THE

SPIRITUAL HARP:

A COLLECTION OF

VOCAL MUSIC

FOR THE

CHOIR, CONGREGATION, AND SOCIAL CIRCLE.

J. M. PEEBLES AND J. O. BARRETT.

E. H. BAILEY, MUSICAL EDITOR.

I heard harpers harping on their harpe; and they sung a new song. — John.

FOURTEENTH EDITION.

BOSTON:
BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.,
CORNER OF BOSWORTH AND PROVINCE STS.
GREETING:

"Let me make the ballads of a nation," says Fletcher of Saltoun, "and I care not who makes the laws." Revolutions date in the improvised songs of the peasantry. Religion springs to form from the hearts of the musical seers of all ages. Music envelopes every surrounding object with Eolian vibrations. The leaves, the tips of grass, the winds, the sunbeams, the very fibres of wood and rock, all things respond. The angels, charmed when sweet melodies rise like ocean ripples from joyous souls, cannot help approaching us. As our music quiveringly touches and trembles the finer chords of their souls, we hear an echo far sweeter, and in turn we pause and listen, the auditors now of heavenly choirs. Thus the songs we produce, however humble, set all the universe ablaze with melodious light, and, ringing through the arches of heaven, bless all hearts with new joy.

Conscious of this happy truth, and feeling that the interests of Spiritualism, growing into favor with the people everywhere, demanded a new musical organ, full of the live thought and song of the age, on consulting with friends both in spirit and earth life, who urged the undertaking with great earnestness, we ventured out, and after a year's close and indefatigable labor, now present to the world our "SPIRITUAL HARP," believing that even the angels will delight to hear its inspiring harmonies in all the circles to which they minister in love.

Words are inadequate to express the gratitude we cherish for the sympathy and assistance of so many co-operators in our arduous task. Keeping in view the claims of our holy cause, we have aimed at justice to all; but owing to limited space, we have been obliged to reject much that is of intrinsic merit. At least one-third of the poetry is original, gushing with fresh inspiration from the fountain of truth. The selected poetry is also eclectic, being culled with the most studious fidelity, and carefully criticised till every theological taint is expunged, and only such others, whose inspiring songs enchant all the masses, have brought us under lasting obligations for original and selected contributions. We acknowledge with equal gratitude the generosity of the musical publishers, whose highly appreciated selections we have credited to their respective names.

Some of America's most gifted and popular composers, such as Dr. Lowell Mason, G. F. Root, J. G. Clark, and others, whose inspiring songs enchant all the masses, have brought us under lasting obligations for original and selected contributions. We acknowledge with equal gratitude the generosity of the musical publishers, whose highly appreciated selections we have credited to their respective names.

Spiritualism is scientific religion. With others we have felt the necessity of adopting such a system in our public instructions as shall tend to more thoroughly cultivate the religious nature, perfect individual character, and harmonize society. The department of "Spirit Echoes," original and selected, is designed to meet this growing demand in a measure at least. The Children's Progressive Lyceum, inaugurated by A. J. Davis, has been inductive to a magnificent symbolic education of spiritual life. Following its wonderful success, we have, in part, adapted it to general worship in a new form of "Silver-chain Recitations." They can be used by the speaker as a reading exercise, or in the form of responses, with or without music. The alternation of reading by the speaker and singing by the congregation, thus bringing the two into rapport with each other, and preparing the way for a more inspirational influx from the angels, must be most hallowed in influence. Let these be used occasionally at least, that their golden truths may be deeply engraved upon the memory. As a means to the highest possible inspiration from ministering spirits, tending to avoid all monotony in our religious exercises, and to harmonize our forces for nobler work, we suggest that speaking and singing be more blended by having short congregational tunes introduced at intervals during the lecture, as the speaker may request. When the sacred influence of silent communion at the opening or closing of our meetings, of forms of beauty, and healthful exercises, shall thus chime with "Spirit Echoes," speech and song, our worship will be the most attractive ever instituted. In this department we have added a few funeral recitations, each brief and full of spiritual consolation.

Fully satisfied that congregational singing harmonizes an audience better, and is therefore more satisfactory than quartet or choir singing, we earnestly recommend its adoption in the lecture-room and conference-meeting.

Although the second department of this work is particularly mentioned as congregational, there are many pieces in the first, also in the solo and anthem departments, that may be properly and easily sung by the congregation, when led by a choir and organ. We appeal to choir-members, not merely to permit the congregation to sing an occasional slow measured tune, but to heartily encourage all to sing with them every piece that is used in the religious meeting. Beautiful solo, quartet, and select chorus singers are heard with profit and delight in the concert-room; but in the religious meeting, let us have the great, throbbing, swelling, mountain voice of the people. What if it be a little rough, showing its sharp points and deep declivities? Its natural commingling in the religious meeting. Beautiful solo, quartet, and select chorus singers are heard with profit and delight in the concert-room; but in the religious meeting, let us have the great, throbbing, swelling, mountain voice of the people. What if it be a little rough, showing its sharp points and deep declivities? Its natural commingling

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Trusting that the "Harp" will indeed bless millions, as an instrument of inspiration to loftier purpose in life, we humbly dedicate it to the Spiritualists and Reformers of the world, in love of truth and progress.

THE AUTHORS.

Boston, Sept. 1, 1868.
The Spiritual Harp.

1. We come, we come with our harps of gold, From the far-off summer land,
   The crystal river we've crossed again, We've left an angel band, left an angel band,
   To bring to you on our golden harps, Sweet music from afar,
   With cadence soft that the angels sing, As they glide from star to star.

2. We come, we come with echoes caught
   From the birds of Paradise,
   That wing their way through starry worlds,
   'Mid pearls beyond all price;
   For angel thoughts are the gems that shine
   In the jeweled realms above,
   Where all the pure, the precious pearls
   Are the priceless pearls of love.

3. We come, we come with our harps o'er-
   With the flowers that cannot die, [strung
   That bloom and wave in the scented breeze
   Beyond the earthly sky;

4. We come, we come with our harp-strings tuned
   To the music of the heart,
   Grief's waves to hush in their mighty tide,
   When hopes of earth depart;
   For lingering still on our golden harps
   Are the angel songs above,
   Whose harps and hearts with their magic
   Ever thrill with lays of love. [strings

SPIRITUAL HARPs.

Cheerfully.

Where lilies mingle their perfumed breath
With the sunlight and the shade,
Where fragrance sweet is the music-tide
Of flowers that never fade.

Where lilies mingle their perfumed breath
With the sunlight and the shade,
Where fragrance sweet is the music-tide
Of flowers that never fade.

Where lilies mingle their perfumed breath
With the sunlight and the shade,
Where fragrance sweet is the music-tide
Of flowers that never fade.
Along the River of Time.

Andantino  Tenor.

1. Along the river of time I glide,
2. How oft I gaze from my windows twain,
3. Some, while I'm gaz ing, sail out of sight,
4. They tell me there is a haven of peace.

My little boat rocking from side to side,
Far over the waves of the billowy main,
Far into the sunset's all radiant light,
Where voyagers' journeys shall ever cease,

Yes, where, etc.,
And million, etc.,
I see, etc.,
There in, etc.,

And as I see, etc.,
And million sails in the blue air shine.
And many are whiter, but none like mine,
In the distance a beacon bright
Guides ever and safely through sorrow's night,

Floating,
Harmonies for Various Occasions.

BEAUTIFUL VISIONS OF JOY.

1. Oh! beautiful, beautiful visions of joy, And peaceful delight, in the realms of the blest, Where angel arms fondle your bright cherub boy, And lead him by love into God's holy rest.

2. Let sorrow and grief loose their hold on your heart, And hope, brightest hope, blossom joyfully there; For God in his garden of life gives you part, And ministering spirits there hallow the air.

3. Oh, think not that heaven is far, far away, In measureless voids of the real space, For your dear cherub boy is still near you each day, To soothe and to bless you with gentlest embrace.

4. And free, happy spirits of light and of love Unfold to his reason the lessons of heaven, As dwelling below or dwelling above, To love-lighted souls such guidance is given.

5. Then think of him sweetly and tenderly still, Your own cherub boy in the realms of the blest, So happy his spirit-life mission to fill, And lead you at last into God's holy rest.

THE INNER VOICE.

1. The voice of an angel Falls sweet on our ears; It whispers of goodness That conquers our fears; It speaks of a Father, Who governs in love, Who draws all his children To bright homes above.

2. It makes our souls hopeful, And joyful our life, Gives strength to our feelings To overcome strife. We know that contention, That pride, hate, and scorn Will turn to sweet concord In truth's beauteous morn.

3. We know that truth's brightness Shall dawn upon earth, Sweet flowers spring around us Of heavenly birth. Though eager to witness All things ruled by love, We wait with calm patience These gifts from above.
The Spiritual Harp.

GOD KNOWS IT ALL.

1. In the dim recess of thy spirit's chamber, Is there some
   hidden grief thou mayst not tell? Let not thy heart forsake thee, but remember
   His pitying eye who sees and knows it well,—God knows it all.

And art thou tossed on billows of temptation, And wouldst be
   good, but evil still prevails? Oh, think, amid the waves of tribulation,

When earthly hope, when earthly refuge fails, God knows it all.
THEN DO RIGHT.
Earnestly.

1. Wouldst thou lead a useful life, Wouldst thou miss a world of strife,

Have thy bark serenely glide Smoothly down life's earthly tide,

See the bright and sunny side? Then do right!

6. GOD KNOWS IT ALL!

2. And dost thou wrong thy brother, — deeds concealing
   In some dark spot no human eye can see?
   Then walk in pride without one sign revealing
   The deep remorse that should disquiet thee?
   God knows it all!

   Art thou oppressed and poor and heavy-hearted.
   [arrayed?
   The heavens above thee in thick clouds
   And well-nigh crushed, no earthly strength imparted,
   No friendly voice to say, "Be not afraid"?
   God knows it all!

3. Art thou a mourner? Are thy tear-drops flowing
   For one so early lost to earth and thee?
   The depths of grief no human being knowing,
   Which moans in spirit like the moaning
   God knows it all!

   Then trust thy God! Pour out thy heart before him,
   There is no grief thy Father cannot feel;
   And let thy grateful songs of praise adore him
   By striving every wounded heart to heal
   God knows it all!

7. THEN DO RIGHT.

1. WOULDST thou lead a useful life,
   Wouldst thou miss a world of strife,
   Have thy bark serenely glide
   Smoothly down life's earthly tide,
   See the bright and sunny side?
   Then do right!

2. Wouldst thou have of men good-will,
   Find a good in every ill,
   Pass along in goodly cheer,
   Never held in coward fear,
   Have a mind and conscience clear?
   Then do right!

3. Wouldst thou save thy earthly form
   From diseases' blight and storm,
   Prosper without selfish end,
   Find in all a brother, friend,
   Each a helping hand to lend?
   Then do right!

4. Wouldst thou truest friendship know,
   Wouldst thou pure and holy grow,
   Every tempter wisely scan,
   Hold thy passions under ban,
   Rise a truer, higher man?
   Then do right!
BE HAPPY.

Earnestly.

1. Be happy, be happy! for bright is the earth, With sunshine and

music and love; Each day it grows richer in wisdom and worth, And more like sweet heaven above.

Then let us be happy! Sunny and bright in the face;

Oh, let us be happy! Earth is a beautiful place.

8. Be happy, be happy! For bright is the earth,

With sunshine and music and love;

Each day it grows richer in wisdom and And more like sweet heaven above. [worth,

Be happy, be happy! for fountains most sweet Are gushing along the bright years,

And pathways all pleasant are waiting our With joys more abundant than tears. [feet,

3 Be happy, be happy! who loves the black clouds,

Which lower in their boding so deep?

'Tis better to walk in bright raiments than 'Tis better to smile than to weep. [shrouds,
COMETH A BLESSING DOWN.

1. Not to the man of dollars,
   Not to the man of deeds,
   Not to the man of cunning,
   Not to the man of creeds,
   Not to the one whose passion
   Is for a world's renown,
   Not in the form of fashion,
   Cometh a blessing down.

2. Not unto lands' expansion,
   Not to the miser's chest,
   Not to the princely mansion,
   Not to the blazoned crest,
   Not to the sordid worldling,
   Not to the knavish clown,
   Not to the haughty tyrant,
   Cometh a blessing down.

3. Not to the folly blinded,
   Not to the steeped in shame,
   Not to the carnal-minded
   Not to unholy fame,
   Not in neglect of duty,
   Not in the monarch's crown
   Not at the smile of beauty,
   Cometh a blessing down.

4. But to the one whose spirit
   Yearns for the great and good,
   Unto the one whose storehouse
   Yieldeth the hungry food,
   Unto the one who labors,
   Fearless of foe or frown,
   Unto the kindly-hearted,
   Cometh a blessing down.
10. THE OLD AND NEW.

Oh sometimes gleams upon our sight, Through present wrong, 'th eternal right!
And step by step, since time began, We see the steady gain of man.
That all of good the past has had Remains to make our own time glad,
Our common daily life divine, And every land a Palestine.

Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
For olden time and holier shore;
God's love and blessing, then and there,
Are now and here and everywhere.

11. DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

Happy the man whose hopes divine
On nature's guardian God recline;
Who can with sacred transport say,
This God is mine, my help, my stay.
Heaven, earth, and sea declare his name;
He built, he filled their spacious frame;
And o'er creation's fairest lines
His steadfast truth unchanging shines.

His justice looks on those who mourn
Beneath the proud oppressor's scorn;
The hungry poor his hand sustains,
And breaks the wretched captive's chains.
If weary strangers friendless roam,
Divine protection is their home;
His love relieves the widow's care,
And dries the helpless orphan's tear.
THE BETTER LAND.

1. I hear thee speak of the better land; Thou callest its children a happy band; Mother, oh, where is that radiant shore? Shall we not seek it, and weep no more? Is it where the flower of the orange blows, And the fire-flies dance through the myrtle boughs? No, not there, no, not there, my child!

2. Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise, And dates are grown ripe under sunny skies? Or 'mid green islands of glittering seas, Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze, And strange bright birds, on their starry wings, Bear the richest hues of all glorious things? No, not there, no, not there, my child!

3. Is it far away in some region old, Where rivers are wand'ring o'er sands of gold, Where burning rays of the ruby shine, And diamonds light up the secret mine, And pearls gleam forth from the coral strand? Is it there, sweet mother, that better land? No, not there, no, not there, my child!

4. Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy! Ear hath never heard its deep sounds of joy; Dreams cannot picture a world so fair; Sorrow and death may not enter there; Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom, Beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb; It is there, it is there, my child!
1. We come an angel band to greet, Who left their fragrant bowers,
To wreath the weary ones of earth With love's undying flowers;
Oh, let the flowers live and bloom, Till, o'er the shining river,
A garland light they'll twine for thee, To live and bloom forever.

2. We come our spirit friends to meet, Dear sister, darling brother,
To feel the holy presence sweet Of a loving angel mother;
Oh, let this holy presence hush All gloomy, sad repining,
For o'er each weary child of earth A star of love is shining.

3. We come an angel throng to hail, To tell the thrilling story,
How they have raised the starry veil, And filled our souls with glory;
While golden strings of harp and lute,
E'er swept by angel fingers,
Send forth their music-echo sweet That on each sunbeam lingers.

4. Smile and be contented.
1. The world grows old, and men grow cold
To each while seeking treasure,
And what with want and care and toil,
We scarce have time for pleasure;
But never mind, that is a loss
Not much to be lamented;
Life rolls on gayly if we will
But smile and be contented.

2. If we are poor and would be rich,
It will not be by pining;
No, steady hearts and hopeful minds
Are life's bright silver lining.
There's ne'er a man that dared to hope
Hath of his choice repented;
The happiest souls on earth are those
Who smile and are contented.
1. If we knew the cares and crosses, Crowded round our neighbor's way;

If we knew the little losses, Sorely grievous day by day;

Would we then so often chide him For the lack of thrift and gain,

Leaving on his heart a shadow, Leaving on our hearts a stain?

3 When grief doth come to rack the heart, And fortune bids us sorrow, From hope we may a blessing reap, And consolation borrow; If thorns may rise where roses bloom, It cannot be prevented; So make the best of life you can, And smile and be contented.

2 If we knew the silent story, Quivering through the heart of pain, Would our human hearts dare doom them Back to haunts of vice and shame? Life has many a tangled crossing, Joy hath many breaks of woe, And the cheeks, tear-washed, are whitest, This the blessed angels know.

3 Let us reach within our bosoms For the key to other lives, And, with love to erring nature, Cherish good that still survives; So that when our disrobed spirits Soar to realms of light again, We may have the blest fruition Of unselfish love to men.
SCATTER THE GERMS OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

1. Scatter the germs of the beautiful! By the wayside let them fall,
   That the rose may spring by the cottage gate, And the vine on the garden-wall;
   Cover the rough and the rude of earth With a veil of leaves and flowers,
   And mark with the opening bud and cup The march of summer hours.

2. Scatter the germs of the beautiful
   In the holy shrine of home,
   Let the pure and fair and the graceful there
   In their loveliest lustre come;
   Leave not a trace of deformity
   In the temple of the heart,
   But gather about its hearth the gems
   Of nature and of art.

3. Scatter the germs of the beautiful
   In the temple of our God,
   Of the God who starred the uplifted sky,
   And who flowered the trampled sod;
   Building a temple for himself
   And a home for ev'ry race,
   He reared ev'ry arch in symmetry,
   And curved each line in grace.

4. Scatter the germs of the beautiful
   In the depth of ev'ry soul;
   They shall bud and blossom and bear the
   While the endless ages roll;
   Plant with the flowers of charity
   The portals of the tomb,
   And truth, love, and joy about your path
   In Paradise shall bloom.
Harmonies for Various Occasions.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

1. How to be happy? Go ask the flower
   That peeps above the ground,
   And scatters perfume every hour
   On all the plants around,
   Dying at last, engulfed in sweet,
   Its own pure leaves its winding-sheet.

2. How to be happy? Go ask the bird
   In golden plumage drest,
   Whose morning hymn of praise is heard,
   Uprising from its nest,
   Singing as sweet as heav'nly choirs,
   Attuned by angels' magic lyres.

3. How to be happy? Go ask the star
   That throws its modest light
   On myriad worlds afar, afar,
   Beyond all mortal sight,
   Running its long and bright career,
   Yet moves not from its brilliant sphere.

4. How to be happy? Come, let us go
   To Nature's secret care;
   Open thy heart to wisdom's flow,
   And lay thy spirit bare.
   Like flower and bird and star, thou'lt find
   The gem thou seek'st is in thy mind.
BROTHER.

1. Thou art gone before us, brother, To the blessed spirit land;
Thou art gone, and soon another In thy vacant place may stand.
Oh, thy pleasant smile of greeting Nevermore shall glad our eyes,
And thy voice, the hymn repeating, Nevermore with ours shall rise.

But thy Spirit may be near us Sometimes, brother, on our way,
And its happier presence cheer us In our prayer, or in our play.
Peace be with thee, O our brother! In the blessed spirit land;
Thou'rt not lost, although another In thy vacant place may stand.

18. THOU ART GONE BEFORE.

1 Thou art gone before us, brother,
To the blessed spirit land;
Thou art gone, and soon another
In thy vacant place may stand.
Oh, thy pleasant smile of greeting
Nevermore shall glad our eyes,
And thy voice, the hymn repeating,
Nevermore with ours shall rise.

19. ANGEL FRIENDS.

1 FLOATING on the breath of evening,
Breathing in the morning prayer,
Hear I oft the tender voices
That once made the world so fair.
I forget, while listening to them,
All the sorrow I have known,
And upon the troubles present,
Faith's pure shining light is thrown;

2 Soothing with their magic whispers,
Calming all my wildest fears,
Thus they bring me sweet submission,
Peace for sorrow, smiles for tears.
Bless you, angel friends, for never
Am I lonely on the way;
Since your gentle teachings ever
Guide and guard me night and day.
OH, SING TO ME OF HEAVEN.

Andante.

1. O mother, sing to me of heav'n, That home of peace and rest,
   Where weary pilgrims find repose, And sorrowing hearts are blest.
   Where bright and cloudless are the skies, Dear mother, sing of heaven,
   Of those who've gone before;

2. O mother, sing to me of heav'n, Of those who've gone before;
   I saw them in my dreams last night, Upon the shining shore;
   I stood amid the happy throng, New light to me was given,
   I care not for the songs of earth, Dear mother, sing of heaven;

Chorus.

Of heaven, of heaven, Oh, sing to me of heaven,
Of heaven, of heaven, Oh, sing to me of heaven.

Where bright and cloudless are the skies, Dear mother, sing of heaven.
Where bright and cloudless are the skies, Dear mother, sing of heaven.
The Spiritual Harp.

OH, STRIKE THE HARP IN NATURE'S PRAISE!

1. Oh, the budding leaves of spring-time, With their lovely verdure bright,
   Are filling the earth with beauty, And the soul with calm delight.

Then strike the harp in nature's praise, For all things bright and gay,

For soon the autumn days will come, And the flow'rs pass away.

Chorus.

Then strike the harp in nature's praise, For all things bright and gay,

For soon the autumn days will come, And the flow'rs pass away.
STAR OF HOPE.

1. Bright Star of Hope, thy rise we hail; Our hearts drink in thy glad'ning rays, That e'er illumine the pilgrim's way, And fill the soul with holy praise.

2. Bright Star of Hope, we follow thee; Herald divine, we catch thy voice; Thy notes proclaim God's jubilee, And bid a rising world rejoice.

3. Hail, Star of Hope! our hearts adore Thy light, which shines on life's dark wave Like the bright guide on ocean's shore, The storm-spent mariner to save.

4. Hail, Star of Hope! man's certain guide To truth and life by mercy given; Spread wide thy rays, till all mankind Receive this richest boon of heaven.

22. STAR OF HOPE.

1 Oh, the roses come in summer With their fragrance sweet and rare, A glorious bright new-comer, Whose brilliance fills the air, A glorious bright new-comer, Whose brilliance fills the air.

2 Oh, the roses come in summer With their fragrance sweet and rare, A glorious bright new-comer, Whose brilliance fills the air, A glorious bright new-comer, Whose brilliance fills the air.

3 But the autumn days are near us With the sere and yellow leaf; But golden grains shall cheer us, And promise earth relief, But golden grains shall cheer us, And promise earth relief.

Chorus.

4 It is thus with fleeting hours, In the life of man on earth; He comes like the spring-time flowers, And falls in autumn's dearth, He comes like the spring-time flowers, And falls in autumn's dearth.

Chorus.

5 But there is a land of beauty, Of wisdom, love, and truth, Where in the path of duty We shall live in endless youth, Where in the path of duty We shall live in endless youth.

Chorus.

Then strike the harp in nature's praise For all things bright and gay! For, though the flowers of earth-land fade, We shall live in endless day, For, though the flowers of earth-land fade, We shall live in endless day.

Chorus.
THE BEAUTIFUL SHORE.

Not too Slow.

1. There's a beautiful shore, where the loved ones are gone, 'Mid the
flowers decked in ever-green bloom, And we know they have
crossed o'er the dark death-wave, And they dwell in that bright angel
home.

They have fought the good fight and the faith have kept, And they
join in the angel throng, And the soft melting notes of the
chorus above, In beauty are borne a-long, In beauty are borne a-long.
 Harmonies for Various Occasions.

GOD IS LOVE.

1. I cannot always trace the way Where thou, Omniscient One, dost move; But I can always, always say That God is love.

2. When Fear her chilling mantle flings O'er earth, my soul to heaven above, As to her native home, up springs, For God is love.

3. When myst'ry clouds my darkened path, I'll check my dread, my doubts reprove; In this my soul sweet comfort hath, That God is love.

4. Yes, God is love; a thought like this Can every gloomy doubt remove, And turn all tears, all woes, to bliss, For God is love.

25. God is Love.

THE BEAUTIFUL SHORE.

1. There's a beautiful shore, where the loved ones are gone, 'Mid the flowers decked in evergreen bloom, And we know they have crossed o'er the dark death-wave, And they dwell in that bright angel home. They have fought the good fight, and the faith have kept; And they join in the angel throng; And the soft, melting note of the chorus above In beauty is borne along.

2. Oh, that beautiful shore where the loved ones are gone, And the flowers and the evergreen trees, We shall see when the death-damp is on our brow, And the breath faintly dies on the breeze; We shall meet the beloved who have gone before, And have bloomed in the world of peace, When our spirits shall pass to that holier shore, Where sorrows forever cease.

3. To that beautiful shore where the loved ones are gone, To the flowers and the evergreen glade, We shall one day ascend, like the brave of yore, And repose in the beautiful shade. We must bear the good part, must not shrink from toil, Till the pilot shall bear us o'er To the union of hearts in the land of the blest, Where parting shall come no more.
The Spiritual Harp.

NEW YEAR.

1. O soul, begin thy mighty quest, To-day set forth in search of God;

The Infinite shall give thee rest, The Spirit is thy staff and rod.

2. Yet, soul, not far away He dwells Who is thy promise and thy stay;

Within thee, in thy nature's wells, He showeth clear the truth and way.

3. My soul, another year comes fleet; Weak wert thou in the race with time,

Did not the Spirit wing thy feet, And bear thee on to heights sublime.

4. O soul, acquaint thee with thy needs To-day re-consecrate thy power,

And let thy ritual be the deeds To bless thy brother more and more.

Balm.

1. We come, we come from a land of love, To dry your tearful eyes,

To tell you of your home above, Beyond the mortal skies.

2. We come with power to conquer death, To break the chains of fear,

To ope the gates of spirit-life, And show its shining mere;

3. To soothe your spirits bowed with pain, To answer doubts that sting,

And to the hearts where sorrows reign A balm of Gilead bring.

4. We come, we come from realms of light, To lead you to the shore

Where angels dwell in calm delight, Forever, evermore.
OUR NATIVE LAND.

1. Our Native Land, our Native Land, Land dear to every heart!
They breathe free air, they proudly stand, Who but of thee have part!
'Tis not broad plains, or skies so clear, Or mountains high and grand;
'Tis liberty that makes so dear Our own blest Native Land!

2. Oh, land beloved, whose Washington Toiled nobly for its peace,
Whose patriots bled till life was done,
That tyranny might cease!
'Twas Freedom's shrine they sought to rear;
By that we ever stand;
'Tis liberty that makes so dear Our own blest Native Land!

3. Dear Native Land! the world's oppressed
Turn longingly to thee;
Not for thy wealth, thy might confessed,
Thy noble Unity;
Not for thy wide, embracing sphere,
Thy sons that waiting stand;
'Tis liberty that makes so dear Our own blest Native Land!

4. Dear Native Land! dear Father-Land!
May peace within thee dwell!
May bounteous life from God's good hand
O'er all thy valleys swell!
May right and truth have nought to fear
While heaven and earth shall stand!
'Tis liberty that makes so dear Our own blest Native Land!
1. Hark! I hear the angels calling, 'Mid the thunder tones so loud;
Error's throne is trembling, falling; Truth presents her with a shroud.
Billows roll 'mid foaming ocean, Lightnings flash from pole to pole,
Hearts beat high with wild commotion; God is speaking to the soul.

2. 'Tis no dream of idle fancies,
From the world of spirits brought, Who are playing games of chances, That will quickly come to nought.
But 'tis truth from the Eternal That is winging now its way
Back to earth from worlds supernal, Changing darkness into day.

The Spiritual Harp.

LEO.

30. Reform.

1 HARK! I hear the angels calling, 'Mid the thunder tones so loud;
Error's throne is trembling, falling; Truth presents her with a shroud.
Billows roll 'mid foaming ocean, Lightnings flash from pole to pole,
Hearts beat high with wild commotion; God is speaking to the soul.

2 'Tis no dream of idle fancies,
From the world of spirits brought, Who are playing games of chances, That will quickly come to nought.
But 'tis truth from the Eternal That is winging now its way
Back to earth from worlds supernal, Changing darkness into day.

31. Social Science.

1 WAKEN, toilers, light is breaking! Morn upon the mountain reigns;
In the dim, prophetic distance, Lo! a trumpet voice proclaims:
"Leisure for the toiling people! Wealth from nature's golden store:
Knowledge for the waiting nations, Herald it the wide world o'er!"

2 Voices from across the ocean, Wafted from old England's clime, Greeted by the Western prairies, Loud the bells of Freedom chime:
"Leisure for the toiling bondman, Delving in his master's ore;
Justice, with thy mighty trumpet, Herald it the wide world o'er!"
KEEP THE HEART YOUNG.

1. Keep the heart young, though the sands ebb low, And the silver cord be parting,
Though the wrinkles come and the roses go, And the first gray hairs are starting.
Keep the heart young, though the look grow old, All its inner life revealing,
And its pulses leap, though the blood run cold, Like the brook through dingles stealing.

3 Earnest woman, now, is knocking
At the door of Senate Halls,
Equal rights for all demanding;
She for justice bravely calls,—
Leisure for the working women,
Social evils to explore,
"Social science" for the people!
Herald it the wide world o'er!

4 Then we'll labor till oppression,
In its hydra form, is dead;
Labor till the world's producer
Dares uplift his manly head;
Till no honest, life-long worker
Lacks a home on any shore;
Justice to the toiling masses,
Herald it the wide world o'er!

2 As the pearl keeps fair in its sunken shell,
Though the beach be wasting ever,
And the springs still gush in the shady dell,
While the dying day-beams quiver;
As the leaves grow old on the ivy green,
With the rest in autumn weather,
Let the links keep bright in their golden
That bind us all together.

KEEP the HEART YOUNG.

1 KEEP the heart young, though the sands
And the silver cord be parting, [ebb low,
Though the wrinkles come, and the roses go,
And the first gray hairs are starting.
Keep the heart young, though the look grow
All its inner life revealing,
And its pulses leap, though the blood run cold,
Like the brook through dingles stealing.

32. KEEP the HEART YOUNG.

1 KEEP the heart young, though the sands
And the silver cord be parting, [ebb low,
Though the wrinkles come, and the roses go,
And the first gray hairs are starting.
Keep the heart young, though the look grow
All its inner life revealing,
And its pulses leap, though the blood run cold,
Like the brook through dingles stealing.
1. Thou hast passed the shadowy portal, Thou hast borne the mortal strife,
Thou hast left this world of sorrow For a world of heav'n-ly life;
And our hearts are grieving for thee, Grieving with intensest pain,
Grieving that we shall not see thee, Our dear mother, here again.

2. How we love thee! Ah! we love thee,
Love thee more than words can tell,
Love thee, not, we trust, unwisely,
Lost one! not, we trust, too well;
Lost one? No, not lost, for near us
In the spirit, still thou art,
And in all our best affections
Bearest still a precious part.

3. One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going,
Strive not thou to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each,
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what those can teach.

2 Do not look at life's long sorrow,
See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee for to-morrow,
Every day begin again.

3 Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passion hours despond,
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching heaven; but one by one,
Take them lest the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be done.
COME, GENTLE SPIRITS.

1. Come, gentle spirits, to us now; Look on with tender eyes; Touch your soft hands upon each brow, Sweet spirits from the skies.

2. Come from your homes of perfect light, Come from your silvery streams, Come from your scenes of joy more bright Than we e'er know in dreams.

3. Oh, speak to us in gentle tones! Our hearts are seeking now A beauty like to that which shines Upon each angel brow.

EMMA.

1. When, in the hours of vernal bloom, Some unseen angel's hand Leads one we love beyond the tomb To heaven's serener land.

Budding Life.

1. When, in the hours of vernal bloom, Some unseen angel's hand Leads one we love beyond the tomb To heaven's serener land;

2. The shadow of that angel's wing Falls darker on our way, That midst the budding life of spring, We look not for decay.

3. She whom we mourn, while hope was bright, And life was fresh and fair, To the celestial fields of light Hath passed from earthly care.

4. In the soft rest and sweet repose Of that fair realm of bliss, Her gentle spirit waits for those She loved and left in this.
THINK GENTLY OF THE ERRING.

1. Think gently of the erring one, And let us not forget,

However darkly stained by sin, He is our brother yet,

Heir of the same inheritance, Child of the selfsame God,

He hath but stumbled in the path Which we in weakness trod,

Which we in weakness trod, Which we in weakness trod,

He hath but stumbled in the path Which we in weakness trod.
37. THINK GENTLY OF THE ERRING.

1 THINK gently of the erring one,
And let us not forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is our brother yet;
Heir of the same inheritance,
Child of the self-same God,
He hath but stumbled in the path
Which we in weakness trod.

2 Speak gently to the erring one,
For is it not enough
That innocence and peace have gone,
Without thy censure rough?
It sure must be a weary lot
That sin-crushed heart to bear,
And they who share a happier fate
Their chidings well may spare.

3 Speak kindly to the erring one;
Thou yet mayst lead him back,
With holy words and tones of love,
From misery's thorny track;
Forget not thou hast often sinned,
And sinful yet may be;
Deal gently with the erring one,
As God has dealt with thee.

38. EVENING.

1 GENTLE twilight, softly stealing
O'er the busy scenes of earth,
Brings a beautiful revealing
Of the spirit's holier worth,—
Sweet revealing
Of the spirit's holier worth.

2 Filled with meditative musing
Sits the calm, communing soul,
Stars of twilight soft diffusing
Evening incense as they roll,—
Soft diffusing
Evening incense as they roll.

3 Brightest of the orbs there beaming,
Heavenly lamps hung out above,
Shines the lamp of truth redeeming,
Star of God's unfailing love,—
Truth redeeming,
Star of God's unfailing love.

4 Holy star, so mildly shining,
With thy pure, celestial ray.
Let my heart, its love entwining,
Feel the dawn of heavenly day,—
Love entwining,
Feel the dawn of heavenly day.
TRUST.

1. When in Despondency's dark path My weary feet were found, And scarce one gleam of hope or faith Lit up the gloom profound.

2. And when my spirit depths were stirred To keenest agony, — I then this sweet assurance heard, "Thy Father leadeth thee."

3. Then I will trust His guardian care Who, with unmeasured love, Would draw my wandering heart to where Its treasures are, — above.

4. And though the way still darker grow, And I no rift can see Within the cloud, I still shall know, My Father leadeth me.

WE ARE ALL REJOICING.

1. Lo, we all are rejoicing today, In the light that illuminates our way, For the spirits of those whom we love Come to us from their mansions above.

2. They are those whom we lost 'mid our tears, They are those we've thought absent for And they come with a joy all divine [years, Round our hearts their fond loves to entwine.

3. Lo, they come in the glory of light, And they come in the stillness of night, And they lead every heart to adore, Till the tearful are weeping no more.
Harmonies for Various Occasions.

"SHE SLEEPS HER LAST SLEEP!"

From "CORONET," by permission of Root & Cady.

Piano e legato.

1. Sor-row-ful morn-er, si-lent-ly weep! Weep, for thy loved one sleeps her last sleep;

Gaze on the form where beau-ty once bloomed, Now in the dust it must be en-tombed.

Chorus.

Sor-row-ful morn-er, si-lent-ly weep,— Weep, for thy loved one sleeps her last sleep.

ritard ad. lib.

4 And their light hath dispersed the gloom,
While a halo encircles the tomb,
And fair hope twines a chaplet of bliss
To unite their bright world unto this.

5 Oh, let smiles then illumine each heart;
Bid its sorrows forever depart;
Take the hand that pure angels extend,
And be guided to joys without end.

"SHE SLEEPS HER LAST SLEEP."

1 SORROWFUL mourner, silently weep!
Weep, for thy loved one sleeps her last sleep;
Gaze on the form where beauty once bloomed,
Now in the dust it must be entombed.
Sor-rowful mourner, silently weep,—
Weep, for thy loved one sleeps her last sleep.

2 Come to her couch, draw quietly near,
Think of her soul in Love's happy sphere,
Check then thy sorrows, death is the hand
Bearing her on to yonder bright land.
Sor-rowful mourner, silently weep,—
Weep, for thy loved one sleeps her last sleep!

3 Bear her away, friends, to her last home!
Peacefully lay her down in the tomb!
Lightly, tread lightly, round the low bed,
Sweetly now sleeps the beautiful dead.
Sor-rowful mourner, silently weep,—
Weep, for thy loved one sleeps her last sleep?

4 Beautiful song-birds, sing round her grave!
Gently, ye pine-boughs, over her wave!
Blow, ye soft breezes, sweet breath of spring!
Musical rill, your lullaby sing.
Sor-rowful mourner, weeping no more,
Meet her upon yon beautiful shore.
The Spiritual Harp.

**PEACE.**

1. "Glory to God, and peace to men," Once rung o'er wide Judea's plain; Angelic hosts sung gladly when The Prince of peace was born to reign.

2. How sweet that heavenly chorus rose O'er hatred's harsh, discordant sound; How pure its peaceful anthem flows, To charm the earth's remotest bound.

3. The morning stars together sung, The hills rejoiced, the valleys smiled; The bow of hope in heaven was hung, Arched o'er the manger of the child.

4. And ever peals that heavenly song, "Glory to God and peace to men," As rolling years the strains prolong, And angel hosts are come again.

**HEAVEN.**

1. There is a land mine eye hath seen In visions of enraptured thought, So bright that all that lies between Is with its radiant glory fraught;

2. A land upon whose blissful shore, There falls no shadow, rests no stain;

3. Its skies are not like earthly skies, With varying hues of shade and light; It hath no need of suns to rise, To dissipate the gloom of night.

4. There sweeps no desolating wind Across that calm serene abode; The wanderer there a home may find, Within the paradise of God.

**HOME OF THE ANGELS.**

1. Beautiful home of life and light, Thy glory beams upon our sight; Thy anthems ring from dome to dome, Home of the angels, happy home.

2. Over thy radiant bending skies The hues of morning float and rise; Gently as breathes the voice of prayer, Songs of the sinless fill the air.

3. Beautiful home of love divine, Our deepest hearts around thee twine; Unto thy summer bowers we come, Home of the angels, happy home.
Harmonies for Various Occasions.

SHALL WE KNOW THE LOVED ONES THERE?

1. And shall we know the loved ones there, In yon bright world of love and bliss,
   When, on the wings of ambient air, Our spirits soar away from this?
   Or must we feel the ceaseless pain Of absence in that glorious sphere,
   And search through heaven's bright hosts in vain The sainted forms we've cherished here?

2. Will not their hearts demand us there,—
   Those hearts, whose fondest throbs were
   To us on earth, whose every prayer [given
   Petitioned for our ties in heaven?
   Whose love outlived the stormy past,
   And closer twined around us here,
   And deeper grew until the last,—
   Say, will they not demand us there?

3. Will they not wander lonely o'er
   Those fields of light and life above,
   If spirits they have loved of yore
   Respond not to the call of love?
   And though the glory of the skies,
   And seraph's glittering crowns they wear,
   Though heaven's full radiance greet their eyes,
   Still, will they not demand us there?

4. It must be so; for heaven is home,
   Where severed spirits reunite;
   And from the basement to its dome,
   Are altars sacred to the rite;
   And joy doth strike her golden strings,
   And holier seems that home of bliss,
   As some rest heart from earth upsprings
   To meet in that the loved of this.
The Spiritual Harp.

THE MYSTIC BARK.

1. The river is dark and the waves are cold,
   The boatman is pale and the bark is old;
   'Tis the burden that's breathed from the lips of clay,
   And the spirit shudders to launch away,
   To ungrapple the chains from the shores of Time,
   With an outward bound for an unknown clime;
   To lose its grasp from the realm of real,
   And be drifted away to the dim ideal.

2. But a mystical voice that the soul-life hears
   Would scatter such doubts and would banish such fears;
   It talks to the soul in a different way,
   And it says the rays from the realms of Day
   Give warmth to the waves that we dream are cold,
   And the river's glinted with glimmers of gold;
   That the ripples are bronzed by a brilliance bright,
   Unswept by the shadows that darken Time's flight.

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Harmonies for Various Occasions.

IMMORTELITY.

Moderato.

1. When our wearied eyes shall close
On the toils, the cares, and woes,
Which create a stream that flows
Darkly through life's realm,
Joys and hopes to overwhelm,
Then the soul ascending
Lives where all joys blending, Bide unending.

3 And it says that the bark, tho' of fairy form,
Is a masterpiece of the heavenly Norm;
And though light as a cloud in the ether blue,
And clear as air, it is strong and true.
And bright angels' wings are the sails that bear
The longing life to a land so fair, [bliss,
And the music that drifts from the world of
Makes the spirit forget all the music of this.

4 And this is the way our bark shall ride
O'er murmuring waters in musical tide;
And a convoy of souls on the other side,
So pure and fair, and so glorified,
With anthems of rapture shall welcome in
Another life from the land of sin;
And the spirit released here shall nevermore
Regret its change to the fadeless shore.

47.

IMMORTELITY.

1 WHEN our wearied eyes shall close
On the toils, the cares, and woes,
Which create a stream that flows
Darkly through life's realm,
Joys and hopes to overwhelm,
Then the soul ascending
Lives where all joys blending, Bide unending.

2 There the soul shall still live on,
As unnumbered cycles run,
Till each planet-circled sun
Pales and fades away,
Knowing sorrow nor decay,
Higher still progressing,
Purer joys possessing,
Onward pressing.
DEVOTION.

Andante.

1. Softly evening shades are stealing, Where a lovely cherub, kneeling,
   Lisps her little prayer, And a look, almost of heaven,
   To her angel face is given; Trusting hope is there.

2 Heavenly Spirit, far above me,
   Though I cannot see, I love thee,
   For your kindly care;

3 For around me when I'm dreaming
   Come their faces, happy, beaming,
   And I know them well;
   When they come, sweet songs are ringing;
   Are they in your presence singing?
   Blessed angels, tell.

UNCERTAINTY.

Slowly, tenderly.

1 O Father, hear! the way is dark, and I would fain discern
   What steps to take, into which path to turn; Oh, make it clear.
THE SPIRIT BUGLE.

Not too fast.

1. The splendor falls on church-es' walls, And steeple-summits old in story;

The long light rains adown the chains Of black cathedrals lit in glory:

Blow, bugle, blow! set the truth-echoes flying!

Blow, bugle; answer, echoes—dying! dying!

Second time. p p

5 Thou knowest me;
Thou knowest how I now in darkness grope;
And Oh! thou knowest that my only hope
Is found in thee.

50.

THE SPIRIT BUGLE.

1 THE splendor falls on churches' walls,
And steeple-summits old in story;
The long light rains adown the chains
Of black cathedrals lit in glory,—
Blow, bugle, blow! set the truth-echoes flying!
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes—dying! dying!

dying!

2 Oh, hark! oh, hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
Oh, sweet and far from cliff and scar
The music-angels faintly blowing!
Blow, bugle, blow! set the truth-echoes flying!
Blow, bugle: answer, echoes—dying! dying!

dying!

3 O love! they fly from bending sky,
We hear their blast across the river!
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever!
Blow, bugle, blow! set the truth-echoes flying!
And answer, echoes; answer—dying! dying!

dying!

49.

UNCERTAINTY.

1 FATHER, hear!
The way is dark, and I would fain discern
What steps to take, into which path to turn;
Oh, make it clear!

2 My faith is weak;
I long to hear thee say, "This is the way;
Walk in it, fainting soul; I'll be thy stay;"
O Father, speak!

3 Let thy strong arm
Reach through the gloom for me to lean upon
And with a willing heart I'll journey on,
And fear no harm.

4 I wait for thee
As those who, watching, wait the coming dawn:
Pant, as for water pants the thirsty fawn;
Oh, come to me!
We gather them in, the bright green leaves,
With our scythes and our rakes to-day,
And the mow grows big as the pitcher heaves
His lifts in the sweltering bay.
Oh, ho! afield! for the mower's scythe
Hath a ring of destiny,
Sweeping the earth of its burden lithe,
As it sings in wrathful glee.

We gather them in, the mellow fruits,
From the shrub and the vine and tree,
With their russet, golden, and purple suits,
To garnish our treasury;
And each has juiciest treasure stored
Of the nectar we will bring
To cheer the guests at the social board
In our festive gathering.

We gather it in, this goodly store,
But not with a miser's gust,
For the great All-Father that we adore
Hath giv'n it to us in trust.
Our work of death doth preserve our life
In the wintry days to come,—
May blessings fall on the reaper's strife,
As we shout our harvest home!
Harmonies for Various Occasions.

OCEAN LIFE.

1. Hark, mighty ocean, heave, And blow, thou boisterous wind,
Onward we swiftly glide and leave Our home and friends behind.
Away, away, we steer, Upon the ocean's breast.
And dim the distant heights appear, Like clouds along the west.

OCEAN LIFE.

2. There is a loneliness
Upon the mighty deep;
And hurried thoughts upon us press,
As onward still we sweep.
But there is hope and joy,
Wherever we may be;
Danger nor death can e'er destroy
Our trust, O God, in thee.

3. Then wherefore should we grieve,
Or what have we to fear?
Though home and friends and life we leave,
Our God is ever near.
Sweep, mighty ocean, sweep;
Ye winds, blow foul or fair;
His spirits guard us on the deep;
Our home is everywhere.

Freely Give.

1. Go forth among the poor;
   Thy pathway leadeth there;
   Thy gentle voice may soothe their pain,
   And blunt the thorns of care.
   Go forth with earnest zeal,
   Nor from the duty start,
   Speak to them words of gracious love,—
   Blest are the pure in heart.

2. Go forth among the sad,
   Lest their dark cup o'erflow;
   They have on earth a heritage
   Of weariness and woe.
   Tears dim their daily toil,
   And sighs break out from sleep;
   Change darkness into holy light,
   Blest are the eyes that weep.

3. Go forth through all the earth,
   There waiteth work for you,
   The harvest truly seems most fair,
   But laborers are few;
   With tireless, hopeful love
   Fulfil your lofty part,
   And yours shall be the blessing too,—
   Blest are the pure in heart.
The Spiritual Harp.

NATURE'S NOBLEMAN.

Allegretto.

1. Away with false fashion, so calm and so chill, Where pleasure itself cannot please, cannot please; Away with cold breeding, that faithlessly still affects to be quite at its ease, at its ease: For the deepest in feeling is highest in rank, The first is first in the band, And Nature's own nobleman, friendly and frank, Is a man with his heart in his hand! In his hand!

And Nature's own nobleman, friendly and frank, Is a man with his heart in his hand!
Harmonies for Various Occasions.

STRIKE AWAY.

1. What though clouds are o'er thee, Strike a-way! Darkness lies before thee,

Comes the day! O'er the misty mountain Breaks the light!

Morning's crystal fountain Cheers the night!

54. NATURE'S NOBLEMAN.

1 Away with false fashion, so calm and so chill:
   Where pleasure itself cannot please;
   Away with cold breeding, that faithlessly still
   Affects to be quite at its ease;
   For the deepest in feeling is highest in rank,
   The freest is first in the band, [frank,
   And Nature's own nobleman, friendly and
   Is a man with his heart in his hand.

2 Yet fearlessly honest, and gentle yet just,
   He warmly can love without hate, [dust
   Nor will he bow down with his face in the
   To Fashion in her false estate;
   For the best in good breeding, and highest in
   Though lowly or poor in the land, [rank,
   Is Nature's own nobleman, friendly and frank,
   Is the man with his heart in his hand.

3 His fashion is meekness, sincere and intense,
   His impulse of soul ever true, [good sense,
   Yet tempered by judgment and taught by
   And cordial with me and with you;
   For the purest in manners is highest in rank;
   O man, it is you who can stand,
   Is Nature's own nobleman, friendly and frank,
   Is a man with his heart in his hand.

55. STRIKE AWAY.

1 What though clouds are o'er thee,
   Strike away!
   Darkness lies before thee,
   Comes the day:
   O'er the misty mountain
   Breaks the light;
   Morning's crystal fountain
   Cheers the night.

2 What though foes defy thee,
   Strike away!
   God is ever nigh thee,
   Ever pray;
   With an earnest spirit
   Labor on;
   Crowns you shall inherit,
   Bravely won.

3 In the midst of doubting,
   Never faint!
   Never hath a coward
   Made a saint;
   In the paths of duty,
   Clear the way!
   Great will be the beauty:
   Strike away!
COME, I come from the spirit world, where sounds of sorrow cease;
The crystal waters of truth I bring, whose waves are pulsing peace,
To gladden the soul with holy springs that gush in summer lands,
And freshen the germs of the beautiful along life's dreary sands.

CRYSTAL WATERS.
Harmonies for Various Occasions.

3 I come, I come on the music-drifts that play beyond the skies,
To trill the heart that's cold and dead with joys of paradise;
With tears to pearl hope's withered flower that's touched by the hand of death,
To bloom again with sweets enshered in a healing angel's breath.

3 I come, I come with forgiving grace to soothe each wounded breast,
And deep in the bleeding soul to pour the balm of heavenly rest,
Till all the wells of thought shall throb with minstrelsy of love,
And passion's fire shall blend with songs of seraph choirs above.

4 I come, I come with flashing light death’s portals to unseal,
To roll the stone of doubt away and long-lost friends reveal,
And break immortal mornings o'er the river of the free,
On whose pure sunny tides we'll float to heaven's eternal sea.

MORNING LIGHT.

1. A - rise, O man! the morning light
Is dawning on thy mental night;
Behold your dead are risen again!
Let mortals shout the glad amen.

God breathes o'er Nature's drowsy throng,
And wakes her thousand tongues to song.
Proud error yields her hapless reign;
Her valiant hosts are 'mong the slain.

Hark! from the spheres where loved ones dwell,
What tones of joy their anthems swell,
Behold your dead are risen again!
Let mortals shout the glad amen.

Proud error yields her hapless reign;
Her valiant hosts are 'mong the slain.

2. Truth mounts again the royal throne,
And millions haste her power to own.
With radiance science gilds the tomb,
And man emerges from its gloom;
Nor creeds, nor priestly rule again,
Hath power the free-born soul to chain.
God wields no more the tyrant's sway;
His love shall light the pilgrim's way,
And make the shining road appear
With every mortal's footprint there.
DREAM OF HEAVEN.

1. I will steer my bark where the waves roll dark, I will cross the stranger sea,
For I know I shall land on the summer strand, Where my loved ones wait for me.

2. There are faces there divinely fair, That earth lost long ago,
And spirits bright whose curls lay light, Like sunbeams over snow.

3. Ever beautiful land, I dreamed of thee,
When the summer moonlight fell
In its silvery showers on the nestling flowers,
Sleeping on the greenwood dell.
And I know I'll see thee oft again,
When fitful hours have fled,
When flowers lie low, that used to blow
'Neath the western sky so red.

58. DREAM OF HEAVEN.
1 I WILL steer my bark where the waves roll
I will cross the stranger sea, [dark,
But I know I shall land on the summerstrand,
Where my loved ones wait for me.
There are faces there divinely fair,
That earth lost long ago,
And spirits bright whose curls lay light,
Like sunbeams over snow.

2 There are sunny eyes like thine own blue
Sunny eyes I've seen before, [skies—
Will sparkle bright as the stars of night,
When I near the welcome shore.
There are little feet I loved to meet,
When earth was sweet to me,
I know will bound when the rippling sound
Of my boat comes over the sea.

3 Ever beautiful land, I dreamed of thee,
When the summer moonlight fell
In its silvery showers on the nestling flowers,
Sleeping on the greenwood dell.
And I know I'll see thee oft again,
When fitful hours have fled,
When flowers lie low, that used to blow
'Neath the western sky so red.

59. MESSENGER.
1 COME, I come from my spirit home,
Like a bird in early spring,
To the beautiful here, whom my heart holds
Gentle words of love to bring. [dear,
The heavens are wide, but cannot hide
The loved whom truth makes free;
The green old earth, the land of birth,
With its homes, is dear to me.

46 THE SPIRITUAL HARPI.
Harmonies for Various Occasions.

PRESS ON!

1. Press on, press on, ye brave and true, On till the dawning of the new,

When Freedom, with her praiseful songs, Shall cancel all of slavery's wrongs,

And echo through immensity Their own eternal victory. Press

2. My home is there, in that world so fair,
   But the gulf's not deep nor wide,
   Which lieth between this dim earthly scene
   And the home beyond the tide.

   The thoughts of love, like carrier-dove,
   The heart's fond message bear;
   The angel bands, with willing hands,
   Shall answer ev'ry prayer.

3. Farewell, farewell! for my soul can dwell
   In the earthly form no more;
   For my heavenly home over which I roam
   Is beyond death's open door.

   Farewell, farewell! for my soul doth swell,
   With joys which earth transcend;
   I'll welcome here to happier sphere,
   When thy pilgrimage shall end.

60. PRESS ON.

1. Press on, press on, ye brave and true,
   On till the dawning of the new,
   When liberty, with clarion voice,
   Shall waken worlds to glad rejoice;

   When Freedom, with her praiseful songs,
   Shall cancel all of slavery's wrongs,
   And echo through immensity
   Their own eternal victory.

2. Press on until those truths are born,
   Life promised at the early morn;
   Faint not, nor weary by the way,
   But gather courage day by day.

   What though you tread the tangled thorn,
   Or brave the world's malignant scorn?
   What though the Pilates crucify,
   Or dangers darkly multiply?

3. Is life not worthy all the cost?
   Is not more gained than can be lost?
   Is immortality a dream,
   Or dangers darkly multiply?

   Is life not worthy all the cost?
   Is not more gained than can be lost?
   Is immortality a dream,
   Or dangers darkly multiply?
The Spiritual Harp.

ORIENT.

1. Oh, not through seemly forms or creeds, By man, with skilful thought, designed,
   To me he comes, the Primal Good, The Sov'reign Force, the Central Mind.
   The tidal pulse of Nature's heart He buds and blooms in summer hours;
   He comes in autumn's flush and fruit, In winter's crown of hoary flow'rs.

2. He floods the morn with orient tides;
   His golden glory noon unbars;
   In sunset's flamy car he glides;
   He wheels through night, in pomp of stars;
   He moves along the storied past,
   A power to will, to plan, to guide;
   He works throughout the world to-day,
   To animate, inspire, provide.

3. Oh, heart of love! — to me he metes
   This fleckered life of good and ill;
   And all its tangled paths are sweet
   With golden glimpses of his will.
   In death he comes, to bring my soul
   Through aisles of shadow, vague and dim
   To golden stairways, bright with bliss,
   Forever winding on to him.
Harmonies for Various Occasions.

LOVE ON.

1. Love on! love on! but not the empty things of fleeting beauty in a summer day. Truth, virtue, well from Heaven's eternal springs, nor quit the spirit when it leaves the clay: Love them! Love them!

62. LOVE ON.

2 LOVE on! love on! though death and earthly change bring mournful silence to a darkened home, the trusting heart rests where no eye grows strange, where never falls a shadow from the tomb: Love there! love there!

3 Love on! love on! the voice of grief and wrong comes from the palace and the poor man's cot;

USHER.

63. THE SACRED SEAL.

1 THE dead are like the stars by day, withdrawn from mortal eye, yet holding unperceived their way through the unclouded sky.

2 For death his sacred seal hath set on bright and bygone hours;

Bid proud ones bend, and bid the weak be strong;
And life's tired pilgrim meekly bear his lot:
Give strength! give peace!

4 Love on! love on! and though the evening still wear the stern clouds that veiled thy noonday sun,
With changeless faith, with calm, unwavering will,
Work, bravely work, till every duty's
Love God! love man! [done:

And they we mourn are with us yet,
Are more than ever ours;-

3 Ours, by the pledge of love and faith,
By hopes of heaven on high;
By life, triumphant over death,
In immortality.
The Spiritual Harp.

DO THEY LOVE US STILL?

1. When night, advancing queenly,
   Her starry mantle throws
O'er the earth lying serenely
   In quiet, soft repose,
Down from those realms of splendor
   Do not blest spirits go,
Winged by remembrance tender,
   To loved ones yet below?

2. Do not bright forms surround us
   Though veiled from mortal sight?
Cling not the old love round us
   As a coronal of light?
Do they not hover nigh us
   To comfort, guide, and keep,
When sorrows sorely try us,
   When bitterly we weep?

3. Oh, mother-love! deep, yearning
   In tenderness and care,
At death's dark threshold turning
   To breathe on us a prayer;

Oh, father-love! that strongly
   Kept our young life from harm,
Checking steps that wandered wrongly
   Till death unnerved the arm.

4. Oh, sister-love! that brightly
   Shone on our childhood's day,
Whose young life passed so lightly
   Along the starry way;
Oh, brother-love! so smiling,
   That sunned our path with joy,
Till angels him beguiling,
   He passed to their employ.

5. These loves so deep, so cherished,
   That gave to life its light,
Oh, have they, have they perished
   In the grave's long, gloomy night?
No! they live, more brightly glowing
   Than in their earthly prime,
Still brighter, stronger growing
   With the lapse of endless time!
MOTHER'S DREAM.

1. While on my lone couch sleeping,
   In dreams sweet vigils keeping,
   And night winds moan along the sky;
   In shadows dim before me,
   Now lowly bending o'er me,
   An airy form seems hovering nigh,
   A form seems hovering nigh.

2. This surely is no dreaming,
   It must be more than seeming,
   For now the sunlight in her eyes
   Dispels my soul's dark sadness,
   And brings, in tones of gladness,
   These whispered answers to my sighs,
   These answers to my sighs.

3. "Dear mother, I am near thee,
   My presence now shall cheer thee,
   Thy darling child can ne'er forget.
   Henceforth to thee 'tis given
   To know the loved in heaven,—
   Watch o'er thy path and love thee yet,
   Watch o'er and love thee yet."

4. "Dear mother, I am near thee,
   My presence now shall cheer thee,
   Thy darling child can ne'er forget.
   Henceforth to thee 'tis given
   To know the loved in heaven,—
   Watch o'er thy path and love thee yet,
   Watch o'er and love thee yet."

5. Now softly she is going,
   One tender look bestowing,
   Now vanished o'er the purple sea;
   No longer am I only
   Sad, desolate, and lonely;
   My darling lives and comes to me,
   My darling comes to me.
The Spiritual Harp.

GARDEN OF THE HEART.

Duet.

1. Leaf by leaf the roses fall, Drop by drop the springs run dry,
One by one, beyond recall, Summer beauties fade and die;
But the roses bloom again, And the springs will gush anew,
In the pleasant April rain, And the summer's sun and dew.

66. Garden of the Heart.

So in hours of deepest gloom,
When the springs of gladness fail,
And the roses in their bloom
Droop like maidens wan and pale,
We shall find some hope that lies
Like a silent germ apart,
Hidden far from careless eyes
In the garden of the heart;
Some sweet hope to gladness wed,
That will spring afresh and new,
When grief's winter shall have fled,
Giving place to sun and dew;
Some sweet hope that breathes of spring,
Through the weary, weary time,
Budding for its blossoming,
In the spirit's silent clime.

67. Long Ago.

There are moments in our life,
When are hushed its scenes of strife;
When, from busy toil set free,
Mind goes back the past to see:
Mem'ry, with its mighty powers,
Brings to view our childhood hours;
And with never-ceasing flow
Come the hours of long ago.

Oft when troubled and perplexed,
Worn in heart and sorely vexed,
Almost sinking 'neath our load,
Famishing on life's high-road,—
How hath sweet remembrance caught
From the past some happy thought,
And, refreshed, we on would go,
Cheered with hopes from long ago!
Harmonies for Various Occasions.

SPIRIT SUN.

1. True Sun! upon our souls arise, Shining in beauty evermore,

And through each sense the quick'ning beam Of the Eternal Spirit pour.

2. Confirm us in each good resolve,
   And calm the passions that betray;
   Turn each misfortune to our good;
   Direct us in Truth's holy way.

BRIGHTER VIEW.

1. In darker days and nights of storm, Men knew thee but to fear thy form,

And in the reddest lightnings saw Thine arm avenge insulted law.

2. In brighter days we read thy love
   In flowers beneath, in stars above;
   Behold thy beauty's rainbow form.

3. Oh, ever with the opening dawn
   May saintly purity attend;
   Faith sanctify the mid-day hours,
   Upon our souls no night descend!

4. O Giver of each perfect gift!
   This day our heav'nly bread supply;
   While from the Spirit's tranquil depths
   We drink unfailing draughts of joy.

5. And in the reddest lightnings saw Thine arm avenge insulted law.

6. E'en in the reddest lightnings' path
   We see no vestiges of wrath,
   But always wisdom, — perfect love,
   From flowers below to stars above.

7. See, from on high sweet influence rains
   On palace, cottage, mountains, plains;
   No hour of wrath shall mortals fear,
   For pure angelic love is here.
The Spiritual Harp.

ADIEU.

1. When sorrow on the spirit feeds, Like birds of night that seek their prey;

When sinks the soul, by care oppressed, And woes abound and friends are few;

When wrung by grief, the bosom bleeds In cold misfortune's tearful day;

And gladness, like a parting guest, Reluctant says, "Adieu, adieu!"

2. 'Tis sweet to hear an angel sing
   In music to the listening ear,
   "Hope on, sad heart! eternal spring
   Is almost here, is almost here."

Then angels burst the bars of doom;
   Then vernal flowers adorn the waste;
   Then sunshine gilds our mortal gloom,
   And heavenly friends with welcomes haste.

70. ETERNAL SPRING.

3. For every tear there comes a smile;
   A joy for every pang is given;
   And angel guides appear the while,
   And gently lead us on to heaven.

And yet 'tis when it mourns and fears,
   The laden spirit feels forgiven;
   And through the mist of falling tears
   We catch the clearest glimpse of heaven.

71. MY BIRD-CHILD.

1. From morn till evening's purple tinge,
   In winsome helplessness it lies,
   Two rose-leaves with a silken fringe,
   Shut softly on her starry eyes.

The pulse first caught its tiny stroke,
   The blood, its crimson hue from mine;
   This life which I have dared invoke
   Henceforth is parallel with thine.

2. A silent awe is in my room,—
   I tremble with delicious fear;
   The future, with its light and gloom,
   Time and eternity are here.

Doubts, hopes, in eager tumult rise,
   Hear, O my God! one earnest prayer;
   Room for my bird in Paradise,
   And give her angel-plumage there.
ROCK OF LIBERTY.

1. Oh! the firm old Rock, tow'ring wave-worn Rock, That braved the blast and the bil-lows' shock, It was born with time on a bar-ren shore, And it laughed with scorn at the ocean's roar; 'Twas here that first the Pilgrim band Came weary up to the foaming strand, And the tree they reared in the days gone by, It lives, it lives, it lives, It lives and ne'er shall die.

2. H! thou stern old Rock, in the ages past, Thy brow was bleached by the warring blast, But thy wintry toil with the wave is o'er, And the billows beat thy base no more; Yet countless as thy sands, old Rock, Are the hardy sons of the Pilgrim stock, And the Tree they reared in the days gone by, It lives, it lives, and ne'er shall die.

3. Ever rest, old Rock, on the sea-beat shore; Thy sires are lulled by the breakers' roar; 'Twas here that first their hymns were heard, O'er the startled cry of the ocean bird; 'Twas here they lived, 'twas here they died; Their forms repose on the green hill's side, But the tree they reared in the days gone by, It lives, it lives, and ne'er shall die.
CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Allegretto.

1. Merri-ly, merri-ly ring the bells, High in the steeples pealing;

Beautiful chiming! it sinks and swells, Far o'er the still air stealing.

This is an ex-quisite world to-night, Bright as a vision gloaming;

Beautiful stars with a calm de-light Look on its happy dreaming.

Chorus.

Merri-ly, merri-ly rock and swing, Bells in a thousand steep-les!

All the grace of the good Christ ring Loud in the ears of the peo-ple.
Harmonies for Various Occasions.

COME UP HIGHER.

1. It was early night, and the moon's soft light Shone on a dying pyre,

While angel glees were borne on the breeze To soothe an aged sire,

Sing-ing, "Higher, higher, higher, higher, Come, come up higher!"

2. Soon the deep-toned bell of a sad death-knell
Rose on the trembling air;
A wail of woe was heard below,
Wild accents of despair,
Sighing, "Father, father, father, father,
Oh, oh my father!"

3. Then the angel-band left the cold earth.
For starry homes above,
And bore away to regions of day
The brother of their love,
Singing, "Higher, higher, higher, higher, Come, come up higher!"

Christmas Bells.

Christ, in the heart of the heavens so long,
Look'st thou not down in wonder,
Seeing the tread of the brilliant throng,
Marching the earth far under?
All for thy sweet sake, beloved of men,
Thine, who art pure and holy,
Thinking, for aye, in thy paradise when
Thou wert a mortal lowly.

Chorus.

Little thou dream'st when in Galilee,
Fishing by Jordan's river,
Bells in the future would ring for thee,
O'er the broad land forever.
Scoffs for thy teachings, and thorns for thy brow,
These were the gifts which cumbered;
Garlands the fairest are wrought thee now,
First of God's sons thou'rt numbered.

Chorus.
EQUAL RIGHTS.

Equal right«, equal rights, clear the way!

Don't you hear the thunder of the coming day,
When all nations shall be welcome to freedom's holy fane,
And the hoary, slave-trod earth with joy grow young again!

Equal rights! send it round!
How the Old World trembles as she hears the sound!
For where throughout our borders all men are truly free,
We will shake hands with nations, not with kings, across the sea.
Equal rights, clear the way!

Equal rights! once again!
Woman! listen to the cry through your unshared pain;
For when your sons have freed themselves
From error's blinding curse,
They shall break your bonds and crown
You queen of the universe!
Equal rights, clear the way!

Equal rights, equal rights, equal rights!

Equal rights! equal rights! equal rights!

Equal rights! clear the way!

Equal rights, equal rights, clear the way!
LITTLE BIRDIE.

Not too fast.

1. What does little birdie say In her nest at peep of day?

"Let me fly," says little birdie, "Mother, let me fly away."

Birdie, rest a little longer, Till the little wings are stronger;

So she rests a little longer, Then she flies away.

76.

LITTLE BIRDIE.

2 What does little baby say In her bed at peep of day?

Baby says, like little birdie,

"Let me rise and fly away."

Baby, sleep a little longer,

Till the little limbs are stronger.

If she sleeps a little longer,

Then she'll fly away.

77.

WATCH, MOTHER.

1 Mother! watch the little feet

Climbing o'er the garden wall,

Roaming through the busy street,

Ranging cellar, shed, and hall.

Never count the moments lost,

Never mind the work they cost;

Little feet will go astray,

Guide them while you may.

*Observe small notes with this piece.

2 Mother! watch the little hand

Picking berries by the way,

Making houses in the sand,

Tossing up the fragrant hay.

Never dare the question ask,

"Why to me this heavy task?"

These same little hands may prove

Messengers of love.

3 Mother! watch the little heart

Beating soft and warm for you;

Wholesome lessons now impart,

Keep, oh, keep that young heart true,

Extricating every weed,

Sowing good and precious seed!

Harvest then as rich as gold

Gather hundred-fold.
LAMENT OF OUR RED BROTHERS.

1. Where the broad Pacific waters
   Love the golden western strand,
   With their weeping wives and daughters,
   Gather a decay-ing band;
   And their eagle-eyes are flashing,
   While they muse upon their wrongs,
   O'er the roar of breakers dash-ing,
   Rise their wildly wailing songs.

78. LAMENT OF OUR RED BROTHERS.

2. From the valleys and the mountains,
   Where our fathers made their home,
   From our sparkling rills and fountains,
   We are driven forth to roam;
   They the race we hailed with pleasure,
   Coming o'er the eastern waves,
   Rob us of our only treasure,
   Drive us from their sacred graves!

   Love we not the quiet rivers
   Winding through our native vales?
   Dear is ev'ry leaf that quivers
   Shaken by autumnal gales;
   Dearer far are shadows streaming
   O'er our fathers' lonely graves,
   Than the glorious sunlight beaming,
   On the vast Pacific waves.

79. ECHOES OF LONG AGO.

1. PAINT and weary are earth's children,
   Toiling up the steep of time,
   Seeking for the eastern token,
   Listening for the morning chime;
   Waiting, waiting, ever waiting
   For the voice of long ago,
   With its soft, melodiouss accents,
   Soothing every human woe.

   Peace on earth! good-will from heaven!
   Sing the white-robed angel-band,
   "Peace on earth! good-will from heaven!"
   Echoes over all the land.
   Waiting, waiting, etc.

2. Know they not the star has risen,
   And its glory gilds the earth?
   Hear they not the song of angels
   O'er this glorious second birth?
   Waiting, waiting, etc.

   Peace on earth! good-will from heaven!
   Echoes over all the land.
   Waiting, waiting, etc.

3. Peace on earth! good-will from heaven!"
Harmonies for Various Occasions.

THOU ART GONE.

Andante.

1. Thou art gone! Thou art gone to a land more fair; Thy
gloried spirit hath passed on before, Thou hast crossed the dark
lake to a brighter shore, Waiting us there, waiting us there.

80.

2. Thou art gone!
Thou art gone to thy peaceful rest;
Sweet wild flowers fragrantly bloom o'er thy grave;
Gracefully drooping branches the willows over thy breast.

3. Thou art gone!
Thou art gone where no sorrows come;
Where voices of censure forever are dumb;
And the flowers of love shall immortal bloom in that blest home.

LIGHT.

For men's voices.

81.

1. Angels! oh, break the error-night!
Gladden with music-light!
Give to the bond in slav'ry's might
Justice from Freedom's height!

2. Shine on us God's primeval light!
Changing the wrong to right;
Roll on the mind's bewildered sight
Love-waves of pure delight!

3. Thou art gone, yet why should we mourn?
Oh, why should we sigh o'er the dark pall of death?
We shall meet thee, where cometh no blight-
In that bright bourn.

4. Thou art gone!
Thou art gone, yet why should we mourn?
Oh, why should we sigh o'er the dark pall of death?
We shall meet thee, where cometh no blight-
In that bright bourn.

5. Thou art gone!
Thou art gone to a land more fair; of life,
And when we have passed through the valley
And are freed from its sorrow, its care, and
We'll meet thee there. [its strife,
The Spiritual Harp.

THE CASKET.

Slowly, tenderly.

1. Unto the Friend that has clothed it and fed it, We gently consign this pale casket of clay; Lo, 'tis a bridal! to Nature we wed it, Whose love has sustained it by night and by day.

2. Tenderly 'neath the protecting sod lay it, But think not in sorrow its mission is o'er. Endless its spirit is, death cannot stay it, Or make it less useful to life than before.

PLEYLEL.

1. Welcome, angels, pure and bright, Children of the living light, Welcome to our home on earth, Children of the glorious birth.

2. Come ye from the realms of light Where the day knows not the night, Where the gems of love alone Are around your spirits thrown.

3. Welcome, messengers of God, Teaching not of anger's rod; Love for all earth's weary throngs Is the burden of your songs.

4. Oh, we joy to feel you near, Spirits of the loved and dear; Chains of love around us twine, Gems of beauty all divine.
I AM NOT OLD.

1. I am not old, though years have cast Their shadows on my way;
For in my heart a fountain flows, And round it pleasant thoughts repose;
While sympathies and feelings high Spring like the stars on evening's sky.

2. I am not old. Time may have set "His signal on my brow,"
And some faint furrows there have met, Which care may deepen now;
Yet love, fond love a chaplet weaves Of fresh young buds and verdant leaves;
And still in fancy I can twine [mine.
Thoughts sweet as flowers, that once were

85. MARTYRS.

1. Our earth is green with martyrs' graves,
On hill and plain and shore,
And ocean's great engulfing waves
Sweep over thousands more.
For us they drained life's bitter cup,
And dared the reformation's strife.
Where are they, Death? Oh, render up
The holy secret of their life!

2. Lo! how the viewless air around
With quick'ning life is stirred,
And from the silences profound
Leaps forth the answering word,—
"We live—not in some distant sphere
Life's blessed mission to fulfil;
But, joined with faithful spirits here,
We love, we love, and labor still.
ISLE OF THE BLEST.

1. A dream sublime of a sunny clime, Where balm-est breezes blow;
   Where mountains loom and landscapes bloom In God's eternal glow!

   Give me my lyre! I feel the fire, Unseen by mortal sight:
   Oh! vision grand, of the summer-land, I'm faint-ing in de-light!

   Oh! vision grand of the summer-land, I'm faint-ing in de-light!

   Chorus.
   My happy home, my spirit home, Sweet spirit home.
1. *My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing;* 

2. *Land where my fathers died, Land of the Pilgrims' pride, From every mountain side, Let freedom ring.*

3. *Oh, hark! again I hear that strain That fills my soul with light; Whose music rare doth thrill the air With strange and wild delight! There's concord sweet in all we meet, With no discordant jars; There all things move in perfect love, Like marches of the stars.*

4. *A DREAM sublime of a sunny clime, Where balmiest breezes blow; Where mountains loom and landscapes In God's eternal glow! Give me my lyre! I feel the fire, Unseen by mortal sight: Oh! vision grand, of the summer-land, I'm fainting in delight!*

5. *A sunny isle, like woman's smile, Blooms on a silvery sea; And from its groves of angel-loves Swells music wild and free. O God! those strains, those grand refrains, What harmony divine! And hark! I hear, in accents dear, The voices of lang syne.*

6. *Oh, hark! again I hear that strain That fills my soul with light; Whose music rare doth thrill the air With strange and wild delight! There's concord sweet in all we meet, With no discordant jars; There all things move in perfect love, Like marches of the stars.*

7. *A DREAM sublime of a sunny clime, Where balmiest breezes blow; Where mountains loom and landscapes In God's eternal glow! Give me my lyre! I feel the fire, Unseen by mortal sight: Oh! vision grand, of the summer-land, I'm fainting in delight!*

8. *A sunny isle, like woman's smile, Blooms on a silvery sea; And from its groves of angel-loves Swells music wild and free. O God! those strains, those grand refrains, What harmony divine! And hark! I hear, in accents dear, The voices of lang syne.*

9. *Oh, hark! again I hear that strain That fills my soul with light; Whose music rare doth thrill the air With strange and wild delight! There's concord sweet in all we meet, With no discordant jars; There all things move in perfect love, Like marches of the stars.*

10. *Our fathers' God! to thee, Author of liberty In realms above, Long may our land be bright With freedom's holy light, Protect us by thy might, Great God of love.*
The Spiritual Harp.

HEAVENLY DAY.

1. When morning's purple gates un fold, Irra diate with the new born day,

2. And from his quiver's misty gold, The sun il lumines his king ly way,

3. To me a thou sand spir its wake, Whose angel foot-steps, all a broad,

4. From leaf and flower, and stream and lake, Impress the burn ing seal of God.

88. HEAVENLY DAY.

2. And 'mid the splendors of the noon, When od'rous winds are hushed and calm, Or murm'ring in a slumb'rous tune, I feel soft hands of blessed balm; And softer voices whisper me, "O child of sorrow, care, and pain, Be tranquil on life's stormy sea, We watch, and guide to heaven again."

3. And when the shadowy night descends, And folds her wings above the earth, The souls of dear, departed friends Will mingle in my grief and mirth; In hours of waking and in dream, Through all the night and all the day, They, by their angel-plumage gleam, Lead me to truth, and light the way.

89. SOMETHING STILL TO DO.

1. Though sunny day has nearly past, Repose not down with idle hands, But labor while the hours shall last, While flowing are life's golden sands; For life is changeful, ever brief; Oh, then improve each fleeting span, Turning each day some brighter leaf, And measure time by deeds to man.

2. Knowest thou not some burdened soul That's fettered by disease and pain? Direct him to the heavenly goal, Bidding him rise and strive again. Knowest thou not a drooping heart, Sinking beneath misfortune's blight? Go thou, and friendship's warmth impart, And give to him a ray of light.
Harmonies for Various Occasions.

"WAITING, ONLY WAITING."

1. I am waiting, only waiting, For the dawning of the day,
   When the joys of life relating, I shall walk the heavenly way;
   Then, no longer sadly waiting, I shall sound the joyful lay.

2. I am waiting, hoping, trusting, That the future fair and bright,
   Ev'ry wrong and ill adjusting, Shall announce the rule of right;
   Then, no longer sadly waiting, I shall see the joyful sight.

3. I am waiting in the twilight
   Of a morning yet to be,
   When upon my fading eyesight
   Angel forms shall come to me;
   Then, no longer sadly waiting,
   Heav'nly glories I shall see;
   Then, no longer sadly waiting,
   Heav'nly glories I shall see.

4. Thus we all through life are waiting
   For the coming of the morn,
   When, life's pleasure reinstating,
   We shall be as angels born;
   Then, no longer sadly waiting,
   We shall hail the glorious dawn;
   Then, no longer sadly waiting,
   We shall hail the glorious dawn.

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CRADLE SONG OF THE POOR.

1. Hush! I cannot bear to see thee Stretch thy tiny hands in vain;
Dear, I have no bread to give thee, Nothing, child, to ease thy pain!
When God sent thee first to bless me, Proud, and thankful, too, was I.
Now, my darling, I, thy mother, Almost long to see thee die.

2. I have watched thy beauty fading, And thy strength sink day by day;
Soon, I know, will want and fever Take thy little life away.
Famine makes thy father reckless; Hope hath left both him and me;
We could suffer all, my baby, Had we but a crust for thee.
Sleep, my darling, thou art weary; God is good, but life is dreary.

3. Better thou shouldst go thus early, Starve so soon, my darling one, Than in helpless sin and sorrow Vainly live as I have done.
Better that thy angel-spirit With my joy, my peace, were flown, Than thy heart grow cold and careless, Reckless, hopeless, like my own.
Sleep, my darling, thou art weary; God is good, but life is dreary.

4. I have wasted, dear, with hunger, And my brain is all opprest; I have scarcely strength to press thee, Wan and feeble to my breast.
Patience, baby, God will help us; Death will come to thee and me;
He will take us to his heaven, Where no want or pain can be.
Sleep, my darling, thou art weary, God is good, but life is dreary.
CRADLE SONG OF THE POOR. Concluded.

Chorus for each stanza.

Sleep, my darling, thou art weary; God is good, but life is dreary.

HEAVENLY ACCENTS.

1. Brethren, will you slight the message sent in mercy from above?

Every sentence, oh, how tender! Every line how full of love!

Heavenly accents, heavenly accents, Full of strength and peace and love.

2 Tempted souls, they bring you succor; Fearful hearts, they quell your fears;

And with deepest consolation Chase away the falling tears;

Tender heralds, tender heralds, Blest is he their word who hears!

3 Holy angels, hov'ring round us!

Waiting spirits! speed your way,

Hasten to the court of heaven,

Tidings bear without delay,

That our spirits, that our spirits,

Glad the message may obey.
1. Up, mortal, and act, while the angel of light melts the shadows before and behind thee! Shake off the soft dreams that en-umber thy might, And burst the dark fetters that bind thee!

Soars the skylark, soar thou; leaps the stream, do thou leap;

Learn from Nature the splendor of action; Plough, harrow, and sow, or thou never shalt reap; Faithful deed brings divine benefaction.
Harmonies for Various Occasions.

93.

1 UP, mortal, and act while the angel of light
Melts the shadows before and behind thee!
Shake off the soft dreams that encumber thy might,
And burst the dark fetters that bind thee!
Soars the skylark, soar thou; leaps the stream, do thou leap,
Learn from Nature the splendor of action;
Plough, harrow, and sow, or thou never shalt reap;
Faithful deed brings divine benefaction.

2 The red sun has rolled himself into the blue,
And hath lifted the mists from the mountain;
The young hares are feasting on nectar of dew,
The stag cools his lips in the fountain,
And the blackbird's sweet glee rises from the deep elm,
The river is sparkling and leaping,
The wild bee is fencing the sweets of his realm,
And the mighty-limbed reapers are reaping.

3 To spring comes the bud, and to summer, the blush,
And to autumn, the happy fruition;
To winter, repose, meditation, and hush;
And to man, ev'ry season's condition.
Lo! he lives, buds, and blooms both in action and rest,
As a thinker and actor and sleeper,
Then withers and wavers, chin drooping on breast,
And is reaped by the hand of a reaper!

GOOD WILL.

1 Peace! the welcome sound proclaim,
Dwell with rapture on the theme;
Loud, still louder, swell the strain,
Peace on earth, good-will to men.

2 Breezes, whisp'ring soft and low,
Gently murmur as ye blow,
Breathe the sweet celestial strain,
"Peace on earth, good-will to men!"

3 Ocean's billows, far and wide,
Rolling in majestic pride,
Loud, still louder swell the strain,
"Peace on earth, good-will to men!"

4 Pilgrims, who its promise seal,
And its inspirations feel,
Loud, still louder swell the strain,
"Peace on earth, good-will to men!"

GOOD-WILL TO MEN.

1 Peace! the welcome sound proclaim,
Dwell with rapture on the theme;
Loud, still louder, swell the strain,
"Peace on earth, good-will to men!"
The Spiritual Harp.

MORN AMID THE MOUNTAINS.

1. Morn amid the mountains, lovely solitude! Gushing streams and fountains murmur, "God is good." Murmur, etc.

2. Hymns of praise are ringing Through the leafy wood; Songsters, sweetly singing, Warble, "God is good." Warble, etc.

3. Now, the glad sun, breaking, Pours a golden flood; Deepest vales, awaking, Echo, "God is good." Echo, etc.

4. Wake, and join the chorus, Child, with soul endued; God, whose smile is o'er us, Evermore is good. Ever, etc.

WORDS AND ACTS OF KINDNESS.

1. Little words of kindness, How they cheer the heart! What a world of gladness will a smile impart! How a gentle accent
**WORDS AND ACTS OF KINDNESS. Concluded.**

1. **LITTLE** words of kindness,
   How they cheer the heart!
   What a world of gladness
   Will a smile impart!
   How a gentle accent
   Calms the troubled soul,
   When the waves of passion
   O'er it wildly roll!

2. **Little acts of kindness,**
   Nothing do they cost;
   Yet, when they are wanting,
   Life's best charm is lost.
   **Little acts of kindness,**
   Richest gems of earth,
   Though they seem but trifles,
   Priceless is their worth.

---

**SLEEP, LITTLE BABY, SLEEP.**

_Slowly, tenderly._

1. Sleep, little baby, sleep!
   Not in thy cradle bed,
   Not on thy mother's breast
   Henceforth shall be thy rest,
   But with the quiet dead.

2. Yes, with the quiet dead,
   Baby, thy rest shall be!
   Oh! many a weary one,
   Under life's fitful sun,
   Would fain lie down with thee.

3. Flee, little tender child!
   Flee to thy grassy nest;
   There the first flowers shall blow;
   The first pure flake of snow
   Shall fall upon thy breast.

4. And when the hour arrives
   From earth that sets me free,
   Thy spirit will await
   The first at heaven's gate,
   To meet and welcome me.
The Spiritual Harp.

THE SPIRIT ARTIST.

1. Forms that have passed a-way, Bringing regret, Memories that
   ne'er decay, Cherish them yet, Loved eyes with diamond light,

   Lips that ne'er scorned, Foreheads whose mar-ble white Bright wreaths ad-

98.

THE SPIRIT ARTIST.

2. HANDS whose glad clasp we greet,
   Cheeks carmine dyed,
   Hearts whose warm pulses beat
   Love's gushing tide,
   Bosoms that overflow,
   Tongues ever true,
   Souls where warm friendships glow,
   Songs ever new.

3. They are not lost to us;
   Death's gloomy pall
   Hides but their earthly dust;
   Them we recall!
   Over the eidolon's
   Measureless tide
   Still smile the loving ones
   From farther side.

4. Touched by a mortal hand,
   Guided by one
   Of a blest angel-band
   Bright as the sun,
   Ever they lift the veil
   That hangs between,
   And from the canvas pale
   Smile they serene.

99.

SONG-BIRD OF THE SPIRIT LAND.

1. Bird of the brighter land,
   Unbar thy notes;
   Over the spirit-strand
   Melody floats;
   Singing in happy band,
   Come from on high;
   Angel-bird, angel-bird,
   Welcome is nigh.

2. Bird of the realm of flowers,
   Come, let us hear
   Songs from the spirit bowers,
   Giving good cheer,
   Charming our weary hours,
   Where'er we roam,
   Angel-bird, angel-bird,
   Sing of our home.

5. Oh, ever glorious art,
   Undreamed before,
   Glad'ning the mourning heart
   For evermore!
   Forms that have passed away,
   Bringing regret,
   Smile on us still to-day;
   We see them yet.

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Harmonies for Various Occasions.

SUMMER DAYS.

Not too fast.

1. Oh, the merry summer days, When the fields are dressed in green,
   And the smiling sunny rays Rest upon the verdant scene,
   Dancing o'er the flow'ry hedges, Where the bee for honey strays,
   Crowning hill-top, gilding valleys, In the merry summer days.

2. Oh, the merry summer days! When the woods with life abound,
   And the smiling sunny rays Rest upon the verdant scene,
   Dancing o'er the flow'ry hedges, Where the bee for honey strays,
   Crowning hill-top, gilding valleys, In the merry summer days.

3. Bird of a purer sky,
   Peal through thy lays
   Hopes that shall never die,
   Lighting our ways,
   Guiding where ne'er a sigh
   Wakes o'er a pain,
   Angel-bird, angel-bird,
   Loud swell the strain.

4. Bird of the higher life,
   Sing to the throngs,
   Make the earth's welkin rife
   With heavenly songs,
   Quelling all mortal strife,
   Peaceful as love,
   Angel-bird, angel-bird,
   Guide us above.

100. SUMMER DAYS.

1 Oh, the merry summer days!
   When the fields are dressed in green,
   And the smiling sunny rays
   Rest upon the verdant scene,
   Dancing o'er the flow'ry hedges,
   Where the bee for honey strays,
   Crowning hill-top, gilding valleys,
   In the merry summer days.

2 Oh, the merry summer days!
   When the woods with life abound,
   Warbling birds with joyous lays
   Pour a flood of music round,
   Now a tender little love-song,
   Then a lofty burst of praise;
   All unite to swell the chorus
   In the merry summer days.
NEVER SAY FAIL.

Allegro.

1. Keep push-ing! 'tis wis-er Than sit-ting a-side, And dream-ing and sigh- ing,

And wait-ing the tide; In life's ear-nest bat-tle They on-ly pre-vail

Who dail-y march on-ward, And nev-er say fail, Who dail-y march on-ward,

And nev-er say fail.

102.

GOLDEN STEPS.

1 Shall trees live for ages, and garnish the ground, [abound?
    In greenness and beauty, and gladness
Yet man who is noblest of earth, sea and skies,
The upright, the thoughtful, the god-like and wise,

2 Shall he, like a flower, but live for a day,
    Unfolding in summer, then wither away?
Or dance, like a bubble, awhile on the wave,
Look joyous a moment, then sink in the grave?

3 Oh, no! the Eternal doth call him his son;
The circuit of glory he ever shall run;
The wide heavens present him their infinite store;
The years of the Highest are his evermore.

4 Released from the body, the immortal shall rise,
    [skies; Till earth floats beneath him, a speck in the
The bright stars of even shall golden steps be,
And he shall ascend to the realms of the free.
Harmonies for Various Occasions.

HIGHER LAW.

1. Say not the law divine
Is hidden far from thee;
That heavenly law within may shine,
And there its brightness be.

Say not the law divine
Is hidden far from thee;
That heavenly law within may shine,
And there its brightness be.

REJOICE.

1. Beside the toilsome way,
Mid fruits and flowers unblest,
My feet tread sadly day by day,
Longing in vain for rest.

BESIDE the toilsome way,
'Mid fruits and flowers unblest,
My feet tread sadly day by day,
Longing in vain for rest.

CROWN OF THORNS.

1. Beside the toilsome way,
Mid fruits and flowers unblest,
My feet tread sadly day by day,
Longing in vain for rest.

BESIDE the toilsome way,
'Mid fruits and flowers unblest,
My feet tread sadly day by day,
Longing in vain for rest.

2. Ever an angel walks,
With eyes cast meekly down,
While from the leaves and withered stalks
She weaves my fitting crown.

Ever an angel walks,
With eyes cast meekly down,
While from the leaves and withered stalks
She weaves my fitting crown.

3. Thou need'st not launch thy bark
Upon a shoreless sea,
Breasting its waves to find the ark,
To bring this dove to thee.

THOU need'st not launch thy bark
Upon a shoreless sea,
Breasting its waves to find the ark,
To bring this dove to thee.

4. Cease, then, my soul, to roam;
Thy wanderings all are vain;
That holy word is found at home;
Within thy heart its reign.

CEASE, then, my soul, to roam;
Thy wanderings all are vain;
That holy word is found at home;
Within thy heart its reign.

103.

HIGHER LAW.

1. Say not the law divine
Is hidden far from thee;
That heavenly law within may shine,
And there its brightness be.

2. Soar not, my soul, on high,
To bring it down to earth;
No star within the vaulted sky
Is of such priceless worth.

104.

CROWN OF THORNS.

1. Beside the toilsome way,
Mid fruits and flowers unblest,
My feet tread sadly day by day,
Longing in vain for rest.

3. What sweet and patient grace,
E'er beaming true and kind,
Of suffering borne, rests on her face,
So pure so glorified!

4. Angel! behold, I wait,
Crowned for life's weary hours,—
Wait till thy hand shall ope the gate
And change the thorns to flowers.
The Spiritual Harp.

PORTAL.

1. Sweet darling of the mother's heart! Look forth from out thy heaven,
   And tell her, with thy starry eyes, Thy presence still is given.

2. Fair maiden! fading in thy spring,
   Laid darkly in the tomb,
   Beam like a star from thy bright home,
   Or flower in summer bloom;
   Beam out! and say that God is great,
   That he has opened heaven's gate!

3. Loved mother! passing into night,
   To leave thy darkened hearth,
   A shadow resting in thy place,
   For those thou left on earth,
   Look down! and say that God is great,
   That thou dost wait at heaven's gate!

4. Young bride! grown sudden chill and cold,
   To one who loved thee well,
   Who keeps thee treasured in his heart,
   Still binding with a spell,
   Burst forth! and teach that God is great,
   And pass to him through heaven's gate!

106. Beauty of Heart.

1. The sun may warm the grass to life;
   The dew, the drooping flower;
   And eyes grow bright and watch the light
   Of autumn's opening hour;
   But loving smiles are far more true! -
   And brighter than the morning dew.

2. It is not much the world can give,
   With all its subtle art;
   And gold and gems are not the things
   To beautify the heart;
   But tenderness of angel-love
   That glows within like heaven above.
COME TO THE WOODS.

Allegro.

1. Come to the woods, come to the woods, come to the woods, heigh-o!

Come to the woods, come to the woods, where tangling wild-flowers grow,

And the worried, agile hare Swiftly darts from its ferny lair.

Come to the woods, come to the woods, come to the woods, heigh-o!

107.

COME to the woods, come to the woods, come to the woods, heigho!
Come to the woods, come to the woods, where tangling wild-flowers grow,
And the worried, agile hare
Swiftly darts from its ferny lair.
Come to the woods, come to the woods, come to the woods, heigho!

2. Come to the woods, come to the woods, come to the woods, heigho!
Come to the woods, come to the woods, when summer glories glow,
And the laughing, loving sun
Brightly shines through shadows dun.
Come to the woods, come to the woods, come to the woods, heigho!

3. Come to the woods, come to the woods, come to the woods, heigho!
Come to the woods, come to the woods, come from the haunts of woe,
Where the cheering, tuneful song
Of the thrush tells no wrong.
Come to the woods, come to the woods, come to the woods, heigho!

4. Come to the woods, come to the woods, come to the woods, heigho!
Come to the woods, come to the woods, with health your cheeks shall glow;
Come, oh, come, from dusty town,
Come from dreamy beds of down.
Come to the woods, come to the woods, come to the woods, heigho!
The Spiritual Harp

WELCOME.

1. Death is the fading of a cloud, The breaking of a chain, We ne'er shall see again.
2. Death is the conqueror's welcome home, The heav'nly city's door, The entrance of the world to come; 'Tis life for evermore.

RAINBOW OF PROMISE.

1. Hope's rainbow in life's crystal dome, That spans the flowing tide, Doth bridge the way to that bright home, From earth to angels' side.
2. On us the tempest-cloud below Falls stormy fatal breath, But those who cross that shining bow Have no more pain or death.

108.

NEW BIRTH.

1. Death is the fading of a cloud, The breaking of a chain, We ne'er shall see again.
2. Death is the conqueror's welcome home, The heav'nly city's door, The entrance of the world to come; 'Tis life for evermore.

RAINBOW OF PROMISE.

1. Built there by strong immortal hands From showers of love and tears, All beautiful the archway stands Through silent lapse of years.
2. O spirit-friends! we're nearing fast Your home on the fair shore, We'll cross the rainbow bridge at last And live for evermore.
Harmonies for Various Occasions.

HO! HILLY HO!

1. No clouds are in the morning sky, The vapors hug the stream;

2. Along our path the woods are bold, And glow with ripe desire;

Who says that life and love can die In all this northern gleam?

The yellow chestnut showers its gold, The sumachs spread their fire;

At every turn the maples burn, The quail is whistling free,

The breezes feel as crisp as steel, The buckwheat tops are red;

The part-ridge whirs, and the frosted burs Are dropping for you and me.

Then down the lane we will send again, And o'er the stubble tread.

Ho! hilly ho! hilly ho! In the clear autumnal morn,

Ho! hilly ho! hilly ho! In the clear autumnal morn.
HEAVENLY UNION.

1. Two loving clouds at morning, Tinged with the rising sun,
   Calm in the dawn are floating, And mingling into one.
   That dewy morning cloud is blest, It moves so gently to the west.
   That dewy morning cloud Is blest, It moves so gently to the west.

2. Two crystal summer currents
   Flow softly in their course,
   Their waves in music dancing,
   To join in silent force;
   How beautiful through banks of green,
   While dimpling eddies play between!

3. Oh, what a heavenly union,
   In bowers of delight,
   Where ministries of angels
   Inspire with holy light;
   Two souls one life, two hearts one love,
   As sweet and pure as heav'n above.
Harmonies for Various Occasions.

112. **NATURE'S TEMPLE.**

1. The turf shall be my fragrant shrine; My temple, Lord, that arch of thine;
   My censer's breath the mountain airs, And silent thoughts my only prayers,
   And silent thoughts my only prayers.

2. My choir shall be the moonlit waves, When murm'ring homeward to their caves,
   E'en when the stillness of the sea, E'en more than music breathes of thee!

3. I'll seek some glade with beauty fraught,
   All light and silent, like thy thought;
   And the pale stars shall be at night
   The only eyes that watch my rite.

4. Thy heaven, on which 'tis bliss to look,
   Shall be my pure and shining book,
   Where I shall read, in words of flame
   The glories of thy wondrous name.

5. There's nothing bright, above, below,
   From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
   But in its light my soul can see
   Some feature of thy Deity.

113. **TRiumph of Love.**

1. Truth to the nations round In converse sweet shall flow; While to the spheres of heavily light Their songs of triumph go, Their songs of triumph go.

2. Beams of the shining skies Shall lighten ev'ry land;
   And they who dwell in angel-courts Shall the whole earth command.

3. No war shall rage, nor feuds Disturb those peaceful years;

4. No longer host 'gainst host Shall crowds of slain deplore;
   They'll lay the martial trumpet by,
   And study war no more.

To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
   To pruning-hooks their spears.
The Spiritual Harp.

SYMBOL.

1. Not in vain the large-eyed prophets
   Saw the days of evil told,
   Heard the anthems of the nations
   From the harps of Freedom rolled.

Who can mock their glorious visions?
Hark! already ev'ry hour
Falls some chain, and man arises
To his natural, sacred power.

2. Mercy walks with broader symbols;
   Justice lifts a stronger hand;
   Love tends more and more her flowers,
   Sown by God in ev'ry land.

Science more and more is breaking
All the olden mystic bars,
Stands on mountain-tops and waves her
Rod amid the vassal stars.

3. Art is grander, brighter growing;
   Ev'ry moment is her shrine
At the will of thought's true angels
Beaming more and more divine.

Nations, lift, lift your Triumphant,
Lamped no more by wavering moon;
Crowd the temples; crown the prophets;
Not in vain they sung the noon.


1. Summer in the lap of autumn
   Pours her rich and golden store;
   Bursting buds proclaim the spring-time,
   When the winter storm is o'er.

So upon life's toilsome journey,
Like the circling round of years,
We may trace the deep emotions
Moving us to smiles and tears.

2. Grandly Nature tells her story,
   As the seasons glide along,
   Full of symbols, hints, and warnings,
   That to every age belong.

Hers a quaint and ponderous volume;
Every page is lettered o'er;
Such as this needs no revising;
Earnestly its truth explore.
ARGOSY.

1. How many lonely hours we see While journeying along!

How many days when griefs and tears Hush the sweet lips of song!

How many times the breaking heart, A weary, wounded dove,

Tiring of ev'rything on earth, Implores angelic love!

1 HOW many lonely hours we see
   While journeying along!
How many days when griefs and tears
   Hush the sweet lips of song!
How many times the breaking heart,
   A weary, wounded dove,
Tiring of ev'rything on earth,
   Implores angelic love!

3 Then what are argosies of clouds,
   If light break sweetly through?
And what are all earth's cumb'ring cares,
   With heaven, our home, in view?
Our fading hopes bloom fresh again,
   Our weary hands grow strong,
While spirits lovingly declare
   We shall not suffer long.

4 Balm-bearers from the better land,
   Stand ye along our way,
And purify us from all sin
   By your angelic sway.
And when the fennel's bitter leaf
   Dips o'er our goblet's brim,
Still let us in our darkest hours
   Hope on, though sad our hymn.

ARGOSIES OF LIFE.

116.

2 What holy peace, what quiet cheer,
   Those silent angels bring!
Rejoicing in their ministries,
   Our souls vault up and sing.
We see the beauteous summer land
   With bowers of fadeless green,
And melting hills and banks of flowers,
   With singing streams between.
1. He liveth long who liveth well! All other life is short and vain.

He liveth longest who can tell Of living most for heav'nly gain.

Waste not thy being; back to Him Who freely gave it, freely give:

Else is that being but a dream; 'Tis but to be, and not to live.

2. Be thou in truthfulness arrayed;
   Hold up to earth thy torch divine!
   Be what thou prayest to be made;
   Let steps of charity be thine!
   Fill up each hour with what will last;
   Buy up the moments as they go:
   The life above, when this is past,
   Is the ripe fruit of life below.

3. Sow truth if thou the truth wouldst reap;
   Who sows the false shall reap the vain;
   Erect and sound thy conscience keep;
   From hollow words and deeds refrain.
   Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;
   Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright;
   Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
   And find a harvest-home of light.

117. HOW TO LIVE.

118. SUN OF TRUTH.

RADIAN T Sun of Truth divine,
   Thy rays through boundless nature shine;
   And from the earth in glory rise,
   To meet the brightness of the skies.
   Wide let thy glory be displayed,
   In one bright day, without a shade,
   And thus may we supremely prove
   The nameless, endless joys of love.

Be darkness known on earth no more,
   But truth dispensed from shore to shore,
   Till men of ev'ry land shall see
   Its glorious brightness, and be free.
   'Tis done! the Sun of Truth appears!
   The shades withdraw, the morning clears!
   Its rays flow over land and main,
   And one eternal day shall reign!
Harmonies for Various Occasions.

PROPHET.

1. Joy to the world! the angels come To crown a prophet king!

The pure in heart prepare them room, And inspirations sing!

Let Sorrow lift her tearful eyes, Despair forget his gloom,

Up from your fetters, serf, arise, The Jubilee has come!

119.

2 Joy to the world! the prophet speaks
   The love that gladdens heaven! [breaks,
   Through Fear's dread night the morning
   And Error's veil is riven!
   It rolls away Death's icy shroud!
   And lo! an angel's shrine!
   The God in nature shouts aloud!
   The human grows divine!

3 Joy to the world! the angels come!
   That prophet is To-day;
   Foretelling Superstition's doom,
   And Love's celestial sway.
   Let Freedom lift her joyous voice!
   Let Reason burst her bands!
   Let Truth be glad; let Right rejoice!
   And Justice clap her hands!

120.

Speak no ill.

1 Nay, speak no ill; a kindly word
   Can leave no sting behind;
   And oh, to breathe each tale we've heard
   Is 'neath a noble mind.
   Full oft a better seed is sown,
   By choosing kinder plan;
   For if but little good be known,
   Still speak the best we can.

2 Give me the heart that fain would hide,
   And others' faults efface;
   How can it please human pride,
   To prove us all so base?
   No; let us reach a higher mood
   In estimate of man;
   Be earnest in the search for good,
   And speak the best we can.
121. **THE GREAT WORSHIP.**

1. The harp at nature's advent strung Has never ceased to play;
   The ocean looketh up to heaven And mirrors every star.

2. The green earth sends her incense up
   From many a mountain shrine;
   From folded leaf and dewy cup
   She pours her sacred wine.

3. The winds with hymns of praise are loud,
   Or low with sobs of pain;
   The thunder-organ of the cloud,
   The dropping tears of rain.

4. The angel of the day-beam swept
   The earth with pinions gay,
   And starry dews, the night had wept,
   By him were kissed away.

2. The sky-lark's silvery lute was strung
   O'er meadow, vale, and hill,
   And myriad tiny insects hung
   Light dancing o'er the rill.

3. "Where is thy blissful home?" I asked,
   "Say where dost thou abide?"
   She turned her beaming face unmasked
   And answered, "By thy side.

4. Such is a mother's love; it dies
   Not, neither can it die;
   My soul with gratitude shall rise
   To Him who dwells on high,

122. **MATERNAL LOVE.**

1. Night's ample folds were twined around
   The pillars of the morn;
   And fair aurora's splendors crowned
   The hour when light was born.

2. The earth with pinions gay,
   And starry dews, the night had wept,
   By him were kissed away.

3. She turned her beaming face unmasked
   And answered, "By thy side.
   Ever with thee in sun and storm,
   In sorrow or in joy,

4. Such is a mother's love; it dies
   Not, neither can it die;
   My soul with gratitude shall rise
   To Him who dwells on high,
Harmonies for Various Occasions.

THE SILENT LAND.

1. Into the Silent Land! Into the Silent Land! Ah! who shall lead us thither?

Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand.
Who leads us with a gentle hand
Thither, oh, thither,
Into the Silent Land?

2. Into the Silent Land!
Into the Silent Land!
For all the broken-hearted!
Lead us thither!
Where the mild herald by our fate allotted,
E'er beck'ning with inverted torch, doth stand.
To lead us with a gentle hand,
Thither, oh, thither,
Into the Silent Land!

3. Into the Silent Land!
Into the Silent Land
Of holy meditation,
Lead us thither!
Whither inspiring fountains flow to rivers
In waves of loving sweetness o'er earth's sand,
To make it fair, as summer land,
Breathing its fragrance
Into the Silent Land!

4. Into the Silent Land!
Into the Silent Land
Where all the boundless regions
Are perfection,
[brighten
Where the sweet tender morning visions
With beauteous souls of holy pledge and
Who in Life's battle firm shall stand, [band;
Bearing Hope's blossoms
Into the Silent Land!
The Spiritual Harp.

INCENSE.
With energy.

1. O Thou, to whom, in ancient time, The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung, Whom kings adored in songs sublime, And prophets praised with glowing tongue, Not now on Zion's height alone Thy favored worshippers may dwell; Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son Sat weary by the Syrian well;

VOICE OF PROGRESS.

1. Hear ye not now the voice of God, From the great people's heart re-sounding? See ye the light that is abroad, Proud rulers of the earth confounding?

D.C. Shout-ing with voice of fire and steam Deep chorus of progressive thunder.

D.C.

Our world is waking from her dream, To snap her creed-forged chains asunder,
THE HEART'S DEAD.

1. Battle the windows, wind! Rain, drip on the pane! There are tears and sighs in our hearts and eyes For the life we live in vain. There are tears and sighs in our hearts and eyes For the life we live in vain.

2. Weak hearts may falter in the shade, May count the gloom of buried ages, But live men will not be dismayed, By phantoms dug from dusty pages. The living, not the dead, are ours, Whose voices blend through death to cheer While heaven reveals the human flowers That bloom upon her borders near us.

3. Poor toiling millions, meagre fed, Are standing now at Freedom's portals, While daylight blossoms overhead, With sweet words from the dear immortals! No more shall bigotry enshroud Our dearest hopes in endless terror, For light long hid behind the cloud, Breaks o'er the gloom of ancient error.

4. Kings, priests, and conquerors no more Shall chain our souls and steal our guerdon, For bloody blades shall fall before [den. Strong arms that share our common bur- Earth's song of peace is on our tongue; Archangels lean from heaven to hear it; Mind is our king whose name is sung In deeds, and tyrants must revere it.

125. VOICE OF PROGRESS.

1. HEAR ye not now the voice of God, From the great people's heart resounding? See ye the light that is abroad, Proud rulers of the earth confounding? Our world is waking from her dream, To snap her creed-forged chains asunder, Shouting with voice of fire and steam Deep chorus of progressive thunder.

2. Weak hearts may falter in the shade, May count the gloom of buried ages, But live men will not be dismayed, By phantoms dug from dusty pages. The living, not the dead, are ours, Whose voices blend through death to cheer While heaven reveals the human flowers That bloom upon her borders near us.

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126. THE HEART'S DEAD.

2. GRAY ocean heaves and heaves, Rolls, rolls on the sand; And the blasted limb of the churchyard tree Solemn shakes like ghostly hand. The living, not the dead, are ours, Whose voices blend through death to cheer While heaven reveals the human flowers That bloom upon her borders near us.
LAND OF BLISS.

1. O land of bliss, my heart now turns With longing hopes to thee,
   As long the blossoms of the spring That sunbeams strive to free!
   My thoughts thy flowing thile doth bend, Towards that sweet land of rest!

2. A land of fruit, that hangs so rich
   Upon thy bending trees,
   Oh, when shall I beneath thy shade
   Inhale the swelling breeze?
   And with these rapturous eyes behold
   The white-robed angel band,
   And drink the flowing landscape in,
   The sweet and dewy land?

3. And with me, too, the beings loved
   Find all of sorrow o'er?
   When shall these tearful partings cease
   On life's retreating shore?
   And by those living streams may pluck
   Thy amaranth and rose,
   And drink the nectar from the streams
   Where deathless water flows?

FLOWERS.

1. Each tiny leaf unfolds a scroll
   Inscribed with holy truth,
   A lesson that around the heart
   Should keep the dew of youth;
   Bright missals from angelic throngs
   In ev'ry by-way left,
   How were the earth of glory shorn,
   Were it of flowers bereft!

2. They tremble on the Alpine height;
   The fissured rock they press;
   The desert wild, with heat and sand,
   Shares, too, their blessedness:
   And whereasoe'er the weary heart
   Turns in its dim despair,
   The meek-eyed blossom upward looks,
   Inviting it to prayer.
Harmonies for Various Occasions.

O'ER BILLOWS BLUE.

1. I'm sailing o'er life's sunny seas; I'm sailing 'neath bright cloudless skies; My heart is light, my glance is bright, While crowned with joy the fleet hours are; In light canoe o'er billows blue, I'm gliding to a land afar!

2. I've launched my bark from sullen shores, Where angry waves have lashed her sides, And far from surge and rush and roar, I float along on peaceful tides. Chorus.

3. There greets me now a spirit-hand, And borne along on gentle breeze, I catch the sweets of fairy-land That woo me over sunny seas! Chorus.

Chorus.

1. WHEN laughing joy makes glad our way, And mirth invites to harmless play, More fair than eve's bright stars appear, Our angel guards are hover'ring near, They hover near, they hover near, More fair than eve's bright stars appear, Our angel guards are hover'ring near.

2. When dark despair doth rule the hour And make us feel its gloomy power, Our guardians come in sympathy To set us from our bondage free. Chorus.

3. With blessings to each earthly home, These messengers of heaven come, Inspiring thoughts of higher life, Free from all sorrow, fear, and strife. Chorus.
GREETING.

1. We give you joyous greeting,
   Friends of our noble cause,
   Who have lit the torch of reason,
   By light of nature's laws;
We give you joyous greeting,
   Ye toilers in the field,
   Who, the right with patient working,
   Will never justice yield.

2. We give you joyous greeting,
   Workers so bold, so free,
   To unite your scattered forces
   In ranks of harmony;
We give you joyous greeting,
   Inspired with powers above
   To demolish ancient error
   By might of truth and love.

THE HEART.

1. 'TIS bright where'er the heart is;
   Chain nor a dungeon dim
   Ne'er can check the mind's aspirations,
   Or spirit's pealing hymn;
   The heart gives life its beauty,
   Its glory and its power;
   It is sunlight to its rippling,
   And soft dew to its flower.

2. Sweet is the summer nectar,
   Circling around the rose,
   But far sweeter where the heart is
   Imparting calm repose;
   Oh, welcome its kind pulsing
   To soothe thy troubled breast;
   Ever keep the love that nestles
   Therein a sunny guest.
1 THINGS THAT NEVER DIE.

Not too fast.

THINGS THAT NEVER DIE.

1. The pure, the bright, the beautiful, That stirred our hearts in youth;

2. The timid hand stretched forth to aid A brother in his need,

3. The memory of a clasping hand,

4. Let nothing pass, for every hand

D.C. The striving after better hopes—These things shall never die;

The impulse of a wordless prayer, The dream of love and truth,

The longing after something lost, The spirit's yearning cry,

These things shall never die.

These things shall never die.

These things shall never die.

These things shall never die.

D.C.

133.

2 THE timid hand stretched forth to aid A brother in his need,
That kindly word in grief's dark hour
That proves the friend indeed,
That plea of mercy softly breathed
When justice threatens nigh,
The sorrow of a contrite heart —
These things shall never die.

3 The memory of a clasping hand,
The pressure of a kiss,
And all the trifles, sweet and frail,
That proves the friend indeed,
That plea of mercy softly breathed
When justice threatens nigh,
The sorrow of a contrite heart —
These things shall never die.

4 Let nothing pass, for every hand
Must find some work to do;
Lose not a chance to waken love;
Be firm and just and true;
So shall a light that cannot fade
Beam on thee from on high,
And angel voices say to thee,
These things shall never die.

134.

1 BEFORE us heaven invites the way;
Death-damps behind us lie;
Before us dawns progressive day
Whose beauties never die.

2 Within the spirit's perfect air,
Where love is pure and kind,
In innocence from selfish care,
The Eden we shall find.

The Eden with its angels bold,
With flowers and rivers free,
Is less a mystic story told
Than growing prophecy.

3 From spirit lands of peace afar
Disturbing force shall flee;
Impatient toil nor wrong shall mar
Immortal unity.

4 Let nothing pass, for every hand
Must find some work to do;
Lose not a chance to waken love;
Be firm and just and true;
So shall a light that cannot fade
Beam on thee from on high,
And angel voices say to thee,
These things shall never die.

Oh, welcome day of saint and sage,
When childhood's holy heart,
With head of wisdom's golden age,
Shall love to man impart!

The Eden we shall find.

True, beautiful, and sound,
Whose beauties never die.

So when the soul to sin hath died,
Imperishable flower, immortal flower,
Is less a mystic story told
Than growing prophecy.

A paradise around.

A paradise around.
REVELATION.

1. God of the granite and the rose! Soul of the sparrow and the bee!
The mighty tide of being flows Through countless channels, Lord, from thee.
It leaps to life in grass and flowers, Through every grade of being runs,
Till from creation's radiant towers Its glory flames in stars and suns.

2. O ye who sit and gaze on life
With folded hands and fettered will,
Who only see, amid the strife,
The dark supremacy of ill,
Know that, like birds and streams and flow-
The life that moves you is divine!
Nor time, nor space, nor human powers,
Your god-like spirit can confine.

3. God of the granite and the rose!
Soul of the sparrow and the bee!
The mighty tide of being flows
Through all thy creatures back to thee.
Thus round and round the circle runs,—
A mighty sea without a shore,—
While men and angels, stars and suns,
Unite to praise thee evermore.

135. NATURE'S REVELATION.

1. God of the granite and the rose!
Soul of the sparrow and the bee!
The mighty tide of being flows
Through countless channels, Lord, from thee.
It leaps to life in grass and flowers,
Through every grade of being runs,
Till from creation's radiant towers
Its glory flames in stars and suns.

2. O ye who sit and gaze on life
With folded hands and fettered will,
Who only see, amid the strife,
The dark supremacy of ill,
Know that, like birds and streams and flow-
The life that moves you is divine!
Nor time, nor space, nor human powers,
Your god-like spirit can confine.

3. God of the granite and the rose!
Soul of the sparrow and the bee!
The mighty tide of being flows
Through all thy creatures back to thee.
Thus round and round the circle runs,—
A mighty sea without a shore,—
While men and angels, stars and suns,
Unite to praise thee evermore.

136. ENTRANCED.

1. In this vast temple of the soul,
What fairy glimpses here have we,
When closed are all the outer doors
From which the outer world we see;
And as our spirits then may roam
From land to land, and star to star,
And bring the Spirit-Land so near,
We once had thought so dimly far,

2. What truth and beauty then impress
The spirit's likeness on the face,
When, as the starlight meets the star,
That Spirit-Land and we embrace;
And thus are mirrored on the cheek
The shadows of that world of love,
As through the soul the figures pass,
The imaged forms of those above.

3. And as the tones of music rise,
And in successive scales must chime,
So next this world that round us lies
The Spirit-Land takes up the rhyme;
And all things here that now we have
Are types of those we there shall see,
As note to note, and scale to scale,
Here typify the harmony.
MAKE HOME PLEASANT.

1. More than building showy mansions, More than dress or fine array,
   More than dome of lofty steeples, More than station, power, sway;

Make your home both neat and tasteful, Bright and pleasant, always fair,
   Where each heart shall rest contented, Grateful for each beauty there.

2. More than lofty, swelling titles,
   More than fashion's luring glare,
   More than mammon's gilded honors,
   More than thought can well compare;

See that home is made attractive,
   By surroundings pure and bright,
   Trees arranged with taste and order,
   Flowers with all their sweet delight.

3. Seek to make your home most lovely,
   Let it be a smiling spot,
   Where, in sweet contentment resting,
   Care and sorrow are forgot;

Where the flowers and trees are waving,
   Birds will sing their sweetest song,
   Where the purest thoughts will linger,
   Confidence and love belong.

4. There each heart will rest contented,
   Seldom wishing e'er to roam,
   Or, if roaming, still will cherish
   Mem'ries of that pleasant home;

Such a home makes man the better,
   Sweet and lasting its control;
   Home, with pure and bright surroundings,
   Leaves an impress on the soul.
1 Oh, guide thy bark with care, my child!  
A thousand dangers hide  
Along the current, now so mild,  
Whose river thou must ride;  
And golden lights will dance anon,  
To lure thee from thy way;  
Oh, heed them not; push on! push on!  
And tell thy tempters, Nay.

3 Oh, guide thy bark with care, my child!  
The waves will oft run high,  
And storms will rage around thee wild,  
And night will hide the sky.  
But do not quit the helm, my boy;  
Hold on! hold on! hold on!  
No hurricane can thee destroy,  
Until thy work is done.

4 Clouds may shut in like shrouds of death,  
Loud breakers at thy bow;  
But courage and a manly faith  
Will save thee even now;  
These twain will part the clouds, and free,  
And show the dawning day;  
Push on! a voice shall speak to thee,  
And point thee out thy way.
RELEASED.

Not too fast.

1. While the flesh the soul encumbers, Here as prisoners are we;

Death, the warden, never slumbers, Holding fast the mystic key.

But when age or ailment mortal Brings the final long release,

Open wide he swings the portal, Bidding us depart in peace.

2. THEN the cast-off vestments flinging
   In the silent, darksome tomb,
   Up in joy the spirit springing,
   Radiant stands, in fadeless bloom.
   All earth's pains and troubles leaving,
   All its mocking, tinsel glare,
   Upward floating, softly cleaving,
   Cleaving still the crystal air.

3. To our Father's home returning,
   From the brief sojourn on earth,
   While ten thousand seraphs burning,
   Chant the spirit's higher birth.
   Then the spirit's view shall widen,
   And its aspirations rise,
   And deep truths that long lay hidden
   Shall rejoice the longing eyes.

140. WOUND NOT THE HEART.

1. DO not wound the heart that loves thee,
   Do not cause it needless pain,
   For the heart that once is blighted,
   Like the rose, ne'er blooms again;
   It may seem a goodly flower,
   And awhile delight the eye,
   But there is a secret anguish,
   That will cause it soon to die.

2. Do not wound the heart that loves thee,
   Bid it live beneath thy smile;
   Ever cause it to be happy,
   And its darkest hours beguile;
   If thy blessing will give pleasure
   To the heart that leans on thee,
   It will prove a priceless treasure,
   When thy summer friends shall flee.
ANGELS BRIGHT.

1. Angels bright are drawing near, Laden with love: List, you shall their voices hear, Voices above, See their forms you can behold, Floating apace: Wait, they will us all enfold in their embrace.

2. Music sweet! we catch the strain; Hark! soft and low, Now it's borne to us again, Gentle its flow. Life, immortal life is theirs, Joyful its hours; Freed from mortal ills and cares, It shall be ours.

3. Thanks to God with souls elate, He gives us all; Joyous in his presence wait, List to his call.

LOVE.

Teach us now the angel chorus, Thou art love and love alone.

D.C.

Fearing nought, though weak and lowly, For thy love has made us free.

GOD IS LOVE.

2. Though the worlds in flame should perish, Sun and stars in ruin fall, Trust in thee our hearts should cherish, Thou to us be all in all. And though heaven thy name is praising, Seraphs hymn no sweeter tone Than the strains our hearts are raising, Thou art love and love alone.
HE LEADS US ON.

1. He leads us on, By paths we do not know; Upward he leads us, though our steps are slow, Though oft we faint and falter on the way, though storm and darkness oft obscure the day; Yet, when the clouds are gone, We know he leads us on.

He guides our steps through all these weary years, We know his will be done; And still he leads us on.

And he at last, After the weary strife, After the restless fever we call life, After the dreariness, the aching pain, The wayward struggles which ne'er proved in vain, After our toils are past, Will give us rest at last.

LOVE. Continued.

1. By the blue sky bending o'er us! By the green earth's flow'ry zone!

2. And though heav'n thy name is praising, Seraphs hymn no sweeter tone,
THE OTHER WORLD.

1. It lies around us like a cloud, A world we do not see;
   Yet the sweet closing of an eye May bring us there to be.

2. Sweet hearts around us throb and beat,
   Sweet helping hands are stirred,
   And palpitate the veil between,
   With breathings almost heard.

   So thin, so soft, so sweet they glide,
   So near to press they seem,
   They lull us gently to our rest,
   They melt into our dream.

3. And in the hush of rest they bring,
   'Tis easy now to see
   How lovely and how sweet a pass
   The hour of death may be;

   Scarce knowing if we wake or sleep,
   Scarce asking where we are,
   To feel all evil sink away,
   All sorrow and all care.

4. Sweet sounds around us! watch us still;
   Press nearer to our side,
   Into our thoughts, into our prayers,
   With gentle helpings glide.

   Let death between us be as naught,
   A dried and vanished stream;
   Your joy be the reality,
   Our suffering life the dream.

THE HOME WE BUILD.

1. There is a place of peaceful rest
   Beyond this tearful earth
   Refined from its maternal source,
   Awoke to spirit birth;

   There is a home we each have built,
   Of many mansions bright,
   Unfolded from the hearts of this,
   Lit up with heavenly light.

2. When tossed upon the waves of life,
   With fear on every side;
   When fiercely howls the gathering storm,
   And foams the angry tide,

   Beyond the storm, beyond the gloom,
   Breaks forth immortal morn
   In floods of glory from that realm,
   To cheer the soul forlorn.

3. In that sweet home of fadeless joy,
   Earth's parted friends shall meet,
   Encircled in the arms of love,
   'Mid blessedness complete.

   There, there adieus are sounds unknown,
   Death frowns not on that scene;
   But life and golden beauty shine,
   Untroubled and serene.
Harmonies for Various Occasions.

VALE.

1. From us pass daily those we fondly love Down to the realms that in deep silence lie;
   We watch them as their dear forms dimly move A-down death's vale till lost to mortal eye.

146.

1 Prom us pass daily those we fondly love Down to the realms that in deep silence lie; We watch them as their dear forms dimly move A-down death's vale till lost to mortal eye.
2 We know 'tis well; that light of love supreme, Which brightens here our devious mortal path, Still guides their feet with steady, kindly beam, As tremblingly they tread the vale of death.

FOUNTAIN.

1. Check at their foun-tain head, O Love! the streams of strife;
   Nor let misguided man rejoice To take his brother's life.

147.

2 Strike off the pomp and pride That deck the deeds of war, And in their gorgeous mantle hide The blood-stained conqueror.
3 To history's blazoned page Touch the pure wand of truth, And bid its heroes stand unveiled Before the eye of youth.
4 So shall the seeds of hate Be strangled in their birth, And peace, the angel of thy love, Rule o'er th' enfranchised earth.
GOD IN THE SOUL.

1. Thou God, beneath no temple's fane Our mocking vows we pay;
   All prayers, all offerings are vain We on their altars lay.

Vain is the priestly sacrifice, The offering and the blood;
Only within the soul can rise The incense true to God.

WILLIAM W. H. MACKAY.

2. Within the heart's most deep recess,
   Where holiest thoughts arise,
   And sacred loves flow out to bless
   The world and upper skies,
   There is thine altar, there we bring,
   With an adoring throng,
   Our heart-felt offerings and sing
   Our ever grateful song.

3. Thy golden threads of light and love,
   Thy gems of purest joy,
   Within life's endless web are wove,
   That time cannot destroy.
   'Tis meet we should adore thee thus,
   When by this light we see
   Thy life of life, innate in us,
   And all our lives in thee.

GOD IN THE SOUL.

104.

PASSAGE HOME.

1. Oh, sweetly sinks this life of ours,
   Through age's cloudy bars;
   A fading flush on hill and sky,
   And lo, the world of stars!
   We bless thee, gracious God, for birth,
   By which we hither come;
   We bless thee for the gate of death,
   The good man's passage home.

2. We bless thee for the heart to feel,
   And for the eye to see;
   For faith that reaches over time
   And grasps eternity.
   Oh, softly fades this life of ours,
   Through age's silver bars;
   A tender flush on hill and sky,
   And lo, the world of stars!
Harmonies for Various Occasions.

WASHTENONG.

Not too fast.

1. An emerald bank of wood-bird bower, Be-span-gled with bright roseate flowers,

2. Her doth the wild deer feed, and lave His graceful limbs beneath thy wave; In stately form and conscious pride, The wild fowls on thy bosom ride, And whippoorwill sings pensive song Mid thy fair groves, fair Washtenong.

3. Here bark canoes that once did rest Upon thy bosom's placid breast Have floated down time's trackless shore,

4. Here wandered redman free as air, O'er stream and valley ev'rywhere; But ploughman now turns sacred sod Where forest kings have ever trod, Whose last sad echoing is a song, Revealing love for Washtenong.

CLEAR.

1. What needs a conscience, clear and bright Within itself, an outward test? Who breaks his glass to take more light Makes way for storms into his rest.

2. Then bless thy secret growth, nor catch At noise, but thrive unseen and dumb; Keep clean, bear fruit, earn life, and watch Until the white-winged reapers come.
The Spiritual Harp.

**JOY IN GRIEF.**

There is a joy in grief when peace dwells with the sorrowful. — Ossian.

1. Oh, come, gentle peace, from thy heaven descend,
   To sorrows of mortals thy pity lend;
   O'er wounds of earth's stricken ones pour thy balm,
   And strengthen their souls with thy sacred charm;
   Oh, come, gentle peace, with thy sweet relief;
   Soothe the sad soul with thy joy in grief.

2. Oh, come to the call of the captive lone;
   Thou only canst stifle his heavy moan;
   But faith doth abide, and a joy most rare,
   In hearts of the sad, when peace dwelleth there.
   *Chorus.*

3. All bitter repining shall flee away
   From souls that in meekness e'er own thy sway;
   Dim doubts and dark fears in thy presence yield,
   And bow to the power that thy wand doth wield.
   *Chorus.*

4. Oh, hover, sweet peace, round the couch of pain,
   And soothe the last hours that to life remain;
   E'er turn the dim eyes to that country blest
   Where none shall seek vainly thy holy rest.
   *Chorus.*
JOY SHALL COME AT LAST.

1. When the day of life is dreary, And when gloom thy course en-shrouds,
   Stead-fast still in thy well-doing, Let thy soul forget the past;
   When thy step is faint and weary, And thy spirit's dark with clouds,
   Stead-fast still the right pursuing, Doubt not joy shall come at last,
   Come at last, come at last, Doubt not joy shall come at last.

2. STRIVING still, and onward pressing,
   Seek not future years to know,
   But deserve the wished-for blessing;
   It shall come, though it be slow;
   Never tiring, upward gazing,
   Let thy fears aside be cast,
   And thy trials tempting, bearing,
   Doubt not joy shall come at last.

3. Keep not, then, thy mind regretting;
   Seek the good, spurn evil's thrall;
   Though thy foes thy path besetting,
   Thou shalt triumph o'er them all;
   Though each year but bring thee sadness,
   And thy youth be fleeting past,
   There'll be time enough for gladness,
   Doubt not joy shall come at last.
1. Step forward, dear friends, and keep time with the truth! Be manly as men in the ardor of youth; Step forward, not backward, nor ever aside, At bidding of custom, ambition, or pride; Step boldly, but truly, erectly and well; The fruit of your labors the future will tell, If you are but faithful, and never despair,

But live for the truth, and its glory declare.
Harmonies for Various Occasions.

184.

Steps of Progress.

1 Step forward, dear friends, and keep time with the truth!
Be manly as men in the ardor of youth;
Step forward, not backward, nor ever aside,
At bidding of custom, ambition, or pride;
Step boldly, but truly, erectly and well;
The fruit of your labors the future will tell,
If you are but faithful, and never despair,
But live for the truth, and its glory declare.

2 Step forward, dear friends, and keep time with the right
Leave error behind you, like angels of light;
Step firmly but gently, nor even in ire;
The bush on Mount Horeb burned not in the fire!
Step onward and upward; what others have done
But opens the way to fresh labors begun;
Oh, learn the great truth that the right shall prevail;
If you will but step, all oppression shall fail!

3 Step forward, dear friends, and keep time with the good
That cometh to you in your loftiest mood;
Step gently, but nobly, on errands of peace,
Till slavery, warfare, and hatred shall cease;
Step truly and firmly and boldly, but light!
Ne'er crushing a worm by your cautionless might;
Step kindly, but step, and you'll surely proceed;
The true and the right and the good will succeed.

THE STARS.

1 SLOWLY, by God's hand unfurled, Down around the weary world,
Falls the darkness; oh, how still
Is the working of his will!

2 Mighty Spirit, ever nigh, Work in me as silently;
Veil the day's distracting sights, Show me heaven's eternal lights.

3 Living stars to view be brought In the boundless realms of thought;
High and infinite desires, Flaming like those upper fires.

4 Holy truth, eternal right, Let them break upon my sight;
Let them shine serene and still, And with light my being fill.
THE LILY.

The Spiritual Harp.

I. A pool of water pure as dew Amid the rushes ashore,
And there a snow-white lily sat, Upon her crystal throne;
The halo of the setting sun Glanced through her milky wings,
She seemed to be aside from all The dark decaying things;
But through the odors that arose From vapors damp with death
My grateful senses caught the strength And sweetness of her breath.
THE LILY. Concluded.

O sain'tly lily of the pool! How sad thy lot must be
To blossom in the dreary marsh, Where none may worship thee;
And, living 'mid the deadness, keep Thyself from stains apart,
Where only plying sunbeams smile, To light thy golden heart!

156.
2 THE blushing lily answered me,
"Distress thyself no more,
Since He who made me hath a boon
To bless the loneliest shore.
I came from Him whose myriad pearls,
So hard to seek or save,
Are sparkling in serenest hue
Beneath the secret wave.
Why should I care for earthly praise,
Or covet earthly crown?
He never doth forget to send
Far holier blessings down.
To him I lift my stainless hands,
And breathe my odorous prayer,
And am infilled from shower or sun,
And bathed with balmy air.
My summer life must pass away
From beauteous things apart,
A symbol pure of what lies deep
In many a sinful heart.

THE LILY.

3 "The seeds of sin may rankly grow,
The clouds may darkly gloom,
They shall not have the power to blast
The hidden lily bloom.
There's not a soul so dead, so cold,
So smothered under woe,
But that at last its hope shall spring,
Its flower divine shall blow.
Oh, wait His hour of promise sure
Whose patience ne'er grows old;
He sends his blessed sunbeams down
To help the bud unfold;
For when the power of love breaks through,
And opes responsive light,
The morning dawns, the noontide floods,
Nor ever cometh night!
And the immortal flower awakes
From out the quickened sod;
Expanding thence through life and death,
It blossoms up to God!
BLESSING.

1. Weep not! God's angel now is standing by us; Our tears will blind us to the blessed sight; Doubt not such love in darkness sent to try us; For soon shall pour the heaven's eternal light! Faint not! 'tis Love whose heavy burdens bind us, Girding our souls a higher joy to share; Life's selfish ways must all be left behind us; We shall be braver for the past despair.

2. Oh, not in loss shall be our journey's ending! Sin with its fears shall leave us at the last; All our best hopes in glad fulfilment blending. Shall dawn so golden when the death is past! Come, O Divine! for hard the trials pressing On our frail hearts that bleed at every pore; Securely lead us to the constant blessing Of Love's pure fountain in the evermore!
RELIEF.

1. The man of char- i - ty ex - tends To all a lib - ral hand;

His kin - dred, neigh - bors, foes, and friends His pit - y may com - mand.

2. He aids the poor in their distress,
He hears when they complain,
With tender heart delights to bless,
And lessen all their pain.

3. The sick, the prisoner, poor and blind,
And all the sons of grief,
In him a benefactor find;
He loves to give relief.

4. Then let us all in love abound,
And charity pursue;
Thus shall we be with glory crowned,
And love as angels do.

SPIRIT SERENADE.

1. What gen - tle mu - sic wa - kens me, And mur - murs in my ear?

O moth - er, see, who can it be, At this late hour, so near?

2. "I HEAR no sound, no form I see;
Sink to thy rest so mild;
No serenade comes now to thee,
Thou poor and sickly child!"

3. "It was no music born of earth
That made my heart so light;
O mother! 'twas the angels' song,
That serenade — good-night!"
LIVE THEM DOWN.

1. Brother, art thou poor and lowly, Tolling, drudging day by day,
   Journeying painfully and slowly On thy dark and desert way?

Pause not, though the proud ones frown, Pause not, fear not! Live them down!

160.

THOUGH to vice thou shalt not pander,
 Though to virtue thou shalt kneel,
 Yet thou shalt endure the slander,
 And its woes thy soul must feel;
 Jest of witling, curse of clown;
 Heed not either! Live them down.

Hate may wield her scourges horrid;
 Malice may thy pain deride;
 Scorn may bind with thorns thy forehead;
 Envy's spear may pierce thy side!
 Lo! through cross shall come the crown;
 Fear not foeman! Live them down!

REST FOR THE WEARY.

Duet.

1. In the angel's home in glory, There remains a land of rest;

There the loved have gone before us, To fulfill their souls' request.
Harmonics for Various Occasions.

REST FOR THE WEARY. Concluded.

There is rest for the weary, There is rest for the weary,
On the other side of Jordan, In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you.

CHORUS.

STAND FOR THE RIGHT.

Stand for the right! though falsehood rail, And proud lips coldly sneer,
A poisoned arrow cannot wound A conscience pure and clear.

CHORUS.

161.

STAND FOR THE RIGHT.

Stand for the right! and with clean hands
Exalt the truth on high;
Thou'lt find warm, sympathizing hearts
Among the passers-by;

Stand for the right! though falsehood rail,
And proud lips coldly sneer,
A poisoned arrow cannot wound
A conscience pure and clear.

CHORUS.

STAND FOR THE RIGHT.

Stand for the right! and with clean hands
Exalt the truth on high;
Thou'lt find warm, sympathizing hearts
Among the passers-by;

2 Stand for the right! though falsehood rail,
And proud lips coldly sneer,
A poisoned arrow cannot wound
A conscience pure and clear.

3 Death itself shall then be vanquished,
And its sting shall be withdrawn;
Shout for gladness, O ye mortals,
Hail with joy the rising morn.

CHORUS.

3 Men who have seen and thought and felt,
Yet could not boldly dare
The battle's brunt, but by thy side
Will ev'ry danger share.

4 Stand for the right! Proclaim it loud!
Thou'lt find an answering tone
In honest hearts, and thou'lt no more
Be doomed to stand alone.
SERENADE. SOFT FLOWING RIVER.

1. Soft flowing river, Star-lighted stream, Filling with music
   Nightly her dream, Mingling thy waters, Roll by the shore,
   But softly, oh, softly Thy music out-pour, But softly, oh, softly
   Thy music out-pour.

3. Dreamer, she sleepeoth,
   Tranquil and blest; Evening to morning,
   Sweet be her rest;
   Mingling thy voices,
   Night, as of yore,
   But softly, oh, softly
   Thy music out-pour.

HASTE NOT! REST NOT!

1. Without haste and without rest! Bind the motto to thy breast;
   D.C. Heed not flowers that round thee bloom, Bear it onward to the tomb.

2. Haste not! let no thoughtless heed Mar for aye the spirit's speed;
   Ponder well and know the right, Onward then with all thy might;
   Haste not! years can ne'er atone For one reckless action done.

Haste not! let no thoughtless heed Mar for aye the spirit's speed;
Ponder well and know the right, Onward then with all thy might;
Haste not! years can ne'er atone For one reckless action done.
RILL.

1. Let the still air rejoice, Be every youthful voice Blended in one;

While we renew our strain To God with joy again,

Who sends the evening rain, And morning sun.

2 His hand in beauty gives Each flower and plant that lives, Each sunny rill;

Springs! which our footsteps meet, Fountains! our lips to greet,

Waters! whose taste is sweet, On rock and hill.

3 Each summer bird that sings Drinks from dear Nature's springs Her early dew;

And the refreshing shower Falls on each herb and flower,

Giving it life and power, Fragrant and new.

4 So let each faithful child Drink of this fountain mild, From early youth.

Then shall the song we raise Be heard in future days;

Ours be the pleasant ways Of peace and truth.

5 Now let each heart and hand, Of all this youthful band, United, move!

Till on the mountain's brow, And in the vale below,

Our land may ever glow With peace and love.

HASTE NOT! REST NOT! Continued.

3 Rest not! life is sweeping by, Go and dare before you die; Something mighty and sublime Leave behind and conquer time! Glorious 'tis to live for aye, When these forms have passed away.

4 Haste not! rest not! calmly wait; Meekly bear the storms of fate! Duty be thy proper guide, Do the right whate'er betide! Haste not! rest not! conflicts past, God shall crown thy work at last.

Temperance Song for Children.

1 Each flower and plant that lives, Each sunny rill;

Springs! which our footsteps meet, Fountains! our lips to greet,

Waters! whose taste is sweet, On rock and hill.

2 His hand in beauty gives Each flower and plant that lives, Each sunny rill;

Springs! which our footsteps meet, Fountains! our lips to greet,

Waters! whose taste is sweet, On rock and hill.

3 Each summer bird that sings Drinks from dear Nature's springs Her early dew;

And the refreshing shower Falls on each herb and flower,

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Then shall the song we raise Be heard in future days;

Ours be the pleasant ways Of peace and truth.

5 Now let each heart and hand, Of all this youthful band, United, move!

Till on the mountain's brow, And in the vale below,

Our land may ever glow With peace and love.
The Spiritual Harp.

NIGHT HYMN AT SEA.

Tenderly.

1. Night sinks on the wave; Hollow gusts are sighing; Sea-birds to their cave

2. Stars look o'er the sea, Few and sad and shrouded! Faith our light must be,

Through the gloom are flying. Oh! should storms come sweeping, Thou in heaven un-

When all else is clouded. Thou whose voice came thrilling, Wind and billow sleep-

ing, O'er us vigil keeping, Hear, hear and save!

still ing, Speak, our prayer fulfilling; Power dwells with thee.

PATIENCE.

1. She doth not chide, nor in reproachful guise The griefs we cherish rudely thrust a-part;

But in the light of her immortal eyes, Revives the manly courage of the heart.

167.

DAUGHTER of God! who walkest with us here,

Who mak'st our ev'ry tribulation thine,

Such light hast thou in earth's dim atmosphere,

How must thy seat in heaven exalted shine!

How fair thy presence by those living streams,

Where sin and sorrow from their troubling cease!

Where on thy brow the crown of am'ranth gleams,

And in thy hand the golden key of peace!
CONGREGATIONAL AND SOCIAL.

SIGHING FOR HEAVEN.

1. The path of the soul through this desert of life is a wearisome journey at best;

We struggle and strive till we faint in the strife, And our spirits are longing for rest.

Chorus.

When earth is shrouded in darkness and gloom, We think of that land that is ever in bloom.

Oh, heaven, sweet heaven, we are dreaming of thee! Oh, when shall we ever get there?

OUR crosses are many, our crowns are but few;
And our loss is much more than our gain;
We turn from the substance, and shadows pursue,
Till we find that our life has been vain.
While close pressed with trouble, with sorrow and sin,
We lift up our souls for the light to come in;
Oh, heaven, sweet heaven, we are dreaming
Oh, when shall we ever get there? [of thee!}

3 We garner our treasures, our jewels so bright.
And we worship our idols of clay;
But Death steals within, like "a thief in the night,"
And he filches our jewels away.
But there's a happy bourn waiting the soul, Where Death will give back all the jewels he stole;
Oh, heaven, sweet heaven, we are dreaming of thee!
Oh, when shall we ever get there?
FAMILY MEETING IN HEAVEN.

1. I have a father in the spirit-land, I have a father in the spirit-land;
   My father calls me, I must go
   To meet him in the spirit-land.
   I'll away, I'll away to the spirit-land, I'll away, I'll away to the spirit-land,
   My father calls me, I must go
   To meet him in the spirit-land.

2. I have a mother in the spirit-land,
   I have a mother in the spirit-land;
   My mother calls me, I must go
   To meet her in the spirit-land.
   I'll away, I'll away to the spirit-land,
   I'll away, I'll away to the spirit-land;
   My mother calls me, I must go
   To meet her in the spirit-land.

3. I have dear children in the spirit-land,
   I have dear children in the spirit-land;
   And when they call me, I must go
   To meet them in the spirit-land.
   I'll away, I'll away to the spirit-land,
   I'll away, I'll away to the spirit-land;
   And when they call me, I must go
   To meet them in the spirit-land.

4. Yes, I shall meet them in the spirit-land,
   Yes, I shall meet them in the spirit-land;
   And clasp their hands, a joyous band,
   In gardens of the spirit-land.
   I'll away, I'll away to the spirit-land,
   I'll away, I'll away to the spirit-land;
   And clasp their hands, a joyous band,
   In gardens of the spirit-land.

From "Happy Voices," by permission of American Tract Society.
ANNIVERSARY SONG.

2 BREAK the bread of consolation to the souls oppressed with care;
   Ever in our Father's mansions there is bread enough to spare;
Surely, none need faint with hunger, while we have such blessed fare,
   As we go marching on.

Chorus.

3 Bind we up the broken-hearted, and confirm the feeble knees,
For the kingdom has been opened to the least of such as these,
And we need not ask St. Peter to be ready with his keys,
   As we go marching on.

Chorus.

4 Set the little children marching with their banners in their hands;
Gently drill them into service with the brave old veteran bands,
Till the tramping of our army shall be heard in distant lands,
   As we go marching on.

Chorus.
5 Deepest thunders of Progression are now shaking tyrants' thrones
For the breath of inspiration wakes "the valley of dry bones;"
And the ancient altars crumble while the "King of terror" groans,
As we go marching on.

Chorus.

6 Shout we then our loud hosannas to the land beyond the sea,
Till the people of all nations shall be through the truth made free,
And shall join the swelling chorus in our song of jubilee,
As we go marching on.

Chorus.

HOME ABOVE.

1. Home above! home above! From this world of woe, Oh, how this longing heart with love And joy doth overflow! Bright visions open on my sight, Blest spirits stand in view; They all are robed in radiant white, Their songs are ever new.

2. HAPPY hearts, happy hearts,
With mine that laughed in glee,
Oh, how the pearly tear-drop starts
With longings to be free!

Oh, ask me not to longer stay,
Bid me no longer roam,
Along my weary, weary way,
But rise into my home.

Music soft, music sweet,
Is stealing on my ear,
And oh! the sound of angel feet
Is drawing, drawing near.

Oh, the sweet fragrance of this breath,
That bears me o'er the wave!
Where is thy sting, O welcome death?
Thy victory, O grave?

171. HOME ABOVE.
172. **Nearness to God.**

1. **Near-er, my God, to thee,** Near-er to thee! Even though it be a cross that raiseth me; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to thee,

2. **Though,** like a wanderer,
   The sun gone down,
   Darkness be over me,
   My bed a stone;
   Yet in my dreams I'd be
   | Nearer, my God, to thee; |
   Nearer to thee!

3. There let the way appear
   Steps unto heaven;
   All that thou sendest me,
   In mercy given;
   Angels to beckon me
   | Nearer, my God, to thee; |
   Nearer to thee!

4. Then with my waking thoughts
   Bright with thy praise,
   Out of my stony griefs
   Bethel I'll raise;
   So by my woes to be
   | Nearer, my God, to thee; |
   Nearer to thee!

5. Or if, on joyful wing,
   Cleaving the sky,
   Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
   Upward I fly;
   Still all my song shall be
   | Nearer, my God, to thee; |
   Nearer to thee!

173. **Heaven is my Home.**

1. I'm but a stranger here;
   Heaven is my home;
   Glories are ever there;
   Heaven is my home.
   Danger and sorrow stand
   Round me on every hand;
   Heaven is my father-land;
   Heaven is my home.

2. What though the tempest rage?
   Heaven is my home;
   Short is my pilgrimage;
   Heaven is my home.
   Time's cold and wintry blast
   Soon will be overpast;
   I shall reach home at last;
   Heaven is my home.

3. There, on the other side,
   Heaven is my home;
   I shall be glorified;
   Heaven is my home.
   There are the good and blest,
   Those I loved most and best,
   And there I, too, shall rest;
   Heaven is my home.
174. **REST FOR THE LOST ONES.**

1. O ANGEL of the land of peace,   
   When wilt thou ever come for me?   
   I fain would be where sorrows cease;   
   I dread no more thy kind release.    
   I wait for thee.

2. Sleep shuns mine eyes; mine inner sight   
   Is turning dimly heavenward,   
   To that fair land of love and light,   
   Where spirits all the silent night   
   Earth's loved ones guard.

3. My yearning soul would fain demand,   
   O holy angel pure and blest,   
   Where 'mid yon happy, shining band,   
   In all the heavenly father-land,   
   My lost ones rest!

4. For thou, with sweet and loving smile,   
   Didst gently lure them to thy breast,   
   And bear them from this world of guile,   
   Thy sweet, pure angel lips the while   
   Upon them prest.

5. Dark grew my soul, till down the air   
   Thy seraph-smile upon me fell!   
   And then I knew, from sin and care,   
   That thou my little ones didst bear   
   With God to dwell!

6. O angel of the land of peace,   
   When wilt thou ever come for me?   
   I fain would be where sorrows cease;   
   I dread no more thy kind release.    
   I wait for thee!

175. **THE SEA OF LIFE.**

1. FAR out, where sky and ocean run   
   To one fine line of light and foam,   
   Our souls, aflash with heaven's bright sun,   
   Are happy vessels bounding home   
   To our blest home!

2. On earth, things weary seem and worn,   
   Our eyes are stained with dust and tears;   
   But there, where holy hopes are born,   
   How firm and lovely life appears   
   In our blest home!

3. What storms and perils hardly passed!   
   What days of doubt and nights of fear!   
   How strained the hearts that now, at last,   
   Draw nearer home, and still more near   
   Our own dear home!
Congregational and Social.

125

SHADOWS.

Not too fast.

1. There are moments when life's shadows fall darkly on the soul,

Hiding stars of hope behind them in a black, imperious scroll;

When we walk with trembling footsteps, Scarcely knowing how or where

The dim paths we tread are leading In our midnight of despair.

176.

STAND FIRM.

2 Stand we firm in that dread moment, Stand we firm, nor shrink away; Looking boldly through the darkness, Wait the coming of the day; Gath'ring strength while we are waiting For the conflict yet to come; Fear not, fail not, light will lead us Yet in safety to our home.

3 Firmly stand, though sirens lure us; Firmly stand, though falsehood rail, Holding justice, truth, and mercy; Die we may, but cannot fail. Fail! it is the word of cowards; Fail! the language of the slave; Firmly stand, till duty beckons; Conquer e'en the shadowy grave.

177.

THE CRUSE THAT FAILETH NOT.

1 Is thy cruse of comfort wasting? Rise and share it with thy friend; And through all the years of famine There will be enough to spend.

Love divine may fill thy storehouse, Or thy handful still renew; Scanty fare for one will often Make a royal feast for two.

2 For the heart grows rich in giving; All its wealth is living grain, Seeds which mildew in the garner, Scattered, fill with gold the plain. Is thy burden hard and heavy? Do thy steps drag wearily? Help to bear thy brother's burden; Angels bear both it and thee!

3 Numb and weary on the mountains Wouldst thou sleep amid the snow? Chafe that frozen form beside thee, And together both shall glow. Art thou stricken in life's battle? Many wounded round thee mourn; Lavish on their wounds thy balsam, And that balm shall heal thine own.
The Temperance Ball is rolling,
And the knell of vice is tolling,
As the Power Divine comes grandly
Rolling, rolling, rolling on.

1 A mighty surging ocean
Is this great and vast commotion,
When the Temp'rence Bomb comes bound-
And our cause goes rolling on.

2 It shall fill up all your rum holes;
It shall shake up all your numb souls;
All humanity shall hail it,
As it goes rolling on.

3 Angel hosts now cheer it daily,
Human voices shouting gayly,
While our noble work brings blessing,
As it goes rolling on.

4 Soon the thousands yet delaying,
In the haunts of evil straying,
Shall swell the Temp'rance triumph,
And with it go rolling on.

5 So the Temp'rance Ball goes humming,
And the glad "good time" is coming,
To light up all the ages,
While our cause goes rolling on.
The Temperance Ball is Rolling. Concluded.

on, rolling on; Oh, the knell of vice is toll-ing, As our cause goes roll-ing on.

Mansions.

1. Lo, in our heav'n-ly Father's house Are many mansions true,
   And each shall find his spirit's own, With fruits of love or hates o'ergrown,
   As each doth here pursue, As each doth here pursue,
   With fruits of love or hates o'ergrown, As each doth here pursue.

2. Each soul must seek its kindred kind,
   Of gross or pure desire;
   All selfish lusts, and passions vile,
   Whatever doth the soul defile,
   Still feed its cankering fire.

3. But those of sweeter, holier loves
   The balmy life shall breathe
   Of joy from wisdom's lofty throne,
   Whose wondrous glory, shining down,
   Doth glory more inwreathe.

4. O Father, teach us thy pure truth,
   And fill us with thy love,
   That we may find our resting-place,
   With holy ones of every race,
   In thy pure climes above.
RING THE BELL SOFTLY.

1. Some one has gone from this strange world of ours,
   No more to linger where sunbeams must fade,
   Where, on all beauty, death's fingers are laid;
   Weary with mingling life's bitter and sweet,
   Weary with parting, though soon we shall meet,
   Some one has gone to the bright golden shore;
   Ring the bell softly, there's one gone before!

2. Some one is resting from sorrow and sin,
   Happy where earth's conflicts enter not in;
   Joyous as birds, when the morning is bright,
   When the sweet sunbeams have brought us their light,
   Weary with sowing in sorrow to reap,
   Weary with labor, and welcoming sleep,
   Some one's departed for heaven's bright shore;
   Ring the bell softly, there's one gone before!

3. Angels were anxiously longing to meet
   One who walks with them in heaven's bright street;
   Loved ones have whispered that some one is blest;
   Free from earth's trials, and taking sweet rest;
   Yes! there is one more in angelic bliss,
   One more to cherish, and one more to kiss;
   One more departed to heaven's bright shore;
   Ring the bell softly, there's one gone before!
DO GOOD.*

1. Do good! do good! there is ever a way, A way where there's ever a will;

If you've money, you're armed, and can find work enough in every street and lane. If you've bread, cast it off, and the waters, though rough,

Don't wait till to-morrow, but do it to-day, And to-day when to-morrow comes still.

If you've money, you're armed, and can find work enough in every street and lane. If you've bread, cast it off, and the waters, though rough,

Will be sure to return it again.

D.C. Chorus.

If you've money, you're armed, and can find work enough
In every street and lane. though rough,
If you've bread, cast it off, and the waters,
Will be sure to return it again.

2. If you've any old clothes, an old bonnet or hat,
A kind word, or a smile true and soft,
In the name of a brother confer it. and that
Shall be counted as gold up aloft.

God careth for all, and his glorious sun
Shines alike on the rich and the poor;
Be thou like him and bless ev'ry one, ev'ry
You will find your reward evermore. [one Chorus.

* Observe ties when singing first stanza.
THE WELCOME BACK.

1. Sweet is the hour that brings us home, Where all will spring to meet us,

When the world hath spent its frowns and wrath, And care has been sorely pressing,

'Tis sweet to turn from our roving path, And find a fireside blessing.

Oh, joyfully dear is our home-ward track, If we are but sure of a welcome back.
SHALL WE MEET BEYOND THE RIVER?

Shall we meet beyond the river, Where the surges cease to roll,
Where, in all the bright forever, Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?

Chorus.

Shall we meet, shall we meet, Where the surges cease to roll?

182. THE WELCOME BACK.

1 SWEET is the hour that brings us home,
Where all will spring to meet us,
To be the first to greet us.
When the world hath spent its frowns and
And care has been sorely pressing,
'Tis sweet to turn from our roving path,
Oh, joyfully dear is our homeward track,
If we are but sure of a welcome back.

2 What do we reck on dreary way,
Though lonely and benighted,
If there are lips to chide our stay,
And eyes that beam love-lighted?
What's the worth of brilliant diamond glow
To glances that flash with pleasure?
By words that welcome us back, we know
We form the heart's chief treasure.
Oh, joyfully dear is our homeward track,
If we are but sure of a welcome back.

183. SHALL WE MEET BEYOND THE RIVER?

1 SHALL we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll,
Where, in all the bright forever,
Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?
Chorus.

2 Shall we meet in that blest harbor,
When our stormy voyage is o'er;
Shall we meet and cast the anchor
By the fair celestial shore?
Chorus.

3 Where the songs of those before us
Roll in harmony around,
And creation swells the chorus
With its sweet, melodious sound?
Chorus.

4 Yes, we'll meet them, all the loved ones
Torn on earth from our embrace,
We shall listen to their voices,
Shall behold them face to face.
Chorus. We shall, etc.
There is a garden where ever-more bloom
The flowers of beauty, that vanish below;
They scent the glad air with a precious perfume,
And unfold in eternity's glow.

Then banish the shadows of sorrow a-way;
Our Father transplants the sweet flowers he gave
To heaven's bright garden; this life is the way,
And its gate is the desolate grave.

There is a world where there breathes not a blight,
The light heart of joy knows no shadow of woe;
There ring on the ear the soft sounds of delight,
More melodious than any below.
Sweet peace, gentle peace sways her sceptre of love,
While round her pure throne all the bright angels fly,
But, oh, that haven lies far, far above;
And to reach it the body must die!

There is a home where departed souls dwell;
The home of our Father, how pleasant and fair!
His children all meet round the board, and through the mansion a heavenly air.
Oh, happy are they, from the cares of earth fled,
Their joy evermore unalloyed by a gloom;
Weep not in sorrow for those who are dead,
For the door of that home is the tomb.
I'M A TRAVELLER.

1. I'm a lonely trav'ler here, weary, oppressed; But my journey's end is near, soon I shall rest; Dark and dreary is the way, toiling I come; Ask me not with you to stay, yonder's my home.

2. I'm a weary trav'ler here, I must go on; For my journey's end is near, I must be gone; Brighter joys than earth can give win me away; — Pleasures that forever live; I cannot stay.

3. I'm a trav'ler to a land where all is fair, Where is seen no broken band; all, all are there; Where no tears shall ever fall, no heart be sad; Where the glory is for all, and all are glad.

4. I'm a traveller, and I go where all is fair. Farewell, all I've loved below; I must be there. Worldly honors, hopes, and gain, all I resign; Welcome sorrow, grief, and pain, if heaven be mine.

5. I'm a trav'ler; call me not; upward's my way; Yonder is my rest and lot, I cannot stay. Farewell, earthly pleasures all, pilgrim I'll roam; Hail me not; in vain you call, yonder's my home.
The Spiritual Harp.

MASON.

Music written for this work.

1. Life of all being! throned afar, Thy glory flames from sun and star;
   Centre and soul of every sphere, Yet to each living heart how near!

2. Sun of our life! thy wak'ning ray
   Sheds on our path the glow of day;
   Star of our hope! thy softened light
   Cheers the long watches of the night.

186.

THERE IS NO DEATH.

1. There is no death! The stars go down To rise upon some fairer shore,
   And bright in heaven's jewelled crown They shine for evermore.

2. There is no death! The dust we tread Shall change beneath the summer showers
   To golden grain or mellow fruit,
   Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

3. The granite rocks disorganize To feed the hungry moss they bear;
   The fairest leaves drink daily life
   From out the viewless air.

4. There is no death! The leaves may fall, The flowers may fade and pass away,
   They only wait through wintry hours
   The coming of the May.

5. There is no death! The leaves may fall, The flowers may fade and pass away,
   They only wait through wintry hours
   The coming of the May.

THERE IS NO DEATH.

3 Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;
   Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;
   Our rainbow's arch thy mercy's sign:
   All, save the clouds of sin, are thine.

4 Assist us, then, to act, to be,
   What nature and thy laws decree,
   Worthy thy intellectual flame,
   Which from thy breathing spirit came.

5 And ever near us, though unseen,
   The dear immortal spirits tread;
   For all the boundless universe
   Is life; there are no dead.
SPIRITUAL FREEDOM.

1. Ye who, amid the strife Of human tongues and creeds, Sigh for diviner life To work out nobler deeds, Weary of doubt and care, And seeking purer rest, Servants of truth, who dare By truth alone be blest, Shake off your fetters, from the discord flee; Burst ev'ry chain, would ye indeed be free.

2. Forth, where the breath of love Yet stirs the quiet air, Up to those heights above, And breathe in freedom there! Hope not in aught below, For man your flight would stay; God is your leader now, His will your law to-day; Be strong in trust, be faithful to the end, His angel-watchers all your ways attend.

3. Hear ye this thrilling call Unheard by worldly ears, Clearly its heart-tones fall To chide your faithless fears; Prove ye the holy worth Of ev'ry promise given, Live ye the life on earth That lifts us nearer heaven! For thus the hungering soul to him is led; His voice obey, would ye by him be fed.

4. Then will the dark'ning cloud Of doubt be rent in twain, Never its gloom to shroud The free-born mind again; Light from the world divine Will flood our world with light; Nature in glory shine, And there "be no more night." Give wing to thought, arise! and swiftly soar Where truth with love abideth evermore!
WHEN WE WERE YOUNG.

1. How happy, in the days of youth, Rolled every hour away!
   When hearts were light and faces bright,
   And all the world was gay,
   When every chord within each breast
   To love and joy was strung;
   Oh! all was hope and happiness,
   In days when we were young.

2. And sweet the flowers that decked our path;
   All nature's face looked fair;
   Where'er abroad the world we trod,
   What lovely things were there!
   While o'er each view her gorgeous hue
   Fair fancy ever flung;
   Oh! all was bright and beautiful
   In days when we were young!

3. Then, friendship, sweeter far than all,
   We thought could ne'er decay;
   Nor friends beloved, who faithful proved,
   Would ever pass away.
   Their voice was music to our ears,
   Upon their smiles we hung;
   Oh! all the loves and tender ties
   Of days when we were young!

THE TEMPERANCE PLEDGE.

1. Can we forget the gloomy time,
   When Bacchus ruled the day,
   When dissipation, sloth, and crime
   Bore undisputed sway?
   The time, the time, the gloomy time,
   The time now passed away,
   When dissipation, sloth, and crime
   Bore undisputed sway?

2. All honor to the noble band
   Who feared no creature's frown,
   And boldly pledged both heart and hand
   To put intemperance down;
   The band, the band, the noble band,
   The band of blest renown,
   Who boldly pledged both heart and hand
   To put intemperance down.

3. Nor shall the pledge be e'er forgot,
   That so much bliss creates,
   We'll touch not, taste not, handle not,
   Whate'er intoxicates;
   The pledge, the pledge is not forgot,
   The pledge old Bacchus hates;
   We'll touch not, taste not, handle not,
   Whate'er intoxicates.
1. The world hath felt a quick'ning breath, From heav'n's eternal shore, 
And souls triumphant over death, 
Return to earth once more. For this we hold our jubilee, 
For this with joy we sing, "O Grave! where is thy victory?"

2. Our cypress wreaths are laid aside 
For amaranthine flowers, 
For death's cold wave does not divide 
The souls we love from ours, 
From pain and death and sorrow free, 
They join with us to sing, 
"O Grave, where is thy victory? 
O Death, where is thy sting?"

3. Immortal eyes look from above 
Upon our joys to-night, 
And souls immortal in their love 
In our glad songs unite, 
Across the waveless crystal sea 
The notes triumphant ring, 
"O Grave, where is thy victory? 
O Death, where is thy sting?"

4. "Sweet spirits, welcome yet again!" 
With loving hearts we cry; 
And "Peace on earth, good-will to men," 
The angel hosts reply, [free, 
From doubt and fear, through truth made 
With faith triumphant sing, 
"O Grave, where is thy victory? 
O Death, where is thy sting!"

*Adapted to Auld Lang Syne.
The Spiritual Harp

GLORY HALLELUJAH.

1. I have some friends before me gone, Glory, glory, hallelujah!

And I'm resolved to travel on, Glory, glory, hallelujah!

We soon shall reach the shining shore, And there we'll meet to part no more,

Sing-ing glory, glory hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah! Singing glory

2. Our friends are on the other side, Glory, glory, hallelujah!
They wait for us across the tide, Glory, glory, hallelujah!

Chorus.

3. Then let us ever onward go, Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Nor set our hearts on things below, Glory, glory, hallelujah!

Chorus.

4. Oh, let us choose the better part,
   Glory, glory, hallelujah!
And work with angels hand and heart,
   Glory, glory, hallelujah!

Chorus.

5. Nor let aught tempt our feet to stray,
   Glory, glory hallelujah!
Outside the safe and shining way,
   Glory, glory, hallelujah!

Chorus.

6. Then when shall sink life's setting sun,
   Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Immortal hosts shall shout "Well done!"
   Glory, glory hallelujah!

Chorus.
WHILE THE DAYS ARE GOING BY.

1. There are lonely hearts to cherish While the days are going by;
   There are weary souls who perish While the days are going by.
   If a smile we can renew, As our journey we pursue,
   Oh! the good we all may do, While the days are going by!

2. There's no time for idle scorning While the days are going by;
   Be our faces like the morning While the days are going by.
   Oh! the world is full of sighs,
   Full of sad and weeping eyes;
   Help your fallen brother rise While the days are going by.

3. All the loving links that bind us
   While the days are going by,
   One by one, we leave behind us
   While the days are going by;
   But the seeds of good we sow,
   Both in shade and shine will grow.
   And will keep our hearts aglow
   While the days are going by.

4. Should misfortune dark come o'er us
   While the days are going by,
   Think what brightness is before us
   While the days are going by;
   Think of heaven where all are blest
   Where no sorrow can molest,
   Where we all shall be at rest
   While the days are going by.
The Old Hundredth

1. A new religion shakes the earth; Christ, unbeknown to outward sage,
   Descends, in forms of love, to birth, And leads from heaven the golden age.

2. A new religion, new, yet old,
   The spirit's faith, the Eden theme,
   Descends, the weary earth to fold
   In joy transcending angel's dream.

Duke Street

1. The perfect world by mortals trod
   Was the first temple built by God;
   His flat laid the corner-stone,
   And heaved its pillars, one by one.

2. He hung its starry roof on high,
   The broad, illimitable sky;
   He spread its pavement, green and bright,
   And curtained it with morning light.

Dedication Hymn

1. The mountains in their places stood,
   The sea, the sky, and all was "good;"
   And when its first pure praises rang,
   The "morning stars together sang."

2. It is not ours to make the sea
   And earth and sky a house for thee;
   But in thy sight our offering stands,
   An humbler temple, "made with hands."

3. Break chains, thrill heart, glow mind, for aye!
   From heaven the angel splendors fall;
   Wake eyes, shout lips, love's endless day
   Consumes old error's darksome pall!

4. Whence comes the light, whence comes the power,
   To burst the chains and break the rod?
   Whence comes the bright delivering hour?
   'Tis all of God, 'tis all of God!
FORSAKE NOT THE RIGHT.

1. In the dark hour of peril forsake not the right,
   Though the storm gather wild on the ocean at night;
   If the lone bark speed true on its tempest-tossed way,
   To-morrow 'twill rest in the sun-lighted bay.

2. If foes gather round thee, forsake not the right;
   Let truth cheer thee on with its beacons of light;
   The hour is the darkest that heralds the morn;
   That flower is the fairest that hideth the thorn.

3. If friends should forsake thee, forsake not the right;
   Heaven's shore is before thee, immortal and bright;
   The love of false friendship is valueless there;
   The friends that depart only purchase despair.

4. If sorrow encompass, forsake not the right;
   The harvest of joy shall yet gladden thy sight;
   The mourner that walks through the valley of tears
   Shall travel the path of the glorified years.

5. In the pathway of life, oh, forsake not the right;
   Joy comes in the morning, though dark is the night;
   And the hour is the darkest that heralds the morn;
   The flower is the fairest that hideth the thorn.
GLORIA! AN ANGEL BORN TO-DAY.

1. A loved one gone! a loved one gone! Bewails the lone one left forlorn;
O mourner! cease that wailing cry, And hear the angels’ soft reply:
"Thy friend beloved has gained a shore Where tempests toss and beat no more;
There angels chant the joyous lay, ‘Gloria! an angel born to-day!’"

2. Then weep no more! the spirit fled
Sleeps not amid the silent dead;
Oh, look beyond this veil of clay,
To where celestial fountains play.
List, list! oh, list the glad refrain!
As, freed from sorrow, freed from pain,
It joins the grand, anthemal lay,
"Gloria! an angel born to-day!"

3. An angel born! an angel born! [morn,
From earth’s dark night to heav’n’s blest
To dwell in light on holy hills,
By inspiration’s sacred rills,
And swell the avalanche of song
That sweeps th’ angelic shores along,
Till mortals catch the joyous lay,
"Gloria! an angel born to-day!"

197. GLORIA! AN ANGEL BORN TO-DAY!

A LOVED one gone! a loved one gone!
Bewails the lone one left forlorn;
O mourner! cease that wailing cry,
And hear the angels’ soft reply:
"Thy friend beloved has gained a shore
Where tempests toss and beat no more;
‘Gels chant the joyous lay,
an angel born to-day!’"
LAND OF THE LIVING.

1. O land so full of breaking hearts, O'er hung with shadows blinding,
   Where half the world the other half
   In sheet and shroud are winding,
   Is this the blessed realm of life,
   So full of death and sighing?
   'Tis not the land for which our souls
   Are ever, ever crying.

2. Love twines her roses round her head,
   And speaks in dulcet measures;
   The world seems in full bloom and song,
   And never fading pleasures;
   But ah! how soon the very bells
   Deride us with their wailing!
   How soon we see death's sable crapes
   O'er life's white billows sailing!

3. Each year we see the brightest leaves
   In autumn's grasp the serest;
   Each year the bird-notes die away
   Which rang for us the clearest;
   Each day the wintry hand of death
   The end of earth is giving.
   And yet we call this wreck-strewn land
   The region of the living!

4. The land of life lies past the shores
   Where death's dark tide is sweeping;
   Our angels on its shining heights
   Watches for us are keeping.
   We string our hopes like priceless pearls
   Upon the life before us,
   And trust the treasures stolen here
   Its glory will restore us.
GOOD-BY.

1. As the sweet bird that sings
   Folds her bright starry wings,
When evening's long shadows draw nigh,
So we every one,
When our work is done,
Would whisper a gentle good-by.

2. O ye children of light,
   E'er by day and by night
You're guided by One from on high;
   The innocent heart
From hope cannot part,
Though softly it whispers good-by.

3. Then dispel ev'ry fear,
   While still lingering here,
And part not the lips with a sigh,
   But join in the song
Soft floating along,
And give us an answering good-by.

4. Happy hours have been spent
   In the sweetest content
By angels who came from on high;
   They see that the good
Will be understood,
And gently they whisper good-by.

THE SWEET GOOD-BY.
CONGREGATIONAL AND SOCIAL.

CONFERENCE.

1. Come, let us join in singing, As hearts in love unite;

2. For angels now are winging Sweet thought in living light.

3. And higher life we seek.

Chorus.

True prayer is ever breathing Where love and kindness reign,

Where harmony is wreathing Our souls in friendship's chain.

200. CONFERENCE OF THE SPIRIT.

2 Oh, be our worship ever In spirit and in truth, That chimes with strong endeavor To guide aright the youth.

Chorus.

3 Peace sits in social bowers Where mind is calm and meek; And holy rest empowers Where higher life we seek.

Chorus.

2 On the shore beyond the river, We shall find our trials here Are recorded, and forever Whiter make our robes appear.

Chorus.

3 On the shore beyond the river, From our labors we shall rest; When the cares of earth are over, We shall mingle with the blest.

Chorus.

4 On the shore beyond the river, When our hearts are torn with grief, Angels whisper they will never Fail to furnish sweet relief.

Chorus.

5 On the shore beyond the river, When we join the host above, Loving hearts no more shall sever; All will there be one in love.

Chorus.

* Observe small notes with these words.
The Spiritual Harp.

The Days Gone By.

Con moto.

1. The days gone by! how in the mind, They linger sweet and long.

And fill the soul in pensive hour With memory's happy throng!

D.C. And bid us hope for better things, Those sweet, those by-gone days!

D.S.

How o'er the heart be set with grief; They shed their hallowed rays.

2. The days gone by! what visions bright Are in the present born, When dreaming of the "long ago," Our youth's bright, cloudless morn! They nerve the heart for braver deeds, And bid us struggle on, Still strengthened by their cheering light, The light of days now gone.

3. The days gone by! though they may bring Some relics of the past, Which call the ready teardrop forth, Because they could not last; Their very bitterness is sweet, And peacefulness is shed In silv'ry rays upon the heart By days that long have fled.

4. Then cherish them, the days gone by, And let their mem'ry be Fresh on the tablet of thy heart, As breezes from the sea; And in the eve of life when thou Shalt backward turn thy gaze, How sweet shall be their gentle light, The light of by-gone days!

203. The Spirit Picture.

1. They told me she was lost to me, My glory and my pride; My love, my joy, my soul's delight Had faded from my side. My soul cried after her from morn Until the hush of even; And through the weary shades of night My grieving called to heaven.

2. "O monarch Death! bring back my love, O Grave! give up thy prey!" They told me she was lost to me, That heaven was far away; But, as the arrow pierced my soul, A messenger of peace, Transfigured by celestial love, Soft bade my mourning cease.

3. Then, aided by the loved in heaven, Beneath his hand there grew, The features graven on my heart, The glance so pure and true; Then, then, I knew those angel forms Were never baseless dreams; For lo! the canvas smileth forth Each semblance as it seems.
COMING TO A CLOSE.

1. The race of life is passing, love, We've almost reached the autumn goal;

How fast its time is unwinding, love, The waiting, longing soul!

Chorus.

Oh, happy day to us, dear love, We're coming gently to a close;

Our thoughts are far above, dear love, We're coming to a close!

2. The past seems but a dream, dear love,
   Whose scenes are all dissolving views,
   Like clouds before the fair evening, love,
   Lit up with golden hues.
   Oh, happy day to us, dear love,
   We're coming gently to a close!
   Our thoughts are far above, dear love,
   We're coming to a close!

3. Our white locks are the emblems, love,
   Of life that is forever new;
   Our wrinkles only are rifts, dear love,
   Where shines its glory through!
   "Come higher, higher! oh, higher, love!
   United evermore!"
   Chorus.

4. Oh, hear the angels speak, dear love,
   Who kindly welcome us before,
   "Come higher, higher! oh, higher, love!
   United evermore!"
   Chorus.
There is many a rest in the road of life, If we only would stop to take it;
And many a tone from the better land, If the querulous heart would make it!
To the sunny soul, that is full of hope, And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright, Though the wintry storm prevaleth.

Better hope, though the clouds o'er you hang
Ever keep the sad eyes still lifted; [so low;
The sweet sunny sky will be peeping through
When the ominous clouds are rifted!
There was ne'er a night but that had a day,
Or an evening without a morning;
The darkest hour, as the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

Oh, 'tis better to weave in the web of life
The most beautiful golden filling,
To do all life's work with a cheerful heart,
And with hands that are swift and willing,
Than to snap the frail, tender, minute threads
Of our curious lives asunder;
And then blame heaven for the tangled ends,
And still sit and grieve and wonder.
Congregational and Social.

BOYLSTON.

By permission.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in holy love!
   The fellowship of kindred minds Is like to that above.

2. We share our mutual woes, Our mutual burdens bear; And often for each other flows The sympathizing tear.

3. When we asunder part, It gives us inward pain; But we shall still be joined in heart, And gladly meet again.

4. This glorious hope revives Our courage by the way; While each in expectation lives, And longs to see the day.

BADEA.

1. God in each nature folds The future of its kind; Eternal love its bosom holds, And thrills thy soaring mind.

2. Oh, not in weening pride, But calm in trust alone, Put every alien law aside, And govern by thy own.

3. Dogmatic clogs and creeds Deform and fetter soul; Life only from within proceeds, Evolving perfect whole.

4. The heart, self-poised alone, Obeys what God e'er bids, Holds firmly its inviolate throne As lofty pyramids.
The Spiritual Harp.

GOD WILL REMEMBER THE WORLD.

1. Day will return with a fresher boon; God will remember the world!

2. Night will come with a newer moon; God will remember the world!

3. The soul is mad that refuses food of the meannest in God's employ.

209. GOD WILL REMEMBER THE WORLD.

2. FOUNTAINS of joy are supplied by tears,

   Love, lit by breath of a sigh;

   Deepest griefs and the wildest fears

   Have angel sympathy nigh;

   Day will return with a fresher boon;

   God will remember the world!

   The night will come with a newer moon;

   God will never deny the world!

210. GOD IS FOREVER WITH MAN.

2. Wisdom's not veiled to our mortal sight;

   God is forever with man!

   Truth within is the law of right;

   God is forever with man!

   Christ is the spirit in human guise;

   Beauty in every part;

   And heaven is gained by a sacrifice,

   When allied with an angel's heart.

3. Sing, O ye birds, while on soaring wing;

   God is forever with man!

   Blossom, roses, and fragrance bring;

   God is forever with man!

   Warble green forest and breezy hill!

   Echo, ye billows at play!

   Oh, chant abroad the celestial trill,

   That the earth is redeemed this day!
LOCK OF HAIR.

1. The sunny spirit passed from sight, The eyes that shed love beams,

Though closed to earth in starry night, Shone down from land of dreams;

Amid the melting, holy calm, Removed with tender care,

Suffusing it with tearful balm, I clipped a lock of hair.

211. THE LOCK OF HAIR.

ITS glory is undimmed by years;
Its charms new hopes enfold;
I bathe it oft with hallowed tears,
More precious far than gold.
And as it curls my fingers round
Life's mem'ries clear and meek
Come pulsing with a loving sound;
That lock of hair doth speak!

From it, oh, never will I part,
But feel its mute caress
The closer in my grateful heart,
All weeping hours to bless.
Unbroken shall this tie remain,
Though from its owner riven,
Enwoven into ringlet chain
That draws me up to heaven.

212. NIGHT VIGILS.

SWEET Peace, descend with noiseless
And seek each human breast, [wing,
And through the night in sweetness sing,
And soothe to quiet rest.
Smooth every aching brow of pain
Till busy thought shall sleep;
Till morning light shall come again,
Keep thou thy vigil, keep!

Good-night! O eyes that look on mine!
Hope's golden dreams for thee!
May morning's hour bring joy to thine,
As daybreak to the sea.
Good-night! my soul pours out its prayer,
That heaven's eternal light
May be the mantle thou shalt wear,
Good-night, good-night, good-night!
The Spiritual Harp.

OUR LOVED IN HEAVEN.

1. Come, all ye loved, to wisdom's mountain, Come, view your home beyond the tide,
   Hear now the voices of the angels, Singing so sweet the other side;

2. Oh, when we hear the music ringing Clear in the fair celestial dome;
   Gladly shall bid us welcome home; (ing,
   Shall we there see the same bright eyes shining kindly on us as of yore,

3. Faith now beholds the flowing river, Coming from that celestial shore;
   The departed live forever Live there immortal evermore.
   Would you sit by the banks of the river side?
   With the friends you have loved by your
   Would you join in the song of the angels?
   Then be ready to follow your guide.

Chorus.

214. SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER THERE?

1. Oh, yes, ye weary, sad, and tossed ones, Droop not, nor faint ye, by the way;
   Soon shall ye join the loved and lost ones, In summer-lands of perfect day!
   Thrilling harp cadence by angel fingers
   Murm'ring echoes in my raptured ear;
   Evermore their seraphic song lingers;
   We shall know all our loved over there!

Chorus.

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THE ANGELS TOLD ME SO.

Chorus.

1. Though they may lay beneath the ground The form of sister dear,

I know her spirit hovers round, And minglest with us here;

Her home may be in heaven above, Yet oft to us below,

She will return to breathe her love; The angels told me so!

Chorus.

In 600 she will weep not on the silent bier,
Where all that’s dust shall rest,
Nor shed a needless bitter tear
To give her heart unrest,
Lest she may feel my throbbing pain,
And sorrow o’er my woe;
I know that she’ll come back again;
The angels told me so.

The angels told me so.

2 Oh, see! there is a spirit light!
I feel it on my brow!
My soul is rapt in sweet delight!
Oh, there is sister now!
I knew she would return to see
Those whom she loved below,
And be a sister still to me;
The angels told me so!

Chorus.
ASPIRATION.

1. Come to me, thoughts of heaven! My fainting spirit bear,
On your bright wings, by morning given,
Up to celestial air;
Away, far, far away,
From thoughts by passion given,
Fold me in pure, still, cloudless day, O blessed thoughts of heav'n!

2. Come in my tempted hour,
Sweet thoughts! and yet again
O'er sinful wish and mem'ry, show'r
Your soft effacing rain;
Waft me where gales divine
With dark clouds ne'er have striv'n;
Where living founts forever shine;
O blessed thoughts of heav'n!

217. THERE'S NO ONE LIKE MOTHER.

1. SWEET is the song of birds
In summer's leafy wild;
But sweeter far the kindly words
That grace a lovely child.
The streamlet murmurs low
As soft as cooing dove,
But human heart alone can know
The strength of mother's love.

2. When far in distant lands,
Though skies be ever clear,
We ever sigh for gentle hands
And smiles of friends so dear.
So through the waning years,
We follow each above,
Yet murmur, through our blinding tears,
"There's none like mother's love."
**BRIGHT HILLS OF GLORY.**

1. Oh, give me a harp on the bright hills of glory. A home when life's sorrows are o'er, Where joys that await the meek and the lowly.

Chorus.

Will more than famed Eden restore; Where the new song is giv'n

To the loved ones in heav'n, And the angels re-echo the song, the song;

Where the new song is giv'n To the loved ones in heav'n, And the angels re-echo the song, the song.

And with them adore the bounteous Giver, Whose love is rehearsed by the throng.

Chorus.

3. There sweetly we'll rest in those mansions And bask in the fulness of love; [forever, Where fields are all bright with flow'rets that Shall wither in Eden above. [never

Chorus
REST IN HEAVEN.

1. Should sombre clouds of sorrow rise, And shadows o'er us fling,

And hopes that once had taken root Die in their early spring;

Should ev'ry joy and bliss of life Fade like the hues of ev'n,

We still have this sweet solace left, There's rest for all in heav'n,

There's rest for all in heav'n, There's rest for all in heav'n.

There's rest in heav'n.

2 Oh, if life's path should seem to us
   A dull and beaten track;
And all our deep and holy love
   By grief be beaten back;
If we are like the wand'ring dove,
   On shoreless oceans driv'n,
Oh, let us raise our eyes above,
   There's rest for all in heav'n.

Chorus.

3 Should sickness pale the rosy cheek
   And dim the radiant eye,
And ev'ry pulse that faintly throbbs
   Tell of departure nigh,
Oh, then indeed to that blest world,
   Let holy thoughts be giv'n.
The new birth comes! cast off the clay!
   There's rest for all in heav'n.

Chorus.
EDEN.

1. We're bound for the land of the pure and the holy, The home of the happy, the kingdom of love. Ye wand'rs from God in the broad road of folly, Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above?

2. In that blessed land neither sighing nor anguish Can breathe in the fields where the glorified rove. Ye heart-burdened ones, who in misery languish, Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above?

3. No poverty there, no, the good are all wealthy, — The heirs of His glory whose nature is love; Nor sickness can reach them, that country is healthy. Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above?

4. March on, happy pilgrims, that land is before you, And soon its ten thousand delights we shall prove; Yes, soon we shall walk o'er the hills of bright glory, And drink the pure joys of the Eden above.

Chorus.
RESIGNATION.

1. O Father, in this trial hour, My soul cries out for thee;

The darkness hides thee while thy pow'r En-folds me si- Lent-ly.

I can-not see thy guid-ing hand, Thy voice I hear no more,

Thy will I do not un-der-stand, Yet would that will a-dore.

221. CHILDLIKE RESIGNATION.

WHERE'ER I turn, my pathway seems Bestrewn with thorns and woes;
But where thy hidden presence beams, E'en there would I repose.
The solemn mysteries of life I seek not now to read;
Amid the anguish and the strife Do thou my footsteps lead.

Thou knowest all my needs, O God, My weakness and my fear;
I murmur not beneath the rod, But own thy chas'-ting dear.
I ask not, "Wherefore dost thou chide? Why bow me in the dust?"
In thy great love I still abide, And in thy goodness trust.

222. THE IMPROVISING POET.

COME, holy thoughts, so lily pure, And close my heart around!
Oh, fold me gently in, secure From envy's cruel wound!
Oh, poet spirit near with lays Of sweet words set in line,
Lift me beyond the world's poor praise To angel realms divine!

Give me a martyr's wing so strong That I may mortals bear With truth's free freight of clarion-song To climes of purer air.
Then shall the thoughts that in me burn Touch God's great thoughts above; Though scorners may malignant spurn, I'll bless with sunny love.
VISION.

1. Oh, hours most sacred to the soul, When our immortal senses see
   Those gilding angels which control So much of human destiny!

2. The Old Year and the New.
   Ring out the old, ring in the new,
   Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
   The year is going, let him go;
   Ring out the false, ring in the true.
   Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
   For those that here we see no more:
   Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
   Ring in redress to all mankind.

3. Supremely blessed are those eyes
   Which drink their lucent glory in,
   And catch the landscapes of the skies
   Which lie beyond these vales of sin.
   They half forget earth's scars and tears,
   Who look beyond its bitter strife,
   And read the promise of bright years
   On the sublimer heights of life.
PASSED OVER.

2 She's crossed the shining river,
The silver sparkling tide,
To cull undying flowers,
That bloom the other side;
She's crossed the shining river,
She's left the vale of tears,
She's gone where all is gladness,
Undimmed by doubts or fears.

3 She's crossed the shining river
On waves of azure hue;
To weave with fragrant garlands
A home of rest for you;
You'll cross the shining river,
You'll clasp her to your heart,
Where love shall reign forever,
Where dear ones never part.

225. PASSED OVER.

And truth, from hist'ry's pages,
This simple fact shall tell,—
That deeds of loving woman
All other deeds excel.

2 Who standeth by in sickness
When summer friends have fled?
Who smootheth down the pillow
Upon the suff'erer's bed?
Who watches o'er our slumbers
When all the world's at rest?
Who pillows aching temples
Upon her loving breast?

3 'Tis self-denying woman,
The architect of all,
Whose gentle acts of kindness
Like summer showers fall;
She holds within her spirit
The springs of weal or woe,
That, touched by skilful fingers,
In endless music flows.

226. WOMAN, THE ARCHITECT OF LOVE.

Go thou and search the archives
Of all recorded time;
And see whose deeds are greatest,
Most noble and sublime;

Go thou and search the archives
Of all recorded time;
And see whose deeds are greatest,
Most noble and sublime;
PRAISE.

1. There's not a tint that paints the rose, Or decks the lily fair,
   Or marks the humblest flow'r that grows, But God has placed it there.

2. There's not of grass a simple blade,
   Or leaf of lowliest mien,
   Where heav'nly skill is not displayed,
   And heav'nly goodness seen.

3. There's not a star, whose twinkling light
   Illumes the spreading earth;
   There's not a cloud, so dark or bright,
   But wisdom gave it birth.

4. There's not a place on earth's vast round,
   In ocean's deep or air,
   Where love and beauty are not found,
   For God is everywhere.

227. WISDOM IN NATURE.

1. There's not a tint that paints the rose,
   Or decks the lily fair,
   Or marks the humblest flow'r that grows,
   But God has placed it there.

CONSOLATION.

1. The loving Friend to all who bowed Beneath life's weary load,
   From lips baptized in humble prayer His consolations flowed.

228. JESUS OF NAZARETH.

2. The faithful Witness to the truth,
   His just rebuke was hurled
   Out from a heart that burned to break
   The fetters of the world.

3. No hollow rite, no lifeless creed,
   His piercing glance could bear;
   But longing hearts which sought him found
   That God and heaven were there.
There's a home for the poor on that beautiful shore,
When life and its sorrows are ended, And sweetly they'll rest in that home of the blest,
By the presence of angels attended.

There's a home for the sad, and their hearts will be glad
When they've crossed over Jordan so dreary,
For bright is the dome of that radiant home,
Where softly repose all the weary.

There's a home for the ill, and their bosoms shall thrill
With rapture of healthful emotion;
The invalid's moan there will never be known
In that world of sweet peaceful devotion.
There's a home for the old, beyond time and its mold,
When the fair form of beauty has faded;
And brightly they'll bloom in that happier home,
Where splendors of youth are not shaded.
HEREAFTER.

1. There are beautiful fields on the farther side, Where the hosts of immortals stand; There are mansions of beauty beyond the tide, And the light that beams o'er the waters while Is a light from the "Better Land."

2 There are beautiful fields on the farther Where the host of immortals stand; [side, There are mansions of beauty beyond the tide, [wide, And the light that beams o'er the waters Is a light from the better land.

3 There's a home for the young, where the angelic song, That chorus celestial is singing, While harps bright with gold and which never grow old, Through the glittering arches are ringing. There's a home for the good; no one there will intrude, Neither tempt them with evil or folly; They'll calmly repose, freed from trials and In mansions prepared for the holy. [woes,

4 There's a home for the vile, all polluted with guile; When cleansed by the quickening Spirit, They, too, may be heir to that kingdom so And may all its full glory inherit. [fair, There's a home for us all; when the fiat doth We will fly to the shore o'er the river, [call, And join in the song of that beautiful throng, And live in its wisdom forever.

5 We shall join in the song which the angels As they stand on the heav'nly plain; [sing, We shall hear lofty cadences richly ring, And the highest heavenly vault shall bring Echoes sweet of the soul-refrain.
The Spiritual Harp.

E VERGREEN SHORE.

1. This world of strife is not our home; We're bound for the evergreen shore,
   That land of beauty where loved ones have gone, Our loved ones forevermore.

Chorus.

Rest, rest! forever at home, Where pain and distress shall be o'er,
We yearn to be free in those realms to roam, Our home on the evergreen shore.

231. THE EVERGREEN SHORE.

1. This world of strife is not our home; We're bound for the evergreen shore,
   That land of beauty where loved ones have gone, Our loved ones forevermore.
   Chorus.

2. They beckon on our way along! We press for the evergreen shore; We soon shall enter that heavenly throng Where parting shall be no more.
   Chorus.

3. There fadeless garlands ever bloom In paths on the evergreen shore, Where pain and sickness, bereavement and gloom Shall mar our repose no more. [gloom, Chorus.

232. SPIRIT MUSIC.

1. I feel it float from Eden's plane, That sweetly bewildering strain,
   Like first bright drops of a silvery rain, Electric with life again.
   Chorus.

List, list! the melody rings, Soft touching my heart-hidden strings; My answering spirit its fetters flings And soars on its bright, radiant wings!

2. I hear the trilling, clear and strong, That's borne on the billows along, Aloft where heavenly musicians throng, Entrancing my soul with song.
   Chorus.

3. I see the fine seraphic fire, A wave on the quivering lyre, As ev'ry gushing of holy desire Inspireth the angel-choir.
   Chorus.
Fireside.

1. The earth hath treasures fair and bright, Deep buried in her caves.

And ocean hideth many gems In dark blue curling waves.

233. World of Love at Home.

2 Yet not within her bosom deep, 
Orneath her dashing foam, 
Lies there a treasure equaling 
A world of love at home.

4 I envy not the man who dwells 
In stately hall or dome, 
If, with its splendor, he hath not 
A world of love at home.

5 Though care and trouble may be mine, 
As down life’s path I roam, 
I’ll heed them not while I still have 
A world of love at home.

Grove.

1 There is a book, who thinks may read, Which heav’nly love imparts; 

And all the lore its scholars need, 
Pure eyes and willing hearts.

234. God’s Bible.

1 There is a book, who thinks may read, 
Which heav’nly truth imparts; 
And all the lore its scholars need, 
Pure eyes and willing hearts.

3 The glorious sky, embracing all, 
Reveals immortal love; 
Wherewith encompassed, great and small, 
In peace and order move.

4 Thou who hast giv’n us eyes to see 
And love this sight so fair, 
Give to us hearts to find out thee, 
And read thee ev’rywhere.

5 Though care and trouble may be mine, 
As down life’s path I roam, 
I’ll heed them not while I still have 
A world of love at home.
1. There's a beautiful home for thee, brother, a home, a home for thee:

2. In that land of bliss where pleasure is, there, brother, 's a home for thee.

Chorus. A beautiful home for thee, brother, a beautiful home for thee;

In that land of bliss where pleasure is, There, brother, 's a home for thee.

235. A Beautiful Home.

2 There's a beautiful rest for thee, brother,
A rest, a rest for thee;
In those mansions above, where all is love,
There, brother, 's a rest for thee.

Chorus. A beautiful rest, etc.

3 There's a beautiful peace for thee, brother,
A peace, a peace for thee;
When the battle is done, and vict'ry won,
The angels will give it thee.

Chorus. A beautiful peace, etc.

4 There's a beautiful robe for thee, brother,
A robe, a robe for thee;
There's a robe of white, so pure and bright,
A glorious robe for thee.

Chorus. A beautiful robe, etc.

5 Oh, that beautiful home we'll seek, brother,
That home, that home above;
In that land of light, where all is bright,
That beautiful land of love.

Chorus. That beautiful home, etc.

236. Magnetic Spheres.

1 There's a fount of magnetic life flowing
In deathless summer lands,
And its loom of pulsing batteries
Is working by spirit hands.

Chorus.

Oh, come to this fount of God's wisdom,
Enchanted with flow'rs above,
And repose in bow'rs of beauty, where
All hearts are so full of love.

2 'Tis a heavenly charm that guards ever,
Angelic as we go;
'Tis the soul's own feelers reaching forth,
To know who's a friend or foe.

Chorus.

3 'Tis a mantle that you may wear meekly;
Oh, keep it pure as light;
It will gird thee strong with spirit power,
To climb to that golden height!

Chorus.
FLOWERS.

1. When in the busy haunts of men
   The meek immortals tread,
D.S. angel hearts where holy loves
   In deathless bloom abound.
A fragrance from the spirit-land
   Upon our souls they shed.

For, not like flow'rs of earthly mold,
   The flow'rs of heav'n are found,
In deathless bloom a-bound.

2. And when, 'mid earthly toils, they meet
   The dear ones of their care,
They pluck a thorn from ev'ry breast,
   And plant a blossom there.
Then be it ours, through gentle deeds
   Of pure and perfect love,
To sow in human hearts the seeds
   Of flow'rs that bloom above.

3. For ev'ry aspiration high,
   Though earth's divinest thought,
Shall spring anew with brighter bloom,
   And richer fragrance fraught;
And bear the fruits of peace and joy
   Upon that genial shore,
And, plucked by angel hands, refresh
   Our souls for evermore.

OMNIPRESENCE.

1. Father of all! in ev'ry age, in ev'ry clime, adored,
   By saint, by savage, or by sage, The universal Lord!

2. Thou great First Cause! least understood,
   Who all my sense confined
To know but this.— that thou art good,
   And that I may be blind;

3. If I am right, thy aid impart,
   Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, oh. teach my heart
   To find that better way.
LENOX.

1. Ho! ye exemplars bold, Whose ever lifted sight Hath caught the gleaming gold.

2. Though custom thee assail, And hoary error frown, Before thee they shall quail, And time thy efforts crown.

3. The battle may be long, And mortal armor fail; The truth shall make thee strong, Heav'n's breezes fill thy sail.

CORONATION.

1. We love no triumphs sprung of force; They stain the brightest cause; 'Tis not in blood that Liberty

2. Lift high thy light To shine afar A beacon star Of promise bright!

3. Unveil the laws of life, The source of good and ill; The woes and pains of strife Subject by dauntless will.

4. The age to come Shall sound thy praise, While grateful lays Shall waft thee home.

The Spiritual Harp.
OUR SPEARS and swords are truthful words,  
The mind our battle-plain;  
We've won great victories before,  
And so we shall again.

We want no aid of barricade  
To show a front to wrong;  
Our citadel of defence  
More durable and strong.

No widow's groans shall load our cause,  
No blood of brethren slain;  
We've won without such aid before,  
And so we shall again.

STRENGTH OF LIFE.

1. Oh, have you not heard of a beautiful stream That flows through our Father's land;  
Its waters gleam bright in the heavenly light, And ripple o'er golden sand.

Chorus.

2. With murmuring sound doth it wander  
Through fields of eternal green, [along,  
Where songs of the blest, in their heav'n of rest,  
Float soft on the air serene. [Chorus.

3. Its fountains are deep, and its waters are  
And sweet to the weary soul; [pure,  
It flows from the source of the Spirit alone, [stream,  
Oh, come where its bright waves roll. [Chorus.

Chorus.
170

The Spiritual Harp.

THERE IS JOY FOR YOU.

Duet.

1. Oh! let not your hearts be troubled, Neither let them be afraid,

For behold the bridegroom cometh In his wedding robes arrayed.

Chorus.

There is joy for the faithful, There is joy for the faithful, There is joy for the faithful, There is joy for you; In the higher land of wisdom,

Joy for the faithful, There is joy for you; In the higher land of wisdom,

Where the angels sing for glory, Far beyond death's rolling river, There is joy for you.

2 DEEPLY drink of love celestial
   From the fountain flowing free,
   For it giveth joy forever,—
   Joy o'er all that crystal sea.

3 Tell me not, ye weary laden,
   There is nought but sorrow here,

   For the angels are descending
   To remove earth's blighting fear.

4 Keep your minds in truth-light burning!
   Walk in virtue's humble way,
   And be ready for your exit
   To the realms of perfect day!
Congregational and Social.

RAY.

When the morn awakes in glory, With its crimson golden ray,

And the half-remembered story Of the night hath fled away,

Then within the song-bird's carol, Hymning forth the soul's desires,

243. ANGEL MINSTRELSY.

W HEN around high noon is burning,
Gleaming over lake and lea,
And the mountain tops are turning
Golden love-looks on the sea;
Then within the insect's humming,
As they kiss the honeyed flowers,
Trill the love-songs of the angels
From their amaranthine bowers.

Aye, when evening's dewy splendor,
And the stars, like loving eyes,
Draw my heart with cords so tender
To the gates of paradise;
Then my soul with pure devotion,
Spreads her fondest, grateful wing,
Floating on the ether ocean,
Joins the song the angels sing.

S Pirit H ealers.

CROWNED of God! by holy angels
Where the tides of virtue flow,
Aided by Heaven's high evangels,
Bless the lofty and the low;

Bring from life's electric forces
Spirit-balm for every ill,
Fainting hearts with mighty forces
Of magnetic healing thrill.

Souls aglow with loving kindness,
Hope of mortals! joy of earth!
Sensing all the mental blindness,
Feeling all our social dearth,
Oh! lift upward from this sorrow
To a joyous, sure relief
Those who long for heaven's morrow,
Those who falter 'mid their grief.

Speak with "angel tongues" of gladness
In the music of the spheres;
"Cast out serpents," sin and sadness,
Charm to nectar all the tears;
Cleanse each "deadly drink" of error
From the ages' stagnant fount;
Smite the phantoms doubt and terror,
Boldly climb truth's sacred mount.
The Spiritual Harp.

VINA.

1. Ho, ye that bloom in the morning of life, Give ear to the
   angels of truth That call you away from illusion and strife,

   To share their celestial pursuits, To share their celestial pursuits;

2. THEY hail you as spirits created to live Through ages unnumbered to come,
   And early the counsels of wisdom would give, To guide their young protégés home.

3. Then welcome their proffers and meekly con-
   To walk in the path of the blest, Which brighter and brighter will shine to the

   The day of perfection and rest. [sent

EDINBURG.

1. How cheering the thought that the angels of God Do bow their bright wings to the world they once trod,

   Do leave the sweet joys of the mansions above, To breathe o'er our bosoms some message of love!

2. THEY come, on the wings of the morning they come,
   Impatient to guide some poor wanderer home, In mercy to guard us wherever we stray;

   Some brother to lead from a darkened abode, A glorious cloud, their bright witness is given;

   And lay him to rest in the arms of his God. Encircling us here are these angels of heaven.

3. They come when we wander, they come when we pray,

   In mercy to guard us wherever we stray;
SPARKLING WATERS.

Prelude.

Soprano solo.

1. Oh, I love the sparkling fountains, Which flow from the golden mountains

2. Waters which each new-born spirit Drinks deep till it may inherit

Of the spirit-land; Streams that dance with ceaseless pleasure,

Everlasting life; Where the angels pure baptize you,

Keep ing time to each glad measure Of an unseen band;

Till no sorrow can surprise you, And no thought of strife.

THE MUSIC OF FALLING WATERS.

3 Therefore, when the clouds are o'er you, We'll light the dark way before you, With the smiles of love; And each bitter flood of sorrow Change to golden streams to-morrow, In the realms above.

4 All the tears you shed in anguish, When in darkest night you languish, We will change to gems; And in crowns of love will weave them That your spirits may receive them, Lasting diadems.
HEART SONG.

Duet.

1. Love me, love me in the morning, When the light breaks on the world;
And crimson glories sky adorning Wave their banners all unfurled,
Starry banners light, so pearl-y—Love me in the morning early;

By permission of Sep. Winner.
248.

**Love me in the sunshine, roaming,**
When sweet beauty gems each tree,
And sparkles on the brine so foaming,
Woo as honey woos the bee,
Gently, purely, just as sweetly,
Love me truly and completely.

249.

**Supplication.**

1 **Our Father, God, who art in heav'n,**
All hallowed be thy name,
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done,
In earth and heav'n the same;
2 **Give us this day our daily bread,**
And as we those forgive

**Heart Song.**

1 Love me in the sunshine, roaming,
   When sweet beauty gems each tree,
   And sparkles on the brine so foaming,
   Woo as honey woos the bee,
   Gently, purely, just as sweetly,
   Love me truly and completely.

2 Love me in the eventiding,
   When the night is coming down,
   When tempests in the air are riding,
   And when storms begin to frown.
   Draw me to thy breast the nearer,
   Soothe my timid soul the dearer.

3 Love me when my cheek is fading,
   And my sparkling eyes grow dim,
   And flecks of gray my hair are shading,
   And my form no longer trim.
   Love me when I'm sinking lower;
   Love me when the pulse beats slower.

4 Love me in the eventiding,
   When the night is coming down,
   When tempests in the air are riding,
   And when storms begin to frown.
   Draw me to thy breast the nearer,
   Soothe my timid soul the dearer.

5 Love me when my life is ended,
   And my soul is wafted o'er
   The river, and with angels blended,
   On the ever-blooming shore!
   Love me, heart and soul and spirit,
   With a love we'll e'er inherit.

3 Into temptation lead us not,
   From evil set us free;
   And thine the kingdom, thine the power,
   And glory ever be.
DREAMING TO-NIGHT.

1. We're dreaming to-night of the loved ones dear, Gone to the summer-land,

We pine for the smiles and the tones so sweet, And the clasp of a gen-tle hand.

Chorus.

Weary are our hearts as we gather to-night, Sighing o'er our broken chain,

Longing for the gift of a clearer sight To see our loved a-gain;

Dreaming to-night, Dreaming to-night, Dream-ing of the loved ones dear.
Songs, Duets, and Quartets.

250.

DREAMING TO-NIGHT.

3 We're dreaming to-night of the loved ones dear;
Yonder a vacant chair seems filled with a form, ever beloved and revered;
Crowned with halo of silv'ry hair.
Chorus.

3 We're dreaming to-night of the loved ones dear;
Many a beaming face of friend and companion our fancies woo;
To its old accustomed place.
Chorus.

4 We're dreaming to-night of the loved ones dear;
Darlings with golden hair come back to be rocked in their empty cribs,
And be fondled with tender care.
Chorus.

5 They're all here to-night; yes, our loved ones come from the summer land!
And each has a smile and a word of cheer for our sorrowing, stricken band.
Happy are our hearts, as we gather to-night,
Viewing our unbroken chain;
Ev'ry blank is filled by an angel bright;
We see our loved again!
Happy to-night! happy to-night!
Happy with our loved ones dear!

TRANCE.

1 Reverent listen! The power of an angel rings out the truths of the wondrous beyond.
Honor the temple! It shrines an evangel.
Drawn to the earth by love's holiest bond.

2 Truest of teachers, to heaven ascended,
Hasten they back with the gems of the skies.

THE INSPIRED SPEAKER.

1 Reverent listen! The power of an angel rings out the truths of the wondrous beyond.
Honor the temple! It shrines an evangel.
Drawn to the earth by love's holiest bond.

2 Truest of teachers, to heaven ascended,
Hasten they back with the gems of the skies,
Blest that life's labors by death are not ended,
Still they point upward and bid you arise.

3 Reverent listen! Uplifting to heaven
Soul aspirations befitting the time,
Since unto mortals such glory is given,
Bright from the sun-land a presence sublime.
The Spiritual Harp.

OH, COME, LET US GATHER.

1. Oh, come let us gather Round the hearthstone to-night; We heed not the weather When the fire burns bright, And loved ones hasten To bask in the light That beams from the hearth and the heart.

Chorus.

THE HEARTH AND THE HEART.

1. Oh, come, let us gather Round the hearthstone to-night; We heed not the weather When the fire burns bright, And loved ones hasten To bask in the light That beams from the hearth and the heart.

Chorus.

2. A seat for our father; Who so kindly as he? And one for our mother, With her babe on her knee; While sister and brother, In innocent glee, Add light to the hearth and the heart.

Chorus.
OH, COME, LET US GATHER. Concluded.

3 The father is smiling
   Upon the loved throng,
The mother beguiling
   Her babe with a song,
   And lovingly checking
   Each movement of wrong,
   Thus guarding the hearth and the heart.

4 The light of the hearthstone,
   The warmth of the love
   That gathers around it,
   Oh, may it e'er prove
   A lamp to our feet,
   If we're tempted to rove
   From that God-given home of the heart.

Chorus.

MY HOME IN THE SPIRIT-LAND.

1 I've a beautiful home on the other shore,
   A home on the golden strand,
   Some dear ones have gone to that home before,
   My home in the spirit-land.

2 They come to me now since their souls are free,
   And gently they press my hand,
   They say there are treasures in store for me,
   At home in the spirit-land.

3 They tell me that beauties unceasing flow,
   Around where the angels stand;
   They'll guide me along when I have to go
   To dwell in the spirit-land.

4 I've a father and mother and sisters dear,
   Who form there a happy band;
   Oh, when shall I see that bright mansion fair,
   My home in the spirit-land?
The Spiritual Harp.

**FOREGLEAMS.**

Lento.

1. Sweet star of Hope, so clear and bright, Shine on and cheer my yearning sight.
2. When fades the light of friendship's smile, When love and faith no more beguile,

How dark the world would be to me, Did I not gaze, sweet star, on thee!
And o'er the earth we blindly grope, How welcome is thy light, sweet hope!

When sombre clouds obscure the light, And all is wrapped in shades of night,
A foretaste of the realm divine Is given forth by rays of thine.
Songs, Duets, and Quartets.

FORE-GLEAMS. Concluded.

For men's voices.

HOME.

1. Home's not merely four square walls, Though with pictures hung and gilded; Home is where affection calls, Filled with shrines the heart has builded.

2. Home! go watch the faithful dove Sailing 'neath the heav'n above us; Home is where there's one to love! Home is where there's one to love us!

3 HOME'S not merely roof and room; It needs something to endear it; Home is where the heart can bloom, Where there's some kind lip to cheer it.

4 What is home with none to meet, None to welcome, none to greet us? Home is sweet, and only sweet. When there's one who loves to meet us!

* May be rendered by mixed voices by singing the parts on the upper staff an octave lower.
NOTHING BUT WATER TO DRINK.

2 WHEN a shower in a hot day of summer is over,
And the fields are all smiling with white and red clover,
And the honey-bee — busy and plundering rover —
Is fumbling the blossom leaves over and over,
Why so fresh, clean, and sweet, are the fields, do you think?
Because they've had nothing but water to drink.

3 Do you see that stout oak on its windy hill growing?
Do you see what great hailstones that black cloud is throwing?
Do you see that steam war-ship its ocean way going,
Against trade winds and head winds, like hurricanes blowing?
Why so sturdy are oaks, clouds, and ships, do you think?
Because they've had nothing but water to drink.

4 Now, if we have to work in the shop, field, or study,
And would have a strong hand and a cheek that is ruddy,
And would not have a brain that is addled and muddy,
With our eyes all "bunged up," and our noses all bloody,—
How shall we make and keep ourselves so. do you think?
Why. we must have nothing but water to drink,

* Composed by John Pierpont at the National Convention of Spiritualists, assembled in Providence, R. I., in 1866. This was the last poem of this revered reformer whilst in the earth form.
"Nothing but Water to Drink. Concluded."

"Early birds winging, And their anthems of gladness and thanksgiving singing;"

"Why do they so twitter and sing, do you think? Because they've had nothing but water to drink. Why do they so twitter and sing, do you think?"

"Because they've had nothing but water to drink."

"Glimpse."

"Mystery of Nature."

1. Who ever yearns to see aright,
   Because his heart is tender,
   Shall catch a glimpse of heavenly light
   In every earthly splendor.

2. So since the universe began,
   And till it shall be ended,
   The soul of nature, soul of man,
   And soul of God are blended."
UNION AND LIBERTY.
Soprano or Tenor.

1. Lo! 'tis unfurling, the emblem of glory, Borne thro' humanity's

thunder and flame, Blazoned in song and illuminated in story,

Waved o'er the nations in Liberty's name! Up with this banner bright,

Sprinkled with starry light, Spread o'er all nations from

shore unto shore, While, from the sounding sky, Loud rings the

angels' cry, World nationality! one evermore.

Chorus.
UNION AND LIBERTY. Concluded.

258.

FLAG OF UNIVERSAL LIBERTY.

1 O! 'tis unfurling, the emblem of glory,
    Borne thro' humanity's thunder and flame,
    Blazoned in song and illumined in story,
    Waved o'er the nations in Liberty's name!

Chorus.

2 Light of earth's firmament, guide of her nations,
    Pride of her children all honored afar,
    Let the wide beams of thy full constellations
    Scatter each cloud that would darken a star!

Chorus.

3 Brotherhood united! what foe shall assail thee,
    Bearing the standard of liberty's van?
    Think not the angel of justice shall fail thee.
    For it is gained now,—the birthright of man!

Chorus.

4 Lord of the universe! shield us and guide us,
    Trusting thee always, through shadow and sun!
    Thou hast united us; who shall divide us?
    Keep us, oh, keep us, the Many in One!

Chorus.

SWEET BE THY REST.

Gently

1 Good-night, good-night; The weary hear it with delight; The day grows silent at its close, And busy fingers seek repose Until the morning light.

2 Sweet be thy rest;
    Each little bird is in its nest;
    We hear no longer on the street
    The rapid tread of busy feet;
    The night cries, "Go to rest;"
    'Tis best, 'tis best.

3 Good-night, good-night;
    In sleep forget time's rapid flight.
    To him whose peace life's cares destroy,
    Be present dreams of blissful joy,
    Till morning greets our sight.
    Good-night, good-night.

4 Good-night, good-night;
    Soft be thy dreams, and calm and bright.
    In peaceful slumbers close thine eyes,
    Fearless of grief or sad surprise,
    Trust in our Father's might.
    Good-night, good-night.
The Spiritual Harp.

SPIRIT RAPPINGS.

1. Rap, rap, rap, Rap, rap, rap! Who is it rapping to-night?

2. Only invisible friends, Come from those chambers whose light

3. Radiantly earthward descends, Those whose dear forms you have

4. Covered from sight, And marked by a marble shaft solemn and white,

5. Have come from the land where their life bloomed anew, And

6. Rap. lo! by those rap they are talking to you, talking to you, talking to you.
260. 

**RAP, rap, rap!**

Daintiest fingers of air
Wake the most delicate sound
Rapping on table or chair.
Loved ones of earth gather round,
Making us know that our loved ones have come,
Come back to our hearts, and their dear earthly home.
Forget they will never, through glory-bathed years,
How lonely they left us in sadness and tears.

Rap, rap, rap!
Guests we would honor are here!
Hear the light rappings, and know Visiting angels are near Greeting their earth friends below!

**HERO.**

**Earnestly.**

Oh, bid them welcome, in garments of white,
To hearts which are pure and illumined with light,
They wander on o'er two wonderful lands
Oh, list to their counsels, and give them your hands!

Rap, rap, rap!
Loved ones are rapping to-night!
Heaven seems not far away!
Death's sweeping river is bright!
Soft is the sheen of its spray!
Magical changes those rappings have wrought!
Sweet hope to the hopeless their patter has brought!
And death is bridged over with amaranth Blest spirits come back from their bright homes to ours!

**Music written for this work.**

261. 

**TRUE HEROISM.**

Be thou like the first apostles;
Never fear, thou shalt not fall.
If a free thought seek expression,
Speak it boldly! Speak it all!
Face thine enemies, accusers;
Scorn the prison, rack, or rod!
And if thou hast truth to utter,
Speak, and leave the rest to God!

2 Thrusting all that's base behind us,
Build with purpose firm and good,
That each welcome day may find us
One step nearer heaven and God;
And no longer gazing blindly,
Vision dimmed, and heart grown cold,
We shall greet each trial kindly
As the test which tries the gold.

262. 

**GOLD OF THE SOUL.**

 Loves that in the past lie scattered,
Brightest visions, joys, and fears,
Friends that ever fawned and flattered,
All were lost in earlier years;
Yet upon these fragments hastened,
We may build a better life,
With our souls subdued and chastened
By affliction's fiery strife.

3 Then encourage aspiration;
For life is no vale of tears,
But a time for preparation
For a life in higher spheres.
Ever rising, rising, rising,
Nearer to the destined goal,
All experience undisguising,
As the text-book of the soul.
The Spiritual Harp.

WHEN WE ARE GONE.

Andante.

1. The flow'rs will bloom, when we are gone, As fresh and sweet as now,

And droop in beauty o'er the clay That wraps our mould'ring brow;

The state-ly trees will rear a- boft Their leaf'y heads as high,
WHEN WE ARE GONE. Concluded.

The gladsome breeze that through them steals Will not our requiem sigh.

263. WHEN WE ARE GONE.

2 Those beauteous hills of green o'er which
     Our youthful feet have trod
     Will still remain, although our dust
     May slumber 'neath the sod.

   The flowers, the trees, the grand old hills,
   The years still gliding on,
   Will smile back to the guardian stars
   As bright when we are gone.

GENTLE WORDS.

1. Each gentle word is a bird of love That wings its way through the sky above,
   To sing a song on the golden strand, To give thee joy in the summer-land,

To give thee joy in the summer-land.

264. GENTLE WORDS.

3 Each gentle word is a music tide
     That passes on to the other side,
     To chant a lay on the golden strand,
     To give thee joy in the summer-land.

4 Each gentle word is a sweet guitar
     That blends its notes with the harps afar,
     That angels touch on the golden strand,
     To give thee joy in the summer-land.

5 All gentle words are the silver bells
     That echo forth from the heart's deep well,
     To ring a chime on the golden strand,
     To give thee joy in the summer-land.
The Spiritual Harp.

“BIRDIE’S” SPIRIT SONG.

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OLIVER DITSON & Co.

Semplice.

1. With rose-buds in my hand, Fresh from the sum-mer-land,
   Fa-ther, I come and stand
2. Oh! for an-gels bright, Out of the bless-ed light,
   Shone on my won-d’ring sight,
3. Moth-er! I could not stay; In a sweet dream I lay,
   Wait-ed to heav’n a-way,
4. Oh! were you with me there, Free from your earth-ly care,
   All of my joy to share,

Dolce e legato.

Close by your side! You cannot see me here, Or feel my pres-ence near,
Sing-ing, we come, Lamb for the fold a-bove, Ten-der, young, nest-ling dove,
Far from the night. Then with a glad surprise Did I un-close my eyes
I were more blest; But it is best to stay There in the earth-ly way,
"BIRDIE'S" SPIRIT SONG. Concluded.

And yet your "Birdie" dear
Safe in our arms of love,
Under those cloudless skies,
Till the good angels say,
"Come to your rest!"

Chorus.

Check, then, the falling tear,
Think of me still as near,
Father and mother dear,

Soon on that shore, Where all the loved ones meet, Resting your pilgrim feet,

Shall you with blessings greet "Birdie" once more.
REALM OF THE WEST.
Soprano or Tenor Solo.
With Vigor.

1. Have ye heard of the beautiful realm of the west, En-circled by oceans and kissed by the sun? Have ye heard of the nations that thrive on her breast,

Chorus.

Bright heirs of her grandeur, the "Many in one"? Kings cannot govern this land of our choice; Liberty loves us, and Peace is our guest; Shout for the Union with heart and with voice; Right is our might in this realm of the west.

2 Have ye heard of the wonderful conflict of old?
The lion was torn by the bird of the Sun:
Through the world has the fame of our Washington rolled,
And Heaven sealed to freedom the "Many Chorus.

3'Tis the psalm of the free that is borne on the breeze:
It leaps from the heart of each patriot son;
While the full, surging chorus is sung by the seas,
For ever and ever, "the Many in one!" Chorus.
Songs, Duets, and Quartets.

MORNING LAND.

Duet.

1. Oh, sail from out the sun-rise  In - to the light of day,  In - to the blaze of noon-tide,

With all its gorgeous ray;  Out of the night of darkness,  Out of the house of pain,

Swift through the morn-ing  sun-rise,  Swift through the day a - gain.

Chorus.

Sail on! sail on! Life's flow-ing  riv - er Leads for - ev - er to the Giv - er.

Sail on! sail on! thy bark must be  For-ev - er toward e - ter ni - ty.

2

I N T O the silent darkness,
Into the unknown deep;
Over the silent river
Pass we, and never weep!
Oh! on the shore there's waiting
The loved, to clasp thy hand;
And joys of the hereafter
Are in that Morning Land.

Chorus.

3

Oh, catch the gleams of beauty
That speed by winds of heaven!
Bring back thy freight of blessing
To souls by sorrow riven.
Oh, brighter blaze of noontide,
And fuller cup of bliss,
Oh, richer Land of Morning,
For joys ye bring to this!

Chorus.
The Spiritual Harp.

O LIFE, BEAUTIFUL LIFE!

Solo.

1. O Life, beautiful Life! Thy glories unveiled I see;

2. O Life, beautiful Life! The haven of love and truth;

O Life, beautiful Life! That the Angel of death brought me,

O Life, beautiful Life! Thou hast given me back my youth,

Thou hast made me one of the noble, I rise on your mystical pinions,

Thou hast made me one of the free, I breathe in your magical breath.
Songs, Duets, and Quartets.

O LIFE, BEAUTIFUL LIFE! Concluded.

2 Thou hast, within thy contemplative mind,
The brightest glimpses of all glorious things;
Conceptions clearly pictured and defined,
That come and go on starry spirit wings.

3 Call it not dark! 'tis rich, this transient world,
Tho' shrouded from thy ever longing gaze;
The flag of truthful beauty is unfurled
Within thy spirit's all-resplendent rays.

4 The light of wisdom is within thy heart,
And love serene is glowing brightly there;
While these are ever thine, where'er thou art,
This changing world must still be bright and fair.

269.

CALL it not dark! the inner spirit sense Sees holy light and beauty all around;
They come to us from climes we know not whence, At every touch and every soothing sound.
"Gentle Spirits, Are You Near Me?"

1. Is it fancy? Is it dreaming?  
Do you come in very deed,

2. Do your tender voices whisper  
Comfort to my doubting soul?

All unseen around us stealing,  
Giving to our daily need?

Do you gently lead me nearer  
To the upward, onward goal?

3. Point me to the life celestial,  
Arm my soul with patient hope;
Give me faith in things immortal,  
Teach me with life's ills to cope.

Gentle spirits, linger near me,  
When the lamp of life is low;
When the sky is dark above me,  
And the cheek has lost its glow.
GENTLE SPIRITS, ARE YOU NEAR ME? Concluded.

When the lamp of life is low,
On the toilsome, weary way,
When the sky is dark above me,
And the cheek has lost its glow?

SUMMER FRIENDS.
For men's voices.

1. Let your summer friends go by
With the summer weather;
Hearts there are that will not fly,
Though the storm should gather.

2. Summer love to fortune clings,
From the wreck it saileth,
Like the bee that spreads its wings
When the honey faileth.

3. Rich the soil where weeds appear;
Let the false bloom perish;
Flowers there are, more rare and dear,
That you still may cherish.

4. Flowers of feeling, pure and warm,
Hearts that cannot wither,
These for thee shall bide the storm,
As the sunny weather.
HUSH-A-BY.
(Cradle Song.)
Dolce.

1. Hush-a-bye, baby! Already repose To thy lip and thy cheek brings the smile and the rose, As soft dews of twilight the flow-er-et steep, Flows round my sweet baby the spirit of sleep, Sleep! Sleep! Hush-a-bye.

2. HUSH-A-BY, baby! Oh, never again Might sorrow come near thee, or sickness, or pain! Oh, hush-a-bye, baby! — asleep on my breast I rock thee, I kiss thee, I sing thee to rest. Rest! Rest! Rest!

3. Jaby, my baby! Ah! never again Shall sweet "Hush-a-bye!" soothe thee in joy or in pain. The bird has forsaken the desolate nest, And never again shall I sing thee to rest. Rest! Rest! Rest!

4. My arms were thy cradle; they wrapt thee around. [found; But the little child-angels thy cradle they And tenderly, softly, my baby they bear, Yes, up into heaven, and "Hush-a-bye!" There! There! [there. Rest! Rest! Rest!

HUSH-A-BY.
Songs, Duets, and Quartets.

MILLENNIUM.

Soprano Solo.

1. In the ages to come a good time shall appear, When man shall his brother esteem,

For the mild Prince of peace shall dispel ev'ry fear, And his love the wide race shall redeem.

Chorus.

Work on and despair not, brave toilers for the right; The battle though long shall be won;

For we have the truth, and the angel's of light Shall say to each leader, "Well done!"

273. THE MILLENNIUM.

2 Soon the sword and the cannon shall rest side by side,
No navies shall whiten the sea,
And the slave-ship no more o'er the ocean shall glide,
For all men in all climes shall be free.

Chorus.

3 Granite cells for the guilty no more shall be reared,
The school-house shall stand in their stead;
The ev'ry man truly noble no more shall be feared;
Bloody crime from the earth shall have fled.

Chorus.

274. FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

1 Like the arch of the rainbow upreared in the sky,
'Mid azure and purple and gold,

Is the pure, brilliant halo of faith beaming high,
Where the shadows new beauties unfold.

Chorus.

See there, oh, great brotherhood! coming now to man
Is glory that angels drop down! [van!
Up, speed thee so strong, for they lead in the Progression shall win thee a crown!

2 Like a star that is glowing aloft in the sky,
To guide thro' the darkness and gloom,
Is a fresh hope immortal ascending on high,
Triumph-star over death and the tomb!

Chorus.

3 Like a white fleecy cloud, whence the sweet spirit dove
Descends with a beauty impearled, [above
Comes the mild angel Charity, swift from above
To forgive and redeem all the world.

Chorus.
BUILD HIM A MONUMENT.

Prelude on opposite page.

1. Build him a monument! high as the skies, Broad as the land is and deep as the sea, That the nations may look on with wondering eyes, And learn 'tis a glorious thing to be free.

2 BUILD him a monument! In coming years, When light of justice hath banished the cloud, Dusky pilgrims will wash it with gratitude's tears, And white, black, and red will be equally proud.

Chorus.

3 Build him a monument! Lincoln the good! Chief of philanthropists, highest in power; Standing bravely and firm where no other hath stood, And placing the capstone on Liberty's tower.

Chorus.

4 Build him a monument! sacred to heaven, In hearts of freed ones from slavery's thrall; Oh, to him let glad anthems and peans be given; True Liberty, now, and forever, to all.

Chorus.
BUILD HIM A MONUMENT. Concluded.

Chorus for each Stanza.

Ay! a monu-ment! glo-rious monu-ment,

Fame-wreathed and gar-landed ne'er to de-cay.

Prelude.

DAY.

Gently.

1. In gloomiest day hath gleams of light, The darkest wave hath bright foam near it, And twinkles through the blackest night, Some solitary star to cheer it.

THE gloomiest soul is not all gloom; The saddest heart is not all sadness; And sweetly o'er the darkest doom, [ness. There stands some lingering beam of glad-

276.

LIGHTS AND SHADeS.

1 Despair is never quite despair, Nor life nor death the future closes, And round the shadowy brow of care Will hope and fancy twine their roses.

3 Sweet prophecies, these rifts of light, Revealing all the glories o'er us, And brighter, for the shades of night, Will burst the day that lies before us.
MY WIFE'S HAND.

1. Ev'ry night, when the stars come out, And the birds have gone to rest,
   Little hand, like a cooing dove, Nestling about my breast,
   Smoothes my forehead and pats my cheek, Passes its finger tips
   Yet each night as the stars come out, And I near the heav'n-ly land,

2. Clings to my neck and clasps my arm, Till, tired of its caress,
   Fallen asleep within my own That pure white hand I press.
   Many a year has come and gone, The little hand is cold.
   Yet each night as the stars come out, And I near the heav'n-ly land,
MY WIFE'S HAND. Concluded.

Over my eyelids and through my hair,
Children's children are on my knee,
And I am growing old.

Still I feel as in early days,
The touch of that gentle hand.

NATURE.

1. Think me not unkind and rude,
That I walk in grove and glen;

Alone I go to the God of the wood,
To bring his pure word to men.

2. Think not thou my sloth, that I
Fold my arms beside the brook;
Each cloud that floated so light in the sky
Writes bright letters in my book.

3. Chide me not, laborious band,
For the idle flowers I brought;
Each trembling aster I hold in my hand
Goes loaded with truest thought.

4. There was never mystery
But 'tis figured in the flowers;
Nor secret ever in life-history,
But birds tell it in the bowers.

5. One rich harvest from thy field
Homeward brought the oxen strong;
And now the second crop broad acres yield,
Which I gather in a song.
TRANSLATION.

1. Oh, I am so weary, weary! And the night grows dark and wild;

The cold wind whistles dreary, dreary, Mother, round your orphan child.

Oh, I'm dying, mother, dying, Here upon the cold earth lying,

Spurned, rejected, and reviled!

279.

THE RAG-PICKER.

1 Oh, I am so weary, weary!
And the night grows dark and wild;
The cold wind whistles dreary, dreary,
Mother, round your orphan child.
Oh, I'm dying, mother, dying,
Here upon the cold earth lying,
Spurned, rejected, and reviled!

2 Ask I work, the poor don't need me,
But they look with pitying eye;
I ask the rich, they will not heed me;
No! but pass me coldly by.
Oh, I am so weary, weary.
And the night wind moans so dreary,
Mother, hear me ere I die.
3 All day long I've wandered picking
   Foul and filthy rags to sell,
And in my feet sharp stones are sticking.
   Oh, how they begin to swell!
And my limbs so ache and pain me,
   I cannot from grief restrain me,
And they too begin to swell.

4 All my limbs the frosts are numbing,
   And my frame it shivers so;
I seem to hear the wild bees humming,
   As they used to long ago
In our garden 'mong the flowers,
   In those bright, bright sunny hours,
As I used to long ago.

5 Yes, I seem to hear thee calling,
   And thy voice so sweet and clear,
"Oh, come, my darling!" now is falling
   Softly, gently on my ear.
Winds all through my tangled tresses
   Are so like thy loved caresses,
And each raindrop seems a tear.

6 All around me now it brightens;
   Am I lying on a bed?
And oh, how clear and still it lightens!
   But no thunder jars my head;
Is it lightning, O my mother?
   No! and there's my little brother!
Why, I thought that he was dead!

7 Some one seems to bear me gently;
   Oh! I'm soaring up so high;
My breath it comes so faintly, faintly,
   Oh! I'm passing to the sky.
Now I've neither pain nor sorrow;
   I shall pick no rags to-morrow;
Mother, I am coming— I! *

8 And the night wind caught her wailing
   As her last lone breath she sighed;
And rudely whistling through the paling,
   On its fitful wing it hied;
Like the cold, cold stones around her,
   Stark and stiff next morn they found her
On the pavement where she died.

* Do not repeat this line with voice, but play the melody with instrument.

**ARE WE NOT BROTHERS?**

1 Hushed be the battle's fearful roar,
   The warrior's rushing call!
Why should the earth be drenched with gore?
   Are we not brothers all?

2 Want, from the starving poor depart!
   Chains, from the captive fall!
Great God, subdue th' oppressor's heart!
   Are we not brothers all?

3 Sect, clan, and nation, oh, strike down
   Each mean partition-wall!
Let love the voice of discord drown,—
   Are we not brothers all?

4 Let love and truth and peace alone
   Hold human hearts in thrall,
That heaven its work at length may own,
   And men be brothers all.
"I STAND ON MEMORY'S GOLDEN SHORE."

I stand on memory's golden shore, And muse and dream, this autumn night,

O thou unloving, dreamy past, Give back what I have giv'n to thee,

Yet sometimes visions come to bless; A-gain with her I seem to stand,

Dreamy past, visions come to bless; A-gain with her I seem to stand,

And muse and dream, this autumn night, Give back what I have giv'n to thee,

Shall bless on earth my weary sight. Fair hopes that 'mid thy treasures be,

Flow'rs that love's tree a-bor-tive cast, With trembling clasp her gentle hand.

And full of new-born longings press, With mem'ry of the vision fled.

And waking but renews my pain, With mem'ry of the vision fled.

Recalling forms that never-more Shall bless on earth my weary sight.

Flowers 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 gentle hand.

And waking but renews my pain, With mem'ry of the vision fled.

1. I stand on memory's golden shore, And muse and dream, this autumn night,

2. O thou unloving, dreamy past, Give back what I have giv'n to thee,

3. Yet sometimes visions come to bless; A-gain with her I seem to stand,

4. Dreamy past, visions come to bless; A-gain with her I seem to stand,

And muse and dream, this autumn night, Give back what I have giv'n to thee,

Shall bless on earth my weary sight. Fair hopes that 'mid thy treasures be,

Flow'rs that love's tree a-bor-tive cast, With trembling clasp her gentle hand.

And full of new-born longings press, With mem'ry of the vision fled.

And waking but renews my pain, With mem'ry of the vision fled.

Recalling forms that never-more Shall bless on earth my weary sight.

Flowers 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 gentle hand.

And waking but renews my pain, With mem'ry of the vision fled.

I reach in vain to grasp the hands That beckon from the further side,

Life's tender buds that I have kissed, And wa-tered with my anxious tears,

Dear loving spirit, leave me not To wend these weary shores a-lone,

In vain I tread on memory's shore, And plead with tears for what is gone,
"I STAND ON MEMORY'S GOLDEN SHORE." Concluded.

Where gleam the shining silver sands,
I see not through the gathering mists,
Hath not thy heav'n for me a spot,
The holy past returns no more;

Where gleam the shining silver sands,
I see not through the gathering mists,
Hath not thy heav'n for me a spot,
The holy past returns no more;

I stand on memory's golden shore; I tread life's weary rounds alone, alone;
The dear departed comes no more, never more;

The all of life I love is gone, is gone.
The Spiritual Harp.

COLD WATER FOR ME.

1. Oh, come with me, and sing with glee, Each Temperance son and daughter,
   A happy band, joined hand in hand, In praise of pure cold water.

2. POOLS may combine to sing of wine,
   Of whiskey, gin, or porter;
   But we delight with all our might
   To sing of pure, cold water.

   Chorus.

3. This Adam's ale does not turn pale,
   Nor human victims slaughter;
   Sparkling and bright as rays of light
   Is pure, life-giving water.

   Chorus.

4. Down mountain side behold it glide,
   A joy to son and daughter,
   From rocky cell in shady dell
   Springs forth the pure, cold water.

   Chorus.

5. Distilled on high, down from the sky
   It drops in every quarter;
   Man makes the wine, but Love divine
   Creates the pure cold water.

   Chorus.

282.  COLD WATER.

2 We've joined to raise for ardent gaze
   The veil that hides thy glory,
   And joyous pore o'er ancient lore
   And famed heroic story.

   Chorus.

3 We've sought to trace through endless space
   The path of world's bright gleaming;
   And hand in hand thy pages scanned
   While heav'nly truth is beaming.

   Chorus.

4 And now we'll bear thy mandates fair
   To all who cluster round us;
   And grateful raise glad songs of praise
   For blessings that surround us.

   Chorus.

283.  SCIENCE.

1 FAIR Science bright, from realms of light,
   We yield thee homage ever:

   We're gathered here, a band sincere,
   To ask thy smiles forever.

   Chorus.

   Oh, haste the day when thy blest sway
   To earth is universal given,
   And light shall shine around thy shrine,
   In beams of wisdom down from heav'n,
   Shine wisdom from heav'n.

   Chorus.
Songs, Duets, and Quartets.

COLD WATER FOR ME. Concluded.

Chorus.

G E R M.

1. A traveller on the road Strewed acorns on the lea,

And one took root and sprouted up, And grew into a tree.

284.

A SPRING had lost its way
A midst the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well,
Where weary men might turn.

3 Years passed, and lo! the well,
By summer never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life beside.

4 A man amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart
Let fall a word of hope and love
Unstudied from the heart.

5 O germ! O fount! O love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last.
MAKE HOME BEAUTIFUL.

1. Make your home beau-ti-ful; bring to it flow'rs, Plant them a-round you in bud and in bloom; Let them give life to your lone-li-est hours, Let them bring life to en-li-ven your gloom, Make your own world one that

2. Make your home beau-ti-ful; weave round its por-tal Wreaths of the Jas-mine and del-i-cate sprays Of red fruit-ed wood-bine, with gay im-mor-tal. That bles-sed and bright-ens wher-ev-er it strays; Gather the blos-soms, too, That sum-mer sun-shine down in-to your heart! If you can do so, oh,

3. Make your home beau-ti-ful, gath-er the ro-ses, Hoard in the sun-shine with ex-qui-site art; Per-chance they may pour, as your dark-ness clos-es,

---

The Spiritual Harp.
MAKE HOME BEAUTIFUL. Concluded.

never has sorrowed, Of music and sunshine and gold summer air; A
one little flow-er; Va-ried ver-be- na, or sweet mign-o-nette,

make it an E-den Of beauty and glad-ness! re-mem-ber, 'tis wise, Twill

home world whose fore-head nev-er has fur-rowed, And whose cheek of bright beauty will Still may bring bloom to your de-s-o-late bow-er,
Still may be some-thing to
teach you to long for that home you are need-ing, That heav-en of beau-ty be-

ever be fair, love and to pet.
yond the blue skies.
THE SONG THAT I LOVE.

1. Oh, no! not for thee can I sing that sweet song, Whose low-throbbing

Accent soft, like the strains that are wafted on

Then bid me no more sing for thee that sweet song,

All so lonely and sad, through the deepening gloom

Must I pass on my way, but that low voice will come

With musical tones to my ear as I rove,

"Oh, sing to me, sister, the song that I love!"

4. Then how can I sing for thee now that sweet song,

My harp on the low, drooping willow is hung;

All its chords are untuned, and my tremulous voice

Will no longer with melody make me rejoice;

For the spirit of mirth from my heart fled away,

Nor will it return till to me he shall say

In regions of light, when I meet him above,

"Oh, sing to me, sister, the song that I love!"
THE SONG THAT I LOVE. Continued.

Zephyr's light wing, From the bowers of glory where cherubims sing;

For that beautiful lyric so tenderly sweet Was taught me by

one now in death's lone retreat; And oft would he say when at

eve we would rove, "Oh, sing to me, sister, the song that I love!"
The Song That I Love. Concluded.

Chorus.

"The song that I love!" Oh, what memories gleam Through the shadowy past, like a star's gentle beam! And I hear those low accents, wherever I rove, "Oh, sing to me, sister, the song that I love!"

BEAUTY.

1. Beautiful faces they that wear The light of a pleasant spirit there; It matters little if dark or fair.

2. Beautiful hands are they that do The work of the noble, good, and true, Patient and busy the long day through.

3. Beautiful feet are they that go So swiftly to lighten others' woe, Through summer's heat or through winter's snow.

4. Beautiful children rich or poor, Who, walking the pathways sweet and pure, Lead on to mansions of rest secure.

287.
WE SHALL MEET AGAIN, MOTHER.*

Music from "Lyceum Banner," by permission of Lou M. Kimball.

1. Oh, my breath is failing fast, mother, Come closer, my sight grows weak; This rack - ing pain has now pierced my brain; 'Tis but little I can speak. Oh, how rack - ing pain has now pierced my brain; 'Tis but little I can speak. Oh, how

2. I shall rest, so sweetly rest, mother, From sickness and sorrow's night; In the haven of love, in that home above, Where no sadness comes to blight. Then

3. Thou hast known the bitter of life, mother, Hast tasted full much of its sweet; Soon will an - gel Death steal thy mor - tal breath; Thy work is nearly complete. Oh, I shall be look-ing for thee, mother; Our parting will not be long; On, that

4. Give me love's power in this tri - al hour, To soothe my aching brow. pin - ing to go where I bliss shall know; Mother, there I'll wait for thee. heav - en - ly plain we shall meet again, Welcomed by the ang - els' song.

* Play first four measures of melody for prelude and interlude.
289.

The Spiritual Harp.

TRANSFIGURATION.

1. Lo! a cloud of guiding light Dawns upon my raptured sight,
Drifting music rains on the mental plains, Changing crystal tears
Into halcyon spheres Of celestial glory, Of celestial glory!

2. See! through vistas of the skies,
   Sparkling with unnumbered dyes,
Comes the spirit dove in baptismal love,
Hov’ring o’er my brow with a new heart-vow,
   Throbbing full of goodness,
Throbbing full of goodness!
Chorus.

3. Lo! a wreath with wisdom rise
Coronates my trial life, [thought,
Blooms with flow’rs atraught with angelic
Sweet with Eden truth in immortal youth,
Heav’n within me folding,
Heav’n within me folding!
Chorus.

4. Oh, for joy my spirit springs,
   As it soars on hopeful wings,
Shouting glad adieu for the brighter view,
Robed in vestures white, rising in the light
   Of eternal progress,
Of eternal progress!
Chorus.
TRANSFIGURATION. Concluded.

From "The Casket," by permission of ASA HULL, Phila.

WAITING BY THE RIVER.*

1. We are waiting by the river,
   We are watching on the shore,

2. Though the mist hang o'er the river,
   And its billows loudly roar,
   Yet we hear the song of angels
   Wafted on the other shore.

3. Of the bright celestial city,
   We have caught such radiant gleams
   Of its towers, like dazzling sunlight,
   With its sweet and peaceful streams.

4. Over there is many a loved one;
   We have seen them leave our side,
   And with rapture we shall meet them
   When we too have crossed the tide.

5. When we've passed that vale of shadows,
   And have gained the other shore,
   In that realm of light and beauty
   We shall live for evermore.

Chorus.

Chorus.

Chorus.

Chorus.

Chorus.

*Sing first stanza as chorus after 2d, 3d, 4th, and 5th.
GOLDEN AGE. (Solo with vocal accompaniment.)

Cheerfully.

1. Bright days of which the angels sing, Speed on-ward with your endless spring,

And let the golden age come in, Triumphant with no stain of sin.

Chorus.

Sweet golden age! we long to see The perfect reign of harmony.

Sweet golden age! when will its light Steal down from its celestial height?

*Sustain the tones with lips closed.

The Spiritual Harp.
291. THE GOLDEN AGE.

1 BRIGHT days of which the angels sing,
   Speed onward with your endless spring,
   And let the golden age come in
   Triumphant with no stain of sin.
   Chorus.

2 Justice will then have done with wars,
   And valor need not carry scars;
   Mercy will be a name unknown
   When love sits sceptred on her throne.
   Chorus.

3 How beautiful will life be then
   When earth can cry, "Behold my men!"
   And woman in her perfect state
   Be womanly, and yet be great.
   Chorus.

4 Then childhood with heaven's dews impearled
   Will make more bright a sunny world,
   And famished faces, wild and wan,
   Will nowhere haunt the paths of man.
   Chorus.

5 Mankind will all be brothers then,
   Not prince, nor slaves, but only men;
   For Love will sanctify all hearts,
   And link them by her wondrous arts.
   Chorus.

6 Not till these lips which sing are dust,
   Will dawn that age of perfect trust;
   We sow, with labors, prayers, and tears,
   Truths which will bring those golden years!
   Chorus.

THERE'S ROOM IN THE WORLD.

Bold and energetic.

There's room in the world for all that is in it.

292. THERE IS ROOM IN THE WORLD.

1 GOD made the owl see where man's sight
   is dim;
   The light that guides you may be darkness to

   Tis a great truth to learn, a prize, if you win
   it,
   There's room in the world for all there is in
   it.

   Down, deep, in the innermost depths of the
   soul,
   A voice ever sings of a heavenly goal.
   We only by callings differ from others,
   There is but one God for all of us brothers.

   Then let us not proudly monopolize right,
   Nor ask of our brother to see with our sight.
   Tis a great truth to learn, a prize, if you win
   it,
   There's room in the world for all that is in it.
“Homeward Bound.”

Prelude.

1. The buds are bursting in the vales, And changing into flow'rs,
   And merry, merry birds of spring Are glad'ning all the hours.
   I come to the hearts of those I love, Whose watch-light burns for me.

Chorus.

Are glad'ning all the hours, Whose watch-light burns for me;

And merry, merry birds of spring Are glad'ning all the hours.
I come to the hearts of those I love, Whose watch-light burns for me.

* Play last half of prelude for interlude.
† Chorus may be omitted.
HEAVEN OUR HOME. (Song with vocal accompaniment.)

1. The fields with flowers are blowing; They all behind us lie,—

2. Our autumn it draweth nigh; But, O my friends, we are going—

3. To the summer hills on high, To the summer hills on high.

293. Homeward Bound.

3 O'er the chilling stream of death
   Did I paddle my fairy bark,
   But o'er the radiant river of life,
   Whose waters are never dark!

4 Whose white-capped waves your lilies bear
   From the cold dark soil of earth,
   To plant them on the other side
   And bless with heavenly birth.

5 Then dream no more of a river dark,
   And a boatman pale with years,
   Who'll come to guide you through the mist,
   And end of mortal tears;

6 For only an angel full of love,
   With roses and lilies crowned,
   Will come to ferry you o'er the stream,
   When the soul is homeward bound!

294. O My Friends, We Are Going.

1 The fields with flowers are blowing;
   They all behind us lie,—
   Our autumn it draweth nigh;
   But, O my friends, we are going—
   To the summer hills on high.

2 We're vexed with wars and warring,
   Our strifes with days increase;
   There cometh a swift release,
   For, O my friends, we are nearing
   The beautiful realms of peace!

3 The winds are beating, blowing;
   Our hearts are frosted white;
   We're drawing more near the night!
   But, O my friends, we are going—
   To the morning-land of light!

4 The winter brings rough weather;
   Into the chill and gloom,
   We go, but again we'll come!
   And, O my friends, we shall gather
   At the last in heaven, our home!
WHISPER IT SOFTLY. (Duet with vocal accompaniment.)

1. Whisper it softly, when nobody's near, Let not those accents fall harsh on the ear;
   She is a blossom too tender and frail For the keen blast, the pitiless gale.

2. Whisper it gently; 'twill cost thee no pain; Gentle words rarely are spoken in vain;
   Threats and reproaches the stubborn may Not be so easily overborne, if love.

3. She has no parent, and none of her kin; Guide her feet gently, rough is the way.
   Lead her from error, and keep her from sin.
   Does she lean on thee? oh! cherish the trust;
   God to the kindly ever is just.

4. Whisper it kindly; 'twill pay thee to know
   Penitent tear-drops a-down her cheeks flow.
   Has she from virtue e'er wandered astray?
   Guide her feet gently, rough is the way.

   Whisper it kindly; 'twill pay thee to know
   Penitent tear-drops a-down her cheeks flow.
   Has she from virtue e'er wandered astray?
   Guide her feet gently, rough is the way.

   Whisper it kindly; 'twill pay thee to know
   Penitent tear-drops a-down her cheeks flow.
   Does she lean on thee? oh! cherish the trust;
   God to the kindly ever is just.
Songs, Duets, and Quartets.

MATERNITY.

1. From golden sun-lands of paternal bands, Where the life-tree of

virtue is flowering In the garden of wisdom embowering,

Forth from love’s spring, Swift on thought-wing, A spirit celestial descends,

Encircled with beauty and blends Both heaven and earth

For ho-lier birth, Under the silver veil.

2 REVERE thy love-child With welcome unguiled,

In the answer to prayer for futurity, As the Christ of immaculate purity,

That the heart stirred For angels to guard o’er with care,

For angels to guard o’er with care, Thy burdens of trial to share,

Oh, 'tis a blest joy Of grateful employ

Of the glad world! So tenderly cherish it pure,

To unfold with a faith glowing cheeringly Thy fair blossom of promise endearingly,

Bright with truth pearled For the glad world!

So tenderly cherish it pure,

The angel to be,

Under the silver veil.

3 Oh, 'tis a blest joy Of grateful employ

To unfold with a faith glowing cheeringly Thy fair blossom of promise endearingly,

Bright with truth pearled For the glad world!

So tenderly cherish it pure,

The angel to be,

Under the silver veil.
The Spiritual Harp.

SILENT RIVER.


1. When for me the silent oar Parts the silent river, And I stand upon the shore Of the strange Forever, Shall I miss the loved and known? Shall I vainly seek mine own? Shall I vainly seek mine own?

2. Can the bonds that make us here Know ourselves immortal, Drop away like foliage sere At life's inner portal? What is holiest below Must forever live and grow.

3. He who plants within our hearts All this deep affection, Giving, when the form departs, Fadeless recollection, Will but clasp th' unbroken chain Closer when we meet again.

4. Therefore dread I not to go O'er the silent river; Death, thy hastening oar I know; Bear me, thou life-giver! Through the waters to the shore, Where mine own have gone before.
REAM VERIFIED.

Moderato.

Duet or Solo.

1. As on my couch in calm re-pose I lay, I dreamed an an-gel hov-ered near to pray.

Her ho-ly words filled me with thoughts sub-lime, Lift-ing my soul a-bove the things of time.

Oh, such a dream! so sooth-ing, sol-emn, sweet, With ho- li - est e-mo-tions so re-plete,

That my whole heart was filled with peace and love, True em-a-na-tions from the fount a-bove!

So vivid did the vision seem to me,
I deemed on earth the real could not be;
But in my slumbers did I fervent pray
That angel-face might bless my waning day;
That my ideal real might assume,
To guide my future and my soul illume.
My prayer was heard! That vision re-ap-
To soothe my sorrows and assuage my tears.

The bride vouchsafed me, which the angel brought,
Claims for her home the mighty realm of
A beacon-light she comes to guide the way
Of human souls to the eternal day,
Where wisdom, peace, and love without al-
All fully in the future shall enjoy.
Her name is Freedom! and with joy supreme
I bless the day that verified my dream!
The Spiritual Harp.

Words and music composed for this work by J. G. Clark.

WHERE THE ROSES NE'ER SHALL WITHER.

By permission.

We shall meet, we shall meet, Where no wintry storm can roll,
Nor the clouds of sorrow gather, Where all hearts are tuned to love,

Driving summer from the soul, Where the roses ne'er shall wither,
And the noon-day never burns, Angel bands will guide us thither,

Chorus.

On that happy shore above, Where the roses ne'er shall wither,
On that happy shore above,

Nor the clouds of sorrow gather, Angel bands will guide us thither,

Where no cruel word is spoken,

Where we shall meet, we shall meet,
Hand in hand and heart to heart,
Friend with friend no more to part,

Ne'er to grieve for those we love,

On that happy shore above.
1. The darkness an sorrow, Of earth's dreary wand'ring Are fading as death brings release, The
2. The sweet light of heaven Before me is shining; I follow its radiant beam, From
3. Around thee for ever My spirit shall hover, To guide thee to portals of bliss, And

warfare and tumult, All mortals surrounding, Are followed by gladness and peace.
life's weary pathway To mansions immortal Where dwelleth our Father supreme;
whispers of courage Shall come to thee ever, To help thee to bear life like this;

leaves earthly pleasures Without pangs of sadness, To go to the dear promised land,
weep not in sorrow That I am departing; My spirit shall come back again,
by not for ever, But till death shall sever The ties that now bind me to clay,

angels are dwelling In blessed communion; I'm longing to join their bright band.
lead thee to heaven, Where, angels are chanting A glorious happy re- strain,
darkness shall vanish And sweet light of heaven Shall show me God's bright, blessed day.
ALL THY WORKS PRAISE THEE. (Quartet.)

For men's voices.

1. The moon-beam on the billowy deep, The blue wave rippling on the strand,

The ocean in its peaceful sleep, The shell that murmurs on the sand,

The cloud that dims the bending sky, The bow that on its bosom glows,

The sun that lights the vault on high, The star at midnight's calm repose,

These praise the power that arched the sky, And robed the earth in beauty's dye,

These praise the power that arched the sky, And robed the earth in beauty's dye.
301.

**THE moonbeam on the billowy deep,**
The blue wave rippling on the strand,
The ocean in its peaceful sleep,
The shell that murmurs on the sand,
The cloud that dims the bending sky,
The bow that on its bosom glows,
The sun that lights the vault on high,
The star at midnight's calm repose,—
These praise the power that arched the sky,
And robed the earth in beauty's dye.

**TO THE day-star, herald of the dawn,**
As darkest shadows flit away,
The tint upon the cheek of morn,
The dew-drop gleaming on the spray;
From wild birds in their wanderings,
From streamlets leaping to the sea,
From all earth's fair and lovely things,
Doth living praise ascend to Thee.
These with their silent tongues proclaim
The varied wonders of thy name.

**The melody of nature's choir,**
The deep-toned anthems of the sea,
The wind that tunes a viewless lyre,
The zephyr on its pinions free,
The thunder with the thrilling notes
That peal upon the mountain air,
The lay that through the foliage floats
Or sinks in dying cadence there,—
These all to Thee their voices raise
A fervent voice of gushing praise.

**Father, thy hand hath formed the flower,**
And flung it on the verdant lea;
Thou bad'st it ope at summer's hour;
Its hues of beauty speak of thee!
Thy works all praise thee; shall not man
Alike attune the grateful hymn?
Shall he not join the lofty strain
Echoed from harps of seraphim?
We tune to thee our humble lays,
Thy mercy, goodness, love, we praise.

**UNITY.**

1. **Lo! the Christ arisen**
   By the second birth
   Seeks the “souls in prison,”
   Bound by wrongs of earth:
   Lifts the veil of blindness,
   Heals the mental sight,
   With a winning kindness
   Leads them to the light.

2. **TOUCHED by love so holy,**
   Dwellers of the earth,
   Welcome ye the lowly
   To a higher birth!
   Drive them not, forsaken,
   To their gloom again,
   Though their coming waken
   Agonies of pain.

3. **God hath giv'n you teachers**
   Gentle, wise, and true,
   Be ye, also, preachers,
   Lifting them to you;
   Heaven and earth, thus blending
   In the upward march,
   Step by step ascending
   To the “Royal Arch.”

**SPIRITS IN PRISON.**

1. **Lo! the Christ arisen**
   By the second birth
   Seeks the “souls in prison,”
   Bound by wrongs of earth:
   Lifts the veil of blindness,
   Heals the mental sight,
   With a winning kindness
   Leads them to the light.

2. **TOUCHED by love so holy,**
   Dwellers of the earth,
   Welcome ye the lowly
   To a higher birth!
   Drive them not, forsaken,
   To their gloom again,
   Though their coming waken
   Agonies of pain.

3. **God hath giv'n you teachers**
   Gentle, wise, and true,
   Be ye, also, preachers,
   Lifting them to you;
   Heaven and earth, thus blending
   In the upward march,
   Step by step ascending
   To the “Royal Arch.”
The Spiritual Harp.

ANGEL WATCHERS' SERENADE.

1. Sleep on your pillows, earth's dearest and best, Angels are
soothing your tired hearts to rest; Fair ones above ye Their holy watch
keep, Singing, "We love ye, Sleep, dear ones, sleep!" Singing, "We
love ye, Sleep, dear ones, sleep!"

2. CLEAR be your visions Through all the calm night; Lips have no scorning,
And eyes do not weep; Rest ye till morning, Sleep, dear ones, sleep!
Charmed be our numbers So flowing and light; 4 Life's links dissembled,
Starry wings hold ye, As softly they sweep; Ye'll soar as the dove,
Rosebuds enfold ye; Sleep, dear ones, sleep! Where isles of heaven,
Sleep, dear ones, sleep! Are sunny with love,

3. Come, mates, to love-land, 'Mid musical showers; Angels attending,
Oh! come where beauty And silv'ry vines creep,
Beguiles the swift hours; Soul with soul blending; Sleep, dear ones, sleep!

4. Life's links dissembled, Ye'll soar as the dove, Where isles of heaven,
Where isles of heaven, Are sunny with love, Angels attending,
Are sunny with love, And silv'ry vines creep, Soul with soul blending;
And eyes do not weep; Rest ye till morning, Sleep, dear ones, sleep!
Rest ye till morning, Sleep, dear ones, sleep!

5. Peace now be with ye; We pass to our rest, Waiting to greet ye Fairy our bowers
We pass to our rest, In realms of the blest; Where crystal springs leap,
In realms of the blest; Fairy our bowers Fadeless our flowers;
Fairy our bowers Fadeless our flowers;
Sleep, dear ones, sleep! Sleep, dear ones, sleep!
JOY COMETH.

1. Watchman! what of the night? Watchman! what of the night?

Joy cometh, joy cometh; The morn is breaking;

Truth is making mighty conquests, Truth is making mighty conquests,

Truth, etc. Truth, etc.

Truth, etc. Lift up your heads, O faithful souls,

For all the people!
Mind is ruling land and ocean.
Lift up your heads, etc.

2 Freemen! what of the right?
Freemen! what of the right?
Great vict'ry! great vict'ry!

3 Angels! what of the day?
Angels! what of the day?
Peace dawneth! peace dawneth!
With glory shining!
Love is banding all the nations.
Lift up your heads, etc.
MY GOD! HOW SHALL I THANK THEE!

1. My God! how shall I thank thee for thy love? Tears must defile my

Sacramental words, and daily prayer be daily penitence for actions,

Feelings, thoughts which are amiss; yet will I not say "God, forgive;" for

Thou hast made the effect to follow cause, and bless the erring, sinning

Man. Then let my sin continual find me out, and make me clean,

Make me clean from all transgression, purified and blessed.
CREATE IN ME A CLEAN HEART.

**Anthems, Sentences, Choruses.**

*Slow.*

1. Create in me a clean heart, O God; create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit, and renew a right spirit, a right spirit within me; create in me a clean heart, create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me.

**CELESTIAL CLIME.**

1. O spirit, freed from earth, Rejoice thy work is done! The weary world's P

307.  

2. A WAKE, and breathe the air  

   Of the celestial clime!  
   Awake to love which knows no change,  
   Thou who hast done with time!  

3. Awake, lift up thine eyes!  
   See, all heav'n's host appears!  
   And be thou glad exceedingly,  
   Thou, who hast done with tears.  

   neath thy feet, Thou bright'er than the sun.
BLESSED IS THE HEART.

1. Blessed is the heart that keep-eth pure, un-de-filed in all its temp-ta-tions; its med-i-ta-tion is with an-gels of pa-tience in the coun-cils of wis-dom.

Lo! there is joy in the de-nial of self; yes, it is peace-ful and beau-ti-ful day and night. Sweet char-i-ty rules that heart blos-som-ing with flow-ers of meek-ness and fruit-ful with the les-sons of good-ness, and fruit-ful with the les-sons of good-ness. Its love like a flow-ing...
 Anthems, Sentences, Choruses.

BLESSED IS THE HEART. Concluded.

fountain, shall quench the thirst of the weary forever, Its love like a flowing

COME UNTO ME.

Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavily laden, and

I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for

I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls. Come, come, come unto me.
The Spiritual Harp.

ALL HAIL, SUBLIME! Invocation.

Not too fast.

1. Father of earth and sky, Whose all-beholding eye
   Looks through all time, Whose fingers weave the light of morning's
   Glory bright, Upon the woof of night, All hail, Sublime!
   Whose more than matchless will, The thunder bids be still,
   Oh! may the gentle show'r Of sweet ethereal pow'r

2. God of the unseen world! Thy mystic might unbar'd
   Over this dark sphere, Around us lead in light Thy viewless
   Children bright. Who stand for thee and right, Our friends, still dear
   Who more than matchless will. The thunder bids be still,
   Or lightnings gleam; Who o'er earth and air, Systems dis

   Vine-ly fair, Spheres bright with beauty rare, Reigneth supreme!
   Love endow, And lift us while we bow, Nearer to thee.
Anthems, Sentences, Choruses.

311. **THE LYCEUM BAND.**

1  
**OUR Lyceum, 'tis of thee,**  
Sweet band of liberty,  
Of thee we sing;  
Band where our songs resound,  
Band where no creeds are found,  
But deeds of love abound,  
And pleasures bring.  
God bless our little band!  
Firm may we ever stand,  
Stand for the right!  
May all we say and do,  
May all our teachings, show  
Our sympathy for woe,  
Our search for light!

2  
Let us our voices raise  
To God in songs of praise,  
The God of truth!  
May our young hearts be meek,  
May we for wisdom seek,  
When we together meet,  
Now in our youth.  
Unfurl our banners all,  
And to the angels' call  
Gladly we come.  
Let us our voices raise  
In songs of joyful praise,  
For heav'n's immortal days,  
And purer home.

**WE'LL MEET OUR LOVED ONES THERE.**

1. Come in my partners in distress, We'll be gathered home; My comrades through this  
   wilderness, We'll be gathered home. We'll meet our loved ones there, We'll  
   meet our loved ones there, When we are gathered home, gathered home.

3. Our sufferings here will soon be o'er; We'll be gathered home.  
   Then we will sigh and weep no more; We'll be gathered home.  
   Chorus.

2. Thrice blessed bliss, inspiring hope, We'll be gathered home.  
   It lifts my fainting spirit up; We'll be gathered home.  
   Chorus.
GOD HATH ENDOWED US.

1. God hath endowed us with reason to maintain our dominion.

He hath fitted us with language to improve by society, and exalted our minds, and exalted our minds with powers of meditation.

Oh, praise his goodness with joyful songs, Oh, magnify his wisdom with harp and with organ, magnify, magnify his wisdom, and meditate in silence on the wonders of his love. Let our
 Anthems, Sentences, Choruses.

GOD HATH ENDOWED US. Concluded.

hearts over-flow with gratitude and acknowledge-ment; let the

language of our lips speak praise and adoration; let the

actions of our lives show our love to his laws.

BEATITUDE. (Sentence.)

Bless-ed are they that keep justice, bless-ed are they that

keep justice, and he that do-eth righteous-ness at all times, and

he that do-eth righteous-ness at all times.
GLADSOME LIFE.

1. This gladsome life, when free from strife, Shall fill our hearts with glee,
Birds as they sing on buoyant wing, And falling show'rs on field and flow'rs,
Shall make us pure, shall make us pure and free.

2. Where are clear beams in laughing streams
And music in the trees;
Love-lit are eyes with heavenly dyes,

3. Beautiful songs of unseen throngs
O'erflow this world of ours;
Angels of love from realms above,
By willing hands in holy bands,
Bedeck our paths with flowers.

4. There is no death! the Father's breath
Restores our hearts to youth;
Life springs to view with vigor new;
A spirit wave destroys the grave
For him who loves the truth.

PEACEFUL REST.

1. Ev'ry day hath toil and trouble,
Meekly bear thine own full measure,
God shall fill thy mouth with gladness, And thy heart with love.

2. LABOR, wait! though midnight shadows
Gather round thee here,
And the storms above thee low'ring
Fill thy heart with fear,

D.C.

315. THE GLADSOME LIFE.

2. THERE are clear beams in laughing streams
And music in the trees;
Love-lit are eyes with heavenly dyes,

316. PEACEFUL REST.

2. LABOR, wait! though midnight shadows
Gather round thee here,
And the storms above thee low'ring
Fill thy heart with fear,

D.C.
Anthems, Sentences, Choruses.

ANTHEM OF LIBERTY.

1. Anthem of liberty, solemn and grand, Wake in thy loftiness;

2. Pledge the old flag again—flag of our sires! Fling all thy folds abroad,

Sad was the household, and hushed was the mirth;
Let the house ring with sweet laughter again.

Long has the angel Death hung o'er thy home,
Now he hath fled and joy-spirits come;
Sunshine and music brighten the hearth!

WELCOME her back to the board and the hearth!

Long hath she languished in sorrow and pain;

16
O God, O Spirit, O God, O Spirit, Light of all that live! Who dost on them that sit in darkness shine! The darkness ever with the light doth strive, Yet pour on us again thy beams divine.

O breath from out th'Eternal Silence! Blow softly, blow softly up on our spirits' barren ground, Blow softly, blow softly up on our spirits' barren ground. O, Fountain! that dost unexhausted
GOD IS SPIRIT. Concluded.

Life of life! flow now into the quiet hearts which seek thee here.

MEDIA.

Andante.

1. They are the pioneers That bring the world release From fetters of transiion's years, To freedom's age of peace, To freedom's age of peace.

320.

2 They are the mystic lyres,
   Attuned by hands above,
   That waft from heav'n's celestial choirs
   The songs of angel-love.

3 They are the hunted birds
   Of bruised and bleeding breast,
   Whose loving deeds and spirit words
   Soothe angry hearts to rest.

4 They are the trembling palms,
   With healing influence rife,
   Whose wounded leaves are Gilead balms
   Restoring all to life.

5 Oh, cherish them with care,
   Their dying hopes renew;
   In all their many sorrows share,
   As loving angels do.
MORN OF FREEDOM.

1. Soon shall the trump of freedom Resound from shore to shore;

Soon, taught by heavenly wisdom, Man shall oppress no more;

But every yoke be broken, Each captive soul set free,

And every heart shall welcome The day of jubilee,
Anthems, Sentences, Choruses.

MORN OF FREEDOM. Continued.

And ev'ry heart shall welcome The day of jubilee.

Bass Solo. Animato.

Then tyrants' crowns and sceptres, And victors' wreaths and cars, And
galling chains and fetters, With all the pomp of wars, Shall in the dust be trodden,

And rule the earth no more; And peace and joy from heav'n, The Lord on earth shall pour.
MORN OF FREEDOM. Continued.

Duet.

The morn of peace is beam - ing, Its glo - ry will ap - pear;

Cres.

Be - hold its ear - ly gleam - ing, The day is drawing near!

The spear shall then be bro-ken, And sheathed the glit'-ring sword;

The ol - ive be the to - ken, And peace the greeting word.
1. Yes, yes, the day is breaking! Far brighter glows its beam!

The nations round are waking, As from a midnight dream.

They see its radiance shining, Where all was dark as night;

'Tis higher, wider speeding, A boundless flood of light,

'Tis higher, wider speeding, A boundless flood of light!
DIVINE GOODNESS.

O! ye dwellers on the earth! O! ye dwellers on the earth! ye know not how well and fervently ye are loved by the angels, else would your hearts wax strong, else would your hearts wax strong in the hour of trial; and a holy peace that no earth storms could disturb would possess your souls, and a holy peace that no earth storms could disturb would possess your souls.
O BRUISED AND BLEEDING HEART! Sentence.

O bruised and bleeding heart, who, in thy weary struggling,

found not a single earth-friend true and tried, the angels will never desert thee. A voice of warning, and a word of encouragement, comes to thee in thy darkest hour from those whose loves grow not weary, and whose faith in humanity's unshaken, and whose faith in humanity is unshaken.
THE COMING DAY.

Soli.

See the twilight on the hills! See the leaping mountain rills!

Full Chorus.

Rolling on its sunny way. The world's long night is fleeing now,

For young day tints the mountain's brow, And error's icy chains give way

Before his warm and genial ray. Hark! swelling on the morning breeze,

What soul-entrancing symphonies, Bright angels from the realms away
Anthems, Sentences, Choruses.

THE COMING DAY. Concluded.

Are her - ald - ing the com - ing day, Are her - ald - ing the com - ing day.

Wake, drowsy earth! from sleep a - rise! Light waits to bless up - lift - ed eyes!

Thy mists must van - ish, darkness fly, For truth illumes the east - ern sky;

And lov - ers of the dus - ky night, May hide their heads, for lo, 'tis light!

BLESSED IS THE MAN. Sentence.

Bless - ed is the man who shall ev - er walk with meekness and in -

tog - ri-ty, and in whose spirit there is no guile, and in whose spir - it there is no guile.
When we go, let no wall in the mansions be heard, No wavelet on soul-soses, or heart-chord be stirred; But let calm-ness and trust their faith off'ring bring To blend with the rapture,—"O death! where's thy sting?"

Let the hour be morn, while the first breeze is stealing O'er forest and flow'r, in sweet notes revealing The soul's aspirations, like hymns in the air. That rise like the incense of flow'rs bent in prayer.
**Anthems, Sentences, Choruses.**

**WHEN we go hence.**

1. **WHEN** we go, let no wail in the mansion be heard,
   No wavelet on soul-sea or heart-chord be stirred;
   But let calmness and trust their faith-off’rings bring
   To blend with the rapture, "O death! where’s thy sting?"
   Let the hour be morn, while the first breeze is stealing
   O’er forest and flow’r, in sweet notes revealing
   The soul’s aspirations, like hymns in the air,
   That rise like the incense of flow’r’s bent in prayer.

2. O’er the grave let no willow in minor tones moan,
   The false dogma, "died," ne’er be carved on the stone;
   For such breathe not the truths o’ergleaming the ports
   That gladden forever the heavenly courts.
   Oh, these death-scenes are sweet, for the soul pens for ages
   Vast volumes of thought on unwritten pages;
   While each throe of despair, of deep sorrow and pain,
   Will burnish the links in life’s mystical chain.

3. Let the harps of the angels be newly restrung!
   There’s mirth to be made; there are songs to be sung;
   For a pilgrim has passed from the care-lands of earth
   To realms of the loved, where the spirit had birth.
   'Twill be joy to stand in that bright world of glory,
   Where wisdom and love are themes of life’s story,
   Where the cross shines a crown that to angels is given,
   With loved ones who glide through the azure of heav’n.

**HEAR! O MAN.** Sentence.

Hear! O man, hear! O man, the plead’ings from the angel land, nor close thine ear against nature’s voice; for it is God, the Father, who speaks.
UNIVERSAL PATRIOTISM.

With animation, but not too fast.

1. Oh, the glory! Oh, the glory! That shall come to our dear mother world, When the lightning of truth bright'ning With the ages as they roll, Pulsing, pulsing Tides of love from we inherit, Striving valiant 'gainst the wrong, Shouting, shouting "Equal rights to

soul to soul, Shall dissemble all oppressions, And destroy all all belong!" Shall emancipate the races, And shall cease

false concessions To a party, sect, or clan; Shall abolish

crate all places Holy in a common cause, Till there is a

all relations Of the boundaries of nations That enslave our brother man!

heart communion Of humanity in union. Ruled at last by "higher laws!"

Oh, the glory! Oh, the glory! That shall come to our dear mother world.

Oh, the glory! etc.
FEAR NOT.

1. Fear not, O friends, the wintry storms of life;
   And acorns driven by the wind's rude strife,
   The sweet arbutus blooms beneath the snow;
   Fear not, though right be smitten of the wrong,

   And all your good intents seem empty breath;
   But learn ye then to sing the olden song:
   From grief springs joy, from weakness cometh strength,
   But learn ye then to sing the olden song: From grief springs joy, from

   That they may burst their cells and germinate,
   And come to blossoms and to fruitage fair.
   Know, then, O friends, with wisdom comes content,
   And each event of life to us is blest

   When we accept in trust whate'er is sent,
   And learn to say, "God's will is mine-

329. BLOSSOMS IN TRIAL.

2. Some souls there are that need the frosts of fate
   To fall upon the seeds of truth they bear,
**INDIAN HUNTER.**

1. Oh, why does the white man follow my path, Like the hound on the tiger's track? Does the flush on my dark cheek waken his wrath? Does he covet the bow at my back?

2. The Spirit above thought fit to give The white man corn and wine; There are golden fields where he may live, But the forest shades are mine.

The white man corn and track; Does the flush on my dark cheek waken his wrath? Does he covet the bow at my back? He has rivers and seas where the forest shades are mine. The eagle hath its billows and breeze bear riches for him alone; And the sons of the wood never place of rest. The wild horse where to dwell; And the Spirit that gave the
Anthems, Sentences, Choruses.

INDIAN HUNTER. Concluded.

Walk in the light! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly his,
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is

Walk in the light! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,
Because that light hath on thee shone
In which is perfect day.

FELLOWSHIP.

Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That fellowship of love, His spirit only

can be stow, Who reigns in light above.

2 WALK in the light! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly his.
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is

3 Walk in the light! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,
Because that light hath on thee shone
In which is perfect day.
As the mountain torrents, gathering into one, broader, deeper, grander.

Mingling souls and voices, joining hearts and hands, form a mighty magnet.

Drawing from the sea, where the elemental truths of ages be.

Full Chorus.

Holy friends of progress, loving God indeed.

Join your eager forces for the coming need, the coming
Anthems, Sentences, Choruses.

UNION. Concluded.

need, the com-ing need, Join your ea-ger for-ces for the com-ing need.

GOOD-NIGHT.

Andante.

1. Good-night! good-night! all our la-bor now is done;

Day-light sweet-ly round is clos-ing, Bus-y hands and heads re-pos-ing.

Till to-mor-row's ris-ing sun. Good-night! good-night!

333. GOOD-NIGHT.

2 Now to rest! now to rest!
   Let the weary eyelids close!
   Sleep on every eye is lying;
   Hark! the whippoorwill is crying;
   All invites thee to repose.
   Good-night! good-night!

3 Rest in peace! rest in peace!
   Till the morning gaily breaks;
   Till the day, its cares renewing,
   Calls us to be up and doing.
   Rest in peace! thy Father wakes!
   Good-night! good-night!

334. HOPE FOR THE INSANE.

1 ANGELS bright, charged with light,
   Are now in the prison rooms,
   O'er the minds of weepers bending,
   Ev'ry seal of terror rending,
   Op'ning all the mental tombs.
   Sweet light! sweet light!

2 Reason dawns! reason dawns!
   Hark! the cries of sorrow cease!
   For the angels' magic power,
   Healing in electric shower,
   Charm by beauty, love, and peace!
   Sweet light! sweet light!
GLADNESS.

Allegretto.

1. Be glad! be glad! for nature around Never robes in the garb of a drooping gloom; Neither a sighing nor weeping is found

Over her realm of bloom,

Humble wrens, And the swallows gossip thro' all the bright sky,

Gay squirrels chirp from trees and from dens, And bees hum so merrily

2. A play are clouds in blue azure space,

With the light and the shade on the teeming vale,

Stretching away in a frolicking chase,

Blending with sweets of gale, sweets of gale;

Leaves have a dance in the aspen bow'rs,

And the laughing wind is a-waving the stream;

Blossoming groves are kissing the shower's,

And courting the rainbow gleam.
The broad-faced sun! how genial it smiles
On the dew-sprinkled earth that reflects its
Blessing the waters and far distant isles, [ray,
Smiling thy fears away, fears away.
Stars in the night are our world's bright crown,
As they drink the light from the fountain
above,
Bathing our heads with silvery down,
And glowing our hearts with love.

Rejoice! rejoice! in innocent glee;
Make thy heart ever pure here in life's great
school;
Sunshine is brightest in souls that are free,
Loving the golden rule, golden rule:
Giving to others as nature parts [hand,
With her beauteous gifts from her generous
Asking no pay of famishing hearts,
For all are a brother-band.

PUSHMATAHA.
Adagio.

My children will walk through the forests,
And the Great Spirit will whisper in the tree-tops and the flowers will spring
up in the trails; but Push-ma-ta-ha will hear not, he will see the flowers no more!

His people will know that he is gone! The news will come to their ears, as the

sound of the fall of a mighty oak in the stillness of the woods.
The Spiritual Harp.

CHANT No. 1.

Eternal Progress.

1 Eternal progress! watchword of Reform!
Hark, how the great thought-echoes of the past
Ring roundly from the silver trumpet of time!

2 What living fire their clarion roundel stirs
In souls that dare live out the conscious truth
So trembling into whispered life within!

3 O virtue grandest, that which dares to trust
The voice of God before the art of man!

4 Eternal progress blazons grandly down
The arch-angelic battlements of light,
And beacons mankind upward unto joy:
Come up higher! O ye that thrill with hope,
And feel the groping mystery of life;
Come up from darkest slavery, and learn
Pure, righteous freedom; truth shall make you free!

The Meadows.

1 Each form that the eye beholdeth is fresh, with the life of God,
The bird in the elm-tree branches, the flowers of the golden rod;

2 And I yield my soul in rapture to the sweet and sacred flow
From the central fount of being to man and the world below.

3 Oh, what are the cares and sorrows that come in a fearful throng,
Oh, what are the pain and anguish, the loss and the cruel wrong,

4 When the eyes of the soul are lifted, and the holiest depths are stirred,
By the ceaseless hymn of Nature in the lonely meadows heard!

CHANT No. 2.

The Angels of Consolation.

1 With silence only as their benediction, God's angels come,
Where, in the shadow of a great affliction, the soul sits dumb.

2 Yet would we say, what ev'ry heart approveth, our Father's will
Calling to him the dear ones whom he loveth is mercy still.

3 Not upon us, or ours, the solemn angel hath evil wrought;
The fun'ral anthem is a glad evangel; the good die not!

4 God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly what he has given;
They live on earth in thought and deed as truly as in his heav'n.
CHANT NO. 3.  O SACRED PRESENCE.

1. O Sacred Presence! Life Divine! We rear for thee no gilt-ed shrine;
2. We will not mock thy holy name. With titles high, of emp-ty flame,
3. All souls in circling orbits run, Around thee as their cen-tral sun;

Unfashioned by the hand of art, Thy temple is the child-like heart.
For thou, with all thy works and ways, Art far beyond our see-ble praise;
And as the planets roll and burn, To thee, O Lord! for light we turn;

No tearful eye, no bended knee. No servile speech we bring to thee;
But freely as the birds that sing. The soul's spontaneous gift we bring,
Nor life, nor death, nor time, nor space, Shall rob us of our name or place,

For thy great love turns ev'ry voice, And makes each trust-ing soul re-joce.
And like the fragrance of the flow'rs, We con-se-crate to thee our pow'rs.
But we shall love thee and adore, Through end-less a-gos ev-er more!

Chorus. lively.

Then strike your lyres, ye angel choirs! The sound prolong, O white-robed throng! Till ev'ry creature joins the song.

GRACES OF HEART.*

1 BREATHE through our hearts the spirit | life di- vine,
   Inspire with wisdom, | warm with | radiant | love,
2 Direct our powers to work with | heaven's design,
   That deeds of chari-ty our | faith may | prove;
3 And send thy watchful guardians | from a-bove;
   Teach us our earth-born | vices | to de-stroy;
4 And, as along life's varied | lines we move,
   All gifts and graces | may we | so employ,
5 That, when the birth of | death shall come,
   It may come with | glory | and with | joy.

* Music, Chant No. 1 or 2.
The Spiritual Harp.

CHANT No. 4.

1. Joy is the main-spring--in the whole Of endless nature's calm rotation;

2. Joy breathes on buds, and flow'rs they are;
Joy beckons, suns come forth from joy
Joy rolls the spheres in realms afar,
Ne'er to thy glass, dim wisdom, giv'n!

3. Joyous as suns careering gay
Along their royal paths on high,
March, brothers, march your dauntless way,
As chiefs to victory!

4. Joy, from truth's purest lambent fires,
Smiles out upon the ardent seeker;
Joy leads to virtue man's desires
And cheers as Suffering's step grows weaker.

5. High from the sunny slopes of faith,
The gales her waving banners buoy;
And through the shattered vaults of death,
Lo, mid the choral, angels joy!

6. Then bravely bear this life, ye millions,
Bear this for that beyond the sod,
Assured that o'er the star pavillons
Re ward a waits with God.

CHANT No. 5. MISSION OF TRIAL.

Permission of D. A. WARDEN, Phil.

1. My God, my Father, while I stray,
Far from my home on life's rough way,
Oh, teach me from my heart to say—Thy will, O God, be done.

2. Though dark my path, and sent my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
And breathe the prayer diligently taught,—Thy will, O God, be done.

3. What though in lonely grief I sigh,
For friends below'd no waste away My life in prema—
Thy will, O God, be done.

4. Should pining sickness waste a way to glim'ring star,
I see the loved ones from afar,
In life or death teach me to say—Thy will, O God, be done.

5. But if by midnight's life's rough way
Far from my home on life's rough way,
Oh, let my soul not stand a jar,—Thy will, O God, be done.
CHANT NO. 6.

The Voyage of Life.

1 Launch thy bark! launch thy bark on the swelling tide,
   But oh, look up and lean on heav'n, as swiftly on you glide;
   For perils all around thee lie, like rocks up on the sea;
   And he who slumbers on the watch a shapeless wreck may be!

2 Hoist thy flag! hoist thy flag! nail it to the mast;
   The flag of truth, the flag of love, up on the breezes cast;
   And neath that banner's glorious folds spread out thy flowing sail;
   Press onward to the destined port before the fav'ring gale!

3 Speed thee on! speed thee on, o'er the troubled sea;
   But oh, let wisdom guide thy bark, and truth thy compass be;
   Unloose thy sail; God speed thee now; thy vigil never cease;
   Till, anchored in the heavenly port, thou find eternal peace.

CHANT NO. 7.

Evening Prayer.

1 Hush! 'tis a holy hour; the quiet room
   Seems like a temple, while yon soft lamp sheds

2 A faint and starry radiance, through the gloom
   And the sweet stillness, down on fair young heads,

3 With all their clus'tring curls, un touched by care,
   And bowed, as flowers are bowed with night, in prayer!

4 Oh, take the thought of this calm vesper time,
   With its low murmur'ring sounds and silv'ry light,

5 On through the dark days fading from their prime,
   As a sweet dew to keep your souls from blight!

6 Earth will forsake — Oh! happy to have giv'n
   The unbroken heart's first fragrance unto heav'n!
CHANT No. 8.

HUMAN LIFE.

1 WISDOM divine! O human life!
In countless joys and endless strife for- ever art thou blending:

2 Creation's causes measuring out,
With changing life's exultant shout, ever changing, never ending;

3 All life's blessings, all its sadness,
All its sorrows, all its gladness, mingling bitter with the sweet;

4 Reason's torch each pathway lighting;
Frosts of age can have no blighting while these endless life-tides meet.

5 And ever thus, O human life!
With more of joy, and less of strife, fill up thy golden bowl;

6 While ever living, never failing,
God endures, the all-avail ing soul of life, and life of soul.

CHANT NO. 9. MIDNIGHT WATCHERS' PRAYER.

1 THE angels are about us when we think not they are near;
And those of angel natures are to angels wedded here.

2 As we walk with bleeding feet over life's uneven way,
We know that angels guard us thro' the night and thro' the day.

3 When hope is shrouded like the sun, and life is bowed by care,
And all the chambers of the soul are haunted by despair,

4 Let us heed the gentle whispers of the angels ever near,
And ghosts of grief like shadows from the soul shall disappear.

And when earth's last shadow bids the soul take its flight, Oh! lead them, our Father, to regions of light.

CHANT NO. 10.

When eve empurples cliff and cave,
Thoughts of the heart, how soft ye
Not softer on the western wave, [flow;
The golden lines of sunset glow.

349.

Evening of Life.

1 When eve empurples cliff and cave,
Thoughts of the heart, how soft ye
Not softer on the western wave, [flow;
The golden lines of sunset glow.

2 Then all by Providence removed,
Like spirits imaged on the eye,

CHANT NO. 11.

Consider the Lilies.

1 Consider the lilies of the field, whose bloom is brief:
   We are as they; like them we fade away, as doth a leaf.

2 Consider the little sparrows, tho' of small account:
   He guards us too, for God doth view when they fall or when they mount.

3 Consider the lilies that do neither spin nor toil,
   Yet are most fair: what profits all this care and all this toil?

4 Consider the birds that have no barn nor harvest weeks:
   God gives them food; to do us good, much more our Father seeks.

Perpetual Inspiration.

1 Is God asleep, that he should cease to be
   All that he was to prophets of the past?
All that he was to poets of olden time?
All that he was to heroes souls, who clad
Their sun-bright minds in adamantine mail,
Of constancy, and walked the world with him,
And spake with his deep music on their tongue,
And acted with his pulse within the heart?
The Spiritual Harp

CHANT No. 12.

1. The truth shall make you free; for truth is God's,
   And hath a power sacred unto it,

2. A power that stirs the living souls of men,
   And lifts them up from lowliness to light.

3. "The truth shall make you free; for hope, fair hope,
   And all her train of eloquent resolves,
   Do stand upon the watch, and guard you well.

4. "The truth shall make you free;" for faith, strong faith,
   Stands sterling sentinel upon the rock and tower
   Of God's eternal purposes with man.

5. "The truth shall make you free;" for love, pure love,
   Is God's divinest attribute, and wins
   All human hearts to learn and keep his law.

6. And faith, hope, truth, that teach us to be free,
   Do culminate and bosom all in love.

7. For "God is love;" if we but trust him so,
   Then all these goodly gifts take root in us.

353. HOW SWEET THE THOUGHT.

1. When clouds above our earthly way shut out the sunshine clear,
   How sweet the thought that angels come to whisper words of cheer;

2. The spirits of those gone before, the loved and lost of ours,
   Come back from gardens bright and fair to strew our paths with flowers.

3. How sweet the thought that God will hear the humblest mortal's prayer,
   That none can gather in his name without his presence there.

4. Let not our earthly eyes be drawn to fleeting pageantry;
   Let not our ears shut out the song of all eternity.

CHANT No. 13.

354. RELIGION.

1. Hail! spirit of devotion, light of life,
   That lifts away the veil twixt earth and heav'n,

2. And bids the soul look up with filial trust.
   Hail, hail, religion! maid of gentlest name,

3. Whose diadem shines queenly among the angels;
   Whose sweet voice whispers to the waiting heart,

4. "Thy God is near, and angel ministeries
   Have charge of all thy spirit march of prayer."
355.

1 Why droopest thou, sad soul,
   Over this crumbling clay?
Why sadly sit and weep?
   Has all hope fled away?

2 Is there no star above thee?
   No fond heart still to love?
No breast whereon to slumber,
   Thy faith, thy trust to prove?

3 Take heart, take heart, sad soul;
   Be firm, be strong, be free:
Put forth thy hand to grasp
   The moments as they flee,

4 And ope the golden portals
   That hang the worlds between,
The mortal and immortal,
The unseen and the seen.

5 The dead are not departed;
   Only the dross laid by;
The good and the true-hearted
   Are ever hov'ring nigh.

6 Then wake, sad soul, to cherish
   The loves kindled here;
The form alone can perish,
   Then wherefore weep a tear?

CHANT NO. 15.

356.

1 When we are tired with toils of day,
The strife of glory, gold, and fame,

2 And from the lattice far it gleams,
   To love and rest and comfort call.

3 When we are tired with toils of day,
The strife of glory, gold, and fame,

4 How sweet to seek the quiet way,
   Where loving lips will lisp our name,
   A- round the light of home!

357.

1 Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
   Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted.

2 Blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy.
   Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God.

3 Blessed are the peace-makers; for they shall be called the children of God.
   Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men.
CHANT NO. 15.

FATHER AND MOTHER.

1 O God, I cannot fear, for thou art love,
   And wheresoe'er I grope I feel thy breath!
2 Yea, in the storm which wrecks an argosy,
   Or in the surges of the sea of men,
3 When empires perish, I hold thy face,
   I hear thy voice which gives the law to all.
4 The furies of the storm and law pro-claim,
   "Peace, troubled waves, serve ye the right—be still!"
5 I cannot fear a single flash of soul
   Shall ever fail, outcast from thee, forgotten.
6 Father and Mother of all things that are,
   I flee to thee, and in thy arms find rest.

CHANT No. 17.

ONWARD.

1 "Onward!" shouts earth, with her myriad voices,
   Singing a response to the song of the seven,
2 As like a winged child of God's love she rejoices,
   Swinging her censer of glory in heaven.
3 And lo, it is writ by the finger of God,
   In sunbeams and flow'rs on the living green sod:
4 "Onward forever, forever more onward,
   And ever she turneth all trust fully sunward.

CHORUS OF NATURE.

1 Thro' the sounding aisles of the dim old woods,
   A ceaseless hymn is heard;
2 The low, soft sigh of the solitudes,
   The song of the gladsome bird;
3 The whispering wind and the murmuring rill,
   And the voice of the lofty trees;
4 The calm blue sky, with its face so still,
   And a thousand harmonies;
5 Nameless and strange by the heart-harp made,
   In a full, grand chorus swell,
6 On hill, in valley, and woodland shade,
   The Father's love to tell.
SPIRIT ECHOES.

DIVINE PATERNITY.

God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him.

God is truth, and light is his shadow.

God is a spirit; and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.

Our Father and our Mother!
Help us to love the good, the beautiful, the true.

HEAVENLY-MINDEDNESS.

May this soul of mine, which is a ray of perfect wisdom, pure intellect, and permanent existence, which is the unextinguishable light fixed within created bodies, without which no good is performed, be united by devout meditation with the Spirit supremely blest and supremely intelligent.

Hallowed be thy name.

O Vishnu! who art Spirit, self-existent and imperishable, who, with the three qualities, — cause of creation, preservation, and destruction, — art the parent of nature and all the ingredients of the universe, bestow upon us understanding and final emancipation.

Give us a part in all good actions and all holy words.

SPIRITUAL SOVEREIGNTY.

Let us take refuge with God from dark and evil thoughts which molest and afflict us.

The eyes of Purity saw thee by the lustre of thy substance.

Intelligence is a drop from among the drops of the ocean of thy place of souls. The soul is a flame from among the flames of the fire of thy residence of sovereignty.

O Thou who showerest down blessings! O Light of lights!
Rescue us from the fetters of dark and evil matter.

— Persian Prophets.
The Spiritual Harp.

Immanuel.

SOUL of souls! by our senses thou seest, hearest, tastest, smellest, feelest; by our heart thou lovest; by our mind thou thinkest!
We are one with thee!
O God above and within us! by the love of thy still voice of wisdom, Call us aloft where angels are.

—Prophet of To-day.

Angelic Harmony.

We beseech thee for nothing, for thou doest all things well.
Every moment thou art calling minds out of darkness.
In thee they find strength and enlightenment and sanctification.
They love, and they fear not.
They walk, and do not stumble.
They look upon thee, and their doubts flee away.
We beseech thee for nothing, because thy gracious omniscience comprehendeth the least as well as the greatest; thy life is in all and through all.
In thee all live and move and have their being.
O Father! O Mother! O Light!
Receive from all thy children everlasting love. Amen. —Arabula.

Progress.

IMMORTAL force — servant of Deity—
Works forward, never backward. From the plane
Of nature's pyramidal base it moves
Upward in transmutations glorious,
Tracing the thought of God. Inward fires
That flame at nature's heart, the strength and power
Of all material method, the ascent,
The terrible abyss, the tempest wrath,
The beauty of the blossom and the leaf,
The glory of the rainbow and the cloud,
The music of the bird and bee and stream,
The harmony of things, the restless toss
And mystery of the changing opal sea,—
All are refined, transmuted, and conserved,
And wrought into the foetal angel — MAN.
The human organism perishes,
To aid the wondrous alchemy of life;
And Force, sublimed to phosphorescent mind,
Mounts upon pinions of celestial flame,
Sphering the germ-spark of a seraph's fire,
And burning upward to the INFINITE. —Augusta Cooper Bristol.
Invocation to the Angels.

Angel ministry cheers the darkest days of our pilgrimage here with the confident assurance that there is not an aspiration after good, nor a dream of the beautiful, during the earthly life, that will not find a nobler field and fairer realization when the pilgrim has cast off his burden and reached the better land.

— R. D. Owen.

I heard voices saying, Come up higher!

— John.

How vast is the power of spirits! An ocean of invisible intelligences surround us everywhere. They cause men to purify and sanctify their hearts. How important that we should not neglect them! — Confucius.

The angels are with us; the place is holy; aspiration is worship.

Blessed evangelists of the Divine Spirit! they inspire us with pure thought; they succor us in adversity; they encircle us with rainbows of hope; and in the fading scenes of life, the mystic gates ajar, they roll up the curtains of immortality and show us those we love.

O faithful spirits! save us from abusing your heavenly oracles.

Feed us with the bread of God that cometh down from heaven, and giveth life unto the world.

Teach us the virtues of sincerity, meekness, innocence, and heavenly-mindedness; the sacredness of orderly marriage and its holy uses for fatherhood; and awaken in us sweet tempers and the loves of spiritual devotion.

Inspire us with the enlightenments of normal reason and harmony.

*Indicates the place for the music. When there are no words opposite the star, sing the words set to music.
NATURE calls with many voices to worship in her temple.

The willing spirit answers, and I go forth into the great fane that is consecrated by the Divine Presence.

Nature's great heart beats under our feet and over our head.

The currents of all pervading life flow into every form of the natural world, and therefore do all forms partake of the divine energy.

God is here, and the quick soul feels his presence in the midst of his temple.

- Tongues in trees, books in running brooks,
  Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

- The morning sun his golden eyelash raises
  O'er eastern hills;
  The happy summer-bird, with matin praises.
  The thicket fills.

A day will come to every soul when into the channels of its purified being will pour the love, the truth, the beauty of the world.

- And nature's dress, with softly tinted roses,
  And lilies wrought,
  Through all its varied unity dis closes.
  God's perfect thought.

More and more the surges of everlasting nature enter into me, and become human and public in my regards and actions. Through the years and the centuries, through evil agents, through toys and atoms, a great eneficent tendency irresistibly flows.
Oh, drop, my soul, the burden that oppresses
And cares that rule,
That I may prove the whispering wildernesses
Heaven's vestige by the soul!

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul.

For I can hear, despite material warden
And earthly looks,
A still small voice, and know that through his garden
The Father walks.

Liberty.

Then shall come the new-born state, Justice sit within the gate,

Freedom, like a giant strong, Triumph o'er the ancient wrong.

Liberty.

Whatever is just is the true law, nor can this true law be abrogated by any written enactment.

The spirit of liberty is principle at work.

The primary aim of government is to protect individuals in the enjoyment of those absolute rights which were vested in them by the immutable laws of nature.

Obey God manifest in thyself.

Hopeful and glorious are the times, when men can exercise the right to speak and publish the truth.

Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof.

The aim of the people is liberty. In every corner of the known earth at this day the cry is "Liberty! liberty for the body, liberty for the soul!"

Give the public freedom, noble aims; busy them with great work.
PURITY.

**VIRTUE** is nobility without heraldry.

Unto the pure all things are pure.

Be not ashamed of thy virtues.

- There's a pure white lily
  That is blooming in the earth,
  A beautiful lily,
  And it hath immortal birth,
  The lily of the soul.

Sully not the honor of thy house;
Fix not a withering stigma upon thy children.

- There's a pure white lily
  That is drinking heavenly rain,
  A beautiful lily
  That's without a scar or stain,
  The lily of the soul.

Virtue can add reverence to the bloom of youth;
And without it age plants more wrinkles in the spirit than on the forehead.

- There's a pure white lily,
  And its petals are unfurled,
  A beautiful lily,
  For the glory of the world,
  The lily of the soul.
Pure affections, pure thoughts, pure habits, clothe the person with attributes of beauty.

* There's a pure white lily
  That is fresh with wisdom's dew,
  A beautiful lily,
  Of a sweetness ever new,
  The lily of the soul.

Blessed are the pure in heart, for they see God. — Jesus.

* There's a pure white lily
  That will blossom soon at hand,
  A beautiful lily,
  In the golden summer-land,
  The lily of the soul,

Oh, take heart! a pure and honorable life is possible to all. — Grace Greenwood.

Woman.

THE universal human heart, even though blind and cold, pays a certain involuntary homage to the mothers whose children have acted the Christ-part in their generations. — Mrs. Farnham.

The heart cannot be true to others that to itself is false. — Mrs. H. F. M. Brown.

Woman! take courage to elevate thyself; strive to free thyself from fetters, and the great-souled men will haste to thy rescue. — Mrs. Mary F. Davis.

Then comes the statelier Eden back to man;
Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste and calm;
Then springs the crowning race of humankind. — Tennyson.

She is clothed with neatness; she is fed with temperance; humility and meekness are as a crown of glory circling her head.

Decency is in all her words; in her answers are mildness and truth.

The tongue of the licentious is dumb in her presence.

The awe of her virtue keepeth him silent.

She informeth the minds of her children with wisdom; she fashioneth their manners from the example of her own goodness.

The troubles of her husband are alleviated by her counsels and sweetened by her endearments.

Happy is the man who has made her his wife; happy is the child that calleth her mother. — Sanscrit.

The dependence of Liberty shall be lovers.

The continuance of Equality shall be comrades. — Whitman.
COME now, let us reason together, saith the Spirit: Though your sorrows be red like crimson, they shall be white as snow; though they be as the sands of the sea, they are gold dust in the eye of Wisdom.

O Spirit of Love! thy children are athirst on the desert of life.
Within thee may be found the oasis of rest, with its dews of mercy, springs of justice, sunshine of truth, and beauty of virtue.

O Spirit of Love! thy children are worried with cares and disappointments.
Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

O Spirit of Love! thy children murmur amid hatreds and repinings.

Great peace have they that love my law of forgiveness, and nothing shall offend them.

O Spirit of Love! save us from distrust. In hallowed silence let us meditate on thy wonderful goodness.

Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.

REFORM.

IT is so cheap to praise what all applaud,
To bend the supple knee and bow the head
Over the graves of the illustrious dead,
Extol the past in popular accord,
And with the lips confess that Christ is Lord!
If we have not the martyr strength to tread
Their thorny paths, lead onward as they led
Far in advance of ancient bounds, unawed,—
If, cowards in the present, we recoil
From grappling with the evils of our time,
Content with bygone, vanquished sins to moil,
Our praise of olden heroes is but slime,
And we are naught but cumberers of the soil,
And parasites, and panderers to crime.

—William Loyd Garrison.

REFINEMENT.

WERT thou never refined in pitiless fire
From the dross of thy sloth, and mean desire;
Wert thou never taught to feel and know
That the truest love hath its roots in woe,
Thou would'st never unriddle the complex plan,
Or reach half-way to the perfect man;
Thou would'st never attain the tranquil height
Where wisdom purifies the sight,
And God unfolds to the humblest gaze
The bliss and beauty of his ways.

—Chas. McKay.
Spirit Echoes.

CHANT. NO. 3.

Great truths, they come from God! In heaven have birth;
They spring to life from each prophetic word That thrills the listening earth.

TRUTH.

Great truths, they come from God! In heaven have birth;
They spring to life from each prophetic word That thrills the listening earth.

WHAT is truth?
Truth is the soul's divine conviction. — Pilate.

Master mind, and you have mastered the universe. — Spirit of John.
Search for truth on all occasions, and espouse it in opposition to the world. — Perasee Lendanta.

Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free. — Jesus.

* With myriad wrongs they wage
An endless war,
And shed their lustre o'er each passing age,
Like morning's golden star!

The way to gain admission into the temple of science is through the portal of doubt. — Socrates.

* Great souls are filled with love,
Great brows are calm,
Serene within their might, they soar above
The whirlwind and the storm.

Be persuaded that those things are not your riches which you do not possess in the penetralia of your reasoning powers. — Demophiles.

Brave the world; be firm in truth, liberal and generous. — E. V. Wilson.
The Spiritual Harp.

CHANT. NO. 4.

They shall cease, they shall cease, For the Angel of Peace Shall whiten the earth, not with bones of the slain, But with flow'rs for the garland and sheaves for the wain.

THEY SHALL CEASE.

Peace.

THE life of man is sacred.

There is a higher law.

The government is for the people, not the people for the government.

Man before and above his institutions.

Wherefore the wisdom of law binding us to rob, maim, starve, or destroy our fellow-men? wherefore the worth of a church or state that sacrifices life to preserve its authority? wherefore the charge of guilt to him who slays only his neighbor, but the plaudits of glory to the hero who slays his thousands?

Are we not all brethren? hath not one Father created us? — Malachi.

Suffer rather than inflict suffering.

The dawn will break —
The dawn of brotherhood and love and peace,
The light of a new time, when there shall cease
This clang of armies over Christian lands;
And nations, tearing off their Lazarus-bands,
Shall rise — see face to face — and sadly say,
Why were we foes? why did we serve and slay?" — Garibaldi.

Blessed are the peace-makers; for they shall be called the children of God.

— Jesus.
The trumpets that blow when the battle's red star
Whelms the world with its blood, as it bursts from afar;
When the demon of wrath beats his war-drums that roll,
And clashes his steel as the steeple-bells toll —

The death-smitten eyes that look up to the sun,
And see only the cannon-smoke darkling and dun;
And the lips that in dying hurl curses at those
Whom the Father made brethren, but evil made foes—

The groans of the wounded, that fled but to die,
The death-shot that scatters the ranks as they fly,
The wild, fierce hurrah! when the fratricide host
Have driven their brethren to Hades' red coast—

The temples where Moloch is worshipped, and blood
From the innocent spirits wrung out like a flood,
Where the curse of perdition is shot from the bow
Of the bigot, whose creed is a terror and woe —

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly
host praising God, and saying,
Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace, good-will to men.—Angels.

PEARLS OF WISDOM.

In action, preserve self-possession; in opportunity, be prompt; in danger,
be wary; in labor, patient; in determining, just; in discourse, persuasive;
let your manner be ingenuous. —Pythagoric.

Think before you speak.

Press forward not too hastily; follow the middle path at a steady pace.

Give just. measure and weight.

Listen not to a whisperer and slanderer, for he tells you not anything
out of good-will; but as he exposes to you the secrets of others, so will he
expose your secrets to them.

Sincerity of heart is the first of virtues.

In your most secret actions, suppose you have all the world as witnesses.

Denial of self is the nobility of manhood.

A truly noble nature cannot be insulted.

Speak not injurious words, either in jest or earnest.

Do to others what you would they should do unto you, and do not unto
others what you would should not be done unto you.

Make thy soul the birthplace of thy Saviour.
Take heed that ye offend not one of these little ones, for I say unto you that their angels do always behold the face of my Father. — Jesus.

Little children form a ladder of garlands on which the angels descend to our souls.

Oh, banish the tears of childhood! continual rain upon the blossoms is hurtful.

Give children the heritage of pure water, free ventilation, innocent amusement, music, sunshine, flowers, and birds.

Never deceive children; fulfil just promises; teach them self-government; soften the manners; train to industry; lovingly unfold the innate spirit.

He who teaches not his child an art or profession by which he may earn an honest livelihood teaches him to rob the public. — The Talmud.

Honor thy father and thy mother.

A child is the repository of infinite possibilities.

Of such is the republic of heaven.
EVERY good act is charity.
Giving water to the thirsty is charity.
Putting a wanderer in the right path is charity.
Removing stones and thorns from the road is charity.
Exhorting your fellow-men to virtuous deeds is charity.
Smiling in your brother's face is charity.

Beloved, let us love one another, for love is of God, and every one that loveth is born of God.

He that loveth not knoweth not God, for God is love.

He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him.

This commandment have we, that he who loveth God love his brother also.

And now I beseech thee, sister, not as though I wrote a new commandment, but that which we had from the beginning,

That we love one another.

Have confidence in the Father, for in thus doing you have confidence in humanity, as they are but parts of the universal whole.

Charity seeketh not her own.

REASON.

O REASON! in thy searching find us out,
Arouse our souls and make us dare to doubt;
Teach us to love, and only seek the truth,
Though it may change all lessons taught in youth;
Throw off our shackles, set our spirits free,
And make us dare to think, and learn of thee! — W. S. Barlow.
SHUT not thine ear against the cries of the poor; neither harden thine heart against the calamities of the unfortunate. When the fatherless call upon thee, when the widow's heart is sinking, and she imploresth thy assistance, oh, pity her affliction, and extend thy hand to those who have none to help them.

- Is there a gloom of sorrow on thy spirit?
  Do clouds o'erhang thee and shut out the day?
  Go, seek thy neighbor's darkened heart and cheer it,
  And soon his smile shall fright the clouds away.

When thou seest the naked wanderer of the street shivering with cold and destitute of habitation, let bounty open thine heart; let the wings of charity shelter him from death, that thine own soul may live.

- Art thou crushed down, shut in thy body earthen,
  O'erladen with thy troubles sad and lone?
  Aid, then, thy neighbor with his heavy burden,
  And it shall cause thee to forget thine own.

Whilst the poor man groaneth on the bed of sickness, whilst the unfortunate languish in the horrors of a dungeon, or the hoary head of age lifts up a feeble eye to thee for pity, oh, how canst thou riot in superfluous enjoyments, regardless of their wants, unfeeling of their woes?

- Of what thou hast, impart unto thy neighbor;
  To others do what they should do to thee.
  If thou need'st aid, then give thy hearty labor
  To make on want's cold hearth a jubilee.

THE AMERICAN DELEGATION.

The church and the government are but developments of the people. How can they advance and improve the causes of their existence?

Be watchful, O Americans!
Lest ye become worshippers at the shrine of St. Custom!
When ye think that thy government is complete,
Then art thou on the way to death!
When ye think that thy church can enlighten thee,
Then art thou on the road to papal supremacy! Let thy people proclaim,
Peace Justice, Love, Law, Right, Liberty!

— Spiritual Congress.
THE promises of hope are sweeter than roses in the bud, and far more flattering to expectation; but the threatenings of fear are a terror to the heart.

Let not thine heart sink within thee from the phantoms of imagination; for if thou believest a thing is impossible, thy despondency shall make it so. He that persevereth shall overcome all difficulties. — Sanscrit.

* If we never wept or wearied,
Life would surfeit and decay,
And the smiles of hope be buried
In the shimmer of a day.

Take heart! the Master builds again;
A charmed life old goodness hath.

* Age and sorrow, gloom and gladness,
Mingle in this changeful fate,
But the birthright of our sadness
Is the soul's divine estate.

HUMILITY.

BE not impatient to mount higher than thou canst see, nor haste to hold more wisdom than thou canst comprehend. Avoid the poison of ambition, for its temptation, stealing the sunshine of thy heart, will allure thee to seem what thou art not. — Spirit of J. Victor Wilson.

Who soars too near the sun with golden wings melts them. — Shakspeare.

Let reputation go, for the sake of a principle, and in due time you will be in good repute.

Humble valleys thrive with their bosoms full of flowers. — Forez.

We are the weakest when we think ourselves the strongest.

Lowliness is the base of all virtues.
CHANT. NO. 6.

Oh, I hear in this sacred stillness The fall of angelic feet, I feel white hands on my forehead With a benediction sweet.

SACRED SILENCE.

Oh, I hear in this sacred stillness The fall of angelic feet,

I feel white hands on my forehead With a benediction sweet.

SACRED SILENCE.

NEVER with blasts of trumpets
And the chariot wheels of fame,
Do the servants and sons of the Highest
His oracles proclaim;
But when grandest truths are uttered,
And when holiest depths are stirred,
When our God himself draws nearest,
The still, small voice is heard.

Unheralded and unheeded
His revelations come;
His prophets before their scorners
Stand resolute, yet dumb;

But a thousand years of silence,
And the world falls to adore
And kiss the feet of the martyrs
They crucified before!

Shall I have a part in the labor,
In the silence and the might
Of the plans divine, eternal,
That he opens to my sight?

In the strength and the inspiration
That his crowned and chosen know?

Oh, well might my darkest sorrow
Into songs of triumph flow!

THE WORD OF GOD.

THE genius of the living whole is within us and the essence itself of our spiritual being.

Where God is, religion is, syllabled by a thousand dialects:
Here breathed in the mild accents of meditative wisdom:
There hymned sweet, flute-like, infinitely melodious, from the lips of enchanted saints:
Again blown across the passionate turmoil of time in the hearts of indignant prophets:

But ever the same Word, ever the voice of the Spirit, saying, I AM!

-D. A. Wissan.
Forgiveness.

1. Forgive and forget! There's no breast so unfeeling But some gentle thoughts of affection there live;

For the best of us all need a friendly concealing, Some heart that with smiles can forget and forgive.

Forgiveness.

Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you. — Jesus.

Shut not thy bosom to the tenderness of love; the purity of its flower shall ennable thine heart, and soften it to receive the fairest impressions.

- Forgive and forget! why, the world would be lonely,
  The garden, a wilderness left to deform,
  If the flowers but remembered the chilling blast only,
  And fields gave no verdure for fear of the storm.

Regard every sinner as a lawful heir of God's love and goodness. — Child.

With malice toward none, with charity toward all. — Lincoln.

- Away with the clouds from thy beautiful vision;
  That brow was no home for such frowns to have met;
  Oh, how could our tried spirits e'er hope for elysian,
  If Heav'n should refuse to forgive and forget!

In the light of genuine spiritual illumination, no human being can be condemned.

Ratios of Life.

The next life is but the continuation of this; we begin there where we close here. If we are upon low planes here, we shall enter upon low planes there. If here we sustain high relations to wisdom and goodness, we shall there also.

This life is but the horoscope of the future. Try, then, and make the present as glad and golden as the future you would like to see.

- A Spirit.

A man's true wealth hereafter is the good he does in this world to his fellow-men. When he dies, people will say, "What property has he left behind him?" But the angels who examine him will ask, "What good deeds hast thou sent before thee?"

- Mahomet.
The Spiritual Harp.

Immortality.

THERE was no beginning; no creations; only new combinations and formations. I AM, therefore, eternally was, eternally shall be.

By birthright we are immortal.

The casket breaks, and lo, the child of angelhood!

The soul emerges from its chrysalis state, as free as the planet on which it had its birth.

The maternity of earth is indelibly engraved upon us.

We shall know each other there.

COME, gather ye in pensive review of a father's virtues, lingering as sweets of the dead rose upon its leafless stalk.

A father's wisdom is a rock of defence; his good example is precious; his love is sacred.

All ye that know him bemoan him; and all ye, remembering his name, will say, How is the strong staff and the beautiful rod broken!

But lo, the staff doth blossom now a young tree in the garden of God!

Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted.

NONE knew her but to love her, nor named her but to praise.

For who is like a mother among them that are on all the earth?

She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and on her tongue is the law of kindness.

Her children rise up and call her blessed.

Precious is her memory; the remembrance of her goodness shall be as a healing balm.

Yea, plant flowers upon her grave as the emblems of her maternal presence.

And oh, when life is ended, and she waits
On the bright threshold of the blest for us,
How like the sweet accustoming will be
The far felt lustre of that look of love!
And how like our remembered welcomes home
Will be her brighter welcoming to heaven!

CHILDREN are tender olive-trees growing up in our homes. When touched by the frosty fingers of death, they are transplanted to the more congenial climes of heaven, to bear their ripened fruitage.

They are immortal from the sacred moment of incarnation.

Deprived of the mortal experiences of life, they are wafted to the sphere of innocence to be educated by the angels.
THERE is no absolute loss in the universe; everything, dying, 
dies upward to subserve some divine purpose in the economy of 
the Infinite.

In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would 
have told you; I go to prepare a place for you.

And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive 
you unto myself; that where I am, ye may be also.

The brightest crowns worn in heaven were tried, polished, and glorified 
in the furnace of earthly sufferings.

For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far 
more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

Who are these that are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they? 
These are they that came out of great tribulation. Angels shall lead them 
unto living fountains, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

Look not mournfully into the past; it comes not back. Wisely improve 
the present; it is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear, 
and with a manly heart.

—A. J. Davis.

O MOTHER Nature! we lay in thy tender bosom what is thine,— 
dust to dust, ashes to ashes; but the spirit to God who gave it! 
O angels! receive your new charge! Peace, peace be still!

Open thyself, O earth! and press not too heavily; 
Be easy of access and approach to the form; 
As a mother with the rose her child, 
So do thou cover it, O earth!

—Vedic Hymn.
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HARMONIES FOR VARIOUS OCCASIONS, AND CONGREGATIONAL

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