ALMOST HOME



2. On love relying,thy love undying,not a shade can fall upon my soul;here am I resting,the joy foretastingof the life beyond this life's dark goal.

3. Thine arms embracing, each shadow chasing, chains of flesh now cease my soul to hold; pilgrim staff breaking, royal badge taking, earth's torn raiment all exchanged for gold.

4. No more low caring,
no more wayfaring;
these soiled sandals loosed and flung away.
Done with the soiling,
done with the toiling,
all my burdens lay I down for aye.

5. Ended the jarring, past all the warring, quit I gladly life's rude war-array. Victory crying, enemies flying, thus my armour put I off for aye.

6. Pains yet assails me, strength ofttimes fails me, yet my weakness is my strength and rest; light o'er me stealing, softly revealing scenes of glory up amongst the blessed.

7. Head no more sinking,eyes no more shrinkingfrom the world's gay glitter here below;life's cup just draining,time's star fast waning:Christ, receive my soul! To thee I go.

8. Earth is retreating,
heaven is me greeting,
hope is lighting up new scenes above;
tranquilly lying,
peacefully dying,
Jesus beckons upward to his love.

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