

O Eden, Dear Eden
Fanny Crosby, 1896.
Henry Thompson, 1852.

There's a land unseen by our mortal eyes,
And its joys no tongue can tell;
Where in robes of white, in its vales of light,
We shall meet, and forever dwell.

Refrain

O Eden, dear Eden,
Home bright and fair,
Soon our bark will land on thy golden stand,
And our rest will be glorious there.

Though our ties may break and our hearts may grieve,
While the cross on earth we bear;
There is joy at last, when our voyage is past,
And our rest will be glorious there.

Refrain

Let us look above when the clouds are dark,
Let us look by faith and prayer;
Then we'll anchor safe o'er the storm girt wave,
And our rest will be glorious there.

Refrain

We shall meet ere long in a world of song,
And its fadeless beauty share;
We shall meet and sing through eternal spring,
And our rest will be glorious there.

Refrain