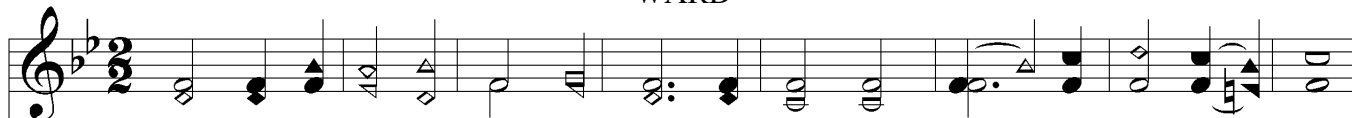


# Earth Has A Joy Unknown In Heaven

WARD



1. Earth has a joy un-known in heav'n—The new-born joy of sins for-giv'n!
2. You saw of old on cha-os rise The beau-t'ous pil-lars of the skies;
3. Bright her-alds of th'E-ter-nal Will, A-broad His er-rands you ful-fill;
4. But I a-mid your choirs shall shine, And all your knowl-edge shall be mine;



Tears of such pure and deep de-light, O an-gels, nev-er dimmed your sight.  
You know where morn ex-ult-ing springs, And eve-ning folds her droop-ing wings.  
Or, throned in floods of beam-y day, Sym-pho-nious in His pres-ence play.  
You on your harps must lean to hear A se-cret chord that mine shall bear.

