

Our Mission

L. A. Morris

Jno. M. Dye

With moderate tempo

1 mel. 2 3 4 5 6

1.) How oft - en we sing of the joys o - ver yon - der, How oft - en we
2.) How oft - en we sing of the pre - sence of an - gels, Of man - sions re -
3.) So think of the good you can do all a - round you, And show to the

7 8 9 10 11 12

sigh for the glo - ries un - told; How oft - en in faith, on it's beau - ties we
served, "At the Sav - iour's right hand," Of life ev - er - last - ing we hope to in -
world that you are a true friend To Him, who in love, from your sins hath re -

13 14 15 16 17 18

pon - der, It's harps and it's crowns, and the streets of pure gold: But, Broth - er, look
her - it, Of an - thems of praise in the "Beau - ti - ful Land:" But, Broth - er, take
deemed you, and bids you as - sist - ance to oth - ers to lend: And then you will

19 20 21 22 23

'round, hear the call of the Mas - ter, "Go out in My vine - yard and
 heed to the call of your neigh - bor, For Je - sus is call - ing to
 find there is beau - ty in liv - ing, And heav - en to earth then will

24 25 26 27 28

la - bor to - day;" For man - y are look - ing to you for as -
 you as a friend; Your mis - sion be - low is to lift up the
 seem to come down; For when un - to oth - ers in love you are

29 30 31 32 33

sist - ance, 'Tis heav - en to help them a - long on life's way.
 fall - en, And du - ty and heav - en for - ev - er will blend.
 giv - ing, You're giv - ing to Je - sus, who hold - eth your crown