

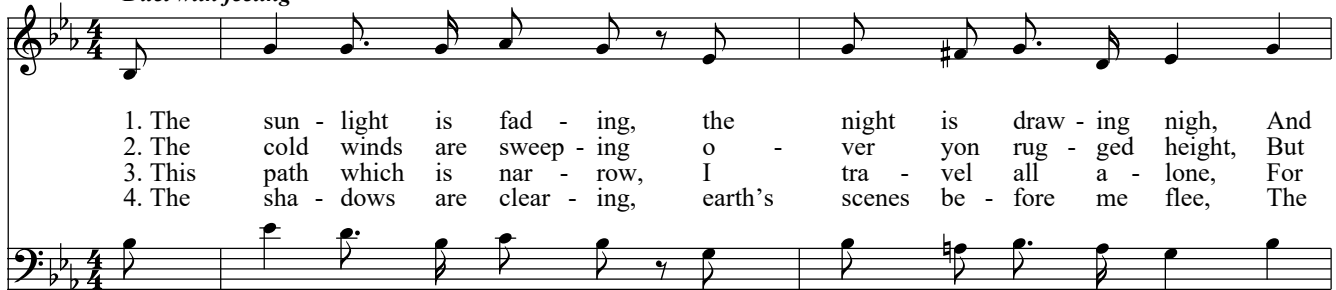
The Light of My Heavenly Home

H. Trueman Light, 1903

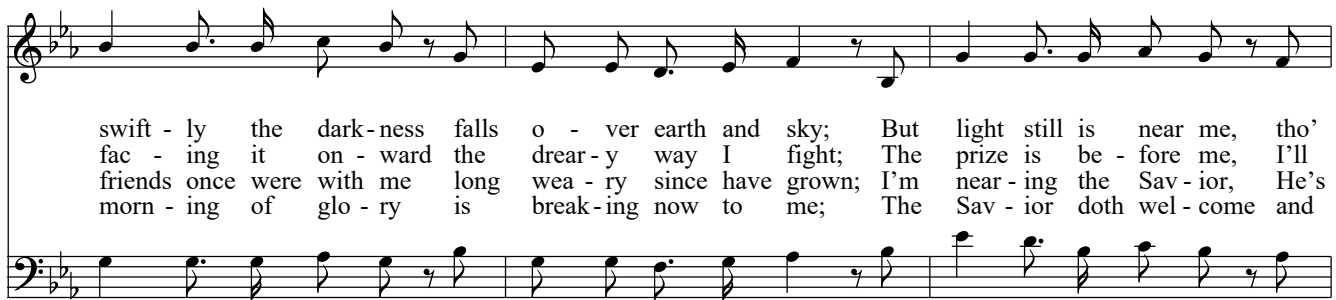
E. L. Ozendorff

♩=95

Duet with feeling



1. The sun - light is fad - ing, the night is draw - ing nigh, And
2. The cold winds are sweep - ing o - ver yon rug - ged height, But
3. This path which is nar - row, I tra - vel all a - lone, For
4. The sha - dows are clear - ing, earth's scenes be - fore me flee, The



swift - ly the dark-ness falls o - ver earth and sky; But light still is near me, tho'
fac - ing it on - ward the drear - y way I fight; The prize is be - fore me, I'll
friends once were with me long wea - ry since have grown; I'm near - ing the Sav - ior, He's
morn - ing of glo - ry is break - ing now to me; The Sav - ior doth wel - come and

Quartet

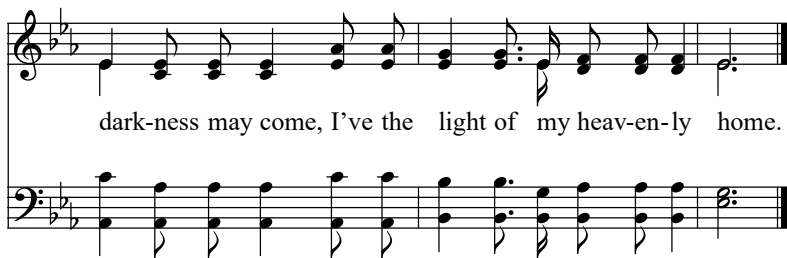
Refrain



thick the sha-dows come, 'Tis the light of my heav-en-ly home.
reach it, and so soon, 'Tis the light of my heav-en-ly home. 'Tis the light of my
call - ing for His own, To the light of my heav-en-ly home. 'Tis the light, bless-èd light,
bid - deth me to "come." He's the light of my heav-en-ly home.



heav-en-ly home, 'Tis the light of my heav-en-ly home, Tho' the sha-dows may fall and the
'Tis the light, bless-èd light,



dark-ness may come, I've the light of my heav-en-ly home.