

# The Land of Welcomes

1. There is a land of wel - comes, With ne'er a last fare - well,-  
 2. The sea is calm and o - pen, No long - er tem - pest - toss;  
 3. There, in that land of greet - ings, We shall se - cure - ly dwell;

If near, or yet far dis - tant, No mes - sen - ger may tell.  
 The rocks and storms be - hind me, The way can - not be lost.  
 For, ent - 'ring at His bid - ding, We'll no more say fare - well.

But with life's tide I'm drift - ing Still near - er to that shore,  
 For Je - sus waits and watch - es To speak the "Peace, be still;"  
 O land, O land of wel - comes! Time bears us to that shore

Where saints and an - gels wait - ing Give wel - comes ev - er - more.  
 He calms the trou - bled wa - ters, And waves o - bey His will.  
 Where loved ones wait our com - ing, With wel - comes ev - er - more.