I Would Not Live Alway

AUGUSTINE P. M.

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

2. I would not live al - way, thus fet - ter'd by sin,
   Temp - ta - tion with - out and cor - ru - p - tion with in;
   E'en the rap - ture of par - don is min - gled with fears,
   And the cup of thanks - giv - ing with pen - i - tent tears.

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

4. Who, who would live al - way, a - way from his God?
   A - way from yon heav - en, that bliss - ful a - bode,
   Where the riv - ers of pleas - ure flow o'er the bright plains,
   And the noon - tide of glo - ry e - ter - nal - ly reigns:

5. Where the saints of all ag - es in har - mo - ny meet,
   Their Sav - ior and breth - ren trans - port - ed to greet,
   While the an - thems of rap - ture un - ceas - ing - ly roll,
   And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

Words: W. A. Muhlenburg
Music: George Kingsley