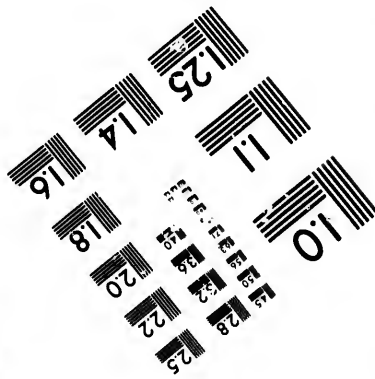
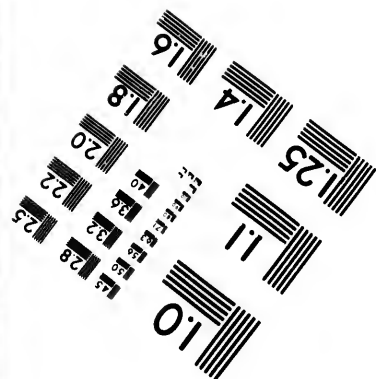
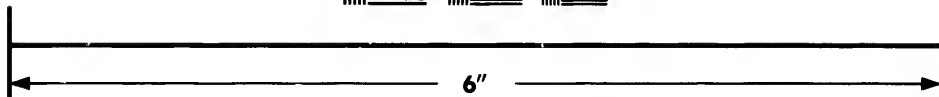
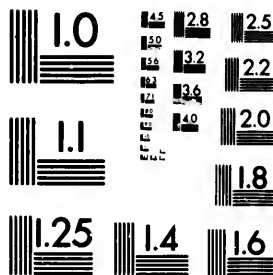


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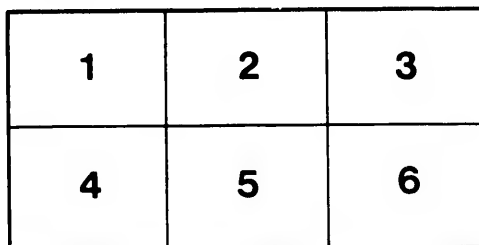
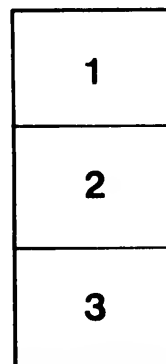
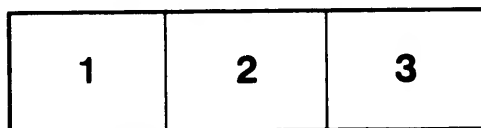
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# GRAND CANTATA

.....ENTITLED.....

## “The Building of the Temple”

TO BE GIVEN IN THE

### Simcoe Street Methodist Church

APRIL 28, 1896



CHORUS OF 100 VOICES.

EFFICIENT ORCHESTRA.

**SOPRANOS.**

Mrs. D. Allan.	Miss Geddes.	Miss J. James.	Mrs. Richmond.
Mrs. W. H. Buckley.	Miss M. Geddes. ✓	Miss L. Kirkpatrick. ✓	Miss Robinson.
Miss J. Brydges. ✓	Miss Gerrie.	Miss Lee. ✓	Miss Shaw.
Miss W. Buckingham. ✓	Miss Harding.	Miss Morrison.	Miss Turner.
Miss L. Butler. ✓	Mrs. Hewitson.	Miss R. Morrison.	Miss Walling. ✓
Miss H. Cross.	Mrs. W. Horn.	Mrs. Norwood.	Miss J. Webster.
Miss G. Dent.	Miss Inglis. ✓	Miss Oblender.	Miss Williams.
Miss Dent.	Miss C. Inglis. ✓	Miss Pearce.	

**ALTOS.**

Mrs. Adams. ✓	Miss Lanceley.	Miss R. Osborne.
Miss Balch. ✓	Miss Macguire. ✓	Miss H. Phillips.
Miss Brydges. ✓	Mrs. McKeown.	Miss C. Siddall. ✓
Miss Buckingham.	Miss Oblender.	Miss Stannard. ✓

**TENORS.**

Mr. J. Batey.	Mr. W. Mulliss. ✓
Mr. W. Dorrington.	Mr. G. O'Gilvie. ✓
Mr. G. Goddard. ✓	Mr. H. Overend.
Mr. M. Howell. ✓	Mr. E. Porter. ✓
Mr. J. Horn.	Mr. W. Robinson.
Mr. H. Kirkpatrick. ✓	Mr. Geo. Rushton. ✓
Mr. Matthews.	Mr. H. Shaw.
Mr. McIlroy.	Mr. S. Siddall. ✓
Mr. R. Mitchell. ✓	

**BASS.**

Mr. W. H. Buckley.	Mr. W. Main. ✓
Mr. Clark.	Mr. Miles.
Mr. Coote.	Mr. J. Morley.
Mr. C. Emory. ✓	Mr. A. Morris. ✓
Mr. B. Copeland.	Mr. North.
Mr. A. Galway.	Mr. Penny.
Mr. Gray.	Mr. P. Shaw.
Mr. D. Hammond. ✓	Mr. Or. Williams.
Mr. Kelly.	

**CHILDREN'S VOICES.**

Annie Beatty.	Lily Lee. ✓	Ethel Robertson.	Benson Kerr.	Arthur Smith.
Lily Burniston.	Sadie McMullen.	Ethel Smith.	Robt. Kirkpatrick. ✓	John Smye.
Jessie Day. ✓	Carrie Osborne. ✓	Jessie Simons.	Chas. Kirkpatrick. ✓	Herbert Smye.
Laura Hobson.	Lily Osborne. ✓	Ernest Douglass.	Alfred Lovell.	Fred. Stares. ✓
Winnie Kerr.	Minnie Porter.	Willie Dreyer.	Ernest Smith.	Edward Stares. ✓
		Arthur James.		

**ORCHESTRA.**

1ST VIOLINS—Mr. S. Siddall. ✓	2ND VIOLINS—Mr. C. Servos.		
Mr. D. Allan.	Mr. Park.		
Mr. Vollick.	Mr. Braidwood.		
CORNET—Mr. Percy Peel.	BOMBARDON—Mr. A. Hewitson.	TUBA—Mr. Dashber.	CLARINET—Mr. W. Barron.
TROMBONE—Mr. A. Norwood.	ORGANIST—Mr. S. Walling. ✓	PIANIST—Miss A. Chegwin.	



**PROGRAMME 5 CENTS.**

GEORGE SIDDALL, *Musical Director.*

JOSEPH HORN, *Secretary.*

# The Building of the Temple.

## ARISE! THE SILVER TRUMPETS BLOW.

(CHORUS.)

Arise! Arise! The silver trumpets blow,  
But not to sound an alarm.  
You may hear the song  
Of a marching throng  
Caught up by the breeze and borne along,  
And eyes will glisten and hearts will glow,  
While thousands gather above, below,  
Yet never in fear of harm.

King David, though he be great in power,  
Comes here in peace to-day,  
And the tribes assemble from near and far  
To worship the Lord whose people they are,  
And own His glorious sway.

## BRING UP WITH JOY AND GLADNESS.

QUARTETTE.

Bring up with joy and gladness,  
And happy songs of praise,  
The Ark of God, most holy,  
The God of ancient days!  
The house of Obadedom  
Found mercy, truth and grace,  
And there the Ark has waited,  
Till we prepare a place.

King David and his people  
Conduct the Ark along,  
With laughter and with shouting,  
With music, mirth and song!  
Old men recall the wonders  
Of generations past;  
The Sinaitic thunders,  
The trumpet's piercing blast.

Ye children, lend your voices,  
And swell the loud acclaim!  
All Israel rejoice  
To bless the Holy Name!  
The God, who led our fathers,  
Revisits us to-day;  
Then raise we glad hosannas,  
And worship Him away!

## FATHER, GOD AND SAVIOR.

SCHOOL.

Father, God and Savior,  
Heav'n's eternal King!  
Offerings of praises  
Unknown to thee we bring.  
We, with infant voices,  
Join to speak thy name.  
Father, King, Creator,  
Evermore the same.

Oft, alas! forgetting,  
Far from thee we roam;  
But in all our wand'rings  
Thou dost call us home.  
So with infant voices  
Now we praise thy name,  
Father, King, Redeemer,  
Evermore the same.

Ever thou dost love us;  
All we have is thine;  
Every blessing given  
By thy hand divine.  
So with infant voices  
Here we praise thy name.  
Father, Lord and Savior,  
Evermore the same.

## THE LIGHT AND PEACE OF MORNING.

SOLO. TENOR.

The light and peace of morning find  
No echo in my breast;  
As leaves are stirred by stormy wind,  
My thoughts refuse to rest.

Thine ark before thy people sent,  
Rests on the lowly ground;  
'Tis sheltered by a humble tent,  
No fortress girds it round.

In cedar house, 'mid splendid state,  
I dwell, with troops at call;  
No foe may stand within my gate,  
None dare approach my wall.

O Lord of all! my God, my King,  
Thy temple I would raise,  
And with my people joyous sing  
Glad psalms of thankful praise.

## THE LORD IS MY KING.

CHOIR AND CHORUS.

The Lord is my King,  
And his throne is my heart;  
Come joy, or come sorrow,  
He will not depart.  
When prosperity smiles,  
Or adversity grieves,  
He sweetens my pleasure,  
My troubles relieves.

If the heart be God's throne,  
Then his love must be there,  
For he dwells with his own,  
But none others can share.  
So whatever our lot,  
With so holy a guest,  
Our hands will in gladness  
Do what he loves best.

## GOD HAS NO PART WITH MEN OF WAR.

SOLO. BASS.

God has no part with men of war,  
Whose anger burns as lurid fire;  
Whose hands are strong for shedding blood,  
From passion and uncurbed desire.

Not such as thee his temple raise,  
Nor doth he ever find a rest,  
Where cruel tho'ts tempestuous surge,  
Like storms within the human breast.

But in those happy days to come,  
When love and wisdom shall increase,  
Thy son shall build a temple, where  
The Lord, thy God, may dwell in peace.

Then justice over all the earth  
Shall spread again from shore to shore,  
And judgment's glad dominion be  
Established firm for evermore.

## THOUGH TRUTH MAY SEEN TO CHIDE.

DUET. SOPRANO AND ALTO.

Tho' truth may often seem to chide,  
And troubles for a time increase;  
Love standeth ever at thy side  
To guide thee on by-ways of peace.

His ways are just, his wise commands  
Would end the reign of sin and strife;  
Give him the work of willing hands,  
He'll give to thee a crown of life.

## ALTHOUGH TO BUILD THE TEMPLE.

TENOR SOLO AND CHORUS.

Although to build the temple  
Does not to me belong,  
Yet present deeds bring future joy,  
And so neglect were wrong;  
Unless I work in useful ways,  
How can my son a temple raise?  
If thou work not in useful ways,  
No temple fair thy son will raise.

For he is young and tender,  
No skill has he of thought,  
Of preparations to be made,  
And what must here be brought;  
That time and means may well accord  
To build the temple of the Lord.  
Both time and means should well accord,  
To build the temple of the Lord.

So I will take the labor,  
And gather here the gold;  
The silver, brass and cedar wood,  
And stones of worth untold.  
E'en tho' my joys may quickly wane,  
My son's shall be a glorious reign,  
Tho' joys for thee should quickly wane,  
Thy son's shall be a glorious reign.

Courage, my son, be strong,  
No foe hast thou to dread,  
See, smiling peace  
Comes with her busy throng  
Of arts, to service led,  
And joys increase.

Courage, my son, be strong,  
And trust thy God for all,  
Thou shalt prevail.  
He will not tarry long  
But hearken to thy call,  
And never fail.

## IN THY PROVIDENCE, O LORD.

MEN'S VOICES.

In thy Providence, O Lord,  
We are placed in stations high,  
Gifted with the joys of health,  
Honor, friendship, home and wealth;  
All the treasure which we hold,  
Silver, precious stones and gold,  
These we bring with glad accord  
To thy temple, blessed Lord,  
And since thou giv'st our stations high,  
It is thine own that we supply.

All the luxury we own,  
All the riches of the land,  
Ev'ry blessing, ev'ry joy  
Come from thy almighty hand;  
Thus in bringing thee our best  
We but give thee back thine own;  
Lord, accept our service glad,  
Thee we worship, thee alone,  
Accept, O Lord, our service glad,  
For thee we worship, thee alone.

## PRINCES HERE MAY PROFFER GIFTS.

SCHOOL.

Princes here may proffer gifts  
Each one to another,  
This is but a fair exchange,  
Like brother helping brother.

## The Building of the Temple.

But to thee from whom are all  
Of wisdom, love and power,  
Willing service we should give  
Every day and hour.

Kings may rule a little span,  
Princes dwell in splendor,  
But the heart thine eyes discern,  
With longing deep and tender.  
Let its treasure be the love  
That thou art e'er bestowing,  
Then thy will, O Lord we'll do,  
With thy spirit glowing.

### REJOICE AND BE GLAD.

SOPRANO SOLO AND CHOIR.

Rejoice and be glad, for the spirit of love  
In heavenly beauty descends like a dove;  
Creator and Savior, the ancient of days,  
To thee we ascribe all the glory and praise.

Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the  
power, and the glory, and the victory and  
the majesty;  
For all that is in the heavens and in the  
earth is thine.

### AS MOSES SAW FROM PISGAH'S MOUNT.

TENOR SOLO AND CHORUS.

As Moses saw from Pisgah's mount  
The glories of the promised land,  
To which thro' weary days and years  
He led from Egypt Israel's band,  
I see afar,

A temple rise,  
And this shall draw all longing eyes, all  
longing eyes.

As Joshua, by Jericho,  
When standing on the holy ground,  
Beheld the captain of the host  
Embracing his people round,  
I see afar,

A leader rise,  
To bring salvation from the skies, from out  
the skies.

As once against a bitter foe,  
The Philistines with proud array,  
In humble guise I ventured out,  
Their champion slew and won the day,  
I, from afar,  
A victor see,  
Who captive leads captivity.

O wondrous sight! a temple rise,  
To draw all waiting, longing eyes.  
O wondrous sight! a leader rise,  
To bring salvation from the skies.  
O wondrous sight! a victor see,  
Who captive leads captivity.

### THE FATHER'S LABORS.

ALTO SOLO.

The father's labors reach their end,  
Probation's day is o'er;  
To other realms he doth ascend,  
But may return no more.

Thus, full of honors, riches, days,  
In good old age he dies,  
As setting sun with crimson rays  
Lights up the western skies.

The son in glory mounts the throne,  
A kingly form has he;  
No monarch from creation known  
Had e'er such majesty.

### THOU WILT PROLONG.

CHOIR.

Thou wilt prolong the king's life,  
And his years to many generations.  
He shall abide before God forever.  
O prepare mercy, mercy and truth,  
Which may preserve him.

### SPRING TIME DOTH WINTER BANISH.

CHORUS.

Spring-time doth winter banish,  
As night gives place to day;  
So war's hot passions vanish,  
And peace benign bears away.  
In shady nook,  
By rippling brook  
The flocks and herds securely feed  
Amid the song  
Of feathered throng,  
And flowers o'er the mead.

As clouds, like dark wings flying,  
Are gone before the sun;  
So gloom dissoles when gladness  
Its bright reign has begun.  
The sunlight's glow  
O'er all below  
TURNS golden all the waving fields.  
A peaceful rest  
Pervades the breast,  
And glad thanksgiving yields.

### STROKE BY STROKE OUR AXES FALL.

MEN'S VOICES.

Stroke by stroke our axes fall  
Busy work we're plying;  
Cutting down the cedars tall,  
See them round us lying.  
What we do should be done well,  
Mark each stroke, and make it tell.

Stroke by stroke our axes ring,  
Time is swiftly flying;  
Honest work at anything  
Sure is worth the trying.  
All we do, should be done well,  
Mark each stroke, and make it tell.

Stroke by stroke our axes cleave  
Thro' the fragrant cedar,  
Not one giant tree we leave,  
So commands our leader.  
All we do, should be done well,  
Mark each stroke, and make it tell.

### DARK NIGHT HER BANNER HAS UNFURLED.

CHORUS.

Dark night her banner has unfurled,  
Our busy work to stay;  
The sun is shining but the world  
Has turned her face away.  
Now one by one the stars appear,  
And meet our wond'ring gaze.  
So truth shines out in lustre clear,  
As heavenward tho' we raise.

The sheep lie quiet in the fold,  
Each bird in downy nest;  
And angel guards in safety hold  
Our children while they rest.  
If these can trust, we also may  
In peace lie down and sleep,  
For joy awaits the coming day,  
Tho' sorrowing ones may weep.

### THO' CLOUDS SHOULD VEIL.

SOPRANO SOLO AND SCHOOL OBLIGATO.

Tho' clouds should veil, tho' darkness hide,  
Yet love divine makes no delay,  
The Lord is standing by thy side  
To usher in the beauteous day.  
Yes, trust in the Lord, and his hand shall  
guide thee,  
For his love divine shall here be thy stay,  
In darkness and doubt he's standing beside  
thee  
To usher at dawn the beautiful day.  
Yes, trust in the Lord, and his hand shall  
guide thee,  
Then lie down in peace like sheep of his  
fold;  
Yet love but his word, and naught shall be-  
tide thee,  
Choose heavenly wisdom, 'tis better than  
gold.

### EARTHLY GOLD IS BUT A TOY.

CHOIR AND CHORUS.

Earthly gold is but a toy,  
Only good in using;  
Heav'nly gold brings purer joy,  
This is worth the choosing.

May we ever make our choice,  
Hearing, heeding wisdom's voice;  
Choosing thus the better part  
An understanding heart.

Earthly silver is not made  
Highest hopes to cherish;  
Heav'nly wisdom will not fade,  
Truth can never perish.

Power, wealth and honors fall  
After brief possessing;  
Heav'nly riches—these are all  
Stores of endless blessing.

### WHEN THOU DOST BUILD.

BASS SOLO.

When thou dost build the temple,  
The temple of the Lord,  
Be this my glad endeavor,  
To act in full accord.

Devoting all my power and skill,  
With understanding, too, and will.  
The beauteous trees of cedar  
Which in the forest lies,  
Fine linen, blue and crimson,  
And purple Tyrian dye  
I send, with stones of beauty rare,  
And Parvian gold beyond compare.

I send thee brass and silver,

While workmen, skilled and right,  
Shall hew the fir and algon,  
Which crowns each Syrian height;  
Then bring them down in floats by sea,  
And thus convey them safe to thee.  
For these, and for my servants,  
Who gladly will be thine,  
Send twenty thousand measures  
Wheat, barley, oil and wine,  
So shall they work with ready hand,  
Performing what they understand.

### THE BEAUTY, THE TREASURE.

TRIO AND CHOIR.

The beauty, the treasure and science of  
earth  
Are for service to him from whom nature  
has birth;  
For the work of this world man his own  
methods brings,  
But the Lord gives the pattern for heavenly  
things.

Wisdom builds her house ere long,  
Understanding makes it strong;  
Knowledge shall the chambers fill  
With all riches of good will.

Present joys efface at last  
Sad remembrance of the past,  
Humbly kneeling we adore  
Him, who gives such boundless store.

Lord, we dedicate to thee  
Self, our sacrifice to be;  
Gift us with a holy fear,  
Bid us thy commandments hear.

### BRING UP THE ARK OF GOD.

SCHOOL AND CHORUS.

Bring up the ark of God  
With sacrifice and song,  
From David's city of renown,  
Where it has tarried long.

Enthroned in the holy place,  
And praise the God of truth and grace,  
Enthroning in the holy place,  
The God of mercy, truth and grace,  
Enthroned him in the holy place,  
An humbly bow before his face.

## The Building of the Temple.

With holy joy and fear  
The Levites walk apart,  
And all the men of Israel's name  
Attend with thankful heart.

Your glad hosanna raise,  
Bid heart and voice accord;  
Again renew the covenant,  
And worship God, the Lord.

### THE STAVES ARE SEEN AND FOR THE LORD IS GOOD.

QUARTETTE AND CHORUS.

The staves were seen within their rings,  
Two cherubim spread to this day,  
To cover the ark and staves away;  
And there it is until this day.  
Notes of trumpeters, voice of song  
In unison glad are borne along;  
Children and princes of lofty fame  
Join in praising the glorious name.  
For he is good,  
For his mercy endureth forever.

### WHAT IS CONTAINED IN THAT ARK OF GOLD?

SCHOOL, CHOIR AND TRIO.

What is contained in that ark of gold?  
Treasures, whose worth can never be told,  
Moses put in that ark alone  
Two most holy tables of stone,  
Written by the finger of God.  
These are the laws he loves to give;  
Faithfully keeping these, we live,  
They are Israel's staff and rod,  
Often at early morning,  
Oft at the setting sun,  
When spring the world is adorning,  
Or autumn's course is run—  
The parents to children of Israel have  
spoken,  
And bound on each forehead a frontlet as  
token.

### WHAT ARE THESE SIGNS?

ALTO SOLO, SCHOOL AND CHORUS.

What are these signs on hand and brow?  
Know you their meaning? tell me now!—  
Out from bondage, cruel and cold,  
Mid Egypt's arid sand,  
God called our fathers in days of old,  
To seek the promised land,  
And when, despite the miracles wrought,  
The King would not let the people go,  
The Lord with mighty hand deliverance  
brought,  
And laid the oppressor low.  
Children, tell me again, I pray,  
What do these holy tables say?  
These holy laws from God above,  
Declare his purpose, whose name is love;  
Who created the worlds of light.  
These we should learn in the peace of home,  
And hear, whenever abroad we roam  
That so we may serve him day and night,  
May love him with heart, and soul, and  
might.

Join we our fathers in joyous acclaim,  
Sing to the Holy One, praise to his name!  
From everlasting Almighty to save,  
Captives he found us, but liberty gave.

### THE GLORIOUS WORK IS FINISHED

TENOR AND CHORUS.

The glorious work is finished,  
Praise the Lord!  
And naught has been diminished,  
Praise the Lord!  
The dedicated things of old,  
The silver, instruments and gold  
Are 'mid the treasures all untold,  
In this the house of God.

Praise him, O Jerusalem,  
Praise thy God, O Zion,  
Praise him, O Jerusalem,  
Praise the Lord!  
Let every thing that hath breath, praise  
the Lord.

Then raise a song of glory,  
Praise the Lord!  
The work will live in story,  
Praise the Lord!  
The treasures of a nation live  
The walls of this our holy shrine  
According to command divine.  
Behold the house of God!

### O LET THINE EYES BE OPEN.

TENOR SOLO AND CHORUS.

O let thine eyes be open,  
Hear thou the earnest prayer  
Of all who humbly seek thee  
In this thy temple fair.

Now let thine ark of strength  
Arise into thy rest,  
Rise thou, O Lord, all glorious,  
All blessing and all blessed!

Arise! O Lord, arise!  
Thou and the ark of thy strength;  
Let thy priests be clothed with salvation,  
And let thy saints rejoice in goodness;  
Arise! O Lord! into thy resting place.

### YE TRUMPETERS AND SINGERS.

BASS, SOLO AND CHOIR, SCHOOL AND CHORUS.

Ye trumpeters and singers,  
Praise now and thank the Lord!  
With instruments of music,  
And songs in glad accord.

The Lord our God is good,  
His loving kindness sure,  
From age to age his truth hath stood,  
And ever shall endure.  
For his mercy endureth forever. Amen.

The trumpets loud are pealing,  
And children a voices ring,  
But o'er each heart is stealing  
A peace like that of spring,  
As gently falls the welcome rain,  
On parched and thirsty ground,  
The cloud divine descends again,  
And hushed is every sound.

Worship the Lord in thy beauty of holiness,  
Fear before him all the earth. Amen.

### SOLOMON'S PRAYER.

SOLO AND CHORUS.

Holy, everlasting Lord,  
Throned 'mid clouds and darkness, thou  
who art the light,  
By thy faithful people be thy name adored,  
Giver of all mercies, God of truth and  
might.

Thee we humbly worship, God of ancient  
days,  
Promises of kindness here fulfill in deed;  
Fount of every blessing, now receive our  
praise,  
Help thy servants, praying, in their ut-  
most need.

If the truth be slighted, and thus the neigh-  
bor wronged,  
If a man should covet, what ne'er to him  
belonged,

Holy One, and gracious, by whose life we  
live,  
Justify the righteous; hearken and for-  
give!

If thy people Israel should forsake thy  
name,  
And before their enemies flee in bitter  
shame,

When they do confess thee, by whose life  
they live,  
Bring them home in safety, hearken and  
forgive!

If they soon forget thee, turning back  
again,  
Limiting thy mercy, shutting out the  
rain,

When thou dost afflict them, if they turn  
and live,  
Answer them in pity, hearken and for-  
give.

If by death or blasting, sore or sickness  
tried,  
Enemies around them, grief on every  
side;  
When they supplicate thee, life of all who  
live,  
Render them justice, hearken and for-  
give.

If a stranger seek thee from a distant  
land,  
Would approach thy temple, bow beneath  
thy hand;  
Hear the stranger, also, from thy dwelling  
place,  
Grant thou his petition, turn to him thy  
face.

If thy people, marching, go where thou  
shalt send,  
And their prayers in battle to this city  
tend,  
Craving thy protection 'mid the hosts of  
slain,  
Hear their supplication, and their cause  
maintain.

If they sin against thee—what man sin-  
neth not?  
And are taken captive, while thine anger's  
hot:—  
When they turn and love thee with their  
heart and soul,  
O forgive in mercy! make thy people  
whole!

### DOWN FROM THE RADIANT SUN.

DOUBLE QUARTET.

Down from the radiant sun of heaven  
Swift leaps the holy fire,  
And touches with a kindling flame  
Each true and just desire;  
Lift up your heads again, ye gates,  
Ye everlasting doors!  
Behold the king of glory waits,  
And peace for aye restores.

### GIVE THANKS, FOR HIS MERCY ENDURETH FOREVER.

SCHOOL, SEMI-CHORUS, AND FULL CHORUS.

Give thanks, O give thanks  
And bless ye his name;  
The God of salvation,  
Forever the same!  
For gladness in working,  
And comfort in rest,  
When sorrow's a stranger,  
But hope is a guest.

He is the King of glory,  
With gladness sing his praise;  
For he is good, the Lord is good,  
And kind are all his ways;  
His truth is everlasting,  
His watchful care is sure,  
His mercy has forever been,  
And ever shall endure.

For joy among loved ones  
And brightness of home,  
Kind angels to guard us  
Wherever we roam!  
For quite of evening,  
And slumbers of night,  
For peace at the day-dawn,  
And splendors of light.

For blessings of heav'n,  
Abounding with joy,  
Fair hopes of a future  
Which nought can alloy!  
We joyfully render  
All merit and praise  
To God, our defender,  
The Ancient of Days.



