

Far, Far Away

R. E. Littlewood, 1858.

Anonymous.

Far, far away, there's a many-mansioned dwelling,
Where the Savior waits to welcome the dear souls for whom He died;
All across the darksome valley, I can hear their anthems swelling,
And amid the golden glory I can see them by His side.
In the home so far away.

Far, far away, there's a haven deep and quiet,
Where the noiseless waves lie sleeping on the mountain-sheltered shore,
Where the surges never enter, where no stormy tempests riot,
Where the sails are furled forever and the ship goes out no more,
From the haven far away.

Onward I travel, in gladness or in sorrow,
Across these trackless waters, with His love to cheer me through;
And as every sunset closes, I can fancy that the morrow
Will fire the heav'nly mountains, with the haven full in view
And no longer far away.