Blessed Home-Land

1. Gliding o'er life's fitful waters, Heavy surges sometimes roll;
2. Oft we catch a faint reflection Of its bright and vernal hills;
3. 'Tis the weary pilgrim's Home-land, Where each throbbing care shall cease,

And we sigh for yonder haven, For the Home-land of the soul.
And, tho' distant, how we hail it! How each heart with rapture thrills!
And our longings and our yearnings, Like a wave, be hush'd to peace.

Chorus

Blessed Home-land, ever fair! Sin can never enter there;

But the soul, to life awaking, Everlasting bloom shall wear.

Words by Fanny J. Crosby
Music by Hubert P. Main