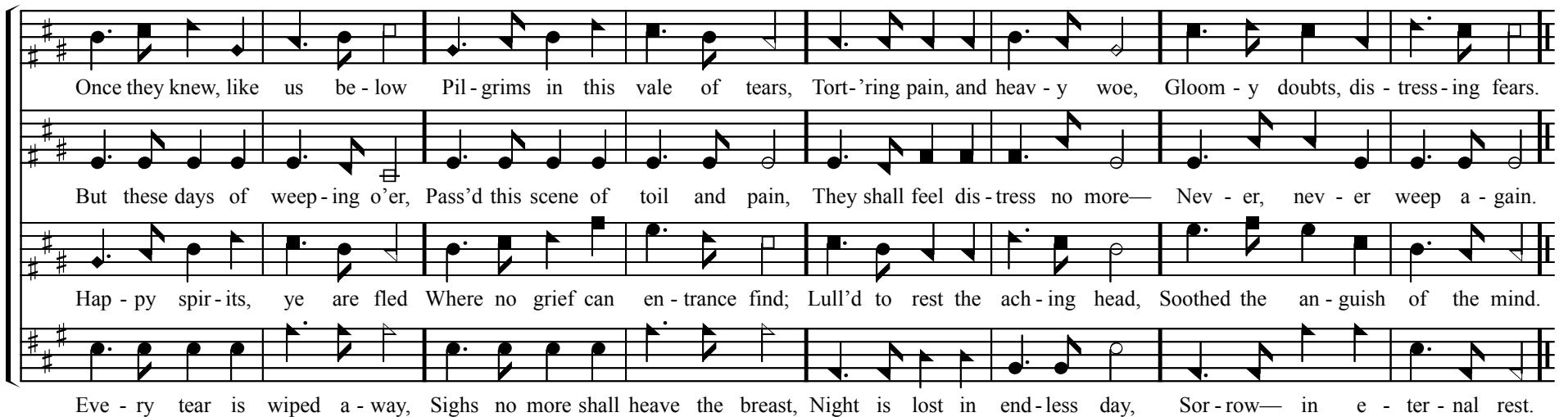


1. High in yon-der realms of light Dwell the rap-tured saints a - bove, Far be-yond our fee - ble sight, Hap-py in Im - man-uel's love;

2. Oft the big un - bid - den tear, Steal-ing down the fur-row'd cheek, Told, in el - o-quence sin - cere, Tales of woe they could not speak;

3. 'Mid the cho-rus of the skies, 'Mid th'an-gel - ic lyres a - bove, Hark, their songs me - lo - dious rise, Songs of praise to Je - sus' love;

4. All is tran-quil and se-rene, Calm and un - dis - turb'd re - pose; There no cloud can in - ter - vene, There no an - gry tem-pest blows;



Once they knew, like us be - low Pil-grims in this vale of tears, Tort-'ring pain, and heav - y woe, Gloom - y doubts, dis - tress-ing fears.

But these days of weep - ing o'er, Pass'd this scene of toil and pain, They shall feel dis - tress no more— Nev - er, nev - er weep a - gain.

Hap - py spir - its, ye are fled Where no grief can en - trance find; Lull'd to rest the ach - ing head, Soothed the an - guish of the mind.

Eve - ry tear is wiped a - way, Sighs no more shall heave the breast, Night is lost in end-less day, Sor - row— in e - ter - nal rest.