

I Love To Sing Of Heaven.

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1. I love to sing of Heav'n, Where white-robed an - gels are; Where
 2. I love to think of Heav'n, Where my Re-deem - er reigns; Where
 3. I love to think of Heav'n, That prom - ised land so fair; Oh,

CHO.—There'll be no sor - row there, There'll be no sor - row there; In
 D. C.

many a friend is gath - ered safe From fear, and toil, and care.
 rap-turous songs of tri - umph rise, In end - less, joy - ous strains.
 how my rap-tured spir - it longs To be for - ev - er there. A - MEN.

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