

EAGLE LAKE. 8s & 7s.

Samuel Pearce, 1800

Jesse Pearlman Karlsberg, 2009

1. Dark and thor-ny is the de-sert Through which pil-grims make their way But be-yond this vale of sor-rows Lie the fields of end-less day; Lie the fields of end - less day.

2. There, on flow'-ry hills of plea-sure, In the fields of end - less rest, Love, and joy, and peace, shall e-ver Reign in tri-umph in your breast, Reign in tri-umph in your breast.

3. Who can paint those scenes of glo-ry, Where the ran-somed dwell on high? Where the gol-den harps for e-ver Sound re-demp-tion through the sky? Sound re-demp-tion through the sky?

WORSHIP. 8s & 7s.

George Atkin, 1819

Jesse Pearlman Karlsberg, 2009

Fine *D.C.*

1. Breth-ren, we have met to wor-ship, And a-dore the Lord our God; All is vain un-less the Spir-it of the Ho-ly One comes down,
Will you pray with all your pow-er, While we try to preach the word?
d.c. Breth-ren, pray and ho-ly man-na Will be show-ered all a-round.

2. Breth-ren, see poor sin-ners round you, Trem-bling on the brink of woe; See our fa-thers, see our mo-thers, And our chil-dren sin-king down;
Death is co-ming, hell is mo-ving, Can you bear to let them go?
d.c. Breth-ren, pray and ho-ly man-na Will be show-ered all a-round.

3. Let us love our God su-preme-ly, Let us love each o-ther, too; Then He'll call us home to hea-ven, At His ta-ble we'll sit down;
Let us love and pray for sin-ners, Till our God makes all things new.
d.c. Christ will gird Him-self, and serve us With sweet man-na all a-round.