How Far from Home?

1. How far from home? I asked, as on I bent my steps—the watch-man spake:
"The long, dark night is almost gone, The morn-ing soon will break.
Then weep no more, but speed thy flight, With Hope's bright star thy guid-ing ray.
Till thou shalt reach the realms of light, In ev-er-last-ing day."
For this we know, the prize is sure, When vic-to-ry is won."
The whole cre-a-tion, wait-ing, groans, To hear the trum-pet sound."
Our tri-als past, our joys com-plete, Safe in our Fa-ther's home.

2. I asked the war-rior on the field: This was his soul-in-spir-ing song:
"With cour-age bold, the sword I'll wield, The bat-tle is not long.
Then weep no more, but well en-dure The con-flict, till thy work is done;
Then weep no more—with warn-ing tones Por-ten-tous signs are thick'n-ing round,
Our tri-als past, our joys com-plete, Safe in our Fa-ther's home.

3. I asked a-gain; earth, sea, and sun Seem'd with one voice to make re- ply:
"Time's wast-ing sands are near-ly run, E-ter-ni-ty is nigh.
Then weep no more, since we shall meet Where wea-ry foot-steps nev-er roam-
Then weep no more, since we shall meet Where wea-ry foot-steps nev-er roam-

4. Not far from home! O bless-ed tho't! The trav-ler's lone-ly heart to cheer;
"The long, dark night is almost gone, The morn-ing soon will break.
Then weep no more, but speed thy flight, With Hope's bright star thy guid-ing ray.
Till thou shalt reach the realms of light, In ev-er-last-ing day."
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Music: Arranged
Words: Annie R. Smith