









- 2. "My home, my home, my happy home!"Can I the phrase to oft repeat?'Midst scenes which sin has tinged with gloom, traversed in pain, with weary feet!Oh no, to heaven I lift my eye,"My home, my happy home!" I cry.
- 3. "My home, my home, my happy home!"
  How many loved ones, there at rest,
  wait for the blissful hour to come,
  when the desires which fill my breast,
  all, all shall consummated be,
  my home, my happy home, in thee!
- 4. "My home, my home, my happy home!"
  Dwells he not there whom most I love?
  My country lies beyond the tomb;
  my heart is given to one above:
  oh death, I even long, through thee,
  my home, my happy home to see.

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