THE END OF THE JOURNEY



- Still the gladness of that blessed welcome, mystery of that kiss, meeting of the Son and of the Father, floods my soul with bliss.
- 3. That sweet welcome mine and mine for ever that eternal Home,whereunto when all these wanderings over,I shall surely come –
- 4. There my heart is resting, and is joyful, with a joy untold earth's dark ways lit up with that fair glory, gleam as streets of gold.
- 5. Words of blessed greeting as I wander fall upon my ear; as a song aloft in palace towers, deep, and sweet, and clear,
- in the midnight steals o'er him who saileth on a lonely sea, then I know I near the blessed country where he waits for me.
- 7. God, my Father, waiteth there to greet me, child of his delight; in the well-beloved Son presented faultless in his sight.
- 8. Loved with all the love that fills the heavens with eternal song weep not, weary heart how short the sorrow, and the love how long!

Words: Frances Bevan. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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