

THE
REQUIEM.

W. O. PERKINS.

1846

W. G. & C. O. S. P. Co.

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REQUIEM:

FUNERAL MUSIC

W. G. PERKINS

OLD CHURCH COMPANY

25 N. 2nd St. Phila. Pa.

THE
REQUIEM:

A COLLECTION OF

FUNERAL MUSIC.

By

W. O. PERKINS.

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PREFACE.

The difficulties attending the selection of suitable music for funeral occasions, and the inconvenience of carrying a number of large books to private residences, where funerals are now quite generally held, led to the preparation of this collection, consisting entirely of funeral music.

A large number of choir leaders and singers, in different parts of the country, have expressed a desire for such a collection, and a belief that it would be useful.

To insure a convenient form and low price, the work has been made considerably smaller than was originally contemplated; but should the public wants demand it, it will be enlarged.

The Editor has in addition to his own judgment, availed himself of the advice of many others; and it is hoped that the selections made may be found adapted to the sad occasions for which they are designed.

The Editor tenders his sincere thanks to all who have rendered assistance by advice or contribution.

W. O. PERKINS.

Dover. L. M.

3

W. O. PERKINS.

1. How blest the righteous when he dies! When sinks a weary soul to rest!
 2. So fades a sum-mer cloud a - way; So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
 3. A ho-ly qui-et reigns a-round, A calm which life nor death des-troys;
 4. Farewell, con-flict-ing hopes and fears, Where lights and shades alternate dwell;
 5. Life's la-bor done, as sinks the clay, Light from its load the spir-it flies,

How mild-ly beam the clos-ing eyes! How gently heaves th' expiring breast!
 So gen-tly shuts the eye of day; So dies a wave a-long the shore.
 And naught disturbs that peace profound Which his unfet-tered soul en-joys.
 How bright th' unchanging morn appears! Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!
 While heaven and earth combine to say, 'How blest the righteous when he dies?'

Zephyr. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Gently.

1. Why should we start and fear to die! What timorous worms we mor-tals are!
 2. The pains, the groans, and dy-ing strife Fright our ap-proaching souls a-way;
 3. Oh, if my Lord would come and meet, My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
 4. Je-sus can make a dy-ing bed Feel soft as down-y pil-lows are,

Death is the gate of end-less joy, And yet we dread to en-ter there.
 We still shrink back a-gain to life, Fond of our pris-on and our clay.
 Fly fearless thro' death's i-ron gate, Nor feel the ter-rors as she passed!
 While on his breast I lean my head, And breathe my life out sweet-ly there!

1. A-sleep in Je - sus! bless-ed sleep! From which none ever wake to weep;
 2. A-sleep in Je - sus! oh, how sweet To be for such a slumber meet!
 3. A-sleep in Je - sus! peaceful rest! Whose waking is su-preme-ly blest;
 4. A-sleep in Je - sus! oh, for me May such a bliss - ful ref-uge be!

A calm and un - dis-turbed re-pose, Un-broken by the last of foes.
 With ho - ly con - fi-dence to sing That death hath lost its venom'd sting!
 No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour Which mani-fests the Sav-iour's power.
 Se-cure-ly shall my ash-es lie, And wait the summons from on high.

White. L. M. (Formerly Zephyr.)

From "Modern Harp."

1. How sweet the hour of clos - ing day, When all is peace-ful and se - rene,
 2. Such is the Christian's part - ing hour; So peace-ful-ly he sinks to rest:
 3. Mark but that ra - dian-ce of his eye, That smile up-on his wast-ed cheek:
 4. A beam from heaven is sent to cheer The pil-grim on his gloom-y road:
 5. Who would not wish to die like those Whom God's own Spirit deigns to bless?

And when the sun with cloud-less ray, Sheds mellow lus - tre o'er the scene!
 When faith, endued from heav'n with pow'r Sus-tains and cheers his lan-guid breast.
 They tell us of his glo - ry nigh, In lan-guage that no tongue can speak.
 And an-gels are at - tend-ing near, To bear him to their bright a-ode.
 To sink in-to that soft re - pose, Then wake to per - fect hap - pi-ness?

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Life is a span— a fleet-ing hour: How soon the va - por flies!
 2. The once lov'd form, now cold and dead, Each mournful thought employs;
 3. Hope looks beyond the bounds of time, When what we now de - plore
 4. Cease then, fond na - ture, cease thy tears! Re - li - gion points on high;

Man is a ten - der, tran-sient flower, That ev'n in bloom-ing—dies.
 And nature weeps her com-forts fled, And withered all her joys.
 Shall rise in full, im - mor - tal prime, And bloom to fade no more.
 There ev - er - last - ing spring ap-appears, And joy that can - not die.

Ascension. C. M.

With gentleness.

From the "Harp of Judah."

1. Let oth-ers boast how strong they be, Nor death nor dan-ger fear:
 2. Fresh as the grass our bod-ies stand, And flourish bright and gay:
 3. Our life con-tains a thou - sand springs, And dies, if one be gone;
 4. But 'tis our God supports our frame—The God who made us first;

But we confess, O Lord! to thee, What fee - ble things we are.
 A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land, And fades the grass a - way.
 Strange that a harp of thou - sand strings Should keep in tune so long.
 Sal - va - tion to th' al - migh - ty Name That reared us from the dust.

Siloam. C. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. Be - hold the western eve - ning light! It melts in deep'ning gloom:
 2. How beau - ti - ful on all the hills The crim - son light is shed!
 3. How mild - ly on the wand'ring cloud The sun - set beam is cast'
 4. And now a - bove the dews of night The ris - ing star appears
 5. But soon the morning's hap - pier light Its glo - ry shali re - store,

So calm - ly Christians sink a - way, De - scend - ing to the tomb.
 'Tis like the peace the Christian gives To mourners round his bed.
 'Tis like the mem' - ry left behind, When lov'd ones breathe their last.
 So faith springs in the heart of those Whose eyes are bathed in tears
 And eye - lids that are seal'd in death Shall wake to close no more.

Wayland. S. M.

W. O. PERKINS.

1. Oh, where shall rest be found, Rest for the wea - ry soul?
 2. The world can nev - er give The bliss for which we sigh:
 3. Be - yond this vale of tears There is a life a - bove,

'Twere vain the o - cean's depths to sound, Or pierce to ei - ther pole.
 'Tis not the whole of life to live, Nor all of death to die.
 Un - mea - sured by the flight of years, And all that life is love.

The Small notes may be sung or omitted.

1. It is not death to die— To leave this weary road, And, 'mid the brother-
 2. It is not death to close The eye long dimm'd by tears, And wake, in glo-ri -
 3. It is not death to bear The wretch that sets us free From dungeon chain, to
 4. It is not death to fling A - side this earth - ly dust, And rise, on strong ex-
 5. Je-sus, thou Prince of life! Thy chosen can - not die; Like thee, they conquer

hood on high, To be at home with God. To be at home with God.
 ous re- pose To spend e - ter - nal years. To spend e - ter - nal years.
 breathe the air Of boundless lib - er - ty. Of boundless lib - er - ty.
 ult-ing wing, To live a-mong the just. To live a-mong the just.
 in the strife, To reign with thee on high. To reign with thee on high.

Pelham. S. M.

From "Modern Harp."

1. Ser - vant of God, well done! Rest from thy loved em - ploy:
 2. The voice at mid - night came; He start - ed up to hear:
 3. At midnight came the cry, "To meet thy God pre - pare!"
 4. His spir - it with a bound Left its encum - ber - ing clay:
 5. The pains of death are past; La - bor and Sor - row cease;
 6. Sol - dier of Christ, well done! Praise be thy new em - ploy;

The bat - tle fought, the vic - tory won, En - ter thy Mas - ter's joy.
 A mor - tal ar - row pierced his frame: He fell, but felt no fear.
 He woke,—and caught his Captain's eye; Then, strong in faith and prayer,
 His tent, at sun - rise, on the ground A darkened ru - in lay.
 And life's long war - fare closed at last, His soul is found in peace.
 And, while e - ter - nal a - ges run, Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

PLEYEL

1. Hark! a voice di-vides the sky! Hap-py are the faith-ful dead,
 2. Read-y for their glo-rious crown,—Sorrows past and sins for-given,—
 3. Yes! the Christian's course is run; End-ed is the glo-rious strife;
 4. When from flesh the spir-it freed Has-tens home-ward to re-turn,

In the Lord who sweet-ly die! They from all their toils are freed.
 Here they lay their bur-then down, Hallowed and made meet for heaven.
 Fought the fight, the work is done; Death is swallowed up in life.
 Mor-tals cry, "A man is dead!" An-gels sing, "A child is born!"

Child's Requiem. 7s.

W. O. PERKINS.

In a quiet, subdued style.

1. Gath-er-gent-ly round the bier, One we loved 'is sleep-ing here,
 2. An-gels called the lit-tle one, Ere life's work had scarce begun,
 3. Well we know our lit-tle friend Walks where pleasures nev-er end,
 4. We shall press no more his hand, We shall miss him in our band,
 5. Bless-ed Fa-ther, help us all To be wait-ing for thy call; .

Soft and reverent be our tread, In the presence of our dead.
 To the bless-ed heav'n-ly shore, There to sing for-ev-er more.
 And will meet us on that shore, When we walk the earth no more.
 Search in vain his wont-ed place For the radiance of his face.
 Fear-ing not in thee to die, And as-cend to thee on high.

1. Pas-tor, thou art from us ta - ken In the glo - ry of thy years,
 2. Here, where oft thy lip hath taught us Of the Lamb who died to save,—
 3. Pale and cold we see thee ly - ing In God's tem - ple, once so dear,
 4. All thy love and zeal, to lead us Where im - mor - tal fountains flow,
 5. **May** the conquering faith that cheered thee When thy foot on Jor-dan pressed,

As the oak, by tempests sha - ken, Falls ere time its ver - dure sears.
 Where thy guid - ing hand hath brought us To the deep, bap - tis - mal wave,—
 And the mourners' bit - ter sigh - ing Falls un - heed - ed on thine ear.
 And on liv - ing bread to feed us, In our fond re - mem - brance glow.
 Guide our spir - its while we leave thee In the tomb that Je - sus blessed.

Toplady. 7s. 6 Lines.

DR. HASTINGS.

FINE.

1. Rock of Ag - es! cleft for me; Let me hide my-self in thee!
 D.C. Be of sin the dou - ble cure—Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
 2. Could my zeal no res - pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow—
 D.C. Nothing in my hand I bring; Sim - ply to thy cross I cling.
 3 While I draw this fleeting breath, When my eye - lids close in death,
 D.C. Rock of Ag - es! cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee!

D.C.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy riv - en side that flowed,
 All for sin could not a - tone: Thou must save, and thou a - lone!
 When I soar to worlds unknown, See thee on thy judgment throne,—

10 I heard the voice of Jesus say. 8s & 7s. Double.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

pp *rall.* *mf* *Tempo.*

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and rest:
 2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give
 3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's Light;

p *Org.*

cres.

Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast:"
 The liv - ing wa - ter, thirs - ty one, Stoop down, and drink, and live:"
 Look un - to Me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright;"

p $\text{♩} = 108.$ *cres.*

I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad:
 I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream;
 I looked to Je - sus, and I found, In him my Star, my Sun;

cres. *ff*

I found in him a rest - ing place, And he has made me glad.
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived, And now I live in Him.
 And in that Light of life I'll walk Till travelling days are done. A - men.

The Soprano and Alto may be sung as a duett.

1. Sis-ter, thou wast mild and love-ly, Gentle as the summer breeze;
 2. Peaceful be thy si-lent slum-ber, Peaceful in the grave so low;
 3. Dear-est sis-ter, thou hath left us: Here thy loss we deep-ly feel;
 4. Yet a-gain we hope to meet thee, When the day of life has fled;

Pleasant as the air of even-ing, When it floats a-mong the trees.
 Thou no more wilt join our num-ber; Thou no more our songs shall know.
 But 'tis God that hath be- left us: He can all our sorrows heal.
 Then in heav'n with joy to greet thee, Where no fare-well tear is shed.

Peace. 8s & 4. Peculiar.

Cantabile.

1. There is a calm for those who weep, A rest for wea-ry
 2. The storm that racks the wiut'-ry sky No more dis-turbs their
 3. I long to lay this pain-ful head And ach-ing heart be-
 4. The soul, of or-i-gin di-vine, God's glo-ri-ous im-age,
 5. The sun is but a spark of fire, A tran-sient me-teor

p pilgrims found; They soft-ly lie, and sweet-ly sleep, *rit.* Low in the ground
 deep re- pose Than sum-mer evening's lat-est sigh, That shuts the rose.
 neath the soil; To slum-ber, in that dreamless bed, From all my toil.
 freed from clay, In heaven's e-ter-nal sphere shall shine, A star of day.
 in the sky; The soul, im-mor-tal as its Sire, Shall nev-er die.

MRS. HERMANS
Adagio.

W. O. PERKINS.

1. Where shall we make her grave? Oh, where the wild flow'rs wave In the free air; Where show'r and
2. Cold was the world to her, Now may sleep min - is - ter Balm for each ill; Low on sweet
3. Oh, then where wild flow'rs wave, Make ye her mos - sv grave In the free air; Where show'r and

f *Dim e rit.*
singing bird 'Midst the young leaves are heard, There, lay her there. There, lay her there.
nature's breast, Let the meek heart find rest, Deep, deep and still, Deep, deep and still.
singing bird 'Midst the young leaves are heard, There, lay her there. There, lay her there.

Bethany. 6s & 4s.

L. MASON.

1. Near - er my God, to thee, Near - er to thee; Even though it be a cross,
2. Though like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Darkness be o - ver me,
3. There let the way ap - pear Steps un - to heav'n; All that thou sendest me
4. Then with my waking thoughts, Bright with thy praise, Out of my sto - ny griefs,
5. Or if on joy - ful wing, Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon, and stars forgot,

That rais - eth me,	Still all my song shall be,	Near - er, my
My rest a stone,	Yet in my dreams I'd be	Near - er, my
In mer - cy given,	An - gels to beck - on me	Near - er, my
Beth - el I'll raise;	So by my woes to be	Near - er, my
Up - ward I fly,	Still all my song shall be,	Near - er, my

God, to thee, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er, to thee.

L. O. EMERSON.
From "Choral Tribute."

1. Go to thy rest in peace, And soft be thy re- pose ; Thy toils are o'er, thy troubles cease, From
 2. Go to thy peaceful rest, For thee we need not weep, Since thou art now among the blest, No
 3. Go to thy rest, and while Thy absence we deplore, Oue tho' our sor- row shall beguile, For

earthly cares, in sweet release, Thine eyelids gen- tly close, Thine eyelids gen- tly close.
 more by sin and sorrow press'd, But hush'd in qui- et sleep, But hush'd in qui- et sleep.
 soon with a ce-les- tial smile, We meet to part no more, We meet to part no more.

Close the door lightly, 9s, 10s & 11s.

In a subdued chanting style.

On the death of a child.

W. O. PERKINS.

1. Close the door lightly, bri- dle the breath, Our lit- tle earth- an- gel is talk- ing with death;
 2. Mu- sic comes float- ing down from the dome: And angels are chant- ing the sweet welcome home ;
 3. Smooth out the ringlets, close the blue eye, No wonder such beauty was claim- ed in the sky:

rit

Gently he woos her, she wishes to stay, His arms are a- bout her, he bears her a- way.
 Come, stricken weeper, come close to the bed, And gaze on the sleeper ; our i- dol is dead.
 Bear her out softly, this i- dol of ours, And let her grave- slumbers be' mid the wild flowers

SAMUEL WEBER

1. Come, ye dis-con-solate, where-'er you lan-guish; Come, at the mer-cy-seat fer-vent-ly kneel;
 2. Joy of the des-o-late, light of the stray-ing, Hope of the pen-i-tent, fade-less and pure,
 3. Here see the bread of life; see wa-ters flow-ing Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;

CHORUS.

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your an-guish; Earth has no sor-row that heav'n cannot heal.
 Here speaks the Comforter, ten-der-ly say-ing, Earth has no sor-row that heav'n cannot cure.
 Come to the feast of love; come, ev-er know-ing Earth has no sor-row but heaven can remove.

Maltby. 7s, 6s & 8s.

SOLON WILDER.
 From "Praise of Zion."

1. Brother, thou art gone to rest; We will not weep for thee;
 2. Brother, thou art gone to rest; Thine is an earth-ly tomb;
 3. Brother, thou art gone to rest; Thy toils and cares are o'er;
 4. Brother, thou art gone to rest; Thy sins are all for-giv'n;
 5. Brother, thou art gone to rest; And this shall be our pray'r:
 (or Sister.)

For thou art now where oft on earth Thy spir-it long'd to be.
 But Je-sus summoned thee a-way: Thy Sav-our call'd thee home.
 And sor-row, pain and suff'ring, now Shall ne'er distress thee more.
 And saints in light, have welcomed thee To share the joys of heav'n.
 That, when we reach our journey's end, Thy glo-ry we may share.

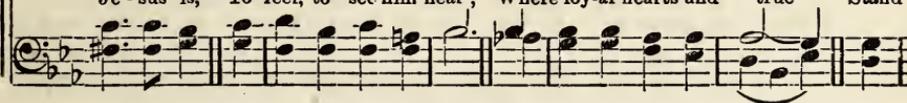
BARNEY.



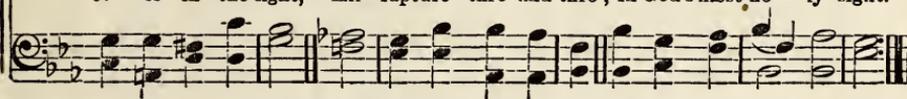
1. O Par - adise! O Par - adise! Who doth not crave for rest ? Who would not seek the
2. O Paradise! O Paradise! The world is growing old; Who would not be at
3. O Paradise! O Paradise! Wherefore doth death delay? Bright death, that is the
4. O Paradise! O Paradise! 'Tis weary waiting here; I long to be where



happy land, Where they that lov'd are blest? Where loy - al hearts and true Stand
 rest and free, Where love is nev - er cold? Where loy - al hearts and true Stand
 welcome dawn Of our e - ter - nal day; Where loy - al hearts and true Stand
 Je - sus is, To feel, to see him near; Where loy - al hearts and true Stand



ev - er in the light, All rapture thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight.
 ev - er in the light, All rapture thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight.
 ev - er in the light, All rapture thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight.
 ev - er in the light, All rapture thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight.



“Mother, thou art gone to rest.” 7s, 6s & 8s.

To be sung to “Maltby,” page 14.

- 1
 Mother, thou art gone to rest,
 Thy days on earth are o'er;
 And thou art with the angel throng,
 On Canaan's happy shore.
- 2
 We should not weep that thou art gone,
 For thee to die was gain;
 and where thou dwellest now, there comes
 No grief or earthly pain.
- 3
 We'll miss thee at the morning hour,
 And at the evening's close;
- 4
 No earthly storms can reach thee now,
 Or break thy long repose.
- 5
 We lay thee in the silent tomb;
 We'll see thy face no more,
 Until we, too, are called to stand
 Upon that blissful shore.
- 6
 Then farewell, mother, fare thee well,
 Thy days on earth are o'er;
 And thou art with the angel throng,
 On Canaan's happy shore.

J. S. BUCK.

W. H. MONK.

1. A - bide with me! fast falls the e - ven - tide, the darkness
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
 3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - ery pass - ing hour; What but Thy
 4. I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless; Ills have no
 5. Hold thou thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the

deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers
 dim, its glo - ries fade a - way; Change and de - cay in
 grace can foil the tempter's power? Who like Thy - self my
 weight, and tears no bit - ter ness; Where is death's sting, where,
 gloom, and point me to the skies; Heav'n's morn - ing breaks, and

fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O a-bide with me!
 all a-round I see; O Thou who changest not, a-bide with me!
 guide and stay can be? On to the close, O Lord! a-bide with me!
 grave, thy vic - to - ry? I triumph still, if thou a-bide with me.
 earth's vain shadows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, a-bide with me.

"Go to the grave." 10s.

Dolce.

T. B. W. URE.

1. Go to the grave in all thy glo - rious prime, In full ac -
 2. Go to the grave; at noon from la - bor cease; Rest on thy
 3. Go to the grave: for there thy Sav - iour lay In death's e a -
 4. Go to the grave: - no; take thy seat a - bove; Be thy purp

tiv - i - ty of zeal and power; A Christian can-not
 s-aves, thy harvest task is done, Come from the heat of
 brac - es ere he rose on high; And all the ransomed
 spir - it pres-ent with the Lord, Where thou for faith and

die be-fore his time, The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour.
 bat - tle, and in peace, Sol-dier, go home; with thee the fight is won.
 by that nar-row way, Pass to e - ter - nal life beyond the sky.
 Hope hast per - fect love, And o - pen vis - ion for the written word.

Henley. 11s.

1. Come unto me, when shadows darkly gather, When the sad heart is weary and distressed,
2. Ye who have mourn'd when the spring-flow'rs were taken, When the ripe fruit fell richly to the ground,
3. Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling, Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim;
4. There, like an Ed-en blossoming in gladness, Bloom the fair flow'rs the earth too rudely pressed;

Seeking for comfort from your Heavenly Father, Come un-to me, and I will give you rest.
 When the loved slept, in brighter homes to waken, When their pale brows with spirit wreaths are crown'd.
 Sweet are the harps in ho - ly music swelling, Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.
 Come un-to me, all ye who droop in sadness, Come un-to me, and I will give you rest.

Slowly and tenderly.



1. Thou art gone to the grave—but we will not deplore thee; Tho' sorrows and
2. Thou art gone to the grave—we no long-er deplore thee, Nor tread the rough
3. Thou art gone to the grave—and its mansions for-sak-ing, Perhaps thy tried
4. Thou art gone to the grave—but 'twere wrong to deplore thee, When God was thy



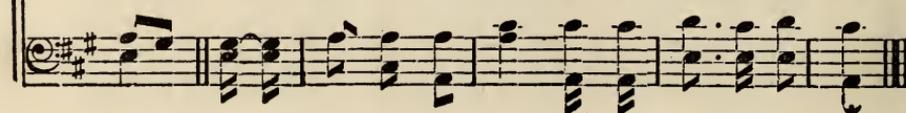

darkness en-com-pass the tomb, The Saviour has passed thro' its
 path of the world by thy side; The wide arms of mer-cy are
 spir-it in doubt lingered long; The sunshine of heaven beam'd
 ran-som, thy guardian and guide; He gave thee, and took thee, and

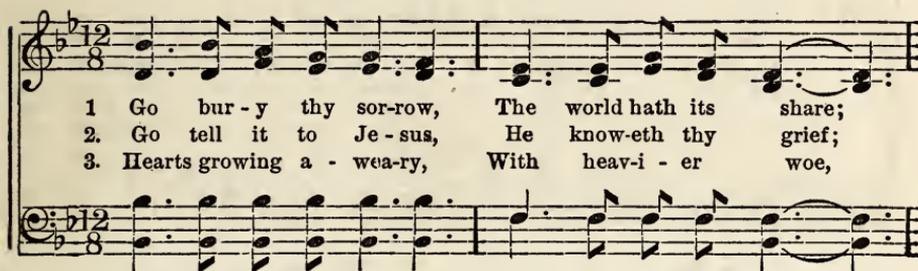



por-tals before thee, And the lamp of his love is thy guide thro' the
 spread to en-fold thee, And sin-ners may hope, since the Saviour hath
 bright on thy wak-ing, And the song that thou heardst was the seraphim's
 soon will restore thee, Where death hath no sting, since the Saviour hath




gloom, And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.
 died, And sin-ners may hope, since the Sav-iour hath died.
 song, And the song that thou heardst was the ser-a-phim's song.
 died, Where death hath no sting, since the Sav-iour hath died.

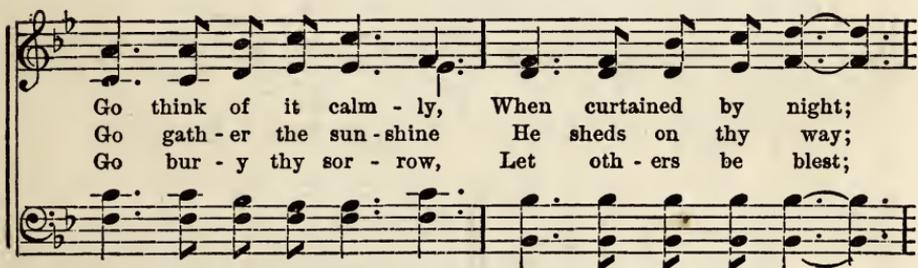




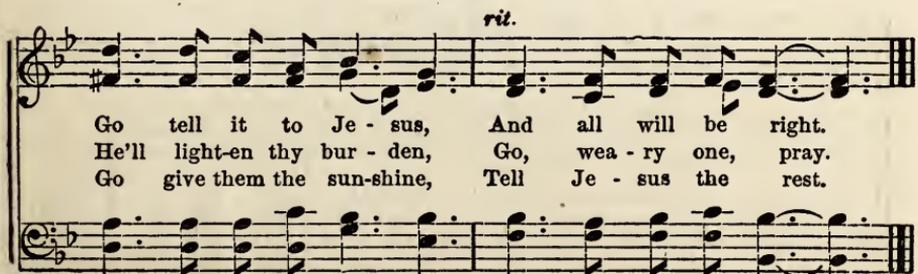
1 Go bur - y thy sor - row, The world hath its share;
2. Go tell it to Je - sus, He know-eth thy grief;
3. Hearts growing a - wea-ry, With heav-i - er woe,



Go bur - y it deep - ly, Go hide it with care;
Go tell it to Je - sus, He'll send thee re - lief;
Now droop 'mid the darkness— Go com - fort them, go!



Go think of it calm - ly, When curtained by night;
Go gath - er the sun - shine He sheds on thy way;
Go bur - y thy sor - row, Let oth - ers be blest;



rit.
Go tell it to Je - sus, And all will be right.
He'll light-en thy bur - den, Go, wea - ry one, pray.
Go give them the sun-shine, Tell Je - sus the rest.

1. I would not live alway: I ask not to stay Where storm af - ter
 2. I would not live alway: no, welcome the tomb! Since Je - sus hath
 3. Who, who would live alway, a - way from his God, a - way from yon
 4. Where the saints of all a - ges, in harmony meet, Their Sav-iour and

storm ris - es dark o'er the way; The few lu-rid mornings that
 lain there, I dread not its gloom; There sweet be my rest, till he
 heav-en, that bliss-ful a - bode, Where the riv-ers of pleasure flow
 brethren trans-port-ed to greet; While the anthems of rap-ture un -

dawn on us here, Are e-nough for life's woes, full e - nough for its cheer.
 bid me a-rise To hail him in tri-umph de - scend-ing the skies.
 o'er the bright plains, And the noontide of glo-ry e - ter - nal-ly reigns.
 ceas-ing-ly roll, And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul!

HYMN CHANT. "Thy will be done."

Fine.

1. "Thy will be done!"
 2. "Thy will be done!"
 3. "Thy will be done!"

In devious way, the hurrying stream of
 If o'er us shine a gladd'ning and a.....
 Though shrouded o'er our path with gloom,

life may run; Yet still our grateful hearts shall say; Thy will be done!
 pros-p'rous sun; This prayer will make it more divine; Thy will be done!
 one comfort, one Is ours; To breathe, while we adore, Thy will be done!

Close with first line. "Thy will be done."

1. With tearful eyes I look around, Life seems a dark and storm - y sea,
 2. It tells me of a place of rest—It tells me where my... soul may flee;
 3. When nature shudders, loth to part From all I love, en joy, and see;
 4. Come, for all else must fail and die, Earth is no resting place for thee;
 5. O, voice of mercy! voice of love! In conflict, grief, and ag - o - ny.

Yet, 'midst the gloom I hear a sound, a heavenly whis - per, "Come to me."
 Oh! to the weary, faint, oppressed, how sweet the bid - ding, "Come to me."
 When a faint chill steals o'er my heart, a sweet voice ut - ters, "Come to me."
 Heavenward direct thy weeping eye, I am thy... por - tion, "Come to me."
 Support me, cheer me from above! and gently... whis - per, "Come to me."

CHANT. "Nearer to Thee."

1. Nearer, my God, to thee... Nearer to thee! E'en tho' it be a cross That... raiseth me;
 2. Tho', like the wanderer... The sun gone down, Darkness be over me, My... rest a stone
 3. There let the way appear... Steps un-to heav'n; All that thou sendest me, In... mer-cy given
 4. Then, with my waking tho'ts... Bright with thy praise, Out of my stony griefs, Bethel I raise:
 5. Or if on joyful wing... Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon, and stars forgot, Upward I fly;

Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!
 Yet in my dreams I'd be Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!
 Angels to beck - on me Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!
 So by my woes to be Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!
 Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!

22 HYMN CHANT. "Rest, Weary Heart."

W. O. PERKINS,

1. Rest, wea - ry heart,
 2. Rest, wea - ry head,
 3. Rest, spir - it free!

{ From all thy silent griefs and secret pain; thy
 profitless re
 Lie down to slumber in the peaceful tomb; light
 from above has.....
 In the green pastures of the heavenly shore,
 Where sin and sorrow.

grets and long - ings vain;
 bro - ken thro' its gloom.
 can ap - proach no more;

Wisdom and love have ordered all the past,
 All shall be.....
 Here in the place where once the Saviour
 lay, Where he shall.....
 With all thy flocks by Christ, the Shepherd
 fed, Beside the

bles - ed - ness and light at last;
 wake thee on a fu - ture day;
 streams of life e - ter - nal led;

Cast off the cares that have so.....
 Like a tired child upon its.....
 Forever with thy God and.....

long op - pressed;
 moth - er's breast;
 Sav - iou: blest;

Rest, sweet - ly rest!
 Rest, sweet - ly rest!
 Rest, sweet - ly rest!

CHANT. The Reaper and the Flowers. 23

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

W. O. P.

1. There is a reaper, whose name is Death, And with his..... sick - le keen,
 2. "Shall I have nought that is fair," said he, Have nought but the beard - ed grain?
 3. He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes, He kissed their..... droop - ing leaves;
 4. They shall all bloom in fields of light, Transplanted..... by my care;
 5. And the mother gave, in tears and pain, The flowers she most did love;
 6. O, not in cruelty, not in wrath, The reaper..... came that day;

He reaps the beard'd grain at a breath, And the..... flow'rs that grow be - tween.
 Tho' the breath of these flow'rs is sweet to me, I will... give them back a - gain.
 It was for the Lord of Paradise He, bound them in his sheaves.
 And saints, upon their garments white, These sa - cred blos - soms wear.
 She knew she should find them all again, In the fields of light a - bove.
 'Twas an angel visited the green earth, And, took the flow'rs a - way.

HYMN CHANT. "Hear! Father!"

W. O. PERKINS.

1. Hear! Father, hear our prayer! Thou who art Pity where..... sor-row pre - vaileth,
 2. Hear! Father, hear our prayer! wand'ring unknown in the land of the stranger;
 3. Dry thou the mourner's tear! Heal thou the wounds of time hal-low'd af - fection;
 4. Hear! Father, hear our prayer! Long hath thy goodness our..... foot-steps at - tended;

Thou who art Safety when mortal help
 faileth, Strength to the feeble and....
 Be with all travelers in sickness or danger.
 Guard thou their path, guide their....
 Grant to the widow and orphan protec-
 tion, Be in their trouble a.....
 Be with the Pilgrim whose journey is
 ended; When at thy summons for....

Hope to de-spair. Hear! Father, hear our prayer.
 feet from the snare. Hear! Father, hear our prayer.
 friend ev-er near. Dry thou the mourner's tear.
 death we pre-pare. Hear! Father, hear our prayer. A-men

CHANT. "Abide with me."

1. Abide with me; fast falls the ... e - ven tide; The darkness deepens; Lord, with
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's. lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glories
 3. I need thy presence every pass-ing hour: What but thy grace can foil the..
 4. I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless: Ills have no weight, and tears no
 5. Hold thou thy cross before my . clos-ing eyes, Shine thro' the gloom, and point me

me a - bide; When other helpers fail, and.....
 fade a - way; Change and decay in all
 temp - ter's pow'r? Who like thyself my guide and
 bit - ter - ness; Where is death's sting, where, grave, thy.....
 to the skies; Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain....

com - forts flee; Help of the helpless, O a - bide with me.
 around I see, O thou who changest not, a - bide with me.
 stay can be? Lord, till life closes, O a - bide with me.
 vic - to - ry? I triumph still, if thou a - bide with me.
 shad - ows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me.

HYMN CHANT. "The shadow of the rock."

W. O. PERKINS.

1. The Shadow of the Rock! Stay,..... Pil - grim, stay!
 2. The Shadow of the Rock! Night..... veils the land;
 3. The Shadow of the Rock! To..... wea - ry feet
 4. The Shadow of the Rock!..... Pilgrim, sleep sound.
 5. The Shadow of the Rock! One..... day of pain

Night treads upon the heels of day; there is no other resting..... place this way.
 How the palms whisper as they stand, How the well tinkles faintly..... thro' the sand;
 They have been diligent and fleet, The sleep is deeper and the..... shade more sweet.
 In night's swift hours, with silent bound, The Rock will put thee over..... leagues of ground,
 Thou scarce wilt hope the Rock to gain, Yet there wilt sleep thy last sleep.. on the plain,

The Rock is near, The well is clear,..... Rest in the shadow of the rock.
 Cool water take, Thy thirst to slake,..... Rest in the shadow of the rock.
 O weary, rest, Thou art sore pressed,..... Rest in the shadow of the rock.
 Gaining more way By night than day Rest in the shadow of the rock.
 And only wake in Heaven's daybreak,..... Rest in the shadow of the rock.

CHANT. "It is well.

WM. B. BRADBURY.
 2 Kings, iv. 26.
 "It is well.".....

1. Beloved, "It is..... well," "It is well," "It is well."
 2. Beloved, "It is..... well," "It is well," "It is well."
 3. Beloved, "It is..... well," "It is well," "It is well."
 4. Beloved, "It is..... well," "It is well," "It is well."

God's ways are always right, And love is..... o'er them all,
 Tho' deep and sore the smart, He wounds who..... knows to bind,
 Tho' sorrow clouds our way, 'Twill make the..... joy more dear,
 The path that Jesus trod, Tho' rough and..... dark it be,

Coda for last verse.

Tho' far a-bove the sight. "It is well." "It is well."
 And heal the broken heart
 That ushers in the day. "It is well,"... "It is well."
 Leads home to heav'n and God. "It is well." &c.

1. Our days on earth are as a shadow, and there is... none a - biding;
 2. Man's days are as grass, as a flower of the field ... so he flourisheth,
 3. Watch, for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come.
 4. It is the Lord, let him do what. seemeth him good:

We are but of yesterday, } step between us and death.
 there is but a
 He appeareth for a little } van - ish - eth a - way.
 time and then
 Be ye also ready, for in such } Son of man.... cometh. A - men.
 an hour as ye think not the
 The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken } blessed be the name of the Lord.

CHANT. "There is an hour of peaceful rest."

W. O. PERKINS.

1. There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning..... wan - d'ers given;
 2. There is a home for weary souls By sins and..... sor - rows driven,
 3. There faith lifts up the tearless eye, The heart no..... long - er riven,
 4. There fragrant flowers immortal bloom, And joys su - preme are given;

There is a joy for souls distressed, A balm for every..... wound - ed breast;
 When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals, Where storms } o - cean rolls,
 arise, and }
 And views the tempest passing by, Sees evening shadows... quick - ly fly,
 There rays divine disperse the gloom; Beyond the confines of the tomb,

'Tis found'a lone in heav'n.
 And all is drear but heav'n.
 And all se- rene in heav'n.
 Appears the dawn of heav'n.

Passing Away.

L. O. EMERSON.

By permission.

1. Pass - ing a - way! 'Tis told by the dewdrops that ... sparkle at morn,
 2. Pass - ing a - way! 'Tis written on flowers that bloom at our side,
 3. Pass - ing a - way! 'Tis sighed by the leaves when the chill autumn breeze
 4. Pass - ing a - way! The dear ones we loved in our ... youth's happy morn,

And when the noon cometh, are gone, ev - er gone.
 Then wither away in their glo - ry and pride.
 Tears rudely their hold from the wind - shaken trees.
 Now gone to that bourne whence none may re - turn.

They all in their diamond-like glit - ter - ingsay, Man's life like our
 Though speechless, they warn us each hour of the day, Man's life like our
 They whisper alike to the youth - ful and gay, Man's life like the
 Speak gently unto us, O ! list while ye may, Man's short life is

radiance is passing a - way, A - way, a - way, passing a - way.
 bloom is fast passing a - way, A - way, a - way, passing a - way
 autumn leaf passing a - way, A - way, a - way, passing a - way
 passing, is passing a - way, A - way, a - way, passing a - way.

rall e dim.

CHANT. "The circle is broken."

J. G. WHITTIER.

W. O. PERKINS.

1. The circle is broken, — one seat is for — saken, — One bud from the tree of our
 2. Weep! lonely and lowly are slumbering now, The light of her glances, the
 3. How true to our hearts was that beautiful sleeper! With smiles for the joyful, with.....
 4. As a cloud of the sunset, slow melting in heaven, As a star that is lost when the

friendship is shaken; One heart from among us no longer shall
 pride of her brow, Weep! sadly and long shall we listen in.....
 tears for the weeper! Yet, evermore prompt, whether mournful or
 day-light is given, As a glad dream of slumber, which wakens in.....

thrill With joy in our glad-ness or grief in our ill.
 vain To hear the soft tones of her wel-come a-gain.
 gay, With warn-ings in love to the pass-ing a-stray.
 bliss, She's pass'd to the world of the ho-ly in this.

CHANT.

A - men.

Rev. xiv. 13. xx. 6; i. 6.

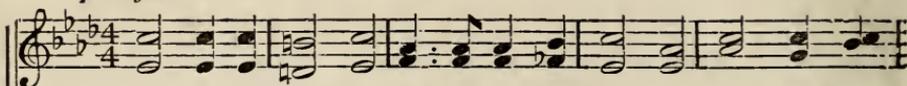
- 1 Blessed are the dead, who die in the | Lord from | henceforth:
- 2 Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their | works do | fol-
low | them
- 3 Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection: on such the second
death | hath no | power;
- 4 But they shall be priests of God and of Christ, and shall reign with | him a | thousand
| years.
- 5 Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in | his own | blood,
- 6 And hath made us kings and priests to God and his Father; to him be glory and do-
| minion for- | ever and | ever.

Psalm ciii. 15-18.

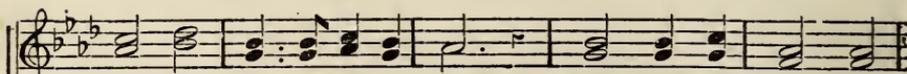
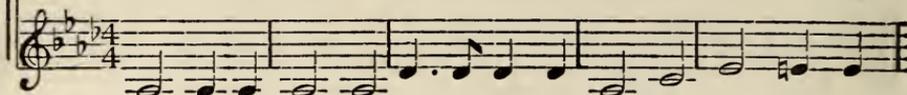
- 1 As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, | so he | flourisheth:
- 2 For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place there- | of shall | know it
no | more.
- 3 But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him,
and his righteousness unto | chil-dren's | children;
- 4 To such as keep his covenant, and to those that re- | member 'his com- | mandments':
to | do them.

"Gone to her rest."

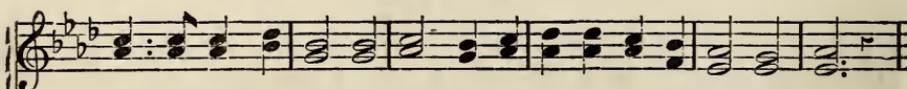
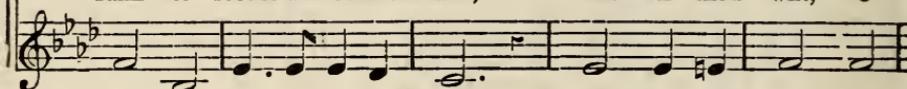
FOR FEMALE VOICES.

p Legato.

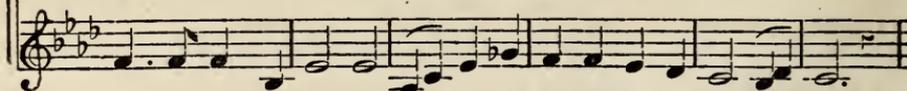
1. Gone to her rest! She lin-gers here no long-er; A rest-less
2. Gone to her rest! O shall we ev-er reach her: See her a-
3. Gone to her rest! The door thro' which she van-ish'd Clos'd as she
4. Gone to her rest! O ho-ly, bless-ed Sav-iour, Give us a



pil-grim, walk-ing pain-ful-ly,	With heart-felt long-ing,
gain, and know her for our own?	Will she con-duct us
left us, and we're here a-lone;	We stand with-out, in
balm to soothe and calm our woe,	And if thou wilt, O



dai-ly grow-ing stronger, And yearning visions of the past to be.
to the heav'nly teach-er, And bow be-side us, low be-fore his throne?
tears, forlorn and banish'd, Long-ing to follow where the lov'd one's gone.
grant thy pard'ning fa-vor, And take us when we leave this vale be-low.

*p Coda for last verse.**pp*

Peace-ful-ly slum-ber! Rest thee for-ev-er!



Sweet By and By.

By permission,

J. P. WEBSTER.

1. There's a land that is fair-er than day, And by faith we can see it a-far;
 For the Father waits over the way, *[Omit.....]*
 2. We shall sing on that beautiful shore The me-lo-di-ous songs of the blest,
 And our spir-its shall sorrow no more, *[Omit.....]*
 3. To our boun-ti-ful Fa-ther a-bove, We will of-fer the trib-ute of praise,
 For the glo-ri-ous gift of His love, *[Omit.....]*

Chorus.

To prepare us a dwelling place there. } In the sweet by and
 Not a sigh for the bless-ing of rest. }
 And the blessings that hallowed our days. } by and by, In the

by, We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore, In the
 sweet by and by, by and by:

sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau-ti-fu' shore.
 by and by, In the sweet by and by.

"Cast thy burden on the Lord."

W. B. BRADBURY.

Soft and slow.

Cast thy burden on the Lord

Cast thy burden on the Lord, Cast thy burden on the Lord, thy burden on the

Cast thy burden on the Lord,

..... Cast thy burden on the Lord, And he will sustain thee, and strengthen thee, and comfort thee, He

Lord, Cast thy burden on the Lord, And he will sustain thee, and strengthen thee, and comfort thee. He

p 1st time. 2d time. *m*

will sustain thee, and com - fort thee, He com - fort thee; He will sus-tain thee,

will sustain thee, and com - fort thee, He com - fort thee; He will sustain thee,

Repeat pp

He will comfort thee; Cast thy bur - den on the Lord, Cast thy bur - den on the Lord.

He will comfort thee; Cast thy bur - den on the Lord, Cast thy bur - den on the Lord.

"Cast thy burden upon the Lord."

33

QUARTETTE.

From MENDELSSOHN'S "Elijah."

Adagio. pp

Cast thy bur-den up-on the Lord, and he shall sus -

Cast thy bur-den up-on the Lord, and he shall sus -

tain thee; He nev-er will suf-fer the righteous to fall; He is at thy

tain thee; He nev-er will suf-fer the righteous to fall; He is at thy

right hand, Thy mer-cy Lord is great, and far a-bove the

right hand, Thy mer-cy Lord is great, and far a-bove the

heavens, Let none be made a-sham-ed, that wait up-on thee.

heavens, Let none be made a-sham-ed, that wait up-on thee.

Let not your hearts be troubled: ye believe in God, believe al - so in me.

Andante.

In my Father's house are man - y mansions; if it were not so, I

rit. *a tempo.*

would have told you; I go to pre-pare a place for you,

And if I go to prepare a place for you, *mf* I will come again and re - ceive you;

p

That where I am, there ye may be al - so, ye may be al - so. A - men.

Sleep thy last sleep.

35

J. BARNEY.

1. Sleep thy last sleep, Free from care and sor-row,
 2. Life's dream is past, All its sin, and sad-ness,
 3. Though we may mourn, Those in life the dear-est,

Rest, where none weep, Till th'e-ter-nal mor-row:
 Bright-ly at last, Dawns a day of glad-ness:
 They shall re-turn, Christ, when Thou ap-pear-est!

Though dark waves roll, O'er the si-lent riv-er,
 Un-der thy sod,.... Earth, re-ceive our treas-ure,
 Soon shall thy voice.... Com-fort those now weep-ing;

f *Rall.*

Thy fainting soul.... Je-sus can de-liv-er.
 To rest in God,.... Wait-ing all His pleas-ure.
 Bid-ding re-joice All in Je-sus sleep-ing. A-men.

After 3d verse.

36 SENTENCE. "Come unto Me, all ye that labor."

W. O. PERKINS.

Come un-to me all ye that la-bor and are hea-vy la-den, And

I will give you rest, I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and

learn of me. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me. For I am

mee-k and low-ly of heart, And ye shall find rest un-to your souls,

dim. *ad lib.*
Come un-to me, Come un-to me, and ye shall find rest un-to your souls.

“Come unto me.”

L. WAGNER

Adagio.

Come un - to me, all ye . that la - bor, and are hea - vy

la - den, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke up - on you,

mf
Take my yoke up - on you, And learn of me, For I am meek and

low - ly of heart, And ye shall find rest..... un -

f *p* *pp*
to your souls; For my yoke is ea - sy, my bur - den light.

38 SENTENCE. "Blessed are they that mourn."

W. O. PERKINS.

And Je - sus said, Blessed are they that mourn, Blessed are they that

mourn; For they shall be com-fort-ed, For they shall be com-fort-ed;

Blessed are they, are they that mourn;

Blessed are they that mourn, are they that mourn; For they shall be

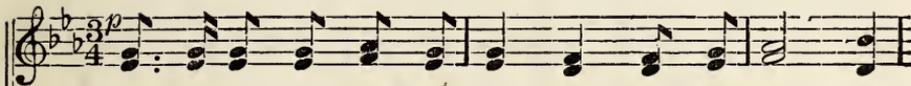
dim. e rit.

com-fort-ed, For they shall be com-fort-ed, be com - fort - ed.

HYMN. "Calmly now in peace."

39

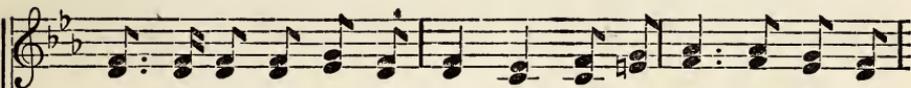
W. O. PERKINS.



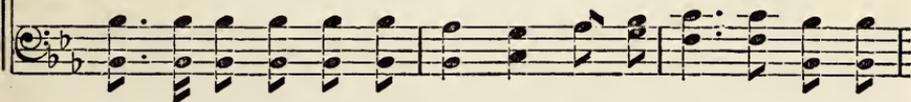
1. Calm - ly now in peace thou'rt sleep - ing, In the grave so
2. Lov'd one, rest! no pain dis - tress - ing, Shall thy slum - bers
3. Tho' the earth seem sad and drea - ry, All its joys prove



low, While around are grief and weep - ing, Tell - ing of our woe;
 break; Nei - ther care nor fear op - press - ing, Rude - ly bid thee wake;
 vain; Tho' its pleasures e'en do wea - ry, Bring - ing on - ly pain;



And the night-wind without fail - ing, Sad - ly o'er thee now is
 Nor shall sor - row, though high swell - ing, E'er in - vade thy peaceful
 Yet we wait - ing here will ev - er Hope to meet thee, ne'er to



wail - ing, Sad - ly o'er thee now is wail - ing.
 dwelling, E'er in - vade thy peace - ful dwell - ing.
 sev - er, Hope to meet thee, ne'er to sev - er.



"Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb."

From HANDEL.

mp Adagio.

Un-veil thy bo-som, faith - ful tomb; Take this new treas-ure

to thy trust, And give these sa - cred rel - ics room to

slum - ber in the si - lent dust. Nor pain, nor grief, nor

anx - ious fear In-vade thy bounds; no mor - tal woes Can

reach the peaceful sleep - er here, While angels watch the soft repose.

“Unveil thy bosom.” Concluded.

41

p *mf*

So Je - sus slept; God's dy - ing Son Pass'd thro' the grave, and

pp

blest the bed; Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne The

f *f*

morn - ing break, and pierce the shade. Break from his throne, il -

lus - trious morn! At - tend, O earth, his sov' - reign word:

mp *f*

Restore thy trust, a glo - rious form Shall then a - rise to meet the Lord.

Sweet..... Home, Love, Rest, and Home.....

p

This system contains the first two staves of music. The vocal line (treble clef) begins with a melodic phrase, followed by a rest and then the lyrics. The piano accompaniment (bass clef) provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is placed above the second measure of the vocal line.

poco rit. Lord, tar - ry not,
Sweet..... Home! Lord, tar - ry

a tempo.

This system contains the next two staves. The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment features a *poco rit.* (ritardando) marking above the first measure and an *a tempo.* (allegretto) marking above the fifth measure. The lyrics "Sweet..... Home!" are written under the first vocal line, and "Lord, tar - ry" is written under the second.

Lord tar - ry not, but come, but come.
not, Lord tar - ry not, but come, but come.

crescendo. *ff*

This system contains the final two staves. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment features a *crescendo.* marking above the first measure and a *ff* (fortissimo) marking above the fifth measure. The lyrics "Lord tar - ry not, but come, but come." are written under the first vocal line, and "not, Lord tar - ry not, but come, but come." is written under the second.

Sleep in Peace.

QUARTETTE.

W. O. PERKINS

Andante. *crescendo.*

Sleep in peace, Sleep in peace! For the toil of

Sleep in peace, For the toil of life is

Sleep in peace, in peace!

mf *dim e rit.* *tempo. mf*

life, the toil of life is o'er; Now night's rest-ful shad-ow

o'er, the toil of life is o'er; Now night's rest-ful shad-ow

p *dim. e rit.* *mf tempo. crescendo.*

clos-eth, And the wea-ry heart re-pos-eth, Till the day dawn, sweet and

clos-eth, And the wea-ry heart re-pos-eth, Till the day dawn, sweet and

Sleep in Peace. Continued.

45

f *dim.* *pp*

clear, To that bright and heav'nly sphere! Sleep in peace, Sleep in
pp
 clear, To that bright and heav'nly sphere! Sleep in peace,
 Sleep in

crescendo.

peace, in peace! Soon the night shall fade a - way, Changing
 sleep in peace! Soon the night shall fade a - way, Changing
 peace, in peace! Soon the night shall

f *p*

to e - ter - nal day. Peace - ful be thy si - lent slumber,
 to e - ter - nal day. Peace - ful be thy si - lent slum - ber,

mf

He who watcheth hath the num - ber of the hours that pass a - way,
 He who watcheth hath the num - ber of the hours that pass a - way.

Sleep in Peace. Concluded.

pass a - way. Sleep in peace, Sleep in
Sleep in peace,
pass a - way. Sleep in peace, Sleep in peace, in

peace! Fare - well, fare - well! Sleep in peace!
peace! Fare - well, fare - well! Sleep in peace!

"Forget not the Dead."

L. H. SOUTHARD.

1. For-get not the dead, who have lov'd, and have left us, Who
2. Dear friends of our youth, can we cease to re - mem - ber The

bend o'er us now from that bright home above: Be - lieve, nev - er doubt, that the
last look of life, and the low whispered prayer? Oh cold be our hearts, as the



God who be-reft us, Per-mits them to min-gle with friends they still love.
ice of December, When love's tablets record no re-mem-bran-ces there.



Re - peat their fond words, and their no - ble deeds cher - ish, Speak
Then for - get not the dead, who are e - ver - more nigh us, Still



kindly of those who have left us in tears; From our lips their dear names other
floating sometimes to our dream-haunted bed, In the lone - li - est hour, in the



joys should not perisk, While time bears our feet thro' the val - ley of years.
crowd, they are by us, For - get not the dead, Oh, for - get not the dead!



ANTHEM. "Happy and blest."

W. O. PERKINS.

Hap - py and
 Hap - py and blest are they who have en - dured, yea,
 Hap - py and blest are those who

cres. *dim.* *p*
 blest are those who have, who have en - dured to the end. For
 blest are they who have en - dured to the end. For
 have en - dured, who have en - dured to the end. For

mf *mp*
 tho' the bod - y die, the soul shall live, for tho' the bod - y
 tho' the bod - y die, the soul shall live, for tho' the bod - y

f *m*
 die, the soul shall live for - ev - er, Hap - py and
 die, the soul shall live for - ev - er. Hap - py and

cres. *dim.* *mf*

blest are they who have en-dur'd, who have en-dur'd to the end. O

blest are they who have en-dur'd, who have en-dur'd to the end,

hap-py and blest are they who have en-dur'd, who have en-dur'd to the

Oh hap-py, hap-py are they who have en-dur'd to the

p *mf*

end. For tho' the bod-y die, the soul shall live for

end. For tho' the bod-y die, the soul shall live for

m *p*

ev-er, Hap-py and blest, yea, hap-py and blest.

ev-er, Hap-py and blest, yea, hap-py and blest.

The Solo may be sung or omitted, at pleasure.

W. O. P.

SOLO. *Adagio moderato assai.*

Blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord,

Blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord; e-ven

tempo ad lib.

so, saith the Spir-it, for they rest from their la-bors.

col. voce.

Chorus. *mp.* May begin here.

cres.

Bless-ed are the dead who die in the Lord, bless-ed are the
bless-ed are the dead who die in the Lord, bless-ed are the

dim. e rit.

mf a tempo.

dead who die in the Lord; Yea, saith the Spir - it, that they
dead who die in the Lord; Yea, saith the Spir - it, that they

mp

rest from their la - bors, they rest from their labors, and their
rest from their la - bors, they rest from their la - bors, and their

mp

works do fol-low them, they rest, rest, they rest from their
works do fol-low them, they rest, rest, they rest from their

mf
mp
mp

la-bors, and their works do fol-low them, do fol - low them.
la-bors, and their works do fol-low them, do fol - low them.

dim.
p
dim.

I cannot always trace the way.

HOWARD M. DOW.

Religioso.

1. I can - not al-ways trace the way Where thou, Almight-y One, dost
2. When mys - t'ry clouds my dark-en'd path, I'll check my dread, my doubts re -
3. Yes! God is love, - a word like this Can ev - 'ry gloom - y thought re -

p

move, But I can al - ways, al - ways say, But I can
 In this my soul sweet com - fort hath, In this my
 And turn all tears, all woes to bliss, And turn all

prove, In this my soul sweet com - fort hath, In this my
 move, And turn all tears, all woes to bliss, And turn all

al - ways, al - ways say That God is Love.

soul sweet com - fort hath, That God is Love. But I can
 tears, all woes to bliss, For God is Love. In this my
 And turn all

can al - ways say, can al - ways say That God is Love. *p rit.*

al - ways, al - ways say, But I can al - ways, al - ways say That God is Love. *p rit.*
 soul, In this my soul sweet comfort hath, sweet comfort hath, That God is Love.
 tears, and turn all tears, all woes to bliss, all woes to bliss, For God is Love. *p rit.*

Rest, rest, rest, spir-it, rest, Bless'd of heaven, rest, rest, spirit rest.

SOLO. SOPRANO.

Rest, spirit, rest, Thou art fled to realms of endless day, Bless'd of heaven, By

warbling choirs of seraphs led, Soar, spir-it, soar away, Rest, spirit, rest.

CHORUS.

Rest, rest, Rest, spirit, rest, Blest of heaven, rest, rest, spirit, rest.

SOLO. *mf*

Soar, spir-it, soar..... spir-it, soar, Blest thou of
Soar, spir-it, soar, soar, spir-it, soar,

dim. poco a poco.

heaven..... spir-it, rest, rest, Rest, spir-it,
Blest thou of heaven, soar, spir-it, soar, spir-it, soar,

ritard.

rest, Blest thou of heaven, rest, rest, spir-it, rest.
Rest, spir-it, rest, rest, rest, spir-it, rest.

Knell. 6s & 5s.

L. MARSHALL.

Legato.

1. Thro' the night air stealing, Hark! the bell is peal-ing Mornful-ly and slow;
2. Say, for whom thou ringest, Say if to him thou bringest Hopes beyond the tomb;

SOLI. **TUTTI.**

Rest to the soul de-part-ed; Peace to the broken-hearted, In this vale of woe.
Or if the sound appalls him, When death's summons calls him To uncertain doom.

SENTENCE. "Blessed are the dead."

May be sung in D_b.

W. O. PERIEMA.

p Adagio moderato assai.

Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, Blessed are the dead who

die in the Lord, Yea, saith the spir - it, that they rest from their

la - bors, they rest from their la-bors, and their works do follow them. They

rest from their labors, and their works do fol-low them, do fol - low them.

HOWARD M. DOW.

p Religioso.

1. I can - not al - ways trace the way Where Thou Almight - y One dost
 2. When myst' - ry clouds my darkened path, I'll check my dread, my doubts re -
 3. Yes, God is love: a word like this Can ev' - ry gloom - y thought re -

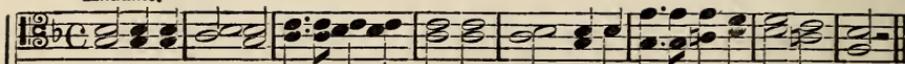
move, But I can al - ways, always say, But I can al - ways, always
 prove; In this my soul sweet comfort hath, In this my soul sweet comfort
 move, And turn all tears, all woes to bliss, And turn all tears, all woes to
 But I can al - ways, al - ways say,
 In this my soul sweet com - fort hath,
 And turn all tears, all woes, to bliss,

can always,

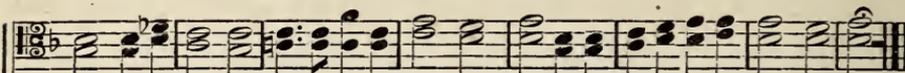
say... That God... is love. But I can al - ways, al - ways
 hath... That God... is love. In this my soul, In this my
 bliss... For God... is love. And turn all tears, And turn all

say can al - ways say

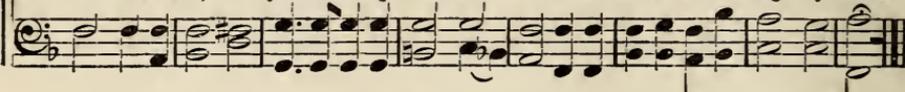
say, But I can al - ways, al - ways say That God is love.
 soul, Sweet comfort hath, sweet comfort hath, That God is love.
 tears, All woes to bliss, All woes to bliss, For God is love.

Andante.

1. Come un-to me, when shadows darkly gather, When the sad heart is weary and distressed,
2. Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling, Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim ;
3. There like an Eden blossoming in gladness, Bloom the fair flow'rs the earth too rudely press'd;

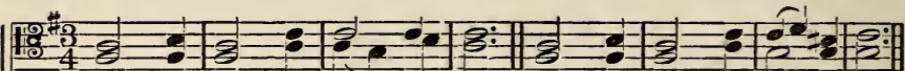
mf

Seeking for comfort from your heavenly Fa-ther : Come unto me and I will give you rest.
Sweet are the harps in ho-ly music swelling, Soft are the tones which raise the heav'nly hymn.
Come un-to me, all ye who droop in sad-ness.— Come un-to me and I will give you rest.

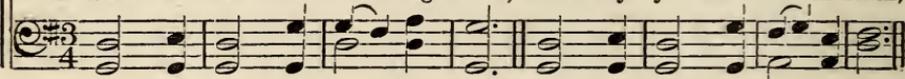


Rock of Ages.

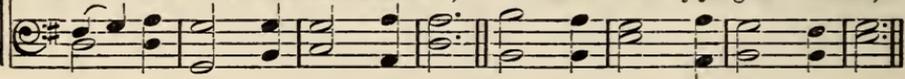
SOLON WILDER.



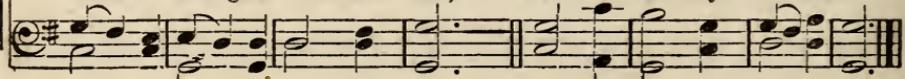
1. Rock of A - ges! cleft for me; Let me hide my - self in thee!
2. Could my zeal no res - pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow—
3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eye - lids close in death,



Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy riv - en side that flow'd,
All for sin could not a - tone: Thou must save, and thou a - lone!
When I soar to worlds unknown, See thee on thy judgment throne,—



Be of sin the dou - ble cure— Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
Noth - ing in my hand I bring; Sim - ply to thy cross I cling.
Rock of A - ges! cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee!



SENTENCE. "Come unto me."

59

May be sung in D \sharp .

W. O. P.

p CHORUS.

Come un-to me, Come un-to me, All ye that la-bor, and are

heav - y la - den, and I will give you rest, Take my yoke up-

dim. e rit. *a tempo.*

dim. e rit.

on you and learn of me, For I am meek and

Poco cres. *mf*

low - ly of heart, And ye shall find rest un - to your souls.

Poco cres. *p slower.*

CHANT. "Gathering Home."

Key of A \flat if preferred.

W. O. PERKINS.

Slow, observing the metrical accent.

1. They're gathering homeward from... ev' - ry land, One by one, one by one,
 2. Before they rest, they pass..... thro' the strife, One by one, one by one,
 3. We, too, shall come to the riv - er side, One by one, one by one,
 4. Jesus, Redeemer, we..... look to thee, One by one, one by one,

And their weary feet touch the..... shin - ing strand, Yes, one by one.
 Thro' the waters of death they..... en - ter life, Yes, one by one.
 We are nearer its waters each..... e - ven-tide, Yes, one by one.
 We lift up our voices..... tremblingly, Yes, one by one.

Their brows are inclos'd in a .. goldencrown, Their travel-stain'd garments are
 To some are the floods of the. riv - er still, As they ford on their way to the...
 We can hear the noise and.... dash of the stream, Now and again thro' our...
 The waves of the river are.... dark and cold, We know not the place where our

all laid down, And cloth'd in white raiment they... rest in the mead
 heav'n-ly hill, To others the waves run..... fiercely and wild,
 life's deep dream; Some- times the floods all the..... banks o - ver-flow,
 feet may hold, May Thou who didst pass through in.. deep midnight,

CHANT. "Gathering Home."

ritard. REFRAIN. *Andante.*

Where the Yet they And Stand	Lamb of God his reach the home of the sometimes in ripples and by us, and guide us,—our ...	saints doth lead, un - de-filed. small waves go. staff and light.	Gathering home, gathering ho me,
---------------------------------------	---	--	----------------------------------

Slower.

Fording the riv - er	one by one,	Gathering home,	gathering home, yes,	one by one.
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CHANT. "Thy will be done."

1. "Thy will be done."	In devious way the hurrying stream of	life may run,
2. "Thy will be done."	If o'er us shine a gladdening and a.....	pros- perous Sun,
3. "Thy will be done."	Though shrouded o'er our	path with gloom,

Close with first line, "Thy will be done."

Yet still our grateful hearts shall say,.....	"Thy will be done."
This prayer shall make it more divine,.....	"Thy will be done."
Cne comfort, one, is ours to breathe, while we adore,	"Thy will be done."

Arranged from BEETHOVEN.

<i>p</i>	<i>p</i>	<i>p</i>	<i>p</i>
1. Our days on earth are as a shadow, and there is....	none a -	biding,	
2. Watch! for ye know not what hour your.....	Lord may	come,	

We are as yesterday, there is but..... a	step between	us and	death.
Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye	Son of	man....	cometh;
think not,the }			

<i>p</i>	<i>p</i>	<i>p</i>	<i>p</i>
Man's days are as grass, as a flower of the....	field, so he	flourisheth,	
It is the Lord, let him do what.....	seemeth him	good,	

He appeareth for a little time, and then.....	van - ish -	eth a -	
The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away, blessed	be the	name of the	

<i>Coda.</i>	<i>pp</i>	<i>pp</i>	<i>pp</i>
way. Lord.	A - - men.	A - - - -	- men.

HOWARD M. DOW

<p>1. How dark the road we go, to our last..... 2. No proudly-nodding plume, no banner..... 3. See where a Saviour's love, that sacred.....</p>	<p>rest - ing wav - ing Hope de -</p>	<p>place, high, creed,</p>
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<p>There all we hold so dear below, is..... Can stay the sadness of the tomb, or..... That man should live in bliss above, tho'</p>	<p>lost in death's em - hush a - ris - ing brace, dy - ing hear him sigh, plead,</p>	<p>brace, sigh, plead,</p>
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<p>Our Father, hear our cry, to Thee, to. But Hope with holy aid, 'mid sadness..... Be that immortal light, still radiant.....</p>	<p>Thee we pray, gath - 'ring there, o'er the tomb,</p>	<p>pray, there, tomb,</p>
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<p>Our trusting hearts on Thee rely, when... Pours gentle light on grief's deep shade, and The soul upborne to mansions bright, shall</p>	<p>life's best finds re - find un - dy - ing</p>	<p>hopes de - cay. relief in prayer. bloom.</p>
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