

MISSING HEAVEN

Dear Land, I see thy portals shining, I hear thy songs of praise,
Ten thousand hallelujahs ring which conquerors do raise,
I see the Saints who wave the palms victory o'er the grave,
I hear the tramp of warriors crowned, shout His power to save.

2.

Thy streets are full of glistening light, the lights of Jesus' face,
Thy music thrills the heart of God, O, wondrous, precious place,
Thy banks are thronged with children's forms, where love and truthfulness
Have thrown a Halo round their heads, and peace-kissed righteousness.

3.

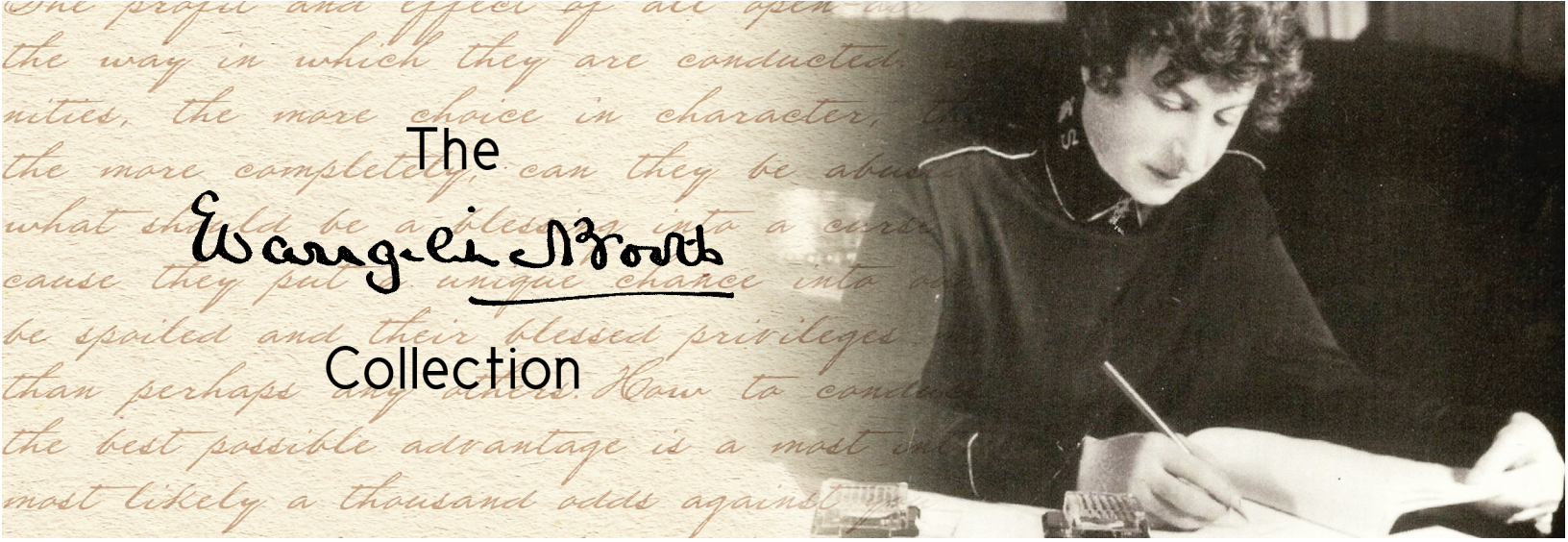
I see thy gates flung open wide to bearers of the cross
I see that crowns shine on the brow of those who suffered loss,
I see the gems which deck thy Throne are those which here found birth
They were but lent to us to show, fairer in Heaven than earth.

4.

I see some once benighted souls in robes of glistening white,
Their sins were lost in Jesus' blood, by Grace they've fought the fight,
I see The Christian's shining throng, I hear the words "well done!"
I see the Angels strike their harps, and sing "the victory's won!"

5.

Oh, rightly-named Eternal home—City of Eternal Life.
Within Thy Heart the weary rest, closed are the gates of strife.
Dear, happy land—Fair home above- no care thy radiance spoils.
Sorrows are lost in perfect love, and crowned are all our toils.



The

Wargale North

Collection

6.

But I turn me from the glory
And I turn me from the light.
I am looking towards the darkness
of a bleak and cruel night.

7.

I am looking for the missing
and my feelings can't be told,
as I search amidst the sorrows
found without the gates of gold.

8.

I am looking for the darling
Of a mother's heart and home,
While the Angels watch are keeping,
Oe'r the crown he was to own

9.

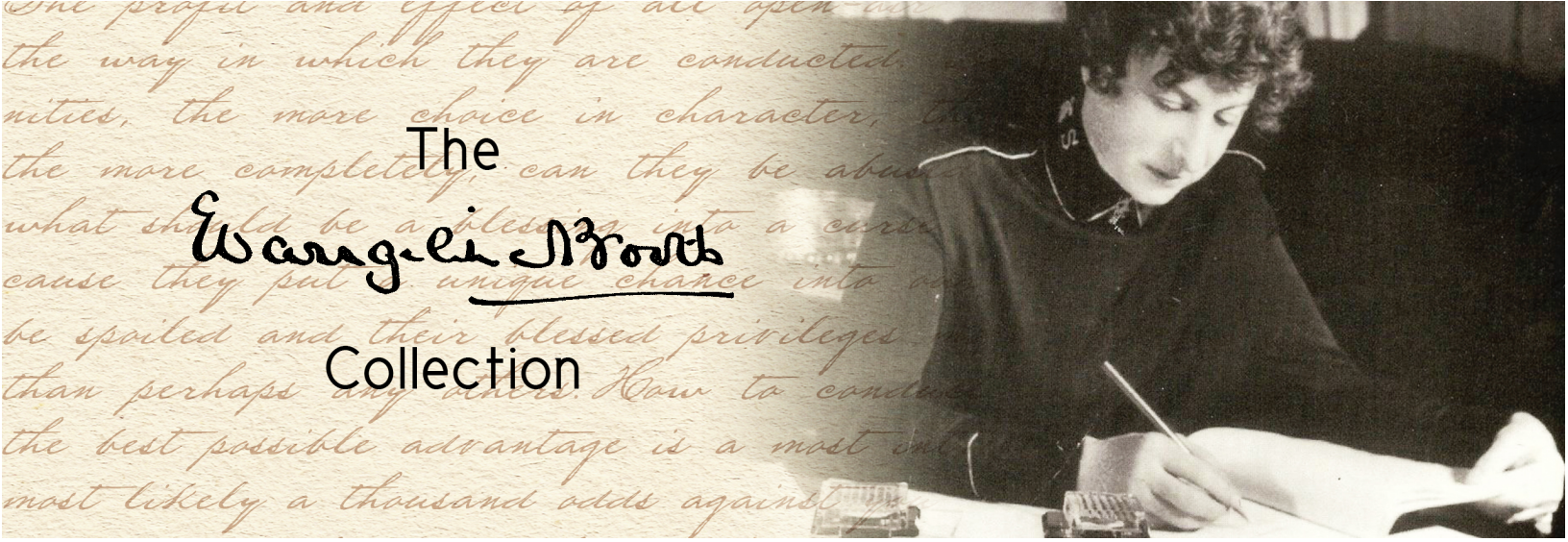
It is hard to tell the story
How she sought from early days,
With a prayerful, tender patience
To direct his youthful ways.

10.

Such a rare and precious mother
Though not great in this world's eyes
She had no chance of learning,
But they Crown her in the skies

11.

From the hour her babe was given



When her voice was weak with years
Every night the Angels passing.
Heard her prayer and saw her tears.

12.

It was sin and sinful comrades
Dragged Him from the loving home.
Made him leave a widowed mother
In her loss and grief alone.

13.

Cruel blow. It bent her shoulders
and her heart now bears the scars,
Of the weary wakeful watching,
Until dawn chased out the stars.

14.

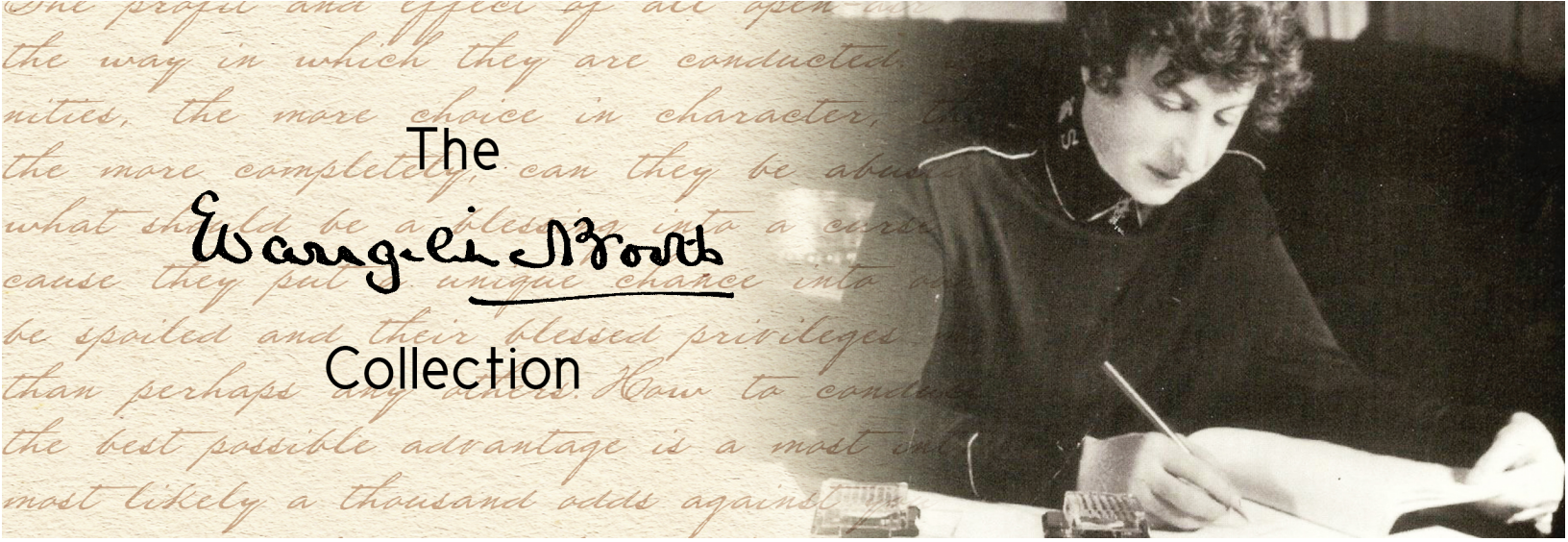
Could he e'er forget the meeting
When he chanced to turn that day
Once again into the cottage
Just before she passed away.

15.

Sin and want had made him reckless
Not to look on her again,
Brought a world of buried memories
Reeling through his tortured brain.

16.

He could see her hands were wasted
And her face was marked with pain,
But her love it was unaltered,



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And she spoke no word of blame.

17.

He could see life's eye was closing
In upon the grief of years;
And his heart told out its sorrow
While his head she bathed with tears.

18.

Then she prayed, "Oh, Christ, I thank thee,
That by love has brought at last,
Two my life's long prayer the answer,
Jesus' blood flows o'er the past.

19.

"All Forgiven - My boy, you'll meet me
With the righteous, won't you, Will?"
And a light lit up the Valley
As he sobbed, "I will, I will,"

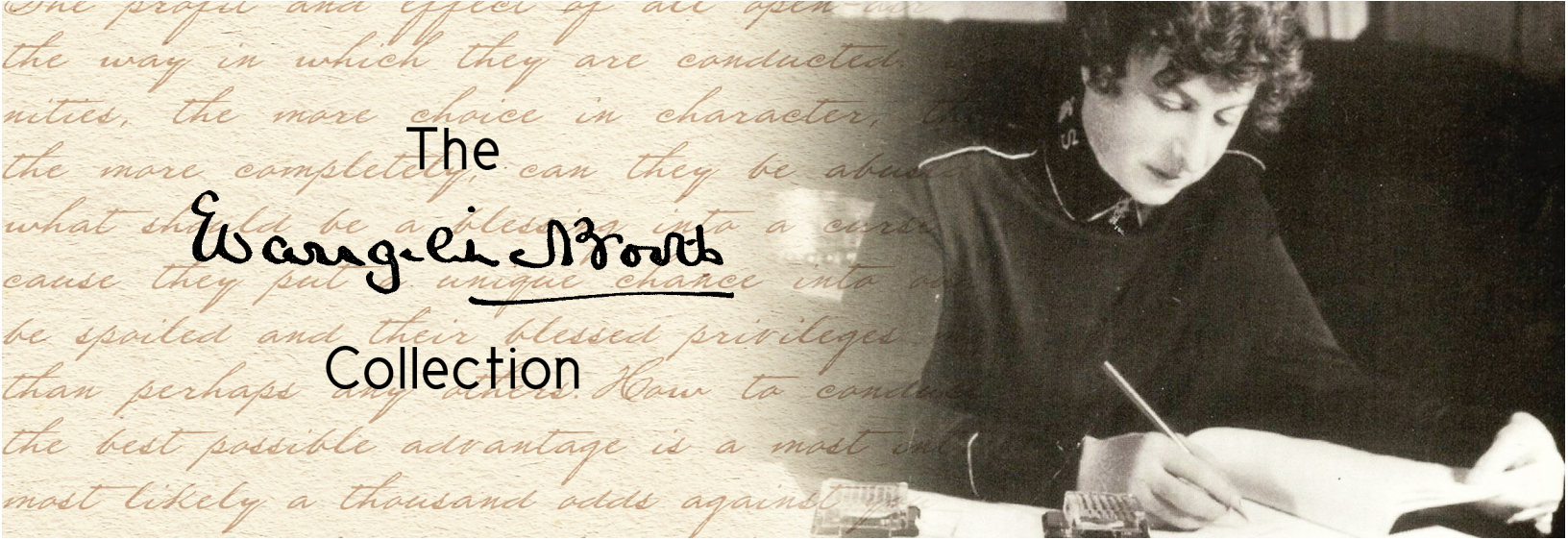
20.

Then a group of Angels, hastening,
Sought her spirit home to bear -
Heard again the fervent promise
As he kissed the dear grey hair.

21.

Surely, surely, he'll be coming,
Still I strain my eyes to see,
Could he such a vow have broken,
Can he with the wicked be?

22.



Could he, that dear heart forgetting –
All it's love - and Jesus's call –
Turn again to heedless sinning,
And be missing after all?

23.

I am looking for the comrades
Who for years the Angels tell
Served their God, can they have drifted
With the crowds that sink to hell?

24.

How I've known them in the battle
Cheer and help so many one,
How, I've seen them in the meetings,
How I heard them in the song

25.

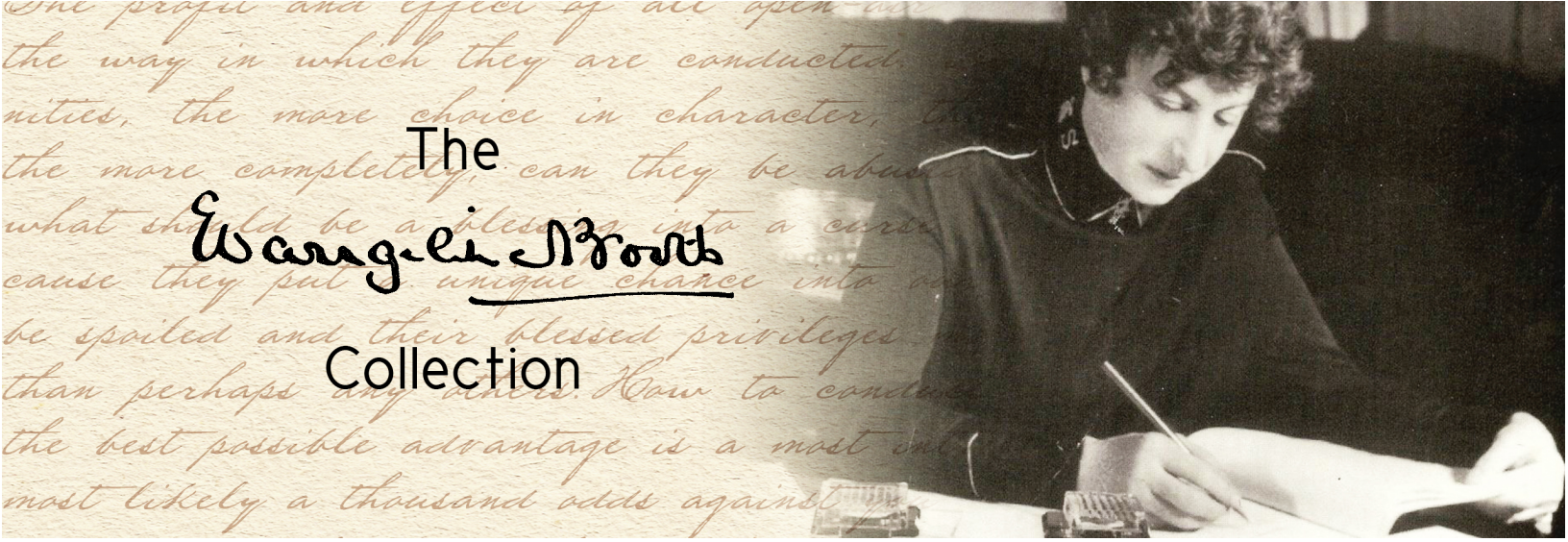
Where's the lass who fought so bravely,
Took her stand and nobly led
Forth her troops and bridged the chasm
'Twixt the living and the dead?

26.

Where is the one who shared the burden
Of the corps- the money part?
Years he spent beneath our banner-
He turned back? It breaks my heart.

27.

Where's the man- I think a bandsmen-
He was saved when but a boy,



Did he too grow cold and heartless,
Wasted life and lost his joy?

28.

Where is the crowd which had such chances
Of this bright eternal home?
Can it be that, now forsaken,
In the dark they weep alone?

29.

Oh, the many vacant places
Found inside the Golden Gate;
Fathers, mothers, children's places
Can it be they are too late?

(3/26/1910)