

O Joy Sublime, When Finally Is Ended

(180)

1. O joy sub-lime, when fi - nal - ly is end - ed The last, our
 2. O joy sub-lime, when shall we hear with trem-bling The song the
 3. O joy sub-lime, when, freed, the soul can fol - low His draw-ing

hard - fought strug-gle with the foe; When we from ex - ile
 an - gel-choir__ sweet - ly sings; When the great host a -
 with the cords of end - less love; Un - hin - dered, it can

to our home have wend - ed And then through yon-der heaven-ly por-tals
 round the Lamb as-sem - bling, On gold-en harps to Him its prais-es
 all its long-ings hal - low To Him who o - pened wide the heavens a -

go; When we earth's dust from off our feet have shak-en, Earth's sweat from
 brings; When through the Ho-ly Cit - y there are sound-ing The hal - le -
 bove; When, from the eyes of faith the veil un - fold - ing As flees the

wea - ry brows have wiped a - way; When we greet Him who ne'er hath
lu - jahs of the Sav-ior's own; When prayers, like ho - ly in - cense,
mist be - fore the light of day, We shall, the Son as might-y

us for - sak - en, Who of - ten gave us cour-age on our way!
are sur-round - ing The King of kings up - on His roy - al throne!
God be - hold - ing, A-dore Him as the Lord of lords al - way!

4. O joy sublime, when we shall hear Him calling:
"Come in, ye blessèd!" when in heav'nly light,
Before His lofty throne in rev'ence falling,
We see His holy face with mercy bright;
When we shall see His eyes that once were weeping
Because of man's hard heart, his misery,
And all the wounds from which His blood was dripping,
That from eternal death hath set us free!

5. O joy sublime, when through those courts all-glowing
With other happy saints we wend our way
Along the stream of life where trees are growing
As green as on that third creation-day;
Where in eternal youth, no one grows older,
Where time no longer takes its bitter toll,
Where no eye ever breaks, no heart grows colder,
Nor grief, nor pain, nor death shall plague the soul!

6. O joy sublime! No eye can here perceive it,
No ear can hear, no human heart can know
This joy—when finally we there receive it
As we into the land of promise go!
On, then, upon the narrow pathway striving;
It is well worth the effort and the pains
To hasten on and then at length arriving
Where, far beyond our knowledge, Jesus reigns!