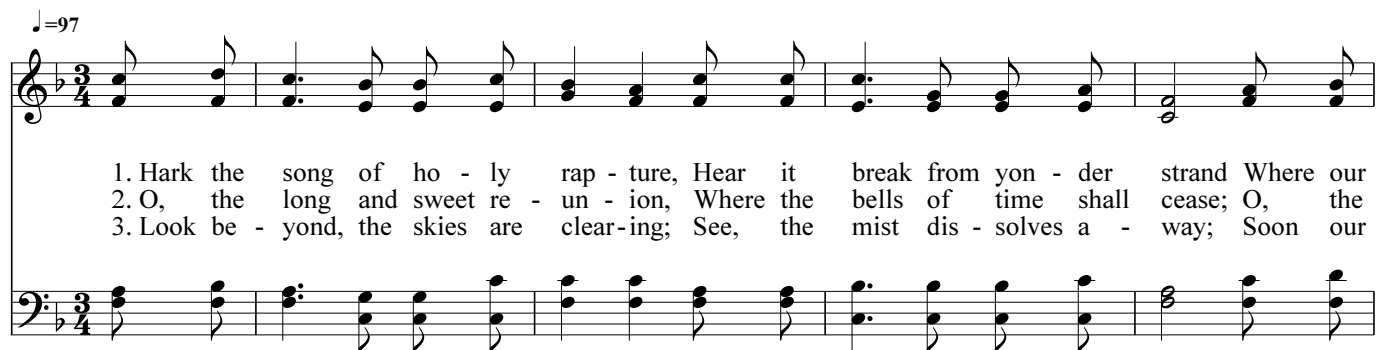


Home at Last

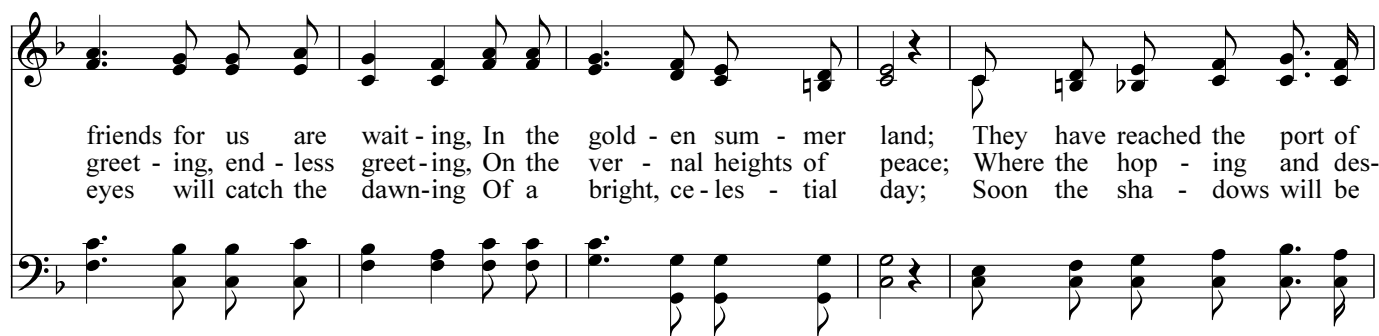
Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1882

William James Kirkpatrick

$\text{♩} = 97$



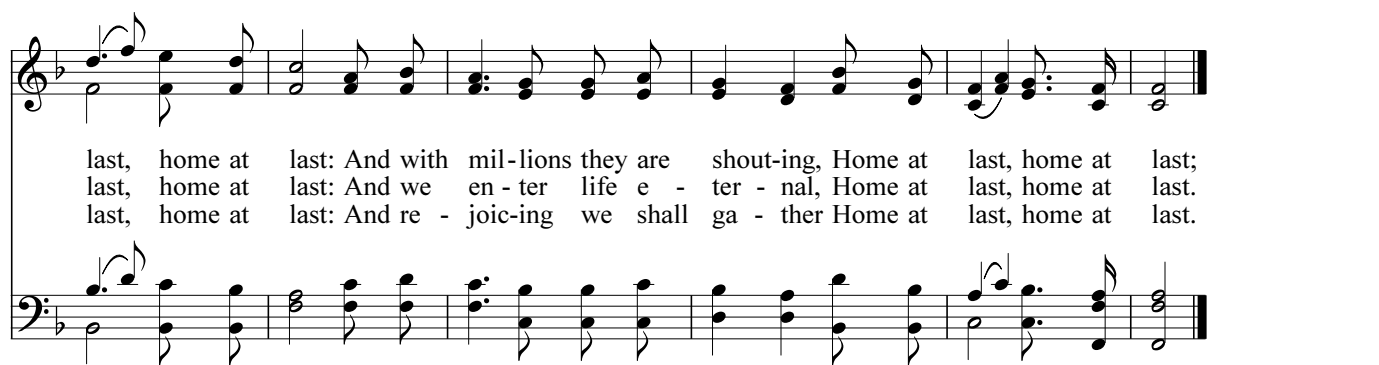
1. Hark the song of ho - ly rap - ture, Hear it break from yon - der strand Where our
2. O, the long and sweet re - un - ion, Where the bells of time shall cease; O, the
3. Look be - yond, the skies are clear-ing; See, the mist dis - solves a - way; Soon our



friends for us are wait - ing, In the gold - en sum - mer land; They have reached the port of
greet - ing, end - less greet - ing, On the ver - nal heights of peace; Where the hop - ing and des -
eyes will catch the dawn-ing Of a bright, ce - les - tial day; Soon the sha - dows will be



glo - ry, O'er the Jor - dan they have passed, And with mil - lions they are shout - ing, Home at
- pond - ing Of the wea - ry heart are past, And we en - ter life e - ter - nal, Home at
lift - ed That a - round us now are cast, And re - joic - ing we shall ga - ther Home at



last, home at last: And with mil - lions they are shout - ing, Home at last, home at last;
last, home at last: And we en - ter life e - ter - nal, Home at last, home at last.
last, home at last: And re - joic - ing we shall ga - ther Home at last, home at last.