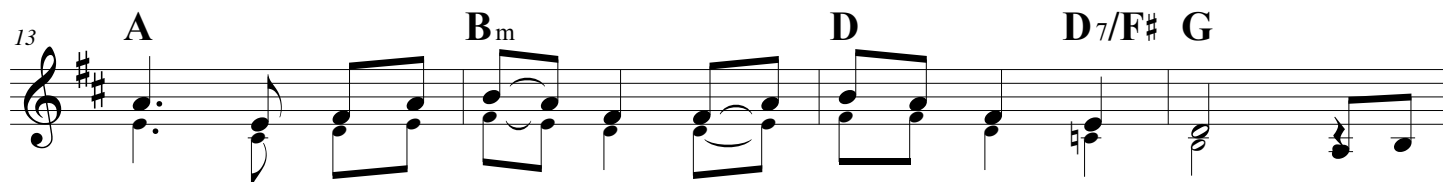


In the house that Love is build-ing there is room—e-nough for all, end-less  
In the gar-den Love is ted-ing there's a great and bound-less feast, where the  
Oh, the song that Love is rais-ing is of pure, un-end-ing light in the



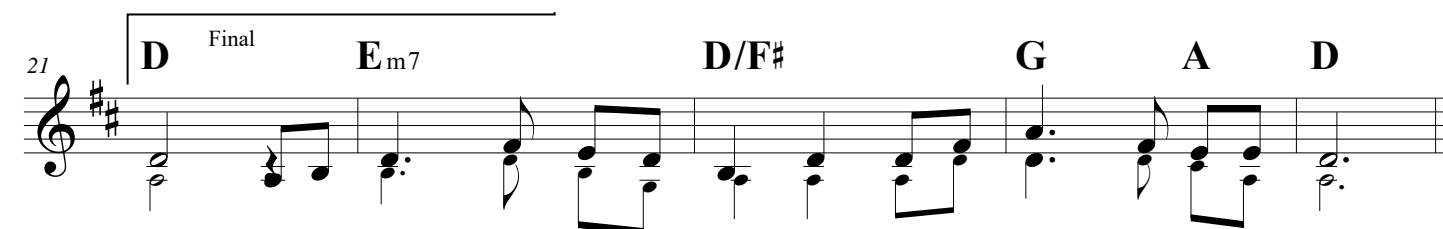
wel-come in her raf-ters, mer-cy sing-ing through her walls. Here is  
seeds of hope are plant-ed and the yield is heav-en's peace. As the  
voic-es of her peo-ple, ris-ing to e-ter-nal skies. Now the



ref-uge for all peo-ple from ev-ery tribe and tongue. in the  
field be-comes a har-vest for the man-y hun-gry ones, in the  
dark-ness shall be swal-lowed by the Liv-ing Word of God. Oh, the



house that Love is build-ing there is room for ev-ery-one.  
gar-den Love is tend-ing there's e-nough for-ev-ery-one.  
song that Love is rais-ing is a song for-ev-ery—



one. in the house that Love is build-ing there is room for ev-ery-one.