

I Love To Think Of My Home Above

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mel. 1.) I love to think of my home a - bove, In the glo - rious realms of
2.) I love to think of my home a - bove, Of that pure and ho - ly
3.) I love to think of my home a - bove, Of the an - gel forms so

light, Of the pearl - ly gates and the gold - en streets, In that
clime, Where the sor - rows of earth can nev - er come, But e -
bright, Of the bless - ed ones there a - round the throne, In the

land where there is no night. Home, sweet home! mel. Hap - py
ter - nal joys will be mine. Home, sweet home! Home, sweet home!
land of pure de - light. Home, sweet home! Home, sweet home!

home, sweet home! Oh! say will you meet me there,
Home, sweet home! Hap - py home, sweet home!

In that home a - bove, where all is love, And joy be - yond com - pare?