

# Your Choice

Words and music by V. Perebikovskiy

Soprano  
Alto



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

5

S.  
A.



daz - zling than what this earth contains. 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

9

S.  
A.



daz-zling than what this earth contains. 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 God?.. Now set my

14


S.  
A.



spi-rit free! Call me home. No-thing to hold me back; Lord, let me come! I throw a - side all weights to fly like a

19

S.  
A.



bird, free as a bird! Great is my longing, Lord; set my soul free! — Wand'ring a - round me, emp-ty and

23


S.  
A.




all a - lone, Ma - ny are dy - ing, Bound in their sin!  
Bound in their sin! — With-out sal - va - tion they can-not

Bound in their sin!


27

S. A. 

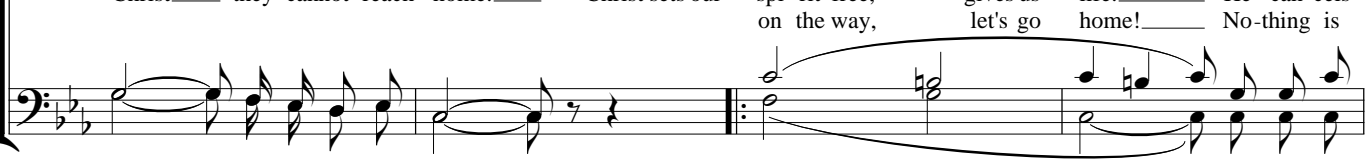
have new life; with-out the Christ they cannot reach home. With-out sal - va-tion they can-not have new life; with-out the

T. B. 

32

S. A. 

Christ they cannot reach home. Christ sets our spi - rit free, gives us life. He can-cels on the way, let's go home! No-thing is

T. B. 

A

36

S. A. 

all our sins, makes us His own. Thro'Christ we're just - if - ied, free as a bird, free as a bird! Thro' Your re- hold-ing back, we're rush-ing

T. B. 


40

S. A. 


demp-tion, Lord, You made us whole. Now join me // home! We throw a - side all weights to fly like the

T. B. 

44

S. A. 

birds, free as the birds! Filled with your glo - ry now, we sing Your praise!

T. B. 

We\_\_ sing Your praise!