



LEE MOUNT BAPTIST
SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Anniversary Services

SUNDAY, JUNE 20th, 1915.

Afternoon at 2-30, Evening at 6-0,

PREACHER :

Rev. A. E. ROBINSON,
(MANCHESTER).

In the Morning at 10-30, AN ADDRESS will be given by

Mr. LOUIS TINKER,
(DENHOLME).

Subject : "A Little Bit of Khaki."

Collections at each Service for School Funds.

JACKSON & CLAYTON, HALIFAX

Kindly leave the Hymn Sheet for Evening Service.



Afternoon Service.

INTROIT.

HYMN 1.

"Wellhouse" L.M.

TUNE—*Wellhouse.*

1 FROM year to year in love we meet,
From year to year in peace we part,
The tongues of children uttering sweet
The bosom-joy of every heart.

2 But time rolls on ; and year by year
We change, grow up, or pass away !
Not twice the same assembly here
Have hailed the children's festal day.

3 This sole occasion then is ours,
This day we ne'er again shall see ;
Lord God, awaken all our powers
To spend it for eternity.

4 Our times, our lives, are in Thy hand,
On Thee for all things we rely ;
Assured while in Thy grace we stand,
To live is Christ and gain to die.

5 Meanwhile our failing ranks renew ;
Send children teachers in our place,
More humble, docile, faithful, true,
More like Thy Son, from race to race.

LESSON.



CHILDREN'S ANTHEM ... "The Strength of the Hills" ... *Jamouneau.*

Choir and Scholars. I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills. The hills of God, so calm, so fair, Thence cometh help that endeth ill, The witness of His strength they bear The hills of God so fair.

Scholars (Girls). Our help for ever cometh, O, Lord of all, from Thee ! Whose Word hath form'd the heavens, And form'd the earth and sea.

Choir and Scholars (Full). Our help for ever cometh O, Lord of all from Thee ! Thou dost uphold our footsteps, And guard us tenderly.

Choir—Tenors & Basses. Lift up thine eyes unto the hills, the hills of God.

Choir Only. Lift up Thine eyes unto the hills That tell how mighty is the Lord ; Like gentle dew, His grace distils, Like tender show'rs His balm is pour'd, How good, how gracious is the Lord.

SOLO (*Soprano*). 1. He doth not slumber, doth not sleep, Who keepeth Israel ; When daylight glows, or night-dews weep, Securely shalt thou dwell. 2. He shall preserve thy soul from sin, Thy path He watcheth o'er : Thy going out, thy coming in, He guardeth evermore. 3. Fear not the valley nor the steep, Thy helper, He will be ; He doth not slumber, doth not sleep, The Lord, Who keepeth thee.

Full Choir and Scholars. As mountains gird on ev'ry side, The Holy city blest and bright, The Lord doth with His own abide, In mercy and in might. Oh, lift thine eyes, unto the hills, And let their glory be Thy care, The hills of God, so calm, so fair. Amen.



HYMN II.

TUNE—*Dalehurst.*

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1 COME, let us to the Lord our God
With contrite hearts return ;
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
The desolate to mourn. | 4 Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
Shall know Him and rejoice ;
His coming like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs His voice. |
| 2 His voice commands the tempest forth,
And stills the stormy wave ;
And though His arm be strong to smite,
'Tis also strong to save. | 5 As dew upon the tender herb,
Diffusing fragrance round ;
As showers that usher in the spring,
And cheer the thirsty ground : |
| 3 Long hath the night of sorrow reigned,
The dawn shall bring us light ;
God shall appear, and we shall rise
With gladness in his sight. | 6 So shall His presence bless our souls,
And shed a joyful light ;
That hallowed morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night. |

PRAYER.

ANTHEM ... "Peace I leave with you" ... *Dr. Varley Roberts.*

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

HYMN III.

TUNE—*Portsea.*

- 1 I DO not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road ;
I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me
Aught of its load :
- 2 I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet ;
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.
- 3 For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord I plead :
Lead me aright,
Though strength should falter, and though heart should bleed,
Through peace to light.
- 4 I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst shed
Full radiance here ;
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.
- 5 I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see ;
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand,
And follow Thee.
- 6 Joy is like restless day, but peace divine
Like quiet night :
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine
Through peace to light.

SERMON.

COLLECTION.

"God bless our dear old England"

The musical score consists of four systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with a supporting bass line in the bass staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

1 **G**OD bless our dear old England!
 With cliffs so bold and white,
 Round which the angry billows
 So vainly roar and fight:
 God bless our sons and daughters,
 And make them pure and brave;
 By righteousness, the nation,
 O righteous Father! save.

God bless our dear old England!
 Guard her from every foe;
 And grant to all her children
 To walk with Thee below.

2 God bless our beauteous England!
 This cultured garden fair;
 With orchard, meadow, cornfield,
 Lovely beyond compare;
 Adorn her with the beauties
 Of holiness and grace,
 These fruits and flowers reflecting,
 O Lord! Thy smiling face.

God bless our beauteous England!
 The land we love so well,
 And grant to all her children
 With Thee above to dwell.

3 God bless our grand old England!
 With proud historic name;
 And may she yet outrival
 Her thousand years of fame:
 But chiefly—make her steadfast
 In godliness and truth,
 Wisdom of age uniting
 With all the zeal of youth.

God bless our grand old England!
 So glorious through Thy might;
 And grant to all her children
 To battle for the right.

4 God bless our English people,
 Brave, loyal, trusty folk;
 Free from all chain of bondage,
 Scorning each sinful yoke;
 May rich and poor together
 Labour and love as one,
 A happy royal priesthood,
 And so Thy will be done.

God bless our dear old England!
 And saved by grace alone,
 O, grant to all her children
 To meet around Thy throne.

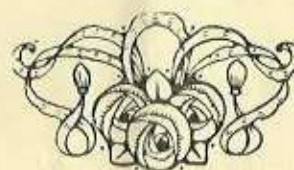
1 **M**AR down the ages now,
 Much of her journey done,
 The pilgrim Church pursues her way,
 Until her crown be won:
 The story of the past
 Comes up before her view;
 How well it seems to suit her still,—
 Old, and yet ever new!

2 'Tis the repeated tale
 Of sin and weariness;
 Of grace and love still flowing down
 To pardon and to bless:
 No wider is the gate,
 No broader is the way,
 No smoother is the ancient path,
 That leads to light and day.

3 No sweeter is the cup,
 Nor less our lot of ill;
 'Twas tribulation ages since,
 'Tis tribulation still:
 No slacker grows the fight,
 No feebler is the foe,
 Nor less the need of armour tried,
 Of shield and spear and bow.

4 Thus onward still we press,
 Through evil and through good;
 Through pain and poverty and want,
 Through peril and through blood:
 Still faithful to our God,
 And to our Captain true;
 We follow where He leads the way,
 The Kingdom in our view.

BENEDICTION.





Evening Service.

INTROIT.

HYMN I.

TUNE—*Milton.*

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 WAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me;
His loving-kindness, O how free!</p> <p>2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate;
His loving-kindness, O how great!</p> | <p>3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along;
His loving-kindness, O how strong!</p> <p>4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood;
His loving-kindness, O how good!</p> |
|--|---|
- 5 Awake, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me;
His loving-kindness, O how free!

LESSON.

CHILDREN'S ANTHEM.—(*See Afternoon Service.*)

HYMN II.

TUNE—*Pilgrims.*

- 1 **M**ARK, hark my soul! angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore:
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more!
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!
- 2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
'Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come!'
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home:
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

- 3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee:
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!
- 4 Rest comes at length: though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
Faith's journey ends in welcomes to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last:
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!
- 5 Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above,
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love:
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

PRAYER.

ANTHEM ... "The Heavens are Telling" *Hadyn.*

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

HYMN III.

TUNE—*Softly the Silent Night.*

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee;
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!</p> <p>2 Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!</p> | <p>3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou send'st to me
In mercy given:
Angels to beckon me,
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!</p> <p>4 Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise:
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!</p> <p>5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!</p> |
|--|---|

SERMON.

COLLECTION.

COLLECTION HYMN.—(*See Afternoon Service*)

HYMN IV.

TUNE—*Sylvester*.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1 W HEN the light of day is waning,
When the night is dark and drear,
God of Love, in stillness reigning,
Teach me to believe Thee near. | 4 Teach me to abide in patience
All the little storms of time,
Making every day's temptations
Steps for faltering feet to climb. |
| 2 When my heart is faint and drooping,
When my faith is weak and cold,
Kindly to my weakness stooping,
Draw me upwards as of old. | 5 Let me find Thee in my sorrow,
Nor forget Thee in my joy;
And from Thee my sunshine borrow,
And by Thee my gloom destroy. |
| 3 Nearer to the peace unbroken,
Nearer to the changeless calm,
All my wish a prayer unspoken,
All my life a silent psalm. | 6 God of day, the dark dispelling,
Guide, Redeemer, Father, Friend;
God of Love, in stillness dwelling,
Lead me to my journey's end. |

BENEDICTION.

VESPER ... "Lord, keep us safe this night."

