

## Joyfully, Joyfully Onward I Move

Heft 20

1. { Joy - ful-ly, joy - ful-ly on-ward I move, Bound for the land of bright  
 2. { Heav - en-ly chor - is-ters sing as I come, "Joy - ful-ly, joy - ful-ly  
 Friends dear-ly loved who have passed on be-fore Wait to re - ceive me on  
 Sing-ing to cheer me through death's chill-ing gloom, "Joy - ful-ly, joy - ful-ly

spir - its a - bove! } Soon, with my pil-grim-age end - ed be - low,  
 haste to thy home!" }  
 yon - der bright shore, } Sounds of sweet mel - o - dy fall on my ear;  
 haste to thy home!" }

Home to the land of de - light will I go; Pil - grim and stran-ger no  
 Harps of the bless - ed in glo - ry I hear; Rings with the har - mo - ny

more shall I roam, Joy - ful-ly, joy - ful-ly rest-ing at home!  
 heav-en's high dome; "Joy - ful-ly, joy - ful-ly haste to thy home!"

3. Death, with thy weapons of war, lay me low:  
 Strike, king of terrors, I fear not thy blow!  
 Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb;  
 He who believeth will share His blest home!  
 Bright with the morn of eternity dawn;  
 Death will be banished, his scepter be gone!  
 Joyfully I to my Savior shall come;  
 Joyful, so joyful, and blessed at home!