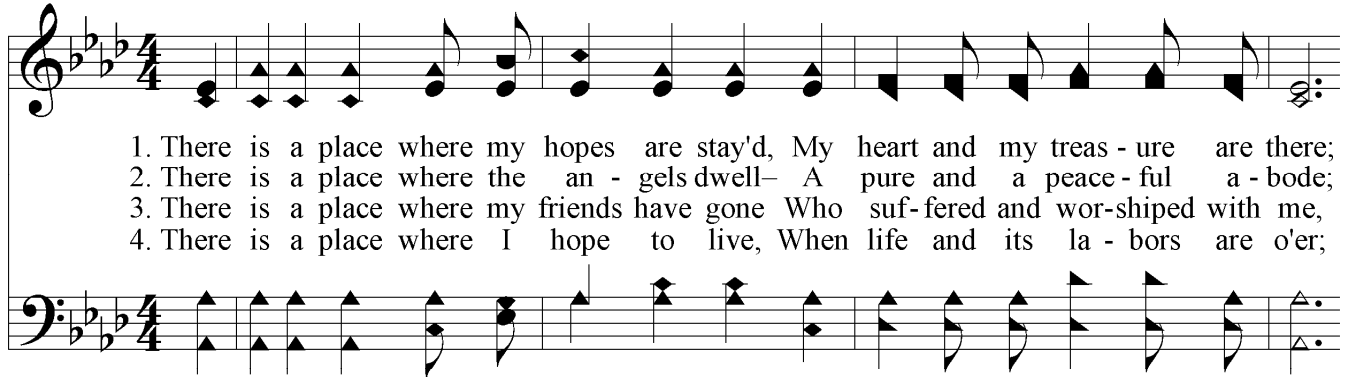
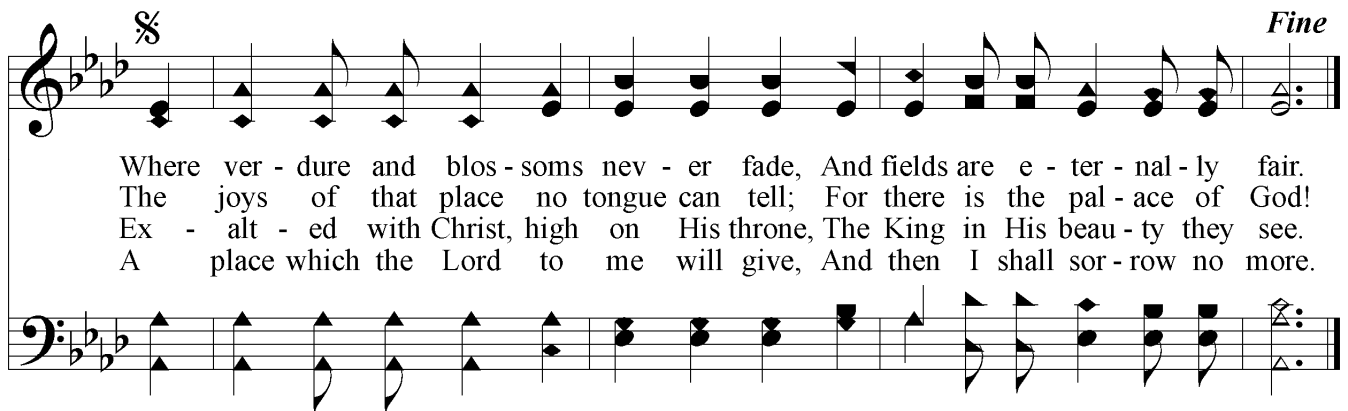


My Fatherland

Ezek. 47:12



1. There is a place where my hopes are stay'd, My heart and my treas - ure are there;
2. There is a place where the an - gels dwell— A pure and a peace - ful a - bode;
3. There is a place where my friends have gone Who suf - fered and wor - shiped with me,
4. There is a place where I hope to live, When life and its la - bors are o'er;



Fine
Where ver - dure and blos - soms nev - er fade, And fields are e - ter - nal - ly fair.
The joys of that place no tongue can tell; For there is the pal - ace of God!
Ex - alt - ed with Christ, high on His throne, The King in His beau - ty they see.
A place which the Lord to me will give, And then I shall sor - row no more.

D. S.— Come, fa - vor my flight, an - gel - ic band, And waft me in peace to the shore.

Chorus



D. S. al Fine
That bliss - ful place is my fa - ther - land; By faith its de - lights I ex - plore: