

I'm Going There  
Charles Tindley, 1907.

Since I began to serve the Lord,  
And to love His blessed Word,  
A child of Heav'n I've tried to be,  
This world has been no friend to me.

Refrain

Although a pilgrim here below,  
Where dangers are and sorrows grow,  
I have a home in Heav'n above,  
I'm going there, I'm going there.

And often when I would do good,  
And keep the promise as I should,  
I miss the way, and coming short,  
It makes me mourn and grieves my heart.

Refrain

Sometimes at best I hardly know  
Just what to do or where to go,  
And when I sing or try to pray,  
My Savior seems so far away.

Refrain

And then I wait, it is not long  
Before He comes in prayer and song,  
And when He speaks, O blessed voice,  
It always makes my heart rejoice.

Refrain

When trials press upon my soul,  
And pierce my heart with grief untold,  
I look away to mansions fair,  
And often wish that I was there.

Refrain

My friends and kindred who have gone,  
Are now among that heav'nly throng;  
Far, far above this world of tears,  
Its changing scenes and rolling years.

Refrain