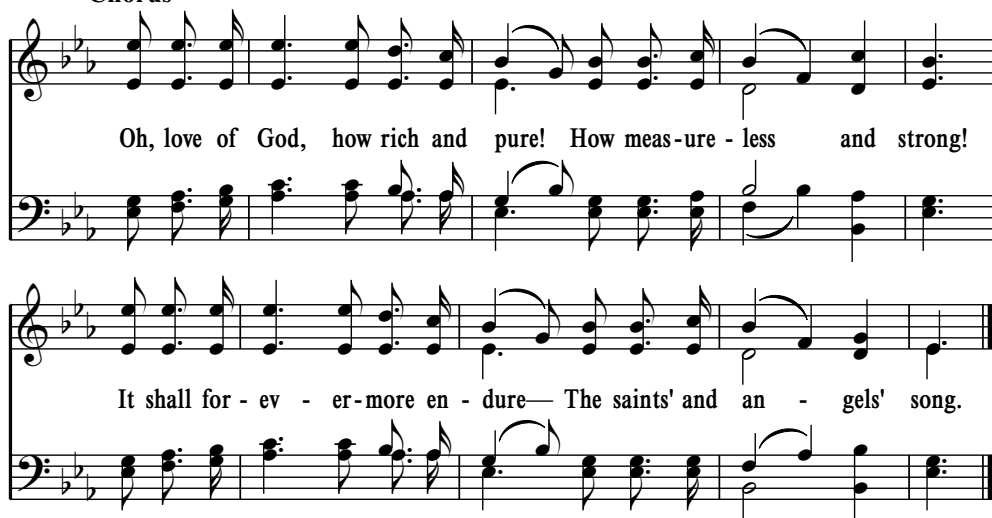


Chorus



Oh, love of God, how rich and pure! How measure-less and strong!

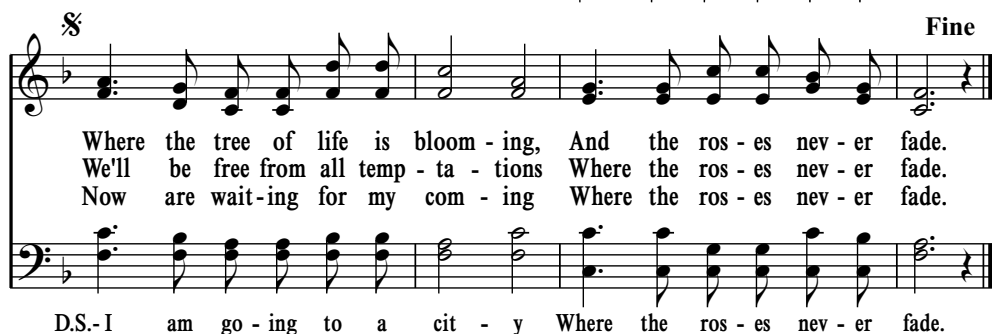
It shall for - ev - er-more en - dure— The saints' and an - gels' song.

238. Where the Roses Never Fade

"Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they...may enter...into the city." Rev. 22:14



1. I am go - ing to a cit - y Where the streets with gold are laid,
2. In this world we have our trou - bles, Sa - tan's snares we must e - vade;
3. Loved ones gone to be with Je - sus, In their robes of white ar-rayed,



Where the tree of life is bloom - ing, And the ros - es nev - er fade.
We'll be free from all temp - ta - tions Where the ros - es nev - er fade.
Now are wait - ing for my com - ing Where the ros - es nev - er fade.

D.S.-I am go - ing to a cit - y Where the ros - es nev - er fade.

Chorus

D.S. al Fine



Here they bloom but for a sea - son, Soon their beau - ty is de - cayed;