

In Heaven Above

Laurentius Laurinus, 1622
tr. William Maceall, 1868

IMMORTAL
8.6.8.6.8.8.6.

Peter Anglea

1. In heav'n a - bove, in heav'n a - bove, where God our Fa - ther
2. In heav'n a - bove, in heav'n a - bove, what glo - ry deep and
3. In heav'n a - bove, in heav'n a - bove, no tears of pain are
4. In heav'n a - bove, in heav'n a - bove, God has a joy pre -

dwells, how bound-less there the bless - ed - ness - no tongue its great - ness
bright! The splen-dor of the noon-day sun grows pale be - fore its
shed: for noth - ing there can fade or die, life's full - ness round is
pared, which mov - tal ear has nev - er heard, nor mor - tal vi - sion

tells! There face to face, and full and free, the ev - er -
light; that might - y Sun that nev'er goes down, be - fore whose
spread: and, like an o - cean, joy o'er - flows, and with im -
shared, which nev - er en - tered mor - tal thought, in mor - tal

liv - ing God we see, our God, the Lord of hosts!
face clouds nev - er frown, is God, the Lord of hosts!
mor - tal mer - cy glows our God, the Lord of hosts!
dreams was nev - er sought, O God, the Lord of hosts!

© 2011 Peter Anglea
Permission to copy granted for congregational use only. All other rights reserved.

In Heaven Above

Laurentius Laurinus, 1622
tr. William Maceall, 1868

IMMORTAL
8.6.8.6.8.8.6.

Peter Anglea

1. In heav'n a - bove, in heav'n a - bove, where God our Fa - ther
2. In heav'n a - bove, in heav'n a - bove, what glo - ry deep and
3. In heav'n a - bove, in heav'n a - bove, no tears of pain are
4. In heav'n a - bove, in heav'n a - bove, God has a joy pre -

dwells, how bound-less there the bless - ed - ness - no tongue its great - ness
bright! The splen-dor of the noon-day sun grows pale be - fore its
shed: for noth - ing there can fade or die, life's full - ness round is
pared, which mov - tal ear has nev - er heard, nor mor - tal vi - sion

tells! There face to face, and full and free, the ev - er -
light; that might - y Sun that nev'er goes down, be - fore whose
spread: and, like an o - cean, joy o'er - flows, and with im -
shared, which nev - er en - tered mor - tal thought, in mor - tal

liv - ing God we see, our God, the Lord of hosts!
face clouds nev - er frown, is God, the Lord of hosts!
mor - tal mer - cy glows our God, the Lord of hosts!
dreams was nev - er sought, O God, the Lord of hosts!

© 2011 Peter Anglea
Permission to copy granted for congregational use only. All other rights reserved.