



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 - flict - ions 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.