

1. Though in a for - eign land, We are not far from home;
 2. Se - cure with - in the veil Christ is our an - chor strong;
 3. And should the sur - ges rise, Should sore af - flic - tions come,

And near - er to our rest a - bove We ev - ery mo - ment come.
 While power su - preme and love di - vine Still guide us safe a - long.
 Blest is the sor - row, kind the storm, That drives us near - er home.

4 God's grace will to the end
 Clearer and brighter shine;
 Nor present things, nor things to come,
 Can change His love divine.

5 Soon shall our pains and fears
 Forever pass away;
 For we shall soon the Saviour see
 In everlasting day.

Alternate tune: No. 121.