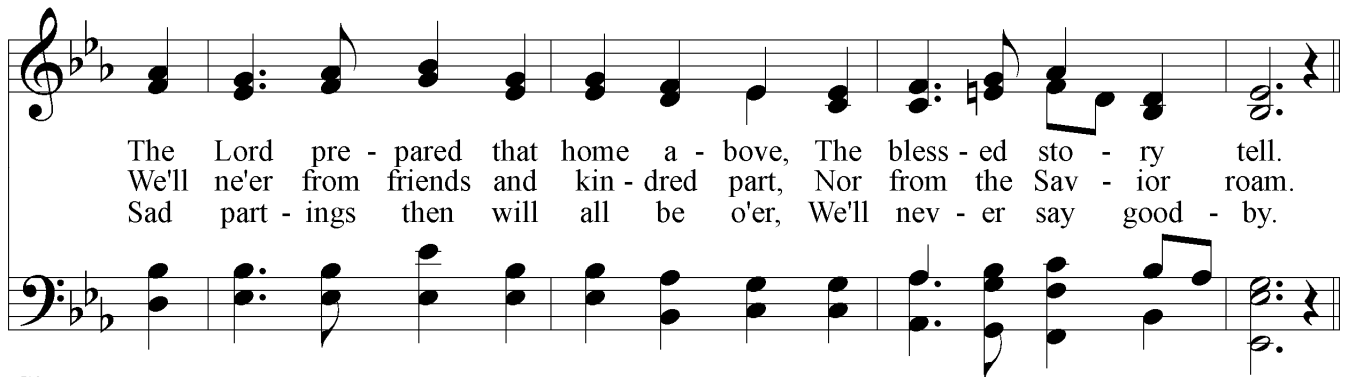# When All The Saints Get Home
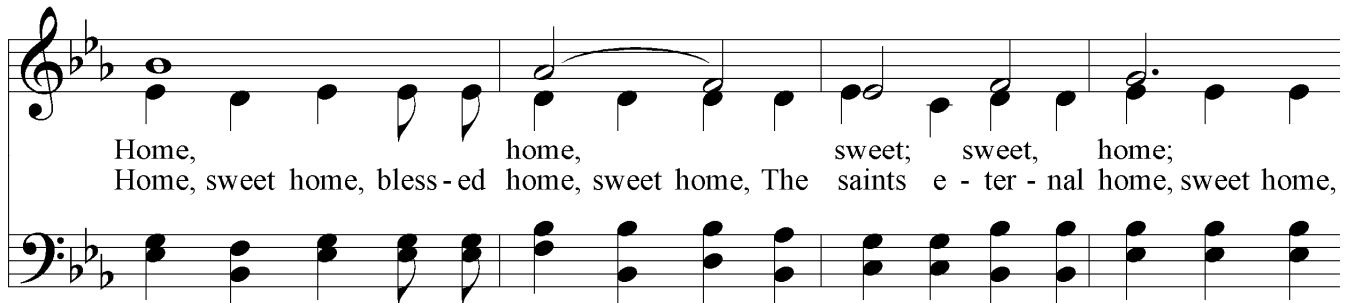
In Memory of My Sainted Mother

1. Oh, Par - a - dise! sweet home of love, Where saints and an - gels dwell;
2. Oh, joy - ous thought now fills my heart, When all the saints get home,
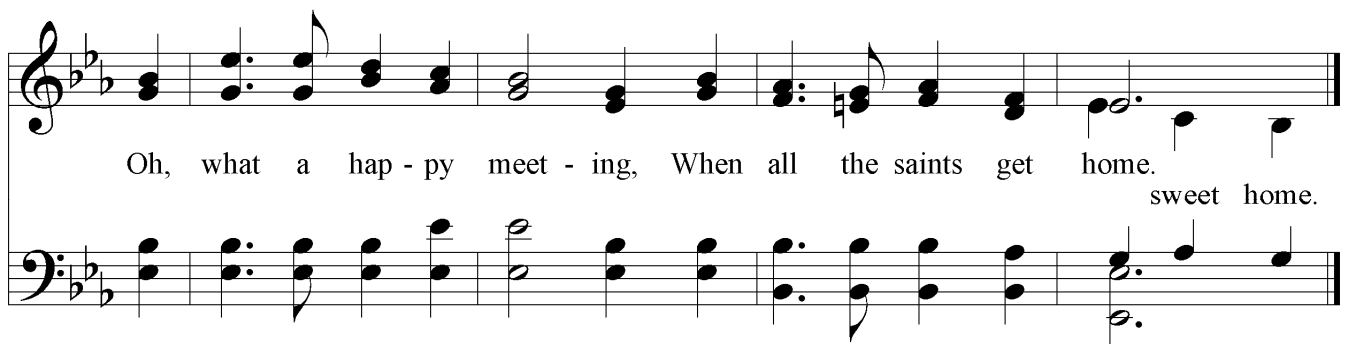3. We'll dwell with an - gels ev - er - more, In that bright home on high;

The Lord pre - pared that home a - bove, The bless - ed sto - ry tell.
We'll ne'er from friends and kin - dred part, Nor from the Sav - ior roam.
Sad part - ings then will all be o'er, We'll nev - er say good - by.

Chorus

Home, home, sweet; sweet, home;
Home, sweet home, bless - ed home, sweet home, The saints e - ter - nal home, sweet home,

Oh, what a hap - py meet - ing, When all the saints get home.
sweet home.

Words and Music: J. H. Hall