

The Home of the Soul

F Major

Charles A. Tindley, 1919

Transcribed from *New Songs of Paradise*, 1934.

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1. I hear of a ci - ty, a hea - ven - ly home, Where sorrows and
 2. There pri - so - ners and bond - men for - ev - er are free, A fi - nal e -
 3. No sick - ness is there, and the saints nev - er die, They are hap - py for -
 4. The saints up in hea - ven, they weep not or sigh, Or say to their
 5. No sin is in hea - ven, no un - clean - ness there, For Sa - tan can't

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1. dangers and strife nev - er come, Where the walls are of jas - per, and the
 2. -ter - nal and real ju - bi - lee, The light of the ci - ty is the
 3. -ev - er in the ci - ty on high; Through a - ges e - ter - nal they
 4. loved ones the mournful good - bye; But hap - py for - ev - er in the
 5. en - ter that ci - ty so fair; The King in his beau - ty the

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Chorus

1. streets paved with gold, That ci - ty is heaven, the home of the soul.
 2. Lamb, we are told; That ci - ty is heaven, the home of the soul.
 3. ne - ver grow old, That ci - ty is heaven, the home of the soul. The home of the
 4. ci - ty of gold, That ci - ty is heaven, the home of the soul.
 5. saints shall be - hold, In the ci - ty of heaven, the home of the soul.

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soul, The home of the soul, That ci - ty is heaven, The home of the soul.