The homeland, O the homeland







The Homeland! O the Homeland! The land of souls free born! No gloomy night is known there, but only fadeless morn: I'm sighing for that country, my heart is aching here; There is no pain in the Homeland to which I'm drawing near.

My Lord is in the Homeland, with angels bright and fair; No sinful thing nor evil, can ever enter there; The music of the ransomed is ringing in my ears, And when I think of the Homeland, my eyes are wet with tears.

For loved ones in the Homeland are waiting me to come, Where neither death nor sorrow invades their holy home: O dear, dear native country! O rest and peace above! Christ bring us all to the Homeland, of His eternal love.

Hugh R. Haweis

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