

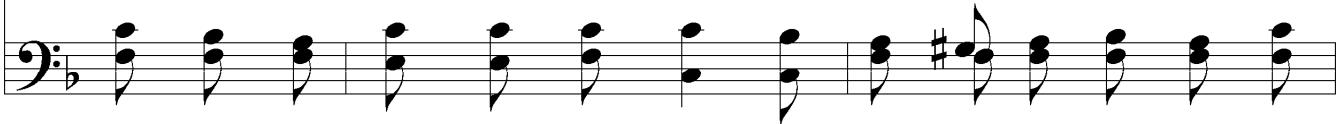
# O World Of Pure Glory



1. O world of pure glo - ry! I long to be - hold thee, Where sin, death and  
2. O glo - ry e - ter - nal! in groves ev - er ver - nal, The war - blers of  
3. O cit - y tran-scend - ent, with glo - ry re - splend - ent, Thy gates and thy  
4. O time, has - ten swift - ly! Lord Je - sus, come quick - ly, Come ran - som Thy



sor - row, can en - ter no more, Where all are im - mor - tal, 'neath  
par - a - dise chant in thy trees; While an - gels are sing - ing, and  
walls are all spar - kling with gems, And ho - ly of ag - es are  
jew - els from death's dark do - main; Trans - late them to glo - ry, im -



heav - en's bright por - tal, And voic - es of mel - o - dy cease nev - er - more.  
mel - o - dy ring - ing Is waft - ed in con - cert a - far on the breeze.  
shout - ing God's prais - es While wav - ing their palms and their bright di - a - dems.  
mor - tal be - fore Thee, Come, King, in Thy beau - ty e - ter - nal - ly reign.



## Chorus



O glo - ri - ous choir whom God shall in - spire! While an - thems of glo - ry gush forth from each soul,



## *O World Of Pure Glory*



Till val - leys and hills, and stream - lets and rills, Re - e - cho the joy and the praise as it rolls.

