

# 79. When My Soul Reaches Home.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

POWELL G. FITHIAN.



1. Tho' the storm-beaten waves may dash o'er me, Tho' the sea may be lashed
2. There my Sav - ior is wait - ing to greet me, In that bright, sunny land
3. Tho' at times I may shed tears of sor - row, Tho'ts of home will not let
4. Oft at night as I sleep on my pil - low, In my dreams I can see



into foam, Sunny skies evermore lie before me, When my soul some sweet  
in the sky; Long lost friends will all hasten to meet me, When my soul reaches  
me despair; For my tears will be dried on the morrow, When my soul reaches  
heaven's dome; So I'll steer straight ahead o'er the billow, 'Till the morn when my



## CHORUS.



day reach - es home. When my soul reach - es home!  
home by and by.  
home o - ver there.  
soul reach - es home. When my soul reach - es home!



When my soul reach - es home! All the storms  
When my soul reach - es home! All the storms



will be o - ver, When my soul reaches home, reaches home.  
When my soul reaches home. . . . .

