

Hark, how He calls the ten - der lambs, And folds them in His arms!  
For 'twas to bless such souls as these, The Lord of an - gels came."  
Joy - ful that we our-selves are Thine, Thine let our off-spring be.

412

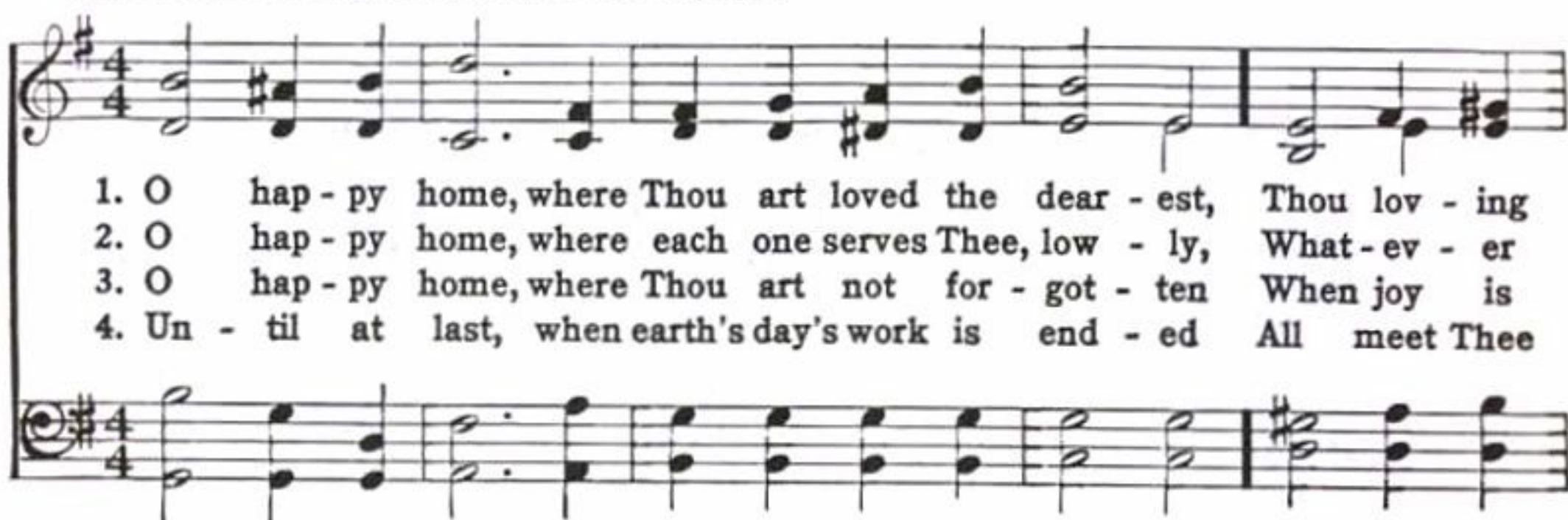
## O Happy Home

Alverstroke. 11.10.11.10.

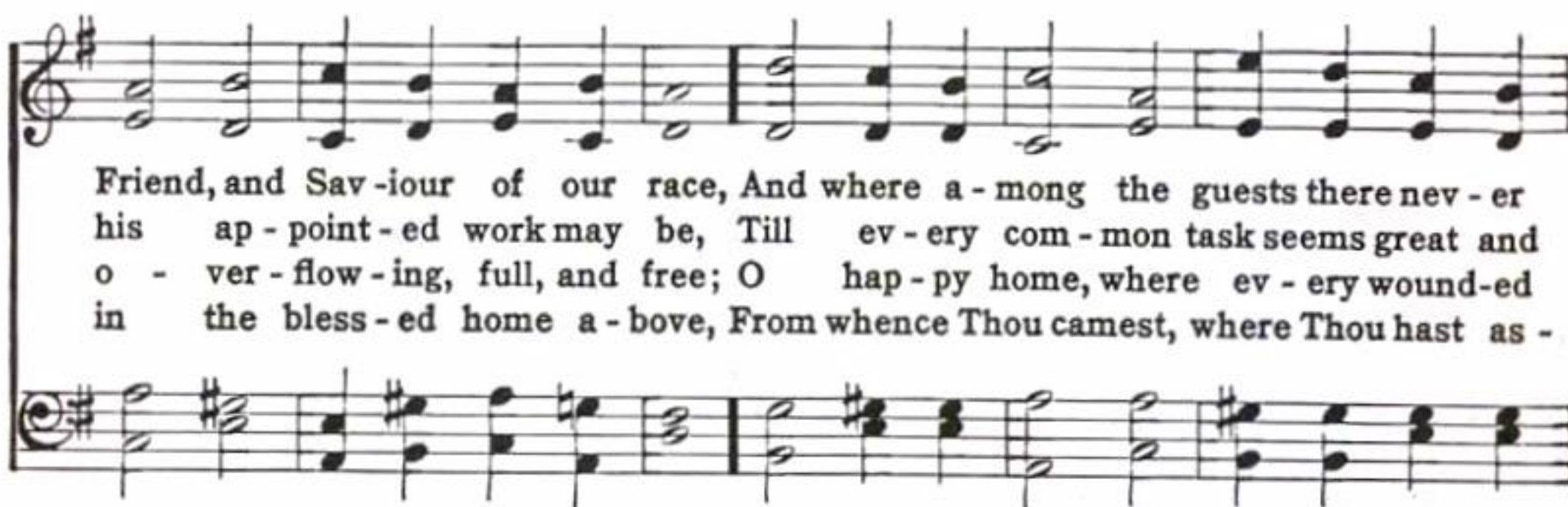
CARL J. P. SPITTA, 1833

Adapted from a tr. by SARAH B. FINDLATER, 1858

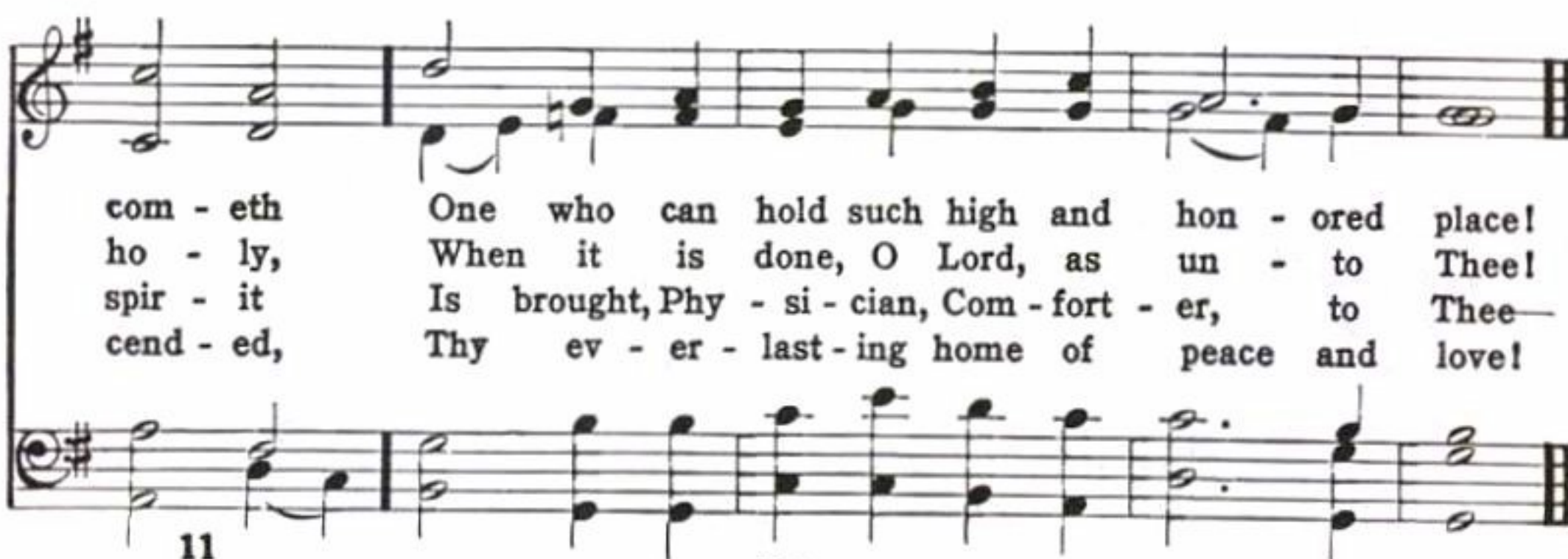
JOSEPH BARNBY (1838-1896)



1. O hap - py home, where Thou art loved the dear - est, Thou lov - ing  
2. O hap - py home, where each one serves Thee, low - ly, What - ev - er  
3. O hap - py home, where Thou art not for - got - ten When joy is  
4. Un - til at last, when earth's day's work is end - ed All meet Thee



Friend, and Sav-iour of our race, And where a - mong the guests there nev - er  
his ap - point - ed work may be, Till ev - ery com - mon task seems great and  
o - ver - flow - ing, full, and free; O hap - py home, where ev - ery wound - ed  
in the bless - ed home a - bove, From whence Thou camest, where Thou hast as -



com - eth One who can hold such high and hon - ored place!  
ho - ly, When it is done, O Lord, as un - to Thee!  
spir - it Is brought, Phy - si - cian, Com - fort - er, to Thee—  
cend - ed, Thy ev - er - last - ing home of peace and love!