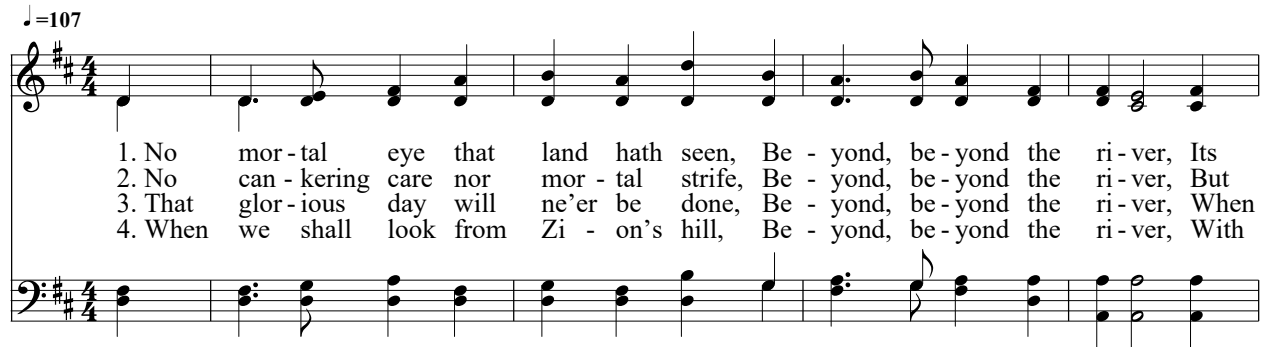


# The Land Beyond the River

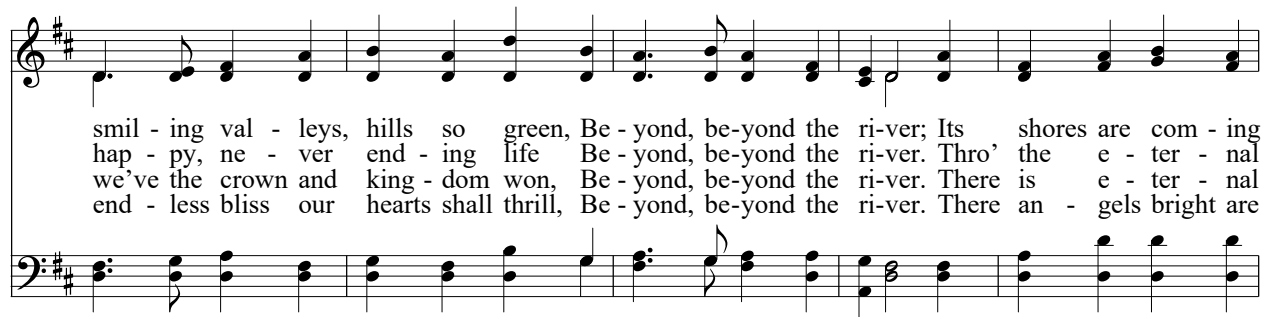
Henry L. Frisbie (1784–1821), alt.

Henry L. Frisbie

$\text{♩} = 107$



1. No mor-tal eye that land hath seen, Be - yond, be - yond the ri - ver, Its  
2. No can - kering care nor mor - tal strife, Be - yond, be - yond the ri - ver, But  
3. That glor - ious day will ne'er be done, Be - yond, be - yond the ri - ver, When  
4. When we shall look from Zi - on's hill, Be - yond, be - yond the ri - ver, With



smil - ing val - leys, hills so green, Be - yond, be - yond the ri - ver; Its shores are com - ing  
hap - py, ne - ver end - ing life Be - yond, be - yond the ri - ver. Thro' the e - ter - nal  
we've the crown and king - dom won, Be - yond, be - yond the ri - ver. There is e - ter - nal  
end - less bliss our hearts shall thrill, Be - yond, be - yond the ri - ver. There an - gels bright are

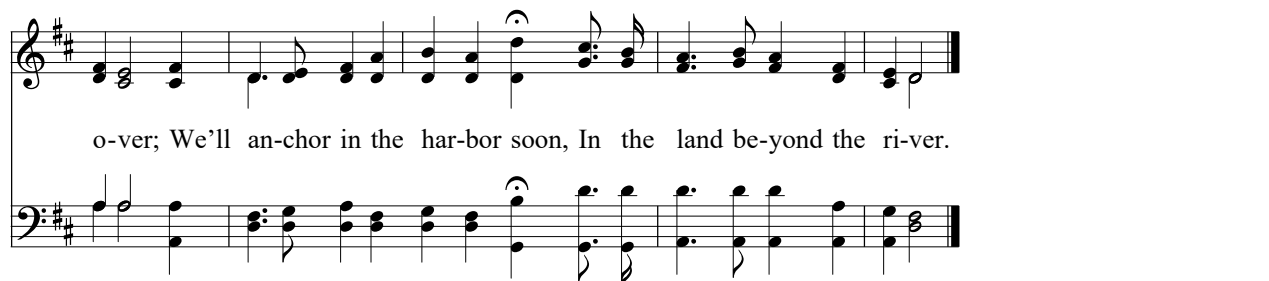


near - er, The skies are grow - ing clear - er, Each day it seem - eth near - er, That  
ho - urs, God's love, in heav'n - ly show - ers, Shall wa - ter faith's fair flow - ers In the  
plea - sure, And joys that none can mea - sure, For those who have their trea - sure, In the  
sing - ing, Where gold - en harps are ring - ing, We ne'er shall cease our sing - ing, In the

*Refrain*



land be - yond the ri - ver.  
land be - yond the ri - ver. We'll stand the storm, We'll stand the storm, Its rage is al - most  
land be - yond the ri - ver.  
land be - yond the ri - ver.



o - ver; We'll an - chor in the har - bor soon, In the land be - yond the ri - ver.