

H. de F.

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HENRY de FLUITER

1. So dear to my heart is the prom-ise of God, A home with the  
 2. 'Tis E - den, fair E - den, I long to be-hold, Where naught can de -  
 3. But chief-est of all is the tho't that en-thralls, That I shall be -

pure and blest; Where earth-wea-ry pil-grims, stran-gers here be-low, Will  
 spoil that's fair; Where saints of all a - ges hold com-mun-ion sweet, The  
 hold my King; Re - joice in His pres-ence, rev - el in His grace, And

find their e - ter - nal rest.  
 glo - ries of heav - en share. I'm home-sick for heav - en, seems I  
 ev - er His prais - es sing.

can-not wait, Yearn-ing to en-ter Zi-on's pearl-y gate; There nev - er a

heart-ache, nev - er a care, I long for my home o - ver there.

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