

THERE IS A BETTER WORLD.

Tune—"JERUSALEM."

Moderato.

There is a bet-ter world, they say, Oh, so bright! Oh, so bright!

Where sin and woe are done a - way, Oh, so bright! Oh, so bright!

And mu-sic fills the bal-my air, And angels with bright wings are there,

And harps of gold and mansions fair, Oh, so bright! Oh, so bright!

2 No clouds e'er pass along its sky,
Happy land.
No tear-drop glistens in the eye.
Happy land.
They drink the gushing streams of
grace,
And gaze upon the Saviour's face,
Whose brightness fills the holy place,
Happy land, happy land.

3 And wicked things, and beasts of prey,
Come not there;
And ruthless death, and fierce decay,
Come not there;
There all are holy, all are good;
But hearts unwashed in Jesu's blood,
And guilty sinners unrenewed,
Come not there, come not there.

4 But though we're sinners every one,
Jesus died.
And though our crown of peace is gone,
Jesus died.
We may be cleansed from every stain,
We may be crowned with bliss again,
And in that land of pleasure reign,
Jesus died, Jesus died.

5 Then parents, sisters, brothers, come,
Come away!
We long to reach our Father's home,
Come away!
O come, the time is slipping past,
And men and things are fleeting fast,
Our turn will surely come at last;
Come away, come away!