

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. On the happy, golden shore, Where the faithful part no more, When the
 2. Here our fondest hopes are vain, Dearest links are rent in twain; But in
 3. Where the harps of angels ring, And the blest for-ev - er sing, In the

storms of life are o'er, Meet me there; Where the night dissolves away Into
 heav'n no throb of pain, Meet me there; By the river sparkling bright, In the
 palace of the King, Meet me there; Where in sweet communion blend Heart with

pure and perfect day, I am going home to stay, Meet me there.
 ci - ty of delight, Where our faith is lost in sight, Meet me there.
 heart, and friend with friend, In a world that ne'er shall end, Meet me there.

D.S.—happy golden shore, Where the faithful part no more, Meet me there.

CHORUS.
 Meet me there, Meet me there, Where the tree of life is

blooming, Meet me there; When the storms of life are o'er, On the
 Meet me there;