

The Homeland In Heaven Draws Me

(Heft 78)

Arr. A. M., Jr.

1. The home - land in heav - en draws me from this
2. Why art thou cast down, O my spir - it, in
3. There tears nev - er fall and no night shall be
4. Fare - well then, O earth, I am on - ly thy

earth, The home - land in heav - en a - lone
me? Why seek - est thou vain - ly true rest
there, The stars in their splen - dor God's glo -
guest, De - part with thy joys! From thy bur -

has true worth. Naught here stills my long - ing, naught
here to see? Here tem - pests of trou - ble oft
ry de - clare; And great - est of rap - tures! My
dens I'll rest! Thy hills and thy val - leys, though

12

can sweep eyes won - drous - ly me o - ver there shall fair, in - spire, To dwell there for - ev - er And oft is my bark tossed The face of my Sav - iour Can - not with the heav - en -

p

15

is on in ly what blus - e - ter - glo - ries I de - ter - ni - ty! com - pare! sire; seas; ty! To dwell there for - And oft is my my The face of my the Can - not with the

f

19

ev - er is what I de - sire. bark tossed on blus - ter - y seas. Sav - iour in e - ter - ni - ty! heav - en - ly glo - ries com - pare!

pp *rit.*