Home at Last

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1882

William James Kirkpatrick

1. Hark the song of holy rap - ture, Hear it break from yon - der strand Where our friends for us are wait - ing, In the gold - en sum - mer land; They have reached the port of glo - ry, O' er the Jor - dan they have passed, And with mil - lions they are shout - ing, Home at last, home at last: And with mil - lions they are shout - ing, Home at last, home at last.

2. O, the long and sweet re - un - ion, Where the bells of time shall cease; O, the friends for us are wait - ing, In the gold - en sum - mer land; They have reached the port of glo - ry, O' er the Jor - dan they have passed, And with mil - lions they are shout - ing, Home at last, home at last: And with mil - lions they are shout - ing, Home at last, home at last.

3. Look be - yond, the skies are clear - ing; See, the mist dis - solves a way; Soon our friends for us are wait - ing, In the gold - en sum - mer land; They have reached the port of glo - ry, O' er the Jor - dan they have passed, And with mil - lions they are shout - ing, Home at last, home at last: And with mil - lions they are shout - ing, Home at last, home at last.

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