In the Presence of the King

1. Oh, to be over yonder! In that land of wonder, Where the angel voices mingle, And the angel harp-ers ring; To be free from pain and sorrow, And the anxious, dread to-morrow. Rest in light and sunshine In the presence of the King.

2. Oh, to be over yonder! My yearning heart grows fond Of looking to the east, to see the blessed day-star bring Some tidings of the waking, The cloud-less, pure day breaking; My heart is yearning—yearning for the coming of the King.

3. Oh, to be over yonder! Alas! I sigh and wonder why Each triumphant hallelujahs, make the vaulted heav'n's ring? Where the tie of earth must sever, And pass away for ever; But there's no more separation in the presence of the King.

4. Oh, when shall I be dwelling Where angel voices, swelling In C. Cres... Crescendo... Rit. Tempo... Allegro...