Anticipation
Lyrics:Charles W. Naylor

When the last earth-tie is sundered,
And my soul set free;
When life's cares and toils are numbered,
I shall haste to be
With my Lord, in realms of light,
Where no sin can ever blight,
Where ne'er comes the shades of night;
To His arms I'll flee.

Often here I'm sad and weary,
As the days go by;
Oft the scenes are dark and dreary,
Teardrops dim my eye;
But when this short life is o'er,
We shall weep and sigh no more,
But rejoice forevermore
In our home on high.

Now I look with eager longing,
Where I soon shall stand,
Where the happy spirits thronging,
In the heav'nly band,
Taste the joys of love divine,
In refulgent glory shine—
This great heritage is mine,
In that happy land.

Shall I shrink at death's cold river,
When on yonder shore
Stands of every good the Giver,
Whom I now adore?
Untold pleasures beckon me,
Untold joys by faith I see,
Untold happiness to be
Mine forevermore.