

O THINK OF THE HOME OVER THERE

Verse 1

O think of a home over there,
By the side of the river of light,
Where the saints, all immortal and fair,
Are robed in their garments of white.

Over there, over there,
O think of a home over there,
Over there, over there, over there,
O think of a home over there.

Verse 2

O think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod,
Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
In their home in the palace of God.

Over there, over there,
O think of the friends over there,
Over there, over there, over there,
O think of the friends over there,

Verse 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,
Over there, over there, over there,
My Saviour is now over there.

Verse 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,
Over there, over there, over there,
I'll soon be at home over there.