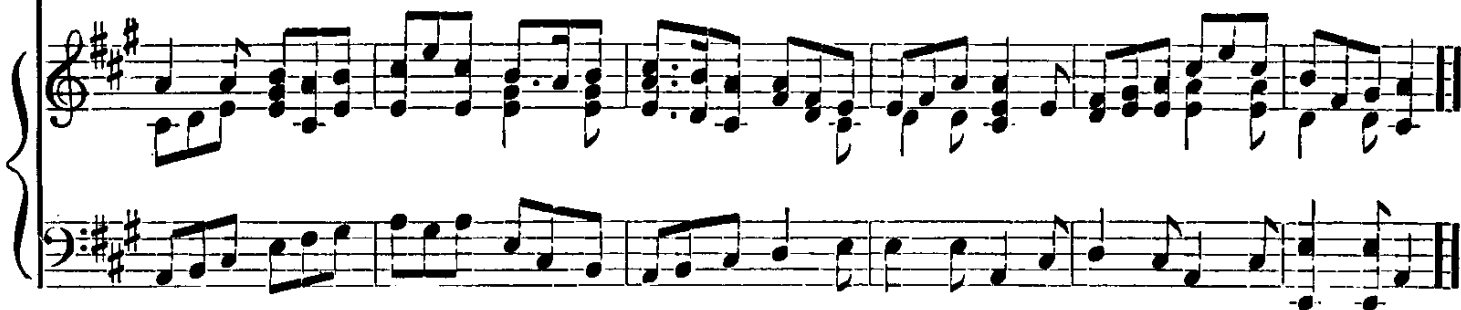




mind me o' de-part-ed joys, De - part-ed nev - er to re-turn.  
my fause lov-er stole my rose, But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.



Shining Shore

G. F. Root



1. My days are glid-ing swift-ly by, And I, a pil-grim stran-ger, Would not de-tain them
2. Should coming days be cold and dark, We need not cease our sing-ing; That per-fect rest naught
3. Let sorrow's rud-est tem-pest blow, Each chord on earth to sev-er, Our King says, Come, and



CHORUS



as they fly,—Those hours of toil and dan-ger. For now we stand on Jor-dan's strand, Our  
can mo-lest Where gold-en harps are ring-ing.  
there's our home, For - ev - er! Oh, for - ev - er!



friends are pass-ing o - ver; And just be-fore the shin-ing shore We may al-most dis-cov - er.

