





- 2. O happy land! my own eternal home, the fair inheritance secured to me! As day by day in desert tracks I roam, my wistful eyes thy distant hills would see. I hasten on, nor pause to take my rest; my All is treasured there: yes, all I love the best.
- 3. 'Tis not the beauty of that land of light, that lures me on, its joys divine to share; 'tis not the glimmer of its portals bright, in sheen of pearl so exquisitely fair. Not e'en its heavenly music would I hear, if One were missing there – the One my heart holds dear.
- 4. Lord Jesus Christ! My Lord, my Saviour dear! 'Tis with thyself in light I there shall dwell; beyond all need, all sin, and care, and fear, there shall I evermore thy goodness tell. His matchless grace, his love beyond degree, who on the cross poured forth his precious blood for me.
- 5. O Best Beloved! With hopes so passing sweet, I care not what these fleeting days may bring. Thy ransomed ones shall in thy presence meet; no weeping there! We shall give thanks and sing. Oh, keep us longing still thy face to see, lowly, and meek, and pure, and ever true to thee.

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