

Forever Satisfied

In heav'n there'll be no heartache,
No sorrow, grief or pain;
No storm-clouds there will gather,
There'll be no wind or rain.

There'll be no cold of winter,
No heat of summer's sun;
No calloused hands from toiling,
Nor wickedness to shun.

There'll be no burning fever,
No walking-cane or crutch,
No dread disease like cancer,
No withered limbs and such.

There'll be no wars or strivings,
No shots will e'er be fired;
There'll be no death nor dying,
And none will e'er grow tired.

There'll be no interruptions
Of worship or of joy;
There'll be no imperfections,
And nothing to annoy.

We'll be like Christ our Saviour,
With Him we'll e'er abide;
We'll dwell in peaceful splendor,
Forever satisfied.

Elder Ralph Harris