

Your Choice

Words and music by V. Perebikovskiy

Tenor Lead

8

1. Out in the twi-light, gaze at a mil-lion stars. Far, far be yond them lies my new home. So much more last-ing. All here will pass a-way. Glo-ry is wait-ing, call-ing my soul. When may I

T. L.

5

daz-zling than what this earth con-tains. Take me home, Lord, to kneel at Your throne. So much more go on to New Je-ru-sa-lem - Ci-ty of saints, ho-ly place of God? When may I

T. L.

9

daz-zling than what this earth con-tains. Take me home, Lord, to kneel at Your throne. 2. Earth is not go on to New Je-ru-sa-lem - Ci-ty of saints, ho-ly place of

T. L.

13

2. Refrain

h

h

God?.. Now set my spi-rit free! Call me home. No-thing to hold me back; Lord, let me come! I throw a-

T. L.

18

h

side all weights to fly like a bird, free as a bird! Great is my long-ing, Lord; set my soul free! Wand'ring a-

T. L.

22

h

round me, emp-ty and all a-lone, Ma-ny are dy-ing, bound in their sin! With-out sal-va-tion they can-not

Bound in their sin!

27

T. L.

Bar. B.

32

T. L.

Bar. B.

36

T. L.

Bar. B.

40

T. L.

Bar. B.

44

T. L.

Bar. B.