

SWEET place, sweet place alone,
The Court of God Most High,
The Heaven of heavens, the throne
Of spotless majesty!

*O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
And see Thy face?*

- 2 The stranger homeward bends,
So longing for his rest:
Heav'n is my home; my friends
Lodge there in Abraham's breast.
- 3 Life's but a sorry tent,
Pitched for a few frail days,
A short-leased tenement;
Heaven is my song, my praise:
- 4 No tears from any eyes
Fall in that holy choir;
But death itself there dies,
And sighs themselves expire.
- 5 There shall temptations cease,
There shall my frailties end;
There shall I rest in peace,
Embraced by my best Friend.

Samuel Crossman, 1624-83