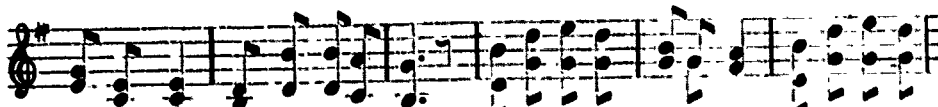
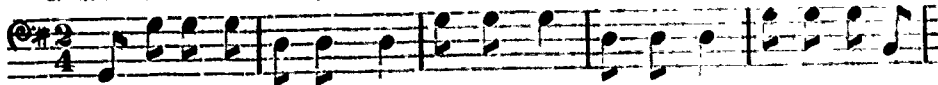


Shall We Meet in Heaven Above?

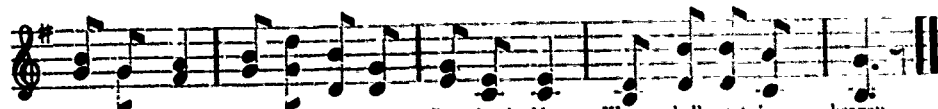
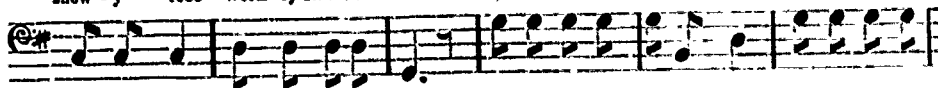
Words and Music by Rev. A. A. GRAY



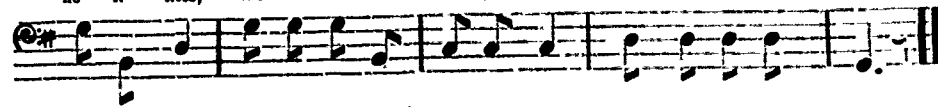
1. Shall we meet in heaven a - bove? Shall we meet, Shall we meet? Shall we meet in
2. Shall we wear the snow - y robe? Shall we wear, Shall we wear, Shall we wear the



heaven a - bove, Meet in heaven a - bove? Yes, if we are jus-ti - fied By the sa - cred
snow - y robe Worn by saints in heaven? Yes, if we will ou-ward press In the way of



crim - son tide Flow-ing from the Sa - viour's side, We shall meet in heaven.
ho - li - ness, We shall wear the snow - y dress Worn by saints in heaven.



3. Shall we strike the golden harp?
Shall we strike, shall we strike,
Shall we strike the golden harp
With the choir in heaven?
Yes, if from the heart we sing
Praises to our Saviour King,
We shall strike the tuneful string
With the choir in heaven.

4. Shall we wear the glorious crown?
Shall we wear, shall we wear,
Shall we wear the glorious crown
On a throne in heaven?
Yes, if we the conflict share,
Every cross with patience bear,
We that glorious crown shall wear
On a throne in heaven.

THE EARLY TAKEN.

I stood by the childless—
A desolate pair—
When, drest for the grave,
Lay the sinless and fair,
Who died like a lilly that roopson its
stem,
And torn were my heart-strings in sorrow
for them.
Out shone by the curls
That the slumberer wore,
Was the midsummer light
Streaming in at the door;
And clung to her lip a more delicate red
Than tinted the rose-wreath encircling her
head.

More drear than a desert
Where never is heard
The singing of waters,
Or carol of bird,
Are homes in this dark world of sorrow
and sin
Uncheered by the music of childhood with-
in.

And round one frail blossom
Your hopes were entwined—
One daughter of beauty
Affection made blind;
Before her ye saw a bright future outspread,
But dreamed not of dirge-note or shroud
for the dead.

Oh! blest is the spirit
Unstayed by the clod,
That mounts, in the morn,
Like a sky-lark to God:
A glittering host the new comer surround,
And welcome the harp-strings of Paradise
sound.

Ye stricken! oh think,
While your wailing is wild,
That above this dim orb,
It is "well with the child!"
And pray for re-union with her ye have
lost,
Where loves knows no heart-ache, the
blossom no frost.