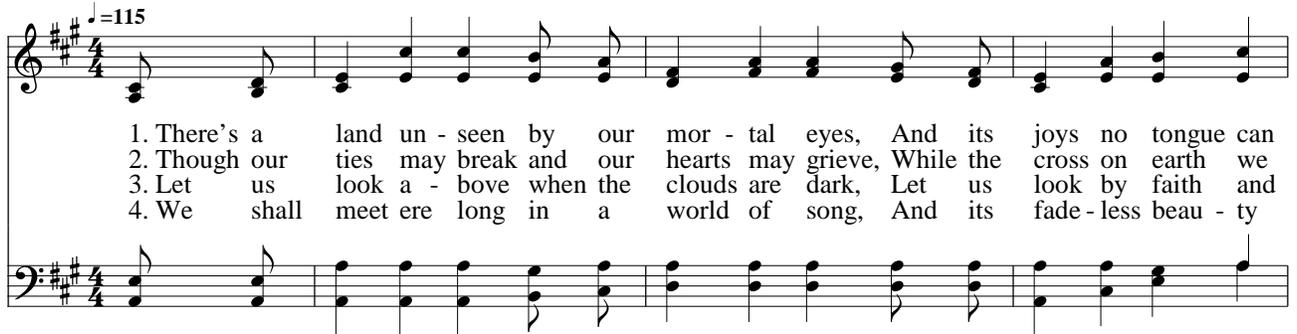


# O Eden, Dear Eden

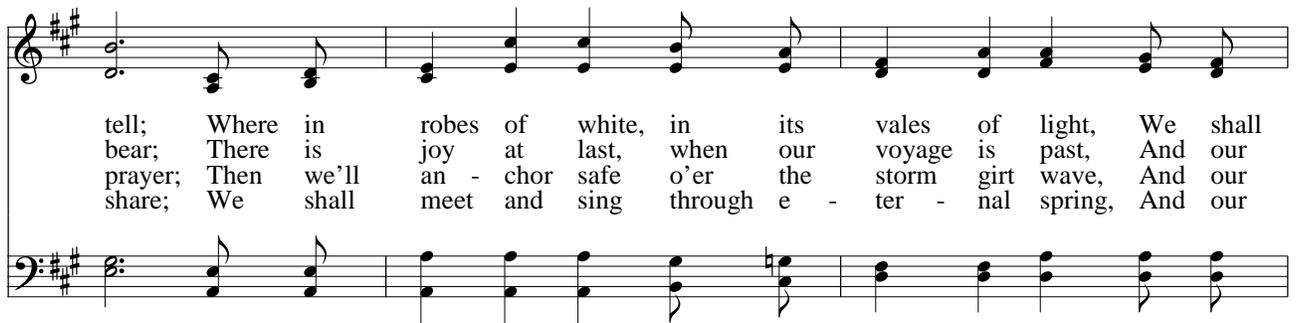
Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1896

Henry S. Thompson, 1852

$\text{♩} = 115$

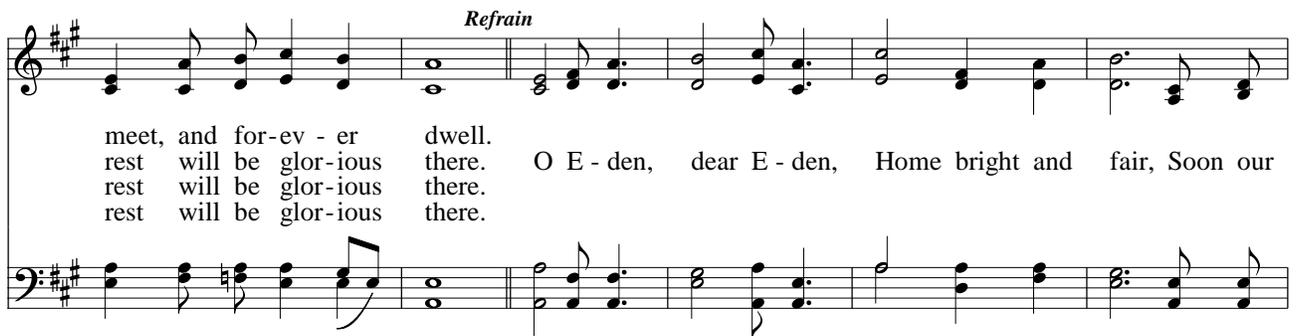


1. There's a land un - seen by our mor - tal eyes, And its joys no tongue can  
2. Though our ties may break and our hearts may grieve, While the cross on earth we  
3. Let us look a - bove when the clouds are dark, Let us look by faith and  
4. We shall meet ere long in a world of song, And its fade - less beau - ty

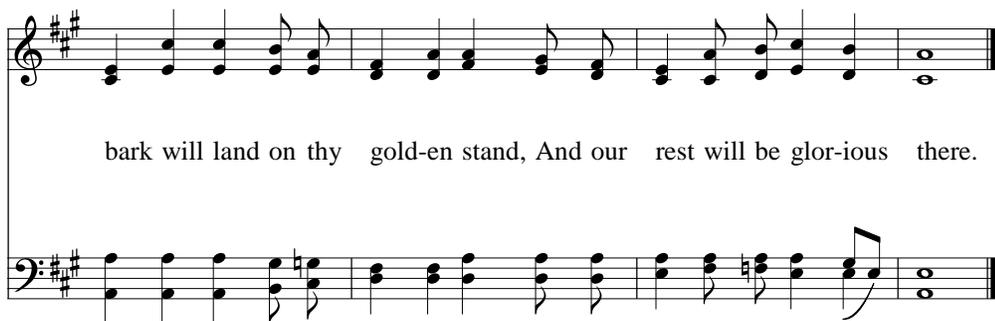


tell; Where in robes of white, in its vales of light, We shall  
bear; There is joy at last, when our voyage is past, And our  
prayer; Then we'll an - chor safe o'er the storm - girt wave, And our  
share; We shall meet and sing through e - ter - nal spring, And our

*Refrain*



meet, and for - ev - er dwell.  
rest will be glor - ious there. O E - den, dear E - den, Home bright and fair, Soon our  
rest will be glor - ious there.  
rest will be glor - ious there.



bark will land on thy gold - en stand, And our rest will be glor - ious there.