

(slow)

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

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

G
D
 The lame will walk in Gloryland The blind up there will see
C
G
D
G
 The deaf in Gloryland will hear The mute will talk to me

G D
 The doctor will not have to call The undertaker – no
 C G D G
 There'll be no pain in Gloryland Just walk on streets of gold

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

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