

Far from my heavenly home

Far from my heavenly home,
far from my Father's breast,
fainting I cry, blest Spirit, come,
and speed me to my rest.

My spirit homeward turns,
and fain would thither flee:
my heart, O Zion, droops and yearns,
when I remember thee.

To thee, to thee I press,
a dark and toilsome road:
when shall I pass the wilderness,
and reach the saints' abode?

God of my life, be near:
on thee my hopes I cast:
O guide me through the desert here,
and bring me home at last.

Words: Henry Francis Lyte, 1834

Music: St. Bride

Meter: SM