The Palace Of The King

Words: Arr. by Fanny J. Crosby
Music: S. J. Vail

1. 'Tis a good-ly pleas-ant land that we pil-grims jour-ney thru, And our
2. Our Re-deem-er is the King, what a sac-ri-fice He made, When He

Fa-ther's con-stant bless-ings fall a-round us like the dew; But its
pur-chased our re-demp-tion, and His blood the rans-o-m paid; In His

sun-shine and its beau-ty to our hearts no joy can bring, Like the
cross shall be our glo-ry, to that bless-ed cross we'll cling, Till we

splen-dors that a-wait us in the pal-ace of the King.
reach the gates that o-pen to the pal-ace of the King.
The Palace Of The King

In this good-ly pleas-ant land on-ly stran-gers now are we. For we
We shall see Him bye and bye, hal-le-lu-jah to His name! Thru the

Chorus—O the pal-ace of the King, roy-al pal-ace of the King; Where our

seek a bet-ter coun-try, and 'tis there we long to be; Yes, we
blood of His a-tone-ment, life e-ter-nal we may claim; We shall

Fa-ther in His mer-cy all the ran-somed ones will bring; Where our

long to swell the an-them that for-ev-er-more shall ring. From the
cast our crowns be-fore Him and our songs of vic-try sing. When we

sor-rows and our tri-als like a dream will pass a-way. And our

Rit... D. S. for Chorus

pure in heart made per-fect in the pal-ace of the King.
en-ter in tri-um-phant to the pal-ace of the King.
souls shall dwell for-ev-er in the realms of end-less day.