

Home of the Soul

*And the building of the wall of it was of jasper: and the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass...
And there shall... enter into it... they which are written in the Lamb's book of life. Rev. 21:18,27*

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

Where no storms ev - er beat on the glit - ter - ing strand, While the years of e -
Till I fan - cy but thin - ly the veil in - ter - venes Be - tween the fair
The King of all king - doms for - ev - er is He, And He hold - eth our
With songs on our lips and our harps in our hands, To meet one an -

ter - ni - ty roll, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll; Where no storms ev - er
cit - y and me, Be - tween the fair cit - y and me; Till I fan - cy but
crowns in His hands, And He hold - eth our crowns in His hands; The King of all
oth - er a - gain, To meet one an - oth - er a - gain; With songs on our

beat on the glit - ter - ing strand, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.
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