

How Oft We Are There

Words: Fanny Crosby, 1892. Music: John Sweney.

We sing of a land where the servants of God
Shall meet when their journey is o'er,
And clasp their glad hands as they gather at morn,
To labor and sorrow no more.

Refrain

We sing of the beautiful mansions of rest
Our Savior has gone to prepare;
And oh, when we think of the bliss they unfold,
In spirit, how oft we are there.

We sing of a land where the leaves never fall,
A land where their bloom never dies;
And Jesus Himself, with His own loving hand,
Will wipe every tear from our eyes.

Refrain

We sing of the palms that the conquerors wave,
Who triumphed through Jesus our Lord;
Who fought to the last, and with shouts on their tongues,
Went home to receive their reward.

Refrain

We sing of the friends who are waiting today
For us in that region so fair;
But who can describe what a joy it will be
To know that indeed we are there?

Refrain