

**THE BELIEVER'S ETERNAL HOME.**

Through the darkness I would hide me  
In the arms of Christ, my Lord.  
Nothing evil can betide me  
Since I rest upon Thy Word.

When at last my life is ended,  
Time for me shall be no more,  
May my voice, with angels' blended,  
Praise Thee on that golden shore.

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**THE BELIEVER'S ETERNAL HOME.**

Soon we'll see the pearly gates,  
Soon we'll walk the golden street;  
There for us the Saviour waits,  
Soon the dear ones we shall meet.

Sorrow's tears will be no more,  
Sickness there can never come.  
Glory fills that golden shore—  
Blessèd and eternal home!

All our broken hearts will mend  
When we see the Saviour's face.  
Sweetest voices there will blend,  
Praising His redeeming grace.