

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.