

year, Gaf - fer Green! If I had but a thou - sand a year! . . .  
 year, Rob - in Ruff? If you had but a thou - sand a year? . . .  
 year, Gaf - fer Green! If I had but a thou - sand a year! . . .  
 year, Rob - in Ruff? If you then had a thou - sand a year? . . .  
 year, Rob - in Ruff? And give up your thou - sand a year? . . .  
 year, Rob - in Ruff, Aye, as if he'd a thou - sand a year. . . .

## The Homeland

H. R. HAWEIS

A. S. SULLIVAN

1. The Home-land! O the Home-land! The land of souls free-born! No gloom-y night is  
 2. My Lord is in the Home-land, With an-gels bright and fair; No sin-ful thing, nor  
 3. For loved ones in the Home-land Are wait-ing me to come Where neither death nor

known there, But aye the fade-less morn: I'm sigh-ing for that coun-try, My  
 e - vil, Can ev - er en - ter there; The mu - sic of the ran -omed Is  
 sor - row In -vades their ho - ly home: O dear, dear na - tive coun - try! O

heart is ach-ing here; There is no pain in the Home-land To which I'm draw-ing near.  
 ring - ing in my ears; And when I think of the Home-land, My eyes are wet with tears.  
 rest and peace a - bove! Christ bring us all to the Home-land Of His e - ter - nal love.