A Song Of Heaven And Homeland
written for "The Ladies' Home Journal"

1. Sometimes I hear strange music, Like none e'er heard before,
Come floating softly earthward As thru Heav'n's open door;
It seems like angel voices, In strains of joy and love
That swell the mighty chorus, Around the throne above.

2. Now soft, and low, and restful, It floods my soul with peace,
As if God's benediction Bade all earth's troubles cease.
My heart is fill'd with rapture, To think, some day to come,
It fills the dome of Heaven With glorious harmony.

3. This music haunts me ever Like something heard in dreams,
It seems to catch the cadence Of heav'nly winds and streams,
That swell the mighty chorus, Around the throne above.
I'll sing it with the angels,- The song of Heav'n and home.