

Sing On
Fanny Crosby, 1886.
John Sweney.

Sing on, ye joyful pilgrims,
Nor think the moments long;
My faith is heav'nward rising
With every tuneful song;
Lo! on the mount of blessing,
The glorious mount, I stand;
And looking over Jordan,
I see the promised land.

Refrain

Sing on, O blissful music!
With every note you raise,
My heart is filled with rapture,
My soul is lost in praise;
Sing on, O blissful music!
With every note you raise,
My heart is filled with rapture,
My soul is lost in praise.

Sing on, ye joyful pilgrims,
While here on earth we stay;
Let songs of home and Jesus
Beguile each fleeting day;
Sing on the grand old story
Of His redeeming love,
The everlasting chorus
That fills the realms above.

Refrain

Sing on, ye joyful pilgrims,
The time will not be long,
Till in our Father's kingdom
We swell a nobler song;
Where angels there are waiting
To greet us on the shore,
We'll meet beyond the river,
Where surges roll no more.

Refrain