


# The Shepherd's Fold on High

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1892

John Robson Sweney


$\text{♩} = 95$



1. When the sheep have all been ga - thered, To the  
2. When our fi - nal march is end - ed, And the  
3. There's a ri - ver that pro - ceed - eth From our



Shep - herd's fold on high, And are res - ting, sweet - ly rest - ing 'Neath a  
last dread con - flict o'er; When the world re - cedes for - ev - er, To re -  
Fa - ther's throne a - bove, Still re - flect - ing on its bo - som His e -

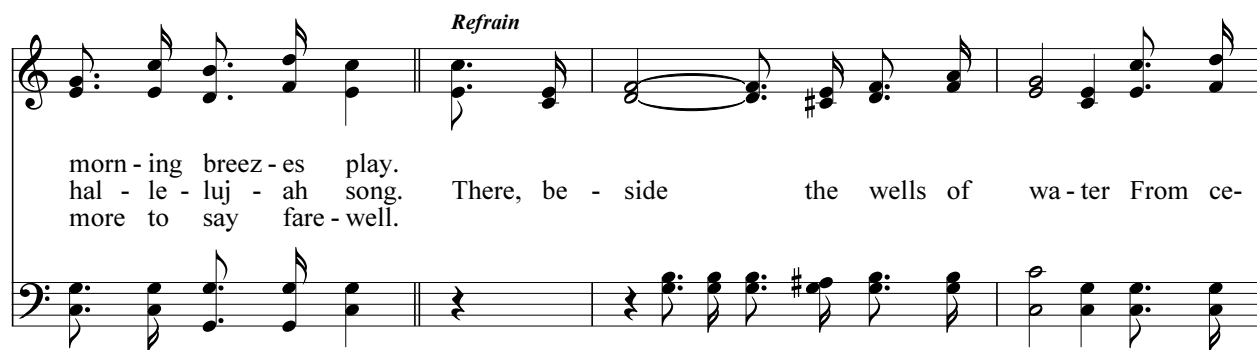


calm, un - chang - ing sky; When we look with cloud - less vi - sion Stretch - ing  
- volve as now no more; When the hosts of God's re - deemed ones With the  
- ter - nal light of love; Oh, to think that on its mar - gin With our

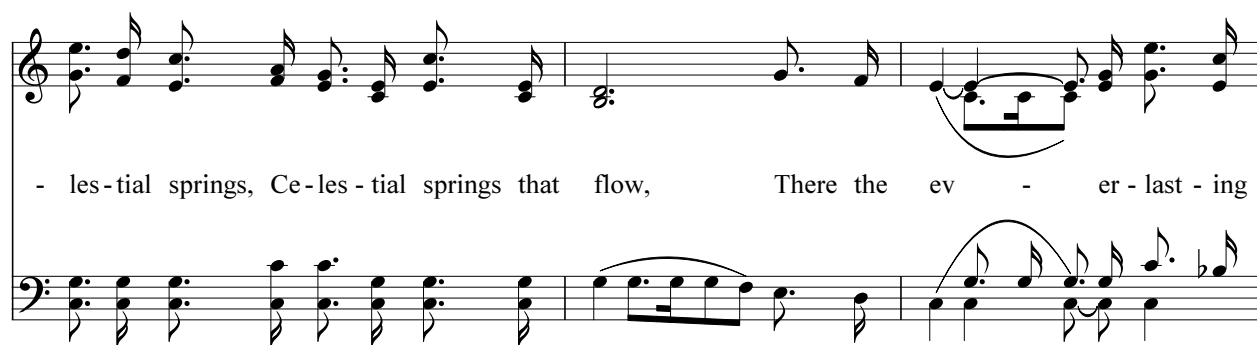


far and far a - way, O'er that land be - yond the sun - set, Where the  
grand or - ches - tral throng Of the an - gels and arch - an - gels Shout their  
kin - dred we may dwell, In a home be - yond the sha - dows Ne - ver

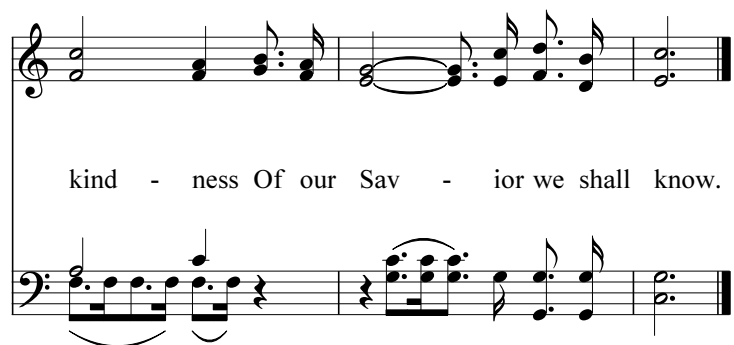
*Refrain*



morn - ing breez - es play.  
hal - le - luj - ah song. There, be - side the wells of wa - ter From ce -  
more to say fare - well.



- les - tial springs, Ce - les - tial springs that flow, There the ev - er - last - ing



kind - ness Of our Sav - ior we shall know.