

We Speak of the Realms

Contrast. 8.8.3.8.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-ri-fied 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-lic-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.