

GOING HOME. S.M.

O.A.P.

O.A. Parris

1. The day is draw - ing near, I know, When my de - part - ing time shall come.

2. This world is but a land of woe, As I, a pil - grim sad - ly roam. Roll on, ye mo - ments here be -

3. The earth will soon dis - solve like snow, All na - tions un - to judg - ment go. Roll on, ye

Roll on, ye mo - ments here be -

Roll on, ye mo - ments here be - low, And let this pil - grim go on home.

low, Roll on, ye mo - ments here be - low, And let this pil - grim go on home.

mo - ments here be - low, And let this pil - grim go on home.

low, Roll on, ye mo - ments here be - low, And let this pil - grim go on home.