When We All Get to Heaven

1. Sing the won-drous love of Je-sus, Sing His mer-cy and His grace; In the man-sions bright and bless-ed, spread the sky; But when trav'ling days are o-ver, ev'ry day; Just one glimpse of Him in glo-ry we'll be hold; Soon the pear-ly gates will o-pen; He'll pre-pare for us a place. Not a sha-dow, nor a sigh. We shall tread the streets of gold.

2. While we walk the pil-grim path-way, Clouds will o-ver-windle. Not the toils of life re-pay. What a re-joic-ing day of re-joic-ing that will be!

3. Let us then be true and faith-ful, Trust-ing, serv-ing us. When we all see Je-sus, We'll sing and shout the vic-to-ry. When we all get to hea-ven, What a day of re-joic-ing that will be!

4. On-ward to the prize be-fore us! Soon His beau-ty, But when trav'ling days are o-ver, we'll be hold; Soon the pear-ly gates will o-pen; He'll pre-pare for us a place. Not a sha-dow, nor a sigh. We shall tread the streets of gold.

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