

Fanny Crosby

Bentley D. Ackley



1. We shall all clasp hands in glo - ry by and by;
2. We shall wake no more to sor - row by and by;
3. We shall cross the si - lent riv - er by and by;
4. We shall join the an - gel cho - rus by and by;



We shall tell re - demp-tion's sto - ry by and by;
 In the smile of end - less mor - row by and by;
 We shall rest and dwell to - geth - er by and by;
 with the dear ones gone be - fore us by and by;



When the voyage of life is past, we shall reach the port at last,
 Where our faith is lost in sight, where the Sav-iour is the light,
 Palms of vic - t'ry we shall bear in that cloud-less re - gion fair,
 In that realm of per-fect day, where the sil - ver foun-tains play,



And our an - chor safe - ly cast by and by.
 We shall walk with Him in white by and by.
 And we'll know each oth - er there by and by.
 God will wipe all tears a - way by and by.



