

3. The pleasures of earth I have seen fade away ;
They bloom for a season, but soon they decay ;
But pleasures more lasting in Jesus are given,
Salvation on earth, and a mansion in heaven—
4. Allure me no longer, ye false glowing charms !
The Savior invites me—I'll go to his arms ;
At the banquet of mercy, I hear there is room ;
O there may I feast with his children at home—
5. Farewell, vain amusements—my follies, adieu ;
While Jesus, and heaven, and glory I view,
I feast on the pleasures that flow from his throne,
The foretaste of heaven, sweet heaven my home—
6. The days of my exile, are passing away,
The time is approaching when Jesus will say,
Well done, faithful servant, sit down on my throne
And dwell in my presence, for ever at home.
7. Affliction, and sorrow, and death shall be o'er,
The saints will unite to be parted no more ;
Their loud hallelujahs fill heaven's high dome,
They dwell with their Savior forever at home.
Home, home—sweet, sweet home—
Receive me, dear Savior, to glory, my home.

HERE IS NO REST.

1. Here o'er the earth as a stranger I roam,
Here is no rest, is no rest,
Here as a pilgrim I wander alone,
Yet I am blest, I am blest ;
For I look forward to that glorious day,
When sin and sorrow will vanish away,
My heart doth leap while I hear Jesus say,
There, there is rest, there is rest.
2. Here fierce temptations beset me around ;
Here I am grieved while my foes me surround