There Is A Fold, Whence None Can Stray

DEDHAM C. M.

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 ever lasting 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, Divides that land from this:
   I have a Shepherd pledged to save And bear me home to bliss.
4. Soon at His feet my soul will lie In life's last struggling breath;
   But I shall only seem to die, I shall not taste of death.
5. Far from this guilty world to be Exempt from toil and strife,
   To spend eternity with Thee, My Savior, this is life.