

Consider THE Lilies

SACRED SONG

Composed by

ROBERT TOPLIFF.

Price 40 cents.

Toronto  
I. SUCKLING & SONS.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

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## CONSIDER THE LILIES.

S! Matthew, Chap: 6<sup>th</sup>  
Part 25, 26, 28, & 29 Verse.

Music by  
R. TOPLIFF.

VOICE.

Is not the life more than meat? and the

PIANO.

bo dy..... than rayment? 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.

*tr.*  
*cres.* *dim.* *p*

Con\_si - der the li\_lies of the field, how they grow; they toil not,

*p semplicemente*

nei\_ther do they spin,..... they toil not, nei\_ther do they spu,.....



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

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

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

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

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* *ped.*

was not arrayed like one of these;

*g.* *tr.* *f*

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* *ppp*

*ppp*



# NEW SONGS AND BALLADS.

PUBLISHED BY

I. SUCKLING & SONS, TORONTO.

## 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

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

## 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.

*mf* *dim.* *f* *dim.*

Also published for Soprano in D.

## 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

## THE CONTRITE HEART.

SACRED SONG.

R. S. Ambrose.

PRICE 35 ¢

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

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