## THE BELIEVER'S HOME



- 2. You show me its palaces, stately and fair, the brows of their inmates are furrowed with care; its wisdom is folly, and madness its mirth, the shadows of death all envelop the earth.
- 3. I gaze on the mountain, the forest, and flood, they speak of their Maker, my Father, and God; his sunshine enlivens the day with its light, his moon and his stars give a voice to the night;
- 4. his hand paints each flower with its beautiful dye; his providence watches the sparrows that fly: I hear him, and see him, wherever I roam; this earth is his work, but it is not my Home.
- 5. My home is in heaven, for Jesus is there; he is gone his own home for his friends to prepare; in the land which no evil has ever defiled, where each tear shall be wiped from the eye of his child.
- 6. My home is in heaven! yes, there we shall meet; what joy it will be our companions to greet, with whom thro' this desert we journeyed along, when the sigh shall be changed for the harp and the song!

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