

The Lights of Home
Fanny Crosby, 1899.
Charles Marsh.

O the friends that now are waiting,
In the cloudless realms of day,
Who are calling me to follow
Where their steps have led the way;
They have laid aside their armor,
And their earthly course is run;
They have kept the faith with patience
And their crown of life is won.

Refrain

They are calling, gently calling,
Sweetly calling me to come,
And I'm looking through the shadows
For the blessed lights of home.

They have laid aside their armor
For the robe of spotless white;
And with Jesus they are walking
Where the river sparkles bright.
We have labored here together,
We have labored side by side,
Just a little while before me
They have crossed the rolling tide.

Refrain

On those dear familiar faces
There will be no trace of care;
Every sigh was hushed forever
At the palace gate so fair.
I shall see them, I shall know them,
I shall hear their song of love,
And we'll all sing hallelujah
In our Father's house above.

Refrain