

Highways Of Home

George L. Pike Sr.

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Adagio ♩ = 108

1 2 3 4 5

1. One day a Sav - our came down to this earth, A - mid
2. This e - vil streak - ing, these mod - er e - vents, Ev' - ry -
3. Our lov - ing Sav - our, they nailed to the tree, But a -
4. A - bused by the ham - mer, and the nails in His hands, A
5. The lights of that cit - y, they're just up a - head, The

6 7 8 9 10

sin and in sor - row did roam, Oh, how heav - en
thing is this world is all wrong, The night is up -
mid the great sor - rows of Rome, He loved til the
bused by the e - vils of Rome, They did not con -
road signs are point - ing to home, The blood of the

11 12 13 14

missed Him, His Fa - ther was grieved, For He'd nev - er been a
on us, the day is far spent, We're on the last
end all those that be - trayed Him, Pray - ing "Fa - ther, for give
found Him, He bowed His sweet head, He was trav' - ling the
mar - tyrs, and the Words Je - sus said, Show we're trav' - ling the

Chorus:

15 16 17 18 19

way — from home.
 high - way to home.
 all — their wrong."
 high - ways to home.
 high - way of home.

We're trav' - ling the high - ways of

20 21 22 23 24

home, my broth - er, We're trav' - ling the high - ways of home,

25 26 27 28

Oh, look up a - head, there's the lights of that

29 30 31 32 33

cit - y, We're — trav' - ling the high - ways of — home.