

Hymn #580      Hymnal – a Worship Book

**My life flows on**

My life flows on in endless song, above earth's lamentation.  
I catch the sweet, though far-off hymn that hails a new creation.

**No storm can shake my in-most calm while to that Rock I'm clinging.  
Since love is Lord of heav'n and earth, how can I keep from singing?**

Through all the tumult and the strife, I hear that music ringing.  
It finds an echo in my soul. How can I keep from singing?

**No storm can shake my in-most calm while to that Rock I'm clinging.  
Since love is Lord of heav'n and earth, how can I keep from singing?**

What though my joys and comforts die? The Lord my Saviour liveth.  
What though the darkness gather round? Songs in the night he giveth.

**No storm can shake my in-most calm while to that Rock I'm clinging.  
Since love is Lord of heav'n and earth, how can I keep from singing?**

The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart, a fountain every springing!  
All things are mine since I am his! How can I keep from singing?

**No storm can shake my in-most calm while to that Rock I'm clinging.  
Since love is Lord of heav'n and earth, how can I keep from singing?**

Text: Robert Lowry, *Bright Jewels for the Sunday School*, 1869, alt.

Hymn #570     Hymnal – a Worship Book

**We walk by faith**

We walk by faith, and not by sight;  
no gracious words we hear  
of him who spoke as none e'er spoke,  
but we believe him near.

We may not touch his hands and side,  
nor follow where he trod,  
yet in his promise we rejoice,  
and cry "My Lord and God!"

Help then, O Lord, our unbelief,  
and may our faith abound  
to call on you when you are near,  
and seek where you are found:

that when our life of faith is done,  
in realms of clearer light  
we may behold you as you are  
in full and endless sight.

We walk by faith, and not by sight;  
no gracious words we hear  
of him who spoke as none e'er spoke,  
but we believe him near.

Text: Henry Allford, *Psalms and Hymns*, 1844

Hymn #91      Hymnal – a Worship Book

**Praise to God, immortal praise**

Praise to God, immortal praise  
for the love that crowns our days.  
Bounteous Source of ev'ry joy,  
let thy praise our tongues employ.

For the blessings of the field,  
for the stores the gardens yield,  
for the joy which harvests bring,  
grateful praises now we sing.

Clouds that drop refreshing dews,  
suns that genial heat diffuse,  
flocks that whiten all the plain,  
yellow sheaves of ripened grain,

all that spring with bounteous hand,  
scatters o'er the smiling land;  
all that lib'ral autumn pours  
from her overflowing stores;

these, great God, to thee we owe,  
source whence all our blessings flow;  
and for these our souls shall raise  
grateful vows and solemn praise.

Text: Anna L. Barbauld, *Hymns for Public Worship*, 1772