

THE HEAVENLY HOME. L.M.

William Hunter

Arr. Rev. William McDonald

1. My heav'n - ly home is bright and fair, No pain nor death can en - ter there; Its glit - t'ring
 2. My Fa - ther's house is built on high, Far, far a - bove the star - ry sky; When from this

3. While here, a stran - ger far from home, Af - flict - tion's waves may round me foam; Al - tho like
 4. Let oth - ers seek a home be - low, which flames de - vour, or waves o'er - flow; Be mine the

tow'rs the sun out - shine; That heav'n - ly man - sion shall be mine. I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home,
 earth - ly pris - on free, That heav'n - ly man - sion mine shall be. To die no more, To die no more,

D.S. - I'm go - ing home to die no more.

Laz' - rus sick and poor, My heav'n - ly man - sion is se - cure. I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home,
 hap - p'er lot to own, A heav'n - ly man - sion near the throne. To die no more, To die no more,