

## THE FATHERLAND 9,8,9,8,9,8,9,8

1. There is a place where my hopes are staid; My heart and my treasure are there; Where ver-dure and blossoms nev-er fade, And fields are e-ter-nal-ly fair;

2. There is a place where the angels dwell, A pure and a peace-ful a-bode; The joys of that place no tongue can tell, For there is the pal-ace of God;

3. There is a place where my friends are gone, Who worshipp'd and suffer'd with me; Ex-al-ted with Christ high on his throne, The King in his beauty they see;

4. There is a place where I hope to live, When life and its troubles are o'er; A place which the Lord to me will give, And then I will sorrow no more;

That bliss-ful place is my Fa-ther-land, By faith its de-lights I ex-plore; Come, Fa-vor my flight, an-gel-ic bands, And waft me in peace to the shore.

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