S. S. UNION MUSIC.
DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION

MUSIC BOOK,

CONTAINING

A LARGE COLLECTION OF CHOICE PIECES

FOR THE USE OF SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

SECOND EDITION.

PUBLISHED BY THE

Deseret Sunday School Union,

AT THE

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR OFFICE, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1884.
PREFACE.

Though to say "to fill a long-felt want" has become an expression so frequently misused as to have almost lost all force, yet, in presenting this modest addition to the publications of the Union, it can be most truthfully declared that the want of such a work as this claims to be has been felt and urgently called for for years by the officers and teachers of our Sunday Schools. We do not expect that this volume will supply every need of the officers and choir leaders of our Sunday Schools, we sincerely trust, however, it will be an aid in the direction sought, and be the precursor of many yet more valuable works to aid in the musical development of the youth of Israel.

The Deseret Sunday School Union views with commendable pride the results of its efforts in developing the taste for good music in the midst of the Latter-day Saints; and trusts it will be able to yet add much in this direction.

The present volume contains eighty-eight pieces, mostly the productions of our home composers and authors. The pieces it contains present many varieties of style and treatment, and are adapted to the capacity of the Sunday School scholars of all ages, from those who belong to the infant to the members of the adult classes.

January 17, 1884.
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Gladly meeting, kindly greeting, On this precious meeting day, Sinful thoughts be all forsaken—Ev'ry seat is quiet taken—Let each heart to God awaken, While we sing and pray.

Gladly meeting, Kindly greeting, Let us all unite in heart, While the throne we're all addressing. And our sinful ways confessing, Let us seek a heavenly blessing, Ere we hence depart.

Gladly meeting, Kindly greeting, As each meeting shall return. May our minds by study brighten— May our aspirations highten, And may grace our souls enlighten While we strive to learn.
Welcome, welcome Sabbath morning,
Now we rest from every care; Welcome, welcome
Hark! the Sabbath bells are ringing—
Hear the echoes all around; List! the merry

1. Welcome, welcome Sabbath morning,
Now we rest from every care; Welcome, welcome

2. Hark! the Sabbath bells are ringing—
Hear the echoes all around; List! the merry

is thy dawning, Holy Sabbath day of prayer.
Loving teachers kindly greet us
children singing! What a pleasing, joyful sound!
Every tender note entreats us,

As we meet in Sunday school, Where they labor hard to teach us
By the Savior's golden rule
Bids us come, nor longer stay; On our way the music meets us—Hasten, hasten, come away.

Here we bow in meek devotion,
Here we sing His worthy praise,
Here our hearts, with fond emotion,
Seek to learn His holy ways.
From the books of revelation
We are taught while yet in youth,
Words of heavenly inspiration
Guide us in the paths of truth.

Here we meet with friends and neighbors,
Parents, too, are in the throng;
We are earnest in our labors—
To God's kingdom we belong.
Trials make our faith grow stronger
Truth is nobler than a crown,
We will brave the tempest longer
Though the world upon us frown.

Note—Sing the first four lines of the first verse for a chorus.
ROCK OF MY REFUGE.

1 As swiftly my days go out on the wing, As onward my bark drifts over the sea,
2 Dark sorrow may come with many a tear; Stern trials in life my portion may be;
3 Till angels of light my summons shall bring. Till upward with joy my spirit shall flee,

O Father in heaven, this song will I sing: The rock of my refuge is Thee. The rock of my refuge is Thee. Rock of my refuge so sure; Rock of my refuge so strong; O hide me therein From danger and sin. While here I am singing my song.

so sure,
so strong,
WHEN THE ROSY LIGHT OF MORNING.

By E. B. Baird.

When the rosy light of morning, softly beams above the hill, And the birds, sweet heavenly songsters, Ev'ry dell with music fill, Fresh from slumber we awaken, Sunshine makes the heart so gay; Nature breathes her sweetest fragrance On the holy Sabbath day.
When the rosy light of morning,
CHORUS.
Then away, haste away,
Come away to the Sunday school;
Then away, do not delay,
Come away to the Sunday school.

For a wise and glorious purpose
Thus we meet each Sabbath day,
Each one striving for salvation
Through the Lord's appointed way.
Earnest toil will be rewarded,
Zealous hearts need not repine;
God will not withhold His blessings
From the eager seeking mind.
Cheerful hearts make duty pleasure,
Willing hands make labor light,
Happiness crowns every effort
In the battle for the right;

And when life's short day is ended,
O, what joys we then will share,
If we here obey His precepts
And prepare to meet Him there!
Let us then press boldly onward,
Prove ourselves as soldiers true;
He will lead us, He will guide us,
Come, there's work for all to do.
Never tiring, never doubting,
Boldly struggling to the end,
In the world, though foes assail us,
God will surely be our friend.
We want to see the temple.

With towers rising high—
Its spires majestic.

Pointing unto the clear blue sky—
A house where Saints may gather, and

richest blessings gain—
Where Jesus, our Redeemer, a dwelling may obtain.

We want to meet the Savior,
And see Him face to face,
When He shall come in glory
Unto that holy place.

If we are true and faithful,
We'll hear our Savior's voice—
Receive a Father's blessing.
And in His love rejoice.
ALL THINGS BEAUTIFUL

BY WILLIAM POWELL.

1. Beautiful mountains, valleys fair; Zion, thou art beyond compare!

2. Beautiful Sabbath school I love, There is instruction from above.

Beautiful here the priesthood guides, Beautiful here the Lord provides.
(All thro' the priesthood channel given,) How we may fit ourselves for heav'n.

Beautiful teachings—source of joy,
Beautiful rivers, gushing streams,
Riches that can ne'er destroy;
Beautiful are the bright sunbeams;
Beautiful is the iron rod,
Beautiful home for you and me;
Leading us back unto our God.
Beautiful truth that makes us free.
Beautiful canyons, mountains high,
Beautiful are the songs we sing—
Beautiful God is ever nigh;
Hark, how the children's voices ring!
Beautiful orchards, meadows green—
"Glory to God who reigns on high!"
Beautiful panoramic scene.
Echoes around the earth and sky.
DID YOU THINK TO PRAY?

Ere you left your room this morning, Did you think to pray? In the name of Christ, our Savior,

CHORUS.

Did you sue for loving favor As a shield to-day? O, how praying rests the weary!

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

When your heart was filled with anger, Did you think to pray? Did you plead for grace, my brother, That you might forgive another Who had crossed your way?

When sore trials came upon you, Did you think to pray? When your soul was full of sorrow, Balm of Gilead did you borrow At the gates of day?
SONG OF THE SEASONS.

Words by C. W. Stayner.

Music by E. Beesley.

Merry, merry, children, sweetly sing
Of the happy days that the seasons bring:
Each in its robes doth gaily appear,
The hearts of the children to comfort and cheer.

Merry, merry children, gently pray
That the happy times, which are passing away,
Long in your lives may linger and shine,
As gems of bright lustre and radience divine.

Merry, merry children, soon the Spring
With her pretty buds, and her birds that sing,
Clad now in verdure, must change her array,
And then she will grow into bright Summer day.

Merry, merry children, Summer's heat
Follows ever after the Spring so sweet;
Autumn with sheaves of bright yellow grain
Doth herald the coming of Winter again.
SUPPLICATION.

Words by A. Dylrymple.

O God of life and light,
Our hearts beat high with joy,
And with most pure delight
Our time we here employ,
Where we can learn each Sabbath day
To walk the straight and narrow way.

O Lord may we be wise
In early life, we pray,
And strive to win the prize
By walking in that way
That leads to immortality,
Where all the ransomed hosts will be.

Come let us one and all
Join in a sacred strain,
And on our Maker call—
It will not be in vain:
For He will heed our humble prayer,
And grant us grace as free as air.

Music by L. Schofield.

O Lord may we be wise
In early life, we pray,
And strive to win the prize
By walking in that way
That leads to immortality,
Where all the ransomed hosts will be.
**HASTE TO THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.**

Words and Music by W. G. Bickley.

Haste to the Sunday school, Come, come, come, Why will you waiting stand, Come join our union band, Gladly we'll take your hand,

Come, come, come; Here we have teachers kind, And we shall surely find Much to improve the mind, Come, come, come.

Haste to the Sunday school, Come, come, come: Here we with one accord All meet to praise the Lord, And learn His holy word— Come, come, come. Oh, do not hesitate! Come, ere it be too late— March on to heaven's gate— Come, come, come.

Haste to the Sunday school, Come, come, come: Here we will learn the laws Of God's most holy cause, Then do not longer pause— Come, come, come. Why will you waiting stand? Come, join our union band, Gladly we'll take your hand— Come, come, come.
THANKSGIVING HYMN.

Words by B. N. K.

To Thee, our heavenly Father, We'll now our voices raise, Through whose eternal mercy, We live in these last days.

We'll join to sing Thy praises
For blessings Thou hast given—
The blessings of the gospel,
Which leads from earth to heaven.
The Prophet Joseph brought us
Thy truth without alloy;

SOWING.

Music by H. A. Tuckett.

We are sowing, daily sowing, Countless seeds of good and ill, Scattered on the level...
SOWING. Continued.

Seeds that sink in rich, brown furrows, Soft with heaven's gracious rain; Seeds that rest upon the surface Of the dry, unyielding plain.

Seeds that fall amid the stillness Of the lonely mountain glen; Seeds cast out in crowded places, Trodden under foot of men; Seeds by idle hearts forgotten, Flung at random on the air; Seeds by faithful souls remembered, Sown in tears and love and prayer.

Seeds that lie unchanged, unquickened, Lifeless on the teeming mould; Seeds that live, and grow, and flourish When the sower's hand is cold: By a whisper sow we blessings, By a breath we scatter strife; In our words and looks and actions Lie the seeds of death and life.

Thou who knowest all our weakness, Leave us not to sow alone! Bid thine angels guard the furrows Where the precious grain is sown, Till the fields are crowned with glory, Filled with mellow, ripened ears, Filled with fruit of life eternal From the seed we sowed in tears.

Check the froward thoughts and passions, Stay the hasty, heedless hands; Lest the germs of sin and sorrow Mar our fair and pleasant lands. Father, help each weak endeavor, Make each faithful effort blest, Till the harvest shall be garnered, And we enter into rest.
A HAPPY BAND OF CHILDREN.

Music by E. F. P.

A happy band of children, All joyous, blithe and free; With thankful hearts and

praises, O Lord, we come to Thee. We thank Thee, Lord, for blessings, So

rich beyond compare— For life, for health and raiment, And Thy protecting care.

But most of all we thank Thee,
For Thy redeeming grace;
That we may have salvation,
And see Thee face to face.

O Lord, do Thou watch o'er us,
And keep us day by day;
And bless Thy church and kingdom,
Thy little servants pray.
Behold the way to Zion's hill,
Where Israel's God delights to dwell:
He fixes there His lofty throne,
And calls the sacred place His own.
The north gives up—the south no more
Keeps back her consecrated store:

From east to west the message runs,
And either India yields her sons.
Auspicious dawn! thy rising ray
With joy we view, and hail the day;
Great Sun of Righteousness! arise,
And fill the world with glad surprise.
Words by Jas. H. Wallis.

TUNE: "Ascription."

Come ye children of the Lord, Let us sing with one accord; Let us raise a joyful strain, When all men from sin will cease, And will live in love and peace.

To our Lord, who soon will reign On this earth, when it shall be Cleansed from all iniquity; Oh! how joyful it will be, When our Savior we shall see; When in splendor He'll descend; Then all wickedness will end. Oh! what songs we then will sing To our Savior, Lord and King; Oh! what love will then bear sway, When our fears shall flee away.

All arrayed in spotless white, We will dwell 'mid truth and light; We will sing the songs of praise, We will shout in joyous lays. Earth shall then be cleansed from sin; Every living thing therein Shall in love and beauty dwell; Then with joy each heart will swell.

Satan, who now prowls around, By the priesthood shall be bound, And into a pit be cast, Till the thousand years are past. Children then will live to be To the great age of a tree; Saviors on Mount Zion stand; Truth exist in all the land.

Then, O let us sweetly raise All our voices in God's praise; While we dwell on earth below Strive our Maker's love to show. Never acts of evil do, But all wickedness eschew; Then when we shall pass away, We will wake to endless day.
GOOD NIGHT.

By E. Stephens.

Andante. Moderato con moto.

Good night, good night good night. Good night, kind friends, the hour is late, 'Tis time for us to part; O,
Good night, kind friends, may slumber sweet Bring dreams of pure delight, Un-
good night,

may the strains we gai-ly sing Give joy to ev'-ry heart. Tra la la tra la la tra la la la tra la
til a-gain in joy we meet, We wish you all good night.

We wish you all good night.

la la la la la la la

la tra la la tra la la

Repeat pp
A HYMN OF PRAISE.

Words by E. Stephens.

Music by Alfred Peterson.

1. I'll strive while young to tune my voice, To songs of praise and love, The theme, of which I'll make a choice, Shall be my God above.

2. He gives His children here below A thousand blessings rare, Each passing day and hour doth show His loving, tender care.

3. He loves each little, harmless child, The poor and lowly heart; And e'en the soul with sin defiled, Repenting hath a part.

4. O, Father, good and full of grace, Tune Thou my heart and voice, That I may ever chant Thy praise, And in Thy love rejoice.

SONG OF PRAISE.

Words and Music by E. Stephens.

Father, Thy children to Thee now raise Glad, grateful songs for Thy love and grace—For Thy protecting and
SONG OF PRAISE. Continued.

watchful care Over Thy Saints dwelling far and near; Grateful to Thee for the gospel light, Which with its truth fills us

with delight; Glad that we've chosen the better part, Songs of delight fill each grateful heart.

Thankful to Thee that a pilgrim band
Brought us to dwell in this favored land;
Led o'er the deserts and plains by Thee,
Here to a land of true liberty.
Thankful to Thee for the mountains high,
The fresh'ning breeze and the clear, blue sky;
And for the fields covered o'er with corn,
Which now our mountain vales adorn.

O may our songs to Thy courts ascend,
Pleasing to Thee may our voices blend:
Lead us as Thou hast the faithful led,
Feed us with knowledge and daily bread;
Let us not stray from the paths of truth—
Forgive us the folly and faults of youth.
Father accept Thou the songs of praise
Which from our hearts unto Thee we raise.
THE SABBATH DAY.

Words by W. W. Phelps.

Andante.  \( \text{p} \)

Music by T. C. Griggs.

Holy day, devoid of strife—
Let us seek eternal life,
That great reward;
And partake the sacrament
In remembrance of our Lord.

Sweetly swells the solemn sound,
While we bring our gifts around—

Of broken hearts,
As a willing sacrifice,
Showing what His grace imparts.
Softly sing the joyful lay,
For the Saints to fast and pray,
As God ordains,
For His goodness and His love,
While the Sabbath day remains.

Gently raise the sacred strain, For the Sabbath's come again, That man may rest, That man may rest, And return his thanks to God For His bles-sings to the blest, For His bles-sings to the blest.
O awake my slumbering minstrel—Let my heart forget its spell; Say, O say in sweetest accents, Zion
prospers! All is well. Zion, let all thy day is dawning,
Through the darkness shadows swell;
Thou art prospering: all is well.

Strike a chord unknown to sadness,
Strike, and let its numbers tell,
In celestial tones of gladness,
Zion prospers! All is well,

Zion's welfare is my portion,
And I feel my bosom swell
With a warm, divine emotion
When she prospers: all is well.

Thy swift messengers are treading
Thy high courts where princes dwell;
And thy glorious light is spreading—
Zion prospers: all is well.
AROUND THE THRONE OF GOD.

A-round the throne of God in heaven ten thousand children stand—
Children whose sins are all forgiv'n—A holy, happy band. Singing glory, glory.

Glory, honor, praise and power, Be unto the Lamb for-ev-er; Praise Him, praise Him, praise ye the Lord.

What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace and joy and love?
How came those children there?

Because the Savior shed His blood
To wash away our sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean.

On earth they sought the Savior's grace—
On earth they loved His name;
And now they see His blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb.

LOVING ONE ANOTHER.

Words by Lula.
Moderato.

While passing through this earthly life, How can we best avoid the strife, And find the richest
loving one another. continued.

Treasures? And find the richest treasures? How can we brush the thorns away. Yet

Keep the roses fresh and gay. With all their sweets and pleasures? With all their sweets and pleasures?

By firm resolve of heart and mind
To be obedient and kind
To father and to mother,
By gaining wisdom in our youth,
And clinging always to the truth,
And loving one another.

How shall we prove that we are right
While in deceiving some delight,
And seek to bring us trouble?
How tell to all the world we know
That God's own work will live and grow,
Though evil forces double?

We must not flinch, we must not boast,
But of our chances make the most—
All foolish pride we'll smother;
And truth will triumph in the test,
And we shall prove our way the best
By loving one another.

And when we've passed the narrow way
Into the bright, eternal day,
Each sister and each brother
May tell how valiantly we stood,
And gained our place among the good,
By loving one another.
A PRECIOUS JEWEL.

Words by E. R. Snow. Music by Ella Barker, Nine Years Old.

There is a precious jewel, Of worth and beauty rare; And one that's not too costly For every one to wear.

Of all the golden treasures Which kings and princes boast, This jewel must be hung; And when the lips are open, Should ornament the tongue.

Inward, as well as outward, This single lovely jewel Is worth by far the most. Is worth by far the most.

Its name—can no one guess it— This prize for age and youth? I'll tell you: can you speak it? It is not hard—'tis Truth.

BEAUTIFUL ZION.

Beautiful Zion, built above, Beautiful city that I love; Beautiful Zion, built above, Beautiful city that I love;
Beautiful heaven, where all is light;
Beautiful angels, clothed in white;
Beautiful strains that never tire;
Beautiful harps thro' all the choir.
There shall I join the chorus sweet,
Worshiping at the Savior's feet.
Zion, Zion, lovely Zion,
Beautiful Zion, city of our God.

Beautiful crowns on every brow,
Beautiful palms the conq'rors show;
Beautiful robes the ransom'd wear,
Beautiful all who enter there:
Thither I press with eager feet—
There shall my rest be long and sweet,
Zion, Zion, lovely Zion.
Beautiful Zion, city of our God.
HOPE OF ISRAEL.

WORDS BY J. L. TOWNSEND.

Music by William Clayson.

Hope of Israel, Zion's army, Children of the promised day, See, the chieftain

CHORUS. Spiritoso.

sig-nals onward, And the battle's in ar-ray! Hope of Israel, rise in might, With the sword of

truth and right; Sound the war-cry—"Watch and pray"—Vanquish ev'-ry foe to-day.

See the foe in countless numbers, Marshalled in the ranks of sin; Hope of Israel, on to battle, Now the vic'try we must win!

Strike for Zion, down with error, Flash the sword above the foe;

Ev'ry stroke disarms a foeman, Ev'ry step we conquering go.

Soon the battle will be over, Ev'ry foe of truth be down: Onward, onward youth of Zion, Thy reward, the victor's crown.
Words by C. W. Stayner.

Music by Jno. S. Lewis.

WANTED ON THE OTHER SIDE.

Oft, when loved ones, called to leave us, Pass to shining scenes beyond,

Questions, why they thus bereave us, Plunge us into dark despond.

But with words most true and tender
Some one whispers at our side,
"Service he has gone to render,
Wanted on the other side!"

Wanted? Yes, to preach salvation!
Visit friends long passed away,
Father, mother, dear relation,
Longer here he could not stay!

They were waiting there to see him,
He with us could not abide,

Rests his clay in mausoleum,
Spirit on "the other side."

While we mourn, their welcomes greet him,
Hail to one so nobly born!
With what joy they flock to meet him,
Him for whom we mortals mourn!

Cease your sobs! Oh, cease your weeping,
In your Savior now confide,
He is in the Lord's safe keeping,
Wanted on the other side!
GLORIOUS THINGS OF THEE ARE SPOKEN.

Glorious things of thee are spoken, Zion, city of our God!
On the rock of ages founded, What can shake thy sure repose?
He, whose word can not be broken, Chose thee for His own abode.
With salvation's wall surrounded, Thou may'st smile on all thy foes.

See! the streams of living waters,
Springing from celestial love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of drought remove.

Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t'assuage?
Grace which, like the Lord the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near!

Fading are all worldly treasures,
With their boasted pomp and show;
Heavenly joys and lasting pleasures,
None but Zion's children know.

---Awarded 2nd Prize in Class E, by the Deseret Sunday School Union.
THE COMING DAY.

Words by J. H. Ward.  

Music by E. Beesley.

Let Saints rejoice, the night is past, The gospel day has dawned at last;

Soon shall the sun of righteousness With healing wings the nations bless.

CHORUS.

Hail to the coming morning, And a future calm and bright! Hail to the rosy dawning Of the gospel's glorious light!

Let all obey the Lord's command  
To spread the truth in every land,  
Till all who dwell in error's night  
Shall learn of Him and dwell in light.  

Redeemed to God each land shall be,  
And every island of the sea,  
All nations learn to know the Lord  
And live obedient to His word.

O speed the years and bring that day  
When sorrow shall be done away:  
When in the Savior's peaceful reign  
Earth shall her long lost Eden gain.
LITTLE CHILDREN, LOVE THE SAVIOR.

Words by E. B. Wells.

Music by A. Preston.

Little children, love the Savior, Learn to do His holy will; He is whisp'ring to you ev-er,

Sacred duties to ful-fill. Jesus said, Love one an-oth-er, And for-give each oth-er, too, Then, as sis-ter, or as brother, Let us wisdom's course pur-sue.

Meek and humble like the Master.
To the Father we will pray,
That our footsteps may not falter
In the straight and narrow way.
We are learning to be useful,
In life's lessons day by day;
Honest, upright, gentle, truthful,
Treading wisdom's pleasant way.

Honor father, honor mother;
These are precepts Jesus taught;
And with kindness to each other,
May our actions all be fraught.
We must seek for heav'nly favor,
In the path our Savior trod;
Bravely wrestle with endeavor,
Holding fast the "iron rod."
ZION STANDS WITH HILLS SURROUNDED.

Music by A. C. Smyth.

Zion stands with hills surrounded—Zion kept by power divine; All her foes shall be confounded,

Though the world in arms combine. Happy Zion, Happy Zion, What a favored lot is thine!

Every human tie may perish, Friend to friend unfaithful prove, Mothers cease their own to cherish, Heaven and earth at last remove; But no changes Can attend Jehovah's love.

In the furnace God may prove thee, Thence to bring thee forth more bright, But can never cease to love thee, Thou art precious in His sight; God is with thee— Thou shalt triumph in His might.

-Awarded 3rd Prize in Class E, by the Deseret Sunday School Union.
WE'LL SING ALL HAIL TO JESUS' NAME.

Words by R. Alldrige.

Music by Jos. Cosslett.

**Moderato.**

We'll sing all hail to Jesus' name; Honor and praise we give To Him who bled on Calvary's hill, And died that we might live.

He passed the portals of the grave, Salvation was His song! He called upon the sin-bound soul To join the heavenly throng.

He seized the keys of death and hell, And bruised the serpent's head; He bid the prison doors unfold, The grave yield up her dead.

The bread and wine do represent His sacrifice for sin;

Ye Saints, partake, and testify Ye do remember Him.

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

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

Moderato.

1. Hark, hark, hark to the classmates’ song! List, list, listen to the classmates’ song!

2. Shout, shout, shout till the echoes ring; Shout, shout, shout forth the song we sing!

Strong in the fight for truth; Full in the hope of youth, Now joyous strains we prolong.
Firm in the ranks we stand, United heart and hand, Sweet notes of love and joy we bring.

Rather slow.

Hoping, trusting, striving, battling on, Resting not until our work is done; Looking upward, marching,
Striving for the side of truth alone, Living for the righteous cause we own; Surely treading onward,
Hope on, trust on, strive on, battle on, Rest not till our work, our work is done; Look up, look on,
Strive on for the side of truth alone, Live on for the cause, the cause we own; Surely treading,
THE CLASSMATES' MARCH SONG. Continued.

pressing forward till the fight is lost or won. Hold the faith, keep the truth, This our song shall be; Strong and
firm advancing till our labor here is done. Hold the faith, etc.

press on, march on Till the fight is lost or won. Hope on! this our song, our song shall be;
firm advancing Till our labor here is done. Hope on, etc.

brave, firm and true, scorn to flinch or flee; Whoe'er assail, right will prevail. This our theme, our constant song shall be.

Trust on, scorn to flinch, to flinch or flee Whoe'er assail, right will prevail. This our theme, our song shall be.

THE SACRAMENT.

Words by Lula. Music by John Detton.

Moderato.

Lit - tle ones, the Sav - ior loves you; For He died that you might live: Would you feel that He approves you?
Heed the words His servants give. Come to Sabbath school each Sunday, Come with wise and pure intent; And remember 'tis the one day Saints may take the sacrament.

If you've hurt a little brother, Or to sister been unkind, Cross'd your father or your mother, Failing their good words to mind— If you feel yourself offended, Rest not with a wrong, content: All such things should be amended, Ere you take the sacrament.

While you eat and drink, 'tis fitness In your little hearts to pray; For this token is a witness That you will the Lord obey;

Pray to Him, and He will hear you, And His Spirit will be lent, And good angels will be near you While you take the sacrament.

Little children, love the Savior! For He died that you might live; Lay aside all rude behavior, And He will your faults forgive: Fear no harsh, unkindly sentence, Mercy sweet from heav'n is sent; Come with faith and true repentance, And partake the sacrament.
Nearer, dear Savior, to Thee, Nearer, nearer to Thee; Ever I'm striving to be Nearer, yet nearer to Thee! Trusting, in Thee I confide, Hoping, in Thee I abide—Take, O take and cherish me, Nearer, dear Savior, to Thee!

2 Nearer, dear Savior, to Thee, Nearer, nearer to Thee; Proved by my trials, I'll be Nearer, yet nearer to Thee!

Humbly I come to Thee now, Earnest, I prayerfully bow—Take, O, take and cherish me, Nearer, dear Savior, to Thee!
3 Nearer, dear Savior, to Thee,
Nearer, nearer to Thee;
Ever my anthem must be,
Nearer, yet nearer to Thee!
Loving Thee, ever I pray,
Aid me Thy will to obey—
Take, O, take and cherish me,
Nearer, dear Savior, to Thee!

4 Nearer, dear Savior, to Thee,
Nearer, nearer to Thee;
Let me by holiness be
Nearer, yet nearer to Thee!
When all my trials are done,
When my reward I have won,
Take, O, take and cherish me,
Nearer, dear Savior, to Thee!

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Music by R. S. Horne.


Our Fa- ther, our Fa- ther, our Fa- ther which art in heav- en, hal-low-ed be Thy
name. Thy kingdom come, Thy kingdom come, Thy king- dom come, Thy will be
The Lord's Prayer. Continued.

Pray for us daily, Lord, to do Thy will as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: for Thine is the kingdom, and the power and the glory, for ever. Amen. Amen.
PARTING HYMN.

Words by Geo. Manwaring.

Music by E. Beesley.

Sing we now at parting, One more strain of praise, To our Heavenly Father.

Sweetest songs we'll raise. For His loving kindness, For His tender care.

Let our songs of gladness Rend this Sabbath air.

Praise Him for His mercy,
Praise Him for His love,
For unnumbered blessings
Praise the Lord above.
Let our happy voices
Still the notes prolong,
One alone is worthy
Of our sweetest song.

Jesus, our Redeemer,
Now our praises hear,
While we bow before Thee,
Lend a listening ear.
Save us, Lord, from error,
Watch us day by day,
Help us now to serve Thee
In a pleasing way.
LOVE AT HOME.

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, Smiling sweet on every side, Time doth softly, sweetly glide,

When there's love at home. Love at home, love at home: Time doth softly, sweetly glide, When there's love at home.

In the cottage there is joy,
When there's love at home;
Hate and envy ne'er annoy,
When there's love at home.
Roses bloom beneath our feet,
All the earth's a garden sweet,
Making life a bliss complete,
When there's love at home.

Kindly heaven smiles above,
When there's love at home;
All the world is filled with love,
When there's love at home.
Sweeter sings the brooklet by,
Brighter beams the azure sky;
O, there's one who smiles on high,
When there's love at home.
COME RALLY ROUND THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Words by Wm. Willes.

Come rally round the Sunday school, Where peace and love and order rule; Where youth and age in union meet For innocence—a safe retreat.

Come rally round, Come rally round, Come rally round the Sunday school; Where peace and love, Where peace and love, Where peace and love and order rule.

'Tis here a flood of gospel light Pours its bright rays upon our sight; We joyful mingle with the throng, In prayer, and praise, and sacred song.

Music by J. S. Lewis.

'Tis here we get instruction good, And learn to act as children should: We learn to love and speak the truth, And practice it in daily youth.
THE BRIGHT NEW YEAR.

Joyfully.

Verdant spring and rosy summer, Golden autumn, all are past; O'er the face of nature frowning,

Lonely winter comes at last; Yet she brings us many pleasures, Many scenes of festive cheer;

Now with joy our hearts are glowing While we hail the bright new year, While we hail the bright new year.

Sliding, skating, laughing, shouting, Down the rugged hill we go; Hark! the sleigh bells gaily pealing O'er the white and downy snow! Can we think the winter dreary, When such merry tones we hear? Now the cup of pleasure sparkles, While we hail the bright new year.

Though the forest shades are silent, And the birds have flown away, We can warble sweetest music, We can sing as light as they. Happy season, happy greeting, Friends and kindred far and near, Take our best and kindest wishes, While we hail the bright new year.
O tell me not of ease or fame, Or all that Mammon's vot'ries claim; I know their paltry worth;

But let me hear the voice of home, Whether a palace, hut or dome: There's naught so dear on earth.

Talk not to me of splendid halls—
Of sumptuous feasts, where folly calls
   For fashion's ample fee;
But talk of home's most frugal treat,
   Where love and pure affection meet
   In plain simplicity.

Talk not of princely crowns to me,
   Or proud, imperial dignity,
   Replete with slavish care;
But talk of home's unblazoned things,
   Where virtue smiles and wisdom sings
   Sweet sonnets, rich and fair.

Home! charming sound, unknown, to fame,
   Has more kind feelings in the name
   Than all the studied lore
   That stoic brains have ever thought,
   Or stoic genius ever taught
   To all the world before.

But yet, the home, the heavenly prize,
   Which far beyond this scenery lies,
   Is the rich boon I crave;
Though here, a stranger I may roam,
My heart is fixed—I have a home,
   Secure, beyond the grave.
THE "MORMON" MISSIONARY'S FAREWELL.

Words by W. W. Phelps.
Semplice e piano.

Music by A. C. Smyth.

Farewell, our friends and brethren, Here take the parting hand; We

go to preach the gospel In every foreign land. Farewell our wives and children, Who
render life so sweet; Dry up your tears—be faithful Till we again shall meet.

Farewell, ye scenes of childhood,
And fancies of our youth;
We go to combat error
With everlasting truth.
Farewell, all carnal pleasures,
Which gild the scenes of mirth;
Your days are surely numbered
To trouble man on earth.

Farewell, farewell our country;
Our home is now abroad,
To labor in the vineyard,
In righteousness for God.
The gallant ships are ready
To bear us o'er the sea,
To gather up the blessed,
That Zion may be free.

HEAVEN'S WORDS OF LOVE.

Words by J. L. Townsend.
Music by A. C. S.

Gently now, Angry brow
Friendship keep, Harvest reap
We should never, never see; Hold most dear
Of the sweeter joys above, We shall find,
HEAVEN'S WORDS OF LOVE. Continued.

Brothers here, Let no anger be. Gentle tones of loving hearts.
If we mind Heaven's words of love. Let no evil thoughts accrue,

Sorrow heals and joy imparts; Love and live to forgive. Ev'ry one most free.
See what gentle words will do, Love and live to forgive. Gen-tle as the dove.

THE CHILDREN'S SONG-PRAYER.

By E. Stephens.

Kind and Heavenly Father, from Thy holy dwelling See Thy little children singing praise to Thee.
Hear our little voices of Thy goodness telling, Let our many follies all forgiven be.

CHORUS.

Smile in love upon us; shed Thy Spirit on us; Tune our youthful voices to Thy praise,

Till the song we're singing, to the heaven ringing, Mingles with Thy holy angels' lays.

Father, we will praise Thee for Thy many blessings,
Which we are receiving from Thy bounteous hand:
For the peaceful vales which we are now possessing,
And the streams of water flowing through the land.

Bless the faithful leaders who are placed above us,
As they kindly teach us here to do Thy will;
Bless our friends and parents who so dearly love us—
Help us all our duties rightly to fulfill.
Beautiful star; Star of the evening, Beautiful, beautiful star.

Beautiful star; Star, star of the evening, evening, Beautiful, beautiful star.

In fancy's eye it seems to say,
Follow me; come from earth away;
Upward thy spirit's pinions try,
In realms above, beyond the sky.

Shine, O star of love divine,
O, may your soul's affections twine
Around thee, as thou movest afar,
Star of the twilight, beautiful star.
Joy to the world! the Lord will come, And earth receive her King, Let every heart prepare Him room, And Saints and angels sing.

Rejoice! rejoice! when Jesus reigns, And Saints their songs employ; While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, Repeat the sounding joy.

Rejoice! rejoice in the Most High! While Israel spreads abroad, Like stars that glitter in the sky, And ever worship God.
When shall we meet Thee, dear Savior above? When shall we behold Thy face? When shall we greet Thee with tokens of love, In that happy, holy place? When we have finished our mission below, And on earth we no more roam, Will you approve of our work when we go To our glorious future home?
WHEN SHALL WE MEET THEE? Continued.

Chorus. Moderato.

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

O, when shall we meet Thee, dear Savior above?

When shall we greet Thee with tokens of love, In that happy, holy place.

When shall we meet Thee, our Savior and Lord?
When shall we Thy glory see?
When shall we go to obtain our reward
And in heaven be crowned with Thee?
When Thou wilt come in Thy glory and might,
Over all the earth to reign,
May we be holy and pure in Thy sight,
And Thy approbation gain.

When shall we meet Thee, Redeemer and Friend?
When shall we in heaven abide?

When shall the just to Thy mansions ascend,
Where our God and Thee reside?
When all our labors on earth are complete
And our mortal life is o'er,
When we have gone where our record we'll meet
On that bright eternal shore,

Chorus after last verse.

Then we will meet Thee, dear Savior above,
Then shall we behold Thy face;
Then we will greet Thee with tokens of love,
In that happy, holy place,
CLOSING HYMN.

Words by Geo. Manwaring.  
Music Arranged by E. Beesley.

Lord we ask Thee ere we part, Bless the teachings of this day, Plant them deep in ev'ry heart, That with us they'll ever stay.

In the innocence of youth  
We would all Thy laws fulfill;  
Lead us in the way of truth,  
Give us strength to do Thy will.

Father, merciful and kind,  
While we labor for the right,  
May we in Thy service find  
Sweetest pleasure, pure delight.

All our follies, Lord, forgive,  
Keep us from temptations free;  
Help us evermore to live  
Lives of holiness to Thee.

TRY IT AGAIN.

Words by John Lyon.  
Music by J. Eardley.

Should the changes of life, like the tide's ebb and flow, Be ceaseless and varied in form, And the

frail bark of life in a moment forego Its reck'ning amidst the dark storm, Stand
firm to the helm and close furl each sail, While the tempest sweeps over the main: There is hope in the wind, tho' destructive the gale, 'Twill calm, and we'll try it again, again, 'Twill calm and we'll try it again.

There ne'er was a valley but hill-tops appear—
Nor a storm that's not spent to a calm;
Nor a pain without pleasure, a hope without fear,
Nor a wound but has always a balm!
When the clouds of adversity gather around,
And our friends turn their backs in disdain,
Though the world should conspire all hopes to confound,
Let us up and go try it again, again!
Let us up and go try it again!

The fears of sad parting the pangs of regret,
The sighs of fond hope, or dull care,
Are feelings implanted to make us respect
The death-sting of hopeless despair!

Yes, the tear-drop of sorrow may darken the eye,
Like the sunbeams obscured by the rain,
But the clouds will disperse over hope's gloomy sky,
And cheer up our prospects again, again!
And cheer up our prospects again!

Then why do we shrink, though the chances of fate,
Are mingled in life's bitter cup!
'Tis a mixture designed by kind Heaven to elate,
And strengthen us ne'er to give up.
Then come weal, or come woe, let whatever betide,
Let us run, for the prize we'll obtain;
Though the race may be lost by the swiftest who ride,
Let us up and go try it again, again!
Let us up and go try it again!
His precious blood He freely spilt—
    His life He freely gave:
A sinless sacrifice for guilt,
    A dying world to save.

Through strict obed’ence Jesus won
    The prize with glory rife:
"Thy will, O God, not mine, be done,"
    Adorn’d His mortal life.

He mark’d the path and led the way,
    And every point defines,
To light and life and endless day,
    Where God’s full presence shines.

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

In mem’ry of the broken flesh
    We eat the broken bread;
And witness with the cup, afresh,
    Our faith in Christ, our head.
We're marching on to glory, We're working for our crown; We'll make our armor brighter, And never lay it down. We're marching, marching homeward, To that bright land afar; We work for life eternal, It is our guiding star.

Then, day by day we're marching,  
To heaven we are bound;  
Each good act brings us nearer  
That home where we'll be crowned.

Then, with the ransom'd children  
Thet throng the starry throne,  
We'll praise our Lord and Savior,  
His pow'r and mercy own.
THE PIONEERS.

Words by J. H. Ward.

Vigoroso.

They were an exile band, Without a home to rest, But, guided by a Father's hand, Their wand'ring have been blest. Forsaken by their friends, Despised and scorned by foes, They sought the aid the Highest sends, And in His strength arose, And in His strength arose.

O'er wide and lonely plains, Past dark Missouri's tide, Our fathers sought a home, where they Might aye in peace abide; Where each should have the right, In peace to worship God, Uninfluenced by the pomp of pride, Unawed by tyrants' rod.

Amidst these mountains wild, O, can we e'er forget? They made this desert land to bloom, The vales of Deseret, Far from the scenes of vice Beyond their foe's domain, They made this mountain land their choice, Let us their rights maintain.
Words by Lula.

Moderate.

I'll be a little "Mormon," And seek to know the ways That God has taught His people In these the latter days.

I know that He has blest me With mercies rich and kind, And I will strive to serve Him With all my might and mind.

By sacred revelation,
Which He to us has given,
He tells us how to follow
The ancient saints to heaven.
Though I am young and little,
I, too, may learn forthwith
To love the precious gospel
Revealed to Joseph Smith.

With Jesus for the standard,
A sure and perfect guide,
And Joseph's wise example,
What can I need beside?
I'll strive from every evil,
To keep my heart and tongue—
I'll be a little "Mormon,
And follow Brigham Young.
IMPROVE THE SHINING MOMENTS.

Words and Music by R. B. Baird.

Improve the shining moments, Don't let them pass you by, Work while the sun is radiant, Work for the night draws nigh.

We cannot bid the sunbeams to lengthen out their stay, Nor can we ask the shadow to ever stay away.

Time flies on wings of lightning, We cannot call it back; It comes then passes forward Along its onward track; And if we are not mindful The chance will fade away; For life is quick in passing— 'Tis as a single day.

As Winter time doth follow The pleasant Summer days, So may our joys all vanish, And pass far from our gaze.

Then should we not endeavor Each day some point to gain, That we may here be useful, And every wrong disdain.

Improve each shining moment, In this you are secure, For promptness bringeth safety And blessings rich and pure, Let prudence guide your actions, Be honest in your heart, And God will love and bless you, And help to you impart.
KIND WORDS ARE SWEET TONES OF THE HEART.

Words by J. L. Townsend.

Music by E. Beesley.

1. Let us oft speak kind words to each other, At home or where'er we may be; Like the
2. Like the sunbeams of morn on the mountains, The soul they a-wake to good cheer; Like the

warblings of birds on the heather, The tones will be welcome and free; They'll gladden the heart that's repining, Give
murmur of cool, pleasant fountains, They fall in sweet cadences near. Let's oft, then, in kindly-toned voices, Our
Kind words are sweet tones of the heart. Continued.

Poco rit.

Courage and hope from above, And where the dark clouds hide the shining, Let in the bright sunlight of love, In friendship that ever is true.

Mutual friendship renew, Till heart meets with heart and rejoices

Chorus.

O, the kind words we give Shall in memory live, And sunshine forever impart; Let us oft speak kind words to each other, Kind words are sweet tones of the heart.
O Lord, my parents here preserve,
To teach me righteousness,
That my young feet may never swerve
From paths of holiness;
And, like the faithful ones of old
Who now behold Thy face,
May I be formed in virtue’s mold
To fill a holy place.

While youth and beauty sweetly twine
Their garlands round my head,
I’ll seek at wisdom’s sacred shrine,
The gems that never fade.
Long may I sing Thy praises here
Among Thy Saints below,
And in eternity appear
With them in glory too.
LET LOVE ABOUND.

Words by J. L. Townsend.

Music by E. Stephens.

In that bright and holy city, In our mansions far above, We shall dwell in sweet communion, For our Ruler, God, is love. In that city bright and fair, O, what pleasures we will share! Love all round, Love all round. O, what pleasures we will share! Love all round.
LET LOVE ABOUND. Continued.

CHORUS.

Not by strife with one another
Can we onward, upward move,
But by charity most holy
Do we live this life of love;
Loving all companions here,
Holding all as kindred dear;
Love all around,
Love all around.
Side by side we grow together,
Side by side the wheat and tares,
Let us now, before the harvest,
Act consistent with our prayers;

Helpful hands extend release,
Bringing unity and peace—
Love all around,
Love all around.
Hopeful, cheerful, kind and loving,
Smiling often as we meet,
O, what joy will be our portion!
Life with loving acts replete;
This is what the soul desires,
This is what the Lord requires—
Love all around,
Love all around.

O, let love abound here too, Keep this holy thought in view—

Happy, cheerful, kind and loving,
Smiling often as we meet,
O, what joy will be our portion!
Life with loving acts replete;
This is what the soul desires,
This is what the Lord requires—
Love all around,
Love all around.
THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

Words by J. L. Townsend.

Music by E. Stephens.

That the Lord will provide, Is a promise that's giv'n; Ye faithful and true, 'Tis a promise to you! So in meekness confide, And look upward to heav'n; The Lord is our Father, The Lord will provide.

The Lord will provide, The Lord will provide, The Lord will provide, The Lord will provide, So in meekness confide, And look upward to heaven; The Lord is our Father, The Lord will provide.
THE LORD WILL PROVIDE. Continued.

How the Lord will provide
From the store-house of heaven,
We know not alway,
But yet will we pray;
For we're never denied,
When in poverty driven,
We ask for our Father,
The Lord, to provide.

What the Lord will provide
When He aids us from heaven,
Not always we know;
When in poverty low
He oft has supplied,
When we bravely have striven;
In wisdom our Father,
The Lord, will provide.

When the Lord will provide
From His store-house in heaven,
Just when He will aid,
He never has said;
Oft soon He's complied,
And oft waited and proven,
But always our Father,
The Lord, will provide.

SUPPLICATION HYMN.

Words by R. Amsdridge.

Music by Henry Emery.

O Lord, accept our songs of praise, For light and truth in latter days.

We meet to do Thy service here, O list! regard our humble prayer.

We hope, O Lord, that we may prove
The worthy objects of Thy love;
Watch o'er us while we thus incline
Our hearts to learning truths divine.

Before we from this meeting go
Do thou a blessing, Lord, bestow;
Accept our gratitude and praise,
And guide us through our future days.
SACRAMENTAL.

Words by H. W. Naisbitt.

For our devotions, Father we Invoketh Thy Spirit us to aid; From worldly thoughts O,

set us free, To trust the promise Jesus made, To trust the promise Jesus made: "When

in my name but two or three shall meet, I there will surely be, Shall meet, I there will surely be."

In Sabbath hours what peace, what rest,
What food, what life dost Thou impart!
One day in seven—of days the best—
This order shows how wise Thou art.
Oh precious boon, when Saints can meet
As one, around the mercy seat!
Pass to each one the broken bread,
Give each the cup, a token true;
Disciples by the Priesthood led

In the true Gospel, old, yet new.
What strength in covenants so renewed,
And with the Spirits life imbued!
And when the word comes clothed in power,
Truth gives its sure, unerring sound;
Comes there a more refreshing shower
In all of duty's sacred round?
From benediction, Saints retire,
And hearts are warmed by new desire!
SABBATH MORNING COMES WITH GLADNESS.

Words by James Gallaher.

Music by J. S. Lewis.

Sabbath morning comes with gladness, Little hearts are filled with joy; Father's blessings banish sadness, Pleasure's here without alloy. See with smiling, rosy faces, Boys and girls clothed in their best, Hastening on to fill their places, At their teachers' kind request.

Over the earth the sun is shining, Truth shines in the Sabbath school; List, the Priesthood clear defining Precepts like the golden rule.

Let us each be unobserving Of the others' faults, and strive Goodness to increase unswerving, Like the bees within a hive.

May our Father's care be o'er us, Guardian angels ever nigh, Through life's journey go before us, Lead us to the courts on high.

Principles our souls inspiring, That were destined men to save, Onward progress, never tiring, In the life beyond the grave.
Welcome happy Sunday, Day of days the best, Gladly do we hail thee, Blessed day of rest.

Cheerful voices singing Joyous, grateful lays, Angels bear them heav'nward, Songs of love and praise.

Humbly, lowly bending To the God above, Prayers of Saints ascending, Thank Him for His love.

Thank Him for the Sabbath, Holy day—and blest, Best of all the seven, Hallowed day of rest.

UTAH, THE QUEEN OF THE WEST.

The youth of each land for their father-land stand, And boast of its grandeur with pride; What...
The bold mountains rise, and point to the skies,
Like sentinels round our abode;
And vales calm and sweet, repose at their feet—
Fit home of the people of God.
From those cold, bleak forms, fit dwellings for storms,
Flow the crystalline streams God has blest;
Rich harvests have smiled in the desert once wild,
In Utah, the queen of the west.

The poor and oppressed, in this land of the west,
Find plenty, and freedom, and joy;
Though the wicked may sneer, to us thou art dear,
And fair as thine own sunny sky.

The gospel’s proclaimed to all here on earth,
And the meek and the lowly rejoice;
From Babylon they flee to this land of the free—
To Utah, the land of their choice.

Thy sisters first born, who ‘auntingly scorn,
Shall joy to do honor to thee;
With each coming hour thy glory shall tower,
Till the nations thy beauty shall see.
Thy triumph is nigh, oppression shall die,
For thee there is freedom and rest;
The years as they fleet shall bless our retreat
With peace in this land of the west.
The day-dawn is breaking, The world is awaking, The clouds of night's darkness are flying away.

The world-wide commotion From ocean to ocean Now heralds the time of the beautiful day.

Chorus. Moderato.

Beautiful day of peace and rest, Bright be thy dawn from east to west.

Beautiful day of peace and rest, Bright be thy dawn from
Beautiful, bright millennial day.

In many a temple
The Saints will assemble,
And labor as saviors of dear ones away;
Then happy reunion,
And sweetest communion
We'll have with our friends in the beautiful day.

Still let us be doing,
Our lessons reviewing,
Which God has revealed for our walk in His way,

And then, wondrous story,
The Lord in His glory
Will come in His power in the beautiful day.

Then, pure and supernal,
Our friendship eternal,
With Jesus we'll live and His counsels obey;
Until ev'ry nation
Will join in salvation,
And worship the Lord of the beautiful day.

Stars of morning, shout for joy; Sing redemption's mystery; Holy, holy, holy, cry, Holy, holy, holy, cry, And praise the Lamb.
Ethiopia, stretch thy hand; Come, ye tribes of ev'ry land, Countless as the ocean's sand, Countless as the ocean's sand, To praise the Lamb.
Savior, let thy kingdom come, Now the man of sin consume, Bring the blest millennium, Bring the blest millennium, Exalted Lamb.
LET THE HOLY SPIRIT GUIDE.

Words and Music by Edwin F. Parry.

Let the Holy Spirit's promptings Be your daily, constant guide; Let its peaceful, heavenly influence Ever in your heart abide: It will lead in duty's pathway,

[piano music notation]
Let the Holy Spirit guard your
Every act, and word, and thought;
Never make a single effort
Till the Spirit's aid you've sought,
Cherish it as your companion;
Heed its sweet and still, small voice;
If you listen to its dictates,
Then through life you will rejoice.

Do not grieve the Holy Spirit,
Or it will not with you stay,
But that it may dwell within you,
To your Heavenly Father pray.
Ask in faith and He will answer,
And will bless you from above;
He will send His Holy Spirit,
Which will fill your soul with love.
Lord, accept our true devotion, Let Thy Spirit whisper peace; Swell our hearts with fond emotion, And our joy in Thee increase. Never leave us, never leave us, Help us Lord to win the race, Never leave us, never leave us, Help us, Lord, to win the race.

Aid us all to do Thy bidding, And our daily wants supply; Give Thy Holy Spirit's guiding, Till we reach the goal on high, Ever guard us, ever guard us, Till we gain the victory.

May we with the future dawning, Day by day from sin be free, That on resurrection morning We may rise at peace with Thee; Ever praising, ever praising, Throughout all eternity.
THE BEES OF DESERET.

Words and Music by E. Stephens.

We are the bees of Deseret, The busy, busy, cheerful little bees,
Like other bees we Love to sing Our voices ever sounding sweet and clear,

Gath'ring what honey we can get From all the flowers blooming on the trees, Trying to fill our
And all the valleys often ring With happy, cheerful songs we love so dear, We still will labor

lit-tle hives With every good that we can gather round; Wisdom and truth, e-ter-nal lives, These with our might. While yet 'tis day, to gather wisdom strive, That when the night comes we'll have light, E-
are the priceless treasures we have found. Workers are we, no idlers here. Shall live among our busy, happy eternal light to shine within our hives.

We gather honey all the year, And plenty can be found on every hand.

WHAT PRIZE SHALL BE YOUR REWARD?

Words by J. L. Townsend.
Music by E. Beesley.

When called to the throne of your Lord, And judged from the books of today, What is there, in the hopes of your heart, A hope for the future most dear, When
WHAT PRIZE SHALL BE YOUR REWARD? Continued.

prize shall then be your re-ward? For what do you la-bor and pray?
called from this life to de-part And dwell in a ho-li-er sphere?

CHORUS.

There’s many a crown will a-wait The brows of the faithful and true; Just think, ere you find it too

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

Improve well the time that is now,
For then all regrets will be vain;
Let honor enwreathe here your brow,
Prepare for the boon you would gain.
An hour is life’s journey at last,
The moments are fleeing so fast;
Beware, or the Savior’s request
Will find you still sleeping at last!

Remember, the course you pursue
Is surely recorded above,
That every act you may do
Is written, “for self,” or “for love.”
O, then, should the balance be found
“For self,” in that day you will see,
Though blessings of mercy abound,
No crown for reward there will be!
SONG OF THE WORKERS.

Words by H. W. Naisbitt.

Moderato con espressione.

We are watchers, earnest watchers, For the coming better day, By prophets oft fore-

shadowed Mid old Israel far away; Their beacon fires were lighted by The true, the living

flame, God's Spirit prompted every one The future to proclaim.
SONG OF THE WORKERS. Continued.

CHORUS. *Cheerfully.*

We are workers, earnest workers, and 'tis in a cause we love, ... Onward, upward is our movement, For 'tis led by God above.

We are working, bravely working,
That the truth we may declare,
As many bands, yet one in heart,
We try to do and dare;
And heaven hath blessed our efforts—
Hear o'er all this favored land
That union is the key-note,
Struck by each unflinching hand.

We are looking, calmly looking
For a glorious future near,
For triumph and the victor's wreath,
For each brave worker here.
Our God is ruling over all,
His Priesthood points the way,
And Sabbath schools in union move,
To greet the coming day.
Since life is full of toil and care, And joys are gained through sorrow, We'll dry the tear, no more despair, But gladly wait the morrow. Then since this life is full of care, And joys are gained through sorrow, We'll dry the tear, no more despair, But gladly wait the morrow. If o'er each trial we should mourn, Where would we seek for pleasure? In every trial are blessings born— Each sorrow brings a treasure.

The sky may seem both dark and drear, The clouds hang thick around us, But see, the sun breaks forth to clear The gloom that does surround us.
Words by J. Furniss.

From heaven He came to show the way,
That children might not go astray;
He preached the only plan to save
Mankind from an eternal grave.

He was baptized in Jordan's flood,
With power He preached the word of God,
He told us how to keep God's day—
In holiness to sing and pray.

Music by Ann Fellows.

A charge He gave unto His Saints,
Whene'er they met without complaints,
To eat the bread and drink the wine—
An ordinance that is divine.

He soon will meet His Saints again,
A thousand years on earth to reign;
O, then will heavenly strains resound!
And Satan and his host be bound.
THE "MORMON" BOY.

Voice.

Moderato.

Kind friends: as here I stand to sing, So

ver - y queer I feel, That, now I've made my bow, I fear I don't look quite genteel; But
THE "MORMON" BOY. Continued.

nev'er mind, for I'm a boy That's always full of joy— A rough and ready sort of chap—An honest "Mormon" boy.

CHORUS.

A "Mormon" boy, a "Mormon" boy, I am a "Mormon" boy. He might be envied by a king, For he is a "Mormon" boy.

I'm proud to know that I was born
Among these mountains high,
Where I've been taught to love the truth,
And scorn to tell a lie;
Yet I'll confess that I am wild,
And often do annoy
My dearest friends, but that's a fault
Of many a "Mormon" boy.

My father is a "Mormon" true,
And when I am a man,
I want to be like him, and do
Just all the good I can.
My faults I'll try to overcome,
And, while I live enjoy,
With pride I'll lift my head and say,
"I am a 'Mormon' boy."
There was a little lassie, Her name was Bessie Fair, She was her mother's darling, For she did not "bang" her hair; She tho't it was not pretty, And her mother said "Tis
She'd neither paint nor powder,
Nor friz her flowing hair;
She was a perfect model—
Was my pretty Bessie Fair—
Of a lady kind and gentle,
And a daughter good and true.
How many are there here to-day
Who truly are so too?

She never would be guilty
Of using any slang,
She thought it unbecoming,
Quite as much as 'twas to "bang;"
She never would be idle,
Not when work there was to do.
How many are there to-day
Who truly are so too?

At Sabbath school you'd find her,
With lessons well prepared;
She'd neither mince nor simper,
When her duty was declared;

With modest grace and manners,
She would stand up firm and true.
How many are there here to-day
Who'd truly do so too?

She was not vain nor haughty;
But simple, modest, kind;
Her judgment was not faulty,
But well-stored her thoughtful mind
With wisdom's richest treasures—
Many oft were brought to view.
How many are there here to-day
Who truly are so too?

Her father and her mother
Could trust her anywhere;
They knew she'd ne'er disgrace them
Once, by "putting on an air."
If you would be like Bessie,
You must keep this rule in view:
Let modesty and worth proclaim
The wealth that's stored in you.
CHRISTMAS CAROL.

With Spirit. mf

With wond'ring awe, The wise men saw The star in Heaven springing, And with delight In

peaceful night, They heard the angels singing, Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna to His name!

By light of star,
They traveled far
To seek the lowly manger;
A humble bed
Wherein was laid
The wondrous little stranger.
Hosanna, hosanna,
Hosanna to His name!

And still is found,
The world around,
The old and hallowed story:
And still is sung

In every tongue
The angels' song of glory:
Hosanna, hosanna,
Hosanna to His name!

The heavenly star
Its ray afar
On every land is throwing,
And shall not cease
Till holy peace
In all the earth is glowing.
Hosanna, hosanna,
Hosanna to His name!
JOSEPH SMITH'S FIRST PRAYER.

Words by Geo. Manwaring.

Music by A. C. S.

Oh how lovely was the morning! Radiant beam'd the sun above,
Humbly kneeling, sweet appealing—'Twas the boy's first uttered prayer—
When the bees were singing, humming sweet birds singing,
Music ringing thro' the grove; When, within the shady woodland,
Joseph's powers of sin assailing Fill'd his soul with deep despair;
But, undaunted still, he trusted In his shining, glorious pillar
O'er him fell, around him shone, While appeared two heavenly beings, God the humble prayer was answered, And he listened to the Lord. Oh, what rapture filled his bosom, For he

Sing bass softly...
sought the God of love, When within the shady woodland, Joseph sought the God of love, Heavenly Father’s care, But, undaunted still, he trusted in his Heavenly Father’s care.

Father and the Son, While appeared two heavenly beings, God the Father and the Son.
saw the living God, Oh, what rapture filled his bosom, For he saw the living God!

THE INCARNATION.

Words by J. H. Ward.

Hail to the night when erst on Judah’s plain, A glittering host proclaimed a Savior come;

Not in the gorgeous pomp of kingly train, But meekly to this world of sin and gloom;
For Thou wast born of woman meek and mild,
And in the manger rude was laid to rest;
Earth had no place for Thee, O Heavenly Child,
Though earth by Thee alone was truly blest.
Angels, not men proclaimed Thy mission here
And yet for man alone Thou shedst Thine every tear.

For man alone was every sorrow borne,
Hunger and thirst and weariness and pain,
For man alone Thy sacred flesh was torn,
That sinful man might bliss eternal gain,
Awhile the world grew dark for what was done,
Then basked in sweet repose beneath a cloudless sun.

No clouds of vengeance lowered when in Thy tomb
Thy weeping followers laid Thee, Holy One,
Soon camest Thou forth fresh in immortal bloom!
Angelic servants rolled away the stone.
Thy work accomplished slowly didst Thou rise
Calmly majestic, Godlike to Thy nativ skies.
In remembrance of Thy suffering, Lord, these emblems we partake, When Thyself Thou gav'stand

offering—Dying for the sinner's sake. We've forgiven as Thou biddest All who've
trespassed against us, Lord forgive as we've forgiven All Thou seest amiss in us.
SACRAMENT PRAYER. Continued.

Purify our hearts, our Savior,
Let us go not far astray,
That we may be counted worthy
Of Thy Spirit, day by day.
When temptations are before us
Give us strength to overcome;
Always guard us in our wanderings,
Till we leave our earthly home.

When Thou comest in Thy glory
To this earth to rule and reign,
And with faithful ones partakest
Of the bread and wine again,
May we be among the number
Worthy to surround the board
And partake anew the emblems
Of the sufferings of our Lord.

GIVE US ROOM THAT WE MAY DWELL.

Music by W. N. B. Shepherd.

Give us room that we may dwell, Zion's children cry aloud;
See their numbers how they swell—How they gather like a cloud!

O! how bright the morning seems—
Brighter from so dark a night;
Zion is like one that dreams,
Filled with wonder and delight!

Zion, now arise and shine!
Lo, thy light from heaven is come!
These that crowd from far are thine;
Give thy sons and daughters room.
Our mountain home so dear, Where crystal waters clear Flow ever free, Flow ever free.

While thro' the valleys wide, The flowers on ev'ry side, Blooming in stately pride, Are fair to see.

We'll roam the verdant hills, And by the sparkling rills Pluck the wild flowers; The hand of God we see, In leaf, and land, and tree, Or bird, or humming bee, Or blade of grass.

The landscape bright and fair, The streamlet, flower and sod Bespeak the works of God, And sunshine everywhere, And all combine, Make pleasant hours.

In sylvan depth and shade, With most exquisite grace, In forest and in glade, His handiwork to trace, Where'er we pass, Through nature's smiling face, In art divine.
JUBILEE SONG.

Words by Samuel L. Evans.

Moderato.

Let Thy good spirit on us rest,
That one and all may thus be blest;
Unite our hearts with one accord,
To comprehend Thy will, O Lord.

Our Sunday Schools, may they become
The crowning pride of old and young!
And all find out the better way.—
For this and more we all will pray.

SET THY PEOPLE FREE, O, LORD.

BY J. L. TOWNSEND.

[This Hymn may be sung to the above tune if desirable.]

To Thee, O God, we now appeal,
Against a nation's evil laws;
Thy power in majesty reveal,
Protecting all who love Thy cause.

A tyrant foe oppression brings,
Forbidding us Thy will to do;
O Lord, accept our offerings,
And bare Thine arm to aid us through.

From off Thy Saints O, break the bands,
Oppressive tyrants bind in hate;

Their slavish laws, and foul demands,
Forever now, O Lord, abate.

Our hearts in unison unite,
In this petition, Lord to Thee;
Thy Zion now with peace requite,
And from our foes-men make us free.

Obedient to Thy laws divine,
And by Thy Holy Spirit's grace,
Our beings now perfect refine,
Till we may all behold Thy face.
Words by A. P. Welchman.

Music by R. B. Baird.

The opening buds of Spring time, When birds so sweetly sing, Invite our tuneful life's full of grace and blessings From out His liberal hand, Then praise Jehovah's voices To praise the mighty King. Expanded flowers in Summer, With ye Saints in every land.

D. C.

fruits and fields of grain, Call for our hearts' thanksgiving In music's joyous strain.
The autumn's varied colors,
The garnered gifts of heaven,
Proclaim that for His bounty
Our praises should be given.
When Winter spreads his mantle,
Of snowy crystals rare,

Our gratitude we render,
For His protecting care.
Life's full of grace and blessing
From out His liberal hand,
Then praise Jehovah ever,
Ye Saint in every land.

FAITH.

BY J. L. TOWNSEND.

[This Hymn may be sung to the Tune on the opposite page, if desirable.]

The mind's complete conviction
That things unseen may be,
Assured by testimonies
That truthfully agree,
Is faith, as mere believing
In evidences true,
And all degrees possessing
Have those who truth pursue.
But faith regarding heaven
A gift must be from God,
The Holy Spirit giving
Its evidences broad.

While faith and knowledge blended
Become the gospel power.
The promised gifts receiving
We prove our faith is true,
And onward to perfection
The narrow way pursue;

While faith combined with labor
We join in sweet accord,
In building up the kingdom,
The Zion of our Lord.
So faith is more than shallow
Belief in things above,
'Tis hope and trust accruing
With confidence and love.
'Tis power as God commissions,
In priesthood now conferred,
Till man, and sea, and mountain
Must, yielding, heed its word.

The gospel then obeying,
Our faith in things above,
The Holy Ghost our teacher,
Increases with our love.
Till faith in truths presented
To knowledge grows each hour,
1. Thou shalt have none other gods but me; Before no idol bend thy knee;

2. Give both thy parents honor or due; Take heed that thou no murder do;

3. Nor make a full lie nor love it; What is thy neighbor's dare not covet;

1. Take not the name of God in vain, Nor dare the Sabbath lay pro-

2. Abstain from words and deeds unclean, Nor steal though thou art poor and mean.

3. With all thy soul love God above, And as thyself thy neighbor love.
LET US TREAT EACH OTHER KINDLY.

Words by Lula.

Music by J. S. Lewis.

Let us treat each other kindly, We are friends united here; Not in ignorance, nor
Let us truly trust each other, We are only mortals weak, Oft in need of friend or
Charity's fair beacon lifted, Scatters rays of light for all—Erring, weak, or good and
blindly, But by sacred ties most dear. Love will own no cold suspicion, Golden sunshine it im-
brother, Generously to act or speak. Pass not silently and coldly O'er a wrong we might a-
gifted, High or lowly, great or small; Let us also strive completely, Hastily judgements to with-

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

CHORUS.
LET US TREAT EACH OTHER KINDLY. Continued.

PROVIDENCE IS OVER ALL.

Words by Emily H. Woodmansee.  
Music by Jos. J. Daynes.

When dark and drear the skies appear, And doubt and dread would thee en-

thrall, Look up nor fear, the day is near, And Providence is over all.
PROVIDENCE IS OVER ALL. Continued.

From heav'n above, His light and love, God giveth freely when we call; Our

utmost need is oft decreed, And Providence is over all.

With jealous zeal God guards our weal,
And lifts our wayward thoughts above;
When storms assail life's bark so frail,
We seek the haven of His love.
And when our eyes transcend the skies,
His gracious purpose is complete;
No more the night distracts our sight—
The clouds are all beneath our feet.

The direst woe that mortals know,
Can ne'er the honest heart appall.
Who holds this trust—that God is just,
And Providence is over all.
Should foes increase to mar our peace,
Frustrated all their plans shall fall.
Our utmost need is oft decreed,
And Providence is over all.

COME ALONG.

Words by Wm. Willes.

Music by A. C. Smyth.

Come along, come along, is the call that will win, To lead us to virtue, and
COME ALONG. Continued.

Keep us from sin; Most men can be led, but few can be driv'n. In shunning perfection and striving for heav'n. Come along, come along, is the call that will win. In leading to virtue and keeping from sin. Come along, come along, Is the call that will win. In leading to virtue and keeping from sin.

Come to me, come to me, sweetly falls on the ear,
The word of the Lord, full of comfort and cheer,
To bind up the broken, the captive set free
In the good time that's coming, we soon hope to see.

Let us govern by kindness, and never by force,
All cheering and bright, like the sun in its course;
Obedience will spring from each heart with a bound,
And brotherhood flourish the wide world around.