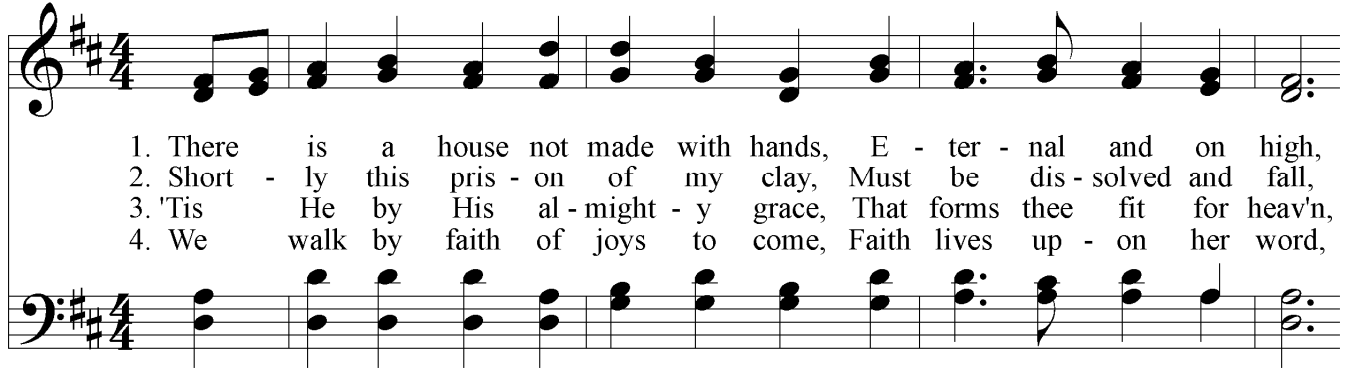


Happy Home



1. There is a house not made with hands, E - ter - nal and on high,
2. Short - ly this pris - on of my clay, Must be dis - solved and fall,
3. 'Tis He by His al - might - y grace, That forms thee fit for heav'n,
4. We walk by faith of joys to come, Faith lives up - on her word,



And here my wait - ing spir - it stands, Till God shall bid it fly.
Then O, my soul, with joy o - bey Thy heav'n - ly Fa - ther's call.
And as are ear - nest of the place, Has His own spir - it giv'n.
But while the bod - y is our home, We're ab - sent from the Lord.

Chorus



That bright hap-py home, To me will be giv'n,
That bright hap-py home, bright hap-py home, to me, will be giv'n, to me will be giv'n,



O when shall I see that hap - py home in heav'n.
when shall I see O when shall I see,