

# Oh, the Joy That Awaits Me

George Raphael Clarke, 1884

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$\text{♩} = 80$



1. Be - yond the si - lent ri - ver, In the glo - ry sum - mer - lands, In the beau - ti - ful for -  
2. And when I cross that ri - ver, The first I will a - dore, The first to bid me  
3. The next one who will greet me, In the man - sions fair and bright, Will be my saint - ed  
4. The curl - y head - ed bro - ther And lit - tle ba - by dear, And bright eyed lit - tle



- ev - er, Where the jew - eled ci - ty stands, Where ev - er bloom - ing flow - ers Send  
wel - come, Up - on that gold - en shore, Will be my lov - ing Sav - ior, The  
mo - ther, Ar - rayed in gar - ments white; And then the gray haired fa - ther, Close  
sis - ter, With mer - ry laugh and cheer, Will a - ll clus - ter round me, To



forth their sweet per - fume, My heart's most loved and cher - ished In heav'n - ly beau - ty  
one who died for me, That in the long for - ev - er, From sin I might be  
press - ing by her side, Will grasp my hand with fer - vor, Just o'er the swell - ing  
bid me wel - come home, And watch with me the ga - thering, Of loved ones yet to



## Refrain



bloom.  
free. Oh, the joy that there a - waits me When I reach that gold - en shore, When I  
tide.  
come.



grasp the hands of loved ones, To part with them no more.

