HOME OVER THERE

1. O think of the home o-ver there, By the side of the riv-er of light,
   Where the saints, all im-mor-tal and fair, Are trod,
   Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their see;
   Man-y dear to my heart, o-ver there, Are o-ver there,

2. O think of the friends o-ver there, Who be-fore us the jour-ney have
   light,
   Where the saints, all im-mor-tal and fair, Are trod,

3. I'll soon be at home o-ver there, For the end of my jour-ney I
   light,
   Where the saints, all im-mor-tal and fair, Are trod,

Chorus

maned in their gar-ments of light. O-ver there, o-ver
home in the pal-ace of God. O-ver there, o-ver
watch-ing and wait-ing for me. O-ver there, o-ver

there, O think of the home o-ver there, O-ver
there, O think of the friends o-ver there, O-ver
there, I'll soon be at home o-ver there, O-ver

there, o-ver there, o-ver there, O think of the home o-ver
there, o-ver there, o-ver there, O think of the friends o-ver
there, o-ver there, o-ver there, I'll soon be at home o-ver there.