

The Homeland

Lucy Jane Rider Meyer (1849-1922)

John Bunyan Herbert, 1901

♩=107



1. O Home-land! O Home-land! No lone - ly heart is there, No rush of blind-ing
2. O Home-land! O Home-land! No moan-ing of the sick, No cry - ing of the
3. O Home-land! O Home-land! The veil is ve - ry thin That stretch-es thy dear
4. O Home-land! O Home-land! One— Chief of all thy band, One— al - to - ge - ther



an - guish, No slow-ly drop - ping tear: Now like an in - fant cry - ing Its
wea - ry, No sigh - ing of the weak. But sound of child-ren's voic - es, And
mea - dows And this cold world be - tween; A breath a - side may blow it, A
love - ly, One— Lord of all the land— Stands, ea - ger at the gate - way; The



mo - ther's face to see, O Mo - ther land, O Home-land! I stretch my arms to
shout of saint - ly song, Are heard thy hap - py high - ways And gold - en streets a-
heart-throb burst it through, And bring in one glad mo - ment Thy hap - py lands to
Bride-groom waits His bride; And rest - ing on His bo - som, "I shall be sa - tis-



thee!
- long.
view.
- fied.”

