

Carried by the Angels
Daniel Whittle, 1887.
James McGranahan.

Sitting by the gateway of a palace fair,
Once a child of God was left to die;
By the world neglected, wealth would nothing share:
See the change awaiting there on high.

Refrain

Carried by the angels to the land of rest,
Music sweetly sounding thro' the skies;
Welcomed by the Savior to the heav'nly feast,
Gathered with the loved in Paradise.

What shall be the ending of this life of care?
Of the question cometh to us all;
Here upon the pathway hard the burdens bear,
And the burning tears of sorrow fall.

Refrain

Follower of Jesus, scanty tho' thy store,
Treasures, precious treasures wait on high;
Count the trials joyful, soon they'll all be o'er;
O the change that's coming by and by.

Refrain

Upward, then, and onward! onward for the Lord;
Time and talent all in His employ;
Small may seem the service, sure the great reward;
Here the cross, but there the crown of joy.

Refrain