

The Homeland

Lucy Jane Rider Meyer (1849-1922)

John Bunyan Herbert, 1901

♩=107



1. O Home-land! O Home-land! No lone-ly heart is there, No
2. O Home-land! O Home-land! No moan-ing of the sick, No
3. O Home-land! O Home-land! The veil is ve-ry thin That
4. O Home-land! O Home-land! One— Chief of all thy band, One—



rush of blind-ing an-guish, No slow-ly drop-ping tear: Now like an in-fant
cry-ing of the wea-ry, No sigh-ing of the weak. But sound of child-ren's
stretch-es thy dear mea-dows And this cold world be-tween; A breath a-side may
al-to-ge-ther love-ly, One— Lord of all the land— Stands, ea-ger at the



cry-ing Its mo-ther's face to see, O Mo-ther land, O Home-land! I
voic-es, And shout of saint-ly song, Are heard thy hap-py high-ways And
blow it, A heart-throb burst it through, And bring in one glad mo-ment Thy
gate-way; The Bride-groom waits His bride; And rest-ing on His bo-som, "I





stretch my arms to thee!
gold - en streets a - long.
hap - py lands to view.
shall be sa - tis - fied.”

