

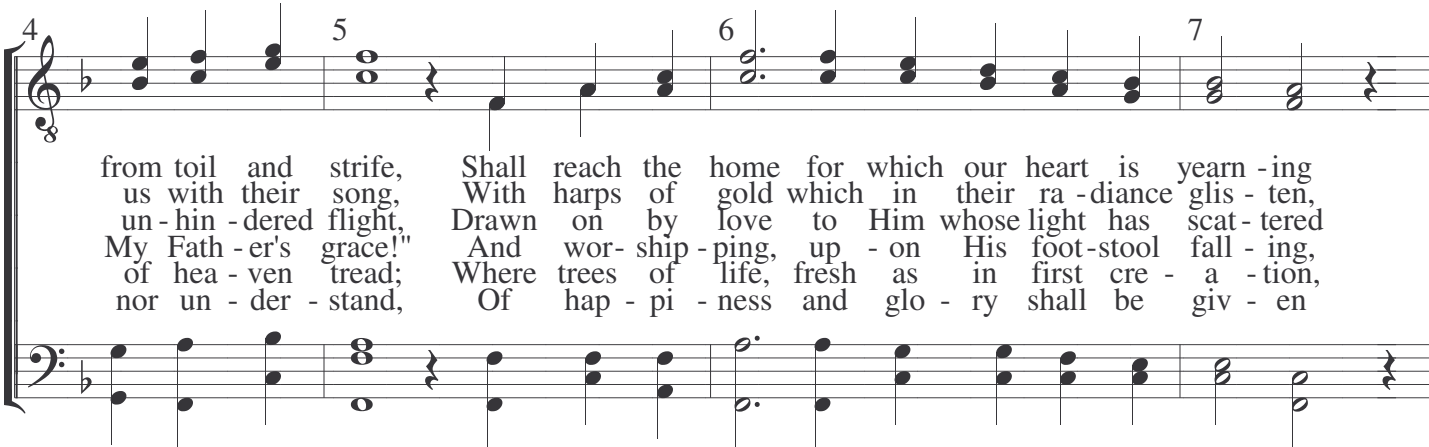
How Shall It Be?

(Zion's Harp # 146)

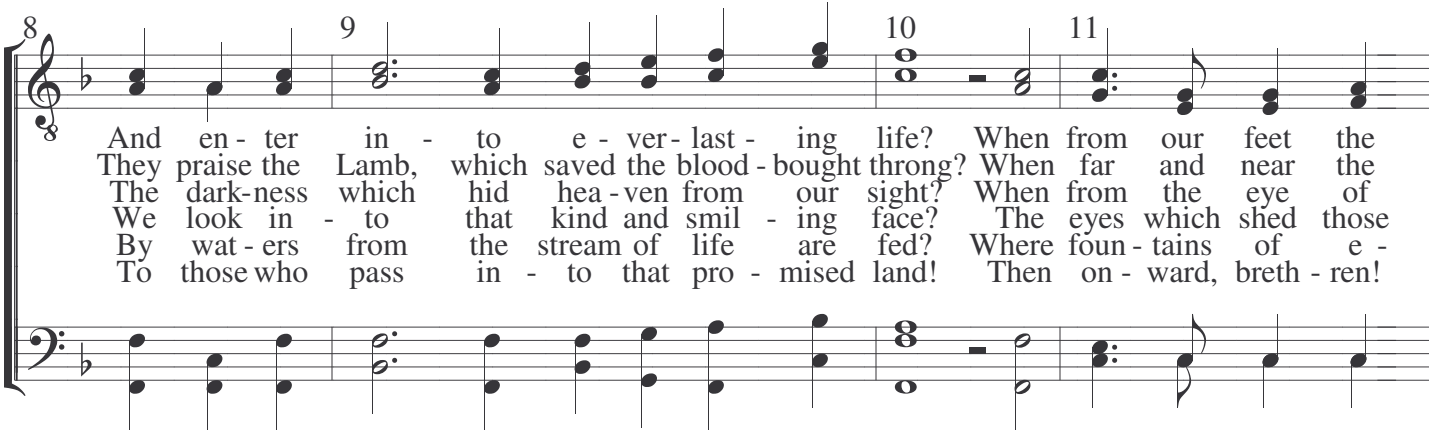
mel.



1.) How shall it be when we at last re - turn - ing From wea - ry wan - d'rings and
2.) How shall it be when trem - bling - ly we lis - ten To an - gel bands who greet
3.) How shall it be when now the soul, un - fet - tered, Goes soar - ing up - ward in
4.) How shall it be when we shall hear Him call - ing: "Come now, ye bless - ed of
5.) How shall it be, when we in close re - la - tion With ho - ly saints the streets
6.) How shall it be? Oh, what this mor - tal vi - sion Can neith - er see, nor hear,



4 from toil and strife, Shall reach the home for which our heart is yearn - ing
us with their song, With harps of gold which in their ra - diance glis - ten,
un - hin - d'ered flight, Drawn on by love to Him whose light has scat - tered
My Fath - er's grace!" And wor - ship - ping, up - on His foot - stool fall - ing,
of hea - ven tread; Where trees of life, fresh as in first cre - a - tion,
nor un - der - stand, Of hap - pi - ness and glo - ry shall be giv - en



8 And en - ter in - to e - ver - last - ing life? When from our feet the
They praise the Lamb, which saved the blood - bought thron? When far and near the
The dark - ness which hid hea - ven from our sight? When from the eye of
We look in - to that kind and smil - ing face? The eyes which shed those
By wat - ers from the stream of life are fed? Where foun - tains of e -
To those who pass in - to that pro - mised land! Then on - ward, breth - ren!

12 13 14

dust of earth has van - ished, The last sweat from our brow is wiped a -
 ho - ly place re - sound - eth, With "Hal - le - lu - jahs" which the ran - somed
 faith the veil of dull - ness, As mists be - fore the morn - ing sun doth
 bit - ter tears well - know - ing Man's wretch - ed - ness and hard - ness of his
 ter - nal youth shall flour - ish, The hand of time no more shall work de -
 let us has - ten thi - ther, 'Tis worth the hard - ship and the pain we

15 16 17

way, Our eyes be - hold what oft earth's care has ban - ished
 sing, The ho - ly in - cense of their pray'r a - bound - eth,
 fall, And we the Son of God, in all His full - ness
 heart; The wounds, with that pure, pre - cious blood o'er - flow - ing
 cay, No eyes shall close in death, no more souls per - ish;
 bear To climb this path, for there shall nev - er with - er

18 19 20

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 - son - dart!
 Pain, sor - row, and dis - tress have passed a - way!
 The blest in - her - i - tance which we shall share!