

B \flat Major. Levi Hathaway, 1820.

Henry F. Chandler, 1854 (alto by D. L. Hunter).

1. Mix - tures of joy and sor - row I dai - ly do pass through; Some - times I'm in a val - ley, And sink - ing down with woe;
 2. Lord, why am I thus toss - ed, Thus toss - ed to and fro? Why are my hopes thus cross - ed, Where - e'er I'm call'd to go?

Some - times I am ex - alt - ed, On ea - gle's wings I fly; I rise a - bove my trou - bles, And hope to reach the sky. sky.
 O Lord, thou nev - er chang - est, And 'tis be - cause I stray; O grant me thine as - sis - tance, And keep me in thy way. way.

Some - times I am ex - alt - ed, On ea - gle's wings I fly; I rise a - bove my trou - bles, And hope to reach the sky. sky.
 O Lord, thou nev - er chang - est, And 'tis be - cause I stray; O grant me thine as - sis - tance, And keep me in thy way. way.