

The Bright Forever
Fanny Crosby, 1871.
Hubert Main, ca. 1899.

Breaking through the clouds that gather,
O'er the Christian's natal skies,
Distant beams, like floods of glory,
Fill the soul with glad surprise;
And we almost hear the echo
Of the pure and holy throng,
In the bright, the bright forever,
In the summer land of song.

Refrain

On the banks beyond the river
We shall meet, no more to sever;
In the bright, the bright forever,
In the summer land of song.

Yet a little while we linger,
Ere we reach our journey's end;
Yet a little while of labor,
Ere the evening shades descend;
Then we'll lay us down to slumber,
But the night will soon be o'er;
In the bright, the bright forever,
We shall wake, to weep no more.

Refrain

O the bliss of life eternal!
O the long unbroken rest!
In the golden fields of pleasure,
In the region of the blest;
But, to see our dear Redeemer,
And before His throne to fall,
There to bear His gracious welcome,
Will be sweeter far than all.

Refrain