

235. BEYOND THE DARK AND DISMAL TOMB

S'ONE STRANE TAMNOG GROBA

1. Be - yond the dark and dis - mal tomb, There are dwell - ings of light; The
 2. How of - ten would my soul de - part, To rest in man - sions fair; A
 3. O bless - ed Sav - ior, lov - ing Lord, Re - ceive me as Thine own; And

fra - grance of the flow'rs that bloom Sur - round the man - sions bright.
 long - ing ev - er fills my heart to meet my Sav - ior there. White as
 wash me with Thy pre - cious blood, And take me to Thy throne.

snow, white as snow, We must be washed from sin, Our

White as snow, white as snow,

gar - ments must be clean and white, If we would en - ter in.