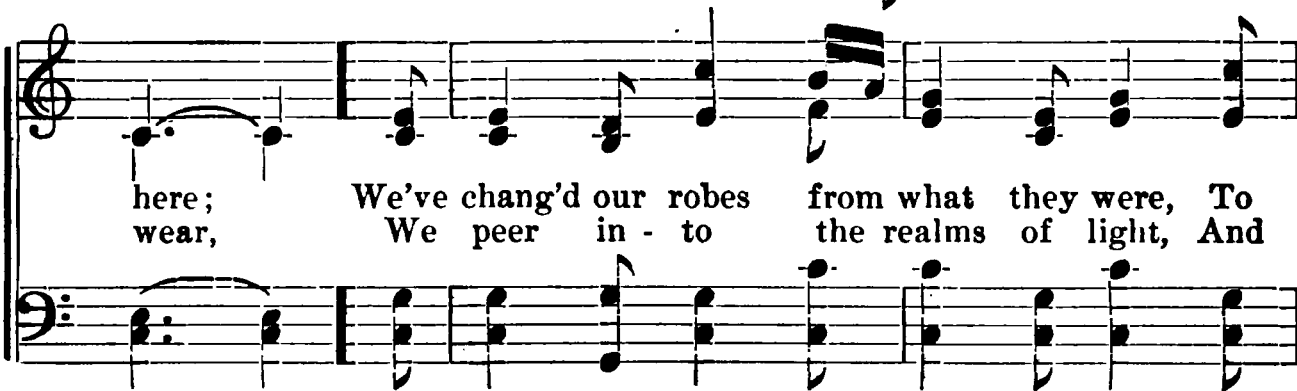
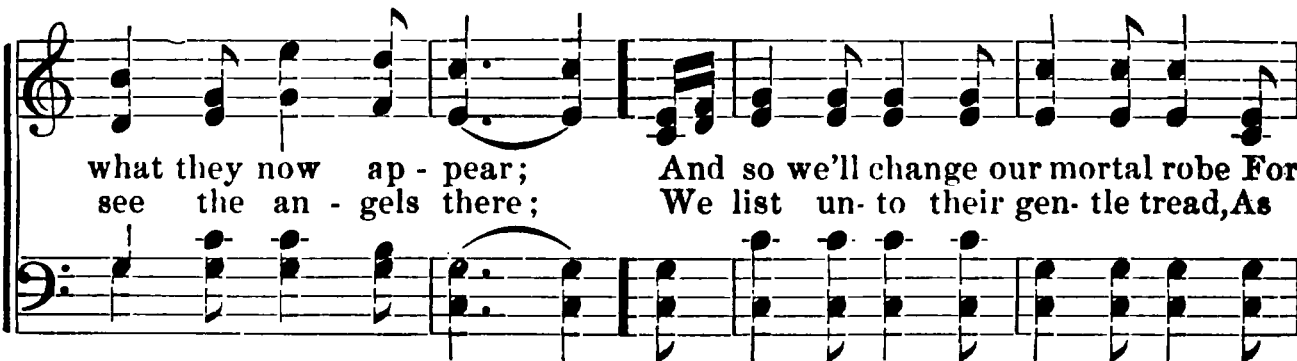




1. The spir - it world is not a - far, 'Tis ev - en with us
2. We don the gar - ment pure and white, That's giv - en us to



here;
wear, We've chang'd our robes from what they were, To
We peer in - to the realms of light, And



what they now ap - pear; And so we'll change our mortal robe For
see the an - gels there; We list un - to their gen - tle tread, As



im - mor - tal - i - ty's a - bode, And so we'll change our
they draw near with heav - en - ly bread, We list un - to their



mor - tal robe For im - mor - tal - i - ty's a - bode.
gen - tle tread, As they draw near with heav - en - ly bread.

3 And O how sweet the bread of life!
'Tis manna to the soul,
It bears us through the toil and strife,
As years unceasing roll;
||: And lifts us from this earthly sphere
To the angelic e'en while here. :||

4 As revelation's keys unlock
The mysteries within,
The old creation feels the shock,
And seeks anew to win;
||: And captivate the human soul,
And hold it firm 'neath sins control. :||