On the Far Off Shore

C. Ernest Fahnstock, 1874

W. T. Porter

4. There, beside that balm y ri ver, Sor row, toil and pain shall cease,

3. Where the wa ters bright ly spar kle, In the gold en ci ty’s light,

2. There, per chance, a saint ed mo ther, Sings the songs we loved of old,

1. On the far off shore they’ll greet us, Forms that we have loved be fore;

And our hearts shall rest for ev’r Neath the can o py of peace.

Will no sha dow ev er dar kle, And no chang ing sea sons blight;

As she leads an an gel bro ther, Sweet est lamb of all the fold;

In their spot less robes they’ll meet us, Sing ing wel come, ev er more!

And the crys tal streams me an der, O ver sands of shin ing gold.

Sends to us the wea ry hear ted, Mes sag es of love and grace.

As a long the shin ing ri yer Songs of wel come sweet ly glide.

When the Sav i or’s ten der greet ing Bids us wel come, ev er more.

Refrain

On the far off shore they’ll meet us, Forms that we have loved be fore; And with songs of wel come greet us, Wel come! wel come! ev er more.

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