

My Life Flows On

Materna. 8.7.8.7.D.

Anon.

SAMUEL A. WARD, 1882

1. My life flows on in end-less song; A - mid earth's lam-en - ta - tion,
 2. What though my joys and com-forts die, The Lord my Help-er liv - eth!
 3. I lift mine eyes; the cloud grows thin; I see the blue a - bove it;

I hear the sweet, though far-off hymn That hails a new cre - a - tion;
 What though the dark-ness gath - er round: Songs in the night He giv - eth!
 And day by day this path-way smooths Since first I learned to love it.

Through all the tu - mult and the strife I hear the mu - sic ring - ing;
 No storm can shake my in - most calm While to that ref - uge cling - ing;
 The peace of God makes fresh my heart, A foun - tain ev - er spring - ing;

It finds an ech - o in my soul, How can I keep from sing - ing?
 Since God is Lord of heaven and earth, How can I keep from sing - ing?
 All things are mine, since I am His—How can I keep from sing - ing?