

Some Glad Morning

(I'll Fly Away)

Albert E. Brumley, 1932

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Ps. 55:6

1 Some glad morn-ing when this life is o'er, I'll fly a-way;
2 When the shad-ows of this life have gone, fly a-way, fly a-way;
3 Just a few more wea-ry days and then,

to a home on God's ce-les-tial shore, I'll fly a-way.
Like a bird from pris-on bars has flown, fly a-way, fly a-way.
To a land where joys shall nev-er end,

Refrain I'll fly a-way, O glo-ry, I'll fly a-way;
fly a-way, fly a-way, in the morn-ing;

When I die, hal-le-lu-jah, by and by, I'll fly a-way.
fly a-way, fly a-way.

This is a favorite song of the golden age of gospel music, in which heaven is vividly described and highly desired. Albert E. Brumley's musical style grew out of his Ozark mountain roots. He wrote this song while working in a cotton field.

Tune: I'LL FLY AWAY 9.4.9.4. with refrain
Albert E. Brumley, 1932

There was light in her eyes, by Karen Walton

I once made a friend
It was New Year's Eve night
There was light in her eyes
There was light in her eyes

She struggled to walk
And it was hard for her to talk
And there was light in her eyes
There was light in her eyes.

I was having a hard time
Leaving one night
Since I've got no place like home.
I went back to the Kitchen
For my 49th goodbye in a row.

She was sitting on the couch
And I didn't have to say
Anything at all.
I just sat there.

My old able-bodied self
Shaking so hard inside
That I nearly fell to my knees.

She reached out her arms to me
And I rolled in for a squeeze.

She rubbed my back
And we looked at Anna's rings.

She rubbed my back
And we looked at Anna's rings.

The girl who we all help to hold
We use the straps on her back
To steady her
Says can I hold you?
Can I hold you.

This Little Light of Mine

1 This little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine;
this little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine,
This little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine,
let it shine, let it shine, let it shine.

2 Everywhere I go, I'm gonna let it shine...

3 All through the night, I'm gonna let it shine...

Spirit, Spirit of Gentleness

Unison, brightly

Refrain

James K. Manley, 1978; alt.

Spir - it, spir - it of gen - tle-ness, blow through the

wil - der-ness, call - ing and free,

Spir - it, spir - it of rest - less-ness, stir me from

plac - id-ness, wind, wind on the sea.

1 You moved on the wa - ters, you called to the
 2 You swept through the des - ert, you stung with the
 3 You sang in a sta - ble, you cried from a
 4 You call from to - mor - row, you break an - cient

deep, then you coaxed up the moun - tains from the
 sand, and you goad - ed your peo - ple with a
 hill, then you whis-pered in si - lence when the
 schemes, from the bond - age of sor - row the

val - leys of sleep; And o - ver the e - ons you
 law and a land; When they were con-found - ed by their
 whole world was still; And down in the cit - y you
 cap - tives dream dreams; Our wom-en see vi - sions, our

called to each thing, "A - wake from your slum -
 i - dols and lies, then you spoke through your proph -
 called once a - gain, when you blew through your peo -
 men clear their eyes. With bold new de - ci -

bers and rise on your wings."
 ets to o - pen their eyes.
 ple on the rush of the wind.
 sions your peo-ple a - rise.

This popular hymn by songwriter James K. Manley grew out of a sabbatical leave at the School of Theology at Claremont, California. It was first sung at Waikeola Congregational Church in Honolulu, after which Manley added the fourth stanza at the suggestion of a church member.

Tune: SPIRIT Irr.
James K. Manley, 1978
Arr. The New Century Hymnal, 1993