

I'm Going Home
I Feel Like Traveling On
William Hunter, 1838.
William Miller.

My heav'nly home is bright and fair,
Nor pain nor death can enter there;
Its glittering towers the sun outshine,
That heav'nly mansion shall be mine.

Refrain

I'm going home, I'm going home,
I'm going home to die no more,
To die no more, to die no more,
I'm going home to die no more.

My Father's home is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heav'nly mansion mine shall be.

Refrain

Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow;
Be mine a happier lot to own
A heav'nly mansion near the throne.

Refrain