‘Twill Not Be Long

1. 'Twill not be long our jour-ney here, Each bro-ken sigh and fall-ing tear Will soon be gone, and all will be A cloud-less sky, a wave-less sea.

2. 'Twill not be long the yearn-ing heart May feel its ev-ry hope de-part, And grief be min-gled with its song; We'll meet a-gain, 'twill not be long. Roll on, dark stream, We

3. Tho’ sad we mark the clos-ing eye, Of those we lov’d in days gone by, Yet sweet in death their lat-est song— We'll meet a-gain, 'twill not be long. Roll on, roll on, dark stream, roll on, We

4. These check-ered wilds, with thorns o’er-spread, Thru which our way so oft is led— This march of time, with truth so strong. Will end in bliss, 'twill not be long. Roll on, dark stream, roll on, We

dread not thy foam; The Pil-grim is long-ing for Home, sweet home.