

Home of the Soul
Ellen Gates, 1865.
Philip Phillips.

I will sing you a song of that beautiful land,
The far away home of the soul,
Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand,
While the years of eternity roll,
While the years of eternity roll;
Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand,
While the years of eternity roll.

Oh, that home of the soul! In my visions and dreams
Its bright, jasper walls I can see;
Till I fancy but thinly the veil intervenes
Between the fair city and me,
Between the fair city and me;
Till I fancy but thinly the veil intervenes
Between the fair city and me.

That unchangeable home is for you and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;
The King of all kingdoms forever is He,
And He holdeth our crowns in His hands,
And He holdeth our crowns in His hands;
The King of all kingdoms forever is He,
And He holdeth our crowns in His hands.

Oh, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain,
With songs on our lips and our harps in our hands,
To meet one another again,
To meet one another again;
With songs on our lips and our harps in our hands,
To meet one another again.