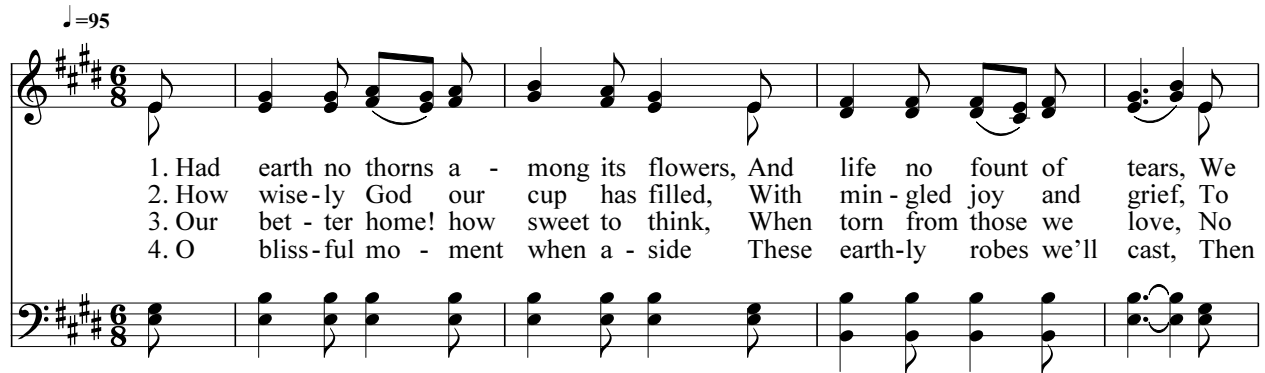


# Our Better Home Beyond

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1875

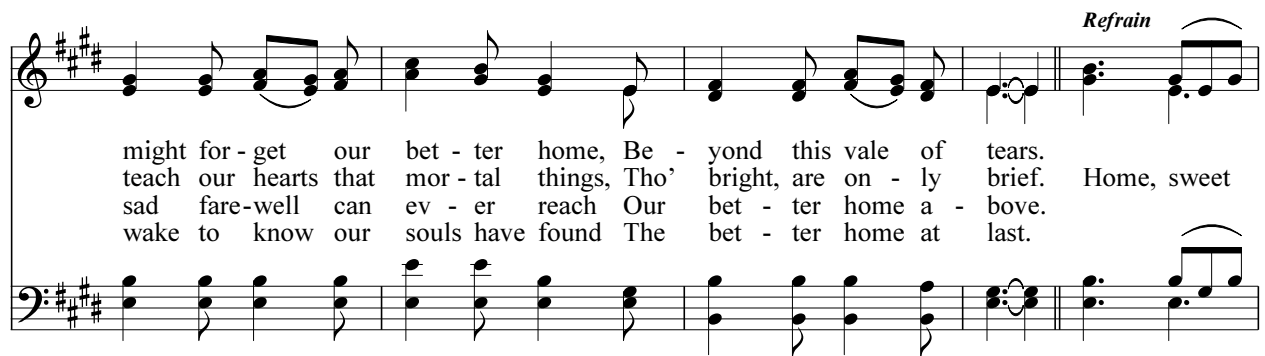
William Howard Doane

♩ = 95

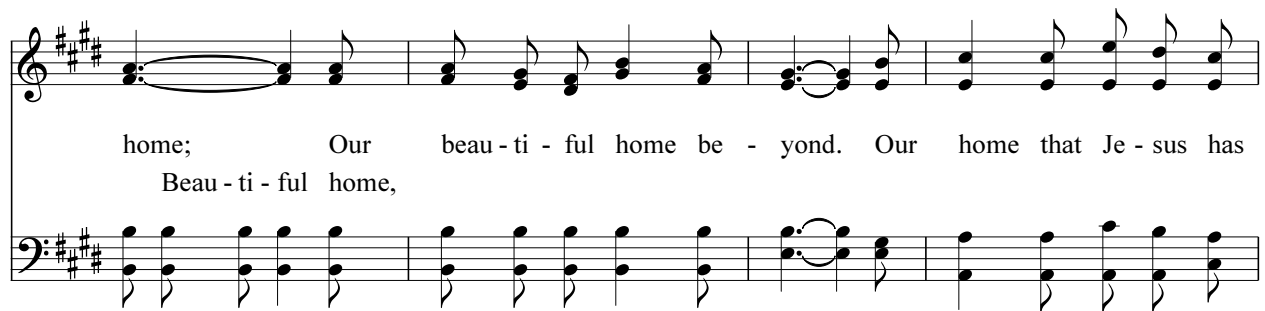


1. Had earth no thorns a - mong its flowers, And life no fount of tears, We  
2. How wise - ly God our cup has filled, With min - gled joy and grief, To  
3. Our bet - ter home! how sweet to think, When torn from those we love, No  
4. O bliss - ful mo - ment when a - side These earth - ly robes we'll cast, Then

*Refrain*



might for - get our bet - ter home, Be - yond this vale of tears.  
teach our hearts that mor - tal things, Tho' bright, are on - ly brief. Home, sweet  
sad fare - well can ev - er reach Our bet - ter home a - bove.  
wake to know our souls have found The bet - ter home at last.



home; Our beau - ti - ful home be - yond. Our home that Je - sus has  
Beau - ti - ful home,



gone to pre - pare, Our beau - ti - ful home be - yond.