

Oh, How Sweet When We Mingle

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1866

Robert Lowry

$\text{♩} = 110$



1. Oh, how sweet when we min-gle with kin-dred spir-its here, And
2. We are pil-grims of Zi-on, though tri-als we must bear, Which
3. When we walk through the val-ley and sha-dow of the tomb, Dear

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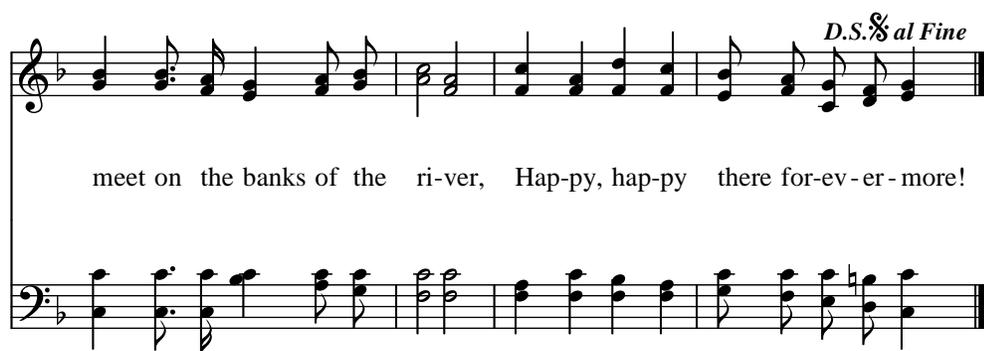
tell of Je-sus and His love! When by faith we can see Him, and
all are bless-ings in dis-guise: Though the cross may be hea-vy, the
Sav-ior, Thou wilt be our Guide: And Thy smile like a sun-beam will
We shall dwell with the an-gels, and

Fine Refrain



feel His pre-sence near, And lift our long-ing souls a-bove.
crown we soon shall wear In heav'n, where plea-sure ne-ver dies. We shall
light be-yond the gloom, And keep Thy peo-ple at Thy side.
join with chor-al song, Our loved ones, loved ones gone be-fore.

D.S. $\%$ al Fine



meet on the banks of the ri-ver, Hap-py, hap-py there for-ev-er-more!