

Nearing the Homeland

Lola Seelye, 1903.

Paul Jones.

In Heaven's fair portals they're waiting for me,  
Where sickness and sorrow are o'er;  
Where hope's brightest dream a fulfillment will find  
On the bright, golden heavenly shore.

Refrain

Nearing the homeland, fair haven of rest,  
Joy for the sad ones who weep;  
Our anchor we'll cast, we're nearing the port,  
No more on the wild, restless deep.

We think of the rest, of the people of God,  
That waits all the faithful and true;  
Our travel-stained garments will there be exchanged  
For a beautiful garment of new.

Refrain

And there, face to face, our dear Savior we'll meet,  
The veil shall be taken away;  
No night dims the brightness our eyes shall behold  
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Refrain