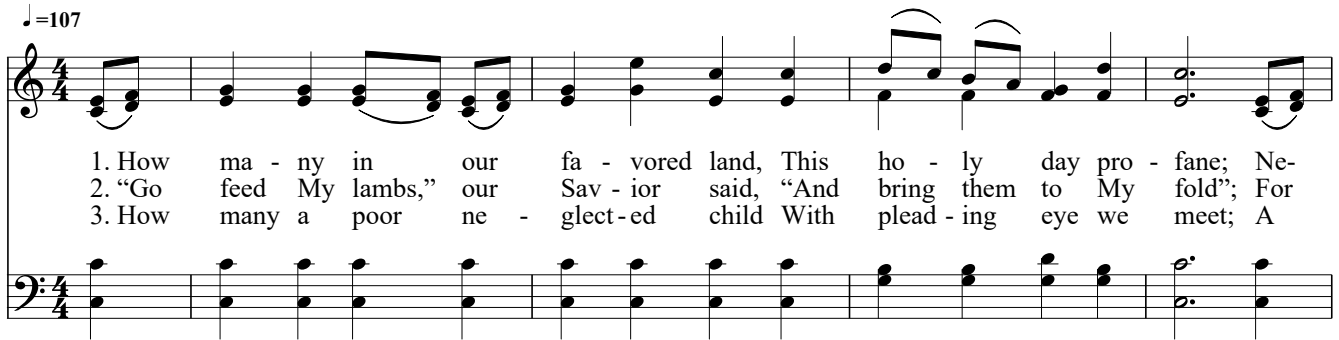


Our Mission Field at Home

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1866

Theodore Frelinghuysen Seward

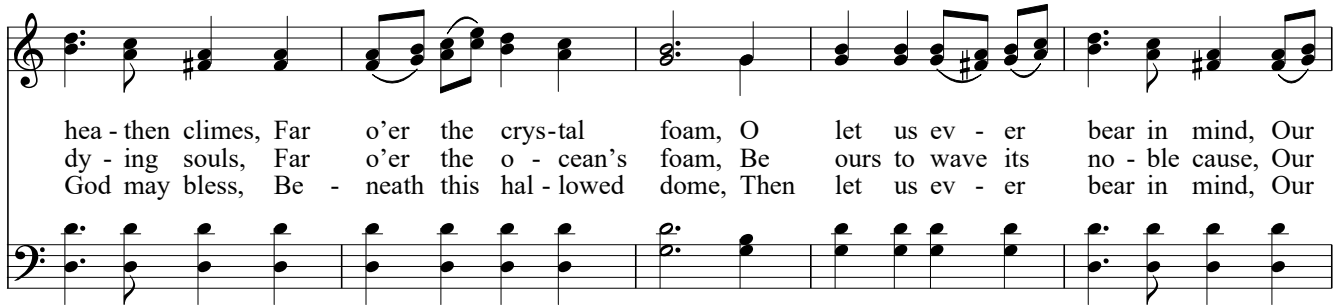
♩=107



1. How ma - ny in our fa - vored land, This ho - ly day pro - fane; Ne-
2. "Go feed My lambs," our Sav - ior said, "And bring them to My fold"; For
3. How many a poor ne - glect - ed child With plead - ing eye we meet; A



- glect the Sav - ior's gra - cious call, And take His name in vain; Then while we pray for
us the same com - mand is giv'n, As then to him of old; While o - thers toil for
gen - tle word might hi - ther guide Its lit - tle wan - dering feet; A pre - cious lamb, that



hea - then climes, Far o'er the crys - tal foam, O let us ev - er bear in mind, Our
dy - ing souls, Far o'er the o - cean's foam, Be ours to wave its no - ble cause, Our
God may bless, Be - neath this hal - lowed dome, Then let us ev - er bear in mind, Our

Refrain



mis - sion field at home.
mis - sion field at home. Our mis - sion field at home, Our mis - sion field at home; May
mis - sion field at home.



each and all re - mem - ber still, Our mis - sion field at home.