

My Loved Ones Are Waiting for Me  
James Vaughan, 1904.

When I shall cross over the dark rolling tide,  
O what a glad meeting there'll be,  
For close by the beautiful pearly white gate,  
My loved ones are waiting for me.

Refrain

Waiting for me, they're waiting for me,  
O what a glad meeting 'twill be!  
Waiting for me, they're waiting for me,  
My loved ones are waiting for me.

A dear, loving mother now waits on that shore,  
To clasp me again to her breast;  
She left this world shouting the praises of God,  
By angels was carried to rest.

Refrain

Dear father and brothers and kindred have gone,  
To dwell in that country so fair;  
And while I still linger on time's troubled shore,  
They're watching and waiting up there.

Refrain

I sometimes get weary and long to go home,  
But all of my work is not done;  
I'm glad I can labor for Jesus, my Lord,  
Till sounds the sweet message, "come home."

Refrain