

146. HOW SHALL IT BE?

180.

1. How shall it be when we at last re - turn - ing
 2. How shall it be when trem - bling - ly we lis - ten
 3. How shall it be when now the soul, un - fet - tered,
 4. How shall it be when we shall hear Him call - ing:

From wea - ry wan - d'rings and from toil and strife,
 To an - gel bands who greet us with their song,
 Goes soar - ing up - ward in un - hin - dered flight,
 "Come now, ye bless - ed of My Fa - ther's grace!"

Shall reach the home for which our heart is year - ing
 With harps of gold which in their ra - diance glis - ten,
 Drawn on by love to Him whose light has scat - tered
 And wor - ship - ping, up - on His foot - stool fal - ling,

And en - ter in - to ev - er - last - ing life?
 They praise the Lamb, which saved the blood-washed throng?
 The dark - ness which hid heav - en from our sight?
 We look in - to that kind and smil - ing face?

When from our feet the dust of earth has van - ished,
 When far and near the ho - ly place re - sound - eth
 When from the eye of faith the veil of dull - ness,
 The eyes which shed those bit - ter tears, well know - ing

The last sweat from our brow is wiped a - way,
 With "Hal - le - lu - jahs" which the ran - somed sing,
 As mist be - fore the morn - ing sun doth fall,
 Man's wretch - ed - ness and hard - ness of his heart;

Our eyes be - hold what oft earth's care has ban - ished
 The ho - ly in - cense of their prayer a - bound - eth,
 And we the Son of God in all His full - ness
 The wounds, with that pure, pre - cious blood o'er - flow - ing

And gave to us new cour - age on our way.
 Rolls up - ward to the throne of God, the King.
 Be - hold up - on His throne, the Lord of All?
 Which saved us from death's dread and poi - soned dart!

5. How shall it be, when we in close relation
 With holy saints the streets of heaven tread;
 Where trees of life, fresh as in first creation,
 By waters from the stream of life are fed?
 Where fountains of eternal youth shall flourish,
 The hand of time no more shall work decay,
 No eyes shall close in death, no more souls perish;
 Pain, sorrow and distress have passed away!

6. How shall it be? Oh, what this mortal vision
 Can neither see, nor hear, nor understand,
 Of happiness and glory shall be given
 To those who pass into that promised land!
 Then onward, brethren! Let us hasten thither,
 'Tis worth the hardship and the pain we bear
 To climb this path, for there shall never wither
 The blest inheritance which we shall share!