

SPIRITUALIST HYMNAL

A New Collection of

WORDS AND MUSIC

For the

CONGREGATION AND CHOIR

Specially Adapted for

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS

Published by
The NATIONAL SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION
of the United States of America
600 Pennsylvania Avenue, S. E., Washington D. C.

PREFACE

The need for a book of songs by the Societies and Churches of Spiritualists, has long been recognized by the National Spiritualist Association; and earnest effort was made to secure appropriate contributions.

Under direction of the Board of Trustees, the first collection was made by Rev. G. Tabor Thompson, which was later supplemented by Mrs. Zaida Brown Kates.

Dr. J. M. Peebles donated to the N. S. A. the plates and ownership of "The Spiritual Harp," from which collection a number of choice songs have been included in this volume. Selections of excellence from other song books by Spiritualists, are used. A number of excellent contributions by individuals have been inserted. Songs with music notes are exclusively used. Many helps have been given by music publishers. For all of these favors, thanks are here extended.

This Hymnal should serve well for a better development of congregational singing, and also for choir and family use.

The N. S. A. Board of Trustees send the book forth hoping it may find its way into your services of song.

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of the United States of America.

DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES

Adopted by the
NATIONAL SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION
U. S. A.

1. We believe in Infinite Intelligence.
2. We believe that the phenomena of nature, both physical and spiritual, are the expression of Infinite Intelligence.
3. We affirm that a correct understanding of such expression and living in accordance therewith, constitute true religion.
4. We affirm that the existence and personal identity of the individual continue after the change called death.
5. We affirm that communication with the so-called dead is a fact, scientifically proven by the phenomena of Spiritualism.
6. We believe that the highest morality is contained in the Golden Rule: "Whatsoever ye would that others should do unto you, do ye also unto them."
7. We affirm the moral responsibility of the individual, and that he makes his own happiness or unhappiness as he obeys or disobeys Nature's physical and spiritual laws.
8. We affirm that the doorway to reformation is never closed against any human soul here or hereafter.

DEFINITIONS

Adopted by the
National Spiritualist Association
October 9, 1914, and October 24, 1919.

1. Spiritualism is the Science, Philosophy and Religion of continuous life, based upon the demonstrated fact of communication, by means of mediumship, with those who live in the Spirit World.
2. A Spiritualist is one who believes, as a part of his or her religion, in the communication between this, and the spirit world by means of mediumship, and who endeavors to mould his or her character and conduct in accordance with the highest teachings derived from such communion.
3. A Medium is one whose organism is sensitive to vibrations from the spirit world, and through whose instrumentality, intelligences in that world are able to convey messages and produce the phenomena of Spiritualism.
4. A Spiritualist healer is one, who either through his own inherent powers or through his mediumship, is able to impart vital, curative force to pathologic conditions.

"Spiritualism Is a Science" because it investigates, analyzes and classifies facts and manifestations, demonstrated from the spirit side of life.

"Spiritualism Is a Philosophy" because it studies the laws of nature both on the seen and unseen sides of life and bases its conclusions upon present observed facts. It accepts statements of observed facts of past ages and conclusions drawn therefrom, when sustained by reason and by results of observed facts of the present day.

"Spiritualism Is a Religion" because it strives to understand and to comply with the Physical, Mental and Spiritual Laws of Nature, "which are the laws of God."

Spiritualist Hymnal.

No. 1.

Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. NEWMAN.

1. Lead, kind - ly Light, a - mid th' en - cir - cling gloom,
 2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that thou
 3. So long thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still

Lead thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from home,
 Shouldst lead me on; I lov'd to choose and see my path; but now
 Will lead me on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor - rent, till

p Lead thou me on. *cres.* Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to
 Lead thou me on. I lov'd the gar - ish day; and, spite of
 The night is gone, And with the morn those an - gel fac - es

see..... The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
 fears,..... Pride rul'd my will: re - mem - ber not past years.
 smile,..... Which I have lov'd long since, and lost a - while.

No. 2. Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping.

Rev. H. BONAR, D. D.

THEO. E. PERKINS.

1. Be-yond the smiling and the weeping, I shall be soon; Be-yond the waking and the
 2. Be-yond the blooming and the fading, I shall be soon; Be-yond the shining and the
 3. Be-yond the parting and the meeting, I shall be soon; Be-yond the farewell and the
 4. Be-yond the frost-chain and the fever, I shall be soon; Be-yond the rock-waste and the

sleep - ing, Be - yond the sow-ing and the reap - ing, I shall be soon.
 shad - ing, Be - yond the hop-ing and the dread - ing, I shall be soon.
 greet - ing, Be - yond the pul-se's fev - er beat - ing, I shall be soon.
 riv - er, Be - yond the ev - er and the nev - er, I shall be soon.

CHORUS.

Love, rest and home! Sweet home, sweet home! I'm one day nearer my home, Nearer my spirit home.

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No. 3. We'll Never Part Again.

FANNY J. CROSBY.
Moderato.

Scotch Air.

1. When part-ing tears our cheeks bedew, And rend our souls with pain, From those we love in
 2. When du - ty calls us far a-way, With mild yet firm command, And fill'd with grief no
 3. When o'er some treasured form we bend, And mark the closing eye, And from the lips now

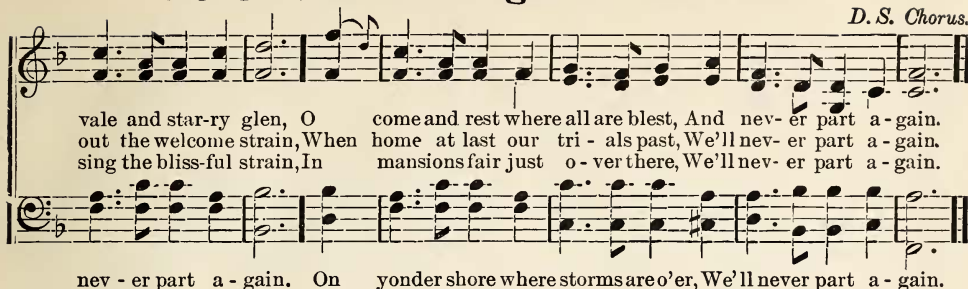
heav'n a - bove There comes a sweet re - frain; It mur-murs soft as evening winds, O'er
 words can tell, We clasp each oth - ers' hand; A harp un-seen in sil-ver tone, Rings
 pale and cold, We catch the faint good-bye; E'en then with-in a brok-en heart We

CHO.—We'll nev - er part a - gain be-loved, No

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We'll Never Part Again.—Concluded.

D. S. Chorus.

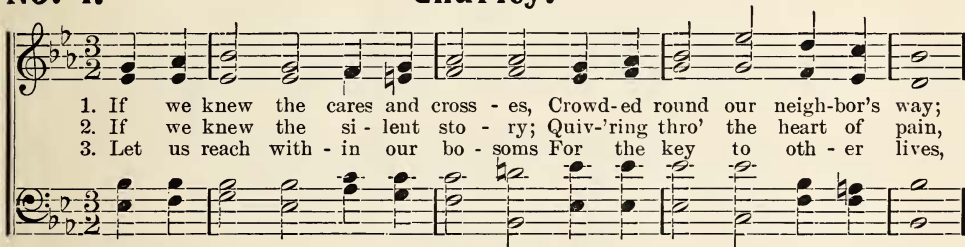


vale and star-ry glen, O come and rest where all are blest, And nev-er part a-gain.
out the welcome strain, When home at last our tri-als past, We'll nev-er part a-gain.
sing the bliss-ful strain, In mansions fair just o-ver there, We'll nev-er part a-gain.

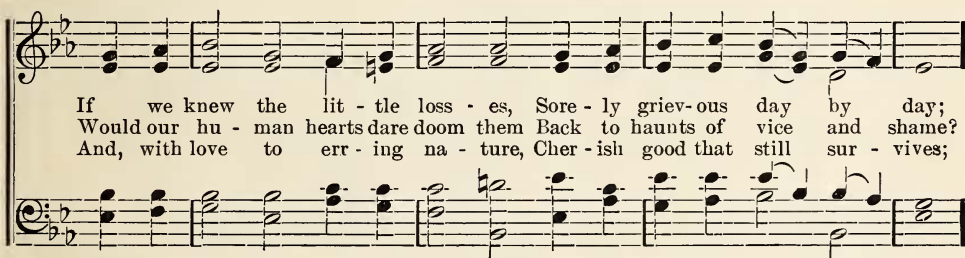
nev-er part a-gain. On yonder shore where storms are o'er, We'll never part a-gain.

No. 4.

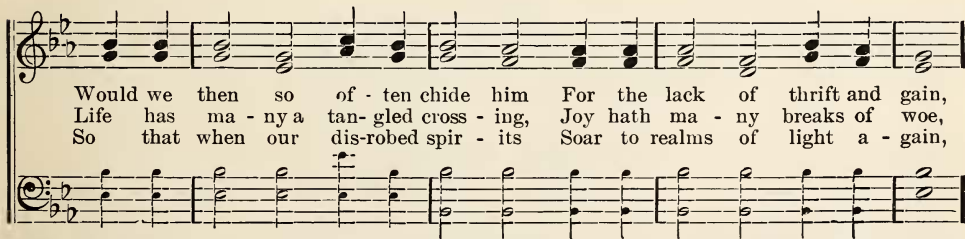
Charity.



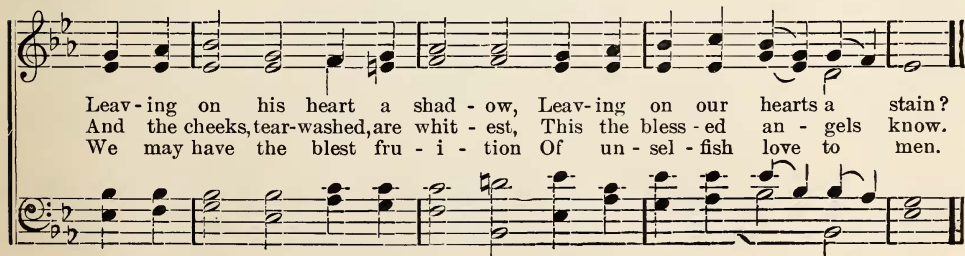
1. If we knew the cares and cross-es, Crowd-ed round our neigh-bor's way;
2. If we knew the si-lent sto-ry; Quiv-'ring thro' the heart of pain,
3. Let us reach with-in our bo-soms For the key to oth-er lives,



If we knew the lit-tle loss-es, Sore-ly griev-ous day by day;
Would our hu-man hearts dare doom them Back to haunts of vice and shame?
And, with love to err-ing na-ture, Cher-ish good that still sur-vives;



Would we then so of-ten chide him For the lack of thrift and gain,
Life has ma-ny a tan-gled cross-ing, Joy hath ma-ny breaks of woe,
So that when our dis-robed spir-its Soar to realms of light a-gain,



Leav-ing on his heart a shad-ow, Leav-ing on our hearts a stain?
And the cheeks, tear-washed, are whit-est, This the bless-ed an-gels know.
We may have the blest fru-i-tion Of un-sel-fish love to men.

No. 5.

Hand in Hand with Angels.

LUCY LARCOM.

T. FOWNES.

1. Hand in hand with an - gels, thro' the world we go; Bright-er eyes are
 2. Hand in hand with an - gels: some are out of sight, Lead-ing us, un -
 3. Hand in hand with an - gels, walk-ing ev - 'ry day, How the chain may
 4. Hand in hand with an - gels, ev - er let us go; Cling-ing to the

on us than we blind ones know; Ten - d'r'er voic - es cheer us
 know - ing, in - to paths of light; Some soft hands are cov - er'd
 bright - en, none of us can say; Yet it doubt - less reach - es
 strong ones, draw - ing up the slow; One e - lec - tric love - chord,

than we deaf will own; Nev - er, walk - ing heav'nward, can we walk a - lone.
 from our mor - tal grasp, Soul in soul to hold us with a firm - er clasp.
 from earth's low - est one To the lof - tiest ser - aph, stand-ing near the throne.
 thrill-ing all with fire, Soar we thro' vast a - ges, high - er, ev - er high - er.

From "Spiritual Songster." By permission.

No. 6.

Joy Bells.

Miss J. POLLARD.
Brightly.

HENRY TUCKER.
mf

1. Joy-bells ring - ing, children sing - ing, Fill the air with mu-sic sweet; Joy-ful meas - ure,
 2. Joy-bells ring - ing, children sing - ing, Hark! their voices loud and clear, Breaking o'er us,
 3. Earth seems brighter, hearts grow light - er, As the gladsome mel - o - dy Charms our sadness
 4. Joy-bells near - er sound, and clear - er, When the heart is free from care; Skies are cheer-ing,

From "Spiritual Songster." By permission.

Joy-Bells.—Concluded.

CHORUS. *Slower.*

cres. *f* *ff*

guile-less pleas-ure, Make the chain of song com-plete.
 like a cho-rus, From a pur-er, hap-pier sphere. } Joy-bells! joy-bells!
 in-to glad-ness, Peal-ing, peal-ing joy-ful-ly. } Chil-dren! chil-dren!
 and we're hear-ing Joy-bells ring-ing ev-'ry-where.

dim. *p* *pp* *f*

nev-er, nev-er cease your ring-ing; } List, list, the song that swells, joy-bells! joy-bells!
 nev-er, nev-er cease your sing-ing; }

No. 7.

Voices Come.

UNDERHILL.

SOLOMON DILL.

3/4

1. Voic-es come from o'er the way, Soft-ly, sweet, and ten-der, Lov-ing
 2. Vis-it-ors from home a-bove Come with kind-ly greet-ing, Bring-ing
 3. Friends who pass'd from mor-tal view, Drawn by love's sweet un-ion Come and
 4. An-gel voic-es greet our ears While in si-lence wait-ing, Calm-ing

CHORUS.

thoughts from day to day, Kind-ly help to ren-der.
 mes-sa-ges of love, Soul-ful long-ings meet-ing. } Voic-es come, voic-es come,
 bind their love a-new, Hold-ing soul com-mun-ion.
 anx-ious cares and fears, Earth-ly stress a-bat-ing.

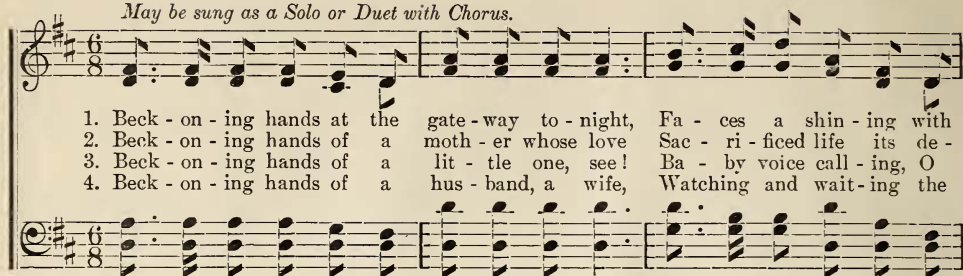
Strength and comfort bring-ing, En-ter-ing the heart and home, Sweetest mu-sic sing-ing.

No. 8.

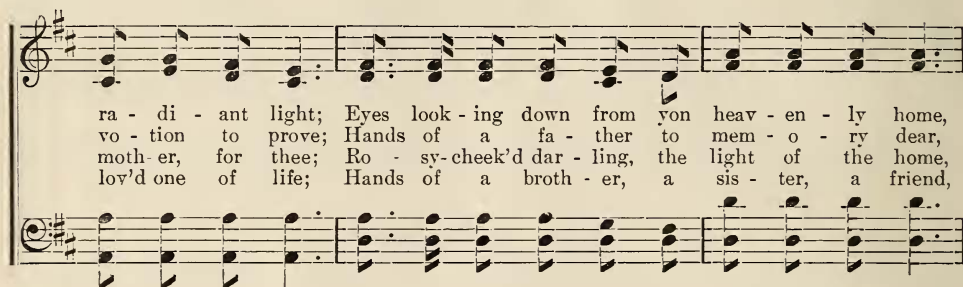
Beautiful, Beckoning Hands.

C. C. L.

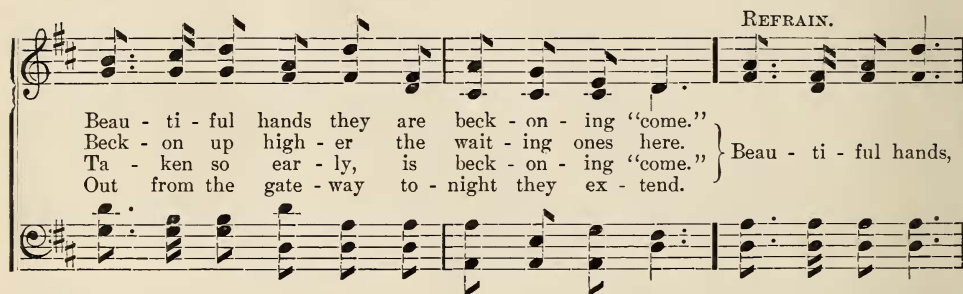
C. C. LUTHER.

May be sung as a Solo or Duet with Chorus.


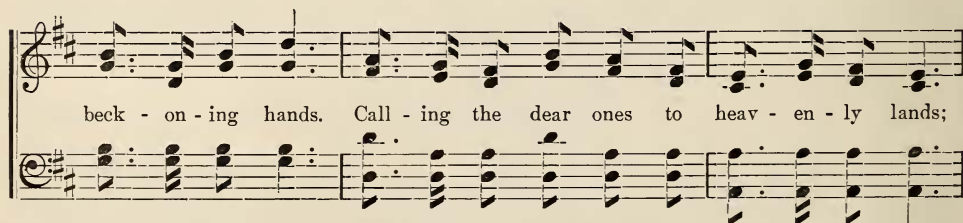
1. Beck - on - ing hands at the gate - way to - night, Fa - ces a shin - ing with
 2. Beck - on - ing hands of a moth - er whose love Sac - ri - ficed life its de -
 3. Beck - on - ing hands of a lit - tle one, see! Ba - by voice call - ing, O
 4. Beck - on - ing hands of a hus - band, a wife, Watching and wait - ing the



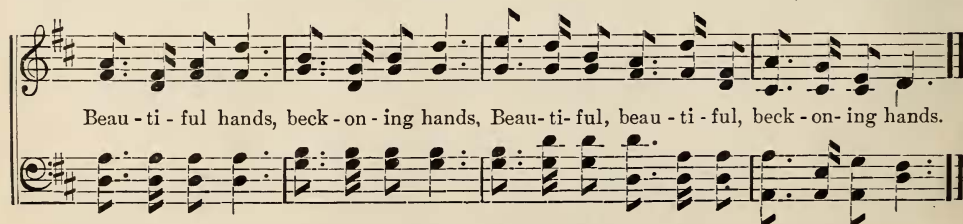
ra - di - ant light; Eyes look - ing down from yon heav - en - ly home,
 vo - tion to prove; Hands of a fa - ther to mem - o - ry dear,
 moth - er, for thee; Ro - sy - cheek'd dar - ling, the light of the home,
 lov'd one of life; Hands of a broth - er, a sis - ter, a friend,



REFRAIN.
 Beau - ti - ful hands they are beck - on - ing "come."
 Beck - on up high - er the wait - ing ones here. } Beau - ti - ful hands,
 Ta - ken so ear - ly, is beck - on - ing "come." }
 Out from the gate - way to - night they ex - tend.



beck - on - ing hands. Call - ing the dear ones to heav - en - ly lands;



Beau - ti - ful hands, beck - on - ing hands, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful, beck - on - ing hands.

No. 9.

Sweet By-and-By.

S. FILLMORE BENNETT.

JOS. P. WEBSTER.

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can
 2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore The mel - o - di - ous
 3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer our

see it a - far; For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre -
 songs of the blest, And our Spir - it shall sor - row no more, Not a
 trib - ute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of his love, And the

CHORUS.

pare us a dwell - ing - place there. } In the sweet by - and - by,
 sigh for the bless - ing of rest. } In the sweet by - and - by,
 bless - ings that hal - low our days. }

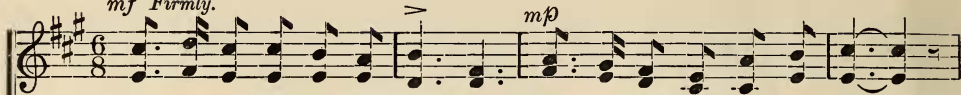
We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore, In the sweet
 by - and - by, by - and - by,

by - and - by, by - and - by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.

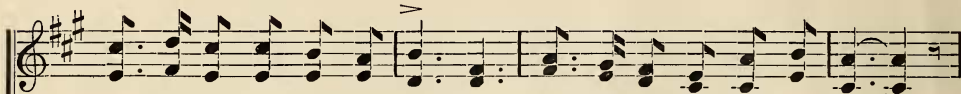
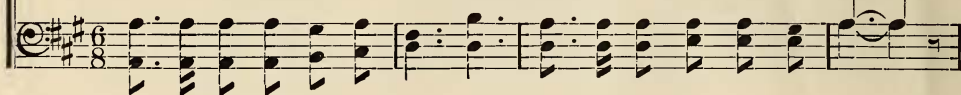
No. 10.

Open the Door for the Children.

From J. BURNHAM'S "Anniversary Gems," adapted.

mf Firmly.

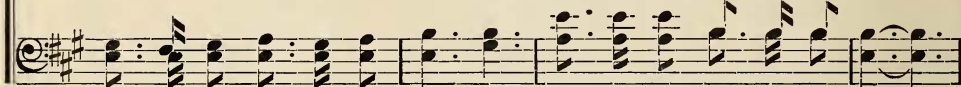
1. O - pen the door for the chil - dren, Ten - der - ly gath - er them in,
 2. O - pen the door for the chil - dren; See, they are com - ing in throngs!
 3. O - pen the door for the chil - dren, Take the dear lambs by the hand,



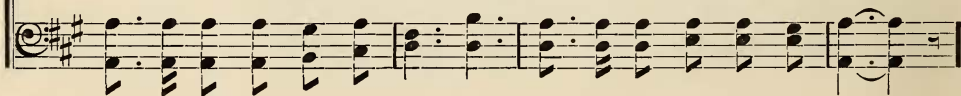
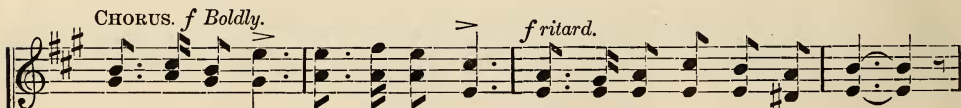
In from the high-ways and hedg - es, In from the pla - ces of sin.
 Bid them sit down to the ban - quet, Teach them your beau - ti - ful songs;
 Point them to truth and to good - ness, Lead them to bright Spir - it land;

*Mournfully.*

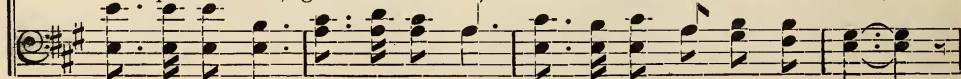
Some are so young and so help - less, Some are so hun - gry and cold;
 Pray you the Fa - ther to bless them, Pray you that grace may be given;
 Some are so young and so help - less, Some are so hun - gry and cold;

*p Tenderly.*

O - pen the door for the chil - dren, Gath - er them in - to the fold.
 O - pen the door for the chil - dren, Theirs is the king - dom of heav'n.
 O - pen the door for the chil - dren, Gath - er them in - to the fold.

**CHORUS. f Boldly.**

O - pen the door, gath - er them in, Gath - er them in - to the fold;



Open the Door for the Children.—Concluded.

Tenderly.

O - pen the door for the chil - dren, Gath - er them in - to the fold.

No. 11.

I Will Sing You a Song.

(HOME OF THE SOUL.)

Mrs. ELLEN H. GATES.

PHILIP PHILLIPS. Arr. by H. P. MAIN.

1. I will sing you a song of that beau - ti - ful land, The far a - way
2. O that home of the soul in my vis - ions and dreams, Its bright jas - per
3. O how sweet it will be in that beau - ti - ful land, So free from all

home of the soul, Where no storms ev - er beat on the glit - ter - ing strand, While the
walls I can see; Till I fan - cy but thin - ly the veil in - ter - venes Be -
sor - row and pain; With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands, To

years of e - ter - ni - ty roll, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll; Where no
tween the fair cit - y and me, Be - tween the fair cit - y and me; Till I
meet one an - oth - er a - gain, To meet one an - oth - er a - gain; With

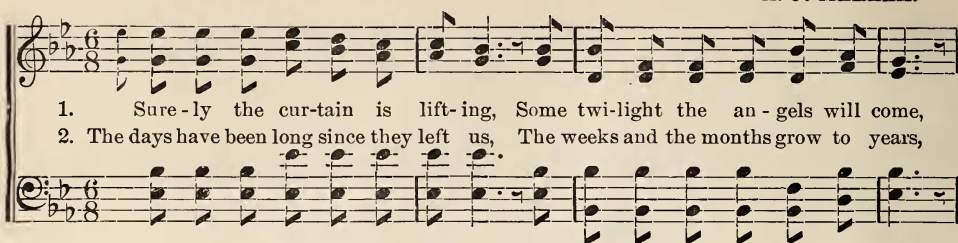
storms ev - er beat on the glit - ter - ing strand, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.
fan - cy but thin - ly the veil in - ter - venes Be - tween the fair cit - y and me.
songs on our lips and with harps in our hands To meet one an - oth - er a - gain.

No. 12.

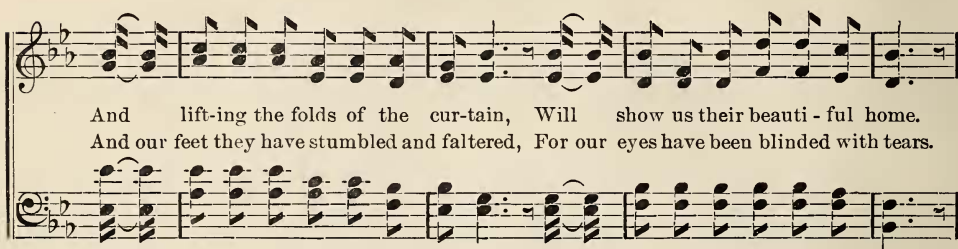
Surely the Curtain is Lifting.

A. J. M.

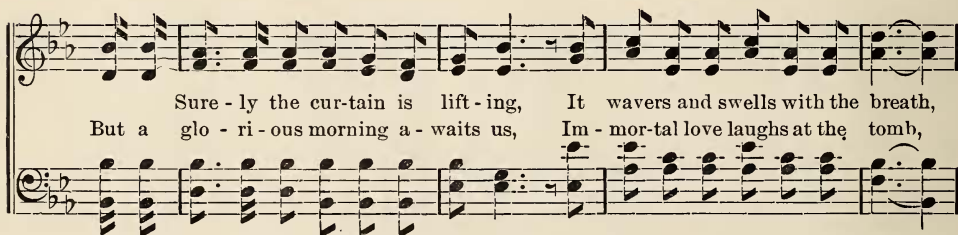
A. J. MAXHAM.



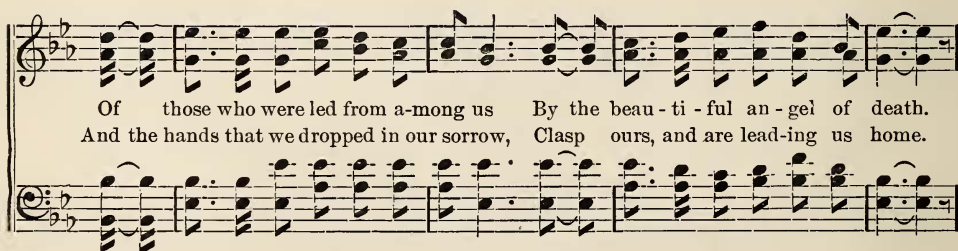
1. Sure-ly the cur-tain is lift-ing, Some twi-light the an-gels will come,
2. The days have been long since they left us, The weeks and the months grow to years,



And lift-ing the folds of the cur-tain, Will show us their beau-ti-ful home.
And our feet they have stumbled and faltered, For our eyes have been blinded with tears.

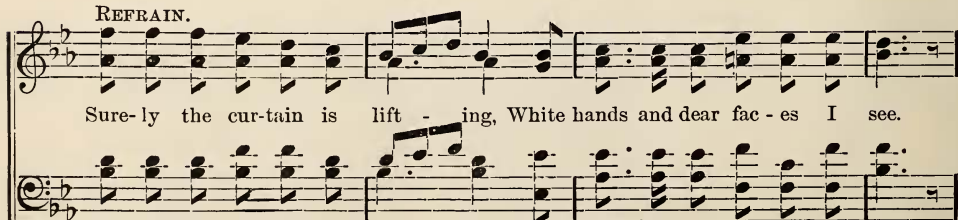


Sure-ly the cur-tain is lift-ing, It wavers and swells with the breath,
But a glo-ri-ous morning a-waits us, Im-mor-tal love laughs at the tomb,



Of those who were led from a-mong us By the beau-ti-ful an-gel of death.
And the hands that we dropped in our sorrow, Clasp ours, and are lead-ing us home.

REFRAIN.



Sure-ly the cur-tain is lift-ing, White hands and dear fac-es I see.

Surely the Curtain is Lifting.—Concluded.

ritard.

Like the morning mist up the hills drift - ing, The thin veil is part-ed for me.

No. 13.

Be Happy.

Dr. J. M. PEEBLES.

Earnestly.

1. Be hap - py, be hap - py! for bright is the earth, With sun - shine and
 2. Be hap - py, be hap - py! for fount - ains most sweet Are gush - ing a -
 3. Be hap - py, be hap - py! who loves the black clouds, Which lower in their

mu - sic and love; Each day it grows rich - er in wis - dom and worth,
 long the bright years, And path - ways all pleas - ant are wait - ing our feet,
 bod - ing so deep? 'Tis bet - ter to walk in bright rai - ments than shrouds.

CHORUS.

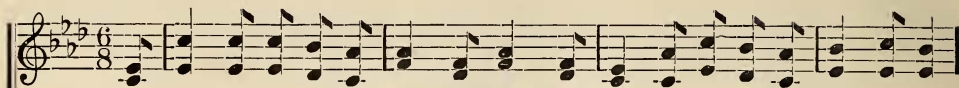
And more like sweet heav - en a - bove.
 With joys more a - bun - dant than tears. } Then let us be hap - py! Sun - ny and
 'Tis bet - ter to smile than to weep.

bright in the face; Oh, let us be hap - py! Earth is a beau - ti - ful place.

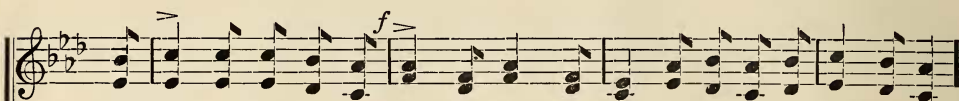
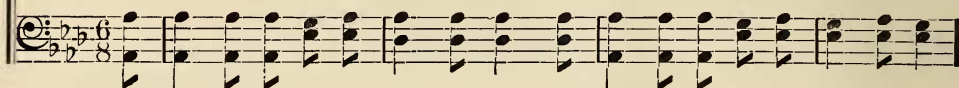
No. 14. Voices From the Spirit Land.

A. J. LOCKHART.

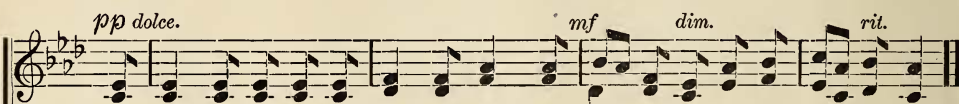
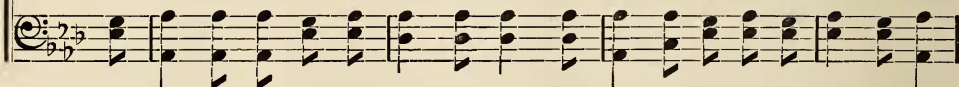
S. W. TUCKER.



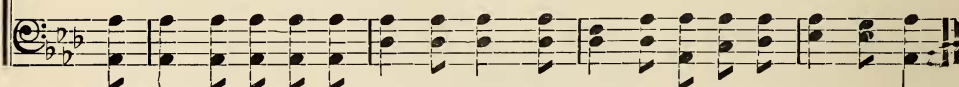
1. Oft - times to earth do the bright ones come Thro' a - zure deeps from their starry home;
2. When 'mid the toil and the heat of day, The feet grow wea - ry a - long the way,
3. When in the sky are the stars so bright, And o'er the earth comes the balmy night;
4. Is there a heart that doth weep and bleed, Is there a soul that doth meek - ly plead;



And in our ears, rings their cho - rus swell; Sweet as the murmur of o - cean's shell;
The heav - y bur - den of grief and care, Is sometimes more than the heart can bear;
When gen - tle sleep on the wea - ried eye, Like bead - ed dew on the flow'rs may lie;
Lo! one with ten - der - est smile shall come Out thro' the gate of the An - gel home;



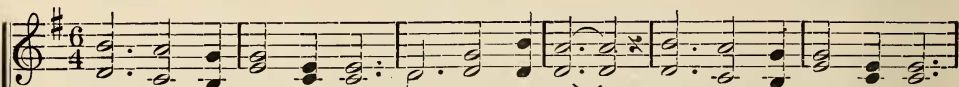
We hear the mu - sic of trembling strings, And feel the presence of An - gel friends.
We hear the whispers at e - ven - tide That hush our griefs, and our cares sub - side.
They come to us, with e - ly - sian dreams Of pearl - y gates and the liv - ing streams.
Then peace, sweet peace shall that soul restore, And th' heart shall sorrow and grieve no more.



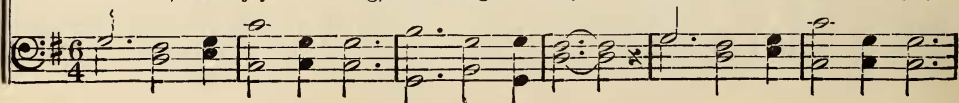
From "Spiritual Songster."

No. 15. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

BETHANY.



1. Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee! E'en tho' it be a cross
2. Tho', like a wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be o - ver me,
3. There let the way ap - pear Steps un - to heaven; All that thou send - est me,
4. Or if, on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and stars for - got,



Nearer, My God, to Thee.—Concluded.

That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my
 My bed a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be Near - er, my
 In mer - cy given; An - gels to beck - on me Near - er, my
 Up - ward I fly; Still all my song shall be Near - er, my

God, to thee, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee.

No. 16. The Pilgrim's Daily Prayer.

B. M. LAWRENCE.

GEO. BEAVERSON.

1. Thou source of Life, O hear my pray'r, For guidance thro' each day; May thy pure guid-ing
 2. Thou source of Light, O hear my pray'r, Send sunshine to my soul; Be thou my guide on
 3. Thou source of Love, O hear my pray'r, Let me not live in vain; Teach me to place more
 4. Thou source of Truth, O hear my pray'r, That all mankind may know Our lov'd ones can re -

CHORUS.
 an - gels keep My feet in wisdom's way.
 life's dark sea When billows round me roll. } Hear my pray'r, O hear my pray'r, Guard and
 trust in thee, Make all my du - ties plain.
 turn to earth, And bring sweet heav'n below.

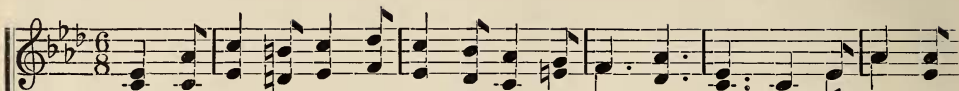
keep me in thy care; Lov - ing Fa - ther, hear my pray'r, Hear, O hear my heartfelt pray'r!

No. 17.

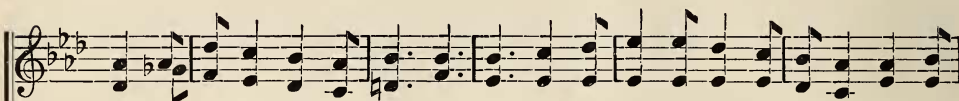
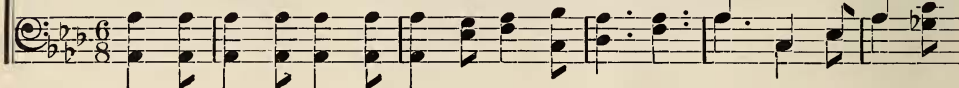
It Won't Be Long.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS.

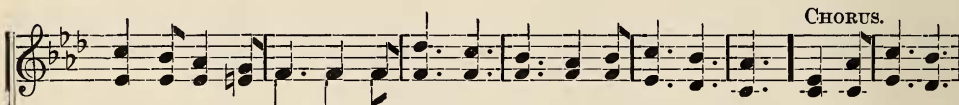
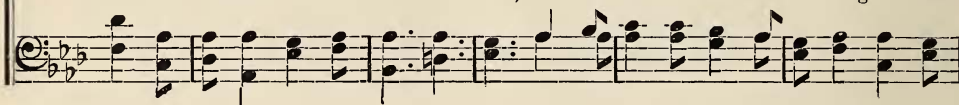
THEO. E. PERKINS.



1. Tho' as pil-grims here we tar-ry for a few brief years; Tho' the path be
 2. Tho' we oft-en sigh for qui-et like the heav'n-ly rest, Tho' our heads we'd
 3. Tho' in vis-ions oft we trav-el in a spir-it bold, And we're fill'd with

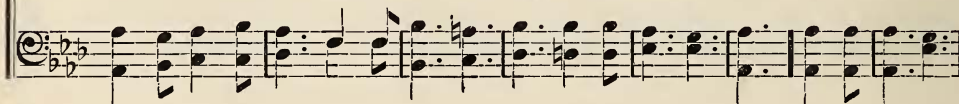


rough and rug-ged thro' this "vale of tears," Let us not be dis-con-tent-ed, let us
 like to pil-low in the home's sweet nest, Let us not be found to murmur, just say
 un-told wonder at what we be-hold, Yet we know that e-ven dreaming "not the

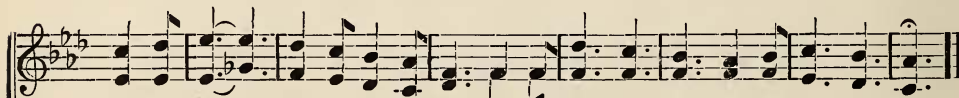
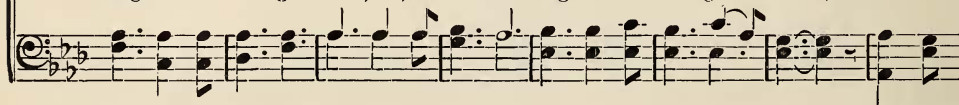


CHORUS.

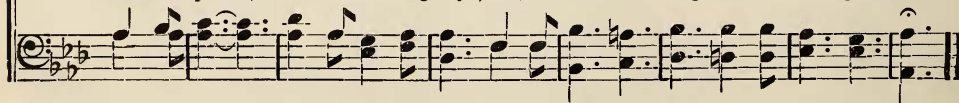
qui-et all our fears; For it won't be long till we all get home. }
 "all is for the best," And it won't be long till we all get home. } Oh, it won't be
 half can-e'er be told," Oh, it won't be long till we all get home. }



long till we all get home; Oh, it won't be long till we all get home, There we'll



voice our praise, Thro' un-end-ing days; Oh, it won't be long till we all get home.



No. 18.

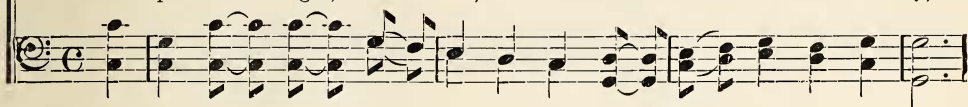
The Banner of Peace.

BELLE BUSH.

DANIEL BACHELLOR.

Boldly.

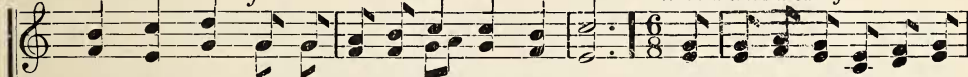
1. All hail to the Ban-ner of Peace and Love! Un - furl it o'er land and sea;
 2. We're told of an age that must sure-ly come In the æ - ons yet to be,
 3. God speed the right, and hail, all hail! To our ban-ner of lib - er - ty,



Till wars, and "ru-mors of wars" shall cease, Till wars, and "ru-mors of
 When the bal-ance of Jus-tice shall move for all! When the bal-ance of Jus-tice shall
 And hast - en the day when the ol - ive branch, And hast - en the day when the

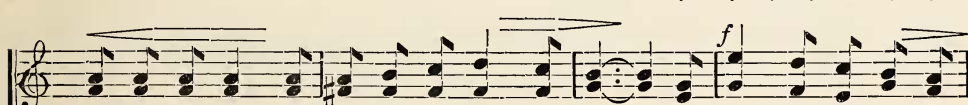


REFRAIN.

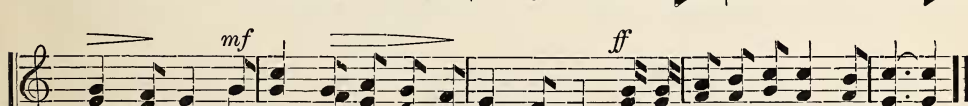
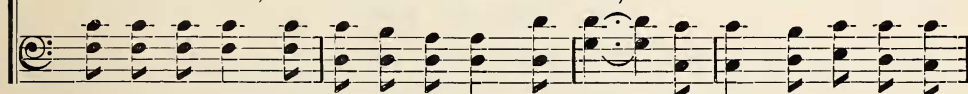
With a smooth swing.

wars" shall cease, And the na-tions of earth are free.
 move for all, Till the toil-ers of earth are free.
 ol - ive branch Find the na-tions of earth all free.

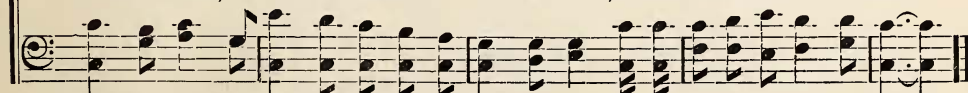
All hail to the beau-ti - ful



Ban-ner of Peace; Un - furl it on land and sea, Till wars and ru - mors of



wars shall cease, Till wars and rumors of wars shall cease, And the nations of earth are free!

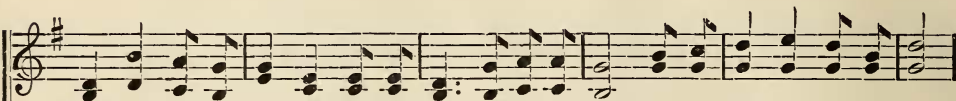
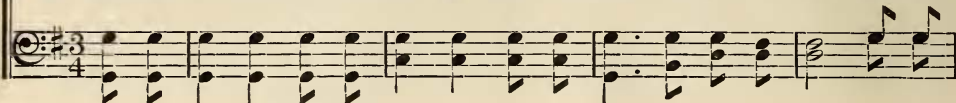


No. 19.

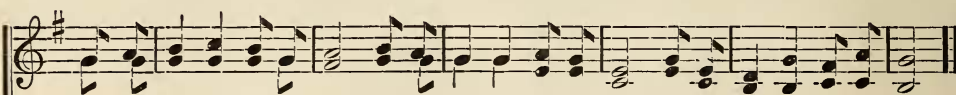
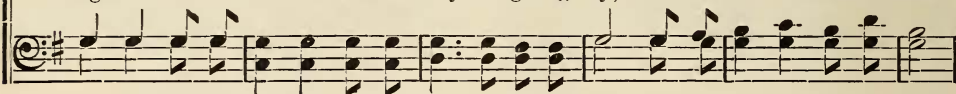
While the Days are Going By.



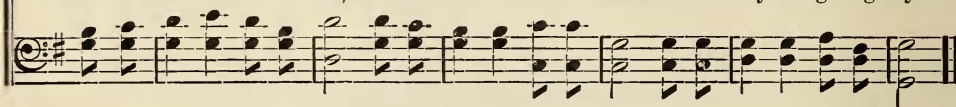
1. There are lone - ly hearts to cher - ish While the days are go - ing by; There are
2. There's no time for i - dle scorn - ing While the days are go - ing by; Be our
3. All the lov - ing links that bind us While the days are go - ing by; One by
4. Should mis - for - tune dark come o'er us While the days are go - ing by; Think what



wea - ry souls who per - ish While the days are go - ing by. If a smile we can re - new,
 fac - es like the morning While the days are go - ing by. Oh! the world is full of sighs,
 one, we leave be - hind us While the days are go - ing by; But the seeds of good we sow,
 brightness is be - fore us While the days are go - ing by; Think of heav'n where all are blest



As our jour - ney we pur - sue, Oh! the good we all may do, While the days are go - ing by.
 Full of sad and weeping eyes; Help your fallen brother rise While the days are go - ing by.
 Both in shade and shine will grow, And will keep our hearts aglow While the days are go - ing by.
 Where no sor - row can mo - lest, Where we all shall be at rest While the days are go - ing by.



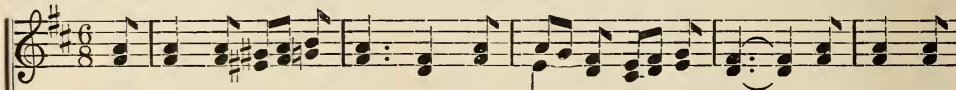
From "Spiritual Harp."

No. 20.

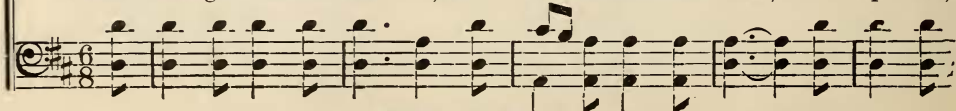
The Ship of Life.

B. M. L.

GEO. BEAVERSON.



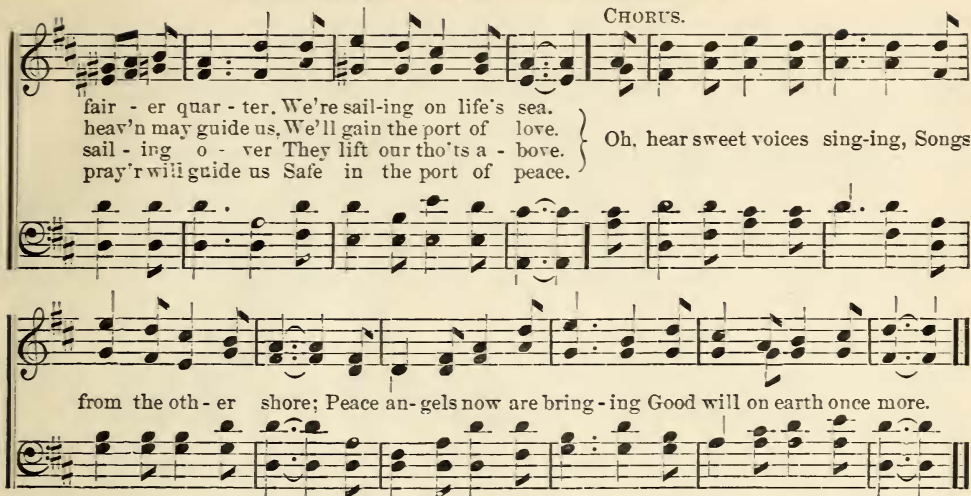
1. Our ship glides o'er the wa - ter, With col - ors flow - ing free, Bound for a
2. With pro - gress for our com - pass, Which ev - er points a - bove, And pray'r that
3. Souls gone be - fore still hov - er Round us on wings of love, While we are
4. With an - gel friends be - side us, All sor - did aims will cease, Our pi - lot,



From "Celestial Sonnets."

The Ship of Life.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



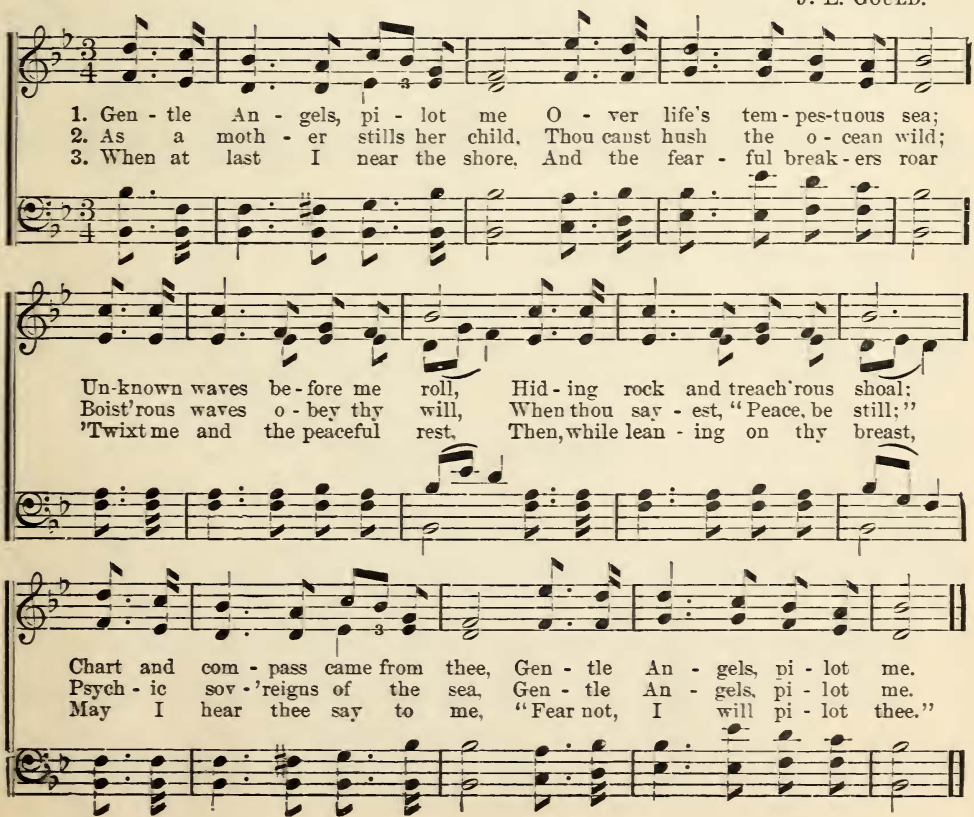
fair - er quar - ter, We're sail - ing on life's sea.
 heav'n may guide us, We'll gain the port of love.
 sail - ing o - ver They lift our tho'ts a - bove.
 pray'r will guide us Safe in the port of peace.

Oh, hear sweet voices sing - ing, Songs
 from the oth - er shore; Peace an - gels now are bring - ing Good will on earth once more.

No. 21.

Gentle Angels, Pilot Me.

J. E. GOULD.



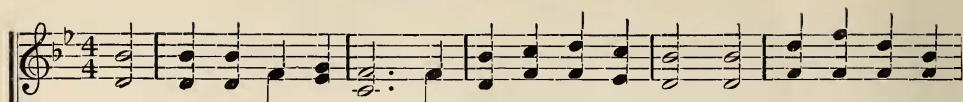
1. Gen - tle An - gels, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pes - tuous sea;
 2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
 3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break - ers roar

Un - known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
 Boist'rous waves o - bey thy will, When thou say - est, "Peace, be still;"
 'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then, while lean - ing on thy breast,

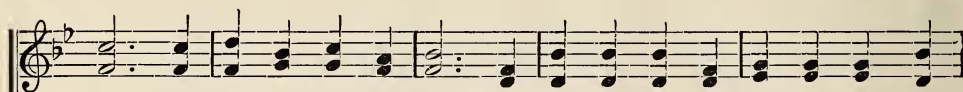
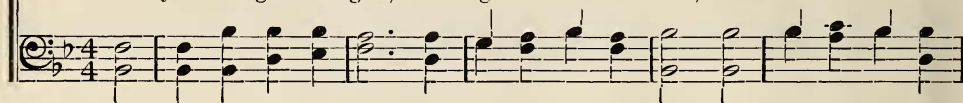
Chart and com - pass came from thee, Gen - tle An - gels, pi - lot me.
 Psych - ic sov - 'reigns of the sea, Gen - tle An - gels, pi - lot me.
 May I hear thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."

No. 22.

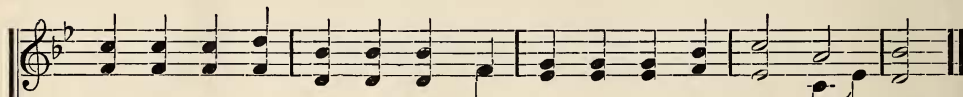
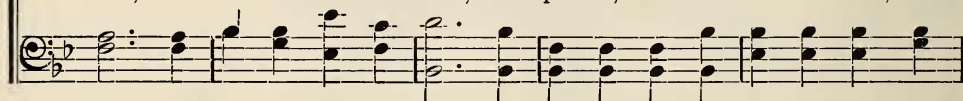
Sweet Spirits Can Return.



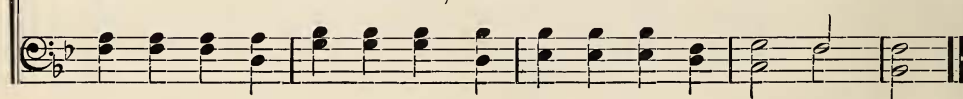
1. Pro - claim the truth most clear To earth's re - mot - est bound, Let all the na - tions
2. They come to ban - ish care, To bid our sor - rows cease, And prove that o - ver
3. With joy - ful notes they sing Sweet son - nets of the free, Since death has lost his
4. Be - yond that gold - en gate, Where grief can nev - er come, Where loved ones for us



hear The sweet, cel - es - tial sound, That spir - its, from the un - seen shore, Can
there The pure shall rest in peace, With spir - its, from the un - seen shore, Who
sting, The grave its vic - to - ry; Whilespir - its, from the un - seen shore, In
wait, To bid us wel - come home; Our spir - its, from the un - seen shore, Will



now re - turn to earth once more, Can now re - turn to earth once more.
now re - turn to earth once more, Who now re - turn to earth once more.
love re - turn to earth once more, In love re - turn to earth once more.
then re - turn to earth once more, Will then re - turn to earth once more.

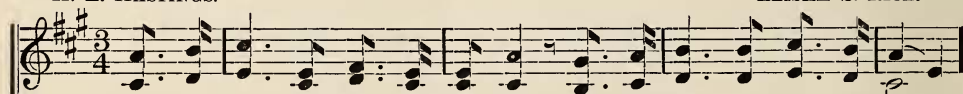


No. 23.

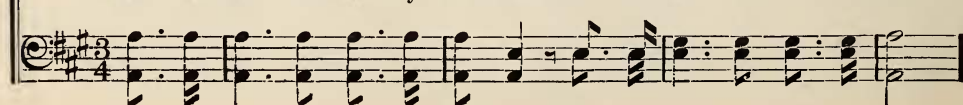
Shall We Meet.

H. L. HASTINGS.

ELISHA S. RICE.



1. Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er, Where the surg - es cease to roll,
2. Shall we meet in that blest har - bor, When our storm - y voyage is o'er?
3. Where the mu - sic of the ran - som'd Rolls its har - mo - ny a - round,
4. Shall we meet there ma - ny lov'd ones Who were torn from our em - brace?



Shall We Meet.—Concluded.

FINE.

Where, in all the bright for - ev - er, Sor - row ne'er shall press the soul?
 Shall we meet and cast the an - chor By the bright ce - les - tial shore?
 And cre - a - tion swells the cho - rus With its sweet mel - o - dious sound?
 Shall we lis - ten to their voic - es, And be - hold them face to face?

D.S.—Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er, Where the surg - es cease to roll?

CHORUS.

D.S.

Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er?

No. 24.

Rest, Pilgrim Rest.

Words arranged and Music by THEODORE E. PERKINS.

1. Rest in the shadow of the Rock, O pil - grim, Rest, pil - grim, rest; Night treads
 2. Rest in the shadow of the Rock, O pil - grim, Rest, pil - grim, rest; Worn by
 3. Rest in the shadow of the Rock, O pil - grim, Rest, pil - grim, rest; They who

close up - on the heels of day, There is no oth - er resting place this way, The Rock is near,
 jour - ney are thy wea - ry feet, Turn, now O pilgrim to this calm re - treat, O sweet - ly rest,
 slum - ber by the Rock so dear, Wake re - joic - ing, for their home is near, Beneath its shade,

The well is clear. Rest in the shad - ow of the Rock, O pil - grim, Rest, pil - grim, rest.
 By care oppressed. Rest in the shad - ow of the Rock, O pil - grim, Rest, pil - grim, rest.
 Thy bed is made. Rest in the shad - ow of the Rock, O pil - grim, Rest, pil - grim, rest.

1. One by one your souls are go - ing To the life where all are free, As the
 2. One by one your hopes are fly - ing - An - gel whis - pers thro' the air! List! soft
 3. One by one to - ward the day - light, From the plane of grief and fears, T'ward the

sands are out - ward flowing By the sad waves of the sea. One by one your friends de -
 voic - es sweet re - ply - ing Say in lands than earth more fair You shall find each cherished
 land where comes no midnight, You are journeying thro' the years. One by one! keep hope with -

part - ing Cloud your souls in grief and tears, But the an - gels earthward starting,
 glo - ry, You shall glad - ly hail a - gain All the light of time's brief sto - ry
 in you - Keep bright truth be - fore your heart, So the an - gel world shall win you,

CHORUS.

Bring their light to calm your fears. } One by one,..... one by one,..... To that
 In the world all free from pain. }
 And earth's shadows shall depart. } One by one, one by one,

life where all are free, one by one, We are go - - ing one by
 one by one, We are go - ing one by one,

Going Home.—Concluded.

one,..... Where we shall meet our lov'd ones, In that home we long to see.
one by one,

No. 26. Angelic Songs are Swelling.

Rev. F. W. FABER. Arr. by J. M. ARMSTRONG.

1. Hark! hark! my soul, an - gel - ic songs are swell-ing O'er earth's green fields and
2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing-ing, "Come wea - ry souls, for
3. Far, far a - way, like bells at ev-'ning peal-ing, The voice of an - gels

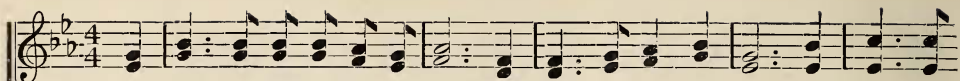
o - cean's wave-beat shore..... How sweet the truth those bless-ed strains are tell - ing
an - gels bid you come!"..... And, thro' the dark, its ech-oes sweet-ly ring-ing,
sounds o'er land and sea;..... All la - den souls by thousands meek-ly steal-ing,

dim. **CHORUS.**
Of that new life when pain shall be no more.
The mu - sic of the an - gels leads us home. } An - gels of heav - en
Kind an - gels turn their wea - ry steps to thee.

rall.
An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil-grims of the night.

No. 27.

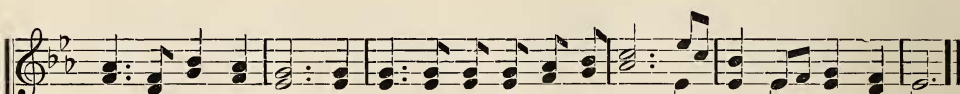
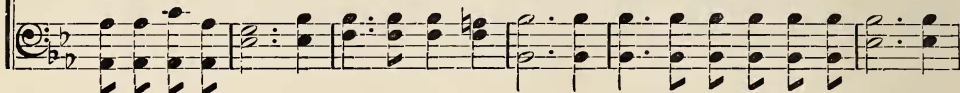
The Other World.



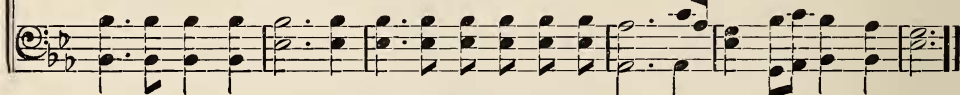
1. It lies a-round us like a cloud, A world we do not see; Yet the sweet
2. Sweet hearts a-round us throb and beat, Sweet help-ing hands are stirr'd, And pal - pi -
3. And in the hush of rest they bring, 'Tis ea - sy now to see How love - ly
4. Sweet sounds around us! watch us still; Press near - er to our side, In - to our



clos-ing of an eye May bring us there to be. Its gen - tle breezes fan our cheek; A -
tate the veil between, With breathings almost heard. So thin, so soft, so sweet they glide, So
and how sweet a pass The hour of death may be, Scarce knowing if we wake or sleep, Scarce
tho'ts, into our pray'rs, With gentle help-ings glide. Let death be-tween us be as naught, A



mid our world-ly cares Its gen - tle voic-es whis-per love, And min-gle with our pray'rs.
near to press they seem, They lull us gen-tly to our rest, They melt in - to our dream.
ask - ing where we are, To feel all e - vil sink a - way, All sor - row and all care.
dried and vanish'd stream; Your joy be a re - al - i - ty, Our suff'ring life the dream.



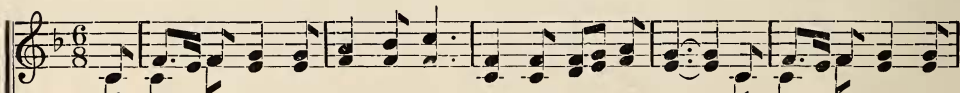
From "Spiritus' Harp."

No. 28.

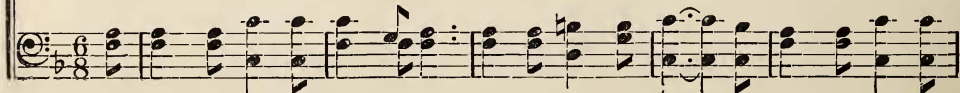
Battling for the Right.

G. TABOR THOMPSON.

THEO. E. PERKINS.



1. We've list - ed in a no - ble war, Battling for the right: E - ter - nal life our
2. We've gird - ed on our ar-mor bright, Battling for the right: The Spir - its' word our
3. We stand like he - roes on the field, Battling for the right: In psychic strength we'll
4. And when our earth-ly work is o'er, Battling for the right: We'll re - en-list on



Music Copyrighted, 1896, by Theo. E. Perkins.

Battling for the Right.—Concluded.

REFRAIN.

guid - ing star, Bat - tling for the right.
 strength and might, Bat - tling for the right.
 nev - er yield, Bat - tling for the right.
 heav - en's shore, Bat - tling for the right.

We'll work till an - gels come, We'll

work till an - gels come, We'll work till an - gels come, And then we'll rest at home.

No. 29.

The Great Oversoul.

R. S. WILLIAMS.

L. MASON.

mf

1. I know God's presence ev - er In all things doth a - bide, I see it in the
 2. The shin - ing wings of morn - ing, Can nev - er car - ry me Where God's real presence

heav - ens, No dark - ness e'er can hide. I see it in the wa - ters The
 fail - eth, Where God can nev - er be. This truth is pre - cious ev - er, This

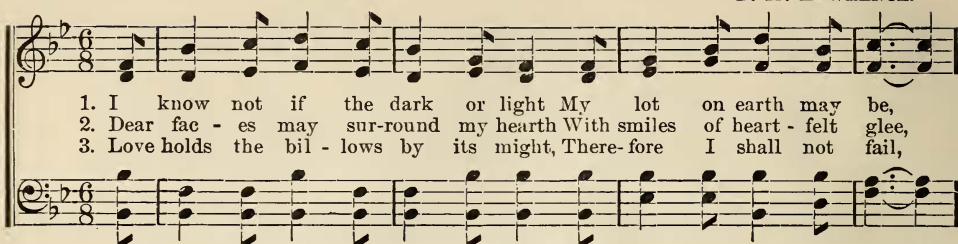
dim.

sea's re - lent - less tide: I'll sing this truth for - ev - er, All things in God a - bide.
 thought is dear to me: As I in God a - bid - eth, So God a - bides in me.

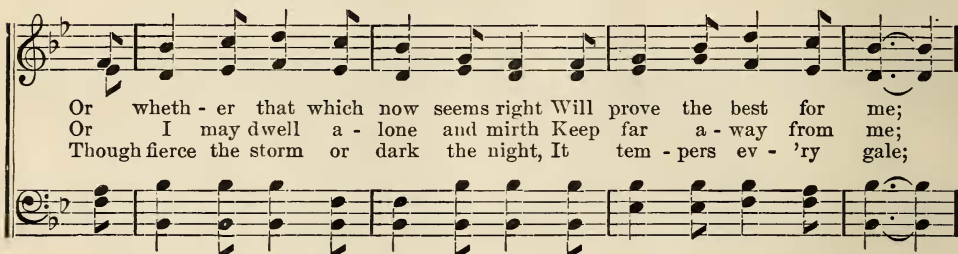
No. 30. That Loving Hand is Leading Me.

B. M. L.

B. M. LAWRENCE.



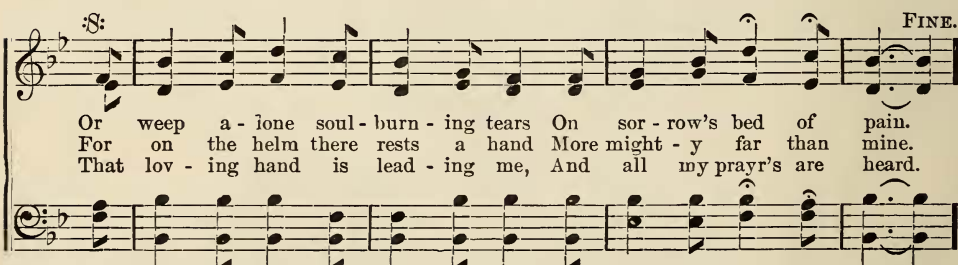
1. I know not if the dark or light My lot on earth may be,
 2. Dear fac - es may sur-round my hearth With smiles of heart - felt glee,
 3. Love holds the bil - lows by its might, There-fore I shall not fail,



Or wheth - er that which now seems right Will prove the best for me;
 Or I may dwell a - lone and mirth Keep far a - way from me;
 Though fierce the storm or dark the night, It tem - pers ev - 'ry gale;



It may be mine to live long years, And drag toil's heav - y chain,
 Yet still my bark to - ward the strand Is bourne with breath di - vine,
 It rules the storm on ev - 'ry sea, And quells them by a word,



Or weep a - lone soul - burn - ing tears On sor - row's bed of pain.
 For on the helm there rests a hand More might - y far than mine.
 That lov - ing hand is lead - ing me, And all my prayr's are heard.

D.S.—And there with loved ones hand in hand, For ev - er-more be free.

CHORUS.

D.S.



But safe at last I yet shall land Be - yond life's storm - y sea,

No. 31.

Angels at the Door.

Dr. T. WILKINS.

G. TABOR THOMPSON.

1. There are times when life seems drear - y, When the road seems rough and long; When the
 2. In the springtime with the woo - ing, And the fra-grance in the air; With the
 3. We can sense them in the morn - ing, Giv - ing coun - sel for the day, In the

form is weak and wea - ry, With the surging human throng; But 'tis then the an - gel
 bud and bloom re-new - ing, And all nature bright and fair, With the gen - tle zephyrs
 si - lence giv - ing warn - ing, Of the pit - falls in the way; In the eve - ning we oft'

voic - es, To my wea - ry soul gives peace, And the world with us re - joic - es,
 sigh - ing, To the sun their winsome plea; We can sense the loved ones try - ing,
 hear them, Laughing, talking, sing - ing too, And it ev - er helps en - dear them,

CHORUS.

At the prom - ise of re - lease. }
 From all gloom to set us free. } Yes, the loved ones gone be - fore, Are the an - gels
 To the hearts re - main - ing true. }

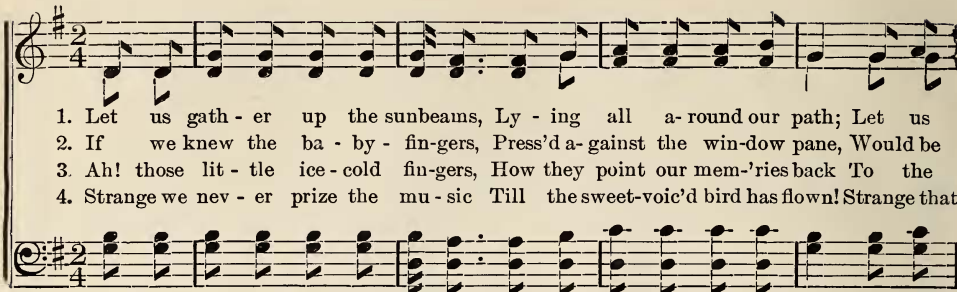
at the door; "Ev - ry man must earn his heav - en," Quoth the spir - its ev - er - more.

No. 32.

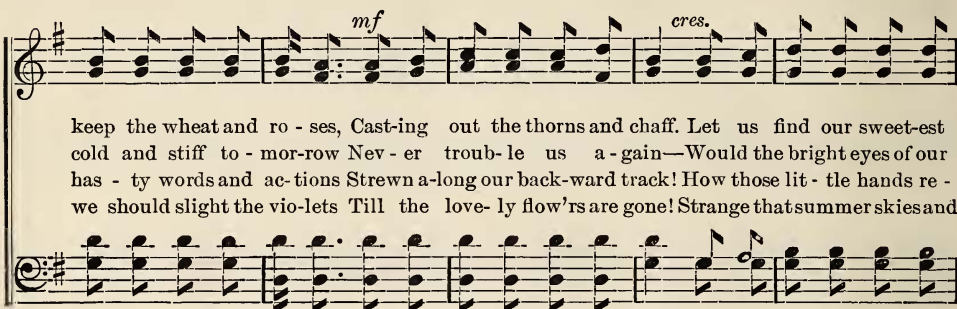
Scatter Seeds of Kindness.

MRS. A. SMITH.

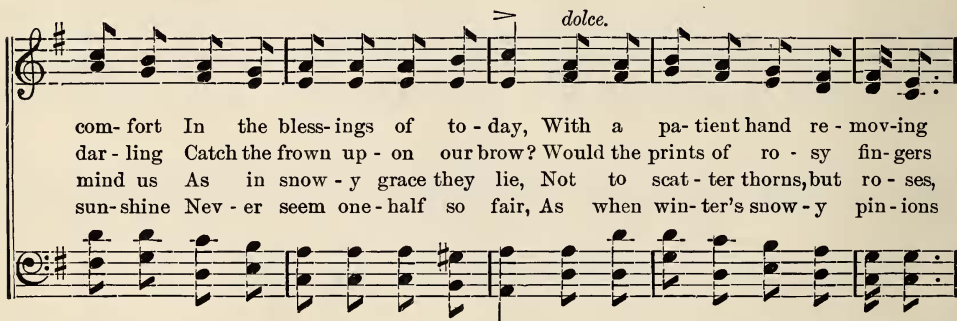
S. J. VAIL.



1. Let us gath - er up the sunbeams, Ly - ing all a - round our path; Let us
 2. If we knew the ba - by - fin - gers, Press'd a - gainst the win - dow pane, Would be
 3. Ah! those lit - tle ice - cold fin - gers, How they point our mem - 'ries back To the
 4. Strange we nev - er prize the mu - sic Till the sweet-voic'd bird has flown! Strange that



keep the wheat and ro - ses, Cast - ing out the thorns and chaff. Let us find our sweet - est
 cold and stiff to - mor - row Nev - er troub - le us a - gain—Would the bright eyes of our
 has - ty words and ac - tions Strewn a - long our back - ward track! How those lit - tle hands re -
 we should slight the vio - lets Till the love - ly flow'rs are gone! Strange that summer skies and



com - fort In the bless - ings of to - day, With a pa - tient hand re - mov - ing
 dar - ling Catch the frown up - on our brow? Would the prints of ro - sy fin - gers
 mind us As in snow - y grace they lie, Not to scat - ter thorns, but ro - ses,
 sun - shine Nev - er seem one - half so fair, As when win - ter's snow - y pin - ions



All the bri - ars from the way.
 Vex us then as they do now?
 For our reap - ing by - and - by!) Then scatter seeds of kindness, Then scat - ter seeds of
 Shake the white down in the air.

Scatter Seeds of Kindness.—Concluded.

cres. *ad lib.*

kind-ness, Then scat-ter seeds of kind-ness, For our reap-ing by - and - by.

No. 33.

Joy Cometh.

1. Watchman! What of the night? Watchman! What of the night? Joy com-eth, joy
 2. Free-men! What of the right? Free-men! What of the right? Great vic-t'ry! Great
 3. An-gels! What of the day? An-gels! What of the day? Peace dawn-eth! Peace

com-eth; The morn is break-ing; Truth is mak-ing might-y con-quests,
 vic-t'ry! For all the peo-ple! Mind is rul-ing land and o-cean,
 dawn-eth! With glo-ry shin-ing! Love is band-ing all the na-tions,
 1. Truth is mak-ing mighty

Truth is mak-ing might-y con-quests, Truth is mak-ing mighty con-quests.
 Mind is rul-ing land and o-cean, Mind is rul-ing land and o-cean.
 Love is band-ing all the na-tions, Love is band-ing all the na-tions.
 con-quests, Truth is making mighty,

rit.

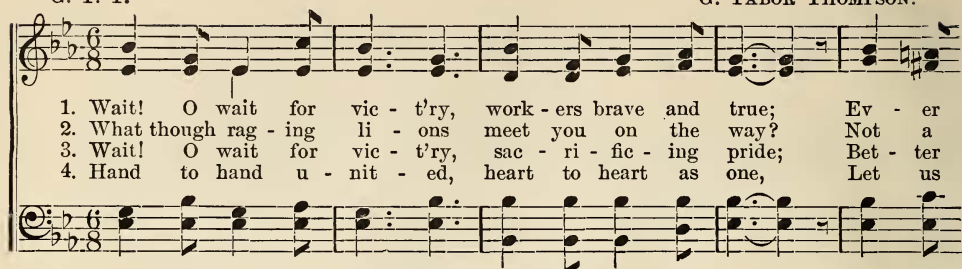
Lift up your heads, O faith-ful souls, For your re-demp-tion draw-eth nigh.

No. 34.

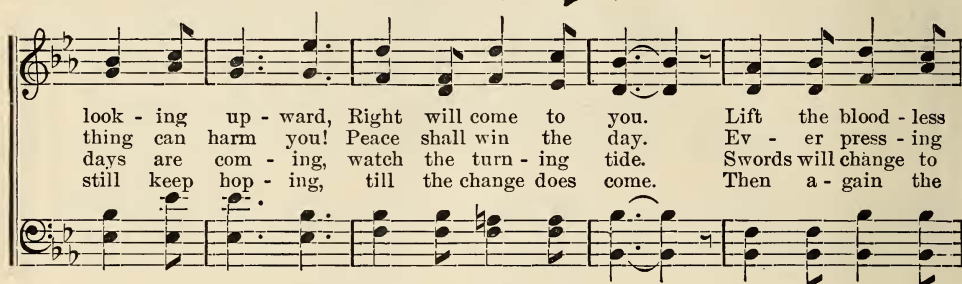
Wait, Wait for Victory.

G. T. T.

G. TABOR THOMPSON.



1. Wait! O wait for vic - t'ry, work - ers brave and true; Ev - er
 2. What though rag - ing li - ons meet you on the way? Not a
 3. Wait! O wait for vic - t'ry, sac - ri - fic - ing pride; Bet - ter
 4. Hand to hand u - nit - ed, heart to heart as one, Let us

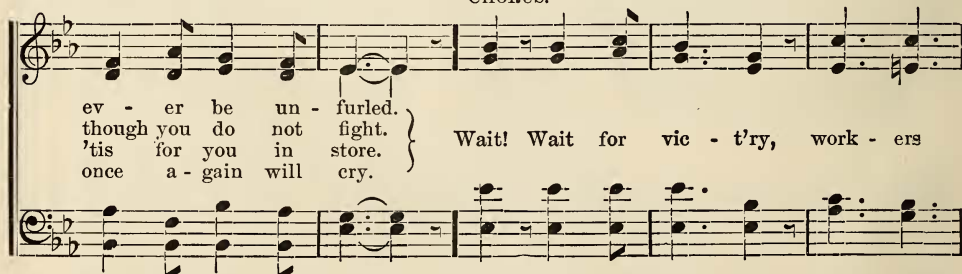


look - ing up - ward, Right will come to you. Lift the blood - less
 thing can harm you! Peace shall win the day. Ev - er press - ing
 days are com - ing, watch the turn - ing tide. Swords will change to
 still keep hop - ing, till the change does come. Then a - gain the



ban - ner high a - bove the world, Let its folds of beau - ty
 on - ward, look - ing for the light, You shall live to con - quer,
 plow - shares, can - nons cease to roar, Wait the age of plen - ty:
 an - gels, far up in the sky "Peace, good will to man - kind,"

CHORUS.



ev - er be un - furled.
 though you do not fight. } Wait! Wait for vic - t'ry, work - ers
 'tis for you in store.
 once a - gain will cry.



true! Though slow in com - ing, 'tis for you. Wait! Wait for

Wait, Wait for Victory.—Concluded.

vic - t'ry, ne'er give o'er, Rest then in glo - ry ev - er - more.

No. 35. They Hover Near.

G. TABOR THOMPSON.

KARL WILHELM, arr.

f

1. When tired feet turn from the way That leads to light and end - less day,
2. Though clouds hang heav-y o'er our skies, And doubts and fears be - gin to rise,
3. Should wick - ed spir - its gath - er near, To fill the earth with gloom and fear,
4. There's just a step from heav'n to thee, The an - gels oft have said to me;

On ei - ther hand the an - gels fly, To point us to the home on high.
 Oh, let us hide be - hind thy wing, To list - en while the an - gels sing.
 Our spir - it guide is on his throne, To plead our cause, till we get home.
 Though foot - sore, I will still press on, Nor fal - ter till the crown is won.

CHORUS.

Oh, an - gel guide, from Beu - lah land, Still hov - er near our lit - tle band;

And lead us to..... the home a - bove, Where all is life, and light, and love.

No. 35.

Voices Talk to Me.

GEORGE KATES.

J. A. WERTZ.

Not too fast.

1. An - gel voic - es talk to me All a - long life's wea - ry way, On the
 2. An - gel voic - es talk to me As the waves of o - cean rise, Break - ing
 3. An - gel voic - es speak to me, Speak, as when a dis - tant strain Pitch'd to

mount - ain, by the sea, In the vale where shad - ows stay, In the bus - y
 on the wait - ing lea, Cast - ing rain - bows on the skies; As the balm - y
 mu - sic's soft - est key, Breaks a - bove a hill - girt plain—Wak - ing ech - oes

marts of life Where the croaking ra - vens be, Where the vul - tures join in strife,
 south - winds blow, Murm'ring in the quiv'ring tree; As the zeph - yrs come and go,
 in the hills, An - swered in the song - ful glee Of the rip - pling, murm'ring rills:

CHORUS. *Repeat pp ad lib.*

There the voic - es talk to me.
 So the voic - es talk to me. } There the voic - es talk to me, There the voic - es
 So the voic - es talk to me. }

talk to me, On the mountain, by the sea, An - gel voic - es talk to me.

No. 37.

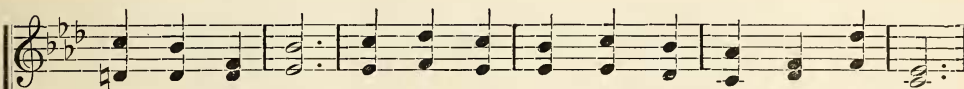
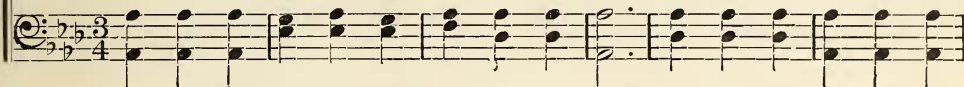
Beautiful Rest.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

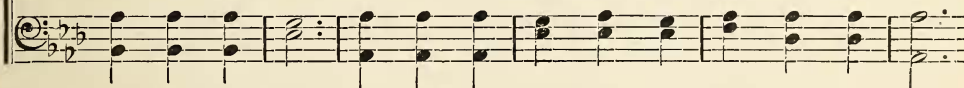
WARREN COLLINS.



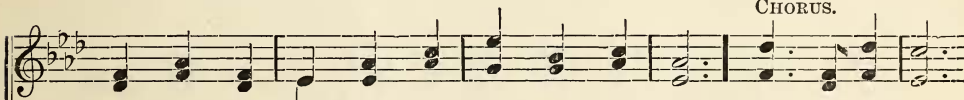
1. Rest for the wea - ry, O beau - ti - ful rest! God hath pre-pared in the
2. Rest for the wea - ry from sad - ness and care, Rest from the bur - dens and
3. Rest for the wea - ry; how sweet it will be; Wel - come, thrice welcome to



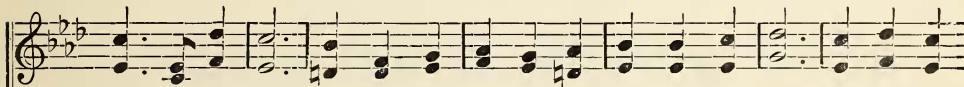
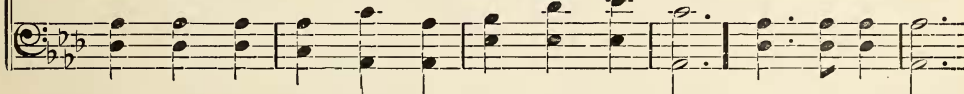
land of the blest,—How I am thrill'd with a rap - ture di - vine,
 tri - als we bear, Rest from temp - ta - tions with - out and with - in,
 you and to me,—All of earth's chil - dren from death will be freed,



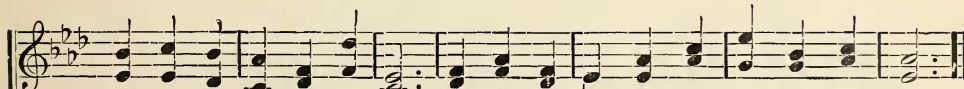
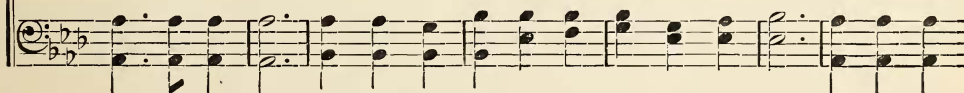
CHORUS.



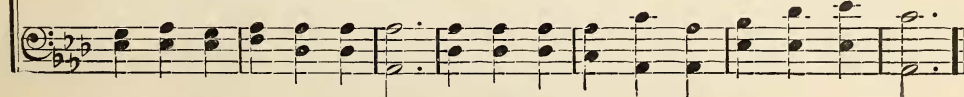
When I re - mem - ber such rest may be mine. }
 Rest from the heart - ache, the sor - row and sin. } Beau - ti - ful rest,
 Rest - ing with them will be rest - ing in - deed. }



beau - ti - ful rest, God hath pre-pared in the land of the blest,—Sweet to my



soul is the prom-ised re-pose, Wait-ing for me when life's jour-ney shall close.



Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER.

THEO. E. PERKINS.

1. One by one we cross the riv - er, One by one we're fer - ried o'er;
 2. One by one we're call'd to go, As we heed some gen - tle voice;
 3. One by one the heav - y - la - den Sink be - neath the noon-tide sun;

One by one the crowns are giv - en On the bright, ce - les - tial shore.
 One by one their vine-yard en - ter, There to la - bor and re - joice.
 And the a - ged pil - grim wel - comes Eve - ning shad - ows as they come.

Youth and childhood oft are pass - ing O'er the dark and roll - ing tide,
 One by one sweet flow'rs we gath - er In the glo - rious work of love,
 One by one, with wrongs for - got - ten, May we stand up - on the shore,

And the white-rob'd an - gel boat - man Is the dy - ing pil - grim's guide;
 Gar - lands for the an - gel boat - man To con - vey to realms a - bove:
 Wait - ing till the an - gel boat - man Takes the helm, and guides us o'er;

And the white-rob'd an - gel boat - man, Bears them o'er the roll - ing tide.
 And the white-rob'd an - gel boat - man, Bears them to the realms of love.
 And the white-rob'd an - gel boat - man Lands us on the shin - ing shore.

No. 39.

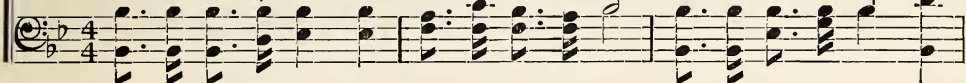
Oh, List to the Call.

Dr. T. WILKINS.

G. TABOR THOMPSON.



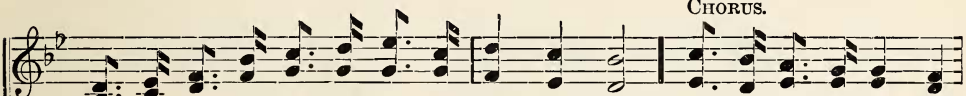
1. Hark! there comes a mes - sage to the wea - ry heart, Mes - sage from the spir - it,
2. When the clouds hang o'er us, and the day is dark, And the light be - fore you
3. When the day is bright - est, and all things are well, When your heart is light - est



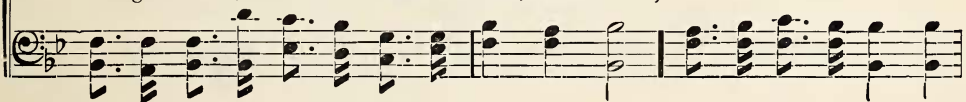
giv - ing us new start; While the doors thrown o - pen give us all a view,
seems on - ly a spark; Take heart, for the bright - er fol - lows oft the gloom,
with its sun - ny spell, To the world re - veal it, and to oth - ers give



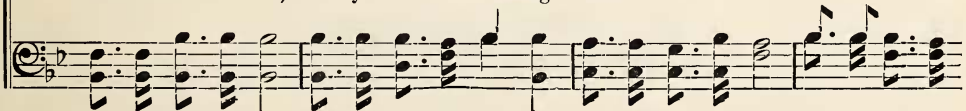
CHORUS.



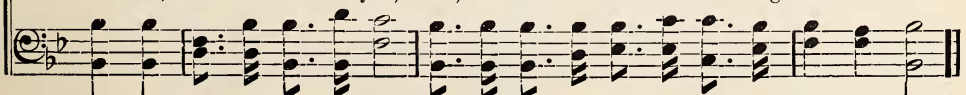
Of the spir - it por - tals, and the heav - en true. }
And this world is light - er, e'en be - yond the tomb. } Voic - es from the soul land,
This great truth, and seal it: those tho't dead, still live. }



shout now un - to all, Have you heard the message? List now to the call. Sounds a voice a -



bove us, "Dear ones we love you," Oh, re - ceive the bless - ed ti - dings sweet and true.



No. 40.

All the Way.

1. I'm but a youth-ful pil-grim, My jour-ney's just be-gun; They say I'll
 2. Then like a lit-tle pil-grim, What-ev-er I may meet, I'll take it
 3. Then tri-als can-not vex me, And pain I need not fear; For when I'm

meet with sor-row Be-fore my jour-ney's done. The world is full of
 joy or sor-row—And lay at an-gels' feet. They'll com-fort me in
 close by an-gels Grief can-not come too near. Not e-ven death can

trou-ble And tri-als too, they say, But I will fol-low an-gels,
 trou-ble, They'll wipe my tears a-way, With joy I'll fol-low an-gels,
 harm me, When death I meet one day; To heav'n I'll fol-low an-gels,

All the way, But I will fol-low an-gels, All the way.

No. 41.

Open Wide the Gates.

B. M. L.

Miss M. W. M.

Andante.

1. Come, sweet angels, while we sing, To each soul some message bring. Lift our tho'ts to that bright
 2. Come with peace and fill each soul, Make us feel the calm cou-trol Of bright an-gels from a-
 3. Come and heal the ach-ing heart, Love and peace to each im-part, To the wea-ry toil-worn
 4. Guide the care-worn pilgrim here, Check the sight and dry the tear—To that bright ce-les-tial

From "Celestial Sonnets."

Open Wide the Gates.—Concluded.



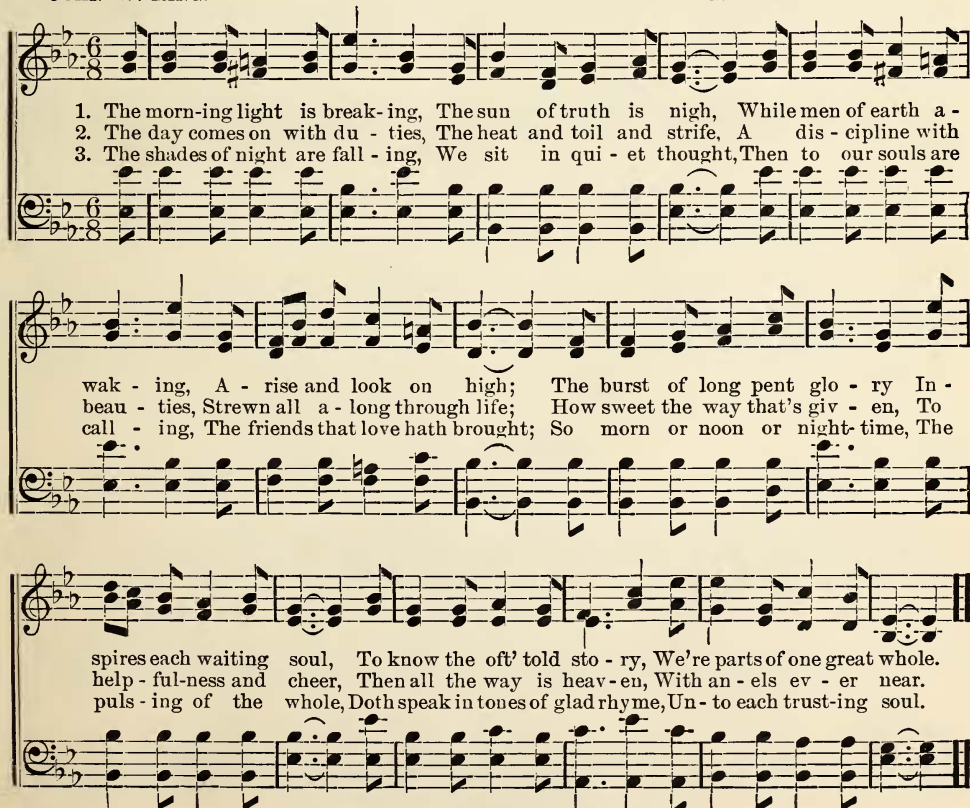
shore, Where dull care shall come no more. Meet us here, Oh, meet us here, .
 above, Where the on - ly law is love.
 breast, Give a fore-taste of sweet rest.
 shore, O - pen wide the gates once more. Meet us here, Meet us here,

From the soul's e - ternal home, Greet us here, Oh, greet us here, Open wide the gates and come.

No. 42. The Trusting Soul.

JOHN W. RING.

G. TABOR THOMPSON.



1. The morn-ing light is break-ing, The sun of truth is nigh, While men of earth a -
 2. The day comes on with du - ties, The heat and toil and strife, A dis - cipline with
 3. The shades of night are fall - ing, We sit in qui - et thought, Then to our souls are

wak - ing, A - rise and look on high; The burst of long pent glo - ry In -
 beau - ties, Strewn all a - long through life; How sweet the way that's giv - en, To
 call - ing, The friends that love hath brought; So morn or noon or night-time, The

spires each waiting soul, To know the oft' told sto - ry, We're parts of one great whole.
 help - ful-ness and cheer, Then all the way is heav - en, With an - els ev - er near.
 puls - ing of the whole, Doth speak in tones of glad rhyme, Un - to each trust-ing soul.

No. 43.

I Am Weary, Gentle Angel.

FANNY CROSBY.

W. H. PETTIBONE.

1. I am wea-ry, gen-tle an-gel, Scarce a beam of light I see; Let me plead thy
 2. Shield me till the night is o-ver, And the gath'ring storm is past, Till the morning
 3. Thou canst turn my grief to glad-ness, Thou canst make the desert bloom; Thou canst light the

gracious goodness, Let me find re- pose with thee. Faint be- neath my heav- y bur- den,
 sun a- ris- ing, Fills my soul with joy at last. Shin- ing thro' my tears of sor- row,
 gloomy por- tals Of the dark and si- lent tomb. May I rest with thee for- ev- er,

Cheer me with thy tender smile; For the way is cold and dreary, Let the pilgrim rest a while.
 Let me view thy lov- ing smile; Lead me to thy home dear Spirit, Let the pilgrim rest a while.
 When the toils of life are o'er; From the spring of joy e- ter- nal May I drink and thirst no more.

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No. 44.

Angel Care.

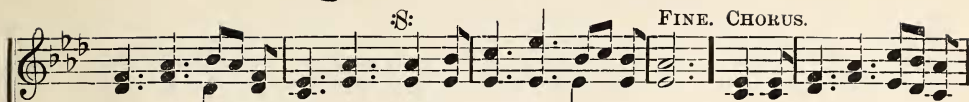
D. P. MARCYES.

S. W. TUCKER.

1. Soft and low those an- gel voic- es, Come, to breathe in love a pray'r, And the
 2. Come, to breathe on us a bless- ing, As in har- mo- ny we meet, And with
 3. Come, to make our bur- den light- er, By their teach- ings how to live, Teachings
 4. Come, to lead us on for- ev- er, Up pro- gres- sion's shin- ing road, Where the

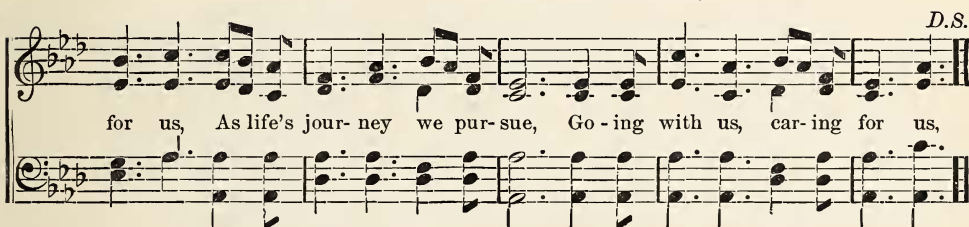
From "Melodies of Life."

Angel Care.—Concluded.



wea - ry heart re - joice - es, In sweet tho'ts of an - gel care.
 friend - ly hands ca - ressing Us, as we their presence greet.
 pur - er, bet - ter, bright - er, Than our earthly friends can give. } Go - ing with us, car - ing
 soul shall wea - ry nev - er, 'Midst the wondrous works of God.

D.S.—Till our dis - tant homes we view.

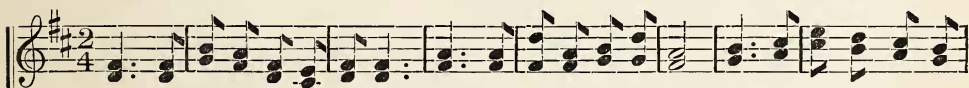


for us, As life's jour - ney we pur - sue, Go - ing with us, car - ing for us,

No. 45. 'Till I See Death's Lifted Curtain.

G. TABOR THOMPSON.

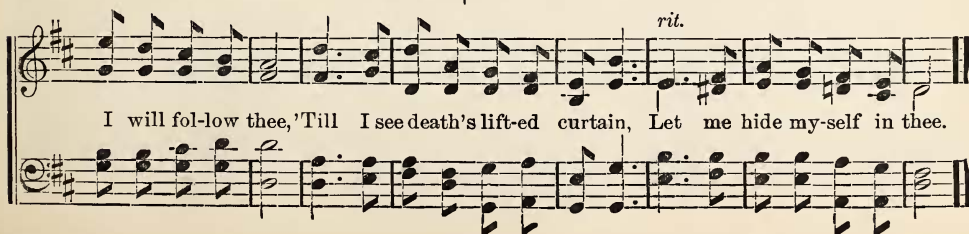
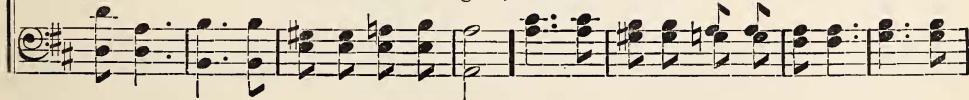
GRACE UNDERGRAFF.



1. An - gel, hide me close beside thee When the storms are raging wild; Keep me near thee, let me
2. Thro' the myst'ry of life's hist'ry Lead me, dear one, safe above. Up the mountain, to the
3. When in sorrow, let me borrow Sunshine from the world of light; In my sadness, give me



hear thee When thou speakest to thy child. }
 fountain, Where is ev - er - last - ing love. } Doubting nev - er, trust - ing ev - er, An - gel,
 gladness, To o'er - come the darkest night. }




rit.
 I will fol - low thee, 'Till I see death's lift - ed curtain, Let me hide my - self in thee.

No. 46. That Land Beyond the River.

B. M. LAWRENCE.

Arr. by W. B. BRADBURY.



1. In that land be-yond the riv-er We shall meet an an-gel band,
 2. O-ver there be-yond the riv-er They now chant a cheer-ful lay,
 3. O-ver there be-yond the riv-er Safe a-mong the lov'd and blest,
 4. O-ver there be-yond the riv-er We shall meet dear friends a-bove,

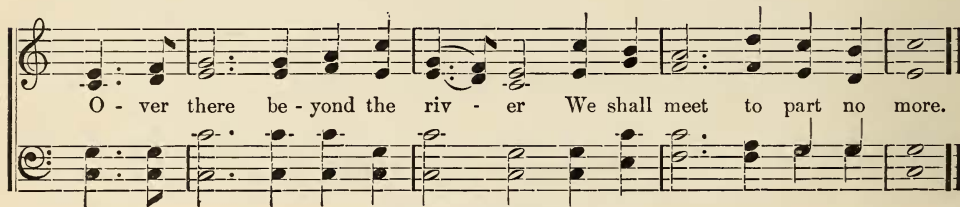


And with them live on for-ev-er In that pure and peace-ful land.
 And their love-tunes with us lin-ger As we jour-ney on our way.
 When the cares of life are o-ver, From all la-bor we shall rest.
 And with them live on for-ev-er In that peace-ful land of love.

CHORUS.



In that land be-yond the riv-er They are wait-ing on the shore;



O-ver there be-yond the riv-er We shall meet to part no more.

From "Celestial Sonnets."

No. 47. The Happy By-and-By.



1. Oh, how sweet it is to think That be-neath a heav'n-ly sky, We shall
 2. Where the ran-som'd spir-its wait To con-duct us o'er the tide, In-to
 3. We will leave our troub-les here, And we'll lay our bur-dens down, When we
 4. In that bliss-ful spir-it land We shall hear no more fare-well, For we'll

From "Melodies of Life."

The Happy By-and-By.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

meet to part no more, In the hap-py by - and-by.
 mansions fair and bright, O - ver on the oth - er side.
 cross the si - lent stream, To put on the gold-en crown. } In the hap-py by - and - by,
 meet our lov'd ones there, Ev - er-more with them to dwell.

In the hap-py by-and-by, We shall meet to part no more, In the hap-py by-and-by.

No. 48. Wisdom Orders All Things Well.

B. M. L.

GEO. BEAVERSON.

1. When old wrong from earth shall perish, When old forms give place to new, Men like an - gels
 2. Crowns and thrones will have to crumble, Peace shall reign from shore to shore, Right will then make
 3. When mankind has learn'd this teaching, Wars and woes will sure-ly cease, Then the world shall

then will cherish On-ly what proves just and true. Thumb-worn creeds the truth repressing Will, like
 old wrongs tumble, They shall fall to rise no more. Truth and might will wed together; Joy - ful
 need no preaching, Love will fill all hearts with peace. Wisdom from her shining portals Will prove

shad-ows, fade a-way; White-wing'd peace the whole earth blessing Then will bring the golden day.
 let this anthem swell: "Peace on earth shall reign for-ev-er, Wisdom or-ders all things well."
 all things work for good, Angels then will talk with mortals, And make earth one brotherhood.

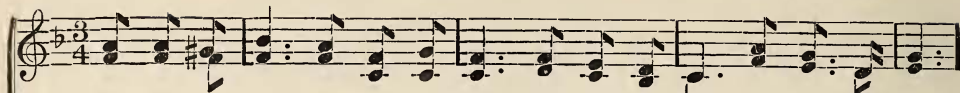
From "Celestial Sonnets."

No. 49.

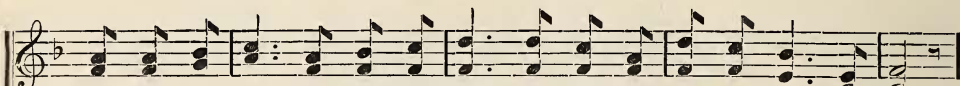
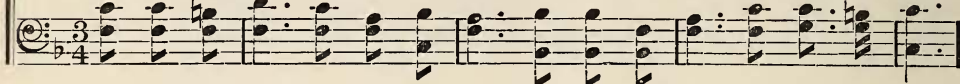
Message From the Spirit Land.

G. T. T.

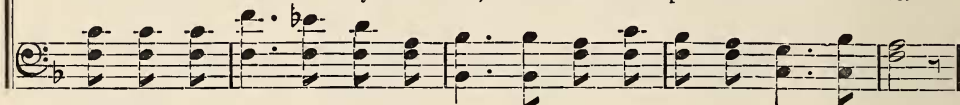
G. TABOR THOMPSON.



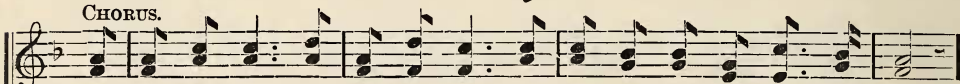
1. Some morn the spir - it friends will rap, And I no more in doubt will be;
2. Some noon the gen - tle heav'n-ly breeze Will fan my brow, and soothe my heart;
3. Some eve when fades the gold-en sun Be - neath the ro - sy tint - ed west;
4. Some night when all is still as death, E - ther-eal forms will float by me;



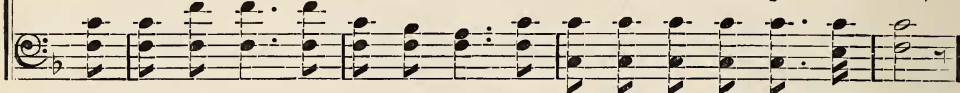
But, O the joy when I shall hear The lov - ing mes - sage sent to me.
 Ah, then the friends will be so near, We nev - er, nev - er more shall part.
 The O - dic clouds will fill the room, And I shall be su - preme - ly blest.
 The im - mor - tal - i - ty of life, To me a pro - ven fact will be.



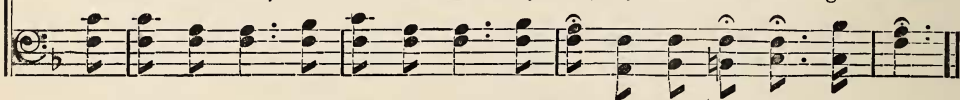
CHORUS.



And I shall hear, and un - der - stand, The mes - sage from the spir - it land;



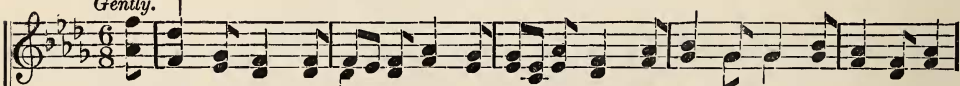
And I shall hear, and un - der - stand My own, my bless - ed an - gel band.



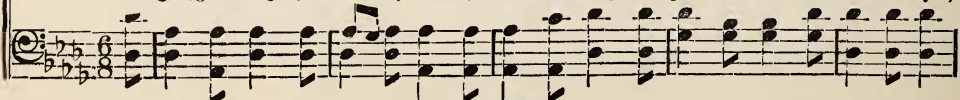
No. 50.

Sweet Be Thy Rest.

Gently.



1. Good-night, good-night; The weary hear it with delight; The day grows si - lent at its close,
2. Sweet be thy rest; Each lit - tle bird is in its nest; We hear no lon - ger on the str - et
3. Good-night, good-night; In sleep forget time's rapid flight. To him whose peace life's cares destroy,
4. Good-night, good-night, Soft be thy dreams, and calm and bright; In peaceful slumbers close thine eyes,



From "Spiritual Harp."

Sweet Be Thy Rest.—Concluded.

And bus - y fin - gers seek re - pose Un - til the morning light. Good-night, good-night.
 The rap - id tread of bus - y feet; The night cries, "Go to rest;" 'Tis best, 'tis best.
 Be pres - ent dreams of bliss - ful joy, Till morning greets our sight. Good-night, good-night.
 Fear - less of grief or sad surprise, Trust in our Father's might. Good-night, good-night.

No. 51. There We Shall Meet.

B. M. L.

GEO. BEAVERSON.

1. There is a world so bright and fair, Where all are free from want and care
 2. The lad - der lead - ing to that land Hath ma - ny steps where all may stand,
 3. Here men are seek - ing wealth and fame, But great - er worth has a good name,
 4. Here men we trust, bad traits re - veal, The moths cor - rupt, and thieves may steal,

Where liv - ing streams of wa - ters flow, And gold - en fruits im - mor - tal grow.
 And climb by no - ble deeds of love, To - wards that home of peace a - bove.
 And wis - er far all they who trust Their rich - es where they can - not rust.
 But when we reach that peace - ful shore The cares of earth will come no more.

CHORUS.

There we shall meet, there we shall meet, Meet those we love on that blest shore;

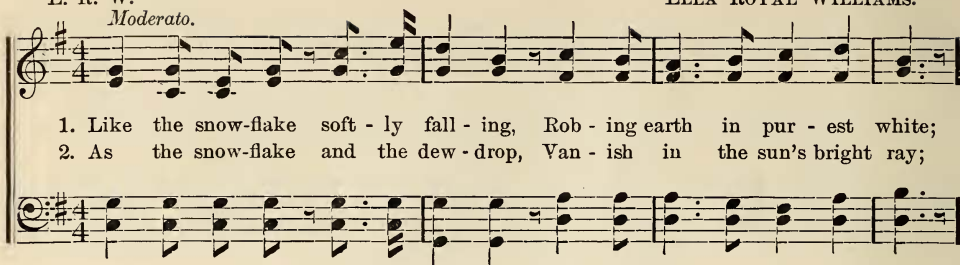
There we shall meet, there we shall meet, Meet those we love and part no more.

No. 52.

Angel Voices.

E. R. W.

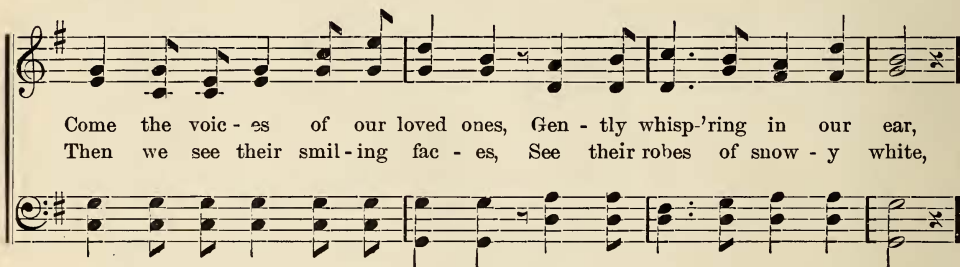
ELLA ROYAL WILLIAMS.

Moderato.



1. Like the snow-flake soft - ly fall - ing, Rob - ing earth in pur - est white;
2. As the snow-flake and the dew - drop, Van - ish in the sun's bright ray;



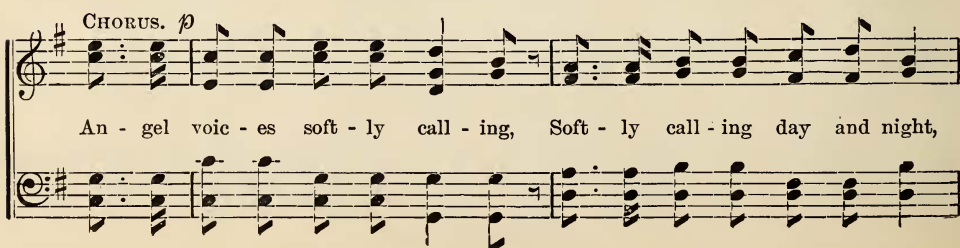
cres.
Like the dew-drops bright-ly glist-'ning In the gold - en rays of light,
So the veil that hides our loved ones, Fad - eth from our sight a - way;



Come the voic - es of our loved ones, Gen - tly whisp-'ring in our ear,
Then we see their smil - ing fac - es, See their robes of snow - y white,



p
And the touch of an - gel fin - gers Fills the heart with glad - some cheer.
And we know no va - cant plac - es Dim the hearth-stone's cheer - y light.



CHORUS. *p*
An - gel voic - es soft - ly call - ing, Soft - ly call - ing day and night,

Angel Voices.—Concluded.

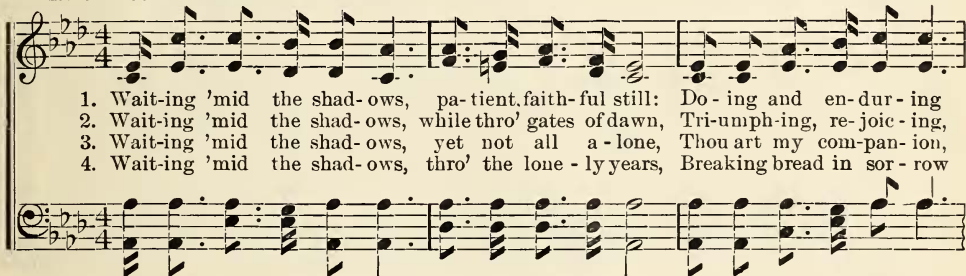


An - gel foot - steps gen - tly fall - ing; Make life's path - way ev - er bright.

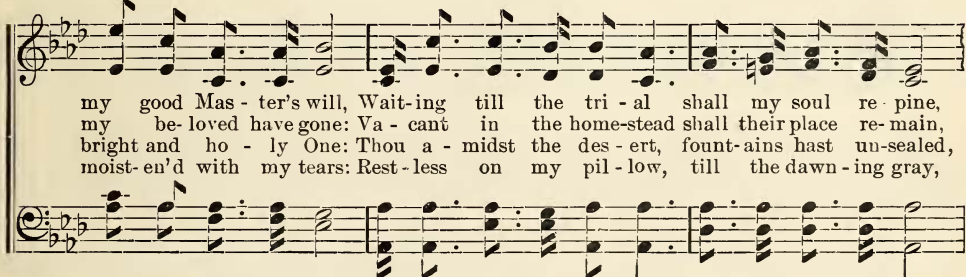
No. 53. Waiting 'mid the Shadows.

Rev. A. J. LOCKHART.

S. W. TUCKER.




1. Wait-ing 'mid the shad-ows, pa-tient, faith-ful still: Do-ing and en-dur-ing
2. Wait-ing 'mid the shad-ows, while thro' gates of dawn, Tri-umph-ing, re-joic-ing,
3. Wait-ing 'mid the shad-ows, yet not all a-lone, Thou art my com-pan-ion,
4. Wait-ing 'mid the shad-ows, thro' the lone-ly years, Breaking bread in sor-row

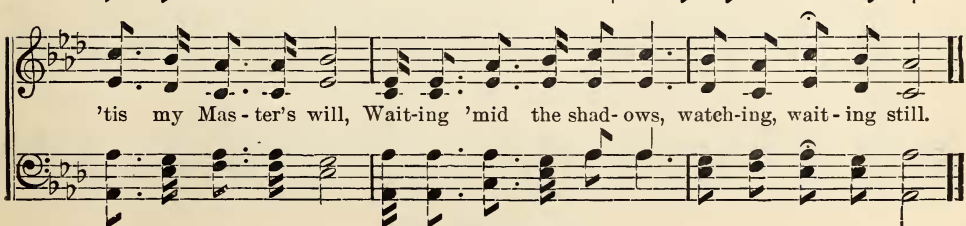


my good Mas - ter's will, Wait-ing till the tri - al shall my soul re - pine,
 my be - loved have gone: Va - cant in the home - stead shall their place re - main,
 bright and ho - ly One: Thou a - midst the des - ert, fount - ains hast un - sealed,
 moist - en'd with my tears: Rest - less on my pil - low, till the dawn - ing gray,

CHORUS.



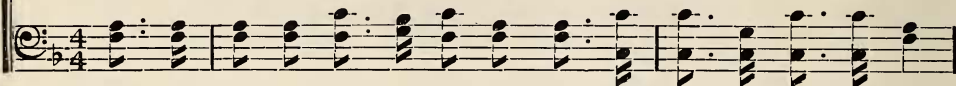
Till the clouds shall scat - ter, and the sun shall shine.
 But be - yond the shad - ows we shall meet a - gain.
 Show - ing me thro' dark - ness glo - ries un - re - veal'd.
 Wait - ing one who wip - eth all my tears a - way.



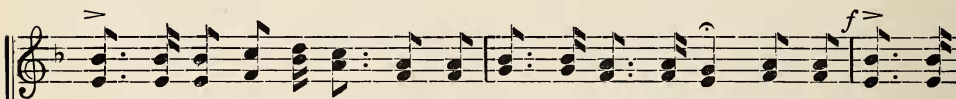
'tis my Mas - ter's will, Wait-ing 'mid the shad - ows, watch - ing, wait - ing still.



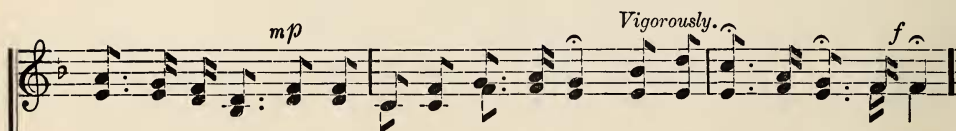
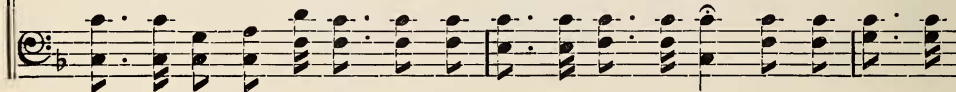
1. If you can - not on the o - cean Sail a - mong the swift - est fleet,
2. If you are too weak to jour - ney Up the moun - tain steep and high,
3. If you have not gold and sil - ver Ev - er read - y to command,
4. Do not then stand i - dly wait - ing For some great - er work to do,



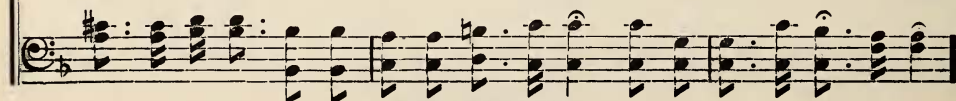
Rock - ing on the high - est bil - lows, Laugh - ing at the storms you meet, You can
 You can stand with - in the val - ley While the mul - ti - tudes go by, You can
 If you can't towards the need - y Reach an ev - er o - pen hand, You can
 For - tune is a la - zy god - dess, She will nev - er come to you. Go and



stand a - mong the sail - ors, An - chor'd yet with - in the bay, You can lend a
 chant in hap - py measure, As they slow - ly pass a - long, Tho' they may for -
 vis - it the af - flict - ed, O'er the err - ing you can weep, You can be a
 toil in a - ny vine - yard, Do not fear to do or dare; If you want a



hand to help them, As they launch their boats a - way, As they launch their boats a - way.
 get the sing - er, They will not for - get the song, They will not for - get the song.
 true dis - ci - ple, Sit - ting at our Fa - ther's feet, Sit - ting at our Fa - ther's feet.
 field of la - bor, You can find it a - nywhere, You can find it a - nywhere.



C. P. L.

mf Moderato con espress.

C. PAYSON LONGLEY.

1. Where the ro - ses nev - er fade, Nev - er lose their fra-grance sweet, Where no
 2. Hearts that here in sor - row grieve, Grow-ing wea - ry of the way, There in
 3. Where the ro - ses nev - er fade, Life is bright as sum-mer's day, There all
 4. Then bid ev - 'ry fear de - part, Strive each day our work to do, Bless and

grief our homes in-vade, And our tri-umph is com-plete. There a - bove life's sor - did
 ful - ness shall re - ceive, Blessings, rich from day to day. There we gain a sweet - er
 fear shall be al - layed In that home not far a - way. Here we toil thro' grief and
 help each sorrowing heart To be no - ble, good, and true. Time is pass - ing fast a -

cares, There in robes of light ar - ray'd, We shall greet our lov'd so fair,
 bliss, Gain the gifts so long de - lay'd, In a fair - er world than this,
 strife, Toil with faint - ing heart dis - may'd; There is life, im - mor - tal life,
 way, Let no du - ty be de - lay'd, Soon we'll reach that gold - en day,

f CHORUS.
 Where the ro - ses nev - er fade. Glo - rious home! Sweet home of song, Where no

sor - row casts its shade; We shall greet the heav'nly throng, Where the roses nev - er fade.

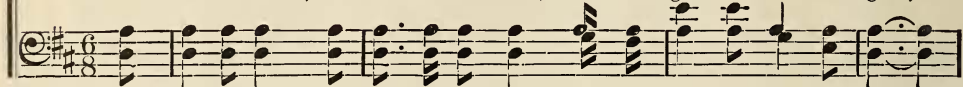
No. 56. Open the Beautiful Gates for Me.

B. M. L.

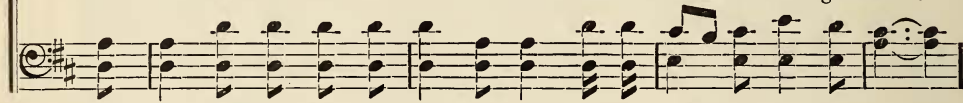
Mrs. M. W. M.



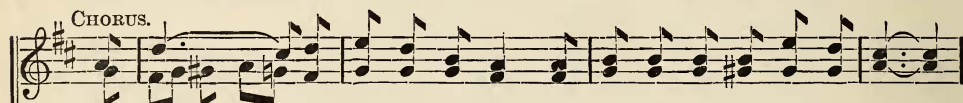
1. There is a world, a beau - ti - ful world, Where the skies are al - ways bright;
2. There is a land, a beau - ti - ful land, Where the fields are bright and green;
3. There is a shore, a beau - ti - ful shore, Far be - yond all care and strife;
4. There is a home, a beau - ti - ful home, Decked with gems that shine like gold;



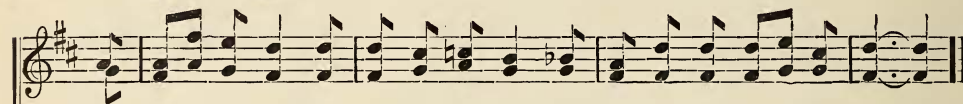
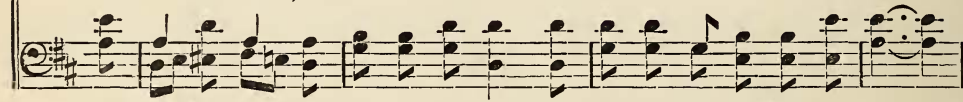
There flow - ers sweet will for - ev - er bloom, In that land of love and light.
With gold - en grains and rare fruits of love, Which no mor - tal eye hath seen.
There pain and sor - row are felt no more, In that land of love and life.
Dear friends a - wait for us o - ver there With a love that ne'er grows cold.



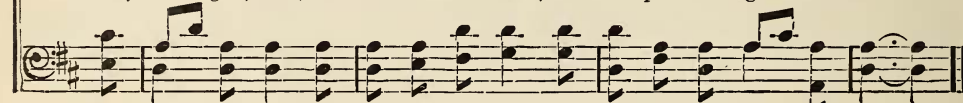
CHORUS.



That world,..... that beau - ti - ful world, Sweet rest for the soul when set free;
That world,



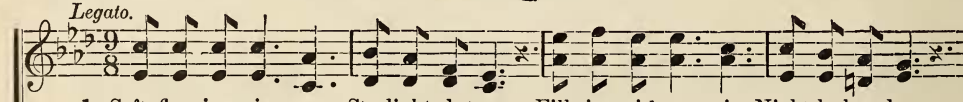
Come, an - gels, come, and welcome me home, Come o - pen the gates for me.



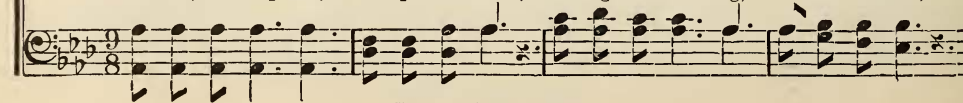
From "Celestial Sonnets."

No. 57. Soft Flowing River.

Legato.



1. Soft flow - ing riv - er, Starlighted stream, Fill - ing with mu - sic Night - ly her dream,
2. Breez - es of ev' n - ing, Pilgrims of song, Sing to the dream - er All the night long,
3. Dreamer, she sleep - eth, Tranquil and blest, Ev'ning to morn - ing, Sweet be her rest;



From "Spiritual Harp."

Soft Flowing River.—Concluded.

pp

Ming-ling thy wa - ters, Roll by the shore, But soft-ly, O soft - ly Thy
 Ming-ling your voic - es Song and en - core, But soft-ly, O soft - ly Your
 Ming-ling thy voic - es, Night, as of yore. But soft-ly, O soft - ly Thy

ppp

mu-sic outpour, But soft-ly, O soft - ly Thy mu - sic out-pour.....
 mu-sic outpour, But soft-ly, O soft - ly Your mu - sic out-pour.....
 mu-sic outpour, But soft-ly, O soft - ly Thy mu - sic out-pour.....

No. 58.

Spirit Greeting.

1. We give you joy - ous greet-ing, Friends of our no - ble cause, Who have lit the
 2. We give you joy - ous greet-ing, Work - ers so bold, so free, To u - nite your

torch of rea-son By light of na-ture's laws; We give you joy - ous greeting, Ye
 scattered for-ces In ranks of har-mo-ny; We give you joy - ous greeting, In -

toil - ers in the field, Who, the right with pa-tient working, Will nev - er jus-tice yield.
 spired with pow'rs above To de-mol-ish an-cient er-ror By might of truth and love.

No. 59.

Look Away to Angels.

G. T. T.

G. TABOR THOMPSON.

1. When cares per-plex, and all goes wrong, O look a-way to an-gels.
 2. When one by one thy friends de-part, O look a-way to an-gels.
 3. When you are call'd to ford the stream, O look a-way to an-gels.
 4. The boat-man bright will row thee o'er, O look a-way to an-gels.

They change the sigh-ing in-to song, And whis-per, "Child, it won't be long;"
 Tho' life is sad, and tears do start, They cheer the weep-ing, bleed-ing hearts:
 When life is all an emp-ty dream, O then up-on their strong arm lean:
 We'll meet a-gain on Ca-naan's shore, With lov'd from earth gone on be-fore:

CHORUS.

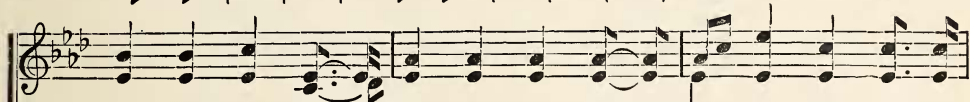
O look a-way to an-gels. O look a-way, O look to-day,

To an-gels, pre-cious an-gels; They lead us to the home a-bove,

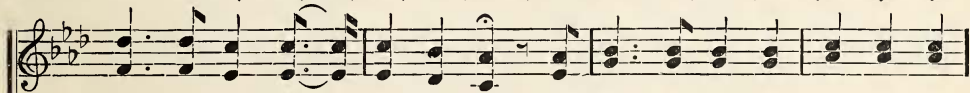
Safe in the sum-mer-land of love: O look a-way to an-gels.



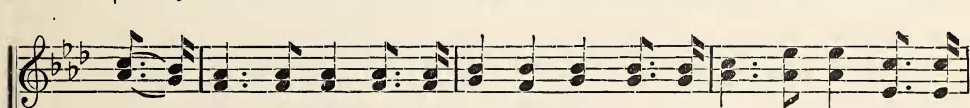
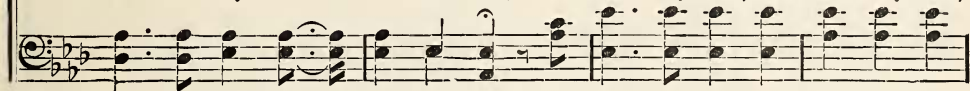
1. Oh! The firm old rock, tow'ring wave-worn rock, That brav'd the blast and the
 2. Oh! Thou stern old rock, in the a - ges past, Thy brow was bleach'd by the
 3. Ev - er rest, old rock, on the sea - beat shore; Thy sires are lull'd by the



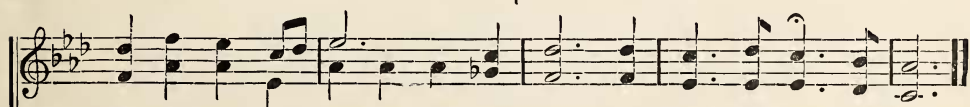
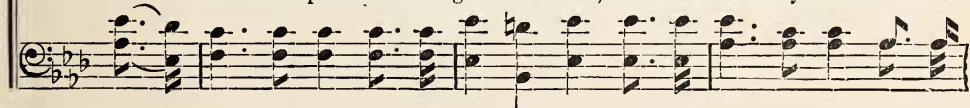
bil - lows' shock, It was born with time on a bar - ren shore, And it
 war - ring blast, But thy win - try toil with the wave is o'er, And the
 break-ers' roar; 'Twas here that first their hymns were heard, O'er the



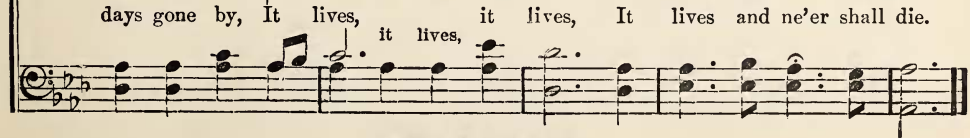
laugh'd with scorn at the o - cean's roar; 'Twas here that first the Pil - grim band
 bil - lows beat thy base no more; Yet count - less as thy sands, old rock,
 start - led cry of the o - cean bird; 'Twas here they liv'd, 'twas here they died;



Came wea - ry up to the foam-ing strand, And the tree they rear'd in the
 Are the har - dy sons of the Pil - grim stock, And the tree they rear'd in the
 Their forms re - pose on the green hill-side, But the tree they rear'd in the



days gone by, It lives, it lives, it lives, It lives and ne'er shall die.



No. 61.

The Heavenly Hills.

JAS. C. UNDERHILL.

J. A. WERTZ.

With expression.

1. There's a beau - ti - ful light on the heav - en - ly hills, Its glo - ries ce -
 2. There's a beau - ti - ful light on the heav - en - ly hills, In bright - ness ex -
 3. There's a beau - ti - ful light on the heav - en - ly hills, Where are beau - ti - ful
 4. There's a beau - ti - ful light on the heav - en - ly hills, Earth's beauties all

les - tial I see, And the glow of its bright - ness en - thralls me and thrills
 ceed - ing the day, And I hear the soft ech - o of mur - mur - ing rills,
 scenes ev - er fair, And the soul of its mu - sic my rest - less - ness stills,
 fail to ex - cell; How ris - es my joy while my glad spir - it trills

For I know it is shin - ing for me. With con - stant sur - prise, it en -
 And the fount - ains un - ceas - ing - ly play. With long - ings un - spok - en I
 Till ban - ished is earth and its care. With tho'ts that a - rise to that
 Soul songs that ex - ult - ant - ly swell. Yet bid - ing my time, my

gag - es my eyes, For its beau - ty ap - pears ev - er new, And my heart in its
 gaze on the scene, That wins me from earth's sweetest joys, And the pleasures of
 heav - en - ly home, Whose beau - ty en - rap - tures my sight, I hear an - gel
 spir - it a - waits, While the joy of the vis - ion in - fills, And with rapt - ure I

The Heavenly Hills.—Concluded.

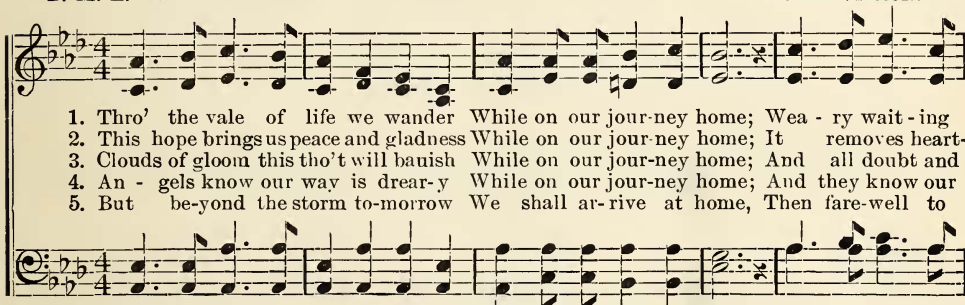


joy seeks its home in the skies, Where the beau-ti - ful man-sion I view.
time seem in - con-stant and mean, And earth's rich-est treas-ures are toys.
voice - es that call me to come And dwell in that beau - ti - ful light.
gaze thro' the heav - en ly gates, On that light on the beau - ti - ful hills.

No. 62. While on our Journey Home.

B. M. L.

GEO. BEAVERSON.



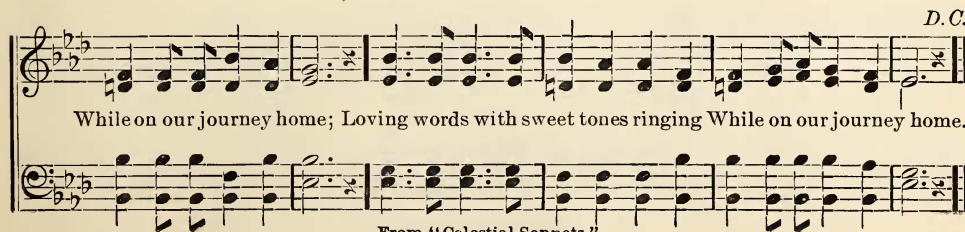
1. Thro' the vale of life we wander While on our jour-ney home; Wea - ry wait - ing
2. This hope brings us peace and gladness While on our jour-ney home; It removes heart-
3. Clouds of gloom this tho't will banish While on our jour-ney home; And all doubt and
4. An - gels know our way is drear-y While on our jour-ney home; And they know our
5. But be-yond the storm to-morrow We shall ar-rive at home, Then fare-well to

D.C.—That by do - ing well our du - ty, While on our journey home, We shall gain a



FINE. CHORUS.
oft we pon - der While on our jour-ney home,
aches and sad-ness While on our jour-ney home,
cares will van - ish While on our jour-ney home, } Hark! We hear bright an-gels sing-ing
feet grow wea - ry While on our jour-ney home,
grief and sor - row When we ar-rive at home, }

world of beau - ty When we ar-rive at home.



D.C.
While on our journey home; Loving words with sweet tones ringing While on our journey home.

No. 63.

Lyceum Marching Song.

mf Joyously.

Arr. by S. M. K.

1. We are march-ing on with badge and banner bright, We will work for God and
 2. In the Ly - ce - um our ar - my we pre-pare, As we ral - ly 'round our
 3. We are march-ing on the straight and pleasant way, That will lead to light and
 4. Then a - wake ! a - wake ! our hap - py, hap - py song, We will shout for joy and

mp Sweetly.

bat - tle for the right, We will praise his name, re - joic - ing in his might,
 no - ble stand - ard there, And the cross for truth we ear - ly learn to bear,
 ev - er - last - ing day, To the smil - ing fields where flow - ers ne'er de - cay,
 glad - ly march a - long, In our Ly - ce - um let ev - 'ry heart be strong

cres. CHORUS.

While we work for Truth and Right. Then a - wake ! then a -
 Then a - wake !

wake ! hap - py song, hap - py song, Shout for joy, *cres.* shout for
 then a - wake ! hap - py song, hap - py song, Shout for joy,

rall. *a tempo.* *f*

joy, as we glad - ly march a - long,..... We are marching on and
 shout for joy,

Lyceum Marching Song.—Concluded.

sing - ing as we go *mp* To the sum - mer - land where crys - tal wa - ters flow, Come and
cres. join our groups as pilgrims here be - low, *f* Come and work for Truth and *ff* Right.

No. 64.

Children Shout.

Dr. T. WILKINS.

G. TABOR THOMPSON.

1. Let us be re - joic - ing, With - out dread or fear; For the
 2. Let us join in sing - ing, Death is vanquish'd now; Let the
 3. Shout a - loud for - ev - er, Shout it un - to all; We will
 4. We will stand u - nit - ed, Ev - er hand in hand; Till the

1. Let us be re - joic - ing, With - out dread or fear: For

CHORUS.

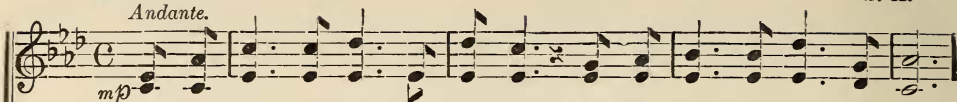
an - gels voic - ing, Make the fu - ture clear.
 heav'n's be ring - ing, With our heart - felt vow.
 nev - er sev - er, Tho' the heav - ens fall.
 world is light - ed, With truth's burning brand.

the angels voicing, Makes the fu - ture clear.

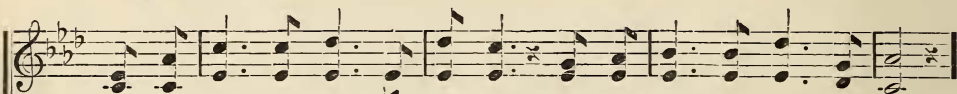
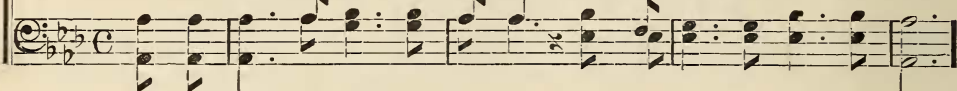
Shout for truth's bright ray, All our fears have van - ish'd Since truth came to stay.

G. TABOR THOMPSON.

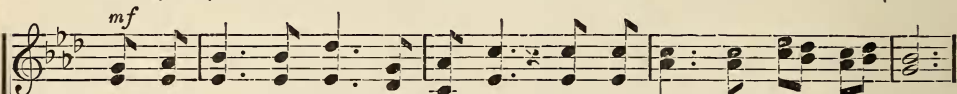
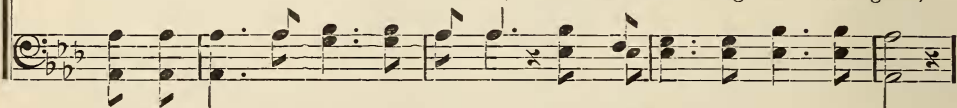
S. A.

Andante.

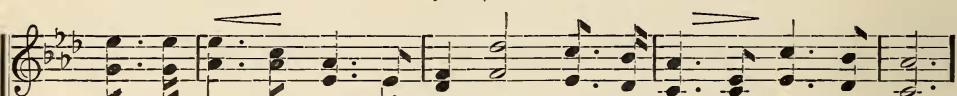
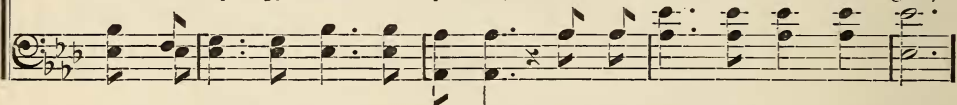
1. I have found a joy in liv - ing, This dear world is much to me;
 2. When the voice of lov'd ones call me, And the an - gels whis - per low;
 3. Just be - yond the waves of Jor - dan, Just be - yond the swell - ing tide;



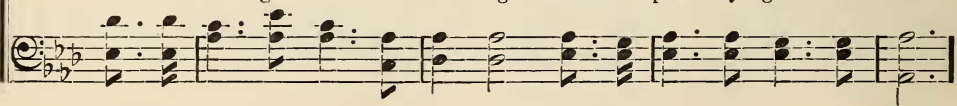
All its pleas - ures are aug - ment - ed Since dis - card - ing Cal - va - ry.
 I will lean up - on the dear ones, Thro' the val - ley as I go;
 Blooms the tree of life im - mor - tal, And the liv - ing wa - ters glide;



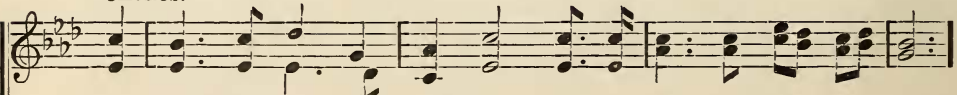
Tho' my friends de - spise, for - sake me, And on me the world looks cold;
 I will claim their pre - cious prom - ise, Worth to me a world of gold;
 In that hap - py land of spir - its, Flow - ers bloom on hills of gold,



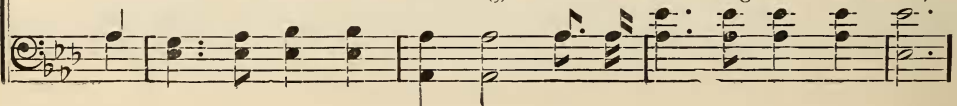
Spir - it friends will not for - get me When the pearl - y gates un - fold.
 "Fear no e - vil," "I'll be with thee," When the pearl - y gates un - fold.
 And the an - gels are a - wait - ing Where the pearl - y gates un - fold.



CHORUS.



Life's morn will soon be wan - ing, And its eve - ning bells will toll;



When the Pearly Gates Unfold.—Concluded.

But my heart will know no sad - ness When the pearl - y gates un - fold.

No. 66.

Safe Within the Vail.

J. M. EVANS.

1. "Land a - head!" Its fruits are wav - ing O'er the hills of fade - less green;
 2. On - ward, bark! The cape I'm round - ing; See the bless - ed wave their hands;
 3. There, let go the an - chor, rid - ing On this calm and sil - v'ry bay;
 4. Now we're safe from all temp - ta - tion; All the storms of life are past;

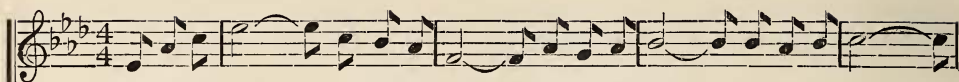
And the liv - ing wa - ters lav - ing Shores where heav'n - ly forms are seen.
 Hear the harps of God re - sound - ing, From the bright im - mor - tal bands.
 Sea - ward fast the tide is glid - ing, Shores in sun - light stretch a - way.
 An - gels praise for such de - liv'rance, We are safe at home at last.

CHORUS.

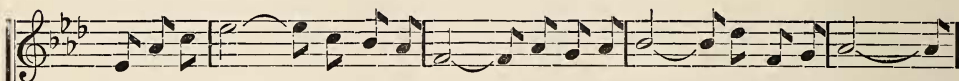
Rocks and storms I'll fear no more When on that e - ter - nal shore;

Drop the an - chor! Furl the sail! I am safe with - in the vail.

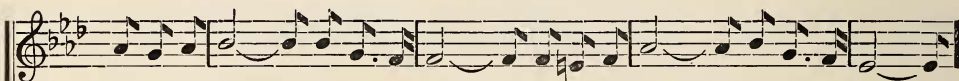
No. 67. I Stand On Memory's Golden Shore.



1. I stand on mem - 'rys gold-en shore, And muse and dream, this autumn night,.....
2. O thou un - lov - ing, dreamy past, Give back what I have giv'n to thee,.....
3. Yet sometimes vis - ions come to bless; A - gain with her I seem to stand,.....
4. I dream, but dream - ing is in vain, To res - ur - rect the bur-ied dead,.....



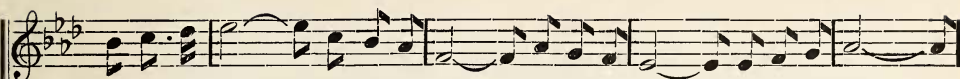
Re-call-ing forms that nev-er - more Shall bless on earth my wea-ry sight.....
 Flow'rs that love's tree a-bor-tive cast, Fair hopes that 'mid thy treasures be.....
 And full of new - born longings, press, With trembling clasp her gen-tle hand.....
 And waking but renews my pain, With mem'ry of the vis-ion fled.....



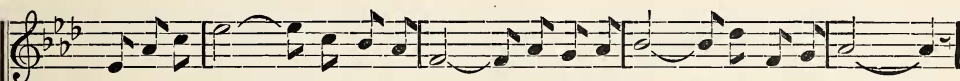
I reach in vain to grasp the hands That beckon from the further side,....
 Life's tender buds that I have kissed, And water'd with my anxious tears, ...
 Dear loving spir - it, leave me not To wend these wea - ry shores a - lone,....
 In vain I tread on mem'ry's shore, And plead with tears for what is gone,....



I Stand On Memory's Golden Shore.—Concluded.



Where gleam the shin - ing sil-ver sands, Where murmurs soft the sil-ver tide,.....
 I see not through the gath'ring mists Of doubt, and vain distrust and fears,.....
 Hath not thy heav'n for me a spot, Full of sweet love and near thine own?...
 The ho - ly past returns no more; I walk the shores of life a - lone,.....



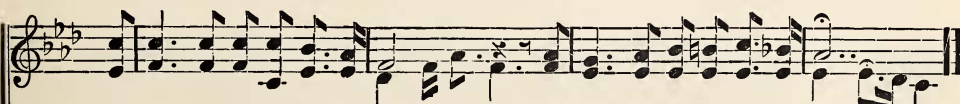
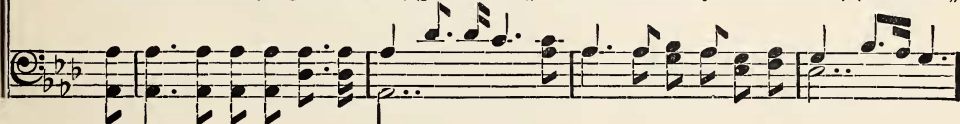
Where gleam the shin - ing sil-ver sands, Where murmurs soft the sil-ver tide.....
 I see not through the gath'ring mists Of doubt, and vain distrust and fears.....
 Hath not thy heav'n for me a spot, Full of sweet love and near thine own?...
 The ho - ly past returns no more; I walk the shores of life a - lone.....



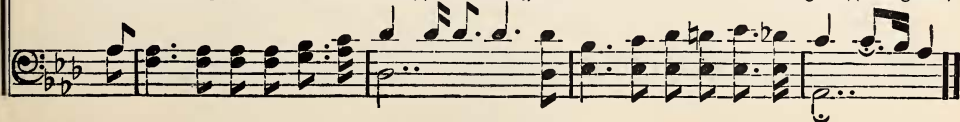
CHORUS.



I stand on mem'ry's golden shore, (golden shore,) I tread life's weary rounds a-lone, (a - lone.)



The dear de-part-ed comes no more, (never more,) The all of life I love is gone, (is gone.)



No. 68.

From the Other Shore.

B. M. L.

With energy.

GEO. BEAVERSON.

1. Through the port - als beam - ing, From a world of bliss, Gold - en light is
 2. Spir - its bright re - turn - ing, Pass - ing to and fro, Each have charge con -
 3. Few has earth of ros - es, Thorns and thist - les grow; Scarce we find o -
 4. In that blest to - mor - row There is no more night; And they know no

stream - ing From that land to this. Down to scenes ter - res - trial, Ser - aph's
 cern - ing, Dear one's left be - low. They our feet are guard - ing Lest we
 a - sis, Des - erts burn be - low. Here, 'mid gloom and sad - ness, We have
 sor - row In that land of light. We shall pass the por - tals When for

from a - bove, Chant - ing songs ce - les - tial, Come with hope and love.
 dash a stone; No - ble deeds re - ward - ing, None are left a - lone.
 toil and care; But a world of glad - ness Waits us o - ver there.
 us they come; And with dear im - mor - tals Find sweet rest at home.

CHORUS.

Heav'n and earth are blend - ing, Blow the trum - pet, blow; Life is nev - er

end - ing, Let all na - tions know; An - gels now are sing - ing

From the Other Shore.—Concluded.

From the oth - er shore, Hear the sweet notes ring - ing: "Peace on earth once more."

This musical score is for a two-part setting. The top part is written in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The bottom part is written in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody in the top part features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The accompaniment in the bottom part consists of chords and single notes, providing a harmonic foundation for the melody.

No. 69.

Tenting Nearer Home.

S. W. T.

S. W. TUCKER.

1. From this vain world where sin is rife, We're mov - ing on new paths to roam;
2. The down - ward road is dark at times, And storm - y clouds ob - scure the eye;
3. When life be - low with us shall end, We'll en - ter one of sweet re - pose,

The first system of the musical score for 'Tenting Nearer Home.' is in 6/8 time, with a key signature of one flat. It features a melody in the treble clef and a harmonic accompaniment in the bass clef. The lyrics are provided below the notes.

We're march - ing down the hill of life, And dai - ly tent - ing near - er home.
The way will lead to fair - er climes, Our home of rest pre - pared on high.
'Twill be where soul with soul will blend, No more to taste these earth - ly woes.

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are aligned with the notes, showing the progression of the song.

CHORUS.

Tent - ing near home, tent - ing near home, We're mov - ing on new paths to roam.

The chorus section of the musical score is marked 'CHORUS.' and features a new melody in the treble clef. The accompaniment in the bass clef continues to provide harmonic support. The lyrics are 'Tent - ing near home, tent - ing near home, We're mov - ing on new paths to roam.'

We're march - ing down the hill of life, And dai - ly tent - ing near - er home.

The final system of the musical score concludes the piece. It features the same melody and accompaniment as the previous systems, with the lyrics 'We're march - ing down the hill of life, And dai - ly tent - ing near - er home.'

No. 70.

Beautiful Herald of Truth.

C. FANNY ALLYN.

C. PAYSON LONGLEY.

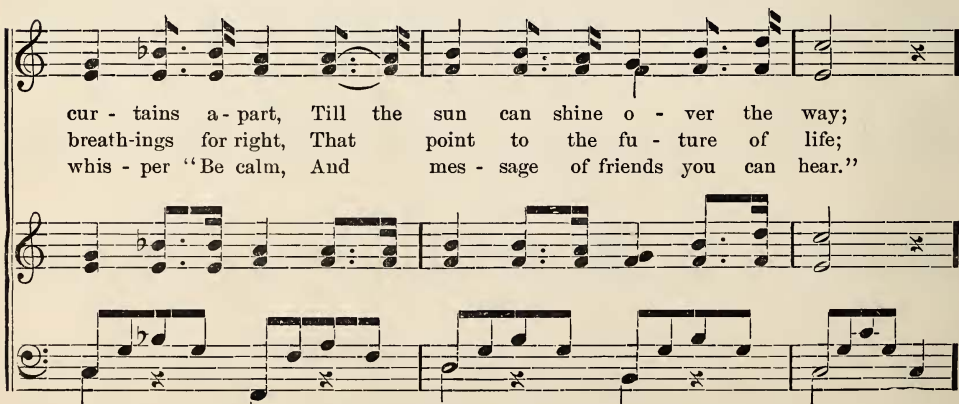
Allegro with expression.



1. There's a song in the morn-ing that comes to my heart, A
 2. When noon - tide is flush-ing with sun - rays of light, The
 3. When twi - light de-scend-ing with rest - wreath-ing balm, And



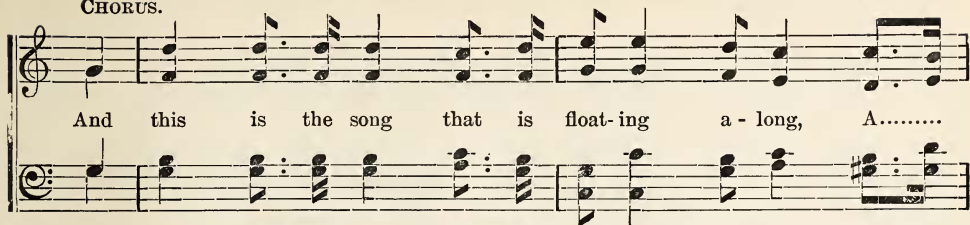
song with the prom - ise of day, It is rend - ing the shad - ow - y
 High - lands and Low - lands of strife, We hear the vi - bra - tions of
 an - gels of beau - ty draw near, The spir - its of lov - ing can



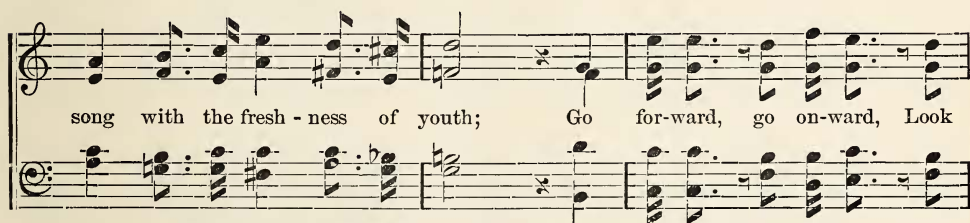
cur - tains a - part, Till the sun can shine o - ver the way;
 breath-ings for right, That point to the fu - ture of life;
 whis - per "Be calm, And mes - sage of friends you can hear."

Beautiful Herald of Truth.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



And this is the song that is float-ing a - long, A.....



song with the fresh - ness of youth; Go for-ward, go on-ward, Look



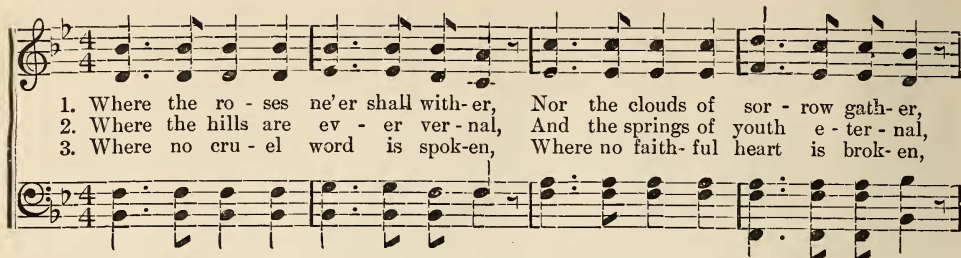
in - ward, look sun-ward, Oh! Beau - ti - ful Her - ald of Truth!



No. 71. Where the Roses Ne'er Shall Wither.

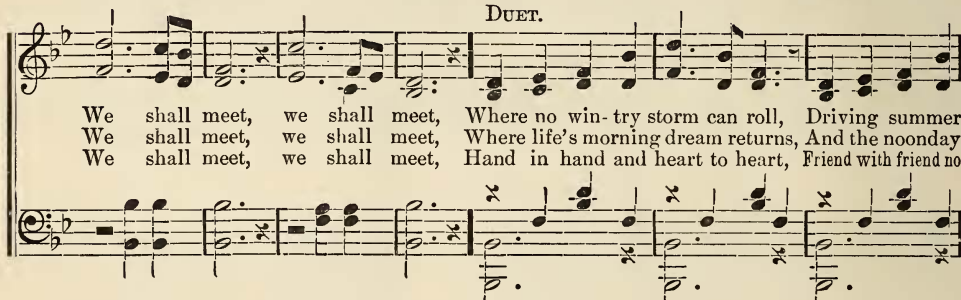
J. G. C.

J. G. CLARK.

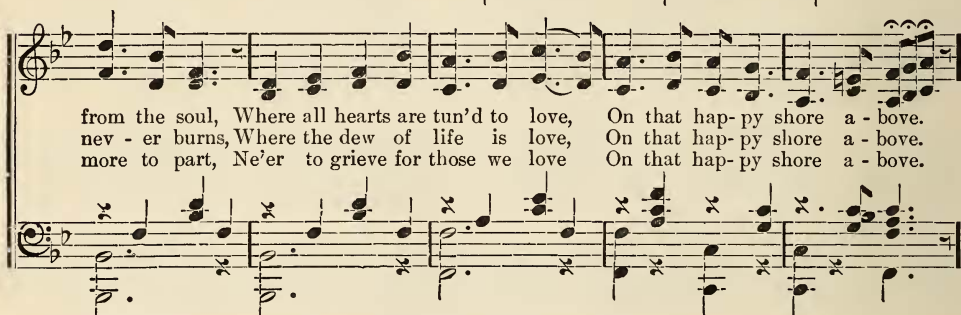


1. Where the ro - ses ne'er shall with-er, Nor the clouds of sor - row gath-er,
 2. Where the hills are ev - er ver-nal, And the springs of youth e - ter - nal,
 3. Where no cru - el word is spok-en, Where no faith-ful heart is brok-en,

DUET.

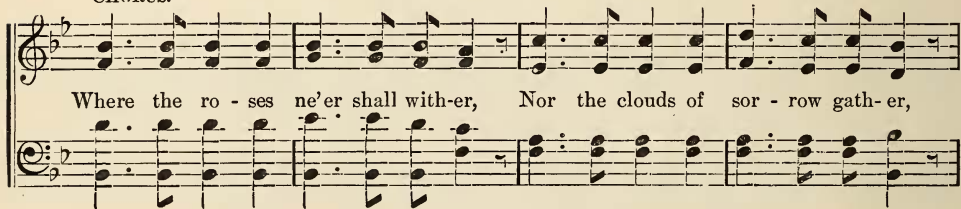


We shall meet, we shall meet, Where no win-try storm can roll, Driving summer
 We shall meet, we shall meet, Where life's morning dream returns, And the noonday
 We shall meet, we shall meet, Hand in hand and heart to heart, Friend with friend no

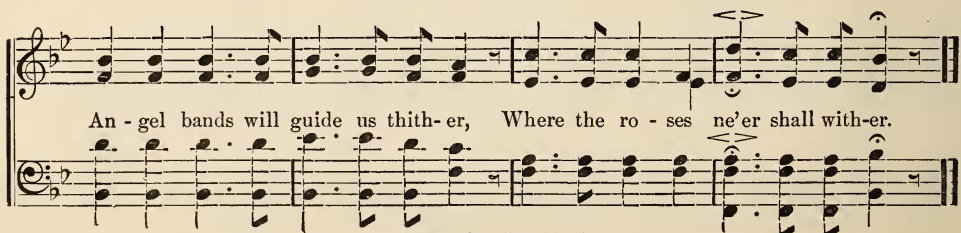


from the soul, Where all hearts are tun'd to love, On that hap-py shore a - bove.
 nev - er burns, Where the dew of life is love, On that hap-py shore a - bove.
 more to part, Ne'er to grieve for those we love On that hap-py shore a - bove.

CHORUS.



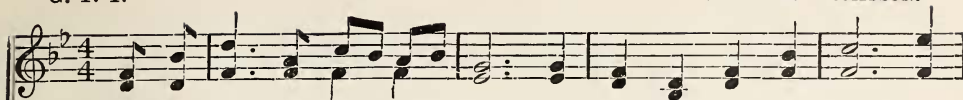
Where the ro - ses ne'er shall with-er, Nor the clouds of sor - row gath-er,



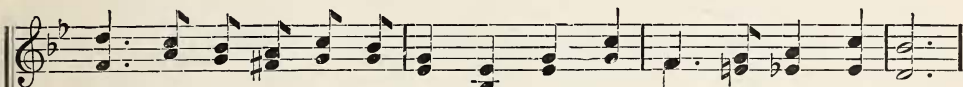
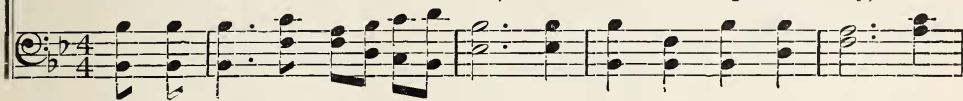
An - gel bands will guide us thith-er, Where the ro - ses ne'er shall with-er.

G. T. T.

G. TABOR THOMPSON.



1. There's a bless - ed land of rest, On heav - en's peace - ful shore; All
 2. There's a home of joy and light, Its bliss no tongue can tell; The
 3. There are count - less joys on high For those who love the right, For
 4. Then be faith - ful to the end, Run in the up - ward way, That



tears are wiped from ev - 'ry weep - ing eye, And care shall be no more.
 friends are fit - ting up that man - sion bright, Where we shall ev - er dwell.
 those who pa - tient - ly en - dure each test, And win out in the fight.
 you may reach that bless - ed, bless - ed home, In realms of end - less day.



CHORUS.



We'll meet there,..... oh, we'll meet there,..... In the dawn - ing of the morning
 We'll meet there, we'll meet there, In the dawn - - - ing



we'll meet there;..... We'll meet there,..... oh, we'll meet
 of the morn - ing we'll meet there: we'll meet there,



there,..... In the home be - yond the riv - er, we'll meet there,.....
 we'll meet there, In the home..... be - yond the riv - er, we'll meet there.



BIRDIE BELL.

THEO. E. PERKINS.

1. We are stran-gers and so-jour-ners trav-ling to the bet-ter land, In their
 2. We are oft-en faint and wea-ry, and we long for some re-treat, Where we'll
 3. There is on-ly one pure foun-tain where the thirs-ty soul may fly, 'Tis a
 4. We are pil-grims press-ing on-ward to the bless-ed spir-it-land, We must

wondrous love and pit-y, spir-its guide our pilgrim-band; Sometimes rest-ing by the
 sat-is-fy our thirst, and rest our blistered, ach-ing feet; Then they lead us to the
 bless-ed spring of com-fort, to the trav-ler ev-er nigh; It will slake our burn-ing
 climb the rug-ged mountain, we must tread the scorching sand; But we'll find sweet rest-ing

way-side, where they give us such command, Are you rest-ing by the way-side well?
 wa-ters that are cool-ing, clear and sweet, Are you rest-ing by the well to-day?
 thirst, and ev-'ry long-ing sat-is-fy, Are you rest-ing by the well to-day?
 plac-es, where they'll lead us by the hand, Are you rest-ing by the well to-day?

CHORUS.

Are you rest-ing by the side of the well to-day, 'Tis a well of liv-ing

wa-ters, All your thirst it will al-lay; Are you rest-ing, are you rest-ing by the

Resting by the Well.—Concluded.

well to - day, Are you rest - ing by the well to - day?

No. 74.

There is no Death.

J. L. McCREERY. CHO. by E. R. W.

ELLA ROYAL WILLIAMS

Moderato. p

1. There is no death! The stars go down To rise up - on some fair - er shore,
 2. There is no death! The dust we tread, Shall change beneath the summer's show'rs,
 3. There is no death! Al - though we grieve, When beauti - ful fa - mil - iar forms,
 4. They are not dead! They have only passed, Beyond the mists that blind us here,

And bright is heaven's jew - eled crown, They shine for - ev - er more.
 To gold - engrain or mel - low fruit, Or rain - bow tint - ed flow'rs.
 That we have learned to love are torn, From our em - brac - ing arms.
 In - to that new and larg - er life, Of that se - ren - er sphere.

CHORUS.

cres.

There is no death! There is no death! 'Tis life, beau - ti - ful life, 'Tis life

3
 beauti - ful, beau - ti - ful life, 'Tis life, beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful life!
 bean - ti - ful life.

G. T. T.

C. TABOR THOMPSON.

1. By - and-by all will be o - ver, All the earthly care and pain, (care and pain;)
 2. By - and-by will come the vic - t'ry, Not a soul will know de - feat, (know de-feat;)
 3. By - and-by will shine the glo - ry All a - bout us and with-in, (and with-in;)
 4. By - and-by! Why heed the pres - ent? Tho' the shadows quick-ly fall, (quick-ly fall,)

Ev - 'ry wea-ry-ing en - deav - or, Aft - er world-ly good and gain, (world-ly gain.)
 Ev - 'ry heart will leap with glad-ness, When in spir-it life we meet, (with gladness.)
 When with friends we join the an - them, An - them of the an - gel hymn, (an - gel hymn.)
 Be the anguish ne'er so bit - ter, Be the pleasure ne'er so small, (ne'er so small.)

Dis - cord sharp, and trib - u - la - tion, Which like fire our spir - its try,.....
 Weap-ons of de - fence and war - fare, Ris - en ones will nev - er ply;.....
 Oh, the long, the bliss - ful rapt - ure, When we meet them in the sky;.....
 An e - ter - nal weight of glo - ry Aft - er - ward shall sat - is - fy;.....

All the tears and all the sigh - ing, Will be o - ver by - and-by.
 We will lay a - side our ar - mor, In the triumph by - and-by.
 When with joy, supreme, e - ter - nal, We are with them by - and-by.
 We can bear life's worst and long-est, With the watch word by - and-by. (by-and-by.)

CHORUS.

We will lay a - side the ar - mor, By and by, by and by;

By-and-By.—Concluded.

There-fore, let us march on bold - ly, With the watchword, by and - by. (by-and-by.)

No. 76.

'Tis All Right.

G. TABOR THOMPSON.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. I know I must leave the scenes of earth, Must pass to the spir - it land;
 2. I know I must part with those I love, The dear ones so kind and true;
 3. I know I have friends in that bright land; They're waiting to wel - come me;
 4. The harp and the song seem ver - y near, Heav'n's mu-sic my soul doth fill;

But an - gels are near, have been since birth; They're hold-ing my trust - ing hand.
 But an - gels will guard them from a - bove, They'll com-fort and help them, too.
 I soon shall be with the hap - py band, From sor - row for - ev - er free.
 I en - ter the vale with - out a fear; The winds and the waves are still.

CHORUS.

'Tis all right, for the an - gels are near me, Their pres - ence bright-ens the way;

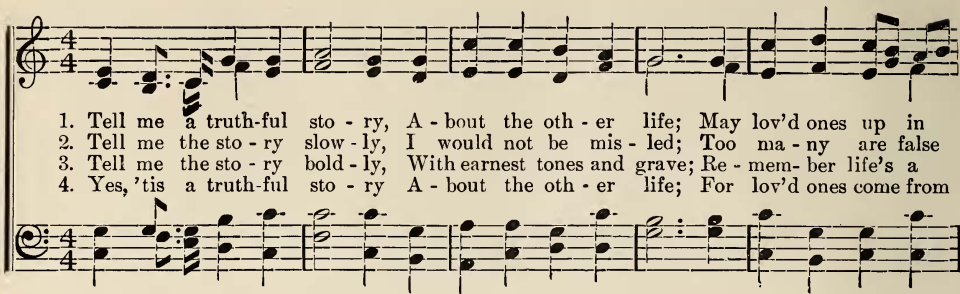
The sights and the sounds they cheer me, As I near the e - ter - nal day.

No. 77.

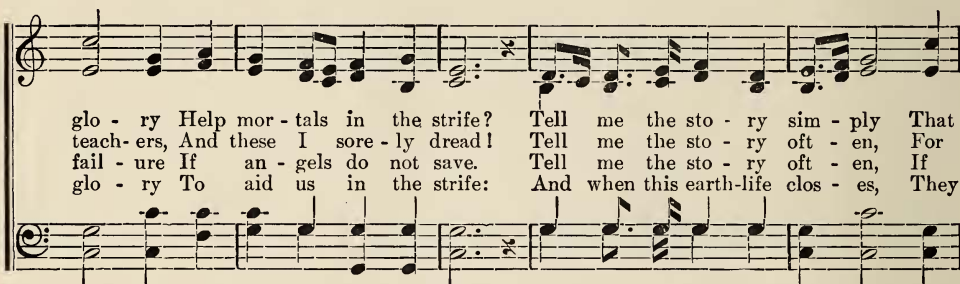
Tell Me a Truthful Story.

G. T. T.

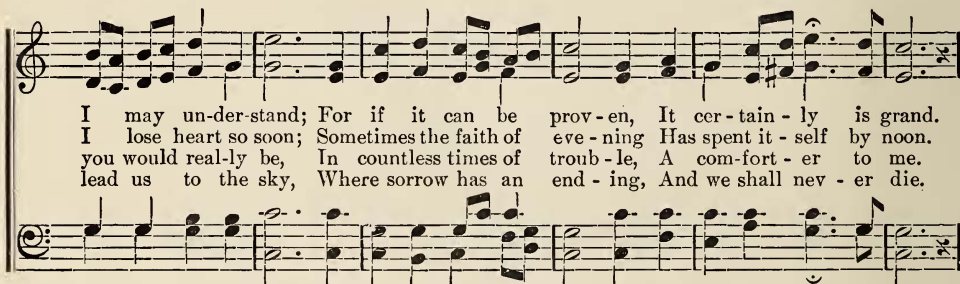
G. TABOR THOMPSON.



1. Tell me a truth-ful sto - ry, A - bout the oth - er life; May lov'd ones up in
 2. Tell me the sto - ry slow - ly, I would not be mis - led; Too ma - ny are false
 3. Tell me the sto - ry bold - ly, With earnest tones and grave; Re - mem - ber life's a
 4. Yes, 'tis a truth-ful sto - ry A - bout the oth - er life; For lov'd ones come from

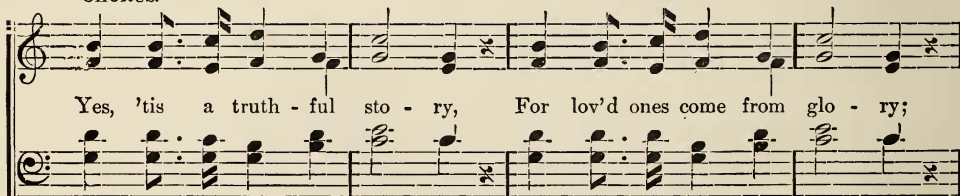


glo - ry Help mor - tals in the strife? Tell me the sto - ry sim - ply That
 teach - ers, And these I sore - ly dread! Tell me the sto - ry oft - en, For
 fail - ure If an - gels do not save. Tell me the sto - ry oft - en, If
 glo - ry To aid us in the strife: And when this earth-life clos - es, They

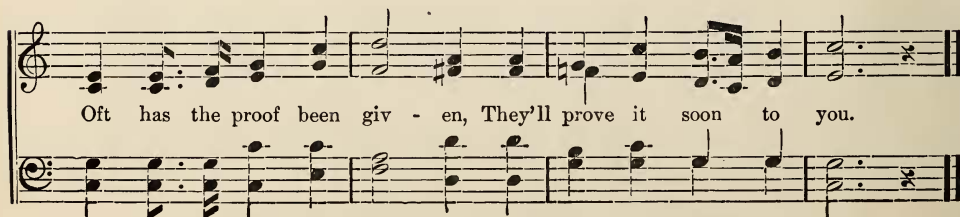


I may un - der - stand; For if it can be prov - en, It cer - tain - ly is grand.
 I lose heart so soon; Sometimes the faith of eve - ning Has spent it - self by noon.
 you would real - ly be, In countless times of trou - ble, A com - fort - er to me.
 lead us to the sky, Where sorrow has an end - ing, And we shall nev - er die.

CHORUS.



Yes, 'tis a truth - ful sto - ry, For lov'd ones come from glo - ry;



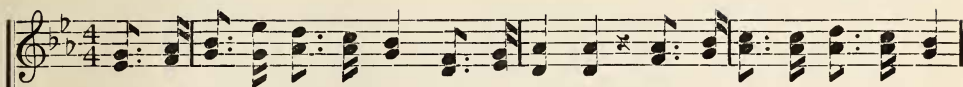
Oft has the proof been giv - en, They'll prove it soon to you.

No. 78.

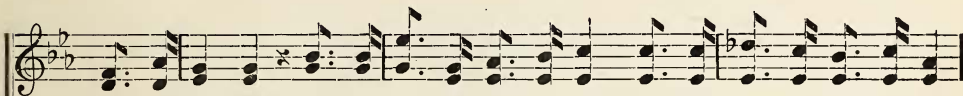
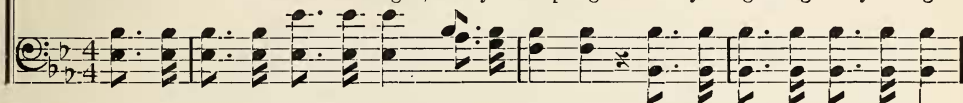
Are You Helping?

G. TABOR THOMPSON.

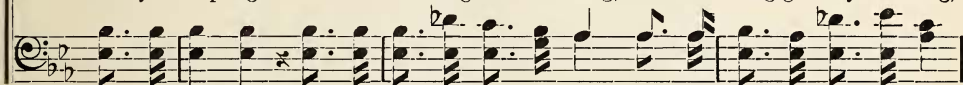
THEO. E. PERKINS.



1. There's a glo-rious work to do, Are you help-ing? Do not leave it for a few:
 2. There's a harvest you should reap, Are you help-ing? In life's furrows it lies deep,
 3. There's a bat-tle to be fought, Are you help-ing? Are you fight-ing as you ought?



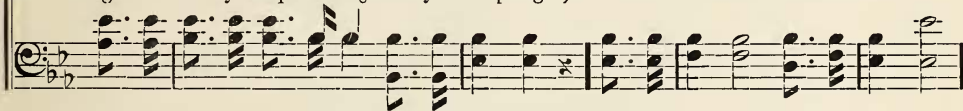
Are you help-ing? There are ma - ny souls to win From false teach-ing they are in;
 Are you help-ing? Cul - ture ev - 'ry pre-cious seed, Cut down ev - 'ry nox-ious weed;
 Are you help-ing? Tho' our foes are great and strong, And the strug-gle may be long,



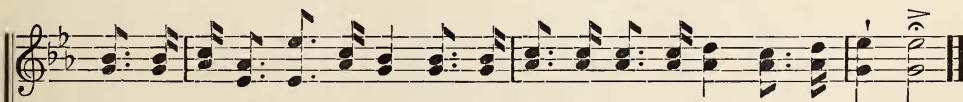
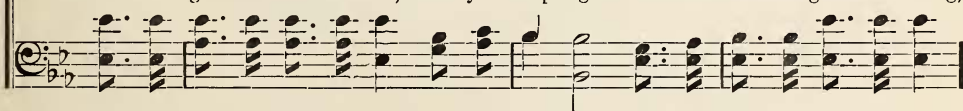
CHORUS.



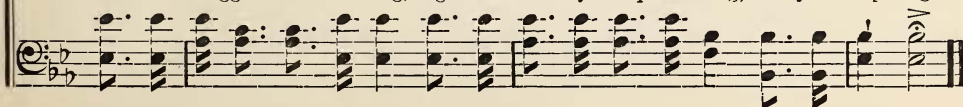
An - gels want us to be-gin: Are you help-ing? } Are you helping? Are you help-ing?
 Work for love, and not for greed; Are you help-ing? }
 Right will surely conquer wrong! Are you help-ing? }



There's a glo-rious work to do, Are you help-ing? Tho' our foes are great and strong,



And the struggle will be long, Right will sure - ly conquer wrong, Are you help - ing?

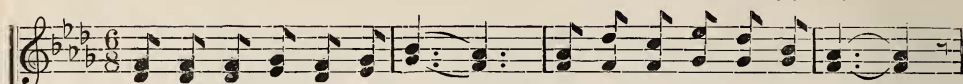


No. 79.

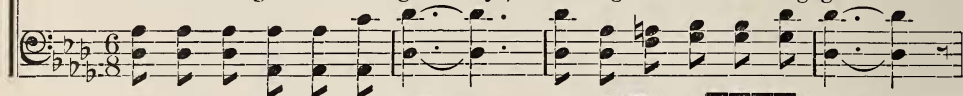
Under the Guidance of Angels.

G. T. T.

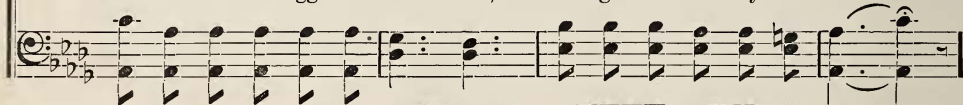
G. TABOR THOMPSON.



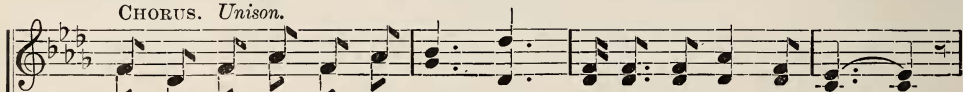
1. Un - der the guid-ance of an - gels, I am pro-gress-ing to - day:
 2. Fare-well to the creeds of the past Those mus-ty dog-mas I dread:
 3. Now with this new ris-en life,..... Fill'd and re-fill'd from a - bove:
 4. Death and the grave seem but gate - ways, Lead - ing to home ties long gone:



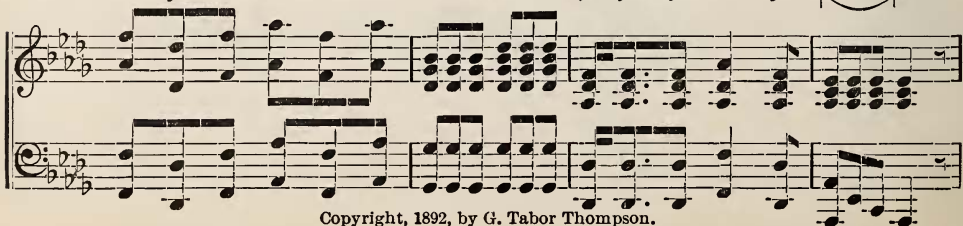
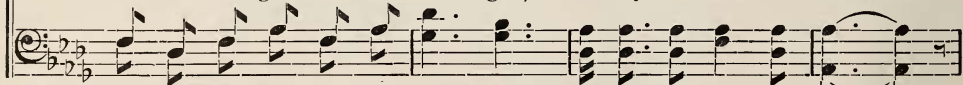
All of the past with its fail - ures, Were stepping stones in my way.
 Hail to the truth on the soul plane, Let us a - rise from the dead.
 All of my in - ner-most be - ing, Tin - gles with hope and with love.
 When earth's last struggle is o - ver, An - gels will car - ry me home.



CHORUS. Unison.



Un - der the guidance of an - gels, Victory is sure to come!



Under the Guidance of Angels.—Concluded.

Turn-ing t'ward light like the sun - flow'r, Ev'n'ing will find me at home.

colla voce.

No. 80. Evening Meditation.

Gently.

1. Gen - tle twi - light, soft - ly steal - ing O'er the bus - y scenes of earth,
 2. Fill'd with med - i - ta - tive mus - ing Sits the calm, com - mun - ing soul,
 3. Bright - est of the orbs there beam - ing, Heav - 'nly lamps hung out a - bove,
 4. Ho - ly star, so mild - ly shin - ing, With thy pure, ce - les - tial ray,

Brings a beau - ti - ful re - veal - ing Of the spir - it's ho - lier worth, —
 Stars of twi - light soft dif - fus - ing Ev'n - ing in - cense as they roll, —
 Shines the lamp of truth re - deem - ing, Star of God's un - fail - ing love, —
 Let my heart, its love en - twin - ing, Feel the dawn of heav - 'nly day, —

Sweet re - veal - ing, sweet re - veal - ing Of the spir - it's ho - lier worth.
 Soft dif - fus - ing, soft dif - fus - ing Ev'n - ing in - cense as they roll.
 Truth re - deem - ing, truth re - deem - ing, Star of God's un - fail - ing love.
 Love en - twin - ing, love en - twin - ing, Feel the dawn of heav - 'nly day.

No. 81.

Over the Mystical Sea.

From "Inland Lake."

SOLOMON DILL.

1. O - ver the mys - ti - cal gleams of the sea,..... Voic - es of
 2. O - ver the sea are the ones we hold dear,.... Mem - o - ry's
 3. O - ver the sea, like a whis - per - ing breath, Comes the glad
 4. Oft in my dreams I pass o - ver the sea, And oft - en dear

loved ones are float - ing to me,..... Beau - ti - ful hands are out -
 links bind them fast to us here,..... Thro' realms of space soul can
 mes - sage of life aft - er death;... Sweet the as - sur - ance that
 an - gels cross o - ver to me; Sweet voic - es long si - lent my

stretched thro' the air..... Beck - on - ing hands of our an - gels so fair.
 an - swer its own,.... Heart beats to heart thro' the years that have flown.
 love nev - er dies, Trans - plant - ed from earth,.... it blooms in the skies.
 sor - rows al - lay,..... Soft hands, once van - ished, my tears wipe a - way.

CHORUS.

O - ver the sea, the sweet mys - ti - cal sea, Voic - es of loved ones are

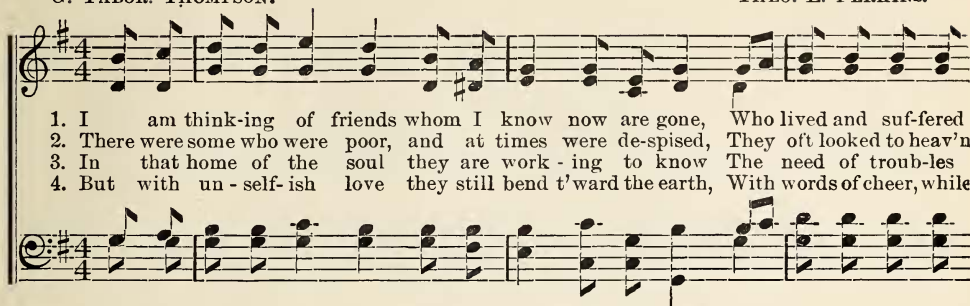
call - ing to me, Soft - ly and ten - der - ly call - ing to me.

No. 82.

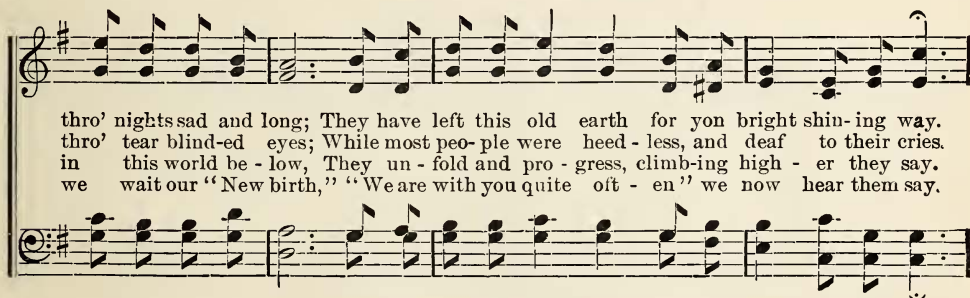
What are They Doing To-day?

G. TABOR. THOMPSON.

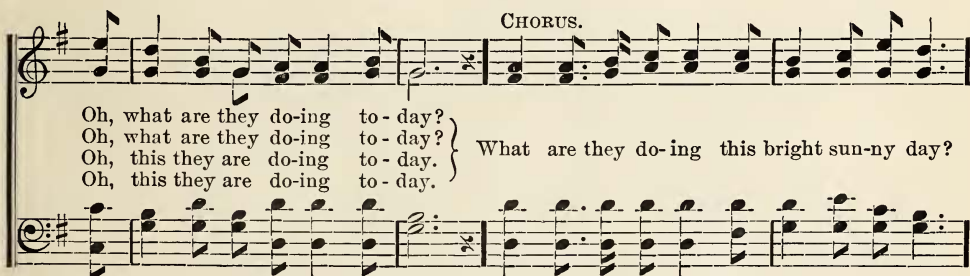
THEO. E. PERKINS.



1. I am think-ing of friends whom I know now are gone, Who lived and suf-fered
 2. There were some who were poor, and at times were de-spised, They oft looked to heav'n
 3. In that home of the soul they are work-ing to know The need of troub-les
 4. But with un-self-ish love they still bend t'ward the earth, With words of cheer, while

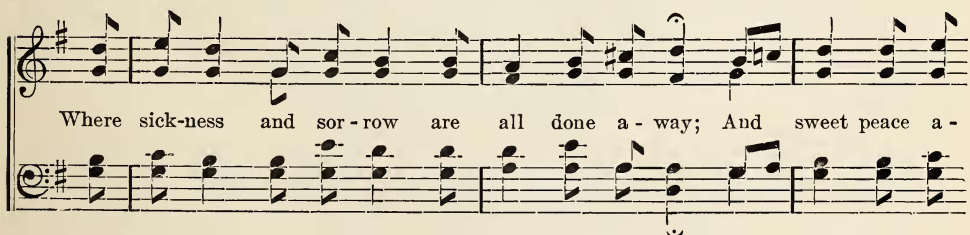


thro' night-sad and long; They have left this old earth for yon bright shin-ing way.
 thro' tear blind-ed eyes; While most peo-ple were heed-less, and deaf to their cries.
 in this world be-low, They un-fold and pro-gress, climb-ing high-er they say.
 we wait our "New birth," "We are with you quite oft-en" we now hear them say.

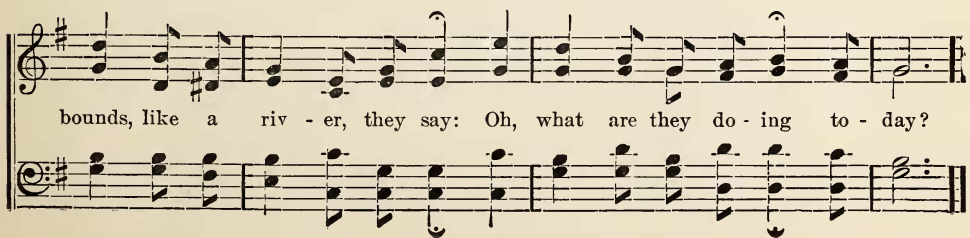


CHORUS.

Oh, what are they do-ing to-day?
 Oh, what are they do-ing to-day?
 Oh, this they are do-ing to-day. } What are they do-ing this bright sun-ny day?
 Oh, this they are do-ing to-day.



Where sick-ness and sor-row are all done a-way; And sweet peace a-



bounds, like a riv-er, they say: Oh, what are they do-ing to-day?

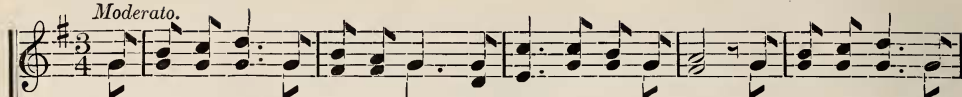
No. 83.

Sweet Summer Home.

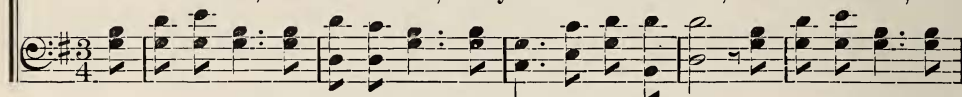
B. M. L.

B. M. LAWRENCE.

Moderato.



1. Sweet home above, sweet home of love, Thou fair land of the free, We love to feel that
2. Sweet home above, sweet home of love, Where no more storms a-rise, Nor tear-drops fall, nor
3. Sweet home above, sweet home of love, Be-yond the si-lent tomb, How sweet to know, while

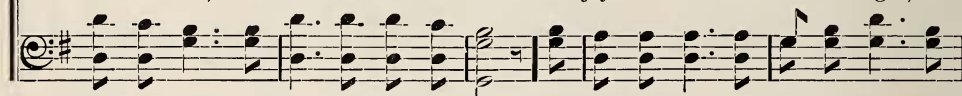


CHO.—Sweet home above, sweet home of love, No more shall grief or gloom Nor want nor care dis-

FINE.



ev-'ry soul May find sweet rest in thee; We've no a-bid-ing cit-y here, But darkness pall The ev-er smil-ing skies, By faith, the pure in heart be-hold That here be-low, In heav'n we have a home. The joys of life are oft-en bright, Yet

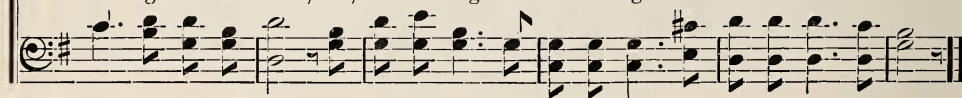


turb us there, Where all is peace at home.

D.C. Chorus.



seek for one to come, And tho' our way be dark and drear There's light and peace at home. land where angels roam, Where hopes ne'er die, or loves grow cold, In that e-ter-nal home. chill-ing blasts will come; But, oh! we long to see the light Of that sweet summer home.



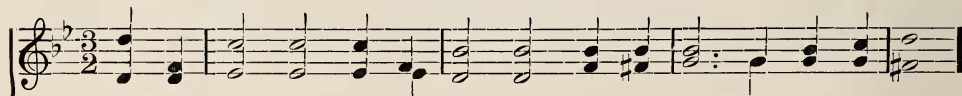
From "Celestial Sonnets."

No. 84.

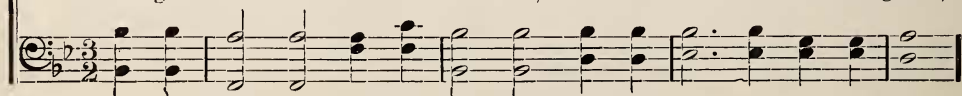
Spirits Call Us.

G. TABOR THOMPSON.

W. H. JUDE.



1. Spir-its call us; o'er the tu-mult, Of our life's wild rest-less sea,
2. As of old the pro-phets heard them, By the Gal-i-le-an lake;
3. Spir-its call us; for they love us, An-gels, help us hear the call!
4. An-gels call us from our troub-les, There-fore earth has lost its gloom;



Spirits Call Us.—Concluded.

Day and night these mes-sage bear - ers, Send the ti - dings "we're with Thee."
 So in homes, and halls, and tem - ples, Still they come for our dear sake.
 Send we back af - fec - tion's mes - sage, We love an - gels, love them all.
 Ev - en death is shorn of pow - er, There is light with - in the tomb.

No. 85.

Immortality.

Moderato.

1. When our wea - ried eyes shall close On the toils, the cares, and woes,
 2. There the soui shall still live on, As un - num - bered cy - cles run,

Which cre - ate a stream that flows Dark - ly through life's realm,
 Till each plan - et - cir - cled sun Pales and fades a - way,

Joys and hopes to o - ver - whelm, — Then the soul as - cend - ing
 Know - ing sor - row nor de - cay, High - er still pro - gress - ing,

Lives where all joys blend - ing, Bide un - end - ing.
 Pur - er joys pos - ses - sing, On - ward press - ing.

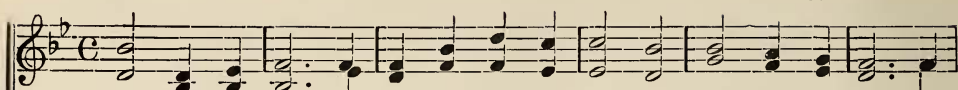
From "Spiritual Harp."

No. 86.

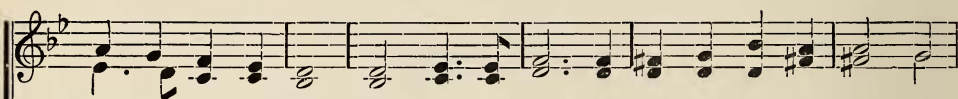
Publish Glad Tidings.

G. TABOR THOMPSON.

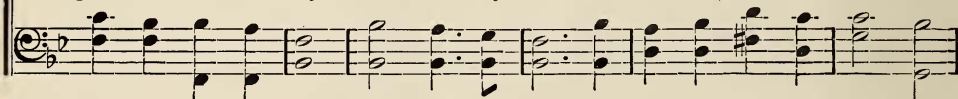
J. WALCH.



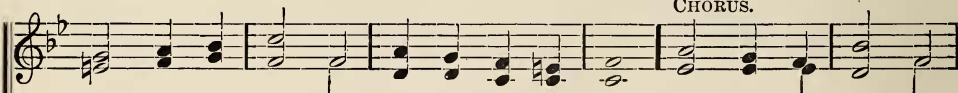
1. O work - ers, haste, thy mis - sion high ful - fill - ing, To tell to all the
2. Be - hold how ma - ny mill - ions still are mourn - ing, Bound in the dark - some
3. Give of thy kin to bear the mes - sage glo - rious, In - vest thy gold to



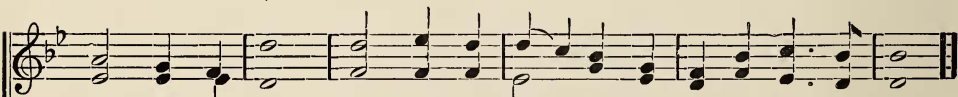
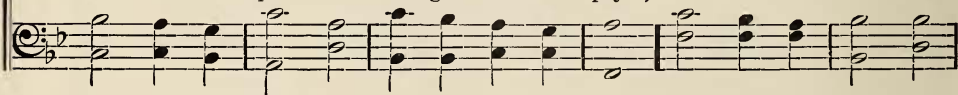
world a truth sub - lime; Life ev - er - more both here and o - ver yon - der,
pris - on house of creed; With none to tell them of the spir - it mes - sage,
speed them on their way. Pour out thy soul in hon - est, earn - est ef - fort,



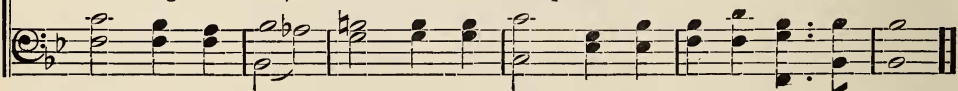
CHORUS.



This is for ev - 'ry na - tion, peo - ple, clime. } Pub - lish glad ti - dings,
Go forth and tell! Till ev - 'ry soul is freed. }
And all thou spend - est an - gels will re - pay.



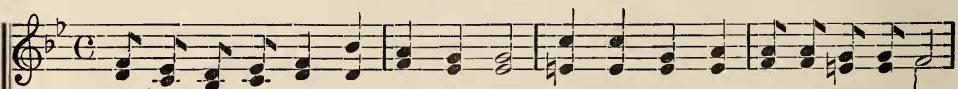
ti - dings of love; Death has been vanquished And all shall live a - bove.



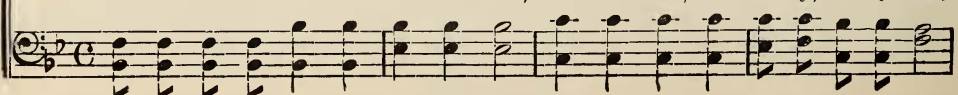
No. 87.

In That Sunny Land.

CHARLIE C. BARNES.



1. We will all be hap - py in that land, In that land, that sun - ny, sun - ny land;
2. We shall know each oth - er in that land, In that land, that sun - ny, sun - ny land;
3. We shall meet our loved ones in that land, In that land, that sun - ny, sun - ny land;



In That Sunny Land.—Concluded.

We will all be hap - py in that land, In that sun - ny land.
 We shall know each oth - er in that land In that sun - ny land.
 We shall meet our loved ones in that land, In that sun - ny land.

No. 88. Those Golden Gates.

Dr. R. ANNA SCHERMERHORN.

THEO. E. PERKINS.

Not too fast.

1. Those gold - en gates are op - 'ning wide, Are op - 'ning wide for me;
 2. I fain would leave this drear - y world, This world of care and strife;
 3. To care and sor - row now fare-well, Soon to be known no more;
 4. My work on earth is near - ly done, Why should I lon - ger stay?

Soon as I see that glo - rious land, My spir - it will be free.
 My feet they long to wan - der there, Far from this wea - ry life.
 I'm go - ing home to that fair land My feet are on the shore.
 The crest - ed waves bear me a - long To ev - er - last - ing day.

CHORUS.

We hear the an - gels song of love, Of joy and rest and peace;

We'll join with loved ones gone be - fore In songs that nev - er cease.

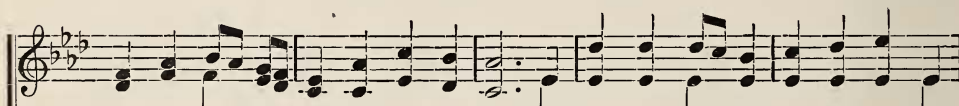
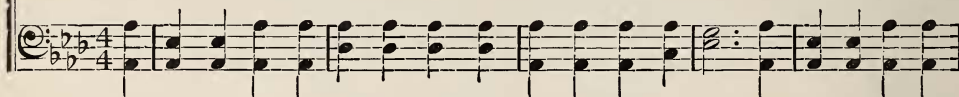
No. 89.

Jubilate.

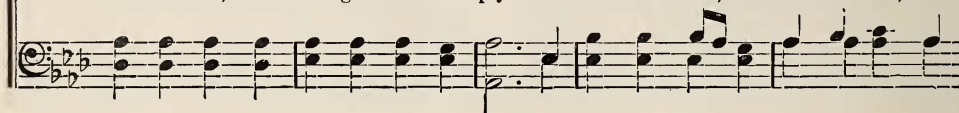
LIZZIE DOTEN.



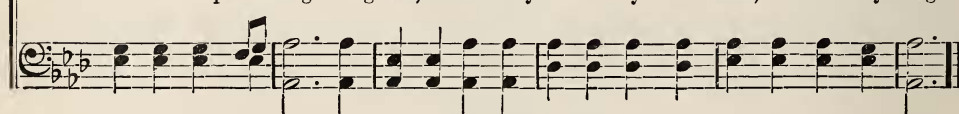
1. The world has felt a quick'ning breath From heav'n's eternal shore, And souls triumphant
2. Our cypress wreaths are laid a - side For a-mar-an-thine flow'rs, For death's cold wave does
3. "Sweet spirits, wel-come yet a - gain!" With loving hearts we cry; And "Peace on earth, good-



o - ver death Re - turn to earth once more. For this we hold our ju - bi - lee, For not di - vide The souls we love from ours. From pain and death and sor - row free, They will to men," The an - gel hosts re - ply. From doubt and fear, thro' truth made free, With



this with joy we sing: "O grave, where is thy vic - to - ry? O death, where is thy sting?"
 join with us to sing: "O grave, where is thy vic - to - ry? O death, where is thy sting?"
 faith tri-umphant sing: "O grave, where is thy vic - to - ry? O death, where is thy sting?"



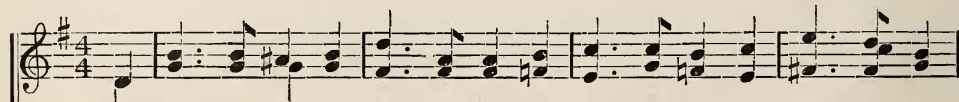
From "Spiritual Wreath."

No. 90.

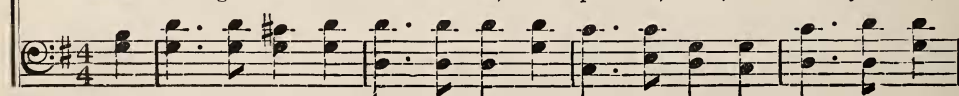
Well I Know Who Pilots Me.

G. TABOR THOMPSON.

THEO. E. PERKINS.



1. When storm - y waves a - round me roll, And night is dark up - on life's sea;
2. Day aft - er day, tho' toss'd a - bout, Where der - e - licts are on the sea;
3. If each new day brings tri - als sore, If rough - er still the o - cean be;
4. Since an - gel friends will lead me on, And pi - lot, chart, and com - pass be;



Well I Know Who Pilots Me.—Concluded.

No fear a-larms my peace-ful soul For well I know who pi-lots me.
 There comes to me no fear or doubt, For lov-ing an-gels pi-lot me.
 I know that I shall reach heav'n's shore, For lov-ing an-gels pi-lot me.
 I'll trust them till the jour-ney's done, For well I know who pi-lots me.

CHORUS.

The lov-ing an-gels pi-lot me A-cross life's fit-ful, troub-led sea;

The winds may roar, and waves may swell, For lov-ing an-gels pi-lot me.

No. 91. What Is Death?

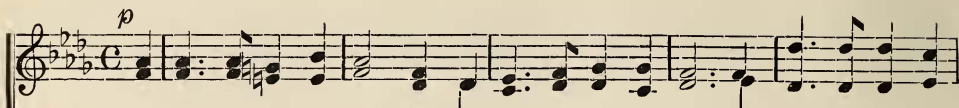
1. Death is the fad-ing of a cloud, The break-ing of a chain;
 2. Death is the conquerors wel-come home, The heav'n-ly cit-y's door;
 3. Death is the close of life's a-larms, The watch-light on the shore,

The rend-ing of a mor-tal shroud We ne'er shall see a-gain.
 The en-trance of the world to come, 'Tis life for ev-er-more.
 The clasp-ing in im-mor-tal arms Of lov'd ones gone be-fore.

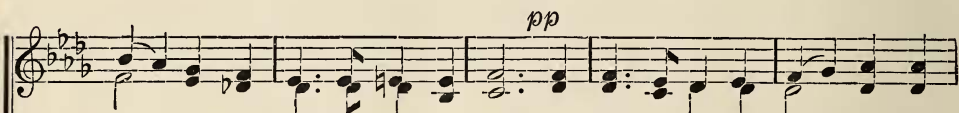
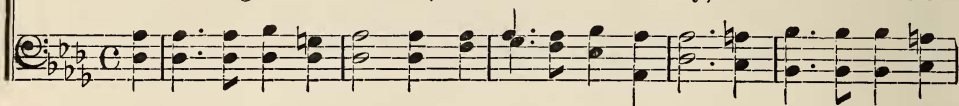
No. 92. Life That Knows No Ending.

G. TABOR THOMPSON.

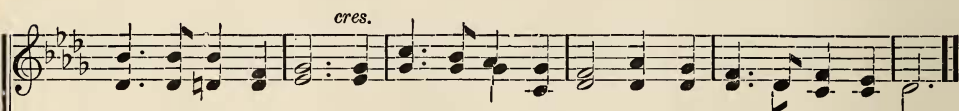
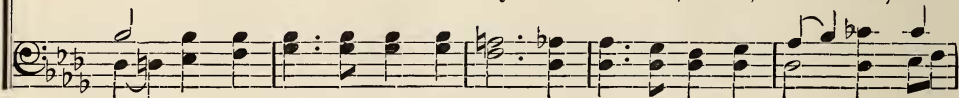
F. C. MAKER.



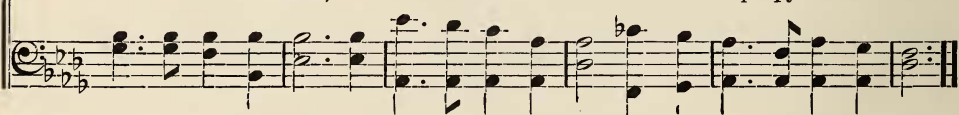
1. Brief life is here our por-tion; Brief sor-row, short-lived care; That life that knows no
2. And now we fight the bat-tle, But then shall wear the crown Of full and ev-er-
3. The morn-ing shall a-wak-en, The shad-ow shall de-cay; And each true heart-ed



- end-ing—The tear-less life, is there. O hap-py re-tri-bu-tion: Short
last-ing And pas-sion-less re-nown. But they who now in-struct us Shall
serv-ant Shall shine as doth the day. There fa-ther, mother, chil-dren, Shall



- toil, e-ter-nal rest; For ev-'ry son of A-dam A man-sion with the blest.
then be seen and known; And they who know and see them Shall have them for their own.
see each oth-er's face; And we be-hold for-ev-er A hap-py hu-man race.



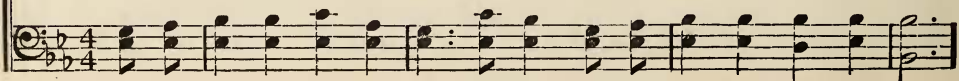
No. 93. More Than Half Way Home.

G. T. T.

G. TABOR THOMPSON.



1. I am more than half way home to-day, So with joy I trip a-long;
2. There'll be tran-quil rest when day is done, For I'll lay me down to sleep;
3. By the side of those most near and dear I shall live for ev-er-more;
4. I shall have new work an-oth-er day, When I put on glo-ry there;



More Than Half Way Home.—Concluded.

Tho' the gold - en locks have turn'd to gray; Yet my heart is fill'd with song.
 When the end is reach'd, the race is run, I shall wake no more to weep.
 This de - light - ful mes - sage now I hear: "There is much for thee in store."
 And the la - bor then will seem like play, In that land so won-drous fair.

CHORUS.

Chiming bells..... I seem to hear, With a home song sweet and clear;

And the cho - rus swells with the mid-night bells, Like the mu - sic from heaven's sphere.

No. 94.

Omnipresence.

1. Fa - ther of all! in ev - 'ry age, In ev - 'ry clime, a - dored,
 2. Thou great First Cause! least un - der - stood, Who all my sense con - fined,
 3. If I am right, thy aid im - part, Still in the right to stay;

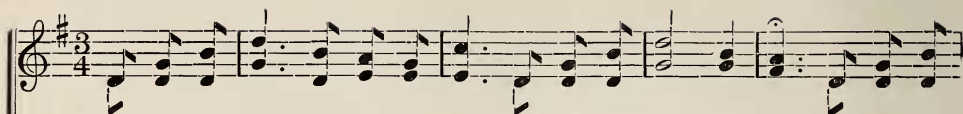
By saint, by sav - age, or by sage, The u - ni - ver - sal Lord!
 To know but this,—that thou art good, And that I may be blind;
 If I am wrong, O teach my heart To find that bet - ter way.

No. 95.

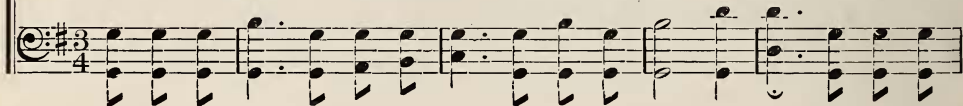
The Nativity.

GEORGE KATES.

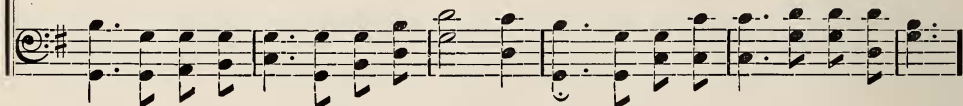
J. A. WERTZ



1. Joy to the world! The an - gel song, Long since to shep - herds sung, Has found an
2. Joy to the world! The strains prolong, 'Till ev - 'ry mor - tal hears, 'Tis but a
3. Joy to the world! For light has come; And dark-ness takes its flight, From out the



ech - o, deep and strong, In earth's di - vin - est tongue. "Good will and peace" is sung on earth,
vail divides the throng, Of this and oth - erspheres. That vail is rent and dai - ly parts,
por - tals of the tomb, And faith is lost in sight. While mortal voic - es join the cry,



Since light to man is born, All hail the might - y Saviour's birth In pov - er - ty and scorn.
Be - fore in - creas - ing light, Af - ford - ing in - ter - views of hearts, Where hope is lost in sight.
Im - mor - tal voic - es ring; "O grave, where is thy vic - to - ry? O death, where is thy sting?"

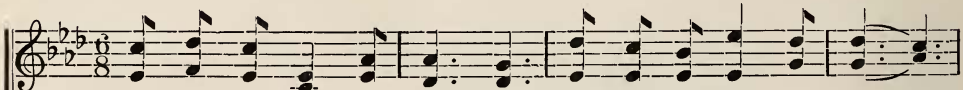


No. 96.

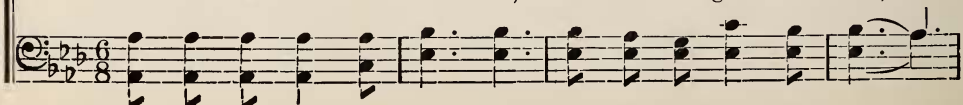
Daily We Entertain Angels.

G. T. T.

G. TABOR THOMPSON.



1. Some an - gel friends are near us, Press - ing our fev - ered brow;
2. Some an - gel seers are near us, Teach - ing us heav'n - ly lore;
3. Some heal - ing hands are on us, Bid - ding dis - ease de - part;
4. All of the clouds are rift - ed, Sil - ver and gold - en too;



Daily We Entertain Angels.—Concluded.

Perchance they are our kin - dred, Calm - ing our spir - its now.
 Such bless - ed in - spi - ra - tion, Adds to our hum - ble store.
 Po - tent their fine sug - ges - tions, Sooth - ing each wea - ry heart.
 All of our load is lift - ed, Lift - ed for me and you.

CHORUS.

An - gels! An - gels! Dai - ly we en - ter - tain an - gels.
 Yes, dai - ly we welcome our own kindred an - gels,

Spir - its so true we wel - come you; Beau - ti - ful guard - ian an - gels.

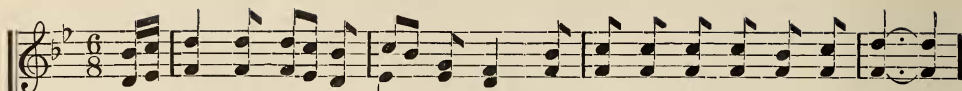
No. 97. Celestial Clime.

1. O spir - it, freed from earth, Re - joice thy work is done!
 2. A - wake, and breathe the air, Of the ce - les - tial clime!
 3. A - wake, lift up thine eyes! See, all heav'n's host ap - pears!

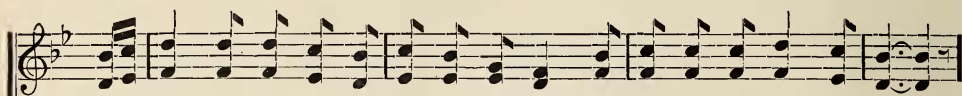
The wea - ry world's be - neath thy feet, Thou bright - er than the sun.
 A - wake to love which knows no change, Thou who hast done with time!
 And be thou glad ex - ceed - ing - ly, Thou, who hast done with tears.

No. 98.

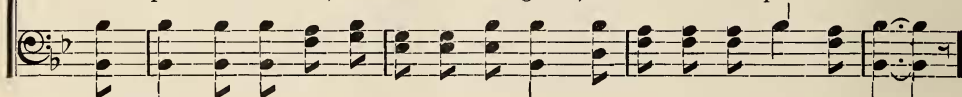
Evergreen Shore.



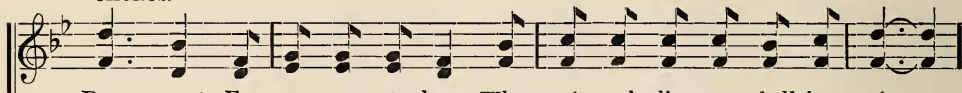
1. This world of strife is not our home; We're bound for the ev - er - green shore,
 2. They beck - on on our way a - long! We press for the ev - er - green shore;
 3. There fade - less gar - lands ev - er bloom In paths on the ev - er - green shore,



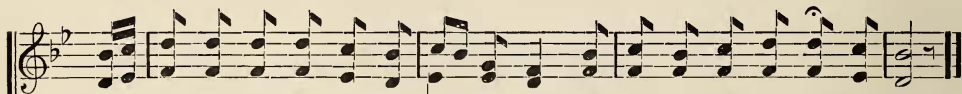
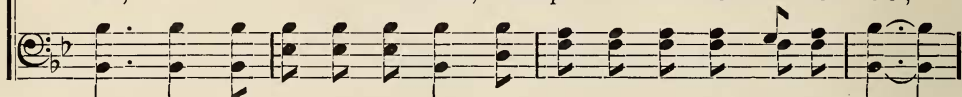
That land of beau - ty where lov'd ones have gone, Our lov'd ones for ev - er - more.
 We soon shall en - ter that heav - en - ly throng Where parting shall be no more.
 Where pain and sick - ness, be - reave - ment and gloom, Shall mar our re - pose no more.



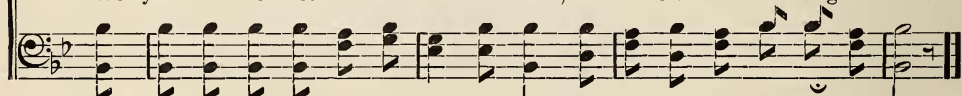
CHORUS.



Rest, rest ! For - ev - er at home, Where pain and dis - tress shall be o'er,



We yearn to be free in those realms to roam, Our home on the ev - er - green shore.



From "Spiritual Harp."

No. 99.

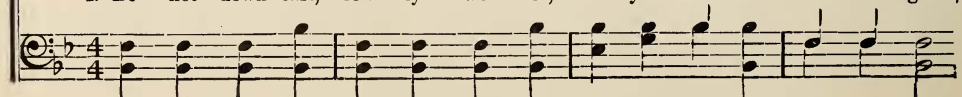
Progress.

STEPHEN BARNESDALE.

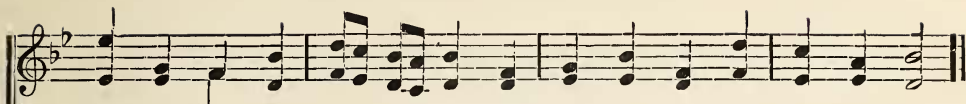
C. M. VON WEBER.



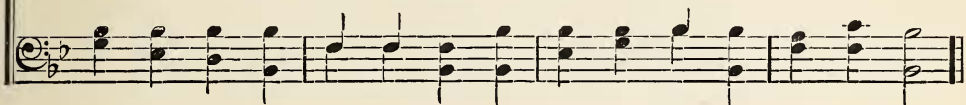
1. Step by step we climb the mount - ain, Inch by inch the oak tree grows;
 2. Mak - ing each year some small chang - es, In the coast - line, on the rocks;
 3. Straw by straw a nest is build - ed; Brick by brick a house is made;
 4. Be not down - cast, low - ly work - er, If you do not seem to grow,



Progress.—Concluded.



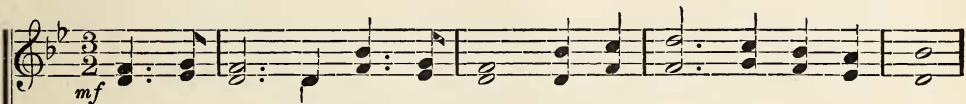
Back and forth with tire - less mo - tion, Grand old o - cean ebbs and flows,
While they stand in pose de - fi - ant, Guard - ing us from Nep - tune's shocks.
Day by day with con - stant ef - fort, Schol - ar climbs to high - er grade.
Do your best each day and mo - ment, And the years will pro - gress show.



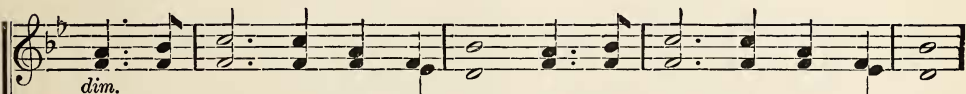
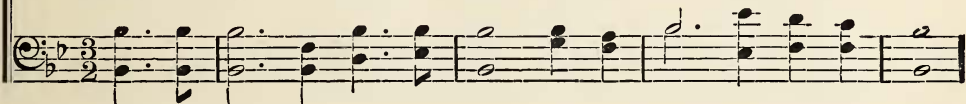
No. 100. Destiny at My Command.

G. TABOR THOMPSON.

T. HASTINGS.

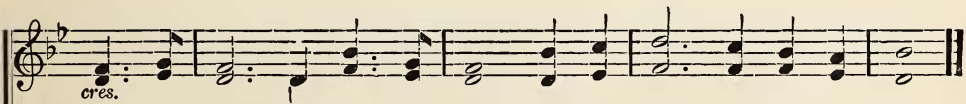
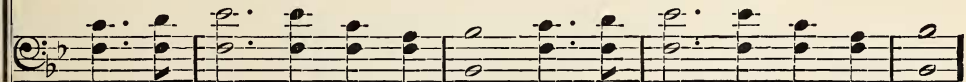


1. Sol - id rock of truth di - vine, Sure foun - da - tion, ev - er mine;
2. On the rock of truth I stand, Des - ti - ny at my com - mand:
3. High - est heights in truth's do - main, I shall reach and thus ob - tain



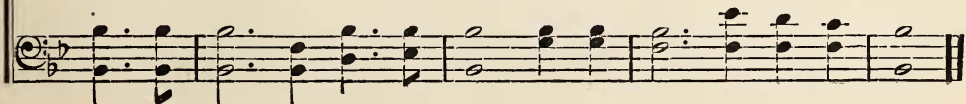
dim.

Safe, se - cure, I shall re - main Free from ev - 'ry care and pain;
Fill'd with unc - tion from on high, Bound - less good for - ev - er nigh;
Ev - 'ry long - ing of my heart, For no bless - ing can de - part;



cres.

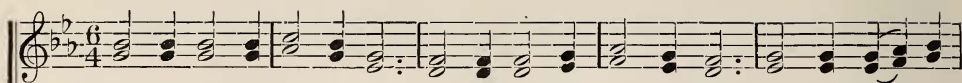
Liv - ing al - ways for the right, Climb - ing high - er in the light.
Ev - er in my heart the song, An - gels sing, so firm and strong.
All of health and good are mine, Since like God, I am di - vine.



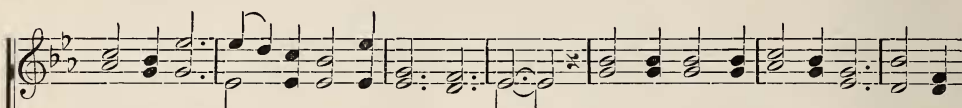
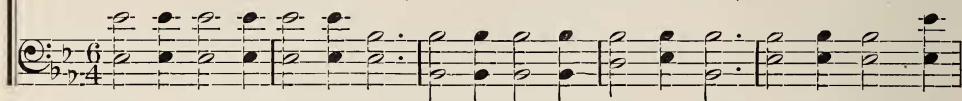
No. 101.

Guardian Angels.

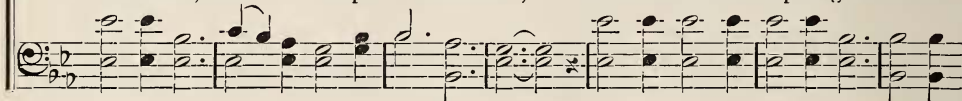
LIZZIE DOTEN.



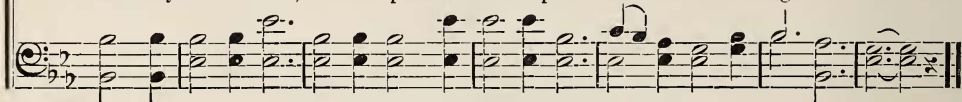
1. Ho - ly min - is - ters of light! Hid - den from our mor - tal sight, But whose pres - ence
2. Bless - ed an - gels! ye who heard All our strivings, and our need, When our eyes with
3. Nev - er till our hearts are dust, Till our souls shall cease to trust, Till our love be -



can impart Peace and comfort to the heart; When we weep or when we pray, When we weeping ache, When our hearts in si - lence break, When the cross is hard to bear, When we comes a lie, And our as - pi - ra - tions die, Shall we cease with hope to gaze On that



fal - ter in the way, Or our hearts grow faint with fear, Let us feel your pres - ence near. fail to do and dare, Make our wounded spir - its feel All your pow'r to bless and heal. veil's mysterious haze, Or the pres - ence to implore Of the lov'd ones gone be - fore.

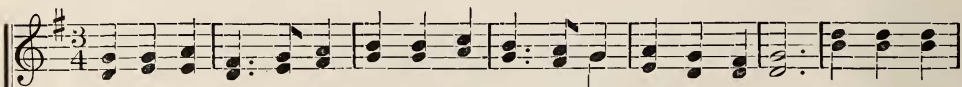


From "Spiritual Wreath."

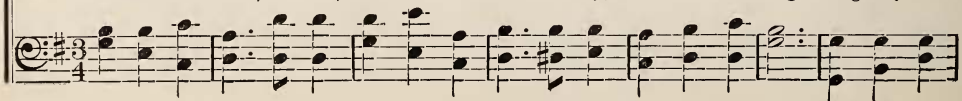
No. 102.

America.

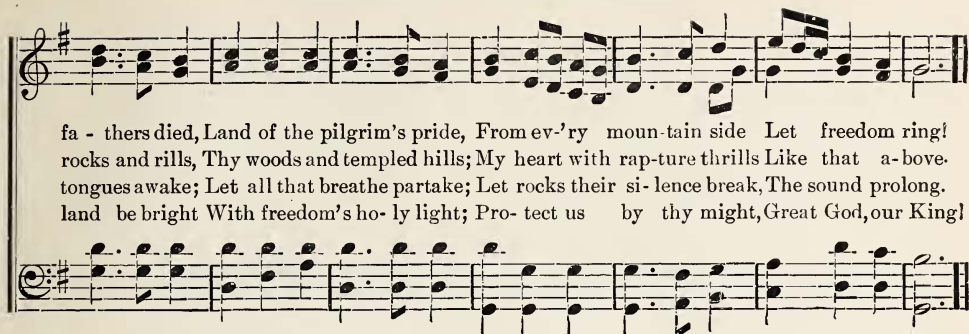
Rev. S. F. SMITH.



1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My na - tive coun - try thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees, Sweet freedom's song; Let mor - tal
4. Our fathers' God, to thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty, To thee we sing: Long may our

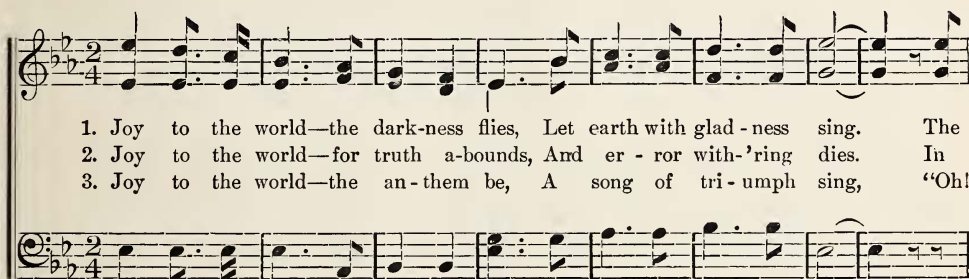


America.—Concluded.

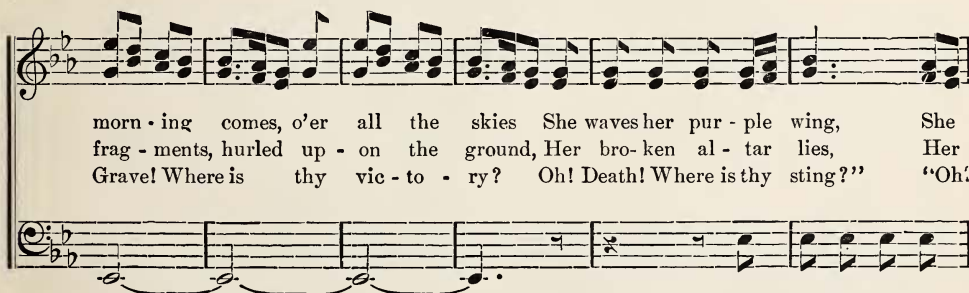


fa - thers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From ev-'ry moun-tain side Let freedom ring!
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rap-ture thrills Like that a-bove-
 tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their si-lence break, The sound prolong.
 land be bright With freedom's ho-ly light; Pro- tect us by thy might, Great God, our King!

No. 103. Joy to the World.

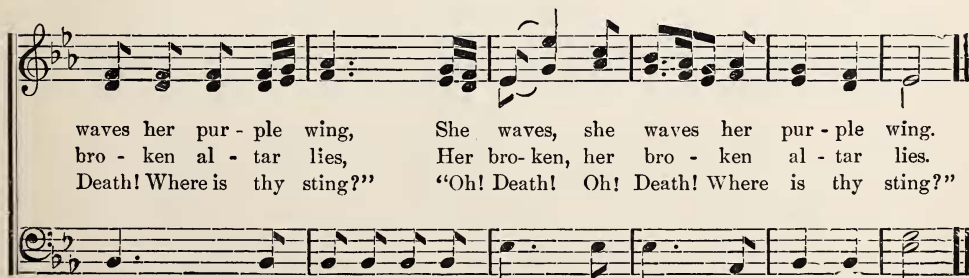


1. Joy to the world—the dark-ness flies, Let earth with glad-ness sing. The
 2. Joy to the world—for truth a-bounds, And er-ror with-'ring dies. In
 3. Joy to the world—the an-them be, A song of tri-umph sing, "Oh!



morn-ing comes, o'er all the skies She waves her pur-ple wing, She
 frag-ments, hurled up-on the ground, Her bro-ken al-tar lies, Her
 Grave! Where is thy vic-to-ry? Oh! Death! Where is thy sting?" "Oh!

1. She waves her pur-ple



waves her pur-ple wing, She waves, she waves her pur-ple wing.
 bro-ken al-tar lies, Her bro-ken, her bro-ken al-tar lies.
 Death! Where is thy sting?" "Oh! Death! Oh! Death! Where is thy sting?"

wing,

She waves her pur-ple wing,

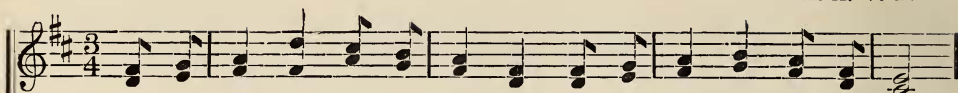
She waves her pur-ple wing.

No. 104.

Waiting for the Morning.

B. M. L.

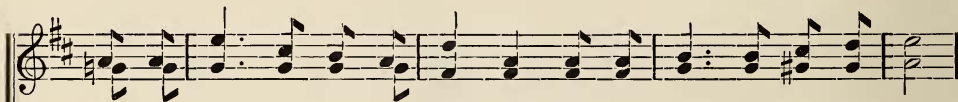
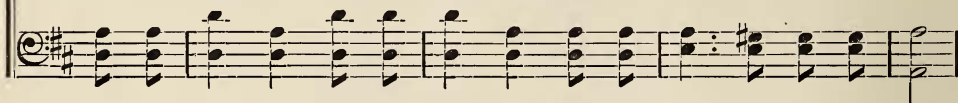
Miss A. V. D.



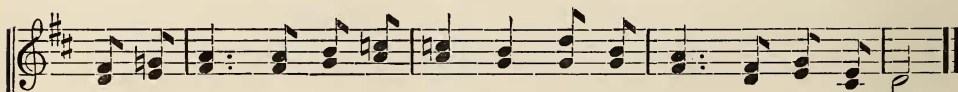
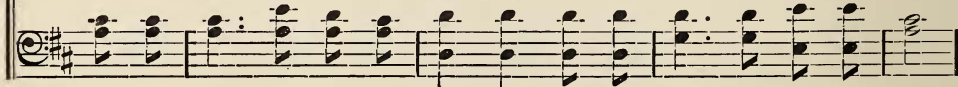
1. We are wait - ing for the morn - ing Of that bright and gold - en day,
2. We are wait - ing for the morn - ing, Night has been so dark and long,
3. We are wait - ing for the morn - ing, And our cour - age will not fail
4. We are wait - ing for the morn - ing, Long has been the night of years,



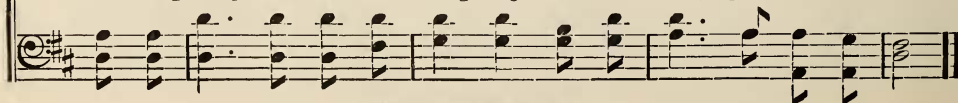
For the good time so long com - ing, When old wrong shall pass a - way;
 Dim - ly now the day is dawn - ing, And we hail it with a song;
 While one soul for light is yearn - ing, Un - til truth and right pre - vail;
 But we now be - hold the dawn - ing, While the light of truth ap - pears;



Wait - ing for the light of free - dom, Truth to tri - umph o - ver vice;
 Light of truth from ev - 'ry na - tion Bright - ly now be - gins to shine,
 We will work to ban - ish sor - row, Work and wait for hu - man good,
 Once a - gain are an - gels sing - ing, Mor - tals see with rea - son's ken,



Love to make this earth an E - den, And each home a Par - a - dise.
 Pe - ans raise to ev - 'ry sta - tion, "Peace on earth" and love di - vine.
 Trust - ing to the com - ing mor - row For the per - fect broth - er - hood.
 Dove - wing'd hope and faith are bring - ing "Peace on earth, good - will to men."



No. 105.

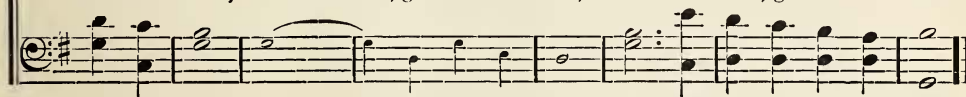
Good-Will.



1. Peace! the welcome sound pro-claim, Dwell with rap-ture on the theme; Loud, still loud-er,
2. Breez-es, whisp'ring soft and low, Gen-tly mur-mur as 'ye blow, Breathe the sweet ce-
3. O-cean's bil-lows far and wide, Roll-ing in ma-jes-tic pride, Loud, still loud-er
4. Pil-grims, who its prom-ise seal, And its in-spi-ra-tions feel, Loud, still loud-er



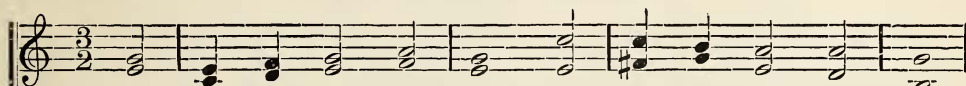
swell the strain, "Peace on earth, good-will to men," "Peace on earth, good-will to men."
 les-tial strain, "Peace on earth, good-will to men," "Peace on earth, good-will to men."
 swell the strain, "Peace on earth, good-will to men," "Peace on earth, good-will to men."
 swell the strain, "Peace on earth, good-will to men," "Peace on earth, good-will to men."



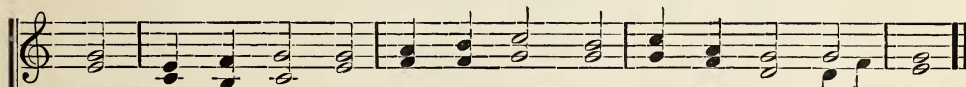
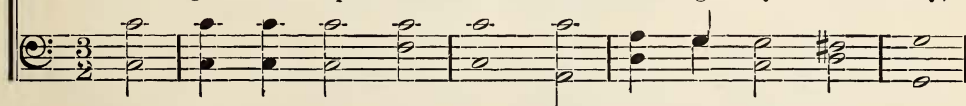
From "Spiritual Harp."

No. 106.

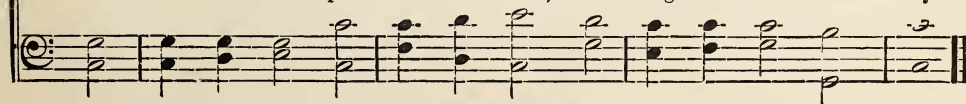
Spiritual Fellowship.



1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in ho-ly love!
2. We share our mu-tual woes, Our mu-tual bur-dens bear;
3. When we a-sun-der part, It gives us in-ward pain;
4. This glo-rious hope re-vives Our cour-age by the way;



The fel-low-ship of kin-dred minds Is like to that a-bove.
 And oft-en for each oth-er flows The sym-pa-thiz-ing tear.
 But we shall still be join'd in heart, And glad-ly meet a-gain.
 While each in ex-pect-a-tion lives, And longs to see the day.



From "Spiritual Harp."

No. 107.

He Leads Us On.

1. He leads us on, By paths we do not know; Upward he leads us, tho' our steps are
 2. He leads us on, Thro' the un-qui-et years; Thro' this dark vale of shadows and of
 3. And he at last, Aft - er the wea-ry strife, Aft - er the rest-less fev - er we call

slow, Tho' oft we faint and fal - ter on the way, Tho' storm and darkness
 tears; Past all our dreamland hopes and doubts and fears, He guides our steps thro'
 life, Aft - er the drear - i - ness, the ach - ing pain, The wayward struggles

oft ob-scure the day; Yet when the clouds are gone, We know he leads us on.
 all these wea-ry years, We know his will be done; And still he leads us on.
 which ne'er proved in vain, Aft - er our toils are past, Will give us rest at last.

From "Spiritual Harp."

No. 108.

We are Builders.

STEPHEN BARNESDALE.

1. { Thro' our hours of joy and sad - ness, 'Mid our smiles and 'mid our tears, }
 { We are build - ing lives of glad - ness, Or of grief for com - ing years. }
 2. { By true tho'ts, bright, pure and kind - ly, Cherished dai - ly with much care, }
 { We may make our lives di - vine - ly Joy - ous, sweet, sub - lime and fair. }
 3. { In life's work be not de - feat - ed; Let us la - bor with our might, }
 { Lest be - fore our work's com - plet - ed We're o'er - tak - en by the night. }

D.C.—We are build - ers, build - ers, build - ers, Build - ing now our fu - ture life.
 D.C.—In the soul's own star - ry king - dom Ere earth - lands no more we roam.
 D.C.—We are build - ers, build - ers, build - ers, Build - ing now our fu - ture life.

We are Builders.—Concluded.

D.C.

We are build - ers, bus - y build - ers, 'Mid earth's dust, and noise, and strife;
 By good deeds and words of wis - dom We may build a beau - teous home
 We are build - ers, bus - y build - ers, 'Mid earth's dust, and noise, and strife;

No. 109.

Come Unto Me.

Come un - to me, all ye that la - bor and are heav - y

la - den, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke up - on

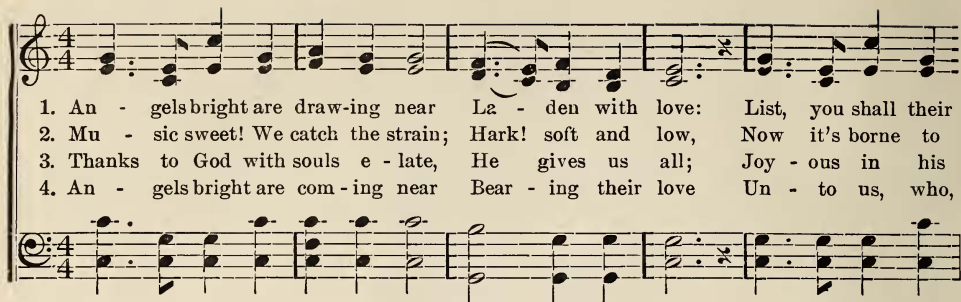
you, and learn of me, for I am meek and low - ly in heart, and

ye shall find rest un - to your souls. Come, come, come un - to me.

No. 110.

Angels Bright.

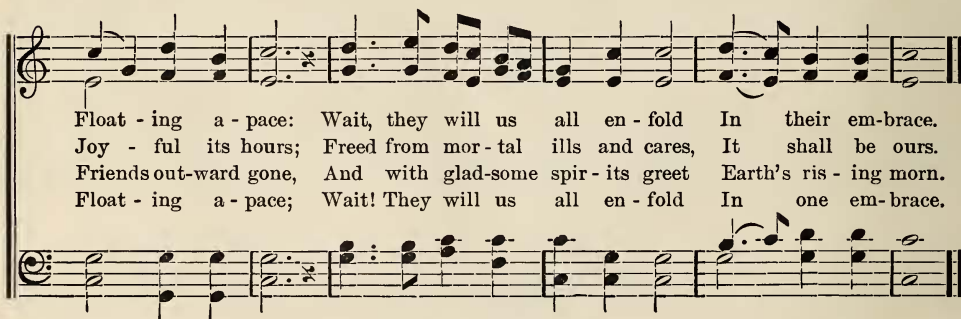
J. S. ADAMS.



1. An - gels bright are draw-ing near La - den with love: List, you shall their
 2. Mu - sic sweet! We catch the strain; Hark! soft and low, Now it's borne to
 3. Thanks to God with souls e - late, He gives us all; Joy - ous in his
 4. An - gels bright are com - ing near Bear - ing their love Un - to us, who,



voic - es hear, Voic - es a - bove, See! Their forms you can be - hold,
 us a - gain, Gen - tle its flow, Life, im - mor - tal life is theirs,
 pres - ence wait, List to his call. 'Tis his voice that bids us meet
 wait - ing here, Trust God a - bove. See! Their forms you can be - hold



Float - ing a - pace: Wait, they will us all en - fold In their em-brace.
 Joy - ful its hours; Freed from mor - tal ills and cares, It shall be ours.
 Friends out-ward gone, And with glad-some spir - its greet Earth's ris - ing morn.
 Float - ing a - pace; Wait! They will us all en - fold In one em-brace.

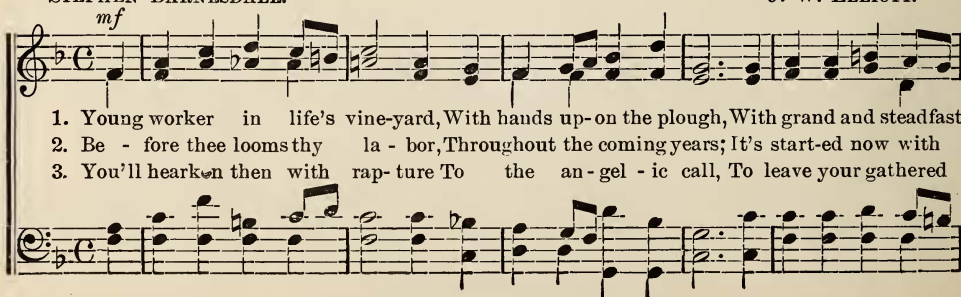
From "Spiritual Harp."

No. 111.

Young Workers.

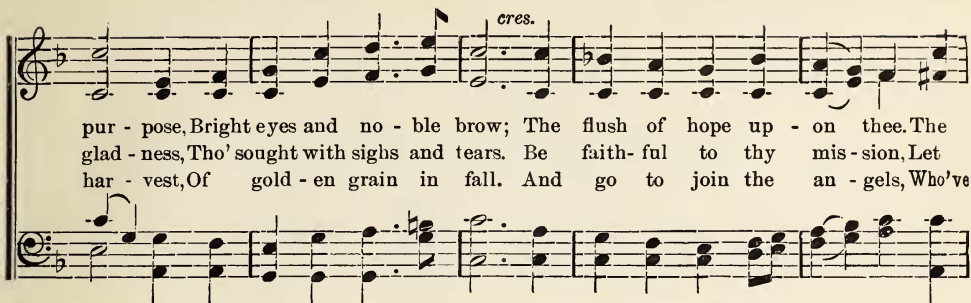
STEPHEN BARNESDALE.

J. W. ELLIOTT.



1. Young worker in life's vine-yard, With hands up-on the plough, With grand and steadfast
 2. Be - fore thee looms thy la - bor, Throughout the coming years; It's start-ed now with
 3. You'll hearken then with rap - ture To the an - gel - ic call, To leave your gathered

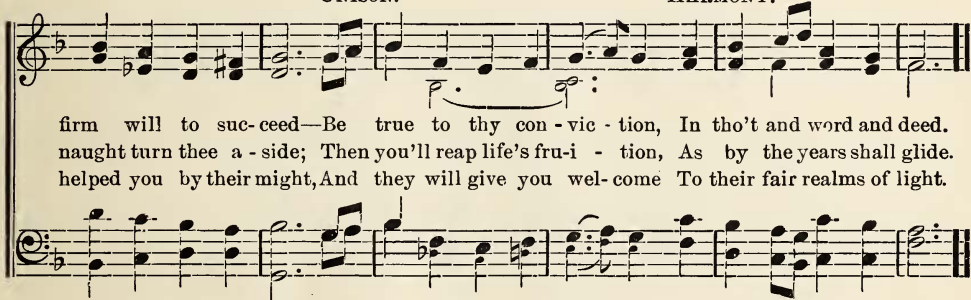
Young Workers.—Concluded.



pur - pose, Bright eyes and no - ble brow; The flush of hope up - on thee. The glad - ness, Tho' sought with sighs and tears. Be faith - ful to thy mis - sion, Let har - vest, Of gold - en grain in fall. And go to join the an - gels, Who've

UNISON.

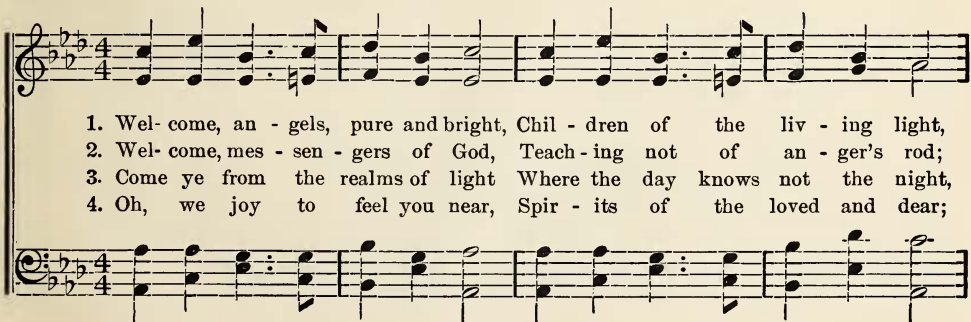
HARMONY.



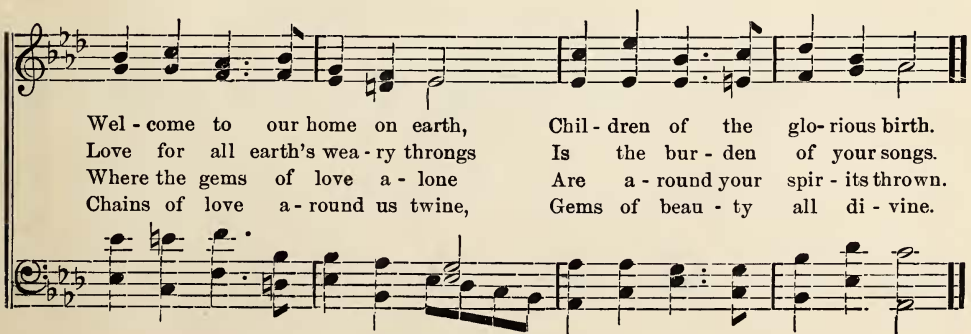
firm will to suc - ceed—Be true to thy con - vic - tion, In tho't and word and deed. naught turn thee a - side; Then you'll reap life's fru - i - tion, As by the years shall glide. helped you by their might, And they will give you wel - come To their fair realms of light.

No. 112.

Welcome, Angels.



1. Wel - come, an - gels, pure and bright, Chil - dren of the liv - ing light,
2. Wel - come, mes - sen - gers of God, Teach - ing not of an - ger's rod;
3. Come ye from the realms of light Where the day knows not the night,
4. Oh, we joy to feel you near, Spir - its of the loved and dear;



Wel - come to our home on earth,	Chil - dren of the glo - rious birth.
Love for all earth's wea - ry thrones	Is the bur - den of your songs.
Where the gems of love a - lone	Are a - round your spir - its thrown.
Chains of love a - round us twine,	Gems of beau - ty all di - vine.

No. 113.

Victory.

STEPHEN BARNESDALE.

1. War - rior 'mid the smoke of bat - tle In earth's sun - kiss'd, sin-bound lands;
 2. Vic - t'ry's writ - ten on thy ban - ner, Bold - ly fling it to the breeze;
 3. Thou shalt con - quer in the con - flict, Free - ing ma - ny pre - cious souls,

FINE.
 Cheer thy faint and droop - ing spir - it, Strengthen now thy wea - ry hands.
 Bear it ev - er brave - ly on - ward Till the foe - man's guns you seize:
 Who are now held slaves by er - ror, While deep sor - row o'er them rolls.

D. S.—Spread the joy - ful news of free - dom O - ver land and o - ver sea.
D. S.—It shall stand for hu - man free - dom, For the right, a - gainst all wrong.
D. S.—Then with rev - 'rence thou'lt look up - ward, Giv - ing thanks for all to God.

D. S.
 Thy brave fight a - mid the shad - ows Sure - ly will not fruit - less be;
 Then up - on the ram - parts tak - en, Plant thy stand - ard firm and strong;
 Glad - ly then thou'lt look with won - der Backward o'er the path thou'st trod;

No. 114.

How Cheering the Thought.

1. How cheer - ing the thought that the an - gels of God Do bow their bright
 2. They come, on the wings of the morn - ing they come, Im - pa - tient to
 3. They come when we wan - der, they come when we pray, In mer - cy to

How Cheering the Thought.—Concluded.

wings to the world they once trod, Do leave the sweet joys of the
guide some poor wan-der-er home, Some broth-er to lead from a
guard us wher-ev-er we stray; A glo-ri-ous cloud, their bright

man-sions a-bove, To breathe o'er our bos-oms some mes-sage of love!
dark-en'd a-bode, And lay him to rest in the arms of his God.
wit-ness is giv'n; En-circ-ling us here are these an-gels of heav'n.

No. 115. Conquering Hosts.

STEPHEN BARNESDALE.

P. RITTER.

mf

1. Oh! Conqu'ring hosts of heav'n draw near, And bring un-to our souls good cheer;
2. Grand in-spi-ra-tions, true and free, And thrill-ing as the deep blue sea,
3. Oh, joy-ful life when fill'd with love, That makes us gen-tle as the dove;
4. Ye an-gels bright in worlds a-bove, Help us to win true peace and love:

Help each to wear a smil-ing face, Be-cause of in-ward heav'n-ly grace.
Come oft un-to th'a-spir-ing soul, In waves as o-ccean bil-lows roll.
Yet brave to van-quish hosts of sin, And let God's rich-est bless-ings in.
Which ne'er from us shall pass a-way, But grow thro' all e-ter-ni-ty.

No. 116.

Reform.

1. Hark! I hear the an-gels call-ing, 'Mid the thun-der tones so loud;
2. 'Tis no dream of i-dle fan-cies, From the world of spir-its brought,

Er-ror's throne is trem-bling, fall-ing; Truth pre-sents her with a shroud.
Who are play-ing games of chan-cies, That will quick-ly come to nought.

Bil-lows roll 'mid foam-ing o-cean, Lightnings flash from pole to pole,
But 'tis truth from the E-ter-nal That is wing-ing now its way.

Hearts beat high with wild com-mo-tion; God is speak-ing to the soul.
Back to earth from worlds su-per-nal, Changing dark-ness in-to day.

From "Spiritual Harp."

No. 117.

Gentle Words.

1. Each gen-tle word is a bird of love That wings its way thro' the sky a-bove,
2. Each gen-tle word is a blooming vine, That winds its way 'mid the stars that shine,
3. Each gen-tle word is a mu-sic tide That pass-es on to the oth-er side,
4. All gen-tle words are the sil-ver bells That ech-o forth from the heart's deep wells,

From "Spiritual Harp."

Gentle Words.—Concluded.



To sing a song on the gold-en strand, To give thee joy in the sum-mer-land.
 To weave a wreath on the gold-en strand, To give thee joy in the sum-mer-land.
 To chant a lay on the gold-en strand, To give thee joy in the sum-mer-land.
 To ring a chime on the gold-en strand, To give thee joy in the sum-mer-land.

No. 118.

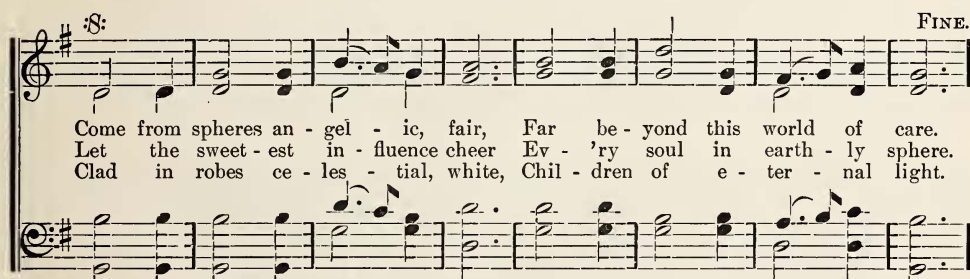
Rays of Light.

STEPHEN BARNESDALE.

M. M. WELLS.

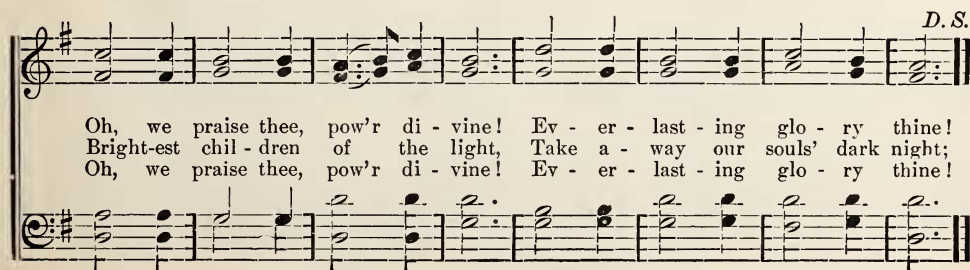


1. Rays of light and ho - ly love, Speed - ing swift as white-wing'd dove,
 2. Let pure beams of quick - 'ning love, Ev - er reach us from a - bove;
 3. Help us bear the cares of earth Till we pass our sec - ond birth,



8: FINE.
 Come from spheres an - gel - ic, fair, Far be - yond this world of care.
 Let the sweet - est in - fluence cheer Ev - 'ry soul in earth - ly sphere.
 Clad in robes ce - les - tial, white, Chil - dren of e - ter - nal light.

D.S.—Life of all from star to sod! Praise we Fa - ther, Moth - er God.
 D.S.—Cast o'er us your mag - ic spell Till our hearts with rapt - ure swell.
 D.S.—Life of all from star to sod! Praise we Fa - ther, Moth - er God.



D. S.
 Oh, we praise thee, pow'r di - vine! Ev - er - last - ing glo - ry thine!
 Bright-est chil - dren of the light, Take a - way our souls' dark night;
 Oh, we praise thee, pow'r di - vine! Ev - er - last - ing glo - ry thine!

Dr. T. WILKINS.

G. TABOR THOMPSON.

1. When the way looks dark and drear - y, And a gloom seems ev - 'ry-where;
 2. While down-heart - ed some are wait - ing, For the dawn - ing of the day,
 3. Let us lean not on the near ones, Who have troub - les of their own;
 4. Emp - ty hearts can make no pleas - ure That is filled with per - fect joy;

Let us grow not weak and wea - ry, T'ward our broth - ers in de - spair.
 Let's be not con - tent with prat - ing, But be brush - ing clouds a - way.
 But re - mem - ber that the dear ones Will not let us stand a - lone.
 But the true heart fills the meas - ure With the gold, with - out al - loy.

CHORUS.

Let us sing..... of lov - ing an - gels, That re -
 Let us sing of lov - ing an - gels,

spond..... to you and me;..... And of death..... as but a
 That re - spond to you and me; And of death

rit.
 bless - ing To re - lease..... and make us free.....
 as but a bless - ing, To re - lease and make us free.

Dr. T. WILKINS.

G. TABOR THOMPSON.

1. Truth has come and all the world's aglow, Light has pierc'd old su-perstition's gloom;
 2. Heav-en's stars seem twinkling brighter far, And the moon and sun have brighter ray;

1. Light has pierc'd old su-perstition's gloom;
 2. And the moon and sun have brighter ray;

Man has learn'd what once he could not know, Life beyond the tomb.
 Since man knows where his dear lov'd ones are, Just a-cross the way.

Man Since has man learn'd what once he could not know, Life beyond the tomb.
 Since man knows where his dear lov'd ones are, Just a-cross the way.

CHORUS.

Since death has lost its cru-el sting, Man has ris-en
 Since death has lost its cru-el sting, lost its cru-el sting, Man has

as on ea-gle's wing: Each tim-id soul will find its
 ris-en as on ea-gle's wing: Each tim-id

home,
 soul will find its home, Just be-yond the tomb.
 Just be-yond the tomb, be-yond the tomb.

No. 121.

Coming Nearer.

Mrs. M. E. M. SANGSTER.

ROBERT LOWRY.

Cheerfully.

1. Its com-ing, com-ing near-er, The love-ly land un-seen; Its shores are
 2. The balm-y winds are bring-ing Its o-dors on their breath; Our ship of
 3. Its com-ing, com-ing near-er, We're homeward bound at last; Its shores are

grow-ing clear-er, Though mists lie dark be-tween; We catch its beams of
 life is swing-ing To the port where is no death; Where none are heav-y
 grow-ing clear-er, We soon shall an-chor fast; We'll dwell with them for-

glo-ry, We hear its bursts of song, We're rap-tur'd with its sto-ry, For
 heart-ed, Where all are glad and free, Where friends are nev-er part-ed, And
 ev-er, Who brought us o'er the tide, And not a foe shall sev-er Our

CHORUS.

it our spir-its long, } Oh, yes! it's com-ing near-er, near-er,
 their lov'd ones see. }
 souls from their dear side. }

near-er; Oh, yes! its com-ing near-er, The love-ly land un-seen.

Dr. R. ANNA SCHERMERHORN.

THEO. E. PERKINS.

1. A voice in the si - lence comes back to me A - cross the
 2. It tells of the joys that we there shall know, As the a - ges
 3. It tells of greet - ing bells that chime so sweet, In that bet - ter
 4. It tells not of sor - row, and not of care; We'll have none of

waves of that sil - v'ry sea. It tells of a home on the
 come and the a - ges go. It tells of the lov'd ones who've
 land where we all shall meet. Those sil - ver - y bells, how sweet
 these in that land so fair. It tells of good, bid - ding e -

far - ther shore Where care's of this life will troub - le no more.
 gone be - fore, That we all shall meet on that fur - ther shore.
 they will chime As we cross o - ver the riv - er of time.
 vil good - by; We've noth - ing to fear in our home on high.

CHORUS.

In that land, in that land, O how the sil - ver - y bells will chime,

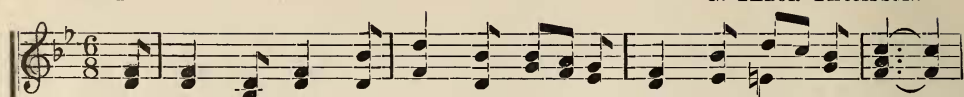
Repeat Chorus softly.
 In that land, bells will chime, As we pass o - ver the riv - er of time.

No. 123.

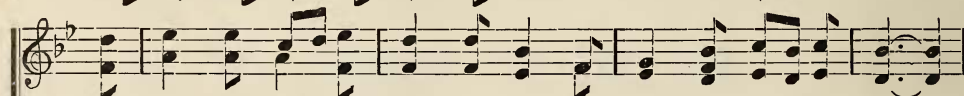
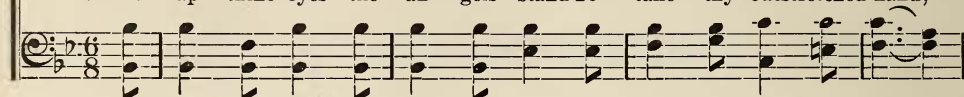
Keep Looking Up.

G. T. T.

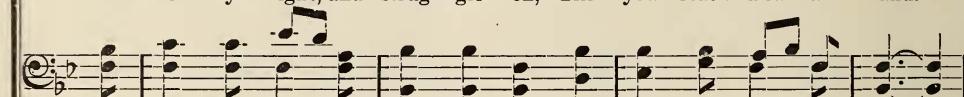
G. TABOR THOMPSON.



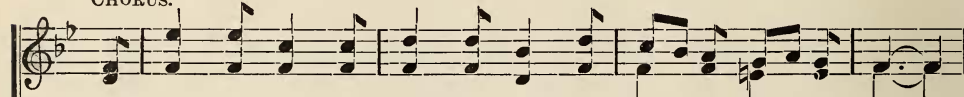
1. Keep look - ing up, keep look - ing up, The mists will clear a - way;
2. Keep look - ing up, keep look - ing up, Th'e - ter - nal hills are there;
3. Keep look - ing up, keep look - ing up, With faith's a - spir - ing eye;
4. Lift up thine eyes the an - gels stand To take thy outstretched hand;



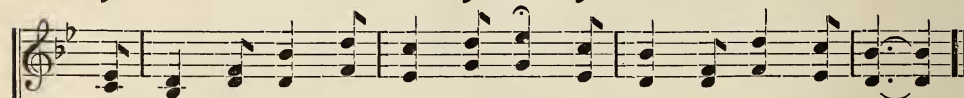
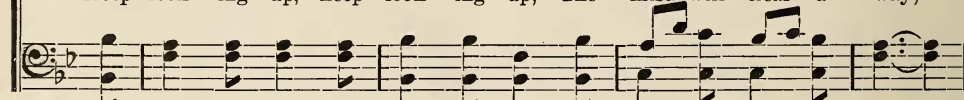
The heav - y fog's a har - bing - er Of beau - ti - ful spring day.
Far, far be - yond the heav - y clouds Are treas - ures rich and rare.
The prom - ise is that help will come From those who dwell on high.
Hold ver - y tight, and strug - gle on, Till you reach Beu - lah land.



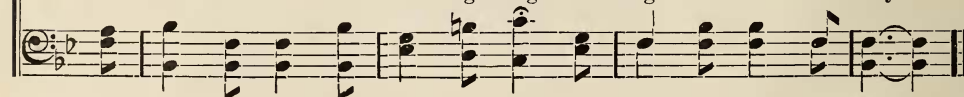
CHORUS.



Keep look - ing up, keep look - ing up, The mists will clear a - way;

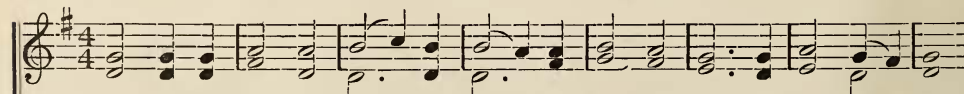


In God's own time his lov - ing thought Will bright - en all the day.

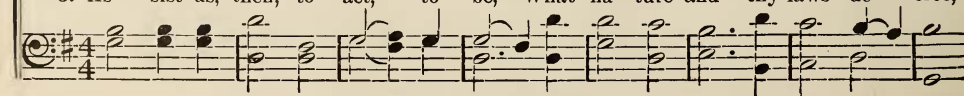


No. 124.

Life of All Being.

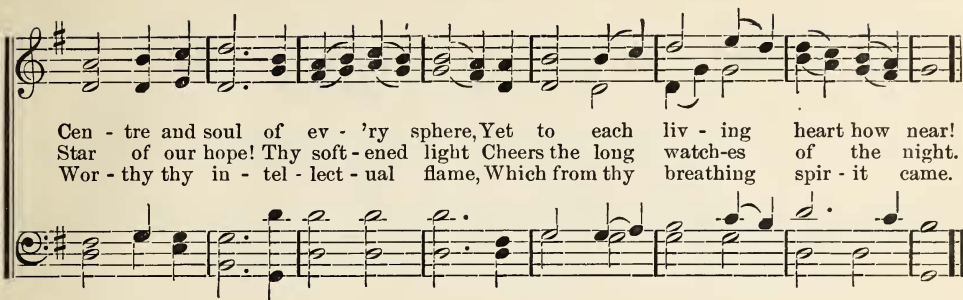


1. Life of all be - ing! Throned a - far, Thy glo - ry flames from sun and star;
2. Sun of our life! Thy wak - 'ning ray Sheds on our path the glow of day;
3. As - sist us, then, to act, to be, What na - ture and thy laws de - cree,



From "Spiritual Harp."

Life of All Being.—Concluded.



Cen - tre and soul of ev - 'ry sphere, Yet to each liv - ing heart how near!
 Star of our hope! Thy soft - ened light Cheers the long watch - es of the night.
 Wor - thy thy in - tel - lect - ual flame, Which from thy breathing spir - it came.

No. 125.

Good-By.



1. As the sweet bird that sings Folds her bright star - ry wings, When evening's long
 2. O ye chil - dren of light, E'er by day and by night You're guid - ed by
 3. Then dis - pel ev - 'ry fear, While still lin - ger - ing here, And part not the
 4. Hap - py hours have been spent In the sweet - est con - tent By an - gels who

shad - ows draw nigh, So we ev - 'ry one, When our work is done, Would
 One from on high; The in - no - cent heart From hope can - not part, Tho'
 lips with a sigh, But join in the song Soft float - ing a - long And
 came from on high! They see that the good Will be un - der - stood, And

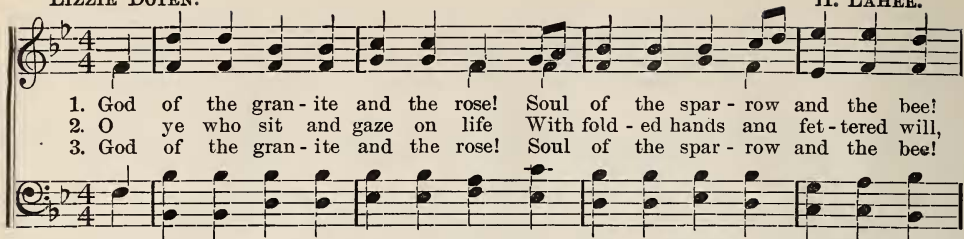
whis - per a gen - tle good - bye,..... Would whis - per a gen - tle good - by.
 soft - ly it whis - pers good - bye,..... Tho' soft - ly it whispers good - by.
 give us an answ'ring good - bye,..... And gives us an answ'ring good - by.
 gen - tly they whis - per good - bye,..... And gen - tly they whis - per good - by.
 good-bye,

No. 126.

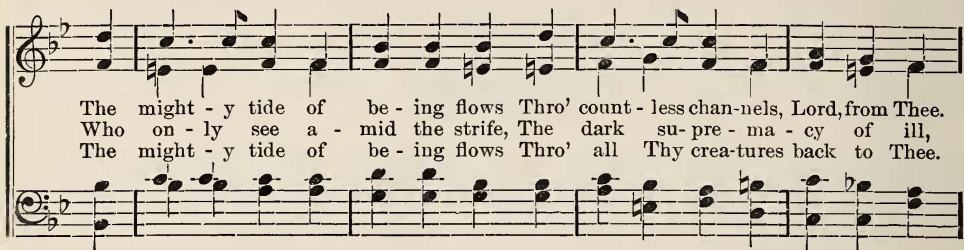
Nature's Revelation.

LIZZIE DOTEN.

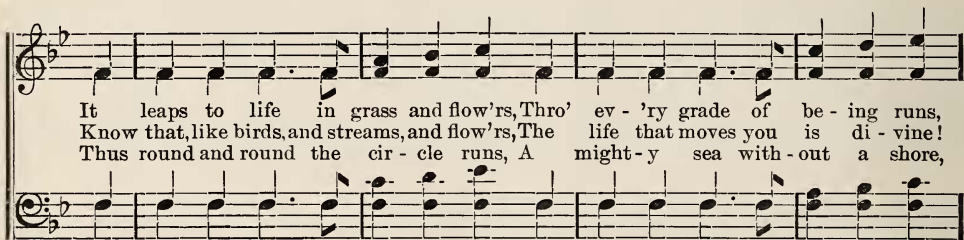
H. LAHEE.



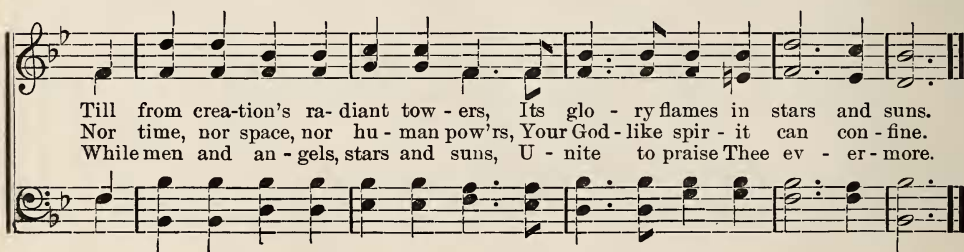
1. God of the gran - ite and the rose! Soul of the spar - row and the bee!
 2. O ye who sit and gaze on life With fold - ed hands and fet - tered will,
 3. God of the gran - ite and the rose! Soul of the spar - row and the bee!



The might - y tide of be - ing flows Thro' count - less chan - nels, Lord, from Thee.
 Who on - ly see a - mid the strife, The dark su - pre - ma - cy of ill,
 The might - y tide of be - ing flows Thro' all Thy crea - tures back to Thee.



It leaps to life in grass and flow'rs, Thro' ev - 'ry grade of be - ing runs,
 Know that, like birds, and streams, and flow'rs, The life that moves you is di - vine!
 Thus round and round the cir - cle runs, A might - y sea with - out a shore,



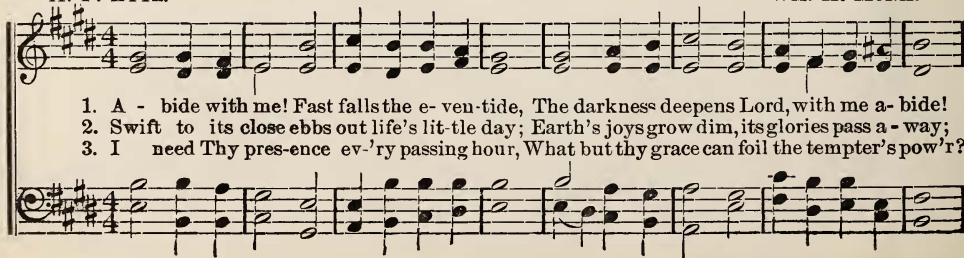
Till from crea - tion's ra - diant tow - ers, Its glo - ry flames in stars and suns.
 Nor time, nor space, nor hu - man pow'rs, Your God - like spir - it can con - fine.
 While men and an - gels, stars and suns, U - nite to praise Thee ev - er - more.

No. 127.

Abide With Me.

H. F. LYTE.

WM. H. MONK.



1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The darkness deepens Lord, with me a - bide!
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass a - way;
 3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry passing hour, What but thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?

Abide With Me.—Concluded.

When oth - er help - ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, a - bide with me!
 Change and de - cay in all a - round I see; O Thou, who changest not, a - bide with me!
 Who, like Thy-self, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!

No. 128.

Very Soon.

G. T. T.

G. TABOR THOMPSON

1. Brok - en hearts will cease re - pin - ing, Ver - y soon, ver - y soon;
 2. All our pain will end in pleas - ure, Ver - y soon, ver - y soon;
 3. Earth's good-byes will end for - ev - er, Ver - y soon, ver - y soon;

Dark - ness flee, the sun be shin - ing, Ver - y soon, ver - y soon,
 And our joy shall pass all meas - ure, Ver - y soon, ver - y soon;
 We shall meet no more to sev - er, Ver - y soon, ver - y soon;

Do not fear nor bor - row care Pain will cease, sometime, some - where,
 Ev - 'ry - thing will then be right, Ev - 'ry step will then be light,
 And the an - gels who ful - fill All the man - dates of our will,

ril.
 We'll go home, heav'n's joy to share, Ver - y soon, ver - y soon.
 And our hav - en heave in sight, Ver - y soon, ver - y soon.
 Will at - tend and love us still, Ver - y soon, ver - y soon.

No. 129.

Accept Our Invitation.

R. S. WILLIAMS.

G. J. WEBB.

mf

1. Why stand ye i - dle, stran - ger, When there's so much to gain? Be - hold the fields a -
 2. We have a man - or, stran - ger. We want thee there to come; To help and reap earth's
 3. Come join us in our household, No more a stran - ger be; And with us ev - er

cres.

round us Are ripe with gold - en grain, Be - hold the gold - en har - vest On
 boun - ties, And feed the hun - gry one, We want thee at the har - vest; And
 shar - ing, As we will share with thee. Our ta - ble for the hun - gry, Where

f

hill - top, vale and plain. Let not the call for reap - ers Fall on thine ears in vain.
 when our work is done We want thee in the household, When we are gath - ered home.
 ev - 'ry - thing is free: Our fount - ain for the thirst - y, Great as the shoreless sea.

No. 130.

Communion With the Dead.

TENNYSON

H. K. OLIVER.

1. How pure at heart and sound in head With what di - vine af - fec - tions hold
 2. In vain shalt thou, or an - y call The spir - its from their gold - en day
 3. But when the heart is full of din, And doubt be - side the por - tal waits,

Should be the man whose tho't would hold An hour's commun - ion with the dead.
 Ex - cept, like them, thou too canst say, My spir - it is at peace with all.
 They can but lis - ten at the gates And hear the household jar with - in.

No. 131.

Hear, Hear and Save.

Tenderly.

1. Night sinks on the wave; Hol - low gusts are sigh - ing; Sea - birds to their cave
 2. Stars look o'er the sea, Few and sad and shrouded! Faith our light must be,

Thro' the gloom are fly - ing. Oh! Should storms come sweeping, Thou in heav'n un-
 When all else is cloud-ed. Thou whose voice came thrill-ing, Wind and bil - low

sleep - ing, O'er us vig - il keep - ing, Hear, hear and save!
 still - iag, Speak, our pray'r ful - fill - ing; Pow'r dwells with thee.

From "Spiritual Harp."

No. 132.

Sweet Rest At Last.

Anon.

G. TABOR THOMPSON.

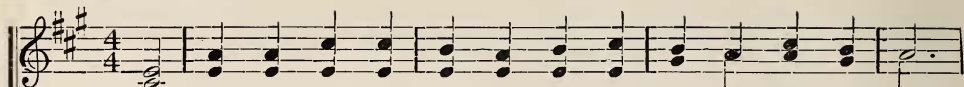
1. Sweet rest at last! At last the hands are folded Up-on a pulseless breast, And a
 2. Sweet rest at last! A long and faithful worker On life's broad, beaten road, Reaching
 3. Sweet rest at last! No lon - ger thorns are pressing Up-on a careworn brow, But from
 4. Sweet rest at last! No more earth's fretting discord Disturbs the ho - ly calm, But an -

soul tired, of earth's great burden weary, Hath found sweet rest, Hath found sweet rest.
 the con-fines of a life im-mor-tal, Lays down his load, Lays down his load.
 the heav-ens a fadeless crown blessing, Rests on it now, Rests on it now.
 gel choirs chant to the list'ning spir - it, Their peaceful psalm, Their peace-ful psalm.

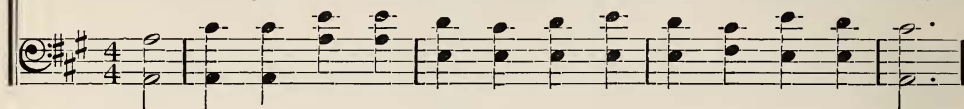
No. 133.

Truth Makes Free.

C. FANNIE ALLYN.



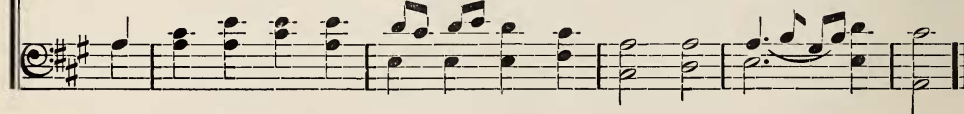
1. Hail we the thought that moves the age, That rings o'er land and sea,
2. Leave pris - on - fet - ters of the mind, And ser - vile bend - ed knee,
3. Let sects de - cay and dog - mas die, In hu - man souls we see
4. Throw o - pen wide the gates of tho't, We'll fear no dark de - cree,



- A - like it comes to child and sage, The truth that makes us free.
 A - rise, and in the light we'll find The truth that makes us free.
 The no - ble tho'ts, the promptings high, And truth that makes us free.
 On ev - 'ry page of na - ture's wrought The truth that makes us free.

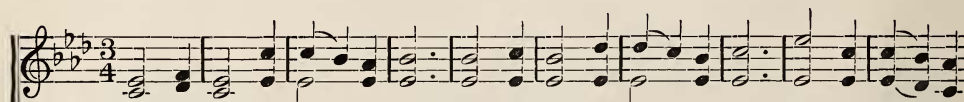


- A - like it comes to child and sage, The truth that makes us free.
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 On ev - 'ry page of na - ture's wrought The truth that makes us free.

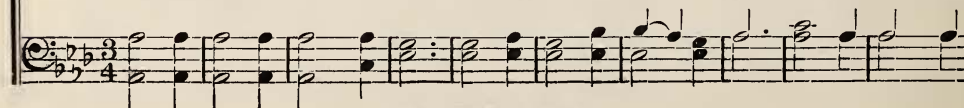


No. 134.

By God's Hand.

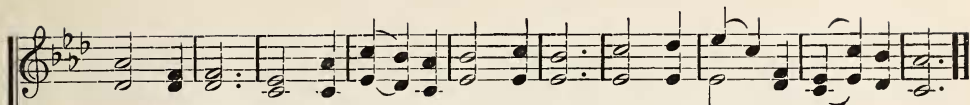


1. Slow - ly, by God's hand un - furl'd, Down a - round the wea - ry world, Falls the dark - ness;
2. Might - y Spir - it, ev - er nigh, Work in me as si - lent - ly; Veil the day's dis -
3. Ho - ly truth, e - ter - nal right, Let them break up - on my sight; Let them shine se -

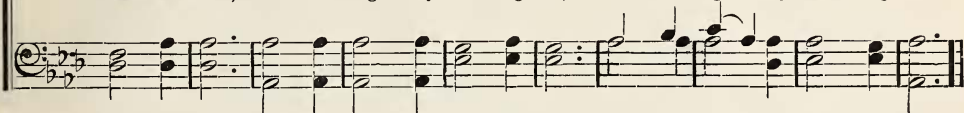


From "Spiritual Harp."

By God's Hand.—Concluded.



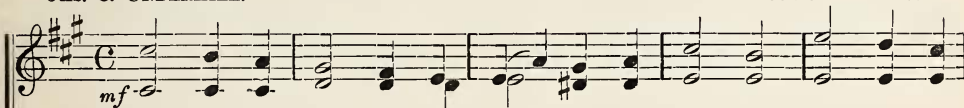
oh, how still Is the work - ing of his will! Is the work - ing of his will!
tract-ing sights, Show me heav'n's e - ter - nal lights, Show me heav'n's e - ter - nal lights.
rene and still, And with light my be - ing fill, And with light my be - ing fill.



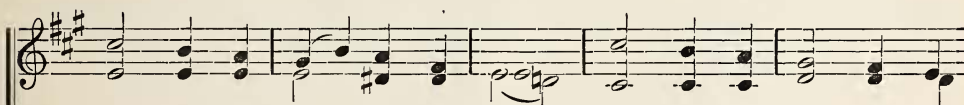
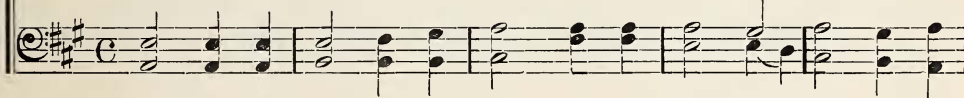
No. 135. The Home Beautiful.

JAS. C. UNDERHILL.

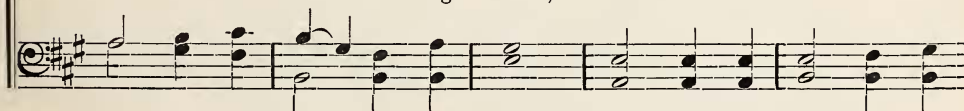
J. P. HARDING.



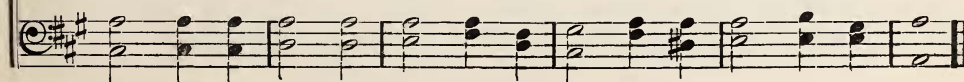
1. Beau - ti - ful home of the soul's pure cre - a - tion, Gar - den of
2. Beau - ti - ful home! Thy fair vis - ion en - tran - ces— Gar - nish'd with
3. Beau - ti - ful home! Where, O where shall we find thee? Where seek the
4. Heav - en with - in builds our heav - en high o'er us; Good - ness and



gra - ces and land of the blest, Love - li - est E - den of
pur - i - ty, good - ness and truth; Soul - light of love all thy
joys thy rich bless - ings im - part? Ev - er a - near are the
love bla - zon life's shin - ing scroll; Heav - en with - in us and

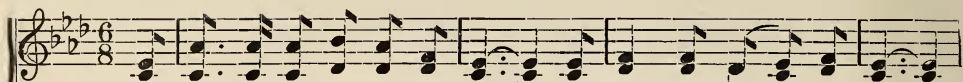


pure as - pir - a - tion, Where shall we seek thee, and where find thy rest?
beau - ty en - han - ces, Ev - er re - new - ing the sweet - ness of youth.
bright zones that bind thee; Ev - er with - in in the pure lov - ing heart.
heav - en be - fore us— Beau - ti - ful home of the beau - ti - ful soul.



ANON.

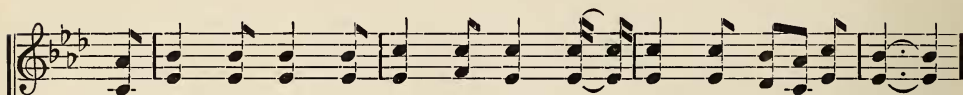
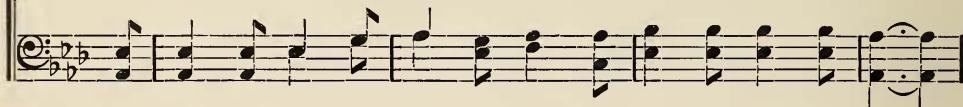
A. J. MAXHAM.



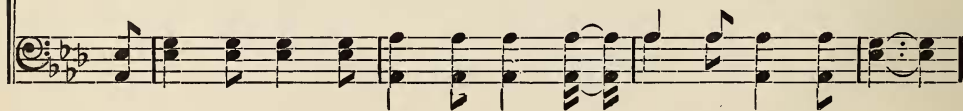
1. Such beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful hands! They're neith - er white nor small;
2. Such beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful hands! Tho' heart were wea - ry and sad,
3. Such beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful hands! They're grow - ing fee - ble now,
4. But oh! Be - yond this shadowy land, Where all is bright and fair,



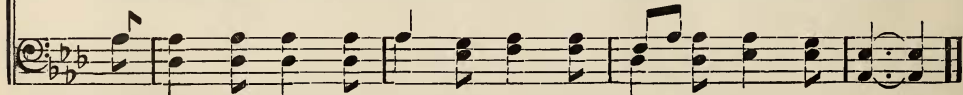
And you, I know, would scarce - ly think That they were fair at all;
 These pa - tient hands kept toil - ing on, That chil - dren might be glad.
 For time and pain have left their work On hand and heart and brow.
 I know full well these dear old hands Will palms of vic - t'ry bear.

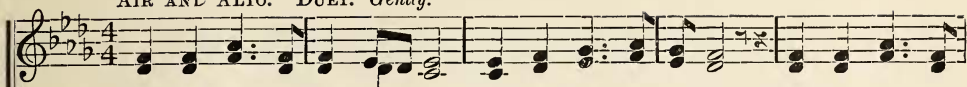


I've look'd on hands whose form and hue A sculp - tor's dream might be;
 I al - most weep, as look - ing back To child - hood's dis - tant day,
 A - las, a - las! the near - ing time, And the sad, sad day to me,
 Where crys - tal streams, thro' end - less years, Flow o - ver gold - en sands,

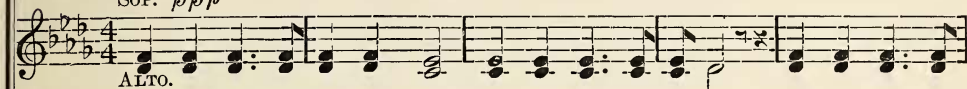


Yet are these a - ged, wrink - led hands, Most beau - ti - ful to me.
 I think how these hands rest - ed not, When mine were at their play.
 When 'neath the dai - sies, out of sight, These hands will fold - ed be.
 And where the old grow young a - gain, I'll clasp my moth - er's hands.



AIR AND ALTO. DUET. *Gently.*

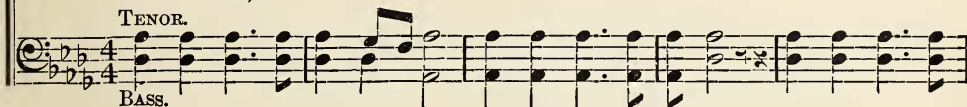
1. When for me the si - lent oar Parts the si - lent riv - er, And I stand up -
 2. Can the bonds that make us here Know our - selves im - mor - tal, Drop a - way like
 3. He who plants with - in our hearts All this deep af - fec - tion, Giv - ing, when the
 4. There - fore dread I not to go O'er the si - lent riv - er; Death, thy hast'ning

SOP. *ppp*

ALTO.

1. When for me, etc.

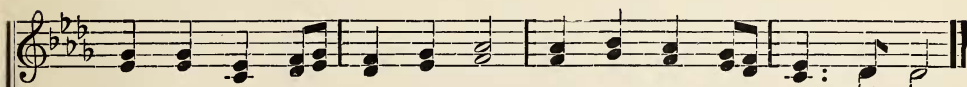
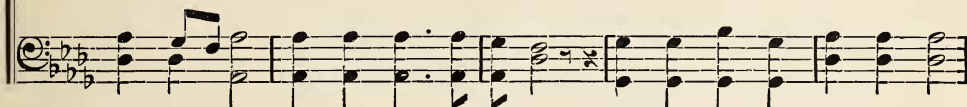
TENOR.



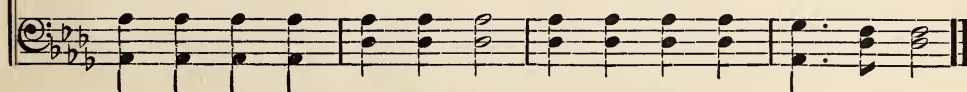
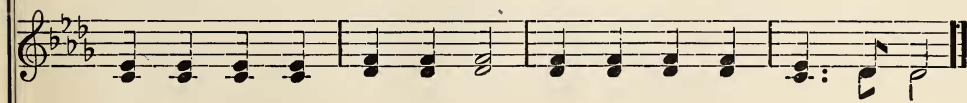
BASS.



on the shore Of the strange for - ev - er, Shall I miss the lov'd and known?
 fo - liage sere At life's in - ner por - tal? What is ho - li - est be - low
 form de - parts, Fadeless rec - ol - lec - tion, Will but clasp th'un - bro - ken chain
 oar I know; Bear me, thou life - giv - er! Thro' the wa - ters to the shore,



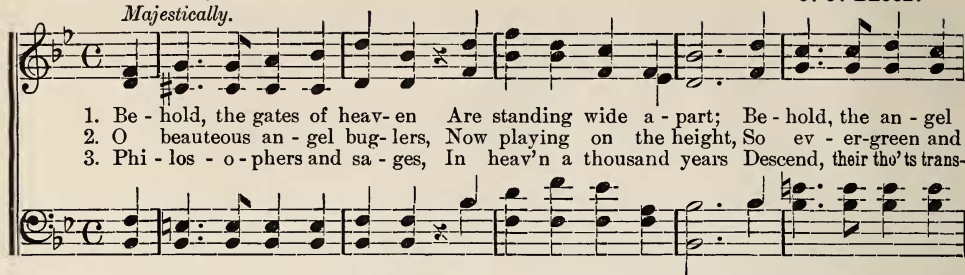
Shall I vain - ly seek mine own? Shall I vain - ly seek mine own?
 Must for - ev - er live and grow, Must for - ev - er live and grow.
 Clos - er when we meet a - gain, Clos - er when we meet a - gain.
 Where mine own have gone be - fore, Where mine own have gone be - fore.



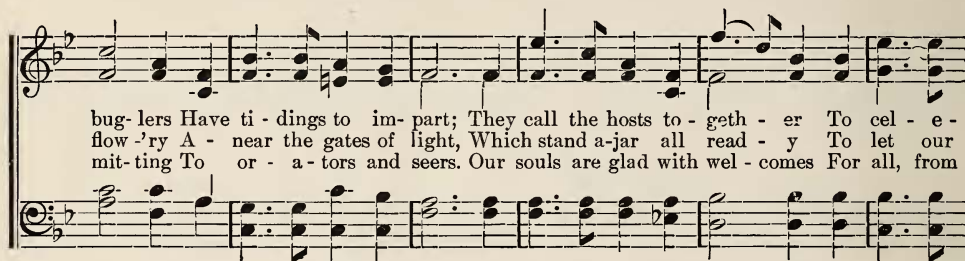
EMMA ROOD TUTTLE.

(ANNIVERSARY SONG.)

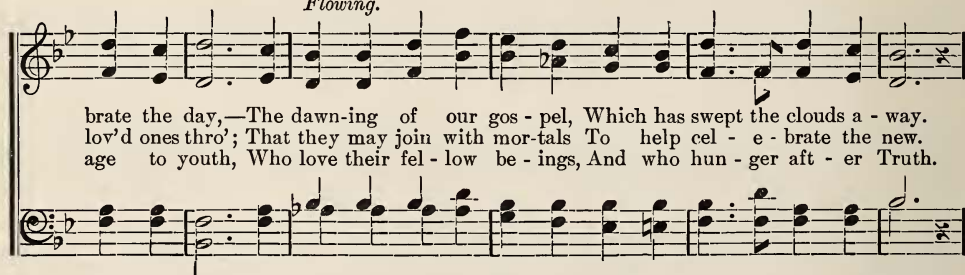
J. J. BLOOD.

Majestically.


1. Be - hold, the gates of heav - en Are standing wide a - part; Be - hold, the an - gel
 2. O beauteous an - gel bug - lers, Now playing on the height, So ev - er-green and
 3. Phi - los - o - phers and sa - ges, In heav'n a thousand years Descend, their tho'ts trans-



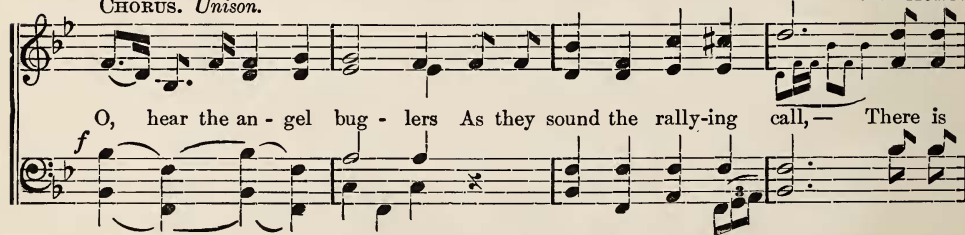
bug - lers Have ti - dings to im - part; They call the hosts to - geth - er To cel - e -
 flow - 'ry A - near the gates of light, Which stand a - jar all read - y To let our
 mit - ting To or - a - tors and seers. Our souls are glad with wel - comes For all, from

Flowing.



brate the day, — The dawn - ing of our gos - pel, Which has swept the clouds a - way.
 lov'd ones thro'; That they may join with mor - tals To help cel - e - brate the new.
 age to youth, Who love their fel - low be - ings, And who hun - ger aft - er Truth.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

HARMONY.



f O, hear the an - gel bug - lers As they sound the rally - ing call, — There is



life be - yond death's part - ings, Im - mor - tal - i - ty for all.....

The Angel Buglers.—Concluded.

FULL.

Mor - tals tell it, sing the sto - ry, Let your ban - ners float in glo - ry: Tell the

sto - ry, tell the sto - ry, Im - mor - tal - i - ty for all.

8va. *8va.* *cres.*.....

No. 139.

Resignation.

1. O Fa - ther, in this tri - al hour, My soul cries out for thee; The darkness hidest thee
2. Wher - e'er I turn, my pathway seems Bestrewn with thorns and woes; But where thy hid - den
3. Thou knowest all my needs, O God, My weak - ness and my fear; I mur - mur not be -

while thy pow'r En - folds me si - lent - ly. I can - not see thy guid - ing hand, Thy
pres - ence beams, E'en there would I re - pose. The sol - emn mys - te - ries of life I
neath the rod, But own thy chas't'ning dear. I ask not, "wherefore dost thou chide? Why

voice I hear no more, Thy will I do not un - der - stand, Yet would that will a - dore.
seek not now to read; A - mid the an - guish and the strife Do thou my footsteps lead.
bow me in the dust?" In thy great love I still a - bide, And in thy goodness trust.

8va. *cres.*.....

No. 140.

Joyfully, Onward I Move.

1. { Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly, on - ward I move, Bound for the land of bright spirits a - bove, }
 { An - gel - ic chor - is - ters sing as I come, Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly, haste to thy home; }

Soon with my pil - grimage end - ed be - low, Home to the land of bright spir - its I go,

Pil - grim and stranger no more shall I roam, Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly rest - ing at home.

From "Psalms of Life."

- 2 Friends fondly cherish'd have passed on before,
 Waiting they watch me approaching the shore;
 Singing to cheer me, as thither I roam,
 Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home.
 Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear;
 Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear!
 Rings with the harmony heaven's high dome,
 Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home.
- 3 Death, with thy weapons of war lay me low;
 Strike, king of terrors, I fear not the blow,
 Spirits have broken the bars of the tomb;
 Joyfully, joyfully, will I go home!
 Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
 Death shall be banished, his sceptre be gone;
 Joyfully then shall I witness his doom,
 Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

No. 141.

Celestial Greetings.

T. L. HARRIS.

Gently.

FINE.

1. { Peace be thine, the an - gels greet thee, Kind - red spir - it! Wel - come here. }
 { In their bliss - ful calm they meet thee, Shed a - broad their lov - ing sphere, }

2. { With us all the meek - voiced an - gels Rever - ent and a - dor - ing stand. }
 { While we hear di - vine e - van - gels From the soul's great fa - ther - land. }

D.C.—For the beau - ti - ful im - mor - tals Wor - ship in our midst to - day.
 D.C.—For the fa - ther's hand hath crown'd us In his glo - rious courts to - day.

From "Psalms of Life."

Celestial Greetings.—Concluded.

D. C.

En - ter then the sa - cred por - tals, Here thy heart's pure hom - age pay;
Oh! Though sor - row's chain hath bound us, All our grief shall pass a - way;

No. 142.

Heavenly Day.

1. When morning's pur - ple gates un - fold, Ir - ra - diate with the new-born day,
2. And, 'mid the splen - dors of the noon, When od'-rous winds are hushed and calm,
3. And when the shad - ovy night de - scends, And folds her wings a - bove the earth,

And from his quiv - er's mis - ty gold, The sun il - lumes his king - ly way,
Or murm'ring in a slumb'roustune, I feel soft hands of bless - ed balm;
The souls of dear, de - part - ed friends Will ming - le in my grief and mirth;

To me a thou - sand spir - its wake, Whose an - gel foot - steps, all a - broad,
And soft - er voic - es whis - per me, "O child of sor - row, care, and pain,
In hours of wak - ing and in dream, Through all the night and all the day,

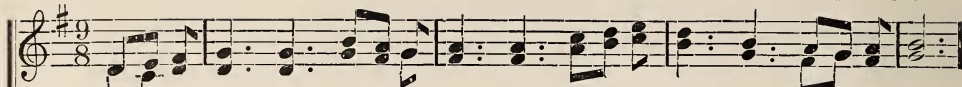
From leaf and flow'r, and stream and lake, Im - press the burn - ing seal of God.
Be tran - quil on life's storm - y sea, We watch, and guide to heav'n a - gain."
They, by their an - gel - plum - age gleam, Lead me to truth, and light the way.

No. 143.

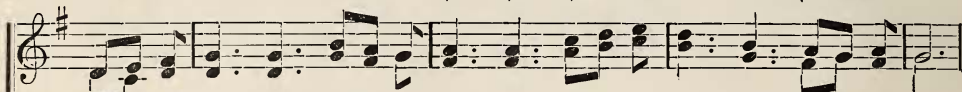
Signals From Home.

G. T. T.

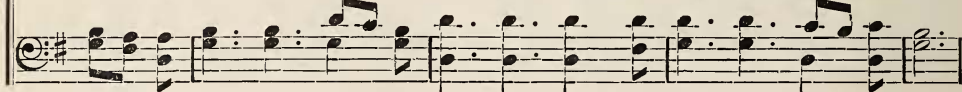
G. TABOR THOMPSON.



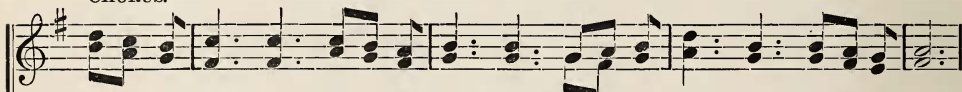
1. Swift - ly sail - ing o'er life's o - cean, Oft - en roll - ing in the foam;
2. Head - ed for the peace - ful har - bor, Lo! a calm spreads o'er the sea;
3. Gen - tle voic - es from the home - land, T'ne your harps, we wait to hear;
4. Those who have the Heav'n - ly Pi - lot, Cast the an - chor with - out harm;



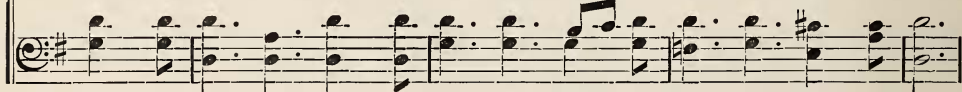
We have long'd for sound or sig - nal From the dear ones safe at home.
In the peace that fol - lows tem - pest, Lov'd ones seem to sig - nal me.
Let the mel - o - dy of heav - en Ring out now both loud and clear.
Tho' their life is like the o - cean, Some-times rough, and some-times calm.



CHORUS.



Gen - tle voic - es from the home - land, Oft - en seem to sig - nal me;



Tune your harps, ye an - gel song - sters, Waft the mu - sic o'er life's sea.



No. 144.

Our Own Loved Ones.

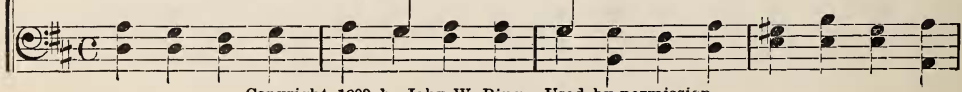
JOHN W. RING.

J. J. BLOOD.

Moderato.

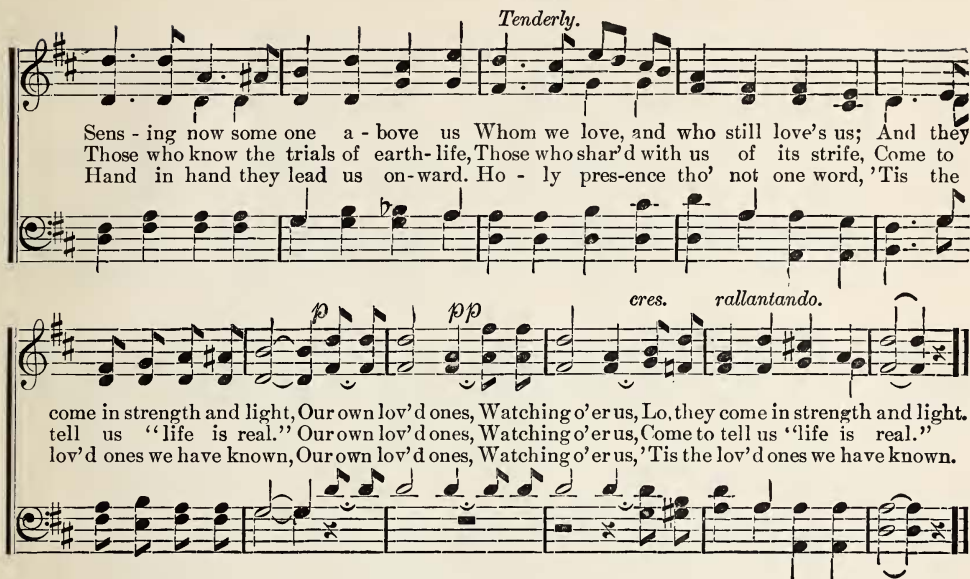


1. *p* See the morn - ing light is break - ing, For our souls are fast a - wak - ing;
2. *mf* Our own lov'd ones earthward steal - ing, Com - ing now our wounds all heal - ing;
3. *ff* So we sing our songs of glad - ness, Guardians lov'd watch o'er our sad - ness,



Our Own Loved Ones.—Concluded.

Tenderly.



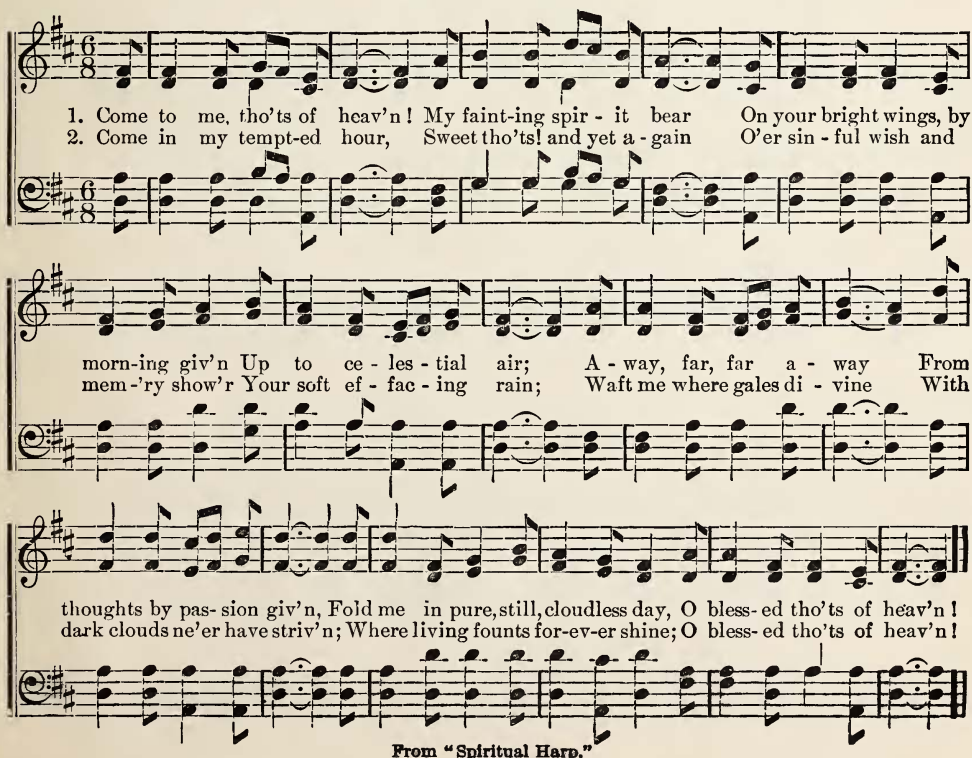
Sens - ing now some one a - bove us Whom we love, and who still love's us; And they
Those who know the trials of earth-life, Those who shar'd with us of its strife, Come to
Hand in hand they lead us on-ward. Ho - ly pres-ence tho' not one word, 'Tis the

p *pp* *cres.* *rallantando.*

come in strength and light, Our own lov'd ones, Watching o'er us, Lo, they come in strength and light.
tell us "life is real." Our own lov'd ones, Watching o'er us, Come to tell us "life is real."
lov'd ones we have known, Our own lov'd ones, Watching o'er us, 'Tis the lov'd ones we have known.

No. 145.

Aspiration.



1. Come to me, tho'ts of heav'n! My faint-ing spir - it bear On your bright wings, by
2. Come in my tempt-ed hour, Sweet tho'ts! and yet a - gain O'er sin - ful wish and

morn-ing giv'n Up to ce - les - tial air; A - way, far, far a - way From
mem'-ry show'r Your soft ef - fac - ing rain; Waft me where gales di - vine With

thoughts by pas - sion giv'n, Fold me in pure, still, cloudless day, O bless-ed tho'ts of heav'n!
dark clouds ne'er have striv'n; Where living founts for-ev-er shine; O bless-ed tho'ts of heav'n!

From "Spiritual Harp."

No. 146.

Stand Firm.

Not too fast.

1. There are mo-ments when life's shad-ows Fall all dark-ly on the soul.
 2. Stand we firm in that dark mo-ment, Stand we firm, nor shrink a-way;
 3. Firm-ly stand, tho' si-rens lure us; Firm-ly stand, tho' false-hood rail,

Hid-ing stars of hope be-hind them In a black, im-per-vious scroll;
 Look-ing bold-ly thro' the dark-ness, Wait the com-ing of the day;
 Hold-ing jus-tice, truth, and mer-cy; Die we may, but can-not fail.

D. S.—The dim paths we tread are lead-ing In our mid-*n*ight of de-spair.
D. S.—Fear not, fail not, light will lead us Yet in safe-ty to our home.
D. S.—Firm-ly stand, till du-ty beck-ons; Con-quer e'en the shad-ow-y grave.

When we walk with trem-bling foot-steps, Scarce-ly know-ing how or where
 Gath-'ring strength while we are wait-ing For the con-flict yet to come;
 Fail! It is the word of cow-ards; Fail! The lan-guage of the slave;

From "Spiritual Harp."

No. 147.

God In Nature.

T. MOORE.

Brillante.

1. Thou art, O God, the life and light Of all this won-drous world we see;
 2. Whenday, with fare-well beams, de-lays A-mong the o-pening clouds of even,
 3. When night, with wings of star-ry gloom, O'er-shad-ows all the earth and skies,

From "Psalms of Life."

God In Nature.—Concluded.

Its glow by day, its smile by night, Are but re - flec - tions caught from thee;
And we can al - most think we gaze Thro' gold-en vis - tas in - to heav'n;
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume Is spark-ling with un-num-ber'd dyes;

Wher - e'er we turn, thy glo - ries shine, And all things fair and bright are thine.
Those hues that make the sun's de - cline So soft, so ra - diant Lord, are thine.
That sa-cred gloom, those fires di - vine, So grand, so count-less, Lord, are thine.

No. 148.

Protecting Power.

H. M. WILLIAMS.

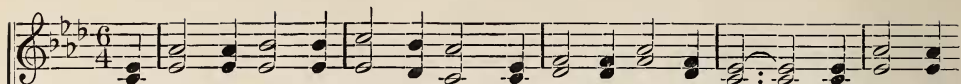
1. While thee I seek, pro - tect - ing pow'r! Be my vain wish - es still'd;
2. Thy love the pow'r of thought be - stow'd; To thee my tho'ts would soar:
3. In each e - vent of life, how clear Thy rul - ing hand I see!
4. My lift - ed eye, with-out a tear, The gath'-ring storm shall see;

And may this con - se - cra - ted hour With bet - ter hopes be fill'd.
Thy mer - cy o'er my life has flow'd; That mer - cy I a - dore!
Each bless - ing to my soul most dear Be - cause con - ferr'd by thee.
My stead - fast heart shall know no fear; That heart shall rest on thee.

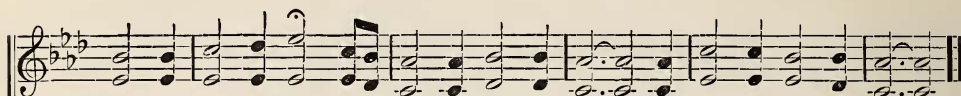
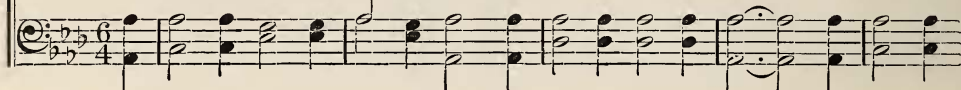
From "Psalms of Life."

No. 149.

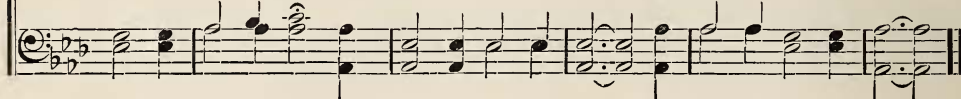
Come, Gentle Spirits.



1. Come, gen - tle spir - its, to us now, Look on with ten - der eyes; Touch your soft
2. Come from your homes of per - fect light, Come from your silvery streams, Come from your
3. O speak to us in gen - tle tones! Our hearts are seek - ing now A beau - ty
4. They come, and night is no more night, Pale sor - row's reign is o'er; For death is



hands up - on each brow, Sweet spir - its from the skies, Sweet spir - its from the skies.
 scenes of joy more bright Than we e'er know in dreams, Than we e'er know in dreams.
 like to that which shines Up - on each an - gel brow, Up - on each an - gel brow.
 but a gate of light, And gloom - y now no more, And gloom - y now no more.

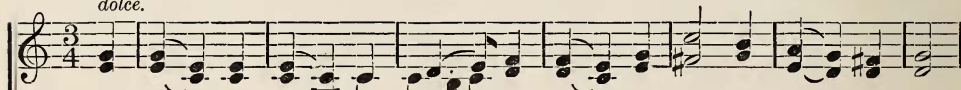


No. 150.

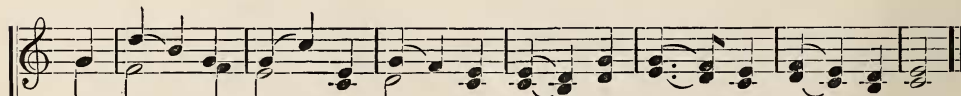
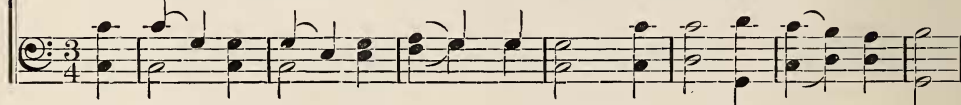
Together Still.

CHARLES SWAIN.
dole.

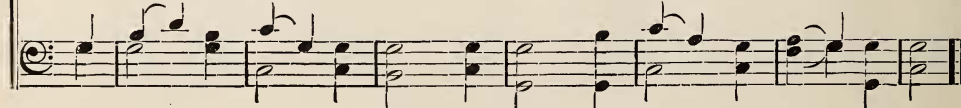
Arr. from MOZART.



1. The mys - tery of the spir - it's birth Out - fath - oms hu - man skill:
2. There is a feel - ing that u - nites The dis - tant and the dead;
3. And thus af - fec - tion lives be - yond Death's dark and wither - ing will;
4. In qui - et thought, in lone - ly pray'r, That spir - it all per - vades;



Tho' one's in heav'n and one on earth, They are to - geth - er still.
 The last sweet bloom that win - ter blights, Yet leaves the o - dor shed!
 No pow'r hath he to part the fond - They meet, in spir - it, still!
 It lends a glo - ry to the air When ev - 'ry plan - et fades.



No. 151.

We Will All Meet Again.

I. C. I. E.

I. C. I. EVANS.

1. We meet and we part on this earth - ly plane; Our du - ties are
 2. Then why should we sor - row or grieve, I pray, Be - cause we must
 3. The pleas - ure of meet - ing brings joy to the heart We'd nev - er ex -

va - ried and sel - dom the same; Yet wher - ev - er we go will the
 part to our sep - a - rate way? But let us all join in the
 pe - rience if we did not part. So let all our voic - es peal

CHORUS.

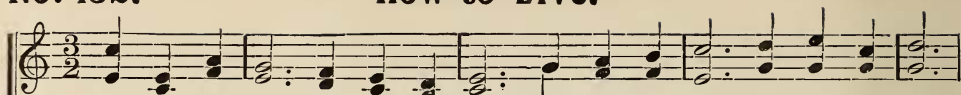
truth re - main, We shall meet in the by - and - by. } Yes, we'll all meet a -
 song to - day, We will meet in the by - and - by. }
 forth like a dart, We will meet in the by - and - by. }

gain in the by - and - by, The by - and - by, the by - and - by, So

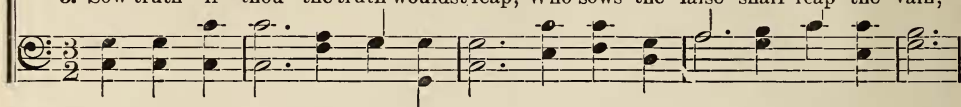
let us look for - ward to the good time when We shall meet in the by - and - by.

No. 152.

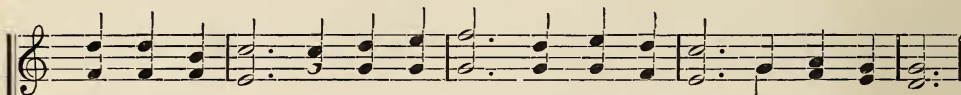
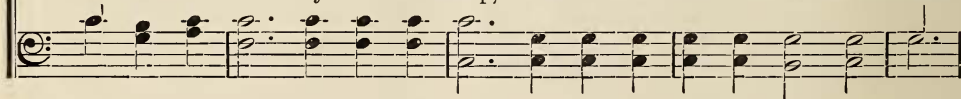
How to Live.



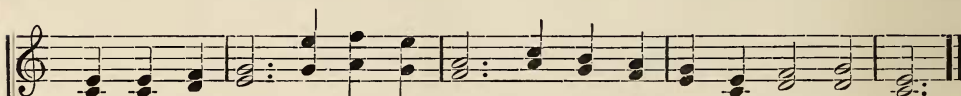
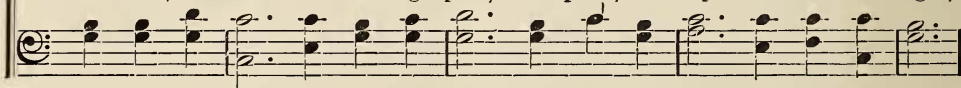
1. He liv - eth long who liv - eth well! All oth - er life is short and vain.
 2. Be thou in truth - ful - ness ar - rayed; Hold up to earth thy torch di - vine!
 3. Sow truth if thou the truth wouldst reap; Who sows the false shall reap the vain;



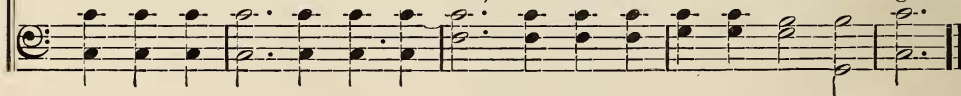
He liv - eth long - est who can tell Of liv - ing most for heav'n - ly gain.
 Be what thou pray - est to be made; Let steps of char - it - y be thine!
 E - rect and sound thy con - science keep; From hol - low words and deeds re - frain.



Waste not thy be - ing; back to him Who free - ly gave it, free - ly give:
 Fill up each hour with what will last; Buy up the mo - ments as they go:
 Sow love, and taste its fruit - age pure; Sow peace, and reap its har - vest bright;



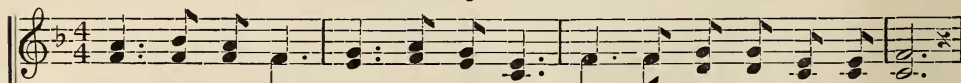
Else is that be - ing but a dream; 'Tis but to be, and not to live.
 The life a - bove, when this is past, Is the ripe fruit of life be - low.
 Sow sun - beams on the rock and moor, And find a har - est - home of light.



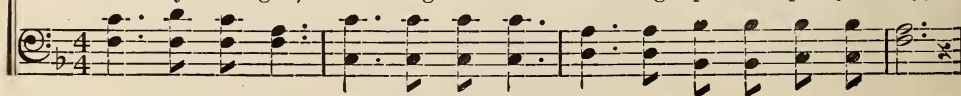
From "Spiritual Harp."

No. 153.

Heavenly Accents.



1. Broth - ers, will you slight the mes - sage Sent in mer - cy from a - bove?
 2. Temp - ted souls, they bring you suc - cor; Fear - ful hearts, they quell your fears;
 3. Ho - ly an - gels, hov - 'ring round us! Wait - ing spir - its! Speed your way,



From "Spiritual Harp."

Heavenly Accents.—Concluded.

Ev - 'ry sen - tence, oh, how ten - der! Ev - 'ry line how full of love!
 And with deep - est con - so - la - tion Chase a - way the fall - ing tears;
 Hast - en to the court of heav - en, Ti - dings bear with - out de - lay,

Heav'n - ly ac - cents, heav'n - ly ac - cents, Full of strength and peace and love.
 Ten - der her - als, ten - der her - als, Blest is he their word who hears!
 That our spir - its, that our spir - its, Glad the mes - sage may o - bey.

No. 154. In the Sunlight of To-day.

Dr. T. WILKINS.

ZAIDA BROWN KATES.

1. Let us march and nev - er wea - ry, Nev - er fal - ter by the way; Let us make the
 2. Let us grasp the hand that smites us, And hold an - ger hard at bay; Wronging others
 3. Let us bear each oth - ers sor - rows, And give sym - pa - thy full sway; Looking for the

CHORUS.
 world more cheer - y, In the sun - light of to - day.
 nev - er rights us, In the sun - light of to - day. } In the sunlight of to - day, In the
 bright to - mor - rows, In the sun - light of to - day. }

sun - light of to - day: Let us make the world more cheery, In the sunlight of to - day.

No. 155.

Auld Lang Syne.

1. It sing-eth low in ev-'ry heart, We hear it each and all, A song of those who
 2. 'Tis hard to take the bur-den up When these have laid it down. They brighten'd all the
 3. More home-like seems the vast unknown, Since they have enter'd there; To fol-low them were

an-swer still, When-ev-er we may call— They throng the si-lence of the breast; We
 joy of life, They soften'd ev-'ry frown— But, oh, 'tis good to think of them When
 not so hard, Wher-ev-er they may fare— They can-not be where God is not, On

see them as of yore, The kind, the true, the brave, the sweet, Who wear earth's chains no more.
 we are troubled sore; Thanks be to God that such have been, And are for ev-er more.
 a-ny sea or shore; What-e'er be-tides, thy love a-bides, Our God for ev-er more.

No. 156.

Doxologies.

No. 1. Great fount of Life, and Love, and Light, In-spire our hearts to know the Right;

Let us re-spond to Truth's high call, With "Peace on earth, good-will to all."

No. 2.

With gratitude for blessings given,
 We join the friends of earth and heaven;
 And ere our parting, pray to-night,
 "Lead, kindly Light; Lead, kindly Light."

—G. Tabor Thompson.

No. 3.

We bow to the Eternal will,
 With thankful hearts for good and ill;
 Knowing all things are from above,
 And everything a gift of love.

—G. Tabor Thompson.

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