

O Happy Home

1. O hap - py home! O blest a - bode! Where saints com - mun - ion
 2. In Bab - y - lon I loathe to stay; Dire are the e - vils
 3. No love but heav'n's would I re - ceive— No oth - er doc - trines

4 hold with God, With - out a doubt or fear; When shall I reach thy
 day by day With - in her pre - cincts dark. Truth's bright - er rays ex -
 e'er be - lieve, Than those by Je - sus taught. I'd trace the path His

8 fer - tile plains, As - cend the mount where vir - tue gains A more ex - alt - ed
 pose the night, Each hon - est mind re - ceives the light, And press - es to the
 foot - steps trod, The on - ly way that leads to God; All oth - er ways are

12 sphere? A more ex - alt - ed sphere?
 mark, And press - es to the mark.
 naught, All oth - er ways are naught. A - men.

After last verse.

Music: A. C. Smyth

Source: Relief Society Song Book, 1919—no. 78