

# There's No Disappointment In Heaven

E  $\flat$  - 2 - DO

unto an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth  
not away, reserved in heaven for you, - 1 Pet. 1:4

Frederick Martin Lehman, 1914

Frederick Lehman & Claudia L. Mays

The musical score consists of eight staves of music in common time (indicated by '6' over '8'). The key signature is E-flat major (two flats). The vocal part (Soprano) starts with a melodic line featuring eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are integrated into the musical structure, appearing below the staff where the melody rests or follows a repeating pattern. The lyrics describe a life of abundance and joy in heaven, contrasting it with earthly disappointments.

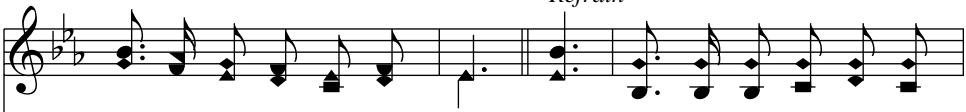
1. There's no dis - ap - point - ment in Heav - en, No  
2. We'll nev - er pay rent for our man - sion, The  
3. There'll nev - er be crepe on the door - knob, No

wear-i - ness, sor - row or pain; No hearts that are bleed-ing and  
tax - es will nev - er come due; Our gar - ments will nev - er grow  
fun - er - al train in the sky; No graves on the hill - sides of

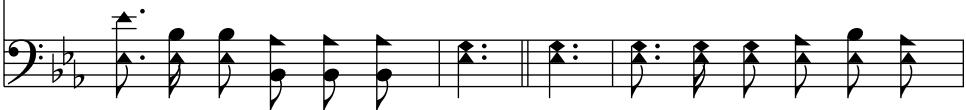
bro - ken, No song with a mi - nor re - frain. The  
thread-bare, But al - ways be fade - less and new, We'll  
glo - ry, For there we shall nev - er - more die. The

clouds of our earth - ly ho - riz - on Will nev - er ap - pear in the  
nev - er be hun - gry or thirst-y, Nor lan - guish in pov'er - ty  
old will be young there for - ev - er, Trans -formed in a mo-ment of

sky, For all will be sun - shine and glad - ness, With  
there, For all the rich boun - ties of Heav - en His  
time; Im - mor - tal we'll stand in His like - ness, The

*Refrain*

nev - er a sob or a sigh.  
sanc - ti - fied child-ren will share. I'm bound for that beau - ti - ful  
stars and the sun to out - shine.



cit - y, My Lord has pre - pared for His own; Where



all the re-deemed of all ag - es Sing "Glo-ry!" a - round the white



throne; Some - times I grow home-sick for Heav-en, And the



glor-ies I there shall be - hold; What a joy that will be when my

*rit.*

Sav - ior I see, In that beau - ti - ful ci - ty of gold.

