

220 METRE 21 W. C. Tillou EDEN OF LOVE 12,11,12,11,12,12,12,11

1. How sweet to reflect on those joys that await me, In yon blissful region, the haven of rest, } Encircled with light, and with glo-ry enshrouded,
 Where glorified spirits with welcome shall greet me, And lead me to mansions prepared for the blest;

2. While an-gel-ic legions with harps tuned celestial, Har-mo-nious-ly join in the concert of praise, } Then songs of the Lamb shall re-echo thro' heav-en,
 The saints, as they flock from the regions terrestrial, In loud hal-le - lu - jahs their voices will raise;

3. Then hail, blessed state! Hail the songsters of glory! Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you above, } Tho' prison'd on earth, yet by an-ti - ci - pa-tion,
 And join your full choir in rehearsing the story— "Sal - vation from sorrow, thro' Jesus's love."

My hap-pi-ness per-fect, my mind's sky un-cloud - ed, I'll bathe in the o-ccean of pleasure unbounded, And range with de-light thro' the Eden of Love.

My soul will re-pond, to Im-man-uel be giv - en All glo-ry, all hon-or, all might and do-mi-nion, Who brought us thro' grace to the Eden of Love.

Al - read-y my soul feels a sweet pre - li - ba - tion Of joys that a-wait me when freed from probation, My heart's now in heaven, the Eden of Love.