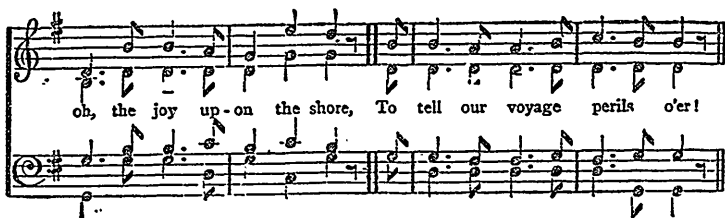


# THE RETURN HOME.

By permission from HYMNS OF THE EASTERN CHURCH.



2 The prize, the prize secure!  
The athlete nearly fell:  
Bare all he could endure  
And bare not always well:  
But he may smile at troubles gone  
Who sets the victor-garland on!

3 No more the foe can harm:  
No more of leaguer'd camp,  
And cry of night alarm  
And need of ready lamp:  
And yet how nearly had he fail'd,—  
How nearly had the foe prevail'd.

4 The lamb is in the fold,  
In perfect safety penn'd:  
The lion once had hold,  
And thought to make an end;  
But One came by with wounded side,  
And for the sheep the Shepherd died.

5 The exile is at home!  
Oh, nights and days of tears!  
Oh, longings not to roam!  
Oh, sins and doubts and fears,—  
What matter now; (when, so men say)  
The King has wiped those tears away!