

A Song of Heaven and Homeland  
Eben Rexford, 1901.  
Ira Sankey.

Sometimes I hear strange music,  
Like none e'er heard before,  
Come floating softly earthward  
As thro' Heav'n's open door:  
It seems like angel voices,  
In strains of joy and love,  
That swell the mighty chorus  
Around the throne above.

Refrain

O sweet, celestial music,  
Heard from a land afar  
The song of Heav'n and Homeland,  
Thro' doors God leaves ajar!

Now soft, and low, and restful,  
It floods my soul with peace,  
As if God's benediction  
Bade all earth's troubles cease.  
Then, grander than the voices  
Of wind, and wave, and sea  
It fills the dome of Heaven  
With glorious harmony.

Refrain

This music haunts me ever,  
Like something heard in dreams  
It seems to catch the cadence  
Of heav'nly winds and streams.  
My heart is filled with rapture,  
To think, some day to come,  
I'll sing it with the angels  
The song of Heav'n and home.

Refrain