THE FATHER'S HOUSE



2. I see its domes resplendent glow, where beams of God's own glory fall; and trees of life immortal grow, whose fruits o'erhang the sapphire wall.

3. I know that thou, who on the tree didst deign our mortal guilt to bear, wilt bring thine own to dwell with thee, and waitest to receive me there.

4. Thy love will there array my soul in thine own robe of spotless hue; and I shall gaze while ages roll, on thee, with raptures ever new.

5. O welcome day! when thou my feet shalt bring the shining threshold o'er; a Father's warm embrace to meet, and dwell at home for evermore.

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