We Are Going (Crosby)
Words: Fanny Crosby, 1864
Music: William Bradbury.

We are going, we are going,
To a home beyond the skies,
Where the fields are robed in beauty,
And the sunlight never dies;
Where the fount of joy is flowing,
In the valley green and fair,
We shall dwell in love together;
There will be no parting there.

Refrain

We are going, we are going,
To a home beyond the skies,
Where the fields are robed in beauty,
And the sunlight never dies.

We are going, we are going,
And the music we have heard
Like the echo of the woodland,
Or the carol of a bird;
With the rosy light of morning
On the calm and fragrant air,
Still it murmurs, softly murmurs,
There will be no parting there.

Refrain

We are going, we are going,
When this mortal life is o'er,
To that pure and happy region
Where our friends have gone before;
They are singing with the angels
In that land so bright and fair;
We shall dwell with them forever;
There will be no parting there.

Refrain