

Visit the heathen's dark abode,
Proclaim to all the love of God,
And spread the glorious news abroad—
Mercy's free, mercy's free

6. Long as I live I'll still be crying,
Mercy's free, mercy's free ;
And this shall be my theme when dying,
Mercy's free, mercy's free ;
And when the vale of death I've pass'd,
When lodged above the stormy blast,
I'll sing while endless ages last,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

I'M GOING HOME.

1. My heavenly home is bright and fair,
Nor pain nor death can enter there :
Its glittering towers the sun outshine ;
That heavenly mansion shall be mine.
I'm going home, I'm going home,
I'm going home to die no more ;
To die no more, to die no more,
I'm going home to die no more.
2. My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky ;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.
3. While here a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam ;
And though like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.
4. Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow ;
Be mine the happier lot to own,
A heavenly mansion near thy throne.