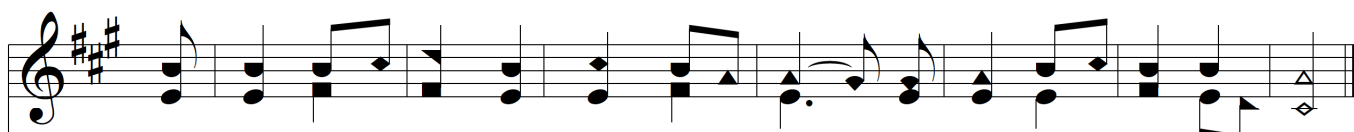
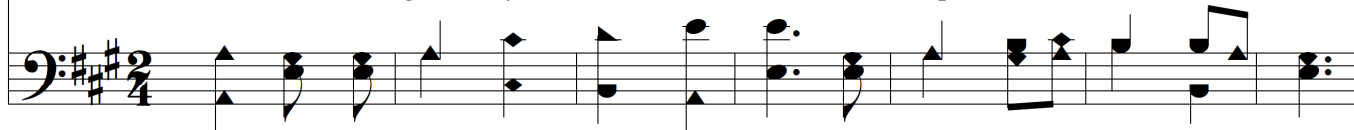


# There Is A Fold, Whence None Can Stray

DEDHAM C. M.



1. There is a fold, whence none can stray, And pas - tures ev - er green,  
2. Far up the ev - er - last - ing hills, In God's own light it lies;  
3. One nar - row vale, one dark - some wave, Di - vides that land from this:  
4. Soon at His feet my soul will lie In life's last strug - gling breath;  
5. Far from this guilt - y world to be Ex - empt from toil and strife,



Where sul - try sun, or storm - y day, Or night is nev - er seen.  
His smile its vast di - men - sion fills With joy that nev - er dies.  
I have a Shep - herd pledged to save And bear me home to bliss.  
But I shall on - ly seem to die, I shall not taste of death.  
To spend e - ter - ni - ty with Thee, My Sav - ior, this is life.

