Hallelujah! Praise The Lord

1. The summer land is just a-head, Its glorious clime I feel;
2. The heav'n-ly rest is just a-head, That rest pre-pared for me;
3. The sinner's friend is near at hand, And ready to receive;

The music from the heav'n-ly choir Begins my heart to steal.
Believe on Christ, dear friend, and then That rest is promised thee.
Accept my Savior then, dear friend, And in His word believe.

Chorus

Oh, hallelujah! praise the Lord, Temptation soon must flee;
And then by faith I'll soar a-loft To be, dear Lord, with Thee.

Words and Music: George H. Simmons