



No Disappointments In Heaven

There's no disappointment in Heaven,

No weariness, sorrow or pain;
No hearts that are bleeding and broken.
No song with a minor refrain.
The clouds of our earthly horizon
Will never appear in the sky,
For all will be sunshine and gladness,
With never a sob nor a sigh.

We'll never pay rent for our mansion,
The taxes will never come due;
Our garments will never grow threadbare,
But always be fadeless and new.
We'll never be hungry nor thirsty,
Nor languish in poverty there,
For all the rich bounties of Heaven
His sanctified children will share.

There'll never be crepe on the door-knob,
No funeral train in the sky;
No graves on the hillside of Glory,
For there we shall never more die.
The old will be young there forever,
Transformed in a moment of time;
Immortal, we'll stand in His likeness,
The stars and the sun to outshine.

I'm bound for that beautiful city
My Lord has prepared for His own;
Where all the redeemed of all ages
Sing "Glory!" around the white throne;
Sometimes I grow homesick for Heaven,
And the glories I there shall behold:
What a joy that will be when my Saviour I see,
In that beautiful City of gold!

. . . . *F.M. Lehman*