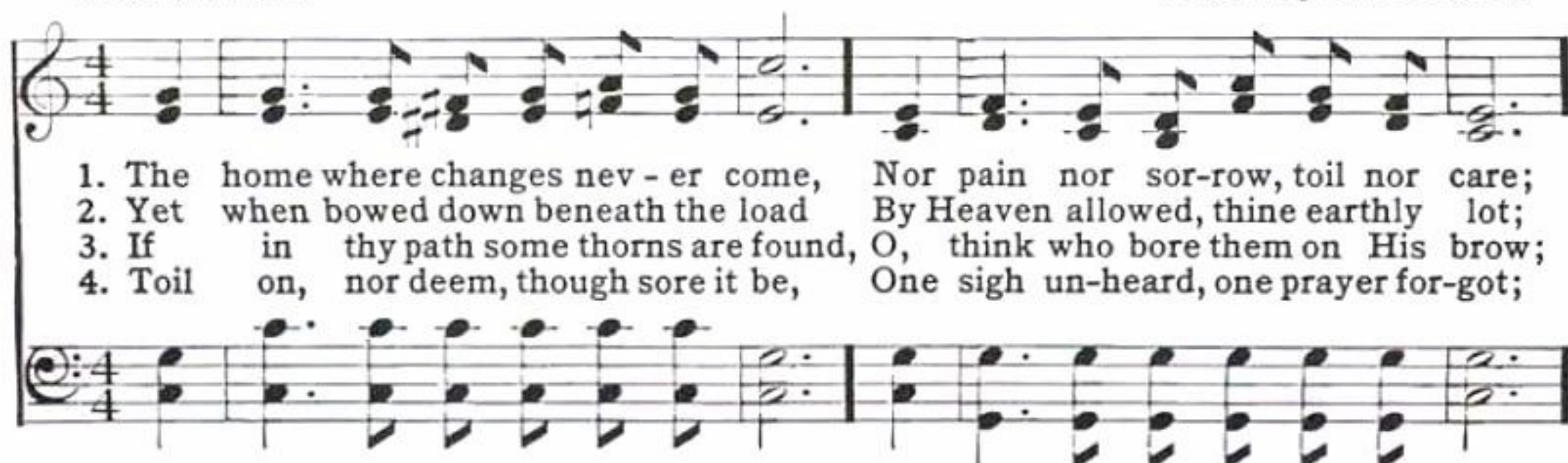


616 The Home Where Changes Never Come

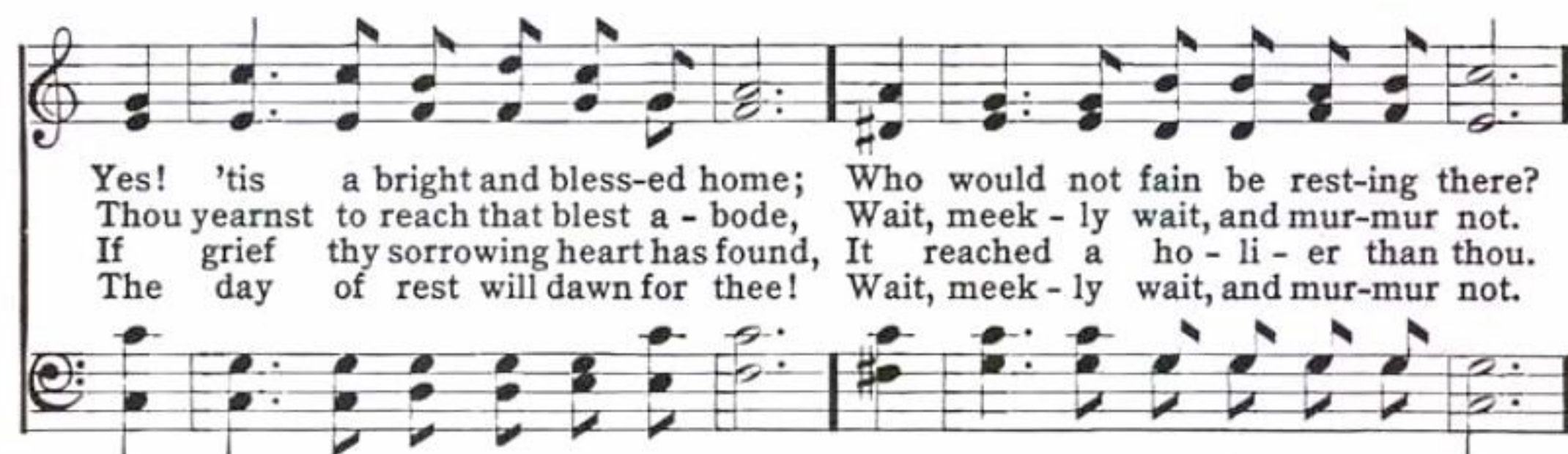
Wait, and Murmur Not. L.M. With Refrain

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1. The home where changes nev - er come, Nor pain nor sor-row, toil nor care;
 2. Yet when bowed down beneath the load By Heaven allowed, thine earthly lot;
 3. If in thy path some thorns are found, O, think who bore them on His brow;
 4. Toil on, nor deem, though sore it be, One sigh un-heard, one prayer for-got;



Yes! 'tis a bright and bless-ed home; Who would not fain be rest-ing there?
 Thou yearnst to reach that blest a - bode, Wait, meek - ly wait, and mur-mur not.
 If grief thy sorrowing heart has found, It reached a ho - li - er than thou.
 The day of rest will dawn for thee! Wait, meek - ly wait, and mur-mur not.

Refrain



O wait! meek - ly wait, and mur - mur not, O
 meek - ly wait,
 wait! meek - ly wait, and mur-mur not; O wait!
 meek - ly wait, meek - ly wait,
 O wait! O wait! and mur - mur not. O mur-mur not.