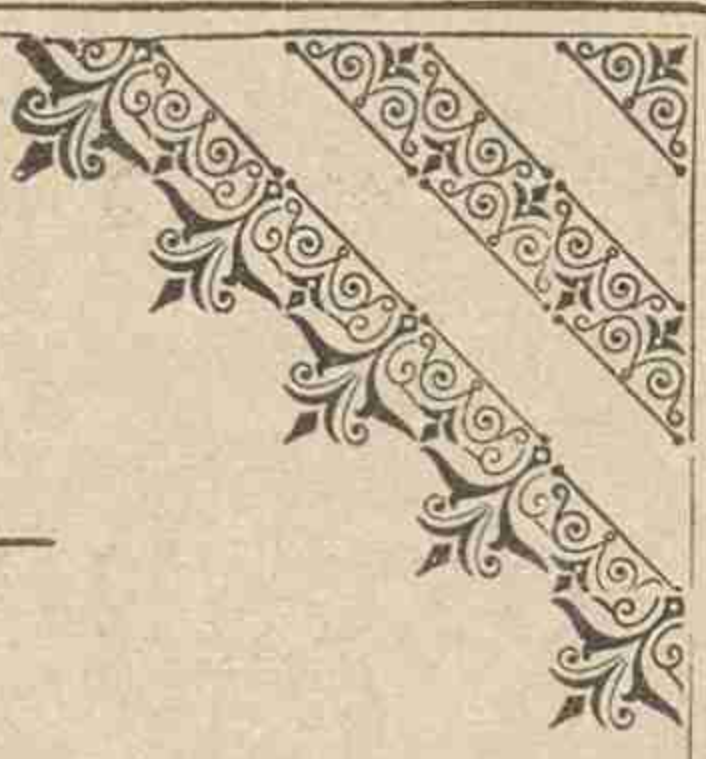
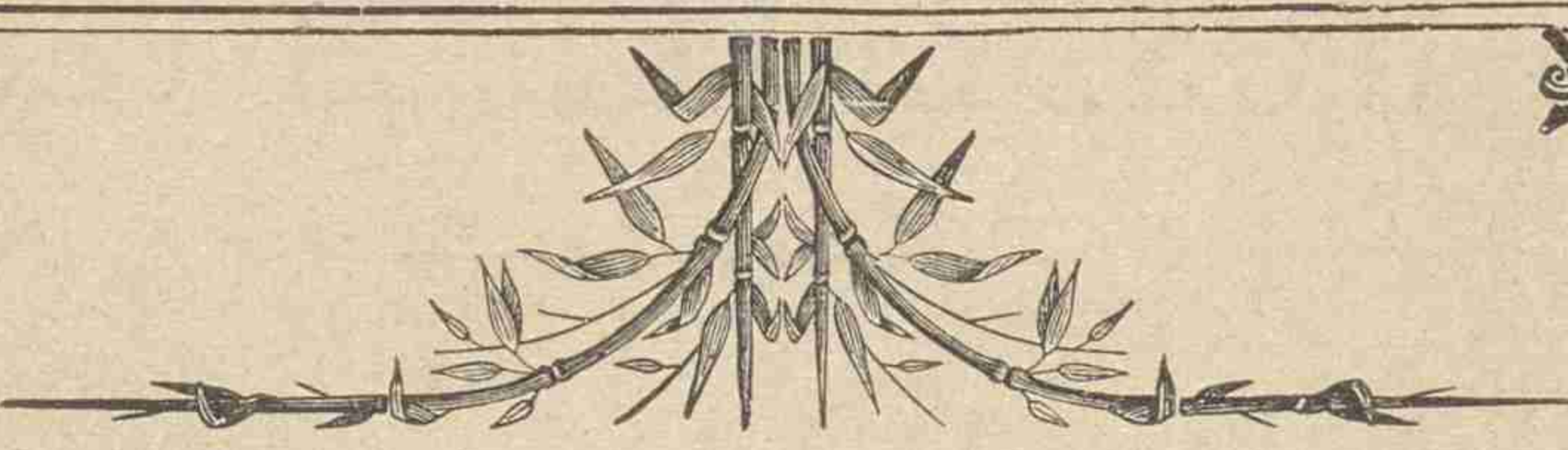


G E M

2

2-10-12



WONDERFUL LOVE.



✻ A ✻ Service ✻
OF
✻ SCRIPTURE AND SONG ✻
FOR
Easter
BY
EMMA PITT

~~~~~  
Price, 5 cents; \$4.00 per 100 by Express; \$4.40 by Mail.  
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WONDERFUL LOVE.

ORGAN VOLUNTARY.

CHORUS.

Easter Praises.

H. W. PORTER.

Tempo di Marcia.

f The Lord is great, ye hosts of heav'n a - dore Him, And ye who

mp

f tread, who tread this earth - ly ball, In ho - ly songs re -

f

joice a - loud be - fore Him, And shout His praise, His praise who made you

p

all; The Lord is great; His ma - jes - ty how glo - rious! Re-sound His

Note.— Use Cornet with all this music if possible.

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Wonderful Love.

3

cres. *f*

praise, His praise from shore to shore; O'er sin. and death He

cres. *f*

ff FINE.

rose, He rose vic - torious; He rules, He rules and reigns for ev - er - more.

GIRLS.

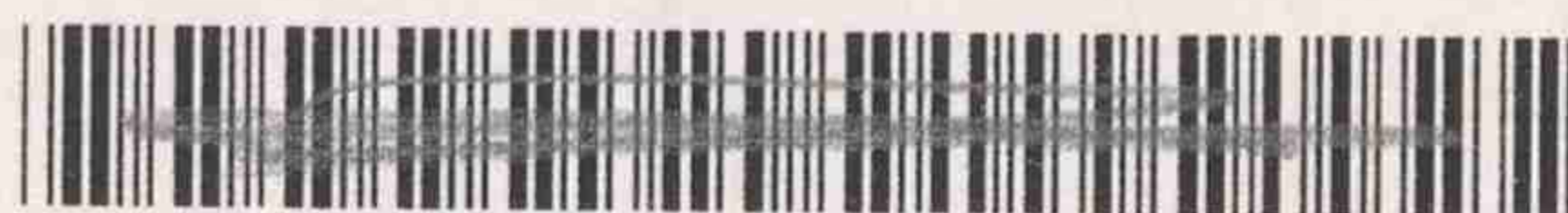
1. Praise our God, oh, praise Him ev - er - more, 'Tis in His name, His
2. Glo - ry, pow - er, ma - jes - ty is Thine, Our might - y Prince and

might - y name we ev - er will re - joice; Sing His love, His
Sav - iour and our true un - chang - ing Friend Praise our God, oh,

D. C.

nev - er dy - ing love, Oh, praise Him with the heart and praise Him with the voice.
praise Him ev - er - more, For He who safe - ly guides will keep us to the end.

EMORY UNIVERSITY



15068027

BOYS.

1. Praise our God, oh, praise Him ev - er - more, 'Tis in His name, His
 2. Glo - ry, pow - er, ma - jes - ty is Thine, Our might-y Prince and

might - y name we ev - er will re - joice; Sing His love, His
 Sav - iour, and our true, un - chang - ing Friend; Praise our God, oh,

nev - er dy - ing love, Oh, praise Him with the heart and praise Him with the voice.
 praise Him ev - er - more, For He who safe - ly guides will keep us to the end.

D.C.

RESPONSIVE READING.

Great is the Lord.

SUPT. Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised in the city of our God, in the mountain of his holiness.

Response. We have thought of thy loving kindness, O God, in the midst of thy temple.

SUPT. Make a joyful noise unto God, all ye lands—make his praise glorious.

Response. Sing praises with the understanding, for he is the King of all the earth.

SUPT. Out of Zion, the perfection of beauty, God hath shined.

Response. Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is Mount Zion, the city of the great King.

SUPT. God is known in her palaces for a refuge.

Response. O clap your hands all ye people, shout unto God with the voice of triumph.

SUPT. According to thy name, O God, so is thy praise unto the ends of the earth.

All. This God is our God forever and ever, he will be our guide, even unto death.

SINGING BY THE CONGREGATION.

TUNE,—CORONATION.

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

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

PRAYER. (BY THE PASTOR.)

We Wonder, Yet We Cannot Tell.

5

EMMA PITT.

D. B. TOWNER.



1. We wonder, yet we cannot tell Why in the days gone by, When wand'ring
 2. What precious peace flows in our heart, When on His name we call, So sweetly
 3. We wonder, yet we cannot tell Why Christ with us doth bear, In all our



in for-bidden paths, Some gen-tle hand was nigh. Some tender love we nev-er
 can we trust His power, Our ref-uge and our all. O blessed feet, those hallow'd
 weak-ness, all our needs, He sweet-ly takes a share. O blessed hands, up-lift-ed



knew, Was guard-ing day by day, And searching, looking for His child, The
 feet, That trod the path of woe, That we might fol-low on in faith, And
 hands, That plead be-fore the throne, The Saviour dear who purchas'd us, Will

CHORUS.



child who went a-stray. We wonder, yet we cannot tell Why Je-sus lov'd us
 in His likeness grow.
 come to claim His own.



so, Yet trust-ing, rest-ing in that love, What pre-cious peace we know.

Our Risen Redeemer,

M. G. WEBSTER.

H. W. PORTER, Op. 77 d.

Sing the verses in this order—1st, 2nd, 1st, 3rd, 4th.

1. All hail! Thou a - ris - en, our Sav - iour and King, With glad hearts and

4. O sing the sweet prais - es and wor - ship - ful bend, To - day in His

voi - ces Thy prais - es we sing, Dis - pell'd is death's dark - ness, the

tem - ple our Fa - ther and Friend, Whose gifts of com - pas - sion, of

tomb is unsealed, And Thou in Thy glo - ry im - mor - tal reveal'd, And

com - fort and love, Our ris - en Re - deem - er has brought from above, Our

Thou in Thy glo - ry im - mor - tal revealed.

ris - en Re - deem - er has brought from a - bove.

GIRLS.

2. Ye trees of the for - est—His prais - es de - clare, Ye waves of the

Wonderful Love.

7

o - cean, ye breez - es of air, Ye birds of the wood-land—ex -

ult - ing-ly sing, To Him yield your fragrance, ye blos-soms of spring.

MALE VOICES.

3. All hail! Thou a - ris - en, the mu - sic pro-long, Our Lord is tri -

umph - ant, this theme be our song, Dis-pell'd is death's dark - ness, the

(All repeat in unison.)

tomb is un-seal'd, And Thou in Thy glo - ry im-mor - tal reveal'd.

D. C.

RECITATION.

The Easter Guest.

1. I knew Thou wert coming, O Lord Divine,
I felt in the sunlight a softened shine,
And a murmur of welcome, I thought I heard,
In the ripple of brook and the chirp of bird;
And the bursting buds and the springing grass,
Seemed to be waiting to see Thee pass;
And the sky, and the sea, and throbbing sod,
Pulsed and thrilled to the touch of God.
2. I knew Thou wert coming, O Love Divine,
To gather the world's heart up to Thine;
I knew the bonds of the rock-hewn grave,
Were riven, that living, Thy life might save.
But blind and wayward, I could not see
Thou wert coming to dwell with me, e'en me.
And my heart o'er-burdened with care and sin,
Had no fair chamber to take Thee in.
3. Not one clean spot for Thy foot to tread,
Not one pure pillow to rest Thy head;
There was nothing to offer, no bread, no wine,
No oil of joy in this heart of mine;
And yet the light of Thy kingly face
Illumed for Thyself a small dark place,
And I crept to the spot by Thy smile made sweet,
And the tears came ready to wash Thy feet.
4. Now let me come nearer, O Christ Divine,
Make in my soul for Thyself a shrine;
Cleanse, till the desolate place shall be
Fit for a dwelling, dear Lord, for Thee.
Rear, if Thou wilt, a throne in my breast,
Reign, I will worship and serve my guest,
While Thou art in me—and in Thee I abide—
What end can there be to the Easter-tide.—*Mary Dickinson.*

SINGING BY THE CONGREGATION.

TUNE,—BROWN.

EMMA PITT.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Peal on sweet bells your glory tones,
There's joy in ev'ry chime,
Peal on sweet bells, till every heart
Shall feel the Easter-time. 2. In mem'ry of our risen Lord,
Ascended to the throne,
Peal on sweet bells we love the sound,
There's music in each chime. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 3. For yonder, over Calvary's brow,
We see the tints of gold,
With faintest blush of early dawn,
What glories did unfold. 4. The empty tomb, the conquer'd grave,
The stone is rolled away,
The night all past, the morning come,
Behold the Easter day. |
|---|---|

ADDRESS. (BY PASTOR.)

12-17-99-27

A Prayer for Purity.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

EMMA PITT.

H. W. PORTER.

DUET. SOPRANO AND ALTO.

Andante moderato.

1. Hear me, Sav-iour, in mercy hear me, Let my heart still cling to
 2. Help me, Sav-iour, in pit-y help me, Saviour of the thorn-crowned

Thee, In Thy pur-i-ty, Thy blessed pur-i-ty, Make me, Saviour, pure like
 brow, When my heart is weak Thy tender comfort speak, Help me at Thy will to

Thee. *p* Lone up-on life's stormy sea, Thou who still'd the troubled waves of Gali-
 bow. Thou wilt chide me but in love, And Thy chast'ning hand to me shall only

poco rit.

lee, Let Thy grace my life a-dorn, Thou who wast so low-ly
 prove Thou dost love me as Thy child, Thou who art so un-de-

mf *f* *p* *tenuto.*

Wonderful Love.

11

tenuto.

born, Thou who brought us with Thy birth, Gift di-vine, sweet peace on earth.
 filed, In Thy bo - som thou wilt bear All who long Thy love to share.

QUARTETTE OR SEMI-CHORUS.

p

Hear me, Sav - iour, in mer-cy hear me, Let my heart still cling to Thee. In Thy

cres.

pur - i - ty, Thy blessed pur - i - ty, O make me, Sav - iour, pure like Thee.

RESPONSIVE READING.

The Tender Shepherd.

PASTOR.—Fear not; for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name: thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee.

Response.—A bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench; he shall bring forth judgment unto truth.

PASTOR.—I the Lord have called thee in righteousness, and will hold thine hand, and will keep thee for a light of the Gentiles.

Response.—To open the blind eyes, and them that sit in darkness out of the prison-house.

PASTOR.—Fear ye not, neither be afraid, for I am the Lord thy God, and beside me there is no Saviour. Sing O heavens, and be joyful O earth, and break forth into singing O mountains, for the Lord hath comforted his people.

ALL.—He shall feed his flock like a shepherd; he shall gather the lambs with his arms, and carry them in his bosom.

Wonderful Songs of Love.

EMMA PITT.

W. G. FISCHER.



1. Wonderful songs of love I hear, Giving the heart sweet peace and cheer,
 2. Wonderful songs are steal-ing thro' Hearts that are sad with hope re-new,
 3. Wonderful songs of joy shall ring, Round the throne of Christ our King,
 4. Wonderful songs we'll sing on high—Where peace and hope can nev-er die,



Bringing to us a Christ so near, Wonderful, wonderful songs of love.
 Telling of Him for-ev-er true, Wonderful, wonderful songs of love.
 By and by on harps we'll sing, Wonderful, wonderful songs of love.
 Praises to Je-sus by and by, Wonderful, wonderful songs of love.

CHORUS.



Beau-ti-ful songs, wonderful songs, Ris-ing to Je-sus a-bove, a-bove,



Fill-ing the air with sweet-est sounds, Won-der-ful songs of love.

EASTER OFFERING.

SINGING. (BY PRIMARY CLASS.)

THE DAUGHTER OF THE KING.

EMMA PITT.

D. B. TOWNER.



1. My wealth is not here in a house made with hands, But 'tis yonder in man-
2. What care I for treasures laid up here en earth! With the using they per-
3. The house is so large, will you come en-ter in? And its gates are not shut
4. I'll seek o'er the mountains and val-leys of earth, They'll be lost in the high-



sions di-vine, There robes and bright jew-els, and treasures most rare I in-
ish and die, A strang-er be-low, and a beg-gar by birth, I'm the
night or day, I've sis-ters and broth-ers, and friends here below, And to
way of sin, The King is their Fa-ther, and He bids me go, I must



CHORUS.



her-it and they all shall be mine. For I'm the daughter, of the
own-er of a mansion on high,
save them I must la-bor and pray.
call them and beseech them "come in."

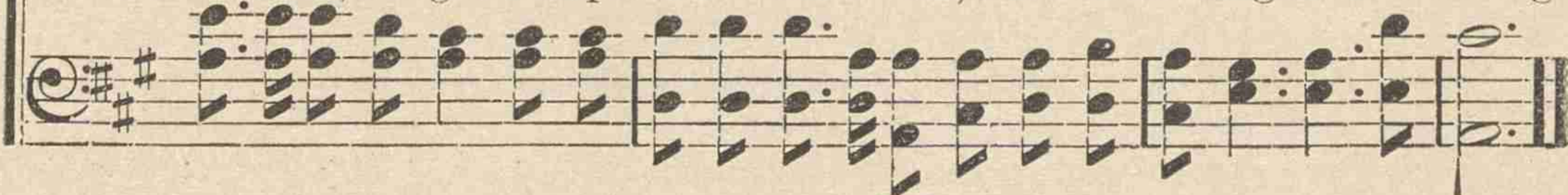
I'm the daughter,



King Here with glory I can sing, The in-
daughter of the King, Here with glory and with rapture I can sing,



heritance is mine, Bought with precious blood divine, For I'm the daughter of the King.



Love, Hope, Joy.

"By grace ye are saved . . . it is the gift of God."

EMMA PITT.

H. W. PORTER.

Moderato con moto.


p

1. Love is a mes-sage of glad-ness, Love is a light from the throne,
 2. Hope is a star from the crown-ing, Hope is a gem from a-bove.
 3. Joy is a ray from the glo-ry, Joy is a smile from our God.



p *f rit.* *a tempo.*

Love is a sunbeam of mer-cy, Giv-en by Christ to His own.
 Hope is an an-chor to cheer us Hope is a mes-sage of love.
 Joy is a note from the ran-somed, Dwelling in glo-ry un-told.



p

Gift from the heart of a Sav-iour, Grace is a breath from the throne.
 Gift from the heart of a Sav-iour, Star from a fade-less crown.
 Gift from the heart of a Sav-iour, Light from the star-ry throne.



f *p*

Grace is a stream from the foun-tain, Giv-en by Christ to His own.
 Love that can nev-er grow wea-ry, Sun that can nev-er go down.
 Joy that is pure and un-ceas-ing, Giv-en by Christ to His own.



9. RESPONSIVE READING.

Gifts of God.

SUPT.—Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God.

Response.—Herein is love; not that we loved God, but that he loved us.

SUPT.—God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believed in him should not perish but have everlasting life.

Response.—If God so loved us, we ought also to love one another.

SUPT.—Let brotherly love continue.

Response.—Hope maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts.

SUPT.—Hope we have as an anchor of the soul.

Response.—By grace are ye saved through faith—and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God.

SUPT.—Therefore we rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

Response.—These things I say unto you, that my joy may be in you, and that your joy may be full.

SUPT.—Rejoice in the Lord always.

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

Wonderful Love.

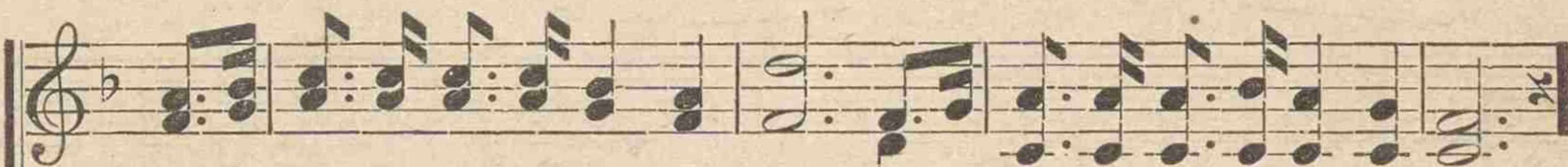
GOD BLESS YOU.

EMMA PITT.

D. B. TOWNER.



1. God bless you till we meet a - gain, And gently hide you 'neath His wing;
 2. 'Tis sweet to min-gle here be - low, In pray'r and praise and grateful song;
 3. There is a brighter, rich-er thought That tinges life with pur-est gold;



Then may your hours be fill'd with joy, While in your heart His praises sing.
 'Tis sweet our fellowship to know, And to God's people here be-long.
 Some day we'll meet to part no more, Some day we'll join the heav'nly fold.



CHORUS.

