No Tears in Heaven

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1868 William Howard Doane =115 flower, That 1. Our youth is tran - sient like a blooms, and fades, and 2. The death, Has gent - ly gel ger of mes-sen borne a-3. When thered on the Sab-bath morn, Her cant place we va dies; Our life is but a sum - mer cloud, And like a sha - dow flies; Then dear com-pan - ion from our side, To realms of end - less day; Her way, A view, We'll think how bright the world she treads, And her steps pur - sue; Be us heed the warn-ing voice-To day its call we hear, It voice no more will join with ours The song of praise be low, quell, We'll still, let ev - ery heart be still, And all our sor - row sol - emn tones, That speaks in deep and come from yon-der bier. sweet-er strain, Where on - ly plea-sures wakes a pur - er, flow. bow sub-mis - sive to His will, Who do - eth all things well.

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