

Home of the Soul

Ellen Maria Huntington Gates, 1865

Philip Phillips

♩=113

1. I will sing you a song of that beau-ti - ful land, The far a - way
2. Oh, that home of the soul! In my vi - sions and dreams Its bright, jas - per
3. That un - change-a - ble home is for you and for me, Where Je - sus of
4. Oh, how sweet it will be in that beau-ti - ful land, So free from all

home of the soul, Where no storms ev - er beat on the glit - ter - ing strand, While the
walls I can see; Till I fan - cy but thin - ly the veil in - ter - venes Be -
Naz - a - reth stands; Th - e King of all king - doms for - ev - er is He, And He
sor - row and pain, Wi - th songs on our lips and our harps in our hands, To

years of e - ter - ni - ty roll, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll; Where no
- tween the fair ci - ty and me, Be - tween the fair ci - ty and me; Till I
hold - eth our crowns in His hands, A nd He hold - eth our crowns in His hands; The
meet one a - no - ther a - gain, To meet one a - no - ther a - gain; With

storms ev - er beat on the glit - ter - ing strand, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.
fan - cy but thin - ly the veil in - ter - venes Be - tween the fair ci - ty and me.
King of all king - doms for - ev - er is He, And He hold - eth our crowns in His hands.
songs on our lips and our harps in our hands, To meet one a - no - ther a - gain.