

Home at Last
William Cushing, 1877.
Robert Lowry.

Cheer, O cheer, ye sons of Zion!
Weary days will soon be past;
Joy's bright banner waving o'er us
Tells that Heav'n is won at last.
On that fair, celestial morning,
Comes no cloud of grief or pain;
In your peaceful tents abiding,
Sorrow ne'er shall come again.

Refrain

Cheer, O cheer, ye sons of Zion!
Weary days will soon be past;
Joy's bright banner waving o'er us
Tells that Heav'n is won at last.

Cheer, O cheer, the morn is breaking!
Gloomy night will disappear;
Christ will come with sweet awaking;
Happier days will soon be here;
Long the pilgrim path we've wandered,
Long we've hoped 'mid doubt and fear,
Hard we've pressed thro' many a battle
Now the day of peace is here.

Refrain

Cheer, O cheer, the morn is breaking!
Bright its beams of promise rise;
Sing, O sing, ye heirs of Zion!
Hear the welcome from the skies:
"Come, ye blessed of My Father,"
Faint no more 'mid doubts and fears;
Heaven's bright portal opes before you;
Wait for you immortal years.

Refrain