


# 408 Forth, forth, my heart, to heaven

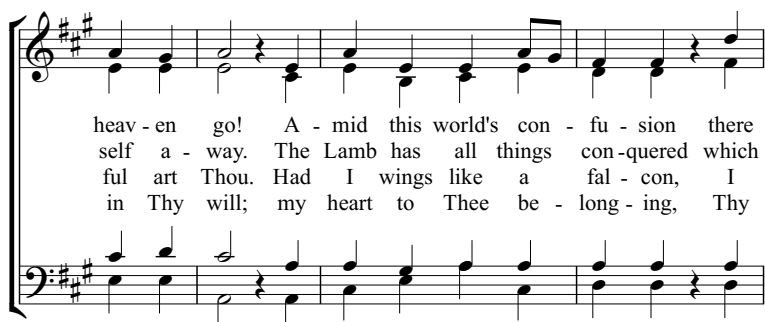
Johann L K Allendorf (1693-1773)

Composer unknown, 1856


$\text{♩} = 84$



1. Forth, forth, my heart, to heav - en, forth, forth, to  
2. If you still feel you're fet - tered, then wrest your  
3. O Lamb up - on Mount Zi - on, how won - der -  
4. How - ev - er, all my long - ing should rest with



heav - en go! A - mid this world's con - fu - sion there  
self a - way. The Lamb has all things con - quered which  
ful art Thou. Had I wings like a fal - con, I  
in Thy will; my heart to Thee be - long - ing, Thy



is no rest for you. Where God's Lamb hath us  
bring you such dis - may. Be - hold His ban - ner  
would fly home right now. With tri - umph there re -  
wish - es to ful - fil. I shall re - main here

guid - ed there is a place pro - vid - ed; there,  
wav - ing where He the souls is sav - ing; there  
joic - ing, Thine own are Thee em - brac - ing with  
wait - ing un - til I hear Thee say - ing: "Forth,

there is rest I know. Forth, forth to heav - en go!  
His sweet rest you'll know. Forth, forth to heav - en go!  
joy and love a - glow. Forth, forth to heav - en go!  
forth, sweet rest you'll know. Forth, forth to heav - en go!"