



16 We are never weary of the grand old song

Fanny Crosby



William J. Kirkpatrick




1. We are nev - er, nev - er wea - ry of the
2. We are lost a - mid the rap - ture of re -
3. We are go - ing to a pa - lace that is
4. There we'll shout re - deem - ing mer - cy in a




grand old song; Glo - ry to God, hal - le - lu - jah! We can
deem - ing love Glo - ry to God, hal - le - lu - jah! We are
built of gold; Glo - ry to God, hal - le - lu - jah! Where the
glad, new song; Glo - ry to God, hal - le - lu - jah! There we'll



sing it loud as ev - er, with our faith more strong;
ris - ing on its pin - ions to the hills a - bove:
King in all His splen - dour we shall soon be - hold
sing the praise of Je - sus with the blood washed throng;




Refrain



Glo - ry to God, hal - le - lu - jah!
Glo - ry to God, hal - le - lu - jah!
Glo - ry to God, hal - le - lu - jah!
Glo - ry to God, hal - le - lu - jah!

O, the chil - dren of the Lord have a





right to shout and sing, For the way is grow-ing bright, and our



souls are on the wing; We are go - ing by and by to the



pal-ace of a King! Glo - ry to God, hal-le - lu - jah!

