

Hearing Home

Nearer home, yes one day nearer
To our Father's house on high,
And His love is growing dearer,
As the days glide swiftly by.

Sorrow's storm will soon be over,
Tempests never more will come,
Tents no more will form our cover,
We shall dwell in peace at home.

'Yet a little while' He's coming,
We have got His promise sure;
Patience waits, while love is yearning
For His presence in the air.

Sleeping ones will rise immortal,
Living we shall changed be;
Then caught up through Glory's portal,
We shall all our Saviour see.

'As He is' in all His glory
His own image we shall bear,
From Himself learn love's sweet story,
And His throne and kingdom share.

O what bliss! To be thus near Him,
Satisfied His heart will be;
Filled with joy beyond all measure,
When His glorious face we see.

Joseph Pellatt, 1843–1913