Angels, From the Realms of Glory

JAMES MONTGOMERY

Joyously $J = 100$

1. An-gels, from the realms of glo-ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth; Ye who sang cre-a-tion's sto-ry, God with man is now re-sid-ing,
   2. Shep-herds in the fields a-bid-ing, Watch-ing o'er your beam a-far; Seek the great De-sire of na-tions; hope and fear, Sud-den-ly the Lord, de-scend-ing,
   3. Sa-ges, leave your con-templa-tions; Bright-er vi-sions now pro-claim Mes-si-ah's birth: Yon-der shines the in-fant light; Ye have seen his na-tal star: Come and wor-ship;
   4. Saints, be-fore the al-tar bend-ing, Watch-ing long in his tem-ple shall ap-pear:

Come and wor-ship; Wor-ship Christ, the new-born King.

CEASE, YE FOND PARENTS, CEASE TO WEEP

ELIZA R. SNOW

Somberly $J = 66$

1. Cease, ye fond par-ents, cease to weep. Let grief no more your souls swell; For what is death? 'Tis na-ture's sleep, the trump of God will break its spell. For he, whose arm is strong to save, A rose in tri-umph over the grave. Let heathen nations clothe the tread
2. Why should you sor-row? Death is sweet To those that die in Je-sus' love; Though called to part you, soon will meet in ten-der tie; For while it lays its vic-tims low, Death ho-lier, hap-pier eli-mes a-bove; For all the faith-ful open to the worlds on high: Ge-lesi-tal glo-ries strong to save, A rose in tri-umph over the grave. Christ will save, And crown with vic-t'ry o'er the grave. proud-ly wave A bove the con-fines of the grave.
3. There's con-so-la-tion in the blow, Al-though it crash a

But where the light, the glorious light Of revelation freely flows,

4. To hush our sorrows to repose. Through faith in him who died to save, We'll shout hosannas o'er the grave.

5. Let reason, faith and hope unite
Come, Labor On

JANE BORTHWICK  ALEXANDER SCHREINER

Boldly $\text{j} = 88$

1. Come, la - bor on! Who dares stand i - de on the
   har - vest plain, While all a-round him waves the gold-en grain?
   to each ser - vant does the Mas - ter say, "Go, work to-day."

2. Come, la - bor on! Claim the high call-ing an-gels
   can-not share. To young and old the gos - pe - l glad - ness bear.
   deem the time. Its hours too swift - ly fly. The night draws nigh.

3. Come, la - bor on! The en - e - my is watch-ing
   can-not share. To young and old the gos - pe - l glad - ness bear.
   to each ser - vant does the Mas - ter say, "Go, work to-day."

Come, labor on! 4.
Away with gloomy doubts and faithless fear!
No arm so weak but may do service here:
By feeblest agents may our God fulfill
His righteous will.

Come, labor on! 5.
No time for rest, till glows the western sky,
While the long shadows o'er our path way lie,
And a glad sound comes with the setting sun,
"Servants, well done."

Father of Light

WILLIAM C. DOANE  J. ALBERT JEFFERY

Gladly $\text{j} = 89$

1. Fa - ther of light, in whom there is no shad - ow,
   Giv - er of ev - ery good and per - fect gift,
   With one ac - cord we. seek thy ho - ly pres - ence;
   Glad - ly our hearts to thee in praise we lift.

2. Glad for the truth that binds our lives to - geth - er,
   Through thee u - nit - ed, wor - ship - ing as one,
   Glad for the crowning gift that thou hast giv - en
   Send - ing to light the world, thine on - ly Son.

3. Light of the world, through whom we know the Fa - ther!
   Pour out up - on us thine a - bid - ing love,
   That we may know its depth and height and splen - dor.
   That heaven may come to earth from heaven a - bove.
Good Christian Men, Rejoice

JOHN MASON NEALE
Fourteenth Century Melody

With marked rhythm $d = 69$

1. Good Christian men, rejoice With heart, and soul, and voice; Give ye heed to what we say: Jesus Christ is born to-day; Rich and poor before him bow, And he is in the manger now.

2. Good Christian men, rejoice With heart, and soul, and voice; Now ye hear of endless bliss; Jesus Christ was born for this! He hath opened the heav'nly door, And man is blessed for evermore.

3. Good Christian men, rejoice With heart, and soul, and voice; Now ye need not fear the grave: Jesus Christ was born to save! One and all his mercy calls To gain his ever-lasting halls.

Christ is born to-day! Christ was born for this! Christ was born to save!
Hark! The Evening Hymn Is Stealing

THOMAS MOORE

Serenely \( \text{d} = 72 \)

1. Hark! the evening hymn is stealing O'er the waters
2. Now like moon-light waves re-treating To the shore it

soft and clear; Near'er yet and near'er pealing, Soft
dies a-long; Now like angry surges meeting, Breaks

it breaks upon the ear. Sing hosan-nah, sing hosan-nah, the mingled tide of song. Sing hosan-nah, sing hosan-nah, sing hosan-nah, sing hosan-nah. Amen.

farther stealing, Soft it fades upon the ear, waves re-treating, To the shore it dies a-long.

Sing hosan-nah, Sing hosan-nah, Sing hosan-nah! Amen.

Farther now, now san-nah, sing ho-san-nah. Amen. Hark! again, like
The Lord Be With Us

TRACY Y. CANNON

ANON.

1. The Lord be with us as we walk Along our homeward road.
2. The Lord be with us till the night Fold our day of rest.
3. The Lord be with us through the hours Of slumber calm and deep.

In silent thought or friendly talk Our hearts be near to God.
Be now of every heart the light, Of every home the guest.
Protect our homes, renew our powers, And guard us while we sleep.

O Lord, Responsive to Thy Call

JOHN LYON

WILLIAM BOYCE

1. O Lord, responsive to thy call, In life or death what-er be-fall,
   Though life be short and trial seem to dark-en its protracted gleam,
   Death may distract our present joy And all our brightest hopes destroy.
2. O let thy Spirit with us dwell That we in future worlds may tell
   Our hopes for bliss on thee de-pend; Thou art our ev-er-last-ing Friend,
   Though friends for-sake and foes con-tend, Thou art our ev-er-last-ing Friend.
   Yet these we will in the fu-ture tend To prove thee still our faithful Friend.
   How we strove, and, in the end, Made thee our ev-er-last-ing Friend.

In silent thought or friendly talk Our hearts be near to God.
Be now of every heart the light, Of every home the guest.
Protect our homes, renew our powers, And guard us while we sleep.
Rejoice, Ye Pure in Heart

1. Rejoice, ye pure in heart! Rejoice, give thanks, and sing;
   Your glorious banner wave on high, The cross of Christ your King!
2. With all the angel choirs, With all the Saints on earth,
   Your glorious banner wave on high, The cross of Christ your King.
3. Then on, ye pure in heart, Rejoice, give thanks, and sing;
   Rejoice, rejoice, Rejoice, give thanks, and sing.

Author of Faith, Eternal Word

1. Author of faith, Eternal Word, Whose Spirit breathes the act-live flame.
   Faith, like its author, the Sav-ior, Lord, To-day as speak-able.
   In us the kindled fire; In us the Sav-ior thou! What-e'er we hope, by faith we've have,
   Future and thee is giv'n! Un-to him self he all receives, Pard-on and

5. The things unknown to feeble sense, Faith lends its realizing light,
   Unseen by reason's glimmering ray, The clouds disperse; the shadows fly,
   With strong, commanding evidence, Th'Invisible appears in sight;
   Their heavenly origin display. And God is seen by mortal eye.
Oliver Wendell Holmes

Lord of All Being, Throned Afar

1. Lord of all being, throned afar, The glory
   flames from sun and star, Center and soul of
   ev'ry sphere, Yet to each loving heart how near!

2. Sun of our life, thy quick'ning ray Sheds on our
   path the glow of day; Star of our hope, thy
   soft'ned light Cheers the long watches of the night.

3. Our, mid-night is thy smile withdrawn; Our noon-tide
   is thy gracious dawn; Our rainbow arch, thy
   merciful sign; All, save the clouds of sin, are thine.

4. Lord of all life, below, above,
   Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
   Before thy ever-burning throne
   We ask no luster of our own.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

LEROY J. ROBERTSON

Majestically \( d = 52 \)

Who Are These Arrayed in White

DeCourcy

Quietly \( d = 104 \)

1. Who are these arrayed in white Brighter than the noon-day
   sun, Foremost of the sons of light, nearest the fed.
   ter-mal throne? These are they that bore the cross,
   Nobly for their master stood, sufferers in his

2. He that on the throne doth reign His own flock shall always
   They have all their sufferings past, hunger now and
   thirst no more. He shall all their sorrows chase.
   All their fears at once remove, wipe the tears from

3. Lord of All Being, Throned Afar
   Grant us thy truth to make us free,
   Till all thy living altars claim
   Righteous cause, Followers of the living God.

SAMUEL B. MARSH

4. Sun of our life, thy quick'ning ray Sheds on our
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Proud? Yes, Of Our Home in the Mountains

1. Proud? Yes, of our home in the mountains, Where
   proph'ets of Is-rael re-side, And faith-ful ones
   quaff from the foun-tains, Where wis-dom and vir-tue a-
   proph'ets of Is-rael re-side, And faith-ful ones quaff

   1. Bless-ing the liv-ing and dead; And thou-sands are now
   glad-ly drink-ing At streams from the great foun-tain head.
   2. No-ting that death is at hand; De-struc-tion is sure-
   ly ad- voc-ing To con-quest in ev-er- y land.
   3. Dorned with per-pet-u-al snow; Their joy to re-plen-
   ish earth's foun-tains And fer-ti-lize val-leys be-low

2. The Saints are in-vit-ing the na- tions Un-to
   cham-mers pre-pared of our God, To join in the
   world will for-er ex-cel, E'en now see her
   proph'ets of Is-rael re-side, And faith-ful ones quaff

3. God's Zio-n is rich, and her bless-ing The wide
   proph'ets of Is-rael re-side, And faith-ful ones quaff
   from the foun-tains, Where wis-dom and vir-tue a-
   proph'ets of Is-rael re-side, And faith-ful ones quaff

   bide. The Lord is now pour-ing a bless-ing Is
   rod. Al-read-y the "black-horse" is pranc-ing, De-
   tell. Like pil-lars of heav-en her moun-tains, A-
   from the foun-tains, Where wis-dom and vir-tue a-bide.