

No Tears in Heaven  
Fanny Crosby, 1868.  
Howard Doane.

Our youth is transient like a flower,  
That blooms, and fades, and dies;  
Our life is but a summer cloud,  
And like a shadow flies;  
Then let us heed the warning voice  
Today its call we hear,  
It speaks in deep and solemn tones,  
That come from yonder bier.

The angel messenger of death,  
Has gently borne away,  
A dear companion from our side,  
To realms of endless day;  
Her voice no more will join with ours  
The song of praise below,  
It wakes a purer, sweeter strain,  
Where only pleasures flow.

When gathered on the Sabbath morn,  
Her vacant place we view,  
We'll think how bright the world she treads,  
And in her steps pursue;  
Be still, let every heart be still,  
And all our sorrow quell,  
We'll bow submissive to His will,  
Who doeth all things well.