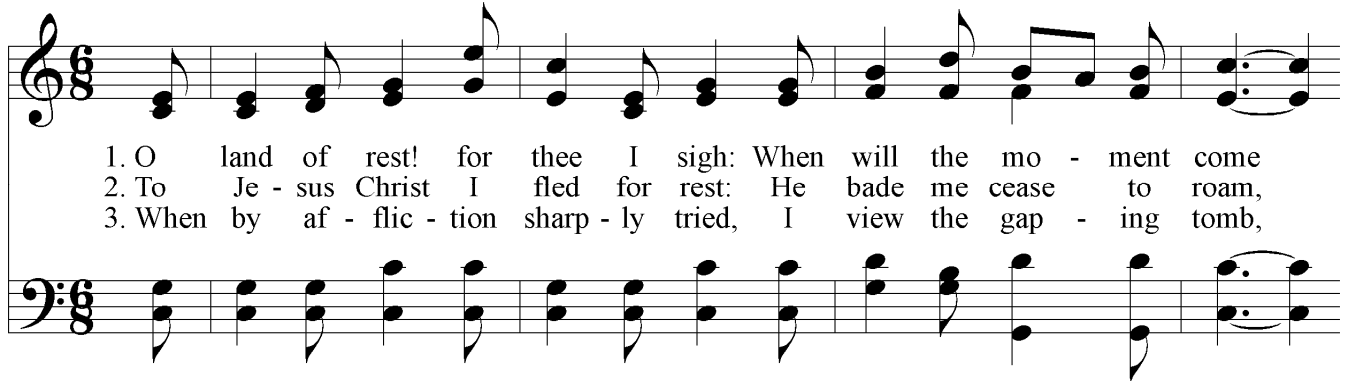


# Home C. M., Double



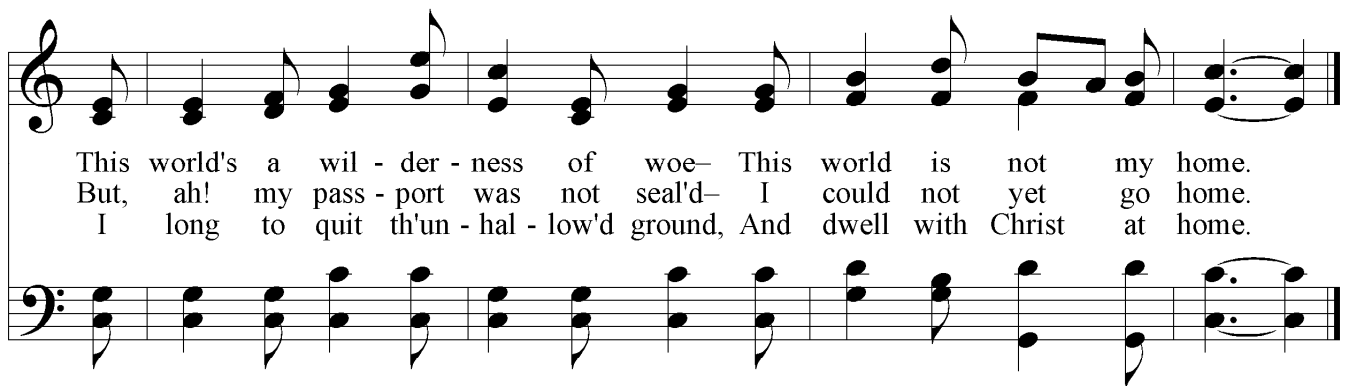
1. O land of rest! for thee I sigh: When will the mo - ment come  
2. To Je - sus Christ I fled for rest: He bade me cease to roam,  
3. When by af - flic - tion sharp - ly tried, I view the gap - ing tomb,



When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell in peace at home?  
And lean for suc - cor on His breast, And He'd con - duct me home.  
Al - tho' I dread death's chill - ing tide, Yet still I sigh for home.



No tran - quil joys on earth I know, No peace - ful shel - t'ring dome:  
I should at once have quit the field Where foes with fu - ry foam,  
Wea - ry of wan - d'ring round and round This vale of sin and gloom,



This world's a wil - der - ness of woe— This world is not my home.  
But, ah! my pass - port was not seal'd— I could not yet go home.  
I long to quit th'un - hal - low'd ground, And dwell with Christ at home.