

G Major.

# Dance in the Sky. 11s.

John Feddersen

1. Come sin-ners, I beg you, break free from your hell, And hark to a sum-mons as sweet as a bell; The  
 Shun e - vil temp-ta-tions and pass them all by; Be-yond all hor-i-zons you'll dance in the sky!

2. The sick and af-flict-ed, the hald and the lame, Set loose from their pris-ons will dance just the same; The dance in the sky, the dance \_\_\_ in the  
 Their souls now are stain-less, their escort draws by; They'll fly up to hea-ven and dance in the sky!

3. Our poor mort-al vi-sion can nev-er be-hold The king-dom of Je-sus, more pre-cious than gold; The dance in the sky, the  
 His call is with-in you, your Sa-viour is nigh; Come! join in the rap-ture, and dance in the sky!

The dance in the sky, \_\_\_\_\_ the dance in the

dance in the sky, All free from their pris-ons our spit-its will fly; \_\_\_\_\_ The dance in the sky; \_\_\_\_\_ With ang-els e- tern-al we'll dance in the sky!

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