'Twill Be Glory By and By

John B. Vaughan, 1901

1. My Redeemer has gone to prepare (in the sky) Blessèd mansions of rest by and by (by and by); Soon He'll call me home to rest With the ransomed and the blest, For it will all soon be glory by and by (by and by).

2. I've no treasures to bind me below (here below) In this land full of sorrow and woe (here below); All my treasures are above In that land of peace and love. Soon I'll lyre (heav'n lyre); Then my song shall ever be, Home at rest beyond the sea. It will all will be glory by and by (by and by). How I long for that rest In the home of the blest, 'Twill be sweet when we meet Oh, it will be glory by and by. for we soon shall meet,

3. I shall sing home at last by and by (by and by), And my voice will be tuned to the love (here below) - All my treasures - are above - In that land of peace and love. Soon I'll lyre (heav'n lyre); Then my song shall ever be, Home at rest beyond the sea. It will all soon be glory - by and by (by and by). How I long for that rest In the home of the blest, 'Twill be sweet when we meet Oh, it will be glory by and by. for we soon shall meet,

Refrain

How I long for that rest In the home of the blest, 'Twill be sweet when we meet Oh, it will be glory by and by. for we soon shall meet,