

ENDLESS SONG

$\text{♩} = 60$

J. Brahms

p

1. My life flows on in end-less song: A-bove earth's lam-en-
 2. What though my joys and com-fort die. The Lord my Sav-iour
 3. I lift mine eyes: the cloud grows thin: I see the blue a-

p

pp

ta-tion. I catch the sweet not far-off hymn that
 liv-eth: What though the dark-ness gath-er round, songs
 bove it: And day by day this path-way smooths, since

pp

mf

hails a new cre-a-tion. Through all the tu-mult
 in the night He giv-eth. No storm can shake my
 first I learned to love it. The peace of Christ makes

mf

f *mf*

and the strife. I hear the mu-sic ring-ing; It
 in-most calm. while to that re-fuge cling-ing; Since
 fresh my heart. A foun-tain ev-er spring-ing; All

f *mf*

p *rit.*

ec-hos in my joy-ous heart; How can I keep from sing-ing.
 Christ is Lord of heav'n and earth; How can I keep from sing-ing.
 things are mine Since I am His; How can I keep from sing-ing.

p *rit.*