

# 'Twill Be Glory By and By

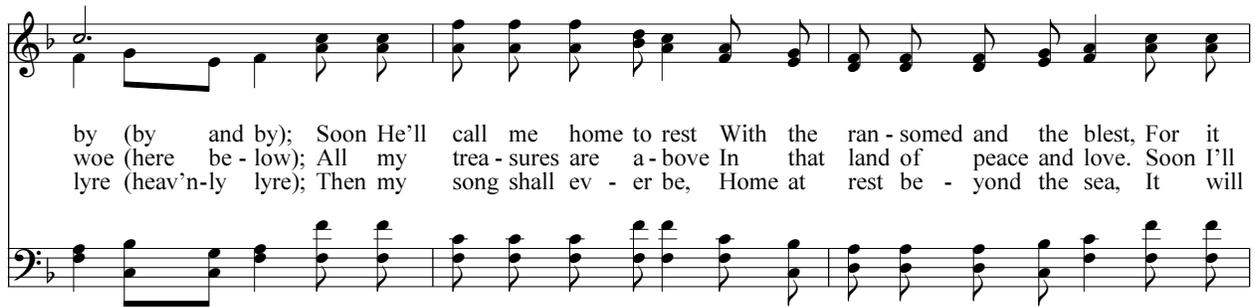
John B. Vaughan, 1901

John B. Vaughan

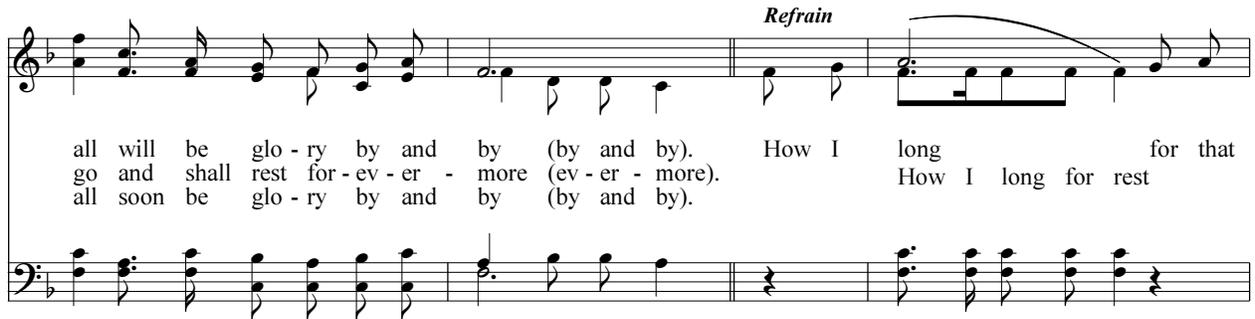
♩=95



1. My Re - deem-er has gone to pre - pare (in the sky) Bless-èd man - sions of rest by and  
2. I've no trea - sures to bind me be - low (here be - low) In this land full of sor - row and  
3. I shall sing home at last by and by (by and by), And my voice will be tuned to the



by (by and by); Soon He'll call me home to rest With the ran - somed and the blest, For it  
woe (here be - low); All my trea - sures are a - bove In that land of peace and love. Soon I'll  
lyre (heav'n-ly lyre); Then my song shall ev - er be, Home at rest be - yond the sea, It will

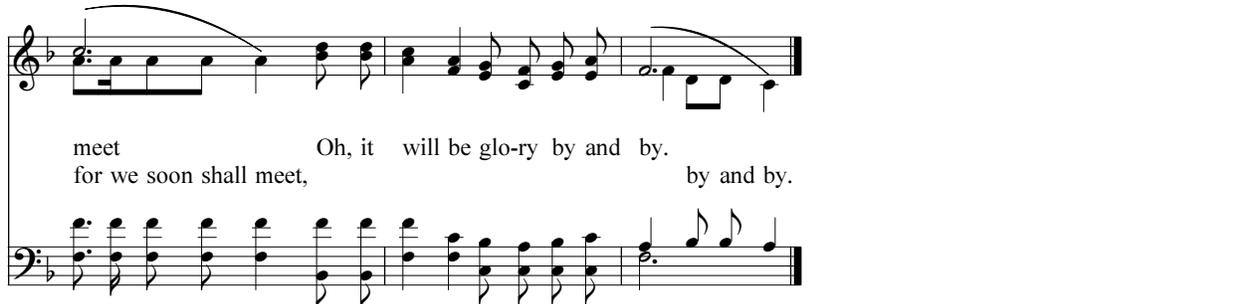


*Refrain*

all will be glo - ry by and by (by and by). How I long for that  
go and shall rest for - ev - er - more (ev - er - more). How I long for rest  
all soon be glo - ry by and by (by and by).



rest In the home of the blest, 'Twill be sweet when we  
with the good and blest, In that home of rest, with the good and blest, Oh, it will be sweet,



meet Oh, it will be glo-ry by and by.  
for we soon shall meet, by and by.