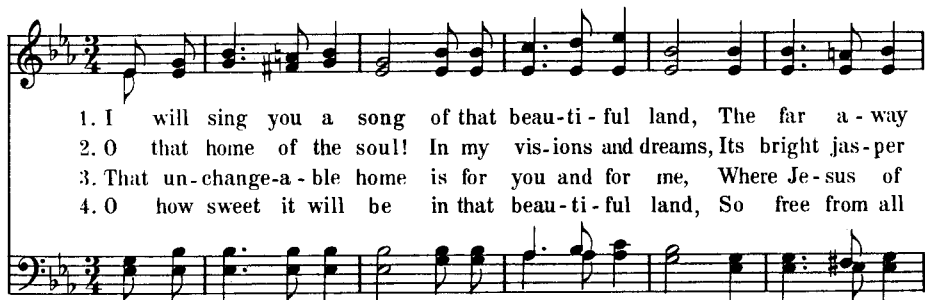


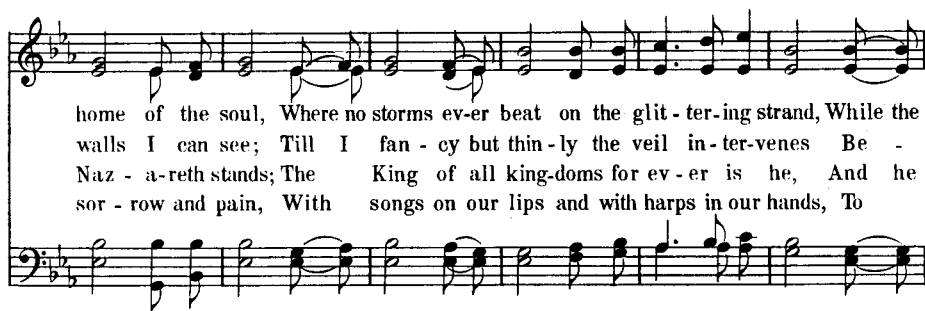
*And (he) shewed me that great city . . . Rev. 21:10*

Ellen H. Gates

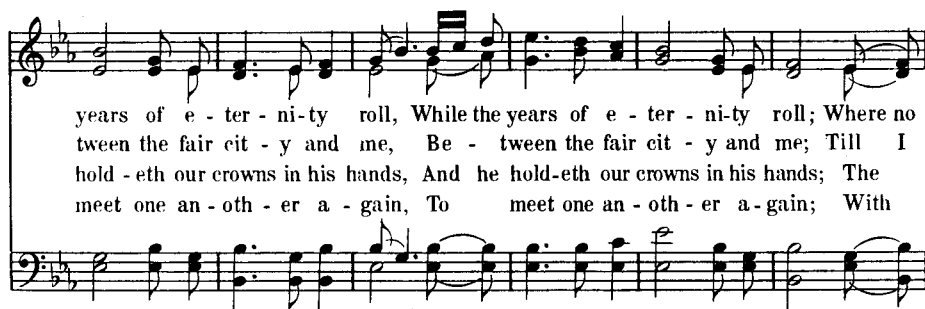
Philip Phillips, 1834-1895



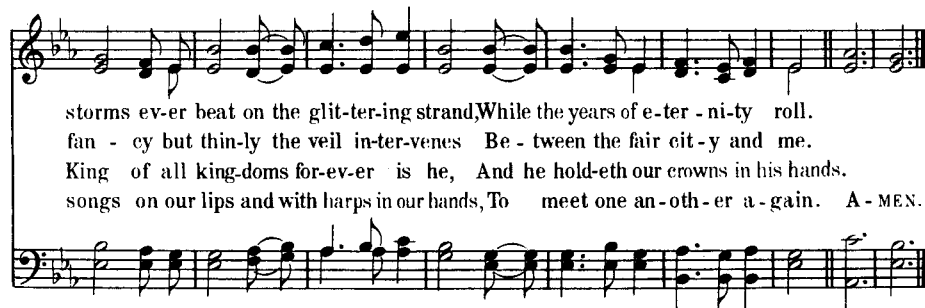
1. I will sing you a song of that beau-ti-ful land, The far a-way  
 2. O that home of the soul! In my vis-ions and dreams, Its bright jas-per  
 3. That un-change-a-ble home is for you and for me, Where Je-sus of  
 4. O how sweet it will be in that beau-ti-ful land, So free from all



home of the soul, Where no storms ev-er beat on the glit-ter-ing strand, While the  
 walls I can see; Till I fan-cy but thin-ly the veil in-ter-venes Be-  
 Naz-a-reth stands; The King of all king-doms for ev-er is he, And he  
 sor-row and pain, With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands, To



years of e-ter-ni-ty roll, While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll; Where no  
 tween the fair cit-y and me, Be-tween the fair cit-y and me; Till I  
 hold-eth our crowns in his hands, And he hold-eth our crowns in his hands; The  
 meet one an-oth-er a-gain, To meet one an-oth-er a-gain; With



storms ev-er beat on the glit-ter-ing strand, While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll.  
 fan-cy but thin-ly the veil in-ter-venes Be-tween the fair cit-y and me.  
 King of all king-doms for-ev-er is he, And he hold-eth our crowns in his hands.  
 songs on our lips and with harps in our hands, To meet one an-oth-er a-gain. A-MEN.