

## I Will Sing You a Song

Home of the Soul. 12.8.12.8.8.12.8.

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PHILIP PHILLIPS

1. I will sing you a song of that beau - ti - ful land, The far - a - way  
 2. O, that home of the soul in my vi - sions and dreams Its bright, jas - per  
 3. That un - change - a - ble home is for you and for me, Where Je - sus of  
 4. O, how sweet it will be in that beau - ti - ful land, So free from all

home of the soul, Where no storms ev - er beat on the glit - ter - ing strand,  
 walls I can see, Till I fan - cy but thin - ly the veil in - ter - venes  
 Naz - a - reth stands; The King of all king - doms for - ev - er is He,  
 sor - row and pain; With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands,

While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll;  
 Be - tween the fair cit - y and me, Be - tween the fair cit - y and me;  
 And He hold - eth our crowns in His hands, And He hold - eth our crowns in His hands;  
 To meet one an - oth - er a - gain! To meet one an - oth - er a - gain!

Where no storms ever beat on the glit - ter - ing strand, While the years of eter - ni - ty roll.  
 Till I fan - cy but thin - ly the veil in - ter - venes Be - tween the fair cit - y and me.  
 The King of all kingdoms for - ev - er is He, And He holdeth our crowns in His hands.  
 With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands, To meet one an - oth - er a - gain!