

My Far Away Home

Ephraim Hildebrand, ca. 1916.

I am thinking tonight of a far away home,
Where the angels are happy in song,
And the streets of pure gold, which I long to behold,
Are trod by the bright angel throng.

Refrain

Beautiful home, land of the blest,
Whose glories forever are bright;
My soul goes up to the great white throne,
Where Jesus is ever the light.

I am thinking tonight of that heavenly land,
And those who are crowned with the blest;
'Tis the host of the Lord, who received the reward
Which is promised to all who seek rest.

Refrain

I am thinking tonight of those who have gone
To view that great city above;
Oh, may we at length, through Jesus the Son,
Pass into that haven of love.

Refrain