

Blessèd Homeland

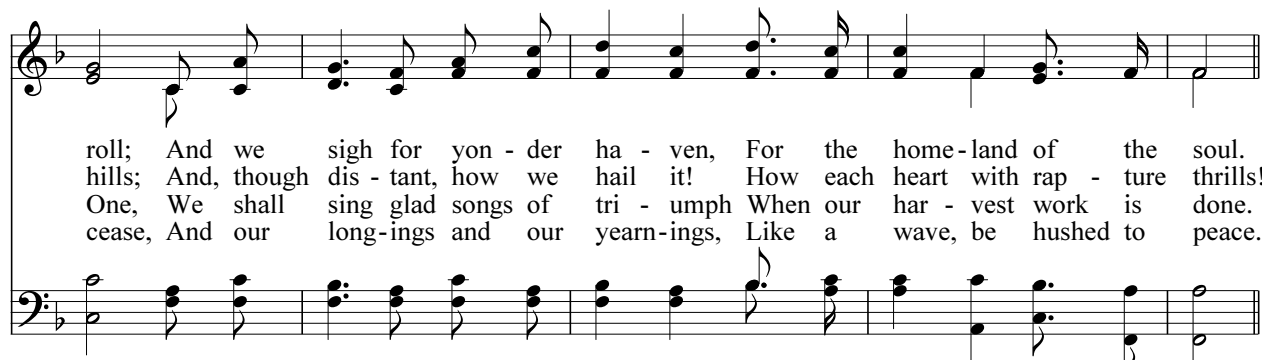
Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1877

Hubert Platt Main

$\text{♩} = 105$



1. Glid - ing o'er life's fit - ful wa - ters, Heav - y surg - es some - times
2. Oft we catch a faint re - flect - ion, Of its bright and ver - nal
3. To our Fa - ther, and our Sav - ior, To the Spir - it, Three in
4. 'Tis the wear - y pil - grim's home - land, Where each throb - bing care shall



roll; And we sigh for yon - der ha - ven, For the home - land of the soul.
hills; And, though dis - tant, how we hail it! How each heart with rap - ture thrills!
One, We shall sing glad songs of tri - umph When our har - vest work is done.
cease, And our long - ings and our yearn - ings, Like a wave, be hushed to peace.

Refrain



Bless - èd home - land, ev - er fair! Sin can nev - er en - ter there; But the soul, to life a -



- wak - ing, Ev - er - last - ing bloom shall wear.

