

# Heavenly Mansions

Thelma Westra

In Father's heav'nly home  
Are many mansions bright;  
He has prepared these for His own  
Who in His ways delight.  
While in this vale of tears  
We grief and sorrow know,  
Our pathway's strewn with rocks and thorns  
And many a deadly foe.

This world is not our home:  
We're pilgrims trav'ling here.  
This life equips us for our place  
Somewhere beyond this sphere.  
And so we must prepare  
Before we reach that land;  
Our hearts and minds must follow Him  
Who has this journey planned.

The riches here below  
Will never satisfy:  
They can't compare with blessedness  
Awaiting us on high.  
The pleasures of this world  
Are empty, gaunt, and bare,  
While purest joy and ecstasy  
Await us over there!

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