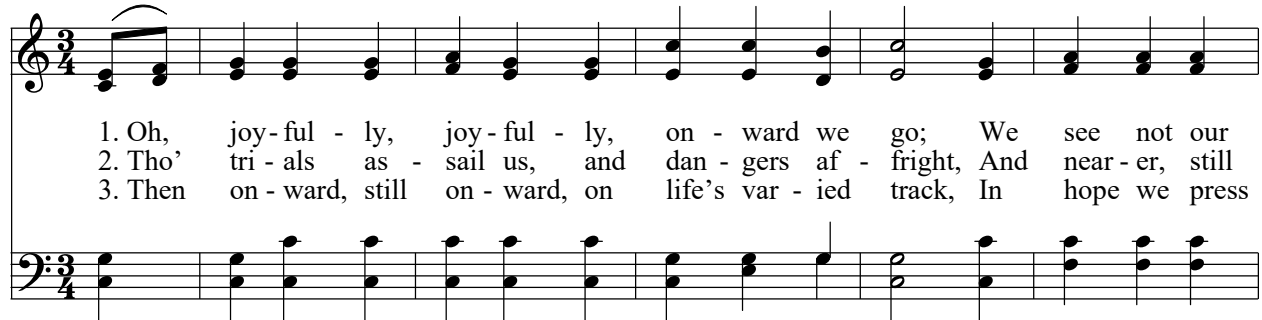


Joyfully, Joyfully

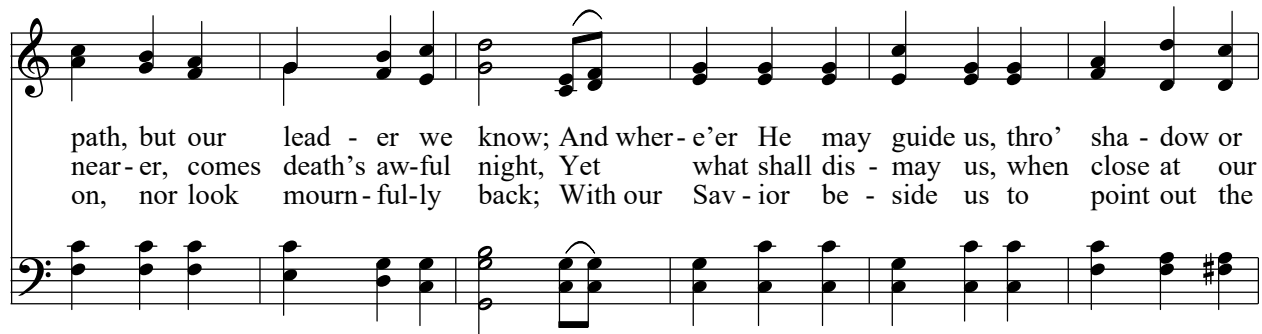
Mrs. Sharpless, 1875, alt.

William James Kirkpatrick

$\text{♩} = 130$

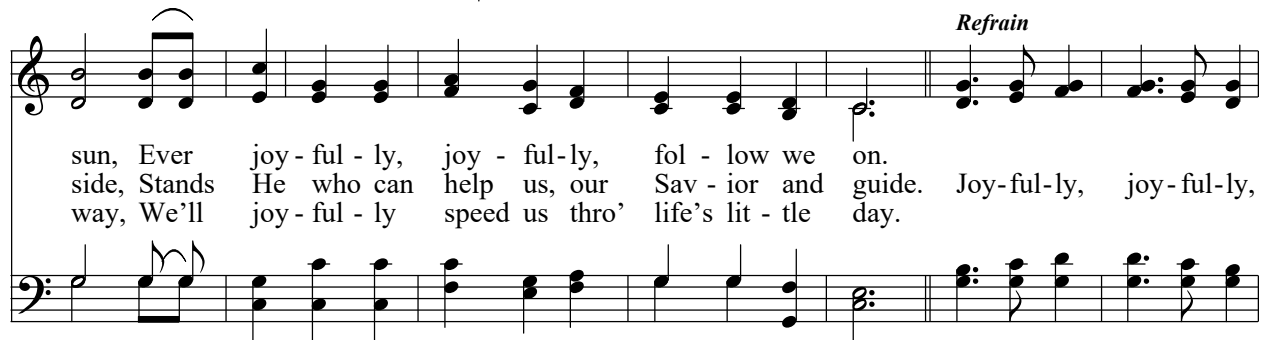


1. Oh, joy-ful - ly, joy-ful - ly, on - ward we go; We see not our
2. Tho' tri - als as - sail us, and dan - gers af - fright, And near - er, still
3. Then on - ward, still on - ward, on life's var - ied track, In hope we press

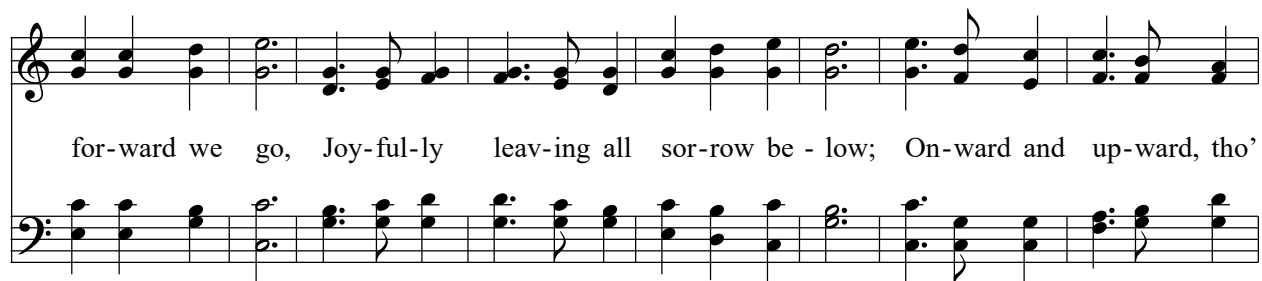


path, but our lead - er we know; And wher - e'er He may guide us, thro' sha - dow or
near - er, comes death's aw-ful night, Yet what shall dis - may us, when close at our
on, nor look mourn - ful-ly back; With our Sav - ior be - side us to point out the

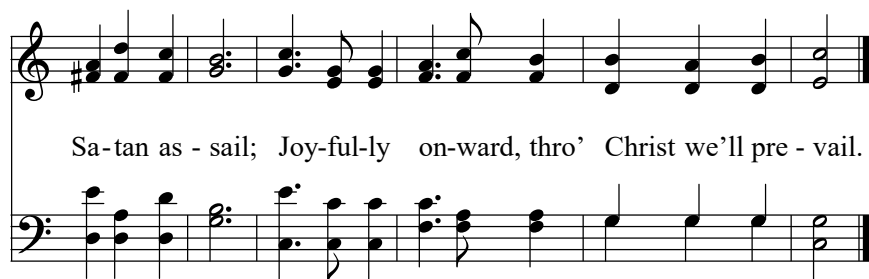
Refrain



sun, Ever joy - ful - ly, joy - ful-ly, fol - low we on.
side, Stands He who can help us, our Sav - ior and guide. Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly,
way, We'll joy - ful - ly speed us thro' life's lit - tle day.



for - ward we go, Joy - ful - ly leav - ing all sor - row be - low; On - ward and up - ward, tho'



Sa - tan as - sail; Joy - ful - ly on - ward, thro' Christ we'll pre - vail.