

18. O sing to me of heaven S.M.

Mary Stanley Bruce Dana, 1840

O SING TO ME OF HEAVEN (NO SORROW THERE), John Massengale, 1850, *Sacred Melodies for Social Worship* (1859), p. 132

(Example of lining out by Primitive Baptists, variant of this tune) <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Zchl6cdngCk>

O, sing to me of heav'n,
When I am called to die,
Sing songs of holy ecstasy,
To waft my soul on high!

Chorus:

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

When cold and sluggish drops
Roll off my marble brow,
Burst forth in strains of joyfulness,
Let heav'n begin below!

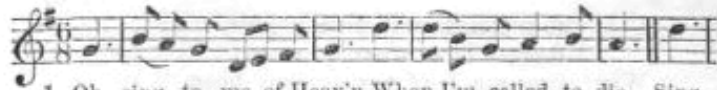
When the last moment comes,
O, watch my dying face,
And catch the bright, seraphic gleam
Which on each feature plays.

Then to my ravished ear
Let one sweet song begin
Let music charm me last on earth,
And greet me first in heav'n.

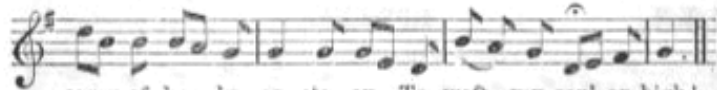
Then close my sightless eyes,
And lay me down to rest,
And clasp my cold and icy hands
Across my peaceful breast.

Then round my senseless clay
Assemble those I love,
And sing of heav'n, delightful heav'n,
My glorious home above.

156. OH, SING TO ME OF HEAVEN.*



1. Oh, sing to me of Heav'n, When I'm called to die, Sing
Chorus.
There'll be no more sorrow there, There'll be no more sorrow there, In



songs of ho - ly ec - sta - cy, To waft my soul on high!
Heaven above, where all is love, There'll be no more sorrow there.

2. When cold and sluggish drops
Roll off my marble brow ;
Break forth in songs of joyfulness,
Let heaven begin below.—*Chorus.*
3. When the last moment comes,
Oh, watch my dying face ;
To catch the bright, seraphic gleam,
Which o'er my features plays.—*Chorus.*
4. Then to my raptured soul,
Let one sweet song be given,
Let music cheer me last on earth,
And greet me first in heaven.—*Chorus.*
5. Then close my sightless eyes,
And lay me down to rest,
And fold my pale and icy hands
Upon my lifeless breast.—*Chorus.*
6. Then, round my senseless clay,
Assemble those I love,
And sing of heaven, delightful heaven,
My glorious home above.—*Chorus.*

* Sung by the Court-street Sabbath-school, Binghamton, N. Y.,
at the funeral of Miss JULIAETTE CLARKE, daughter of Rev. H. R.
CLARKE, of the Wyoming Conference; and also at the funeral of Miss
ELIZABETH S. MATTISON, daughter of the compiler, June 22, 1854.