Away To The Promised Land

1. He will bring me home in His own good time, Then why should the way seem long?

2. He will not forget, tho’ He tarries long, He will surely come again,

3. I will gladly go to the promised land When the King of Glory comes;

I will trust His word and no more repine, And the hours beguile with song.
He has called me His, and my faith is strong I shall some day with Him reign.
With the saints redeemed and an angel band I shall hear those glad welcomes.

Chorus

To the promised land of love, To those mansions built above,
There I’ll see my Savior’s face; In the paradise of God,

Washed and cleansed in Jesus’ blood, I shall sing His wondrous grace.

Words and Music: P. P. Bilhorn