

# 229. THERE IS A LAND FULL OF SWEET JUBILATION

TAMO U ZEMLJI VEČNE RADOSTI

*mf*

1. There is a land full of sweet ju - bi - la - tion  
 2. There all our loved ones of are wait - ing to greet us,

*mf*

To which our Sav - ior bids us come. With all the an - gels, He  
 Those faith - ful who have gone be - fore, Now with our Lord in that

waits with e - la - tion to es - cort His bless - ed chil - dren home.  
 heav - en - ly cho - rus sing be - fore His throne for - ev - er - more.

All the saints a - wait us there with the glo - rious an - gel  
 All the saints a - wait us o - ver there with the glo - rious,

band, At the crys - tal gate our Sav - ior  
 ho - ly an - gel band, our Sav - ior bids us come;

Waits to bring us to that prom - ised land. to that prom - ised land.  
 waits to bring us

## 230. HOW BLESSÉD ARE THEY

O KAKO SU BLAŽENI ONI

*p*

1. { How bless - éd are they who've ac - cept - ed the Lord; Who take on them -  
How bless - éd the hearts who true meek-ness out - poured, And fol - lowed Him

*p*

selves through His great name. } For in that last day when God's wrath shall

*pp*

pour, *pp* They shall in blest peace rest for - ev - er - more.

2. How blesséd are they who in spirit are poor, For theirs is the kingdom of God.  
How blesséd are they who are pure in heart; As their reward they shall see God.  
For in that last day...

## 231. MY MAKER AND MY KING

TVORČE I BOŽE MOJ

1. My Mak - er and my King, To Thee my all I owe; Thy sov - 'reign boun - ty  
2. The crea - ture of Thy hand, On Thee a - lone I live; My God, Thy ben - e -  
3. O! let Thy grace in - spire My soul with strength di - vine; Let ev - 'ry word and

is the spring Whence all praise my bless - ings flow; Thy  
fits the de - mand More praise than I can give; My  
each de - sire And all my days be Thine; Let

sov - 'reign boun - ty is the spring Whence all praise my bless - ings flow.  
God, Thy ben - e - fits de - mand More praise than I can give.  
eve - ry word and each de - sire And all my days be Thine.

sov - 'reign boun - ty is the spring Whence all my bless-ings flow.  
God Thy ben - e - fits de - mand More praise than I can give.  
eve - ry word and each de - sire And all my days be Thine.