The Land of Welcomes

Words by Mrs. Annie S. Hawks
Music by Hubert P. Main

1. There is a land of welcomes, With ne’er a last farewell,
   If near, or yet far distant, No messenger may tell.
   But with life’s tide I’m drifting, Still nearer to that shore,
   Where saints and angels waiting Give welcomes ever more.

2. The sea is calm and open, No longer tempest toss;
   The rocks and storms behind me, The way cannot be lost.
   For Jesus waits and watches To speak the “Peace, be still,”
   He calms the troubled waters, And waves obey His will.

3. There, in that land of greetings, We shall securely dwell;
   For, entering at His bidding, We’ll no more say farewell.
   O land, O land of welcomes! Time bears us to that shore
   Where loved ones wait our coming, With welcomes ever more.