

Going Home at Last

W. Gossett, 1880.

Edmund Lorenz.

The evening shades are falling,
Our sun is sinking fast;
The Holy One is calling,
We're going home at last.

Refrain

Going home at last!
Going home at last!
The march will soon be over;
We're going home at last.

The road's been long and dreary,
The toils came thick and fast;
In body weak and weary,
We're going home at last.

Refrain

We now are nearing Heaven,
And soon shall be at rest;
Our crowns will soon be given,
We're going home at last.

Refrain

Oh, praise the Lord forever!
Our sorrows are all past;
We'll part no more, no never,
We are at home at last.

Refrain