

Paved

DAVE BILBROUGH

1. Clothed in li-nen gar-ments, wear-ing roy-al robes we will walk to-
 6 ge-ther a-long the streets of gold. All sad-ness will be ban-ished,
 11 no sor-row will be known;— joy will be our an - them
 15 where the streets are paved with gold. We'll sing, "Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le -
 20 lu - jah"; God's love— reigns sup-reme,— reigns sup-reme,— reigns sup-reme:
 24 God's love— reigns sup-reme,— reigns sup-reme,
 27 reigns sup-reme.—

2. Feet once bare and blistered
 From rough and dusty roads
 Will step with ease and freedom
 Along the streets of gold.
 Colours of the rainbow
 Diffused through living stones
 Cascade with light and glory
 On the streets all paved with gold.

3. No-one can envisage
 The vastness and the scale;
 Describing the eternal
 Is always bound to fail.
 But one day we will see Him
 Life's great myst'ries will be solved,
 And we'll dance among the angels
 Where the streets are paved with gold.