The Soul’s Sweet Home

1. I have heard of the joy of the soul's sweet home, Where the weary and way-worn at last shall come, And the light of its beauty I long to see, When the glory of heaven shall shine on me.

2. In its harbor of rest are the white, white sails. Of the ships that have weathered the bitter gales; And they strive no more as at peace they lie, For the storms of the earth-life have all passed by.

3. To that wonderful land, with its fade-less flow'rs, With its beautiful songs and its perfumed bow'rs, We are sailing on, and the years are few Ere its harbor of rest shall appear in view.

4. Cit y fair! Thru the golden gates we shall enter there; O, the light of its city fair! Thru the golden gates we shall enter there; O, the light of its
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beauty I long to see, When the glory of heaven shall shine on me.