SPIRITUALIST HYMNAL

A New Collection of

WORDS AND MUSIC

For the

CONGREGATION AND CHOIR

Specially Adapted for

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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DEVELOPMENT OF PRINCIPLES
Adopted by the
NATIONAL SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION
U. S. A.

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

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

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

"Spiritualism Is a Science" because it investigates, analyzes and classifies facts and manifestations, demonstrated from the spirit side of life.
"Spiritualism Is a Philosophy" because it studies the laws of nature both on the seen and unseen sides of life and bases its conclusions upon present observed facts. It accepts statements of observed facts of past ages and conclusions drawn therefrom, when sustained by reason and by results of observed facts of the present day.
"Spiritualism Is a Religion" because it strives to understand and to comply with the Physical, Mental and Spiritual Laws of Nature, "which are the laws of God."
No. 1. Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. Newman.

1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th'en-circling gloom,
2. I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that thou
3. So long thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still

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

Lead thou me on. Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to
Lead thou me on. I lov'd the garish day; and, spite of
The night is gone, And with the morn those angel faces

see The distant scene; one step enough for me.
fears Pride rul'd my will: re-mem-ber not past years.
smile Which I have lov'd long since, and lost a while.
No. 2. Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping.

Rev. H. Bonar, D. D.

Theo. E. Perkins.

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

Chorus.

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

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No. 3.

We'll Never Part Again.

Fanny J. Crosby.

Scotch Air.

Moderato.

1. When part-ing tears our cheeks bedew, And rend our souls with pain, From those we love in heav'n above There comes a sweet refrain; It murmurs soft as evening winds, O'er
2. When du - ty calls us far a-way, With mild yet firm command, And fill'd with grief no words can tell, We clasp each oth-ers' hand; A harp unseen in sil-ver tone, Rings pale and cold, We catch the faint good-bye; E'en then with-in a brok-en heart We
3. When o'er some treasured form we bend, And mark the closing eye, And from the lips now

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

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We'll Never Part Again.—Concluded.

D. S. Chorus.

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

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

No. 4. Charity.

1. If we knew the cares and cross-es, Crowd-ed round our neigh-bor's way;
2. If we knew the si-len-t sto-ry; Quiv-’ring thro' the heart of pain,
3. Let us reach with-in our bo-soms For the key to oth-er lives,

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

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

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

From "Spiritual Harp."
No. 5.
Hand in Hand with Angels.

LUCY LARCOM.

1. Hand in hand with angels, thro' the world we go; Brighter eyes are on us than we blind ones know;
   Ten-d'er voices cheer us know-ing, into paths of light; Some soft hands are cover'd bright-en, none of us can say; Yet it doubt-less reach-es strong ones, draw-ing up the slow; One elec-tric love-chord,
2. Hand in hand with angels; some are out of sight, Leading us, un-than we deaf will own; Never, walk-ing heav'nward, can we walk a-lone.
3. Hand in hand with angels, walking ev'-ry day; How the chain may from our mor-tal grasp, Soul in soul to hold us with a firm-er clasp.
4. Hand in hand with angels, ev'er let us go; Cling-ing to the thrill-ing all with fire, Soar we thro' vast a-ges, high-er, ev'er high-er.

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No. 6.
Joy Bells.

Miss J. POLLARD.  

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

From "Spiritual Songster." By permission.
Joy-Bells.—Concluded.

Chorus. Slower.

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

Chorus.

nev-er, nev-er cease your ring-ing;)
nev-er, nev-er cease your sing-ing;

No. 7.

Voices Come.

SOLOMON DILL.

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

Chorus.

thoughts from day to day, Kind-ly help to ren-der,
mes-sages of love, Soul-ful long-ings meet-ing.
bind their love a-new, Hold-ing soul com-mun-ion.
anx-i-ous cares and fears, Earth-ly stress a-bat-ing.

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

May be sung as a Solo or Duet with Chorus.

1. Beck-on-ing hands at the gate-way to-night, Faces a shin-ing with ra-di-ant light; Eyes look-ing down from yon heav-en-ly home, vo-tion to prove; Hands of a fa-ther to mem-o-ry dear, moth-er, for thee; Ro-sy-cheek’d dar-ling, the light of the home, lov’d one of life; Hands of a broth-er, a sis-ter, a friend,

2. Beck-on-ing hands of a moth-er whose love Sac-rif-iced life its de-

3. Beck-on-ing hands of a lit-tle one, see! Baby voice call-ing, O beau-ti-ful hands they are beck-on-ing "come."

4. Beck-on-ing hands of a hus-band, a wife, Watch-ing and wait-ing the Out from the gate-way to-night they ex-tend.

Refrain.

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

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

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No. 9.

Sweet By-and-By.

S. Fillmore Bennett.  

1. There's a land that is fair-er than day, And by faith we can see it a-far; For the Father waits o-ver the way, To pre-
songs of the blest, And our Spirit shall sor-row no more, Not a trib-ute of praise, For the glo-ri-ous gift of his love, And the

2. We shall sing on that beau-ti-ful shore The mel-o-di-ous pare us a dwell-ing-place there.
sigh for the bless-ing of rest.)} In the sweet by-and-by,
bless-ings that hal-low our days.} In the sweet by-and-by,

3. To our boun-ti-ful Fa-ther a-bove, We will of-fer our We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore, In the sweet by-and-by,

Chorus.

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

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Open the Door for the Children.

From J. Bubnham's "Anniversary Gems," adapted.

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

2. Open the door for the children; See, they are com-ing in throngs!
   Some are so young and so help-less, Some are so hun-gry and cold;
   Pray you the Fa-ther to bless them, Pray you that grace may be given;
   Some are so young and so help-less, Some are so hun-gry and cold;

3. Open the door for the children, Take the dear lambs by the hand,
   Some are so young and so help-less, Some are so hun-gry and cold;
   Pray you the Fa-ther to bless them, Pray you that grace may be given;
   Some are so young and so help-less, Some are so hun-gry and cold;

Chorus. Open the door, gather them in, Gather them in to the fold;

From "Spiritual Songster."
Open the Door for the Children.—Concluded.

Tenderly.

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

No. 11.

I Will Sing You a Song.

(MHOME OF THE SOUL.)

Mrs. Ellen H. Gates. 


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

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

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

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

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No. 12.  Surely the Curtain is Lifting.

A. J. M.  A. J. MAXHAM.

1. Surely the curtain is lifting, Some twilight the angels will come,
2. The days have been long since they left us, The weeks and the months grow to years,

And lifting the folds of the curtain, Will show us their beautiful home.
And our feet they have stumbled and faltered, For our eyes have been blinded with tears.

Surely the curtain is lifting, It wavers and swells with the breath,
But a glorious morning awaits us, Immortal love laughs at the tomb,

Of those who were led from among us By the beautiful angel of death.
And the hands that we dropped in our sorrow, Clasp ours, and are leading us home.

REFRAIN.

Surely the curtain is lifting, White hands and dear faces I see.
Surely the Curtain is Lifting.—Concluded.

Like the morning mist up the hills drifting, The thin veil is parted for me.

No. 13. Be Happy.

Dr. J. M. Peebles.

1. Be happy, be happy! for bright is the earth, With sunshine and
2. Be happy, be happy! for fountains most sweet Are gushing a-
3. Be happy, be happy! who loves the black clouds, Which lower in their

mu-sic and love; Each day it grows richer in wisdom and worth,
long the bright years, And pathways all pleasant are waiting our feet,
bod- ing so deep? 'Tis better to walk in bright raiments than shrouds.

CHORUS.

And more like sweet heaven above.
With joys more abundant than tears.
'Tis better to smile than to weep.

Then let us be happy! Sunny and

bright in the face; Oh, let us be happy! Earth is a beautiful place.

From "Spiritual Harp."

A. J. LOCKHART.

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

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

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

From "Spiritual Songster."

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

BETHANY.

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

1. Nearer, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee!
Nearer, My God, to Thee.—Concluded.

That raiseth me; Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my
My bed a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be Nearer, my
In mercy given; Angels to beckon me Nearer, my
Upward I fly; Still all my song shall be Nearer, my

God, to thee, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee.


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

Chorus.

Hear my pray'r, O hear my pray'r, Guard and
Keep me in thy care; Loving Father, hear my pray'r, Hear, O hear my heartfelt pray'r!

From "Celestial Sonnets."
No. 17.

It Won't Be Long.

John R. Clements.

Theo. E. Perkins.

1. Tho' as pil-grims here we tar-ry for a few brief years; Tho' the path be

2. Tho' we oft-en sigh for quiet like the heav'n-ly rest, Tho' our heads we'd

3. Tho' in vis-ions oft we trav-el in a spir-it bold, And we're fill'd with

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

Chorus.

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

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

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

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No. 18.
The Banner of Peace.

BELLE BUSH.

Boldly.

DANIEL BATCHELLOR.

No. 19. While the Days are Going By.

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

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

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

From "Spiritual Harp."

No. 20. The Ship of Life.

B. M. L.

1. Our ship glides o'er the wa-ter, With col-or's flow-ing free, Bound for a
2. With pro-gress for our com-pass, Which ev-er points a-bove, And pray'r that
3. Souls gone be-fore still hov-er Round us on wings of love, While we are
4. With an-gel friends be-side us, All sor-did aims will cease, Our pi-lo-t,

From "Celestial Sonnets."
The Ship of Life.—Concluded.

Chorus.

fair-er quar-ter. We're sail-ing on life’s sea.

Oh, hear sweet voices sing-ing, Songs

heav’n may guide us, We’ll gain the port of love.

from the oth-er shore; Peace an-gels now are bring-ing Good will on earth once more.

We're sail-ins:

They lift our tho’ts a-bove.

sail-ing o-ver

pray’r will guide us Safe in the port of peace.

sail-ing o-ver

They lift our tho’ts a-bove.

from the oth-er shore; Peace an-gels now are bring-ing Good will on earth once more.

No. 21.

Gentle Angels, Pilot Me.

J. E. Gould.

1. Gen-tle An-gels, pi-lot me O-ver life’s tem-pes-tuous sea;

Un-known waves be-fore me roll, Hid-ing rock and treach’rous shoal;

Boist’rous waves o-bey thy will, When thou say-est, “Peace, be still;”

2. As a moth-er stills her child, Thou caust hush the o-cean wild;

'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then, while lean-ing on thy breast,

3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear-ful break-ers roar

Chart and com-pass came from thee, Gen-tle An-gels, pi-lot me.

Psych-ic sov’reigns of the sea, Gen-tle An-gels, pi-lot me.

May I hear thee say to me, “Fear not, I will pi-lot thee.”
No. 22.  
Sweet Spirits Can Return.

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

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

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

No. 23.  
Shall We Meet.

H. L. Hastings.  
Elisha S. Rice.

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

Where, in all the bright forever, sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?
Shall we meet and cast the anchor by the bright celestial shore?
And creation swells the chorus with its sweet melodious sound?
Shall we listen to their voices, and behold them face to face?

D.S.—Shall we meet beyond the river, where the surges cease to roll?

Chorus.

Shall we meet, shall we meet, shall we meet beyond the river?

No. 24.

Rest, Pilgrim Rest.

Words arranged and Music by Theodore E. Perkins.

1. Rest in the shadow of the Rock, O pilgrim, Rest, pilgrim, rest; Night treads close upon the heels of day, There is no other resting place this way, The Rock is near, journey are thy weary feet, Turn, now O pilgrim to this calm retreat, O sweetly rest, slumber by the Rock so dear, Wake rejoicing, for their home is near, Beneath its shade,

2. Rest in the shadow of the Rock, O pilgrim, Rest, pilgrim, rest; Worn by The well is clear. Rest in the shadow of the Rock, O pilgrim, Rest, pilgrim, rest.

3. Rest in the shadow of the Rock, O pilgrim, Rest, pilgrim, rest; They who By care oppressed. Rest in the shadow of the Rock, O pilgrim, Rest, pilgrim, rest.

Thy bed is made. Rest in the shadow of the Rock, O pilgrim, Rest, pilgrim, rest.

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Going Home.

1. One by one your souls are going To the life where all are free, As the sands are outward flowing By the sad waves of the sea. One by one your friends devoic-es sweet re- ply-ing Say in lands than earth more fair You shall find each cherished land where comes no midnight, You are journeying thro' the years. One by one! keep hope with-

2. One by one your hopes are flying—An-gel whis- pers thro' the air! List! soft part-ing Cloud your souls in grief and tears, But the an-gels earthward starting, glo-ry, You shall glad-ly hail a-gain All the light of time's brief sto-ry in you—Keep bright truth be-fore your heart, So the an-gel world shall win you,

3. One by one to-ward the day-light, From the plane of grief and fears, T'ward the sands are out-ward flowing By the sad waves of the sea. One by one your friends devoic-es sweet re- ply-ing Say in lands than earth more fair You shall find each cherished land where comes no midnight, You are journeying thro' the years. One by one! keep hope with-

Chorus.

Bring their light to calm your fears. One by one, one by one, To that life where all are free, one by one, We are go-ing one by one by one, We are go-ing one by one,

One by one, one by one, To that life where all are free, one by one, We are go-ing one by one by one, We are go-ing one by one,
Going Home.—Concluded.

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

No. 26. Angelic Songs are Swelling.


1. Hark! hark! my soul, angelic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and
   ocean's wave-beat shore How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling

2. Onward we go, for still we hear them singing, "Come weary souls, for
   sounds o'er land and sea All laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,

3. Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing, The voice of angels
   of that new life when pain shall be no more
   Kind angels turn their weary steps to thee

Chorus.

Of the music of the angels leads us home
Angels of heaven

Rall.

Angels of light, Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.
No. 27. **The Other World.**

1. It lies around us like a cloud, A world we do not see; Yet the sweet
2. Sweet hearts around us throb and beat, Sweet helping hands are stirr'd, And palpitations
3. And in the hush of rest they bring, 'Tis easy now to see How lovely
4. Sweet sounds around us! watch us still; Press near-er to our side, Into our

... (music notation)

No. 28. **Battling for the Right.**

1. We've listed in a noble war, Battling for the right: Eter nal life our
2. We've girded on our armor bright, Battling for the right: The Spirit's word our
3. We stand like heroes on the field, Battling for the right: In psychic strength we'll
4. And when our earthly work is o'er, Battling for the right: We'll re-enlist on

... (music notation)
Battling for the Right.—Concluded.

REFRAIN.

We'll work till angels come, We'll work till angels come, And then we'll rest at home.

No. 29. The Great Oversoul.

R. S. WILLIAMS.

L. MASON.

1. I know God's presence ev - er In all things doth a - bide, I see it in the heavens, No darkness e'er can hide. I see it in the wa - ters The fail - eth, Where God can nev - er be. This truth is pre - cious ev - er, This

2. The shin-ing wings of morn-ing, Can nev - er car - ry me Where God's real presence

seas' re - lent-less tide: I'll sing this truth for - ev - er, All things in God a - bide. thought is dear to me: As I in God a - bid - eth, So God a - bides in me.
No. 30. That Loving Hand is Leading Me.

B. M. L.  

B. M. Lawrence.

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

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

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

From "Celestial Sonnets."
No. 31.  

Angels at the Door.  

Dr. T. Wilkins.  

1/  

G. Tabor Thompson.  

1. There are times when life seems dreary, When the road seems rough and long; When the form is weak and weary, With the surging human throng; But 'tis then the angel bud and bloom renewing, And all nature bright and fair, With the gentle zephyrs silence giving warning, Of the pit-falls in the way; In the evening we oft' voices, To my weary soul gives peace, And the world with us rejoices, sighing, To the sun their winsome plea; We can sense the loved ones trying, hear them, Laughing, talking, singing too, And it ever helps endear them,

2. In the springtime with the wooing, And the fragrance in the air; With the

3. We can sense them in the morning, Giving counsel for the day, In the

Chorus.

At the promise of release,  

From all gloom to set us free.  

Yes, the loved ones gone before, Are the angels to the hearts remaining true.

at the door; “Ev’ry man must earn his heaven,” Quoth the spirits evermore.

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Scatter Seeds of Kindness.

No. 32.

Mrs. A. Smith.

S. J. Vail.

1. Let us gather up the sunbeams, Lying all around our path; Let us

2. If we knew the baby-fingers, Press'd against the window-pane, Would be

3. Ah! those little ice-cold fingers, How they point our memories back To the

4. Strange we never prize the music Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown! Strange that

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

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

slow.

Chorus. quicker.

All the bri-ar-s from the way.
Vex us then as they do now?
For our reap-ing by-and-by!

Then scatter seeds of kindness, Then scat-ter seeds of
Shake the white down in the air.

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Scatter Seeds of Kindness.—Concluded.

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

No. 33.

Joy Cometh.


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

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

From "Spiritual Harp."
No. 34.  

Wait, Wait for Victory.

G. T. T.

G. Tabor Thompson.

1. Wait! O wait for vict'ry, work-ers brave and true; Ever
look-ing up-ward, Right will come to you. Lift the blood-less
thing can harm you! Peace shall win the day. Ev-er press-ing
days are com-ing, watch the turn-ing tide. Swords will change to
still keep hop-ing, till the change does come. Then a-gain the

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

CHORUS.

ev-er be un-furled.
though you do not fight.
'tis for you in store.

Wait! Wait for vic-t'ry, work-ers
true! Though slow in com-ing, 'tis for you. Wait! Wait for
Wait, Wait for Victory.—Concluded.

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

No. 35. They Hover Near.

G. TABOR THOMPSON. KARL WILHELM, arr.

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

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

CHORUS.

Oh, an-gel guide, from Beulah land, Still hover near our lit-tle band;

And lead us to..... the home a-bove, Where all is life, and light, and love.
No. 36. **Voices Talk to Me.**

**George Kates.**

*Not too fast.*

**J. A. Weitz.**

1. *Angel voices talk to me* All along life's weary way, On the
   mountain, by the sea, In the vale where shadows stay, In the busy
   on the waiting lea, Cast ing rainbows on the skies; As the balm-
   mutes of life Where the croaking ravens be, Where the vultures join
   south-winds blow, Murm'ring in the quiv'ring tree; As the zephyrs
   in the hills, Answered in the songful glee Of the rippling, murm'ring

2. *Angel voices talk to me* As the waves of ocean rise, Breaking
   marts of life Where the croaking ravens be, Where the vultures join

3. *Angel voices speak to me,* Speak, as when a distant strain Pitch'd to
   talk to me, On the mountain, by the sea, *Angel voices talk to me.*

Chorus.

*There the voices talk to me.*
*So the voices talk to me.*
*There the voices talk to me, There the voices talk to me.*
No. 37. Beautiful Rest.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

WARREN COLLINS.

1. Rest for the weary, O beautiful rest! God hath prepared in the
land of the blest,—How I am thrill'd with a rapture divine,
beautiful rest, God hath prepared in the land of the blest,—Sweet to my

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No. 38.  

The Angel Boatman.  

Mrs. Lydia Baxter.  

Theo. E. Perkins.  

1. One by one we cross the river, One by one we're ferried o'er;  
2. One by one we're call'd to go, As we heed some gentle voice;  
3. One by one the heavy-laden Sink beneath the noon-tide sun;  

One by one the crowns are given On the bright, celestial shore.  
One by one their vine-yard enter, There to labor and rejoice.  
And the aged pilgrim comes Evening shadows as they come.  

Youth and childhood oft are passing O'er the dark and rolling tide,  
One by one sweet flow'res we gather In the glorious work of love,  
One by one, with wrongs forgotten, May we stand up on the shore,  

And the white-rob'd angel boatman Is the dying pilgrim's guide;  
Garlands for the angel boatman To convey to realms above;  
Waiting till the angel boatman Takes the helm, and guides us o'er;  

And the white-rob'd angel boatman Bears them o'er the rolling tide.  
And the white-rob'd angel boatman Bears them to the realms of love.  
And the white-rob'd angel boatman Lands us on the shining shore.  

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Oh, List to the Call.

Dr. T. Wilkins.

G. Tabor Thompson.

1. Hark! there comes a message to the weary heart, Message from the spirit,
   giving us new start; While the doors thrown open give us all a view,
   of the spirit portals, and the heaven true.
   shout now unto all, Have you heard the message? List now to the call. Sounds a voice a-

2. When the clouds hang o'er us, and the day is dark, And the light before you
   seems only a spark; Take heart, for the brighter follows o'er the gloom,
   And this world is lighter, e'en beyond the tomb.
   this great truth, and seal it: those tho' dead, still live.

3. When the day is brightest, and all things are well, When your heart is lightest
   with its sunny spell, To the world reveal it, and to others give
   voices from the soul land,
   shout now unto all, Have you heard the message? List now to the call. Sounds a voice a-

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No. 40.  All the Way.

1. I'm but a youthful pilgrim, My journey's just begun; They say I'll
2. Then like a little pilgrim, Whatever I may meet, I'll take it
3. Then trials cannot vex me, And pain I need not fear; For when I'm

meet with sorrow Before my journey's done. The world is full of
joy or sorrow—And lay at angels' feet. They'll comfort me in
close by angels Grief cannot come too near. Not even death can

trouble And trials too, they say, But I will follow angels,
trouble, They'll wipe my tears away, With joy I'll follow angels,
harm me, When death I meet one day; To heav'n I'll follow angels.

All the way, But I will follow angels, All the way.

No. 41.  Open Wide the Gates.

B. M. L.  Miss M. W. M.

1. Come, sweet angels, while we sing, To each soul some message bring. Lift our thoughts to that bright
2. Come with peace and fill each soul, Make us feel the calm control Of bright angels from a-
3. Come and heal the aching heart, Love and peace to each impart, To the weary toil-worn
4. Guide the care-worn pilgrim here, Check the sight and dry the tear—To that bright celestial

From "Celestial Sonnets."
Open Wide the Gates.—Concluded.

shore, Where dull care shall come no more. Meet us here, Oh, meet us here,

boye, Where the on - ly law is love. 

breast, Give a fore-taste of sweet rest. 

shore, O - pen wide the gates once more. 

Meet us here, Meet us here,

Meet us here, 

Meet us here, 

Meet us here,

Meet us here,

Meet us here,

Meet us here,

Meet us here.

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

No. 42. The Trusting Soul. 

JOHN W. RING. G. TABOR THOMPSON.

1. The morn-ing light is break-ing, The sun of truth is nigh, While men of earth a-

2. The day comes on with du - ties, The heat and toil and strife, A dis - cipline with 

3. The shades of night are fall - ing, We sit in qui - et thought, Then to our souls are 

wak - ing, A - rise and look on high; The burst of long pent glo - ry In - 

beau - ties, Strewn all a - long through life; How sweet the way that's giv - en, To 

call - ing, The friends that love hath brought; So morn or noon or night - time, The 

 spices each waiting soul, To know the oft' told sto - ry, We're parts of one great whole. 

help - ful - ness and cheer, Then all the way is heav - en, With an - els ev - er near. 

puls - ing of the whole, Doth speak in tones of glad rhyme, Un - to each trust - ing soul.

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No. 43.  
*I Am Weary, Gentle Angel.*

**FANNY CROSBY.**

**W. H. PETTIBONE.**

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

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

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

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No. 44.  
*Angel Care.*

**D. P. MARCYES.**

**S. W. TUCKER.**

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

From “Melodies of Life.”
Angel Care.—Concluded.

Fine. Chorus.

weary heart rejoices, In sweet tho'ts of angel care.
friend-ly hands caress-ing Us, as we their presence greet.

Go-ing with us, car-ing
pur-er, bet-ter, bright-er, Than our earthly friends can give.
soul shall wea-ry nev-er,' Midst the wondrous works of God.

D.S.—Till our dis-tant homes we view.

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

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

G. Tabor Thompson. Grace Undergraff.

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

Chorus.

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

I will fol-low thee,'Till I see death's lift-ed cur-tain, Let me hide my-self in thee.
No. 46.  That Land Beyond the River.
B. M. LAWRENCE.  Arr. by W. B. BRADBURY.

1. In that land beyond the river We shall meet an angel band,
And with them live on forever In that pure and peaceful land.
Chorus.

2. Over there beyond the river They now chant a cheerful lay,
And their love-tunes with us linger As we journey on our way.

3. Over there beyond the river, Safe among the lov'd and blest,
When the cares of life are over, From all labor we shall rest.

4. Over there beyond the river We shall meet dear friends above,
And with them live on forever In that peaceful land of love.

From "Celestial Sonnets."

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

1. Oh, how sweet it is to think That beneath a heav'n-ly sky, We shall
From "Melodies of Life."

2. Where the ran-som'd spir-its wait To con-duct us o'er the tide, In-to

3. We will leave our trou-bles here, And we'll lay our bur-dens down, When we

4. In that bliss-ful spir-it land We shall hear no more fare-well, For we'll
The Happy By-and-By.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

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

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

No. 48. Wisdom Orders All Things Well.

B. M. L. GEO. BCAVSON.

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

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

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

From "Celestial Sonnets."
No. 49. Message From the Spirit Land.
G. T. T.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

No. 50. Sweet Be Thy Rest.

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

From "Spiritual Harp."
Sweet Be Thy Rest.—Concluded.

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

No. 51. There We Shall Meet.

B. M. L.

GEO. BEAVERSON.

1. There is a world so bright and fair, Where all are free from want and care

2. The lad-der lead-ing to that land Hath ma-ny steps where all may stand,

3. Here men are seek-ing wealth and fame, But great-er worth has a good name,

4. Here men we trust, bad traits re-veal, The moths cor-rupt, and thieves may steal,

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

Chorus.

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

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

From "Celestial Sonnets."
Angel Voices.

E. R. W.  
_Moderato._

ELLA ROYAL WILLIAMS.

1. Like the snow-flake softly falling, Robing earth in purest white;
2. As the snow-flake and the dew-drop, Vanish in the sun's bright ray;

Like the dew-drops bright-ly glist'ning In the golden rays of light,
So the veil that hides our loved ones, Fadeth from our sight away;

Come the voices of our loved ones, Gen-tly whisp'ring in our ear,
Then we see their smiling faces, See their robes of snowy white,

And the touch of angel fingers Fills the heart with glad-some cheer.
And we know no vacant places Dim the hearth-stone's cheer-y light.

**Chorus.**

An-gel voices soft-ly call-ing, Soft-ly call-ing day and night,
Angel Voices.—Concluded.

Angel foot-steps gently falling; Make life's pathway ever bright.

No. 53. Waiting 'mid the Shadows.

Rev. A. J. Lockhart. \ S. W. Tucker.

1. Waiting 'mid the shadows, patient, faithful still: Doing and enduring
   my good Master's will, Waiting till the trial shall my soul repine,

2. Waiting 'mid the shadows, while thro' gates of dawn, Triumphing, rejoicing,
   my beloved have gone: Vacant in the home-stead shall their place remain,

3. Waiting 'mid the shadows, yet not all alone, Thou art my companion,
   bright and holy One: Thou amidst the desert, fountains hast unsealed,

4. Waiting 'mid the shadows, thro' the lonely years, Breaking bread in sorrow
   moist'en'd with my tears: Restless on my pillow, till the dawning gray,

While waiting 'mid the shadows,
   All my tears away.
   Waiting one who wipeth all my tears away.

Chorus.

Till the clouds shall scatter, and the sun shall shine.
   Waiting 'mid the shadows, showing me thro' darkness glo ries un reveal'd.
   'tis my Master's will, Waiting 'mid the shadows, watch-ing, waiting still.

From "Melodies of Life."
1. If you cannot on the ocean Sail among the swiftest fleet,
2. If you are too weak to journey Up the mountain steep and high,
3. If you have not gold and silver Ever ready to command,
4. Do not then stand idly waiting For some greater work to do,

Rocking on the highest billows, Laughing at the storms you meet,
You can stand within the valley While the multitudes go by,
If you can't towards the needy Reach an ever open hand,
Fortune is a lazy goddess, She will never come to you. Go and

stand among the sailors, Anchor'd yet within the bay,
chant in happy measure, As they slowly pass along, Tho' they may for...
vis - it the afflic - ted, O'er the err ing you can weep,
toil in any vineyard, Do not fear to do or dare; If you want a

hand to help them, As they launch their boats away,
get the sing - er, They will not for - get the song,
true dis - ciple, Sit - ting at our Fa - ther's feet,
field of labor, You can find it any - where, You can find it any - where.

From "Lyceum Guide."
No. 55. Where the Roses Never Fade.

C. P. L-mf Moderato con espress.  C. Payson Longley.

1. Where the roses never fade, Never lose their fragrance sweet, Where no grief our homes invade, And our triumph is complete. There above life's sordid fulness shall receive, Blessings, rich from day to day. There we gain a sweet-er fear shall be al-layed In that home not far a-way. Here we toil thro' grief and help each sorrowing heart To be no-ble, good, and true. Time is pass-ing fast a-
cares, There in robes of light ar-ray'd, We shall greet our lov'd so fair, bliss, Gain the gifts so long de-lay'd, In a fair-er world than this, strife, Toil with faint-ing heart dis-may'd; There is life, im-mor-tal life, way, Let no du-ty be de-lay'd, Soon we'll reach that gold-en day,

f Chorus.

Where the roses never fade. Glorious home! Sweet home of song, Where no sor-row casts its shade; We shall greet the heav'nly throng, Where the roses never fade.

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No. 56. Open the Beautiful Gates for Me.

B. M. L. Mrs. M. W. M.

1. There is a world, a beautiful world, Where the skies are always bright;
2. There is a land, a beautiful land, Where the fields are bright and green,
3. There is a shore, a beautiful shore, Far beyond all care and strife;
4. There is a home, a beautiful home, Decked with gems that shine like gold;

There flowers sweet will forever bloom, In that land of love and light.
With golden grains and rare fruits of love, Which no mortal eye hath seen.
There pain and sorrow are felt no more, In that land of love and life.
Dear friends a-wait for us over there With a love that ne'er grows cold.

Chorus.

That world, that beautiful world, Sweet rest for the soul when set free;
That world,

Come, angels, come, and welcome me home, Come open the gates for me.

No. 57. Soft Flowing River.

Legato.

1. Soft flowing river, Starlighted stream, Filling with music Night-ly her dream,
2. Breezes of ev'n-ing, Pilgrims of song, Sing to the dream-er All the night long,
3. Dreamer, she sleep-eth, Tranquil and blest, Ev'n-ing to morn-ing, Sweet be her rest;

From "Celestial Sonnets."

From "Spiritual Harp."
Soft Flowing River.—Concluded.

Ming-ling thy waters, Roll by the shore, But softly, O softly Thy
Ming-ling your voices, Song and encore, But softly, O softly Your
Ming-ling thy voices, Night, as of yore. But softly, O softly Thy

mu-sic out-pour, But softly, O softly Thy mu-sic out-pour.
mu-sic out-pour, But softly, O softly Your mu-sic out-pour.
mu-sic out-pour, But softly, O softly Thy mu-sic out-pour.

No. 58.

Spirit Greeting.

1. We give you joy-ous greeting, Friends of our no-ble cause, Who have lit the
torch of rea-son By light of na-ture's laws; We give you joy-ous greeting, Ye
scattered for-ces In ranks of har-mo-ny; We give you joy-ous greeting, In-
toil-ers in the field, Who, the right with pa-tient working, Will nev-er jus-tice yield.

From "Spiritual Harp."
Look Away to Angels.

G. Tabor Thompson.

1. When cares perplex, and all goes wrong, O look away to angels.
2. When one by one thy friends depart, O look away to angels.
3. When you are call’d to ford the stream, O look away to angels.
4. The boat-man bright will row thee o’er, O look away to angels.

They change the sighing into song, And whisper, “Child, it won’t be long!”
Th’ life is sad, and tears do start, They cheer the weeping, bleeding hearts:
When life is all an empty dream, O then upon their strong arm lean:
We’ll meet again on Canaan’s shore, With lov’d from earth gone on before:

Chorus.

O look away to angels. O look away, O look today,

To angels, precious angels; They lead us to the home above,

Safe in the summer-land of love: O look away to angels.

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No. 60.

Rock of Liberty.

J. G. CLARK.

1. Oh! The firm old rock, tow'ring wave-worn rock, That brav'd the blast and the
bil-lows' shock, It was born with time on a bar-ren shore, And it
war-ring blast, But thy win-try toil with the wave is o'er, And the
break-ers' roar; 'Twas here that first their hymns were heard, O'er the

2. Oh! Thou stern old rock, in the a-ges past, Thy brow was bleach'd by the

3. Ev-er rest, old rock, on the sea-beat shore; Thy sires are hiiil'd by the

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

Came wea-ry up to the foam-ing strand, And the tree they rear'd in the
Are the har-dy sons of the Pil-grim stock, And the tree they rear'd in the
Their forms re-pose on the green hill-side, But the tree they rear'd in the
days gone by, It lives, it lives, It lives and ne'er shall die.

From "Spiritual Harp."
No. 61.  

The Heavenly Hills.

Jas. C. Underhill.

With expression.

J. A. Wertz.

1. There's a beau-ti-ful light on the heav-en-ly hills, Its glo ries ce-

2. There's a beau-ti-ful light on the heav-en-ly hills, In bright-ness ex-

3. There's a beau-ti-ful light on the heav-en-ly hills, Where are beau-ti-

4. There's a beau-ti-ful light on the heav-en-ly hills, Earth's beauti-

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

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

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

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

No. 62. While on our Journey Home.

B. M. L.

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

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

FINE. CHORUS.

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

D.C.

While on our journey home; Loving words with sweet tones ring-ing While on our jour-ney home.

From "Celestial Sonnets."
No. 63. **Lyceum Marching Song.**

*mf Joyously.*

Arr. by S. M. K.

1. We are marching on with badge and banner bright, We will work for God and
2. In the Lyceum our army we prepare, As we rally 'round our
3. We are marching on the straight and pleasant way, That will lead to light and
4. Then a-wake! a-wake! our happy, happy song, We will shout for joy and

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

**Chorus.**

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

Then a-wake! then a-wake! happy song, happy song, Shout for joy, shout for then a-wake! happy song, happy song. Shout for joy, cres.

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

From "Spiritual Songster."
Lyceum Marching Song.—Concluded.

1. Let us be rejoicing, Without dread or fear;
   For the
2. Let us join in singing, Death is vanquish'd now:
   Let the
3. Shout a-loud forever, Shout it unto all;
   We will
4. We will stand united, Ever hand in hand:
   Till the

CHORUS.

Children shout! Children shout!

No. 64.

Children Shout.

Dr. T. Wilkins.

G. Tabor Thompson.

1. Let us be rejoicing, Without dread or fear: For
   the
2. Let us join in singing, Death is vanquish'd now:
   Let the
3. Shout a-loud forever, Shout it unto all:
   We will
4. We will stand united, Ever hand in hand:
   Till the

Chorus.

The angels voicing, Make the future clear.

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

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No. 65. When the Pearly Gates Unfold.

G. Tabor Thompson.

Andante.

1. I have found a joy in living, This dear world is much to me;
   When the voice of lov'd ones call me, And the angels whisper low;
   When the Pearly Gates unfold.

2. Just beyond the waves of Jordan, Just beyond the swelling tide;
   All its pleasures are augmented Since discarding Calvary.
   I will lean upon the dear ones, Thro' the valley as I go;
   Just beyond the swelling tide.

3. This dear world is much to me; And the angels whis-per low;
   Blooms the tree of life immortal, And the living waters glide;
   Blooms the tree of life immortal.

4. I will lean upon the dear ones, Thro' the valley as I go;
   Blooms the tree of life immortal, And the living waters glide;
   Blooms the tree of life immortal.

5. I will claim their precious promise, Worth to me a world of gold;
   In that happy land of spirits, Flow-ers bloom on hills of gold;
   Flow-ers bloom on hills of gold.

6. Tho' my friends despise, for-sake me, And on me the world looks cold;
   I will claim their precious promise, Worth to me a world of gold;
   I will claim their precious promise.

Chorus.

Spirit friends will not forget me When the pearl-y gates unfold.
"Fear no evil," 'T'll be with thee." When the pearl-y gates unfold.
And the angels are awaiting Where the pearl-y gates unfold.

Life's morn will soon be wan-ing, And its evening bells will toll;
When the Pearly Gates Unfold.—Concluded.

But my heart will know no sadness When the pearly gates unfold.

No. 66. Safe Within the Vail. J. M. Evans.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

Drop the an-chor! Furl the sail! I am safe with-in the vail.
No. 67. I Stand On Memory's Golden Shore.

1. I stand on 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; Again with her I seem to stand,.....
4. I dream, but dreaming is in vain, To resurrect the buried dead,.....

Recalling forms that never more Shall bless on earth my weary sight.....
Flow'rs that love's tree abortive cast, Fair hopes that 'mid thy treasures be.....
And full of newborn 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 water'd with my anxious tears,....
Dear loving spirit, leave me not To wend these weary shores a-lone,.....
In vain I tread on mem'ry's shore, And plead with tears for what is gone.....

From "Spiritual Harp."
I Stand On Memory's Golden Shore.—Concluded.

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

CHORUS.

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

The dear de-part-ed comes no more, (never more,) The all of life I love is gone, (is gone.)
No. 68.  From the Other Shore.

B. M. L.
With energy.

GEO. BEAVERTON.

1. Through the portals beam-ing, From a world of bliss, Golden light is stream-ing From that land to this. Down to scenes ter-res-trial, Ser-aph's

cern-ing, Dear one's left be-low. They our feet are guard-ing Lest we

a-sis, Des-erts burn be-low. Here, 'mid gloom and sad-ness, We have

sor-row In that land of light. We shall pass the por-tals When for

from a-bove, Chant-ing songs ce-les-tial, Come with hope and love.

dash a stone; No-ble deeds re-ward-ing, None are left a-lone.

toil and care; But a world of glad-ness Waits us o-ver there.

us they come; And with dear im-mor-tals Find sweet rest at home.

Chorus.

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

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

From "Celestial Sonnets."
From the Other Shore.—Concluded.

From the other shore, Hear the sweet notes ringing: "Peace on earth once more."

No. 69. Tenting Nearer Home.

S. W. T.

1. From this vain world where sin is rife, We're moving on new paths to roam;
2. The downward road is dark at times, And stormy clouds obscure the eye;
3. When life is low with us shall end, We'll enter one of sweet repose,

We're marching down the hill of life, And daily tenting nearer home.
The way will lead to fairer climes, Our home of rest prepared on high.
'Twill be where soul with soul will blend, No more to taste these earthly woes.

CHORUS.

Tenting near home, tenting near home, We're moving on new paths to roam.

We're marching down the hill of life, And daily tenting nearer home.

From "Melodies of Life."
No. 70.  
Beautiful Herald of Truth.

C. Fanny Allyn.  
Allegro with expression.  

C. Payson Longley.

1. There's a song in the morn-ing that comes to my heart, A

2. When noon-tide is flush-ing with sun-rays of light, The

3. When twi-light de-scend-ing with rest-wreath-ing balm, And

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

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

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Beautiful Herald of Truth.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

And this is the song that is floating along,

song with the freshness of youth; Go forward, go onward, Look

inward, look sunward, Oh! Beautiful Herald of Truth!
No. 71. Where the Roses Ne'er Shall Wither.

J. G. C.

1. Where the roses ne'er shall wither, Nor the clouds of sorrow gather,
   Where life's morning dream returns, And the noonday more to part,
   Ne'er to grieve for those we love On that happy shore above.

2. Where the hills are ever vernal, And the springs of youth eternal,
   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.

3. Where no cruel word is spoken, Where no faithful heart is broken,
   On that happy shore above.

Duet.

We shall meet, we shall meet, Where no winter storm can roll, Drifting summer from the soul, Where all hearts are tun'd 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.
No. 72.  
We'll Meet There.  
G. T. T.  
G. Tabor Thompson.

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

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

Chorus.

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

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

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

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No. 73.

Resting by the Well.

Birdie Bell.  

Theo. E. Perkins.

1. We are strangers and sojourners trav'ling to the better land, In their

2. We are often faint and weary, and we long for some re-treat, Where we'll

3. There is only one pure fountain where the thirsty soul may fly, 'Tis a

4. We are pilgrims pressing on-ward to the blessed spir-it-land, We must

wondrous love and pity, spirits guide our pilgrim-band; Sometimes rest-ing by the

sat-is-fy our thirst, and rest our blistered, ach-ing feet; Then they lead us to the

bless-ed spring of comfort, to the trav'ler ev-er nigh; It will slake our burning

climb the rug-ged mountain, we must tread the scorching sand; But we'll find sweet rest-ing

way-side, where they give us such command, Are you rest-ing by the way-side well?

wa-ters that are cool-ing, clear and sweet, Are you rest-ing by the well to-day?

thirst, and ev'-ry long-ing sat-is-fy, Are you rest-ing by the well to-day?

plac-es, where they'll lead us by the hand, Are you rest-ing by the well to-day?

Chorus.

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

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

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Resting by the Well.—Concluded.

well to-day, Are you resting by the well to-day?

No. 74. There is no Death.

J. L. McCreery. Cho. by E. R. W. Ella Royal Williams

Moderato, $p$

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

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

Chorus.

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

beautiful, beau-ti-ful life, 'Tis life, beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful life!
No. 75.  

By-and-By.  

G. T. T.  

C. Tabor Thompson.

1. By-and-by all will be over, All the earthly care and pain, (care and pain;)  
2. By-and-by will come the victory, Not a soul will know defeat, (know defeat;)  
3. By-and-by will shine the glory All about us and within, (and within;)  
4. By-and-by! Why heed the present? Tho' the shadows quickly fall, (quickly fall,)  

Ev'ry wearying endeavor, Aft'er worldly good and gain, (worldly gain,)  
Ev'ry heart will leap with gladness, When in spirit life we meet, (with gladness,)  
When with friends we join them, Anthem of the angel hymn, (angel hymn,)  
Be the anguish ne'er so bitter, Be the pleasure ne'er so small, (ne'er so small,)  

Discord sharp, and tribulation, Which like fire our spirits try,.....  
Weapons of defense and warfare Ris'en ones will never ply;.....  
Oh, the long, the blissful rapture, When we meet them in the sky;.....  
An eternal weight of glory Aft'er ward shall satisfy;.....  

All the tears and all the sighing, Will be over by-and-by.  
We will lay aside our armor In the triumph by-and-by.  
When with joy, supreme, eternal, We are with them by-and-by.  
We can bear life's worst and longest, With the watchword by-and-by. (by-and-by.)  

Chorus.  

We will lay aside the armor, By and by, by and by;

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By-and-By.—Concluded.

Therefore, let us march on boldly, With the watchword, by and by. (by-and-by.)

No. 76. 'Tis All Right.


1. I know I must leave the scenes of earth, Must pass to the spirit land;
2. I know I must part with those I love, The dear ones so kind and true;
3. I know I have friends in that bright land; They're waiting to welcome me;
4. The harp and the song seem very near, Heav'n's music my soul doth fill;

But angels are near, have been since birth; They're holding my trusting hand.
But angels will guard them from above, They'll comfort and help them, too.
I soon shall be with the happy band, From sorrow forever free.
I enter the vale without a fear; The winds and the waves are still.

Chorus.

'Tis all right, for the angels are near me, Their presence brightens the way;
The sights and the sounds they cheer me, As I near the eternal day.

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No. 77.  
Tell Me a Truthful Story.

G. T. T.  
G. Tabor Thompson.

1. Tell me a truthful story, About the other life; May loved ones up in 
glo-ry Help mortals in the strife? Tell me the story simply That 
teachers, And these I sorely dread! Tell me the story often, For 
failure If angels do not save. Tell me the story often, If 
glo-ry To aid us in the strife: And when this earth-life closes, They

2. Tell me the story slowly, I would not be misled; Too many are false 
I may understand; For if it can be proven, It certainly is grand. 
lose heart so soon; Sometimes the faith of evening Has spent itself by noon. 
you would really be, In countless times of trouble, A comfort-er to me. 
lead us to the sky, Where sorrow has an end-ing, And we shall never die.

3. Tell me the story boldly, With earnest tones and grave; Remember life's a 
Chorus.

4. Yes, 'tis a truthful story About the other life; For loved ones come from 
Oft has the proof been given, They'll prove it soon to you.
No. 78.  
Are You Helping?  
G. Tabor Thompson.  
Theo. E. Perkins.

1. There's a glorious work to do, Are you helping? 
   Do not leave it for a few:
2. There's a harvest you should reap, Are you helping? 
   In life's furrows it lies deep,
3. There's a battle to be fought, Are you helping? 
   Are you fighting as you ought?

Are you helping? There are many souls to win 
From false teaching they are in;
Are you helping? Culture every precious seed, 
Cut down every noxious weed;
Are you helping? Tho' our foes are great and strong, 
And the struggle may be long,

Chorus.

An angels want us to begin: Are you helping?
Work for love, and not for greed; Are you helping?
Right will surely conquer wrong! Are you helping?

There's a glorious work to do, Are you helping? 
Tho' our foes are great and strong,

And the struggle will be long, Right will surely conquer wrong, Are you helping?
No. 79.  

Under the Guidance of Angels.

G. T. T.  

G. Tabor Thompson.

1. Under the guidance of angels, I am progressing today: 
2. Fare-well to the creeds of the past Those musty dogmas I dread: 
3. Now with this new risen life, Fill'd and re-fill'd from above: 
4. Death and the grave seem but gate-ways, Leading to home ties long gone:

All of the past with its failures, Were stepping stones in my way. 
Hail to the truth on the soul plane, Let us arise from the dead. 
All of my inner-most being, Tingles with hope and with love. 
When earth's last struggle is over, Angels will carry me home.

Chorus. Unison.

Under the guidance of angels, Victory is sure to come!
Under the Guidance of Angels.—Concluded.

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

No. 80.  Evening Meditation.

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

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

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

From "Spiritual Harp."
No. 81.

Over the Mystical Sea.

From "Inland Lake." | Solomon Dill.

1. Over the mystical gleams of the sea,..... Voices of loved ones are floating to me,..... Beautiful hands are out-
2. Over the sea are the ones we hold dear,..... Memory's links bind them fast to us here,..... Thro' realms of space soul can
3. Over the sea, like a whispering breath, Comes the glad message of life after death;..... Sweet the assurance that
4. Oft in my dreams I pass over the sea, And often dear angels cross over to me; Sweet voices long silent my

stretched thro' the air..... Beckoning hands of our angels so fair. answer its own..... Heart beats to heart thro' the years that have flown. love never dies, Trans-plant-ed from earth,..... it blooms in the skies. sorrows allay,..... Soft hands, once vanished, my tears wipe away.

Chorus.

Over the sea, the sweet mystical sea, Voices of loved ones are

calling to me, Softly and tenderly calling to me.
No. 82.  What are They Doing To-day?

G. TABOR. THOMPSON.  Theo. E. PERKINS.

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

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

Chorus.

Oh, what are they do-ing to-day?
Oh, what are they do-ing to-day?
Oh, this they are do-ing to-day.
Oh, this they are do-ing to-day.

What are they do-ing this bright sun-ny day?

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

bounds, like a riv-er, they say: Oh, what are they do-ing to-day?
No. 83.  

Sweet Summer Home.  

B. M. L.  

Moderato.  

B. M. LAWRENCE.  

1. Sweet home above, sweet home of love, Thou fair land of the free, We love to feel that  
2. Sweet home above, sweet home of love, Where no more storms arise, Nor tear-drops fall, nor  
3. Sweet home above, sweet home of love, Beyond the silent tomb, How sweet to know, while  

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

 Fine.  

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

D. C. Chorus.  

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

From "Celestial Sonnets."  

No. 84.  

Spirits Call Us.  

G. TABOR THOMPSON.  

W. H. JUDE.  

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

Day and night these message bear-ers, Send the ti-dings "we're with Thee." So in homes, and halls, and temples, Still they come for our dear sake. Send we back affection's mes-sage, We love angels, love them all. Even death is shorn of pow-er, There is light within the tomb.

No. 85. Immortality.

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

Which cre-ate a stream that flows Dark-ly through life's realm,
Till each planet-circ-led sun Pales and fades a-way,

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

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

From "Spiritual Harp."
No. 86.  

Publish Glad Tidings.  

G. Tabor Thompson. 

J. Walch. 

1. O work-ers, haste, thy mis-sion high ful-fill-ing, To tell to all the  
world a truth sub-lime; Life ev-er-more both here and o-ver yon-der,  

2. Be-hold how many mill-ions still are mourn-ing, Bound in the dark-some  
pris-on house of creed; With none to tell them of the spir-it mes-sage,  

3. Give of thy kin to bear the mes-sage glo-rious, In-vest thy gold to  
speed them on their way. Pour out thy soul in hon-est, earn-est ef-fort,  

This is for ev-'ry na-tion, peo-ple, clime.  
Go forth and tell! Till ev-'ry soul is freed.  
Pub-lish glad ti-dings,  

Chorus.  

And all thou spend-est an-gels will re-pay.  
ti-dings of love; Death has been vanquished And all shall live a-bove.  

No. 87.  

In That Sunny Land.  

Charlie C. Barnes. 

1. We will all be hap-py in that land, In that land, that sun-ny, sun-ny land;  

2. We shall know each oth-er in that land, In that land, that sun-ny, sun-ny land;  

3. We shall meet our loved ones in that land, In that land, that sun-ny, sun-ny land;
In That Sunny Land.—Concluded.

We will all be happy in that land, In that sunny land.
We shall know each other in that land In that sunny land.
We shall meet our loved ones in that land, In that sunny land.

No. 88. Those Golden Gates.

Dr. R. ANNA SCHERMERHORN. Theo. E. PERKINS.

Not too fast.

1. Those golden gates are opening wide, Are opening wide for me;
2. I fain would leave this dreary world, This world of care and strife;
3. To care and sorrow now farewell, Soon to be known no more;
4. My work on earth is nearly done. Why should I longer stay?

Soon as I see that glorious land, My spirit will be free.
My feet they long to wander there, Far from this weary life.
I'm going home to that fair land My feet are on the shore.
The crested waves bear me along To ever-lasting day.

Chorus.

We hear the angels song of love, Of joy and rest and peace;

We'll join with loved ones gone before In songs that never cease.
No. 89.  
**Jubilate.**  
Lizzie Doten.

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

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

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

From "Spiritual Wreath."

No. 90.  
**Well I Know Who Pilots Me.**  
G. Popey  |  Theo. E. Perkins.

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

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

Chorus.

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

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

No. 91. What Is Death?

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

The rend-ing of a mor-tal shroud We ne'er shall see a-gain.
The en-trance of the world to come, 'Tis life for ev-er more.
The clasp-ing in im-mor-tal arms Of lov'd ones gone be-fore.
No. 92.  Life That Knows No Ending.

G. Tabor Thompson.  

1. Brief life is here our por tion; Brief sor row, short lived care; That life that knows no ending—The tear less life, is there. O happy re tri bution: Short last ing And pas sion less re nown. But they who now in struct us Shall serv ant Shall shine as doth the day. There fa ther, mother, chil dren, Shall toil, e ter nal rest; For ev'ry son of A dam A man sion with the blest.

2. And now we fight the bat tle, But then shall wear the crown Of full and ev er end ing—The tear less life, is there. O happy re tri bution: Short last ing And pas sion less re nown. But they who now in struct us Shall serv ant Shall shine as doth the day. There fa ther, mother, chil dren, Shall toil, e ter nal rest; For ev'ry son of A dam A man sion with the blest.

3. The morn ing shall a wak en, The shad ows shall de cay; And each true heart ed

No. 93.  More Than Half Way Home.

G. T. T.  

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

Tho' the golden locks have turn'd to gray; Yet my heart is fill'd with song.
When the end is reach'd, the race is run, I shall wake no more to weep.
This delightful message now I hear: "There is much for thee in store."
And the labor then will seem like play, In that land so wondrous fair.

Chorus.

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

And the chorus swells with the mid-night bells, Like the music from heaven's sphere.

No. 94. Omnipresence.

1. Father of all! in ev'ry age, In ev'ry clime, adored,
2. Thou great First Cause! least under- stood, Who all my sense confined
3. If I am right, thy aid impart, Still in the right to stay;

By saint, by savage, or by sage, The universal Lord!
To know but this,—that thou art good, And that I may be blind;
If I am wrong, O teach my heart To find that better way.

From "Spiritual Harp."
No. 95.  

The Nativity.

George Kates.  

J. A. Wertz

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

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

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

No. 96.  

Daily We Entertain Angels.

G. T. T.  

G. Tabor Thompson.

1. Some an-gel friends are near us, Press-ing our fev-ered brow;
2. Some an-gel seers are near us, Teach-ing us heav'n-ly lore;
3. Some heal-ing hands are on us, Bid-ding dis-ease de-part;
4. All of the clouds are rift-ed, Sil-ver and gold-en too;
Perchance they are our kin-dred, Calm-ing our spir-its now.
Such bless-ed in-spi-ra-tion, Adds to our hum-ble store.
Po-tent their fine sug-ges-tions, Soothing each wea-ry heart.
All of our load is lift-ed, Lift-ed for me and you.

Chorus.

Yes, dai-ly we welcome our own kindred an-gels,

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

No. 97.

Celestial Clime.

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

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

From “Spiritual Harp.”
No. 98.

**Evergreen Shore.**

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

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

Chorus.

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

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

No. 99.

**Progress.**

**Stephen Barnesdale.**

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

From "Spiritual Harp."

**C. M. Von Weber.**
Progress.—Concluded.

Back and forth with tireless motion, Grand old ocean ebbs and flows,
While they stand in pose definitive, Guarding us from Neptune's shocks,
Day by day with constant effort, Scholar climbs to higher grade.
Do your best each day and moment, And the years will progress show.

No. 100.  
Destiny at My Command.  

G. Tabor Thompson.  
T. Hastings.

1. Solid rock of truth divine, Sure foundation, ever mine;
2. On the rock of truth I stand, Destiny at my command:
3. Highest heights in truth's domain, I shall reach and thus obtain

Safe, secure, I shall remain Free from every care and pain;
Fill'd with unction from on high, Boundless good for ever nigh;
Every longing of my heart, For no blessing can depart;

Living always for the right, Climbing higher in the light.
Every in my heart the song Angels sing, so firm and strong.
All of health and good are mine, Since like God, I am divine.
Lizzie Doten.

1. Holy ministers of light! Hidden from our mortal sight, But whose presence
2. Blessed angels! ye who heard All our strivings, and our need, When our eyes with
3. Never till our hearts are dust, Till our souls shall cease to trust, Till our love be-

Can impart Peace and comfort to the heart; When we weep or when we pray, When we
weeping ache, When our hearts in silence break, When the cross is hard to bear, When we
comes a lie, And our aspirations die, Shall we cease with hope to gaze On that

Fall in the way, Or our hearts grow faint with fear, Let us feel your presence near.
fail to do and dare, Make our wounded spirits feel All your pow'r to bless and heal.
veil's mysterious haze, Or the presence to implore Of the lov'd ones gone before.

From "Spiritual Wreath."

No. 102. America.
Rev. S. F. Smith.

1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My native country, thee, Land of the noble free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees, Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal
4. Our fathers' God, to thee, Author of liberty, To thee we sing: Long may our
America.—Concluded.

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

No. 103. Joy to the World.

1. Joy to the world—the dark-ness flies, Let earth with glad-ness sing. The
morn-ing comes, o'er all the skies She waves her pur-ple wing, She
frag-ments, hurled up-on the ground, Her bro-ken al-tar lies, Her
Grave! Where is thy vic-to-ry? Oh! Death! Where is thy sting?" "Oh!

2. Joy to the world—for truth a-bounds, And er-ro-r with-ring dies. In
She waves, she waves her pur-ple wing. She waves, she waves her pur-ple wing.
bro-ken al-tar lies, Her bro-ken, her bro-ken al-tar lies.
Death! Where is thy sting?" "Oh! Death! Oh! Death! Where is thy sting?"

3. Joy to the world—the an-them be, A song of tri-umph sing, "Oh!

From "Psalms of Life."
No. 104.  
Waiting for the Morning.

Miss A. V. D.

1. We are waiting for the morning Of that bright and golden day,
   For the good time so long coming, When old wrong shall pass away;
   Wait-ing for the light of freedom, Truth to triumph over vice;
   Love to make this earth an Eden, And each home a Paradise.

2. We are waiting for the morning, Night has been so dark and long,
   Dimly now the day is dawning, And we hail it with a song;
   Light of truth from every nation Brightly now begins to shine,
   P e a r s raise to every station, "Peace on earth" and love divine.

3. We are waiting for the morning, And our courage will not fail
   While one soul for light is yearning, Until truth and right prevail;
   We will work to banish sorrow, Work and wait for human good,
   Trust-ing to the coming mor-row For the perfect brother-hood.

4. We are waiting for the morning, Long has been the night of years,
   And our age will not fail For the good time so long coming,
   Once again are angels singing, Mortals see with reason's ken,
   Dove-wing'd hope and faith are bringing "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

From "Celestial Sonnets."
No. 105.  Good-Will.

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

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

From "Spiritual Harp."

No. 106.  Spiritual Fellowship.

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

The fel-low-ship of kin-dred minds Is like to that a-bove.
And of-t'en for each oth-er flows The sym-pa-thiz-ing tear.
But we shall still be join'd in heart, And glad-ly meet a-gain.
While each in ex-pect-a-tion lives, And longs to see the day.

From "Spiritual Harp."
No. 107.

He Leads Us On.

1. He leads us on, By paths we do not know; Upward he leads us, tho' our steps are slow, Tho' oft we faint and falter on the way, Tho' storm and darkness 

2. He leads us on. Thro' the un-qui-et years; Thro' this dark vale of shadows and of tears; Past all our dreamland hopes and doubts and fears, He guides our steps thro' 

3. And he at last, Aft-er the wea-ry strife, Aft-er the rest-less fev-er we call life, Aft-er the drear-iness, the ach-ing pain, The wayward struggles 

From "Spiritual Harp."

No. 108.

We are Builders.

STEPHEN BARNESDALE.

1. Thro' our hours of joy and sad-ness, 'Mid our smiles and 'mid our tears, 

2. By true tho'ts, bright, pure and kind-ly, Cher-ished dai-ly with much care, 

3. In life's work be not de-feat-ed; Let us la-bor with our might, 

D.C.—We are build-ers, build-ers, build-ers, Build-ing now our fu-ture life. 

D.C.—In the soul's own star-ry king-dom Ere earth-lands no more we roam. 

D.C.—We are build-ers, build-ers, build-ers, Build-ing now our fu-ture life.
We are Builders.—Concluded.

We are builders, busy builders, 'Mid earth's dust, and noise, and strife;
By good deeds and words of wisdom We may build a beautiful home.

We are builders, busy builders, 'Mid earth's dust, and noise, and strife;

No. 109.

Come Unto Me.

Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy 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.

From "Spiritual Harp."
No. 110.  

**Angels Bright.**

**J. S. Adams.**

1. Angels bright are drawing near Laden with love: List, you shall their voices hear, Voices above, See! Their forms you can behold, 
   Joyful its hours; Freed from mortal ills and cares, It shall be ours.
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, 
   Friends outward gone, And with glad-some spirit greet Earth's rising morn.
3. Thanks to God with souls e late, He gives us all; Joy - ous in his presence wait, List to his call. 'Tis his voice that bids us meet wait - ing here, Trust God above. See! Their forms you can behold
   Float - ing a - pace; Wait! They will us all en - fold In one embrace.
4. Angels bright are coming near Bearing their love Unto us, who, 
   Joy - ous in his voic - es hear, Voic - es above, See! Their forms you can be - hold, 
   Float - ing a - pace: Wait, they will us all en - fold In their em - brace.

From "Spiritual Harp."

No. 111.  

**Young Workers.**

**Stephen Barnesdale.**

1. Young worker in life's vine - yard, With hands up - on the plough, With grand and steadfast
   Young worker in life's vine-yard, With hands upon the plough, With grand and steadfast
2. Before thee looms thy la - bor, Throughout the coming years; It's started now with
   Before thee looms thy labor, Throughout the coming years; It's started now with
3. You'll hearken then with rapture To the angelic call, To leave your gathered
   You'll hearken then with rapture To the angelic call, To leave your gathered
Young Workers.—Concluded.

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

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

No. 112. Welcome, Angels.

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

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

From "Spiritual Harp."
No. 113.  
**Victory.**

**Stephen Barnesdale.**

1. Warrior 'mid the smoke of battle In earth's sun-kiss'd, sin-bound lands;
2. Victory's written on thy banner, Boldly flinging it to the breeze;
3. Thou shalt conquer in the conflict, Freeing many precious souls,

D.S.—Spread the joyful news of freedom Over land and over sea.
D.S.—It shall stand for human freedom, For the right, against all wrong.
D.S.—Then with reverence thou'lt look upward, Giving thanks for all to God.

No. 114.  
**How Cheering the Thought.**

1. How cheering the thought that the angels of God Do bow their bright
2. They come, on the wings of the morning they come, Impatient to
3. They come when we wander, they come when we pray, In mercy to

From "Spiritual Harp."
How Cheering the Thought.—Concluded.

wings to the world they once trod, Do leave the sweet joys of the
guide some poor wan-der-er home, Some broth-er to lead from a

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

No. 115. Conquering Hosts.


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

Help each to wear a smil-ing face, Be-cause of in-ward heav’n-ly grace.
Come oft un-to th’a-spir-ing soul, In waves as o-cean bil-lows roll.
Yet brave to van-quish hosts of sin, And let God’s rich-est bless-ing s in.
Which ne’er from us shall pass a-way, But grow thro’ all e-ter-ni-ty.
No. 116.

Reform.

1. Hark! I hear the angels calling, 'Mid the thunder tones so loud;
2. 'Tis no dream of idle fancies, From the world of spirits brought,

Error's throne is trembling, falling; Truth presents her with a shroud.
Who are playing games of chances, That will quickly come to nought.

Billows roll 'mid foaming ocean, Lightnings flash from pole to pole,
But 'tis truth from the Eternal That is winging now its way

Hearts beat high with wild commotion; God is speaking to the soul.
Back to earth from worlds supernal, Changing darkness into day.

From "Spiritual Harp."

No. 117.

Gentle Words.

1. Each gentle word is a bird of love That wings its way thro' the sky above,
2. Each gentle word is a blooming vine, That winds its way 'mid the stars that shine,
3. Each gentle word is a musical tide That passes on to the other side,
4. All gentle words are the silver bells That echo forth from the heart's deep wells,

From "Spiritual Harp."
Gentle Words.—Concluded.

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

No. 118. Rays of Light.

STEPHEN BARNESDALE.  
M. M. WELLS.

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

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

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

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

Dr. T. Wilkins.

1. When the way looks dark and dreary, And a gloom seems everywhere;
2. While down-hearted some are waiting, For the dawning of the day;
3. Let us lean not on the near ones, Who have troubles of their own;
4. Empty hearts can make no pleasure That is filled with perfect joy;

Let us grow not weak and weary, 'Tward our brothers in despair.
Let's be not content with prating, But be brushing clouds away.
But remember that the dear ones Will not let us stand alone.
But the true heart fills the measure With the gold, without alloy.

Chorus.

Let us sing of loving angels, That respond to you and me; And of death as but a blessing, To release and make us free.

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No. 120.  

**Light Beyond the Tomb.**

Dr. T. WILKINS.  

G. TABOR THOMPSON.

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

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

**Chorus.**

Since death has lost its cruel sting, Man has risen
As on eagle's wing: Each timid soul will find its

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No. 121.  

**Coming Nearer.**

_Mrs. M. E. M. Sangster._

_Cheerfully._

_Robert Lowry._

1. Its coming, coming nearer, The lovely land unseen; Its shores are growing clearer, Though mists lie dark between; We catch its beams of life is swinging To the port where is no death; Where none are heavily growing clearer, We soon shall anchor fast; We'll dwell with them for—

2. The balm-y winds are bringing Its odors on their breath; Our ship of its shores are clear, Though mists lie dark between; We catch its beams of To the port where is no death; Where none are heavily growing clearer, We soon shall anchor fast; We'll dwell with them for—

3. Its coming, coming nearer, We're homeward bound at last; Its shores are growing clearer, We're raptur'd with its story, For heart-ed, Where all are glad and free, Where friends are never parted, And ever, Who brought us 'er the tide, And not a foe shall sever Our—

_Chorus._

it our spirits long, their loved ones see. Oh, yes! it's coming nearer, nearer,

souls from their dear side. Oh, yes! its coming nearer, nearer; Oh, yes! its coming nearer, The lovely land unseen.

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No. 122.  
A Voice In the Silence.  
Dr. R. Anna Schermerhorn.  
Theo. E. Perkins.

1. A voice in the silence comes back to me A - cross the
waves of that sil - v'ry sea. It tells of a home on the
far - ther shore Where care's of this life will troub - le no more.
gone be - fore, That we all shall meet on that fur - ther shore.
repeat Chorus softly.

2. It tells of the joys that we there shall know, As the a -
come and the a - ges go. It tells of the lovd ones who've
they will chime As we cross o - ver the riv - er of time.
repeat Chorus softly.

3. It tells of greet - ing bells that chime so sweet, In that bet -
land where we all shall meet. Those sil - ver - y bells, how sweet
vil good - by; We've noth - ing to fear in our home on high.
repeat Chorus softly.

4. It tells not of sor - row, and not of care; We'll have none of
these in that land so fair. It tells of good, bid - ding e -
In that land, in that land, O how the sil - ver - y bells will chime,
repeat Chorus softly.

In that land, bells will chime, As we pass o - ver the riv - er of time.
Keep Looking Up.

G. T. T. Tabor Thompson.

1. Keep looking up, keep looking up, The mists will clear away;
2. Keep looking up, keep looking up, Th'eter nal hills are there;
3. Keep looking up, keep looking up, With faith's aspiring eye;
4. Lift up thine eyes the angels stand To take thy outstretched hand;

The heavy fog's a harbinger Of beautiful spring day.
Far, far beyond the heavy clouds Are treasures rich and rare.
The promise is that help will come From those who dwell on high.
Hold very tight, and struggle on, Till you reach Beulah land.

Chorus.

Keep looking up, keep looking up, The mists will clear away;

In God's own time his loving thought Will brighten all the day.

Life of All Being.

1. Life of all being! Throned afar, Thy glory flames from sun and star;
2. Sun of our life! Thy wak'ning ray Sheds on our path the glow of day;
3. Assist us, then, to act, to be, What nature and thy laws decree,

From "Spiritual Harp."
Life of All Being.—Concluded.

Centre and soul of ev'ry sphere, Yet to each living heart how near!
Star of our hope! Thy softened light Cheers the long watch-eyes of the night.
Worthy thy intellectual flame, Which from thy breathing spirit it came.

No. 125. Good-By.

1. As the sweet bird that sings Folds her bright starry wings, When evening's long
2. O ye children of light, E'er by day and by night You're guided by
3. Then dispel ev'ry fear, While still lingering here, And part not the
4. Happy hours have been spent In the sweetest content By angels who

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

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

From "Spiritual Harp."

LIZZIE DOTEN.

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

H. LAHEE.

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

It leaps to life in grass and flow'rs, Thro' ev'ry grade of be-ing runs,
Know that, like birds and streams, and flow'rs, The life that moves you is di-vine!
Thus round and round the cir-cle runs, A might-y sea without a shore,

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

No. 127.  Abide With Me.

H. F. LYTE.

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

Wm. H. MONK.
Abide With Me.—Concluded.

When other helpers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!
Change and decay in all around I see; O’Thou, who changest not, abide with me!
Who, like Thy-self, my guide and stay can be? Thro’ cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!

No. 128.

Very Soon.

G. T. T.

G. TABOR THOMPSON

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

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

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

We’ll go home, heav’n’s joy to share, Ver- y soon, ver- y soon.
And our hav-en heave in sight, Ver- y soon, ver- y soon.
Will at-tend and love us still, Ver- y soon, ver- y soon.
No. 129.  
Accept Our Invitation.

R. S. WILLIAMS.  
G. J. WEBB.
mf

1. Why stand ye idle, stranger, When there's so much to gain? Behold the fields around us Are ripe with golden grain, Be - hold the gold - en har - vest
   On boun - ties, And feed the hun - gry one, We want thee at the har - vest; And
   shar - ing, As we will share with thee. Our ta - ble for the hun - gry, Where
   hill - top, vale and plain. Let not the call for reap - ers Fall on thine ears in vain,
   when our work is done We want thee in the household, When we are gath - ered home.
   ev - ry - thing is free: Our fount - ain for the thirst - y, Great as the shoreless sea.

No. 130.  
Communion With the Dead.

TENNYSON  
H. K. OLIVER.

1. How pure at heart and sound in head With what di - vine af - fec - tions hold
2. In vain shalt thou, or any call The spir - its from their gold - en day
3. But when the heart is full of din, And doubt be - side the por - tal waits,
   Should be the man whose tho't would hold An hour's commu - nion with the dead.
   Ex - cept, like them, thou too canst say, My spir - it is at peace with all.
   They can but lis - ten at the gates And hear the household jar with - in.
No. 131.  
Hear, Hear and Save.

Tenderly.

1. Night sinks on the wave; 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,

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

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

From "Spiritual Harp."

No. 132.  
Sweet Rest At Last.

G. TABOR THOMPSON.

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

soul tired, of earth's great burden weary, Hath found sweet rest, Hath found sweet rest.
the con-fines of a life im-mor-tal, Lays down his load. Lays down his load.
the heav-ens a fadeless crown blessing. Rests on it now, Rests on it now.
gel choirs chant to the list'ning spir-it, Their peaceful psalm, Their peace-ful psalm.
No. 133.

Truth Makes Free.

C. Fannie Allyn.

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

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

No. 134.

By God's Hand.

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

From "Spiritual Harp."
By God's Hand.—Concluded.

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

No. 135. The Home Beautiful.

Jas. C. Underhill. J. P. Harding.

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

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

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

1. Such beautiful, beautiful hands! They're neither white nor small;
2. Such beautiful, beautiful hands! Tho' heart were weary and sad,
3. Such beautiful, beautiful hands! They're growing feeble now,
4. But oh! Beyond this shadowy land, Where all is bright and fair,

And you, I know, would scarcely think That they were fair at all;
These patient hands kept toiling on, That children might be glad.
For time and pain have left their work On hand and heart and brow.
I know full well these dear old hands Will palms of victory bear.

I've look'd on hands whose form and hue A sculptor's dream might be;
I almost weep, as looking back To childhood's distant day,
A alas, a alas! the nearing time, And the sad, sad day to me,
Where crystal streams, thro' endless years, Flow over golden sands,

Yet are these aged, wrinkled hands, Most beautiful to me.
I think how these hands rested not, When mine were at their play.
When 'neath the daisies, out of sight, These hands will fold ed be.
And where the old grow young again, I'll clasp my mother's hands.

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No. 137.  

Mine Own.

AIR AND ALTO. DUET. Gently.

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

Sop. ppp

ALTO.

1. When for me, etc.

Tenor.

Bass.

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

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

From “Spiritual Harp.”
No. 138. The Angel Buglers.

(ANNIVERSARY SONG.)

EMMA ROOD TUTTLE.
Majestically.

J. J. BLOOD.

1. Behold, the gates of heaven Are standing wide a-part; Behold, the angel buglers Have tidings to impart; They call the hosts together To celebrate the day,—The dawning of our gospel, Which has swept the clouds away.

2. O beauteous angel buglers, Now playing on the height, So evergreen and flow'ry A near the gates of light, Which stand ajar all ready To let our mitting To orators and seers. Our souls are glad with welcomes For all, from loves ones thro'; That they may join with mortals To help celebrate the new age to youth, Who love their fellow beings, And who hunger after Truth.

3. Philosophers and sages, In heaven a thousand years Descend, their thoughts transforming To orators and seers. Our souls are glad with welcomes For all, from

Chorus. Unison.

O, hear the angel buglers As they sound the rally-ing call,— There is

Harmony.

life beyond death's partings, Immortality for all.......

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The Angel Buglers.—Concluded.

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

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

No. 139. Resignation.

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

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

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

From "Spiritual Harp."
Joyfully, Onward I Move.

1. 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 go,
   Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam, Joyfully, joyfully resting at home.

2. Friends fondly cherish'd have passed on before,
   Waiting they watch me approaching the shore;
   Singing to cheer me, as thither I roam,
   Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home.
   Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear;
   Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear!
   Rings with the harmony heaven's high dome,
   Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home.

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

Celestial Greetings.

No. 141.

T. L. HARRIS.

Peace be thine, the angels greet thee, Kindred spirit! Welcome here.
In their blissful calm they meet thee, Shed abroad their loving sphere.
With us all the meek-voiced angels Reverent and adoring stand.
While we hear divine Evangelists From the soul's great father-land.

D.C.—For the beautiful immortals Worship in our midst today.
D.C.—For the father's hand hath crown'd us In his glorious courts today.

From "Psalms of Life."
Celestial Greetings.—Concluded.

Enter then the sacred portals, Here thy heart's pure homage pay; Oh! Though sorrow's chain hath bound us, All our grief shall pass away;

No. 142. Heavenly Day.

And from his quiver's misty gold, The sun illumines his kingly way, Or murm'ring in a slumb'rous tune, I feel soft hands of blessed balm; The souls of dear, departed friends Will mingle in my grief and mirth;

To me a thousand spirits' wake, Whose angel footsteps, all abroad, And softer voices whisper me, "O child of sorrow, care, and pain, In hours of waking and in dream, Through all the night and all the day,

From leaf and flow'r, and stream and lake, Impress the burning seal of God, Be tranquil on life's stormy sea, We watch, and guide to heav'n again."

They, by their angel-plume-age gleam, Lead me to truth, and light the way.

From "Spiritual Harp."
No. 143.  

Signals From Home.  

G. T. T.  

G. TABOR THOMPSON.

1. Swiftly sailing o'er life's ocean, Oft'en rolling in the foam;
2. Headed for the peaceful harbor, Lo! a calm spreads o'er the sea;
3. Gentle voices from the homeland, Tune your harps, we wait to hear;
4. Those who have the Heav'n-ly Pilot, Cast the anchor without harm;

We have long'd for sound or signal From the dear ones safe at home.  
In the peace that follows tempest, Lov'd ones seem to signal me.
Let the melody of heaven Ring out now both loud and clear.  
Tho' their life is like the ocean, Some-times rough, and some-times calm.

CHORUS.

Gentle voices from the homeland, Oft'en seem to signal me;

Tune your harps, ye angel song-sters, Waft the music o'er life's sea.

No. 144.  

Our Own Loved Ones.  

JOHN W. RING.  

J. J. BLOOD.

Moderato.

1. p See the morning light is breaking, For our souls are fast awaking;
2. mf Our own lov'd ones earthward stealing, Coming now our wounds all healing;
3. ff So we sing our songs of gladness, Guardians lov'd watch o'er our sadness,

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Our Own Loved Ones.---Concluded.

Tenderly.

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

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

No. 145.

Aspiration.

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

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

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

From "Spiritual Harp."
No. 146.  
Stand Firm.  

Not too fast.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No. 146. Stand Firm.</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. There are moments when life's shadows Fall all darkly on the soul.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. Stand we firm in that dark moment, Stand we firm, nor shrink away;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3. Firmly stand, tho' sirens lure us; Firmly stand, tho' falsehood rail,</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Hiding stars of hope behind them In a black, impervious scroll;  
Looking boldly thro' the darkness, Wait the coming of the day;  
Holding justice, truth, and mercy; Die we may, but cannot fail.  

D. S.—The dim paths we tread are leading In our midnight of despair.  
D. S.—Fear not, fail not, light will lead us Yet in safety to our home.  
D. S.—Firmly stand, till duty beckons; Conquer e'en the shadowy grave.  

When we walk with trembling footsteps, Scarce knowing how or where  
Gathering strength while we are waiting For the conflict yet to come;  
Fail! It is the word of cowards; Fail! The language of the slave;  

From "Spiritual Harp."

No. 147.  
God In Nature.  

T. Moore.  
Brillante.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No. 147. God In Nature.</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. Thou art, O God, the life and light Of all this wondrous world we see;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. When day, with farwell beams, delays Among the opening clouds of even,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3. When night, with wings of starry gloom, O'ershadows all the earth and skies,</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

From "Psalms of Life."
God In Nature.—Concluded.

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

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

No. 148. Protecting Power.

H. M. WILLIAMS.

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

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

From "Psalms of Life."
No. 149.  

Come, Gentle Spirits.

1. Come, gentle spirits, to us now, Look on with tender eyes; Touch your soft hands up-on each brow, Sweet spirits from the skies, 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. Than we e'er know in dreams.

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

4. 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, And gloomy now no more.

No. 150.  

Together Still.

CHARLES SWAIN.  

dolce.  

Arr. from MOZART.

1. The mystery of the spirit's birth Out-fathoms human skill: Tho' one's in heav'n and one on earth, They are together still.

2. There is a feeling that unites The distant and the dead; The last sweet bloom that winter blights, Yet leaves the odor shed!

3. And thus affection lives beyond Death's dark and withering will; No pow'r hath he to part the fond—They meet, in spirit, still!

4. In quiet thought, in lonely prayer, That spirit all pervades; It lends a glory to the air When every plan-et fades.

From "Psalms of Life."
1. We meet and we part on this earthly plane; Our duties are varied and seldom the same; Yet wherever we go will the part to our separate way? But let us all join in the experience if we did not part. So let all our voices peal

2. Then why should we sorrow or grieve, I pray, Because we must

3. The pleasure of meeting brings joy to the heart We'd never ex-

CHORUS.

truth remain, We shall meet in the by-and-by.
song today, We will meet in the by-and-by. Yes, we'll all meet a-

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

let us look forward to the good time when We shall meet in the by-and-by.
No. 152. How to Live.

1. He liveth long who liveth well! All other life is short and vain.
2. Be thou in truthfulness arrayed; Hold up to earth thy torch divine!
3. Sow truth if thou the truth wouldst reap; Who sows the false shall reap the vain;

He liveth longest who can tell Of living most for heav'nly gain.
Be what thou prayest to be made; Let steps of charity be thine!
Erect and sound thy conscience keep; From hollow words and deeds refrain.

Waste not thy being; back to him Who freely gave it, freely give:
Fill up each hour with what will last; Buy up the moments as they go:
Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure; Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright;

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

From "Spiritual Harp."


1. Brothers, will you slight the message Sent in mercy from above?
2. Tempted souls, they bring you succor; Fearful hearts, they quell your fears;
3. Holy angels, hov'ring round us! Waiting spirits! Speed your way,

From "Spiritual Harp."
Heavenly Accents.—Concluded.

Ev'ry sentence, oh, how tender! Ev'ry line how full of love!
And with deepest consolation Chase away the falling tears;
Hasten to the court of heaven, Tidings bear without delay,

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

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

Dr. T. Wilkins. Zaida Brown Kates.

1. Let us march and never weary, Never fal-ter by the way; Let us make the
2. Let us grasp the hand that smites us, And hold an-ger hard at bay; Wronging others
3. Let us bear each oth-ers sor-rows, And give sym-pa-thy full sway; Looking for the

Chorus.

world more cheer-y, In the sun-light of to-day.
nev-er rights us, In the sun-light of to-day.
In the sunlight of to-day, In the

sun-light of to-day: Let us make the world more cheery, In the sunlight of to-day.
No. 155.  

Auld Lang Syne.

No. 156.  

Doxologies.

No. 156.

Doxologies.

No. 1.

Great fount of Life, and Love, and Light, In - spire our hearts to know the Right;
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