He looked for a city

Home, sweet home







He looked for a city and lived in a tent, A pilgrim to glory right onward he went; God's promise his solace, so royal his birth, No wonder he sought not the glories of earth.

Refrain

Home! Home!, Home, sweet home! A welcome from Jesus awaits us at home.

He looked for a city, his God should prepare; No mansion on earth, could he covet or share, For had not God told him, that royal abode Awaited His pilgrims on ending the road.

Refrain

He looked for a city; if sometimes he sighed To be trudging the road, all earth's glory denied, The thought of that city changed sighing to song, For the road might be rough, but it could not be long.

Refrain

He looked for a city, his goal, Lord, we share And know that bright city, which Thou dost prepare Is ever our portion, since willing to be Just pilgrims with Jesus, our roof a tent tree.

Refrain

Margaret E. Barber