



## *I'm Going Home*

The cords which tie me to this earth  
Are loosening very fast,  
Soon I shall be with my blest Lord  
And shall be home at last.

The tears and trials of this life  
All sorrows will be o're,  
And basking in His glorious love  
I'll rest on Heaven's shore.

This is a truth, so blessed and true,  
For me to die is gain,  
To be there with the saints above  
And join the happy strain.

Now in this bodies weakening state  
I look beyond the veil,  
My eyes grow dim, this earth recedes,  
I set my billowing sail.

To speed across the river wide  
I'm nearing Heaven's shore,  
And there within the house of God  
I'll worship, praise, adore.

*Rowan Jennings  
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