My Fatherland

Ezek. 47:12

1. There is a place where my hopes are stay'd, My heart and my treasure are there;
2. There is a place where the angels dwell—A pure and a peaceful abode;
3. There is a place where my friends have gone Who suffered and worshiped with me,
4. There is a place where I hope to live, When life and its labors are o'er;

Where verdure and blossoms never fade, And fields are eternally fair.
The joys of that place no tongue can tell; For there is the palace of God!
A place which the Lord to me will give, And then I shall sorrow no more.

D. S.—Come, favor my flight, angelic band, And waft me in peace to the shore.

Chorus

That blissful place is my fatherland; By faith its delights I explore:

Words: William Hunter
Music: Silas W. Kay and Samuel Wakefield