

Home at Last
Fanny Crosby, 1882
William Kirkpatrick.

Hark the song of holy rapture,
Hear it break from yonder strand
Where our friends for us are waiting,
In the golden summer land;
They have reached the port of glory,
O'er the Jordan they have passed,
And with millions they are shouting,
Home at last, home at last:
And with millions they are shouting,
Home at last, home at last;

O, the long and sweet reunion,
Where the bells of time shall cease;
O, the greeting, endless greeting,
On the vernal heights of peace;
Where the hoping and desponding
Of the weary heart are past,
And we enter life eternal,
Home at last, home at last:
And we enter life eternal,
Home at last, home at last.

Look beyond, the skies are clearing;
See, the mist dissolves away;
Soon our eyes will catch the dawning
Of a bright, celestial day;
Soon the shadows will be lifted
That around us now are cast,
And rejoicing we shall gather
Home at last, home at last:
And rejoicing we shall gather
Home at last, home at last.