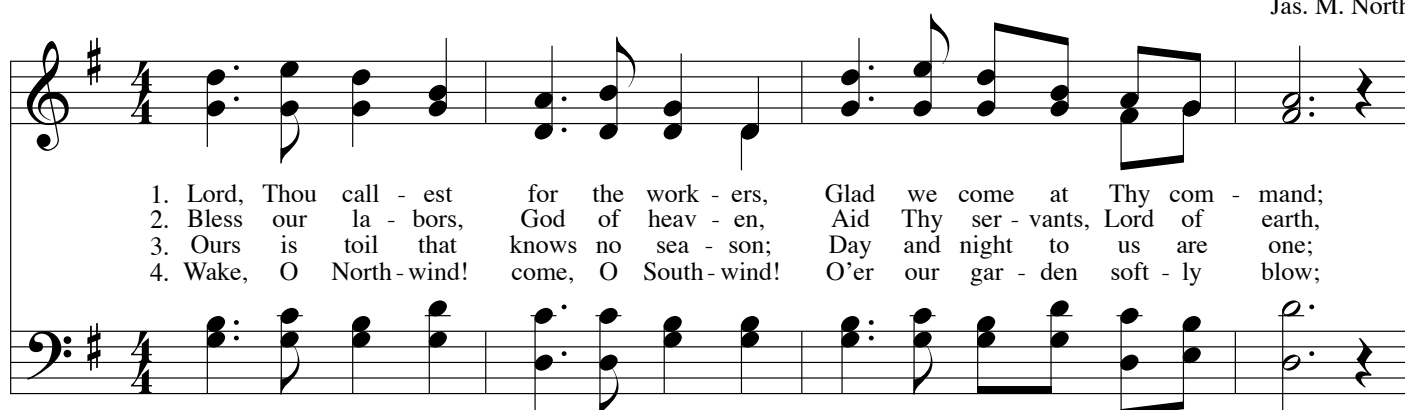


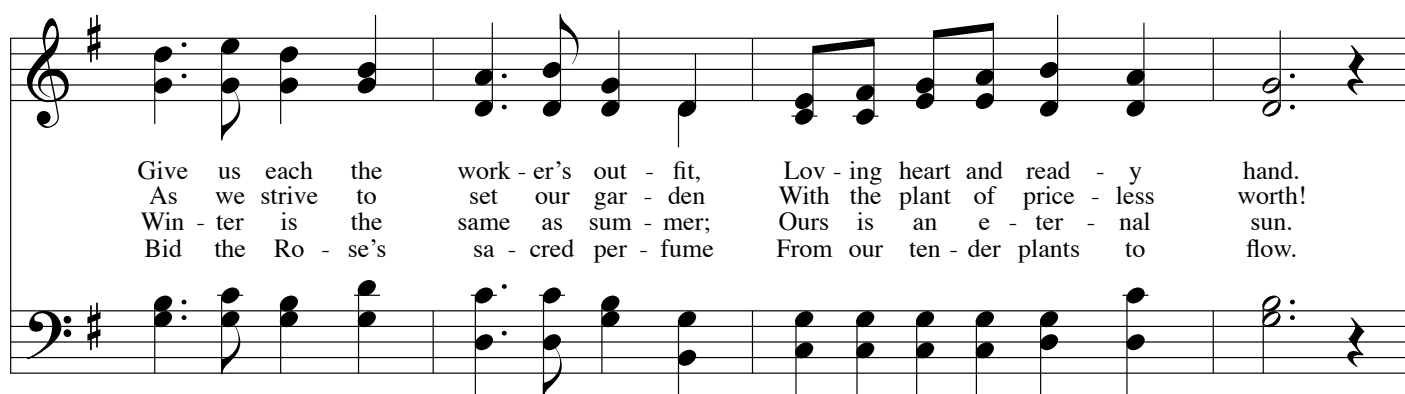
## PLANTING SHARON'S ROSE

(North. 8s &amp; 7s. D.)

Jas. M. North



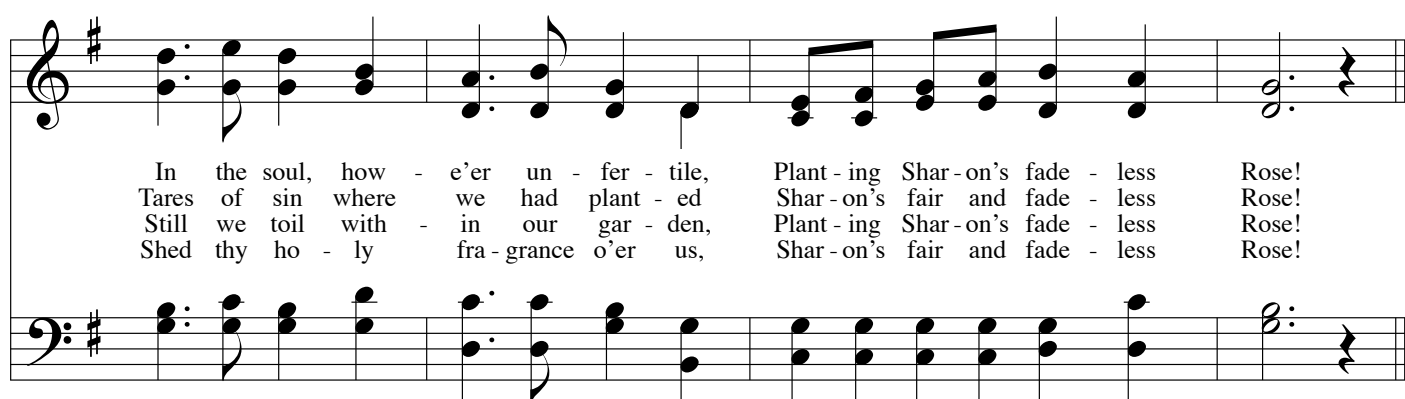
1. Lord, Thou call - est for the work - ers, Glad we come at Thy com - mand;  
 2. Bless our la - bors, God of heav - en, Aid Thy ser - vants, Lord of earth,  
 3. Ours is toil that knows no sea - son; Day and night to us are one;  
 4. Wake, O North - wind! come, O South - wind! O'er our gar - den soft - ly blow;



Give us each the work - er's out - fit, Lov - ing heart and read - y hand.  
 As we strive to set our gar - den With the plant of price - less worth!  
 Win - ter is the same as sum - mer; Ours is an e - ter - nal sun.  
 Bid the Ro - se's sa - cred per - fume From our ten - der plants to flow.



Great the hon - or, sweet the du - ty That Thy love on us be - stows,  
 Pa - tient all the day we la - bor, Still at night the tempt - er sows  
 So when heat of sum - mer scorch - es, And when storm - y win - ter blows,  
 Come, Be - lov - ed, to thy gar - den; All its sweets to thee it owes;



In the soul, how - e'er un - fer - tile, Plant - ing Shar - on's fade - less Rose!  
 Tares of sin where we had plant - ed Shar - on's fair and fade - less Rose!  
 Still we toil with in our gar - den, Plant - ing Shar - on's fade - less Rose!  
 Shed thy ho - ly fra - grance o'er us, Shar - on's fair and fade - less Rose!