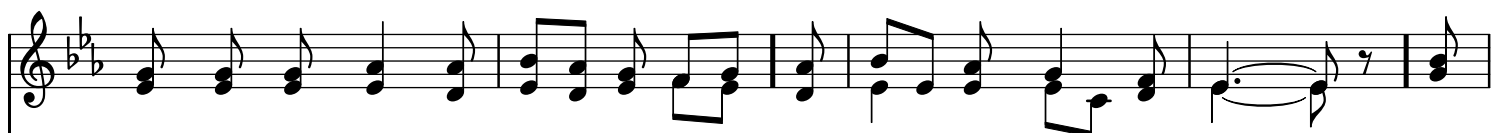


1. How blest a home— the Fa - ther's house, There love di - vine doth rest;
2. Oh, what a home! The Son who knows, He on - ly— all His love;
3. Oh, what a home! There full - est love Flows thro' its courts of light;
4. Oh, what a home! But such His love That He must bring us there,



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 Throughout 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— know-eth 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 heaven.
 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 heaven.

