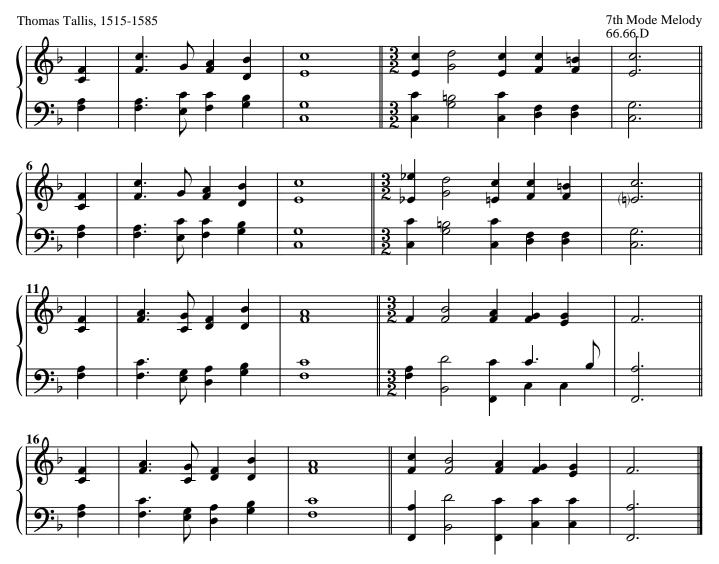
There is a blessèd home



There is a blessèd home, Beyond this land of woe, Where trials never come, Nor tears of sorrow flow; Where faith is lost in sight, And patient hope is crowned, And everlasting light Its glory throws around.

There is a land of peace, Good angels know it well; Glad songs that never cease Within its portals swell; Around its glorious throne Ten thousand saints adore Christ, with the Father One, And Spirit, evermore. O joy all joys beyond, To see the Lamb who died, And count each sacred wound In hands, and feet, and side; To give to Him the praise Of every triumph won, And sing through endless days The great things He hath done.

Look up, ye saints of God, Nor fear to tread below The path your Savior trod Of daily toil and woe; Wait but a little while In uncomplaining love His own most gracious smile Shall welcome you above.

Henry Baker