Bought at Salt Lake City, August 1915
Theodore Hiram.
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

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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. Dible.

1. The happy day has rolled on, The truth re-
2. The gospel trumpet again is heard, The truth from
3. The day by Prophets long foretold, The day which
4. The day when Saints again shall hear The voice of

stored is now made known, The promised angel's
darkness has appeared; The lands, which long be-
Abram did behold, The day that Saints de-
Jesus in their ear, And angels, who a-

come again To introduce Messiah's reign.
nighted lay, Have now beheld a glorious day:
sired so long, When God His strange work would perform:
above do reign, Come down to converse hold with men.
No. 2. The Lord is My Shepherd.

Lento.

T. Koschat. Arr.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know; I
2. Thro’ the valley and shadow of death tho’ I stray, Since
3. In the midst of affliction my table is spread; With

feed in green pastures, safely I rest; He leadeth my
Thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear; Thy rod shall de-
blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o’er; With perfume and

soul where the still waters flow, Restores me when wand’ring, re-
defend me, Thy staff be my stay; No harm can befall, with my
oil Thou anointest my head; Oh, what shall I ask of Thy

deems when oppressed; Restores me when wand’ring, redeems when op-
Comforter near; No harm can befall, with my Comforter near.
prov-idence more? Oh, what shall I ask of Thy prov-

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No. 3. Another Day Has Fled and Gone.

P. P. PRATT.

Moderato.

1. Another day has fled and gone, The sun decreased their song, Let ours in pure devotion rise.
2. The moon her beauteous course resumes, And sheds her soft perfumes fall sweetly over herb and tree.
3. While here in meditation sweet, Those happy light o'er land and sea; The gentle dews in oft did meet, Our hearts in pure devotion joined.
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.
1. A poor way-faring man of grief Hath oft-encrossed 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, Where to 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 'Twas 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!"

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 NEIKAUR. A. C. SMYTH.

1. Come, thou glorious day of promise, Come and spread thy cheerful ray,
When the scattered sheep of Israel Shall no longer go astray;
2. Lord, how long wilt Thou be angry; Shall Thy wrath forever burn?
Rise, redeem Thine ancient people, Their transgressions from them turn;
3. Oh, that soon Thou wouldest to Jacob Thy everlasting Spirit send!
Of their unbelief and misery Make, O Lord, a speedy end.

When hosannas, When hosannas With united voice they'll cry.
King of Israel, King of Israel, Come and set Thy people free.
Lord, Messiah! Lord, Messiah! Prince of Peace o'er Israel reign.
No. 6

Arise, My Soul, Arise.

WESLEY'S COLLECTION.

Andante.

G. CARELESS.

1. Arise, my soul, arise, Shake off thy guilty fears; The bleeding
   sacrifice In my behalf appears; Before the throne my
dooming love, His precious blood to plead; His blood atoned for
effectual prayers, They strongly speak for me; "Forgive him, oh, for-
Before the throne

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.
Behold the Lamb of God.

MATTHEW BRIDGES.

1. Behold the Lamb of God, In His divine array,
2. Can we pretend to know More fully God's design?
3. Jesus, we will obey Thy practice and command:
4. We sink beneath the wave; The water we go thro'—
5. Great Father, cast Thine eye On us, dispel our fear,

Go down into the flood, His Father to obey—
Can we pretend to show A conduct more divine? Can
Behold us here to-day! We in Thy presence stand, Do-
The emblem of Thy grave, And resurrection, too; We
Our every want supply, Give grace to persevere; And

Jordan's stream to be baptized, Thou by a carnal world despised,
we neglect this ordinance And in the way of life advance?
voted to Thy blessed will, Thy pleasure ready to fulfill,
die, are buried, rise again, In hopes with Thee to live and reign,
then rejoicing we will go To do our Father's will below,

Tho' by...... a carnal world despised.
And in...... the way of life advance?
Thy pleasure ready to fulfill.
In hopes...... with Thee to live and reign.
To do...... our Father's will below.

No. 6 is also sung to this music.
No. 8.  An Angel From on High.

P. P. PRATT.  
Andante con moto.  
TRIO AND CHORUS.  
JOHN TULLIDGE.

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

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-ages 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;

BASS. Andante con moto.
An Angel From on High.

Lo, in Cn-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.

No. 9.  "Come, Follow Me."

JOHN NICHOLSON.  S. MCBURNEY.

1. "Come, fol-low me," the Sav - ior said; Then let us in His foot-steps tread,
2. Come, fol-low me,— a sim-ple phrase, Yet truth's sublime, ef-ful - gent rays
3. Is it e-nough a - lone to know That we must fol-low Him be - low,
4. Not on - ly shall we em - u - late His course while in this earth-ly state,
5. We must the onward path pursue As wider fieldsexpand to view,
6. For thrones, dominions, kingdoms, powers,

For thus a - lone can we be one With God's own loved, be-got-ten Son.
Are in these sim-ple words combined To urge, in-spire the hu - man mind.
While trav'ling thro' this vale of tears? No, this ex-tends to ho - lier spheres.
But when we're freed from present cares, If, with our Lord we would be heirs.

5 We must the onward path pursue
As wider fieldsexpand 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.

Andante.

G. CARELESS.

1. Again we meet around the board Of Jesus, for man to live, for man to die, A world to purchase blood, the price He paid; We're His, to do His redeeming Lord, With faith in His sacred will, And His requirements all fulfil.

2. He left His Father's courts on high, With man to realize The great atoning sacrifice, The gift of Thy Beoning blood, Our only access unto God. and to save, And seal a triumph o'er the grave.

3. Help us, O God! to realize The great atoning blood, Our only access unto God. and to save, And seal a triumph o'er the grave.

4. We're His, who has the purchase made; His life, His atoning blood, Our only access unto God. and to save, And seal a triumph o'er the grave.

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.

1. Come, O Thou King of kings— We've waited long for Thee,—With healing in Thy wings, To set Thy people free; Come, Thou de-
right-eous-ness bring in, That Saints may tune the lyre, With songs of

2. Come, make an end of sin, And cleanse the earth by fire. And sire of na-
joy, a happier strain, To welcome in Thy peaceful reign.

sire, Come, Thou desire of nations, come,
joy, With songs of joy, a happier strain,

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.

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 mean-ing 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;

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

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1. Come, all ye sons of Zion, And let us praise the Lord;
His ransomed are returning, According to His word;
In sacred songs and gladness They walk the narrow way,
And thank the Lord who brought them To see the latter day.

2. Come, ye dispersed of Judah, Join in the theme and sing,
With harmony unceasing, The praises of our King,
Whose arm is now extended, On which the world may gaze,
To gather up the righteous In these the latter days.

3. Rejoice, rejoice, O Israel, And let your joys abound!
The voice of God shall reach you Wherever you are found,
And call you back from bondage, That you may sing His praise
In Zion and Jerusalem, In these the latter days.

4. Then gather up for Zion, Ye Saints throughout the land,
The voice of God shall ever come, As God shall give command.
Though wicked men and devils Exert their pow'r, 'tis vain,
Since He who is eternal Has said you shall obtain.
No. 14.  

Catch the Sunshine!

\[
\text{Allegretto.}
\]

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

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

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

\[
\text{It has on-ly come to tell you There is yet a bright-er day.
Look! there comes a gleam of sun-shine! Catch it! oh, it seems so glad
There's a spark-ling gleam of sun-shine Wait-ing on the oth-er side.}
\]
No. 15.  Come, Let Us One and All.

A. DALRYMPLE.

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

And on our Maker call— It will not be in vain:
And with most pure delight Our time we here employ,
And strive to win the prize By walking in that way

For He will heed our humble prayer, And grant us grace as
Where we can learn each Sabbath day To walk the straight and
That leads to immortality, Where all the ransomed

free as air, And grant us grace as free as air.
narrow way, To walk the straight and narrow way.
hosts will be, Where all the ransomed hosts will be.

D. SCHEFIELD.
No. 16.  

Come, Come, Ye Saints.

W. CLATTON.

1. Come, come, ye Saints, no toil nor labor 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 away in the West;
4. And should we die before our journey's through, Happy day! all is well!

Tho' hard to you this journey may appear, Grace shall be as your day.
Why should we think to earn a great reward, If we now shun the fight?
Where none shall come to hurt or make afraid; There the Saints will be blessed.
We then are free from toil and sorrow too; With the just we shall dwell.

Tis better far for us to strive Our useless cares from
Gird up your loins, fresh courage take, Our God will never
We'll make the air with music ring— Shout praises to our
But if our lives are spared again 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 obtain, 0 how we'll make this chorus swell— All is well! all is well!
No. 17.  Come, All Ye Sons of God.

T. DAVENPORT.

1. Come, all ye sons of God, who have received the Priest-hood, Go spread the Gospel wide, and gather in His people; The latter-day work has begun, to gather scattered Israel in, And bring them back to Zion to praise the Lamb.

2. Come, all ye scattered sheep, and listen to your Shep-herd, While you the blessings reap, which long have been pre-dicted; By Prophets long it's been fore-told, He'll gather you in-

3. Repent and be bap-tized, and have your sins re-mit-ted; And get the Spirit's seal; O then you'll be uni-ted; Go cast up on Him all your care, He will regard your then His presence you'll en-joy, in heav'n-ly bliss your

4. And when your grief is o'er, and ended your af-flic-tion, Your spirits then will soar, un-till the res-ur-rec-tion; And Is-rael in, And bring them back to Zion to praise the Lamb. And bring you home to Zion to praise the Lamb. And bring you home to Zion to praise the Lamb. And bring you home to Zion to praise the Lamb.

And time em-ploy, A thou-sand years in Zion to praise the Lamb.
No. 18. What Was Witnessed in the Heavens?

JOHN S. DAVIS.

1. What was witnessed in the heavens? Why, an angel, earthward bound. Had he something with him bringing? Yes—the Gospel—joyful sound! It was to be preached in power. On the earth, the angel gain. This was preached by Paul and Peter, And by Jesus Christ, the gain. What became of the departed Who heard not the Gospel

2. Had we not before the Gospel? Yes—had several taught by men. Then what is this latter Gospel? 'Tis the first one come a-main? No; 'twas taken into heaven, Then restored to man a-

3. Where so long has been the Gospel? Did it on the earth re-

said, To all men, all tongues and nations That upon its face are spread. Head; This we later Saints are preaching—We their footsteps wish to tread. plan? Jesus preached to souls in prison What He taught on earth to man.

This piece is also sung to music on opposite page.
No. 19.  *Israël, Israël, God is Calling.*

R. SMYTH.  CHARLES C. CONVERSE.

1. *Israël, Israël, God is calling—Calling thee from lands of woe:
2. *Israël, Israël, God is speaking;* Hear your great Deliverer's voice!
3. *Israël, angels are descending* From celestial worlds on high,
4. *Israël! Israël! canst thou linger* Still in error's gloomy ways?

Babylon the great is falling, God shall all her towers o'erthrow.
Now a glorious morn is breaking For the people of His choice.
And towards man their power extending, That the Saints may homeward fly.
Mark how judgment's pointing finger Justifies no vain delays.

Come to Zi-on, come to Zi-on, Ere His floods of anger flow.
Come to Zi-on, come to Zi-on, And within her walls rejoice.
Come to Zi-on, come to Zi-on, For your coming 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.

1. O Thou Rock of our salvation, Jesus, Savior of the world,
2. We a war 'gainst sin are waging, We're contending for the right,
3. On-ward, on-ward, we'll be singing, As we're marching firm and true,
4. When for all that we've contended, When the fight of faith we've won,

In our poor and lowly station We Thy banner have unfurled.
Ev 'ry day the battle's raging, Help us, Lord, to win the fight.
Each succeeding battle ring ing Earnest of what we can do.
When the strife and battle's ended, And our labor here is done,

CHORUS.

Gather round the standard bearer, Gather round in strength of youth;
(After last verse:)
Then, O Rock of our salvation, Jesus, Savior of the world,

Ev 'ry day the prospect's fair er, While we're battling for the truth.
Take us from our lowly station, Let our flag with Thee be furled.

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1. Softly beams the sacred dawning Of the great Millennial morn, And to Saints gives welcome warning That the day is hastening on.

2. Splendid, rising o'er the mountains, Glowing with celestial cheer, Streaming from eternal fountains, Rays of liv ing light appear,

3. Swiftly flee the clouds of darkness, Speedily the mists retire; Nature's universal blackness Is consumed by heavenly fire, Israel will be blest, Then all Is rael will be blest.

4. Yea, the fair sabbatical era, When the world will be at rest, Rapidly is drawing nearer; Then all israel 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 moved, Scorn the trials you may meet.
No. 22.  O God, th' Eternal Father.

W. W. Phelps.  

G. CARELESS.

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

In Je-sus' name we ask Thee To bless and san-cit-i-ty,
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 sup of wine,
That we may ev-er wit-ness The suf-frings 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,

That we may all re-mem-ber That of-fring 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.

With tenderness.

Rev. R. Lowry.

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-flowes, for I love him he knows; O where is my boy to-night.
Praise to the Man.

W. W. Phelps.

1. Praise to the man who communed with Jehovah! Jesus a-

2. Praise to his mem'ry, he died as a martyr, Honored and

3. Great is his glory, and endless his Priesthood, Ever and

4. Sacrifice brings forth the blessings of heaven; Earth must a-

nointed "that Prophet and Seer"—Blessed to open the
blest be his ever great name! Long shall his blood, which was
ev'ry the keys he will hold; Faithful and true, he will
tone for the blood of that man; Wake up the world for the

last dispensation; Kings shall exalt him, and nations revere.
shed by assassins, Stain Illinois, while the earth lauds his fame.
en'ter his kingdom, Crowned in the midst of the Prophets of old.
conflict of justice; Millions shall know "brother Joseph" again.

CHORUS.

Hail to the Prophet, ascended to heaven! Traitors 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:

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, End in an e-ter-nal rest.
1. As swiftly my days go out on the wing, As onward my bark drifts
2. Dark sorrow may come with many a sting; Stern trials in life my
3. Till angels of light my summons shall bring, Till upward with joy my

Over the sea, portion may be; O Father in heav'n, this song will I sing: The

rock of my refuge is Thee, The rock of my refuge is Thee.

Rock of my refuge so sure, . . . Rock of my refuge so strong; . . . O
so sure, so strong;
Rock of My Refuge.

hide me there-in From dan-ger and sin, While here I am sing-ing my song.

No. 27.

Rock of Ages.

A. M. TOPLADY.  

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee;
2. Could my tears for-ev-er flow, Could my zeal no lan-guor know,
3. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,

Let the wa- ter and the blood, From Thy wound-ed side which flowed,
These for sin could not a-tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone:
When I rise to worlds un-known, And be-hold Thee on Thy throne,

Be of sin the dou-b-le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
In my hand no price I bring, Sim- ply to the cross I cling.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee.
No. 28. O'er the Gloomy Hills of Darkness.

WILLIAMS.

H. H. PETERSEN.

1. O'er the gloomy hills of darkness, Look, my soul, be still and gaze;
   All the promises do travail that divine and glorious conquest.

2. Let the Indian and the negro, Let the rude barbarian see glorious light;
   And from eastern coast to western, never cease;
   So Immanuel's fair dominions.

3. Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness, Grant them, Lord, the new er dominions.
   With the glorious day of grace; Blessed jubilee!

4. Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel, Win and conquer, shall extend and still increase, Till the kingdoms,
   Bless-ed jubilee! Let thy glorious morning dawn.

   Once obtained on Calvary; Let the Gospel,
   May the morning chase the night— Chase the darkness,

   Soon resound from pole to pole.
   From their long be night-ed eyes.

   Of the world are all His own.
No. 29.  O What Songs of the Heart.

J. L. TOWNSHEND.  

1. O what songs of the heart We shall sing all the day, When again we assemble at home; When we meet, ne'er to part, With the blest o'er the way, resemble at home; When we meet, ne'er to part, With the blest o'er the way,

2. Tho' our rapture and bliss There's no song can express; We will shout, we will sing o'er and o'er, As we greet with a kiss, And with joy we caress tho'ts can impart, But our rapture will be All the soul can attest love are complete; As the heart swells with joy

3. O the visions we'll see In that home of the blest, There's no words, there's no There no more from our loved ones to roam! When we meet ne'er to part, All our loved ones that passed on before; As we greet with a kiss, In the heavenly songs of the heart; But our rapture will be When our heavenly Parents we meet! As the heart swells with joy

4. O what songs we'll employ! O what welcomes we'll hear! While our transports of O what songs of the heart We shall sing in our beautiful home. In our rapture and bliss, All our loved ones that passed on before. In the visions we'll see Best expressed in the songs of the heart. O what songs we'll employ, When our heavenly Parents we meet.
1. Sweet Sabbath school, more dear to me Than fairest palace dome,
2. Here first my wilful, wand’ring heart, The way of life was shown;
3. Here Jesus stood with loving voice, Entreating me to come

My heart e’er turns with joy to thee, My own dear Sabbath home.
Here first I sought the better part, And gained a Sabbath home.
And make of Him my only choice, In this dear Sabbath home.

chorus.
Sabbath home, blessed home,
Sabbath home, blessed home,
Sabbath home, blessed home,

My heart e’er turns with joy to thee, My own dear Sabbath home,
1. Rest, rest for the weary soul, Rest, rest for the aching head,
2. Rest, rest, for the battle’s o’er, Rest, rest, for the race is run,
3. Peace, peace, where no strife intrudes, Peace, peace, where no quarrels come,
4. Peace, peace, the oppressed are free, Rest, rest, O ye weary, rest;
5. Peace, peace, there is music’s sound, Peace, peace, till the rising sun

Rest, rest, on the hill-side rest, With the great uncounted dead.
Rest, rest, where the gates are closed With each evening’s setting sun.
Peace, peace, for the end is there Of our wild life’s busy hum.

For the angels guard those well Who sleep on their mother’s breast.
Of the resurrection morn Proclaims life’s victory won.
No. 32.  
School Thy Feelings.

C. W. PENROSE.

Melody in 2d Tenor.

Tune:—Vacant Chair.

D. C.—1. School thy feelings, O my brother, Train thy warm, impulsive soul;

2. School thy feelings; condemnation Never pass on friend or foe,

3. Should affliction's acrid vital Burst o'er thy unsheltered head,

Do not its emotions smother, But let wisdom's voice control.

Tho' the tide of accusation Like a flood of truth may flow.

School thy feelings to the trial, Half its bitterness hath fled.

School thy feelings, there is power In the cool, collected mind;

Hear defense before deciding, And a ray of light may gleam,

Art thou falsely, basely slandered? Does the world begin to frown?

Passion shatters reason's tower, Makes the clearest vision blind.

Showing thee what filth is, hiding Underneath the shallow stream.

Gauge thy wrath by wisdom's standard, Keep thy rising anger 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.

1. O Thou kind and gracious Father, Reigning in the
   heav'n s a - bove, Look on us, Thy hum - ble chil-dren, Fill us
   truth to hear; Teach us how to ev-er serve Thee And Thy

2. We have met this Sab - bath morn - ing, Words of life and

3. Help us to re-sist temp - ta- tion, Help us to re-

   with Thy ho-ly love, Fill us with Thy ho-ly love.
   ho-ly name re-veré, And Thy ho-ly name re-veré.
   all to do Thy will, Help us all to do Thy will.
No. 34.

Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. WALFORD.

Slow.

1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a
world of care, And bids me at my Father's throne Make all my
waitings known: In seasons of distress and grief, My
soul has often found relief, And oft escaped the

2. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! Thy wings shall my pe-
tation bear To Him whose truth and faithfulness Engage the
home and take my flight: This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To

3. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! May I thy con-so-
lution share, Till, from Mount Pis-gah's lofty height, I view my
wants and wishes known: In seasons of distress and grief, My
soul has often found relief, And oft escaped the

W. B. BRADBURY.
Sweet Hour of Prayer.

1. 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

2. 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.

1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise Thy name, give thanks and sing,
2. My heart shall tri-nmph 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.
1. Praise ye the Lord! my heart shall join In work so
   pleasant, so divine,
   my abode, And when my soul ascends to God.

2. Praise shall employ my no blest pow'rs While im mor-
   tality endures; My days of praise shall
   die and turn to dust; Their breath de-parts, their
   ne'er be past, While life and thought and being last.

3. Why should I make a man my trust? Prin ces must
   make a heart shall join In work so
   my abode, And when my soul ascends to God.
   ne'er be past, While life and thought and being last.
   pomp and pow'r And thoughts, all van ish in an hour.

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.
1. We are sowing, daily sowing Countless seeds of good and ill,
2. Seeds that fall amid the stillness Of the lonely mountain glen;
3. Seeds that lie unchanged, unquickened, Lifeless on the teeming mould;
4. Thou who knowest all our weakness, Leave us not to sow alone!

Scattered on the level lowland, Cast upon the windy hill;
Seeds cast out in crowded places, Trodden under foot of men;
Seeds that live, and grow, and flourish When the sower's hand is cold;
Bid Thine angels guard the furrows Where the precious grain is sown,

Seeds that sink in rich, brown furrows, Soft with heaven's gracious rain;
Seeds, by idle hearts forgotten, Flung at random on the air;
By a whisper sow we blessings, By a breath we scatter strife,
Till the fields are crowned with glory, Filled with mellow, ripened ear;

Seeds that rest upon the surface Of the dry, unyielding plain.
Seeds, by faithful souls remembered, Sown in tears, and love, and prayer.
In our words, and looks, and actions Lie the seeds of death and life.
Filled with fruit of life eternal From the seed we sowed in tears.
No. 38.

Parting Hymn.

GEO. MANWARING.

1. Sing we now at parting, One more strain of praise;
To our heav’n-ly Fa- ther Sweet-est songs we’ll raise.
For His lov-ing kind-ness, For His ten-der care,
Let our songs of glad-ness Rend this Sab-bath air.

2. Praise Him for His mer-cy, Praise Him for His love;
For un-num-bered bless-ings Praisethe Lord a-bove.
Let our hap-py voi-ces Still the notes pro-long;
One a-lone is wor-thy Of our sweet-est song.

3. Je-sus, our Re-deem-er, Now our prais-es hear;
While we bow be-fore Thee, Lend a list-’ning ear.
Save us, Lord, from er-ror, Watch us day by day,
Help us now to serve Thee in a pleas-ing way.
1. Sabbath morning comes with gladness, Little hearts are filled with joy;
   Father's blessings banish sadness, Pleasure's here without alloy.
   See, with smiling rosy faces, Boys and girls clothed in their best,
   Hast'ning on to fill their places, At their teacher's kind request.

2. O'er the earth the sun is shining, Truth shines in the Sabbath school;
   List the Priesthood clear defining Precepts like the golden rule.
   Let us each be unobserv'ing Of the oth'ers' faults, and strive
   Goodness to increase unswerv'ing, Like the bees within a hive.

3. May our Father's care be o'er us, Guardian angels ever nigh,
   Thro' life's journey go before us, Lead us to the courts on high.
   Prin-ciples our souls in-spir-ing, That were des-tined men to save,
   Onward progress, nev' er tir-ing, In the life be-yond the grave.
Do Not Forsake Me, Lord.

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

Turn not away Thine ear, Hear, O hear my call!
Like ship that's rudderless, On the billows tossed.
That should Thy bounty crave, Do not pass me by.
I could not hope to live Banished from Thy face.

Guide Thou my wand'ring feet, Lest they should stray.
When floods of strife and sin Would me o'erwhelm.
My life a desert 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.
Be Thou my Pilot true, Ever at the helm.
Yet in Thy tender care, It may bloom at last.
Find not a resting place Save within 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,
   Hum-bly kneel-ing, sweet ap-pear-ing— Twas the boy's first ut-tered prayer—
   Sad-den-ly a light de-scent-ed, Bright-er far than noon-day sun,
   "Jo-seph, this is my Be-lov-ed, Hear Him!" oh, how sweet the word!

Bees were hum-ming, 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-pear-ed two heav'n-ly 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-pear-ed two heav'n-ly 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.**

*Allegro marcato.*

1. Come, listen to a Prophet's voice, And hear the word of God, And in the way of truth rejoice, And sing for joy aloud. We've found the way the Prophets went, Who lived in days of face. Through erring schemes, in days now past, The world has gone astray; Yet Saints of God have found at last The straight and narrow way.

2. The gloom of solemn darkness, spread Thro' earth's extended space, Is banished by our living Head, And God has shown His ly, Full well assured, all are accursed Who Jesus Christ de-

3. 'Tis not in man they put their trust, Or on his arm rely, For certain, all are accursed Who Jesus Christ de-

4. An oth-er Proph-et now is sent, This knowledge to re-store.

Jos. J. DAYNES.
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 speedshis way to
2. Hear, 0 men, the proc-la - ma - tion; Cease from van - i - ty and
3. Soon the earthwillhear 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-
strife; Hast - en to re - ceive the Gos - pel, And o-
sceed! Oh! be - fore the days of sor - row, Make the
ressed, 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.
1. Little children, love the Savior,
   Learn to do His holy will;
   Meek and humble, like the Master,
   To the Father we will pray,

2. Honor father, honor mother:
   These are precepts Jesus taught;
   He is whispering to you ever,
   Sacred duties to fulfill.

3. Jesus said, love one another,
   And forgive each other too;
   We are learning to be useful,
   In life's lessons day by day;

4. Then, as sister, or as brother,
   Let us wisdom's course pursue.
   Honest, upright, gentle, truthful,
   Treading wisdom's pleasant way.

5. We must seek for heavenly favor,
   In the path our Savior trod;
   Brave-ly wrestle with endeavor,
   Holding fast the "iron rod".

6. And with kindness to each other,
   May our actions all be fraught.
   Jesus said, love one another,
   And forgive each other too;

7. Then, as sister, or as brother,
   Let us wisdom's course pursue.
   Honest, upright, gentle, truthful,
   Treading wisdom's pleasant way.

8. We must seek for heavenly favor,
   In the path our Savior trod;
   Brave-ly wrestle with endeavor,
   Holding fast the "iron rod".
No. 45. In Remembrance of Thy Suffering.

E. S. STEPHENS.

1. In re-mem-brance of Thy suf-ferr-ing, Lord, these em-blenks 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 est 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'ring of our Lord.
Love at Home.

1. There is beauty all around, When there’s love at home; There is joy in
ev’ry sound, When there’s love at home. Peace and plenty here a-bide,
ne’er annoy, When there’s love at home. Roses bloom beneath our feet,
filled with love, When there’s love at home. Sweet-er sings the brook-let by,

2. In the cottage there is joy, When there’s love at home; Hate and en-vy
All the earth’s a garden sweet, Making life a bliss com-plete,
Brighter beams the az-ure sky; Oh, there’s One who smiles on high,

3. Kind-ly heaven smiles a-bove, When there’s love at home; All the world is
Smil-ing sweet on ev’ry side, Time doth softly, sweet-ly glide,
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.

Time doth softly, sweetly glide, When there's love at home.
Making life a bliss complete, When there's love at home.
Oh, there's One who smiles on high, When there's love at home.

No. 47. Jesus, Once of Humble Birth.

P. F. Pratt.

Jesus, once of humble birth, Now in glory comes to earth; Once He suffered grief and pain, Now He great I Am; Once upon the cross He bowed, Now His He appears; Once rejected by His own, Now their to a throne; Once all things He meekly bore, But He comes on earth to reign, Now He comes on earth to reign. chariot is the cloud, Now His chariot is the cloud. King He shall be known, Now their King He shall be known. now will bear no more, But He now will bear no more.
No. 48.

Scatter Seeds of Kindness.

1. Let us gather up the sun-beams, lying all around our path;
2. Strange we never prize the music Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown!
3. If we knew the baby fingers, Pressed against the window pane,
4. Ah! those little ice-cold fingers, How they point our memories back

Let us keep the wheat and roses, Casting out the thorns and chaff.
Strange that we should slight the violets Till the lovely flow'rs are gone!
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—Never trouble us again—
To the hasty words and actions Strewn along our backward track!

Let us find our sweetest comfort In the blessings of to-day,
Strange that summer skies and sunshine Never seem one-half so fair
Would the bright eyes of our darling Catch the frown upon our brow?
How those little hands remind us, As in snowy grace they lie,

With a patient hand removing All the briars from the way.
As when winter's snowy pinions Shake the white down in the air.
Would the prints of rosy fingers Vex us then as they do now?
Not to scatter thorns—but roses—For our reap-ing by and by.
Scatter Seeds of Kindness.

CHORUS.

Then scatter seeds of kindness, Then scatter seeds of kindness,

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

GEO. MANWARING.

1. Lord, we ask Thee, ere we part, Bless the teachings of this day,
2. In the innocence of youth, We would all Thy laws fulfill;
3. Father, merciful and kind, While we labor for the right,
4. All our follies, Lord, forgive, Keep us from temptations free;

Plant them deep in every heart, That with us they'll ever stay.
Lead us in the way of truth, Give us strength to do Thy will.
May we in Thy service find Sweetest pleasure, pure delight.
Help us evermore to live Lives of holiness to Thee.

E. BEESLEY.
No. 50. Lord, Accept Our True Devotion.

R. ALLDRIDGE.

1. Lord, accept our true devotion, Let Thy Spirit whisper peace;
2. Aid us all to do Thy bidding, And our daily wants supply;
3. May we with the future dawning, Day by day from sin be free,

Swell our hearts with fond emotion, And our joy in Thee increase.
Give Thy Holy Spirit's guiding, Till we reach the goal on high.
That on resurrection morning We may rise at peace with Thee;

Never leave us, never leave us, Help us, Lord, to win the race;
Ever guard us, ever guard us, Till we gain the victory;
Ever praising, ever praising, Throughout all eternity;

Never leave us, never leave us, Help us, Lord, to win the race.
Ever guard us, ever guard us, Till we gain the victory.
Ever praising, ever praising, Throughout all eternity.
No. 51.  Lord, Thou Wilt Hear Me.

WATTS.  

Jos. J. Daynes.

1. Lord, Thou wilt hear me when I pray; I
   am forever Thine!

2. And while I rest my weary head, From cares and business free,
   I fear be-

3. I pay this evening sacrifice, And when my work is done,
   Tis sweet con-

4. Thus, with my thoughts composed to peace, I'll give mine eyes to sleep;
   Great God, my Thy hand in

fore Thee all the day; O may I never vers-
ing on my bed With my own heart and faith, my hope re-
lies Up on Thy grace a-
safe-ty keeps my days, And will my slum-
bers

sin, .......... O may I never sin.
Thee, .......... With my own heart and Thee.
lone, .......... Up on Thy grace a-
keep, .......... And will my slum-
bers keep
No. 52. For the Strength of the Hills.

Altered by E. L. Sloan.

Maestoso.

1. For the strength of the hills we bless Thee, Our God, our fathers' God;
2. At the hands of foul oppressors, We've borne and suffered long;
3. Thou hast led us here in safety, Where the mountain bulwark stands,
4. For the shadow of Thy presence, Our camp of rock o'er-spread;

Thou hast made Thy children mighty, By the touch of the mountain sod;
Thou hast been our help in weakness, And Thy pow'r hath made us strong;
As the guardian of the loved ones Thou hast brought from many lands:
For the canyon's rugged defiles, And the beetling crags o'er-head;

Thou hast led the chosen Israel To freedom's last abode—
'Mid ruthless foes, outnumbered, In weariness we trod;
For the rock and for the river, The valley's fertile sod;
For the snows and for the torrents, And for our burial sod;

For the strength of the hills we bless Thee, Our God, our fathers' God.
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee, Our God, our fathers' God.
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee, Our God, our fathers' God.
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee, Our God, our fathers' God.
No. 53. Improve the Shining Moments.

R. B. B.

1. Improve the shining moments, Don't let them pass you by,
2. Time flies on wings of lightning, We cannot call it back,
3. As winter time doth follow The pleasant summer days,
4. Improve each shining moment, In this you are secure,

Work while the sun is radiant Work for the night draws nigh.
It comes, then passes forward Along its onward track;
So may our joys all vanish, And pass far from our gaze.
For promptness bringeth safety, And blessings rich and pure.

We cannot bid the sun-beams To lengthen out their stay;
And if we are not mindful, The chance will fade away;
Then should we not endeavor Each day some point to gain,
Let prudence guide your actions, Be honest in your heart.

Nor can we ask the shadow To ever stay away.
For life is quick in passing—Tis as a single day.
That we may here be useful, And every wrong disdain.
And God will love and bless you, And help to you impart.
No. 54.  *Come, Ye Children of the Lord.*

JAS. H. WALLIS.

1. Come, ye children of the Lord, Let us sing with one accord;
2. O how joyful it will be, When our Savior we shall see!
3. All arrayed in spotless white, We will dwell mid truth and light;

Let us raise a joyful strain, To our Lord who soon will reign
When in splendor He'll descend, Then all wickedness will end.
We will sing the songs of praise, We will shout in joyous lays.

On this earth, when it shall be Cleansed from all iniquity;
O what songs we then will sing To our Savior, Lord and King!
Earth shall then be cleansed from sin, Ev'ry living 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 beauty dwell; Then with joy each heart will swell.
1. Come, dearest Lord, descend and dwell, By faith and love, in every breast; Then shall we know, and taste, and feel The joys that cannot be expressed.

2. Come, fill our hearts with inward strength; Make our enlarging souls possess And learn the height, and breadth, and length, And depth of Thine unmeasured grace. Christ, His Son, By all the Church, through Christ, His Son.

3. Now to the God, whose power can do More than our thoughts or wishes know, Be ever know, and taste, and feel The joys that cannot be expressed.

WATTS.

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

THOS. HASTINGS.

E. F. PARRY.

1. Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
2. Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
3. Lo! in the desert the rich flow'rs are spring-ing,
4. Hark! from all lands, from the isles of the ocean,

Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain!
Long by the Proph - ets of Is - rael fore - told!
Streams ever copious are glid - ing a - long;
Praise to Je - ho - vah as - cend - ing on high;

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,

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. Gently raise the sacred strain, For the Sabbath's holy day, devoid of strife; Let us seek evil swells the solemn sound, While we bring our come again, That man may rest, That man may rest, eternal life, That great reward, That great reward, gifts around Of broken hearts, Of broken hearts, fast and pray! As God ordains, As God ordains,

2. Sweetly swell the solemn sound, While we bring our come again, That man may rest, That man may rest, eternal life, That great reward, That great reward, gifts around Of broken hearts, Of broken hearts, fast and pray! As God ordains, As God ordains,

3. Sweetly swell the solemn sound, While we bring our come again, That man may rest, That man may rest, eternal life, That great reward, That great reward, gifts around Of broken hearts, Of broken hearts, fast and pray! As God ordains, As God ordains,

4. Softly sing the joyful lay, For the Saints to come again, That man may rest, That man may rest, eternal life, That great reward, That great reward, gifts around Of broken hearts, Of broken hearts, fast and pray! As God ordains, As God ordains.

And return his thanks to God, For His blessings and His love, While the Sabbath day remains.

And partake the Sacrament In remembrance of our Lord, In remembrance of our Lord.

As a willing sacrifice, Show-ing what His grace im-parts, Show-ing what His grace im-parts.

to the blest, For His blessings to the blest.
of our Lord, In remembrance of our Lord.
grace im-parts, Show-ing what His grace im-parts.
day remains, While the Sabbath day remains.
No. 58.  Hark! Listen to the Trumpeters.

L. D. Edwards.

March movement.

1. Hark! listen to the trumpeters! They sound for volunteers,
2. It sets my heart all in a flame A soldier brave to be;
3. To see our armies on parade, How martial they appear!
4. The trumpets sound, the armies shout, They drive the hosts of hell,

On Zion's bright and flow'ry mount Behold the officers.
I will enlist, gird on my arms And fight for liberty.
All armed and dressed in uniform, They look like men of war.
How dreadful is our God, our King, The great Emmanuel.

Their horses white, their armor bright, With courage bold they stand,
We want no cowards in our bands, Who will our colors fly,
They follow their great General, The great Eternal Lamb;
Sinners, enlist with Jesus Christ, The eternal Son of God,

Enlisting soldiers for their King, To march to Zion's land.
We call for valiant-hearted men, Who're not afraid to die.
His garments stained in His own blood, King Jesus is His name.
And march with us to Zion's land, Beyond the swelling flood.
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.

1. Great God, attend while Zion sings  
The joy that
2. Might I enjoy the meanest place Within Thy
3. God is our sun— He makes our day; God is our

from Thy presence springs; To spend one day with
house, O God of grace; Not tents of ease, nor
shield— He guards our way From all assaults of

Thee on earth Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
Thrones of pow'r Should tempt my feet to leave Thy door.
Hell and sin, From foes without and fears within.

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.**

**JOSPHINE POLLARD.**

1. I have work enough to do, Ere the sun goes down,
2. I must speak the loving word, Ere the sun goes down,
3. As I journey on my way, Ere the sun goes down,

For myself and kindred too, Ere the sun goes down;
I must let my voice be heard, Ere the sun goes down;
God's commands I must obey, Ere the sun goes down;

Every idle whisper stilling With a purpose firm and willing,
Every cry of pity heed ing, For the injured interced ing,
There are sins that need confessing, There are wrongs that need redressing,

All my daily tasks fulfilling, Ere the sun goes down.
To the light the lost ones leading, Ere the sun goes down.
If I would obtain the blessing, Ere the sun goes down.

Ere the sun, ere the sun goes down.
Ere the Sun Goes Down.

1. Give us room that we may dwell, Zion's children cry aloud;
2. Oh, how bright the morning seems! Brighter from so dark a night;
3. Lo! thy sun goes down no more; God Himself will be thy light;
4. Zion, now arise and shine! Lo! thy light from heaven is come!

See their numbers, how they swell, How they gather like a cloud!
Zion is, like one who dreams, Filled with wonder and delight.
All that caused thee grief before, Buried lies in endless night.
These that crowd from far are thine, Give thy sons and daughters room.
No. 62. **Hope of Israel.**

J. L. TOWNSHEND.

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-rael, rise in might, With the sword of truth and right;

Sound the war-cry, "Watch and pray!" Van-quish ev-ry foe to-day.
1. Go when the morning shineth, Go when the noon is bright,
   D. C. Go when the morning shineth, 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 sincerely, Pray for His holy light;

Go when the evening declineth, Go in the hush of night;
And, in thy chamber kneeling, Do thou in secret pray.
Pray, too, for those who hate thee, If any such there be;
Rich blessings He will grant thee, If only asked a right.

Go with pure minds and feelings, Send earthly thoughts away,
Then for thyself, in meekness, God's blessing humbly claim,

And, in thy chamber kneeling, Do thou in secret pray.
And join with each petition Thy great Redeemer's name.
1. Jesus, Lover of my soul, Let me to Thy bosom fly,
2. Other refuge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find;
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found— Grace to cover all my sin;

While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high;
Leave, oh, leave me not alone, Still support and comfort me:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind:
Let the healing streams abound; Make me, keep me, pure within.

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
Just and holy is Thy name, I am all unrighteousness;
Thou of life the Fountain art, Free ly let me take of Thee;

Safe into the haven guide, Oh, receive my soul at last.
Cover my defenceless head With the shadow of Thy wing.
Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
Spring Thou up within my heart, Rise to all eternity.

Nos. 83 and 269 also sung to this music.
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-o-th-er  
When your soul was full of sor-row, Balm of Gil-ea-d did you bor-row  

CHORUS.  

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

change the night to day: So when life gets dark and dreary, Don't forget to pray.
1. O holy words of truth and love
   We hear from day to day,
2. They're from Apostles good and true,
   Whose names we all revere,
3. They're from the Prophets God inspires,
   In counsel oft withstood,
4. And from each chosen one that speaks
   By aid the Spirit gives,
5. As gems of wisdom, pure and bright,
   That glow with lustrous ray,

Revealed to Saints from God above,
To guide in heaven's way.
Who daily teach us what to do,
In words of love and cheer.
Reproving all our ill desires,
Com-mending all that's good.
For every sphere of life it seeks
For everyone that lives.
We'll seek to gain these words of light,
Their counselsto obey.

CHORUS.

Beautiful words of love,
... Com-ing from God above,
...

How sweet, how dear the words we hear!
They're beautiful words of love.
If You Could Hie to Kolob

1. If you could hie to Kolob, In th’ twinkling of an eye,
   Or see the grand beginning, Where space did not extend?
   The works of Gods continue, And worlds and lives abound;
   There is no end to virtue, There is no end to might,
   And then continue onward, With that same speed to fly,
   Or view the last creation, Where Gods and matter end?
   Improvement and progression Have one eternal round.
   There is no end to wisdom, There is no end to light.
   D’ye think that you could ever, Through all eternity,
   Me-thinks the Spirit whispers, ‘No man has found pure space’;
   There is no end to matter, There is no end to space,
   There is no end to union, There is no end to youth,
   Find out the generation Where Gods began to be?
   Nor seen the outside curtains Where nothing has a place.”
   There is no end to spirit, There is no end to race.
   There is no end to priesthood, There is no end to truth.
No. 68. Merry, Merry Children, Sweetly Sing.

C. W. STAYNER.

E. BEESLEY.

1. **Merry, merry children, sweetly sing** Of the happy days that the seasons bring; Each in its robes doth gaily appear, The passing away, Long in your lives may linger and shine, As birds that sing, Clad now in bloom must change her array, And Spring so sweet; Autumn with sheaves of bright yellow grain Doth

2. **Merry, merry children, gently pray** That the happy times which are passing away, Long in your lives may linger and shine, As birds that sing, Clad now in bloom must change her array, And Spring so sweet; Autumn with sheaves of bright yellow grain Doth

3. **Merry, merry children, soon the Spring,** With her pretty buds and her heart to comfort and cheer. gems of bright lustre and radiance divine, then she will grow into bright Summer day. herald the coming of Winter again.

4. **Merry, merry children, Summer's heat Follows ever after the seasons bring;** Each in its robes doth gaily appear, The passing away, Long in your lives may linger and shine, As birds that sing, Clad now in bloom must change her array, And Spring so sweet; Autumn with sheaves of bright yellow grain Doth

CHORUS.

sweetly sing Of the happy days that the seasons bring;
Merry, Merry Children, Sweetly Sing.

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

E. R. Snow.

1. Great is the Lord; 'tis good to praise His high and holy name:
   To praise Him let us all engage, That unto us is given
   We'll praise Him for our happy lot On this much-favored land,
   We'll praise Him for more glorious things Than language can express;

   Well may the Saints in latter days His wondrous love proclaim.
   To live in this momentous age, And share the light of heav'n.
   Where truth and righteousness are taught By His divine command.
   The "Ever-last-ing Gospel" brings The humble soul to bliss.

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.  
Andante.

William Clayson.

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-i-or, to Thee!
No. 71.  

Consolation.  

O. P. H.  

Andantino.  

O. P. Huish.

1. Tho' dim the eyes that beamed so mild, And still the pulsing heart,
2. God in His providential grace, His wisdom and His love,
3. Weep not for those now called to tread That path so fraught with gloom;

And lips that oft in love have smiled, Can now no smiles impart,
Has called her to a better place, In heavenly courts above;
Think not they are forever dead, And locked within the tomb.

Yet well we know that we shall meet, When life's dark voyage is o'er,
And tho' in anguish now we part, We sorrow not in vain,
'Tis but the path that leads to life, And loved ones gone before.

And all our loved ones fondly greet, On that eternal shore.
The Lord can soothe the aching heart, And heal our wounds again.
Beyond this vale of mortal strife, To live forevermore.

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

A. P. WELSHMAN. 

1. The opening buds of spring-time, When birds so sweetly sing,

2. The autumn's varied colors, The garnered gifts of heav'n,

D. C.—Life's full of grace and blessings From out His liberal hand;

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,

Call for our hearts' thanks-giv - ing In mu - sic's joyful 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. BEESELEY.

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 remem-berance 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.

1. When shall we all meet again? When shall we our rest obtain?
When our pilgrimage be o'er, Parting sighs be known no more?
Truth which angels oft have borne, Truth to comfort those who mourn;
Kinds up the rising dawn Of that bright Millennial morn;
When the house of God is reared, And Messiah's way prepared;
When our pilgrimage be o'er,

When Mount Zion we regain, There may we all meet again,
Truth eternal will remain, On its rock we'll meet again,
When the Saints shall rise and reign, In the clouds we'll meet again,
When from heav'n He comes to reign, Then may we all meet again,

When Mount Zion we regain, There may we all meet again,
Truth eternal will remain, On its rock we'll meet again,
When the Saints shall rise and reign, In the clouds we'll meet again,
When from heav'n He comes to reign, Then may we all meet again,

When Mount Zion we regain, There may we all meet again,
When Shall We All Meet Again?

There may we all meet again,
All meet again.
On its rock we'll meet again,
We'll meet again.
In the clouds we'll meet again,
We'll meet again.
Then may we all meet again,
All meet again.
There may we all meet again, There may we all meet again.

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

W. W. Phelps. T. C. Griggs.

1. Earth, with her ten thousand flow'rs, Air, with all its beams and show'rs,
2. Sounds a-mong the vales and hills, In the woods and by the rills,
3. All the hopes that sweet-ly start From the foun-tain of the heart,

Heav-en's in-finite ex-panse, Sea's re-splen-dent coun-te-nance,
Of the breeze and of the bird, By the gen-tle mur-mur stirred,
All the bliss that ev-er comes To our earth-ly hu-man homes,

All a-round and all a-bove, Bear this, rec-ord, God is love.
Sac-red songs, be-neath, a-bove, Have one cho-rus, God is love.
All the voi-ces from a-bove, Sweet-ly whis-per, God is love.

These words may be sung to music on opposite page.
0 Say, What is Truth?

JOHN JAQUES.

1. O say, what is truth? 'Tis the fairest gem That the
riches of worlds can produce; And priceless the value of
2. Yes, say, what is truth? 'Tis the brightest prize To which
mortal or God can aspire: Go search in the depths where it
winds of stern justice he copes, But the pillar of truth will en-
limit its time it steps o'er: Though the heavens depart, and the
3. The sceptre may fall from the despot's grasp, When with
truth will be when The proud monarch's costliest
glittering lies, Or ascend in pursuit to the
dure to the last, And its firm-rooted bulwarks out-
earth's fountains burst, Truth, the sum of existence, will
4. Then say, what is truth? 'Tis the last and the first. For the
diadem Is counted but dross and refuse.
loftiest skies; 'Tis an aim for the noblest desire.
stand the rude blast, And the wreck of the fell tyrant's hopes.
weather the worst, Eternal, unchanging, evermore.
1. The time is far spent, there is little remaining
2. Shrink not from your duty, however unpleasant,
3. What though, if the favor of Ahman possessing,
4. Be fixed in your purpose, for Satan will try you,

To publish glad tidings by sea and by land,
But follow the Savior, your pattern and friend;
This world's bitter hate you are called to endure,
The weight of your calling he perfectly knows;

Then hasten, ye heralds! go forward proclaiming:
Our little afflictions, though painful at present,
The angels are waiting to crown you with blessings;
Your path may be thorny, but Jesus is nigh you,

Repent, for the kingdom of heaven's at hand.
Ere long, with the righteous, in glory will end.
Go, brethren! be faithful, the promise is sure.
His arm is sufficient, though demons oppose.
Marching Homeward.

J. M. C.

We're marching on to glory, We're working for our crown,
Then day by day we're marching, To heaven we are bound;
Then with the ransomed children That throng the starry throne,
We'll make our armor brighter, And never lay it down.
Each good act brings us nearer That home where we'll be crowned.
We'll praise our Lord and Savior, His pow'r and mercy own.

CHORUS.

We're marching, marching homeward, To that bright land afar;
We work for life eternal, It is our guiding star.
No. 79.

Never Be Late.

Lively.

A. C. Smyth.

1. Never be late to the Sunday School class, Come with your bright sunny faces;
2. Ready to mingle your voices in praise, Singing with joyful emotion;
3. Always be ready and willing to learn, Making your duty a pleasure,
4. If you are faithful in all that you do, Ever your Savior confessing,

Cheering your teachers and pleasing your God—Always be found in your places.
Ready to join in the prayer that is breathed, Bowing in humble devotion.
Trying to follow the Savior's command; Then He will give you a treasure.
Then will the Sabbath glide cheerfully by, Crowning the week with its blessing.

CHORUS.

Never be late, never be late; Children, remember the warning:

Try to be there, always be there, Promptly at ten in the morning.
1. When many to the Saviour's feet Their little children brought,
And from His holy heart and lips A Saviour's blessing sought;
To some who, with mistaken zeal, The mother's prayers forbade,
"Let little children come to me," The blessed Saviour said.

2. "Forbid them not, and never chide Their wish to see my face,
For little children such as these My Father's kingdom grace.”
Then gathered in His loving arms, And folded to His breast,
He poured a blessing all divine On every little guest.

3. Dear children, Jesus is the same, Though now enthroned above,
He waits to bless you as of old With His forgiving love.
He sees with joy each weak attempt His favor to obtain,
And those who early seek His face, Shall never seek in vain.

No. 80. Forbid Them Not.

Allegretto.
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
   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 high-est,
   Glo-ry to God in the high-est;
   Glo-ry to God in the high-est;

2. Sweet are these strainsof re-deem-ing love, Mes-sage of mer-cy from
   Glor-y to God in the high-est;
   Peace on earth, good-will to men!

3. Lord, with the an-gels we too would re-joice, Help us to sing with the
   Glor- y to God in the high-est;
   Peace on earth, good-will to men!

4. Has-ten the time when, from ev-'ry clime, Men shall u-nite in the
   Glor- y to God in the high-est;
   Peace on earth, good-will to men!

5. ...
No. 82. Welcome, Welcome Sabbath Morning.

R. B. BAIRD.

E. BERRIEN.

1. Welcome, welcome Sabbath morn-ing, Now we rest from ev-'ry care;
2. Hark! the Sabbath bells are ring-ing—Hear the echoes all a-round;
3. Here we bow in meek de-votion, 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, welcome Sabbath morn-ing, Now we rest from ev-'ry care;

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

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.
O My Father.

1. O my Father, Thou that dwellest In the high and glorious place!
2. For a wise and glorious purpose Thou hast placed me here on earth,
3. I had learned to call Thee Father, Thro' Thy Spirit from on high;
4. When I leave this frail existence, When I lay this mortal by,

When shall I regain Thy presence, And again behold Thy face?
And witheld the recollection Of my former friends and birth,
But until the Key of Knowledge Was restored, I knew not why.
Father, Mother, may I meet you In your royal courts on high?

In Thy holy habitation, Did my spirit once reside;
Yet oftentimes a secret something Whispered, "You're a stranger here;"
In the heavens are parents single? No; the thought makes reason stare!
Then, at length, when I've completed All you sent me forth to do,

In my first primeval childhood, Was I nurtured near Thy side.
And I felt that I had wandered From a more exalted sphere.
Truth is reason, truth eternal, Tells me I've a mother there.
With your mutual approbation Let me come and dwell with you.

In my first primeval childhood, Was I nurtured near Thy side.

Sung also to No. 64.
No. 84. What Prize Shall Be Your Reward?

J. L. TOWNSHEND.

Moderato.

1. When called to the throne of your Lord, And judged from the books of to-day,
   Im-prove well the time that is now, For then all re-grets will be vain;
   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!

BEECHLEY.
What Prize Shall Be Your Reward?

CHORUS.

There's many a crown will await The brows of the faithful and true;

Just think, ere you find it too late, If one is awaiting for you,

Just think, ere you find it too late, If one is awaiting for you.

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

Praise God from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here below;

Praise Him above, ye heavenly host; Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
No. 86. I Know That My Redeemer Lives.

MEDLEY.

L. D. EDWARDS.

1. I know that my Redeemer lives; What comfort this sweet sentence gives!
2. He lives to grant me rich supply, He lives to guide me with His eye,
3. He lives, my kind, wise, heavenly friend, He lives, and loves me to the end,
4. He lives, all glory to His name! He lives, my Jesus, still the same;

ACCOMP.

He lives, He lives, who once was dead; He lives, my ever-living head.
He lives to comfort me when faint, He lives to hear my soul's complaint.
He lives, and while He lives I'll sing, He lives, my Prophet, Priest and King.
O the sweet joy this sentence gives, "I know that my Redeemer lives!"

SOPRANO.

ALTO.

He lives to bless me with His love, He lives to plead for me above,
He lives to silence all my fears, He lives to wipe away my tears,
He lives, and grants me daily breath, He lives, and I shall conquer death,
He lives, all glory to His name! He lives, my Jesus, 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 impart.
He lives, my mansion to prepare, He lives to bring me safely there.
O the sweet joy this sentence gives, "I know that my Redeemer lives!"
1. How firm a foundation, ye Saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His excellent word! What more can He
2. In ev'ry condition, in sickness, in health, In poverty's vale or abound-ing in wealth, At home or a-
3. Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-mayed, For 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
4. When thro' the deep wa-ters I call thee to go, The 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
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 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 trou-bles 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!
Nay, Speak No Ill.

1. Nay, speak no ill, a kind-ly word Can nev-er leave a sting be-hind;
   Give me the heart that fain would hide—Would fain an-oth-er's faults ef-face:
   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 ea-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 ascend-ing, God speed the right;
2. Be that prayer again repeat-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.  
Andante.  

H. R. BISHOP.  

1. Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints, How  
2. Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace, And  
3. I sigh from this body of sin to be free, Which  
4. While here in this valley of conflict I stay, O  

sweet to my soul is communion with Saints, To  
thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease, Though  
hinders my joy and communion with Thee; Though  
give me submission and strength as my day, In  

find at the banquet of mercy there's room, And feel in the  
oft from Thy presence in sadness I roam, I long to be-  
now my temptations like billows may foam, Oh, all will be  
all my afflictions to Thee would I come, Rejoicing in  

REFRAIN.  

presence of Jesus at home.  
hold Thee in glory at home.  
peace when I'm with Thee at home.  
hope of my glorious home.  

Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
'Mid Scenes of Confusion.

Receive me, dear Savior, in glory, my home!

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.

1. Beautiful Zion, built above; Beautiful city that I love; Beautiful gates of pearl-y white; Beautiful temple—God its light; He who was slain on Cal-va-ry,
2. Beautiful heav'n, where all is light; Beautiful angels, clothed in white; Beautiful strains that never tire; Beautiful harps thro' all the choir; There shall I join the chorus sweet,
3. Beautiful crowns on every brow; Beautiful palms the very brow; Beautiful conquerors show; Beautiful robes the ransomed wear; Beautiful all who enter there; Thither I press with eager feet—

O-pens those pearl-y gates to me. Zion, Zion, love-ly
Wor-ship-ing at the Sav-i-or's feet. Zion, Zion, love-ly
There shall my rest be long and sweet. Zion, Zion, love-ly
Beautiful Zion, Built Above.

Zi-on, Beau-ti-ful Zi-on, Zi-on, cit-y of our God!

No. 93. Gladly Meeting, Kindly Greeting.

E. Stephens.

1. Glad-ly meet-ing, kind-ly greet-ing, On this pre-cious meet-ing-
2. Glad-ly meet-ing, kind-ly greet-ing, Let us all u-nite-in
3. Glad-ly meet-ing, kind-ly greet-ing, As each meet-ing shall re-

cove-ner;
While the throne we're all ad-dress-ing, And our e-vil ways con-
turn; May our minds by stud-y bright-en, May our as-pi-ra-tions

tak-en; Let each heart to God a-wak-en, While we sing and pray.
fess-ing, Let us seek a heav'n-ly bless-ing Ere we hence de-part.
heighten, And may grace our souls en-light-en, While we strive to learn.
No. 94. O Home Beloved, Where'er I Wander.

E. Stephens. MALE VOICES. Dr. Joseph Parry.

Moderato. mf

1. O home beloved, where'er I wander, On foreign land or distant sea, As time rolls by my heart grows fonder, And yearns more lovingly for thee! Tho' fair be Nature's scenes around me, And friends are ever kind and true, Tho' joyous mirth and

2. The flow'rs around me may be fairer Than those that bloom upon thy hills; The streams—great, mighty treasure-bear-ers, Kissed by the cool, soft, balm-y breeze—Words cannot tell how well I

3. Ye valleys fair, and snow-capped mountains, Ye peaceful hamlets 'mid the trees, Ye murm'ring streams and crystal fountains, And village Like these great towns may proudly claim, Yet my fond heart doth love thee, Nor speak my longing when I roam; My heart alone can
O Home Beloved, Where'er I Wander.

song surround me, My heart, my soul still yearn for you.
thrill with rapture When-e'er I hear thy humble name.
cry to heaven, "God bless my own dear mountain home."

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

MONTGOMERY.

1. Prayer is the soul's sincere desire, Uttered or unexpressed;
2. Prayer is the burden of a sigh, The falling of a tear,
3. Prayer is the simplest form of speech That infant lips can try;
4. Prayer is the Christian's vital breath, The Christian's native air;

The motion of a hidden fire That trembles in the breast.
The upward glancing of an eye, When none but God is near.
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach The Majesty on high.
His watch-word at the gates of death; He enters heav'n with prayer.

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.**

*Animato assai.*

**E. Stephens.**

1. *Lo! the might-y God ap-pear-ing,* From on high Je-ho-vah 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-

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-ne-neath He 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, Dismiss Us With Thy Blessing.

WALTER SHIRLEY.

1. Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing; Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
2. Thanks we give, and adoration, For the Gospel's joyful sound;

Let us each, Thy love possessing, Triumphant in redeeming grace.
May the fruits of Thy salvation In our hearts and lives abound.

O refresh us, O refresh us, Travelling thro' this wilderness.
Ev'ry faith-ful, Ev'ry faith-ful To the truth may we be found.

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.
No. 98.  

Come, Let Us Anew.

WESLEY'S COLLECTION.

1. Come, let us anew our journey pursue, Roll round with the year, And never stand still till the Master appear.

2. Our life as a dream, our time as a stream, Glides swiftly away, And the fugitive moment resists to stay.

3. O that each in the day of His coming may say, "I have fought my way thro'—I have finished the work Thou didst give me to do."

His adorable will let us gladly fulfill, And our talents improve, By the patience of hope and the labor of lenient year Presses on to our view, and eternity's faithfully done; Enter into my joy and sit down on my
Come, Let Us Anew.

love, By the pa-tience of hope and the la-bor of love.
here, Press-es on to our view, and e-ter-ni-ty's here.
throne,"'En- ter in-to my joy and sit down on my throne."

No. 99. Dearest Children, God is Near You.
C. L. WALKER. J. M. MACFARLANE.

1. Dear-est chil-dren, God is near you, Watch-ing o'er you day and night,
2. Dear-est chil-dren, ho-ly an-gels Watch your ac-tions night and day;
3. Chil-dren, God de-lights to teach you By His Ho-ly Spir-it's voice;

And de-lights to own and bless you, If you strive to do what's right.
And they keep a faith-ful rec-ord Of the good and bad you say.
Quick-ly heed its ho-ly promptings, Day by day you'll then re-joice.

He will bless you, He will bless you, If you put your trust in Him.
Cher-ish vir-tue! Cher-ish vir-tue! God will bless the pure in heart.
O prove faith-ful, O prove faith-ful To your God and Zi-on's cause.
No. 100.  
Lord, We Thank Thee.

CHAS. BREWERTON.

O. P. HUISE.

1. Lord, we thank Thee for the token, And the promise to us
   made, Words of life so kindly spoken, Help the meek, the
   night, When the bread and wine was given By the Lord of
   blood, While His friends were peaceful sleeping, All alone in
   Thee; Jesus, at Thy holy table May we from our
   lowly aid; When our hearts are pure and holy, Seeking
   truth and light; And the precepts to the faithful Will re-
   faith He stood; And the traitor slowly coming, To be-
   sins be free; And as sisters, and as brothers, Cast a-
   to perform Thy will, That the Holy Spirit's power
   main till time shall end, Of the sacrifice eternal,
   tray with perjured kiss, All appears so plain before us,
   way all doubt and sin, And go on in faith and meekness,

Used by permission.
Lord, We Thank Thee.

Shall its peaceful office fill, Shall its peaceful office fill.
Made by our immortal Friend, Made by our immortal Friend.
Leading on to perfect bliss, Leading on to perfect bliss.
For eternal life to win, For eternal life to win.

No. 101.  Christmas Carol.

With spirit. m.f

1. With wondering awe The wise men saw The star in heaven springing,
2. By light of star They traveled far, To seek the lowly manger;
3. And still is found, The world a-round, The old and hallowed story;
4. The heav'n-ly star Its rays a-far On ev'-ry land is throwing,

And with delight, In peaceful night, They heard the angels singing.
A humble 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.

Ho-san-na, ho-san-na, Ho-san-na to His name!
No. 102. We Thank Thee, O God, For a Prophet.

W. FOWLER. 

We thank Thee, O God, for a Prophet, To guide us in these latter days; We thank Thee for sending the Gospel peace to destroy, There is hope smiling brightly before us, To lighten our minds with its rays; We thank Thee for every blessing bestowed by Thy bounteous hand; We

Mrs. NORTON.

When dark clouds of trouble hang o'er us And threaten our day and by night, Rejoice in His glorious Gospel, And we know that deliverance is nigh; We doubt not the Lord, nor His And bask in its life-giving light; Thus on to eternal per-

And we know that deliverance is nigh; We doubt not the Lord, nor His And bask in its life-giving light; Thus on to eternal per-

blessing bestowed by Thy bounteous hand; We goodness, We've proved Him in days that are past; The fection The honest and faithful will go, While
We Thank Thee, O God, For a Prophet.

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

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

HAMMOND.             G. CARELESS.

1. Lord, we come be-fore Thee now, At Thy
feet we hum-bly bow; Do not Thou our
suit dis-dain; Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?

2. In Thine own ap-point-ed way, Now we
seek Thee; here we stay; Lord, from hence we
would not go, Till a bless-ing Thou be-stow.

3. Send some mes-sage from Thy word, That may
joy and peace af-ford; Com-fort those who
weep and mourn, Let "the time of love" re-turn.

4. Grant we all may seek and find Thee, our
gra-cious God and kind; Heal the sick, the
cap-tive free, Let us all re-joice in Thee.
No. 104. The Spirit of God Like a Fire.

W. W. Phelps.

1. The Spirit of God like a fire is burning! The visions and blessings of old are returning! And The Lord is extending the Saints' understanding, Re-

2. The knowledge and power of God are expanding, The How blessed the day when the lamb and the lion Shall And Ephraim be crowned with his blessing in Zion, As

3. lat-ter day glory begins to come forth; angels are coming to visit the earth. We'll sing and we'll stor-ing their judges and all as at first, We'll sing and we'll vail o'er the earth is begin-ning to burst. We'll sing and we'll lie down to-geth-er with-out an-y ire, We'll sing and we'll Je-sus de-scends with His char-iots of fire! We'll sing and we'll

REFRAIN.

shout with the armies of heaven, Hosanna, hosanna to God and the Lamb! Let glo-ry to them in the high-est be

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The Spirit of God Like a Fire.

given, Hence-forth and for-ever; a-men, and a-men!

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

P. P. PRATT.

Jos. J. DAYNES.

1. Lift up your heads, ye scattered Saints, Redemption draw-eth nigh;
2. The blood of those who have been slain For vengeance cries aloud;
3. The signs in heav'n and earth ap-pear, And blood, and smoke and fire;
4. To God be glo-ry, Saints, rejoice, And sigh and groan no more,

Our Sav - ior hears... the or - phan's plaints,
Nor shall... its cries... as-cend... in vain,
Men's hearts are fail-ing them... for fear,
But lis-ten to...... the Spir-it's voice,

Our Sav - ior hears the orphan's plaints, The wid - ow's mournful cry.
Nor shall its cries as-cend in vain For vengeance on the proud.
Men's hearts are fail-ing them for fear Of the Al-might-y's i-re.
But lis-ten to the Spir-it's voice, Re - demp-tion's at the door
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 presence is near; He is my salvation from
looks up through the skies, Where Jesus forever in
I'll conquer at length; My weakness in mercy He
no darkness at all; He is my Redeemer, my

sorrow and sin, This blessed assurance the Spirit doth bring.
glory doth reign—Then how can I ever in darkness remain?
covers with power, And, walking by faith, I am blest every hour.
Savior and King—With saints and with angels His praises 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.


1. We'll sing all hail to Jesus' name, And praise and honor give
2. He passed the portals of the grave, Salvation was His song,
3. He seized the keys of death and hell, And bruised the serpent's head;
4. The bread and wine now represent His sacrifice for sin;
5. The sacrament the soul inspires, And calms the human breast;
6. Then hail, all hail, to such a Prince Who saves us by His blood!

To Him who bled on Calvary's hill, And died that we might live.
He called upon the sin-bound soul To join the heavenly throng.
He bid the prison doors unfold, The grave yield up her dead!
Ye Saints, partake and testify Ye do re-member Him.

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. BERSLEY.

1. High on the mount-tain top A ban-ner is un-furled; Ye
2. For God re-mem-bers still His prom-ise made of old, That
3. His house shall there be reared, His glo-ry to dis-play; And
4. For there we shall be taught The law that will go forth, With

nations, now look up; It waves to all the world; In Des-er-et's sweet,
He on Zi-on's hill Truth's standard would unfold! Her light should there at-
te-peo-ple shall be heard In dis-tant lands to say, We'll now go up and
truth and wisdom fraught, To gov-ern all the earth; For-ev-er there His

pea-ce-ful land— On Zi-on's mount be-hold it stand!
tract the gaze Of all the world in lat-ter days.
servethe Lord, O-bey His truth, and learn His word.
ways we'll tread, And save our-selves with all our dead.

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.

Marcato.

1. All hail the glorious day, By Prophets long fore-told, When, with harmonious lay, The sheep of Israel's fold On Zion's hill His praise pro-claim, And shout hosanna to His name.

2. When Israel from afar And Judah scattered wide Shall to their land re-pair, And there in peace abide, Directed near this holy fount Will trees immortal grow, Whose heavenly

3. From Zion's heav'ly mount Shall healing waters flow, And Je-hovah's hand, Shall dwell in peace in Zion's land. Balm the kingdoms feel, Whose leaves will all the nations 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.

E. STEPHENS.
No. 110. Guide Me to Thee.

O. P. H.

Spose, with expression.

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;

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

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.
1. Arise, O glorious Zion, Thou joy of latter days, Whom
count-less Saints rely on, To gain a rest-ing place;
A- rise, and shine in splen-dor, A-mid the world's deep night;
For God, thy sure de-fen-der, Is now thy life and light.

2. Let faith-ful Saints be rear-ing The cit-y of our Lord, On
moun-tain tops ap-pear-ing, Ac-cord-ing to His word.
A sought-out hab-i-ta-tion, By men of truth and faith—
A cov-er-t of sal-va-tion From ig-no-rance and death.

3. The Temp-le long ex-pect-ed Shall stand on Zi-on's hill, By
will-ing hearts e-rect-ed, Who love Je-ho-vah's will:
Let earth, her wealth be-stow-ing, Adorn His ho-ly seat,
For na-tions great shall flow in, To wor-ship at His feet.

4. O grant, E-ter-nal Fa-ther, That we may faith-ful be, With
all the just to gath-er, And Thy sal-va-tion see!
Then, with the host of heav-en, We'll sing th'im-mor-tal theme—
To Him be glo-ry given, Whose blood did us re-deem.

Thy sure de-fen-der,
Farewell, All Earthly Honors.

1. Farewell, all earthly honors, I bid you all adieu;
2. I want my name engraved Among the righteous ones,
3. I'm willing to be chastened, And bear my daily cross;
4. There Christ Himself has promised A mansion to prepare,

Farewell, all sinful pleasures, I want no more of you.
Who worship God, the Father, And wear a righteous crown.
I'm willing to be cleansed From every kind of dross.
And all who serve Him truly, The victor's wreath shall wear.

I want my habitation On that eternal soil,
For such eternal riches, I'm willing to pass through
I see a fiery furnace, I feel its piercing flame;
Bright crowns shall then be given To all the ransomed throng,

Beyond the pow'rs of Satan, Where sin cannot deluge.
All needful tribulations, And count them my just due.
The fruits of it are holy, The gold will still remain.
And glory! glory! glory! Shall be the conqueror's song.
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. Welcome, happy Sunday, Day of days the best; Gladly do we hail thee, Blessed day of rest. Cheerful voices singing censing, Thank Him for His love. Thank Him for the Sabbath,

2. Humbly, lowly bending To the God above, Prayers of Saints asc- Joy-ous, grateful lays, Angels bear them heav'nward, Songs of love and praise. Holy day, and blest, Best of all the seven, Hallowed day of rest.
No. 114.  

**In Our Lovely Deseret.**

**ELIZA R. SNOW.**

**G. F. Root.**

1. In our lovely Deseret, Where the Saints of God have met,
2. That the children may live long, And be beautiful and strong,
3. They should be instructed young, How to watch and guard the tongue,
4. They must not forget to pray, Night and morning, every day,

There's a multitude of children all around; They are
Tea and coffee and tobacco they despise, Drink no
And their tempers train, and evil passions bind; They should
For the Lord to keep them safe from every ill, And as-

Generic and brave, They have precious souls to save, They must
Iniquity, and they eat But a very little meat; They are
Always be polite, And treat everybody right, And in
Sist them to do right, That with all their mind and might, They may

**CHORUS.**

Listen and obey the gospel's sound.
Seeking to be great and good and wise.
Every place be affable and kind.
Hark, hark, hark 'tis children's
love Him and may learn to do His will.
In Our Lovely Deseret.

1. How great the wisdom and the love, That filled the courts on high,
   And sent the Savior from above To suffer, bleed and die!
   A sinless sacrifice for guilt, A dying world to save.
   “Thy will, O God, not mine be done,” Adorned His mortal life.
   To light and life and endless day, Where God’s full presence shines.

2. His precious blood He freely split, His life He freely gave;
   We eat the broken bread;
   And witness with the cup, afresh,
   Our faith in Christ our Head.

3. By strict obedience Jesus won The prize with glory rife:
   Where justice, love and mercy meet
   In harmony divine!

4. He marked the path and led the way, And ev'ry point defines,
   Redemption’s grand design,
   Where justice, love and mercy meet
   In harmony divine!

5. How great, how glorious and complete,
   In memory of the broken flesh,
   Where justice, love and mercy meet
   In harmony divine!

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

ELIZA R. SNOW.  

THOS. McINTYRE.

Wesley's Collection.

Moderato.

E. Stephens.

1. Ye simple souls who stray Far from the path of peace,
2. Madness and misery Ye count our life beneath,
3. So wretched and obscure, The men whom ye despise,
4. With Him we walk in white, We in His image shine;

That lonely infrequent way To life and happy
And nothing great or good can see, Or glorious in our
So foolish, impotent and poor, Above your scorn we
Our robes are robes of glorious light, Our righteousness dis-

ness; Why will ye folly love, And throng the downward road,
death. As only born to grieve, Beneath your feet we lie,
rise. We through the Holy Ghost, Can witness better things;
vine. On all the kings of earth With pity we look down;

And hate the wisdom from above, And mock the sons of God?
And utterly contemned we live, And unla ment ed die.
For He, whose blood is all our boast, Hath made us Priests and Kings.
And claim, in virtue of our birth, A never fading crown.
Ye Elders of Israel

1. Ye Elders of Israel, come join now with me, And search out the
righteous, wherever they be, In desert or mountain, on land or the
nited, we all things can do; We'll gather the wheat from the midst of the
wear-y, the hungry and cold; We'll heal all their wounds, and we'll dry up their
Gospel of Jesus so kind; We'll cheer up their hearts with the news that He
Zion shall say, "'Tis well done." With friends, wives and children, how happy we'll

CHORUS.

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

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
bonds men 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!

CHORUS.

Do what is right, let the con - se - quence fol - low; Bat - tle for
No. 119. Glorious Things of Thee Are Spoken.

NEWTON.

1. Glorious things of thee are spoken, Zion, city of our God!
2. On the Rock of Ages found-ed, What can shake thy sure re-pose?
3. Round each hab-i-ta-tion hov'ring, See the cloud and fire ap-pear,
4. Fad-ing are all world-ly treas-ures, With their boast-ed pomp and show;

He whose word can-not be bro-ken, Chose thee for His own a-bode.
With sal-va-tion's wall sur-round-ed, Thou may'st smile on all thy foes.
For a glo-ry and a cov'ring, Show-ing that the Lord is near.
Heav'nly joys and last-ing pleasures, None but Zi-on's chil-dren know.
No. 120. Resting Now from Care and Sorrow.

E. H. WOOLMANSER. 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-fring, 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-hovah, 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-ful hand.
Let the fier-y, cloud-y pil-lar Guard us to this ho-ly home.
When Thy judg-ments 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.

1. Though in the outward Church below, The wheat and tares to-
2. Will it relieve the horror there To recollect their
3. No; this will aggravate their case: They perish under
4. O! awful thought, and is it so? Must all mankind the

geth-er grow, Ere long will Jesus weed the crop, And pluck the
stations here—How much they heard, how much they knew, How much a-
means of grace; To them the word of life and faith became an
harvest know? Is every man a wheat or tare? Me for the

Chorus. Quicker.

For soon the reap - ing time will come, And
harvest, Lord, prepare.

an-gels shout the harvest home, And angels shout the harvest home.
No. 123.

Jesus, My Savior.

C. E. L.

Arr. by C. E. Leslie.

Slowly, with expression.

1. Jesus, my Savior, Let me hear Thy gentle voice; Teach me to love Thee, Let my heart rejoice. I have strayed far from Thee, comfort, That will never depart. Faith will bring the blessing,

2. Sweetly the Savior Whispers to the Christian heart Words of sweet love Thee, Let my heart rejoice. Yet my soul would near Thee be, Nearer to my Savior, Faith will strengthen every prayer; Come to Him confessing,

Yet my soul would near Thee be, Nearer to my Savior, Faith will strengthen every prayer; Come to Him confessing,

Near, Lord, to Thee. Come to Him in prayer. Jesus, my Savior, Let me hear Thy gentle voice; Teach me to love Thee, Let my heart rejoice.

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,  
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;

2. I may not al - ways be near you,  
And were I ab - sent or dead,  
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 reck less and wild.

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

And I will try to do all things  
Pleas-ing to mamma and thee;

Oh, if you knew how the harsh words  
Fall on the heart of your child,

And with your love to as - sist me,  
I will improve till I'm good.

If you would on - ly speak kind - ly,  
I could be bet - ter, I know;
Speak to Me Kindly.

1. The Gospel standard high is raised On Zion's sacred shore;
2. Earth, to its loveliness restored, Shall echo back the strains

Rejoice, ye Saints, our God be praised Proud Satan's reign is o'er;
From thousand heav'nly choirs poured, When Christ in triumph reigns;

The bright Millennium dawns at last, The faithful shall be free,
Refulgent in the beams of love, The Savior's presence given,

Christ will reward their trials past With immortality.
The Saints on earth, with Saints above, Shall share the rest of heav'n.
No. 126. Zion Stands With Hills Surrounded.

1. Zion stands with hills surround-ed— Zion, kept by pow'r divine; All her foes shall be confound-ed,
2. Ev 'ry human tie may per-ish, Friend to friend un- faithful prove, Moth-ers cease their own to cherish,
3. In the fur-nace God may prove thee, Thence to bring thee forth more bright, But can never cease to love thee,

Though the world in arms com-bine; Happy Zion, Heav'n and earth at last re-move; But no chang-es,
Thou art precious in His sight; God is with thee,

Happy Zion, What a favored 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.
1. Though deep'ning trials throng your way, Press on, press on, ye Saints of God! Ere long the resurrection day will spread its life and light abroad.
2. Though out-ward ills a-wait us here, The time at re-ap-pear, Sur-round-ed by a glo-rious peace, "In me ye shall have
3. Lift up your hearts in praise to God, Let your re-joic-ing-ns nev-er cease; Though trib-u-la-tions rage a-broad, Christ says, "In me ye shall have
4. All glo-ry to His ho-ly name, Who sends His faith-ful serv-ants forth To prove the na-tions- 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.
earth, Sal-va-tion's ti-dings through the earth.
No. 128. Joy to the World! the Lord Will Come.

WATTS. T. C. GRIGGS.

1. Joy to the world! the Lord will come, And earth receive her King:

2. Re-joice! re-joice! when Jesus reigns, And Saints their songs employ;

3. No more will sin and sorrow grow, Nor thorns in-fest the ground; Israel spreads abroad, While Israel spreads abroad

4. Re-joice! re-joice in the Most High! While fields and plains, While fields and plains, Re-peat the sound-ing joy.

Let ev'ry heart prepare Him room, Let ev'ry heart prepare Him room, And Saints and an-gels sing.

While floods, rocks, hills and plains, While floods, rocks, hills and plains, Re-peat the sound-ing joy.

He'll come and make the bless-ings flow, He'll come and make the bless-ings flow, Far as the curse was found.

Like stars that glit-ter in the sky, Like stars that glit-ter 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.

Adagio.

G. CARELESS.

1. Behold the great Redeemer die, A broken law to satisfy; He dies a sacrifice for sin, He dies a feet and side; And with insuitingscoffs and scorns, And with incaped His tongue: His high commission to fulfill, His high commission to fulfill, work Thou gavest me, I've done the

2. While guilty men His pains de-ride, They pierce His hands and feet and side; And with insuitingscoffs and scorns, They crown His head with plated thorns. mis-sion to fulfill, He mag-nified His Fa-ther's will. work Thou gavest me—Receive my Spir-it unto Thee.”

3. Altho' in agony He hung, No murm'ring word es-
sacri-fice for sin, That man may live and glory win. suitingscoffs and scorns They crown His head with plated thorns. mis-sion to fulfill, He mag-nified His Fa-ther's will. work Thou gavest me—Receive my Spir-it unto Thee.”

4. "Fa-ther, from me re-move this cup; Yet, if Thou wilt, I'll

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.
1. We are all enlisted till the conflict is o'er— Happy are we!
2. Hark! the cry of battle sounding loudly and clear—Come join the ranks!
3. Fighting for a kingdom, and the world is our foe—Happy are we!

Happy are we! Soldiers in the army, there's a bright crown in store;
Come join the ranks! We are waiting now for soldiers—who'll volunteer?
Happy are we! Glad to join the army, we will sing as we go;

We shall win and wear it by and by. Haste to the battle,
Rally round the standard of the cross. Hark! 'tis our Captain
We shall gain the victory by and by. Dangers may gather—

quick to the field, Truth is our helmet, buckler and shield. Stand by our colors—
calls you today; Lose not a moment, make no delay! Fight for our Savior,
why should we fear! Jesus, our Leader, ever is near. He will protect us,
We Are All Enlisted.

We're joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly march-ing to our home.
We're joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly march-ing to our home.
We're joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly march-ing to our home.

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

1. He died! the Great Redeemer died, And Israel's
2. Come, Saints, and drop a tear or two For Him who
3. Here's love and grief beyond degree; The Lord of
4. The rising Lord forsook the tomb, In vain the

daughters wept around; A solemn darkness
groaned beneath your load; He shed a thousand
glowry died for men; But lo! what sudden
tomb forsook Him rise; Cherubic legions

veiled the sky, A sudden trembling shook the ground.
drops for you, A thousand drops of precious blood.
joys were heard! Jesus, though dead, revived again.

guard Him home, And shout Him welcome to the skies.
1. Waiting for the reapers' sickles, Waves the whitened harvest field;
2. Waiting for the morrow's dawning, Work ye while 'tis called to-day;

Harbingers of love and mercy, Forward go and bind the sheaves.
Lo, the harvest time now coming, Jesus calls, make no delay.

Go, ye lab'rors, bold with courage, Reap the golden-headed grain—
Gather in the spacious garner Seed-time harvest ushers in;

Ripened fields all waiting, waiting, Since the Son of God was slain.
Wake the song, millennial glory Dawns upon a world of sin.

CHORUS.

Seize the torch (seize the torch), the torch, and wave it; Zion's heralds loud proclaim;
Waiting for the Reapers.

Hal-le-lu-jah!

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

No. 133. Redeemer of Israel.
W. W. Phelps.

1. Redeemer of Israel, Our only delight, On whom for a blessing we call, Our shadow by day, And our pillar by night, Our King, our Deliverer, our all!

2. We know He is coming To gather His sheep, And lead them to Zion in love; For why in the valley of death should they weep, Or in the lonely wilderness rove?

3. How long we have wandered As strangers in sin, And cried in the desert for Thee! Our foes have tokens already appear; Fear not, and be joyful When our sorrows they've seen, But just, For the kingdom is ours; The hour of redemption is near.

4. As children of Zion, Good tidings for us, The King, our Deliverer, our all!

Waiting for the Reapers.

Hal-le-lu-jah!

Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! swell the chorus, Jesus Christ our Lord shall reign.
No. 134. Tradition and Error in Battle Array.

W. P.

WILLIAM POWELL.

1. Tradition and error in battle array, The children of
2. Then let us press onward, hold fast to the end, While battling for
3. From the east to the west shall God's kingdom extend, Meet in every
4. The sea shall roll back to its place in the north, The ten tribes of

Zion prepare for the fray. Jehovah's their strength and their
truth we have God for our friend; The triumph of truth is the
land a true brother and friend; Then Satan all power will
Israel with joy will come forth; Then God will restore Enoch's
buckler and shield; They're onward to conquer, or die on the field.
theme of our song, As onward and upward we're marching along.
have to resign, When Jesus in triumph on earth comes to reign.
city of old, And Abraham's children shall meet in one fold.

CHORUS.

Join in the song, come and join in the song, Up with the standard and
boldly march on; Then upward and onward with
Tradition and Error in Battle Array.

ban-ners un-furled, For truth yet shall tri-umph and con-quer the world.

No. 135. This House We Dedicate to Thee.


1. This house we ded-i-cate to Thee, "Our
2. Wilt Thou Thy serv-ants here in-spire, When
3. Here may our sons and daugh-ters come, And
4. And may pol-lu-tion ne'er have place With-
5. Live to Thy King-dom live to Thee, While

God, our fa-thers' God," Wilt Thou ac-cept, and
in Thy name they speak? And wilt Thou bless each
find that peace which swells From grate-ful hearts, when
in this shrine we give; And in it, thro' the
life shall pass a-way; Then greet a-gain, with
deign to bless The path our feet have trod?
con-trite soul, Who here Thy face does seek?
touched by Thee, Where-in Thy Spir-it dwells.
years to come, A-wake the dead to live;
praise and song, In heav'n's e-ter-nal day.
No. 136.  That the Lord Will Provide.

J. L. TOWNSHEND.  E. STEPHENS.

1. That the Lord will provide, Is a promise that's giv'n; Ye
   faithful and true, 'Tis a promise to you! So in
   know not al-ways, Yet to Him will we pray: For we're
   always we know; When in pov-er-ty low He has
   when He will aid He has nev-er yet said; Oft-en

2. How the Lord will provide, From the store-house of heav'n, We
   meek-ness con-fide, And look up-ward to heav'n; The Lord is our Fa-
   know not al-ways, Yet to Him will we pray: For we're
   know not al-ways, Yet to Him will we pray: For we're
   when He will aid He has nev-er yet said; Oft-en

3. What the Lord will provide When He aids us from heav'n Not
   nev-er de-nied, When in pov-er-ty driv'n, We ask for our Fa-
   nev-er de-nied, When in pov-er-ty driv'n, We ask for our Fa-
   nev-er de-nied, When in pov-er-ty driv'n, We ask for our Fa-

4. When the Lord will provide From His store-house in heav'n, Just
   soom He's com-plied, And oft wait-ed and prov'n, But al-ways our Fa-
   soom He's com-plied, And oft wait-ed and prov'n, But al-ways our Fa-
   soom 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.

The Lord will provide, So in meekness confide, And look upward to heaven; The Lord is our Father, The Lord will provide.

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


1. As the dew, from heaven distilling, Gently on the grass descends,
2. Let Thy doctrine, Lord, so gracious, Thus descending from above,
3. Lord, behold this congregation; Precious promises fulfil;
4. Let our cry come up before Thee; Thy sweet Spirit shed around:

And revives it, thus fulfilling What Thy providence intends,
Blest by Thee, prove efficacious To fulfil Thy work of love.
From Thy holy habitation Let the dews of life distil.
So the people shall adore Thee, And confess the joyful sound.
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 duties with patience fulfill; To-day, while the birds sing, harbor no care, Call life a good gift, call the world fair.

2. To-day seek the treasure better than gold; The peace and the joy that are found in the fold; To-day seek the gems that shine in the heart; While here we labor choose the good part.

3. To-day seek for goodness, virtue and truth, As crown of your life and the grace of your youth; To-day, while the heart beats, live to be true, Constant and faithful 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 duties fulfill; To-day, to-day, work while you duties fulfill; Work to-day, O work while you
To-day, While the Sun Shines.

may, There is no to-mor-row, but on-ly to-day.

No. 139. Our Mountain Home so Dear.

E. B. Wells.

1. Our moun-tain home so dear, Where crys-tal wa-ters clear
Flow ev - er free; While thro’ the val-leys wide
The flow’rs on flow’rs, Pluck the wild flow’rs; The fra-grance on the air, The land-scape
Bloom-ing in state-ly pride, Are fair to see.

2. We’ll roam the ver-dant hills, And by the spark-ling rills
Pluck the wild flow’rs; The fra-grance on the air, The land-scape
bright and fair, And sun-shine ev ’ry-where, Make pleas-ant hours.

3. In syl-van depth and shade, In for-est and in glade, Where’er we
pass, Wher-e’er we pass, The hand of God we see, In leaf and
bud and tree, Or bird or hum-ming bee, Or blade of grass.

4. The stream-let, flow’r and sod, Be-speak the works of God; And all com-
bine, With most tran-sport-ing grace, His hand-i-
Now Let Us Rejoice.

W. W. PHILPS.

1. Now let us re-joice in the day of sal-va-tion, No lon-ger as
2. We'll love one an-oth-er, and nev-er dis-sem-ble, But cease to do
3. In faith we'll re-ly on the arm of Je-ho-va-h To guide thro' these

stran-gers on earth need we roam, Good ti-dings are sound-ing to
e-vil, and ev-er be one; And when the un-god-ly are
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-iour will come:
har-vest are o-ver, We'll rise with the just when the Sav-iour doth come.

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.

lest them from morn until ev'n, And earth will appear as the
crowned with the angels of heav'n, And earth will appear as the

garden of Eden, And Jesus will say to all Israel, Come home.

No. 141. While of These Emblems We Partake.

1. While of these emblems we partake, In Jesus' name and for His sake,
2. For us the blood of Christ was shed, For us on Calvary's cross He bled,
3. The law was broken, Jesus died That justice might be satisfied,
4. But rise triumphant from the tomb, And in eternal splendor bloom;

Let us remember and be sure Our hearts and hands are clean and pure.
And thus dispelled the awful gloom, That else were this creation's doom.
That man might not remain the slave Of death, of hell, or of the grave;
Freed from the pow'r of death and pain, With Christ, the Lord, to rule and reign.
No. 142. I'll Praise My Maker While I've Breath.

WATTS. j. FÖNES.

Allegro moderato.

1. I'll praise my Maker while I've breath; And when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall employ my noblest pow'rs. My days of praise shall ne'er be past While life and thought and being last, Or immortality endures. He saves oppressed ones, feeds the poor, And none shall find His promise vain. The widow and the father-less, And grants the prisoner sweet release. While life and thought and being last, Or immortality endures.

2. Happy the man whose hopes rely On Israel's God; He made the sky, And earth, and sea, with all their train. His truth for fainting mind; He sends the laboring conscience peace, He helps the lost in death, Praise shall employ my no blier pow'rs; My days of praise shall ne'er be past While life and thought and being last, Or immortality endures. He saves oppressed ones, feeds the poor, And none shall find His promise vain. The widow and the father-less, And grants the prisoner sweet release. While life and thought and being last, Or immortality endures.

3. The Lord pours eye-sight on the blind; The Lord supports the fainting mind; He sends the laboring conscience peace, He helps the lost in death, Praise shall employ my no blier pow'rs; My days of praise shall ne'er be past While life and thought and being last, Or immortality endures. He saves oppressed ones, feeds the poor, And none shall find His promise vain. The widow and the father-less, And grants the prisoner sweet release. While life and thought and being last, Or immortality endures.

4. I'll praise Him while He lends me breath, And when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall employ my noblest pow'rs. My days of praise shall ne'er be past While life and thought and being last, Or immortality endures. He saves oppressed ones, feeds the poor, And none shall find His promise vain. The widow and the father-less, And grants the prisoner sweet release. While life and thought and being last, Or immortality endures.

While life and thought and being last, He saves oppressed ones, feeds the poor, The widow and the father-less, And grants the prisoner sweet release. While life and thought and being last, Or immortality endures.
No. 143. When Dark and Drear the Skies Appear.

1. When dark and drear the skies appear, And doubt and dread would thee enthrall, Look up, nor fear, the day is near, And Providence is over all. From heav’n a-bove, His light and love, God giv-eth free-ly when we call.

2. With jealous zeal God guards our weal, And lifts our wayward thoughts above; When storms as sail life’s bark so frail, We seek the haven of His love. God is just, And Providence is over all. 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.

3. The direst woe that mortals know Can ne’er the honest heart appall, Who holds the trust—that Our utmost need is oft de-creed, And Providence is over all. No more the night distracts our sight—The clouds are all beneath our feet. Our utmost need is oft de-creed, And Providence is over all.
No. 144. **Kind and Heavenly Father.**

E. S. Andante.

1. Kind and heavenly Father, from Thy holy dwelling See Thy little
2. Father, we will praise Thee, for Thy many blessings, Which we are re-
3. Bless the faithful leaders who are placed above us, As they kind-ly

children singing praise to Thee;...... Hear our little voices
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 many follies all for-given be.
we are now possess-ing, And the streams of wa-ter flow-ing thro' the land.
who so dearly love us, Help us all our du-ties right-ly to *ful-*fil.

CHORUS.

Smile in love up-on us, shed Thy Spirit 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.

1. Children of the Saints of Zion, Tune your voices sweet with praise;
2. Meek and lowly as our Savior, Casting off all pride and wrong;
3. May God's blessings e'er attend us! Which they will if we do right;

'Tis God's goodness we rely on, In His love we trust always.
Proving by our good behavior, To God's children we belong.
Pray to Him His help to send us: In our darkness give us light.

Chorus.

Ever singing, Hallelujah, Fill our hearts with love and praise;

Voices ringing, Hallelujah, Glory to these latter days.
No. 146. Let Us Treat Each Other Kindly.

L. G. Richards.

1. Let us treat each other kindly, We are friends united here;
2. Let us truly trust each other, We are only mortals weak,
3. Charity's fair beacon lifted, Scatters rays of light for all—

Not in ignorance, nor blindly, But by sacred ties most dear,
Oft in need of friend or brother, Generously to act or speak,
Error, weak, or good and gifted, High or lowly, great or small.

Love will own no cold suspicion, Gold-en sunshine it imparts,
Pass not silently and coldly, O'er a wrong we might amend,
Let us also strive completely, Hastily judgments to withdraw;

And its holy, pure ambition Is to cheer and gladden hearts.
But speak earnestly and boldly, Truth and justice to defend.
Let us trust each other sweetly, And let love fulfill its law.

CHORUS.

Let us treat each other kindly, We are friends united here;
Let Us Treat Each Other Kindly.

Not in ignorance, nor blindly, But by sacred ties most dear.

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

C. W. PENROSE.

E. BEESLEY.

1. God of our fathers, we come unto Thee; Children of those whom Thy
2. Grateful for all that Thy bounty imparts, Praises we offer with
3. Blessed with the gifts of the gospel of peace, Dwelling in Zion, whose
4. Strengthened by Thee for the conflict with sin, Onward we'll press till life's

truth has made free; Grant us the joy of Thy presence today,
voices and hearts; Life of our being, and sun of our day,
light shall increase, Led by the Priesthood along the bright way,
battle we win; Then in Thy glory forever we'll stay—

Never from Thee let us stray!
Never from Thee let us stray!
Never from Thee should we stray!
Never from Thee should we stray!

Thee let us stray! Ever! ever! Ever to Thee will we pray!
No. 148. The Day-Dawn is Breaking.

J. L. TOWNSHEND. Allegretto.

WILLIAM CLAYSON.

1. The day-dawn is break-ing, The world is a-wak-ing, The clouds of night's
dark-ness are flee-ing a-way; The world-wide com-mo-tion, From
ocean to ocean, Now her-a-lds 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.

2. In man- y a tem-ple The Saints will as-sem-ble, And la-bor as
sav-iors of dear ones a-way; Then hap-py re-un-ion, And
Lord in His glo-ry Will come in His pow'r in the beau-ti-ful
day.

3. Still let us be do-ing, Our les-sons re-view-ing, Which God has re-
walk in His way; And then, won-drous sto-ry, The
join in sal-va-tion, And wor-ship the Lord of the beau-ti-ful
day.

4. Then pure and su-per-nal, Our friend-ship e-ter-nal, With Je-sus we'll
live and His coun-sels o-bey; Un-till ev-ry na-tion Will

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.

Haste to the Sunday-School.

1. Haste to the Sunday-School, Come, come, come, Why will you waiting stand?
2. Haste to the Sunday-School, Come, come, come, Here we with one accord
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 holy word—Come, come, come; Oh, do not Of God’s most holy 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.

1. The youth of each land for their father-land stand, And boast of its grandeur with pride;
   What- e'er their estate, their fortunes or fate, To none is this freedom denied;
   Then why should not we, young, Rejoice in the land we love best? For our dwellings for storms, Flow crystal streams God has blest; Rich all here on earth, The meek and the lowly rejoice; From pression shall die, For thee there is freedom and rest; The

2. The bold mountains rise, and point to the skies, Like sentinels round our abode; And vales calm and sweet, repose at their feet—
   Our a-bode; And fair as thine own sunny sky. Fit home of the people of God. From those cold, bleak forms, fit Now why should not we, young, Rejoice in the land we love best? For our dwellings for storms, Flow crystal streams God has blest; Rich all here on earth, The meek and the lowly rejoice; From pression shall die, For thee there is freedom and rest; The

3. The poor and oppressed, in this land of the west, Find plenty, and free-dom, and joy; Their triumph is nigh, op-
   Thy sis-ters first born, who tauntingly scorn, Shall joy to do hon- or to thee; With each coming hour thy glory shall tower,
   Thy triumph is nigh, op-

4. Thy sis-ters first born, who tauntingly scorn, Shall joy to do hon-
   Thy triumph is nigh, op-

J. M. CHAMBERLAIN.
Utah, the Queen of the West.

Father, so kind, our lot has assigned
Harvests have smiled in the desert once wild,
Babylon they flee to this land of the free—
Years as they fleet shall bless our retreat
With peace in this land of the west.

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

WATTS.

1. Praise ye the Lord! 'tis good to raise Your hearts and voices in His praise; His na-ture and His works in-vite To make... this du-ty our de-light.
2. He formed the stars, those heav'n-ly flames, He counts their num-bers, calls their names; His wis-dom's vast and knows no bound—A deep... where all.... our thoughts are drowned.
3. Sing to the Lord, ex-alt Him high, Who spreads His clouds a-long the sky; There He pre-pares the fruitful rain, Nor lets.... the drops.... de-scent in vain.
4. He makes the grass the hills a-dorn, And clothes the smil-ing fields with corn; The beasts with food His hands sup-ply, And the.... young ra-vens when they cry.
5. And Saints are love-ly in His sight; He views His chil-dren with de-light; He sees their hope, He knows their fear, And looks... and loves.... His im-age there.
No. 152.  
Let Us All Press On.  

E. S.  
Allegretto marcato.  

E. Stephens.

1. Let us all press on in the work of the Lord, That when life is o'er we may gain a reward; In the fight for right let us wield a sword, The mighty sword of truth.  
2. We will not retreat, tho' our numbers may be few, When combined with the opposite host in view; But an unseen Lord, our helper, will ever be near; In the days of trial His Saints He will cheer, And prosper the cause of truth.  
3. If we do what's right we have no need to fear, For the power will aid me and you In the glorious cause of truth.  

Chorus.

Fear not, tho' the enemy deride, Courage, for the Lord is on our side; We will heed not what the wicked may say,  

Fear not, courage, tho' the enemy deride, We must be victorious, for the Lord is on our side; We'll not fear the wicked or give heed to what they say,
Let Us All Press On.

But the Lord a - lone we will o - bey.
But the Lord, our heav’n-ly Fa - ther, Him a - lone we will o - bey.

No. 153. Zion Prospers, All is Well.


1. O a-wake! my slumb’ring min-strel, Let my harp for - get its spell;
2. Strike a chord un-known to sad-ness, Strike, and let its num-bers tell,
3. Zi - on’s wel-fare is my por-tion, And I feel my bos-om swell
4. Zi - on, lo! thy day is dawning, Thy high courts where princes dwell,
5. Thy swift mes-sen-gers are treading Thy swift mes-sen-gers are treading

Say, 0 say, in sweetest ac - cents, Zi - on pros-pers, all is well;
In ce-les-tial tones of glad-ness, Zi - on pros-pers, all is well;
With a warm, di - vine e - mo - tion, When she pros-pers, all is well;
Faith and hope pro - lude the morn-ing, Thou art pros-p’ring, all is well;
And thy glo-rious light is spread-ing; Zi - on pros-pers, all is well;

Zi - on pros-pers, Zi - on pros-pers, Zi - on pros-pers, all is well.
Zi - on pros-pers, Zi - on pros-pers, Zi - on pros-pers, all is well.
When she pros-pers, When she pros - pers, When she pros-pers, all is well.
Thou art pros-p’ring, Thou art pros-p’ring, Thou art pros-p’ring, all is well.
Zi - on pros-pers, Zi - on pros - pers, Zi - on pros-pers, all is well.
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 our-selves 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, Sin-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

Then a-way, haste a-way, Come a-way to the Sun-day-School;

Then a-way, haste a-way,

Then a-way, do not de-lay, Come a-way to the Sun-day-School.

No. 155. God Moves in a Mysterious Way.

1. God moves in a mys-ter-ious way, His won-ders to per-form;
2. Deep in un-fath-om-a-ble mines Of nev-ér-fail-ing skill,
3. Ye fear-ful Saints, fresh courage take; The clouds ye so much dread
4. Judge not the Lord by fee-ble sense, But trust Him for His grace,

Arranged by E. D. MAN.

He plants His foot-steps in the sea, And rides up-on the storm.
He treas-ures up His bright de-signs, And works His sov-reign will.
Are big with mer-cy, and shall break In bless-ings on your head.
Be-hind a frown-ing prov-i-dence He hides a smil-ing face.

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.
1. Should the changes of life, like the tide's ebb and flow, Be ceaseless and varied in form, And the frail bark of life in a moment forego spent to a calm; Nor a pain without pleasure, a hope without fear, hope or dull care, Are but feelings implanted to make us respect
2. There was never a valley but hill tops appear—Nor storm that's not calm; Nor a pain without pleasure, a hope without fear, hope or dull care, Are but feelings implanted to make us respect
3. All the fears of sad parting, the pangs of regret, The sighs of fond Its reck'ning amidst the dark storm, Stand firm to the helm and Nor wound but has always a balm! When clouds of adversity The death-sting of hopeless despair! The tear-drop of sorrow may close furl each sail, While the tempest sweeps over the main: gather around, And our friends turn their backs in disdain, darken the eye, Like the sunbeams obscured by the rain,

There is hope in the wind, tho' destructive the gale, 'Twill Tho' the world should conspire all our hopes to confound, Let's But the clouds will disperse over hope's gloomy sky, And
Try It Again.

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

SARAH F. ADAMS.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, near-er, my God, to Thee, near-er, my God, to Thee, near-er to Thee!

2. Tho' like the wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be o-ver me, My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be send-est me, In mer-cy giv'n; An-gels to beck-on me stars for-got, Up-ward I fly, Still all my song shall be, near-er, my God, to Thee, near-er, my God, to Thee, near-er to Thee!

3. There let the way ap-pear, Steps un-to heav'n; All that Thou be a cross That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, near-er, my God, to Thee, near-er, my God, to Thee, near-er to Thee!

4. Or if, on joy-ful wing, Cleav-ing the sky, Sun, moon, and o-ver me, My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be send-est me, In mer-cy giv'n; An-gels to beck-on me stars for-got, Up-ward I fly, Still all my song shall be, near-er, my God, to Thee, near-er, my God, to Thee, near-er to Thee!
If the Way be Full of Trial, Weary Not.

1. If the way be full of trial, Weary not! (Weary not!) If it's one of sore denial, Weary not! (Weary not!) If it now be one of weeping, There will come a joyful greeting, When the harvest we are reaping— Weary not! (Weary not!) Do not wear-y by the way, What-ever be thy lot;……. There a-waits a brighter wear-y by the way, 

2. If the way be one of sorrow, Weary not! (Weary not!) Happy not! (Weary not!) Here we never will forsake us, Weary not! (Weary not!) He will come a great salvation— Weary not! (Weary not!) Do not wear-y, 

3. If misfortune over-take us, Weary not! (Weary not!) Jesus will be the mor-row, Weary not! (Weary not!) Here we never will forsake us, Weary not! (Weary not!) He will leave us never, never; From His love there's naught can sever; Glory to the Lamb for- ever!— Weary not! (Weary not!) Do not wear-y by the way, 

CHORUS.

Do not wear-y by the way, What-ever be thy lot;……. There a-waits a brighter wear-y by the way,
If the Way be Full of Trial, Weary Not.

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


1. I'll serve the Lord while I am young, And, in my early days,
2. O Lord, my parents here preserve, To teach me righteousness,
3. While youth and beauty sweetly twine Their garlands round my head,

Devote the music of my tongue To my Redeemer's praise. 
That my young feet may never swerve From paths of holiness; 
I'll seek, at wisdom's sacred shrine, The gems that never fade.

I'll praise His name, that He has given Me parent-age and birth 
And, like the faithful ones of old Who now behold Thy face, 
Long may I sing Thy praises here Among Thy Saints below,

Among the most beloved of heav'n That dwell upon the earth. 
May I be formed in virtue's mould To fill a holy place. 
And in eternity appear With them in glory too.
No. 160. We are Watchers, Earnest Watchers.

H. W. NAISBITT.  

Moderato con espressione.

J. C. FONES.

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-vo-red 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-sin-ch-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, ear-nest work-ers,
We are Watchers, Earnest Watchers.

in a cause we love;............ On-ward,

up-ward is our movement, For 'tis led by God a-bove.

ward, up-ward is our movement, For 'tis led by God a-bove.

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

E. L. Sloan. H. E. Giles.

1. Dark is the hu-man mind, when bound In un-be-lief's de-
2. Lord, give us faith, that we may rend The monster's clutch from
3. Faith that shall pierce doubt's thick-est gloom And see Thy glo-ry

grad-ing thrall; De-based the soul that scorns the sound Of truth's en-
ev-ry breast— A faith by which we may as-cend From truth to
shin-ing clear; Faith that thro' life, and 'yond the tomb, Shall find Thy

no-bling, sav-ing call, Of truth's en-no-bling, sav-ing call.
truth, to reach Thy rest; From truth to truth, to reach Thy rest;
prom-ised bless-ings near, Shall find Thy prom-ised bless-ings near.
No. 162. When First the Glorious Light of Truth.

WM. CLAYTON.

1. When first the glorious light of truth Burst forth in this last age, How few there were with heart and soul To obey it did engage; Yet of those honest hearts, too good to live In such a wicked place; And are they hundred of faithful Saints have found A cold, yet peaceful grave; And there they how many Have passed from earth away, And in their graves are left in sorrow And doubt to pine away? Oh, no; in peace they're now are sleeping Beneath the silent clay; But soon they'll share the sleeping Till the resurrection day! Till the resurrection day! And in their graves are sleeping Till the resurrection day! Oh, no; in peace they're sleeping Till the resurrection day! But soon they'll share the glories Of a resurrection day! Of a resurrection 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
    To enjoy a better world.
    Why should we mourn because we leave
    These scenes of toil and pain?
    O happy change! the faithful go
    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.

I need Thee ev'-ry hour, Most gra- cious Lord; No ten-der voice like
I need Thee ev'-ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Tempt-a-tions lose their
I need Thee ev'-ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick-ly and a-
I need Thee ev'-ry hour; Teach me Thy will; And Thy rich prom-is-
I need Thee ev'-ry hour, Most Ho-ly One; Oh, make me Thine in-

REFRAIN.

Thine Can peace af-ford.
pow'r When Thou art nigh.
bide, Or life is vain.
es In me ful-fil.
deed, Thou bless-ed Son.

Ev'-ry hour I need Thee; O bless me now, my Sav-ior, I come to Thee!

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1. Thanks for the Sabbath School, hail to the day When evil and error are fleeing away; Thanks for our teachers who cherish, all vice to decry; Strive with the noble in earnest—true wisdom display; Try to o'er-come each temp-

2. Now in the morning of life let us try Each virtue to labor with care, That we in the light of the gospel may share. deeds that ex-alt, And battle with energy each childish fault. ta-tion and snare, There-by full sal-va-tion e-ter-nal-ly share.

3. May we en-deavor thro' life's de-vious way To watch and be la-bor with care, That we in the light of the gospel may share. deeds that ex-alt, And battle with energy each childish fault. ta-tion and snare, There-by full sal-va-tion e-ter-nal-ly share.

CHORUS.

Join in the jubilee, mingle in song, Join in the joy of the Sabbath School throng; Great be the glory of
Thanks for the Sabbath School.

No. 165. Sunshine in the Soul.

1. There's sunshine in my soul to-day, More glorious and bright
   Than glows in any earthly sky, For Jesus is my light.

2. There's music in my soul to-day, A carol to my King,
   And Jesus, listening, can hear The songs I cannot sing.

3. There's spring-time in my soul to-day, For when the Lord is near
   The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace appear.

4. There's gladness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love,
   For blessings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up" above.

Refrain.

Oh, there's sunshine, blessed sunshine, When the peaceful, happy moments
sunshine in the soul, blessed sunshine in the soul.

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No. 166. What Voice Salutes the Startled Ear?

H. W. Naisbitt.  E. Beasley.

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 evoked 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 victory? O grave, where is thy victory?"

No. 167. Glory to God on High.

BODEN.

1. Glory to God on high; Let heaven and earth reply,
   Praise ye His name. His love and grace adore, Who all our
   Praise ye His name! Tell what His arm has done, What spoils from
   Praising His name; To Him ascribed be Honour and

2. Jesus, our Lord and God, Bore sin's tremendous load;
Praise ye His name. His love and grace adore, Who all our
Praise ye His name! Tell what His arm has done, What spoils from
Praise ing His name; To Him ascribed be Honour and

3. Let all the hosts above Join in our song of love,
Praise ye His name! Tell what His arm has done, What spoils from
Praise ing His name; To Him ascribed be Honour and

* These words are also sung to No. 139.
No. 168.  Ye Who are Called to Labor.

MRS. MARY JUDD PAGE.

1. Ye who are called to labor and minister for God,
2. O let not vain ambition nor worldly glory stain
3. Then cease from all light speech-es, light-mindedness and pride;
4. And while you roam as pilgrims and strangers on this earth,
5. Rich blessings do await you, and God will give you faith;

Blest with the royal Priesthood, appointed by His word
Your minds so pure and holy; acquit yourselves like men;
Pray always, without ceasing, and in the truth abide;
O do not be discouraged, with songs of joy go forth;
You shall be crowned with glory and triumph over death;

To preach among the nations the news of Gospel grace,
While lifting up your voices like trumpets long and loud,
The Comforter will teach you, His richest blessings send,
Rejoice in tribulation, for your reward is sure,
And soon you'll come to Zion, and bear your many sheaves,

And publish on the mountains, salvation, truth, and peace:
Say to the slum-b'ring nations: "Prepared to meet your God!"
Your Savior will be with you forever to the end.
Remember that your Savior like sorrows did endure.
No more to taste of sorrow, but glorious crowns receive.
Ye Who Are Called to Labor.

CHORUS.

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

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'n ing comes to bless;
4. Vain are the tro-phies wealth can give! His mem'-ry needs no sculptor's art;

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. RANKI*  

1. God be with you till we meet again!—By His counsels guide, uphold you, With His sheep securely fold you; God be with you till we
2. God be with you till we meet again!—Neath His wings protecting you, Daily manna still divide you; God be with you till we
3. God be with you till we meet again!—When life's perils thick confound you, Put His arms un-failing round you; God be with you till we
4. God be with you till we meet again!—Keep love's banner floating o'er you, Smite death's threatening wave before you; God be with you till we

CHORUS.

meet again! Till we meet!..... Till we meet! Till we meet! Till we meet! Till we meet again!

Till we meet at Jesus' feet; Till we meet!..... Till we meet! Till we meet! Till we meet! God be with you till we meet again!

Till we meet again!
No. 171. Let Zion in Her Beauty Rise.

1. Let Zion in her beauty rise, Her light begins to shine;
2. Ye her-aids, 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-

tho' 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 Columbia! the gem of the ocean,
   The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
   A nation's sweet hymn.

2. When war winged its wide desolation,
   And threatened the land to deform,
The ark then of freedom's foundation,
   May the wreaths it has won never wither,
   Nor the world offers homage to thee.

3. The Union, the Union forever,
   Our glorious brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
   A nation's sweet hymn.

4. When Liberty's form stands in view;
   Thy mandates make heroesassemble,
   When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
   With her flag proudly sever,
   But they to their colors prove true!

The Army and Navy forever,
   When borne by the red, white, and blue.

Three cheers for the red, white, and blue.
   The boast of 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.

Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
With her flag proudly floating before her,
The boast of the red, white, and blue.
The Army and Navy forever,
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue.

No. 173. Jesús, Mighty King in Zion!

Majestically.

1. Jesus, mighty King in Zion,
   Thou alone our guide shall be:
2. As an emblem of Thy passion,
   And Thy victory o'er the grave,
3. Fearless of the world's despising,
   We the ancient path pursue,

Thy commission we rely on;
We will follow none but Thee.
We, who know Thy great salvation,
Are baptized beneath the wave.
Buried with our Lord, and rising
To a life divinely 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 worship Him on earth; We
2. When Jesus comes in burning flame, Then to reward the just, The
3. When He comes down from heav'n to earth, With all His holy band, Be-
4. Then He will give us our "new name," With robes of righteousness, And

We love to learn His holy word, And know what souls are worth. We
world will know the only name In which the Saints can trust. The
fore creation's second birth, We hope with Him to stand. Be-
in the new Jerusalem, And in the new Jerusalem,

We love to learn His holy word, We love to learn His holy word,
world will know the only name, The world will know the only name,
fore creation's second birth, Before creation's second birth,
in the new Jerusalem, And in the new Jerusalem,

We love to learn His holy word, And know what souls are worth.
The world will know the only name In which the Saints can trust.
Before creation's second birth, We hope with Him to stand.
And in the new Jerusalem Eternal happiness.
No. 175. Sons of Michael, He Approaches.

E. L. T. HARRISON.

Moderato.

C. J. THOMAS.

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,

How, ye thousands, low before Him; Min-is-ter be-fore His feet;
Raise a-loft your vol-ces mil-lion In a tor-ren-tpow'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

Faster.

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-dis-e a-gain!
No. 176. We Meet Again in Sabbath School.

GEO. MANWARING.

1. We meet again in Sabbath School On this the Lord's own day,
   Where joyful gladness is the rule, And love doth bear its sway;
   Where all may join in songs of praise To Him who reigns above,
   And thankful hearts and voices raise, For His redeeming love.

2. We meet again, yes, gladly meet, To learn the will of God,
   For wisdom seeking, that our feet May walk the narrow road:
   O Father, let Thy Spirit dwell In every willing heart,
   That we may love and serve Thee well, And never from Thee depart.

3. O happy day! on which we meet, With friends and teachers dear,
   And in this ever sweet retreat Their blessed teachings bear;
   With precious truths our minds are stored, The gospel plan made plain,
   Each Sabbath day with one accord O let us meet again.
1. Sing, sing the wondrous story Of a hundred years,
   Since, from the courts of glory To this vale of tears,
   God sent His chosen servant To restore again
   The Gospel long since taken From the midst of men.

2. Sing of the youthful Joseph, He, the good and true,
   Who asked the heav'n-ly Father How His will to do.
   Sing how from heav'n descended Father and the Son,
   And gave the boy the answer Which his faith had won.

3. Sing of the brother martyrs: One in all the strife,
   Each sealed his testimony With his mortal life.
   Sing how the work has prospered, Spreading o'er the earth;
   Sing, sing our thanks to heaven For a Prophet's birth.
All Hail the New-Born Year!

P. P. Pratt.

Modéré.

G. Careless.

1. All hail the new-born year! Thrice welcome to the Saints,
   Whose coming Lord is near, To end their long complaints:
   Sweet hope, still perching on thy wing, Anticipation.

2. When life shall spring anew, And vegetation bloom,
   And flowers of varied hue Will spread a rich perfume,
   While happy birds fill every grove With songs of joy,

3. Come, tune your harps anew, And join in hymns of praise
   To Him whose power we view In these eventful days!
   Whose arm shall make the nations yield, Shall conquer,

4. All hail the glorious King Of righteousness and peace!
   Thy promises we sing, And hope for quick release;
   Let Zion find her promised rest, And nations

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 joy,
Whose arm shall make the na - tions yield, Shall con - quer
Let Zi - on find her prom - is - ed 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 conquer 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. Met. \( \frac{d}{4} = 84 \). Firm, march time.

1. Shall the youth of Zion falter, In defending truth and right?
2. While we know the powers of darkness Seek to thwart the work of God,
3. We will work out our salvation, We will cleave unto the truth,
4. We will strive to be found worthy Of the kingdom of our Lord,

While the enemy as saileth, Shall we shrink, or shun the fight? No!
Shall the children of the promise Cease to grasp the iron rod? No!
We will watch and pray and labor, With the fervent zeal of youth. Yes!
With the faithful ones redeemed, Who have loved and kept His word. Yes!

Chorus.

True to the faith that our parents have cherished, True to the

truth for which martyrs have perished, To God's command,

Soul, heart and hand, Faithful and true we will ever stand.
No. 180. Verdant Spring and Rosy Summer.

Joyfully.

1. Verdant spring and rosy summer, Golden autumn, all are past;

2. Sliding, skating, laughing, shouting, Down the rugged hill we go;

3. 'Tho' the forest shades are silent, And the birds have flown away,

O'er the face of nature frowning, Lonely winter comes at last;
Hark! the sleigh-bells gaily pealing O'er the white and downy snow!
We can warble sweetest music, We can sing as light as they.

Yet she brings us many pleasures, Many scenes of
Can we think the winter dreary, When such merrily
Hap\'py season, hap\'py greeting! Friends and kindred

festive cheer; Now with joy our hearts are glowing,
tones we hear? Now the cup of pleasure sparkles,
far and near, Take our best and kind\'est wishes,

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. G. Griggs.

1. Come, go with me, beyond the sea, Where happiness is true,
2. Thereon those everlasting hills, And in the valleys fair,
3. There israel's sons, so long oppressed, Are pure, free, happy too;

Where Joseph's land, blest by God's hand, Inviting waits for you.
Beside the gurgling fountain rills, We'll bow in humble prayer,
And daughters, in true virtue dressed, Do wait to welcome you;

With joyful hearts you'll understand The blessings that await you there.
And praise our God in joyful strains, That we are safely gathered there.
To greet you with a kindred hand, And with you every good to share.

I know it is the promised land; My home, my home is there.
I know it is the promised land; My home, my home is there.
I know it is the promised land; My home, my home is there.
No. 182. Children, Gladly Join and Sing.

GEO. MANWARING. E. BERSLEY.

1. Children, gladly join and sing, On this holy day;
2. On this happy day rejoice In the God above,
3. Shout the tidings far and wide, Tell from sea to sea,
4. Sing aloud the glad refrain, Let the chorus swell;

To our Father, God and King, Heart-felt tribute pay.
Lift to Him a grateful voice For His wondrous love.
How for man the Savior died, Died to set us free.
Soon the Lord will come again, On the earth to dwell.

Sweetly tune your cheerful lays, Happy hearts and voices raise,
On this day He rose again, Who had suffered grief and pain,
Sing hosannas to His name, Praise Him for the gospel plan,
Praise shall then thro' earth resound, Love in every heart abound,

Gladly to our Savior's praise, All unite today.
Who had died that man might gain Life, eternal life.
Now redemption's bought for man, Christ has set us free.
Naught to make afraid be found, All will then be well.
1. Hark! ye mortals. Hist! be still, Voices from Cum-
2. Now the Gentile reign is o'er; Darkness cov-
ers
3. Jesus now will come again, Saints with Him shall
4. Ghastly death shall conquered be, Zion reign, and

or ah's hill Break the silence of... the tomb,
earth no more; Now shall Zion rise... and shine,
rise and reign, Heav'n and earth in songs... combine,
Saints be free, Priests and kings shall join... in love,

Pen... the world with light... divine; Angels join... the
Fill... the worlds in cho... rus join; Every tongue the
Fill... the worlds below... above, Sing... ing anthems-

All... is well! Now's the day of Israel!
ti... dings tell, Now's the day of Israel!
mu... sic swell, Now's the day of Israel!
all... is well! Now's the day of Israel!
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
lay, its thin sparkle-ing spray Sang sweet-ly in del-i-cate tones. And just where I
spe-ak, And was of-f to the Is-land of Dreams. Each note grew more
woke: And found there, dear mam-ma, ’twas you.

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 sparkle- ng
prett-ty sun-beams, Each note grew more deep, and I soon fell a-
span-gled with dew: She touched me and spoke, and I quick-ly a-

3. And as it flowed on toward the o-ccean,... Thro’ shad-ows and

4. I saw there a beau-ti-ful an-gel,... With crown all be-

No. 185. Reverently and Meekly Now.

J. L. TOWNSHEND. E. BEESELEY.

1. Reverently and meekly now Let thy head most humbly bow;
2. In this bread now blest for thee, Emblem of My body see;
3. Bid thine heart all strife to cease; With thy brethren be at peace;
4. At the throne I intercede; For thee ever do I plead;

Think of Me, thou ransomed one; Think what I for thee have done;
In this water or this wine, Emblem of My blood divine.
O forgive, 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.

With My blood that dripped like rain, Sweat in agony of pain;
Ch. remember what was done That the sinner might be won—
In the solemn faith of prayer Cast upon Me all thy care,
Be obedient, I implore, Prayerful, watchful, ever-more,

With My body on the tree, I have ransomed even thee.
On the cross of Calvary I have suffered death for thee.
And My Spirit's grace shall be Like a fountain unto thee.
And be constant unto Me That thy Savior I may be.
No. 186. Behold, the Mountain of the Lord.

LOGAN. J. DAYNES.

1. Behold, the mountain of the Lord In latter days shall
2. The rays that shine from Zion's hill Shall light en every
3. No strife shall rage, nor hostile feuds Disturb those peaceful

rise, On mountain tops, above the hills, And draw the wond'ring
land; The King who reigns in Salem's towers Shall all the world command;
years; To plow-shares men shall beat their swords, To pruning-hooks their

eyes, And draw the wond'ring eyes. To this the joyful
mand, Shall all the world command. Among the nations
spears, To pruning-hooks their spears. No longer host, en-

na tions round, All tribes and tongues, shall flow: "Up
He shall judge, His judgments truth shall guide; His
count'ring host, Shall crowds of slain deplore; They'll
Behold, the Mountain of the Lord.

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

WATTS.  MACT.

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, And let our joys be known; Join in a song with sweet accord, May speak their joys a-broad, May speak their joys a-broad. And worship at His throne, And worship at His throne.

2. Let those refuse to sing Who never knew our God, Who never knew our God; But servants of the heavenly King, But servants of the heavenly King.

3. The God who rules on high, And all the earth surveys, And all the earth surveys— Who rides upon the stormy sky, Who rides upon the stormy sky.

4. This mighty God is ours, Our Father and our Love, Our Father and our Love; He will send down His heavenly pow'rs, He will send down His heavenly pow'rs, And calm the roaring seas, And calm the roaring seas— To carry us above, To carry us above.
No. 188.  
Come Along, Come Along.

WILLIAM WILLES.

1. Come a - long, come a-long, is the call that will win, To lead us to
   virtue, 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-nng 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

A. C. SMYTH.
Gome Along, Gome Along.

call that will win, In leading to virtue, and keeping from sin.

No. 189. Captain of Israel's Host.

WESLEY.

1. Captain of Israel's host, and Guide Of all who seek the
land above, Beneath the shadow we abide—The
desert stray; We shall no other guidance need, Nor

SOLI.

Ad lib. CHORUS.

cloud of Thy protecting love...... Our strength, Thy grace, our
miss our providential way;...... As far, from danger

rule, Thy word, Our end, the glory of the Lord.
as from fear, While love, almighty love, is near.
1. Father, Thy children to Thee now raise
   Glad, grateful songs for Thy love and grace—
   For Thy protecting and watchful care
   Over Thy favored land; Led o'er the deserts and plains
   By Thee, Here to a voices blend; Lead us as Thou hast the faithful led,
   Feed us with knowledge and daily bread. Let us not stray from the paths of truth—
   Which with its truth fills us with delight; Glad that we've chosen the freshening breeze and the clear, blue sky;
   And for the fields covered For-give the folly and faults of youth; Fa-ther, ac-cept Thou the grace.

2. Thankful to Thee that a pilgrim band
   Broughtus todwell in this land of true liberty. Thankful to Thee for the mountains high,
   Knowledge and daily bread. Let us not stray from the paths of truth—
   Which with its truth fills us with delight; Glad that we've chosen the freshening breeze and the clear, blue sky;
   And for the fields covered For-give the folly and faults of youth; Fa-ther, ac-cept Thou the grace.

3. Oh, may our songs to Thy courts ascend,
   Pleasing to Thee may our love and grace—
   For Thy protecting and watchful care
   Over Thy favored land; Led o'er the deserts and plains
   By Thee, Here to a voices blend; Lead us as Thou hast the faithful led,
   Feed us with knowledge and daily bread. Let us not stray from the paths of truth—
   Which with its truth fills us with delight; Glad that we've chosen the freshening breeze and the clear, blue sky;
   And for the fields covered For-give the folly and faults of youth; Fa-ther, ac-cept Thou the grace.
Father, Thy Children to Thee Now Raise.

better part, Songs of delight fill each grateful heart.
o'er with corn, Which now our loved mountain vales adorn.
songs of praise Which from our hearts unto Thee we raise.

No. 191. Author of Faith, Eternal Word.

1. Author of faith, Eternal Word, Whose Spirit breathes the
2. To Thee our humble hearts aspire, And ask the gift un-
3. By faith we know Thee strong to save; Save us, a present
4. Faith lends its realizing light, The clouds disperse, the

act - ive flame,—Faith, like its Finisher and Lord, To-day as
speak-able; In - crease in us the kin - dled fire—In us the
Savior Thou! What - e'er we hope, by faith we have; Future and
shadows fly; Th' In - vis - i - ble ap - pears in sight, And God is

yes - ter - day the same, To-day as yes - ter - day the same;
work of faith ful - fil, In us the work of faith ful - fil.
past subsist - ing now, Future and past subsist - ing now.
seen by mor - tal eye, And God is seen by mor - tal eye.

Dr. RAFFLES.

Jos. J. DAYNES.

1. Hark! ten thousand thousand voices Sing the song of jubilee!
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'r - or's praise a - gain.
Free from all that now en - cum - bers, No - biler songs our voi - ces raise.

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 prostr - ate fall;
Hark! Ten Thousand Thousand Voices.

Now, in gentler tones, the wonders of redeeming grace are sung.
Till from earth the soul, retreating, Joins the chorus of the skies.
We, in anthems everlasting, Mingle with the angel host.
Heav’n and earth, with all their legions, Crown E-man-uel, Lord of all.

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

P. P. Pratt.

G. Careless.

Moderato.

1. The morning breaks, the shadows flee; Lo! Zion’s standard is unfurled. 
   The dawn-ing of a brighter day, The dawn-ing truth divine; The glory bursting from afar, The glory are at hand; Lo! Judah’s remnant, cleansed from sin, Lo! Judah’s turn and live; His mighty arm is making bare, His mighty record borne; Thus Zion’s light is bursting forth, Thus Zion’s

2. The clouds of error disappear before the rays of
   The nations soon will shine. 
   The nations now comes in, And Israel’s blessings throne.

3. The Gentile fulness now comes in, And Israel’s blessings shine. 
   And Gen tile na tions

4. Jehovah speaks! let earth give ear, And Gen tile na tions
   To bring her ransomed children home.

5. Angels from heav’n and truth from earth Have met, and both have 
   Of a brighter day Majestic rises on the world. 
   Bursting from afar, Wide o’er the nations soon will shine. 
   Remnant, cleansed from sin, Shall in their promised Canaan stand. 
   Arm is making bare, His covenant people to receive. 
   Light is bursting forth, To bring her ransomed child - dren home.
1. Sweet Sabbath day, all hail to thee, Beautiful day of rest!
2. This best of days to man is given—Beautiful day of rest!
3. Sweet Sabbath day, thy name we love—Beautiful day of rest!

That sets us from all labor free, Beautiful day of rest!
To draw our minds to God and heaven—Beautiful day of rest!
Let angels hear the strain above—Beautiful day of rest!

With joy we hail thy welcome ray, With grateful hearts our homage pay
And humbly now we bend the knee, With reverence, Lord, ascribe to Thee,
Tis God's command, let all obey, To hallow this, the Sabbath day,

To Him who gave this holy day, This beautiful day of rest.
Our thanks for all Thy mercies free—This beautiful day of rest.
And spend in His appointed way The beautiful day of rest.

CHORUS.

Beautiful day, beautiful day, Beautiful day of rest!
Sweet Sabbath Day.

Beautiful day, beautiful day, Beautiful day of rest!

No. 195.  Shall We Meet?

ELIHU S. RICH.

Moderato.

1. Shall we meet beyond the river, Where the surges cease to roll?
2. Shall we meet in that blest harbor, When our stormy voyage is o'er?
3. Shall we meet in yonder city, Where the towers of crystal shine?
4. Shall we meet with Christ our Savior, When He comes to claim His own?

Chorus.

Where in all the bright forever, Sorrows ne'er shall press the soul;
Shall we meet and cast the anchor By the fair, celestial shore?
Where the walls are all of jasper, Built by workmanship divine?
Shall we know His blessed favor, And sit down upon His throne?

We shall meet, we shall meet, Where the surges cease to roll.
No. 196. Inspirer of the Ancient Seers.

WESLEY'S COLLECTION.

1. In-spir-er of the an- cient seers, Who wrote from
2. While now Thine or-a-cies we read With ear-nest
3. When-e'er in er-ror's path we rove, The liv-ing
4. The sa-cred les-sons of Thy grace, Trans-mit-ted

Thee the sa-cred page, The same thro' all..... suc-
prayer and strong de-sire, O let Thy Spir-it
God thro' sin for-sake, Our con-science by..... Thy
thro' Thy word, re-peat, And train us up..... in

ceed-ing years, To us in our..... de-gen-rate
now pro-ceed Our souls to wak-en and in-
word re-prove, Con-vince and bring..... the wan-d'fers
all Thy ways, To make us in..... Thy will com-

age, To us in our..... de-gen-rate age,
spire, Our souls to wak-en and in-spire;
back, Con-vince and bring..... the wan-d'lers back;
plete, To make us in..... Thy will com-plete;
Inspirer of the Ancient Seers.

The spirit of Thy word impart, And breathe the life into each heart,
Our weakness help, our darkness chase, And guide us by the light of grace,
Deep wounded by the Spirit's sword, And then by Gilead's balm restored,
Fulfil Thy love's redeeming plan, And bring us to a perfect man.

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

P. P. Pratt.

1. Lo! the Gentile chain is broken, Freedom's banner waves on high:
2. See, on yonder distant mountain, Zion's standard wide unfurled;
3. Freedom, peace and full salvation Are the blessings guaranteed—
4. Lo! the King, whom we desire, Prince of Peace, shall come to reign;

List, ye nations! by this token Know that your redemption's nigh.
Far above Missouri's fountain, Lo! it waves for all the world.
Liberty to every nation, Every tongue, and every creed.
Sound again, ye heavenly choir, Peace on earth, good will to men.
No. 198.  
O Ye Mountains High.

C. W. Penrose.

1. O ye mountains high, where the clear blue sky Arch-es o- ver the vales of the free, Where the pure breezes blow and the clear stream-lets flow, How I've longed to your bos-om to flee!  O Zion! dear Zion! land of the free, Now my own mountain home of the free, Soon thy towers shall rise.

2. Tho' the great and the wise all thy beauties de-spise, To the humble 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-press-ors shall die, And the Gen-tiles shall bow 'neath thy rod.

3. In thy moun-tain re-treat, God will strength-en thy feet; On the over the vales of the free, Where the pure breezes blow and the clear stream-lets flow, How I've longed to your bos-om to flee!  O Zion! dear Zion! land of the free, Now my own mountain home of the free, Soon thy towers shall rise.

4. Here our voi-ces we'll raise, and we'll sing to thy praise, Sa-cred 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.

5. It was Zion! dear Zion! land of the free, Now my own mountain home of the free, Thou'lt thou were forced to Zion! dear Zion! home of the free, Soon thy tow - ers shall Zion! dear Zion! land of the free, In thy tem-ples we'll
O Ye Mountains High.

home, un-to thee I have come—All my fond hopes are cen-tered in thee.
fly to thy chambers on high; Yet we'll share joy and sor-row with thee.
shine with a splen-dor di-vine, And e-ter-nal thy glo-ry shall be.
bend, all thy rights we'll de-fend, And our home shall be ev-er with thee.

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

1. Let us all be good and kind, Hon-est and true; And the path of
du - ty mind And keep in view; Nev-er heed the world's foul sin,
one ac-cord, While yet we may; Seek to learn His ho-ly will,
e-vil ways That lead to sin; Speak the truth in all you say,
bring us forth To our re-ward, In the man-sions far-a-bove,

2. Let us seek un-to the Lord With-out de-lay; Seek Him now with

3. In these pre-cious youthful days Let us be-gin E'er to shun all

4. If our days are spent on earth Un-to the Lord, God will sure-ly

Nev-er take a part therein; Seek e-ter-nal lives to win; This we should do.
All our du-ties to ful-fil, Nev-er yield a point un-til We gain the day.
Nev-er, nev-er go astray From the straight and narrow way, But walk therein.
In a land of light and love, Where all things in order move, For us prepared.
1. Proud? Yes, of our home in the mountains, Where prophets of Israel receive, And faithful ones quaff from the fountains, Where God, To join in the work of redemption, Far above the poets or prophets could tell. The Lord is now pouring a way from the scourge and the rod. Already the "black horse" is like pillars of heaven her wisdom and virtue abide.

2. The Saints are inviting the nations unto chambers prepared of our God's Zion is rich, and her blessing The wide world will forever exist, and faith-ful ones quaff from the fountains, Where God, To join in the work of redemption, Far above the poets or prophets could tell. The Lord is now pouring a way from the scourge and the rod. Already the "black horse" is like pillars of heaven her wisdom and virtue abide.

3. God's Zion is rich, and her blessing The world will forever exist, And faithful ones quaff from the fountains, Where God, To join in the work of redemption, Far above the poets or prophets could tell. The Lord is now pouring a way from the scourge and the rod. Already the "black horse" is like pillars of heaven her wisdom and virtue abide.
Proud? Yes, of Our Home in the Mountains.

bless-ing— Is bless-ing the liv-ing and dead; And
pranc-ing, De - no - ting that death is at hand; De -
moun-tains, A - dorned with per - pet - u - al snow; Their

Is bless-ing the liv-ing and dead; And
de - no - ting that death is at hand; De -
A - dorned with per - pet - u - al snow; Their

thousands are now glad-ly drink-ing At streams from the great foun-tain head.
struc-tion is sure-ly ad-vanc-ing To con-quest in ev - er - y land.
joy to re-plen - ish earth's foun - tains, And fer - til - ize val -leys be - low.

Chorus.
Proud? Yes, of our home in the mountains, Where proph - ets of Is - rael re - side,

And faithful ones quaff from the foun - tains, Where wisdom and vir - tue a - bide.
No. 201. When Shall We Meet Thee?

E. F. P.

— Spiritoso. p —

1. When shall we meet Thee, dear Savior above? When shall we be-
hold Thy face? When shall we greet Thee with tokens of love,
glory see? When shall we go to obtain our reward,
heav'n abide? When shall the just to Thy mansions ascend,

In that happy, holy place? When we have finished our
And in heav'n be crowned with Thee? When Thou wilt come in Thy
Where our God and Thee reside? When all our labors on

mission below, When on earth we no more roam, Wilt Thou ap-
glory and might, Over all the earth to reign, May we be
earth are complete, When our mortal life is o'er, When we have

prove of our work when we go To our glorious future home?
ho-ly and pure in Thy sight, And Thy approba-tion gain.
gone where our record we'll meet, On that bright eternal shore.
When Shall We Meet Thee?

**CHORUS.**

When shall we meet Thee, dear Savior, above?
Then will we behold Thy face?
Savior, above?
Savior, above,

O when shall we meet Thee, dear Savior, dear
O then we shall meet Thee, dear Savior, dear

When shall we greet Thee with tokens of love?
Then we shall greet Thee with tokens of love,

In that happy, holy place?
In that happy, holy place.

When shall we meet, dear Savior, above?
Then will we behold Thy face?
Savior, above?
Savior, above,
No. 202.  Utah, the Star of the West.

O. P. H.

March time.  Resolute.

1. There is a land whose sunny vales Are fair as dreams of
paradise, Where white-robed virtue e'er prevails, And
hon - est man - hood has no price; Where mountains capped with virgin
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

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.

The land I sing of, would you know? 'Tis star of all the west.
None know thee, only to admire, Fair star of all the west.
Keep Utah what she's ever been, The star of all the west.

CHORUS.

Utah, Utah, beautiful, beautiful land,
Land of the brave and free; Utah, the star of the west.
No. 203. The Star-spangled Banner.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

1. Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light,
   What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
   Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight,
   O'er the ramparts we watched, where so gallantly streaming?

2. On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep,
   Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence receiv'd o'er
   What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
   As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?

3. And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,
   That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
   A home and a country should leave us no more?
   Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.

4. Oh, thus be it ever when free-men shall stand
   By the dawn's early light, thro' the mists of the deep,
   Blest with victory and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land
   Praise the Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a nation.
The Star-spangled Banner.

And the rock-ets' red glare, the bombs burst-ing in air,
Now it catch-es the gleam of the morn-ing's first beam,
No ref-uge could save the hire-ling and slave
Then con-quer we must, when our cause it is just,

Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.
In full glo-ry re-flec-ted now shines on the stream;
From the ter-ror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
And this be our mot-to: "In God is our trust!"

CHORUS.

Oh, say, does that star-span-gled ban-ner yet wave
'Tis the star-span-gled ban-ner; oh, long may it wave
And the star-span-gled ban-ner in tri-umph doth wave
And the star-span-gled ban-ner in tri-umph shall wave

O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?
No. 204. Master, the Tempest is Raging!

M. A. BAKER.

H. R. PALMER.

1. Master, the tem-pest is rag-ing! The bil-lows are toss-ing high!
   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;

   Chorus.

2. Mas-ter, with an-guish of spir-it I bow in my grief to-day,
   "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;
   Linger, O bless-ed Re-deem-er! Leave me a-lone no more;

3. Mas-ter, the ter-ror is o-ver, The ele-ments sweet-ly rest,
   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.

The winds and the waves shall o bey Thy will, Peace, be still,
Master, the Tempest is Raging!

still! Whether the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or demons, or peace, be still!

Cres - cen - men, Or what - ever it be, No wa - ters can swal - low the

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

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

all shall sweet-ly o - bey Thy will, Peace, peace be still!
No. 205. Who's on the Lord's Side?

H. CORNABY.

1. Who's on the Lord's side? Who? Now is the time to show; We ask it fear- less-ly,
2. We serve the liv- ing God, And want His foes to know That 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
3. The stone cut with-out hands, To fill the earth must grow; Who'll aimed to crush the work; Who's on the Lord's side? Who? Truth,
4. The pow'rs of earth and hell In rage di- rect the blow That's 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-
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

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?

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 holy city, In our mansions far a-
   bove, We shall dwell in sweet communion, For our
   move, But by charity most holy Do we
   meet, O what joy will be our portion! Life with

2. Not by strife with one another Can we on-
   ward, upward
   Ru-ler, God, is love. In that city bright and fair,
   live this life of love. Lov-ing all com-

3. Hopeful, cheerful, kind and loving, Smil-ing oft-
   en as we
   acts re-pi-e-te. This is what the soul de-sires,
   This is what the Lord re-

O what pleasures we will share! Love all a-
   round,
   Hold-ing all as kin-dred dear; Love all a-
   round,
   This is what the Lord re-

God, is love. In that city bright and fair,
   live this life of love. Lov-ing all com-

O what pleasures we will share! Love all a-
   round,
   Hold-ing all as kin-dred dear; Love all a-
   round,
   This is what the Lord re-

Let Love Abound.

Love all around; O what pleasures we will share!
Love all around; Holding all as kindred dear;
Love all around; This is what the Lord requires—

Chorus.

Love all around. O let love abound here too,
Keep this holy thought in view: Let love abound, Let love abound. O let love abound here too, Keep this

ho - ly thought in view: Let love abound, Let love abound.
1. I have read of a beautiful city, Far away in the 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-

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

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I Have Read of a Beautiful City.

river, Clear as crystal, and pure to behold; But not
sorrow; The inhabitants never grow old; But not
blessed, As they walk thro' the streets of pure gold; But not
tect us, If for safety we enter His fold; But not

half of that city's bright glory To mortals has ever been told.
half of the joys that await them To mortals has ever been told.
half of the wonderful story To mortals has ever been told.
half of His goodness and mercy To mortals has ever been told.

CHORUS.

Not half has ever been told;... Not half has ever been told;... Not been told.

half of that city's bright glory To mortals has ever been told.

Repeat the Chorus p.
No. 208. God Bless Our Mountain Home.

E. S.

TENOR.

Andante con moto.

1. O happy homes among the hills, Where flow a thousand crystal rills; Sur-round-ed by grand mountains 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-

2. Fanned by the cool, soft mountain air, The valleys teem with beau-ties rare; And flow-ers deck the hills and band E'er de-s-e-crate our beau-rous land, Nor war's a-larms dis-turb the

3. May no in-trud-ing hos-tile
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.

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.

Moderato, \( f \)

H. G. WHITNEY.

1. Hark, hark, hark to the class-mates' song! List, list,
2. Shout, shout, shout till the echoes ring! Shout, shout,

list to the class-mates' song! Strong in the fight for truth,
shout forth the song we sing! Firm in the ranks we stand,

Full in the hope of youth, Now joy-ous strains we pro-long.....
United, 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,

Hop-ing, trust-ing, striv-ing, bat-tling on,
Striv-ing for the side of truth a-lone,
Hark to the Classmates' Song.

Resting not until our work is done; Looking upward, marching,
Living for the righteous cause we own; Surely treading onward,

Pressing forward till the fight is nobly won.
Pressing forward till our labor here is done.

REFRAIN.

Hold the faith, keep the truth, this our song shall be; Strong and brave, firm and true, scorn to flinch or flee; Who-e'er assails,

Strong and brave, we scorn to flinch or flee; Who-e'er assails,

right will prevail. This our theme, our constant song shall be...

right will prevail. This our theme, our song shall be.

Memories of Galilee.

SOPRANO.

1. Each coo-ing dove, and sigh-ing bough, That makes the eve so blest to me, Has some-thing far - di-vin-er now, It bears me far.
2. Each flow-ry glen, and moss-y dell, Where hap-py birds in song a-gree, Thro’ sun-ny morn the prais-es tell, Of sights and morn.
3. And when I read the thrilling lore Of Him who walked up-on the sea, I long, oh, how I long once more.

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

And when I read the thrilling lore

BASS.

Has some-thing far - di-vin-er now,

That makes the eve so blest to me, Thro’ sun-ny morn the prais-es tell, I long, oh, how I long once more

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Memories of Galilee.

It bears me back to Galilee.
Of sights and sounds in Galilee.
To follow Him in Galilee.

CHORUS.

O Galilee! sweet Galilee! Where Jesus loved so much to be;
O Galilee! blue Galilee! Come sing thy song again to me.
No. 211. Your Sweet Little Rose-bud Has Left You.

E. R. Snow.

1. Your sweet little rose-bud has left you...... To bloom in a holier sphere; 
He that gave it, in wisdom bereft you;...... Then why should you cherish a tear? 
Your babe in the grave is not sleeping.... She joined her dear sisters above; 
Your babe in the grave is not years of affliction and care. 
Look up and you'll find consolation.... Which God by His Spirit will give; 
And thro' years of affliction and care.

2. They've gone where life's ills cannot find them... They're safe from each danger and snare; 
O how cruel the love that would bind them... To

Q. V. B. EEGSLET.
Your Sweet Little Rose-bud Has Left You.

be-ings now have them in keep-ing, ... In mansions of beau-ty and love.
faith, the rich man-i-fes-ta-tion; ... Those gems, your sweet children, yet live.

CHORUS.

They’re treasures you’ve laid up in heav-en; At pres-ent removed from your
sight; To your bosom again they’ll be giv-en, With ful-ness of joy and de-light.

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.
1. The Seer, the Seer! Joseph the Seer!
2. The Saints, the Saints, his only... pride!

I'll sing of the Prophet ever dear, the Prophet ever dear;
For them he lived, for them he died! he lived, for them he died!
His equal;
Their joys were
The Seer, Joseph the Seer.

now cannot be found, By searching the wide world around.
his, their sorrows too, He loved the Saints, he loved Nau-foo.

With Gods... he soared in the realms of day,
Un - changed in death, with a Sav - ior's love,

CHORUS.

And men he taught the heav'n-ly way, And men he taught the
He pleads their cause in the courts a - bove, He pleads their cause in the
The Seer, Joseph the Seer.

The Seer, the Seer! the Seer! O
heav’n-ly way. The earth-ly Seer! the heav’n-ly Seer! I

love to dwell on his mem-ory dear; The chosen of God and the

friend of man, He brought the Priest-hood back... again;
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—
The Seer, Joseph the Seer.

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,

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.

1. Think gen-tly of the err-ing one; O let us not for-get,
2. Heirs of the same in-her- it-anee, 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;

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.


1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty,
2. My native country, thee, Land of the noble, free,
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fathers' God, to Thee, Author of liberty,

Of thee I sing; Land where my fathers died, Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal tongues awake, Let all that
To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With freedom's

Pilgrims' pride, From every mountain side Let freedom ring.
Templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that above.
breathe par-take, Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
ho-ly light; Pro-tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

Cres.

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.**

1. Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war; With the cross of Jesus Going on before, Christ, the royal Master, Leads against the foe; For-ward into battle, See, His banners go!

2. At the sign of triumph, Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers, On to victory. Hell's foundations quiver At the shout of praise; Brothers, lift your voices, Loud your anthems raise.}

3. Like a mighty army Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading In the triumph-song; Glory, land, and honor, Un-to Christ the King, One in hope and doctrine, One in charity. This thro' countless ages Men and angels sing.

4. Onward, then, ye people, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voices Going on be-fore. Chorus. One in hope and doctrine, One in charity. This thro' countless ages Men and angels sing.

Chorus.

For-ward in-to bat-tle, See, His ban-ners go; Broth-ers, lift your voi-ces, Loud your an-thems raise.}

On-ward, Christ-ian sol-diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je-sus Going on be-fore.
1. When upon life's billows you are tempest-tossed, When you are disconsolate, thinking all is lost, Count your many blessings, name them one by one, And it will surprise you, what the Lord hath done.

2. Are you ever burdened with a load of care? Does the cross seem heavy you are called to bear? Count your many blessings, every one, And doubt will fly, And you will be singing as the days go by.

3. When you look at others with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has promised you His wealth untold; Count your many blessings, money will not buy Your reward in heaven, nor your home on high.

4. So, amid the conflict, whether great or small, Do not be discouraged, God is over all; Count your many blessings, angels will attend, Help and comfort give you to your journey's end.

CHORUS.

Count your blessings, Name them one by one, Count your many blessings, Name them one by one, Count your many blessings, See what God hath done; Count your blessings, See what God hath done; Count your many blessings,
Count Your Blessings.

Name them one by one, Count your many blessings, See what God hath done.

No. 219. Sister, Thou Wast Mild and Lovely.

S. F. Smith.

1. Sister, thou wast mild and lovely, Gentle
2. Peaceful be thy silent slumber, Peaceful
3. Dearest sister, thou hast left us, Here thy
4. Yet again we hope to meet thee, When death's

as the summer breeze, Pleasant as the
in the grave so low; Thou no more wilt
loes we deeply feel; But 'tis God that
gloomy night has fled; Then on earth with

air of evening When it floats among the trees.
join our number, Thou no more our songs shalt know.
hath bereft us, He can all our sorrows heal.
joy to greet thee, Where no bitter tears are shed.
No. 220.  

Lead, Kindly Light.


John B. Dykes.

1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th'en-cir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me on! The night is dark, and I am far from home; on! The night is gone; Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see.... The dis-tant scene; one step e-nough for me. 

2. I was not ev-er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till fears.... Pride ruled my will. Re-mem-ber not past years! smile.... Which I have loved long since, and lost a-while!

3. So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on! The night is gone; I loved the gar-ish day, and, spite of The night is gone, And with the morn those an-gel fa-ces.
1. Uphold the right, tho' fierce the fight, And pow-er-ful the foe, And
freedom's friend, her cause de-fend, Nor fear nor fa- vor show. No
coward can be called a man,— No friend will friends be-tray; Who
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-ties grow?
2. Note how they toil whose aim is spoil, Who plund'ring plots de-vise; Yet
ev-ry act; be wise, in fact, To serve the gen-ral good. Nor
can be ful-fil, then come what will, High heav'n will clear the way.
3. Dare to be true, and hope-ful, too; Be watchful, brave and shrewd; Weigh
can justic-e deign to wrong maintain, Who-ev-er wills it so? Can
part ful-fil, there is no need To give our rights a-way.
4. Left-hand-ed fraud let those ap-plaud Who would by fraud pre-vail; In
time will teach that fools o'er-reach The mark and lose the prize. Can
hon-or mate with treach-'rous hate? Can figs on this-ties grow?
part ful-fil, then come what will, High heav'n will clear the way.
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.

1. Some-where the sun is shin-ing, Somewhere the song-birds dwell;
2. Some-where the day is lon-ger, Somewhere the task is done;
3. Some-where the load is lift-ed, Close by an o-pen gate;

Hush, then, thy sad re-pin-ing, God lives, and all is well.
Somewhere the heart is stron-ger, Somewhere the guer-don won.
Somewhere the clouds are rift-ed, Somewhere the an-gels wait.

CHORUS.

Some-where, Some-where, Beau-ti-ful Isle of Some-where!
Some-where, beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful Isle,

Land of the true where we live a-new,— Beau-ti-ful Isle of Some-where!

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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 living; Have you no God, no
prayed; But oh, how blessings vanish, When man from God has
roam, And how you get your living; Have you no God, no
prayed; But oh, how blessings vanish, When man from God has
home? With stature straight and portly, And decked in native
strayed! Before your nation knew us, Some thousand moons a-
strayed! Before your nation knew us, Some thousand moons a-
home. Then joy will fill your bosoms, And blessings crown our
pride, With feathers, paints and brooches, He willingly replied:
go, Our fathers fell in darkness, And wandered to and fro.
spoke, He'll come for your redemption, And break your Gentile yoke.
days, To live in pure religion, And sing our Maker's praise.

No. 13 is also sung to this music.
No. 225. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

Reginald Heber.  Lowell Mason.

1. From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand;
2. What tho' the spicy breezes Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
3. Shall we, whose souls are lighted With wisdom from on high—
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His story, And you, ye waters, roll,

Where Africa's sunny fountains Roll down their golden sand; From Tho' ev'ry prospect pleas-es, And only man is vile? In Shall we, to men be-night-ed, The lamp of life deny? Sal-Till, like a sea of glory, It spreads from pole to pole; Till

many an ancient river, From many a palm-y plain, vain with lavish kindness The gifts of God are strewn; va-tion! O sal - va-tion! The joyful sound pro-claim, o'er our ransomed na-ture, The Lamb for sin-ners slain,

They call us to deliver Their land from error's chain. The heathen in his blindness Bows down to wood and stone. Till earth's remotest na-tion Has learned Mes-si-ah's name. Re-deem-er, King, Cre-a-tor, In bliss re-turns to reign.

JULIA WARDE HOWE.

1. Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord; He is
2. I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel: "As ye
3. He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat; He is
4. In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across the sea, With a

trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the
deal with my contemporaries, so with you my grace shall deal." Let the Heros,
sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat; Oh, be swift, my
glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me; As He died to

favorful lightning of His terrible, swift sword; His truth is marching on.
born of woman, crush the serpent with His heel, Since God is marching on.
soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet! Our God is marching on.
make men holy, let us die to make men free, While God is marching on.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! His truth is march-ing on.

No. 227. My God, the Spring of All My Joys.

Psalmody. J. G. Fones.

1 My God, the spring of all my joys, The life of my de-lights, The

The life of my de-lights, The glo-ry of my bright-est days,

of my bright-est days, And com-fort of my nights! And

And com-fort of my nights! And com-fort of my nights!

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 I am His!
No. 228. Awake, Ye Saints of God, Awake!

E. R. SNOW. E. STEPHENS.

1. Awake, ye Saints of God, awake! Call on the Lord in mighty prayer, That He will Zion's bondage break, And bring to
2. He will regard His people's cry, The widow's tear, the orphans moan; The blood of those that slaughtered lie, Pleads not in
3. Tho' Zion's foes have counseled deep, Although they bind with fetters strong, The God of Jacob does not sleep; His vengeance

naught the fowl-er's snare, And bring to naught the fowl-er's snare. vain before His throne, Pleads not in vain before His throne. will not slumber long, His vengeance will not slumber 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. 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.

5 With constant faith and fervent prayer, With deep humility of soul, With steadfast mind and heart prepare, To see the eternal purpose roll. 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.


1. Come, Saints of latter days, Unite in cheerful songs; Come,
2. Look down, ye bards, and seers, Who sang in ages past, The
3. Let Zion's foes combine To hold her sons in thrall; Zion,

Sing our Father's praise— To whom all praise belongs. Sing
Zion of your dreams Established is at last. Zion,

for........ the joyful time, By prophets long foretold, The
on........ is famed afar, And more renowned shall be; Be-
in........... His own good time, Will crown the pure and true; God

age of truths sublime........ Our mortal eyes behold.
hold! the rising star........ Whose brightness kings shall see.
will be glorified........ What'er the nations do.
No. 230. When the Mists Have Cleared Away.

ANNA HERBERT.

Andante.

H. H. PETERSEN.

1. When the mists have rolled in splendor
   From the beauty of the hills,

2. If we err in human blindness,
   And forget that we are dust,—

3. When the mists have risen above us,
   As our Father knows His own,

And the sunshine, warm and tender,
   Falls in kisses on the rills,—

If we miss the law of kindness
   When we struggle to be just,—

Face to face with those that love us,
   We shall know as we are known.

We may read love's shining letter
   In the rainbow of the spray;

Snowy vines of peace shall cover
   All the pain that hides away,

Lo! beyond the orient shadows
   Floats the golden fringe of day,

We shall know each other better
   When the mists have cleared away.

When the weary watch is over,
   And the mists have cleared away.

Heart to heart we bide the shadows,
   Till the mists have cleared away.

CHORUS.

When the mists have cleared away.

When the mists have cleared away,
When the Mists Have Cleared Away.

mists...... have cleared a-way; We shall know each oth-er
When the mists have cleared a-way;

better When the mists...... have cleared a-way.
When the mists have cleared a-way.

No. 231.  Morn Amid the Mountains.

p Andantino. Cres.  p

1. Morn a-mid the mountains! Love-ly sol-i-tude! Gushing streams and
2. Now the glad sun break-ing Pours a gold-en flood; Deep-est vales a-
3. Hymns of praise are ring-ing Thro' the leaf-y wood—Songsters sweet-ly
4. Wake, and join the cho-rus, Thou with soul en-dued; He whose smile is

foun-tains, Mur-mur, "God is good! God is good!"
wak-ing, Ech-o, "God is good! God is good!"
sing-ing, War-ble, "God is good! God is good!"
o'er us, God, oh, God is good! God is good!
No. 232.  

My Father Knows.

S. M. L. Henley.  
E. O. Excell.

1. I know my heav'nly Father knows The storms that would my way oppose;
2. I know my heav'nly Father knows The balm I need to soothe my woes,
3. I know my heav'nly Father knows How frail I am to meet my foes;
4. I know my heav'nly Father knows The hour my journey here will close;

But He can drive the clouds a-way, And turn my darkness into day,
And with His touch of love divine, He heals this wounded soul of mine,
But He my cause will e'er defend, Up-hold and keep me to the end,
And may that hour, O faithful Guide, Find me safe sheltered by Thy side,

CHORUS.

And turn my darkness into day.
He heals this wounded soul of mine.
Up-hold and keep me to the end.
Find me safe sheltered by Thy side.

I'm sure He knows The storms that would my way oppose;
He knows My Father knows;

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My Father Knows.

knows, He knows, And tempers ev'-ry wind that blows.
My Father knows, I'm sure He knows, the wind that blows.

No. 233. Sing to the Great Jehovah's Praise.

C. Wesley.  E. Bridges.

1. Sing to the great Jehova's praise; All praise to Him be-
2. His providence has brought us through another var-
3. Father, Thy mercies past we own, Thy still contin-
4. Our lips and lives shall gladly show The wonders of Thy

longs; Who kindly lengthens out our days, Who kindly
year; We all, with vows and anthems new, We all, with
care; To Thee presenting, through Thy Son, To Thee pre-
love, While on in Jesus' steps we go, While on in

Cres.

lengthens out our days, Demands our choicest songs.
vows and anthems new, Before our God appear.
senting, through Thy Son, What-e'er we have or are.
Jesus' steps we go To seek Thy face above.
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

my 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-ten-ce has heard her prayer, And cries, "It shall be done," some-

Sometime, Somewhere.

Sometime, Somewhere.
You shall have your desire, sometime, somewhere.

Sometime, Somewhere.
The Lord will answer you, sometime, somewhere.

Sometime, Somewhere.
His glory you shall see, sometime, somewhere.

Sometime, Somewhere.
And cries, "It shall be done," sometime, somewhere.

No. 235. Down By the River's Verdant Side.

1. Down by the river's verdant side, Low by the solitary tide,
2. For they who wast-ed Zi-on's bow'rs, And laid in dust her ruined towers,
3. How shall we tune those lofty strains On Bab-y-lon's pol- lu-ted plains,
4. 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-ra-el'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 un-strung;

And on the bend-ing willows 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 destruc-tion'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.

1. For our de - vo - tions, Fa - ther, we In - voke Thy Spir - it
2. In Sab - bath hours, what peace, what rest, What food, what life, dost
3. Pass to each one the bro - ken bread, Give each the cup — a
4. And when the word comes clothed in pow’r, Truth gives its sure, un -

us to aid; From world-ly tho’ts, oh, set us free, To trust the
Thou im - part! One day in sev’n, — of days the best, — This or - der
to - ken true; Dis - ci - ples by the Priest-hood led In the true
err - ing sound; Comes there a more re - fresh - ing show’r In all of

prom - ise Je - sus made, To trust the prom - ise Je - sus made:
shows how wise Thou art, This or - der shows how wise Thou art.
gos - pel, old, yet new, In the true gos - pel, old, yet new.
du - ty’s sa - cred round? In all of du - ty’s sa - cred round?

"When, in my name, but two or three Shall meet, I there will
O pre - cious boon, when Saints can meet As one a - round the
What strength in cov’nants so re - newed, And with the Spir - it’s
From ben - e - dic - tion Saints re - tire, And hearts are warmed by
Sacramental.

Surely be! Shall meet, I there will surely be!

Mercy-seat! As one around the mercy-seat!

Life imbued! And with the Spirit it's life imbued!

New desire! And hearts are warmed by new desire!

No. 237. How Dark and Gloomy Was the Night.

R. ALDIDGE.

1. How dark and gloomy was the night When Satan did his night be-tray.
2. O how each heart did throb with fear When He proclaimed the night be-tray his Lord.
3. The hour arrived; He took the cup, Like-wise the bread, and tent shall share my rest.
4. "When you shall meet, do this," He cried, "United in my ways re-member me, And then, al-

pow'r's ar-ray A-against the Prince of life and light, And Judas sem-bled here Who will this brake and blest; "If I," said He, "be lift-ed up, The pen-i-tent shall share my rest."

sol-emn word, "There's one of you as-sem-bled here Who will this doctrine be, In union, love and peace a-bide, And then, al-

did his Lord be-tray, And Judas did his Lord be-tray! night be-tray his Lord, Who will this night be-tray his Lord!

tent shall share my rest, The pen-i-tent shall share my rest." ways re-mem-ber me, And then, al-ways re-mem-ber me."
1. Let us pause in life's pleasures And count its many tears, While we
all sorrow with the poor; There's a song that will linger For-
frail forms fainting at the door; Tho' their voices are silent, Their
worn heart whose better days are o'er; Tho' her voice would be merry, 'Tis
wail that is heard upon the shore, 'Tis a dirge that is murmured A-
ev-er in our ears; Oh! hard times, come again no more.
pleading looks will say— Oh! hard times, come again no more.
sighing all the day— Oh! hard times, come again no more.
round the lowly grave— Oh! hard times, come again no more.

2. While we seek mirth and beauty, And music light and gay, There are
There's a pale, drooping maiden, Who toils her life away, With a
'Tis a sigh that is wafted, Across the troubled wave, 'Tis a

3. There's a pale, drooping maiden, Who toils her life away, With a
All sup sorrow with the poor; There's a song that will linger For-
frail forms fainting at the door; Tho' their voices are silent, Their
worn heart whose better days are o'er; Tho' her voice would be merry, 'Tis
wail that is heard upon the shore, 'Tis a dirge that is murmured A-
ev-er in our ears; Oh! hard times, come again no more.
pleading looks will say— Oh! hard times, come again no more.
sighing all the day— Oh! hard times, come again no more.
round the lowly grave— Oh! hard times, come again no more.

4. 'Tis a sigh that is wafted, Across the troubled wave, 'Tis a
All sup sorrow with the poor; There's a song that will linger For-
frail forms fainting at the door; Tho' their voices are silent, Their
worn heart whose better days are o'er; Tho' her voice would be merry, 'Tis
wail that is heard upon the shore, 'Tis a dirge that is murmured A-
ev-er in our ears; Oh! hard times, come again no more.
pleading looks will say— Oh! hard times, come again no more.
sighing all the day— Oh! hard times, come again no more.
round the lowly grave— Oh! hard times, come again no more.

5. 'Tis a dirge that is murmured A-
ev-er in our ears; Oh! hard times, come again no more.
pleading looks will say— Oh! hard times, come again no more.
sighing all the day— Oh! hard times, come again no more.
round the lowly grave— Oh! hard times, come again no more.
Hard Times, Come Again No More.

CHORUS.

Tis the song, the sigh of the weary; Hard times, hard times, come again no more; Many days you have lingered around my cabin door, Oh! hard times, come again no more.

No. 239. Go, Ye Messengers of Heaven.

F. CHRISTENSEN.

1. Go, ye messengers of heaven, Chosen by divine command;
2. Go to island, vale and mountain, To fulfill the great command;
3. When your thousands all are gathered, And their prayers for you ascend,
4. Then the song of joy and transport Will from every land resound;

Go and publish free salvation To a dark, benighted land.
Gather out the sons of Jacob, To possess the promised land.
And the Lord has crowned with blessings All the labors of your hand,
Then the heathen, long in darkness, By their Savior will be crowned.
1. Truth reflects upon our senses,
   Gospel light reveals to some;
2. Jesus said, Be meek and lowly,
   For 'tis high to be a judge;
3. Once I said unto another,
   In thine eye there is a mote;
4. If I love my brother dearer,
   And his mote I would erase,
5. Charity and love are healing,
   These will give the clearest sight;

If there still should be offenses,
Woe to them by whom they come.
If I would be pure and holy,
I must love without a grudge.
If thou art a friend, a brother,
Hold, and let me pull it out.
Then the light should shine the clearer,
For the eye's a tender place.
When I saw my brother's failing,
I was not exactly right.

Judge not, that you be not judged,
Was the counsel Jesus gave;
It requires a constant labor
All His precepts to obey;
But I could not see it fairly,
For my sight was very dim;
Others I have oft reproved,
For an object like a mote;
Now I'll take no further trouble,
Jesus' love is all my theme;

Measure given, large or grudged,
Just the same you must receive.
If I truly love my neighbor,
I am in the narrow way.
When I came to search more clearly,
In mine eye there was a beam.
Now I wish this beam removed,
Oh, that tears would wash it out!
Little motes are but a bubble,
When I think upon the beam.
No. 241. I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

MARY BROWN. CONSECRATION. CARROLL E. ROUNSEFELL.

Andante.

1. It may not be on the mountain's height, O 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 battle'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 labor thro' life's short day For Jesus the crucified,  

But if by a still, small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,  
O Savior, if Thou wilt be my guide, The 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;
No. 242. Cast Thy Bread Upon the Waters.

J. H. HANFORD.

ALTO.

FRANK A. SIMPSON.

1. Cast thy bread upon the waters, thinking not 'tis thrown away;
2. Cast thy bread upon the waters, why wilt thou still doubting stand?
3. Give them freely of thy substance, O'er this cause the Lord doth reign;

TENOR.

God Himself saith thou shalt gather it again some future day;
Bounteous shall God send the harvest, if thou sowest with liberal hand;
Cast thy bread and toil with patience, Thou shalt labor not in vain;

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Casting thy bread upon the waters,
Though the waves seem dark to men;
Sorrow will be turned to laughter,
When thou findest it again.

Casting thy bread upon the waters,
Though the waves seem dark to men;
Sorrow will be turned to laughter,
When thou findest it again.

Casting thy bread upon the waters,
Though the waves seem dark to men;
Sorrow will be turned to laughter,
When thou findest it again.
No. 243. Dear to the Heart of the Shepherd.

Mrs. MARY B. WINGATE.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Dear to the heart of the Shepherd, Dear are the
   sheep of His fold; Dear is the love that He gives them,
   newer than silver or gold. Dear to the
   heart of the Shepherd, Dear are His "other" lost sheep;

2. Dear to the heart of the Shepherd, Dear are the
   lambs of His fold; Some from the pastures are straying,
   hungry, and helpless, and cold. See, the good
   Shepherd is seeking, Seeking the lambs that are lost;

3. Dear to the heart of the Shepherd, Dear are the
   " ninety and nine;" Dear are the sheep that have wandered
   out in the desert to pine. Hark! He is
   ear-restly calling, Tenderly pleading to day;

4. Green are the pastures inviting, Sweet are the
   waters and " still;" Lord, we will answer Thee gladly,
   true under-shepherds, Give us a love that is deep;

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Dear to the Heart of the Shepherd.

Over the mountains He follows, Over the
Bringing them in with rejoicing, Saved at such
"Will you not seek for my lost ones, Off from my
Send us out into the desert, Seeking Thy

Over the mountains He follows, Over the
Bringing them in with rejoicing, Saved at such
"Will you not seek for my lost ones, Off from my
Send us out into the desert, Seeking Thy

CHORUS.

Waters so deep,
infinite cost.
shelter a stray!

Out in the desert they wander,

Hungry, and helpless, and cold; Off to the

rescue (He hastens,) Bringing them back to the fold.

(4th verse,) (well hastens,)
No. 244. What Shall the Harvest Be?

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."—Gal. 6:7.


1. Sowing the seed by the day-light fair, Sowing the seed by the noon-day glare,
   Sowing the seed by the fading light, Sowing the seed in the solemn night;
2. Sowing the seed by the way-side high, Sowing the seed on the rocks to die,
   Sowing the seed where the thorns will spoil, Sowing the seed in the fertile soil;
3. Sowing the seed of a lingering pain, Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,
   Sowing the seed of a tarnished name, Sowing the seed of eternal shame;
4. Sowing the seed with an aching heart, Sowing the seed while the tear-drops start,
   Sowing in hope till the reapers come, Gladly to gather the harvest home:

Oh, what shall the harvest be? Oh, what shall the harvest be?

Used by permission.
What Shall the Harvest Be?

CHORUS.
Sown ... in the darkness, or sown ... in the

Sown in the darkness or sown in the light, Sown in the darkness or

light ... Sown ... in our weakness or

sown in the light, Sown in our weakness or sown in our might,

Sown ... in our might ... Gathered in time or e-

Sown in our weakness or sown in our might, Gathered in time or e-

ter-ni-ty, Sure, ah, sure will the harvest be ...

ter-ni-ty ... Sure, ah, sure will the harvest, harvest be.
No. 245. Pilgrim Chorus.

IN UNISON. Slow.

From a far, gracious Lord, Thou didst gather Thy flock on these shores of the ocean; Thee they owned as their God and their fathers; And when left wretched in the wild waste forlorn, Still they served Thee with steadfast devotion. Hear the cry which their children are sending, With the accents of penitence.
Pilgrim Chorus.

blend-ing, Save Thy peo-ple from per-ill and scorn.

ALL PARTS.

Oh, let peace bend its i-ris arch o'er... us, Gen-tle breezes and

waves, with our voi-ces, Sing of light, love, and free-dom in

cho-rus, Till the E-den of old be re-newed.

Ah! our sins would call down Thy dis-pleas-ure, But Thy
Pilgrim Chorus.

good-ness the sad heart re-joices; 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, 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-ten the lone-ly, the drear-y; Go, comfort the weep-ing, the wear-y;
2. Go for-th, giv-ing laugh-ter for sigh-ing; Go, car-ry sweet hope to the dy-ing;
3. Where-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 bright-er to-day!
Go forth with the sin-ful to pray; Oh, make the world bright-er to-day!
The wants of His dear ones al-lay; Oh, make the world bright-er to-day!

CHORUS.

Make... the world brighter! Go glad-ly a-long;
Make, oh, make the world bright-er to-day! Go glad-ly, go glad-ly a-long;

Make... the world brighter With sunshine and song;
Make, oh, make the world bright-er to-day With sunshine, with sunshine and song!

Make... the world brighter, Oh, make the world bright-er with song!
Make, oh, make the world bright-er to-day,

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1. In a world where sorrow 
Ever will be known, 
Where are found the 
need-y, And the sad and lone; 
How much joy and comfort

day-ly Lit-tle kind-ly deeds; 
Oh, what care and sorrow

pin-ing With a cour-age strong; 
Go with faith un-dau nt-ed

2. Slight-est ac-tions oft-en 
Meet the sor-est needs, 
For the world wants
You can all be-stow, 
If you scat-ter sun-shine Ev-ry-where you go.

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 comfort

day-ly Lit-tle kind-ly deeds; 
Oh, what care and sorrow

pin-ing With a cour-age strong; 
Go with faith un-dau nt-ed

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;

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.

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No. 248.

Luther's Cradle Hymn.

MARTIN LUTHER.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Away in a manger, No crib for His bed, The little Lord
2. The cattle were lowing,—The poor baby wakes; But little Lord
3. Be near me, Lord Jesus; I ask Thee to stay Close by me for-

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I'll Be a Sunbeam.

To my grandson, Edwin O. Excell, Jr.

NELLIE TALBOT.

UNISON.

1. Jesus wants me for a sunbeam, To shine for Him each day;
2. Jesus wants me to be loving, And kind to all I see;
3. I will ask Jesus to help me, To keep my heart from sin;
4. I'll be a sunbeam for Jesus; I can, if I but try;

In every way try to please Him, At home, at school, at play.
Show-ing how pleasant and happy His little one can be.
Ever reflecting His goodness, And always shine for Him.
Serving Him moment by moment, Then live with Him on high.

CHORUS.

A sunbeam, a sunbeam, Jesus wants me for a sunbeam;

A sunbeam, a sunbeam, I'll be a sunbeam 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,

Do your du-ty with a heart full of song;
We

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.

Jos. J. Daynes.

1. Glorious things are sung of Zion, Enoch's city seen of old,
   Where the righteous, being perfect, Walked with God in streets of gold:
   Love and virtue, faith and wisdom, Grace and gifts were all combined;
   As himself each loved his neighbor; All were of one heart and mind;

2. There they shunned the pow'r of Satan, And observed celestial laws,
   For in Adam-on-di-Ahman Zion rose where Eden was.
   When beyond the pow'r of evil, So that none could covet wealth,
   One continual feast of blessings Crowned their days with peace and health;

3. Then the towers of Zion glittered Like the sun in yonder skies,
   And the wicked stood and trembled, Filled with wonder and surprise:
   Then their faith and works were perfect—Lo! they followed their great Head;
   So the city went to heaven, And the world said Zion's fled!

4. When the Lord returns with Zion, And we hear the watchman cry,
   Then we'll surely be united, And we'll all see eye to eye;
   Then we'll mingle with the angels, And the Lord will bless His own;
   Then the earth will be as Eden, And we'll know as we are known;

5. And when the Lord returns, And the watchman cries, We'll surely be united, And we'll all see eye to eye;
   Then we'll mingle with the angels, And the Lord will bless His own;
   Then the earth will be as Eden, And we'll know as we are known;
Glorious Things are Sung of Zion.

As himself each loved his neighbor; All were of one heart and mind. 
One continual feast of blessings Crowned their days with peace and health. 
So the city went to heav-en, And the world said Zion's fled!
Then the earth will be as Eden, And we'll know as we are known.

No. 252. What Glorious Scenes Mine Eyes Behold.

1. What glorious scenes mine eyes behold! What glories burst upon my view! When Ephraim's record I unfold, All things appear divinely new.
2. Angels to earth good news have borne, Which fills our souls with joy and peace; Good news to comfort those who mourn, And bring the captive full release.
3. Israel so long oppressed and grieved, In every land, in ev'ry clime Shall hear the word of God, and live! This is the time, the chosen time, This is the time, the chosen time.
1. Oh, hush thee, my baby, a story I'll tell, How little Lord Jesus on earth came to dwell; How in a far country, 'way over the sea, Was born a wee baby, my dear one, like thee, one led the way, And stood o'er the place where the dear baby lay. quiet He lay, This little child Jesus, asleep on the hay.

2. The story was told by the angels so bright, As 'round them was shining a heavenly light; The stars shone out brightly, but stranger, no crib for a bed; Down low in a manger so

3. The shepherds here found Him, as angels had said, The poor little

CHORUS.

Lullaby, baby, lullaby, dear, Sleep, little baby, have nothing to fear;
Christmas Cradle Song.

Lullaby, baby, lullaby, dear, Jesus will care for His little one here.

No. 254. Shine On.

1. My light is but a little one, My light of faith and prayer; But
2. I may not hide my little light, The Lord has told me so; 'Tis
3. O little light, shine on, shine on, In this dark heart of mine; Un-

CHORUS.

lo! it glows like God's great sun, For it was lighted there.} Shine on,
{ given me to keep in sight, That all may see it glow.} shine on,
til another soul be drawn To seek the light divine.

shine on, Shine on bright and clear; Shine on, shine on, The day is near.
No. 255.  
My Father Knows.

L. E. N.

SOLO and CHORUS.  
LAURA E. NEWELL.

With expression.

1. My weary heart is fill'd with pain, And burdened with its weight of woes, Life seems a dreary, sad refrain, And yet I feel my Father knows; He knows what path for me is leads me where life's water flows; 'Tis only just a little I will wait and trust and pray; I'm trusting him for strength di-

2. And so I clasp his hand in mine, While he his peace on me be
donstrous. His peace and tender love divine, And I'm trusting him for strength di-

3. My Father knows, and I can rest, Tho' oft 'mid thorny paths I stray, His will is mine! he know-eth best, And leads me where life's water flows; 'Tis only just a little I will wait and trust and pray; I'm trusting him for strength di-

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My Father Knows.

My Father knows! my Father knows! my Father knows! my Father knows!

My Father knows! my Father knows! my Father knows! my Father knows!

My Father knows! my Father knows! my Father knows! my Father knows!

REFRAIN: Moderato.

My Father knows, my Father knows, my Father knows, my Father knows.

My Father knows, my Father knows, my Father knows, my Father knows.

My Father knows, my Father knows, my Father knows, my Father knows.

His tender hand doth lead the way.

My Father knows, my Father knows, my Father knows! My Father knows, my Father knows! My Father knows, my Father knows! My Father knows, my Father knows!
1. Rocked in the cradle of the deep, I lay me down in peace to sleep; So
2. Such be the trust that still were mine, Tho' stormy winds sweep o'er the brine, Or

secure I rest upon the wave, For Thou, O Lord, hast pow'r to save. I
tho' the tempest's fiery breath Rouse me from sleep to wreck and death; In

know Thou wilt not slight my call, For Thou dost mark the sparrow's fall; And
ocean cave, still safe with Thee, The germ of immortality. And

calm and peaceful is my sleep, Rocked in the cradle of the deep; And

calm and peaceful is my sleep, Rocked in the cradle of the deep.
No. 257. The Last Rose of Summer.

1. 'Tis the last rose of summer, Left blooming alone; 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 shinning

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-reflect 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.
kind ones are flown, Oh, who would in-hab-it This bleak world a- lone!

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' grow-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,

And for bon-nie An-nie Lau-rie, I'd lay me down and die.
Our Angels.
(Song for Zion's Little Ones.)

LOUISA L. GREENE-RICHARDS.
TREBLES AND ALTOS.

1. Little ones, come! we will worship together;
   Offer thanks—which the kind
   Winter's cold weather; And 'mid the summer's heat, faith makes us strong.

2. Learning life's duties, and wooing those graces
   Which the kind
   Smiling our faces, Not with much laughter, for that would be sin.

3. O that His work, and the time, may be hastened,
   When, like the
   Softened and chastened, That we His presence may safely endure.

Sva.

Part 1.

Softly, sing softly! Our angels are 'round us, Joyfully
Softly, sing softly! Our angels are near us; When we are
Softly, sing softly! He hears us and sees us! Let us u-
Our Angels.

bearing our praise to the Lord; If meek, and loy-ing, and pure, as we’re striv-ing to be. We shall see them as they ni-ted-ly seek for His grace; Bless us, Thy lit-tle ones,

true they have found us, Great is God’s prom ise to us, of re-ward. see us, and hear us— E -ven our Sav-ior Him -self we shall see. dea -rest Lord Je-sus; O make us wor -thy to look on Thy face!

No. 260. Who are These Arrayed in White.

No. 260. Who are These Arrayed in White.

De CURCY. S. B. MARSH. Fine.

1. [Who are these ar-rayed in white, Bright-er than the noon-day sun,
   Fore-most of the sons of light, Near-est the e - ter-nal throne?]
   D. C.—Suff -ers in His righteous cause, Followers of the liv -ing God.

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.
1. Have I done any good in the world to-day? Have I helped any-

2. There are chances for work all around just now, Opportunities

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 indeed. Has any one's burden been lighter to-day, go and do something to-day. 'Tis noble of man to work and to give,

Because I was willing to share? Have the sick and the weary been Love's labor has merit alone; Only he who does something is

A tempo. Chorus.

helped on their way? When they needed my help, was I there? Then wake up, and worthy to live, The world has no use for the drone. Then wake, wake up,

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Have I Done Any Good?

I— I— I—

Do some- thing more Than dream of your man- sion a- bove; Do-ing your man- sion a- bove;

... good is a pleasure, a joy beyond measure, A blessing of duty and love.

No. 262.

O Lord of Hosts.

1. O Lord of Hosts, we now in-voke Thy Spir- it most di- vine,
2. May we for-ev-er think of Thee, And of Thy suf-f’rings sore,
3. Pre-pare our minds that we may see The beau-ties of Thy grace;

To cleanse our hearts while we par-take The bro-ken bread and wine.

En- dured for us on Gal-va-ry, And praise Thee ev-er-more.
Sal-va-tion pur-chased on that tree For all who seek Thy face.

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.

1. We'll sing the songs of Zion, Though now in distant lands;
2. O Zion! long predicted By Seers and Saints of old,
3. When Zion reached the mountains, They gave their golden store,
4. From Zion's favored valley, Shines Gospel light and grace,

Our harps shall not be lying Un-touched by skilful hands.
The blessings they de-picted And beauties we behold;
And all the limpid fountains Did healing virtu-es pour.
And millions soon will rally A-round her gath'ring place,

The winds in flitting breezes Will sweep the sound-ing string.
Thy walls are sure sal-va-tion, And all thy gates are praise,
Where reigned but gloomy sadness, And earth seemed in repose.
Where ev'ry law of heav-en, Whose coun-cils do de-sign

If Saints neglect to sing.
And tune its loft-y praises, If Saints neglect to sing.
A peace-ful hab-i-ta-tion, In these the latter days.
Re-sound the song of glad-ness, And blossoms forth the rose.
To save us, will be given With-in her sacred shrine.

No. 22 is also sung to this music.
No. 264. Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

P. P. B.  P. P. Bliss.

1. Brightly beams our Father's mercy From His light-house ev - er - more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set-tied, Loud the an - gry bil-lows roar;
3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my broth-er; Some poor sail - or, tem-pest tossed,

But to us He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a - long the shore.
Ea - ger eyes are watch-ing, long-ing, For the lights a - long the shore.
Try-ing now to make the har - bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.

Let the low - er lights be burn - ing! Send a gleam a - cross the wave!

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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. 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's 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 trumpet 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. Stagney.
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