

Joyous Anticipation

Transcribed from *New Songs of Paradise*, 1916.

1. I'm on my way to heav'n a-bove, Where all are free from care, (from care) A
 2. There none are sick with fee-ble frame, No sad and down-cast soul, (-cast soul) There
 3. No beg-gars on that gold-en street, No blind to lead a-bout, (a-bout) No

land of rest and per-fect love And joy with-out a tear. (a tear) And
 per-fect health and youth re-main, For-ev-er, we are told. (are told) For-
 fune-ral train we there shall meet, For death is there cast out. (cast out) For

joy with-out a tear, (a tear) And joy with-out a tear, (a tear) A
 ev-er, we are told, (are told) For-ev-er, we are told, (are told) There
 death is there cast out, (cast out) For death is there cast out, (cast out) No

land of rest and per-fect love, And joy with-out a tear. (a tear)
 per-fect health and youth re-main, For-ev-er, we are told. (are told)
 fune-ral train we there shall meet, For death is there cast out. (cast out)

4. No children there with parents dead,
No crepe upon the door;
No weeping mourners ever tread
Upon that golden shore.

5. No one in heaven is denied
The freedom of that land;
For Jesus purchased when he died
That place for every man.

6. No parting word or sad farewell
Is heard in all that clime,
For those who with their Savior dwell
Are happy all the time.