O think of the home over there









O think of the home over there, By the side of the river of light, Where the saints, all immortal and fair, Are robed in their garments of light.

Refrain

Over there, over there, O think of the home over there, Over there, over there, O think of the home over there.

O think of the friends over there, Who before us the journey have trod, Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their home in the palace of God. My Savior is now over there, There my kindred and friends are at rest, Then away from my sorrow and care, Let me fly to the land of the blest.

Refrain

I'll soon be at home over there, For the end of my journey I see; Many dear to my heart, over there, Are watching and waiting for me.

Refrain

Refrain

DeWitt C. Huntington