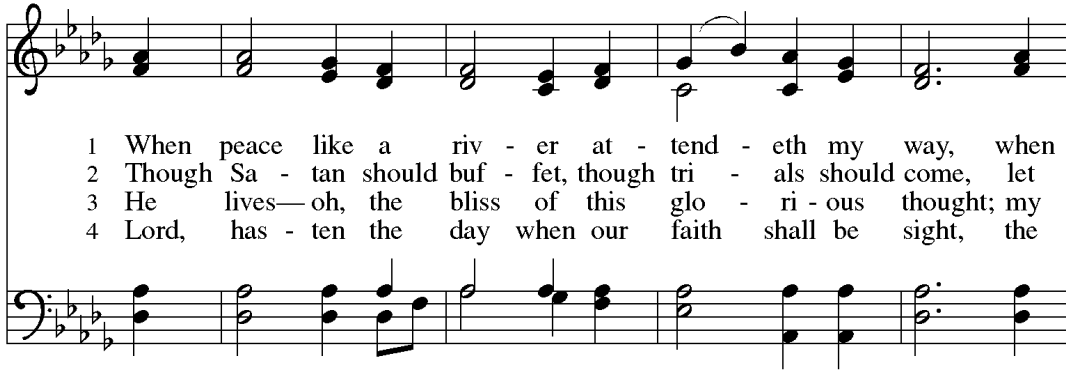
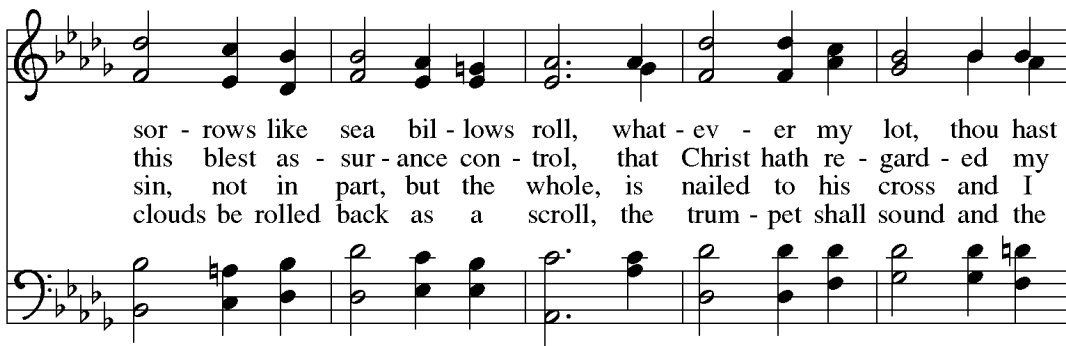


It is Well (When Peace Like a River)


ELW 785



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 Lord, has - ten 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.
It is well with my soul,

Let All Things Now Living

ELW 881



1 Let all things now liv - ing a song of thanks - giv - ing to
2 God rules all the forc - es: the stars in their cours - es and



God the cre - a - tor tri - um - phant - ly raise,
sun in its or - bit o - be - dient - ly shine;



who fash - ioned and made us, pro - tect - ed and stayed us, who
the hills and the moun - tains, the riv - ers and foun - tains, the



still guides us on to the end of our days.
deeps of the o - cean pro - claim God di - vine.



God's ban - ners are o'er us, God's light goes be -
We too should be voic - ing our love and re -



fore us, a pil - lar of fire shin - ing forth in the night,
joic - ing; with glad ad - o - ra - tion a song let us raise



till shad - ows have van - ished and dark - ness is ban - ished, as
till all things now liv - ing u - nite in thanks - giv - ing: "To



for - ward we trav - el from light in - to light.
God in the high - est, ho - san - na and praise!"

Text: Katherine K. Davis, 1892-1980, alt.
Music: THE ASH GROVE, Welsh folk tune
Text © 1939, 1966 E. C. Schirmer Music Company.

Duplication in any form prohibited without permission or valid license from copyright administrator.

Be Thou My Vision

ELW 793



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.

Thy Holy Wings

ELW 613



1 Thy ho - ly wings, O Sav - ior, spread gent-ly o - ver me,
2 Oh, let me nes - tle near thee, with - in thy down-y breast
3 Oh, wash me in the wa - ters of No-ah's cleans-ing flood.



and let me rest se - cure - ly through good and ill in thee.
where I will find sweet com-fort and peace with - in thy nest.
Give me a will - ing spir - it, a heart both clean and good.



Oh, be my strength and por - tion, my rock and hid - ing place,
Oh, close thy wings a - round me and keep me safe - ly there,
Oh, take in - to thy keep - ing thy chil - dren great and small,



and let my ev - 'ry mo - ment be lived with-in thy grace.
for I am but a new - born and need thy ten - der care.
and while we sweet-ly slum - ber, en - fold us one and all.

Text: Carolina Sandell Berg, 1832–1903, sts. 1, 3; Gracia Grindal, b. 1943, st. 2; tr. composite

Music: BRED DINA VIDA VINGAR, Swedish folk tune

Text © 1983 Gracia Grindal, admin. Selah Publishing Co., Inc., agent.

Duplication in any form prohibited without permission or valid license from copyright administrator



1 Lord, whose love in hum - ble ser - vice bore the weight of hu - man need,
2 Still your chil - dren wan - der home - less; still the hun - gry cry for bread;
3 As we wor - ship, grant us vi - sion, till your love's re - veal - ing light
4 Called by wor - ship to your ser - vice, forth in your dear name we go,



who up - on the cross, for - sak - en, worked your mer - cy's per - fect deed:
still the cap - tives long for free - dom; still in grief we mourn our dead.
in its height and depth and great - ness dawns up - on our quick - ened sight,
to the child, the youth, the a - ged, love in liv - ing deeds to show;



we, your ser - vants, bring the wor - ship not of voice a - lone, but heart;
As you, Lord, in deep com - pas - sion healed the sick and freed the soul,
mak - ing known the needs and bur - dens your com - pas - sion bids us bear,
hope and health, good - will and com - fort, coun - sel, aid, and peace we give,



con - se - crat - ing to your pur - pose ev - 'ry gift which you im - part.
by your Spir - it send your pow - er to our world to make it whole.
stir - ring us to ar - dent ser - vice, your a - bun - dant life to share.
that your ser - vants, Lord, in free - dom may your mer - cy know and live.

Text: Albert F. Bayly, 1901–1984
Music: BEACH SPRING, *The Sacred Harp*, Philadelphia, 1844
Text © Oxford University Press

Duplication in any form prohibited without permission or valid license from copyright administrator.

Day by Day

EW 790



1 Day by day, your mer - cies, Lord, at - tend me, bring - ing com - fort
 2 Day by day, I know you will pro - vide me strength to serve and
 3 Oh, what joy to know that you are near me when my bur - dens



to my anx-i-ous soul. Day by day, the bless-ings, Lord, you send me
 wis - dom to o - bey; I will seek your lov - ing will to guide me
 grow too great to bear; oh, what joy to know that you will hear me



draw me near - er to my heav'n-ly goal. Love di - vine, be - yond all
 o'er the paths I strug - gle day by day. I will fear no e - vil
 when I come, O Lord, to you in prayer. Day by day, no mat - ter



mor - tal mea - sure, brings to naught the bur - dens of my quest; Sav - ior,
 of the mor - row, I will trust in your en - dur - ing grace. Sav - ior,
 what be - tide me, you will hold me ev - er in your hand. Sav - ior,



lead me to the home I trea - sure, where at last I'll find e - ter - nal rest.
 help me bear life's pain and sor - row till in glo - ry I be - hold your face.
 with your pres - ence here to guide me, I will reach at last the prom - ised land.

Text: Carolina Sandell Berg, 1832–1903; tr. Robert Leaf, 1936–2005
 Music: BLOTT EN DAG, Oskar Ahnfelt, 1813–1882
 Text © 1992 Augsburg Fortress

Duplication in any form prohibited without permission or valid license from copyright administrator.

Day by Day. Words: Robert Leaf © 1992 Augsburg Fortress Publishers. *Lord, Whose Love in Humble Service*. Music: © 1985 Augsburg Fortress Publishers. *Let All Things Now Living*. Words: Katherine K. Davis © 1939, 1966 E.C. Schirmer Music Company. *Thy Holy Wings*. Words: Gracia Grindal © 1983 Selah Publishing Co., Inc. Reprinted and streamed with permission under OneLicense.net #A-727601. All rights reserved.