

The Soul's Sweet Home

"ye shall find rest unto your souls."

-Matt. 11:29

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1. I have heard of the joy of the soul's sweet home, Where the weary and
 2. In its har-bor of rest are the white, white sails, Of the ships that have
 3. To that won-der-ful land, with its fade-less flow'rs, With its beau-ti-ful



way-worn at last shall come, And the light of its beau-ty I long to see,
 weathered the bit-ter gales; And they strive no more as at peace they lie,
 songs and its perfumed bow'rs, We are sail-ing on, and the years are few

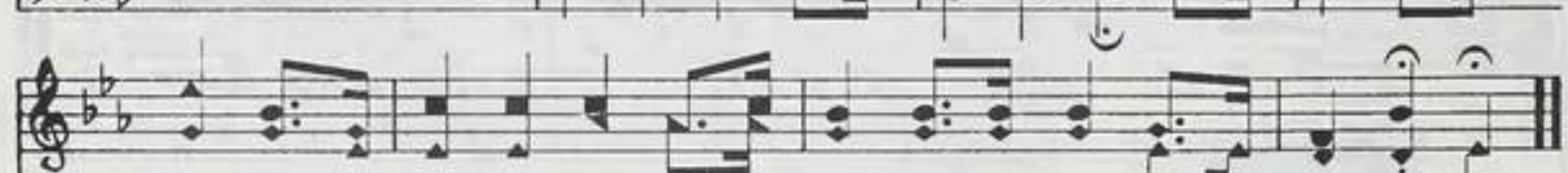


CHORUS

When the glo-ry of heav-en shall shine on me.
 For the storms of the earth-life have all passed by. O, the soul's sweet home! O, the
 Ere its har-bor of rest shall ap-pear in view.



cit-y fair! Thru the gold-en gates we shall en-ter there; O, the light of its



beau-ty I long to see, When the glo-ry of heav-en shall shine on me.

