To Be There

1. I have heard of a land far away, And its glories no tongue can declare; But its beauty hangs o'er 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 mortal can know, Of the land where the weary shall rest.

3. In that noon tide of glory so fair, There are gleams of the river of life, There are joys that the faithful shall share; O how sweetly they rest from the strife!

4. There the ransomed with Jesus abide In the shade of the sheltering fold; Evermore by Immanuel's side, They shall dwell in the glory untold.

Chorus

To be there, to be there, To be there, And with Jesus I long to be
To Be There

to be there, to be there,
And with Jesus I long to be there.

to be there, to be there,