

To Abraham Lincoln.

THE
Peoples Advent

A NEW
QUARTETTE
for the Times

WORDS BY
Gerald Massy
MUSIC BY

JAMES G. CLARK.



CHICAGO
PUBLISHED BY H. M. HIGGINS 117 RANDOLPH ST.

Entered according to Act of Congress in 1854 by H. M. Higgins in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the North District of Ill.

LYRICS

The People's Advent

'Tis coming up the steep of Time,
And this old world is growing brighter,
We may not see its dawn sublime,
Yet high hopes makes the heart throb lighter,
We may be sleeping in the ground,
When it awakes the world in wonder,
But we have felt it gath'ring round,
And heard its voice of living thunder.

Chorus:

'Tis coming, O! yes 'tis coming.

'Tis coming now, the glorious time
Foretold by Seers, and sung in story,
For which, when thinking was a crime,
Souls leaped to Heaven from scaffolds gory!
They passed, nor saw the work they wrought,
Now the crowning hopes of centuries blossom,
But the live lightning of their thought,
And daring deeds, doth pulse Earth's bosom.

Creeds, Empires, systems rot with age,
But the great people's ever youthful,
And it shall write the future's page
To our humanity more truthful,
There is divinity within
That makes men great whene'er they will it
God works with all who dare to win,
And the time cometh to reveal it.

Freedom, the tyrants kill thy braves
Yet in our mem'ry's live the sleepers,
And though millions feed the graves
Dug by death's fierce red handed reapers,
The world shall not forever bow
To things that mock God's own endeavour,
'Tis nearer than they dream of now,
When flowers shall wreath the sword for ever.

Ah! it must come, oppressions throne
Is crumbling by our hot tears rusted
The sword that traitor hands have drawn
Is cankered with our heart's blood crusted;
Room for the men of Mind, make way,
Ye robber traitors strive no longer,
Ye cannot stay the opening day,
The world rolls on, the light grows stronger.

"THE PEOPLE'S ADVENT."

Poetry by GERALD MASSEY.

Music by JAS. G. CLARK.

Allegretto.

Tenor.
1 'Tis com-ing up the steep of Time, And this old world is

Alto.
2 'Tis com-ing now, the glo-ri-ous time For-gold by Scars, and
5 Ah! it must come, op-press-ions throne, I' cum-bling by our

Sop.
3 Creeds, Empires, sys-tems rot with age, But the great peo-ple's

Bass.
4 Free-dom, the ty-rants kill thy braves Yet in our mem-ory's

Piano.

growing brighter,..... We may not see its dawn sublime, Yet

sung in sto-ry,..... For which, when think-ing was a crime, Souls
let tears rust-ed The sword that tra-tor hands have drawn I

ev-er youthful,..... And it shall write the fu-ture's page To

live the sleep-ers, - And though mil-lions feed the graves Dug

high hopes make the heart throglight - en,..... We may be sleep - ing
 leaped to Heaven from sea - olds go - ry,..... They passed, nor saw the
 cork - ered with our hearts blood crust - ed,..... Room for the men of
 our hu man - i - ty more trut - ful,..... There is di - vi - ni -
 by death's fierce red hand - ed reap - ers,..... The world shall not for -

mp

in the ground, When it awakes the world in won - der,..... But
 work they wrought, Now the crowning hopes of cen - turies blos - som,..... : But
 Mind, make way, Ye rob - ber trai - tors strive no lon - ger,..... Ye
 - ty within That makes men great when - e'er they will it,..... God
 - ex - er how To things that mock God's own en - dea - vor, 'Tis

mf

we have felt it gath'ring round, And heard its voice of liv - ing thun - der...

Cres. *f*

the live lightning of their thought, And da - ring deeds, doth pulse Earth's ho - som...
can - not stay the opening day, The world rolls on, the light grows stronger....

Cres. *f*

works with all who dare to win, And the time com - eth to re - veal it....

near - er than they dream of now, When flowers shall wreath the sword for ev - er....

..... 'Tis coming, O! yes 'tis com - ing.

mp *f*

..... 'Tis coming, O!..... yes 'tis com - ing.

mp *f*

..... 'Tis coming, O!..... yes 'tis com - ing.

..... 'Tis coming, O!..... yes 'tis com - ing.

mp *f*