

LOOKING FOR HOME.

I am looking beyond this abode of strife,
With its burden of tears and sighs,
To the radiant realms of eternal life
Where the summits of glory rise;
Where the fields of Paradise open to view
As humanity's lasting home,
And the higher bliss of a faithful few
Assuredly shall have come.

I am looking away to mansions fair,
Prepared for the bride of the Lamb;
For those who the cross now faithfully bear
Shall soon share the crown and the palm.
O! the rapturous bliss of Bridegroom and bride,
When the long waiting season is o'er,
When hearts so faithful and loyal and tried
Are united to sever no more.

I am looking away, for the day-star brings
Its promise of glory rare –
Till the rose-tipped finger of morning flings
Her banner upon the air.
I heed not the scourge of the tempests breath,
I reckon not the surges foam,
For beyond the sad vistas of sin and death
I am looking for home – sweet home!

Selected.
