

WHAT EVER IS WAITING

I

SO OFTEN I WONDER JUST HOW IT'S GONNA BE  
WHEN WE ALL GATHER ROUND GOD'S GREAT THRONE  
WHEN BURDENS SEEM MANY AND MY FRIENDS SO FEW  
I GET A LONGING TO SEE MY NEW HOME.

II

THE WALLS ARE MADE OF JASPER AND STREET OF PUREST GOLD  
AND A COOL RIVER FLOWS GENTLY BY  
I'LL SEE ALL THE PROPHETS AND SAINTS THERE OF OLD  
IN A LAND WHERE NO ONE SHALL DIE.

CHORUS

WHAT EVER IS WAITING WILL BE WORTH ALL MY TRIALS  
I'VE ENDURED AS I'VE TRAVELED DOWN HERE  
I'LL SEE THE FACE OF MY SAVIOR AND REST FROM MY LABOR  
IN A LAND FREE FROM HEARTACHES AND FEARS.