

7.6.7.6.D.

HUGH R. HAWZIS

GEORGE C. STEBBING

1. The home-land! O the home-land! The land of the free-born! There's
 2. My Lord is in the home-land, With an - gels bright and fair; There's
 3. The dwell-ers in the home-land Are beckon-ing me to come, Where

no night in the home-land, But aye the fade-less morn;
 no sin in the home-land, And no temp-ta-tion there;
 nei-ther death nor sor-row In-vades their ho-ly home;

I'm sigh-ing for the home-land, My heart is ach-ing here;
 The mu-sic of the home-land Is ring-ing in my ears;
 O dear, dear na-tive coun-try! O rest and peace a-bove!

There is no pain in the home-land To which I'm draw-ing near;
 And when I think of the home-land My eyes are filled with tears;
 Christ bring us all to the home-land Of Thy re-deem-ing love;

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