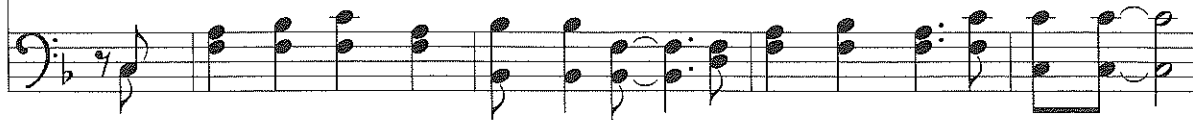


My Life Flows On in Endless Song

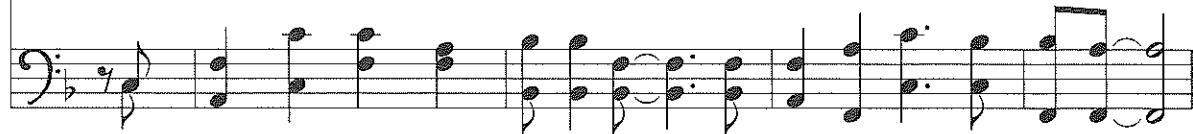
763



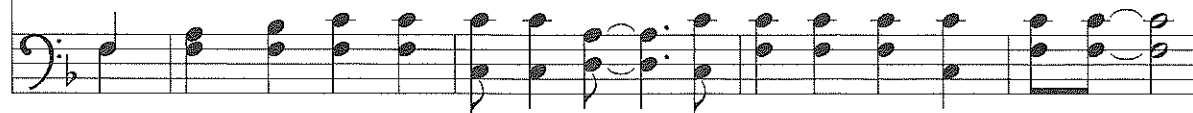
1 My life flows on in end - less song; a - bove earth's lam - en - ta - tion,
 2 Through all the tu - mult and the strife, I hear that mu - sic ring - ing.
 3 What though my joys and com - forts die? The Lord my Sav - ior liv - eth.
 4 The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart, a foun - tain ev - er spring - ing!



I catch the sweet, though far - off hymn that hails a new cre - a - tion.
 It finds an ech - o in my soul. How can I keep from sing - ing?
 What though the dark - ness gath - er round? Songs in the night he giv - eth.
 All things are mine since I am his! How can I keep from sing - ing?

*Refrain*

No storm can shake my in - most calm while to that Rock I'm cling - ing.

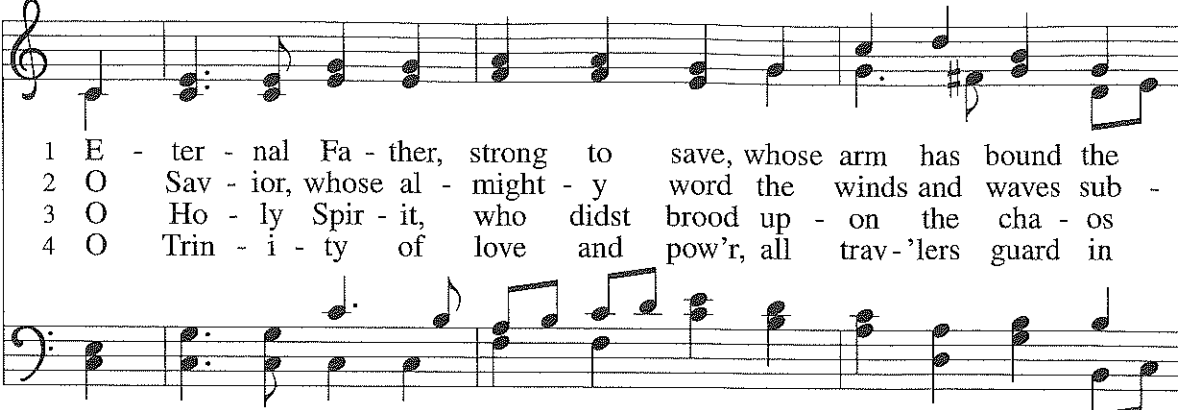


Since Christ is Lord of heav - en and earth, how can I keep from sing - ing?

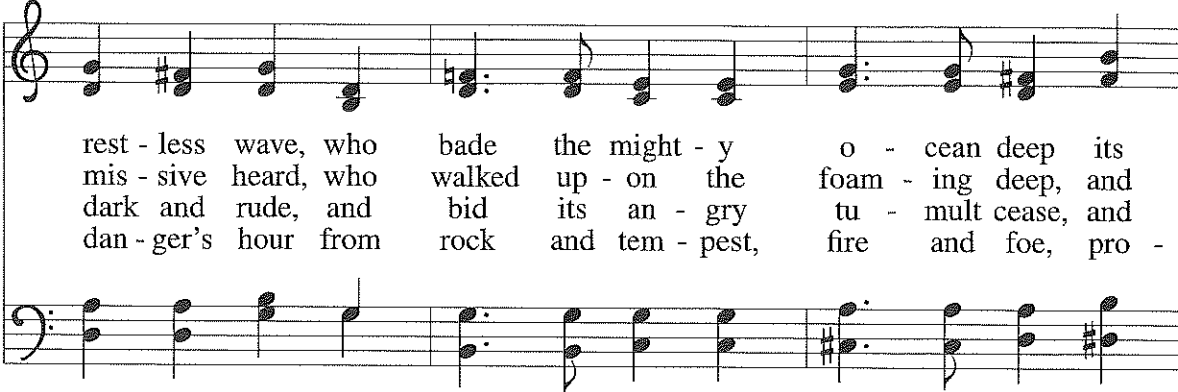


Eternal Father, Strong to Save

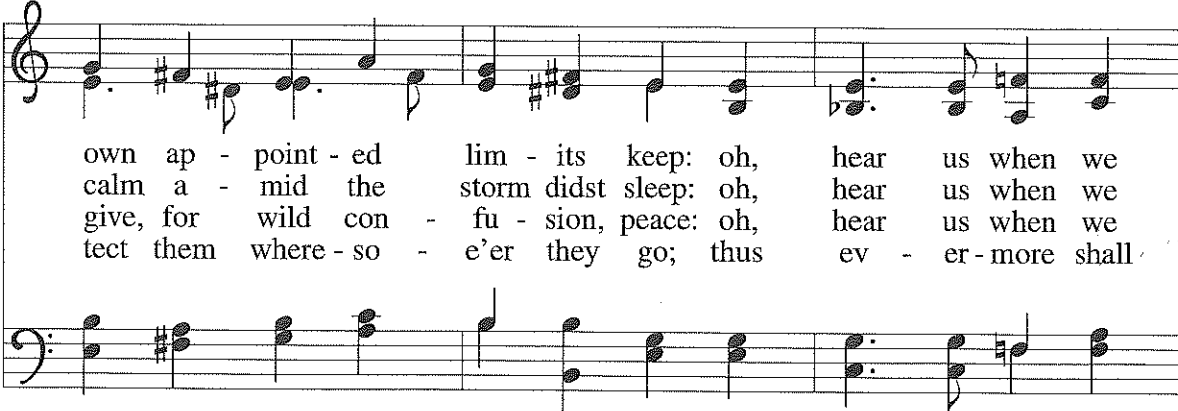
756



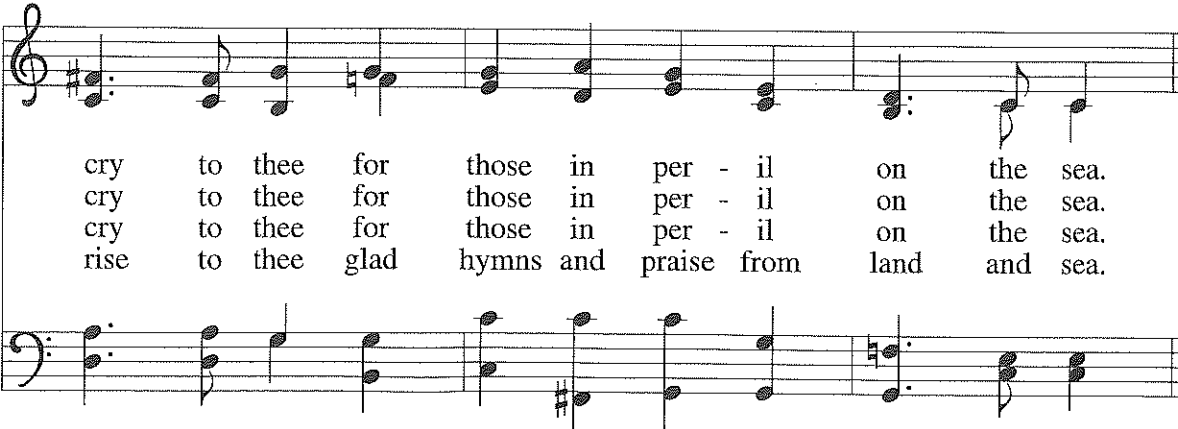
1 E - ter - nal Fa - ther, strong to save, whose arm has bound the
 2 O Sav - ior, whose al - might - y word the winds and waves sub -
 3 O Ho - ly Spir - it, who didst brood up - on the cha - os
 4 O Trin - i - ty of love and pow'r, all trav - 'lers guard in



rest - less wave, who bade the might - y o - cean deep its
 mis - sive heard, who walked up - on the foam - ing deep, and
 dark and rude, and bid its an - gry tu - mult cease, and
 dan - ger's hour from rock and tem - pest, fire and foe, pro -



own ap - point - ed lim - its keep: oh, hear us when we
 calm a - mid the storm didst sleep: oh, hear us when we
 give, for wild con - fu - sion, peace: oh, hear us when we
 tect them where - so - e'er they go; thus ev - er - more shall



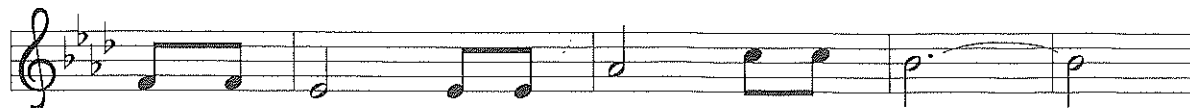
cry to thee for those in per - il on the sea.
 cry to thee for those in per - il on the sea.
 cry to thee for those in per - il on the sea.
 rise to thee glad hymns and praise from land and sea.

Precious Lord, Take My Hand

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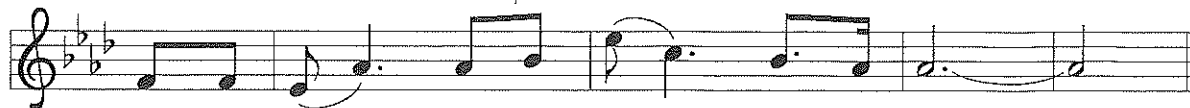
1 Pre - cious Lord, take my hand, lead me on, let me stand,
2 When my way grows . . . drear, pre-cious Lord, lin - ger near,
3 When the dark - ness ap - pears and the night draws . . . near,



I am tired, I am weak, I am worn.
when my life is . . . al - most . . . gone,
and the day is . . . past and . . . gone,



Through the storm, through the night, lead me on to the light.
hear my cry, hear my call, hold my hand lest I fall.
at the riv - er I stand, guide my feet, hold my hand.



Take my hand, pre-cious Lord, lead me home.

Text: Thomas A. Dorsey, 1899-1993

Music: George N. Allen, 1812-1877, adapt. Thomas A. Dorsey

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PRECIOUS LORD

Irregular

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