

My Father's house on high,
Home to my soul how dear ;
I long to see Thee, and I sigh
Within Thee to appear !

My thirsty spirit faints
To reach the home I love ;
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

And though there intervene
Rough roads and stormy skies ;
Faith will not suffer ought to screen,
Thy glory from mine eyes.

There shall all clouds depart,
The wilderness shall cease ;
And sweetly shall each gladd'ned heart
Enjoy eternal peace.

MONTGOMERY, (*altered.*)

FINIS.

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