



# SPIRITUAL SONGS

COMPILED FOR THE USE OF

## THE SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS

WASHINGTON, D. C.

### 1 Eternity of Nature.

Cosmian, 49.

Thou, Nature, grandest theme of all!  
From rolling worlds to flow'ret small,  
'Tis one sublime, unending chain,  
That comes and goes, and comes again.

Eternal matter! quenchless force!  
No hand can stay thy circuit's course,  
But deep in the abyss of space  
The systems run their destined race.

And man, who treads this mundane ball,  
Is but a part of this vast All.  
He lives, he dies; so star and sun  
Their onward journeys deftly run.

And hardened worlds, like aged man,  
Dissolve when past the fated span;  
And parted forms, that erst we saw,  
Revive again by Nature's law;

And bloom, and teem, and fade, and die,  
As matter hath eternally;  
And thus existence circles round,  
Nor first nor last was ever found.

### 2 Sit Not Idly.

Cosmian, 48.

Sit not idly, with hands folded,  
Each one has some work to do,  
And if life has care for others,  
Why have only joy for you?

Seek not only sweetest roses;  
Faint not in the heat of strife;  
Arm ye now with Truth and Duty!  
Courage for the cares of life!

Ask not if the world applauds you,  
Be content with duty done;  
Conscience clear will then reward you,  
With the crown you've truly won.

### 3 Live for Something.

Cosmian, 50.

Live for something; be not idle,  
Look about thee for employ;  
Sit not down to useless dreaming,  
Labor is the sweetest joy.  
Folded hands are ever weary,  
Selfish hearts are never gay;  
Life for thee hath many duties—  
Active be, then, while you may.

Scatter blessings in your pathway—  
Gentle words and cheering smiles;  
Better far than gold and silver,  
Are their grief-dispelling wiles;  
As the pleasant sunshine falleth  
Ever on the grateful earth,  
So let sympathy and kindness  
Gladden well the darkened hearth.

Hearts are sore, oppressed and weary,  
Drop the tear of sympathy;  
Whisper words of hope and comfort,  
Give and thy reward shall be  
Joy unto thy heart returning  
From this perfect fountain-head;  
Freely as thou freely givest,  
Shall the grateful light be shed.

### 4 Sympathy.

Cosmian, 44.

Peace to the man, wise, just, and good,  
Whose heart compassionate and kind,  
Breathes nought but pure good will to man,  
Justice with tenderness combined.

The sympathy of mortal woes,  
The manly, undissembled tear,  
The pang that vibrates through the breast,  
The sigh that speaks the mind sincere.

Be mine the comfort, mine the joy,  
The prompt, the timely aid to lend;  
In all the acts of social love,  
The hopeless, helpless sufferer's friend.

## 5 When the Mists are Cleared Away.

When the mists have rolled in splendor,  
From the beauty of the hills,  
And the sunshine, warm and tender,  
Falls in kisses on the rills,  
We may read Love's shining letter  
In the rainbow of the spray,  
We shall know each other better,  
When the mists have cleared away.

### CHORUS.

We shall know as we are known,  
Never more to walk alone  
In the dawning of the morning,  
When the mists are cleared away.

If we err in human blindness,  
And forget that we are dust;  
If we miss the law of kindness,  
When we struggle to be just,  
Snowy wings of peace shall cover  
All the pain that hides away;  
When the weary watch is over,  
And the mists have cleared away.—CHO.

When the silver mists have veiled us  
From the faces of our own;  
Oft we deem their love has failed us,  
And we tread our path alone.  
We should see them near and truly,  
We should trust them day by day.  
Neither love nor blame unduly,  
If the mists were cleared away.—CHO.

## 6 The Operations of Nature.

Tune—L. M.

All nature speaks, let men give ear,  
And stand erect, attentive, free;  
The voice of Nature they shall hear,  
The works of Nature they shall see.

Behold the stars with sparkling light,  
And planets which in order move!  
They mount in ether's tow'ring height,  
And raise our thoughts to orbs above.

The glorious sun, whose gentle beams  
Enliven all things here below;  
And lucid moon, with paler gleams,  
Great Nature's power in grandeur show.

Survey the whole capacious earth,  
The sea and land, rocks, hills and plains;  
The power of Nature gave them birth,  
And by one law the whole maintains.

## 7 Perpetual Change.

Tune—C. M.

The presence of perpetual change  
Is ever on the earth;  
To-day is only as the soil  
That gives to-morrow birth.

Where stood the tow'r there grow the weeds,  
Where grew the weeds the tow'r;  
No present hour its likeness leaves  
To any future hour.

Of each imperial city built  
Far on the Eastern plains,  
A desert waste of tomb and sand  
Is all that now remains.

Our own fair city full of life,  
May have some future day,  
When power and might and majesty  
Will all have passed away.

But in all changes brighter things  
And better have their birth;  
The presence of perpetual love  
Is ever on the earth.

## 8 The Triumph of Truth.

Tune—Auld Lang Syne.

Come let us join in cheerful song,  
With hope's inspiring ray;  
Let every tongue with grateful praise  
Proclaim this joyful day;  
For life immortal rends the veil  
Of error's dark domain,  
And every gloomy phantom fades  
At reason's glorious reign.

The earth and sky are all aglow  
With orbs of living light;  
While truth's victorious banners rise  
On every mountain height;  
Take courage, then, O doubting soul,  
For all that's great and good  
Will be revealed to every mind,  
As truth is understood.

No sin-atonement sacrifice  
Can banish pain and woe;  
But manfully we learn to live  
By reaping what we sow;  
The bitter fruits of each misdeed  
As kindly point the way,  
As do the joys in sweet return  
Which teach us to obey.

## 9

## Kindness.

Cosmian, 46.

As you travel o'er life's weary way,  
And mingle with earth's busy throng,  
Your burden will lighten each day,  
If you help a brother along.

## CHORUS.

Ne'er stopping to help up a brother,  
Who falls in the conflict and strife,  
Too often we jostle each other,  
And crowd on the highway of life.

What matters the riches of earth,  
That stay but a moment at best,  
While wealth that in kindness hath birth  
Issure to outlast all the rest ?

'Tis treasure that thieves can not steal,  
Nor fire nor flood can destroy,  
And all that you do for man's weal  
Will prove in the future a joy.

## 10 The Faith of Love.

Cosmian, 40.

What is it, that the crowd requite  
Thy love with hate, thy truth with lies ?  
And, but to faith, and not to sight  
The walls of Freedom's temple rise ?

Yet do thy work, it shall succeed  
In thine or in another's day ;  
And if denied the victor's meed  
Thou shalt not lack the toiler's pay.

Faith shares the future's promise ; Love's  
Self-offering is a triumph won ;  
And each good thought or action moves  
The dark world nearer to the sun.

Then faint not, falter not, nor plead  
Thy weakness ; truth itself is strong ;  
The lion's strength, the eagle's speed  
Are not alone vouchsafed to wrong.

## 11

## Generosity.

Cosmian, 38.

Bless'd is the man whose generous heart  
With kind affection glows ;  
Who seeks to heighten human bliss,  
And lessen human woes.

Whose ready hand assists the poor,  
His hapless lot to bear ;  
Who visits oft the mourner's door,  
The lone retreat to cheer.

Who guides the steps of giddy youth,  
Through mirth's deluded maze,  
And warns them of the thorns unseen,  
Which strew false pleasure's ways.

No unrelenting feelings harsh  
His tender bosom knows ;  
But to repentant, contrite sighs,  
A mild forgiveness shows.

His heart in native goodness warm ;  
Enrich'd with pure delight,  
Sees all existence smile around,  
Enraptur'd at the sight.

## 12

## Love.

Cosmian, 37.

'Tis love that paints the purple morn,  
And bids the clouds, in air upborn,  
Their genial drops distil ;  
In every vernal beam it glows,  
And breathes in every gale that blows,  
And glides in every rill.

It robes in cheerful green the ground,  
And pours its flowery beauties round,  
Whose sweets perfume the gale ;  
Its bounties richly spread the plain,  
The blushing fruit, the golden grain,  
And smile on every vale.

'Tis love alone inspires the mind  
With feelings tender, sweet, and kind,  
Which constitutes our bliss ;  
For discontent bids comfort rise ;  
The heart with genial warmth supplies,  
And nothing feels amiss.

## 13

## Exhortation.

Cosmian, 20.

Let such as make the truth their choice,  
Attend to nature's simple voice ;  
Nor let their minds attempt to rove  
Beyond the objects of their love,  
Beyond the objects of their love.

Here all is plain—the truth we see  
In Nature's pure simplicity :  
O, let us never more complain  
That Nature's works are sought in vain,  
That Nature's works are sought in vain.



## 14 Speak Gently.

Tune—C. M.

Speak gently, it is better far  
To rule by love than fear;  
Speak gently, let no harsh word mar,  
The good we may do here.

Speak gently to the young, for they  
Will have enough to bear;  
Pass through this life as best they may,  
'Tis full of anxious care.

Speak gently to the aged one,  
Grieve not the careworn heart;  
The sands of life are nearly run,  
Let them in peace depart.

Speak gently to the erring ones—  
They must have toiled in vain;  
Perchance unkindness made them so;  
O, win them back again!

Speak gently—'tis a little thing,  
Dropped in the heart's deep well;  
The good, the joy that it may bring,  
Eternity shall tell.

## 15 Work for the Light is Coming.

Work, for the light is coming;  
Work through the morning hours;  
Work while the dew is sparkling;  
Work 'mid springing flowers;  
Work when the days grow brighter,  
Work in the glowing sun;  
Work, for the light is coming,  
And life's work begun.

Work, for the light is coming;  
Work through the sunny noon;  
Fill brightest hours with labor;  
Rest comes sure and soon.  
Give every flying minute  
Something to keep in store;  
Work, for the light is coming,  
When man works the more.

Work for the light is coming,  
Under the sunset skies;  
While their bright tints are glowing;  
Work for daylight flies.  
Work till human life fadeth,  
Fadeth to shine no more;  
Work until the light breaketh  
From the spirit shore.

## 16 They Can Not Die.

Tune—L. M.

Say not they die, those martyr souls,  
Whose life is winged with purpose fine;  
Who leave us pointing to the goals;  
Who learn to conquer and resign.

Such can not die; they vanquish time,  
And fill the world with glowing light,  
Making the human life sublime  
With memories of their sacred might.

They can not die whose lives are part  
Of that great life which is to be,  
Whose hearts beat with the world's great  
heart,  
And throb with its high destiny

They can not die whose life enshrines  
A soul of truth and human love;  
Their beacon light eternal shines,  
Guiding unto the realms above.

Then mourn not those who, dying, gave  
A gift of greater light to man;  
Death stands abashed before the brave;  
They own a life he may not ban.

## 17 The Harmony of Nature.

Tune—Old Hundred.

Eternal Father, by thy hand  
All nature moves at thy command;  
And gems of beauty everywhere  
Are interwoven by thy care.

Thy many attributes divine  
From worlds and systems ever shine;  
Whose magnitude and power proclaim  
The glory of thy holy name.

Our feeble thought would fain explore  
Unfathomed space without a shore;  
Where rolling spheres in silence rest,  
While borne and rocked upon thy breast.

Yet thou art one, with one design,  
In which all harmonies combine;  
Each star a note with pearly key,  
Divinely tuned, O Lord, by thee.

Then let our grateful songs rehearse,  
The anthem of the universe,  
While songs of nature interlude  
The chorus of infinitude.

18

Sunshine.

Cosmian, 25.

I love the sunshine everywhere—  
In wood and field and glen;  
I love it in the busy haunts  
Of town-imprisoned men.  
I love it when it streameth in  
The humble cottage door,  
And casts the checkered casement shade  
Upon the red brick floor.

I love it where the children lie  
Deep in the clover grass,  
To watch among the twining roots  
The gold-green beetle pass.  
Oh yes! I love the sunshine bright!  
Like kindness or like mirth  
Upon a human countenance,  
Is sunshine on the earth.

19 No Effort Fruitless.

Cosmian, 21.

Scorn not the slightest word or deed,  
Nor deem it void of power;  
There's fruit in each wind-wafted seed,  
Waiting its natal hour.

A whispered word may touch the heart,  
And call it back to life;  
A look of love bid ill depart,  
And still unholy strife.

No act falls fruitless; none can tell  
How vast its power may be;  
Nor what results enfolded dwell  
Within it silently.

Work, and despair not; bring thy mite,  
Nor care how small it be;  
Peace is with all who serve the right,  
The noble, true, and free.

20

To-Day.

Cosmian, 23.

All around us, fair with flowers,  
Fields of beauty sleeping lie;  
All around us clarion voices  
Call to duty stern and high.  
Call to duty stern and high.

Following every voice of mercy  
With a trusting, loving heart,  
Let us in life's earnest labor  
Still be sure to do our part,  
Still be sure to do our part.

Now, to-day, and not to-morrow,  
Let us work with all our might,  
Lest the wretched faint and perish,  
In the coming stormy night.  
In the coming stormy night.

Now, to-day, and not to-morrow,  
Lest, before to-morrow's sun,  
We too, mournfully departing,  
Shall have left our work undone.  
Shall have left our work undone.

21 The Happy By and By.

Spiritual Wreath, 6.

Oh, how sweet it is to think,  
That beneath a cloudless sky,  
We shall meet to part no more,  
In the happy by and by.

CHORUS.

In the happy by and by,  
In the happy by and by;  
We shall meet to part no more,  
In the happy by and by.

Where the ransomed spirits wait,  
To conduct us o'er the tide,  
Into mansions fair and bright,  
Over on the other side.

We will leave our troubles here,  
And we'll lay our burdens down,  
When we cross the silent stream,  
To put on the golden crown.

22

Pity.

Cosmian, 29.

Let such as feel oppression's load,  
Thy tender pity share;  
And let the helpless, hopeless poor  
Be thy peculiar care.

Go, bid the hungry orphan be  
With thine abundance bless'd;  
Invite the wand'rer to thy gate,  
And spread the couch of rest.

Let him who pines with piercing cold,  
By thee be warmed and clad;  
Be thine the blissful task, to make  
The downcast mourner glad.

Then pleasant as the morning light,  
In peace shall pass thy days;  
And heart-approving, conscious joy  
Illuminate thy ways.

## 23 Equality.

Tune—Arlington.

All men are equal in their birth,  
Heirs of the earth and skies;  
All men are equal, when that earth  
Fades from their dying eyes.

'Tis man alone who difference sees,  
And speaks of high and low;  
And worships these, and tramples these,  
While the same path they go.

O, let man hasten to restore  
To all their rights of love;  
In power and wealth exult no more,  
In wisdom lowly move.

## 24 Spiritual Fellowship.

Tune—Boylston.

Blest be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in holy love!  
The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above.

We share our mutual woes,  
Our mutual burdens bear;  
And often for each other flows  
The sympathizing tear.

When we asunder part,  
It gives us inward pain;  
But we shall still be joined in heart,  
And gladly meet again.

This glorious hope revives  
Our courage by the way;  
While each in expectation lives,  
And longs to see the day.

## 25 Come, Gentle Spirits.

Tune—Ortonville.

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

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.

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

Like holy star-beams on a sea,  
Filled bright with happy isles,  
Whence sullen storms forever flee,  
Where heaven forever smiles—

They come, and night is no more night,  
Pale sorrow's reign is o'er;  
For death is but a gate of light,  
And gloomy now no more.

## 26 Oh, Come, Angel Band.

My latest sun is sinking fast,  
My race is nearly run;  
My strongest trials now are past,  
My triumph is begun.

CHORUS.

Oh, come, angel band,  
Come and around me stand;  
Oh, bear me away on your snowy wings,  
To my immortal home.  
Oh, bear me away on your snowy wings,  
To my immortal home.

I know I'm nearing the holy ranks  
Of friends and kindred dear,  
For I brush the dews on Jordan's banks,  
The crossing must be near.

CHORUS.

I've almost gained my heavenly home;  
The spirits loudly sing;  
The holy ones, behold, they come!  
Sweet rest and joy they bring.

## 27 Time.

Cosmian, 17.

When warm impetuous passions rise,  
And fame of pleasure lures our eyes,  
Or, bent on Virtue's path sublime,  
We chide the feathered foot of Time.

In vain we war with nature's force;  
Time's rapid car pursues its course!  
Nor wisdom's nor ambition's power  
Can stop the swiftly moving hour.

The gay, the great, the good, the just,  
Alike are journeying to the dust;  
Then haste, the race of duty run,  
Nor blame the quick revolving sun.

Days, months, and years, your rounds fulfil;  
Witness our good intentions still;  
Nor let one vagrant day pass by  
Unblessed by Reason's victory.



**28 New Year's Song.**

Cosmian, 212.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,  
The flying cloud, the frosty light,  
The year is dying in the night;  
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out, ring out, ring out, wild bells,  
And let him die, and let him die.

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 for all mankind.

Ring out the slowly-dying cause,  
And ancient forms of party strife;  
Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
The civic slander and the spite,  
Ring in the love of truth and right,  
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the light that is to be.

**29 Homes 'Round us Here.**

Cosmian, 202.

Oh, think of the homes 'round us here,  
Which might all be made joyous and bright,  
If the world did but see and revere  
One great law, that of justice and right.

CHO.—'Round us here, round us here,  
O think of the homes 'round us here.

Oh, think of the hearts 'round us here,  
Who all homeless life's journey must go  
In despair which refuses a tear;  
Ever crushed with a burden of woe.

CHO.—'Round us here, round us here,  
The poor homeless hearts 'round us here.

Be helpers to those 'round us here;  
Gentle love and true kindness are best;  
Preach the gospel of gladsome good cheer,  
And obey sweet charity's behest.

CHO.—'Round us here, 'round us here,  
'Tis best to help those round us here.

**30 City of the Light.**

Cosmian, 217.

Have you heard the golden city  
Mentioned in the legends old,  
Everlasting light shines o'er it,  
Wondrous tales of it are told;  
Only truthful men and women  
Dwell within its gleaming wall,  
Wrong is banished from its borders,  
Wrong is banished from its borders,  
Justice reigns supreme o'er all.

We are builders of that city  
All our joys and all our groans  
Help to rear its shining ramparts.  
All our lives are building stones;  
But the work that we have builded  
Oft with bleeding hands, and tears,  
And in error and in anguish,  
And in error and in anguish,  
Will not perish with our years.

It will be, at last, made perfect,  
In the universal plan,  
It will help to crown the labors,  
Of the toiling hosts of man;  
It will last and shine transfigured  
In the final reign of right,  
It will merge into the splendors,  
It will merge into the splendors,  
Of the City of the Light.

**31 While the days are going by.**

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.

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.

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.

**32 Praise of Nature.**

Cosmian, 13.

Praise to thee, all bounteous Nature!  
 Praise to thee from every tongue;  
 Join my heart with every creature,  
 Join the universal song.

For the social ties of friendship,  
 For the charms of mutual love;  
 For the endearing smiles of kindred,  
 Which in peaceful order move.

For ten thousand blessings given,  
 For the hope of future days,  
 Sound this name where man has striven,  
 Sound aloud all Nature's praise.

**33 Pleasures of Life.**

Cosmian, 4.

Pleasant is life, and sweet the light  
 That pours from yon bright orb of day,  
 Revealing to our raptured sight,  
 The universe in rich array.

Pleasant is life, and sweet its ties,  
 The touching charities of man;  
 Friend, brother, child, and parent rise,  
 Endearing life's progressive plan.

Pleasant is life, and sweet its way,  
 When under Reason's kindly guide;  
 Then moral evils die away,—  
 Then moral pleasures will abide.

**34 Soft Flowing River.**

Cosmian, 174.

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 outpour.  
 But softly, oh, softly thy music outpour.

Breezes of evening, pilgrims of song,  
 Sing to the dreamer all the night long,  
 Mingling your voices, song and encore,  
 But softly, oh, softly your music outpour.  
 But softly, oh, softly your music outpour.

Dreamer, she sleepeth, tranquil and blest;  
 Evening to morning, sweet be her rest;  
 Mingling thy voices, night, as of yore,  
 But softly, oh, softly thy music outpour,  
 But softly, oh, softly thy music outpour.

**35 Stand for the Right.**

Cosmian, 173.

Stand for the right! tho' falsehood rail,  
 And proud lips coldly sneer,  
 A poisoned arrow can not wound  
 A conscience pure and clear.  
 Stand for the right! 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! stand for the right!

Men who have seen and thought and felt,  
 Yet could not boldly dare  
 The battle's brunt, but by thy side  
 Will every danger share.  
 Stand for the right! stand for the right!

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.  
 Stand for the right! stand for the right!

**36 Sweet Bye and Bye.**

Cosmian, 199.

We believe in the dawn of a day  
 When the minds of all men shall be free  
 From the gloom that hangs over their way,  
 From the fear of the dreadful "to be."

CHORUS.

In the sweet hye and bye,  
 We shall fear not the dreadful "to be,"  
 In the sweet bye and bye,  
 It is coming for you and for me.

We have faith that the power of love  
 Will destroy every phantom of fear,  
 And the bright sun of science above,  
 Will dispel every cloud that is near.—CHO.

We have hope that the love of the truth  
 In humanity's bosom will glow;  
 So that men, whether old or in youth,  
 May speak freely, not fearing a blow.—CHO.

We rejoice in the dawn of that day;  
 It is coming—we see it afar;  
 Men are waking, and soon they will say,  
 "Truth alone is our bright guiding star."  
 CHO.



**37 The Children's Song.**

Cosmian, 213.

We hold our lives like lily flowers,  
 May we be pure as they and white,  
 May sunlight shine upon our hours,  
 And we be sweet in all men's sight ;  
 And when at last our winter nighs,  
 Oh may on earth our seeds we strew,  
 Which from the dust shall re-arise  
 To bloom in other flowers anew.

**38 There is no Death.**

Spiritual Wreath, 13.

There is no death ; no dying here,  
 'Tis only change from sphere to sphere,  
 This seeming death on earth so rife,  
 Uplifts the soul to higher life.

CHORUS.

Beautiful life, life that never will end,  
 Beautiful life, life, sweet life,  
 We're going home to dwell for aye,  
 With angels in eternal day.

There is no death, 'tis life prolonged,  
 A call to which we'll all respond ;  
 As one by one our spirits rise  
 To view the land of Paradise.—CHO.

There is no death ; 'tis spirit birth ;  
 A summons from the toil of earth ;  
 'Tis passing to that blissful shore,  
 Where parting moments come no more.  
 CHO.

**39 Reconciliation.**

Spiritual Wreath, 17.

God of the granite and the rose ;  
 Soul of the sparrow and the bee ;  
 The mighty tide of Being flows,  
 Thro' 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.

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  
 flowers,  
 That life that moves you is divine,  
 Nor time, nor space, nor human powers,  
 Your Godlike spirit can confine.

**40 Spirit Voices.**

Air—Greenville.

In the silence of the midnight,  
 When the cares of day are o'er,  
 In my soul I hear the voices  
 Of the loved ones gone before ;  
 Hear them words of comfort whisp'ring,  
 That they'll watch on every hand ;  
 And I love, I love to list to  
 Voices from the spirit land.

In my wanderings oft there cometh  
 Sudden stillness to my soul ;  
 When around, above, within it,  
 Rapturous joys unnumbered roll ;  
 Though around me all is tumult,  
 Noise and strife on every hand,  
 Yet within my soul I list to  
 Voices from the spirit land.

Loved ones that have gone before me  
 Whisper words of peace and joy ;  
 Those that long since have departed,  
 Tell me their divine employ  
 Is to watch and guard my footsteps ;  
 O, it is an angel band !  
 And my soul is cheered in hearing  
 Voices from the spirit land.

**41 Seeds.**

Cosmian, 109.

We are sowing, daily sowing  
 Countless seeds of good and ill,  
 Scattered on the level lowland  
 Cast upon the windy hill ;  
 Seeds that sink in rich brown furrows,  
 Soft with nature's gracious rain ;  
 Seeds that rest upon the surface  
 Of the dry, unyielding plain.

Seeds that fall amid the stillness  
 Of the lowly mountain glen ;  
 Seeds cast out in crowded places,  
 Trodden under foot of men ;  
 Seeds by idle hearts forgotten,  
 Flung at random on the air,  
 Seeds by faithful hearts remembered,  
 Sown in love with hope and care.

Seeds that lie unchanged, unquicken'd,  
 Lifeless on the teeming mould ;  
 Seeds that live and grow and flourish  
 When the sower's hand is cold ;  
 By a whisper sow we blessings,  
 By a breath we scatter strife,  
 In our words and looks and actions,  
 Lie the seeds of death and life.

**42 Marching to Join Them.**

Air—Marching Through Georgia.

Now let all the earth rejoice and sing a glad  
refrain,  
Lo, there comes a heavenly voice—our friends  
return again ;  
They come with ever beck'ning hand,  
And peace through all the land,  
While we are marching to join them.

CHORUS.

Sing on, sing on, your grandest anthem sing,  
Sing on, sing on, till heaven and earth shall  
ring,  
They come with ever beck'ning hand,  
And peace through all the land,  
While we are marching to join them.

Here is comfort, here is joy, for every doubt-  
ing mind—  
Heavenly joy without alloy, for all of human  
kind,  
The pearly gates stand wide ajar,  
Inviting near and far,  
While we are marching to join them.—CHO.

Thus from doubt and sorrow free, we sing a  
glad refrain,  
Sing and shout a jubilee over and again,  
For angels come with beck'ning hand,  
And peace through all the land,  
While we are marching to join them.—CHO.

**43 Silent River.**

Air—Spiritual Harp, p. 224.

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 ?

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.

He who plants within our hearts  
All this deep affection,  
Giving, when the form departs,  
Fadeless recollection,  
Will but clasp the broken chain  
Closer, when we meet again.

**44 The Blessings of To-day.**

Cosmian, 117.

Strange we never prize the music  
Till the sweet-voiced birds have flown ;  
Strange that we should slight the violets  
Till the lovely flowers are gone ;  
Strange that summer skies and sunshine  
Never seem one half so fair,  
As when winter's snowy pinions  
Shake the white down in the air.

Let us gather up the sunbeams  
Lying all around our path ;  
Let us keep the wheat and roses,  
Casting out the thorns and chaff ;  
Let us find our sweetest comfort  
In the blessings of to-day ;  
With a patient hand removing  
All the briars from our way.

**45 Noble Lives.**

Cosmian, 114.

There are hearts that never falter  
In the battle for the right ;  
There are ranks that never alter  
Watching through the darkest night.  
And the agony of sharing  
In the fiercest of the strife,  
Only gives a nobler daring,  
Only makes a grander life.

There are those who never weary,  
Bearing suffering and wrong ;  
Though the way is long and dreary,  
It is vocal with their song,  
While their powers in Truth's furnace,  
Bending to its gracious will,  
In a purer mold are fashioned,  
By its loving, matchless skill.

**46 Welcome Angels.**

Air—Pleyel's Hymn.

Angels come ye in the light,  
Make our earthly pathway bright.  
Scatter flowers around our feet,  
Fill the air with perfume sweet ;  
Blessed is your mission clear,  
Coming from another sphere ;  
Guide us in the proper course,  
By your sweet harmonious voice.

Angels, welcome ! draw ye near  
To us lend the listening ear,  
Give us strength our foes to greet,  
Lovingly as brothers meet ;  
Crush all bitter, warring strife,  
By your principles of life,  
For the truth increase our love,  
Make us one with heav'n above.

# 47 They Are Waiting.

Air—Home, Sweet Home.

They are waiting for our coming  
On the bright celestial shore,  
Where the spirit knows no sorrow,  
And the cares of life are o'er ;  
Where no cloud shall hide the sunlight,  
Where no tear shall dim the eye,  
Where no heart shall throb with anguish,  
And the loved ones never die.

Where the springs of life eternal  
From the silvery crystal stream,  
And the seasons, ever vernal,  
Clothe the fields in living green ;  
Where the roses never wither,  
And the lilies never fade ;  
Where the brooklets murmur ever  
'Neath the forest's cooling shade.

They are ever, ever near us,  
We are never left alone ;  
In our daily toils they cheer us,  
And they bless our peaceful home ;  
Earth's short voyage will soon be over,  
Heaven's pure joys are near at hand,  
Angel loved ones round us hover,  
Guiding us to the " Summer Land."

# 48 Happy Greeting.

Air—Edinburg

How cheering the thought that the angels of  
God  
Do bow their bright wings to the world they  
once trod,  
Doleave the sweet joys of the mansions above,  
To breathe o'er our bosoms some message of  
love.

CHORUS.

Happy greeting to all ;  
Happy greeting to all ;  
Happy greeting, happy greeting,  
Happy greeting to all.

They come, on the wings of the morning,  
they come,  
Desirous to guide some poor wanderer home,  
Some brother to lead from a darkened abode,  
And lay him to rest in the arms of his lov'd.

CHO.

They come when we wander, they come when  
we pray,  
In mercy to guard us wherever we stray ;  
A glorious cloud, their bright witness is given,  
Encircling us here are these angels of heaven.

CHO.

# 49

## Good-By.

Air—Spiritual Harp, p. 144.

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.

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 can not part,  
Though softly it whispers good-by.

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.

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.

# 50 Spirit Communion.

Air—O Come, Come Away.

O come, come away, from error now oppress-  
ing  
The earth with gloom, dark as the tomb,  
O come, come away.  
O come where bright, celestial day  
Is lit by truth's eternal ray,  
Where holy glories ever play,  
O come, come away.

From sorrow and grief, on which thy mind  
is dwelling  
This sweet commune, gives calmness soon,  
O come, come away.  
Come, angels wait to speak with thee,  
Of sweet and blissful harmony,  
That fills all souls with joyful glee,  
O come, come away.

The dim darkness flees, the gloom is fast  
receding,  
Before the ray of endless day,  
O come, come away.  
O come, and in a circle bright,  
May all our souls with joy unite,  
To catch the heaven-inspiring light,  
O come, come away.



**51 Sweet Summer-Land.**

Air—Maryland, My Maryland.

O home of love! we sing of thee,  
 Summer-land, sweet summer-land,  
 In joyous tones of melody,  
 Summer-land, sweet summer-land.  
 Thy skies are clear, thy fields are fair,  
 And flowers perfume the balmy air,  
 And all is bright and radiant there,  
 Summer-land, sweet summer-land.

We know thy homes are bright and fair,  
 Summer-land, sweet summer-land,  
 We know our loved ones gather there,  
 Summer-land, sweet summer-land.  
 And troops of children dance and play,  
 And weave bright flowers in garlands gay,  
 And gain fresh beauty day by day,  
 Summer-land, sweet summer-land.

With chain of love entwine us now,  
 Summer-land, sweet summer-land,  
 And bind thy peace upon our brow,  
 Summer-land, sweet summer-land.  
 Then 'mid the din of earthly care,  
 Then in temptation's dreary snare,  
 We'll feel thy calm and soothing air,  
 Summer-land, sweet summer-land.

Thy flowers shall strew our earthly way,  
 Summer-land, sweet summer-land,  
 Bright eyes shall make our night as day,  
 Summer-land, sweet summer-land.  
 We'll tread with courage, then, and faith  
 For every rugged way earth hath  
 May be to thy bright shore a path,  
 Summer-land, sweet summer-land.

**52 Joy to the World.**

Air—Antioch

Joy to the world—the darkness flies,  
 Let earth with gladness sing.  
 The morning comes, o'er all the skies;  
 She waves her purple wing.

Joy to the world—for truth abounds,  
 And error withering dies.  
 In fragments hurled upon the ground,  
 Her broken altar lies.

Joy to the world—for man is free,  
 His broken fetters fall.  
 He scorns to bow again his knee  
 At Superstition's call.

Joy to the world—the anthem be—  
 A song of triumph sing.  
 O grave, where is thy victory,  
 O death, where is thy sting?

**53 Opening Song.**

Cosmian, 130.

As, brethren, here again we meet,  
 In friendship's name each other greet,  
 And seek with earnest hearts to find  
 The truest blessings for mankind.

Our liberal friends we welcome here,  
 Who bring kind words our hearts to cheer  
 Who seek emancipation all  
 From error's dark and fatal thrall.

May science lend her helping hand,  
 And shed her light o'er all the land;  
 Our minds with nobler aims inspire,  
 To climb the hill of knowledge higher.

Let peace and concord here abide,  
 With charity our thoughts to guide,  
 And truth and love and wisdom be  
 The friend of all the brave and free.

**54 The Better Land.**

Air—Duke Street.

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.

A land upon whose blissful shore  
 There falls no shadow, rests no pain;  
 There those who meet shall part no more,  
 And those long parted meet again.

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

**55 Charity.**

Air—Woodland.

The man of charity extends  
 To all a liberal hand;  
 His kindred, neighbors, foes and friends,  
 His pity may command.

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

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

## 56 Scatter the Germs of the Beautiful.

Cosmian, 157.

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.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful!  
In the peaceful 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 above its hearth the gems  
Of nature and of art.

## 57 The Spirit's Birth.

Air—St. Pauls. Ps. of L., p. 16.

There is no death—'tis but a shade;  
Be not of outward loss afraid;  
There is no death—it is a birth—  
A rising heavenward from earth.

Sharing that life's unbounded span,  
Eternity is thine, O man!  
Think of the future as a sphere  
Where roses blossom all the year.

## 58 Nature's Temple.

Air—Temple. Spiritual Harp, p. 83.

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 earnest prayers.

My choir shall be the moonlit waves,  
When turning homeward to their caves;  
Or when the stillness of the sea,  
Even more than music breathes of thee!

I'll seek by day some glade unknown,  
All light and silence, like thy throne;  
And the pale stars shall be at night,  
The only eyes that watch my rite.

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.

## 59 If We Knew.

Air—Charity. Spiritual Harp, p. 15.

If we knew the secret sorrows  
That are bleeding other hearts;  
Could we count the throbs of anguish  
When the masking smile departs,  
We would have more words of kindness  
Oftener a smile of cheer,  
If we only knew the sufferers,  
With their silent heart-aches here.

If we knew the heavy burdens,  
By our fellow travellers borne.  
All their crosses, all their struggles,  
With no fortune as yet won;  
We would cease our harsh upbraidings  
If we all could understand;  
We would give unto the weakest;  
Oftener a helping hand.

If we knew how many jewels  
May be buried 'neath our tears,  
If we knew 'mid tares the thickest  
Grain might spring for coming years;  
We would count each blessed sunbeam,  
Smother every little sigh,  
If we knew in all the present  
How it would be by and by.

## 60 Shout the Glorious Tidings.

Air—Ring the Bells of Heaven.

Shout the glorious tidings; angels come to-day,  
With a message for earth's weary ones;  
See the gates are open, friends are on the way,  
Let us welcome them with joyful song.

CHORUS.

Angels welcome to our homes, we sing,  
May you light, and hope, and comfort bring;  
Bless you, sweet evangels from the other shore,  
We would seek your guidance evermore.

Shout the glorious tidings, angels come to-day,  
Lifting up the shadows and the gloom.  
Truth, like million torches flashes o'er the way,  
Blessed freedom to the soul has come.

CHO.

Shout the glorious tidings, angels come to-day,  
Mortals swell the anthem loud and long,  
Love the grave has conquered; death no more  
holds sway;  
Hail the spirits' resurrection morn.—CHO.

## 61

## Greeting.

Cosmian, 147.

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.

We give you joyous greeting,  
 Workers so bold, so free,  
 To unite your scattered forces  
 In ranks of harmony;  
 We give you joyous greeting,  
 Armed with the power of right;  
 To demolish ancient error  
 And give us day for night.

## 62 Death's Stream Bridged.

Air—Auld Lang Syne.

Come friends and brethren, all unite,  
 And swell an anthem grand;  
 The glorious presence we invite,  
 Of a pure and heavenly band.

## CHORUS.

O mortals shout aloud for joy,  
 Your glad hosannas sing,  
 The grave is robbed of victory  
 And death has lost its sting.

Storm-tossed and weary ones of earth,  
 Behold th' resplendent star,  
 Which lights the stream of death across,  
 And brings our loved ones near.—Cho.

The so-called dead have been restored,  
 We see them face to face,  
 And life triumphant swells the song,  
 In spite of death's embrace.—Cho.

## 63 The Isles of the By and By.

We shall meet again in the By and By,  
 Where the mountains gleam in the morning  
 sky,  
 We shall meet again in the land of Love,  
 The world of joy and peace above.

## CHORUS.

We shall meet again, we shall meet again  
 In the beautiful Isles of the By and By,  
 We shall meet again, we shall meet again,  
 In the Isles of the By and By.

In the balmy Isles where the angels roam  
 By the crystal seas of our Father's home,  
 There are forms of grace and of beauty rare,  
 And the ones we have lost are there.—Cho.

We must part in tears when the twilight  
 dies,  
 On the far-off hills of our evening skies;  
 We shall meet in joy where our dear ones  
 stand,  
 In the gates of the Morning-Land.—Cho.

We shall fall asleep when the autumn grieves,  
 O'er the fading flowers and falling leaves;  
 We shall wake again where the angels sing,  
 In the bloom of eternal spring.—Cho.

## 64 Scatter Seeds of Kindness.

Air—Gospel Hymns, No. 174.

Let us gather up the sunbeams,  
 Lying all around our path,  
 Let us keep the wheat and roses,  
 Casting out the thorns and chaff.  
 Let us find our sweetest comfort  
 In the blessings of to-day,  
 With a patient hand removing  
 All the briers from the way.

## CHORUS.

Then scatter seeds of kindness,  
 Then scatter seeds of kindness,  
 Then scatter seeds of kindness,  
 For our reaping by and bye.

Strange we never prize the music  
 Till the sweet-voiced bird is flown!  
 Strange that we should slight the violets  
 Till the lovely flowers are gone!  
 Strange that summer skies and sunshine  
 Never seem one half so fair,  
 As when winter's snowy pinions  
 Shake the white down in the air.—Cho.

If we knew the baby fingers,  
 Pressed against the window pane,  
 Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—  
 Never trouble us again—  
 Would the bright eyes of our darling  
 Catch the frown upon our brow?  
 Would the prints of rosy fingers  
 Vex us then as they do now?—Cho.

Ah! those little ice-cold fingers,  
 How they point our memories back  
 To the hasty words and actions  
 Strewn along our backward track!  
 How those little hands remind us,  
 As in snowy grace they lie,  
 Not to scatter thorns—but roses—  
 For our reaping by and bye.—Cho.



**65 Forsake Not the Right.**

Air—Spiritual Harp, p. 141.

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.

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.

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.

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.

**66 The Pilgrim.**

Joyfully, joyfully, onward I move,  
 Bound for the land of bright spirits above,  
 Angelic choristers sing as I come,  
 Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home;  
 Soon, with my pilgrimage ended below,  
 Home to the land of bright spirits I'll go,  
 Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam,  
 Joyfully, joyfully, resting at home.

Friends fondly cherish'd have passed on  
 before,  
 Waiting, they watch me approaching the  
 shore;

Singing to cheer me as thither I roam,  
 Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home.  
 Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear;  
 Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear!  
 Rings with the harmony, heaven's high dome,  
 Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home.

Death, with thy weapons of war lay me low,  
 Strike, king of terrors, I fear not thy blow;  
 Spirits have broken the bars of the tomb,  
 Joyfully, joyfully, will I go home!  
 Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,  
 Death shall be banished, his sceptre be gone;  
 Joyfully then shall I witness his doom,  
 Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

**67 Anniversary.**

Air—Spiritual Harp, p. 121.

We have come unto the mountain  
 And the city of our God,  
 To the ways of truth and beauty,  
 By the souls perfected trod,  
 And the resurrection trumpet  
 Shall not wake them from the sod,  
 As we go marching on.

CHORUS.

Glory, glory Hallelujah,  
 Glory, glory Hallelujah,  
 Glory, glory Hallelujah  
 As we go marching on.

Break the bread of consolation  
 To the souls oppressed with care;  
 Ever in our spirit mansions  
 There is bread enough to spare,  
 Surely none need faint with hunger,  
 While we have such blessed fare  
 As we go marching on.—CHO.

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.—CHO.

**68 Song of Liberty.**

Arouse ye liberal souls, in the East and in the  
 West,  
 Strike for the good old cause of freedom,  
 Shall man, for his opinions, by bigots be  
 oppressed,  
 Here in this land of boasted freedom?

CHORUS.

Freedom forever; hurrah, friends, hurrah,  
 Down with the tyrants, let justice be law.  
 As we rally for our liberties, rally once again  
 Shouting the good old cry of freedom.

To speak his thought, let every one claim the  
 sacred right,  
 'Neath the starry flag of freedom.  
 The pen will win our battle, it must conquer  
 in its might  
 All for the glorious cause of freedom.  
 CHO.

Arouse ye liberal souls, in the East and in the  
 West,  
 Strike for the good old cause of freedom.  
 Defend our thought and speech, and the free-  
 dom of the press,  
 Our watchword must evermore be freedom.  
 CHO.

## 69 Where the Roses Ne'er Shall Wither.

Air—Spiritual Harp, p. 226.

Where the roses ne'er shall wither,  
Nor the clouds of sorrow gather,  
We shall meet, we shall meet,  
Where no wintry storm can roll,  
Driving summer from the soul,  
Where all hearts are tuned to love,  
On that happy shore above.

### CHORUS.

Where the roses ne'er shall wither,  
Nor the clouds of sorrow gather,  
Angel bands will guide us thither,  
Where the roses ne'er shall wither.

Where the hills are ever vernal,  
And the springs of youth eternal,  
We shall meet, we shall meet,  
Where life's morning dream returns,  
And the noonday never burns,  
Where the dew of life is love,  
On that happy shore above.—CHO.

Where no cruel word is spoken,  
Where no faithful heart is broken,  
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.—CHO.

## 70 Across the River.

Air—Ortonville.

Across yon river's shining waves,  
I've watched the golden light  
That slumbers on the purple hills,  
And on the mountain's height.

Full well I know beyond those hills  
A fairer city lies,  
With towers, minarets and walls,  
Than ever met mine eyes.

My thoughts would sometimes linger there,  
For on that other side  
Dwell many friends who long ago  
Have crossed the swelling tide.

But now I feel an interest there  
I never felt before,  
For all that made life beautiful,  
Is on that farther shore.

The jeweled links that bound me here,  
Have fallen one by one,  
And now the chain is worthless quite,  
The precious clasp is gone.

Fain would I climb the distant hills  
Which hide that city fair,  
For all my treasure, all my hope,  
And all my heart are there.

## 71 The Morning Light is Breaking.

The morning light is breaking,  
The darkness disappears,  
The sons of earth are waking  
To penitential tears.  
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean,  
Brings tidings from afar,  
Of nations in commotion,  
Prepared to banish war.

Blest river of progression,  
Pursue thy onward way;  
Flow thou to every nation,  
Nor in thy richness stay.  
Stay not till all the lowly,  
Triumphant reach their home;  
Stay not till all the holy,  
Proclaim: "The truth is come."

## 72 Doxologies.

L. M.

Let all with grateful hearts adore  
The Great, Unknown, Eternal Power,  
Whose certain laws we seek to know,  
And then a glad obedience show.

C. M.

To Wisdom, Mercy, Truth and Love.  
We pay the homage due;  
May all the virtues more abound,  
And these our hearts renew.

May the truths which have been spoken.  
Guide us in our life below;  
Angels bread of life have broken,  
And our hearts with joys o'erflow.  
May the blessed word forever  
Cheer us in our onward way;  
And, with cheerful courage ever,  
May we work and watch and pray.