

Rest at Home

Words: Fanny Crosby, 1868. Music: J. Horn.

Whate'er my afflictions or trials may be,
I want to live faithful, my Savior, to Thee,
To walk as a Christian, my temper subdued,
And feel, through Thy mercy, in spirit renewed.

Refrain

Home, home, home, sweet, sweet home,
I know there is rest with Thy people at home,
I know there is rest with Thy people at home.

Though dark is my path in this valley of sin,
O give me the light of Thy comfort within,
To shield me from danger wherever I roam,
And guide me at last to Thy people at home.

Refrain

I want to be humble, resigned to Thy will,
In sunshine or tempest to follow Thee still,
Yet, lured by the tempter, how often I roam,
Forgetful, alas! of my God and my home.

Refrain

No parent so tender, so friend is so dear,
No voice like my Savior's can banish my fear;
By faith in Thy promise to Thee I will come,
O, give me a place with Thy people at home.

Refrain

When shall I rise from this desert of gloom,
Beyond the deep shadows that darken the tomb,
In Eden, dear Eden, transported to roam,
And sing hallelujahs with angels at home?

Refrain