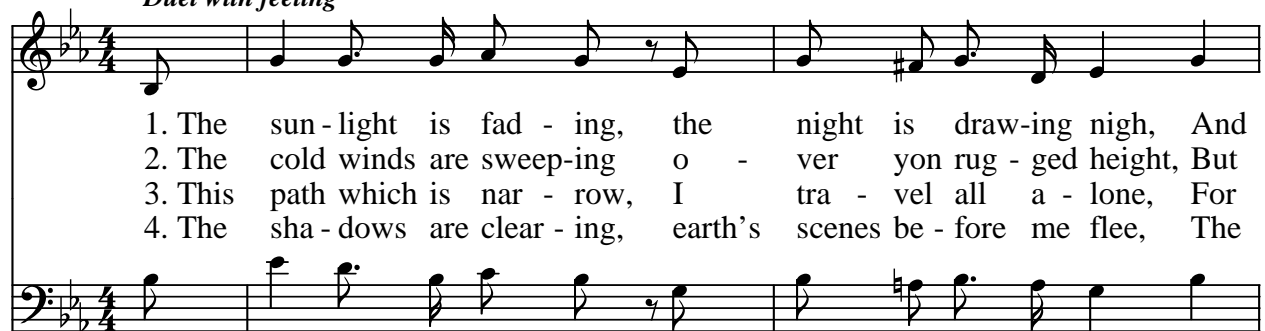


The Light of My Heavenly Home

H. Trueman Light, 1903

E. L. Ozendorff

♩=95 *Duet with feeling*



1. The sun-light is fading, the night is drawing nigh, And
2. The cold winds are sweeping o - ver yon rug - ged height, But
3. This path which is nar - row, I tra - vel all a - lone, For
4. The sha - dows are clearing, earth's scenes be - fore me flee, The




swift - ly the dark - ness falls o - ver earth and sky; But
fac - ing it on - ward the drear - y way I fight; The
friends once were with me long wea - ry since have grown; I'm
morn - ing of glo - ry is break - ing now to me; The

Quartet

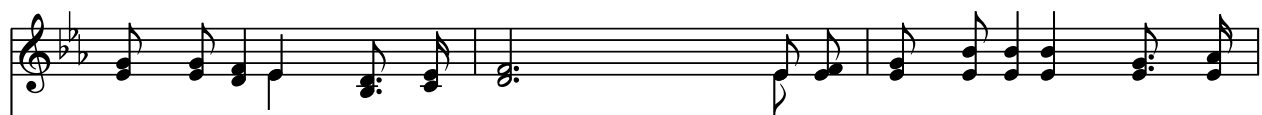


light still is near me, tho' thick the sha - dows come, 'Tis the
prize is be - fore me, I'll reach it, and so soon, 'Tis the
near - ing the Sav - ior, He's call - ing for His own, To the
Sav - ior doth wel - come and bid - deth me to "come." He's the

Refrain



light of my heav - en - ly home.
light of my heav - en - ly home. 'Tis the light of my
light of my heav - en - ly home. 'Tis the light, bless - èd light,
light of my heav - en - ly home.



heav-en-ly home, 'Tis the light of my heav-en-ly home, Tho' the
'Tis the light, bless-èd light,



sha-dows may fall and the dark-ness may come, I've the light of my heav-en-ly



home.

