The Bright Forevermore
Words: Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882)
Music: William Ogden, 1865.

There is a land, a sunny land,
Whose skies are ever bright,
Where evening shadows never fall,
The Savior is its light.

Refrain

If the cross we meekly bear,
Then the crown we shall wear,
When we dwell among the fair,
In the bright forevermore.

There is a clime, a peaceful clime,
Beyond life's narrow sea,
Where every storm is hushed to rest,
There let our treasure be.

Refrain

There is a home, a glorious home,
A heav'nly mansion fair;
And those we loved so fondly here,
Will bid us welcome there.

Refrain

We long to leave these fading scenes,
That glide so quickly by;
And join the shining host above,
Where joy can never die.

Refrain