

Oh, Sing to Me of Heaven.

1. Oh, sing to me of heaven When I'm a - bout to die,
 2. When the last mo - ment comes, Oh, watch my dy - ing face,
 3. Then to my rap - tured soul! Let one sweet song be given,
 4. Then, close my sight - less eyes, And lay me down to rest,
 5. Then, round my sense - less clay, As - sem - ble those I love,

CHORUS.

There'll be no sor - row there, There'll be no sor - row there,

sing songs of ho - ly ec - sta - sy, To wait my soul on high!
 To catch the bright se - ra - phic gleam Which o'er my fea - tures plays.
 Let my - sic cheer me last on earth, And greet me first in heaven.
 And fold my pale and i - cy hands Up - on my life - less breast.
 And sing of heaven, de - light - ful heaven, My glo - rious home a - bove.

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

I'm Glad Salvation's Free.

C. WESLEY.

- 1 When shall Thy love constrain,
 And force me to Thy breast?
 When shall my soul return again
 To her eternal rest?

CHORUS.

||: I'm glad salvation's free, ||
 Salvation's free for you and me,
 I'm glad salvation's free.

- 2 Ah! what avails my strife,
 My wandering to and fro?

TUNE: No. 228.

Thou hast the words of endless life:
 Ah! whither should I go?

- 3 And can I yet delay
 My little all to give?
 To tear my soul from earth away,
 For Jesus to receive?

- 4 Nay, but I yield, I yield;
 I can hold out no more;
 I sink, by dying love compelled,
 And own Thee conqueror.

I Love to Think of Heaven.

TUNE: No. 228.

- 1 I love to think of heaven,
 Where white-robed angels are,
 Where many a friend is gathered safe,
 From fear, and toil, and care.

CHORUS.

There'll be no parting there, ||
 In heaven above where all is love,
 There'll be no parting there.

- 2 I love to think of heaven,
 Where my Redeemer reigns,

Where rapturous songs of triumph rise,
 In endless, joyous strains.

- 3 I love to think of heaven,
 The saints' eternal home, [fade,
 Where palms, and robes, and crowns ne'
 And all our joys are one.

- 4 I love to think of heaven,
 The greetings there we'll meet,
 The harps—the songs forever ours—
 The walks—the golden streets.