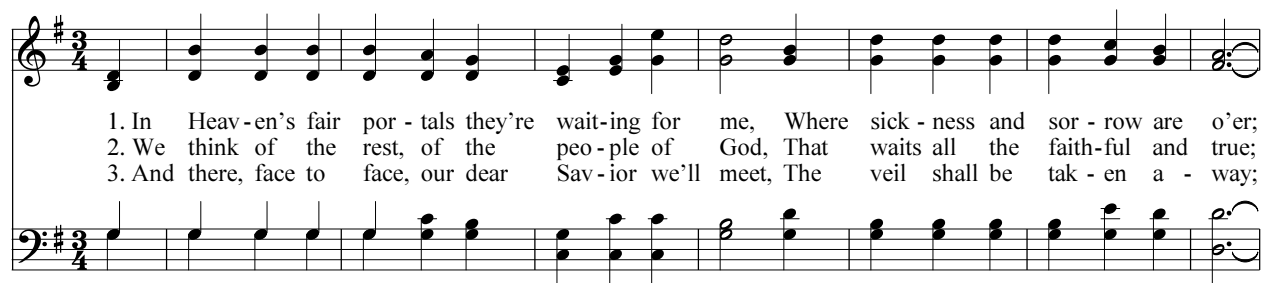


# Nearing the Homeland

Lola L. Seelye, 1903

V. Paul Jones

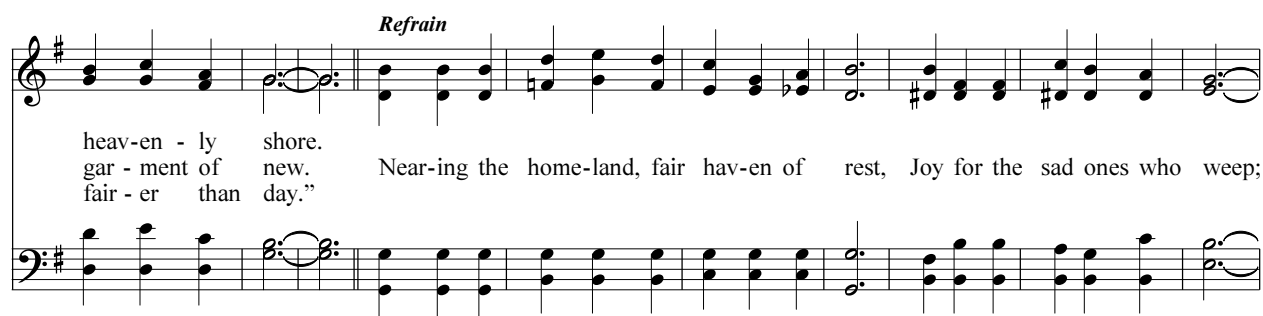
$\text{♩} = 160$



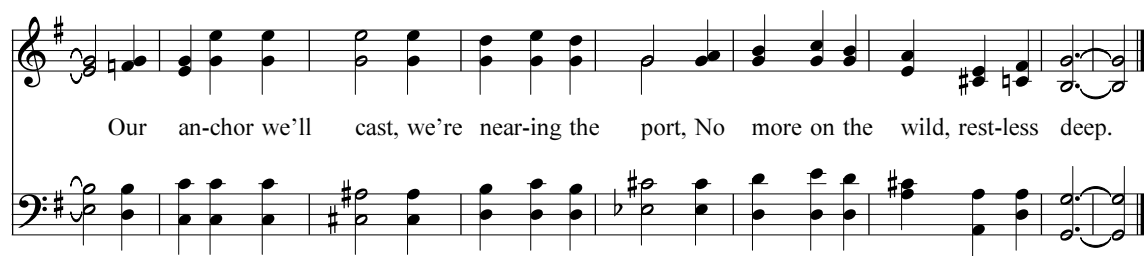
1. In Heav-en's fair por - tals they're wait-ing for me, Where sick - ness and sor - row are o'er;  
2. We think of the rest, of the peo - ple of God, That waits all the faith-ful and true;  
3. And there, face to face, our dear Sav - ior we'll meet, The veil shall be tak - en a - way;



Where hope's bright-est dream a ful - fill - ment will find On the bright, gold-en  
Our tra - vel - stained gar - ments will there be ex - changed For a beau - ti - ful  
No night dims the bright-ness our eyes shall be - hold "In that land that is



*Refrain*  
heav-en - ly shore.  
gar - ment of new. Near-ing the home-land, fair hav-en of rest, Joy for the sad ones who weep;  
fair - er than day."



Our an-chor we'll cast, we're near-ing the port, No more on the wild, rest-less deep.