

When all of God's Singers Get Home
839 PFTL

1

What a song of delight in that City so bright
Will be wafted 'neath Heaven's fair dome!
How the ransomed will raise happy songs in
His praise,
When all of God's singers get home!

CHORUS:

When all of God's singers get home,
Where never a sorrow will come;
[Where never a sorrow or heartaches will
come]
There'll be "no place like home,"
[There'll be no place like heaven my home]
When all of God's singers get home.

2

As We sing here on earth, songs of sadness
or mirth,
'Tis a foretaste of rapture to come.
But our joy can't compare with the glory up
there,
When all of God's singers get home!

3

Having overcome sin, "Hallelujah, AMEN!"
Will be heard in that land o'er the foam;
Every heart will be light and each face will
be bright--
When all of God's singers get home!

El coro de Dios llegará

1

¡O que grata canción cantaremos en Sión,
Bajo la bóveda celestial!
¡Cuando_ esté en su_hogar, que alegre
cantar
El coro de Dios alzaré!

CORO:

El coro de Dios llegará
Do nunca dolores habrá,
[Do nunca dolores ni penas habrá]
Un hogar sin igual
[Un hogar celestial sin igual]
Do_el coro de Dios morará.

2

En la tierra_al cantar de_alegría_o pesar
Se_anticipa aquel júbilo;
¡Mas no puede_igualar esa gloria
que_habrá
Llegando el coro de Dios!

3

El pecado_al vencer, "¡Aleluya, amén!"
Se oirá en la tierra allá;
Sin ninguna_ansiedad, con gran felicidad
El coro_a su_hogar llegará.