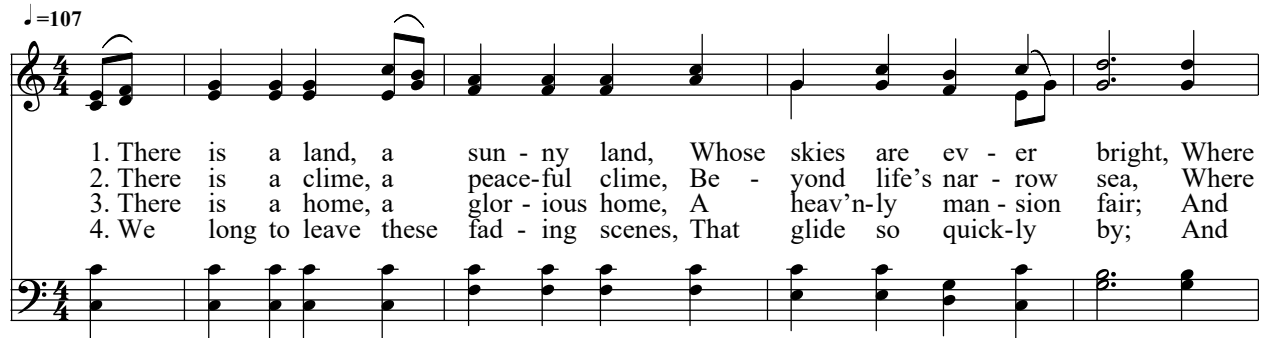


The Bright Forevermore

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807–1882)

William Augustine Ogden, 1865

$\text{♩} = 107$



1. There is a land, a sun - ny land, Whose skies are ev - er bright, Where
2. There is a clime, a peace - ful clime, Be - yond life's nar - row sea, Where
3. There is a home, a glor - ious home, A heav'n - ly man - sion fair; And
4. We long to leave these fad - ing scenes, That glide so quick - ly by; And

Refrain



ev - ening sha - dows ne - ver fall, The Sav - ior is its light.
ev - ery storm is hushed to rest, There let our trea - sure be. If the
those we loved so fond - ly here, Will bid us wel - come there.
join the shin - ing host a - bove, Where joy can ne - ver die.



cross we meek - ly bear, Then the crown we shall wear, When we
If the cross we meek - ly bear, We a gold - en crown shall wear,



dwell a - mong the fair, In the bright for - ev - er - more.
When we dwell a - mong the fair,