

“Home of the Soul” ~ Ellen M. H. Gates

How I saw in my dream that these two men [Christian and Hopeful] went in at the gate; and lo, as they entered, they were transfigured; and they had raiment put on them that shone like gold. There were also those that met them with harps and crowns and gave them to them; the harps to praise withal, and the crowns in token of honor. Then I heard in my dream that all the bells in the city rang again for joy, and that it was said to them: ‘Enter ye into the joy of your Lord!’...Now, just as the gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them, and behold, the city shone like the sun; the streets also were paved with gold; and in them walked many men, with crowns on their heads and palms in their hands, and golden harps to sing praises withal...After that, they shut up the gates which, when I had seen, I wished myself among them.”—Bunyan’s “Pilgrim’s Progress.”

“The above extract,” wrote Philip Phillips, “I sent to Mrs. Ellen H. Gates, asking her to write a suitable hymn. When the verses were forwarded to me, in 1865, I seated myself in my home with my little boy on my knee, and with Bunyan’s immortal dream-book in my hand, and began to read the closing scenes where Christian and Hopeful entered into the city—wondering at Bunyan’s rare genius, and like the dreamer of old wishing myself among them. At this moment of inspiration I turned to my organ, with pencil in hand, and wrote the tune. This hymn seems to have had God’s special blessing upon it from the very beginning. One man writes me that he has led in the singing of it at a hundred and twenty funerals. It was sung at the funeral of my own dear boy, who had sat on my knee when I wrote the tune.”

And I sang this hymn over the remains of my beloved friend, Philip Phillips, at Fredonia, New York. [Sankey](#), pp. 156-7

*I will sing you a song of that beautiful land,
The far away home of the soul,
Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand,
While the years of eternity roll,
While the years of eternity roll;
Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand,
While the years of eternity roll.*

*Oh, that home of the soul! In my visions and dreams
Its bright, jasper walls I can see;
Till I fancy but thinly the veil intervenes
Between the fair city and me,
Between the fair city and me;*

*Till I fancy but thinly the veil intervenes
Between the fair city and me.*

*That unchangeable home is for you and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;
The King of all kingdoms forever is He,
And He holdeth our crowns in His hands,
And He holdeth our crowns in His hands;
The King of all kingdoms forever is He,
And He holdeth our crowns in His hands.*

*Oh, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain,
With songs on our lips and our harps in our hands,
To meet one another again,
To meet one another again;
With songs on our lips and our harps in our hands,
To meet one another again.*