

FAR from my heavenly home,
Far from my Saviour's side,
I often long that He would come
That I may there abide.

2 Upon the willows, long,
My harp has silent hung;
How can I sing a worthy song
Till Heav'n inspires my tongue?

3 My spirit homeward turns,
There would I long to be,
My heart looks up, desires and yearns
That home of love to see.

4 Homeward I therefore press,
A dark and toilsome road;
When shall I pass this wilderness
To reach my Lord's abode?

5 Lord of my life, draw near,
On Thee my hopes I cast:
O guide me through this desert drear,
And bring me home at last!

Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847†