

William Augustus Muhlenberg

M.L. Swan

1. I would not live al - way; I ask not to stay
Where storm af - ter storm ris - es dark o'er the way; The few lur - id

2. I would not live al - way; no! - wel - come the tomb,
Since Je - sus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom; There sweet be my

3. Who, who would live al - way, a - way from his God,
A - way from yon heav - en, that bliss - ful a - bode, Where riv - ers of

4. Where saints of all a - ges in har - mo - ny meet,
Their Sav - ior and breth - ren trans - port - ed to greet, While an - thems of

morn - ings that dawn on us here, Are e - nough for life's woes, full e - nough for its cheer.

rest, till He bid me a - rise, Then to hail Him in tri - umph de - scend - ing the skies.

plea - sure flow o'er the bright plains, And the noon - tide of glo - ry e - ter - nal - ly reigns.

rap - ture un - ceas - ing - ly roll, And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.