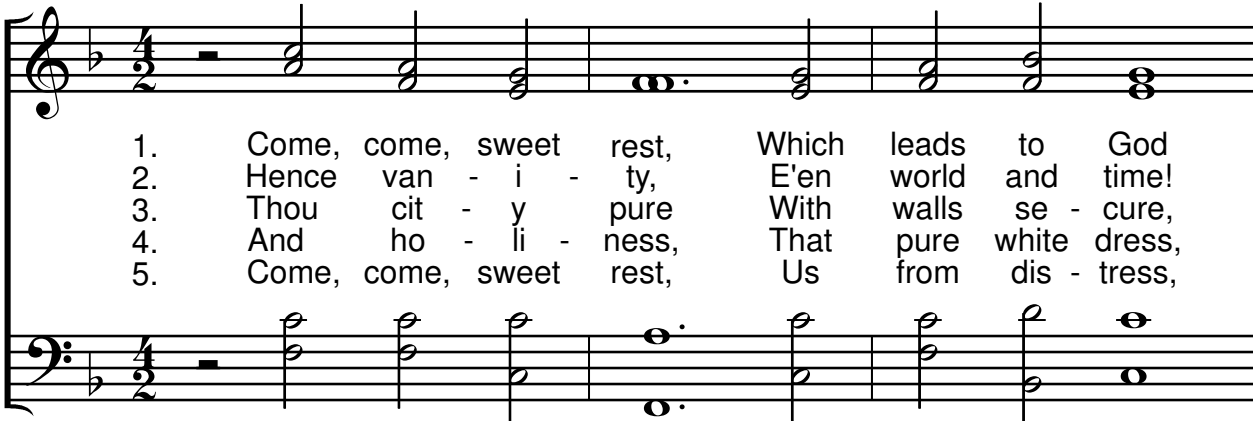
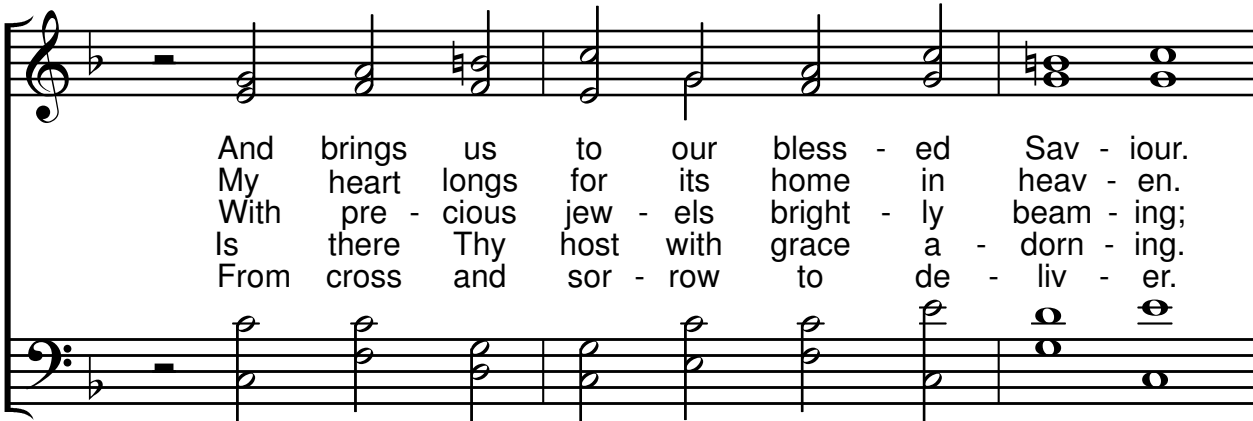


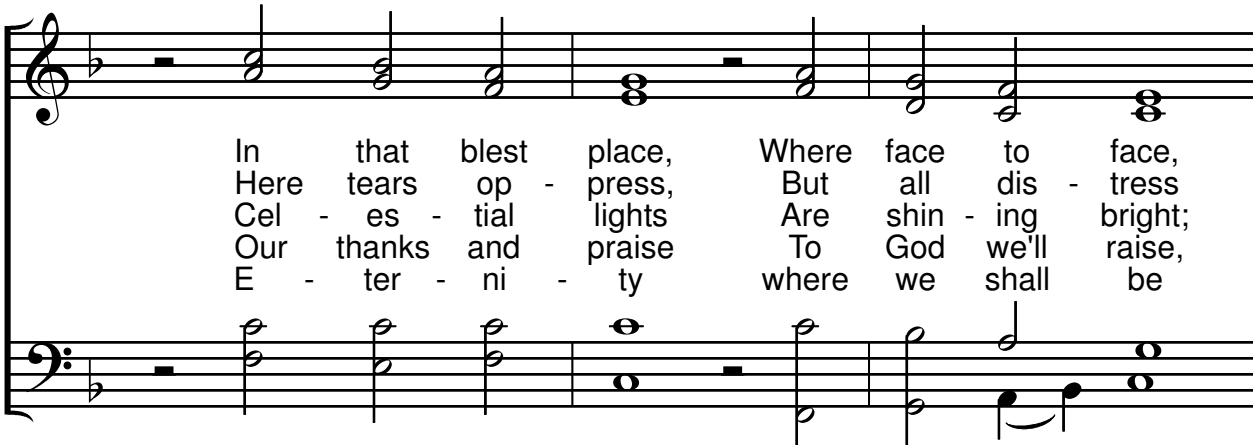
147. YEARNING FOR HOME



1. Come, come, sweet rest, Which leads to God
 2. Hence van - i - ty, E'en world and time!
 3. Thou cit - y pure With walls se - cure,
 4. And ho - li - ness, That pure white dress,
 5. Come, come, sweet rest, Us from dis - tress,



And brings us to our bless - ed Sav - iour.
 My heart longs for its home in heav - en.
 With pre - cious jew - els bright - ly beam - ing;
 Is there Thy host with grace a - dorn - ing.
 From cross and sor - row to de - liv - er.



In that blest place, Where face to face,
 Here tears op - press, But all dis - tress
 Cel - es - tial lights Are shin - ing bright;
 Our thanks and praise To God we'll raise,
 E - ter - ni - ty where we shall be

The ran - somed host sings to God's
 Shall change to joy when His re -
 The light from God and the blest
 With joy - ful songs of grat - i -
 Un - nit - ed with e - ter - nal

praise and fa - vor.
 ward is giv en.
 Lamb is stream - ing.
 tude re - sound ing.
 joys for - ev er.