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# Saint's Sweet Home

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THE  
**HUSBANDMAN'S  
HYMN.**

He watereth the hills from above ; the earth is filled with the fruit of thy works. He bringeth forth grass for the cattle ; and green herb for the service of men ; that he may bring food out of the earth. Psalm 104.

Good is the Lord, the Heavenly King,  
Who makes the earth his care,  
Visits the pastures every spring,  
And bids the grass appear.

The often'd ridges of the field  
Permit the corn to spring,  
The valleys rich provision yield  
And the poor labourers sing.

The barren clods, refresh'd with rain,  
Promise a joyful crop ;  
The parched grounds look green again,  
And raise the reapers' hope.

The various months thy goodness crowns  
How bounteous are thy ways !  
The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs,  
And shepherds shout thy praise.

Printed and Published, by JOHN GILBERT, Royal Arcade, Newcastle.



**SAINT'S  
SWEET HOME.**

Mid scenes of confusion and creatures complaints,  
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints,  
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room ;  
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
Receive my dear Saviour in glory at home.

And the bonds that unite all the children of peace,  
The thrice happy Jesus whose love cannot cease  
Although oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,  
I long to behold thee in presence at home.

I sigh from the budget of sin to be free,  
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee ;  
To you now my temptations like billows do foam,  
All will be at peace when I meet thee at home.

While here in the valley of conflict I stay,  
O give me submission and strength as my day,  
In all my afflictions to thee I would come,  
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

Whate'er thou deniest, O give me thy grace,  
The spirits sure witness the smiles of my face,  
Indulge me with pleasure to wait at thy throne,  
And find even now a foretaste of home.

I long dearest Lord in thy beauties to shine,  
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine,  
And in thy fair image arise from the tomb  
With glorified millions to praise thee at home.