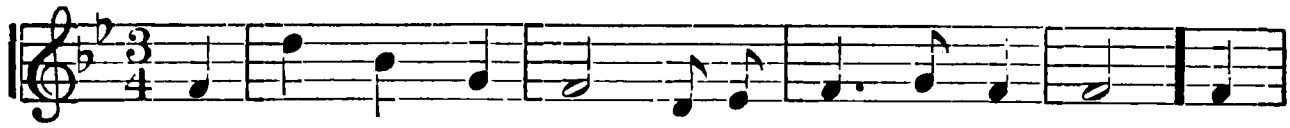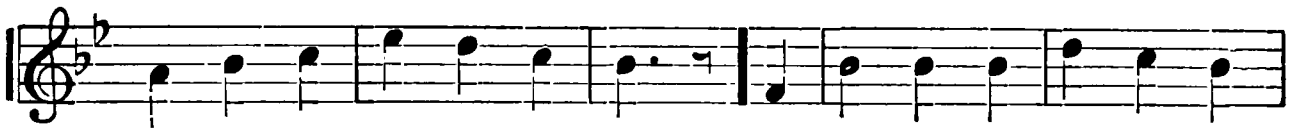From www traditionalmusic co uk
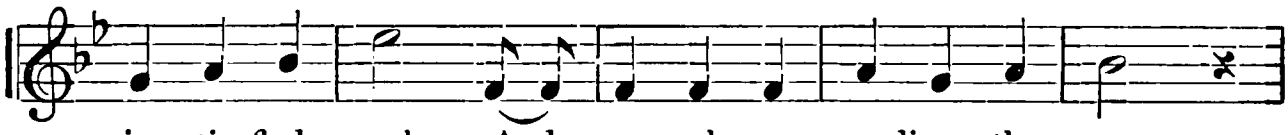
MT. LEBANON, N. Y.



1. No lon - ger we shrink on e - ter - ni - ty's brink, Nor
2. While near - ing the stream, in vis - ion I see; A
3. The shad - ow of doubt is for - ev - er dis - pelled, And
4. Each day that we live, some gem we may store, The

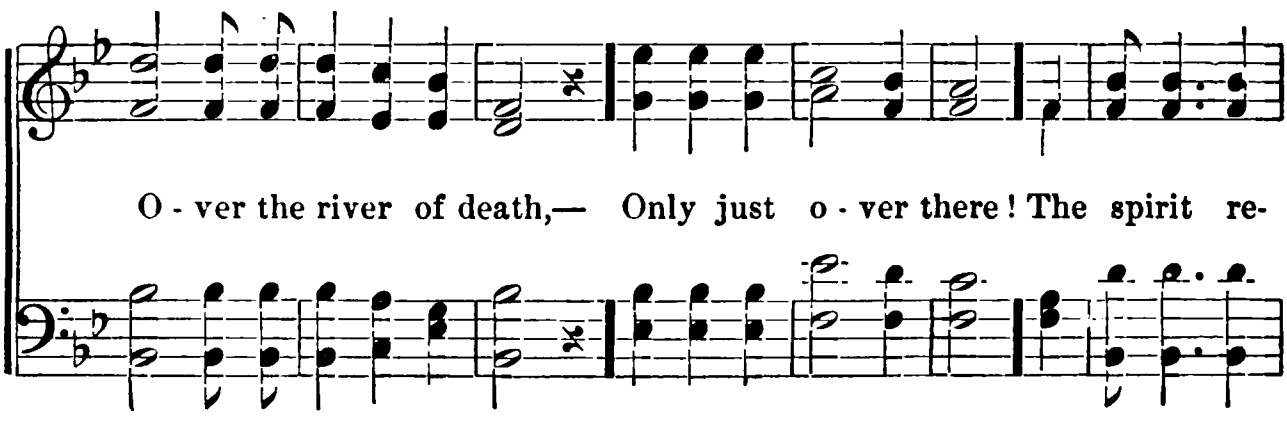


wish for a further de - lay; Clean robes are prepared for the
structure rise no - ble and grand; 'Tis not built on an - y false
kindreds are joined heart and hand; For messen - gers cross on this
work of our own will - ing hand; The gar - ment we weave in this

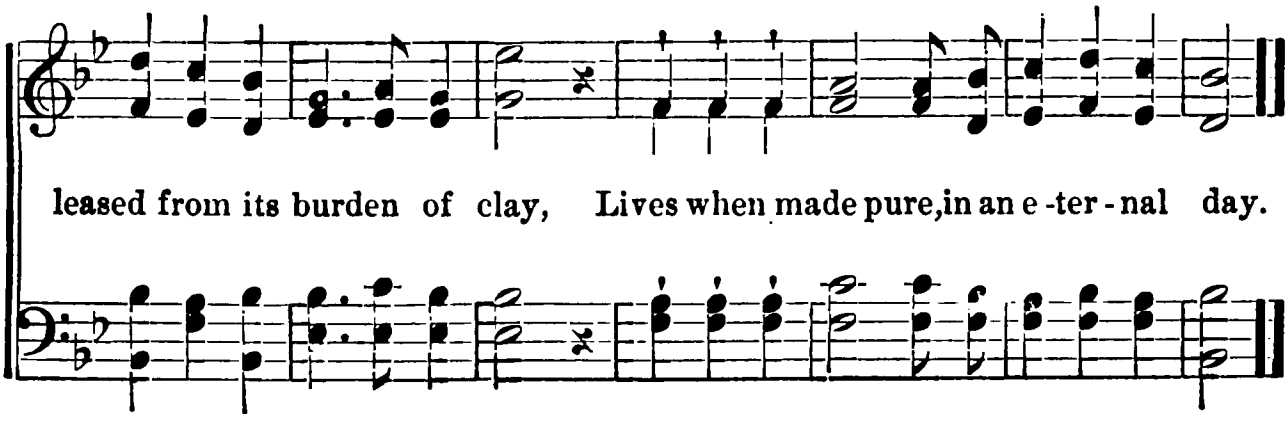


jus - ti - fied soul, And an - gels are guarding the way.
dogma nor creed,— 'Tis a bridge to the fair summer land.
bridge ev·ery day, From their home in the bright spir - it land.
valley be - low,—We shall wear in the bright summer land.

CHORUS.



O - ver the river of death,— Only just o - ver there! The spirit re-



leased from its burden of clay, Lives when made pure, in an e - ter - nal day.