

Nearing the Homeland

Lola L. Seelye, 1903

V. Paul Jones

♩=160

1. In Heav-en's fair por - tals they're wait-ing for me, Where sick - ness and sor - row are
2. We think of the rest, of the peo - ple of God, That waits all the faith-ful and
3. And there, face to face, our dear Sav - ior we'll meet, The veil shall be tak - en a-

o'er; Where hope's bright-est dream a ful - fill - ment will find On the bright, gold-en
true; Our tra - vel - stained gar - ments will there be ex - changed For a beau - ti - ful
- way; No night dims the bright-ness our eyes shall be - hold "In that land that is

Refrain
heav-en - ly shore.
gar - ment of new. Near-ing the home-land, fair hav-en of rest, Joy for the sad ones who
fair - er than day."

weep; Our an-chor we'll cast, we're near-ing the port, No more on the wild, rest-less

deep.