

HOME OF THE SOUL

Mrs. Ellen H. Gates

Philip Phillips

1. I will sing you a song of that beau - ti - ful land,
 2. O, that home of the soul! in my vis - ions and dreams
 3. That un - change - a - ble home is for you and for me,
 4. O, how sweet it will be in that beau - ti - ful land,

The far a - way home of the soul, Where no storms ev - er
 Its bright, jas - per walls I can see, stand; Till I fan - cy but
 Where Je - sus of Naz - a - reth, The King of all
 So free from all sor - row and pain; With song on our

beat on the glit - ter - ing strand, While the years of e -
 thin - ly the veil in - ter - venes Be - tween the fair
 king - doms for ev - er, is He, And He hold eth our
 lips and with harps in our hands, To meet one an -

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ter - ni - ty roll, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty
cit - y and me, Be - tween the fair cit - y and
crowns in His hands, And He hold - eth our crowns in His
oth - er a - gain! To meet one an - oth - er a -

roll; Where no storms ev - er beat on the glit - ter - ing
me; Till I fan - cy but thin - ly the vail in - ter -
hands; The King song of all king - doms for - ev - er, is
gain! With song on our lips and with harps in our

strand, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.
venes Be - tween the fair cit - y and me.
He, And He hold - eth our crowns in His hands.
hands, To meet one an - oth - er a - gain.