O Eden, Dear Eden

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1896 — Henry S. Thompson, 1852

♩=110

1. There's a land un - seen by our mor - tal eyes, And its joys no tongue can tell; Where in robes of white, in its vales of light, We shall meet, and for - ev - er dwell.
2. Though our ties may break and our hearts may grieve, While the cross on earth we bear; There is joy at last, when our voyage is past, And our rest will be glor - ious there.
3. Let us look a - bove when the clouds are dark, Let us look by faith and prayer; Then we'll an - chor safe o'er the storm girt wave, And our rest will be glor - ious there.
4. We shall meet ere long in a world of song, And its fade - less beau - ty share; We shall meet and sing through e - ter - nal spring, And our rest will be glor - ious there.

Refrain

O E - den, dear E - den, Home bright and fair, Soon our bark will land on thy gold-en stand, And our rest will be glor-ious there.

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