

To Realms of Glory
Johan Wallin(1779-1839)
Johann Schein, 1628.

To realms of glory in the skies
I see my Lord returning,
While I, a stranger in the earth,
For heaven am ever yearning.
'Mid toil and sorrow here I roam,
Far from my heavenly Father's home.

Yet visions of the promised land
By faith my soul obtaineth;
There shall I dwell forevermore
Where Christ in glory reigneth;
In mansions of that bright abode,
The city of the living God.

In that blest city is no night,
Nor any pain or weeping;
There is my treasure, there my heart,
Safe in the Savior's keeping;
In Heaven, my risen Lord, with Thee
May all my thought and living be.

How blessed shall those servants be,
O Lord, at Thy returning,
Whose hearts are waiting still for Thee,
Whose lamps are trimmed and burning;
Them wilt Thou take to dwell with Thee
In joy and peace eternally.