

Consider THE Lilies

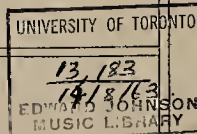
SACRED SONG

Composed by

ROBERT TOPLIFF.

Price 40 cents.

Toronto
I. SUCKLING & SONS.



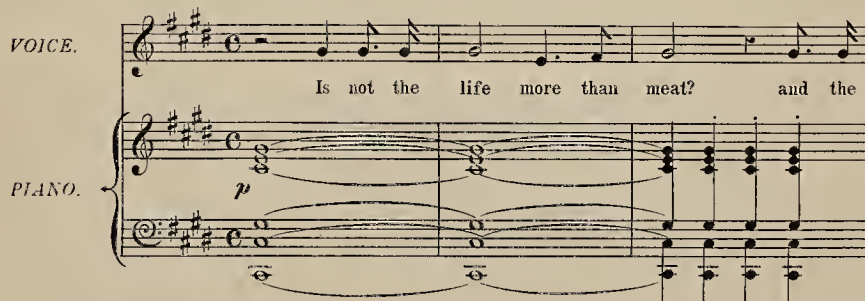
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CONSIDER THE LILIES.

S^t. Matthew, Chap: 6th
Part 25, 26, 28, & 29 Verse.

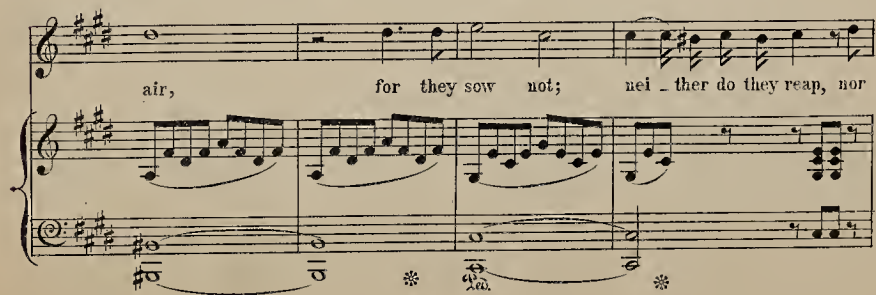
Music by
R. TOPLIFF.

VOICE. 

Is not the life more than meat? and the



bo_d_y..... than raiment? Be_hold the fowls of the



air, for they sow not; nei_ther do they reap, nor

ga - - ther in to barns, yet your heavenly fa-ther

feed - - - eth them.

Con - si - der the li - lies of the field, how they grow; they toil not,

nei - ther do they spin,..... they toil not, nei - ther do they spin,.....

And yet I say un - to you,..... I say un - to you, that e - ven

cres.

So - lo - mon in all his glo - ry was..... not ar - rayed like

f *dim.*

one..... of these. Con - si - der the li - lies, how they grow,..... con -

p

si - der the lilies, how they grow; they toil not, they toil not,

Ad. * *Ad.* *

Consider the Lilies.

I. S. & S. No 169.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

EDWARD JOHNSON

nei - ther do they spin, yet. I say un - to you,

cres. *dim.*

Solomon in all his glo - ry was not arrayed, was not arrayed

f *dim.* *p*

like one of these,..... was not arrayed,

p *And.*

was not arrayed like one of these;

g. *tr.*

and yet I say un_ to you, So_lo.mon in all his glo - ry

cres. *dim.* *f* *dim.*

was not arrayed, was not arrayed, was not arrayed like one..... of these,

p *cres.* *p*

like one of these, like one..... of these.

calando *pp*

ppp

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TRUST ME DARLING AGAIN.

PRICE 25 ¢

Henry Whish.

Can you doubt it, dar ling mine, That my
heart is whol-ly thine? Can you doubt it when you know, Ev er

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

PRICE 50 ¢

C.E. Lay.

Break, break, break, On thy cold Graystones, O
sea! And I would that my tongue could ut-ter The

TWILIGHT.

PRICE 35 ¢

L.S. Butler.

When the shad - ows length - en
dear - est And the sun sinks in the west

ABIDE WITH ME.

SACRED SONG.

F. H. Torrington.

PRICE 50 ¢

A - bide with me: fast falls the ev - en - tide,
The darkness deepens Lord with me a - bide,

Also published for Soprano in D.

THE CONTRITE HEART.

SACRED SONG.

R. S. Ambrose.

PRICE 35 ¢

The lof-ty One be-fore whose throne, The shining host of
heav'n bow down, In tender love will not disown, A contrite heart! The

ABIDE WITH ME.

SACRED SONG.

R. S. Ambrose.

PRICE 50 ¢

Abide with me; fast falls the e-ventide. The darkness deepens,
Lord with me abide, When other helpers fail, and com-forts flee