

'Mid scenes of con-fu-sion and crea-ture complaints, How sweet to my soul is com-mu-nion with saints; To find at the banquet of mer-cy there's room, And feel in the

pro-sence of Je-sus, at home, Home, home, sweet, sweet home; Pre-pare me, dear Sa-viour, for glo-ry, my home.

2 Sweet bonds, that unite all the children of peace!  
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease!  
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,  
I long to behold thee in glory, at home.  
Home, home, &c.

3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,  
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee;  
Though now my temptations like billows may foam,  
All, all will be peace, when I'm with thee at home.  
Home, home, &c.

- 4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,  
O give me submission, and strength as my day;  
In all my afflictions to thee I would come,  
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.  
Home, home, &c.
- 5 Whate'er thou deniest, O give me thy grace,  
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face;  
Indulge me with patience to wait at thy throne,  
And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of home.  
Home, home, &c.
- 6 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine,  
No more, as an exile in sorrow to pine,  
And in thy dear image, arise from the tomb,  
With glorified millions to praise thee, at home.  
Home, home, sweet, sweet, home.  
Receive me, dear Saviour, in glory, my home