

## The University of Maine DigitalCommons@UMaine

---

Maine Sheet Music Collection

Public domain (may be downloaded in full)

---

1888

# The Homeland

G. W Marston

*Composer*

H.R Haweis

*Lyricist*

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.library.umaine.edu/mmb-me>

---

### Recommended Citation

Marston, G. W and Haweis, H.R, "The Homeland" (1888). *Maine Sheet Music Collection*. Score 335.  
<https://digitalcommons.library.umaine.edu/mmb-me/335>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by DigitalCommons@UMaine. It has been accepted for inclusion in Maine Sheet Music Collection by an authorized administrator of DigitalCommons@UMaine. For more information, please contact [um.library.technical.services@maine.edu](mailto:um.library.technical.services@maine.edu).

To his friend  
FREDERICK W. BANCROFT.

THE

# HOMELAND

SACRED SONG  
FOR

Soprano or Tenor

By

# G. W. MARSTON

BOSTON

ARTHUR P. SCHMIDT & CO.  
13 & 15 West Street.

Copyright 1868 by A. P. Schmidt & Co.

# THE HOMELAND.

3

Words by H.R.HAWEIS.

Music by G.W.MARSTON.

*Andante religioso.*

*poco rall.*

PIANO.

The Home-land, the Home-land, The land of the free horn There's  
My Lord is in the Home-land, With An-gels bright and fair There's  
no night in the Home-land, but aye the fade-less morn In  
no sin in the Home-land, and no temp-ta-tion there The  
sigh-ing for the Home-land My heart is ach-ing here There's  
mu-sic of the Home-land Is ring-ing in my ears And

APSS&Co. 1702=3

Copyright 1888 by ARTHUR E. SCHMIDT&Co.

Ves Me.  
001473  
Mar

Bagaduce Music  
Lending Library  
Blue Hill, Maine  
Donor: 580

no pain in the Home - land, To which I'm draw - ing near There's  
 when I think of the Home - land, My eyes gush out with tears And

*con passione.*

no pain in the Home - land To which I'm draw - ing near  
 when I think of the Home - land My eyes gush out with tears

*p*  
 For those I love in the Home - land, are call - ing me a - way To the

*p*

rest and peace of the Home - land, And the life be - yond de - cay For there's

*poco a poco cresc.*

no death in the Home - land, There's no sor - row a - bove Christ

brings us all to the Home - land of His e - ter - nal love Christ

*con passione.* *poco rall.*

brings us all to the Home - land of His e - ter - nal love.

*ff* *p*