

ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er—
I'm nearer home today
Than I have been before.

- 2 Nearer my Father's house
Where many mansions be,
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea.
- 3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where burdens are laid down,
Where pilgrims end their road,
And victors gain their crown.
- 4 But lying dark between,
And winding through the night,
Rolls deep that unknown stream
That leads at last to light.
- 5 O, if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink,
If I am nearer home,
Nearer than now I think . . .
- 6 Saviour, in Whom I trust,
Perfect my feeble faith,
That I may bravely cross
That unknown stream of death!

Phoebe Cary, 1824-71