

## Angels, From the Realms of Glory

JAMES MONTGOMERY

HENRY SMART

*Joyously* ♩ = 100

1. An - gels, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er
2. Shep-herds in the fields a - bid- ing, Watch- ing o'er your
3. Sa - ges, leave your con-tem-pla-tions; Bright-er vi-sions
4. Saints, be-fore the al- tar bend- ing, Watch- ing long in

all the earth; Ye who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry  
flocks by night, God with man is now re - sid - ing,  
beam a - far; Seek the great De - sire of na - tions;  
hope and fear, Sud - den - ly the Lord, de - scend - ing,

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;  
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

FRANZ JOSEF HAYDN

*Somberly* ♩ = 66

1. Cease, ye fond par-ents, cease to weep, Let grief no more your
2. Why should you sor-row? Death is sweet To those that die in
3. There's con-so-la-tion in the blow, Al-though it crush a

bo - som's swell; For what is death? 'Tis na - ture's sleep; The  
Je - sus' love; Though called to part you soon will meet in  
ten - der tie; For while it lays its vic - tims low, Death

trump of God will break its spell, For he, whose arm is  
ho - lier, hap - pier cli - mes a - bove; For all the faith - ful  
o - pens to the worlds on high: Ce - les - tial glo - ries

strong to save, A - rose in tri - umph o'er 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.

Let heathen nations clothe the tread  
Of death in faithless, hopeless gloom,  
While vain imaginations spread  
Terrific forms around the tomb;  
For human science never gave  
A light to shine beyond the grave.

But where the light, the glorious light  
Of revelation freely flows,  
Let reason, faith and hope unite  
To hush our sorrows to repose.  
Through faith in him who died to save,  
We'll shout hosannas o'er the grave.

JANE BORTHWICK

ALEXANDER SCHREINER

*Boldly* ♩ = 88

1. Come, la - bor on! Who dares stand i - dle on the  
 2. Come, la - bor on! Claim the high call - ing an - gels  
 3. Come, la - bor on! The en - e - my is watch - ing

har - vest plain, While all a - round him waves the gold - en grain? And  
 can - not share. To young and old the gos - pel glad - ness bear. Re -  
 night and day To sow the tares, to snatch the seed a - way, While

to each ser - vant does the Mas - ter say, "Go, work to - day."  
 deem the time. Its hours too swift - ly fly. The night draws nigh.  
 we in sleep our du - ty have for - got, He slum - bered not.

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 fulfil  
 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."

WILLIAM C. DOANE

J. ALBERT JEFFERY

*Gladly* ♩ = 69

1. Fa - ther of light, in whom there is no shad - ow,  
 2. Glad for the truth that binds our lives to - geth - er,  
 3. Light of the world, through whom we know the Fa - ther!

Giv - er of ev - ery good and per - fect gift,  
 Through thee u - nit - ed, wor - ship - ing as one,  
 Pour out up - on us thine a - bid - ing love,

With one ac - cord we seek thy ho - ly pres - ence;  
 Glad for the crown - ing gift that thou hast giv - en  
 That we may know its depth and height and splen - dor,

Glad - ly our hearts to thee in praise we lift.  
 Send - ing to light the world, thine on - ly Son.  
 That heaven may come to earth from heaven a - bove.

JOHN MASON NEALE

Fourteenth Century Melody

*With marked rhythm*  $\text{♩} = 69$ 

1. Good Chris-tian men, re - joice With  
 2. Good Chris-tian men, re - joice With  
 3. Good Chris-tian men, re - joice With

heart, and soul, and voice; Give ye heed to what we say:  
 heart, and soul, and voice; Now ye hear of end-less bliss:  
 heart, and soul, and voice; Now ye need not fear the grave:

Je - sus Christ is born to-day; Rich and poor be-  
 Je - sus Christ was born for this! He hath oped the  
 Je - sus Christ was born to save! One and all his

fore him bow, And he is in the man-ger now.  
 heavn-ly door, And man is bless-ed ev-er-more.  
 mer-cy calls To gain his ev-er-last-ing halls.

Christ is born to - day! Christ is born to-day!  
 Christ was born for this! Christ was born for this!  
 Christ was born to save! Christ was born to save!

## Hark! The Evening Hymn Is Stealing

THOMAS MOORE

Russian Air

*Serenely* ♩ = 72

1. Hark! the even-ing hymn is steal-ing O'er the wa-ters  
2. Now like moon-light waves re-treat-ing To the shore it

soft and clear; Near-er yet and near-er peal-ing, Soft  
dies a - long; Now like an-gry sur-ges meet-ing, Breaks

it breaks up - on the ear. Sing ho - san-nah, sing ho -  
the min-gled tide of song. Sing ho - san-nah, sing ho -

san-nah, sing ho - san-nah. A - men. Far-ther now, now  
san-nah, sing ho - san-nah. A - men. Hark! a-gain, like

## Hark! The Evening Hymn Is Stealing

far - ther steal - ing, Soft it fades up - on the ear.  
waves re - treat - ing, To the shore it dies a - long.

Sing ho - san - ah, Sing ho - san - ah, Sing ho - san - ah! A - men.

ANON.

TRACY Y. CANNON

*Stately* ♩ = 92

1. The Lord be with us as we walk A-long our home-ward road.  
 2. The Lord be with us till the night En-fold our day of rest;  
 3. The Lord be with us through the hours Of slum-ber calm and deep,

In si-lent thought or friend-ly talk Our hearts be near to God.  
 Be now of ev-'ry heart the light, Of ev-'ry home the guest  
 Pro-tect our homes, re-new our powers, And guard us while we sleep.

In si-lent thought or friend-ly talk Our hearts be near to God.  
 Be now of ev-'ry heart the light, Of ev-'ry home the guest.  
 Pro-tect our homes, re-new our powers, And guard us while we sleep.

JOHN LYON

WILLIAM BOYCE

*Smoothly* ♩ = 58

1. O Lord, re-spon-sive to thy call, In life or death what-e'er be-fall,  
 2. Though life be short and tri-als seem to dark-en its pro-tracted gleam,  
 3. Death may distract our pres-ent joy And all our brightest hopes destroy,  
 4. O let thy Spir-it with us dwell That we in fu-ture worlds may tell

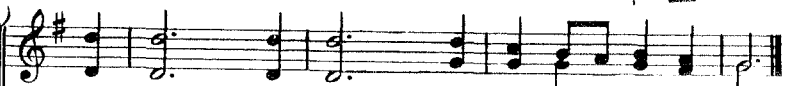
Our hopes for bliss on thee de-pend; Thou art our ev-er-last-ing Friend.  
 Though friends forsake and foes con-tend, Thou art our ev-er-last-ing Friend.  
 Yet these will in the fu-ture tend To prove thee still our faithful Friend.  
 How we o'er-came, and, in the end, Made thee our ev-er-last-ing Friend.

*With exultation* ♩ = 92

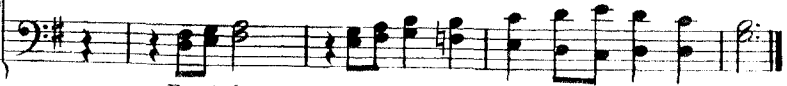
1. Re-joice, ye pure in heart! Re-joice, give thanks, and sing
2. With all the an-gel choirs, With all the Saints on earth,
3. Then on, ye pure in heart, Re-joice, give thanks, and sing;



Your glo-rious ban-ner wave on high, The cross of Christ your King!  
 Pour out the strains of joy and bliss, True rap-ture, no-blest mirth!  
 Your glo-rious ban-ner wave on high, The cross of Christ your King.



Re-joice, re-joice, Re-joice, give thanks, and sing!



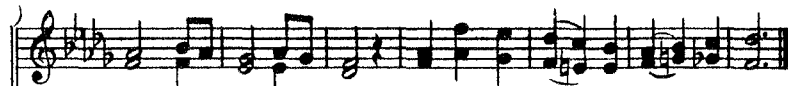
Re-joice, re-joice,

*Smoothly* ♩ = 72

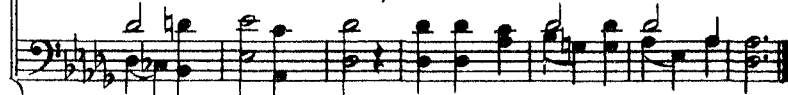
1. Au-thor of faith, E-ter-nal Word, Whose Spirit breathes the
2. To thee our hum-ble hearts a-spire And ask the gift un-
3. By faith we know thee strong to save; Save us, a pres - ent
4. To him that in thy name be-lieves, E-ter-nal life with



act-ive flame. Faith, like its author, the Sav-ior, Lord, To-day as  
 speak-a-ble. In-crease in us the kin-dled fire; In us the  
 Sav-ior thou! Whatéer we hope, by faith we have, Fu-ture and  
 thee is giv'n! Un-to him-self he all re-ceive, Par-don and



yes-ter-day the same, To-day as yes-ter-day the same.  
 work of faith ful-ful; In us the work of faith ful-ful.  
 past sub-sist-ing now, Fu-ture and past sub-sist-ing now.  
 ho-li-ness and heav'n, Par-don and ho-li-ness and heav'n.



5.

6.

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

LEROY J. ROBERTSON

*Majestically*  $\text{♩} = 52$ 

1. Lord of all be - ing, throned a - far, The glo - ry  
 2. Sun of our life, thy quick'ning ray Sheds on our  
 3. Our mid - night is thy smile with - drawn; Our noon - tide

flames from sun and star, Cen - ter and soul of  
 path the glow of day; Star of our hope, thy  
 is thy gra - cious dawn; Our rain - bow arch, thy

ev - 'ry sphere, Yet to each lov - ing heart how near!  
 sof - ten'd light Cheers the long watches of the night.  
 mer - cy's 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-blazing throne  
 We ask no luster of our own.

5.

Grant us thy truth to make us free,  
 And kindle hearts that burn for thee  
 Till all thy living altars claim  
 One holy light, one heavenly flame.

De COURCY

SAMUEL B. MARSH

*Quietly*  $\text{♩} = 104$ 

1. Who are these ar - rayed in white Brighter than the noon - day  
 2. He that on the throne doth reign His own flock shall al - ways

sun, Fore - most of the sons of light, near - est the e -  
 feed. They have all their suff'ring's past, hun - ger now and

ter - nal throne? These are they that bore the cross,  
 thirst no more. He shall all their sor - rows chase.

No - bly for their mas - ter stood, suf - frers in his  
 All their fears at once re - move, wipe the tears from

right - eous cause, Fol - lowers of the liv - ing God.  
 ev - 'ry face, Fill up ev - 'ry soul with love.

J.S. LEWIS

J.S. LEWIS

*Joyfully* ♩ = 88

1. Proud? Yes, of our home in the moun-tains, Where  
 2. The Saints are in-vit-ing the na-tions Un-to  
 3. God's Zi-on is rich, and her bless-ing The wide

proph-ets of Is-rael re-side, And faith-ful ones  
 cham-bers pre-pared of our God, To join in the  
 world will for-ev-er ex-cel, E'en now see her

quaff from the foun-tains, Where wis-dom and vir-tue a-  
 work of re-demp-tion, Far a-way from the scourge and the  
 peo-ple pos-sess-ing More than po-ets or proph-ets could

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-

1. bless-ing the liv-ing and dead; And thou-sands are now  
 2. no-ting that death is at hand; De-struc-tion is sure-  
 3. dorned with per-pet-u-al snow; Their joy to re-plen-

glad-ly drink-ing At streams from the great foun-tain head.  
 ly ad-vanc-ing To con-quest in ev-er-y land.  
 ish earth's foun-tains And fer-til-ize val-leys be-low

## CHORUS

Proud? Yes, of our home in the moun-tains, Where

proph-ets of Is-rael re-side, And faith-ful ones quaff

from the foun-tains, Where wis-dom and vir-tue a-bide.