

Original.

ANGELS' WELCOME.

Duet.

MUSIC BY ROBERT BRETT, KING, ONT



1. My home is in hea - ven, my rest is not here; Then
 2. It is not for me to be seek - ing my bliss, And
 3. The thorn and the this - tie a - round me may grow; I



why should I mur - mur when tri - als ap - pear? Be hush'd my dark
 build - ing my hopes in a re - gion like this; I look for a
 would not re - cline up - on ro - ses be - low; I ask not my



spi - rit, the worst that can come, But short - ens my jour - ney,
 ci - ty which hands have not piled, I pant for a coun - try
 por - tion, I ask not my rest, Till I find them for - ev - er

Chorus.



and has - tens me home. Cho. Then the an - gels will come, with their
 by sin un - de - filed.
 on Je - sus' own breast.



mu - sic will come, With mu - sic, sweet mu - sic, to wel -



come me home; In the bright gates of crys - tal the shin - ing ones will

