Home, Sweet Home

1. 'Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
   How sweet to my soul is communion with saints!
   To find at the banquet of mercy there's room, And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.

2. An alien from God, and a stranger to grace,
   I wandered thru earth, its gay pleasures to trace;
   In the pathway of sin I continued to roam, Unmindful, alas! that it led me from home.

3. The pleasures of earth I have seen fade away;
   They bloom for a season, but soon they decay;
   But pleasures more lasting in Jesus are given: Salvation on earth, and a mansion in heav'n.

D. S.—There's no friend like Jesus, there's no place like home.

Words: David Denham
Music: H. R. Bishop