The Palace Of The King

1. 'Tis a good-ly pleas-ant land that we pil-grims jour-ney thru, And our
Fa-ther's con-stant bless-ings fall a-round us like the dew; But its
sun-shine and its beau-ty to our hearts no joy can bring. Like the
splen-dors that a-wait us in the pal-ace of the King.

2. Our Re-deem-er is the King, what a sac-ri-fice He made, When He
pur-chased our re-demp-tion, and His blood the rans-om paid; In His
reach the gates that o-pen to the pal-ace of the King.

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