

We're Going Home Tomorrow
Sophia Griswold, 1875.
Philip Bliss.

We're going home, no more to roam,
No more to sin and sorrow;
No more to wear the brow of care,
We're going home tomorrow.

Refrain

We're going home, we're going home tomorrow,
We're going home, we're going home tomorrow.

For weary feet awaits a street
Of wondrous pave and golden;
For hearts that ache, the angels wake
The story, sweet and olden.

Refrain

For those who sleep, and those who weep,
Above the portals narrow,
The mansions rise beyond the skies
We're going home tomorrow.

Refrain

Oh, joyful song! Oh, ransomed throng!
Where sin no more shall sever;
Our king to see, and, oh, to be
With Him at home forever!

Refrain