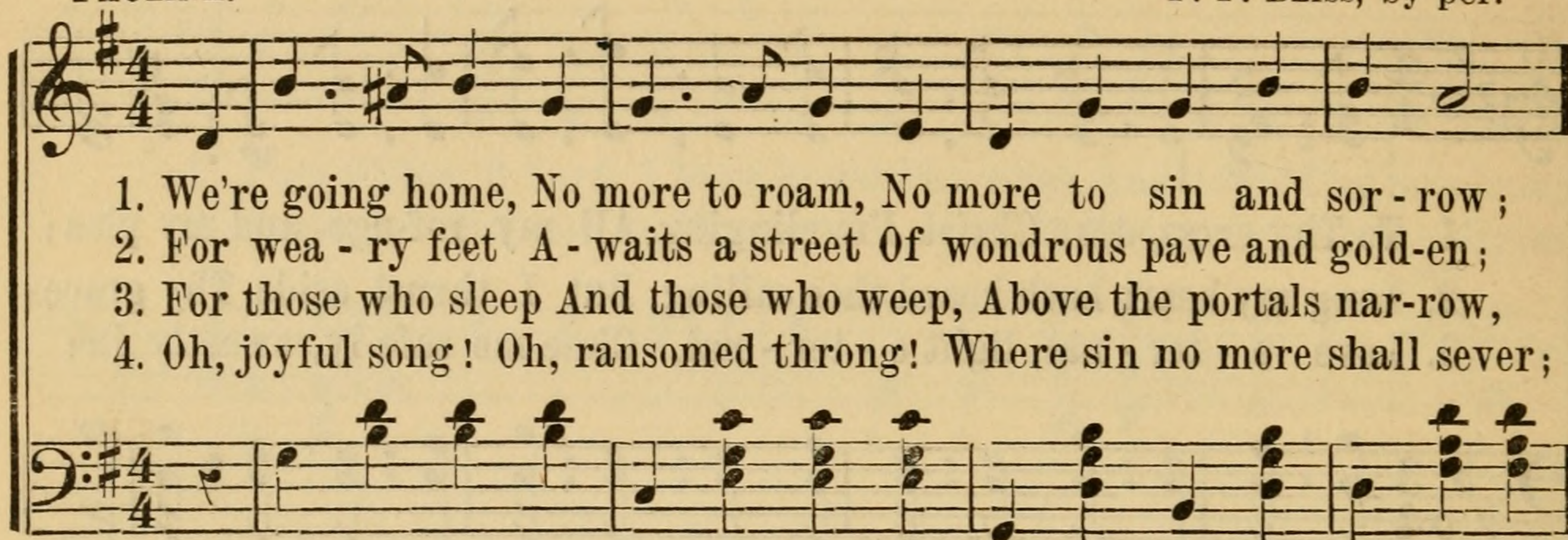


No. 29. We're Going Home To-morrow.

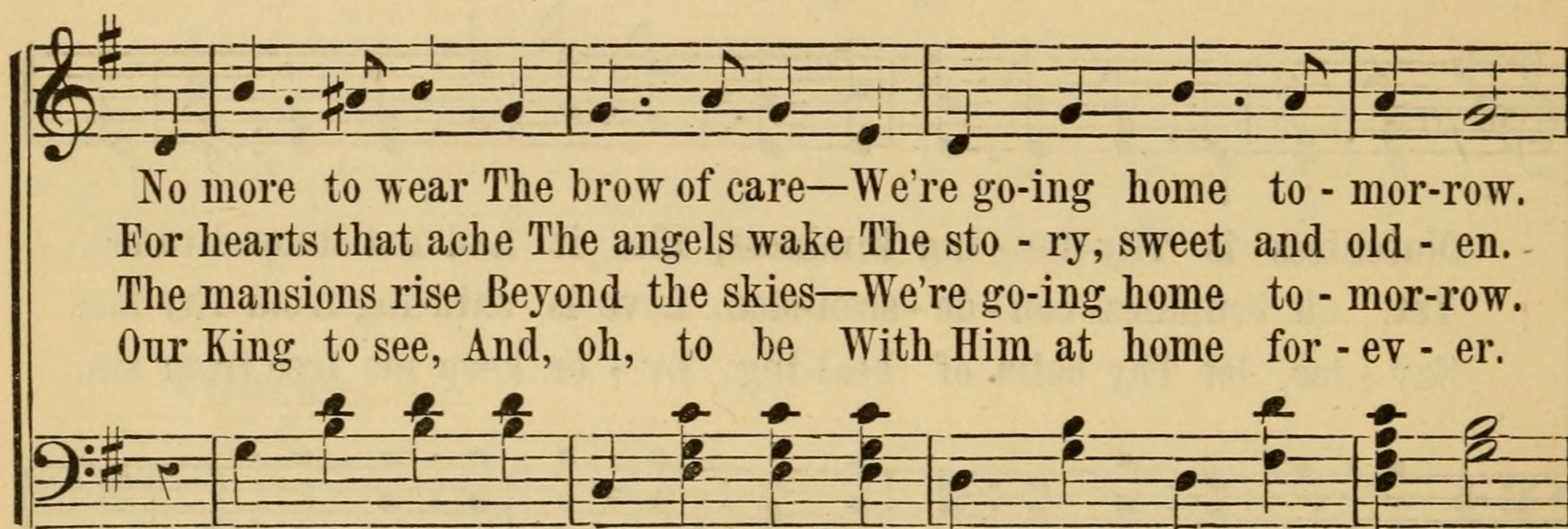
“Willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord.”—2 Cor. 5: 8.

PAULINA.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

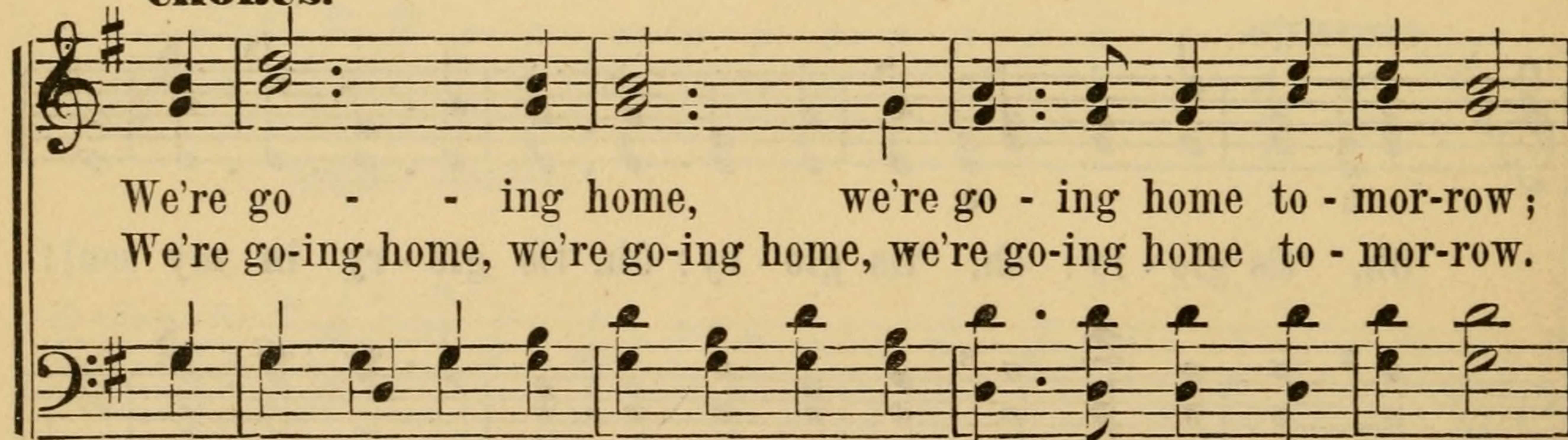


1. We're going home, No more to roam, No more to sin and sor-row;
 2. For wea-ry feet A-waits a street Of wondrous pave and gold-en;
 3. For those who sleep And those who weep, Above the portals nar-row,
 4. Oh, joyful song! Oh, ransomed throng! Where sin no more shall sever;

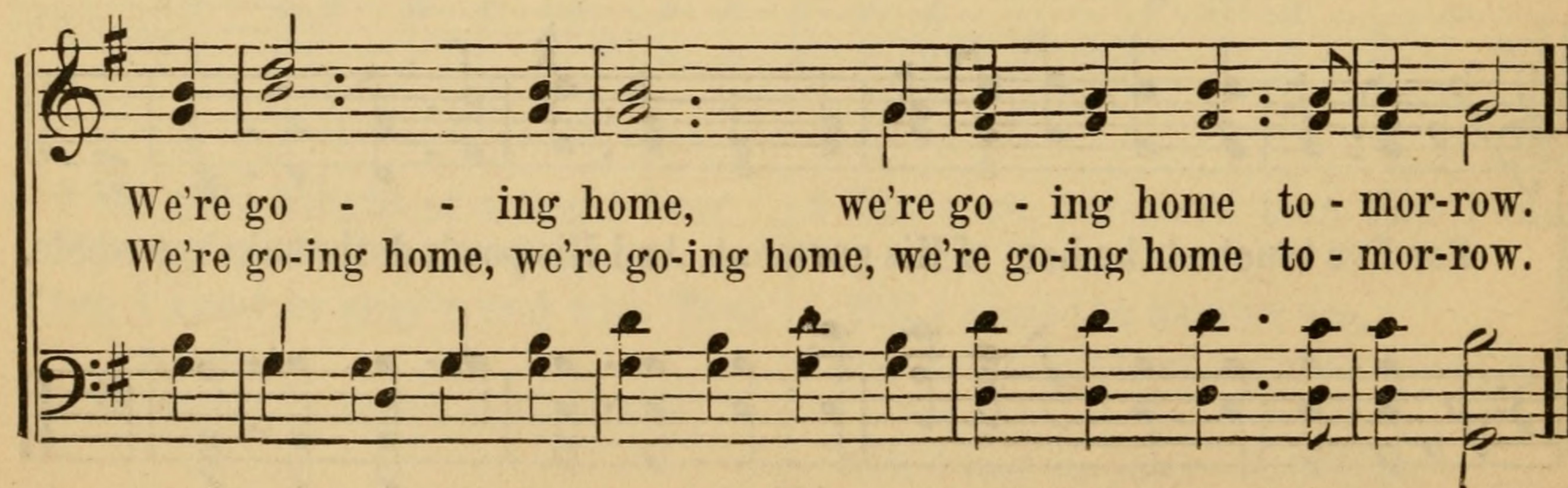


No more to wear The brow of care—We're go-ing home to - mor-row.
 For hearts that ache The angels wake The sto - ry, sweet and old - en.
 The mansions rise Beyond the skies—We're go-ing home to - mor-row.
 Our King to see, And, oh, to be With Him at home for - ev - er.

CHORUS.



We're go - - ing home, we're go - ing home to - mor-row;
 We're go-ing home, we're go-ing home, we're go-ing home to - mor-row.



We're go - - ing home, we're go - ing home to - mor-row.
 We're go-ing home, we're go-ing home, we're go-ing home to - mor-row.