

We Sing of the Realms of the Blest

Mrs. E. Mills

(Celeste. 8. 8. 8.)



1. We sing of the realms of the blest, The home Je - sus went to pre - pare
 2. We speak of its free - dom from sin, From sor - row, temp - ta - tion and care;
 3. We speak of its peace and its love, The robes which the glo - ri - fied wear;
 4. We speak of its path - way of gold, Its walls decked with jew - els so rare;



For all who His name now con - fess: But what must it be to be there!
 From tri - als with - out and with - in: But what must it be to be there!
 The songs of the bless - ed a - bove: But what must it be to be there!
 Its won - ders and pleas - ures un - told: But what must it be to be there!

