

The Model Church
John Yates, 1877.
Ira Sankey.

Well, wife, I've found the model church,
And worshipped there today;
It made me think of good old times,
Before my hair was gray;
The meeting house was finer built
Than they were years ago,
But then I found when I went in,
It was not built for show.

The sexton did not set me down
Away back by the door;
He knew that I was old and deaf,
And saw that I was poor;
He must have been a Christian man,
He led me boldly through
The crowded aisle of that grand church,
To find a pleasant pew.

I wish you'd heard the singing, wife,
It had the old-time ring;
The preacher said with trumpet voice,
Let all the people sing:
"" was the tune;
The music upward rolled
Until I tho't the angel choir
Struck all their harps of gold.

My deafness seemed to melt away,
My spirit caught the fire;
I joined my feeble, trembling voice
With that melodious choir;
And sang as in my youthful days,
".
Bring forth the royal diadem
And crown Him Lord of all."

I tell you, wife, it did me good
To sing that hymn once more;
I felt like some wrecked mariner
Who gets a glimpse of shore;
I almost want to lay aside
This weather beaten form,
And anchor in the blessed port,
Forever from the storm.

'Twas not a flowery sermon, wife,
But simple gospel truth;
It fitted humble men like me;
It suited hopeful youth;
To win immortal souls to Christ,
The earnest preacher tried;
He talked not of himself, or creed,
But Jesus crucified.

Dear wife, the toil will soon be o'er,
The vict'ry soon be won;
The shining land is just ahead,
Our race is nearly run;

We're nearing Canaan's happy shore,
Our home so bright and fair;
Thank God, we'll never sin again,