

MY HOME.

Mrs. P. L. HANEY.

J. M. WHITE.

1. There is a fair ci - ty, I cannot tell where, It has man - y found -
 2. I cannot tell where, but I know that it stands Ev - er firm as the
 3. Those beauti - ful mansions my Lord has prepared, There are mansions for
 4. A lit - tle while here to embroider my robe, With the beauti - ful

a - tions I'm told, Its walls are of je - per, its gates are of pearl,
 promise of God, The home of the angels, those spirits so bright,
 great and for small, A mansion for you and a mansion for me,
 pearls of his love, To gather bright stars for my heaven - ly crown,

CHORUS.

And its streets are the fin - est of gold. My home, my home, my
 And the saints who are washed in the blood.
 Bless the Lord, there are mansions for all.
 Then a - way to my mansion above. My home, my home, my

home in the mansions of love, I'll gather bright stars for my
 beauti - ful home in the mansions of love. bright stars,

heaven - ly crown, Then a - way to my mansion above.
 for my crown,