

My Thoughts Are Ever Turning

(50, 154)

1. My thoughts are ev-er turn-ing To my ce-les-tial home; For it my

love is burn-ing Though still a-far I roam. 'Tis there my soul is dwelling, My

wealth is with the Lord, And from my heart is welling A long-ing heav-en-ward.

2. Earth and vain things, you bitter Plagues of the soul, begone!
 From far you seem to glitter, But who by you is won,
 For gems has empty baubles, For pearls the sand of care;
 Your wine is full of troubles And poison taints your fare.

3. What leads to heav'n I treasure And not what draws to earth;
 The world, its sinful pleasure, And all it holds of worth
 I shun; what far outclasses All these, I seek on high;
 To know that life surpasses Earth's wisdom and earth's joy.

4. Then rise, my soul, with gladness, Although the way be hard.
 Through danger, scorn, and sadness, Up! ever heavenward!
 To others leave earth's pleasures And all this world's allure,
 Thou claim the noble treasures, Eternal and secure!