

- 2. Is there a blissful home, where kindred minds shall meet, and live and love, nor ever roam from that serene retreat?
- 3. Are there bright, happy fields, where nought that blooms shall die; where each new scene fresh pleasure yields, and healthful breezes sigh?
- 4. Are there celestial streams, where living waters glide, with murmurs sweet as angel dreams, and flowery banks beside?
- 5. For ever blessed they, whose joyful feet shall stand, while endless ages waste away, amid that glorious land!
- 6. My soul would thither tend, while toilsome years are given; then let me, gracious God, ascend to sweet repose in heaven!

Words: Ray Palmer. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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