

Over the last Hill

By Ben Townsend

When I was just a boy (girl), returning from a journey,
Longing never again to roam;
The first sight I saw going up the final hill,
Were the lights of my city, my home.

Chorus: I'm going over the last hill to glory,
I can see the lights of heaven above God's throne,
I can almost see my Father's face,
When I see Him, I know I'll be home.

The Prodigal Son, as he stumbled along,
Weary from his long journey home,
The first site he saw, just before he saw his father,
Were the lights from that mansion that shone.

Chorus: I'm going over the last hill to glory,
I can see the lights of heaven above God's throne,
I can almost see my Father's face,
When I see Him, I know I'll be home.
I can see the lights of my home... heavenly home