

# TRAVELING ON.

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Dr. William Hunter

Arr. by James D. Vaughan

1. My heav'n-ly home is bright and fair, I feel like trav-el-ing on; No pain, nor death can en-ter there, I feel like trav-el-ing on.  
 2. Its glit-t'ring tow'rs the sun out-shine, I feel like trav-el-ing on; That heav'n-ly man-sion shall be mine, I feel like trav-el-ing on.

3. Let oth-ers seek a home be-low, I feel like trav-el-ing on; Which flames de-vour, or waves o'er-flow, I feel like trav-el-ing on.

4. Be mine a hap-p'er lot to own, I feel like trav-el-ing on; A heav'n-ly man-sion near the throne, I feel like trav-el-ing on.  
 5. The Lord has been so good to me, I feel like trav-el-ing on; Un-til that bless-ed home I see, I feel like trav-el-ing on.

Yes, I feel like trav-el-ing, trav-el-ing on, I feel like trav-el-ing, trav-el-ing on; My heav'n-ly home is bright and fair, I feel like trav-el-ing on.

Yes, I feel like trav-el-ing, trav-el-ing on, I feel like trav-el-ing, trav-el-ing on; My heav'n-ly home is bright and fair, I feel like trav-el-ing on.

Yes, I feel like trav-el-ing on, I feel like trav-el-ing on; My heav'n-ly home is bright and fair, I feel like trav-el-ing on.

Yes, I feel like trav-el-ing, trav-el-ing on, I feel like trav-el-ing, trav-el-ing on; My heav'n-ly home is bright and fair, I feel like trav-el-ing on.