

O HAPPY home, where Thou art loved the dearest,
Thou loving Friend, and Saviour of our race,
And where among the guests there never cometh
One who can hold such high and honoured place!

2 O happy home, where two in heart united
In holy faith and blessèd hope are one,
Whom death a little while alone divideth,
And cannot end the union here begun!

3 O happy home, whose little ones are given
Early to Thee, in humble faith and prayer,
To Thee, their Friend, Who from the heights of Heaven
Guides them, and guards with more than mother's care!

4 Until at last, when earthly toil is ended,
All meet Thee in the blessèd home above,
From whence Thou camest, where Thou hast ascended,
Thy everlasting home of peace and love!

*Carl Johann Philipp Spitta, 1801-59,
tr Sarah Laurie Findlater, 1823-1907*