

We Are Going

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1864

William Batchelder Bradbury

♩=112



1. We are go-ing, we are go-ing, To a home be-yond the skies, Where the
2. We are go-ing, we are go-ing, And the mu-sic we have heard Like the
3. We are go-ing, we are go-ing, When this mor-tal life is o'er, To that



fields are robed in beau-ty, And the sun-light ne-ver dies; Where the
e-cho of the wood-land, Or the car-ol of a bird; With the
pure and hap-py re-gion Where our friends have gone be-fore; They are



fount of joy is flow-ing, In the val-ley green and fair, We shall dwell in love to-
ros-y light of morn-ing On the calm and frag-rant air, Still it mur-murs, soft-ly
sing-ing with the an-gels In that land so bright and fair; We shall dwell with them for-



Refrain



- ge-ther; There will be no part-ing there. We are go-ing, we are go-ing, To a
mur-murs, There will be no part-ing there.
- ev-er; There will be no part-ing there.



home be-yond the skies, Where the fields are robed in beau-ty, And the sun-light ne-ver dies.

