



2. How bright, how holy is the place, unfading, undefiled,
where God unveils his gracious face on every blood-bought child!
They round the throne triumphant stand, a golden harp in every hand, to which they sing the ceaseless strain, "Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain!"

3. Oh, wondrous grace! Oh, love divine, to give us such a home!

Let us the present things resign, and seek this rest to come; and, gazing on our Saviour's cross, esteem all else but worthless dross; press forward, till the race be run; fight, till the crown of life be won.

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