

# Ellington

1, This life's a dream, an emp - ty show; But the bright world to which I go Hath  
2, O glo - rious hour! O blest a - bode! I shall be near and like my God! And  
3. My flesh shall slum - ber in the ground Till the last trum - pet's joy - ful sound; Then

joys sub - stan-tial and sin - cere: When shall I wake and find me there? Hath joys sub -  
flesh and sin no more con - trol The sa - cred plea-sures of the soul. And flesh and  
burst the chains with sweet sur - prise, And in my Sa - vior's im - age rise. Then burst the

stan - tial and sin - cere: When shall I wake and find me there? Hath  
sin no more con - trol The sa - cred plea - sures of the soul. And  
chains with sweet sur - prise, And in my Sa - vior's im - - - age rise. Then