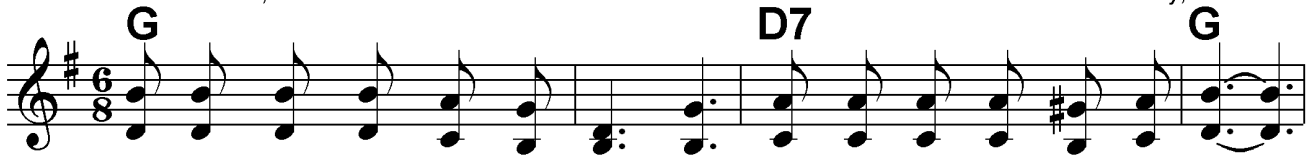


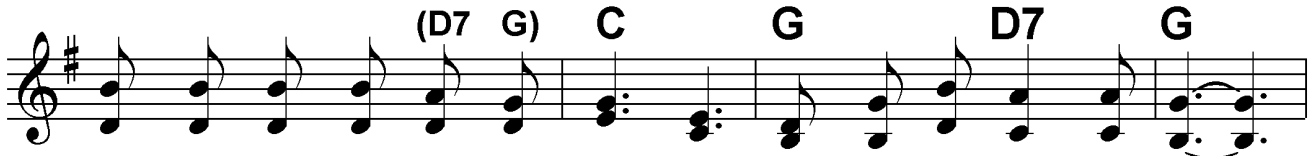
Home of the Soul

Words: James Rowe, 1912

Music: Samuel W. Beazley, 1912



1. If for the prize you have striv - en, Aft - er the la - bors are o'er,
 2. Yes, a sweet rest is re - main - ing, For the true chil - dren of God.
 3. Soon, the bright home - land a - dorn - ing, We shall be - hold the glad dawn,



Rest to our souls will be giv - en, On the e - ter - nal shore.
 Where there will be no com - plain - ing, Nev - er a chas - t'ning rod.
 Lean on the Lord till the morn - ing, Trust till the night has gone.



Home . . . of the soul . . . bless - ed king - - dom of light . . .
 Home of the soul, beau - ti - ful home, There we shall rest, nev - er to roam;



Free . . . from all care, . . . and where fall - - eth no night! . . .
 Free from all care, hap - py and bright, Je - sus is there, He is the light!



Oft, . . . in the storm, . . . we are sigh - - ing for thee, . . .
 Oft, in the storm, lone - ly are we, sigh - ing for home, long - ing for thee,



Beau - ti - ful home of the ran - somed be - side the crys - tal sea . . .
 crys - tal sea, the crys - tal sea.