Sing to Me of Heaven

Ada Powell, 1914  Benjamin Burke Beall

1. Sing to me of Heaven, sing that song of peace, From the toils that bind me it will bring release; Burdens will be lifted that are pressing so, Showers long have gone; In a fairer region 'mong the angel throng, They are
2. Sing to me of Heaven, as I walk alone, Dreaming of the comrades that so fondly dream, Of its golden glory, of its pearly gleam; Sing to
3. Sing to me of Heaven, tenderly and low, Till the shadows o'er me rise and me when shadows of the evening fall, Sing to me of Heaven, sweetest song of all.

Refrain

of great blessing o'er my heart will flow. Sing to me of Heaven, let me