

Home at Last (Crosby)

Words: Fanny Crosby, 1882 Music: William Kirkpatrick.

Hark the song of holy rapture,
Hear it break from yonder strand
Where our friends for us are waiting,
In the golden summer land;
They have reached the port of glory,
O'er the Jordan they have passed,
And with millions they are shouting,
Home at last, home at last:
And with millions they are shouting,
Home at last, home at last;

O, the long and sweet reunion,
Where the bells of time shall cease;
O, the greeting, endless greeting,
On the vernal heights of peace;
Where the hoping and desponding
Of the weary heart are past,
And we enter life eternal,
Home at last, home at last:
And we enter life eternal,
Home at last, home at last.

Look beyond, the skies are clearing;
See, the mist dissolves away;
Soon our eyes will catch the dawning
Of a bright, celestial day;
Soon the shadows will be lifted
That around us now are cast,
And rejoicing we shall gather
Home at last, home at last:
And rejoicing we shall gather
Home at last, home at last.