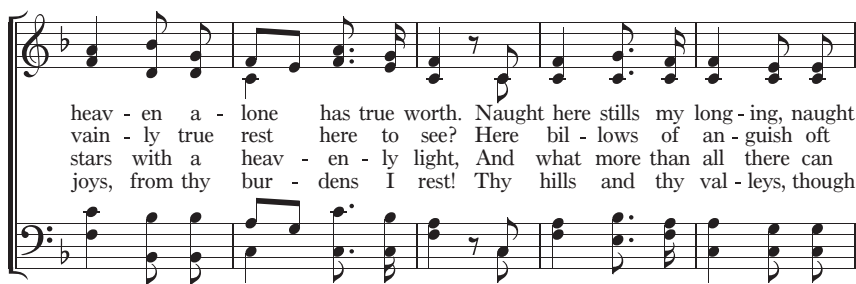


The Homeland in Heaven Draws Me

Heft 78



1. The home-land in heav - en draws me from this earth, The home-land in
 2. Why art thou cast down, O my spir - it, in me? Why seek - est thou
 3. There tears nev - er fall and there nev - er is night, There shine the bright
 4. Fare-well then, O earth, I am on - ly thy guest, Fare - well to thy



heav - en a - lone has true worth. Naught here stills my long - ing, naught
 vain - ly true rest here to see? Here bil - lows of an - guish oft
 stars with a heav - en - ly light, And what more than all there can
 joys, from thy bur - dens I rest! Thy hills and thy val - leys, though



can me in - spire, To dwell there for - ev - er is what I de -
 fill with a - larm, And oft is thy bark tossed a - bout by the
 pleas - ure af - ford Is ev - er to dwell in the sight of my
 won - drous - ly fair, Can - not with the heav - en - ly glo - ries com -



sire; To dwell there for - ev - er is what I de - sire.
 storm; And oft is thy bark tossed a - bout by the storm.
 Lord; Is ev - er to dwell in the sight of my Lord.
 pare! Can - not with the heav - en - ly glo - ries com - pare!