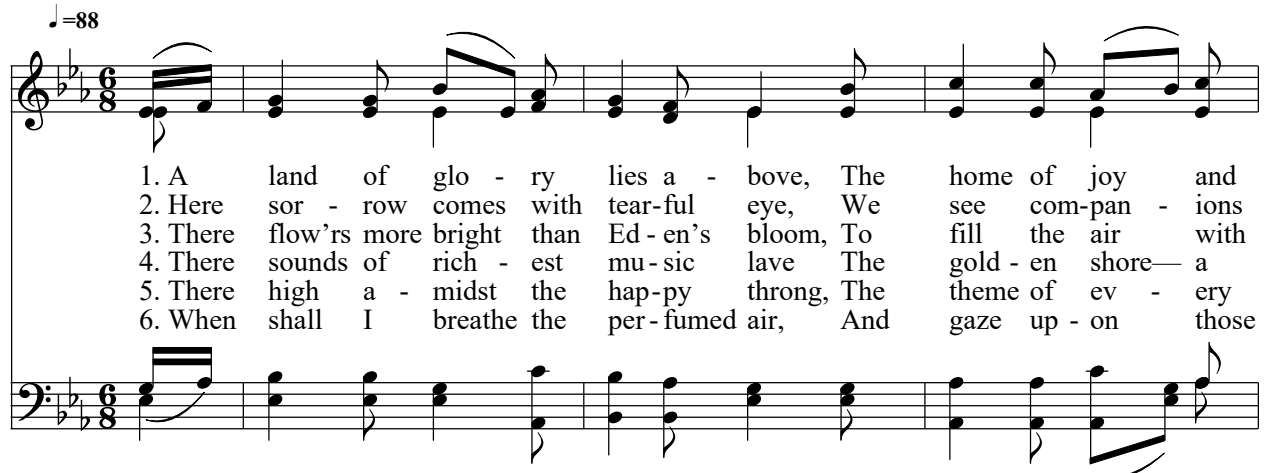


I Long to Go

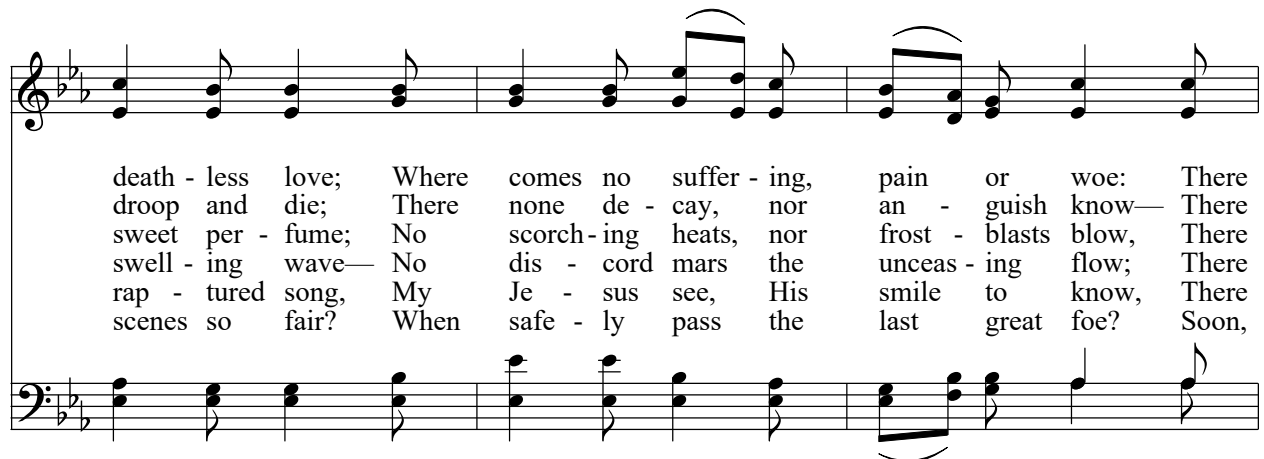
W. J. Cooksley, 1874, alt.

Harvey Clark Camp

$\text{♩} = 88$

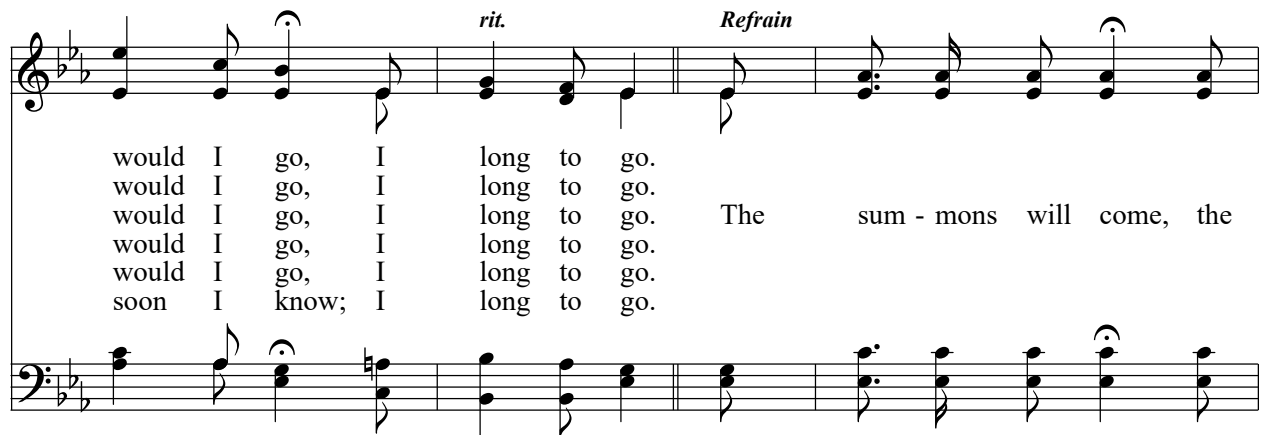


1. A land of glo - ry lies a - bove, The home of joy and
2. Here sor - row comes with tear-ful eye, We see com-pan - ions
3. There flow'rs more bright than Ed - en's bloom, To fill the air with
4. There sounds of rich - est mu - sic lave The gold - en shore— a
5. There high a - midst the hap - py throng, The theme of ev - ery
6. When shall I breathe the per - fumed air, And gaze up - on those



death - less love; Where comes no suffer - ing, pain or woe: There
droop and die; There none de - cay, nor an - guish know— There
sweet per - fume; No scorch - ing heats, nor frost - blasts blow, There
swell - ing wave— No dis - cord mars the unceas - ing flow; There
rap - tured song, My Je - sus see, His smile to know, There
scenes so fair? When safe - ly pass the last great foe? Soon,

rit. *Refrain*



would I go, I long to go.
would I go, I long to go.
would I go, I long to go. The sum - mons will come, the
would I go, I long to go.
soon I know; I long to go.

sum-mons will come, And the an-gel's soft pin-ion shall car-ry me home: To

Je - sus' arms, where naught a - larms, I long to go, I long to go.