

## How Far From Home?

How Far From Home? 8.8.8.6.D.

ANNIE R. SMITH

Arranged

1. How far from home? I asked, as on I bent my steps—the watchman spake:  
 2. I asked the war-rior on the field; This was his soul-in-spir-ing song:  
 3. I asked a-gain; earth, sea, and sun Seemed, with one voice, to make re-ply:  
 4. Not far from home! O blessed thought! The traveler's lone-ly heart to cheer;

“The long, dark night is al-most gone, The morn-ing soon will break.  
 “With cour-age, bold, the sword I'll wield, The bat-tle is not long.  
 “Time's wast-ing sands are near-ly run, E-ter-ni-ty is nigh.  
 Which oft a heal-ing balm has brought, And dried the mourn-er's tear.

Then weep no more, but speed thy flight, With Hope's bright star thy guid-ing ray,  
 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 thickening round,  
 Then weep no more, since we shall meet Where wea-ry foot-steps nev-er roam—

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, waiting, groans, To hear the trum-pet sound.”  
 Our tri-als past, our joys com-plete, Safe in our Fa-ther's home.