

On the Far Off Shore  
Ernst Fahnstock, 1874.  
W. T. Porter.

On the far off shore they'll greet us,  
Forms that we have loved before;  
In their spotless robes they'll meet us,  
Singing welcome, evermore!  
There, a seraph band, they wander,  
Where the pastures green unfold;  
And the crystal streams meander,  
Over sands of shining gold.

Refrain

On the far off shore they'll meet us,  
Forms that we have loved before;  
And with songs of welcome greet us,  
Welcome! welcome! evermore.

There, perchance, a sainted mother,  
Sings the songs we loved of old,  
As she leads an angel brother,  
Sweetest lamb of all the fold;  
Or a sister long departed,  
With a glory on her face,  
Sends to us, the weary hearted,  
Messages of love and grace.

Refrain

Where the waters brightly sparkle,  
In the golden city's light,  
Will no shadow ever darkle,  
And no changing seasons blight;  
Trees of fadeless beauty quiver  
Where the blossoms kiss the tide,  
As along the shining river  
Songs of welcome sweetly glide.

Refrain

There, beside that balmy river,  
Sorrow, toil and pain shall cease,  
And our hearts shall rest forever  
'Neath the canopy of peace.  
Glad, indeed will be the meeting,  
On that far off, blissful shore,  
When the Savior's tender greeting  
Bids us welcome, evermore.

Refrain