

S. F. BENNETT

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1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can
 2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore The me - lo - di - ous
 3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer a

see it a - far; For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre -
 songs of the blest, And our spir - its shall sor - row no more, Not a
 trib - ute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the

pare us a dwell - ing place there.
 sigh for the bless - ing of rest. In the sweet by and
 bless - ings that hal - low our days. In the sweet

by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore; In the
 by and by, by and by,

sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.
 In the sweet by and by,