

Far from My Heavenly Home
Henry Lyte, 1834.
Samuel Howard, 1762.

Far from my heavenly home,
Far from my Father's breast,
Fainting I cry, blest Spirit, come
And speed me to my rest.

Upon the willows long
My harp has silent hung:
How should I sing a cheerful song
Till Thou inspire my tongue?

My spirit homeward turns
And fain would thither flee;
My heart, O Zion, droops and yearns,
When I remember thee.

To thee, to thee I press,
A dark and toilsome road;
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saint's abode?

God of my life, be near;
On Thee my hopes I cast:
O guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last.