

1 Mid scenes of con - fu - sion and crea - ture complaints, How sweet to my soul is com - mu - nion with saints; To find at the banquet of

2 Sweet bonds, that u - nite all the chil - dren of peace! And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease! Though oft from thy presence in

3 I sigh from this bo - dy of sin to be free, Which hinders my joy and com - mu - nion with thee; Though now my temp - tations, like

CHORUS.

mercy there's room, And feel in the presence of Je - sus at home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home; Pre - pare me, dear Saviour, for glo - ry, my home.

sad - ness I roam, I long to be - hold thee in glo - ry, at home. Home, &c.

bil - lows may foam, All, all will be peace, when I'm with thee at home. Home, &c.