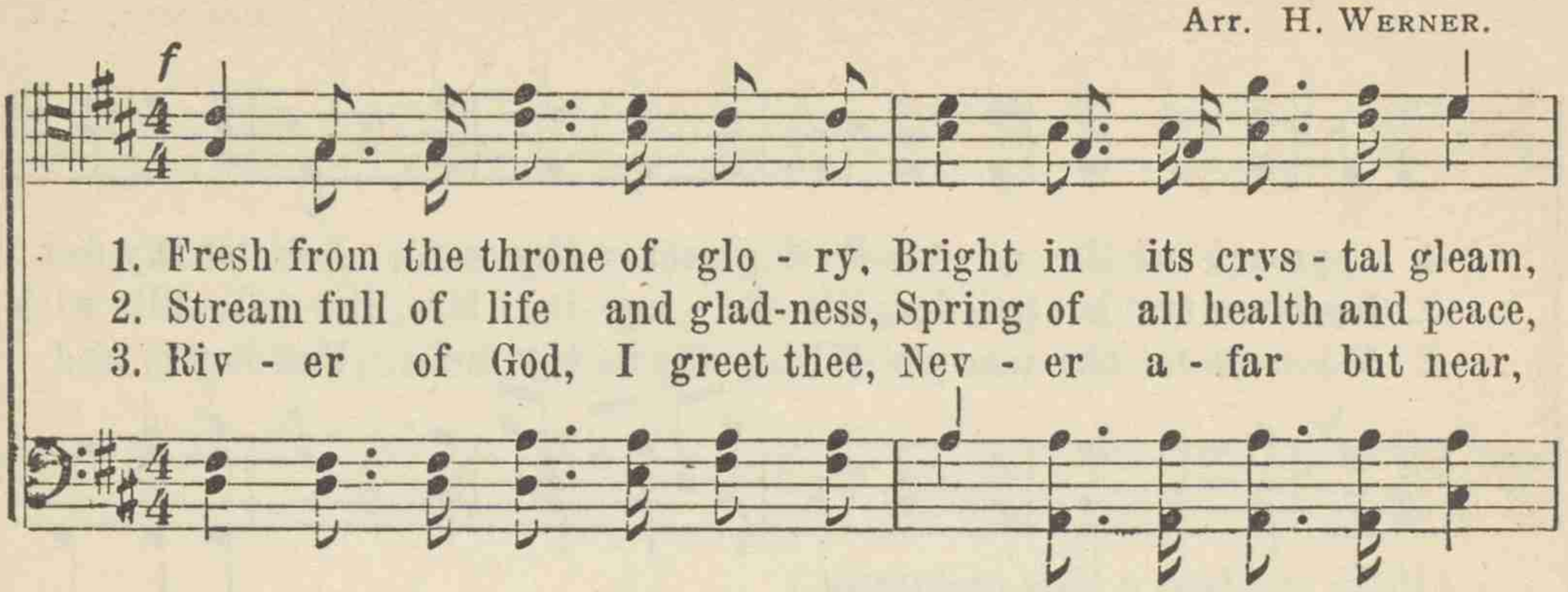
And we may fol - low there with will - ing awe.
And make Thy word a nev - er end - ing light.
Thy gen - tle grace and guid - ing in - flu - ence.

KOSCHAT.

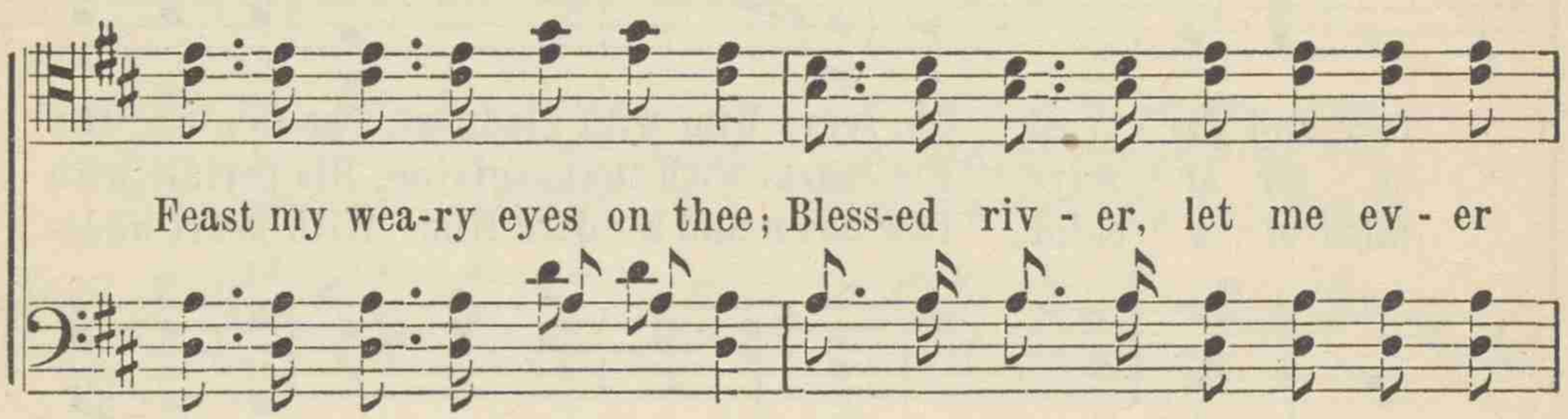

p
1. Approach not the al - tar With gloom in thy soul, Nor let thy feet
2. His boun-ty is ten- der, His be - ing is love, His smile fills with
3. Nor come to the tem-ple With pride in thy mein; But low-ly and
(Make first bass a little prominent.)
fal - ter From terror's con - trol! God loves not the sad-ness Of
splendor The blue arch a - bove. Con - fid - ing, be - liev-ing, Oh,
sim-ple, In cour-age se - rene. Bring meekly be-fore Him The
Cres.
pp
fear and dis - trust, Oh, serve Him with gladness, The Gen-tle, the
en - ter al - ways, "His courts with thanksgiving, His portals with
faith of a child; Bow down and a - dore Him With heart unde-
Cres.
pp
Just; Oh, serve Him with glad-ness, The Gen - tle, the Just.
praise!" "His courts with thanksgiving, His por - tals with praise!"
filed: Bow down and a - dore Him, With heart un - de - filed.

The Blessed River.

Arr. H. WERNER.









Arr. SULLIVAN.

1. O Lord, Thy work re - vive, In Zi - on's hour, And make her grac-es live By Thy great power. A - wake Thy chos-en few To fer - vent prayer, A - gain their vows re - new, Thy pres - ence share.
2. Thy Spir-it then will speak Thro' lips of clay, And hearts of stone will break And all o - bey. Lord, lend Thy gracious ear, Oh, hear our cry, Oh, bring sal - va - tion here, Come, or we die.

Evening Prayer.

J. BARNBY.

p **Adagio.** pp

Lo! days' golden glo - ry de - clin - eth, Eve's shadows climb softly the

Cres. ff

sky. Low bending we praise and a - dore Thee, From Thy mercy seat

Dim. ff mf mf

hear us, Most High. Oh, Fa - ther, oh, Fa - ther, guard and pro-

Accel. e cres. **Rit.**

pp

tect us in night and in day, And be Thou our guide.

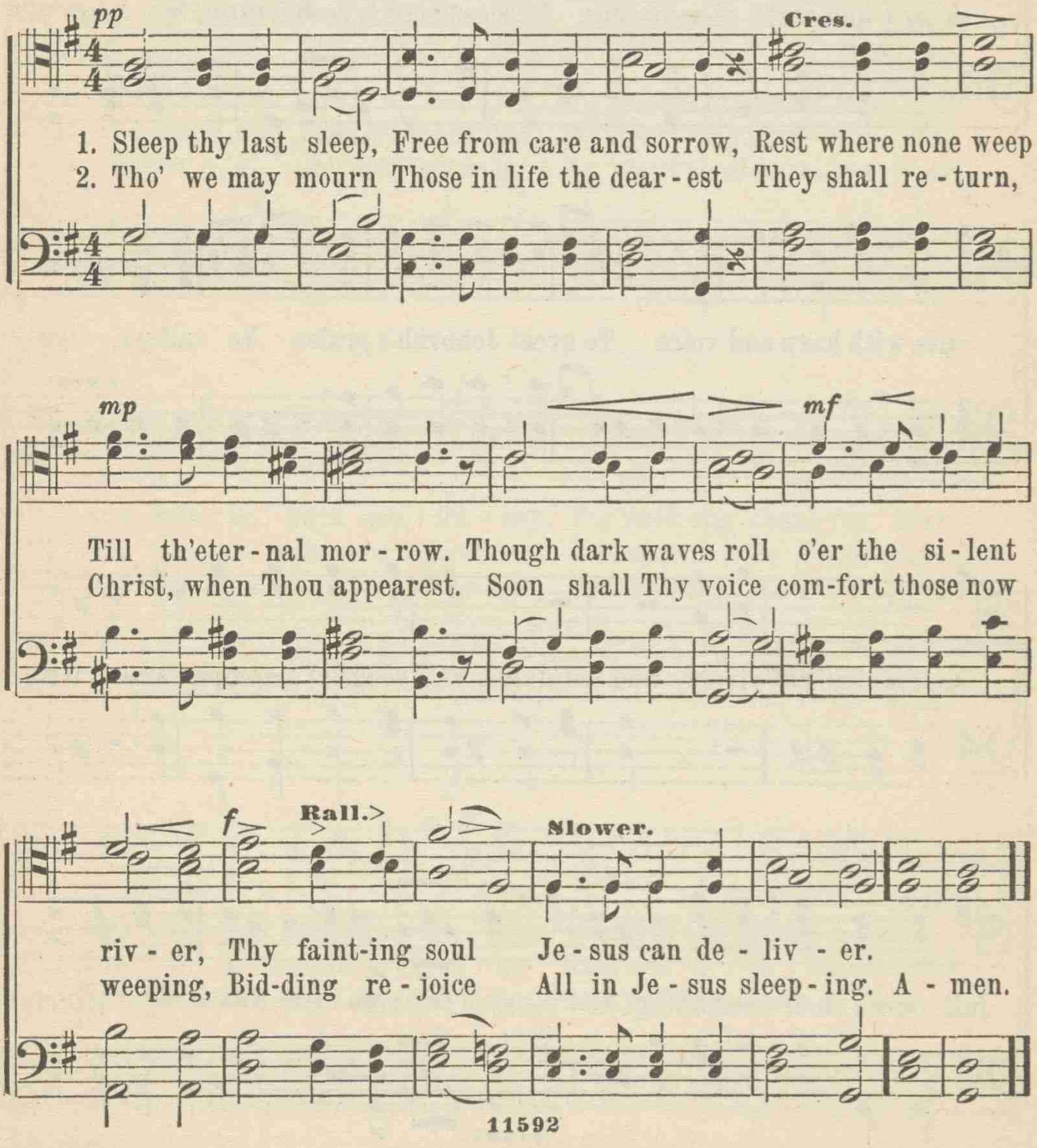
Cres. e Rit. ff p **Tempo.**

Hold our hearts in Thy keeping, Oh, Fa - ther, with Thy chil-dren, oh,



Sleep thy Last Sleep.

Arr. BARNBY.



With Full-voiced Choir Resounding.

From MOZART.

Maestoso.

mf *f*

With full-voiced choir resound-ing, Sing ye Je-ho-vah's praise, Let

ff

heav'n and earth re-sounding, New songs of triumph raise, New songs now

mf

raise with harp and voice To great Jehovah's praise. Ye valleys, ye

Cres.

mountains, ye rivers, and fountains, New songs of triumph raise. With

f **Cres.**

full-voiced choir resounding, New songs of triumph raise, New songs of triumph



In Heavenly Love Abiding.





Firmly Stand.

H. G. NAGELI.

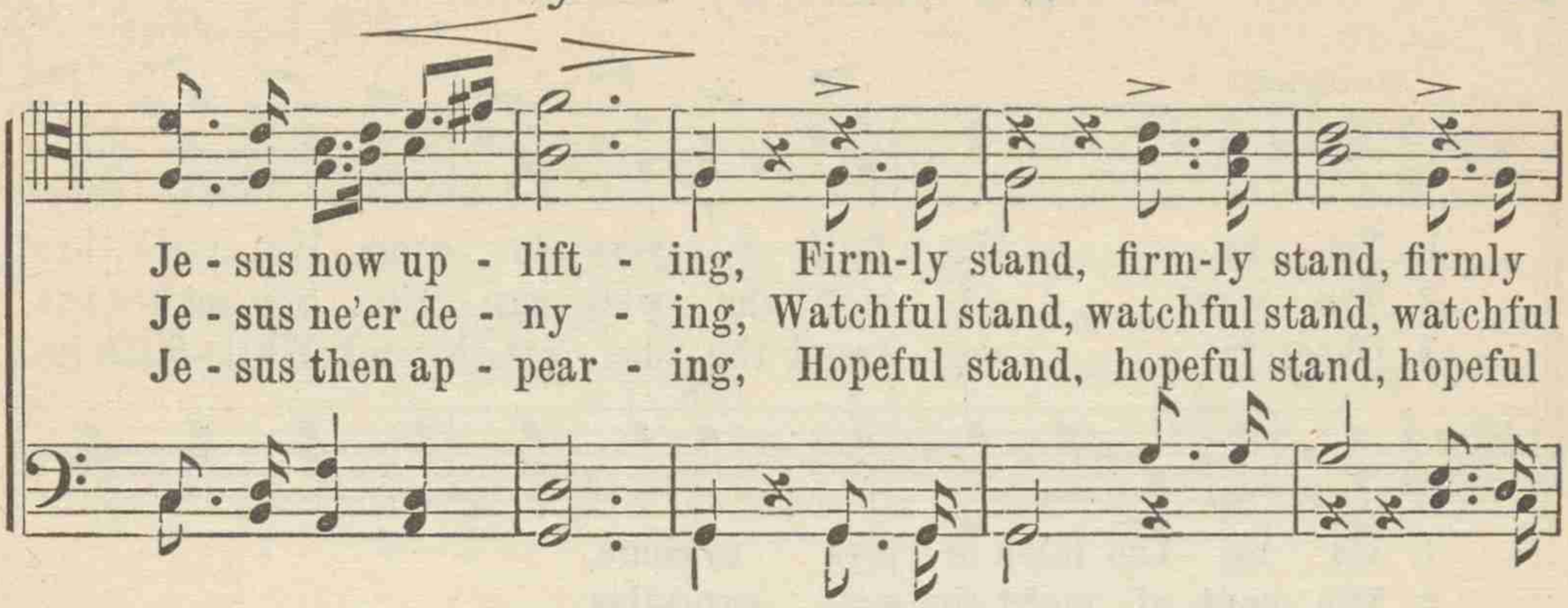
Allegro Maestoso.

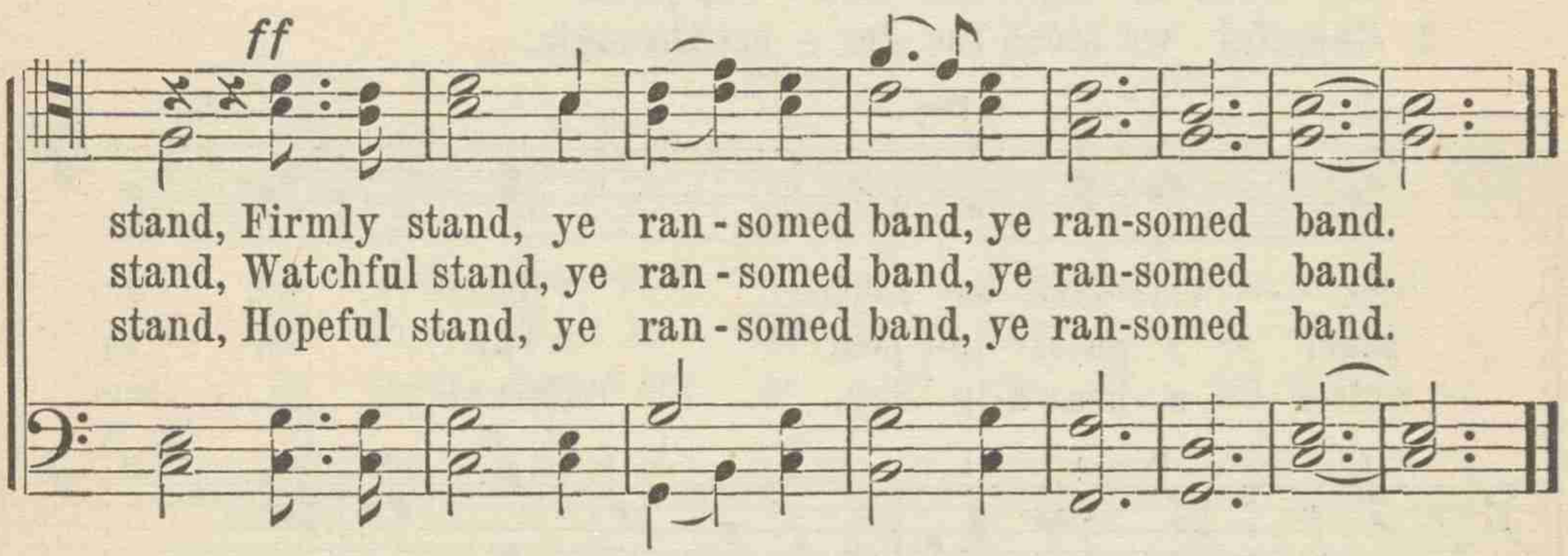
1. Firm-ly stand, firm-ly stand, ye ran-somed band, Firm-ly
2. Watchful stand, watchful stand, ye ran-somed band, Watchful
3. Hope-ful stand, hope-ful stand, ye ran-somed band, Hope-ful

stand, firm-ly stand, ye ransomed band; See the earth by fire is
stand, watchful stand, ye ransomed band; En-e-mies spread o'er the
stand, hopeful stand, ye ransomed band; Lo, the King is near at

fanned, God the wheat is sift-ing. Hum-bly, pray-ing
land, God and truth de-fy-ing. Count no foe of
hand, Day of God is near-ing. Oh, the rapt-ure

faithful stand, Sword of Truth within thy hand. Sav-ior, Sav-ior,
God thy friend, Ev-'ry word of God de-fend. Sav-ior, Sav-ior,
of that morn, All of night for-ev-er gone. Sav-ior, Sav-ior,





Softly Fades the Light of Day.

Arr. Von Weber.





We Walk by Faith.

Arr. F. SCHNEIDER.

Adagio.

1. Tis by the faith of joys to come, We walk thro'
2. The want of sight she well sup-plies. She makes the
3. Cheer-ful we tread the des - ert through, While faith in-

1. 'Tis by the faith of joys to come,
2. The want of sight she well sup-plies,
3. Cheerful we tread the des - ert through,

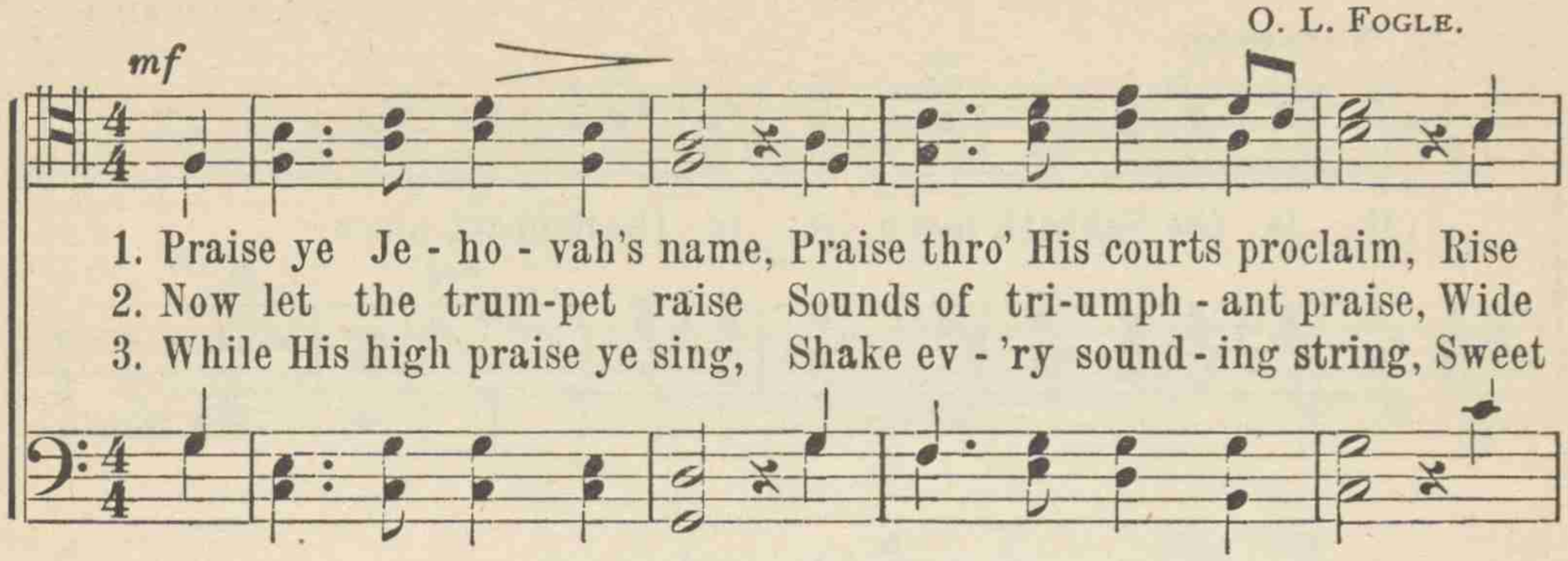
des - erts dark as night; Till we ar-
pearl - y gates ap - pear Far in - to
spires a heav'n-ly ray, Though li - ons

Till we ar - rive, till we ar-
Far in - to realms, far in-to
Tho' li - ons roar, tho' li-ons

rive at heav'n our home Faith is our guide, and faith our
realms of space she pries, And brings e - ter - nal glo - ries
roar and tem - pest blow, And rocks and dan - gers fill the

light, Faith is our guide, and faith our light.
near, And brings e - ter - nal glo - ries near.
way, And rocks and dan - gers fill the way.

O. L. Fogle.


mf
1. Praise ye Je - ho - vah's name, Praise thro' His courts proclaim, Rise
2. Now let the trum-pet raise Sounds of tri-umph - ant praise, Wide
3. While His high praise ye sing, Shake ev - 'ry sound - ing string, Sweet


and a - dore, Rise and a - dore. High o'er the heav'ns a-
as His fame, Wide as His fame. There let the harp be
the ac - cord, Sweet the ac - cord! He vi - tal breath be-


bove Sound His great acts of love, While His rich grace we
found; Or - gans with sol - emn sound, Roll your deep notes a-
stows; Let ev - 'ry breath that flows His no - blest fame dis-


prove, Vast as His power, Vast as His power.
round, Filled with His name, Filled with His name.
close, Praise ye the Lord, Praise ye the Lord.

The Sabbath Morn.

C. KREUTZER.

ff **Maestoso.**

It is the Sabbath morn, it is the Sabbath morn.

p

We are a-

p

We are a - lone, 'tis si - lence all, Ex - cept the

lone, ... 'tis si - lence all,

pp

ho - ly ma - tin call, the ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly ma - tin

Up - on the breeze far borne . . . . . .

pp

call.

pp

Up - on the breeze, up - on the breeze far

Up - on the breeze far borne,

ff

p

borne be - neath this love - ly sky. Oh, sa - cred

Cres.

pp

awe, thrice hal - lowed fear, Now let us kneel in

Oh, sa - cred

pp

grate-ful pray'r to Him who reigns on high. Oh, sacred

pp

Oh, sa - cred, sa - cred

Calando. mf Animato.

awe, thrice hal - lowed fear, Above what glo-ries

awe, thrice hallowed, thrice hal - lowed fear.

f Adagio.

play, As if e'en now the fields of light Were spread be - fore my

ff Tempo. fz

wond'ring sight. It is the Sabbath day, It is the Sabbath day.

Our Father in Heaven.

F. J. B.

p **Andante.** **Cres.** **Dim.**

Our Fa-ther in heav-en we hal - low Thy name, May Thy kingdom

Cres.

ho - ly on earth be the same. Oh, give to us dai - ly our

mf

por - tion of bread, It is from Thy boun - ty that all must be fed.

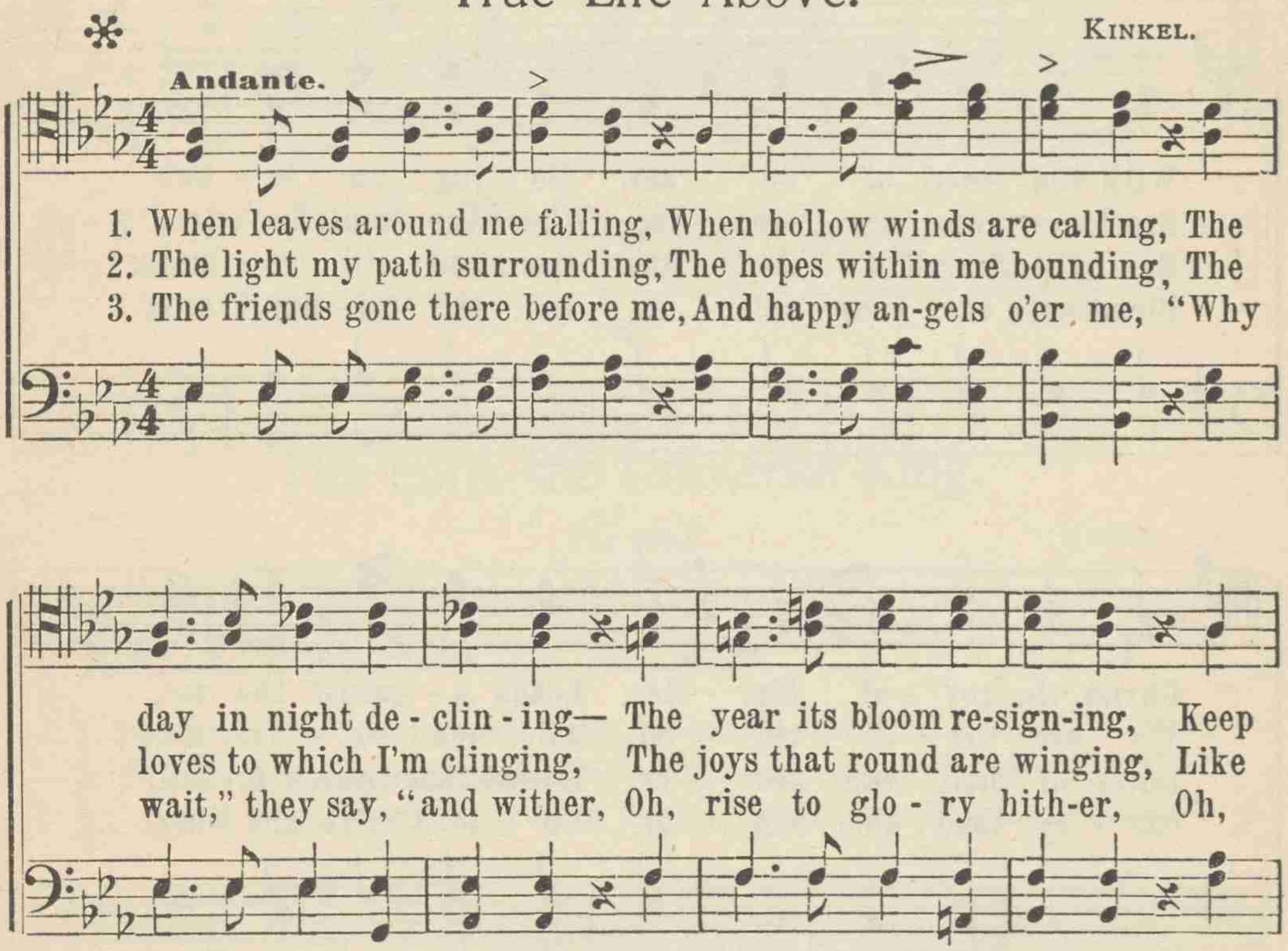
Forgive our transgressions and teach us to know That hum-ble com-

p **Cres.**

passion which par-dons each foe. Keep us from tempta - tion, from



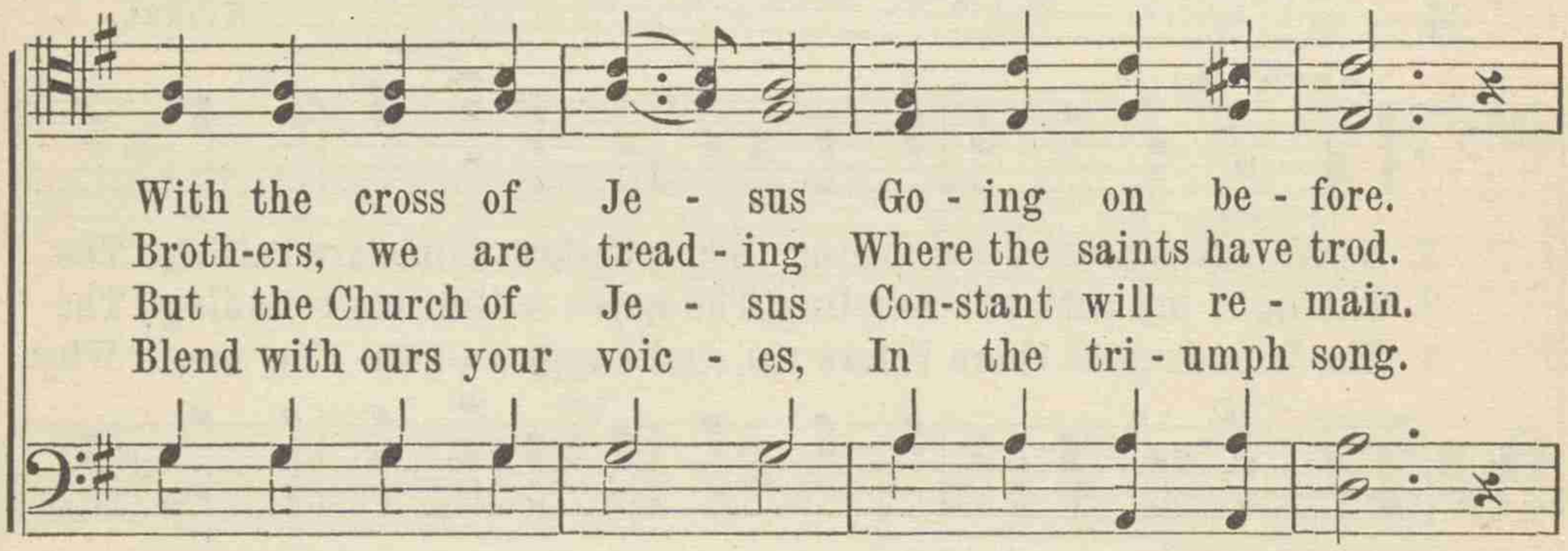
True Life Above.

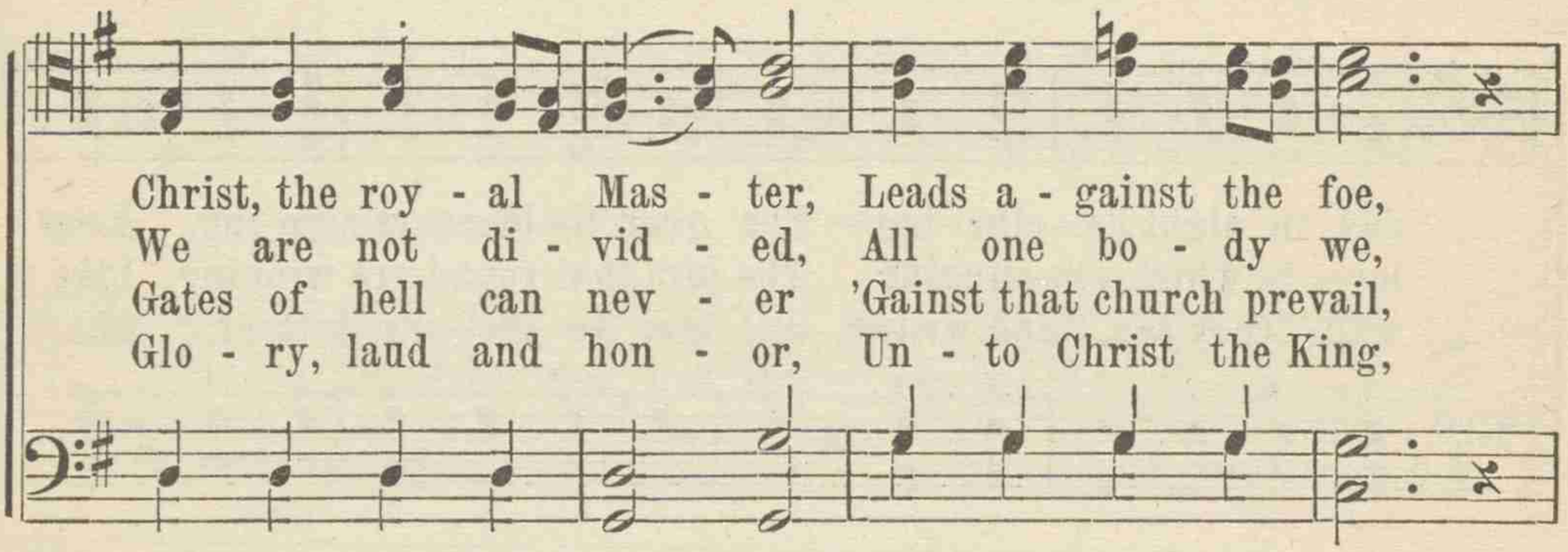


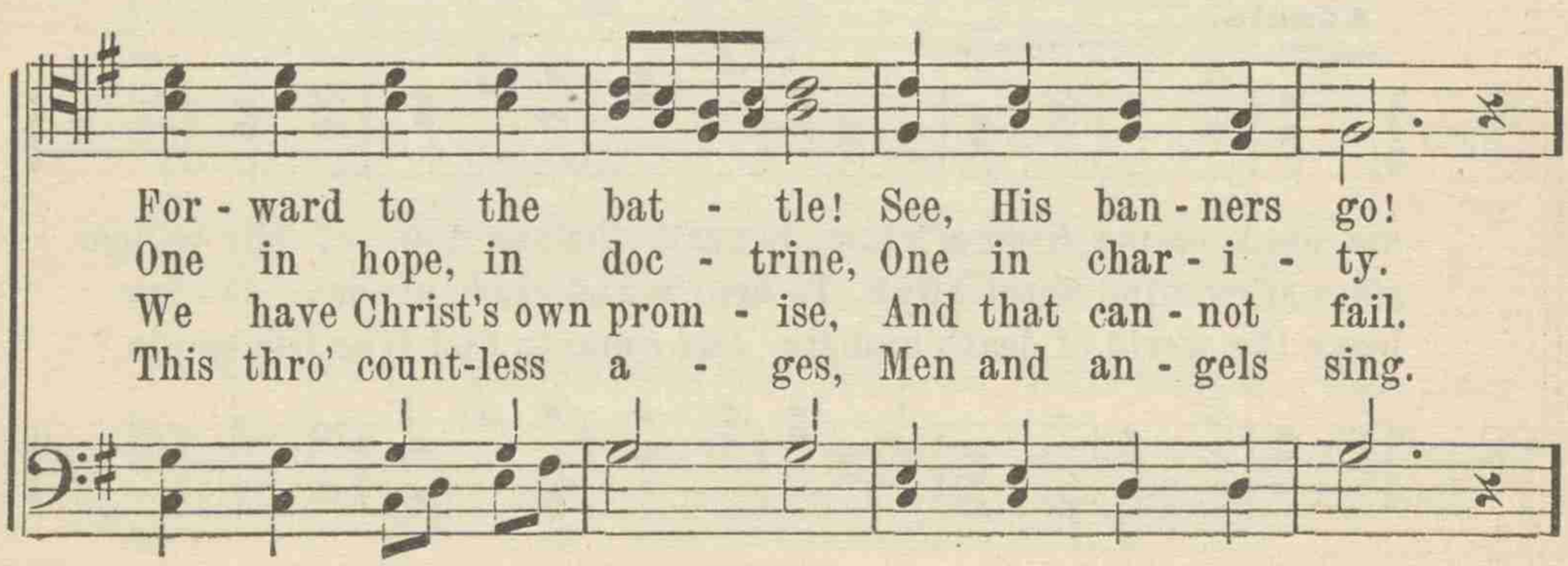
Onward, Christian Soldiers.

HAYDN.









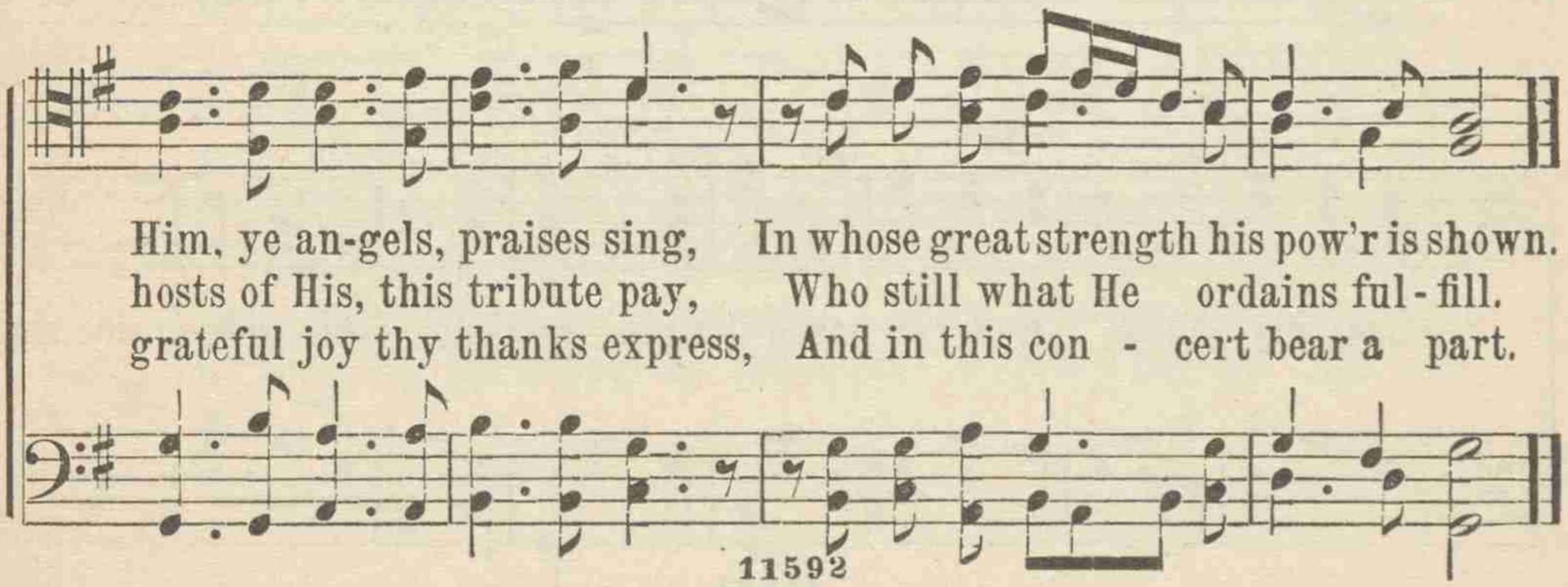




The Lord, the Universal King.

(Ps. 103.) HANDEL.





Holy is the Lord our God.

Arr. VOGLE.

p **Slowly.**

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly is the Lord our God,

p

Glo - rious in His high a - bode. An - gels praise the

mf

heav'n-ly King, Men on earth His glo - ry sing. Ho - ly,

p

ho - ly, ho - ly is the Lord our God. An - gels praise the

Cres.

heav'nly King, Men on earth His glo - ry sing, An-gels praise the

heav'n-ly King, Men on earth His glo - ry sing.

p *f*

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly is the Lord our God.

Pleyel's Hymn.

Arr. PLEYEL.

1. Sweet the theme of Je - sus' love, Sweet the theme all themes above:
2. Love which led Him to the cross, Bear-ing there un - ut-tered loss;
3. Love which made Him thence arise Far a - bove the star-ry skies,
4. Love which will not let Him rest, Till His chos - en all are blest;

Love un - mer - it - ed and free, Our tri-umph-ant song shall be.
Love which brought Him to the gloom Of the cold and darksome tomb.
There, with tender, lov - ing care, All His peo-ple's griefs to share.
Till they all for whom He died, Live re - joic - ing by His side.

Thou, Lord, Hast Known.

Ps. 139. Arr. H. Skeats.

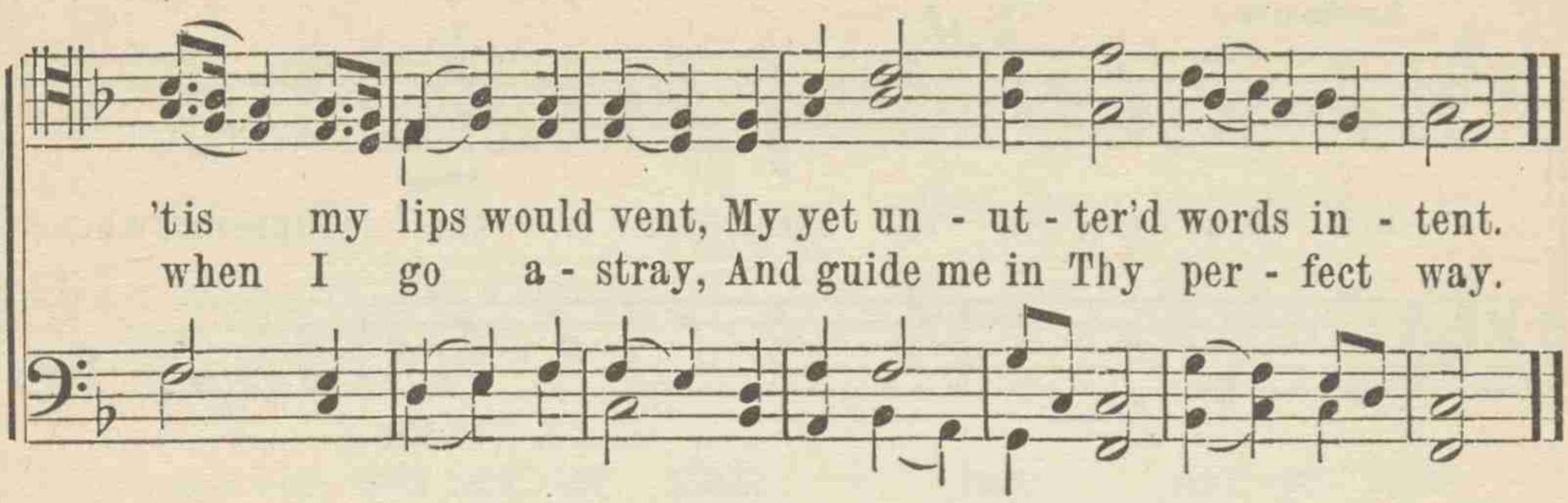
Slowly.

1. Thou, Lord, by strict-est search hast known My ris - ing up and
2. Sur-round-ed by Thy pow'r I stand, On ev - 'ry side I

ly - ing down; My se - cret tho'ts are known to Thee, Known
find Thy hand; Oh, skill for hu - man reach too high, Too

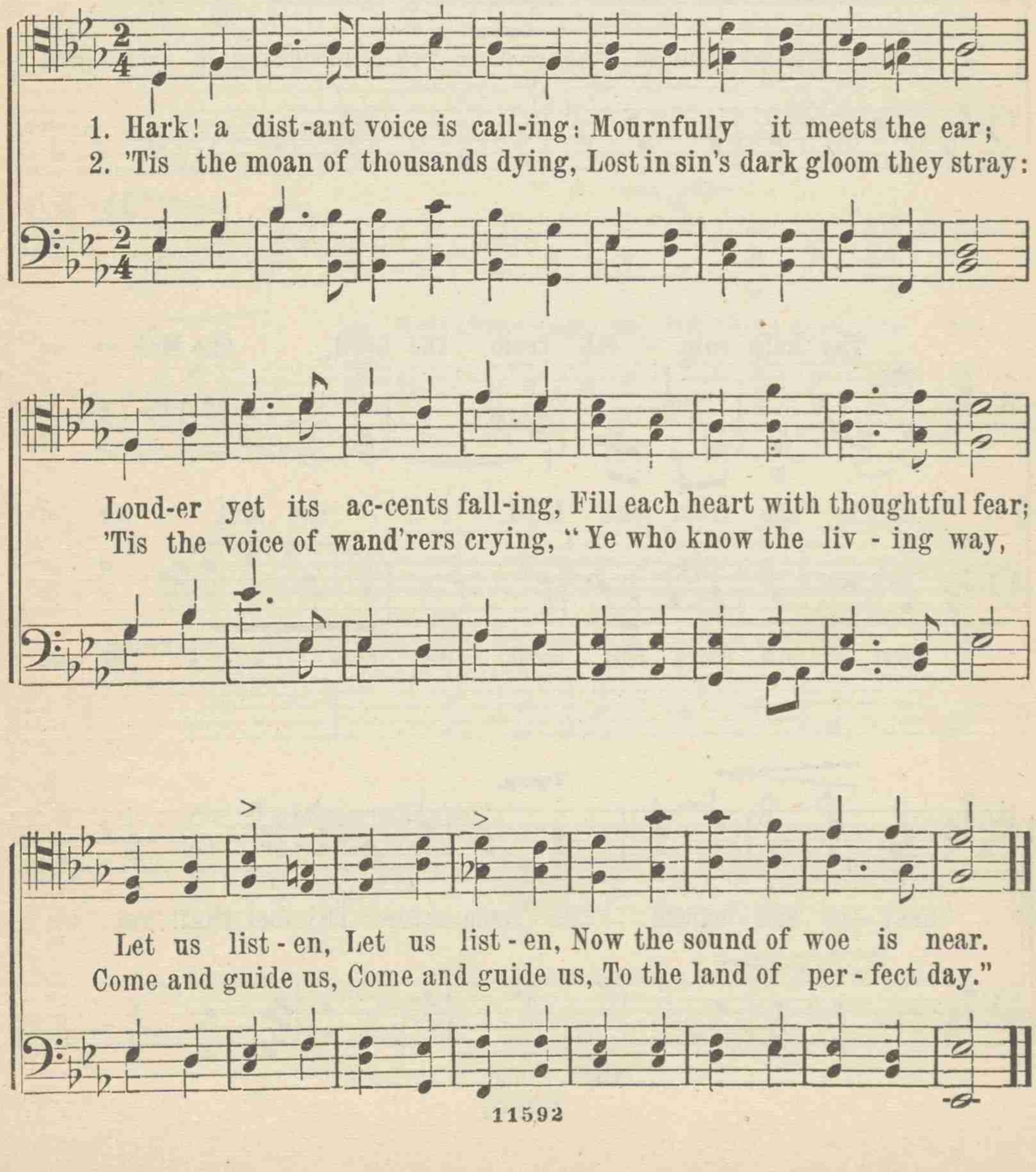
long be - fore . . . con - ceived by me. Thine eye my bed and path sur-
dazz - ling bright for mor - tal eye. Search, try, O God, my tho'ts and

veys, My pub - lic haunts and pri - vate ways, Thou know'st what
heart, If mis-chief lurks in a - ny part, Cor - rect me



Come and Guide us.

Arr. GAUNTLETT.



Lift Thine Eyes.

MENDELSSOHN.

Andante. *sf*

Lift thine eyes, oh, lift thine eyes to the mountains, whence

to the

cometh, whence cometh, whence com - eth help. Thy help com - eth

Thy help

Thy help com - eth from the Lord, the Mak-er of

com - eth from the Lord, ... the Mak - er of

com - eth from the Lord, the Mak - - er of

Cres.

heav - en and earth. He hath said, Thy foot shall not be

He hath

Thy keep - er will nev - er slum - ber,

mov - ed, Thy keep - er will nev - er

nev - er, will nev - er slum - ber, nev - er slum -

slum - ber, nev - er, will nev - er slum - - -

slum - ber, will

- - - - ber.

sf

- - - - ber. Lift thine eyes, oh, lift thine eyes to the

nev - er slum - ber.

mountains, whence com - eth, whence com - eth, whence com - eth

whence com-eth,

sf *p*

help, whence com - eth, whence cometh, whence com-eth help.

sf

Sing, my Heart.

Andantino.

1. Sing, my heart, whate'er be - tide, With Hope for an - chor,
2. Sing, my heart, whate'er be - tide, With Hope for an - chor,
3. Sing, my heart, whate'er be - tide, With Hope for an - chor,

Faith for guide, March on in pa - tient cour - age still, To
Faith for guide, March on in pa - tient cour - age still, To
Faith for guide, March on in pa - tient cour - age still, To

com - pass good and con - quer ill. Come what may, some work is
com - pass good and con - quer ill. Tho' the dark-ness hov - er
com - pass good and con - quer ill. Be then tran-quil as the

done, Goals are gained and priz - es won. If the
near, Thou mayst be of right good cheer. At thy
dove, Thro' the thun - der - clouds a - bove Shines a-


past be-hind thy back Be a bright and blessed track. Sing for
true pre-destined post, Thou shalt conquer e-vil's host. Sing for
far the heav'n of rest, Where the glo-ri-fied are blest. Sing for


joy! Sing for joy! Oh, sing, my heart, whate'er be-tide, With
joy! Sing for joy! Oh, sing, my heart, whate'er be-tide, With
joy! Sing for joy! Oh, sing, my heart, whate'er be-tide, With


Hope for an-chor, Faith for guide, March on in pa-tient
Hope for an-chor, Faith for guide, March on in pa-tient
Hope for an-chor, Faith for guide, March on in pa-tient


cour-age still To com-pass good and con-quer ill.
cour-age still To com-pass good and con-quer ill.
cour-age still To com-pass good and con-quer ill.

As we Hope in Thee.

Arr. HAYDN.

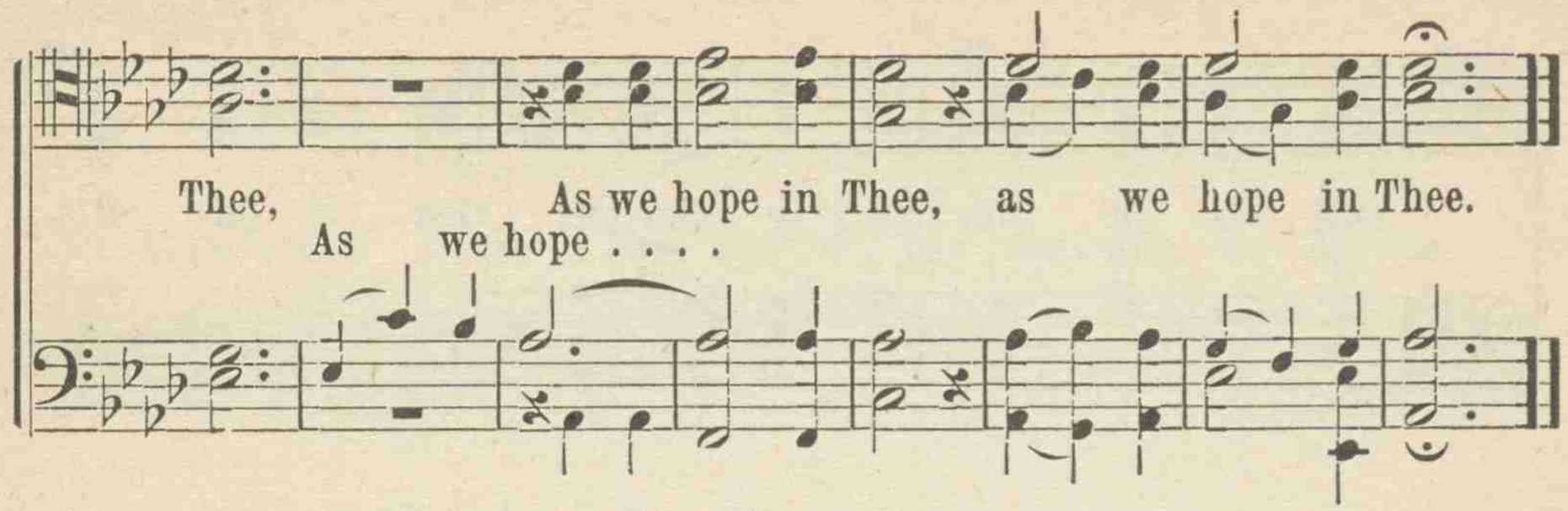
Slowly and tenderly.

Let Thy mer-cy, O Lord, be up-on us, ac-cord-ing as we hope, we hope in Thee, we hope in Thee. Let Thy mer-cy be up-on us, Thy mer-cy be up-on us, up-on us, O Lord, ac-cord-ing as we hope in Thee, ac-cord-ing as we hope, we hope in Thee,

mf

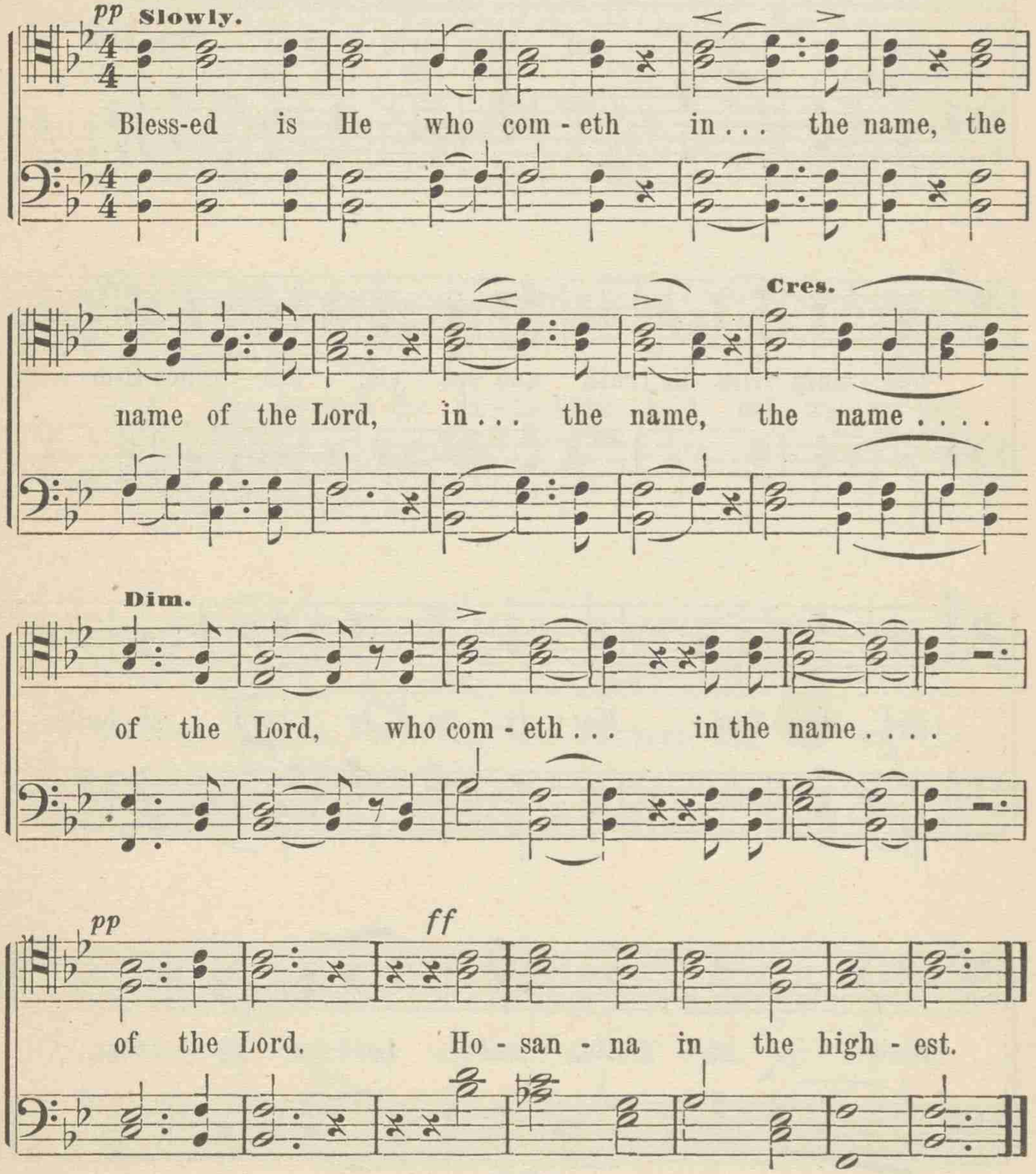
mp *pp* **Cres.**

As we hope in Thee, as we hope in Thee, As we hope . . . .



Blessed is He who Cometh.

Arr. GOUNOD.



God is in His Holy Temple.

MOZART.

God is in His ho - ly tem-ple, God is in His

ho - ly tem-ple, All the earth keep si - lence here.

Wor - ship Him in truth and spi - rit, Rev - 'rence Him with

god - ly fear. Ho - ly, ho - ly Lord of hosts;

Lord of hosts, our Lord ap - pear.

Arr.

Adagio.

Com-fort, O Lord, the soul of Thy serv-ant, for un-to

Thee do I lift up my soul; Com-fort, O Lord, the

soul of Thy servant, for un-to Thee do I lift up my soul.

Com-fort, O Lord, the soul of Thy serv-ant, for un-to

Thee do I lift up my soul, do I lift up my soul.

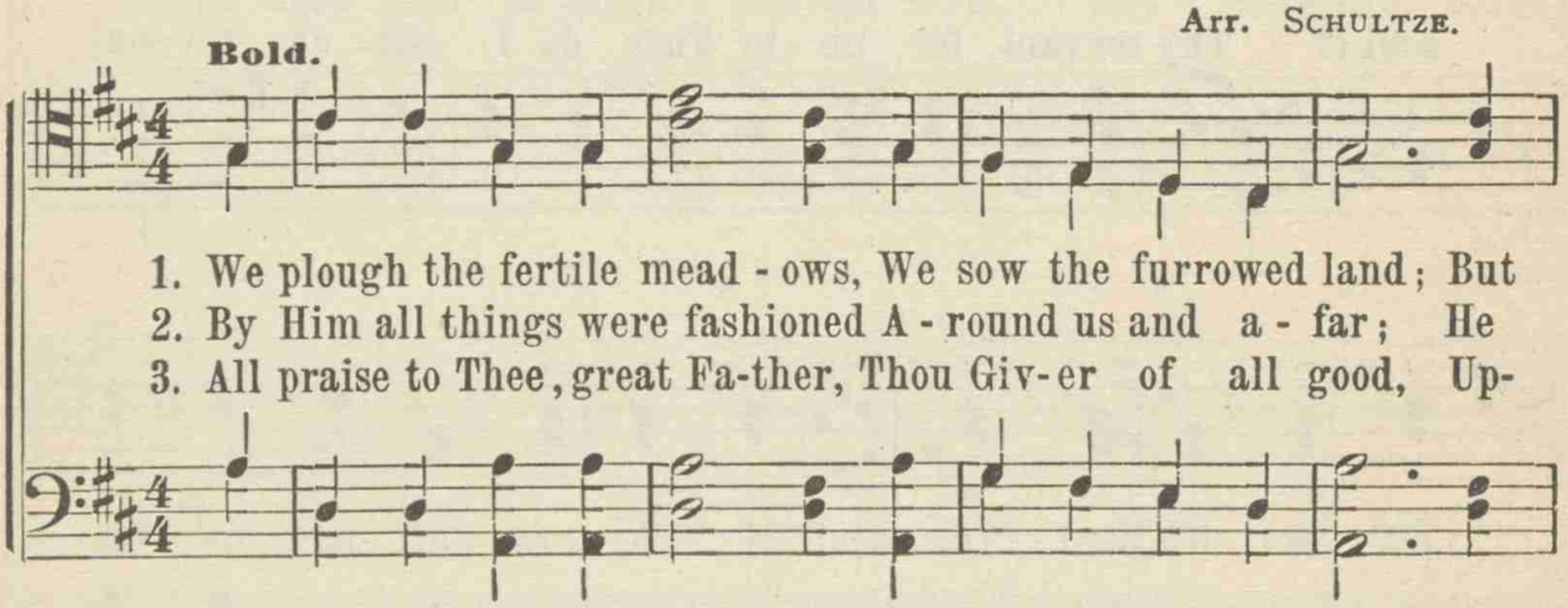
Comfort my Soul. Concluded.

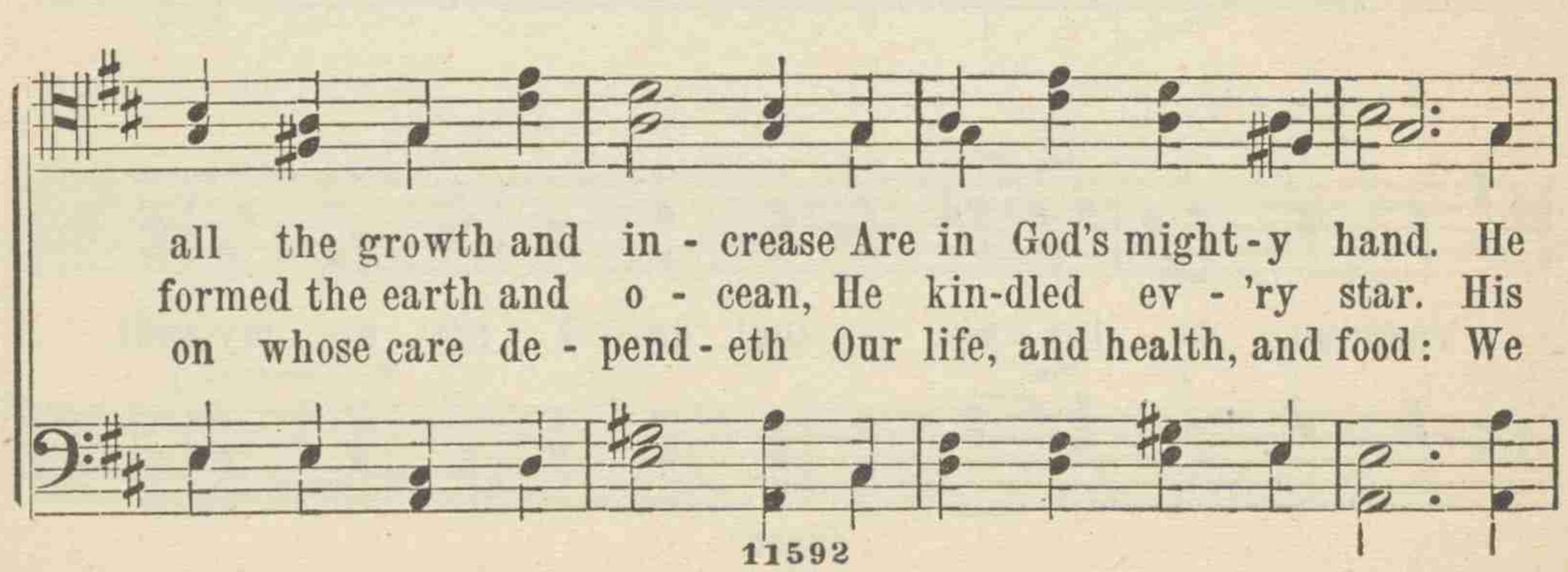




God Giveth the Increase.

Arr. SCHULTZE.





gives the shower and sun - shine, To swell the quickening grain; The
love or - dained the sea - sons, By Him all things are fed: He
bring our glad thanksgiv - ing, Our gifts of love and praise Be

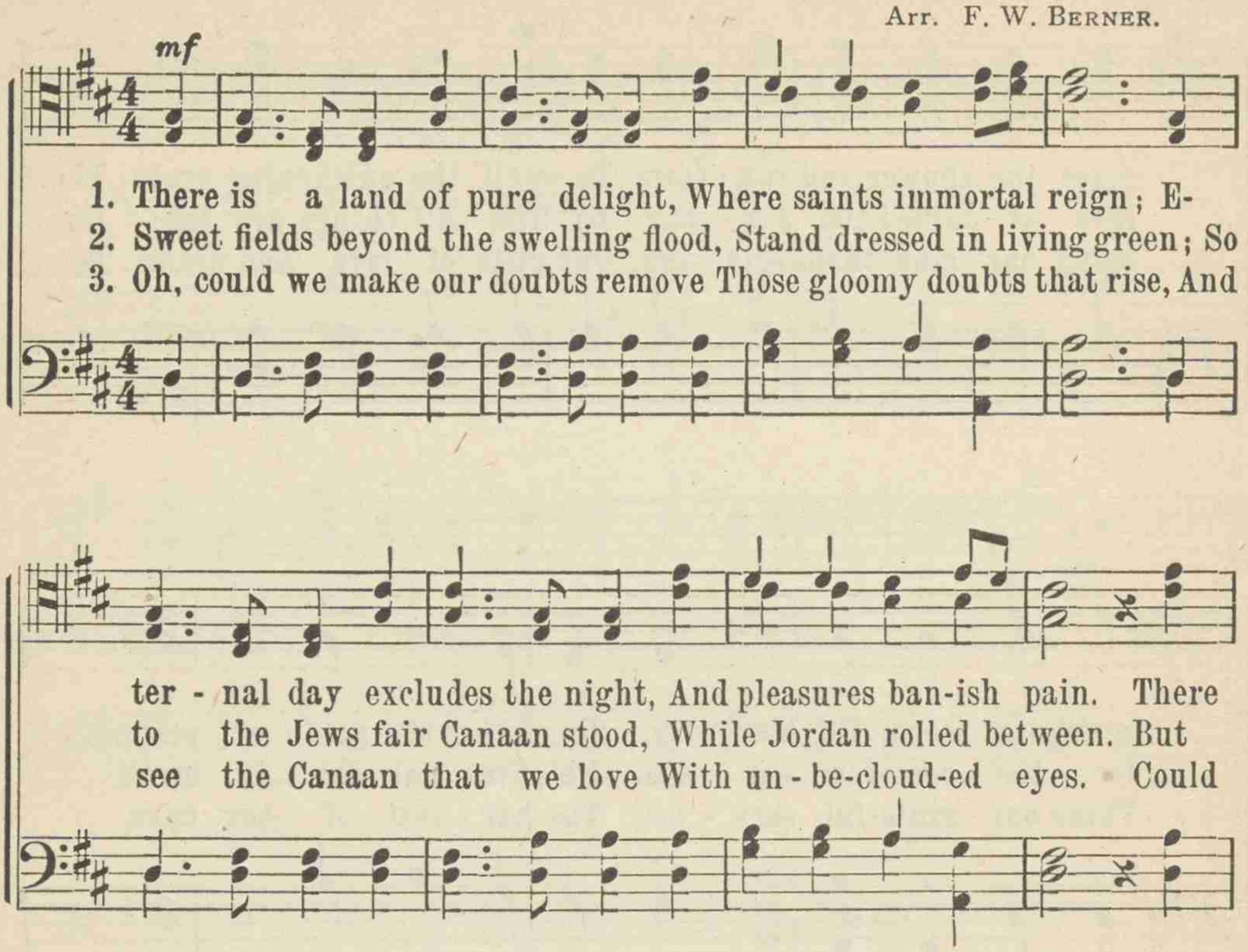
springing corn He bless - es, He clothes the gold - en plain.
for the spar-row car - eth, He gives our dai - ly bread.
Thine our grate-ful serv - ice, The har - vest of our days.

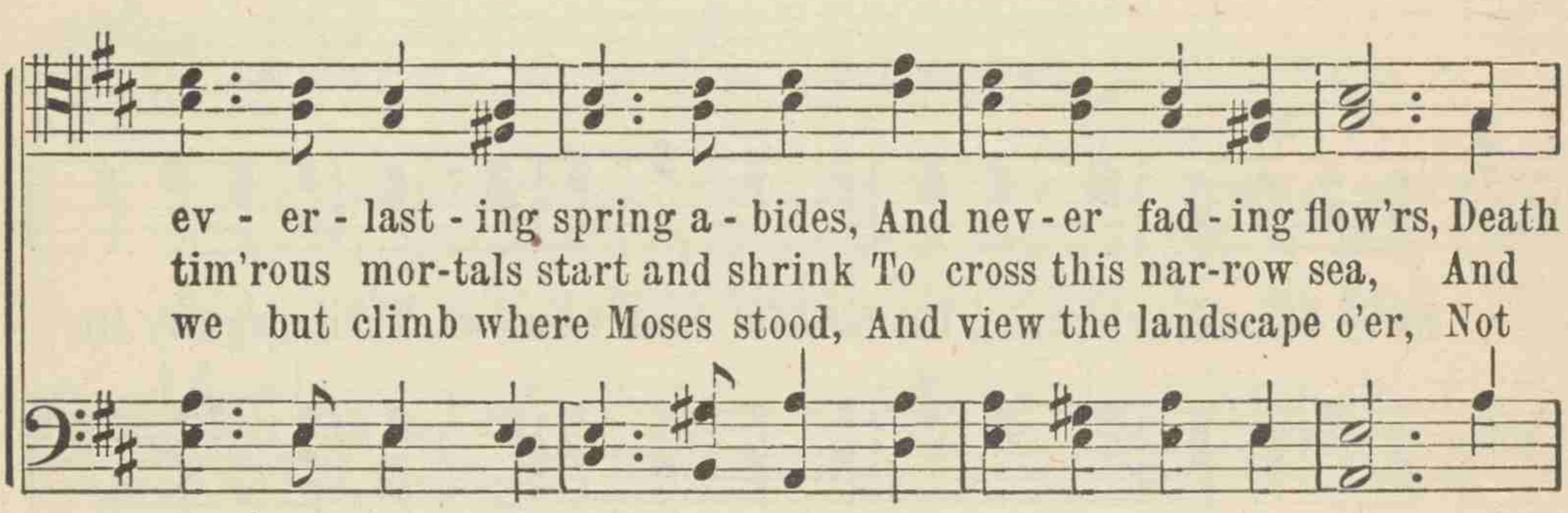
Ev'ry bounteous blessing His faithful love be-stows, Then magnify His

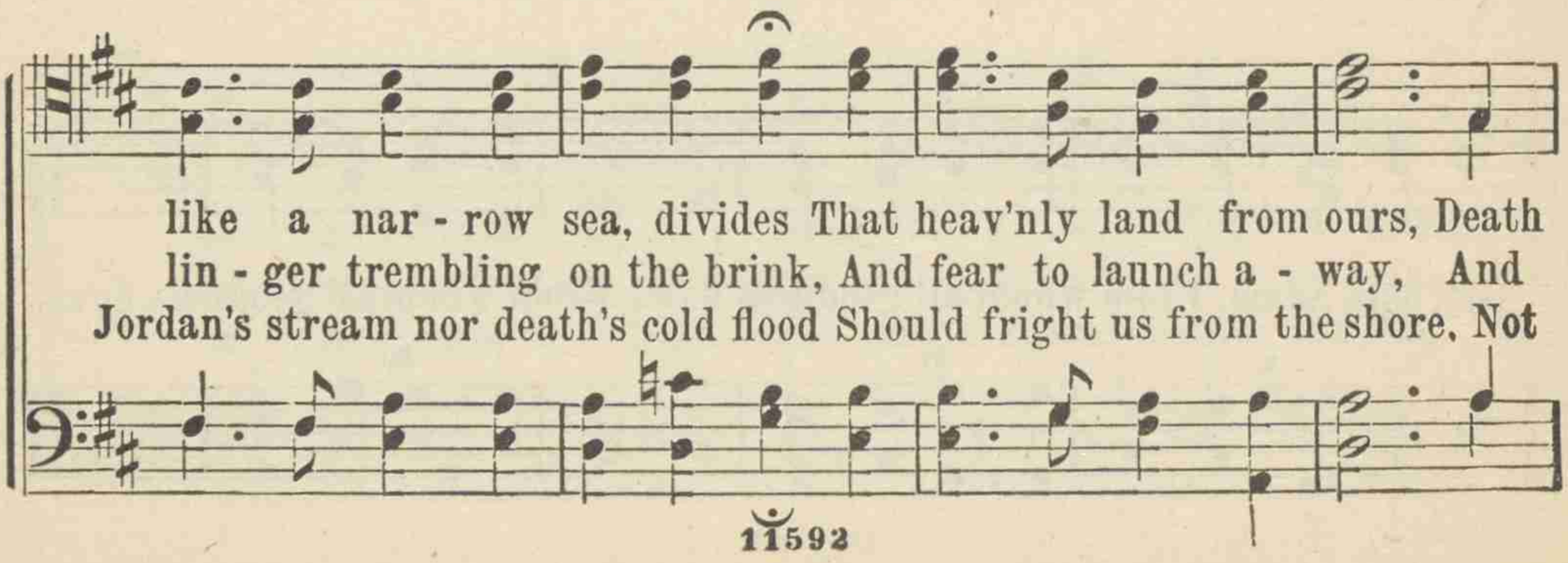
Glorious Name, From whom all goodness flows, From whom all goodness flows.

There is a Land of Pure Delight.

Arr. F. W. Berner.



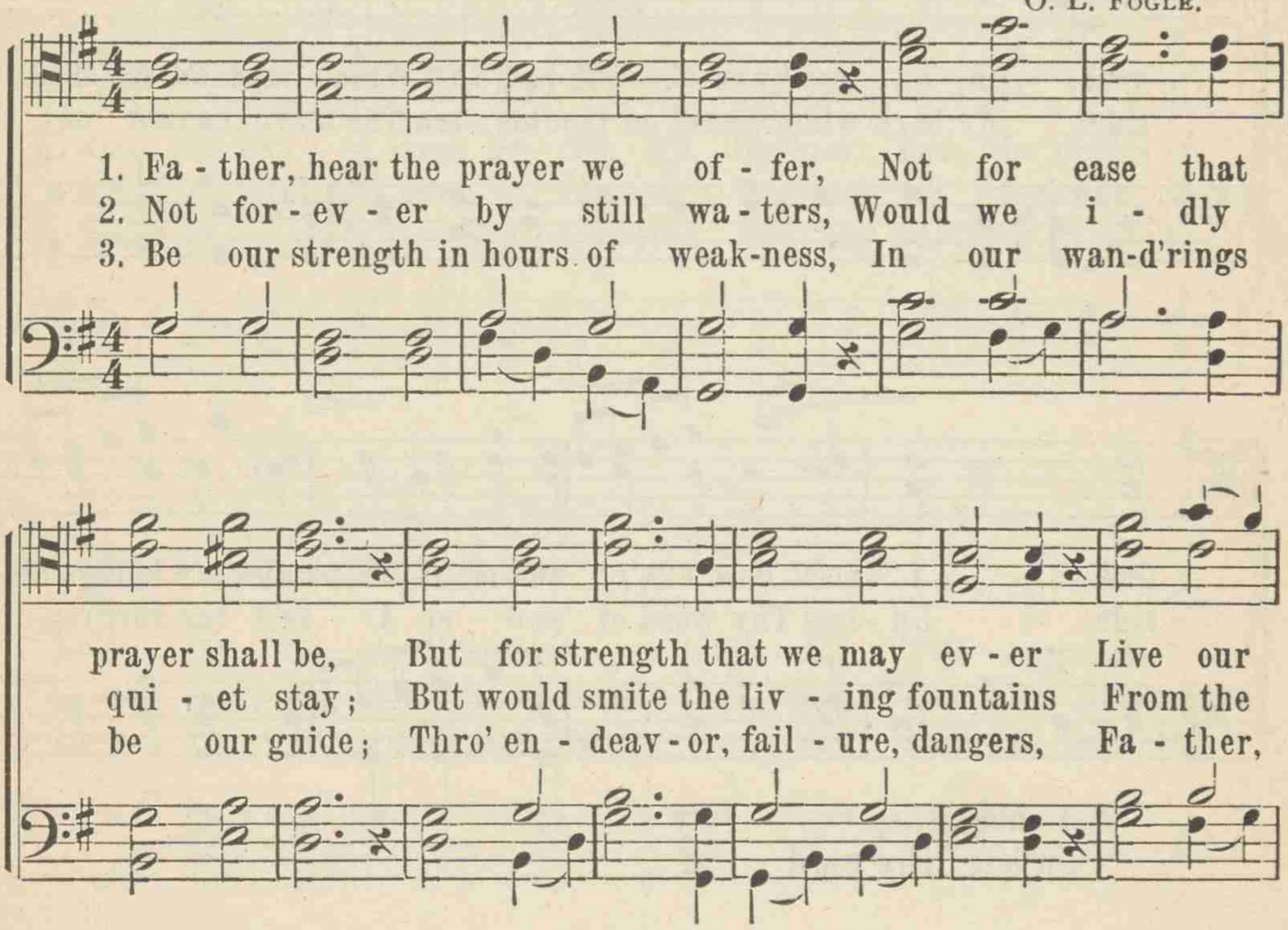






A Prayer.

O. L. Fogle.



Come Near Me.

F. ABT.

1. Come near me, O my Sav - ior, Thy ten - der-ness re-
2. Come near me, O my Sav - ior, And nev - er leave my

veal; Oh, let me know the sym-pa - thy Which Thou for me dost
side; My bark when tossed on trouble's sea The storm cannot out-

feel. I need Thee ev -'ry mo-ment, Thine absence brings dis-
ride, Un - less Thy word of pow - er Ar - rest the surging

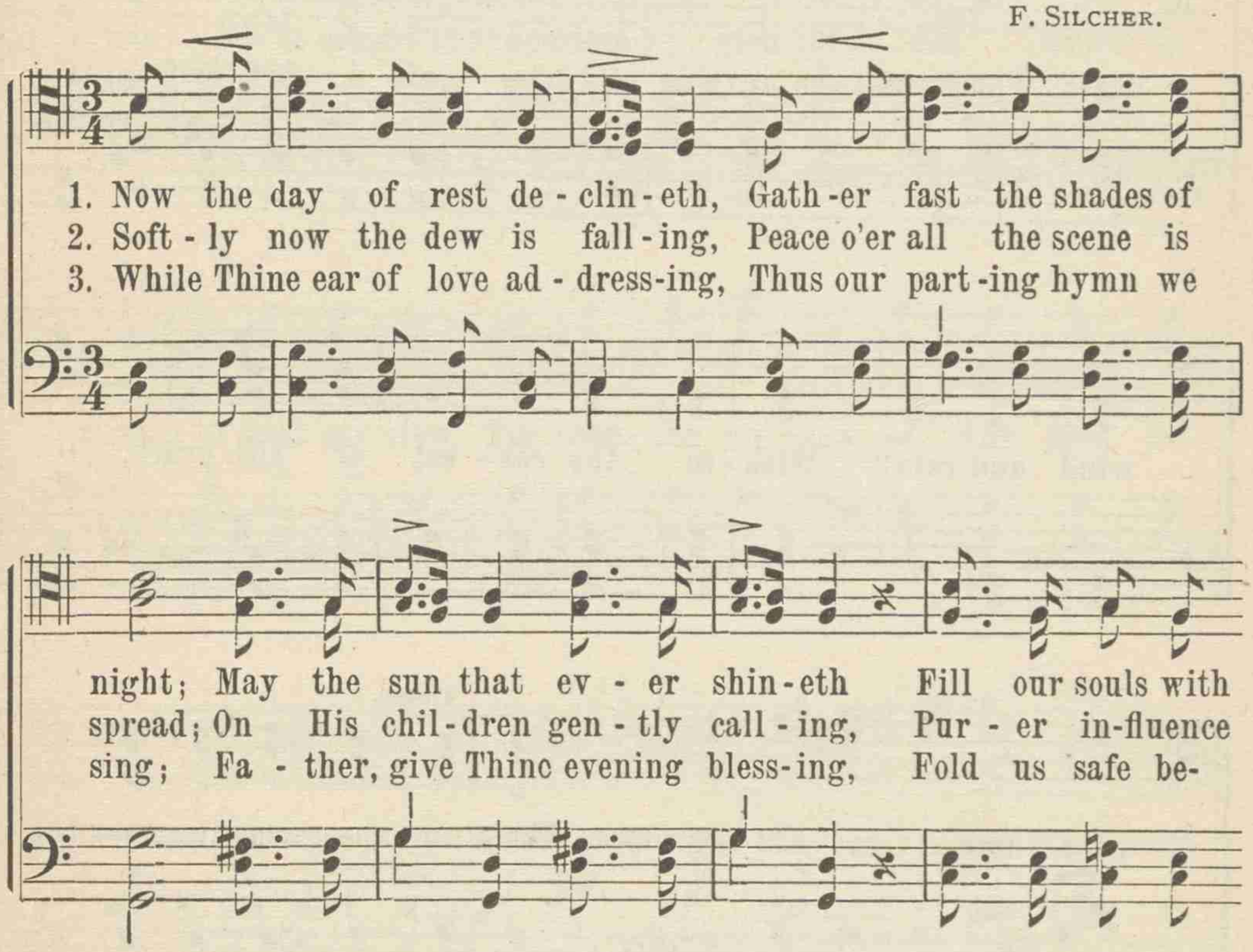
I need Thee ev - 'ry
Un-less Thy word of

may, . . . But when the tempter hurls his darts,'Twere death with Thee a-
wave,. . . No voice but Thine its rage can quell, No arm but Thine can



Now the Day of Rest Declineth.

F. SILCHER.



Our Refuge.

Arr. ROBERT SCHUMANN.

When dread misfortunes' tempests rise, And roar thro' all the darkened

skies, Where shall the anxious pil-grim gain A shel-ter from the

wind and rain? With-in the cov-ert of Thy grace, O

Cres.

Lord, there is a hid-ing place, Where un-con-cerned we hear the

sound, Though storm and tem-pest rage a-round. When,

wand'ring o'er the des - ert bare, 'Mid burn-ing sands and sul - try

air, We've sought the cheerless re - gion thro', But found no

stream to meet our view. 'Tis then, the riv - ers of Thy love, De-

scend - ing from Thy throne a - bove, Sup - ply our wants and

soothe our pain, And raise our faint - ing souls a - gain.

I Heard the Voice of Jesus say.

MACFARREN.

Andante lento.

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un-to me and rest; Lay down, thou wea-ry one, lay down Thy head up-on my breast." I
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be-hold I free - ly give The liv - ing wa - ter, thirsty one, Stoop down and drink and live." I

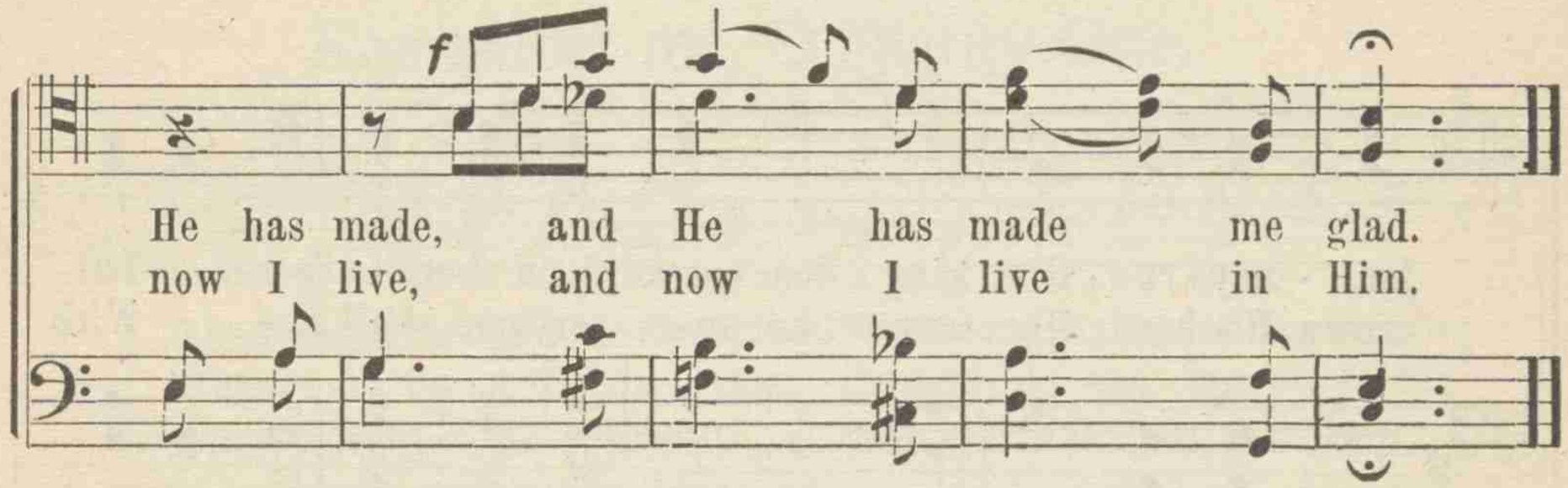
Cres.

came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry and worn and sad, I found in Him a rest - ing - place, And He has made me
came to Je - sus and I drank Of that Life - giv - ing stream; My thirst was quenched, my soul re - vived, And now I live in

f

I found in Him a rest - ing place,
My thirst was quenched, my soul re-vived,

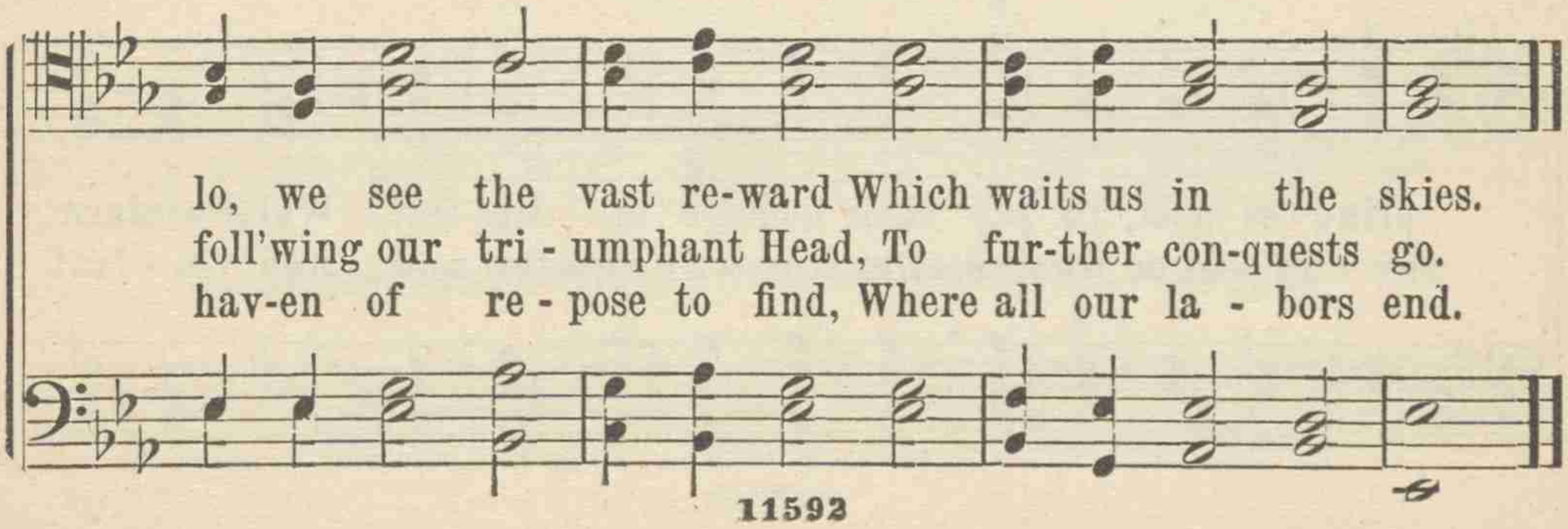




Call to Labor.

GREGORIAN.





Jesus Shall Reign.

CARL WILHELM.

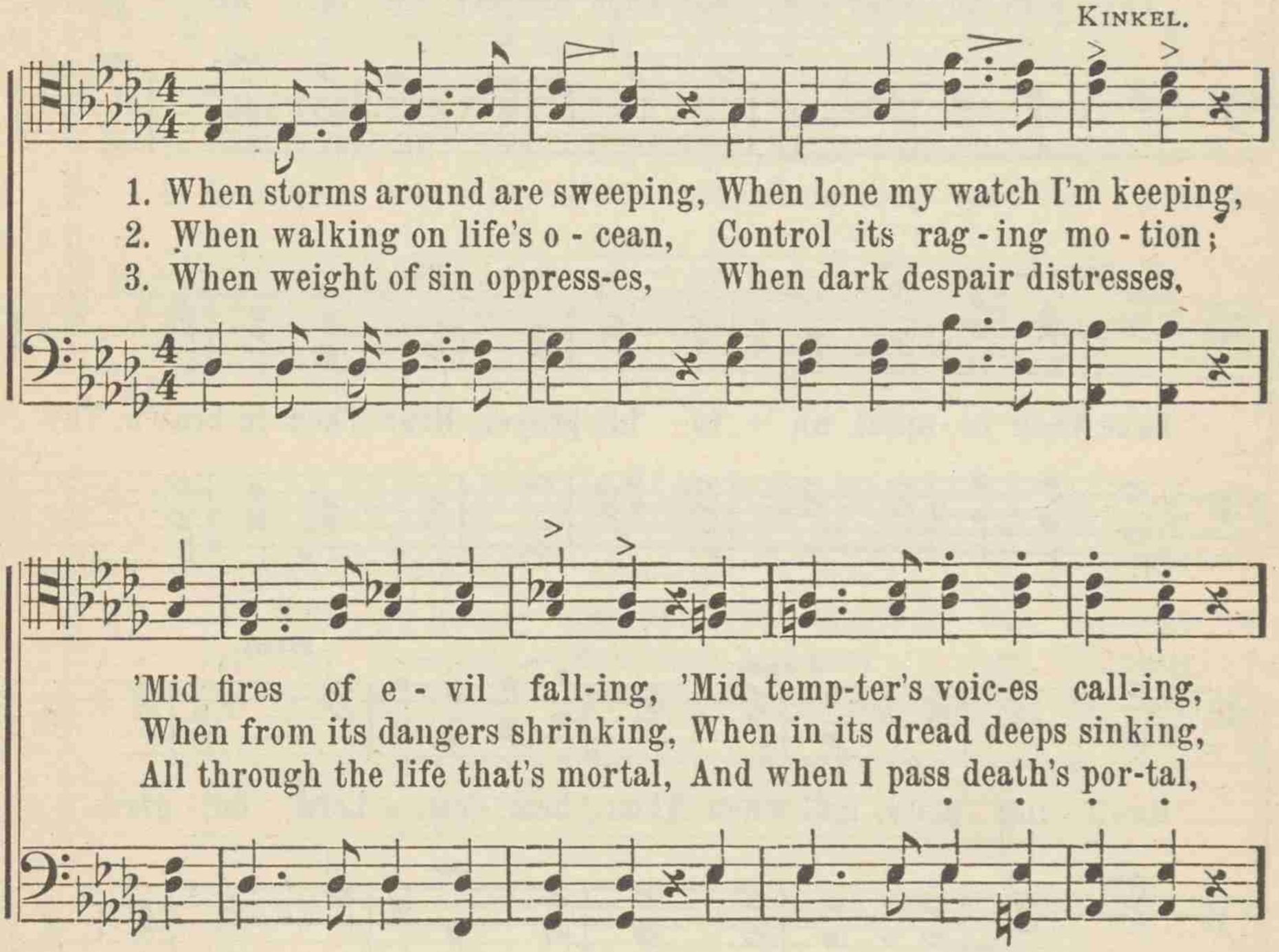
f **Spirited.** **Cres.**

1. Je - sus shall reign where'er the sun Does his suc - cess - ive jour - neys run; His king - dom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more. From north to south the princ - es meet, To pay their homage at His feet, While western
2. To Him shall end - less pray'r be made, And end - less prais - es crown His head; His name like sweet perfume shall rise With ev - 'ry morn-ing sac - ri - fice. Peo - ple and realms of ev - 'ry tongue Dwell on His love with sweetest song, And in - fant



Remember me, O Mighty One.

KINKEL.





O Lord, my God.

Arr. MALAN.

p **Slowly.**

O Lord, my God, O Lord, my God, Hear Thou the prayer

Thy serv-ant pray-eth: have Thou re-spect un - to his prayer,

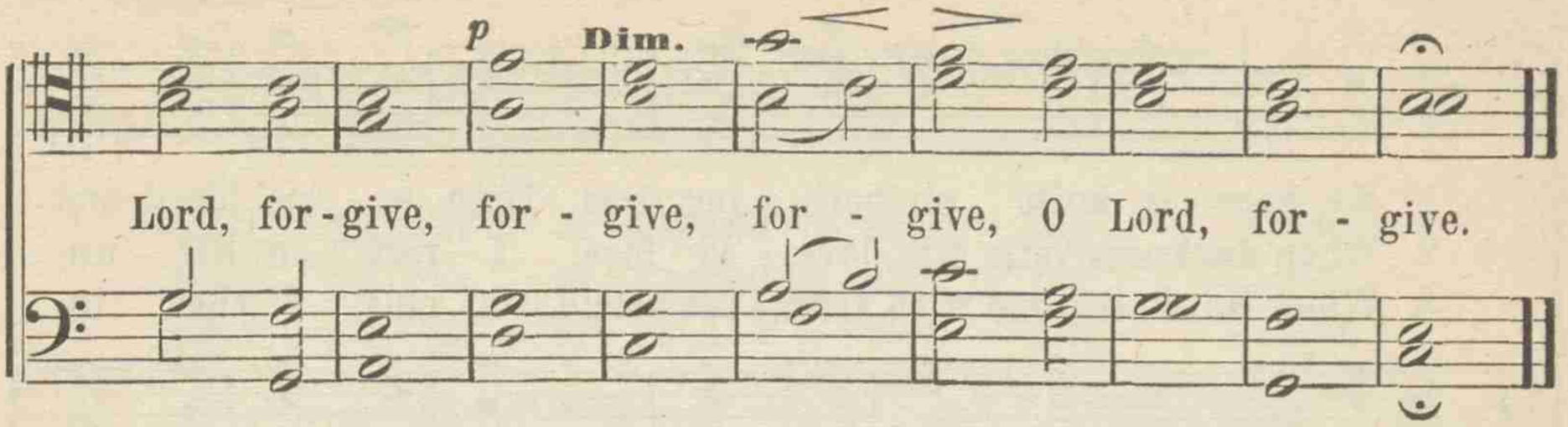
have Thou re - spect un - to his prayer, Hear Thou in heav'n, Thy

Cres. **Dim.**

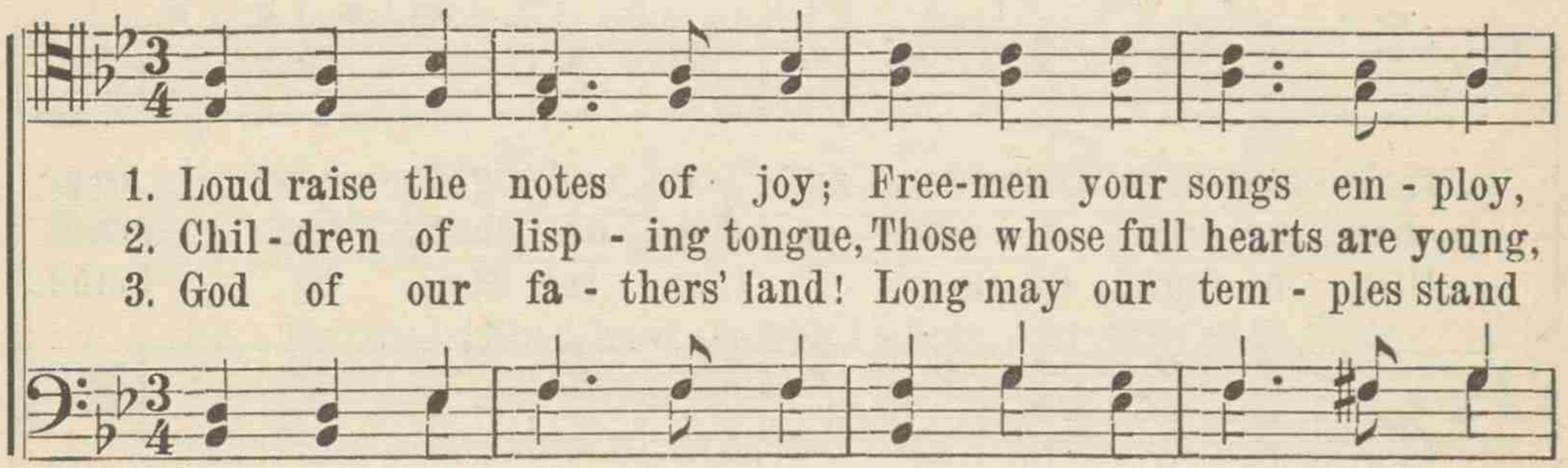
dwell - ing place, and when Thou hear - est, Lord, for - give.

p

Hear Thou in heav'n, Thy dwelling place, and when Thou hear - est,



Anniversary Hymn.







The Solid Rock.

Arr. REICHARDT..

1. My hope is built on noth - ing less Than Je - sus' blood and
2. When darkness veils His love - ly face, I rest on His un-
3. When He shall come with trum - pet sound, Oh, may I then in

right - eous-ness, Than Je - sus' love and right - eous - ness.
chang-ing grace, I rest on His un - chang - ing grace.
Him be found, Oh, may I then in Him be found.

Rit.

Piu moto marcato. **Cres.**

I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol - ly lean on
In ev - 'ry high and storm-y gale My an - chor holds with-
Drest in His righteous-ness a - lone, Faultless to stand be-

Je - sus' name. On Christ, the sol - id rock, I
in the vail. On Christ, the sol - id rock, I
fore the throne. On Christ, the sol - id rock. I

stand, All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.
stand, All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.
stand, All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.

Israel's Shepherd, Joseph's Guide.

Ps. 80. Arr. C. KREUTZER.

f

1. Oh, Is - rael's Shep-herd, Joseph's Guide, Our pray'rs to Thee vouch-
2. Do Thou con-vert us, Lord, do Thou The lus - tre of Thy
3. O Thou whom heav'nly hosts o - bey, How long shall Thy fierce

f

safe to hear; O Thou that dost on cherubs ride, A - gain in solemn
face dis-play, And all the ills we suffer now, Like scattered clouds shall
anger burn? How long Thy suff'ring people pray? And to their pray'rs have

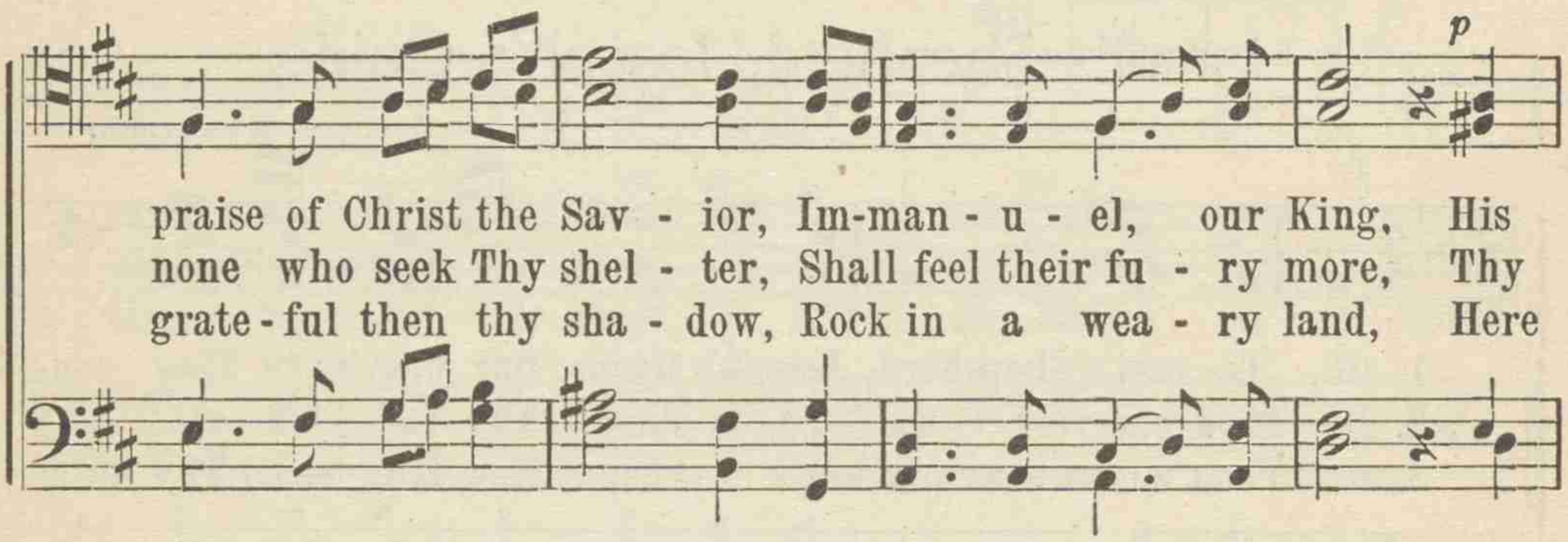
Dol.

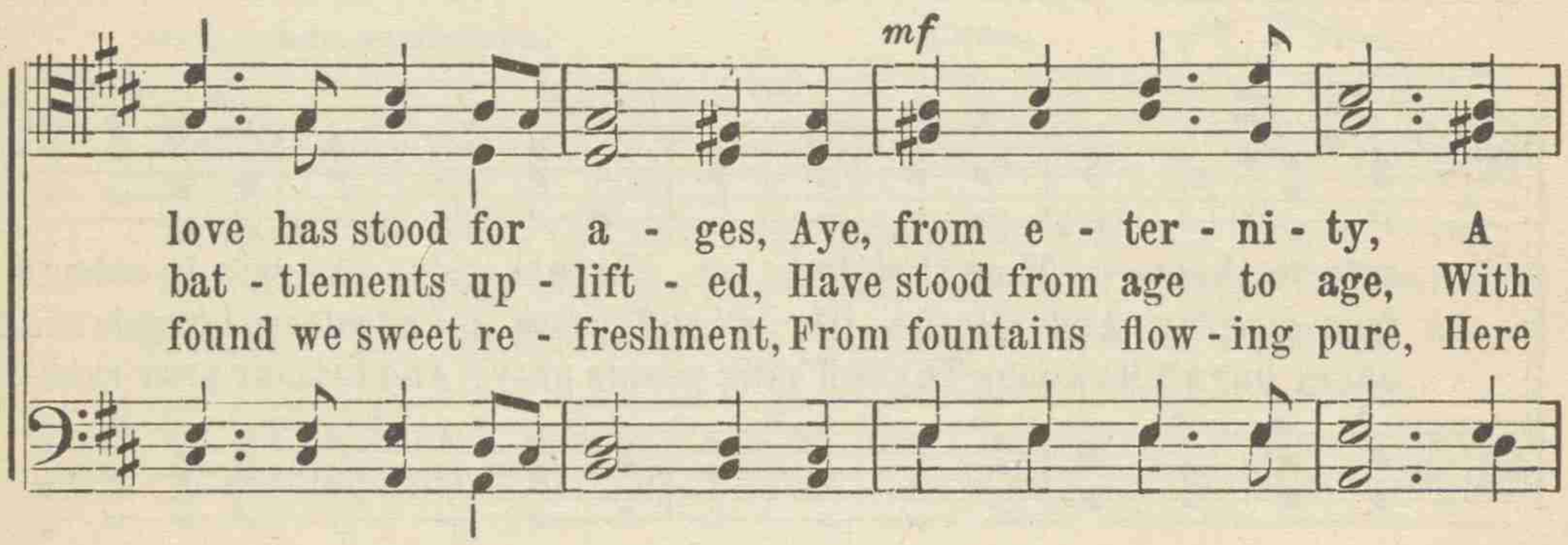
state ap - pear, A - gain in sol - emn state ap - pear.
pass a - way, Like scattered clouds shall pass a - way.
no re - turn, And to their pray'rs have no re - turn.

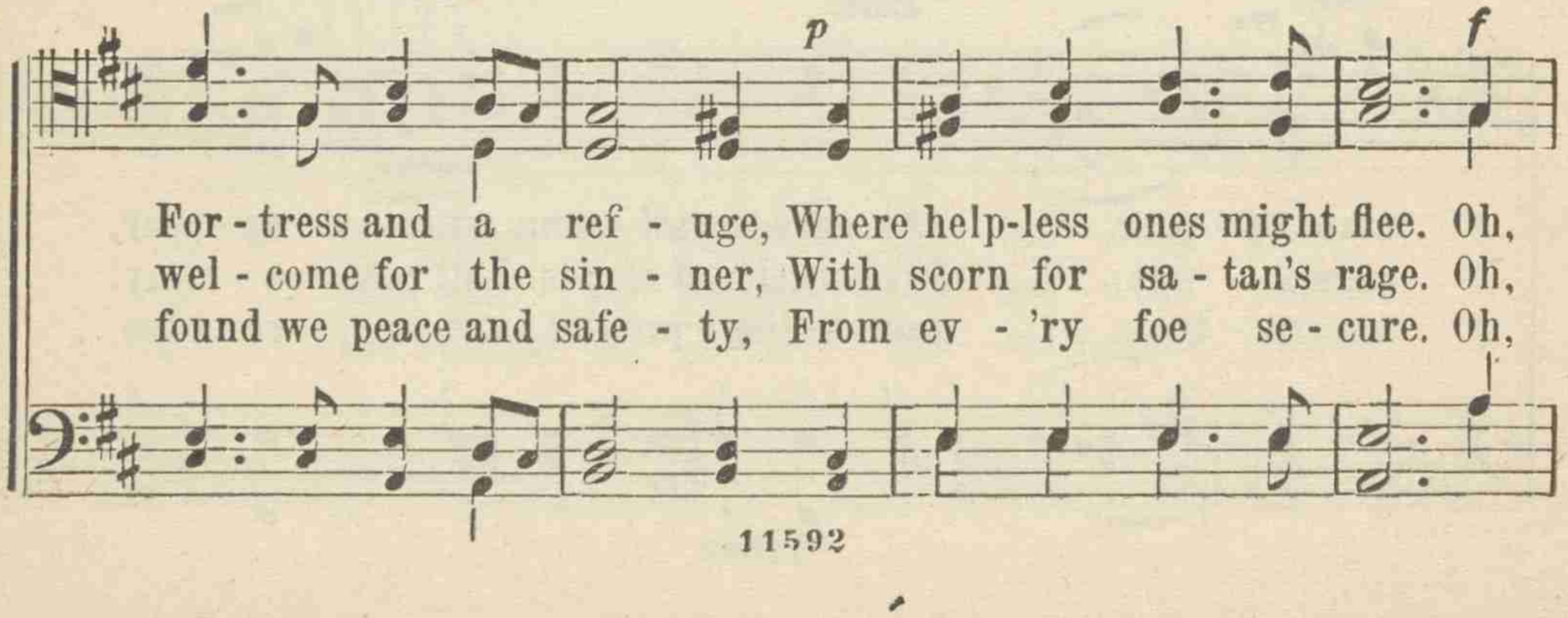
Within our Mighty Fortress.

R. SCHUMANN.









strong and mighty For - tress, God's changeless love and grace, Firm

as the hills e - ter - nal, Is this, our rest - ing-place; Oh,

strong and mighty For - tress, God's changeless love and grace, Firm

as the hills e - ter - nal, Is this, our rest - ing place.

Morning Hymn.

Arr. ABT.

Stars with

Morn awakes in si - lence, Still in the vaulted sky;

Morning Hymn. Concluded.

fad - ing

Cres. *f*

Stars with fading lustre Gem its canopy; Hail, then hail, fair morning's

gleam, Praise to Him who kind-leth ev - 'ry sun-ny beam; Swell your

p *f* Dim.

grate-ful voic - es Bend in ad-o - ration, Praise the Lord of light,

p Cres.

Bend in ad - o - ra-tion, Praise the Lord of light; Lord of ev'ry land and

f

nation, Throned in boundless might, throned in boundless might, in boundless might.

From von Weber.

1. Know, my soul, thy full sal - va - tion,
2. Think what spir - it dwells with - in thee;
3. Haste thee on from grace to glo - ry,
4. Soon shall close thy earth - ly mis - sion,

Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care,
Think what Fa - ther's smiles are thine,
Armed by faith and winged by prayer;
Soon shall pass thy pil - grim days;

Joy to find in ev - 'ry sta - tion,
Think that Je - sus died to win thee,
Heav'ns e - ter - nal day be - fore thee,
Hope shall change to glad fru - i - tion,

Some - thing still to do or bear.
Child of heav'n, canst thou re - pine?
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

Good News.

Arr. NESSLER.

1. Good news from heav'n, good news for thee, There flows a par - don
2. Good news from heav'n, good news for thee, The Sav - ior cries, "Come
3. Good news from heav'n, good news for thee, Has ech - oed from e-

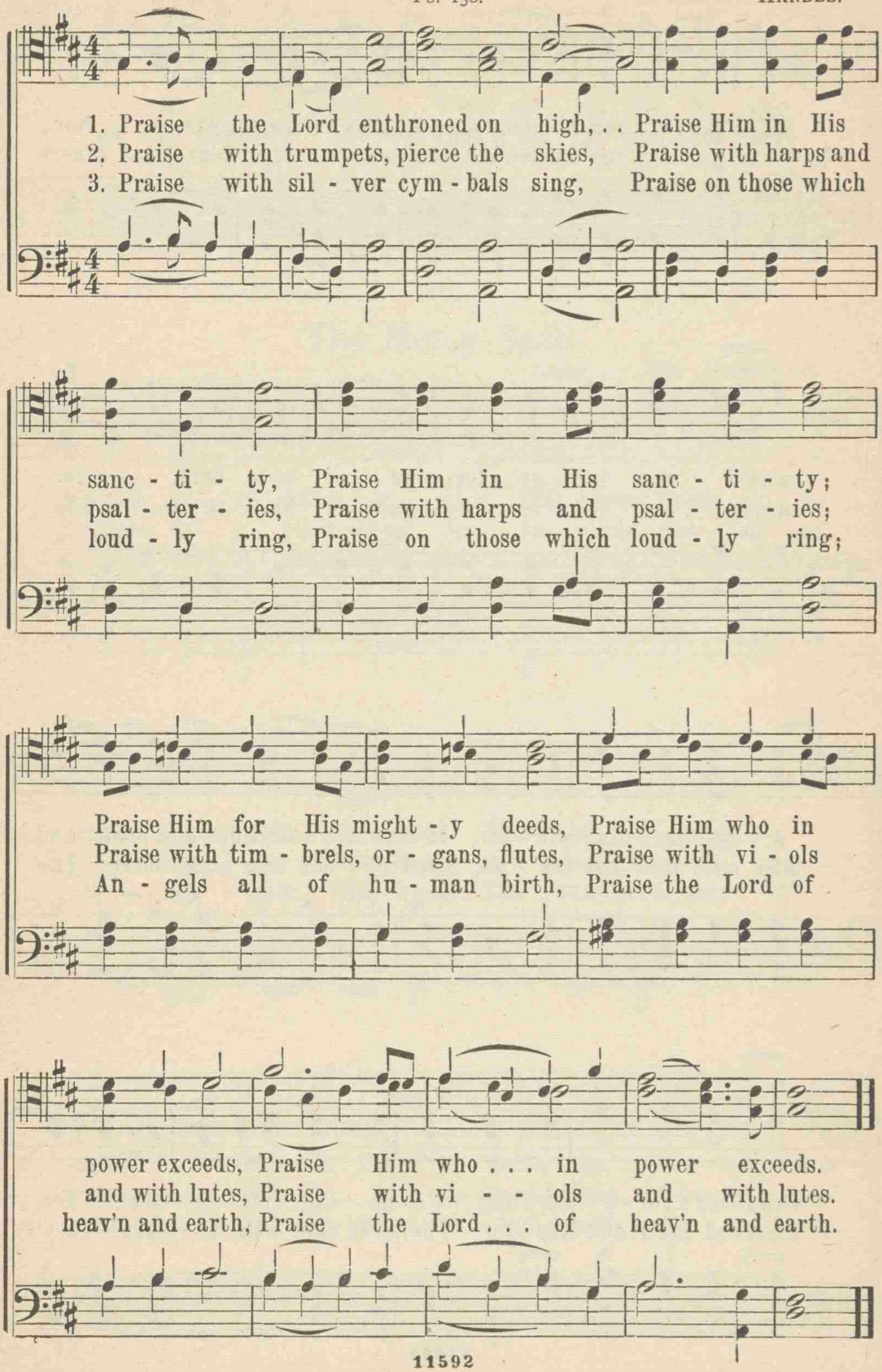
full and free To guilt - y sin - ners thro' the blood Of
un - to me All ye who toil, with fears op-pressed, Come,
ter - ni - ty; And loud shall our ho - san - nas ring, When

the in - car - nate Son of God; He paid the debt that thou didst
wea - ry one, oh, come and rest." He loves thee with o'er-flow-ing
with the ran-somed throng we sing, "Worthy the Lamb whose precious

owe, He suf - fered death for Thee be - low.
love, He hears thy pray'r in heav'n a - bove.
blood Has made us kings and priests to God."

Rit. e Dim.

Ps. 150. HANDEL.



We're Going Homeward.

GERMAN.

1. We're go - ing homeward each pass - ing year, Nor would we tar - ry for - ev - er here, In
2. We're go - ing homeward, yes, ev - 'ry hour, Where death can nev - er re - gain . . . his power. The

a - ge's dark'ning win - ter, In manhood's strength and pride, And
dear ones He has tak - en, Shall be our own once more, The

childhood's ros - y morn-ing We're go - ing side by side, Yes,
bless - ed Lord and Mas - ter The loved ones will re - store. They've



The Mercy Seat.

Arr. GREGORIAN.



Stand up for Jesus.

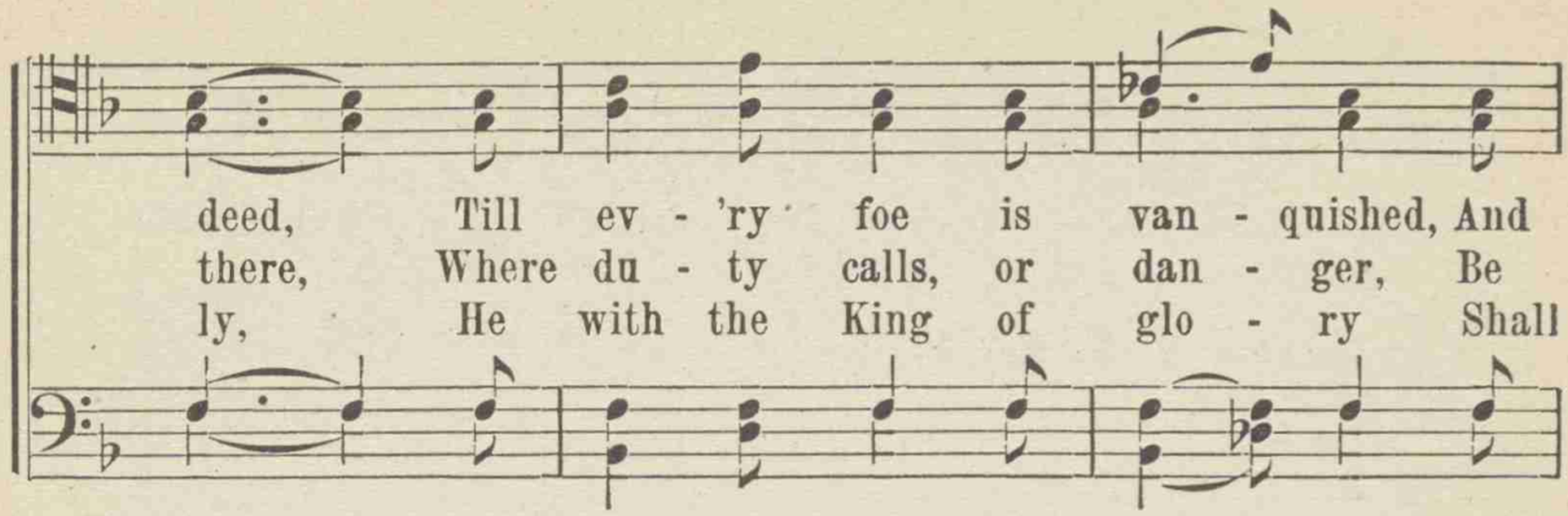
ROSSINI.

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol - diers of the cross, Lift
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! Stand in His strength a-lone; The
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! The strife will not be long, This

high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss; From
arm of flesh will fail you— Ye dare not trust your own; Put
day the noise of bat - tle, The next the vic - tor's song; To

vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my He shall
on the gos - pel ar - mor, And watch - ing un - to
him that o - ver - com - eth A crown of life shall

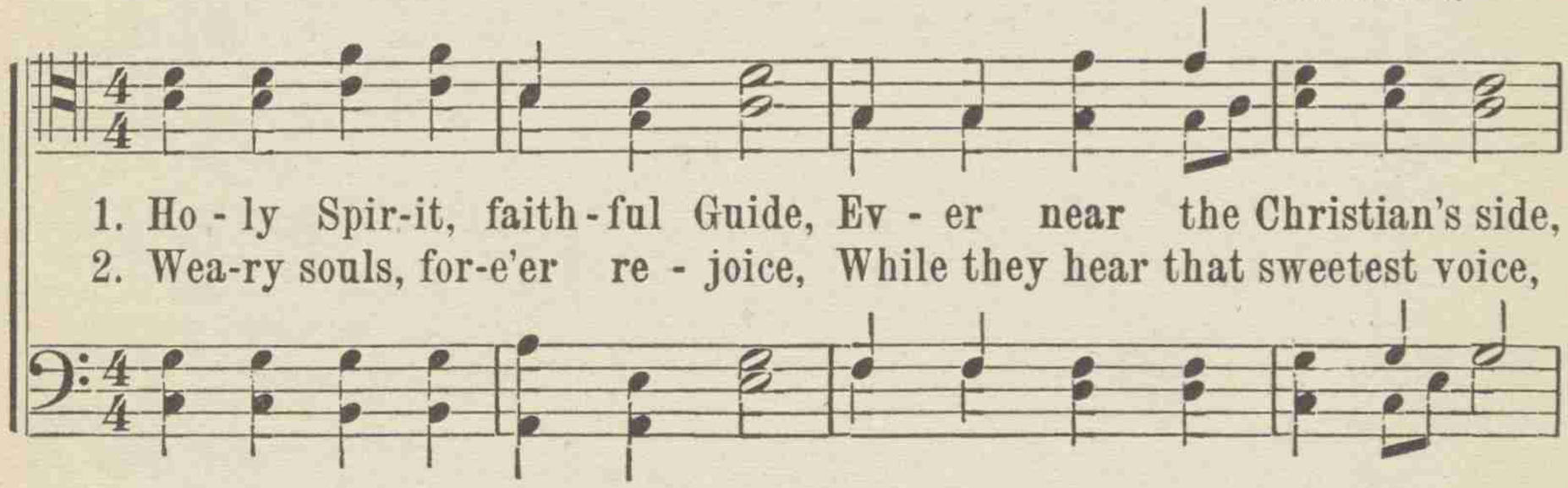
lead,. . . Till ev -'ry foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord in-
prayer, Where duty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev-er want-ing
be,. . . . He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e-ter - nal-

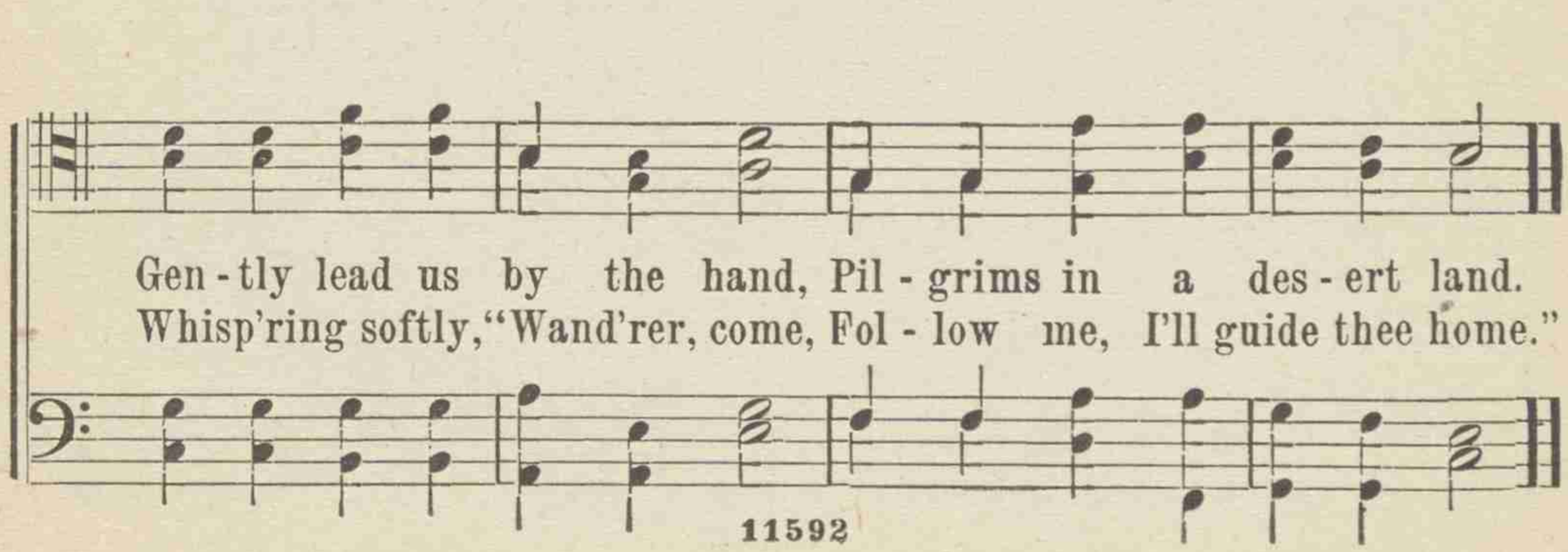




Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

DONIZETTI.





Days' Glory Declineth.

BARNBY.

p **Adagio.** *pp*

1. See! days' golden glory de - clin - eth, Eve's shadows climb softly the

sky; Low bend - ing, we praise and a - dore Thee, From Thy *ff*

mer - cy seat, hear us, Most High! Om - nip - o - tent, Om-nip - o - tent, *ff*

guard and pro - tect us. In night time, in day, in day be our

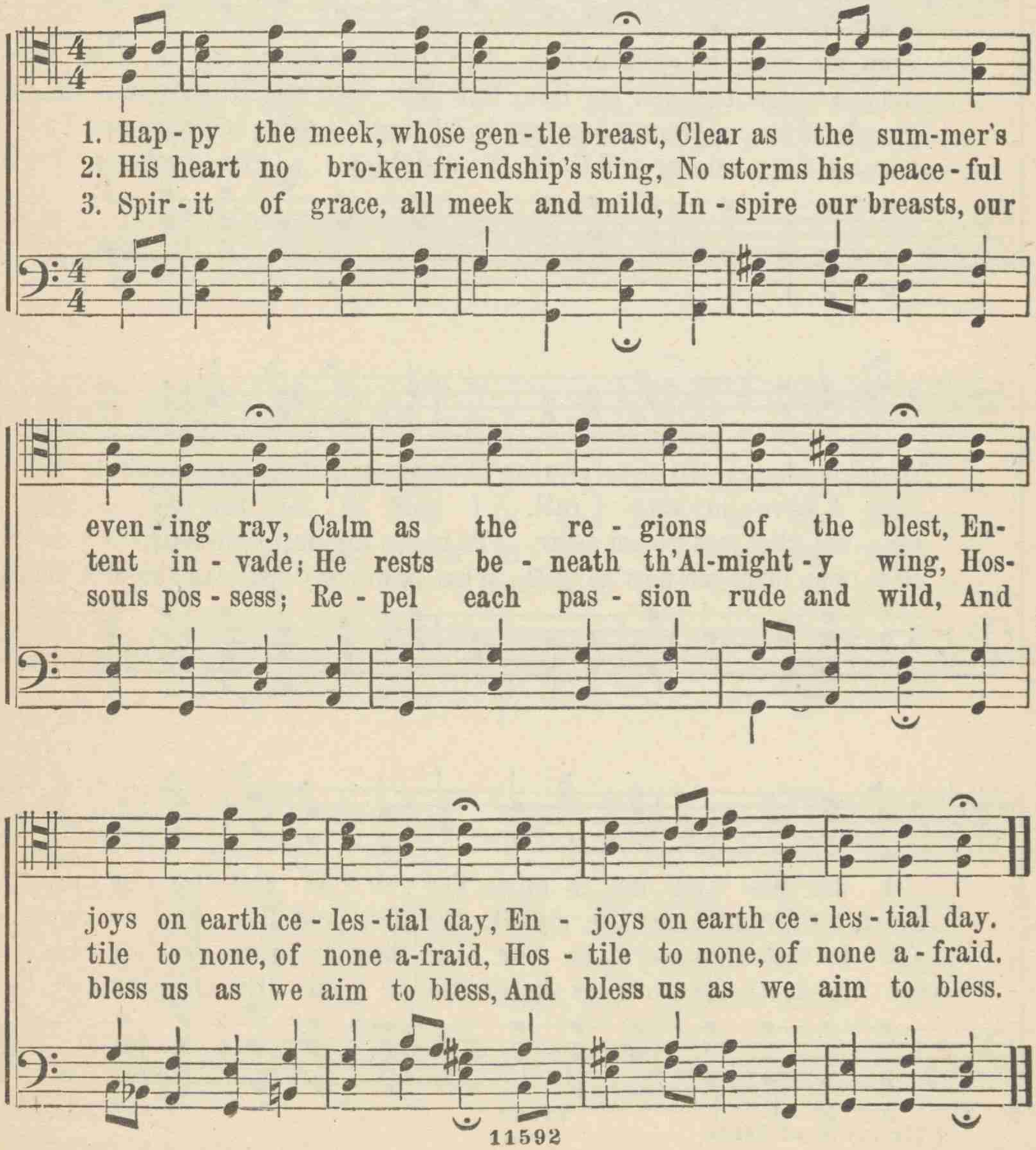
Rit. *ff* *p*

guide. Hold our hearts in Thy keep - ing, Al - might - y. With Thy



Happy the Meek.

MENDELSSOHN.



I've Found a Friend.

J. G. SMALL. GEO. C. STEBBINS. By per.

* 1. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him; He drew me with the cords of love, And then He bound me to Him. And
2. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! He bled, He died to save me; And not a-lone the gift of life, But His own self He gave me. Naught
3. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! All power to Him is given; To guard me on my onward course, And bring me safe to heav-en. Th'e-
4. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! So kind, and true, and tender; So wise a Coun-sel-lor and Guide, So might-y a De-fend-er! From

'round my heart still closely twine Those ties which naught can sever, For
that I have my own I call, I hold it for the Giv-er: My
ter-nal glo-ries gleam a-far, To nerve my faint en-deav-or: So
Him, who loves me now so well, What power my soul can sev-er? Shall

I am His and He is mine, For-ev-er and for-ev-er.
heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are His, and His for-ev-er.
now to watch, to work, to war, And then to rest for-ev-er.
life or death, or earth or hell? No; I am His for-ev-er.

* Melody in 2d Tenor.

Arr. LVOFF.

Bold.

1. God the All - ter - ri - ble! King, who or - dain - est,
2. God the Om - nip - o - tent! Might - y A - veng - er,
3. God the All - mer - ci - ful! earth hath for - sak - en
4. So shall Thy chil - dren in thank - ful de - vo - tion

Great winds Thy cla - rions, Thy light - nings Thy sword.
Watch - ing in - vis - i - ble, judg - ing un - heard;
Thy ways of bless - ed - ness, slight - ed Thy word;
Laud Him who saved them from per - il ab - horred.

Show forth Thy pit - y on high where Thou reign - est,
Doom us not now in the hour of our dan - ger,
Bid not Thy wrath in its ter - rors a - wak - en,
Sing - ing in cho - rus from o - cean to o - cean,

Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.
"Peace to the na - tions, and praise to the Lord."

Hear my Prayer.

From HAYDN.

pp **Slowly.**

Hear my prayer, O God, and turn not away Thy face from Thy servant.

mf *f*

How long wilt Thou be an - gry? Shall Thy indig-na - tion burn for-

p *pp*

ev - er? Hear me, O God, Thy re - buke hath bro - ken my heart.

ff

I looked for some to have pi - ty on me, but there was no man

pp *p*

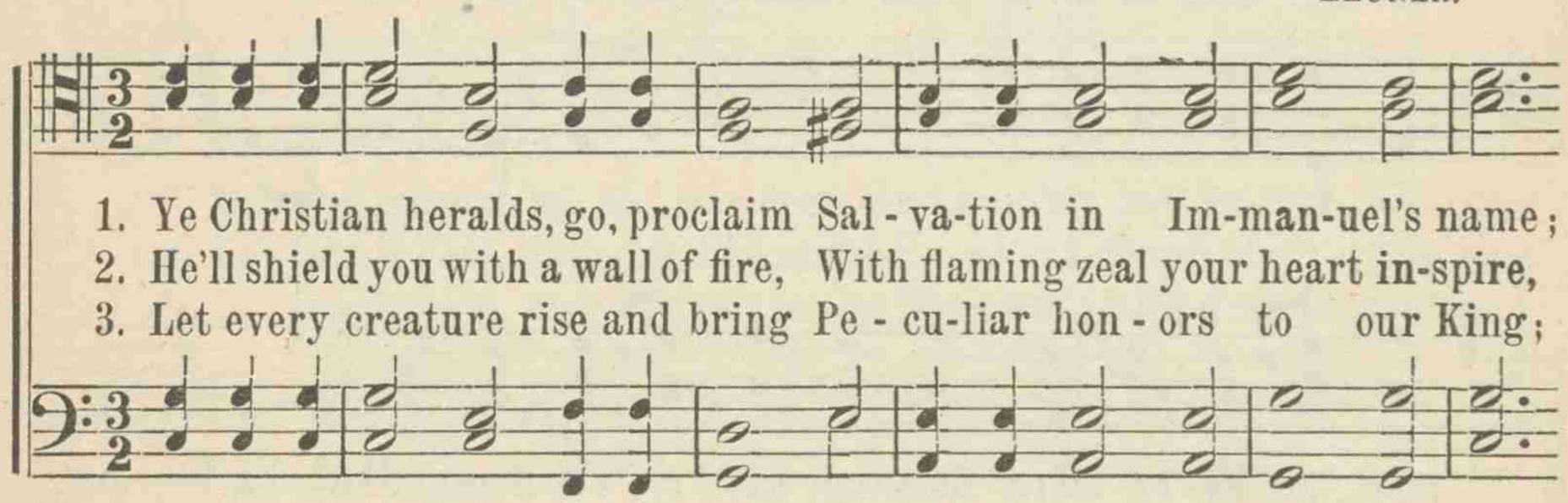
to com - fort me. I looked for some to have pi - ty on me,

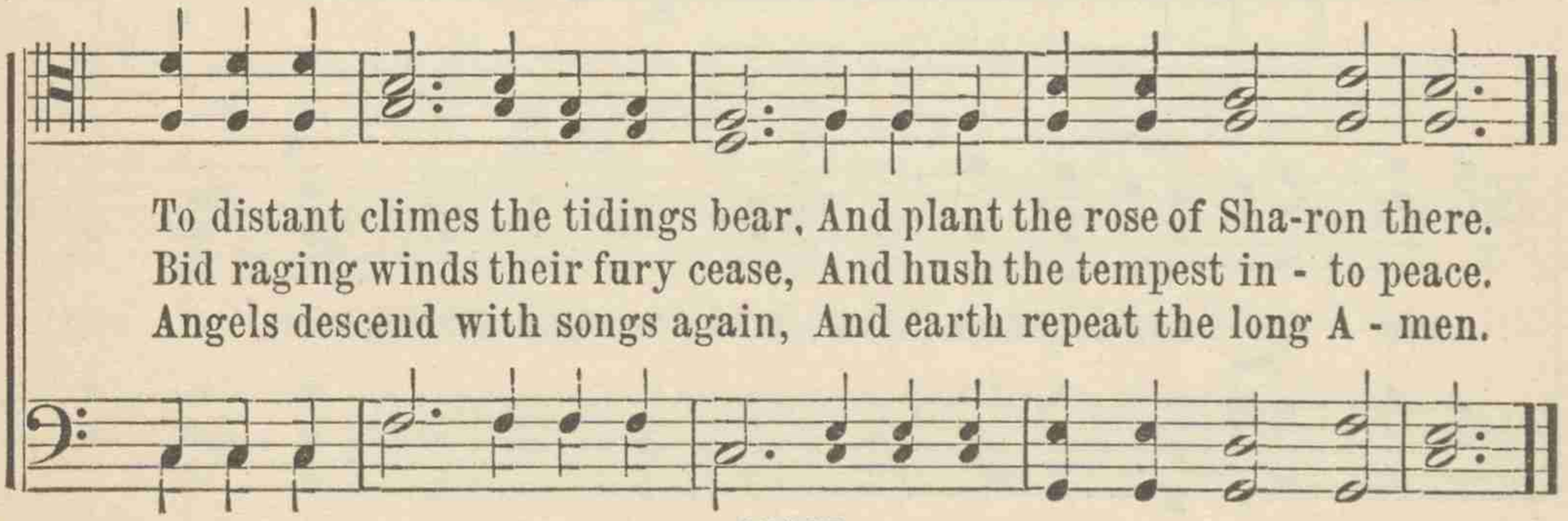




Missionary Chant.

ZEUNER.





Blessing and Glory.

MOTETTE. Arr. BACH.

f **Moderato.**

Blessing, glo - ry, wis-dom and thanks, Blessing, glo - ry, wis-dom and

f *mf*

thanks, power and might, power and might, power and might be un-

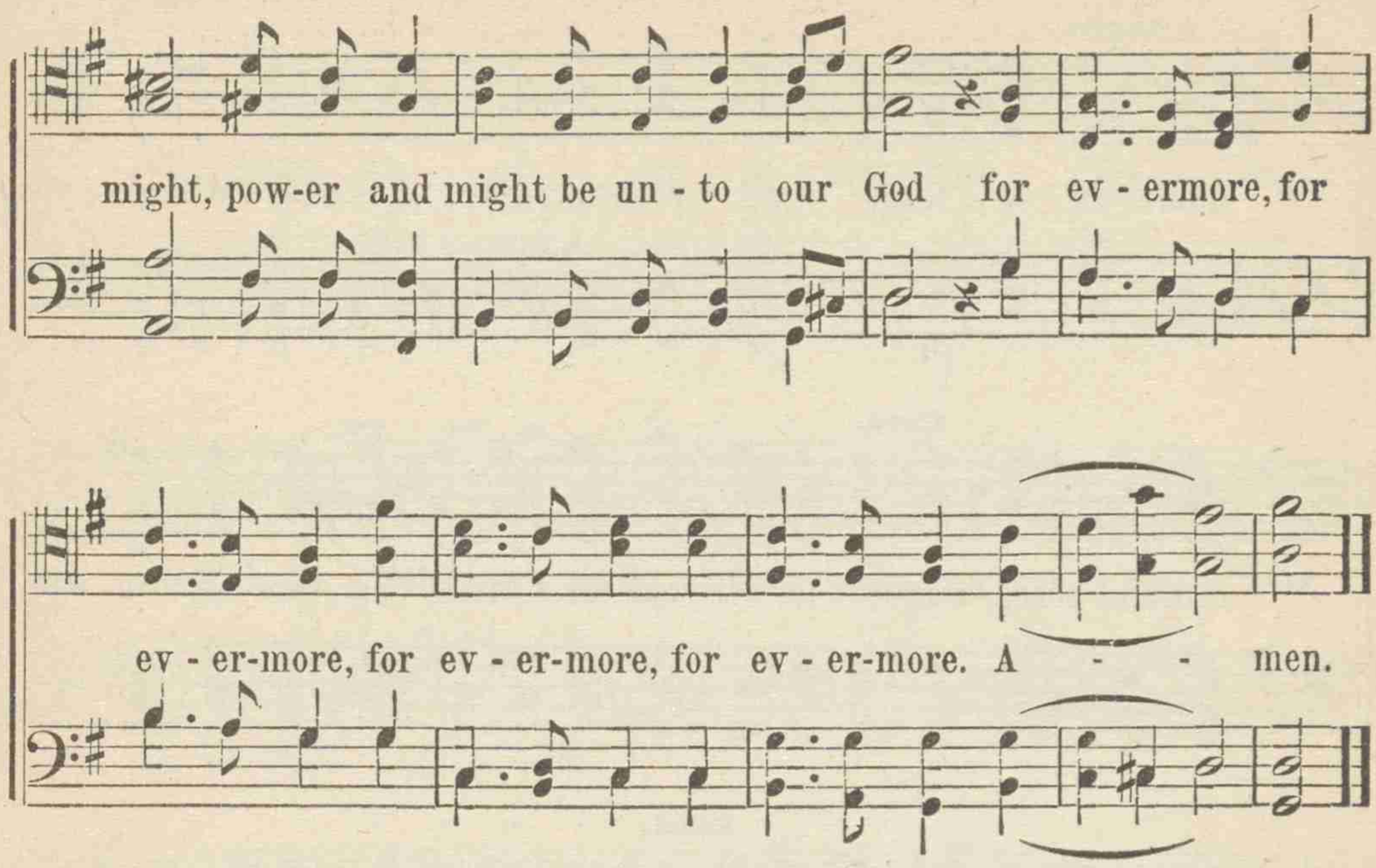
f

to our God, be un-to our God, be un-to our God for ev - er-

more, for ev - er - more. Blessing, glo - ry, wis-dom and thanks, Blessing,

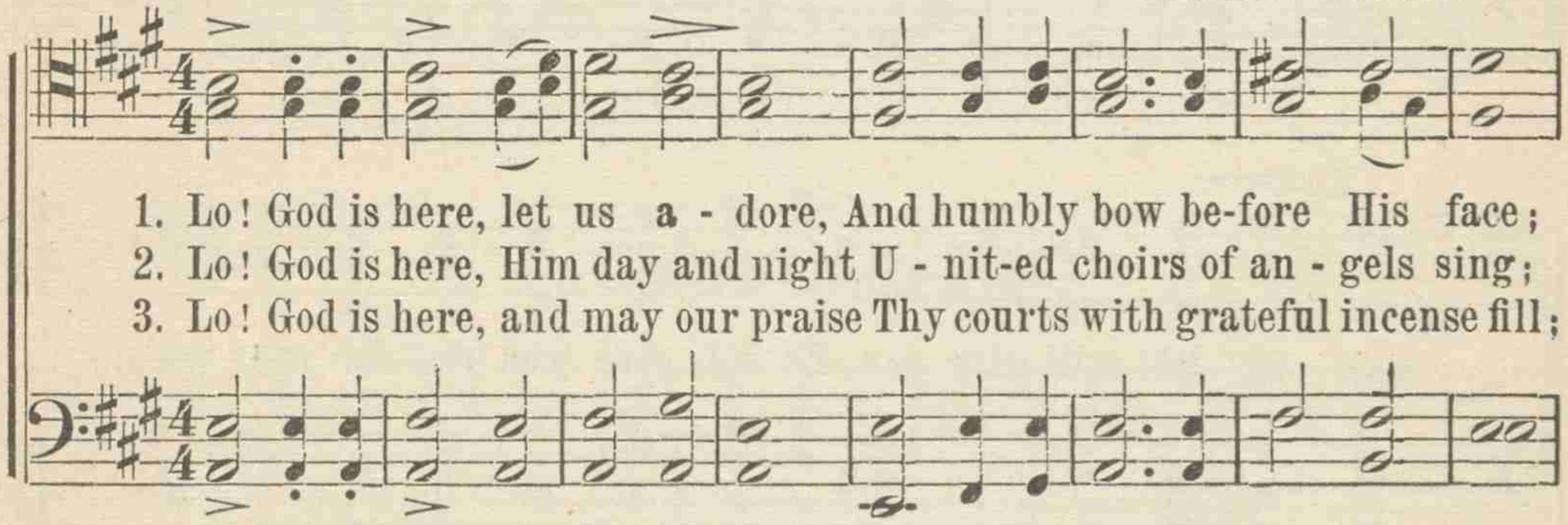
p

glo - ry, wis-dom and thanks, pow - er and might, pow - er and



Lo! God is Here.

GEO. H. K. OLIVER.



Come unto Him.

Arr. GOUNOD.

p **Adagio.**

Come un - to Him, all ye who la-bor! Your Lord will give you

Cres. - - -

pp

rest and peace, Comfort for all your sor - rows. Ye wea-ry, He will

Cres. - - - - - -

give you, He will give you rest for your souls. Ye

wea - ry, He will give you, He will give you rest for your souls.

Father, Hear Us.

BEETHOVEN.

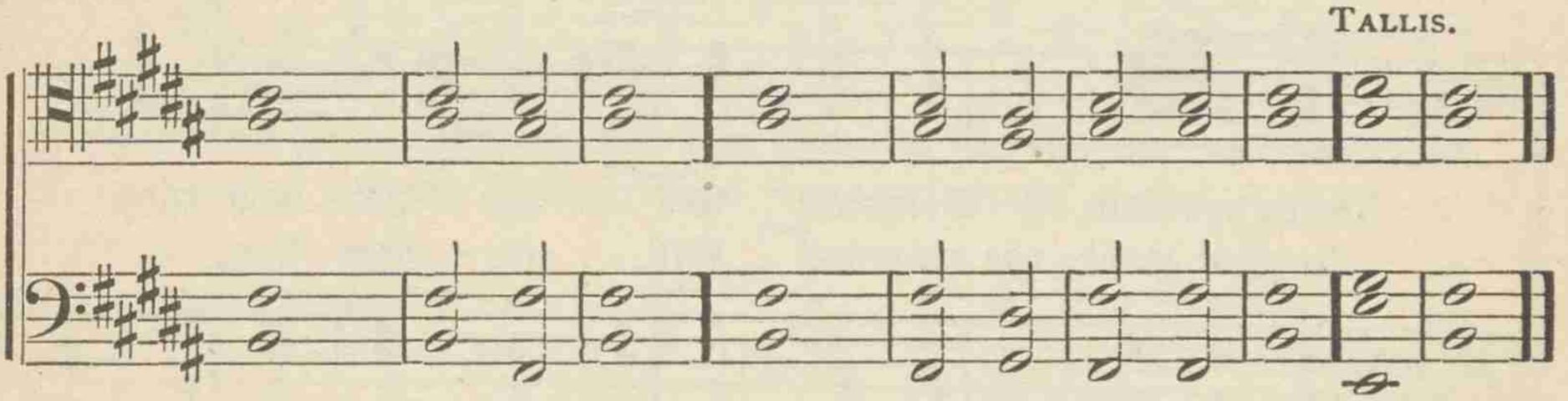
Andante religioso.

Heav'n - ly Fa - ther, gra - cious-ly hear us, Hear the pe-



Come Unto Me.

TALLIS.



1 Come unto me, all ye that labor and are | heavy | laden,
And | I will | give you | rest.

2 Take my yoke upon you and learn of me; for I am meek and | lowly in | heart.
And ye shall find | rest un- | to your | souls.

3 For my yoke is easy, and my | burden is | light.
For my yoke is | easy, and my | burden is | light.

4 And the Spirit and the bride say come, and let him that | heareth say | come.
And let him that is athirst come, and whosoever will, let him take the | water of | life | freely. | A-men.

Not a Sparrow Falleth.

Arr. FRANZ ABT.

p

1. Not a spar - row fall - eth, but its God doth know,
2. For the God that plant - ed in thy breast a soul,

Just as when His man - date lays a mon - arch low;
On His sa - cred ta - bles doth thy name en - roll;

mf

Rall.

Not a leaf - let wav - eth, but its God doth see, ...
Cheer thine heart, then, trembler, nev - er faith - less be, ...

Tempo.

1

Think not thou, O trembler, God . . . for - get - teth thee.
He that marks the sparrow, Will. . . re - mem - ber

Far more precious, sure - ly, than the birds that fly, Is a Fa-ther's

im - age to a Fa - ther's eye; E'en thine hairs are number'd,

Trust Him full and free; Cast thy care up - on Him, He will care for

2

Rit.

thee. . . . thee; Will re - mem - ber thee!

The Sacred Stream.

Arr. HERBECK.

1. There is a stream whose gentle flow Supplies the city of our God; Life,
2. That sacred stream, Thy holy word, Our grief allays, our fear controls; Sweet

love and joy still glid-ing thro', And watering our di - vine a - bode.
peace Thy promis - es af - ford, And give new strength to fainting souls.

Call Jehovah thy Salvation.

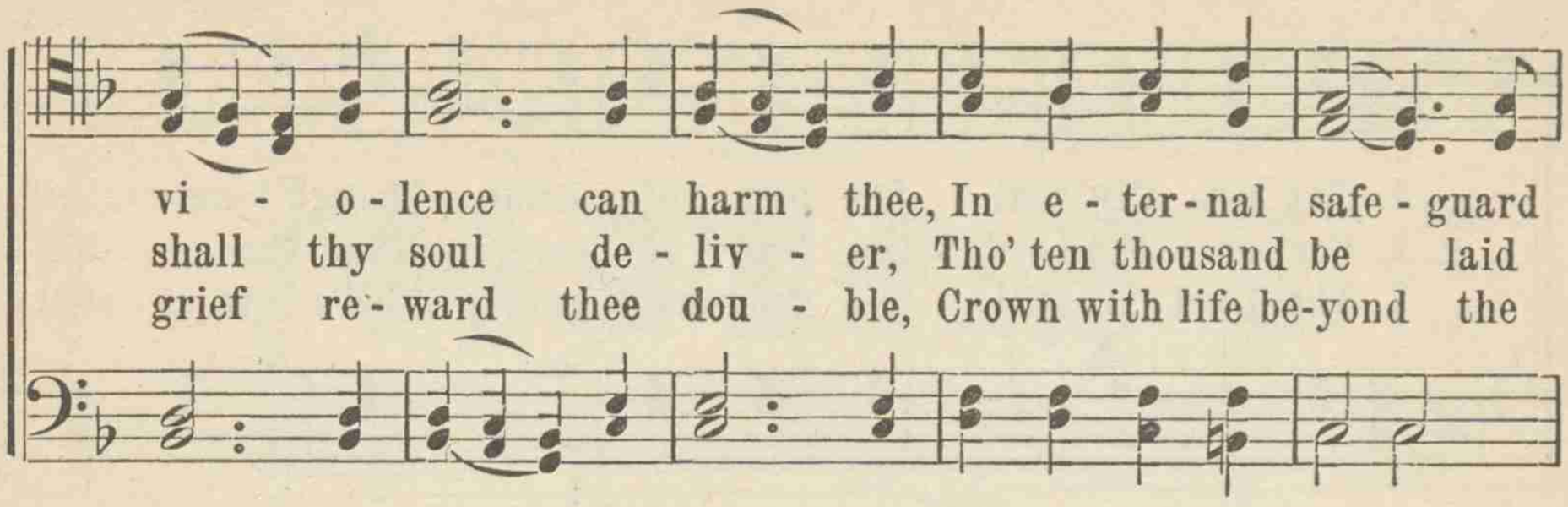
MOZART.

1. Call Je - ho - vah thy Sal - va - tion, Rest be - neath th'Al-
2. From the sword at noon - day wast - ing, From the noi - some
3. Since with pure and firm af - fec - tion, Thou on God hast

might-y's shade, In His se - cret hab - i - ta - tion Dwell,
pes - ti - lence, In the depth of mid - night blast - ing, God
set thy love, With the wings of His pro - tec - tion He

nor ev - er be dismayed. There no tu - mult can a-
shall be thy sure de - fence. Fear not thou the dead - ly
will shield thee from a - bove. Thou shalt call on Him in

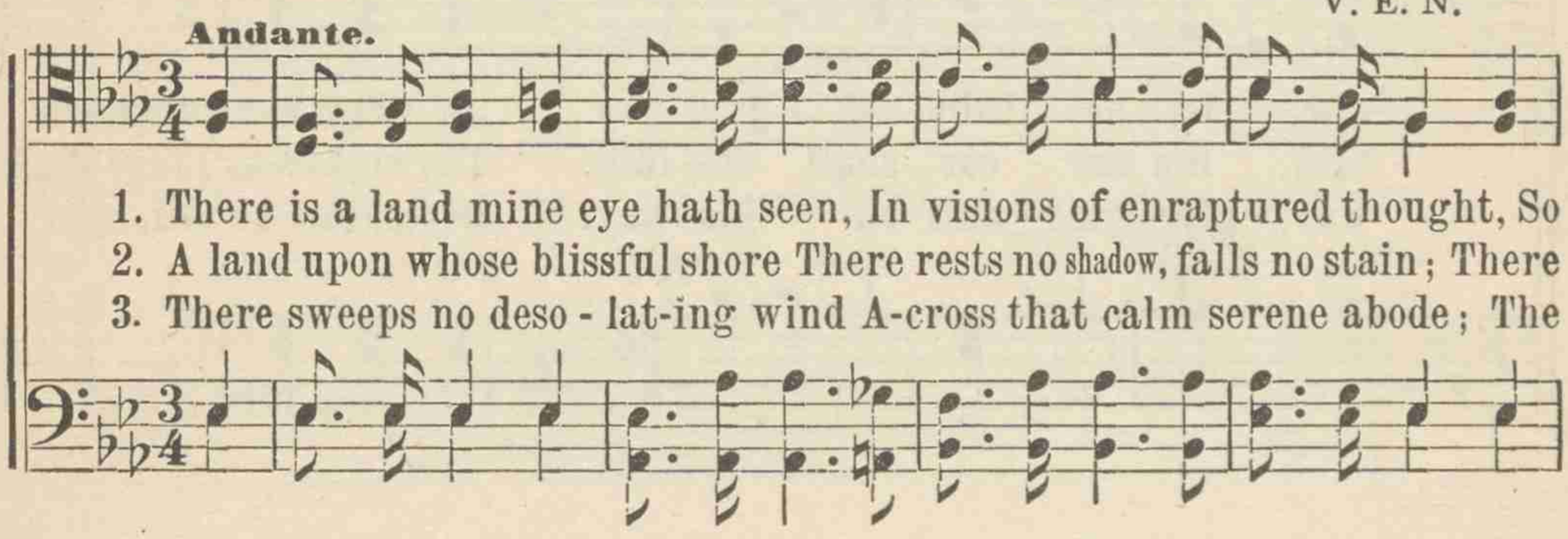
larm thee, Thou shalt dread no hid - den snare; Guile nor
quiv - er, When a thou - sand feel the blow; Mer - cy
trou - ble, He will har - ken, He will save; Here for

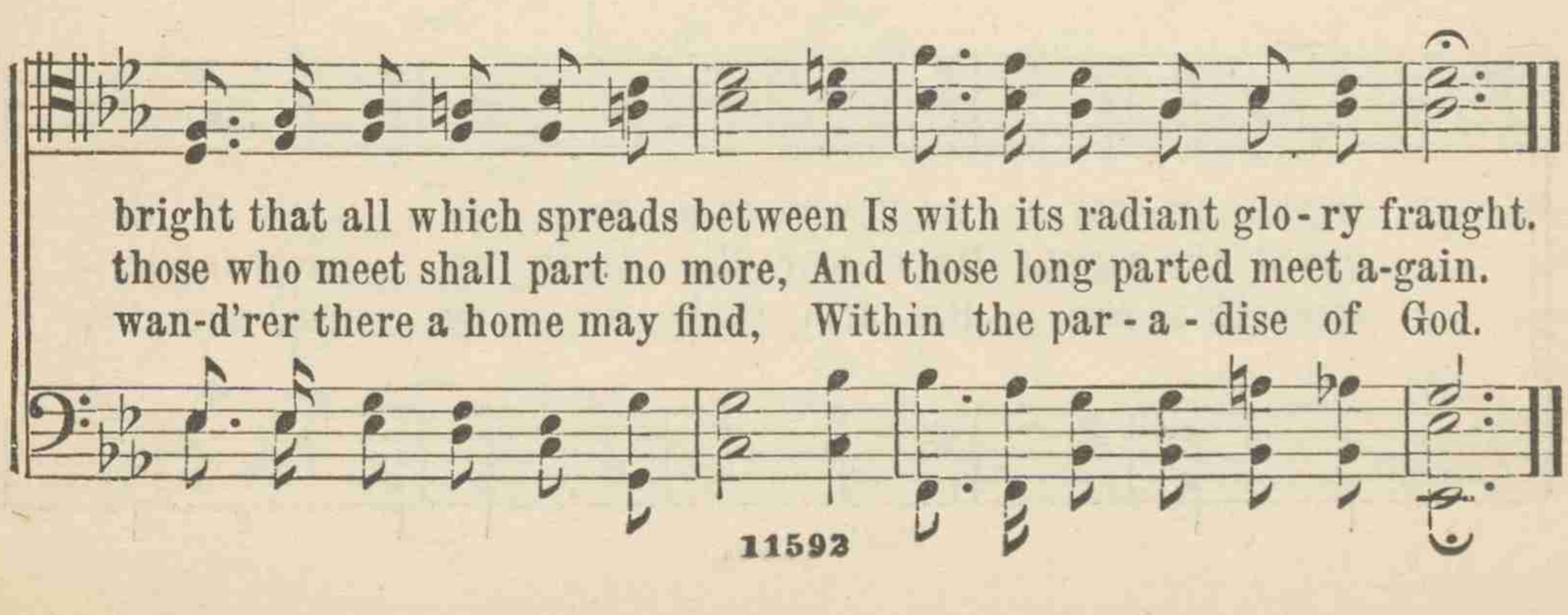




The Heavenly Land.

V. E. N.





Vex not thy Soul.

Arr. WELDON.

1. Vex not thy soul for men of pride, Though long their
2. Cast on the Lord thy load of care, The bur - den
3. The Lord is still the good man's guide; God's love still

earth - ly, earth - ly bliss a - bide, Let not thine en - vy
which thou canst not, canst not bear, His suc - cor shall sus-
watch - ing, watch-ing at his side, Gives gladness on his

rise, let not thine en - vy rise. As grass in summer's
tain, His suc - cor shall sus-tain. Thy righteous judge shall
way, gives glad - ness on his way. Gives, tho' he fall, new

fresh ar - ray, As flow'rs that fade at close of day,
guard the right, Make clear His truth as morn-ing light,
strength to rise; His arm that ev - 'ry need sup-plies,



In Thee I Put my Steadfast Trust.

HANDEL.



Remember Me.

Arr. F. Abt.

1. Oh, Thou from whom all good-ness flows, I lift my soul to
2. When, in the sol-emn hour of death, I wait Thy just de-

Thee; In all my sor-rows, conflicts, woes, O Lord, re-mem-ber
cree, Be this the pray'r of my last breath, O Lord, re-mem-ber

me. When worn with pain, disease and grief, This fee-ble bod-y
me. And when be-fore Thy throne I stand, And lift my soul to

see, Grant patience, rest and kind re-lief, O Lord, re-mem-ber
Thee, Then with the saints at Thy right hand, O Lord, re-mem-ber

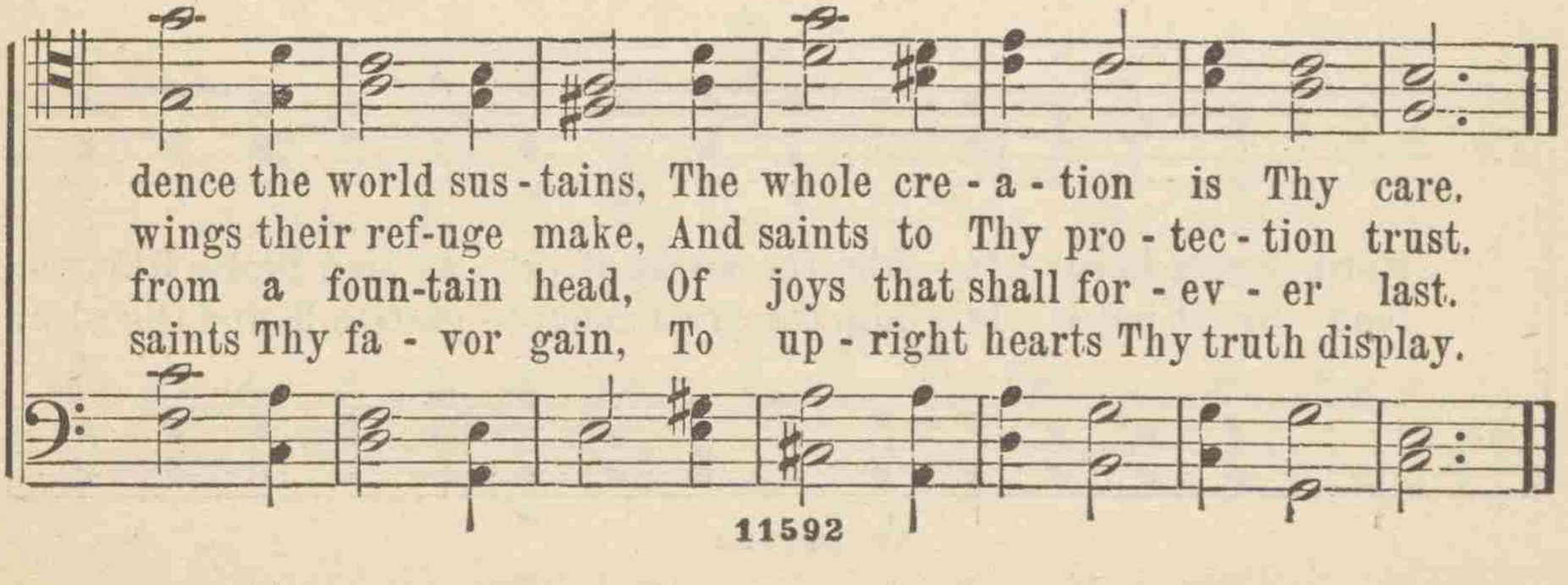
Cres.



Thy Justice like the Hills Remains.

HANDEL.



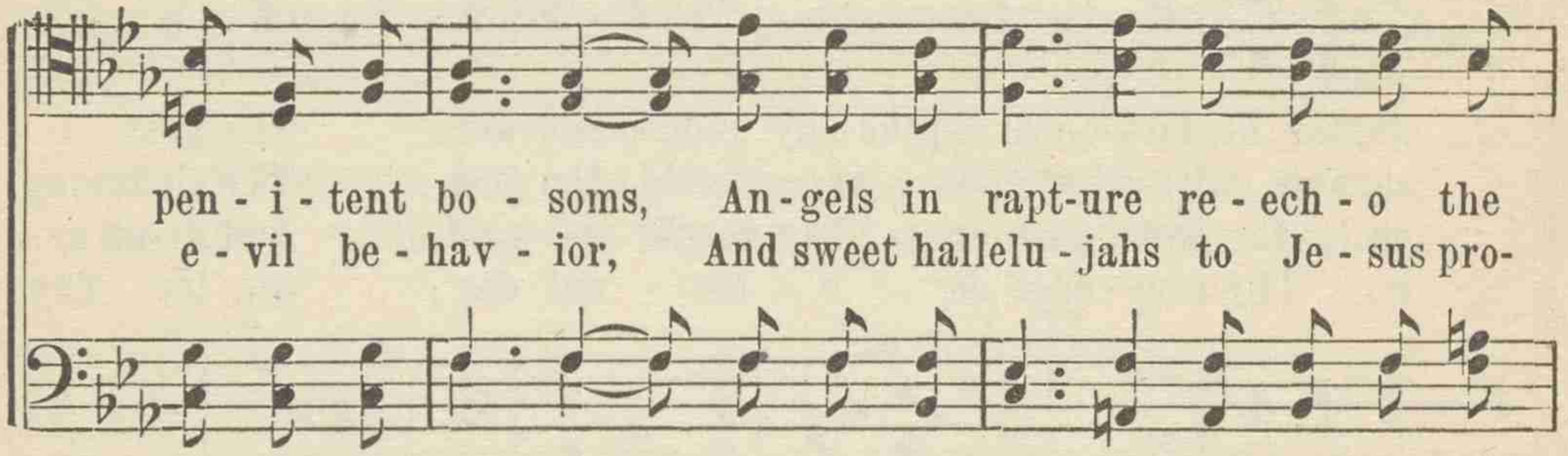


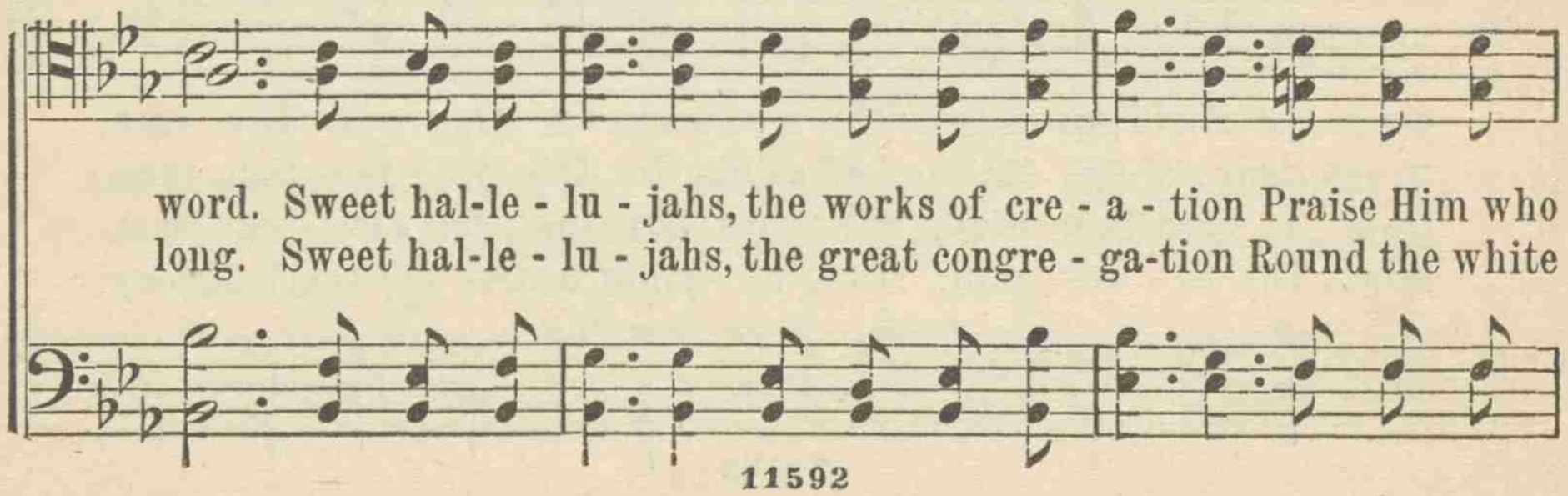
Sweet Hallelujahs.

Arr. DARNTON.









on - ly may e'er be a - dored; But sweet-er the
throne shall re - ech - o the word; They shall pass with their

thrill of a new an - i - ma - tion, When sin - ners, now
palms thro' the gates of sal - va - tion, Singing sweet hal - le-

par - doned, sing praise to the Lord. Sweet hal - le - lu - jahs,
lu - jahs in praise to the Lord. Sweet hal - le - lu - jahs,

sweet hal - le - lu - jahs, sweet hal-le - lu - jahs, praise to the Lord.
sweet hal - le - lu - jahs, sweet hal-le - lu - jahs, praise to the Lord.

Gently Lead Us.

Andante.

1. Gent - ly, Lord, oh, gent - ly lead us, Through this lone - ly vale of tears; Thro' the chang - es Thou'st de-
2. In the hour of pain and an - guish, In the hour when death draws near, Suf - fer not our hearts to

creed us, Till our last great change ap - pears.
lan - guish, Suf - fer not our souls to fear.

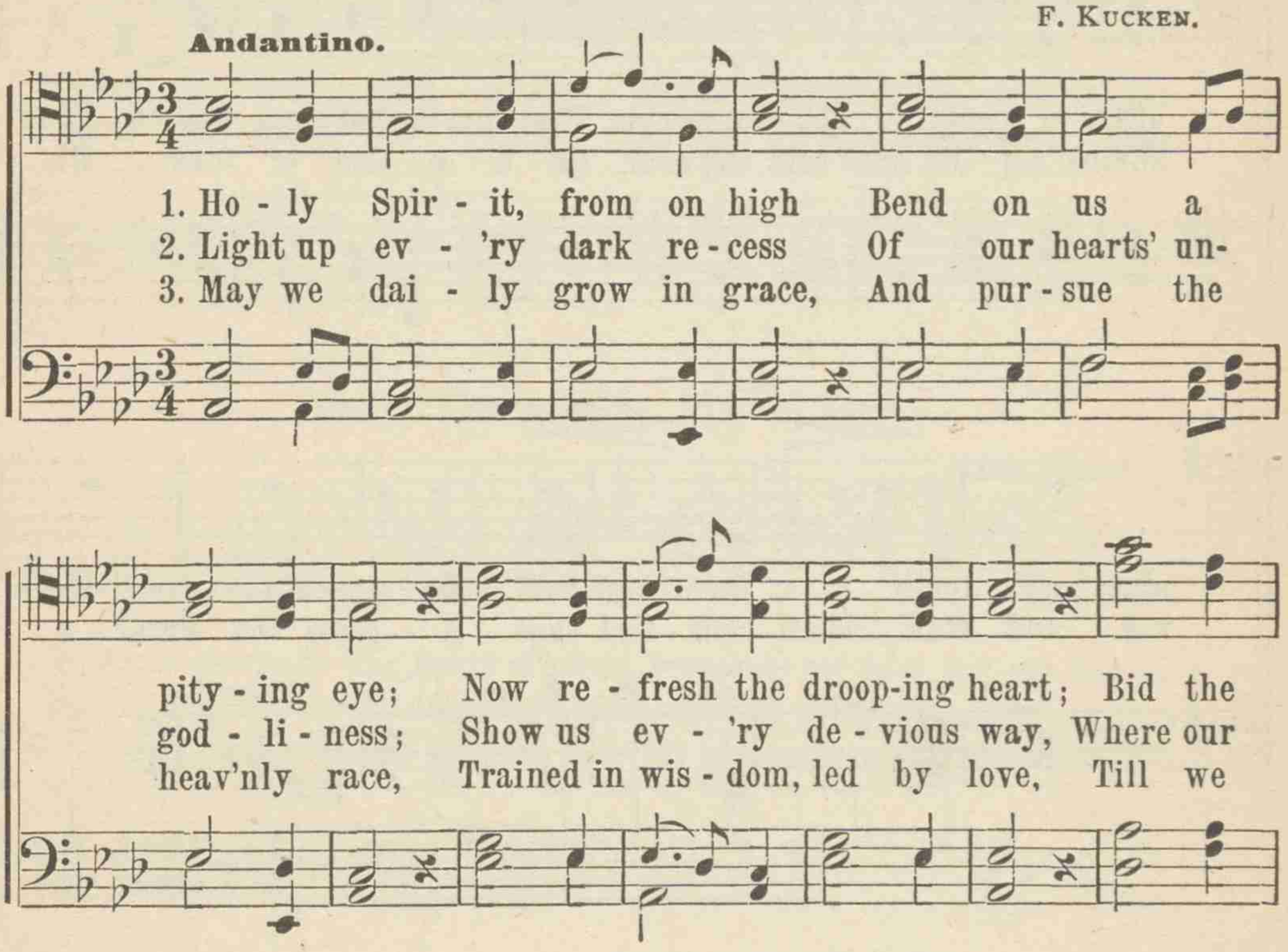
When temp - ta - tion's darts as - sail us, When in
And when mor - tal life is end - ed, Bid us

de - vious paths we stray, Let Thy good - ness nev - er
in Thine arms to rest, Till by an - gel bands at-



Holy Spirit.

F. KUCKEN.



Alone Thou Must Go.

Arr. J. B. Calkin.



said, His
ones, In

Cres.

His com - fort shall not fail. . . . But He whose word is
In heav'n's se - rene a - bode. . . . Till thou, till thou shalt

f *p* *pp*

sure, is sure, hath said, His comfort shall not, shall not fail.
join the bless - ed ones In heav'n's serene, serene a - bode.

Jesus Demands My Heart.

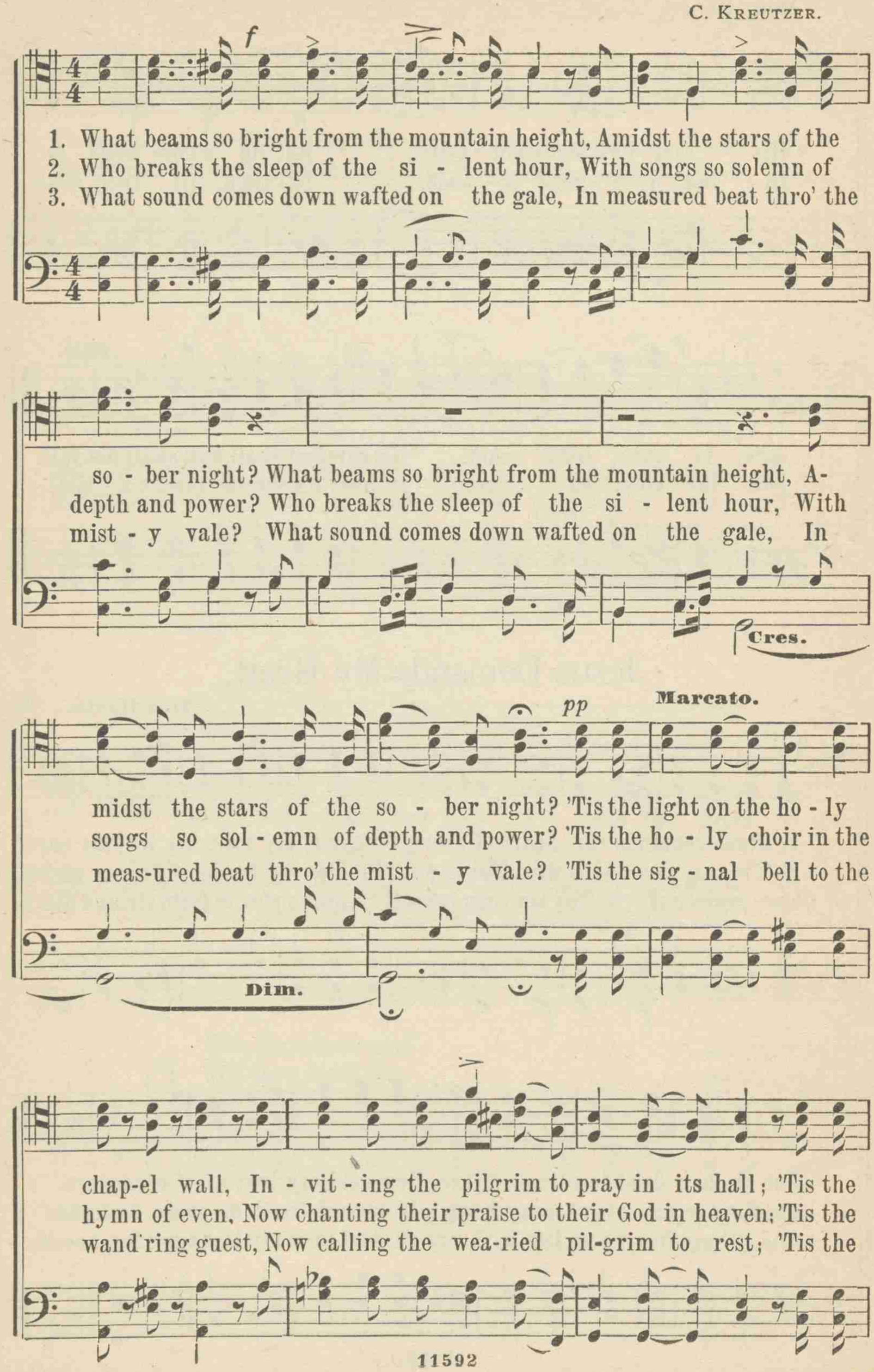
From HAYDN.

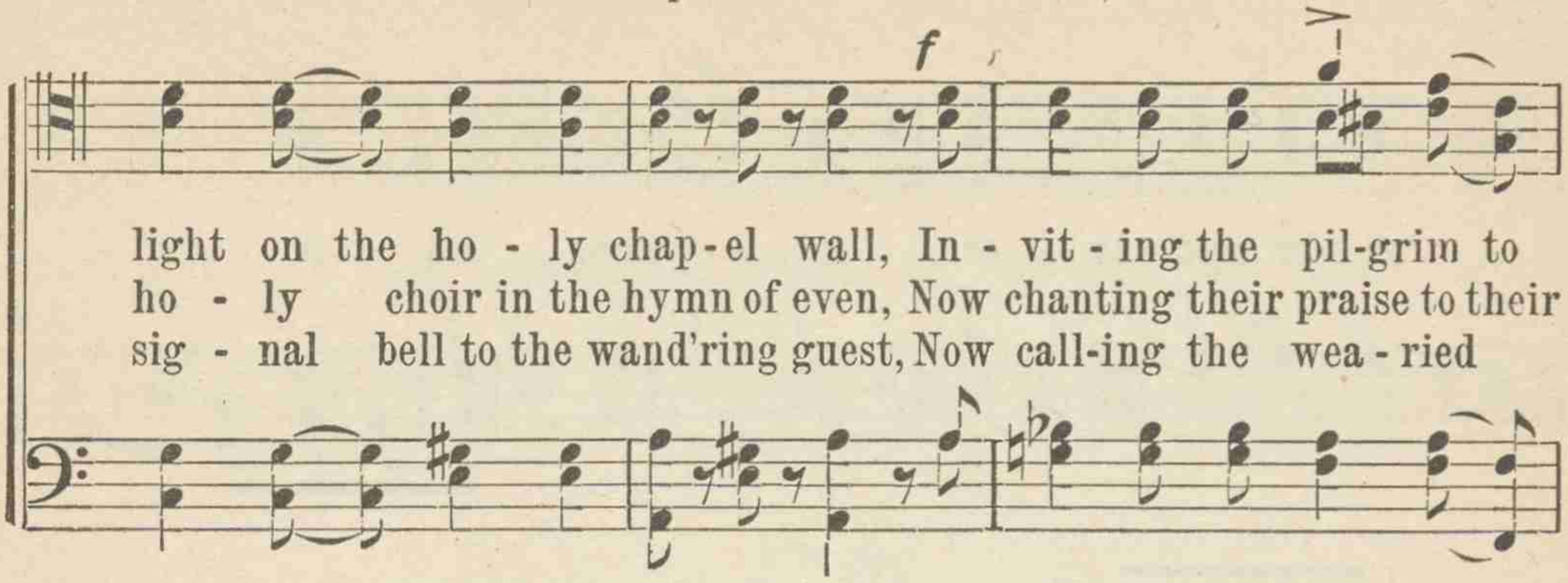
1. Jesus demands this heart of mine, Demands my love, my joy, my care,
2. 'Tis sin, alas! with dreadful power, Divides my Savior from my sight,
3. Come, gracious Lord; Thy love can raise My captive pow'rs from sin and death,

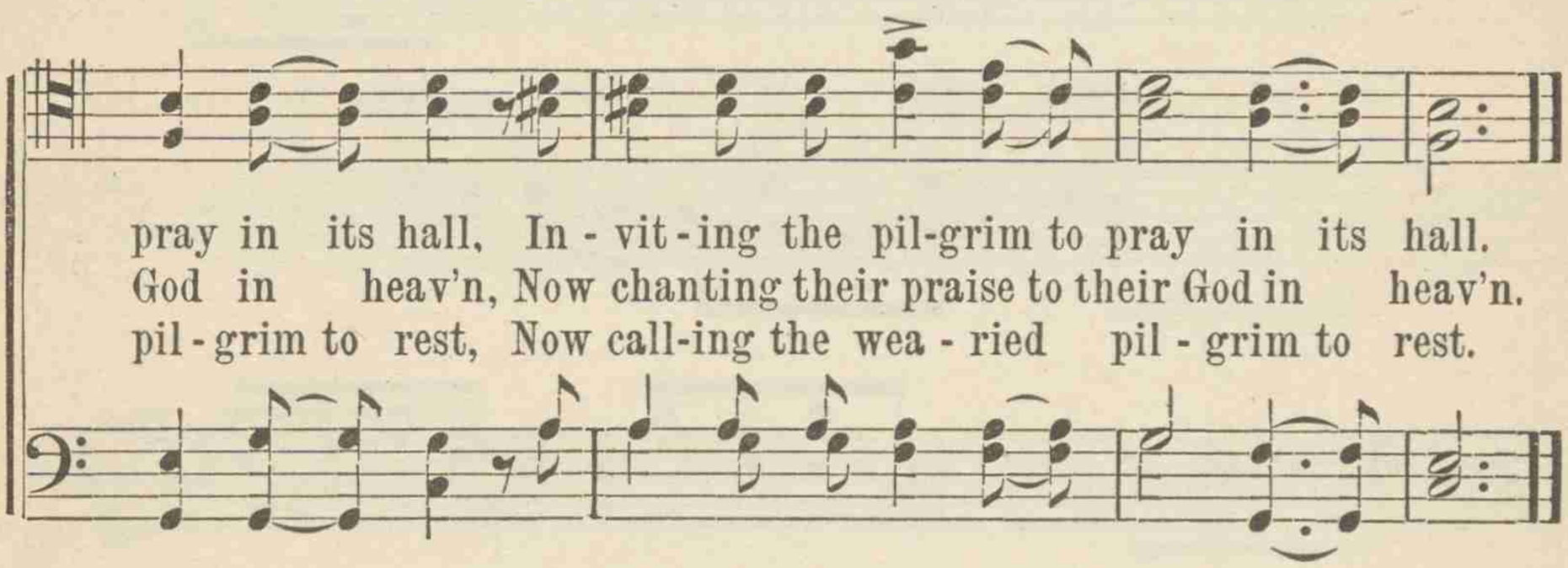
. But ah, how dead to things divine, How cold my best af - fections are.
Oh, for one hap-py, shining hour, Of sacred freedom, sweet de-light.
And fill my heart and life with praise, And tune my last expiring breath.

The Chapel.

C. KREUTZER.







Blessing and Glory.

Arr. Dr. Boyce.





ev - er and ev - er, A - men. Hal - le - -

lu - - jah, Hal - le - - - lu - - jah,

Hal - le - - lu - - jah, Hal - - le -

lu - - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.

p

Bless - ing, and glo - ry, and wis - dom, and thanksgiving, and

hon - or, and power, and might, be un - to our God for-

ev - er and ev - er, A - men. Hal - le - -

lu - - jah, Hal - le - - - lu - - jah,

Hal - le - - lu - - jah, Hal - - le -

lu - - jah, Hal - - le - lu - jah, A - men.

Nearer, my God, to Thee.

NOTE.—Make first bass a little prominent.

Arr. ABT.



1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee! E'en though it
2. Tho' like the wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be
3. Then with my waking thoughts, Bright with Thy praise, Out of my
4. Or, if on joy-ful wing, Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon and



be a cross That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be—
o-ver me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be—
ston-y griefs, Beth-el I'll raise; So by my woes to be—
stars for-got, Up-ward I fly; Still all my song shall be—



Nearer, my God, to Thee! Nearer, my God, to Thee! Nearer to Thee!

O Lord, our Governor.

PSALM 8.

Arr. JAS. KENT.

0 Lord, 0 Lord, 0 Lord, our Govern-or, 0 Lord, 0

Lord, our Gov-ern - or, how ex - cellent is Thy name, how

how ex - cel-lent is Thy

ex - cellent is Thy name, how ex - cellent, how ex - cellent, how

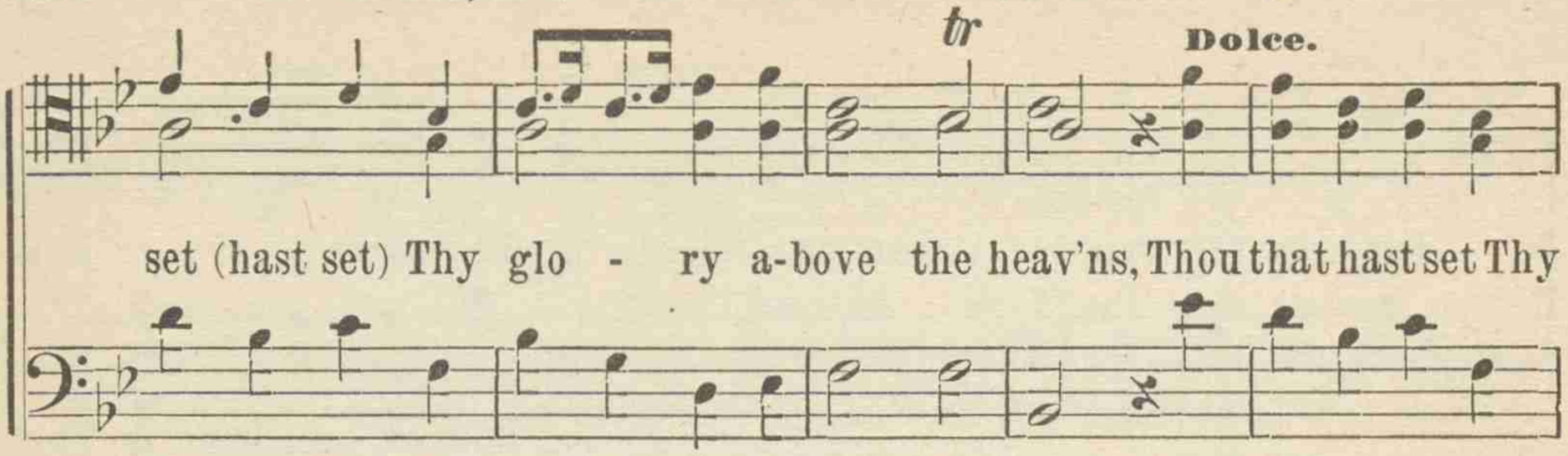
name, how ex - cellent,

ex - cellent is Thy name in all the world: Thou that hast set Thy

glo - ry, Thy glo - - - ry, Thy glo - - -

- - ry, hast set Thy glo-ry, Thou that hast set Thy glo - ry, hast

O Lord, our Governor. Concluded.

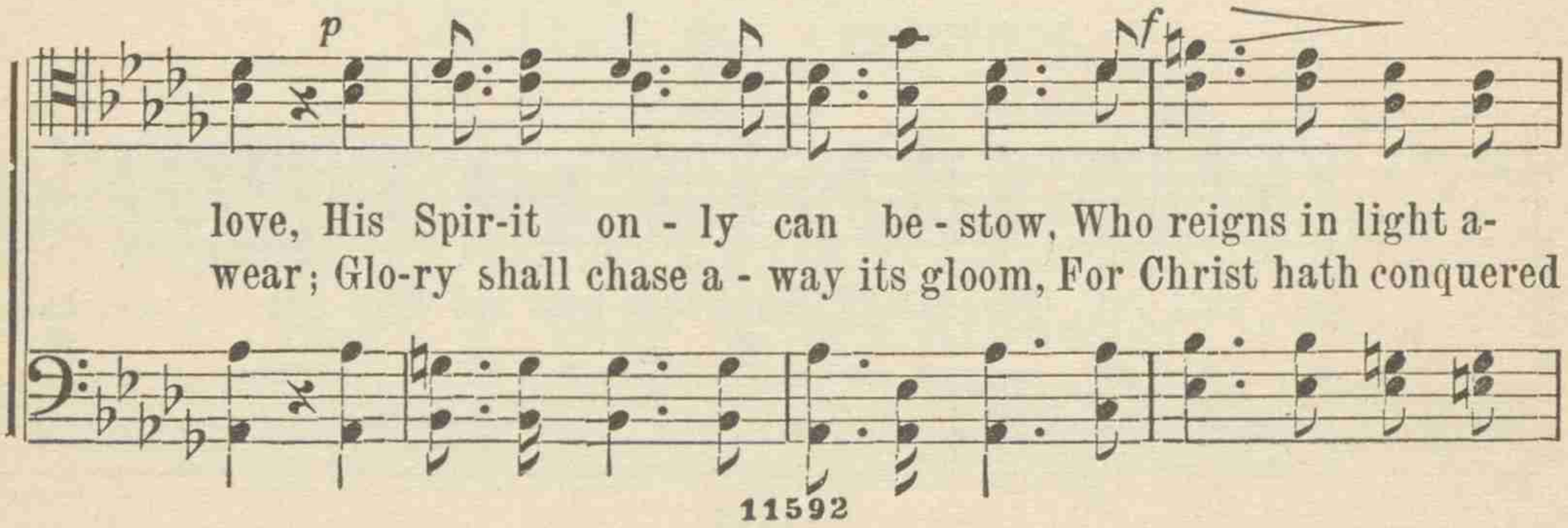




Walk in the Light.

WITT.





bove, Who reigns in light a - bove, in light a - bove. Walk
there, For Christ hath conquered there, hath conquered there. Walk

in the light, and thou shalt own thy darkness passed a - way, Be-
in the light, and thine shall be, a path, tho' thorny—bright, For

cause that light hath on thee shone, In which is per - fect day, Be-
God, by grace, shall dwell in thee, And God himself is light! For

(First Bass a little prominent.)

cause that light hath on thee shone, In which is per-fect day.
God, by grace, shall dwell in thee, And God him-self is light.

Hail, Great Creator.

Arr. ROMBERG.

Bold and joyful.

f

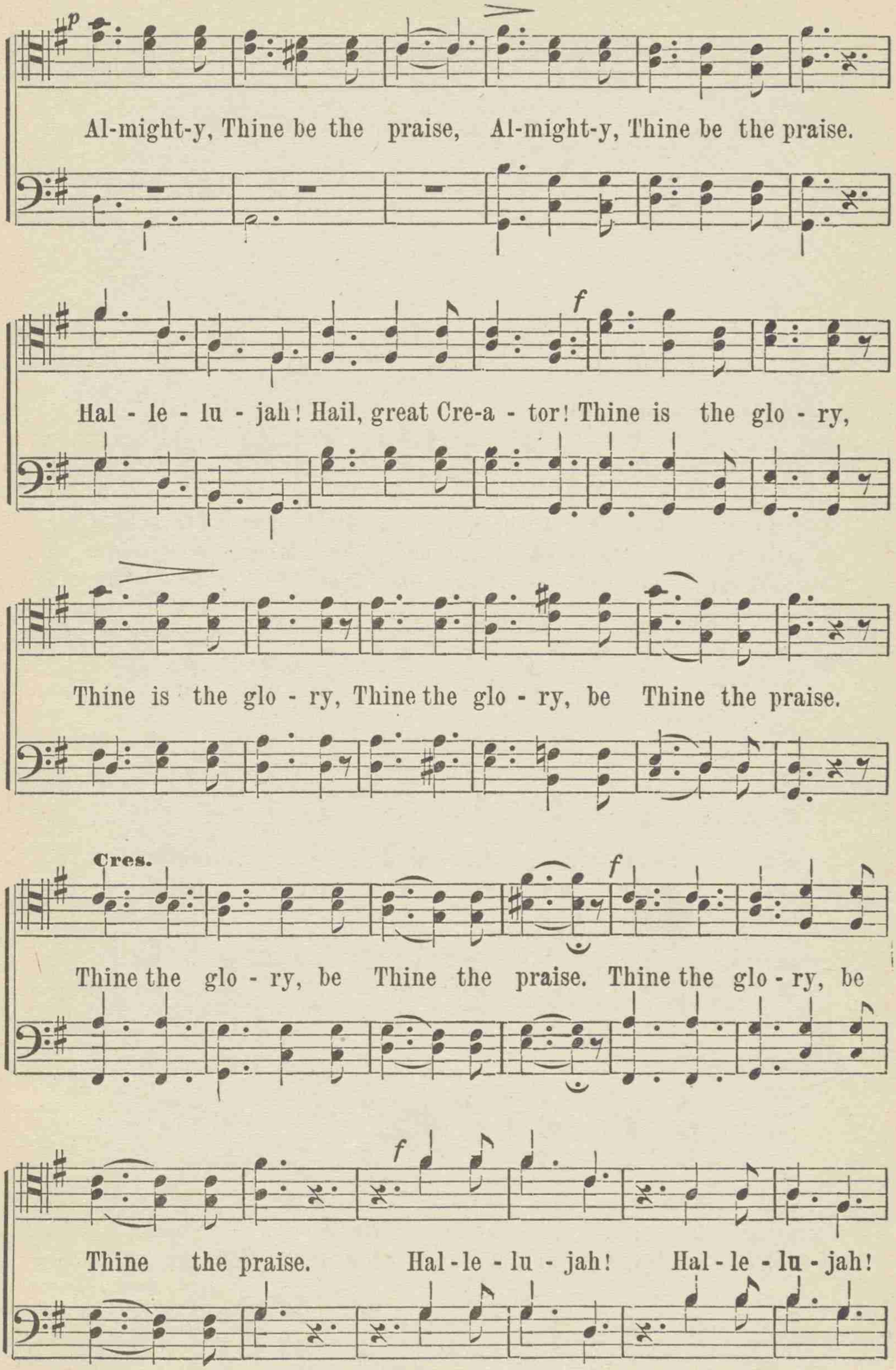
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hail, great Cre-a - tor! Thine is the glo - ry,

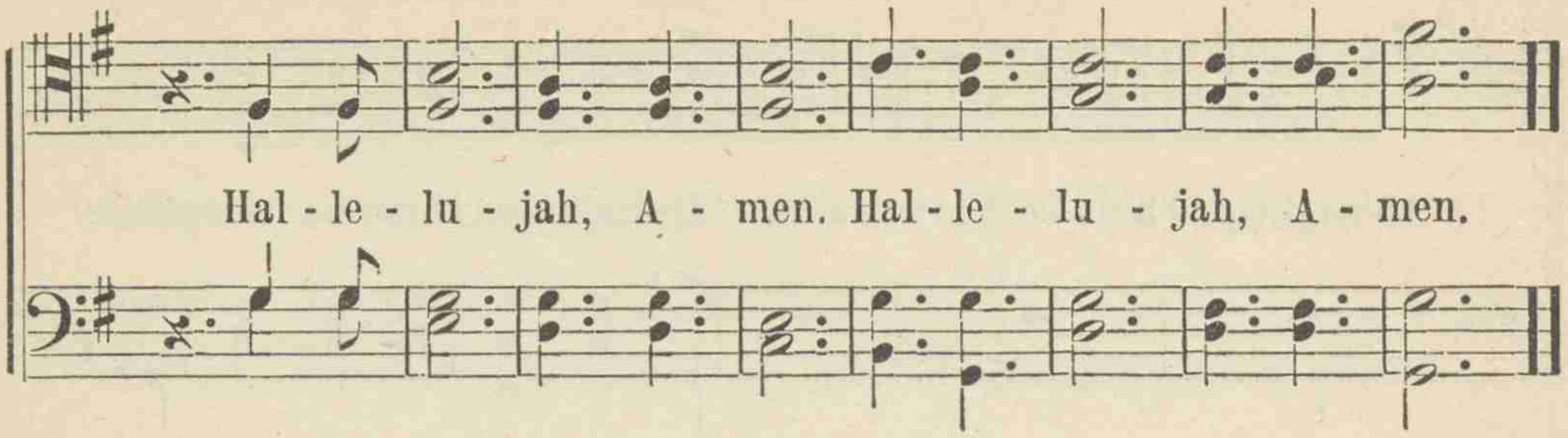
Thine is the glo - ry, Thine the glo - ry, be Thine the praise;

Thine the glo - ry, be Thine the praise. Worlds ce-les-tial, Thy works ter-

res-trial; Worlds ce-les-tial, Thy works ter - restrial Proclaim Thee, pro-

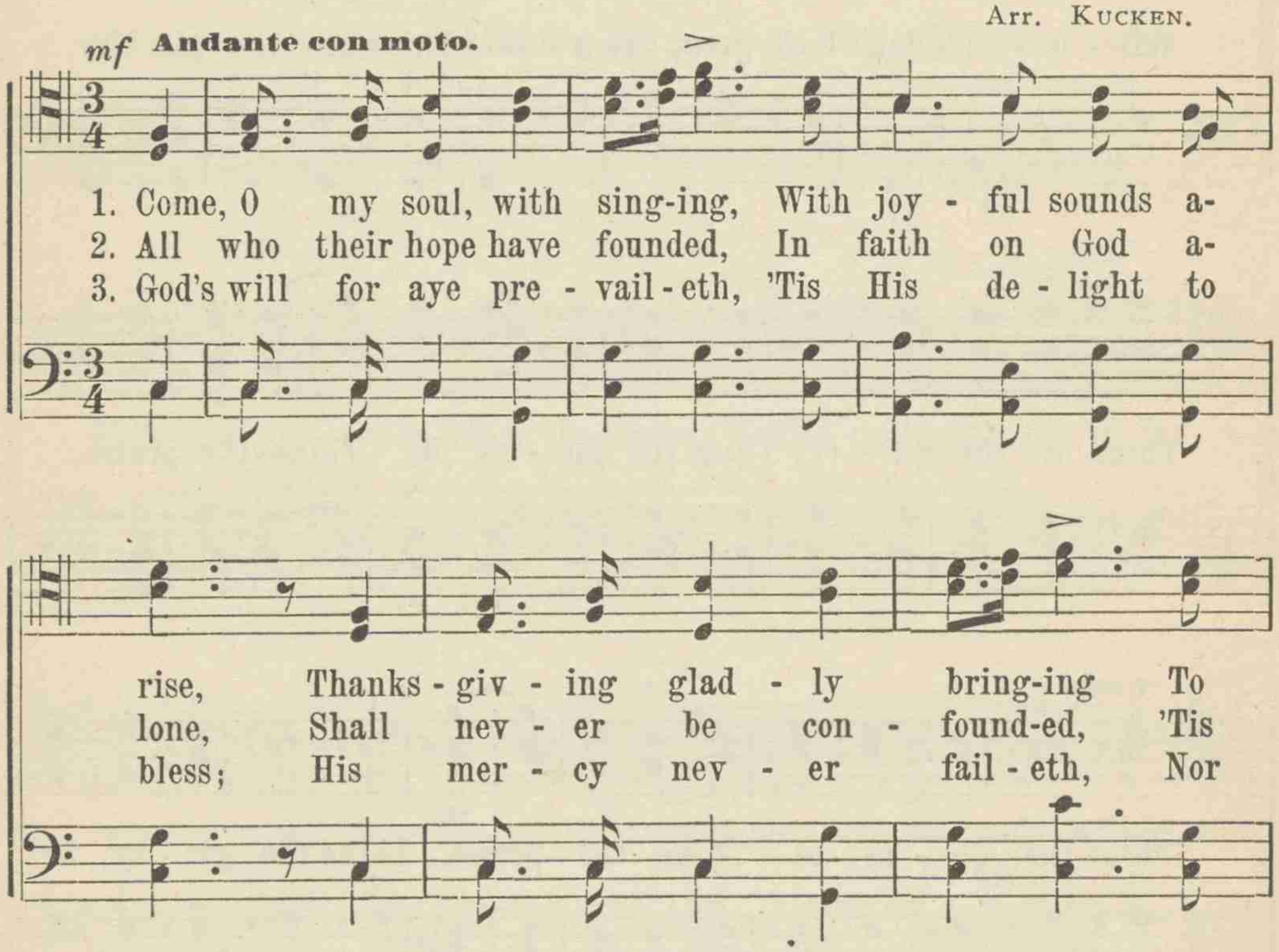
claim Thee Al - might-y, An-cient of days. . . . .


p
Al-might-y, Thine be the praise, Al-might-y, Thine be the praise.
f
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hail, great Cre-a - tor! Thine is the glo - ry,
Thine is the glo - ry, Thine the glo - ry, be Thine the praise.
Cres.
f
Thine the glo - ry, be Thine the praise. Thine the glo - ry, be
f
Thine the praise. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!



To Him all Praise be Given.

Arr. KUCKEN.



things in heav'n O - bey His will, His sov - 'reign will, While
all re - pose, Hath gained in Him a por - tion sure, Tho'
God will keep, I rest on this His sure de - cree, I

life and breath from Him are given, My heart shall praise Him
en - e - mies may still op-pose, His soul shall dwell se-
lay me down in peace to sleep, He watch - eth o - ver

pp **Cres.** *f*

still. Oh, to Him, to Him praise be given, . . .
cure. Oh, to Him, to Him praise be given, . . .
me. Oh, to Him, to Him praise be given, . . .

pp *ff*

To Him, . . . to Him, to Him all praise be given.
To Him, . . . to Him, to Him all praise be given.
To Him, . . . to Him, to Him all praise be given.

Nearer, my God, to Thee.

NOTE.—Make First Bass a little prominent. JUNGST.



Give Ear, O Shepherd of Israel.

W. P. THURSTON.



Jo-seph like a flock, like a

Thou that lead - est Jo-seph like a flock,

flock, Thou that lead - est Jo - seph

Thou that leadest Jo-seph like a flock, like

Thou that dwell - est,

like a flock; Thou that dwell - est be-tween the cher-ub - im,

a flock;

Thou that dwell - est be-tween the cher-ub-

Thou that dwell - est be - tween the cher - ub - im shine

im, ...

im,

forth, shine forth, shine forth, shine forth, Thou that dwell-est be-

forth, . . .

Fine.

tween the cher-ub - im, shine forth. Turn us, turn us,

turn us a - gain, O God, Turn us, turn us,

Turn us a-gain, O God,

turn us a-gain, O God, and cause Thy face to shine,

we shall be sav - ed,

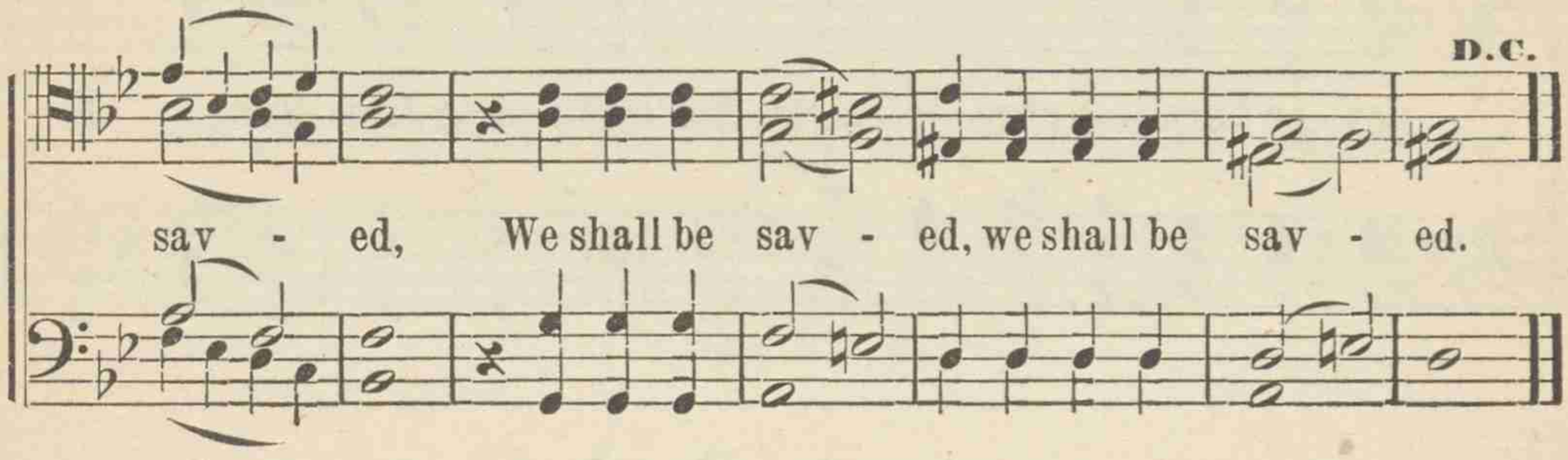
Rit. Tempo.

we shall be sav - ed, sav - ed. Turn us, turn us, turn us a-

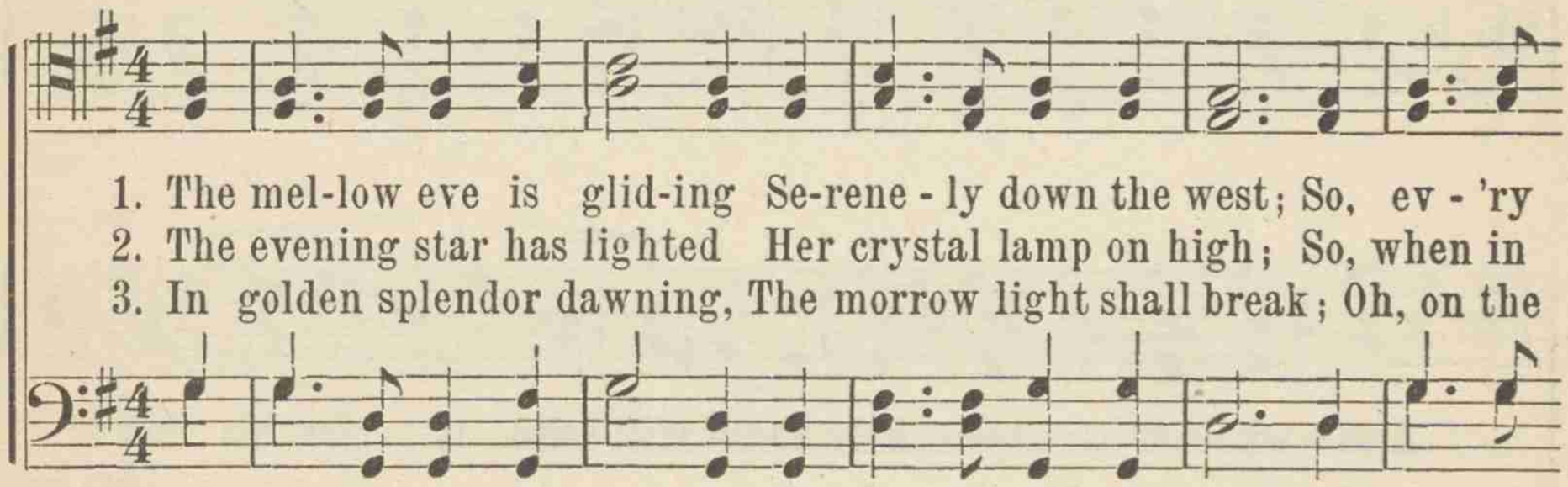
gain, O God, Turn us, turn us, turn us a-

turn us a-gain, O God,





Evening Hymn.



The Bible.

Arr. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

mp

The Bi - ble is the light, When other lamps grow dim, 'Twill

nev - er burn less pure - ly bright, Nor lead a-stray from Him. It

is Love's bless-ed hand, That reach - es from the throne To

him—who-e'er he be—whose hand Will seize it for his own!

mf

It is the gold-en key Un - to ce-les - tial wealth, Joy

to the sons of pov - er - ty, And to the sick man health!

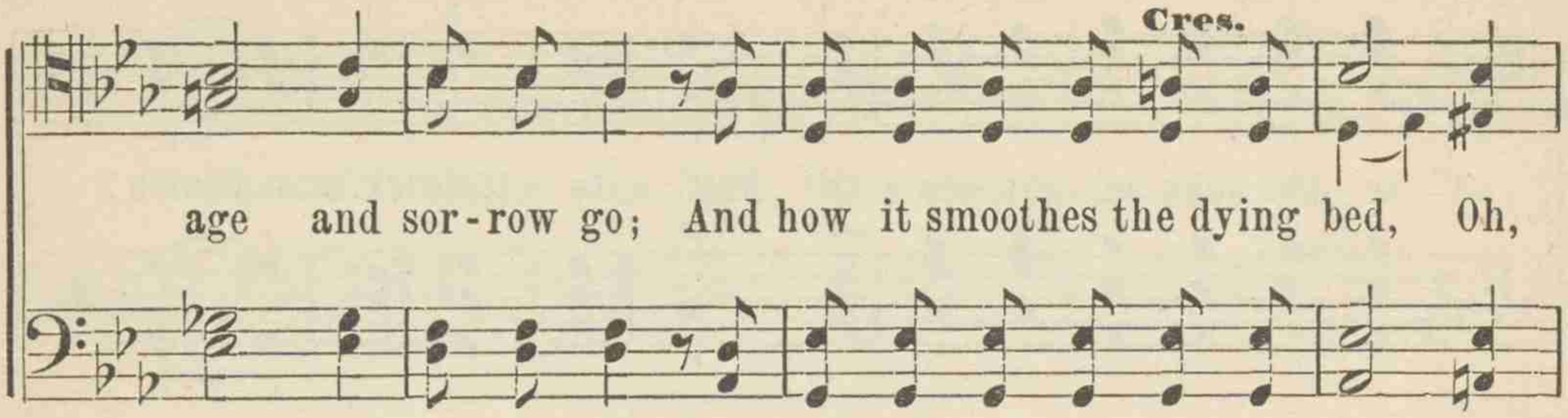
The gent-ly proffered aid Of one who knows and best Supplies the

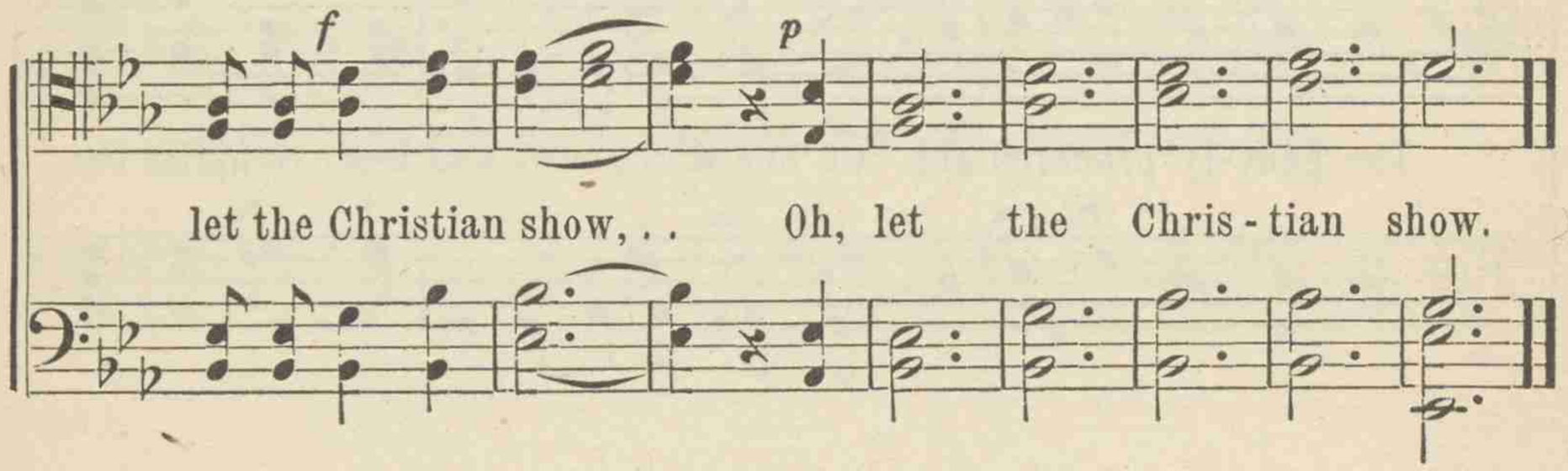
be - ings He has made With what will make them bless-ed. It

is the sweetest sound That infant ears can hear, Trav'ling across that

holy ground, With God and angels near. There rests the weary head, There

Dim. p


Cres.
age and sor-row go; And how it smoothes the dying bed, Oh,

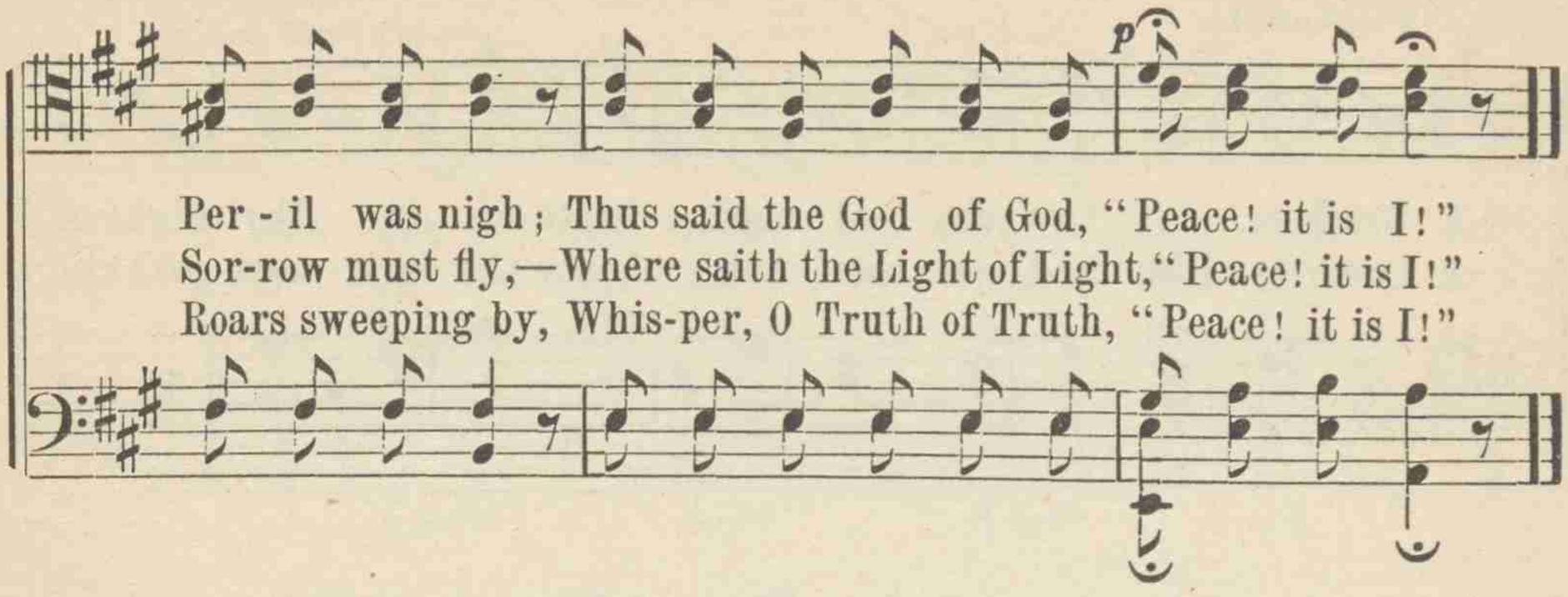

f
p
let the Christian show, . . Oh, let the Chris-tian show.

"It is I."

E. R. B.


1. Fierce was the wild bil-low, Dark was the night; Oars la-bored
2. Ridge of the mount-ain wave Low-er thy crest! Vail of Eu-
3. Je - sus, De-liv-er-er! Come Thou to me, Soothe Thou my


heav-i-ly, Foam glimmered white; Mar-i-ners trem-bled,
roc-ly-don, Be thou at rest! Per-il can none be,—
voy-ag-ing, O-ver life's sea. Thou, when the storm of death



Sailor's Hymn.

F. SILCHER.



140 Come to Me.

F. X. CHWATAL.

Cantabile.

1. Broth-er, in thy day of need, Broth-er, in thy night of
2. Come to Him and wel-come find, Leave the dark-ness gath'ring

sor-row, Waiting trembling for the morrow, What-so-e'er thy
o'er thee, Realms of glo-ry lie be-fore thee, What-so-e'er thy

bur-den be, Thy Sav-ior whis-pers, "Come to me," What-so-

burden be, Thy Savior whis-pers, "Come to me," Whatso-

e'er . . . Thy bur-den be, ... Thy Sav-ior whispers, "Come to me."

e'er thy burden be, Thy Sav-ior whispers, "Come to me.

Arr. SILCHER.

mf **Moderato.**

1. New mer - cies each re - turn - ing day Hov-
2. If, on our dai - ly course, our mind Be
3. Old friends, old scenes will lov - lier be, As

m *mf*

er a - round us while we pray. Thro' sleep and
set to hal - low all we find, New treas - ures
more of heav'n in each we see; Some soft - 'ning

dark - ness safe - ly brought, Re - stored to life and
still of count - less price, God will pro - vide for
gleams of love and prayer, Shall dawn on ev - 'ry

power and thought, Re - stored to life and power and thought.
sac - ri - fice, God will pro - vide for sac - cri - fice.
cross and care, Shall dawn on ev - 'ry cross and care.

Dim.

Praise the Lord.

Arr. C. BLUM.

f **Allegro.**

1. Praise the Lord! ye heav'ns a-dore Him, Praise Him, an-gels in the
2. Praise the Lord! for He is glo-rious, Nev-er shall His promise

f *p*

height; Sun and moon rejoice be-fore Him, Praise Him, all ye stars of
fail; God hath made His saints victo-rious, Sin and death shall not pre-

f *p*

light, Praise Him, all ye stars of light. Praise the Lord, for He hath
vail, Sin and death shall not prevail. Praise the God of our sal-

p *f*

spoken, Worlds His mighty voice obeyed; Laws which never can be
vation, Hosts on high His power proclaim; Heav'n and earth and all cre-

bro - ken, For their guid-ance He hath made, For their guidance
a - tion Praise and mag - ni - fy His name, Praise and magni-





Prayer for the Spirit.





144 All Hail the Power of God.

Arr. HILDEBRAND.

1. All hail the might-y power of God, That made the mountains
2. All hail the good-ness of the Lord, That filled the earth with

rise, That spread the flowing seas a-broad, And built the loft - y
food; He formed the creatures with His word, And then pronounced them

skies. All hail the wis-dom that or-dained The sun to rule the
good. There's not a plant or flow'r be - low, But makes His glo - ries

day; The moon shines full at His command, And all the stars o-
known; The clouds a - rise and tempests blow By or - der from His

bey, And all the stars o - bey, And all the stars o - bey.
throne, By or - der from His throne, By or - der from His throne.

The Pure Heart.

Arr. F. X. von Wartensee.

1. What-ev - er dims thy sense of truth, Or stains thy pur-i - ty, Or
2. Pre-serve the tablet of thy thoughts From ev - 'ry blemish free, From
3. And pray to God that grace be given To tread time's narrow way, To

stains thy pur - i - ty. Tho' light as breath of sum-mer air—Count
ev - 'ry blem-ish free, While the Re - deem - er's low - ly faith Its
tread times narrow way: How dark so - ev - er it may be, It

it as sin to thee, Count it as sin to thee.
tem - ple makes with thee, Its tem - ple makes with thee.
leads to cloud - less day, It leads to cloud - less day.

The Call of Truth.

Arr. J. H. Toebler.

mf

1. Oh, not a - lone with outward sign, Of fear, or voice from heav'n, The
2. Tho' her-ald - ed by nought of fear, Or outward sign or show; Tho'

mes-sage of a truth di-vine, The call of God is given; A-
on - ly to the in-ward ear It whis - pers soft and low; Though

f

wak -'ning in the hu-man heart Love for the true and right, Zeal
drop-ping as the man-na fell, Un-seen, yet from a - bove, Ho-

mf

for the Christian's bet-ter part, Strength for the Christian's fight.
ly and gen -tle, heed it well, The call to truth and love.

1. Hark, the sound of ju - bi - lee, Loud as might - y thunders roar,
2. Hal - le - lu-jah—hark the sound, Heard thro' earth and thro' the skies,

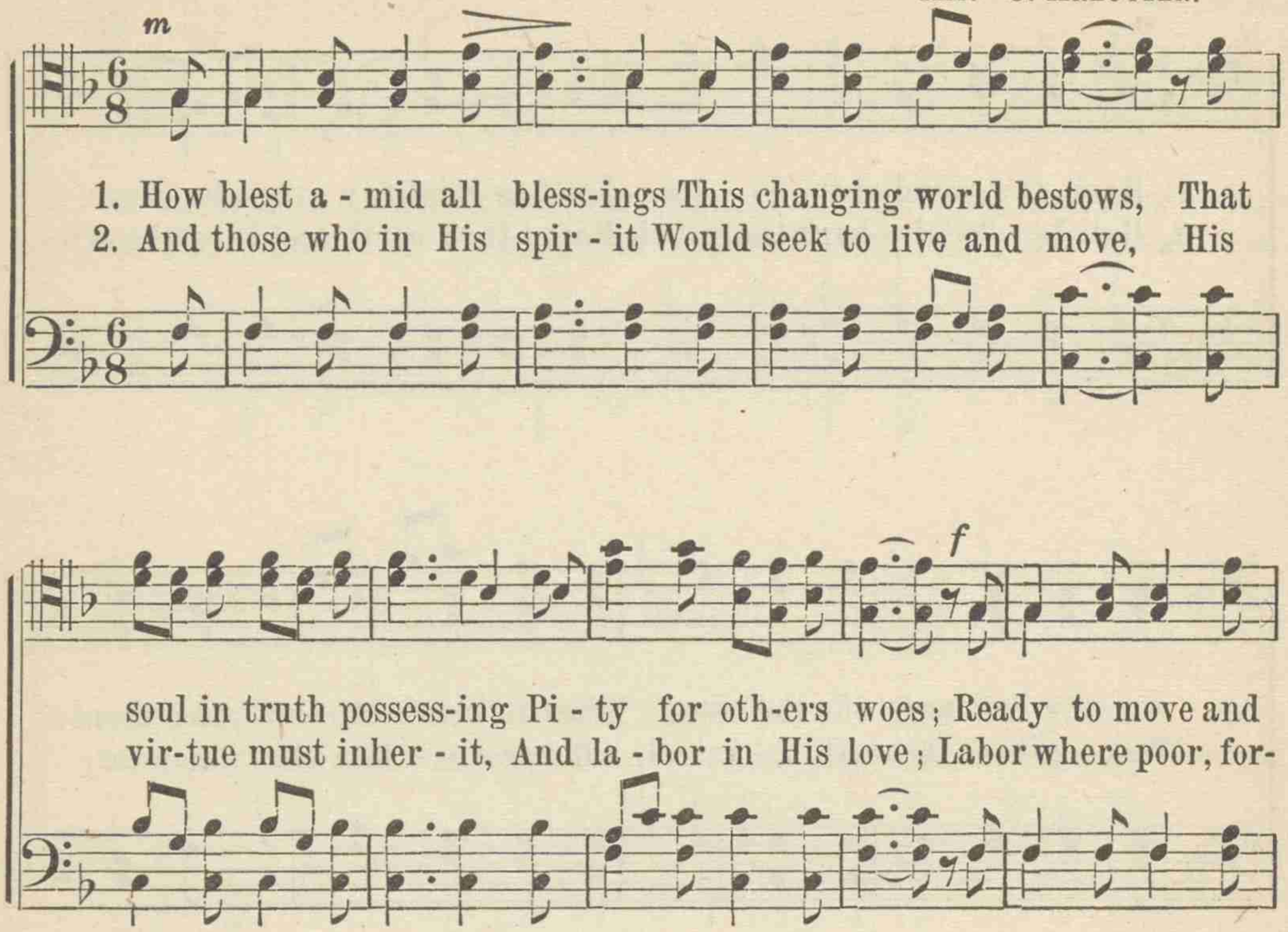
Or the full-ness of the sea, When it breaks up - on the shore;
Wakes a-bove, beneath, a - round, All cre - a - tion's har - mon-ies;

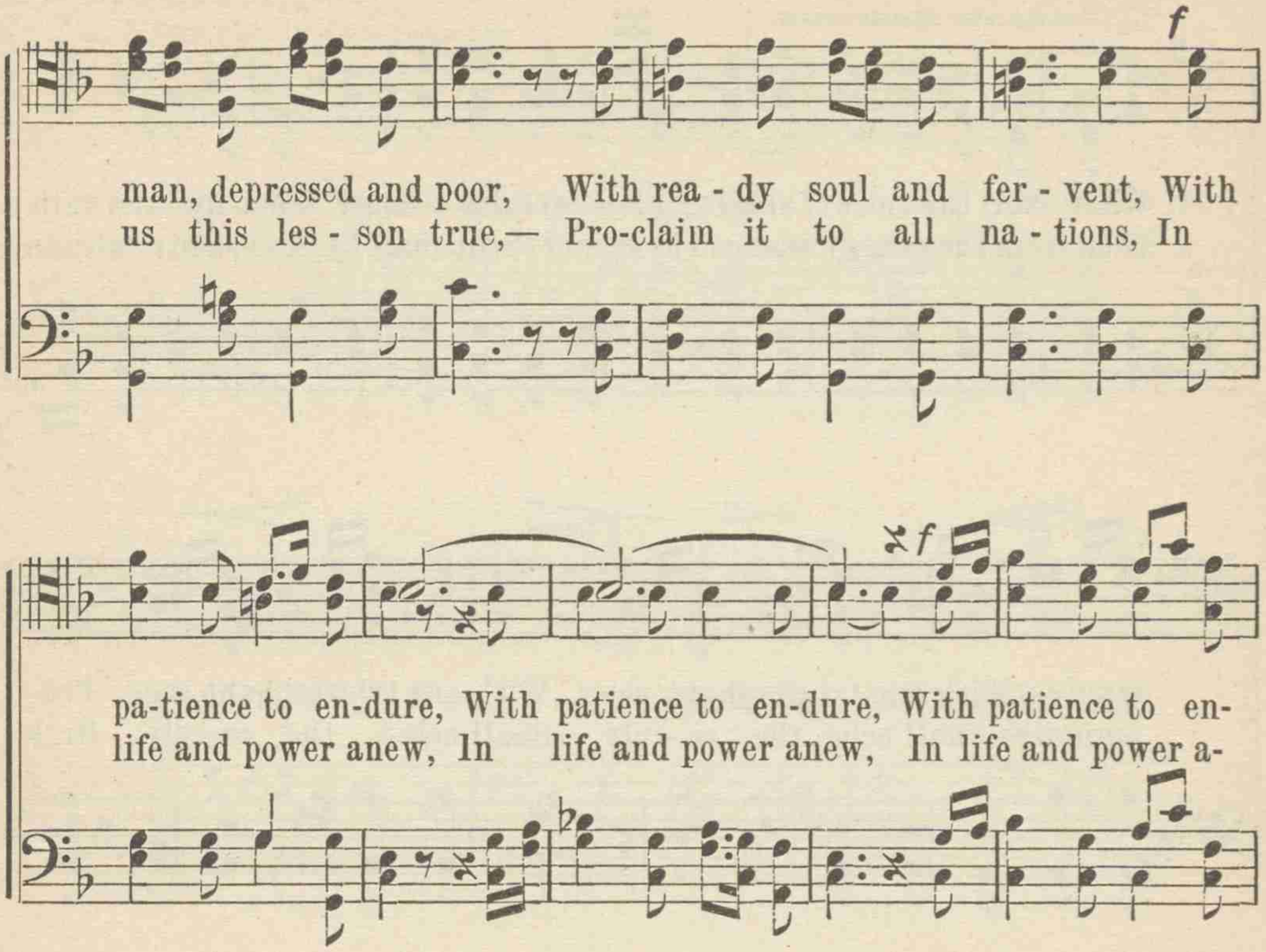
Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lord! God om - nip - o - tent shall reign;
See Je - hovah's banner furled, Sheathed His sword—He speaks—'tis done,

Hal - le - lu - jah! let the word Ech - o thro' the world and main.
And the kingdoms of this world Are the kingdoms of His Son.

Benevolence.

Arr. C. KREUTZER.




f
man, depressed and poor, With rea - dy soul and fer - vent, With
us this les - son true,— Pro-claim it to all na - tions, In
pa-tience to en-dure, With patience to en-dure, With patience to en-
life and power anew, In life and power anew, In life and power a-
dure, Lived, labored without measure In mercy's ho - ly name, God's
new, That high a - bove all praises, All pray'rs is that unfeigned, Glad
will His high-est pleas - ure, Our good His on - ly fame.
off - 'ring mer - cy rais - es, By liv - ing deeds sus - tained.

Hallelujah Universal.

Arr. C. KREUTZER.

m **Andante Moderato.**

1. When shall the voice of singing Flow joyfully a-long? When hill and valley
2. Then from the craggy mountains The sacred shout shall fly, And shady vales and

ringing With one tri-umphant song, With one tri-umphant song, Pro-
fountains Shall echo the re - ply, Shall ech-o the re - ply. High

p

claim the con-test end-ed, And Him who once was slain, Again to earth de-
tower and lowly dwelling Shall send the chorus round, The Halle - lu-jah

Cres.

scended, In righteousness to reign, . . . In right - eousness to reign.
swelling In one e - ter-nal sound, ... In one e - ter-nal sound.

Cres. *p*

KUCKEN.

p **Andante con espress.**

High - er goes the even - ing star, And our home is

yet a - far. Cold - er grows the dark - some night,

Dolce. *p*

Lead us on our way a - right, O Fa - ther, O

Oh, be Thou our guid - ing

Dim. *f* **Dolce.** *p*

Poco a poco cres.

Fa - - ther, Oh, be

Oh, be Thou . . . . our guid - ing

Oh, be Thou our guid - ing

light, Oh, be Thou our guid - ing light, Be Thou our

Thou our guid - ing light, Oh, be Thou our guid - - -

light, Oh, be Thou our guid - ing light, Be Thou our

guid-ing light, Be Thou our guid - ing light.

f

- - - ing light . . . . O Fa - ther, O

guid-ing light, Be Thou our guid - ing light.

pp

Fa - ther, Be Thou our guid - ing light.

Dolce.

O Ho - ly Fa - ther, O Fa - ther, O

O . . . .



Come, ye Disconsolate.

Arr. LAMBILLOTTE.



Come, ye dis-con - so-late, Where - e'er ye

lan - guish; Come to the mer - cy seat,

fer - - vent - ly kneel, fer - vent - ly,

fer. - vent - ly kneel.

Here bring your wounded hearts,

Here tell your an - guish, Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot

Joy of the comfortless, Light of the stray - ing,

heal. Joy of the com-fortless, Light of the

Hope of the pen - i-tent, fade - - less and pure,

stray - ing, Hope of the pen - i-tent, fade - less and

fade - less, fade - less and pure. Here speaks the

pure, fade - less and pure.

Com - fort-er ten - der - ly say - ing, Earth has no

sor - row that heaven can - not cure.

Earth has no sor - row that heav - en can - not

heal, . . . Earth has no sor - row that

heav-en can - not, can - not heal, that heaven can - not heal,

that heav-en can - not heal, that heav-en can - not

can - - -

heal, that heav-en can-not heal, that heaven

not, can - not heal, heav-en can - not heal, that heaven cannot,

can - not heal. A - - men. . . . .

can - not heal. A - - men. . . . .

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