

THE JUNIOR HYMNAL

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The Junior Hymnal by Edwin A. Schell & Mary Chisholm Foster

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EDWIN A. SCHELL & MARY CHISHOLM FOSTER

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BY
EDWIN A. SCHELL
MARY CHISHOLM FOSTER



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THE JUNIOR HYMNAL.

1

Faith of our Fathers.

FREDERICK W. FABER.

Tune—ST. CATHERINE.

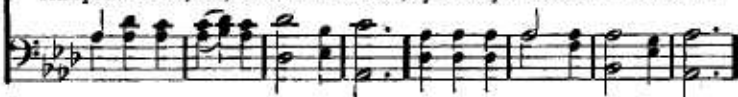
Adapted by J. G. WALTON.



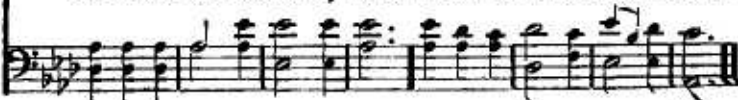
1. Faith of our fathers! living still In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword;
2. Our fathers, chained in prisons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free:
3. Faith of our fathers! we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife:



O how our hearts beat high with joy When'er we hear that glorious word:
How sweet would be their children's fate, If they, like them, could die for thee!
And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind-ly words and virtuous life:



Faith of our fathers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!
Faith of our fathers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!
Faith of our fathers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!



2

Oh, Worship the King.

ROBERT GRANT.

FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDEN.

1. Oh, wor - ship the King all - glo - rious a - bove,
 2. Oh, tell of his might, and sing of his grace,
 3. Frail chil - dren of dust, and fee - ble as frail,

And grate - ful - ly sing his won - der - ful love;
 Whose robe is the light, whose can - o - py, space;
 In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;

Our Shield and De - fend - er, the An - cient of days,
 His chari - ots of wrath the deep thun - der - clouds form,
 Thy mer - cies, how ten - der! how firm to the end!

Pa - vil - ioned in splen - dor, and gird - ed with praise.
 And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.
 Our Mak - er, De - fend - er, Re - deem - er, and Friend.

Will You Go?

B. A. CARTER, by per.

1. We're trav'ling home to heav'n a-bove, Will you go? will you go?
 2. Ye wea-ry, heav-y - la - den, come, Will you go? will you go?
 3. The way to heav'n is straight and plain, Will you go? will you go?

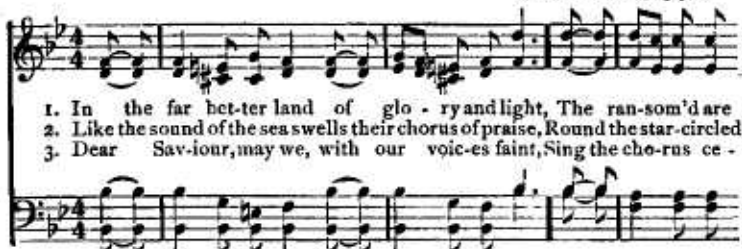
We sing the Sav-iour's dy - ing love, Will you go? will you go?
 In the blest house there still is room, Will you go? will you go?
 Re - pent, be - lieve, be born a - gain, Will you go? will you go?

Millions have reach'd that blest abode, A-nointed kings and priests to God,
 The Lord is wait - ing to re - ceive, If thou wilt on him now be - lieve,
 The Sav-iour cries a - loud to thee, "Take up thy cross and fol - low me,

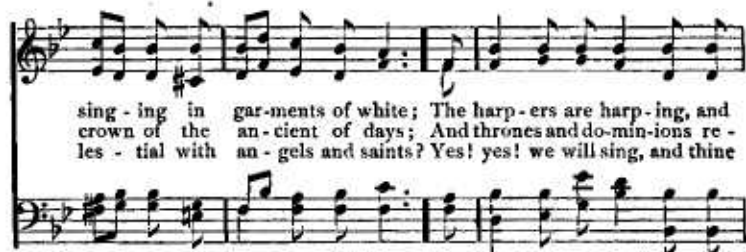
And mil-lions now are on the road, Will you go? will you go?
 He'll give thy troubled conscience ease, Come be - lieve, come be - lieve,
 And thou shalt my sal - va - tion see, Come to me, come to me."

The Lamb that was Slain.

B. W. WILLIAMS, by per.



1. In the far bet-ter land of glo - ry and light, The ran-som'd are
 2. Like the sound of the sea swells their chorus of praise, Round the star-circled
 3. Dear Sav-iour, may we, with our voic-es faint, Sing the cho-rus ce -

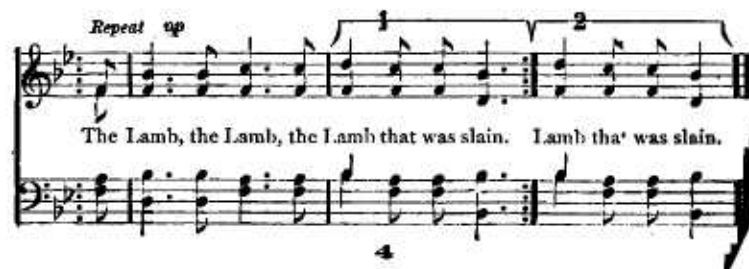


sing - ing in gar-ments of white; The harp - ers are harp - ing, and
 crown of the an - cient of days; And thrones and do-min-ions re -
 les - tial with an - gels and saints? Yes! yes! we will sing, and thine



all the bright train Sing the song of Redemption, The Lamb that was slain.
 ech - o the strain Of . . . glo - ry, e - ter - nal To him that was slain.
 ear we will gain With its song of Redemption, The Lamb that was slain.

Repeat up




The Lamb, the Lamb, the Lamb that was slain. Lamb tha' was slain.

4



Hark! the Voice of Jesus Calling.

M. B. SLIGHT.



H. R. PALMER.




1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus call - ing, "Fol - low me, fol - low me!"
 2. Who will heed the ho - ly man - date, "Fol - low me, fol - low me!"
 3. Heark - en, lest he plead no lon - ger, "Fol - low me, fol - low me!"

Soft - ly thro' the si - lence fall - ing, "Fol - low, fol - low me!"
 Leav - ing all things at his bid - ding, "Fol - low, fol - low me!"
 Once a - gain, oh, hear him call - ing, "Fol - low, fol - low me!"

As of old he called the fish - ers, When he walk'd by Gal - i - lee,
 Hark! that ten - der voice en - treat - ing Mar - in - ers on life's rough sea,
 Turn - ing swift at thy sweet summons, Ev - er - more, O Christ, would we,




Still his pa - tient voice is plead - ing, "Follow, fol - low me!"
 Gen - tly, lov - ing - ly, re - peat - ing, "Follow, fol - low me!"
 For thy love all else for - sak - ing, "Follow, fol - low thee!" *A - men.*



Will it be One of You?

Dr. CHAS. B. MORRILL.

MARY CHISHOLM FOSTER.

1. A judge-ship is va-cant; the er-mine a-waits The shoulders of
 2. The pres-i-dent's chair of a great rail-road maze Is emp-ty to-
 3. A pul-pit is wait-ing for some one to fill, Of el-o-quent
 4. The great men a-bout us will pass to their rest, Their places be

youth,—brave, hon-est, and true,—Some one will be stand-ing by
 day, for death claim'd his due; The di-rec-tors are choos-ing a
 men there are on-ly a few, The man who can fill it must
 filled by the boys who pur-sue The search for the high-est, the

fame's o-pen gates, I won-der, my boys,—Will it be one of you?
 man for his place, I won-der, my boys,—Will it be one of you?
 have pow'r to thrill; And be full of faith,— Will it be one of you?
 no-blest, the best; The best shall have these, I hope'twill be you.

Chorus.

Will it be one of you? Will it be one of you?
 Will it be one of you? one of you?