

We sing of the realms of the blest

(CELESTE. 8.8.8.8. DACTYLIC)

$\text{♩} = 95$

1. We sing of the realms of the blest,
 2. We tell of its ser - vice of love,
 3. We tell of its free - dom from sin,

That coun - try so bright and so fair,
 The robes which the glo - ri - fied wear,
 From sor - row, tem - pta - tion, and care,

The glor - i - ous mans - ions of rest —
 The church of the first - born a - bove —
 From tri - als with - out and with - in —

But what must it be to be there ?
 But what must it be to be there ?
 But what must it be to be there ?

4. Do Thou, Lord, 'midst pleasure and woe,
 Still for heaven our spirits prepare ;
 And shortly we also shall know
 And feel what it is to be there.

Alternate Tunes : Durdsley, 399 ; Elland, 61.