The home where changes never come







The home where changes never come, Nor pain nor sorrow, toil and care Yes! 'tis a bright and blessed home; Who would not fain be resting there?

Refrain.

Oh, wait, meekly wait, and murmur not! Oh, wait, meekly wait, and murmur not! Oh, wait, Oh wait, Oh wait, and murmur not!

Yet when bowed down beneath the load By heav'n allowed, thine earthly lot; Look up! Thou'lt reach that blest abode; Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not! If in thy path some thorns are found, Oh, think who bore them on His brow; If grief thy sorrowing heart has found, It reached a holier than thou.

Toil on! Nor deem, though sore it be, One sigh unheard, one prayer forgot; The day of rest will dawn for thee; Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not!

W. H. Bellamy

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