

In Heaven All Is Gladness

Johan Brun, 1786.

Oscar Ahnfelt, 1872.

In Heaven all is gladness
Here troubles press, and fears;
Here often bowed and sighing,
I eat "the bread of tears."
Here joy and sorrow mingle
For Christ's beloved bride;
But 'tis not so up yonder,
For there doth joy abide.

This world is not my homeland,
In tents I pass my days;
Tow'rd yonder shore of glory
With yearnings eyes I gaze.
While seeks the world its follies,
I view yon citadel,
Where, free from care and sorrow,
Forever I shall dwell.

Would I exchange conditions
With one, whose all's below?
Nay, rather I'd be sowing
Good seed, tho' tears may flow.
If at the close of journey
I but in joy may reap,
When worldlings' joys are over,
And they, too late, must weep.

My hope for life eternal
Rests on foundation sure;
My cross I therefore gladly
Will yet awhile endure.
Soon there shall be no sorrow,
No plaints, nor sighs for me,
When, with uncovered vision,
My Savior I shall see.