

# No Sorrow There

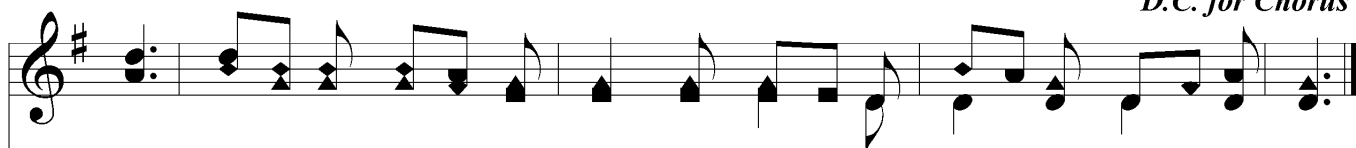


1. I love to think of heav'n, Where white - robed an - gels are;  
2. I love to think of heav'n, Where my Re - deem - er reigns;  
3. I love to think of heav'n, The saints' e - ter - nal home;  
4. I love to think of heav'n, The greet - ings there we'll meet:  
5. I love to think of heav'n, That prom - ised land so fair;

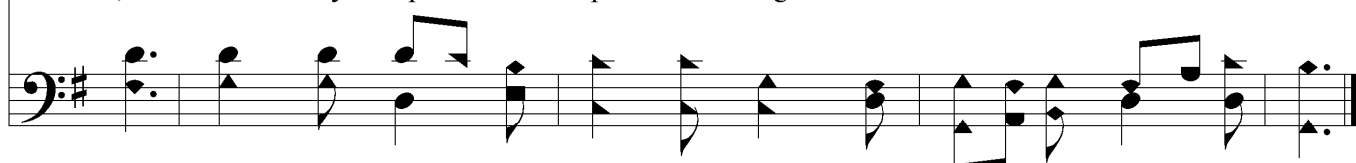


*Chorus*— There'll be no sor - row there, There'll be no sor - row there;

*D.C. for Chorus*



Where man - y a friend is gath - ered safe, From fear, and toil, and care.  
Where rap - tur - ous songs of tri - umph rise, In end - less, joy - ous  
Where palms, and robes, and crowns ne'er fade, And all our joys are one.  
The harps— the songs for ev - er ours— The walks— the gold - en streets.  
O, how my rap - tured spir - it longs To be for ev - er there.



In heav'n a - bove, where all is love, There'll be no sor - row there.