RING THE BELL SOFTLY.

Some one has gone from this strange world of ours,
No more to gather its thorns with its flowers.
No more to linger where sunbeams must fade,
Where, on all beauty, death's fingers are laid;
Weary with mingling life's bitter and sweet,
Weary with parting and never to meet,
Someone has gone to the bright golden shore!
King the bell softly, there's crape on the door;
King the bell softly, there's crape on the door.

Chorus.
Weary with mingling life's bitter and sweet.
Weary with parting and never to meet,
Some one has gone to the blight golden shore!
King the bell softly, there's crape on the door;
King the bell softly, there's crape on the door.

Some one is resting from sorrow and sin.
Happy where earth's conflict! enter not in.
Joyous as birds when the morning is bright.
When the sweet sunbeams have brought us their light.
Weary with sowing And never to reap.
Weary with labor and welcoming sleep.
Someone's departed to heaven's glad shore!
King the bell softly, there's crape on the door;
King the bell softly, there's crape on the door. -Chorus.

Angels were anxiously longing to meet
One who walks with them in heaven's bright street;
Loved ones have whispered that some one is blest,
Free from earth's trials, and taking sweet rest-
Yes! there is one more in angelic bliss,
One less to cherish, one less to kiss,
One more departed to heaven's bright shore!
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door;
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door.-Chorus.