

On Joyful Wings

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1901

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♩=103

1. On joy - ful wings our rap - tured souls Would mount and spread their
2. Sweet vi - sions oft His love re - veals, Of that di - vine a -
3. O bless - ed hope that bears us up, And stills each thro' of

flight, And from Mount Pis - gah's top be - hold The land of pure de - light.
- bode; And with His kind, pro - tect - ing hand, He leads us on the road.
care! The night will pass, the morn will come, And we shall soon be there.

Refrain

A - bove the clouds, a - bove the stars, That heav'n - ly re - gion
A - bove the clouds, a - bove the stars,

fair, Where He, our Lord and Sav - ior, dwells, Our home, our home is there.