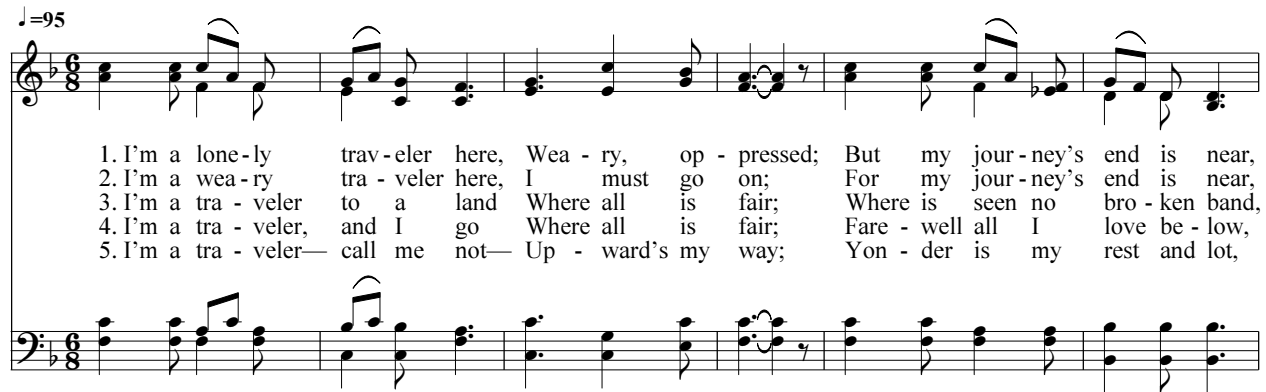


Yonder's My Home

Irville Irwin Leslie, 1845

H. S. Blunt, 1891

♩=95

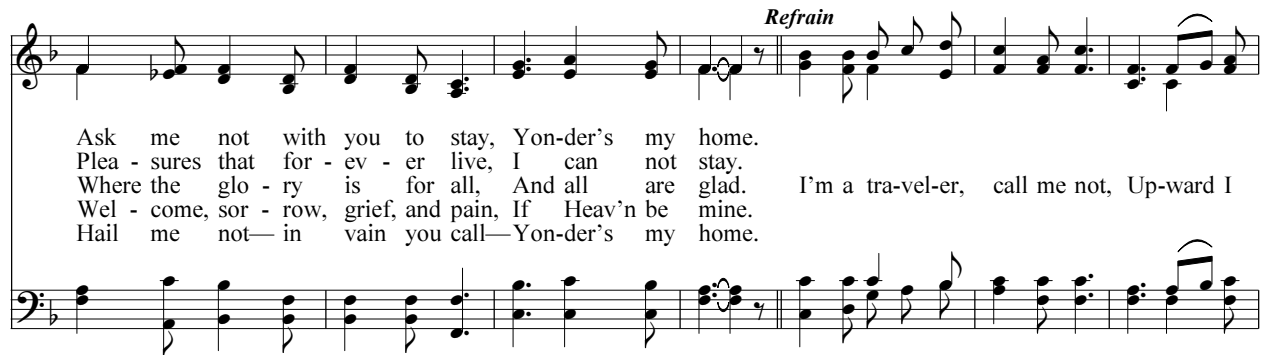


1. I'm a lone-ly trav-eler here, Wea-ry, op-pressed; But my jour-ney's end is near,
2. I'm a wea-ry tra-veler here, I must go on; For my jour-ney's end is near,
3. I'm a tra-veler to a land Where all is fair; Where is seen no bro-ken band,
4. I'm a tra-veler, and I go Where all is fair; Fare-well all I love be-low,
5. I'm a tra-veler—call me not—Up-ward's my way; Yon-der is my rest and lot,

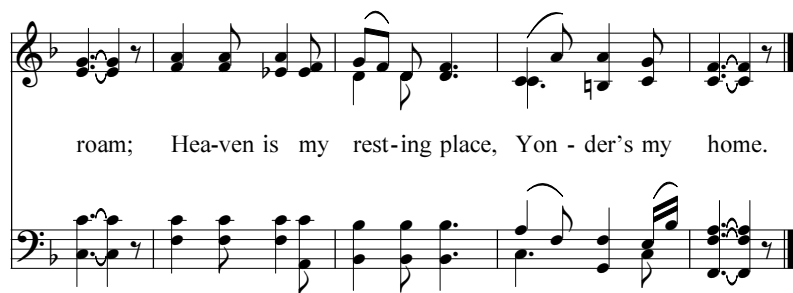


Soon I shall rest. Dark and drear-y is the way, Toil-ing I've come;
I must be gone. Bright-er joys than earth can give, Hie me a-way,
Saints all are there. Where no tear shall ev-er fall, Nor heart be sad;
I must be there. World-ly hon-ors, hopes and gain, All I re-sign;
I ca-nnot stay. Fare-well earth-ly plea-sures all, Pil-grim I'll roam;

Refrain



Ask me not with you to stay, Yon-der's my home.
Plea-sures that for-ev-er live, I can not stay.
Where the glo-ry is for all, And all are glad. I'm a tra-vel-er, call me not, Up-ward I
Wel-come, sor-row, grief, and pain, If Heav'n be mine.
Hail me not—in vain you call—Yon-der's my home.



roam; Hea-ven is my rest-ing place, Yon-der's my home.