

We Speak of the Realms of the Blest
Elizabeth Mills, 1829.
Arranged from Bach.

We speak of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair,
And oft are its glories confessed
But what must it be to be there!
We speak of its pathway of gold
Its walls decked with jewels so rare,
Its wonders and pleasures untold
But what must it be to be there!

We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation and care,
From trials without and within
But what must it be to be there!
We speak of its service of love,
Of the robes which the glorified wear,
Of the church of the Firstborn above
But what must it be to be there!

Our mourning is all at an end,
When, raised by the life-giving word,
We see the new city descend,
Adorned as a bride for her Lord;
The city so holy and clean,
No sorrow can breathe in the air;
No gloom of affliction or sin,
No shadow of evil, is there.

Do Thou, midst temptation and woe,
For Heaven my spirit prepare;
And shortly I also shall know
And feel what it is to be there.
Then o'er the bright fields we shall roam,
In glory celestial and fair,
With saints and with angels at home,
And Jesus Himself will be there.