

Anticipation

Reaching forth unto those things which are before,
I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. Php. 3:13-14



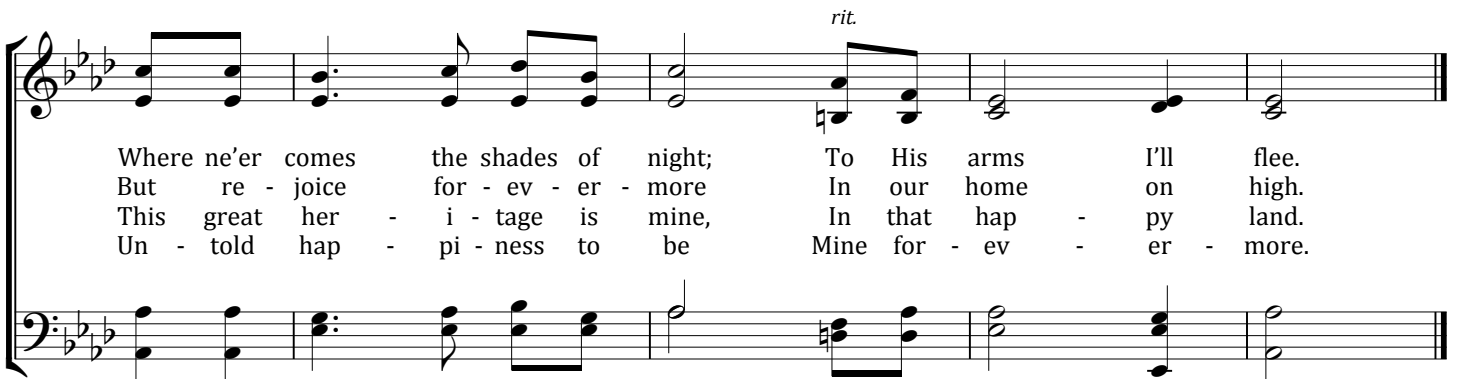
1. When the last earth - tie is sun - dered, And my soul set free;
2. Of - ten here I'm sad and wea - ry, As the days go by;
3. Now I look with ea - ger long - ing, Where I soon shall stand,
4. Shall I shrink at death's cold riv - er, When on yon - der shore



When life's cares and toils are num - bered, I shall haste to be
Oft the scenes are dark and drea - ry, Tear-drops dim my eye;
Where the hap - py spir - its throng - ing, In the heav'n - ly band,
Stands of eve - ry good the Giv - er, Whom I now a - dore?



With my Lord, in realms of light, Where no sin can ev - er blight,
But when this short life is o'er, We shall weep and sigh no more,
Taste the joys of love di - vine, In re - ful - gent glo - ry shine—
Un - told pleas - ures beck - on me, Un - told joys by faith I see,



Where ne'er comes the shades of night; To His arms I'll flee.
But re - joice for - ev - er - more In our home on high.
This great her - i - tage is mine, In that hap - py land.
Un - told hap - pi - ness to be Mine for - ev - er - more.