

In Heav'n Above  
Laurentius Laurenti.  
Swedish Korallbok, 1697.

In Heav'n above, in Heav'n above,  
Where God our Father dwells,  
How boundless there the blessedness!  
No tongue its greatness tells;  
There face to face, and full and free,  
Ever and evermore we see  
We see the Lord of hosts!

In Heav'n above, in Heav'n above,  
What glory deep and bright!  
The splendor of the noonday sun  
Grows pale before its light;  
That mighty Sun that ne'er goes down,  
Before whose face clouds never frown,  
Is God the Lord of hosts.

In Heav'n above, in Heav'n above,  
No tears of pain are shed;  
There nothing e'er shall fade or die;  
Life's fullness round is spread,  
And, like an ocean, joy o'erflows,  
And with immortal mercy glows  
Our God the Lord of hosts.

In Heav'n above, in Heav'n above,  
God hath a joy prepared,  
Which mortal ear hath never heard,  
Nor mortal vision shared,  
Which never entered mortal breast,  
By mortal lips was ne'er expressed,  
'Tis God, the Lord of hosts!