





- Far above that arch of gladness, far beyond these clouds of sadness, are the many mansions fair.
 Far from pain and sin and folly, in that palace of the holy,

 I would find my mansion there!
- 4. Where the Lamb on high is seated,by ten thousand voices greeted,Lord of lords, and King of kings.Son of man, they crown, they crown him,Son of God, they own, they own him;with his name the city rings.

- 3. Where the glory brightly dwelleth, where the new song sweetly swelleth, and the discord never comes; where life's stream is ever laving, and the palm is ever waving, that must be the home of homes.
- 5. Blessing, honour, without measure, heavenly riches, earthly treasure, lay we at his blessed feet.Poor the praise that now we render, loud shall be our voices yonder, when before his throne we meet.

Words: Horatius Bonar. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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