

Songs

Song title	Our Mission Field At Home
Year Composed	1866
Author	Fanny J. Crosby
Alias (if any)	
Composer	T.F. Seward
Songbook	The New Golden Shower
Songbook page	31
Time sig.	4/4
Music key	C
Stanzas	3
Times Published	6
Source URL	https://hymnary.org/text/how_many_in_our_favored_land
Lyrics	1 How many in our favored land, This holy day profane; Neglect the Savior's gracious call, And take His name in vain; Then while we pray for heathen climes, Far o'er the crystal foam, O let us ever bear in mind, Our mission field at home. Refrain: Our mission field at home, Our mission field at home; May each and all remember still, Our mission field at home. 2 "Go feed My lambs," our Savior said, " bring them to My fold"; For us the same command is giv'n, As then to him of old; While others toil for dying souls, Far o'er the ocean's foam, Be ours to wave its noble cause, Our mission field at home. [Refrain] 3 How many a poor neglected child With pleading eye we meet; A gentle word might hither guide Its little wandering feet; A precious lamb, that God may bless, Beneath this hallowed dome, Then let us ever bear in mind, Our mission field at home. [Refrain]
Editor Notes	