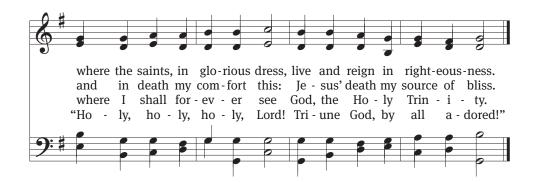
690 All Men Living Are But Mortal mor - tal A11 men liv ing are but and will sure - ly 2 There-fore, when my God shall choose it, will - ing - ly 3 Je - sus for my sake de - scend - ed my sal - va - tion tell - ing, 4 There is joy be yond our where so man - y fade on - ly through death's gloom - y grass; por - tal vield life, will grieve that I should lose my nor ob - tain: death and hell for me are end - ed, saints have gone; thou-sands, thou-sands, there dwell - ing, are life When this - ter - nal we pass. bod - y its sor - row, pain, and strife. my dear Re peace and hope are now my gain. With great joy Ι wor - ship - ing the throne. There the be fore an - gel

per - ished, then will heav'n - ly has cher-ished joys be deem - er's mer - it peace has found my trou - bled spir - it, leave earth's sad - ness for the home of heav'n - ly glad - ness, shin - ing, Ev - er - more in cho - rus join - ing: are





- 5 Patriarchs of sacred story
 and the prophets there are found;
 twelve apostles, bright with glory,
 on twelve seats are there enthroned.
 All the saints that have ascended
 age on age, through time extended,
 there in blissful concert sing
 hallelujahs to their King.
- O Jerusalem, how glorious
 are your heav'nly mansions fair!
 I can hear the tones victorious
 ever sweetly sounding there.
 Oh, the bliss that there surprises!
 Look, my soul, the sun now rises,
 and the breaking day I see
 that shall never end for me.
- 7 Now I see what here was told me, see that wondrous glory shine, feel the spotless robes enfold me, know a golden crown is mine. Thus before the throne so glorious now I stand, a soul victorious, filled with purest joy and peace that in Christ shall never cease.