



1. How blest a home! The Fa - ther's house! There love di - vine doth rest;
2. O, what a home! The Son who knows, He on - ly - all His love;
3. O, what a home! There full - est love Flows thro' its courts of light;
4. O, what a home! But such His love That He must bring us there,



What else could sat - is - fy the hearts Of those in Je - sus blest? His
And brings us as His well - be - loved, To that bright rest a - bove, Dwells
The Son's di - vine af - fec - tions flow Thro'-out its depth and height. And
To fill that home, to be with Him, And all His glo - ry share. The



home made ours - His Fa - ther's love Our heart's full por - tion giv'n,
in His bos - om - knoweth all That in that bos - om lies,
full re - sponse the Fa - ther gives, To fill with joy the heart -
Fa - ther's house, the Fa - ther's heart, All that the Son is giv'n



The por - tion of the First - born Son, The full de - light of heav'n.
And came to earth to make it known, That we might share His joys.
No cloud is there to dim the scene, Or shad - ow to im - part.
Made ours - the ob - jects of His love And He, our joy in heav'n.

