

# Safe in the Glory Land

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1888

John Robson Sweney

♩=107



1. In the good old way where the saints have gone, And the King leads on be-  
2. In the good old way like the ran - somed throng, Un - to Zi - on now re-  
3. In the good old way with a stead - fast faith, In the bonds of love and  
4. Tho' our feet must stand on the cold, cold brink Of the Jor - dan's storm-y



- fore us, We are tra - veling home to the heav'n - ly hills, With the  
- turn - ing, We are tra - veling home at the King's com - mand, And our  
un - ion, What a joy is ours, for the King we see, And with  
riv - er, With the King we'll cross to the oth - er side, And we'll



*Refrain*



day - star shin - ing o'er us.  
lamps are trimmed and burn - ing. Tra - veling home to the man - sions fair,  
Him we hold com - mun - ion.  
sing His praise for - ev - er.



Crowns of re - joic - ing and life to wear; O what a shout when we all get there



Safe in the glo-ry land.

