

# Oh, How Sweet When We Mingle

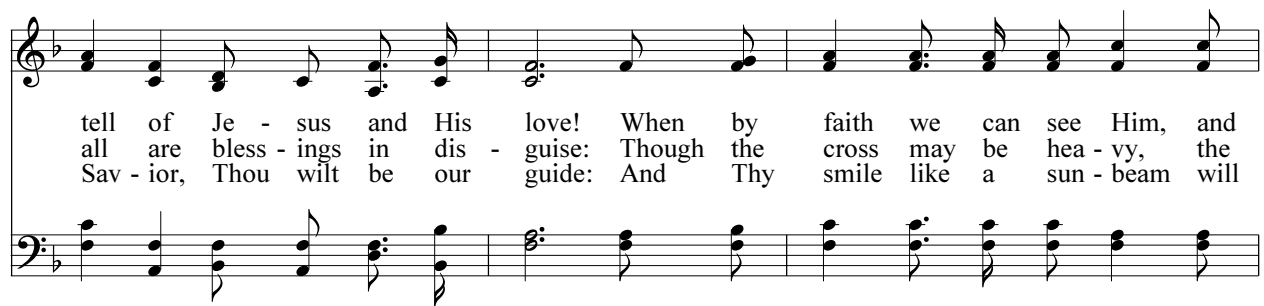
Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1866

Robert Lowry

$\text{♩} = 110$



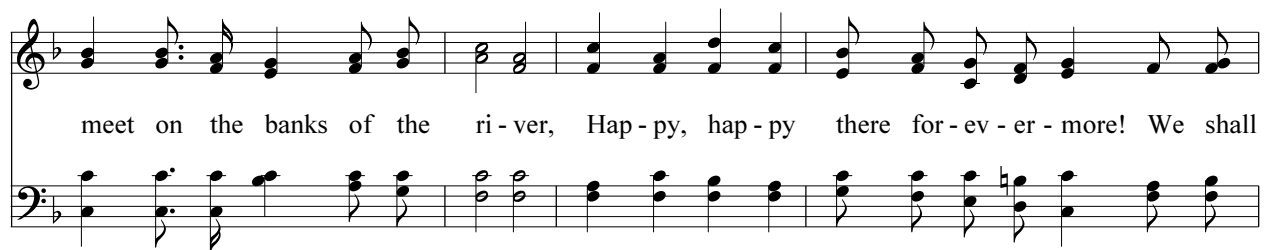
1. Oh, how sweet when we min - gle with kin - dred spir - its here, And  
2. We are pil - grims of Zi - on, though tri - als we must bear, Which  
3. When we walk through the val - ley and sha - dow of the tomb, Dear



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



*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.



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



dwell with the an - gels, and join with chor - al song, Our loved ones, loved ones gone be - fore.