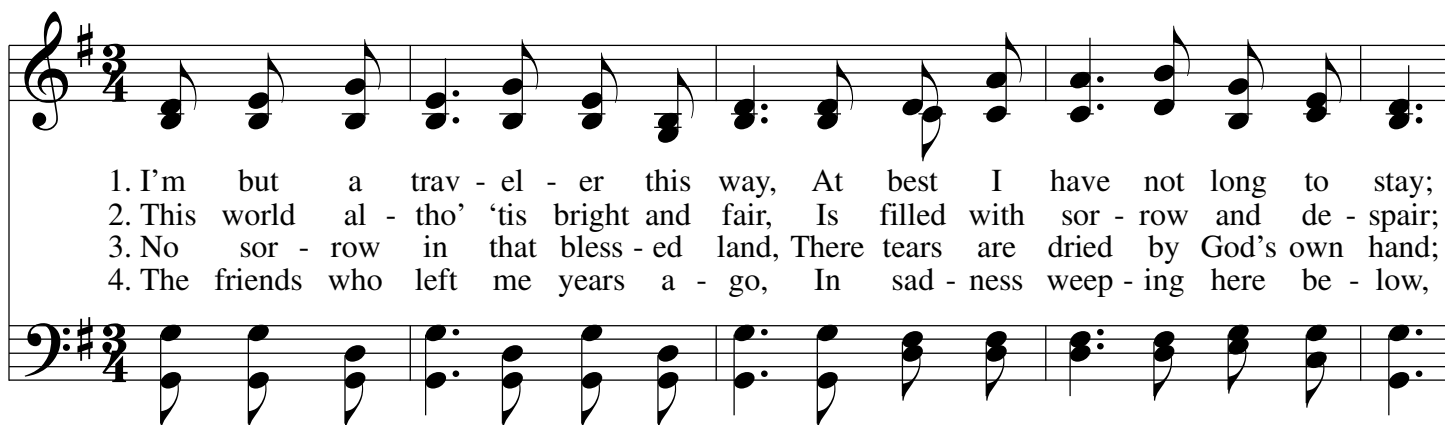


My Native Land Is Heaven

G

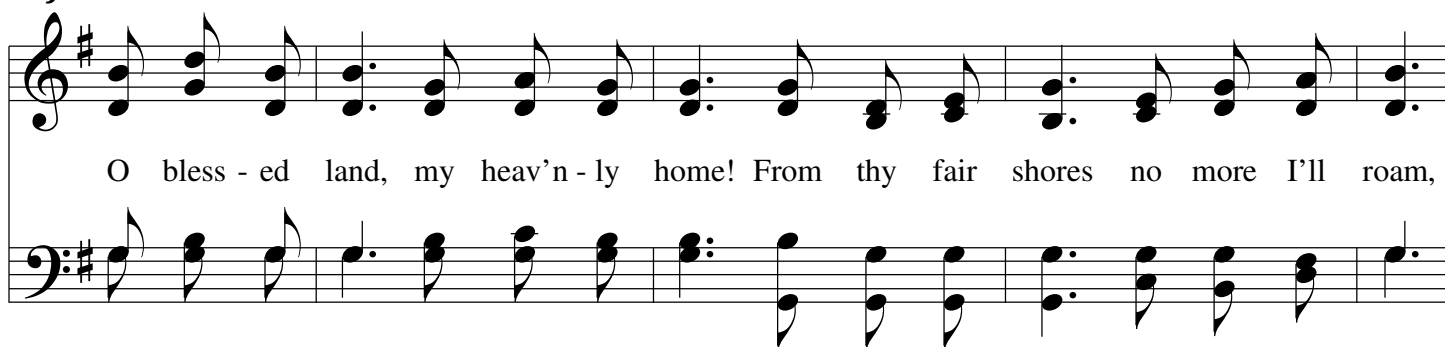


1. I'm but a trav - el - er this way, At best I have not long to stay;
 2. This world al - tho' 'tis bright and fair, Is filled with sor - row and de - spair;
 3. No sor - row in that bless - ed land, There tears are dried by God's own hand;
 4. The friends who left me years a - go, In sad - ness weep - ing here be - low,

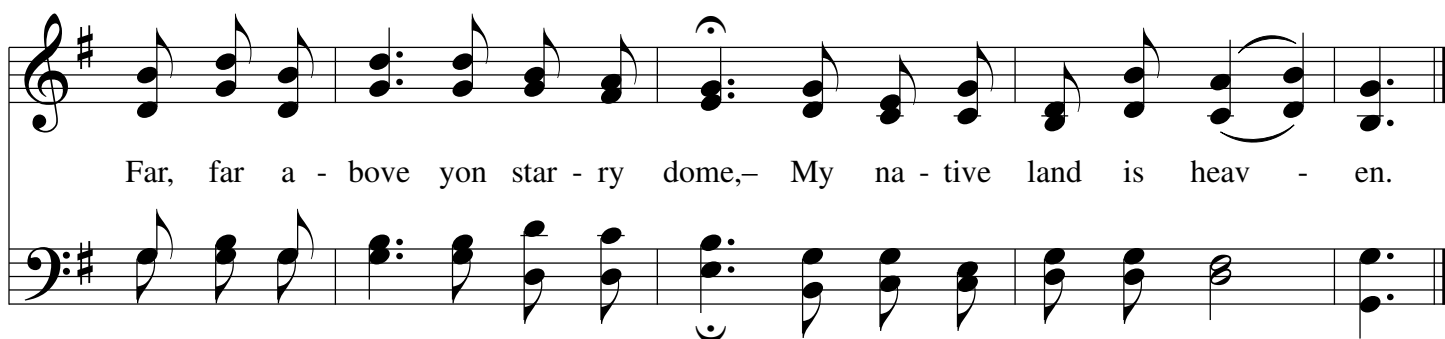


I'll go back home some hap - py day— My na - tive land is heav - en.
 But in my home's no toil nor care— My na - tive land is heav - en.
 Dear home, I long to reach thy strand,— My na - tive land is heav - en.
 Will bid me "Wel - come home," I know,— My na - tive land is heav - en.

Refrain



O bless - ed land, my heav'n - ly home! From thy fair shores no more I'll roam,



Far, far a - bove yon star - ry dome,— My na - tive land is heav - en.