

# Oh to Be Over Yonder

Florence C. Armstrong, 1862  
♩=110

George Coles Stebbins

1. Oh to be o - ver yon - der, In that bright land of won - der, Where the  
 2. Oh to be o - ver yon - der! My long - ing heart grows fond - er O - f  
 3. Oh to be o - ver yon - der! A - las! I sigh and pon - der— Wh - y  
 4. O when shall I be dwell - ing Where an - gel voic - es, swell - ing In tri -  
 5. Oh, when shall I be yon - der? The long - ing grow - eth strong - er T - o  
 6. Oh, I shall soon be yon - der, And lone - ly as I wan - der, Yearn - ing

an - gel voic - es min - gle, and The an - gel harps do ring! To be  
 look - ing to the far off east, To see the day - star bring So - me  
 clings this poor, weak heart of mine To a - ny earth - ly thing? For each  
 - um - phant hal - le - lu - jahs, make The vault - ed heav - ens ring— Where the  
 join in all the prais - es the Re - deem - ed ones do sing. Wi - th -  
 for the wel - come sum - mer— Long - ing for the bird's fleet wing, The mid -

free from care and sor - row, And the an - xious dread to - mor - row, To  
 tid - ings of th'a - wak - ing— Of the cloud - less, pure day break - ing, My  
 earth - ly tie must se - ver, A - nd pass a - way for - e - ver: There's  
 pear - ly gates are gleam - ing, And the Morn - ing Star is beam - ing? O  
 - in those heav'n - ly plac - es, Where the an - gels veil their fac - es, In  
 - night may be drear - y, And the heart be worn and wear - y, But there's

*Refrain* 3 3

rest in light and sun - shine in The pre - sence of the King!  
 heart is yearn - ing— yearn - ing for The com - ing of the King!  
 no more sep - a - ra - tion in The pre - sence of the King!  
 when shall I be yon - der in The pre - sence of the King? Oh to be o - ver yon - der!  
 awe and a - do - ra - tion, in The pre - sence of the King!  
 no more sha - dow yon - der, In the pre - sence of the King.

*rit.*

In that land of won - der, There to be for - e - ver In the pre - sence of the King!