

WE'VE A MANSION IN HEAVEN. 11s.

Mary Ann Kidder

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1. How sweet 'tis to think, when this life fades a-way, We've a man-sion in heav-en that knows no de-cay. A cit-y of light, where we free-ly may roam,

2. Oh, why should we mur-mur and grieve here be-low, When it's on-ly a mo-ment of suf-f'ring we know. Com-pared to the glo-ry re-vealed to us there,

3. A vi-sion of beau-ty now bursts on my sight, From the cit-y ce-les-tial, the land of de-light. O rest thee, my spir-it, till Je-sus shall come,

The king-dom of prom-ise, the saints hap-py home. Home, home sweet, sweet home, We've a man-sion in heav-en, the saints hap-py home.

On'th sweet banks of Ca-naan, so bloom-ing and fair, Home, home sweet, sweet home, We've a man-sion in heav-en, the saints hap-py home.

And bear thee a-way to the saints hap-py home. Home, home sweet, sweet home, We've a man-sion in heav-en, the saints hap-py home.