

a tempo.

With trust in the Lord of Life and Death I steer . . . for the shore where is "no more

p a tempo. ten. ten. cres.

sea," . . . Where fa-ther and bro-ther, who lie be-neath, Are wait - ing at home for me, Are

cres. dim.

wait - - ing at home . . . for me, . . . A - wait - ing, a - wait - ing, They're

dim. p

wait-ing at home for me, . . . A - wait - ing, a - wait - ing, They're wait-ing at home, at

cres.

ff rall.

home for me.

ff rall. a tempo.