The Shepherd's Fold on High
Words:Fanny Crosby, 1892
Music:John Sweney.

When the sheep have all been gathered,
To the Shepherd's fold on high,
And are resting, sweetly resting
'Neath a calm, unchanging sky;
When we look with cloudless vision
Stretching far and far away,
O'er that land beyond the sunset,
Where the morning breezes play.

Refrain

There, beside the wells of water
From celestial springs,
Celestial springs that flow,
There the everlasting kindness
Of our Savior we shall know.

When our final march is ended,
And the last dread conflict o'er;
When the world recedes forever,
To revolve as now no more;
When the hosts of God's redeemed ones
With the grand orchestral throng
Of the angels and archangels
Shout their hallelujah song.

Refrain

There's a river that proceedeth
From our Father's throne above,
Still reflecting on its bosom
His eternal light of love;
Oh, to think that on its margin
With our kindred we may dwell,
In a home beyond the shadows
Never more to say farewell.

Refrain