

(Solyma. S. M.)

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1. Oh bright and bless - ed scenes, Where sin can nev - er come,
 2. And can we call our home Our Fa - ther's house on high,
 3. Yes! In that light un - stained, Our stain - less souls shall live,
 4. His pres - ence there, my soul, Its rest, its joy un - told,

Whose sight our long - ing spir - it weans From earth where yet we roam!
 The rest of God our rest to come, Our place of lib - er - ty?
 Our hearts' deep long - ings more than gained, When God His rest shall give.
 Shall find when end - less a - ges roll, And time shall ne'er grow old.

5 Our God the center is,
 His presence fills that land,
 And countless myriads owned as His,
 Round Him adoring stand.

6 Our God whom we have known,
 Well-known in Jesus' love,
 Rests in the blessing of His own,
 Before Himself above.

7 Glory supreme is there,
 Glory that shines through all,
 More precious still that love to share
 As those that love did call.

8 Like Jesus in that place
 Of light and love supreme;
 Once Man of Sorrows full of grace,
 Heaven's blest and endless theme.

9 Like Him! Oh grace supreme!
 Like Him before Thy face,
 Like Him to know that glory beam
 Unhindered face to face!

10 Oh love supreme and bright,
 Good to the feeblest heart,
 That gives us now, as heavenly light,
 What soon shall be our part.