



## Homecoming

Lord, waiting and watching am I,  
My eyes fixed on the farthest space;  
I rise each day, look to the sky . . .  
Hoping one day to see Your Face.

My heart and soul both yearn, so true,  
Anxiousness embedded in me;  
They've hungered so, waiting for You . . .  
Dear Lord, when will that Grand Day be?

Some day I'll view the edge of time,  
And in rare moment You'll be there;  
Divine! Divine shall be that clime . . .  
And I'll savor Your Grace so fair.

Teach me, Lord, to wait, watch for You,  
To expect Your Return one day;  
Mold my heart, my soul truest blue . . .  
When comes Your Homecoming my way.

**Henry W. Gurley**