

Vineyard Medley

Traditional Appalachian folk hymn based on Ginny Hawker's version
and an SATB adaptation of *The Church's Desolation* by JT White (1844)
from the *Sacred Harp*

arranged by Emily Miller & Kenny Shimizu (2005)

1. Here and in the vineyard of to my lord God I un -

hope til my live dy - and ing la - bor ho - ur. I

love to see the li - lies grow, and view them all a - stan - ding, in

the right place while here be - low, just as the lord com - man - ded

2. We oft - times meet both night and day, a
We read, we sing, we preach and pray, and

3. But if on earth we meet no more we
Where con - gre - ga - tions ne'er break up, but

faith - ful band of pil - grims. pre - cious. But
find the lord most

hope to meet in hea - ven, mu - nion. Where
dwell in sweet com -

while we sing this song of love our hearts are deep - ly wound - ed; per -
 all the ran - somed church of God shall meet no more to se - ver, with
 haps we all may meet no more here in a con - gre - ga - tion.
 not a sor - row, pain or tear, sing one sweet chord for - e - ver.

8s & 7s

Adapted from *The Church's Desolation* from the *Sacred Harp*

The Church's Desolation (revoiced), J.T. White, 1844

1. Here in the vine - yard of my Lord I hope to live and la - bor,
 And be o - be - dient to my God un - til my dy - ing hour

2. We of - times meet both night and day, A faith - ful band of pil - grims,
 We read, we sing, we preach and pray, And find the Lord most pre - cious;

1. Here in the vine - yard of my Lord I hope to live and la - bor,
 And be o - be - dient to my God un - til my dy - ing hour

2. We of - times meet both night and day, A faith - ful band of pil - grims,
 We read, we sing, we preach and pray, And find the Lord most pre - cious;

I love to see the li - lies grow, and view them all a - scend - ing,
 But while we sing this song of love, Our hearts are deep - ly wound - ed,
 I love to see the li - lies grow, and view them all a - scend - ing,
 But while we sing this song of love, Our hearts are deep - ly wound - ed,

In the right place while here be - low just as the Lord com - mand - ed.
Per - haps we all may meet no more, Here in our con - gre - ga - tion.
In the right place while here be - low just as the Lord com - mand - ed.
Per - haps we all may meet no more, Here in our con - gre - ga - tion.

3. But if on earth we meet no more, We hope to meet in heaven,
Where congregations ne'er break up, But dwell in sweet communion;
Where all the ransomed church of God Shall meet no more to sever,
With not a sorrow, pain or tear, Sing one sweet chord forever.