

Not in Vain the Distance Beacons

♩ = 69 C# C# G#7 C# G#7 C# G# C#

1. Not in vain the dis - tance bea - cons. For - ward, for - ward
2. Oh, we see the cres - cent prom - ise of that spir - it
3. Yea, we dip in - to the fut - ure, far as hu - man

4 C# G# C# C# G#7 C# G#7

let us range. Let the great world spin for - ev - er
has not set; an - cient founts of in - spi - ra - tion
eye can see, see the vi - sion of the world, and

7 C# B#dim C# G#7 C#

down the ring - ing grooves of change;
well through all our fan - cies yet;
all the won - der that shall be,

Words: Alfred Lord Tennyson, 1809-1892
Music: Ludwig van Beethoven, 1770-1827
Singing the Living Tradition #143
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HYMN TO JOY
8.7.8.7.D.

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9

G# C# G# C#

through the shad - ow of the globe we
and we doubt not through the a - ges
hear the war - drum throb no long - er,

11

G#7 E#7 A#m D#7 G# C# C# F# C#7

sweep a - head to heights sub - lime, we, the heirs of
one in - creas - ing pur - pose runs, and the thoughts of
see the bat - tle flags all furled, in the par - lia -

14

F#sus D#m F#sus D#m C# G#7 C# G#7 C#

all the a - ges, in the fore - most files of time.
all are wid - ened with the pro - cess of the suns.
-ment of free - dom, fed - er - a - tion of the world.