

One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

Phoebe Carey.

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R. S. Ambrose.
Arr. by J. S. Fearia.*p Andante.*

One sweetly solemn tho't Comes to me o'er and o'er, - I am near-er home to-day Than I've

ev - er been be - fore. Near - er my Fa - ther's house, Where the man - y mansions be;

Nearer the great white throne, Nearer the cry - stal sea. Near - er the bounds of life, Where we

lay our bur - dens down; Near - er leav - ing the cross, Near - er gain - ing the crown.

But lay - ing dark - ly be - tween, Winding a - down thro' the night, Is the si - lent

un - known stream That leads at last to the light. Fa - ther, be near when my feet Are

The object of music is to strengthen and ennoble the soul. — Morales.

One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

rall.

slipping o'er the brink, For it may be I am near-er home, Near-er now than I think.

81

O Paradise.

J. Barnby.

mf Moderato.

1. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, Who doth not crave for
 2. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, I want to sin no
 3. Lord Je - sus, King of Par - a - dise, Oh, keep me in Thy

rest? Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are
 more, I want to be as pure on earth As on that spot - less
 love, And guide me to that hap - py land Of per - fect rest a -

mf
 blest? Where loy - al hearts and true,
 shore, Where loy - al hearts and true, Stand ev - er in the
 bove, Where loy - al hearts and true,

f
 light, All rap - ture thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight.

If God hath made this world so fair,
 Where sin and death abound,
 How beautiful beyond compare
 Will Paradise be found.—Montgomery.