

Rest at Home  
Fanny Crosby, 1868.  
J. Horn.

Whate'er my afflictions or trials may be,  
I want to live faithful, my Savior, to Thee,  
To walk as a Christian, my temper subdued,  
And feel, through Thy mercy, in spirit renewed.

Refrain

Home, home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
I know there is rest with Thy people at home,  
I know there is rest with Thy people at home.

Though dark is my path in this valley of sin,  
O give me the light of Thy comfort within,  
To shield me from danger wherever I roam,  
And guide me at last to Thy people at home.

Refrain

I want to be humble, resigned to Thy will,  
In sunshine or tempest to follow Thee still,  
Yet, lured by the tempter, how often I roam,  
Forgetful, alas! of my God and my home.

Refrain

No parent so tender, so friend is so dear,  
No voice like my Savior's can banish my fear;  
By faith in Thy promise to Thee I will come,  
O, give me a place with Thy people at home.

Refrain

When shall I rise from this desert of gloom,  
Beyond the deep shadows that darken the tomb,  
In Eden, dear Eden, transported to roam,  
And sing hallelujahs with angels at home?

Refrain