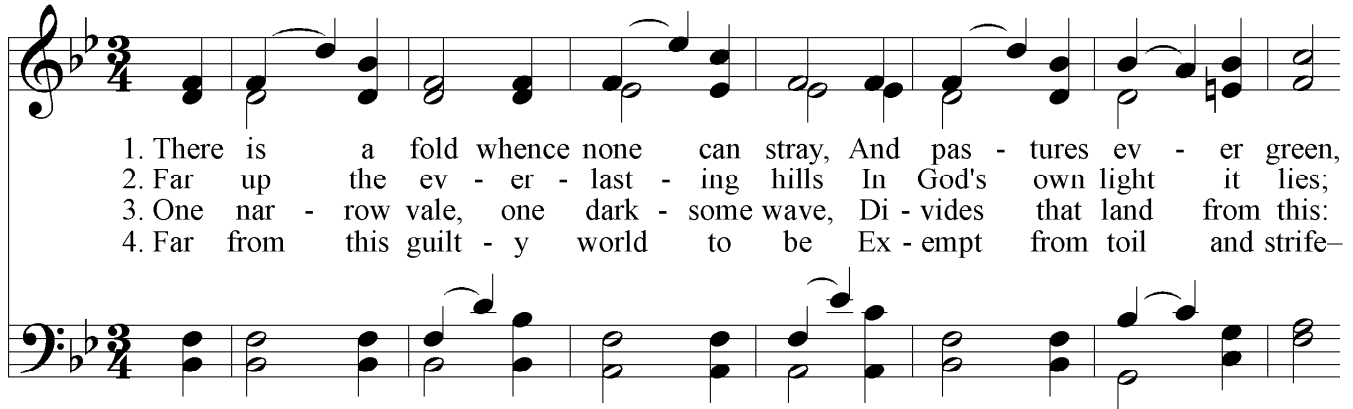
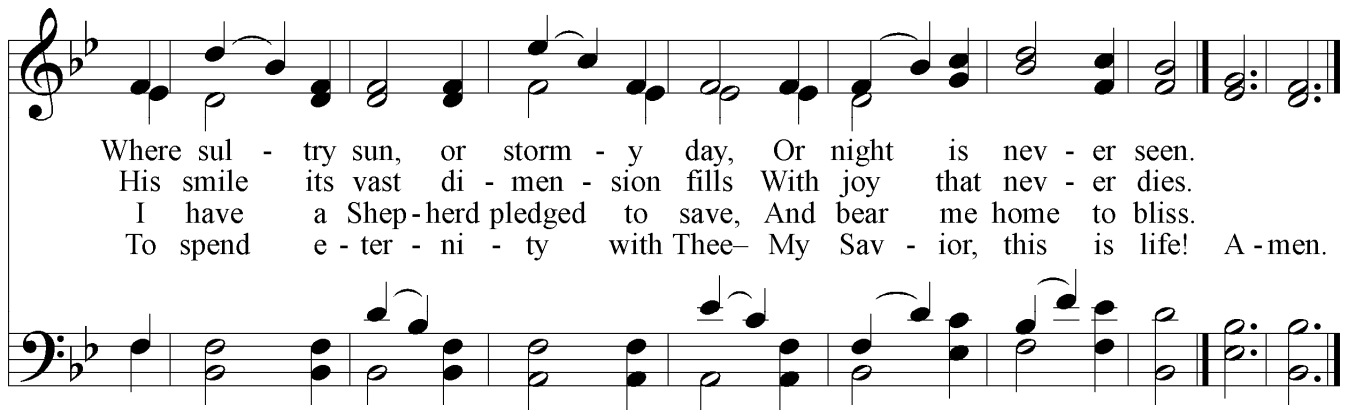


# Geer C. M.



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. 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.  
To spend e - ter - ni - ty with Thee— My Sav - ior, this is life! A - men.