

The Everlasting Song

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1890

John Robson Sweney

1. Come, O my soul, my ev - 'ry pow'r a - wak - ing, Look un - to
2. Think, O my soul, now pa - tient - ly He sought thee, Far, far a -
3. Sing, O my soul, and let thy pure de - vo - tion Rise to His
4. Soon, O my soul, thine earth - ly house for - sak - ing, Soon shalt thou

Him Whose good-ness crowns thy days; While in - to song an - gel - ic choirs are
- way up - on the mount - ain steep; Then in His arms how ten - der - ly He
throne, thy Sav - ior, Friend, and Guide; Sing of His love that, like a might - y
rise the bet - ter world to see; Then will thy harp, a no - bler strain a -

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

Refrain

Tell how a - lone the path of death He trod; Tell how He lives, thine Ad - vo - cate with

