

12. *Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 14.*

**R**ISE up, and hasten ! my soul, haste along !  
And speed on thy journey with hope and with  
song ;

Home, home is nearing, 'tis coming into view,  
A little more of toiling and then to earth adieu.

**CHO.**—Come then, come, and raise the joyful song !  
Ye children of the wilderness, our time cannot  
be long.

Home, home, home, oh, why should we delay ?  
The morn of heav'n is dawning, we're near the  
break of day.

2 Why should we linger when heaven lies before ?  
While earth's fast receding, and soon will be no  
more ;

Pleasures and treasures which once here we knew,  
No more can they charm us with such a goal in view.

3 Loved ones in Jesus they've passed on before,  
Now resting in glory, they weary are no more ;  
Toils all are ended, and nothing now but joy,  
And praises, ascending their ever glad employ.

4 No condemnation ! how blessed is the word  
And no separation ! forever with the Lord ;  
He will be with us who loved us long before,  
And Jesus, our Jesus, is ours for evermore.

13. *Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 15.*

**M**ORE holiness give me,  
More strivings within ;  
More patience in suffering ;  
More sorrow for sin :  
More faith in my Saviour,  
More sense of His care ;  
More joy in His service,  
More purpose in prayer.

2 More gratitude give me,  
More trust in the Lord ;