

# THE SOUL'S SWEET HOME

1. I have heard of the joy of the soul's sweet home, Where the wea - ry and  
2. In its har - bor of rest are the white, white sails, Of the ships that have  
3. To that won - der - ful land, with its fade - less flow'rs, With its beau - ti - ful

way - worn at last shall come, And the light of its beau - ty I long to see,  
weath - ered the bit - ter gales; And they strive no more as at peace they lie,  
songs and its per - fumed bow'rs, We are sail - ing on, and the years are few

*Chorus*  
When the glo - ry of heav - en shall shine on me. O, the soul's sweet home! O, the  
For the storms of the earth - life have all passed by.  
Ere its har - bor of rest shall ap - pear in view.

cit - y fair! Thru the gold - en gates we shall en - ter there; O, the light of its

beau - ty I long to see, When the glo - ry of heav - en shall shine on me.