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To my friend
John M Austin.
Auburn N.Y.

Mountains OF Life

Quartette

POETRY & MUSIC BY

Jas. E. Clark.

Sung by him at his Concerts.

Des^d & Eng^d by
Greene & Baker. Boston.



BOSTON.

Published by OLIVER DITSON & Co. 277 Washington St.

S. T. GORDON.
N. York.

BECK & LAWTON
Philad^a

TRUAX & BALDWIN.
Cincinnati

C. C. CLAPP & CO.
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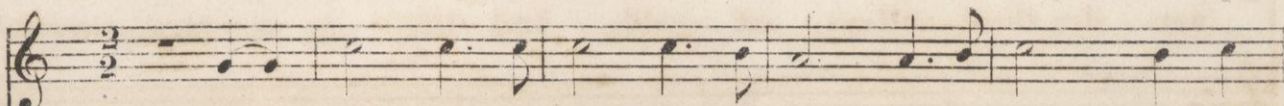
THE MOUNTAINS OF LIFE.

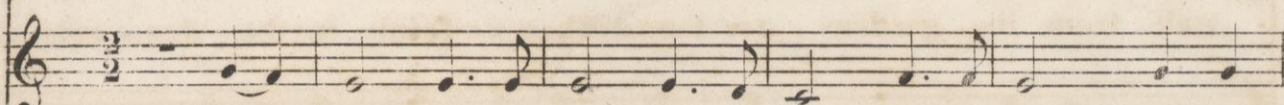
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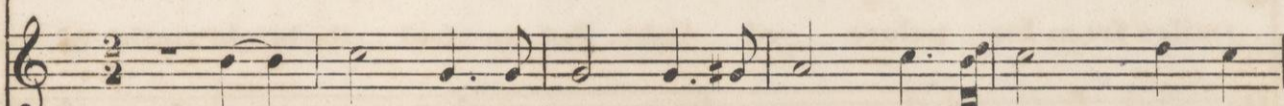
Poetry and Music by

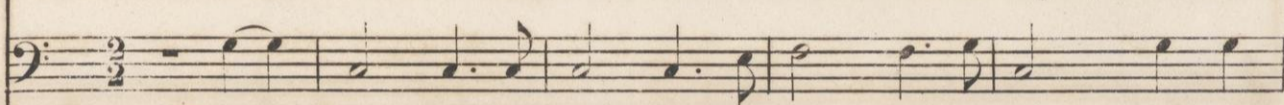
JAMES G. CLARK.

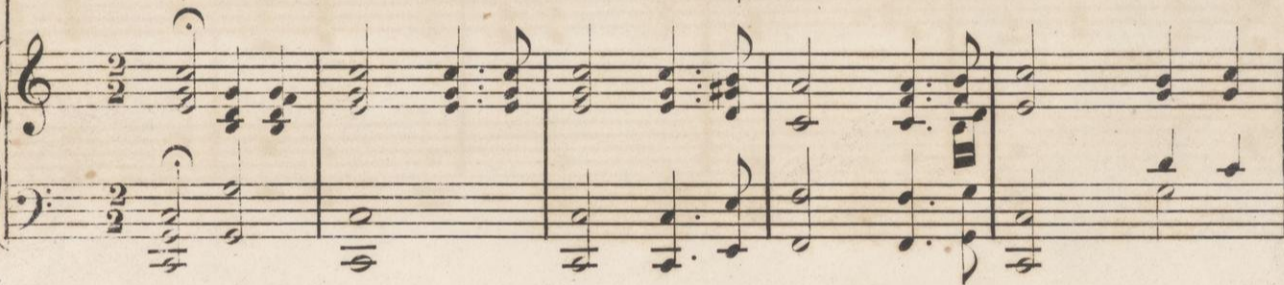
QUARTETT.

Soprano. 
1st Verse. There's a land far a-way 'mid the stars, we are told, Where they

Alto. 
2^d Our gaze can-not soar to that beau-ti-ful land, But our

Tenor. 
3^d O! the stars never tread the blue heavens at night, But we

Bass. 

Moderato. 


know not the sorrows of time;..... Where the pure wa - ters


vis - ions have told of its bliss;..... And our souls by the


think where the ran - som'd have trod;..... And the day nev - er





wan - der thro' valleys of gold; And life is a trea - sure sub - lime;..
 gale from its gardens are fann'd, When we faint in the des - erts of this;..
 smiles from his palace of light, But we feel the bright smile of our God;..

.... 'Tis the land of our God, 'tis the home of the soul; Where a - ges of
 And we sometimes have long'd for its ho - ly re - pose, When our spir - its were
 We are trav - el - ing homeward thro' changes and gloom, To a king - dom Where

splendor e - ter - nal - ly roll; Where the way weary trav - el - er
 torn with temp - ta - tions and woes; And we've drank from the tide of the
 pleasures un - chang - ing - ly bloom; And our guide is the glo - ry that

reaches his goal, On the ev - er - green mountains of life. . . .
 river that flows, From the ev - er - green mountains of life. . . .
 shines thro' the tomb, From the ev - er - green mountains of life. . . .