Relief Society Song Book
A collection of selected hymns and songs especially arranged for the use of the Relief Societies of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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By EMMELINE B. WELLS
For General Board Relief Society
OPENING HYMNS.

No. 1. Lord, We Come Before Thee Now.

Hammond. C. M. von Weber.

Moderato.

1. Lord, we come before Thee now, At Thy feet we humbly bow;
2. In Thine own appointed way, Now we seek Thee; here we stay;
3. Send some message from Thy word, That may joy and peace afford;
4. Grant we all may seek and find Thee, our gracious God, and kind;

Do not Thou our suit disdain; Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?
Lord, from hence we would not go, Till a blessing Thou bestow.
Comfort those who weep and mourn, Let "the time of love" return.
Heal the sick, the captive free, Let us all rejoice in Thee.

No. 2. O God, Our Help.


1. O God, our help in ages past, Our hope for years to come,
2. Within the shadow of Thy throne Still may we dwell secure;
3. Before the hills in order stood, Or earth received her frame,

Our shelter from the stormy blast, And our eternal home.
Sufficient is Thine arm alone, And our defense is sure.
From everlasting Thou art God, To endless years the same.

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No. 3.  

To Thee, O God.  

To know Thy character is such As 'twas in former days!
The brightest of perfect ed pow'r And majesty are Thine.
That man, tho' lost, can now regain A pure, celestial birth;
When they, transformed to be like Thee, Shall all Thy light impart,

To Thee, O God, we do approach With gratitude and praise,
Thou dwellest in the purest light, Where truth and glory shine;
Yet thanks be to Thy holy name For truth restored to earth,
What honor, glory and renown Await the pure in heart,

That Thou hast made us in Thy form, Tho' now we fallen be;
But man, alas! how prone to sin, How subject to disease!
And be restored to Thy bright form Thro' constancy and love,
And have eternal lives to give, Kingdoms and worlds to sway,

Yet still in fashion, though a worm, We'll rise to life with Thee.
Deformed and fallen, touched by death, He bends to every breeze.
To see Thy face and live with Thee On earth and heav'n above.
And neither pain nor sorrow feel Throughout eternal day.
Beneath this Sacred Roof.

1. Beneath this sacred roof we meet To sing to Thee and pray,
   Our hearts attuned to holy thoughts We worship here to-day.

2. Remove from us all worldly care, And fix our thoughts on Thee;
   Deliver us from sinful hearts, From evil set us free.

The rich out-pouring of Thy love In spreading waves bestow,
Our feeble lamps renew with oil And charge our souls a-new

That we may early learn Thy word, And serve Thee here below.
With quick'ning graces from Thy throne, With light divinely true.
No. 5.  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, Cast-ing 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— Nev-er trou-ble us a-gain—
To the hast-y words and ac-tions Strewn a-long our back-ward track!

Let us find our sweet-est com-fort In the bless-ings of to-day,
Strange that sum-mer skies and sun-shine Nev-er seem one-half so fair
Would the bright eyes of our dar-ling Catch the frown up-on our brow?—
How those lit-tle hands re-mind us, As in snow-y grace they lie,

With a pa-tient hand re-mov-ing All the bri-ars from the way.
As when win-ter's snow-y pin-ions Shake the white down in the air.
Would the prints of ros-y fin-gers Vex us then as they do now?
Not to scat-ter thorns—but ros-es—For our reap-ing by and by.
Scatter Seeds of Kindness.

CHORUS.

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

Then scatter seeds of kindness For our reaping by and by.

No. 6. Hear Us Pray.

ANNIE MALIN. Arr. from GOTTESCHALK.

1. God, our Father, hear us pray, Send Thy grace this holy day;
2. Grant us, Father, grace divine, May Thy smile upon us shine;
3. As we drink the water clear, Let Thy Spirit linger near;

As we take of emblems blest, On our Saviour's love we rest.
As we eat the broken bread, Thine approbation on us shed.
Par-don faults, O Lord, we pray, Bless our efforts day by day.
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 know-est all our weakness, Leave us not to sow a lone!

Scattered on the level lowland, Cast up on the windy hill;
Seeds cast out in crowded places, Trod 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 mealy, ripened ears;

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. 8. Gome, Listen to a Prophet's Voice.

Allegro marcatto.

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 apace, Is banished by our living Head, And God has shown His light. Full well assured, all are accursed Who Jesus Christ destroy.

2. The gloom of sullen darkness, spread Thro' earth's extended face. Through erring schemes, in days now past, The world has gone any. The Saviour to His people saith, Let all my words o-yore; Another Prophet now is sent, This knowledge to restore.

3. 'Tis not in man they put their trust, Or on his arm rely, Bastished by our living Head, And God has shown His light. Full well assured, all are accursed Who Jesus Christ destroy.

4. 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 any. The Saviour to His people saith, Let all my words o-yore; Another Prophet now is sent, This knowledge to restore.

5. God, And in the way of truth rejoice, And sing for joy apace, Is banished by our living Head, And God has shown His light. Full well assured, all are accursed Who Jesus Christ destroy.

6. 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 any. The Saviour to His people saith, Let all my words o-yore; Another Prophet now is sent, This knowledge to restore.
Onward, Christian Soldiers.

1. Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war; With the cross of Jesus, Going on before. Christ, the royal Master, Leads against the foe;

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;

3. Like a mighty army Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading Where the saints have trod; We are not divided, All one body we, In the triumph song; Glory, land and honor Un to Christ, the King.

4. Onward, then, ye people, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voices Going on before. Christ, the royal Master, Leads against the foe;

Chorus.

For ward into battle, See, His banners go!
Brothers, lift your voices, Loud your anthems raise. Onward, Christian
One in hope and doctrine, One in charity.
This through countless ages Men and angels sing.

sol diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Jesus Going on before.

war, With the cross of Jesus

Going on before.
No. 10.  
Catch the Sunshine.

Allegretto.  
G. F. Root.

1. Catch the sunshine! tho' it flickers Thro' a dark and dismal cloud,
2. Catch the sunshine! tho' life's tempest May unfurl its chilling blast,
3. Catch the sunshine! don't be grieving O'er that dark-some bil-low there!

Tho' it falls so faint and feeble On a heart with sorrow bowed,
Catch the little, hopeful straggler! Storms will not forever last;
Life's a sea of stormy bil-lows, We must meet them ev'-ry-where.

Catch it quickly! it is passing, Passing rapidly a-way;
Don't give up and say "for-saken," Don't begin to say "I'm sad!"
Pass right thro' them, do not tarry, Over-come the heaving tide,

Rit.

It has only come to tell you There is yet a bright-er day.
Look! there comes a gleam of sunshine! Catch it! oh, it seems so glad.
There's a sparkling gleam of sunshine Waiting on the other side.
1. Tho’ deep’ning trials thron’ your way, Press on, press
2. Tho’ out’ward ills a-wait us here, The time at
3. Lift up your hearts in praise to God, Let your re-
4. All glo-ry to His ho-ly name, Who sends His

on, ye Saints of God! Ere long the res-
long-est is not long Ere Je-sus Christ will
joic-ings nev-er cease; Tho’ trib-u-la-
faith-ful serv-ants forth To prove the na-

re-cation day Will spread its life and light a-
re-ap-pear Sur-round-ed by a glo-ri-ous
rage a-roast Christ says, “In me ye shall have
to pro-claim Sal-va-tion’s ti-dings thro’ the

broad, Will spread its life and light a-broad.
through, Sur-round-ed by a glo-rious through.
peace,” Christ says, “In me ye shall have peace.”
earth, Sal-va-tion’s ti-dings thro’ the earth.
No. 12.  
Lead, Kindly Light.

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid th’en-cir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me
2. I was not ev-er thus, nor pray’d that Thou Shouldst lead me
3. So long Thy pow’r hath blast me, sure it still Will lead me

The night is dark and I am far from home! Lead Thou me
I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me
O’er moor and fen, o’er crag and torrent, till The night is

Keep Thou my feet! I do not ask to
I loved the gar-lish day, and, spite of
gone, And with the morn those an-gel fac-es

The dis-tant scene! one step e-nough for me.
Fears....Pride ruled my will, re-mem-ber not past years.
smile....Which I have lov’d long since, and lost a-while.
No. 13.  

Do What Is Right.

1. Do what is right! the day-dawn is break-ing, Hail-ing a
   fu-ture of free-dom and light; An-gels a-bove us are
   si-lent notes tak-ing Of ev'-ry ac-tion; do what is right!
   free-dom in spir-it and might; And with stout hearts look ye

2. Do what is right! the shack-les are fall-ing, Chains of the
   bondsmen no lon-ger are bright; Lightened by hope, soon they'll
   cease to be gall-ing; Truth go-eth on-ward; do what is right!
   long will be tear-les-s; Bless-ings a-wait you; do what is right!

3. Do what is right! be faith-ful and fear-less, On-ward, press
   on-ward, the goal is in sight; Eyes that are wet now, ere

   CHORUS.
   Do what is right, let the con-sequence fol-low; Bat-tle for
   fre-e-dom in spir-its and might; And with stout hearts look ye
Do What Is Right.

forth till to-mor-row; God will pro-tect you; do what is right!


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

1. Earth, with her ten thou-sand 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-fi-nite ex-pan-se, Sea's re-splen-dent coun-te-nance,
Of the breeze and of the bird, By the gen-tie 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.
No. 15. The Lord Is My Light.

J. NICHOLSON. (transposed.) J. R. SWENNY.

1. The Lord is my light—fear why should I fear? By day and by night
2. The Lord is my light, tho' 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 sorrow and sin, This looks up thro' the skies, Where Jesus forever in glory doth reign—Then I'll conquer at length; My weakness in mercy He covers with power, And, no darkness at all; He is my Redeemer, my Saviour and King—With

Chorus.

blessed assurance the Spirit doth bring. The Lord... is my how can I ever in darkness remain? walking by faith, I am blest every hour. saints and with angels His praises I'll sing. is my light, the

light, He is my joy and my song... By day... Lord is my light, He is my joy, and my song, and by night,
The Lord Is My Light.

and by night.... He leads, He leads me a-long.

by day and by night

No. 16. Redeemer of Israel.

W. W. Phelps.

1. Redeem-er of Is-rael, Our on-ly de-light, On
   whom for a bless-ing we call, Our shad-ow by
   day, And our pil-lar by night, Our
   King, our De-liv-"rer, our all!

2. We know He is com-ing To gath-er His shee-p, And
   lead them to Zi-on in love; For why in the
ev-al-ley Of death should they weep, Or
   in the lone wil-der-ness rove?

3. How long we have wan-dered As stran-gers in sin, And
   cried in the des-ert for Thee! Our foes have re-
   joi-ced When our sorrows they've seen, But
   Is-rael will short-ly be free.

4. As chil-dren of Zi-on, Good ti-dings for us, The
   read-y ap-pear; Fear not, and be
   just, For the king-dom is ours; The
   hour of re-demp-tion is near.
No. 17.  
O Ye Mountains High.

C. W. PENROSE.

1. O ye mountains high, where the clear blue sky Arch-es over the vales of the free, Where the pure breezes blow and the
2. Tho' the great and the wise all thy beauties de-spise, To the humble and pure thou art dear; Tho' the haughty may smile and the
3. In thy moun-tain re-treat, God will strengthen thy feet; On the necks of thy foes thou shalt tread; And their sil-ver and gold, as the
4. Here our voi-ces we'll raise, and we'll sing to thy praise, Sa-cred home of the Proph-ets of God; Thy de-liv-rance is nigh, thy op-clear streamlets flow, How I've longed to your bos-om to flee! wick-ed re-vile, Yet we love thy glad ti-dings to hear. Proph-ets fore-told, Shall be brought to a-dorn thy fair head. press-ors shall die, And the Gen-tiles shall bow 'neath thy rod.

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

home, unto thee I have come—All my fond hopes are centered in thee.
fly to thy chambers on high, Yet we'll share joy and sorrow with thee.
shine with a splendor divine, And eternal thy glory shall be.
bend, all thy rights we'll defend, And our home shall be ever with thee.

Our God, We Raise to Thee.

B. SNOW.

1. Our God, we raise to Thee Thanks for Thy blessings free
   We here enjoy; In this far western land, A true and
   His noble heart; His words with fire impress On souls these,
   From sea to sea; As one united whole Truth burn in
   Nor disagree; United heart and hand, So may they

2. Bless Thou our Prophet dear; May health and comfort cheer
   Chosen band, Led hither by Thy hand, We sing for joy.
   Thou wilt bless; To choose in righteousness, The better part.
   Every soul, While hastening to the goal We long to see.
   Every stand, A firm and valiant band, Eternally.

3. So shall Thy kingdom spread, As by Thy Prophets said,
   We here enjoy; In this far western land, A true and
   His noble heart; His words with fire impress On souls these,
   From sea to sea; As one united whole Truth burn in
   Nor disagree; United heart and hand, So may they

4. O may Thy saints be one, Like Father and the Son,
   Chosen band, Led hither by Thy hand, We sing for joy.
   Thou wilt bless; To choose in righteousness, The better part.
   Every soul, While hastening to the goal We long to see.
   Every stand, A firm and valiant band, Eternally.
No. 19.  The Happy Day Has Rolled On.

P. DIDDLE.  E. BEELEY.

1. The happy day has rolled on, The truth revealed,

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-
Abraham 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 be held a glorious day.
sired so long, When God His strange work would per-
bove do reign, Come down to converse hold with men.

No. 20.  Come, Thou Glorious Day of Promise.

ALEX. NEIBAUB.  (Transposed.)  A. G. SMYTH.

1. Come, thou glorious day of promise, Come and spread thy cheerful ray,

2. Lord, How long wilt Thou be angry; Shall Thy wrath for ever burn?

3. Of their unbelief and misery, Make, O Lord, a speedy end.

When the scattered sheep of Israel Shall no longer go astray;
Rise, redeem Thine ancient people, Their transgressions from them turn;
Oh, that soon Thou wouldst to Jacob Thy living Spirit send!
Come, Thou Glorious Day of Promise.

When ho-san-nas, When ho-san-nas With united voice they'll cry.
King of Is-rael, King of Is-rael, Come and set Thy people free.

No. 21. Zion Prospers, All Is Well.

ELIZA R. SNOW. EVAN STEPHENS.

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 dawn-ing, Tho' the dark-some shades swell,
5. Thy swift mes-sen-gers are tread-ing Thy high courts where princes dwell,

Say, O 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 pre-lude the morn-ing, Thou art pro-sp'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 pro-sp'ring, thou art pro-sp'ring, Thou art pro-sp'ring, all is well.
Zi-on pros-pers, Zi-on pros-pers, Zi-on pros-pers, all is well.
No. 22.  Gome, Gome, Ye Saints.

W. CLAYTON.

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

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

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

us to drive; Do this, and joy your hearts will swell— All is well! all is well!
us for sake; And soon we'll have this truth to tell— All is well! all is well!
God and King; Above the rest these words we'll tell— All is well! all is well!
rest ob tain; O how we'll make this cho rus swell— All is well! all is well!
No. 23. Zion Stands With Hills Surrounded.

1. Zion stands with hills surrounded—Zion, kept by pow'r divine; All her foes shall be confounded,
2. Ev'ry human tie may perish, Friend to friend un- faith-ful prove, Mothers cease their own to cherish,
3. In the furnace God may prove thee, Thence to bring thee forth more bright, But can never cease to love thee,

Tho' the world in arms combine; Happy Zion, Heav'n and earth at last remove; But no changes,
Thou art precious in His sight; God is with thee,

Happy Zion, What a favored lot is thine! But no changes Can attend Jehovah's love.
God is with thee; Thou shalt triumph in His might.
1. Jerusalem the golden! With milk and honey blest,
2. They stand, those halls of Zion, All jubilant with song,
3. And they who with their Leader Have conquer'd in the fight,
4. Oh, sweet and blessed country, The home of God's elect!

Beneath thy contemplation Sink heart and voice oppressed,
And bright with many an angel, And all the martyr throng,
Forever and forever Are clad in robes of white.
Oh, sweet and blessed country, That eager hearts expect!

I know not,—oh, I know not, What joys await me there,
There is the throne of David, And there, from toil released,
Oh, land that seest no sorrow, Oh, state that fear'st no strife!
Jesus, in mercy bring us To that dear land of rest!

What radiance of glory, What bliss beyond compare.
The shout of them that triumph, The song of them that feast.
Oh, royal land of flowers! Oh, realm and home of life!
Who art, with God the Father, And Spirit ever blest!
No. 25.  
Love at Home.

1. There is beauty all around, When there's love at home; There is joy in
every sound, When there's love at home. Peace and plenty here abide,
ne'er annoy, When there's love at home. Roses bloom beneath our feet,
filled with love, When there's love at home. Sweetly sings the brooklet by,

2. In the cottage there is joy, When there's love at home; Hate and envy
Kindly heavens smiles above, When there's love at home; All the world is

3. Smiling sweet on every side, Time doth softly, sweetly glide,
All the earth's a garden sweet, Making life a bliss complete,
Brighter beams the azure sky; Oh, there's One who smiles on high,

4. 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;

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.

E. B. Wells.

Our mountain home so dear, Where crystal waters clear Flow ever free;
We'll roam the verdant hills, And by the sparkling rills Pluck the wild flow'rs;
In sylvan depth and shade, In forest and glade, Where'er we pass, Where'er we pass;
The streamlet, flow'r and sod, Be-speak the works of God; And all combine, With most transporting grace, His handi-work.

No. 27.  Come, O Thou King of Kings.

P. F. Pratt.

Come, O Thou King of kings— We've waited long for Thee,— With every side, Bloom-ing in state-ly pride, Are fair to see.
Come, make an end of sin, And cleanse the earth by fire, And bright and fair, And sun-shine ev'ry-where, Make pleasant hours.
Hos - san - nas now shall sound From all the ransomed throng, And bud and tree, Or bird or humming bee, Or blade of grass.
Hail! Prince of Life and Peace! Thrice welcome to Thy throne! While work to trace, Thro' nature's smiling face, In heart divine.
Gome, O Thou King of Kings.

healing in Thy wings, To set Thy people free; Come, Thou delight-sous-ness bring in, That Saints may tune the lyre, With songs of glory echo round A new triumphal song; The wide ex-all the chosen race Their Lord and Saviour own. The heath en

sire of nations, come, Let Israel now be gathered home. joy, a happier strain, To welcome in Thy peaceful reign. panse of heav en fill With anthems sweet from Zion's hill. na tions bow the knee, And every tongue sounds praise to Thee.

No. 28 Invocation.

As we have here assembled to sing Thy praise, Oh, Lord, And from Thy holy

sisters To hear Thy sacred word, We ask Thee now to grant us The union

of Thy love, So that our hearts and voices shall reach Thy throne above.
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 trials came up-on you, Did you think to pray?

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

Refrain.

As a shield to-day?
Who had crossed your way? O how praying rests the wea-ry! Pray'r 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 how love-ly was the morn-ing! Radiant beamed the sun a- bove,
2. Humbly kneeling, sweet ap-peal-ing—Twas the boy's first ut-tered pray'r—
3. Sud-den-ly a light de-scend-ed, Brighter far than noon-day sun,
4. "Joseph, this is my Be-lov-ed, Hear Him!" oh, how sweet the word!

Bees were humming, sweet birds singing, Ma-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 pray'r was answered, 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.
CLOSING HYMNS.

No. 31.

God Be With You.

J. E. RANKIN.

(Transposed.)

W. G. TOMEK.

1. God be with you till we meet again, By His coun-sels guide, up-

2. God be with you till we meet again, When life's per-ils thick con-

3. God be with you till we meet again, Keep love's ban-ner float-ing

hold you, With His sheep secu-ly fold you, God be with you till we

found you, Put His arms un-fail-ing round you, God be with you till we

c'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we

Chorus.

meet again. Till we meet..... till we meet, Till we

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

meet, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
No. 32.  How Firm a Foundation.

1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is
2. In ev'ry condition, in sickness, in health, In
3. Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed, For
4. When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go, The
5. The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose I

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

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

who un-to Jesus, You who un-to Jesus for ref-uge have fled.
days may de-mand, As thy days may demand, 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 forsake!
No. 33. Praise to the Man.

W. W. Phelps.

(Transposed.)

1. Praise to the man who communed with Jehovah! Jesus a-
   nointed "that Prophet and Seer"— Blessed to open the
   blest be his ever great name! Long shall his blood, which was
   shed by assassins; Stain Illinois, while the earth lauds his fame.
   enter 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. 34.

All Hail the Power.

EDWARD FERRONET.

Crown Him Lord.

OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
2. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter - res - trial ball,
3. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall!

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
No. 35.  Lord, We Ask Thee, Ere We Part.

Geo. Manwaring.

1. Lord, we ask Thee, ere we part, Bless the teachings of this day,
   Plant them deep in every heart, That with us they'll ever stay.
2. In the innocence of youth We would all Thy laws fulfill;
   Leads us in the way of truth, Give us strength to do Thy will.
3. Father, merciful and kind, While we labor for the right,
   May we in Thy service find Sweetest pleasure, pure delight.
4. All our follies, Lord, forgive, Keep us from temptations free;
   Help us evermore to live Lives of holiness to Thee.

No. 36.  Prayer is the Soul's Sincere Desire.

Montgomery.  

1. Prayer is the soul's sincere desire, Unuttered or expressed;
   The motion of a hidden fire That trembles in the breast.
2. Prayer is the burden of a sigh, The falling of a tear,
   The upward glancing of an eye, When none but God is near.
3. Prayer is the simplest form of speech That infant lips can try;
   Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach The Majesty on high.
4. Prayer is the Christian's vital breath, The Christian's native air;
   His watch-word at the gates of death; He enters heav'n with prayer.

G. Careless.
No. 37. **Farewell, All Earthly Honors.**

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Farewell, all earthly honors, I bid you all adieu; Farewell, all sinful pleasures, I want no more of you. I want my worship God, the Father, And wear a righteous crown. For such willing to be cleansed From every kind of dross. I see a

2. I want my name engraved Among the righteous ones, Who well, all sinful pleasures, I want no more of you. I want my worship God, the Father, And wear a righteous crown. For such willing to be cleansed From every kind of dross. I see a

3. I'm willing to be chastened, And bear my daily cross; I'm habitation On that eternal soil, Beyond the powers of eternal riches I'm willing to pass through All needful tribulation, And count them my just due. There is sweet rest in heav'n, There is holy, The gold will still remain.

REFRAIN.

Satan, Where sin can ne'er defile. Satan, And count them my just due. There is sweet rest in heav'n, There is holy, The gold will still remain.

sweet rest in heav'n, There is sweet rest, There is sweet rest, There is sweet rest in heav'n.
No. 38.  The Spirit of God Like a Fire.

W. W. Phelps.

(Transposed.)

1. The Spirit of God like a fire... is burning! The visions and blessings of old are returning! And

2. The Lord is extending the Saints' understanding, Knowledge and power of God are expanding, The

3. How blessed the day when the lamb and the lion Shall Ephraim be crowned with his blessing in Zion, As

REFRAIN.

Latter day glory begins to come forth; angels are coming to visit the earth. We'll sing and we'll

storing their judgments and all as at first, We'll sing and we'll

wall o'er the earth is beginning to burst. We'll sing and we'll

lie down together without any ire, We'll sing and we'll

Jesus descends with His chariots of fire! We'll sing and we'll

shout with the armies of heaven, Hosanna, hosanna to

God and the Lamb! Let glory to them in the highest be
The Spirit of God Like a Fire.

given, Hence-forth and forever; amen, and amen.

No. 39. Nearer, My God to Thee.

Sarah F. Adams

Dr. Lowell Mason.

1. Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee! E'en tho' it
2. Tho' like the wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be
3. There let the way ap-pear, Steps un-to heav'n; All that Thou
4. Or if, on joy-ful wing, Cleav-ing the sky, Sun, moon, and

be a cross That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be,
o-ver me, My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be
send-est me, In mer-cy giv'n; An-gels to beck-on me,
stars for-get, Up-ward I fly; Still all my song shall be,

Near-er, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
No. 40.  For the Strength of the Hills.

Altered by E. L. Sloan.  (Transposed.)

Maestoso.

E. Stephens.

1. For the strength of the hills we bless Thee, Our God, our father's 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 Thy 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 father's God.
No. 41. We Thank Thee, O God, for a Prophet.


1. 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 shining brightly before us, to lighten our minds with its rays; We thank Thee for every blessing bestowed by Thy bounteous hand; We feel it a pleasure to serve Thee, and love to obey Thy command.

2. 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 peace, The honest and faithful will go, While wick-ed who fight against Zion, Will surely be smitten at last.

3. We'll sing of His goodness and mercy, We'll praise Him by these latter days; We thank Thee for sending the Gospel peace to destroy, There is hope shining brightly before us, to lighten our minds with its rays; We thank Thee for every blessing bestowed by Thy bounteous hand; We feel it a pleasure to serve Thee, and love to obey Thy command.

They who reject this glad message, Shall never such happiness know.
No. 42. Rock of Ages.

A M. TOPLADY.

1. Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee;

2. While I draw this fleeting breath, When my eyes shall close in death,

Let the water and the blood, From Thy wounded side which flowed,

When I rise to worlds unknown, And behold Thee on Thy throne,

Be from sin the double cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.

No. 43. 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. 44. O Say, What is Truth?

J. H. N. J. A. Q. U. S.

1. O say, what is truth? 'Tis the fairest gem That the
    riches of worlds can produce; And priceless the value of
    mortal's or God's can aspire: Go search in the depths where it
    wind of stern justice he copes, But the pillar of truth will en-
    limits of time it steps o'er: Tho' the heavens depart, and the

2. Yes, say, what is truth? 'Tis the brightest price To which
    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

3. The scepter may fall from the despot's grasp, When with
    diadem In 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.

4. Then say, what is truth? 'Tis the last and the first, For the
    weather be worst, Eternal, unchanging, ever more.
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-vah 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 trou-ble 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-
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 un - til ev'n, And earth will ap - pear as the
crowned with the an - gels of heav'n, And earth will ap - pear as the
gar - den of E - den, And Je - sus will say to all Is - rael, Come home.
gar - den of E - den, And Je - sus will say to all Is - rael, Come home.
gar - den of E - den, And Christ and His peo - ple will ev - er be one.

No. 46. Lord, Dismiss Us With Thy Blessing.

1. Lord, dis - miss us with Thy bless - ing; Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
2. Thanks we give, and ad - o - ra - tion, For the gos - pel's joy - ous sound;

Let us each, Thy love pos - ses - sing, Tri - umph in re - deem-ing grace.
May the fruits of Thy sal - va - tion In our hearts and lives a - bound.

O re - fresh us, O re - fresh us, Trav - ling thro' this wil - der - ness.
Ev - er faith - ful, Ev - er faith - ful To the truth may we be found.
No. 47. Come, Let Us Anew.

Wesley Collection. (Transposed.)

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 refuses 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

O that each from his Lord may receive the glad word: "Well and eternal 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 patience of hope and the labor of love.
here, Presses on to our view, and eternity's here.
throne,” “Enter into my joy and sit down on my throne.”

High on the Mountain Top.

1. High on the mountain top A banner is unfurled; Ye
nations, now look up; It waves to all the world; In Desert's sweet
peaceful land—On Zion's mount behold it stand.
tract the gaze Of all the world in latter days.
serve the Lord, Obey His truth, and learn His word.
ways we'll tread, And save ourselves with all our dead.

2. For God remembers still His promise made of old, That
He on Zion's hill Truth's standard would unfold! Her light should there at
people shall be heard In distant lands to say, We'll now go up and
truth and wisdom fraught, To govern all the earth; Forever there His

3. His house shall there be reared, His glory to display; And
For there we shall be taught The law that will go forth, With

4. For God remembers still His promise made of old, That
Hishouseshalltherebereared,Hisglorytodisplay;And

E.BUESLEY.
No. 49.  Guide Us, O Thou Great Jehovah.

ROBINSON.  

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

We are weak, but Thou art a-ble—Hold us with Thy pow'r-ful hand.
Let the fier-y, cloud-y pil-lar Guard us to this ho-ly home.
When Thy judg-ment 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-iour 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. 50.  The Time is Far Spent.

E. R. Snow.

1. The time is far spent, there is little remaining
2. Shrink not from your duty, however unpleasant,
3. What tho', 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 Saviour, 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, tho' 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, tho' demons oppose.
No. 51. Let Us All Press On.

E. S. Allegretto marcato. (Transposed.)

E. STEPHENS.

1. Let us all press on in the work of the Lord, That when life is—

2. We will not retreat, tho’ our numbers may be few, When compared with the—

3. If we do what’s right we have no need to fear, For the Lord, our—

      o’er we may gain a reward; In the fight for right let us wield a sword,

      op-posite host in view; But an unseen power will aid me and you

      help-er will ev-er be near; In the days of tri-al His saints He will cheer,

CHORUS.

The mighty sword of truth. Fear not, tho’ the en-e-my de-

In the glo-ri-ous cause of truth. And pros- per the cause of truth. Fear not, courage,

ride, Cour-age, for the Lord is on our side; We will heed not what the

wick-ed may say, But the Lord a-lone we will obey. (we will obey.)
No. 52. Improve the Shining Moments.

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 sunbeams 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.

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1. Sing we now at parting, One more strain of praise;  
2. Praise Him for His mercy, Praise Him for His love;  
3. Jesus, our Redeemer, Now our praises hear;

To our heavenly Father Sweetest songs we'll raise.  
For unnumbered blessings Praise the Lord above.  
While we bow before Thee, Lend a listening ear.

For His loving kindness, For His tender care,  
Let our happy voices Still the notes prolong;  
Save us, Lord, from error, Watch us day by day,

Let our songs of gladness Rend this Sabbath air.  
One alone is worthy Of our sweetest song.  
Help us now to serve Thee In a pleasing way.
GENERAL HYMNS.

No. 54.

Shall We Meet?

Elihu S. Rice.

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's o'er?
3. Shall we meet in yonder city, Where the tower's of crystal shine?
4. Shall we meet with Christ, our Savior, When He comes to claim His own?

Where in all the bright forever, Sor-row ne'er shall press the soul?
Shall we meet and cast the an-chor By the fair, ce-les-tial shore?
Where the walls are all of jas-per, Built by work-man-ship di-vine?
Shall we know His bless-ed fa-vor, And sit down up-on His throne?

CHORUS.

We shall meet, we shall meet, We shall meet beyond the river;

We shall meet beyond the river, Where the surges cease to roll.
No. 55. What Was Witnessed in the Heavens?

1. What was witnessed in the heavens? Why, an angel eastward bound.
2. Had we not before the Gospel? Yes—had several taught by men.
3. Where so long has been the Gospel? Did it on the earth remain?

Had he something with him bringing? Yes— the Gospel—joyful sound!
Then what is this latter Gospel? 'Tis the first one come again.
No, 'twas taken into heaven, Then restored to man again.

It was to be preached in power On the earth, the angel said;
This was preached by Paul and Peter, And by Jesus Christ, the head;
What became of the departed, Who heard not the Gospel plan?

To all men, all tongues and nations, That upon its face are spread.
This we latter Saints are preaching— We their foot-steps wish to tread.
Jesus preached to souls in person, What He taught on earth to man.
1. Come, dearest Lord, descend and dwell, By
   faith and love in ev'ry breast; Then shall we
   know, and taste, and feel The joys that can-not
   height, and breadth, and length, And depth of Thine un-
   last ing hon or done, By all the Church, thro'

2. Come, fill our hearts with inward strength; Make
   our en-larging souls possess And learn the
   than our thoughts or wish-es know, Be ev-er-
   height, and breadth, and length, And depth of Thine un-
   last ing hon or done, By all the Church, thro'

3. Now to the God, whose power can do More
   than our thoughts or wish-es know, Be ev-er-
   height, and breadth, and length, And depth of Thine un-
   last ing hon or done, By all the Church, thro'

The joys that can-not be ex-pressed, The joys that can-not be ex-pressed.
meas-ured grace, And depth of Thine un-meas-ured grace.
Christ, His Son, By all the Church, thro' Christ, His Son.
No. 57. Abide With Me.

1. A - bide with me! fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark-ness deep - ens— Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers fail, and com - forts flee, Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me! all a - round I see; O Thou, who chang - est not, a - bide with me!

2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in earth's vain shadows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

3. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom and point me to the skies; Heav'n's morning breaks, and fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help- less, O a - bide with me!

No. 58. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

1. Je-sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem - pestuous sea;

2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;

3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break- ers roar,
Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Un-known waves be-fore me roll, Hid-ing rocks and treach’rous shoal;
Boist’rous waves o-bey Thy will, When Thou say’st to them, "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while lean-ing on Thy breast,

Chart and com-pass came from Thee; Je-sus, Sav-ior, pi-lot me.
Chart and com-pass came from Thee; Je-sus, Sav-ior, pi-lot me.
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi-lot thee."

No. 59.

Still, Still With Thee.

J. D. BURNS.

1. Still, still with Thee, my God, I would de-sire to be;
2. With Thee when dawn comes in, And calls me back to care,
3. With Thee when day is done, And even-ing calms the mind;

By day, by night, at home, a-broad, I would be still with Thee.
Each day re-turn-ing I be-gin, With Thee, my God, in prayer.
The set-ting, as the ris-ing sun, With Thee, my heart would find.
No. 60.  Nearer, Dear Savior, to Thee.

J. L. TOWNSHEND.  WILLIAM CLAYBON.

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 pray'rful-ly bow—
Lov-ing Thee, ev-er I pray, Aid me Thy will to o-bey—
When all my tri-als are done, When my re-ward I have won,

Take, O take and cher-ish me, Near-er, dear Sav-ior, to Thee!
No. 61. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

C. Wesley. J. P. Holbrook. Arr.

Soprano and Alto.

1. Jesus, Lover of my soul, Let me to Thy bosom fly,
2. Jesus, merciful and mild, Lead me as a helpless child;
3. Jesus, Friend and Helper mine, Hast Thou made me truly Thine?

While the billows near me roll, While the tempest still is high;
On no other arm but Thine Would my weary soul recline;
By the path Thy feet have trod, Lead me daily nearer God.

Chorus.

Hide me, O my Savior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
Thou art ready to forgive, Thou dost bid the sinner live—
Hear, O hear my tender prayer; Let me His own image bear;

Safe into the heaven guide, Oh, receive my soul at last.
Guide the wanderer day by day, In the straight and narrow way.
Let me love Him more and more, Till I reach heav'n's blissful shore.
No. 62.  The Morning Light.

SAMUEL SMITH.

GEO. WEBB.

1. The morning light is breaking, The darkness disappears; The sons of earth are
2. See heathen nations bending Before the God of love, And thousand hearts as-
3. Blest river of salvation, Pursue thy onward way; Flow thou to ev'ry

waking To penitential tears. Each breeze that sweeps the ocean Brings tidings
cending In gratitude above; While sinners, now repenting, The gospel's
nation, Nor in thy richness stay. Stay not till all the lowly, Triumphant

from afar, Of nations in commotion, Prepared for Zion's war.
call obey, And seek a Savior's blessing, A nation in a day.
reach their home; Stay not till all the holy Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

No. 63.  Come, Said Jesus.

A. L. BARRAULD.

Old Tune.

1. Come, said Jesus' sacred voice, Come, and make my paths your choice;
2. Thou, who homeless, sole, forlorn, Long hast born the proud world's scorn,
3. Ye who tossed on beds of pain, Seek for ease, but seek in vain,
4. Sinners, come, for here is found Balm that flows from ev'ry wound—
Come, Said Jesus.

I will guide you to your home, Weary pilgrim, hither come.
Long hast roamed the barren waste, Weary pilgrim, hither haste.
Ye whose swollen and sleepless eyes Watch to see the morning rise.
Peace that ever shall endure, Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

No. 64.

O Worship the King.

Sir Robert Grant.

1. O worship the King all-glorious above, And grateful ly
2. Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite? It breathes in the
3. Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail, In Thee do we

sing His wonderful love; Our Shield and Defender, the
air, it shines in the light, It streams from the hills, it de-
trust, nor find Thee to fall; Thy mercies, how tender! how

Ancient of days, Pavilion'd in splendor, and girded with praise.
scends to the plain, And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.
firm to the end! Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer and Friend.
No. 65.  Hushed Was the Evening Hymn.

J. D. BURNS.  SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

1. Hush'd was the ev'n-ing hymn, The tem-ple courts were dark; The lamp was burn- ing dim Be-fore the sa-cred ark; When sud-den-

2. The old man meek and mild, The priest of Is-rael slept, His watch the tem-ple child, The lit-tle Lev-ite kept, And what from live and quick to hear Each whis-per of Thy word; Like him to

3. Oh, give me Sam-uel's ear—The o-pen ear, O Lord! A-

ly a voice di-vine Rang thro' the si-lence of the shrine. El- li's sense was sealed The Lord to Han-nah's son re-vealed. an-swer at Thy call, And to o-bey Thee first of all.

No. 66.  The Rising Sun.

L. BACON.  JUDETH KEYSOR.

1. The rising sun has chased the night, And brought again the cheer-ing light;

2. We laid us down and sweetly slept; The Lord our souls in safe-ty kept;

3. We know not what His will ordains, But 'tis our joy that Je-sus reigns;
The Rising Sun.

This mercy multiplies our days, And calls us to renew our praise.
We wake, His goodness to pro-claim, And sing new honors to His name.
Tho' dangers, snares and foes a-bound, Eternal arms will us surround.

No. 67.

My Friend.

L. Lula G. Richards.

1. My Friend, I look to Thee most kind and true, To shield and comfort
2. I have no pow'r to fill life's great de-sign, Save as I learn Thy
3. Sure is Thy prom-ise true to all who hear, And Thou wilt guide my

me life's jour-ney thro' Darkness and death extend with wild in-crease,
will and make it mine, Help me to un-der-stand Thy faint-est call;
feet I have no fear, So all life's jour-ney thro' un-till the end,

And still with Thee, my Friend, is perfect peace, is per-fect peace.
Let me but touch Thy hand, I shall not fall, I shall not fall.
I'll trust Thy love most true, my per-fect Friend, My per-fect Friend.
1. An angel from on high, The long, long silence broke; De-
2. Seal'd by Mo-ro-ni's hand, It has for ages lain, To
3. It speaks of Josep'h's seed, And makes the remnant known Of

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.

Chorus.

Lo! in Cu-mo-rah's lone-ly hill, A sac-red rec-ord lies con-ceal'd.
It shall a-gain to light come forth, To usher in Christ's reign on earth.
The ful-ness of the Gos-pel, too, Its pages will re-veal to view.

Lo! in Cu-mo-rah's lone-ly hill, A sac-red re-cord lies con-ceal'd.
It shall again to light come forth, To usher in Christ's reign on earth.
The ful-ness of the Gos-pel, too, Its pages will re-veal to view.

* If sung by choir, sing first part as duet.
No. 69. Where the Voice of Friendship's Heard.

1. Where the voice of friendship's heard, Sounding like a sweet-toned bird;
2. Where the weary find a home; Where the wild deer fearless roam;
3. Where the temple-block is laid; Where foe shall e'er invade;

Where the holy notes inspire With devotion's pure desire;
Where the mellow fruit-tree grows; Where the golden harvest flows;
Where the Priesthood's power shall claim All that heav'n and earth can name;

Where fond actions speak the soul; Where true love doth all control;
Where the bee, the grape and kine Yield their honey, milk and wine;
Where the judge by justice rules; Where the counsellors are no fools;

Where the sons of God agree, There may all the faithful be.
Where the curse from earth shall flee, There may all the faithful be.
Where the poor shall judgment see, There may all the faithful be.
No. 70. Who Are These Arrayed in White?

De Courcy. S. B. Marsh.

1. Who are these arrayed in white, Brighter than the noon-day sun,
2. More than conquerors at last, Here they find their trials o'er;
3. He that on the throne doth reign, His own flock shall always feed,

Foremost of the sons of light, Near-est the eternal throne?
They have all their sufferings past, Hunger now and thirst no more;
With the tree of life sustain, To the living fountains lead;

These are they that bore the cross, Nobly for their Master stood,
No excessive heat they feel From the sun's directer ray,
He shall all their sorrows chase, All their fears at once remove,

Sufferers in His righteous cause, Followers of the living God.
In a milder clime they dwell Region of eternal day.
Wipe the tears from ev'ry face, Fill up ev'ry soul with love.
No. 71. **God Speed the Right.**

W. G. HICKSON.

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

In a no-ble cause con-tend-ing, God speed the right.
Ne'er des-pair-ing, tho' de-feat-ed, God speed the right.
Ne'er the-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. 72. I Know That My Redeemer Lives.

L. D. Edwards.

1. I know that my Redeemer lives; When 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, heav'nly 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.

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. O happy home among the hills, Where flow a thousand crystal rills;
Surrounded by grand mountains high, Whose snow-clad summits reach the rare; And flowers deck the hills and plains, Refreshed by springs and autumn land; Nor war's alarms disturb the rest And peace with which our homes are sky; My heart en-raptured with the sight, Cries to the heavens with delight.

2. Fanned by the cool, soft mountain air, The valleys turn with beauties rains; Each nook contains a city fair, Filled with warm hearts who breathe a prayer. blest, While genera-tions swell the throng Of happy hearts to sing the song.

3. May no intruding hostile band, E'er des-e-crate our beauteous

Chorus.

God bless our mountain home, God bless our mountain home.
The Lord is My Shepherd.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know; I
   feed in green pastures, safe-folded I rest; He leadeth my
   soul where the still waters flow, Restores me when wand'ring, re-
   deems when oppressed; Restores me when wand'ring, re-deems when op-
   pressed. Com-fort-er near; No harm can be-fall, with my Com-fort-er near.

2. Thro' the valley and shadow of death tho' I stray, Since
   Thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear; Thy rod shall de-
   com-fort-er near; No harm can be-fall, with my Com-fort-er near.

3. In the midst of affliction my table is spread; With
   blessings un-measured my cup runneth o'er; With perfume and
   prov-i-dence more? Oh, what shall I ask of Thy prov-i-dence more?
1. Nay, speak no ill, a kindly word Can never leave a sting behind; 
2. Give me the heart that fain would hide—Would fain another's faults expose: 
3. Then speak no ill, but lenient be To other's failings as your own; 

And oh, to breathe each tale we've heard, Is far beneath a noble mind. 
How can it please the human pride To prove humanity but base? 
If you're the first a fault to see, Be not the first to make it known. 

Full oft a better seed is sown By choosing thus the kinder plan, 
No, let us reach a higher mood—A nobler estimate of man, 
For life is but a passing day, No lip may tell how brief its span; 

For, if but little good is known, Still let us speak the best we can. 
Be earnest in the search for good, And speak of all the best we can. 
Then, O the little time we stay, Let's speak of all the best we can.
No. 76.  

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{Jesus, My Savior.} \\
\text{Arr. by C. E. Leslie.}
\end{align*} \]

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 part. Faith will bring the blessing.

2. Sweetly the Savior Whispers to the loving heart Words of sweet love. Yet my soul would near Thee be, Nearer to my Savior, Faith will strengthen every pray'r; Come to Him in suffering.

\textit{Chorus,}

Near'er, Lord, to Thee. *Jesus, my Savior,* Let me hear Thy voice; Teach me to love Thee, Let my heart rejoice.

\textit{Alto sing small notes above Soprano.}

\begin{align*}
\textit{rit. dim.}
\end{align*}
No. 77. 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 there they rest in peace, Yet soon to rise again With joy and glories Of a resurrection day!

2. How many on Missouri's plains Were left in death's embrace,—Pure, how many Have passed from earth away, And in their graves are now asleeping Beneath the silent clay; But soon they'll share the glories Of a resurrection day!

3. And in Nauvoo, the city where The Temple cheered the brave, How many 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 there they rest in peace, Yet soon to rise again With joy and glories Of a resurrection day!
No. 78.

**O Happy Home.**

A. C. SMYTH.

1. O happy home! O blest abode! Where saints communion hold with God, Without a doubt or fear; When shall I reach thy day by day With-in her pre-clinets dark. Truth's brighter rays ex-e'er be-lieve, Than those by Je-sus taught. I'd trace the path His

fer-tile plains, As-cend the mount where virtue gains A more ex-alt-ed pose the night, Each hon-est mind receives the light, And presses to the foot-steps trod, The on-ly way that leads to God; All oth-er ways are

After last verse.

sphere?... A more ex-alt-ed sphere? mark,.... And press-es to the mark. naught,.... All oth-er ways are naught. A-men.

No. 79.

**Now a Calm and Peaceful Sleep.**

Slow.

1. Now a calm and peace-ful sleep Spreads o'er all the glass- y deep; 2. So the earth shall find re-pose From op-press-sion and from woes,
Now a Calm and Peaceful Sleep.

In the az-ure lake se-rena Like an-oth-er heav'n is seen.
And an im-aged heav'n ap-pear On our world of dark-ness here.

No. 80. We Thank Thee, Heavenly Father.

1. We thank Thee, heav'ly Fa-ther, For sa-cred, ho-ly ground,
   Where bless-ings of the gos-pel And pre-cious gifts a-bound;
   For true and loy-al peo-ple, Whom Thou hast plant-ed here,
   From con-ti-nents and is-lands, All na-tions far and near.

2. We thank Thee for the tem-ples, Where-in Thy peo-ple throng,
   For friend-ship, love and u-nion, Which makes us glad and strong;
   For dreams and in-spi-ra-tion, For re-cords of our dead,
   And faith to help re-deem them, As by Thy Spir-it led.

3. We thank Thee for the spread-ing Of gos-pel truths a-broad,
   The light of which shall van-quish All ig-no-rance and fraud,
   That all who will may gath-er, Re-joic-ing in Thy grace,
   And stand in ho-ly pla-ces, Pre-pared to see Thy face.
No. 81.  
Rest for the Weary Soul.

H. W. NABBITT.  
GEO. CARELESS.

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 to run,
3. Peace, peace, where no strife intrudes, Peace, peace, where no quarrels come,

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.

4. Peace, peace, the oppressed are free, Rest, rest, oh, ye weary, rest;
5. Peace, peace, there is music's sound, Peace, peace, till the rising sun

For the angels guard those well Who sleep on their mother's breast.
Of the resurrection morn Proclaims life's victory won.

No. 82.  
Silent Night.

Anonymous.

1. Silent night, peaceful night! All things sleep, shepherds keep
2. Bright the star shines afar, Guiding travelers on their way,
3. Light around! joyous sound! Angel voices wake the air;
Silent Night.

Watch on Bethlehem's silent hill, And unseen, while all is still,
Who their gold and incense bring, Offerings to the promised King,
"Glory be to God in heav'n, Peace on earth to you is giv'n,

Angels watch above,
Child of David's line,
Christ the Savior's come.

No. 83. God Moves In a Mysterious Way.

Cowper.

1. God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform;
2. Deep in un-fathom-able mines Of never-failing skill,
3. Ye fear-ful Saints, fresh courage take; The clouds ye so much dread
4. Judge not the Lord by feeble sense, But trust Him for His grace,

He plants His foot-steps in the sea, And rides upon the storm.
He treasures up His bright designs, 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.
No. 84.  
Rock of My Refuge.

TRIO or CHORUS.

1. As swiftly my days go out on the wing, As onward my bark drifts over the sea, O Father in heav'n, this song will I sing, The rock of my refuge is Thee.

2. Dark sorrow may come with many a sting, Stern trials in life my portion may be; O Father in heav'n, this song will I sing, The rock of my refuge is so sure.

3. Till angels of light my summons shall bring, Till upward with joy my spirit shall flee; O Father in heav'n, this song will I sing, The rock of my refuge is so strong; O hide me therein From
Rock of My Refuge.

While here I am singing my song.

No. 85.  Take Courage, Saints.

1. Take courage, Saints, and faint not by the way, Though storm-clouds
2. The darkest hour is just before the dawn, Yet who shall
3. Let not the heart be sad at trials here, But sense how

thick and fast be hov'ring nigh: The sun proclaims the glory
doubt the fast approaching morn? Or when we see the snow-clad
e'en the Saviour suffered ill; He bore the cruel thorn, the

of the day, Behind the clouds as in the cloudless sky.
hedge and lawn, Who dares to say that spring will ne'er return?
galling spear, To glorify His Father's holy will.
No. 86. Hail to the Brightness of Zion's Glad Morning.

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'res are springing,
4. Hark! from all lands, from the isles of the ocean,

Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain!
Long by the Prophets of Israel foretold!
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;

Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning,
Hail to the millions from bondage returning!
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing,
Fallen are engines of war and commotion,

Zion in triumph begins her glad reign.
Gen-tiles and Jews the glad vision behold.
Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.
Shouts of salvation are rending the air.
No. 87. Sister, Thou Wast Mild and Lovely.

1. Sis- ter, thou wast mild and love- ly, Gen- tle as the sum- mer breeze,
   Pleasant as the air of even- ing When it floats a- mong the trees.

2. Peace- ful be thy si- lent slum- ber, Peace- ful in the grave so low;
   Thou no more wilt join our num- ber, Thou no more our songs shalt know.

3. Dear- est sis- ter, thou hast left us, Here thy loss we deep- ly feel;
   But 'tis God that hath be- reft us, He can all our sor- rows heal.

4. Yet a - gain we hope to meet thee, When death's gloomy night has fled;
   Then on earth with joy to greet thee, Where no bit- ter tears are shed.

No. 88. To Thee, 0 Heavenly Father.

1. To Thee, our heav'n- ly Fa- ther, We'll now our voi- ces raise,
   Thro' whose e- ter- nal mer- cy We live in these last days.

2. We'll join to sing Thy prais- es, For bless- ings Thou hast giv'n,—
   The bless- ings of the gos- pel, Which lead from earth to heav'n.

3. The Proph- et Jo- seph brought us Thy truth with out al- joy;
   The prin- ci- ples he taught us Fill hum- ble hearts with joy.

4. We thank Thee that an an- gel To earth the ti- dings bore,
   That Thy e- ter- nal Priest-hood Thou didst a- gain re- store.
No. 89. **Kind Words are Sweet Tones.**

J. L. TOWNSEND. (Solo and Chorus.) E. BEECHLEY.

1. Let us oft speak kind words to each other, At home or where'er we may be; Let's oft, then, in kindly-toned voices, Give our

2. Like the sunbeams of morn on the mountains, The tones will be welcome and free; They'll gladden the heart that's repining,....... Give our

Like the warbling of birds on the heath, The tones will be welcome and free; They'll gladden the heart that's repining,....... Give our

Like the murmur of cool, pleasant fountains, They fall in sweet cadences near. They fall in sweet cadences near. Give our

Like the warbling of birds on the heath, The tones will be welcome and free; They'll gladden the heart that's repining,....... Give our

Like the warbling of birds on the heath, The tones will be welcome and free; They'll gladden the heart that's repining,....... Give our

Like the murmur of cool, pleasant fountains, They fall in sweet cadences near. They fall in sweet cadences near. Give our
Kind Words are Sweet Tones.

courage and hope from above; And where the dark clouds hide the mutual friendship renew; Till heart meets with heart and re-

shining,... Let in the bright sunlight of love. jolices,... In friendship that ever is true.

CHORUS.

Oh, the kind words we give shall in memory live, And sunshine forever imp-

part; Let us oft speak kind words to each other, Kind words are sweet tones of the heart.
No. 90.  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 Be hold 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 Emanuel.

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

Enlisted 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.
No. 91.  O Thou Rock of Our Salvation.

J. L. TOWNSEND.  (Transposed.)  WM. CLAYSON.

1. Oh, 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. Onward, onward, 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.
Every day the battle's raging, Help us, Lord, to win the fight.
Each succeeding battle ringeth 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 and youth;
(After last verse.)
Then, O Rock of our salvation, Jesus, Savior of the world,

Every day the prospect's fairer, While we're battling for the truth.
Take us from our lowly station, Let our flag with Thee be furled.
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 counsels oft with stood,
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, Commending 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 counsels to obey.

Chorus.

Beautiful words of love, Coming from God above,
Beautiful words, Coming from God,

How sweet, how dear the words we hear! They're beautiful words of love.
No. 93.  O What Songs of the Heart.

J. L. TOWNSHEND.  
WILLIAM CLAYBON.

(Transposed.)

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, there no more from our loved ones to roam! When we meet ne'er to part,

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 thoughts can impart, But our rapture will be But our rapture will be all the soul can attest love are complete; As the heart swells with joy In embraces most dear, When our heavenly parents we meet! 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,

4. O what songs we'll employ! O what welcomes we'll hear! While our transports of O what songs we'll employ! O what welcomes we'll hear! While our transports of

In the heavenly songs of the heart; But our rapture will be When our heavenly parents we meet! As the heart swells with joy,

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. 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.

O what songs we'll employ, When our heavenly parents we meet.
1. Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light,
2. On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
3. And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,
4. Oh, thus be it ever when free men shall stand

What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleam - ing,
Where the foe's haggard host in dread silence reposes,
That the havoce of war and the battle's confusion
Be - tween their loved home and the war's deso - la - tion;

Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the tower ing steep,
A home and a coun - try should leave us no more?
Blest with vic - try and peace, may the heav'n-res - cued land

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

Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.
And the rock-ets'red glare, the bombs bursting in air.

And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!"
From the terrestr of flight, or the gloom of the grave.

Now it catch-es the gleam of the morn's first beam,
No refuge could save the hireling and slave.

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just.
Give proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.

Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
And the star-spangled banner doth wave in air.

The Star Spangled Banner.

And the star-spangled banner, oh, long may it wave
And the star-spangled banner, oh, long may it wave.

And the rock-ets'red glare, the bombs bursting in air.
And the star-spangled banner, oh, long may it wave.

Now it catch-es the gleam of the morn's first beam,
No refuge could save the hireling and slave.
No. 95. Freedom Waves Her Joyous Pinions.

OSBON F. WHITNEY.

EDWIN F. PARRY.

1. Freedom waves her joyful pinions O'er a land, from
sea... to sea,
In a world-wide jubilee.

2. Union, love and feeling Mark the sainted
day... of power;
Ran-somed, right-eous, and rejoicing.

3. Now no tyrant's sceptre sadens; Now no big ot's
power can bind. Faith and work, a-like un-fetered,
Right-eous-ness their rock and tower. Moun-tain peaks of

4. Crown and sceptre, sword and buckler—Bless—lay them
at... her feet. Strife no more shall vex. crea-tion;
Win the goal by heav'n de-signed. God, not mam-mon,
Win the goal by heav'n de-signed. God, not mam-mon,

5. 'Tis thy future glory, Zion, Glittering in cele-
les... tial rays, As the ocean's sun light surging,
All that ages hath the worship, king-doms, powers,

6. Crown and sceptre, sword and buckler—Bless—lay them
Crown and sceptre, sword and buckler—Bless—lay them
This is now the king-ly seat. Cit-ies, em-pires,
Christ's is now the king-ly seat. Cit-ies, em-pires,

7. Freedom waves her joyful pinions O'er a land, from
a world-wide jubilee.
In a world-wide jubilee. O'er a people

8. Union, love and feeling Mark the sainted
a world-wide jubilee.

9. Now no tyrant's sceptre sadens; Now no big ot's
a world-wide jubilee.

10. Crown and sceptre, sword and buckler—Bless—lay them
a world-wide jubilee.
""
Freedom Waves Her Joyous Pinions.

No. 96. Land of the Free.

Words and music by JOHN M. CHAMBERLAIN.

Moderato.

1. I love my own, my native land, The birthplace of the free, Blest
2. From ev'ry clime, from ev'ry land, To thee, fair land of mine, The
3. And in the future golden years, O may I always be Loy-

from above, 'tis thee I love, Sweet land of liber-
people come, both old and young, To worship at thy shrine...
al and true, faithful to thee, My God and liber-

Chorus.

Land of the free, we honor thee, Thy banners are unfurled,

Flag of the free, we honor thee, O wave to all the world.
No. 97. Marseillaise Hymn.

1. Ye sons of Freedom, wake to glory! Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise! Your children, wives, and grand-sires, hoary, Behold their tears and hear their cries! Behold their tears and hear their cries! Shall hateful vend the light and air, To mete and vend the light and air. Like beasts of ty-rants mis-chief breeding, With hireling hosts, a ruf-fian band, Af-bur-den would they load us, Like gods would bid their slaves a-dore; But world has wept be-wail-ing That falsehood's dag-ger ty-rants wield; But fright and de-so-late the land, While peace and lib-er-ty lie bleeding? man is man, and who is more? Then shall they longer lash and goad us? free-dom is our sword and shield, And all their arts are un-a-vail-ing.
Marseillaise Hymn.

To arms, to arms, ye brave! Th' a-veng-ing sword unsheathed!

March on, march on! all hearts re-solved on vi-o-to-ry or death.

No. 98. America.


1. My coun-try 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty,
   My na-tive coun-try, thee, Land of the no-ble free,
2. Let mu-sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
   Our fa-ther's God, to Thee, Au-thor of lib-er-ty,
3. Of thee I sing; Land where my fa-thers died, Land of the
   Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
   Sweet free-dom's song; Let mor-tal tongues a-wake, Let all that
   To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright, With free-dom's
4. pil-grims' pride, From ev-ry moun-tain side Let free-dom ring.
   tem-pied hills; My heart with rap-ture thrills, Like that a-bove.
   breathe par-take, Let rocks their si-lence break, The sound pro-long.
   ho-ly light; Pro-tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.
1. O Columbia, the gem of the ocean,
   The home of the brave and the free,
   The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
   As the world of offers homage to thee.

2. When war waged its wide desolation,
   And threatened the land to deform,
   The ark then of freedom's foundation,
   Thy mandates make heroes as luminous.

3. The star-spangled banner bring hither,
   O'er Columbia's true sons let it wave;
   May the wreaths they have won never wither,
   Nor its banners make tyranny tremble.

O Columbia, the gem of the ocean,
   The home of the brave and the free,
   The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
   As the world of offers homage to thee.

When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
   With her flag proudly waving before her,
   The boast of the red, white and blue,
   Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

When Liberty's form stands in view;
   Thy army and navy for ever,
   Three cheers for the red, white and blue,
   Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

The star-spangled banner bring hither,
   O'er Columbia's true sons let it wave;
   May the wreaths they have won never wither,
   Nor its banners make tyranny tremble.

When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
   With her flag proudly waving before her,
   The boast of the red, white and blue,
   Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

When Liberty's form stands in view;
   Thy army and navy for ever,
   Three cheers for the red, white and blue,
   Three cheers for the red, white and blue.
Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.

borne by the red, white and blue, When borne by the red, white and blue, Thy
boast of the red, white and blue, The boast of the red, white and blue, With her
cheers for the red, white and blue, Three cheers for the red, white and blue, The

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

No. 100. Hail, Columbia!

1. Hail, Co-lum-bia, hap-py land! Hail, ye heroes! heav'n-born band! Who
2. Im-mor-tal patriots! rise once more, Defend your rights, defend your shore; Let
3. Sound, sound the trump of fame! Let Washington's great name Ring
4. Be-hold the Chief who now commands, Once more to serve his country stands, The

fought and bled in Freedom's cause, Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause, And
no rude foe with im-pious hand, Let no rude foe with im-pious hand, In-
thro' the world with loud applause, Ring thro' the world with loud applause; Let
rock on which the storm will beat, The rock on which the storm will beat; But
Hail, Columbia!

when the storm of war was gone, Enjoyed the peace your valor won. Let
vade the shrine where sacred lies, Of toll and blood the well-earned prize. While
ev'ry clime to freedom dear Listen with a joyful ear. With
armed in virtue, firm and true, His hopes are fixed on heav'n and you. When

in-dependence be our boast, Ev-er mind-ful what it cost;
off-ring peace, sin-cere and just, In heav'n we place a man-ly trust, That
equal skill, with God-like pow'r, He governs in the fear-ful hour Of
hope was sink-ing in dis-may, When gloom obscured Co-lumbia's day, His

Ev-er grate-ful for the prize, Let its al-tar reach the skies.
Truth and Just-ice will pre-vail, And ev-ry scheme of bond-age fail.
hor-rid war; or guides with ease The hap-pier times of hon-est peace.
stead-y mind, from chang-es free, Re-solved on death or lib-er-ty.

Chorus.

Firm, u-nit-ed, let us be, Rally-ing round our lib-er-ty;

As a band of broth-ers joined, Peace and safe-ty we shall find.
No. 101. Utah, We Love Thee.

1. Land of the moun-tains high, U-tah, we love thee!
2. Co-lum-bia's new-est star, U-tah, we love thee!
3. Land of the Pi-o-neers, U-tah, we love thee!

Land of the sun-ny sky, U-tah, we love thee!
Thy lus-tre shines a-far, U-tah, we love thee!
Grow with the com-ing years, U-tah, we love thee!

Far in the glo-rious west, Throned on the moun-tain's crest,
Bright in our ban-ner's blue, A-mong her sis-ters true,
With wealth and peace in store, To fame and glo-ry soar,

In robes of state-hood dressed, U-tah, we love thee!
She proud-ly comes to view, U-tah, we love thee!
God guard-ed ev-er-more, U-tah, we love thee!
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 contemners, so with you my grace shall deal." Let the He - ro
shift - ing out the hearts of men before His judgment seat; Oh, be swift, my
glo - ry in His bosom that trans - fig - ures you and me; As He died to

fate - ful lightning of His ter - ri - ble, swift sword; His truth is march - ing
born of woman, crush the serpent with His heel, Since God is march - ing
soul, to an - swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our God is march - ing on.
make men ho - ty, let us die to make men free, While God is march - ing on.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!

Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march - ing on.
No. 103. Flag of the Free. WAGNER.

1. Flag of the free, fairest to see! Borne thro' the strife and the
2. Flag of the brave, long may it wave, Chosen of God while His

thunder of war; Banner so bright with starry light,
might we adore; In liberty's van for manhood of man,

Float ever proudly from mountain to shore. Emblem of Freedom,
Symbol of Right thro' the years passing o'er. Pride of our country,

hope to the slave, Spread thy fair folds but to shield and to save; While thro' the
honored afar, Scatter each cloud that would darken a star; While thro' the

sky loud rings the cry, Union and Liberty! one evermore!
No. 104. \nOur Mountain Home So Dear.

Emmeline B. Wills.

Chorus.

Evan Stephens.

1. Our mountain home so dear, Where crystal waters clear, Flow ever free, Flow ever free;
2. We'll roam the verdant hills, And by the sparkling rills, Pluck the wild flow'rs, Pluck the wild flow'rs;
3. In sylvan depth and shade, In forest flow'rs and rod, Be - speak the work of God, And all combine, And all combine;
4. The stream - let, flow'r and rod, Be - speak the wa - ters clear, Flow ev - er free, Flow ev - er free;

While thro' the valleys wide, The flow'rs on ev'ry side Bloom in their state - ly pride, Are fair to see.
The fragrance on the air, The landscape bright and fair, And sunshine ev'ry - where, Make pleas - ant hours.
The hand of God we see In leaf, and bud, and tree, Or bird or hum - ming bee, Or blade of grass.
With most trans - port - ing grace, His hand - i - work to trace Thro' na - ture's smil - ing face, In heart di - vine.
No. 105. Beyond To-day. C. L. B. Duet and Chorus. T. H. M.

Duet.

Andante legato.

1. If we could see beyond to-day,
2. If we could know beyond to-day,
3. "If we could see, if we could know,"

As God can see; If all the clouds should roll away, The shad-ows flee.
As God doth know; Why dearest treasures pass a-way, And tears must flow.
We oft-en say; But God in love a veil doth throw, A-cross our way.

Chorus. Con moto.

O'erpres-ent griefs we should not fret, Each sor-row we would soon for-get;
And why the dark-ness leads the light, Why drear-y paths will soon grow bright;
We can-not see what lies be-fore, And so we cling to Him the more;

Slower.

For ma-ny joys are wait-ing yet, For you and me. (For you and me.)
Some day life's wrongs will be made right, Faith tell us so. (Faith tell us so.)
He leads us till this life is o'er, Trust and o-bey. (Trust and o-bey.)
O, Ye Tears.

1. O ye tears, O ye tears, That long have refused to flow,
Ye are welcome to my heart, Thawing, thawing like the snow.
The ice-bound clod has yielded, And the early snow-drops spring,
And the healing fountains gush And the wilderness shall sing.

2. O ye tears, O ye tears, I am thankful that ye run,
Tho' ye come from cold and dark, Ye shall sparkle in the sun.
The rainbow can not cheer us If the show'rs refuse to fall,
And the eyes that can not weep Are the saddest eyes of all.
0, Ye Tears.

No. 107. Lullaby.

To the memory of my little son, W. G.

G. de J., Jr.

Tranquillamente.

Chorus or Trio.

Gerrit de Jong, Jr.

1. Now go to sleep, my baby dear, And rest secure, for I am
2. Sweet little one, now go to sleep, For angels true their vigil
3. (Hum)

near. Now go to sleep, my little babe; Sweet dreams be keep. Sweet little one, now close your eyes, The stars a-

yours, until you wake, And do not fear, for mother isbove, watch from the skies, A happy day, to-morrow, a-

here. Now go to sleep my little one, my baby.

waits you. Now go to sleep my little one, my baby.

pp... Now go to sleep my little one, my baby.
Our Eternal Home.*

(Chorus or Trio.)

1. Within the shadow of Thy throne, still
   may we dwell secure—
   Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
   And like an evening gone,—
   Short as the watch that ends the night Be-

2. A thousand ages in Thy sight Are
   our defense is sure. Before the hills in order stood, Or earth received her
   for the rising sun. Time, like an ever-rolling stream, Bears all his sons a-

* May be sung as a solo.
Our Eternal Home.

frame,—From ever-lasting Thou art God, To endless years the same.

way;— They fly forgotten as a dream Dies at the opening day.

Chorus.

O God, our help in ages past, Our hope, our hope for years to come,

shelter from the stormy blast, And our, and our eternal home.

Repeat chorus after last verse pp.
No. 109. I Live for Those Who Love Me.


Sym. Moderate.

1. I live for those who love me, Whose hearts are kind and true;
2. I live to learn their story, Who suffered for my sake;
3. I live to hold communion With all that is divine;
4. I live to hail that season By gifted minds foretold;
5. I live for those who love me, For those who know me true;

For the heav'n that smiles above me And a-
sake; To emu late their glory And
vine; To feel there is a union Twixt
told, When man shall live by reason, And
true; For the heav'n that smiles a bove me And a-
I Live for Those Who Love Me.

waits my spirit, too; For all human ties that follow in their wake; Bards, patriots, martyrs, nature's heart and mine; To profit by not alone by gold; When man to man waits my spirit, too; For the cause that lacks as-

bind me, For the task that God assigned me, For the sag es, The noble of all ages, Whose fiction, Reap truth from fields of fiction, Grow nit ed, And every wrong thing right ed, The sist ance, For the wrongs that need resist ance, For the

bright hopes left behind me, And the good that I can do. deeds crown history's pag es, And time's great volume make. wis er from conviction, And fulfill each grand design. whole world shall be light ed, As Eden was of old. fu ture in the distance, And the good that I can do.
My heart is full of mother dear, her patient, guiding love.

When thoughtless youth's impulsive lips have framed the angry word,

Has been an endless beacon light to lift my soul above.
Her mild re-proof and sweet car-ess my gentle passions stirred.

Her cheery smile and kindly words have soothed my wounded heart.
My mother's love has never waned—her heart has understood.

Re-newed my hope, preserved my faith, when sorrow's tears would start.
When other's faith in me has failed, O wondrous mother-hood!
**Mother.**

*Chorus.*

My moth-er dear, my moth-er dear, Thy heart I'll ev-er cheer; Thy

path-way brighten with the years, My moth-er, my moth-er so dear!.....

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**No. 111**

**School Thy Feelings.**

**Chas. W. Pembro.**

**Trio or Chorus.**

**Evan Stephens.**

1. School thy feel-ings, oh, my broth-er, Train thy warm, im-pul-sive soul;
2. School thy feel-ings, there is pow-er In the cool, col-lect-ed mind;
3. Wound not wil-ful-ly an-oth-er, Con-quer haste with zeal and might;

Do not its e-mo-tions smoth-er, But let wis-dom's voice con-trol.
Pas-sion shat-ters rea-son's tow-er, Makes the clear-est vi-sion blind.
School thy feel-ings, sis-ter, broth-er, Train them in the path of right.
No. 112. Ghristmas Son£.

Chorus. Words and music by Evan Stephens.

Glo-ry be to God in the high - est,
Glo - ry, glo - ry be to God, and peace on earth, and

1. This was the song the angels sang, Beth-lehem's
   peace on earth.
2. This is the song repeat-ed o'er, Each hap-py
3. Oh, let us try some aid to lend These of the
   plains a - bove,
   While near the blessed mother held The new-born King of
   Christmas morn, And bless-ed mothers cling a-new To dear ones newly
   new-born throng, To grow and live so in the end They, too, may join the

Love. Born un - to sor-row was the child, Tho' Lord of Life was He
born. Born un - to sor-row as was He, But oh, how weak and frail,
song. With the redeemed when life is o'er, When all the ransomed sing,

To die as man, but un - de-filed, Win death - less vic - to - ry,
These lit - tle lambkins of our Lord, How prone to err and fail,
There's peace on earth, there's joy in her's, Saved by our Sav - ior King,

Win death-less vic - to - ry.
How prone to err and fail.
Saved by our Sav - ior King.
Christmas Song.

Sing after last verse, Slower.

Win deathless victory.
How prone to err and fail.
Saved by our Savior King. And peace on earth, peace on earth.

No. 113. Utah, We Love Thee!
(The State Song of Utah.)

Words and music by Evan Stephens.

SOPRANO.

1. Land of the mountains high, Utah, we love thee! Land of the
2. Columbia's newest star, Utah, we love thee! Thy lustre
3. Land of the pioneers, Utah, we love thee! Grow with the

ALTOS.

sunny sky, Utah, we love thee! Far in the glorious west,
shines afar, Utah, we love thee! Bright on our banner's blue,
coming years, Utah, we love thee! With wealth and peace in store,

Throned on the mountain's crest, In robes of statehood dressed, Utah, we love thee!
Among her sisters true, She proudly comes to view, Utah, we love thee!
To fame and glory soar, God-guarded evermore, Utah, we love thee!
1. Ye who would brave the bounding billow, To view the wonders of the world,

2. Hast never thought, while rapt admiring The distant starlight o- ver head,

3. But I have stood a-mid the thunders, When shook the tow-ring granite height,

4. Sing not of Er-in's famed Killarney, Laud not the wave of Gal-i-lee,

And mag-ni-fy with vain de-vo- tion, The scenes in foreign climes un- furled!
There may be flow'rs of beauty blushing Neglected 'neath thy care-less tread?
And trembled where the vivid lightnings Blazed on the angry brow of night.
For I have sailed the buoyant waters Of Ú-tah's wondrous sa-line sea.

Have ye ne'er dreamed of nearer splendors, Than beautify an al- ien strand— The
Ne'er has it been my lot to wan-der, O'er Orient sands or Alpine snows, To
Oh, tell me not that grand-er tempests Re-ver-be-rate with louder roar, On
I've climbed her ever-during mountains, I've rested in her peaceful vales, I've
glo-rious leg-a- cies of nature Bequeathed un-to your na-tive land.
lin-ger in the vineclad valleys Where Rhine's clear, winding water flows;
Switzerland's historic sum-mits, Than on the Rock - y Moun-tains hoar.
quaffed her pure and sparkling streamlets, I've breathed her life-renewing gales.
No. 115. Lasting Joy.
S. Y. GATES. (Solo and Chorus.) 1 B. CECIL GATES. Solo. Allegro.

1. O in our hours of pleasure There sounds a note of pain, Yet
    life gives good-ly measure Of sun-shine after rain.
    wid-ow's plaintive sor-row Must win our tend'rest tears. 
    We
    seek to bring our loved ones In pur-i-ty to God. 
    We
    can not see the beau-ties Of sor-row's last-ing joys. 
    In-

2. No or-phe-an cry un-heed-ed Shall ever strike our ears, The
    to our souls flow wisdom, As sun-shine quick-en flow'rs, If
    can not see the beau-ties Of sor-row's last-ing joys. 
    In-

3. We'll show our wayward sis-ters The help-ful ir-on rod, And
    we o bey God's pre-cepts, Ac-knowl-edg-ing His pow'rs.

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No. 116. Come, Saints, and Sing a Joyful Song.

Solo, Duet and Chorus. B. Cecil Gates.

1. Come, Saints, and sing a joyful song To Him who rules on high,
   Who fashioned earth and stars, and spread The curtains of the sky.

2. His wide pavilion He extends O'er all who seek His face,
   With healing balm He binds their wounds, And shows them heavenly grace.

Duet.

The lily nods beneath His hand, The winds obey His will;
What matchless love He manifests, For wretched human loss;

The wave is bound-ed by His hand, And thunder's roar He stills.
What tender pity for all such He lifts His sav-ing cross.

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Come, Saints, and Sing a Joyful Song.

Chorus.

Praise, praise, in the songs of angels we hear praises rising ever, as they softly sing, praises rising ever to our Savior King.

Repeat chorus softly after last verse.
No. 117. **My Mother's Love.**

_Duet or Chorus._

Words and music by JOHN M. CHAMBERLAIN.

1. My mother's love is dear to me; No
   My mother's love is mine, So
   My mother's love will help me climb, Tho'

2. My mother's love each day is mine,
   My matter where I roam,
   My tender, strong and true,

3. My mother's love will help me climb,
   My thoughts will turn, my heart will yearn
   For weal or woe, sunshine or snow,

thoughts will turn, my heart will yearn For weal or woe, sunshine or snow,

thoughts will turn, my heart will yearn For weal or woe, sunshine or snow,

thoughts will turn, my heart will yearn For weal or woe, sunshine or snow,
My Mother's Love.

Chorus.

My mother's love, My mother's love, The

sweetest words I know; An

angels love sent from above To bless me

For ending only.

here below............ Mother's love....
1. As gentle words fall on the heart, like sun-beams on the flow'rs, They chase the
2. For many souls are bowed beneath, a load of grief and pain, And vainly

...
Gentle Words.

... and peace and love.... Speak gentle words.... to ev'ry

one, They lift the soul,.... they lift the soul.... a - bove.

No. 119. Come, Dearest Lord.

1. Come, dear - est Lord, de - scend and dwell, By faith and
2. Come, fill our hearts with in - ward strength; Make our en-
3. Now to the God whose pow'r can do More than our

love in ev - 'ry breast; Then shall we know and
larg - ing souls pos - sess, And learn the height, and
thoughts or wish - es know, Be ev - er - last - ing

taste and feel The joys that can - not be ex - pressed.
breadth, and length, And depth of Thine un - meas - ured grace.
hon - or done By all the church, thro' Christ, the Son.
No. 120.  Oh, that My Soul.

M. M. JOHNSON.  Chorus or Duet.  B. CECIL GATES.

Slowly.

1. Oh, that my soul in joy might meet My loved Redeem-er's
   face,... In blessed con-fi-dence might greet The throne of
2. Oh, that my soul might learn to live The laws that are most
   high,... Learn sweetly, meek-ly to for-give, And grand-ly
3. Oh, teach me, Lord, with-in my heart The law that leads to
   Thee;... And give me pow'r to choose the part That leaves the

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No. 121. Freedom and Love.

P. P. Pratt. Duet or Chorus. B. Cecil Gates.

1. Hark! listen to the gentle strain, O'er hill and valley, grove and plain! It echoes
2. The mountains high, the rivers clear, Where heaven sheds the dewy tear, In silence
3. And most of all, a Savior's love Was manifested from above; He died, and

from the heights above, The voice of freedom, peace and love. \(\text{f} \) The flow'rs that bloom o'er
or majestic roar The God of love and peace adore. \(\text{f} \) The birds their numerous
rose to life again, Our freedom, love and peace to gain.

all the land, In harmony and order stand, Nor hated, pride, nor
notes resound; In songs of

envy know, In freedom, peace and love they grow; praise the earth a-

round, Their voices and their tongues employ In songs of freedom and love.

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No. 122.  

The Mother's Plea.

B. S. Horne.

IDA W. WHITE.

1. Our Father in heaven, Thy help we implore, For guidance we plead and Thy name we adore; Oh, grant us Thy light and Thy Spirit divine, That daughters to be; Our thanks and our praises we tender sincere, And ev'ry to worship our hearts may incline. As mothers in Zion we graciously seek in Thy light to appear. For blessings so helpful, so

2. We wish to be ever faithful to Thee, Prove worthy Thy trust, Thy true ever to worship our hearts may incline. As mothers in Zion we graciously seek in Thy light to appear. For blessings so helpful, so

wish e'er to know The duties of life, which Thy Spirit can show; That we may set good and so grand, That come to us freely in this good-ly land, We of-fer our fail in our efforts for right, But guard ev'ry word and each act by Thy light. thanks, we do fervently ask That we in Thy smiles and Thy favor may back.
No. 123.  
If It Could Be.

BERTHA A. KLEINMAN.  
Solo.  
CHARLES FREDERICK STAYNE.

If it could be that you and I could look into the years, And
If I could look into your eyes With powers to divine, And
we who mean our ways so well, But breathe our prayers too late, For

you could know my tests to be And I know all your tears, I
there behold your soul's great need, And you could fathom mine, I
those whose hearts beat close to ours, Who thirst and trust and wait, What

wonder, should we speed our ways, To heal, nor wonder
wonder, should we search our hearts For words of life to
will the even-tide return, What holds its hush for

how To lay some selfish joy aside?
say Or should our world of narrow cares
me Whose faith is voiced for me and mine,

Or should we smile and hurry by, And both forget as now?
Blot out each other from our prayers, And fill our every day?
For you and yours, no time, no time—What will His answer be?
No. 124.  O Thou Who Lovest Innocence.

BUSA YOUNG GATES.  
Chorus.  
B. CECIL GATES.  

Allegretto.  

1. O! Thou who lov-est 
2. Let noon-tide bring me

in-nocence, Re-mem-ber me to-day. Thine an-gel guard a-
food to eat And shel-ter for my head; Let eve-ning fold my

bout me keep, Thine an-gel guard a-bout me keep, Thine an-gel guard a-
hands in peace, Let eve-ning fold my hands in peace, Let eve-ning fold my

Piano.
O Thou Who Lovest Innocence.

O Lord, I keep, my fancy stay, nor stray, Let kindness
hands in peace, And slumber bless my bed, my bed. But most of

fill the coming hours, Let wisdom guide my feet, No haste nor
all I ask, dear Lord, That Thou wilt help me say, For this I

anger mar my thoughts, Nor haste nor anger mar my thoughts, But grant
humbly pray, "Thy will be done, Thy victory won, Thy will, Thy will..."
O Thou Who Lovest Innocence.

me patience, grant me patience sweet. For
be done," for this I humbly pray. For

this I pray, dear Lord, I pray, For this, dear Lord, I pray.
No. 125. When Light Peeps O'er the Hill.

Susa Young Gates.

Chorus or Quartet.

B. Cecil Gates.

Moderato.

1. When light peeps o'er the hill, When light peeps o'er the hill, Tis joy is in the heart, When joy is in the heart, No night within the vale; 'Tis night within the vale; For day and night are room for sorrow there; No room for sorrow there; With flying feet the blend-ed quite When stars begin to pale. 2. When moments fleet Night binds them with a pray'r. Then Vivace.

ban-ish ev'-ry care With mer-ry dance and song, God guards the way both poco rit.

night and day O'er life so bleak and long, O'er life so bleak and long.
No. 126. The Relief Society.

J. M. C. J. M. C. Chamberlain.

Moderato. mf Duet. JOHN M. CHAMBERLAIN.

1. At midnight hour there came a call From a widow's humble home,
2. With loving hearts and willing hands, They answer to the call;

"My darling boy, my only joy, Is dying: I'm alone."
With heaven's aid the boy is saved, By Him who helps us all.

The call was like a bugle sound, To the noble mother's band,
The mother raised her voice in praise To God who reigns on high,

Who minister by night and day To the poor of every land.
And thanked the mother angel band Who heard the widow's cry.

Chorus. Faster. mf

All hail! to thee, O noble band, Relief society,
The Relief Society.

Whose earnest zeal and kindly deeds Live in eternity.

No. 127. The New Freedom Song,
Loyal dedicated to Col. Richard W. Young. 


1. O Thou, the God of truth and right, Be now Thine armies blest; We raise the Flag of Liberty To succor the oppressed.

2. O Thou who rulest hosts that fight In freedom's holy cause, Give pow'r to break the tyrant's yoke, Establish righteous laws.

3. Prepare the way, O Powerful One, We bring our lives, our all; To lift the struggling nations up, Hear us, O hear our call.

CHORUS.

We come, we come in mighty throngs To do the Christian's part:

The hungry feed, the naked clothe, Bind up the broken heart.
1. Ever Thou hast borne our sorrows, Lord,
   Thou hast led us with Thy precious Word.

2. Bind up on Thy tender heart our load,
   Set our feet upon the upward road.

3. So lace of our swiftly fleeting years,
   Thou art quick to calm our trembling fears.

D. C.—Ever Thou hast borne our sorrows, Lord,
   Thou hast led us with Thy precious Word.

   Leave us not alone in this dark hour......Up-
   Thou alone canst cleanse from us all sin.

   Lord of light and Prince of heavenly peace......Bring

   precous Word. Leave us not alone in this dark hour......Up-

   hold Thy shining torch with Thine own matchless pow'r.
   In Thy name we come, we come our souls to win.
   Then what Thou to earth from war and pain a swift release.

   joy to sing to our Savior King, Tune-ful
Our Savior King.

No. 129. With Heavenly Inspiration.

"From "THE OPEN DOOR."

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No. 130. We Serve to Love.

Chorus or Trio.

"Barcarolle," Offenbach.

J. M. CHAMBERLAIN.

Arr. B. C. GATES.

1. We serve to love, we love to serve
This is our motto true; we love to serve, we serve to love
In love on ev'ry hand..... That will return a hundred fold

2. Thus, day by day, we sow the seeds of

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We Serve to Love.

need; We love to give a helping hand, In tho't, in word, in deed; In

word, in deed, in word, in deed, word and deed. Then
In deed, in deed,

A tempo.
1st and 2nd Soprano and Alto.

come, O come, be one with us In heart, in soul, in hand, And

A tempo.
We Serve to Love.

God will love and re-ward you, Come, join our no-ble band;...

Alto.          1st and 2nd Sopranos.

Come, join our no-ble band;... Come, join our no-ble band;...

Fall Chorus.

And God will love and re-ward you; O come,... O come!... O come,

O come,
No. 131.  

Sweet and Low.

Chorus or Quartet, Slow. "Baraby." Arr. B. C. Gates.

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the western sea,  Low, low,
   Breathe and blow, Wind of the western sea;  Over the rolling
   Waters go, Come from the dying moon, and blow, Blow him again to
   me, While my little one, While my pretty one sleeps.

2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Father will come to thee soon;  Rest, rest, on
   moth-er's breast, Father will come to thee soon;  Father will come to his
   Sil-ver sail all out of the west, Un-der the sil-ver
   from the
   Sil-ver all
   moon, Sleep, my lit-tle one, Sleepy, my pretty one, sleep.

Arrangement copyrighted by B. Cec. Giess. Used by per.  pretty one sleeps.
No. 132. THE GOSPEL MESSAGE.

"SPRING SONG."

Chorus. MENDELSSOHN. Arr. by B. C. GATES.

1. Ye wandering nations, now give ear Unto the angels meek... and humble shall rejoice, The wise shall understand.

For lo! from heav'n he does appear, To stand, All Israel now shall know His voice, And bring salvation nigh... He brought... the ancient gather to their land... His opening wonders record forth, Unloosed the mighty seal, His burst to view All glorious and sublime, Point glory soon shall fill the earth, And wondrous things reveal, out the path that men pursue Down to the end of time.

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The Gospel Message.

Soprano.

Ye won-d'ring na-tions now give ear Un-to... the an-gels cry, For lo! from
The meek and hum-ble shall re-joice, The wise shall un-derstand, All Is-ra-el

Alto.

heav'n he does ap-pear To bring, to bring sal-va-tion nigh. He brought the an-cient
now shall know His voice, And gather, gather to their land. Its open-

All.

ing won-ders record forth, Un-loosed the might-y seal, His glory soon shall fill the earth, And
burst to view All glorious and sublime, Point out the path that men

dim.

wondrous things re-veal. 2. The to the end of time. His glo-
ry shall soon fill the earth,

pp

His glo-ry shall soon fill the earth...
No. 133. 

Lord, Thou Wilt Hear Me.

Duet or Chorus. "You'll Remember Me," BALFE.

ATT. E. C. GATES.

1. Lord, Thou wilt hear me when I pray; I am forever Thine;
2. I pray this evening sacrifice, And when my work is done,

I fear before Thee all the day; O may I never sin.
Great God, my faith, my hope lies upon Thy grace alone.

Soprano only.

And while I rest my weary head, From cares and business free,
Thus, with my thought composed to peace, I'll give mine eyes to sleep;

Tis sweet conversing on my bed With my own heart and
Thy hand in safety keeps my days, And will my slumber keep.

Thee With my own heart, my own heart and Thee.
keep And will my slumber, my slumber keep.

Repeal chorus pp after last verse.
No. 134.  
All Our Hearts.  

S. Y. Gates.  
Chorus or Duet.  

"Humoresque." Dvorak.  
Arr. by B. Cecil Gates.

Slow.

1. All our hearts know hours of weeping, Yet we feel that Thou art keeping
   Watch and ward o'er ev'ry passing hour. So we put away all
   Sadness, While we lean on Thee in gladness, On Thy majesty and pow'r.

2. All Thy mercies gently falling, On our hearts so softly calling,
   To Thy mighty throne above the sky. Give us help to do full
   Duty, For we find in life all beauty, When to Thee we venture nigh.

3. So we put away all'  
   To Thy mighty throne above the sky. Give us help to do full
   Sadness, While we lean on Thee in gladness, On Thy majesty and pow'r.

4. So we put away all'  
   To Thy mighty throne above the sky. Give us help to do full
   Sadness, While we lean on Thee in gladness, On Thy majesty and pow'r.

D. C. al Fine.

Guide us, O guide us in our weakness, Keep us safe from earthly fear;
Guide us, O guide us in our weakness, Till we reach the perfect day.
No. 135. **Love's Old Sweet Song.**

_G. C. Bingham._

_Quartet or Chorus._

_J. L. Molloy._ Arr. by B. C. Gates.

1. Once in the dear dead days beyond recall, When on the world the
   mist began to fall, Out of the dreams that rose in happy throng,
   Low in our hearts love sang an old sweet song; And in the dusk where
   fell the fire-light gleam, Softly it wove itself into our dream.
   Just a song at twilight, When the lights are low, And the flick'ring shadows

2. Ever today we hear Love's song of yore, Deep in our hearts it
   dwells for evermore; Foot-steps may falter, weary grow the way,
   Still we can hear it at the close of day; So till the end, when
   life's dim shadows fall, Low will be found the sweetest song of all.
   Song at twilight, Lights are low, Flick'ring shadows

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Love's Old Sweet Song.

Softly come and go; Tho' the heart be weary, Sad the day and long,
Come and go; Heart be weary, Day and long,

Still to us at twilight comes love's old song, Comes love's old, sweet song.

No. 136. We Ever Pray for Thee.

1. We ever pray for thee, our Prophet dear, That God will give to thee
2. We ever pray for thee, with all our hearts, That strength be given thee
3. We ever pray for thee, with fervent love, And as the children's prayer

comfort and cheer; As the advancing years furrow the brow, Still may the
to do thy part, To guide and counsel us from day to day, To shed a
is heard above, Thou shalt be ever blest, and God will give All that is

light within shine bright as now, Still may the light within shine bright as now.
holy light around our way, To shed a holy light around our way.
meet, or best, while thou shalt live, All that is meet, or best, while thou shalt live.
1. Spring is in the can-yon, O spring, O spring, The sky is bright and fair, O
2. Buttercups are growing, O spring, O spring, Down in the low-ly vale, O

spring, O spring, Wild vi-o-lets are pour-ing Their in-cense on the
spring, O spring, The children search the hill-side For se-go lil-lies
O wild vi-o-lets are pour-ing Their
O the children search the hill-side For

air, Red In-dian bells in glo-ry, Be-deck the sagebrush hills, The
pale, O love is at the full-tide, And birds are on the wing, Sweet
incense—Red bells Be-deck the hills, The
lilies pale, O love, And birds on wing, Sweet

Chorus.

streamlet's rushing sto-ry Is whispered by the rills. Sing la la la for springtime,
hope is at the flood tide, And life is at the spring.
sto-ry

Repeat chorus after second verse.

Hear the meadow lark sing, And la la la la, for joy-time, sweet spring, sweet spring.
No. 138. **We Love Our Work.**


M. E. Abel.

1. O Fa- ther, grant us strength and pow'r; Our mission needs Thee ev -'ry hour.
2. We want to live our love to show To Fa- ther's children here be-low.
3. We want to show our bishops all, We're min - ute women at their call;
4. We want our lives at home, abroad, To show that we are saints of God, That to our trust we may prove true.

We want toBut good inGlo - ry and give all hap-pi- ness.

We love our work, we want to live, That oth - ers quick-ly find.

God our Fa- ther's blessings we'll re - ceive;.... Help us to cleanse our hearts from sin, That Thy pure love may ev - er dwell there-in, there-in.

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No. 139. **Song to the Morning.**

**Susa Young Gates.**

Chorus or Quartet.

**Moderato.**

1. Up thro' the canyon fresh and sweet, comes the breath of morning;
2. The evening sky in twilight gold, gilds the hills with glory;

Up from the city's drowsy street whispers the full day's warning.
The hast'ning gloom with peace enfolds the city's half-told story.

Up my soul and the day begin, the day begin, the day begin;
Hush my soul for thy day is done, thy day is done, thy day is done;

Up the prize of life to win, the prize to win, the
Hush, thy race of life is run, thy race is run, thy
Song to the Morning.

prize to win; Up, up my soul, the day begin, the race is run; Hush, hush, my soul, thy day is done, thy day with its passion and pain; Up, up the prize of day with its struggles and fret; Hush, hush thy race of life to win; Up, up my soul, the prize to life is run; Hush, hush my soul, thy race is win; in sun, in cloud, or in rain; thy rest and the night have met.
No. 140. Glory Forever.
W. CLEG.

From "Angel's Serenade." G. BRAGA. Arr. by B. C. GATES.
Sop. and Alto Duet first, Chorus on repetition.

To Him who

Praise Him whom'heav'n - ly hosts a - dore,...

rules on high, Whom heav'n - ly hosts a - dore,...
The

And praise the Lord...... ev - er-
sov' reign Lord of earth and sky Be glo - ry ev - er-

* As indicated, first, melody should be sung as duet, second, chorus sings same line on repetition. Top line should be sung only after D. S. Another good arrangement is to have duet parts played by two violins, or one violin and soprano voice.

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Glory Forever.

more, ... Let saints their voices raise, His love to sing,

more, ... Let saints their voices raise, His wondrous love to sing,

Conspire with one accord, To praise their Father and their King.

Chorus.
Glory Forever.

*Alto Solo or II Violin.*

Sing .... of the glorious time When all will own His

*Soprano Solo or I Violin.*

And sound His praise in songs.... sublime.... In realms of

Chorus.

away. Praise songs sublime, In realms of

Soprano and Alto Solo.

end-less day. Ah! one accord to

Chorus.

end-less day, In end-less day. To one accord to

Coda.

D. S. al Coda.
Glory Forever.

Praise their King.... Our sovereign Lord of earth and sky, Be glory

Chorus.

For ever-more;

Glory, glory forever,

Praise, praise ye the Lord, Praise for ever-more, praise Him....

glory for-ever, praise Him....
No. 141. Carry Me Back to Old Virginny.

Carry me back to old Virginny,
   There's where the cotton and the corn and tatoes grow,
   There's where the birds warble sweet in the spring-time,
   There's where the old darkey's heart am long'd to go,
   There's where I labored so hard for old Massa,
   Day after day in the field of yellow corn,
   No place on earth do I love more sincerely
   Than old Virginny, the state where I was born.

CHORUS...

Carry me back to old Virginny,
   There's where the cotton and the corn and tatoes grow,
   There's where the birds warble sweetly in the spring-time,
   There's where this old darkey's heart has long'd to go.

Carry me back to old Virginny,
   There let me live till I wither and decay,
Long by the old Dismal Swamp have I wandered,
   There's where this old darkey's life will pass away.
Massa and Missis have long gone before me,
   Soon we will meet on that bright and golden shore,
There we'll be happy and free from all sorrow,
   There's where we'll meet, and we'll never part no more.
No. 142.  

**Dixie Land.**

I wish I was in de land ob cotton,  
Old times dar am not forgotten,  
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.  
In Dixie land whar I was born in,  
Early on one frosty morning,  
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.  

**CHORUS.**

Den I wish I was in Dixie, Horray! Horray  
In Dixie Land, I'll take my stand,  
To lib and die in Dixie;  
Away, Away, Away down south in Dixie,  
Away, Away, Away down south in Dixie.  

Old Missus marry "Will de Weaber"  
Willum was a gay deceaber.  
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.  
But when he put his arms around her,  
He smiled as fierce as a forty pounder.  
Look away, look away, look away Dixie Land  

**CHORUS.**

His face was sharp as a butcher's cleaber,  
But dat did not seem to greab 'er  
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.  
Old Missus acted de foolish part,  
And died for a man dat broke her heart.  
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie Land.  

---

No. 143.  

**Old Black Joe.**

Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay,  
Gone are my friends from the cotton fields away;  
Gone from the earth to a better land I know.  
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe."  
I'm coming, I'm coming, for my head is bending low;  
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe."  

Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain?  
Why do I sigh that my friends come not again,  
Grieving for forms now departed long ago?  
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe."  
I'm coming, I'm coming, for my head is bending low;  
I hear those gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe."
Old Black Joe

Where are the hearts once so happy and so free?
The children so dear, that I held upon my knee?
Gone to the shore where my soul has longed to go.
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe."
I'm coming, I'm coming, for my head is bending low;
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe."

No. 144. Home, Sweet Home.

'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 thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home.
There's no place like home,
Oh, there's no place like home.

I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild,
And feel that my mother now thinks of her child.
As she looks on that moon from our own cottage door,
Thro' the woodbine whose fragrance shall cheer me no more
Home, home, sweet, sweet home.
There's no place like home,
Oh, there's no place like home.

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

No. 145. My Old Kentucky Home.

The sun shines bringht in the old Kentucky home,
'Tis summer the darkies are gay;
The corn-top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day:
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy and bright:
By and by "hard times" comes a knocking at the door
Then, my old Kentucky home, good-night.
My Old Kentucky Home

Weep no more, my lady,
Oh! weep no more today!
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For my old Kentucky home far away.

They hunt no more for the possum and the coon,
On meadow, the hill and the shore,
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
On the bench by the old cabin door.
The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow, where all was delight;
The time has come when the darkies have to part,
Then, my old Kentucky home, good-night.
Weep no more, my lady,
Oh! weep no more today!
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For my old Kentucky home far away.

The head must bow, and the back will have to bend
Wherever the darkey may go,
A few more days and the trouble all will end,
In the fields where sugar canes grow.
A few more days for to tote the weary load,
No matter, 'twill never be light;
A few more days will we totter on the road,
Then, my old Kentucky home, good-night.
Weep no more, my lady,
Oh! weep no more today!
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For my old Kentucky home far away.

No. 146. Auld Lang Syne.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind,
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days of o' Lang Syne!

CHORUS.

For Auld Lang Syne, my dear,
For Auld Lang Syne,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For Auld Lang Syne.
Auld Lang Syne

We twa ha'e run a' boot the braes,
    And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot
    Sin' auld Lang Syne.

We twa ha'e sported i' the barn,
    Frae mornin' sun til dine,
But seas between us braid ha'e roar'd,
    Sin' Auld Lang Syne.

No. 147. Old Folks at Home.

Way down upon the Swanee ribber,
    Far, far away;
Dere's wha' my heart is turning ebber,
    Dere's wha' de old folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation,
    Sadly I roam;
Still longing for de old plantation,
    And for de old folks at home.

CHORUS.

All de world am sad and dreary,
    Eb'ry whar I roam;
Oh! darkies, how my heart grows weary,
    Far from de old folks at home.

All round de little farm I wandered,
    When I was young;
Den many happy days I squandered,
    Many de songs I sung.
When I was playing wid my brudder,
    Happy was I;
Oh take me to my kind old mudder,
    Der let me live and die.

One little hut among de bushes,
    One dat I love;
Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,
    No matter where I rove.
When will I see de bees a-humming,
    All round de comb;
When will I hear de banjo tumming,
    Down in my good old home?
No. 148.  The Old Oaken Bucket.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
    When fond recollection presents them to view,
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wild-wood,
    And ev'ry lov'd spot which my infancy knew.
The wide-spreading stream, the mill that stood near it,
    The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell.
The cot of my father, the dairy house by it,
    And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron bound bucket,
    The moss-cover'd bucket that hung in the well.

The moss-covered bucket I hail as a treasure,
    For often at noon when return'd from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
    The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it with hands that were glowing,
    And quick to the white pebbled bottom it fell,
Then soon with the emblem of truth overflowing,
    And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well,
The old oaken bucket, the iron bound bucket,
    The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green, mossy brim to receive it,
    As, pois'd on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
    Tho' fill'd with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved habitation,
    The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
    And sighs for the bucket that hung in the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
    The moss-cover'd bucket that hung in the well.

No. 149.  Good-Night Ladies.

Good night, ladies!
    Good night, ladies!
    Good night, ladies!
We're going to leave you now.
Merrily we roll along, roll along, roll along,
    Merrily we roll along,
O'er the dark blue sea.
Good-night Ladies

Farewell, ladies!
Farewell, ladies!
Farewell, ladies!
We're going to leave you now.
Merrily we roll along, roll along, roll along,
Merrily we roll along,
O'er the dark blue sea.

Sweet dreams, ladies!
Sweet dreams, ladies!
Sweet dreams, ladies!
We're going to leave you now.
Merrily we roll along, roll along, roll along,
Merrily we roll along,
O'er the dark blue sea.

No. 150. The Dearest Spot on Earth.

The dearest spot on earth to me
Is Home, sweet Home!
The fairy land I long to see
Is Home, sweet Home.
Then how charm'd the sense of hearing,
Then when hearts are so endearing,
All the world is not so cheering
As Home, sweet Home.

Chorus.
The dearest spot on earth to me
Is Home, sweet Home.
The fairyland I've long'd to see
Is Home, sweet Home.

I've taught my heart the way to prize
My Home, sweet Home!
I've learned to look with lover's eyes
On Home, sweet Home.
Then when vows are truly plighted,
Then when hearts are so united,
All the world besides I slighted
For Home, sweet Home.
No. 151. Hard Times, Come Again No More.

Let us pause in life's pleasures and count its many tears,
While we all sup sorrow with the poor;
There's a song that will linger forever in our ears,
"Oh! 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!

While we seek mirth and beauty, and music light and gay
There are frail forms fainting at the door;
Tho' their voices are silent, their pleading looks will say,
"Oh! hard times, come again no more!"

Chorus.

There's a pale, drooping maiden, who toils her life away,
With a worn heart whose better days are o'er;
Tho' her voice would be merry, 'tis sighing all the day,
"Oh! Hard times, come again no more!"

Chorus.

No. 152. Grandfather's Clock.

My grandfather's clock was too tall for the shelf,
So it stood ninety years on the floor.
It was taller by half than the old man himself,
Though it weighed not a pennyweight more.
It was bought on the morn of the day that he was born,
And was always his treasure and pride.
But it stopp'd short, never to go again,
When the old man died.

Chorus.

Ninety years without slumbering
(Tick, tock, tick, tock,)
His life seconds numbering
(Tick. tock. tick. tock.)
It stopp'd short, never to go again
When the old man died.
Grandfather's Clock

In watching its pendulum swing to and fro,
Many hours had he spent while a boy,
And in childhood and manhood the clock seem'd to know
And to share both his grief and his joy.
For it struck twenty-four when he enter'd at the door.
With a blooming and beautiful bride.
But it stopp'd short, never to go again,
When the old man died.

My grandfather said that of those he could hire,
Not a servant so faithful he found;
For it wasted no time and had but one desire:
At the close of each week to be wound.
And it kept in its place, not a frown upon its face,
And its hands never hung by its side.
But it stopp'd short, never to go again,
When the old man died.

It rang an alarm in the dead of the night,
An alarm that for years had been dumb;
And we knew that his spirit was pluming for flight,
That the hour of departure had come.
Still the clock kept the time, with a soft and muffled chime,
As we silently stood by his side.
But it stopped short, never to go again.
When the old man died.

No. 153. The Old Arm-Chair.

I love it, I love it, and who shall dare
To chide with me for loving that old arm chair?
I've treasured it long as a holy prize,
I've bedew'd it with tears, and embalm'd it with sighs;
'Tis bound by a thousand bonds to my heart,
Not a tie will break, not a link will start!
Would ye learn the spell? a mother sat there,
And a sacred thing is that old arm chair.

I sat and watch'd her many a day,
When her eye grew dim, and her locks were grey,
And I almost worship'd her when she smil'd,
And turn'd from her Bible to bless her child.
Years roll'd on, but the last one sped,
My idol was shatter'd, my earth-star fled:
I learnt how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in that old arm chair.
The Old Arm Chair

'Tis past! 'tis past! but I gaze on it now
With quivering breath and throbbing brow,
'Twas there she nurs'd me, 'twas there she died,
And mem'ry flows with lava tide.
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
While the scalding drops start down my cheek;
But I love it, I love it, and cannot tear
My soul from a mother's old arm chair.

No. 154.  My Bonnie.

My Bonnie lies over the ocean,
    My Bonnie lies over the sea,
My Bonnie lies over the ocean,
    Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me.

    Chorus.
    Bring back, bring back,
    Bring back my Bonnie to me, to me;
    Bring back, bring back,
    Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me.

Last night as I lay on my pillow,
    Last night, as I lay on my bed,
Last night as I lay on my pillow,
    I dreamed that my Bonnie was dead

Oh! blow, ye winds, o'er the sea
    Oh! blow, ye winds, over the sea
Oh! blow, ye winds, o'er the sea
    And bring back my Bonnie to me.

155.  Annie Laurie.

Maxwelton's braes are bonnie,
    Where early fa's the dew.
And 'twas there that Annie Laurie
    Gave me her promise true:
Gave me her promise true,
    Which ne'er forgot will be,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
    I'd lay me doon and dee.
Annie Laurie.

Her brow is like the snowdrift,
Her throat is like the swan;
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on;
And dark blue is her eye,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me doon and dee.

Like dew on th' gowan lying
Is th' fa' o' her fairy feet,
And like winds in summer sighing
Her voice is low and sweet;
And she's a' the world to me,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me doon and dee.

156. Sweet By-and-By.

There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar;
For the Father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling-place there.

CHORUS.

In the sweet by-and-by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore,
In the sweet by-and-by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

To our bountiful Father above,
We will offer our tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of His love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.
Marching Through Georgia.

Bring the good old bugle, boys, we'll sing another song,
Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along;
Sing it as we used to sing it fifty thousand strong,
While we were marching thro' Georgia.

CHORUS:

Hurrah! Hurrah! we bring the Jubilee!
Hurrah! Hurrah! the flag that makes you free!
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,
While we were marching thro' Georgia.

How the darkies shouted when they heard the joyful sound,
How the turkeys gobbl'd which our commissary found!
How the sweet potatoes even started from the ground,
While we were marching thro' Georgia.

Yes, and there were Union men who wept with joyful tears,
When they saw the honor'd flag they had not seen for years:
Hardly could they be restrain'd from breaking forth in cheers,
While we were marching thro' Georgia.

"Sherman's dashing Yankee boys will never reach the coast,"
So the saucy rebels said, and 'twas a handsome boast,
Had they not forgot, alas! to reckon with the host,
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# Miscellaneous Songs.

**WORDS WITHOUT MUSIC**

For social entertainments and community singing.

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Music Arranged and Compiled by

BRIGHAM CECIL GATES

For General Board Relief Society