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When We Get Home
Charles Gabriel, 1877.
James McGranahan.

When we get home from our sorrow and care
And we stand with the angels of light,
Oh, what a meeting in Heaven there'll be,
In that land without shadow or night;
Sorrow and care, tribulation and pain
We'll leave, when we pass thro' the tomb;
Clouds of despair, storms of trial and care,
We shall leave for that beautiful home.

Refrain

When we get home, oh, when we get home,
Get home to glory land,
Praises we'll sing to Jesus, our King,
A ransomed, a glorified band.

When we get home to the mansions above,
With the loved ones gone over before,
Oh, who can tell what a joy that will be
There, to live and rejoice evermore:
Angels will praise, the Redeemer will smile,
And loved ones we'll clasp by the hand;
Free from all pain, far beyond earthly stain,
We shall dwell in that beautiful land.

Refrain

When we get home, when the morning is come,
And forth from the city of gold
Angels of God, coming down, shall call home
All of those who belong to His fold;
Will you be there, brother, loved ones to greet,
Or will you forever be lost?
What is thy choice, fleeting pleasures of earth,
Or a home when death's river is crossed?

Refrain

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