



CHOICE

Sacred Songs

by

Famous Composers

Speaks, Oley. Still, still with Thee. High Voice, C. Low Voice, A.	50
Woodman, R. Huntington. The Day is gently sinking to a close. High Voice, D. Low Voice, B2.	75
Hawley, C. B. Redeem me, O Lord. High Voice, G minor. Low Voice, E minor.	60
Hammond, William G. O Eyes that are weary. Medium Voice, D2.	50
Hammond, William G. Through peace to light. High Voice, F. Low Voice, D.	60
Marzo, Eduardo. O Lord rebuke me not. High Voice, F. Low Voice, C.	60
Marzo, Eduardo. I will lift up mine eyes. High Voice, D. Low Voice, B2.	60
Spross, Charles Gilbert. Lord Jesus, in Thy Mercy. High Voice, E2. Low Voice, B1.	75

The
John Church
Company
CINCINNATI
NEW YORK
CHICAGO
LEIPZIG
LONDON



High Voice

To Mr. William Wheeler



Low Voice

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Lord Jesus in Thy Mercy

J. HARKNESS BOWMAN Jr.

CHARLES GILBERT SPROSS

A - lone up - on the moun - tain a

poor lost sheep I stray, The dark - ness clos - es 'round me; I

can - not find the way. The good sheep on the hill - side all

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16225-7

safe in shel-ter lie _____ Nine-ty and nine with - in the fold,

'neath the Mas-ter's eye, _____ While I am on the moun-tain by sin and shame op-

pressed, Long-ing for the Shepherd and the shel-ter of His breast. Lcrd

Je - sus, in Thy mer - cy, O leave the nine - ty and nine Good sheep up -

on the hill - side and come to this cre of Thine, Who,

wear - y of his wan - der - ing and wear - y of his sin, Seeks

once more the heav'n-ly fold and longs to en - ter in. But the

way is dark and lone - ly and the shad - ows gath - er fast; Still I

know that Thou, Good Shep - herd, canst lead me home at_ last_ Still I

f

know that Thou, Good Shep - herd, canst lead me home at last.

p

The dark - er night draws on a - pace,

p *pp* *p*

Mas - ter, Mas - ter, here am I With noth - ing now to

mf *f* *mf* *f* *mf*

guide me, wilt Thou not hear my cry? My sins they weigh up-

or me, O Shep-herd, O Shep-herd, let me lean On thy sure strength and

prom-ise and wash and make me clean. Lead me in the green

past-ures and by the wa-ters still, I on-ly ask to

fol - low and seek to do Thy will. Lord Je - sus, in Thy

mer - cy, O leave the nine-ty and nine Good sheep up -

on the hill - side and come to this one of Thine, Who,

wear - y of his wan - der - ing and wear - y of his sin, Seeks

once more the heav'n-ly fold— and longs to en-ter in. But the

way is dark and lone-ly and the shad-ows gath-er fast; Still I

know that Thou, Good Shep-herd, canst lead me home at— last,— Still I

know that Thou, Good Shep-herd, canst lead me home— at last.—