

1. How far from home? I asked, as on I bent my steps the watch-man 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 bless-ed thought! The travel-er's lone-ly heart to cheer;

6

"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.

11

The 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 - tious signs are thic - kening round,
 Then weep no more, since we shall meet Where wea - ry foot - steps nev - er roam

16

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.