

Hymn of the Homeland (Irregular)

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1. The home - land! the home - land! The land of the free born;

There's no night in the home - land, But aye the fade - less morn;

I'm sigh - ing for the home - land, My heart is ach - ing here;

There's no pain in the home - land, To which I'm draw - ing near.

2. My Lord is in the home - land, With an - gels bright and fair,

There's no sin in the home - land, and no temp - ta - tion there;

The voi - ces of the home - land Are ring - ing in my ears,

And when I think of the home - land, My eyes are filled with tears.

3. For those I love in the home - land are call - ing me a - way

To the rest and peace of the home - land And the life be - yond de - cay;

For there's no death in the home - land, There is no grief a - bove:

Christ bring us all to the home - land Of His e - ter - nal love. A - men.
H. R. Haweis, 1839 - 1901.