

The Home Where Changes Never Come

Written by
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"We have no continuing city," answered her mother, with a sigh.
"But there is a home where changes do not come; and they that
once are gathered there, are parted no more for ever, and all
tears are wiped from their eyes." The Wide, Wide World

Music by
Charles W. Glover

Andantino con Moto

mf

pp

10 *mp*

A^b D^b/A^b A^b D dim/F E^b7

"The home where chang - es nev - er come," Nor pain, nor sor - row, toil, nor
If in thy path some thorns are found, O, think who bore them on His

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14 A^b A^b D^b/A^b A^b

care; brow; Yes, 'tis some, a bright, a bless-ed home; Who They

17 Cm/G $G7(no3)$ Cm E^b7

would not fain be rest-ing there! Yet when bowed down be-neath the
reached a ho-li-er than thou. Toil on! Nor deem, tho' sore it

20 A^b Fm $D^b7(no5)$ C E^b7

load be, By heav'n or-dained, thine earth-ly lot; Thou
One sigh un-heard, one pray'r for-got; The

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23 A^b D^b/A^b A^b $D \dim/F$ E^b7

yearn to reach that blest a - bode; Wait, meek - ly wait, and mur - mur
 day of rest will dawn for thee; Wait, meek - ly wait, and mur - mur

26 A^b A^b D^b/A^b A^b A^b/E^b E^b7
A piacere

not. Thou yearn to reach that blest a - bode; Wait, meek - ly wait, and mur - mur
 not! The day of rest will dawn for thee; Wait, meek - ly wait, and mur - mur

30 A^b

not.
not!