

If you have friends in Gloryland,  
Who left because of pain  
Thank God up there, they'll die no more  
They'll suffer not again.

Then weep not friends, I'm goin' home  
Up there we'll die no more  
No coffins will be made up there  
No graves on that bright shore

The lame will walk in Gloryland  
The blind up there will see  
The deaf in Gloryland will hear  
The dumb will talk to me

The doctor will not have to call  
The undertaker, no  
There'll be no pain up there to bear  
Just walk the streets of gold

We'll need no sun in Gloryland  
The moon and stars won't shine  
For Christ Himself is light up there  
He reigns of love divine

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