

THE RETURN HOME.

By permission from HYMNS OF THE EASTERN CHURCH.

Safe home, safe home in port! Rent cordage, shattered deck,

Torn sails, provisions short, And on - ly not a wreck: But

oh, the joy up-on the shore, To tell our voyage perils o'er!

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?