

To Be There  
William Cushing, 1877.  
Ira Sankey.

I have heard of a land far away,  
And its glories no tongue can declare;  
But its beauty hangs over the way,  
And with Jesus I long to be there.

Refrain

To be there, to be there,  
And with Jesus, I long to be there;  
To be there, to be there,  
And with Jesus, I long to be there.

There are foretastes of Heaven below,  
There are moments like joys of the blest;  
But the splendors no mortal can know,  
Of the land where the weary shall rest.

Refrain

In that noontide of glory so fair,  
In the gleam of the river of life,  
There are joys that the faithful shall share;  
O how sweetly they rest from the strife!

Refrain

There the ransomed with Jesus abide  
In the shade of the sheltering fold;  
Evermore by Immanuel's side,  
They shall dwell in the glory untold.

Refrain