

Where The Curtain Is Lifted

1. They say there's a land where the saints gath - er home, Who out of our
2. Then wel - come, thou land of the un - fad - ing flow'rs, Earth's night for Thy
3. Here dark are the clouds which now roll o - ver - head— Tho' light thru their
4. Be - yond thy bright ris - ing, be - yond the dark vail Grown thin by the

lives here have drift - ed; Where life's vex - ing prob - lems shall yield up their sum,
glo - ry be shift - ed; We think of the might of Thy world - to - come pow'r's,
fold - ing is sift - ed— And deep are the wa - ters that cov - er our dead;
glo - ry oft rift - ed, The "all's well" we hear of the deck watch - es' hail,

And prob - lem and mys - tery shall nev - er - more come, Won - drous land where the
The calm of Thy peace - ful and joy - lad - en hours— Bless - ed land where the
Yet, bright is the prom - ise; Thy proph - ets have said, There's a land where the
The last furl we see of the storm - beat - en sail, In the port where the

Chorus

cur-tain is lift - ed. O that land, bless-ed land, Oft de-scribed by the
O that land, bless-ed land,

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seers heav-en - gift - ed, How we sigh for a sight of that shad - ow - less shore, Where the
dark pall of sor - row shall fall nev - er - more, Bless-ed land where the cur - tain is lift - ed.