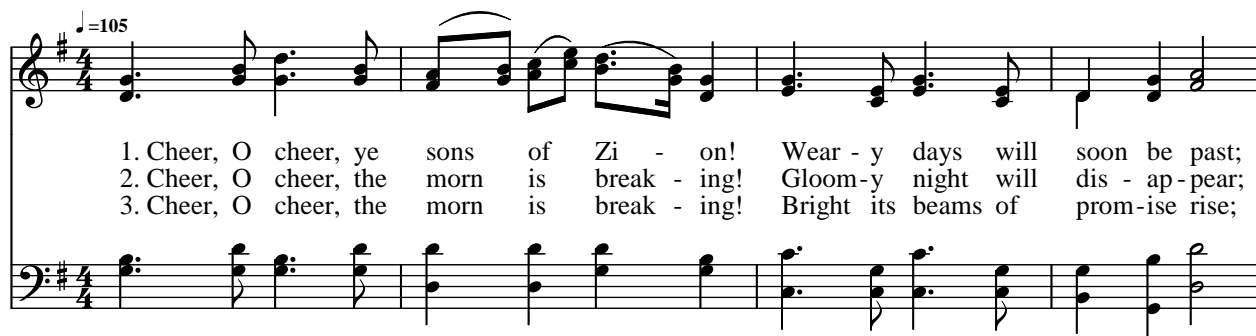


# Home at Last

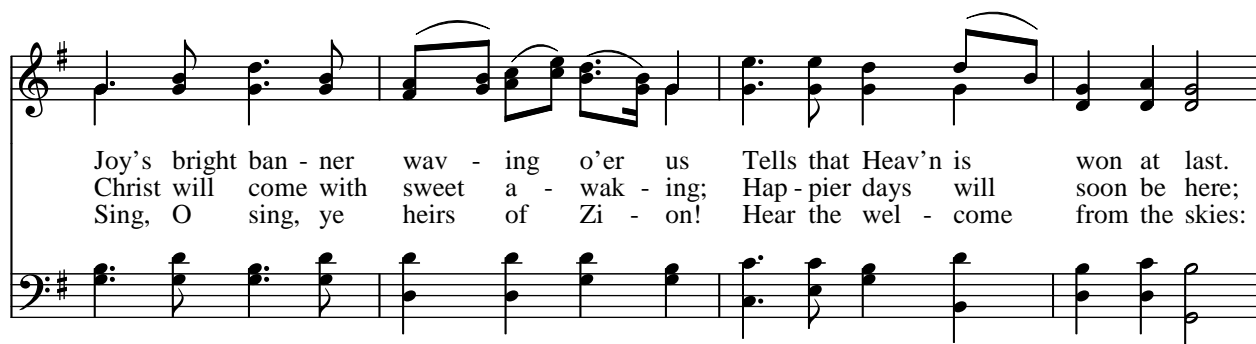
William Orcutt Cushing, 1877

Robert Lowry

*♩ = 105*

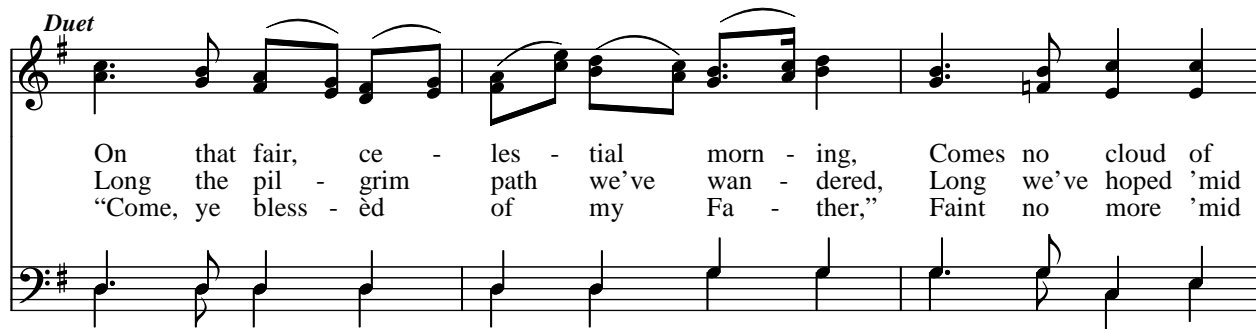


1. Cheer, O cheer, ye sons of Zi - on! Wear - y days will soon be past;  
2. Cheer, O cheer, the morn is break - ing! Gloom-y night will dis - ap - pear;  
3. Cheer, O cheer, the morn is break - ing! Bright its beams of prom - ise rise;

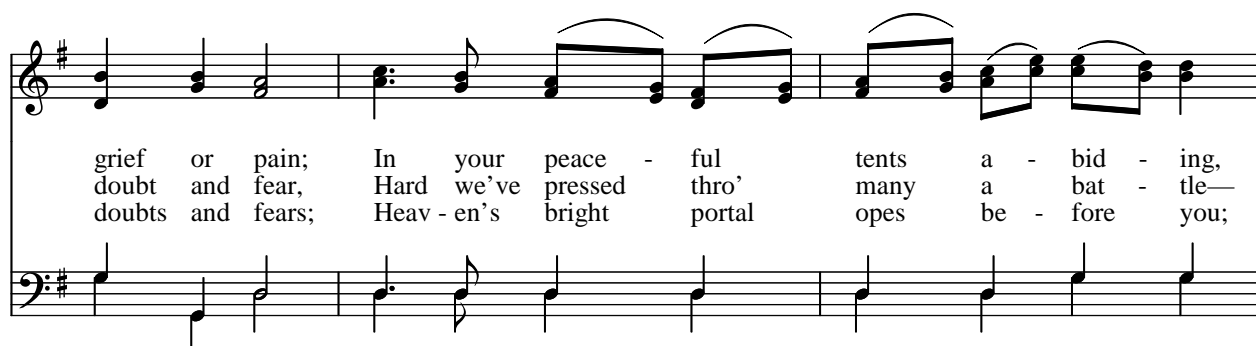


Joy's bright ban - ner wav - ing o'er us Tells that Heav'n is won at last.  
Christ will come with sweet a - wak - ing; Hap - pier days will soon be here;  
Sing, O sing, ye heirs of Zi - on! Hear the wel - come from the skies:

*Duet*



On that fair, ce - les - tial morn - ing, Comes no cloud of  
Long the pil - grim path we've wan - dered, Long we've hoped 'mid  
"Come, ye bless - ed of my Fa - ther," Faint no more 'mid



grief or pain; In your peace - ful tents a - bid - ing,  
doubt and fear; Hard we've pressed thro' many a bat - tle—  
doubts and fears; Heav - en's bright portal opes be - fore you;

*Refrain*

Sor - row ne'er shall come a - gain.  
 Now the day of peace is here. Cheer, O cheer, ye sons of Zi - on!  
 Wait for you im - mor - tal years.

Wear - y days will soon be past; Joy's bright ban - ner wav - ing o'er us

Tells that Heav'n is won at last.