I Have Heard Of The Joy

THE SOUL’S SWEET HOME

1. I have heard of the joy of the soul’s sweet home, Where the wea-ry and
   way-worn at last shall come; And the light of its beau-ty I long to see,
   cit-y fair! Thru the gold-en gates we shall en-ter there; Oh, the light of its

2. In its har-bor of rest are the white, white sails, Of the ships that have
   weath-ered the bit-ter gales; And they strive no more as at peace they lie,
   cit-y fair! Thru the gold-en gates we shall en-ter there; Oh, the light of its

3. To that won-der-ful land, with its fade-less flow’rs, With its beau-ti-ful
   birds and its per-fumed bow’rs, We are sail-ing on, and the years are few
   When the glo-ry of heav-en shall shine on me.
   For the storms of the earth-life have all passed by. Oh, the soul’s sweet home! Oh, the
   Ere its har-bor of rest shall ap-pear in view.

Words by Mrs. A. L. Davison
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beauty I long to see, When the glory of heaven shall shine on me.