

No More Good-Byes

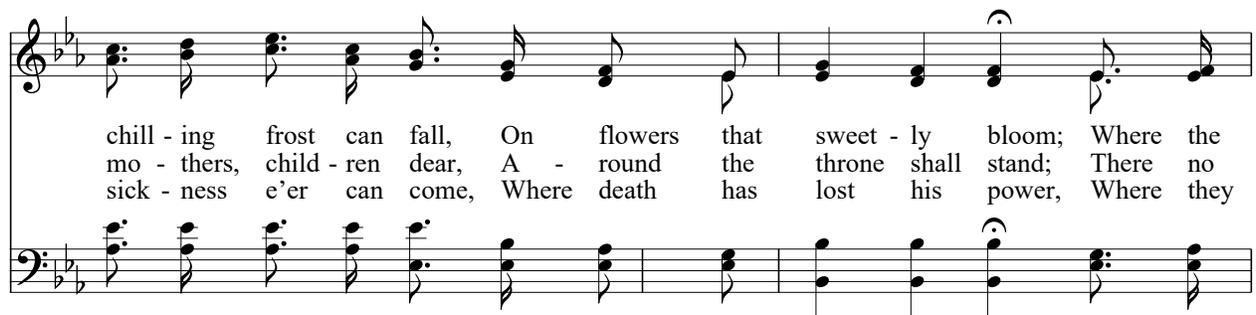
Eden Reeder Latta, 1884

James Henry Fillmore

♩ = 93



1. Where life's crys - tal stream doth flow, And the tree of life doth bloom, Where no
2. There the good a - gain shall meet, Who have clasped the part-ing hand; Fa - thers,
3. Where no signs of age are seen, And they nev - er sor-row more, Where no

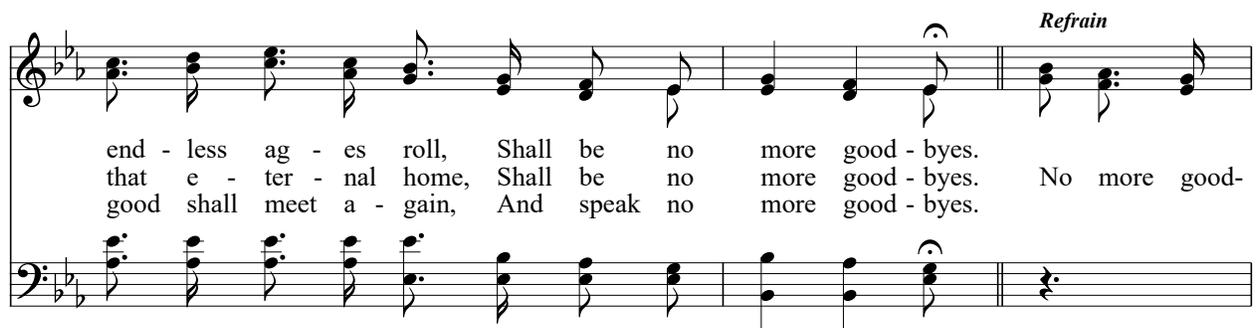


chill - ing frost can fall, On flowers that sweet - ly bloom; Where the
mo - thers, child - ren dear, A - round the throne shall stand; There no
sick - ness e'er can come, Where death has lost his power, Where they



glo - ry of the Lord Shines thro' all the cloud - less skies, There, as
tem - pest e'er shall blow, There no dis - mal cloud a - rise, And in
feel no weight of care, And no tears be - dim the eyes; All the

Refrain



end - less ag - es roll, Shall be no more good - byes.
that e - ter - nal home, Shall be no more good - byes. No more good -
good shall meet a - gain, And speak no more good - byes.

- byes, no more good - byes, O, bless - èd
 No more good - byes, No more good - byes,

thought! No more good - byes; Midst the glo - ry of the Lord, In that
 O, bless - èd thought!

home be-yond the skies, Where the end-less ag-es roll, Shall be no more good-byes.