

When I Go Home

Charles Gabriel, 1913.

A little while, and then the summer day,
When I go home;
'Tis lonesome winter now, but 'twill be May,
When I go home;
Beyond the gloom of moor and fen
I see the welcome warm of those who wait for me,
When I go home, when I go home.

Work ceases not in sunshine or in show'r,
Till I go home;
But in the stillness of the twilight hour,
I dream of home;
And when the night wind moans across the wold,
I feel no dread of dark, or chill of cold
I dream of home, I dream of home.

All will be well, and all be happiness,
When I go home;
The wanderings all o'er, and loneliness,
When I go home;
There will be light at eventide for me,
The light that never was on land or sea,
When I go home, when I go home.

I'll meet the loved ones I have lost awhile,
When I go home;
And, best of all, I'll see my Savior smile,
When I go home;
Oh, what a joy thro' all eternity,
To sing the praise of Him who died for me,
When I go home, when I go home.