

There is a place of endless joy.

1. There is a place of endless joy
Prepar'd for saints above,
Of peace and bliss without alloy,
A heav'n of perfect love:
It was for this that Jesus died,
That we with Him might there abide;
It was for this He suffer'd pain,
That all His saints might with Him reign.

2. How bright, how holy is the place,
Unfading, undefiled,
Where God unveils His smiling face
On Jesus His beloved Child—
They round the throne triumphant stand,
A golden harp in ev'ry hand,
To which they sing the ceaseless strain:
"Worthy the Lamb, for sinners slain 1"

3. O wondrous grace! O 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 dung and loss;
Press forward till the race be run,
Fight till the crown of life be won.