

96 WHEN THEY RING THE GOLDEN BELLS

DION De MARBELLE

There's a land be-yond the riv-er, That we call the sweet for-ev-er
 We shall know no sin nor sor-row, In that ha-ven of to-mor-row

And we on-ly reach that shore by faith's de-cree; By and by we'll
 When our bark shall sail be-yond the sil-ver sea; We shall on-ly

gain the por-tals, There to dwell with the im-mor-tals,
 know the bless-ing Of our Pa-ther's sweet ca-ress-ing, When they ring the

gold-en bells for you and me. Don't you hear the bells now ring-ing? Don't you

hear the an-gels sing-ing? 'Tis the glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah Ju-bi-

lee. (Ju-bi-lee)
 lee. (Ju-bi-lee) In that far-off sweet for-ev-er, Just be-yond the shin-ing

© 1954 G. Schirmer, Inc. by Walter Heger

WHEN THEY RING THE GOLDEN BELLS (cont.)

riv-er, When they ring the gold-en bells, gold-en bells, for you and me.