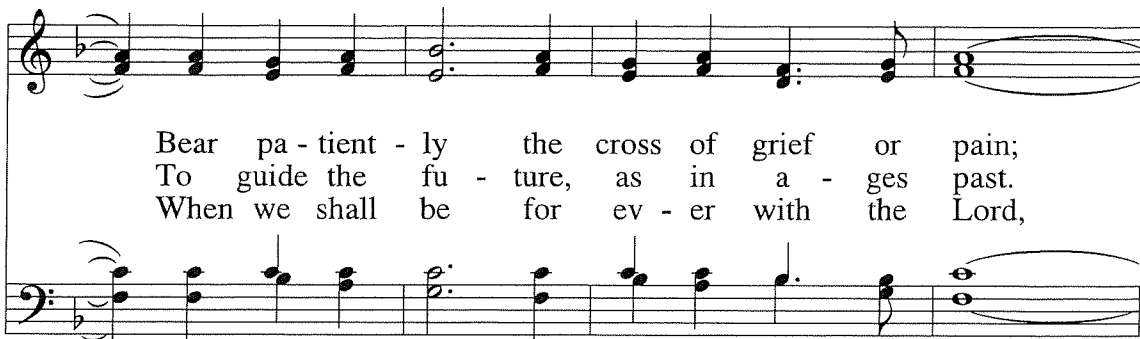


Be Still, My Soul



1. Be still, my soul: the Lord is on your side.
 2. Be still, my soul: your God will un - der - take
 3. Be still, my soul: the hour is has - t'ning on



Bear pa - tient - ly the cross of grief or pain;
 To guide the fu - ture, as in a - ges past.
 When we shall be for ev - er with the Lord,



Leave to your God to or - der and pro - vide;
 Your hope, your con - fi - dence let noth - ing shake;
 When dis - ap - point - ment, grief, and fear are gone,



In ev - 'ry change God faith - ful will re - main.
 All now mys - te - rious shall be bright at last.
 Sor - row for - got, love's pur - est joys re - stored.

Be still, my soul: your best, your heav'n - ly friend
 Be still, my soul: the waves and winds still know
 Be still, my soul: when change and tears are past,

Through thorn - y ways leads to a joy - ful end.
 The Christ who ruled them while he dwelt be - low.
 All safe and bless - ed we shall meet at last.

Text: Katharina von Schlegel, 1697–1768; tr. by Jane L. Borthwick, 1813–1897. alt.
 Tune: FINLANDIA, 10 10 10 10 10 10; Jean Sibelius, 1865–1957

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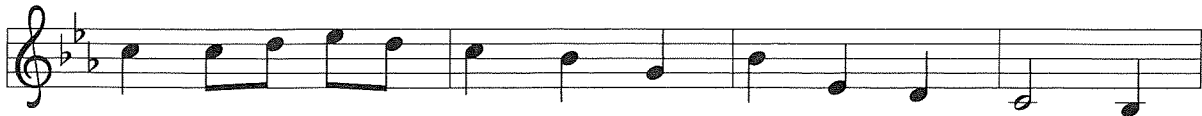
Be Thou My Vision



1 Be thou my vi - sion, O Lord of my heart;
 2 Be thou my wis - dom, and thou my true word;
 3 Rich - es I heed not, nor vain, emp - ty praise,
 4 Light of my soul, af - ter vic - to - ry won,



naught be all else to me, save that thou art:
 I ev - er with thee and thou with me, Lord.
 thou mine in - her - i - tance, now and al - ways:
 may I reach heav - en's joys, O heav - en's Sun!



thou my best thought both by day and by night,
 Thou my soul's shel - ter, and thou my high tow'r,
 thou and thou on - ly, the first in my heart,
 Heart of my own heart, what - ev - er be - fall,



wak - ing or sleep - ing, thy pres - ence my light.
 raise thou me heav'n - ward, O Pow'r of my pow'r.
 great God of heav - en, my trea - sure thou art.
 still be my vi - sion, O Rul - er of all.

Every Time I Feel the Spirit

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Refrain

Ev - 'ry time I feel the spir - it mov - ing

in my heart, I will pray. Ev - 'ry time I feel the

spir - it mov - ing in my heart, I will pray.

- | | |
|-----------------------------|------------------|
| 1 Up - on the moun - tain | my Lord spoke, |
| 2 . . . All a - round me | looked so fine, |
| 3 . . . Jor - dan riv - er, | chilly and cold, |

out of his	mouth	came	fire	and	smoke.
asked	my	Lord	if	all	mine.
chills	the	bod - y	but	not	the soul.

Refrain