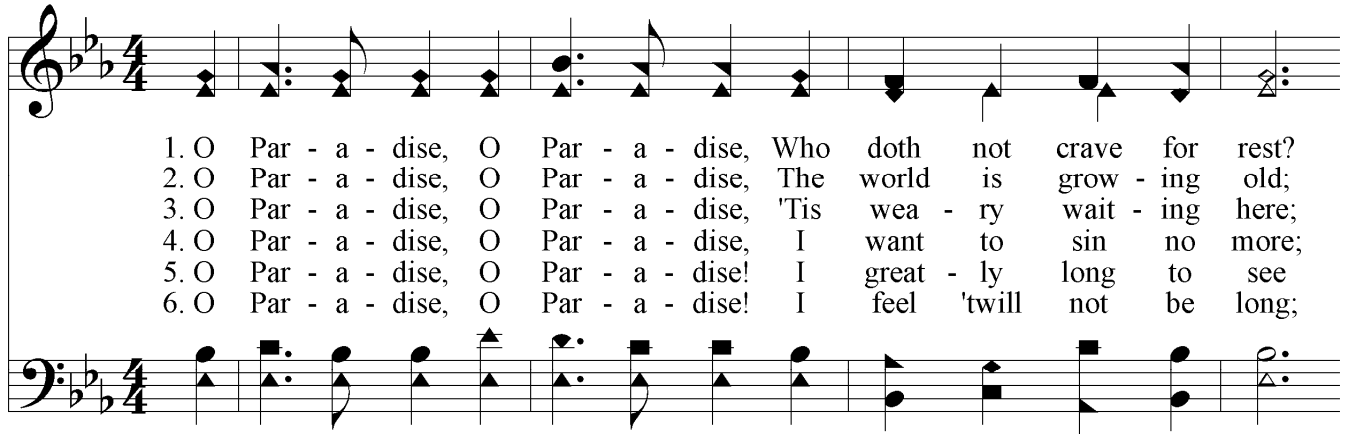
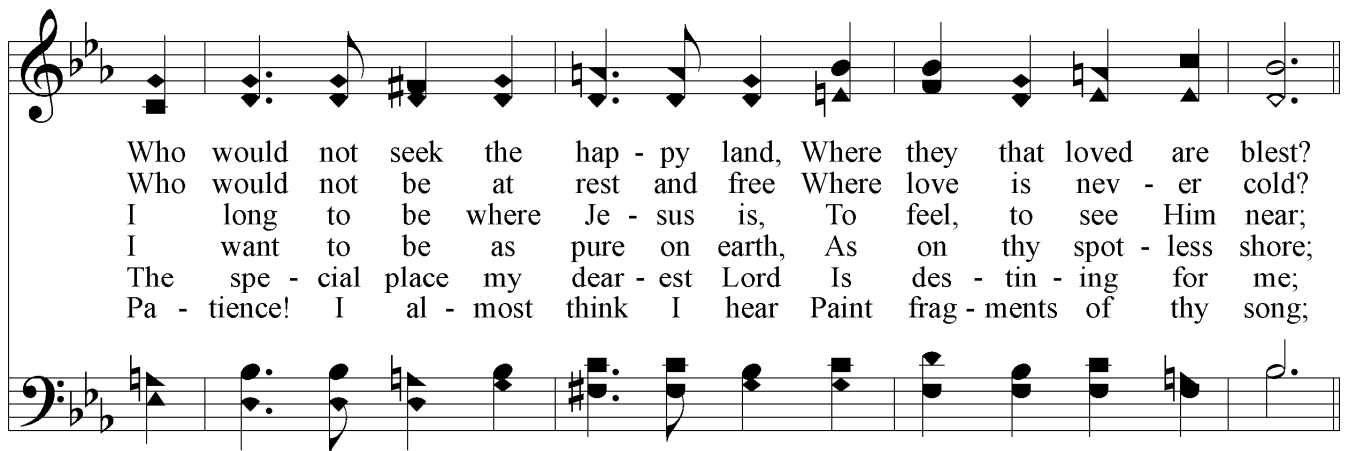


O Paradise, O Paradise

HOPKINS P. M.

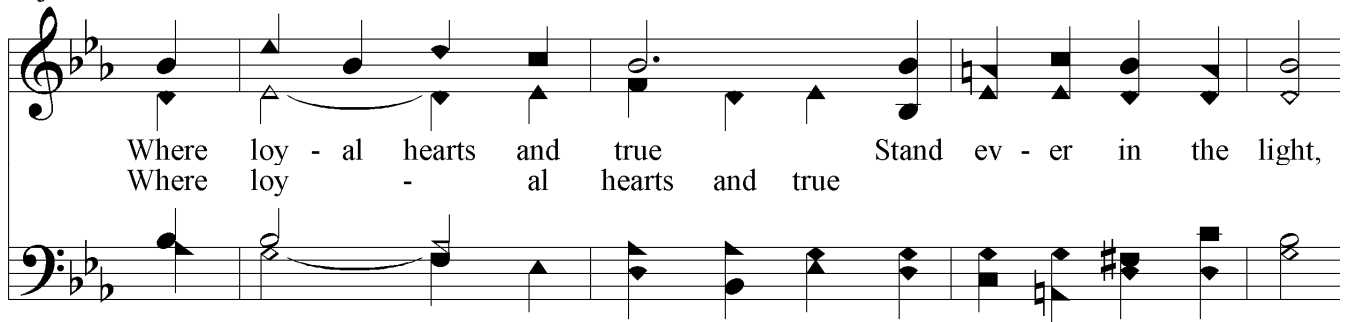


1. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, Who doth not crave for rest?
2. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, The world is grow - ing old;
3. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, 'Tis wea - ry wait - ing here;
4. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, I want to sin no more;
5. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise! I great - ly long to see
6. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise! I feel 'twill not be long;

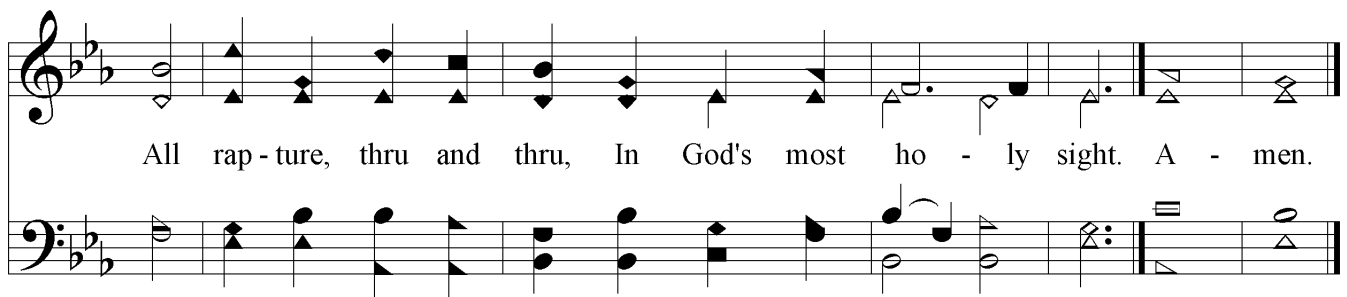


Who would not seek the hap - py land, Where they that loved are blest?
Who would not be at rest and free Where love is nev - er cold?
I long to be where Je - sus is, To feel, to see Him near;
I want to be as pure on earth, As on thy spot - less shore;
The spe - cial place my dear - est Lord Is des - tin - ing for me;
Pa - tience! I al - most think I hear Paint frag - ments of thy song;

Refrain



Where loy - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light,
Where loy - al hearts and true



All rap - ture, thru and thru, In God's most ho - ly sight. A - men.