

# NEWKIRK 8 lines 10s

1. Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly, on - ward I move, Bound for the land of bright spir - its a - bove;  
An - gel - ic chor - is - ters sing as I come, "Joy - ful - ly, Joy - ful - ly haste to thy home;" } Soon with my pil - grim - age end - ed be - low,

2. Friends fond - ly cherished have passed on be - fore, Wait - ing they watch me ap - proach - ing the shore;  
Sing - ing to cheer me thro' death's chil - ling gloom, "Joy - ful - ly, Joy - ful - ly haste to thy home;" } Sounds of sweet mel - o - dy fall on my ear;

3. Death, with thy weapons of war, lay me low; Strike, king of ter - rors, I fear not the blow;  
Je - sus hath bro - ken the bars of the tomb, Joy - ful - ly, Joy - ful - ly will I go home. } Bright will the morn of e - ter - ni - ty dawn,

Home to the land of bright spir - its I go; Pil - grim and stran - ger no more shall I roam, Joy - ful - ly, Joy - ful - ly rest - ing at home.

Harps of the bless - ed, your voic - es I hear! Rings with the har - mo - ny heav - en's high dome, Joy - ful - ly, Joy - ful - ly haste to thy home.

Death shall be ban - ished, his scep - tre be gone; Joy - ful - ly then shall I wit - ness his doom; Joy - ful - ly, Joy - ful - ly, safe - ly at home.