

Not Half Has Ever Been Told

John Atchinson, 1875.

O. F. Presbrey.

I have read of a beautiful city,
Far away in the kingdom of God;
I have read how its walls are of jasper,
How its streets are all golden and broad;
In the midst of the street is life's river,
Clear as crystal and pure to behold;
But not half of that city's bright glory
To mortals has ever been told.

Refrain

Not half has ever been told;
Not half has ever been told;
Not half of that city's bright glory
To mortals has ever been told.

I have read of bright mansions in Heaven,
Which the Savior has gone to prepare;
And the saints who on earth have been faithful,
Rest forever with Christ over there;
There no sin ever enters, nor sorrow,
The inhabitants never grow old;
But not half of the wonderful story
To mortals has ever been told.

Refrain

I have read of white robes for the righteous,
Of bright crowns which the glorified wear,
When our Father shall bid them, "Come, enter,
And My glory eternally share";
How the righteous are evermore blessed
As they walk through the streets of pure gold;
But not half of the wonderful story
To mortals has ever been told.

Refrain

I have read of a Christ so forgiving,
That vile sinners may ask and receive
Peace and pardon for every transgression,
If when asking they only believe.
I have read how He'll guide and protect us,
If for safety we enter His fold;
But not half of His goodness and mercy
To mortals has ever been told.

Refrain