

# Your Choice

Words and music by V. Perebikovskiy

Soprano  
Alto



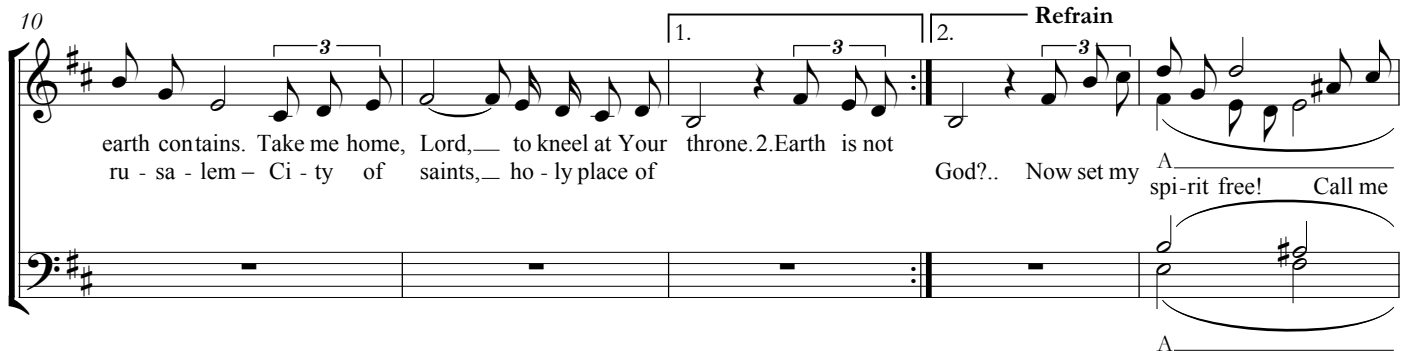
1. Out in the twi - light, gaze at a mil-lion stars. Far, far be-yond them lies my new home. So much more  
last - ing. All here will pass a - way. Glo-ry is wait - ing, call - ing my soul. When may I

5



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

10



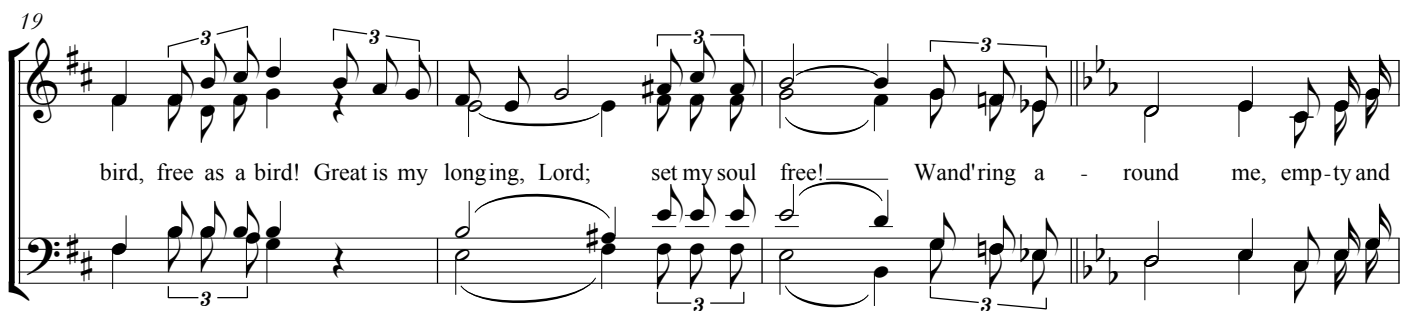
earth contains. Take me home, Lord, to kneel at Your throne. 2. Earth is not  
ru - sa - lem - Ci - ty of saints, ho - ly place of God?.. Now set my spi-rit free! Call me

15



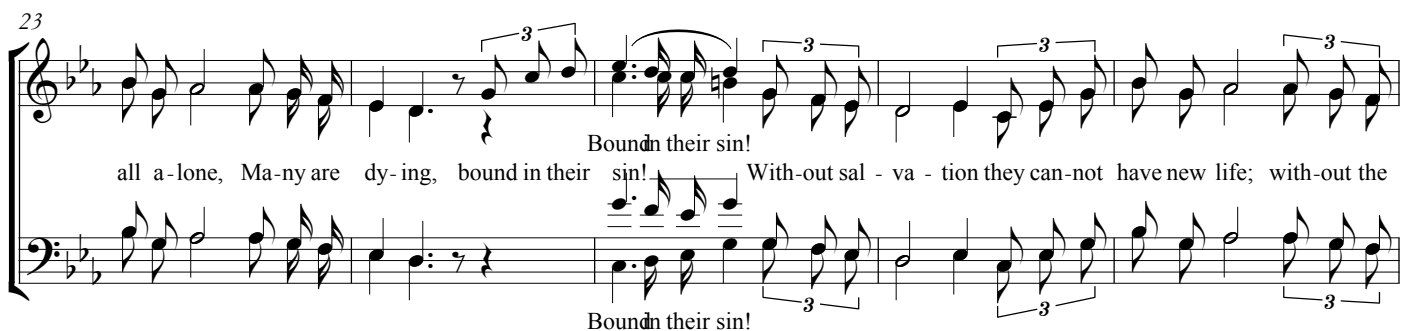
home. No-thing to hold me back; Lord, let me come! I throw a - side all weights to fly like a

19



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

23



all a-lone, Ma-ny are dy - ing, bound in their sin! Bound their sin!  
With-out sal - va - tion they can-not have new life; with-out the

Bound their sin!

28

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

33 **Refrain**

home.— Christ sets our spi-rit free, gives us life.— He can-cels all our sins,makes us His own. Thro'Christ we're hold-ing back,we're rush-ing  
on the way, let's go home!— No-thing is

38

just-if-ied, free as a bird, free as a bird! Thro'Your re-demp-tion, Lord, You made us whole.— Now join me //

42

home! We throw a - side all weights— to fly like the birds, free as the birds! Filled with your

45

glo - ry now, we sing Your praise!  
We— sing Your praise!