

**M**Y soul amid this stormy world,  
Looks to its home above:  
And longs to fly on angel's wing,  
And go to Him I love.

- 2 The ties that bound my heart to earth,  
Were broken by His hand;  
When—by His Cross—I found myself  
A stranger in this land.
- 3 A child, when far away, may long  
For home and kindred dear,  
And we who wait our absent Lord  
May sigh till He appear.
- 4 May not an exile, Lord, desire  
His own sweet land to see?  
May not a captive seek release;  
A prisoner to be free?
- 5 O Lord and Saviour, I would know  
Things which no mortal knows,  
Search all the mystery of Thy love,  
The depths of all Thy woes.
- 6 A stranger here in this base world,  
Far from Thy glorious home,  
Forward I'll look to that great day  
When Thou, for me, shalt come.

*Robert Cleaver Chapman, 1803-1902‡*