

PRICE 10 CENTS

The
Spiritual Songster

By MATTIE E. HULL



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MATTIE HULL MARVIN
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Spiritual Songs

FOR THE USE OF

CIRCLES, CAMP MEETINGS
AND OTHER SPIRITUAL-
ISTIC GATHERINGS

By MATTIE E. HULL



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PREFACE.

For years I have been tired of singing and of hearing Spiritualists sing the old, and sometimes meaningless Church songs. Not only is the religion of Spiritualism inspiring, but its mediums, under direct influences from on high, ought to have new songs put into their mouths. A desire to assist Spiritualists in the effort to sing with the spirit and the understanding also, has prompted the writing and publication of these songs.

Hoping that the singing of these songs will fill those who use them with some of the same harmony that the writing of them has produced in myself, I ask all to join in singing.

Lovingly,

MATTIE E. HULL

PREFACE TO REVISED EDITION.

The first edition of this Songster was published as an experiment. The experiment lasted until thirty-three thousand of them were published and sold. Besides that, the most of the songs have been appropriated, many of them without credit, by the makers of other song books. This has convinced the author that the Spiritualists generally like her songs. The result is she revises many of the songs and adds several new ones, and hands this improved songster to the world, asking it to join with her in singing.

THE AUTHOR.

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

1 **Death's Stream Bridger.**

AIR—*Auld Lang Syne.*

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

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

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

Chorus — O mortals, shout, etc.

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

Chorus — O mortals, shout, etc.

AIR—*Home of the Soul. Gospel Hymns* 1-6, 15.

O, have you not heard of that Beautiful Shore
 Just over the mystical sea;
 Where the true and the loved who have passed on before
 Are waiting for you and for me?

O, that Beautiful Shore, I have seen in my dreams,
 When my spirit was haunted with care;
 My tired soul forgot earth's gloomiest scenes,
 As I watched for the loved over there.

Sometimes the dear ones on that beautiful shore
 Breathe a message to me half divine;
 I feel the warm clasp of their dear hands once more,
 And their fond eyes look kindly in mine.

I know we shall meet on that Beautiful Shore—
 The magical isle of the blest.
 The boatman will tenderly ferry us o'er,
 And leave us with those we love best.

AIR—*To the Work. Gospel Hymns*, 1-6, 576.

To the work! to the work! we are servants of light,
 Let us follow the teachings of reason and right;
 With the strength of our spirit our courage renew,
 And do with our might what our souls find to do.

Chorus---Working on, working on,
 Working on, working on,
 Let us hope, let us watch,
 And labor till the work is done.

To the work! to the work! let the hungry be fed;
 To the fountain of Love let the weary be led;
 In the effort to raise man our glory shall be,
 While we herald the tidings, 'Tis truth makes us free.

Chorus---Working on, etc., etc.

To the work! to the work! Superstition must fall;
 To the work! to the work! there is labor for all;
 Every foe of oppression, a toiler should be,
 And help raise the standard of fair Liberty.

Chorus---Working on, etc., etc.

To the work! to the work! in the strength of our might,
 Our cause is for equity, justice and right;
 The angels above us co-workers shall be,
 And help swell the chorus, Truth e'er makes us free.

4

We Need You.AIR—*I Need Thee. Gospel Hymns, 1-6, 597.*

We gather here this hour, O, spirit, friends
To consecrate our powers to life's best ends.

Chorus---We need you, O, we need you,
Blessed ones, we need you.
Inspire our souls with wisdom,
O, angel friends.

We ask that truth alone shall be our guide,
May love our spirits warm, no foes divide.

Chorus---We need you, etc., etc.

May light, more light be shed along our way;
And duty's path be shown each coming day.

Chorus---We need you, etc., etc.

We need you, spirit friends, along our way;
And for your loving help we humbly pray.

5

Shout the Glorious Tidings.AIR—*Ring the Bells of Heaven. Gospel Hymns, 1-6, 622.*

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

CHORUS.

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

8

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

Chorus---Angels welcome, etc., etc.

Shout the glorious tidings, angels come today.
Mortals swell the anthem loud and long.
Love, the grave has conquered, death no more holds sway
Hail the spirit's resurrection morn.

6

Aspiration.AIR—*Pleyel's Hymn, 1-6, 714*

Angel friends, we pray draw nigh,
To our souls send sweet reply.
Hush the murmurings that arise,
Take the veil off from our eyes.

To our ears give truer sound,
Till life's holier chords are found;
Give us of your heavenly light,
And inspire our hearts aright.

Hear ye, angels, when we call,
Do you know our burdens all?
To our spirit's inmost sigh,
Oh, send back a sweet reply.

9

7

A Prayer.

AIR—*There is a Fountain. Gospel Hymns,*
1 6, 733.

We pray ye, conquerors of death,
Break every chain of fear;
Throw wide the gates of spirit life
And bring its beauties near.

Oh, angel friends, remove the doubts
Which oft the spirit sting.
Scatter the seeds of love and truth,
And guard the blossoming.

Come, as of old, we welcome you,
Friends from the better shore;
Oh, speak to us that we may know
Our friends return once more.

8

Spirit Greetings.

AIR—*Precious Promise. Gospel Hymns*
1-6, 36.

Mortals, we have come to greet you
From the realms of light and love—
Come a message to repeat you,
And our constancy to prove.

Chorus---Ever near you, we would cheer you
O'er the rough, uneven way;
Lifting shadows from the valleys,
Changing darkness into day.

10

When hope's star seems set forever,
In the gloom of Sorrow's night,
Then we pierce the veil of darkness
With love's pure and shining light.

Chorus---Ever near you, etc.

When temptations almost win you
To the paths of earthly sin,
Loving watchers strive to warn you,
Speaking to the soul within.

Chorus---Ever near you, etc.

When the sun of life is waning,
And the spirit by the tide
Waits to welcome Death's pale boatman,
We will linger by your side.

Chorus---Ever near you, etc.

9 Sweetly Falls the Spirit's Message.

AIR—*Let the Lower Lights be Burning. Gos-*
pel Hymns, 1-6, 45.

Sweetly falls the spirit's message
From the home beyond the tide;
Ever do we bid them welcome,
Dwellers from the other side.

Chorus---Welcome, loved ones, we are waiting
To receive your words of cheer;
Ever do they give us comfort
'Mid our toilsome journey here.

11

Often fall the clouds so dreary
O'er the rough and hidden way ;
When with care we oft grow weary
For your cheering words we pray.

Chorus---Welcome, loved ones, etc.

Sweetly falls the loving message
When we pause, blinded by tears,
To bind up the broken fragments
Of our work of lonely years.

Chorus---Welcome, loved ones, etc.

10 Song of Liberty.

AIR—*Rally 'Round the Flag.*

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

CHORUS.

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

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

Chorus---Freedom forever, etc.

Arouse ye liberal souls, in the East and in the West,
Strike for the precious cause of freedom.
Let us stand in defense of the freedom of the press ;
Our watchword must evermore be freedom.

Chorus---Freedom forever, etc.

11

Light Ahead.

AIR—*Original.*

When our way seems dark and dreary, and hours are
filled with sorrow,
We oft forget the bright beams that quivered on our way ;
We shade with sombre hues all the dreamings of the
morrow,
And clothe the future with the gloom of the present
day.

Chorus---Oh, ever look ahead, for some golden beam is
shining.

No matter how black the present night may be ;
It is said, "the darkest cloud may have a silvery lining."
By faith we all must walk when we can no longer see
There's no cup of sweetness for us that does not hold
some bitter,
No rose springs on our pathway that does not hide a
thorn ;
No day departs from earth but is followed by a twilight.
And darkest is the hour that precedes the rising morn.

Chorus---Oh, ever look, etc.

We'll not forget the promise that light will follow darkness,

There always must be cheer ahead when sorrow blinds the way,

We'll gather up life's blessings with pæons to the Giver,
And with smiles of thankfulness, turn winter into May.

Chorus---Oh, already through the mist, there breaks a fairer morning.

A better day is coming when we shall happy be;

It is said, "the darkest hour is just before the dawning,"

There is light ahead and its cheer we soon shall see.

12 Words of Cheer

AIR—*What a Friend We Have in Jesus.*
Gospel Hymns 1-6, 583.

In the moments when life's shadows

Gather thickly o'er the way,

When it seems we are deserted,

And for guidance vainly pray;

Then our spirit friends seek ever

To give courage, hope and cheer;

If they fail in their endeavor,

Do not doubt their presence near.

Skies may grow so black above us,

And the stars give not a ray,

But the angel friends who love us

Guide us to the perfect day.

Whispering always, 'bide the shadows,

After night must come the morn,

And the hour is always darkest

That precedes the rising morn.

Blessed be our angel teachers,

We will follow where they lead;

If we fail they cannot censure

When we strive the truth to heed.

Let us work our humble mission,

Faithful servants everywhere,

Time will grant a full fruition,

And give answer to each prayer.

13 Parting Words.

AIR—*Boylston. G. H., 1-6, 89.*

Hours here together spent

Have richest blessings given,

And to our varied pathway lent

Many a light from Heaven.

We will not say farewell,

For kindred lives will blend.

And in true friendship we shall dwell,

Though parted, friend from friend.

We part, but Friendship's chain

Our souls shall firmly bind;

In spirit we shall meet again.

And sweetest comfort find.

14 **The Blest One, at Home.**

AIR—*Old Folks at Home.*

As up and down Life's troubled river,
Sadly I roamed;
While my sad heart was yearning ever,
For the Blest Ones at Home.
Searching in vain for consolation,
In prayers and tears,
Till angels brought a revelation,
Dispelling darkness and fears.

Chorus.

O, the world was sad and dreary,
Everywhere I roamed;
Wand'ring life's path with footsteps weary,
Far from the Blest Ones at Home.
Light burst at last upon my vision,
Death's stream was spanned;
Loved ones across the waves were reaching,
Out from the Spirit Land.
Music entrancing, sweet and tender,
Woke glad refrain;
Voices I'd known and loved in old times
Sang, "We have come again."

Chorus.

Then the world no more was dreary,
Anywhere I roamed;
Love cheered the lonely soul that wearied,
Love from the Blest Ones at Home.

Now floats my bark adown Time's River,
Peaceful its flow.
Dear ones are crossing the waves ever---
Loved of the long ago.
Angels each day in love descending,
Crown life's sweet hours.
Bringing me joys which are unending,
Twining my crosses with flowers.

Chorus---Now no more the world is dreary,
Anywhere I roam;
Love cheers the soul that was so weary---
Love from the Blest Ones at Home.

15 **To Our Risen Friends.**

AIR—*Ortonville.*

Oh, friends, we consecrate this time
To you, and mem'ry dear,
And to the thoughts of "Auld Lang Syne,"
We give you greeting here.

For days, nor years, nor change, nor death,
Can sever love's bright chain,
Immortal life welds up the links
And makes it whole again.

We cherished you in days gone by,
And Peacefulness is thrown
In silvery rays upon our hearts---
Rays of the moments gone.

The power you bring from spirit life
Shall bid us struggle on
And bear our burdens in the strife
Till earth's short race is run.

They Come.

AIR—*Marching through Georgia.*

Mortals let our voices rise in anthems loud and strong.
Lo! there comes into our midst a happy spirit throng,
They come to join us in our work with words of cheer
and song,
While we are waiting to join them.

Chorus---They come, they come, a blessed angel band,
They come, they come, across the silent strand,
They come to bring us tidings from our friends in spirit
land,
While we are waiting to join them

Shadows brooded o'er our way for long and weary years,
Hearts were sometimes torn with grief and souls
benumbed with fears;
But spirit hands reached down at last, and wiped away
our tears,
While we are waiting to join them.

Chorus---They come, they come, etc.

Doubts and fears forever gone, a happy band we are.
Standing ever with our loved ones by the "Gates Ajar."
Hope our constant watchword, and Love our guiding star,
While we are waiting to join them.

Chorus---They come, they come, etc.

Shall I Know Mine own.

AIR—*Little Maud.*

When I sit in life's beautiful sunset,
As it flushes river and shore,
When I wait in the gathering twilight,
For the sound of the boatman's oar;
Will the dear ones just over be waiting,
Ready to welcome me home,
In the land of loveliest beauty
Oh, say shall I know mine own?

(Soprano Chorus.)

(Basso Chorus)

Shall I know?	Thou shalt know,
Shall I know?	Thou shalt know,
When I cross the mystical sea?	When thou crosses the mystical sea?
Will some dear one?	Yes some dear one,
Will some dear one?	Yes some dear one,
Set the gate wide open for me?	Set the gate wide open for thee.

A dear one passed over the river,
In the hush of a summer's sweet day;
I saw not the face of the boatman,
As he launched my loved one away.
But I know my darling my bless'd one,
Lives over the silent sea,
Oh, say when its waters are parted,
Will he wait on that bright shore for me?

Soprano Chorus---Will he wait? Will he wait?
Will he wait in love's twilight for me?
Will he wait? Will he wait?
Will he wait on that bright shore for me?

Basso Chorus---Yes, thy loved one will be waiting,
O'er the strange and silent river,
Waiting in life's twilight for thee,
When o'er soft and flowing waters,
Angels come to bear thee over,
He will wait on the bright shore for thee.

18 **Rap, Rap, Rap.**

AIR—*Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching.*

In earth's prison house alone,
Sat we 'mid the dark and gloom,
Waiting for one token of the coming day;
When a God from heaven above,
Might descend in holy love,
And roll the stone from the sepulchre away.

Chorus---When rap, rap, rap, we heard the angels,
Then they opened wide the door;
And they whispered words of cheer,
Bidding us no longer fear,
They would love and bless and guard us evermore.

Bolt and bar were broken then,
As we felt their power descend,
Message went from telegraphic wire to wire;
Heart and brain and pulse were thrilled
By the magic of their will,
Genius flashed with inspiration's holy fire.

Chorus---While rapped, rapped, rapped the loving
angels,
Standing in the open door,
Always whispering words of cheer,
Bidding us no longer fear,
Loving, blessing us and guiding evermore.

Superstition shrank away—
Shrank from Truth's effulgent ray,
Freedom burst anew upon the waiting world;
Small beginnings, yet how strong,
Faithful souls must conquer wrong,
Humble hands the new and beauteous flag un-
furled.

Chorus---Still rapped, rapped, rapped the loving angels,
Standing in the open door,
Always whisp'ring words of cheer,
Bidding us no longer fear,
Loving, blessing us and guiding evermore.

So these long and weary years,
Mid our smiles and 'mid our tears,
In the stillness of the night and din of day,
We have felt the angels bright,
Striving e'er to guide aright
To the beauties of a pure and endless day.

Chorus---Then, on, on, on, forever onward,
Angels are watching by the shore;
They will lead our steps aright,
Guiding e'er by day and night;
We will love them, we will bless them evermore.

19 **Tell the Story.**

AIR—*Rejoice and be Glad. Gospel Hymns.*
1-6, 19.

'Tis a beautiful thought that our loved ones can come,
And bring comfort sweet from our heavenly home.

Chorus---Rejoice, O, rejoice, tell the story to men,
Tell the story, tell the story, tell the story again.

When our pathways are lonely and clouds dim the sky,
With sweet consolation our loved ones are nigh.

Chorus---Rejoice, etc.

By the beautiful gates that are swinging ajar,
Our loved ones are watching with tenderest care.

Chorus---Rejoice, etc.

In that Beautiful Land when earth life is o'er,
We shall meet all our loved ones to part never more,

Chorus---Rejoice, etc.

20

Rejoice.

Gospel Hymns 1-6, 615.

Rejoice, the light is breaking
O'er earth's benighted plain,
And man is now forsaking
The bonds of error's chain.
No more the power of darkness
Shall crush us with its fears,
Our souls leap forth with gladness
To greet the coming years.

Rejoice, the light is dawning,
The heart with gladness thrills
Sweet voices now are calling
From the Eternal Hills.

O, heed the inspiration,
The truth shall make us free,
And consecrate this nation
To love and liberty.

21 **In the Still Hours of Night.**

AIR—*Bethany. Gospel Hymns*, 1-6, 719.

In the still hours of night
Beautiful dreams,
Give to my spirit sight
Wonderful gleams
Of that bright home so near
Where loved and loving are
Holding the gates ajar—
Ever ajar.

Eyes I have seen before
Look into mine;
Voices most sweet and dear
Breathe words divine.
Lulling my soul to rest
With love's sweet tenderness,
Making life doubly blest,
E'er doubly blest.

Hands whose warm clasp I missed
Long, long ago,
Lips that mine own had kissed
With love so true,
Are given back once more
From yonder noiseless shore,
Blessing me o'er and o'er—
Blessing me o'er.

Sweet Spirit Land.

AIR—*Gospel Hymns* 1-6, 608.

The gloomy night has passed away,
I see the golden flush of day,
The breezes sing of morning's cheer,
And melody is everywhere.

Chorus---O, Spirit Land, sweet Spirit Land—
As 'neath thy open gates I stand,
Dear voices call across the sea,
In tones that are most sweet to me,
I fain would touch that beauteous shore,
And speak unto my loved once more.

O, land of pure and sweet delight,
Where blooming flowers ne'er fade or
blight,
My soul with tender rapture thrills,
As I behold the Eternal Hills.

Chorus--- O, Spirit Land, etc.

I feel dear forms press near mine own,
I know I do not walk alone,
For unseen watchers at my side,
My often trembling footsteps guide.

Chorus---O, Spirit Land, etc.

O, Spirit Land, I fain would see,
The cherished ones who wait for me,
Upon thy bright and shining shore,
Home of my loved forever more.

Chorus---O, Spirit Land, etc.

Nature's Temple.

AIR—*Gospel Hymns*, 1-6, 732.

We have gathered in the temple
Where its roof—the arching sky,
Spreads o'er dale and lake and forest,
A most lovely canopy.

Where the nodding grasses tremble,
As the Holy Spirit breathes
Silent, tender invocations
Through the overhanging leaves.

Here we list to sweetest music,
Choicest notes in chords combine,
Till the soul is stirred to worship
Here at this majestic shrine;
Thrilling tones of love are wafted
Now upon the tiniest breeze,
Nature seems as one vast organ
Full of inspired, magic keys.

Here within this grand old temple
Do no costly altars rise,
And no pomp or earthly trapping
That can mock uplifted eyes.
Here no studied prayers or sermons,
That are read from musty books,
Our texts on the skies are written,
Trees and flowers and babbling brooks.

Let us gather up the wisdom
That may crown these golden hours,
And drink Nature's rarest sweetness
From the silent, upturned flowers.

Let us breathe into our spirits
The soft "music in the air,"
Till with one accord we utter,
It is good to worship here.

24

If We Knew.

Gospel Hymns, 1-6, 633.

If we knew the heavy burdens
By our fellow trav'lers borne,
All the trials, all the struggles,
And temptations they have known,
We would cease our harsh upbraidings,
If we e'er could understand,
And would give unto the weakest
Cheerfully, a helping hand.

If we knew how many jewels
Might be buried 'neath our tears,
If we knew 'mid tares the thickest,
Grain might spring for coming years,
We would treasure every sunbeam,---
Strive to smother every sigh,
If we knew in all the present
How it would be, by and by.

If we knew when on the billows
Tossing 'mid the angry storm,
We might find a height by tempest,
We could never reach by calm;
We would grasp the rope more firmly,
Trusting ever to the sail,
Press the deck with footstep braver
And with patience bide the gale.

26

25

I Am Watching.

AIR—*Scatter Seeds of Kindness*, G. H.
1-6, 86.

I am watching o'er you loved one,
Looking from the gates ajar;
Do you never feel my presence
In the home where mortals are?
I would light your path when dreary
And strew flowers along your way,
Whispering in your ear my message,
Though you know not what I say.

Chorus---I am watching, yes, I'm watching,
I am watching, yes, I'm watching,
I am watching, ever watching,
From the gates that swing ajar.

I am watching o'er you loved one,
Oft at morning's earliest blush;
Bending near you when you know not,
In the twilight's pensive hush,
In your midnight dreams enfold you,
Closely to my spirit form,
And you drink the inspiration,
From my soul-life fresh and warm.

Chorus---I am watching, etc.

I am watching o'er you loved one,
I have spanned the silent sea;
All your tender, dear heart longings,
Are but precious steps to me;
This earth holds more of heaven
Than you see within its blue,
Joys untold, undreamed of, dear one,
Time will surely bring to you.

Chorus---I am watching, etc.

27

26 **The Happy Spirit Land.**

AIR—*Melodies of Life*, p. 68.

O, it is a joyous thought,
That across the silent strand
Loved ones watch us day by day
From the happy Spirit Land.

Chorus---From the happy Spirit land,
From the happy Spirit land,
Loved ones watch us day by day
From the happy Spirit Land.

'T'here our loving friends abide,
Oft we see a shadowy hand
Beck'ning o'er the mystic tide
From the happy Spirit Land.

Chorus---From the happy Spirit Land, etc.

When the shadows 'round us fall,
And in gloom and fear we stand,
Loving voices to us call
From the happy Spirit Land.

Chorus---From the happy Spirit Land, etc.

27 **Discontent.**

G. H. 1-6, 263.

O, how oft we drown a blessing
'Neath the flow of bitter tears;
Sometimes crush a rare, sweet blossom
When we're reaching for the stars.

Often close our eyes to sunbeams
When they flicker on our way;
And we yearn to touch the glory
Of some mounutain far away.

Oft we sit amid the shadows
While the world is full of cheer;
Mourning for our dear companions,
When their spirits press so near,
We refuse the little comfort
That the present hours enfold,
Then we cast aside the jewels
That our empty hands might hold.

We are not content with walking,
"O, but give us wings," we cry;
Yet we know with strongest pinions
Not one moment could we fly.
Oft we waste the hours in dreaming
Of what once here might have been,
And the precious prize we covet
May float past us in the stream.

28 **Will You Come to Meet Me?**

We are journeying on together,
Heart to heart and hand in hand.
Should you be the first, my dear one,
To find that happy land,
Would you watch and wait my coming
Till my lonely voyage was o'er,
Would you come to meet me, darling,
When I reached the silent shore,
When I reached the silent shore?

Soprano Chorus.

Would you come to meet me?
Would you come to greet me?
Would you come to meet me, darling,
When I reached the silent shore?

Basso Chorus.

I would come to meet you,
I would come to greet you,
I would come to meet you, darling,
When you reached the silent shore.

O, the priceless love between us,
It has blest the passing hours,
It has smoothed roads that were roughest,
It has strewn our way with flowers.
But we know sometime, my darling,
Our pathways will divide,
And should you wander farthest,
And reach the other side,
And reach the other side.

Soprano Chorus.

Would you come to meet me, etc.

Basso Chorus.

I would come to meet you, etc.

If the shadowy hand should beckon
Me, across the shining way,
Do not call me dead, my darling,
For my willing feet would stray
Back to you from heaven's portals,
Where my dear ones wait for me,
I would watch and wait, my darling,
Just beyond the crystal sea,
Just beyond the crystal sea.

Soprano Chorus.

Would you come to meet me?
Would you come to greet me?
Would you come to greet me, darling,
From beyond the crystal sea.

Basso Chorus.

I would come to meet you,
I would come to meet you,
I would come to meet you, darling,
From beyond the crystal sea.

29

Over There.

AIR—*Gospel Hymns*, 1-6, 110.

On the beautiful isles we shall meet,
When released from earth's struggle and care,
And the songs of our loved ones repeat,
In our glorious home over there.

Chorus---Over there, over there,

In our glorious home over there,
Over there, over there,
In our glorious home over there.

We shall roam 'mid the beautiful scenes,
That so long we have yearned to behold,
And the words that are known but in dreams,
To our ears by our loved shall be told.

Chorus---Over there, etc.

We shall know as we truly are known,
When the mists of the earth clear away,
And we enter the Beautiful Home,
In the city just over the way.

Chorus---Over there, etc.

30 On the Departure of a Child.

C. M.

O, darling of the parent's life
Bright bud of promise given,
To ope in gardens far more bright
Within the bowers of heaven.

I know thou art not lost to me,
In dreams I see thy face
Transfigured 'cross the shining sea
With smiles of matchless grace.

The cruel arrow pierced my soul,
But messengers of peace
Have come unto me 'mid my woe
And bade my mourning cease.

In that dear home of endless love,
My darling, we shall meet,
With lives entwined, henceforth will rove
Mid blessedness complete,

31 Shall I Know His Angel Name?

G. H. 8s. and 7s.

There's a dear one crossed the river,
Gone to meet the shining shore;
Gone to join the blest forever,
Gone to languish never more;

Gone to learn the happy music
Of the spirits' glad refrain;
Tell me, O, ye watchful guardians,
Do ye know his angel name?

I shall wander in the woodlands,
When the summer bloom is there,
List'ning to the wond'rous voices
Breathing in the atmosphere,
Thinking I may catch the echo
Wafted in some gentle strain
Of his voice, or one familiar,
Giving me his angel name.

When we gather at the fireside,
We shall linger by the chair
Where he sat; it may seem vacant,
But we know he will be there;
And above our burdened spirits
There will float a soothing strain,
Sung by him in earth-life never,
Telling us his angel name.

32 There's a Good Time Coming.

AIR—Nicodemus.

O, take courage, ye toilers upon the highway
Of truth and noble reform;
Ye have waited and watched for the dawn of the day,
When the joyous vict'ry should come.
Ye have borne the scoff and the jeering of men,
Ye have toiled with hand, soul and brain,
But be cheered for the harvest is ripening for you,
Go forth and gather its grain.

Chorus.

There's a good time coming, 'tis almost here,
It's been long, long, long on the way.
O, go and tell the worker in fields of reform,
Though the night has been dark, and chilly and long,
We can see the dawning of day.

Haughty error's rude boast has long filled the air,
Want and sorrow have sent forth their cry;
But the new day will shed its light everywhere,
And justice shall come bye and bye.
Let us hope and despair not, in union is strength,
Sects and parties we leave on the way;
The good and the true must triumph at length,
Then work for the grand victory.

Chorus.

Freedom's bright sun is rising, take heart, O, ye brave,
In the right and not might we repose;
Oppression must die, we our honor must save,
And conquer with reason our foes.
'Tis a glorious thought, that when girded with truth
We may vanquish all discord and wrong;
Then press for the prize—the goal is in view,
We see a glimpse of the dawn.

Chorus.

33

Love is a Bird.

AIR—*Star of the Evening.*

Love is a bird whose tender song
May touch the soul of old or young;
It matters not where love may be,
Her trills are always melody.

34

Her trills are always melody,
Beautiful Love! Beautiful Love!
Bird of the spirit, Beautiful, Beautiful Love.

Her tones fall sweetly on the ear,
Her songs are always words of cheer;
They stir the deep soul's living wells,
Though soft as chime of distant bells,
Though soft as chime of distant bells,
Beautiful Love, etc.

Love is a bird that seeks to bless
With brooding touch of tenderness;
But sought for gain or idle play
She plumes her wings and soars away,
She plumes her wings and soars away,
Beautiful Love, etc.

34

My Blessings.

AIR—*G. H. 1-6, 41.*

I try to count the blessing
That fill this life of mine,
But 'tis like counting sand-grains
That cover some deep mine;
Or numbering all the sea-waves
That break upon the beach,
For many are the blessings
We cannot name with speech.

How can I count life's blessings,
So sweet and fresh each morn;
They crowd my life till night-time.
And when the day is done.

35

I turn unto my chamber,
From all the world apart,
And golden moments cluster
Like jewels 'round my heart.

Aye, life is fraught with blessings
Whene'er we ask for light;
Growth comes 'mid toil and struggle
Day follows darkest night.
So, whether sun or shadow
The present moments crown,
In all there is a purpose;
Then blessed is each one.

35

Exhortation.

AIR—*America.*

Rejoice! O Sons of Earth,
Heirs of immortal birth,
Heaven's golden fires
For you most radiant glow,
And streams of wisdom flow
To those who here below
Give listening ears.
Truth's banner is unfurled,
It waves o'er all the world
Its beauteous folds.
Love's golden drops distill,
Millions of fountains fill,
And free from torturing ill
Man reason holds.

36

Rich blessings shall be ours
It we exalt our powers
While journeying here;
And meet as brothers meet,
And foes e'er kindly greet,
Rising above conceit,
And slavish fear.

36

Gathering Up the Sheaves.

AIR—*Gospel Hymns*, 1-6, 609

In Earth's ripening harvest, toiling day by day
Heeding not the shadows bending o'er the way;
But content with reaping what the present gives,
We are busy toilers gathering up the sheaves.
Gathering up the sheaves, gathering up the sheaves;
We are busy toilers gathering up the sheaves.
Gathering up the sheaves, gathering up the sheaves,
We are busy toilers, gathering up the sheaves.

Sometimes on the mountain in the morning's glow;
Sometimes in the valley when the sun is low;
Sometimes 'mid rejoicing we the grain receive,
Sometimes with heart aching, gathering up the sheaves.
Gathering up the sheaves, gathering up the sheaves.
Sometimes with heart aching, gathering up the sheaves.
Gathering up the sheaves, gathering up the sheaves,
Sometimes *with heart* aching, gathering up the sheaves.

37

So amid the harvest till the day is done,
Busy, busy reaping as we here have sown.
Though our work imperfect; mixed with tares and leaves,
We will go rejoicing bringing home our sheaves.
Bearing home our sheaves bearing home our sheaves,
We will go rejoicing, bringing home our sheaves.
Bearing home our sheaves, bearing home our sheaves,
We will go rejoicing, bearing home our sheaves.

37 I Cannot Trace the Way.

AIR—*Ortonville.*

I cannot trace the mystic way
Where she, my loved, has gone,
The shadows now obscure my day,
My soul cries out, "alone."

I could not think she needed yet
The changing of her sphere;
My aching heart will ne'er forget
She was an angel here.

Still as my guide and counsellor
Henceforth, O, may she be;
Dear Spirit home, a messenger
From thy pure realm to me.

Although I cannot trace the way
I'll wait her beckoning hand;
I know her soul will speak to me,
And I shall understand.

38 The Angels' Presence.

AIR—*Lily of the Valley, G. H. 1-6, 367.*

Kind faces look upon me from o'er the misty way
That were known in the dear and long ago;
Sweet voices to me whisper though the world may
never hear,
And I trust these unseen teachers kind and true.

Chorus—O, the presence of the angels, at morning, noon
and night,
It fills the hours with comfort, hope and joy;
They lead me from the valley towards the mountain's
height,
And I see a world of beauty everywhere.

When Life's burdens are so heavy that my spirit groans
within
And my poor heart yearns for freedom from its pain;
I know these faithful guardians are bending o'er me then,
And they teach me that no trial is in vain.

Chorus---O, the presence of the angels, etc.

When I wait down by the river for the boatman still
and pale,
I'll not dread the waves so strange and calm and cold,

For I know e'en then my guardians with their presence
will not fail.

They will come with songs and glittering harps of
gold.

Chorus---O, the presence of the angels, etc.,

39 **Eternal Presence.**

AIR—*G. H.* 1-6, 634.

Eternal Presence! Life Divine!
We worship by no man-made shrine;
We have no form of Praise or Prayer,
Our spirits meet Thee everywhere.
No book Thy inspiration holds,
Or all Thy mighty truth unfolds,
Written in characters divine,
They glow in every orb that shines.

They stir the soul to songs of praise
In the grand march of life's sweet days;
They chasten with a tone subdued
In hours of lonely solitude.
Eternal Presence! Living Power!
Infill our spirits from this hour!
O, give us strength to do and bear
For truth's dear sake, hear this our prayer.

AIR—"Bonnie Doon."

Now let our thoughts uplifted be, as we invoke the
powers above;
And strive to feel that harmony may bind our souls in
perfect love;
May we forget the cruel word which always leaves a
sting behind,
And in our earnest, chosen work, sweet helpfulness and
comfort find.

Joined hand in hand and heart to heart, no power on
earth can make us twain;
Though weary miles our bodies part, we still are bound
in Friendship's chain;
And whatsoever may betide we still will hope; we can-
not fail.
In Union there is perfect strength, and disunited, we may
fall.

"Fraternity, love's other name," how dear the bonds
through life shall be,
Re-welded in the spirit clime—united for eternity;
May Heaven record these precious words, as we in
hope and kindness part,
And bind the Amulet of Love more closely to our
grateful heart.

41 Wonderful Words of Love.

AIR—*G. H.* 1-6, 579.

Love each other when all the day
Is bright with sunny skies,
And Pleasure strews the happy way
With flowers of rarest dyes.

Chorus---Words of untold sweetness,
Making life's completeness,
Beautiful words, magical words,
Beautiful words of Love.

Love each other when darkest clouds
Fall in shadows grim!
And hope lies buried 'neath a shroud,
And eyes with tears are dim.

Chorus---Words of untold sweetness, etc.

Love each other; be ye kind,
Nor spurn the poor or low;
In pity give a helping hand,
Leave blessings as ye go.

Chorus---Words of untold sweetness, etc

42 Tell Me the Blessed Story.

AIR—*G. H.* 1-6, 28.

Tell me the blessed story,
Of Angels and their Home,
Of the freed spirit's glory
That leaves a work well done;

Tell me the story often,
It cheers my darkest hours,
And in my rugged pathway
Covers the thorns with flowers.

Chorus---Tell me the Blessed story,
Tell me the blessed story,
Tell me the blessed story,
Of angels and their Home.

Tell me the blessed story
At quiet close of day,
When all my cares and burdens
A while are put away.
For how the moments brighten
When the story has been told,
And the grey threads I am weaving
Glisten like burnished gold.

Chorus---Tell me the blessed story, etc.

Tell me the blessed story
When pain has lain me low;
When my pulse is growing weaker
And the life-tide ebbs so low;
When outward visions faileth
And earthly sight is gone,
Tell me the blessed story
Of the Angels and their Home.

Chorus---Tell me the blessed story, etc.

Prayer.

AIR—*Gospel Hymns* 1-6, 21.

Angels from the upper sphere,
To our earthly courts draw near,
Aid us in our work of love,
Strive our noblest powers to prove;
Lead us with a guiding hand,
Loved ones from the Better Land.

Sometimes on the mountain's height,
We exult in morning's light,
Hope like sunshine gilds the way,
Sorrows fade like mist away;
May we thankfully receive
All the joys this earth may give.

Days will come and days will go,
Summer's heat and winter's snow,
Whatsoever may befall,
May we learn the good of all.
'Neath the shadow and the sun,
May we faithfully work on.

Trusting to the Wiser Power,
We would bless the darkest hour;
Gracious for the sunshine bright,
Praying to be led aright;
Loved ones, 'mid the warmth or chill
May we know you watch us still.

Evening.

AIR—*Gospel Hymns*. 1-6, 712

The evening shadows fall
O'er earth like peaceful wings;
Discordant sounds are silenced all
And night-birds softly sing

The sweet flowers droop their heads
Touched by the winds that sigh,
As though they heard the gentle tread
Of angels passing by.

The dews like jewels hang
On leaf and bough to-night,
As if dear Nature's teardrops shone
With Heaven's crystal light.

Blest hour for friendships dear
When souls in thought may blend;
And spirit voices we may hear
As silent prayers ascend.

Hour for communion sweet—
Though parted friends may be
Across the Border Line we meet,
Life is a unity.

Waiting in Hope.

I hear, I hear, from Angel Spheres,
The voices of long ago;
And when the throng is drawing near
Each familiar tone I know.

And my spirit rises on wings of light,
My heart-strings thrill with a pure delight,
For I know beyond these clouds of night
I shall meet my loved and true.

Repeat last two lines.

I gaze, I gaze when the sun's red rays
Sink down in the silent sea;
Across the Bar, gates swing ajar
And dear faces look on me.
No longer the shadows of pain are there,
No lines of sorrow or blighting care,
But a halo of heavenly youth they wear
In Immortality.

Repeat last two lines.

I wait, I wait, by the open gate
Through which my loved have gone;
Though oft I wait till the hours are late,
I know my friends return.
For when the Pale Angel was drawing near
They took his hand without a fear
And whispered the words with love and cheer,
Back to mine own I'll come.

Repeat last two lines.

Then I'll wait, I'll wait, till the silent gate
Shall swing ajar for me;
And my loved ones near shall whisper "Dear,
Come o'er the silent sea."
I know they will wait with outstretched hand
To guide me on to the Angel Band,
United once more the broken band
In that world of Love shall be.

Repeat last two lines.

46

Speak No Ill.

G. H. 1-6, 705.

Speak not a word that e'er may wound
Or leave a sting behind;
In tenderness and gentle deed
Life's truest joys are found.

'Tis better far to kindly deal
E'en with earth's erring ones,
Than harshly to upbraid their faults,
And strew their way with thorns.

If we have known that one poor soul
Has stooped to deeds most base;
O, let us act the better part—
The sin seek to efface.

We know in all there must be good,
Or Nature errs in plan;
Then let us strive in all our work,
To do the best we can.

47

Spirit Lights.

G. H. 1-6, 710.

O, there are many beauteous gleams
That flash across life's changing streams
And on the dusty roads of Time,
Revealing hidden deeds of crime.

In lonely cells where poor souls grope
Devoid of love and faith and hope,
In darkest natures 'neath the gloom
These lights reveal an "inner room."

Not one on earth has fallen so low
But that sometime sweet peace may know,
And break the brazen gates of sin
And let the blessed sunlight in.

No one forsaken by all good,
If but life's laws are understood,
How soon would pass the troubled night
If only cheered by Spirit light.

48 **Greeting Song.**

AIR—*Edinburg.*

How cheering to meet friends from far and from near,
Who work for the Cause that we all hold so dear;
Let us rally around the bright standard we love,
Imploring the guidance of angels above.

Chorus.

Happy greeting to all, happy greeting to all,
Happy greeting, happy greeting, happy greeting to all,

May the counsels of Reason, of Justice and Right
Be the guide that shall lead us to walk in the light;
Ever loyal to Truth, we would work hand in hand,
With the beautiful angels who visit earth land.

Chorus---Happy greeting, etc.

O, let us rejoice that the day-star is near;
May it rise in its fulness this Jubilee Year,
'Till from homes to the Nation its light may descend
And strong grow the union between friend and friend.

Chorus---Happy greeting, etc.

49 **Our Loved Return.**

G. H. 1-6, 570.

When the world was wrapp'd in deepest night,
And man with head bowed low,
Was mourning the loved who had gone from sight
In the dreary long ago;
A tiny rap from the spirit spheres
Proclaimed his loving ones were near,
Proclaimed his loving ones were near.

Then the mourner who in grief had prayed
That to him a sign be given,
That Love could bring her beautiful dead
From the mystic gates of heaven.
When a light burst forth in the viewless air;
And lo! his angel's face was there;
And lo! his angel's face was there.

The stone from the tomb away was rolled—
His loved one was not there;
Nor in far-off realms playing harps of gold
Beyond earth's atmosphere;
They were here, with love of the olden time
They left in his soul a joy divine;
They left in his soul a joy divine.

With gladsome anthems lift the voice,
Let joy-bells stir the air;
Let hearts take courage and rejoice
For Life is everywhere.
Our loved return and hand in hand
We journey to the Spirit Land,
We journey to the Spirit Land.

50

Watchman Tell Me.

G. H. 1-6, 95.

Watchman, tell me, is the dawning
Of the golden day at hand?
When the throngs of skeptics, scorning
Our grand truths, will understand?
When the cruel words now spoken
Will be hushed beneath love's word?
Bring to us some holy token
That our earnest prayers are heard.

We have waded through the breakers;
We have fought the tide and gale;
We have bent before the tempest,
But our courage will not fail.
Tell us, do you see the promise
Of the glorious morning's dawn,
When old Error shall be vanquished
And the Truths our world shall crown?

Hark! from o'er the way an answer
To our constant prayer is heard;
And the world unto its center,
By that living voice is stirred—
"Mortal, yes; I see the gleaming
Of the day now near at hand.
Earth shall be redeemed from error
By the glorious Spirit-land."

50

"Courage, then, O, struggling mortal.
Victory for us dawns at last;
Angels sing from Heaven's portal—
"Superstition's day is past."
Hark, the voices now proclaiming,
In loud and majestic strain,
"Day is dawning, light is breaking;
Right upon the earth shall reign."

51

Faithful Are the Angels.

G. H. 1-6, 389.

When amid the noises of the busy day
Worldly cares oppress on every hand;
We may not see the faces watching o'er the way
Of our loved ones from the Spirit Land.

Chorus.

Faithful are the angels, with their words of cheer,
Seeking e'er to lead us to the light;
Bidding us be strong nor cherish doubt nor fear
Morning follows every dreary night.

When in tiresome struggle 'mid the throngs of men
We are striving something to achieve;
It may seem our angels wander from us then
And in spirit oft we sorely grieve.

Chorus---Faithful are the angels, etc.

When amid the shadows weeping here alone
That earth's prizes slip so soon away;
Angels come to tell us that each jewel gone
Shines for us in realms of endless day.

Chorus---Faithful are the angels, etc.

51

52 Where Are My Loved Tonight?

G. H. 1-6, 631.

O where are my precious ones to-night
The loved of my early years?
Fond memory holds their faces bright
In a frame of misty tears.

Chorus---O, where are my loved to-night?
O, where are my loved to-night?
The fond, the true, O, I loved them so,
O, where are my loved to-night?

One by one they went away;
Across a stranger sea;
O, how I have prayed they come back some day,
With a whisper of love to me.

Chorus---O, where are my loved etc.
Friends may be many, we bless them all;
We give them love and praise;
But we yearn for those we would recall—
The friends of our morning days.

Chorus---O, where are my loved, etc.
Ah! can it be through this mist of tears
There falls a radiant light;
Behold! the loved of my early years,
In a vision come to-night.

Chorus---They are all, all, here to-night,
They are all, all, here to-night;
The fond, the true, O, I love them so
They are here, all here to-night.

AIR—*Joyfully, Joyfully Onward I Move.*

Forward, dear friends and be strong in the cause;
Yield not your selfhood to wordly applause;
Forward! not backward, O, never despair;
Truth is your watchward, its glory declare.
Better than riches of silver or gold,
Is the true wealth the free spirit may hold;
Ever inspired by the angels of light,
Onward, still onward, be strong in the right.

Forward, and work for humanity's poor;
Blessed is he who gives from his store;
Comfort the wayfarer weary and lone;
Succor and cheer him while journeying on.
Learn the great truth, it is better to give,
Than in your selfishness all to receive.
Never alone can we mount to the skies,
We must e'er help our poor brothers to rise.

Onward; go gently on errands of peace;
Work that all envy and hatred may cease;
Ever the cause of the freeman proclaim;
Guarding forever your brother's good name.
Work for the time when strife shall be o'er
And cruel wars shall oppress us no more;
Keeping forever Truth's Banner in sight,
God and his angels shall guide you aright.

Anniversary Song.

AIR—*Lily Dale.*

O, loved ones from the realm of light
 Come on this natal day;
 And join your song with earth's glad throng
 On this glad Anniversary.

Chorus---O, Angels, loved Angels;
 Guardians so true;
 We will walk hand in hand to the Beautiful
 Land

With faith and trust pledged anew.

You have come to us in the darkest hours
 When trials were hard to bear;
 When sorrow's dart pierced the bleeding heart
 And we sank in deep despair.

Chorus---O, Angels, etc.

As a star in the darkest midnight gloom
 Your love has cheered the way;
 And led us on through the dreary storm
 To the full sun-lighted day.

Chorus---O, Angels, etc.

We consecrate our lives anew;
 We pledge our soul's best powers;
 O, aid us still in Truth's great field;
 Your Glorious Cause is ours.

Chorus---O, Angels, etc.

Sweet Rest.

AIR—*Old Black Joe.*

Evening has gathered up her curtains grey;
 Slowly she hangs them 'round the golden day;
 Clouds that were crimson fade from out the west,
 And Nature sings her lullaby and woos us to rest.

Sweet rest, sweet rest,

And woos our souls to rest,
 And Nature sings a lullaby and woos us to rest.

Soft as the wind that 'round the lattice blows;
 Sweet as the perfume of the dewy rose;
 Is the dear presence of the Angel Guest,
 That comes to visit me this hour and soothe me rest.

Sweet rest, sweet rest,

And soothe my soul to rest;
 Who comes to visit me this hour and soothes me to rest.

Sacred the time when from the viewless air,
 Fall the soft tones of love upon my ear;
 Then with our angels we are truly blest
 And from the toils and cares of earth, find rest, sweet
 rest.

Sweet rest, sweet rest,

From cares and toils find rest;
 And from the cares and toils of earth find rest, sweet
 rest.

56

Trust.

C. M.

When shadows fall around my path,
And darkness cometh down;
I will not falter in my faith
Though gloom seems most profound.

When sorrow stirs my spirit's depths
And in the pain I moan;
I will not lose my hope and faith,
I shall not be alone.

I trust a loving, guarding care,
Whate'er the day may be;
In darkness or in sunshine fair,
A wise hand leadeth me.

57

Speak Kindly.

L. M.

Speak kindly to the wayward one,
You may not know what he has borne;
What ills beset him on the way,
What struggles met from day to day.

Speak kindly, never once forget,
His soul may hold some goodness yet;
Though showing naught of innocence,
It hath a man's inheritance.

Speak kindly to the erring one,
His soul resents the bitter tongue;
Be kind, the stoniest heart may move,
Responsive to the words of Love.

56

58

Invocation.

L. M.

Great Spirit of Eternal Light
Shine thou upon our darkened way;
Dispel the shadows of the night
That blind us from the dawning day.

Great Spirit of Enlightened Truth,
The Past has round us thrown its chain,
Oh, burn its links all through and through,
Till not one vestige shall remain.

Great Spirit of Immortal Love
Our souls are pledged in faith to thee,
And may our life devotions show
An influence from thy Majesty.

59

Angels Guard You.

AIR—"God be With You," G. H. 1-6, 340.

Angels guard you till we meet again;
May the cherished ones who love you,
E'er keep kindly watch above you,
Angels guard you till we meet again.

Chorus: Angels guard, angels guard,
Angels guard you till we meet again;
Angels guard, angels guard,
Angels guard you till we meet again.

57

Angels guard you till we meet again,
When the shadows gather round you,
May their tender arms enfold you,
Angels guard you till we meet again.

Chorus.

Angels guard you till we meet again.
May Hope's radiant star shine o'er you,
Lighting all the way before you;
Angels guard you till we meet again.

Chorus.

Angels guard you till we meet again.
If no more on earth while roaming,
We shall meet in heaven's morning,
Angels guard you till we meet again.

Chorus.

DO **Sing To The Angels.**

AIR—"Ring the Bell, Watchman."

Sing to the angels a welcoming song,
Greet all the dear ones from Heaven's happy throng;
Who with their counsels would brighten our days;
Render them tribute of song and of praise.

Chorus.

Sing to the angels, sing, sing, sing.
Render them tribute for blessings they bring;
Let every voice in thanksgiving be raised,
Sing to the angels a tribute of praise.

Through the dark valleys they signal the way;
Patient and loving when dreary our day;
And, when despairing we sink 'neath the gloom,
Then for our comfort the dear guardians come.

Chorus.

Unto the palace and lowliest home,
With heaven's blessings the messengers come;
Bringing the teaching of holier life,
Free from all tumult, and sorrow and strife.

Chorus.

61 **Lead To The Light.**

G. H. 1-6, 454.

Lead to the Light when paths are dark before me,
Lead to the Light;
Oh make secure my steps in all life's journey,
Lead to the Light.
I do not ask to drop my burdens down,
Lead to the Light, and I will bear them on.

Lead to the Light; may some dear spirit, calling
"This is the way,"
Guide me aright, when shadows deep are falling,
Lest I may stray;
I would not have my path more smooth or wide;
Lead to the Light; I will be satisfied.

Lead thou me on, with willing heart I follow,
Lead thou me on;
I will not dread the coming of the morrow,
In shade or sun;
My faith grows strong, my hope hath clearer sight,
Lead thou me on unto the Perfect Light.

62

Higher Law.

S. M.

There is a higher law
Than e'er was writ by pen;
Engraved upon the human heart,
Revealed to souls of men.

A higher justice known—
A truer brotherhood;
That not for wrong would give a pain,
Nor seek redress in blood.

A law that e'er would keep
Sacred, a human right;
And crush the selfishness and greed
That comes by force of might.

Oh, may the future's page
The Higher Laws combine,
Until a glory crowns the age,
And justice is Divine.

60

63

Praise Unending.

AIR—"I Cannot Keep From Singing,"
G. H. 1-6, 244.

When morning breaks, and earth awakes
With joy and life abounding,
And field and dale, mountain and rill
With music are resounding.
Glad voices from the upper skies
Are with the earth-land blending,
Their echoes wake within my soul
A song of praise unending.

When noontide's beams flood earthly scenes,
Where man with man is striving—
With weary brain and hands of pain,
To make life worth the living;
E'en mid the din of strife and sin
I hear a voice descending,
And soft and clear breathes on the air
Its love and praise unending.

When in the West the sunbeams rest,
And Nature's Queen is sleeping;
When tender thought—the soul inwrought,
Its holy guard is keeping.
I breathe my prayer into the air,
And ask life's constant blending
May be divine through endless time,
With love and praise unending.

61

8s. and 7s. M.

When the morn awakes in glory,
 Summoned by the crimson sky;
 When the myriad buds unfolding,
 Humbly greet the passer-by;
 Then the soul in adoration
 Rises on the wings of prayer.
 Silently an inspiration
 Answers, from the lips of air.

When the cares of day are over,
 And all tumult is withdrawn;
 When the evening shadows hover,
 And our best thoughts gather home,
 Then a holy, sweet affection
 Seems life's inner cords to move;
 Falling like a benediction,
 Wafted from the realms of love.

Morning, noon and evening bringeth
 Blessings that are manifold;
 Thus within the bosom springeth
 Hopes that help the growing soul.
 Bright as morning's dewy splendor
 Is the gift the Spirit brings;
 Yet as soft, divine and tender,
 As Love's choicest whisperings.

G. H. 1-6, 43

Go carry the message angels have given,
 And bind up the heart-strings sorrow has riven;
 Lovingly, tenderly go to the one
 Who, 'mid waves of trouble is struggling alone.

Go carry the message, cheer the toilsome way,
 Where tired feet are treading so sadly each day;
 Tell to them the story—holy truth divine—
 Oft in darkest valley we our angels find.

Go carry the message, gird thy soul with power;
 Foes may seek to crush thee in some trying hour;
 When the angel cometh heaven's light will dawn;
 Thou shalt have the vict'ry—bear the message on.

LYCEUM SONGS.

66

I Love The Sunshine.

G. H. 1-6, 86.

I love the merry sunshine
That sparkles in the rill;
That frolics in the meadows
And dances down the hill;
I love the merry sunshine
That scatters clouds away
And makes the lovely earth-land
As Nature's holiday.

Chorus.

I love the merry sunshine,
I love the merry sunshine,
I love the merry sunshine,
That scatters clouds away.

I love the wooing sunshine
That calls the violets forth
In the early days of spring-time,
From the warm heart of the earth.

64

That laughs amid the grasses
Where the dandelions grow;
And nestles 'mid the mosses
Where the running waters flow.

Chorus.

I love the evening sunshine
As it fades into the West;
And leaves above the river
A gorgeous, gilded crest;
Till it seems a bridge of beauty
Spans the crystal flowing tide,
Reaching from the dusky earth-land
To heaven's golden side.

Chorus.

67

The Lyceum Band.

We're a band of Lyceum children
Marching to the van;
Striving all to do our duty
As the best we can.

Chorus.

Clear the way for we are coming,
Many Lyceums strong;
Lend a helping hand we pray you,
As we pass along.

65

Though today our brains are feeble
And our hands are small,
We are learning in the Lyceum,
There is work for all.

Chorus.

We shall grow with every effort,
For the best we try;
Every child can do his duty
As the days go by.

Chorus.

Tallest oaks from little acorns
In the forest grow;
Largest streams from little brooklets
To the oceans flow.

Chorus.

68

Love One Another.

Children heed this little message,
Wear it on your heart each day;
Be ye kind to one another
In your work and in your play.

Chorus.

Love one another, love one another
With a heart that beats so warm and true;
Love one another, love one another,
As the blessed angels do.

66

Let the lips ne'er part in anger,
Let no word of hatred fall
From the tongue, in thoughtless passion—
Words you never can recall.

Chorus.

Make life happy, little children,
With your sunny smiles and song;
Kindly words and noble action,
Make the world with joy go 'round.

Chorus.

69

Little Things.

G. H. 1-6, 389.

Just a little sunbeam from the heavens sent
But it severed many an icy chain,
Freeing lake and river till they danced with joy
And went on their gladsome way again.

Chorus.

Just a little sunbeam on its mission sent,
Cheering many a darksome spot on earth;
Touching hill and valley, forest, lake and glen,
Calling myriad lovely blossoms forth.

Just a little raindrop on its errand sent,
And it kissed a flower about to die;
Gratefully the blossom raised its head and smiled
And gave its fragrance to the passer-by.

67

Chorus.

Just a little raindrop on its mission sent,
But it saved a flower about to die;
Gave it back its life, and in its quiet joy
It blessed a weary one as he passed by.

Just a little deed of kindness, cheered a heart,
Till no shade of gloominess remained;
Lightened all the burdens of one dreary day—
Made a saddened face to smile again.

Chorus.

Little deeds of kindness, little words of love,
Lighten heavy cares and soften pain;
Fill the days with sunshine, and the nights with joy,
Make the saddened faces smile again.

70 **The Mountains Of Light.**

AIR—“*My Old Kentucky Home.*”

The skies are fair in the spirits' happy home,
The flowers never wither or blight,
And the music is sweet of the voices that we love
On the Beautiful Mountains of Light,

Chorus.

Then sing for joy, ye children;
Sing with the angels who come;
For the beautiful band, who visit earth-land,
Will lead us at last to their home.

The dear ones who leave us and pass from earth away
So silently out of our sight,
Are guiding our footsteps and watching all our way,
From their homes, on the Mountains of Light.

Chorus.

All through the long day, at our work or in our play,
Or our dreams in the hush of the night;
The dear ones we love are watching from above,
From the Beautiful Mountains of Light.

Chorus.

71

Marching Song.

AIR—“*John Brown's Body.*”

Take the banners comrades, and fall into line;
Hold the head erect, keep the feet in perfect time,
While our voices blend in one melodious chime,
As we go marching on.

Chorus.

Marching, marching on together
Marching, marching on together;
Marching, marching on together,
A Happy Lyceum Band.

Welcome little children from the happy spirit throng,
May you join our ranks as we shall pass along;
May we catch the echoes of your sweet angelic song,
As we go marching on.

Chorus.

Many cherished friends will meet us from yon shore,
And join in the pleasures of this happy Lyceum hour;
May we feel their presence and their noble aid implore
As we go marching on.

Chorus.

72 Come From The Spirit Land.

AIR—"There is a Happy Land."

Come from the Spirit Land, loved ones we pray;
Lend us a guiding hand, in our work to-day;
We will your counsels heed,
Give us wisdom as we need,
In paths of duty lead,
Show us the way.

Come to us teachers dear, from homes above;
We need your lessons here, our powers to prove;
Help us to banish sin,
Through the good we find within,
Stilling all strife and din,
In peace and love.

Come from the Spirit Land, come guardians come;
Inspire our Lyceum Band, O, make us strong—
Strong in the faith of right,
With Hope's watchword e'er in sight,
Till we meet in heaven's light,
Our Spirit Home.

73

Doxology No. 1.

AIR—*Old Hundred.*

O, blessed Ones from upper spheres,
Now as we separate, draw near.
Guide us while in earth's paths we rove,
And bind our souls in perfect love.

74

Doxology No. 2.

AIR—*Greenville.*

May we strive with firm endeavor
To rise to a high estate,
And with cheerful courage ever
Learn to labor and to wait.
May we fill a noble mission
Faithful servants everywhere,
Time will grant a full fruition
And give answer to our prayer.

75

Doxology No. 3.

L. M.

Eternal Spirit! Life Divine!
Infill this waiting soul of mine,
Thy forces with my being blend,
Sweet counsellor, true guide and friend.

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