Safe With The Loved Ones

1. Far, far beyond this vale of sorrow, Is home, sweet home;
2. All hopes, but heav'n are disappointing, Heartaches and pain;
3. All earthly scenes are ting'd with sadness, All skies have clouds;
4. But Christian, cheer thee on thy journey, The toll's most done;
5. Turn, turn thee, sinner to thy Saviour, By sorrow driv'n,
6. And tho' the path be rough and lonely, He'll lead thee on;

There weary hearts will meet to-morrow, There partings never come.
There shall my soul be fill'd with gladness, There meet the lov'd ones again.
No hope, but fear its cups em-bitters, The final robe the shroud.
Heav'n's bright eternal day's before thee, There waits for thee thy crown.
Lay down the burden thou art bearing, Christ offers home and heav'n.
Thou Satan often tempt and try thee, Never art thou alone.

Chorus

Oh, I long to be with Jesus, Never more to roam;

There shall my heart o'er-flow with gladness, Safe with the lov'd ones at home.

Words: Rev. George P. Hott
Music: S. C. Foster, arr.