

Be Still, My Soul

LSB 752



1 Be still, my soul; the Lord is on your side; Bear pa-tient-
2 Be still, my soul; your God will un-der-take To guide the
3 Be still, my soul; though dear-est friends de-part And all is
4 Be still, my soul; the hour is has-t'ning on When we shall



ly the cross of grief or pain; Leave to your God to or-der
fu-ture as He has the past. Your hope, your con-fi-dence let
dark-ened in this vale of tears; Then you will bet-ter know His
be for-ev-er with the Lord, When dis-ap-point-ment, grief, and



and pro-vide; In ev-'ry change He faith-ful will re-
noth-ing shake; All now mys-te-rious shall be bright at
love, His heart, Who comes to soothe your sor-rows and your
fear are gone, Sor-row for-got, love's pur-est joys re-



main. Be still, my soul; your best, your heav'n-ly Friend
last. Be still, my soul; the waves and winds still know
fears. Be still, my soul; your Je-sus can re-pay
stored. Be still, my soul; when change and tears are past,



Through thorn-y ways leads to a joy-ful end.
His voice who ruled them while He dwelt be-low.
From His own full-ness all He takes a-way.
All safe and bless-ed we shall meet at last.

My Song Is Love Unknown

LSB 430



1 My song is love un - known, My Sav - ior's love to
2 He came from His blest throne Sal - va - tion to be -
3 Some - times they strew His way And His sweet prais - es
4 Why, what hath my Lord done? What makes this rage and



me, Love to the love - less shown That they might love - ly
stow; But men made strange, and none The longed - for Christ would
sing; Re - sound - ing all the day Ho - san - nas to their
spite? He made the lame to run, He gave the blind their



be. Oh, who am I That for my sake
know. But, oh, my friend, My friend in - deed,
King. Then "Cru - ci - fy!" Is all their breath,
sight. Sweet in - ju - ries! Yet they at these



My Lord should take Frail flesh and die?
Who at my need His life did spend!
And for His death They thirst and cry.
Them - selves dis - please And 'gainst Him rise.

5 They rise and needs will have
My dear Lord made away;
A murderer they save,
The Prince of Life they slay.
Yet cheerful He
To suff'ring goes
That He His foes
From thence might free.

6 In life no house, no home
My Lord on earth might have;
In death no friendly tomb
But what a stranger gave.
What may I say?
Heav'n was His home
But mine the tomb
Wherein He lay.

7 Here might I stay and sing,
No story so divine!
Never was love, dear King,
Never was grief like Thine.
This is my friend,
In whose sweet praise
I all my days
Could gladly spend!

We Sing the Praise of Him Who Died

LSB 429



1 We sing the praise of Him who died, Of Him who
2 In - scribed up - on the cross we see In shin - ing
3 The cross! It takes our guilt a - way; It holds the
4 It makes the cow - ard spir - it brave And nerves the



died up - on the cross. The sin - ner's hope let
let - ters, "God is love." He bears our sins up -
faint - ing spir - it up; It cheers with hope the
fee - ble arm for fight; It takes the ter - ror



all de - ride; For this we count the world but loss.
on the tree; He brings us mer - cy from a - bove.
gloom - y day And sweet - ens ev - 'ry bit - ter cup.
from the grave And gilds the bed of death with light;

5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angels' theme in heav'n above.

6 To Christ, who won for sinners grace
By bitter grief and anguish sore,
Be praise from all the ransomed race
Forever and forevermore.

Text (sts. 1–5): Thomas Kelly, 1769–1855; (st. 6): Hymns Ancient and Modern, 1861

Tune: attr. Daniel Read, 1757–1836

Text and tune: Public domain

What Wondrous Love Is This

LSB 543



1 What won-drous love is this, O my soul, O my soul! What
2 When I was sink - ing down, sink - ing down, sink - ing down, When
3 To God and to the Lamb I will sing, I will sing; To
4 And when from death I'm free, I'll sing on, I'll sing on; And



won - drous love is this, O my soul! What won-drous love is this That
I was sink - ing down, sink - ing down, When I was sink - ing down Be -
God and to the Lamb I will sing; To God and to the Lamb, Who
when from death I'm free, I'll sing on. And when from death I'm free, I'll



caused the Lord of bliss To bear the dread - ful curse for my
neath God's righ - teous frown, Christ laid a - side His crown for my
is the great I AM, While mil - lions join the theme, I will
sing His love for me, And through e - ter - ni - ty I'll sing



soul, for my soul, To bear the dread - ful curse for my soul!
soul, for my soul, Christ laid a - side His crown for my soul.
sing, I will sing, While mil - lions join the theme, I will sing.
on, I'll sing on, And through e - ter - ni - ty I'll sing on.

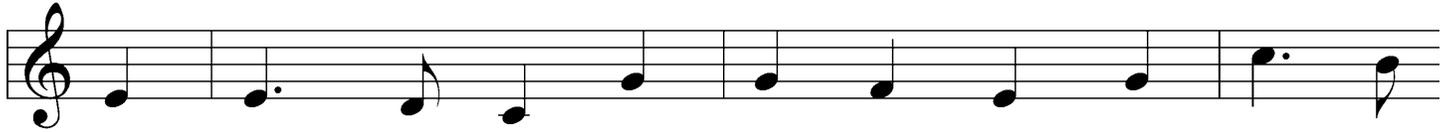
Text: A General Selection of . . . Hymns and Spiritual Songs, 1811, Lynchburg, alt.

Tune: Southern Harmony, 1835, New Haven

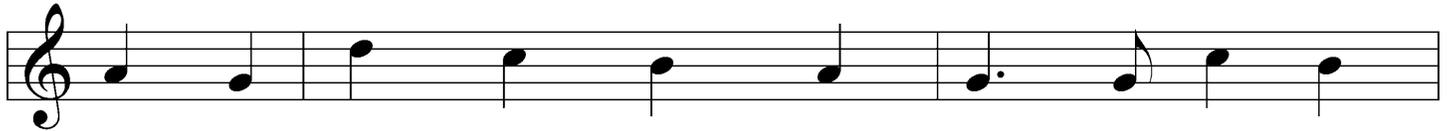
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My Hope Is Built on Nothing Less

LSB 575



1 My hope is built on noth - ing less Than Je - sus'
2 When dark - ness veils His love - ly face, I rest on
3 His oath, His cov - e - nant and blood Sup - port me
4 When He shall come with trum - pet sound, Oh, may I



blood and righ - teous - ness; No mer - it of my
His un - chang - ing grace; In ev - 'ry high and
in the rag - ing flood; When ev - 'ry earth - ly
then in Him be found, Clothed in His righ - teous -



own I claim But whol - ly lean on Je - sus' name.
storm - y gale My an - chor holds with - in the veil.
prop gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
ness a - lone, Re - deemed to stand be - fore His throne!

Refrain



On Christ, the sol-id rock, I stand; All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand.

Text: Edward Mote, 1797–1874, alt.

Tune: John Stainer, 1840–1901

Text and tune: Public domain