

# God's Anvil

Julius Carl Reinhold Sturm (1816-1896)

Anonymous, before 1886

♩=95

1. Pain's fur - nace heat with - in me quiv - ers, God's breath up - on the flame doth  
 2. He comes and lays my heart all heat - ed, On His hard an - vil, mind - ed  
 3. He takes my soft - ened heart and beats it; The sparks fly off at ev - ery  
 4. He kin - dles for my pro - fit, pure - ly, Af - flict - ion's glow - ing, fier - y  
 5. I will not mur - mur at the sor - row That on - ly long - er lived would

blow, And all my heart in an - guish shiv - ers, And trem - bles at the fier - y  
 so; Yet in His own fair form to beat it, With His great ham - mer, blow by  
 blow; He turns it o'er and o'er and beats it, And lets it cool, and makes it  
 brand; For all His heav - iest blows are sure - ly In - flict - ed by a mas - ter  
 be; The end may come, and that to - mor - row, When God hath wrought His will in

*Refrain*

glow.  
 blow.  
 glow. And yet I whis - per, "As God wills," And in His hot - test fire hold still; And  
 hand.  
 me.

yet I whis - per, "As God wills," And in His hot - test fire hold still.