

# 435 When strikes the hour

Poet unknown

Friedrich Linde (1864-1933)

$\text{♩} = 58$

1. When strikes the hour, Lord, and when shall it be?  
2. On - ly as long as it pleas - es Thee, Lord,  
3. Here still con - tent - ed but glo - ri - fied there

I long for home, heav - en - ly home! When I, trans -  
will I re - main, will I re - main. Sin I shall  
is my de - sire, is my de - sire. Dwell - ing with

fig - ured, e - ter - ni - ty see; my heav'n - ly home,  
fight here on earth through Thy word till I at - tain  
Thee, this is dai - ly my prayer and my de - sire,

my heav'n - ly home! Here on the earth is much sor - row and  
heav - en - ly gain. Here I may cher - ish my breth - ren in  
yes, my de - sire. Pa - tient in sor - row, in grief or dis -

pain, there will my soul ev - er hap - pi-ness gain. Oh, how I  
Thee, work - ing and striv - ing that worth - y I'll be! Till I, trans -  
tress, one day in joy I shall glo - ry pos - sess. There I shall

long for my heav - en - ly home; I long for home, for my home!  
formed, see Thee com - ing a - gain and then at - tain heav'n-ly gain.  
sing in the heav - en - ly choir, this my de - sire, my de - sire!