

Safe in the Glory Land

Words: Fanny Crosby, 1888. Music: John Sweney.

In the good old way where the saints have gone,
And the King leads on before us,
We are traveling home to the heav'nly hills,
With the daystar shining o'er us.

Refrain

Traveling home to the mansions fair,
Crowns of rejoicing and life to wear;
O what a shout when we all get there
Safe in the glory land.

In the good old way like the ransomed throng,
Unto Zion now returning,
We are traveling home at the King's command,
And our lamps are trimmed and burning.

Refrain

In the good old way with a steadfast faith,
In the bonds of love and union,
What a joy is ours, for the King we see,
And with Him we hold communion.

Refrain

Tho' our feet must stand on the cold, cold brink
Of the Jordan's stormy river,
With the King we'll cross to the other side,
And we'll sing His praise forever.

Refrain