

# Not in Vain the Distance Beacons

$\text{♩} = 69$  F# F# C#7 F# C#7 F# C# F#

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 F# C# F# F# C#7 F# C#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 F# E#dim F# C#7 F#

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  
 Public Domain, no expiration

HYMN TO JOY  
 8.7.8.7.D.

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9

C# F# C# F#

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

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

Bsus G#m Bsus G#m F# C#7 F# C#7 F#

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.