

# I Would Not Live Always

AUGUSTINE P. M.

1. I would not live al - way: I ask not to stay  
2. I would not live al - way, thus fet - ter'd by sin,  
3. I would not live al - way; no, wel - come the tomb;  
4. Who, who would live al - way, a - way from his God?  
5. Where the saints of all ag - es in har - mo - ny meet,

Where storm af - ter storm ris - es, dark o'er the way;  
Temp - ta - tion with - out and cor - rup - tion with in;  
Since Je - sus hath lain there I dread not its gloom;  
A - way from yon heav - en, that bliss - ful a - bode,  
Their Sav - ior and breth - ren trans - port - ed to greet,

The few lu - rid morn - ings that dawn on us here  
E'en the rap - ture of par - don is min - gled with fears,  
There sweet be my rest, till He bid me a - rise  
Where the riv - ers of pleas - ure flow o'er the bright plains,  
While the an - thems of rap - ture un - ceas - ing - ly roll,

Are e - nough for life's woes, full e - nough for its cheer.  
And the cup of thanks - giv - ing with pen - i - tent tears.  
To hail Him in tri - umph de - scend - ing the skies.  
And the noon - tide of glo - ry e - ter - nal - ly reigns:  
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

Words: W. A. Muhlenburg  
Music: George Kingsley