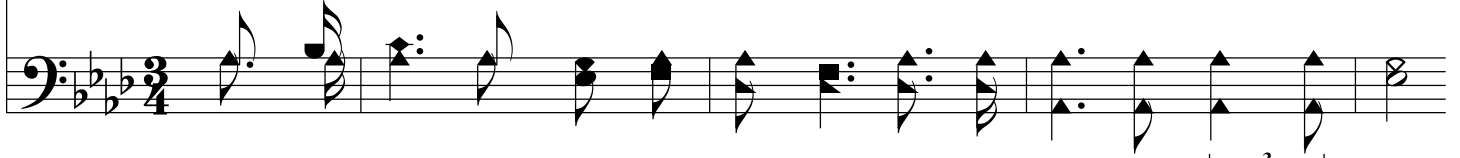


Planting Sharon's Rose

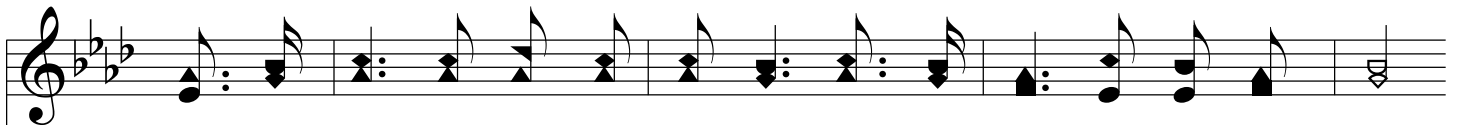
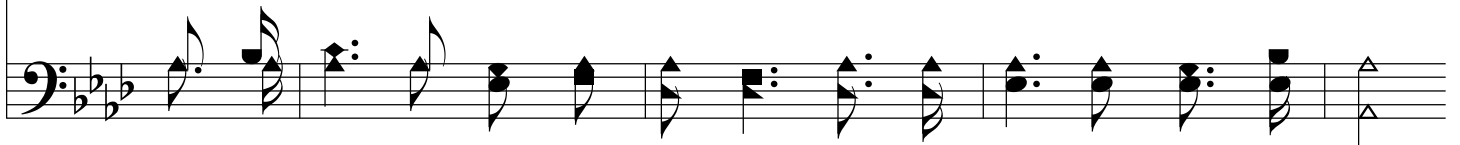
A \flat /C - MI



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 Sha - ron's fade - less Rose!
Tares of sin where we had plant - ed Sha - ron's fair and fade - less Rose!
Still we toil with - in our gar - den, Plant - ing Sha - ron's fade - less Rose!
Shed Thy ho - ly fra - grance o'er us, Sha - ron's fair and fade - less Rose!

