

Home

To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne,
even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne. Rev. 3:21

1. Oh, home of my soul In that far a - way goal, Each day brings me near - er to thee;
2. A mu - si - cal strain From that far dis - tant plain Now sweeps gent - ly o - ver my soul;
3. The day will soon come When we'll all gath - er home, As pil - grims no more we shall roam;

The great throne so white, And my crown shin - ing bright, Mine eyes ev - er long - ing to see.
And waves of sweet peace In my heart shall in - crease, While years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.
Ah, whom shall we see? And what joy will it be To meet with the dear ones at home!

WORDS: Charles E. Orr, *pub.*1900. MUSIC: Clarence E. Hunter, *pub.*1900. Public Domain.