

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN

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1. Our friends on earth we meet with pleas - ure, While
 2. How joy - ful is the thought that lin - gers, When
 3. No part - ing words shall e'er be spok - en, In

swift the mo - ments fly, Yet ev - er comes the thought of
 lov'd ones cross death's sea, That when our la - bors here are
 that bright land of flow'rs, But songs of joy, and peace, and

sad - ness That we must say good - by. —
 end - ed With them we'll ev - er be. — We'll nev - er say good -
 glad - ness Shall ev - er - more be ours. —

by ——— We'll nev - er say good - by. — For in that
 (in heav'n)

land of joy and song We'll nev - er say good - by. —