The Model Church

John Henry Yates, 19th Century
Arranged by Ira David Sankey

1. Well, wife, I've found the model church, And worshipped there to-day;
   It made me think of good old times, Before my hair was gray;
   The meeting house was finer built Than they were years ago.

2. The sexton did not set me down A way back by the door;
   He knew that I was old and deaf, And saw that I was poor;
   "Old Coro nation," was the tune; The music upward flies.

3. I wish you'd heard the singing, wife, My spirit caught the ring;
   I joined my feeble, trembling voice With that melodious fire; I felt like some wrecked mariner Who gets a glimpse of truth;

4. My deafness seemed to melt away, My spirit caught the fire; I joined my feeble, trembling voice With that melodious fire; I felt like some wrecked mariner Who gets a glimpse of truth;

5. 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 truth;

6. 'Twas not a flowery sermon, wife, But simple gospel won; The shining land is just a head, Our race is nearly run; We're near ing Canaan's happy shore, Our home so bright and jolly.

7. Dear wife, the toil will soon be o'er, The victory soon be run; The shining land is just a head, Our race is nearly run; We're near ing Canaan's happy shore, Our home so bright and jolly.

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Thank God, we'll never sin again, There'll be no sorrow

But then I found when I went in, It was not built for through
The crowd-ed aisle of that grand church, To find a plea-sant rolled
Until I tho't the an-gel choir Struck all their harps of fall.
Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem And crown Him Lord of form, And anchor in the bless-ed port, For ev-er from the tried; He talked not of him-self, or creed, But Je-sus cruci-

fair; Thank God, we'll ne-ver sin a-gain, There'll be no sor-row

show.
pew.
gold.
all."
storm.

-fied.

there.