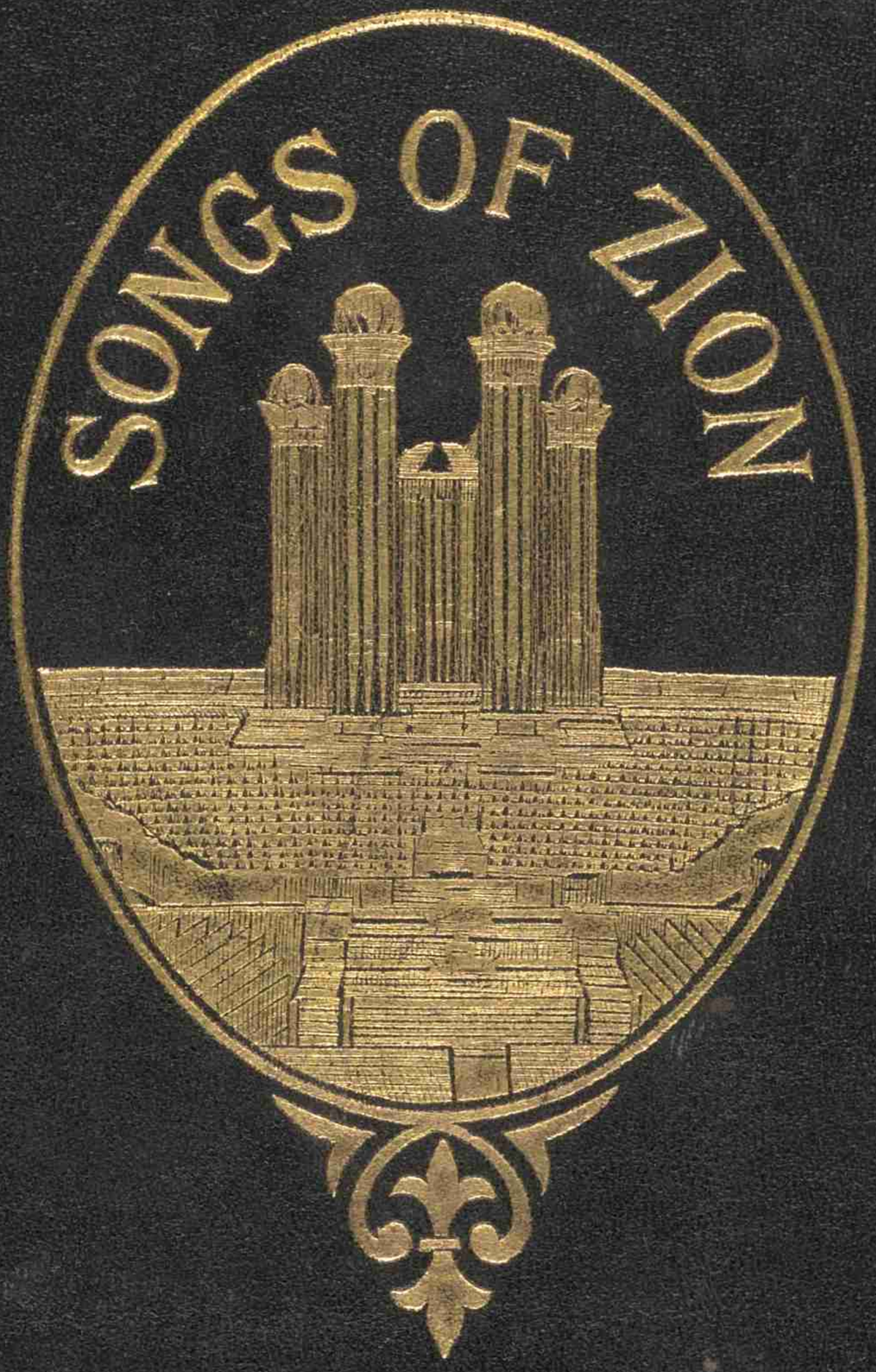

MARION J. STRINGHAM

SALT LAKE CITY, UT.

Z6Mor
1908
1912

Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God:

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The
Songs of Zion

A Collection of Choice Songs

Especially Selected and Arranged for

The Home and for all Meetings, Sunday Schools
and Gatherings of Elders and Saints
in the Mission Field

Published by the Missions of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints
in the United States

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1912
SONG A

PREFACE

THE SONGS OF ZION is published to satisfy a long felt want in the Mission Field. It contains selections from all the song and music books of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, with additional choice copyright songs, suggested by the Mission Presidents of the United States.

Thankful acknowledgment is hereby made to the many who have contributed to its pages.

Arranged and electrotyped by German E. Ellsworth, so that each selection may be played without turning the page The former confusion of pages and books is avoided by bringing together in one book the popular and most used songs of the Church, making it unnecessary for the presiding officer to announce more than one number.

We hope this little book will carry the Spirit of the Gospel to the honest in heart, and be a source of inspiration to all who sing the songs of Zion.

THE PUBLISHERS.

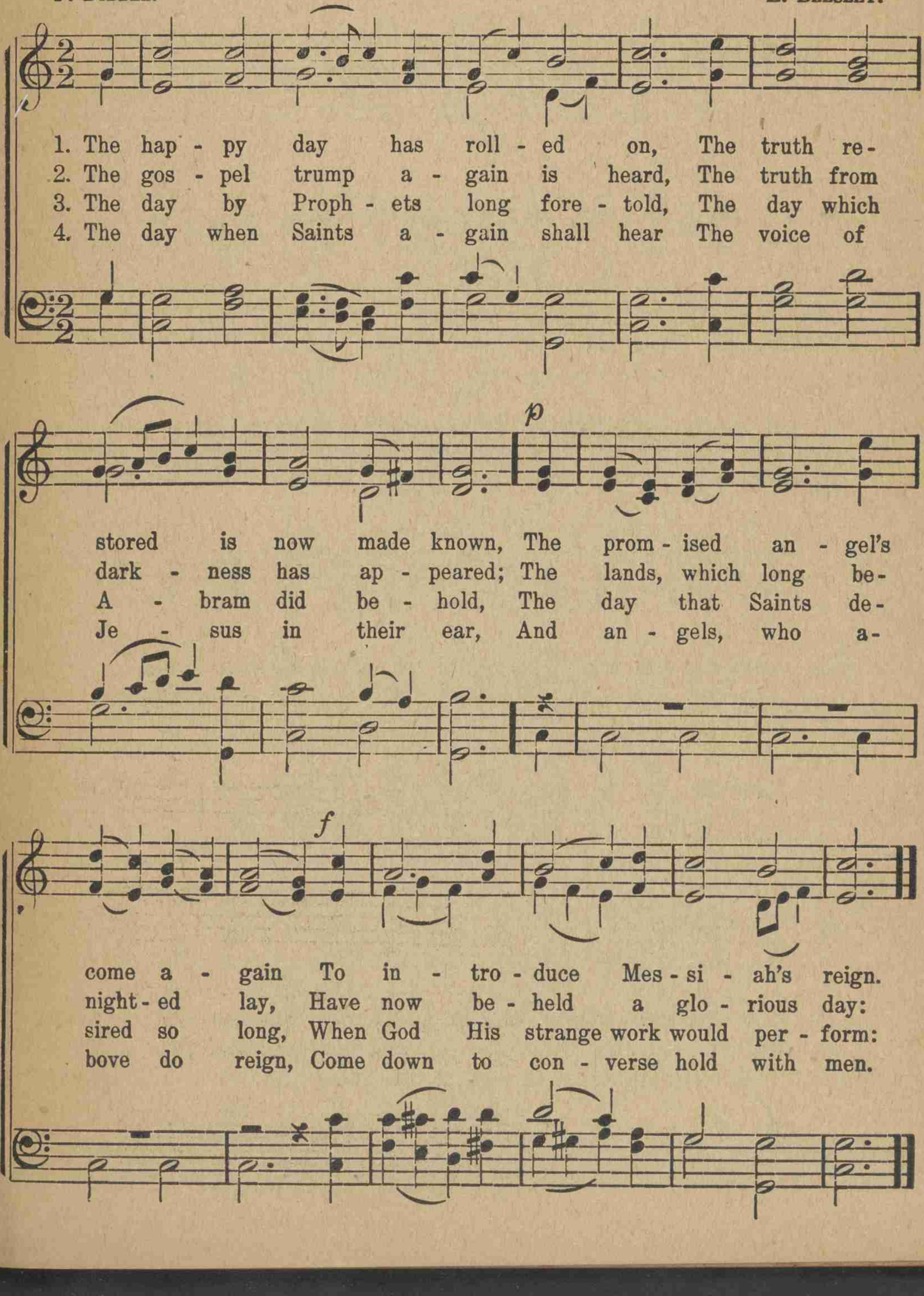
Chicago, 1912.

"For my soul delighteth in the song of the heart, yea, the song of the righteous is a prayer unto me, and it shall be answered with a blessing upon their heads."—D. & C. Sec. 25:12

The Songs of Zion.

No. 1. The Happy Day has Rolled on.

P. DIBBLE. E. BEESLEY.



No. 2. The Lord is My Shepherd.

T. KOSCHAT. ARR.

Lento.

1. The Lord is my Shep-herd, no want shall I know; I feed in green pas-tures, safe-fold-ed I rest; He lead-eth my soul where the still wa-ters flow, Re-stores me when wand'ring, re-deems when oppressed; Re-stores me when wand'ring, re-deems when op-pressed.

2. Thro' the val-ley and shad-ow of death tho' I stray, Since Thou art my Guard-ian, no e-vil I fear; Thy rod shall de-fend me, Thy staff be my stay; No harm can be-fall, with my Com-fort-er near. No harm can be-fall, with my Com-fort-er near.

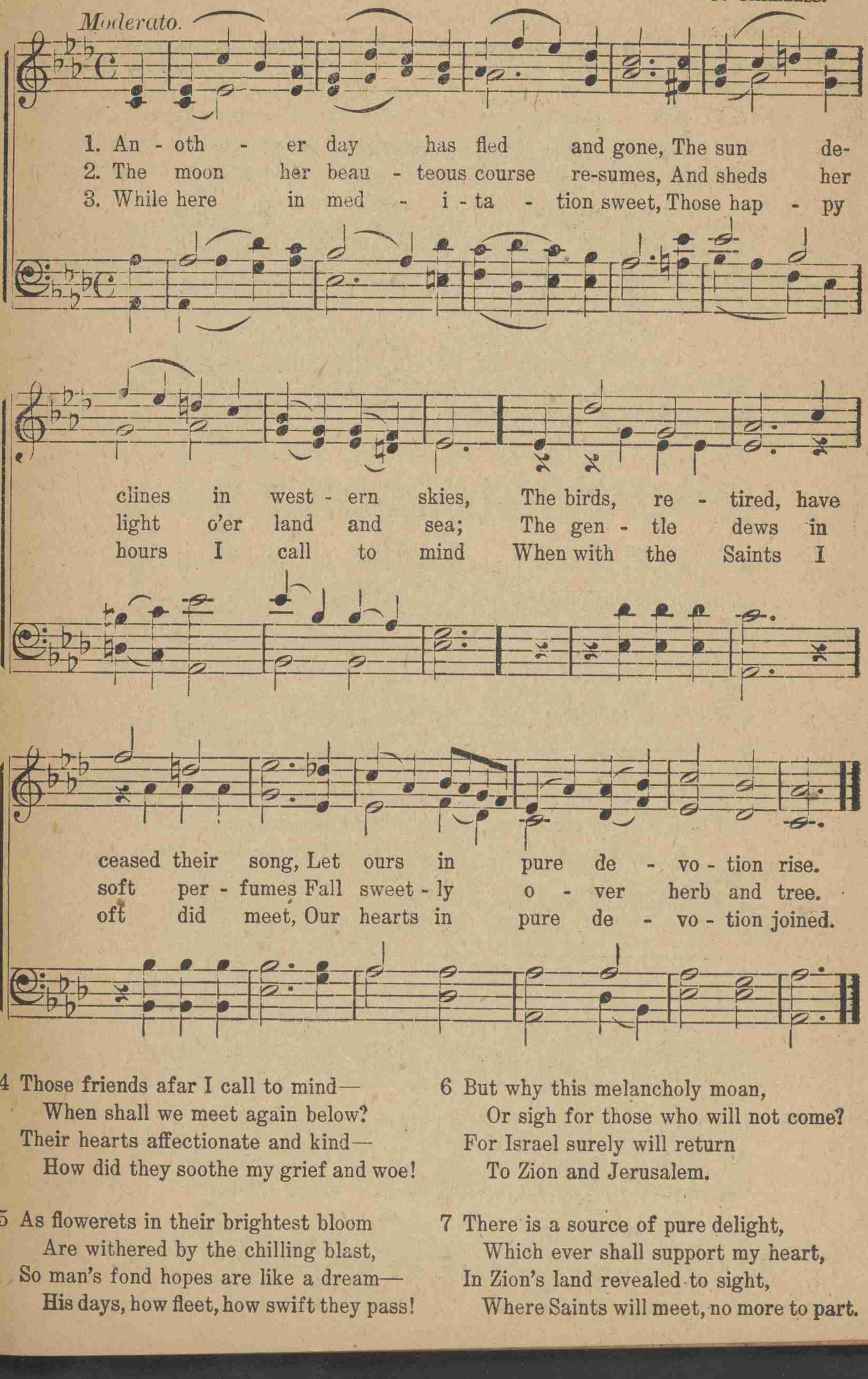
3. In the midst of af-flic-tion my ta-ble is spread; With bless-ings un-meas-ured my cup run-neth o'er; With per-fume and oil Thou a-noint-est my head; Oh, what shall I ask of Thy prov-i-dence more? Oh, what shall I ask of Thy prov-i-dence more?

Rit. – – –

No. 3. Another Day Has Fled and Gone.

P. P. PRATT. G. CARELESS.

Moderato.



4 Those friends afar I call to mind—
When shall we meet again below?
Their hearts affectionate and kind—
How did they soothe my grief and woe!

5 As flowerets in their brightest bloom
Are withered by the chilling blast,
So man's fond hopes are like a dream—
His days, how fleet, how swift they pass!

6 But why this melancholy moan,
Or sigh for those who will not come?
For Israel surely will return
To Zion and Jerusalem.

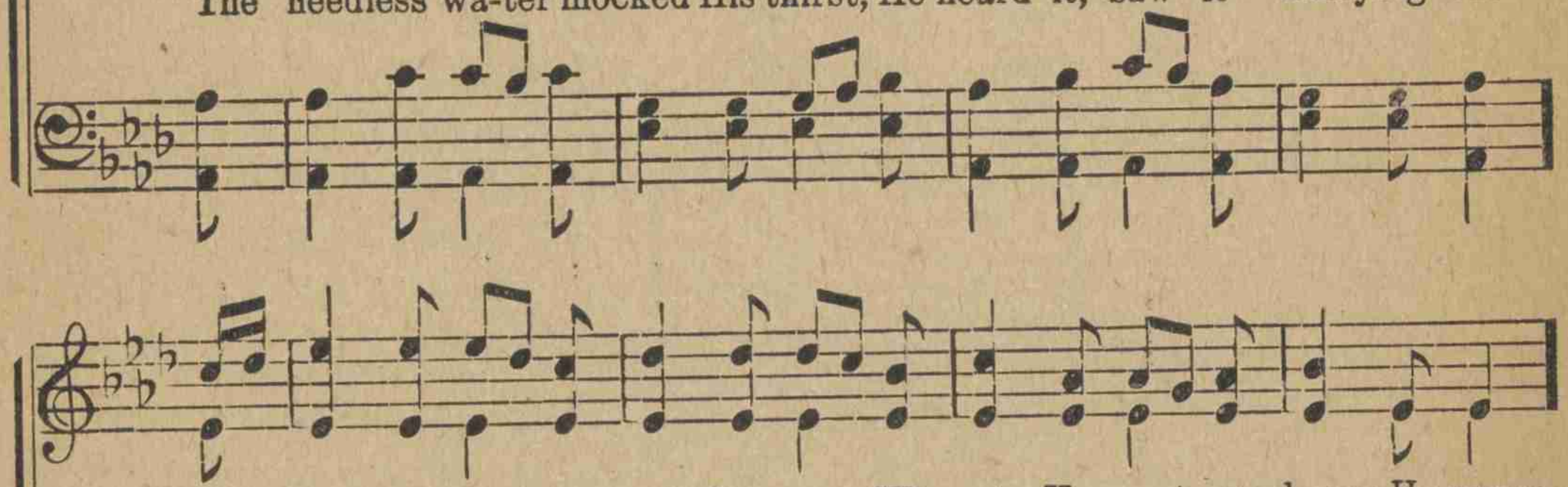
7 There is a source of pure delight,
Which ever shall support my heart,
In Zion's land revealed to sight,
Where Saints will meet, no more to part.

No. 4. A Poor Wayfaring Man of Grief.

MONTGOMERY.

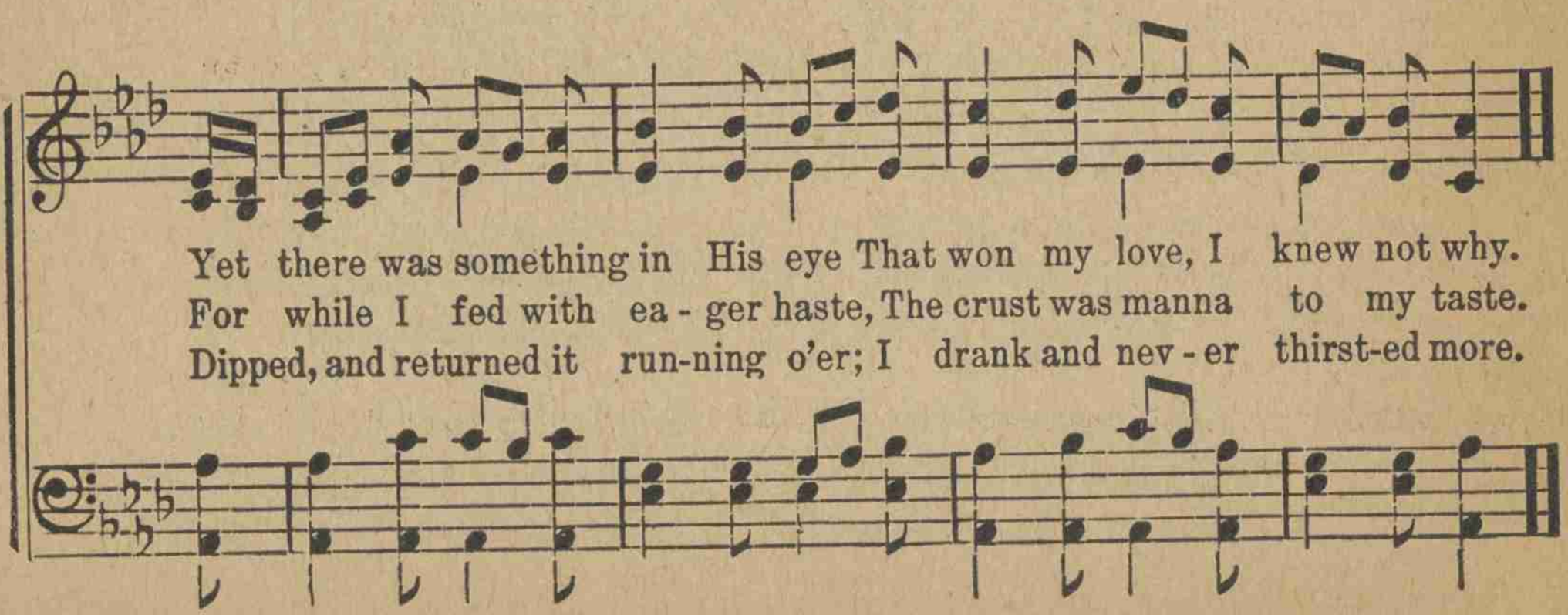
1. A poor way-far-ing man of grief Hath oft-en crossed me on my way,
2. Once, when my scant-y meal was spread, He en-tered, not a word He spake;
3. I spied Him where a fountain burst Clear from the rock; His strength was gone,

Who sued so hum-bly for re-lief That I could nev-er answer, Nay.
Just per-ish-ing for want of bread, I gave Him all, He blessed it, brake,
The heedless wa-ter mocked His thirst, He heard it, saw it hurrying on.



I had not pow'r to ask His name, Whereto He went, or whence He came;
And ate, but gave me part a-gain; Mine was an an-gel's por-tion then;
I ran and raised the suf-f'rer up; Thrice from the stream He drained my cup,

Yet there was something in His eye That won my love, I knew not why.
For while I fed with ea-ger haste, The crust was manna to my taste.
Dipped, and returned it run-ning o'er; I drank and nev-er thirst-ed more.



A Poor Wayfaring Man of Grief.

4 'T was night; the floods were out; it blew
A winter hurricane aloof;
I heard His voice abroad and flew
To bid Him welcome to my roof.
I warmed and clothed and cheered my guest,
And laid Him on my couch to rest,
Then made the earth my bed, and seemed
In Eden's garden while I dreamed.

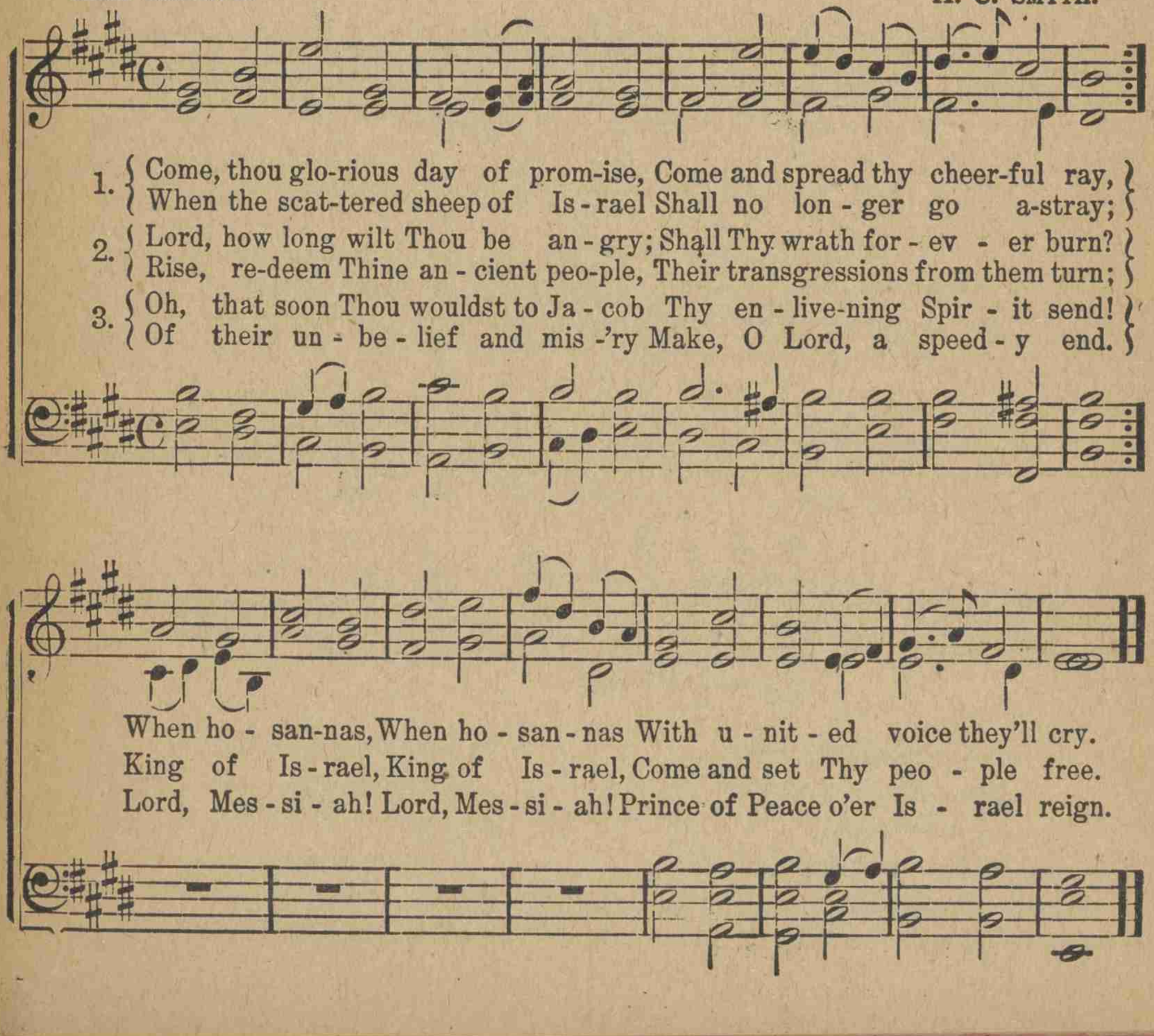
5 Stript, wounded, beaten nigh to death,
I found Him by the highway side;
I roused His pulse, brought back his breath,
Revived His Spirit, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment—He was healed;
I had myself a wound concealed,
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And peace bound up my broken heart.

6 In prison I saw Him next, condemned
To meet a traitor's doom at morn;
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
And honored Him 'mid shame and scorn.
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He asked if I for Him would die;
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried, "I will!"

7 Then in a moment to my view
The stranger started from disguise;
The tokens in His hands I knew,
The Savior stood before mine eyes.
He spake, and my poor name He named,
"Of Me thou hast not been ashamed;
These deeds shall thy memorial be,
Fear not, thou didst them unto Me."

No. 5. Come, Thou Glorious Day of Promise.

ALEX NEIBAUR. A. C. SMYTH.



No. 6. Arise, My Soul, Arise.

WESLEY'S COLLECTION. G. CARELESS.

1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise, Shake off thy guilt - y fears; The bleed-ing
2. He ev - er lives a - bove, For me to in - ter - cede; His all - re -
3. Five pleading wounds He bears, Re-ceived on Cal - va - ry; They pour ef -

thy guilt - y fears;

sac - ri - fice In my be - half ap-pears; Be - fore the throne my
deem-ing love, His pre-cious blood to plead; His blood a - toned for
fectual prayers, They strongly speak for me; "For-give him, oh, for -

Before the throne

sure - ty stands, My name is writ - ten on His hands.
all our race, And sprink - les now the throne of grace.
give!" they cry, "Nor let the ran - somed sin - ner die!"

my sure-ty stands,

4 The Father hears Him pray,
His dear Anointed One;
He cannot turn away
From His beloved Son;
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 To God I'm reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for His child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And "Father, Abba, Father," cry.

Sung also to No 7.

No. 7. Behold the Lamb of God.

MATTHEW BRIDGES. Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. Be - hold the Lamb of God, In His di - vine ar - ray,
2. Can we pre - tend to know More ful - ly God's de - sign?
3. Je - sus, we will o - bey Thy prac - tice and com - mand:
4. We sink be - neath the wave; The wa - ter we go thro'—
5. Great Fa - ther, cast Thine eye On us, dis - pel our fear,

Go down in - to the flood, His Fa - ther to o - bey— In
Can we pre - tend to show A con - duct more di - vine? Can
Be - hold us here to - day! We in Thy pres - ence stand, De-
The em - blem of Thy grave, And res - ur - rec - tion, too; We
Our ev - 'ry want sup - ply, Give grace to per - se - vere; And

Jor-dan's stream to be bap-tized, Tho' by a car - nal world de-spised,
we neg - lect this or - di - nance And in the way of life ad-vance?
vo - ted to Thy bless-ed will, Thy pleas-ure read - y to ful - fil,
die, are bur - ied, rise a - gain, In hopes with Thee to live and reign,
then re - joic - ing we will go To do our Fa - ther's will be - low,

Tho' by..... a car - - - - nal world de - spised.
And in..... the way of life ad - vance?
Thy pleas - ure read - - - - y to ful - fil.
In hopes... with Thee to live and reign.
To do..... our Fa - - - - ther's will be - low.
Tho' by a car - nal world de - spised.

No. 6 is also sung to this music.

No. 8. An Angel From on High.

P. P. PRATT. JOHN TULLIDGE.

Andante con moto. TRIO AND CHORUS.

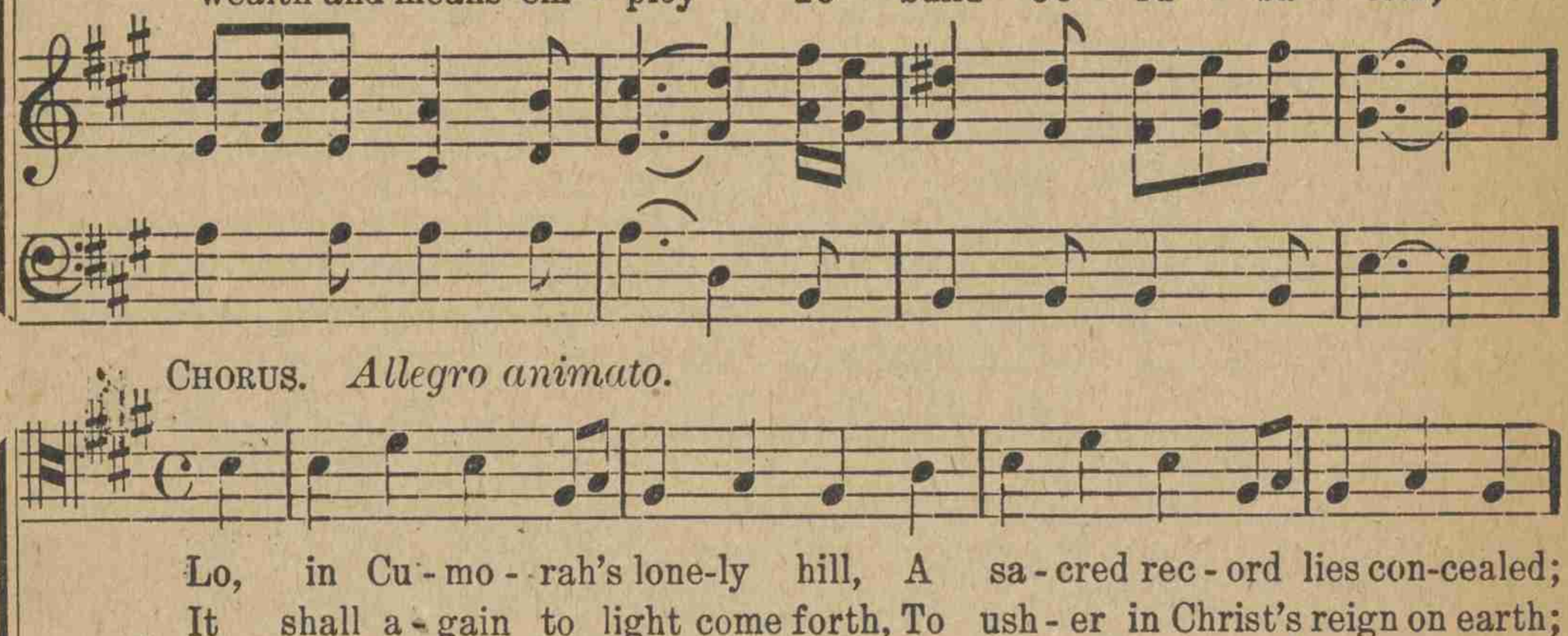
SOPRANO.

ALTO or TENOR.

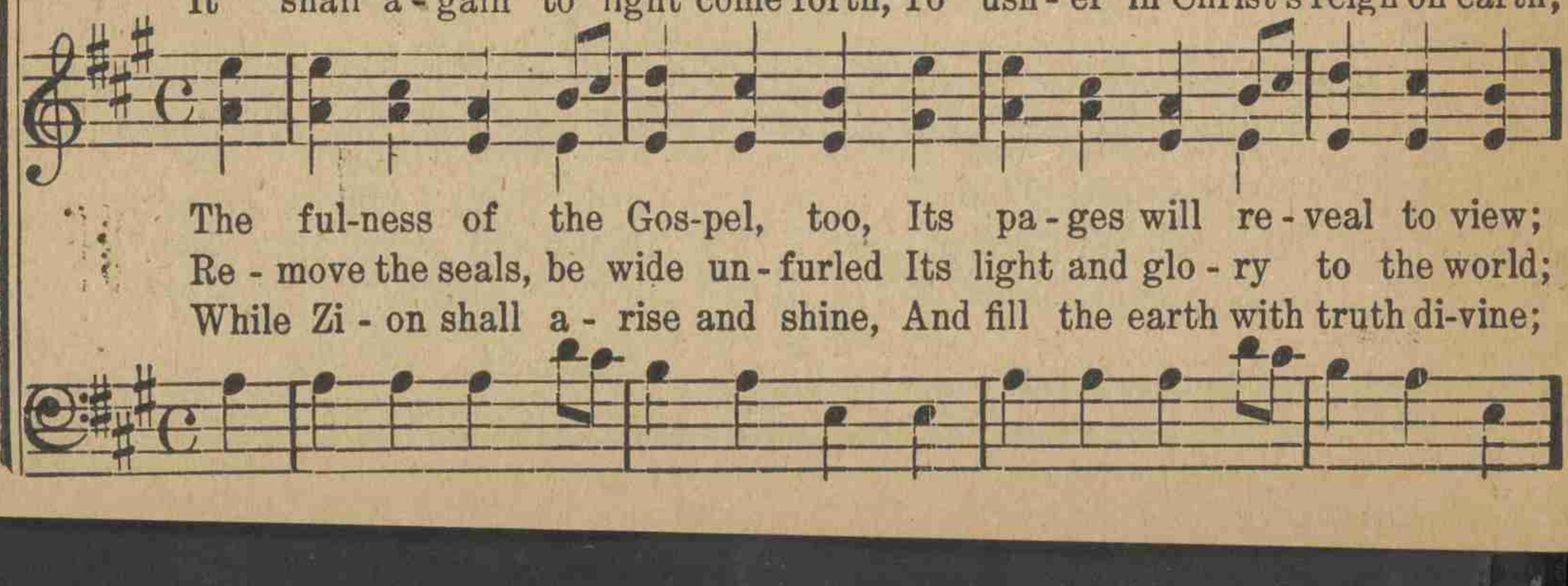
1. An an - gel from on high, The long, long si - lence broke; De -
2. Sealed by Mo - ro - ni's hand, It has for a - ges lain, To
3. It speaks of Jo-seph's seed, And makes the rem-nant known Of
4. The time is now ful - filled, The long ex - pect - ed day; Let
5. Lo, Is - rael filled with joy, Shall now be gath-ered home, Their

BASS. *Andante con moto.*

scend-ing from the sky, These gra - cious words he spoke:
wait the Lord's com - mand, From dust to speak a - gain.
na - tions long since dead, Who once had dwelt a - lone.
earth o - be - dience yield, And dark - ness flee a - way;
wealth and means em - ploy To build Je - ru - sa - lem;

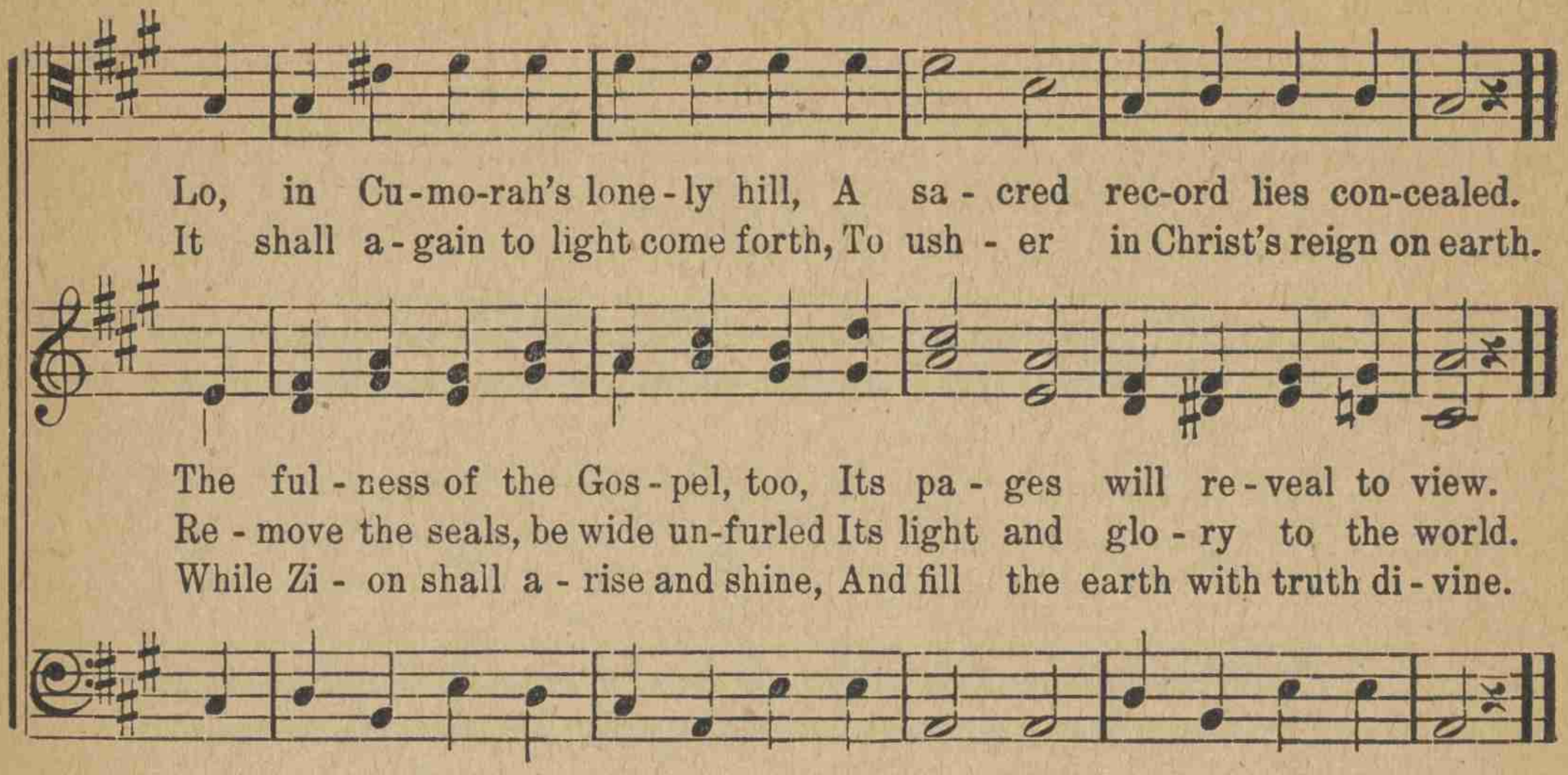


CHORUS. *Allegro animato.*



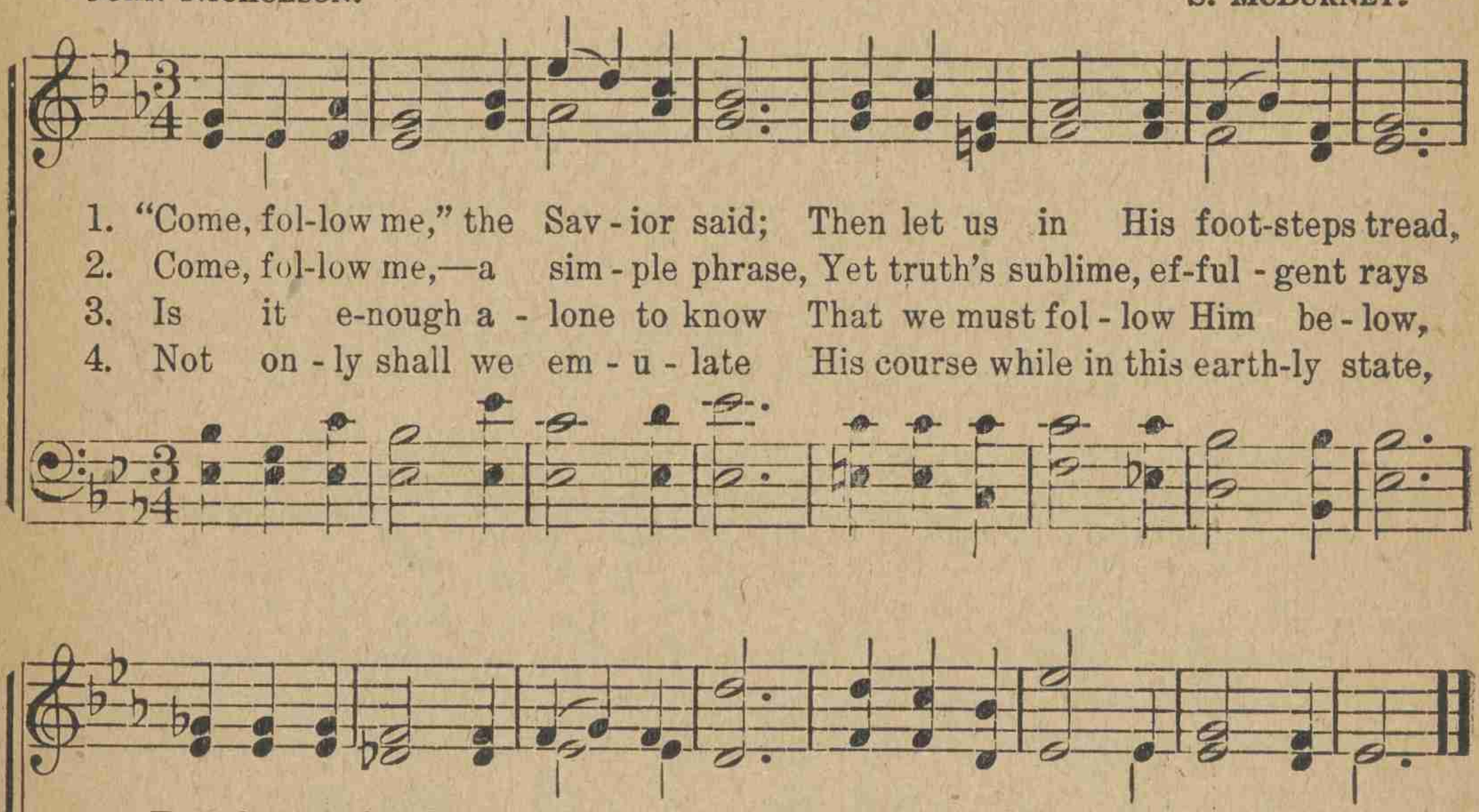
Lo, in Cu - mo - rah's lone-ly hill, A sa - cred rec - ord lies con-cealed;
It shall a - gain to light come forth, To ush - er in Christ's reign on earth;
The ful-ness of the Gos-pel, too, Its pa - ges will re - veal to view;
Re - move the seals, be wide un - furled Its light and glo - ry to the world;
While Zi - on shall a - rise and shine, And fill the earth with truth di-vine;

An Angel From on High.



No. 9. "Come, Follow Me."

JOHN NICHOLSON. S. MCBURNEY.



5 We must the onward path pursue
As wider fields expand to view,
And follow Him unceasingly
Whate'er our lot or sphere may be.

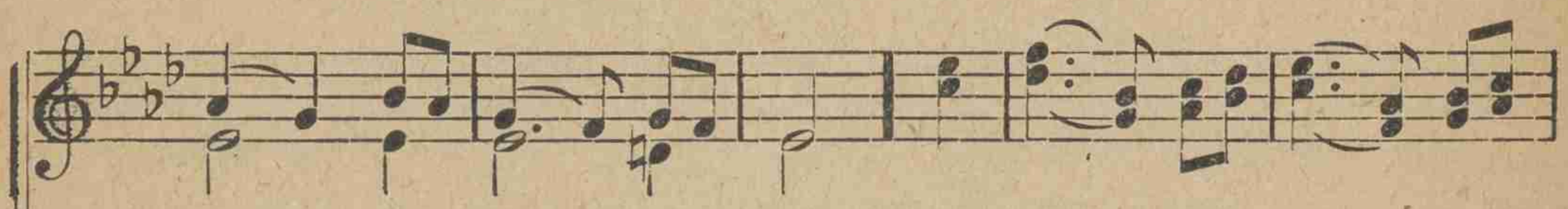
6 For thrones, dominions, kingdoms, powers,
And glory great and bliss are ours
If we, throughout eternity,
Obey His words, "Come, follow me."

No. 10. Again We Meet Around the Board.

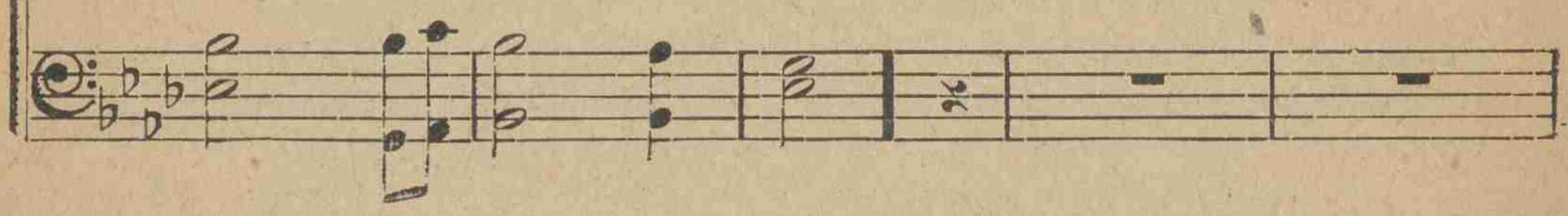
G. CARELESS.

Andante.

1. A - gain we meet a - round the board Of Je - sus,
2. He left His Fa - ther's courts on high, With man to
3. Help us, O God! to re - a - lize The great a -
4. We're His, who has the pur - chase made; His life, His



our re - deem - ing Lord, With faith in His a-
live, for man to die, A world to pur - chase
ton - ing sac - ri - fice, The gift of Thy Be-
blood, the price He paid; We're His, to do His



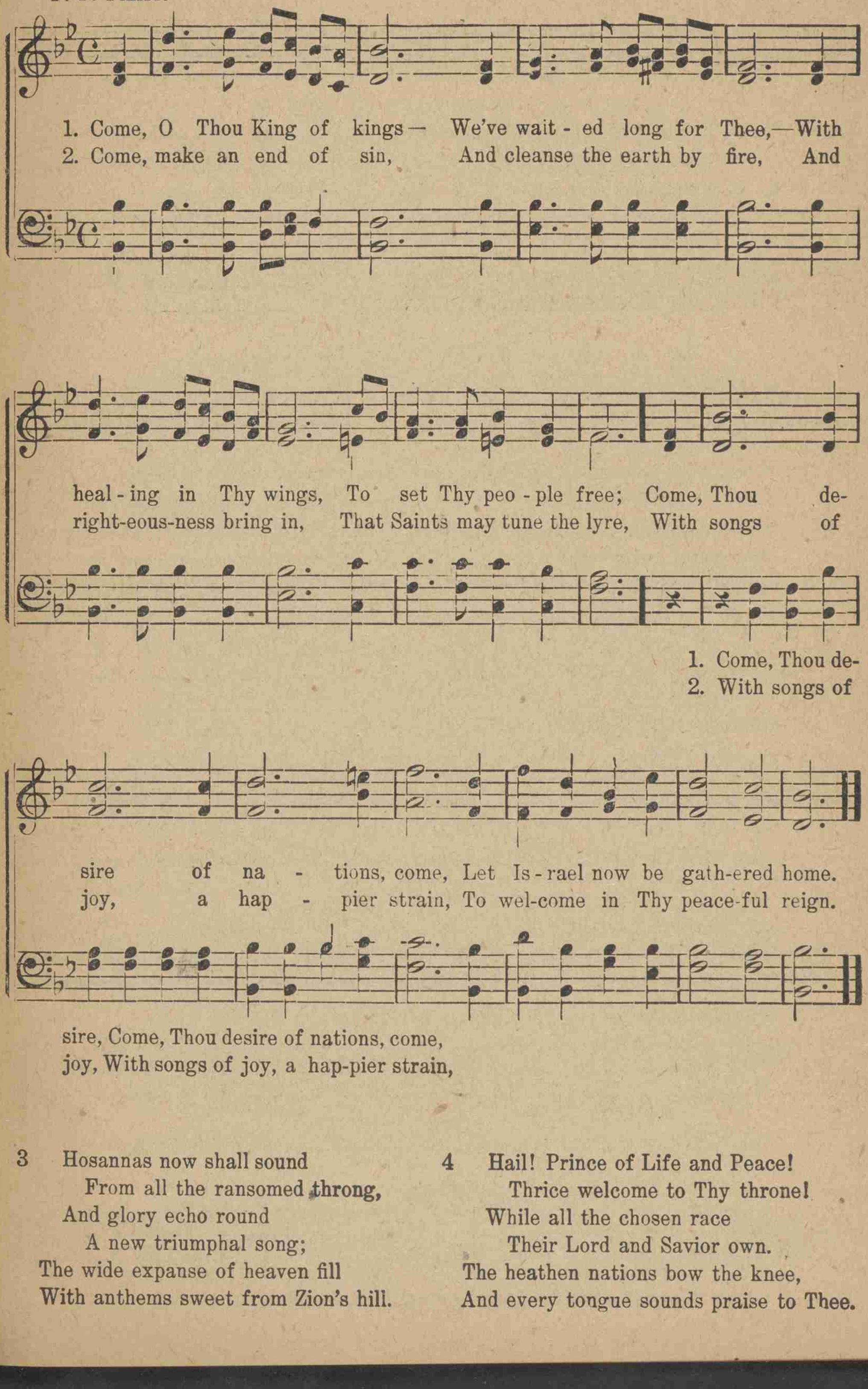
ton - ing blood, Our on - ly ac - cess un - to God.
and to save, And seal a tri - umph o'er the grave.
lov - ed Son, The Prince of Life, the Ho - ly One.
sa - cred will, And His re - quire - ments all ful - fil.

5 Jesus, the great fac-simile
Of the Eternal Deity,
Has stooped to conquer, died to save
From sin and sorrow and the grave.

6 Bless us, O Lord, for Jesus' sake;
O may we worthily partake
These emblems of the flesh and blood
Of our Redeemer, Savior, God.

No. 11. Come, O Thou King of Kings.

P. P. PRATT.



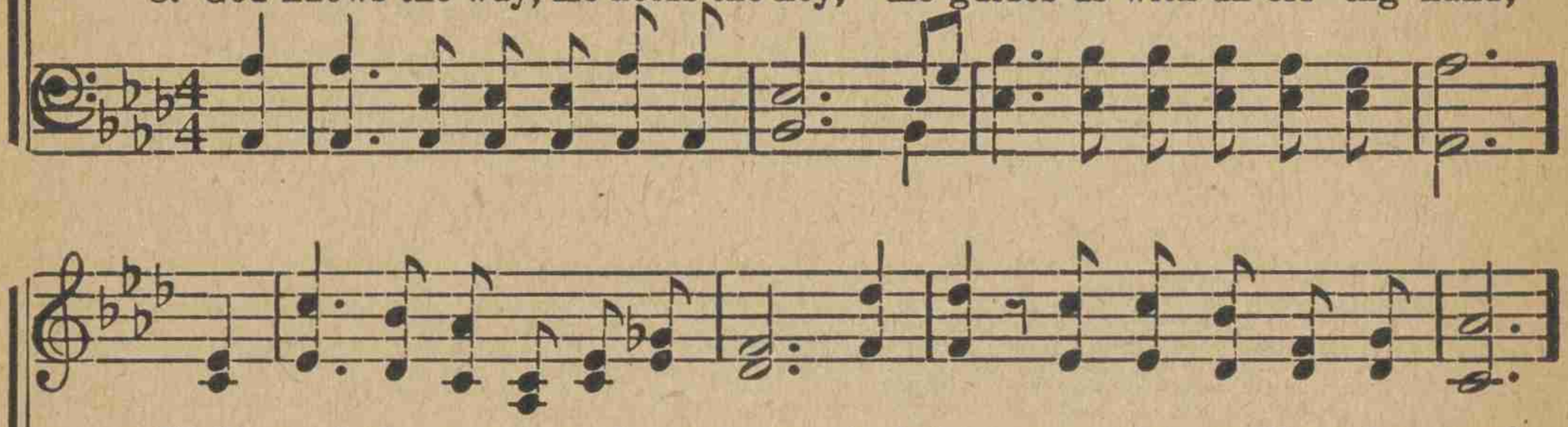
3 Hosannas now shall sound
From all the ransomed throng,
And glory echo round
A new triumphal song;
The wide expanse of heaven fill
With anthems sweet from Zion's hill.

4 Hail! Prince of Life and Peace!
Thrice welcome to Thy throne!
While all the chosen race
Their Lord and Savior own.
The heathen nations bow the knee,
And every tongue sounds praise to Thee.

No. 12. Sometime We'll Understand.

MAXWELL N. CORNELIUS, D. D. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Not now, but in the com-ing years, It may be in the bet-ter land,
2. We'll catch the broken threads a-gain, And fin - ish what we here be - gan;
3. We'll know why clouds instead of sun Were o - ver many a cherished plan;
4. Why what we long for most of all, E - ludes so oft our ea - ger hand;
5. God knows the way, He holds the key, He guides us with un-err - ing hand;



We'll read the meaning of our tears, And there, sometime, we'll un-der-stand.
Heav'n will the mys-ter-ies ex - plain, And then, ah, then, we'll un-der-stand.
Why song has ceased when scarce begun; 'Tis there, sometime, we'll un-der-stand.
Why hopes are crushed and castles fall, Up there, sometime, we'll un-der-stand.
Some-time with tear-less eyes we'll see, Yes, there, up there, we'll un-der-stand.

CHORUS. *A little faster.*

Then trust in God thro' all thy days; Fear not, for He doth hold thy hand;
doth hold thy hand;

A tempo primo. *Cres.* *Ad lib.*

Tho' dark thy way, still sing and praise; Sometime, sometime, we'll understand.

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No. 13. Come, All Ye Sons of Zion.

MALE VOICES.

W. W. PHELPS. JOHN TULLIDGE.

1. Come, all ye sons of Zi - on, And let us praise the Lord;
2. Come, ye dis-persed of Ju - dah, Join in the theme and sing,
3. Re - joice, re - joice, O Is - rael, And let your joys a - bound!
4. Then gath - er up for Zi - on, Ye Saints throughout the land,

His ran-somed are re - turn - ing, Ac - cord - ing to His word;
With har - mo - ny un - ceas - ing, The prais - es of our King,
The voice of God shall reach you Wher - ev - er you are found,
And clear the way be - fore you, As God shall give com - mand.

In sa - cred songs and glad - ness They walk the nar - row way,
Whose arm is now ex - tend - ed, On which the world may gaze,
And call you back from bond - age, That you may sing His praise
Though wick-ed men and dev - ils Ex - ert their pow'r, 'tis vain,

Rit.

And thank the Lord who brought them To see the lat - ter day.
To gath - er up the right - eous In these the lat - ter days.
In Zi - on and Je - ru - salem, In these the lat - ter days.
Since He who is e - ter - nal Has said you shall ob - tain.

No. 14. Catch the Sunshine!

G. F. Root.

Allegretto.

1. Catch the sun - shine! tho' it flick - ers Thro' a dark and dis - mal cloud,
2. Catch the sun - shine! tho' life's tem - pest May un - furl its chill - ing blast,
3. Catch the sun - shine! don't be griev - ing O'er that dark-some bil - low there!

Tho' it falls so faint and fee - ble On a heart with sor - row bowed.
Catch the lit - tle, hope-ful strag - gler! Storms will not for - ev - er last;
Life's a sea of storm-y bil - lows, We must meet them ev - 'ry - where.

Catch it quick - ly! it is pass - ing, Pass-ing rap - id - ly a - way;
Don't give up and say "for - sak - en!" Don't be - gin to say "I'm sad!"
Pass right thro' them, do not tar - ry, O - ver - come the heav-ing tide,

Rit.

It has on - ly come to tell you There is yet a bright-er day.
Look! there comes a gleam of sun-shine! Catch it! oh, it seems so glad
There's a spark - ling gleam of sun-shine Wait-ing on the oth - er side.

No. 15. Come, Let Us One and All.

A. DALRYMPLE. D. SCHEFIELD.

1. Come, let us one and all Join in a sa - cred strain,
2. O God of life and light, Our hearts beat high with joy,
3. O Lord, may we be wise In ear - ly life, we pray,

And on our Mak - er call— It will not be in vain:
And with most pure de - light Our time we here em - ploy,
And strive to win the prize By walk - ing in that way

For He will heed our hum - ble prayer, And grant us grace as
Where we can learn each Sab - bath day To walk the straight and
That leads to im - mor - tal - i - ty, Where all the ran - somed

free as air, And grant us grace as free as air.
nar - row way, To walk the straight and nar - row way.
hosts will be, Where all the ran - somed hosts will be.

No. 16. Come, Come, Ye Saints.

W. CLAYTON.

1. Come, come, ye Saints, no toil nor la-bor fear, But with joy wend your way;
2. Why should we mourn, or think our lot is hard? 'Tis not so; all is right!
3. We'll find the place which God for us prepared, Far a - way in the West;
4. And should we die before our journey's through, Hap-py day! all is well!

Tho' hard to you this jour-ney may ap-pear, Grace shall be as your day.
Why should we think to earn a great re-ward, If we now shun the fight?
Where none shall come to hurt or make a - fraid; There the Saints will be blessed.
We then are free from toil and sor - row too; With the just we shall dwell.

'Tis bet - ter far for us to strive Our use - less cares from
Gird up your loins, fresh courage take, Our God will nev - er
We'll make the air with mu - sic ring— Shout prais - es to our
But if our lives are spared a - gain To see the Saints, their

us to drive; Do this, and joy your hearts will swell—All is well! all is well!
us for-sake; And soon we'll have this truth to tell— All is well! all is well!
God and King; Above the rest these words we'll tell—All is well! all is well!
rest ob-tain, O how we'll make this chorus swell— All is well! all is well!

No. 17. Come, All Ye Sons of God.

T. DAVENPORT.

No. 18. What Was Witnessed in the Heavens?

JOHN S. DAVIS. E. STEPHENS.

Cheerfully.

1. What was wit - nessed in the heav - ens? Why, an an - gel, earth-ward
2. Had we not be - fore the Gos - pel? Yes—had sev - 'ral taught by
3. Where so long has been the Gos - pel? Did it on the earth re-

bound. Had he some-thing with him bringing? Yes—the Gos - pel—joy - ful
men. Then what is this lat - ter Gos - pel? 'Tis the first one come a-
main? No; 'twas ta - ken in - to heav - en, Then re-stored to man a-

sound! It was to be preached in pow - er On the earth, the an - gel
gain. This was preached by Paul and Pe - ter, And by Je - sus Christ, the
gain. What be - came of the de - part - ed Who heard not the Gos - pel

said, To all men, all tongues and nations That up - on its face are spread.
Head; This we lat - ter Saints are preaching—We their footsteps wish to tread.
plan? Je-sus preached to souls in pris - on What He taught on earth to man.

This piece is also sung to music on opposite page.

No. 19. Israel, Israel, God is Calling.

R. SMYTH. CHARLES C. CONVERSE.

1. Is - rael, Is - rael, God is call - ing—Call - ing thee from lands of woe:
2. Is - rael, Is - rael, God is speak-ing; Hear your great De-liv-'rer's voice!
3. Is - rael, an- gels are de - scend - ing From ce - les - tial worlds on high,
4. Is - rael! Is - rael! canst thou lin - ger Still in er - ror's gloom-y ways?

Bab - y - lon the great is fall - ing, God shall all her tow'rs o'er-throw.
Now a glo-rious morn is break-ing For the peo-ple of His choice.
And towards man their pow'rs extending, That the Saints may homeward fly.
Mark how judgment's pointing fin - ger Jus - ti - fies no vain de - lays.

Come to Zi - on, come to Zi - on Ere His floods of an - ger flow.
Come to Zi - on, come to Zi - on, And with - in her walls re - joice.
Come to Zi - on, come to Zi - on, For your com-ing Lord is nigh.
Come to Zi - on! come to Zi - on! Zi - on's walls shall ring with praise.

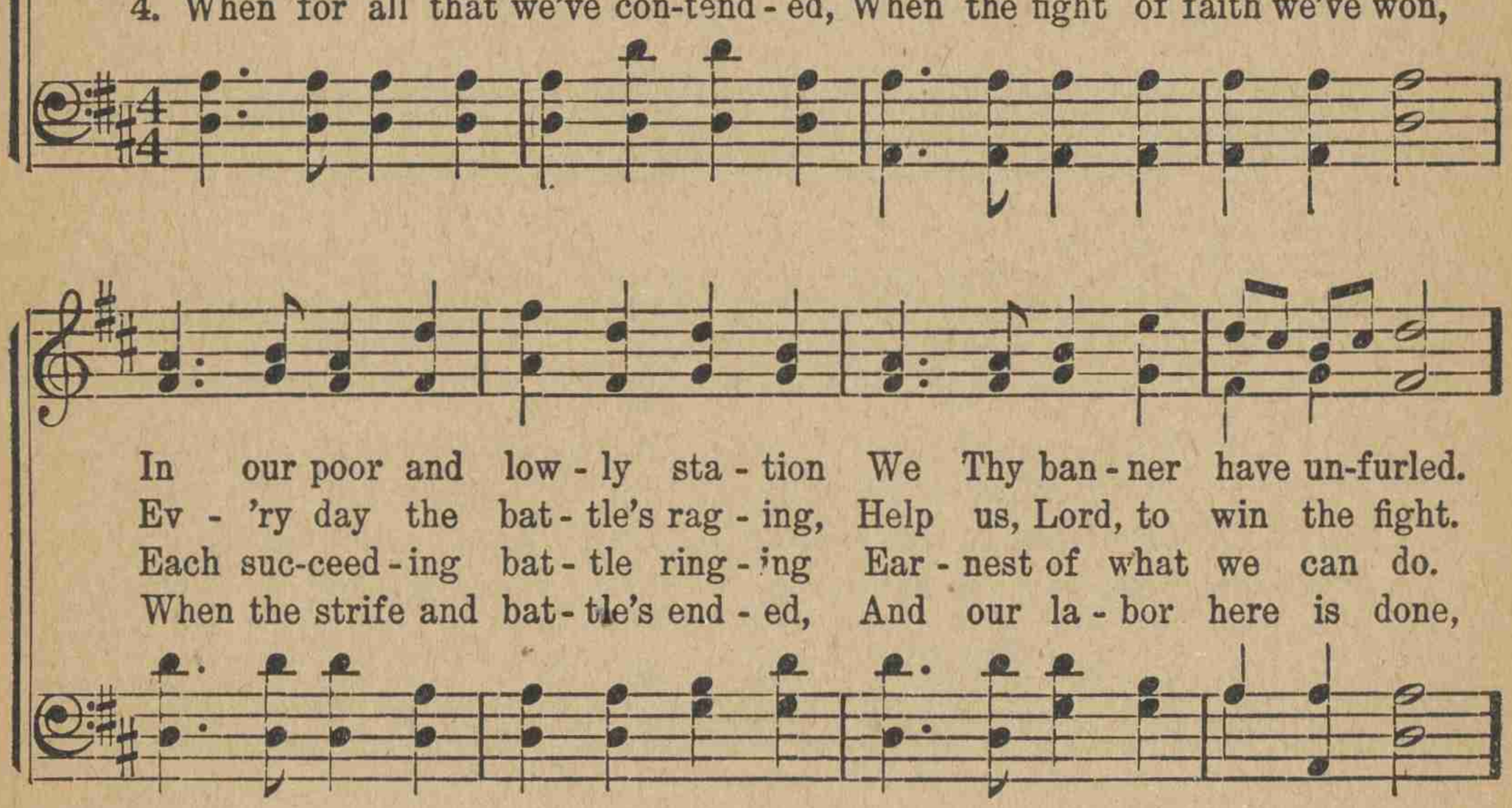
Come to Zi - on, come to Zi - on Ere His floods of an - ger flow.
Come to Zi - on, come to Zi - on, And with - in her walls re - joice.
Come to Zi - on, come to Zi - on, For your com-ing Lord is nigh.
Come to Zi - on! come to Zi - on! Zi - on's walls shall ring with praise.

Nos. 18. 83 and 269 also sung to this music

No. 20. O Thou Rock of Our Salvation.

J. L. TOWNSHEND. WM. CLAYSON.

1. O Thou Rock of our sal - va - tion, Je - sus, Sav - ior of the world,
2. We a war 'gainst sin are wag - ing, We're con-tend-ing for the right,
3. On - ward, on-ward, we'll be sing - ing, As we're marching firm and true,
4. When for all that we've con-tend - ed, When the fight of faith we've won,



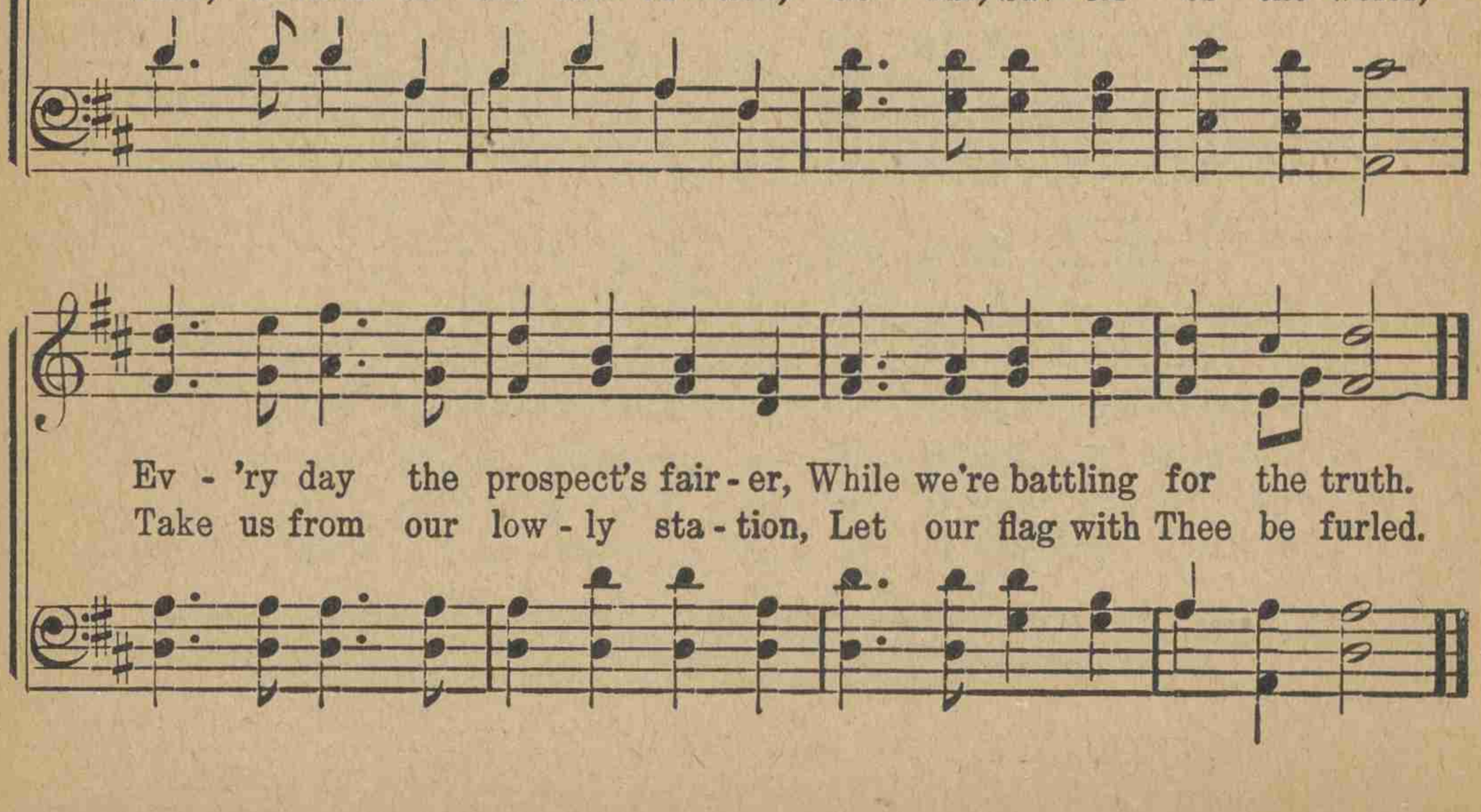
In our poor and low - ly sta - tion We Thy ban - ner have un-furled.
Ev - 'ry day the bat - tle's rag - ing, Help us, Lord, to win the fight.
Each suc-ceed - ing bat - tle ring - ing Ear - nest of what we can do.
When the strife and bat - tle's end - ed, And our la - bor here is done,

CHORUS.

Gath - er round the stand-ard bear - er, Gath - er round in strength of youth;

(After last verse:)

Then, O Rock of our sal - va - tion, Je - sus, Sav - ior of the world,



Ev - 'ry day the prospect's fair - er, While we're battling for the truth.
Take us from our low - ly sta - tion, Let our flag with Thee be furled.

No. 21. Softly Beams the Sacred Dawning.

HARVEY L. BIRCH. G. CARELESS.

Andante.

1. Soft - ly beams the sa - cred dawn-ing Of the great Mil-
2. Splen - did, ris - ing o'er the mountains, Glow - ing with ce-
3. Swift - ly flee the clouds of dark-ness, Speed - i - ly the
4. Yea, the fair sab - bat - ic e - ra, When the world will

len - nial morn, And to Saints gives wel - come warning That the
les - tial cheer, Stream-ing from e - ter - nal fountains, Rays of
mists re - tire; Na - ture's u - ni - ver - sal blackness Is con-
be at rest, Rap - id - ly is draw - ing near-er; Then all

day is hast - ing on, That the day is hast - ing on.
liv - ing light ap - pear, Rays of liv - ing light ap - pear.
sumed by heav'n - ly fire, Is con - sumed by heav'n - ly fire.
Is - rael will be blest, Then all Is - rael will be blest.

5 Odors sweet the air perfuming,
Verdure of the purest green;
In primeval beauty beaming,
Will our native earth be seen.

6 At the resurrection morning,
We shall all appear as one;
O what robes of bright adorning
Will the righteous then put on!

7 Eye's not seen the untold treasures
Which the Father hath in store,
Teeming with surpassing pleasures,
Even life for evermore.

8 Mourn no longer. Saints beloved,
Brave the dangers, no retreat;
Neither let your hearts be mov-ed,
Scorn the trials you may meet.

No. 22. O God, th' Eternal Father.

W. W. PHELPS. G. CARELESS.

f Moderato.

1. O God, th' E - ter - nal Fa - ther, Who dwells a - mid the sky,
2. That sa - cred, ho - ly of - f'ring, By man least un - der - stood,
3. When Je - sus, the A - noint - ed, De - scend - ed from a - bove,
4. How in - fi - nite that wis - dom, The plan of ho - li - ness,

f *p*

In Je - sus' name we ask Thee To bless and sanc - ti - fy,
To have our sins re - mit - ted, And take His flesh and blood;
And gave him - self a ran - som To win our souls with love,
That made sal - va - tion per - fect, And veiled the Lord in flesh;

If we are pure be - fore Thee, This bread and cup of wine,
That we may ev - er wit - ness The suf-f'rings of Thy Son,
With no ap - par - ent beau - ty, That men should Him de - sire,
To walk up - on His foot - stool, And be like man, al - most,

f *p*

That we may all re - mem - ber That of - f'ring so di - vine.
And al - ways have His Spir - it, To make our hearts as one.
He was the prom-ised Sav - ior, To pu - ri - fy with fire.
In His ex - alt - ed sta - tion, And die, or all was lost!

No. 23. Where is My Wandering Boy To-night?

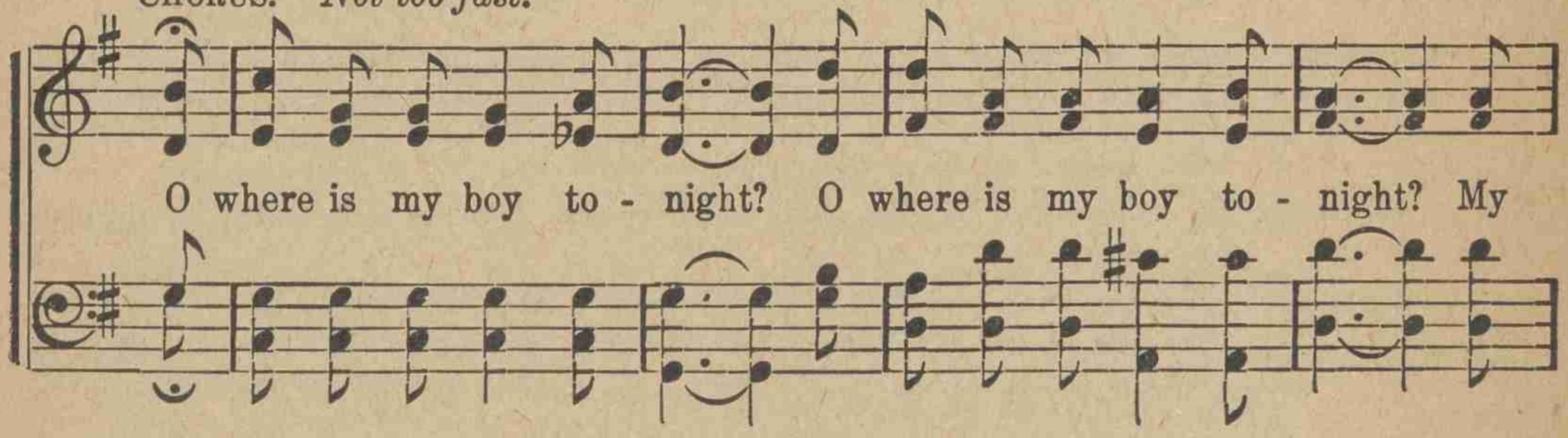
R. L. Rev. R. Lowry.

With tenderness.

1. Where is my wand'ring boy to-night—The boy of my tend'rest care, The
2. Once he was pure as morn-ing dew, As he knelt at his moth-er's knee; No
3. O could I see you now, my boy, As fair as in old - en time, When
4. Go for my wand'ring boy to-night; Go, search for him where you will; But

boy that was once my joy and light, The child of my love and prayer?
face was so bright, no heart more true, And none was so sweet as he.....
prat - tle and smile made home a joy, And life was a mer - ry chime!
bring him to me with all his blight, And tell him I love him still.

Chorus. *Not too fast.*



O where is my boy to - night? O where is my boy to - night? My

heart o'er-flows, for I love him he knows; O where is my boy to - night.

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No. 24. Praise to the Man.

W. W. PHELPS.

1. Praise to the man who com-muned with Je - ho - vah! Je - sus a-
2. Praise to his mem-'ry, he died as a mar - tyr, Hon-ored and
3. Great is his glo - ry, and end - less his Priest-hood, Ev - er and
4. Sac - ri - fice brings forth the bless - ings of heav - en; Earth must a-

noint - ed "that Proph-et and Seer"— Bless - ed to o - pen the
blest be his ev - er great name! Long shall his blood, which was
ev - er the keys he will hold; Faith - ful and true, he will
tone for the blood of that man; Wake up the world for the

last dis - pen - sa - tion; Kings shall ex - tol him, and na - tions re - vere.
shed by as - sas - sins, Stain Il - li - nois, while the earth lauds his fame.
en - ter his king-dom, Crowned in the midst of the Proph-ets of old.
con-flict of jus - tice; Mil - lions shall know "brother Jo - seph" a - gain.

CHORUS.

Hail to the Proph-et, as - cend - ed to heav - en! Trai - tors and

Praise to the Man.

ty - rants now fight him in vain; Min-gling with Gods, he can

plan for his brethren; Death can-not con-quer the he - ro a - gain.

No. 25. On the Mountain's Top Appearing

KELLY.

1. { On the mountain's top ap-pear-ing, Lo! the sa - cred her-ald stands! / Welcome news to Zi - on bear-ing, Zi - on, long in hos - tile lands: }

2. { Lo! thy sun is ris'n in glo - ry! God Him-self appears thy Friend; / All thy foes shall flee be-fore thee; Here their boast-ed tri-umphs end: }

3. { En - e - mies no more shall trouble; All thy wrongs shall be redressed; / For thy shame thou shalt have double, In thy Mak - er's fa - vor blest: }

p *f*

Mourning captive! Mourning captive! God Him-self shall loose thy bands.
Great de-liv-'rance, Great de-liv-'rance Zi - on's King vouch-safes to send.
All thy con-flicts, All thy con-flicts End in an e - ter - nal rest.

No. 26. Rock of My Refuge.

1. As swift-ly my days go out on the wing, As on-ward my bark drifts
2. Dark sor-row may come with man-y a sting; Stern tri-als in life my
3. Till an-gels of light my summons shall bring, Till up-ward with joy my

o - ver the sea,
por - tion may be;
spir - it shall flee,

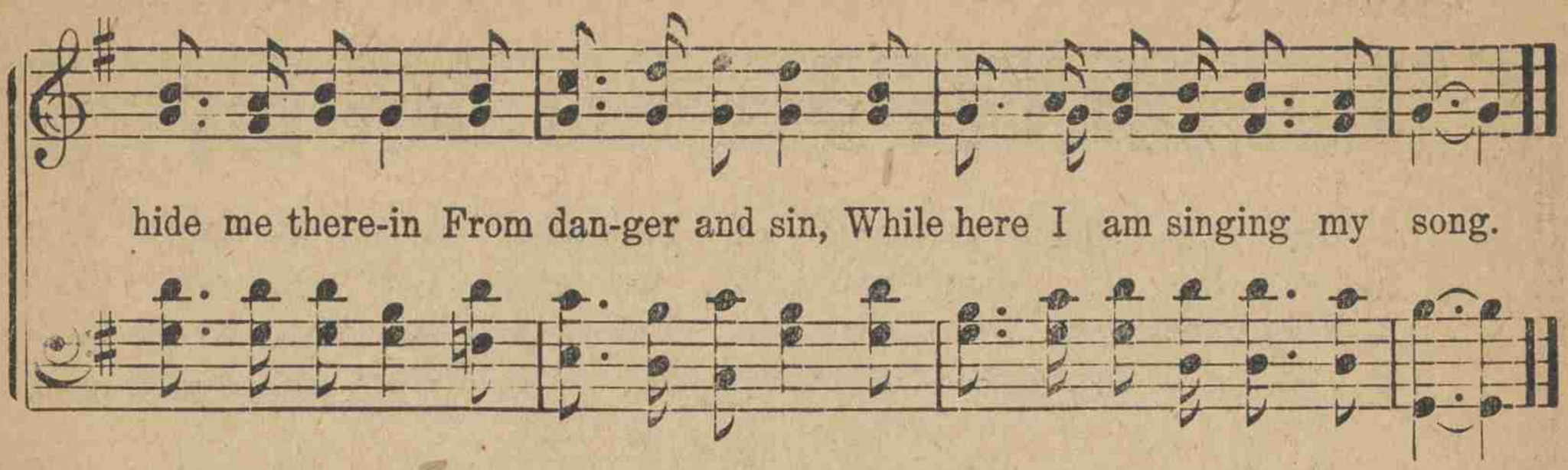
O Fa - ther in heav'n, this song will I sing: The

rock of my ref - uge is Thee, The rock of my ref - uge is Thee.

Rock of my ref-uge so sure,..... Rock of my ref-uge so strong;.... O

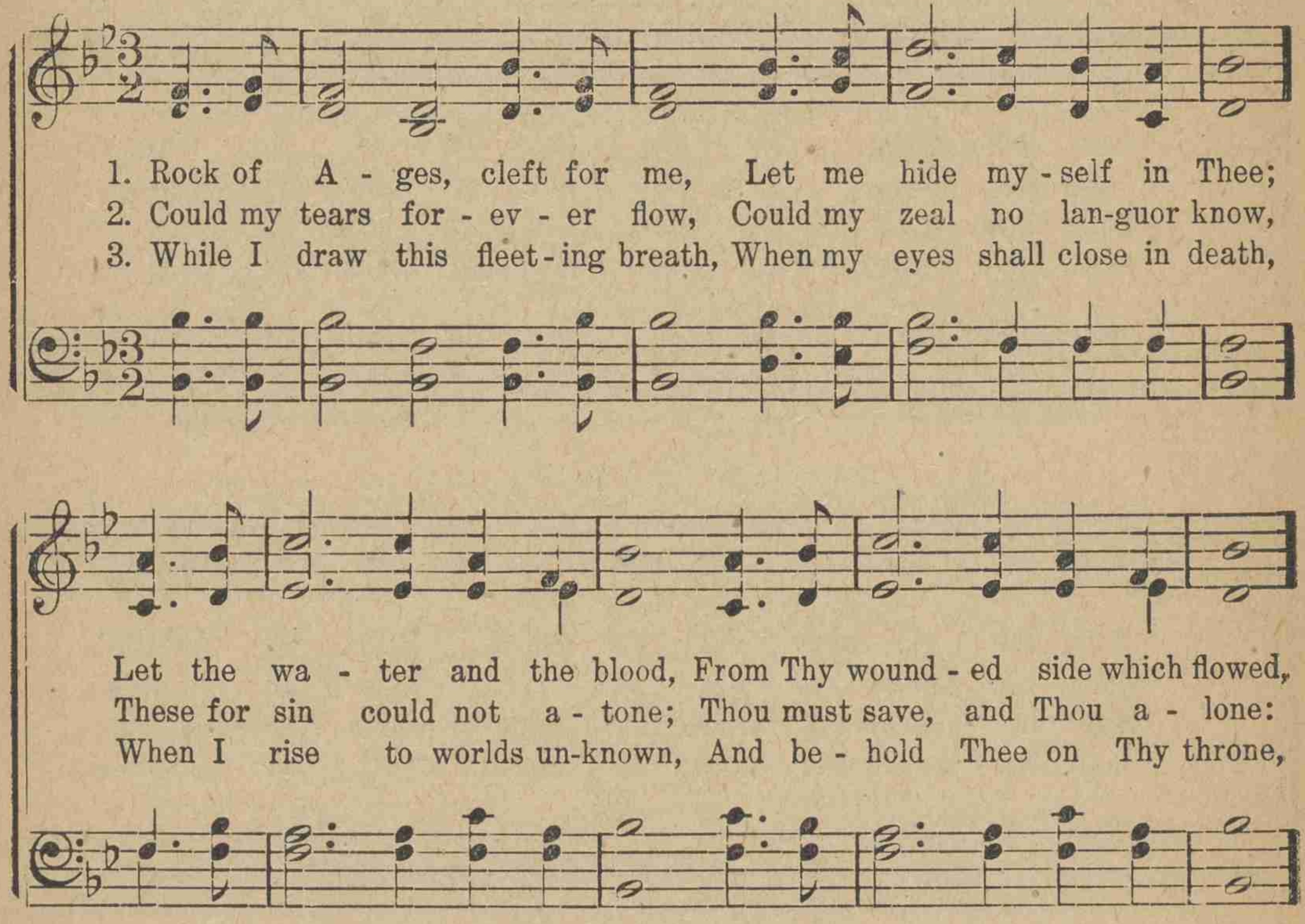
so sure, so strong;

Rock of My Refuge.



No. 27. Rock of Ages.

A. M. TOPLADY. THOS. HASTINGS.



No. 28. O'er the Gloomy Hills of Darkness.

WILLIAMS. H. H. PETERSEN.

1. O'er the gloom-y hills of dark-ness, Look, my soul, be still and gaze;
2. Let the In-dian and the ne-gro, Let the rude bar-bar-ian see
3. King-doms wide that sit in dark-ness, Grant them, Lord, the glo-rious light;
4. Fly a-broad, thou might-y Gos-pel, Win and con-quer, nev-er cease;

All the prom-is-es do trav-ail
That di-vine and glo-rious con-quest
And from east-ern coast to west-ern,
So Im-man-uel's fair do-min-ions

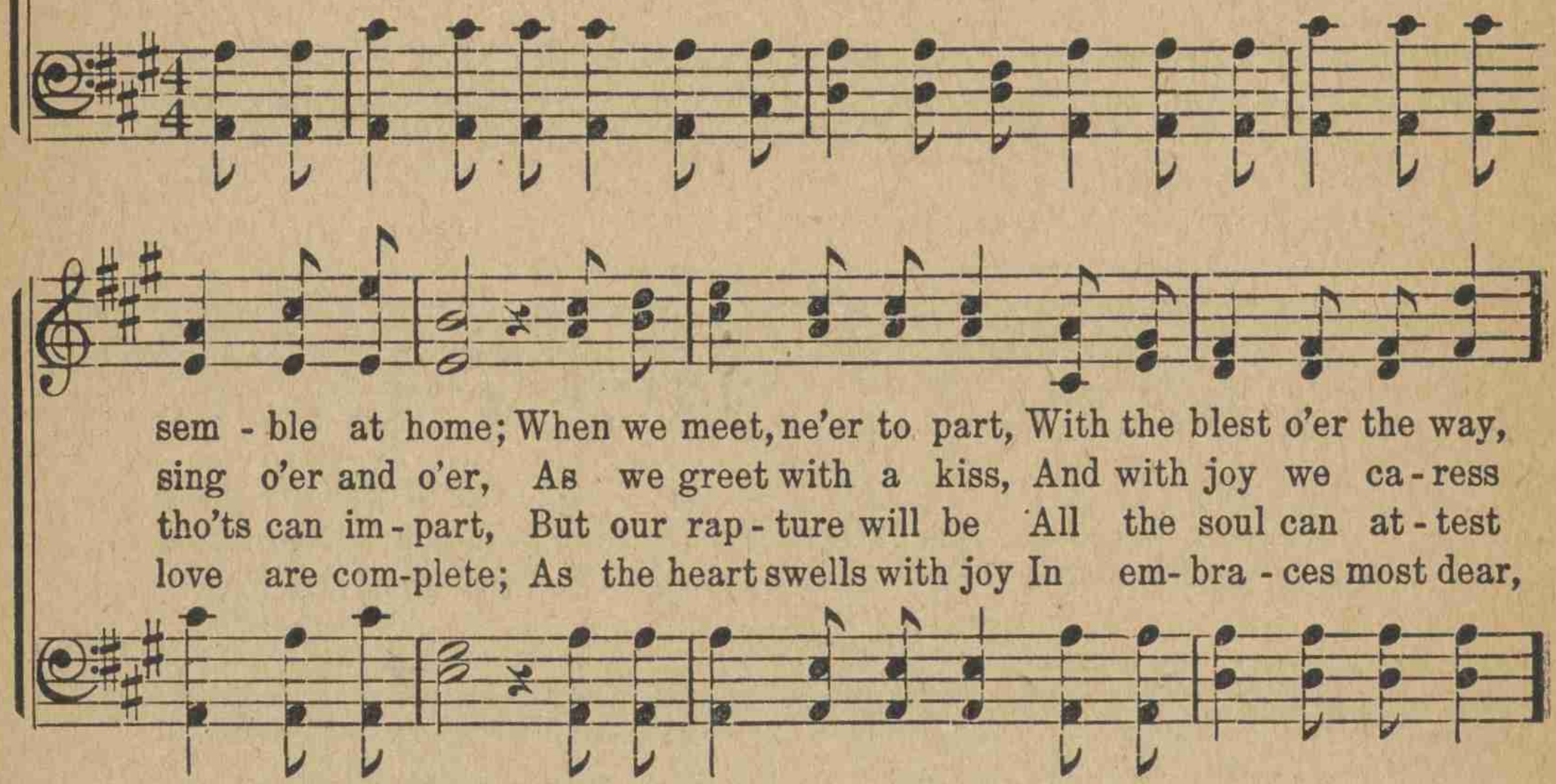
With the glo-rious day of grace; Bless-ed jubilee!
Once ob-tained on Cal-va-ry; Let the Gos-pel,
May the morn-ing chase the night— Chase the dark-ness,
Shall ex-tend and still in-crease, Till the king-doms,

Bless-ed jubilee! Let thy glo-rious morn-ing dawn.
Let the Gos-pel Soon re-sound from pole to pole.
Chase the dark-ness From their long be-night-ed eyes.
Till the king-doms Of the world are all His own.

No. 29. O What Songs of the Heart.

J. L. TOWNSHEND. WM. CLAYSON.

1. O what songs of the heart We shall sing all the day, When a - gain we as -
2. Tho' our rap-ture and bliss There's no song can express; We will shout,we will
3. O the vi - sions we'll see In that home of the blest,There's no words,there's no
4. O what songs we'll employ! O what welcomes we'll hear! While our transports of



sem - ble at home; When we meet, ne'er to part, With the blest o'er the way,
sing o'er and o'er, As we greet with a kiss, And with joy we ca - ress
tho'ts can im - part, But our rap - ture will be All the soul can at - test
love are com-plete; As the heart swells with joy In em- bra - ces most dear,

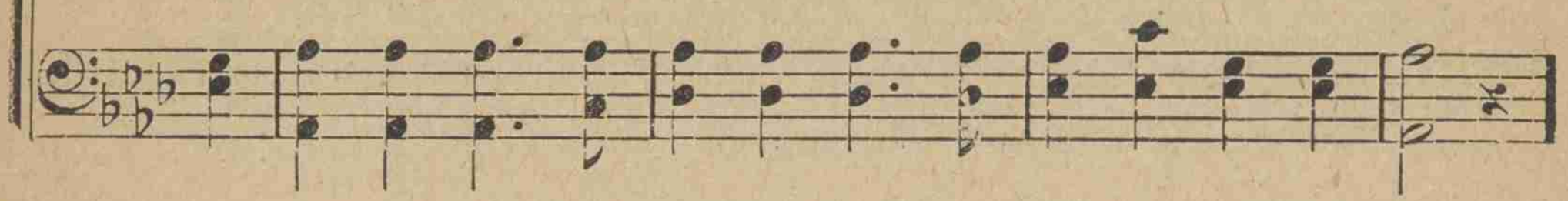
There no more from our loved ones to roam! When we meet ne'er to part,
All our loved ones that passed on be - fore; As we greet with a kiss,
In the heav - en - ly songs of the heart; But our rap - ture will be
When our heav - en - ly Par - ents we meet! As the heart swells with joy

O what songs of the heart We shall sing in our beau - ti - ful home.
In our rap - ture and bliss, All our loved ones that passed on be - fore.
In the vi - sions we'll see Best ex-pressed in the songs of the heart.
O what songs we'll em-ploy,When our heav - en - ly Par - ents we meet.

No. 30. My Sabbath Home.

1. Sweet Sab-bath school, more dear to me Than fair - est pal - ace dome,
2. Here first my wil - ful, wand'ring heart, The way of life was shown;
3. Here Je - sus stood with lov - ing voice, En - treat-ing me to come

My heart e'er turns with joy to thee, My own dear Sab-bath home.
Here first I sought the bet - ter part, And gained a Sab-bath home.
And make of Him my on - ly choice, In this dear Sab-bath home.



CHORUS.

Sabbath home, blessed home, Sabbath home, blessed
Sabbath home, blessed home, Sabbath home,

home, My heart e'er turns with joy to thee, My own dear Sabbath home.
blessed home,

No. 31. Rest, Rest for the Weary Soul.

H. W. NAISBITT. G. CARELESS.

1. Rest, rest for the wear - y soul, Rest, rest for the ach - ing head,
2. Rest, rest, for the bat-tle's o'er, Rest, rest, for the race is run,
3. Peace, peace, where no strife in-trudes, Peace, peace,where no quar-rels come,

Rest, rest, on the hill - side rest, With the great un - count - ed dead.
Rest, rest, where the gates are closed With each eve - ning's set - ting sun.
Peace, peace, for the end is there Of our wild life's bus - y hum.

4. Peace, peace, the op-pressed are free, Rest, rest, O ye wear - y, rest;
5. Peace, peace, there is mu - sic's sound, Peace, peace, till the ris - ing sun

For the an - gels guard those well Who sleep on their moth-er's breast.
Of the res - ur - rec - tion morn Pro - claims life's vic - t'ry won.

No. 32. School Thy Feelings.

MALE VOICES.

C. W. PENROSE. Tune:—VACANT CHAIR.

Melody in 2d Tenor.

D. C.—1. School thy feel-ings, O my brother, Train thy warm, im - pul - sive soul;
2. School thy feelings; con-dem-na-tion Nev-er pass on friend or foe,
3. Should af-flic-tion's ac - rid vi - al Burst o'er thy un-shel-tered head,

Fine.

Do not its e - mo-tions smother, But let wis - dom's voice con-trol.
Tho' the tide of ac - cu - sa - tion Like a flood of truth may flow.
School thy feel - ings to the tri - al, Half its bit - ter-ness hath fled.

School thy feel - ings, there is pow- er In the cool, col - lect- ed mind;
Hear de-fense be - fore de - cid-ing, And a ray of light may gleam,
Art thou false - ly, base - ly slandered? Does the world be - gin to frown?

D. C.

Pas - sion shat-ters rea-son's tow - er, Makes the clear-est vi - sion blind.
Show- ing thee what filth is hid - ing Un - der-neath the shal-low stream.
Gauge thy wrath by wisdom's stand-ard, Keep thy ris - ing an - ger down.

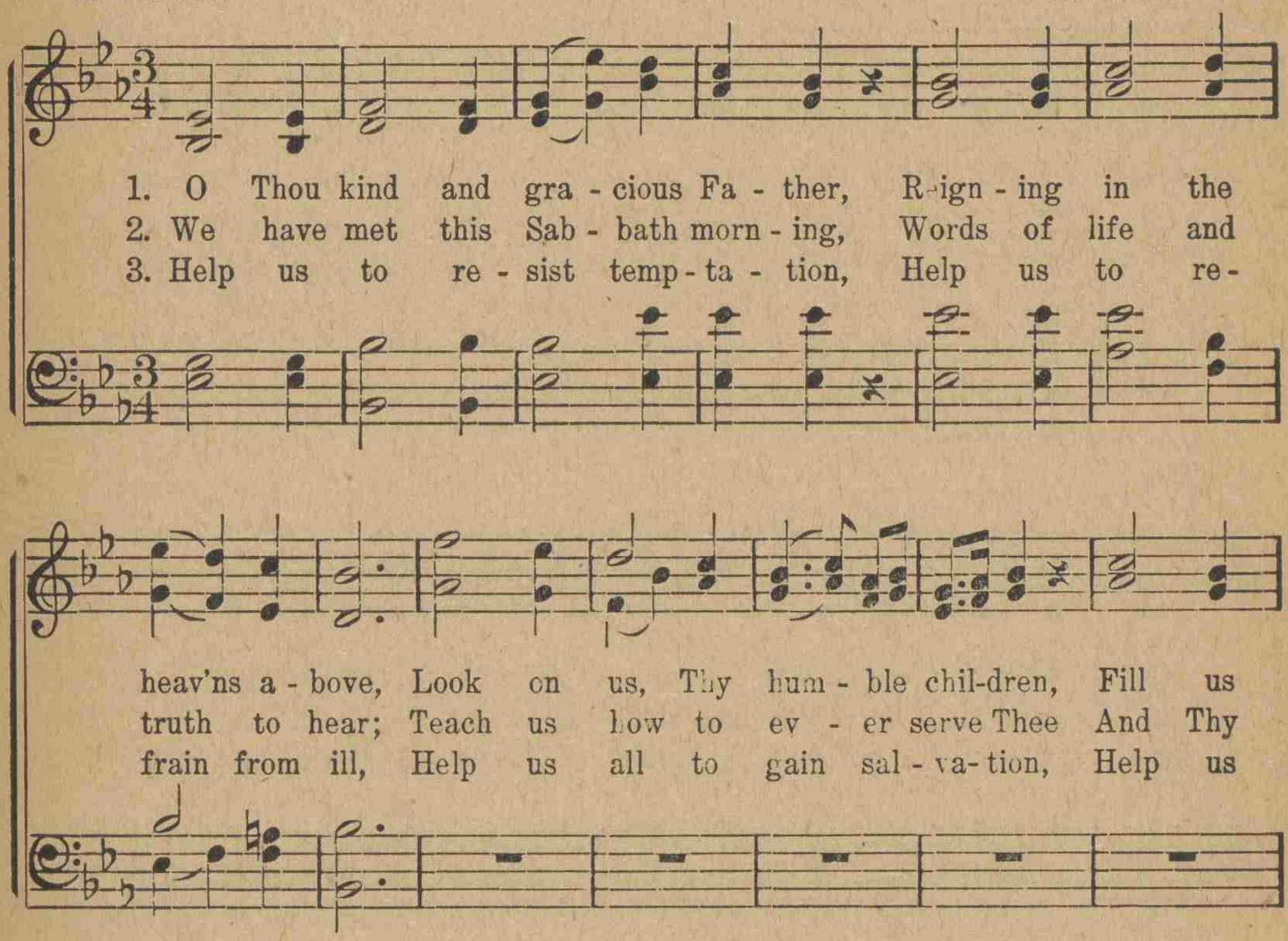
School Thy Feelings.

4 Rest thyself on this assurance:
Time's a friend to innocence,
And that patient, calm endurance
Wins respect and aids defense.
Noblest minds have finest feelings,
Quivering strings a breath can move,
And the Gospel's sweet revealings
Tune them with the key of love.

5 Hearts so sensitively moulded,
Strongly fortified should be,
Trained to firmness, and enfolded
In a calm tranquillity.
Wound not wilfully another;
Conquer haste with reason's might;
School thy feelings, sister, brother,
Train them in the path of right.

No. 33. O Thou Kind and Gracious Father.

G. DENNEY. GEO. CARELESS.



No. 34. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. WALFORD. WM. B. BRADBURY.

Slow.

1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a
2. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! Thy wings shall my pe-
3. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! May I thy con-so-

world of care, And bids me at my Father's throne Make all my
ti-tion bear To Him whose truth and faith-ful-ness En-gage the
la-tion share, Till, from Mount Pis-gah's loft-y height, I view my

wants and wish-es known: In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief, My
wait-ing soul to bless: And since He bids me seek His face, Be-
home and take my flight: This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To

soul has oft-en found re-lief, And oft es-caped the
lieve His word and trust His grace, I'll cast on Him my
seize the ev-er-last-ing prize; And shout, while pass-ing

Sweet Hour of Prayer.

temp - ter's snare, By thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer! And
ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer! I'll
thro' the air, Fare-well, fare - well! sweet hour of prayer! And

oft es-caped the temp-ter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of prayer!
cast on Him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!
shout, while pass-ing thro' the air, Fare-well, fare-well! sweet hour of prayer!

No. 35. Sweet is the Work.

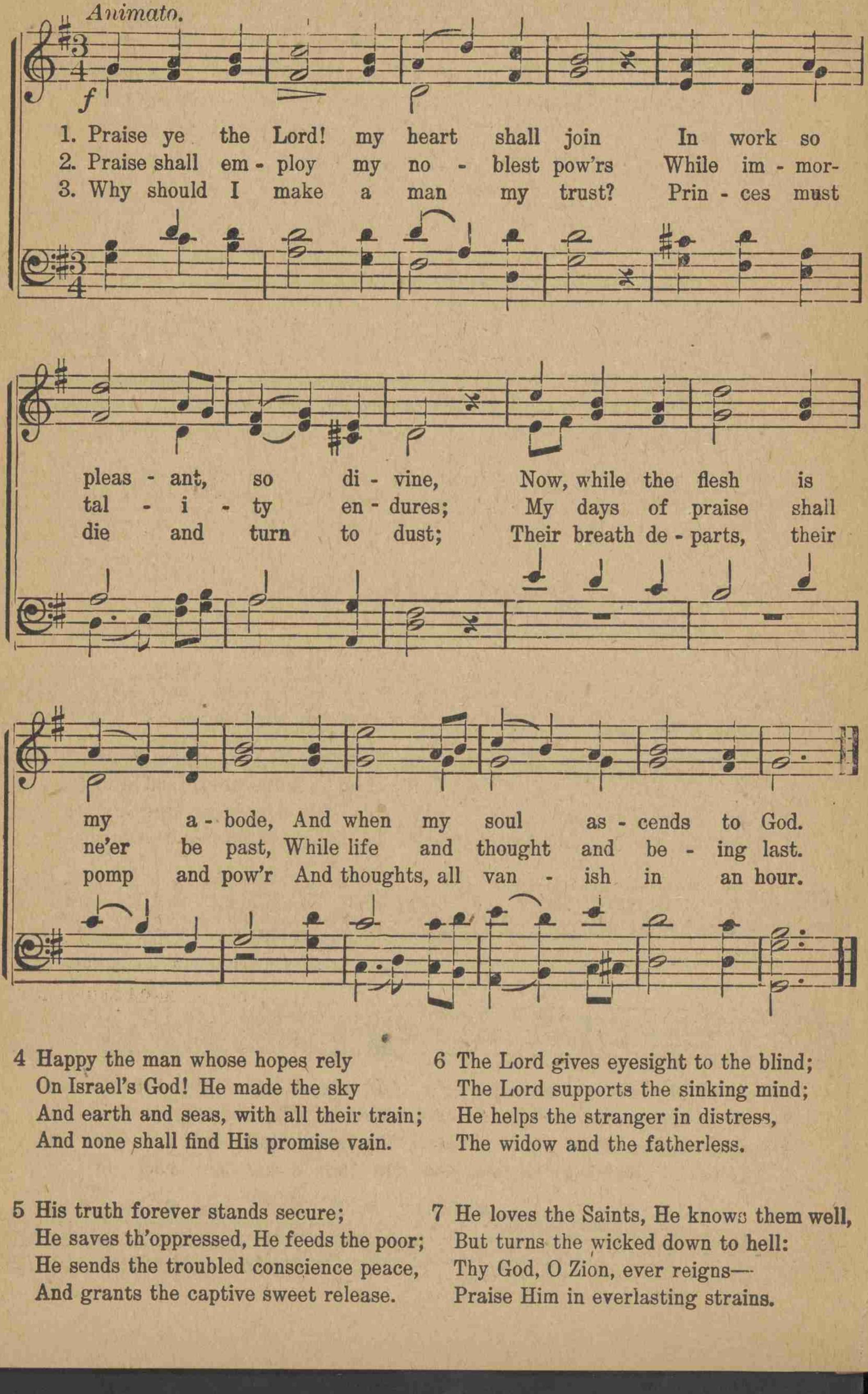
WATTS. JOHN MCCLELLAN, Jr.

1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise Thy name, give thanks and sing,
2. My heart shall tri-umph in my Lord, And bless His works, and bless His word;
3. But oh, what tri-umph shall I raise To Thy dear name, thro' endless days,
4. Then shall I see and hear and know All I de-sired and wished be-low,

To show Thy love by morn-ing light, And talk of all Thy truths at night.
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine, How deep Thy councils—how di - vine!
When in the realms of joy I see Thy face in full fe - lic - i - ty.
And ev - 'ry pow'r find sweet em-ploy In that e - ter - nal world of joy.

No. 36. Praise Ye the Lord!

WATTS. E. STEPHENS.



4 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God! He made the sky
And earth and seas, with all their train;
And none shall find His promise vain.

5 His truth forever stands secure;
He saves th'oppressed, He feeds the poor;
He sends the troubled conscience peace,
And grants the captive sweet release.

6 The Lord gives eyesight to the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless.

7 He loves the Saints, He knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell:
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns—
Praise Him in everlasting strains.

No. 37. Sowing.

H. A. TUCKETT.

1. We are sow-ing, dai-ly sow-ing Count-less seeds of good and ill,
2. Seeds that fall a-mid the still-ness Of the lone-ly moun-tain glen;
3. Seeds that lie unchanged, unquickened, Life-less on the teem-ing mould;
4. Thou who know-est all our weak-ness, Leave us not to sow a-lone!

Scat-tered on the lev-el low-land, Cast up-on the wind-y hill;
Seeds cast out in crowd-ed pla-ces, Trod-den un-der foot of men;
Seeds that live, and grow, and flour-ish When the sow-er's hand is cold;
Bid Thine an-gels guard the fur-rows Where the pre-cious grain is sown,

Seeds that sink in rich, brown fur-rows, Soft with heav-en's gra-cious rain;
Seeds, by i-dle hearts for-got-ten, Flung at ran-dom on the air;
By a whis-per sow we bless-ings, By a breath we scat-ter strife;
Till the fields are crowned with glo-ry, Filled with mel-low, rip-ened ears;

Seeds that rest up-on the sur-face Of the dry, un-yield-ing plain.
Seeds, by faith-ful souls re-mem-bered, Sown in tears, and love, and prayer.
In our words, and looks, and ac-tions Lie the seeds of death and life.
Filled with fruit of life e-ter-nal From the seed we sowed in tears.

No. 38. Parting Hymn.

GEO. MANWARING. BEESLEY.

mf

1. Sing we now at part - ing, One more strain of praise;
2. Praise Him for His mer - cy, Praise Him for His love;
3. Je - sus, our Re - deem - er, Now our prais - es hear;

To our heav'n - ly Fa - ther Sweet - est songs we'll raise.
For un - num - bered bless - ings Praise the Lord a - bove.
While we bow be - fore Thee, Lend a list - 'ning ear.

p

For His lov - ing kind - ness, For His ten - der care,
Let our hap - py voi - ces Still the notes pro - long;
Save us, Lord, from er - ror, Watch us day by day,

f

Let our songs of glad - ness Rend this Sab - bath air.
One a - lone is wor - thy Of our sweet - est song.
Help us now to serve Thee In a pleas - ing way.

No. 39. Sabbath Morning Comes With Gladness.

JAMES GALLAHER. J. S. LEWIS.

1. Sab-bath morn-ing comes with gladness, Lit - tle hea ts are filled with joy;
2. O'er the earth the sun is shin - ing, Truth shines in the Sab - bath school;
3. May our Fa-ther's care be o'er us, Guar-dian a - gels ev - er nigh,

Fa-ther's bless-ings ban - ish sad-ness, Pleas - ure's her with-out al - loy.
List the Priesthood clear de - fin - ing Pre - cepts like the gold - en rule.
Thro' life's journey go be - fore us, Lead us to the courts on high.

See, with smil - ing ros - y fa - ces, Boys and girls clothed in their best,
Let us each be un - ob - serv - ing Of the oth - ers' faults, and strive
Prin - ci - ples our souls in - spir - ing, That were des - tined men to save,

Hast-'ning on to fill their pla - ces, At their teach-er's kind re - quest.
Good-ness to in-crease un-swerv-ing, Like the bees with - in a hive.
On - ward pro-gress, nev - er tir - ing, In the life be - yond the grave.

No. 40. Do Not Forsake Me, Lord.

O. P. H. O. P. Huish.

Moderato.

1. Do not for - sake me, Lord, Lest I should fall;
2. Do not for - sake me, Lord, Lest I am lost,
3. Do not for - sake me, Lord, Tho' least am I
4. Do not for - sake me, Lord, Grant me Thy grace,

Turn not a - way Thine ear, Hear, O hear my call!
Like ship that's rud - der - less, On the bil - lows tost.
That should Thy boun - ty crave, Do not pass me by.
I could not hope to live Ban - ished from Thy face.

Guide Thou my wan - d'ring feet, Lest they should stray.....
When floods of strife and sin Would me o'er - whelm,.....
My life a des - ert was, In days now past, ...
On life's dark sea of doubt, I, like the dove, ...

Back to the old - time path That they trod one day.....
one day.
Be Thou my Pi - lot true, Ev - er at the helm.....
the helm.
Yet in Thy ten - der care, It may bloom at last .....
at last.
Find not a rest - ing place Save with - in Thy love .....
Thy love.

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No. 41. Joseph Smith's First Prayer.

GEO. MANWARING. A. C. SMYTH.

1. O how love - ly was the morn-ing! Radiant beamed the sun a - bove,
2. Hum-bly kneel-ing, sweet ap - peal - ing—'Twas the boy's first ut-tered prayer—
3. Sud - den - ly a light de-scend - ed, Bright-er far than noon-day sun,
4. "Jo-seph, this is my Be - lov - ed, Hear Him!" oh, how sweet the word!

Bees were humming, sweet birds sing-ing, Mu - sic ring - ing thro' the grove,
When the pow'rs of sin as - sail - ing Filled his soul with deep de - spair,
And a shin - ing, glo-rious pil - lar O'er him fell, a - round him shone,
Jo - seph's hum - ble prayer was an-swered, And he list - ened to the Lord;

When with - in the sha - dy wood-land, Jo-seph sought the God of love;
But un-daunt - ed still, he trust - ed In his heav'n - ly Fa - ther's care;
While ap-peared two heav'nly be - ings, God the Fa - ther and the Son;
Oh, what rap - ture filled his bos - om, For he saw the liv - ing God;

When with-in the sha - dy wood-land, Jo-seph sought the God of love.
But un - daunt-ed still, he trust - ed In his heav'n-ly Fa-ther's care.
While ap-peared two heav'nly be - ings, God the Fa - ther and the Son.
Oh, what rap - ture filled his bos - om, For he saw the liv - ing God.

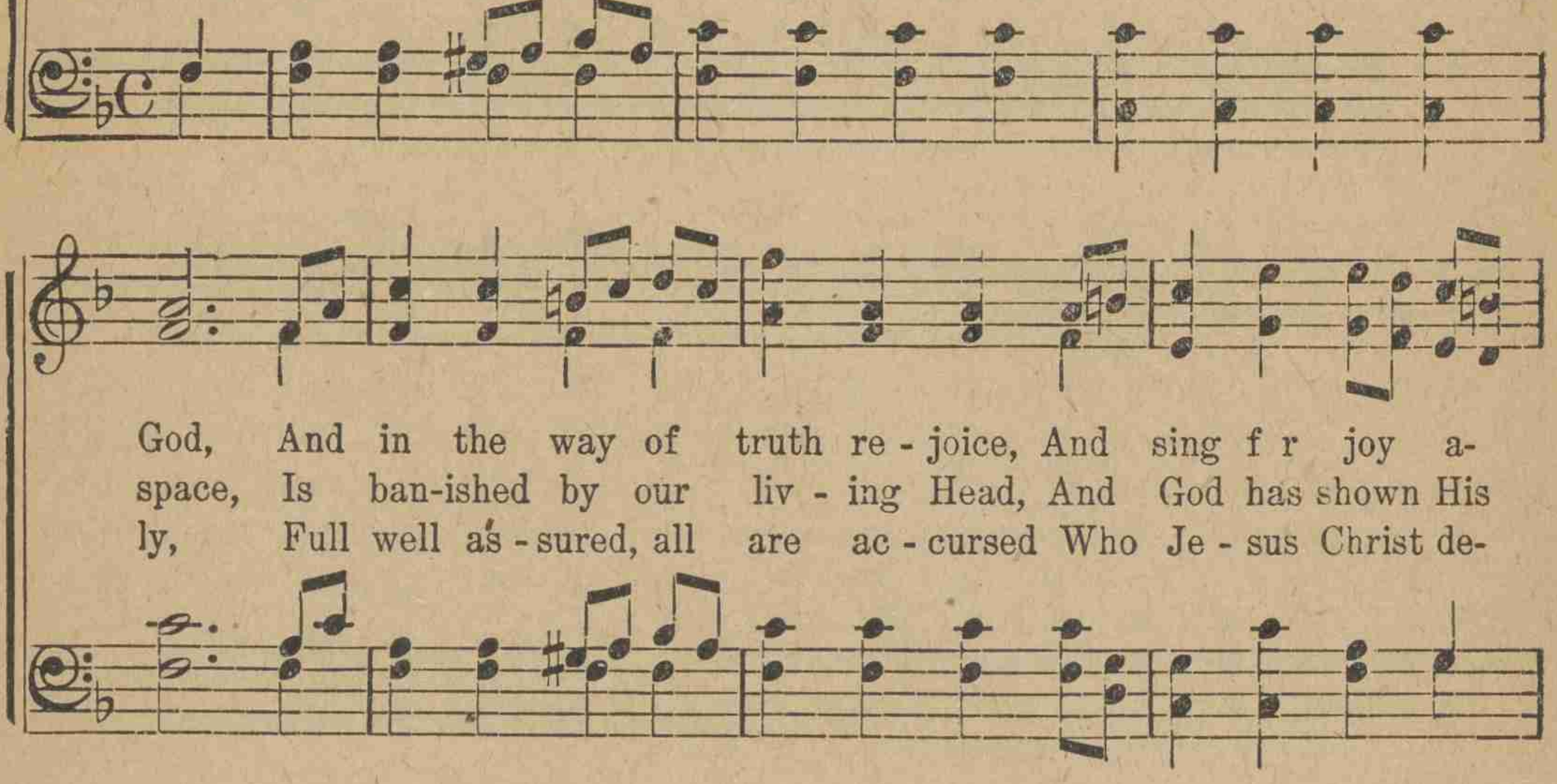
Sung also to No. 257.

No. 42. Come, Listen to a Prophet's Voice.

JOS. J. DAYNES.

Allegro marcato.

1. Come, lis - ten to a Proph-et's voice, And hear the word of
2. The gloom of sul - len dark-ness, spread Thro' earth's ex - tend - ed
3. 'Tis not in man they put their trust, Or on his arm re-



God, And in the way of truth re - joice, And sing f r joy a-
space, Is ban-ished by our liv - ing Head, And God has shown His
ly, Full well as - sured, all are ac - cursed Who Je - sus Christ de-

loud. We've found the way the Proph-ets went, Who lived in days of
face. Through err - ing schemes, in days now past, The world has gone a-
ny. The Sav - ior to His peo - ple saith, Let all my words o-

yore; An - oth - er Proph-et now is sent, This knowledge to re - store.
stray; Yet Saints of God have found at last The straight and nar-row way.
bey, And signs shall fol - low liv - ing faith Down to the la - test day.

Come, Listen to a Prophet's Voice.

4 The sick on whom the oil is poured,
And hands in meekness laid,
Are by the power of God restored,
Through faith, as Jesus said.
No more in slavish fear we mourn,
Nor yoke of bondage wear;
No more beneath delusion groan,
Nor superstitions fear.

5 Of every dispensation past,
Of every promise made,
The first be last, the last be first,
The living and the dead.
To Zion's mount shall saviors come,
Their thousands bring to rest,
Who through the great Millennium,
Shall be among the blest.

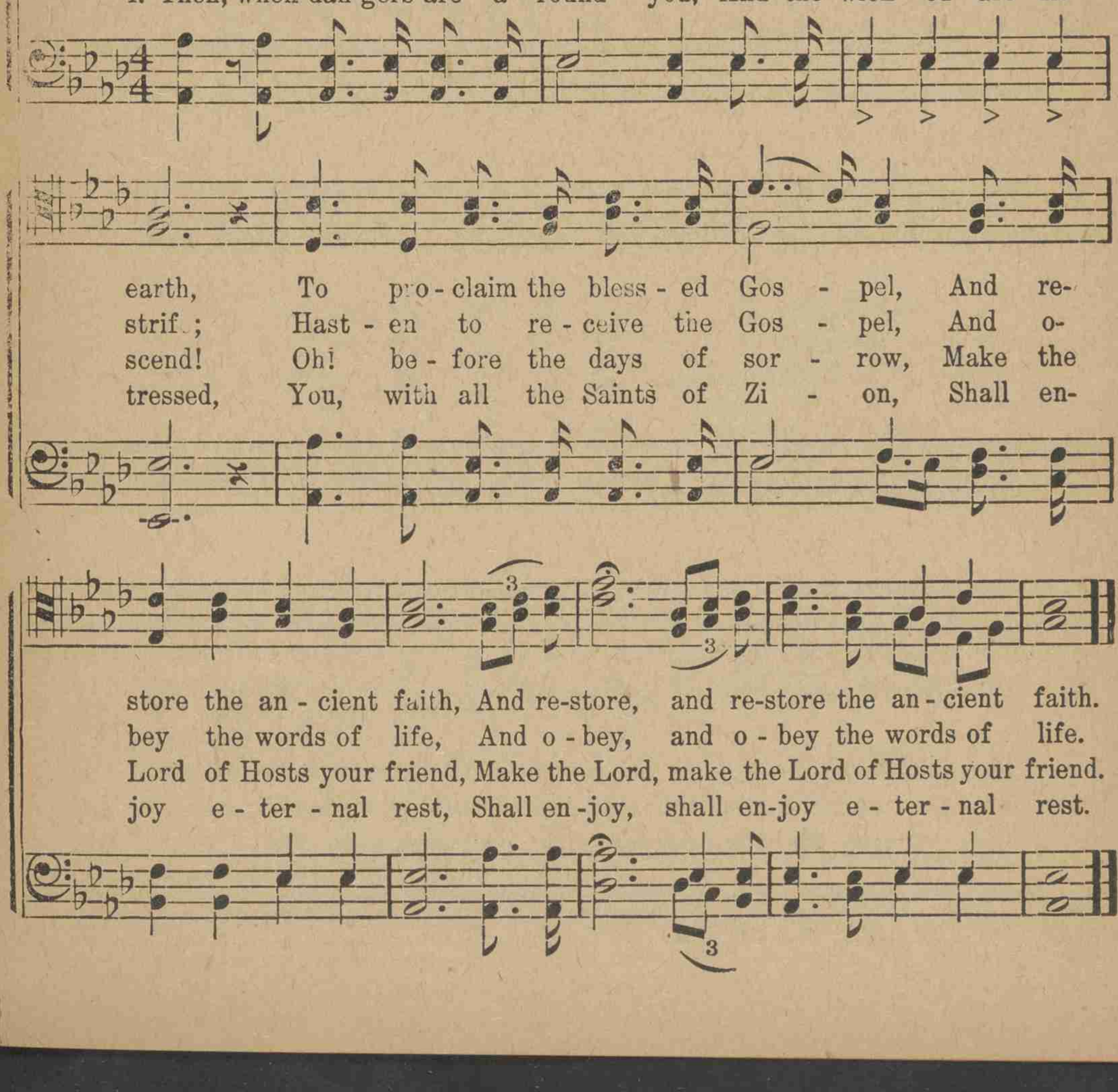
No. 43. See, the Mighty Angel Flying!

And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people." —Rev. XIV: 6.

MALE VOICES.

R. B. THOMPSON. EVAN STEPHENS.

1. See, the might-y an - gel fly - ing! See, he speeds his way to
2. Hear, O men, the proc-la - ma - tion; Cease from van - i - ty and
3. Soon the earth will hear the warn - ing, Then the judgments will de-
4. Then, when dan-gers are a - round you, And the wick - ed are dis-

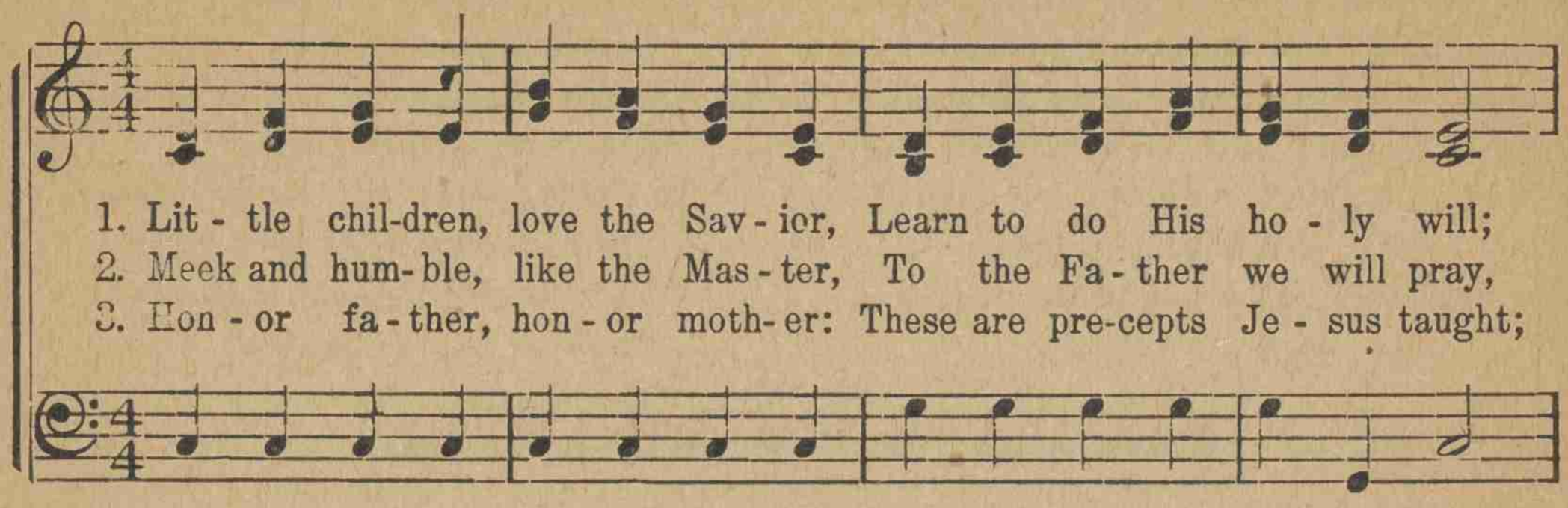


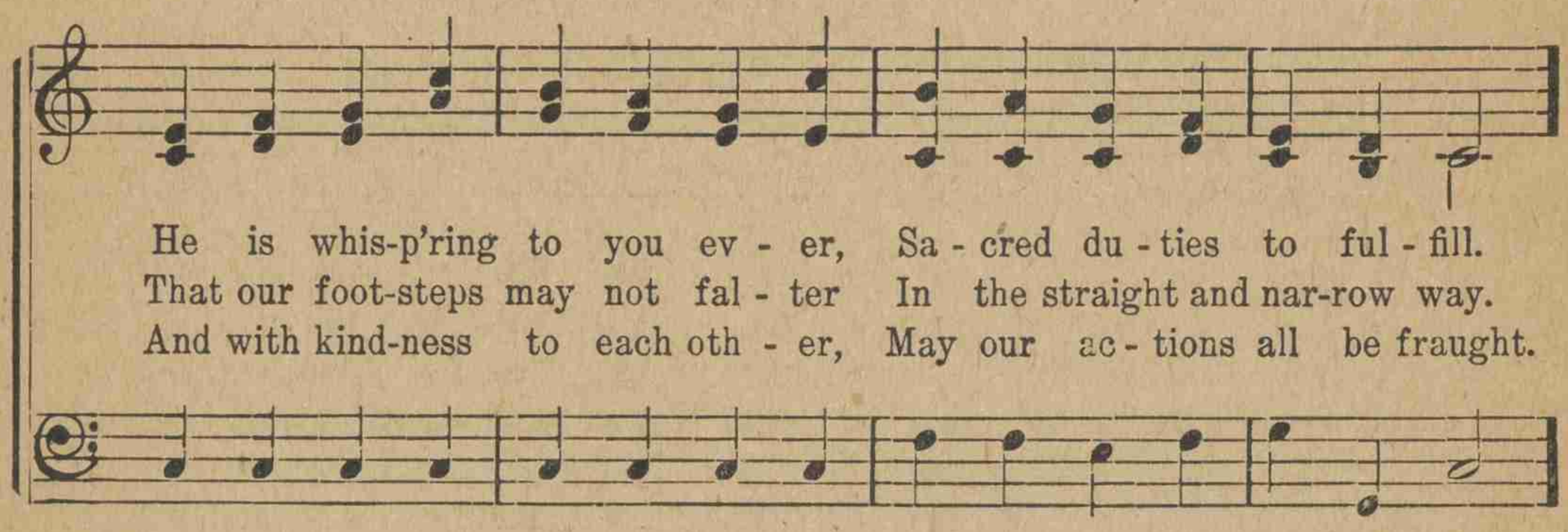
earth, To pro - claim the bless - ed Gos - pel, And re-
strif.; Hast - en to re - ceive the Gos - pel, And o-
scend! Oh! be - fore the days of sor - row, Make the
tressed, You, with all the Saints of Zi - on, Shall en-

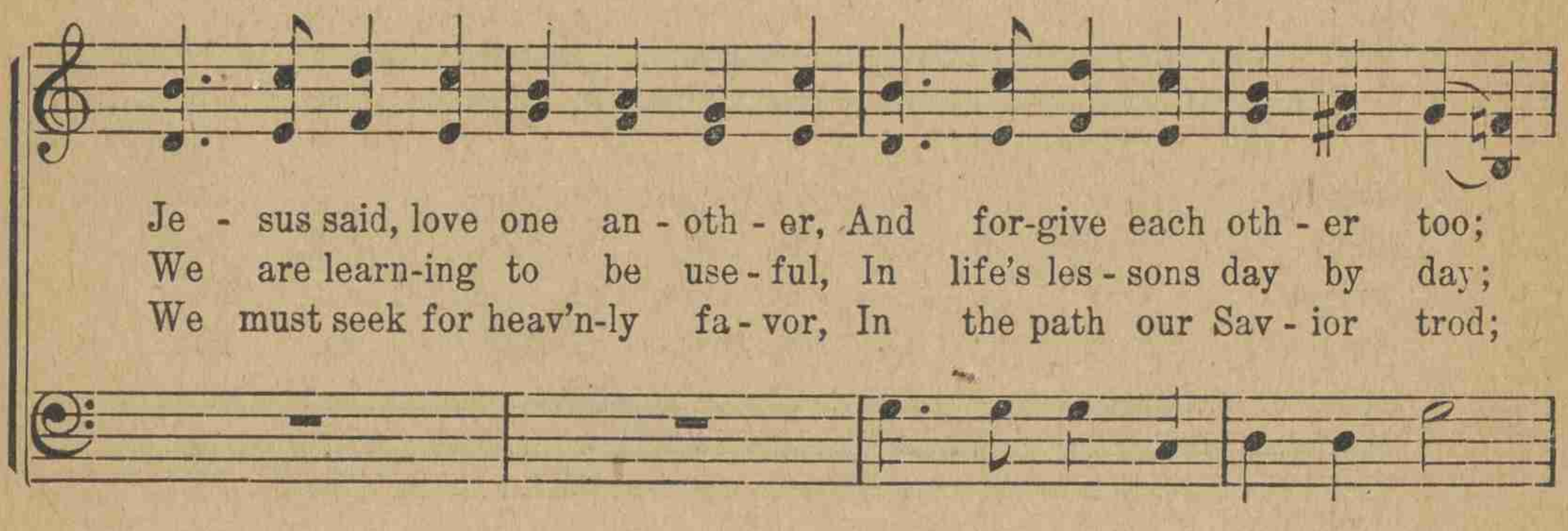
store the an - cient faith, And re-store, and re-store the an - cient faith.
bey the words of life, And o - bey, and o - bey the words of life.
Lord of Hosts your friend, Make the Lord, make the Lord of Hosts your friend.
joy e - ter - nal rest, Shall en-joy, shall en-joy e - ter - nal rest.

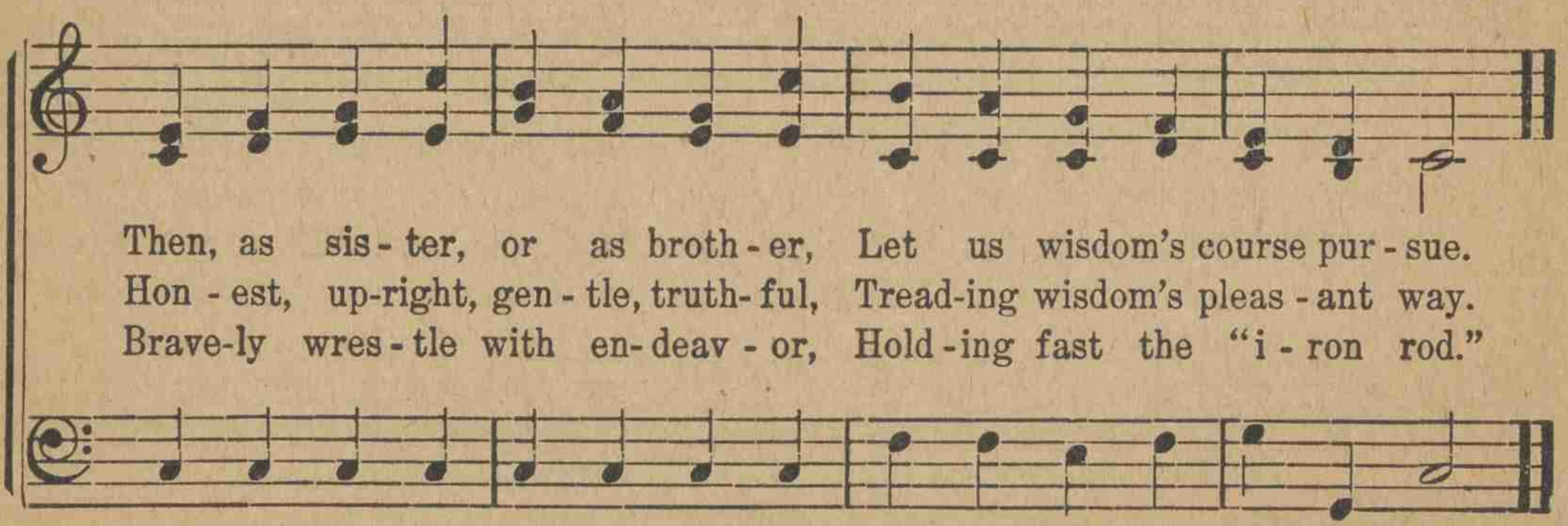
No. 44. Little Children, Love the Savior.

E. B. WELLS. A. PRESTON.









No. 45. In Remembrance of Thy Suffering.

E. S. E. STEPHENS.

1. In re-mem-brance of Thy suff'ring, Lord, these emblems we par-take,
2. Pu - ri - fy our hearts, our Sav-ior, Let us go not far a - stray,
3. When Thou com-est in Thy glo - ry To this earth to rule and reign,

When Thy - self Thou gav'st an of-f'ring—Dy - ing for the sin-ner's sake.
That we may be count-ed wor - thy Of Thy Spir - it, day by day.
And with faith-ful ones par - tak - est Of the bread and wine a - gain.

We've for-giv - en as Thou bid - dest All who've tres-passed a-gainst us;
When temp-ta-tions are be - fore us, Give us strength to o - ver-come;
May we be a - mong the num - ber Wor- thy to surround the board,

Lord, for - give as we've for-giv - en, All Thou seest a - miss in us.
Al - ways guard us in our wand'rings, Till we leave our earth-ly home.
And par - take a - new the em-blems Of the suf-f'rings of our Lord.

No. 46. Love at Home.

1. There is beauty all around, When there's love at home; There is joy in
2. In the cottage there is joy, When there's love at home; Hate and en - vy
3. Kind - ly heaven smiles a-bove, When there's love at home; All the world is

ev - 'ry sound, When there's love at home. Peace and plen - ty here a - bide,
ne'er an - noy, When there's love at home. Ro - ses bloom beneath our feet,
filled with love, When there's love at home. Sweet-er sings the brook-let by,

Smil - ing sweet on ev - 'ry side, Time doth soft - ly, sweet-ly glide,
All the earth's a gar - den sweet, Mak - ing life a bliss com-plete,
Brighter beams the az - ure sky; Oh, there's One who smiles on high,

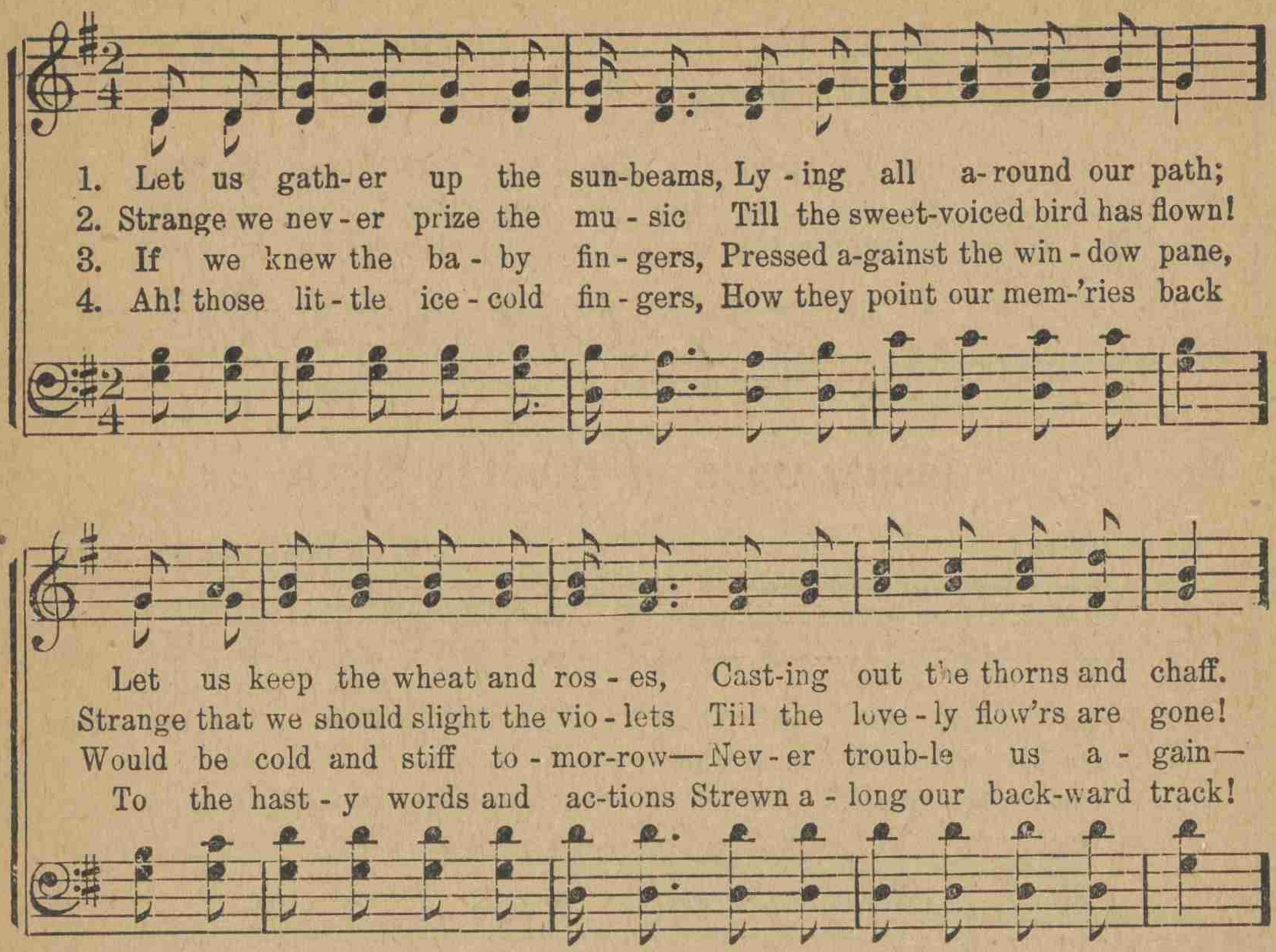
When there's love at home. Love at home, love at home;
When there's love at home. Love at home, love at home;
When there's love at home. Love at home, love at home;

Love at Home.

No. 47. Jesus, Once of Humble Birth.

P. P. PRATT. From ENGLISH CHORISTER.

No. 48. Scatter Seeds of Kindness.



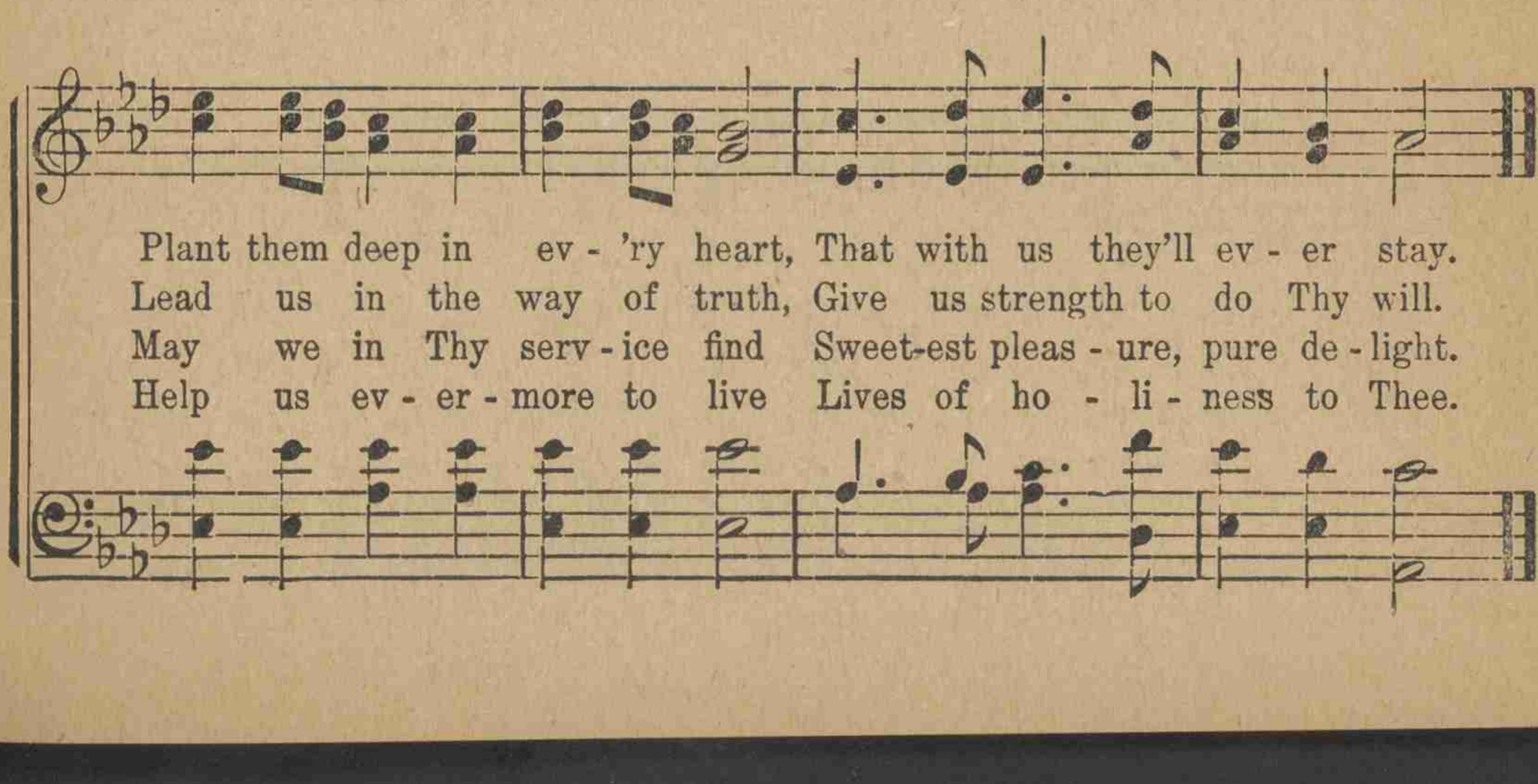
Scatter Seeds of Kindness.

CHORUS.

Ad lib.

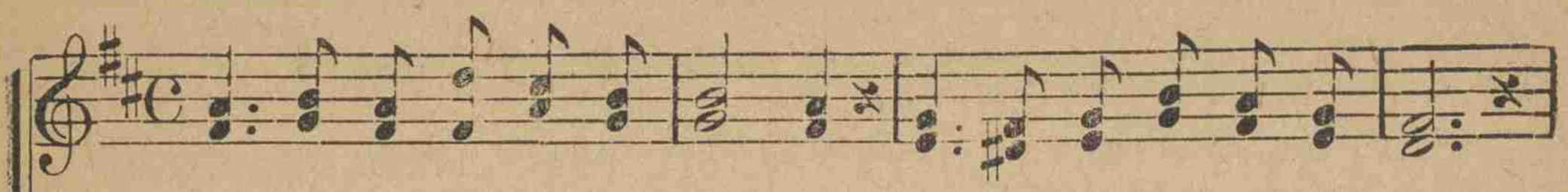
No. 49. Lord, We Ask Thee, Ere We Part.

GEO. MANWARING. E. BEESLEY.



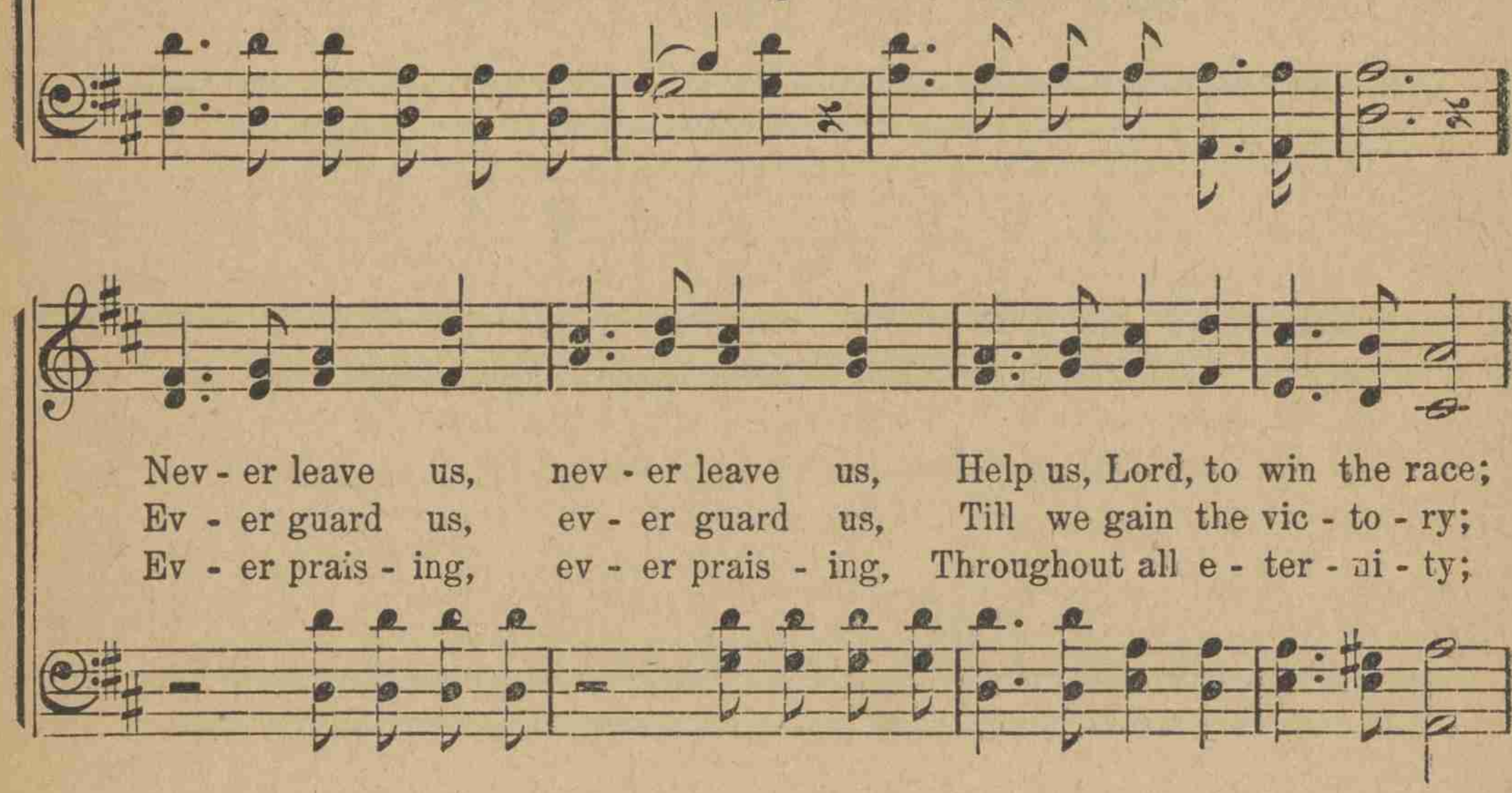
No. 50. Lord, Accept Our True Devotion.

R. ALLDRIDGE. J. J. DAYNES.



1. Lord, ac-cept our true de - vo - tion, Let Thy Spir - it whis-per peace;
2. Aid us all to do Thy bid - ding, And our dai - ly wants sup - ply;
3. May we with the fu - ture dawn - ing, Day by day from sin be free,

Swell our hearts with fond e - mo - tion, And our joy in Thee in-crease.
Give Thy Ho - ly Spir - it's guid - ing, Till we reach the goal on high.
That on res - ur - rec - tion morn - ing We may rise at peace with Thee;



Nev - er leave us, nev - er leave us, Help us, Lord, to win the race;
Ev - er guard us, ev - er guard us, Till we gain the vic - to - ry;
Ev - er prais - ing, ev - er prais - ing, Throughout all e - ter - ni - ty;

Nev - er leave us, nev - er leave us, Help us, Lord, to win the race.
Ev - er guard us, ev - er guard us, Till we gain the vic - to - ry.
Ev - er prais - ing, ev - er prais - ing, Throughout all e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 51. Lord, Thou Wilt Hear Me.

WATTS. JOS. J. DAYNES.

1. Lord, Thou wilt hear me when I pray; I am for - ev - er Thine!
2. And while I rest my wear - y head, From cares and busi - ness free,
3. I pay this eve - ning sac - ri - fice, And when my work is done,
4. Thus, with my thoughts com - posed to peace, I'll give mine eyes to sleep;

I fear be-
'Tis sweet con-
Great God, my
Thy hand in

fore Thee all the day; O may I nev - er sin,
vers - ing on my bed With my own heart and Thee,
faith, my hope re - lies Up - on Thy grace a - lone,
safe - ty keeps my days, And will my slum - bers keep

Cres. *f*

No. 52. For the Strength of the Hills.

Altered by E. L. SLOAN. E. STEPHENS.

Maestoso.

1. For the strength of the hills we bless Thee, Our God, our fa-thers' God;
2. At the hands of foul op-press-ors, We've borne and suf-fered long;
3. Thou hast led us here in safe-ty, Where the moun-tain bulwark stands,
4. For the shad-ow of Thy pres-ence, Our camp of rock o'er-spread;

Thou hast made Thy chil-dren might-y, By the touch of the moun-tain sod;
Thou hast been our help in weak-ness, And Thy pow'r hath made us strong;
As the guar-dian of the loved ones Thou hast brought from man-y lands:
For the can-yon's rug-ged de-files, And the beet-ling crags o'er-head;

p

Thou hast led the cho-sen Is-ra-el To free-dom's last a-bode—
'Mid ruth-less foes, out-num-bered, In wear-i-ness we trod;
For the rock and for the riv-er, The val-ley's fer-tile sod;
For the snows and for the tor-rents, And for our bur-ial sod;

f *p*

For the strength of the hills we bless Thee, Our God, our fa-thers' God.
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee, Our God, our fa-thers' God.
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee, Our God, our fa-thers' God.
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee, Our God, our fa-thers' God.

No. 53. Improve the Shining Moments.

R. B. B. R. B. Baird.

1. Im - prove the shin - ing mo - ments, Don't let them pass you by,
2. Time flies on wings of light - ning, We can - not call it back,
3. As win - ter time doth fol - low The pleas - ant sum - mer - days,
4. Im - prove each shin - ing mo - ment, In this you are se - cure,

Work while the sun is ra - diant Work for the night draws nigh.
It comes, then pass - es for - ward A - long its on - ward track;
So may our joys all van - ish, And pass far from our gaze.
For prompt-ness bring- eth safe - ty, And bless-ings rich and pure.

We can - not bid the sun-beams To length-en out their stay;
And if we are not mind - ful, The chance will fade a - way;
Then should we not en - deav - or Each day some point to gain,
Let pru - dence guide your ac - tions, Be hon - est in your heart,

Nor can we ask the shad - ow To ev - er stay a - way.
For life is quick in pass - ing—'Tis as a sin - gle day.
That we may here be use - ful, And ev - 'ry wrong dis - dain.
And God will love and bless you, And help to you im - part.

No. 54. Come, Ye Children of the Lord.

JAS. H. WALLIS.

1. Come, ye chil - dren of the Lord, Let us sing with one ac - cord;
2. O how joy - ful it will be, When our Sav - ior we shall see!
3. All ar - rayed in spot-less white, We will dwell 'mid truth and light;

Let us raise a joy - ful strain, To our Lord who soon will reign
When in splen-dor He'll de - scend, Then all wick - ed - ness will end.
We will sing the songs of praise, We will shout in joy - ous lays.

On this earth, when it shall be Cleansed from all in - iq - ui - ty;
O what songs we then will sing To our Sav - ior, Lord and King!
Earth shall then be cleansed from sin, Ev - 'ry liv - ing thing there - in

When all men from sin will cease, And will live in love and peace.
O what love will then bear sway, When our fears shall flee a - way!
Shall in love and beau - ty dwell; Then with joy each heart will swell.

No. 55. Come, Dearest Lord.

WATTS. E. STEPHENS.

1. Come, dear - est Lord, de - scend and dwell, By faith and love, in ev - 'ry breast; Then shall we know, and taste, and feel The joys that can - not be ex - pressed, The joys that can - not be ex - pressed.
2. Come, fill our hearts with in - ward strength; Make our en - larg - ing souls pos - sess And learn the height, and breadth, and length, And depth of Thine un - meas - ured grace, And depth of Thine un - meas - ured grace.
3. Now to the God, whose power can do More than our thoughts or wish - es know; Be ev - er- last - ing hon - or done, By all the Church, through Christ, His Son, By all the Church, through Christ, His Son.

No. 56. Hail to the Brightness of Zion's Glad Morning.

THOS. HASTINGS. E. F. PARRY.

1. Hail to the bright - ness of Zi - on's glad morn - ing,
2. Hail to the bright - ness of Zi - on's glad morn - ing,
3. Lo! in the des - ert the rich flow'rs are spring - ing,
4. Hark! from all lands, from the isles of the o - cean,

Joy to the lands that in dark - ness have lain!
Long by the Proph - ets of Is - rael fore - told!
Streams ev - er co - pious are glid - ing a - long;
Praise to Je - ho - vah as - cend - ing on high;

p

Hushed be the ac - cents of sor - row and mourn - ing,
Hail to the mil - lions from bond - age re - turn - ing!
Loud from the moun - tain - tops ech - oes are ring - ing,
Fall - en are en - gines of war and com - mo - tion,

f

Zi - on in tri - umph be - gins her glad reign.
Gen - tiles and Jews the glad vi - sion be - hold.
Wastes rise in ver - dure and min - gle in song.
Shouts of sal - va - tion are rend - ing the sky.

No. 57. Gently Raise the Sacred Strain.

W. W. PHELPS. T. C. GRIGGS.

1. Gen - tly raise the sa - cred strain, For the Sab - bath's
2. Ho - ly day, de - void of strife; Let us seek e-
3. Sweet - ly swells the sol - emn sound, While we bring our
4. Soft - ly sing the joy - ful lay, For the Saints to

come a - gain, That man may rest, That man may rest,
ter - nal life, That great re - ward, That great re - ward,
gifts a - round Of bro - ken hearts, Of bro - ken hearts,
fast and pray! As God or - dains, As God or - dains,

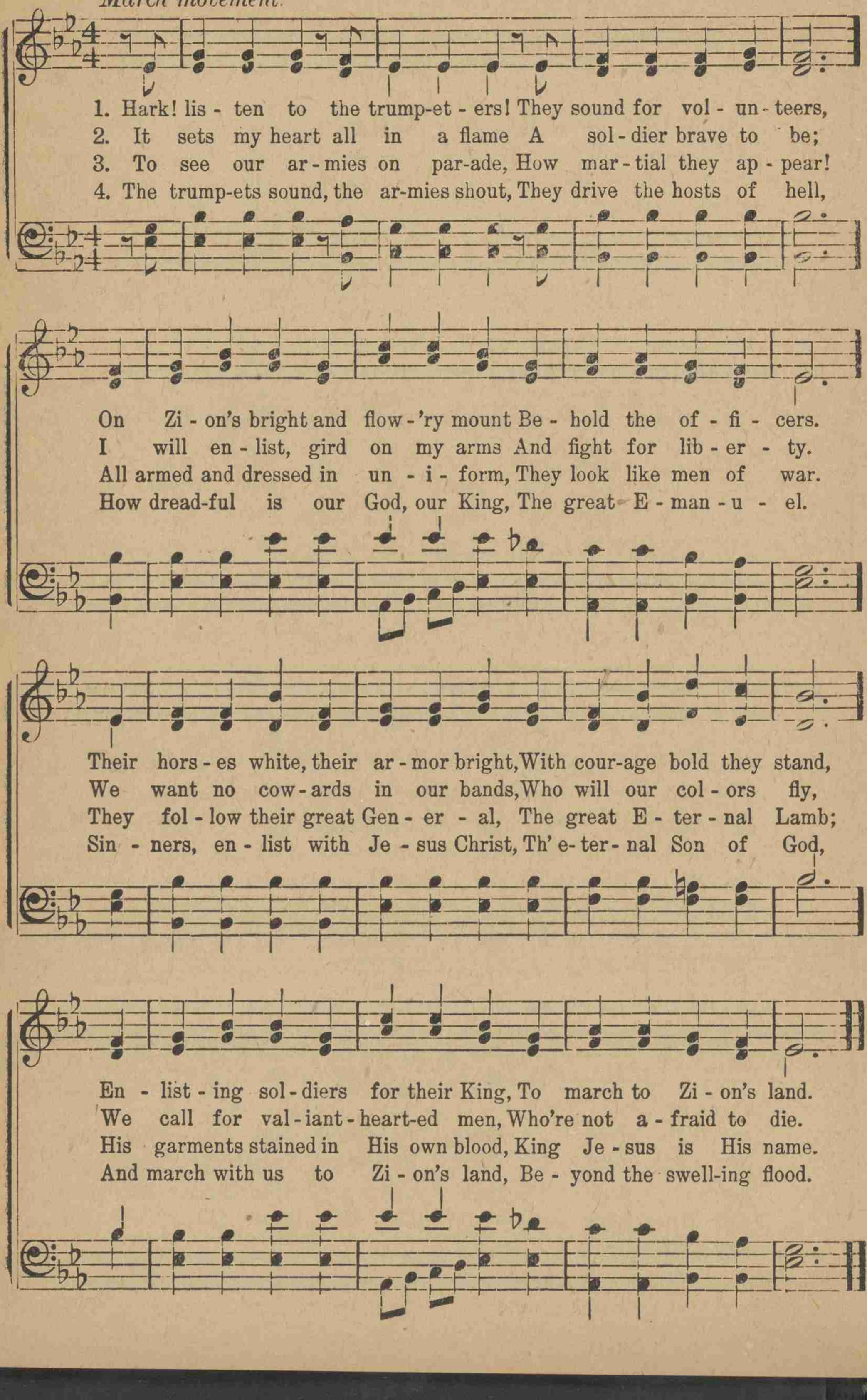
And re - turn his thanks to God, For His bless - ings
And par - take the Sac - ra - ment In re - mem - brance
As a will - ing sac - ri - fice, Show-ing what His
For His good - ness and His love, While the Sab - bath

to the blest, For His bless - ings to the blest.
of our Lord, In re - mem - brance of our Lord.
grace im - parts, Show - ing what His grace im - parts.
day re - mains, While the Sab - bath day re - mains.

No. 58. Hark! Listen to the Trumpeters.

L. D. EDWARDS.

March movement.



Hark! Listen to the Trumpeters.

5 There on a green and flowery mount,
Where fruits immortal grow,
With angels all arrayed in white,
We'll our Redeemer know.
We'll shout and sing for evermore,
In that eternal world,
While Satan and his army too
Shall down to hell be hurled.

6 Lift up your heads, ye soldiers bold,
Redemption now draws nigh;
We soon shall hear the trumpet sound,
That shakes the earth and sky.
In fiery chariots we shall rise,
And leave the world on fire,
And all surround the throne of love,
And join the heavenly choir.

No. 59. Great God, Attend While Zion Sings.

WATTS. J. S. J. DAYNES.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No blessings due to upright souls.

5 Our God, our King, whose sovereign sway,
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
(And devils at Thy presence flee)
Blest is the man that trusts in Thee.

No. 60. Ere the Sun Goes Down.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I have work e-nough to do, Ere the sun goes down,
2. I must speak the lov-ing word, Ere the sun goes down,
3. As I jour-ney on my way, Ere the sun goes down,

Ere the sun, ere the sun goes down,

For my-self and kin-dred too, Ere the sun goes down;
I must let my voice be heard, Ere the sun goes down;
God's com-mands I must o-bey, Ere the sun goes down;

Ere the sun, ere the sun goes down;

Ev-'ry i-dle whis-per still-ing With a pur-pose firm and will-ing,
Ev-'ry cry of pit-y heed-ing, For the in-jured in-ter-ced-ing,
There are sins that need con-fess-ing, There are wrongs that need redressing,

All my dai-ly tasks ful-fill-ing, Ere the sun goes down.
To the light the lost ones lead-ing, Ere the sun goes down.
If I would ob-tain the bless-ing, Ere the sun goes down.

Ere the sun, ere the sun goes down.

Ere the Sun Goes Down.

CHORUS.

Ere the sun goes down, Ere the sun goes down;
Ere the sun goes down, Ere the sun goes down;

I must do my dai-ly du-ty, Ere the sun goes down.
Ere the sun goes down, goes down.

No. 61. Give Us Room That We May Dwell.

W. N. B. SHEPHERD.

mp *mf*

1. Give us room that we may dwell, Zi - on's chil-dren cry a - loud;
2. Oh, how bright the morning seems! Brighter from so dark a night;
3. Lo! thy sun goes down no more; God Him - self will be thy light;
4. Zi - on, now a - rise and shine! Lo! thy light from heaven is come!

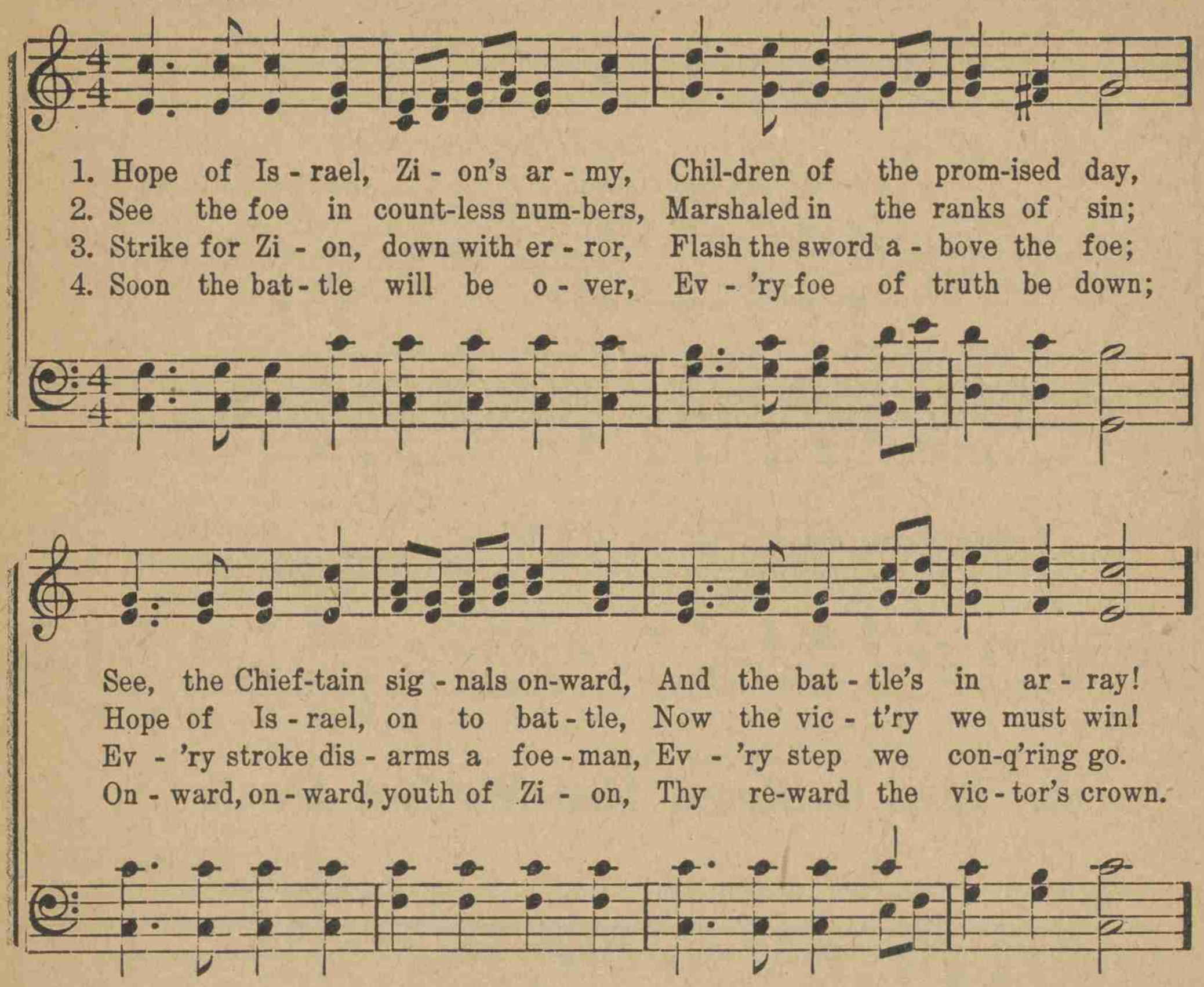
p *f*

See their num-bers, how they swell, How they gath - er like a cloud!
Zi - on is, like one who dreams, Filled with won - der and de - light.
All that caused thee grief be - fore, Bur - ied lies in end-less night.
These that crowd from far are thine, Give thy sons and daughters room.

No. 62. Hope of Israel.

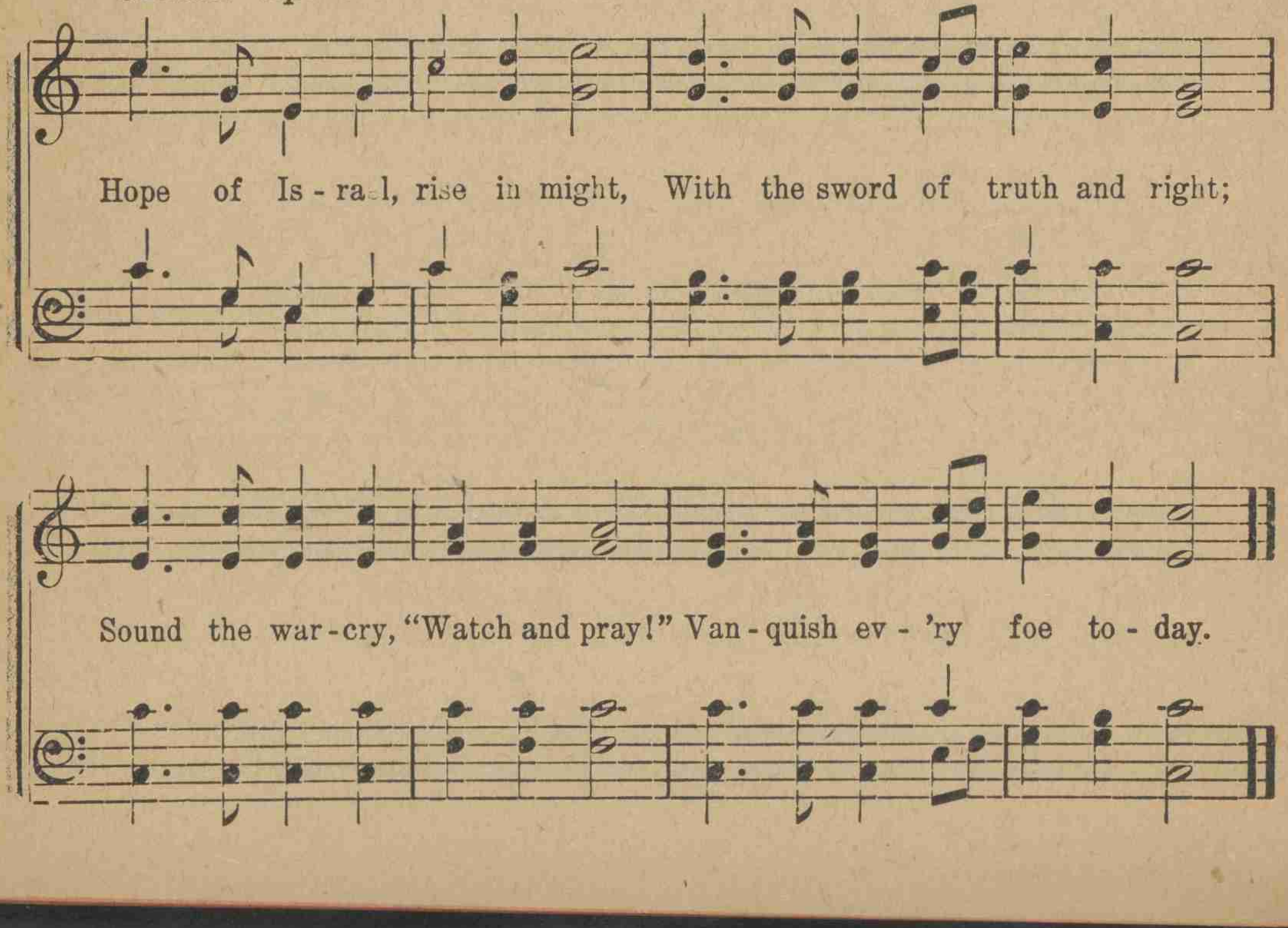
J. L. TOWNSHEND. WM. CLAYSON.

1. Hope of Is - rael, Zi - on's ar - my, Chil-dren of the prom-ised day,
2. See the foe in count-less num-bers, Marshaled in the ranks of sin;
3. Strike for Zi - on, down with er - ror, Flash the sword a - bove the foe;
4. Soon the bat - tle will be o - ver, Ev - 'ry foe of truth be down;



See, the Chief-tain sig - nals on-ward, And the bat - tle's in ar - ray!
Hope of Is - rael, on to bat - tle, Now the vic - t'ry we must win!
Ev - 'ry stroke dis - arms a foe - man, Ev - 'ry step we con-q'ring go.
On - ward, on - ward, youth of Zi - on, Thy re-ward the vic - tor's crown.

CHORUS. *Spiritoso.*



Hope of Is - ra-l, rise in might, With the sword of truth and right;
Sound the war - cry, "Watch and pray!" Van - quish ev - 'ry foe to - day.

No. 63. Go When the Morning Shineth.

E. STEPHENS.

1. Go when the morn - ing shin - eth, Go when the noon is bright,
D. C. Go when the morn - ing shin - eth, Go at the close of day,
2. Pray then for all who love thee, All who are loved by thee;
D. C. Pray then to God sin - cere - ly, Pray for His ho - ly light;

Dim. *Fine.*

Go when the eve de - clin - eth, Go in the hush of night;
And, in thy cham-ber kneel - ing, Do thou in se - cret pray.
Pray, too, for those who hate thee, If an - y such there be;
Rich bless-ings He will grant thee, If on - ly asked a - right.

p *Cres.*

Go with pure minds and feel - ings, Send earth-ly thoughts a - way,
Then for thy-self, in meek - ness, God's bless-ing hum - bly claim,

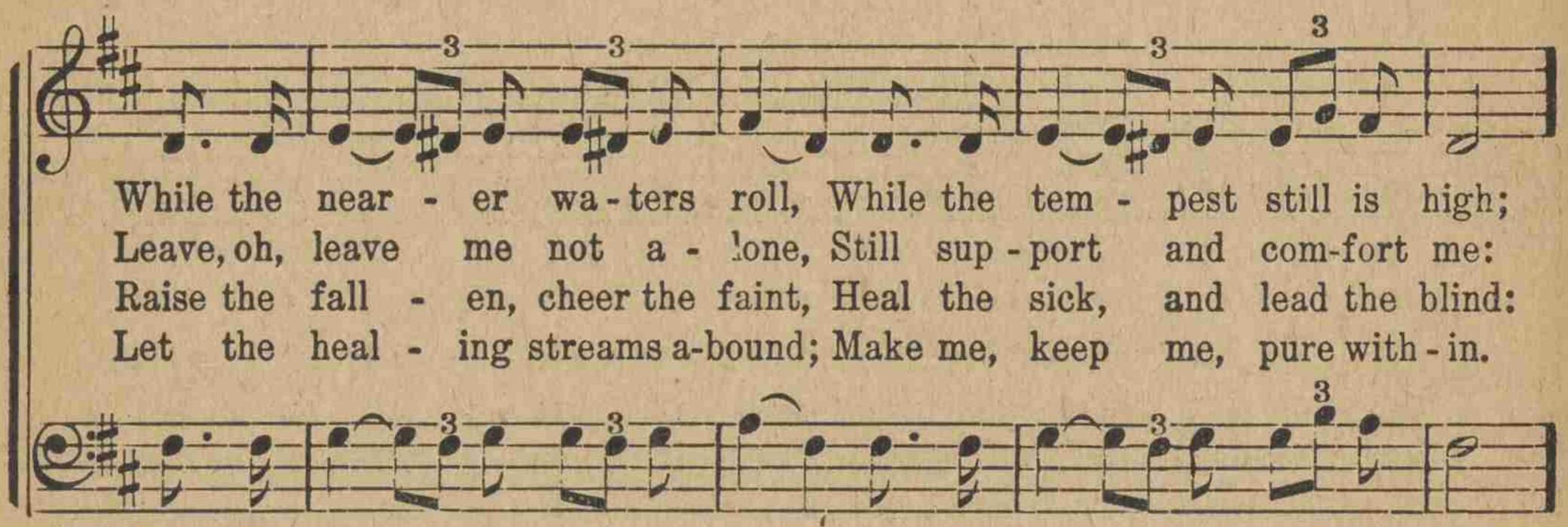
D. C.

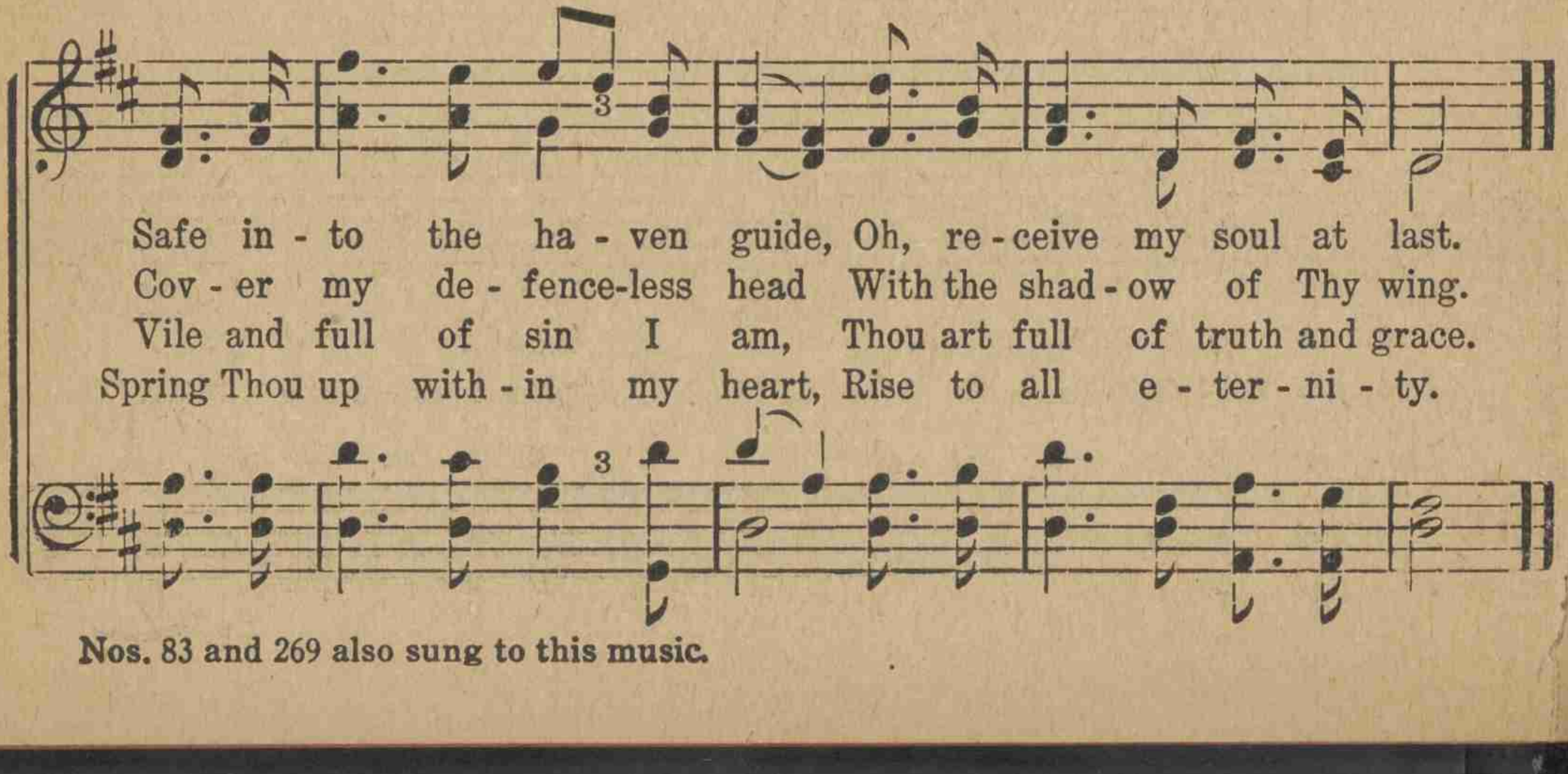
p *Rall.*

And, in thy cham-ber kneel-ing, Do thou in se - cret pray.
And join with each pe - ti - tion Thy great Re-deem-er's name.

No. 64. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY. JOS. P. HOLBROOK.





Nos. 83 and 269 also sung to this music.

No. 65. Did You Think to Pray?

1. Ere you left your room this morn - ing, Did you think to pray?
2. When your heart was filled with an - ger, Did you think to pray?
3. When sore tri - als came up - on you, Did you think to pray?

In the name of Christ, our Sav - ior, Did you sue for lov - ing fa - vor,
Did you plead for grace, my broth-er, That you might forgive an - oth - er
When your soul was full of sor - row, Balm of Gil - ead did you bor - row

CHORUS.

As a shield to - day?
Who had crossed your way?
At the gates of day?
} O how pray-ing rests the wear - y! Prayer will

change the night to day: So when life gets dark and dreary, Don't forget to pray.

No. 66. Beautiful Words of Love.

J. L. TOWNSHEND. EDWIN F. PARRY.

1. O ho - ly words of truth and love We hear from day to day,
2. They're from A-pos - tles good and true, Whose names we all re - vere,
3. They're from the Prophets God in-spires, In coun - sels oft with - stood,
4. And from each cho - sen one that speaks By aid the Spir - it gives,
5. As gems of wis - dom, pure and bright, That glow with lus-trous ray,

Re - vealed to Saints from God a - bove, To guide in heav-en's way.
Who dai - ly teach us what to do, In words of love and cheer.
Re - prov - ing all our ill de - sires, Com-mend-ing all that's good.
For ev - 'ry sphere of life it seeks For ev - 'ry - one that lives.
We'll seek to gain these words of light, Their coun-sels to o - bey.

CHORUS.

Beau-ti - ful words of love,..... Com-ing from God a - bove,.....
Beau-ti-ful words, Coming from God,

Rit.

How sweet, how dear the words we hear! They're beau-ti-ful words of love.

No. 67. If You Could Hie to Kolob.

W. W. PHELPS. JOS. J. DAYNES.

1. If you could hie to Ko - lob, In th' twinkling of an eye,
2. Or see the grand be-gin - ning, Where space did not ex - tend?
3. The works of Gods con-tin - ue, And worlds and lives a - bound;
4. There is no end to vir - tue, There is no end to might,

And then con - tin - ue on - ward, With that same speed to fly,
Or view the last cre - a - tion, Where Gods and mat - ter end?
Im - prove-ment and pro- gres-sion Have one e - ter - nal round.
There is no end to wis - dom, There is no end to light.

D'ye think that you could ev - er, Through all e - ter - ni - ty,
Me - thinks the Spir - it whis-pers, "No man has found 'pure space',
There is no end to mat - ter, There is no end to space,
There is no end to un - ion, There is no end to youth,

Find out the gen - er - a - tion Where Gods be - gan to be?
Nor seen the out - side cur-tains Where noth - ing has a place."
There is no end to spir - it, There is no end to race.
There is no end to priest-hood, There is no end to truth.

No. 68. Merry, Merry Children, Sweetly Sing.

C. W. STAYNER. E. BEESLEY.

1. Mer - ry, mer - ry chil-dren, sweet - ly sing Of the hap - py days that the
2. Mer - ry, mer - ry chil-dren, gen - tly pray That the hap - py times which are
3. Mer - ry, mer - ry chil-dren, soon the Spring, With her pret-ty buds and her
4. Mer - ry, mer - ry chil-dren, Sum-mer's heat Fol-lows ev - er aft - er the

sea - sons bring; Each in its robes doth gai - ly ap - pear, The
pass - ing a - way, Long in your lives may lin - ger and shine, As
birds that sing, Clad now in bloom must change her ar - ray, And
Spring so sweet; Au - tumn with sheaves of bright yel - low grain Doth

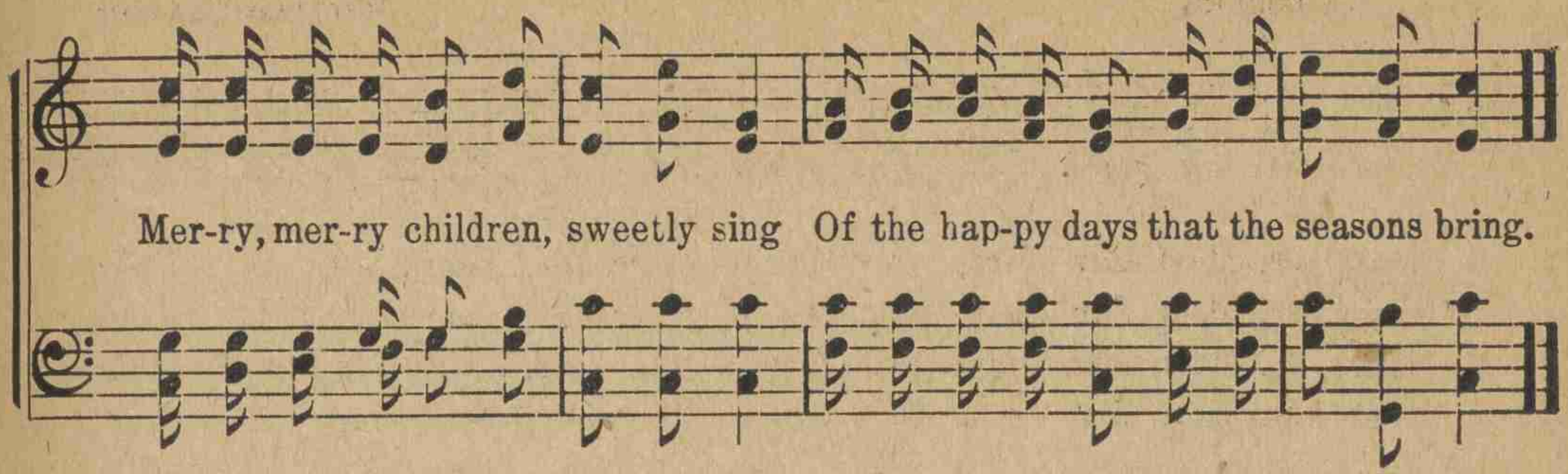
CHORUS.

hearts of the chil - dren to com - fort and cheer.
gems of bright lus - tre and ra-diance di - vine.
then she will grow in - to bright Sum-mer day.
her - ald the com - ing of Win - ter a - gain.

Mer-ry, mer - ry chil-dren,

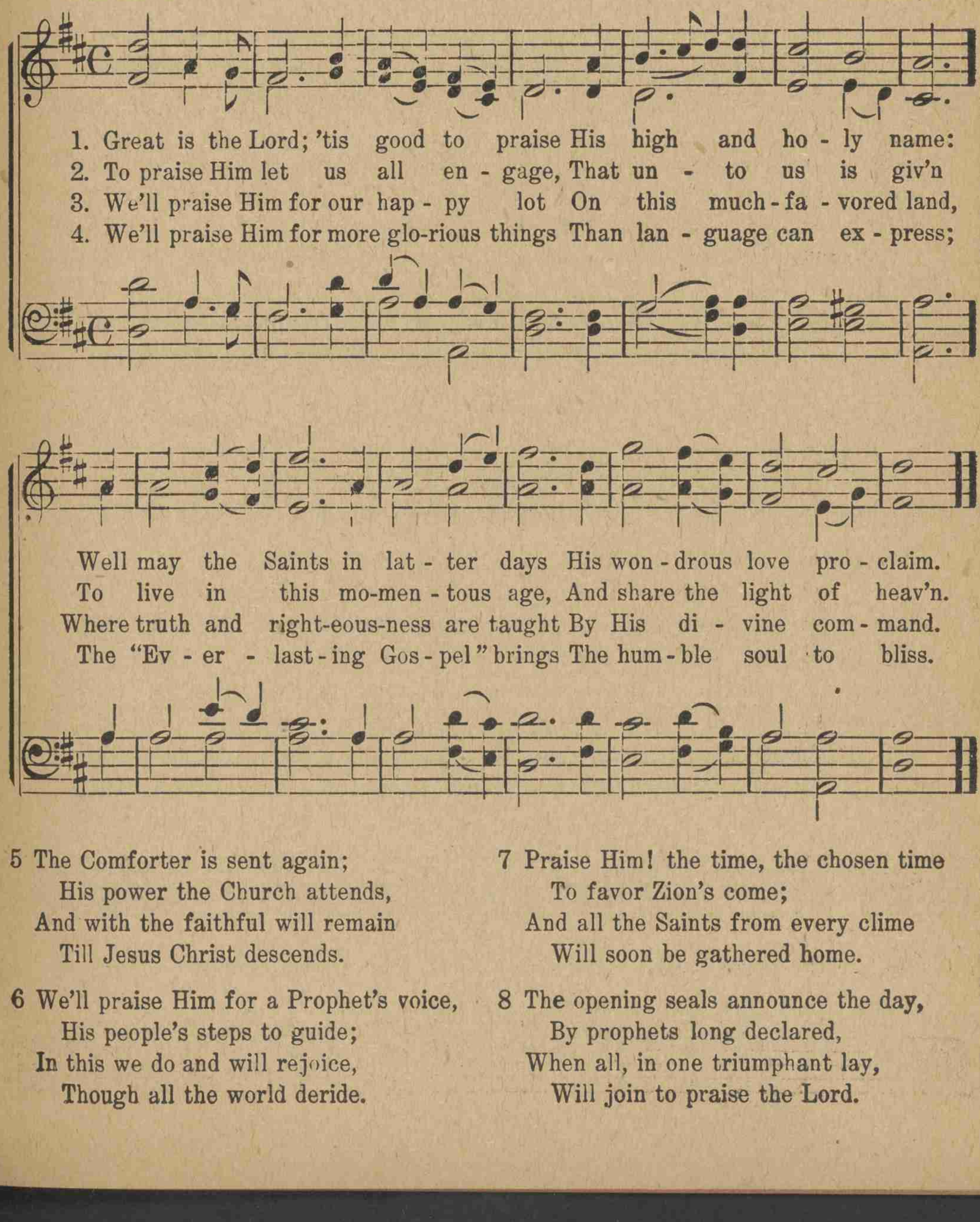
sweet - ly sing Of the hap - py days that the sea - sons bring;

Merry, Merry Children, Sweetly Sing.



No. 69. Great is the Lord; 'Tis Good to Praise.

E. R. Snow. E. Beesley.



5 The Comforter is sent again;
His power the Church attends,
And with the faithful will remain
Till Jesus Christ descends.

6 We'll praise Him for a Prophet's voice,
His people's steps to guide;
In this we do and will rejoice,
Though all the world deride.

7 Praise Him! the time, the chosen time
To favor Zion's come;
And all the Saints from every clime
Will soon be gathered home.

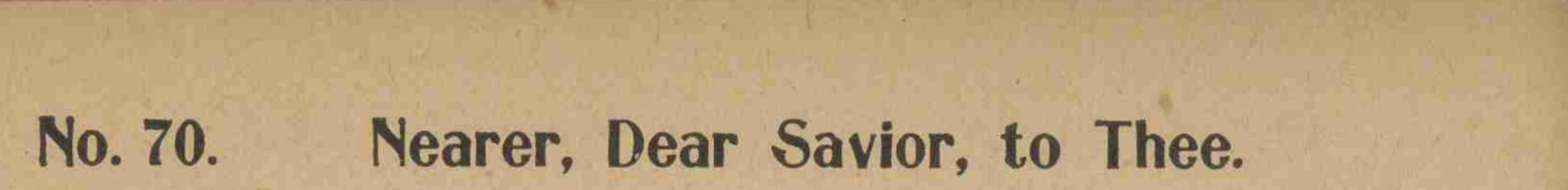
8 The opening seals announce the day,
By prophets long declared,
When all, in one triumphant lay,
Will join to praise the Lord.

No. 70. Nearer, Dear Savior, to Thee.

J. L. TOWNSHEND. WILLIAM CLAYSON.

Andante.

1. Near - er, dear Sav - ior, to Thee, Near - er, near - er to Thee;
2. Near - er, dear Sav - ior, to Thee, Near - er, near - er to Thee;
3. Near - er, dear Sav - ior, to Thee, Near - er, near - er to Thee;
4. Near - er, dear Sav - ior, to Thee, Near - er, near - er to Thee;



Ev - er I'm striv - ing to be Near - er, yet near - er to Thee!
Proved by my tri - als I'll be Near - er, yet near - er to Thee!
Ev - er my an - them will be Near - er, yet near - er to Thee!
Let me by ho - li - ness be Near - er, yet near - er to Thee!

Trust - ing, in Thee I con - fide, Hop - ing, in Thee I a - bide—
Hum - bly I come to Thee now, Ear - nest, I prayer-ful - ly bow—
Lov - ing Thee, ev - er I pray, Aid me Thy will to o - bey—
When all my tri - als are done, When my re - ward I have won,

Take, O take and cher - ish me, Near-er, dear Sav - ior, to Thee!

No. 71. Consolation.

O. P. H. O. P. Huish.

Andantino.

1. Tho' dim the eyes that beamed so mild, And still the puls-ing heart,
2. God in His prov-i-den-tial grace, His wis-dom and His love,
3. Weep not for those now called to tread That path so fraught with gloom;

Rit.

And lips that oft in love have smiled, Can now no smiles im-part,
Has called {her / him} to a bet-ter place, In heav'n-ly courts a-bove;
Think not they are for-ev-er dead, And locked with-in the tomb.

Yet well we know that we shall meet, When life's dark voyage is o'er,
And tho' in an-guish now we part, We sor-row not in vain,
'Tis but the path that leads to life, And loved ones gone be-fore,

And all our loved ones fond-ly greet, On that e-ter-nal shore.
The Lord can soothe the ach-ing heart, And heal our wounds a-gain.
Be-yond this vale of mor-tal strife, To live for-ev-er-more.

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No. 72. The Opening Buds of Spring-time.

A. P. WELSHMAN. R. B. BAIRD.

1. The ope - ning buds of spring-time, When birds so sweet - ly sing,
2. The au-tumn's var - ied col - ors, The garn-ered gifts of heav'n,

D. C.—*Life's full of grace and bless - ings From out His lib - 'ral hand;*

Fine.

In - vite our tune - ful voi - ces To praise the might-y King.
Pro - claim that for His boun - ty Our prais - es should be giv'n.

Then praise Je - ho - vah ev - er, Ye Saints in ev - 'ry land.

Ex - pand - ed flow'rs in sum - mer, With fruits and fields of grain,
When win - ter spreads its man - tle Of snow - y crys - tals rare,

D. C.

Call for our hearts' thanks-giv-ing In mu - sic's joy - ous strain.
Our grat - i - tude we ren - der For His pro - tect - ing care.

No. 73. 'Tis Sweet to Sing the Matchless Love.

GEO. MANWARING. E. BEESLEY.

1. 'Tis sweet to sing the matchless love Of Him who left His home a-bove,
2. 'Tis good to meet each Sab-bath day, And, in His own ap-point-ed way,
3. O hap-py hour! communion sweet! When children, friends and teachers meet,

And came to earth—O wondrous plan—To suf-fer, bleed, and die for man!
Par-take the em-blems of His death, And thus re-new our love and faith.
And, in remembrance of His grace, U-nite in sweet-est songs of praise.

CHORUS.

'Twas Je-sus died on Cal-va-ry, That all thro' Him might ransomed be;

Then sing ho-san-nas to His name: Let heav'n and earth His love pro-claim.

No. 74. When Shall We All Meet Again?

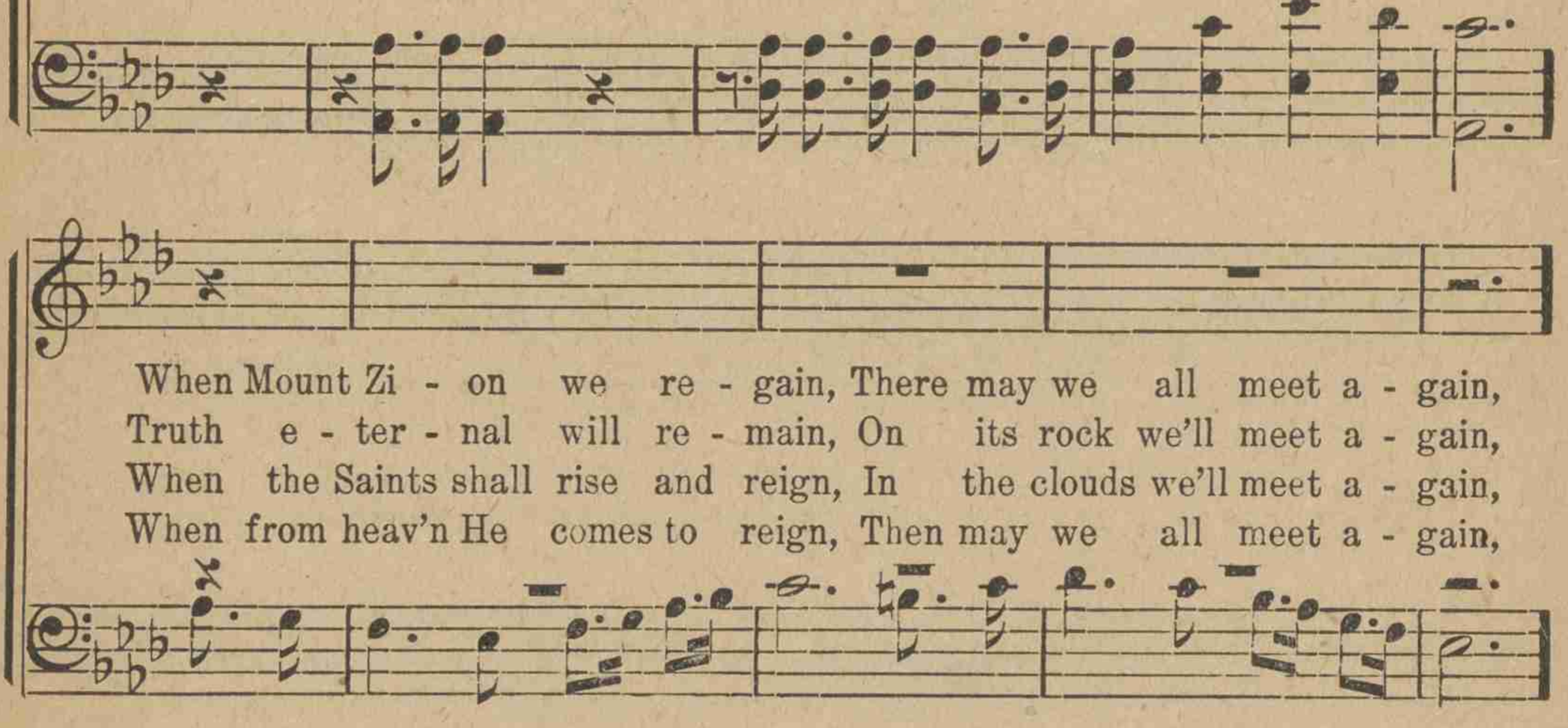
W. W. PHELPS. J. C. FONES.

1. When shall we . . . . all meet a gain? When shall we our rest obtain?
2. We to for - eign climes repair, Truth's the message which we bear,
3. Now the bright and morning star Spreads its glo - rious light a-far,
4. When the sons of Is-rael come, When they build Je-ru-sa-lem,

1. When shall we all meet again? When shall we our rest obtain?

When our pil - grimage be o'er, Parting sighs be known no more?
Truth which an - gels oft have borne, Truth to comfort those who mourn;
Kin - dles up the ris-ing dawn Of that bright Mil- len - nial morn;
When the house of God is reared, And Mes-si - ah's way pre-pared;

When our pil - - grimage be o'er,



When Mount Zi - on we re - gain, There may we all meet a - gain,
Truth e - ter - nal will re - main, On its rock we'll meet a - gain,
When the Saints shall rise and reign, In the clouds we'll meet a - gain,
When from heav'n He comes to reign, Then may we all meet a - gain,

When Mount Zi - on we re - gain, There may we all meet a - gain,
Truth e - ter - nal will re - main, On its rock we'll meet a - gain,
When the Saints shall rise and reign, In the clouds we'll meet a - gain,
When from heav'n He comes to reign, Then may we all meet a - gain,

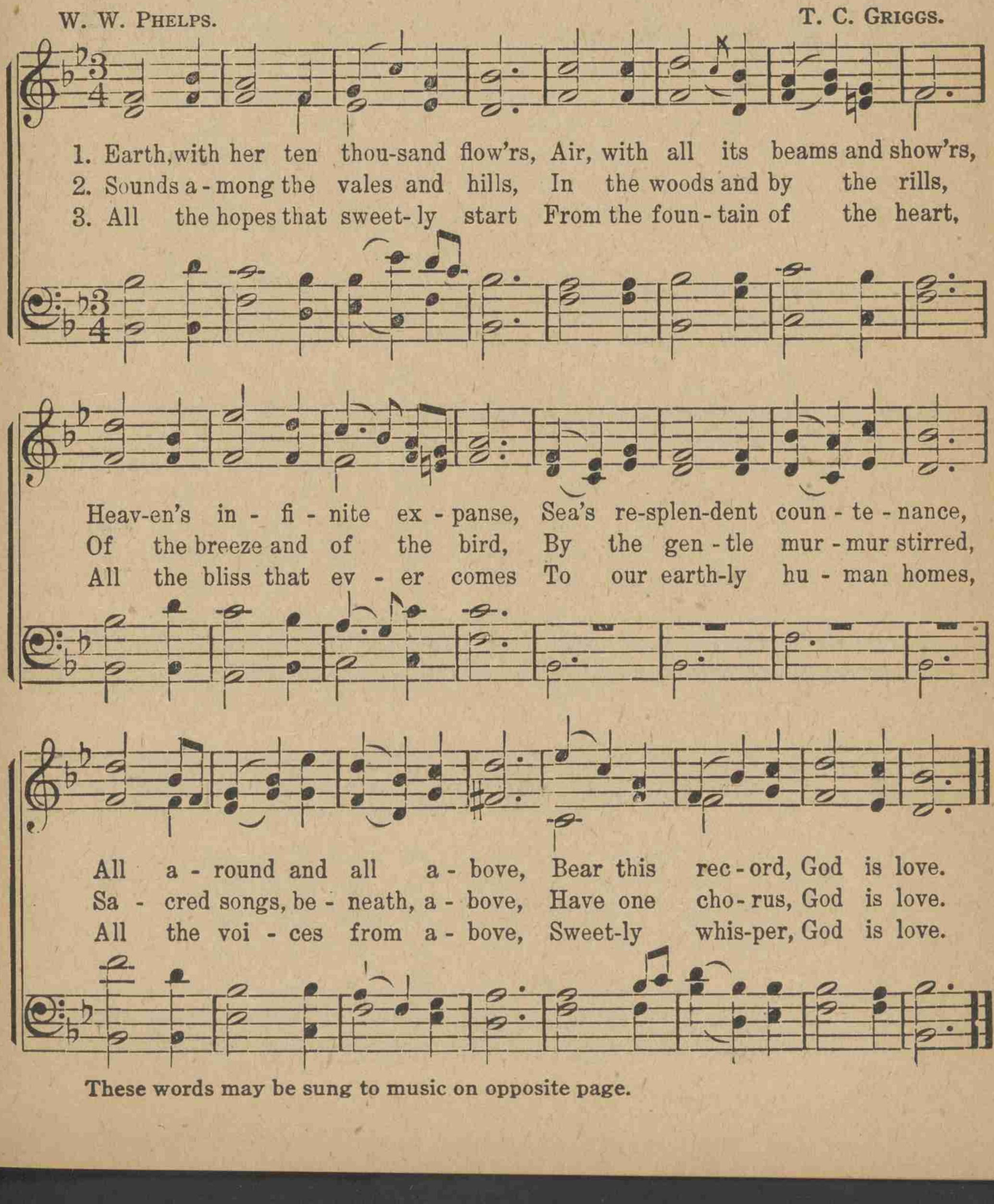
When Mount Zi-on we re-gain, There may we all meet a-gain,

These words may be sung to music on opposite page.

When Shall We All Meet Again?

No. 75. Earth, With Her Ten Thousand Flowers.

W. W. PHELPS. T. C. GRIGGS.



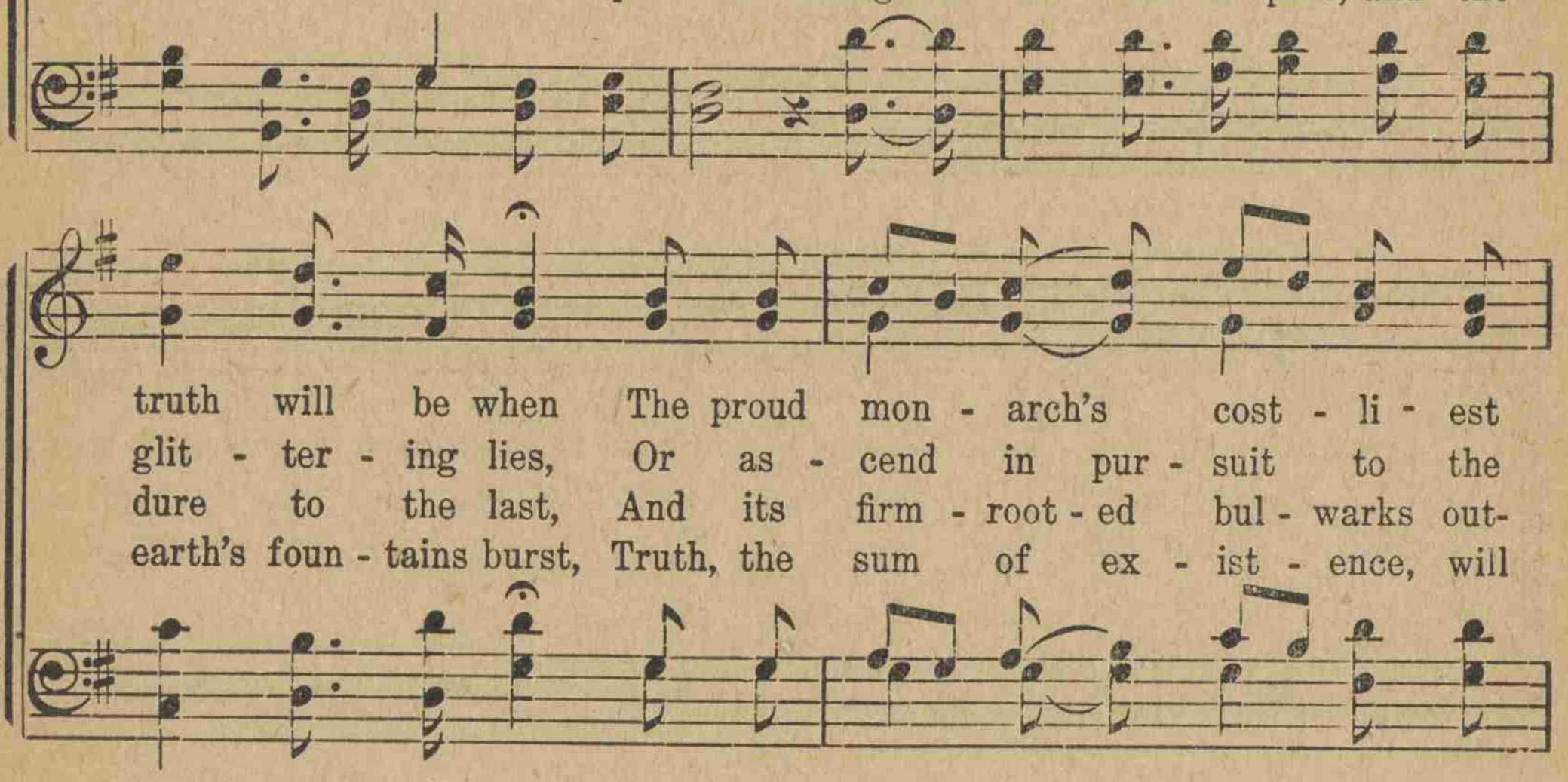
These words may be sung to music on opposite page.

No. 76. O Say, What is Truth?

JOHN JAQUES.

1. O say, what is truth? 'Tis the fair - est gem That the
2. Yes, say, what is truth? 'Tis the bright - est prize To which
3. The scep - tre may fall from the des - pot's grasp, When with
4. Then say, what is truth? 'Tis the last and the first, For the

rich - es of worlds can pro - duce; And price - less the val - ue of
mor - tals or Gods can a - spire: Go search in the depths where it
winds of stern jus - tice he copes, But the pil - lar of truth will en-
lim - its of time it steps o'er: Though the heav - ens de - part, and the



truth will be when The proud mon - arch's cost - li - est
glit - ter - ing lies, Or as - cend in pur - suit to the
dure to the last, And its firm - root - ed bul - warks out-
earth's foun - tains burst, Truth, the sum of ex - ist - ence, will

di - a - dem Is count - ed but dross and ref - use.
loft - iest skies; 'Tis an aim for the no - blest de - sire.
stand the rude blast, And the wreck of the fell ty - rant's hopes.
weath - er the worst, E - ter - nal, un-changed, ev - er - more.

No. 77. The Time is Far Spent.

E. R. Snow.

1. The time is far spent, there is lit - tle re - main - ing
2. Shrink not from your du - ty, how - ev - er un - pleas - ant,
3. What though, if the fa - vor of Ah - man pos - sess - ing,
4. Be fixed in your pur - pose, for Sa - tan will try you,

To pub - lish glad ti - dings by sea and by land,
But fol - low the Sav - ior, your pat - tern and friend;
This world's bit - ter hate you are called to en - dure,
The weight of your call - ing he per - fect - ly knows;

Then has - ten, ye her - alds! go for - ward pro - claim - ing:
Our lit - tle af - flic - tions, though pain - ful at pres - ent,
The an - gels are wait - ing to crown you with bless - ings;
Your path may be thorn - y, but Je - sus is nigh you,

Re - pent, for the king - dom of heav - en's at hand.
Ere long, with the right - eous, in glo - ry will end.
Go, breth - ren! be faith - ful, the prom - ise is sure.
His arm is suf - fi - cient, though de - mons op - pose.

No. 78. Marching Homeward.

J. M. C. J. M. CHAMBERLAIN.

1. We're marching on to glo - ry, We're work-ing for our crown,
2. Then day by day we're march-ing, To heav - en we are bound;
3. Then with the ran - somed chil-dren That throng the star - ry throne,

We'll make our ar - mor bright-er, And nev - er lay it down.
Each good act brings us near - er That home where we'll be crowned.
We'll praise our Lord and Sav - ior, His pow'r and mer - cy own.

CHORUS.

We're march-ing, march-ing home - ward, To that bright land a - far;

We work for life e - ter - nal, It is our guid - ing star.

No. 79. Never Be Late.

Lively.

A. C. SMYTH.

1. Nev- er be late to the Sunday School class, Come with your bright sunny fa - ces;
2. Read-y to mingle your voi- ces in praise, Sing-ing with joy - ful e - mo - tion;
3. Al-ways be read-y and will-ing to learn, Mak-ing your du - ty a pleas-ure,
4. If you are faithful in all that you do, Ev - er your Sav- ior con - fess-ing,

Cheering your teachers and pleasing your God—Al-ways be found in your pla - ces.
Read-y to join in the prayer that is breathed, Bowing in hum - ble de - vo - tion.
Try-ing to fol-low the Savior's command; Then He will give you a treas-ure.
Then will the Sabbath glide cheerfully by, Crowning the week with its bless-ing.

CHORUS.

Nev - er be late, nev - er be late; Chil-dren, re-mem-ber the warn - ing:

Try to be there, al-ways be there, Promptly at ten in the morn - ing.

No. 80. Forbid Them Not.

Allegretto.

1. When man - y to the Sav-ior's feet Their lit - tle chil-dren brought,
2. "For - bid them not, and nev - er chide Their wish to see my face,
3. Dear chil-dren, Je - sus is the same, Though now en-throned a - bove,

And from His ho - ly heart and lips A Sav - ior's bless-ing sought;
For lit - tle chil - dren such as these My Fa - ther's king-dom grace."
He waits to bless you as of old With His for - giv - ing love.

To some who, with mis - tak - en zeal, The moth-er's prayers for - bade,
Then gath-ered in His lov - ing arms, And fold - ed to His breast,
He sees with joy each weak at - tempt His fa - vor to ob - tain,

"Let lit - tle chil-dren come to me," The bless-ed Sav - ior said.
He poured a bless-ing all di - vine On ev - 'ry lit - tle guest.
And those who ear - ly seek His face, Shall nev - er seek in vain.

No. 81. Far, Far Away On Judea's Plains.

J. M. J. MACFARLANE.

1. Far, far a-way on Ju-de-a's plains, Shep-herds of old heard the
2. Sweet are these strains of re-deem-ing love, Mes-sage of mer-cy from
3. Lord, with the an-gels we too would re-joice, Help us to sing with the
4. Has-ten the time when, from ev-'ry clime, Men shall u-nite in the

joy-ous strains:
heav'n a-bove:
heart and voice:
strains sub-lime:
} Glo-ry to God, Glo-ry to God,
Glo-ry to God in the

Glo-ry to God in the high-est,

Glo-ry to God in the high-est; Peace on earth, good-
high-est,

Glo-ry to God in the high-est;

will to men, Peace on earth, good-will to men!

No. 82. Welcome, Welcome Sabbath Morning.

R. B. BAIRD. E. BEESLEY.

1. Wel-come, wel-come Sab-bath morn-ing, Now we rest from ev - 'ry care;
2. Hark! the Sab-bath bells are ring - ing—Hear the ech - oes all a - round;
3. Here we bow in meek de - vo - tion, Here we sing God's ho - ly praise;
4. Here we meet with friends and neighbors, Par-ents, too, are in the throng;

CHO.— *Welcome, wel-come Sab-bath morning, Now we rest from ev - 'ry care;*

Fine.

Wel-come, wel-come is thy dawn-ing, Ho - ly Sab-bath, day of prayer.
List! the mer - ry chil-dren sing - ing! What a pleas - ing, joy-ful sound!
Here our hearts, with fond e - mo - tion, Seek to learn His ho - ly ways.
We are ear - nest in our la - bors,—To God's king-dom we be - long.

Wel-come, wel-come is thy dawning, Ho - ly Sab-bath, day of prayer.

Lov - ing teach-ers kind-ly greet us As we meet in Sun-day School,
Ev - 'ry ten - der note en-treats us, Bids us come, nor lon - ger stay;
From the books of rev - e - la - tion We are taught while yet in youth,
Tri - als make our faith grow stronger, Truth is nob - ler than a crown;

D. C. for Chorus.

Where they la - bor hard to teach us By the Sav-ior's gold-en rule.
On our way the mu - sic greets us— Hast-en, hast-en, come a - way.
Words of heav'n-ly in - spi - ra - tion Guide us in the path of truth.
We will brave the tempest lon - ger, Tho' the world up - on us frown.

No. 83. O My Father.

E. R. SNOW. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. O my Fa - ther, Thou that dwellest In the high and glo-rious place!
2. For a wise and glo-rious pur-pose Thou hast placed me here on earth,
3. I had learned to call Thee Fa- ther, Thro' Thy Spir - it from on high;
4. When I leave this frail ex - ist-ence, When I lay this mor- tal by,

When shall I re - gain Thy pres-ence, And a - gain be - hold Thy face?
And with-held the rec - ol- lec - tion Of my for - mer friends and birth,
But un - til the Key of Knowledge Was re - stored, I knew not why.
Fa - ther, Moth-er, may I meet you In your roy - al courts on high?

In Thy ho - ly hab - i - ta - tion, Did my spir - it once re - side;
Yet oft - times a se-cret something Whispered, "You're a stranger here;"
In the heav'ns are par-ents sin - gle? No; the tho't makes rea-son stare!
Then, at length, when I've com-plet - ed All you sent me forth to do,

In Thy holy hab - i - ta - tion, Did my spirit once re - side;

In my first pri - me-val child-hood, Was I nur - tured near Thy side.
And I felt that I had wandered From a more ex - alt - ed sphere.
Truth is rea - son, truth e - ter - nal, Tells me I've a moth- er there.
With your mu - tual ap-pro - ba - tion Let me come and dwell with you.

In my first primeval child-hood, Was I nurtured near Thy side.

Sung also to No. 64.

No. 84. What Prize Shall Be Your Reward?

J. L. TOWNSHEND. BEESLEY.

Moderato.

1. When called to the throne of your Lord, And judged from the books of to-day,
2. Im-prove well the time that is now, For then all re-grets will be vain;
3. Re-mem-ber, the course you pur - sue Is sure - ly re-cord - ed a - bove,

What prize shall then be your re - ward? For what do you la - bor and pray?
Let hon - or enwreathe here your brow; Pre-pare for the boon you would gain.
That ev - er - y act you may do Is writ - ten, "for self", or "for love."

Is there, in the hopes of your heart, A hope for the fu - ture most dear,
An hour is life's jour-ney at best, The mo-ments are fleeting so fast;
O then, should the balance be found "For self," in that day you will see,

When called from this life to de - part And dwell in a ho - li - er sphere?
Be - ware! or the Sav-ior's re - quest Will find you still sleep-ing at last.
Though bless-ings of mer - cy a - bound, No crown for you then there will be!

What Prize Shall Be Your Reward?

CHORUS.

There's man-y a crown will a - wait The brows of the faithful and true;

Just think, ere you find it too late, If one is a - wait-ing for you,

Just think, ere you find it too late, If one is a-wait-ing for you.

No. 85. Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be - low;

Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

No. 86. I Know That My Redeemer Lives.

MEDLEY. L. D. EDWARDS.

Largo.

1. I know that my Re - deem-er lives; What com-fort this sweet sentence gives!
2. He lives to grant me rich sup-ply, He lives to guide me with His eye,
3. He lives, my kind, wise, heav'nly friend, He lives, and loves me to the end,
4. He lives, all glo - ry to His name! He lives, my Je - sus, still the same;

ACCOMP.

He lives, He lives, who once was dead; He lives, my ev - er - liv-ing head.
He lives to com-fort me when faint, He lives to hear my soul's com-plaint.
He lives, and while He lives I'll sing, He lives, my Prophet, Priest and King.
O the sweet joy this sen-tence gives, "I know that my Re-deem-er lives!"

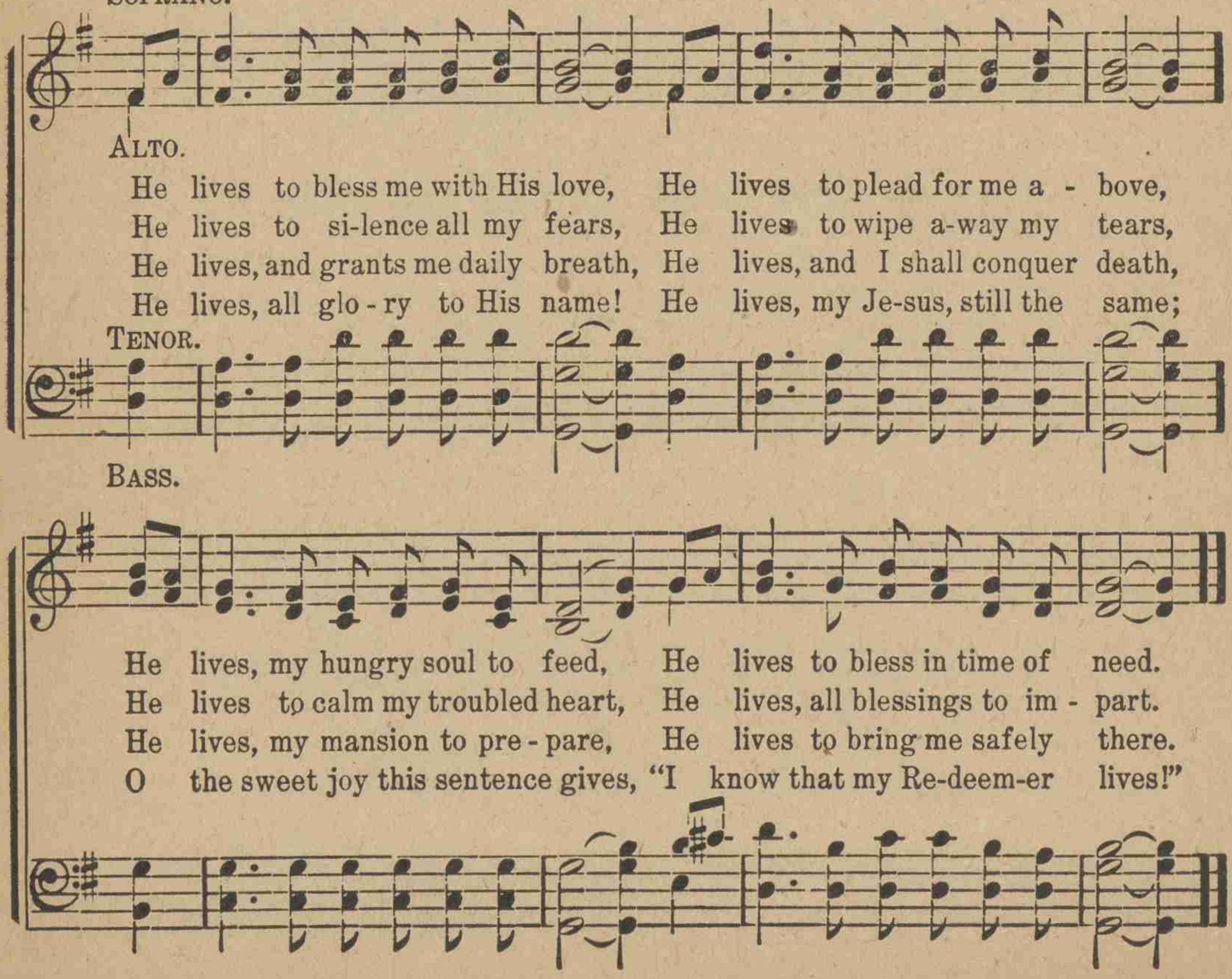
SOPRANO.

ALTO.

He lives to bless me with His love, He lives to plead for me a - bove,
He lives to si-lence all my fears, He lives to wipe a-way my tears,
He lives, and grants me daily breath, He lives, and I shall conquer death,
He lives, all glo - ry to His name! He lives, my Je-sus, still the same;

TENOR.

BASS.



He lives, my hungry soul to feed, He lives to bless in time of need.
He lives to calm my troubled heart, He lives, all blessings to im - part.
He lives, my mansion to pre - pare, He lives to bring me safely there.
O the sweet joy this sentence gives, "I know that my Re-deem-er lives!"

No. 87. How Firm a Foundation.

KIRKHAM.

1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye Saints of the Lord, Is
2. In ev - 'ry con - di - tion, in sick - ness, in health, In
3. Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis - mayed, For
4. When thro' the deep wa - ters I call thee to go, The
5. The soul that on Je - sus hath leaned for re - pose I

laid for your faith in His ex - cel - lent word! What more can He
pov - er - ty's vale or a - bound-ing in wealth, At home or a-
I am thy God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee,
riv - ers of sor - row shall not thee o'er-flow, For I 'will be
will not, I can - not, de - sert to his foes; That soul, tho' all

say than to you He hath said, You who un - to Je - sus, you
broad, on the land or the sea, As thy days may de - mand, as thy
help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up - held by my right-eous, up -
with thee, thy troub - les to bless, And sanc - ti - fy to thee, and
hell should en - deav - or to shake, I'll nev - er, no nev - er, I'll

who un - to Je - sus, You who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled?
days may de - mand, As thy days may de-mand, so thy suc - cor shall be.
held by my right-eous, Up - held by my right-eous, om- nip - o - tent hand.
sanc - ti - fy to thee, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis - tress.
nev - er, no nev - er, I'll nev - er, no nev - er, no nev - er for - sake!

No. 88. Nay, Speak No Ill.

1. Nay, speak no ill, a kind-ly word Can nev-er leave a sting be-hind;
2. Give me the heart that fain would hide—Would fain an-oth-er's faults ef-face:
3. Then speak no ill, but len-ient be To oth-ers' fail-ings as your own;

And oh, to breathe each tale we've heard, Is far be-neath a no-ble mind.
How can it please the hu-man pride To prove hu-man-i-ty but base?
If you're the first a fault to see, Be not the first to make it known.

Full oft a bet-ter seed is sown By choos-ing thus the kind-er plan,
No, let us reach a high-er mood—A no-bler es-ti-mate of man,
For life is but a pass-ing day, No lip may tell how brief its span;

For, if but lit-tle good is known, Still let us speak the best we can.
Be ear-nest in the search for good, And speak of all the best we can.
Then, O the lit-tle time we stay, Let's speak of all the best we can.

No. 89. God Speed the Right.

W. G. HICKSON.

1. Now to heav'n our prayer as - cend - ing, God speed the right;
2. Be that prayer a - gain re - peat - ed, God speed the right;
3. Pa - tient, firm, and per - se - ver - ing, God speed the right;

In a no - ble cause con - tend - ing, God speed the right.
Ne'er de - spair - ing, tho' de - feat - ed, God speed the right.
Ne'er th' e-vent nor dan - ger fear - ing, God speed the right.

Be our zeal in heav'n re - cord - ed, With suc - cess on
Like the great and good in sto - ry, If we fail, we
Pains, nor toils, nor tri - als heed - ing, And in heav'n's good

earth re - ward - ed, God speed the right, God speed the right.
fail with glo - ry, God speed the right, God speed the right.
time suc - ceed - ing, God speed the right, God speed the right.

No. 90. 'Mid Scenes of Confusion.

DAVID DENHAM. H. R. BISHOP.

Andante.

1. 'Mid scenes of con - fu - sion and crea-ture com-plaints, How
2. Sweet bonds that u - nite all the chil-dren of peace, And
3. I sigh from this bod - y of sin to be free, Which
4. While here in this val - ley of con - flict I stay, O

sweet to my soul is com - mun - ion with Saints, To
thrice pre - cious Je - sus, whose love can - not cease, Though
hin - ders my joy and com - mun - ion with Thee; Though
give me sub - mis - sion and strength as my day, In

find at the ban - quet of mer - cy there's room, And feel in the
oft from Thy pres - ence in sad-ness I roam, I long to be-
now my temp - ta - tions like bil - lows may foam, Oh, all will be
all my af - flic - tions to Thee would I come, Re - joic - ing in

REFRAIN.

pres - ence of Je - sus at home.
hold Thee in glo - ry at home.
peace when I'm with Thee at home.
hope of my glo - ri - ous home.

} Home! home! sweet, sweet home!

'Mid Scenes of Confusion.

5 Whate'er Thou deny me, O give me Thy grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, the smiles of Thy face;
Indulge me with patience to wait at Thy throne,
And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of home.—REF.

6 I long, dearest Lord, in Thy beauties to shine,
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine,
And in Thy fair image arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise Thee at home.—REF.

No. 91. Home, Sweet Home

(Tune on opposite page.)

1 'Mid pleasures and palaces, though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home, there's no place like home!

2 An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
Oh! give me my lowly, thatched cottage again;
The birds singing gaily, that come at my call;
Give me them, with that peace of mind, dearer than all.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home, there's no place like home!

3 How sweet 'tis to sit 'neath a fond father's smile,
And the cares of a mother to soothe and beguile;
Let others delight 'mid new pleasures to roam,
But give me, oh! give me the pleasures of home!
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
But give me, oh! give me the pleasures of home!

4 To thee I'll return, overburdened with care,
The heart's dearest solace will smile on me there;
No more from that cottage again will I roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home, there's no place like home!

John Howard Payne.

No. 92. Beautiful Zion, Built Above.

J. G. FONES.

1. Beau-ti-ful Zi - on, built a - bove; Beau-ti-ful cit - y
2. Beau-ti-ful heav'n, where all is light; Beau-ti-ful an - gels,
3. Beau-ti-ful crowns on ev - 'ry brow; Beau-ti-ful palms the

that I love; Beau-ti-ful gates of pearl - y white; Beau-ti-ful
clothed in white; Beau-ti-ful strains that nev - er tire; Beau-ti-ful
con-q'rors show; Beau-ti-ful robes the ran - somed wear; Beau-ti-ful

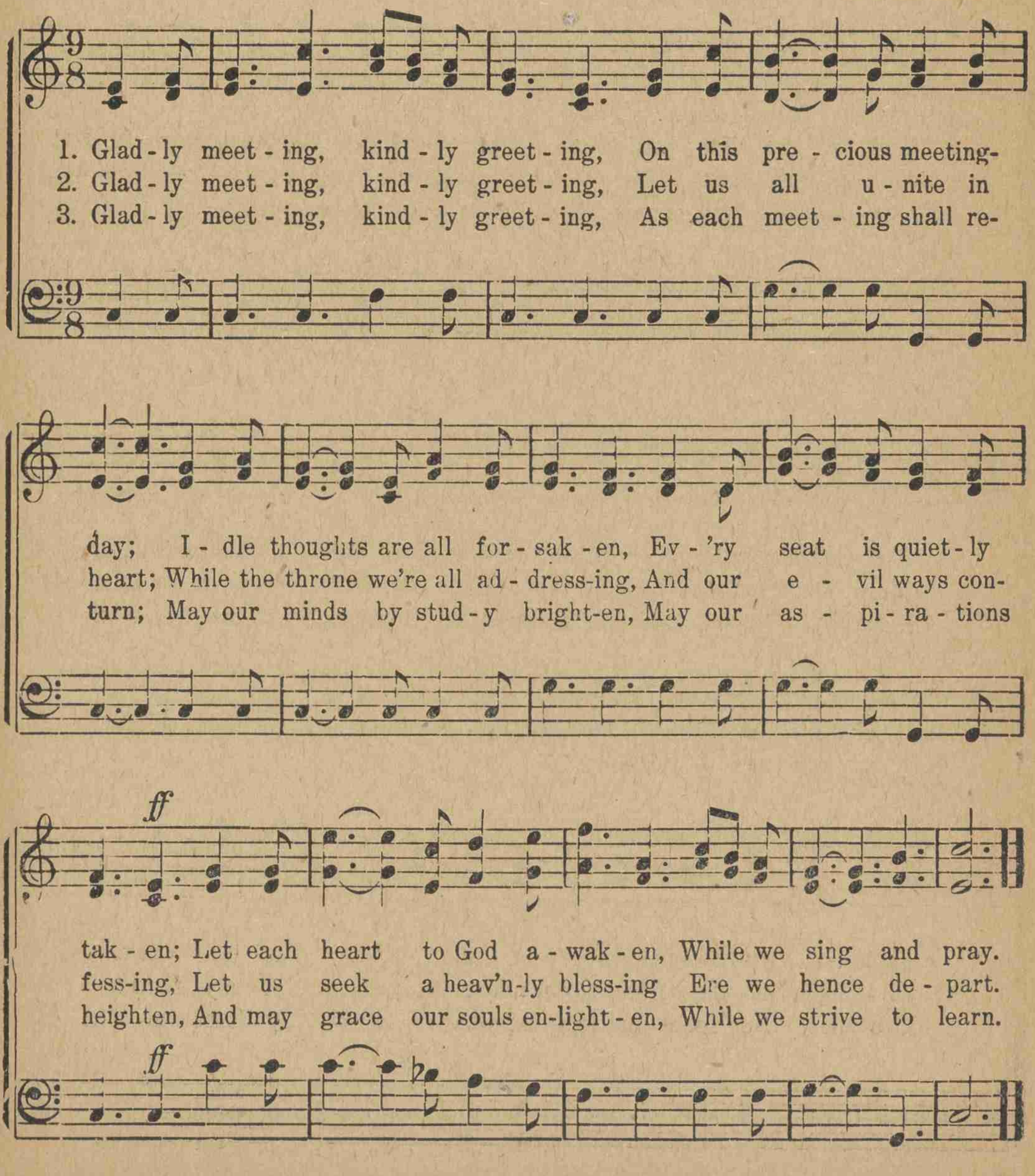
tem - ple—God its light; He who was slain on Cal - va - ry,
harps thro' all the choir; There shall I join the cho - rus sweet,
all who en - ter there; Thith - er I press with ea - ger feet—

O - pens those pearl - y gates to me. Zi - on, Zi - on, love - ly
Wor - ship - ing at the Sav - ior's feet. Zi - on, Zi - on, love - ly
There shall my rest be long and sweet. Zi - on, Zi - on, love - ly

Beautiful Zion, Built Above.

No. 93. Gladly Meeting, Kindly Greeting.

E. STEPHENS.



No. 94. O Home Beloved, Where'er I Wander.

E. STEPHENS. MALE VOICES. Dr. JOSEPH PARRY.

Moderato. *mf*

1. O home be-loved, wher-e'er I wan - der, On for - eign
2. The flow'rs a - round me may be fair - er Than those that
3. Ye val - leys fair, and snow-capped moun-tains, Ye peace - ful

land or dis - tant sea, As time rolls by my heart grows fonder,
bloom up - on thy hills; The streams–great, mighty treas-ure - bear - ers,
ham-lets 'mid the trees, Ye murm'ring streams and crys-tal foun-tains,

p

And yearns more lov-ing - ly for thee! Tho' fair be Nature's scenes a -
More no - ted may be than thy rills; No world - re-nown my hum - ble
Kissed by the cool, soft, balm-y breeze—Words can - not tell how well I

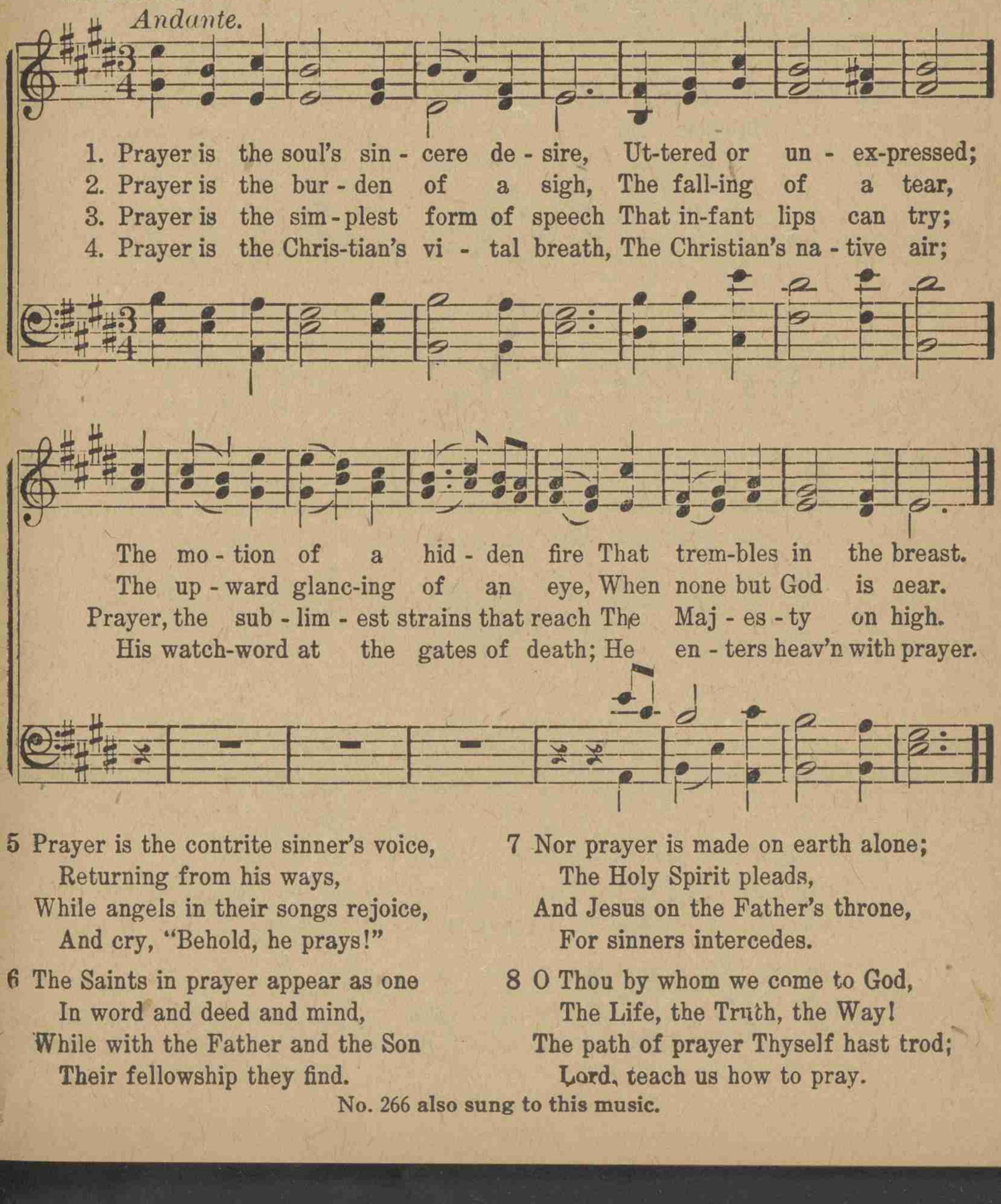
f

round me, And friends are ev - er kind and true, Tho' joy - ous mirth and
vil - lage Like these great towns may proudly claim, Yet my fond heart doth
love thee, Nor speak my long-ing when I roam; My heart a - lone can

O Home Beloved, Where'er I Wander.

No. 95. Prayer is the Soul's Sincere Desire.

MONTGOMERY. G. CARELESS.



5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold, he prays!"

6 The Saints in prayer appear as one
In word and deed and mind,
While with the Father and the Son
Their fellowship they find.

7 Nor prayer is made on earth alone;
The Holy Spirit pleads,
And Jesus on the Father's throne,
For sinners intercedes.

8 O Thou by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way!
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

No. 266 also sung to this music.

No. 96. Lo! the Mighty God Appearing.

WM. GOODE. E. STEPHENS.

Animato assai.

1. Lo! the might-y God ap - pear - ing, From on high Je - ho - vah
2. Zi - on, all its light un - fold - ing, God in glo - ry shall dis -
3. To the heav'ns His voice as - cend - ing, To the earth be - neath He

speaks! East-ern lands the sum - mons hear - ing, O'er the west His thun - der
play, Lo! He comes! nor si - lence hold - ing, Fire and clouds pre-pare His
cries; Souls im - mor- tal now de - scend - ing, Let the sleep - ing dust a -

breaks. Earth, be - hold Him! Earth, be - hold Him! U - ni - ver - sal na - ture
way; Tempests round Him, Tempests round Him Has-ten on the dread-ful
rise! Rise to judg-ment, Rise to judg - ment; Let Thy throne a - dorn the

shakes; Earth, be-hold Him! Earth, be-hold Him! U - ni - ver - sal na- ture shakes.
day; Tempests round Him, Tempests round Him Hasten on the dread-ful day.
skies; Rise to judg-ment, Rise to judg-ment; Let Thy throne a - dorn the skies.

Lo! the Mighty God Appearing.

4 Gather first my Saints around me,
Those who to my covenant stood—
Those who humbly sought and found me
Through the dying Savior's blood.
Blest Redeemer,
Dearest sacrifice to God.

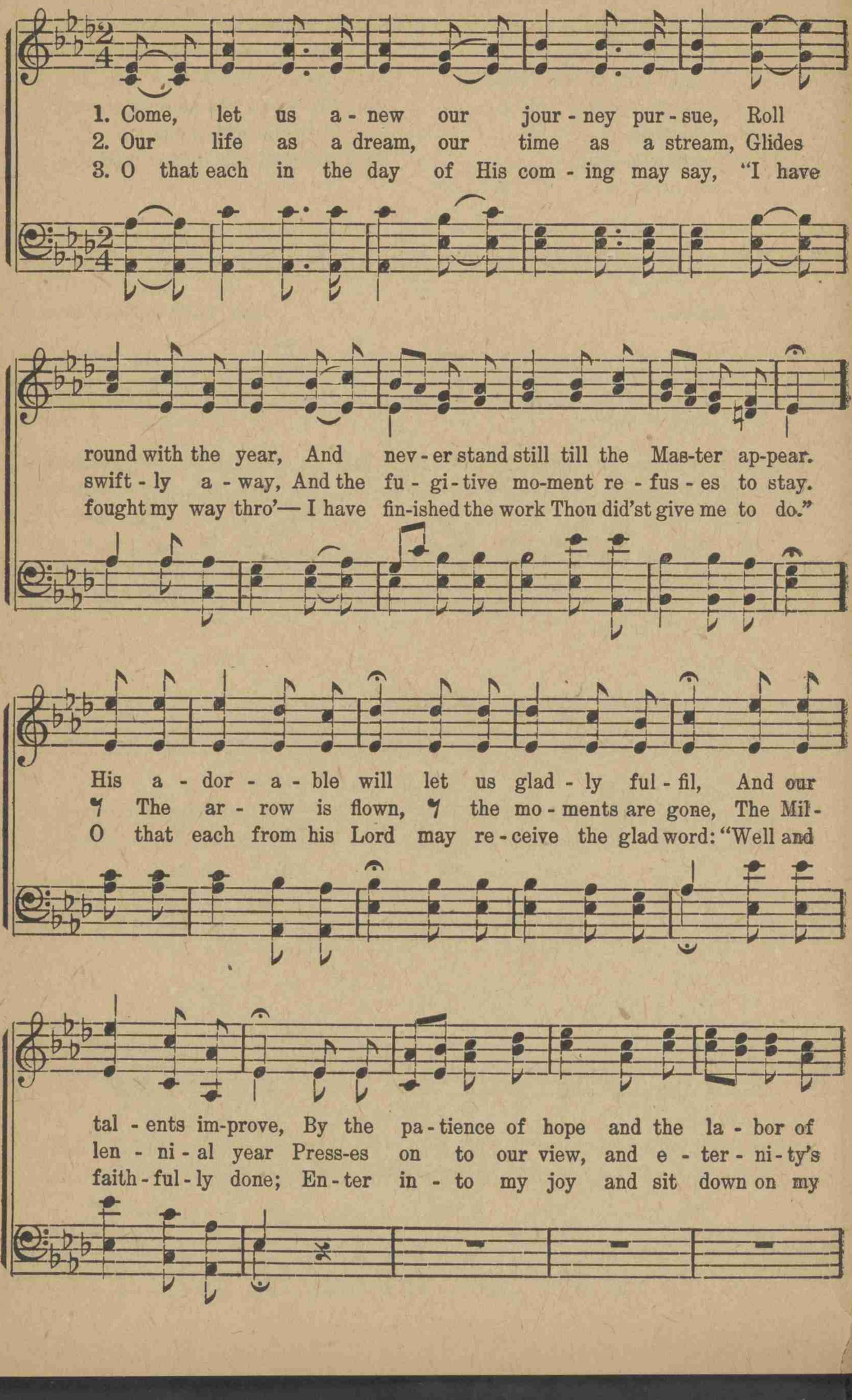
5 Now the heavens on high adore Him,
And His righteousness declare;
Sinners perish from before Him,
But His Saints His mercies share.
Just His judgments;
God, Himself the Judge, is there.

No. 97. Lord, Dism'ss Us With Thy Blessing.

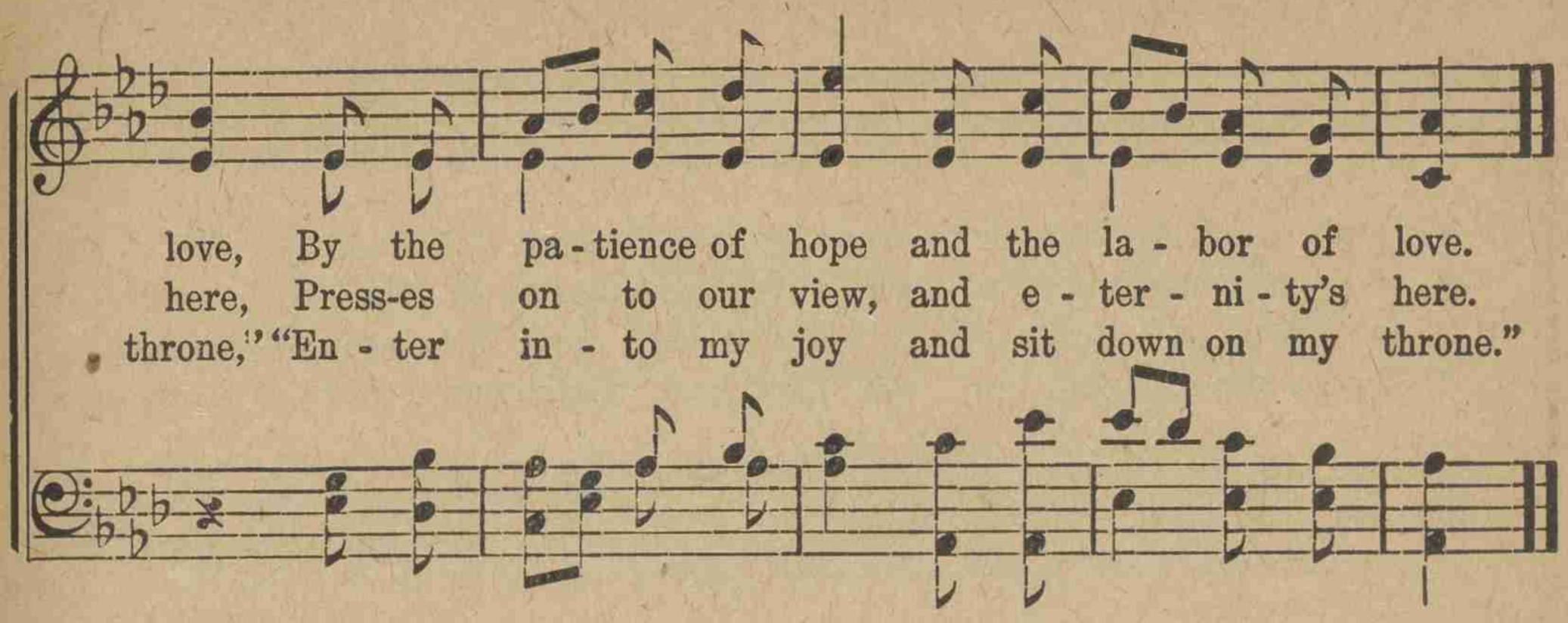
WALTER SHIRLEY. JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

No. 98. Come, Let Us Anew.

WESLEY'S COLLECTION.

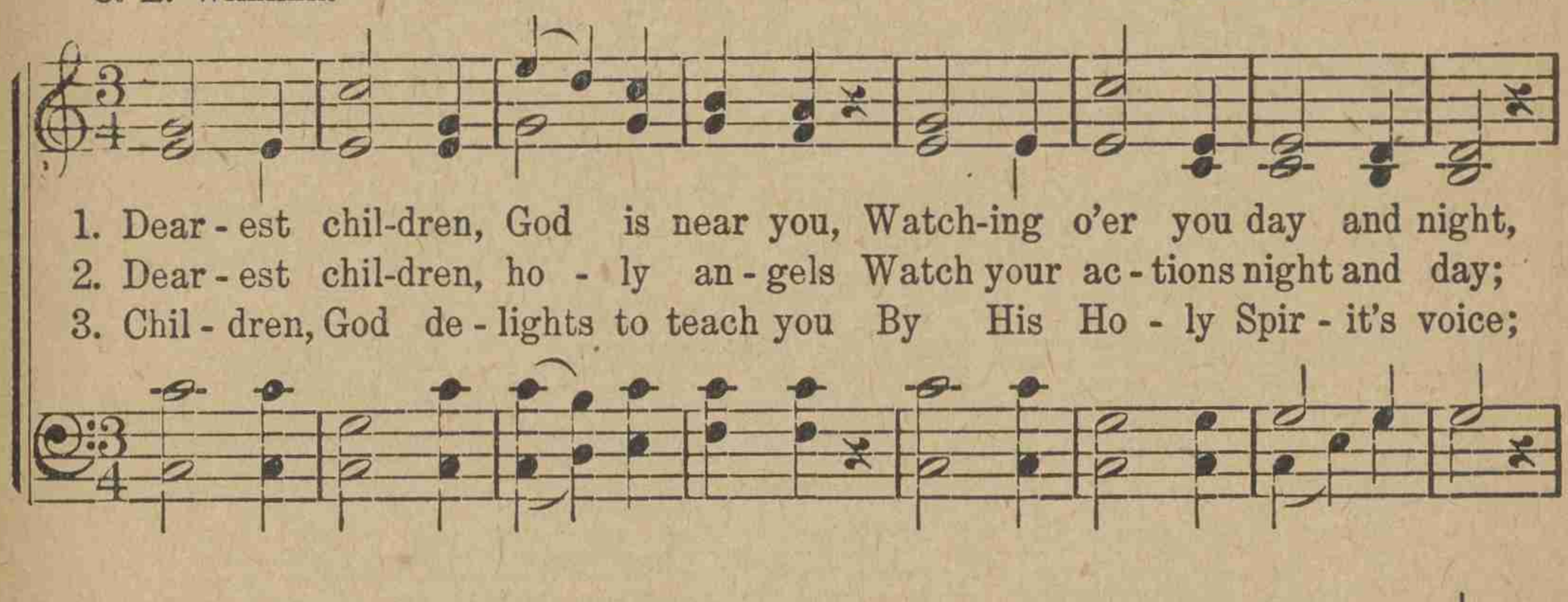


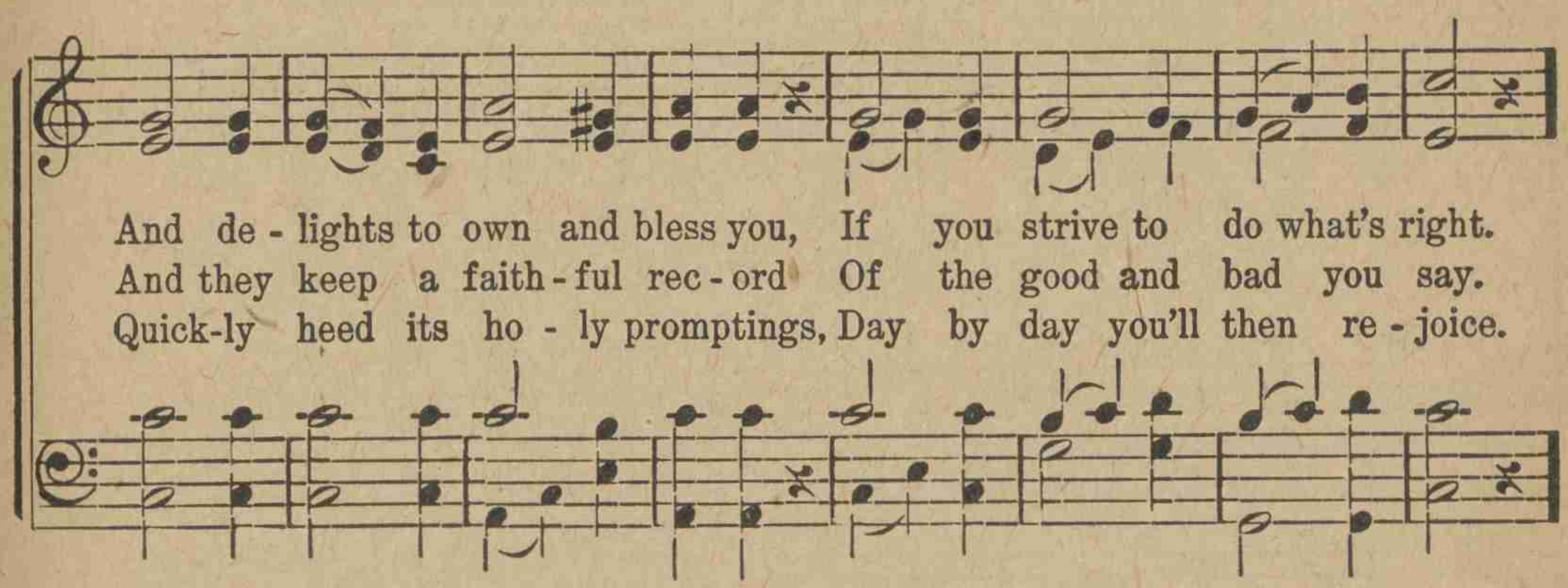
Come, Let Us Anew.

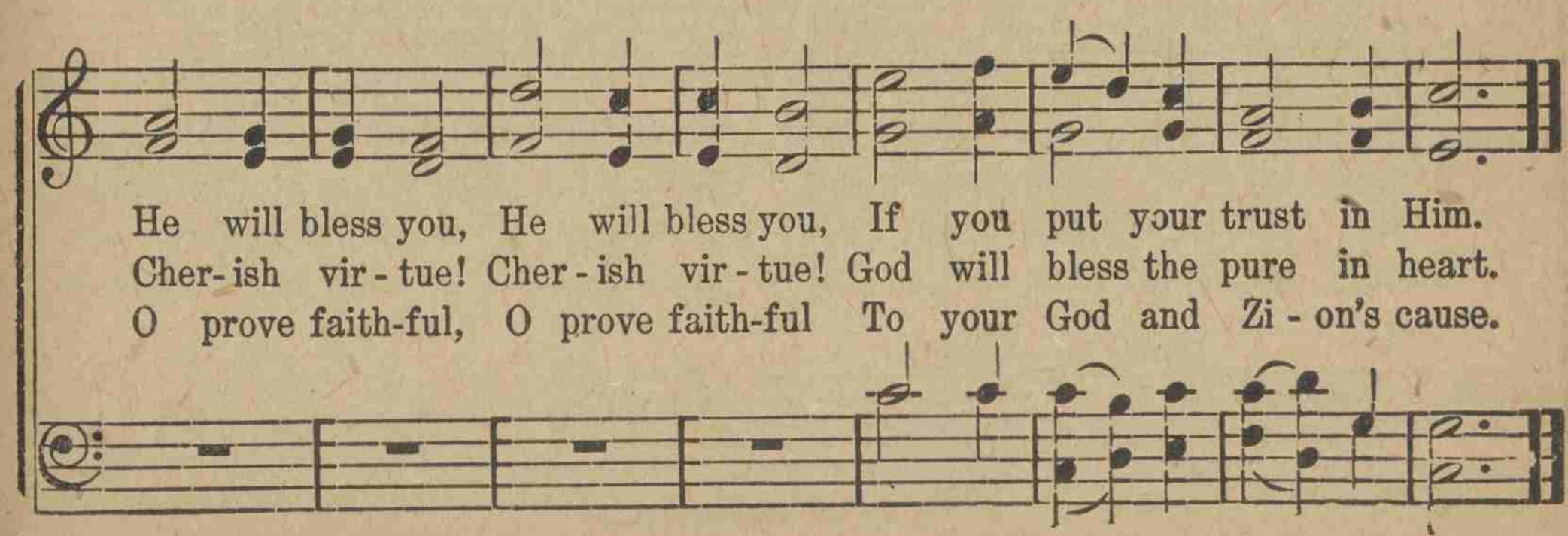


No. 99. Dearest Children, God is Near You.

C. L. WALKER. J. M. MACFARLANE.







No. 100. Lord, We Thank Thee.

CHAS. BREWERTON. O. P. HUISH.

1. Lord, we thank Thee for the to - ken, And the prom - ise to us
2. We be - hold, in vi - sion dim - ly, Scenes on that e - vent - ful
3. In the gar - den in the dark-ness, And the sweat-like drops of
4. Lord, while walk-ing in the dark-ness, Guide our er - ring thoughts to

made, Words of life so kind - ly spo - ken, Help the meek, the
night, When the bread and wine was giv - en By the Lord of
blood, While His friends were peace-ful sleep-ing, All a - lone in
Thee; Je - sus, at Thy ho - ly ta - ble May we from our

low - ly aid; When our hearts are pure and ho - ly, Seek - ing
truth and light; And the pre - cepts to the faith-ful Will re -
faith He stood; And the trait - or slow - ly com - ing, To be -
sins be free; And as sis - ters, and as broth-ers, Cast a -

to per-form Thy will, That the Ho - ly Spir - it's pow - er
main till time shall end, Of the sac - ri - fice e - ter - nal,
tray with per - jured kiss, All ap - pears so plain be - fore us,
way all doubt and sin, And go on in faith and meek-ness,

Used by permission.

Lord, We Thank Thee.

Cres.

Shall its peace - ful of - fice fill, Shall its peace - ful of - fice fill.
Made by our im - mor - tal Friend, Made by our im - mor- tal Friend.
Lead-ing on to per - fect bliss, Lead-ing on to per - fect bliss.
For e - ter - nal life to win, For e - ter - nal life to win.

No. 101. Christmas Carol.

With spirit. mf

1. With won-d'ring awe The wise men saw The star in heav-en spring - ing,
2. By light of star They trav-eled far, To seek the low - ly man - ger;
3. And still is found, The world a-round, The old and hallowed sto - ry;
4. The heav'n-ly star Its rays a - far On ev - 'ry land is throw - ing,

And with de-light, In peace-ful night, They heard the an - gels sing-ing.
A hum - ble bed Where-in was laid The won-drous lit - tle Stranger.
And still is sung, In ev - 'ry tongue, The an - gels' song of glo - ry.
And shall not cease Till ho - ly peace In all the earth is glow-ing.

REFRAIN.

f

Ho - san - na, ho - san - na, Ho - san - na to His name!

No. 102. We Thank Thee, O God, For a Prophet.

W. FOWLER. MRS. NORTON.

1. We thank Thee, O God, for a Proph - et, To guide us in these lat - ter days; We thank Thee for send - ing the Gos - pel
2. When dark clouds of troub - le hang o'er us And threat - en our peace to de - stroy, There is hope smil - ing bright-ly be - fore us,
3. We'll sing of His good - ness and mer - cy, We'll praise Him by day and by night, Re - joice in His glo - ri - ous Gos - pel,

To light - en our minds with its rays; We thank Thee for ev - er - y
And we know that de - liv-'rance is nigh; We doubt not the Lord, nor His
And bask in its life - giv - ing light; Thus on to e - ter - nal per-

bless - ing Be - stowed by Thy boun - te - ous hand; We
good - ness, We've proved Him in days that are past; The
fec - tion The hon - est and faith - ful will go, While

We Thank Thee, O God, For a Prophet.

feel it a pleas-ure to serve Thee, And love to o - bey Thy command.
wick - ed who fight a-gainst Zi - on Will sure - ly be smit-ten at last.
they who re - ject this glad mes - sage Shall nev - er such hap - pi-ness know.

No. 103. Lord, We Come Before Thee Now.

HAMMOND. G. CARELESS.

1. Lord, we come be - fore Thee now, At Thy
2. In Thine own ap - point - ed way, Now we
3. Send some mes - sage from Thy word, That may
4. Grant we all may seek and find Thee, our

feet we hum - bly bow; Do not Thou our
seek Thee; here we stay; Lord, from hence we
joy and peace af - ford; Com - fort those who
gra - cious God and kind; Heal the sick, the

suit dis - dain; Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?
would not go, Till a bless - ing Thou be - stow.
weep and mourn, Let "the time of love" re - turn.
cap - tive free, Let us all re - joice in Thee.

No. 104. The Spirit of God Like a Fire.

W. W. PHELPS.

1. The Spir - it of God like a fire.... is burn - ing! The
   The vi - sions and bless - ings of old are re - turn - ing! And

2. The Lord is ex - tend - ing the Saints' un - der - stand - ing, Re -
   The knowl-edge and pow - er of God are ex - pand - ing, The

3. How bless - ed the day when the lamb and the li - on Shall
   And Eph - raim be crowned with his bless - ing in Zi - on, As

REFRAIN.

lat - ter day glo - ry be - gins to come forth;
an - gels are com - ing to vis - it the earth.
} We'll sing and we'll

stor - ing their judg - es and all as at first,
vail o'er the earth is be - gin - ning to burst.
} We'll sing and we'll

lie down to - geth - er with - out an - y ire,
Je - sus de - scends with His char - iots of fire!
} We'll sing and we'll

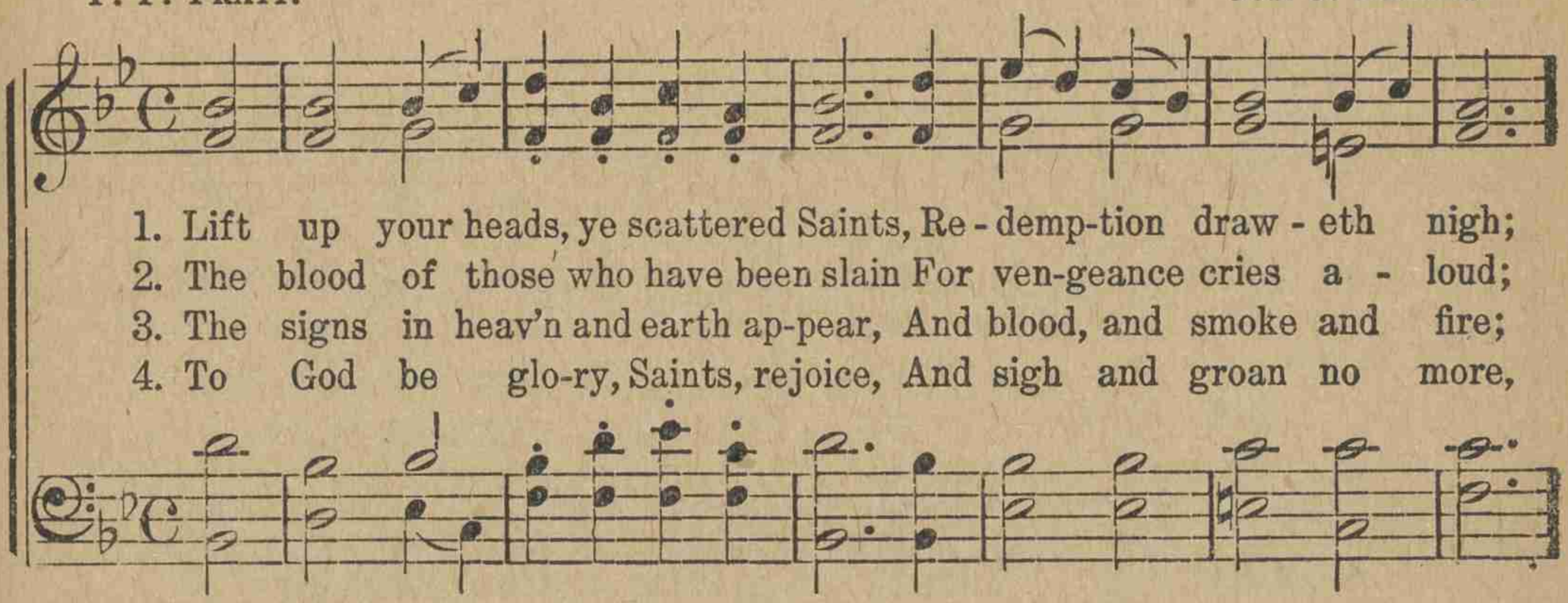
shout with the ar - mies of heav - en, Ho - san - na, ho - san - na to

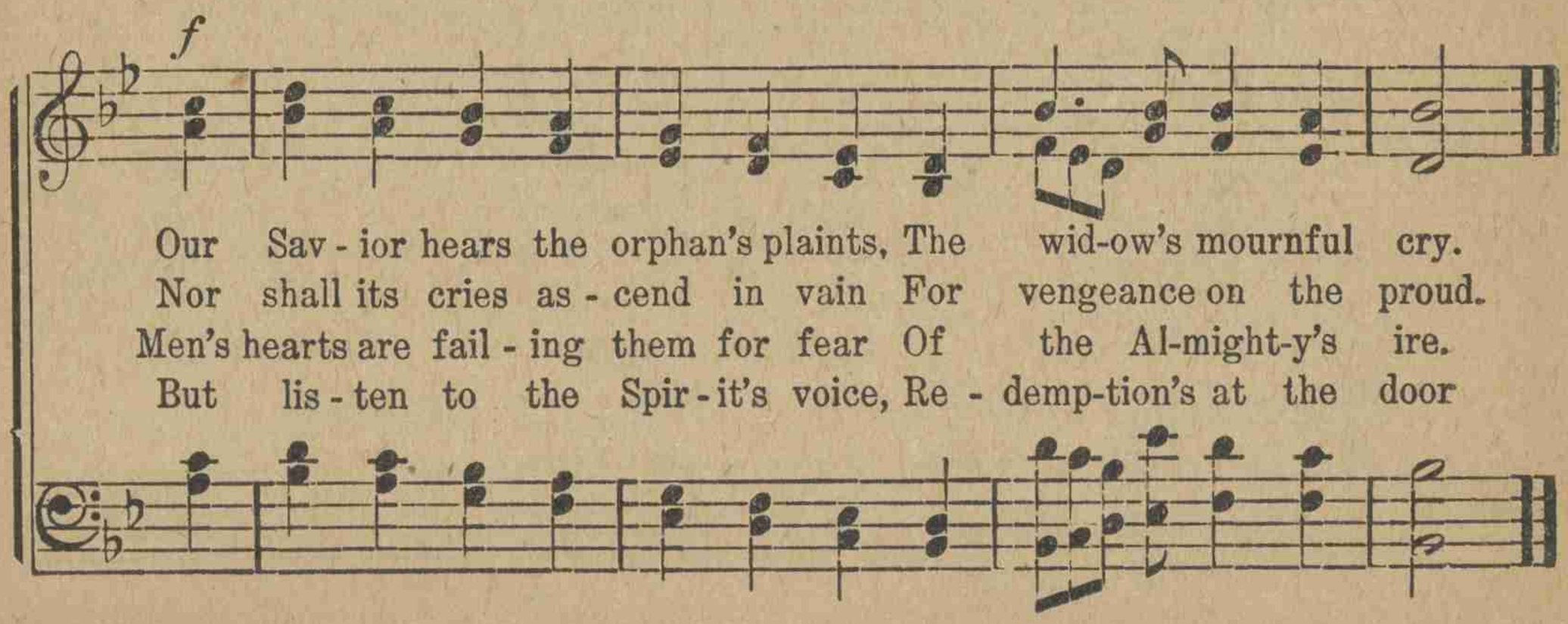
God and the Lamb! Let glo - ry to them in the high - est be

The Spirit of God Like a Fire.

No. 105. Lift Up Your Heads, Ye Scattered Saints.

P. P. PRATT. JOS. J. DAYNES.





No. 106. The Lord is My Light.

JAMES NICHOLSON. JOHN R. SWENEY.

1. The Lord is my light—then why should I fear? By day and by night
2. The Lord is my light: though clouds may arise, Faith, stronger than sight,
3. The Lord is my light, the Lord is my strength, I know in His might
4. The Lord is my light, my all and in all; There is in His sight

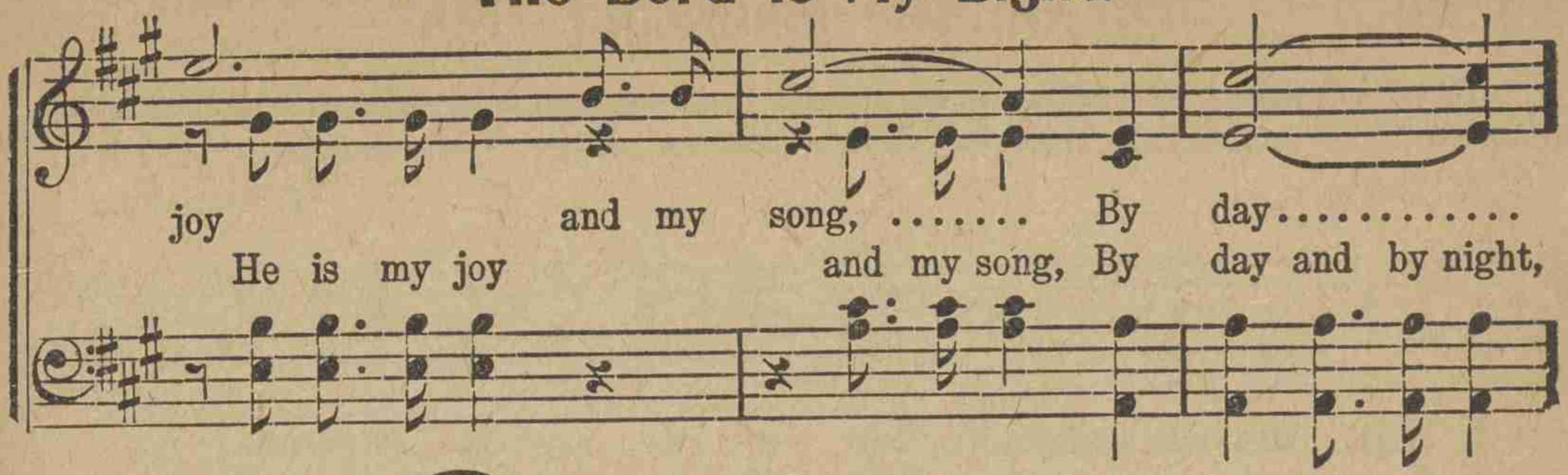
His pres - ence is near; He is my sal - va - tion from
looks up through the skies, Where Je - sus for - ev - er in
I'll con - quer at length; My weak - ness in mer - cy He
no dark - ness at all; He is my Re - deem - er, my

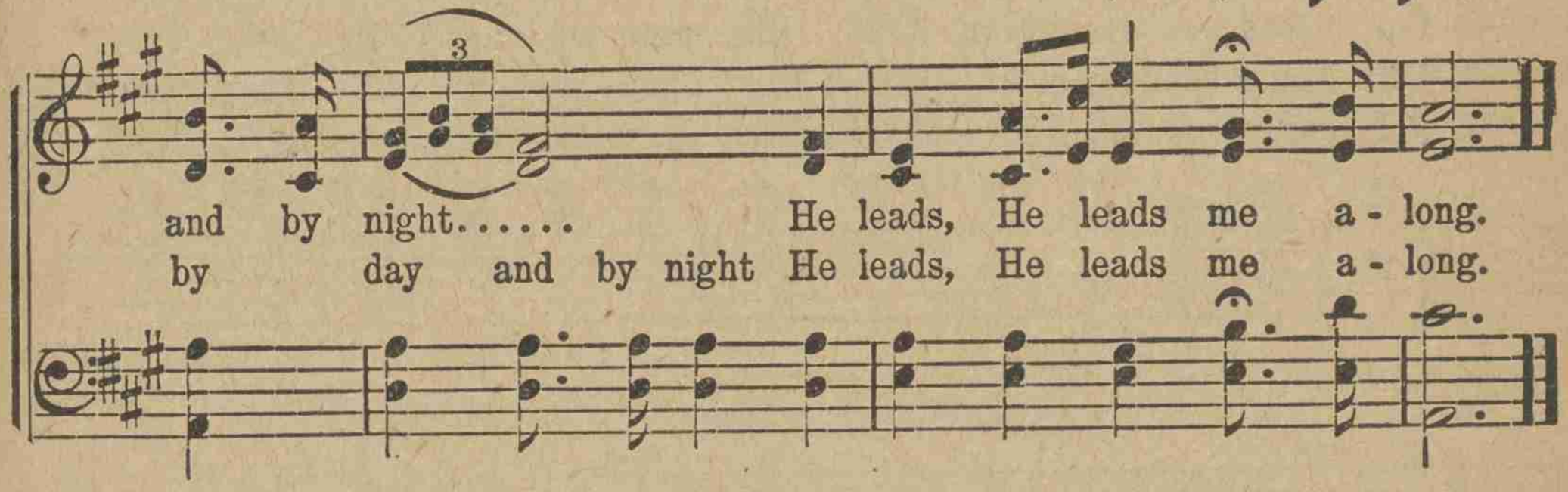
sor - row and sin, This bless-ed as - sur-ance the Spir - it doth bring.
glo - ry doth reign—Then how can I ev - er in dark-ness re - main?
cov - ers with power, And, walk-ing by faith, I am blest ev - 'ry hour.
Sav - ior and King—With saints and with an-gels His prais - es I'll sing.

CHORUS.

The Lord..... is my light, He is my
The Lord is my light, the Lord is my light,

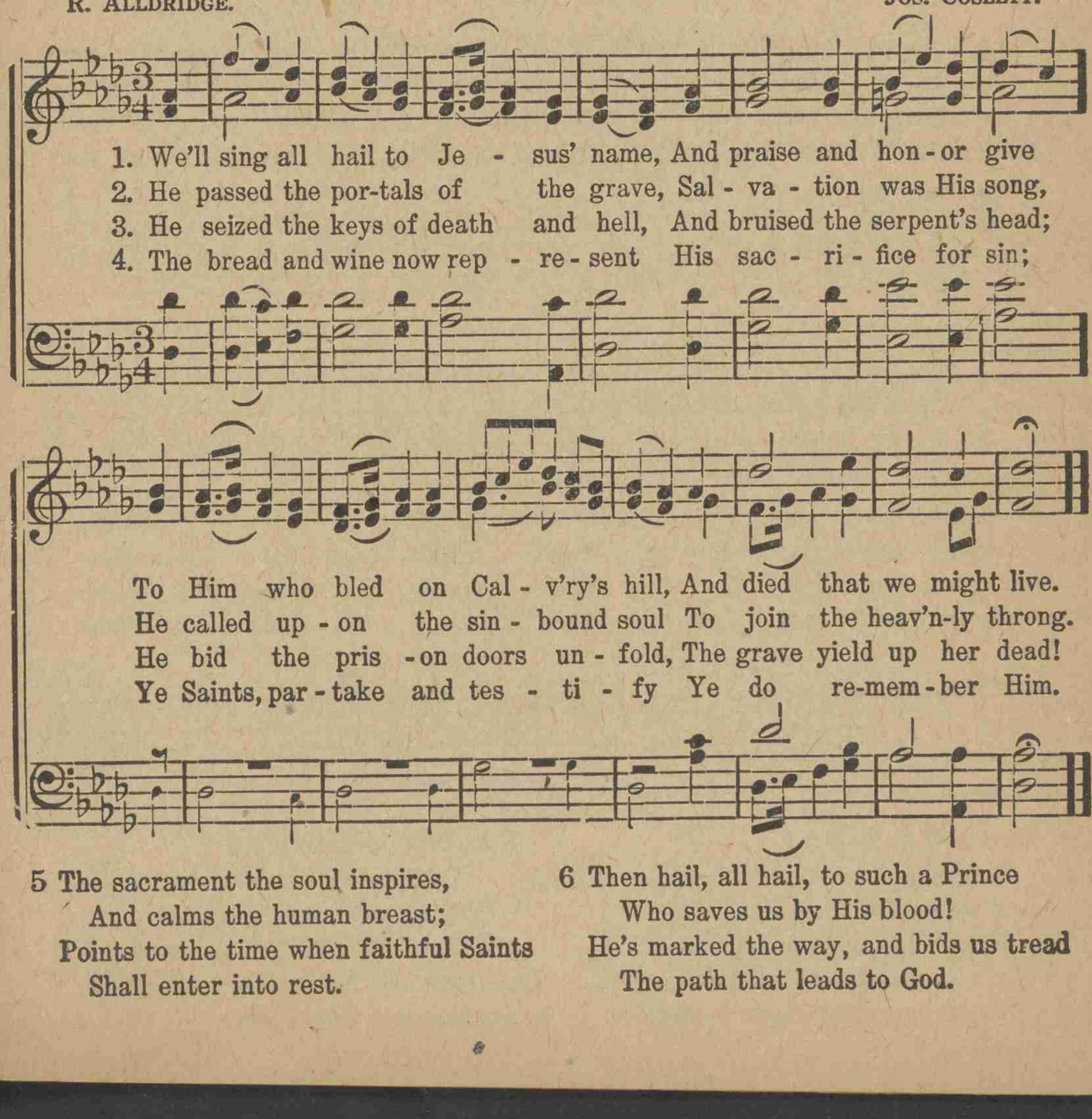
The Lord is My Light.





No. 107. We'll Sing All Hail to Jesus' Name.

R. ALLDRIDGE. JOS. COSLETT.



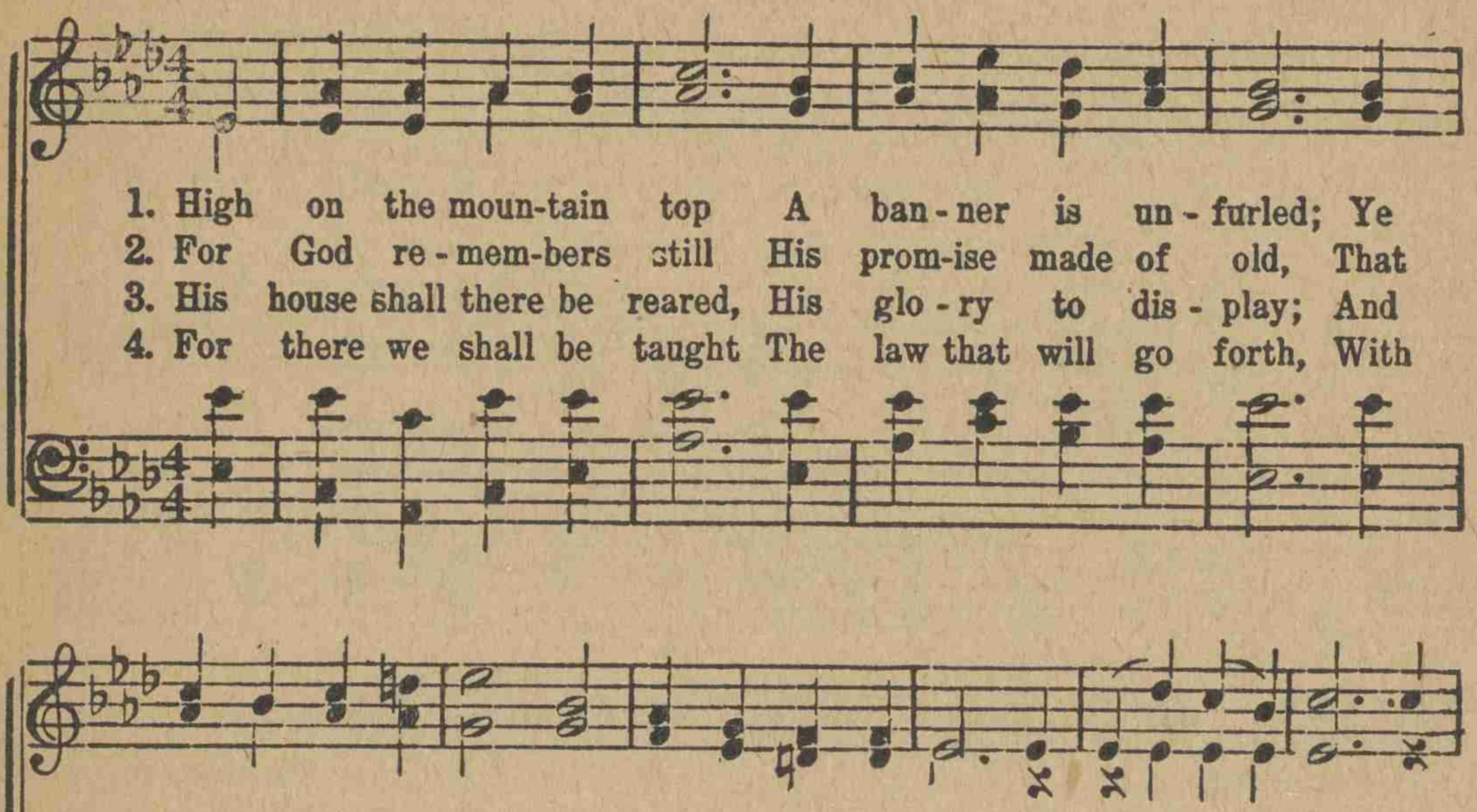
5 The sacrament the soul inspires,
And calms the human breast;
Points to the time when faithful Saints
Shall enter into rest.

6 Then hail, all hail, to such a Prince
Who saves us by His blood!
He's marked the way, and bids us tread
The path that leads to God.

No. 108. High On the Mountain Top.

"And he will lift up an ensign to the nations from far, and will hiss unto them from the end of the earth; and, behold, they shall come with speed swiftly."—Isaiah 5: 26.

J. H. JOHNSON. E. BEESLEY.



5 Then hail to Deseret!
A refuge for the good,
And safety for the great,
If they but understood
That God with plagues will shake the world
Till all its thrones shall down be hurled.

6 In Deseret doth truth
Rear up its royal head;
Though nations may oppose,
Still wider it shall spread;
Yes, truth and justice, love and grace,
In Deseret find ample place.

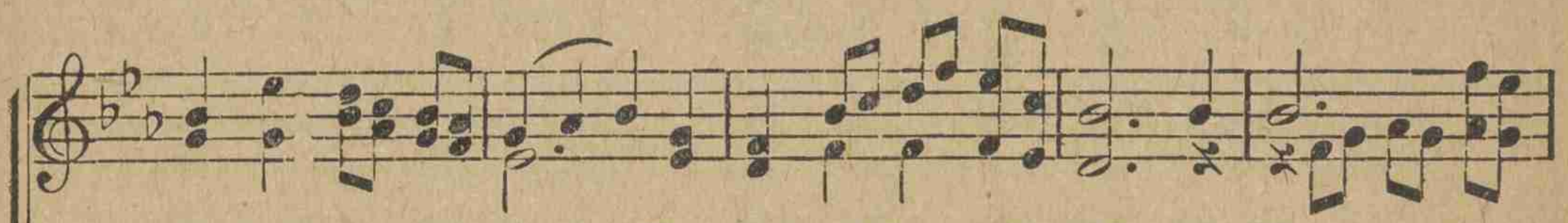
No. 109. All Hail the Glorious Day.

And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads.—Isaiah 35: 10.

J. H. JOHNSON. E. STEPHENS.

Marcato.

1. All hail the glo-rious day, By Proph-ets long fore-told, When,
2. When Is - rael from a - far And Ju - dah scattered wide Shall
3. From Zi - on's heav'nly mount Shall heal-ing wa - ters flow, And



with har - mo-nious lay, The sheep of Is - rael's fold On Zi - - on's
to their land re - pair, And there in peace a - bide, Di - rect - - ed
near th's ho - ly fount Will trees im-mor - tal grow, Whose heav'n - ly

hill His praise pro-claim, And shout ho - san - na to His name.
by Je-ho-vah's hand, Shall dwell in peace in Zi - on's land.
balm the kingdoms feel, Whose leaves will all the na- tions heal.

4 Jerusalem shall be
Our great Redeemer's throne,
O'er all the earth and sea,
His glory be made known;
Messiah, kings and nations greet,
And lay their honors at His feet.

5 Strike, strike the golden lyre,
And ye His angels sing,
Let joy your bosoms fire,
And heaven with glory ring;
From earth, and air, and sea and skies,
Let our Redeemer's praise arise.

No. 110. Guide Me to Thee.

O. P. H. O. P. Huish.

Slow, with expression.

p

1. Je - sus, my Sav - ior true, Guide me to Thee;
2. Thro' this dark world of strife, Guide me to Thee;
3. When strife and sin a - rise, Guide me to Thee;
4. When si - lent death draws near, Guide me to Thee;

Help me Thy will to do, Guide me to Thee;
Teach me a bet - ter life, Guide me to Thee;
When tears be - dim my eyes, Guide me to Thee;
Calm Thou my trem - bling fear, Guide me to Thee;

mf

E'en in the dark - est night, As in the morn - ing bright,
Let Thy re - deem - ing pow'r Be with me ev - 'ry hour,
When hopes are crushed and dead, When earth - ly joys are fled,
Let me Thy mer - cy prove, Let Thy en - dur - ing love

p

Be Thou my bea - con - light, Guide me to Thee.
Be Thou my safe - ty tow'r, Guide me to Thee.
Thy glo - ry round me shed, Guide me to Thee.
Guide me to heav'n a - bove, Guide me to Thee.

No. 111. Arise, O Glorious Zion.

W. G. MILLS. GEO CARELESS.

1. A - rise, O glo - rious Zi - on, Thou joy of lat - ter days, Whom
2. Let faith-ful Saints be rear - ing The cit - y of our Lord, On
3. The Tem-ple long ex - pect - ed Shall stand on Zi - on's hill, By
4. O grant, E - ter - nal Fa - ther, That we may faith-ful be, With

count-less Saints re - ly on, To gain a rest - ing place;
moun-tain tops ap - pear - ing, Ac - cord - ing to His word.
will - ing hearts e - rect - ed, Who love Je - ho - vah's will:
all the just to gath - er, And Thy sal - va - tion see!

A - rise, and shine in splen - dor, A - mid the world's deep night;
A sought - out hab - i - ta - tion, By men of truth and faith—
Let earth, her wealth be - stow - ing, A - dorn His ho - ly seat,
Then, with the hosts of heav - en, We'll sing th' im-mor - tal theme—

For God, thy sure de - fen - der, Is now thy life and light.
A cov - ert of sal - va - tion From ig - no - rance and death.
For na-tions great shall flow in, To wor - ship at His feet.
To Him be glo - ry giv - - en, Whose blood did us re - deem.

Thy sure de-fen - der,

No. 112. Farewell, All Earthly Honors.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Farewell, All Earthly Honors.

REFRAIN.

There is sweet rest in heav'n, There is sweet rest in heav'n, There is

sweet rest, There is sweet rest, There is sweet rest in heav'n.

No. 113. Welcome, Happy Sunday.

GEO. MANWARING. E. BEESLEY.

1. Wel-come, hap-py Sun-day, Day of days the best; Glad-ly do we
2. Hum-bly, low-ly bend-ing To the God a-bove, Prayers of Saints as-

hail thee, Bless-ed day of rest. Cheer-ful voi-ces sing-ing
cend-ing, Thank Him for His love. Thank Him for the Sab-bath,

Joy-ous, grate-ful lays, Angels bear them heav'nward, Songs of love and praise.
Ho-ly day, and blest, Best of all the sev-en, Hallowed day of rest.

No. 114. In Our Lovely Deseret.

ELIZA R. SNOW. G. F. ROOT.

1. In our love - ly Des - e - ret, Where the Saints of God have met,
2. That the chil - dren may live long, And be beau - ti - ful and strong,
3. They should be in-struct - ed young, How to watch and guard the tongue,
4. They must not for - get to pray, Night and morn - ing, ev - 'ry day,

There's a mul - ti - tude of chil - dren all a - round; They are
Tea and cof - fee and to - bac - co they de - spise, Drink no
And their tem - pers train, and e - vil pas - sions bind; They should
For the Lord to keep them safe from ev - 'ry ill, And as-

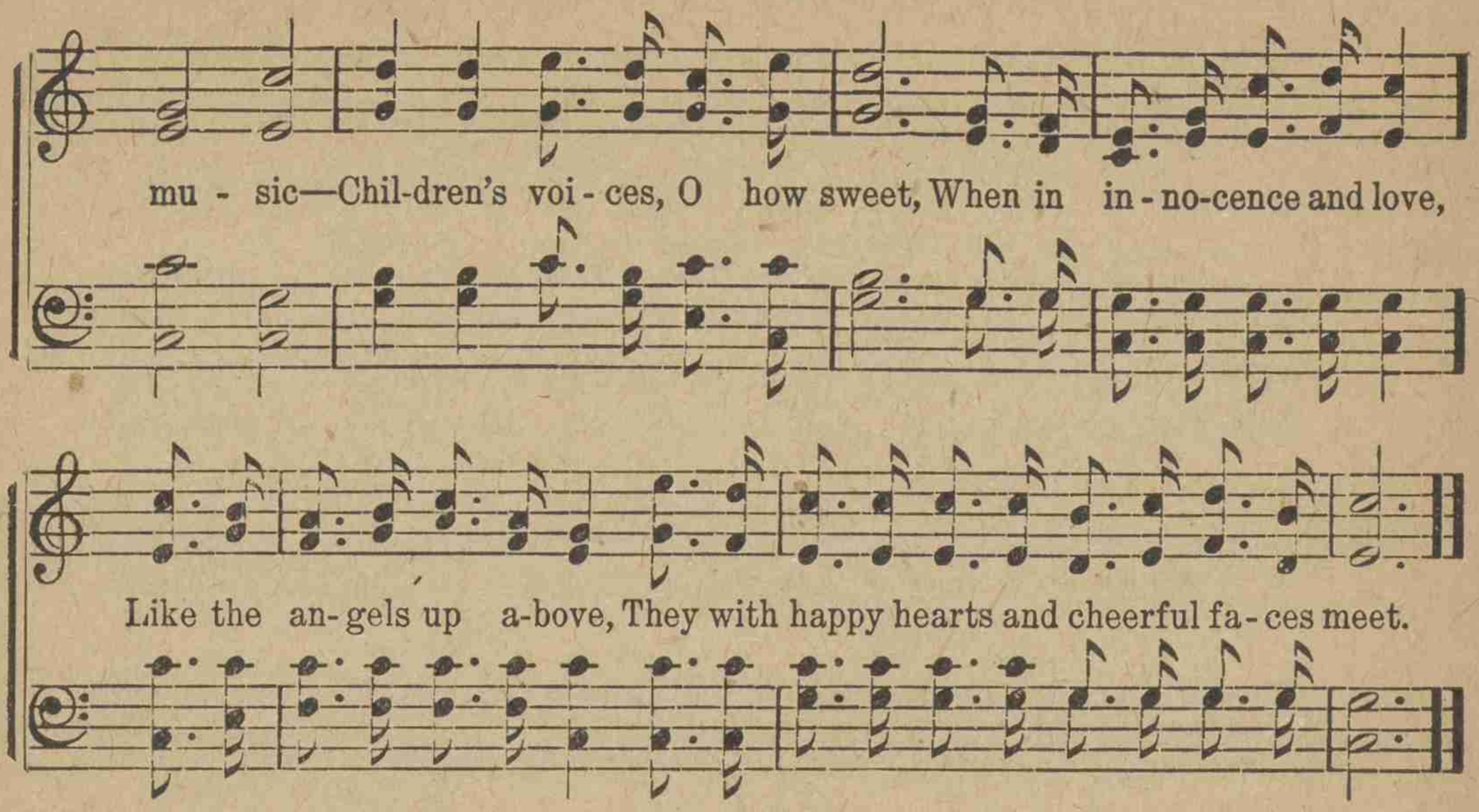
gen - er - ous and brave, They have pre-cious souls to save, They must
li - quor, and they eat But a ver - y lit - tle meat; They are
al - ways be po - lite, And treat ev - 'ry - bod - y right, And in
sist them to do right, That with all their mind and might, They may

lis - ten and o - bey the gos-pel's sound.
seek-ing to be great and good and wise.
ev - 'ry place be af - fa - ble and kind.
love Him and may learn to do His will.

CHORUS.

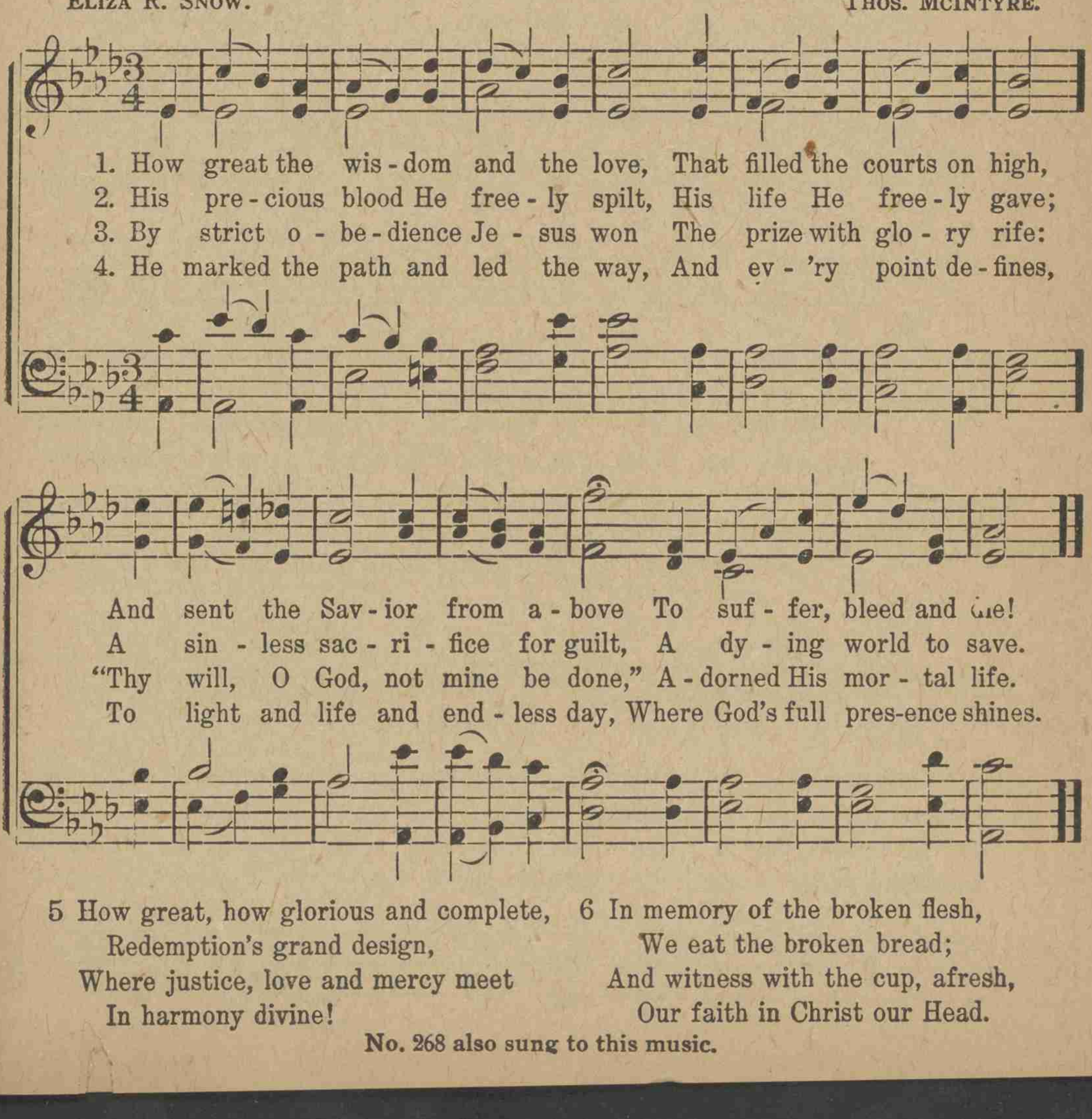
Hark, hark, hark 'tis chil-dren's

In Our Lovely Deseret.



No. 115. How Great the Wisdom and the Love.

ELIZA R. SNOW. THOS. MCINTYRE.



5 How great, how glorious and complete,
Redemption's grand design,
Where justice, love and mercy meet
In harmony divine!

6 In memory of the broken flesh,
We eat the broken bread;
And witness with the cup, afresh,
Our faith in Christ our Head.

No. 268 also sung to this music.

No. 116. Ye Simple Souls Who Stray.

WESLEY'S COLLECTION. E. STEPHENS.

Moderato.

1. Ye sim - ple souls who stray Far from the path of peace,
2. Mad-ness and mis - er - y Ye count our life be - neath,
3. So wretched and ob - scure, The men whom ye de - spise,
4. With Him we walk in white, We in His im - age shine;

That lone - ly un - fre - quent - ed way To life and hap - pi-
And noth - ing great or good can see, Or glo - rious in our
So fool - ish, im - po - tent and poor, A - bove your scorn we
Our robes are robes of glo - rious light, Our right - eous-ness di-

ness; Why will ye fol - ly love, And throng the down - ward road,
death. As on - ly born to grieve, Be - neath your feet we lie,
rise. We through the Ho - ly Ghost, Can wit - ness bet - ter things;
vine. On all the kings of earth With pit - y we look down;

And hate the wis - dom from a - bove, And mock the sons of God?
And ut - ter - ly con - temned we live, And un - la - ment - ed die.
For He, whose blood is all our boast, Hath made us Priests and Kings.
And claim, in vir - tue of our birth, A nev - er - fad - ing crown.

No. 117. Ye Elders of Israel

C. H. WHEELOCK.

1. Ye El - ders of Is - rael, come join now with me, And search out the
2. The har - vest is great and the lab-'rers are few, But if we're u-
3. We'll go to the poor, like our Cap-tain of old, And vis - it the
4. We'll vis - it the fee - ble, the halt, dumb and blind, And preach them the
5. And when we have fin - ished the work we've be - gun, The Priest-hood in

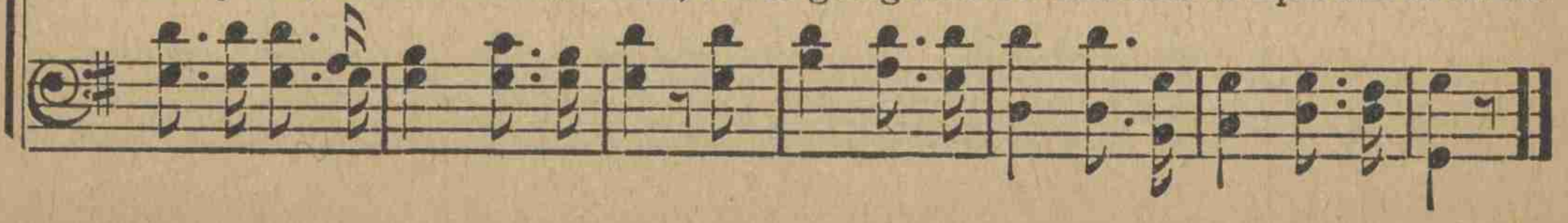
righteous, wher-ev - er they be, In des - ert or mountain, on land or the
ni - ted, we all things can do; We'll gath - er the wheat from the midst of the
wear - y, the hun-gry and cold; We'll heal all their wounds, and we'll dry up their
Gos - pel of Je - sus so kind; We'll cheer up their hearts with the news that He
Zi - on shall say, "'Tis well done." With friends, wives and children, how happy we'll

sea, And bring them from Bab'lon to Zi - on so free.
tares, And bring them from bondage, deep sorrows and snares.
tears, And lead them to Zi - on to spend fu-ture years.
bore, And point them to Zi - on for life ev - er-more.
be, And shout, when the trumpet sounds, "Zi - on is free!"

CHORUS.

O Bab - y-lon, O

Bab-y-lon, we bid thee farewell; We're going to the mountains of Ephraim to dwell.



No. 118. Do What is Right.

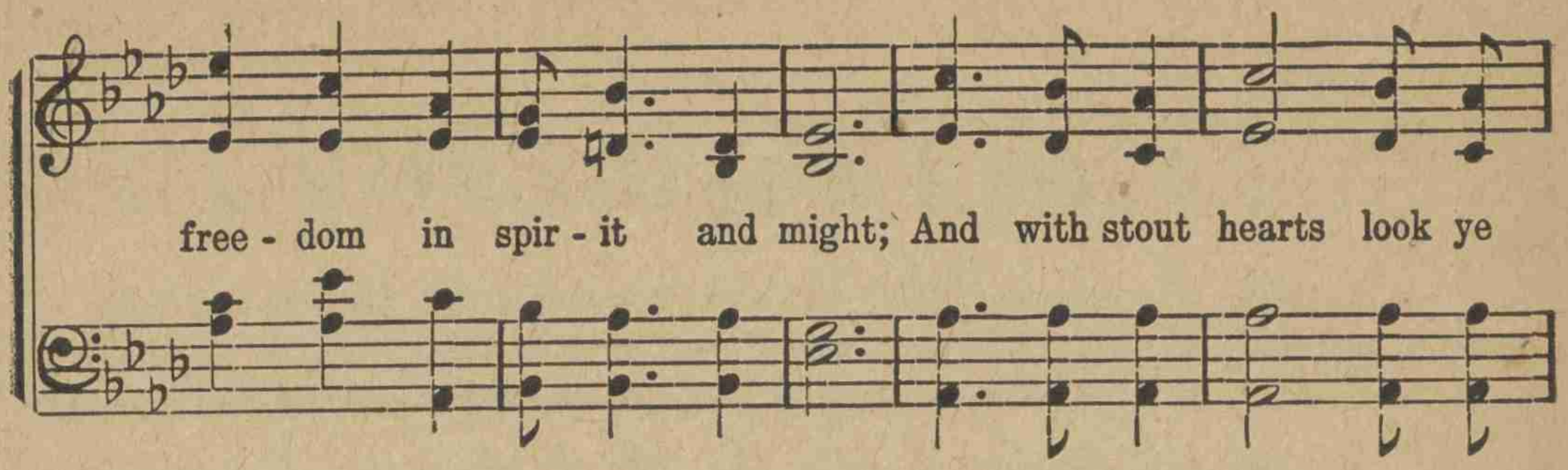
1. Do what is right; the day-dawn is break-ing, Hail - ing a
2. Do what is right; the shack-les are fall - ing, Chains of the
3. Do what is right; be faith - ful and fear - less, On - ward, press

fu - ture of free - dom and light; An - gels a - bove us are
bondsmen no lon - ger are bright; Light - ened by hope, soon they'll
on - ward, the goal is in sight; Eyes that are wet now, ere

si - lent notes tak - ing Of ev -'ry ac - tion; do what is right!
cease to be gall - ing; Truth go - eth on - ward; do what is right!
long will be tear - less; Bless - ings a - wait you; do what is right!

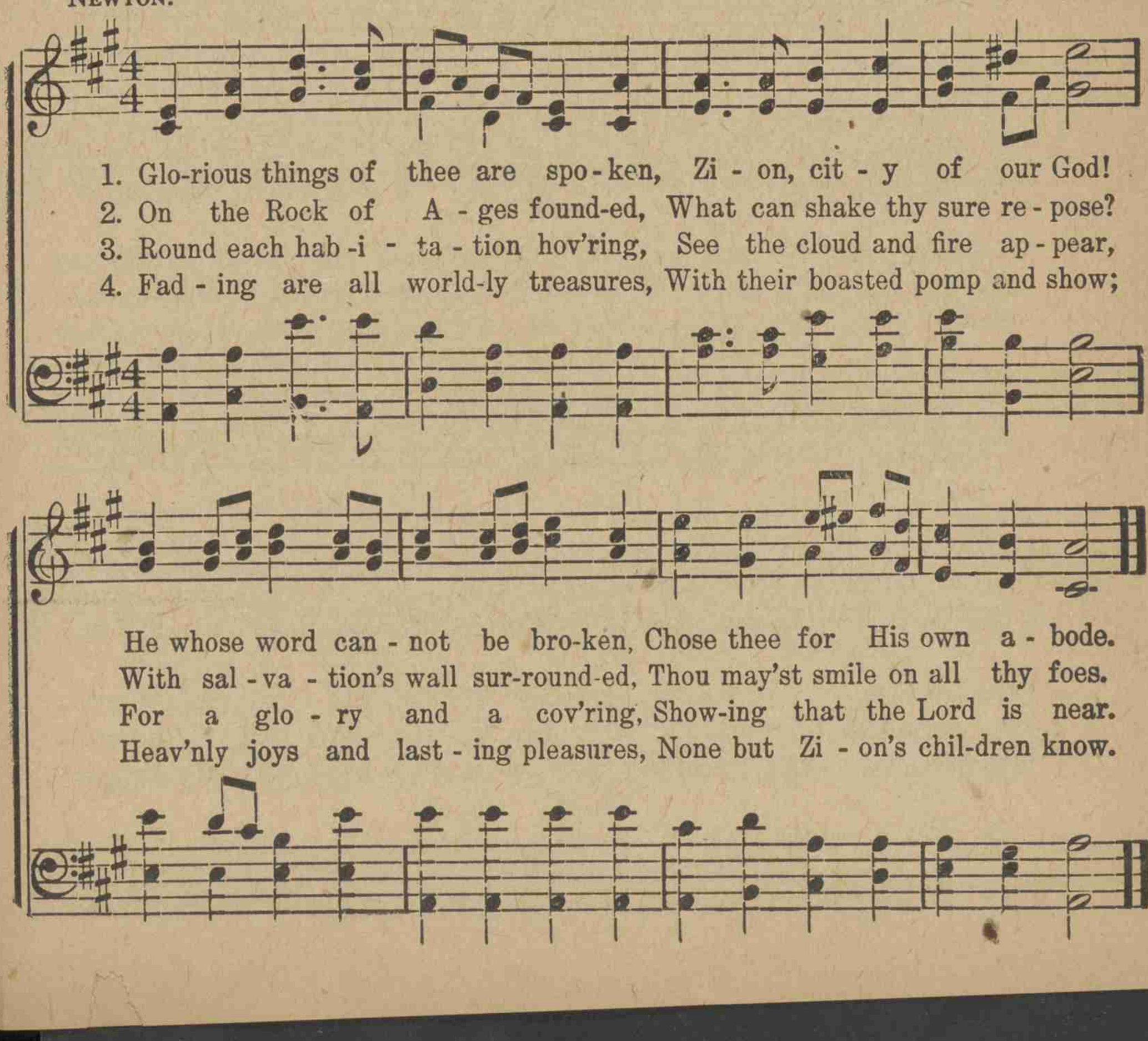
Do what is right, let the con - se-quence fol - low; Bat - tle for

Do What is Right.



No. 119. Glorious Things of Thee Are Spoken.

NEWTON. J. S. HANECY.



No. 120. Resting Now from Care and Sorrow.

E. H. WOODMANSEE. JOS. J. DAYNES.

1. Rest-ing now from care and sor - row, Rest-ing from fa-tigue and pain;
2. All her war - fare is ac - com-plished; Bid her now a fond a - dieu;
3. Shall we mourn for one who's left us? Yes, our tears we needs must blend;

Faith-ful - ly she's fought life's battle— Death to such is end - less gain.
Brief the part - ing, glad the meet - ing, That shall near-est ties re - new;
Love's own of-f'ring, this, we owe thee, Faith-ful moth - er, faith - ful friend;

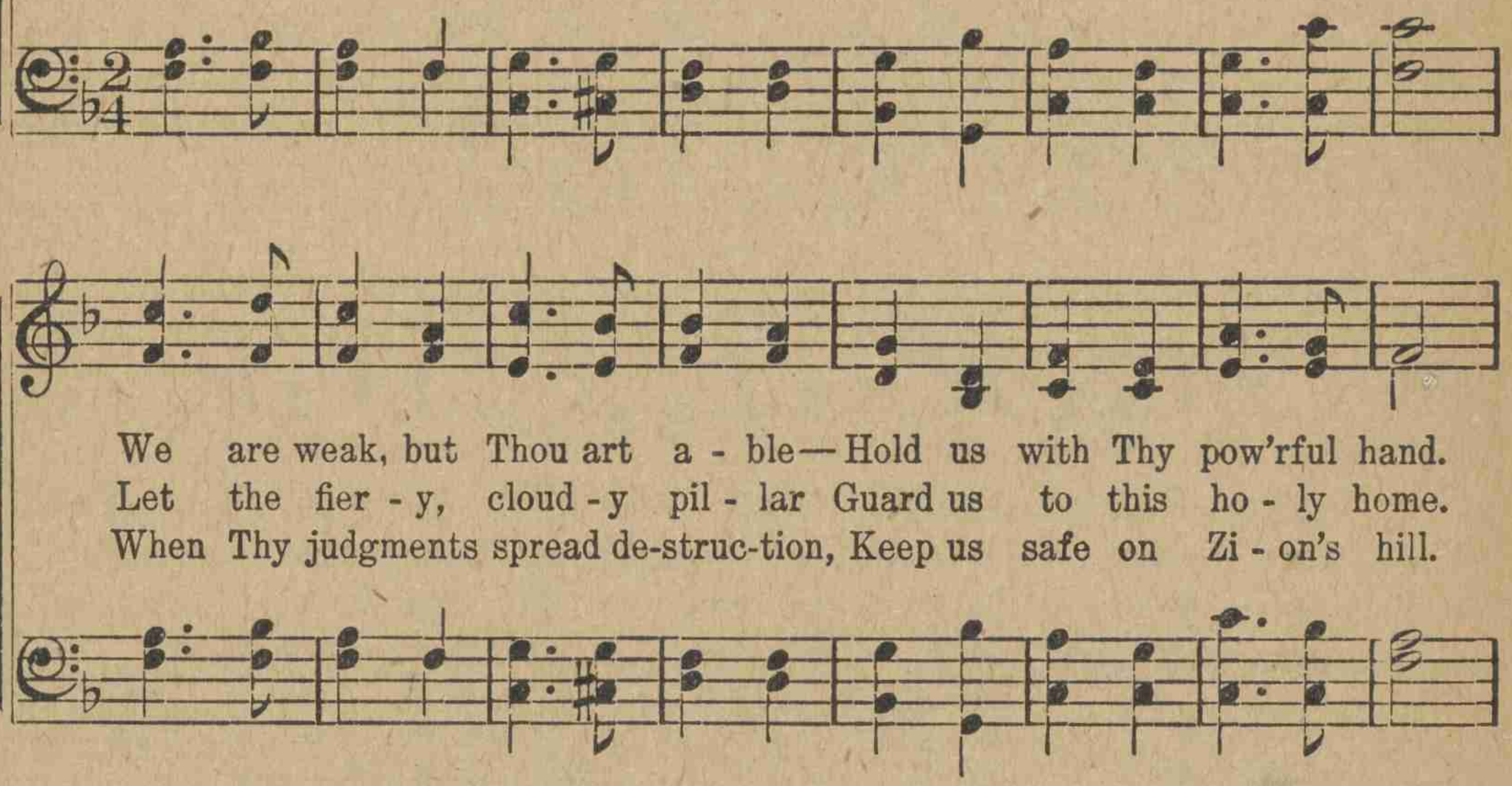
God hath gath-ered home her spir - it, God hath ta - ken what He gave;
True and ten - der, self - de - ny - ing, One of Truth's dis - ci - ples brave—
While we look for con - so - la - tion Un - to Him, "The strong to save"—

Friend and sis - ter, sweetly slum - ber In the qui - et, peace-ful grave.
Let her sleep, she needs to slum - ber In the qui - et, peace-ful grave.
Friend and sis - ter, sweetly slum - ber In the qui - et, peace-ful grave.

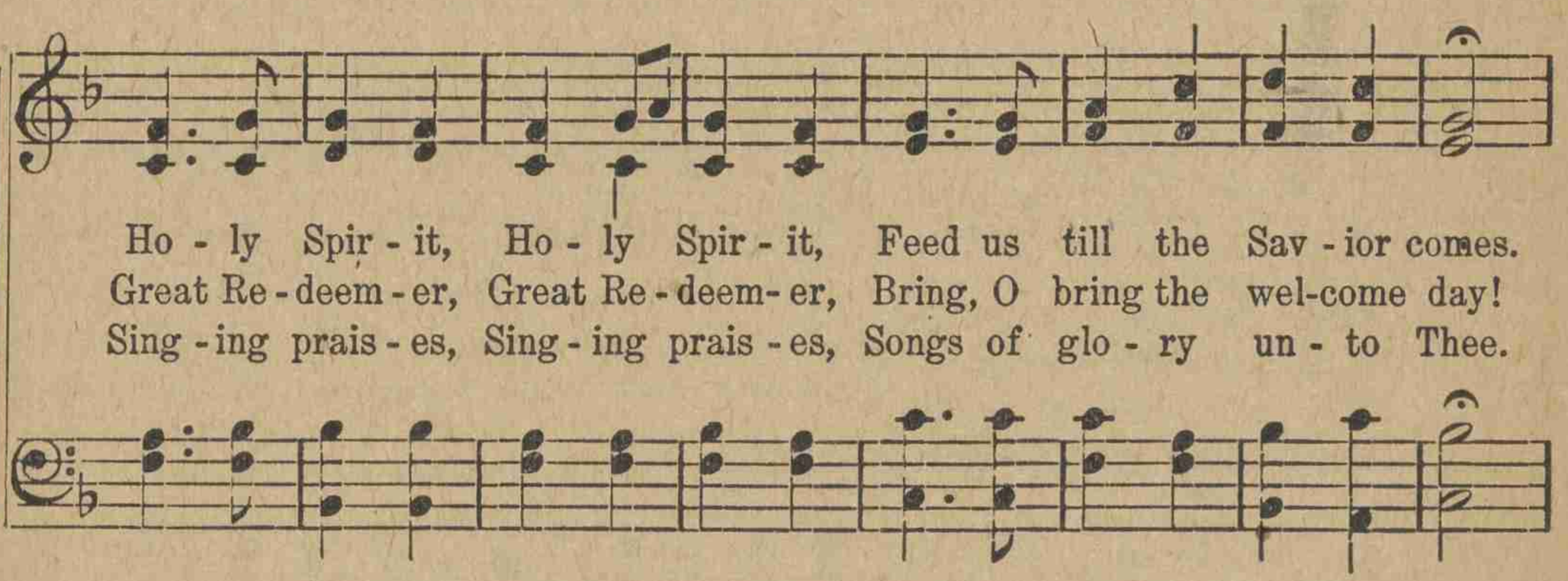
No. 121. Guide Us, O Thou Great Jehovah.

ROBINSON. ANNIE F. HARRISON.

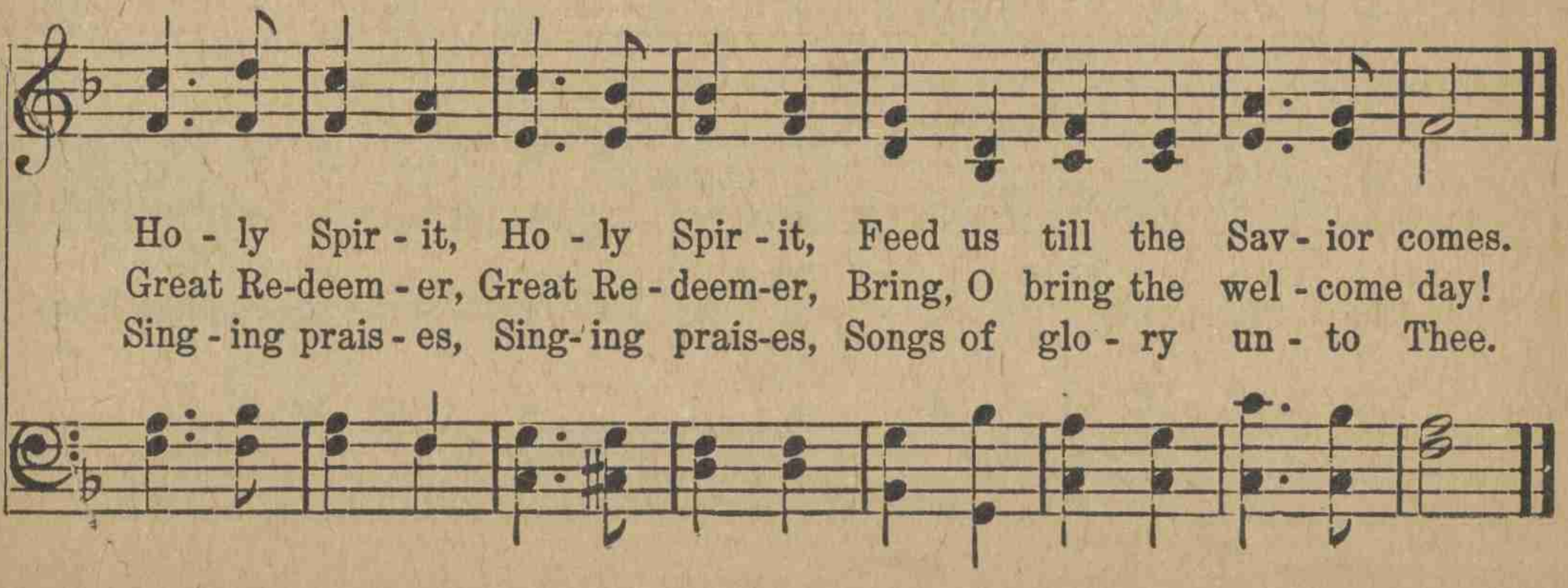
1. Guide us, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Lead us to the promised land,
2. O - pen, Je - sus, Zi - on's foun-tains, Let her rich - est blessings come,
3. When the earth be - gins to trem-ble, Bid our fear-ful thoughts be still;



We are weak, but Thou art a - ble—Hold us with Thy pow'rful hand.
Let the fier - y, cloud - y pil - lar Guard us to this ho - ly home.
When Thy judgments spread de-struc-tion, Keep us safe on Zi - on's hill.



Ho - ly Spir - it, Ho - ly Spir - it, Feed us till the Sav - ior comes.
Great Re - deem - er, Great Re - deem- er, Bring, O bring the wel-come day!
Sing - ing prais - es, Sing - ing prais - es, Songs of glo - ry un - to Thee.



Ho - ly Spir - it, Ho - ly Spir - it, Feed us till the Sav - ior comes.
Great Re-deem - er, Great Re - deem-er, Bring, O bring the wel - come day!
Sing - ing prais - es, Sing- ing prais-es, Songs of glo - ry un - to Thee.

No. 122. Though in the Outward Church Below.

MOZART.

1. Though in the out - ward Church be - low The wheat and tares to-
2. Will it re - lieve the hor - ror there To rec - ol - lect their
3. No; this will ag - gra - vate their case: They per - ish un - der
4. O! aw - ful thought, and is it so? Must all man - kind the

geth - er grow, Ere long will Je - sus weed the crop, And pluck the
sta - tions here—How much they heard, how much they knew, How much a-
means of grace; To them the word of life and faith Be-came an
har - vest know? Is ev - 'ry man a wheat or tare? Me for the

CHORUS. *Quicker.*

tares in an - ger up.
mong the wheat they grew?
in - stru - ment of death
har - vest, Lord, pre-pare.

For soon the reap - ing time will come, And

an - gels shout the har - vest home, And angels shout the harvest home.

No. 123. Jesus, My Savior.

C. E. L. — Arr. by C. E. Leslie.

Slowly, with expression.

1. Je - sus, my Sav-ior, Let me hear Thy gen-tle voice; Teach me to love Thee, Let my heart re-joice. I have strayed far from Thee, Yet my soul would near Thee be, Near-er to my Sav-ior, Near-er, Lord, to Thee.

2. Sweet-ly the Sav-ior Whispers to the Christian heart Words of sweet com-fort, That will ne'er de-part. Faith will bring the bless-ing, Faith will strengthen ev-'ry prayer; Come to Him con-fess-ing, Come to Him in prayer.

rit. - - - - - *p* CHORUS.

Je - sus, my Sav - ior, Let me hear Thy gen-tle voice; Teach me to love Thee, Let my heart re - joice.

Alto sing small notes above Soprano.

rit. dim. - - - -

No. 124. Speak to Me Kindly.

E. STEVENS.

1. Speak to me kindly, dear pa - pa, On - ly speak kindly to me,
2. I may not al-ways be near you, And were I ab-sent or dead,

Instr.

And I will try to do all things Pleas-ing to mamma and thee;
Then I am sure you'd be sor - ry For each harsh word you had said;

Oh, if you knew how the harsh words Fall on the heart of your child,
I know I ought to be bet - ter, And I would be if I could,

Driv - ing a-way all the sun - shine, Mak-ing me reckless and wild.
And with your love to as-sist me, I will improve till I'm good.

CHORUS.

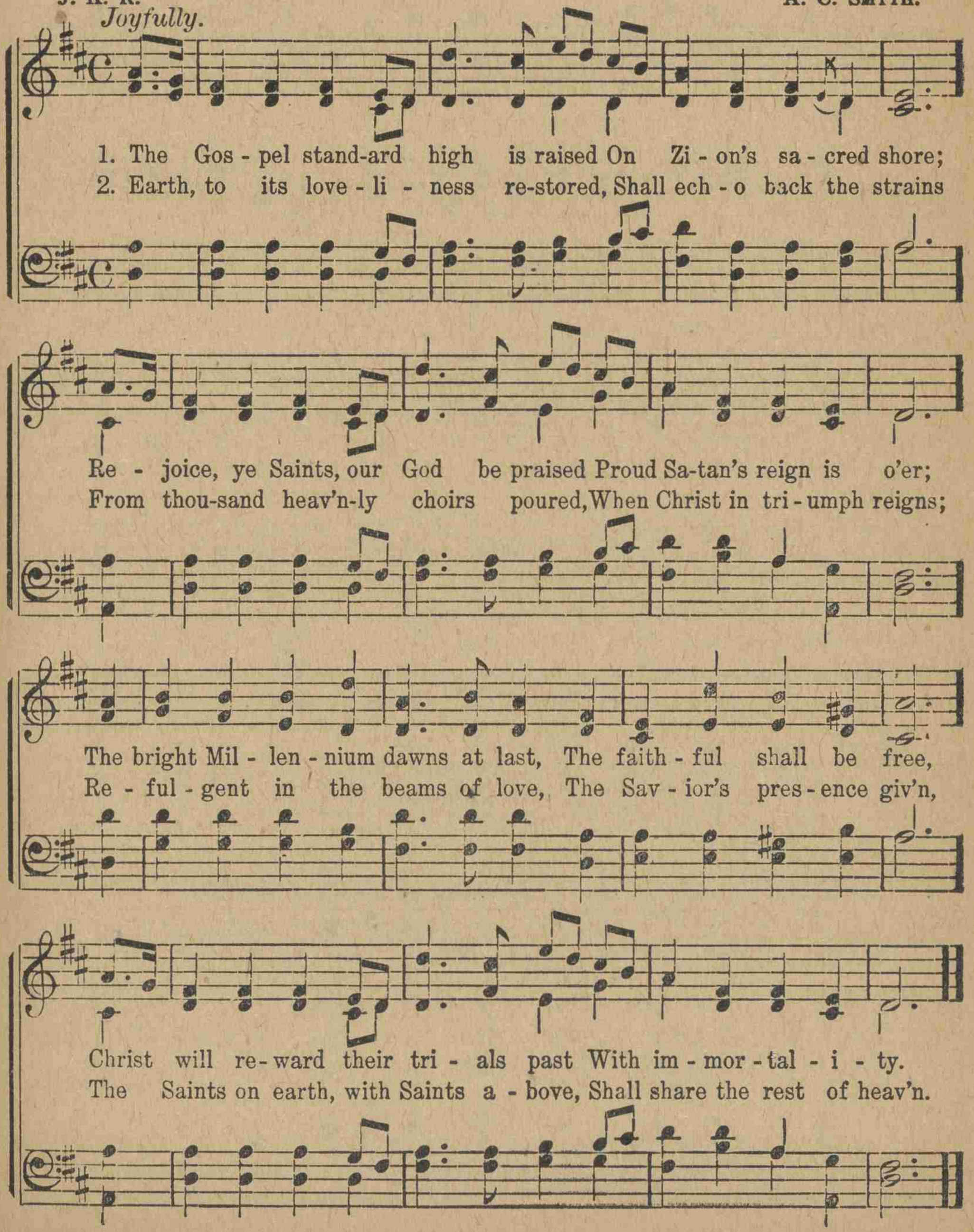
If you would on - ly speak kind - ly, I could be bet - ter, I know;

Speak to Me Kindly.

No. 125. The Gospel Standard High is Raised.

J. K. R. A. C. Smyth.

Joyfully.



No. 126. Zion Stands With Hills Surrounded.

KELLY. A. C. SMYTH.

1. Zi - on stands with hills sur-round-ed— Zi - on, kept by
2. Ev - 'ry hu - man tie may per-ish, Friend to friend un-
3. In the fur - nace God may prove thee, Thence to bring thee

pow'r di - vine; All her foes shall be con - found-ed,
faith - ful prove, Moth - ers cease their own to cher- ish,
forth more bright, But can nev - er cease to love thee,

Though the world in arms com - bine; Hap - py Zi - on,
Heav'n and earth at last re - move; But no chang-es,
Thou art pre - cious in His sight; God is with thee.

Hap - py Zi - on, What a fa - vored lot is thine!
But no chang-es Can at - tend Je - ho - vah's love.
God is with thee; Thou shalt tri - umph in His might.

No. 127. Though Deepening Trials.

E. R. SNOW. G. CARELESS.

1. Though deep'ning tri - als throng your way, Press on, press on, ye Saints of God! Ere long the res - ur-
2. Though out-ward ills a - wait us here, The time at long - est is not long Ere Je - sus Christ will
3. Lift up your hearts in praise to God, Let your re- joic - ings nev - er cease; Though trib - u - la - tions
4. All glo - ry to His ho - ly name, Who sends His faith - ful serv - ants forth To prove the na - tions—

rec - tion day Will spread its life and light a-
re - ap - pear, Sur - round - ed by a glo - rious
rage a - broad, Christ says, "In me ye shall have
to pro - claim Sal - va - tion's ti - dings through the

broad, Will spread its life and light a - broad.
throng, Sur - round - ed by a glo - rious throng.
peace," Christ says, "In me ye shall have peace."
earth, Sal - va - tion's ti - dings through the earth.

No. 128. Joy to the World! the Lord Will Come.

WATTS. T. C. GRIGGS.

Moderato. *ff* *Dim.*

1. Joy to the world! the Lord will come, And
2. Re - joice! re - joice! when Je - sus reigns, And
3. No more will sin and sor - row grow, Nor
4. Re - joice! re - joice in the Most High! While

Cres.

earth re - ceive her King, And earth re - ceive her King:
Saints their songs em - ploy, And Saints their songs em - ploy;
thorns in - fest the ground, Nor thorns in - fest the ground;
Is - rael spreads a - broad, While Is - rael spreads a - broad

Let ev - 'ry heart pre-pare Him room, Let ev - 'ry heart pre -
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, While fields and floods, rocks,
He'll come and make the bless - ings flow, He'll come and make the
Like stars that glit - ter in the sky, Like stars that glit - ter

pare Him room, And Saints and an - gels sing.
hills and plains, Re - peat the sound - ing joy.
bless - ings flow Far as the curse was found.
in the sky, And ev - er wor - ships God.
And Saints and an - gels sing.

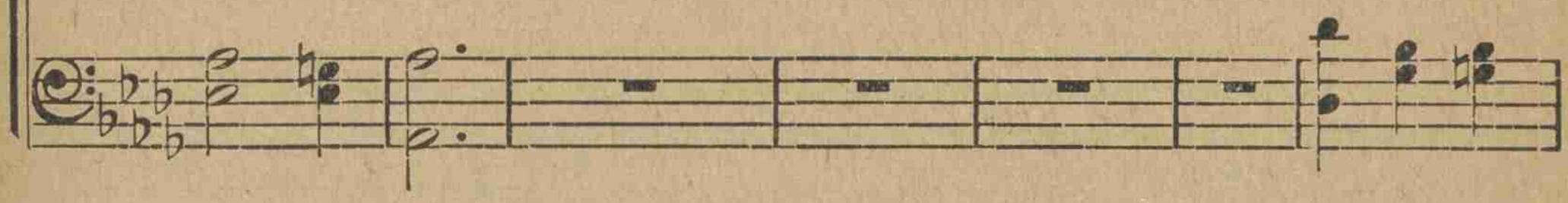
No. 129. Behold the Great Redeemer Die.

ELIZA R. SNOW. G. CARELESS.

Adagio.

1. Be - hold the great Re - deem - er die, A bro - ken law to
2. While guilt - y men His pains de - ride, They pierce His hands and
3. Al - tho' in ag - o - ny He hung, No murm'ring word es -
4. "Fa - ther, from me re - move this cup; Yet, if Thou wilt, I'll

sat - is - fy; He dies a sac - ri - fice for sin, He dies a
feet and side; And with in - sult - ing scoffs and scorns, And with in -
caped His tongue: His high com - mis - sion to ful - fil, His high com -
drink it up; I've done the work Thou gav - est me, I've done the



sac - ri - fice for sin, That man may live and glo - ry win.
sult - ing scoffs and scorns They crown His head with plat - ted thorns.
mis - sion to ful - fil, He mag - ni - fied His Fa - ther's will.
work Thou gav - est me— Re - ceive my Spir - it un - to Thee."

5 He died, and at the awful sight
The sun in shame withdrew its light!
Earth trembled, and all nature sighed
In dread response, "a God has died!"

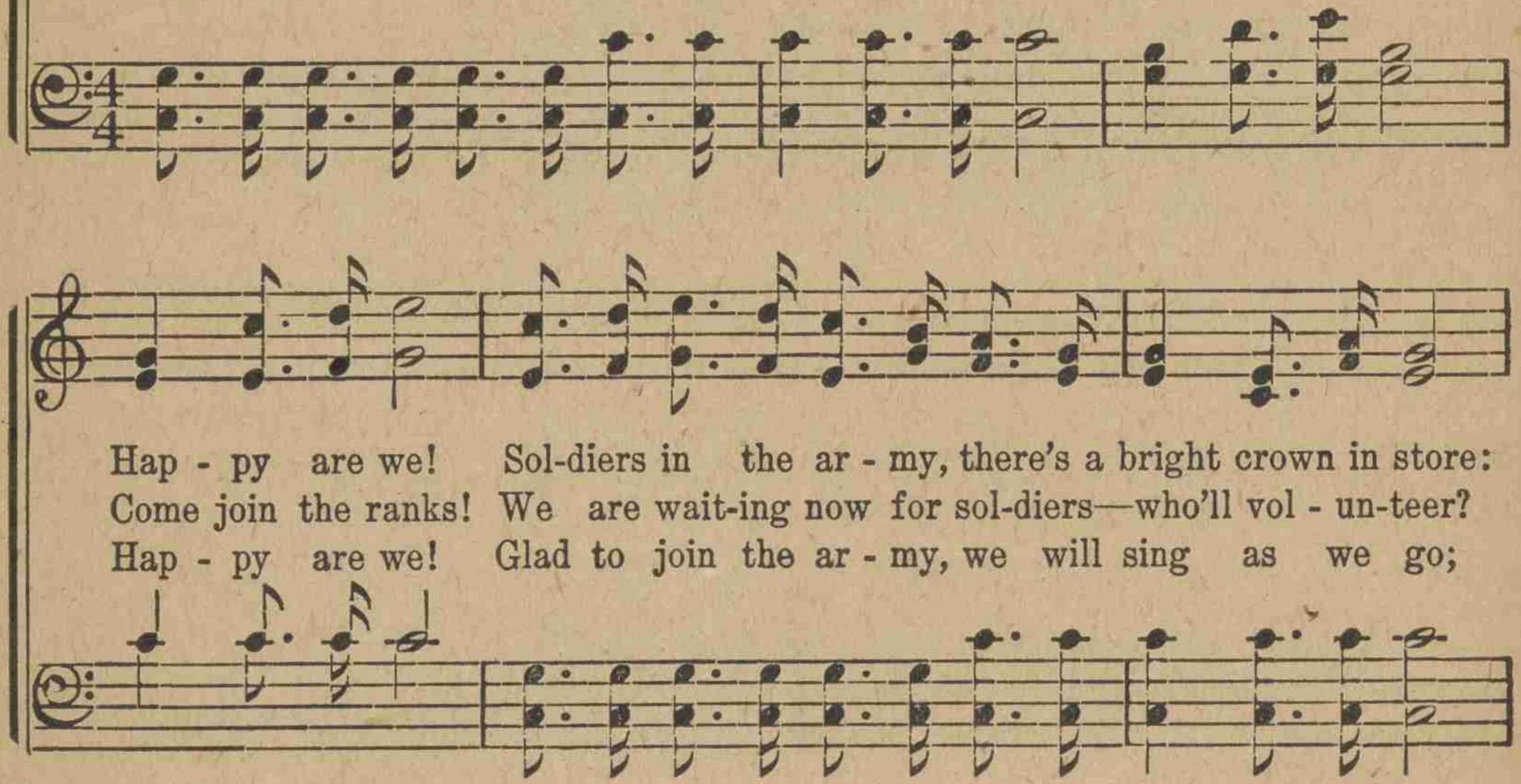
6 He lives—He lives, we humbly now
Around these sacred symbols bow,
And seek, as Saints of latter days,
To do His will and live His praise.

No. 130. We Are All Enlisted.

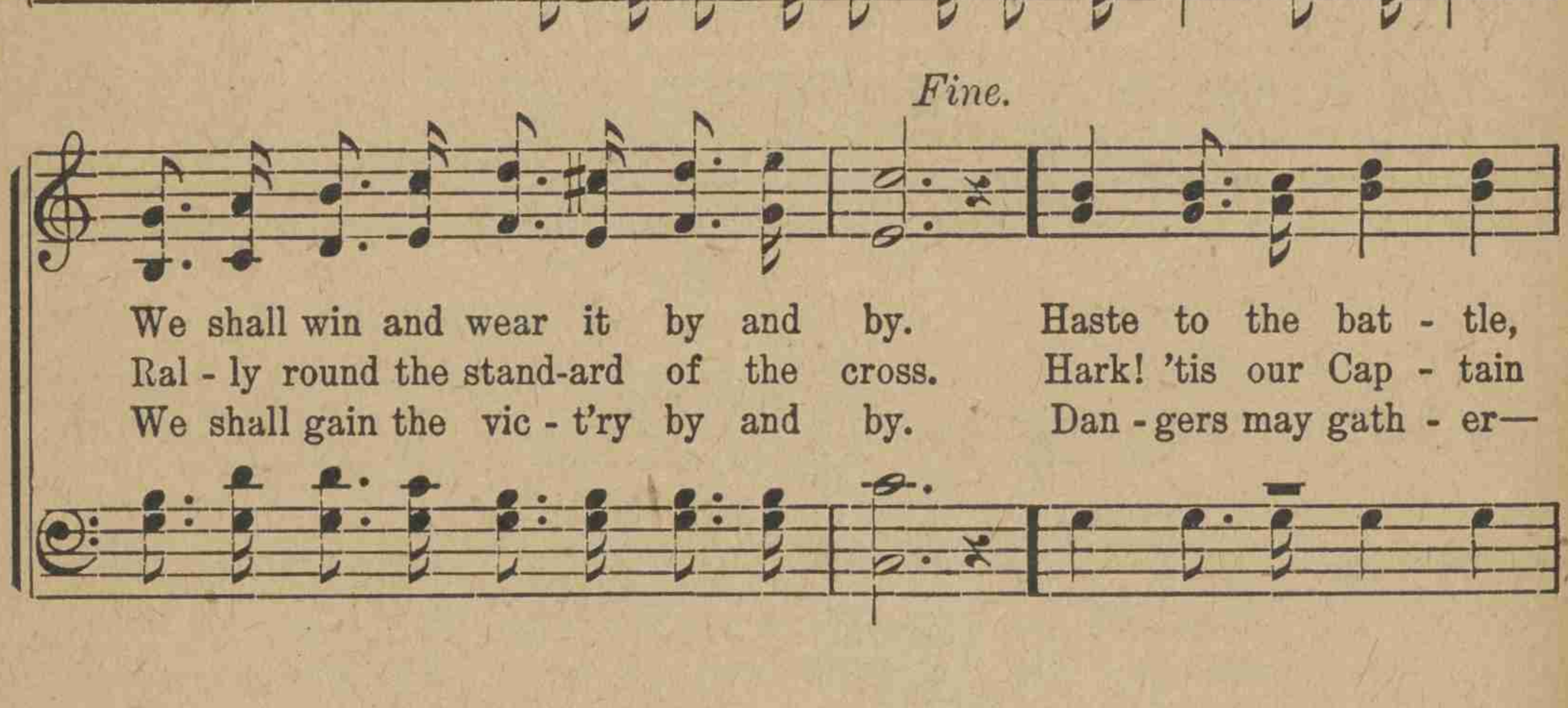
W. B. BRADBURY.

Marching movement.

1. We are all en-list - ed till the con - flict is o'er— Hap - py are we!
2. Hark! the cry of bat - tle sounding loud - ly and clear—Come join the ranks!
3. Fighting for a king-dom, and the world is our foe— Hap - py are we!

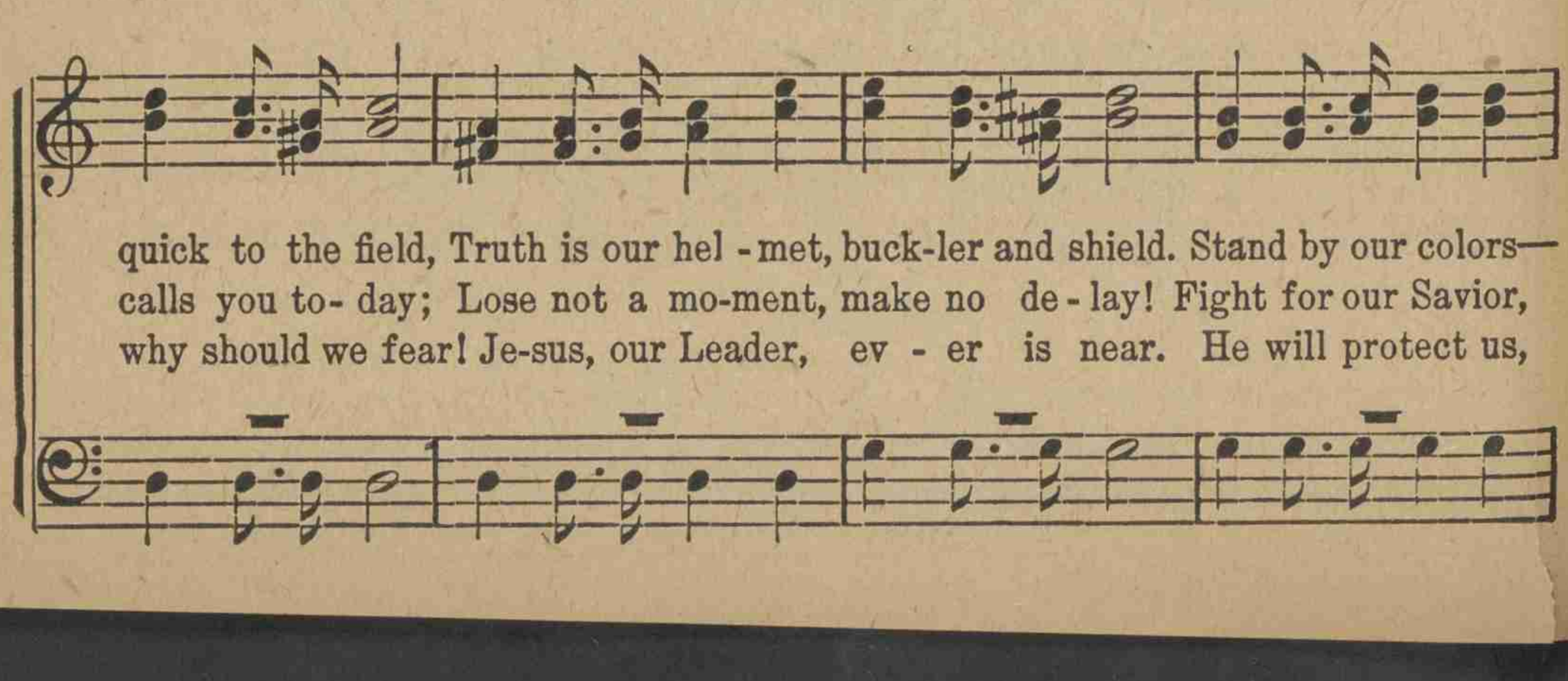


Hap - py are we! Sol-diers in the ar - my, there's a bright crown in store:
Come join the ranks! We are wait-ing now for sol-diers—who'll vol - un-teer?
Hap - py are we! Glad to join the ar - my, we will sing as we go;



Fine.

We shall win and wear it by and by. Haste to the bat - tle,
Ral - ly round the stand-ard of the cross. Hark! 'tis our Cap - tain
We shall gain the vic - t'ry by and by. Dan - gers may gath - er—



quick to the field, Truth is our hel - met, buck-ler and shield. Stand by our colors—
calls you to- day; Lose not a mo-ment, make no de - lay! Fight for our Savior,
why should we fear! Je-sus, our Leader, ev - er is near. He will protect us,

We Are All Enlisted.

D. C.

proudly they wave—We're joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly march-ing to our home.
come, come a-way! We're joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly march-ing to our home.
com-fort and cheer: We're joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly march-ing to our home.

No. 131. He Died! the Great Redeemer Died.

WATTS. G. CARELESS.

Andante.

1. He died! the Great Re-deem-er died, And Is-rael's
2. Come, Saints, and drop a tear or two For Him who
3. Here's love and grief be-yond de-gree; The Lord of
4. The ris-ing Lord for-sook the tomb, In vain the

daugh-ters wept a-round; A sol-emn dark-ness
groaned be-neath your load; He shed a thou-sand
glo-ry died for men; But lo! what sud-den
tomb for-bade Him rise; Che-ru-bic le-gions

veiled the sky, A sud-den trem-bling shook the ground.
drops for you, A thou-sand drops of pre-cious blood.
joys were heard! Je-sus, though dead, re-vived a-gain.
guard Him home, And shout Him wel-come to the skies.

No. 132. Waiting for the Reapers.

Spirited.

1. Wait-ing for the reap - ers' sick - les, Waves the whit-ened har-vest field;
2. Wait-ing for the mor-row's dawn-ing, Work ye while 'tis called to - day;

Har - bin - gers of love and mer - cy, For - ward go and bind the sheaves.
Lo, the har - vest time now com - ing, Je - sus calls, make no de - lay.

Go, ye la-b'rers, bold with cour - age, Reap the gold - en-head - ed grain—
Gath - er in the spa-cious gar - ner Seed-time har - vest ush - ers in;

Rip - ened fields all wait - ing, wait-ing, Since the Son of God was slain.
Wake the song, mil-len - nial glo - ry Dawns up - on a world of sin.

CHORUS.

Seize the torch (seize the torch), the torch, and wave it; Zi-on's her-alds loud pro-claim;

Waiting for the Reapers.

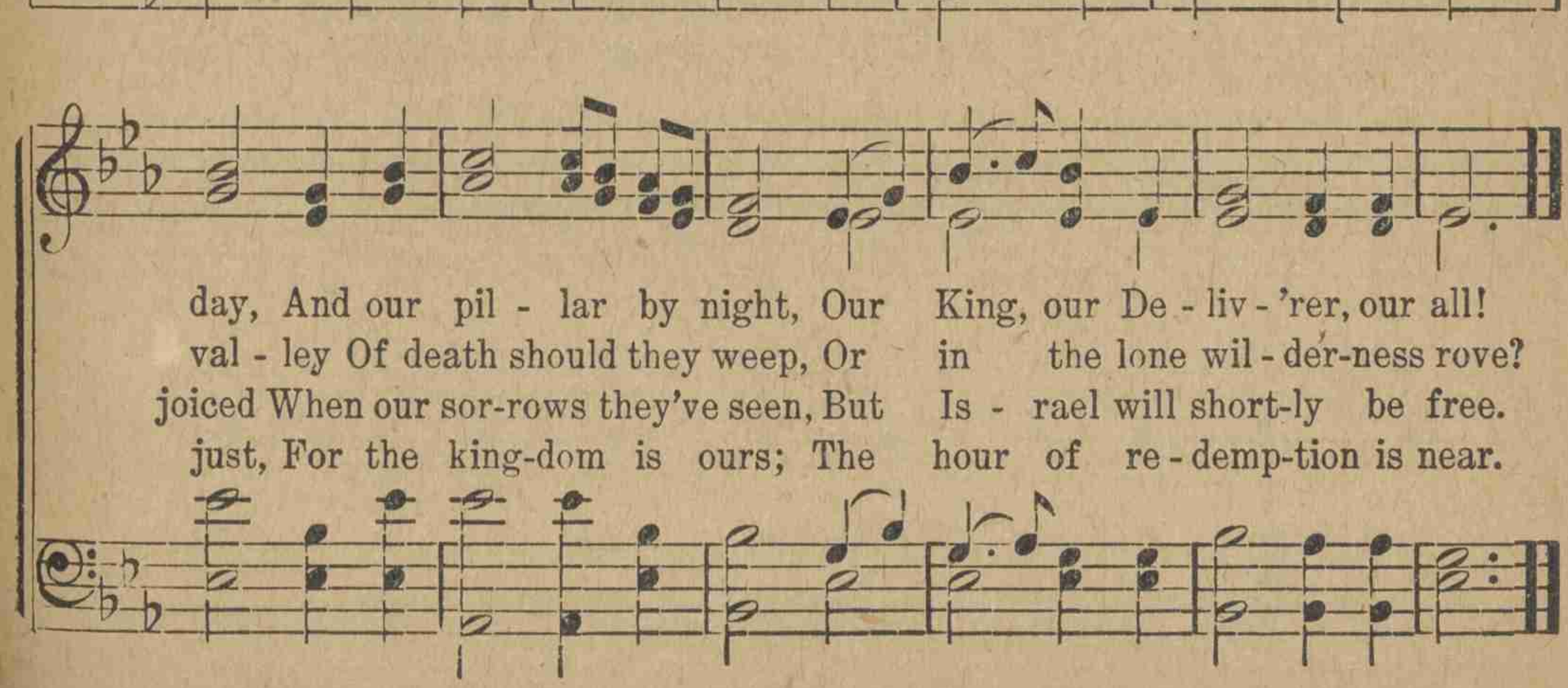
Hal - le - lu - - - jah!

Hal - le- lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! swell the chorus, Je-sus Christ our Lord shall reign.

No. 133. Redeemer of Israel.

W. W. PHELPS.

1. Re - deem - er of Is - rael, Our on - ly de - light, On whom for a bless - ing we call, Our shad - ow by
2. We know He is com - ing To gath - er His sheep, And lead them to Zi - on in love; For why in the
3. How long we have wan - dered As stran - gers in sin, And cried in the des - ert for Thee! Our foes have re -
4. As chil - dren of Zi - on, Good ti - dings for us, The tok - ens al - read - y ap - pear; Fear not, and be



day, And our pil - lar by night, Our King, our De - liv - 'rer, our all!
val - ley Of death should they weep, Or in the lone wil - der-ness rove?
joiced When our sor-rows they've seen, But Is - rael will short-ly be free.
just, For the king-dom is ours; The hour of re - demp-tion is near.

No. 134. Tradition and Error in Battle Array.

W. P. WILLIAM POWELL.

1. Tra - di - tion and er - ror in bat - tle ar - ray, The chil - dren of Zi - on pre-pare for the fray. Je - ho - vah's their strength and their buck - ler and shield; They're on - ward to con - quer, or die on the field.
2. Then let us press on - ward, hold fast to the end, While bat - tling for truth we have God for our friend; The tri - umph of truth is the theme of our song, As on - ward and up - ward we're marching a - long.
3. From the east to the west shall God's king-dom ex-tend, Meet in ev - 'ry land a true broth - er and friend; Then Sa - tan all pow - er will have to re - sign, When Je - sus in tri - umph on earth comes to reign.
4. The sea shall roll back to its place in the north, The ten tribes of Is - rael with joy will come forth; Then God will re - store E - noch's cit - y of old, And A - bra-ham's chil-dren shall meet in one fold.

CHORUS.

Join in the song, come and join in the song, Up with the standard and bold - ly march on; Then up - ward and on - ward with

Tradition and Error in Battle Array.

No. 135. This House We Dedicate to Thee.

H. W. NAISBITT. E. STEPHENS.

No. 136. That the Lord Will Provide.

J. L. TOWNSHEND. E. STEPHENS.

1. That the Lord will pro-vide, Is a prom-ise that's giv'n; Ye
2. How the Lord will pro-vide, From the store-house of heav'n, We
3. What the Lord will pro-vide When He aids us from heav'n Not
4. When the Lord will pro-vide From His store-house in heav'n, Just

faith-ful and true, 'Tis a prom-ise to you! So in
know not al-way, Yet to Him will we pray: For we're
al-ways we know; When in pov-er-ty low He has
when He will aid He has nev-er yet said; Oft-en

meek-ness con-fide, And look up-ward to heav'n; The Lord is our Fa-
nev-er de-nied, When in pov-er-ty driv'n, We ask for our Fa-
oft-en sup-plied, When we brave-ly have striv'n; In wis-dom our Fa-
soon He's com-plied, And oft wait-ed and prov'n, But al-ways our Fa-

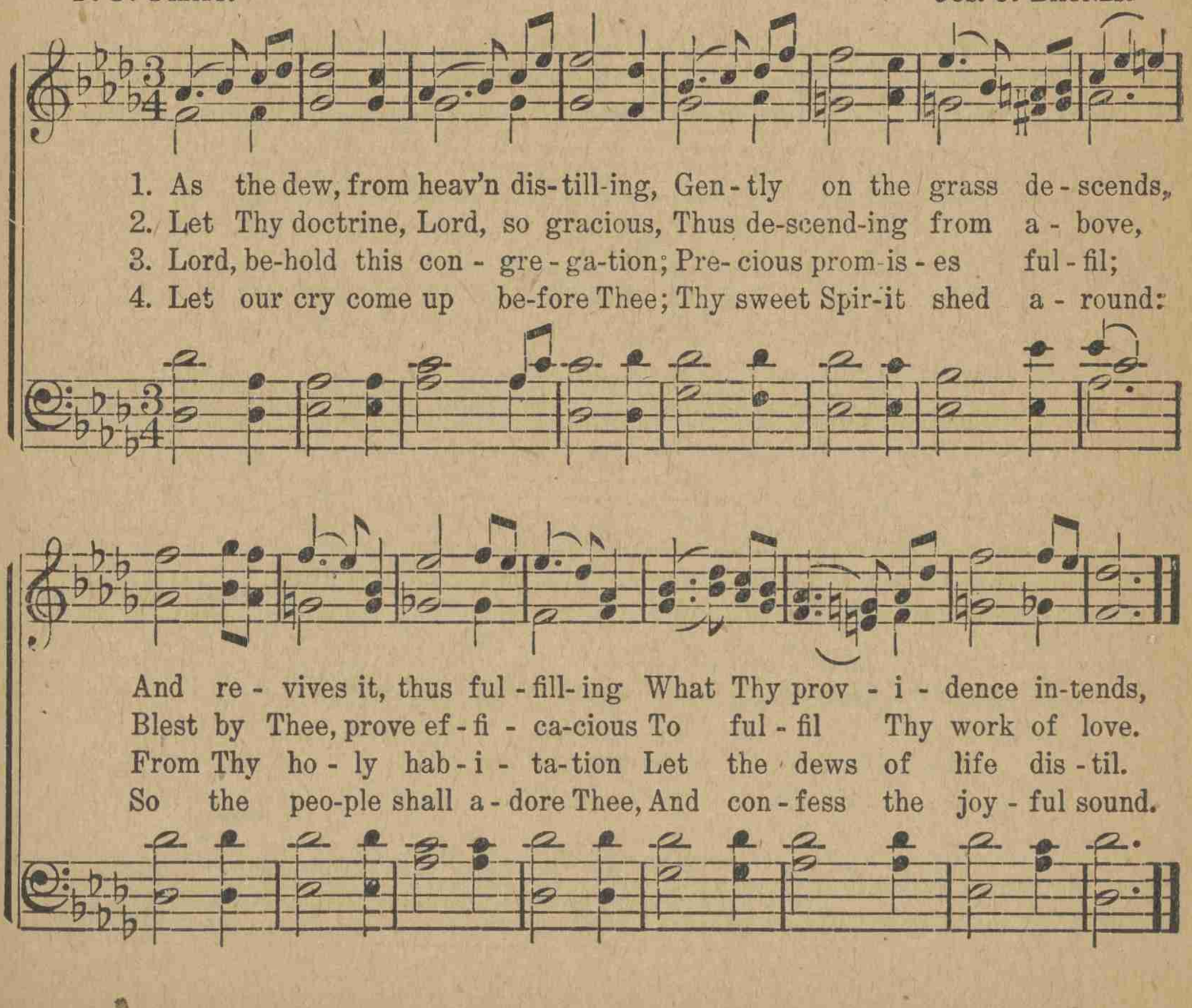
CHORUS.

ther, The Lord will pro-vide. The Lord will pro-vide,
ther, The Lord, to pro-vide.
ther, The Lord, will pro-vide.
ther, The Lord, will pro-vide. The Lord will provide,

That the Lord Will Provide.

No. 137. As the Dew, From Heaven Distilling.

P. P. PRATT. JOS. J. DAYNES.



No. 138. To-day, While the Sun Shines.

March movement, cheerfully. E. STEPHENS.

1. To - day, while the sun shines, work with a will, To - day all your
2. To - day seek the treas - ure bet - ter than gold; The peace and the
3. To - day seek for good - ness, vir - tue and truth, As crown of your

du - ties with pa - tience ful - fil; To - day, while the birds sing,
joy that are found in the fold; To - day seek the gems that
life and the grace of your youth; To - day, while the heart beats,

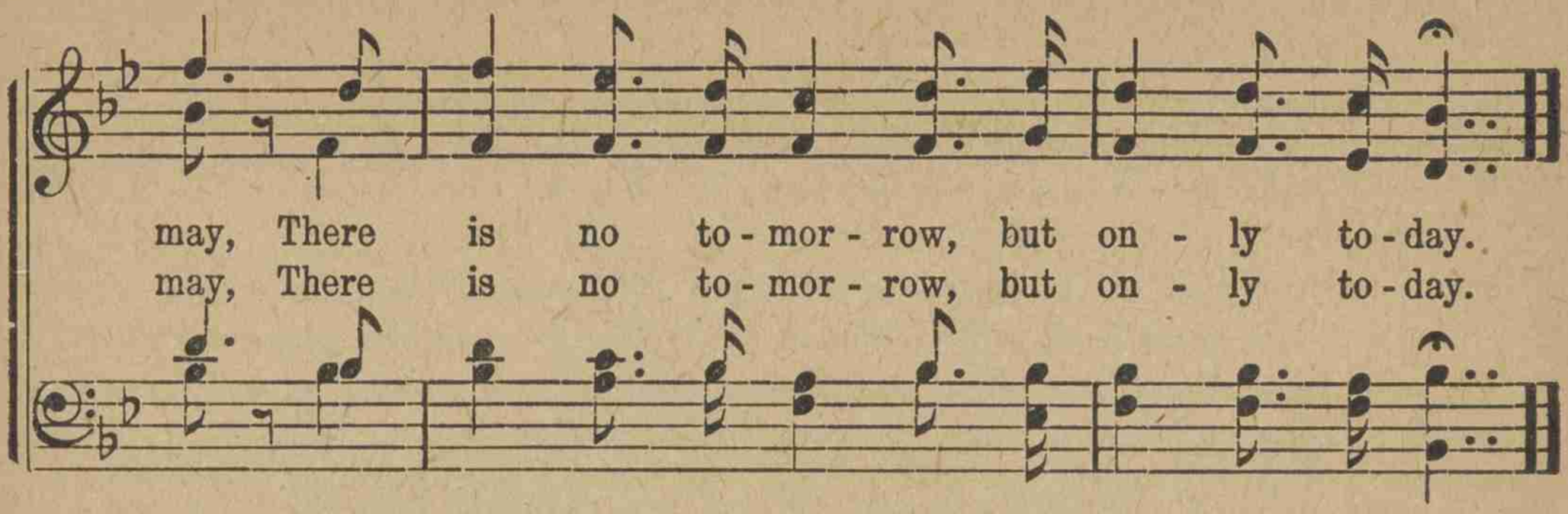
har - bor no care, Call life a good gift, call the world fair.
shine in the heart; While here we la - bor choose the good part.
live to be true, Con - stant and faith - ful all the way thro'.

CHORUS.

To - day, to-day, work with a will, To - day, to-day, your
Work, O work to - day with a will, And to - day your

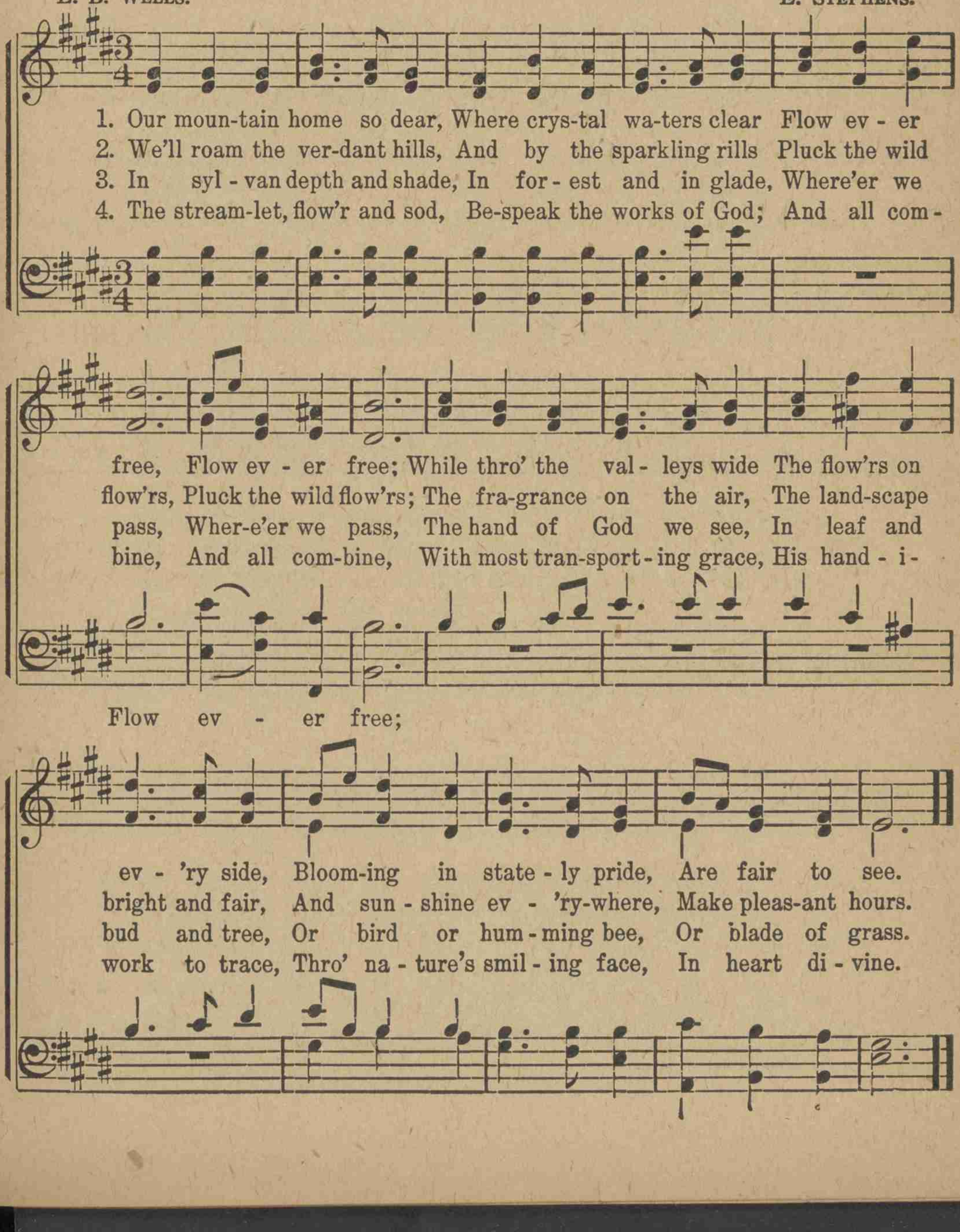
du - ties ful - fil; To - day, to - day, work while you
du - ties ful - fil; Work to - day, O work while you

To-day, While the Sun Shines.



No. 139. Our Mountain Home so Dear.

E. B. WELLS. E. STEPHENS.



No. 140. Now Let Us Rejoice.

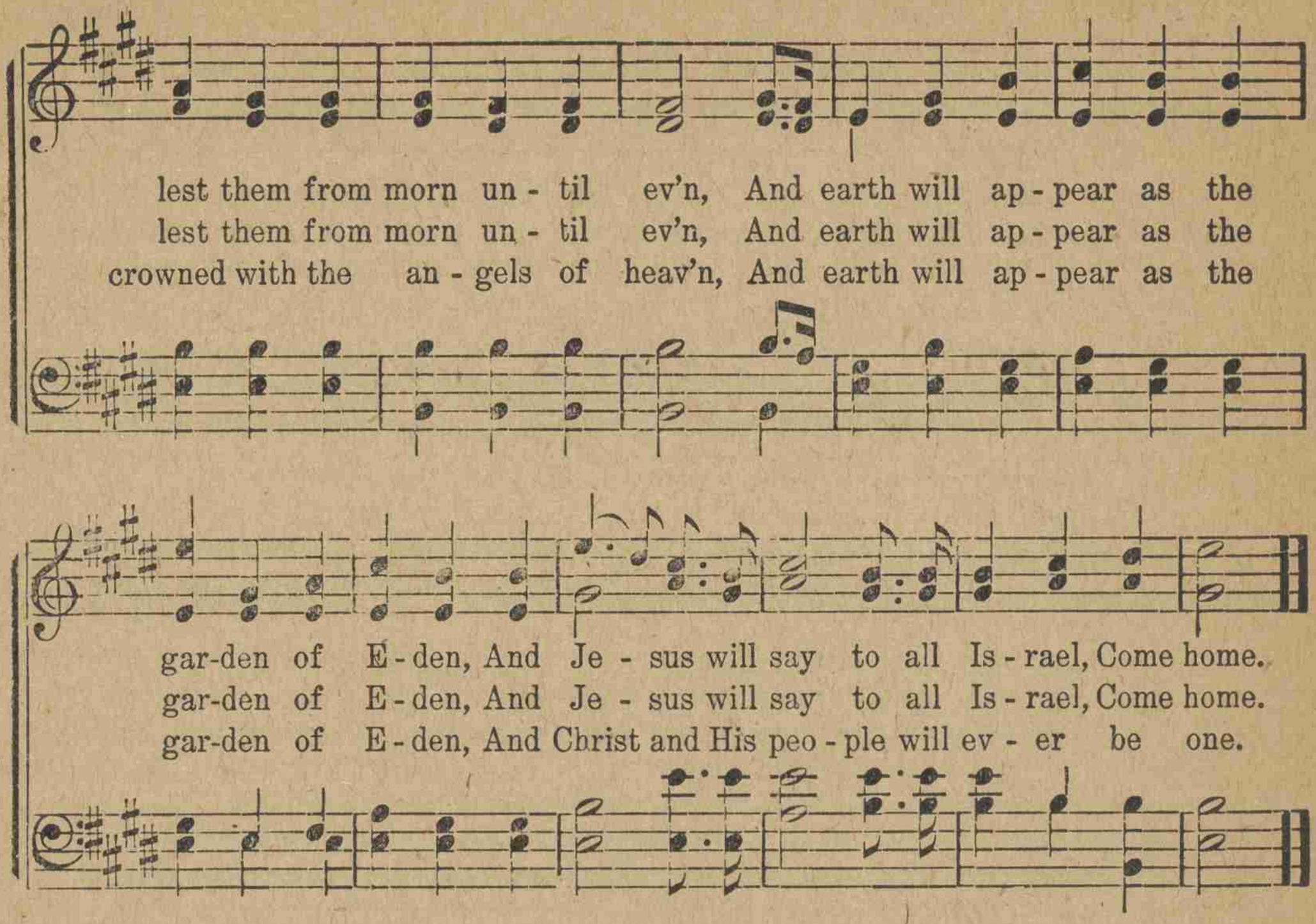
W. W. PHELPS.

1. Now let us re-joice in the day of sal-va-tion, No lon-ger as stran-gers on earth need we roam, Good ti-dings are sound-ing to
2. We'll love one an-oth-er, and nev-er dis-sem-ble, But cease to do e-vil, and ev-er be one; And when the un-god-ly are
3. In faith we'll re-ly on the arm of Je-ho-vah To guide thro' these last days of troub-le and gloom, And, aft-er the scour-ges and

us and each na-tion, And short-ly the hour of re-demp-tion will come:
fear-ing, and trem-ble, We'll watch for the day when the Sav-ior will come:
har-vest are o-ver, We'll rise with the just when the Sav-ior doth come.

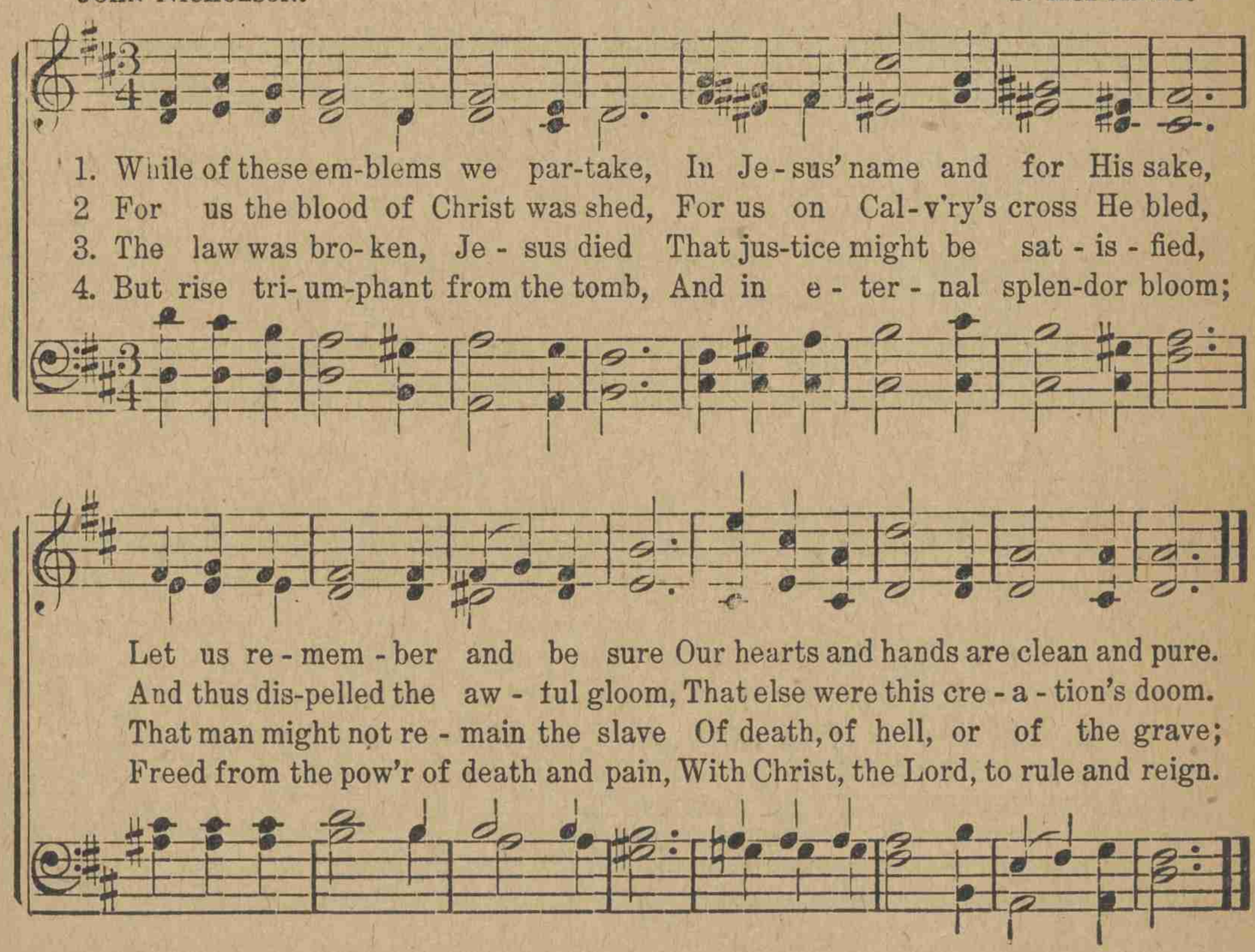
When all that was promised the Saints will be giv-en, And none will mo-
When all that was promised the Saints will be giv-en, And none will mo-
Then all that was promised the Saints will be giv-en, And they will be

Now Let Us Rejoice.



No. 141. While of These Emblems We Partake.

JOHN NICHOLSON. S. MCBURNEY.



No. 142. I'll Praise My Maker While I've Breath.

WATTS. J. FONES.

Allegro moderato.

1. I'll praise my Mak - er while I've breath; And when my voice is
2. Hap - py the man whose hopes re - ly On Is - rael's God; He
3. The Lord pours eye - sight on the blind; The Lord sup - ports the
4. I'll praise Him while He lends me breath, And when my voice is

lost in death, Praise shall employ my no - blest pow'rs. My days of
made the sky, And earth, and sea, with all their train. His truth for -
faint-ing mind; He sends the la-b'ring con - science peace, He helps the
lost in death, Praise shall employ my no - bler pow'rs; My days of

Praise shall employ my noblest pow'rs.

praise shall ne'er be past While life and tho't and be - ing last,
ev - er stands se - cure; He saves oppressed ones, feeds the poor,
stran - ger in dis - tress, The wid - ow and the fa - ther - less,
praise shall ne'er be past While life and tho't and be - ing last,

While life and
He saves op -
The wid-ow
While life and

While life and tho't and be-ing last, Or im - mor - tal - i - ty en - dures.
He saves oppressed ones, feeds the poor, And none shall find His prom-ise vain.
The wid-ow and the fa-ther-less, And grants the pris-'ner sweet re - lease.
While life and tho't and be-ing last, Or im - mor - tal - i - ty en - dures.

thought ..... and be - ing last,
pressed ..... ones, feeds the poor,
and ..... the fa - ther - less,
thought ..... and be - ing last,

No. 143. When Dark and Drear the Skies Appear.

E. H. WOODMANSEE. JOS. J. DAYNES.

1. When dark and drear the skies ap - pear, And doubt and
2. With jeal - ous zeal God guards our weal, And lifts our
3. The dir - est woe that mor - tals know Can ne'er the

dread would thee en - thrall, Look up, nor fear, the
way - ward thoughts a - bove; When storms as - sail life's
hon - est heart ap - pall, Who holds the trust— that

day is near, And Prov - i - dence is o - ver all.
bark so frail, We seek the ha - ven of His love.
God is just, And Prov - i - dence is o - ver all.

From heav'n a-bove, His light and love, God giv - eth free-ly when we call.
And when our eyes transcend the skies, His gra-cious purpose is com-plete.
Should foes in-crease to mar our peace, Frus-trat-ed all their plans shall fall.

Our ut-most need is oft de-creed, And Prov - i - dence is o - ver all.
No more the night distracts our sight— The clouds are all beneath our feet.
Our ut-most need is oft de-creed, And Prov - i - dence is o - ver all.

No. 144. Kind and Heavenly Father.

E. S. E. STEPHENS.

Andante.

1. Kind and heav'nly Fa- ther, from Thy ho - ly dwell-ing See Thy lit - tle
2. Fa - ther, we will praise Thee, for Thy man-y bless-ings, Which we are re -
3. Bless the faith-ful lead- ers who are placed a-bove us, As they kind- ly

chil-dren sing- ing praise to Thee; . . . . . Hear our lit - tle voi - ces
ceiv - ing from Thy bounteous hand: . . . . . For the peaceful vales which
teach us here to do Thy will; . . . . . Bless our friends and par - ents

of Thy goodness telling, Let our man-y fol- lies all for-giv - en be.
we are now pos-sess-ing, And the streams of wa-ter flow-ing thro' the land.
who so dear- ly love us, Help us all our du-ties right-ly to ful - fil.

CHORUS.

Smile in love up - on us, shed Thy Spir-it on us; Tune our youth-ful

voi - ces to Thy praise. . . . . Till the song we're sing - ing,

Kind and Heavenly Father.

No. 145. Children of the Saints of Zion.

G. N. CLARKE. J. J. DAYNES.

No. 146. Let Us Treat Each Other Kindly.

L. G. RICHARDS. J. S. LEWIS.

1. Let us treat each oth-er kind-ly, We are friends u-ni-ted here;
2. Let us tru-ly trust each oth-er, We are on-ly mor-tals weak,
3. Char-i-ty's fair bea-con lift-ed, Scat-ters rays of light for all—

Not in ig-no-rance, nor blind-ly, But by sa-cred ties most dear.
Oft in need of friend or broth-er, Gen-'rous-ly to act or speak.
Er-ring, weak, or good and gift-ed, High or low-ly, great or small.

p

Love will own no cold sus-pi-cion, Gold-en sun-shine it im-parts,
Pass not si-lent-ly and cold-ly O'er a wrong we might a-mend,
Let us al-so strive com-plete-ly, Has-ty judg-ments to with-draw;

And its ho-ly, pure am-bi-tion Is to cheer and glad-den hearts.
But speak ear-nest-ly and bold-ly, Truth and jus-tice to de-fend.
Let us trust each oth-er sweet-ly, And let love ful-fil its law.

f CHORUS.

Let us treat each oth-er kind-ly, We are friends u-ni-ted here;

Let Us Treat Each Other Kindly.

No. 147. God of Our Fathers, We Come Unto Thee.

C. W. PENROSE. E. BEESLEY.

No. 148. The Day-Dawn is Breaking.

J. L. TOWNSHEND. WILLIAM CLAYSON.

Allegretto.

1. The day-dawn is break-ing, The world is a - wak-ing, The clouds of night's
2. In man - y a tem - ple The Saints will as - sem-ble, And la - bor as
3. Still let us be do - ing, Our les-sons re-view-ing, Which God has re -
4. Then pure and su - per - nal, Our friendship e - ter - nal, With Je - sus we'll

dark-ness are flee - ing a - way; The world-wide com - mo - tion, From
sav - iors of dear ones a - way; Then hap - py re - un - ion, And
vealed for our walk in His way; And then, won-drous sto - ry, The
live and His coun - sels o - bey; Un - til ev - 'ry na - tion Will

o - cean to o - cean, Now her - alds the time of the beau - ti - ful day.
sweet-est com-mun - ion We'll have with our friends in the beau - ti - ful day.
Lord in His glo - ry Will come in His pow'r in the beau - ti - ful day.
join in sal - va - tion, And wor-ship the Lord of the beau - ti - ful day.

CHORUS. *Moderato*

Beau-ti - ful day..... of peace and rest,.... Bright be thy
Beau-ti - ful day of peace and rest,

The Day-Dawn is Breaking.

dawn..... from east to west:.... Hail to thine ear - - liest
Bright be thy dawn from east to west: Hail to thine ear-liest

wel-come ray, Beau-ti - ful, bright..... mil - len-nial day.
wel - come ray, Beau - ti - ful, bright mil - len - nial day.

No. 149. Haste to the Sunday-School.

W. G. B. W. G. Bickley.

1. Haste to the Sunday-School, Come, come, come, Why will you wait-ing stand?
2. Haste to the Sunday-School, Come, come, come, Here we with one ac - cord
3. Haste to the Sunday-School, Come, come, come, Here we will learn the laws

Come, join our union band, Gladly we'll take your hand, Come, come, come; Here we have
All meet to praise the Lord, And learn His ho-ly word—Come, come, come; Oh, do not
Of God's most ho- ly cause, Then do not longer pause—Come, come, come; Why will you

teachers kind, And we shall surely find Much to improve the mind, Come, come, come.
hes - i - tate! Come, ere it be too late, March on to heaven's gate, Come, come, come.
waiting stand? Come, join our union band, Gladly we'll take your hand, Come, come, come.

No. 150. Utah, the Queen of the West.

J. H. WARD. J. M. CHAMBERLAIN.

1. The youth of each land for their fa-ther-land stand, And boast of its grand-
2. The bold mountains rise, and point to the skies, Like sen - ti - nels round
3. The poor and oppressed, in this land of the west, Find plen - ty, and free -
4. Thy sis - ters first born, who taunt-ing-ly scorn, Shall joy to do hon -

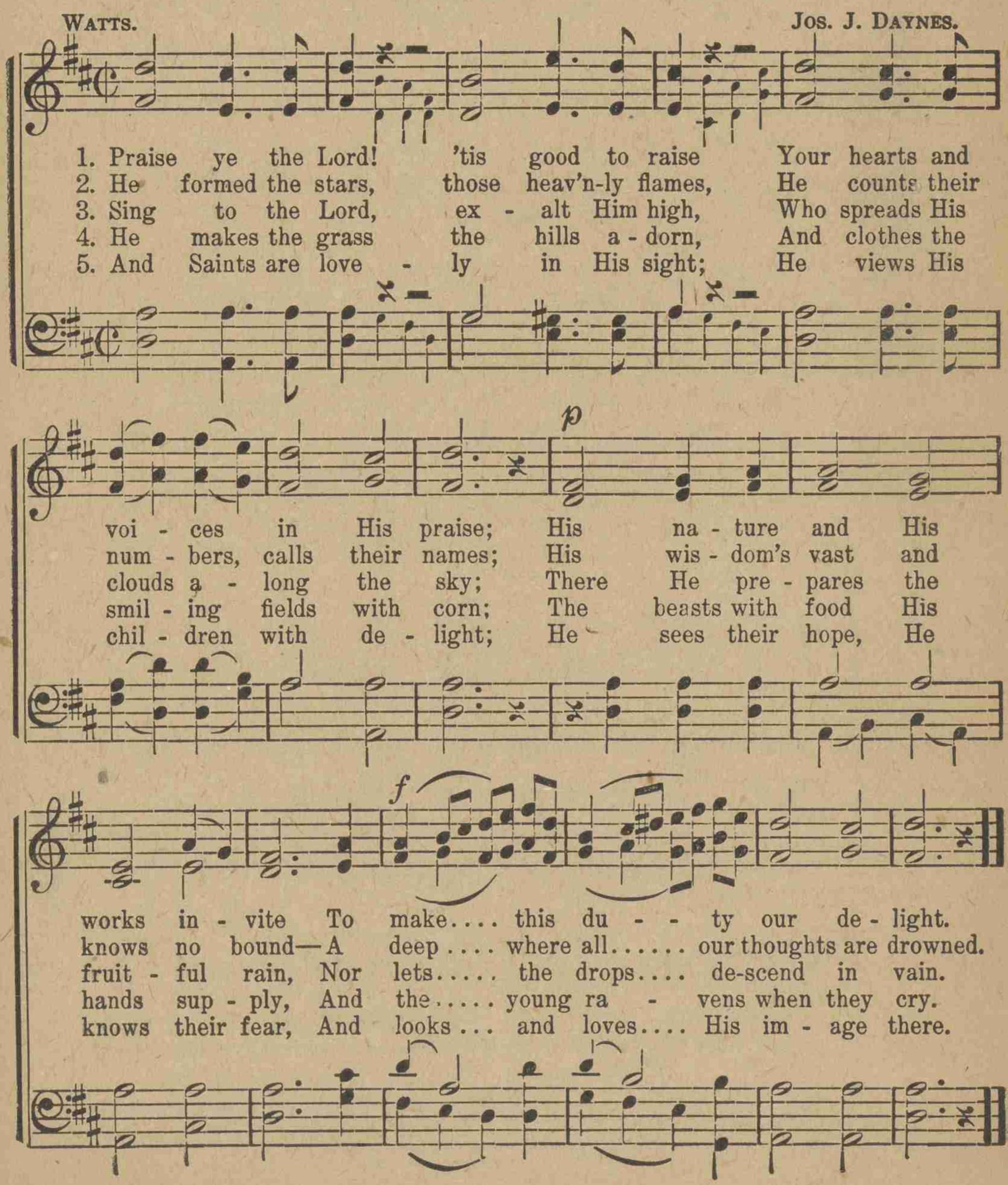
eur with pride; What - e'er their es - tate, their for - tunes or fate,
our a - bode; And vales calm and sweet, re - pose at their feet—
dom, and joy; Tho' the wick - ed may sneer, to us thou art dear,
or to thee; With each com-ing hour thy glo - ry shall tow'r,

To none is this free-dom de - nied; Then why should not we, young,
Fit home of the peo - ple of God. From those cold, bleak forms, fit
And fair as thine own sun - ny sky. The gos - pel's proclaimed to
Till the na - tions thy beau - ty shall see. Thy tri - umph is nigh, op -

hap - py and free, Re - joice in the land we love best? For our
dwell-ings for storms, Flow crys - tal-line streams God has blest; Rich
all here on earth, The meek and the low - ly re - joice; From
pres - sion shall die, For thee there is free - dom and rest; The

Utah, the Queen of the West.

No. 151. Praise Ye the Lord! 'Tis Good to Raise.



No. 152. Let Us All Press On.

E. S. E. STEPHENS.

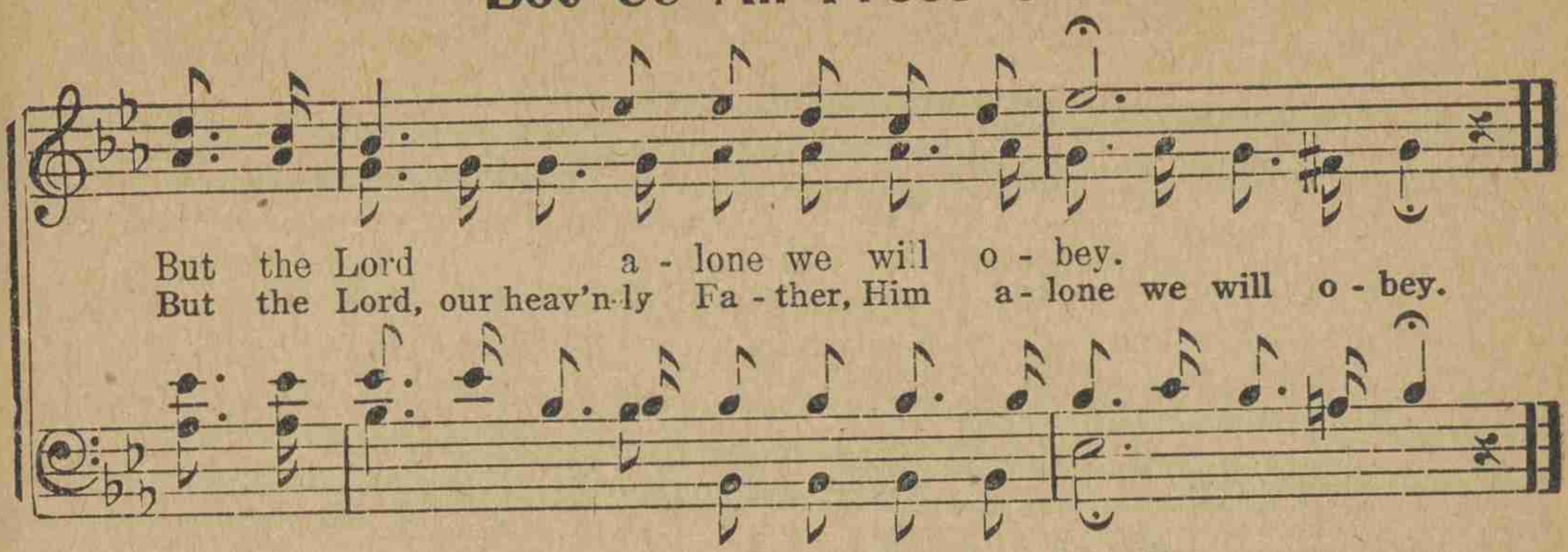
Allegretto marcato.

1. Let us all press on in the work of the Lord, That when life is o'er we may gain a re-ward; In the fight for right let us wield a sword, The might - y sword of truth.
2. We will not re - treat, tho' our num-bers may be few, When com - pared with the op - po - site host in view; But an un - seen pow - er will aid me and you In the glo - rious cause of truth.
3. If we do what's right we have no need to fear, For the Lord, our help - er, will ev - er be near; In the days of tri - al His Saints He will cheer, And pros - per the cause of truth.

CHORUS.

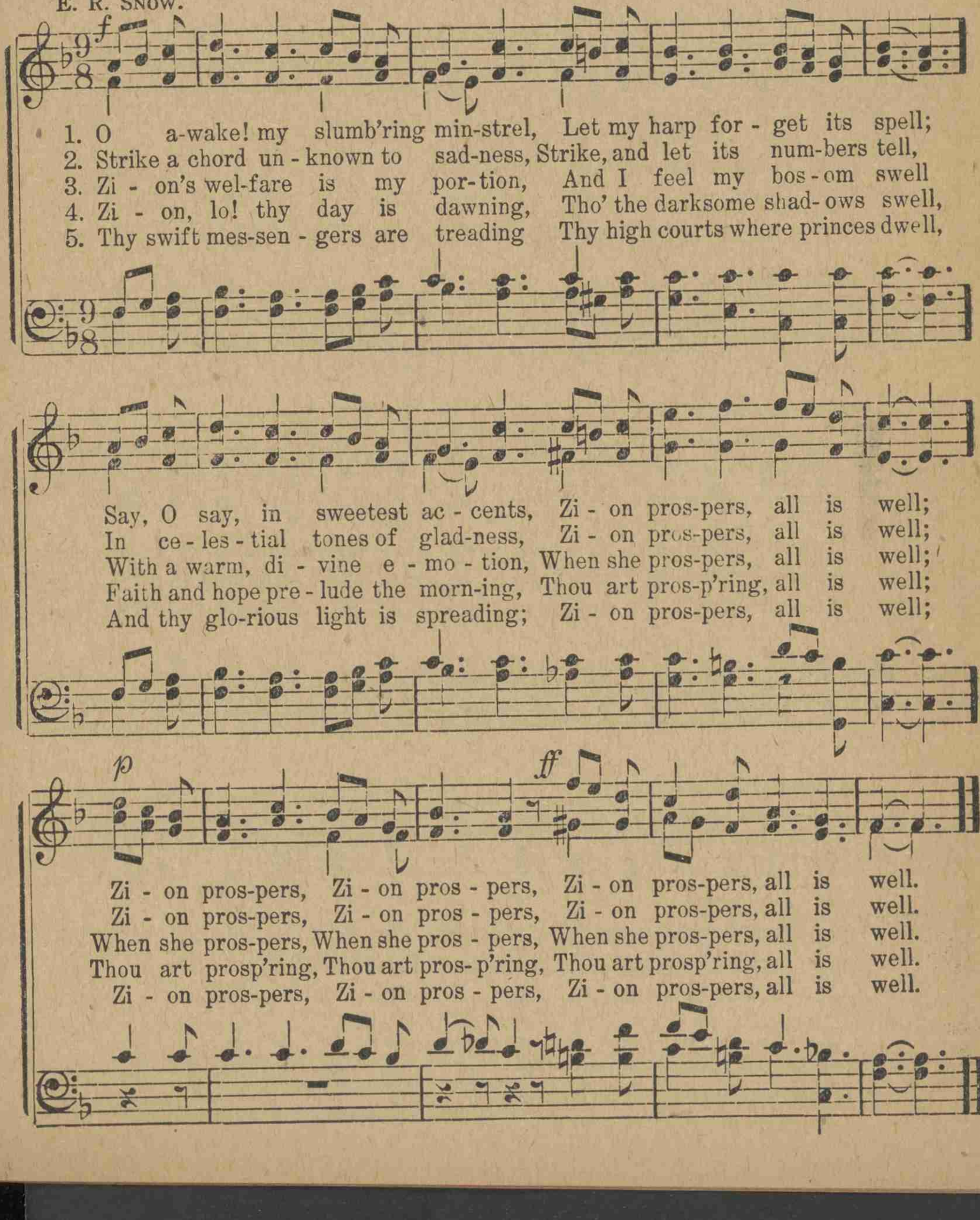
Fear not, tho' the en - e - my de-ride, Cour - age, for the Lord is on our side; We will heed not what the wick - ed may say,
Fear not, courage, tho' the en - e - my de-ride, We must be vic - to-rious, for the Lord is on our side; We'll not fear the wick - ed or give heed to what they say,

Let Us All Press On.



No. 153. Zion Prospers, All is Well.

E. R. Snow. E. Stephens.



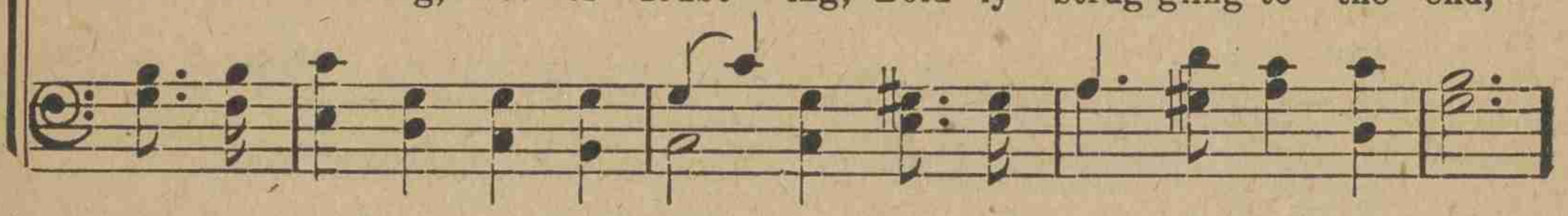
No. 154. When the Rosy Light of Morning.

R. B. B. R. B. Baird.

1. When the ro - sy light of morn - ing Soft - ly beams a-bove the hill,
2. For a good and glo-rious pur - pose Thus we meet each Sab-bath day,
3. Let us then press bold-ly on - ward, Prove ourselves as sol - diers true;

And the birds, sweet heav'nly song - sters, Ev - 'ry dell with mu - sic fill,
Each one striv- ing for sal - va - tion Thro' the Lord's ap - point- ed way.
He will lead us, He will guide us, Come, there's work for all to do.

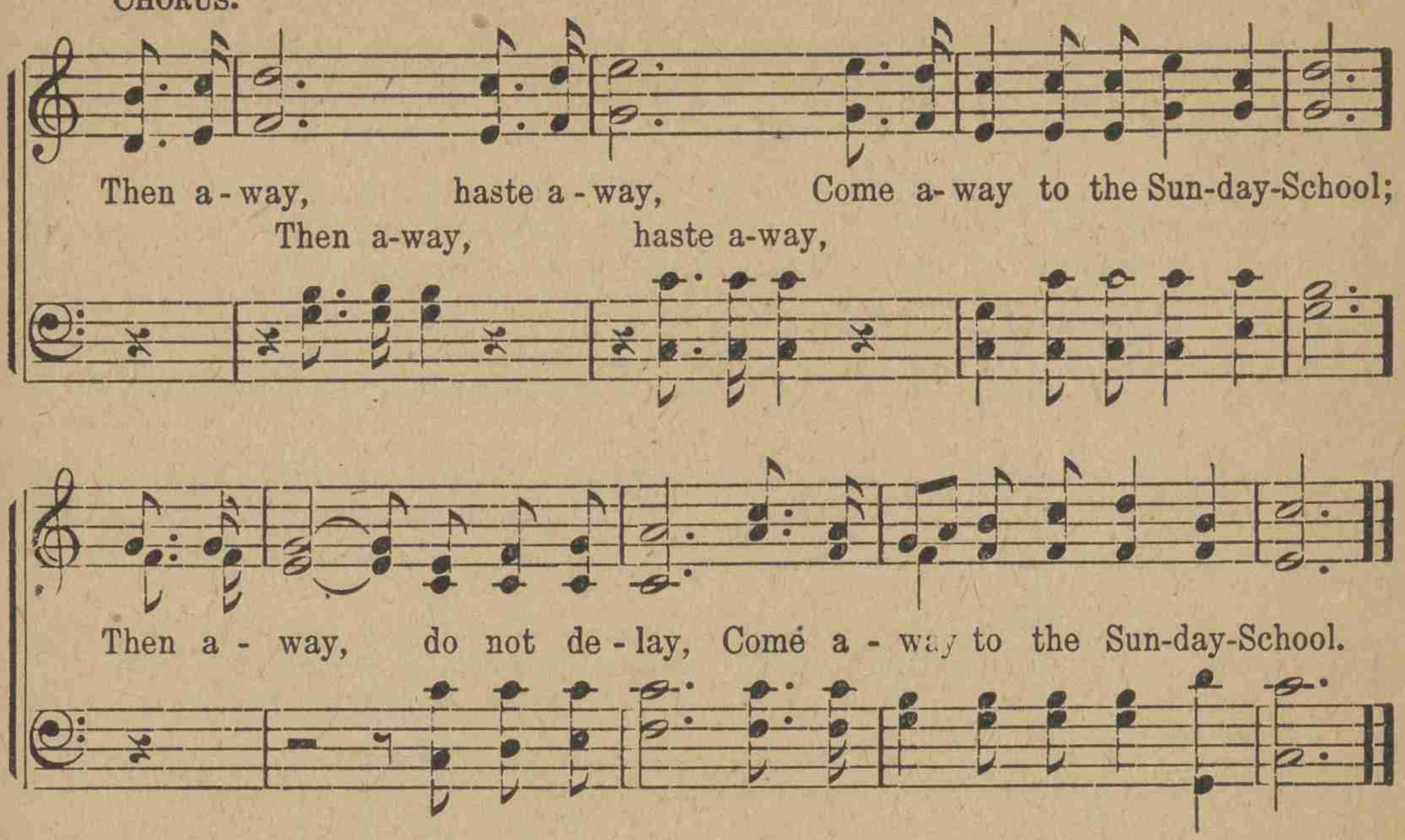
Fresh from slum-ber we a - wak - en, Sun-shine makes the heart so gay;
Ear - nest toil will be re - ward - ed, Zeal- ous hearts need not re - pine;
Nev - er tir - ing, nev - er doubt - ing, Bold - ly strug-gling to the end,



Na - ture breathes her sweet-est fra-grance On the ho - ly Sab-bath day.
God will not with-hold His bless-ings From the ea - ger, seek-ing mind.
In the world, tho' foes as - sail us, God will sure - ly be our friend.

When the Rosy Light of Morning.

CHORUS.



No. 155. God Moves in a Mysterious Way.

COWPER. Arranged by E. D. MANN.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

No. 156. Try It Again.

JOHN LYON. J. EARDLEY.

1. Should the chan-ges of life, like the tide's ebb and flow, Be cease-less and
2. There was nev - er a val - ley but hill - tops ap-pear—Nor storm that's not
3. All the fears of sad part-ing, the pangs of re-gret, The sighs of fond

var - ied in form, And the frail bark of life in a mo-ment fore-go
spent to a calm; Nor a pain with-out pleas-ure, a hope with-out fear,
hope or dull care, Are but feel - ings im-plant - ed to make us re-spect

Its reck'ning a-midst the dark storm, Stand firm to the helm and
Nor wound but has al - ways a balm! When clouds of ad - ver - si - ty
The death-sting of hope - less de - spair! The tear - drop of sor- row may

close furl each sail, While the tem - pest sweeps o - ver the main:
gath - er a - round, And our friends turn their backs in dis - dain,
dark - en the eye, Like the sun-beams ob-scured by the rain,

There is hope in the wind, tho' de - struc - tive the gale, 'Twill
Tho' the world should con-spire all our hopes to con-found, Let's
But the clouds will dis-perse o - ver hope's gloom - y sky, And

Try It Again.

No. 157. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS. DR. LOWELL MASON.

No. 158. If the Way be Full of Trial, Weary Not.

W. H. FLAVILLE. JOHN R. SWENEY.

1. If the way be full of tri - al, Wear - y not! (Wear-y not!) If it's
2. If the way be one of sor-row, Wear - y not! (Wear-y not!) Hap-pi -
3. If mis - for-tune o - ver - take us, Wear - y not! (Wear-y not!) Je - sus

one of sore de - ni - al, Wear - y not! (Wear - y not!) If it
er will be the mor - row, Wear - y not! (Wear - y not!) Here we
nev - er will for - sake us, Wear - y not! (Wear - y not!) He will

now be one of weep-ing, There will come a joy - ous greet-ing, When the
suf - fer trib - u - la - tion, Here we must en-dure temp-ta - tion; But there'll
leave us nev - er, nev - er; From His love there's naught can sever; Glo - ry

CHORUS.

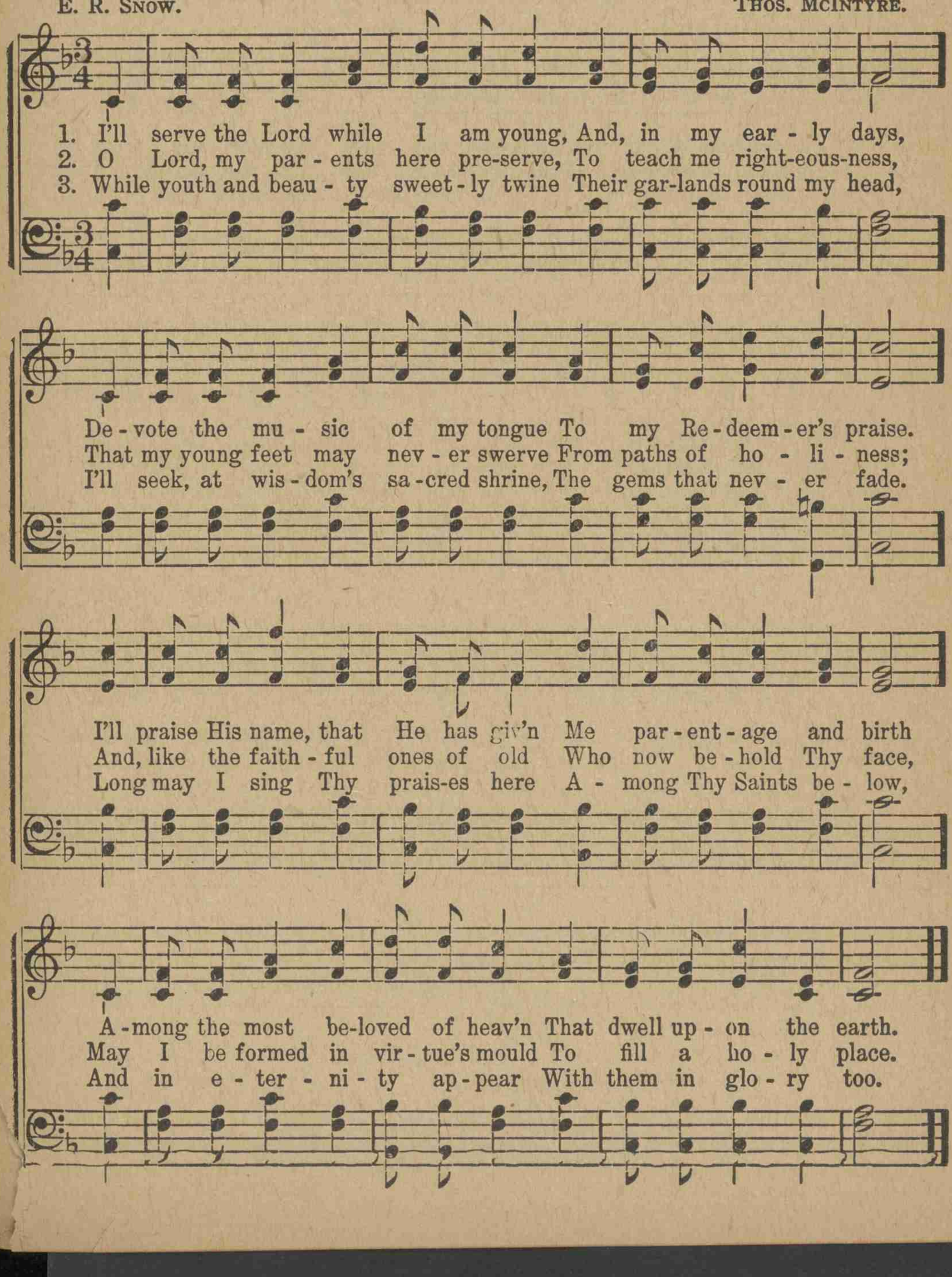
har- vest we are reap-ing—Weary not! (Weary not!) Do not wear-y by the
come a great sal- va-tion—Weary not! (Weary not!)
to the Lamb for-ev - er!—Weary not! (Weary not!) Do not wear - y,

way, What - ev - er be thy lot;..... There a-waits a brighter
wear-y by the way, be thy lot;

If the Way be Full of Trial, Weary Not.

No. 159. I'll Serve the Lord While I Am Young.

E. R. SNOW. THOS. MCINTYRE.



No. 160. We are Watchers, Earnest Watchers.

H. W. NAISBITT. J. C. FONES.

Moderato con espressione.

1. We are watch-ers, ear-nest watch-ers, For the com-ing bet-ter day,
2. We are work-ing, brave-ly work-ing, That the truth we may de-clare,
3. We are look-ing, calm-ly look-ing For a glo-rious fu-ture near,

By proph-ets oft fore-shad-owed mid Old Is-rael far a-way;
As man-y bands, yet one in heart, We try to do and dare;
For tri-umph and the vic-tor's wreath, For each brave work-er here;

Their bea-con fires were light-ed by The true, the liv-ing flame.
And heav'n hath blessed our ef-forts here— O'er all this fa-vored land,
Our God is rul-ing o-ver all, His Priest-hood points the way,

God's Spir-it prompt-ed ev-'ry one The fu-ture to pro-claim.
That un-ion is the key-note struck By each un-flinch-ing hand.
And Sab-bath-Schools in un-ion move, To greet the com-ing day.

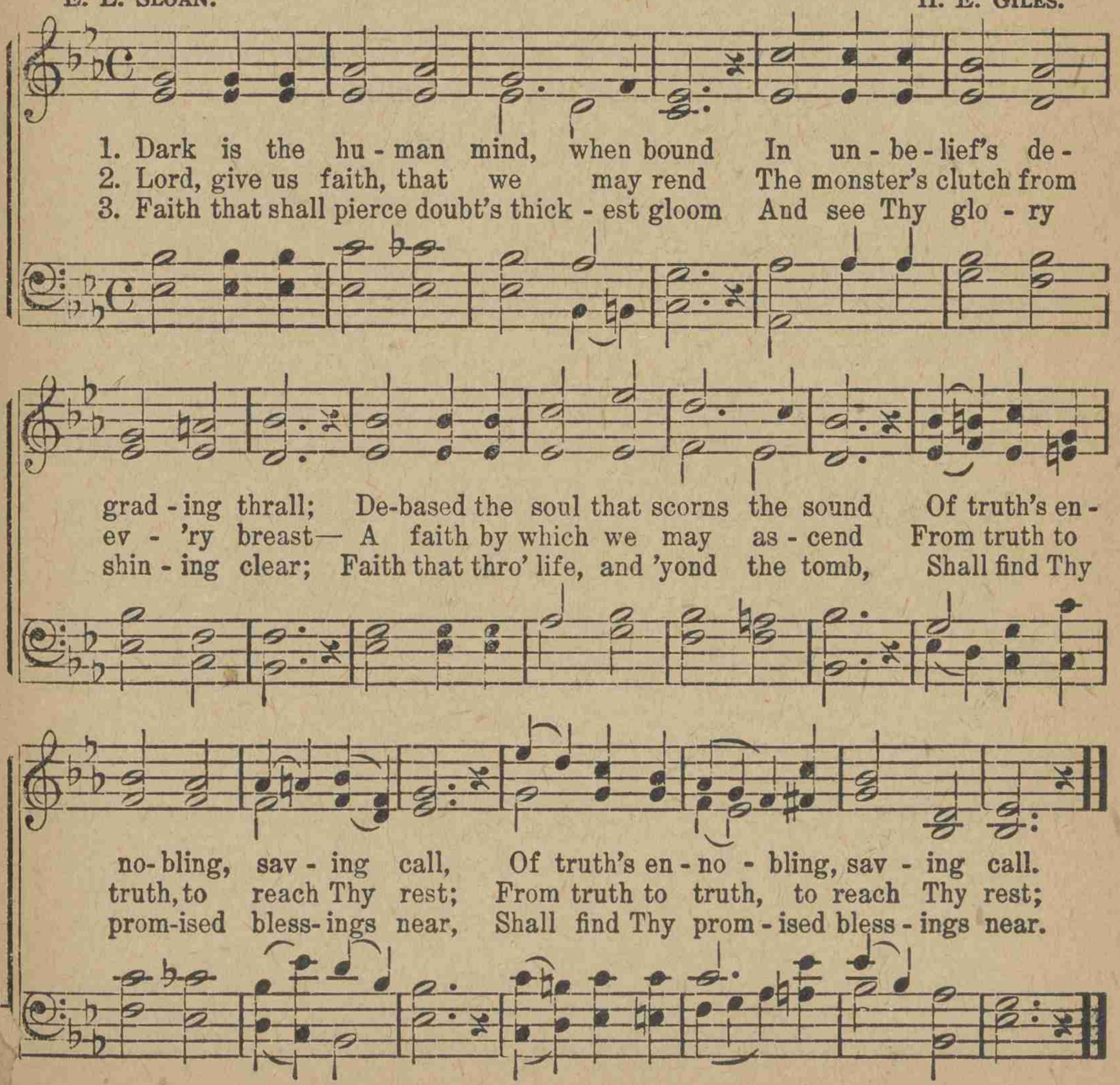
CHORUS. *Cheerfully.*

We are work-ers, ear-nest work-ers, And 'tis
We are work-ers, earnest work-ers,

We are Watchers, Earnest Watchers.

No. 161. Dark is the Human Mind, When Bound.

E. L. SLOAN. H. E. GILES.



No. 162. When First the Glorious Light of Truth.

WM. CLAYTON.

mf

1. When first the glo-rious light of truth Burst forth in this last age, How few there were with heart and soul T' o-bey it did en-gage; Yet of those few how man-y Have passed from earth a-way, And in their graves are sleep-ing Till the res-ur-rec-tion day!
2. How man-y on Mis-sou-ri's plains Were left in death's embrace,—Pure, hon-est hearts, too good to live In such a wick-ed place; And are they left in sor-row And doubt to pine a-way? Oh, no; in peace they're sleep-ing Till the res-ur-rec-tion day!
3. And in Nau-voo, the cit-y where The Temple cheered the brave, Hun-dreds of faith-ful Saints have found A cold, yet peaceful grave; And there they now are sleep-ing Be-neath the si-lent clay; But soon they'll share the glo-ries Of a res-ur-rec-tion day!

p *p*

mf *p*

day! And in their graves are sleep-ing Till the res-ur-rec-tion day!
day! Oh, no; in peace they're sleep-ing Till the res-ur-rec-tion day!
day! But soon they'll share the glo-ries Of a res-ur-rec-tion day!

When First the Glorious Light of Truth.

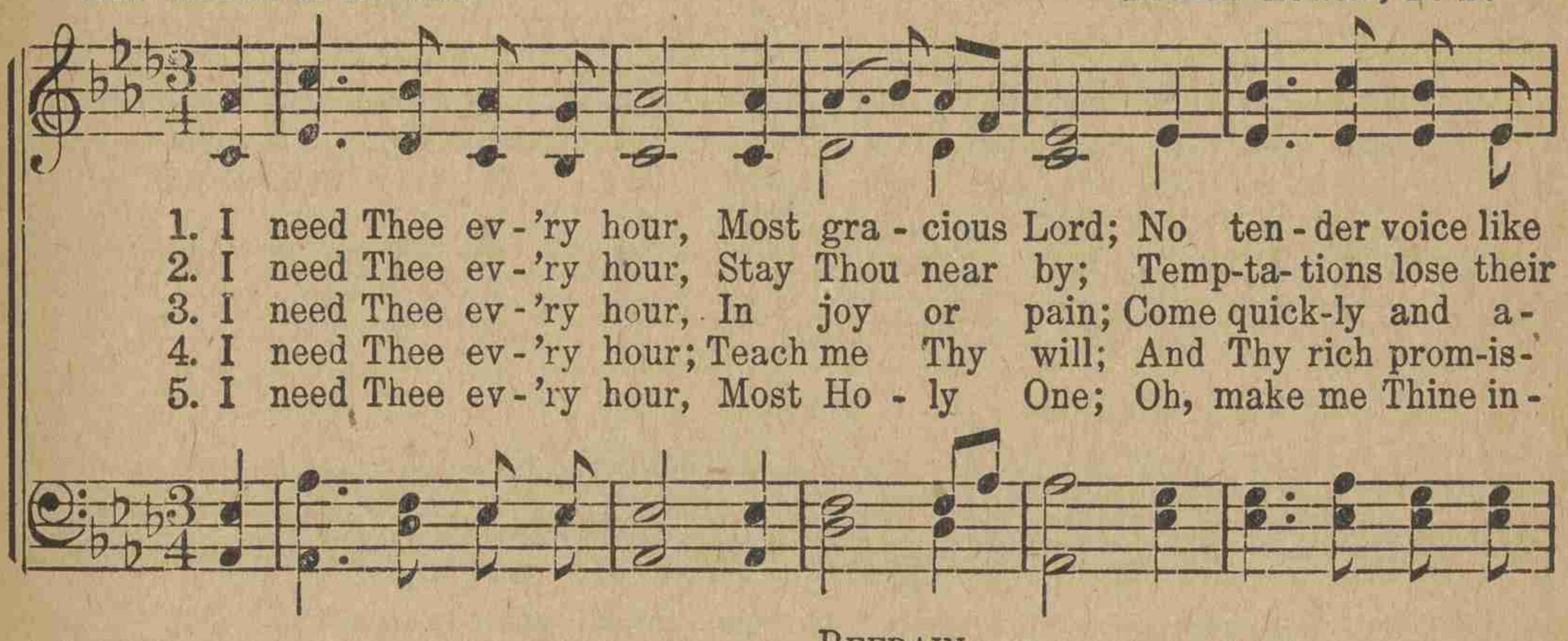
4 Our Patriarch and Prophet too
Were massacred; they bled
To seal their testimony,
They were numbered with the dead.
Ah, tell me, are they sleeping?
Methinks I hear them say,
"Death's icy chains are bursting!
'Tis the resurrection day!"

5 And here, in this sweet, peaceful vale,
The shafts of death are hurled,
And many faithful Saints are called
T' enjoy a better world.
And friends are often weeping
For their friends who pass away,
And in their graves are sleeping
Till the resurrection day.

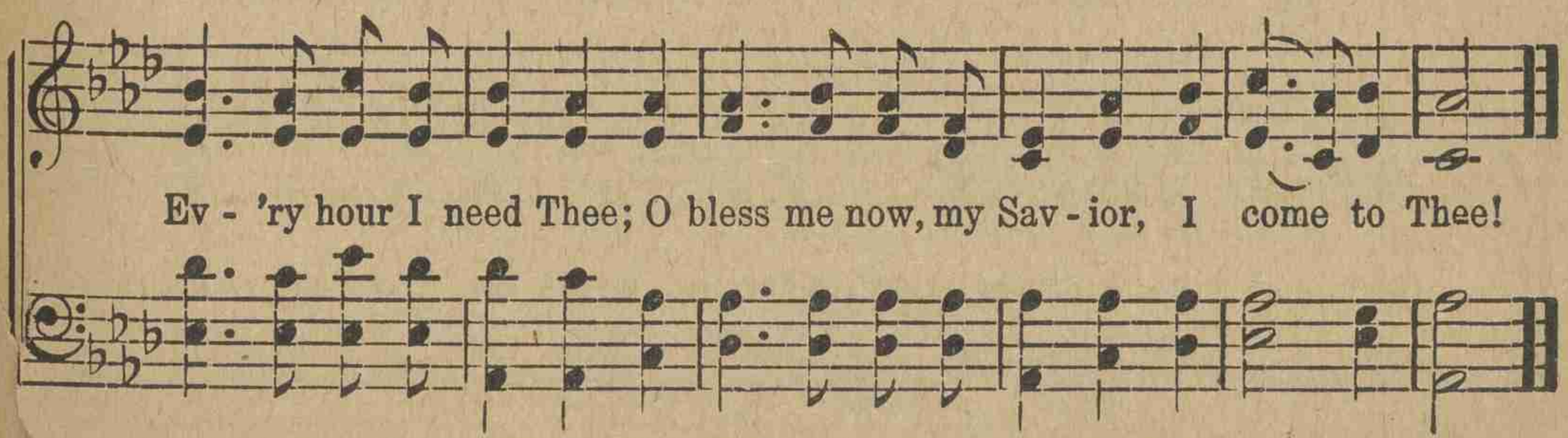
6 Why should we mourn because we leave
These scenes of toil and pain?
O happy change! the faithful go
Celestial joys to gain;
And soon we all shall follow
To realms of endless day,
And taste the joyous glories
Of a resurrection day.

No. 163. I Need Thee Every Hour.

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks. Robert Lowry, D. D.



Refrain.



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No. 164. Thanks for the Sabbath School.

WM. WILLES. JAS. R. MURRAY.

1. Thanks for the Sab-bath School, hail to the day When e - vil and
2. Now in the morn-ing of life let us try Each vir - tue to
3. May we en - deav - or thro' life's de-vious way To watch and be

er - ror are flee - ing a - way; Thanks for our teach-ers who
cher - ish, all vice to de - cry; Strive with the no - ble in
ear - nest—true wis - dom dis - play; Try to o'er - come each temp -

la - bor with care, That we in the light of the gos - pel may share.
deeds that ex - alt, And bat - tle with en - er - gy each child-ish fault.
ta - tion and snare, There-by full sal - va - tion e - ter - nal - ly share.

CHORUS.

Join in the ju - bi - lee, min - gle in song, Join in the

joy of the Sab-bath School throng; Great be the glo - ry of

Thanks for the Sabbath School.

No. 165. Sunshine in the Soul.

E. E. HEWITT. JNO. R. SWENEY.

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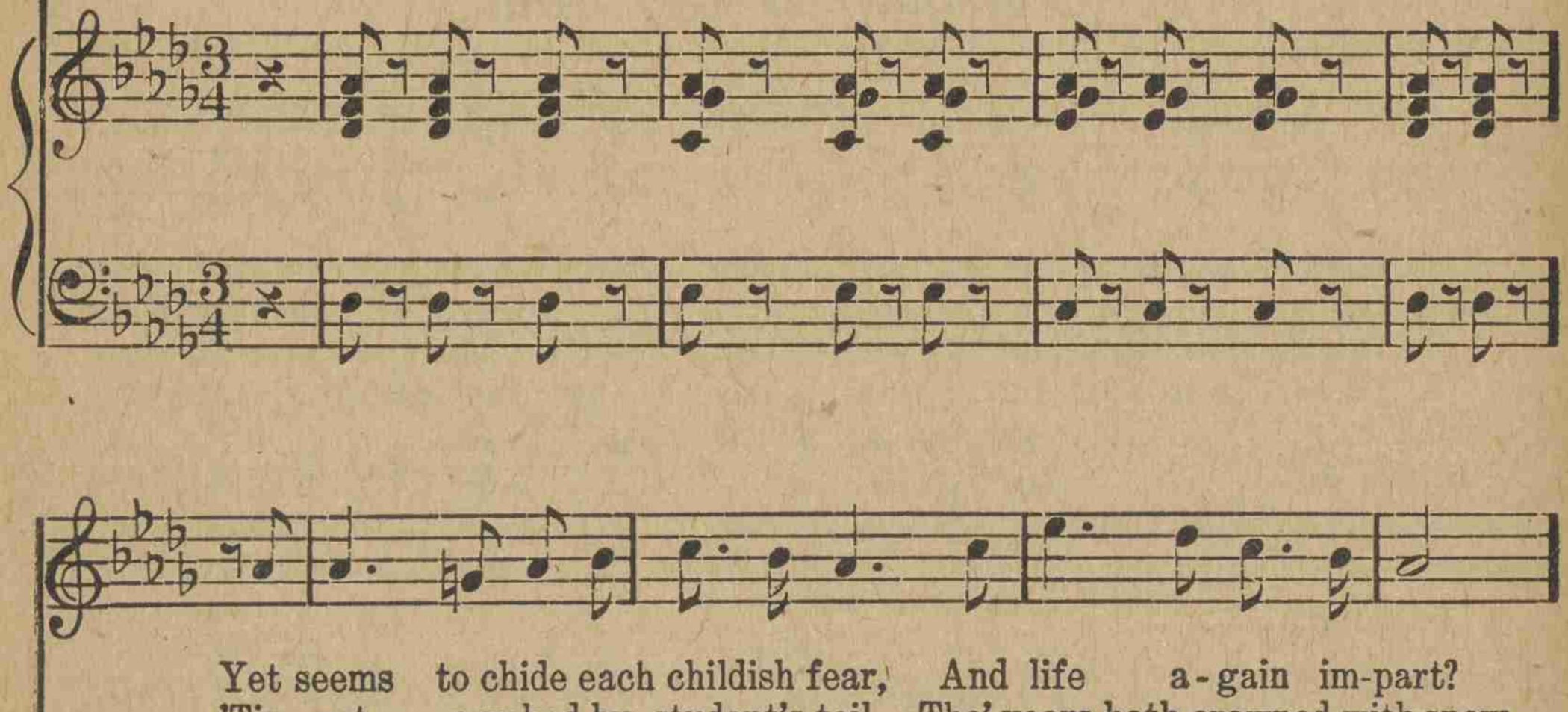
No. 166. What Voice Salutes the Startled Ear?

H. W. NAISBITT. E. BEESLEY.

1. What voice salutes the start-led ear, And wakes the stricken heart,
2. This doth not spring from earthly soil, Nor from its wis-dom grow;
3. Here, where the o-pen bier sustains The friend just passed a-way,
4. And so we thank Thee, Father, God; Thy voice will raise the dead,



Yet seems to chide each childish fear, And life a-gain im-part?
'Tis not e-voked by student's toil, Tho' years hath crowned with snow.
We know that glad re-lief ob-tains From its encumb'ring clay.
E'en tho' a thorn-y path they trod, Or were by Cal-v'ry led;

Is it an ech-o of the past, To which we si-lent cling?
No! rich experience bids this swell, Di-vine its precious ring—
While by the read-y grave we stand, Ex-ult-ing faith we bring—
'Twas there Thy Son, our Sav-ior, went, And man by this can sing:

What Voice Salutes the Startled Ear?

CHORUS.

"O grave, where is thy vic - to - ry? O grave, where is thy vic - to - ry?

O grave, where is thy vic - to - ry? O death, where is thy sting?"

No. 167. Glory to God on High.

BODEN. FELICE GIARDINI.

*1. Glo - ry to God on high; Let heav'n and earth re - ply,
2. Je - sus, our Lord and God, Bore sin's tre - men - dous load;
3. Let all the hosts a - bove Join in our song of love,

Praise ye His name. His love and grace a - dore, Who all our
Praise ye His name! Tell what His arm has done, What spoils from
Prais - ing His name; To Him as - crib - ed be Hon - or and

sor - rows bore; Sing a - loud ev - er - more, Wor - thy the Lamb!
death He won; Sing His great name a - lone; Wor - thy the Lamb!
maj - est - y Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty: Wor - thy the Lamb!

*These words are also sung to No. 139.

No. 168. Ye Who are Called to Labor.

Mrs. Mary Judd Page.

Ye Who Are Called to Labor.

CHORUS.

mf *f*

Come, oh, come to me,..... Come, oh, come to me,.....
Come, oh, come to me, Come, oh, come to me,

p 1 2 *Rit.*

Wear - y, heav-y - la - den, Come,oh,come to me.
Wear - y, heav-y - la - den, (*Omit.* . . . . .) Come, oh, come to me.

No. 169. Thou Dost not Weep Alone.

E. R SNOW, GEO. CARELESS.

1. Thou dost not weep, to weep a - lone; The broad bereavement seems to fall
2. But, lo! what joy sa-lutes our grief! Bright rainbows crown the tearful gloom;
3. It soothes our sor - row, says to thee, The Lord in chast'ning comes to bless;
4. Vain are the tro-phies wealth can give! His mem-'ry needs no sculptor's art;

Un - heed-ed and un - felt by none; He was be-loved, be-loved by all.
Hope, hope e - ter - nal brings re - lief; Faith sounds a tri-umph o'er the tomb.
God is thy God, and He will be A fa-ther to the fa-ther-less.
He's left a name—His vir - tues live, 'Graved on the tab - lets of the heart.

No. 170. God be With You!

J. E. RANKIN. W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain!— By His counsels guide, up -
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain!—'Neath His wings pro-tect-ing
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain!— When life's per- ils thick con -
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain!— Keep love's ban-ner float-ing

hold you, With His sheep se-cure - ly fold you; God be with you till we
hide you, Dai - ly man- na still di - vide you; God be with you till we
found you, Put His arms un - fail-ing round you; God be with you till we
o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave before you; God be with you till we

CHORUS.

meet a - gain! Till we meet!..... Till we meet!
Till we meet! Till we meet a - gain!

Till we meet at Je - sus' feet; Till we meet!.....
Till we meet! Till we meet!

Till we meet! God be with you till we meet a - gain!
Till we meet a - gain!

No. 171. Let Zion in Her Beauty Rise.

EDWARD PARTRIDGE. L. D. EDWARDS.

1. Let Zi - on in her beau-ty rise, Her light be - gins to shine;
2. Ye her - alds, sound the Gos - pel trump To earth's re - mot - est bound;
3. That glo-rious rest will then commence, Which proph-ets did fore - tell,

Ere long her King will rend the skies, Ma - jes - tic and di - vine.
Go, spread the news from pole to pole, In all the na - tions round,
When Saints will reign with Christ on earth, And in His pres-ence dwell

The Gos - pel's spread-ing thro' the land, The Gos - pel's spread-ing
That Je - sus in the clouds a - bove, That Je - sus in the
A thou - sand years; O glo - rious day! A thou - sand years; O
The Gospel's spread - ing thro' the land, The Gospel's spread -

thro' the land, The Gospel's spreading thro' the land, A peo-ple to pre -
clouds a - bove, That Je - sus in the clouds a - bove, With hosts of an - gels
glo - rious day! A thousand years; O glo-rious day! Dear Lord, prepare my
ing thro' the land,

pare, To meet the Lord and E-noch's band, Tri - um-phant in the air.
too, Will soon ap - pear, His Saints to save, His en - e - mies sub - due.
heart To stand with Thee on Zi - on's mount, And nev - er - more to part.

No. 172. The Red, White, and Blue.

1. O Co - lum - bia! the gem of the o - cean, The home of the brave and the free, The shrine of each patriot's de - vo- tion, A world of - fers hom-age to thee. Thy man-dates make he - roes as - sem-ble, When Lib - er- ty's form stands in view; Thy ban - ners make tyr - an - ny trem-ble, When borne by the red, white, and blue.

2. When war winged its wide des - o - la - tion, And threat-ened the land to de - form, The ark then of freedom's foun-da- tion, Co - lum - bia, rode safe thro' the storm; With her gar - lands of vic - t'ry a - round her, When so proud-ly she bore her brave crew, With her flag proud - ly float-ing be - fore her, The boast of the red, white, and blue.

3. The Un - ion, the Un - ion for - ev - er, Our glo - ri - ous nation's sweet hymn, May the wreaths it has won nev-er with - er, Nor the star of its glo - ry grow dim; May the serv - ice, u - ni - ted, ne'er sev - er, But they to their col - ors prove true! The Ar - my and Na - vy for - ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white, and blue.

The Red, White, and Blue.

When borne by the red,white, and blue, When borne by the red,white, and blue,
When borne by the red,white, and blue, When borne by the red,white, and blue,
When borne by the red,white, and blue, When borne by the red,white, and blue,

Thy banners make tyr- an- ny tremble, When borne by the red,white and blue.
With her flag proudly float-ing be-fore her, The boast of the red,white and blue.
The Ar - my and Na-vy for- ev - er, Three cheers for the red,white and blue.

No. 173. Jesus, Mighty King in Zion!

JOHN EDWARDS.

Majestically.

1. Je - sus, mighty King in Zi - on, Thou a - lone our guide shall be:
2. As an em-blem of Thy pas-sion, And Thy vic - t'ry o'er the grave,
3. Fear-less of the world's de - spis-ing, We the an - cient path pur - sue,

Thy com - mis - sion we re - ly on; We will fol - low none but Thee.
We, who know Thy great sal - va - tion, Are bap-tized be - neath the wave.
Bur - ied with our Lord, and ris - ing To a life di - vine - ly new.

No. 174. We're Not Ashamed to Own Our Lord.

W. W. PHELPS. JOS. J. DAYNES.

1. We're not ashamed to own our Lord, And wor-ship Him on earth; We
2. When Je - sus comes in burn-ing flame, Then to re- ward the just, The
3. When He comes down from heav'n to earth, With all His ho - ly band, Be -
4. Then He will give us our "new name," With robes of right-eous- ness, And

love to learn His ho - ly word, And know what souls are worth. We
world will know the on - ly name In which the Saints can trust. The
fore cre - a - tion's sec - ond birth, We hope with Him to stand. Be -
in the new Je - ru - sa-lem E - ter - nal hap - pi - ness. And

We love to learn His ho-ly word,

love to learn His ho - ly word, We love to learn His ho - ly word,
world will know the on - ly name, The world will know the on - ly name,
fore cre - a - tion's sec - ond birth, Be - fore cre - a - tion's sec - ond birth,
in the new Je - ru - sa - lem, And in the new Je - ru - sa - lem,

We love to learn His ho - ly word, And know what souls are worth.
The world will know the on - ly name In which the Saints can trust.
Be - fore cre - a - tion's sec - ond birth, We hope with Him to stand.
And in the new Je - ru - sa - lem E - ter - nal hap - pi - ness.

No. 175. Sons of Michael, He Approaches.

E. L. T. HARRISON. C. J. THOMAS.

Moderato.

1. Sons of Michael, He approaches! Rise; th' E - ter - nal Fa - ther greet:
2. Sons of Michael, 'tis His char-iot Rolls its burn-ing wheels a - long!
3. Moth - er of our gen - er - a-tions, Glo - rious by great Mich-ael's side,
4. Raise a cho-rus, sons of Michael, Like old O - cean's roar-ing swell,

Bow, ye thousands, low before Him; Min - is - ter be - fore His feet;
Raise a - loft your voi - ces mil-lion In a tor - rent pow'r of song:
Take thy children's a - dor - a- tion; End - less with thy Lord pre- side;
Till the might-y ac - cla-ma-tion Thro' re-bound-ing space doth tell

reign,.....

Faster.

1st time pp 2nd time ff.

Hail, hail the Pa - tri-arch's glad reign, Hail, hail the
Hail, hail our Head with mu - sic soft! Hail, hail our
Lo, lo, to greet Thee now ad - vance, Lo, lo, to
That, that the An- cient One doth reign, That, that the

Pa - tri-arch's glad reign, Spread-ing o - ver sea and main.
Head with mu - sic soft! Raise sweet mel - o - dies a - loft!
greet Thee now ad - vance Thou- sands in the glo - rious dance!
An - cient One doth reign In His par - a - dise a - gain!

No. 176. We Meet Again in Sabbath School.

GEO. MANWARING. E. BEESLEY.

1. We meet a - gain in Sab - bath School On this the Lord's own day,
2. We meet a - gain, yes, glad - ly meet, To learn the will of God,
3. O hap - py day! on which we meet, With friends and teach - ers dear,

Where joy - ful glad-ness is the rule, And love doth bear its sway;
For wis-dom seek - ing, that our feet May walk the nar - row road:
And in this ev - er sweet re-treat Their bless - ed teach-ings hear;

Where all may join in songs of praise To Him who reigns a - bove,
O Fa - ther, let Thy Spir - it dwell In ev - 'ry will - ing heart,
With precious truths our minds are stored, The gos - pel plan made plain,

And thank-ful hearts and voi - ces raise, For His re-deem - ing love.
That we may love and serve Thee well, And ne'er from Thee de - part.
Each Sab - bath day with one ac - cord O let us meet a - gain.

No. 177. Sing the Wondrous Story.

E. S. EVAN STEPHENS.

Moderato, well accented.

1. Sing, sing the won - drous sto - ry Of a hun - dred years,
2. Sing of the youth - ful Jo - seph, He, the good and true,
3. Sing of the broth - er mar - tyrs: One in all the strife,

Since, from the courts of glo - ry To this vale of tears,
Who asked the heav'n - ly Fa - ther How His will to do.
Each sealed his tes - ti - mo - ny With his mor - tal life.

God sent His cho - sen serv - ant To re-store a - gain
Sing how from heav'n de - scend - ed Fa - ther and the Son,
Sing how the work has pros - pered, Spreading o'er the earth;

The Gos - pel long since ta - ken From the midst of men.
And gave the boy the an - swer Which his faith had won.
Sing, sing our thanks to heav - en For a Proph-et's birth.

Rit.

No. 178. All Hail the New-Born Year!

P. P. Pratt. G. Careless.

Moderato.

1. All hail the new - born year! Thrice wel - come to the Saints,
2. When life shall spring a - new, And veg - e - ta - tion bloom,
3. Come, tune your harps a - new, And join in hymns of praise
4. All hail the glo - rious King Of right - eous - ness and peace!

Whose com - ing Lord is near, To end their long com-plaints:
And flow'rs of var - ied hue Will spread a rich per - fume,
To Him whose pow'r we view In these e - vent - ful days!
Thy prom - is - es we sing, And hope for quick re - lease;

Sweet hope, still perch - ing on thy wing, An - tic - i -
While hap - py birds fill ev - 'ry grove With songs of
Whose arm shall make the na - tions yield, Shall con - quer
Let Zi - on find her prom - ised rest, And na - tions

pates a hap - pier spring, An - tic - i - pates a hap - pier spring.
joy, and light, and love, With songs of joy, and light, and love.
death and win the field, Shall con - quer death and win the field.
in her court be blest, And na - tions in her court be blest.

No. 179. True to the Faith.

E. S. EVAN STEPHENS.

Met. ♩ = 84. *Firm, march time.*

1. Shall the youth of Zi - on fal - ter, In de-fend - ing truth and right?
2. While we know the pow'rs of dark - ness Seek to thwart the work of God,
3. We will work out our sal - va - tion, We will cleave un - to the truth,
4. We will strive to be found wor - thy Of the king - dom of our Lord,

While the en - e - my as - sail - eth, Shall we shrink, or shun the fight? No!
Shall the chil-dren of the prom - ise Cease to grasp the "i - ron rod?" No!
We will watch and pray and la - bor, With the fer-vent zeal of youth. Yes!
With the faith-ful ones re - deem - ed, Who have loved and kept His word. Yes!

CHORUS.

True to the faith that our par- ents have cher-ished, True to the

truth for which mar- tyrs have per - ished, To God's com - mand,

Soul, heart and hand, Faith-ful and true we will ev - er stand.

No. 180. Verdant Spring and Rosy Summer.

Joyfully.

1. Ver-dant spring and ro - sy sum-mer, Gold - en au - tumn, all are past;
2. Slid - ing, skat-ing, laugh-ing, shout-ing, Down the rug - ged hill we go;
3. Tho' the for - est shades are si - lent, And the birds have flown a - way,

O'er the face of na - ture frowning, Lone - ly win - ter comes at last;
Hark! the sleigh-bells gai - ly peal-ing O'er the white and down - y snow!
We can war - ble sweet-est mu - sic, We can sing as light as they.

Yet she brings us man - y pleas-ures, Man - y scenes of
Can we think the win - ter drear - y, When such mer - ry
Hap - py sea - son, hap - py greet-ing! Friends and kin - dred

fes - tive cheer; Now with joy our hearts are glow - ing,
tones we hear? Now the cup of pleas - ure spark-les,
far and near, Take our best and kind - est wish - es,

While we hail the bright new year, While we hail the bright new year.

No. 181. Come, Go With Me, Beyond the Sea.

Arr. by T. C. GRIGGS.

1. Come, go with me, be - yond the sea, Where hap - pi - ness is true,
2. There on those ev - er - last - ing hills, And in the val - leys fair,
3. There Is - rael's sons, so long op-pressed, Are pure, free, hap - py too;

Where Jo-seph's land, blest by God's hand, In - vit - ing waits for you.
Be - side the gur - gling foun-tain rills, We'll bow in hum - ble prayer,
And daugh-ters, in true vir - tue dressed, Do wait to wel-come you;

With joy - ful hearts you'll un-der-stand The blessings that a - wait you there.
And praise our God in joy-ful strains, That we are safe - ly gathered there.
To greet you with a kin-dred hand, And with you ev - 'ry good to share.

I know it is the prom-ised land; My home, my home is there.
I know it is the prom-ised land; My home, my home is there.
I know it is the prom-ised land; My home, my home is there.

No. 182. Children, Gladly Join and Sing.

GEO. MANWARING. E. BEESLEY.

1. Chil - dren, glad - ly join and sing, On this ho - ly day;
2. On this hap - py day re - joice In the God a - bove,
3. Shout the ti - dings far and wide, Tell from sea to sea,
4. Sing a - loud the glad re - frain, Let the cho - rus swell;

To our Fa - ther, God and King, Heart - felt trib - ute pay.
Lift to Him a grate-ful voice For His won - drous love.
How for man the Sav - ior died, Died to set us free.
Soon the Lord will come a - gain, On the earth to dwell.

Sweet-ly tune your cheer - ful lays, Hap - py hearts and voi - ces raise,
On this day He rose a - gain, Who had suf - fered grief and pain,
Sing ho - san - nas to His name, Praise Him for the gos - pel plan,
Praise shall then thro' earth re-sound, Love in ev - 'ry heart a - bound,

Glad - ly to our Sav - ior's praise, All u - nite to - day.
Who had died that man might gain Life, e - ter - nal life.
Now re - demp - tion's bought for man, Christ has set us free.
Naught to make a - fraid be found, All will then be well.

No. 183. Hark! Ye Mortals. Hist! be Still.

P. P. PRATT. HANDEL.

1. Hark! ye mor - tals. Hist! be still, Voi - ces from Cum -
2. Now the Gen - tile reign is o'er; Dark - ness cov - ers
3. Je - sus now will come a - gain, Saints with Him shall
4. Ghast - ly death shall con - quered be, Zi - on reign, and

or - ah's hill Break the si - lence of..... the tomb,
earth no more; Now shall Zi - on rise..... and shine,
rise and reign, Heav'n and earth in songs... com - bine,
Saints be free, Priests and kings shall join..... in love,

Pen - e - trate the dread - ful gloom, Gen - tly whis - per,
Fill.... the world with light.... di - vine; An - gels join— the
All.... the worlds in cho - rus join; Ev - 'ry tongue the
Fill.... the worlds be - low,.... a - bove, Sing - ing an - thems—

All..... is well! Now's the day of Is - ra - el!
ti - dings tell, Now's the day of Is - ra - el!
mu - sic swell, Now's the day of Is - ra - el!
all..... is well! Now's the day of Is - ra - el!

No. 184. Oh, I Had Such a Pretty Dream, Mamma.

J. S. Lewis.

1. Oh, I had such a pret - ty dream, mam - ma,.... Such pleas-ant and beau - ti - ful things; Of a dear lit - tle nest, in the mead-ows of rest, Where the bird - ie her lul - la - by sings. Of a dear lit - tle nest,
2. A dear lit - tle stream full of lil - ies..... Crept o - ver the green moss-y stones, And just where I lay, its thin sparkling spray Sang sweet-ly in del - i - cate tones. And just where I lay,
3. And as it flowed on toward the o - cean,... Thro' shad-ows and pret - ty sun - beams, Each note grew more deep, and I soon fell a - sleep, And was off to the Is-land of Dreams. Each note grew more deep,
4. I saw there a beau - ti - ful an - gel,.... With crown all be - span-gled with dew: She touched me and spoke, and I quick - ly a - woke: And found there, dear mam-ma, 'twas you. She touched me and spoke,

No. 185. Reverently and Meekly Now.

J. L. TOWNSHEND. E. BEESLEY.

1. Rev-'rent - ly and meek-ly now Let thy head most hum - bly bow;
2. In this bread now blest for thee, Em - blem of My bod - y see;
3. Bid thine heart all strife to cease; With thy breth-ren be at peace;
4. At the throne I in - ter - cede; For thee ev - er do I plead;

Think of Me, thou ran-somed one; Think what I for thee have done;
In this wa - ter or this wine, Em - blem of My blood di - vine.
O for - give, as thou wouldst be E'en for - giv - en now by Me.
I have loved thee as thy friend, With a love that can-not end.

INSTRUMENT.

With My blood that dripped like rain, Sweat in ag - o - ny of pain;
Ch, re - mem - ber what was done That the sin - ner might be won—
In the sol - emn faith of prayer Cast up - on Me all thy care,
Be o - be - dient, I im - plore, Prayer-ful, watch-ful, ev - er - more,

1st & 2d SOPRANOS.

With My bod - y on the tree, I have ran - somed e - ven thee.
On the cross of Cal - va - ry I have suf - fered death for thee.
And My Spir-it's grace shall be Like a foun - tain un - to thee.
And be con-stant un - to Me That thy Sav - ior I may be.

No. 186. Behold, the Mountain of the Lord.

LOGAN. J. DAYNES.

1. Be - hold, the moun - tain of the Lord In lat - ter days shall
2. The rays that shine from Zi - on's hill Shall light - en ev - 'ry
3. No strife shall rage, nor hos - tile feuds Dis - turb those peace-ful

rise, On moun-tain tops, a - bove the hills, And draw the wond'ring
land; The King who reigns in Sa - lem's tow'rs Shall all the world com -
years; To plow-shares men shall beat their swords, To prun - ing-hooks their

eyes, And draw the won - d'ring eyes. To this the joy - ful
mand, Shall all the world com - mand. A - mong the na - tions
spears, To prun - ing-hooks their spears. No lon - ger host, en -

na - tions round, All tribes and tongues, shall flow: "Up
He shall judge, His judg - ments truth shall guide; His
coun - t'ring host, Shall crowds of slain de - plore; They'll

Behold, the Mountain of the Lord.

No. 187. Come, We that Love the Lord.

No. 188. Come Along, Come Along.

WILLIAM WILLES. A. C. SMYTH.

1. Come a - long, come a - long, is the call that will win, To lead us to
2. Come to me, come to me, sweet-ly falls on the ear, The word of the
3. Let us gov-ern by kind-ness, and nev - er by force, All cheer-ing and

vir - tue, and keep us from sin; Most men can be led, but
Lord full of com - fort and cheer, To bind up the bro - ken, the
bright, like the sun in its course; O - be - dience will spring from each

few can be driv'n, In shun-ning per - di - tion, and striv-ing for heav'n.
cap - tive set free, In the good time that's com-ing, we hope soon to see.
heart with a bound, And broth - er- hood flour-ish the wide world a - round.

CHORUS.

Come a-long, come a - long, is the call that will win, In lead - ing to

vir - tue, and keep - ing from sin; Come a - long, come a - long, is the

Come Along, Come Along.

No. 189. Captain of Israel's Host.

WESLEY. ROSSINI.

1. Cap-tain of Is-rael's host, and Guide Of all who seek the
2. By Thy un-err-ing Spir-it led, We shall not in the

SOLI.

land a-bove, Be-neath the shad-ow we a-bide—The
des-ert stray; We shall no oth-er guid-ance need, Nor

Ad lib. CHORUS.

cloud of Thy pro-tect-ing love..... Our strength, Thy grace, our
miss our prov-i-den-tial way; ..... As far from dan-ger

rule, Thy word, Our end, the glo-ry of the Lord.
as from fear, While love, al-might-y love, is near.

No. 190. Father, Thy Children to Thee Now Raise.

E. S. E. STEPHENS.

1. Fa - ther, Thy chil-dren to Thee now raise Glad, grateful songs for Thy
2. Thankful to Thee that a pil - grim band Brought us to dwell in this
3. Oh, may our songs to Thy courts as - cend, Pleas-ing to Thee may our

love and grace— For Thy pro-tect-ing and watch-ful care O - ver Thy
fa - vored land; Led o'er the des-erts and plains by Thee, Here to a
voi - ces blend; Lead us as Thou hast the faith-ful led, Feed us with

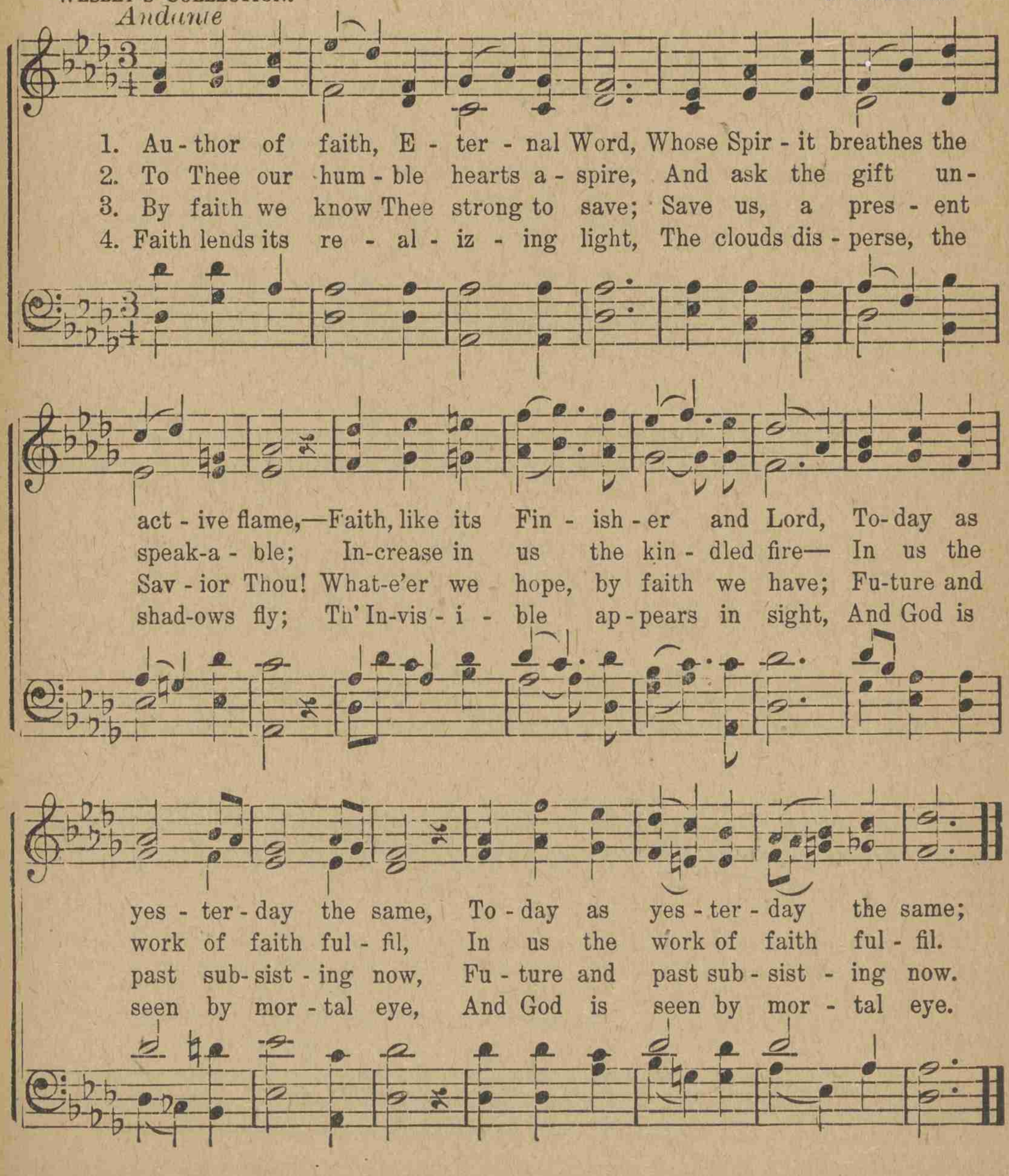
Saints dwell-ing far and near. Grate-ful to Thee for the gos - pel light,
land of true lib - er - ty. Thankful to Thee for the moun-tains high,
knowl-edge and dai - ly bread. Let us not stray from the paths of truth—

Which with its truth fills us with de - light; Glad that we've cho-sen the
The fresh'ning breeze and the clear, blue sky; And for the fields cov-ered
For - give the fol - ly and faults of youth; Fa - ther, ac - cept Thou the

Father, Thy Children to Thee Now Raise.

No. 191. Author of Faith, Eternal Word.

WESLEY'S COLLECTION. G. CARELESS.



No. 192. Hark! Ten Thousand Thousand Voices.

Dr. RAFFLES. JOS. J. DAYNES.

1. Hark! ten thou-sand thou-sand voi - ces Sing the song of ju - bi - lee!
2. Wi - der now, and loud - er ris - ing, Swells and soars the loft - y strain,
3. Then in loft - ier, sweet- er num-bers, We shall sing E - man-uel's praise;
4. Then shall come the great Mes-si - ah, In Mil- len - nial glo - ry crowned;

Earth, thro' all her tribes, re - joi - ces—Broke her long cap - tiv - i - ty.
Earth's unnumbered tongues com-pris-ing; Hark! the Conqu'ror's praise a - gain.
Free from all that now en- cum-bers, No - bler songs our voi - ces raise.
"Is - rael's hope," and "earth's de - sire," Now tri - um-phant and re-nowned.

Hail, E-man-uel! Great De-liv-'rer! Hail, E - man-uel! praise to Thee!
Hail, E-man-uel! Great De-liv-'rer! Stones shall speak if we re - frain;
Hail, E-man-uel! Great De-liv-'rer! Live for - ev - er in our lays.
Hail, Mes-si - ah! Reign for-ev - er! Heav'n to earth re - flects the sound,

Now the theme, in peal-ing thun-ders, Thro' the un - i - verse is rung;
Thus, while heart and pulse are beat-ing, To His name let praise a - rise,
While our crowns of glo - ry cast-ing At His feet, in rap - ture lost,
Heav'n and earth, with all their re-gions, At His foot-stool pros- trate fall;

Hark! Ten Thousand Thousand Voices.

Now, in gen-tler tones, the won-ders Of re-deem-ing grace are sung.
Till from earth the soul, re-treat-ing, Joins the cho-rus of the skies.
We, in an-thems ev-er-last-ing, Ming-le with the an-gel host.
Heav'n and earth, with all their le-gions, Crown E-man-uel, Lord of all.

No. 193. The Morning Breaks, the Shadows Flee.

P. P. PRATT. G. CARELESS.

f Moderato.

1. The morn-ing breaks, the shad-ows flee; Lo! Zi-on's stand-ard
2. The clouds of er-ror dis-ap-pear Be-fore the rays of
3. The Gen-tile ful-ness now comes in, And Is-rael's bless-ings
4. Je-ho-vah speaks! let earth give ear, And Gen-tile na-tions
5. An-gels from heav'n and truth from earth Have met, and both have

is un-furled. The dawn-ing of a bright-er day, The dawn-ing
truth di-vine; The glo-ry burst-ing from a-far, The glo-ry
are at hand; Lo! Ju-dah's rem-nant, cleansed from sin, Lo! Ju-dah's
turn and live; His might-y arm is mak-ing bare, His might-y
rec-ord borne; Thus Zi-on's light is burst-ing forth, Thus Zi-on's

p

of a bright-er day Ma-jes-tic ris-es on the world.
burst-ing from a-far, Wide o'er the na-tions soon will shine.
rem-nant, cleansed from sin, Shall in their prom-ised Ca-naan stand.
arm is mak-ing bare, His cov-'nant peo-ple to re-ceive.
light is burst-ing forth, To bring her ran-somed chil-dren home.

f

No. 194. Sweet Sabbath Day.

GEO. MANWARING. R. LOWRY.

1. Sweet Sab - bath day, all hail to thee, Beau-ti - ful day of rest!
2. This best of days to man is giv'n— Beau-ti - ful day of rest!
3. Sweet Sab - bath day, thy name we love— Beau-ti - ful day of rest!

That sets us from all la - bor free, Beau-ti - ful day of rest!
To draw our minds to God and heav'n—Beau-ti - ful day of rest!
Let an - gels hear the strain a - bove— Beau-ti - ful day of rest!

With joy we hail thy wel-come ray, With grateful hearts our homage pay
And hum - bly now we bend the knee, With rev'rence, Lord, as-cribe to Thee,
'Tis God's com-mand, let all o - bey, To hal - low this, the Sab-bath day,

To Him who gave this ho - ly day, This beau-ti - ful day of rest.
Our thanks for all Thy mer - cies free—This beau-ti - ful day of rest.
And spend in His ap- point - ed way The beau-ti - ful day of rest.

CHORUS.

Beau-ti - ful day, beau - ti - ful day, Beau - ti - ful day of rest!

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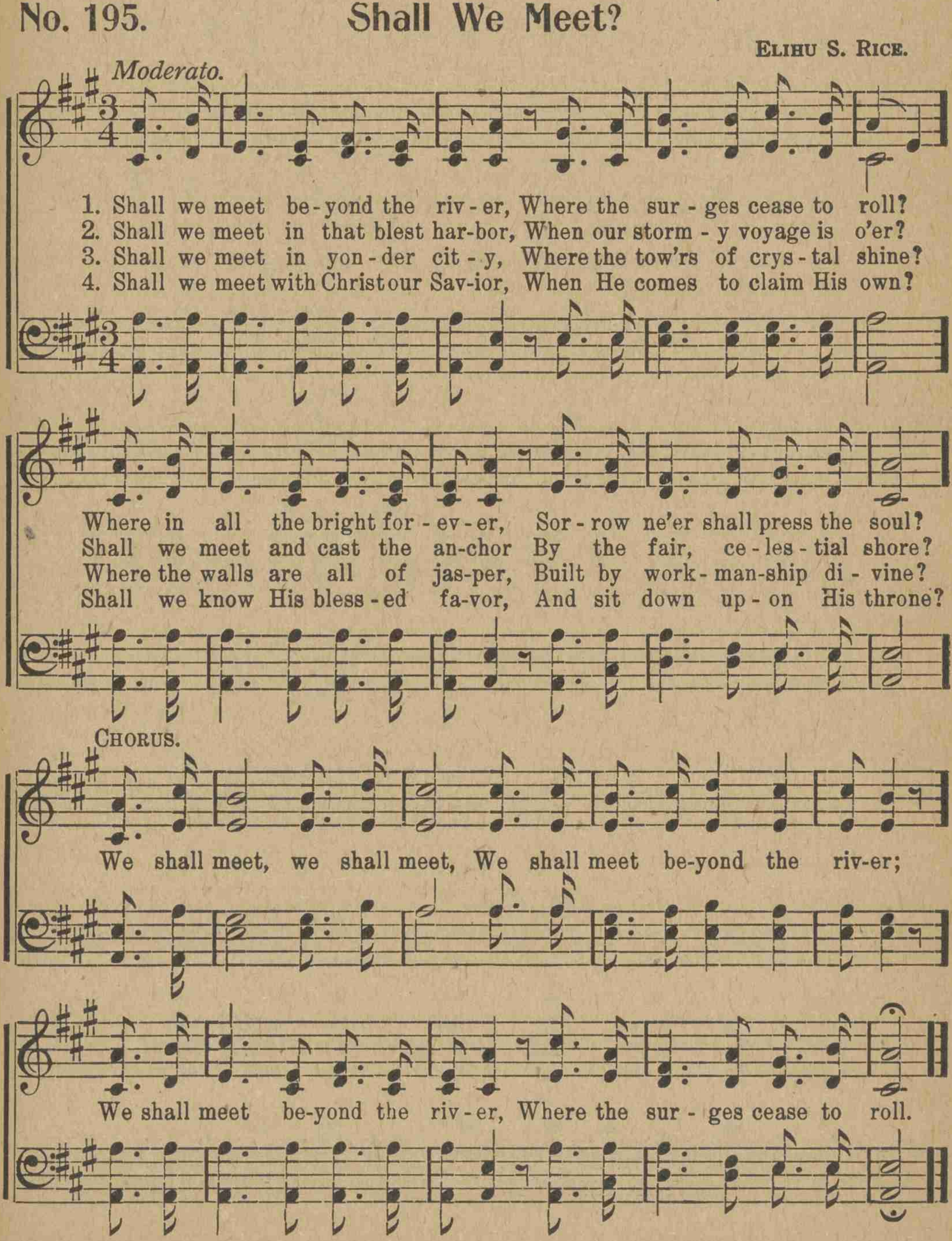
Sweet Sabbath Day.

No. 195. Shall We Meet?

ELIHU S. RICE.



No. 196. Inspirer of the Ancient Seers.

WESLEY'S COLLECTION.

Inspirer of the Ancient Seers.

Lively.

The spir - it of Thy word im - part, And breathe the life in -
Our weak-ness help, our dark - ness chase, And guide us by the
Deep wounded by the Spir - it's sword, And then by Gil - ead's
Ful - fil Thy love's re - deem - ing plan, And bring us to a

to each heart, And breathe the life in - to each heart.
light of grace, And guide us by the light of grace!
balm re - stored, And then by Gil - ead's balm re - stored.
per - fect man, And bring us to a per - fect man.

No. 197. Lo! the Gentile Chain is Broken.

P. P. Pratt.

1. Lo! the Gen - tile chain is bro-ken, Freedom's ban - ner waves on high:
2. See, on yon - der dis - tant moun-tain, Zi - on's stand-ard wide un-furled;
3. Freedom, peace and full sal - va - tion Are the bless-ings guar - an - teed—
4. Lo! the King, whom we de - sire, Prince of Peace, shall come to reign;

List, ye na - tions! by this to - ken Know that your re-demp-tion's nigh.
Far a - bove Mis - sou - ri's fountain, Lo! it waves for all the world.
Lib - er - ty to ev - 'ry na - tion, Ev - 'ry tongue, and ev - 'ry creed.
Sound a - gain, ye heav'n-ly choir, Peace on earth, good will to men.

No. 198. O Ye Mountains High.

C. W. PENROSE.

1. O ye moun - tains high, where the clear blue sky Arch - es
2. Tho' the great and the wise all thy beau - ties de-spise, To the
3. In thy moun - tain re-treat, God will strength-en thy feet; On the
4. Here our voi - ces we'll raise, and we'll sing to thy praise, Sa - cred

o - ver the vales of the free, Where the pure breez- es blow and the
hum - ble and pure thou art dear; Tho' the haugh - ty may smile and the
necks of thy foes thou shalt tread; And their sil - ver and gold, as the
home of the Proph-ets of God; Thy de - liv-'rance is nigh, thy op-

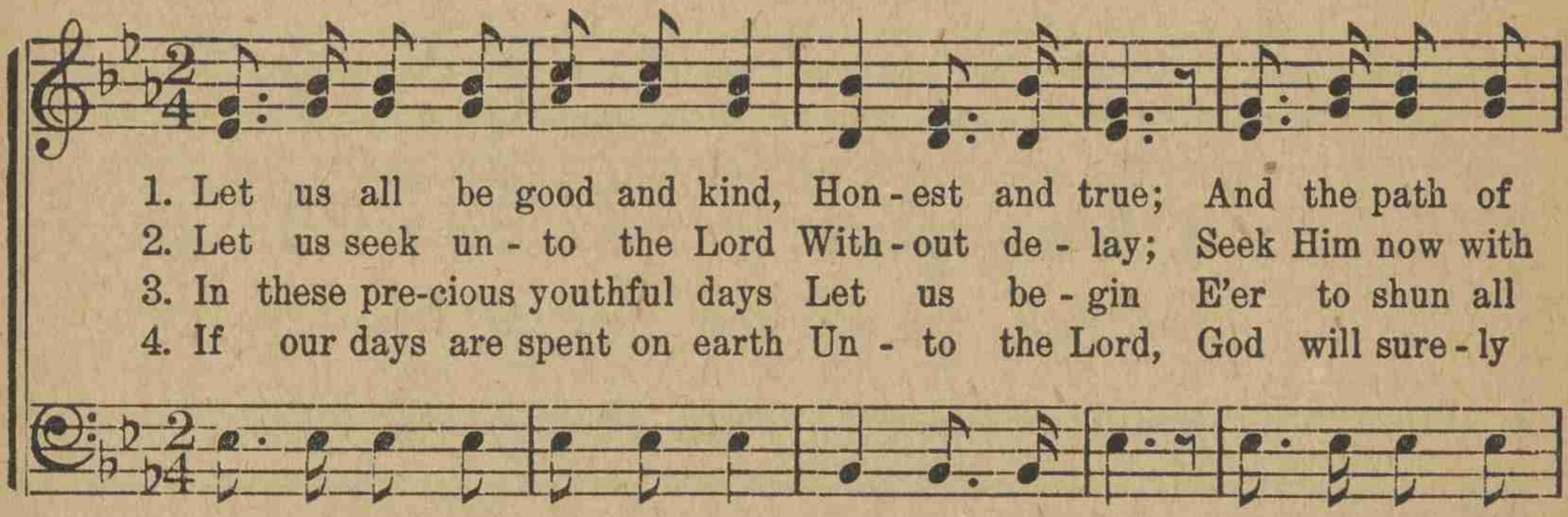
clear stream-lets flow, How I've longed to your bos - om to flee!
wick - ed re - vile, Yet we love thy glad ti - dings to hear.
Proph - ets fore - told, Shall be brought to a - dorn thy fair head.
press - ors shall die, And the Gen - tiles shall bow 'neath thy rod.

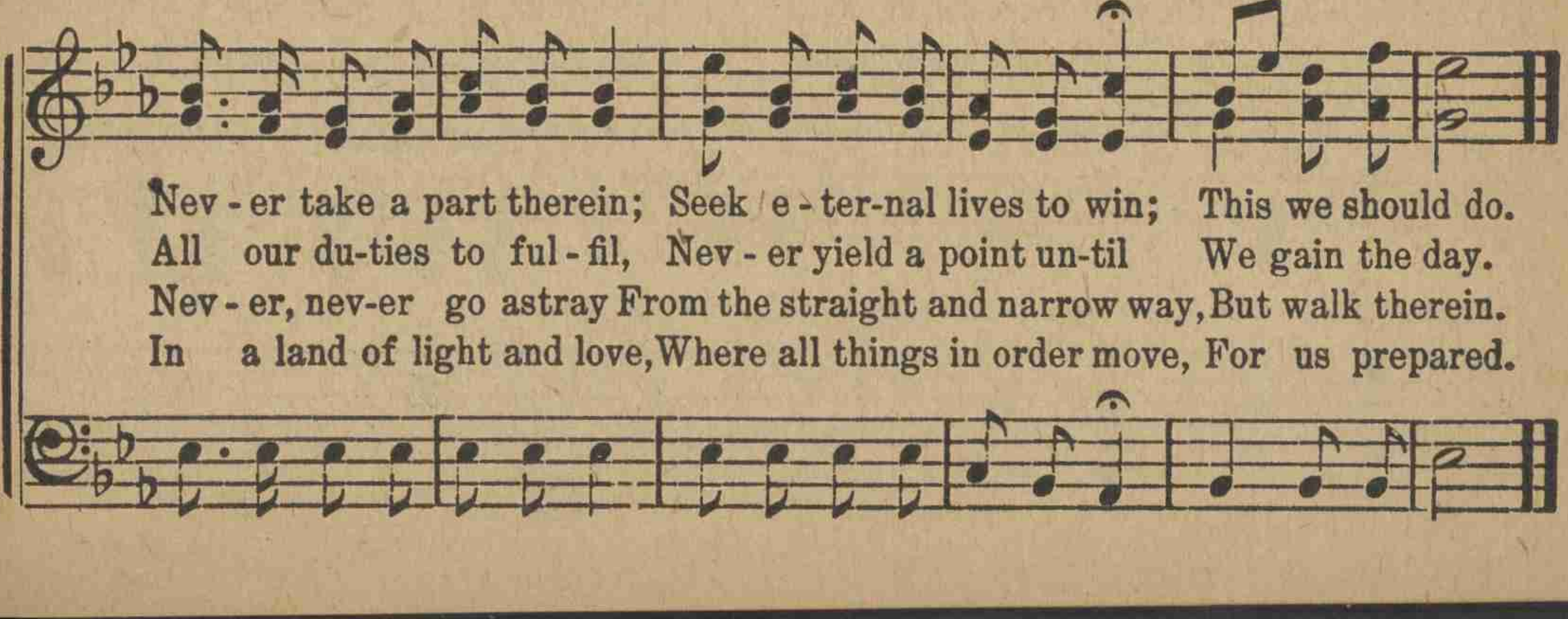
O Zi - on! dear Zi - on! land of the free, Now my own mountain
O Zi - on! dear Zi - on! home of the free, Tho' thou wert forced to
O Zi - on! dear Zi - on! home of the free, Soon thy tow - ers shall
O Zi - on! dear Zi - on! land of the free, In thy tem - ples we'll

O Ye Mountains High.

No. 199. Let Us All be Good and Kind.

J. E. J. EDWARDS.





No. 200. Proud? Yes, of Our Home in the Mountains.

J. S. L. J. S. Lewis.

1. Proud? Yes, of our home in the moun-tains, Where proph-ets of Is-rael re-
2. The Saints are in-vit-ing the na-tions Un-to cham-bers prepared of our
3. God's Zi-on is rich, and her bless-ing The wide world will for-ev-er ex-

side, And faith-ful ones quaff from the foun-tains, Where
God, To join in the work of re-demp-tion, Far a-
cel, E'en now see her peo-ple pos-sess-ing More than

wis-dom and vir-tue a-bide. The Lord is now pour-ing a
way from the scourge and the rod. Al-read-y the "black horse" is
po-ets or proph-ets could tell. Like pil-lars of heav-en her

Proud? Yes, of Our Home in the Mountains.

No. 201. When Shall We Meet Thee?

E. F. P. EDWIN F. PARRY.

Spiritoso. *p*

1. When shall we meet Thee, dear Sav - ior a - love? When shall we be -
2. When shall we meet Thee, our Sav - ior and Lord? When shall we Thy
3. When shall we meet Thee, Re - deem - er and Friend? When shall we in

hold Thy face? When shall we greet Thee with to - kens of love,
glo - ry see? When shall we go to ob - tain our re-ward,
heav'n a - bide? When shall the just to Thy man - sions as- cend,

f

In that hap - py, ho - ly place? When we have fin - ished our
And in heav'n be crowned with Thee? When Thou wilt come in Thy
Where our God and Thee re - side? When all our la - bors on

mis - sion be - low, When on earth we no more roam, Wilt Thou ap-
glo - ry and might, O - ver all the earth to reign, May we be
earth are com-plete, When our mor - tal life is o'er, When we have

prove of our work when we go To our glo - rious fu - ture home?
ho - ly and pure in Thy sight, And Thy ap - pro - ba - tion gain.
gone where our rec - ord we'll meet, On that bright e - ter - nal shore.

When Shall We Meet Thee?

CHORUS.

No. 202. Utah, the Star of the West.

O. P. H. O. P. Huish.

March time. Resoluto.

1. There is a land whose sun - ny vales Are fair as dreams of par - a - dise, Where white-robed vir - tue e'er pre - vails, And
2. How rich and fer - tile is thy soil! How vast the wealth thy moun - tains hold! When sought with dil - i - gence and toil, Yield
3. Then sing her prais - es loud and long, Ye sons and daugh-ters of her soil. Stand for the right, op - pose the wrong, And hon - est man - hood has no price; Where mountains capped with vir - gin
of their treas - ures man - i - fold; In all the range of man's de-
'neath op - pres - sion ne'er re - coil. For truth and hon - or let your

mf

snow, Pure as the babe on moth - er's breast. The land I
sire, Thou art a land di - vine - ly blest; None know thee,
mien Be loft - y as the moun - tain crest; Keep U - tah
sing of, would you know? 'Tis U - tah, star of all the west;
on - ly to ad - mire, Fair U - tah, star of all the west;
what's she ev - er been, The brightest star of all the west;

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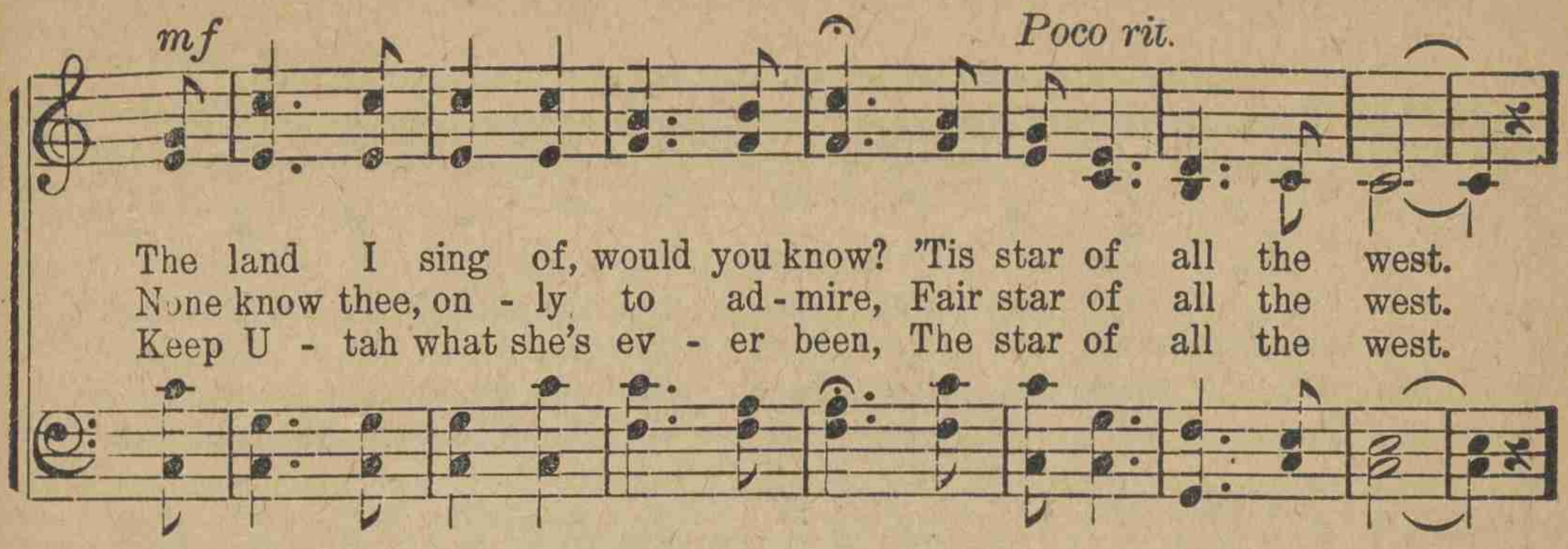
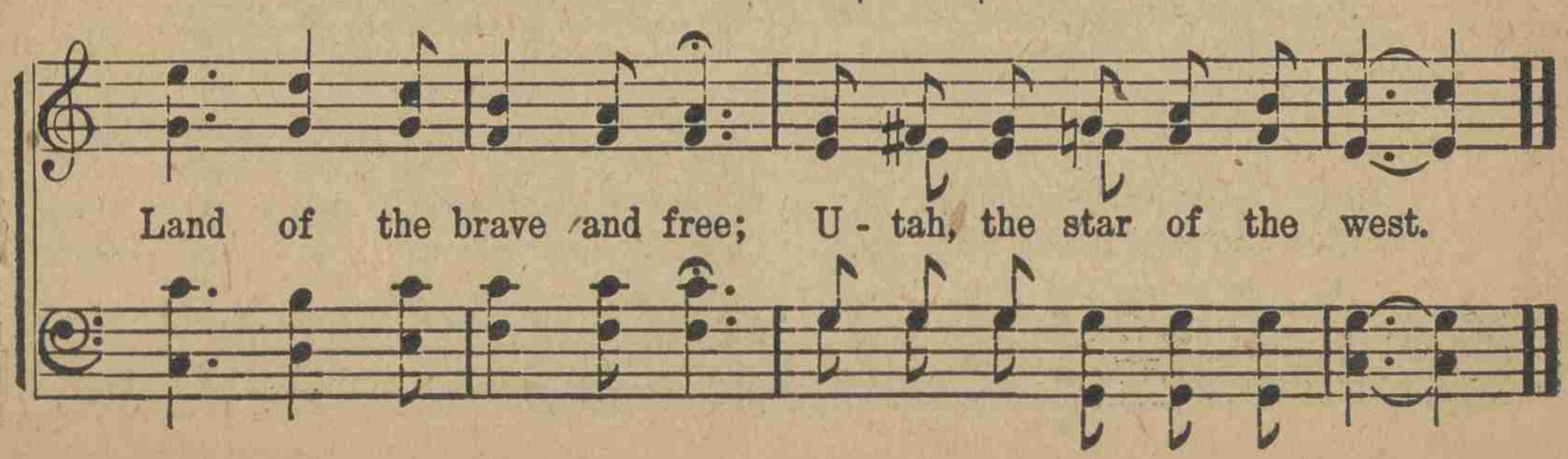
Utah, the Star of the West.



CHORUS.



No. 203. The Star-spangled Banner.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

1. Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's ear - ly light,
2. On the shore, dim - ly seen thro' the mists of the deep,
3. And where is that band who so vaunt - ing - ly swore,
4. Oh, thus be it ev - er when free - men shall stand

What so proud - ly we hailed at the twi - light's last gleam-ing,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread si - lence re - pos - es,
That the hav - oc of war and the bat - tle's con - fu - sion
Be - tween their loved home and the war's des - o - la - tion;

Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the per - il - ous fight,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing steep,
A home and a coun - try should leave us no more?
Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the heav'n - res - cued land

O'er the ram - parts we watched, where so gal - lant - ly stream ing?
As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con - ceals, half dis - clos · es?
Their blood has washed out their foul foot - steps' pol - lu - tion.
Praise the Pow'r that hath made and pre-served us a na - tion.

The Star-spangled Banner.

No. 204. Master, the Tempest is Raging!

M. A. BAKER. H. R. PALMER.

1. Mas-ter, the tem-pest is rag-ing! The bil-lows are toss-ing high!
2. Mas-ter, with an-guish of spir-it I bow in my grief to-day,
3. Mas-ter, the ter-ror is o-ver, The el-e-ments sweet-ly rest,

The sky is o'er-shadowed with black-ness, No shel-ter or help is nigh;
The depths of my sad heart are troub-led—Oh, wak-en and save, I pray!
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mir-rored, And heaven's with-in my breast;

"Car-est Thou not that we per-ish?" How canst Thou lie a-sleep,
Tor-rents of sin and of an-guish Sweep o'er my sink-ing soul;
Lin-ger, O bless-ed Re-deem-er! Leave me a-lone no more;

When each moment so mad-ly is threat-'ning A grave in the an-gry deep?
And I per-ish! I per-ish! dear Mas-ter—Oh, has-ten, and take con-trol!
And with joy I shall make the blest har-bor, And rest on the bliss-ful shore.

CHORUS.

p

The winds and the waves shall o-bey Thy will, Peace, be
Peace, be still,

Master, the Tempest is Raging!

pp

still! Wheth - er the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or de - mons, or
peace, be still!

Cres - - - - - - cen - -

men, Or what - ev - er it be, No wa - ters can swal - low the

- - - - - - do *ff*

ship where lies The Mas - ter of o - cean, and earth, and skies; They

p

all shall sweet-ly o - bey Thy will, Peace, be still! peace, be still! They

Rit. *pp*

all shall sweet-ly o - bey Thy will, Peace, peace be still!

No. 205. Who's on the Lord's Side?

H. CORNABY. Arr. by GEO. CARELESS.

1. Who's on the Lord's side? Who? Now is the time to show; We
2. We serve the liv - ing God, And want His foes to know That
3. The stone cut with-out hands, To fill the earth must grow; Who'll
4. The pow'rs of earth and hell In rage di - rect the blow That's
5. The Lord has ar - mies great Which at His bid - ding go, His
6. Then ral - ly to the flag; Our God will help us thro'; The

ask it fear - less - ly, Who's on the Lord's side? Who? We
if but few, we're great: Who's on the Lord's side? Who? We're
help to roll it on? Who's on the Lord's side? Who? Our
aimed to crush the work; Who's on the Lord's side? Who? Truth,
char - i - ots are strong: Who's on the Lord's side? Who? When
vic - to - ry is ours: Who's on the Lord's side? Who? Stain-

wage no com - mon war, Cope with no com - mon foe; The
go - ing on to win, Nor fear must blanch the brow; The
en - sign to the world Is float - ing proud - ly now; No
life and lib - er - ty, Free - dom from death and woe, Are
He makes bare His arm To lay the wick - ed low, Then
less our flag must wave, And to the na - tions show The

Who's on the Lord's Side?

en - e - my's a - wake; Who's on the Lord's side? Who?.....
Lord of Hosts is ours; Who's on the Lord's side? Who?.....
cow - ard bears our flag; Who's on the Lord's side? Who?.....
stakes we're fight - ing for; Who's on the Lord's side? Who?.....
is the time to ask Who's on the Lord's side? Who?.....
ol - ive branch of peace; Who's on the Lord's side? Who?.....

CHORUS.

Who's on the Lord's side? Who? Now is the time to show; We
ask it fear - less - ly, Who's on the Lord's side? Who?

No. 206. Let Love Abound.

J. L. TOWNSHEND. E. STEPHENS.

1. In that bright and ho - ly cit - y, In our man - sions far a-
2. Not by strife with one an - oth - er Can we on - ward, up-ward
3. Hope-ful, cheer - ful, kind and lov - ing, Smil - ing oft - en as we

bove, We shall dwell in sweet com - mun - ion, For our
move, But by char - i - ty most ho - ly Do we
meet, O what joy will be our por - tion! Life with

Ru - ler, God, is love. In that cit - y bright and fair,
live this life of love. Lov - ing all com - pan - ions here,
lov - ing acts re - plete. This is what the soul de - sires,

O what pleas-ures we will share! Love all a - round,
Hold - ing all as kin - dred dear; Love all a - round,
This is what the Lord re - quires— Love all a - round,

Let Love Abound.

Love all a - round; O what pleas - ures we will share!.....
Love all a - round; Hold - ing all as kin - dred dear;.....
Love all a - round; This is what the Lord re-quires—.....

CHORUS.

Love all a - round. O let love a - bound here
too, Keep this ho - ly thought in view: Let love a - bound, Let
love a - bound. O let love a - bound here too, Keep this
ho - ly thought in view: Let love a - bound, Let love a - bound.

No. 207. I Have Read of a Beautiful City.

J. B. ATCHISON. O. F. PRESBREY.

1. I have read of a beau - ti - ful cit - y, Far a - way in the
2. I have read of bright mansions in heav - en, Which the Sav - ior has
3. I have read of white robes for the right - eous, Of bright crowns which the
4. I have read of a Christ so for - giv - ing, That vile sin - ners may

king-dom of God; I have read how its walls are of jas - per, How its
gone to pre - pare; And the Saints who on earth have been faith-ful, Rest for-
glo - ri - fied wear, When the Fa-ther shall bid them "Come, en - ter, And my
ask and re - ceive Peace and par - don from ev - 'ry trans-gres- sion, If when

streets are all gold - en and broad. In the midst of the street is life's
ev - er with Christ o - ver there. There no sin ev - er en - ters, nor
glo - ry e - ter - nal - ly share." How the right - eous are ev - er-more
ask - ing they on - ly be - lieve. I have read how He'll guide and pro-

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I Have Read of a Beautiful City.

riv - er, Clear as crys - tal, and pure to be - hold; But not
sor-row; The in - hab - i - tants nev - er grow old; But not,
bless-ed, As they walk thro' the streets of pure gold; But not
tect us, If for safe - ty we en - ter His fold; But not

half of that cit-y's bright glo - ry To mor-tals has ev - er been told.
half of the joys that a - wait them To mor-tals has ev - er been told.
half of the won-der - ful sto - ry To mor-tals has ev - er been told.
half of His goodness and mer - cy To mor-tals has ev - er been told.

CHORUS.

Not half has ev - er been told,.... Not half has ev - er been told;.... Not
been told, been told;

Repeat the Chorus p.

half of that cit - y's bright glo - ry To mor-tals has ev - er been told.

No. 208. God Bless Our Mountain Home.

E. S. E. STEPHENS.

TREBLE or BARITONE. *Andante con moto.*

1. O hap-py homes among the
2. Fanned by the cool, soft mountain
3. May no in - trud - ing hos-tile

TENOR.

hills, Where flow a thou-sand crys-tal rills; Sur-round-ed by grand mountains
air, The valleys teem with beau-ties rare; And flow-ers deck the hills and
band E'er des - e - crate our beauteous land, Nor war's a - larms dis-turb the

high, Whose snow-clad sum - mits reach the sky; My heart en-
plains, Re-freshed by Spring and Au - tumn rains; Each nook con-
rest And peace with which our homes are blest; While gen - er-

God Bless Our Mountain Home.

Rit.

rap - tured with the sight, Cries to the heav - ens with de - light.
tains a cit y fair, Filled with warm hearts who breathe the prayer.
a - tions swell the throng Of hap - py hearts to sing the song.

p *Rit.*

CHORUS. *Moderato. f*

God bless (and guard) our mountain home, God bless our moun-tain home;

God bless (and guard) our mountain home, God bless our moun-tain home.

No. 209. Hark to the Classmates' Song.

H. G. W. H. G. WHITNEY.

Moderato. f

1. Hark, hark, hark to the class-mates' song! List, list,
2. Shout, shout, shout till the ech - oes ring! Shout, shout,

mf

list to the class - mates' song! Strong in the fight for truth,
shout forth the song we sing! Firm in the ranks we stand,

Rit. *Dim.*

Full in the hope of youth, Now joy-ous strains we pro - long.....
U - ni - ted, heart and hand, Sweet notes of love and joy we bring....

Hop - ing, trust - ing, striv - ing, bat - tling on,
Striv - ing for the side of truth a - lone,

p

Hop - ing, trust - ing, striv - ing, bat - tling on,
Striv - ing for the side of truth a - lone,

Hark to the Glassmates' Song.

Rest - ing not un-til our work is done; Look - ing upward, marching,
Liv - ing for the righteous cause we own; Sure - ly treading onward,

Rest - ing not un - til our work is done; Look - ing up - ward,
Liv - ing for the righteous cause we own; Sure - ly tread - ing,

press - ing for - ward Till the fight is no - bly won.
firm ad - vanc - ing Till our la - bor here is done.

press - ing for - ward Till the fight is no - bly won.
firm ad - vanc - ing Till our la - bor here is done.

REFRAIN.

Hold the faith, keep the truth, this our song shall be; Strong and

Hold the faith, our song, our song shall be;

brave, firm and true, scorn to flinch or flee; Who - e'er as - sail,

Strong and brave, we scorn to flinch or flee; Who e'er as-sail,

right will pre-vail. This our theme, our constant song shall be . . . . . .

right will pre-vail. This our theme, our song shall be.

No. 210. Memories of Galilee.

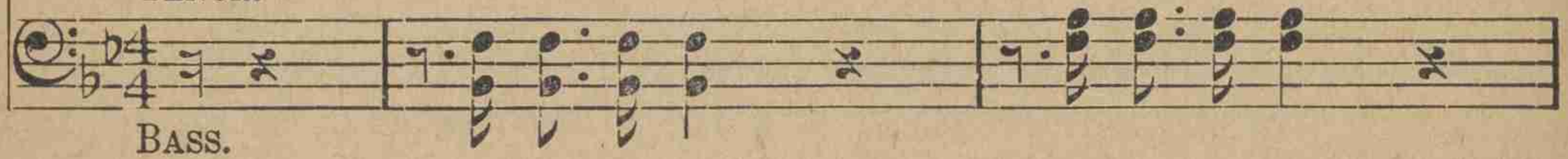
SOPRANO. H. R. PALMER.

1. Each coo-ing dove,..... and sigh-ing bough,..... That makes the
2. Each flow'ry glen,..... and moss-y dell,..... Where hap-py
3. And when I read ..... the thrilling lore ..... Of Him who

ALTO.

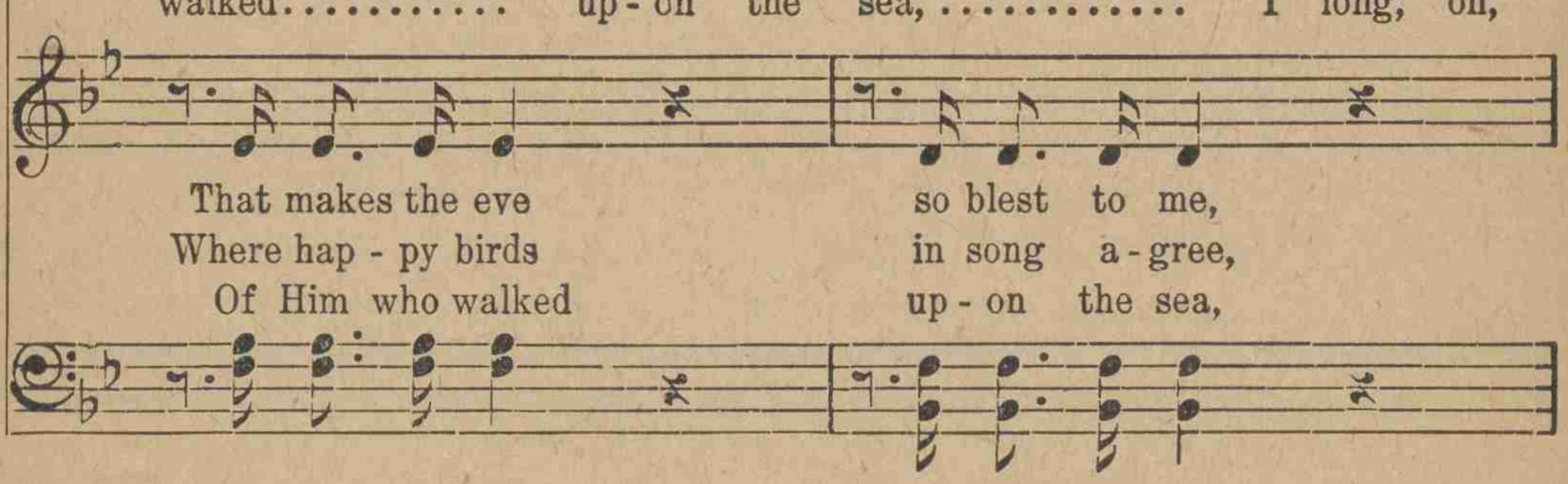
1. Each coo-ing dove, and sigh-ing bough,
2. Each flow-'ry glen, and moss-y dell,
3. And when I read the thrilling lore

TENOR.



BASS.

eve..... so blest to me,..... Has some-thing
birds ..... in song a-gree,..... Thro' sun-ny
walked..... up-on the sea,..... I long, oh,



That makes the eve so blest to me,
Where hap-py birds in song a-gree,
Of Him who walked up-on the sea,

far..... di-vin-er now,..... It bears me
morn ..... the prais-es tell..... Of sights and
how..... I long once more ..... To fol-low

Has some-thing far di-vin-er now,
Thro' sun-ny morn the prais-es tell
I long, oh, how I long once more

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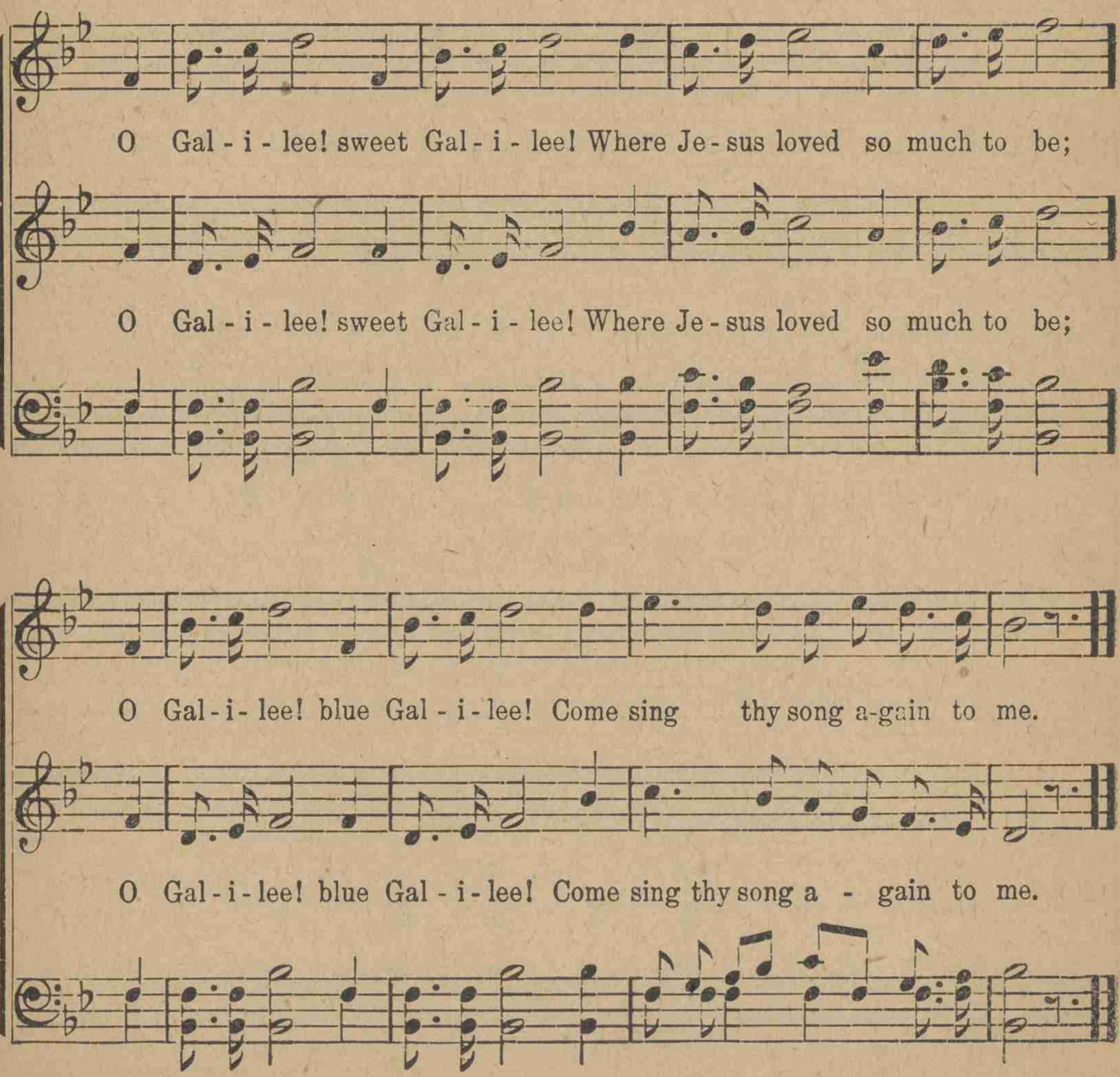
Memories of Galilee.

back..... to Gal - i - lee.....
sounds..... in Gal - i - lee.....
Him..... in Gal - i - lee.....

It bears me back to Gal - i - lee.
Of sights and sounds in Gal - i - lee.
To fol - low Him in Gal - i - lee.

CHORUS.



O Gal - i - lee! sweet Gal - i - lee! Where Je - sus loved so much to be;

O Gal - i - lee! sweet Gal - i - lee! Where Je - sus loved so much to be;

O Gal - i - lee! blue Gal - i - lee! Come sing thy song a-gain to me.

O Gal - i - lee! blue Gal - i - lee! Come sing thy song a - gain to me.

No. 211. Your Sweet Little Rose-bud Has Left You.

E. R. SNOW. E. BEESLEY.

1. Your sweet lit - tle rose-bud has left you..... To bloom in a ho - li - er
2. They've gone where life's ills cannot find them,. . They're safe from each danger and

sphere; He that gave it, in wis - dom be - reft you;.... Then
snare; O how cru - el the love that would bind them ... To

why should you cher-ish a tear? Your babe in the grave is not
years of af - flic - tion and care. Look up and you'll find con - so-

sleep-ing,.... She joined her dear sis - ters a - bove; The bright
la - tion.... Which God by His Spir - it will give; And thro'

Your Sweet Little Rose-bud Has Left You.

No. 212. Kind Words Are Sweet Tones of the Heart.

(Second words to music on opposite page.)

1 Let us oft speak kind words to each other,
At home or where'er we may be;
Like the warbling of birds on the heather,
The tones will be welcome and free.
They'll gladden the heart that's repining,
Give courage and hope from above,
And where the dark clouds hide the shining,
Let in the bright sunlight of love.

CHORUS:—O the kind words we give shall in memory live,
And sunshine forever impart;
Let us oft speak kind words to each other,
Kind words are sweet tones of the heart.

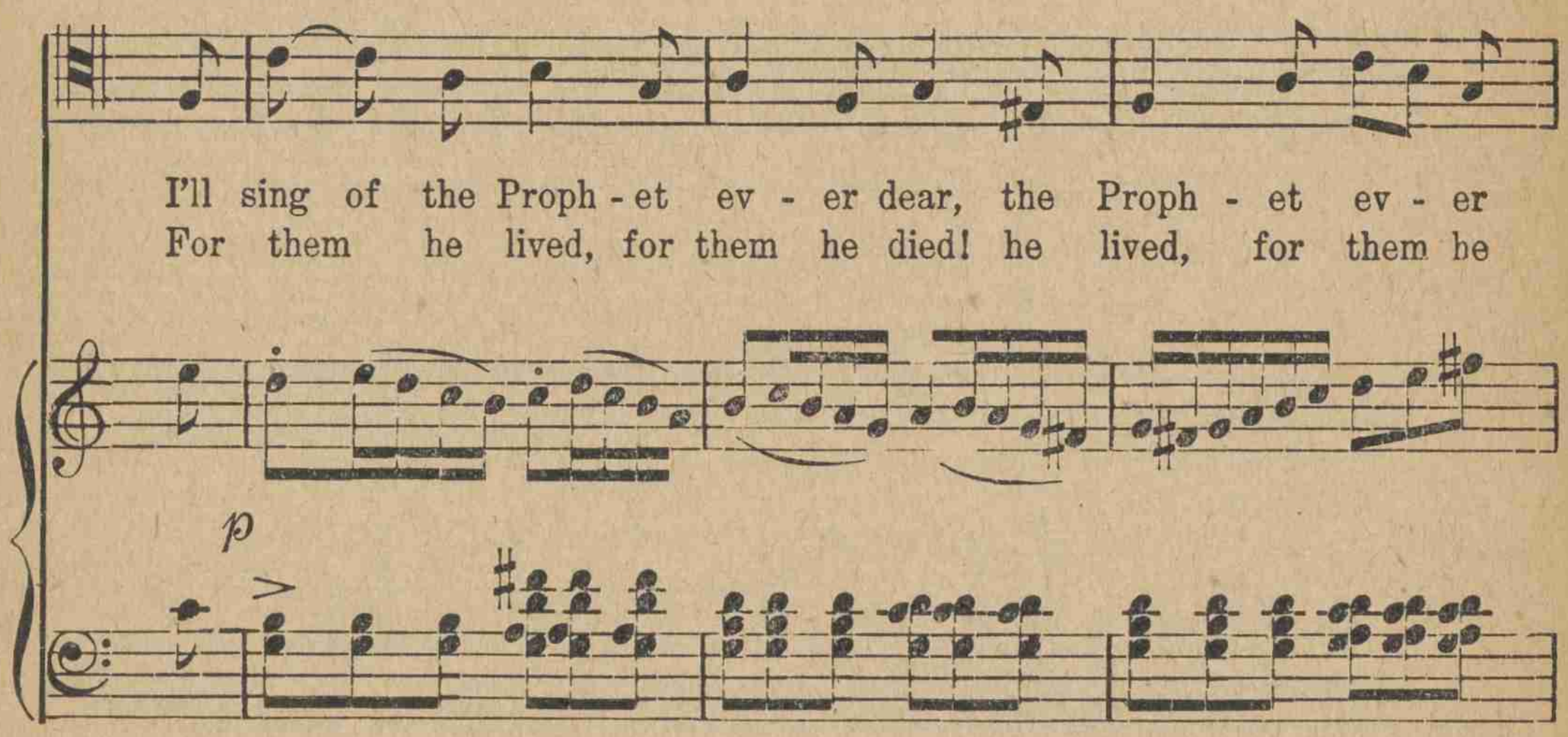
2 Like the sunbeams of morn on the mountains,
The soul they awake to good cheer;
Like the murmur of cool, pleasant fountains,
They fall in sweet cadences near.
Let's oft, then, in kindly-toned voices,
Our mutual friendship renew,
Till heart meets with heart and rejoices
In friendship that ever is true. —*Joseph L. Townshend.*

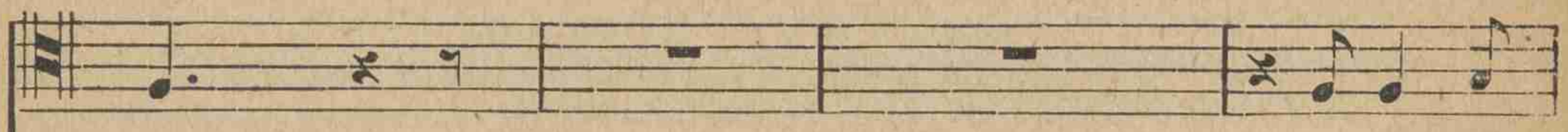
No. 213. The Seer, Joseph the Seer.

JOHN TAYLOR. NEUKOMM.

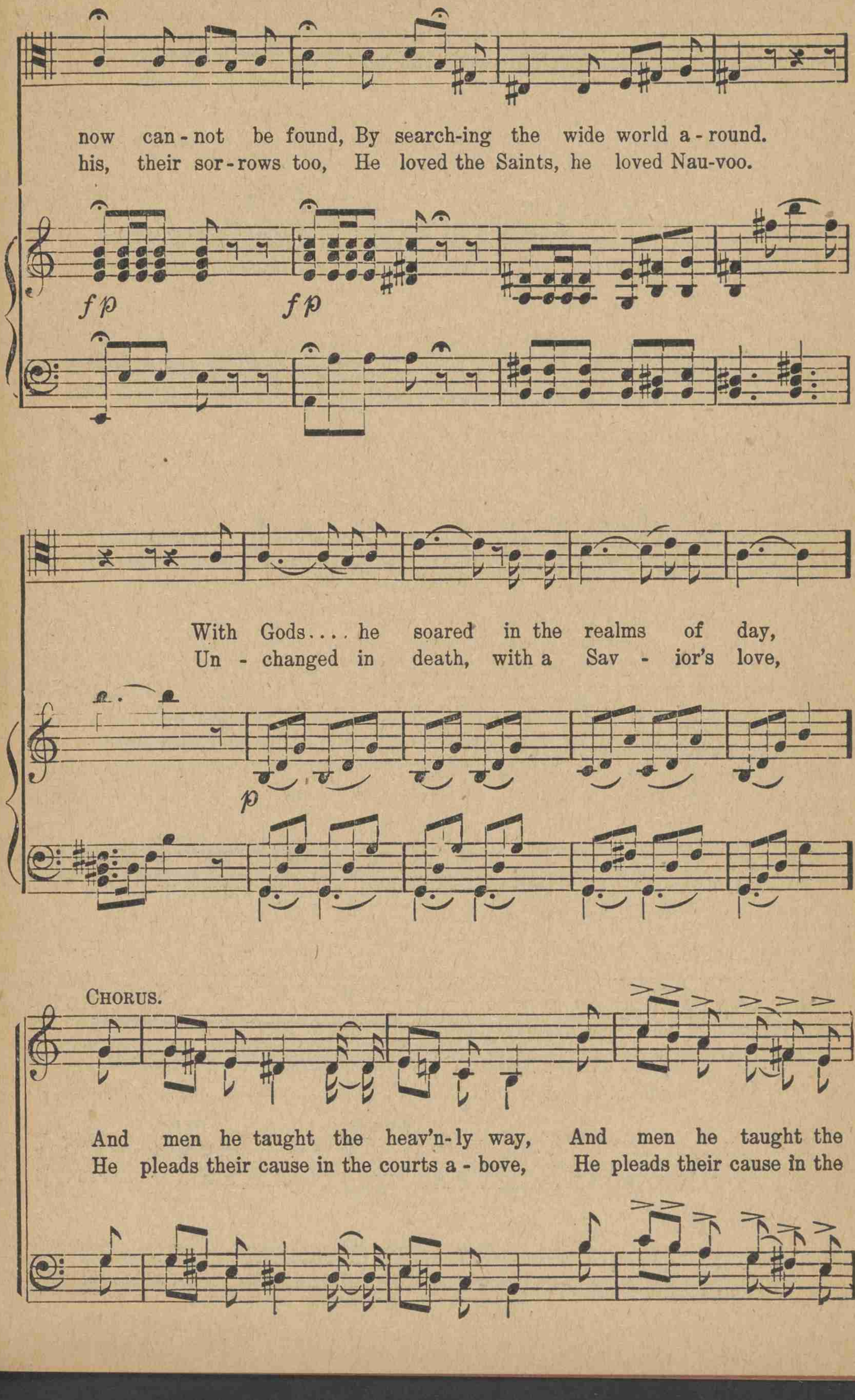
Allegro moderato. Arr. by E. BEESLEY.

TENOR SOLO.





The Seer, Joseph the Seer.



The Seer, Joseph the Seer.

f

heav'n - ly way. The earth - ly Seer! the heav'n - ly Seer! I
courts a - bove. The Seer, the Seer! 𝄾 Jos - eph the Seer! O

love to dwell on his mem - o - ry dear; The cho - sen of God and the
how I love his mem - o - ry dear! The just and wise, the

p *Rit.*

friend of man, He brought the Priest - hood back.... a - gain;
pure and free, A fa - ther he was and is..... to me.

TENOR SOLO.

He gazed on the past,..... and the fu - - ture too,
Let fiends.... now rage..... in their..... dark hour—

p *Cres.* *f*

The Seer, Joseph the Seer.

f

And o-pened, and o-pened the heav-en-ly world to view,
No mat-ter, no mat-ter, he is be-yond their pow'r,

f

CHORUS.

And o-pened, and o-pened the heav-en-ly world to view.
No mat-ter, no mat-ter, he is be-yond their pow'r.

No. 214. Think Gently of the Erring One.

Miss FLETCHER. H. A. TUCKETT.

Dim. *f* *Dim.*

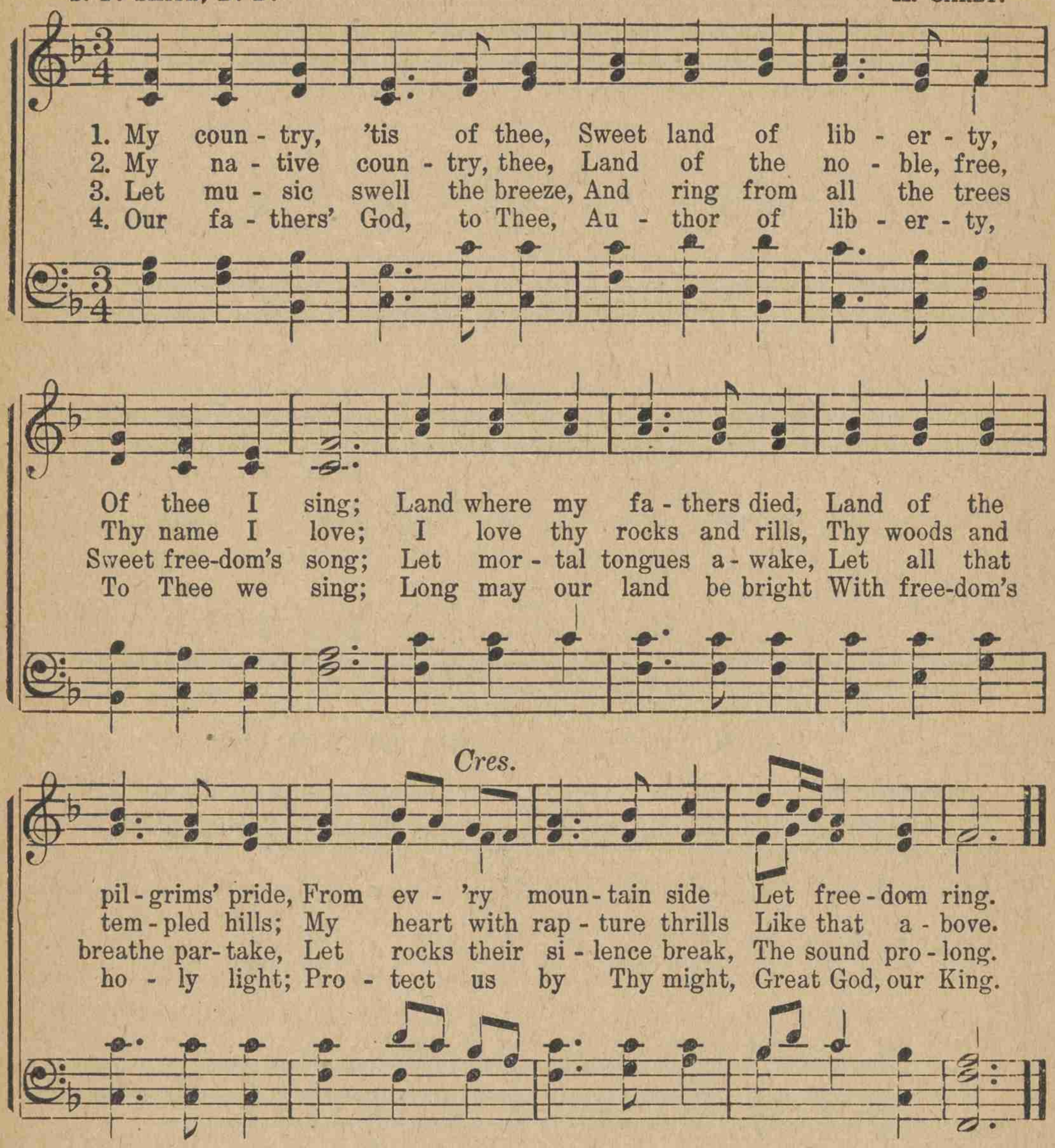
1. Think gen-tly of the err-ing one; O let us not for-get,
2. Heirs of the same in-her-it-ance, Child of the self-same God,
3. Speak gen-tly to the err-ing ones; We yet may lead them back,
4. For-get not, broth-er, thou hast sinned, And sin-ful yet mayst be;

ff *Rit.* *Dim.*

How-ev-er dark-ly stained by sin, He is our broth-er yet.
He hath but stum-bled in the path We have in weak-ness trod.
With ho-ly words, and tones of love, From mis-'ry's thorn-y track.
Deal gen-tly with the err-ing heart, As God has dealt with thee.

No. 215. America.

S. F. Smith, D. D. H. Carey.



No. 216. Our God, We Raise to Thee.

1 Our God, we raise to Thee
Thanks for Thy blessings free
We here enjoy;
In this far western land,
A true and chosen band,
Led hither by Thy hand,
We sing for joy.

2 Bless Thou our Prophet dear;
May health and comfort cheer
His noble heart;
His words with fire impress
On souls that Thou wilt bless;
To choose in righteousness,
The better part.

3 So shall Thy kingdom spread,
As by Thy Prophets said,
From sea to sea;
As one united whole
Truth burn in every soul,
While hastening to the goal
We long to see.

4 O may Thy Saints be one,
Like Father and the Son,
Nor disagree;
United heart and hand.
So may they ever stand,
A firm and valiant band,
Eternally. —*B Snow.*

No. 217. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

S. BARING-GOULD. A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. Onward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war; With the cross of Je - sus
2. At the sign of tri - umph, Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers,
3. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading
4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voi-ces

Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe;
On to vic - to - ry. Hell's foun-da-tions quiv - er At the shout of praise;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,
In the tri-umph-song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or, Un - to Christ the King,

CHORUS.

For - ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban - ners go!
Broth-ers, lift your voi - ces, Loud your an- thems raise.
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.
} On-ward, Chris-tian

sol- diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je- sus Going on be - fore.
war, With the cross of Je - sus

No. 218. Count Your Blessings.

Rev J. OATMAN, Jr. E. O. EXCELL.

1. When up - on life's bil-lows you are tem - pest - tossed, When you are dis-
2. Are you ev - er burdened with a load of care? Does the cross seem
3. When you look at oth-ers with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has
4. So, a - mid the con-flict, whether great or small, Do not be dis-

cour-aged, thinking all is lost, Count your man-y blessings, name them
heav - y you are called to bear? Count your man-y blessings, ev - 'ry
prom-ised you His wealth un - told; Count your man-y blessings, mon - ey
cour-aged, God is o - ver all; Count your man-y blessings, an - gels

one by one, And it will sur-prise you, what the Lord hath done.
doubt will fly, And you will be sing - ing as the days go by.
can - not buy Your re - ward in heav - en, nor your home on high.
will at - tend, Help and com-fort give you to your jour-ney's end.

CHORUS.

Count your blessings, Name them one by one, Count your
Count your man-y bless-ings, Name them one by one, Count your man-y
bless-ings, See what God hath done; Count your blessings,
bless-ings, See what God hath done; Count your man-y blessings,

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Count Your Blessings.

No. 219. Sister, Thou Wast Mild and Lovely.

S. F. SMITH. JOHN S. LEWIS.

No. 220. Lead, Kindly Light.

Rev. JOHN H. NEWMAN. JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid th'en-cir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me on!
2. I was not ev-er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on;
3. So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on!

The night 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 an-gel fa-ces smile ...

Pride ruled my will. Re-mem-ber not past years!
Which I have loved long since, and lost a-while!

No. 221. Uphold the Right.

E. H. WOODMANSEE. W. F. HANSEN.

1. Up - hold the right, tho' fierce the fight, And pow-er - ful the foe, And
2. Note how they toil whose aim is spoil, Who plund'ring plots de -vise; Yet
3. Dare to be true, and hope-ful, too; Be watchful, brave and shrewd; Weigh
4. Left-hand- ed fraud let those ap-plaud Who would by fraud pre-vail; In

freedom's friend, her cause de - fend, Nor fear nor fa - vor show. No
time will teach that fools o'er-reach The mark and lose the prize. Can
ev - 'ry act; be wise, in fact, To serve the gen-'ral good. Nor
freedom's name, con - test their claim, Use no such word as fail. Hon-

ff

cow - ard can be called a man,—No friend will friends be-tray; Who
jus - tice deign to wrong maintain, Who - ev - er wills it so? Can
base - ly yield, nor quit the field—Im - port-ant is the fray; Scorn
or we must each sa - cred trust, And right-ful zeal dis - play; Our

Rit.

will be free, a - lert must be; In - dif-f'rence will not pay.
hon - or mate with treach-'rous hate? Can figs on this-tles grow?
to re - cede, there is no need To give our rights a - way.
part ful - fil, then come what will, High heav'n will clear the way.

No. 222. If There's Sunshine In Your Heart.

HELEN DUNGAN. J. M. DUNGAN.

1. You can make the path-way bright, Fill the soul with heav-en's light,
2. You can speak the gen - tle word To the heart with an - ger stirred,
3. You can do a kind - ly deed To your neigh-bor in his need,
4. You can live a hap - py life In this world of toil and strife,

If there's sun - shine in your heart; Turn - ing dark-ness in - to day,
If there's sun - shine in your heart; Tho' it seems a lit - tle thing,
If there's sun - shine in your heart; And his bur - den you will share
If there's sun - shine in your heart; And your soul will glow with love

As the shad-ows fly a - way, If there's sunshine in your heart to - day.
It will heav-en's blessing bring, If there's sunshine in your heart to - day.
As you lift his load of care, If there's sunshine in your heart to - day.
From the per-fect Light a - bove, If there's sunshine in your heart to - day.

CHORUS.

If there's sun - shine in your heart, You can
sun - shine in your heart,
send a shin - ing ray That will turn the night to day; And your

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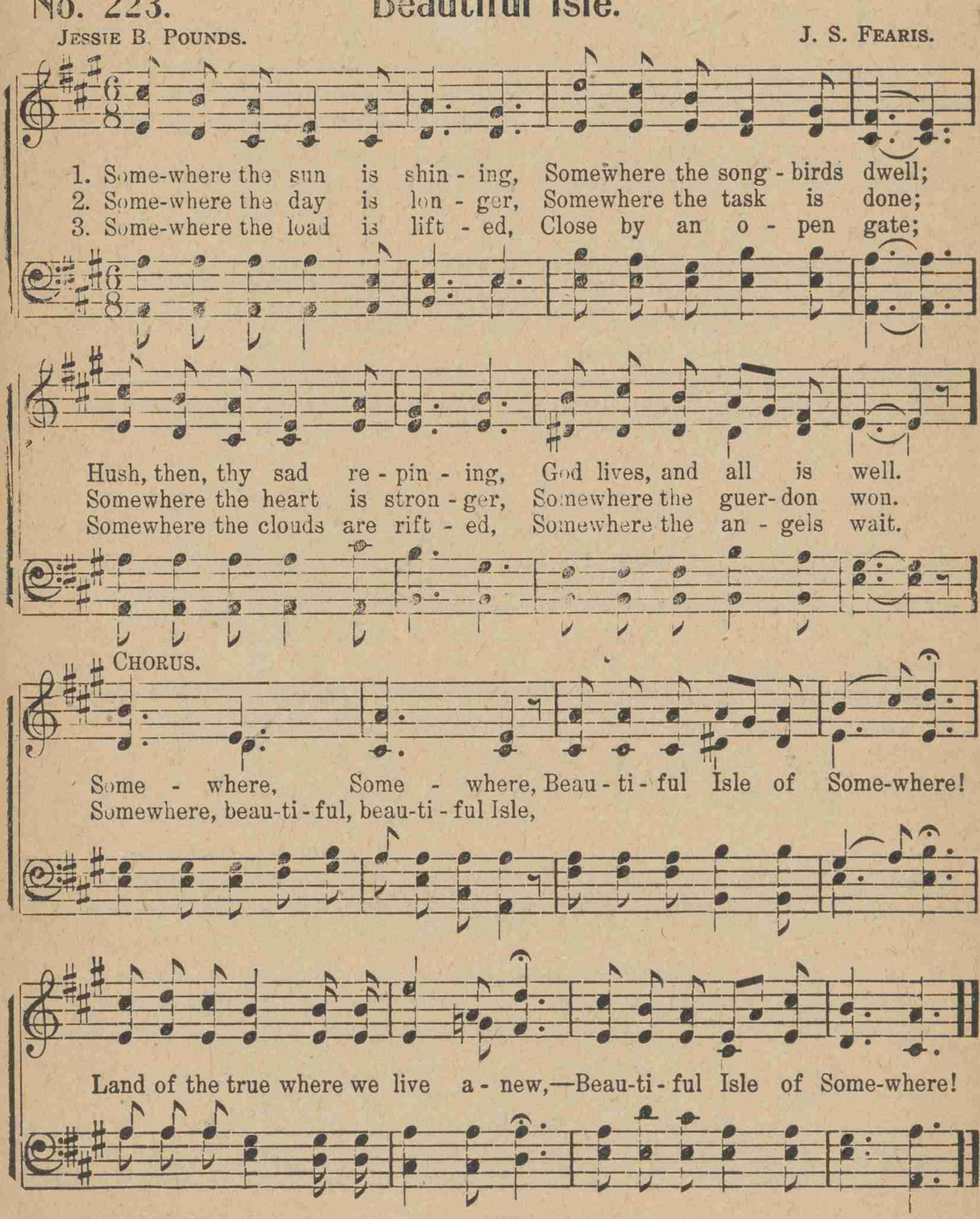
If There's Sunshine In Your Heart.

No. 223. Beautiful Isle.

JESSIE B. POUNDS. J. S. FEARIS.



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No. 224. O Stop and Tell Me, Red Man.

W. W. PHELPS.

1. O stop and tell me, Red Man, Who are you, why you roam, And how you get your liv - ing; Have you no God, no
2. "I once was pleas - ant Eph - raim, When Ja - cob for me prayed; But oh, how bless - ings van - ish, When man from God has
3. "And long they've lived by hunt - ing In - stead of work and arts, And so our race has dwin - dled To i - dle In - dian
4. "And all your cap - tive broth - ers From ev - 'ry clime shall come, And quit their sav - age cus - toms, To live with God at

home? With stat - ure straight and port - ly, And decked in na - tive
strayed! Be - fore your na - tion knew us, Some thou - sand moons a-
hearts. Yet hope with - in us lin - gers, As if the Spir - it
home. Then joy will fill your bos - oms, And bless - ings crown our

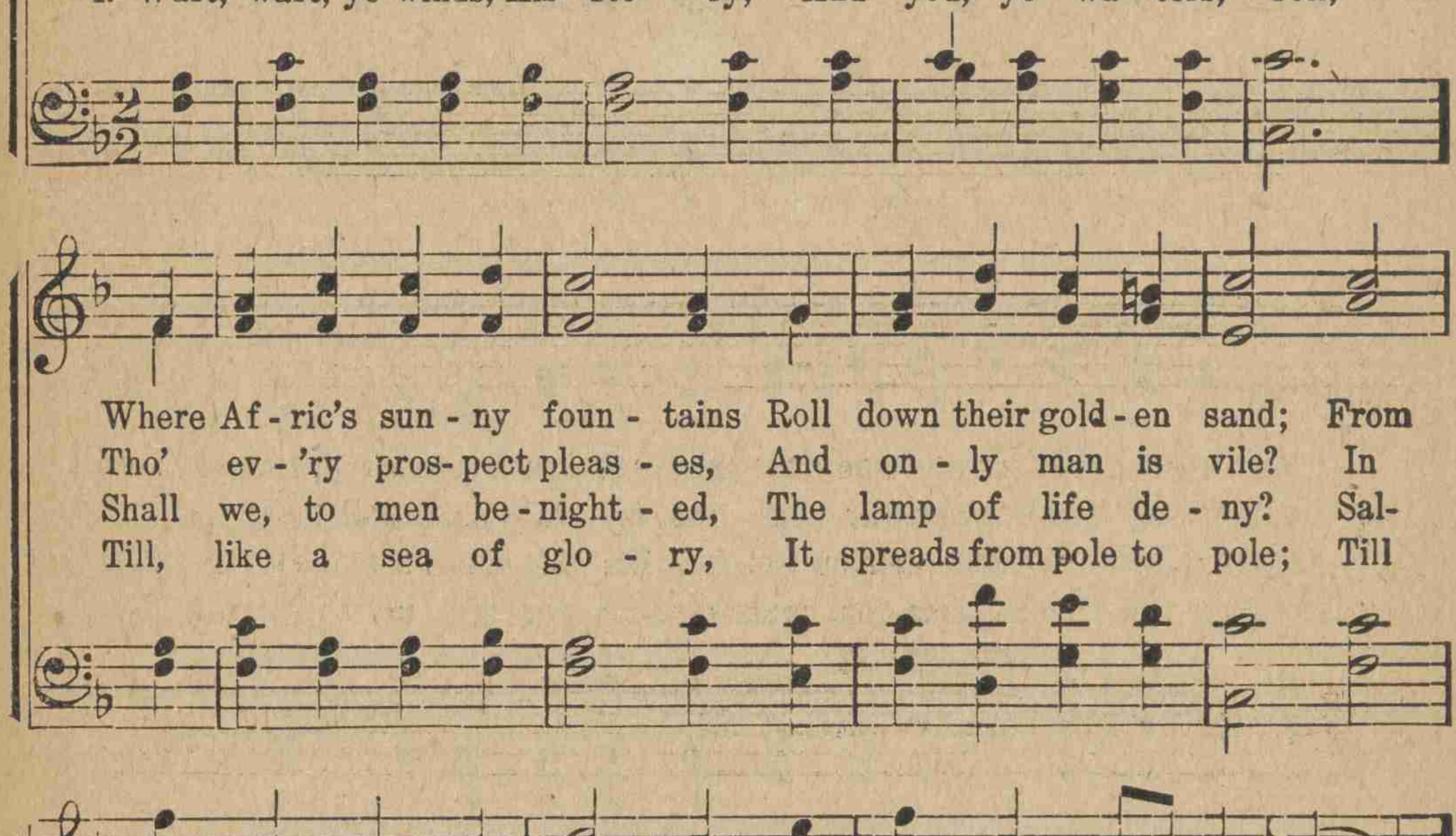
pride, With feathers, paints and brooches, He will - ing - ly re - plied:
go, Our fa- thers fell in dark - ness, And wan-dered to and fro.
spoke, He'll come for your re - demp - tion, And break your Gen- tile yoke.
days, To live in pure re - lig - ion, And sing our Ma - ker's praise."

No. 13 is also sung to this music.

No. 225. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

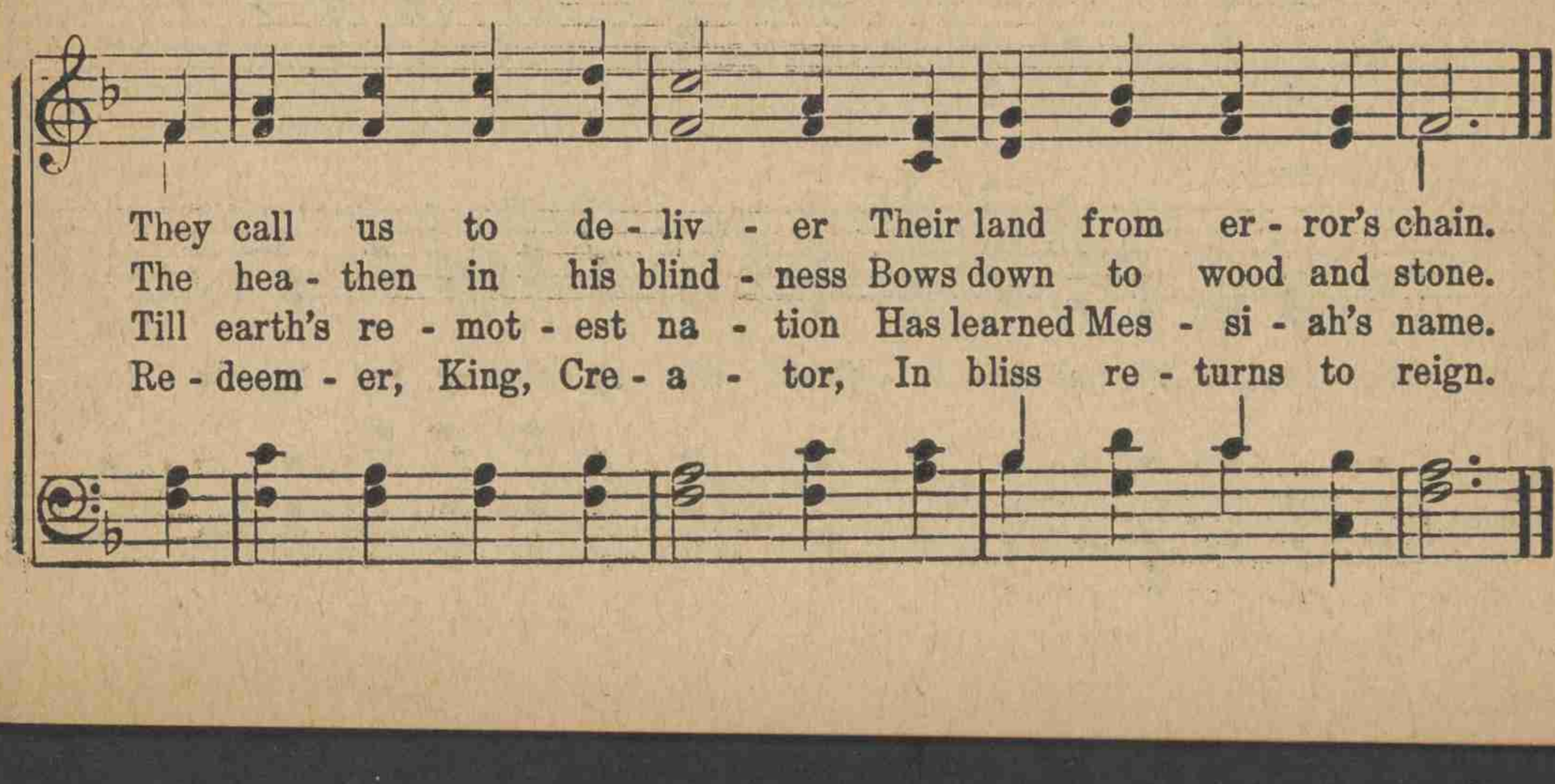
REGINALD HEBER. LOWELL MASON.

1. From Geeenland's i - cy moun - tains, From In - dia's cor - al strand;
2. What tho' the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey - lon's isle;
3. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed With wis - dom from on high—
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll,



Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand; From
Tho' ev - 'ry pros - pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile? In
Shall we, to men be - night - ed, The lamp of life de - ny? Sal-
Till, like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole; Till

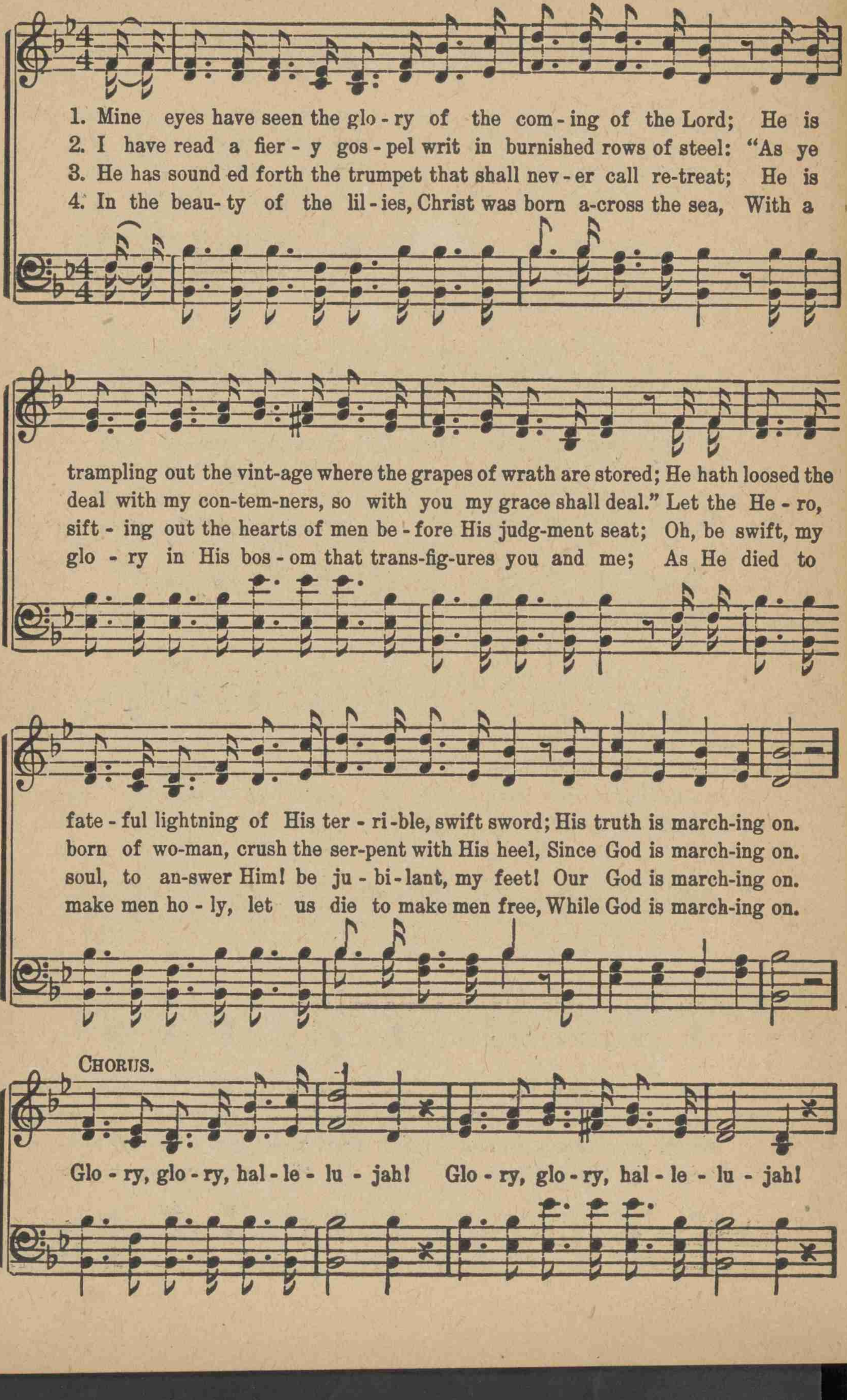
many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain,
vain with lav - ish kind - ness The gifts of God are strewn;
va - tion! O sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim,
o'er our ran - somed na - ture, The Lamb for sin - ners slain,



They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
The hea - then in his blind - ness Bows down to wood and stone.
Till earth's re - mot - est na - tion Has learned Mes - si - ah's name.
Re - deem - er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign.

No. 226. Battle Hymn of the Republic.

JULIA WARD HOWE.



Battle Hymn of the Republic.

No. 227. My God, the Spring of All My Joys.

Psalmody. J. G. FONES.

2 In darkest shades, if Thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And Thou my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus shows His mercy mine,
And whispers, I am His!

No. 228. Awake, Ye Saints of God, Awake!

E. R. SNOW. E. STEPHENS.

1. A - wake, ye Saints of God, a - wake! Call on the Lord in
2. He will re - gard His peo - ple's cry, The wid-ow's tear, the
3. Tho' Zi - on's foes have coun - seled deep, Al - though they bind with

might-y prayer, That He will Zi - on's bond-age break, And bring to
or - phan's moan; The blood of those that slaughtered lie, Pleads not in
fet - ters strong, The God of Ja - cob does not sleep; His ven-geance

naught the fowl - er's snare, And bring to naught the fowl - er's snare.
vain be - fore His throne, Pleads not in vain be - fore His throne.
will not slum - ber long, His ven - geance will not slum - ber long.

4 Then let your souls be stayed on God,
A glorious scene is drawing nigh;
Though tempests gather like a flood,
The storm, though fierce, will soon pass by.

5 With constant faith and fervent prayer,
With deep humility of soul,
With steadfast mind and heart prepare,
To see the eternal purpose roll.

6 Our God in judgment will come near,
His mighty arm He will make bare,
For Zion's sake He will appear;
Then, O ye Saints, awake, prepare.

7 Awake to righteousness, be one,
Or saith the Lord, you are not mine!
Yea, like the Father and the Son,
Let all the Saints in union join.

No. 229. Come, Saints of Latter Days.

E. H. WOODMANSEE. JOS. J. DAYNES.

1. Come, Saints of lat - ter days, U - nite in cheer-ful songs; Come,
2. Look down, ye bards, and seers, Who sang in a - ges past, The
3. Let Zi - on's foes com - bine To hold her sons in thrall; Zi-

sing our Fa - ther's praise— To whom all praise be - longs. Sing
Zi - on of your dreams Es - tab - lished is at last. Zi-
on, by help di - vine, Will tri - umph o - ver all. God,

for ..... the joy - ful time, By proph - ets long fore-told, The
on..... is famed a - far, And more..... renowned shall be; Be-
in..... His own good time, Will crown..... the pure and true; God

age of truths sub - lime..... Our mor - tal eyes be - hold.
hold! the ris - ing star,..... Whose bright-ness kings shall see.
will be glo - ri - fied,..... What - e'er the na - tions do.

No. 230. When the Mists Have Cleared Away.

ANNA HERBERT. H. H. PETERSEN.

Andante.

1. When the mists have rolled in splen - dor From the beau - ty of the hills,
2. If we err in hu - man blind - ness, And for - get that we are dust,—
3. When the mists have ris'n a - bove us, As our Fa-ther knows His own,

And the sun - shine, warm and ten - der, Falls in kiss - es on the rills,—
If we miss the law of kind - ness When we strug - gle to be just,—
Face to face with those that love us, We shall know as we are known.

We may read love's shin-ing let - ter In the rain - bow of the spray;
Snow - y vines of peace shall cov - er All the pain that hides a - way,
Lo! be - yond the o - rient shad-ows Floats the gold - en fringe of day,

We shall know each oth - er bet - ter When the mists have cleared a - way.
When the wear - y watch is o - ver, And the mists have cleared a - way.
Heart to heart we bide the shad-ows, Till the mists have cleared a - way.

CHORUS.

When the mists..... have cleared a - way, When the
When the mists have cleared a - way.

When the Mists Have Cleared Away.

No. 231. Morn Amid the Mountains.

No. 232. My Father Knows.

S. M. I. HENRY. E. O. EXCELL.

1. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows The storms that would my way oppose;
2. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows The balm I need to soothe my woes,
3. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows How frail I am to meet my foes;
4. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows The hour my jour-ney here will close;

But He can drive the clouds a-way, And turn my dark-ness in - to day,
And with His touch of love di-vine, He heals this wounded soul of mine,
But He my cause will e'er de-fend, Up - hold and keep me to the end,
And may that hour, O faith-ful Guide, Find me safe sheltered by Thy side,

CHORUS.

And turn my dark-ness in - to day.
He heals this wounded soul of mine.
Up - hold and keep me to the end.
Find me safe shel-tered by Thy side.

He knows, He
My Fa-ther knows,

knows The storms that would my way op - pose; He
I'm sure He knows that would my way op - pose;

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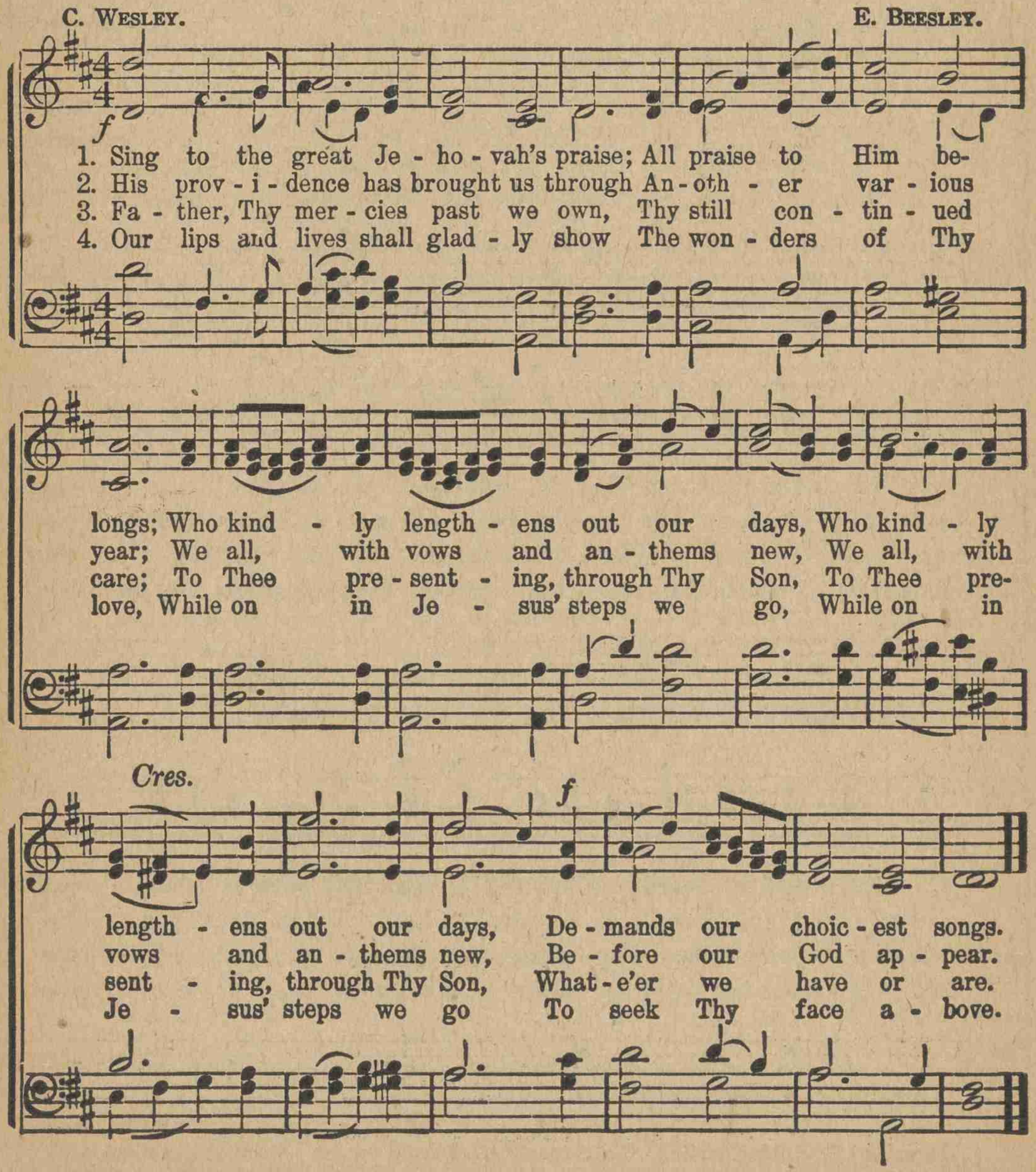
My Father Knows.

No. 233. Sing to the Great Jehovah's Praise.



No. 234. Sometime, Somewhere.

Mrs. Ophelia G. Adams. Charlie D. Tillman.

1. Un - an-swered yet? The prayer your lips have plead - ed In ag - o-
2. Un - an-swered yet? Tho' when you first pre - sent - ed This one pe-
3. Un - an-swered yet? Nay, do not say un - grant - ed; Per - haps your
4. Un - an-swered yet? Faith can - not be un - an - swered; Her feet were

ny of heart these man-y years? Does faith be - gin to fail, is hope de-
ti - tion at the Fa-ther's throne, It seemed you could not wait the time of
part is not yet whol - ly done; The work be - gan when first your prayer was
firm - ly plant-ed on the Rock; A - mid the wild-est storm prayer stands un-

part - ing, And think you all in vain those fall - ing tears? Say not the
ask - ing, So ur - gent was your heart to make it known. Tho' years have
ut - tered, And God will fin - ish what He has be - gun. If you will
daunt-ed, Nor quails be-fore the loud - est thun-der shock. She knows Om-

Fa - ther hath not heard your prayer; You shall have your de - sire, some-
passed since then, do not de - spair; The Lord will an - swer you, some-
keep the spir - it burn - ing there, His glo - ry you shall see, some-
nip - o - tence has heard her prayer, And cries, "It shall be done," some-

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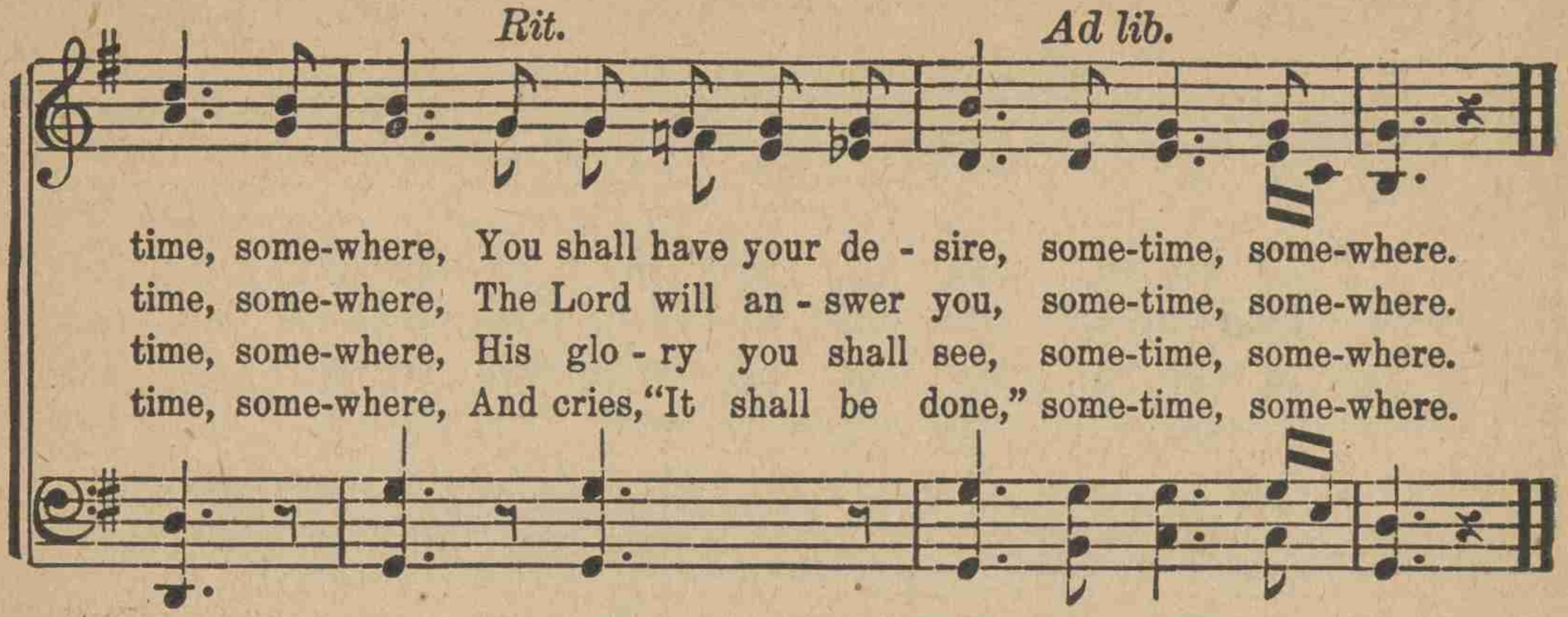
Sometime, Somewhere.



time, some-where, You shall have your de - sire, some-time, some-where.
time, some-where, The Lord will an - swer you, some-time, some-where.
time, some-where, His glo - ry you shall see, some-time, some-where.
time, some-where, And cries, "It shall be done," some-time, some-where.

No. 235. Down By the River's Verdant Side.

Selected.

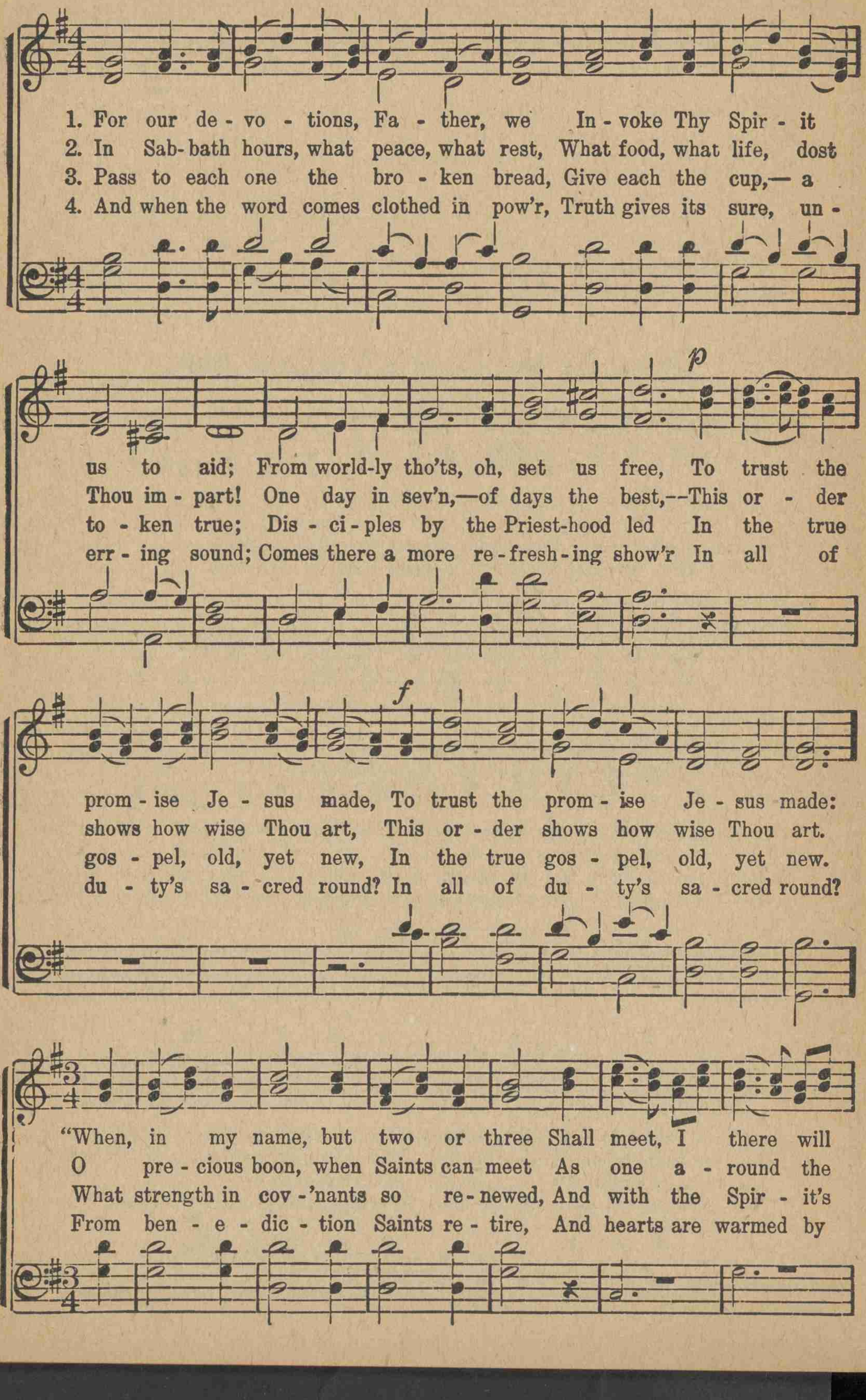
1. Down by the riv - er's ver-dant side, Low by the sol - i - ta - ry tide,
2. For they who wast-ed Zi-on's bow'rs, And laid in dust her ruined tow'rs,
3. How shall we tune those lofty strains On Bab - y - lon's pol - lu - ted plains,
4. O nev - er shall our harps a-wake, Laid in the dust for Zi - on's sake,

There, while the peace-ful wa-ters slept, We pen - sive-ly sat down and wept,
In scorn their wear-y slaves de-sire To strike the chords of Is-rael's lyre,
When low in ru - in on the earth Re-mains the place that gave us birth,
For - ev - er on the willows hung, Their music hushed, their chords unstrung;

And on the bend-ing wil-lows hung Our si - lent harps thro' grief unstrung.
And in their im-pious ears to sing The sa-cred songs to Zi - on's King.
And stern destruction's i - ron hand Still sways our des - o - la - ted land!
Lost Zi - on! cit - y of our God, While groaning 'neath the tyrant's rod.

No. 236. Sacramental.

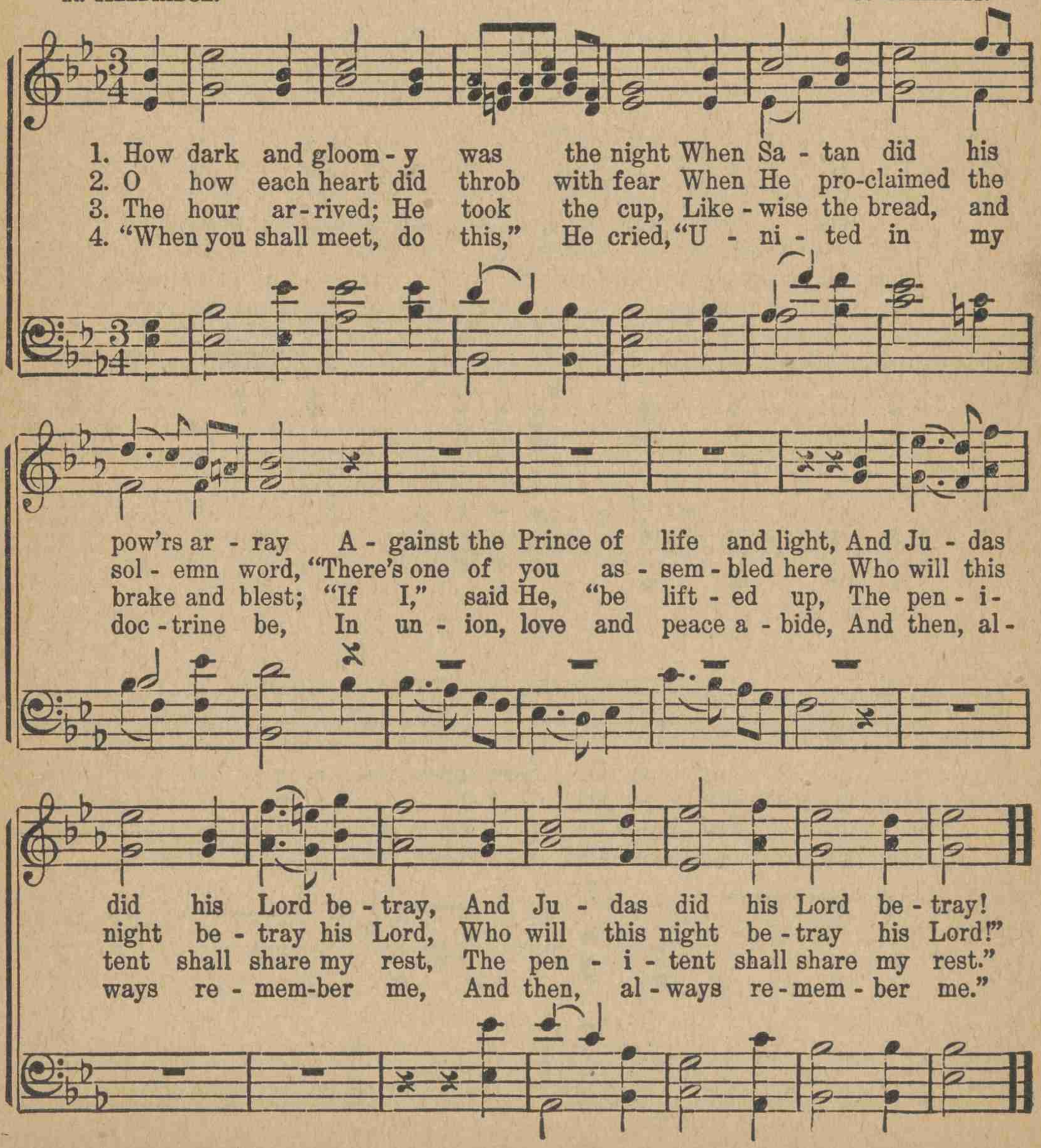
H. W. NAISBITT. J. C. FONES.



Sacramental.

No. 237. How Dark and Gloomy Was the Night.

R. ALLDRIDGE. G. CARELESS.



No. 238. Hard Times, Come Again No More.

S. C. F. STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

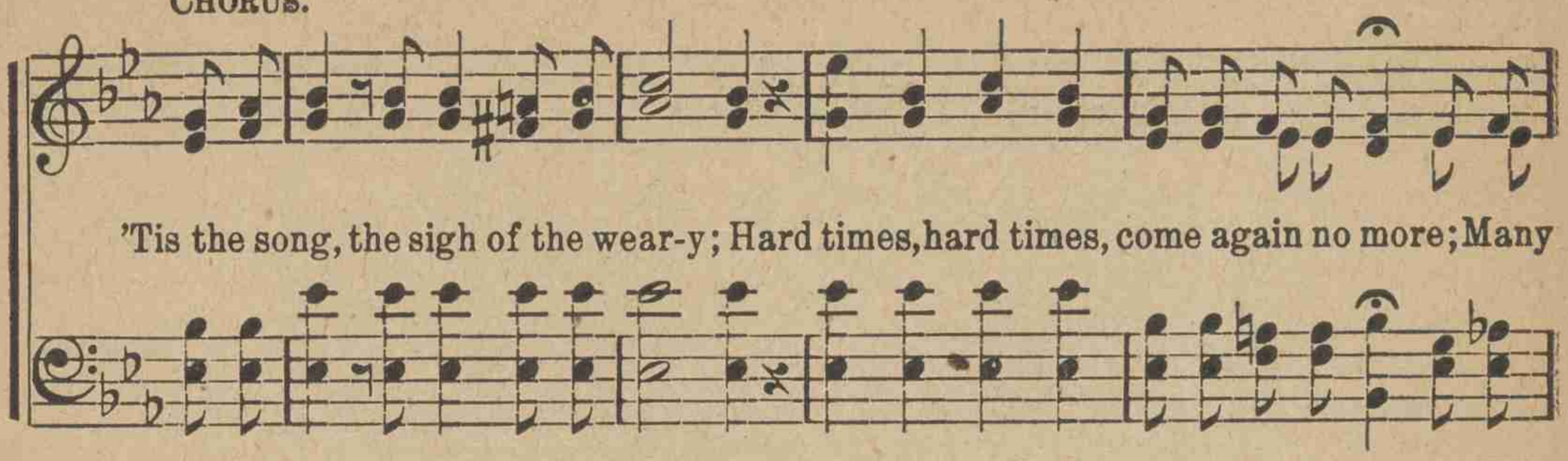
1. Let us pause in life's pleasures And count its man - y tears, While we
2. While we seek mirth and beau-ty, And mu - sic light and gay, There are
3. There's a pale, droop-ing maid-en, Who toils her life a - way, With a
4. 'Tis a sigh that is waft-ed, A - cross the troub-led wave, 'Tis a

all sup sor-row with the poor; There's a song that will lin-ger For -
frail forms faint-ing at the door; Tho' their voi - ces are si-lent, Their
worn heart whose better days are o'er; Tho' her voice would be mer-ry, 'Tis
wail that is heard up-on the shore, 'Tis a dirge that is murmured A -

ev - er in our ears; Oh! hard times, come a - gain no more.
plead-ing looks will say— Oh! hard times, come a - gain no more.
sigh - ing all the day— Oh! hard times, come a - gain no more.
round the low - ly grave—Oh! hard times, come a - gain no more.

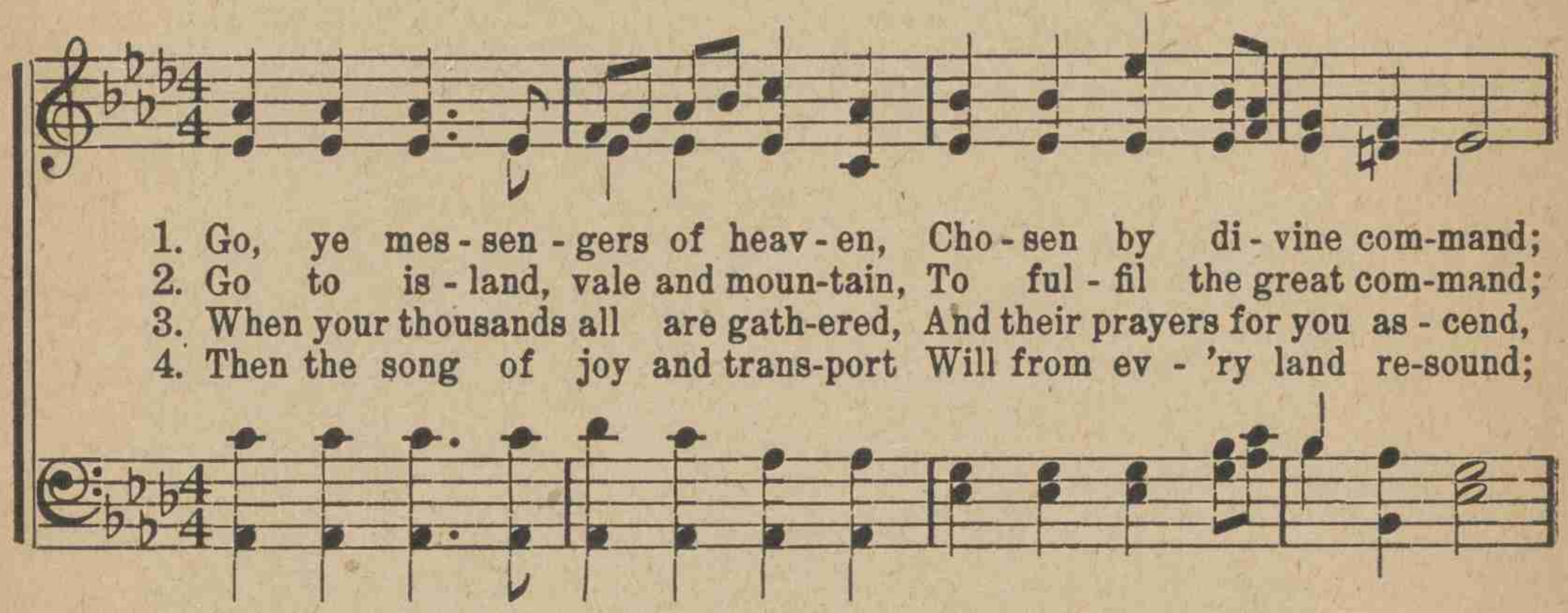
Hard Times, Come Again No More.

CHORUS.



No. 239. Go, Ye Messengers of Heaven.

F. CHRISTENSEN.



No. 240. Truth Reflects Upon Our Senses.

ELIZA R. SNOW. GEO. F. ROOT.

1. Truth re-flects up - on our sens - es, Gos - pel light re-veals to some;
2. Je - sus said, Be meek and low - ly, For 'tis high to be a judge:
3. Once I said un - to an - oth - er, In thine eye there is a mote;
4. If I love my broth-er dear-er, And his mote I would e - rase,
5. Char - i - ty and love are heal-ing, These will give the clear-est sight;

If there still should be of - fens - es, Woe to them by whom they come.
If I would be pure and ho - ly, I must love without a grudge.
If thou art a friend, a broth-er, Hold, and let me pull it out.
Then the light should shine the clearer, For the eye's a ten - der place.
When I saw my broth-er's fail - ing, I was not ex - act - ly right.

Judge not, that you be not judg-ed, Was the counsel Je - sus gave;....
It requires a constant la-bor All His precepts to o - bey;....
But I could not see it fair-ly, For my sight was ver-y dim;....
Oth - ers I have oft re - prov-ed, For an ob-ject like a mote;...
Now I'll take no further trouble, Je - sus' love is all my theme;

Rit.

Meas - ure giv-en, large or grudg-ed, Just the same you must receive.
If I tru - ly love my neighbor, I am in the nar-row way.
When I came to search more clearly, In mine eye there was a beam.
Now I wish this beam re - mov-ed, Oh, that tears would wash it out!
Lit - tle motes are but a bub - ble, When I think up-on the beam.

No. 241. I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

MARY BROWN. CONSECRATION. CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

Andante.

1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or over the stormy sea;
2. Perhaps to-day there are loving words Which Jesus would have me speak,
3. There's surely somewhere a lowly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide,

It may not be at the bat-tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek,
Where I may la-bor thro' life's short day For Je-sus the cru - ci - fied,

But if by a still, small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,
O Sav-ior, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rugged the way,
So trusting my all to Thy tender care, And knowing Thou lovest me,

I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall echo the message sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do Thy will with a heart sincere, I'll be what you want me to be.

D.S.—*I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.*

REFRAIN. D.S.

I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, Over mountain, or plain, or sea;

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No. 242. Cast Thy Bread Upon the Waters.

J. H. HANFORD. FRANK A. SIMPKINS.

ALTO.

1. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, Think-ing not 'tis thrown a-way;
2. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, Why wilt thou still doubting stand?
3. Give them free-ly of thy sub-stance, O'er this cause the Lord doth reign;

TENOR.

ORGAN.

God Him-self saith thou shalt gath - er It again some fu - ture day;
Bounteous shall God send the har - vest, If thou sowest with lib'ral hand;
Cast thy bread and toil with pa - tience, Thou shalt la-bor not in vain;

God Him-self saith thou shalt gath - er It a - gain some fu-ture day.
Bounteous shall God send the har - vest, If thou sowest with lib'ral hand.
Cast thy bread and toil with pa - tience, Thou shalt la - bor not in vain.

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Cast Thy Bread Upon the Waters.

Cast thy bread up - on the wa - ters, Tho' the waves seem dark to men;

Sor - row will be turned to laugh-ter, When thou find-est it a - gain;

Sor - row will be turned to laugh - ter, When thou find-est it a - gain.

No. 243. Dear to the Heart of the Shepherd.

MRS. MARY B. WINGATE. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

DUET.

1. Dear to the heart of the Shep - herd, Dear are the
2. Dear to the heart of the Shep - herd, Dear are the
3. Dear to the heart of the Shep - herd, Dear are the
4. Green are the pas - tures in - vit - ing, Sweet are the

sheep of His fold; Dear is the love that He gives them,
lambs of His fold; Some from the pas - tures are stray - ing,
"nine - ty and nine;" Dear are the sheep that have wan - dered
wa - ters and "still;" Lord, we will an - swer Thee glad - ly,

Dear - er than sil - ver or gold. Dear to the
Hun - gry, and help - less, and cold. See, the good
Out in the des - ert to pine. Hark! He is
"Yes, bless - ed Mas - ter, we will! Make us Thy

heart of the Shep - herd, Dear are His "oth - er" lost sheep;
Shep-herd is seek - ing, Seek - ing the lambs that are lost;
ear - nest - ly call - ing, Ten - der - ly plead-ing to - day;
true un - der - shep - herds, Give us a love that is deep;

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Dear to the Heart of the Shepherd.

O - ver the moun - tains He fol - lows, O - ver the
Bring - ing them in with re - joic - ing, Saved at such
"Will you not seek for my lost ones, Off from my
Send us out in - to the des - ert, Seek - ing Thy

wa - ters so deep.
in - fi - nite cost.
shel - ter a - stray?"
wan - der - ing sheep."

CHORUS.

Out in the des - ert they wan - der,

Poco rit. *f* *A tempo.*

Hun - gry, and help - less, and cold;..... Off to the

res - cue { He has - tens, } Bring-ing them back to the fold.
(*4th verse.*) { we'll has - ten, }

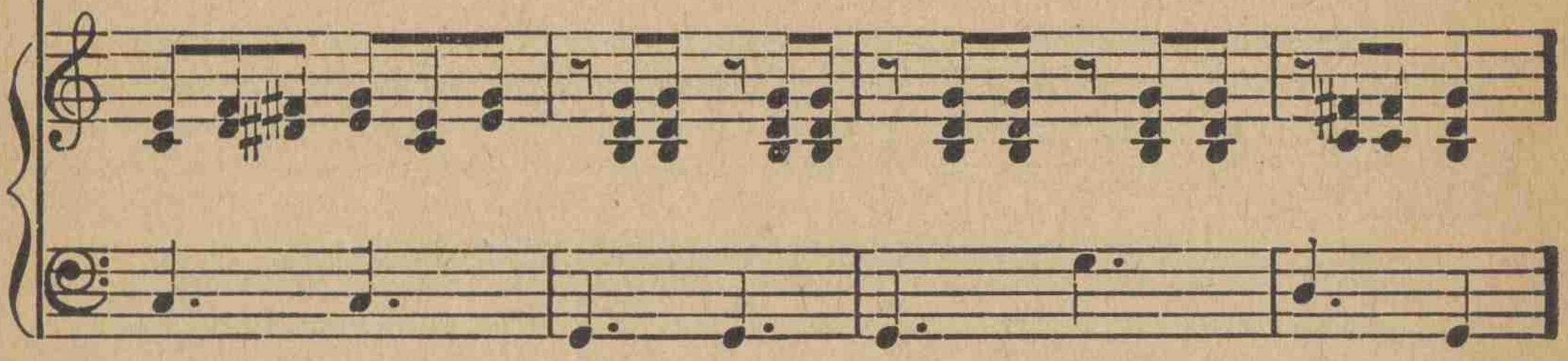
No. 244. What Shall the Harvest Be?

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."—GAL. 6: 7.

Mrs. EMILY S. OAKEY. Alt. P. P. BLISS.

1. Sowing the seed by the day-light fair, Sowing the seed by the noon-day glare,
2. Sowing the seed by the way-side high, Sowing the seed on the rocks to die,
3. Sowing the seed of a ling'ring pain, Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,
4. Sowing the seed with an ach-ing heart, Sowing the seed while the tear-drops start,

Sow-ing the seed by the fad - ing light, Sow-ing the seed in the sol - emn night;
Sowing the seed where the thorns will spoil, Sow-ing the seed in the fer - tile soil;
Sow-ing the seed of a tar-nished name, Sow-ing the seed of e - ter - nal shame;
Sow-ing in hope till the reap-ers come, Glad - ly to gath-er the har - vest home:



Oh, what shall the har - vest be?..... Oh, what shall the har-vest be?.....

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What Shall the Harvest Be?

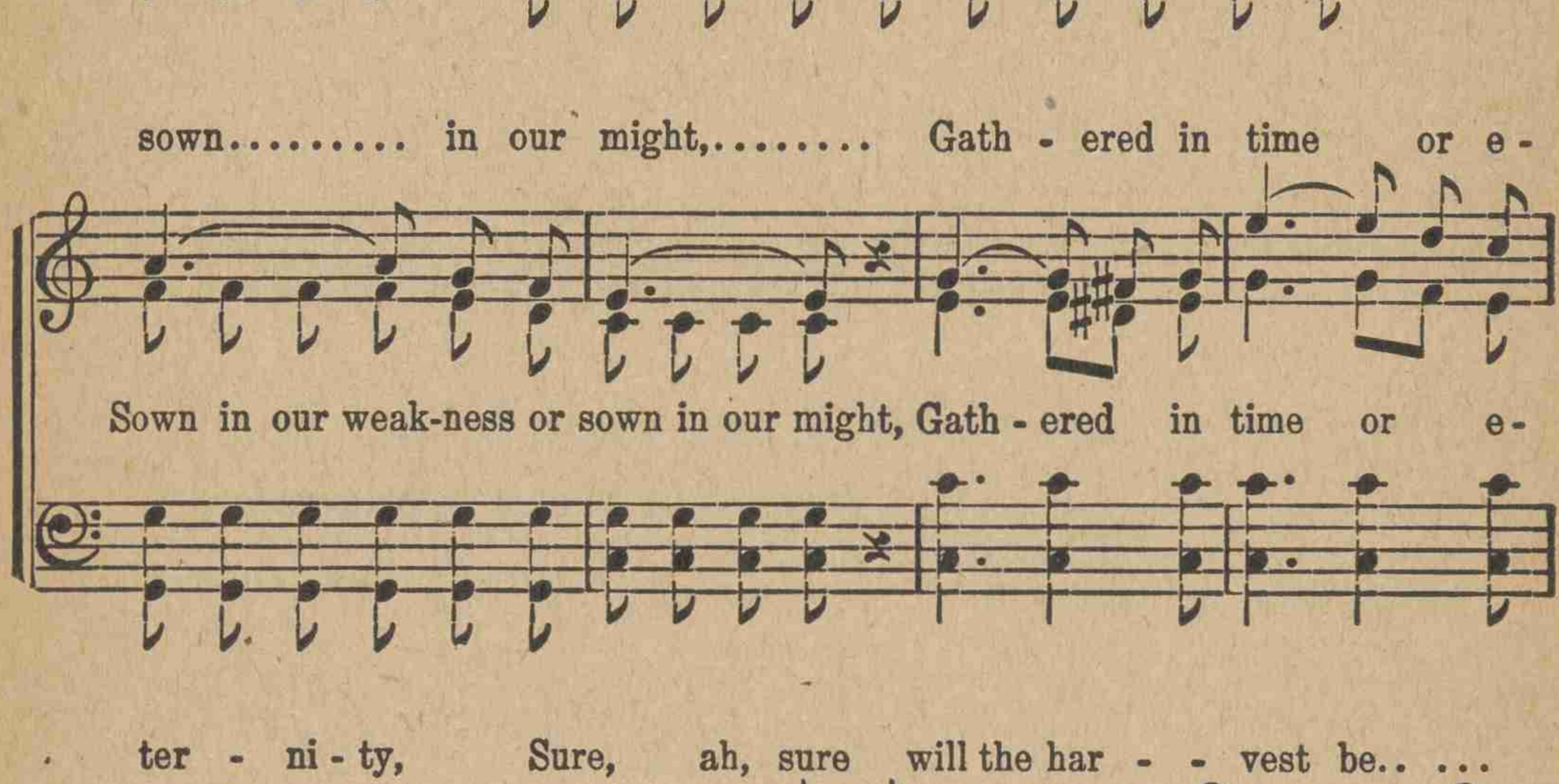
CHORUS.

Sown..... in the dark - - - ness, or sown..... in the

Sown in the dark-ness or sown in the light, Sown in the dark-ness or

light,..... Sown..... in our weak - - - ness or

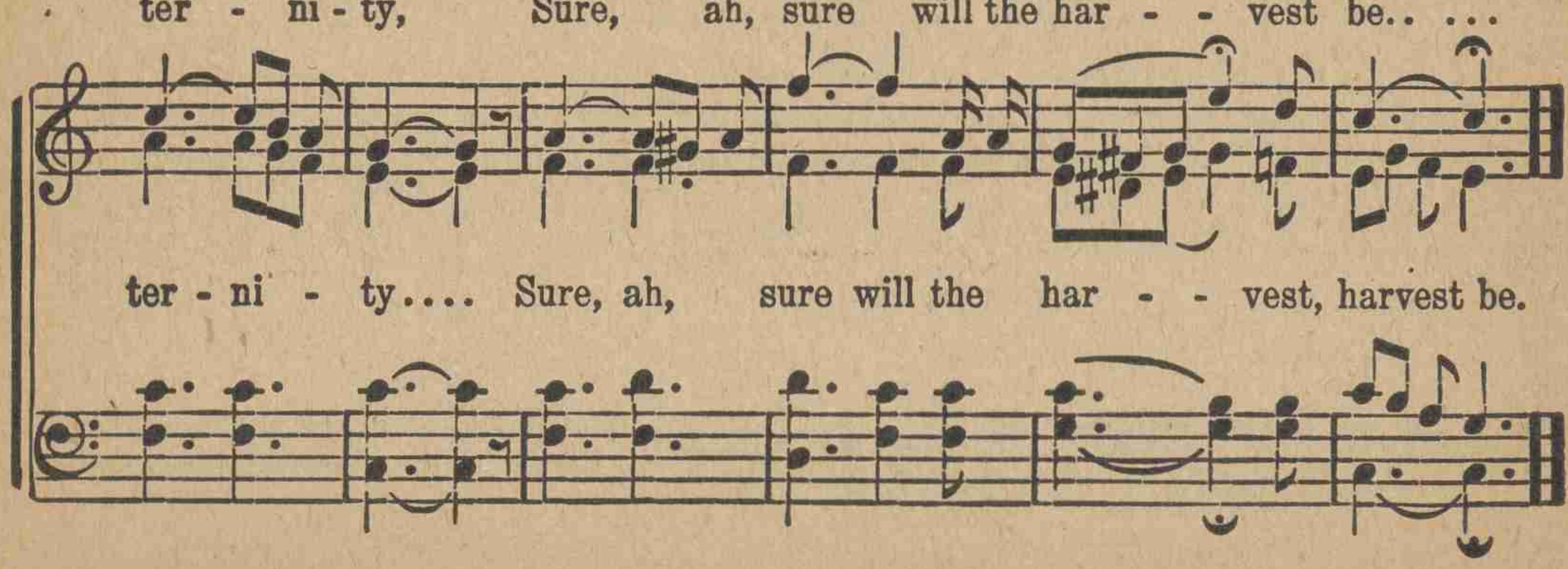
sown in the light, Sown in our weak-ness or sown in our might,



sown..... in our might,..... Gath - ered in time or e-

Sown in our weak-ness or sown in our might, Gath - ered in time or e-

ter - ni - ty, Sure, ah, sure will the har - - vest be.. ...



ter - ni - ty.... Sure, ah, sure will the har - - vest, harvest be.

No. 245. Pilgrim Chorus.

From "I Lombardi."

In Unison. *Slow.*

From a - far, gracious Lord, Thou didst gath - er Thy flock on these

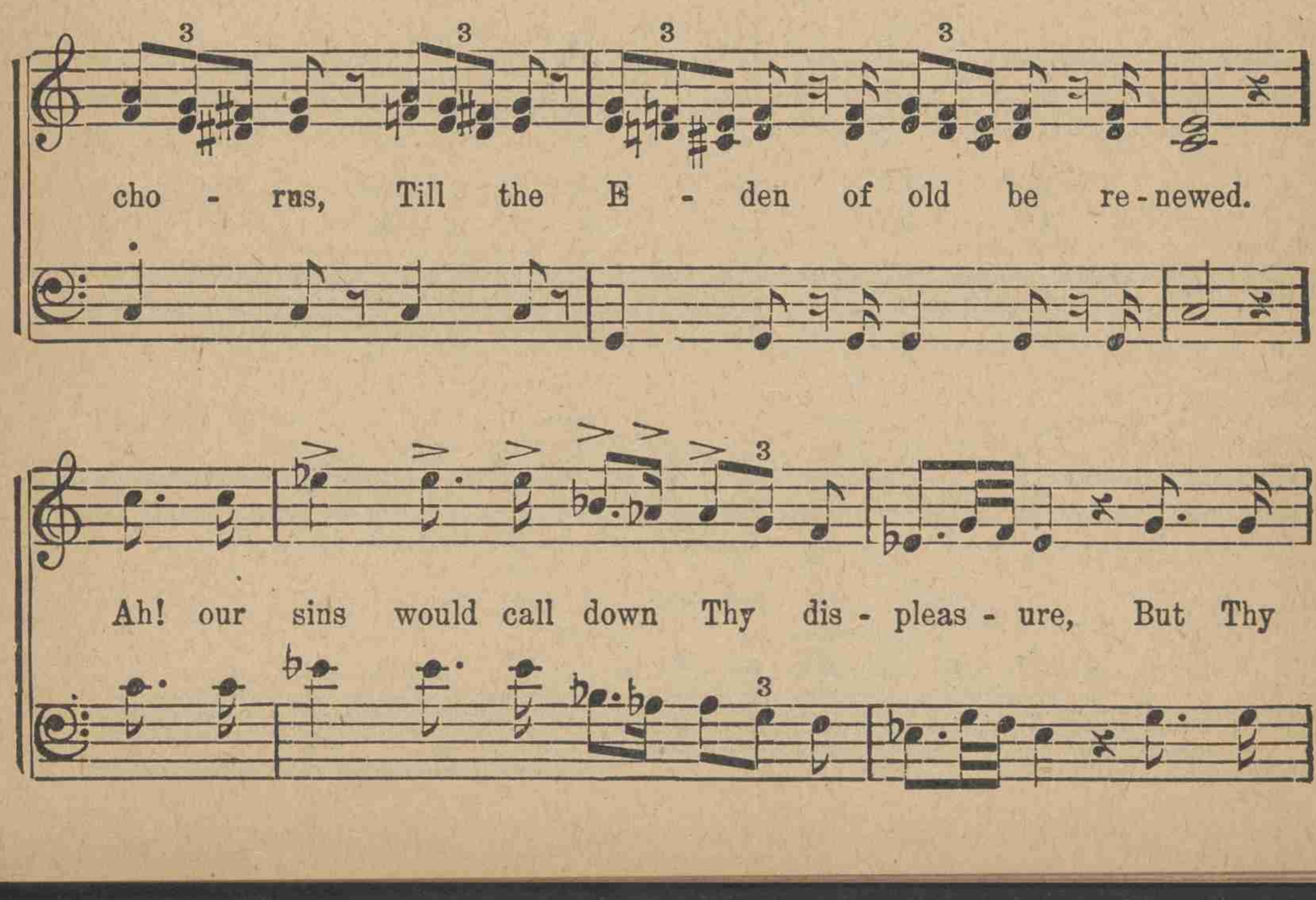
shores of the o - - - cean; Thee they owned as their God and their

Fa - ther; And when left..... in the wild waste for - lorn, Still they

served Thee with stead-fast de - vo - tion. Hear the cry which their

chil - dren are send - ing, With the ac - cents of pen - i - tence

Pilgrim Chorus.



Pilgrim Chorus.

good - ness the sad heart re - joi - ces; Be Thy mer - cy dis-

played with - out meas - ure, And by mer - cy our souls be sub-

By Thy mer - - - - - - - -

dued, And by mer - cy our souls be sub-

cy, By Thy mer - - - - - - - -

dued, And by mer - cy our souls be sub-

cy,

dued, our souls be sub-dued, our souls be sub - dued.

No. 246. Make the World Brighter.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. FRANK A. SIMPKINS.

1. Go, glad-den the lone-ly, the drear-y; Go, comfort the weeping, the wear-y;
2. Go forth, giv-ing laughter for sigh-ing; Go, car - ry sweet hope to the dy - ing;
3. Wher-ev - er the need-y are hid - ing, Go, car - ry God's bless-ed pro-vid- ing;

Go, scat - ter kind deeds on your way; Oh, make the world brighter to - day!
Go forth with the sin - ful to pray; Oh, make the world brighter to - day!
The wants of His dear ones al - lay; Oh, make the world brighter to - day!

CHORUS.

Make . . . . the world brighter!. . . . . Go glad-ly a - long;. . . . . .
Make, oh, make the world brighter to - day! Go glad-ly, go glad-ly a - long;

Make . . . the world brighter. . . . . With sunshine and song!. . . . . .
Make, oh, make the world brighter to - day With sunshine, with sunshine and song!

Make . . . . the world brighter, ... Oh, make the world brighter with song!
Make, oh, make the world brighter to-day,

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No. 247. Scatter Sunshine.

LANTA WILSON SMITH. E. O. EXCELL.

1. In a world where sor-row Ev - er will be known, Where are found the
2. Slight-est ac - tions oft - en Meet the sor - est needs, For the world wants
3. When the days are gloom - y, Sing some hap - py song; Meet the world's re -

need - y, And the sad and lone; How much joy and com - fort
dai - ly Lit - tle kind - ly deeds; Oh, what care and sor - row
pin - ing With a cour - age strong; Go with faith un - daunt - ed

You can all be - stow, If you scat-ter sun-shine Ev -'ry-where you go.
You may help re - move, With your songs and courage, Sym-pa- thy and love.
Thro' the ills of life, Scat-ter smiles and sun-shine O'er its toil and strife.

CHORUS.

Scat - - ter sun-shine all a - long your way,..... Cheer, and bless, and
Scatter the smiles and sunshine all a - long over your way,

bright - en Ev - 'ry pass - ing day;..... Ev - 'ry pass-ing day.
Ev - 'ry pass - ing, pass - ing day;

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No. 248. Luther's Cradle Hymn.

MARTIN LUTHER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. A - way in a man - ger, No crib for His bed, The lit - tle Lord
2. The cat - tle were low - ing,—The poor ba - by wakes; But lit - tle Lord
3. Be near me, Lord Je - sus; I ask Thee to stay Close by me for -

Rit. *A tempo.*

Je - sus Lay down His wee head; The stars in the heav - ens Looked
Je - sus, No cry - ing He makes: I love Thee, Lord Je - sus, Look
ev - er, And love me, I pray; Bless all the dear chil - dren In

down where He lay,— The lit - tle Lord Je - sus, A - sleep on the hay.
down from the sky, And stay by my cra - dle To watch lul - la - by.
Thy ten - der care; And take us to heav - en, To live with Thee there.

CHORUS.

A - sleep,.... a - sleep,.... a - sleep, The Sav - ior in a stall!
A-sleep, a - sleep,

A - sleep,.... a - sleep,.... a - sleep, The Lord of all!.....
A-sleep, a - sleep, a - sleep, The Lord, the Lord of all!

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No. 249. I'll Be a Sunbeam.

To my grandson, Edwin O. Excell, Jr.

NELLIE TALBOT. E. O. EXCELL.

UNISON.

1. Je - sus wants me for a sun - beam, To shine for Him each day;
2. Je - sus wants me to be lov - ing, And kind to all I see;
3. I will ask Je - sus to help me, To keep my heart from sin;
4. I'll be a sun-beam for Je - sus; I can, if I but try;

In ev - 'ry way try to please Him, At home, at school, at play.
Show-ing how pleas-ant and hap - py His lit - tle one can be.
Ev - er re - flect - ing His good - ness, And al-ways shine for Him.
Serv - ing Him mo - ment by mo - ment, Then live with Him on high.

CHORUS.

A sun - beam, a sun - beam, Je - sus wants me for a sun - beam;

A sun - beam, a sun - beam, I'll be a sun - beam for Him.

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No. 250. Put Your Shoulder to the Wheel.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. The world has need of will-ing men, Who wear the work-er's seal;
2. The Church has need of help-ing hands, And hearts that know and feel;
3. Then don't stand i-dly look-ing on, The fight with sin is real;
4. Then work and watch, and fight and pray, With all thy might and zeal;

Come, help the good work move a-long, Put your shoul-der to the wheel.
The work to do is here for you, Put your shoul-der to the wheel.
It will be long, but must go on, Put your shoul-der to the wheel.
Push ev-'ry wor-thy work a-long, Put your shoul-der to the wheel.

REFRAIN.

Put your shoul-der to the wheel, push a-long,.....
push a-long,
Do your du-ty with a heart full of song;..... We
full of song;
all have work, let no one shirk, Put your shoul-der to the wheel.

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No. 251. Glorious Things are Sung of Zion.

Andante. JOS. J. DAYNES.

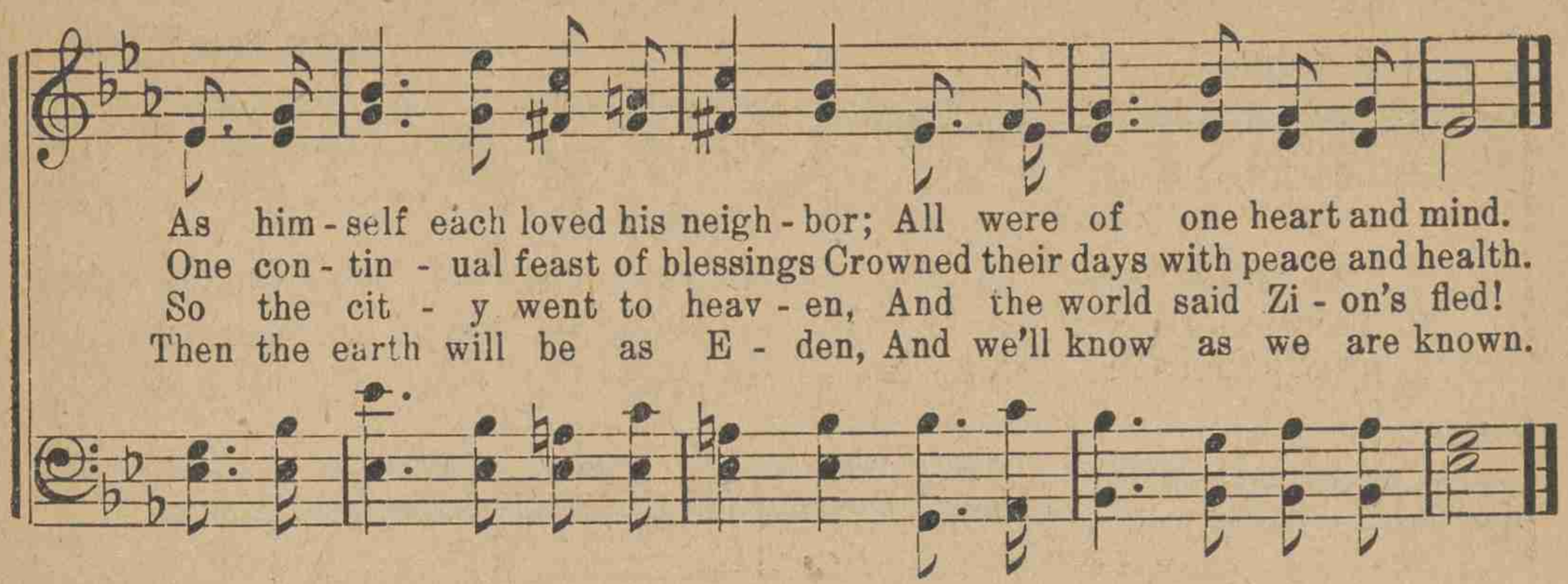
1. Glo - rious things are sung of Zi - on, E - noch's cit - y seen of old,
2. There they shunned the pow'r of Sa - tan, And ob-served ce - les - tial laws,
3. Then the tow'rs of Zi - on glit-tered Like the sun in yon - der skies,
4. When the Lord re-turns with Zi - on, And we hear the watchman cry,

Where the right - eous, be - ing per - fect, Walked with God in streets of gold:
For in A - dam - on - di - Ah - man Zi - on rose where E - den was.
And the wick - ed stood and trem-bled, Filled with won - der and sur - prise:
Then we'll sure - ly be u - ni - ted, And we'll all see eye to eye;

Love and vir - tue, faith and wis - dom, Grace and gifts were all com-bined;
When be - yond the pow'r of e - vil, So that none could cov - et wealth,
Then their faith and works were per-fect—Lo! they fol-lowed their great Head;
Then we'll min - gle with the an - gels, And the Lord will bless His own;

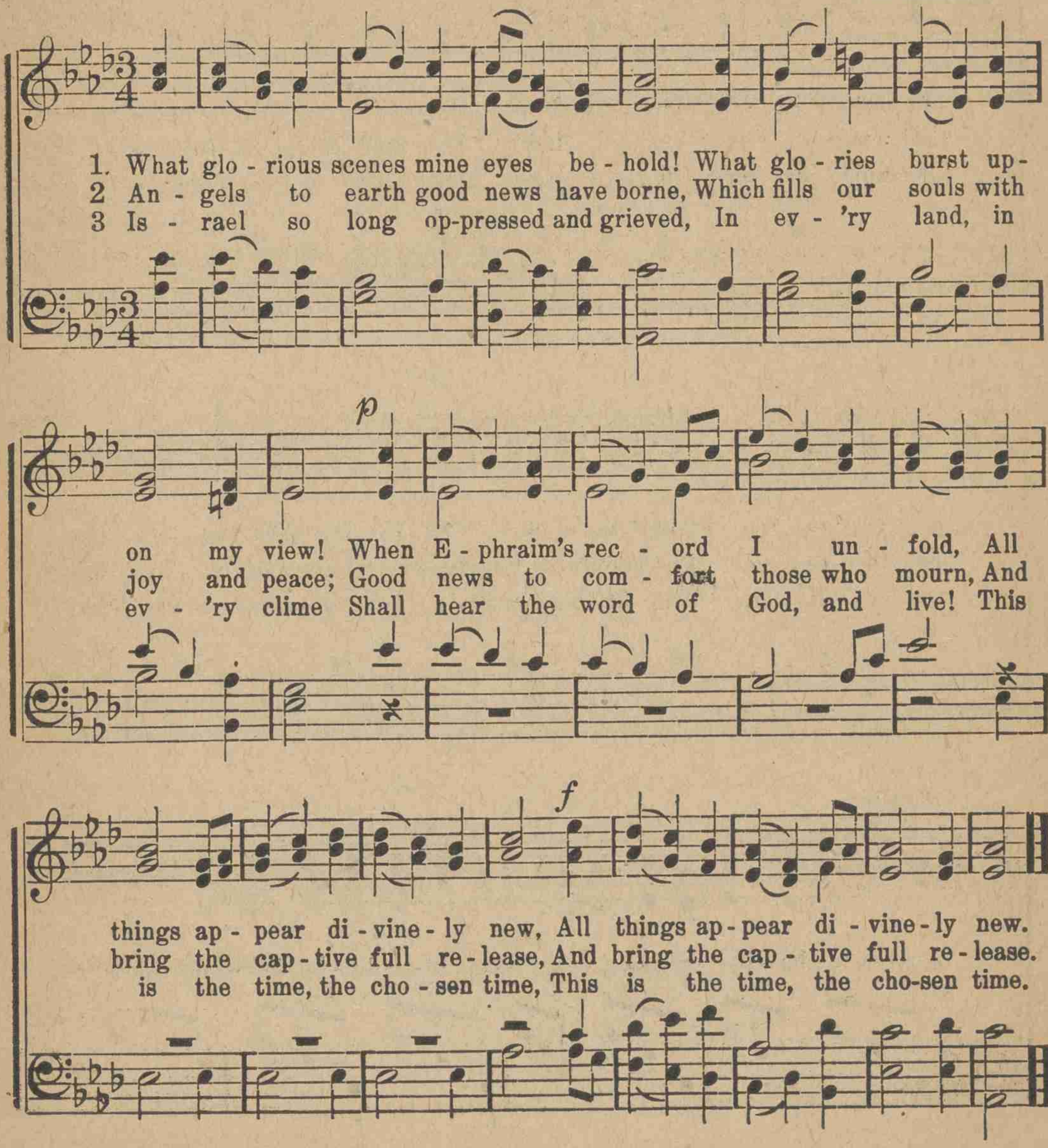
As him - self each loved his neigh-bor; All were of one heart and mind;
One con - tin - ual feast of blessings Crowned their days with peace and health;
So the cit - y went to heav - en, And the world said Zi - on's fled!
Then the earth will be as E - den, And we'll know as we are known;

Glorious Things are Sung of Zion.



No. 252. What Glorious Scenes Mine Eyes Behold.

E. BEESLEY.



No. 253. Christmas Cradle Song.

JOSEPH BALLANTYNE.

Moderato.

1. Oh, hush thee, my ba - by, a sto - ry I'll tell, How lit - tle Lord
2. The sto - ry was told by the an - gels so bright, As 'round them was
3. The shepherds here found Him, as an - gels had said, The poor lit - tle

Je - sus on earth came to dwell; How in a far coun - try, 'way
shin - ing a heav - en - ly light; The stars shone out bright - ly, but
stranger, no crib for a bed; Down low in a man - ger so

o - ver the sea, Was born a wee ba - by, my dear one, like thee.
one led the way, And stood o'er the place where the dear ba - by lay.
qui - et He lay, This lit - tle child Je - sus, a - sleep on the hay.

CHORUS.

Lul - la-by, ba - by, lul-la-by, dear, Sleep, lit-tle ba - by, have nothing to fear;

Christmas Cradle Song.

No. 254. Shine On.

JOSEPH BALLANTYNE.

CHORUS.

No. 255. My Father Knows.

SOLO and CHORUS.

L. E. N. LAURA E. NEWELL.

With expression.

1. My wea - ry heart is fill'd with pain, And burdened with its weight of
2. And so I clasp his hand in mine, While he his peace on me be -
3. My Fa - ther knows, and I can rest, Tho' oft 'mid thorny paths I

Con espress.

woes, Life seems a drea - ry, sad re - frain, And
stows,— His peace and ten - der love di - vine, And
stray, *His will is mine!* he know - eth best, And

yet I feel my Fa - ther knows; He knows what path for me is
leads me where life's wa - ter flows; 'Tis on - ly just a lit - tle
I will wait and trust and pray; I'm trust - ing him for strength di-

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My Father Knows.

Rit. *Tempo.*

best; My lot I know in love he chose..... And
way To where the light of heav - en glows..... And
vine; He'll guide me till life's scenes shall close..... I'll

Rit. *Tempo.*

Rit. – – *e* – *Dim.*

at the last awaits his rest: My Fa - ther knows! my Father knows!
gleam the shining gates of day: My Fa - ther knows! my Father knows!
sing while life and strength are mine: My Fa - ther knows! my Father knows!

Rit. – – *é* – – *Dim.*

REFRAIN. *Moderato.*

My Fa-ther knows,..... my Fa - ther knows,..... If glad my

Rit. – – – –

day,..... or dark with woes,..... His ten-der hand..... doth lead the

e – – – *Dim.* – – – – –

way..... My Fa - ther knows..... my Fa - ther knows!

No. 256. Rocked In the Cradle of the Deep.

J. P. KNIGHT.

1. Rocked in the cra-dle of the deep, I lay me down in peace to sleep; Se-
2. Such be the trust that still were mine, Tho' stormy winds sweep o'er the brine, Or

cure I rest up - on the wave, For Thou, O Lord, hast pow'r to save. I
tho' the tem-pest's fier - y breath Rouse me from sleep to wreck and death; In

know Thou wilt not slight my call, For Thou dost mark the spar-row's fall; And
o - cean cave, still safe with Thee, The germ of im - mor - tal - i - ty. And

calm and peace-ful is my sleep,.... Rocked in the cra - dle of the deep; And

calm and peace-ful is my sleep, Rocked in the cra - dle of the deep.

No. 257. The Last Rose of Summer.

1. 'Tis the last rose of sum-mer, Left bloom - ing a - lone; All her love-ly com-
2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the stem, Since the love-ly are
3. So soon may I fol - low, When friend-ships de - cay, And from love's shining

pan-ions Are fad - ed and gone; No flow - er of her kin - dred, No
sleeping, Go sleep thou with them; Thus kind - ly I scat - ter Thy
cir - cle The gems drop a - way; When true hearts lie with-ered, And

rose - bud is nigh, To re-flect back her blush-es, Or give sigh for sigh.
leaves o'er the bed, Where thy mates of the gar-den Lie scent - less and dead.
fond ones are flown, Oh, who would in - hab - it This bleak world a - lone!

No. 41 Sung to this Music

No. 258. Annie Laurie.

1. Max - wel-ton's braes are bon - nie, Where ear - ly fa's the dew, And 'twas there that An - nie
2. Her brow is like the snawdrift, Her throat is like the swan; Her face it is the
3. Like dew on th' gow - an ly - ing Is th' fa' o' her fair - y feet, And like winds in sum - mer

Lau - rie Gave me her prom-ise true; Gave me her prom-ise true, Which ne'er for-got will be,
fair - est That e'er the sun shone on; That e'er the sun shone on, And dark blue is her e'e,
sigh-ing, Her voice is low and sweet; Her voice is low and sweet, And she's a' the world to me,

And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me down and dee.

No. 259. Our Angels.

(Song for Zion's Little Ones.)

LOUISA L. GREENE-RICHARDS. E. BEESLEY.

TREBLES AND ALTOS.

1. Lit - tle ones, come! we will wor - ship to - geth - er; Of - fer thanks-
2. Learning life's du - ties, and woo - ing those gra - ces Which the kind
3. O that His work, and the time, may be has - tened, When, like the

giv - ing in prayer and with song; Love warms and cheers us in
fa - vor of Heav - en will win; Glad may our hearts be, and
Neph-ites, once hum - ble and pure, All of our hearts will be

win - ter's cold weath-er; And 'mid the sum-mer's heat, faith makes us strong.
smil - ing our fa - ces, Not with much laugh-ter, for that would be sin.
soft-ened and chas-tened, That we His pres - ence may safe - ly en - dure.

PARTS. *p* *Cres.*

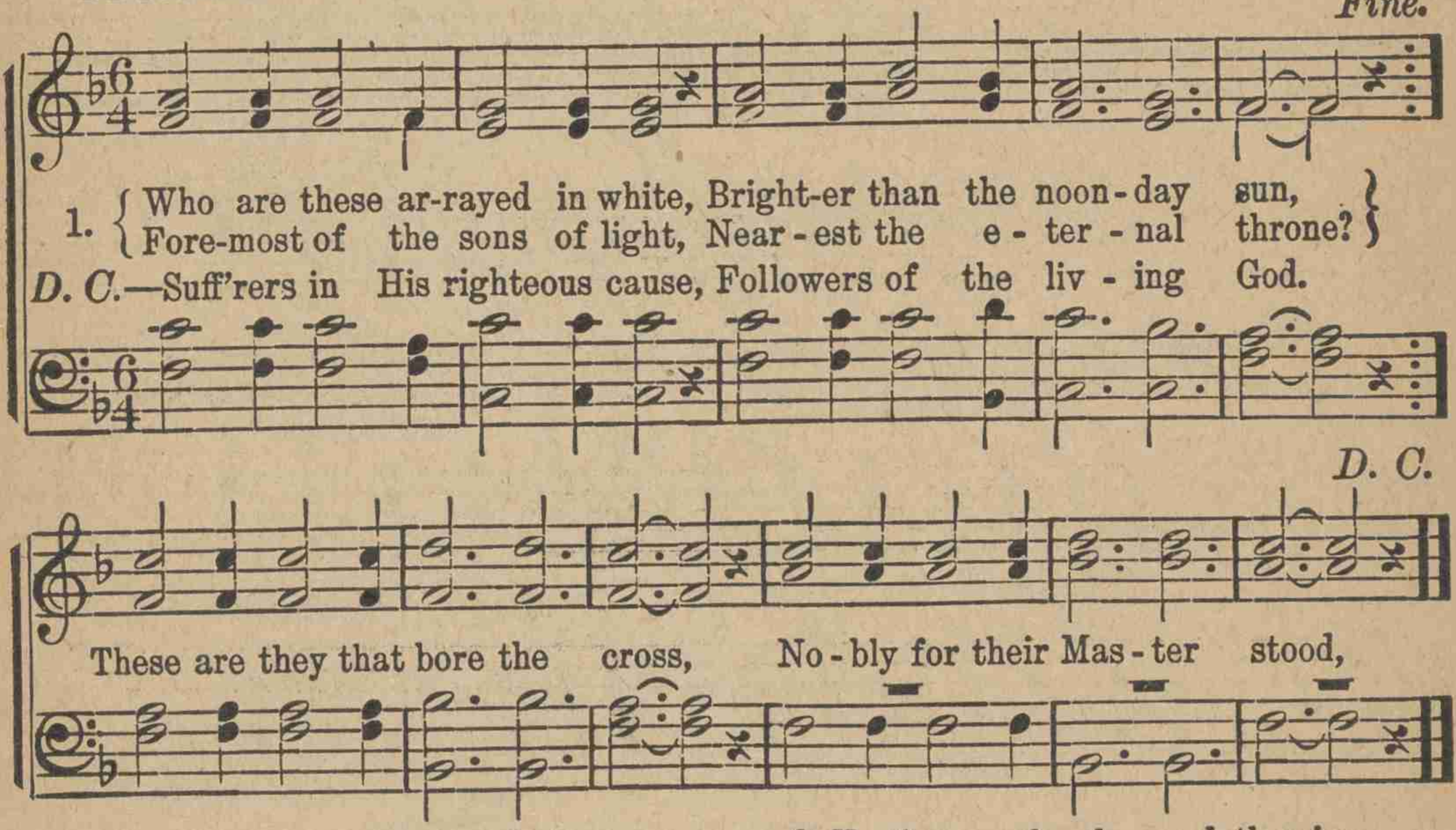
Soft - ly, sing soft - ly! Our an - gels are 'round us, Joy - ful - ly
Soft - ly, sing soft - ly! Our an - gels are near us; When we are
Soft - ly, sing soft - ly! He hears us and sees us! Let us u -

Our Angels.

No. 260. Who are These Arrayed in White.

DE COURCY. S. B. MARSH.

Fine.



2 More than conquerors at last,
Here they find their trials o'er;
They have all their sufferings past,
Hunger now and thirst no more;
No excessive heat they feel
From the sun's directer ray,
In a milder clime they dwell—
Region of eternal day.

3 He that on the throne doth reign,
His own flock shall always feed,
With the tree of life sustain,
To the living fountains lead;
He shall all their sorrows chase,
All their fears at once remove,
Wipe the tears from every face,
Fill up every soul with love.

No. 261. Have I Done Any Good?

W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. Have I done an - y good in the world to - day? Have I helped an - y-
2. There are chan-ces for work all a - round just now, Op - por - tu - ni - ties

one in need? Have I cheered up the sad, and made some one feel glad? If
right in our way; Do not let them pass by, saying, "Sometime I'll try", But

not, I have failed in - deed. Has an - y one's burden been light-er to-day,
go and do something to - day. 'T is no-ble of man to work and to give,

Ritard.

Be - cause I was will-ing to share? Have the sick and the wear - y been
Love's la - bor has mer-it a - lone; On - ly he who does some-thing is

A tempo.

CHORUS.

helped on their way? When they needed my help, was I there? } Then wake up, and
wor - thy to live, The world has no use for the drone. } Then wake, wake up,

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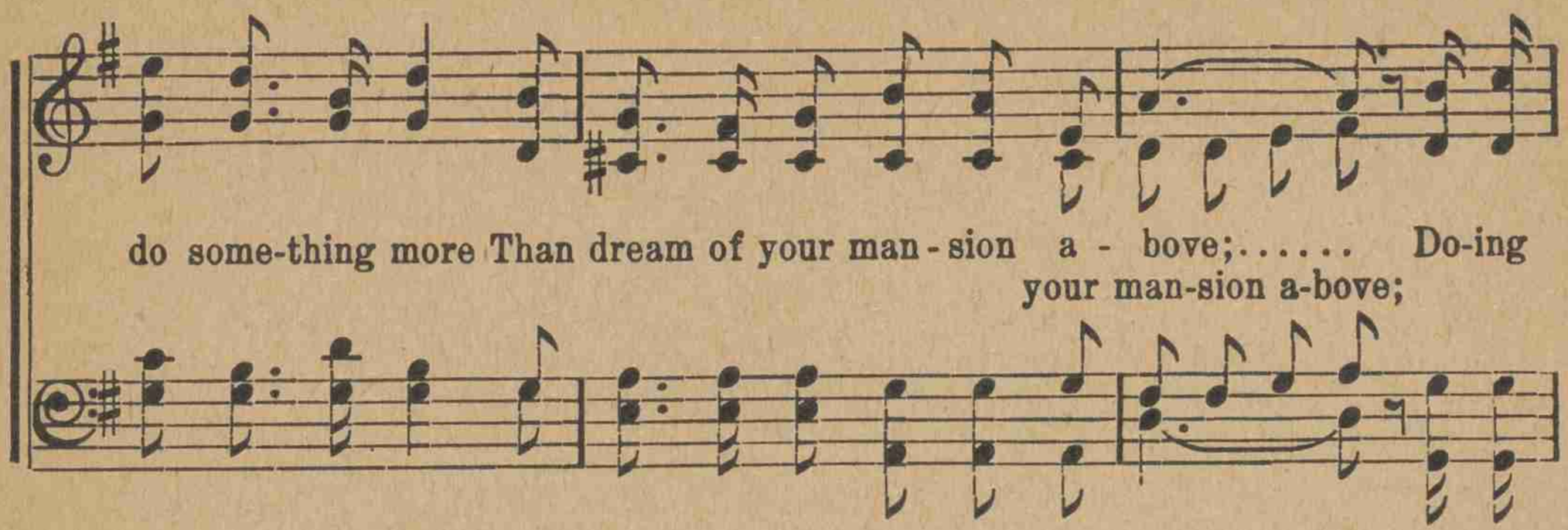
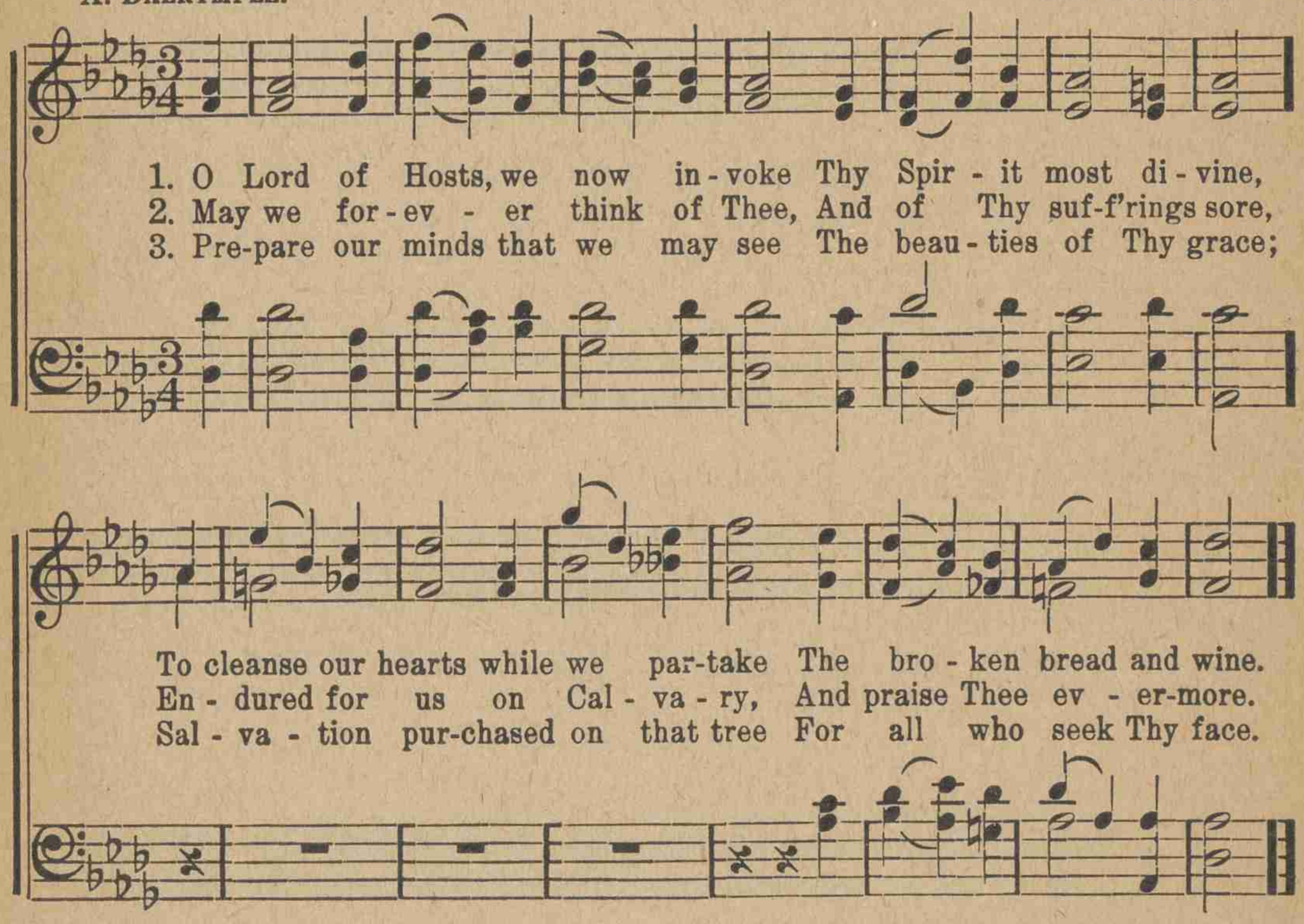
Have I Done Any Good?



No. 262. O Lord of Hosts.

A. DALRYMPLE. GEO. CARELESS.



4 As brethren let us ever live
In fellowship and peace!
Forgive, that God may us forgive,
That love may still increase.

5 May union, peace, and love abound,
And perfect harmony,
And joy in one continual round,
Through all eternity.

No. 263 We'll Sing the Songs of Zion.

MENDELSSOHN.

1. We'll sing the songs of Zi - on, Tho' now in dis - tant lands;
2. O Zi - on! long pre - dict - ed By Seers and Saints of old,
3. When Zi - on reached the moun-tains, They gave their gold - en store,
4. From Zi - on's fa - vored val - ley, Shines Gos - pel light and grace,

Our harps shall not be ly - ing Un-touched by skil - ful hands.
The bless-ings they de - pict - ed And beau - ties we be - hold;
And all the lim - pid foun - tains Did heal - ing vir - tues pour.
And mil-lions soon will ral - ly A - round her gath-'ring place,

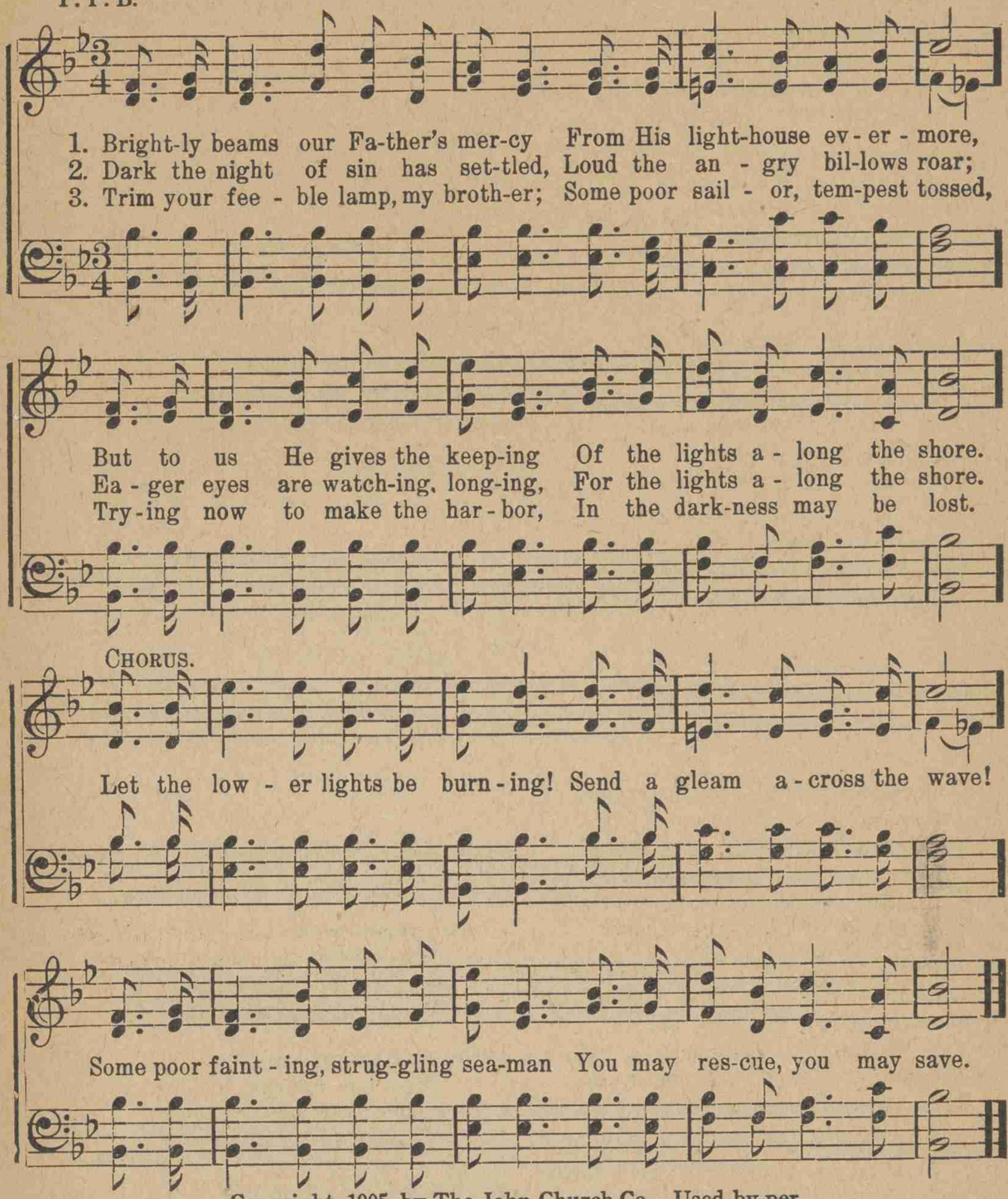
The winds in flit - ting breez - es Will sweep the sound-ing string,
Thy walls are sure sal - va - tion, And all thy gates are praise,
Where reigned but gloom-y sad - ness, And earth seemed in re - pose,
Where ev - 'ry law of heav - en, Whose coun-cils do de - sign

If Saints..... neglect to sing.
And tune its loft - y prais - es, If Saints neg - lect to sing.
A peace-ful hab - i - ta - tion, In these the lat - ter days.
Re-sounds the song of glad - ness, And blos - soms forth the rose.
To save us, will be giv - en With - in her sa - cred shrine.

No 22 is also sung to this music.

No. 264. Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.



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No. 265. Should You Feel Inclined to Censure.

(Music above.)

1 Should you feel inclined to censure
Faults you may in others view,
Ask your own heart, ere you venture,
If that has not failings too.

2 Let not friendly vows be broken;
Rather strive a friend to gain;
Many a word in anger spoken
Finds its passage home again.

3 Do not, then, in idle pleasure,
Trifle with a brother's fame;
Guard it as a valued treasure,
Sacred as your own good name.

4 Do not form opinions blindly;
Hastiness to trouble tends;
Those of whom we thought unkindly,
Oft become our warmest friends.

No. 240 also sung to above music.

No. 266. *Lo! On the Water's Brink.*

(See No. 95 for music.)

1 Lo! on the water's brink we stand,
To do the Father's will,
To be baptized by His command,
And thus the word fulfill.

2 Lord, we have sinned, but we repent,
And put our sins away;
With joy receive the message sent
In this, the latter day.

3 Thou wilt accept our humble prayer,
And all our sins forgive;
For Jesus' sake, the sinner spare,
He died that we might live.

4 Our sinful bodies sink from view
Beneath the opening wave,
Then rise to life divinely new,
As from the bursting grave.

5 So when the trump of God shall blow,
The Saints shall burst the tomb,
Immortal beauty crown each brow,
With an eternal bloom.

No. 267. *In Jordan's Tide.*

(See No. 235 for music.)

1 In Jordan's tide the Prophet stands,
Immersing the repentant Jews;
The Son of God the rite demands,
Nor dares the holy man refuse.
The Lord descends beneath the wave,
The emblem of His future grave.

2 Wonder, ye heavens! your Maker lies
In deeps concealed from human view;
Ye men, behold Him sink and rise,
A fit example this for you.
The sacred record, while you read,
Calls you to imitate the deed.

3 But lo! from yonder opening skies,
What beams of dazzling glory spread!
Dove-like the Holy Spirit flies,
And lights on the Redeemer's head.
Amazed, they see the power divine
Around the Savior's temples shine.

4 But hark, my soul, hark and adore!
What sounds are those that roll along?
Not like loud Sinai's awful roar,
But soft and sweet as Gabriel's song:
"This is my well-beloved Son;
I see, well pleased, what He hath done!"

5 Thus the Eternal Father spoke,
Who shakes creation with a nod;
Through parting skies the accents broke,
And bid us hear the Son of God.
Oh! hear the Gospel word to-day;
Hear, all ye nations, and obey.

No. 268. *Father in Heaven.*

(See No. 115 for Music.)

1 Father in heaven, we do believe
The promise Thou hast made;
The word with meekness we receive,
Just as Thy Saints have said.

2 We now repent of all our sin,
And come with broken heart,
And to Thy covenant enter in,
And choose the better part.

3 We will be buried in the stream,
In Jesus' blessed name,
And rise, while light shall on us beam—
The Spirit's heavenly flame.

4 O Lord, accept us while we pray,
And all our sins forgive;
New life impart to us this day,
And bid the sinners live.

5 Baptize us with the Holy Ghost,
And seal us as Thine own,
That we may join the ransomed host,
And with the Saints be one.

P. P. Pratt.

No. 269. *Wanted On the Other Side.*

(See Nos. 19, 64, 83 for music.)

1 Oft, when loved ones, called to leave us,
Pass to shining scenes beyond,
Questions, why they thus bereave us,
Plunge us into dark despond.

2 But with words most true and tender
Some one whispers at our side,
"Service he has gone to render,
Wanted on the other side."

3 Wanted? Yes, to preach salvation!
Visit friends long passed away,—
Father, mother, dear relation;
Longer here he could not stay!

4 While we mourn their welcomes greet him,
Hail to one so nobly born!
With what joy they flock to meet him,
He, for whom we mortals mourn!

5 Cease your sobs, oh, cease your weeping!
In your Savior now confide;
He is in the Lord's safe keeping,
Wanted on the other side.

C. W. Stayner.

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