

The Home of the Blest

Mary Slade, 1876.

Rigdon McIntosh.

Oh, when shall I dwell in a mansion all bright,

And Jesus, my Savior, behold?

Or walk by His side, like an angel of light,

In a city all garnished with gold?

Refrain

Home of the blest, home of the blest!

When wilt thou ever be mine?

Home of the blest, home of the blest!

Soon shalt thou ever be mine.

No pearl from the ocean or gold from the mine

Can pardon or purity buy:

I'll trust in the blood of a Savior divine,

And cling to the cross till I die.

Refrain

But while I'm a stranger, away from my home,

I'll toil in the vineyard and pray;

I'll carry the cross, while I think of the crown,

And watch for the break of the day.

Refrain