

- 1 We are bound for the land of the pure and the holy,
The home of the happy, the kingdom of love.
Ye wand'ers from God in the broad road of folly,
Oh! say, will you go, to the Eden above?

REF.

Will you go? Will you go? Will you go? Will you go?
Oh! say, will you go, to the Eden above?

- 2 In that blessed land neither sighing nor anguish
Can breathe in the fields where the glorified rove,
Ye heart burdened ones, who in misery languish,
Oh say, will you go, to the Eden above?
- 3 No poverty there! No, the saints are all wealthy,
The heirs of His glory, whose nature is love;
No sickness can reach them, that country is healthy,
Oh say, will you go, to the Eden above?
- 4 March on, happy pilgrims; the land is before you,
And soon its ten thousand delights we shall prove;
Yes, soon we shall walk o'er the hills of bright glory,
And drink the pure joys of the Eden above.

REF.

We will go, we will go, we will go, we will go,
Oh yes, we will go, to the Eden above!