1. 'Tis a goodly pleasant land that we pilgrims journey thro', And our
   Father's constant blessings fall around us like the dew; But its
   sunshine and its beauty to our hearts no joy can bring. Like the
   cross shall be our glory, to that blessed cross we'll cling, Till we
   reach the gates that open, to the palace of the King. We shall see Him bye and bye, hal-le-
   splendors that await us in the palace of the King. In this goodly pleasant land only
   reach the gates open, to the palace of the King. We shall see Him bye and bye, hal-le-
   strangers now are we, For we seek a better country, and 'tis
   lu-jah to His Name! Thro' the blood of His atonement, life e-

The Palace of the King
Arranged by Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1876
Silas Jones Vail

2. Our Redeemer is the King; what a sacrifice He made, When He
   purchased our redemption, and His blood the ransom paid; In His
   Father's constant blessings fall around us like the dew; But its
   sunshine and its beauty to our hearts no joy can bring. Like the
   cross shall be our glory, to that blessed cross we'll cling, Till we
   reach the gates that open, to the palace of the King. We shall see Him bye and bye, hal-le-
   splendors that await us in the palace of the King. In this goodly pleasant land only
   reach the gates open, to the palace of the King. We shall see Him bye and bye, hal-le-
   strangers now are we, For we seek a better country, and 'tis
   lu-jah to His Name! Thro' the blood of His atonement, life e-

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where we long to be; Yes, we long to swell the anthem that forever shall ring. From the pure in heart made perfect in the palace of the King. O the palace of the King, royal palace of the King; Where our Father in His mercy all the ransomed ones will bring; Where our sorrows and our trials like a dream will pass away, And our souls shall dwell forever in the realms of endless day.