

The Eden Above
W. W. Whitney, 1872.

We shall meet in the Eden above,
In that beautiful land of the blest;
All our trials and pains will be o'er,
When we enter that mansion of rest.
In the beautiful, beautiful Eden above,
In the beautiful, beautiful Eden above,
All our trials and pains will be o'er,
When we enter that mansion of rest.

When we meet in the Eden above,
When we enter that blissful abode,
All the good who have passed on before,
We shall meet in the City of God.
In the beautiful, beautiful Eden above,
In the beautiful, beautiful Eden above,
All the good who have passed on before,
We shall meet in the City of God.

The saints of all ages are there,
The prophets and martyrs of old;
The children whose voices on earth are still,
Now sing in that city of gold.
In the beautiful, beautiful Eden above,
In the beautiful, beautiful Eden above,
The children whose voices on earth are still,
Now sing in that city of gold.