

How Sweet to Reflect on Those Joys

W. C. Tillou, 1831.

Joseph Funk, 1835.

How sweet to reflect on those joys that await me,
In yon blissful region, the haven of rest,
Where glorified spirits with welcome shall greet me,
And lead me to mansions prepared for the blest;
Encircled in light, and with glory enshrouded,
My happiness perfect, my mind's sky unclouded,
I'll bathe in the ocean of pleasure unbounded,
And range with delight through the Eden of Love.

When angelic legions with harps tuned celestial,
Harmoniously join in the concert of praise,
The saints, as they flock from the regions terrestrial,
In loud hallelujahs their voices will raise;
Then songs of the Lamb shall re-echo through Heaven,
My soul will respond, "To Immanuel be given
All glory, all honor, all might and dominion,
Who brought us through grace to the Eden of Love."

Then hail blessed state! Hail ye songsters of glory!
Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you above,
And join your full choir in rehearsing the story
"Salvation from sorrow, through Jesus' love."
Though prisoned on earth, yet by anticipation
Already my soul feels a sweet pre-libation
Of joys that await me when freed from probation;
My heart's now in Heaven, the Eden of Love.