

Albina. 7s.

Eb major John Cennick, 1742.

Aldous, 2007.

1. Child-ren of the heav'n-ly King, As ye jour-ney, sweet-ly sing; Sing your Sav-ior's worth-y praise, Glor-ious in His works and ways.

2. Lift your eyes, ye sons of light; Zi - on's ci - ty is in sight; There your seat is now pre - par'd; There your king-dom and re - ward.

3. Fear not, breth-ren; joy - ful stand On the bor - ders of your land; There our end-less home shall be; There our Lord we soon shall see.

We are trav'-ling home to God, In the way the fa - thers trod; They are hap - py now, and we Soon their hap - pi - ness shall see.

We are trav'-ling home to God, In the way the fa - thers trod; They are hap - py now, and we Soon their hap - pi - ness shall see.

We are trav'-ling home to God, In the way the fa - thers trod; They are hap - py now, and we Soon their hap - pi - ness shall see.