

Maker of the Home

*Little maker of the home,
What do you really do?
When it all is said and done,
What will be said of you?
You rise each day and like the sun
You give your life away.
And tired, you've run the course again,
You need to hear Him say:*

*Well done,
Oh, maker of the home
Well done,
You labor not alone.
And though your eyes may never see,
This home you live to make,
You make for Me.*

*Your life a shadow seems,
Compared to what the others do.
But who would catch the tears,
And point to Me,
If not for you?
And when they've grown,
Imprinted on their hearts will always be,
How good, how right, to give their lives,
And build a home for Me.*

*Lyrics by Beverly Bradley Copyright 1992
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