

## My Sabbath Home.

1

SWEET Sabbath school more dear to me,  
Than fairest palace dome,  
My heart e'er turns with joy to thee,  
My own dear Sabbath home.

Chorus.

Sabbath home, blessed home,  
Sabbath home, blessed home,  
My heart e'er turns with joy to thee,  
My own dear Sabbath home.

2

Here first my wilful, wandering heart,  
The way of life was shown;  
Here first I sought the better part,  
And gained a Sabbath home.

3

Here Jesus stood with loving voice,  
Entreating me to come.  
And make of Him my only choice,  
In this dear Sabbath home.

## Marching Homeward.

1

WE'RE marching on to glory,  
We're working for our crown;  
We'll make our armor brighter,  
And never lay it down.

Chorus.

We're marching, marching homeward,  
To that bright land afar;  
We work for life eternal,  
It is our guiding star.

2

Then day by day we're marching,  
To heaven we are bound;  
Each good act brings us nearer  
That home where we'll be crowned.

3

Then with the ransomed children  
That through the starry throne,  
We'll praise our Lord and Savior,  
His power and mercy own.

J. M. Chamberlain.