

William Hunter

21 MY HEAVENLY HOME 21

~~APP. 1881~~
William McDonald

My heavenly home is bright and fair; Nor pain, nor death can
My Fath-er's house is built on high, Far, far a - bove the ①
While here a stranger, far from home, Af-fliction's waves may

en- ter there; Its glittering towers the sun out-shine; That
star - ry sky; When from this earth-ly pris-on free, That
round me foam; And though, like Lazarus, sick and poor, My

heavenly man-sion shall be mine.
heavenly man-sion mine shall be. I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing
heavenly man-sion is se-secure.

home, I'm go-ing home to die no more; To die no more, to die no

more, ② I'm go-ing home to die no more. NO MORE

Hymns and Tunes (1886), H & H
I'm go-ing home to die no more. ③