To Be There

Words: Rev. W. O. Cushing
Music: Ira D. Sankey

1. I have heard of a land far away, And its
glories no tongue can declare; But its beauty hangs
over the way, And with Jesus I long to be there.

2. There are foretastes of heaven below, There are
moments like joys of the blest; But the splendors no
faithful shall share; O how sweetly they rest from the strife!

3. In that noon-tide of glory so fair, In the
gleam of the river of life, There are joys that the
manuel's side, They shall dwell in the glory untold.

4. There the ransomed with Jesus abide In the
shade of the sheltering fold; Evermore by Im-
To be there, to be there, And with Jesus I long to be

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