There Is A Fold, Whence None Can Stray

DEDHAM C. M.

1. There is a fold, whence none can stray, And pastures ever green,
2. Far up the ever lasting hills, In God's own light it lies;
3. One narrow vale, one darksome wave, Divides that land from this:
4. Soon at His feet my soul will lie In life's last struggling breath;
5. Far from this guilty world to be Exempt from toil and strife,

Where sultry sun, or stormy day, Or night is never seen.
His smile its vast dimension fills With joy that never dies.
I have a Shepherd pledged to save And bear me home to bliss.
But I shall only seem to die, I shall not taste of death.
To spend eternity with Thee, My Savior, this is life.

Words: John East
Music: William Gardner

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