

MY rest is in Heaven, my rest is not here,
Then why should I tremble when trials are near?
Be calm anxious spirit, the worst that can come
But shortens the journey, and hastens me home.

- 2 It is not for me to be seeking earth's bliss,
Or building my hopes in an age such as this;
I look for a city that hands have not built,
A country not ruined by sin and by guilt.
- 3 Afflictions may press me, they cannot destroy;
One glimpse of His love turns them all into joy;
Let doubt, then, and danger my progress oppose,
They only make Heaven more sweet at the close.
- 4 Come joy or come sorrow, whate'er may befall,
An hour with my God will make up for them all.
The road may be rough, but it will not be long;
I'll walk it by faith, while rejoicing in song.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847