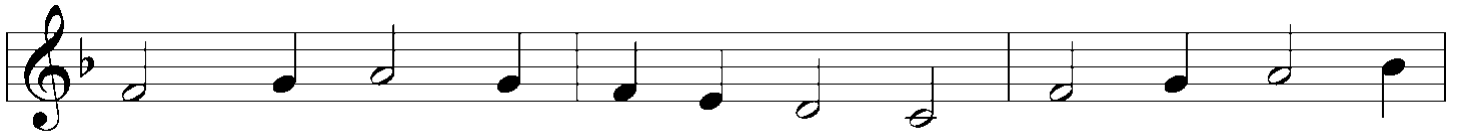


# Comfort, Comfort Ye My People

LSB 347



1 "Com - fort, com - fort ye My peo - ple, Speak ye peace," thus  
2 Yea, her sins our God will par - don, Blot - ting out each  
3 Hark, the her - ald's voice is cry - ing In the des - ert  
4 Make ye straight what long was crook - ed; Make the rough - er



saith our God; "Com - fort those who sit in dark - ness, Mourn - ing  
dark mis - deed; All that well de - served His an - ger He no  
far and near, Call - ing sin - ners to re - pen - tance, Since the  
plac - es plain. Let your hearts be true and hum - ble, As be -



'neath their sor - rows' load. Speak ye to Je - ru - sa - lem  
more will see or heed. She hath suf - fered man - y a day,  
King - dom now is here. O that warn - ing cry o - bey!  
fits His ho - ly reign. For the glo - ry of the Lord



Of the peace that waits for them; Tell her that her  
Now her griefs have passed a - way; God will change her  
Now pre - pare for God a way; Let the val - leys  
Now o'er earth is shed a - broad, And all flesh shall



sins I cov - er And her war - fare now is o - ver."  
pin - ing sad - ness In - to ev - er - spring - ing glad - ness.  
rise to meet Him And the hills bow down to greet Him.  
see the to - ken That His Word is nev - er bro - ken.

# When Peace, like a River

LSB 763



1 When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend - eth my way; When  
2 Though Sa - tan should buf - fet, though tri - als should come, Let  
3 He lives— oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous thought; My  
4 And, Lord, haste the day when our faith shall be sight, The

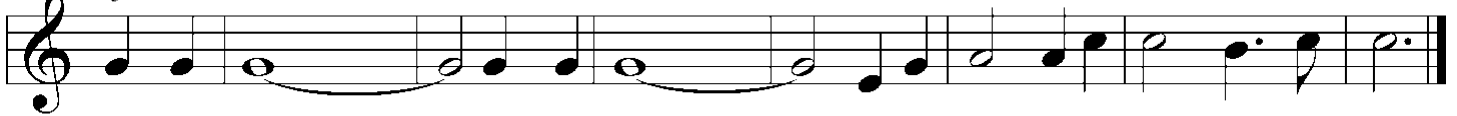


sor - rows, like sea bil - lows, roll; What - ev - er my lot, Thou hast  
this blest as - sur - ance con - trol, That Christ hath re - gard - ed my  
sin, not in part, but the whole, Is nailed to His cross, and I  
clouds be rolled back as a scroll, The trum - pet shall sound and the



taught me to say, It is well, it is well with my soul.  
help - less es - tate And hath shed His own blood for my soul.  
bear it no more. Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!  
Lord shall de - scend; E - ven so it is well with my soul.

## *Refrain*



It is well with my soul, It is well, it is well with my soul.

Text: Horatio G. Spafford, 1828–88, alt.

Tune: Philip P. Bliss, 1838–76

Text and tune: Public domain

# I Come, O Savior, to Thy Table

LSB 618



1 I come, O Sav - ior, to Thy ta - ble, For weak and  
2 Thy heart is filled with fer - vent yearn - ing That sin - ners  
3 Un - wor - thy though I am, O Sav - ior, Be - cause I  
4 Wea - ry am I and heav - y lad - en; With sin my  
5 What high - er gift can we in - her - it? It is faith's



wea - ry is my soul; Thou, Bread of Life, a -  
may sal - va - tion see Who, Lord, to Thee in  
have a sin - ful heart, Yet Thou Thy lamb wilt  
soul is sore op - pressed; Re - ceive me gra - cious -  
bond and sol - id base; It is the strength of



lone art a - ble To sat - is - fy and make me whole:  
faith are turn - ing; So I, a sin - ner, come to Thee.  
ban - ish nev - er, For Thou my faith - ful shep - herd art:  
ly and glad - den My heart, for I am now Thy guest.  
heart and spir - it, The cov - e - nant of hope and grace.

## *Refrain*



Lord, may Thy bod - y and Thy blood Be for my soul the high - est good!

Text: Friedrich Christian Heyder, 1677–1754; tr. The Lutheran Hymnal, 1941, abr.

Tune: Emskirchner Choral-Buch, 1756, Leipzig

Text: © 1941 Concordia Publishing House. Used by permission: LSB Hymn License no. 110000749

Tune: Public domain

# Oh, That the Lord Would Guide My Ways

LSB 707



1 Oh, that the Lord would guide my ways To keep His stat - utes still!  
2 Or - der my foot - steps by Thy Word And make my heart sin - cere;  
3 As - sist my soul, too apt to stray, A strict - er watch to keep;  
4 Make me to walk in Thy com - mands—'Tis a de - light - ful road—

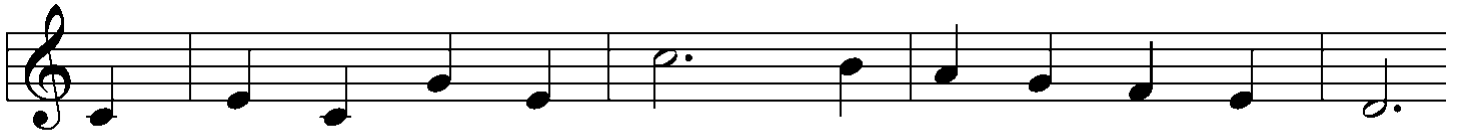


Oh, that my God would grant me grace To know and do His will!  
Let sin have no do - min - ion, Lord, But keep my con - science clear.  
And should I e'er for - get Thy way, Re - store Thy wan - d'ring sheep.  
Nor let my head or heart or hands Of - fend a - gainst my God.

Text: Isaac Watts, 1674–1748, alt.  
Tune: William H. Havergal, 1793–1870  
Text and tune: Public domain

# Before You, Lord, We Bow

LSB 966



1 Be - fore You, Lord, we bow, Our God who reigns a - bove  
2 The na - tion You have blest May well Your love de - clare,  
3 May ev - 'ry moun - tain height, Each vale and for - est green,  
4 Earth, hear your Mak - er's voice; Your great Re - deem - er own;  
5 And when in pow'r He comes, Oh, may our na - tive land



And rules the world be - low, Bound - less in pow'r and love. Our thanks  
From foes and fears at rest, Pro - tect - ed by Your care. For this  
Shine in Your Word's pure light, And its rich fruits be seen! May ev -  
Be - lieve, o - bey, re - joice, And wor - ship Him a - lone. Cast down  
From all its rend - ing tombs Send forth a glo - rious band, A count -



we bring In joy and praise, Our hearts we raise To You, our King!  
bright day, For this fair land—Gifts of Your hand—Our thanks we pay.  
'ry tongue Be tuned to praise And join to raise A grate - ful song.  
your pride, Your sin de - plore, And bow be - fore The Cru - ci - fied.  
less thron'g, With joy to sing To heav'n's high King Sal - va - tion's song!

Text: Francis Scott Key, 1779–1843, alt.

Tune: John Darwall, 1731–89

Text and tune: Public domain