I'm Going Home

1. My heav'n-ly home is bright and fair; Nor pain nor death can enter there;
   Its glit'tring tow'rs the sun out-shine; That heav'n-ly mansion shall be mine.

2. My Father's house is built on high, Far, far a bove the star-ry sky;
   When from this earth-ly pris-on free, That heav'n-ly mansion mine shall be.

3. Let oth-ers seek a home be-low, Which flames de-vour, or waves o'er-flow;
   Be mine the hap-pier lot to own A heav'n-ly mansion near the throne.

Chorus

I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home to die no more,

To die no more, to die no more, I'm go-ing home to die no more.