

# No. 46.

# The Home over There.

"Oh that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away and be at rest."—PSALM lv. 6.

1. Oh, think of the home o - ver there, By the side of the ri - ver of light, Where the  
 2. Oh, think of the friends o - ver there, Who be - fore us the journey have trod, Of the

o - ver there!

saints, all im - mor - tal and fair, . . . Are robed in their gar - ments of white, . . . . .  
 songs that they breathe on the air, . . . In their home in the pa - lace of God, . . . . .

o - ver there!

o - ver there!

REFRAIN.

O - ver there, o - ver there, Oh, think of the home o - ver there, . . . . .  
 O - ver there, o - ver there, Oh, think of the friends o - ver there, . . . . .

O - ver

o - ver there,

o - ver there,

there! o - ver there!

o - ver there!

o - ver there, Oh, think of the home o - ver there!

o - ver there, Oh, think of the friends o - ver there!

there!

o - ver there!

o - ver there!

3.  
 My Saviour is now over there,  
 There my kindred and friends are at rest ;...  
 Then away from my sorrow and care,  
 Let me fly to the land of the blest, ...  
 Over there!... over there!...  
 My Saviour is now over there.

4.  
 I'll soon be at home over there,  
 For the end of my journey I see ;...  
 Many dear to my heart, over there,  
 Are watching and waiting for me, ...  
 Over there!... over there!...  
 I'll soon be at home over there.