

FOREVER WITH THE LORD. S.M. 8 lines.

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James Montgomery

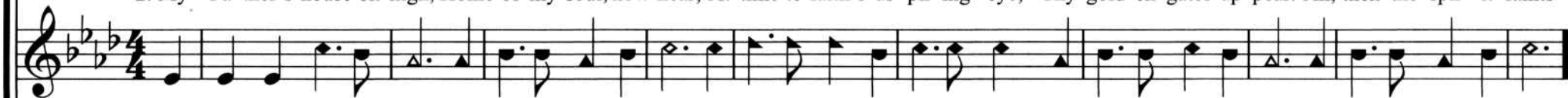
I.B. Woodbury



1. For - ev - er with the Lord, A - men, so let it be, Life from the dead is in that word, 'Tis im - mor - tal - i - ty. Here in the bod - y pent,



2. My Fa - ther's house on high, Home of my soul, how near, At time to faith's as - pir - ing eye, Thy gold - en gates ap - pear. Ah, then the spir - it faints



3. Yet doubts still in - ter - vene, And all my com - fort flies, Like No - ah's dove I flit be - tween, Rough seas and storm - y skies. And now the clouds de - part,



Ab - sent from Him I roam, Yet night - ly will I pitch my tent A day's march near - er home, Near - er home, near - er home, A day's march near - er home.



To reach the land I love, The bright in - her - i - tance of saints, Je - ru - sa - lem a - bove, Home a - bove, home a - bove, Je - ru - sa - lem a - bove.



The winds and wa - ters cease, While sweet - ly o'er my glad - den'd heart, Ex - pands the bow of peace, Bow of peace, bow of peace, Ex - pands the bow of peace.

