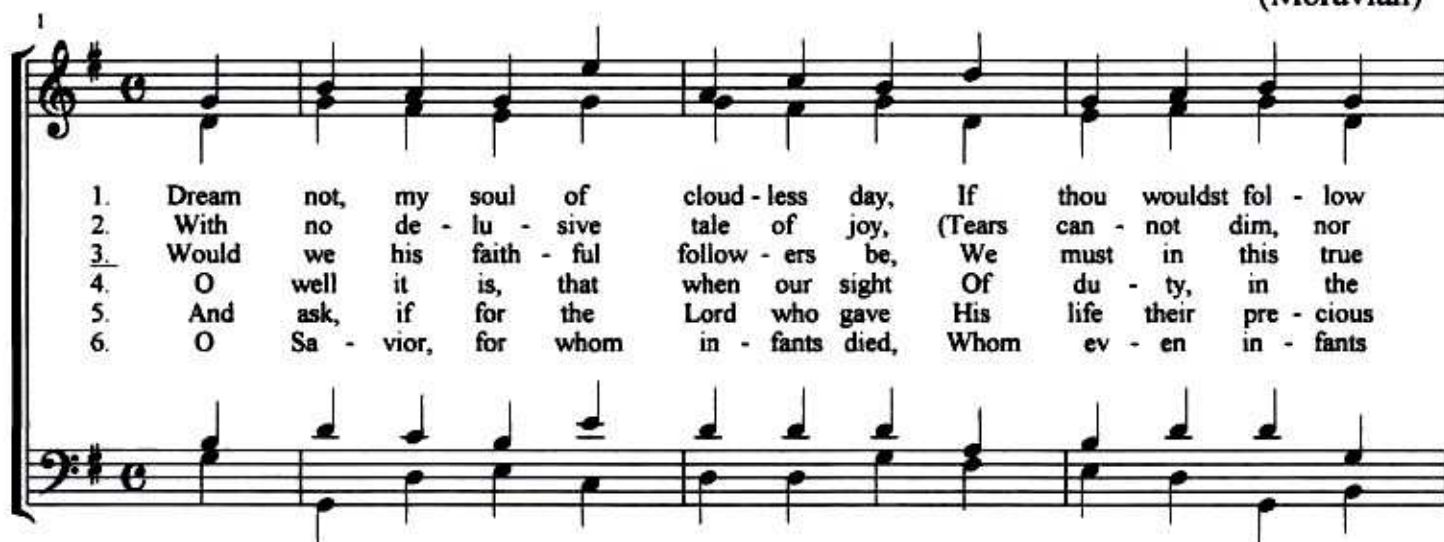


# Dream not, my Soul, of Cloudless Days

John Samuel Bewley Monsell (1811-1875)

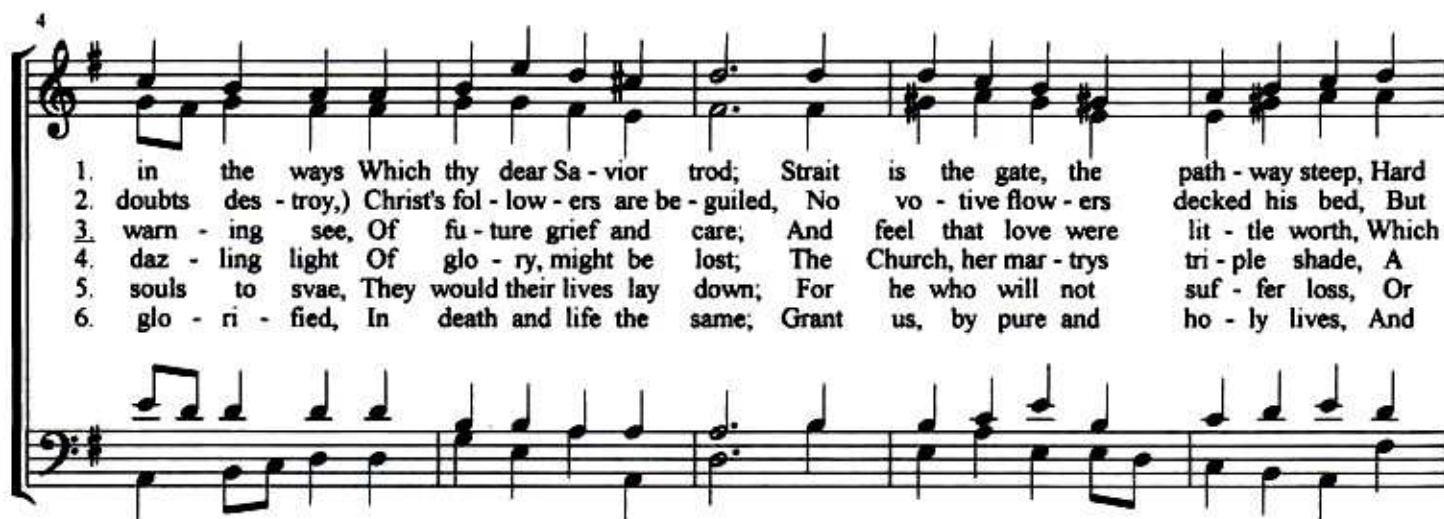
"DRAYTON"  
(Moravian)

1



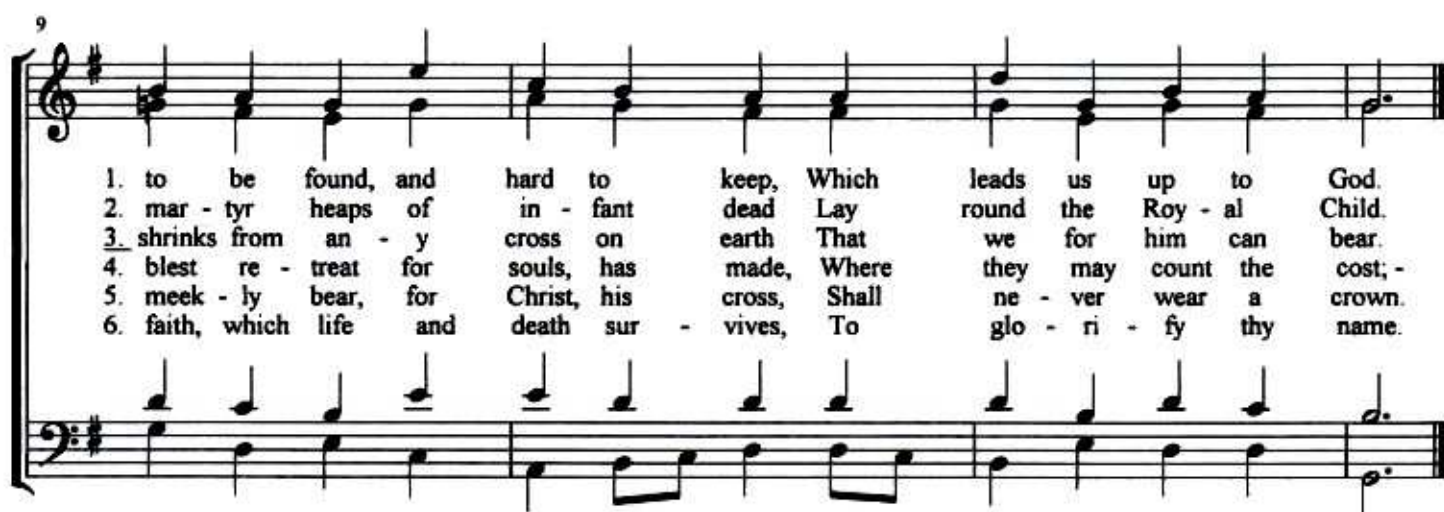
1. Dream not, my soul of cloud-less day, If thou wouldst fol - low  
2. With no de - lu - sive tale of joy, (Tears can - not dim, nor  
3. Would we his faith - ful follow - ers be, We must in this true  
4. O well it is, that when our sight Of du - ty, in the  
5. And ask, if for the Lord who gave His life their pre - cious  
6. O Sa - vior, for whom in - fants died, Whom ev - en in - fants

4



1. in the ways Which thy dear Sa - vior trod; Strait is the gate, the path - way steep, Hard  
2. doubts des - troy,) Christ's fol - low - ers are be - guiled, No vo - tive flow - ers decked his bed, But  
3. warn - ing see, Of fu - ture grief and care; And feel that love were lit - tle worth, Which  
4. daz - ling light Of glo - ry, might be lost; The Church, her mar - tys tri - ple shade, A  
5. souls to save, They would their lives lay down; For he who will not suf - fer loss, Or  
6. glo - ri - fied, In death and life the same; Grant us, by pure and ho - ly lives, And

9



1. to be found, and hard to keep, Which leads us up to God.  
2. mar - tyr heaps of in - fant dead Lay round the Roy - al Child.  
3. shrinks from an - y cross on earth That we for him can bear.  
4. blest re - treat for souls, has made, Where they may count the cost; -  
5. meek - ly bear, for Christ, his cross, Shall ne - ver wear a crown.  
6. faith, which life and death sur - vives, To glo - ri - fy thy name.