

## I'M GOING HOME.

I'm a stranger here ;  
No home, no rest I see,  
Not all earth counts most dear  
Can wring a sigh from me,  
I'm going Home.

Jesus, Thy Home is mine,  
And I, Thy Father's child,  
With hopes, and joys divine ;  
This world's a dreary wild ;  
I'm going Home.

Home, oh, how soft and sweet,  
It thrills upon the heart—  
Home—where the brethren meet,  
And never, never part—  
I'm going Home.

Home, where the Bridegroom takes  
The purchase of His love ;  
Home, where the Father waits  
To welcome me above!  
I'm going Home.

And when the world looks cold,  
Which did my Lord revile  
(A lamb within the fold)  
I can look up and smile.  
I'm going Home.

When its delusive charms,  
Would snare my weary feet,  
I fly to Jesus' arms,  
And yet again repeat,  
I'm going Home.

And as the desert wide,  
The wilderness, I see,  
Lord Jesus, I confide,  
My trembling heart to Thee,  
I'm going Home.

While severing every tie,  
That holds me from the goal,  
This, this can satisfy  
The craving of the soul—  
I'm going Home.

Ah, gently, gently lead  
Along the painful way,  
Bid every word, and deed,  
And every look to say,  
I'm going Home.