

Sing With All The Sons Of Glory

W. J. Irons

L. Beethoven Arr I. Reefman

5

E A

E C#m B (/G#)

Sing with all the saints in glo - ry; Sing the res - ur - rec - tion song!
 Oh, what glo - ry far ex - cee - ding all that eye has yet per - cieved!
 Life e - ter - nal! Heav'n re - joi - ces: Je - sus lives who once was dead.

9

A^Δ F#m⁷ /D# C#m⁷ (/G#)

Death and sor - row, earth's dark sto - ry, to the for - mer days be - long.
 Ho - liest hearts for a - ges plea - ding Ne - ver that full joy con - ceived.
 Shout with joy, O death - less voi - ces! Child of God, lift up your head!

13

F#m G#m⁷ A B C#m⁷

All a - round the clouds are break - ing. Soon the storms of time shall cease. In
 God has pro - mised, Christ pre - pares it, there on high our wel - come waits. Ev -
 Life e - ter - nal! Oh, what won - ders crowd on faith, what joy un - known, When

17

(/B) (/G#) A B^{sus} B

— God's like - ness we a - wa - ken, kno - wing e - ver - las - ting peace.
 — 'ry hum - ble spi - rit shares it. Christ has passed th'e - ter - nal gates.
 — a - mid earth's clo - sing thun - ders, Saints shall stand be - fore the throne!