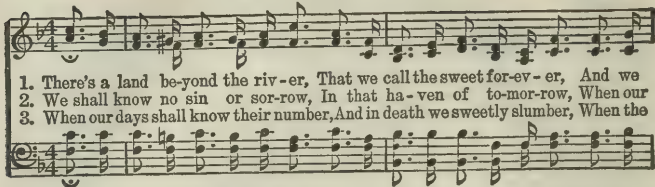


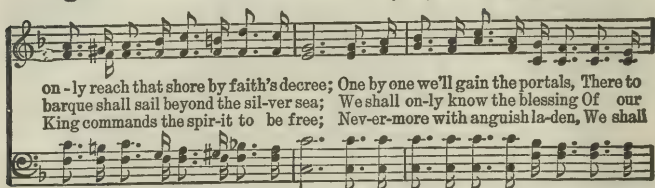
422 When They Ring the Golden Bells.

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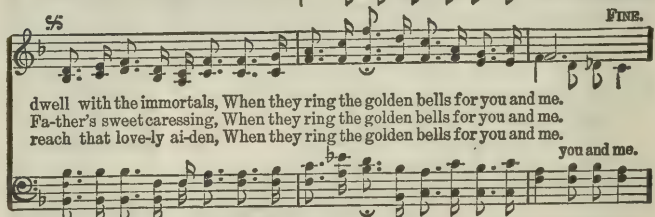
Dion De Marbelle.



1. There's a land be-yond the riv-er, That we call the sweet for-ey-er, And we
2. We shall know no sin or sor-row, In that ha-ven of to-mor-row, When our
3. When our days shall know their number, And in death we sweetly slumber, When the



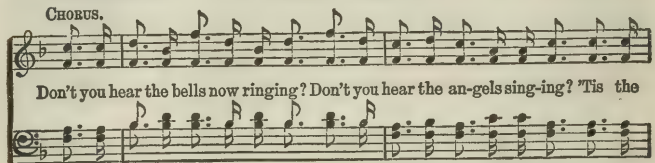
on-ly reach that shore by faith's decree; One by one we'll gain the portals, There to
barque shall sail beyond the sil-ver sea; We shall on-ly know the blessing Of our
King commands the spir-it to be free; Nev-er-more with anguish la-den, We shall



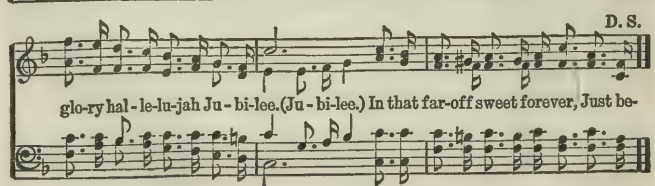
dwel with the immortals, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.
Fa-ther's sweet caressing, When they ring the golden bells for you and me,
reach that love-ly ai-den, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.
you and me.

D.S.—yond the shining river, When they ring the golden bells for you and me. (you and me.)

CHORUS.



Don't you hear the bells now ringing? Don't you hear the an-gels sing-ing? 'Tis the



glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah Ju-bi-lee. (Ju-bi-lee.) In that far-off sweet forever, Just be-