

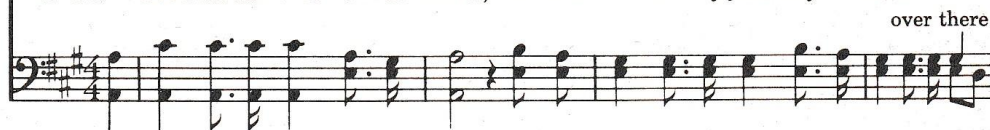
## The Home Over There

D. W. C. HUNTINGTON

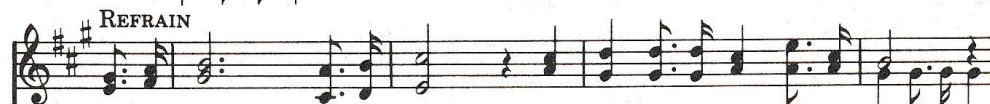
TULLIUS C. O'KANE



1. Oh, think of the home o-ver there, By the side of the riv-er of light,
2. Oh, think of the friends o-ver there, Who be-fore us the journey have trod;
3. My Sav-iour is now o-ver there; There my kindred and friends are at rest.
4. I'll soon be at home o-ver there, For the end of my jour-ney I see.



Where the saints, all immortal and fair, Are robed in their garments of white.  
 Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their home in the pal-ace of God.  
 Then a-way from mysor-row and care, Let me fly to the land of the blest.  
 Man-y dear to my heart o-ver there Are watch-ing and waiting for me.



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;  
 My Sav-iour is now o-ver there;  
 Over there, over there, I'll soon be at home o-ver there;



Oh, think of the home o-ver there.  
 O-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there, Oh, think of the friends o-ver there.  
 My Sav-iour is now o-ver there.  
 O-ver there, o-ver there, I'll soon be at home o-ver there.

