

ALBERT MIDLANE. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. "On-ward, upward, homeward!" Joy-ful-ly I flee From this world of  
2. "On-ward, upward, homeward!" Here I find no rest; Treading o'er the  
3. "On-ward, upward, homeward!" Come a-long with me; Ye who love the

sor-row, With my Lord to be; On-ward to the glo-ry,  
des-ert Which my Sav-iour pressed; "On-ward, up-ward, homeward!"  
Sav-iour, Bear me com-pa-ny; "On-ward, up-ward, homeward!"

Up-ward to the prize, Homeward to the mansions, Far a-bove the skies.  
I shall soon be there, Soon its joys and pleasures, I, thro' grace, shall share.  
Press with vig-or on; Yet a lit-tle mo-ment And the race is won.

REFRAIN.

On-ward to the glo-ry, Up-ward to the prize,

Home-ward to the man-sions, Far a-bove the skies.

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