

1. 'Mid scenes of con-fu-sion and creature complaints, How sweet to my soul is com-mu-nion with saints: To find at the ban-quet of mer-cy there's room;

2. Sweet bonds that u-nite all the chil-dren of peace, And thrice precious Je-sus, whose love cannot cease; Though oft from thy presence in sad-ness I roam,

3. I sigh from this bo-dy of sin to be free, Which hin-ders my joy and com-mu-nion with thee; Though now my temptations like bil-lows may foam,

4. While here in the val-ley of con-flict I stay, O give me sub-mission and strength as my day; In all my af-flic-tions to thee would I come,

And feel in the pre-sence of Je - sus at home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Re - ceive me, dear Sa-vior, in glo - ry, my home.

I long to be - hold thee in glo - ry at home.

All, all will be peace when I'm with thee at home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Re - ceive me, dear Sa-vior, in glo - ry, my home.

Re - joic - ing in hope of my glo - ri - ous home.