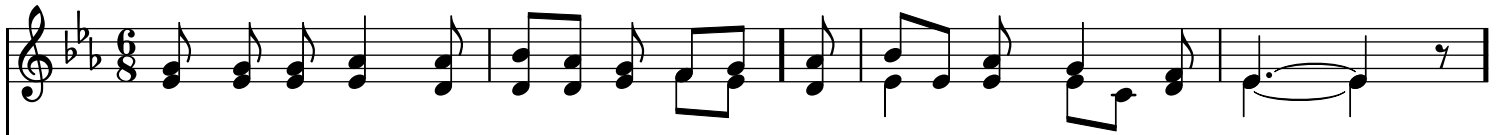


(Prospect. C. M. D.)

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 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- 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 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.

