



There Is Singing Up In Heaven

Johnson Oatman, Jr.
(1856-1922)

There is singing up in Heaven such as we have never known,
Where the angels sing the praises of the Lamb upon the throne;
Their sweet harps are ever tuneful, and their voices always clear.
O that we might be more like them while we serve the Master here!

Chorus:

*Holy, holy, is what the angels sing,
And I expect to help them make the courts of heaven ring;
But when I sing redemption's story, they will fold their wings,
For angels never felt the joys that our salvation brings.*

But I hear another anthem, blending voices clear and strong,
"Unto Him Who hath redeemed us and hath bought us," is the song;
We have come through tribulation to this land so fair and bright,
In the fountain freely flowing He hath made our garments white.

Then the angels stand and listen, for they cannot join the song
Like the sound of many waters, by that happy, blood-washed throng;
For they sing about great trials, battles fought and vict'ries won,
And they praise their great Redeemer, who hath said to them, "Well done!"

So, although I'm not an angel, yet I know that over there
I will join a blessed chorus that the angels cannot share;
I will sing about my Savior, who upon dark Calvary
Freely pardoned my transgressions, died to set a sinner free.