

Blessed Home-Land

1. Glid - ing o'er life's fit - ful wa - ters, Heav - y surg - es some-times roll;
2. Oft we catch a faint re - flec - tion Of its bright and ver - nal hills;
3. 'Tis the wea - ry pil - grim's Home - land, Where each throb - bing care shall cease,

And we sigh for yon - der ha - ven, For the Home - land of the soul.
And, tho' dis - tant, how we hail it! How each heart with rap - ture thrills!
And our long - ings and our yearn - ings, Like a wave, be hush'd to peace.

Chorus

cres... Bless - ed Home - land, ev - er fair! *dim...* Sin can nev - er en - ter there;

cres... But the soul, to life a - wak - ing, *dim...* Ev - er - last - ing bloom shall wear.