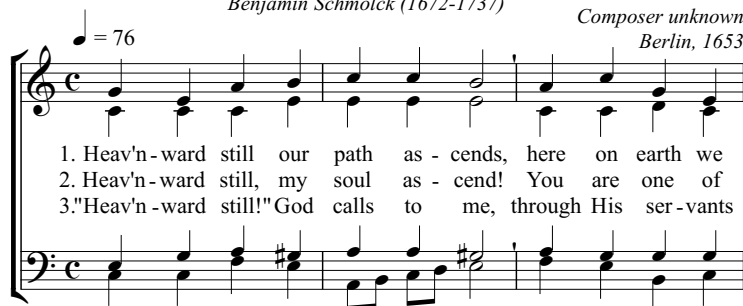


81 Heav'nward still our path ascends

Benjamin Schmolck (1672-1737)

Composer unknown
Berlin, 1653

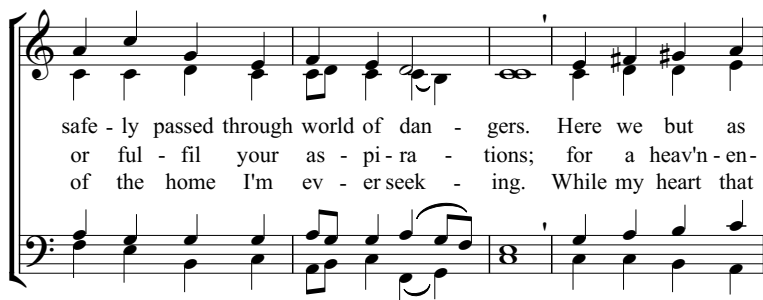
$\text{♩} = 76$



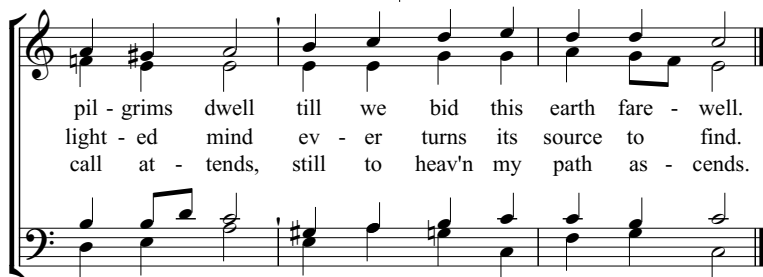
1. Heav'n-ward still our path as-cends, here on earth we
2. Heav'n-ward still, my soul as-cend! You are one of
3. "Heav'n-ward still!" God calls to me, through His ser-vants



are but stran-gers, till our road in Ca-naan ends,
heav'n's cre-a-tions; earth can nev-er be your end
clear-ly speak-ing. Glimps-es in that word I see



safe-ly passed through world of dan-gers. Here we but as
or ful-fil your as-pi-ra-tions; for a heav'n-en-
of the home I'm ev-er seek-ing. While my heart that



pil-grims dwell till we bid this earth fare-well.
light-ed mind ev-er turns its source to find.
call at-tends, still to heav'n my path as-cends.