

The Beautiful Shore

Poetry by Mrs. O. S. Matteson

Steven Collins Foster

Moderato. con Expression

Soprano
Alto

Tenor
Bass

There's a beau-ti-ful shore where the lov'd ones are gone Mid the
Oh that beau-ti-ful shore where the lov'd ones are gone, And the
To that beau-ti-ful shore where the lov'd ones are gone, To the

flow'rs decked in ev-er-green bloom, And we know they have crossed o'er the
flow'rs and the ev-er-green trees, We shall see when the death-damp is like the
flow'rs and the ev-er-green glade, We shall one day pass like the

dark death wave, And they dwell in that bright an-gel home; They have
on our brow, And the breath faint-ly dies on the breeze; We shall
brave of yore, And bask in the beau-ti-ful shade; We must

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2
9

fought the good fight, and the faith have kept, and they join in the an - gel
meet the loved ones who have gone be - fore, and have bloomed in the world of
bear the good part, must not shrink from toil, till the pi - lot shall bear us

12

throng, and the soft melt - ing notes of the cho - rus a - bove In
souls, When our spir - its shall pass to that bright, hap - py shore, Our
o're To the un - ion of hearts in the land of the blest, where

Chorus

15

beau - ty is born a - long, There's a beau - ti - ful shore where the
bo - dies, the tomb be - low
part - ing shall come no more.

18

loved ones are gone A beau - ti - ful shore where the lov'd ones are gone.