



- 4. When we the host of those behold Who there must suffer pain untold And everlasting anguish; Though doomed to death they never die But in their bitter torment cry, As in the fire they languish—How great the glory then shall be From this to be forever free!
- 5. With God above, the ransomed throng Shall dwell unnumbered ages long Forever young in spirit; Angelic gladness theirs shall be As they behold Christ's majesty And all His peace inherit; For there they shall be satisfied, With heav'nly manna well supplied!
- 6. Oh, how I'm longing there to be! My fainting heart cries out for Thee, O Life, with tender yearning! When shall I reach thee, blessèd goal, To which each day my waiting soul Is ever, ever turning? The world and all I will despise Thy joys at last to realize!