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On the Shore Beyond the Sea

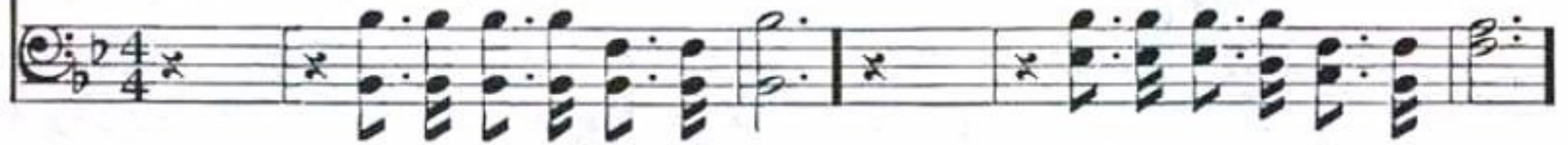
Missionary's Farewell. 7.7.7.7. With Refrain

I. BALTZELL

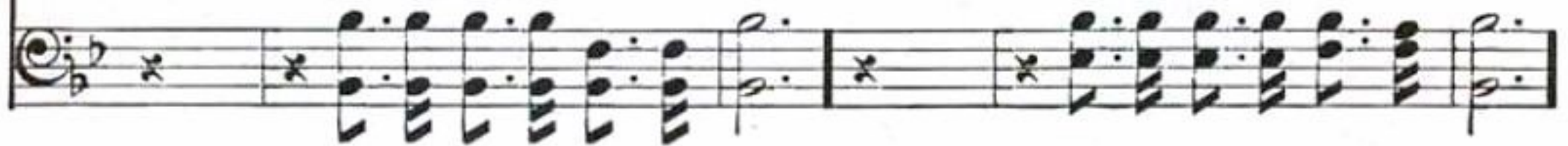
I. BALTZELL



1. On the shore beyond the sea, Where the fields are bright and fair,  
 (on the shore) (where the fields)
2. Hark! I hear the Master say, "Up, ye reapers! why so slow?"  
 (hark! I hear) (up, ye reap-)
3. Just beyond the roll-ing tide, The up-lift-ed hand I see;  
 (just beyond) (the up-lift-)
4. Fa-ther, moth-er, darling child, I must bid you all a-dieu;  
 (fa-ther, moth-) (I must bid)



- There's a call, a plaintive plea, I must hasten to be there.  
 (there's a call) (I must has-)
- To the vine-yard, far a-way, Earth-ly kindred, let me go.  
 (to the vine-) (earth-ly kin-)
- Lo! the gates are o-pen wide, And the lost are call-ing me.  
 (lo! the gates) (and the lost)
- Far a-cross the wa-ters wild, There's a work for me to do.  
 (far a-cross) (there's a work)



Refrain



Let me go, I can-not stay, 'Tis the Mas-ter call-ing me;



Let me go, I must o-bey; Na-tive land, fare-well to thee.

