

The Everlasting Song

Words: Fanny Crosby, 1890. Music: John Sweney.

Come, O my soul, my every power awaking,
Look unto Him whose goodness crowns thy days;
While into song angelic choirs are breaking,
O let thy voice its thankful tribute bring.

Refrain

Tell how alone the path of death He trod;
Tell how He lives, thine advocate with God;
Lift up thy voice, while Heav'n's triumphant throng,
Swell at His feet the everlasting song.

Think, O my soul, now patiently He sought thee,
Far, far away upon the mountain steep;
Then in His arms how tenderly He brought thee,
Home to His fold, a weary, wand'ring sheep.

Refrain

Sing, O my soul, and let thy pure devotion
Rise to His throne, thy Savior, friend, and guide;
Sing of His love that, like a mighty ocean,
Flows unto thee, and all the world beside.

Refrain

Soon, O my soul, thine earthly house forsaking,
Soon shalt thou rise the better world to see;
Then will thy harp, a nobler strain awaking,
Praise Him who died to purchase life for thee.

Refrain