O Happy Home

1. O happy home! O blest abode! Where saints communion
2. In Babylon I loathe to stay; Dire are the evils
3. No love but heav’n’s would I receive— No other doctrines

hold with God, Without a doubt or fear; When shall I reach thy
ever believe, Than those by Jesus taught. I’d trace the path His

fer tile plains, Ascend the mount where virtue gains A more exalted
pose the night, Each honest mind receives the light, And presses to the

sphere? A more exalted sphere?
mark, And presses to the mark.
aught, All other ways are naught. A

Music: A. C. Smyth
Source: Relief Society Song Book, 1919—no. 78