O, Heaven Is Where No Secret Dread

Doh is G · 3/4 Tune: ST. AGNES

| m - m - m - | r - - - m - | f - - - t, - | d - - - - - |
O, heaven is where no secret dread

| s, - s, - s, - | m - - - r - | r - - - - - | f - f - m - |
May haunt us by its power; Where from the

| r - - - d - | t, - - - l, - | s, - - - - - | s, - l, - d - |
past no gloom is shed Upon the

| m - - - r - | d - - - - - |
present hour.

The other verses

2 And there the living waters flow
Along the radiant shore;
The soul, now wandering here, shall know
Its burning thirst no more.

3 The burden of the stranger's heart,
Which here unknown we bear,
Like the night-shadow shall depart
With our first wakening there.

4 And, borne on eagle's wings afar,
Free thought shall claim its dower,
From every sphere, from every star,
Of glory and of power.

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