

The Palace of the King

Words: Fanny Crosby, 1876. Music: Silas Vail.

'Tis a goodly pleasant land that we pilgrims journey thro',
And our Father's constant blessings fall around us like the dew;
But its sunshine and its beauty to our hearts no joy can bring,
Like the splendors that await us in the palace of the King.
In this goodly pleasant land only strangers now are we,
For we seek a better country, and 'tis where we long to be;
Yes, we long to swell the anthem that forevermore shall ring,
From the pure in heart made perfect in the palace of the King.

Refrain

O the palace of the King, royal palace of the King;
Where our Father in His mercy all the ransomed ones will bring;
Where our sorrows and our trials like a dream will pass away,
And our souls shall dwell forever in the realms of endless day.

Our Redeemer is the King; what a sacrifice He made,
When He purchased our redemption, and His blood the ransom paid;
In His cross shall be our glory, to that blessed cross we'll cling,
Till we reach the gates that open, to the palace of the King.
We shall see Him bye and bye, hallelujah to His name!
Thro' the blood of His atonement, life eternal we may claim;
We shall cast our crown before Him and our songs of vict'ry sing,
When we enter in triumphant to the palace of the King.

Refrain