

OH GLORIOUS HOPE!

Words by P. S. PENNELL.

Music by J. P. WEBSTER.

1. Be - yond the clouds that o'er us form, Be - yond all earth - ly bliss, Hope paints a bow so
 2. Though torrents roar, and mountains frown, While Oceans roll be - tween, Though tempests pour their

bright, no storm Will ev - er reach from this; So glo - rious and di - vine - ly fair, Its
 fa - ry down, To veil the gold - en sheen; With crys - tal touch each polished beam Shot

blended hues ap - pear, We know that God hath placed it there, And dwells for - ev - er near.
 from thy ra - di - ant bows, Like' twi - light stars doth brighter gleam, As night the dark - er grows.

OH GLORIOUS HOPE!—Concluded.

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CHORUS.

Oh glorious Hope, Oh un - seen shore On which the dear one wait - ing stands And

beck - ons me for - ev - er more With gen - tie, gen - tle wav - ing hands.

3 Oh! matchless Hope that buoys me up,
Through life's dark, gloomy halls,
Whose footsteps have yon river crossed,
Where mortal never falls;
Of golden sands the unseen shore,
On which ye waiting stand,
And beckon me forever more,
With gentle waving hand.

4 Our vision may not pierce the gloom,
That darkens o'er the tide,
And hides from view the roses bloom,
Upon the shining side;
But there's a bliss we often catch,
In fragrance from the gale,
Which seems its sweetness to have caught
From flowers beyond the veil.

5 We mourn not for the long by gones,
That died in mortal strife,
But rather rend these dusty bands,
Which chain the crystal life;
While hope beams brighter on the strand,
And shadows lengthen fast,
As nearer to her waving hand,
Each day our anchor cast.