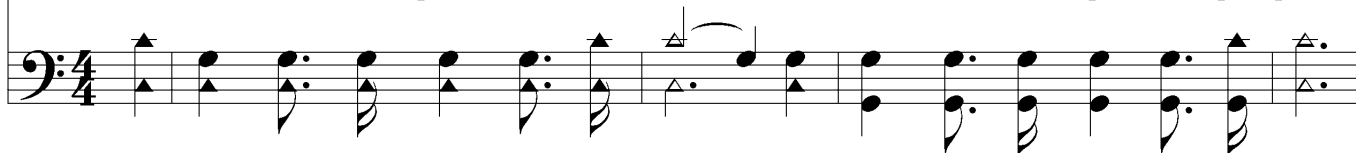


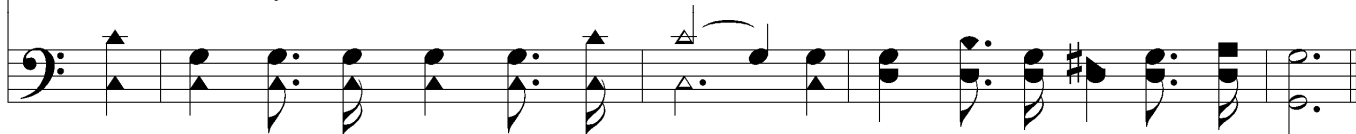
What Must It Be To Be There?



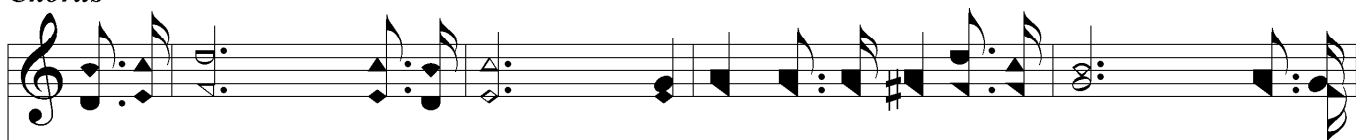
1. We speak of the land of the blest, A coun - try so bright and so fair,
 2. We speak of its path - ways of gold, Its walls deck'd with jew - els so rare,
 3. We speak of its peace and its love, The robes which the glo - ri - fied wear,
 4. We speak of its free - dom from sin, From sor - row, temp - ta - tion and care,
 5. Do Thou, Lord, midst pleas - ure or woe, For heav - en our spir - its pre - pare,



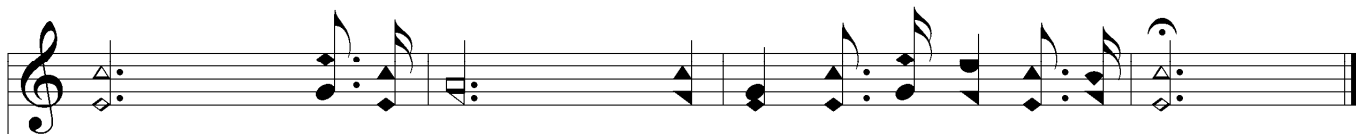
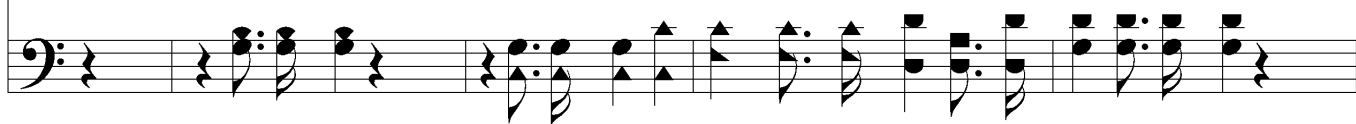
And oft are its glo - ries con - fess, But what must it be to be there?
 Its won - ders and pleas - ures un - told, But what must it be to be there?
 The songs of the bless - ed a - bove, But what must it be to be there?
 From tri - als with - out and with - in, But what must it be to be there?
 Then short - ly we al - so shall know, And feel what it is to be there!



Chorus



To be there, to be there, Oh, what must it be to be there? To be
 To be there, to be there, to be there?



there, to be there, Oh, what must it be to be there?
 To be there, to be there, to be there?

