How Far from Home?

1. How far from home? I asked, as on I bent my steps—The watchman spake:
How far from home! O blessed thou! The traveler's lonely heart to cheer;

2. I asked the warrior on the field: This was his soul-inspiring song:
"The long, dark night is almost gone, The morning soon will break.
"With courage bold, the sword I'll wield, The battle is not long.

3. I asked again; earth, sea, and sun Seem'd with one voice to make reply:
"Time's wasting sands are nearly run, Eternity is nigh.
Which oft a healing balm has bro't, And dried the mourner's tear.

4. Not far from home! O blessed thought! The traveler's lonely heart to cheer;
Then weep no more, but speed thy flight, With Hope's bright star thy guiding ray.
Then weep no more, but well endure The conflict, till thy work is done;
Then weep no more—with warning tones Porous, all signs are thick'ning round,
Then weep no more, since we shall meet Where weary footsteps never roam.

Till thou shalt reach the realms of light, In ever-lasting day."
For this we know, the prize is sure, When victory is won.
The whole creation, waiting, groans, To hear the trumpet sound.
Our trials past, our joys complete, Safe in our Father's home.

Words: Annie R. Smith
Music: Arranged