

The Homeland! O the Homeland!

Hugh Haweis, 1855.

Arthur Sullivan, 1867.

The Homeland! O the Homeland! The land of souls free born!

No gloomy night is known there, but only fadeless morn:

I'm sighing for that country, my heart is aching here;

There is no pain in the Homeland to which I'm drawing near.

My Lord is in the Homeland, with angels bright and fair;

No sinful thing nor evil, can ever enter there;

The music of the ransomed is ringing in my ears,

And when I think of the Homeland, my eyes are wet with tears.

For loved ones in the Homeland are waiting me to come,

Where neither death nor sorrow invades their holy home:

O dear, dear native country! O rest and peace above!

Christ bring us all to the Homeland, of His eternal love.