

Home of the Soul

James Rowe, 1911

Samuel W. Beazley, 1911

1. If for the prize we have striven, Aft - er our la - bors are o'er,
2. Yes, a sweet rest is remain - ing For the true chil - dren of God.
3. Soon, the bright home - land a - dorn - ing, We shall be - hold the glad dawn,

Rest to our souls will be giv - en, On the e - ter - nal shore.
Where there will be no com - plain - ing, Nev - er a chas - t'ning rod.
Lean on the Lord till the morn - ing, Trust till the night has gone.

CHORUS

Home of the soul, bless - ed king - dom of light,
Home of the soul, beau - ti - ful home, There we shall rest, nev - er to roam;

Free from all care, and where fall - eth no night!
Free from all care, hap - py and bright, Je - sus is there, He is the light!

Oft, in the storm, we are sigh - ing for thee,
Oft, in the storm, lone - ly are we, sigh - ing for home, long - ing for thee,