There Is A Blessed Home

BLESSED HOME

1. There is a bless-ed home Be-yond this land of woe, Where tri-als nev-er come, Nor tears of sor-row flow; Where faith is lost in sight, And pa-tient hope is crowned, And ev-er-last-ing light Its glo-ry throws a-round.

2. Oh, joy all joys be-yond, To see the Lamb who died, And count each sa-cred wound In hands, and feet, and side! To give to Him the praise Of ev-ry tri-umph won, And sing thru end-less days The great things He hath done.

3. Look up, ye saints of God! Nor fear to tread be-low The path your un-com-plain-ing love! His own most gra-cious smile Shall wel-come you a-bove.

Words by H. W. Baker
Music by J. Stainer