



1. Pur - er than the skies of e - ven, Brighter than the morning sun,
 2. Oh, it is a glo - rious feeling, Deep'ning as we heav'nward go,
 3. Love will heal the brok - en-hearted, It will cure the stricken soul;



Is that an - gel love from heaven, Blending all our hearts in one.
 Spot-less as the sunlight, stealing Soft - ly thro' the fall - ing snow;
 'Twill u - nite whom death has parted, Where no waves of sor - row roll.



Now like rippling wa - ters meeting; Murm'ring glad - ness to our ears,
 'Tis a fount of liv - ing waters, With rich bles-sings run - ning o'er,
 It will triumph when the mountains, Time, at last shall o - ver-throw,



Now with - in our hearts 'tis beating, March - es to the brighter spheres.
 Where all Zi - on's sons and daughters, Drink of bliss and thirst no more.
 And when si - lent, all life's fountains, Love shall bright, still brighter glow.

