1. If for the prize we have striv-en, Af-ter our la-bors are o'er,
2. Yes, a sweet rest is re-main-ing For the true chil-dren of God,
3. Soon, the bright home-land a-dorn-ing, We shall be-hold the glad dawn;

Rest to our souls will be giv-en, On the e-ter-nal shore,
Where there will be no com-plain-ing, Nev-er a chast-ning rod,
Lean on the Lord till the morn-ing, Trust till the night is gone.

Chorus
Home of the soul, beau-ti-ful home, there we shall rest,
Home of the soul, beau-ti-ful home, bless-ed king-dom of
nev-er to roam; Free from all care,
light, Free from all care, hap-py and bright,
and where

Words by James Rowe
Music by Samuel W. Beazley
Home Of The Soul

Jesus is there, fall - eth no night! He is the light! Oft, in the storm, in the

lonel y are we, we are sigh - ing for home, long - ing for Thee,

Beau - ti - ful home of the ran - somed, be - side the crys - tal sea, the crys - tal sea.