

We Speak of the Realms

Contrast. 8.8.8.8.D.

ELIZABETH MILLS

Early American melody

1. We speak of the realms of the blest, That coun-try so bright and so fair,
 2. We speak of its free-dom from sin, From sor-row, temp-ta - tion and care,
 3. Our mourning is all at an end, When, raised by the life - giv-ing word,
 4. Do Thou, midst temp - ta - tion and woe, For heav-en my spir - it pre-pare;

And oft are its glo - ries confessed—But what must it be to be there!
 From tri - als with - out and with - in— But what must it be to be there!
 We see the new cit - y de - scend, A - dorned as a bride for her Lord;
 And short - ly I al - so shall know And feel what it is to be there.

We speak of its path-way of gold— Its walls decked with jewels so rare,
 We speak of its serv - ice of love, Of the robes which the glo - rified wear,
 The cit - y so ho - ly and clean, No sor - row can breathe in the air;
 Then o'er the bright fields we shall roam, In glo - ry ce - les - tial and fair,

Its won - ders and pleas - ures un - told— But what must it be to be there!
 Of the church of the First-born above— But what must it be to be there!
 No gloom of af - flic - tion or sin, No shad - ow of e - vil, is there.
 With saints and with an - gels at home, And Je - sus Him - self will be there.