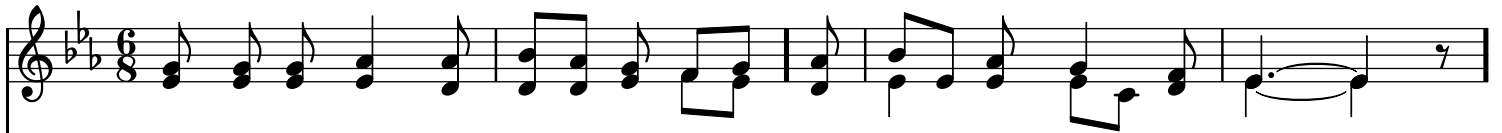


(Prospect. C. M. D.)

Mrs. J. A. Trench

Old English Melody



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 in - part.  
Made ours - the ob - jects of His love And He, our joy in heaven.

