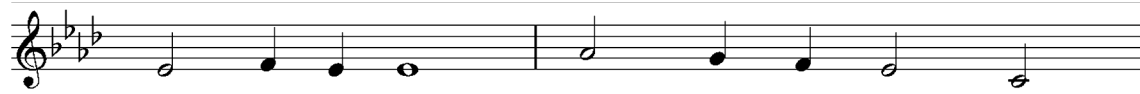


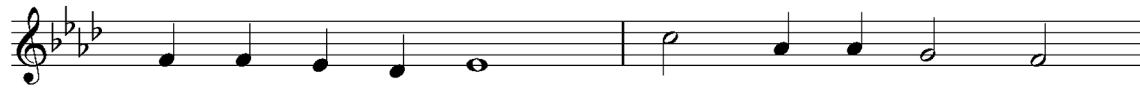
CLOSING HYMN

Come, labor on

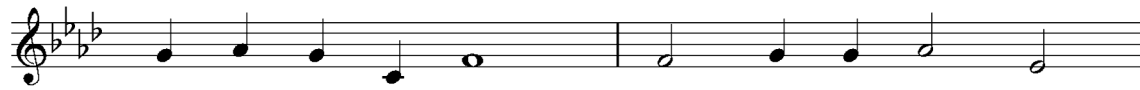
#541



1 Come, la - bor on. Who dares stand i - dle  
 2 Come, la - bor on. The en - e - my is  
 3 Come, la - bor on. A - way with gloom - y  
 4 Come, la - bor on. Claim the high call - ing  
 5 Come, la - bor on. No time for rest, till



1 on the har - vest plain, while all a - round us  
 2 watch - ing night and day, to sow the tares, to  
 3 doubts and faith - less fear! No arm so weak but  
 4 an - gels can - not share— to young and old the  
 5 glows the west - ern sky, till the long sha - dows



1 waves the gold - en grain? And to each ser - vant  
 2 snatch the seed a - way; while we in sleep our  
 3 may do ser - vice here: by feeb - lest a - gents  
 4 Gos - pel glad - ness bear: re - deem the time; its  
 5 o'er our path - way lie, and a glad sound comes



1 does the Mas - ter say, "Go work to - day."  
 2 du - ty have for - got, he slum - bered not.  
 3 may our God ful - fill his right - eous will.  
 4 hours too swift - ly fly. The night draws nigh.  
 5 with the set - ting sun, "Ser - vants, well done."

Words: Jane Laurie Borthwick (1813-1897), alt. Music: *Ora Labora*, Thomas Tertius Noble (1867-1953)

OPENING HYMN

Rise up, ye saints of God!

#551



1 Rise up, ye saints of God! Have done with less - er things, give  
 2 Rise up, ye saints of God! His king - dom tar - ries long: Lord,  
 3 Lift high the cross of Christ! Tread where his feet have trod; and



heart and soul and mind and strength to serve the King of kings.  
 bring the day of truth and love and end the night of wrong.  
 quick-ened by the Spi - rit's power, rise up, ye saints of God!



Words: William Pierson Merrill (1867-1954), alt. Copyright © by permission of The Presbyterian Outlook. All rights reserved. Used with permission.  
 Music: *Festal Song*, William H. Walter (1825-1893)

SEQUENCE HYMN

How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds

#644

1 How sweet the Name of Je - sus sounds in a be - liev - er's ear!  
 2 It makes the wound - ed spi - rit whole, and calms the trou - bled breast;  
 3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build, my shield and hid - ing - place,  
 4 O Je - sus! Shep - herd, Guard - ian, Friend, O Pro - phet, Priest, and King,  
 \*5 Weak is the ef - fort of my heart, and cold my warm - est thought;

1 It soothes our sor - rows, heals our wounds, and drives a - way our fear.  
 2 'tis man - na to the hun - gry soul, and to the wea - ry, rest.  
 3 my nev - er - fail - ing trea - sury, filled with bound - less stores of grace!  
 4 my Lord, my Life, my Way, my End, ac - cept the praise I bring.  
 5 but when I see thee as thou art, I'll praise thee as I ought.

Words: John Newton (1725-1807), alt. Music: *St. Peter*, Alexander Robert Reinagle (1799-1877)

OFFERTORY HYMN

Jesus in the morning

1. Je - sus, Je - sus, Je - sus in the morn - ing  
 2. Praise Him, Praise Him, Praise Him in the morn - ing  
 3. Love Him, Love Him, Love Him in the morn - ing  
 4. Serve Him, Serve Him, Serve Him, in the morn - ing  
 5. Je - sus, Je - sus, Je - sus in the morn - ing

1. Je - sus in the noon - time; Je - sus,  
 2. Praise Him in the noon - time; Praise Him,  
 3. Love Him in the noon - time; Love Him,  
 4. Serve Him in the noon - time; Serve Him,  
 5. Je - sus in the noon - time; Je - sus,

1. Je - sus, Je - sus when the sun goes down!  
 2. Praise Him, Praise Him when the sun goes down!  
 3. Love Him, Love Him when the sun goes down!  
 4. Serve Him, Serve Him when the sun goes down!  
 5. Je - sus, Je - sus when the sun goes down!