The Homeland! O The Homeland!
O BONA PATRIA

1. The Homeland! O the Homeland! The land of the free-born!
There's no night in the Homeland, But aye the fade-less morn;
I'm sighing for the Homeland, My heart is aching here;
There is no pain in the Homeland To which I'm drawing near.

2. My Lord is in the Homeland, With angels bright and fair,
There's no sin in the Homeland, And no temptation there;
The music of the Homeland, Is ringing in my ears;
And when I think of the Homeland My eyes are filled with tears.

3. My loved ones in the Homeland Are waiting me to come,
Where neither death nor sorrow Invades their holy home;
O dear, dear native Country! O rest and peace above!
Christ bring us all to the Homeland Of Thy redeeming love.

Words: H. R. Haweis
Music: A. S. Sullivan

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