

I'm glad that in the changes, our church was left to stand,
 For we love its very presence, and the thoughts on every hand:
 Of the dear ones who have worshiped, and have passed from out the door,
 Not lost to those remaining, only just gone on before.

And we think, what a reunion it will be, when we all meet:

And recall our sweetest memorys from our blessed old Court Street.
 How the bride, who at the alter, plighted vows of love and troth,
 E'er they traveled on together, to experience farther off,
 And the precious little babies, whom the parents love so much,
 Brought to get a taste of Heaven in that pure baptismal touch.
 Best of all, was when our loved one, kneeling, found their sins forgiven,
 And went out like christian soldiers, to lead others on to Heaven.
 So you see with all the memories twined around these sacred walls,
 How we welcome this addition, for it means more answered calls:
 To the tasks that we are doing as we strive from day to day:
 Working in the Master's vineyard, pointing to the Heavenly way.

But the struggle is not over, there are still more heights to climb,
 More of sacrifice and trials, more of energy and time.

We must aid our much-loved pastor, and help up hold his hands,
 In all his undertakings as he leads this Court Street band.

For, "By their Fruits," ye know them, means more to us to-day:
 As we see the load they've carried in a brave and cheerful way:

To all the members of our church, a challenge he has given,
 As in the past--to "carry on" with cheerful mein, and not be driven:
 By stress of progress to be made, in things, both difficult and nice,
 To lose ourselves and thus crowd out the spirit of the Christ,
 To live aright, and do our best, this is the lesson taught.
 Then we would show, the "In His Name," in the pattern we have wrought.