1. There is a fold whence none can stray, And pastures ever green,
   Where sultry sun, or stormy day, Or night is never seen.

2. Far up the everlast- ing hills In God's own light it lies;
   His smile its vast dimension fills With joy that never dies.

3. One narrow vale, one darksome wave, Di-vides that land from this:
   I have a Sh-ep-herd pledged to save, And bear me home to bliss.

4. Far from this guilt-y world to be Ex-empt from toil and strife-
   To spend e-ter-ni-ty with Thee- My Sav-i-or, this is life! A-men.