

The Homeland

(Komm zur wahren Heimat!)

mel. mel.

1.) Up in Heav'n, where trees are bloom-ing, Stand-ing on the crys-tal shore, Is the
2.) Here, be-low, I'm still a strang-er Liv-ing still a-mong the world. Up a-
3.) Oh, Lord Je-sus, help my end-ing; True and stead-fast e-ver be. With Thy

mel.

pil-grim's tru-est home-land, Up a-bove the star-lit sky. Up in Heav'n the Ho-ly
bove in God's own shel-ter Is my tru-est Fath-er-land. How my heart is look-ing
help all o-ver-com-ing, Take me, then, in love to Thee. How my soul will be re-

mel.

Chor-us Brings their praise un-to the Lamb Oh, how much I long to be there,
for-ward E-ver by my Lord to be With the o-ver-com-ers stand-ing
joic-ing, There to face the crys-tal throne, With the joy-ful mil-lions sing-ing

mel.

In the Home-land, beau-ti-ful, In the Home-land, beau-ti-ful.
Free from sin and death and pain, Free from sin and death and pain.
Praise to Thee, God's on-ly Son, Praise to Thee, God's on-ly Son!