

**SWEET FIELDS OF
EDEN; FOR THE
SABBATH SCHOOL**

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Sweet Fields of Eden; For the Sabbath School by J. H. Tenney & Aldine S. Kieffer & Wm. B. Blake

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J. H. TENNEY & ALDINE S. KIEFFER & WM. B. BLAKE

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BY

J. H. TENNEY, ALDINE S. KIEFFER,

and

WM. B. BLAKE.



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DEDICATION



To the Sabbath School children of America ;
To the friends of Sacred song ; and
To all who wait and watch for the appearing of
OUR LORD AND SAVIOR, JESUS CHRIST,

and for that glorious day when the "wilderness shall blossom as the rose," and when "the land shall be as the garden of Eden before them," this volume, "SWEET FIELDS OF EDEN," is respectfully dedicated.

If anticipations of the great company, who stand in white about the THRONE, and their blest employment, are numerous in this little book, it is because the theme is precious to the writers.

March 10, 1882.

J. H. TENNEY.
A. S. KIEFFER.
W. B. BLAKE.

THE SCALE.



Do, Re, Me, Fa, So, La, Si, Do, Do, Si, La, So, Fa, Me, Re, Do.

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J. M. ARMSTRONG & CO., MUSIC TYPOGRAPHERS, Philadelphia.

Sweet Fields of Eden.

JEHOVAH JIREH.

MRS. M. A. W. COOK.

(THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.)

J. H. TENNEY.

1 In some way or oth - er the Lord will pro - vide;
 2 At some time or oth - er the Lord will pro - vide;
 3 Re - spond, then, no lun - ger; the Lord will pro - vide;
 4 March on, then, right bold - ly; the sea, shall di - vide;

It may not be my way, It may not be thy way;
 It may not be my time, It may not be thy time;
 And this be the to - ken, No word He hath spo - ken us;
 With Ce - lestial be - fore us, With Heaven's mer - cy o'er us;

And yet in his own way "The Lord will pro - vide."
 And yet in his own time "The Lord will pro - vide."
 Hath ev - er been bro - ken, "The Lord will pro - vide."
 We'll join in the cho - rus, "The Lord will pro - vide."

ROLL ON, DARK STREAM.

MRS. CROSBY.

FRANCIS ANSON EVANS.

1 'Twill not be long our jour-ney here, Hark bro-ken sigh and fall-ing tear;
 2 'Twill not be long,—the yearning heart May feel its ev'-ry hope de-part,
 3 Tho' sad we mark the clos-ing eye Of those we loved in days gone by;
 4 Those choquered wilds, with thorns o'cspread, Tho' which our way so oft is led,—

We'll soon be gone and all will be A cloud-less sky, a wave-less sea.
 And grief be min-gled with its song: We'll meet a-gain, 'twill not be long.
 Yet sweet in death their lat-est song—We'll meet a-gain, 'twill not be long.
 This stretch of time, if faith be strong, Will end in bliss, 'twill not be long.

CHORUS.

Roll on, dark stream, we dread not thy foam,
 Roll on, roll on, dark stream, roll on, foam, roll on,

The pil-grim is long-ing for home, sweet home

FAITH, HOPE AND LOVE.

A. J. S.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1 Beau-ti-ful Faith that will lead us, Kind-ly and gent-ly a-long,
 2 Beau-ti-ful Hope that will cheer us, As we our jour-ney pur-sue,
 3 Beau-ti-ful Love that will bind us, Clos-er to-geth-er each day,

Thro' the dark clouds that as-sail us, Mak-ing our life a glad song,
 Fill-ing us ev-er with rap-ture, Bring-ing our heav-en in view,
 Mak-ing this world like an H - den, Help-ing us on in our way.

Mak-ing our life a glad song, Mak-ing our life a glad song;
 Bring-ing our heav-en in view, Bring-ing our heav-en in view;
 Help-ing us on in our way, Help-ing us on in our way;

Thro' the dark clouds that as-sail us, Mak-ing our life a glad song,
 Fill-ing us ev-er with rap-ture, Bring-ing our heav-en in view,
 Mak-ing this world like an H - den, Help-ing us on in our way.

BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1 Sow-ing in the morn-ing, sow-ing seeds of kind-ness, Sowing in the
 2 Sow-ing in the sun-shine, sow-ing in the shad-ows, Fearing neith-er
 3 Go, then, e-ven weep-ing, sow-ing for the Mas-sar, Tho' the loss sun-

noon-tide and the dew-y eve; Wait-ing for the har-vest, and the time of
 clouds nor win-ter's chill-ing breath; By and by the har-vest, and the la-bor
 tained our spir-it oft-en grieves; When our weep-ing's o-ver, He will bid us

reap-ing, We shall come, re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.
 sad-ed, We shall come, re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.
 wel-come, We shall come, re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.

CHORUS.

Bring-ing in the sheaves, Bring-ing in the sheaves, We shall come -
 Bring-ing in the gold-en sheaves, Bringing in the gold-en sheaves,

BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES. CONCLUDED.

jois-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves. Bring-ing in the sheaves, Bring-ing in the

Bring-ing in the golden sheaves, Bring-ing in the

sheaves, We shall come re-join-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.

gold-en sheaves.

SCHILLER. C. M.

G. J. MILLER.

1 No change of time shall ev - er shock My trust, O Lord, in thee;
2 Thou our de - liv - er art, O God; Our trust is in thy power;

For thou hast al - ways been my rock, I sure de - fence to me.
Thou art our shield from foe a - broad, Our safeguard and our tower.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>3 To thee will we address our prayer,
To whom all praise we owe;
O, may we, by thy watchful care
Be saved from every foe.</p> | <p>4 Then let Jehovah be adored,
On whom our hopes depend;
For who, except the mighty Lord,
His people can defend?</p> |
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