The Beautiful Land

1. In the twi-light hours 'mid the breath of flow'rs, When the soul in si-lence dwells,
   Sweet ech-oes come from the far-off home, Like the voice of eve-ning bells.
   O broth-er! O sis-ter! Loved, joy-ous, free, We will

2. There sum-mer bright for - ev-er glows, And love im-par-tial beams,
   Where wa-ters flow in rip-pling song, From life's a-bound-ing stream.
   O broth-er! O sis-ter! Loved, joy-ous, free, We will

3. There lil-ies bloom of pur-est white, In hearts whom earth knew not;
   There wea-ry souls find heav'n-ly peace, When sor-row's work is wrought.
   walk hand in hand to the beau-ti-ful land Till its gold-en shores we see.

4. From the gold-en shore where our lov'd ones stand, While they watch with ea-ger eyes,
   Sweet voic-es come, and they call us home To the home in the spir-it's skies.
   walk hand in hand to the beau-ti-ful land Till its gold-en shores we see.

5. O chil-dren, sing in joy-ous notes Of the bless-ed heav'n-ly land:
   And let us walk in love and truth Till we join that ra-diant band.

From "The Carol"

Words: Unknown
Music: Rev. Alfred Lancaster