

My Future
Nils Frykman, 1883.

I have a future all sublime,
Beyond the realms of space and time,
Where my Redeemer I shall see,
And sorrow nevermore shall be.

A precious heritage is mine;
'Tis kept above by love divine;
And while I tarry here below,
He gives me what is best, I know.

O, God be praised, He planned for me;
From anxious care I'm spared and free;
He bids me cast on Him my care
What then remains for me to bear?

Sweet peace within my soul doth dwell;
With joy I sing: "Now all is well,"
He leads me safely by His hand
Until I reach the Glory Land.

O precious Savior, teach Thou me
To live my life more true to Thee
The little while I yet must roam
Before I reach my heav'nly home.