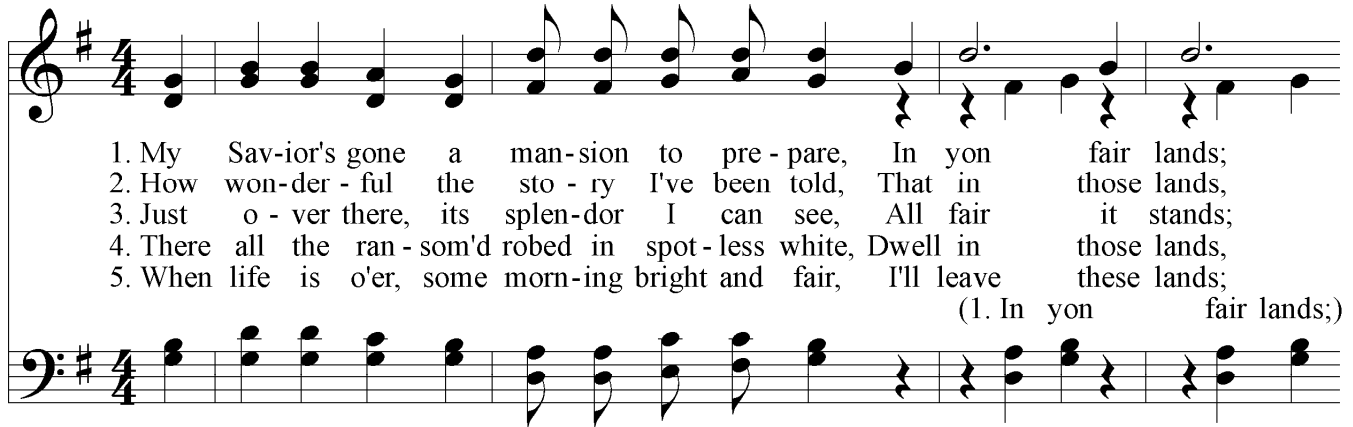
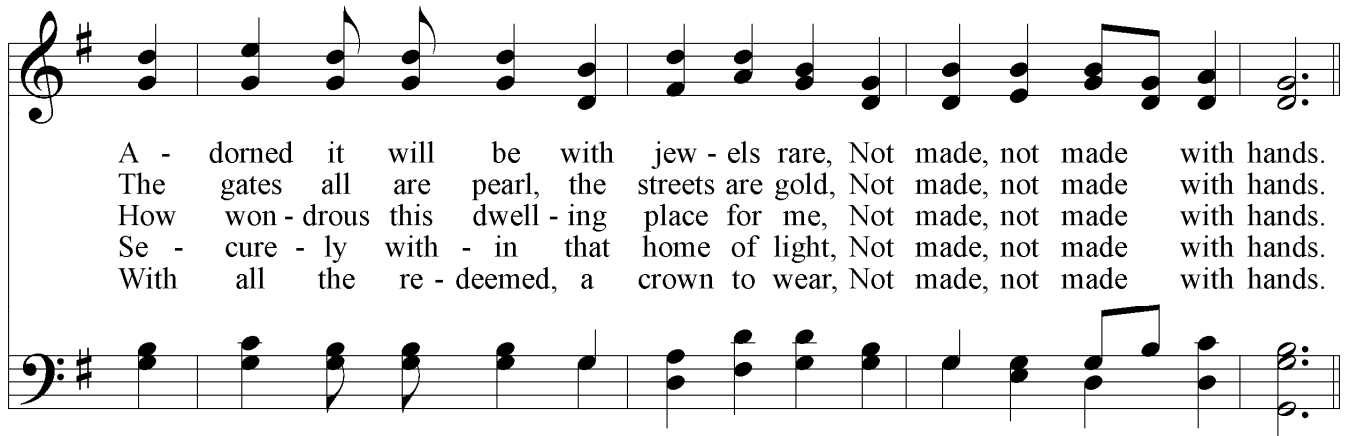


Not Made with Hands

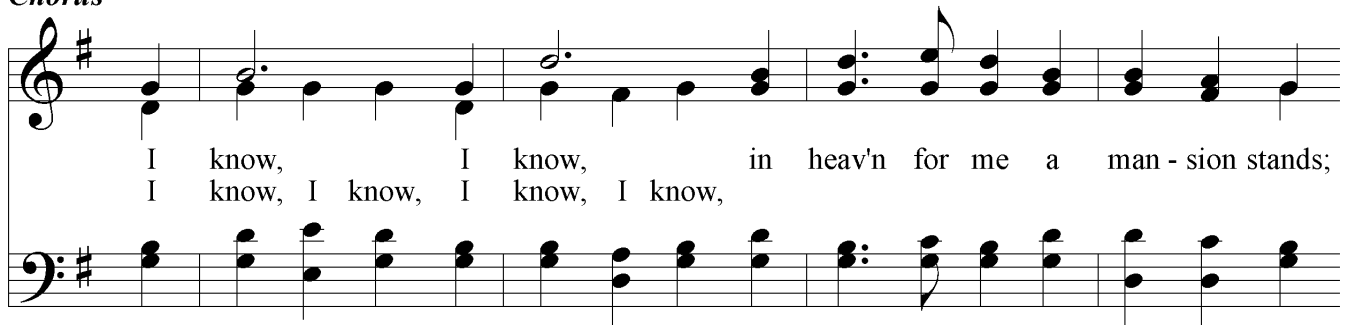


1. My Sav-ior's gone a man-sion to pre - pare, In yon fair lands;
2. How won-der - ful the sto - ry I've been told, That in those lands,
3. Just o - ver there, its splen-dor I can see, All fair it stands;
4. There all the ran - som'd robed in spot - less white, Dwell in those lands,
5. When life is o'er, some morn-ing bright and fair, I'll leave these lands;
(1. In yon fair lands;)



A - dorned it will be with jew - els rare, Not made, not made with hands.
The gates all are pearl, the streets are gold, Not made, not made with hands.
How won - drous this dwell - ing place for me, Not made, not made with hands.
Se - cure - ly with - in that home of light, Not made, not made with hands.
With all the re - deemed, a crown to wear, Not made, not made with hands.

Chorus



I know, I know, in heav'n for me a man - sion stands;
I know, I know, I know, I know,



A home, a home, Not made with hands.
A home, a home, a home, a home, Not made, not made with hands.