

Bright Glory to Come

Eden Latta, 1884.

Alonzo Abbey.

Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard

Nor hath the fancy portrayed,

What the dear Lord hath in reserve,

If His commands are obeyed.

Refrain

We shall wander no more, but on the bright shore,

We'll share in that home the glory to come;

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We'll share in that home the glory to come.

Mansions of joy, ages ago,

Jesus the Master foretold;

They are for us, just as they were

For the disciples of old.

Refrain

Pilgrims are we, seeking to find,

Regions than Canaan more fair;

Heav'n is our home, over the tide,

Where is no sorrow or care.

Refrain

Loved ones are there, torn from us here,

We their dear faces shall see;

Never farewell then shall be said,

Never a parting shall be.

Refrain