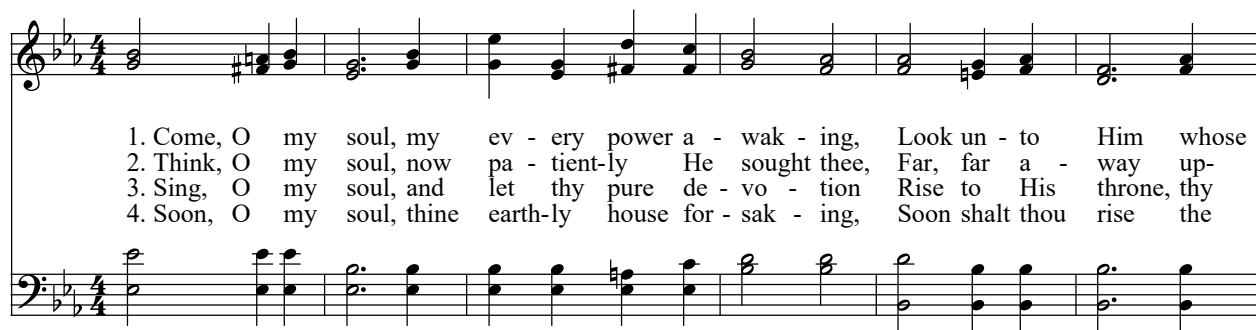


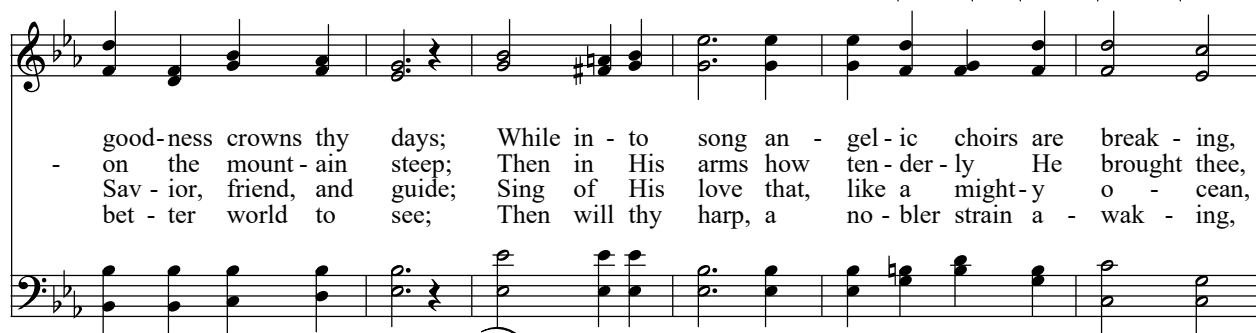
The Everlasting Song

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1890

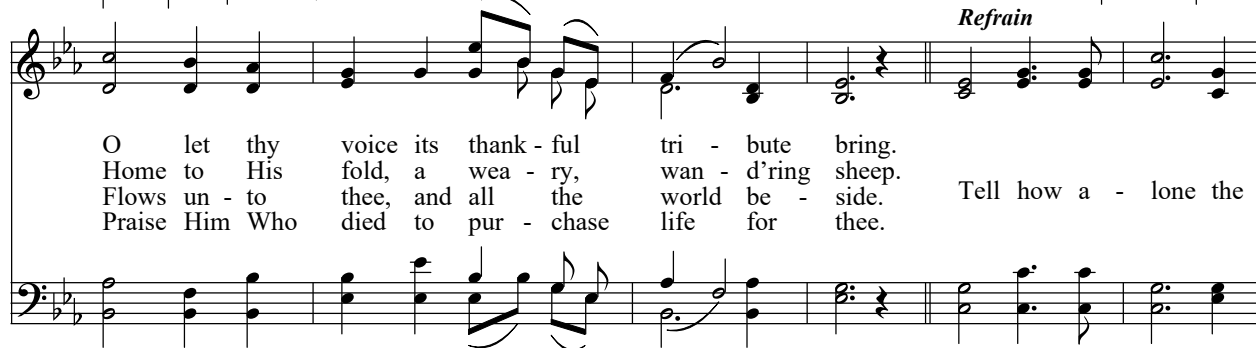
John Robson Sweney



1. Come, O my soul, my ev - ery power a - wak - ing, Look un - to Him whose
2. Think, O my soul, now pa - tient-ly He sought thee, Far, far a - way up-
3. Sing, O my soul, and let thy pure de - vo - tion Rise to His throne, thy
4. Soon, O my soul, thine earth-ly house for - sak - ing, Soon shalt thou rise the

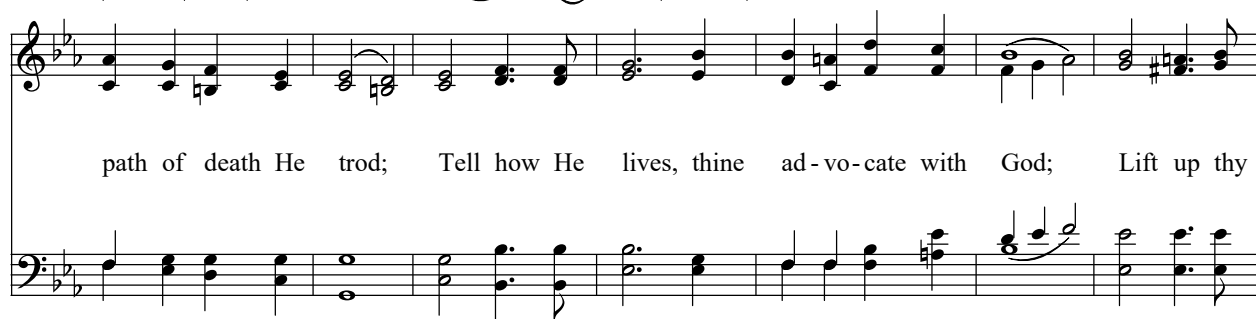


good-ness crowns thy days; While in - to song an - gel-ic choirs are break - ing,
- on the mount - ain steep; Then in His arms how ten - der - ly He brought thee,
Sav - ior, friend, and guide; Sing of His love that, like a might - y o - cean,
bet - ter world to see; Then will thy harp, a no - bler strain a - wak - ing,

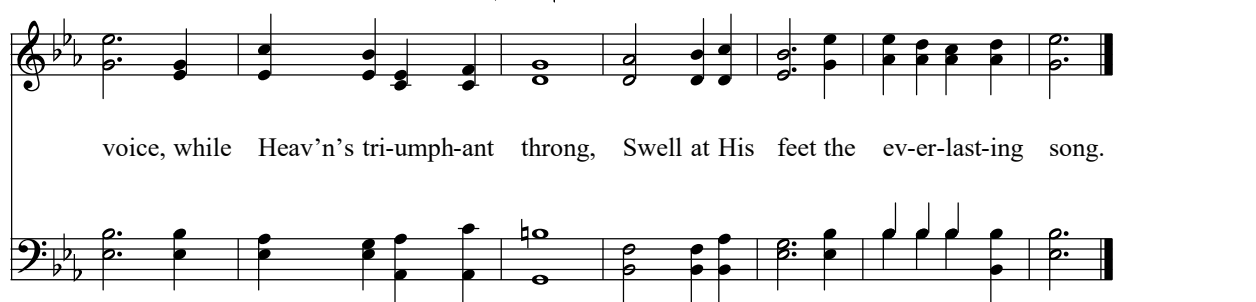


Refrain

O let thy voice its thank - ful tri - bute bring.
Home to His fold, a wea - ry, wan - d'ring sheep.
Flows un - to thee, and all the world be - side. Tell how a - lone the
Praise Him Who died to pur - chase life for thee.



path of death He trod; Tell how He lives, thine ad - vo - cate with God; Lift up thy



voice, while Heav'n's tri-umph-ant throng, Swell at His feet the ev-er-last-ing song.