



# **Sweetest treasure**

**Edward Roberts**  
**(1829-1913)**

# Sweetest treasure

E. Roberts

S  
Sweet - est treas - ure of the heart, Child-hood's ear - ly home; Joy that

A  
Sweet - est treas - ure of the heart, Child-hood's ear - ly home; Joy that

T  
Sweet - est treas - ure of the heart, Child-hood's ear - ly home; Joy that

B  
Sweet - est treas - ure of the heart, Child-hood's ear - ly home; Joy that

5  
S  
nev - er will de - part, Child - hood's ear - ly home; Like the

A  
nev - er will de - part, Child - hood's ear - ly home; Like the

T  
nev - er will de - part, Child - hood's ear - ly home; Like the

B  
nev - er will de - part, Child - hood's ear - ly home; Like the



# Sweetest treasure

9

S bird that wings the air, Gai - ly sing - ing, free from care, We are

A bird that wings the air, Gai - ly sing - ing, free from care, We are

T bird that wings the air, Gai - ly sing - ing, free from care, We are

B bird that wings the air, Gai - ly sing - ing, free from care, We are

13

S hap - py, hap - py there, Child - hood's ear - ly home.

A hap - py, hap - py there, Child - hood's ear - ly home.

T hap - py, hap - py there, Child - hood's ear - ly home.

B hap - py, hap - py there, Child - hood's ear - ly home.

S All of pleas - ure we can know, Child-hood's ear - ly home; In this

A All of pleas - ure we can know, Child-hood's ear - ly home; In this

T All of pleas - ure we can know, Child-hood's ear - ly home; In this

B All of pleas - ure we can know, Child-hood's ear - ly home; In this

## Sweetest treasure

21

S fleet - ing world be - low, Child - hood's ear - ly home; Smiles and

A fleet - ing world be - low, Child - hood's ear - ly home; Smiles and

T fleet - ing world be - low, Child - hood's ear - ly home; Smiles and

B fleet - ing world be - low, Child - hood's ear - ly home; Smiles and

25

S tears, like sun and show'rs, Chase the mer - ry laugh - ing hours; There our

A tears, like sun and show'rs, Chase the mer - ry laugh - ing hours; There our

T tears, like sun and show'rs, Chase the mer - ry laugh - ing hours; There our

B tears, like sun and show'rs, Chase the mer - ry laugh - ing hours; There our

29

S path is strown with flow'rs, Child - hood's ear - ly home.

A path is strown with flow'rs, Child - hood's ear - ly home.

T path is strown with flow'rs, Child - hood's ear - ly home.

B path is strown with flow'rs, Child - hood's ear - ly home.

# Sweetest treasure

S  
Kneel - ing by a moth - er's side, In our peace - ful home; When the

A  
Kneel - ing by a moth - er's side, In our peace - ful home; When the

T  
Kneel - ing by a moth - er's side, In our peace - ful home; When the

B  
Kneel - ing by a moth - er's side, In our peace - ful home; When the

37  
S  
gold - en shad - ows glide, In our peace - ful home; By her

A  
gold - en shad - ows glide, In our peace - ful home; By her

T  
gold - en shad - ows glide, In our peace - ful home; By her

B  
gold - en shad - ows glide, In our peace - ful home; By her

41  
S  
gen - tle arm ca - ressed, To her bos - om fond - ly pressed; On - ly

A  
gen - tle arm ca - ressed, To her bos - om fond - ly pressed; On - ly

T  
gen - tle arm ca - ressed, To her bos - om fond - ly pressed; On - ly

B  
gen - tle arm ca - ressed, To her bos - om fond - ly pressed; On - ly

## Sweetest treasure

45

S love can ev - er rest, In our peace - ful home.

A love can ev - er rest, In our peace - ful home.

T love can ev - er rest, In our peace - ful home.

B love can ev - er rest, In our peace - ful home.

S Let us still its mem - 'ry wear, Child-hood's ear - ly home; Ho - ly

A Let us still its mem - 'ry wear, Child-hood's ear - ly home; Ho - ly

T Let us still its mem - 'ry wear, Child-hood's ear - ly home; Ho - ly

B Let us still its mem - 'ry wear, Child-hood's ear - ly home; Ho - ly

53

S tho'ts are twin - ing there, Child - hood's ear - ly home; Tho'ts of

A tho'ts are twin - ing there, Child - hood's ear - ly home; Tho'ts of

T tho'ts are twin - ing there, Child - hood's ear - ly home; Tho'ts of

B tho'ts are twin - ing there, Child - hood's ear - ly home; Tho'ts of

# Sweetest treasure

57

S love and kin - dred ties, Tho'ts the heart should dear - ly prize, Till we

A love and kin - dred ties, Tho'ts the heart should dear - ly prize, Till we

T love and kin - dred ties, Tho'ts the heart should dear - ly prize, Till we

B love and kin - dred ties, Tho'ts the heart should dear - ly prize, Till we

61

S soar be - yond the skies. To our heav'n - ly home.

A soar be - yond the skies. To our heav'n - ly home.

T soar be - yond the skies. To our heav'n - ly home.

B soar be - yond the skies. To our heav'n - ly home.

Oliver Ditson  
(1867)

F. J. Huntington & Co.  
(1868)

**Edward Roberts** (1829–1913) was born in Wales. He relocated to the United States and lived in Aquackanonk, New Jersey. He became Director of Music at The Thirteenth Street Presbyterian Church in New York City and had some association with the New York Conservatory of Music. He retired to San Diego, California. He died in San Diego. He composed church music, hymns, and songs for singing schools.

Ditson publication (1867) includes all four verses;  
Huntington publication (1868) includes only the  
first three verses.

Sweetest treasure of the heart,  
Childhood's early home;  
Joy that never will depart,  
Childhood's early home;  
Like the bird that wings the air,  
Gaily singing, free from care,  
We are happy, happy there,  
Childhood's early home.

All of pleasure we can know,  
Childhood's early home;  
In this fleeting world below,  
Childhood's early home;  
Smiles and tears, like sun and showers,  
Chase the merry laughing hours;  
There our path is strown with flowers,  
Childhood's early home.

Kneeling by a mother's side,  
In our peaceful home;  
When the golden shadows glide,  
In our peaceful home;  
By her gentle arm caressed,  
To her bosom fondly pressed;  
Only love can ever rest,  
In our peaceful home.

Let us still its memory wear,  
Childhood's early home;  
Holy thoughts are twining there,  
Childhood's early home;  
Thoughts of love and kindred ties,  
Thoughts the heart should dearly prize,  
Till we soar beyond the skies.  
To our heavenly home.

Fanny Crosby (1820–1915)

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