Forever With The Lord

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,
Ab-sent from Thee I roam; Yet night-ly pitch my mov-ing tent A
day’s march near-er home, Near-er home, near-er home, A day’s march near-er home.

2. My Fa- ther’s house on high! Home of my soul, how near, At times, to faith’s as-
pir-ing eye Thy gold-en gates ap-pear! Ah! then my spir-it pants
flit be-tween Rough seas and storm-y skies. A-non the clouds de-part,
The winds and wa-ters cease; While sweet-ly o’er my glad-dened heart Ex-
pands the bow of peace, Bow of peace, bow of peace, Ex-pands the bow of peace.

3. Yet doubts still in-ter-vene, And all my com-fort flies; Like No-ah’s dove, I

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