**My Fatherland**

Ezek. 47:12

1. There is a place where my hopes are stay'd, My heart and my treasure are there;  
2. There is a place where the angels dwell—A pure and a peaceful abode;  
3. There is a place where my friends have gone Who suffered and worshipped with me,  
4. There is a place where I hope to live, When life and its labors are o'er;  

Where verdure and blossoms never fade, And fields are eternally fair.  
The joys of that place no tongue can tell; For there is the palace of God!  
A place which the Lord to me will give, And then I shall sorrow no more.

D. S.—Come, favor my flight, angelic band, And waft me in peace to the shore.

**Chorus**

D. S. al Fine

That blissful place is my fatherland; By faith its delights I explore: