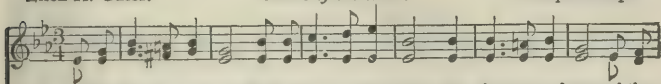


I Will Sing You a Song.

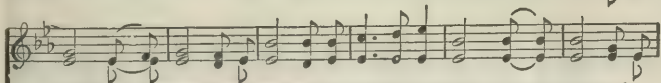
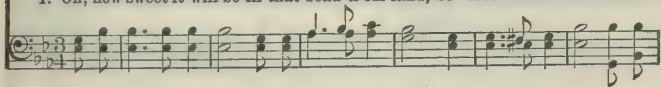
Ellen H. Gates.

Home of the Soul.

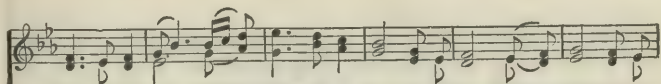
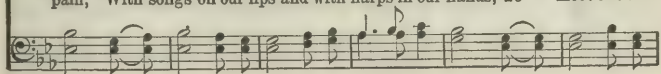
Philip Phillips.



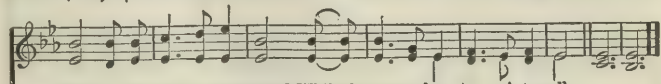
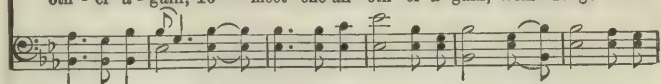
1. I will sing you a song of that beau-ti-ful land, The far-a-way home of the
2. Oh, that home of the soul! In my visions and dreams Its bright, jasper walls I can
3. That unchangeable home is for you and for me, Where Je-sus of Naz-a-reth
4. Oh, how sweet it will be in that beau-ti-ful land, So free from all sor-row and



soul, Where no storms ev-er beat on the glit-ter-ing strand, While the years of e-see; Till I fan-cy but thin-ly the veil in-ter-venes Be - tween the fair stands; The King of all kingdoms for-ev - er is He, And He hold-eth our pain, With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands, To meet one an-



ter - ni-ty roll, While the years of e - ter - ni-ty roll; Where no storms ev-er cit - y and me, Be - tween the fair cit - y and me; Till I fan - cy but crowns in His hands, And He holdeth our crowns in His hands; The King of all oth - er a - gain, To meet one an - oth - er a - gain; With songs on our



beat on the glit-ter-ing strand, While the years of e - ter - ni-ty roll. thin - ly the veil in-ter-venes Be - tween the fair cit - y and me. kingdoms for-ev - er is He, And He holdeth our crowns in His hands. lips and with harps in our hands, To meet one an - oth - er a - gain. A - MEN.

