

## We sing of the realms of the blest

(CELESTE. 8.8.8.8. DACTYLIC)

$\text{♩} = 95$

1. We sing of the realms of the blest,  
 2. We tell of its ser - vice of love,  
 3. We tell of its free - dom from sin,

That coun - try so bright and so fair,  
 The robes which the glo - ri - fied wear,  
 From sor - row, tem - pta - tion, and care,

The glor - i - ous mans - ions of rest —  
 The church of the first - born a - bove —  
 From tri - als with - out and with - in —

But what must it be to be there?  
 But what must it be to be there?  
 But what must it be to be there?

4. Do Thou, Lord, 'midst pleasure and woe,  
Still for heaven our spirits prepare ;  
And shortly we also shall know  
And feel what it is to be there.

Alternate Tunes : Durdsley, 399 ; Elland, 61.