



Going Home

Here I walk, so much a stranger
In a world with sorrows sore,
Often grief, and constant teardrops,
Often long for Heaven's shore.

Far beyond this vale of sorrows
Lies the land of tearless day,
Sorrows gone and heartaches ended
My blest Saviour leads the way.

When I hear, "My child I'm coming"
Cloudless dawn, what will it be?
Gone forever, this earth's sadness
And my Jesus, I shall see.

What a meeting, what a greeting
Songs of true thanksgiving raise,
Just to see Him and adore Him
Theme of heavens eternal praise.

*. . . Rowan Jennings
March 2017*